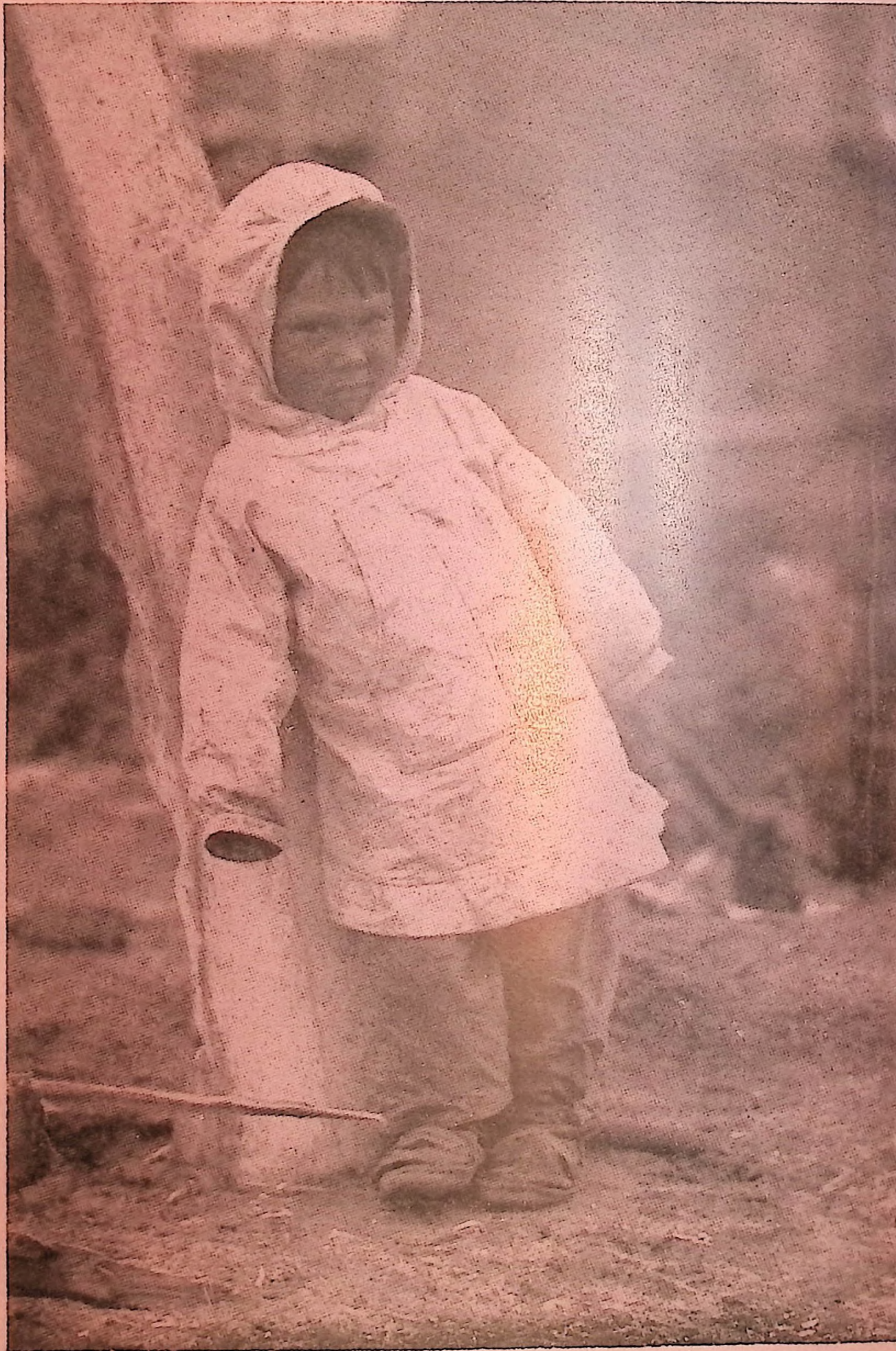


Jesuit Missions



DECEMBER, 1955



The End of an Era

THE MEN gathered around the table represented over one hundred and ten years of missionary experience in Alaska. At the head of the table sat Bishop Gleason S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Alaska. On his right was Father Henry Schultheis, Provincial of the Oregon Province which staffs the Alaska Mission. Father Norman Donohue, Mission Superior, was on the Bishop's left.

The others ranged around the table were Father Paul O'Connor who had spent twenty-five years along the Bering Coast; Father Tom Cunningham with his long experience on Diomedes and King Islands and now advisor to the Military on matters Alaskan; Father Jules Convert who had spent years among the most primitive Eskimos and was now Superior of Holy Cross Mission; Father James Spils, famed for his mission station building; Father John Buchanan, the "Pack Rat Priest"; Father James Conwell, Chancellor of the Vicariate; and myself, Procurator for the Mission.

The question before us was an important one. What should be done about Holy Cross Mission? For four days we discussed the situation from every angle before we reached a decision.

Seventy years ago, the mission of Holy Cross had been founded at a wonderful location on the lower Yukon River near the village of Koserefski. Starting with absolutely nothing, living first in tents,

and then in little log cabins, slowly and gradually building, in the face of superstition, danger and opposition, the Jesuit Fathers, aided by the noble work of the Sisters of St. Ann, established the first Catholic Boarding School for the natives of Alaska.

Boys and girls, both Eskimo and Indian, were taken into the school, and Holy Cross soon became the most famous spot on the Yukon River. Paddle wheel steamers, pushing their strings of barges up the Yukon River to the gold fields of Circle, Fort Yukon, Eagle and Dawson, stopped at Holy Cross to allow their adventurous passengers a glimpse of the work being done, for the love of God.

In the meantime, the Jesuit Fathers, using Holy Cross as their headquarters, began to push out their apostolic journeys like the spokes of a wheel. Up the Innoco River, historic Father Judge brought Catholicism to the villages of Shagaluk and Kolokachuk. Over the portage to Flat, Icitarod and the Kuskokwim rivers, down the river to Akulurak and St. Michael; over the Yukon Delta and the Eskinok mountains to Hooper Bay, Scammon Bay and Nelson Island, one mission station after another had been established at the cost of terrific hardship, lengthy journeys, and Christlike zeal.

And in the meantime, back at Holy Cross, the good Sisters of St. Ann aided

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by cooking, baking, washing and teaching the youngsters who had begun to arrive in numbers. Digging and planting gardens in the summer, establishing a fish camp to catch the salmon to be used as food during the winter, they planted the Faith of Christ firmly on the Yukon River. Boys and girls taught at Holy Cross, went back to their native villages, to become the leaders of their little communities.

But time brings other changes as well. The Yukon, swift, torturous, and ever changing, began to cut into the mission fields. Potato fields, cabbage gardens, foot by foot crumbled before the swift running muddy water, and the cutting of the ice in the Spring break-ups.

Wooden buildings constructed by the Brothers with native help, had stood up well against the savage blizzards of the winter, the piercing cold, and the drenching rains of summer. But sixty and seventy years of Alaskan climate take their toll of wooden buildings, and they, like humans, must be replaced.

Then the river changed its tactics. A sand bar started to form a couple of miles above the mission. Each year it extended farther and farther until it extended down past the mission, gradually

cutting the mission away from the river, making it more and more difficult for the little river steamer to bring in supplies.

Costs of operation doubled, and then doubled again. Freight which cost sixty dollars a ton in 1940, cost one hundred and forty dollars in 1950. Now costs are up to one hundred and sixty-five dollars a ton.

This was the problem facing the Bishop and his consultants. What to do about Holy Cross? To rebuild was a practical impossibility. The staggering cost of freight for the tremendous amount of building material needed was impossible to raise, even if some generous benefactor were to provide the materials.

Year after year, the salmon runs were diminishing. Natives depending for a living on the fur they trapped, found dropping fur markets and less and less currency to provide the few necessities. More and more were leaving the river for Fairbanks, Nome and Anchorage. And in these cities, their opportunities for decent livelihood were meager.

It was quite evident that both Eskimo and Indian would have to compete with the white inhabitants of Alaska for a living, and they were woefully handicapped for such competition.

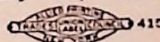


COVER. Father John Murphy S.J. of St. Louis talks over the all important banana situation in the Departamento of Yoro in Honduras, Central America. Jesuits of the Missouri Province have staffed the neighboring mission of British Honduras for over half a century. Less than ten years ago they crossed the border to begin work in Honduras. In late September hurricane Janet wreaked heavy destruction on the coastal mission. (cf. p.4) Life photo by Margaret Bourke-White.

JM

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Lloyd Elesanga of Little Diomed Island and Agatha Katungazoc of King Island at Christmas crib.

The only possible answer in sight lay with Father John Buchanan. Father, with his own energy, boundless enthusiasm and generous friends, had constructed chapels along the Alcan highway coming into Alaska. Possibly Father Buchanan with his new ideas could help.

In the Copper River Valley, down toward the famous Matanuska Valley, lay thousands and thousands of acres of land where a school could be built where these native youngsters could get the education they needed so badly. Father Buchanan petitioned Congress for a grant of land and his plea was granted. Father went to his friends, gave them an idea of what he planned, and his friends responded magnificently. Lumber, concrete block, glass, paint, electrical equipment, trucks, all appeared, almost as from the air, but in reality from men and women big enough to realize the magnitude of what Father was attempting in this north country.

This was the possible solution. For four days the Bishop and his consultors talked it over. It was not easy to decide to close Holy Cross, the heart of the Catholic Missions of Alaska. Too many

wonderful men have given of themselves unsparingly, to make it a reality. Too much had been accomplished there, to close it without serious consideration; to open another school more than six hundred miles away.

Fortunately, just two years ago, the new St. Mary's had opened on the Andreafski River, about two hundred miles down stream, and it could take care of the lower Yukon.

All these things were discussed, and finally the decision was made. Holy Cross would close. A new school would be opened in the Copper Valley, and the native boys and girls of Alaska would be given an opportunity for a real education. All the primary grades would be taught by a greatly enlarged staff of Fathers and Sisters. High School courses would be provided for those who had the capabilities and vocational courses for others. Perhaps, as the years develop, there will be boys and girls who will be able to look forward to college.

It is the end of an era but it may well mean the dawn of a better and a brighter day for the Eskimos and Indians of Alaska.

Death Rides



the Wind

A few weeks ago the worst hurricane in the history of British Honduras struck the north coast around the Corozal district. Here are the first reports.

FROM FATHER JOHN WHITE S.J.:
"Last night I returned from Corozal about midnight. There is really nothing left but the few concrete schools and people. The houses from Orange Walk to Corozal are all down, the crops are destroyed, the animals blown away or drowned. I have never seen such complete destruction before. Eleven people were killed and about a hundred injured but across the bay in Chetumal they have found one hundred and thirty dead and are still digging.

"Father Pick contacted the outside by radio the first thing in the morning after the destruction. The message was relayed to Belize from the States and help started up the road at once. Gene Maestre told me and started up the road with a crew of his workers in a power wagon to clear the road. Father McCormack immediately began gathering provisions; we got another truck to follow Maestre and in less than an hour things were on their way. Father Kramer, Superior, went up the road on his motorcycle. I don't know how he did it, but he pushed it through bush, dragged it over trees, and was within walking distance of Corozal by afternoon. He was the first to reach the place—and this is what he found."

From Father Urban Kramer, Superior of the Jesuit Mission:

"As I walked into the town of Corozal, all I could see was the destruction and desolation of what had once been a beautiful shore town. I could look across

the town from one end to the other and here and there see a few old palms towering above the debris after surviving the terrible winds of the hurricane.

"Nearly 95% of the town was destroyed. About 12 houses were standing. All the rest were battered down and flattened to the ground. Wreckage of buildings was thrown everywhere and people were walking around with confused looks on their faces, some digging in the ruins of their homes, others gathering up wet scattered clothing, hanging them up to dry, others just standing or sitting, looking off into space.

"I was the first to reach Corozal from Belize. I should have arrived there an hour earlier except that I took time out to help the people in the villages along the road and read the Last Rites of the Church over the dead. Other vehicles from Belize did not reach Corozal until at least an hour later.

"The church in Corozal, the school and the Sisters' convent were completely destroyed. Some damage was done to the Fathers' house especially to the roof at one end. There were broken windows, sprung doors and the house was littered with debris and water on the floors, upstairs and down.

"The hospital in Corozal had been destroyed and the first floor of the Fathers' house was being used as a hospital. When I reached there, the local doctor was doing the best he could with the help of the Pallottine Sisters to administer to the wounded. He was handi-

capped by the fact that he had no medicines and most of his instruments were destroyed when the hospital collapsed. It wasn't until late that night—about 11 o'clock—when anesthetics and other necessary drugs were brought in.”

Father White continues: “Father McCormack and I came up the next day with as many things as we could manage for the villages. We knew them and we knew they could be the last to get any help. These wonderful little Mayas! Already they were propping up the pieces of what was left in order to furnish shelter for their families. All they had to eat were oranges and cocoanuts that lay all over the place. We gave them what we had, including our own lunch and water and brought back as much powdered milk as the car would hold. Father Kramer had arranged for a truck load of food so we were able to get some of that for them too. They simply said ‘God has chastised us,’ and set to work with what was left. They will have no food except what is sent to them for several months.

Only a few rugged palms withstand the wind.



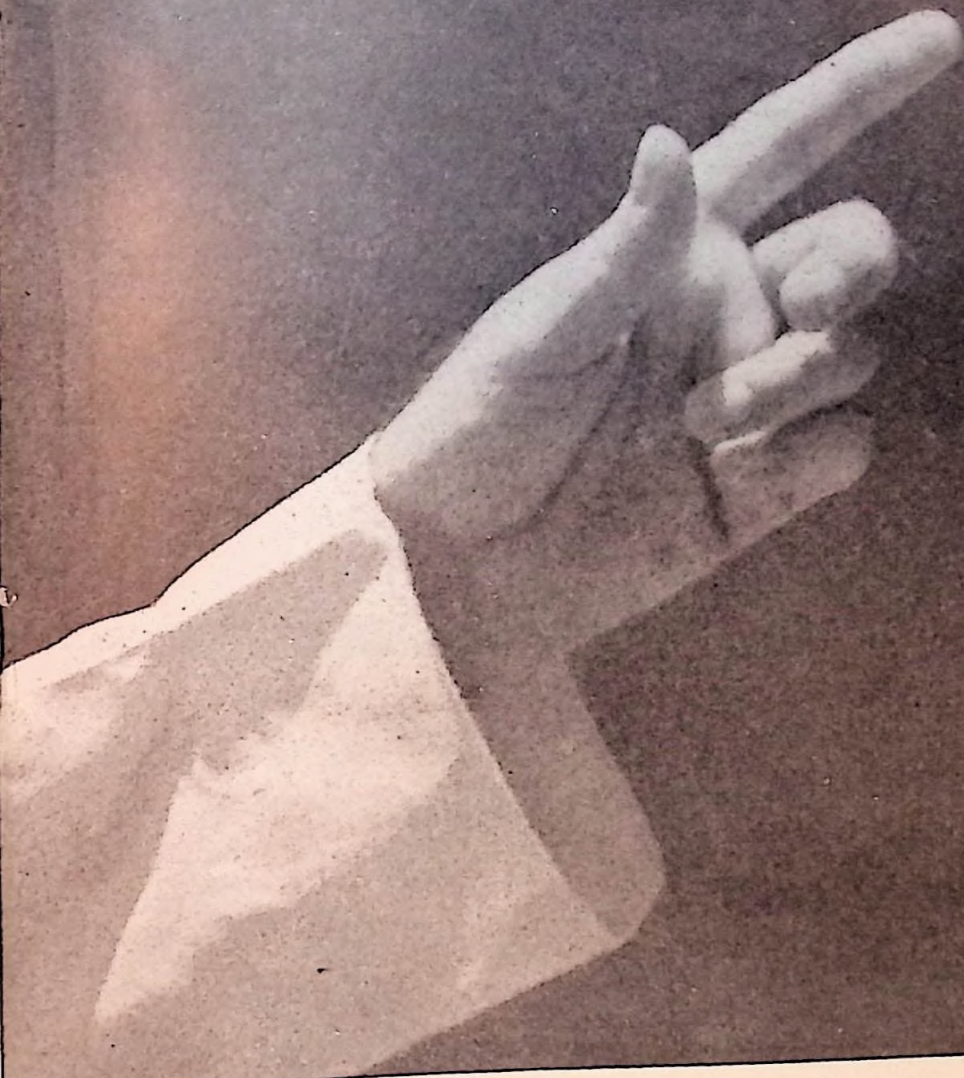
“Father Mac is a gem at digging up little things that people need. He had cartons of needles and thread to go with the cloth he had managed to buy in Belize before we left. In each village we inquired for the sick or injured, made a detailed estimate of the damages and what was left and went on, sick at heart. We knew every house, all the people, every path; but all we could recognize were the people.

“At San Joaquin we had to look to find the place where the neat little church had been. We finally found a teacher's locker standing in a tangle of leaves and marl and knew that was the place. From there we could locate the families. You would think we were angels they were so happy to see us. They knew we would get help to them.

“The concrete schools were the salvation of many. In Sartaneja the people were saved by standing on the desks in the school. In San Narciso, San Pablo, Saibe and Louisville, the people were saved by the strong walls of those schools that were so expensive in sacrifice to get up. With some roof repairs they will all be in use soon again. The bush schools at San Joaquin, Caledonia, and the wooden school at Corozal were total ruins. The wooden school at Conception stood, but its bush roof crashed in and spread the walls. The teachers' houses, with the exception of the stone one Father Mac and I built at Santa Clara and the concrete one Father Corey built at Louisville are all gone.”

Father Kramer sums up: “It is hard to estimate the damage done to school and church property in terms of dollars. The damage, however, is considerable and must run to \$200,000. Besides the church, the school and the Sisters' convent in Corozal, six schools in the villages have been totally destroyed that I know of, two village churches have been destroyed and three or four teachers' residences destroyed. Other schools, churches and teachers' residences in the various villages have sustained various degrees of damage. There are 8,000 people homeless. Pray for us.”

The Human Hands of God





(All photos by Margaret Bourke-White of LIFE Magazine.)

Priestly hands at work. Father Urban Kramer (above) deals in the fundamentals of education while Father Sullivan (right, above) deals in the fundamentals of salvation and Father Ulrich (right) in those of construction.

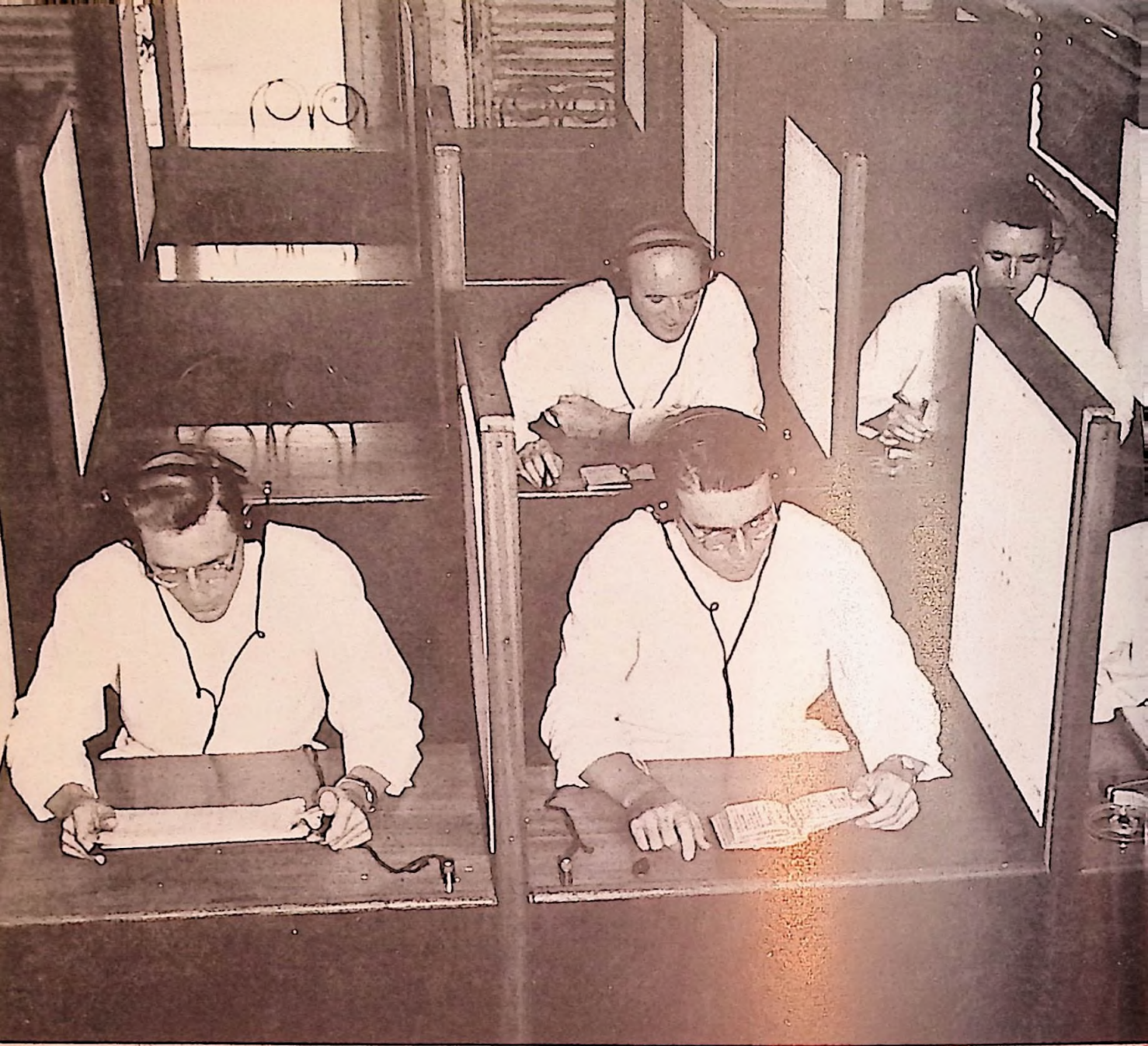




THEY ARE consecrated hands, made holy for His holy work. They bless and save, they teach and cure. They build His Kingdom strongly, surely, across the world. They are dedicated hands, laboring to make that world His world.

One corner of that world is British Honduras in Central America. Over fifty American Jesuits are laboring there and

in nearby Honduras for the sake of His Name. They travel the Caribbean coast and the jungle trails to bring Him to His people, to shrive and to sanctify. They have built His Kingdom solidly and well. Every Catholic child in British Honduras attends a Catholic school and credit unions and cooperatives aid the older people. Human hands, but holy ones.



THE ANCIENT Missionary was in a gay mood. He was sprightly, chipper. Even his beard was buoyant, snapping like a flag in a stiff breeze, and his cane was more a drum-major's baton than a crutch for infirmity. There was no doubt about it—he was in excellent shape for the making of a Pronouncement.

We were not disappointed, though the old man was surprisingly brief. He said what he wanted to say and then sailed out the door for a rendezvous with the squirrels in the park, who were, he said, much more congenial than the present company.

After he left, the rhythm of the typewriters in the office slowed down. We were not brooding because he had abandoned us in favor of the squirrels. We

were mulling over the Pronouncement. This is what the Ancient Missionary said: "Gentlemen, now that I no longer represent the Church in fields afar, and hence cannot be accused of pride, I wish to suggest for your meditation the proposition that it takes brains to be a missionary."

The cane twinkled and flourished. "And that fact, of course, explains why all of you are still here, at home. Because it takes more brains to be a priest on the missions than to be a priest at home."

No one of us would ever have denied that it takes brains to be a missionary. But his assertion that a missionary needs more brains than the rest of us at home was, to a certain degree, a new idea.



Window on the Mission World

However, in no time at all, we could see that the Ancient Missionary was absolutely right.

The contrast between the world of the average priest in the United States and the world of a missionary is very great. Here we live in a familiar world. The language is our mother tongue, the culture is our own, fellow Catholics are numerous and at home in the Faith, the Church is adult, smooth-functioning, sure of herself, solid and settled.

In the missionary's world—what a different picture! By definition, a missionary Church is an infant Church. It is not rooted and established. It has to struggle to win a foothold, to win suspicious hearts and, usually over long and toilsome years, to flower into a complete-

ly native and completely self-sustaining unit of the Church universal.

The missionaries who do this work must do it all in a foreign language amid an alien culture. Sometimes there are no local words to express Christian concepts. Always the milieu is different, baffling, foreign. There are never enough hands to care for all the work to be done and often no proper tools to work with, as buildings, books, teachers, etc.

In short, a missionary priest needs all the skills a priest needs at home, and then some. He has to have resilience, adaptability, resourcefulness, doggedness and, perhaps most of all, patience. Unless we are wrong, that is what the Ancient Missionary meant when he said that a missionary needs brains.

AS ONE WHO SERVED

(Eulogy given in Boston at the Requiem Mass for the late Bishop Feeney, Vicar Apostolic of the Caroline-Marshall Islands.)

“Behold I am in the midst of you as one who serves”: Luke 22:27.

IN PRONOUNCING the eulogy of Bishop Feeney, one need not pretend to eloquence. For the simple record of his missionary career is itself a golden tribute to the zealous apostle whose death we mourn.

God had endowed His devoted servant with uncommon gifts of mind and spirit. Having witnessed the dynamic energy he so prodigally spent on any given undertaking, one might have concluded that he was also endowed with a robust physical constitution. But I think, rather, that his energy was more a triumph of his compelling will than the product of native physical resources. This, certainly, is true, that in the first phase of his missionary career, as a scholastic in the Philippine Islands, he contracted an intestinal disease that plagued him for a dozen years and whose latent ravages even his iron will could not, in the end, withstand.

When Bishop Feeney went to the Philippine Islands in 1921 as a scholastic not yet ordained, he was one of a group of pioneers who had volunteered for a difficult assignment. American Jesuits were to replace the ancient regime of

their Spanish confreres, a task that required all the delicate arts of diplomacy and Christ-like charity. That Bishop Feeney and his colleagues were equal to the task, that their dedication to the apostolic work at hand bore fruit is amply attested by the fact that today, thirty-four years later, the Jesuit mission in the Philippines is a Vice-Province with 437 members, of whom approximately one-half are Philippine-born.

Bishop Feeney returned to the United States in 1924 for his theological studies in preparation for the priesthood. Though broken in health, he refused to resign himself to the role of an invalid. But buoyant, cheerful and uncomplaining he endured his ordeal with an apostolic purpose. Perhaps he was never more truly and effectively the missionary than when he offered the sufferings of those exacting years for the growth of the missions he loved.

Several years after his ordination to the priesthood, when his health had been sufficiently repaired, Bishop Feeney was assigned to the editorial staff of *JESUIT MISSIONS* magazine. This was a new phase of the mission apostolate, making the missions known through his writings, sermons, and lectures. This, too, was a period of intense activity, giving what time he could spare from his editorial duties to the work of retreats and the spiritual direction of souls.

But he still aspired to the foreign missionary apostolate and repeatedly of-

ferred himself for the work to his religious superiors. In 1939, at the age of 45, he was assigned to Jamaica in the British West Indies as Superior of the mission. His term of office coincided with the difficult war years . . . His sympathy for the impoverished people of his mission field was quickly stirred and in consequence he pioneered the establishment of cooperatives and Credit unions to improve the economic conditions of his people. He was acutely aware that a certain minimum of well-being was necessary for their spiritual growth and he strove to quicken in them the sense of their human dignity by improving their standard of living . . .

The crowning years of his missionary career, however, were to lie ahead. When volunteers were requested for the newly assigned mission of the Caroline-Marshall Islands in the distant Pacific, Bishop Feeney was among the first to respond. In 1947, at the age of 53 years, he set out again as a pioneer.

The Caroline-Marshall Islands are a difficult and challenging mission, the world's most extensive missionary diocese embracing an area of 2,000,000 square miles. In order to visualize the extent of this mission field, picture a total of 2,400 small islands scattered over a wide expanse of the Pacific that would reach from Boston to San Francisco. Such was the newly created Vicariate Apostolic of the Caroline-Marshall Islands of which Bishop Feeney was the first Vicar Apostolic.

He was elevated to the fullness of the priesthood at his consecration in our own Cathedral of the Holy Cross on September 8, 1951 . . . From the words of the Preface of the Mass of Consecration, we note there is a series of invocations that might summarize the Christ-like qualities of Bishop Feeney's episcopate. The invocations pronounced over him by the consecrating Archbishop were realized with rich fulfilment. "May he be untiring in his solicitude, fervent in spirit. May he hold pride in contempt, love humility and cherish truth, and never betray it

through complacency or fear."

Bishop Feeney's "solicitude for the churches" was all compelling like that of Saint Paul, embracing not only vigilance but vision; bold and challenging vision in the plans he undertook to make the Church in the Caroline-Marshall Islands an institution rooted in its native soil. He provided for the fostering of native vocations as priests, Sisters and Brothers who would one day be adequate to serve their own people. He was not deterred by the simple, almost primitive culture, of his islanders. Nor did he fear that the time was not yet ripe for the grace of vocations to be sown. As a result, there are today in the major seminary at Manila in the Philippines nine seminarians who will soon be ready to devote their priestly ministrations to their own people. In the minor seminary on Truk there are forty students, twelve of them being trained for the priesthood and the others to serve as Brothers or catechists in the scattered mission stations. A native congregation of Sisters is also in the process of formation.

The plans of Bishop Feeney reckoned on a period of thirty-five years to complete his provisions for a thoroughly native church in the Caroline-Marshall Islands. But God ordained that he should not live to see the fulfilment of those plans. Even his seemingly boundless energy had its limitations and God called Him home spent by his great exertions.

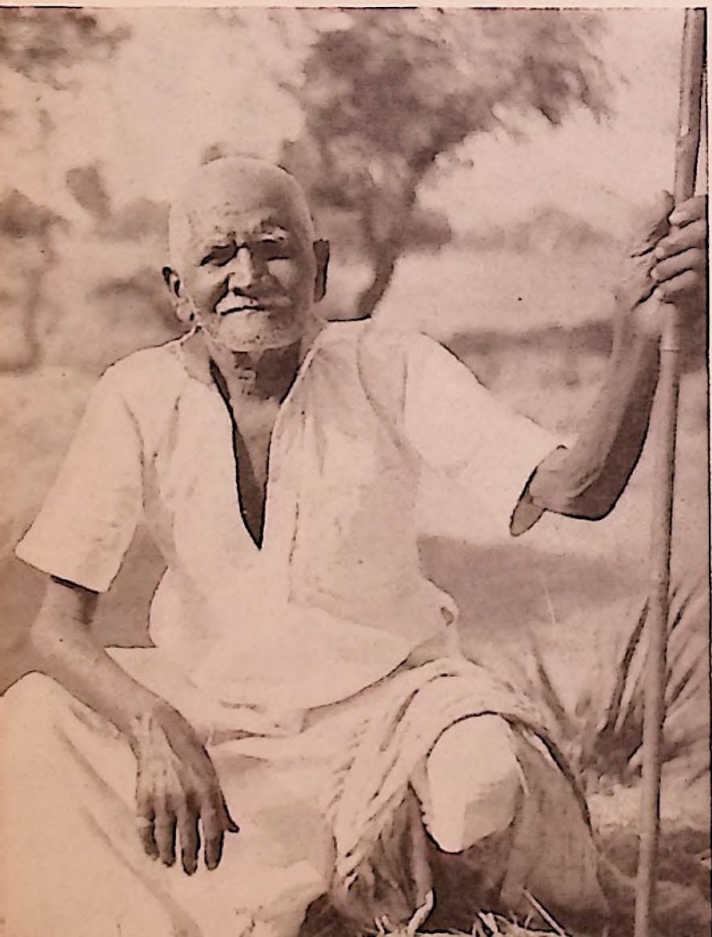
He would not wish us to grieve, however, because his life ended at the very peak of its splendid achievements and promise. We should recall the device he was inspired to choose for his episcopal coat of arms—"Laetentur insulae multae"—"May the many islands rejoice." Joy in the service of God, joy in the completeness of his self-dedication, joy even in the years of suffering as a victim for his beloved missions, this was the pervasive spirit of his life . . . He would wish us to rejoice with him, now that his life's work is done and an eternity of joy in the possession of Him he served so faithfully awaits him . . .

Santal Gratitude

RAGUNATH WAS a Santal and a Protestant. But twenty long years ago his Catholic grandchildren had given him a leaflet containing the Twelve Promises of the Sacred Heart. The twelfth one, eternal happiness for anyone receiving Holy Communion on nine consecutive First Fridays, had deeply impressed Ragonath. Finally, after all that time, lured on by that golden promise, he was instructed and received into the Church.

This was just before the First Friday of the month. Old Ragonath was not to be discouraged by the two-mile journey to the church, in spite of his infirmity. Early in the morning he plodded pain-

Old Ragonath came to Christ at the eleventh hour and in his own humble way tried to express his gratitude for the great privilege.



fully to the mission compound and received his first Holy Communion. His joy knew no bounds. His only remaining desire was now to have the grace of completing the First Fridays. He was not sure whether he had time for this, but if he asked the Sacred Heart, now in his very heart, this privilege would not be denied him.

"Dear Jesus," he moaned, "grant me the grace to fulfill your desire of receiving You on nine First Fridays, before You call me to Yourself . . ." And on each First Friday for nine consecutive months Ragonath would be seen trudging wearily along to fulfill Jesus' desire; it had now become his one great ambition. Neither the drenching monsoon rain nor the scorching tropical sun could stop him.

Finally the ninth Friday arrived. Ragonath could hardly move that day. However, adding one of his grandsons to his indispensable stick, he struggled to the church for the final Communion. He could not suppress his joy. Jesus had heard him. He had completed the full number of Fridays. Now he felt his salvation was secure. Quietly he went before the statue of the Sacred Heart; he wanted to show his gratitude materially as well. He put his hand in his pocket, drew out a small parcel and placed it at the feet of the statue. Ragonath was crying; he looked at the face of Jesus and with the greatest simplicity told Him, "This, Lord, is my tiny offering to thank You for letting me make the nine First Fridays."

That packet contained 80 rupees (about 18 dollars) which Ragonath had been saving during the nine months . . . Yes, Santals do know gratitude!



50 Years

IN TOKYO

FRANCIS MATHY S.J.

AS SOPHIA UNIVERSITY opens its doors this year it has more reason to be optimistic about the future than ever before in nearly half a century of existence. Its student body is the largest ever (about 2,100 including International Division and Graduate School students); its first-year class, the most carefully selected (888 applied for 450 openings). Construction plans are set for a large five-story dormitory and students' activity center to replace the "temporary" Quonset hut dormitories put up at war's end.

The situation was not always so rosy. The road traveled by the University from the time of its inception at the request of Pope Pius X in 1905 to the opening of this new school year has been a very rocky one. Added to the normal difficulties of establishing a Catholic university in a country with but a handful of Catholics, were the hardships posed by the first World War, the great earthquake of 1923, the ultra-nationalis-

tic and anti-foreign attitude of pre-war Japan, and finally the second World War.

The foundation of a Catholic university in Japan was entrusted to the Society of Jesus in 1906. Previous to that date Cardinal O'Connell had been sent to Japan by the Pope to explore the possibilities of such a university and it was upon his recommendations that the foundation was finally made. After prolonged negotiations a centrally located property with several substantial buildings was purchased and classes opened with twenty students in the preparatory course and sixty-five in the evening division. A new school building was completed in 1914, when the first World War cut off the young enterprise from its base and interrupted its normal development. The great earthquake of September 1, 1923, brought new disaster, reducing the school to a heap of debris, out of which only the first floor could be salvaged and readied again for use as temporary classrooms.

Catholic Leo Seo (left) explains faith in Sophia University dormitory.



In 1931 the activities of the University were expanded to include a School of Journalism, the first in Japan.

During the recent war, the buildings were seriously damaged. But as soon as they could be repaired and the faculty reassembled, Sophia resumed scholastic activities. In 1947 the Ordinaries of Japan entrusted the Society of Jesus with the education of the clergy in the Tokyo Regional Seminary, which became an integral part of the University. In the same year the Japanese government completely reorganized the national school system and Sophia University was among the first institutions to be approved under the new system.

In 1949, thanks to the generous contributions of Catholics throughout the world, a large graduate school and library was built and a Graduate department established.

The International Division was begun in 1949 to enable foreigners in the Tokyo area to continue their work



Spanish Jesuit instructor and Sophia student.

Father John Hughes of Boston, popular Dean of Men at Sophia, with students.



towards a university degree or to broaden their acquaintance with various fields of knowledge without aiming at a degree. The current enrollment is approximately 600, representing twenty-four nationalities. In its six years of existence over 5,000 have registered.

The total number of graduates of Sophia since the beginning, including International Division students, is approximately 2,600. The faculty is composed of 43 Jesuits from twelve different nations and of 87 lay professors, 33 of whom are Catholics. There are still a number of Jesuits and other prospective teachers abroad preparing for their teaching assignments.

The aim of the University is twofold: to provide a center of Catholic thought that will influence the intellectual life of the nation and to send young men into the world who are well-educated and firmly grounded in Christian principles of life.

Helping to accomplish the first aim are the University's publications. *Sophia* is a quarterly journal presenting studies in western civilization and the cultural reaction of east and west. *Monumenta Nipponica* presents studies in Japanese and Chinese culture and also publishes separate monographs in this field. Work on a Catholic Encyclopedia is now nearing completion with four of the projected five volumes already published. The University conducts an Institute of Religious Education, a Catholic Social Doctrine extension course, and has plans for an Institute of Industrial Relations. The University Library boasts of one of the finest collections of books on the cultural and religious relations between Japan and Europe in the 16th and 17th centuries, the Kirishitan Collection.

The Holy Father's Mission Intention
for the month of December:

"That the students in the universities of Japan be imbued with sound principles."

The second aim is accomplished in a variety of ways. In the first place, the foundation of the University's education is the Catholic conception of life, and that conception permeates all the courses. More particularly, all students, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, must study philosophy and general religion in their first two years. While Catholic doctrine as such is not presented to non-Catholics—except to those who elect to take it, the student is given a comprehensive introduction to the nature of religion in general and of Catholicism in particular, to its importance, its foundations, the motives for its acceptance, etc. If he is interested in probing further, he is encouraged to attend outside-of-class instructions on the Catholic religion.

How are conversions made then? First of all, the teacher can influence the students indirectly. His friendship and his example and perhaps a timely suggestion or remark may lead them to make inquiries into the faith. A very fruitful source of conversions is the influence of the boys upon one another; Catholic boys induce non-Catholic to take instructions. Finally, perhaps the most fruitful of all is the spirit or atmosphere that pervades the school. Sophia is able to give a personalized and Christian education, and the boys are quick to detect and appreciate the difference between this and the assembly-line impersonality and lack of value-education of some of the larger and more famous universities.

In the near future the University is planning to add a science department, a law school, an institute of medieval studies, and a women's division. Funds for all these will have to come from abroad, since the tuition collected from the students does not even cover running expenses. With God's grace, however, and with the continued generosity of the Catholics throughout the world whose contributions have brought her to the position she enjoys today, the Catholic University of Tokyo will go on to greater heights of accomplishment and recognition.

ROBERT J. DULLAHAN S.J.

India's MANAGER OF THE YEAR



A DYED-IN-THE-WOOL N. Y. Giant fan, Richard Norman S.J. didn't learn baseball out of a book. When he was managing the Woodstock Philosophers' team to a bitterly-fought triumph over the indignant, more elderly Theologians in Woodstock College's annual "World Series," he was using the experience gained in years of sandlot ball and observation of his beloved Polo Grounders. Who of his former Jesuit team mates then would ever have pictured their red-haired chief spending late hours of the night, after a day of teaching class, poring over a book on cricket? Behold how the Jamshedpur Mission changes our very souls!

Cricket is one of India's national pastimes, and so it has become Father Norman's too. Before he took over the helm, Loyola High School of Jamshedpur had been hopelessly defeated in their first match by R. D. Tata High School to the tune of 61 runs to 63. Alas! The disgrace had been far worse than the score indicated. There is only one inning in schoolboy cricket, and Loyola had used all their eleven wickets or outs in accumulating their measly total of 61 runs. R. D. Tata quickly went to work making 63 runs and gleefully departed after using only three wickets.

Under the Norman regime, however, practice began in earnest—two hours every afternoon despite "India's sunny clime." In the next match, Loyola's batsmen began to connect, producing a creditable 121 runs. However, defeat came when a "loft" escaped the clutches of one of the Loyola boys in the last stages of the game. Final score: 121 runs to 123. Father Norman noticed that the boys were not sufficiently concerned about fielding and tended to attribute their defeat to lack of runs rather than to the dropped catch. Father Norman, himself, however, was deeply moved. It was an abomination, the equivalent of a high pop fly in the ninth—two out and the bases loaded—with two or three hated Brooklyn Dodgers romping home on the error.

Intensive fielding practice was begun. The boys were taught to make over-the-shoulder catches a la Willie Mays. Those playing the infield were advised to dive into the dirt after a ball in order to cut off a run. "Father will do your laundry," became the slogan. Vijay Nair, star of the team, was moved up close to the batsman in an effort to snatch the low hits before they touched the ground. (This was necessary, because the batsman does not have to run on every ground ball hit but is, of course, retired if he "lofts" a ball which is caught on the fly.) Vijay has quick reflexes. To imagine his job, just picture yourself playing up half way between third and home, begging for line drives to be hit

at you. Even the Giants' Henry Thompson wouldn't find that an easy assignment. Another innovation was the debut in India of the "Hoyt Wilhelm" knuckle ball, so named for the N. Y. Giants' relief hurler. Small, sturdy Sobi Mazumdar, Loyola's chief bowler (pitcher), mastered this in no time. Sobi throws just like Hoyt, but the effect is quite different. Sobi's knuckler is a high, looping throw that strikes the cricket-mat in front of the batsman who thinks it is a soft pitch that will bounce nice and high for him to lambaste. It doesn't bounce at all. It skids along the mat under the futile swing of the batsman, knocks over the wicket behind him which he must protect at all costs.

The Loyola team proceeded to reel off five victories in a row. One rival star batsman was amused by Sobi's diminutive stature. Sobi was indignant, the more so when his first pitch was belted for a "sixer" by the heckler. Then, with the same batter still up, came the "Hoyt Wilhelm" knuckler and one out.

By some odd chance, the match for the championship of Jamshedpur was played during the holidays. There was no "Hoyt Wilhelm" knuckler. Sobi had broken a finger. To make matters worse, the fast ball bowler, John Veliath, was vacationing in South India. The hard-hitting wicket keeper (catcher), Arun Das Gupta, was sick. No championship.

After three more victories following the loss of the city championship, the Loyola team, now intact, made a trip to play St. Xavier's in Calcutta, probably the best team in that huge metropolis. Loyola did well. Vijay Nair brought the Calcutta crowd to its feet—not a common practice among cricket enthusiasts—with a diving, one-handed stab of a line drive. The final decision: a draw. And we acclaim Father Norman as India's "Manager of the Year."

The Editors of Jesuit Missions gratefully join with all our missionaries in the field in wishing you a holy and happy Christmas and New Year.

The Business of MISSIONS

Dear Friend:

There is a wondrous joy in a mother's heart on Christmas morning as her little one totters into the living room, amazed by the Christmas tree and the display of gifts. Each reaction of the child is memorized; the widening smile on the face, the outstretched hands to grasp a toy ball and, best of all, the reaching for the image of the Christ Child under the tree.

In heaven above, Our Lady, ever a mother, this Christmas morning will watch Her children wending their way to a mission chapel. For many it will be their first appreciation of the meaning of Christmas. They will see the altar decorated with candles and flowers. Their souls will be stirred with the traditional Christmas carols. For Our Lady, the climax will come as they go to the altar to take into their hearts Her Son.

Our Lady may not come to earth to thank you personally for occasioning such joy in heaven and on earth. You can expect Her, however, to remind Her Son that He is in the hearts of many this Christmas because of your love for His Sacred Heart.

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

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Death Rides the Wind...



... and destruction and ruin ...

A hurricane named Janet struck the mission in British Honduras with terrifying and unparalleled fury. It caused enormous damage to the mission churches, schools and residences. There is desperate need of help to rebuild.

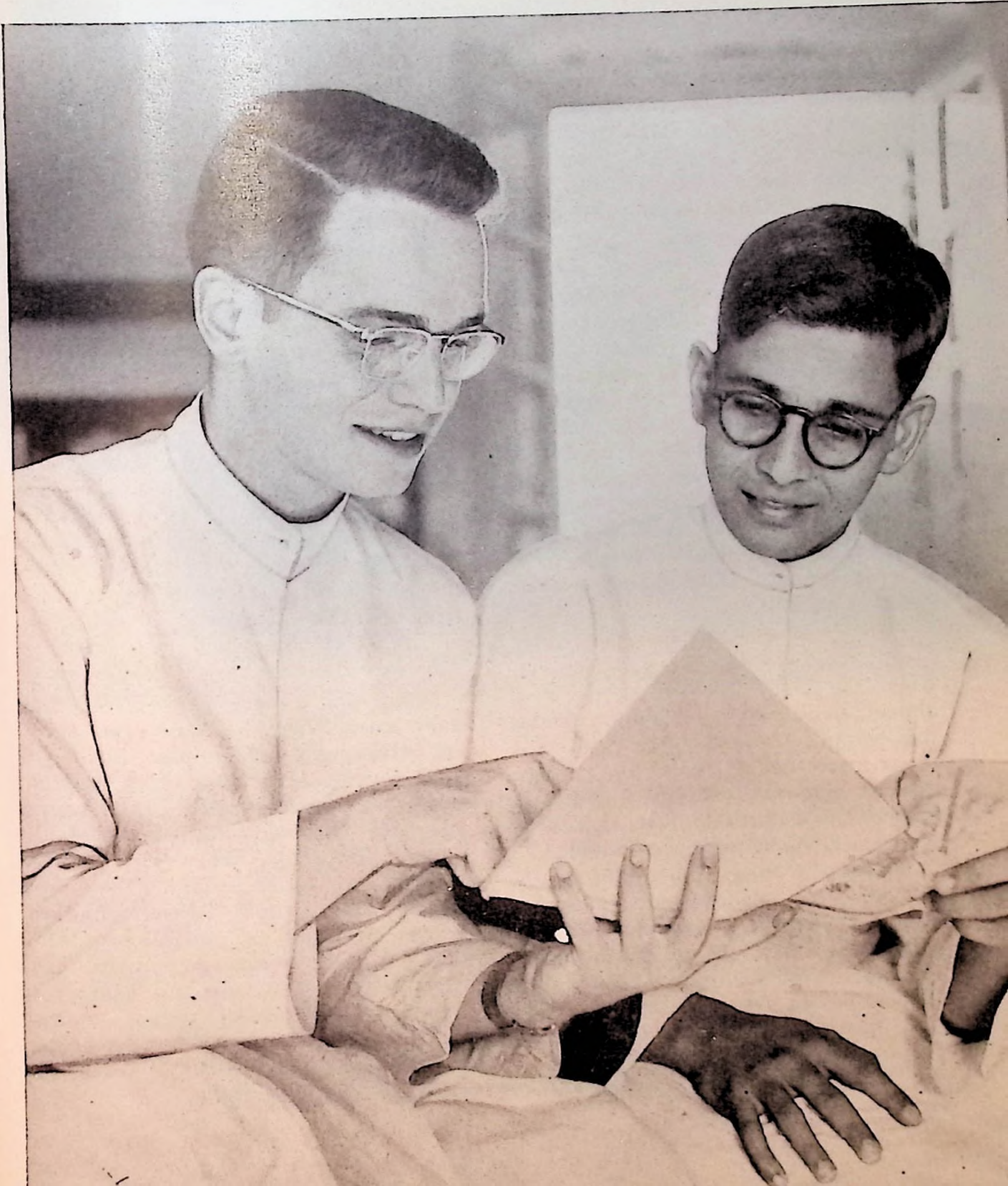
Would you in your charity contribute \$5.00 for the rebuilding of this work which is so dear to God? Send your contribution to:

JESUIT MISSIONS

45 East 78th Street, New York 21, N. Y.

MY FRIEND

Philip



LANGUAGE school might become a dull enterprise if it were not for those happy rays of human interest like my boy Friday, Philip. From the first day I plunked down at Manresa House in Ranchi to learn Hindi, Philip has patiently corrected my linguistic blunders for a long, and sometimes bitter, half-hour a day. Patience, thy name is Philip. How that boy has managed to keep his temper amid my flagrant violations of grammatical rules, remains a mystery even to the angels. But, kept it he has. We have both been persistent: I in talking, he in correcting. The result? Well, I can do a little better now than I did three months ago. But, best of all, I've gotten to know a bit about Philip, and consequently, a bit more about India.

Philip lives at the Apostolic School, just behind Manresa House here at Ranchi. This school is meant for the boys of Chota-Nagpur who have a desire to become priests. They can supply little of their own material tuition, but they make up for it by plenty of good will. When they finish their course in the Apostolic School, they are about eighteen. Then they may enter the major seminary here in Ranchi, or the novitiate of the Society of Jesus or some other order.

Philip is not living in the lap of luxury, to be sure. He has no shoes, and when the chilly January winds were abroad, he looked a bit shivery in his thin wraps. Those days he walked a merry pace, and I had a job to keep up with him as we went back and forth behind the cathedral. Now that it is warmer, Philip is more comfortable.

Since Philip comes from a village only fifty miles from Ranchi, he has not seen much of the world. And without television and radio, the geography book remains the old faithful source of information. So, it's not surprising that Philip had plenty of questions about America to put to me. It is nice to be able to tell him, with a touch of pride, that

there is a chicken in every pot and a car, or two, in every garage. But mindful of the diplomat's admonition—"We don't have to keep telling them how rich we are"—I also tried to point out the beauties and advantages of Chota-Nagpur. The climate, for instance, is ideal. The people are simple, cheerful and religious. In short, I can't see much that a television set or a movie house on every corner could improve.

One day Philip asked me for a fountain pen. I was a bit annoyed, I will admit, that he should come right out and ask for it, even if he did use the polite form in Hindi. But on further thought, I promised it to him. Here was a boy of fifteen, trying to get along in school without a fountain pen!

Weddings are a big item in the cathedral, and they played their little part in our Hindi conversations. I would be deeply engrossed in telling Philip a story I had read in my primer, when suddenly, D-RAM! (Things don't go "bang" in Hindi, they go d-ram.) Was it an atom bomb, or just a Big Bertha? Neither. Some one just got married, and thoughtful friends ignited some gunpowder to show their approval. Why firecrackers at a wedding, I wondered. Perhaps to give a foretaste of home life after the honeymoon? Philip seemed a bit surprised when I almost scaled a palm tree after the first explosion. After all, didn't we have hydrogen bombs in America? Yes, but not at weddings.

Philip and I have enjoyed our little daily talks. Now they are over, and I am returning to Philosophy. But I will always remember Philip; quiet, helpful—but more than that. Philip, and youngsters like him, are the hope of the Church in India. They will be the priests of the future, bringing the Gospel to their own people. Already, half the Jesuits in India are native-born. Most of the secular clergy are Indians. They need help to persevere and increase in number; the help of prayer, without which no spiritual good can be accomplished. Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy kingdom come in India!

INDIA'S

New Shepherds



(Front) Fathers Claude Boudreaux and Vincent Gnanapragasam of Ceylon. (Rear) Fathers Thomas Athazhapadam and Anthony Grolig of Patna; Joseph Hammett and Joseph Mary Kennedy of Jamshedpur; James McCabe and Lawrence Wimpenny of Darjeeling. The mission fields of India and Ceylon will welcome these newly ordained shepherds.

ON NOVEMBER 21st the Most Reverend Dr. Ferdinand Perier S.J., Archbishop of Calcutta, will ordain to the priesthood twenty-four Jesuits of St. Mary's College at Kurseong in India. Eight of those men belong to mission fields staffed by North American personnel. The Patna Mission is manned by the Chicago Province, the Jamshedpur Mission by the Maryland Province, the Darjeeling Mission by the Upper Canada Province and the Trincomalee Mission in Ceylon by the New Orleans Province.

To all these new priests: Ad multos annos!

SPOTLIGHT



Father John Newell of Minas de Oro in the Department of Comayagua, Republic of Honduras, is one of the veteran Missouri Province missionaries in Central America. He spent nine years in British Honduras before crossing the Honduras border in 1946. There he took over a mission where no priest had been for many years. His success with it was recently headlined by the newspaper *La Epoca*. Inspired by Father Newell, his people had banded together to build a Catholic center which would be the pride of all Honduras.

To those of us who know Father Newell this is no surprise. For eighteen years he has labored on behalf of the souls entrusted to him and his love for them is seen in all his letters. Pray for him.

A FIELD

with American Jesuits

NO ROOM IN THE INN



Christmas in a pagan country can be a depressing time. As once in Bethlehem, the doors are closed to the Christ Child by those who know Him not.

Father Thomas Hand S.J. writes from Japan, "After offering the three Christmas Masses and after a breakfast of eggs and cake, I took a short bicycle ride around Hiroshima. Japan is by no means a Christian country and this fact is never more sadly apparent than on Christmas Day. In the big cities the stores do lots of advertising and decorating for Christmas but out in the country there is very little of either. For most of the people it is just another day.

"To go from the warmth of the Christmas Masses, the carols and happy greetings out into the world around was a very chilling experience. Right down the road from the church the old factory was thumping away as I passed and on the main street the little shops were open as usual. The women in their white aprons were taking down the sliding doors from in front of their shops, dust-

ing the display cases and arranging the wares. A youngster on a bicycle rode by me and greeted me gaily enough but it was an ordinary 'hello' and not 'Mer-ry Christmas.' At the bus stop one of the young ladies in the choir gave me a graceful bow and a smile but even she was in ordinary work clothes with nothing of the holiday about her.

"In all this indifference and guiltless ignorance only the churches and mis-sion stations are islands of true joy on Christmas. Here there are always plays, parties and a wonderful family spirit. Pray for all those millions who are still outside that family."

MAN PROPOSES BUT . . .



Two letters from Alaska came in within the space of a few weeks. The first spoke optimis-tically of projects planned; the second, from a different mis-sionary, adds a sobering post-script to those plans.

From the mission of Our Lady of the Snows at Nulato Father John Baud S.J. writes in part: "The other day I noted in the diary that it was twenty years ago I was welcomed to this village by my predecessor, Father McElmeel. But those years have passed so rapidly that it is hard to realize that I am growing old. The children I baptized and taught and scolded and praised are growing into maturity so fast that I am startled when two of them come to me to be married. It seems only yesterday that I baptized them! And the funny part is that I do not feel those years. There is so much to do around here that I do not see the hair growing thin or the wrinkles deepening or the bones getting creaky.

"The people are in the fish camps now but that doesn't mean that there is time to take a deep breath. When you have a mission embracing church, rectory, convent, school, recreation center, engine

room, workshop, etc. there are always a thousand things to do. Tomorrow the Sisters, yes the Sisters, and myself will tackle the painting of the school. Last year the whole inside was renovated and reinforced with Celotex to keep out the terrible cold of the winter but now we want to give a coat of brightness to it. So you will understand if I cannot find the time to write often . . ."

Then the second letter came in short-ly afterwards from Father James Plamon-don of Galena. "I have been traveling in a safe but cold and wet outboard boat and have gone 2,000 miles so far on the Yukon and Koyukuk rivers. One unique experience was the opportunity to say Mass (and explain it) in the home of a non-Catholic family who live 55 miles away from the nearest town.

"I went 500 miles up the Koyukuk to the Arctic Circle on a sort of explora-tion trip. As far as I know, a priest has not gone up that far since Father Rossi rowed a boat up there thirty years ago. At Hog River a new gold dredging operation is beginning. An advance party hacked out a camp in the forest at the mouth of Hog River. Two of the six men were Catholics who were very surprised and delighted to have a priest say Sunday Mass at the camp. Unfor-tunately, they won't see a priest again until next year . . .

"Last Sunday I went down the river to say a Monday evening Mass at Koyu-kuk. I was only about twenty miles from Nulato so I decided to visit Father Baud. I arrived there at 10 a.m. to find Fa-ther Baud sick and too weak to get out of bed. His radio was out of order but fortunately a mail plane made an un-scheduled stop and the Sisters told the pilot to call the doctor who lives 250 miles away. I fixed the radio and the news came over it that the doctor was on the way. She (yes, a woman—Dr. Jean Persons) arrived the next morning by bush plane. Father Baud had been

suffering severe nosebleeds for several days so the doctor decided he should go to the hospital in Fairbanks. She administered an I.V. to strengthen him for the trip and six men carried him in a stretcher a mile and a half up the steep hill to the landing field on the ridge. There he was placed in a Piper Cub and Dr. Persons accompanied him to Fairbanks. At ten o'clock that night she radioed from her Tanana home that Father was resting well but will need at least a week's rest . . ."

PACIFIC HOUSING PROBLEMS



Father John Nicholson S.J. of Ponape in the Caroline Islands stoutly maintains that cocoanut trees may be beautiful but do not provide a suitable roof for a home.

"A major need on Ponape now is a new convent for the nuns. There were 37 nuns living in an old shack that is ready to fall down and is about half the size they really need. The new candidates have swelled the number to 45 but these last arrivals have to sleep on the floor until we can get a new house built. We are planning to build one section of the convent first but that will only take care of the absolutely necessary space for living quarters.

"Then we'll have to do something about the rectory for the Fathers which is in worse shape than the convent. There are only six rooms in the house although there are nine Jesuits who call Ponape home! That means that we all cannot be home at the same time; some always have to stay 'out on the road' if they want sleeping quarters.

"Over on Kolonia we have a school that seems to remain standing only because of prayers. A new convent and a rectory are also badly needed there. Then there is the church on Senwar and the school that is too small for all the children. A new parish has to be

opened on an isle about three hours away from Kolonia. Oh well, it looks as if I could go on forever recounting all that has to be done. So much was lost during the war.

"Oh, oh! Here comes Father Costigan. If he wants a bed I guess I'll have to make a swing around the islands. Say a prayer for us all."

PRAYERS FOR A CEMETERY

Two and a half years ago, a refugee missionary from China was asked by a correspondent, "What about the Church going underground now in Red China?" The sad reply was: "Underground! Why China is a vast cemetery for the Church right now."

Today his simple statement seems close to the truth. Though the Church is by no means dead in China, its works have been so paralyzed by persecution that it cannot move among the living with its former effect and saving influence. Nearly all foreign religious personnel has been driven out or put in prison. There seems little hope for their early return. The Chinese clergy are plagued with excruciating pressure to separate from Rome. And the Chinese Catholics, especially the younger ones, are constantly shot through and through with the embalming fluid of Red lies.

Sacrifice and prayer are urgently needed to sustain the Catholics of China.

MAN OF THE CLOTH

Father Silvio Garavaglia S.J. was in Kingston, Jamaica, one evening when he was stopped by a woman and girl. The woman stated she was far from home and requested her return fare. As that is one of the oldest gags of professional beggars Father Garavaglia admonished her for telling tall stories and said that if she had asked him for an alms he would have been glad to assist her. As he continued on his way he heard her say, "Him no Fahda; him a parson!"



A Christmas star is hung according to custom outside of a poor home in the Philippines.

ONE MAN'S

Christmas

ONE MAN'S *Christmas*

Christmas in Brooklyn was a little different
than the one spent in the Philippines to
the tune of a typhoon and roar of rain

JAMES J. FINLEY S.J.

CHRISTMAS IN the Philippines can be a little different than it was back home in Brooklyn. I had come down from my post at Linapo to Salay in the Bukidnon where Father Moggi, an Italian Jesuit expelled from China, was stationed. A recent hernia operation had slowed him down so I was to take over the outlying barrios.

It had been raining for four days before Christmas. On Christmas Eve when I started out for Binuangan in the late afternoon it was still coming down in torrents. I covered the eight kilometers without difficulty but I could sense that the wind was rising to a typhoon pitch. About an hour before Midnight Mass I started out for the chapel. It was so dark that I couldn't find it and I nearly walked into the sea. Nobody was around so I finally groped my way back to the house where I made a futile attempt to dry my clothes over an alcohol lamp. The roof was leaking badly and the windows on the side from which the wind was blowing had no shutters so I spent the next couple of hours seeking the most advantageous spots in the room. By 3 a.m. I had been on my feet for the last 23 hours so I went to bed, feeling like a skin diver.

At 5 a.m. there was enough light to find the chapel so I went over to say two Masses. The storm had ruined the attendance and there were only about 35 confessions to hear when ordinarily there would have been several hundred. After the ceremony I stopped long

enough to take some Shakespearian coffee—at least it tasted like something the three witches in *Macbeth* would brew.

Then Josito, the house boy, and myself started out for Ampenikon, four kilometers away. When we arrived there a small group of people were still in the chapel, chanting a novena. They hadn't expected any priest to show up so again the number of confessions, about ten, was far short of the usual hundred or so. The choir consisted of three women who were completely unacquainted with the Proper of the Mass and whose *Gloria in Excelsis* had all the earmarks, literally speaking, of the *Dies Irae*. The overtones were furnished by the storm howling through the part of the roof which had been blown away during the night. Somehow it didn't seem like Mass on Christmas Day.

I was told that I would never get back to Salay for the bridges were down and the river flooded. But I was wet already so Josito and I started off. The first bridge we reached had been swept away so we went down to the sea, took off our shoes and waded around. Then on to another broken bridge where we did the same. It happened so often that we got too tired to take off our shoes and we just waded through the mud, water, slime and fallen cocconut branches until we finally reached the Salay River. It was running deep and fast and a single slip would mean being washed out to sea.

At that point a man and his son came

along and offered a helping hand. We took off our shoes lest we slip on the rocks and by holding on to one another we managed to cross the treacherous stream. We couldn't get our shoes back on so we walked the remaining two kilometers to Salay barefoot.

Back at the rectory the radio was announcing the imminent arrival of a typhoon. It was due to hit the northern coast of Davao on the following day. By three o'clock in the afternoon the wind was really blowing. Some of the people whose shacks were on the beach began to evacuate to the church. By five o'clock the church was full of people, most of them drenched to the skin. Men and women were huddled all over the place, stretched out in the pews and on the altar steps. Little kids, stark naked, sat on the altar steps a few feet away from the tabernacle. We had given away most of our clothes during

the storm ten days previous so now we had nothing left. Father Moggi got rice and whatever food he could buy and fed the people as best he could in the sacristy. Meanwhile the wind kept howling and the rain pouring down and I wondered what would happen the next day when the typhoon hit us.

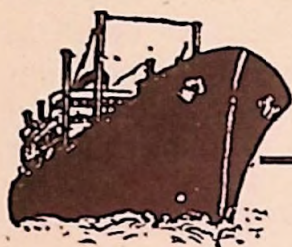
But during the night the storm subsided and most of the people returned to their homes. The next day dawned fair and clear. Only then did we discover that the radio announcer, in giving warning of the typhoon, had been reading a bulletin of the day before and "tomorrow" was actually the time we had tuned in!

So that was my Christmas, and I must say it wasn't a routine one. But I think the first Christmas in Bethlehem must have had some of the same aspects and I was glad that I could bring Our Lord to these Filipino barrios.

The priest's rectory at Salay on the northern coast of Mindanao.



From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

Providing for the Future, when present needs are so urgent, takes a lot of courage. That's the type of courage Father Neu of India exemplifies when he pleads for the means to give his people at Chakraddappur a Catholic school. "Without Catholic education there will be no vocations, especially to the priesthood. . . . the need is urgent now."

Please encourage Father Neu in his plans for the future by helping him build his school. Your gift of \$5.00 today will entitle you to stand proudly beside Father Neu, 15 years from now, as a co-missionary who has provided Indian priests for Indians.

As an Example of the Different Interests—and needs—of a missionary, may we quote Father Ed Burke of Buxar, India?

\$50.00 for a monstrance

\$200.00 for a water pump

\$20.00 for a month's supply of medicine for lepers

\$10.00 for frocks for orphan girls

\$120.00 for support of a mission chapel and teacher for one year

\$2,000.00 to build a chapel and school at Dumraon

Would you be interested in providing any of the above items?

Father Nicholson Might Believe in Santa Claus again if we surprised him with a Christmas gift. He says he is starting a new parish on a South Pacific atoll where he will say Mass in a private home for quite awhile, since he has no hope of getting means to build a chapel. We could surprise Father on Christmas, as he returns by

motor boat from his mission, with our gifts to start his chapel. Would you like to be a Southern Pacific Santa Claus? \$1.00 membership.

If You Have a Trumpet, clarinet, trombone which you don't use any more, maybe you would like to donate it to San Jose Seminary in the Philippines. The band instruments would be forwarded from:

Jesuit Seminary and Mission Bureau
39 East 83rd Street
New York 28, N. Y.

Blanket Bargain in Batticaloa is offered by Father Del Marmol. At this Boys' Home in Ceylon the little boys sleep on mats on the concrete floor of the dormitory and on the porch. To keep the boys warm Father Del Marmol needs 115 light blankets which sell for 85 cents each. Would you help?

St. Therese, the Little Flower, will have a new church dedicated to her honor in Jamaica if Father Garavaglia can collect enough money to pay for the cement. One bag of cement costs \$1.00. Your contribution will help provide a suitable church for the Holy Sacrifice.

You May Never Have Had Tractor Trouble yourself but you still will sympathize with Father Francis Moore of India who is trying to run a large farm with his over-worked tractor. With a new radiator and an overhaul the tractor could be kept running and food would be provided for the Sisters, orphans and widows at Chuhari.

How Proud You Are...



How proud you are to see your boy, dressed in his server's cassock, bringing wine and water to the priest at Mass! How proud he is too!

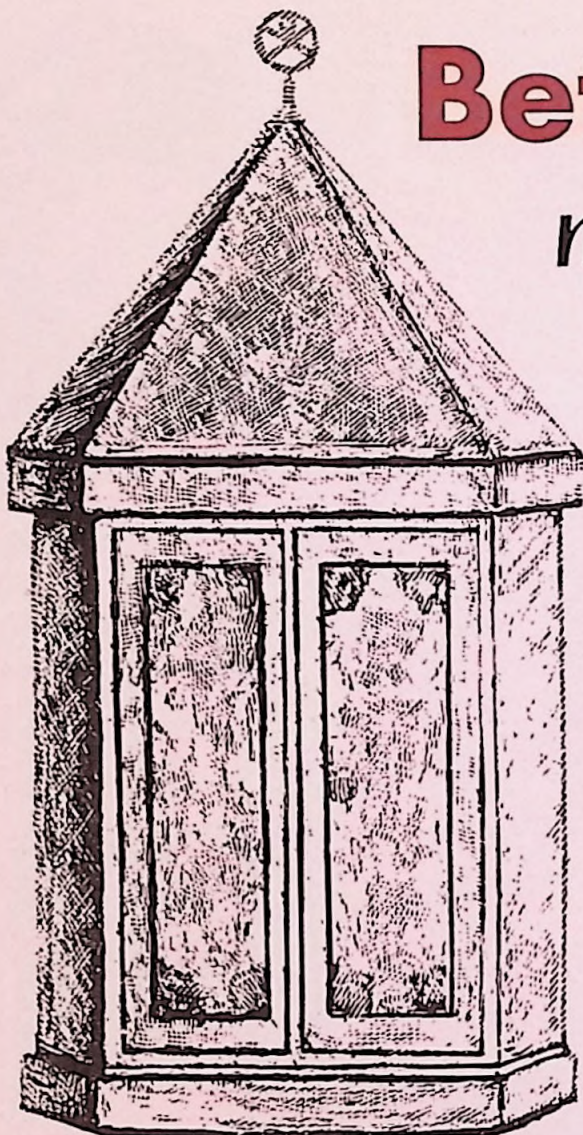
Will you make it possible for poor mission parents to be rightly proud of their boys? \$5.00 will help us buy an altar-boy cassock for these needy missions.

JESUIT *Missions*

45 East 78 Street, New York 21, N. Y.

Bethlehem

means a home
for Christ



Once it meant a hillside cave to Christ.

Now it means a tabernacle in scattered mission chapels. In the chapel tabernacle Christ waits to receive the homage of His people—the shepherds and the wise men of mission lands.

Will you help us supply constant requests for tabernacles for mission chapels on our world wide missions? How fitting a Christmas gift to Christ—a Bethlehem, a tabernacle-home for Him. A gift of \$50.00 will buy one tabernacle. Any amount will help.

JESUIT MISSIONS

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