

JM

JESUIT

National Magazine of the American Jesuits



MISSIONS

in the Mission Fields assigned them by the Holy Father

Missions assigned to the American Jesuits by the Pope:

Baghdad - Ceylon - Alaska - Belize - Japan - Burma - China - Caroline Islands
Formosa - Jamaica - Jamshedpur - Korea - Patna - Philippines - Marshall Islands
Nepal - Yoro - American Indians - Puerto Rico - Chile - Peru - Africa

December 1962, Vol. 36, No. 10

PAGE 2	NO WRINKLES ON THEIR HEARTS.....	Clement J. Armitage S.J.
PAGE 8	ESKIMOS AT THE CROSSROADS.....	Jules M. Convert S.J.
PAGE 12	HE EVEN PUNS IN ARABIC.....	Joseph L. Ryan S.J.
PAGE 16	HEARTS ACROSS THE SEAS.....	Margaret Sullivan
PAGE 19	THE LUCKY FATHER-IN-LAW.....	Edwin G. McManus S.J.
PAGE 22	1962 DEPARTING MISSIONARIES.....	
PAGE 24	PARIS IN 1/60 OF A SECOND.....	James P. Cotter S.J.
PAGE 28	CHRISTMAS IN THE PHILIPPINES.....	Thomas F. McManus S.J.
PAGE 31	MEET A JESUIT BROTHER.....	

Staff

Editor, Calvert Alexander. Managing Editor, Clement J. Armitage.

Associate Editors, Leo Birney, Thomas J. M. Burke,
Cecil H. Chamberlain, James P. Cotter, Edward S. Dunn.

Business Editor, Coleman A. Daily.

Business Office, 211 East 87th Street, New York 28, N.Y.

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

Do angels wonder? This one (left) seems to have some sort of question in her dark eyes. Maybe she is trying to figure out why Father John Brennan in Hsinchu, Taiwan, picked her to be an angel in the Christmas play. If he only knew her better . . .



JESUIT MISSIONS is published monthly from September to June; bi-monthly, January-February, July-August, by Jesuit Missions, Incorporated, 45 East 78th St., New York 21, N. Y., in the interests of home and foreign missions attached to the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. Subscription price per year is \$1.00. Canadian and foreign, \$1.25. Second Class Postage Paid at New York, N. Y.

Alaska



Bro. Hess



Fr. Fox

**No Wrinkles
On their
Hearts**



Bro. Laird

Bro. Feltes



Fr. Deschout



Fr. Llorente



Fr. Endal



Fr. Baud



Fr. Anable

India



Fr. Pettit



Fr. Stoy



Fr. Sontag



Fr. Loesch

THESE ARE THE VETERANS, the ones who have borne the heat and burden of the day. Long ago they went out to mission fields and now, when one looks back across the years, there comes the realization that these men formed the backbone of those missions; these are the ones who have built the mission into what it is today; they labored happily, gloriously—and there are no wrinkles on their hearts as the twilight gathers.

Thirty years ago the American Jesuits had only four mission fields that dated back into the previous century—The American Indians, Alaska, Jamaica and British Honduras. At that time they had been in the Philippines and India for only ten years; four years in China; Baghdad was in its infancy. Only later would they move into Ceylon, Honduras, the Caroline and Marshall Islands, Japan, Jamshedpur, Korea, Burma, Chile, Peru and the African fields.

The average number of years which these veterans have spent in the field is between thirty and thirty-five although some of them run far longer. Next year Brother Hess of Alaska will celebrate his fiftieth year in the Northland; Father Peter Sontag his fortieth in India; Father Henry Coffey is already over forty years in the Philippines. To some this average figure may not be too impressive (how many other men have worked far longer on their jobs!) but we recall, ten years ago when JESUIT MISSIONS celebrated its

25th birthday, that we went down the list of missionaries in the field in 1927 and counted up the number who were still there twenty-five years later. Less than 25% were still on the missions! And we wonder—is there any other job in the world which is more exacting on body and spirit?

Why should that be? First of all, consider how a man's life is wrenched when he leaves home for a mission field. Most of today's veterans had finished the fifteen-year course of Jesuit studies before they departed for the field. They had grown up in the American way of life, in the midst of the most advanced material civilization the world has known. They had been trained to teach in university halls yet they freely chose another way of life. They went out to live it among the world's poor and uneducated, in primitive surroundings, close to an intellectual vacuum. They came among people who would exact of them their strength, their years, their lives. And no matter how warmly they might be received, no matter how successfully they work with this people, yet in their hearts they are aware they will always be looked upon as strangers. That is only part of their mental burden.

Then there is the physical side; the climate, the food, the lack of so many things once deemed essential. And then, perhaps the greatest drain on their strength, the endless travelling. One

India (Continued)

The three Scott brothers, Fathers Edward, Charles and Frank, total 86 years in Patna. Other veterans are:

**Father Frank
Father Mullen
Bishop Wildermuth
Father Foster
Father Farrell
Father J. Mann**



who has not experienced the jungles of Central America, the weary mountain paths of the Philippines or Jamaica, the India monsoon, the desert blast, the typhoon in the Pacific or the numbing Arctic gales can hardly appreciate the physical discomforts which are the daily lot of the priest bringing Christ to the world's poor. Later, as mission fields expanded and solidified, the physical wear was not so great but these veterans were on the scene in the early days of rugged, hand-to-hand living.

The physical burdens are easier to discern than the mental but beyond all those

there are the intangibles, the score of things which go into the making of the missionary's cross—fatigue, fear, disgust, failure, and most of all, loneliness. In that slow, day-to-day planting of the faith it is difficult for a man to note progress. How many nights must he wonder if that day had not been a complete blank? As he looks out of his cabin or cottage or thatched hut when night falls the familiarity of the scene can be depressing. His aloneness so easily passes into loneliness. It is the kind of life which makes a man very sensitive to memories—and these, too, beget loneliness. It is

Jamaica



Fr. McHale



Fr. Krim



Fr. Countie

Fr. Blatchford



Fr. Kempel



Fr. Sullivan



Father Becker
Father Hannas
Father Ballou

the intangibles which make the cross heaviest. But for these men who labored through the years they were not intangibles; they were part of everyday life; they were as recognizably present as the rice or the snow or the palm tree.

Thirty years ago the American Jesuits manned approximately 60 main mission stations and about 150 sub-stations and conducted a half dozen colleges and schools. Today they number over 200 main stations and over 1,000 sub-stations. The schools of higher education have been multiplied seven-fold. And who is responsible for this remarkable growth?

The men to whom we pay tribute here, the veterans of today who spent so many yesterdays in the service of the King.

How many yesterdays? The ten men longest in India have over three and a half centuries; nine men in Jamaica, headed by Fathers Becker and Hannas, have over three hundred years of labor to their credit; ten men in Alaska total 311 years (how many Midnight Suns have they known?); nine men in the Philippines have toiled under the Southern Cross for over three centuries; 8 men have spent over 200 years on the China and China-in-exile Mission; six

British Honduras

Bro. Teson



Fr. O'Connor



Fr. McCormack

For 175 years these men have served in the "Tropical Battleground"

Fr. Kuenzel



Fr. Wade



Fr. Newell

men in British Honduras total 175 years; there are five men who have known over 55,000 and one Arabian Nights in Baghdad. Add these groups together; only 57 men and they have spent 1,700 years working for Christ in far lands!

There is another field which we have not mentioned only because our records are deficient. It is the work among the various American Indian tribes here in the United States. It is one of our oldest mission fields for European Jesuits worked here for generations before their American brethren succeeded them. We know that there are missionaries there

now whose record of service would easily equal that of other areas but three different Jesuit Provinces supply the manpower for the scattered Indians—the Oregon Province, the Missouri Province and the Wisconsin Province—and the exact statistics are not on hand.

The men to whom we pay tribute, inadequate as it must be, are growing old now. The long years of labor have taken their toll and not many of these veterans are still in the front lines. They are still active but they recognize that the twilight is approaching. What are their thoughts as they look back over the

Philippines



Archbishop Hayes



Fr. McCullough



Fr. Willman



Fr. Pollack



Fr. Irwin

Father Coffey has served the longest under the Southern Cross



Fr. Risacher

long years? They see mission fields which have come to flower, fields once rough to work when they were younger, so tough it nearly tore the heart and the life from them. Does that tinge their thoughts with pride? No man who has served Christ as devotedly as these, who appreciate the suffering and the sacrifice of that same Christ so deeply, no man who had only Christ with him in those times of loneliness will be guilty of pride. There will be regret that he could not have done more for the One whose love sustained him through the long years and made of his own service

a return of love. But there is no regret for the body which has grown old, for the soul which was whitened and made beautiful through sacrifice and suffering. Long ago they had reached gladly for a cross; they toiled under it and did not quit; in the world's eyes their triumphs were small and hard won. But they were not serving the world; their record stands for One alone to read, their loyalty was to Christ the King. And now in the sunset hour, the step may be slower, the brow wrinkled—but there are no wrinkles on their hearts.

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.

China



Fr. O'Brien



Bro. Finnegan



Fr. LeSage



Fr. D. Clifford



Fr. Lipman



Fr. Magner



Fr. Meagher

Iraq



Seated: Fathers Madaras and Miff. Fathers Mahan, Sheehan and Merrick. 55,000 & One Arabian Nights!

ESKIMOS AT THE CROSSROADS

Alaska became a state but the advantages of that have not been shared by all and the Eskimos face a grave problem

A DISMAL PICTURE OF what is happening to citizens of one of our newest states in the Union is painted by Father Jules M. Convert S.J. The state is Alaska, and the citizens he refers to are its Eskimo and Indian populations which, he declares, are being ruined by the failure of Government to apply to them the same enlightened policy it is using with peoples of emerging nations in the far-off places of the world.

"Our nation," declares Father Convert, "is presently engaged in a tremendous program to help the undeveloped countries around the world to help themselves. Technicians are sent to study the



existing situation, and plan long-range programs, then to direct the untrained labor forces in operating whatever equipment is furnished with the necessary capital. Should not such a praiseworthy endeavor be directed first towards our own nation?" The Eskimos and Indians of the Western Bush of Alaska need this same sort of help instead of the outright Welfare grants they are presently receiving. "These," says Father Convert, "are just money down the drain, completely unproductive of any improvement and pushing the people to still greater apathy."

Father Convert is a veteran of 20 years' experience in that area of Alaska known as the Western Bush—Hooper Bay, Chevak, Unalaklet, the villages and camps on the Yukon's north mouth, and Holy Cross. He is now at Kaltag.

In the course of these twenty years, he says, "I have seen this whole area pass from what could rightly be called

a Stone Age way of life to that of the Atomic Age . . . I have also witnessed the hurts and damage often caused by too rapid an evolution in the social and economic fields. Many things have been to the good, and I want to express here my admiration for the splendid achievements in the medical and educational fields (mostly TB control and schools now available for all our youngsters). But it will be enough to mention such achievements in passing since my purpose is to help, if possible, in extending them to all other areas concerning the future welfare of our people.

"It can be stated outright that on the whole, were it not for the Welfare grants, the majority of our native population would be without adequate means of adequate subsistence. Young adults, most of them with large families, subsist only if they are lucky enough to have their old folks with them and thus share in the Old Age Pensions; the others have

■ In one of the remote villages where a priest only infrequently can visit a catechist is in charge. Here at Chifornak an Eskimo girl instructs her class, and they are not just children.





■ A scene that is growing rarer. An Eskimo chops away at the cache holding frozen fish.

to make periodic appeals to Indian Affairs' emergency help.

"Many outsiders who pass rapidly through our villages judge these people to be lazy: 'Why aren't they trapping, hunting as much as in the past? Why is it that they don't seem to be able to stick with any job? Why don't they hustle more?' Often enough, these criticisms are objective, but I don't think they rightly apply in this case; laziness implies a moral attitude and a deliberate choice. Though of course there are exceptions, our men cannot be called lazy in that sense; rather, they are bewildered and demoralized by the new conditions in which they have to live; they don't have the background, the education or character training that would allow them to understand and adapt themselves. Moreover, these new conditions represent a progress over the old ones, and

one cannot turn the clock back (as well tell our many unemployed in other States to go back to the woods and live on roots and wild things as their ancestors!)

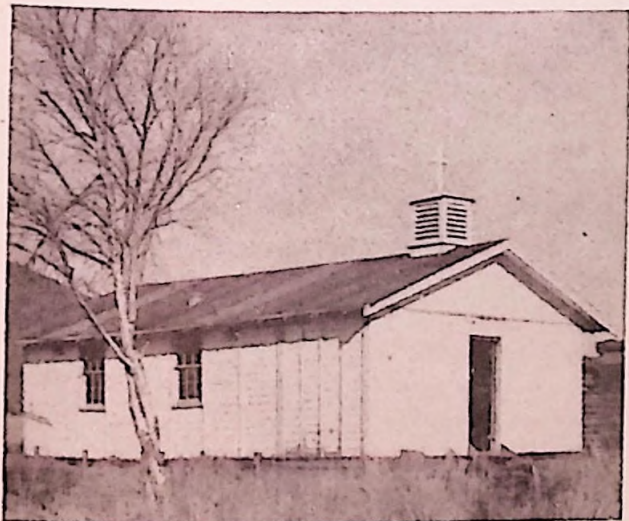
"Twenty years ago, these people lived from the land (truly, the strongest managed to survive somehow, witness the hundreds of babies and youngsters who were dying in their early years) hunting, fishing, living from hand to mouth; quite a few though did reasonably well. But in order to do so, they had to lead a kind of nomadic life, scattering thru the area where they lived, moving from one camp to the other according to the seasons. Increase of population, decrease of the fur supply and a stricter enforcement of the Game Laws have contributed to kill such a way of life. But I think the most important single factor has been the providing of school facilities to all the villages. Under the old system, even if there happened to be a school in the villages, the children did not attend more than two or maybe three months in a year. Emphasis is now rightly placed on the needs of the children for regular and complete attendance, pressure has been put on the families, and for a few years, the women and children stayed in the villages during the school year while the fathers went alone to their traditional camps, but it did not work. The trapper needs his family with him to manage his camp, take care of the skins, etc. . . . so very rapidly most of the men stopped spending the whole season at their camps, often a long distance from home, contenting themselves with shorter trips in the immediate vicinity of their village and family.

"From there, it has been only a short step to abandoning trapping almost completely . . . and in some villages, most of the men have taken it and subsist on Welfare. Again, their lack of background and education make them suffer this situation in an absolutely passive manner; they knew only one way of life and it is

gone . . . I may also add they are further demoralized when they see the few occasional local jobs with high wages offered to imported labor (in Kaltag alone, the construction of a large airfield provided only one part-time job for a local man. From the construction of an addition to the school, two carpenter-helpers were brought in with the directing foreman when qualified labor existed locally).

"This economic situation has the most serious repercussions on the life of the villages. For the first time, these people are brought to live all together the year round; their traditional way of life had made them individualistic to the utmost; they may live together, but have never learned yet to form an organic community. Local Councils and Chiefs in most cases have no real authority and don't even try to gain it (one just minds his own business and every one can do just as he pleases). Social responsibility comes only after acquiring a sense of the common good. As a general result of the enforced idleness and demoralization, many, sometimes all, kill time and worries by uninterrupted drinking bouts . . . Immorality is another form of escapism strongly fostered by the economic poverty and Welfare policies concerning unmarried mothers; young men don't marry because they could not support a family

■ Typical mission station church which is visited by priests once or twice a month.



■ Plane-spotting stations are manned by Eskimos who transmit reports to radar stations.

. . . and they can always find a drunken consenting woman, or a girl who judges a Welfare check more secure than a husband without an income. In Kaltag, we have had one marriage in five years, even though there are half a dozen men between the ages of 21 and 40 . . .

"And here I cannot emphasize strongly enough the need we have for law enforcement; short of murder, nothing is ever done, and the longer we wait, the more prevalent the idea that in our villages there is no law, no order! I may also add that some outsiders who happen to spend time in our villages are quick to take advantage of this situation and behave themselves as in a conquered land! Most definitely, we must have law enforcement on a regular basis, just as every city block has its policeman.

"I am quite convinced that, were it not for the fact that the Native population is so small, scattered and unorganized, our presence here would not be any more welcome than that of the White Man among the new nations of the East or Africa; now and then one meets here with the same 'White Man' . . . 'who has taken everything while we poor Natives have nothing . . . ' as I was told recently in one of our villages."

HE EVEN PUNS IN ARABIC

JOSEPH L. RYAN S.J.

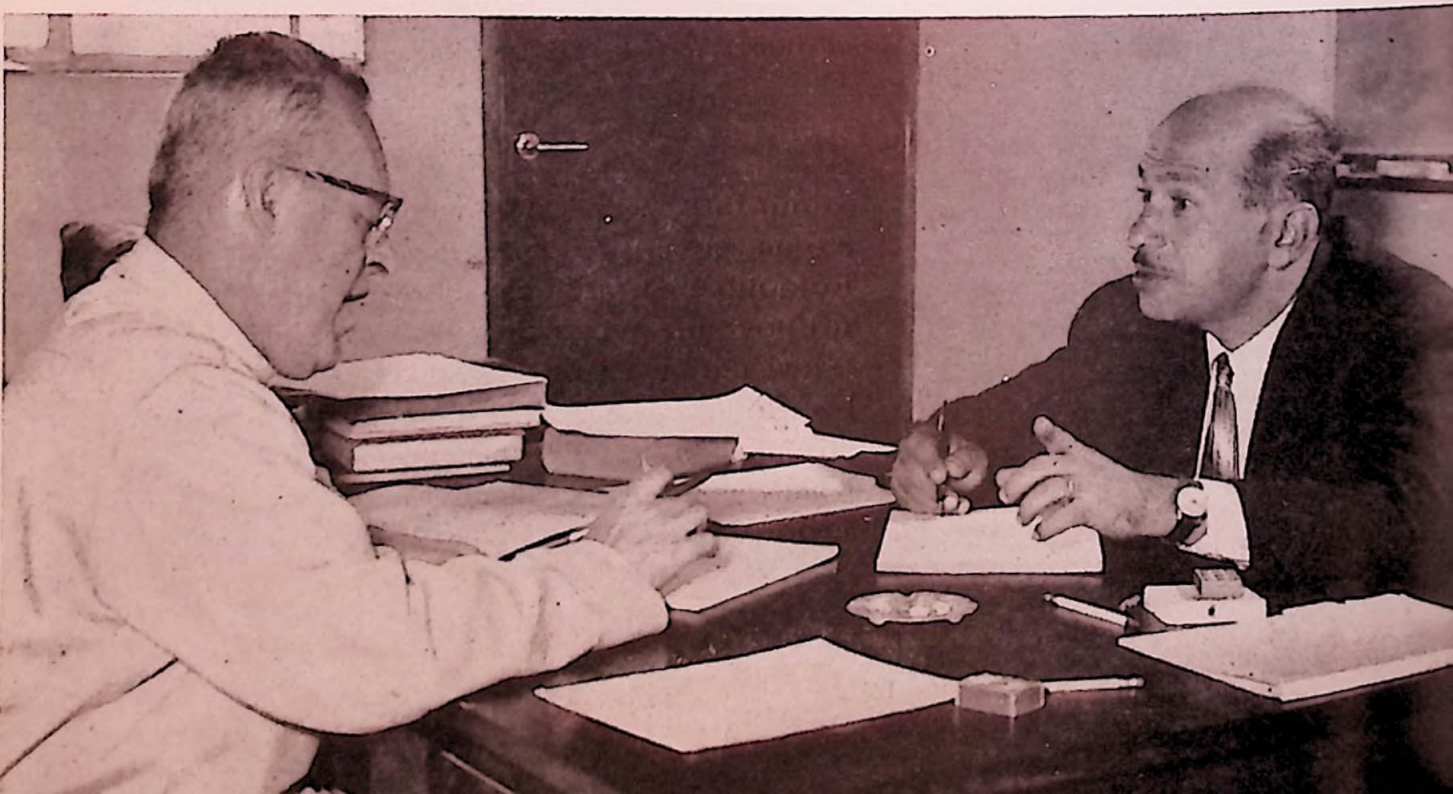
THIRTY YEARS AGO, when he was a senior at Holy Cross College, Richard J. McCarthy of Chicopee, Mass., was outstanding. When the Holy Cross band swung down the field he was not just one among the many Purple bandsmen. No one can carry and play a tuba and be inconspicuous. Not, we hasten to say, that that was his motive; if we must ascribe any reason it was undoubtedly his penchant for the more difficult.

That particular tendency he has never discarded. As a result he has just rounded out twenty-five years of arduous study of the Arabic language—and only those who have tried to master “the language of the angels” can appreciate what that quarter of a century entailed. It was not only an inward process of digesting the language; there was also the outward flow of words and ideas assimilated so that our ex-tuba player is now acknow-

ledged as an expert in Islamic theology and thought.

The road which led through Baghdad, Rome and Oxford before it circled back again to the City of the Caliphs is not one which has been followed by too many people. For one thing, the massive doorway of the Arabic language is a forbidding one and not easily breached. Speaking of the various sounds which are native to Arabic only, one Arabicist asserts that a beginner must listen to the twitter of a bulbul and to master the gag and gargle one must sit at the feet of a camel who is audibly and grouchingly resenting his burden. There are a thousand words for sword and even more for camel; in fact, there are special words for a camel blind in one eye or for one who snorts when he drinks. The very richness of the language prevents any speedy mastery; it is a long process.

■ Father McCarthy working on his book *Spoken Arabic of Baghdad* with Faraj Raffuli Murad, a graduate of Baghdad College and teacher in a government school. Latter also teaches Jesuits.





■ A helper of one of the Al-Hikma University masons seeks assistance on a high level.

The world has been the poorer due to its inability to penetrate the great treasure house of Arabic literature. For that is the great and enduring monument of Arab civilization, a product for the most part of those days when the sound of the Arabs' laughter was heard around the Lions of Granada and their songs on the slopes of Cathay. If we could roll back the veil of their days of greatness we might regard a little differently the people who have emerged so recently into present world affairs.

It is in this field that Father McCarthy is perhaps most widely known for he has edited a good number of Arabic writings of Islamic theologians. But he has not restricted his activities solely to those of the scholar. He has also spent a good deal of time in teaching Arabic to his fellow Jesuits and has even held the chair of Professor of Islamic Philosophy in the government College of Arts and Sciences in Baghdad. At present he is working on a book on spoken Arabic.

The Novenas of Grace, which he perches in Arabic every year, have been an inspiration to the Church in Baghdad and the devotion shown by the people on these occasions is indicative of the



■ Fathers McCarthy, Banks (Al-Hikma Rector), Larkin in, shall we say, a heavy debate?

influence of the speaker. Each June he gives the Commencement Address at the Al-Hikma University graduation, with the Prime Minister and other government officials in attendance, and his Arabic delivery prompted one teacher from the University of Baghdad to remark, "Even our professors of Arabic cannot deliver a memorized speech of more than five minutes without making a mistake. Yet Father McCarthy can talk for half an hour without dropping a vowel!"

And how about the skeletons in the McCarthy closet? Well, one doesn't exactly think of a skeleton when he views our renowned Arabicist but every now and then something pops up which gives cause for wonder. Like the quiet night in the recreation room when Father McCarthy suddenly seized a pack of cards and ran through a series of amazing tricks. That isn't something he learned from Arabic tomes. Then his puns, bad enough in English, must be atrocious in Arabic. And always, in the background, there is the tuba. But we're still glad to have him with us.

Window on the Mission

LIGHT OF THE WORLD

IN THE BEGINNING, on the first day, God said, "Let there be light." And there was. There was the light of the sun and the moon and stars. But after Adam, there was darkness in men. Darkness of mind and of heart—darkness of a people turned from the Light, darkness of a night without end, a world without God.

"O God, who hast brightened this most holy night with the shining of the true light, grant, we beseech Thee, that we may enjoy in heaven the delights of Him whose mystical light we have known on earth. Who with Thee and the Holy Spirit reigneth, world without end."

The shepherds in the field that night were bathed in a heavenly light, the cave in the dark hills was aglow with it. The night of idolatry and superstition, of ignorance and hatred, the night of a world without God was shattered by its brilliance. The light that is salvation had dawned upon a cold world.

This was the light of which Zachary, the father of John the Baptist, had sung—the light rising from on high to shine upon those who sit in darkness and the

shadow of death. It was the light given to us that in its splendor we might walk in the way of peace. It was the light that is Him who said, "I am the light of the world. Follow me."

It is the light that each of us has received—because we have believed. But it is not a light for us alone—He came for the salvation of all men—but a light meant to shine in our actions as it has through faith in our minds.

"Grant, we beseech Thee, O almighty God, that we who are filled with the new light of Thine Incarnate Word, may show forth in our deeds that which by faith shineth in our minds . . ."

Christmas, 1962: There are millions upon millions of men who sit in the darkness that came into the world with Adam, in the shadow of eternal death. He came into the world and His own people did not know Him. His own people today, in so much of the world, do not know Him because Christian lives do not reflect the light that has illumined their minds. They do not know Him because no one has shown them the cave in the Judean Hills, nor told them of the Babe that lighted it with love.

Christmas, 1962: and it is a staggering gift to be able to fall down and adore at the crib. It is a staggering gift and brings with it an awesome task; for it is in us that people must see Him; it is through our prayers, our sacrifices, our love that the world must come to know



COVER. Artist Phil Franznick pays his own tribute to our veteran Jesuit missionaries by depicting them in a strong pyramid which speaks of their long, fruitful years and yet the outline of a cross is there, too.

Him . . . must come to know Him and the joy that is Christmas, the peace who is Christ.

A REAL TURKEY

This is the time of year for recalling a tiny incident in Jamaica some years ago. Father Phil Branon was pastor at Holy Rosary in Kingston at the time and word got around that he was interested in buying a turkey so that he and his curate, Father Frank Jackmauh, could celebrate Thanksgiving fittingly. Early one morning a rather disreputable looking character arrived at the Rectory door, carrying the scrawniest turkey either of the priests had ever seen. Father Branon told the man that he wanted a turkey but not one that was a victim of famine. The salesman asked Father not to buy a bird until he came back again.

Two or three hours later he showed up again, this time with an undeniably plump but strangely immobile turkey. At Father's insistence the man placed the turkey carefully on the ground. When it still didn't move Father prodded it with his foot. The bird teetered for a second and then went over frontwards like a toy balloon on its neck. The owner didn't wait to explain how he had managed to get three pounds of water into his skinny turkey without drowning it!

December Mission Intention

"That the Gospel of Christ be spread more effectively also among Moslem peoples."



AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONS AND MISSION DIRECTORS

AFRICA

Rev. Joseph Conyard S.J.
P. O. Box 4408
Portland 8, Ore.

ALASKA

Rev. Paul C. O'Connor S.J.
P. O. Box 4408
Portland 8, Ore.

BRITISH HONDURAS, YORO AND U. S. INDIANS

Rev. James T. Meehan S.J.
4511 West Pine Boulevard
St. Louis 8, Mo.

CAROLINE AND MARSHALL ISLANDS

Rev. Ronald W. Sams S.J.
3389 Bailey Avenue
Buffalo 15, N.Y.

CEYLON AND HOME MISSIONS

Rev. Daniel W. Partridge S.J.
1607 Pere Marquette Bldg.
New Orleans 12, La.

CHINA AND FORMOSA

Rev. William J. Klement S.J.
284 Stanyan Street
San Francisco 18, Cal.

INDIA AND PERU

Rev. Robert G. Liska S.J.
1114 South May St.
Chicago 7, Ill.

INDIA, CHILE AND BURMA

Rev. William J. Driscoll S.J.
700 N. Calvert St.
Baltimore 2, Md.

IRAQ AND JAMAICA

Rev. Thomas F. Hussey, S.J.
126 Newbury St.
Boston 16, Mass.

KOREA AND U.S. INDIANS

Rev. George W. Haas S.J.
4811 Excelsior Blvd.
Minneapolis 16, Minn.

PHILIPPINES, CAROLINE AND MARSHALL ISLANDS, NIGERIA

Rev. Joseph J. Walter S.J.
39 East 83rd St.
New York 28, N.Y.

HEARTS ACROSS THE SEAS

*Nothing makes people more understanding than suffering
as this particular phase of the co-missionary apostolate shows*

“LOOK, I JUST RECEIVED a letter from my missionary!”

“You did! May I read it? This reminds me, I really should write to my missionary and ask him how things are going. Last time he wrote, he told me about a

man who wanted very much to become a Catholic, but many obstacles were being put in his way. I wonder if he has overcome these.”

“Yes? Say, listen to this. Father is learning to read and write Arabic, though

■ Handicapped Co-Missionaries with Father Hussey. Left to right, Miss Healey, Miss O’Neill, David Crowley, Mrs. Crowley, Miss Brickett, Miss Sullivan, Mrs. Mahoney and Miss Brioli.



he says it is a bit confusing at first."

Such a conversation was recently overheard here at the Massachusetts Hospital School in Canton where two co-missionaries were comparing notes on their adopted missionaries. Here, many handicapped students whose disabilities include polio, muscular dystrophy, spinal disorders, cerebral palsy, etc., receive a full grammar and high school education as well as the medical attention and rehabilitation they may require. Living in a campus-like atmosphere, they go to and from classes in wheelchairs, bed-carts, or on crutches.

Many of these students have "adopted" missionaries for whom they pray and offer up daily sacrifices. The missionaries, Jesuit priests and seminarians, Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary Mission Society, Franciscan Sisters of Africa, and Sisters of the Presentation are stationed in foreign countries such as the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Iraq, India, Africa, Japan, and the Caribbean. In "adopting" his or her missionary, the co-missionary thus becomes a co-worker in the endeavor to bring Christ to people who don't know Him. Added to this spiritual bond is the mutual agreement that both the missionary and the co-missionary will correspond with each other regularly.

How did this Co-missionary Apostolate get started at M.H.S.? About eighteen months ago, Father Thomas Hussey, a Jesuit from Boston, came out to talk to a few of the girls about joining the Apostolate. He had witnessed the value of the co-missionary idea while stationed in Baghdad. On returning to the States, he decided to organize such a group for the handicapped in and around Boston. At first there were only seven or eight co-missionaries, all girls, here at M.H.S.; now there are over thirty. Recently, some of the boys also joined the Apostolate.

What does the Co-missionary Apostolate mean to us? Having a co-missionary



■ Margaret Sullivan, assisted by Father Hussey, crowns statue of the Blessed Mother.

is somewhat like having a pen-pal, only it is of far greater significance. In "adopting" our missionary, we share in all his successes, joys, heartaches, and failures. Through corresponding with our missionary, we learn much about the missions and missionary life. We also learn that a missionary is not some super-human being, but a very down to earth individual who has devoted his or her life to winning souls for Christ. Sometimes, we are asked to pray for a special intention. In this case, we double our efforts in order to obtain the requested graces. Little aches, pains and many frustrations that may have otherwise been wasted, now take on a new value and are offered up for the missions.

May 30, 1962 marked a very momentous event for the co-missionaries. On this day we had our first Day of Recollection in this area. It was held at Boston College High School from 2 until 5 p.m. Here, Father Hussey gave a truly inspiring sermon on the Co-missionary



■ Coffee Break during Afternoon of Recollection for Handicapped Co-Missionaries. In rear is Hikmat Emmanuel S.J., Baghdad College graduate and medical doctor, now a Jesuit theologian.

Apostolate, its development and goal. Following this was a very informative film on the actual work of a priest in Burma. There was also a social hour during which we met many other co-missionaries and some of the seminarians from Weston College.

One of the most inspiring parts of the program was the Consecration and Crowning of Our Blessed Mother. Through her powerful intercession many of the missionaries and co-missionaries alike have received innumerable favors and graces, and this was one way of showing her our gratitude. This ceremony also had a very special meaning to those of us who could not attend the May Crowning in our own parishes. The program then concluded with the greatest source of all grace, the Mass.

It would be wrong to leave you with the impression that the Co-missionary Apostolate is confined to the Massachusetts Hospital School alone, or even to the handicapped in Greater Boston. Many other religious orders throughout the country have established their own apostolate. Likewise, under the direction of Father Hussey, our apostolate has grown so that there are now 90 co-missionaries spread throughout the Boston and Worcester areas, the Bronx in New York, Alabama, Arkansas, British Columbia, Nova Scotia, and the leper asylums in the Philippine Islands.

Yet, this is not enough. More and more co-missionaries are needed—co-missionaries who will offer their prayers, works, joys, and sufferings for the intentions and success of missionaries the world over.

THE JOB OF A MISSIONARY is not only to instruct and baptize converts, say Mass and hear confessions, nor even to establish what might be called the fringe benefits of Christianity—schools, hospitals, and the various sociological activities to which many priests give their efforts. Beyond all this, a mission territory will never become a Christian country until the culture and ways of thinking are Christianized.

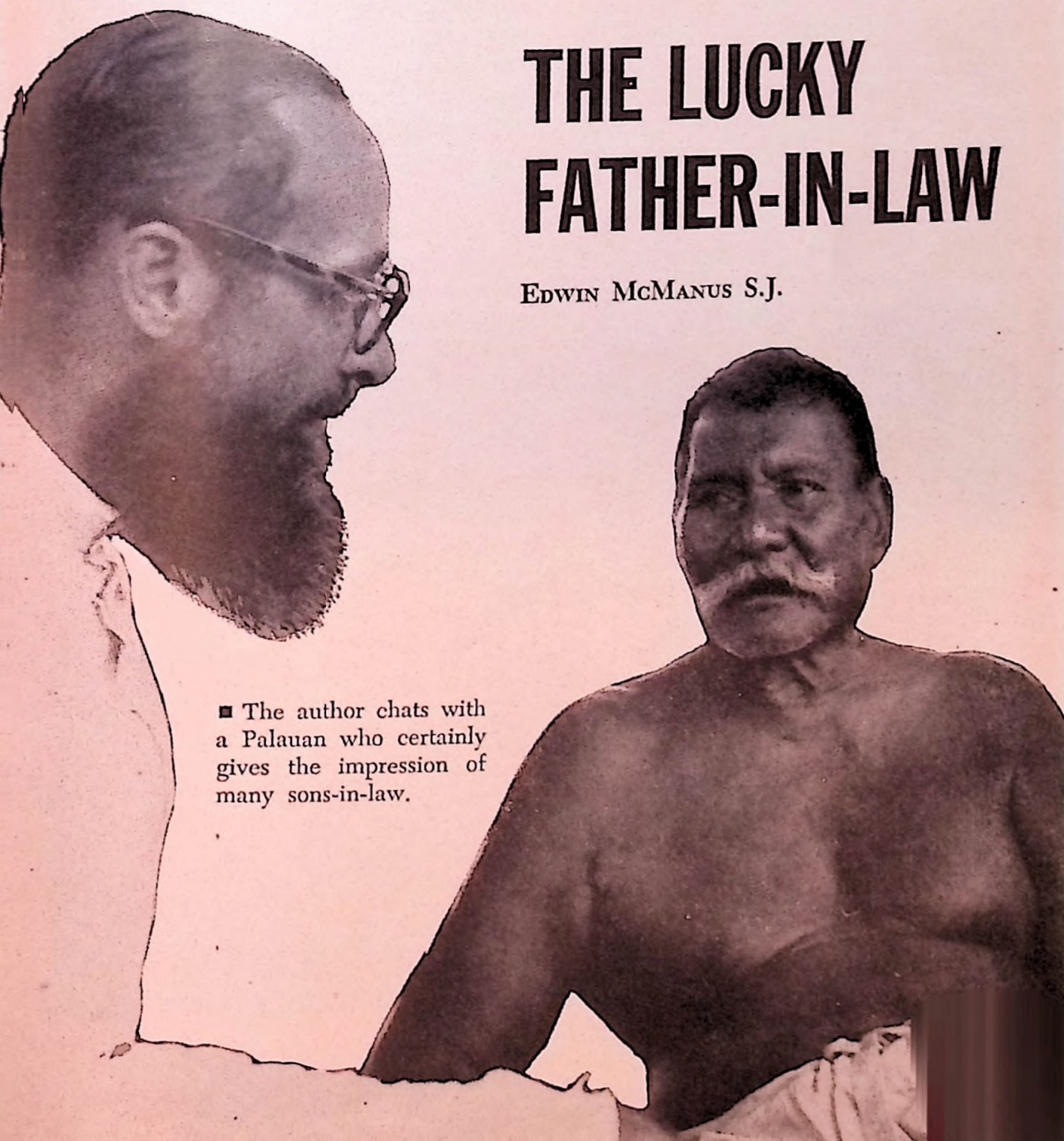
In one of his encyclicals Pius XII cautioned missionaries not to Europeanize (or Americanize) their people. That is profound wisdom for if I were to try to Americanize the Palauans and were to attain some measure of success, the net result would be neither Americans nor Palauans but some sort of a hybrid monster.

Cultural attitudes which are not anti-Christian should not be changed, but there are aspects of a culture which, although not clearly sinful, can militate against Christian ideas. One such aspect is what the Palauans call *omuluchel*, a complicated system of money exchanges; originally it was the native Palauan money, but now it is also foreign money.

Money changes hands at weddings, births, divorces, deaths and at rather haphazard

THE LUCKY FATHER-IN-LAW

EDWIN McMANUS S.J.



■ The author chats with a Palauan who certainly gives the impression of many sons-in-law.

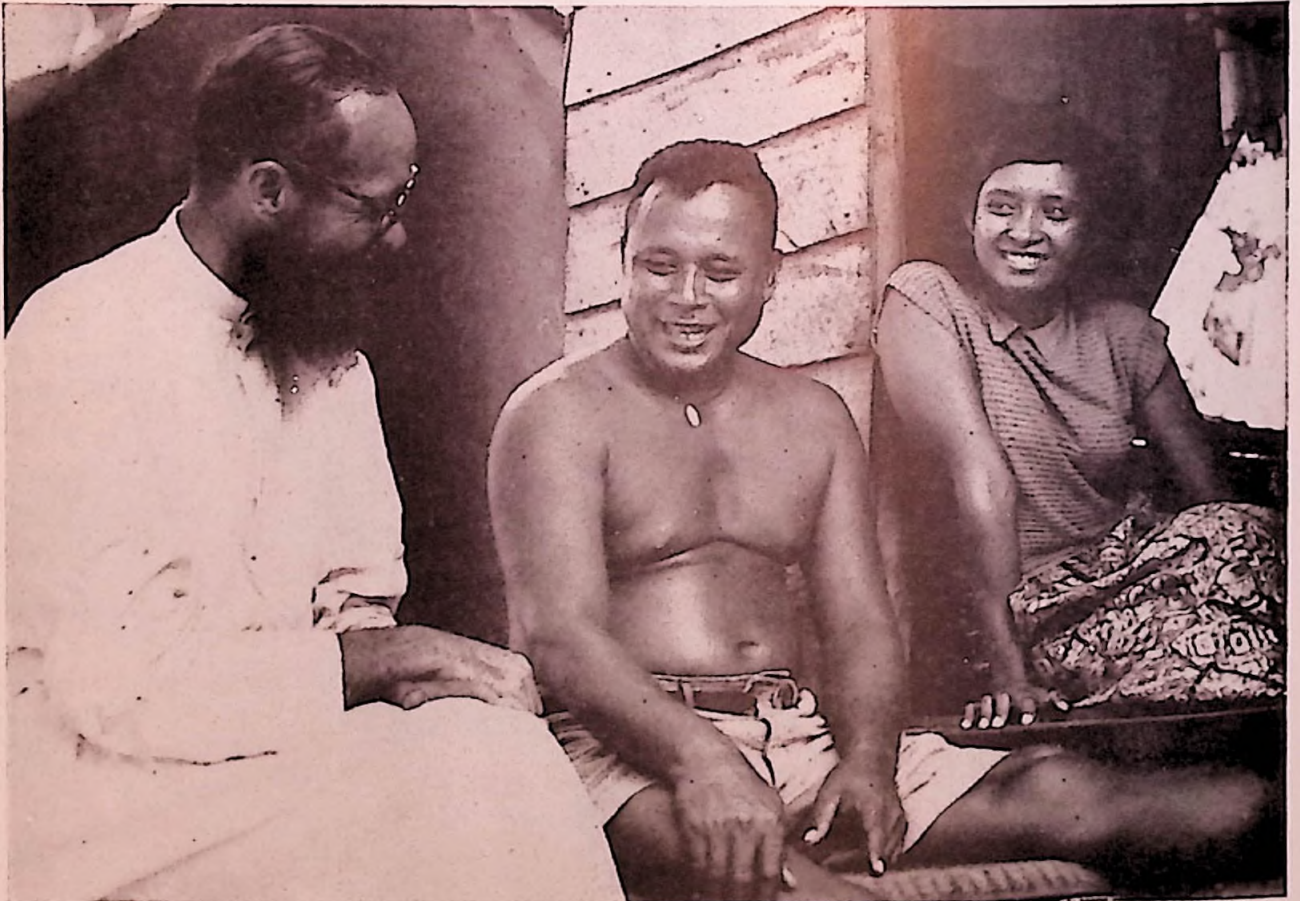
occasions during a marriage. And the money always goes from the husband's family to the wife's. The rationale seems to be that the man buys a servant to raise and prepare his taro, tapioca and camotes. As long as this system prevails I do not believe there will be real Christian family life in Palau; and if the Christian family life be weak, how can a country be called Christian?

The system works like this: before a marriage, Christian or civil, is recognized, the two families have a conference, agree to the marriage and decide on the payment to be made. The two young people may already be living together, but this is considered bad or tolerable, and is not a real marriage. Then the payment is made to the girl's father or maternal uncle and the girl brings some special food to the boy's house. This special food is the hallmark of a valid marriage, for there is no special ceremony of "I do".

When a baby is born the father's family shows its gratitude to the fertile woman by giving a sum of money to her family. The mother never gets this money for herself, and many a man has gone into debt and deprived himself, his wife and his children in order to keep his father-in-law "in the dough." That illustrates the Palauan axiom that the way to get rich is to have daughters.

And when the father-in-law feels he needs some extra money, he will prepare special food and bring it to his son-in-law who knows that the next day he is expected to pay for it. If he doesn't, the father-in-law might very well tell his daughter to leave her husband—and in most cases she will, even if it be a Christian marriage! If the husband doesn't have any money he might take the food and give it to his sister's husband, and then wait for money from that source in order to give it to his father-in-law.

■ Father McManus of Brooklyn has been in the Caroline-Marshall Islands Mission for a good many years now. One of his biggest difficulties is teaching first grade in his own school!



When a marriage is terminated by death or divorce there is a final payment. Even when a marriage ends in divorce because of the wife's adultery, she is still paid off, although in this case the payment is scaled down. For "noble" families this payment can be as much as \$1,000.00 which means that a tax is levied on the brothers, uncles, nephews and third cousins of the husband.

At these payments members of the two families gather at opposite ends of the community house and haggle over what the correct sum should be. The man's family give long speeches about their poverty. The woman's family insist that they don't care about money, but their "sister" was such a good wife and raised so much food that it would desecrate her memory to accept a pittance.

Once I asked a distant relative of the husband why he was cooperating, and why he didn't just stay home and keep his money for his own household. He looked at me as though only some uncouth barbarian could get such an idea. I pressed him for an answer and he finally said that if he didn't give money for the payment, his relatives wouldn't help him in a similar situation, and he would be ashamed.

On the face of it these payments are not sinful, and we priests cannot condemn them from the altar the way we condemn stealing, drunkenness, etc. But the payments are geared to the wife's ability to raise food—even an adulterous wife is paid off—and the conclusion is inescapable that an essential feature of marriage is the acquisition of a servant who will work in the taro patch for her lord and master. And as long as that is Palauan thinking about marriage, there will be a lack, and a serious lack, in Christian family life here in Palau.

So one of our jobs out here is to try to change this aspect of Palauan culture. Easier said than done, but with the grace of the Holy Spirit, who knows . . . ?



■ A young lady of the islands sporting a stone necklace, a prized possession here.

Our eleven hundred and more American Jesuit missionaries across the world join with the Editors of *Jesuit Missions* in thanking you for all you have done to help our work. May your Christmas be a blessed one and may the year to come be filled with even more blessings! That is our fervent, grateful prayer for all.

American Jesuits

Departing for Missions in 1962

AFRICA:

Fr. David N. Knight S.J.
Fr. Joseph P. McGill S.J.
Fr. Joseph C. McKenna S.J.
Fr. John J. O'Leary S.J.
Fr. Joseph E. Schuh S.J.
Mr. Patrick J. Bonner S.J.
Mr. John Leonard S.J.
Mr. Jerome A. Nadratowicz S.J.
Bro. John G. Dewender S.J.

ALASKA:

Fr. William C. Dibb S.J.
Fr. Thomas N. Gallagher S.J.
Fr. John P. McBride S.J.
Fr. Francis W. McGuigan S.J.
Mr. Paul K. Jordan S.J.

BRITISH HONDURAS:

Fr. Ronald T. Zinkle S.J.
Mr. Jerome L. McElroy S.J.
Mr. Paul L. Tebbe S.J.
Bro. Mark Martinez S.J.
Bro. Norbert A. Vogt S.J.

CHILE:

Fr. Neil P. Hurley S.J.
Fr. Francis J. Kownacki S.J.

CAROLINE & MARSHALL IS.

Mr. Paul Horgan S.J.

FORMOSA:

Mr. John P. Keating S.J.
Mr. Edward J. Thylstrup S.J.

HONDURAS:

Fr. J. Patrick Carney S.J.
Fr. Thomas H. Quiery S.J.
Mr. William M. Barbieri S.J.
Bro. Anthony J. Hoormann S.J.
Bro. Louis Lisbey S.J.

INDIA:

Fr. John E. Beez S.J.
Mr. Bernard D. Fletcher S.J.
Bro. Donald C. Walter S.J.

IRAQ:

Fr. Alfred J. Jolson S.J.
Fr. Charles M. Loeffler S.J.
Fr. William F. Macomber S.J.
Fr. Robert F. Regan S.J.
Mr. John J. Galvani S.J.
Mr. Paul F. Harman S.J.
Mr. David O. Travers S.J.

JAMAICA:

Fr. John J. Caskin S.J.
Fr. Francis R. Lagasse S.J.
Fr. Lawrence J. O'Toole S.J.
Mr. Kevin D. Flavin S.J.

Mr. Basil E. McMorris S.J.
Mr. James F. Talbot S.J.

JAPAN:

Fr. John J. Lynch S.J.
Fr. Robert T. Rush S.J.
Mr. Daniel J. Collins S.J.
Mr. Frederick F. Czupryna S.J.
Mr. Louis A. Zircher S.J.

KOREA:

Fr. Clement F. De Muth S.J.
Fr. Thomas L. Power S.J.
Fr. M. Delmar Skillingstad S.J.
Mr. William E. Biernatzki S.J.
Mr. Denis J. Carville S.J.
Mr. John D. Mace S.J.

MEXICO:

Mr. Raymond A. Pease S.J.

PERU:

Fr. James R. Brockman S.J.
Fr. Bernard J. Mulhern S.J.
Mr. Francis P. Chamberlain S.J.
Mr. L. Charles Murtagh S.J.
Mr. Kenneth J. Pollinger S.J.
Bro. John J. Valencek S.J.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS:

Fr. John A. Dotterweich S.J.
Fr. Alfred L. Fiorino S.J.
Fr. Robert P. Walsh S.J.
Mr. John W. Brubaker S.J.
Mr. Michael E. Egan S.J.
Mr. Donald J. Noone S.J.

PUERTO RICO:

Fr. George C. Frank S.J.
Fr. Charles A. Frankenhoff S.J.
Mr. Joseph P. Kane S.J.
Mr. Hector J. Montes S.J.

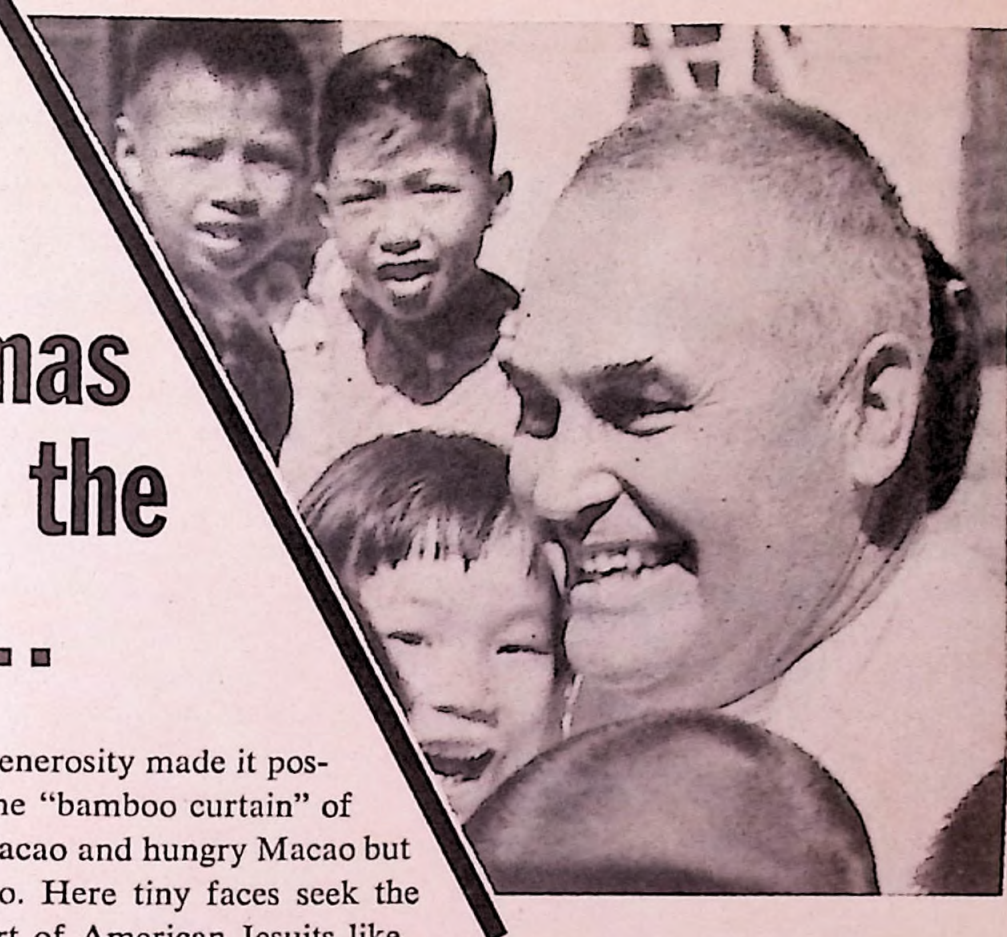
VENEZUELA:

Fr. Paul E. Brewer S.J.

AMERICAN INDIANS:

Fr. Joseph S. Haller S.J.
Fr. Ralph H. Hochhaus S.J.
Fr. James P. Hurley S.J.
Fr. Benno G. Kornely S.J.
Fr. Aloys F. Schmitz S.J.
Mr. Hubert G. Boschert S.J.
Mr. Robert L. Comboy S.J.
Mr. Joseph E. Damhorst S.J.
Mr. Donald A. Doll S.J.
Mr. Joseph P. Grace S.J.
Mr. William H. Runde S.J.
Mr. Francis P. Schragel S.J.
Mr. Robert A. Wertsching S.J.
Mr. Robert A. Yaniak S.J.

Christmas among the Needy...



because American generosity made it possible. Confronting the "bamboo curtain" of Red China is tiny Macao and hungry Macao but . . . a FREE Macao. Here tiny faces seek the strength and comfort of American Jesuits like Father Shaules. They know that this Christmas will not be as in years past. To replace empty stomachs will be food and clothing packages from the States. Father will see that none of these children goes to bed cold and hungry. He is counting on YOUR monetary contributions to see his job through. Please don't let him down.



◀ A GIFT FOR EVERY AGE IN EVERY HOME

Another way to help our missions and at the same time introduce our work to fellow Catholics is a gift subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS. See coupon below.

JESUIT MISSIONS 211 East 87 Street, N.Y. 28, N.Y.

Please accept my offer of \$..... for the needy overseas this Christmas.

Also, please send a gift subscription of JESUIT MISSIONS to:

Name _____

Address _____

My Name _____

My Address _____

Paris in 1/60 of a Second

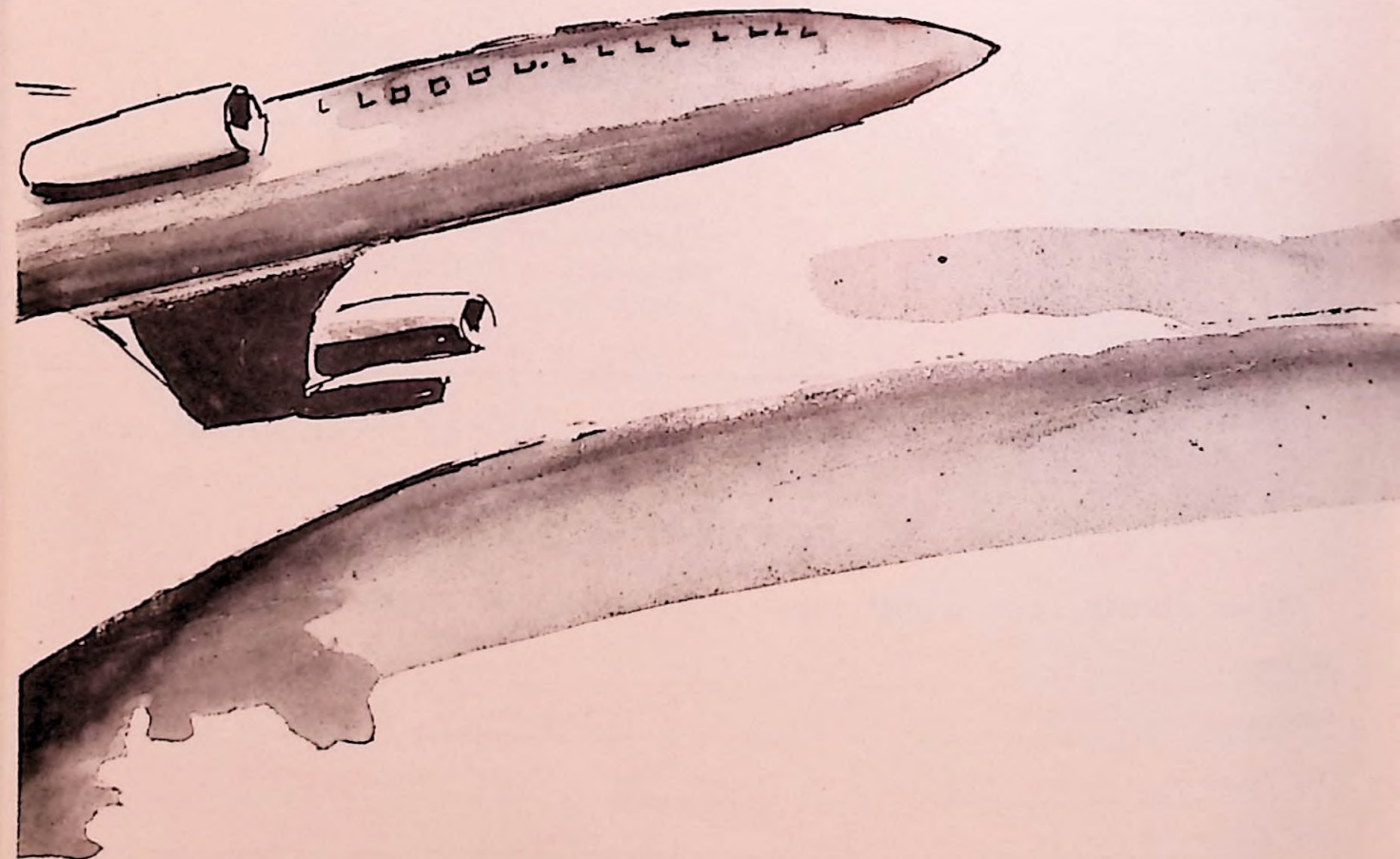
JAMES P. COTTER S.J.

Modern communications shrink the world and men become more aware of the "marvelous unity" which binds the human race

TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO, the Roman road-builders had no idea that they were preparing the way for Christianity. But Peter and Paul walked and rode on the Roman roads and Christianity grew up along them.

The great explorers and discoverers of the Americas and the far reaches of Asia were primarily interested in business, in trade. But the Church traveled along the sea roads and, in a sense, the most valuable cargo ships carried was the good news of salvation.

For many years now, new "highways" of communication, in God's good grace, have been opened. In this issue we are going to explore the meaning, for Christianity and the gospel, of these new high-



ways, which can prepare the way for Christ as the Roman roads and the sea lanes of the explorers once did. "Things hidden shall be heard . . ."

"For the first time (in the history of man) men are aware not only of their increasing interdependence, but also of their marvelous unity. This means that humanity will become more and more inclined to recognize that it is the Mystical Body of Christ." (Pius XII)

Why are men becoming more and more aware of their "marvelous unity"? There are many factors, perhaps, but the most important probably is the developing systems of modern communications. Whether we think of jets or electronic media (radio, television, telephone, etc. . . .), of the movement of men and materials, or of the movement of information and personal communication, the story is the same: miles have been turned into seconds and all the corners of the globe have been brought into close contact with one another.

Distance has always been a stumbling block to unity. (Even when we speak of the failure of inter-personal relationships, we say some men are "distant"; there is a psychological distance between us and them.) It engenders ignorance, suspicion, and distrust. Often, however, we did not express distance in terms of miles but rather in terms of how long it took us to bridge the miles that separated two points. The question was not so much: "how far?" but rather: "how long does it take to get there?" What has happened in our age is that the whole relationship between time and distance has been drastically changed.

Four hundred years ago, in the days of St. Francis Xavier, Lisbon, Portugal was six months to a year from India. (Actually St. Francis took a slow boat; he spent one year and 29 days getting to India!) Two hundred years ago a fast trip from Boston to Philadelphia was calculated in terms of days. There may even be some people alive today who lived in

a time when New York was two weeks away from London by a good ship.

The steam engine and the gasoline engine, trains, steamships and airplanes came along and they cut months to weeks, and weeks to days, and days to hours. Suddenly Lisbon was only a day away from Calcutta, India. You could go to sleep in New York's international airport and wake up six hours later in London. Men were eating a hearty breakfast in Boston, flying to Philadelphia for a meeting and lunch, and returning to Boston for an early dinner. And recently a military pilot flew to San Francisco from New York and arrived before he left New York!

St. Francis Xavier became a great letter writer, once he had reached India; a prompt reply to his letters from Ignatius in Rome was one that came in less than two years. Usually it took longer! You probably remember that Andrew Jackson won the battle of New Orleans days after the treaty of peace with England had been signed. It wasn't that the government didn't try to tell him that the war was over; they did try. They sent him a letter!

For centuries, when ordinary people wrote letters, they usually gave them to someone who was going where they wanted the letter to go . . . and it would take a year, or six months or two weeks or—at least—"days" to get there. Mail service has improved, of course, but today if you really want to get a message across to anybody in any part of the world, you can fly to most places—or you can telephone at least.

Speaking of the telephone, remember when we used to say that someone was just out of "earshot," just beyond the range at which he or we could be heard? Right now, for you, sitting down and reading this article, there's hardly a place in the globe beyond your "earshot" so long as you know how to use a telephone. Some men probably spend more time

each day talking to people hundreds and thousands of miles away than they do talking to their neighbors or family.

The old word "distant" had a meaning that perhaps you don't hear too often: distant meant difference or diversity; somehow tied in with the idea of distance was the accompanying notion that whatever is distant is different. But what will "distance" mean within a few years when billions of people in every country will be able to see and hear in their own language the same television program at the same time?

Certainly the world is still more or less 26,000 miles round at its equatorial waistline; it hasn't changed physically. What has happened is that man has been gradually overcoming the problems of distance. Scott Carpenter might agree that the world is still so many thousands of miles in circumference, but he would prefer to say that from Cape Canaveral to Cape Canaveral is a ride of about an hour and a half. The people who sat in their homes in the United States two months ago probably knew that Paris was 3,000 or 4,000 miles away (or that it was six or seven hours away by jet), but "telstar" put Paris in their living rooms; Paris was one sixtieth of a second away.

What does it all mean? . . . Only that it is easier to get to some places now than it was before? Or only that it is easier to speak to other people now, easier to know other cultures? All these are true, but they are only the partial causes of a more important truth. The important truth is the effect that these new discoveries are having on men, individual men and all mankind.

Pope Pius XII thought that our age was more decisive for the development of man than any other since the advent of Christ. We quoted his reason at the beginning of this article: "For the first time men are aware . . . of their marvelous unity." This growing awareness of unity is perhaps the single most important



■ Bishop Vincent Kennally, S.J. of the Caroline-Marshall Islands must log many a knot.

effect of the new media of communication—or, at least, it should be. If men become aware of their real natural unity, then they will be more ready to recognize that their destiny is supernatural unity in the Body of Christ.

There is a danger in all this, of course; Christians may ignore the impact of modern communications and, so to speak, lose a battle by default. There are many forces in the world seeking to dictate the nature of man's unity, to restrict it to the purely natural, to reduce it to the purely material. Christians may shy away from involvement in determining what goods, information or thought speeds into every country, every home, over these new highways. "Here is a matter for which immediate provision is absolutely necessary; we must ensure that all progress made, by God's favor, both in human knowledge and in technical skill, shall in practice serve God's glory, the

salvation of souls, and the extension of Christ's kingdom . . ." (Pius XI, *Vigilanti Cura*, 1936; quoted by Pius XII in *Miranda Prorsus*, his encyclical letter on motion pictures, radio and television.)

Christians must be interested in natural unity as a prelude to that unity of all men in Himself which Our Lord came to accomplish. They must not, however, be satisfied that natural unity is seemingly being accomplished—for they know that on the natural level two men can be brought so close together that they hold-off one another at arm's length. Both for the highest good of mankind and (to say the same thing in another way) for the extension of Christ's Kingdom, they must involve themselves in understanding modern communications, in adapting them to be vehicles of truth; they must strive to understand how the message of true unity in Christ can be carried along these new "highways."



■ Father Lino Banayad distributes Christmas food and candy to a hopeful, slightly wary group. The Sodalities of the various Ateneos carry on a number of projects among the poor.

Filipino Christmas

THOMAS F. McMANUS S.J.

*It may be celebrated differently
but the spirit is forever one*

IF YOU PREFER THE Tagalog dialect, the greeting is Maligayang Paska; if you know the Visayan dialect, the words are Malipayong Pasko; the Spanish is Felices Pascuas; and the English, of course, is Merry Christmas. Just as some of the Christmas greetings in the Philippines are similar to those of the United States, while others are different, so some of the Filipino Christmas customs are similar to American Christmas customs,

while others are different, for Christmas in the Philippines is rich in traditions.

In Christmas essays, written for high school literary contests, the students speak of the cold winds of December heralding the approach of Christmas. When the weather starts to get a bit colder at this time of year, with days that are warm and nights that are like early October nights in the States, it is as sure a sign as the first snowfall that Christmas is not too far away.

Not only the weather but also the shrubbery helps to set the proper mood. Late in November or early in December the poinsettias start to bloom. Although many of our readers are accustomed to a small plant about two feet high, most of the bushes in the Philippines are as large as lilac bushes, covered with the large red blossoms which last for several months. At the Jesuit school in San Pablo City, the poinsettia bushes begin to bloom in late November and are still going strong in the first week of April.

With nature's announcements of the coming Christmas season, preparations for the feast get under way. In place of Christmas wreaths, the Filipinos have Christmas lanterns, made of bamboo, covered with light tissue paper in different colors. The general shape is a star surrounded by a ring, with room for a candle inside, but a vivid imagination can produce many strange shapes and designs; a globe with a statue of the Madonna and Child, a large golden-petaled monstrance, a huge candle, even a paper snowman.

Nine days before Christmas, on the morning of December 16, the Christmas Novena of Masses, better known as the Misa de Gallo, begins. This is a true spiritual preparation for the Coming of Christ. Gallo is the Spanish word for rooster, but even the rooster is asleep when this Mass begins at 3:30 or 4:00 o'clock in the morning. That this is one of the most highly valued Christmas

traditions in the Philippines for people of all ages can be seen from the fact that, despite the difficulty of the early hour and the length of the Novena, so many people attend these Masses that the church is filled to overflowing.

The 16th of December is also the beginning of Christmas caroling. It is the custom for various groups—neighborhood children, high school students, members of various charitable organizations—to go in the evening from house to house singing Christmas carols in order to receive a small gift of money for buying food and clothing for the poor for Christmas. A letter sent a day or two in advance lets a family know that the carolers are coming. Since the weather is mild, the carolers are able to play harmonicas, ukuleles, guitars, trumpets, clarinets, and other instruments to provide their hosts with superb renditions of Christmas carols. If their host should be a little on the resistant side, these importunate carolers sing until they receive a small contribution. Usually, however, in addition to a generous gift of money, their host, in the tradition of true Filipino hospitality, offers them refreshments to sustain them in their musical journey.

The carolers' Yuletide Serenade consists of traditional Christmas carols, together with several special Filipino and Spanish airs. Despite the apparent opposition of the climate, "White Christmas" is extremely popular. An interesting addition to the list of Christmas carols in the Philippines is "Whispering Hope," which is a much a part of the Christmas songs as "Silent Night" and "Adeste Fidelis." One possible reason why this song is included may be the beauty of the harmony. A much more likely reason, however, is its expression of the spirit of Advent, the hope of the coming of Christ, which succeeds in "making my heart in its sorrow rejoice."

But we have forgotten a few other



■ The complete story of Christmas and what it means to youngsters is told in their eyes.

preparations for Christmas. Of course, there are gifts, but, since so many of the people are quite poor, their gifts to their children are usually necessary articles of clothing. Only the wealthy wear business suits, so a new sport shirt, a new pair of pants, new socks and new shoes make the average boy feel like a king. All who receive new clothes wear these clothes to Midnight Mass.

In the line of food, there are quite a few dishes on the list of specialties for Christmas. Two of these many delicacies are kalamay and puto bumbong, both of which are made from special sticky rice. Kalamay tastes like sponge candy. Puto bumbong, I presume, would be similar, but I have not yet had the opportunity to taste it. Most of these dishes are prepared for the Noche Buena, the special family feast after Midnight Mass.

Christmas trees have become a popular tradition. Although only the wealthy

can afford the long pine trees from the mountains near Baguio, those of smaller means are not deterred from enjoying a Christmas tree. A few days before Christmas, a small trunk with a few branches, striped of leaves and painted white, becomes an attractive decoration when Christmas greeting cards are hung on the branches. A small Christmas crib, or Belen, with plaster or cardboard or paper figures, is set up in each home as a vivid tableau to remind the family of the first Christmas night.

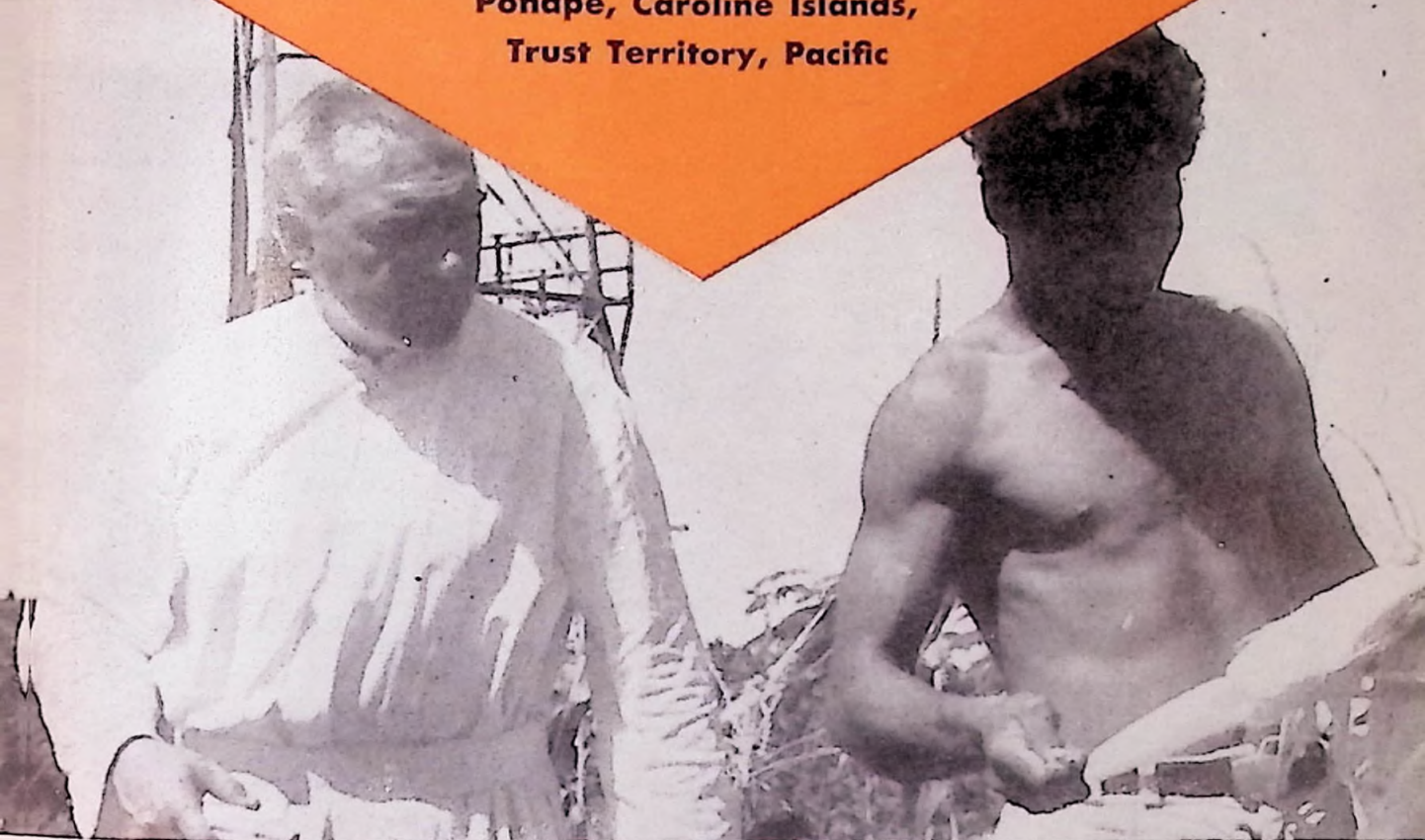
On Christmas Eve, the Midnight Mass—or Misa de Aguinaldo, Mass of the Gift, for Christ gave Himself to us as the Perfect Gift—is crowded. The people get there early in order to be sure that they find room, not in the inn, but in the church. The choir has worked especially hard to provide music worthy of the Solemn High Mass on this Feast. Many of the congregation are wearing their new clothes, as the symbol of putting on the new life which Christ came to bring us. It is inspiring to see so many of the people go to confession and receive Holy Communion.

On Christmas Day, many people from the barrios, the small rural communities outside the city, wearing their bright new clothes, visit the church in the city. Rather than an Easter Parade they have what might be referred to as a Christmas Parade, in an informal sense. The children visit their godparents—their “ninong” or godfather and their “ninang” or godmother—who are expected to give money or some gift to their godchildren.

Many of these Christmas customs and traditions may seem to place the emphasis on the differences in the celebration of Christmas. In reality, they emphasize the universality of Christmas, for Christ came for all men, by showing the special importance given to this feast by all nations. In particular, these customs exemplify the living Catholic traditions in the Philippine Islands.

MEET A JESUIT BROTHER

Brother William J. Condon S.J.
Ponape, Caroline Islands,
Trust Territory, Pacific



Wonder what it is about the corn which is so interesting to Brother William J. Condon, Jesuit Brother, and his native helper? Brother is charged with the care of all construction on Ponape, one of the Caroline Islands in the South Pacific. He is also the local treasurer. His jaunts into the garden are to encourage the natives to diversify their crops, not merely for their profit, but for the variety of diet that means health.

Brother Condon is a native of New York City; however, when he entered the Society of Jesus in 1942 he was a resi-

dent of Jersey City, N.J. His present duties are a far cry from the clerical occupation which was his before becoming a Jesuit Brother.

In his post on Ponape, Brother Condon is one of many Jesuit Brother missionaries unselfishly devoting their lives, all over the world, to the salvation of souls and the greater glory of God. Jesuit Brothers work side by side with priests of the Society of Jesus in every far-flung outpost of the world, bringing knowledge and love of God to souls. The Society of Jesus needs more Brothers.

For further information send the following to:

BROTHERS VOCATIONS | Jesuit Missions
45 East 78th St., New York 21, N.Y.

Please send literature about the Jesuit Brothers.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ **Zone** _____ **State** _____

Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

1) Another Palau problem which faces Father McManus (cf. pp. 19 sq.) is the lack of a bell to summon his people to church. It is a clockless island and the mental timepieces of the people rarely agree. Father has a tower for the bell, built by himself and his men, but the chief decoration is lacking, simply because the \$300 for it is also missing. Can you help?

2) An American plastic surgeon has volunteered to help Father Murphy's people in El Progreso, Honduras. His skill is badly needed to repair cleft lips and palates, machete wounds, etc. This is a tremendous boon for Father Murphy (and a good refutation of the Communist charges against the "do-nothing" Church). But the big item of transportation is the obstacle. Could you give \$5, \$10, or more for this worthy cause?

3) Talakag's new pastor, Father Matthew Fullam, is faced with repair problems in the Bukidnon mountains of the Philippines. The church is a shed and falling apart; the Sacred Heart and Fatima statues are broken and peeling—and there is a big debt. A hundred things to do, and nothing on hand. Would you be willing to start Father off with a gift of any size?

4) North of Belize in British Honduras, the Catholics of Santana have begun building their own church since anti-Catholic sentiment deprived them of the community center for Mass. Father Thomas Donovan needs \$200 for things

which must be purchased, used lumber, zinc, etc. Could you help him with \$2, \$5 or more?

5) A wall is needed by Father Ernst of Patna, India, to protect his combination chapel-school in one of his villages. Otherwise, people and pigs make it their own. The wall will cost about \$250. Would you care to help in any way?

6) **Santa Fe Crossing** sounds romantic but Father Samuel Escano has found this Filipino barrio not entirely so. If it is raining when he says Mass the leaky roof of the chapel is not adequate protection. The same is true in the confessional. He estimates a new chapel would cost about a thousand dollars. Could you help put a good roof over Father's head with a gift of whatever you can afford?

7) **Father Cooley's orphanage** in Ceylon has over a hundred orphans. But they hardly have enough room for a good game of marbles. Father Cooley looks at the nice property across the road—and he hopes and dreams. Could you help make that dream come true for him?

(Coupon is for your convenience)

Dear Father,

The enclosed gift is for the item(s) numbered above

Name

Address

JESUIT MISSIONS

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

TO FEED



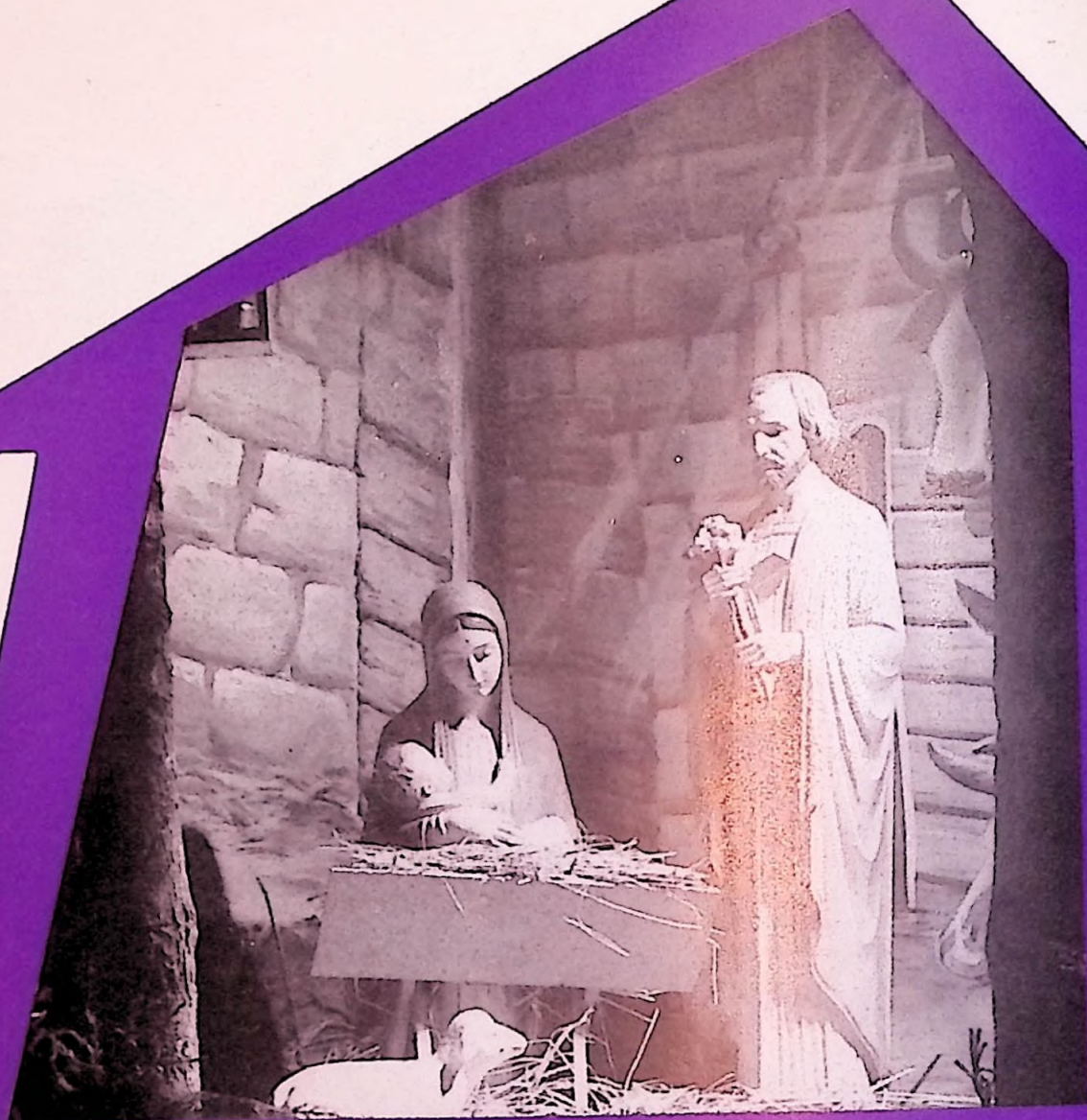
TO CLOTHE



TO SHELTER

Father Dan Rice in India is stationed at Mariam Pahari, on the edge of the jungle—so close that the few bullocks of the village are in constant danger from leopards and panthers. His people are the aboriginal Santals, poor as church mice. Recently he added six more widows with their children to those whom he is already feeding, clothing and sheltering. He couldn't afford it—but how could he turn them away? Then the monsoons hit him, and a drought turned his precious planting into straw. His resources are drained yet he must still try to provide for those who look to him as their only hope. We wonder if there is some group—a Sodality or a club or an altar society—who would be willing to adopt this hard-working missionary and ease a problem that is lasting? But time is important, and we would like to send Father Rice a solid Christmas gift. Any size donation will be gladly forwarded. Thank you.

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



FOR A BETTER BETHLEHEM

Bethlehem was the measure of Our Lord's thoughtfulness for us, so that we would be always sure of how great His love is for all men. He came in darkness, to a cave, and His resting place was a manger. It was the first chapel, the first altar, the first Christmas—and, by our standards, it wasn't much in the line of comfort or even warmth. Now we can give Him a better Bethlehem—and in a spot on earth where it is needed. Our missionaries need altars, church furnishings, sanctuary lamps, and even chapels. They are trying to build more fitting Bethlehems for Our Lord in a hundred places. Will you make your Christmas a happier one with a gift for one of these Bethlehems? Even the smallest gift will be used for some church need on the mission field.

JESUIT MISSIONS, 211 East 87th Street, New York 28, N. Y.

780,
1572-1
70