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JESUIT MISSIONS

CHRISTMAS IN MISSION LANDS



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JESUIT

National Magazine of the American Jesuit



MISSIONS

into the Mission Fields assigned them by the Holy Father

Missions assigned to the American Jesuits by the Pope:

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IFormosa - Jamaica - Jamshedpur - Korea - Patna - Philippines - Marshall Islands
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A child shall lead them—and in St. Paul's Church in Inchon,
Korea, two Americans of the Armed Services watch as a young-
sister bows in prayer. Living out one's faith is often the
strongest example possible. (Official U.S. Navy photo.)



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CHRISTMAS

IN MISSION LANDS

It is not the kind of Christmas we know.

In Japan it is just another workday; the roar of rain in the Philippines may herald a typhoon; the Arctic tundra is stilled in the grip of winter; a breeze whispers in Jamaica's palms; in India the drums resound at Mass— but everywhere Christ is born again.



Venite, adoremus is sung in all tongues and is felt in all hearts the world over but Christmas is most of all for the young. "A Child is born, a Son is given to us . . ." and, like the humble shepherds, children belong at the manger.



The dark eyes of Mary of Nazareth are reflected in those of the Taiwanese maiden who proudly portrays the role of the Madonna in the annual Christmas play in Hsinchu city.



Wonder and awe stand in the faces of these young Taiwanese as they gaze at the tiny figure in the crib, the One who came that they may have Life.



Sioux eyes open wide at the mystery of the first Christmas. Jesuit Blackrobes still carry on their missionary work on the wind-swept plains of South Dakota at St. Francis and Holy Rosary.

Filipino choir at the Midnight Mass at Balingasag, close to the Mindanao Sea, welcome again the coming of Our Lord upon the altar, as real as His coming so long ago and so far away.





Angelic makeup is applied backstage at the Taiwan Christmas play. We can think of many a perfume whose name would hardly fit this particular spot.



Shepherds belong in the Christmas picture, even though the one in front came up with an untimely nosebleed for the Christmas pageant in Hsinchu.



ESSAY IN ENTHUSIASM

The first venture into an unknown field can have its ups and downs for a young missionary

PAUL B. VAN VLEET S.J.

A BIT OVER A YEAR ago I arrived in Honduras for a five months' stop-over on my way to Tertianship in Colombia. I shall never forget my first experiences, which tested my mercurial enthusiasm.

I had finished two months of Spanish when I met the Superior of our Yoro Mission, Father Hogan, and together we drove over the Pan American Hi-way to Tegucigalpa, capital of Honduras. There I took a plane, scheduled non-stop for

Eager author, Father Van Vleet, is now back at the Yoro Mission in Honduras.



Olanchito, only to discover that non-stop flights merely meant that no stops were scheduled but would still be made.

At Olanchito Father Bill Moore was waiting for me in a jeep. You can imagine the joy that was mine, though he was probably a bit puzzled at the eager greeting I gave him. My enthusiasm was hot again. That was Monday.

During the next few days I got settled and tried to tune in on the Olanchito kind of Spanish. It was not the same as what I had studied. But I could see definite similarities to the Spanish of Old Castile. Came Thursday and the real test of my barometric enthusiasm under the guise of a simple question: "How would you like to go to Arenal with Father Hoyer and then visit Santa Barbara?" I had hardly said "bueno" when I found myself in his jeep churning down the road.

Our visit to Arenal was interesting, if uneventful. And I was watching Father Bernie Hoyer closely, trying to learn as fast as I could some of those intangibles that are not part of seminary training. It was a short lesson, just one day, and we turned toward Santa Barbara.

Now Santa Barbara is a charming



Full turnout to greet the visiting Padre is often accompanied by firing of all guns.

place, situated half way up a mountain, straddling a little stream. There was no planning when the town was formed, so there are no streets in any sense of the word, just groups of houses scattered all over the area. Picturesque in a confusing sort of way. And if you wake up early enough in the morning—and you do—you find that you actually walk in the clouds, as they rise from the valley below. So I repeat, Santa Barbara is a charming little place.

On the other hand, Santa Barbara is perhaps a counterpart of Tombstone, Arizona. I did not find Boot Hill; but they have the pious custom of placing a cross over the spot where anyone dies a violent death. Walking through Santa Barbara was like walking through a graveyard—a charming graveyard.

Standing there taking it all in, I was kind of shook up, as I heard over the roar of the departing jeep, Father Hoyer's voice: "See you Monday, Padre."

There is no more lonely feeling than to be left in the middle of Santa Barbara, surrounded by a hundred strange faces speaking a strange language, and watching the dusty departure of my last contact with the world with which I was familiar. Try it, if you don't believe me. My poor enthusiasm was rather low by this time.

And so I began my missionary career. Catechism all day long to the children, frequently interrupted by baptisms as the *padrinos* rode in from outlying *veredas*. Then rosary in the evening with a short talk between each mystery. Not many confessions, but they took a long time, as I had to examine each and every conscience, help them through the act of contrition and their penance. They were a little weak on prayers.

Finally I was alone for the first time. Alone to pray over the work and the mistakes of my first solo trip. I was tired too, but happy, as I tumbled into bed



Mayan Indian village in Central America. "There was no planning when the town was formed, so there are no streets . . . just groups of houses scattered all over the area . . ."

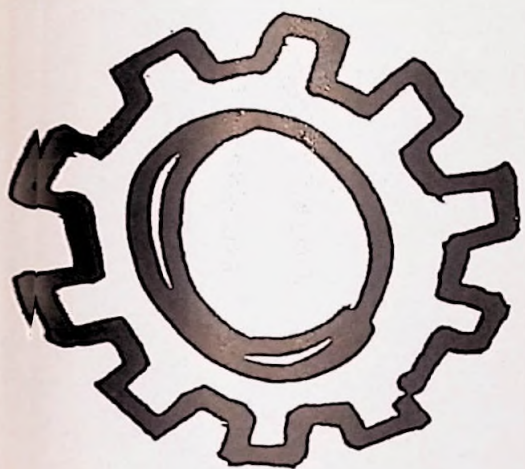
Central America, as well as all Latin America, needs priests desperately. The only answer to encroaching Communism is a strong faith rooted in Christ's truth.



in the store which had been offered me for lodging. Yes, I had a lot to learn about the people, the language, techniques in preaching and teaching folks who know very little about their faith. Then they were interested. As I mangled their language, they listened attentively, trying to catch some phrase here and there to satisfy the hunger of their souls. Tomorrow would be a little better—God willing—and the next day too, I thought.

That was a year ago. Now, finishing my last year of spiritual training here in Colombia, South America, I am ready and anxious once again to *meterme en Honduras*—a phrase which can be translated as "go back to Honduras" or "to get into trouble up to your ears."

But, as Father Bill Moore reminded me when I was leaving for another village trip, "Just remember, Padre, you have the whole Catholic Church behind you. *You are not alone out there.*" That's reason to be enthusiastic, isn't it?



WE'RE GEARED FOR TROUBLE

BRUNO W. KARPINSKI S.J.

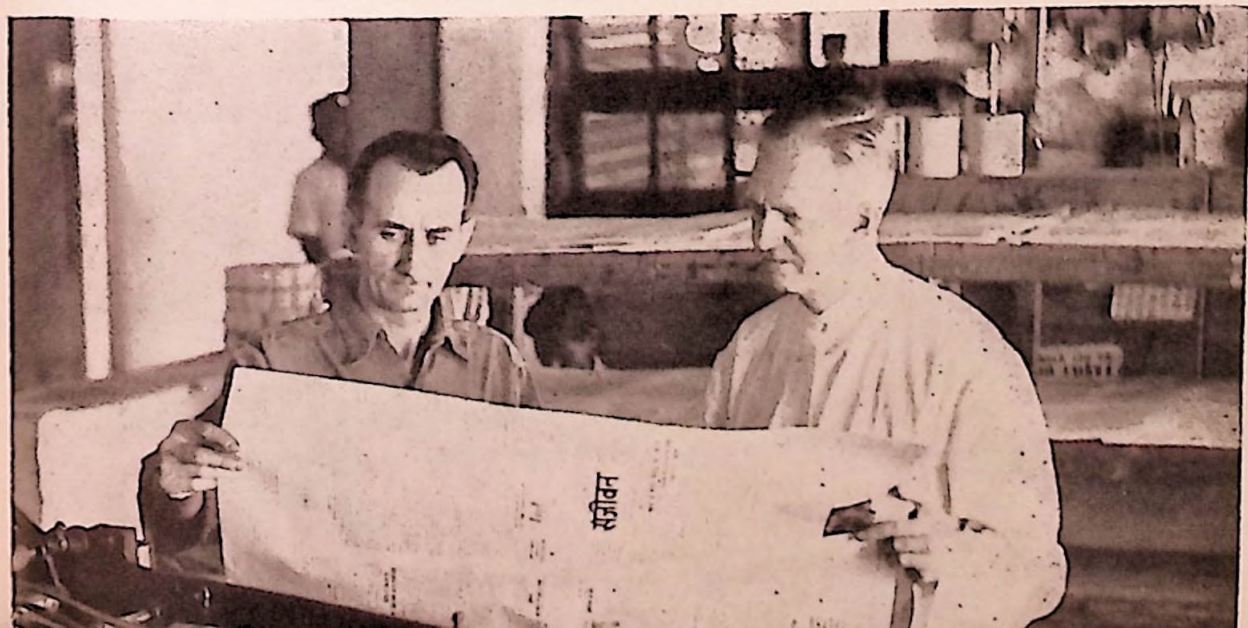
*Machines are balky, women are adamant,
and even snakes and bees find entrance*

RUNNING A PRINTING PRESS in India offers many opportunities, the most ideal of which, at the moment, is just running—far, far away. As I write this, summer is in full blast and the winds are perpetually hissing and howling. Each day they bring a new deposit, not the kind which heartens the Patna Mission Treasurer, but one of sand which penetrates every crevice, even to stop-

ping the movements of the alarm clock. That slowing down is contagious, affecting humans also, and in the 96-degree heat anything can happen. And it did.

The nearby Holy Family Hospital, functioning as it does along modern lines, needs many different forms of sick charts. So we were busy printing up these forms at our Sanjivan Press when a large section of my main-gear-cam

Critics of their own work at Sanjivan Press are Brother Karpinski and Father Barrett.





Careful eye is kept on press as "Sanjivan" rolls off it—anything can happen here.

equipment broke. Now some people don't like to make decisions, especially with the temperature at 96 degrees, but we reached one in a matter of minutes. The nearest replacement was 14,000 miles away so that may have aided somewhat our solution to weld the cam ourselves. Father John Knapek, who is doing a marvelous job with the Industrial School, directed the welding in his usual capable fashion.

We were also running off on our Miehle Machine "The Writings and Speeches of Mahatma Gandhi" and we hoped to finish it before Mr. Nehru arrived in Patna so we could present him with a copy. Now this machine had just been operated on for, may I term it, appendicitis and was convalescing well. But in our haste to finish the run we may have pushed it too hard. For one of the boys came up to me and said, "Brother Sahib, she don't move, she don't move anymore."



That's no mess but the regular procedure as the Patna Mission Letter is prepared.

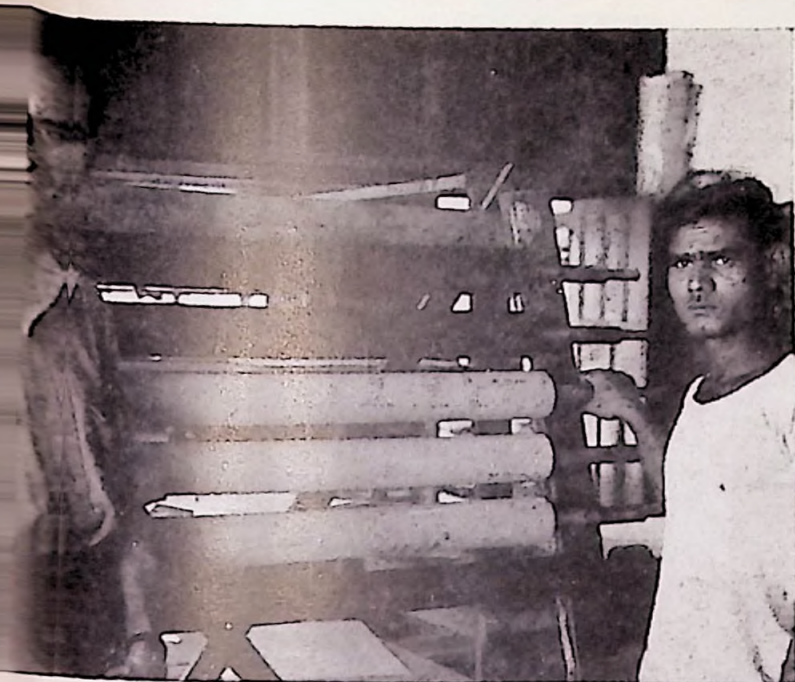
"What don't move anymore?" I asked, sacrificing grammatical correctness for the more important lack of confusion.

"The Express Train," he said, using the local term for the Miehle Machine.

So I approached it with my stethoscope and my diagnosis was that this was far more serious than appendicitis; it was a real heart clot. With the temperature at 96 I now have on my hands a frozen bearing! This, I assured the boys, would take some time to repair.

We began by removing a small bearing, a large support and two pulleys. Then we came into contact with the two most stubborn gears I have ever encountered. Surely those gears were installed to the accompaniment of the last shot in the Civil War. They simply would not come off.

At this particular moment, of all moments, a feminine voice said behind me, "Brother, it's time for your cholera-typhoid shot!" I whirled around. There



Troubles are nothing new to Brother Karpinski but it is reaching the point where he is wondering if there is a new trouble still left. But in his own good-humored and capable fashion he will keep functioning and providing satisfied smiles (right).



stood four Sisters, the nurses who drop in periodically to give injections.

"Look, Sister. The one who needs the shot is this machine, not me." The four of them just looked at me. Did I say that those gears were adamant? They took second place, a poor second. Dirty hands and all, I was administered the shot, and so were the boys helping me.

The next morning we went to work with a blowtorch and the sparks were soon flying in all directions as we continued Operation Heart Clot. Then in the midst of all the confusion I hear someone in the next room yelling, "Samph! Samph! Snake! Snake!" This one was about thirty inches long and it is the fourth one to invade our premises in recent times. After it was demolished, I assured the boys there was no other snake within 50 miles. In this heat?

Then the opposite room broke into an uproar. A bee in the washroom had stung one of the workers. So I investi-

gated but was stymied in my search for the culprit by the fact that about 5,000 bees had settled in a corner there. So I went about doing the last thing I wanted to do on a day like that—building a fire. But maybe it was that little penance which paid off. For no sooner had I returned to the main issue, the Gear, than one good wallop with the hammer sent both gears flying.

So now, several days later, the frozen bearing is repaired. But my machine man hasn't shown up since the day he got the shot from the Sisters. My ink boy was out a day and when I questioned him about it he replied, "Look here, Brother. The other day you gave me a hammer and told me to pound it with my right hand. Then the Sisters came and pounded me in my left arm. So the next day I was numb in both hands. So why come to work?" I ask myself that same question sometimes, especially in recent times.



THE REAL NORTHERN LIGHTS

A glimpse at one of the many problems which a missionary in the Far North must encounter

JOHN P. FOX S.J.

BACK IN 1928 I was assigned as the roving missionary of the flats around Kashunak, and down along the coast as far as Bethel on the Kuskokwim. Three years later, the territory from Kashunak north as far as Scammon Bay, with headquarters at Hooper Bay, was added to my slice of the Alaska Missions. To say that, in those days, this district was primitive, is an understatement.

One thing that very early in the game exercised my patience was the lack of light. At my missions I used kerosene lamps, gasoline lamps and candles. One of these did service for the whole house. When I went from one part of the house to the other, I picked up the lamp or candle and walked. Usually I got to the hook for hanging the lamp, or the shelf to set it on, without any major mishap. But not always.

For some reason I still cannot account for after many check-ups, one day I did not make it to the hook. After a long session of breviary, I took the gasoline mantle lamp from the hook in my room, and started to walk to the chapel next door. As I came to the hook and raised the lamp to hang it, something went

wrong. Shortly after I came to, lying on my back on the floor, with the lamp burning on merrily as it sat on the floor next to me. How the mantles were not knocked off, and the house burned down by the exploding gasoline, I never found out.

On another occasion, an Eskimo, wanting to be helpful, saw the lamp burning a little low. "Too much closed," he mused; and stood up to open the valve (already too far open). The next thing was a stream of burning gasoline falling from the lamp to the floor. I had just finished Mass and was turning around to say the last prayers when I noticed the fire. But by the time I dashed back to the lamp to turn off the valve, the folks had stampeded for the floor, and broke one good grandma's collar bone in the excitement.

In their igloos (there was not a cabin in the district at that time), the Eskimos had their seal oil lamps. The elements were a saucer-like dish made of clay, or just an old saucer, filled with seal or white whale oil, and had for a wick a piece of rag hanging over the side of the dish. A constant black streak of smoke wound up to the ceiling, blackening the whole inside of the igloo, and throwing me into a cough every time I

entered. They were too poor to have even the ordinary coal oil lamps then.

But something was needed, for both them and me. Father Frank Menager, who had been there for a brief period before me, had already decided the same. So he bought a little 750-watt light plant. But I found it too expensive to run for the little light I needed for my own use. So I decided not to use it.

As time went on, and the need for better light (and convenient power) for myself and the people, became more acute, an idea came. We all needed light. No one could afford to run a light plant just for himself. What's the matter with using the light plant that I had, running a line not only to my own rooms but to the igloos, and chipping in for the fuel needed to run the plant? The idea worked out well, and everybody was happy.

The idea was picked up by other villages who decided it was worth trying. I too eventually was transferred from the district to my present one; and with me the idea. Then Bishop Gleeson authorized a loan of mission funds to the natives to start out the project. It has prospered in as much as the whole town has very cheap light and power. But it took a long time to come.

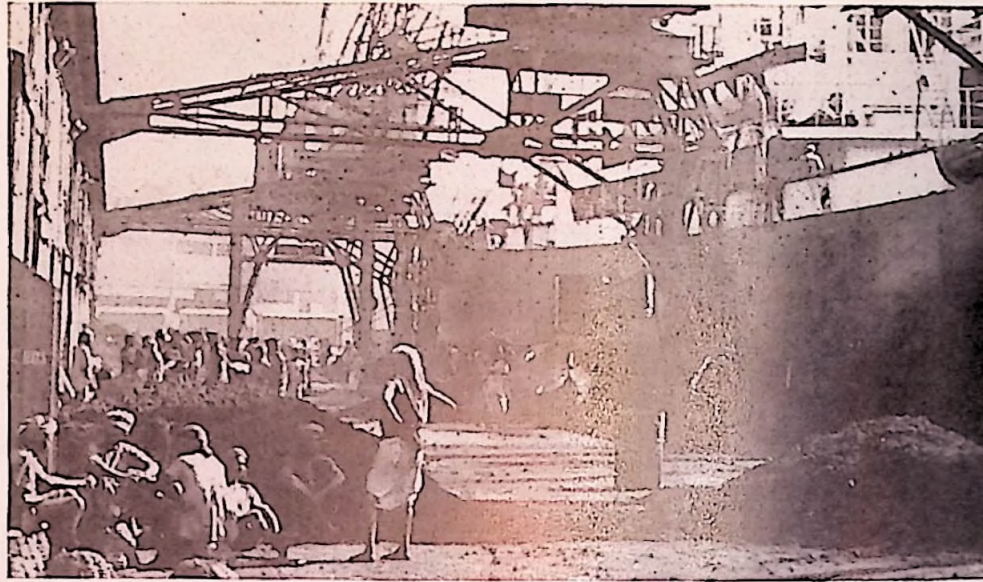


Veteran of over thirty years in Alaska, Father Fox is now stationed at famed Holy Cross.

Greetings and warm welcome, friend, and if you will step into the igloo we'll break out a fresh saucer of whale oil for a light—or do you prefer seal oil with yours? (Three Lions photo)



Bustle of industry
echoes in the
surrounding forest.



MISSION OF CONTRASTS...

JAMSHEDPUR



Jewelled daughter of beauty and jungle.

Catholic of Adibasi aboriginals.

This year a wild elephant
walked down the main street
of modern Jamshedpur City,
window-shopped, sent a
cyclist flying, then slipped
back to the forest. It is
a mission of
THE JUNGLE
THE CITY
DARKNESS AND LIGHT





Village women listen intently to Catholic sermon.

ANANDPUR

THE JUNGLE

JOHN F. GUIDERA S.J.

WELL DO I REMEMBER my first assignment as a priest at Anandpur in the jungle. It was March 8th when I arrived and as I made my way along the dirt road, there was plenty of time to think of the future and of my work in Anandpur. I had made one previous trip to Anandpur five years before and the only recollection of that visit was of being awakened in the middle of the night by prowling animals. The trip was uneventful but you can imagine my thoughts; every animal I had seen in the Baltimore zoo seemed to appear on the horizon. Then my thoughts turned to the priests who had been there before me: Father Kujur, after killing many leopards and bears, was surprised

by a leopard he didn't kill. Father Bakewell was mauled by a bear. Father O'Leary had his leg broken by his horse. What was going to happen to Father Guidera?

All of these thoughts left me as I started up the path leading to my new home and met a group of workers preparing the ground for the new bungalow. All stopped their work to see their new priest and greeted me with "Jesu ki berai" (Jesus be praised). "Jesu ki berai," was my answer and with these words I was introduced into my new home at Anandpur.

My house was situated in a wooded and secluded area. For one month in the beginning, I was alone; a war could be going on in another part of the world without my knowing it. Many people in the vicinity have never seen a train or



Balancing water pots constantly on her head, this Indian girl can be sure of a graceful carriage on her way to market.



Trusted friend, Father Michael Kavanagh of Maryland Province Jesuits, stops to have a chat on street of Jamshedpur.

JAMSHEDPUR

THE JUNGLE . . .

a two-storied building; a plane flying overhead is a real novelty. This seclusion has kept the people simple in their ways and their needs.

Soon after arriving, I went to visit some of the Catholic families who live close by. The men are farmers who struggle in vain to get enough rice from

their fields to feed their families for a year. The father of the first family greeted us with his wife and five small children in the background. Their home is a mud hut of one room; their clothing is the bare essentials; their finances are always low or non-existent. But heart attacks are rare and a happy family life seems to thrive on such a situation. How those children look up to their father! To them he can do all things because he can cut wood, plow the fields, feed the animals, cut stone and, above all, he can read and write. He has been a Catholic for about 15 years and the Catholic family life he has brought into his family will be the seed of many vocations.

From his home we went about 100 yards away where four brothers live with their families. Each has its own room and there is a fifth room for animals. They greeted us in the courtyard in front of their homes with the usual aboriginal custom of washing our hands as a sign of welcome and respect. It was getting dark so we didn't stay long. As we left they gave us a large plate of sweet potatoes which they told one of their sons to carry to our house for us. As we got close to home the oldest daughter of the first family, Susanna, came running up with a chicken. Daily wages for a man who works for others in this area comes to about 25¢ per day and the value of this chicken if sold in the bazaar is about 60¢. But refusing it would hurt their feelings. The next morning I saw the father of the family and told him that he should have saved the chicken and had a meal for the children. His answer: "Oh no! we should make a sacrifice and give the Fathers something every now and then, shouldn't we?" And I had no answer for that.

There is real sanctity among these people who live such a cheerful life amidst so many hardships. The way these people take difficulties is a lesson to all of us. May God be good to them!

JAMSHEDPUR

THE CITY . . .



Jamshedpur City, a modern metropolis carved out of dense jungles less than 60 years ago, is the heart of India's Ruhr, the steel city of her future. It was due to the foresight of Jamsetji Tata that this industrial giant was formed into the modern, well planned city of today with schools, hospitals and all the material improvements of the present. The story of Tata Steel is the story of India's quick rise to its place among the world leaders in steel production. But it is still a city that lies in the shadow of the jungle.

Tata Steel gave form and expression to the urge of a resurgent nation to break the bondage of foreign industry. Today Jamshedpur has a population of 300,000.

Labor relations have been of the highest standard from the very beginning and the progressive outlook of Tata officials has kept labor problems at the minimum.



8-hour day has been in force since 1912, and yearly and profit-sharing bonuses, hospitalization, etc. are all observed.

(UNations photo)



Hindu temples, Moslem mosques and Christian churches were decreed by Tata's founder even before construction began.

New life is brought by Father McGauley and catechist (left) at baptism of newly converted pair.



Sikh boys are part of student body at American Jesuit schools in Jamshedpur and elsewhere.



JAMSHEDPUR

DARKNESS AND LIGHT

GEORGE A. HESS S.J.

THIS IS THE STORY about a witch. This particular witch did not cast evil spells on people or turn children into Ginger Bread but she was consulted regularly by village people about things which they had lost, reasons for illness and advice in any important matters. She must have been successful since people flocked to her in their needs.

When she was asked to locate some lost article or to answer a difficult question she would focus her eyes and her mind upon a statue of one of their nature Gods or on one of the many charms which she had for the purpose. She would then go into a trance and apparently get an answer while in that particular state.

One day she saw a cross which was in the possession of a person consulting her. She immediately felt that it would be a very powerful help for her trance and persuaded her husband to obtain one for her. Representing himself as a Christian, he obtained one from the parish priest. As soon as his wife tried using it for her trance she felt a great peace instead of the usual agitation and she realized that there was something very powerful connected with it. She knew that it was a religious symbol of the Christians and by the mere fact of her experience with the cross she and her husband were convinced that they must become Catholics. They both came to the priest for instruction, not that they might consider the Catholic religion but with their minds fully made up to do all that was necessary to become Catholics.

She became an excellent Catholic and impressed the Fathers with her saintly nature. For about a year she led an exemplary Catholic life and in her new-found faith she was an example of Christianity to all of the villagers.

Her story is ended for she died a couple of months ago. The circumstances leading up to her death and the manner of death indicate very strongly that she was poisoned. It may have been by people who resented her conversion. Although she died suddenly she was well prepared to meet her Maker and her example is still strong among those who knew her. She must have been a fine character since God gave her this opportunity to make her peace with Him and to prepare for her end.

Did she really have special powers as a witch? Well, a few months back Father Hermanns, S.V.D., the well known anthropologist, was in the area and he questioned the woman and her husband. He has met up with strange powers before and he was not surprised at the things which she had been able to accomplish. According to her account she would go into the trance, in which she remained for about a day and a half, and on coming out of it she would have the answer which people sought. She was convinced that some kind of spirit which went out of the other person helped her. She was also convinced that the spirit was not an evil one.

A strange story? Yes, but one the truth of which these people were sincerely convinced and an occurrence which had witnesses. When this is considered together with the fact that this woman and her husband became good devout Catholics and told this story only at the time when they were Catholics it indicates that there is truth in it. Certainly they were not trying to lie and also certainly Father Hermanns accepted the story, saying that he had ample evidence of such things from his travels and investigations elsewhere. I don't vouch for these happenings. But people say that they saw them, and the people are trustworthy.

TALAKAG'S HAPPY WARRIOR

*He has grown old in the
service of God and he has
fought the fight joyously*

JOSE AQUINO S.J.

OLD SPANISH MISSIONARIES in the Philippines have a kind of "undying" reputation for two reasons. Their mission work endures and, golden jubilarians though they are, they keep on living and working. "You simply can't kill them," a young priest once remarked. One American missionary could very well be numbered among the ranks of these "undying" missionaries. His work is monumental, and golden jubilarian though he is, he still keeps on living and working. He is Father Clement Risacher S.J. We visited his parish in the hills of Talakag recently.

Father Risacher is in his late seventies and most people of that age would have retired years ago. But no, he still is as active as a missionary fresh from

Talakag's shepherd and defender of the Faith, Golden Jubilarian Father Clement Risacher.



the departure ceremonies in New York. His parish of rolling hills, of frontier Christian Filipinos farming the hills, of Mohammedan carabao rustlers, offers many a challenging situation. Right now some storm clouds are forming over Talakag. And although Father Risacher has celebrated his sacerdotal golden jubilee, he is girding himself for this battle, for the day when the storm clouds will burst over Talakag.

There are in Talakag seven Baptist missionaries with all the facilities that money can buy to lure the natives to their brand of Protestantism. These seven are raising up a lot of dust that is forming into ominous clouds. These seven alone make the odds against Father Risacher big, especially when one considers the powerhouse of resources at the command of the seven Baptists. Little barrio chapels, a town school, an orphanage and regular handouts make up the missionary efforts of the seven. Whether their converts will stand the test of time, only the future can tell.

One May the Baptists tried hard to win the Talakag natives. They knew that the fastest way to the heart of a Catholic Filipino is through Mary. So they exploited the Filipinos' most cherished devotion—a filial love for the mother of God—a love expressed in song and flowers during the month of May when fragrant flowers bloom in all colors. So in place of the Marian "Flores de Mayo," a familiar sight in every Catholic Church (be it a basilica in the sophisticated city of Manila or a shaky lean-to in a barrio of Talakag), the Baptists had May services. They too rang bells, sang hymns and carried flowers but, of course, without the traditional Marian spirit that is the soul of a genuine "Flores de Mayo." But some simple folks were deceived.

Fortunately, the odds against Father Risacher are not exactly seven to one. He has young Father Jaime Neri to help out and carry the fight deep into the

territory of the Baptists. Although Father Neri's pocketbook does not bulge at the seams as the Baptists' do, still he is young and resourceful. And the Protestants know that the combination of Father Risacher and Father Neri is a difficult one to break. One thing seems certain—Father Risacher will win the battle of the ages. He will outdo and *outlive* the Baptists.



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Innocence and great expectations.



C

HRTMAS AT WOUNDED KNEE

*In the "Moon of Popping
Trees" the Sioux gather
to adore the Christ Child*

JOHN M. SCOTT S.J.

THE WINDOWS of Clive Gildersleeve's Trading Post at Wounded Knee, South Dakota, cut yellow squares of light in the darkness of the December night. After traveling from Holy Rosary Mission across long miles of rolling prairie and the pine dotted hills of the Pine Ridge Sioux Indian Reservation, it was a refreshing treat to walk into the warmth and hospitality of the Trading Post and exchange Christmas greetings



"I can give Him my heart!"



There's a smile for every gift.



The Christmas crib is prepared and the Christmas pageant re-enacted.

with Clive and his gracious wife, Agnes.

As usual, the Trading Post was a rendezvous for many of the Sioux who were waiting for midnight Mass. Moses Broken Leg was sitting near the pot-bellied iron stove and swapping bits of news with Oliver Jumping Eagle. Mary Crazy Thunder was merry as a row of jingle bells.

After shaking hands with all present, as is the custom with the gracious and hospitable Sioux, I walked out into the vastness of the night. Four saddle horses and two teams tethered to the hitching

rail pricked ears and nickered softly as I passed them and began the steep climb up to St. Agnes Chapel.

A sudden crack like a rifle shot laid a whip of sound across the broad back of the hill. Giant cottonwoods along Wounded Knee Creek were splitting with frost. No wonder the Sioux called December "The Moon of Popping Trees." The trees' bare bones were cracking like witches' knuckles in the cold darkness of the hills.

There was a Christmas night to delight the hearts of all. Myriads of twink-



Even Sr. Eileen knows what pearl-handled revolvers can do to the heart of a boy.

ling stars, white and topaz, and misty red, transformed the night into jewelled splendor. From rim to rim across the vast arch of the sky glimmered the shimmering, star-studded haze called the Milky Way, that ribbon of light woven of flaming suns.

These very stars had leaped to their vigils that first holy night when Christmas first broke over the sleeping world. That night, indeed, the words of the prophet rang true: "And the stars have given light in their watches. They were called, and they said: Here we are. And with cheerfulness they have shined forth to Him that made them."

The Sioux, like the Wise Men and the Shepherds of old, had seen His stars in the sky and had come to adore him. Out of the darkness creaked James Flying Eagle's weather-beaten wagon. Hoary frost coated the withers of his sorrel team. Flying Eagle drew rein alongside Howard Bad Milk's ancient Ford, tossed the lines to his dark-eyed son, grasped the brake rigging with a trembling hand, and eased his aging frame over the wheel to the ground.

The shepherds of Bethlehem made no more devout or colorful sight than the faithful Sioux crowding into the cedar-incensed house of prayer. Old squaws

wrapped in shawls, bright as poinsettias, entered noiselessly in moccasins decorated with beads. Young girls with braided hair, black as the magpie's wing, knelt beside wrinkled old timers whose grandfathers had fought with Chief Crazy Horse on the Little Big-horn. Line riders in high-heel boots and chiming spurs stacked their ten-gallon Cheyenne hats under the bookrack.

One of the most beautiful and touching customs of the Sioux is the "Christmas Offering" to the Christ Child. Just before the midnight Mass, the Sioux file past the crib to make their offering to their Elder Brother, Christ. Into a little dish placed by the crib they place whatever they can offer. Since stark poverty is often the daily companion of the Sioux, their offering may be only a penny or dime. Though small in money value, the gift represents the giving of their hearts and love. The real gift of the Sioux is expressed by Christina G. Rossetti in her poem, *My Gift to Him*:

What can I give Him, poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd, I would give Him
a lamb;

If I were a wise man, I would do my
part.

Oh, what can I give Him?
I can give Him my heart!



**WHO
ARE
AMERICAS
FORGOTTEN
CHILDREN?**

On the barren, windswept plains of South Dakota live America's forgotten children, the little Oglala Sioux. It is a bleak land, isolated, a land of hunger, poverty and despair. "All they need is a chance," says Father Edwards of the Sioux boys and girls at Holy Rosary Mission. "And the way to give it to them is to give them an education, one every bit as good as other American children get." Can it be done? Holy Rosary Mission is doing it! But to feed and clothe 500 Sioux children is a gigantic task. You can help "America's Forgotten Children" by helping ease the burden which the Jesuit missionaries have carried for so long.

Send your contribution to **Jesuit Missions**

211 East 87th St., New York 28, N.Y.



Look at that! Naturally, the kids came.



Viewlex is intriguing and even Sister gives in to the temptation (what woman wouldn't?) to steal a quick look at it.



Glimpses of a Taiwan many have not seen.

FOLEY FOTO FORUM

From Taipei to Washington, D.C.

THE ACE CAMERAMAN of the China Mission, Father Fred Foley S.J., staged a one-man exhibit of his photographs earlier this year in Taiwan. The show ran for five days and attracted large crowds in downtown Taipei. It consisted of 140 photographs taken by Father Foley himself and highlighting the human and scenic sides of the island of Taiwan. Earlier, Father had published a book of his photos under the title "The Face of Taiwan." He has been a constant and talented provider of outstanding pictures for JM.

In the first part of September Father brought his exhibit to the annual Mission Secretariat Conference in Washington, D.C. The response there was as heartening as it had been on the other side of the world.

Father Foley is back in the States after fourteen years in the Far East. He is studying at Boston College for a degree which will help him in his teaching at the National University in Taiwan. If anyone is interested in the exhibit Father can be reached at Boston College, Chestnut Hill 67, Mass.



Artistic quality and selection of scenes entrance viewers. The exhibit was put on at the request of the United States Information Service in Taiwan and the people really appreciated Father Foley's craftsmanship and technique.

«Hello! Did you see me on the cover of «The Face of Taiwan»? The inside is good too, but the cover—mmm! Oh yes, Father Foley took the pictures on pages 30 and 31.



Washington and Father Foley (right) explains to Father McGuire, Executive Secretary, the exhibit. Assisting are former Socialists Miss Irene Ho and Mr. Paul Liu.

THIS IS NOT EASY TO SAY

And it's awfully important to say right



*"It's kinda scary—but
it's topnotch stuff..."*



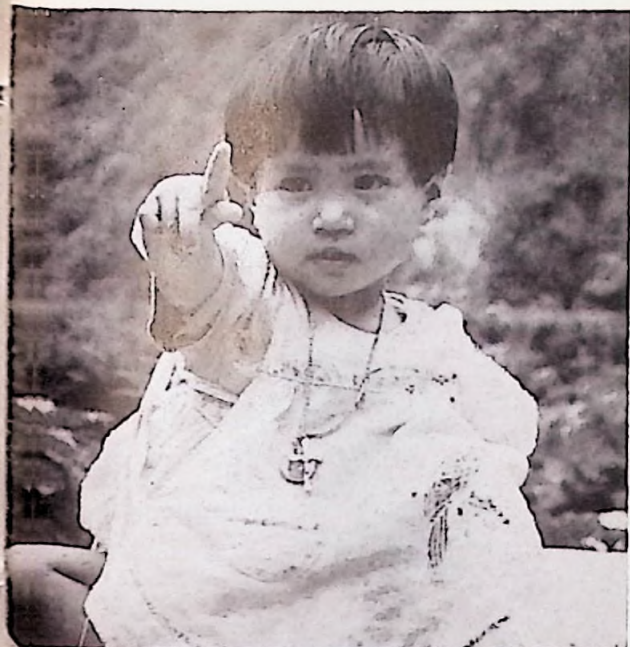
*"And I don't know any
of the right words..."*



*"But hold on to
your hat..."*



*"And we'll come
out with it..."*



*It's meant for ALL
of YOU ..."*



*"We're real proud of
your kindness ..."*



*So I'm speaking for all our Jesuit missionaries and the Editors of JM
"A BLESSED CHRISTMAS AND A JOYOUS NEW YEAR!"*

Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

This is the month to remember Father Sagrado in the Philippines. His parish is named for Our Lady of the Snows and is in El Salvador, Spanish for The Saviour. His wooden altar, eaten away by white ants, must be replaced by a concrete one. The entire interior of the church needs repairing. Could you give \$5, \$10 . . . ?

Printing presses on the missions are essential but not eternal, as you can tell from Brother Karpinski's tale on page 9. Faced with a similar problem is genial Brother Richard in Ceylon who runs the Catholic Orphanage Press. Some of his machines are over half a century old and yet the orphans look to him for support. We would like to give him a helping hand in his need and a gift of any amount would be deeply appreciated.

The Jamshedpur jungle is still being worked by Father Guidera (p. 16). Now he is in Chaibasa and is striving to build a new church. His people are in no position to help him and he hesitates to start unless he can be sure of finishing. Can you back him up with a gift of any size—\$2, \$5, or more?

In the Caroline Islands the schoolboys on Truk must sleep over the kitchen. This is a constant source of worry for the Fathers as the old diesel stove is right under the boys and has already caused a few fires. Wood is too scarce so the only solution is a gas stove with

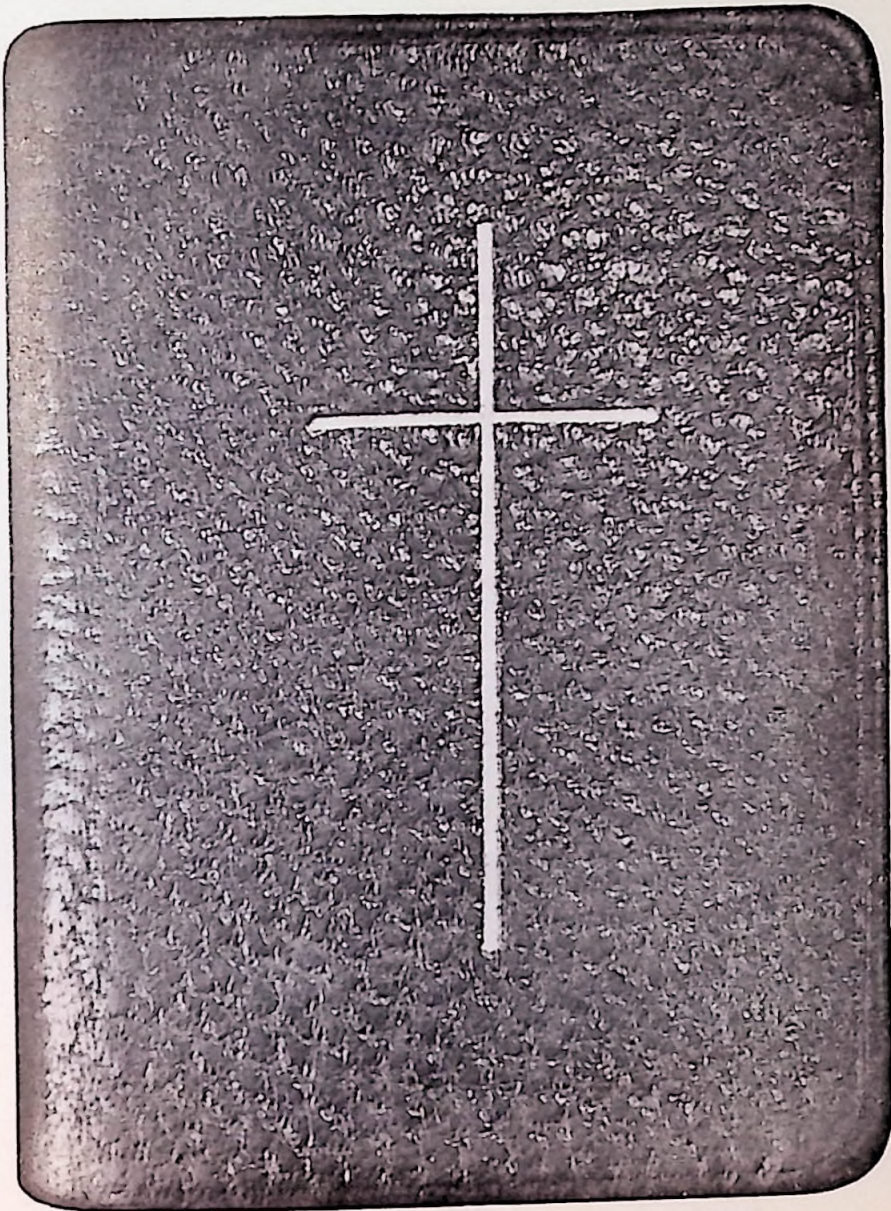
bottled gas. When freight charges are included, the project becomes a large one. Could you help relieve the worries and the real need?

The new **Campion College** in Jamaica will be completed in January but some items are not yet accounted for. Father MacMullan is hoping to receive help in providing desks for the eight classrooms. As time is short, we will forward any donation for this purpose immediately.

In the Philippines Father Leoni has his hands full in his bush mission. He needs chapels at his stations and at his center he runs a boarding school. Five dollars would buy one day's food for his big family; fifty dollars would support one boarder for ten months; five hundred dollars would mean chapels and a big smile on this zealous missionary's face.

For twenty years Father Muthumalai has worked in South India. "One is not as fit at fifty-eight as at thirty-eight," he remarked after a rough trip by ox-cart to a village where all non-Christians asked to be baptized. We would like to provide Father with a better mode of transportation, a jeep or small car. It will mean close to \$1,000, at least, but this veteran missionary deserves it.

Jesuit Missions
211 East 87th St.
New York 28, N.Y.



*Do you know what a priest
needs most at the moment?*

In 1961 the new breviary goes into effect. Already we have received a number of requests from our priests on the missions. We estimate the cost will be about \$30. For many a missionary this will be out of his reach. So would you be kind enough to put this most essential prayerbook in his hands? He will be most grateful.

JESUIT MISSIONS

211 East 87th Street, New York 28, New York

A TIME OF JOY AND GIFTS

You can't have Christmas without Christ —and the world can't have Christ without the missionary. Will you put the missionary on your Christmas list so that he can continue to bring the joy which you know to those who do not know Christ?

Jesuit Missions

211 East 87th St.

New York 28, N.Y.

