

# JESUIT MISSIONS



*ALASKA  
a new state  
an old mission*



Alaska, our newest state, has its extremes. The shopping district of its largest city, Anchorage, is a far cry from its Arctic regions where a man can see nothing but ice-filled emptiness. Ecclesiastically, the Diocese of Juneau covers southern Alaska and the north is the real mission country, the Vicariate under Bishop Francis Gleeson S.J. (Three Lions photo)



# JESUIT MISSIONS

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Yoro  
American Indians

WILLIAM C. DIBB S.J.

*Our newest State has foundations laid  
by three generations of missionaries*



# ALASKA- Land of Promise



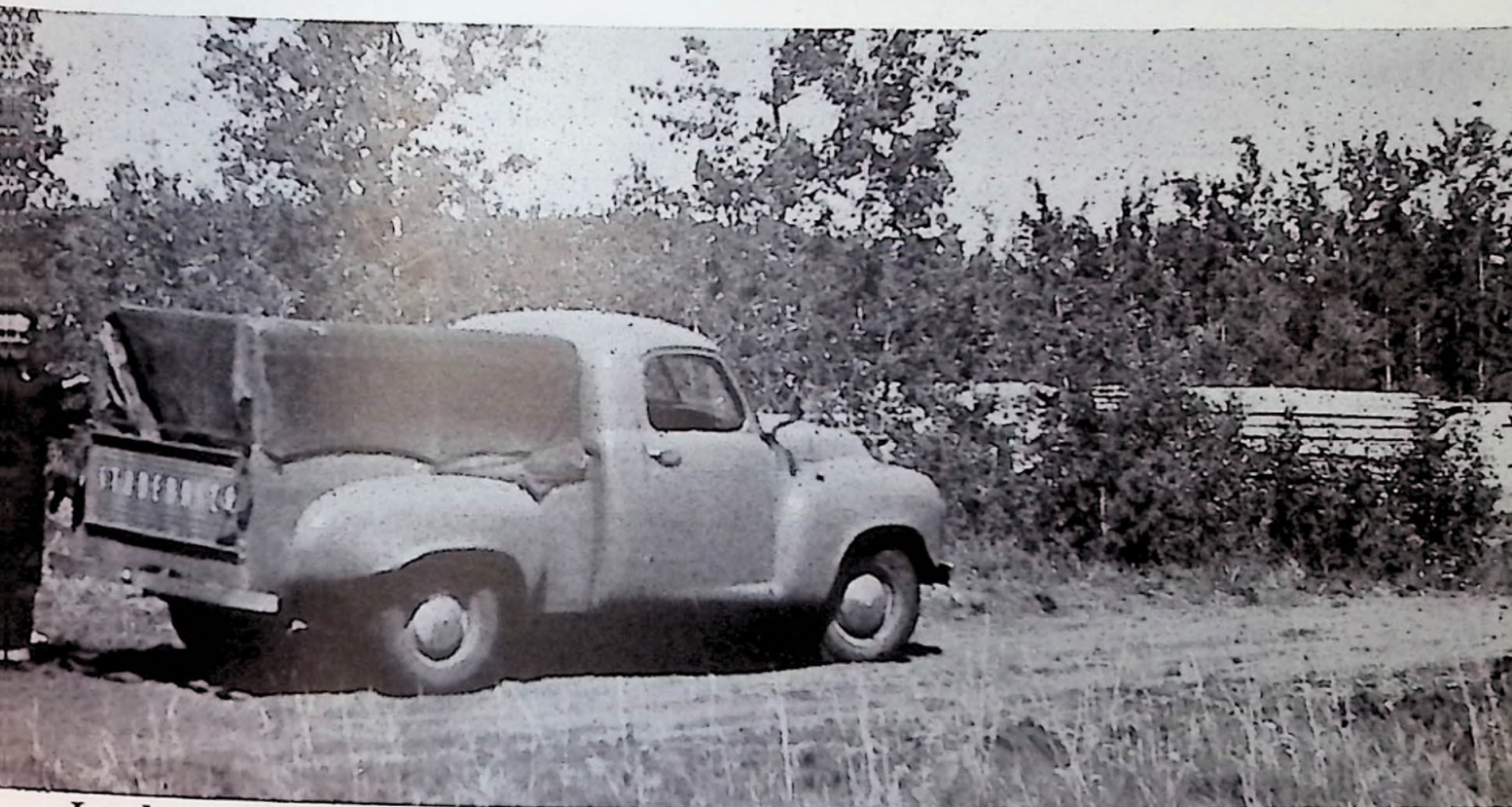
**A**LASKA, vast land of the future! The nomadic Eskimo from the Bering and Arctic coasts, the river Indian on the banks of the Yukon and Kuskokwim, the White Man in Fairbanks and Nome, sparse settlements of Aleuts stretching far into the Pacific, a score of military bases and early warning stations; 515,000 square miles of forbidding tundra, surging rivers and glacier-studded mountain ranges, and a coastline greater than that of the other forty-eight States combined: This is the complex mission land.

History is marching double time in the Land of the Midnight Sun, keeping pace

with a cadence set by the contagious spirit of newcomers. Sourdoughs tell you that there have been more changes during the last twelve years than in the past fifty. The transition taking place has left nothing untouched. Social customs, education, transportation and communications, everything is yielding to progress.

Nowhere are the efforts of the Church more evident than in the field of educa-

claims the distinction of having the first high school students. Forty Eskimo boys and girls are enrolled this year for the courses conducted by the Ursuline Sisters. Another ninety youngsters crowd the grade school classes of this flourishing outpost of learning. Brother Robert Benish S.J. is in charge of the radio course, and a number of his students have passed the difficult examination en-



**Load up** and roll is the usual routine for the "Packrat Priest," as Father John Buchanan S.J. has been called. He is in charge of the booming Copper Valley School project at Glen Allen.

tion, on both the primary and secondary levels. In 1951, there were no Catholic high schools and only four Catholic primary schools in the Vicariate. Today there are three high schools and six bustling grade schools, the hope of the Church in the North. All but two of these institutions, the schools in Fairbanks, are dedicated to answering one of the most pressing problems of the day, the preparation of young natives to take an active part in a modern economy radically different from the fishing, hunting, trapping of their forebears.

St. Mary's Mission on the lower Yukon

abling them to become full-fledged amateur radio operators. Father Paul O'Connor S.J., Superior of St. Mary's, has great hopes for his young people.

Six hundred miles to the east of St. Mary's, in a central location on Alaska's highway system, is Copper Valley School. Classes in high school and grade school began in 1956 when the first boarding students were received. This year the students are evenly divided, with sixty on each level. Everything about this dream-come-true of Father John R. Buchanan's is colossal: The unbelievable generosity of benefactors, the inspiring



More changes have occurred  
in the last dozen years than  
in the years since the Gold Rush

presence of lay missionaries come to give a year or more of their lives to the school, the mixed classes of Eskimos, Indians and Whites, and a smooth-functioning faculty of Jesuits, Sisters of St. Ann and lay teachers.

Fairbanks is a six and a half hour drive and two hundred miles north of Copper Valley. It is a hustling city of over 50,000 people in its greater area which includes Ladd and Eilson Air Force Bases. At this terminus of the Alcan Highway and departure point for Arctic air transportation, Immaculate Conception Parish and its dynamic pastor, Father George Boileau S.J., have developed a full program of Catholic education. Monroe High School, named after the early Jesuit missionary, Father Francis Monroe, is a beautiful modern structure in which seventy students attend classes taught by Jesuit Fathers and the Sisters of Providence. The grade school, staffed by Sisters and lay teachers, is bursting at the seams with 322 future Monroe students. Father Boileau is determined that these children are to receive the very best in education.

In three other Alaska missions there are grade schools offering a Catholic primary education to native children of their localities. At historic Holy Cross Mission on the Yukon River five lay missionaries conduct classes for ninety village children, under the direction of Father John P. Fox S.J., Superior of the Mission. Two hundred miles up the river another 85 are taught by the Sisters of St. Ann at the Mission of Our Lady of the Snows, Nulato, where Father John Baud S.J. is

Superior. Newest of the schools in Alaska is that under construction at Dillingham on Bristol Bay by Father George Endal.

In addition to the lay missionaries, two other groups have begun their contribution. Alaska's own religious congregation, The Oblates of Our Lady of the Snow, was founded at St. Mary's Mission. Under the direction of Mother Elizabeth Marie of the Ursulines, two professed Sisters and a class of Postulants are preparing for an apostolate among their own Eskimo people. The Little Sisters of Jesus have chosen Nome as the field of their endeavors.

Education and schools have been spotlighted in recent years, but the "bush" missionary still remains the backbone of the Church in Alaska. In unheard-of places like Alakanuk, Chevak, Chifornak and Naknek, the modern Blackrobe carries on his difficult and lonely apostolate. His parish consists of villages scattered over thousands of square miles, and transportation by airplane, boat or dog-sled are among the missionary's most expensive and time-consuming operations.

His simple daily schedule is ordered to the demands of the environment: rise at 5 a.m., start the stoves, on his knees for an hour of prayer, ring the bell for Mass. After breakfast, an hour of correspondence, if a mail plane is due that day. Then a round of the village dwellings, visiting the sick, listening to problems, and exchanging bits of humor. He may, or may not, take time at noon for a bowl of soup and some pilot bread. The afternoon will be spent in servicing the light plant, and in seeing that that there is fuel and water for the next day. School out, Father gathers the youngsters for Catechism, training altar boys, or for a singing class. After supper there may be marriage instructions, adult courses, or some time for a good book.

From his modest quarters in the Jesuit faculty residence in Fairbanks, the Most Rev. Francis D. Gleeson S.J. guides the

Iceman cometh in the mission region.



Kodiak is in the Diocese of Juneau but even its southern location doesn't save it from the ravages of winter. But the parking sign indicates there are times when it is bustling.

growing Church in the Northland. When Bishop Gleeson made his first visitation of the Vicariate, shortly after his consecration in 1948, he returned with a keen realization of the hardships experienced by preceding generations of missionaries. A swift bush plane speeded him over the vast expanse traversed by dogsled and on foot in yesteryear. Yet, the Father Lucchesis and Father Monroes and Father Siftons had achieved an amazing number of conversions, often entire villages. The task of the present generation of missionaries is to consolidate the gain, to keep ever growing this seed planted at the cost of such great hardship. As His Excellency stated in a recent article in *EXTENSION* magazine:

"There is still isolation; there are still vast distances to cover. There is no longer the consolation of seeing entire villages embrace the Faith; there is the sorrow of seeing communities, once fervently Christian, debased and corrupted by the white man's vices. Today, more than ever, the Alaska missionary must be intimately convinced of the priceless value of a single soul."

Statehood has come to an Alaska eager to shoulder the burden of full civic responsibility. The Church welcomes the companionship of the new government in her infinitely more complex and important task of sanctifying the people of Alaska. Remember the new state and the old mission in your prayers.

JULES M. CONVERT S.J.

*The cry of "Mush, you malemutes!" gives  
way before the revving of plane engines*

# Wings Over Alaska

**I**F IT IS TRUE that constant evolution and adaptation are the laws of life, we can affirm that our Alaska Missions and missionaries are very much alive. Inside the last few years our northern frontier has passed from its long Stone Age sleep into the feverish activities of our 20th Century: booming construction and developments of all sorts; our population has doubled and redoubled; our Territory has become a State.

The Church has not lagged behind: under the leadership of our Vicar Apostolic, Bishop Gleeson S.J., not only the material set-up of our missions has received a new look, but new methods have been devised to

Going out of favor for missionary travel is the dogteam.



assist our native people in this difficult period of transition for which they were so little prepared.

Our basic problem remains concerned with the spiritual welfare of our people: to all advances in the material realm must correspond an increase of spiritual strength lest souls be lost in the torrent of materialism. Our native Catholics have all received a basic religious instruction

200, and they are scattered far apart.

At the last general meeting and retreat of the missionaries, the Bishop brought up the question of using our own planes in order to save all possible time and strength of our always too few missionaries for their real work of pastors of souls. We all agreed that it should be tried, and I was chosen for the first experiment: I am now receiving training



Takeoff into air age for missionaries is planned by Father Convert and Bud Oswald.

in their faith; they must now learn to translate it into their daily lives. As our mission stations evolve into parishes a priest must practically be there at all times; no parish can grow without a pastor always available to give advice, encouragement, or to dispense the Sacraments, without which no spiritual life is possible. To have the priest always on hand is a virtual necessity.

With our present Alaska set-up in the Bush, many obstacles oppose this continual or frequent presence of the priest among his people; as a rule, our native villages average a population of about

from a very kind and generous friend of the Missions who directs a flying school at Tacoma, Washington.

As soon as I am graduated, the plans are to fly back to Alaska with a rugged small plane that will enable me to keep an eye on my whole District pretty much at all times, and the people will be able to receive the Sacraments frequently. I should be able to say at least two Masses in two different villages on Sundays . . . weather permitting. If the venture proves successful, other missionaries will in turn receive their wings, and the sky over Alaska will be brighter for them.



*The northernmost chapel in the world  
is one unique feature of the 49th State*

## Arctic Chapel

St. Patrick's above the Arctic Circle may not resemble too closely the one in New York but the Sacrifice of the Mass is the same—and the percentage of those who wear furs to Mass on Sunday may well be higher than the Fifth Avenue one.



(Photo: The Airman Magazine)

**O**NLY 18 DEGREES of latitude away from the North Pole, a small chapel huddles on the bleak coast of the Arctic Ocean. It is the northernmost Catholic church in the world and it is the central mission station for Father Thomas Cunningham S.J. of the Alaska Mission. His mission at Barrow takes in all of Alaska north of the Arctic Circle, with the exception of the Kotzebue district. His 2,000 Eskimos and 100 whites are scattered over a wide section of the Arctic so that he has six out stations.

Barrow has 65 days in the year when the sun doesn't rise above the horizon and Father Cunningham tersely sums up the weather along the Arctic coast as "forever cold." He has known the temperature to fall to 56 degrees below zero and there was one year when he figured that there wasn't one period of 72 consecutive hours without snow or freezing. Yet he quietly says, "But it is livable."

With the building of the DEW line Father Cunningham added ten more stations which have to be visited at regular



Let's talk about the weather, folks.

*"Yes, it gets kind of cold, especially when the temperature drops around 50 below. And it is true that we have 65 days without sunshine . . .*



*but don't forget that we have 65 days of sun from May to July—and is there any place on earth cold enough to chill an Irish heart?"*

(Photos: The Airman Magazine)

intervals. Transportation is a little easier on this run because there are regular chartered planes. However, it still means an average of three weeks on the road and then one month at the home base.

During the International Geophysical Year Father Cunningham was on loan to the Air Force in order to prepare a camp on a floating ice pack for various scientists. His job was to evaluate the ice and select a floe that would be suitable for the survey and also provide avenues of escape in case of necessity. He supervised the construction of a landing strip, a delicate task which called for blasting off the hummocks of rough ice under the snow with dynamite. "Kind of ticklish," he admitted, "because too large a charge of dynamite might blow up the whole floe."

Strange are the paths down which the love of Christ can lead a man. Born in New Zealand ("Seems there was a little trouble in Ireland and my father decided on a healthier climate") Father Cunningham came to Alaska a quarter century ago. He knew almost no Eskimo when he first started to run a boat and "skin the

cat" on the Yukon. Then he became the first priest on Little Diomedede Island (as well as the best rifle shot) but by the time the Russians arrested him on Big Diomedede he knew the Eskimo tongue well enough to save himself from an enforced trip to Moscow. He overheard his Eskimos plotting to kill the Russians if they took him away so he pointed out a few important facts to his outnumbered captors who quickly released him. Now, on the edge of the Arctic, he shepherds his far flung flock, a priest of God respected and loved by all.

The official flower of Alaska is the forget-me-not and probably no one realizes more its appropriateness than the pastor in his lonely post above the Arctic Circle. There isn't too much comfort in the thought that your church is the nearest one to the North Pole; it merely underlines the fact that you are far, far away from a lot of other things. But Father Cunningham is a missionary, first and foremost, and just as long as there are souls to whom he can minister and bring the peace of Christ you will find him at his post.

*the New World are clearly marked*

*along the north shore of Jamaica*

## Columbus Returns to

*Drawing by  
Gary Fujiwara*

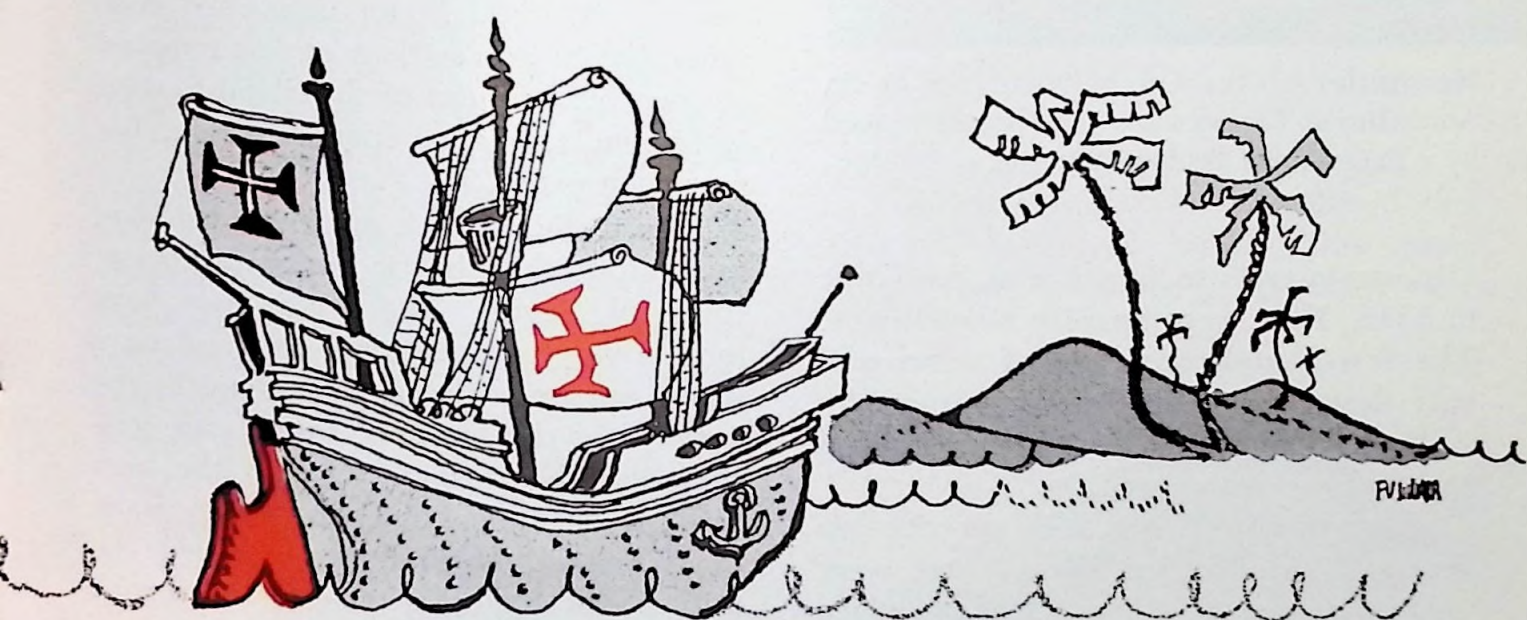


ON NOVEMBER 21, 1958, four hundred and sixty-four years after he had discovered the island of Jamaica in 1494, Christopher Columbus, the Admiral of the Ocean Sea, returns to Jamaica in the presence of a group of distinguished religious and civic leaders. This time he appears in the form of a bronze statue erected on the site of the first Spanish settlement, in St. Ann's Bay parish where Father Neil Donahue S.J. is pastor. The events which inspired this long-retarded acclaim are interesting.

In the sugar-cane fields on the north coast of Jamaica revealing excavations are being made under the direction of Mr. Charles Cotter and the Institute of Jamaica. Mr. Cotter, President of the Jamaica Historical Society, is uncovering the ruins of the first Spanish settlement on the island. He has established with certainty that near the present Saint Ann's Bay one of the earliest settlements in the New World was made. Eighty conquistadores founded the city of New Seville on this spot.

The present interest in the buried town of Seville began several years ago. Mr. Cotter asked the overseer of the Seville property to help him locate the site of the old Spanish settlement. The discovery came about in an accidental

# Jamaica



way. Mr. Casserley was riding through the property when his horse slipped into a hole. From the fall of the horse, Mr. Casserley knew that it was no ordinary crab hole. Digging on the spot exposed a well in which were found beautiful stone carvings, later identified as of Spanish origin. The carvings are preserved now in the Institute of Jamaica.

The settlement dates from the year 1510 when Juan de Esquivel landed on the north shore to found the city of Seville. Esquivel chose the place where Columbus anchored his ships in 1494 when he discovered Jamaica. Here again in 1503 the Admiral had beached his leaking ships and remained in Jamaica for a year; the longest time he had spent in the New World. The city was one of

the earliest settlements in the New World and here Esquivel built a castle-fort.

The outline of the building is appearing slowly, showing the same pattern which the Spaniards had used in other settlements of the same period. The well is situated within the castle-fort and to this day holds clear water at a depth of ten feet. The well is constructed of stone, gracefully arched at the top. The carvings unearthed once adorned the buildings and compare favorably with carvings of that period to be seen in Europe today. Recently, the quarry from which the stone was taken was discovered up in the hills about a mile from Saint Ann's Bay.

A few hundred yards up the hill, almost directly in line with the fort, is the site of the old Spanish church. Mission-



Reminder of the Great Discoverer at St. Ann's Bay in Jamaica has now been replaced by a magnificent bronze statue of Columbus.

aries came early to Jamaica, at the latest in 1512. They were Spanish Franciscans. The first church was built of wood and was destroyed twice by fire. Then the Abbot of Jamaica, Peter Martyr, decided to build a stone church.

The new church was to be seventy-five feet long and fifty feet wide. There were two rows of stone pillars. Over the place of the altar were stone carvings. The gateway was seven feet wide and seven feet high, before the arch began. Over the door was a carving of Our Saviour's Head crowned with thorns and upheld by two angels. On the right side was the figure of a martyr; on the left the Virgin with her arms tied in three places, according to Spanish style. Over the gate was the inscription:

*Peter Martyr, an Italian citizen, Protonotary Apostolic, Abbot of the Indies, first raised from its foundations with brick and squared stone, this temple, formerly a wooden structure and twice consumed by fire.*

The Peter Martyr mentioned in this inscription was the fourth Abbot of Jamaica. He was appointed to his task in his seventieth year. He never came to

Jamaica but he took a personal interest in the Island affairs.

Higher up the hill behind the church there is a spot from which there is a magnificent view of the sea and the surrounding countryside. Here a monastery was begun, near enough to the church for the Friars to attend to the spiritual needs of the people yet far enough away to give them the seclusion and quiet which their life needed.

Unfortunately the abbots who followed Peter Martyr did not have the same interest in completing the building of the church. It stood in an unfinished state when the Seville settlement was removed to the southern part of the island to what is known today as Spanish Town, but was then called La Vega.

It is thrilling for a modern missionary to stand on this historic site of the ancient town of Seville. His mind goes back more than four centuries to those days when missionary work was done in the very place by zealous Franciscan missionaries. These men traveled the high seas in days of great danger to come to this land. Here they preserved the faith of the Spanish colonists and spread the faith among the Arawak Indians.

The present Catholic church at Saint Ann's Bay stands within a hundred yards of the ancient ruins. Today there is also an impressive stone church on the site of old Seville. The Arawaks have gone and their place has been taken by Negroes. The Spanish missionaries have gone and their place is now taken by American and Jamaican Jesuit missionaries. Scenes and faces change, but the Church continues her patient march across the centuries.

Fittingly the Catholic school is called Christopher Columbus High School, a first tribute to the Spanish origins of Jamaica, as well as to the great explorer. Now the great event is duly recorded for Jamaica and the world by the bronze statue of Columbus, face to the sea.

*Silas Left Hand Bull disproves*

*that beauty is only skin deep*

## Of Beauty- and a Bull

**I**T ALL BEGAN over a bottle of perfume, and a tube of lipstick!

*Time* magazine ran a feature article (June 16, 1958) on the cosmetic industry, which does a 4-billion-dollar business on trying to make American women look as though they had roses in their cheeks, lips of ruby, and curls entangled with starlight—visions of loveliness to light fuses in your veins, and vibrate your heartstrings like Elvis Presley's famous guitar.

Silas Left Hand Bull, a Sioux Indian employed by Holy Rosary Mission in South Dakota, read the "Beauty" article in *Time*, and sent a letter to the editor. It appeared in the July 7th issue of *Time*.

Sir:

*I noted with interest that our white sisters are investing 4 billion dollars a year in beauty aids and treatments. Certainly the money is well invested. Beauty makes the world a prettier place to live in. But I am sending you a picture of one of our Indian girls who is beautiful just as she is—with just a little help from the beauty industry. Her name is Madon-*

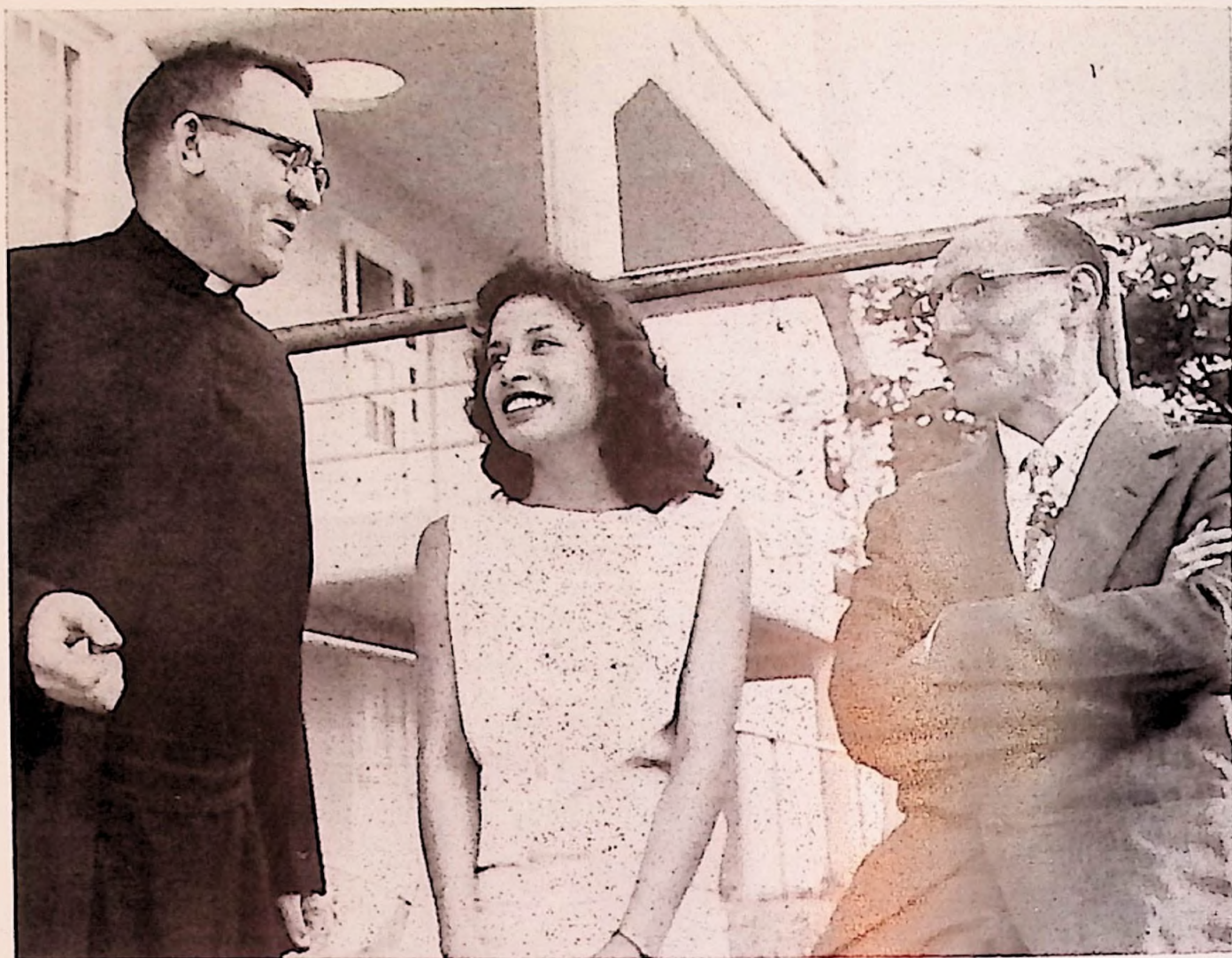
*na Blue. She is the winner of the "Marylike Contest" sponsored by the Holy Rosary Mission of Pine Ridge, S.D., the largest Indian mission in our country.*

*Silas Left Hand Bull*

The letter from Silas Left Hand Bull rang the bell—with but one discordant note from a doubting Thomas who

**Madonna Blue** of Holy Rosary Mission in South Dakota, the largest Indian mission in the country, won the significant "Marylike Contest" and is now attending Seattle University, run by the Jesuits.





**Sioux Smiles** come readily, especially if the subject is the existence of Silas Left Hand Bull, shown here with Father Edwards S.J., Superior of Holy Rosary, and Madonna Blue.

doubted the existence of any such person as Left Hand Bull.

To pulverize all opposition as to his existence, Silas Left Hand Bull stamped into the pages of the next issue of *Time* with the following reply.

*Sir:*

*Some people seem to doubt that I exist. I am happy to be employed at the Holy Rosary Mission at Pine Ridge, S.D. Thought you could print this picture of me.*

*Silas Left Hand Bull*

Hollywood already knew the truth about the "American Beauties" whereof Silas spoke. When M.G.M. filmed "The Last Hunt" some miles northwest of Holy Rosary Mission in the Black Hills and Bad Lands of South Dakota, they asked another Indian girl, Jo Anne Gilder-

sleeve, to take a leading role in their technicolor masterpiece.

Looking into the eye of a cinema-scope camera was nothing new to Jo Anne. She had taken part in a previous motion picture, "Chief Crazy Horse" filmed by Universal International on location on Red Shirt Table in the Bad Lands, a territory served by Holy Rosary Mission for generations.

In addition to motion pictures, Jo Anne has appeared over television on "Name That Tune" and "Strike It Rich."

Jo Anne says that her greatest thrill and privilege came when, as a senior in High School, she was chosen by her fellow sodalists as May Queen to crown the statue of Our Blessed Mother. That also indicates the inner beauty of our Indian girls in our mission schools.

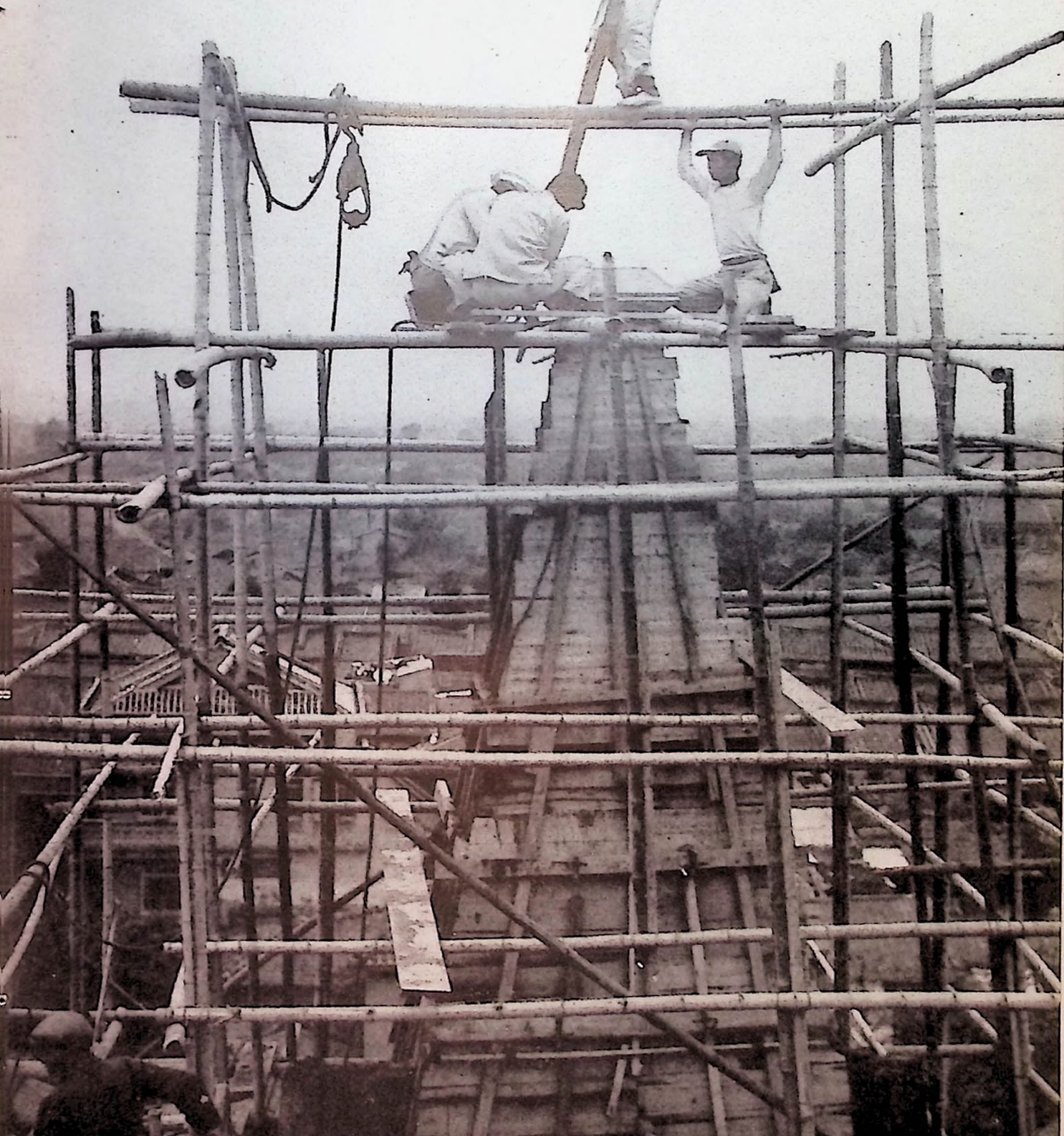
*The Holy Father's Mission Intention for*

*December shows the importance of time*

# **The Church in Formosa**

JOSEPH S. McBRIDE S

(over)



# The Church in Formosa

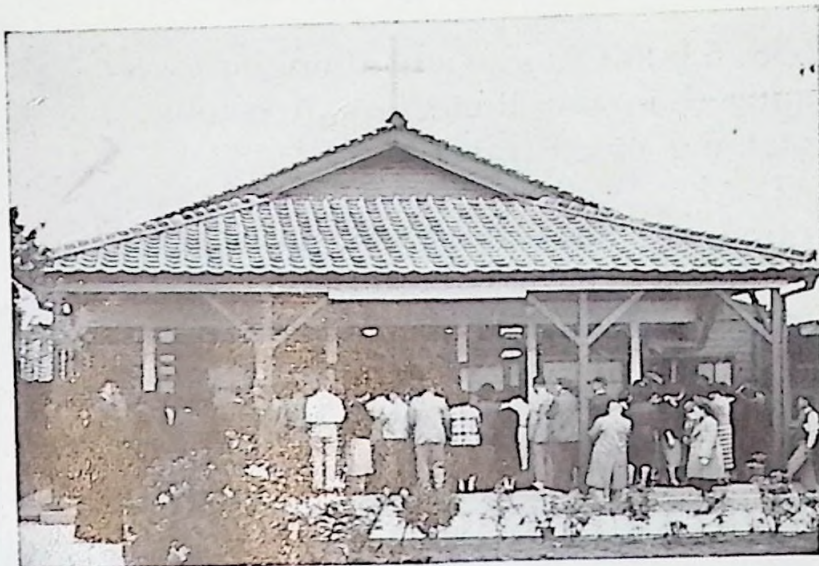


**T**HE CHURCH in Formosa is both a target and a bastion. It is still a target of Communism as it is on the mainland. It is becoming a strong bastion of the Faith. Its growth since 1953 shows that Formosa is a potential Gibraltar of the Faith in the Pacific. That Divine Providence continue to prosper the growth of the Church in Formosa is the mission intention for this month.

An enviable target is the Church because she has grown 60% since 1953. What accounts for such progress? Simply because missionaries have gone among the people and have given them the weapons of faith, hope and love. Here are a few works that are helping to build a strong spiritual force on Formosa:

1) During the year June 1957 to June

TAIWAN—9,600,000		
<i>A potential Gibraltar of the Faith</i>		
Catholic Population		
<i>Make-up of Population</i>	<i>Number</i>	
1. Aborigines	170,000	A simple
2. Taiwanese	7,530,000	Descendants of Chinese
3. Chinese Nationalists	1,900,000 (includes 500,000 military personnel)	Refugees from mainland. Spanish and Chinese



Not late-comers for Sunday Mass, but Father Murphy's chapel just isn't big enough for all.

Upward and onward is the slogan for the Church in Formosa. Maybe there wouldn't be so much building (left) if the Communists hadn't driven the missionaries from the mainland. But the ever present soldiers (below) are a constant reminder that the enemy is a scant hour away and that at any time war may break out, a war that may involve the world.

000 population	
ez Faith in the Pacific	
tion-125,000	
oes	<i>Possibility of Conversion</i>
gricultural pole.	Very good. Living in inaccessible regions and speaking various tongues make contact difficult.
s from first colonists	Good. Connections with past superstitious practices and Buddhism are main obstacles.
from Main-official Chi-ge.	Very good. Their traditional society in pieces, they turn to the Church for consolation and hope.



## The Church in Formosa

1958, 5,000 Chinese and aborigines were baptized in the Prefecture Apostolic of Taichung in central Taiwan.

2) Maryknoller Father Francis O'Neill, Formosan Director of Catholic Relief Services, reports: "Sixty-one million pounds of food, clothing and medicines valued at U.S. \$4,500,000 have been distributed to the needy this year."



High upon a rooftop, Monsignor Fahy S.J. gives the "Go ahead" to a Hsinchu church.

3) Father Edmund L. Fitzgerald S.J. conducts a course in medical ethics at the National University of Taiwan. This is expected to have valuable effect on future generations of doctors in China.

4) Borrowing the idea of teaching the Catholic Faith by mail used successfully by the Knights of Columbus in America, Father Albert Cremer, C.I.C.M., directs a correspondence course in Taipei.

5) The increase of vocations in Taipei makes it necessary for the Benedictine Sisters from St. Joseph, Minnesota, to open a novitiate in the capital city. These Sisters, once active in educational work on the mainland, carry on the arduous task of teaching the youth of Taiwan.

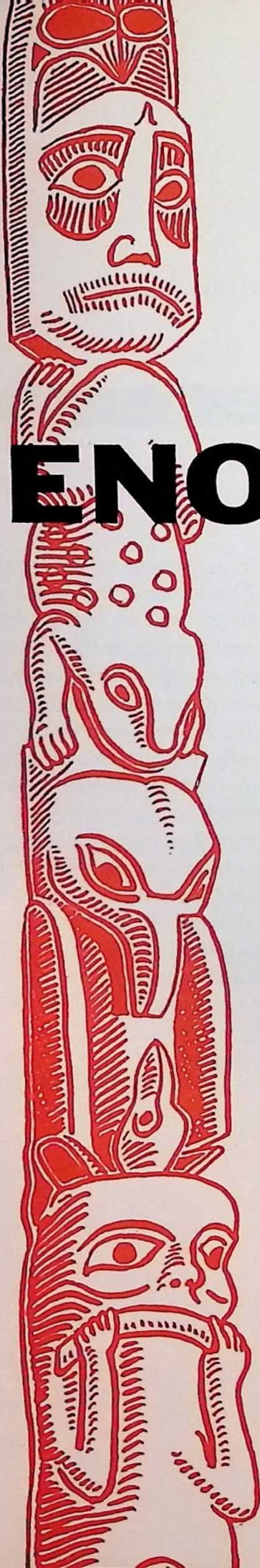
They also staff Mercy Hospital in Lo Tung, northern Taiwan.

6) Jesuit Fathers are working on a polyglot dictionary and other publications as well as on the Catholic radio. Recently, Father Philip Bourret S.J. combed Hollywood for radio know-how, equipment and personnel.

Convert-making in Taiwan is much like that of early Christianity when the seeds of Faith enjoyed a perennial Spring. Those on the scene, however, question if it is advisable to continue making converts so rapidly or stop to organize them along parish units. The priests realize that the faith of the new converts doesn't stop at baptism but must grow through training and guidance. Therefore, close contact must be kept with the new Catholics. Where the parish is organized there is that sense of working together as Catholics, making the recent ones more conscious of what the faith means. Attention then must be given to the establishment of the Legion of Mary, the Rosary Confraternity, the Apostleship of Prayer, the Family Communion Crusade, the Holy Name Society and the Sodality. Above all, undivided attention must be given to the field of education of the youth. Only two middle or secondary schools and one college for girls are under Catholic direction in the whole province of Taiwan. There are no primary schools. Future generations must be builders and defenders of the Faith. They will prove themselves so if they are given an early Catholic education.

The chart (page 16) shows what the Church can become. Many gains have been made, yet not one percent of the total population is Catholic.

Starfighter Jets and Nikes have made Formosa a Gibraltar in the Pacific. A strong faith planted in willing souls will build a Formosan Rock that will not decay. For, from Formosa the Son of Justice must rise again on the mainland in all His glory.



# ALASKA

is

# ENORMOUS!

(In fact, Alaska is so big that the latest definition of claustrophobia is what an Alaskan feels in Texas.)

This being the case, missionaries in Alaska have to move huge distances by inconvenient means, like dog sled. The Most Rev. Francis Gleeson S.J., the Vicar Apostolic of the whole vast Alaskan mission, wants to get a small plane which will enable the missionaries to travel great distances more conveniently.

**Do you happen to have a small plane lying around, one you don't use?**

If you don't, would you consider helping Bishop Gleeson by contributing \$5 or \$10 or whatever you can afford? Your contribution will be received with prayerful gratitude at

**Jesuit Missions**

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

EDWARD L. MURPHY S.J.

*All the history of man is a time of Advent*

*with its fulfillment for all restless hearts*

## December



Wonder stands in the eyes of this youngster of Ngatik Island in the Pacific. Will that longing ever be fulfilled or will her life be empty of Christmas and its bright joy?

Patience is the heritage of all the people of the Orient but it can wear thin when there is no evident reason for the waiting. Life becomes a groove, deepens to a rut, finally settles into a grave.

**A**DVENT is a time of waiting and of hope. The human race during centuries uncounted waited for the fulfillment of a promise made at the beginning of human history: the coming of a Redeemer. It was a time of hope, too, even though people did not know exactly that they were really waiting for the coming of the Son of God to redeem them. In one short month each year we recall these centuries of waiting and longing. We recall also the mystery of God's slow preparation of the human race for the moment when it would be ready to receive the gift of His Son. These centuries were not just a sitting by the side of the road waiting for a promised One. They



# Dreams



**Expectancy** is tinged with doubt as these people of Ceylon whom life has buffeted await and hope that a new day will come.

were years of restless seeking and searching, years of failure and darkness. But they were also years of graces given by God to protect mankind against despair.

There are millions of souls in the world at this moment for whom twenty more centuries must be added to those which stretch back to Eden; for them the object of their hopes and aspirations has not yet come. They are still undergoing the anxiety of waiting and hoping. They are still in a time of Advent. Their waiting will cease and their hope will be fulfilled only when the missionary Church brings them the good tidings of Christ, Our Lord. Our Lord was the answer to all the blind yearnings of mankind for the centuries before He came. He is the answer to the hopes which stir the hearts of millions at this very moment.

We know how blessed we are in possessing Christ and the Church, when we remember the centuries of waiting. This should make us more sympathetic and compassionate toward those who are still waiting for what we have received. The season of Advent, understood in its fullest meaning, should deepen our missionary spirit. Our desire for the spread of the Church across the world would be acutely stimulated, if during this season we called to mind the souls waiting for Christ all over the world. Our gratitude

to God for the gift of His Son should make us more sensitive to the need of those who do not know Christ and yet are trying in their own way to reach God.

Too often we hear about the strange rites, superstitions, magic and sorcery among millions of people in mission lands. Too little do we hear about their deep fervor, even though their practices are misguided. God has not abandoned these people, no matter how uninformed their religions are. It is God who has kept alive these efforts for religious expression. He is holding them to Himself in their own dark and confused way until that time when His full love will come to them through His Church.

These souls have persevered through long centuries in a religious sense, they are still reaching for the joy and peace which is to be found in God through Christ. God has placed the treasure of His Son and His Church in our hands; not to be hugged to our own souls for our personal satisfaction alone, but that we may offer these things to the rest of the world. Advent will remind us how desperately millions need Christ.

# Window on the Mission

## Christmas Memories

Bethlehem was a place that Our Lady must have remembered often. It was a many-sided memory, even as our own recollections of many Christmas days in the past. There were unpleasant things, the fatigue, the cold, the messy cave; or even that night of terror when Joseph had awakened her and spoke of a dream and all at once they were fleeing over strange roads, the hoofs of the donkey sharp in the dark silence, almost as sharp as Joseph's urging of the beast. But all these were the once-in-a-while memories, shaded over by the big things, His coming, her first words to Him, the heart-to-heart contact that had brimmed over in her joyful eyes. How often she must have relived those moments of a love whose like the world has never known, before or since!

No other day has more memories to it for a missionary than Christmas. That is probably true for all of us, but we are closer to the dream-tinged reality than the man or woman in a far land among people who can never be one's own. The very foreignness of the surroundings etches more deeply the memory of the Christmas that-used-to-be.

Yet it is because Bethlehem is remembered that men and women walk the far places; because the cave in Bethlehem was the proof of His thoughtfulness, so that no one could ever say, "God doesn't understand what we have to put up with!" that the lonely trails are traveled and the great Mass said—and the missionaries give thanks for that first, smelly Bethlehem whose Love overflowed into their lives.

## Statement by Gov. Stepovich of the Alaska Territory

It has been my pleasure in my many years in the Territory to have a close association with the Jesuits and their missionary work in Alaska. Much has been said about the fine work now in progress at Copper Valley near Glen Allen, Alaska. Under the inspiration and direction of the Jesuit Fathers, a truly fine school is developing in the midst of a beautiful wilderness. Already there are over one hundred students in the grammar school and high school. There are plans in the future for the first Jesuit College in Alaska.

The priests who man the outposts in the rugged bush country have gained the admiration and respect of all the citizenry of Alaska. By no means the least of their problems is the low sub-zero temperature with

## By-ways

From Patna Father Ed Burke writes, "A rare sight in our Jesuit world was to see the three Scott brothers celebrating Father Frank's Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit. Father Charlie is himself a jubilarian of 57 years while Father Ed is completing 49 years. More memorable still was the sight of the three veterans on the altar together. So these three brothers have spent 156 years in God's service!"

which they contend in our cold winters.

Father Thomas Cunningham S.J., affectionately called "Father Tom" by all Alaskans, is called upon by the military as an Arctic survival expert. He is a master of the many Eskimo dialects.

In Fairbanks, which has been my home, we have a fine grammar school and a high school. Our parish priests, as well as those who teach, are well thought of in the community. They are called upon for advice in many matters. At the present time Father George Boileau S.J., our pastor, serves as Chairman of the Employment Security Board for the Territory and his opinion is valued.

From the early days, the Jesuits have pioneered Alaska's wilderness and they are synonymous with Alaska's history.

Sincerely,  
Mike Stepovich

Remember last issue's "With No Forked Tongue" by J. G. E. Hopkins? The same author has recently brought out an excellent and exciting book on the same subject of the heroic Father De Smet. It is entitled "Black Robe Peacemaker" and is intended for readers between the ages of 10 and 14. The publisher is P. J. Kenedy & Sons and the price is \$2.50. It would make a good Christmas gift.



## AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONS AND MISSION DIRECTORS

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3400 West Michigan St.  
Milwaukee 8, Wis.

### PHILIPPINES, CAROLINE AND MARSHALL ISLANDS

Rev. William T. Wood S.J.  
39 East 83rd St.  
New York 28, N.Y.

*In the short time of its existence*

*the Mission Secretariat has proven*

*its worth in a score of different ways*

## "We in the Marketplace"

**T**HE THEME of the ninth Annual Meeting of the Mission-sending Societies (the missionary orders which provide the personnel for mission fields) was "We in the Marketplace." It underlined the importance of public relations as an effective means of helping fulfill the mission of bringing Christ to the world. Close to 700 priests, nuns, brothers and lay people attended the meeting in Washington, D.C.

The Mission Secretariat has been called a "working bureau for service to the Mission-sending and mission-aid Societies of the United States." To its membership of over 200 Provinces of Congregations which maintain personnel on overseas missions the Secretariat pro-

vides a clearing house for an exchange of ideas and practical help. Under the energetic leadership of Father Frederick McGuire, C.M., a veteran China missionary, the organization in its eight years of existence advanced the mission movement in this country at a rapid pace. The Annual Meeting provides an opportunity to discuss the problems encountered by the Mission-sending Societies in spreading the Faith to the entire world.

One of the more popular features of the Meeting is the Group Conference which is geared to the special point of view of those attending it. So Major Superiors will gather at one conference while those interested in vocations or mission magazines or in providing sup-



Planning the agenda of the Annual Meeting of the Mission Secretariat are Father McGuire (standing) the Executive Secretary, and Miss Frances Neason and Father Alcuin Egan, S.A.

plies and funds for the missions will have their own particular gathering. Every possible phase of mission activity, both in the field and at home, is discussed.

Last year the "Worldmission Award" was established as an annual expression of appreciation to a layman or laywoman whose interest in America's mission work has been outstanding. Often enough, the missionaries are not in a position to adequately express their appreciation to those whose zeal for the Faith has led to distinguished service so the Worldmission Award was established as a partial expression of the gratitude of the men and women in the field towards those who have helped outstandingly.

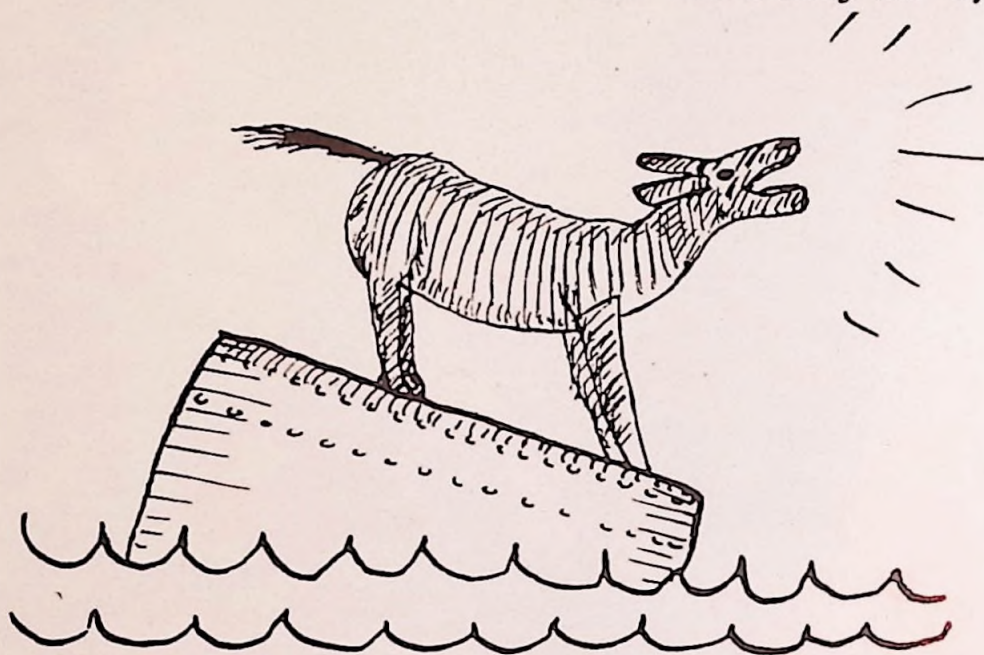
This year the award was made to Mrs.

Lester Auberlin of Detroit, founder of World Medical Relief, a non-sectarian organization whose purpose is to furnish medicines, drugs, hospital equipment and surgical supplies to mission areas where they are needed most. The presentation was made by Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, who cited Mrs. Auberlin's work as "outstanding and sacrificial in the service of the Church's missions."

With over 6000 missionaries from the United States in mission fields at the present time the value of the Mission Secretariat is emphasized for it is the one point of coordination for all concerned in the greatest work on earth.

*It's not easy to rhapsodize about a donkey*

*but the heady air of the Honduras hills*



ONE HUNDRED and twenty-five miles from the sea in the center of the hill country of Honduras, by what quirk of association can a donkey-riding missionary be put in mind of a fog-horn? A recent conversation with Padre Francisco Ratermann of Yoro will provide the clue.

"You know, Padre," I was saying to my fellow missionary, after a thirteen-hour ride on a donkey, "there is something musical about the cry of a donkey."

"Musical!" expostulated my friend. "What is wrong with your ear? The cry of a burro is the most cacaphonous wail outside of the infernal regions."

"I wouldn't go so far as all that," I replied, somewhat subdued. "You have to admit at least that there is a certain rhythm in the donkey's cry."

"The rhythm of a plumber filing threads off a pipe," countered Padre Francisco drily.

Not to be thoroughly outdone I said, "But you will concede that there has to be a certain beauty in all of God's creatures, First cause and all that. Remember

your philosophy? I claim to see a quaint tunefulness in the cry of the burro."

"Look, chum, a donkey's shriek is not a question for philosophizing. It is a question of the ear. Some people have an ear for music, some don't."

"Well," I concluded, "as I was saying before we got on this subject, it was a very scenic trip coming into Yoro."

The subject of conversation had changed, but my line of thought had not. Why, I asked myself, do I hear music in what to others is the rusty pump scrape of a donkey? Is it perhaps that my many hours on a burro ambling through the hills have given me a certain secret sympathy for what Chesterton calls "The devil's walking parody of all four-footed things"? As I reflected more, I could not help recalling my seminary days when I was trying out for the choir. I could still see the choir master bending over the key-board with a slight frown, hitting middle "C" for the third time.

"Don't grapple for the note," he was saying, "just hit it."

*has its own peculiar magic of enchantment*

## TO A FOG-HORN

I sighed somewhat embarrassedly and tried again. But I must have created the impression of going after the note with a pair of ice tongs, because the following day I remember shaking my head sadly as I noted on the bulletin-board list that I had not qualified for the choir. For a few years after that I tried out each September for the choir, but the results were the same. I figured I just didn't have the proper voice for polyphonic singing, or was it Gregorian?

The day after my conversation with Padre Francisco on the musical merits of a donkey's cry and my reminiscence on my would-be choir days, I set out early for my home base, Minas de Oro. It was Sunday, so I was able to leave very early in the morning and say an evening Mass at a village along the way.

In the freshness of this Sunday morning I and my donkey plodded the trail that winds up into the pine forests that look down on the village of Luquigue (Lew-key-guay) a settlement of the Spanish conquistadores. The moisture clouds still clung to the valleys, for the sun was not yet up to disperse the billowing folds of white. I stopped my donkey to look. The scene reminded me of my youthful days on the shores of Lake Michigan. Then it was that I recalled how I liked to watch the billowing fog come rolling in over the waters when the temperature dropped suddenly in the

summer time. And with the fog came the warning notes from the fog-horns, throbbing to all on the water to be wary.

It came to me then, astride my mule on the landlocked Spanish trail, how much I missed the friendly lowing of the fog-horns. To most people a fog-horn has no associations. But to me it speaks of the lake shore where I grew up. All the memories of childhood come back as I hear the baying fog-horn. I can remember when I returned from the missions ten years ago, how standing in the train station in Milwaukee, despite the noises, I was listening for the familiar growl of the fog-horns.

As I spurred on my beast again along the ancient Spanish trail, my thoughts trotted along too. Riding a donkey offers a grand opportunity for reflection. Perhaps I can't carry a tune, even with a pair of ice tongs. Perhaps, too, I hear music where others don't, nevertheless on the part of the great army of my unsung brethren—the Johnny-one-notes of the world—I should pay tribute to what others consider unmelodious. I begin with the donkey. But as Chesterton has paid immortal tribute to the donkey: "of monstrous head and sickening cry," I can only salute the fog-horn:

"Hail to thee, bass viol of the sea!  
From shoals and sands  
And threatening strands  
You warn the mariner. Hail to thee!"

## *American Jesuits Departing for Missions in 1958*

### **To PHILIPPINES:**

Fr. Kenneth C. Bogart  
Fr. Alfonso Flores  
Fr. Jose Ma. Martinez  
Fr. Benigno Mayo  
Fr. Cypriano E. Unson  
Fr. Enrique L. Victoriano  
Mr. Eugene J. Cavanagh  
Mr. John J. Costello  
Mr. John M. Dougherty  
Mr. Roger D. Haight  
Mr. Daniel H. Lewis  
Mr. William J. Malley  
Mr. Michael D. Moga  
Mr. Edward F. Salmon  
Mr. Patrick T. Sullivan

### **To CAROLINE-MARSHALLS:**

Fr. Richard J. Hoar  
Mr. Thomas B. McGrath

### **To IRAQ:**

Fr. John P. Banks  
Fr. Stanislaus T. Gerry  
Fr. Charles W. Mahan  
Mr. Robert D. Farrell  
Mr. James H. McCarthy  
Mr. Martin J. McDermott  
Mr. Robert F. O'Brien

### **To JAMAICA:**

Fr. Samuel E. Carter  
Fr. Francis J. Ryan  
Mr. Laurence A. Burke  
Mr. Arthur W. Kane  
Mr. Richard B. McCafferty  
Bro. Calvin A. Clarke

### **To YORO:**

Fr. Marion G. Budzinski  
Fr. William P. Thro

### **To BELIZE:**

Fr. John J. Quirk  
Mr. Donald M. Cunningham  
Mr. Edgar L. Roy  
Mr. Jerome E. Tolle  
Mr. John J. Waters

### **To JAPAN:**

Mr. Walter Brown  
Mr. Robert E. Kennedy  
Mr. George Newland

### **To KOREA:**

Fr. Michael L. Smith  
Mr. Terence W. Doyle  
Mr. John L. Mitchell  
Bro. Michael J. Daniels

### **To ALASKA:**

Fr. Lawrence N. Haffie  
Fr. Louis L. Renner  
Fr. Pasquale Spoletini  
Mr. Cornelius L. Cooper

### **To FORMOSA:**

Fr. John W. Clifford  
Mr. J. David Reed

### **To AMERICAN INDIANS:**

Fr. Charles Robinson  
Fr. Thomas V. Savage  
Fr. Daniel J. Tainter

### **To CEYLON:**

Mr. John S. Waldo  
Mr. Thomas E. McGranahan

### **To SPANISH-SPEAKING MISSIONS:**

Rev. Edward A. Thro



*In the name of our more than 1200 Jesuit missionaries in eighteen different mission fields and in the name of the Staff of Jesuit Missions we pray that our readers and benefactors may know the fullness of God's blessing at Christmas and in the year to come.*



## Flight to Matsu

**T**HE BPY-5A, better known as the Blue Goose, was ninety miles out of Taipei's Sungshan Air Force Base. As soon as we had started over the Taiwan Straits we had settled down to about fifty feet above the water in order to keep under the Communist radar sweep. The radioman handed back to me a scrawled weather report: "Matsu—fog, wind southeast, visibility 1/16 mile." All five of us knew well enough that even a quarter of a mile visibility might be slicing the safety factor a bit thin when it came to slapping down more than eleven tons moving at eighty miles an hour into a very restricted channel.

The Blue Goose is a grand old bird, a veritable beldame of China Coast flying. As becomes her age, she wears little make-up: a thin red line on the fuselage aft of the cockpit marking the "propeller-danger" area; yellow-tipped props; a discreet touch of white. Once she flaunted the French tricolor, but now she carries no markings, nothing top-side that would prevent her from blending perfectly with the Straits that are her regular beat.

Shortly after the weather report came in, rain slashed into the ship and the sea below changed swiftly from bright blue to dull grey as the first fringes of the foul weather blanketing Matsu drifted past. Radar or no radar, it was cotton wool all the way now and we climbed to get on top of the weather.

We were definitely in the let-down area a few minutes later and started settling into the suds. We plooped out of the overcast into a rainwashed twilight that had an unearthly photographically underexposed look about it. Dead ahead and still trailing the tattered wreckage of the clouds that had just blown clear from the seaward peaks were the islands. But the sight beyond them was the big thrill for me.

Just a little beyond Matsu was what I had waited and prayed and hoped for for more than twenty-seven years: China! Nine Dragon and White Cloud Mountains, the mouth of the Min River, miles and miles of beaches and mountain ranges, all clear and sharp like a beautiful black-on-white Chinese painting.

There had been a thrill like this only once before—the point in the Mass of Ordination when I first realized *now* I'm a priest. The next such thrill will be when I set foot on that promised land.

The sponsons whined down and clunked secure feet from the surface, a quick twist and a touch of throttle and we came roaring in on the straightaway for touchdown. Seacliffs, shipping, and beach defenses were flashing by now, but we still held our height at full throttle over acres of rip-'em-up hardware. Then, smoothly and deftly, the pilot skimmed the last of the bric-a-brac and set the keel into the slot with scarcely a quiver. We were at Matsu.

*"Whatever you have done for these*     JAMES L. ANDERSON S.J.

*little ones, you have done for Me."*

## *Mothers of the Ragpickers*

**L**AST JANUARY a twenty-eight-year-old girl from the slums of Tokyo died of tuberculosis. There was nothing remarkable about her death. Japan and the slums of Japan in particular are familiar enough with death. But this girl was someone special. While she lived, she had become known throughout Tokyo as Mary of Ants Town. After her death, the newspapers of Japan told her story, and magazines in the United States and in Europe began to speak of the Madonna of the Ragpickers.

This girl, Reiko Kitahara, had won the hearts of her countrymen because of her love for the outcasts of society. Her life, from her baptism eight years earlier,

was proof of God's love for the poor and suffering. And through her example many Japanese have been attracted to Christ's Church by its brightest sign, love.

It was in December, 1949, that this recent Catholic convert (baptized Mary Elizabeth), the child of a wealthy family, saw for the first time a section of the Tokyo slums known as Ants Town.

Ants Town was one scavenger community among others in the slums of Tokyo. Its inhabitants, despised by everyone else, eked out a living by rooting among the streets, gutters and garbage piles of the city for rags, paper, scrap metal, junk of any kind. Then they returned to their hovels to sort out their

Ants Town watches as Cardinal Frings of Cologne greets the late Reiko Kitahara.



pickings. By tirelessly combing the rubbish which no one else in the city wanted, a family of ragpickers could glean about fifteen or twenty cents a day to continue their lives in 6 by 9 floorless shacks, which, like everything else in Ants Town, were built of the scraps which no one else wanted. In these huts were born the children of Ants Town, and here they died at twice the rate of children in the rest of Tokyo.

Reiko's heart went out to these children and to their parents. So began the eight dedicated years which her death this year brought to the attention of the world. The serene Madonna of the Ragpickers is seen no more by the Japanese, but the sign of charity which she raised before their eyes has not disappeared.

Miss Yaeko Kawaume, like Reiko, is a Catholic girl who was pained to see the misery of the slum dwellers and determined to help them. She went to Father Robert Vallade and asked him if she

**Hunger** is never far from the inhabitants of Ants Town. Mrs. Hitodo Yodohashi and her daughter Yamita are taking instructions from Father Meyer S.J.



could assist him in his work in Osaka.

She now lives there in the Gyokokai Home for ragpickers. ("Gyokokai" literally means "Dawn Light Circle" and symbolically "The Sea of Hope Circle"). She is teacher, cook, maid and mother to the ragpickers. Again like Reiko, she has been called the Ragpickers' Mother.

She sleeps in a tiny room in a corner of the dining room of the home. She does all the chores of a busy housewife, cooking three meals a day for the ragpickers, washing and mending their clothing, shopping for food at market-places. In the evening she leads them in prayer and gives religious instructions.

The love and compassion of Yaeko Kawaume and Reiko Kitahara, more effectively than any words, have explained

to the Japanese people the meaning of Christian charity, which, like a flaming beacon, is quietly calling the Japanese to Christ's Church, their true home and the only island in an ocean of darkness and uncertainty.

What one young Japanese said of Reiko is typical of the reaction to these two dedicated lives: "When Kitahara San asked who wanted to take catechism lessons, I presented myself at once. Of course I wanted to be baptized, but if anyone had asked me what good I saw in Christianity, I would not have known how to answer. I did not understand much, but since this was the religion of Kitahara San, the person whom I esteemed more than anyone in the world, I wanted to believe as she did."

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



# Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

**Jesuit Seminarians in Manila** use their free time visiting sections of the city where relief is badly needed and have listed the families whose daily income is less than 50 centavos. Rice and powdered milk have been distributed to these people.

Father Elsinghorst, who works with these seminarians, says they can't do as much as they would like. "My main problem with these poor folks is *medicine* and *money*—money for transportation to the hospital and for incidentals; medicine for those who earn barely enough to live."

Would you help, in your charity, with a gift of \$1.00 or \$2.00?

**Parseedih Has a New Church** in which Father Ed Dineen said the first Mass. "All we have so far are the walls. As time goes on we will add roof, doors, windows and floor. If you have people interested in chapels—

Roof .....	\$700.00
6 Windows .....	\$ 2.00
7 Doors .....	\$ 40.00

Would you help, please?

**Father John Newell** of Minas de Oro and his assistant use two mules to cover their huge mountain territory. One of them (the mules, of course) has now been on the trail for 17 years, and sighs for retirement. Father Newell himself has been on the trail in Honduras almost twice that time, but is still going strong. A mule replacement is needed which would cost \$200.00 and should last for the next 17 years.

A gift of \$1.00 or \$2.00 would be appreciated for the Newell Mule Fund.

**A Cholera Epidemic** has reached the parish limits of Father Anthony Roberts, Raj Anandpur, India. Asking for Divine Protection, the Catholics are reciting the Litany of the Sacred Heart. Father Roberts says, "Could you send us Sacred Heart badges so we may, by this tangible sign, reaffirm our consecration to the Sacred Heart, and try to live in accord with His will? I'm sure that some benefactor, who *himself* owes much to the Sacred Heart, *might* want to be instrumental in *helping* us also spread this devotion."

If you would like to answer this appeal—

100 badges ..... \$3.25

**Practically in the Same Mail** came a request from Father Hebert of Yoro for Sacred Heart badges, plus a request for Sacred Heart Holy Cards ..... .05

**Used Clothing**, suitable for high school boys and girls, could be sent to:

Rev. Lawrence Edwards S.J.  
Holy Rosary Mission  
Pine Ridge, So. Dakota

"With more than 500 Indian boarders in our school help is really needed."

**"Children's Lives Could Be Saved** in Alaska," says Father Poole, "if I had medical thermometers. Most of the fatalities among the children here could be avoided since a quick shot of penicillin would cure most of their maladies."

One thermometer ..... \$1.50

**This is  
a ROAD!**



Father F. X. McFarland of Sindri, India has to travel constantly along roads like these to reach the 684 coal mines which are part of his parish. He desperately needs a jeep in order to make any headway at all, as is obvious from the picture.

**Won't you help?**

Send \$5 or 10 or whatever you  
can afford to

*Jesuit Missions*

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

# IN HIS MOTHER'S PLACE



*The Infant Christ* needed swaddling clothes at Bethlehem and Mary, His Mother, supplied them. Christ's priests in the missions need vestments for Mass. Will you take the place of His Mother? The climate, especially in tropical countries, is very hard on cloth, and keeping the vestments fitting and decent is a problem for the missionary. He must see to it that every one of his chapels is equipped with vestments in the five liturgical colors. They need not be elaborate ones, but light and suitable for his circumstances. Can you help clothe Mary's missionary? We can purchase the vestments at \$25 a set.

---

If you would like to give a set in memory of a departed relative or friend, or for some other intention, send us a donation and we will see that the needy missionaries are supplied. Christ's name belongs on your Christmas list.

## JESUIT MISSIONS

45 E. 78th Street, New York 21

180-1 P.S.

