

JESUIT MISSIONS

THAT THE CHURCH BE ONE



unity of faith



unity of communion



unity of rule



3139-1



JESUIT MISSIONS

National Magazine of the American Jesuit Missioners

Missions assigned to
the American Jesuits
by the Pope:

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Ceylon

Alaska

Belize

Japan

Burma

China

Caroline Islands

Formosa

Jamaica

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Patna

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Marshall Islands

Nepal

Yoro

American Indians

January-February 1959, Vol. 33, No. 1

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opian Harvest is reaped by this Galla farmer (left) who cuts the
with a small serrated-edge sickle. Another kind of harvest is almost
to be reaped as the centuries-old hostility toward Catholics is lessening
ee Church emerges into the light. (See page 6) UNations photo.

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"I am the vine, you are the branches. He who abides in Me, and I in him, he bears much fruit; for without Me you can do nothing." This is the reminder that

WHEN THE late and deeply beloved Pope Pius XII approved as the Mission Intention for January "that the unity of the Church may draw the nations to the Faith" he did not realize the impact his own death would have on the entire world. Catholic and non-Catholic, Christian and non-Christian alike, felt that his passing was a personal thing, that a true man of God had departed from their midst. In the shadow of his towering figure men understood more readily the unity of the Church of Rome.

That unity displays itself in three different branches:

a) the unity of faith whereby all the members believe in the same truths:

b) the unity of rule whereby all obey one head:

c) the unity of communion which embraces the social union of the members among themselves and their working together toward the same common end.

In the half dozen years of my association with the Catholic Near East Welfare I have had ample opportunity to observe the advantages of that unity and at the same time to experience the difficulties that arise from disunion. For nowhere else in the world will you encounter a situation such as is found in the Near East, the score of different

Unity unbroken since the days of Peter is signalized by Pope John XXIII. (NCWC photo, courtesy N.Y. Catholic News)



MSGR. PETER P. TUOHY

National Secretary,
Catholic Near East Welfare Association

The Church is ONE

threads that are woven into the turbulent pattern of life in that area. It is a region that has been called "the Oriental palimpsest," a parchment that has been used again and again, with the earlier writing erased. So one deals with people of a half dozen different racial strains, with Moslems, Christians, Jews and their various religious divisions. For instance, in the case of the Christians alone, there are five primary Eastern Catholic rites which break down into nineteen secondary divisions, all of which are in union with Rome, but these constitute only a small minority of the Christian population in the Near East.

Beside the Catholics, there are the same rites of Christian Dissidents who broke away from Rome centuries ago. Among the Moslems are both Sunni and Shi'a adherents. The Jews are also divided; and the confusion is further compounded by the presence of Druses, Yazidis, Protestants and others.

Anyone who knows the fierce loyalty of the Easterner to his own rite can appreciate the difficulties likely to be encountered when there is question of working together with someone of another rite or of another religion. They have lived too long in disunion and in actual strife and they are unwilling to bury the past. It is a disunity which is well known, so that it has been an actual deterrent to Moslems and others who might be interested in the Christian beliefs and practices.

But the history of the Catholic Near East Welfare Association proves that the difficulty may often be overcome. Once people recognize the sincere kindness of Christ behind the hands reached out to help them, then all the suspicion and aloofness of ages past desert them. This has been especially true of the Pontifical Mission for Arab Refugees, a branch of our main Association, which in the last ten years has poured in over \$34,000,000 worth of money, supplies, service and personnel for the poor people driven into exile. The experience they had suffered had embittered them toward the stranger but now they greet us with a light in their eyes which no words can describe. The love of Christ has been for them a real and living thing, not to be forgotten. They have seen the Church in action.

I have used the Near East as an example of a truth that applies to the whole world, for in that particular region there are more cross currents to be bucked than are found elsewhere. But if the true Church of Christ with its glorious oneness can shine through the gloom and darkness of ancient hatreds in those lands which have always been a battleground of beliefs, then we can hope that same Light will more easily lead the other nations home.

The present Pontiff, Pope John XXIII, in his first public address, stressed the need of this unity. "... We embrace with equal paternal affection the Oriental Church; and open our hearts and arms

The Church is ONE

Comfort is offered by Monsignor Tuohy, head of Pontifical Mission for Palestine, to refugee child.



to all those who are separated from the Apostolic See, where Peter himself lives in his successors 'until the consummation of the centuries' (Matthew 28:20) and fulfills the command, given him by Christ, to bind and to loosen everything on this earth (Matthew 16:19) and to shepherd the flock of the Lord."

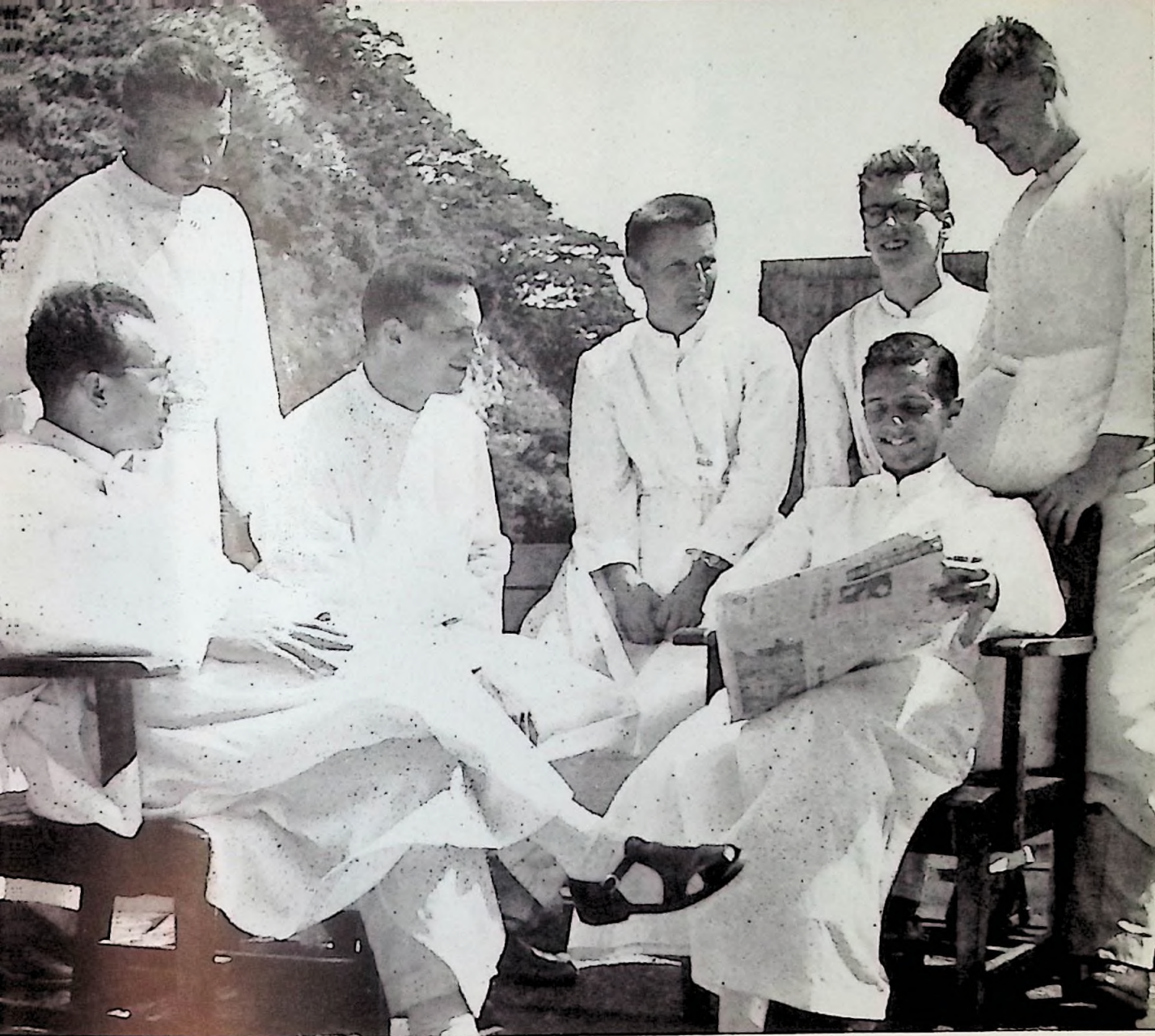
"We ardently desire their return to the house of the common father and we therefore repeat the words of the Divine Redeemer: 'Holy Father, keep in Thy name those whom Thou hast given me, that they may be one even as we are' (John 17:11). In such manner there shall be one shepherd... They will not enter into a foreign house but into their own,

that same house that once was illuminated by the doctrinal sign of their ancestors and made precious by their virtues..."

One of the most important ways of attracting non-Christians to the true Church has been the example of the missionaries. Long ago the Arabs watched the Sisters of Charity with their sweeping cornettes, hurrying down the filthy alleys in their cause of love and promptly dubbed them "the swallows of Allah." The same is true all over the mission world; nameless men and women quietly and unselfishly spend their lives to serve, often at tremendous cost, the cause of Christ and the splendor of their sacrifice

Respect and confidence light the faces of these Melville Island youths, halfcastes from northern Australia, as they stop for a chat with Sister Barbara after their evening meal.





Seven nations bore these Jesuits now in Japan. Messrs. Molina (Spain), Brand (Brazil), Anderson (U.S.A.), Honisch (Germany), de Fromont (France), Osuna (Colombia) and O'Brien (England). They are all studying Japanese at the Taura Language School near Yokosuka.

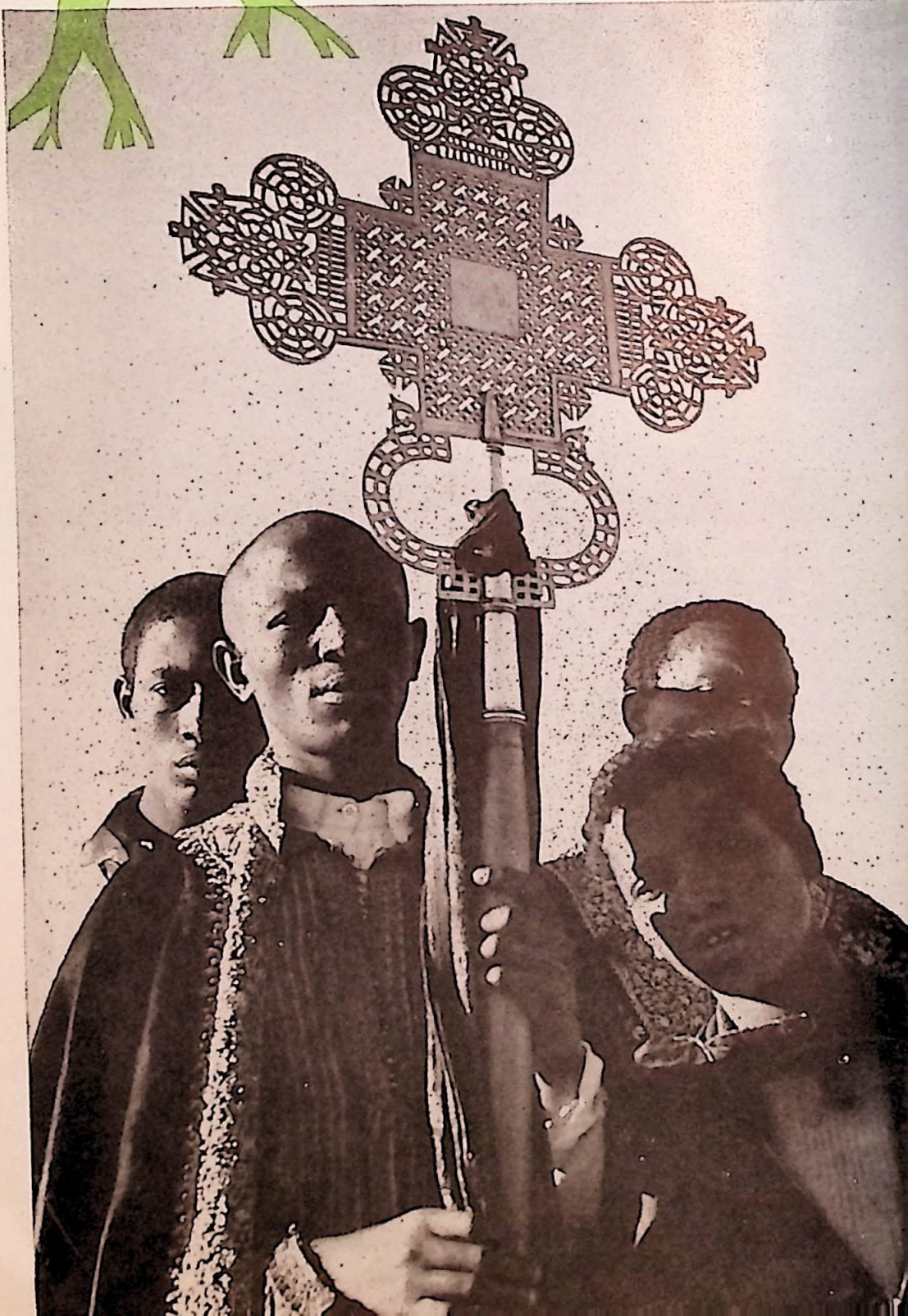
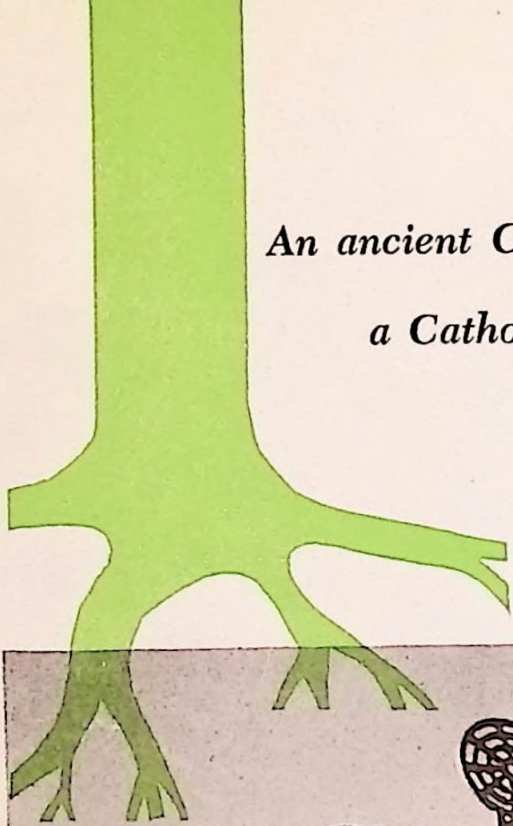
is a magnet that draws those around them to investigate this mysterious force which impels these heroic figures on. In them the Church shines forth, "the standard set up for the nations" of Isaias.

Since the year 1920 the Church Unity Octave has been celebrated in the month of January. It is a world-wide call for prayers that will unite all peoples, "that all may be one." It is the echo of that night when the Lamb of God left the Cenacle with his chosen ones and walked in the light of the Pascal moon down into the valley where the brook Kedron ran darkly against the shadows of the olive trees beyond. "Abide in Me"—and

everything that the word "home" means to us is contained in that "abide." "Yet not only for these do I pray, but for those who through their word are to believe in Me, that all may be one, even as Thou, Father, in Me and I in Thee; that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me. And the glory that Thou hast given Me, I have given to them, that they may be one, even as We are one: I in them, and Thou in Me; that they may be perfected in unity..." It is a prayer that we should keep very close to our hearts during this month of January and the Chair of Unity Octave.

*An ancient Christian nation consecrates
a Catholic bishop in a forgotten tongue*

After 1:



Internuncio to Ethiopia, Monsignor McGeough, during private audience with the late Pope Pius XII.



Centuries

NOT SINCE the Fifth Century had a Catholic bishop been consecrated in Ethiopia. Now under the gentle persuasion of His Excellency, the Most Reverend Joseph McGeough, Papal Internuncio who once called New York his home, the Cathedral at Addis Ababa was crowded for the consecration of Monsignor Asrat Mariam Yemmerou, Apostolic Exarch of Asmara. Attending the ceremonies were the Internuncio, bishops, the personal representative of Emperor Haile Selassie, priests and monks of both the Catholic and Dissident rites.

Ethiopia has been a Christian country for fifteen hundred years but the Catholics there have had a difficult time. In its early years the Church was tied in with the Egyptians, a bond that would last until this century, and when the Copts of Egypt broke away from Rome and adhered to the Monophysite heresy the Ethiopians followed suit. The remoteness of the country plus the aloofness of its people to foreigners hindered any effective mission work, although the Jesuits had succeeded in bringing about a brief reunion with Rome in the 16th Century. In the light of that background the Papal Internuncio felt that the consecration of Bishop Yemmerou should receive the prominence it deserved.

The cross is borne by young
in Addis Ababa during ceremony
attending the Feast of the Epiphany.
Ethiopia has always been closely con-
tacted with Copts of Egypt until recently.

It was the first time the faithful had seen such a consecration, carried out in the newly restored liturgy in Gheez, an ancient language no longer in use but the traditional one for scriptures and liturgy. The rite of consecration is a simple one, the imposition of hands by the consecrating bishop while the co-consecrators place a hand on the shoulders of the one being consecrated. There is no anointing of the head as in the Latin rite. The formula of consecration is also simple but beautiful: "As Our Lord sent His Holy Spirit in the name of the Father, so may the grace of the Holy Spirit descend upon you." Then follows the prayer: "Now that he has been chosen bishop, may he be a perfect servant of his people; may he watch and pray for them day and night. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit we name you Bishop of the city of . . ."

When the Bishop was given his pastoral staff the women in the Cathedral raised a great cry of joy, striking the palm of the hand against the mouth while the men let loose a tremendous clapping of hands. Fifteen centuries of silence, of persecution and death, were in that outburst.

The Catholics in Ethiopia number about 117,000—only 6% of the population. But there have been several optimistic signs in recent years that the Church has a bright future—and that the majority Dissident Church is thinking of a return to union with Rome.

*Across the narrow stretch of water
the Communist guns await the signal*

as a Chinese officer writes his

Letter

which tells of a more important bat-



From Matsu

whose outcome was a victory in terms of eternity

THIS LETTER, written a few months ago by a Chinese officer on Matsu, explains much better than anything I could hope to write why I am in Asia and why I am more than willing to spend the rest of my life here. It more than compensates for everything that goes into the making of the Matsu run and anything that might happen in the future.

"Thank you, Father, for the divine gift of the Holy Spirit. On that never to be forgotten day I received three different Graces from our Lord: I was baptized, I was married in the Church, and I received our Lord in Holy Communion."

There is no chapel on any of the islands in the Matsu complex. The Holy Sacrifice is offered wherever I can set up my kit, usually either the officers' lounge or the hostel recreation room at the American MAAG compound. It was here that the officer made his Communion. I had baptized him and his wife—my first Chinese—at their home and witnessed their marriage there. It is in a village that is most exposed to Communist fire from the mainland some five miles away.

"I can only offer my body and soul, my whole life, to Him in thanksgiving."

"I want to thank you, too, Father, but I know that your purpose in being here—to save our spiritual life—requires no

earthly reward, so I dare not even mention any such thing. But your kindness and loving attention will be always engraved on my heart."

"I stood outside the Church for ten years. Perhaps because I thought I hadn't reached the high standard required to be a Catholic. Maybe it was the all too vivid memory of my past sins that held me back. At any rate never during that time did I dare to accept this Grace."

The officer had been taking instructions in the Faith in his home across the narrow stretch of water and was prepared for baptism, but had been forced to flee from the Fukien mainland to Matsu before he could be received into the Church. From 1949 on, Father Bernard M. Duretto, O.F.M., Vicar General of Kinmen, made infrequent visits to Matsu. There was no other priest available at this time.

I met the officer at Easter on my first trip to the islands, but was able to speak with him for only a very few minutes. At that time, I wasn't sure I'd be returning to Matsu regularly.

"This time you brought that Holy Life to me during this present emergency."

A few days before my scheduled flight in August, all flights to the islands had been canceled. There were MIG-17's at the Foochow air base four minutes jet time from Matsu. I was supposed to be there for the Feast of the Assumption; I wasn't. I missed a destroyer, but was able to get aboard an LSM a few days later. The first my people on Matsu knew of my arrival was when I dropped

ety Skies mean that the ordinary
of farm life can start again until
next barrage sends everyone on the tiny
nialist islands off China's mainland
ying to the nearest defence cover.

Letter from Matsu

FEBRUARY MISSION INTENTION

During the month of February the Holy Father asks us to pray "that the Christians in China be not torn away from Church unity by Communist deceit."

over the fantail into the small boat as the LSM hove to in Fu Ao harbor. I took care of the officer as soon as possible, four days later, August 19.



Confident of a return some day to the mainland, this Catholic now flies the Straits.

"You had guided me further on my way to everlasting life and at long last I was able to receive supernatural Grace."

Actually, many others had sown, I merely reaped. It was his fellow officer, a Catholic, who had helped him during the years on the island; who had finished his education in the Faith; who had brought him to see me that first time when the word had been spread that

there was a Catholic priest aboard. It was a Spanish Jesuit, the Catholic officer's teacher on the mainland, who gave me the particulars of the situation. I am only the padre who was on Matsu when everything was settled.

"You are so kind—so much like our Lord—" He couldn't have paid any priest a higher compliment . . .

"You were about to wipe away my many, many sins, so I couldn't help weeping as I made my Act of Contrition before receiving Baptism. But then I am weak, very weak."

Three days after they were married, the officer's wife, a native of Matsu, with their three small children were safely out of what was now an official danger zone. Neither I nor they have the faintest idea of when they can be together again. I'm only thankful that I was able to baptize them and witness their marriage as soon as I did, for I knew nothing of this move at the time.

"My wife and children, since they were evacuated to Taiwan, have not written to me so I cannot give you their address. But I have talked with my wife by phone and she tells me that with no relatives there and with the language barrier things are very difficult. She knows very little doctrine, so I hope that you will be able to introduce her to the priest in the place she will live so she can continue her catechism lessons."

"Everything as usual here. Please don't worry."

Worry, hardly that, but there is that uneasiness when your people are sharing a common danger and you are not there. Some day, in God's Providence, every day of mine will be shared with China's fighting men who are, may it please God, my people in a very special way.

Kinmen is being battered and no one knows when Matsu's turn will come. But they are ready if and when it does. God bless them and bring more of them into the shelter of the true Faith.

The Sierra Madre Mountains have their secrets, their Indians who dwell in caves, and a mission 350 years old



Surprise in Mexico

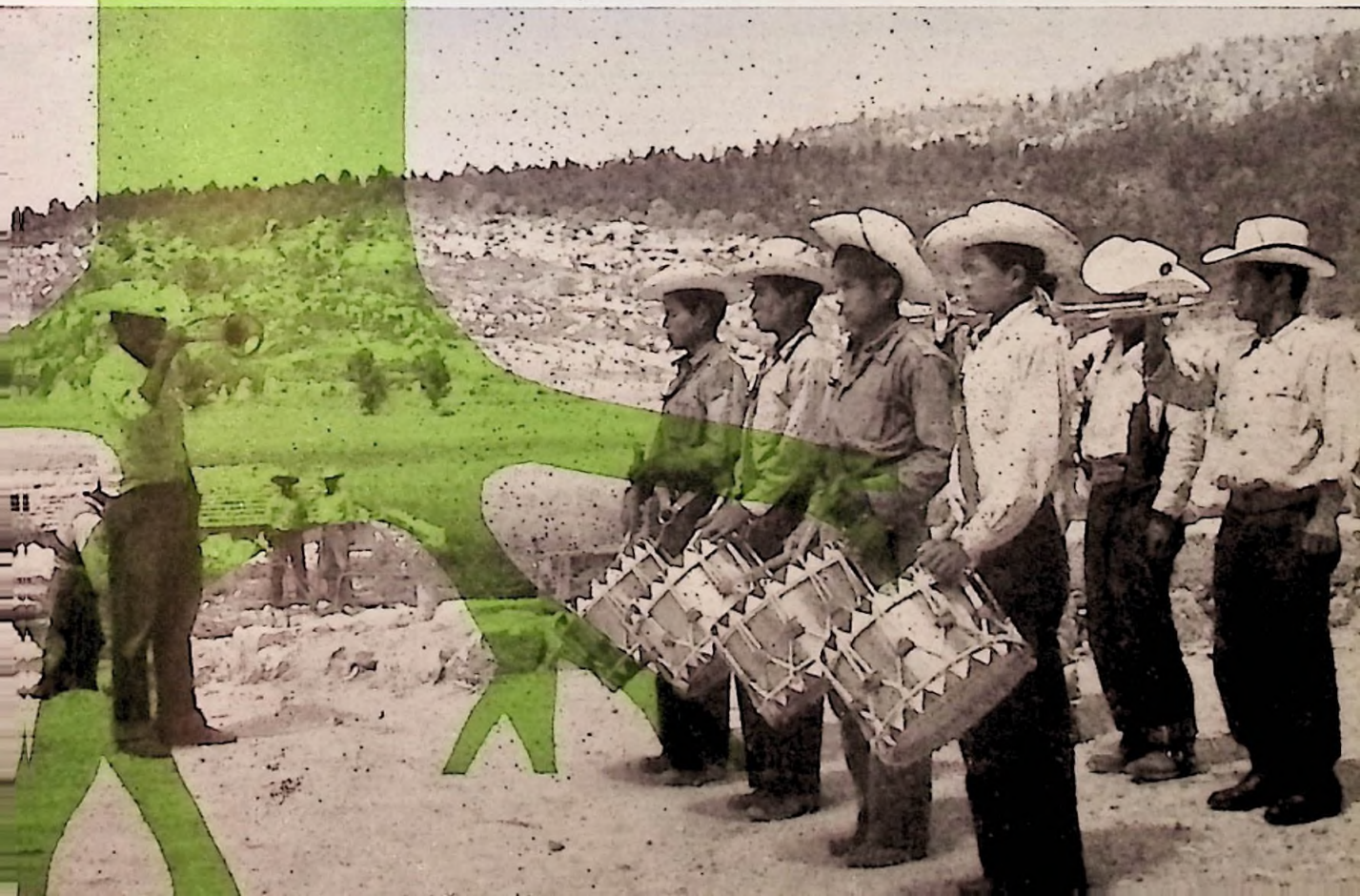
WELDON F. HEALD

THE DISCOVERY was made on a reptile-collecting expedition for the American Museum of Natural History. Three of us took a four-wheel-drive station wagon into Mexico's rugged Sierra Madre Occidental mountains and spent two weeks there. We found it to be a wild and fascinating country of vast pine forests, magnificent canyons, and Indians who still live in caves. In fact, the mile-deep Barranca del Cobre rivals the

Grand Canyon in depth and grandeur. Although in the State of Chihuahua, only 275 miles south of the border, the land and its people have been little affected by the outside world, and the comforts, conveniences, gadgets and jitters of the Twentieth Century are unknown.

However, perhaps the greatest surprise was to find in this little-known wilderness ancient Catholic missions antedating the famed California chain by more than

Pride of Brother Ramon, the bugle and drum corps of Sisoguichi practice on the square for the big celebration of Independence Day. The author admits that they "are really good."



Surprise in Mexico

a hundred years. But, while the latter are now museum pieces, carefully preserved as relics of a bygone age, these in Mexico's Sierra Madre Occidental continue to administer to the descendants of their original red-skinned communicants, much as they did in Spanish colonial days.

Known as *La Misión de la Tarahumara*, this remarkable Jesuit installation was founded by Father Juan Fonte in 1607 and today is the social, educational and religious center for 50,000 Tarahumarans. Holding on in the mountain fastnesses, as their ancestors did before them, this Indian tribe is among the most isolated and primitive in North America,

and is one of the world's few remaining seminomadic cave dwellers. The Fathers could hardly have chosen a more difficult field in which to labor. For their territory is equal in area to the State of Maine, is rough and not easy to travel, and their flock is so thinly scattered that there is an average of less than two individuals to the square mile.

Altogether, there are six mission establishments in the chain, of which Nombre de Santissima Madre de Sisoguichi, as it is officially called, is headquarters and largest. This is a surprising place, belonging in Ripley's believe-it-or-not category. Situated high in the mountains, in a wide, flat valley, surrounded by pine-wooded slopes, the settlement is as large as a fair-sized college. Spreading out from a central plaza are clustered the

Choir of girls gather in front of the ancient church of Nombre Santissima Madre de Sisoguichi, headquarters and center for the six mission stations. Photos taken by Mr. Heald.



church, schools, dormitories, hospitals, and workshops, all substantially built of stone or adobe brick, faced with white stucco. Roundabout are neat little houses of the resident Indians, and in the bottomlands along the stream stretch hundreds of acres of growing crops. Above all, from a hilltop, a large figure of Christ looks benignly down upon the mission and watches over Indians and whites.

While in the Sierra, we stopped at Sisoguichi several times. The Fathers were warmly hospitable, and we dined with them and spent a couple of nights there. Padre Felipe Gallegos, head of *La Misión de la Tarahumara*, is a tall, fine-looking man in the mid-forties. I immediately liked him and sensed that he combines the mental alertness, physical vigor, and spiritual asceticism typical of the long line of Jesuits who, since 1573, have chosen to work among the savage tribes of Mexico's Sierra Madre Occidental. Under the leadership of Father Gallegos, the mission is expanding rapidly. Several new buildings are under construction at Sisoguichi and there are ambitious blueprints for future additions.

Brother Ramon was our guide and took us through some of the schoolrooms and workshops. There we saw Tarahumaran boys making furniture and shoes, tanning hides, and doing leather and metal work. Others were the masons, carpenters and plumbers for the new buildings being erected. Still others were out on the farms learning modern methods of cultivation. The girls were busy, too, in the school, where they were being taught homemaking and domestic arts by the Sisters. We also inspected the two hospitals. One was a very modern, glass-walled, flat-roofed tuberculosis unit, which appeared a frivolous and blatant intruder in this mellow and venerable institution. Both hospitals are well-equipped and are presided over by a lay resident physician and a corps of competent nun nurses.

The aim of the Jesuits is to teach the Indians practical trades, which will equip them to achieve a better standard of living. Also it is especially important to prepare the Tarahumarans to maintain themselves in their homeland against the increasing pressures of encroaching civilization. This is the real problem for, unless the Indians attain a fair degree of economic self-sufficiency, they are doomed to lose their lands and become extinct as a tribe.

However, in spite of long contact with the White Man, the Tarahumarans are still largely a free and independent people, preferring to live the way they always have. Even today the Jesuits have great difficulty cajoling the Indians to stay in settled communities, where their social and private lives can be subjected to Western cultural standards and controls. Many of them are glad to visit the mission occasionally and some will send a child or two to school. But, so far, only about two dozen Tarahumaran families have settled permanently at Sisoguichi. Nevertheless, the influence of the Padres permeates the tribe and they are greatly admired by the majority of the Tarahumarans. One can only hope that the fine work they are doing, combined with that of the two government schools and missions, will be sufficient and in time. For heroic measures are needed to preserve intact these interesting, likeable and unspoiled First Americans from the oncoming tide of white humanity.

We appreciated the opportunity to get acquainted with the Tarahumarans. We visited them in their huts on the high, pine-clad mesas and in cave homes, deep down in the great barrancas. We also saw them in a holiday mood on a feast day at Sisoguichi. They have changed little with the centuries and still generally retain the customs, dress and natural simplicity of their ancestors. Men, women and children live mostly out-of-doors, sleep on the ground, and depend directly

upon Nature for their sustenance and well-being. Although basically shy and retiring with strangers, we found them friendly and good-humored, and we were quietly welcomed wherever we went. In fact, although there is an innate dignity and reserve about the Tarahumarans, they are much more responsive and cordial than the Indians of our Southwest.

But their greatest claim to fame is as athletes. Known as the world's greatest runners, they often run from place to

Dios Provierá—"God will Provide"; and the Padres talk with the Bishop's Palace in Chihuahua over short-wave radio. There are electric light plants and inside plumbing, machine tools and Ford trucks, and an airfield and Coca Cola. And there is no question that *La Misión de la Tarahumara* is more prosperous and infinitely more successful than ever before in its long history.

Yet, to me, it seemed a living link with one of the great pioneer adven-



Fashion show in Tarahumara as women don their Sunday best and wait for church services.

place, instead of walking, and kick a wooden ball before them as they run. Their cross-country races are prodigious affairs, sometimes lasting as long as three days and covering 175 miles. We watched the start of one such marathon in which a champion made the first twenty-one miles in two hours. They tell, too, of a Tarahumaran superman who carried a letter in five days a distance of almost six hundred miles.

Yes, Sisoguichi was a constant surprise. The interior of the fine old church is completely wall-papered in a gaudy blue with yellow designs; over the Nuns' Residence is a large neon sign reading

tures of American history. What could be more dramatic than the dedicated bands of Dominicans, Franciscans, Jesuits and others who have acted as advance agents of European civilization? Here in the Sierra Madre Occidental, they are still doing so. We have made a fetish of our early Western gun-toting badmen. But they were not even in the same league with the Padres when it came to courage, fortitude, stamina, toughness and just plain guts. After seeing these present-day examples of Jesuit missionary priests, I can think of only one word to describe them—indomitable. Yes, this mission was the big surprise in Mexico.

JANUARY is the month when we pray for the recovery of unity among all Christians. The sorrow of disunity is sharpened by the growing force of anti-Christian movements all over the world. Divisions certainly weaken the appeal of the Christian cause in the minds of many. If all Christians were united, as Our Lord willed that they should be, they would constitute more than one-third of the world's population and the largest religious force on earth. If all were inspired with a strong love of the one visible Church, established by Christ, the spread of His Kingdom would be much more effective. As it is now, the cause of Christianity is sadly misrepresented by a multiplicity of divided Churches and by the hostility and competition for advance which are the results of these divisions.

Seeing the damage done to the cause of Christ by the many competing denominations in the mission fields for more than a century, many Protestant leaders are exploring the ways and means for the recovery of unity. The climax of these efforts for the present is the World Council of Churches which draws its representatives from most Schismatic and Protestant Churches. The Council does not pretend to be a united Church but it is the instrument of the movement for unity, called the Ecumenical Movement. Some unions of Churches have already taken place; other unions are in the discussion stage. The denominational Churches in mission lands are particularly vocal in their condemnation of division and their desire for unity. They suffer keenly from the planting of divisions of Christianity among peoples who are just being drawn to Christianity.

Catholics experience this sorrow of division, especially when it results in attacks upon the Catholic Church and when denominations are engaging so vigorously in a campaign to win over the Catholics of Latin America to their own divided Christianity. We find it hard to

understand how the cause of unity can be fostered by abuse and misrepresentation of the greatest united Church in Christianity, the Catholic Church. Our truly Christian reaction to this situation will be a spirit of forgiveness, after the example of Our Lord, "They know not what they do," not vindictiveness. We preserve a truly Catholic heart which reaches out to embrace all of them in charity. The Holy Father has said, "We wait for them with open arms." But especially do we pray that they may soon

"I am the Way, the Truth

and the Life" was meant

for all men of good will

The Sorrow of Division

see the way of unity. The strength of the Holy Spirit as well as acceptance of the full truth revealed by Christ will be necessary if unity is ever to be restored. But our intercession can accomplish unpredictable and unexpected results.

The Catholic missionary feels deeply this disunity, because it is an additional obstacle to the spread of the Church. Our love of the Church should inspire us to insistent prayer that this obstacle be removed in order that Our Lord's desire and prayer "that they may be one," may be realized.

EDWARD L. MURPHY S.J.

The author, Father William J. Moore S.J. of the Missouri Province has put in thirteen years on the Central America missions.



Sunday collection is a good place to get rid of all those small coins in the pocket.



MONEY IS always an interesting subject. I'm going to write about money; but this will not be a begging letter. In 1947 when I came to the Republic of Honduras there were few bank notes in circulation. Paper money was a rarity in our town of Olanchito. Nearly everything commercially was done with silver. The Honduran *Lempira* and the United States half dollar associated freely in pockets and on counters, and bill-folds were a useless luxury. (Lempira was an Indian chief when the Spaniards came into Honduras in the first half of the sixteenth century. He gave his name to the monetary unit of Honduras.)

Buying and selling in Olanchito in 1947 supposed the exchange of great quantities of coin, for Olanchito then had no bank. The silver lempiras were rolled up into rolls of forty coins to make one convenient package or "paquette" worth \$20.00 U.S.A.

In a country where good roads were few, and where (in 1947) highways were non-existent in most of the republic's seventeen departments, trips made on horseback were fraught with danger for merchants. A merchant with saddle-bags full of heavy silver lempiras would look anxiously at the silent narrow trails which led up before him into the pine-covered mountains. Who might be waiting for him at a turn in the road? Who might be hidden behind a giant tree? How often on his lonely travels had

Wee coins in th

Silver money in the hills of Honduras has a solid ring to it which comes from history

WILLIAM J. MOORE S.J.

the merchant passed a mound of rocks surmounted by a rough wooden cross. There lay some traveler who had met a violent death in the forest!

The merchant's uneasiness would grow as the town loafers assembled to bid him good-bye. They would come up casually to his horse or mule and just as casually test the weight of the saddle-bags. My! What a weight! The loafers knew that the merchant was not carrying chunks of lead or heavy stones in those brown leather saddle-bags!

Much U.S.A. money used to circulate in Honduras, especially along the North Coast, where the big banana producers, United Fruit and Standard Fruit Co. operate. The American nickel was always referred to as a "boo-falo" and the ten-cent piece was a "die-may." About five years ago the Honduran Government called in all the U.S.A. money, but inevitably some coins and bills stay in circulation. Churches are favored recipients of coins which will no longer "pass." Our Olanchito poor box gets its share of "boo-falos," "die-mays" and Lincoln pennies.

One reason which moved the honorable Secretary of the Treasury and the private bankers to limit the use of paper money in Honduras was that the interests of law and order demanded that the banana plantations pay workers in silver coin. To avoid pay-roll robberies was the explanation. Robbers just couldn't run off with the heavy trunk-loads of half dollars and lempiras which had to be

shipped out to the banana farms for pay-day for the thousands of plantation workers. If a train-robber or gunman stuffed his pockets with silver coin, he couldn't run very far.

"Die-mays" or Honduran equivalent coins are used in the marriage ceremony according to the Toledo rite, the rite we follow in Olanchito. The Toledo rite directs that the bridegroom give the bride thirteen coins. Cheap brass coins are not appropriate for the wedding day. On the other hand the young man does not want to come to church with thirteen heavy half dollars clanking in the pocket of his new blue suit. Likely enough, he doesn't have so much money either, after paying for the new suit. Thirteen dimes are just right.

I mentioned that in 1947 when I came to Olanchito, paper money was quite scarce here. And before my time, it was so scarce and so novel that an old lady who lived across the street threw some "green stuff" in the fire during a time of house-cleaning. Her aged daughter, now 77 years of age, still speaks emotionally of that tragic hour.

I said this would not be a begging letter. To beg is to ask. To explain or satisfy curiosity is another matter. You may wonder what our Sunday collection amounts to on an average good-weather Sunday. Answer: about \$6.25. If we apply the entire collection each week to the building of our San Jorge School I figure the job will take forty years!

mountains

knowledge of human nature



Window on the Mission

The Year Is Young

Happy New Year is just beginning to fade away in the frosty air. We may have used or heard the phrase hundreds of times but are we translating it literally into our own lives? How can we make our year happy? Looked at negatively, no one can be happy who lives apart from God, thus crushing the strongest instincts of the human heart. So we must live with God, but it is a dry happiness if we are only a border case, existing in that gray in-between wherein our struggle is just to keep out of serious sin and no positive effort is made to do big things for God. So how about a resolution—"In '59, God's work is mine!"

Those who work for God are the tremendously happy ones. Of course, He promised that: "Those who have left father and mother . . . for My name's sake . . . a hundredfold in this life . . ." But suppose you are in a position where you can't leave? God's work is not done only by the men and women in the field; it is a job that must be done by every Catholic. The old and infirm can offer up their loneliness and sufferings; the mother, the housewife, the career girl, their thousand and one activities; men have a dozen outlets for their sacrifices, spiritual and material. So may it really be a Happy New Year.

So—"In '59, God's work is mine!"

E Pluribus Unum

Baghdad College is an outstanding example of the unity we have spoken about in this issue. Here in one spot are over 700 boys of different religions and rite, yet in their living, studying, playing together they display a school spirit that is outstanding. At the beginning of the school year Father Robert Sullivan, the Dean, sent us a breakdown of the student body according to religion and rite and the figures are interesting.

Of the total enrollment of 760 over 61% are Christians. The Catholic rites are represented as follows; Chaldean, 218; Syrian, 70; Latin, 15; Armenian, 14; and Greek, 7. The Dissidents number: Armenian, 89; Nestorian, 25; Jacobite, 7; and Greek, 5. There are also 17 Protestants enrolled in the school. The Moslems number 285 or 37½% of the student body and there is also a representation of the Jewish and Hindu faiths.

Yet despite the varied backgrounds the school is renowned for its tolerance within and its loyalty outside. How much of that is due to the American Jesuits who staff the college, as well as Al-Hikma University, we would not dare to say in these pages. But the fact is clear and in the light of this example we might do well to steer clear of "togetherness" with its shadow of exclusiveness and concentrate more on the oneness which Our Lord commanded of us.



Cover. The idea of unity in the Church is depicted by our artist, Phil Franznick, who has designed our last half dozen covers, in the form of a living organism rooted in the three basic forms of unity of faith, unity of rule and unity of communion. Monsignor Tuohy ably describes that unity on pp. 2-5.

By-ways

Headlines on Communist advances often obscure the inner page items concerning setbacks. But these minor notices often confirm the facts that the Reds are not overly bright and that not everybody will be pushed around by them. For instance, in Communist Northern Vietnam the government censors would not allow the publication of the Apocalypse because they thought it was against the regime! We wonder how the rest of the Bible with the many references to the "forces of evil" ever slipped through their cautious fingers.

Same country, same people. The seminarians at Trung-Linh have been classified as "imperialists" and are forbidden to buy paper, ink or oil for their lamps. But the people of the area stand guard over the seminary so the Reds haven't been able to do much as yet.

South Vietnam presents a bright picture. In the Vicariate of Qui-Nhon a group of men presented themselves to a 63-year-old missionary and asked to be baptized. A group? Well, they numbered 1500 and the priest, who had his hands full with 2500 Catholics and 2000 catechumens, had to put them off. But he finally acceded to their persistence—only to find that they were merely the delegates for 5000 seeking baptism!

Mexico has been given a mission territory in Japan, the Wakamatsu area near Tokyo. This is the first time a mission has ever been assigned to Mexico and it emphasizes the recovery of the Church in the country south of the border.



AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONS AND MISSION DIRECTORS

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Rev. Edmund A. Anable S.J.
1103—16th Ave.
Seattle 22, Wash.

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



*The revealing account of how a
missionary feels when he receives*

From a

July 1, 1958. Mr. Shirai whom I had not seen for 3-4 years called on me. He had just received a letter the evening before from his daughter Mary Ann Hirata in New York City. He read her letter to me. The words used were a premonition—Mama was really low.



July 2. Letter from Father William T. Wood S.J. of Jesuit Seminary and Mission Bureau carrying a P.S. "Your mother is low—I spoke to Joe today—she is not at all well..." I knew things were bad and wanted to write Mom to tell her that plans were being made for me to return but previously Tommie advised not to make this suggestion any more. My final letter to Mother was sent via Tommie—it never reached her. The letter which may have reached her was very prosaic; definitely I did not fully realize that Mama was going down each day.

July 4. Friday. At 7:00 a.m. when I finished Mass I was summoned to the telephone but an ocean storm intervened and I received only the words "From New York." I had two thoughts—and accepted the brighter one. Either the phone was from home announcing Mother's death or from New York announcing a clear signal for immediate departure. I had made full departure preparations when the call opened again at 10:20 a.m. Tommie told me that Mother had died. Joe described to me her last end and her last words, "I am going; I only wish I could see Dan, I shall see him later." Then she expired... I was baffled—I thought I would have

Far distant from New York and the burial of his mother, Father McCoy distributes Holy Communion at the Requiem Mass at Sophia University chapel. Flowers are used in Japan at Requiems to surround picture of deceased.

the sad news of his mother's death

Tokyo Diary

been in New York on Monday morning, July 6th. I had planned to go—and had, as I know now, subconsciously planned so many things with Mother. It suddenly ended—disappointment rather than grief touched me. No one knows Mother's intense hope to see me; no one knows how I hoped once again to speak with her. I felt immediately that Mother was with Christ. During that day I kept repeating, "I thought I would one day return and see Mother."

1:00 p.m. I had Baptism to confer on a University student 3 hours after the telephone from Joe. I kept asking if this and so many other reasons kept me back in Japan. I prayed to Mother for Fujita-san. I did not tell him (the student) about her.

July 5. A First Communion Mass for Fujita-san—I told him before Mass of Mother—"he would pray for her." I felt the connection—she died in a way that these Japanese children would come into supernatural life.

July 6, Sunday. Kept saying, "I can't believe Mama is dead." In the afternoon read Father Tom's letter that Mrs. Bonistalli, one of Mother's friends for 40 years had died June 25th. I recall as a pre-school child that both used to go out together as young wives.

July 7. Monday morning, the first opportunity to offer Mass in black vestments came and the Information Bureau clerks were present. It was their offering.



Final Respects are paid by friend of Father McCoy's to portrait on dais of his mother.

In the Memento of Mama's first Requiem, I was also praying for the first time for Mrs. Bonistalli, her close friend of many years.

July 8-9. "I can't believe Mother fled away—I can't pray for Mom—only to her." I fulfilled the calls of people, and daily duties, attending the Conferences with Nagoya's Nanzan University. Professor Imagawa of Nanzan spoke so nicely of Mother—he used to visit her when he studied at Fordham. In early morning and late at night I looked toward Mt. Fuji and the stars and the dawning of day over the trees around the Castle toward the East saying, "I can't believe



Sympathy is offered by young son of Doctor Praxides Irie after Requiem Mass is over.

Mama is dead." America and my former home has cut loose from me. I feel myself growing into the country of my adoption—I want Mother to make me from now on a holy priest to die in Japan.

July 10. Thursday. Most beautiful flowers and Mass cards began to come in—friends phoned and others stopped by; a choir volunteered to sing the Mass.

July 11. Friday. 1.00 a.m. The Jesuits' Chapel was filled—with original Japanese acquaintances of 11 years ago, and with the newest—whom I met only in April 1958. In Japanese fashion, Mother's picture mounted in a black frame and surrounded by black ribbon was placed on a stand at the Communion rail. Beautiful

bouquets of exquisite flowers surrounded her and filled up the sanctuary and the altar. In Japan, flowers are used in Requiem Masses. Half the people were non-baptized. One of the servers was Daniel Kobayashi, who in 1949, as a primary school boy in Hiroshima served my Mass daily on the coldest days—when we had no heat and little food. Now he is a Senior at Sophia University. The other server was Francis Yamaura of the Information Bureau Staff. After Mass, I was met by all at the entrance to the Chapel. I saw young men and women and older professors who had all met Mother—some in the early days, some very recently. In the afternoon, Ikuo Orito, a graduate of 3 years ago who once worked part time for the Biology Laboratory, took Mama's picture to my room and placed several of the beautiful bouquets of flowers before it. It is at my elbow now—the flowers from people whom I had baptized into supernatural life. Letters and notes, not ordinary but revealing the pain in the heart of my Japanese, that Mother should not have had the opportunity to see me again. But the flowers will fade 4-5 days from now but Mother will not fade—already our inability to fulfill an increasingly desired hope has brought supernatural answers to her Japanese children—no one can convince me that she is not living.

July 12. I keep placing Mother's name in the "Memento for the Living." As I took Mother's address card from my file, I said, "It is not believable she is dead." Her photograph is still on a little table at the corner of my desk—a beautiful basket of lemon carnations with red tints among which are tucked those flowers of penetrating fragrance—"flowers-without-mouth"—received from Josephine (Yamashita) and husband, remains. In 1950 I baptized Josephine. . .



BRICK by BRICK

The Jesuits in Patna are building a seminary to train priests for the Church in India. It costs \$410 to provide shelter and furniture for each seminarian.

Won't you help?

Send 5, 10—or for that matter, \$410, if you can afford it to—

Jesuit Missions

45 E. 78th ST. NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

WHEN I FIRST met Grandpa Choi in July of 1956, he was 76 years old and was living in his home village of Kalgongni, north of Seoul, Korea, about 40 miles. The little village had always been Catholic ever since the King had persecuted the Catholics of his realm around 1840 and many of these good

son made his life overjoyous one year later. Nothing could be more peaceful than his home, hemmed in by the green hills. But in other parts of Korea, peace was a stranger. The Japanese, with eyes toward Russia and China, made Korea a thoroughfare to the great continent of Asia and finally made it her possession.

*It was a long time for an exile in
a distant land to wait for his one
big dream to become an actuality*

Fifty years of waiting

KENNETH E. KILLOREN S.J.



citizens had fled north to literally save their necks from the avenging sword of the Royal Executioner.

The Choi family had fled north with the early group and Grandpa Choi had been born back in this little village, almost hidden by high hills to the north and south and lying so peacefully in the long, narrow valley running east and west. His parents in Seoul had been court secretaries and professional people, but now in the hills of Pajuri, near the market town of Pubwonni, the Catholics of Kalgongni became farmers or turned to making pottery.

Grandpa Choi was married to a fine Catholic girl in the village and a little

By 1905 the Japanese hand was felt even in Kalgongni and Grandpa Choi, along with hundreds of other Koreans, decided to flee Korea for a few years and avoid Japanese imperialism. He left his young bride and one-year-old son and fled by boat to China and on to Hawaii where the oppressed Koreans were gathering and waiting.

It would be 50 years before Grandpa Choi would see his native land again and peer with loving glance on his green hills of Pajuri. During all these 50 years, he was faithful to his wife and sent his family monthly support. In how many devious ways he did this, we will never know. All through the 40 years of Japan-

ese control and the ten years of the new Republic of South Korea, the faithful father supported his family from afar.

Grandpa Choi's son grew to know the same village and hills his dad had known and loved, and he too married a Catholic girl from his village of Kalgongni. Three sons and two daughters did God give

joined their religious order. He was sent by the Fathers to Germany to complete his theology and get a doctorate in it. The oldest girl became a Carmelite Sister in the monastery in Seoul.

The third boy then went to the diocesan seminary and the last girl was still at home, preparing by prayer and sac-



Burdens, physical and spiritual, have always been the lot of the poor farmers of Korea.

them. The oldest son married, as is so often the necessity in Korea, so that the oldest son can again have sons to perpetuate the traditional ceremonies of respect given to dead ancestors and that his young wife can be a maid servant to his own mother, in order to help with the work of a big household.

But in Hawaii Grandpa Choi was not only working but he was praying that God would accept his sacrifice of not being with his family and would bless him with a priest and a nun among his grandchildren.

The second oldest boy of the third Choi generation went to the German Benedictine Fathers in Wonsan and

rifices, to improve her health to the point where she too could go to the convent of the Carmelites.

By 1955 Grandpa Choi was old and worn with labors. The Korean War which began in 1950 and slowed to an armed stalemate in 1953 had ended. His little son, whom he had not seen for these 50 years, died in 1950 while on the march south to Pusan to escape the North Korean Communists. He had been trying to feed his family by working along the route as a burden-carrier for other people but became so exhausted that he caught cold and died two days later. The family was in flight and could only bury their father in an unmarked

Fifty years of waiting

grave along some unknown lonely road.

Grandpa Choi finally got back to Korea in the summer of 1955 to spend his last few years with his loved ones in Kalgongni. When I met him in 1956, he was a broken body but an undaunted soul. His priest-grandson, Father Paul Choi of the Benedictine Order, was still in Germany and Grandpa refused to die till he saw that grandson and got his blessing and made sure that his grandson would say the Mass over his dead body.

His granddaughter was in the Carmelite Monastery and Grandpa could not see her, only speak to her through the grill. But God had heard his prayers and made his fifty years of hardship and sacrifice fruitful.

Young Andrew Choi was then a first year theologian in Seoul and Margaret Choi lived only for the day when she could go to join her sister in the Carmelites. At 21 years old, her beauty and

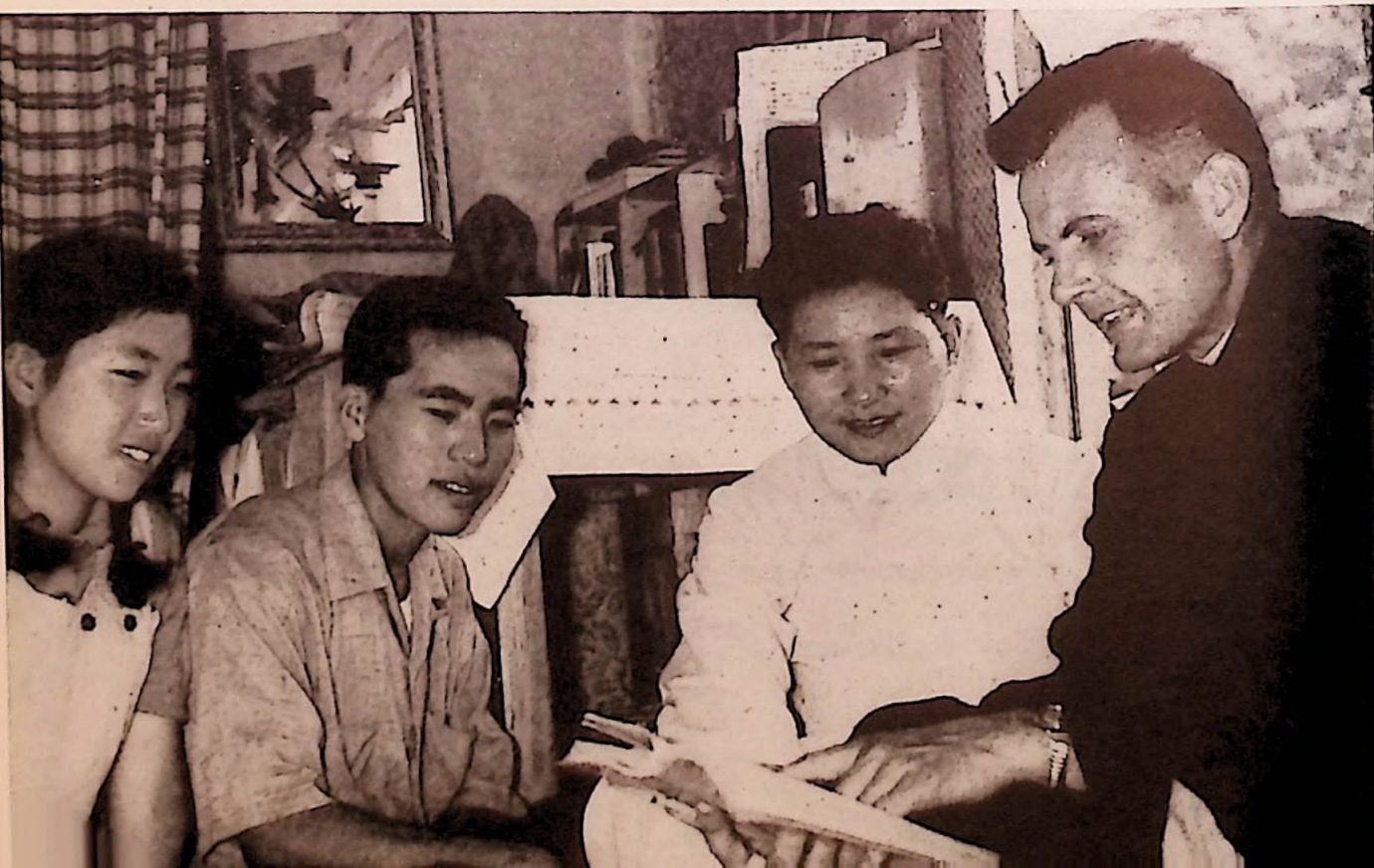
charming character had made her the best loved girl in Kalgongni but she made it clear that Christ alone would be her choice in life.

Father Paul Choi, O.S.B. was long acoming, according to Grandpa's figuring, and Grandpa became very sick in the early winter of 1957. Father Paul finally made it before that Christmas and the village received him as their own son, not with fanfare and shouts, but by weeping through his first Mass in their little church and by seeking his blessing on them and their homes.

Grandpa Choi died one month later, full of grace and years, and Father Choi had the Requiem Mass. After Mass, they buried Grandpa half-way up the hill behind Kalgongni. God had given him a priest and another nun soon to become an actuality of his dream.

May Grandpa Choi rest in peace and may his spirit and zeal for Korean priests and nuns bring a hundred-fold.

Fulfillment of a dream was Grandpa Choi's desire and here Margaret Choi and seminarian Andrew Choi crown that fulfillment as they entertain Jesuit Fathers Jin and Killoren.



MEMORABLE MOMENTS



Inauguration of the new Xavier University in the Philippines, formerly the Ateneo de Cagayan, was highlighted by the conferring of the Degree of Doctor of Humanities on the President of the Republic of the Philippines, the Honorable Carlos P. Garcia. Photo shows his wife, the First Lady, arranging the academic hood. The Ateneo de Cagayan was founded in 1933 by His Excellency Archbishop Hayes S.J. in Cagayan de Oro but was destroyed by aerial bombardment in 1944. It was rebuilt after the war and now becomes the first Jesuit university in the Philippine Islands. Father Francis Araneta S.J. is Rector.



Co-missionaries Jay (center) and David Crowley of Hingham, Mass., muscular dystrophy victims who offer their sufferings for Jamaica and Baghdad, chat with Ted Williams, leading promoter of the "Jimmy Fund," who was their host at Fenway Park. This was the time Jay's loyalty to the Red Sox made him refuse an autographed ball from the Yankees.

PAUL C. O'CONNOR S.J.



Drifting down the Yukon comes the precious cargo of wood, worth more than gold.

NO MATTER how some missionaries belittle the cold, Northern Alaska is, and stays, cold for eight months of the year. Scientists have theorized about the world getting warmer, even Alaska! They would have a pretty hard time convincing our eight Ursulines and two Jesuit brothers who have been shivering in weather from 20 below to 40 during the past two months! Even with the lengthening of the days the cold persists. At mid-day when the sun is at its height, it will be 20 above in the sun and 20 below in the shade—a difference of 40 degrees between the sunny and shady part of the house!

In top Alaska, keeping warm is synonymous with life. It is the main occupation of every Eskimo. Hours are spent in sawing wood, days in gathering it! Near the Bering Sea I have seen men travel for four hours, dig willows out of a snow bank for wood that lasted for only two days. When a stray log is spied along the Arctic coast it is thrown on the sled at once. Every musher provides himself with a primer stove to thaw ice, and boil water for tea, but hauling kerosene around for fuel is a difficult matter on a long trip. When caught in a lonely igloo during a blizzard an Eskimo can

A Peek



Stacking the wood could be a chore except for those who know what real cold is. Yet

use a tiny stick to the utmost efficiency. Shavings are made as fine as silk to provide a quick hot fire for tea.

Every Eskimo has the penetrating cold in mind when he builds a cabin. He keeps it small, for the larger it is, the harder it will be to heat. A building 14 feet by 16 feet is a mansion in Eskimoland. It will probably be buried in snow before Christmas and become an ice box if not daily heated. But let us look at St. Mary's.

We have two large buildings that need to be heated. Counting our basement, of which every inch is utilized, we really

*The Eskimo has one main preoccupation when the long
winter sets in and that is the very fundamental
job of keeping himself from freezing to death*

into the Icebox



no matter how much seems to be on hand in the beginning, by Easter it has petered out.

have three-story buildings. The boys' building has an inside measurement of 142 feet by 36 feet. Seventy feet of the top floor make up the gym. Directly below this is the dormitory. The rest of the two top floors are divided into a chapel, library, faculty quarters and visitors' rooms. In the basement, which is paved, we have a spacious machine shop, boys' radio work and class rooms, potato room and post office.

It's cold out here and George has the painful look of one who was asked to fetch in a log the last time around.

The girls' building is separated from the boys' by a corridor 35 feet long. It permits going from one building to another without changing into a parky. It is also a couloir for our steam pipes. This is really the main mission building as it stretches to the North for 211 feet. A wing juts out in the middle which houses the refectory and the beautiful church of St. Mary's. Counting the three floors of both buildings we have some 43,740 square feet of floor space, which equals one hundred and ninety-five Eskimo "mansions"!

One furnace heats the whole plant. In winter we use about 2 cords of wood a



day. Our yearly consumption is around 400 cords. We are now contemplating adding another boiler and putting the two into a separate building. Our present boiler was resurrected from one of the gold mining camps near Flat. The second one which we are about to install is taken from the old steam boat "Alice" which plied up and down the Yukon during the past century and is now cosily docked to make a pier for St. Mary's.

Brother Albert Perri S.J. haunts the banks of the mighty Yukon for driftwood during the summer. He is the captain of our flag-ship "Sifton" and generally sails in with four huge rafts of logs. In the meantime, Brother Robert Benish S.J. is out with his boys cutting willows along the Andrafski. He uses a smaller boat called the "Laurentia." The boys go out in the morning and before dark they are back with a large barge-load of willows. Cutting and storing all this wood provides work for our boys during the cool days of fall. All through winter the boys are hauling wood from the woodshed to the furnace.

All in all, keeping warm in Arctic climes is a lot of work. With the help of God we have managed this for the past fifty years. How different one big boiler is here at St. Mary's, from the 14 stoves in the old days at Akulurak! With the individual stoves the buildings were kept smaller and more compact. With the boiler we built bigger, but harder to heat buildings. The essential thing is, that to have warmth we must have wood, to get the wood we must have two capable Brothers, to saw, split, carry wood, and stoke the fires, we need 65 well-muscled Eskimo lads—God sees to it that we have them all.

Spring thaws are setting in and the stack of wood has dwindled to the point where a fresh supply must be scouted up and sawn by hand.



VIEWPOINTS

From Formosa

Monsignor Fahy S.J. reports that Father Louis Dowd was showing a Western film to the Aborigines. It was the usual theme of the Redskins vs the Palefaces, but great was Father Dowd's surprise when the Aborigines loudly applauded the scenes in which the Indians attacked the Whites and destroyed their villages. It seems that the Aborigines considered the Redskins as fellow tribesmen and delighted in their triumph . . .

Clementine Wu is having a daily tussle with her pagan parents to realize her spiritual ambitions, first to be allowed to be baptized a Roman Catholic and secondly to become a Carmelite Sister. Said her irate father to her recently, "You speak of God. These are my gods." And he pointed to his scientific books. But Clementine is a bright, spiritual girl and she knows all the right answers. "You look upon your scientists as little gods, father, but where did they come from?" Cornered for an answer her father threw up his hands in disgust. The other day, seeing Clementine take up her father's 250-power telescope and enter his 'observatory' her mother delightedly said, "I am so glad that you are taking an interest in scientific things, like your father." "Yes, Mother," demurely replied Clementine as she shut the door and walked over to the front window, trained the telescope on the cloister of the Carmelite Convent across the rice fields, longingly thinking of the day when she would walk through its doors and find the peace of the Chapel where Our Blessed Lord dwells in the tabernacle there.

From India

Premier Nehru, speaking to a congress of doctors, exhorted them to develop the spirit of sacrifice which characterizes the Catholic missionaries. "They were the first who dared approach the wild tribes in the lost eastern zone of the country. Much has been written to praise the men who have conquered Mount Everest but few recall the risks taken by the missionaries in India. And in the last thirty years these risks have been even greater. The work undertaken by missionaries among some tribes, especially the Nagar tribe, is without exaggeration one of the most admirable and heroic works that a human being could undertake." As Premier Nehru finished there was a deep, reverential silence for several moments.

From China

Enrico Emmanuelli, an Italian journalist, reported what he had seen when visiting an exhibition in Hankow. He said that one section of the exhibition was completely given over to the showing of pictures of priests and the 'proof' of their supposedly anti-revolutionary activities, such as radio-transmitters, secret codes, propaganda leaflets, etc. One did not need many brains to recognize that the stuff exhibited came from the Korean front and was American material that had fallen into the hands of the Chinese, as spoils of war . . .

A forbidden subject at the table of Red China's leader, Chou-en-Lai, is his cousin who was converted to Catholicism during his studies in Europe and was ordained a priest in Paris last April.

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

Mud Is Good for baked building blocks used in the construction of schools in Honduras. Father Moore is enthusiastic about the possibilities of finishing a school, with your help, by the use of these bargain blocks. An Octavio Martinez sells these blocks for \$6.00 a hundred. If you could help, you could save 35 or 40 years building time. (Consult page 16)

Building Blocks06 each

A Chapel of the Sacred Heart in Kurseong has no statue of the Sacred Heart. Father James Collins asks if you would be interested in helping him provide this statue.

A further need is a set of Stations of the Cross for the same chapel.

Sacred Heart Statue \$150.00

Stations of the Cross \$ 7.50

Father Poole of Alaska still has medical problems. This time the trouble comes from having an empty medicine chest, which is a concern since Father very frequently must be a doctor in his isolated district. A gift of \$1.00 or \$2.00 for this medicine fund would be very helpful in a wonderful cause.

300 Taipei Boys and Girls, from one-room homes, whose only playgrounds are dark alleys, have a friend in Father Brennan. These 4- and 5-year-old children could be moved from the streets into a bright, clean Catholic kindergarten, if Father Brennan can find friends who will "adopt" these children at \$10.00

a year. The school would have three wonderful results: 1st, give the children a new outlook on life; 2nd, give them a start on their A B C's; 3rd, give them a practical understanding of Christ's love for little ones. Would you help?

"Adoption," One Month --- \$ 1.00

One Year --- \$10.00

Father Goveas of Jehanabad in India is very grateful for the help in building his parish of St. Joseph. The chapel and convent are coming along very well, but \$500.00 is needed to finish the school. The temporary mud building would have to be repaired, since the walls were weakened by heavy rains, unless he gets the help. Father asks aid from St. Joseph and you. Would you help supply \$1.00 or \$2.00 of the \$500.00?

Five Years Ago, in September, 1953, a small central office for the Sodality of Our Lady in the Philippines was established in Manila. The number of Sodalities has increased in these 5 years from 220 to 558—an increase of 150%.

Father Cannon asks for donations for the following items:

| | |
|---------------------------------|--------|
| Sodality Medals | .35 |
| Small Medals, 100 for | \$6.50 |
| Rosaries, Gross | \$8.50 |
| Crucifixes, Dozen | \$1.00 |
| Holy Pictures | .10 |
| Stations of Cross Pictures | .60 |
| Pamphlets | .10 |
| Prayerbooks | .05 |
| Missals | .40 |

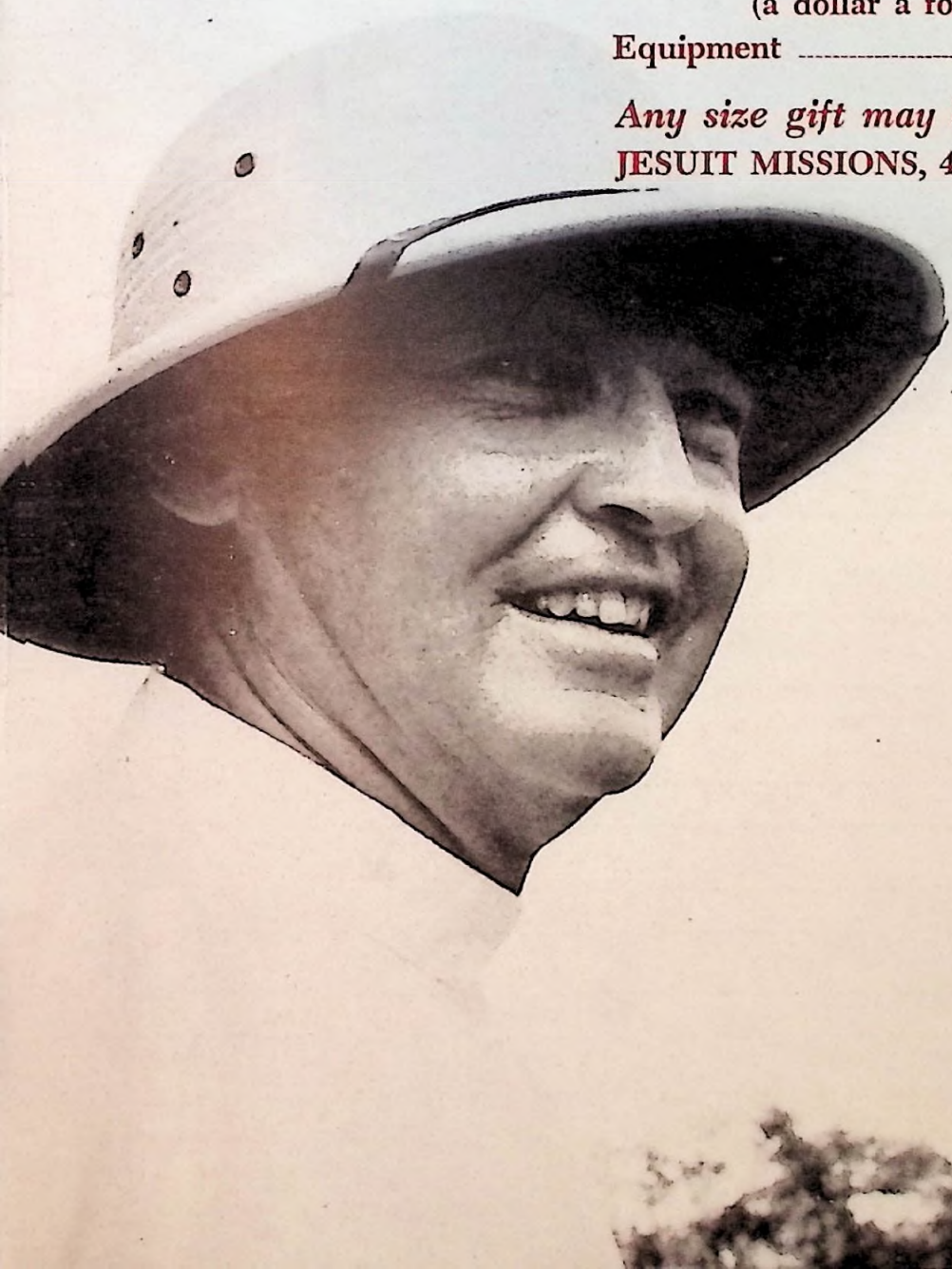
After 25 years . . .

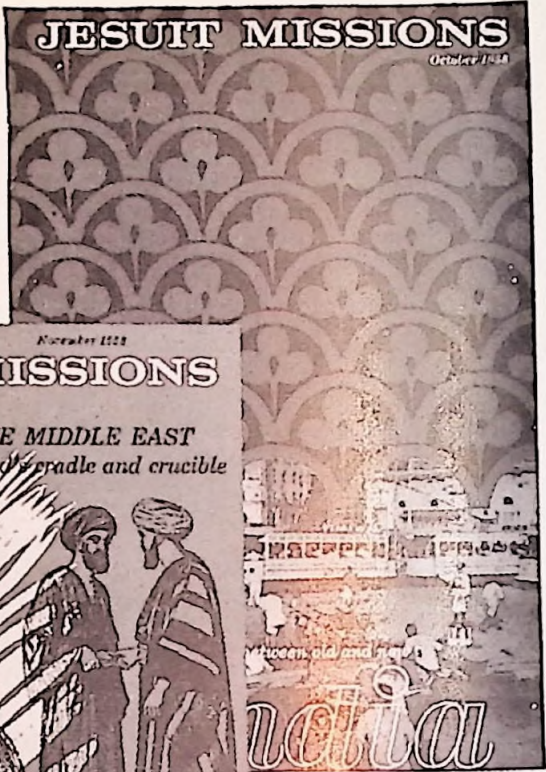
IT'S HARD TO BEGIN AGAIN

Father Le Sage went to China in 1934. Expelled by the Communists from the mainland, he is starting the work of Christ all over again in Taiwan. His heart is with the children and he is trying to provide them with

| | |
|-----------------------|--------|
| Land, per p'ing | \$10 |
| (200 p'ings needed) | |
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