

Jesuit Missions

**Native
Clergy**

OCTOBER 1954

Excelsior



Vol. 28—No. 8

New Christians Love the Rosary

TEACHING NEW CHRISTIANS TO SAY THE ROSARY is a labor of love for missionaries. The prayers are the simple, every-day ones, not too hard to learn and expressive of the deepest needs of the human heart. Everywhere around the world, neophytes learn quickly to love the beads of Our Lady. They begin with the sign of the cross, the epitome and mark of Catholicity. The Apostle's Creed is a firm declaration that they believe what God wants them to believe. Each decade begins with the perfect prayer, the Our Father, and ends with the soaring adoration of the Gloria.

And so, under the cross, in the light of faith, for the love and glory of the Most Blessed Trinity, they start the sweet repetition of the Hail Mary. For this is Our Lady's prayer, and the convert soon learns what every Catholic knows: that the Mother of God is his mother, too, and that her rosary is a daily strength and consolation.

The next time you say your beads, please pray for these new lovers of the rosary.

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Father John Buchanan S.J.

Alaska's

"PACK-RAT PRIEST"

HE HAD EXACTLY FIVE DOLLARS IN HIS POCKET THE day he stepped into Bishop Francis Gleeson's office in Anchorage. The Bishop brought out a map and indicated a district almost 300 miles northeast of Anchorage. It stretched from Fairbanks to the Canadian border and covered 74,000 square miles of rugged territory. Father John



There wasn't even a log cabin chapel in the region when Father Buchanan took over 74,000 square miles of bleak Alaskan wilderness for his new parish.

Buchanan S.J. studied the map, squared his broad shoulders, and set out for his new parish.

That was five years ago. Father Buchanan knew that there were no churches or schools in the region but he had no idea of how many parishioners he might find. He was aware of the situation in general. In previous years he had worked among the Eskimos of the coast but now he was bound inland where he would find Indians, descendants of the Navajos who migrated northward.

He found about twenty villages of these hardy natives whose traditional way of life had been upset by the coming of the white men with their airplanes, machinery and modern ways. No longer does the Indian live by hunting, fishing and trapping. He has to gear his life to new ways and that has created a perplexing problem.

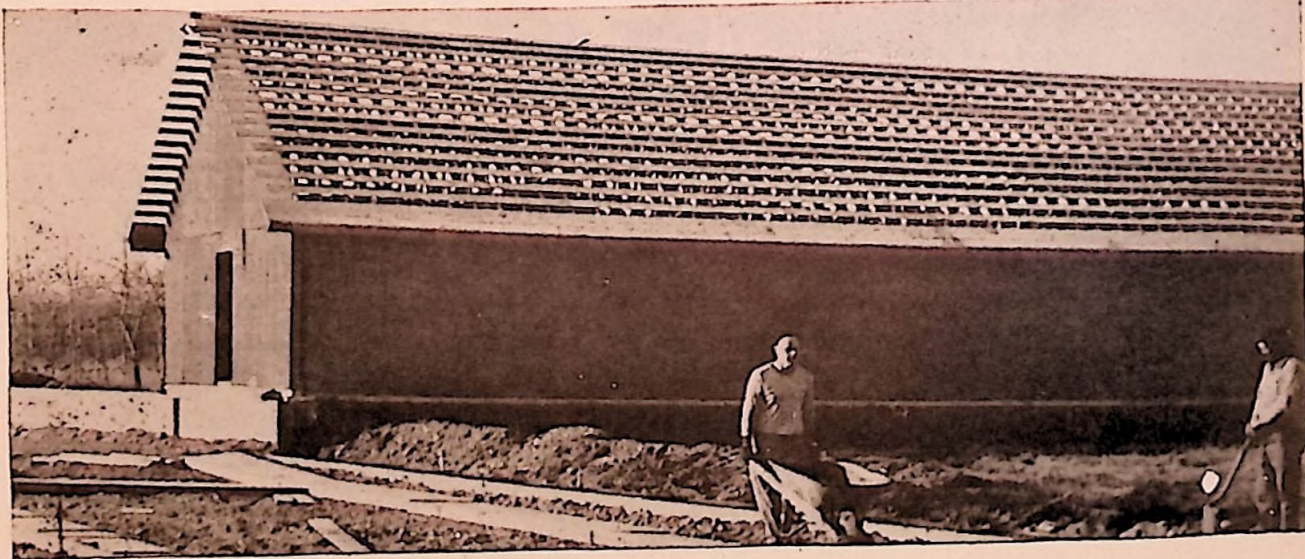
Father Buchanan was convinced that the problem could be met by education. It would not be an education aimed at preparing the Indians to go elsewhere

in the world to compete with other human beings but one which would enable them to make a living in their own familiar environment. They needed their own doctors, nurses, lawyers and other specialists.

But before a missionary could even dream of that he had to bring some semblance of order to his far-flung parish. So Father Buchanan set up his headquarters in a borrowed cabin at Tok Junction on the Alcan Highway. His first job was to build a chapel there. The lumber for it was donated by two friends of school days who were now located in Idaho. Father Buchanan trucked in the lumber himself, in two trips, over the 2400-mile route from Sandpoint, Idaho, through Alberta and along the Alcan.

Protestants of the Tok Junction area ran a basket social which netted \$700 for the chapel. The truck drivers who wheeled their big Diesels over the Alcan Highway showed their respect for the missionary in his small 3½-ton truck by a \$1,000 donation from the Teamsters

This girls' dormitory at Copper Center is a long step along the road which one day will end as the Alaska Catholic University.



Union at Anchorage. And they were the ones who admiringly dubbed him "the pack-rat priest."

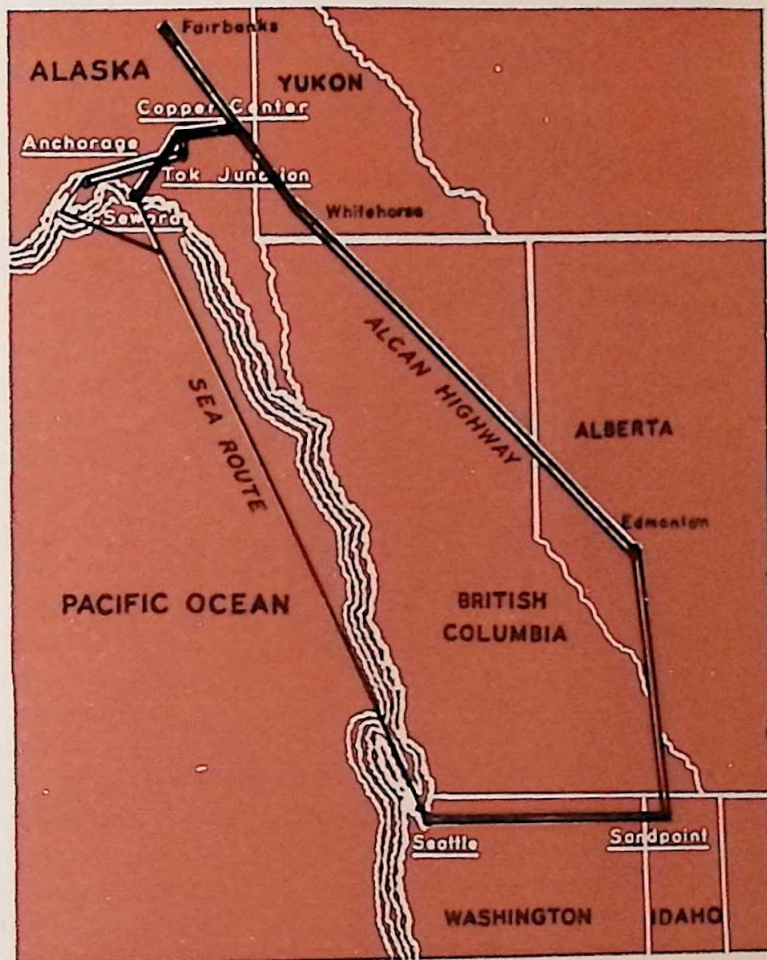
Other chapels followed at Big Delta, Northway and Glen Allen. They were built with volunteer help with Father Buchanan ceaselessly on the move to provide the materials. His truck, given him by a generous backer and named "the Mighty Mite" by the missionary, was a familiar sight throughout Copper Valley and along the Alcan. "I've lived in that truck since I got it," smilingly confesses Father Buchanan.

Once his churches were finished he could turn his attention to the main problem confronting his people. It is typical of the dynamic priest that he did not think in terms of grammar schools only. What he visualized was the Catholic College of Alaska—and he has the plans all drawn to prove it. He drove to Washington, D.C., and outlined his ideas. The Interior Department granted him a 640-acre site at Copper Center and he promptly went to work.

Once again he turned to his friends in Idaho and they gave him 100,000 feet of lumber. A freight company donated seven trucks to haul it to Seattle. There other friends had a barge ready to carry it to Anchorage where more friends were waiting with trucks for the final haul to Copper Center.

That is a typical instance of the backing so gladly given to the go-getting priest. The volunteers who had helped build his chapels—neighbors, Indians, G.I.'s from nearby Army posts—again rallied around. Mike Lyschieski is a Polish carpenter who also wants to see the school built and as a result he puts in fifteen hours a day and refuses to accept any pay. "Keep the lumber rolling in," he tells Father Buchanan, "and we'll stay on schedule."

But that "rolling in" is a problem in itself. There was a time when Mike was yelling for more materials and the priest set off for Idaho in "the Mighty Mite." He had to truck the lumber 400 miles from Sandpoint to Seattle and seven round trips were needed before the entire load was at the docks. Father Bu-



chanan did it in two weeks; seven round trips in 14 days. It took eight hours to push the 3½-ton truck and trailer with its 11-ton load over Vantage Hill and the Cascade Mountains and another eight hours to return.

Then Anchorage harbor froze in and the lumber was unloaded at Seward. It meant that Father Buchanan had to get a truck big enough to haul the trailers; load up at Seward and then muscle his way 350 miles, across five mountain passes, to Copper Valley in a temperature of 60-below zero.

Today the primary school stands completed, as well as a girls' dormitory and one for boys. Next year will see the opening of eight grades. The high school is slated for completion in 1958 and when that is done work will begin on the college. The plans, donated by a Jewish architect in California, even include the gymnasium and football stadium. It is a million-dollar job but the friends of "the pack-rat priest" will tell you that he can do it.

Noises in India's Night

JOSEPH MARY
KENNEDY S.J.



Joseph M. Kennedy S.J. of the
Jamshedpur Mission in India.

DID YOU EVER HAVE A DEADLY POISONOUS snake break in on your reading? It was bedtime on a summer night. The house was morgue-quiet, and I was finishing the last chapter of a book titled "Spirit Worship in Chota-Nagpur." It was a good book but somehow my thoughts kept wandering. At recreation that evening the Fathers had been telling stories of the first days in our old home: how a krait, whose poison can kill a man in three short hours, had made its way into the house and was found by one of the Fathers lying atop the door frame of the bathroom. More recently a family of cobras had been found in our back-yard. Such were the thoughts freshly banked in my subconscious.

But the evil spirits of the Chota Nagpur forests are not people to take second place in your attention; soon I was completely absorbed in them. And then I heard it. A steady *thump! thump!! thump!!!* It stopped. I sat perfectly still. Would the sound be repeated? A full minute passed, and then again: *thump! thump!! thump!!!* The tail of a snake tapping against my trunk? This much was sure; the sound was coming from behind my trunk, close to my chair.

What does one do in such circumstances? Make a good Act of Contrition? I must confess, the thought never entered my mind. There was a walking-stick near at hand. If I could just reach that without alarming the snake!

Slowly, very slowly, with infinite care, I inched my way out of the chair. The thumping stopped! In two strides I had the stick in my hand. Now!

I approached the trunk cautiously, trying to keep the chair before me as a shield . . . This snake was certainly keeping well hidden. I had my hand on the edge of the trunk about to jerk it away from the wall when it started again, and it seemed much louder now, much more menacing: **THUMP! THUMP!! THUMP!!!**

With my left hand I gave the trunk a shove—two pale blue eyes stared up at me, even more frightened than I, apparently. No snake this, but an Indian lizard. In its mouth a large moth was still making desperate attempts at escape. With each of the moth's frenzied flutterings, the lizard would shake his head from side to side, like a cat shaking a mouse, and the empty trunk acted as a sounding board: **THUMP! THUMP!! THUMP!!!**

God is good. I had enough wild life for one night. I left the lizard to its moth and went to bed, scorning the noises in India's night.

Faith and Finance in

FIJI

HERBERT A. KENNY

fights. Today, there are in British Honduras 22 credit unions and 13 co-operatives—all of them under the guidance and influence of people Father Ganey trained to work together for their economic betterment under Christian principles.

In a volume in which he discussed his growing awareness of the oppression of the poor by modern finance, Tolstoy took the Fiji Islands as a prime example of the destruction of a simple economy by a complex one, and the enslavement of people of barter by people of money. When Governor Garvey reached the Fiji Islands, the evidences of such enslavement were to be found on every side. Usury was a real problem. He couldn't forget British Honduras and the credit unions and Father Ganey. He appealed to Bishop Foley, the Catholic Ordinary for the islands, and at the latter's request Father Ganey's superiors arranged to lend him to the Fiji Islands to initiate credit union work there.

Father Ganey's work in the first British colony had been aided throughout his years there by the cooperation of CUNA (The Credit Union National Association) with headquarters in Wisconsin. Remarkable as his work was in British Honduras, it was part of a national American growth. In 1953 alone, for example, 73 Catholic parishes organized



WHEN SIR RONALD HERBERT GARVEY went to the Fiji Islands in 1952 as Governor he carried with him from British Honduras, where he had served, a memory of a moral miracle. He had seen an American missionary priest transform that Caribbean colony.

When Father Marion Ganey S.J. went to British Honduras in 1938 he soon learned that one of the nation's real problems was usury. The answer was credit unions. For money not only talks, it



Father Marion Ganey in one of the 22 credit unions and 13 co-operatives which were started by him in British Honduras.

their own credit unions. The work of Fathers Ray Sullivan and Kempel, Jesuit priests, in Jamaica is a parallel. And other religious societies have not been idle elsewhere.

But when Father Ganey arrived in Fiji to be greeted by the Bishop and the Governor, he found new problems facing him. There was, first of all, the language situation. Fiji is a mixture of many peoples and many tongues; the streets of Suva, the capital where Father Ganey set up his headquarters, ring with Hini and Samoan as well as English and Fijian. This meant that teaching material would have to be translated into those languages.

Another difficulty before him was a Fiji custom called *kere-kere*. In native villages where the custom obtained, a token payment gives one's neighbor the right to ask for anything from you as an outright gift. If he admires your hat

or your farm equipment, it would be bad manners not to hand it right over. The upshot of such a custom was to make thrift a social error rather than a virtue.

Father Ganey had problems but he also had friends. The CUNA was offering him full support; Governor Garvey was behind him; Bishop Foley was with him. From CUNA headquarters came package after package of materials—posters, charts, pamphlets, even a print of a CUNA movie. Father Ganey hit a dizzying pace, but a little more than a month after he arrived he could see the first fruit of his labors—the people of Fiji owned and operated two credit unions. But he was not satisfied. Neither of the credit unions had been formed by an all-Fijian group, and there lay his greatest challenge. Was the idea of credit union in hopeless conflict with *kere-kere*?

Father Ganey went from village to

HE HELPS THEM TO HELP THEMSELVES

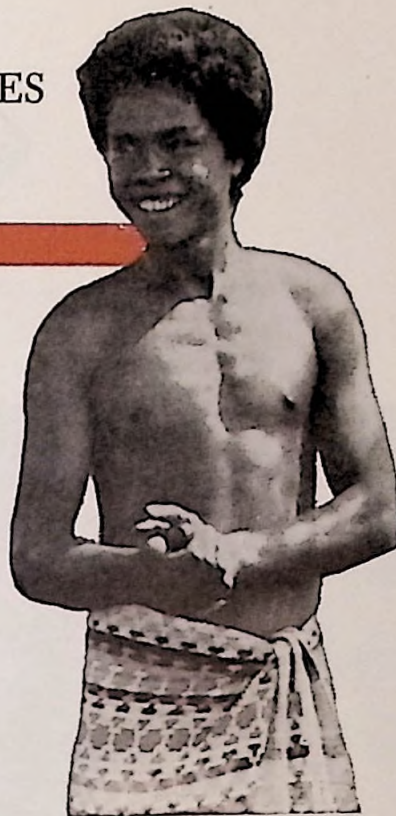
village explaining, talking, persuading. The men would ring themselves about Father Ganey, sitting on their grass mats, cross-legged, solemn and bushy-haired. And the priest would explain to them how they could save money together and help each other with loans at low interest.

Beside the natives, there were endless visits with officials of business houses such as the Colonial Sugar Company, largest of the Fiji's island industries, or with the men who mine Fiji's rich gold deposits, or with the leading citizens of the busy capital.

In his second month he had his first all-Fiji credit union among the villagers of Kolokolevu. Today it is one of six such flourishing credit unions in the islands, all the result of Father Ganey's apostolate.

"We have a custom here of *kere-kere*," the natives are now quoted as saying, "and we understand it. We also have the credit union and we understand that too, about the loans and repayment obligation and the interest. Being able to distinguish between the two, we can fulfill our obligations to each and never confuse them in our thinking." This understanding is due to Father Ganey's devotion and his preaching, but it is due too in part to the tremendous preaching of a practical example.

The story of the first loan is a simple story and a typical one. It went to help two fishermen buy their own nets. But the village saw those two men quickly the owners of their own nets, no longer in bondage to the shopkeeper who had previously bought nets for fishermen, and then demanded half their catch in payment for the use of his net. The village saw them become their own masters, symbols of freedom and indepen-



Three Lions

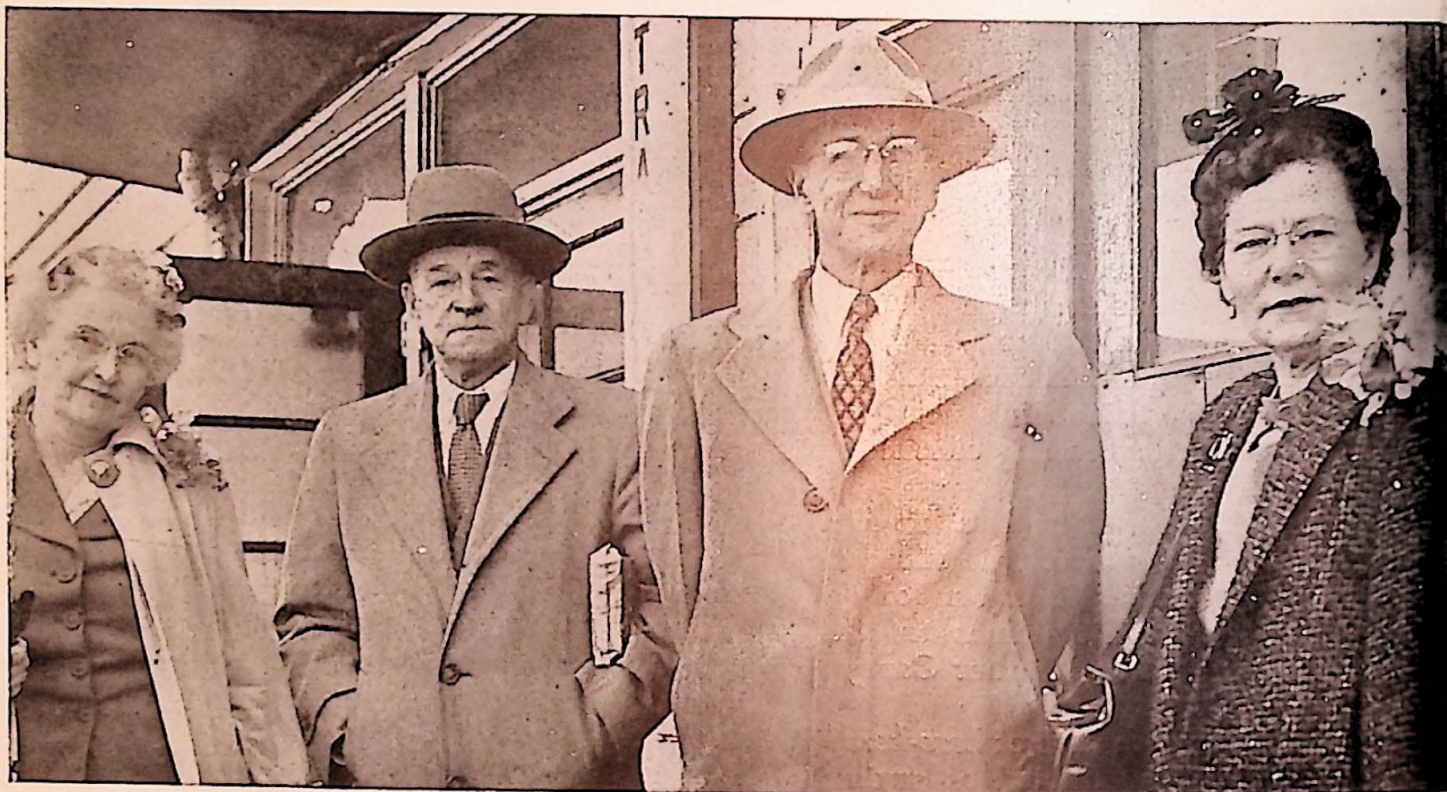
dence, and symbols of the new independence of the village of Kolokolevu.

Such a story passes quickly among the people of Fiji, and enlightens them more than posters and preaching. Each day now brings more and more requests for Father Ganey to come "so that we too may share in this miracle of the credit union." Total strangers now stop Father Ganey on the streets of Suva, anxious to discuss details with him. When he speaks, villagers come hurrying from miles around.

A local newspaper gave as Governor Garvey's greatest accomplishments: bringing the royal couple to the islands and bringing Father Ganey. Additional requests are being sent to Father Ganey to continue his work in other parts of the South Pacific. New Zealand has also asked him to come.

But it is the future that will realize that the greatest accomplishment was not Governor Garvey's invitations, but Father Ganey's invitation that goes hand in hand with his social work—the invitation to heaven, the good news, the Gospel. The people of Fiji will not soon forget this teacher and priest.

Dreams



A mother's story of her missionary son's ordination and her visit to the mission field where he will be laboring.

N EARLY SIX YEARS AGO WHEN OUR SON LEFT for the mission in Ceylon we assured him, with a confidence we did not feel, that we would go over for his ordination. At the time it seemed almost impossible, and perhaps the dream grew out of a desperate attempt to dissolve the lump in our throats and cloak the finality of that last good-by.

But the dream never faded; in fact it grew brighter with each passing year in spite of the realization of the terrific financial cost involved and a number of very serious illnesses that threatened to make such an undertaking impossible. But our faith in that dream and our determination never wavered.

It was a great privilege for three proud and happy couples to make that trip: the parents

CAN COME TRUE

MRS. CHARLES T. MILLER



(Far left) Mrs. C. T. Miller and Mr. Miller of New Orleans with Mr. and Mrs. Israel Hebert of Jennings, Louisiana, as they departed for India and the ordination of their missionary sons. (Left) Bishop D'Souza imposes hands on Father Harry Miller during the Poona ceremony.

If the ordination ceremony itself and the receiving of our son's first blessing did not bring tears of gratitude and happiness to our eyes, the joy of assisting at his First Holy Mass and receiving Our Lord in Holy Communion from his newly consecrated hands really filled our cup to the brim and opened the floodgates of our souls. Seeing a son offer God to God is a joy beyond compare, and this being our second son to be ordained was like a second peek into heaven.

Many thoughts fill my heart here, but I must move on, for India is still a land of exile for our son, and we hasten with him to Ceylon, his very own spot in the Lord's vineyard—to see his mission with him and through his eyes and heart.

Arriving in Ceylon, it was not hard to see why these missionaries are restless to complete their preparation in India and return to their adopted land and people, for Ceylon is truly a paradise of beauty and the people there love them dearly. But the real attraction is their thirst for souls and there are so many countless thousands to be rescued. There are such seemingly impregnable barriers to be broken down, schools and churches



Dreams CAN COME TRUE

to be built, but with so little to do it with that it would be a heartbreaking and hopeless task to less brave and zealous souls. All over the mission we witnessed this determined struggle to plant the Cross of Christ in every nook and cranny, and it filled us with admiration and with gratitude that we have the privilege of doing such a large part by giving a soldier to take his place in the "Company of Jesus" in Ceylon.

We spent several days in Trincomalee, where our son sang his First Solemn High Mass in the Cathedral, and at the other extreme, said a low Mass in the little mission church of Nilavelli where life and the faith are found in their simplest form. We visited the newly acquired college site and watched the Mission Superior, Father Lange, with his willing and able assistants, Father Rieinan and Brother Trujillo, building the "new and greater Saint Joseph's" with their own hands. We saw the vision of an adequate home and school of their own in the far-away look in their eyes as they paused in their task of molding and stacking cement blocks to show us the miracle they have accomplished and impart to us a mental picture of the finished product. Our hats are off to a courageous trio!

Continuing our tour and driving through small villages and large jungles, we arrived at an older and better established part of the mission, Saint Michael's College at Batticaloa. There, as in Trincomalee, we were given a great ovation, fireworks included. Many splendid programs of welcome, consisting of oriental dances and Tamil music and songs, were given in our honor—at St. Michael's College and at the convent next door conducted by the Apostolic Order of Mt. Carmel, at Sebastian's orphanage for boys and at the girls' or-

phanage staffed by the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. All these demonstrations of welcome and affection for our son indeed warmed our hearts.

We visited the Leprosarium at Mantivu staffed by the same order of Franciscan Missionaries of Mary and served by the Jesuit missionaries of St. Michael's. Our hearts went out to these poor wrecks of humanity, and mainly because the majority know not God.

The little mission at Thalankudah, a former parish, is now neglected for want of a pastor. What a pity, for there are many devout souls there waiting for the sacraments, and many more waiting to hear the Word of God.

We continued down the other side of the lagoon to Akkaraipattu where Father Cook welcomed us by ringing the noon-time Angelus with the big new bell in his recently constructed belfry, and where he hopes some day to build a small rectory so that he can move from his humble quarters in the sacristy. Farther down the peninsula he showed us his pride and joy, Saint Michael's-by-the-Sea, a small new chapel he is building the hard way on the sands overlooking the Indian Ocean.

After seeing all of this a prayer wells up in our hearts that the Lord of the harvest will send more laborers into this vineyard, and that the friends of the mission at home come generously to their assistance both spiritually and financially. There is a tremendous job to be done in bringing Christ to the least of these our brethren.

And now that we are back at home we are re-living in memory that wonderful visit with our son in his mission as we begin anew to dream again of another visit in the not too distant future. Such dreams are fun, and with faith they do come true.

JESUIT MISSIONS

*The Voice of the 1129 Missionaries of
the Eight American Jesuit Provinces*



MISSION MEETINGS

A few weeks ago at Notre Dame University in South Bend two important groups whose mission activities are not well enough known to American Catholics held their annual meetings. The first group was the Mission Secretariat, an organization composed of the different religious societies which send missionaries to foreign lands.

The Secretariat was established in 1950 with the approval of the American Hierarchy and is dependent upon the National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, His Excellency Bishop Fulton J. Sheen. A central bureau was opened in Washington to provide assistance for missionaries of all orders and has been ably headed by a veteran China missionary, Father Frederick McGuire C.M.

So if one is tempted to wonder at the number of different mission societies he should realize that they are organized in a typical American fashion so that they constitute a single mighty weapon in the fight to spread Christ's Kingdom.

SALUTE TO THE CRUSADERS

The other group which met at Notre Dame is better known to Catholics in general, especially to high school and college students of the last twenty years. The Catholic Students' Mission Crusade is a zealous and determined effort to make students above the grade school level "mission-minded." Organized seventeen years ago, the primary purpose of the CSMC is educational. It has a splendid record of achievement and is the most powerful single influence in the missionary education of American Catholic youth.

WITH GRATEFUL HEARTS

October is the month when the Society for the Propagation of the Faith conducts its annual drive for membership. This year one familiar figure will be missing from the scene. For over fifteen years Monsignor Leo DeBarry was Propagation Director for the Detroit Archdiocese until his appointment some months ago as pastor of St. Rita's parish in the city of Detroit.

Monsignor DeBarry was an outstanding figure in the mission scene and there are literally thousands of missionaries who remember him with grateful hearts. He loved the missions, and the best years of his very priestly life were poured out unstintingly to aid the men and women who are building the Kingdom of Christ in far lands. With them, we say gratefully, prayerfully, "God bless you, Monsignor DeBarry, for all you have done for the missions and for Him!"

OCTOBER MISSION DATES

St. Therese, Co-patron of missionaries, October 3rd; Mission Sunday, October 24th; Feast of Christ the King, October 31st.

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Ice Cream

One of Jamaica's "Blue Nuns" with her charges



FOR BREAKFAST

NOT MANY PEOPLE GO IN FOR breakfasts of sandwiches and ice-cream. Least of all, nuns. But once there was such a meal, shared by five excited postulants on a historic morning twenty-five years ago. It was the first community meal of a new religious congregation, the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, founded in the mission of Jamaica, B.W.I., for the service of God in the Vicariate.

Foundation Day was Sept. 8, 1929. It was a day long dreamed of by a succession of Jamaica missionaries who hoped to see the establishment of a local congregation for Jamaican girls. The new religious family became a reality through the cooperation of Very Rev. Father Francis J. Kelley S.J., Superior of the American Jesuits, and the Franciscan Sisters of Alleghany, N.Y., who appointed one of their number, Mother M. Humiliana O.S.F., as first Superior.

Mother Humiliana, herself Jamaican born and bred, bore the heavy burdens of foundation. She took the five first postulants to a little cottage near the Cathedral in Kingston to start their religious training. And there they had The Breakfast that first morning, not because they felt the occasion demanded something special, but because, in the frugal manner of nuns, they felt that the leftovers from the reception of the previous evening should be dispatched. And besides, there was no coffee in the house, nor a match to start a fire. So sandwiches and ice-cream it was.

The beginnings were hard. In the first convent one room served as sacristy and classroom by day, community room and dormitory by night. But Mother Humiliana steadfastly trained her charges in the Franciscan spirit of gentle piety which is their characteristic today. It was

not long before everyone referred to them as the "Blue Sisters," in tribute to the warm color of their habits.

The Blue Sisters, now under the direction of Mother M. Xavier O.S.F., can count 47 members to celebrate their first major anniversary. They teach in seven schools and direct the famous craft center at Above Rocks. They give their devoted care to the aged in two homes.

The Blue Nuns are like nuns the world over, hard-working, efficient, in love with God and the children of God. I remember listening to Sister Tekakwitha in her classroom under the sky at the mission of Alva repeating, with endless and imperturbable patience, the lessons of the littlest ones, while Sister Rose, in the convent chicken-yard, appraised the fowl with an eye to Father's supper. Like all nuns, Sister Rose felt that Father should eat like a stevedore.

I remember also the showery afternoon I drove a new postulant down the twisting and treacherous Mount Diablo to the novitiate in Kingston. My mind was mostly on the road, but when it could spare a moment it kept turning back to the scene outside the church up in the hills that morning when I had watched a Jamaican father say good-by to his child. There was a dignity and serenity about his farewell that was more than simply touching. For it was clear to the whole silent congregation that this man was proud to give his daughter to God, and that she, though somewhat misty-eyed, was proud to be called to serve God in Jamaica's own congregation of Sisters.

Mother Humiliana is retired now, but she can look back with pride on the last quarter century. Jamaica now has a religious family of its own, small but solidly established. *Ad multos annos!*

RICHARD V. LAWLOR S.J.



WINDOW ON THE

Mission World

Sometimes we are inclined to forget that the only viewpoint which really counts is God's viewpoint.

THE ANCIENT MISSIONARY WAS FUSSING with the calendar over one of the desks in our office. It was a Catholic calendar, beautifully printed, with all the saints and feasts noted over the appropriate dates. But the good old man was not at all pleased with the job.

"Look," he said, "look at October. Not one single reference to Mission Sunday! When are we going to learn that the missions are important?"

Now hereabouts we are used to the Ancient Missionary's little outbursts. We know that he is inclined to exaggerate a bit, for the sake of emphasis. But there is no denying that he always has something sound to say about the love of his life, which is the missions. That page on the calendar was to him a slight, almost a wound.

For Mission Sunday, which occurs on October 24th this year, is one of the great mission events of the year. On that day the Society for the Propagation of the Faith takes the center of the stage to impress upon all Catholics their duty to support the missions of the universal Church by prayer and financial aid.

It is a startling fact that Holy Mother Church deliberately aims at enrolling every Catholic who has reached the age of reason as a cooperator in the work of the missions. For youngsters up to the age of thirteen there is the wonderfully appealing Holy Childhood Association, and for all older Catholics, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. These Pontifical associations are the Holy Father's strong right arm for making possible the evangelization of the nations.

When Mission Sunday is celebrated in your parish this year, keep in mind that the day is not merely the occasion of just another collection. It is, in fact, a day of challenge, a call to arms. Our Holy Father wants each of us to remember that the spread of the Mystical Body to the ends of the earth, which is the work of the missions, depends upon the cooperation of every last Catholic. It depends, in no matter how small a way, upon *you*.

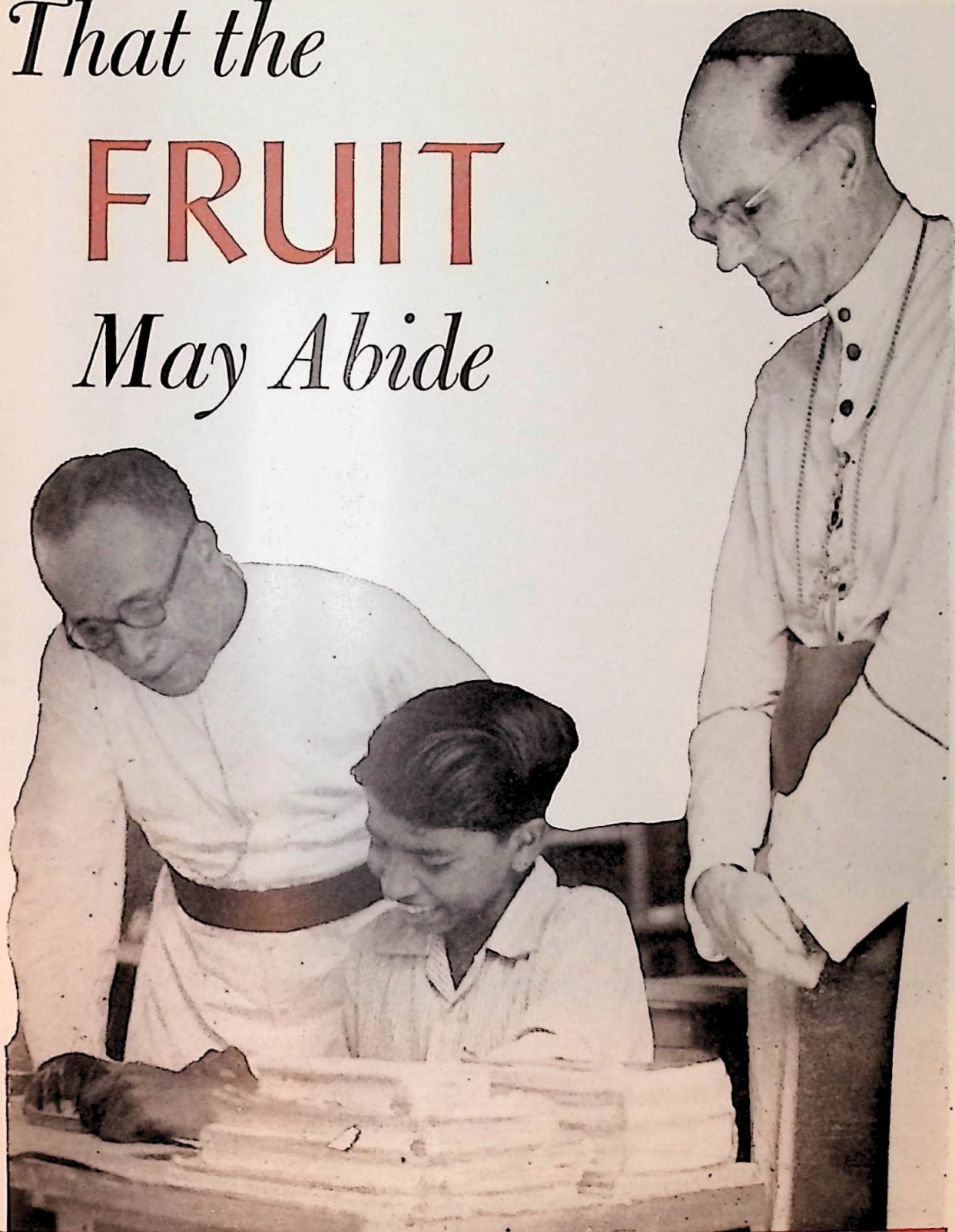
The task of establishing the Church in mission lands is so vast that it needs the hearts and hands of all of us, not just because the job is a big one, but because we are Catholic. If we forget or ignore the missions, we make our professed Catholicity something of a sham. Mission Sunday is an annual reminder to embrace the world, in Christ.

Every single adult Catholic in the United States should be a member of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. The requirements are simple: a small, stipulated donation, and regular prayer for the missions. What a change in the world we could make, if only all American Catholics responded to the desires of the Church in this regard! Each day of the year, millions of American Catholics would pray for the missions, not merely as an extra, private devotion, but as an outpouring of their truly Catholic hearts. And the overwhelming financial burdens which now cripple the work of missionaries would be greatly, even if not completely, eased. Surely, there is no cause on earth more compelling than the building of Christ's Kingdom.

That the

FRUIT

May Abide



The Holy Father's Mission Intention for October concerns the number-one problem of the missions: "That Priestly Vocations in the missionary countries may increase in number and quality."



In the Philippines.

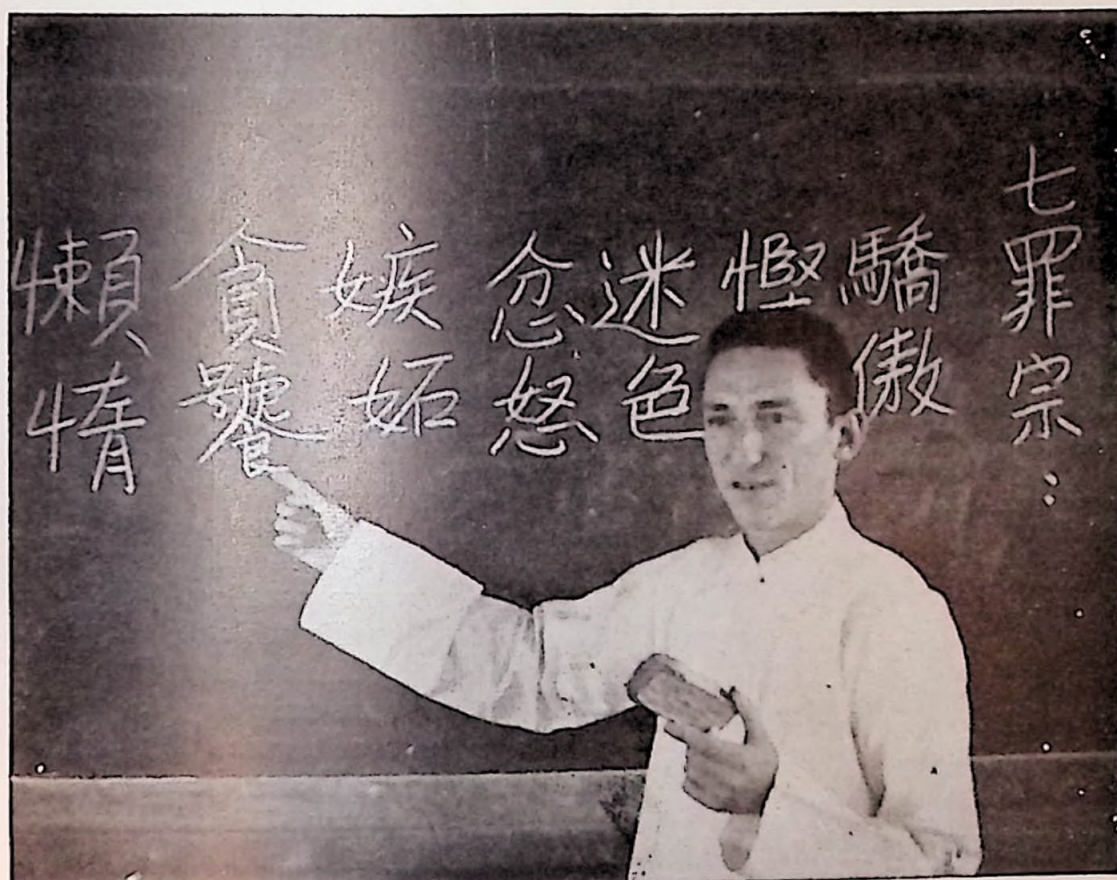
DURING OCTOBER THE HOLY FATHER asks us to pray for one of the most important mission needs—more priestly vocations in mission countries. This is one of the most critical problems obstructing the rapid advance of the true Church. In his Mission Encyclical “Heralds of the Gospel” Pope Pius XII emphasized this prime concern: “It is clear, however, that the Church cannot be properly and duly established in new territories, unless all is there organized as time and circumstances require and especially unless a native clergy equal to the need has been properly educated and trained . . .”

The latest available figures on the number of priests in mission countries show that less than 50% are native born. In the light of world conditions this is a

serious defect. So in China at the present moment the burden of caring for the persecuted Church rests almost solely on China’s own courageous priests. In other countries of Asia there is a definite tendency towards the expulsion or restriction of foreign missionaries. If that should come to pass, the native priests, far too few in numbers, would have to carry on alone.

All over the mission world seminaries are doing their best to train priests of the people. But many more vocations are needed before the supply of priests can even approach an adequate number. This is the number-one problem in missionary countries today and the Holy Father asks us to take it very much to heart during the month of October. Pray that the people may have priests of their own.

That the FRUIT May Abide



China in exile.



Jamaica, B.W.I.



In India.

Jennie

OF THE CHIPPEWAS

LEO E. BIRNEY S.J.



IN THE MISSION OF ST. ISAAC JOGUES, Saulte Ste. Marie, Michigan, lives an Indian woman whom I want you to meet. A few minutes' conversation with Jennie makes it quite clear that you are in the presence of an outstanding woman. Her friendly warmth and force of character makes you realize what the missionary meant when he said that he didn't know what he would do without her, her force for good in his parish was so constantly evident.

Jennie was baptized as an infant by one of the French Blackrobes who traveled that section of Northern Michigan and Canada by dog-sled and canoe. Her religion was well-learned from her pious Chippewa mother, and her intelligence and interest in religion made her qualified at an early age to be the official religion instructor for her district. She recalls with humor how nervous she was and how she giggled when given the task of instructing an elderly Indian chief for baptism, when she was only 12.

Jennie's mother had a great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and an altar was always set up in the home in the hope that some day Mass would be said there. For, because of the shortage of priests, the family was able to get to Mass only every two months. For that privilege of Mass the family had to travel a full day to reach the chapel. The next day would be full of religious instruction,

with the third day spent in returning to the home with the empty altar.

Sunday was kept very strictly. On Saturday all the work would be done, even the cooking. Sunday was a day of strict religious observance, with the Gospel in Indian and long prayers.

At an early age Jennie began her long years of service for others. Her mother was sickly, so Jennie was invaluable in taking over her work in raising the other five children.

Later, when her mother and father had gone to heaven, Jennie helped raise her sister's two children. As she says, "I'd take them to church. If there was entertainment in town I would take them there, too. You shouldn't let children grow up by themselves. Take care of them when they are growing up and they'll be all right when they're older."

The young people know that Jennie can help them and they are happy to be with her. Since Jennie centers her life around the church and the Blessed Sacrament, the young girls who constantly surround her are bound to be trained to similar interests. When you see that she is a gentle woman, who never issues a command, you have to know that Jennie is a woman of prayer with a magnetism which draws the children to Christ.

It makes you realize what the missionary means when he says, "What would I do without Jennie?"



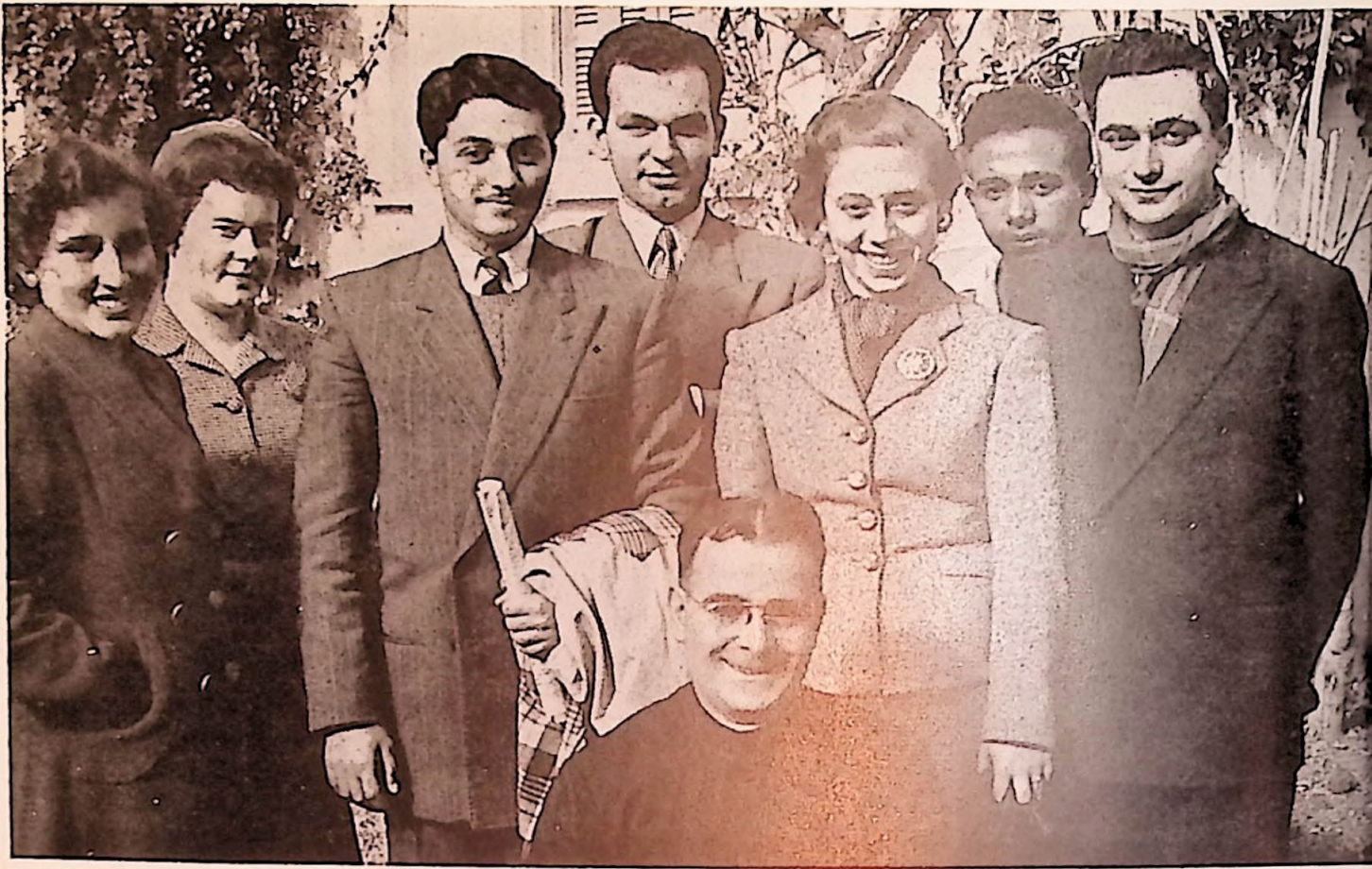
The American University of Beirut.

Three Lions

LIGHT OVER

Lebanon

JOSEPH I. HOLLAND S.J.



FIND YOURSELF AN AMERICAN UNIVERSITY abroad, a handful of zealous Catholic students, a rendezvous close by, and permission to launch a program of Catholic Action, and you have the formula for a Newman Club. Here in far-away Beirut, we found our University, the American University of Beirut, formerly the Protestant Syrian College; we found 11 students, two Palestinians, two Ethiopians, three Iraqis, one Syrian, and two Lebanese who represent the multiple rites of the universal Catholic Church: Maronite, Greek, Armenian, Syrian and Roman Catholic. With the blessing of the Apostolic Nuncio to Lebanon, the gracious cooperation of the President of A.U.B., and permission of local Superiors, the Newman Club offered group discussions, direction, and answers to the various attacks or misrepresentations of the University professors.

The Middle East is a center of nationalistic foment, subtle Communist propaganda, and religious struggle. Israel is only one outlet for the inflammable

temperament of the Middle Easterner. England is a "persona non grata" in Egypt and Iran; France draws yearly demonstrations against its imperialistic policy in Algiers and Morocco; and the U.S.A. is a two-headed curiosity, Santa Claus and Machiavelli, enjoying friends and enemies in the same circles. Oddly enough, these foments find external expression in University circles, and the American University of Beirut has witnessed several disastrous ones, with police force being the deciding factor.

The University effort to Westernize these polyglot students meets with apparent external success in the main; but it has not been able to sell a complete bill of American "goods." A quick bird's-eye view of the student enrollment will tell you part of the answer. Of the present school year of 1764 University students, about 600 are Christian, of which about 300 are Catholic. The rest come from the Arab States, and from all parts of the known world. From Palestine come 300; from Saudi Arabia 50; from Syria 250; from Jordan 215; from Iraq

Father Holland of Somerville, Mass., with Newman Club officers from the American University and Beirut College for Women.



56; and from Egypt 19. Lebanon sends 4425 of its youth to complete the Arab picture. From the Faculty list of 1951-52 one finds about 117 A.U.B. trained teachers; and about 80 American born and educated professors; other nations contribute one or two. There are less than a handful of Catholic professors, and none in any important departmental capacity.

The rest of the answer can be found in the Institution's non-religious program. Here is what the ideal of A.U.B. professes to be: "The College is for all conditions and classes of men, without regard to color, nationality, race or religion. A man white, black or yellow; Christian, Jew, Mohammedan, or heathen, may enter and enjoy all the advantages of this institution for three, four or eight years; and go out believing in God, in many Gods, or in no God. But it will be impossible for anyone to continue with us long without knowing what we believe to be the truth, and our reasons for that belief."

The Newman Club has been a long-overdue effort to do something for the Catholic student. A well-instructed, vocal chorus of Catholic apologists is necessary if education, in the full sense, is to be accepted and analyzed. *Grace à Dieu*, the Catholics are beginning to hear of the full development of a man's capacity to learn.

Such is the background of our Newman Clubs. I say Clubs, for the Beirut College for Women (B.C.W.) with 50 Catholic students has asked to share in our reunions. Although only a dozen of these girls attend, we pray that others will feel the necessity of Catholic apologetics.

November 1952 saw our first meeting in the U.S.I.S. Library (United States Information Service) due to the gracious-

ness of the Directors. From eleven our numbers grew to about 30 constant members, some curious, but most interested in their Catholic problems. When Uncle Sam curtailed his foreign program, he cut us out of a meeting place, for the Library had to close on Sundays, our day of discussions. The Director of the British Council Service offered us the use of its lecture hall, on the proviso that we would not hold "strictly religious meetings." Finally, the Capuchin Church of St. Francis, which serves the Americans in Beirut, opened its parlor and small library space to us, and in January of 1954 we held our first meeting of a strictly religious nature. On Passion Sunday we held our first combined Communion Sunday and Breakfast. This is to be repeated monthly.

We opened up our library which, thanks to JESUIT MISSIONS and the BROOKLYN TABLET, is supplied with about 200 books and pamphlets, and countless Catholic magazines. Money gifts swelled our purchases of books, and now we have given heart and courage to our students who know where they can find Catholic material for counter-attacks.

Our beginnings were small, and not without disappointments and difficulties. I can remember one day when our meeting place was not opened for us through an error, when I lectured on the sidewalk, on the Protestant Reformation, to about 50 people, most of them the University students, but also made up of passers-by, who probably thought Billy Graham had come to Beirut. Certainly, Cardinal Newman will bless this first extra-U.S.A. Newman Club in the search for and the love of those eternal truths which will advance understanding, tolerance and charity for people of other nations. Perhaps nowhere else is it more needed than in the Middle East.

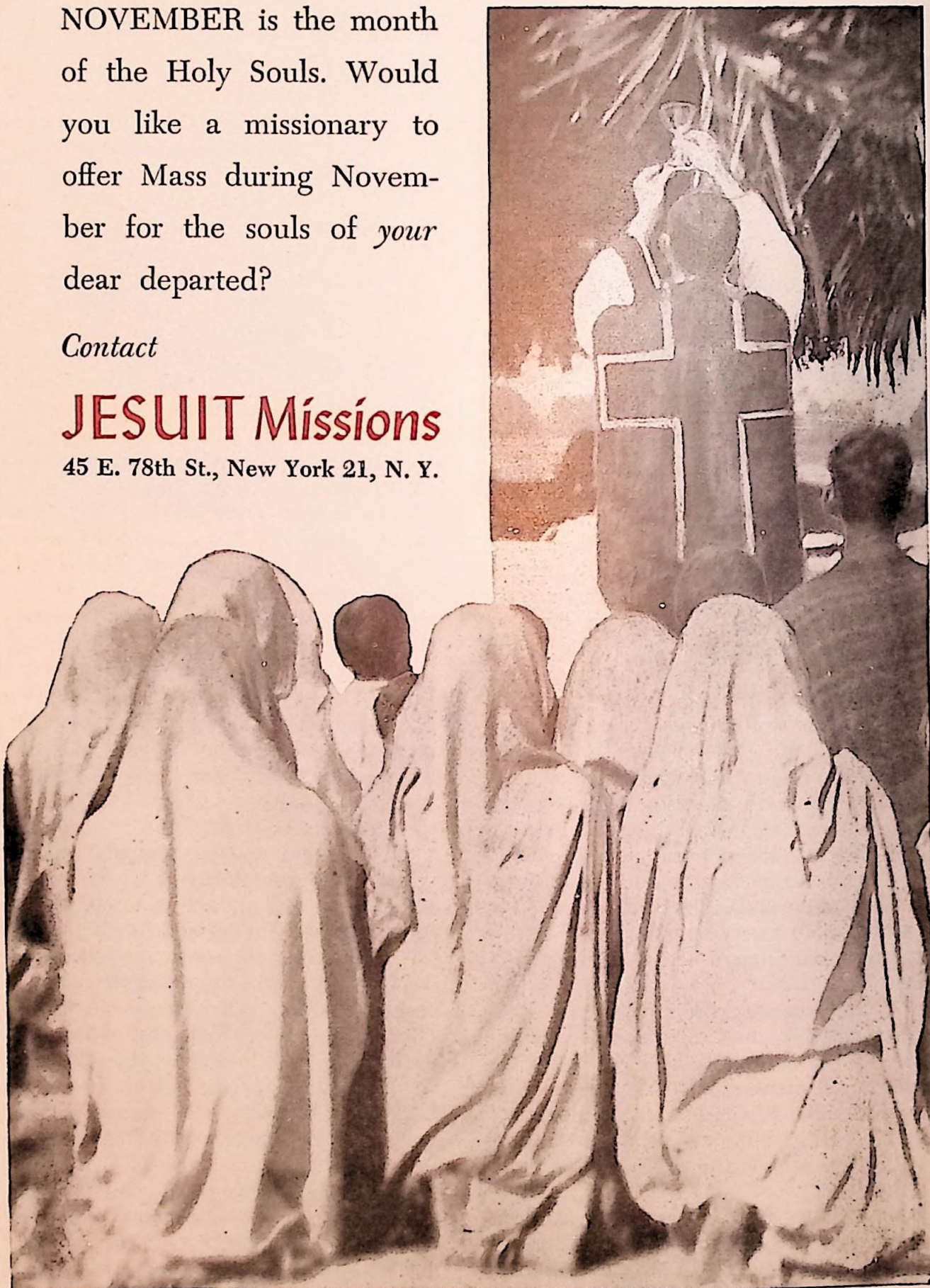
A Missionary's Mass

NOVEMBER is the month of the Holy Souls. Would you like a missionary to offer Mass during November for the souls of *your* dear departed?

Contact

JESUIT Missions

45 E. 78th St., New York 21, N. Y.



THE Patna PENMAN



WILLIAM H.
MORAN S.J.

TIME IS BEGINNING TO TAKE ITS TOLL OF ONE of the veteran missionaries of the Patna Mission, and Father Peter J. Sontag is no longer able to be in the real mission work that he loved so well. He is now tied down to a desk at De Nobili College in Poona directing 160 Scholastics in the spiritual life, but his missionary work is far from over. When Father Sontag moved to Poona a year and a half ago he brought with him his correspondence course



Father Peter Sontag S.J. works on his well-known IHS correspondence.

in the faith, and now with the help of the Scholastics is broadening his efforts.

The Institute of Home Study, commonly known as the IHS, is primarily intended to teach non-Catholics what the Catholic religion is all about but Father has recently expanded it to instruct Catholics who wish to know more about their faith.

Trying to pin Father Sontag down to what results he was getting from these letters was a very difficult job. He gave a long preface about the fact that he didn't count the success in the number of conversions, first of all because he couldn't possibly know about all of them; some after they have started the course go to their local priest and finish the instructions. Others, he said, may not at once embrace the faith, but it does plant in their minds the seed that in years to come may well grow into a tree.

Then he likes to sit back and drive one point home. He points out that Christ sent the Apostles out to preach the Gospel, and He said nothing about the success being counted by the number of converts—the duty of the missionary is to preach Christ. And that is the duty that

Father Sontag is not only driving home to the Scholastics at De Nobili but doing himself. He shows by his example that a job that ties you to a desk for eight hours or more a day isn't necessarily one that excludes you from preaching. It is the duty of the missionary—and he stresses that word *duty*.

But we all like to see some fruit of our labors and so, pressed further as to just what results he was getting, Father again outlined his preface and then said that at present he had about 125 correspondents who had completed from one to twelve of the lessons which he mails to them. Last month he knows of two who were received into the Church via the IHS Letters, and this month there have been five more and he is already counting on the ones next month.

The IHS Letters are twelve sets of instructions together with a question sheet that the student must fill and return. This is corrected, points from that sheet stressed and the next instruction sent with the next question sheet. At present the Letters are in English and Hindi with the Marathi version on the press.

Father Sontag had been tied down to these facts a bit against his will and when he had given them he again settled back and began another point that is strong with him. These Letters shouldn't have to go through the mail at all. There should be a catechist in every mission station who would distribute them, one each week, and at the same time, while he is right on the spot, could discuss them with the one interested. There are not enough priests to fulfill the *duty* to preach the gospel, he likes to stress, and so we just have to enlist help wherever we can.

Father is a missionary who has used the spoken word over the vast territories of the northern section of India, and now that he is held down to a job that doesn't allow him to get out and use the spoken word, he has switched his attack to the written word, because he can never let himself shirk the duty that has been imposed on him with the missionary's white cassock . . . to preach Christ to those who know Him not.



ALASKA • BRITISH HONDURAS • CEYLON • CHINA • INDIA

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

Afield... with American Jesuits

HABUKI YA MARYAM

The above words mean "Mary, we love you," in Arabic, the language of the angels. MR. NEIL F. DECKER S.J., of the Iraq mission, writes about a special manifestation of love for Our Lady:

"Nearly two thousand children from the Catholic schools of the city came out to Baghdad College to pray for peace throughout the world. The spring floods, which were the worst in history, had receded, so the field was in good shape.

"We put up an altar and a huge statue of Our Lady for the crowning ceremonies. When all the youngsters were in their places, the clergy, led by the Chaldean Patriarch and the Bishops of the Latin, Syrian and Armenian Catholics, entered in solemn procession.

"The sun was just going down in the western desert when the entire group began to sing their favorite hymn to Our

Blessed Mother—Habuki ya Maryam. There was a lot more to the ceremony, of course, but that lovely hymn and the strong voices of the children as they recited the rosary in Arabic showed their deep love for the Mother of us all. It was a wonderful day."

NEVER COUNT THE COST?

Sometimes it is very illuminating to count the cost. MOST REVEREND THOMAS J. FEENEY S.J., Vicar Apostolic of the Carolines and Marshalls, has worked out some startling figures for his mission.

His Excellency estimates that basic training costs for the missionary personnel came to \$1,034,650. In other words, merely to provide the priests, Brothers and Sisters for the mission—the C.O.D. cost, so to speak—required that sum.

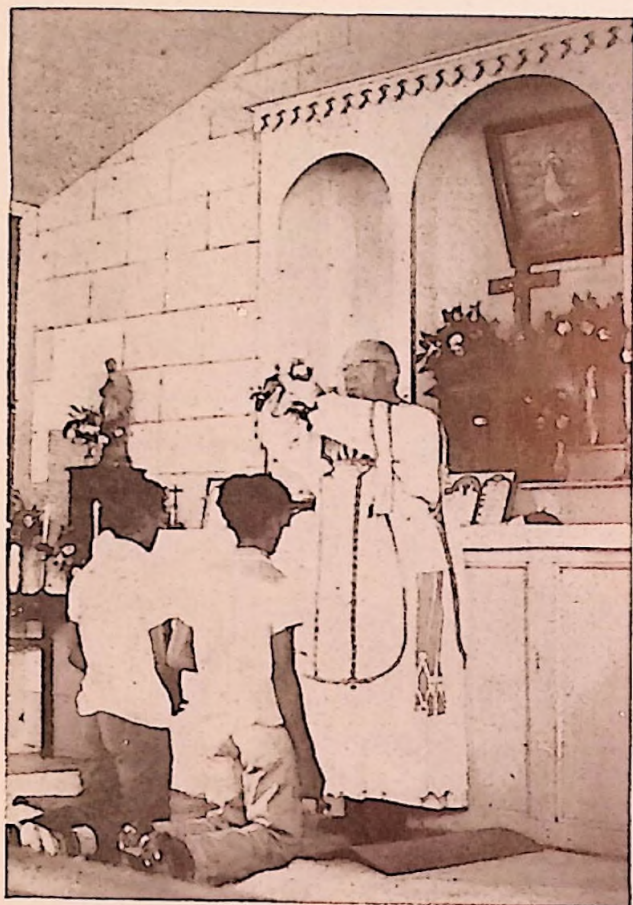
Over the years, the physical plant of the mission, built by the Americans and

Before an outdoor altar and the statue of Our Blessed Lady, the school children of Baghdad's Catholic primary schools gather to pray for peace throughout the world.





CAROLINE-MARSHALL ISLANDS • INDIAN AND NEGRO MISSION



On war-famed Peleliu in the Pacific, Bishop Thomas Feeney celebrates Mass.

their predecessors, has grown to 192 units, including 74 churches and chapels, 14 schools, 18 rectories, 7 convents, at a total cost of \$2,500,000. To travel around the chain of mission stations, there are 17 boats whose combined assessed value is \$276,560, and nine jeeps and jeep trucks worth \$15,940.

That adds up to a basic, permanent investment of \$3,827,150. And not a penny of it wasted.

THE SCHOOL COST \$30

FATHER RICHARD J. NEU S.J., of Chakradharpur, India, keeps the books of his mission with care. He knows that it costs two cents a day to feed his big police dog. And here is a report on how he started a school for \$30.

"In this parish we have 1,000 Catholics and countless pagans, yet we do not have a single Catholic school. In fact there is no school at all for the Hindi-speaking children. So the youngsters just loaf around all day and you can imagine how demoralizing that is.

"The people, the catechists and I have talked over this problem for quite a while. Finally, they dug deep for a collection—they are poor people—and gave me about \$30 to start a school.

"Then the catechists' wives stepped in. While one does the domestic tasks of both, the other has set up our first school in the shade of a big tree. No desks, no chairs, no blackboards. Just pencil stubs and the backs of old handbills. But now you can hear the daily chant of the Hindi alphabet; and parents who never learned to read or write look on in amazement as their children decipher the pages of the catechism or make marks on paper for Father to read."

Father Richard Neu of the Maryland Province is on the Jamshedpur Mission.





WACK-UP ON THE KUSKOKWIM

FATHER LAWRENCE N. HAFFIE S.J., of Bethel, Alaska, now knows that a sandbar is not the best sort of runway for a plane. He writes:

"We were flying from Aniak to McGrath in a borrowed plane. Everything went fine until we tried to take off after landing on a long sandbar on the Kuskokwim River. The plane never got off the ground. It wobbled and nosed over



Father Haffie has found that the big problem in Alaska is transportation, which is hazardous and very expensive.

into the sand, bending the prop and flattening the wheels.

"A very mild crash, really. The pilot had his lips cut a bit and I picked up a deep cut under the right eye. We had to walk about seven miles in the wilderness to reach a village where we radioed an emergency message lest anybody be worried about us.

"Please remember me to all the friends who were so kind when I was at JM."

SPOTLIGHT



DOWN TO THE CARIBBEAN ISLE OF Jamaica and the quaintly named town of Half Way Tree goes our Spotlight this month. At Holy Cross Mission it comes to rest on Father George Kilcoyne S.J., who is ordinarily quite adept at avoiding spotlights and publicity. But we think his fellow missionaries will gladly agree that it is high time for a word of tribute to their popular co-worker.

Father Kilcoyne has been in Jamaica for the last fifteen years. For a good part of that time he was stationed at St. George's College in Kingston in the job of Guest Master and Minister to the Jesuit faculty. There are a thousand details to those jobs but calmly, patiently, Father Kilcoyne went about his duty of caring for the material comfort and welfare of the community. Every missionary from the bush, seeking a few days of rest and companionship, met with a warm welcome and generous hospitality at his hands. His gracious kindness has endeared him to his fellow Jesuits and the people of Jamaica.



ALASKA • BRITISH HONDURAS • GEYLON • CHINA • INDIA



Father Francis C. Jackmauh S.J. gives instructions to two of his parishioners.

NOT AMONG THE AMAZONS!

FATHER FRANCIS C. JACKMAUH S.J. is a six-foot-plus giant of a missionary in Highgate, Jamaica. He is not only strong, but silent. Now he breaks his silence for the sake of the record.

"The folks at home have been scanning JM for years looking for an article by me. I think I had better say something lest my friends think I have moved to a new mission.

"Recently a magazine printed my picture with the caption that I was doing mission work in South America. Alongside was another picture—of some Amazonian Indians. Maybe someone got the idea I was heading for the jungle when I bought some war-surplus goods like combat boots, mosquito netting, quinine and repellants.

"I'm still here at Highgate, in the mountains by the sea. I have four sepa-

rate centers, schools, a hospital, a poor-house and a prison to care for. No Amazons in these parts."

FATHER LIVES IN A BATH-HOUSE

One of the strangest rectories in the mission world must be the one where FATHER JOHN J. BRENNAN S.J. lives. It is an old bath-house in Hsinchu, Formosa.

The Church in Hsinchu is scarcely in the brick and mortar stage, so even a bath-house will do for a beginning. Father Brennan is cleaning it up, odd as that may sound, and hopes to make it a center of Christianity for Chung Shan Street.

The only "church" in Hsinchu is a remodeled store on Lin Sen Road. It is no cathedral, but the chapel can seat 100, more in a pinch. There is a reading room, a library, and two rooms for the endless round of English classes. The missionaries live upstairs, and their tiny ship's kitchen regularly turns out meals for fifteen.

A small beginning. But on a quiet side street is a small compound destined to be the home of a band of Carmelite nuns from Santa Clara, California. With a Carmel in Hsinchu, God's blessings will surely pour down on this city and its infant Church.

WHALE STEAK AND CHOPSTICKS

The Japanese Jesuit novices manage their "hashi" (ivory chopsticks) with grace and skill. FATHER THOMAS G. HAND S.J. is still a beginner. He writes:

"We had a fair-sized steak (whale) for the evening meal. To handle it, I should have stuck to the chopsticks, but I had to capitulate and use a small knife which should properly have been reserved only for peeling the apple at the end of the meal. Even at that, I finished a couple of laps behind the hashi-wielding novices."

The Business of MISSIONS



Dear Friend:

May I suggest a practical preparation for the feast of Christ the King? It is also in accord with the spirit of Mission Sunday. The reading of articles in mission magazines has often inspired vocations to the missions. It might be well to reflect upon the eternal effects of such external graces. As a consequence, souls have been served and preserved for life everlasting by the instrumentality of an additional missionary priest, Brother or Sister. It is by no means unreasonable to expect that God will grant the same grace to members of your family or to friends. God will ever be aware of your personal interest in extending His Kingdom.

As previously announced, a monthly Mass is offered at the altar of St. Francis Xavier in the Gesu Church in Rome for anyone sending five subscriptions to JESUIT MISSIONS. A special scroll from Rome will also be presented to you as an assurance that American Jesuit missionaries the world over are praying for your intentions.

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

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BELLS BY THE

Talisay Tree

*Ring out, ring out, glad-sad bells,
Ring out by the talisay tree;
Each stroke of tears or laughter tells
Along the streets of Gingoog by the
sea.*

*You laugh with the baby's new-born cry,
You weep as you watch the widow's
tears;*

*You mount your children's gaze on high,
Ringing them homewards through the
years.*

*The night has come for many a soul
Who lived near the talisay tree;
But filled with hope, the bells still toll
For the dead of Gingoog by the sea.*

AND SO IT GOES ON FOREVER, THE song of the bells in Gingoog by a bay of the Mindanao Sea. They are the bells of St. Rita's, put up by the tremendous faith of the late Father Edward Wasil S.J. with the cooperation of his parishioners. Listen for a moment and discover if you can hear them, far across the seas.



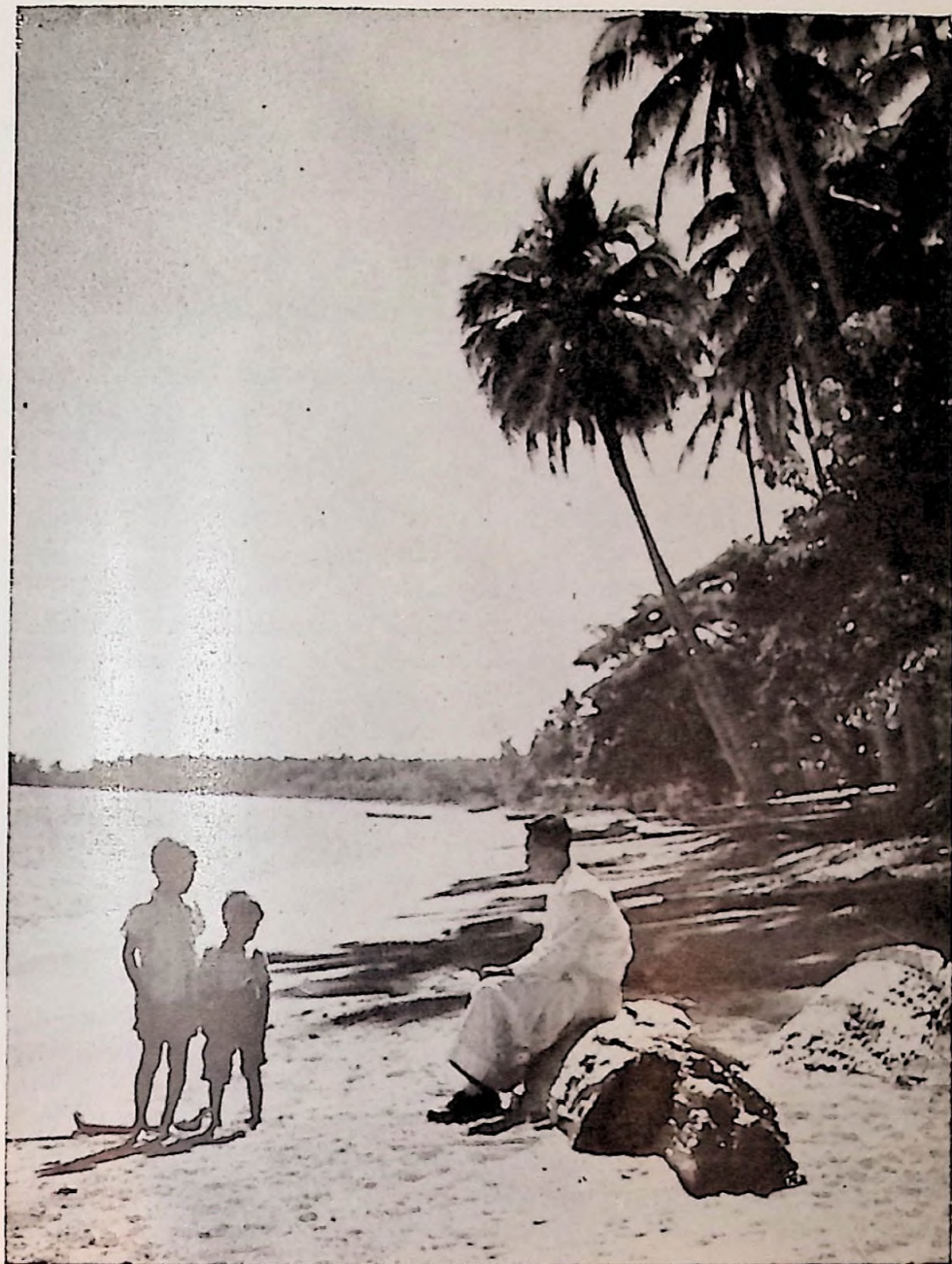
Before the bright sun shakes off the covers of the night, a bell is ringing in the steeple, echoing north to the sea, south to the mountains, east to the tip of Surigao, west to Cagayan de Oro,

driving the sleep from our eyes. And then we hear a softer, gentler tone, three, three, three and nine times over, the sweet sounds of the Angelus, recalling the mystery of our Redemption and of God's abiding presence on the earth. Then all is quiet, save for the patter of sandaled or bare feet over the dusty roads and over the plaza, coming to Mass. The Father dons his vestments and comes to the altar to offer the morning Sacrifice, and then another, deeper bell booms out the fulfillment of the Prophet Malachy's cry: "From the rising of the sun to its going down, My Name is great among the Gentiles . . . and in every place a clean oblation is offered to My Name."

As the Mass proceeds in the light of early morn, the bells ring out more insistently, calling the people to Communion with their God. The bells speak a language the people all understand. The missionary may be a stranger, speaking a strange tongue, and struggling with the native dialects; but they all understand the bells. Music is a book that all children, of all ages, can learn.

Then through the long day, in sunshine and in rain, the great bells announce the other great events in man's life on earth, and warn him of the life to come—for they are so high up in their steeple that they seem to reflect the sounds that come from eternity. The new birth at baptism of the infant or the adult; the sacred bond of Christian marriage; these joys are rung out by all the

The song of the bells is heard morning, noon and night along the quiet shores of the Mindanao sea.



bells together, quickly and often (Replique), for they know the meaning of the events they see below them in the quiet of the church. But one bell, lonely, solemn, understands the moments of sorrow, and calls out its dark but consoling tone to the widow as she stands beneath the steeple, the bare wood coffin of her four-year-old child waiting for the priest's final blessing and burial. The bell understands, and rings the note of pity for the young husband as he watches the candles burn on his wife's last resting-place. The bell follows the grief-stricken, as if to remind them that the angels are taking their loved ones to heaven.

The bell is part of our life here, not obtrusively, like an outsider, but like an intimate friend, an adviser, a counselor,

a companion, a messenger from above. And in the echoes of the bells are the voices of the pastors of Gingoog.

The voice of the present shepherd, Father Kirchgessner, is heard in their tones; the voice of Father Edward Wasil, who placed the bells in their new steeple—one, cast in 1926, christened "Saint Rita"; another, born long ago in 1919, known only as "Mission de la Compañia de Jesus"; and the little, joyful bell, oldest of all, born in 1918, when Father Matias Roure was the shepherd of Gingoog—the voice of Father Consunji who laid down his life for his flock far away from the peaceful town; they are the voice of all the pastors of Gingoog, since Christ the King first came there to stay. The echoes can be heard across the seas.

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

From the Philippines comes the request that we mention the need for six sets of holy oil stocks to be used for sick calls. These stocks cost \$14.00. Perhaps you would like to pay for one of these sets and thus have a share in bringing the consolation of the Last Sacraments to some one on the missions.

You Sent the Bambino to Father Fahey in the Caroline Islands, when we told you of his need for the statue. Thank you very much.

Now we have a request from the same missionary for a movie projector which would be used for religious instruction for the children—for adults, too. Would you like to give a dollar to help pay for the projector? It would mean a lot to this priest on a far-away mission field.

He Shall Have Music wherever he goes, if Father Baud, Nulato, Alaska, can obtain a portable organ. Father has several mission stations and could not hope to supply each mission with an organ. One small organ can be carried to these various mission stations, if Father Baud receives the \$50.00 to buy the organ. Would you help?

Here's a Good Plan for helping two missionary projects at the same time. Beds are needed for a new hospital in India which would be made by the boys at the Loyola Industrial School. You could help the boys support themselves by paying for the beds which they would make for the Sisters' hospital. Your contribution for hospital beds would aid the Industrial School and furnish a hospital as well.

500 beds at \$20.00 each.

From the Pulpit will come the Word of God, providing Father William Dwyer, Port Antonio, Jamaica, receives enough contributions. A pulpit would add dignity to his church services and would improve the appearance of the sanctuary. It would also make a fitting memorial, which could be dedicated to the memory of a deceased relative.

Pulpit for Jamaica—\$100.00

Father Burke Says it would be a luxury to have a motor bike in India. Yet he had just finished a trip on which he had pedalled seven miles in 110 degree temperature, against a strong wind; waited two hours on a blazing hot railway platform; and then considered himself lucky to get standing room for the eleven remaining miles.

The reason Father Burke thinks his mechanical travel would be a luxury is that his people are so poor, that he thinks of their needs first and forgets his own convenience. There is more than comfort involved here. Father's health should get some consideration, too.

Do you approve the idea of the motor bike for the missionary? Join the "Keep the Missionary Moving Club."

Membership—\$1.00.

It's Brick by Brick for Father John Lange, still painfully building his school in Ceylon by hand. No easy task for a man who has had at least 23 bouts with malaria. But this school means much to him and to the children it will introduce to Christ.

What does he need? That's simple.

Everything! for your consideration:

Concrete blocks 20 cents each
Cement 1.00 a bag

Well Dressed AT THE ALTAR



A missionary's burden is a heavy one.
Isolation. Loneliness. Homesickness . . .
He puts up with these things, gallantly,
because he loves Christ and wants to win Him souls.
Ease his burden by ensuring that when he says Mass
he and his altar boys are properly dressed.
The mission of Jamaica, B.W.I. needs vestments,
cassocks, surplices. It needs them badly.

SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS TO

JESUIT MISSIONS

45 EAST 78th STREET, NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

*Won't You
Help?*

GIVE GENEROUSLY



SUNDAY **Oct. 24**

IS **Mission Sunday**

SUPPORT YOUR

*Society for the
Propagation of the Faith*