

JESUIT MISSIONS

MARCH 1963



PATTERNS IN PATNA

JM

JESUIT

National Magazine of the American Jesuit



MISSIONS

in the Mission Fields assigned them by the Holy Father

Missions assigned to the American Jesuits by the Pope:

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A marketplace in India is always an interesting spot and this mother and daughter in Ranchi have a keen eye for the goods shown. Even if the price is beyond them they can still find their friends in the bustling social hub.



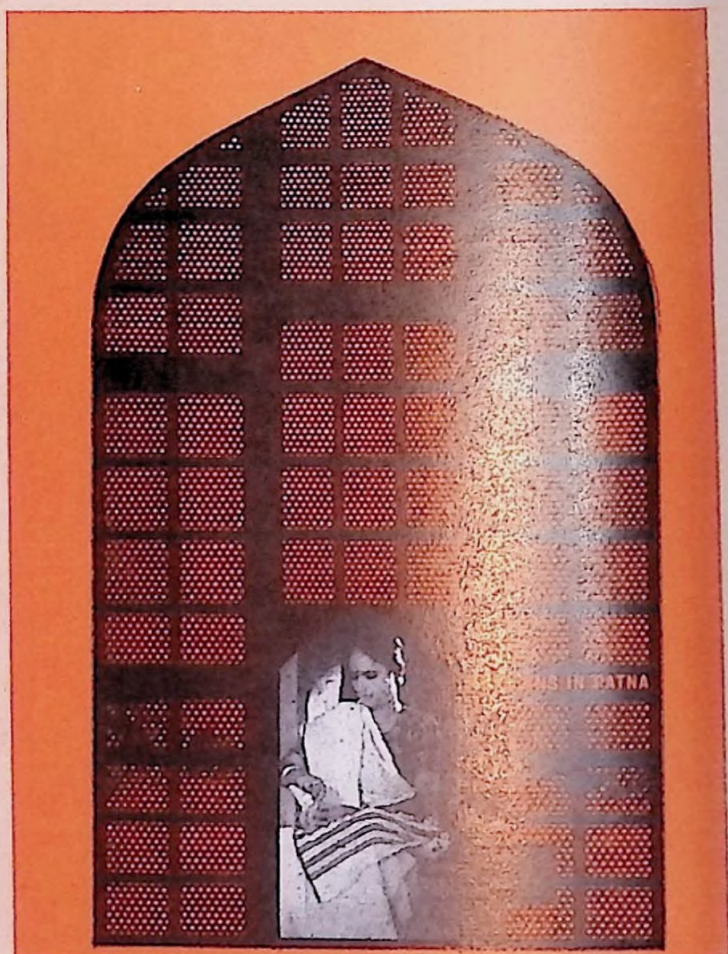
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Patterns

in

PATNA

Along the Ganges River in India American Jesuits are trying to make many into one



INDIA IS ASIA'S great peninsula that thrusts itself 1500 miles southward into fabled seas of romance—the Indian Ocean, the Bay of Bengal, the Arabian Sea. Its surface contours rise from the beaches of the southern tip where Xavier walked to the great Deccan Highlands of south central India, then down to the plains of the north and the valley of the Ganges, and up, up to the snow-swept heights of the Himalayan mountains in the north.

India is a pattern of many colors, distinct yet curiously one in the mingling of the centuries. It is the fourteen different languages in use today; thirteen of them are spoken, twelve are written. It is the strange unity of Hinduism, an amorphous culture-religion whose chief asset seems to be its ability to include all manner

of teachings, even contradictory ones, in the way of life that the vast numbers of the people live. It is millions of primitive aboriginal peoples who watched the pattern begin its formation thousands of years ago; it is industrialists and physicists and statesmen and scholars who speak with authority to today's world. It is its great cities, great universities and jet airlines; it is hundreds of villages to which there are no roads in any true sense.

India is a pocket into which more than 50 centuries have emptied races of peoples, myriads of ideas, the spiritual wisdom of the pagan youth of our world. It is a "pocket" which rejected nothing and in it all these elements mixed and mingled, acted and reacted to produce a culture-religion that was already well-de-

veloped in the grand days of Babylon and Egypt, Greece and Rome.

India is two facts—climate and poverty. Climate: the whole of the country has been conditioned by the unalterable cycle of the monsoons which provide or deny the life-giving rain to a thirsting earth. Before the oppressive heat, the parched air of the dry seasons, the fury of the rains when they came and the floods that often followed them, its people long ago resigned themselves to mute acceptance. Passivity and patience in the face of all that might happen have been ingrained in the national character.

Poverty (and millions upon millions of Indians live with it from birth to young death) has walked in the wake of the weather. If there was no rain, there would be no food and frequently there was no rain. As the population of the country developed through hundreds of years, starvation ranked as one of the chief causes of death; until recently—and perhaps even today—its victims could be numbered in millions. The vanity of human desires was mirrored in the disastrous caprices that determined life and death for so many and in this mirror all India contemplated itself.

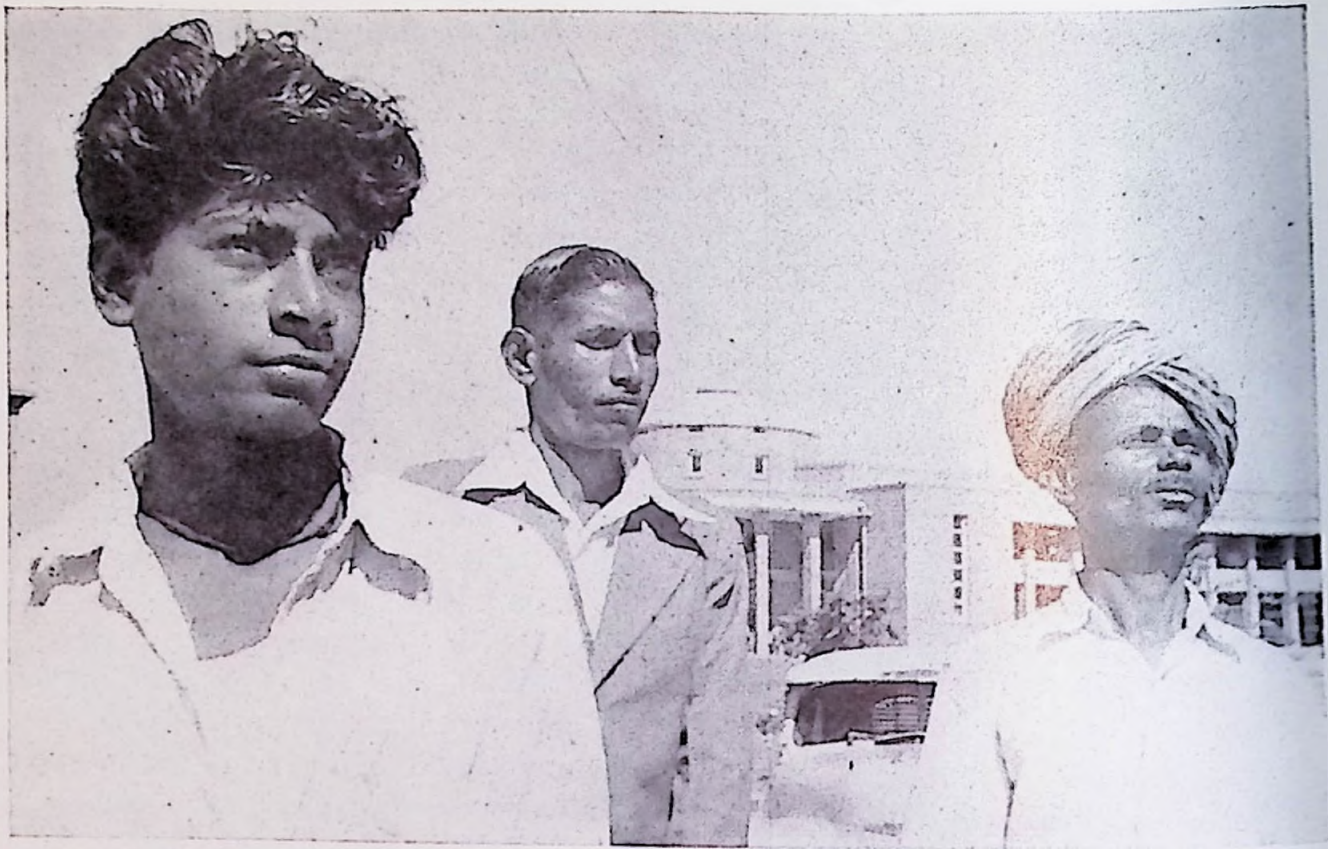
India is Hinduism. To this, all would agree but it is difficult to say what Hinduism is. We know that elements of it entered India with the Aryan invaders 5000 years ago. They mingled with the primitive tenets of the more ancient inhabitants and 2000 years before Christ its first great sacred collection of Hindu hymns and prayers were already in existence. By 800 B.C. its fundamentals had taken shape. Basically they leave the believer free to believe in a personal God, an impersonal spirit or in pantheism (i.e. we are all part of God). Whatever the decision may be all believers agree that the supreme goal and destiny of every human being is “nirvana,” union with the Infinite. It can be attained in various ways (but never by accident or chance)

and its accomplishment depends on men’s deeds on this earth.

Tied up with Hinduism the religion is the “caste system” through which the whole structure of Hindu society was modeled thousands of years ago. (“Caste” could be roughly translated as “condition of life.”) Even before the birth of Christ this caste system had hardened into four general levels: priests and intellectuals, aristocrats and warriors, merchants and farmers, menials. In time these four classes became divided horizontally into thousands of other castes. The separation of one caste from another was a rigid one and it was impossible to pass from one level to another in this life. Hinduism taught, however, that man passed from one existence to another in his quest for “nirvana,” and in the “next” existence a man could be a member of a higher caste, depending upon his actions in his present existence. If the balance was evil—and the greatest evil was the violation of the laws of caste—the individual would be born into a lower caste or even become an animal in the next incarnation. Observance of caste became the iron rule.

■ Pottery is still shaped by hand in parts of India today, a custom of many centuries.





■ The faces of India form a pattern of their own, a hundred different racial strains blending into one people; a dozen different languages which speak in one hope for the future.

Hinduism was simultaneously a religion and a social system, and this has helped to prolong its existence. But perhaps its survival is due most to its most striking characteristic which is simply that it rejects nothing. So long as the elements it embraces are tolerant of one another, there is room for all. As a result it has never been supplanted by any other religious or cultural system; rather, it has, instead, absorbed them—with the one exception of Christianity.

Today, India is also change. Impelled by the course of world events as well as by desire for the good things that education, industrialization and modern agriculture can offer a nation potentially so rich (but now actually poor), the country is breaking many of the old forms that have molded its society. The process will be a slow one; you cannot lift 450,000,000 people up the ladder of centuries in a few years. You can outlaw "caste," as the new Constitution has done, but it will take more than a law

to break down the walls that "caste" has built. Yet the changes will come because they must.

All of these forces: the geography of the land, the invasions of many races and ideas, the diversity of the population, its climate and grinding poverty, its absorbent and all pervading religion-culture, and the changes of today make India what it is. They also are the patterns that shape the slow and tortured growth of the mission Church.

Patna is a mission district of north-eastern India in the State of Bihar. Through its center flows the holy river Ganges; on the north it is bordered by the independent kingdom of Nepal and to the south by hills that contain some of India's greatest mineral deposits.

The Bihar area has been important in Indian life for thousands of years. Early in the Christian era and up until the 7th century A.D., it boasted one of the world's great universities at Nalanda, just 80 miles southeast of the present city of



■ It is good to feel the harvest and to know that tomorrow will not be a day of famine, as has happened so often. The children of the stone-cutter (right) do not share the same reaction when the camera turns their way.



Patna. According to a report of Chinese students who attended it in the 7th century, there were 10,000 students living on the campus studying a variety of subjects from Buddhism, logic, mathematics and medicine to chariot racing and archery. It was destroyed by invading Moslems in 1205 A.D.

The first Catholic missionaries, Jesuits, came to Patna in 1620; organized convert work, however, did not begin until 1703-1713 when the mission was entrusted to the Capuchins. They built substantial mission stations at several points in the area of the present diocese and even today some of their construction remains. The number of their converts from the Hindu-Moslem people was very small but by and large these few have remained faithful.

The 89,000 mile area was entrusted to the Chicago-Detroit Jesuit provinces in 1921 and since then patient and tedious work has developed, with God's grace, a small growing Church. To the labor of

its creators, some several hundreds of American priests and Brothers from mid-western United States have given their lives and hearts.

The mission is a difficult one. The climate, with its oppressive heat, takes a steady toll of the strength of men used to the chilly blasts of mid-western storms. In recent years the Indian government has given entry papers to only a few new missionaries and so not many young men have come to help their older comrades. The social difficulties of conversion for high caste Hindus have forced the Fathers to work among the poor, the low castes and aboriginals. For these people, bowed by the weight of centuries of oppression, conversion can still bring with it social hardships. Yet they do embrace the faith that the higher castes reject. As St. Paul said ". . . it was what the world calls foolish that God chose to put the wise to shame with, and it was what the world calls weak that God chose to shame its strength with . . ."

Perhaps the best way to get some idea of the work among the poor is to review the growth of a specific mission area and then study the daily life and work of "typical" missions. In 1939 the area in and around the city of Arrah in the western part of Bihar State was evangelized by Father Henry Westropp, a great pioneer missionary. He sought out the Chamars, a low-caste group primarily engaged in shoemaking, and instructed and baptized several thousands. Then other Jesuits followed in his wake to be pastors to the new Christians. From Father Westropp's two original acres of land in Arrah, they have spread out to six other mission stations in the area. They have built churches and convents, schools and dispensaries; while instructing their people in the truth of salvation, they have labored mightily through education in academic subjects and manual arts to lift them up from their oppression.

Still further to the west, at the village of Buxar, the Church began with a rented house near the railroad station in 1937. Then it was housed in a mud hut in a lonely corner of a grove of trees three miles further on. Eventually it moved to the present site and from there the pastor developed a network of mission stations in the surrounding area. In 1952 one of these stations was large enough to warrant its own priest and so it became independent and new substations were opened.

For the men developing these stations and substations, transportation is one of the great difficulties since they must move about to cover several different villages in the course of a week. This sounds simple enough but movement is complicated by a series of factors: torrential rain or torrid heat, ankle-deep dust or even deeper mud; poor roads and even poorer paths; a motorcycle broken down, or a flat tire on a pike.

A typical "trip around the parish" for any missionary would be something like

that of the priest at Bakhtiarpur near the Ganges in central Bihar. The "rounds" begin on Friday afternoon with the first stop at Kherwara. There is no road to this substation and so after a good bike ride, he walks the last 4 miles to the mission. If the Friday happens to be First Friday, Mass would be offered at 7:00 or 7:30 p.m., preceded by preparations for confessions and confessions accompanied by the rosary. During Mass there would be a sermon and after Mass catechism would begin. This catechizing would primarily rely on questions and answers; It may last for one half to a full hour.

The next morning he is up very early since Mass must be finished before sunrise when the people begin work. Still, Mass is preceded by preparation for confession, confessions and rosary and followed by catechism and perhaps a baptism or two and a marriage. After this there might be two or three hours of dispensary work before he returns to the central station.

During Saturday afternoon he would work with his catechists, preparing them for the instructions on Saturday night. On that night the same routine of preparation for confession, etc., would be followed, but without any Mass. The whole session would last about 3 hours (until 9:00 or 9:30 p.m.). On Sunday morning he would be up early again in order to have the Mass and catechism finished by sunrise—his people also work on Sunday in the fields.

Sunday afternoon he would set out for Hilsa, another sub-station. He could get there by bus, motorcycle or railway, but would have to walk the last mile since Hilsa is also off the highway. At 4:30 or 5:00 p.m. the same process of preparation for confessions, etc., would be repeated. After Mass and a bit of catechism he would have his dinner while his catechist continued to work with the people. That evening or Monday morning, he would go to his last station, Fatweh,

which is 15 miles north of Hilsa, where the same work is done all over again. Tuesday would be a day of rest and then back to the central station again.

During any given week, the typical missionary pastor might put in 15 or 20 hours teaching catechism to his people or to his own catechists. The actual lessons are not as dull as they may sound since their monotony is broken up with illustrations from the life of Our Lord or the Saints. Many missionaries also will make considerable use of song adapted from the local folk music. The simple folk songs are called "kirtans"; they may tell a story or sing the praises of God or be a translation of a psalm. An example:

Make a big noise and broadcast the name of Jesus,

Everybody clap your hands and join in—

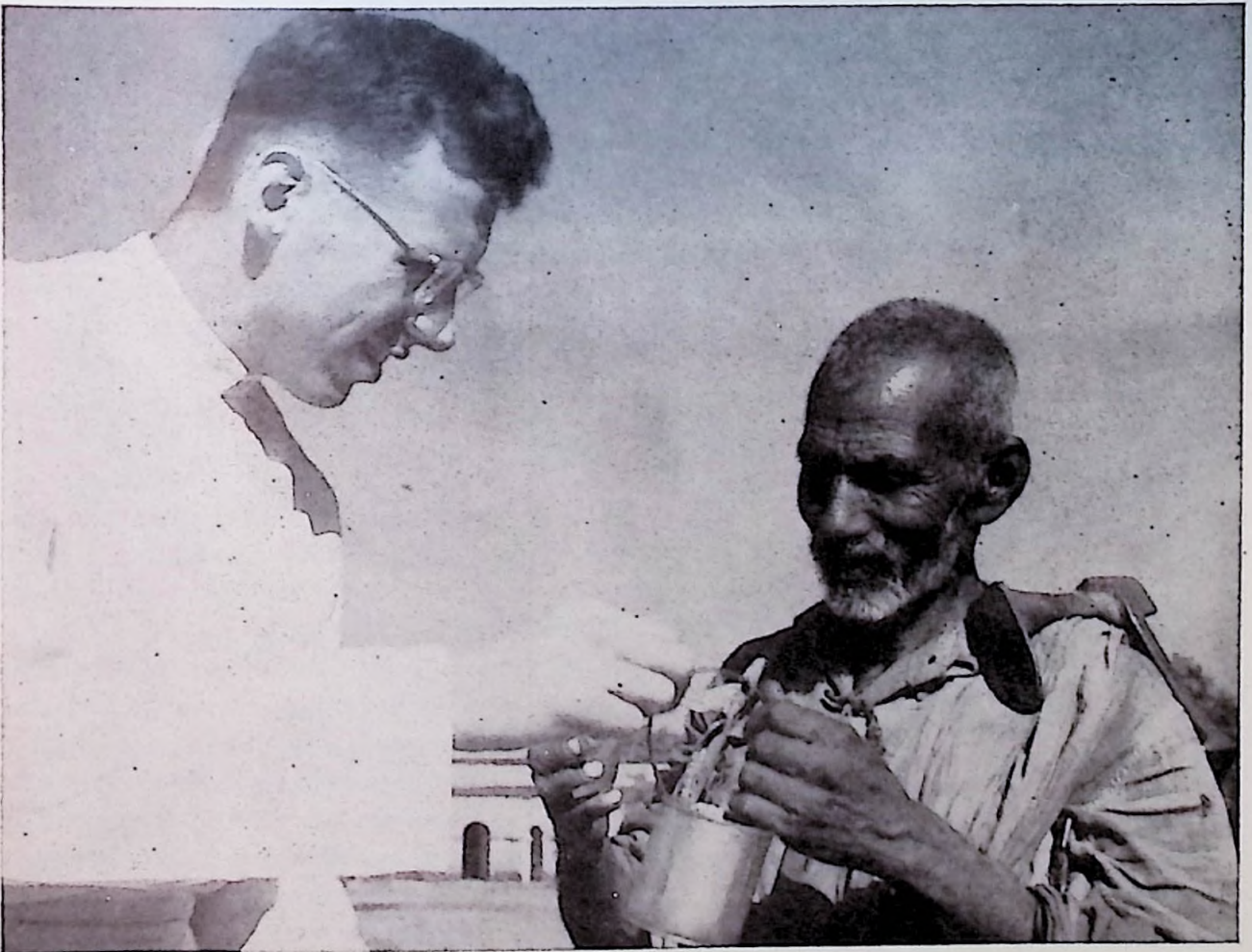
The name of Jesus is the name of God,
Therefore spread it, shout it, broadcast it about—

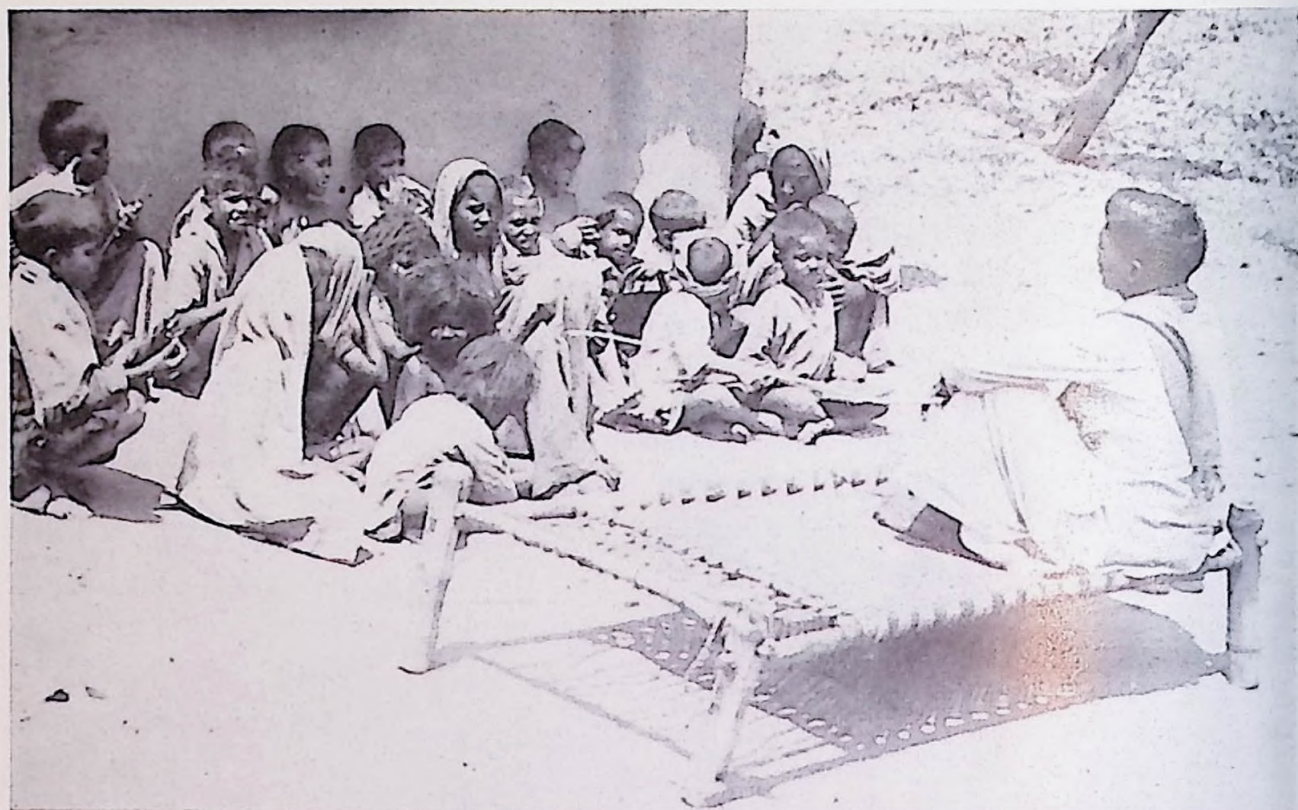
Clap your hands with great devotion
Everybody join in and clap your hands!

In all "kirtans" the drummer speeds up his timing and the singers build up to a crescendo of volume, speed and enthusiasm at the end of each verse. These song sessions, involving the body in the hand clapping, the voice in the singing, the mind in the lesson taught, are great aids in the Christian instruction of the people and in integrating their faith into their daily lives.

While the mission pastor's "rounds"

■ "I know it's a horse you've got in there but I can't tell what color it is." The Patna Mission, staffed by the American Provinces of Chicago and Detroit, now has over 260 members.





■ Outdoor coeducational village schools are scattered throughout the Patna Mission. The master's cot is his desk; slates, or writing in the sand, take the place of pen and paper.

may be pretty much the same all over the diocese, there is much more that each man must do that varies with the nature of his parish. For example, down in the southeastern corner of the mission at Chakai the people are aboriginal Santals, descendants of the early inhabitants of India who were driven over the course of centuries from the more fertile lands into the hills, plateaus and jungles. The land on which they live is poor enough but their agricultural methods are often worse. Moreover, they are a simple people, easily duped by the landlords, and at least some of them find it almost constitutionally impossible at their present stage of development to hold onto a piece of land. Such conditions can hardly afford scope for a Christian Santal father to raise his family in dignity and security. Among these people, the priest has to concern himself with economic projects and community development schemes.

The pastor at Chakai, Father Morrison, has been settling some of his people on land held in his name. While this may

not sound like a very democratic procedure, at least the people cannot alienate their land and so there is a solid basis on which further projects can be developed. He knows perfectly well that he can't keep them as "infants" forever and so he tries to lead them to economic stability through the improvements of their agricultural methods etc. One of the major recent improvements has been the construction of reservoirs so that the people grow a second crop in what has always been a one-crop starvation country. If they can raise their diet above the mere subsistence level, avoiding the ever-present spectre of starvation, a giant step will have been made toward lifting their whole cultural level.

Several months ago Father Morrison wrote that "the other day I heard the sweetest sound I have heard for a long time. It was the sound of running water, gurgling from an irrigation ditch into a rice field that needed water . . . We had worked hard to make that reservoir that held this irrigation water." (Incidentally,

the readers of JM helped in its creation too with their financial help.)

To the north of Father Morrison and Chakai is Marian Bahari where Father Dan Rice, with the help of JM readers, has established a housing project for his Catholic community of 500. He and his people have begun a farm cooperative that will give limited financial backing for attempts to improve farming methods through community cooperation.

The social work of the mission, however, is not confined to agriculture, housing or dispensaries. In many centers there are training schools for craftsmen in tailoring and shoemaking. In Bettiah, one of the old mission stations established by the Capuchins in the 18th Century, there is a flourishing credit union. This credit union had a capital of more than 180,000 rupees in early 1962, all contributed by the parishioners. Borrowing from it enables the people to stay out of the clutches of ruinous money lenders and the profits of the union will also help them develop financial stability through community projects. Last year the directors of the union voted 20% of their profits for a Social Welfare Fund. The first project of the Fund was to buy school books for the children of the poor members of the credit union. Such a gesture not only proves the success of the union but also demonstrates the growth of a Christian social consciousness.

In Patna, the heart of the mission, there is a trade school called the "Loyola Industrial School." Here young men are trained to be blacksmiths, welders, machinists, electricians, auto-mechanics and woodworkers. The young apprentices learn by doing—they have built schools, homes, office buildings and even a hospital. The trades they are learning are necessary ones in a developing India and assure the young graduates of a good livelihood. Not all of the students are Christians and, although there is no direct

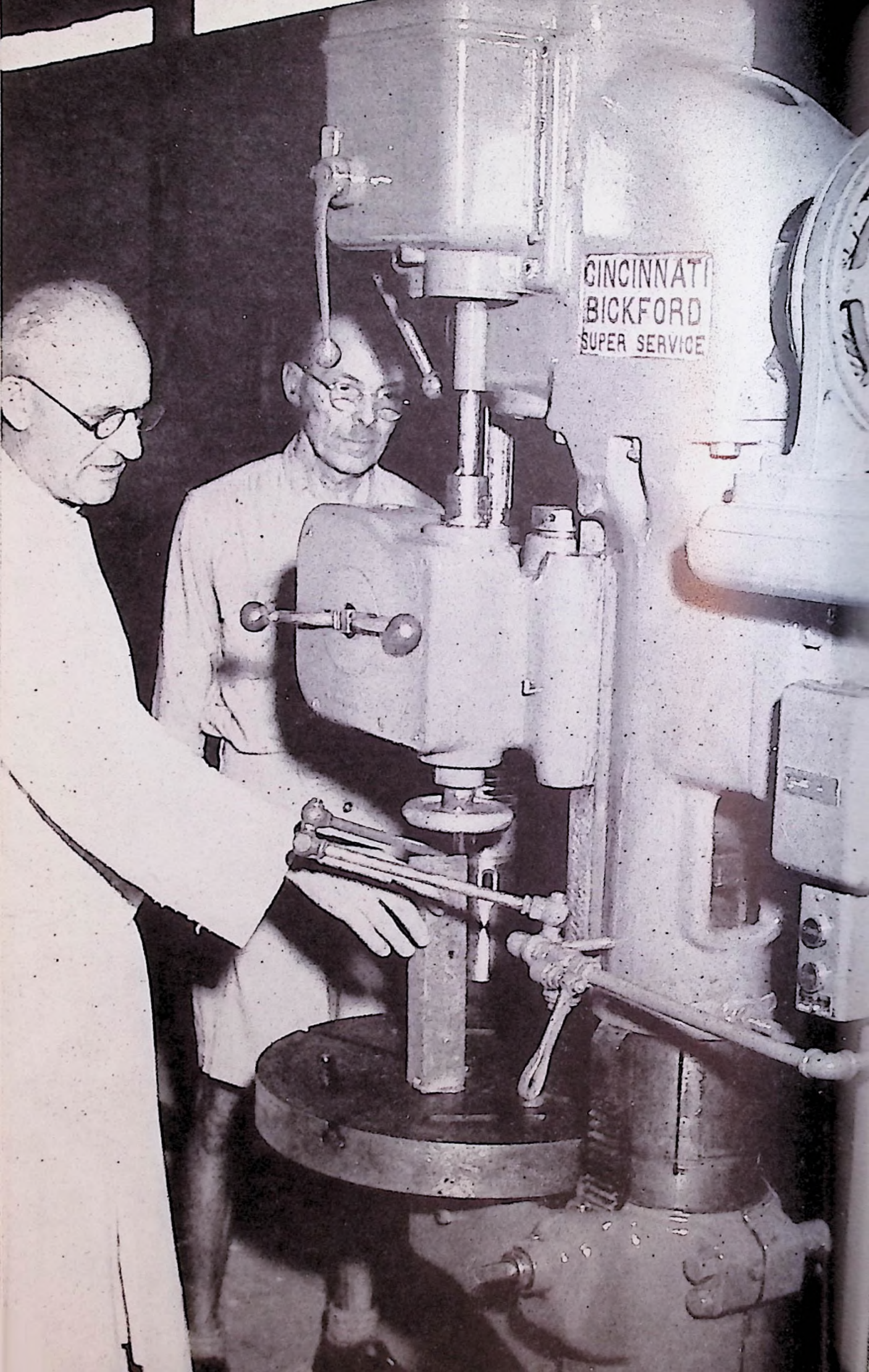
Christian apostolate at the school, the two Jesuit Fathers and the Jesuit scholastic who direct it see it as their "factory parish" where the Hindu student can see Christ mirrored in their own patience and charity.

The mission also operates two presses, one at Bettiah in the same parish where the credit union is located, and the other just outside of Patna. Not only are the poor Christians trained in a new trade, but also much valuable printing is done. Brother Karpinski S.J., at Patna's "Sanjivan Press" has printed the New Testament in Hindustani, books, hospital records, newspapers, etc. . . .

The number of varied works in the Patna Mission is endless but no description of Jesuit activity would be complete without mentioning the excellent high schools the mission maintains. For the

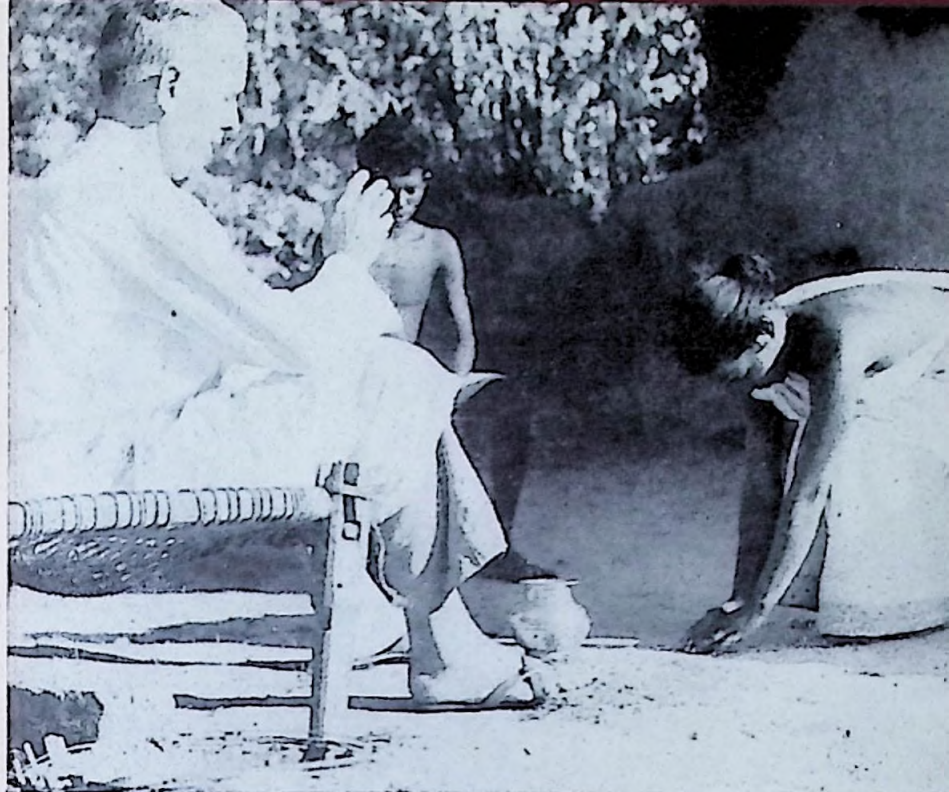
■ Father Edmund Burke S.J. works out of his Buxar headquarters in Bihar's Shahabad area.





CINCINNATI
BICKFORD
SUPER SERVICE

■ Veteran Father Loesch (left) is one of the chief architects of Patna Mission. Another veteran, Father Morrison, (right) gives the traditional greeting to one of his Santali flock.



most part, the students are high-caste Hindus and among them is sowed the seed for the day when God "grants the increase." There is a "Xavier" in Patna, and another "Xavier" in Jaipur, the "pink city," where Jesuit astronomers advised the Maharaja Jai Singh in his astronomical studies more than 200 years ago. In Delhi there is still a third "Xavier" and in Bettiah "Krist Raja" (Christ the King) School. To the north across the wall of the Himalayas, in the "forbidden kingdom" of Nepal there is Godavari High School. (Its Latin name is "Xavier's"!)

It was at the lower school attached to Godavari that a *New York Times*' reporter heard the students led by their Jesuit teacher singing this song to the melody of "Goodnight Irene":

God gave us things to use
 Things that are good to use
 Let's use them right each day and night
 To bring us close to God.

* * *

The message of the song is pretty much the pattern for Jesuit activity in Patna.

The patterns that shaped India have shaped the lives of the Jesuit missionaries. The monsoons, and the heat, the caste system and the grinding poverty, the rock-like Hindu resistance to conversion all combine to make Patna Mission, and to make it a difficult one. Progress is slow, conversions come grudgingly; the failures have been many, sometimes just barely over-balanced by the successes. The missionary must continually ask himself: am I following the correct course of action? Should I change my methods?

In the final analysis, however, it is a great mission, founded on the faith of its members. "The work surely is more the work of grace than the work of men . . . The real approach to the people is God's approach. It is God who brings them close to us. When India accepts Christ it will be nothing that I did or that any of my predecessors in his mission did. It will be the outpouring of God's grace."

The Church is everybody's concern. Young couples need the help of a mission magazine for the full Christian life of their growing families. To help them, send us one dollar and the name of the last couple to whom you gave a wedding present. We will send them JESUIT MISSIONS: 211 East 87th St., New York 28, N.Y.

A HUNDRED REASONS AGAINST

GEORGE V. DONOHOE S.J.

“FOR EVERY REASON the missionaries I can give you for becoming a Christian, I can give you a hundred reasons against.” It was Mr. Ma speaking, the elderly Confucianist scholar and classical poet from the China mainland. The Communist surge across China in 1948 had forced him to join the forces of Free China crossing over to Taiwan. I had met him in Hsinchu where he was the Prefect of Studies at the County High School and where he constantly affirmed his anti-Christian beliefs to his students.

Then came the day when Mr. Ma was taken seriously ill and brought to the Provincial Hospital. An old friend, a professor at the University of Peking in happier days, went to see him. They chatted together for a while. Then the old friend, a distinguished zoologist who was then a Protestant but preparing to enter the Church, said, “Old friend, your sickness seems very serious. Don’t you think you ought to consider preparing your soul for the next life?”

“Yes, said Mr. Ma quietly. “I have been thinking about that for some time. Only I don’t know which religion is the true one.”

“There is no doubt about that—it can only be the one founded by Jesus Christ Himself—the Catholic Church.” And he went on to explain the fundamental truths of Christianity to the old man—pointing out especially how there was no conflict between the supernatural truth of Christ and those great natural truths that had nourished the life of his years.

Grace touched the old man’s heart. He believed and asked for a priest. His friend asked me to visit him in the hospital. I

went. He received me at his bedside in the ward with the gentle courtesy that had characterized all his scholarly life. He wanted to be baptized at once; I delayed however, seeing that the danger was not immediate—leaving a book with him in Chinese, “Philosophy and Religion,” which explained the basic truths of our faith that would be pleasing to an old scholar like himself. When I returned a couple of days later, he had finished the book, and had memorized the Sign of the Cross and the words of the Our Father, which he prayed over and over during the day. He asked a few questions about the Blessed Sacrament. I explained briefly; he accepted all with a childlike faith, and again requested Baptism. Again I delayed as I wanted to give him a longer time to understand all the basic truths and the obligations he must accept on becoming a Catholic.

During the next few days his old professor friend and I took turns in visiting him and instructing him a little more. Then, late one afternoon, another teacher who was not a Christian came rushing up to our residence on a bicycle. “Father, Lao (Old—term of affection) Ma has taken a turn for the worse. He is dying and he wishes to see you right away.”

I rushed off to the government hospital; an attendant at the door barred my way: “Sorry, no visitors, Mr. Ma is too sick to see you.”

“But he sent for me,” I answered, and pressed by him and into the ward. The old man was evidently dying; he recognized me but seemed too weak to speak. “Do you still want Baptism?” I asked him. “I will place my hand on the palm of your hand. If you wish to be baptized,



■ Monsignor Eugene Fahy S.J. gives last blessing at the graveside of Ignatius Ma in Taiwan. Father Donohoe is in the rear (reading book). "A hundred reasons against" is no longer true.

you press my hand." I placed my hand palm upwards in the palm of his hand. He closed his fingers over my hand and pressed firmly.

I started the baptismal ceremony. Before I had finished several other teachers arrived and came quietly into the ward—most of them at that time were not yet Catholics. I christened him "Ignatius." At the end of the ceremony the old man extended his hand. I thought he wanted to say good-bye. But he pulled me down close to his face and said (in Chinese), "Thank you, Father. Last night I was terribly sick and I lost much blood. I thought I was going to die. I wasn't afraid to die, but I was only afraid that I would die before I received Baptism. Now you have come and I am no longer afraid."

I told him to make little ejaculations: "Jesus, I love you—My Jesus, mercy—Jesus, help me . . ." and to have great confidence and trust in the Sacred Heart of Jesus. I told him I would come back later—but he smiled gently and said, "Never mind; that will not be necessary now." Later that evening another Father brought him his first Communion—his

Viaticum, and anointed him. I visited him before classes the following morning. He was in his death agony. When I returned after class he had gone to his eternal reward.

I had to go to the County School to meet with the officials to arrange burial. At last the permission was given and Ignatius Ma was buried from our Chapel a couple of days later. The County Magistrate, City Mayor, Government and school officials attended his funeral. But, most important of all, one thousand boys and girls who had once heard old Mr. Ma tell them: "Never become a Christian," paid their first visit to a Catholic church to attend the funeral of their old professor. They accompanied his remains to our new little cemetery on the hillside outside the city. Soon after his funeral two other teachers from his school applied for instructions. I left Taiwan for Cebu shortly after this, but I heard that many of his former students have since followed their former teacher into the fold of the Good Shepherd. Surely someone had been praying and making sacrifices for the missions and the missionaries and the salvation of souls.

Window on the Mission

FLAMES IN VIETNAM

TOO OFTEN OUR impressions of other peoples and places are colored by events which emphasize certain characteristics and, by that emphasis, obscure the entire portrait. The publicity given to the war which has been raging for so long a time in Vietnam may well distort the clear image which we should have of the people involved. For many, Southeast Asia is an area about which little is known.

This month the Holy Father in his Mission Intention asks us to remember the Catholics of Vietnam but the very wording of his request is significant. He does not ask us simply to pray for the Church in that war-torn land (as he has so often in countries where the question is one of survival) but he words it this way: "That the Catholics of Vietnam may, by the example of their life and apostolic zeal, lead their fellow countrymen to Christ." The Holy Father indicates that the faithful of Vietnam are somewhat different, that they have a very positive approach to their faith and its growth.

This is verified by their history and present day events. Long ago Vietnam won the proud title of the "Land of 100,000 Martyrs." Pope Pius XI characterized it as "the eldest daughter of the Church in Asia." Its history is a splendid one, bright with the red of martyrdom and with the green which speaks of life renewing itself and expanding into fuller growth. That history lives on, gloriously, in Vietnam's Catholics of today.

It is a wonderful thing to see how conscious the Catholics are of the treasure they possess and how zealously they try to share it with others. To them Catholic Action does not mean, as in some countries, "to prepare the ground" but it means going out to convert everyone possible to Christ. It is a normal and natural thing to urge one's neighbor to become a Catholic; it is simply an act of charity, something that springs from the knowledge of what the Christian faith demands of its members. The Vietnamese live the doctrine which they preach and their apostolic endeavors are, to them, the most natural thing to do.

The Catholics of Vietnam are a minority, ten percent of the population, but as one of them has expressed it, "We are a minority that counts." They represent the living force of the nation with its Catholic rulers and philosophy of government and in the fateful days ahead they are the one hope of saving their country from Communist onslaughts.



COVER. The subcontinent of India has a hundred faces to it but there is a definite pattern to its way of life, as Father Cotter points out to us in the lead article of this issue. Cover design by Phil Franznick.



UNUSUAL REQUEST

Now and then we encounter a situation which is a little too big to be solved by the usual means. In the beginning of this year Bishop Lester Guilly S.J., an old friend of JM, passed through New York. He is the Bishop of Georgetown, British Guiana, and in the course of his stay he spoke of one difficulty which he faces in that trouble-ridden country. The "Catholic Standard" is the weekly newspaper published there by the Society of Jesus and under the present government the paper is experiencing difficulties which may mean the end of the publication. If that happened it would be a serious blow to the forces battling the Communist-inclined rulers now in power.

It reminded us of a similar situation not long ago in Northern Rhodesia where the Catholic publication "Leader" had been forced, due to lack of finance and the shortage of competent staff, to cease publication. Then Doctor Melady, President of the American African Institute, came to the rescue by offering; a) \$6000 per year for two years; b) \$1850 per year for two years for the training of an African Catholic lay editor; c) an additional \$3000 per year should it be needed; d) a full-time lay editor with all expenses paid for two years.

Do any of our readers know of a society or trust—even non-Catholic—which would be willing to provide the "Catholic Standard" with similar help? The needs of British Guiana are so obvious and it is so clearly in the interest of the U.S. to strengthen the anti-Communist forces there that the importance of this unusual request is manifestly evident.

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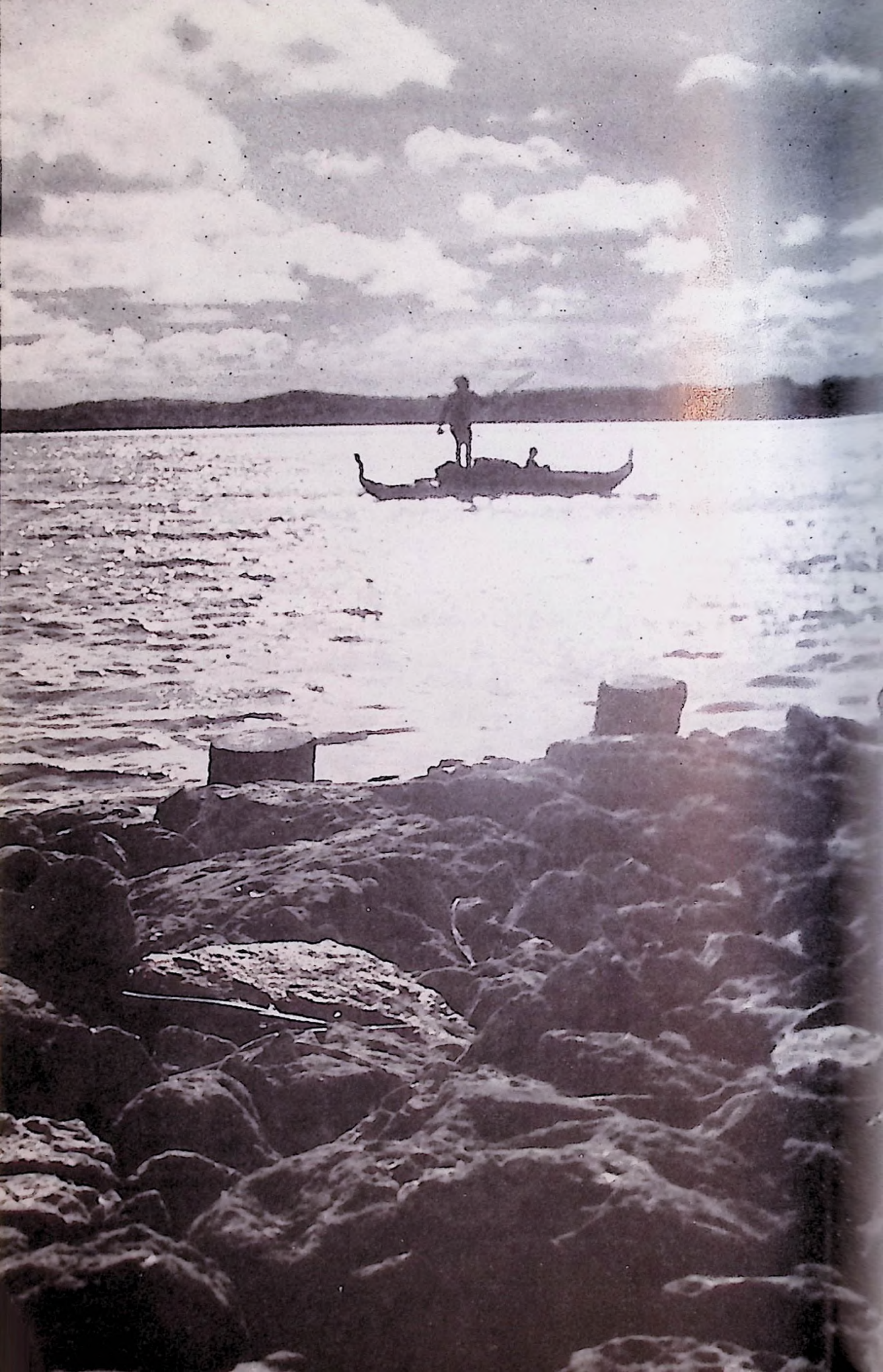
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YAP *Isle of Contrasts*

*Grass skirts and jet planes, jeeps and cameras against
a background of stone money, today versus yesterday*

KENNETH J. HEZEL S.J.

NOT SO LONG AGO, Finai was very sad. It seems that one of the men in the neighboring village of Onean asked him to build a boat. And so, Finai did.

After lumber was bought from a local sawmill and nails from the trading company on the main island, Finai spent many hours with his adze and hammer in constructing a sturdy 16-foot outboard. The day he completed it, he called his neighbor and proudly showed him his work. The neighbor was pleased and took his boat. In payment, he left a large circular piece of moss-covered stone, with a four-inch hole in the center. Finai accepted it—but he was really very sad, for he had hoped to receive American dollars instead of local money.

This is Yap, a high island sprawling into the Pacific in the Western Carolines where age-old customs and traditions vie daily with Western innovations. It is an island of contrasts.

Boys and men clad in tri-colored *thus* (loincloths) speed along the unpaved roads in jeeps and Japanese motor-scooters. Women and girls, dressed in August-brown grass skirts, sit under the stars at the local movie theater watching a jet-airplane story about the Korean War. Mothers carrying their babies in hibiscus-woven baskets over their shoulder, stop intermittently to feed them canned milk out of a baby bottle with a nipple. Young boys, on vacation from study in Guam, stalk about with cameras, snapping pictures of their parents and relatives performing a native dance in

honor of their deceased island chiefs.

Amid all these changes, Finai's people have felt the steadying influence of Christianity . . . and its signs are apparent in the churches found in many of the villages, the shrines to Our Lady along the village paths, and in the devotion of the people themselves. At present, two Jesuit Fathers, Fathers John Condon and Fred Bailey, labor among these people to spread Christianity among the remaining pagans, and to deepen the faith of the new Christians.

One Sunday, I accompanied Father Bailey to two of his mission stations and discovered both what the missionary's labor and Finai's people are like. From the main parish in Nemar we bounced across the lagoon to Gagil.

Some of the people were already there when we arrived, and one of the younger boys summoned the remaining members of the parish by sounding the church bell, a rusty oxygen cylinder hanging from a wooden support. Father went into the church, a wooden-frame structure on a coral-cement foundation with a tin roof and bamboo sides, took out the rain-spotted vestments for the day, set up the altar, and then heard confessions until Mass began at 10:00 a.m. Men, women, and children arrived and while some went inside to pray or go to confession, others sat on the coral ground chewing betel nuts, smoking, and making small talk. The small boys in their red *thus* and the little girls in shabby grass skirts amused themselves by play-

ing a game with string on their hands. At the front of the church itself, a few kids hobbled over bent and rusty steel girders and broken concrete—the remains of a mission church built and designed more than 30 years ago by a Spanish Jesuit, Father Luis. It was novel at the time in that its shape was octagonal with a Father's house above the church. Today, after a World War and uncounted storms and typhoons, all that remains besides the steel and cement disarray, is

■ On Gagil in the Yap atoll Father Fred Bailey of Boston baptizes a child of God.



a hand-formed cement plaque of St. Peter holding the keys in his hand. Perhaps this is a reminder to the people of the continuity of the Church itself—even though individual priests die and buildings decay and fall away to ruin with time.

Finally at 10:00 a.m., Father began Mass, preached to the attentive people in Yapese, and after Mass, baptized two small children. Then we went for a short walk to see an unusual piece of stone money. What makes this piece so different from the 1001 other pieces lying around the island was that there were two holes in the center instead of the customary one. Like everything else, there was an explanation—allegedly true, but most likely legendary.

In the early days of these people, the chiefs of the island decided that some form of monetary exchange was needed. They determined that a certain type of stone found in the Palau islands—some 200 miles to the West—should be quarried in the shape of a fish. However the task of chiseling each piece of stone into the form of a fish proved too much; so they decided to make the money in the shape of the moon—its present form. Realizing the difficulty of carrying such money around, they thought that if two holes were cut through the center, bamboo sticks could be placed through them, and then the money could be carried about by two men, one in the front and one in the rear, with a bamboo pole on each shoulder. But theory gave way to experience. For the bamboo poles were so close together they nearly choked the natives carrying them. The chiefs then decided that one hole in the center would be better—and so it was, for that is what is used even today.

Then we left for the next island, Mop. Today, being Sunday, the people were not at work though the tools of their labor stood by their homes. Here was a partially hewn log, there a sleek out-



■ On Tomil, one of the Yap islands, an elderly man stops in the customary way to say a brief prayer before a shrine of Our Lady, surrounded by stone money and with flowers replaced daily.

rigger canoe. Drying out on poles next to homes were small and large fishing nets. The elephant-ear leaves of taro patches bordered the path sporadically. A half-built house, with roof unfinished, stared emptily into the sea. And everywhere, of course, were signs of copra work, the mainstay of the economy.

Tall and slender coconut trees shaded every step, with empty, rotting husks piled beneath them. Along the sea, open-air copra dryers laid out their wares to bake dry. From this hard meat of the mature coconut, the people have their greatest source of income. But only after much toil. They must climb the tree, cut the nut, shell it, dry it, bag it, and lug it to the warehouse across the lagoon to sell it. It takes nearly 200 nuts to fill a 100 pound bag, and a 100 pound bag brings them only \$4.50. It is the sea and earth that provide them with the food to subsist on: fish, crabs, taro, breadfruit, and the coconut.

Soon, we spotted the church in Wocholap. This, a good sized concrete structure, had been built by the people alone—with Father Bailey's material aid. It is sturdy, though zig-zag traces of the destructive termite snake along the wall to the bamboo ceiling and wooden rafters above. It may not be long before a typhoon will lift the weakened roof.

The procedure here was the same as at Gagil: confessions, Mass, coffee and an egg-omelet sandwich. We walked back to the boat. Finally about 6:30, we poled out (the tide was going out) to deeper water, started the motor and made our way back to Colonia in the black shadow of the islands as the sun set behind storm clouds. The motor coughed and stopped a few times along the way, but finally about 7:45, we could see the dim lights from the movie and government buildings in Colonia. We docked and walked up the road under the starless sky to the Father's house.



ARCHITECT OF INDIA'S ROME

J. V. DE SOUZA S.J.

Poona is the heart of India's Catholic Church and one man had most to do with its founding and present growth

FEW PEOPLE CAN CLAIM to have prepared for death as well as Brother Joseph Pfiffner S.J. He built part of the hospital where he died, the church where his requiem was said, and the cemetery where he was buried. And this is only part of his achievement. If, as many of his Hindu workmen believe, Brother is reborn he will have a strong claim to a number of houses and schools. For a career he could choose between the industrial school which he built, or he could live his religious life again either in his noviceship at Bombay or in his seminary at Poona.

Brother Joseph was educated in Switzerland and was already a trained carpenter-builder when he decided to become a Jesuit. From the beginning he was deter-



■ The church adjoining the Papal Seminary (above) is only one of the late Brother Pfiffner's achievements. At left, he puts the finishing touches to the altar stone at the time of its consecration. The daughter of one of his workmen snuggles comfortably on his lap (right) as Brother Pfiffner makes the rounds on the construction job.



mined to be a missionary so he worked hard to increase his qualifications by studying as electrician and locksmith.

Joseph had also been in the Army where he was noted for his stubbornness. He took a dislike to his Commanding Officer and must have caused him many headaches. On one shooting test the soldiers were given five shots at a target and were expected to hit it twice. Joseph missed with all five, and was ordered to double round the barracks with his rifle above his head. This happened a number of times and still the target was unmarked. Eventually the officer gave in, and Joseph was transferred to the signals corp.

He sailed for India in 1938. Through some misunderstanding his abilities were overlooked and he was put to work in the kitchen. The stubborn Joseph must have been severely tried, but he prepared himself for his future work by



■ The Papal Seminary chapel at Pooona as it looks from inside the seminary building. India's ecclesiastical headquarters is outside Bombay.

mastering both English and Marathi. Brother was never just a builder. He trained a team of skilled workmen, and went to endless trouble to keep them employed when building materials were difficult to obtain. He visited them when they were sick, and he loved to play with their children. Once he so terrified a man who came to work drunk that the fellow took the pledge for life.

His workmen loved him in return. Once they spent a whole week's wages on a party in his honor. Joseph was furious because he knew their families would have to starve that week. He gave them a great lecture, and then went out to beg food for them.

After a few small jobs in Bombay, Brother was entrusted with the task of building De Nobili College for 200 Jesuit students at Pooona. Later he returned to this site to build the Papal Seminary for the training of 200 secular priests. This is undoubtedly his greatest work. The seminary chapel was designed by a Swiss architect, but the plans were condemned by an engineer in Bombay as much too difficult for India. "You will never find the skilled labor or the high quality materials necessary for such an undertaking," he said. Brother Pfiffner disagreed. He had trained a team of workmen and he was prepared to wait

for the best materials. Sometimes he had to wait so long that his critics said he was building a heap of ruins. Somehow for four years he managed to keep his workmen occupied and the heap of ruins growing. Finally when the work was completed his health was ruined, and he was forced to return to Europe for a rest.

On his return he continued to build. He designed and built the technical institute in Pooona which is said to be his best work. Finally he started work on a three-story extension to St. Vincent's High School. The work was nearly finished when the doctors discovered that Joseph had cancer, and within two weeks he was dead.

All during his illness his workmen besieged the hospital to try to see Joseph. It was difficult to keep them out because they had helped him to build it. At his funeral they outnumbered the 400 seminarians who live in his colleges. Brother would have been furious at the money they had spent on wreaths for him. He would have preferred a quiet funeral, and his wish was granted. Just as the procession was forming to leave his church the clouds opened and it was impossible to proceed. So the great builder whose career had begun so quietly in India was finally buried in his own grave without fuss or ceremony. R.I.P.

Meet A Jesuit Brother

Italo Cincinnatus

Archimedes Parnoff S.J.

Baghdad, Iraq



To live up to his name is quite a job. No matter what the literal translation is he is spending his life at Baghdad College, in Iraq, where he is the only Brother. An artist, an electrician, a genius "Mr. Fix-it," etc., qualifies him as the one who can and does keep physical and material things in tiptop condition at the College.

His slow smile is characteristic of his quiet calmness and geniality. Many an excited Arab has probably been disconcerted when his ordinary method of attack fails to shake that smile. He does not understand that behind that smile are

many years of faithful service to God, years wherein a native appreciation of beauty flowered into the strong, calm realization that there is no beauty comparable to giving one's life for God on the mission field.

Around the world the Coadjutor Brothers labor side by side with the Jesuit priest for God's greater glory. One cares for the material needs so that the other can concentrate on giving full spiritual service and aid. A Brother spends his life in work and prayer devoted and consecrated to God.

For further information send the following to:

BROTHERS VOCATIONS | Jesuit Missions
45 East 78th St., New York 21, N.Y.

Please send literature about the Jesuit Brothers.

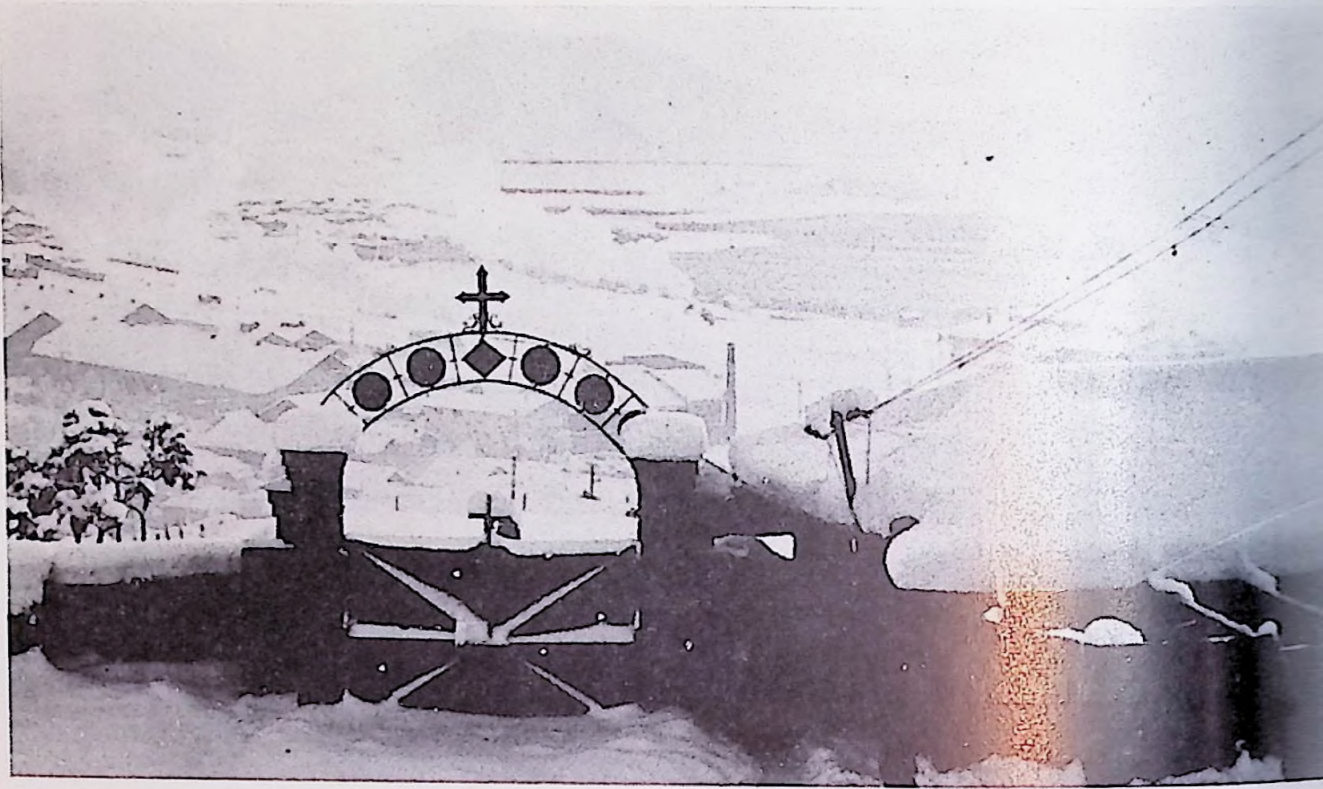
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City

Zone

State



■ Daybreak silhouettes this seaside view of Mokpo. In the foreground is the gate leading to the Columban Fathers' church. (Below) An orphan sells candy on Seoul's windy streets. There are over twenty Jesuits of the Wisconsin Province now in Korea, administering Sogang College in Seoul and the Major Seminary located in Kwangju in the south of Korea.



WINTERTIME IN KOREA

JOHN L. MITCHELL S.J.

*It is a challenge which calls
for resiliency and the Koreans
respond to it with optimism*

THE THOUGHT OF FALLING SNOW evokes rich and divergent images for Americans. We think of the warm fireplace, the cozy room, the soft chair. We think of Christmas and Santa Clauses and Christmas trees, of skating and skiing.

Children greet a snowfall with enthusiasm. They feverishly build snowmen and snow castles, from which they emerge to battle one another in snowball fights. The neighborhood lot is tracked with their sleighs. The village hill becomes a toboggan run, and the woods a winter-wonderland. Christmas Eve brings them indoors for fitful sleeping and inspired dreaming. And Santa Claus comes swooping in from the Northern skies, bouncing and jolly and laden with gifts. So our images run for the most part.

Falling snow means something for Koreans, too. But how different the images! A cold earthen floor or an unlit *ondol* fireplace instead of the blazing American hearth. A crowded one-room hovel (at once dining, living, and sleeping quarters for an entire family) instead of the sweeping 10-room split-level house. A worn rice-straw bag for comfort against the earth and cold. A mud hut with a straw roof, or thin wooden walls patched with cardboard, or spindles of wood covered with tent canvas. These

are their protection from the ravishing and heartless cold.

Oppressive? For some, yes. Suicides increase in Korea when the snow falls and the winds begin to blow. But for most of the people, winter is a challenge. Resiliency somehow grows. More and more time must be taken up with finding sticks or grass or paper to feed their tiny fires. But there is time at night for simple play. It may be a hearty game of *yut*, or songs around the last embers of a firepot.

The housewife must dig deeper and search longer for edible roots on the mountain side. But she can manage a laugh with her neighbors as she washes clothes each day in the cold waters of river or stream.

In wintertime, the rice paddies become ice rinks for Korean children. The luckier ones have miniature sleds, made in makeshift fashion from pieces of old skates or metal on wood chunks. They push themselves along the ice with small sticks, tipped with nails, as they weave in and out of the rice stubble. The poorer children simply run and slide. Near the large cities, rinks fill with skaters. Around and around they go, under the stars.

The snow-capped Dae-gwan mountains near the Eastern coast are a challenge to skiers. Ill-equipped but expert, they scurry over the soft sheets of white. They wind out and descend from the cloud enshrouded peaks. For them, too, winter has lost its terror.

The snow thus becomes for many of them only a prelude to the springtime. The cold will pass away. The ice will melt, giving drink to young rice plants. The cold winds will become warming breezes, and Korea will grow green again.

Perhaps this indomitable wintertime optimism is an image, too, of Korea's growing Catholicism. For the Church has fought its way out of the cold of persecution and oppression. And the promise of Spring is there, for this vigorous sprout of the Vine.

FOOTNOTES TO JAMAICA'S HISTORY

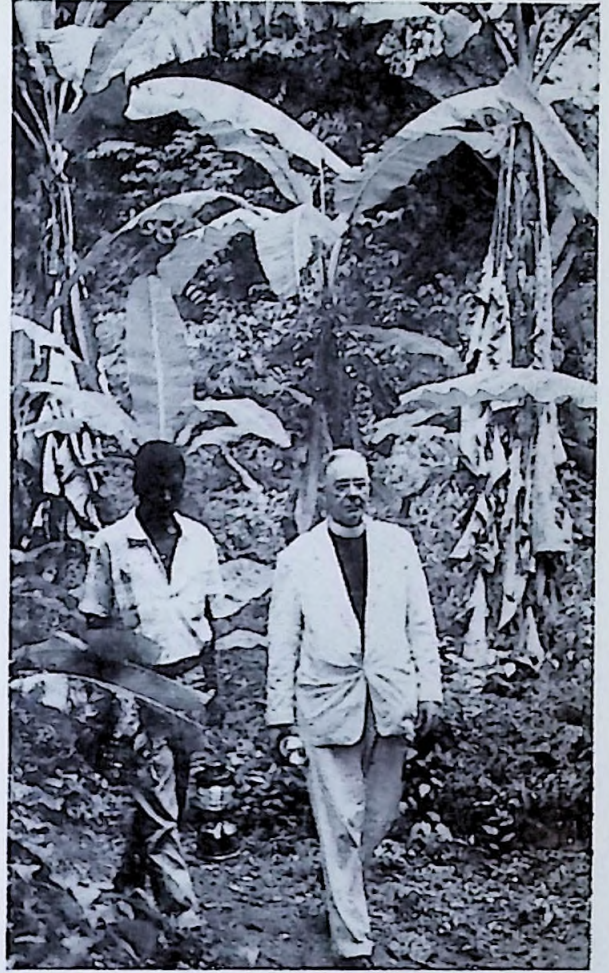
The byways which thread the mountains and coasts of Jamaica's luxuriant island abound in history, from the days before Columbus down to our own time. The limestone caves still hold burial remains of the original Arawak Indians and throughout the island are scores of reminders of the days of the Spanish rule. Columbus named his discovery Santiago, after the Patron Saint of Spain, but the Arawak name of "Xaymaca" finally won out. One man who is deeply versed in the history of the island is Father Frank Osborne S.J. All pictures by Father Fred Foley S.J.

■ Father Osborne examines grave of Charles Barrett, one of the Barretts of Wimpole Street, the only Catholic in the family. Charles built a chapel for the famous missionary Father Woollett S.J. who worked the country parts of Jamaica, travelling 5,000 miles a year on horseback. He baptized Charles in 1862.





■ Fathers Foley (left) and Osborne inspect limestone cave near Runaway Bay. The chiefs or *caciques* of the Arawaks were buried here. The burial urns, indicating the existence of these chiefs, are the only evidence of the Arawak social customs.



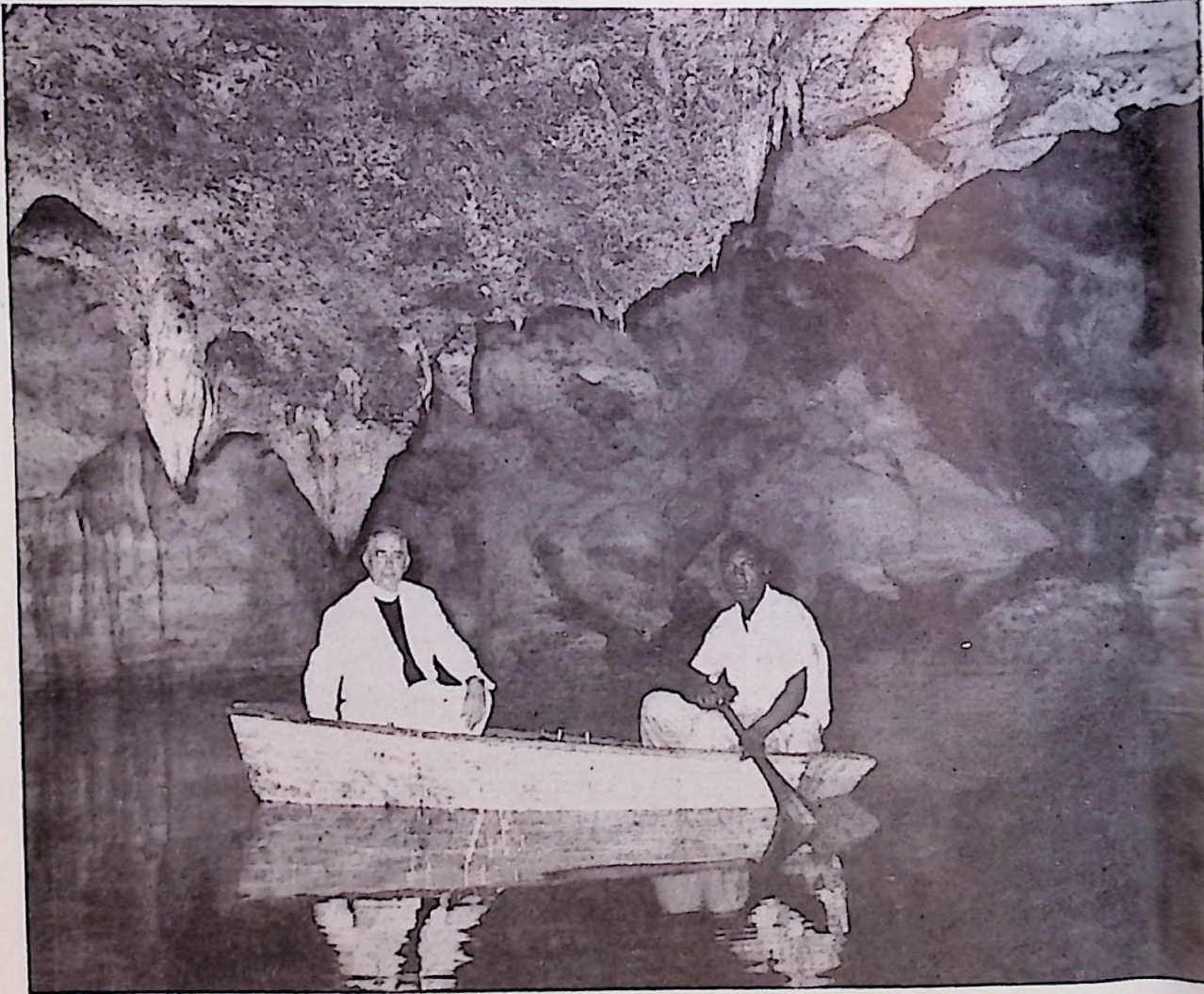
■ The banana crop was once a prime product of Jamaica but leaf spot and Panama disease ruined it. Now the hardier Lacatan species is raised and United Fruit plans new efforts.

■ On the shore at Rio Bueno where Columbus landed and it is probable that Mass was celebrated here, the second place in the New World. The actual landing spot is backed by authorities like Admiral Morison, Padron Morales and the Jamaica Historical Society which intends to erect a memorial plaque.



■ Father Osborne will soon publish a history of the Catholic Church in Jamaica. He has worked ten years on the manuscript. He is also Archivist for the diocese of Kingston and a member of the executive board of the Historical Society.

■ Poling through a limestone cave on Jamaica's north shore. Not many of these caves have as much water as this one. The Arawaks were hostile at first to Columbus and his men but after a brief taste of crossbows became friendly.



FLOOD!

PANIC!

LOSS!

Familiar words to Bush Missionaries



A quick study of this photo reveals endless agony and hopelessness for this woman and her child. Her only chance for survival? The Jesuit missionary!

He will supply the medicines, the food, the clothing; sometimes the shelter when disaster strikes. In this case, this Patna woman was left homeless by flood

waters. There's nowhere to go. She cares little for her life but her child must live on. Read her face and you see this immediately. Hence, our relentless appeal for support of our bush missionaries. They need YOU in their struggle for salvation of life and souls. Please, don't turn away!

JESUIT MISSIONS, 211 East 87th Street, N.Y., 28, N.Y.

Dear Fathers,

Please accept my gift of \$..... so that your missionaries can be with the needy in time of disaster and peril.

Name

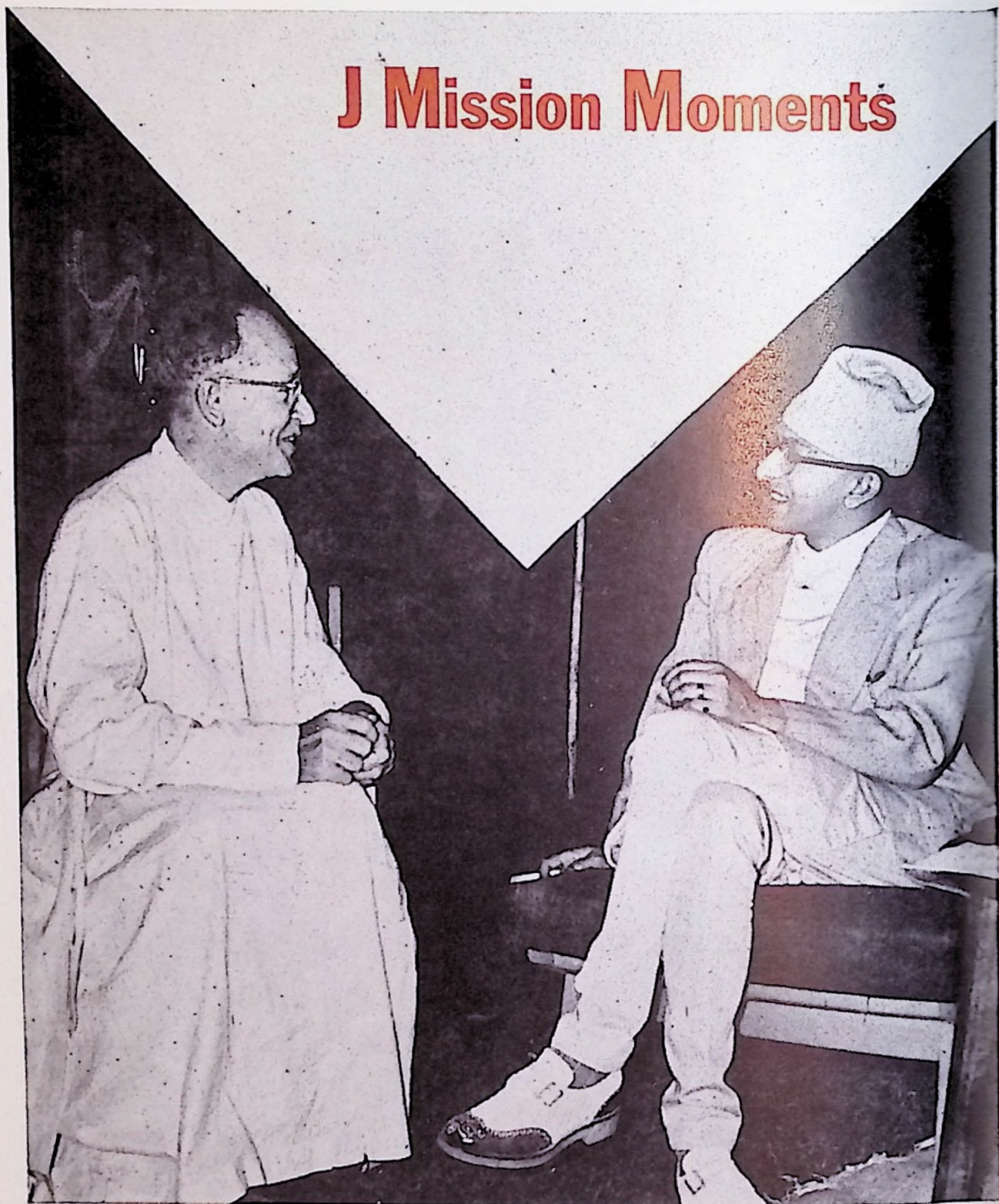
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J Mission Moments



■ Less than a dozen years ago the small land of Nepal was still the "Forbidden Kingdom." Then, in the spring of 1951, the American Jesuits of the Patna Mission were invited to open a school there. They promptly accepted and this past year, on the 43rd birthday of the ruler, King Mahendra, (right, above) the founder of the school, Father Marshall Moran (left), was awarded the royal decoration of "Gorkha Dakshin Bahu" for "meritorious service to the nation." This is the first time in the history of the Kingdom that a Catholic priest received such an award. Today the Jesuits staff schools at Godavari and Jawalakhel and the children of modern Nepal enjoy the benefits of an advanced education in the surroundings of their own mountains and homes. Not long ago Don Carlos of Spain and his newly wedded Princess Sophia also paid a visit to the institutions staffed by 22 Jesuits.



It was a happy moment for Father John Murphy S.J. in Honduras when the above picture was taken. Arriving in San Pedro Sula are (left to right) Dr. David A. Ohlwiler, plastic surgeon; Margaret Frederickson, R.N.; Dr. Franklin McKeaghnie, anesthesiologist, and Doctor Don Tillery, oral surgeon. They volunteered to come to Progreso to give medical assistance to Father Murphy's parishioners. In the course of their week's stay this team performed fifteen operations—cleft lips, scars resulting from machete and other wounds, burns, etc. All of this was performed free of charge.

Miss Frederickson was the only Catholic in the group but Doctor Tillery evinced much interest in the faith. On one occasion he stayed overnight with Father Murphy for, as he explained, he had never been in a Catholic church nor had he ever seen a priest celebrate Mass. He insisted on taking a picture of Father Murphy in his vestments so he could show it to his family on his return home.

It was a splendid gesture on the part of all, offering their time and skill to the poor, and it was certainly appreciated.



The Honduras Government also expressed its gratitude to the medical team and to Father Murphy for their efforts in behalf of the people. Now the zealous pastor is striving to establish a much needed day-clinic for his people. Miss Frederickson has promised to return and a Catholic doctor from New York has volunteered his services and will be on the scene very shortly. The Government has heartily approved of the free clinic but the expenses will fall on Father Murphy. It is good he has broad shoulders.

Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

1) Snowed in lately? If so, you can appreciate Father McMeel's problem in Alaska. He needs a new set of tracks for his snow-tractor, his only way of covering the Chevak district in winter. The sum of \$350 would put him in motion again. Can you give at least part of that?

2) A polio victim with his wife and three children is one of the main cares of Father Goveas in India. He is trying to provide a home for all, crutches for the man and schooling for the children. His resources are limited and he is hoping our JM readers might come to his rescue with a gift of any size.

3) At Zamboanga del Sur in the Philippines Father Pascua is anxious to start a high school. In his 96% Catholic district the only school is a Protestant one. Much of the work will be done by the people but there are a score of expenses still to cover. Any gift for this needy work will be deeply appreciated.

4) At Punta Gorda in British Honduras veteran missionary Father Doyle (he'll be 68 next month) is trying to fix up the interior of the new church at Cattle Landing. One item he would especially like to obtain is a four-foot statue of Our Lady of the Rosary in whose honor the church is dedicated.

5) Father Lange in Ceylon is parish priest for the large Gal Oya Basin. His needs are extensive—vestments, altar supplies, rectory roof, etc. Could you help him with a gift of \$2, \$5 or more?

6) An out-patient clinic is the dream of Father Murphy in Honduras (cf. page 31) and an American doctor and nurse will soon join him in caring for his needy. Father is striving desperately to have everything ready for them but it involves considerable expense. Yet it is a most important project and we would like to help Father Murphy as best we can. Are you able to give \$5, \$10 or . . . ?

7) The Industrial School at Patna, India, is now running in high gear. Father John Knapek has assembled the long-awaited machinery, ironed out the labor troubles, etc. But he wistfully hopes to obtain protective covering for the machinery which is the backbone of the school. Do you think you could afford a small gift for this purpose?

8) Water is the problem at San Jose Seminary in Manila. The city water supply is inadequate and there is just no water for 12 hours every day. A new pump is the answer but it is a costly item (\$3000). However it is the only solution and we hope that we can at least get them off to a start with part of that sum.

(Coupon is for your convenience)

Dear Father,

I am enclosing my gift for the item(s) above numbered _____.

Name _____

Address _____

JESUIT MISSIONS

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

Boy's Town, Taiwan Style

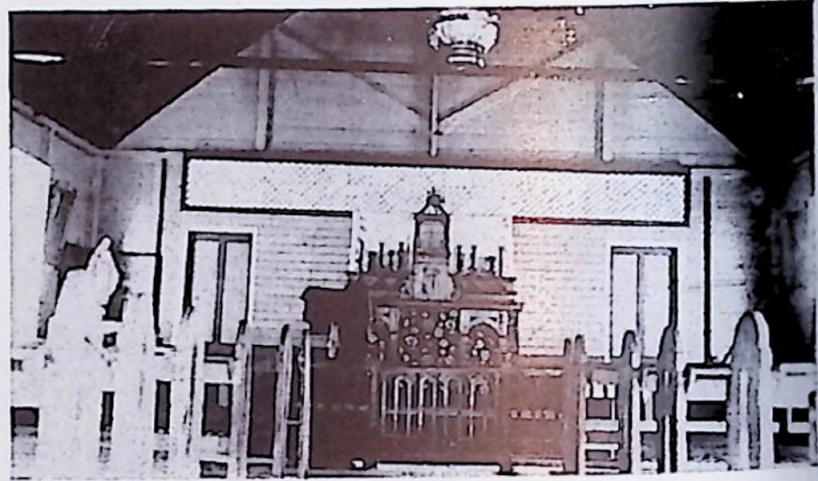


Father Louis Dowd in Taiwan is exerting every effort to rescue the young factory workers from the real dangers which surround them in their environment. He is striving to give them a Youth Center, a place and home of their very own. He wants the Chapel to be the heart of the Center, the refuge and the pride of his boys. He dreams of a Taiwan marble altar (\$400); 4 colored-glass windows (\$350 each); a Spanish crucifix (\$100); a tabernacle door to match the altar (\$100); Stations of the Cross (\$60); plus the other needed furnishings. Can you help him and his boys?

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



Highgate's Tired Out-Stations



In Jamaica Father Robert Burke must cover, from his Highgate headquarters, the out-stations at Mile Gully, 23 miles away, and Preston Hill, 18 miles away in the mountains, and Port Maria on the seacoast. All of these stations are very small wooden affairs and they are all old. Father Burke is in no position to build new churches in these places but he would like to repair and refurnish them as best he can. He sums up the situation: "Collections are small; distances are great; but the people are wonderful." Will you help this zealous priest?

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