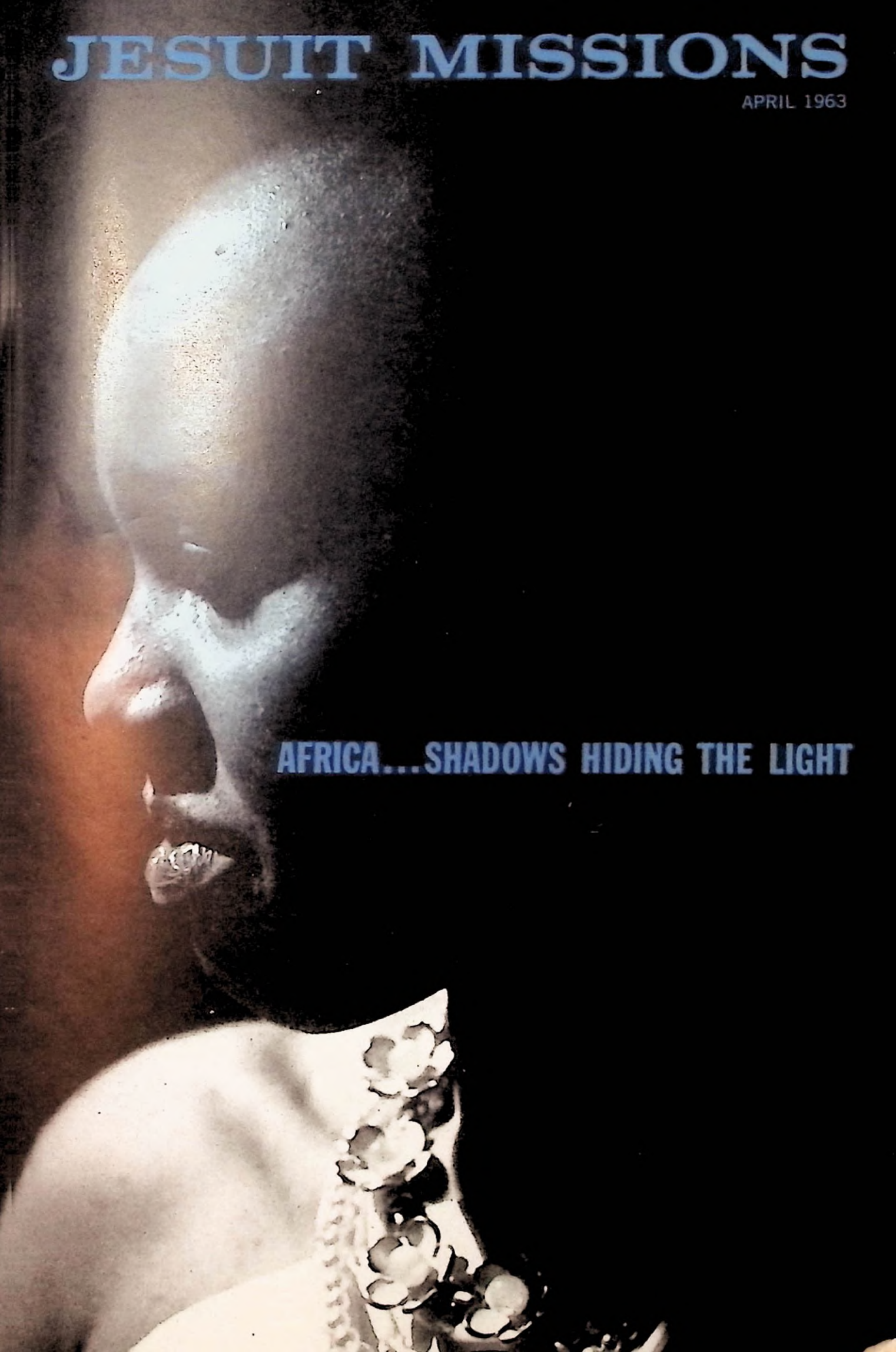


JESUIT MISSIONS

APRIL 1963

AFRICA...SHADOWS HIDING THE LIGHT







Jesuit Missions

NATIONAL MAGAZINE OF THE AMERICAN JESUITS IN THE MISSION FIELDS
ASSIGNED THEM BY THE HOLY FATHER

APRIL 1963, VOL. 37, NO. 3

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Ethiopian farmer pauses during the harvest. All over Africa these are the critical years for new nations who battle for survival. (UNations photo)

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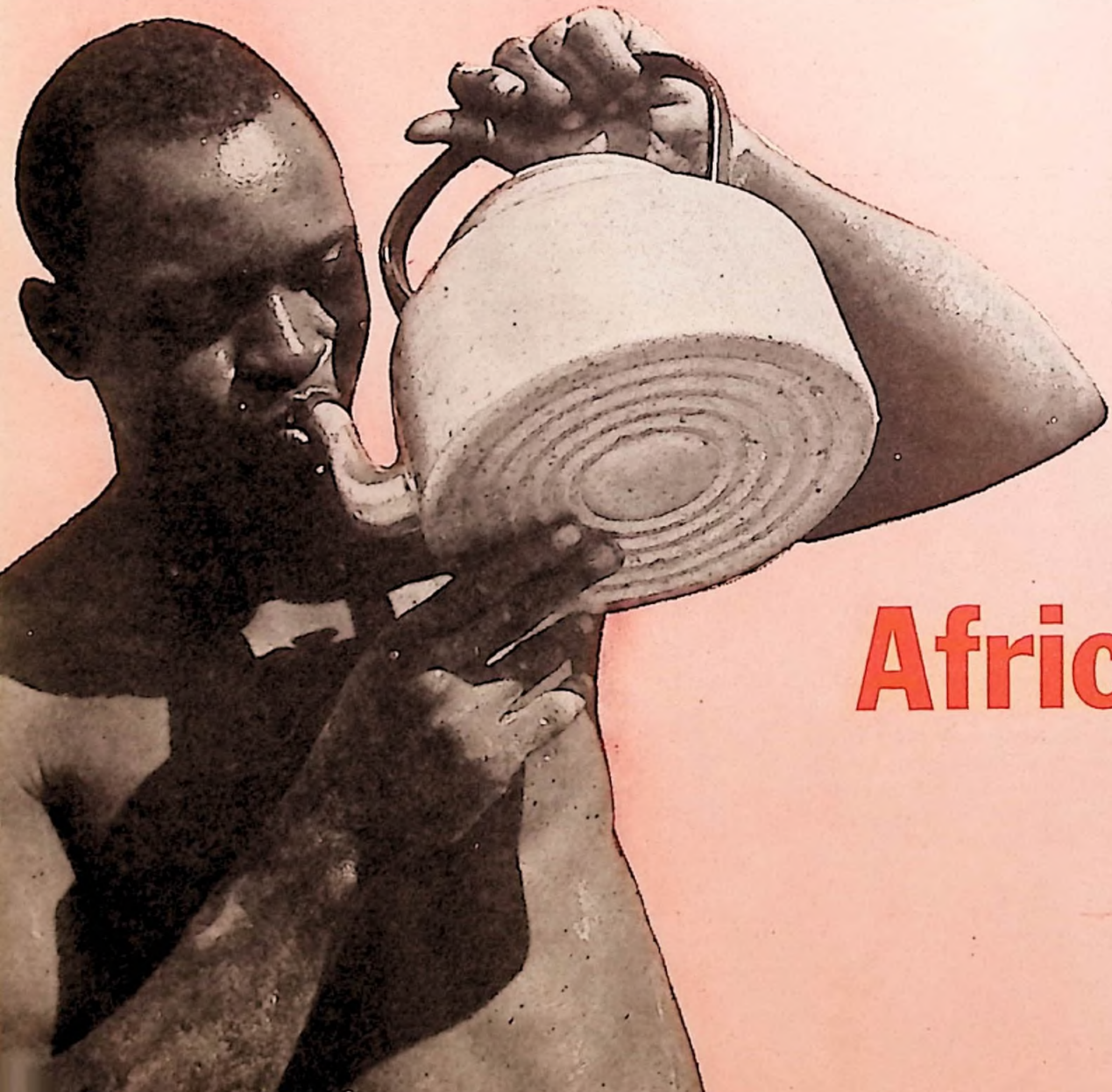
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In miserable quarters on the outskirts of booming towns thousands of tribesmen, eager to build the new Africa, are ensnared in frustrating idleness



■ Mahafaly tribesman in full regalia (above) and Liberian road worker (is he taking "one for the road"?) reveal the strength of the African character.



Africa's

RAINBOWS ARE DANGEROUS. They captivate the eyes and the hearts of the young, luring them beyond the next hill or the trees which hide the mystery of a golden climax. Follow the rainbow and you may possibly win; but you have certainly and definitely lost that which you have left behind at your starting point. It is the story of change; it is the history of all mankind; it is the chapter that is being written in Africa today.

No nation or civilization ever broke out of yesterday so fast. No people ever wakened to a new day so impoverished intellectually, physically and economically. The dawn broke enthusiastically, hysterically, and now, with high noon a long time away, the first heat of the day is beginning to beat down. It is felt in a dozen different ways but that pressure is heaviest on those who once knew the security of the ancient tribal life.

To understand Africa and its trials of today, one must realize the importance of the tribe and how its long yesterdays have molded and shaped today's African. It matters not whether his physical features are West African Negro, Hamitic, Nilotic, Bantu, Pygmy or slit-eyed Bushman nor whether his birthplace was in the highlands or the jungle forests—the one single thing that has mattered the most has been his tribe.

The traditions and customs of the tribe embrace the child from his first moments of consciousness. It matters not whether those traditions and ways of liv-

ing are good or bad, nor does it matter how they began. These are the rules which regulate his life and impose on him a discipline which is clear, rigid and not to be violated. If he should err there is not only punishment but the weightier penalty of public opinion against him.

The customs of the tribes are not the same but the individual is held tightly within the bonds of his own tribal customs which will cover all the varying changes in his life, from birth to death, marriage and parenthood, even to the mode of his existence. So the tiny El Molo tribe of northern Kenya, fast vanishing because their only subsistence is fish, would not dream of any member not being a fisherman. The rivalry between cowmen and sheepmen in our own West is equalled in Africa between tribes of herdsmen and tribes living by agriculture. The heart of tribalism is its traditions and the whole course of life is traced clearly out for the individual.

It is easy to understand the psychological shaping of the individual. He is part of a society where the welfare of the group takes precedence over his own, where the common good is the criterion of his personal actions, where the many must always be considered before the one. Yet this very subordination of the individual serves to engender a feeling of security, of belonging, plus the knowledge that as long as he resides within the framework of tribal traditions he will be accepted and protected.

Displaced Tribesmen

Today in the new Africa many young men and women are leaving the tribe and all it means and going to the new towns, or rather to the outskirts of these towns and the precarious existence there offered. It is a situation which practically every country in the world has known but the particular gravity of the problem in Africa has been singled out by the Holy Father Pope John XXIII. He asks us to offer our prayers and sacrifices during the month of April "that the workers in Africa, who have lost the stability of their own tribe, may find assistance in the social doctrine and organizations of the Church."

It is worthy of note that the Holy Father does not ask our prayers for the African workers in general but he singles out those who came out of a tribal background and now, without that support, are in a very dangerous position. There are many reasons for that concern. Unemployment is widespread and these young men and women encounter every possible hazard in their search for a living. They are forced into wretched living quarters on the outskirts of mushrooming towns whose population has multiplied enormously in the last decade. Those fortunate enough to obtain some kind of a job find the pay inadequate, on many occasions sufficient only to provide one meal a day. Working conditions are equally bad but a job is a job and part of the meagre salary goes back to the foreman to insure one against dismissal. They are wide open to exploitation and to all the temptations one can possibly imagine.

Picture what this isolation means to those who grew up in the close and safe ranks of the tribe. Their security then was in numbers; they lived by a close-knit code. Now they are alone, bewildered, too poorly schooled to achieve anything on their own. All their training, every bent of their nature is to be of a group. Instinctively they are "joiners"

and they look for some substitute association which will replace the tribe and restore the feeling of belonging and sharing a common purpose. There is a great void, spiritual and moral, for nothing in their new situation has taken the place of the strict discipline formerly imposed on them by the tribe.

It is this void the Church longs to fill. She is well aware that the full answer must come from the cooperation of the entire community, parents, teachers and civil authority. But it is the role of the Church to put heart into these young people and into the whole mass of displaced tribesmen. They must be taught that it is their right to walk with head high because they walk with Christ. Only faith in Christ can inspire religious fervor, right moral conduct, a sense of the dignity of work and of human dignity itself. No tribal association can rival the security, the warm possession, the highheartedness of living in Christ.

It is not unusual for many to view the African through dark glasses. These are the people who never invented an alphabet or any form of writing, who had no calendar or currency, not even a wheel or a plough. They built nothing lasting and they were the primitives of primitives. All these are generalizations and no one of them is 100% accurate. But all of them tend to build an image which is far from flattering yet is accepted almost without question. There is no grain of evidence for the idea that Africans are biologically inferior and intelligence tests, plus anthropological studies, do not reveal any basic difference between the African and European. Given the motivation and the right circumstances, the African can stand on the same footing as men of any other color.

That is why we hope and pray that the Church can reach those who so desperately need her at the present time, those who have moved out of the old pattern of life and are now floundering

in the quicksand of the new. The Church has the answer, these people are hungry with desire—what is needed right now is the bridge to bring these two together. Several movements are already under way but they are still in their infancy and time now is all important.

The heart of the African is a human heart and God shaped all human hearts

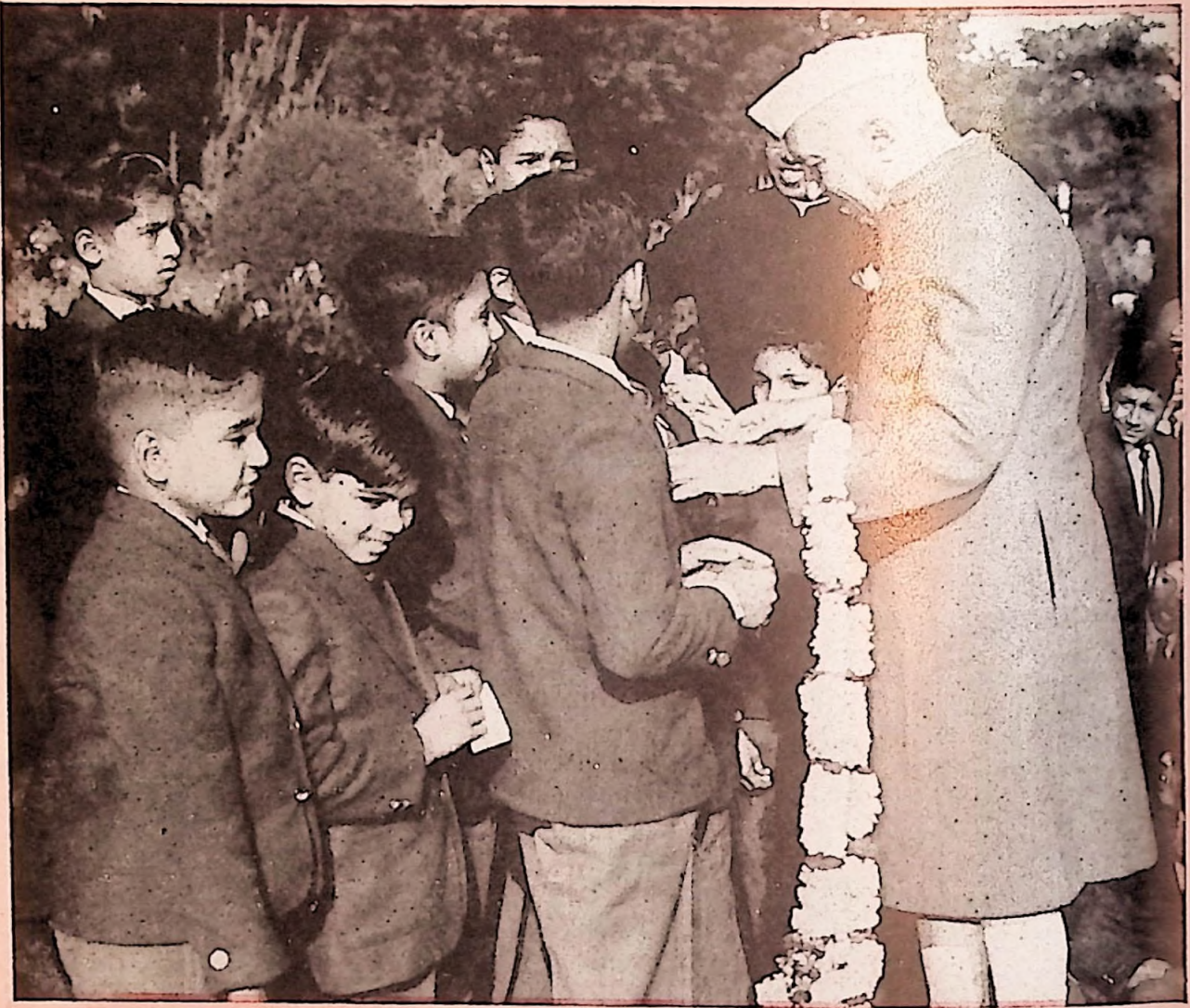
so that the only thing which will ever fit and fill and overwhelm each heart is Christ Himself. "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O God, and our hearts will find no rest until they rest in Thee!" cried St. Augustine. May the restless, uneasy Africans who have left their tribes come now to the knowledge of that truth.

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.

■ In the former British Cameroons teacher training colleges are striving to maintain and improve the native crafts of basket and mat making, carving, etc. (UNations photo)



The Prime Minister Signs



■ Boys of Xavier's in Delhi besiege Prime Minister Nehru for a word and an autograph.

THE CHINESE INVASION of India stirred our grade-school children as only a cricket Test Match had ever done previously. Not one of them but was eager to let slip the dogs of war.

Their first reaction to the shocking news was an embarrassing eagerness to send their teachers off to the front. Reluctantly convinced that this was not what the country wanted, they turned to fund-raising. Out of sacrifices at the candy-store and the making and sale of greeting cards, they came up with Rs. 3500 (about 700 dollars) for the War Chest. This they must present to the Prime Minister. A reception for a party of forty was arranged.

"May we take our autograph books?" they wanted to know.

"On no account!" The Secretary was emphatic.

So, innocent of autograph books, our party piled into a bus. It was 7:30 of a cold, clear December morning. We pulled out of the pleasant grounds of St. Xavier's at the north end of Delhi, headed for the Prime Minister's residence seven miles away on the

southern rim of the sprawling city. We rolled past 400 years of Indian history—Shah Jehan's Red Fort, Gandhiji's Samadhi, the Parliament buildings—blind to the attractions that bring tourists halfway across the globe, little tongues chattering ceaselessly about the forthcoming interview with India's idol.

The Prime Minister's residence (locally known as Teen Murti from three bronze soldiers that stand in the square in front of the gate) is a large, plain building, standing in spacious grounds that was the former residence of the British Commander-in-Chief. Our little group, suddenly hushed, was led by unarmed policemen past the tall gates to a well-kept lawn in front of the house. Here carpets were spread on three sides of a hollow square. On these the boys were told to sit.

Other groups soon began to come in. Families on a visit to the capital; college students with their teachers; a group of business men. The Prime Minister meets these people from all over the country and from every walk of life each morning before he leaves in a small Hindustan car to be at his office punctually at 9:30. The people offer gifts for charities, make petitions, or simply, as is the Indian way, take "darshan" of the great man, i.e. reassure themselves by being in his presence. That morning every group had brought gold or cash for the Defense Fund. In a small tent, facing the building, were the clerks and coffers of the State Bank of India.

Suddenly there was a flurry of activity. Plainclothes men came down the steps from the house and moved affably from group to group. Shrewd eyes surveyed the gathering. Photographers, among them a team of Americans from the *Saturday Evening Post*, checked lightmeters and apertures. Everything became still. I looked up and saw Mr. Nehru coming towards us.

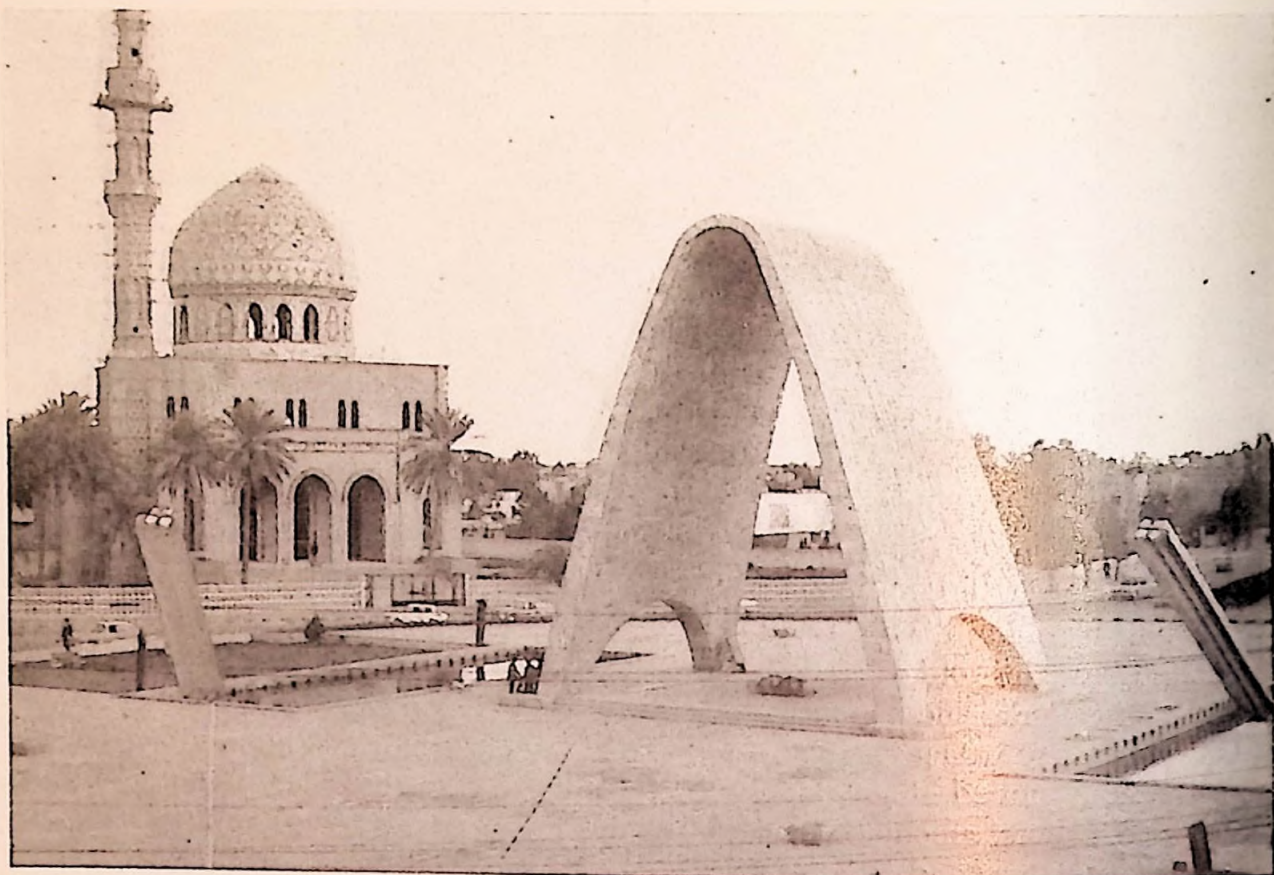
The Prime Minister looked fit, but tired, as though he had had a late night. He did not smile. Beginning at the far end from us, he moved slowly from group to group. With adults he seemed grave, distant. But with children the warmth of his nature showed. He patted and cuffed the little heads, and the burden of a nation at war seemed to weigh upon him less.

And now he had reached us. Long-rehearsed speeches remained unspoken. (Long afterwards they would remember this meeting and relate with embellishments all that they had told Jawaharlal.) The little boy with the check forgot what he had to do. Then the Prime Minister took off the garland he had received from another group and put it on someone. A boy stood up and offered an overcoat for the soldiers in Ladakh. Nehru smiled.

By now the boy with the check had been punched into awareness by his neighbors. He presented the check. Nehru began to exchange remarks with the fast-thawing group of children. All around us cameras were clicking furiously. Then someone produced an autograph book. In the background the Fathers held their breath.

Nehru, unsmiling as ever, looked at his aide. Were we going to be shown off the premises? The aide was producing a fountain pen. All was well. The Prime Minister signed his name in Hindi. Like magic a second book appeared. Again he signed. Behind his back, but in full view of the amused photographers and alarmed aides, we quelled with fierce scowls a sudden flurry of autograph books. (Why hadn't we searched the little fiends in the bus?) The Prime Minister made his way to the middle of the group and posed with us for a picture.

The morning sun flooded the Prime Minister's immaculate lawn. All eyes watched the beloved figure move off to the waiting car. As he reached it he paused while a liveried servant bent to flick the dew and dry grass off his shoes. Then he was gone. Behind him, forty little boys of St. Xavier's were too excited to speak!



■ The Unknown Soldier Monument, patterned after the ancient Arch of Ctesiphon, and the Alwiyah Mosque in background. Today's Baghdad is fast becoming a modern Oriental city.

ALI BARBER TODAY

LEO J. McDONOUGH S.J.

WENT TO THE barbershop the other day, on the square of the Unknown Soldier. Iraq, like other countries, has its Unknown Soldier; this hero fought in the Arab-Israeli War in 1948. The monument is a beautiful marble arch, 120 feet tall, in graceful style patterned after the ancient Arch of Ctesiphon. That a barbershop should be near this replica of Ctesiphon is not strange, for the original Arch has its own barber, Salman, the miraculous barber of the Prophet Mohammed. He is buried at Ctesiphon and devout pilgrims journey past Al-Hikma each Friday to pay him reverence.

The prices for a haircut in Baghdad are on a sliding scale. The usual price is a quarter of a dinar, about 75¢, but if you prefer your tonsorial work done in the

market place you can get your whole head shaved for 15 cents. Without meaning any pun, the difference is in the overhead. The barber in the *suq* just places a chair or box on the sidewalk and goes to work with a pair of shears and a straight razor. There's no waiting and you get your money's worth, just as long as no passerby nudges the barber's arm. You can watch the world go by—Kurds carrying heavy bags of sesame or wheat; hawkers selling walnuts from Persia; pencils from Germany; shoelaces from Boston. There is no ball game to listen to on the radio but there is constant entertainment in the constant haggling and bargaining going on all around. Bargaining is a sport open to all; it is done in a loud voice and the more spectators, the better.



■ The old way is not always the best way but this shop has no ventilation problem.

*It's easier to change the
face of a city than it is
to change human customs*

I am not one to tempt fate so I went to the conventional barbershop. In the window of the shop lay an accordion, case and all, with a pencilled sign "For sale." Now I have a soft spot in my heart for accordions. I had brought one with me to Iraq but my trunk came up to Baghdad from Basrah on an open flatcar in the heat of the summer and the wax and glue melted into a very sad sight.

Later, in Rome, with an Argentinian Scripture student doing the bargaining for me, I picked another one up cheaply. (Only when the deal was closed did the Italian music dealer discover I was an American—and his dark eyes had a haunted look when we left.) So here in the shop I wanted only to compare.

The instrument was an almost new Hohner but the case had seen consider-

able wear. The barber's son had evidently carried the accordion around quite a bit, probably as a status symbol, but he had never done much practicing on it—which was the reason for it being on sale. I ran through some scales on it and observed that it was a fine instrument. To my obvious question the barber answered, "For you, only 28 dinars (about \$75)!" Which ended that conversation.

That night I was talking to Murad, our Arabic teacher, about a possible prize for the forthcoming Sodality Social raffle. The accordion came to mind and I mentioned it to him. "I'll get it for you," said Murad. "Give me some money." The treasury yielded only 25 dinars but Murad took it, peeled off ten and put that in his wallet. "These ten are 'mine' and the fifteen will belong to 'my friend' for whom I am buying the accordion. I will start at fifteen and, when the barber wants more, I will show generosity and 'lend' my friend money. There is no lying in bargaining. It is a game."

Next day Murad was not elated. "I went in and told him a student friend of mine would give him 15 dinars for the accordion. He replied that I was a friend and so for me the price would be only 25 dinars. I immediately started to leave. It took me twenty minutes to reach the door. I said my friend had only 15 but from my own wallet I would lend him three dinars, even though he could pay me back only one dinar a month. The barber came down to 24. Finally I stopped at 20 and he stood firm at 23. I would have been happy to give him that but he had beaten me at the game. Father, you should have broken it!"

"I should have what?"

"Broken it—found fault with it. Because although we never mentioned your name the barber suddenly said, 'and besides, the Father said it was a good buy!' So I had to leave; he had beaten me. Now tomorrow he may give it to me for twenty-one and a half!"



■ Typical Filipino dwelling (above) deep in the mountains. Stream near Sumilao, Bukidnon, doesn't speed the way for travellers.

Deep in the Philippines

A sociologist makes a field trip to an area little known

FRANCIS C. MADIGAN S.J.

MOUNT SOLDAP LIVED up to its reputation. The Trail was gruelling and cruel. Relentlessly it led up. Sometimes we climbed straight upwards at ninety degrees, using finger- and toeholds. At other times we balanced precariously upon tree trunks and inched across ravines filled with white water and huge broken rocks where a tumble would mean broken bones or worse. However, most of the time the path was simply steep. Its arduousness lies in its length.



■ Father Stoffel's Catechetical Mobile Unit descends into Mangima Canyon in the Bukidnon.

Four hours to its summit of perhaps seven thousand feet for the fastest and most experienced mountaineers, and for sea-coast amateurs like myself, five hours.

"Why don't you hike out and see the non-Christians of Calabugao Barrio?" I was interested as a sociologist in the pagan peoples of Mindanao in the southern Philippines, especially in their religious rituals (which might furnish the bridge

to lead them toward Christianity). Two old buffs of the Bukidnon Mission District in north central Mindanao, Father Vincent Cullen and Father Fenton Fitzpatrick, had made the suggestion, and three weeks latter here I was carrying it out. I had a ten-day inter-semester holiday from classes at Xavier University on the north Mindanao coast where I teach sociology.

The view from the mountain height was breathtaking. Far westwards towered massive Kitanglad Mountain, highest peak in northern Mindanao, and at its feet was Impasugong where I had started the trail two days before. Southeast lay Malaybalay, capital of Bukidnon. And directly south were more of the same rugged mountains of the range we were now crossing. Tall, baresided except for heavy grass or moss in most places, and cut by a thousand erosion gullies, the Bukidnon mountains remind me of pictures of the mountains of the moon. Once seen, their strange fantastic beauty forever haunts the memory.

We started downwards after lunch. I had bolstered my courage during the climb by thinking how easy the descent would be. In fact, it was very difficult and dangerous. Slippery mud, roots criss-crossing everywhere to trap the unwary toe, and precipitous declivities made the passage slow and laborious.

But as always, there were compensations. We passed through splendid virgin forests, where giant molave and lawan trees towered upwards for a hundred and fifty feet before disintegrating into a mass of foliage and smaller branches and twigs. Beautiful mosses covered the forest floor. Huge sunflowers and wild flowers without name bloomed in the fields we traversed. I pocketed many a specimen to bring back to our botanical specialist at Xavier U., Father McKeough.

By five o'clock it had grown dim in the forest and we made camp near a bubbling little brook. Some previous travellers had built here a rough lean-to which we utilized. As we ate our meal of rice and canned beef, I studied our non-Christian guide, Mandadalón, by the flickering camp-fire. Short and light, but sturdy, he was broad of chest and powerful of arm. With his jet-black hair gathered at the forehead by a narrow red band and then falling to his shoulders, with his high cheekbones, swarthy com-



■ "He did it, not me!" Father Stoffel finds Visayan baby talk is also a distinct dialect.

plexion, and piercing eye, he was startlingly like an American Indian. Before retiring, Camilo Lipaño, 19, and Ricardo Sadnalan, 17, the two parish workers who had accompanied me from Impasugong, had joined with me in saying the Rosary aloud, and Mandadalón, not to be outdone, had rumbled out strange invocations to his native gods and spirits. Like other Bukidnon pagans, for him each tree, field, or other natural object has its set of spirits which much be placated as they will otherwise work evil upon the passerby. God willing, some day not far in the future the light of Christ will shine brightly into these minds darkened by eons of pagan traditions.

Next morning, by eight o'clock we had reached the Calabugao River. Washing off the mud of the trail, we strode, clean but ringing wet, up the "streets" to the "rectory," a hut with a grass roof.

After a change of clothing, I said Mass in the little chapel, and we sat down thereupon to a breakfast of bracing native coffee (grown just across the street) and of piping hot corn-grits mixed with sardines and camote (a species of yam). Turkey never tasted better. Later I found that the people here can afford only camotes for their main food. Yet here they were serving us heaping plates of corn-grits and opening up their canned goods! These forty Catholic families, isolated among so many pagans and non-Catholics, were showing the typical generous reaction to their priest which I had experienced two nights ago in Dumalaguing, and would experience again tomorrow night in Santiago on the circuitous return trip. Such faith will surely mature one day into a beautiful bloom.

Several of the pagan women, clad in their pretty native costume, passed the rectory. With ancient skill, they weave the cloth at home of varicolored threads, fashioning various geometrical designs in color—usually darkish shades—horizontally and vertically throughout the heavy, cottonish material. They fasten the dress at the throat with a thong which is then wound twice about their body and fastened again at the waist. The skirt reaches well below the knees. They wear countless rings about their necks as they do also upon wrists and ankles. The contrast between their very gentle appearance and the bright red stain upon their lips from chewing betel is surprising.

About 1600 people live in and about Calabugao village, gaining their livelihood from a slash and burn agriculture combined with digging stick techniques. Most of them are still pagan, although Protestant ministers as well as Catholic priests have been making some conversions. They seem typical, from what I could discover, of the mountain people generally throughout this whole frontier region. I was able to make a good be-

ginning in assembling the materials I was seeking. Next time I would have my informants set and would be able to carry out detailed interviewing.

Mass next morning had to be early, four o'clock, because we had a twelve hour hike before us to Santiago. I did not expect many Catholics to be present at such an hour, especially on a weekday (Friday) morning. To my surprise, many attended Mass, several of whom confessed and received Communion, while the children sang hymns in their native Binukid tongue. The people did not wish to miss hearing Mass, an opportunity they have so rarely four times a year.

Soon we were waving goodbye, on the trail northwestwards to Santiago. As I trudged along, my mind was busy. A helicopter could make the trip to Calabugao (typical of many other bush trips of the Mission Fathers) in about fifteen minutes from Impasugong. It had taken me more than two days! The Father would arrive fresh and rested, able to devote all his time and energies to religious work and the people. On Sundays he could stop for Mass and instruction at two different places beside Impasugong Center, and during the week he could make longer stays. One helicopter with an experienced pilot and a well-organized schedule of mission trips could serve the whole Bukidnon Mission District and quadruple the work of our Fathers, who are so few, making them many times more effective. Perhaps in this day of the lay apostolate, some veteran helicopter pilot will donate several years of his life to setting up such a mission helicopter service, and some wealthy Catholic layman will donate the helicopter. Most Mission Fathers are older than myself (forty-five years), while many are over fifty. Pressed for vocations, we cannot replace them. How can they continue to make such terrible gruelling trips as they grow older? Perhaps the helicopter will change the Bukidnon picture.

Window on the Mission

MEMBERS ALL

The Lenten liturgy is arranged as a set of instructions for prospective members of the Church. It is a preparation for the sacrament of baptism that makes us members.

This is what we all are: members of Christ in His Mystical Body. The word "member," however, is so commonly used today that we can lose the vision of our Christian life that it implies.

"Member," perhaps, first suggests to us an association with some social or fraternal group: we are members of the American Legion, Alpha Sigma Nu, the Rosary and Altar Society, the NAM, the CIO-AFL. When we associate ourselves with such groups we do not mean to suggest that they are our "life"; as a matter of fact, modern usage suggests just the opposite: they are partial aspects of our life to which we give a little of our time and interest, not our total self. No one would say when asked what he or she was in the very depth of their being: "I am an American Legionnaire!" Yet when we say that we are made "mem-

bers" of Christ we mean just that: Christ is my life.

It was St. Paul who taught us to use the word "member" to express our relationship to Christ. "Now you are Christ's Body and individually members of it." He used a familiar word to emphasize that through baptism we become living parts of the living Body of Christ in the world, the Church. Being a Christian is not an "outside" activity, a "sometimes" association: it is living new life. By membership in Christ, we are empowered and called to live Him, His mission and the mission of His Church.

To be a living lay member of Christ does not mean that we are "passive" Christians and that the "clerical" members are the active ones. A layman is not some sort of a second class citizen who has no "stake" in the Church. On the contrary, he is a man who occupies a determined and consecrated place in the Church's mission, who lives and functions as a Christian in that corner of the world in which he lives.

The layman is not a Christian and then a mother or father, a worker or a houseworker. He or she is a Christian plumber or a Christian secretary. Membership in Christ, "life" in Christ calls him or her to carry out the mission of Christ in what he or she does as a mother or father or what have you. Membership in Christ calls each Christian to be a



COVER. Artist Phil Franznick graphically portrays the Africa which is struggling to emerge from the long past into a new and brighter day. The shadows of yesterday are lengthy, oppressive, and the battle towards the light and even for survival is mighty.



missionary; each Christian is "sent" (that is what it means to be a missionary: to be sent). Everyone of us by our lives in the world is "sent" into some corner of the world to testify to the faith, to live Christ, to work for the salvation of the neighbor.

The layman is an "apostle" in the concrete and familiar circumstances of everyday life. He is a missionary primarily through living this daily life in an exemplary Christian way.

This does not mean that as a living "member" of Christ he can limit his thoughts and aspirations to his own corner of the world. St. Paul settled that question many years ago: "The eye cannot say to the hand, 'I do not need you,' or the head to the feet, 'I do not need you.' . . . If one part suffers, all the parts share its suffering. If a part has honor done it, all the parts enjoy it too."

It does mean that the layman's *official* duty does not extend beyond his everyday corner of the world. It was there that he was "sent." But the concern of his Christian heart, the object of his prayers and sacrifices, the extent of his desires for the growth of Christ must reach out to the entire world.

This is the first reason that mission magazines should be published and why you should read at least one: that our concern for Christ in the world be a concern for the whole Christ, for the Church wherever it is or is struggling to be. There is something wrong with the Christian, however active he may be in his corner, who is not concerned with the whole Christ of which he is a living "member."

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■ There are varying degrees of seriousness, as these two Ceylonese youngsters reveal.

■ Rice is the most important crop in this "tea" island and much must come from outside.



JOSEPH H. MEYER S.J.

The Little Ones

*Let us stick to the standard
which Our Lord Himself used*

IT'S TEA THAT MAKES many a Ceylonese pocket jingle with rupees, but it's rice that fills the nation's stomach. So despite the world opinion that "Ceylon" means "tea," for the Ceylonese themselves, paddy is the crop that runs first in importance.

For years the Ceylon government has been forced to import a large percentage of the rice which the nation consumes. Regular shipments come from Egypt and India, from Red China and the United States, and yet there is still the worry from week to week whether there will be enough to go around.

Really, it should not be so because Ceylon is rich in paddy lands. For centuries, however, much of this land has been taken over by nature. It is only within the last three decades that the government has realized the urgency of reclaiming these rice lands. The problems entailed in executing this praiseworthy plan have often been most discouraging. At first it was malaria, elephants, leopards and pythons that confounded the pioneer farmers. Today most of those dangers are under control, but there still remains that tantalizing isolation in which the people are forced to live, emphasized by a lack of roads, the scarcity of schools, and for the Catholics among them, the physical impossibility of regularly performing their spiritual duties.



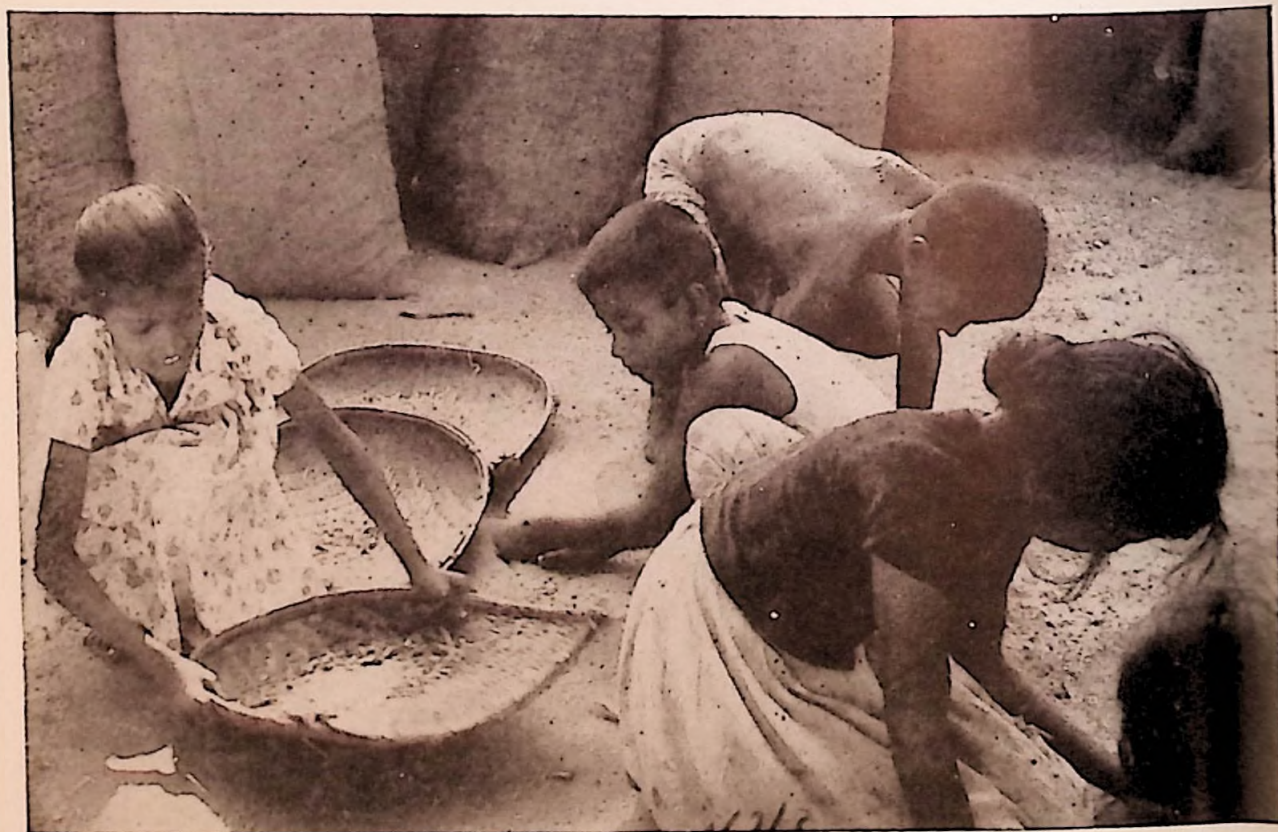
The little town of Hingurakgoda is a center around which one of these reclamation projects is built. There is a Catholic church in Hingurakgoda, and two diocesan priests have their headquarters there. But no matter which way you branch out from this center, you'll cover a good thirty miles before reaching the neighboring Catholic church. That would not be so very far if the roads were decent, but it's a long way to walk or by bullock cart, and that's how most of the farmers and their families around Hingurakgoda are forced to travel.

Within the 100 square miles that comprise the parish of Hingurakgoda there are 200 Catholic families interspersed among a little more than 30,000 Buddhists. Some day all these people, if they can stick it out for a few years, are going to be well off. God has blessed the Hingurakgoda plains with rare fertility and warm sunshine the year around. The Ceylon government has poured millions into a highly efficient irrigation scheme

with roads and schools and hospitals soon to come. But for most of the pioneers the present is a time of continuous struggle, not so much because of the very hard work as paddy farmers, but because of the absence of the amenities of life, the pinch of poverty, and the ennui of loneliness which always goes with pioneering.

Bishop Glennie has sensed the importance of Hingurakgoda in Ceylon's future, and at the same time he is deeply saddened by the plight of the people at present, specially the Catholics. That is why he heartily approved and generously backed the new St. Joseph's Home For Catholic Children which the parish priest of Hindurakgoda has recently opened. Such a home seems to be the only salvation for the scattered Catholic children of the area, the only safe assurance lest the little ones of these hard-working pioneers grow up to become rich in the material things of this world while they grow poorer or even lose entirely their real riches—their faith.

■ Children rush to gather up the rice which has been spilled on the ground. The plans of development which the Ceylonese government is pushing will ease the situation greatly.





■ A young farmer of Batticaloa plants his rice in the paddy field—and then he prays.

It is Bishop Glennie's firm hope that by removing these children from their pagan surroundings, by taking them from the shed-like hovels in which their pioneer parents are at present forced to dwell, and by keeping them during the school year in a Catholic environment where the two Fathers and the three Holy Cross Sisters can instill in them a knowledge, love, and appreciation of their faith, he can do most for them as individuals and for the Church in Ceylon in general.

From the day that the Home first opened, the healthy enrollment showed the hearty approval that the people have for this project. At present there are nearly 150 children in the Home. There are many things lacking, but the children seldom complain. Ceylonese boys and girls do not mind sleeping without beds, but they do like a pillow of some kind even if it is a bit hard and lumpy. Not all have even this luxury. They never go hungry because it's easy to keep a rice pot filled in Hingurakoda, but a rice



■ Even on crutches there is time and reason for a winsome smile and darkeyed sunshine.

meal with very little to go with it is filling but not very nutritious for growing youngsters. The Sisters give the best of care to the children. Every cut and wound gets proper attention. But the deep scars of prolonged want and malnutrition are not so speedily set aright.

Like so much of the Catholic missionary work in Ceylon, this little Home is struggling along, serving a very fine purpose, but not affording a lot of immediately visible results. It's still pretty much in the category of the "little mustard seed," but it's definitely a part of the Church, so it has worlds of confidence that it is also included in Christ's promise of future greatness. After all, it's the little things that Christ always made much of.



■ The girls of Holy Rosary School at Pine Ridge in South Dakota present an appearance which would be a credit to any other school in the country. Mrs. Anne Browne is teacher.

SPACE AGE SIOUX

JOHN M. SCOTT S.J.

They were asked to do the impossible, to change their ways of life overnight, so let us not judge them



“T MINUS 90 SECONDS and counting,” rumble the bullhorns across the palmetto scrub of “Spaceport No. 1,” Cape Canaveral, Florida. The count goes to zero, and a mighty Saturn rocket belches fire. Orange streams of flame pour like molten steel out of the flame bucket, and the monster rocket thunders into the sky. We are living in “The Soaring Sixties” —“The Decade of Man in Space.”

Yet all the while we attempt to seize the bauble of the universe and clasp the shining chandelier of gems, there is a place out in South Dakota where time stands still. For many of the Sioux Indians on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, life goes on as it was in the days of Chief Crazy Horse, Red Cloud, and Sitting Bull.

In a superb article that appeared in “The Rapid City Daily Journal” for Sunday, October 28, 1962, Gordon Hanson says that many of the Sioux still live in tents, sod huts, or one-room log cabins. Some of



■ A Sioux family of today. They have not much in the way of worldly goods and their land is barren but they cling to the old way of life until education provides a solution.

the Sioux are threatened with near-starvation year after year, and these same few need clothing and medical attention. The tuberculosis rate is five times higher than the national average. This is attributed to the Indian's susceptibility and to poor living conditions. The infant mortality rate is likewise extremely high. Of the 8,500 Indians on the reservation, only about 500 families have a "fair standard" of living. The approximate annual income is \$1,500.

Father Lawrence Edwards S.J., Superior of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, has much the same story to tell. In a special letter Father Edwards says, "Of all the Indians, none of them is more poor than the Oglala Sioux. Out here on these windswept plains, huddled in their cabins among the hills and canyons . . . with nothing to look forward to but more poverty, more misery . . . this is what is left of a once great and proud nation, the people of Red Cloud.

"And among them are the wonderful

little children whom we are teaching so they can take their place in the great world outside. Come out and meet them, and learn their names. They are wonderful, colorful, native American names—Ramona White Bear . . . Elizabeth Evening Star . . . Josephine Her Many Deer . . . Vienna Red Feather . . . Joseph Brings Plenty . . . Agnes Three Stars . . .

"The sharp, native intelligence which helped these people to become a great nation, against the odds of nature in the raw, is easily seen in the bright eyes and smiling faces of our little Sioux. Their endless curiosity and their eagerness to learn—believe me, it is amazing. This is why we are able to produce such outstanding scholars. This is why many of our high school graduates win so many scholarships to universities. These Sioux children are remarkable.

"But you are probably saying to yourself, 'If this is the case, why is there so much poverty on the Sioux reservation? What is this I have heard about Indians being lazy and indolent?' After many

years out here, the only answer I can give you is *education*. The white man expected the Indian to change from his primitive culture to the white man's culture over night. It cannot be done without proper education . . . inspiration . . . and love.

"Many of our old Indians cannot read or write. Many cannot speak English. Many have never seen one of our modern cities. They have a great love for their homes. They do not understand the modern world, or how to get along in it. Life on the reservation is all they know. But here there is no industry—no factories—no offices—not enough jobs of any kind to go around. On this sandy, arid, and sometimes rocky soil they can grow little if anything. Farming is out of the question. So they lose hope—they lose ambition—they become despondent—and some may take to drink.

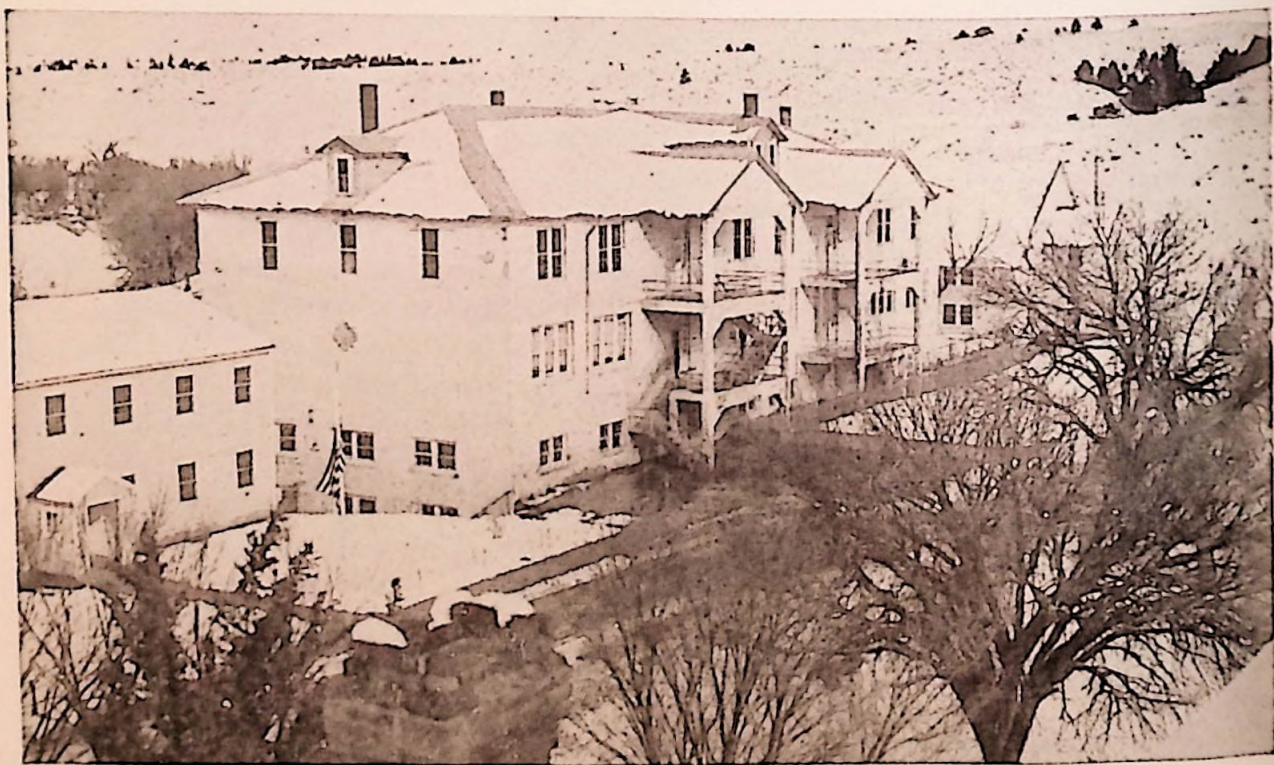
"This is what I am trying to save these little children from. All they need is a chance. But first they must have just as good an education as other American children get."

How good an education the Sioux boys and girls of Holy Rosary Mission receive has been pointed out by Minnesota State Senator John M. Zwach who visited the Mission. Mr. Zwach has been Superintendent of Schools in Minnesota for many years and Chairman of the Education Committee in the Minnesota Legislature.

"If I were to tell that you'd get an emotional thrill, a sense of excitement, and a spiritual stimulation you'd carry with you a long time, simply by visiting a school, you'd probably think I was having a pipe dream. But that is exactly what I do tell you, and it is no dream. For this school is different.

"Of those students who graduate from Holy Rosary High School, the number who go on to college or other higher learning such as nursing, is twice the national average of all high school students. At Rosary, a first-class education is paramount," continues Senator Zwach. "All else is pushed far, far into the background. It is working—almost a miracle. Holy Rosary is the most remarkable school I have ever visited!"

■ The boys' building at Holy Rosary includes dormitory, classrooms and recreation hall. This is the largest boarding school for the American Indians in the entire United States.





**“When I
Grow Up...”**

Ever found yourself cornered by a dreamy-eyed boy with plans for an adventurous future? They want to be firemen, cowboys or the present craze, astronauts. Our two youngsters above are more mundane in their desires. You see, they are descendants of the Sioux—a once mighty and proud race. Until the Jesuits founded the two American Indian schools—Holy Rosary and St. Francis, these Indian boys were doomed to the ways of their parents who, till this day, live in one room shacks. Their plight is told in the previous story. The Fathers must find \$430.00 to feed and clothe and educate *each* boy and girl . . . \$35.00 would take care of an Indian child for a month . . . \$1.17 would do it for a day . . . Meat, potatoes, cabbage, cloth and paper.

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

Please accept my gift of \$..... so that more Indian children find their places in our civilization as educated Americans.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

■ To the children, many of the visitors become like "members" of the family.



OPENING DOORS

■ "I thought that this was supposed to be a man's world!" Rose, a young college student from Liberia, and the Quigley girls dance a ring around a slightly perplexed young Tom Quigley.



This year the United States will be host to almost 100,000 students and government sponsored visitors from other countries. For the past eight or nine years there has been a growing Catholic concern with the impressions that our guests bring back home.

Christian Family Movement members throughout the United States have become hosts and helpers to these foreign visitors. Not only do member-families offer hospitality but this year the CFM is putting special emphasis on helping students find summer jobs. The CFM's International Foundation is also preparing programs for leader-formation.

In order to give recognition to a splendid Christian activity we asked Simone and Robert Quigley of Peekskill, N.Y. and June and Damon Nolan of Baltimore, Maryland, to tell us of this work.

FR. JAMES P. COTTER: How did you get involved in hospitality for foreign visitors and students?

SIMONE: How did we get interested in the foreign student apostolate . . . ? Well, about six or seven years ago, as a

result of a CFM meeting, we invited foreign students to our home for Thanksgiving dinner. Up until that time we had never had foreign students in our home simply because we didn't know about this very worthwhile apostolate. I really think there are many more Catholics who would be interested in this apostolate if only they would become aware of the opportunity for Christianity that foreign students offer. The main reason that we should be concerned for them is, of course, Christian charity. But an added reason is that the attitudes they assume towards America today while they are studying here will determine their attitude to the United States later on.

FR. COTTER: How about the Nolans. June?

JUNE: After five years of hospitality you want to know why we do it! I think the first reason is that we remember back to the time when we were all alone in a strange city—no one to talk to—living in cold public rooms that are so formal, so unfriendly, having your meals day in and day out without anybody to converse with. I can remember when I was in col-

■ The faces of the world: twenty-two foreign students at a Christian Family Movement convention. The CFM plays a leading role in providing hospitality for our foreign guests.





■ The lowly hot dog, served with mustard, relish and good will, is an aid to understanding.

lege in a dormitory, how much I missed just the physical setup of a house—the parents, maybe a dog, children, a living room, just the warmth that goes with a home, and I know I was delighted when I made friends with some of the people in the city and was invited to their homes.

DAMON: . . .Of course, belonging to CFM had a lot to do with it too.

JUNE: How else is a student really going to know Americans if he doesn't get into a home? You know how they can walk the streets—they can see all the big impressive buildings; they can see the crowds hurrying along, knocking them off sidewalks and a campus full of students who are too busy in their own lives and in their own social circles to take these strangers in. If this is one's total

impression of America, he is going to go home convinced that America does not have a heart, that America is a cold materialistic society. Besides, when your meals are in public buildings, or cafeterias, or something of that type, you could come to the conclusion that Americans are the very, very worst cooks in the world. And I don't think this is a fair fact to have broadcast around the world about American housewives.

DAMON: Not that it isn't true!

FR. COTTER: Careful, Damon . . . you'll be eating cafeteria dinners!

JUNE: Oh, I forgot to tell you one thing that a Jesuit said . . . It was right after one of the student dinners and the host family had spent a couple of days preparing roast turkey, mashed potatoes, dressing, gravy and salad and oh, the "whole works," and afterwards this young Jesuit from Brazil wanted to know if all this was "heat and serve"—this is how our reputation gets around the world—we mothers find that hard to live down!

BOB: Talking about reputations getting around, each year millions of dollars are spent abroad to inform people of the world what America and Americans are really like. Obviously one of the best ways to show a person from another nation the American way of life is to invite him into your home. It gives him a chance to know Americans more closely . . . how we work and pray and what we think about; how we spend our leisure and raise our children.

SIMONE: One of the greatest needs of any person is to feel he is part of a family; for these foreign students the closest thing to their own home environment is an American family in which they can relax, play with the children and just feel at home, away from home.

DAMON: The big thing, I think, is that they find out that family life here is very much the same as it is in any country in the world. I don't care what the cultural or religious background of the family is,

the thing that strikes them at the very beginning is the many similarities. Then you get into comparing social customs, possibly religious customs, economics and in this way you come to learn about each other's country. The student gets something he cannot get from the campus, they cannot get from magazines, they cannot get it anywhere but inside American homes.

BOB: We tell the families that when they invite the students into their home it should be a "regular" day. Students just want to be treated as one of the household. If he wants to sit there and watch TV and even take his shoes off and put his feet on the sofa, that's the way you should let this guy or girl react. You don't have to be bombarding him with questions through the meal or after the meal, and you should avoid embarrassing questions like . . . "Is it true that in Tanganyika lions walk down the middle of the streets?" All over the world

today you will find drive-in theatres, TV and coca cola.

JUNE: Speaking of embarrassing questions . . . many of the students can ask them too. Some have a pretty strange idea about American life.

DAMON: Usually their opinion of Americans is quite distorted as we all know from movies and reading, and what-have-you; in an American home they discover that a lot of the stuff they thought they knew is "junk."

FR. COTTER: What do your children think of all this?

SIMONE: We have six children between the ages of 2 and 12, and it has also meant a lot to them and certainly broadened their knowledge of the world and God's world. To the children, many of the students who keep coming back over a period of a year or two seem like members of the family. For example, we have become great friends with a young girl from Liberia, Rose Roberts. Rose

■ Mr. Fathi Wali, of Cairo, Egypt, gets some strong partisan support in a tight hockey-game. The relaxed atmosphere of a family often provides the best memories for our foreign guests.



is just like one of the family and if she's not coming the children are just not happy about it. They always feel they have so much to tell Rose when she comes here and they talk and talk and talk two or three hours in the evening with her about every little thing that happens.

DAMON: With our nine . . . How old are they, June?

JUNE: That's a father for you!

DAMON: Anyway, with our nine, the experience has been invaluable. And it works the other way around. Sometimes we think that the student visitors get the

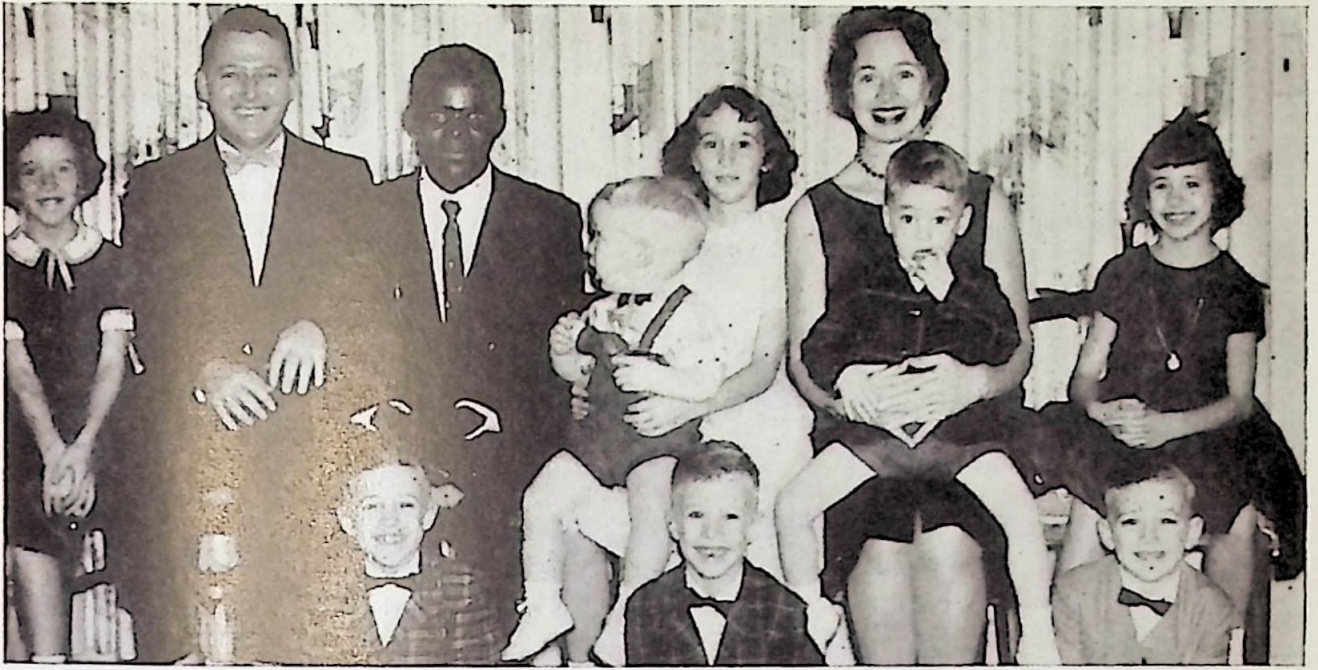
"most" out of their visits from contact with the kids.

SIMONE: When Rose does come here she's really like an older daughter. She just about takes care of everything—doing dishes and making beds and changing the baby, etc., and if you don't let her do this she wouldn't feel at home. We always tell families to let the students help because this is what makes them feel like a part of the family.

BOB: My daughter, Michel, asked me a few weeks ago about Rose coming. She said, "You know, I hope Rose comes because she feels like a big sister to me."

■ "So you thought that in the United States the husbands always did the dishes!" Rhina Zegada of Bolivia and Barbara Karitzki from Germany learn the awful truth from Mrs. Bob Quigley.





■ It would take several visits for any guest to get to know *all* the Nolans of Baltimore. Damon Nolan says that the hospitality program has been almost “invaluable” for the children.

JUNE: After we get to know a student and he feels free to call up and maybe to come out when he is lonely or in need of help for a problem, we sometimes exchange letters with his family back in his country. You really get to know the family behind the student. They are grateful to you for giving a home, in a small sense of the word, to their son or daughter. That feeling of friendship exists, it grows and you grow in understanding towards the country, the race, or whatever religion the student has.

BOB: I think another thing that we ought to take into consideration is this—we forget all about our petty troubles and unimportant things happening in our own lives. We think it is a wonderful thing for the children to grow up knowing these people whether they are black or white or yellow. They realize that these boys and girls from these countries are all the same. We hope that our children will grow into manhood without the prejudices that we have had and will accept people for what they are.

SIMONE: While it is, of course, our aim to put the students in touch with Catholic families, we are interested in who-

ever has a need for this type of hospitality; we certainly never ask the students what is their religion. We do feel we have an added obligation to the Catholic students to make them understand the Church, the Catholic Church in America, but it is also a good opportunity for us to have non-Catholic students become well disposed towards the Catholics when they return to their country.

DAMON: Speaking of religion, the hospitality group that I have been involved with of late—

JUNE: You helped to organize it!

DAMON: That’s my wife!

JUNE: Well, I think you deserve credit.

DAMON: Okay . . . Okay . . . Now the organization is called “The Baltimore Council for International Students.” It is unique in that it includes representatives from the major faiths. We cooperate in assigning students to families. All students are given the opportunity to select a family of their own faith or another faith, if that’s what they want.

BOB: Father, we are only two couples and there are a lot more who have done great work in the hospitality field and in trying to line up summer jobs for the

students. Do you think you could include mention of some of them? The Crowleys out in Chicago certainly deserve a plug—they really started this—

and that family in California.
FR. COTTER: We don't have much space . . . but I'll see what the printer can work out.

The Door Openers

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Tucson, Arizona

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Capitola, California

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David & Doris McKinley
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Mr. & Mrs. Sam Duval
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Denver, Colorado

Mr. & Mrs. Everett Ungemach
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Mr. & Mrs. William Morhard
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Norm & Pat Lodato
2925 Mosby
Alexandria, Va.

Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Thimm
3620 N. E. 103rd St.
Seattle Washington

Mr. & Mrs. William White
310 S. 10th Avenue
Yakima, Washington

Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Newhouse
Rt. 1—Box 10
Bridgeport, West Virginia

Mr. & Mrs. John Ahlhauser
6715 Daffodil Lane
Greendale, Wisconsin

Mr. & Mrs. James Daetl
Route 1
De Forest, Wisconsin

Mr. & Mrs. Pete Kessonich
5613 Alder Road
Madison, Wisconsin

Mr. & Mrs. George Webster
310 Military Rd.
Rothschild, Wisconsin

MEET A JESUIT BROTHER



Brother William Teson, S.J.

THE NOVITIATE OF THE Missouri Province, of which Brother Teson is a member, is located in Florissant, Mo., not far from St. Louis. Brother is a native of Florissant and had to travel only a short distance from his home to enter the Society of Jesus. This he did very soon after his twenty-first birthday in June 1909.

Since 1920 Brother has been devoting his life and efforts to work at the Mission in British Honduras. He arrived there during the gaslight era and has seen, with the coming of electricity, many changes in the manner of living on the Missions. In 1931 a hurricane destroyed just about every-

thing and made a new start necessary. There are several mission locations in British Honduras and Brother has served at different ones among them. He is presently at the Bishop's House in Belize. Although he is almost seventy-five he is still faithfully performing many daily tasks.

Jesuit Brothers labor, throughout the world, side by side with Jesuit priests for God's greater glory and the salvation of souls. There is room for many more Brothers both on the Missions and at home in the Provinces of the United States.

For further information sent 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) Last July, Father Vallaringath of Arrah, India, reminded us that in January, 1962, we had promised to ask you to help him. What he needs—and has needed for a long time—is a movie projector for the school he runs for the poorest of the poor, the Chamars of India. He can get a good one for \$500.00. (How about putting aside \$1.00 the next time you watch a movie in a theatre or on TV?)

2) "The deep scars of prolonged want and malnutrition are not . . . speedily set aright." Says Father Meyer of Ceylon in this issue. He asks your help for the kids of St. Joseph's home—\$10 would buy milk for a week; \$50 would enrich their diet for a month.

3) In Jogjakarta, Indonesia, Father John Futrell, whose mother lives in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, teaches in the state university and at our Jesuit college. He works far into the night with poverty-stricken students. He has nothing to give but himself and begs your help. "You can pay all the expenses for one year for one student for \$35, only \$3 a month!"

4) Father Thibault and his lepers in Zamboanga, Philippines are not successful beggars. They want to support themselves with a fishery and an industrial school. For \$25 they could buy a good net for fishing and \$50 would be a great help toward a machine for the industrial school.

5) Torn by terrible war, the South Koreans live in the darkness of paganism and in the fearful shadow of the Communist

north. Father Clement De Muth and other American Jesuits offer great hope for Korea's future through their college, *Korea's only Catholic college*. \$10 would buy badly needed Catholic books for the library. You can equip a lab table for \$200. Help to bring light to a sorry land.

6) Bricks were not a subject that Father Francis Xavier McFarland knew much about when he began building a school for the children of poor coal miners in Jamshedpur, India. Then he found a way to buy them where he can get them wholesale—\$9 for 1000 bricks and he needs 750,000 bricks. Now Father Hess, the new Superior of deNobili school, says that you could put up a whole classroom as a memorial to your mother or father for \$2000! Not many of us can afford that, but *your \$9 for one thousand bricks* will be a great help.

7) The last time you spent \$6, what was it for? With \$6 American Jesuit Father Paul Van Fleet in Yoro, Honduras, could pay for a month's college for a poor boy named Jose. \$6 a month for 10 months could pay for a year's education.

Dear Father,

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

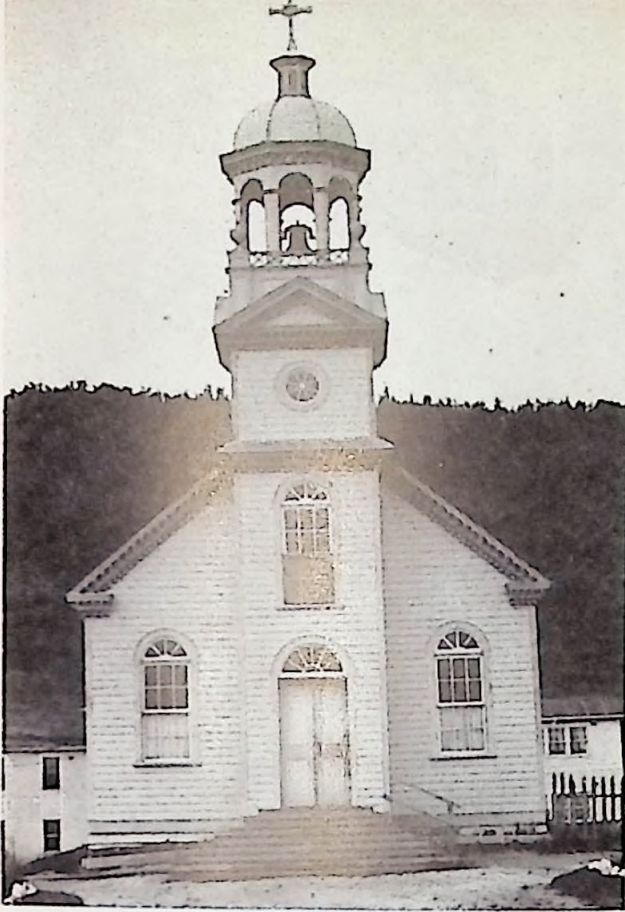
Name

Address

City Zone ... State

JESUIT MISSIONS

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



A lot of years have gone into Holy Cross...

1963: the Diamond Jubilee Year for the Yukon's Holy Cross parish; the 50th Anniversary as a Jesuit for Father who will be 71 on June 29th. But even with all these years, the parish school for poor Eskimo and Indian children is not yet finished. With Spring and the Yukon thaw Father Fox thinks that he could finish the job. Your gift of \$10.00, \$15.00 or more will help him and the poor parish to their greatest year.

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

NAME

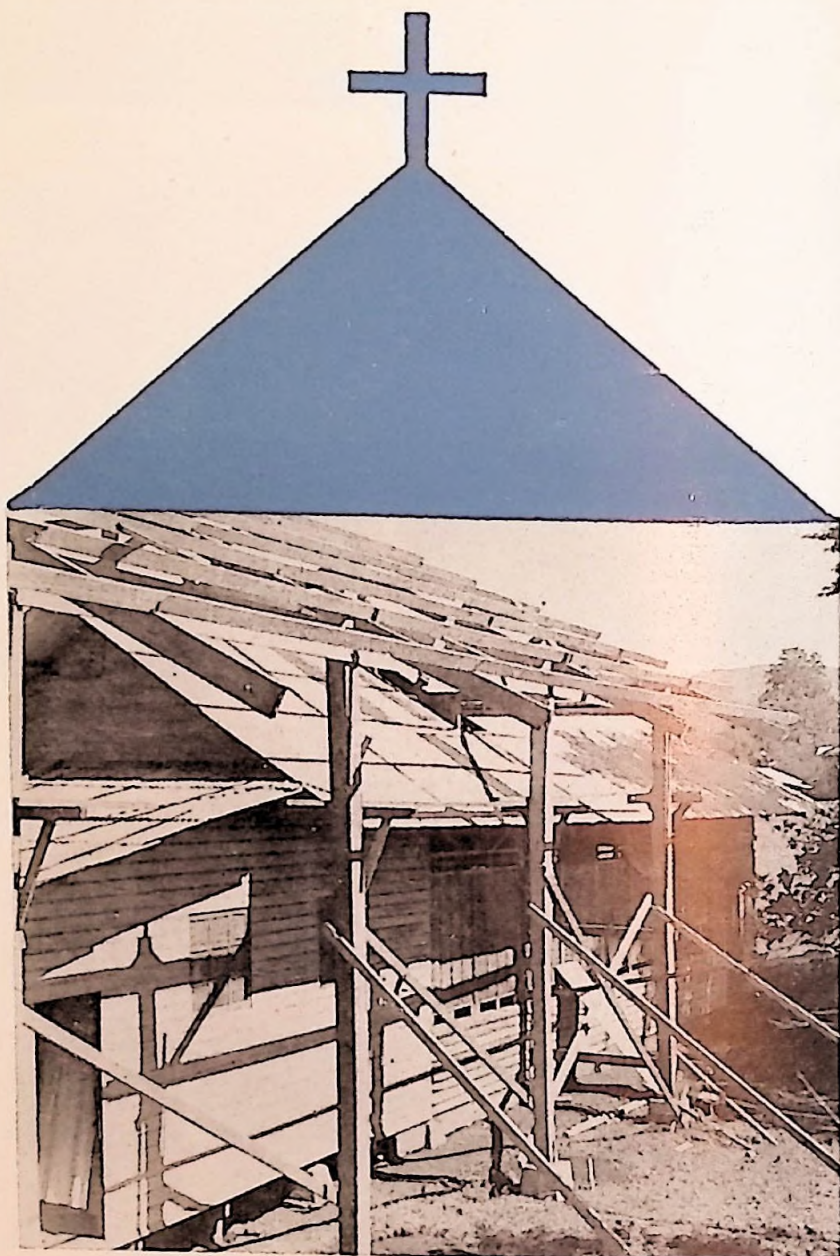
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CITY

ZONE

STATE

TO BUILD A CHAPEL



IS A PRIVILEGE...

Young Father Frank Webster . . . is building chapels in the little barrio towns on the Philippine "Frontier" land,—Pangantukan (Pang-an-tu-kan), Mindanao, and many other missionaries are trying.

Fr. Webster has been there two years now—and he writes "If you have chapel donors—I sure could use some. I have six barrios trying to put up chapels and three areas without a chapel where the people soon will be ready to start." \$1,000.00 would cover the cost of a barrio chapel—but a roof could be put up for \$200.00, and your gift of any size can help with lumber, nails, etc.

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