

JESUIT MISSIONS



DECEMBER 1953



JESUIT

STAFF

CALVERT ALEXANDER
Editor

JOSEPH F. MacFARLANE
Executive Editor

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE
Managing Editor

KURT BECKER

LEO E. BIRNEY

RALPH H. BROWN

EDWARD S. DUNN

RICHARD V. LAWLOR

JOHN H. McCUMMISKEY

ANTHONY S. WOODS
Associate Editors

THOMAS J. HALLAHAN

PATRICK A. RYAN

FREDERICK J. COSTELLO

J. OSCAR DOYON
Regional Editors

COLEMAN A. DAILY
Business Editor

JESUIT MISSIONS is published monthly from September to June; bi-monthly, July-August, by Jesuit Missions, Incorporated, Main Street, Norwalk, Conn. in the interest of home and foreign missions attached to the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. Subscription price per year is \$1.00. Canadian and foreign, \$1.25. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, Norwalk, Conn., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance of special rates of postage provided for in the Act of February 28, 1925, paragraph 4, section 412. Postal Laws and Regulations, authorized January 14, 1927.

The Business Office of Jesuit Missions is at 962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. Editorial Offices are at 45 East 78th Street, New York 21, N. Y.

It's market day in the Caribbean isle of Jamaica and the competition is good-naturedly keen.

MISSIONS

THE VOICE OF 1114 AMERICAN JESUITS

Vol. 27, No. 10

December, 1953

A MISSIONARY'S CHRISTMAS.....	4
35 YEARS IN JAMAICA.....Leo T. Butler S.J.	6
SANTA SAYS "THANK YOU"	9
I TALKED WITH TIGER	
TENZING	Vincent Gnanapragasm S.J. 10
SNAKES ARE WONDERFUL..	Richard E. Lane-Smith S.J. 12
OLD PASTORS NEVER DIE!	J. Randolph Knight S.J. 14
THE FIGHTING PHILIPPINE	
PADRE	Andrew C. Dittrich S.J. 16
OUR LADY'S ARABIAN KNIGHTS..	Joseph F. Fallon S.J. 20
MISSION INTENTION.....	Edward S. Dunn S.J. 23
AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS.....	24
ORDINATION IN INDIA.....	Francis J. Wieman S.J. 27
MISSIONARY HAZARDS	Paul C. O'Connor S.J. 28



MISSION OF THE MONTH

Jamaica

Jamaica is a "different" mission in many ways. First, it is unique among the foreign missions of the American Jesuits in that there is no language problem. Everyone speaks English, with just the touch of a brogue. No small advantage to a priest, who can start preaching and teaching the day he docks on this pretty island in the Caribbean.

He won't find the preaching easy, though. Most of the people are Protestants, among whom converts are made much more slowly than among pagans.

Lastly, Jamaica is a rather obscure little island, without much appeal to the romantic-minded among mission supporters. No exotic customs. No poisonous snakes. Just hundreds of tiny villages in the heat.

Yet the 74 Jesuits in Jamaica love their island. Though the Church is still a very small minority, it has great prestige. Within a generation, the painfully built network of mission centers should be complete, even to stations on the far-outlying Cayman Islands.

Best of all, within a decade or so, one-third of the priests will be native Jamaicans. Despite the almost desperate need of more sisters, the poverty and overpopulation, the Church in Jamaica is sinking deep roots.

Christmas in mission countries, as the first article in this issue points out, can be far different than it is in the States. The older missions, like the Philippines and Central America, where the Spanish traditions are firmly entrenched have their own customs. There will be a Novena of Masses culminating in the Missa de Gallo, "the cockcrow Mass," at midnight. After this Midnight Mass everyone comes to the altar for the Adoration of the Infant. Then the feasting begins.

There are similar customs in places like Baghdad where boys dressed as shepherds bring lambs into the sanctuary at the Offertory and there is a solemn procession after Mass to the manger where the Infant reposes.

In other countries the faith is too new for established customs but the people celebrate Christmas in their own ways and with the same gladness. For Christmas belongs to all peoples even as Christ Himself does. That is why there is such a thing as a missionary. Like Mary in Bethlehem he holds close to his heart the world's greatest treasure and his entire life is dedicated to sharing that treasure with those who know not the Savior. There is no more glorious career on earth.

COVER. On the island of Formosa Father Fred Foley S.J. snapped this Chinese youngster as she sat entranced at the Christmas crib. On China's mainland the customary public celebrations of Christmas are banned by the Reds.



A Missionary's

THERE WAS A CERTAIN loneliness in Bethlehem on the first Christmas night. One can't forget right away the feeling that comes when a door is slammed in one's face. One can't look at the walls of a limestone cave and not remember what it would have been like back home. In Galilee everything had been prepared, the linens, the candles, the crib so carefully fashioned by the man who loved Mary of Nazareth. Here in Bethlehem there weren't even neighbors.

"Be it done to me according to Thy will." So this was His will—the cave, the manger, the flickering fire which caught the love on Mary's face as she caressed her Child and reflected the understanding in the quiet eyes of Joseph. But it was also His will that the silence of the night be suddenly broken by the excited voices of shepherds who had al-

No other day in the year is so filled with memories for those who travel distant trails.

ready seen wonders that night. And when the silence went so did a little bit of the loneliness and a girl in the pure pride of her motherhood could lift her Child to the adoring gaze of others. For Christmas, after all, more than any other day, is an affair of the heart.

For many missionaries there are two things which they share with Mary on Christmas; one is Christ and the other is loneliness. Christmas can be the loneliest day in the year for a man who is far from home and his dear ones. For so many of the things which go to make up our Christmas Day will be utterly lacking on a mission field.

The heart of the day, of course—the coming of Our Lord in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass—every missionary will share with his people. But then the candles on the altar are put out, the people turn homeward to their feasting and warm gaiety, and the priest who brought Christ to them sets off down the lonely trail where others await the coming and Christ's Mass.

There was one Christmas when Father John Buchanan in southern Alaska finished his Midnight Mass at Northway and started off for Copper Center. He had 300 miles of mountains and ice and snow to cover and in the 50-below-zero weather his car ran very slowly. He didn't reach his destination until late that night. There are a hundred things unsaid in his quiet summation of that ride. "All Christmas Day I didn't see one single

turned home it was too late to join his fellow Jesuits at their Christmas dinner in Kingston. Alone in his rectory, he found three small fishes in the icebox and these made up his Christmas dinner.

Many a missionary will spend most of his Christmas Day in travelling. It may be to remote barrios in the Philippines or over mountain trails in Central America and Jamaica. By dogsled in Alaska and by outrigger canoe to Pacific isles; across India's plains to aboriginal villages; in Ceylon, Japan, Formosa, and elsewhere, the missionary will be "on the road", bringing Christ to his people. Baghdad Jesuits will cover oil camps along the Persian Gulf. All over the mission world these wanderers, these shepherds, these men of God, will be making other Bethlehems.

Christmas Day for them will not be like the ones of other years. But these men will

(Left) Father Paguia S.J. in the Philippines celebrates Christmas Mass at Zamboanga.

(Below) A Chinese conception of the angel announcing Christ's birth to the shepherds.

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.

Christmas

moving thing." Can a man travelling the Alaskan wastes mile after weary mile on Christmas keep down the memories of what that day was like before he became a missionary?

In Jamaica Father Silvio Garavaglia said Midnight Mass at Annotto Bay and another at 3:00 a.m. in May River, nine miles away in the mountains. Then he set out for Mount Joseph. Torrential rains had wiped out while sections of the mountain trail. The customary mule was out of the question. So for two hours he climbed, monkey-style and catch as catch can, over landslides and across gorges. Later he said, "I felt it a distinct privilege even to crawl up to offer the Mass with these good people, so simple, so unaffected, so unashamedly poor."

He spent the rest of the day instructing and visiting his people. When he finally re-



be closer to the first Bethlehem in their very loneliness. It was for the sake of Christ that Mary endured Bethlehem with its refusal and its homelessness. It is for His sake that these missionaries will spend Christmas far from home. As one of them once said, "You don't think I would do it for anyone else, do you?" On Christmas, remember them.



The main street of Kingston as it appeared when Father Butler arrived 35 years ago.

LEO T. BUTLER S.J.

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, JAMAICA WAS just emerging from the effects of the First World War. Although the Caribbean was far from the field of conflict, it still felt many of its effects, for there was practically no shipping and therefore no imports or exports. Trade was almost at a standstill. The boat that brought me to Jamaica was one of the first to arrive with passengers and cargo after the Armistice. As we steamed up the harbor, we received quite a reception from the large crowd gathered at the pier.

As I drove through the city in the venerable horse and buggy, my first impressions of Kingston and Jamaica were not too favorable. No rain had fallen since November (it was now the month of February) and so the unpaved streets and alleys were heaped high with dust. It was the dustiest city I ever saw.

At that time all the streets of the city and island were made of white marl and

after a certain time they became heaps of dust. Only a half mile of asphalt near the reservoir was all that Kingston could boast in those days.

In the year 1919, Winchester Park, home of St. George's College, adjoining the Cathedral, was the only residence in Kingston. All the city Fathers resided there and went forth each morning to the different churches and the convents to say Mass. Today there are seven parishes in Kingston with residences housing two or more priests.

Then there were only five churches in the city. Today there are nine, with residences and in most cases with a parochial school attached.

Gone are the old decrepit horses and buggies which used to convey the Fathers all over the city on Sundays. Today each parish has its Ford or Chevrolet, enabling the Fathers to do twice the work with half the effort. Each Father, including those teaching in the College, went forth on a

35 Years
IN Jamaica

Sunday to say two Masses and return late in the day.

With the advent of more Fathers, all this labor has been lightened. Formerly nine Masses were said on Sunday in the churches, convents and the city prison. Now there are twenty-four Masses said in the churches, six in convents, while the Fathers still go to the jail and sing a high Mass assisted by a choir of 300 prisoners.

Added to the burdens already mentioned there was the heavy financial burden under which the Church in Jamaica labored. The earthquake of 1897 had completely destroyed every church of every creed in Kingston except the former church of St. Anne, now a parochial school. This disaster forced the Bishop to construct anew all his churches in Kingston, putting an enormous debt on the vicariate. To pay even the interest was difficult. It was not until ten years after I arrived that the debt was paid off by the great efforts of Bishops O'Hare and Dinand.

Our schools in the city have taken enormous strides. When I came to the Island we had three secondary high schools, one for boys and two for girls, each averaging about

The focal point of the Jamaica Mission is the beautiful Cathedral at Winchester Park.



Father Leo Butler S.J. has been on the Jamaica Mission longer than any other missionary now there. His 35 years in the vineyard have included school work and parish work. He is well qualified to write of the mission field he knows so well.

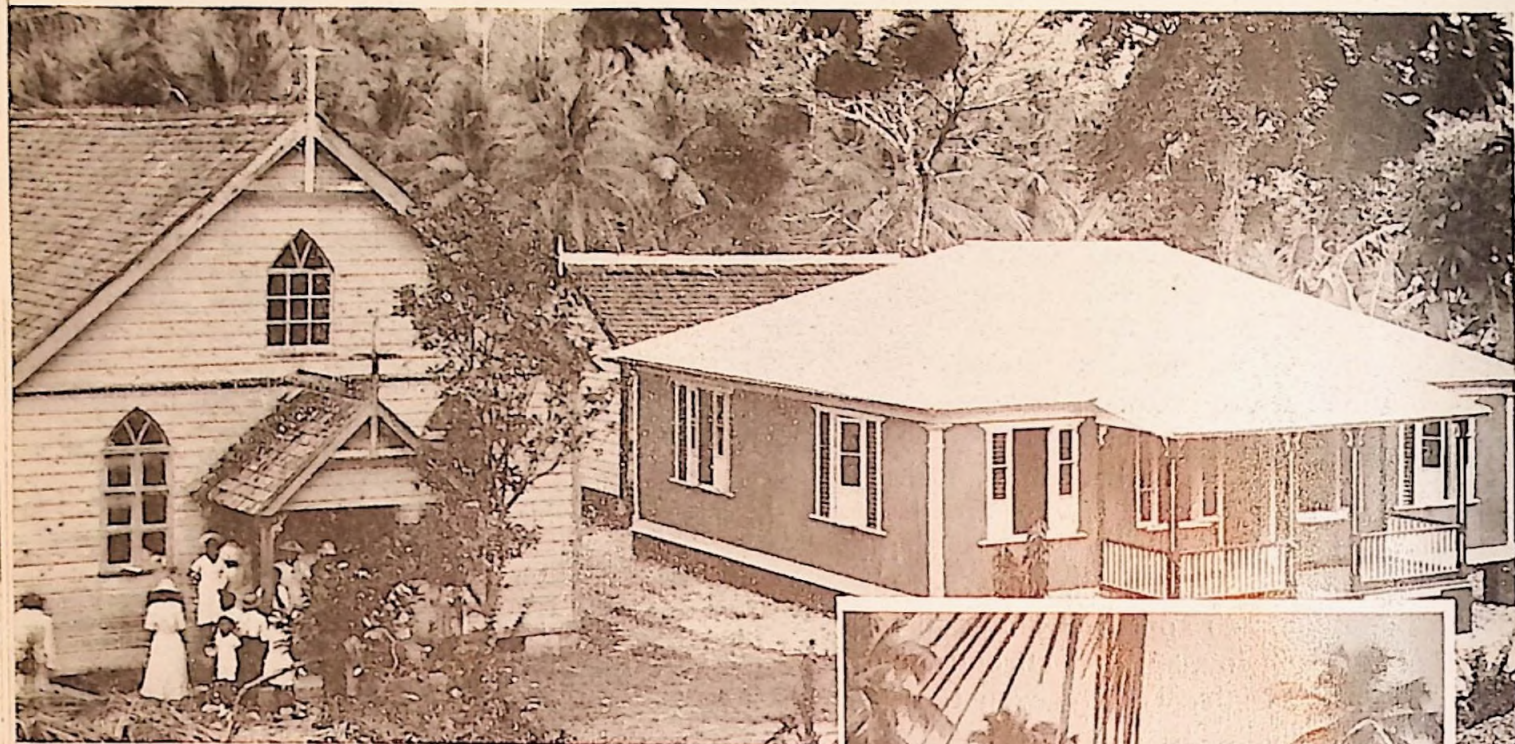


one hundred and fifty in enrolment. These schools today have about five hundred in each. Owing to their high standard, the Government gives them a yearly grant so that all are rapidly expanding. St. George's College also has an evening high school course with about three hundred pupils attending. Our industrial schools have over eight hundred boys and girls, our Teacher's College has fifty pupils, while our preparatory schools, three in number, have about five hundred boys and girls.

In our elementary schools also we have been very successful. In regard to these we must explain that those schools, established before 1915, receive a grant from the Government; those established after that time have to be supported by their respective parishes. For this reason we have over eleven thousand in our parochial aided schools of the city and only fifteen hundred in our non-aided schools.

Let us now view the country parts of the Island and see what advancement has been made in the various sections. In 1919 there were only six Fathers working over an area of 4,000 square miles. They served thirty missions and stations, with seven others being served by the Fathers coming out from Kingston. Very few of these missions had a regular Sunday Mass. Today there are twenty Fathers serving sixty-five missions and stations, more than half of which now have a regular Sunday Mass. Four of these centers have two priests, which renders it possible to cover all their missions nearly every Sunday.

Each year sees new mission stations opened, more churches built and old ones either renovated or replaced by larger and more substantial ones. There are still big areas to be opened up but the Fathers are gradually covering the entire island.

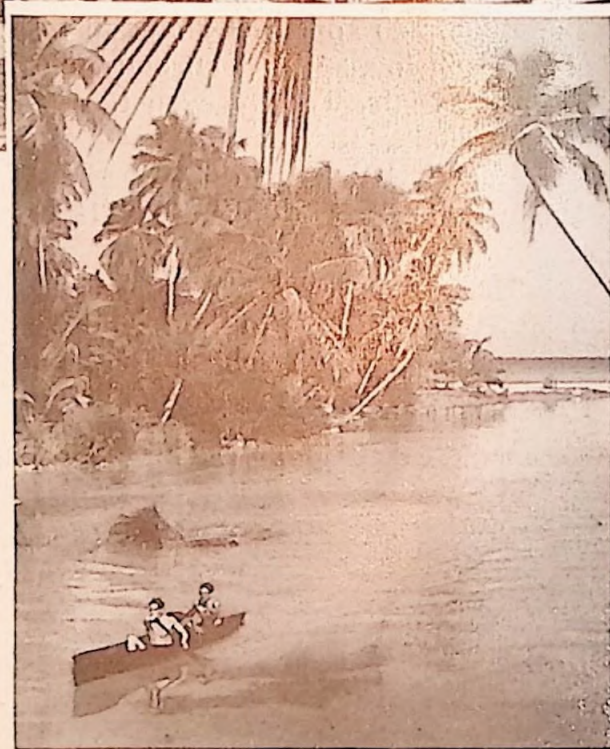


The mission at Donnington with its church and teacher's cottage is typical of today.

Education in the country parts is developing and playing a big part in the expansion of the Church. At one time we had only three secondary schools and all of them in Kingston. We have seven more now in different parts of the Island. These are at present rather small, but they are growing gradually and making their influence felt. In 1919 we had eighteen elementary schools assisted by the Government. We have now twenty-eight. As the new schools are no longer supported by the Government, the support of these is one of the great burdens of the country pastor.

The Fathers in the country now have suitable living quarters. Formerly few of them had any residence attached to even their main centers. A room back of the sacristy with a bed, table and chair often constituted their residence. Here they slept after a hard day's work, with their slumbers often interrupted by a stray bat hovering over them, or a few rats wandering about in search of the remains of Father's last meal. The latter was furnished by one of the neighbors. Not much reading could be done as few of the Fathers had good lamps.

Today things are quite changed. Electricity is now found in very many places. Some of the Fathers have hot as well as



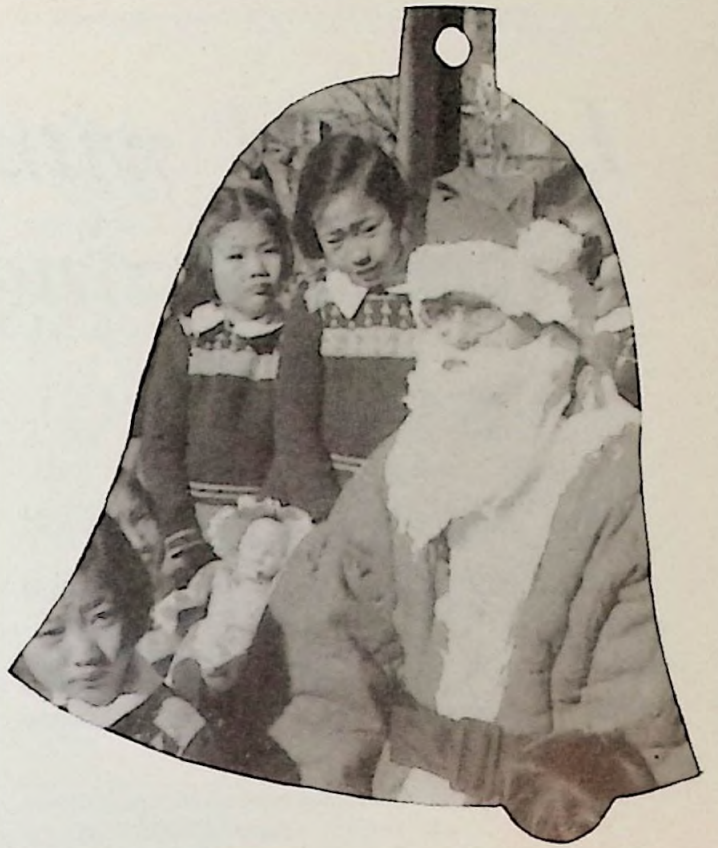
Scene along Jamaica's beautiful coastline.

cold water in their homes. This does not however mean that they are living in luxury. Far from it. One could hardly do so, paying for gas for the car, employing a cook, and buying provisions for the table on a collection of seven to ten dollars a week, which is the average Sunday collection outside of Kingston. Generous friends in the States however make up the deficit and so the work goes on steadily though slowly.

And so down through the years, one can see how Jamaica, once a very hard and unsatisfactory mission in the past, has gradually forged ahead in the last thirty-five years to become a most fruitful mission today. Pray that it may be ever more fruitful.

SANTA SAYS

"Thank You!"



FRIENDS OF THE CALIFORNIA JESUITS IN Formosa will be glad to know that their generosity to the new mission there is appreciated. Here it is, for the record, in a letter from Father Everett J. Mibach S.J.

"If this were an article for *JM*, I would most probably entitle it "Santa Comes in September." But this is really a letter of deep appreciation to the many wonderful benefactors who made it possible for me to play Santa once again. The first time I filled the red suit—with the aid of three pillows—was in 1950 in Shanghai. The second time was here in Taipei. This time my sled was the good ship *Pleasantville*, loaded in San Francisco, not with oranges and dolls, but with vestments, chalices, altar linens, a beautiful monstrance and many other articles provided by the generous sacrifices of our *JM* readers. You cannot know what it meant to our incipient mission over here in Free China. All these good people will be remembered at the altars they have made possible."

(Above) Father Everett Mibach S.J. made his first appearance as Santa Claus three years ago in Shanghai. (Below) On the island of Formosa Father Patrick Shaules of California, aided by Father Riou of France, welcomes Colonel Chou and youngsters to a Christmas party.



I Talked with Tiger Tenzing

VINCENT GNANAPRAGASM S.J.

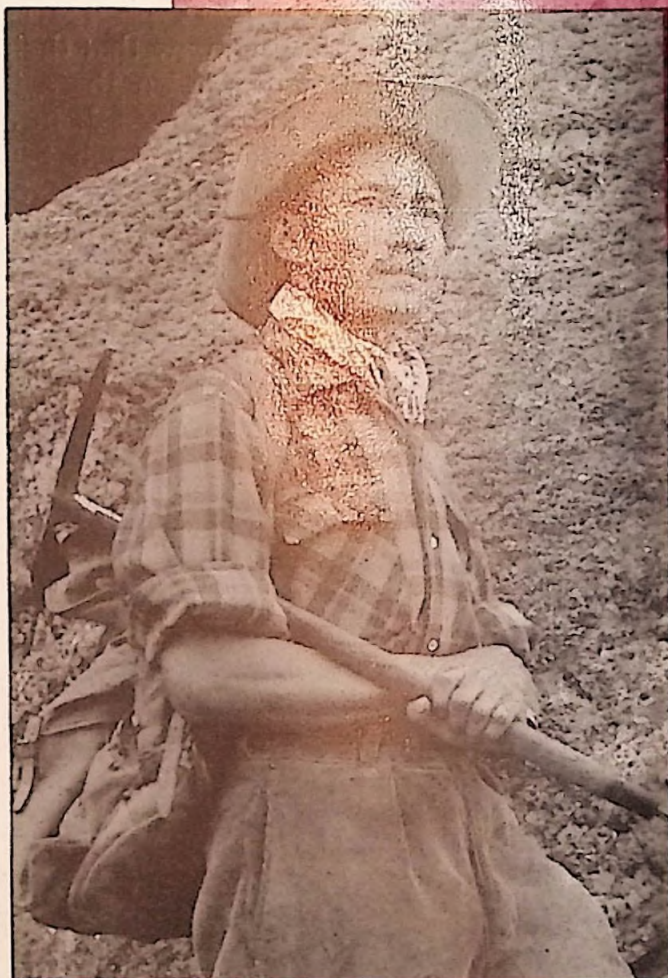
Two very different gifts to God were offered on the peak of the world's greatest mountain.

I HAD COME DOWN FROM KURSEONG TO Darjeeling for a brief visit and had dropped into the Bellevue for lunch. But I promptly forgot about eating when I saw Tiger Tenzing there. The man who had conquered Mount Everest greeted me with a warm handclasp and a gracious smile and we sat down to talk.

Tenzing Sherpa, alias Tenzing Norkey, is a lean, handsome man of about thirty-nine with a captivating smile. There is nothing "put on" in his behavior or speech. He appears a simple sherpa, or mountain porter, who is truly grateful for all the good things which the world has showered on him for his great deed but who still prefers the quiet and peace of his home.

He was happy as a child when I told him that even we of distant Lanka in Ceylon were proud of his courageous achievement. "So you are from Ceylon!" he replied. "Well, Father, I have received an invitation to visit Ceylon and I may do so after I finish my tour of India." His English was much better than my Nepali and as simple and straightforward as his countenance which has no trace of guile.

Tenzing won his title of "Tiger" a few years ago. It is the badge of honor awarded to the sherpa who carries his prescribed load of sixty to eighty pounds 25,000 feet or more up the mountain. During the Swiss expedition of 1952 Tenzing reached a

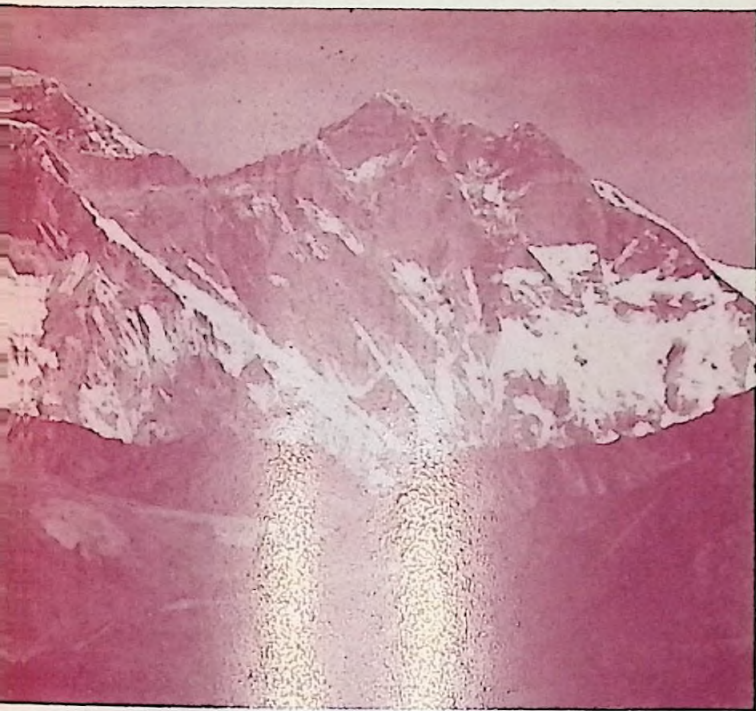


The most famous Nepali mountaineer in the world today is Tenzing Sherpa who scaled the hitherto unconquered Mt. Everest.

height of 28,215 feet. The Maharajah of Nepal bestowed a medal of honor on him for that feat. Tenzing mentioned that climb during our talk.

He thinks that if it had not been for unfavorable weather conditions the Swiss expedition would have been able to scale the peak at that time.

This year the expedition under Sir John Hunt met with better conditions. Tenzing paid a special compliment to the planning and foresight of their leader. The latter



The greatest mountain massif on this earth is dominated by Mt. Everest (center). Two different offerings grace its peak today.

had timed the assault so well that the victorious group were already back in the foothills when the dreaded monsoon finally broke in all its fury.

Evans and Bourdillon of the party were the pioneers who pitched a camp of sorts at 28,000 feet. Their attempt to reach the summit was fruitless. In the wake of these dauntless men went Tenzing and Edmund Hillary, the New Zealand alpinist. Up the steep, snow-clad ridges they went, taking turns in leading the way. To climb up alone would spell disaster to the lone tiger. A companion was no luxury but a necessity up the cold, windswept, snow-covered, jagged rocks. There should be one to pay out the rope and help with the axe. On one such occasion Tenzing helped Hillary over a difficult boulder; but he dislikes all this bother about which man was first to reach the top of Everest. In that last remark I noticed the utter absence of the brag-gart. I saw not an ounce of hidden pride in him; he was simple and joyous as a child in the awareness of his achievement.

"And, waiting for awhile on the top of Everest, what was the offering you made?" was my next question.



An American Jesuit, Father Anderson Bakewell of the Jamshedpur Mission, was a member of the Houston Expedition which surveyed the southern approach to Mount Everest in 1950. He reported that an ascent from that side was possible but extremely difficult. Two Swiss and two British attempts failed before the Hunt Expedition finally conquered the climb.

First, your heart

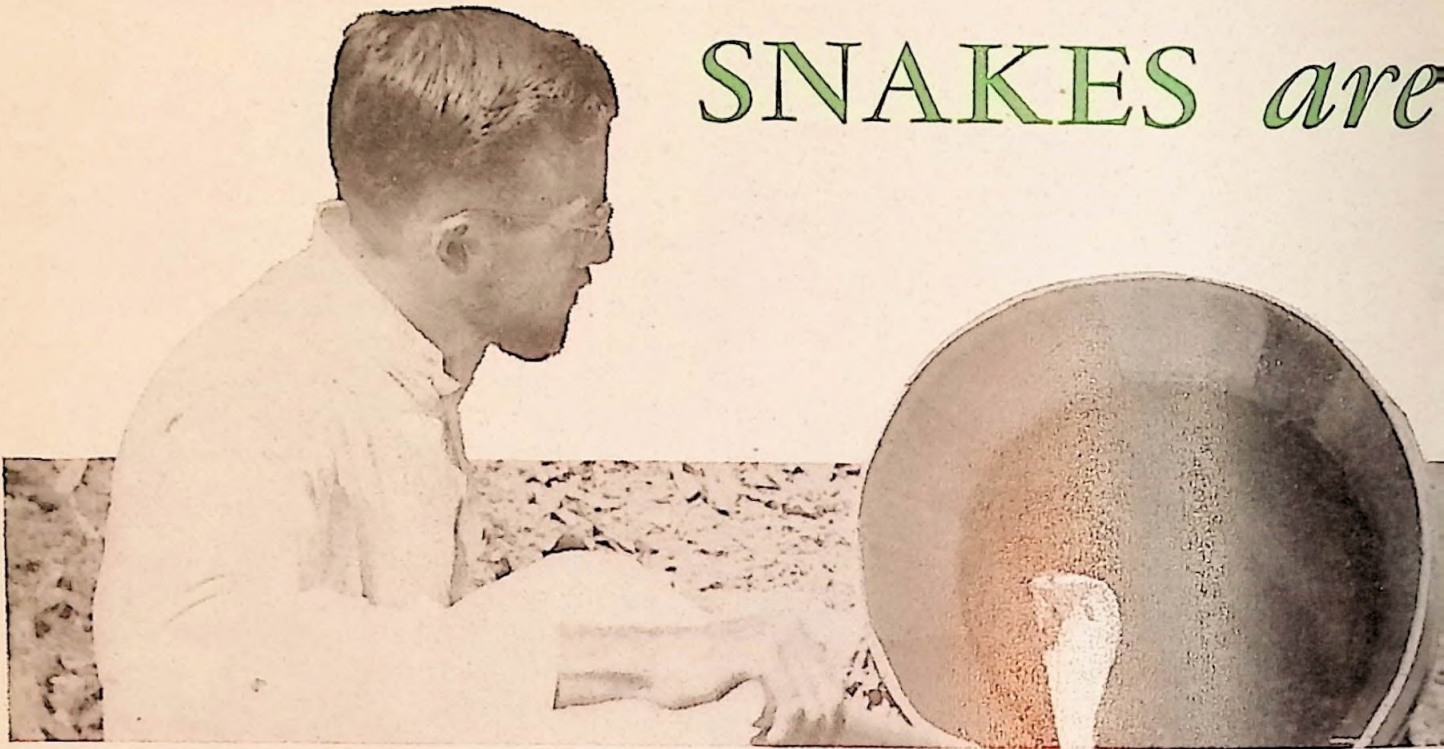
Did you ever think that the first name on your Christmas list should be that of the beloved Baby who makes Christmas? If you have only your heart to give, that will be enough, more beautiful than anything under the tree.

But once you have given Him your heart, you will find that you want to give Him more, if you can. We make bold to suggest that you think of writing the Child Jesus into your will. We will see to it that the gift gets to Him through the worn hands of those on this earth who love Him most—His missionaries. Our legal title is: JESUIT MISSIONS, INC., 962 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.

"Oh! that," he replied with a smile, as a certain amount of shyness suffused his face. "Well, Father, I took whatever I could lay my hands upon at that moment—a few sweets and chocolate bars—and offered them to the God who made that mountain."

I remembered that another offering had been made at that time on the top of the world's greatest peak but it had not received the publicity which the act of this simple sherpa did. Beside the offering made by Tenzing lies a crucifix. It was placed there by Sir Edmund Hillary at the request of Sir John Hunt, the expedition's leader, who had received it from an English priest. There is something symbolic in those two different offerings by a pagan and a Christian on the world's nearest point to heaven.

SNAKES *are*



The author conducts a personal interview, at a respectable distance, with one of his friends.

PEOPLE SOMETIMES SHUDDER WHEN THEY see me. However, I prefer to think it may have something to do with the seven-foot Dhaman snake wriggling around my neck and shoulders.

There really is nothing to shudder about or to wonder at either, once one knows the truth; and the truth is that the vast majority of snakes are quite harmless, and if they do bite (and they do!) the effect is no more than that of messing one's finger on a thorny rose-bush.

Most of the cases of death due to snake-bite in India are from harmless snakes! The victim in his ignorance refuses to believe that the snake is harmless and dies of sheer fright. This is amazing but it is true, and can be vouched for by many men who have worked out in the villages. An old missionary friend, a Jesuit, has told me of hundreds of cases which he "treated" with potassium permanganate and similar nonsense—cases in which the victims would otherwise surely have died simply because they believed they would. For the people believe that every snake is poisonous.

A knowledge of snakes is an invaluable asset to any missionary in India. But unfortunately snakes have acquired for themselves a very definite hatred—(starting perhaps with the story of Adam and Eve)—and the interest in them is consequently a very negative one. A Jesuit father here in

Bombay says: "I like to carry a good stick whenever I go out in the woods, so that if I should chance to see a snake—er—I may run for my life!" And this is the attitude of most people. Some of the skeptics are slowly won round with time, and they begin to believe that there are some harmless snakes after all. But even the harmless ones, they agree, look much better with their brains beaten out.

"How about the poisonous ones, Father?" Well, we do handle them, but we never,

Richard Lane-Smith S.J. is a member of the Jamshedpur Mission of Maryland Province.



wonderful

RICHARD E. LANE-SMITH S.J.

never allow them to bite. No doubt there are some deadly snakes, from the bites of which one can die in a few hours, but these snakes are very few and usually very easy to distinguish. Of course we are extremely careful, and cobras, kraits, and vipers are kept at a very respectful distance.

The harmless snakes however make fine play-fellows and impress people no end. Simple country folk think I have some supernatural power, or that some god (or devil) watches over me. I often carry a small specimen in my shirt to amuse and bewilder the village kids at Sunday Catechism class. My prestige rises high, and the kids are more inclined to give an ear to Christian doctrine when coming from one who has just given them a snake-show. And the following Sunday there are new faces at catechism, the cause of the increase appearing when the new-comers pluck up enough courage and familiarity to ask: "Father, show us a snake."

Some folks who can't believe the snakes are harmless content themselves by remarking, "Oh, he removes the teeth!" Incidentally, I never cause the snakes the

least hurt and leave all their teeth intact, and if they are poisonous, their poison too. But it's very hard to change the beliefs of simple people in this regard, and some have the most amusing stories connected with snakes, including accusations against snakes that bite with the tail, others that wait for you behind a dark bush on certain days of the lunar month, and cobras that take nocturnal revenge for some offense against them.

Some months ago, one of the house servants threw a rock at a cobra, after which it charged down a rat-hole. Well, the poor fellow was terrified that it would drop in at midnight to say hullo, and though the rat-hole was a very involved one, he wouldn't rest until I had dug the cobra out. And, just by the way, two of my cobras escaped in very healthy condition and preferred to keep very far from me in spite of any inclinations to revenge on account of their prolonged captivity!

Meanwhile the study of snakes is always a most fascinating and interesting hobby, and one gets a good kick out of exposing snake-charmers' frauds, and disputing the veracity of village stories. The most recent story I heard from a villager concerned a small snake which, he said, bit men and caused them to turn mad. Well, I had three specimens of that type lately, and they did bite me, and—well, that's what may be wrong with me anyhow!

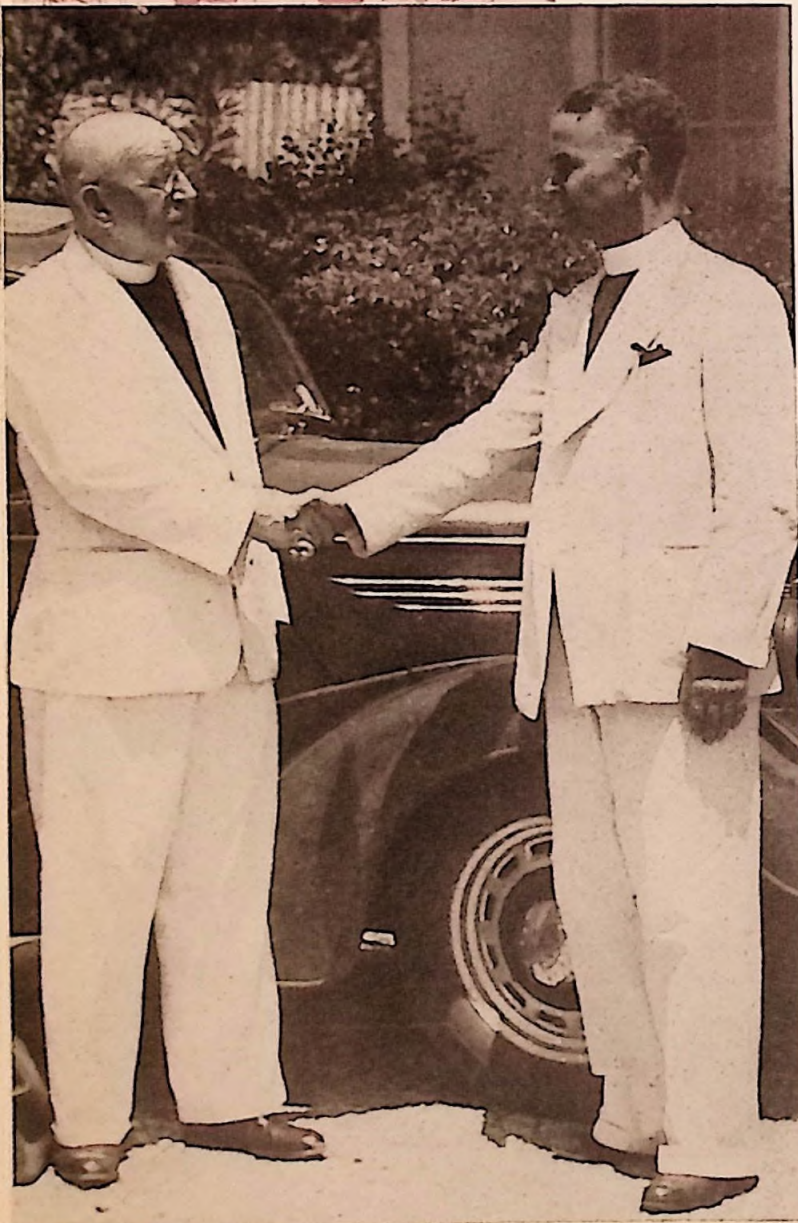
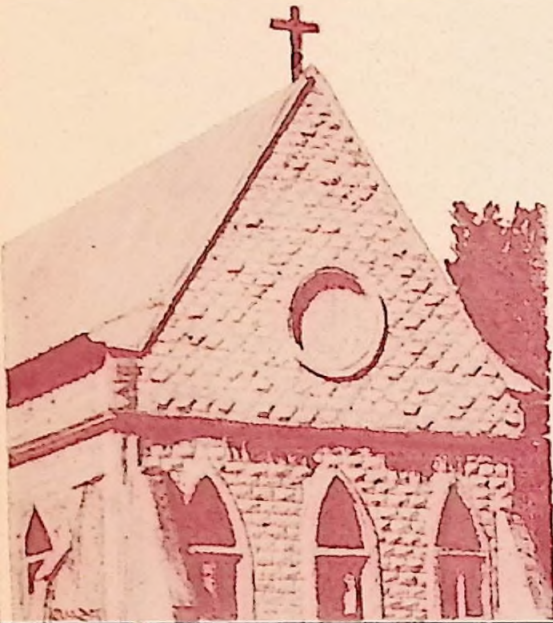
This is one of the dangerous species of snakes so the author treats it with caution before adding it to his numerous collection.



J. RANDOLPH KNIGHT S.J.

“Old Pastors Never Die”

Jamaica's Montego Bay will miss the grand priest who cared for his people for 28 long years.



Father James Becker (left) is welcomed to Kingston by Father Watson of the Cathedral after 28 years at Montego Bay.



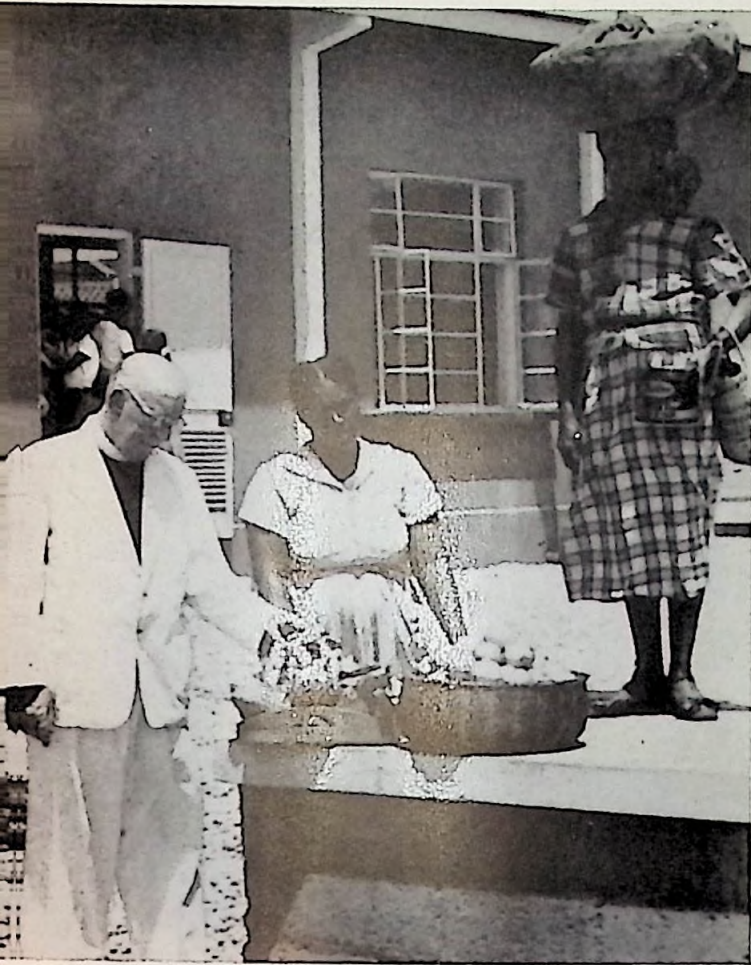
Father Becker was loved by the young and the old for his unfailing kindness.

THE PASTOR WAS SINGING, AND A VERY strange song it was. “Old pastors never die,” the clear tenor voice sang, “they just fade away.”

There is a wonderful story behind this pastor's “fade-away,” and I would like to tell some of it.

The Pastor is Father James Becker S.J., and he was singing as he packed his bags to move from his old parish to a new assignment. I don't think he was singing for joy, for, in a way, he couldn't pack his heart in a bag, as if it were a pair of sox. And his heart had beat in this one place for a long, long time.

It began quite some time ago, when the



The pastor makes his choice of fresh fruit.

new missionary, young Father Becker, was sent to the Montego Bay missions to fill in just for a few days. The few days turned out to be 28 years.

I could tell you a great deal about what Father Becker has done in that more than a generation of time, but I want to concentrate on one thing and give you an "inside" story. I want to tell you what Father Becker meant and means to his fellow Jesuits.

He will be astonished when he reads this but I am inclined to believe that Father Becker's greatest missionary work went on within the walls of his ancient rectory. And his greatest work was done with, and for, his own.

For his house was the haven for sick and weary missionaries. No one ever formally decreed that St. James' Rectory should be the place to go when you had temporarily reached the end of the rope. You just went. For you knew that Father Becker, tall, courtly master of unobtrusive hospitality, would be at the door with the old greeting, "Come in and stay a couple of weeks!"

So you came, and stayed at least a while. It was common for Father Becker to give

you his own room and bed, while he moved to a little cell that just held a cot. "You are guest number four," he would say, and the towel and glass marked number four over the solitary sink were yours.

Father's house had everything in it and everything was in its place. String, wrapping paper, toothpicks, pins, periodicals, medals, beads. The living room was a combination library and booby trap. There were good books for restful reading, including an excellent collection of works on Father Becker's hero, Abraham Lincoln. And there were pitfalls for the unwary, such as a match box with a buzzer in it, or a tin of peanuts that exploded.

It was a good place for body and soul. A tired Jesuit could just sit and watch Father Becker deal with the multitude of keys that locked and unlocked the many doors of the compound. Some of them were small and some were large enough to open the postern gate of a medieval castle. But a practiced flick of the wrist would produce just the right one, and back would go the main bunch to his pocket. Father Becker jingled as he walked.

The poor came all day. And everyone was received with the unchanging and heartfelt, "Good morning, my dear. What's your grievance?" The "grievance" was always hunger and poverty, and with unwearying patience, day after day, year after year, Father Becker cared for his poor.

The youngsters he baptized grew up and came to him to be married, and later he baptized their children. The ceaseless round of visits to outlying missions went on. It seemed natural that Father Becker should always be there in Montego Bay.

But a new assignment came, after 28 years. A man of experience and wisdom was needed as Administrator of the bustling Cathedral Parish in Kingston. So last summer with the serenity that marks all his actions, Father Becker packed his bags and turned his face to the East for the long journey over the mountains.

He was singing. "Old pastors never die . . ." No, they never do, Father Jim. We want you to know that you are very much alive in many hearts—in the hearts of your beloved people, and, very specially, in the hearts of seventy-odd fellow Jesuit missionaries in Jamaica. See you at the Cathedral!



Father Jaime Neri S.J. with some of his parishioners attending the blessing of homes.



The seedlings from their mountain clearings are blessed by the pastor at end of Mass.

The battle is mainly against ignorance. Father Neri explains a pamphlet to his flock.



THIS IS THE STORY OF A ONE MAN WAR. It began three years ago, down in the steep Bukidnon country, and it is going on today. The man who is carrying on the war is a Jesuit who really knows what war means. During World War Two he travelled back and forth across Mindanao with a price on his head, working with the guerrillas and the American missionaries in hiding. He was tortured by the Japanese, escaped from infamous Bilibid prison and was later awarded the Medal of Freedom by a grateful government. He is Father Jaime Neri S.J.

Father Neri is the pastor in the town of Talakag, bunched on a plateau at the top of the mountain chain that rings the beaches of northern Mindanao, about 40 miles inland from the coast. It isn't a big town. There are

The Fighting

ANDREW C. DITTRICH S.J.

about 800 people in it, mostly farmers.

Why start a war in a place like that? For one reason, though the town may not be very important, the people in it are. They are Catholic, most of them, at least they are baptized and live, as most Filipinos, in an atmosphere of faith that is at once joyful and devout. They are a great stake, worthy of all the aid and encouragement the Church can offer them, and of protection too, when they need it.

But in spite of the fervor, there is little learning, very small learning, back in the Bukid and small understanding of the faith. Sometimes there are superstitions that grow alongside the true beliefs. You can always have those problems where a people are naturally religious and the priests are too few to instruct them well. Talakag is no exception; in fact, it is a perfect example.

For another reason, Talakag has what so many battlefields have had. That is, it is a hub, a focal point, the natural center from which to reach the towns or *barrios* that run south back further into the mountains, those that lie to the east toward the Sayre Highway that splits Bukidnon, and, in the opposite direction, the Moro villages on the Lanao

boundary. It is at the head of the only road in the vicinity that runs to the coast. It is also the logical place for a school.

When the Adventists, the *Sabadistas* as they are called here, the Baptists and the Witnesses of Jehovah arrived there, perhaps that was what they had in mind. With Talakag as a base mission they would have a foothold in Bukidnon, with plenty of trails in all directions for the false prophets to travel.

That is the situation up in the top of Bukidnon. The light of the faith may be extinguished before it ever lights up the gloom. So you can see why the war began.

Father Neri is tall for a Filipino, just a

Back in the Bukidnon hills a courageous shepherd is waging a bitter battle to protect and save his flock.

with wet bedding and going without a drink where you can't trust the water.

Once in a while it happens that the Padre is met by jeers and maybe a stone or two from the *barrio* children who used to run shouting to him at the sight of his white cassock. That is how he receives the news that the *Sabadistas* have come to town. Per-

Philippine Padre



shade under six feet. He is heavily built, giving an impression of strength and great stamina, of making a decision readily and following it up in spite of consequences. For that reason some people find his presence disturbing. His conversation is direct with no minced words and no understatements. Somehow or other he makes compromise, no matter how finely reasoned, seem like an escape. That may be why whatever he turns his hands to, takes on the aspect of a war.

Talakag itself is only a fraction of his responsibility, for he is the only priest in over 500 square miles of canyons and winding rivers. His 11,000 parishioners live where the farming is best, in the valleys and on the plateaus where the land is fairly level, but where they are, in most cases, far removed from each other and, what is more unfortunate, from the pastor too. Stamina and strength come in handy on a five-day walk with a Mass kit, covering as much ground up and down as you do forward. It's good too if you can ignore inconveniences, like sleeping

haps his chapel will be boarded up or converted into a meeting house. Then it's good to be a man with a temper, who doesn't hesitate to act forcefully. Our Lord Himself, as you recall, made a scourge of little cords in similar circumstances.

Father Neri's battle is directed primarily

Even in the mountains of the Bukidnon Bing Crosby has his following as the children whom Father Neri is intent on protecting gather around his phonograph.



against ignorance, the greatest obstacle Mindanao missionaries have to overcome in preserving the faith as well as in their efforts at expansion.

To consolidate that faith, there is, in Father Neri's Talakag, a high school attached to his parish. Financing it is a problem, for remember it is a poor town, and, for many parents, tuition money is just looking too far ahead when prices are low down in Cagayan and only a mediocre harvest is in the offing. So instead, at the beginning of the month, you see in the *convento* yard a pair of strange roosters with a readjustment problem, or a bewildered suckling pig, or a basket of bananas and grapes, leaving the Pastor with meals for a few days, and the money problem still to be solved.

How he makes it pay is his secret, but the few well-to-do men in town could disclose part of it at any rate, for Father is a frequent caller. "Backward beggars usually starve," says the Padre, so he begs as he does everything else, boldly. Eighty future parishioners with a good grounding in the faith are worth a little embarrassment or a hard look or two.

Working on the same principle, and incidentally often forced to it through lack of funds, he frequently takes dinner and supper at the houses of the Catholics in town. He will go to each in turn, telling them the day

This Bukidnon woman carries her entire fortune in a necklace of coins, ancient and new.



before to prepare an extra plate of rice and piece of dried carabao meat, if they have any. Then he will come and sit, and eat with them what they will offer him, and ask, in the course of the meal or the chat that always follows, about the children and the crops, or about the plans for the *barrio* fiesta or the cock fights at Taglimao. In this way he knows them and they come to know him. More than that, they come to know much about him, which is important for his work of *panudlo*, teaching-by-doing, namely, that the Padre is as poor as they are and still close to God; that while he is strong he is very unselfish, and that he preaches hatred of nothing save sin, which is more than can be said for some other preachers in town.

His biggest challenge is from the non-Catholic, anti-clerical sects that have set themselves up in Talakag. They have money from America behind them, far more than Father Neri has available. The Church, you see, is universal, even in Bukidnon, the many cannot be overlooked for the sake of a few, and besides Talakag there are parishes to support at Impasugong and Tankulan and Linabo and a half dozen others strung 200 kilometers down the length of the province.

For the other denominations there is no problem. They will select a spot as they selected Talakag, concentrate on pouring in funds and literature, and thus can gain a foothold there, displacing the Church whose resources have to be extended over hundreds

In one of his barrio churches which are scattered through the mountains Father Neri baptizes a baby. To reach every part of his wide-flung parish means unending travel by jeep, on horseback, and, most often, on foot.





Father Neri with two of the St. Joseph Nursing Sisters from New Jersey who take care of the plantation hospital in the Bukidnon.

of miles and thousands of people. And when it happens it is a sad and confusing thing.

It is sad because ignorance is almost entirely to blame. If you are a farmer, cultivating half an acre, the most you can clear and till with your carabao, and you are offered the use of a tractor and furrow in a non-Catholic cooperative, what do you do?

It is confusing because the true faith is at the heart of Filipino life, simple faith but buoyant and alive. Maybe not as much in the big cities where there are many distractions, but it certainly is the case in the Bukid where they dance before the image of the Santa Niño, the Holy Infant, on fiesta days and begin the planting season with hymns to San Isidro the Husbandman. When it is rooted out there is a great void and it is strange and startling to find chapels with no Madonna and no saints, or to see the "pastor" and his family watching games in the plaza.

When they came with their free farm machinery to sew prejudices in Talakag they found, in the person of Father Neri, a bit more than they had bargained for. Their first effort was to create, in the eyes of the people, the impression of equality, that all faiths are the same in their essentials. So they sought recognition from the Catholic pastor, and familiarity, to prove to the town that they and their creed were the equal of his.

When I say that he ignored them, told them to leave his *convento* when they came to call, looked right past them when they met in the street, bear in mind how closely his people were watching—simple, undis-

cerning people who would follow his lead whatever he did. It was a check for the newcomers, but not a defeat.

They dreamed up a Christmas pageant, supported by the town officials, directed by one of the non-Catholic clergymen, advertised at first as a civic affair but afterwards, when all the singing and speaking roles were filled, by Catholics as well as others, it was placed under the auspices of the Protestant sect. Now St. Joseph's had no plans for a pageant, nor funds either, but wheels started to turn when Father Neri saw the sleight-of-hand that was taking place. He went into debt (further) to gather the money, visited his people house by house, re-recruiting cast and choir until not one of his parishioners remained in the rival production. Then he directed the rehearsals himself every night in the school, refused a proposal for an "inter-faith" program and staged, on Christmas Eve, the most extensive, most colorful and most militant reception the Christ Child ever received in Talakag.

I think that the figure of the Good Shepherd implies for many people that shepherds are a peaceful, retiring lot, spending their days carrying lambs through brambles and piping on sunny hillsides. A man who has known them thinks otherwise, for they lead a hard, unsheltered life, with few comforts and many dangers. When Our Lord spoke of the hireling fleeing at the sight of the wolf, He showed He understood the courage and hardship that the comparison implied. His shepherds would be kind men and patient men, but unhesitating and brave where the safety of that flock was concerned.

Father Neri fits that picture.

Our Lady's Arabian Knights

JOSEPH F. FALLON S.J.

At one Sodality Reception Father Madaras invests a new candidate. He is assisted by Father Connell, Dean, and Fathers Curran and La-Bran, Moderators of the Sodality. (Below) Our Lady's Arabian Knights with the Apostolic Delegate to Iraq, Archbishop Etienne Du Chayla, and Father Joseph La-Bran, the zealous Sodality Director.

OUR LADY HAS HERE IN BAGHDAD A GROUP OF TRUE Arabian Knights. They are the Sodalists of Baghdad College. Contrary to a rather common misconception that the Sodality is a group of "nambie-pambies", the boys of B.C.'s Sodality are as fine a group of red blooded young Arabs as you would want to meet anywhere.

The Sodalists are outstanding, of course, in religious activities. The daily Mass in the Sodality chapel is usually crowded—with a large number of communicants. The Sodality meetings are well attended, and many groups branch out from these in special studies and activities. A visit to the chapel almost any time of the day will find many Sodalists in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament.

During the summer months, the weekly meetings are so crowded, with a great deal of self-sacrifice on the part of many, that the Prefect is hard put to find room for them all in the chapel. Only this past summer, during



a record-breaking heat wave, some thirty Sodalists made a retreat at the school. High praise was paid the Father, who gave the seven daily talks, by the Apostolic Delegate. Jokingly, he said that such a task was good cause for canonization without any miracles. Perhaps we may call the Sodalists who made the retreat, "beati." Such religious fervor is clearly an influence on the daily deportment of the Sodalists. For the Sodalist is outstanding for his respectfulness, cheerfulness and cooperation about the school.

In the main corridor of the Administration Building at Baghdad College you will find several bulletin boards. They are for the Intra-mural sports, the Dramatic Society, the Debating Society and all the other extra-curricular activities of the school. Looking closely at these boards you will see time and time again the names of Sodalists on all of them. The Sodality is well represented in all school activities—not infrequently coming off with top prizes.

This past year, in a special ceremony in honor of our Blessed Mother, the graduating Sodalists made an oblation to Mary of all their school prizes. Medals, ribbons and testimonials for scholastic and athletic prowess were offered by the Sodalists as tokens of their esteem for their Queen. At the little altar, forty-five medals, first and second prizes in school and city athletic meets, were pinned to Our Lady's blue sash. Fifteen of

these were given by one Sodalist alone. Need it be asserted, then, that the Sodalist is also an exemplary athlete? Into the school fields and city contests, he carries the spirit of charity and sportsmanship and very often comes home victorious.

In scholarship, the Sodalist is also outstanding. Four out of six of the leaders of the Class of 1953 are Sodalists. The boy with the highest average in the same class is also a Sodalist. Many of the testimonials given for excellence in one subject, as well as ribbons for individual class leadership, each month go to Sodalists. There is no field of endeavor which suffers from lack of interest on the part of the Sodalist.

When graduated from the school, most of the Sodalists join the B.C. Alumni Sodality. In such a group as this they find new inspiration and interest in the application of the Sodalist's way of life to their new lives in college, business and other ways of life. Catholic Action takes on a new meaning for them. They now begin to see how much the Christian community in Iraq depends on their efforts, both individually and corporately, to live every day of their lives according to the motto of the Sodality—To Jesus through Mary.

CHRISTMAS GREETING

from the Editors

One of the nagging worries of every missionary at this time of year is the question of Christmas cards. He wants to remember all the good friends who have prayed for him, supported him, made his work possible. But sometimes it simply can't be done. We at JESUIT MISSIONS have the same problem: there are too many of you for personal greetings.

Will you be kind enough to accept these lines as a Christmas card from the staff and the hundreds of Jesuit missionaries around the world who are grateful to you? We promise to remember you before the crib and at the altar Christmas day and throughout 1954.



A MAN
CAN'T CARRY
AN ALTAR
on his back

Missionaries have to travel,
and to say Mass in many places
where there are no altars.
They can't carry an altar
with them.



But they can carry a MASS KIT

Help us send Mass Kits to our missionaries,
so that they may be able to bring Our Lord
to those He loves.

Each kit costs \$200.00.

Any contribution you can make
will be gratefully received at

JESUIT *Missions*

962 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

THE POPE'S *Mission* INTENTION

DECEMBER: Greater Knowledge of the Church in Japan.

THE GROWTH OF THE CHURCH IN JAPAN since the end of the war has been phenomenal. The pages of *Jesuit Missions* for the past six years have often told this story. In 1928, there were 92,000 Catholics in Japan. Twenty-five years later, that number has more than doubled.

The increase of interest in religion and in the Catholic faith among the Japanese people has been met by a large increase in the number of missionaries among them. Priests, brothers and sisters have gone to Japan from two dozen countries. The number of adult baptisms has grown each year until it is now well over 10,000. Important gains have been made in the number of Catholic schools and their pupils. Of particular interest has been the conversion of teachers in such schools. The ratio of Catholic to non-Catholic students in these schools still stands at about one to ten, but the ratio of Catholic to non-Catholic teachers has come down to one to four.

Yet a great deal remains to be done before the Catholic Church and its members wield any great influence in Japanese life. The 188,000 Catholics in Japan are only one-fifth of one per cent of the total population of 87 million Japanese. As elsewhere, Catholics in Japan are more numerous among the city-dwellers, but even here they are but a small part of the massed millions. The 20,000 Catholics in Tokyo are only three per cent of that city's seven million inhabitants.

To Japan's millions, the Church is only one of many claimants for their attention, interest and possible adherence. The Japanese Ministry of Education reports that 520 religions or religious sects had registered in accordance with the law requiring such registration before August 31, 1950. These include the Catholic religion, 36 Protestant groups, 205 Shintoist groups, 185 Buddhist groups and 93 of various shades.

"The way, the truth and the life" that Our Lord proclaimed can only come to these many millions if His Church is better and more widely known.

What are some of the ways by which this can be accomplished? The power of the press and the radio must be harnessed to bring the truths of the Catholic religion to the millions of non-Christians of Japan. A start has been made by the establishment of a Catholic radio station and Catholic programs are presented whenever it is possible on the other stations. The success of the Japanese edition of "The Catholic Digest" points the way towards a greater use of the printed word to bring Christ into the lives and hearts of the great throng of people who yearn for Him.

More priests are needed to meet, preach and instruct those seeking the truth. The number of Japanese priests and catechists has increased but there are never enough to care for all of those who come to them.

EDWARD S. DUNN S.J.

Processions like this one at Osaka bring the Church to the attention of the Japanese.





ALASKA • BRITISH HONDURAS • CEYLON • CHINA • INDIA
 CAROLINE-MARSHALL ISLANDS • INDIAN AND NEGRO MISSIONS
 IRAQ • JAMAICA • JAPAN • PHILIPPINE ISLANDS • YORO

Afield

♦ ♦ ♦ WITH

AMERICAN JESUITS

Summer Missionaries In Yoro

We Americans cannot afford to be complacent about our contribution to the work of the missions. We are far from doing what we could do, should do and must do. A heart-warming example of generous sacrifice for the missions was passed on to us by FATHER JOHN C. MURPHY, S.J., missionary in Yoro, Honduras.

"Four School Sisters of Notre Dame, from St. Louis, Mo.," he writes, "were here again spending their summer vacation teaching catechism in Progresso. I want to put their names on record: they are SISTERS ROSAIRE, JOHN LOUIS, JOLANTHA and EZRA.

"We had a wonderful First Communion class of 400 children, the fruits of the love and devotion of these good sisters. They sailed back to the U.S.A. on August 16th.

"This is the second successive year that they have come this great distance to do some missionary work and see at first hand the great need we have of nuns. We have a grade school just clamoring for sister-teachers. Maybe some day they will come back for good—"si Dios quiere"—if God wills."

The Little Black Book

Non-Catholics everywhere are intrigued and mystified by the little black book that priests always seem to carry. Priests, in turn, are intrigued and mystified by that little book's propensity for getting lost.

FATHER ALPHONSE GOVEAS S.J., missionary among the Chamars of the Jehanabad Dis-

Sister Rosaire gives out First Communion cards to this year's class at Yoro.





Father Alphonse Goveas S.J. instructs his outdoor convert class.

trict, India, writes, "The other day when I was returning from Patna by train, I lost one of my breviaries. I suppose someone in the compartment took a fancy to it. By now he knows that it will be of no use to him except as a museum piece. Since my ordination in 1941, I have never owned a new breviary. Now even my second-hand set is incomplete."

Lost breviaries are not Fr. Goveas' only worry. Last summer he suffered a heat stroke, but managed to regain his health in time to plant the paddy which provides food for his fifty orphans and poor boys. And there is the need to expand.

"We intend to open two sub-stations, one nine miles east, where there is a colony of forty families, all new Christians; the other, to the north, has been on the books for four years. If I had \$1,000 or so for each, I could build a small chapel and school, and a room for the priest."

Chinese Christopher

Christopher means "Christ-bearer." Most

Jesuit missionaries who were Christ-bearers in China are now in exile, but once in a while they hear heart warming stories of other Christophers inside poor, torn China. Here is a true one:

A recently baptized Chinese came to market, and while in town, went to Holy Communion. The priest knew that the man lived in an area where some nuns were catechising, miles from Mass and the Blessed Sacrament. So the Chinese was delegated to bring the sisters consecrated Hosts for Holy Communion.

Greatly honored, the neophyte folded the Hosts in their pyx over his heart and set out for his village. That very night, the priest learned that the sisters had left for another center. Naturally, he was worried, fearing that the neophyte would not know what to do with his Precious Burden. But it seems that Our Lord Himself told the man what to do.

For years, this Chinese had been an enemy of a Christian neighbor; they had quarrelled over land and business with



never a kind word between them. Yet, when he reached his village and found the nuns absent, he reflected that the one decent place where the Blessed Sacrament could be kept was in the house of his enemy. So he knocked on the door he had so long avoided. To the astonished face that appeared, he explained that he did not come alone.

Quickly, the two men prepared a little tabernacle-shrine, suitable until the sisters' return. And there, before Him in the Sacrament of His love, the two men asked each other's pardon for past offenses, and knelt in adoration.

Dirt Will Out Eventually

FATHER THOMAS F. HOLLAND S.J., *missionary on the island of Truk, finds that the Marshallese are slow to bring you bad news. You get the news, in time, but only after a "warming up" period. Father Holland writes:*

"This delicate indirection may be the result of their 'elikik,' which is a melange of

modesty, timidity and sensitivity. Recently I was the slightly irritated recipient of this circuitous courtesy.

"I had been watching the horizon for the *Leroj in Lojit*, (Queen of the Waters), a motor whaleboat which brings me down to Ligelel for a second Mass every Sunday. I hoped to get news of her from another whaleboat just in from Ligelel. Everybody gathered round and the gist of all the chatter and gossip, as I gathered it, was that things were fairly normal at Ligelel, apart from a little rain and heavy winds.

"So I relaxed. The Queen would be along in due time. I was outside my rectory, lazily gazing lagoonward, when my blissful confidence was shattered by Maggie, the matriarch of Likiep.

"Said Maggie, 'The boat will not come, Father.'

"'Why not?' said I. 'Nobody mentioned any trouble.'

"Maggie gave it to me straight, 'Big storm at Ligelel, Father. Motor whaleboat on the beach.'

"We learn. If we wait long enough."

Father Holland took time out to snap three of his young parishioners in the Marshall Islands.





Ordinations in INDIA

FRANCIS J. WIEMAN S.J.

Father Desmond Matthews S.J. is one of the six North American Jesuits ordained at St. Mary's in Kurseong this November. These men are ordained for the India missions of Patna, Jamshedpur and Darjeeling.

ON THE MORNING OF NOVEMBER 21ST THE very location of St. Mary's College, Kurseong, India, will be symbolic of what is taking place within its chapel. Perched in the foothills of the Himalayas so that it looks north to the gleaming heights of Kinchinjunga and south to the spreading plains of India, it stands, as it were, halfway between heaven and earth. That morning in the chapel will take place the ceremony which provides for the effective meeting of heaven and earth, of God and man. For on that morning the sacred sacramental character of the priesthood will be stamped indelibly on the souls of 23 young men. They will become the official mediators, under Jesus Christ, between God and man, capable of offering man to God, and bringing God down to man.

Three of these men belong to the Jamshedpur Mission, the section of India entrusted to the Jesuits of the Maryland Province. Father Herbert Covely is from Allentown, Pennsylvania, where his pastor was the famous Monsignor Fink, author of "Jesuit Trails in Penn's Forest." Father Des-

mond Matthews hails from Washington, D. C., and entered the Jesuits via Gonzaga and Georgetown. Father Edward McGrath calls New York City home and attended Regis High and Holy Cross.

One member of the Chicago Province which staffs Patna Mission on the Ganges will be among the new priests. He is Father Eugene Hattie of Canton, Ohio, whose facility in languages enabled him to be the first American to pass the Hindi Matriculation Examination of Patna University.

For the first time in the long history of St. Mary's two Canadian Jesuits will kneel to receive the power of the priesthood. Of the Darjeeling Mission, they are Father Joseph Killoran of Stratford, Ontario, and Father Vincent Morgan of Hamilton.

Here are men who are far from home on the greatest day of their lives. That was part of the sacrifice they have so willingly made. They are His priests now. In Darjeeling mountains, on Patna's plains, in the turmoil of Jamshedpur, they will be witnesses to Him Who chose them as His priests forever.



(Above) The rudimentary stove in the Hooper Bay church is always a problem in winter.

(Below) Father Jules Convert S.J. lands the hard way in some of the famous Alaska mud.



Three L

Priest gives Last Rites to Eskimo woman.

Missionary

PAUL C. O'CONNOR S.J.

ALASKA MISSIONARY LIFE PRESENTS
A many problems to the young priest's ingenuity. Few can be foreseen in his life of preparation. Theology does not teach a person how to keep warm when facing a thirty-mile-wind at 20 below zero. Nor does it show how to control an unruly dog team.

There is also a host of little things that constantly test the steel of a missionary's character. For example, how to keep a church clean with 300 pairs of seal-oiled mukluks (Eskimo boots) tramping in and out on a Sunday or feast day? How to keep a storm shed or church vestibule free from snow and ice with 125 children constantly running in and out during a 40 mile blizzard? How, in constant sub-zero temperatures, to induce Eskimos to close two doors tight when they seldom close one properly? How to dry heavy woolen under-

wear and socks in 30 below weather?

I was struggling through heavy ground drifts the other day returning from giving early morning Communion to the sick. I thought of the smooth efficiency of handling the sacraments in the States. There the sick for the most part are housed in big Catholic hospitals where the Sisters and hospital chaplain attend them. With the assistance of elevators and two capable Sisters the priest is able to give Communion with a minimum of trouble. But up here in Alaska the sacraments are given with many a hazard.

First of all, most of the sick are attended to by the Eskimos themselves. Some T.B. cases are removed to government hospitals, as well as some emergencies. But transportation must be by planes which are intermittent and expensive. As I write a little

HAZARDS

boy has practically cut his foot off and a blizzard has been raging for three straight days. So he will be a cripple for life despite all our efforts.

Visiting the sick, giving them at least weekly Communion, is the duty of the missionary himself. Sometimes this is no easy job. In Hooper Bay we have had from two to six ailing all the time. Confessions are heard on Saturdays or before a feast day. This is mere routine and done in daylight even though a blizzard may be raging. The hazards come in administering Holy Communion in the early morning darkness. I still have to learn how to crawl down safely into these lowly Eskimo dwellings and enter without banging my head against the low door lintel. Being six feet tall is a distinct handicap in Eskimo land. As my two altar boys scoot up and down tricky and crazy-angled snow drifts with practised ease, I skid, slide, stumble, somehow follow along.

For twenty years in Alaska the author has faced the difficulties of both winter and summer.

In a blizzard it is easy enough to walk right over a house and knock the stove pipe down. Recently on taking Holy Viaticum to a dying woman at Chevak a good sixty mile gale was booming out of the north. It took two stalwart Eskimos to guide me to the igloo and back to the church again. At no time in the trip did I know where I was going.

Summer, too, with its slashing rains and hard slippery ground has hazards all its own. The times that I have sprawled ungainly in this slimy mud makes me shudder at what the future holds in store for me.

While these circumstances of life may be hazardous for the pastor, they are all taken as a matter of course by the Eskimo. He has never seen any paved roads or endless days of sunshine. The pleasant climes of other parts of the world and modern conveniences do not bother his realistic mind. His life has always been a stern struggle and an ever-lasting shiver. Because of this, he sees a joke in every incongruous circumstance that he can. If he did not have this happy attitude, his life would be unbearable. When one falls prone in gummy mud he considers it very funny.

Once I was stranded out on the mud flats by a plane at low tide. I had just come from Anchorage and had on my nice black suit. The plane left. No boats could come out to get me until high tide. It began raining. Believe it or not, it was midnight before I reached home, soaked to the skin, my nice black suit splashed from head to foot with mud. It was mid-summer, but my spirits were below zero. The next day I was walking through the village feeling not too chipper on account of the loss of sleep. An Eskimo was patching his mud-roofed igloo. "Hooper Bay mud," he slyly remarked in Eskimo, "is very good, and it is very sticky!"

"Do tell!" I remarked laconically, and walked on.



The Business of Missions

WANTED

Dear Friend:

As dawn broke over the hills of Bethlehem on the first Christmas morning, a group of shepherds reverently withdrew from a cave. A few hours previously, they had come with haste and they found the Child and His Mother: "They understood what had been told them concerning the Child."

After Mass this Christmas morning, many will leave mission chapels with sentiments in their souls similar to those of the shepherds. For the first time, they too will return home glorifying and praising God for all that they have heard and seen.

You have been an occasion of giving such joy to God and to souls because of your prayerful sacrifices during the past year. Your gifts of ciboria provided a Eucharistic dwelling for the Christ Child. He has rested upon your spotless altar linens. You have contributed to catechetical centers and helped in countless other ways.

As we close another year, we thank God for giving the Jesuit missionaries such devoted friends. To each of you may He impart the peace granted to the shepherds.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,
(REV.) COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

CLOTHES

A returned missionary made an interesting observation about his co-workers. He said that these men were constantly in need of clothes for themselves but they would never beg for their personal wants when there were so many things needed for their churches and for their people. We were warned that these missionaries might even resent our asking for clothes for them. We will risk their possible displeasure by asking if you will help supply clothes for the missionaries, particularly for the tropical districts where constant laundering is so necessary. A tropical suit costs \$15.00.

LIVING WATER

In India, it is a great temptation to take water from a pond rather than walk a long distance to a well. Father Goveas would like to build a well for his fellow Indians at Salapur, India. If you were to give the \$50.00 needed to build the well you can be sure of the gratitude of the people of Salapur. More important, the water from *your* well may be used to baptize many people from this district.

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

Alaska and U. S. Indians
Rev. Edmund A. Anable S.J.
900 Broadway,
Seattle 22, Wash.

Ceylon and Home Missions
Rev. James C. Babb S.J.
4439 S. Carrollton Ave.
New Orleans 19, La.

China (Suchow)
Rev. Louis Bouchard S.J.
762 Sherbrooke St., West,
Montreal 2, Canada

Iraq and Jamaica
Rev. F. W. Anderson S.J.
1106 Boylston St.,
Boston 15, Mass.

**British Honduras, Yoro, and
U. S. Indians**
Rev. James T. Meehan S.J.
4511 West Pine Boulevard,
St. Louis 8, Mo.

**China (Nanking, Shanghai
and Yangchow)**
Rev. John K. Lipman S.J.
821 Market Street,
San Francisco 3, Cal.

India (Patna) and U. S. Indians
Rev. John A. Kilian S.J.
Rev. John S. O'Connor S.J.
1114 South May St.,
Chicago 7, Ill.

**India (Darjeeling) and
Canadian Indians**
Rev. F. J. Costello S.J.
403 Wellington St., West,
Toronto 2-B, Ont., Canada

India (Jamshedpur)
Rev. William J. Driscoll S.J.
700 N. Calvert St.,
Baltimore 2, Md.

**Philippines, Caroline and
Marshall Islands**
Rev. William T. Wood S.J.
51 East 83rd St.,
New York 28, N. Y.

CHIPPEWA CHAPEL

Father Lawless, in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, is constructing a chapel for his Indian parishioners and would like your help in furnishing the altar equipment; candlesticks \$25.00, altar cloths \$10.00, missal \$40.00. Donations in full or partial payment of the listed items would be greatly appreciated.

TWO PLACES AT ONCE

In certain missions a motorcycle increases the efficiency of a missionary immeasurably by saving travel time. If you compare the two-mile-an-hour speed of a bullock cart with the thirty-mile-an-hour speed of a motorcycle, you can see why Father Kiermeyer, Poona, India, hopes to acquire a machine which would get him to sick calls sooner and enable him to say Mass more frequently in his mission stations. The cost of the motorcycle in India is \$500.00. Would you give \$1.00 to start the fund that will eventually provide the motorcycle for Father Kiermeyer?

PERSONAL HOLINESS

Is a necessity for a missionary. This holiness is fed and strengthened through daily prayer and meditation. There are many times in the life of a missionary when fatigue, worry or preoccupation conspire against prayerful meditation. For such expected 'dryness of mind' meditation books are a big help. We are anxious to answer the plea of the priests of Ceylon who have asked for these books.

The books are in four volumes for the four seasons of the year. Perhaps you would like to give a quarter to help pay for one of these volumes.

CARIB CATECHISM

To the present time, there has never been a book written in the Carib language. Credit for preparing the material for this momentous achievement is due to Father John Stochl, who worked so hard for the day when he would be able to print the first Carib book, a catechism. We congratulate Father Stochl on his fine work and rejoice with him that the first printed words in Carib will be in praise of God.

If possible, would you help defray the \$400.00 printing expenses for the Carib catechism?

Dear subscriber:

We Love You!

Your generosity and your prayers have been a wonderful help to the missions, like hands reaching out across the world to assist the missionaries.

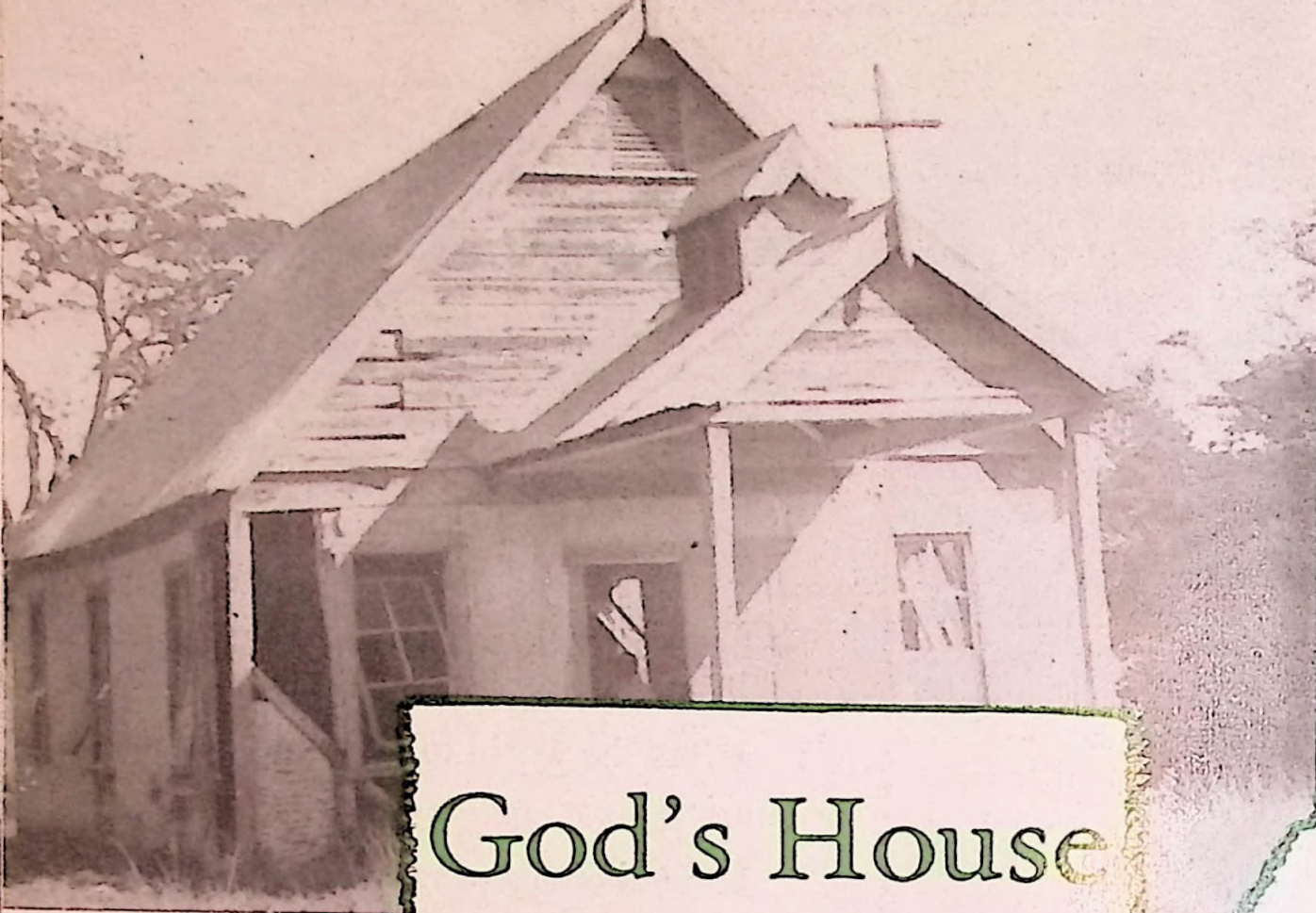
How about getting more subscribers who would join their interest and their prayers to yours and help the missionaries still more?

Get us five new subscribers and you will have:

- 1: A beautiful parchment scroll from Rome, which we will send you;
- 2: A share in a monthly Mass celebrated at the altar of St. Francis Xavier in Rome for all those who help the work of the missions in a special way;
- 3: The gratitude and prayers of the JESUIT MISSIONS staff and of the American Jesuit missionaries;
- 4: The satisfaction of knowing that you are helping actively in the greatest work in the world: bringing souls to God!

The Editors

JESUIT MISSIONS



God's House
is falling

down!

The present church at Chapelton, Jamaica,
is literally a *wreck*

It is termite-ridden,

the windows are broken, the floor is buckled,

the roof merely slows up the rain,

it is completely unfit for Mass.

A new church is desperately needed.

Cost: \$10,000. Could you help?

Send contributions (any size) to:

JESUIT *Missions*

962 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

9516-1