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Alaska, Mountain Village, St. Lawrence Mission, 1930

William M. Hughes

Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions

Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions

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MISSION SCHOOLS-20
ALASKA
KASHUNAK, SACRED HEART MISSION SCHOOL
1930

BUREAU OF CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS
2021 H St. N. W. Washington, D. C.

January 16, 1930.

Rev. John P. Fox, S. J.,
Kashunak,
Holy Cross, Alaska.

Dear Father Fox:

I have just received a letter from Mrs. Mary J.
Arthur of Upper Montclair, New Jersey, in which she says
that on August 5 she sent you a shipment of articles.

As Mrs. Arthur is somewhat worried about this
shipment, I will ask you kindly to send me a letter of thanks
immediately for her.

Yours fraternally,

Wm. Hughes
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Wm. Hughes,
Director.

MW

*P.S. I acknowledged some time
ago. Guess you'll have letter by
now.*

Return this COPY to BUREAU OF CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS
2021 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.
Kashunak,
Holy Cross, Alaska.

October 4, 1929. Jan

Dear Father Fox:

I enclose herewith Bureau check for \$37.50
the gift of Miss Anna M. Brennan, Connecticut
designated for your Kashunak Mission for Christmas.

Upon receipt of this donation, please write a letter of
thanks to the donor and forward it through this Bureau for transmittal
by me to the donor.

Yours in Christ,

Wm Hughes

Rt. Rev. Msgr. William Hughes,
Director.

MJ:GW

Received the check named above

Thanks.

(Signed)

John P. Fox

(This form satisfies the Bureau but not the donor. Send me letter for
donor. Pictures mean much both to the donor and to THE INDIAN SENTINEL.)

I am enclosing a picture for yourself and friend who gave you the \$15 for me.

Copy for Bureau
JUN 30 1930 JR

40-1
Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska, (Andreafsky)
January 29, 1930.

Miss C. A. Morningstar,
5204 Anthony Ave.
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Miss Morningstar:

I think I would be perfectly justified in making a mimeographed copy of the first paragraph of every letter that I have to write. And it, would run about like this:

Owing to the fact that I have no post office at Kashunak, nor within a radius of about three hundred miles, I must depend on my friends to bring my mail to and from the post office when they happen to come my way. At times it happens that, on passing through here, they forget to deliver the mail they carry for me, and so I and my correspondents have to wait perhaps a month or two longer, or even three months as happened to me this last month in the case of two letters, and that registered ones, with return cards attached. They were written in April and I received them in January instead of October. But I am pretty sure that very few, if any letters or packages are lost entirely. All turn up some time or other even though after much straying. It takes quite a hero to keep up his or her interest in this Mission. However, God our dear Lord, will know how to reward such friends as they deserve.

Your box of coats, cloaks, dresses, shawls and beads reached me safely, so did the letter of Msgr. Wm. Hughes in which he forwarded me the donation of \$15.00 that some good friend sent us through you. May God bless both of you for your kindness to us! We up here will do what we can to show our appreciation by praying for you both and recommending your intentions as well as yourselves to our dear Lord. Especially at the Holy Sacrifice will I and my people think of and pray for you.

As I can not give every one of my people some of the clothes you sent me, though they could all use them very well, I am distributing them as I see will be most helpful to the souls, as well as to the body of my people. Though this is not a very high motive, at times an old man or woman, grown grey in the practice of superstition, will come around for instruction and Baptism, if there seems a chance to get an old shawl or some such thing as a Baptismal certificate.

My people here are just at a stage now when the deciding blows have to be struck to cut them off from their old superstitions. With the children I have no difficulty. But for the old folks it is very hard to break with old customs and traditions that have been drilled into them for generations. They see the beauties of our holy religion, and are very anxious to enjoy the consolations it offers them. But this has to be at the sacrifice of many things they have for so long considered essential to their well-being. And they do not feel quite sure yet that some terrible calamity may not hit them, if they give up their superstitions.

In conclusion let me beg you most sincerely not to forget this Mission in your fervent prayers. Without God's grace our efforts are useless. Ask our Lord to bless my work, and to send me more missionaries to help me. So far I am alone in a district that should have at least half a dozen priests.

With my priestly blessing I beg to remain,

Yours most thankfully in the Sacred Heart,

Copied by HS.

(Signed)

Rev. John P. Fox S.J.

Copy for Bureau
Orig. to donor
JF

OC61 06 NOV

Mrs. B. Will,
1257 Arlington Rd.
Lakewood, Ohio.

My Dear Mrs. Will:

I feel that you must be indignant with me. Nor do I blame you in the least, as I do not suppose that you know my circumstances, unless indeed, Msgr. Hughes has had the kindness to explain to you my long silence and even he would not have been able to tell you, I guess how it could possibly take your kind letter of April 25, 1929 (!) almost one year to reach its destination. I will tell you how it happened that I just received your letter.

You perhaps know that I have no post office here. Akulurak, Andreafsky, and Old Hamilton are the three nearest ones. But even they are far away, so that to go and get my mail at any of them would mean fourteen days travel by dog team. As I can not afford to spend so much time merely to get and send my mail, I leave it to friends to do this favor for me. And so I get my mail and send it too at very irregular intervals. This kind of mail service has another bad feature. Sometimes a friend picks up a letter for me, puts it into his pocket, and when he reaches Kashunak forgets all about delivering it to me, till some fine day he happens to stumble over it while rummaging through his pockets for some lost article. Well, that's what happened to your important letter. It should have reached me October 9. When the Tanana trader passed through here on his way to his winter station. But he happened to be in a hurry to get away, and so forgot all about the registered letters that he carried for me in his account book. When he got home and opened his book for business he found my letter. But it was too late. He had no way of sending it to me, and so held it till just a few days ago when I drove in to his station while on a visit to my people in the district where his store is located. All the apologies he made could not, of course, help in the least to put an end to the

Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska, (Andreafsky)
Jan. 29, 1930.

40-1

worry that I know you must have felt all this time thinking most likely that your letter was lost.

Most hearty thanks then for your generous check of \$75.00. May God our dear Lord bless you for your kindness. But unless you are willing to change the purpose of your gift I will not be able to keep it; for a certain good soul Father Fitzgerald, noticed our need of a bell too, and sent us a fine big one that I setup a few months ago, and and which has abolished the need of making my daily round with a handbell. But next June I expect to start a new mission station at Nihitmut, a large village in the southern part of my district four days by dogteam from here. And if you like the idea I could spend your money to buy a bell for this new station where the same need will come up as here at Kashunak. Would you kindly let me hear your wish in the matter? Meantime I will hold the money for further instructions.

And I suppose you are the same good soul who sent me that mass kit, together with your daughters (is that it?) Mrs. E. Will Hausmann, and Miss Lucy Will. I notice in your letter that the \$75.00 comes "through me from my little grandsons" Joseph Howard and Francis Adelbert. You seem to be a sort of a Mission secretary. God will bless you for your zeal; and you can rest assured that I will pray very hard, especially at Mass, for these boys, that they may be what you wish them. I wish our dear Lord would make Jesuits out of them, and send them up here to Alaska. Tell them I would have a good warm place ready for them.

I am enclosing a few pictures for you and your dear ones that helped me so much. I take it for granted that you and your daughters live in the same place; and that you will moreover be so kind as to excuse me for thus doubling up on you instead of writing to every one in particular. Much as I would like to do so I feel that considering the fact that I am writing this with time stolen from work for my people, you will not object

In a long twenty day trip that I just finished to the southern part of my district I had plenty of interesting experiences. Twice I was caught out on the snow by darkness and had to sleep on the snow. On the last of these two occasions I found myself so snowed in when the next morning came that I needed a man, who was with me, to dig me out of the snow. Then we both worked for two and a half hours to dig out our dogs and sleds. On some other occasion I may have time to go more into detail.

Again assuring you of my own prayers and Holy Masses, as well as those of my people
I beg to remain, with my priestly blessing, for you and your dear ones,

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

Rev. John P. Fox, S. J.

Copied by DJ.

Rec'd APR 2 1930 Amt. _____
 Ans. 22/82 Ent. _____
 Fold. _____ Masses _____
 Letter to _____
 Order filled _____ Work Shp OK _____
 Copy tel. S. _____
 Copy tel. S. _____

Sacred Heart Mission,
 Kashunak, Alaska, (Andreafsky P.O.)
 Jan. 31, 1930

noted by me
 No reply to your various letters that reached me by one way or another since Dec. 15.

The shipment of Mrs Jos. Elwart, Chicago, was duly received. But she is only one of the many who had to wait for an acknowledgement partly on account of my being so rushed with work, partly also because of my isolation which makes it hard to get out any mail. You will find an acknowledgement among those I am sending this time.

ok mur To Miss Mary Gardener I wrote in December! I guess she will have my letter by this time.

ok MB I am not binating this year; But I do include the intentions of the Bureau in my daily mass. And I will say 50 masses for the same intention, first intention.

I have a hard time to keep order in my correspondence with donors through the bureau. At times the "Intended Shipment" notice and that of the "Actual Shipment" bear different names, and even different addresses of same donor. This is the case at times when the donor is some society. Perhaps the president will give you notice of the intended, and the secretary of the actual shipment. As a result I will probably write two letters to two different parties in acknowledgement of the same gift. Another cause of confusion is the fact that at times I receive the box before I receive the notice of its shipment; or again, I receive "Third Notice" of shipment before receiving the first notice. All these cases and more of them have occurred to me this winter. I am not blaming any body at all, but simply informing you of conditions, so that you may understand my situation better.

ok mur I acknowledged the shipment of Miss Dora Schreiber directly. She wrote a special letter requesting me to do so. I notify you of it to avoid the confusion you refer to in your letter of Aug. 30, 1929.

I guess you will have received by this time all the various duplicates of shipment notices that I received, or did not receive. It is just possible that I may have received some of the shipments that I mark as not received on account of the fact that when I sent out the first batch of these duplicates I was not aware of the fact that by "shipment" you also understand the sending of cash, as I conclude from later notices. Before you begin tracing up any shipment then, it would be well to look up if it was cash or goods of some kind. Besides some of the shipments that had not arrived at the time I returned these notices, have come in since by one way or the other. In fact you may tell my friends when they are anxious about their shipments, not to worry till at least one year has passed. That is indeed a long time to wait. But on account of my isolation it can't very well be avoided. Besides, I do not think that many if any shipments are entirely lost. On account of change of place of which it is mostly impossible to keep friends properly informed, shipments sometimes arrive at a place after the missionary to whom they are addressed, has gone; and between one thing and another the benefactor is made to wait a long time for an acknowledgement. And at times, too, the box is left unacknowledged because it carries no address, and the letter that would supply the address arrived long before the change, and the missionary has no way of verifying whether or not the shipment finally arrived or not. For it must be remembered that with our shortness of men, and poor communications, things do not

ordinarily proceed with the mechanical exactness of a business office. Some times I return from a long trip and find a pile of letters on my desk that accumulated during my absence. Everything is mixed up, and I have forgotten where I left off before leaving home. By the time I have caught up a bit, and once again have picked up the thread of correspondence where I left off, another call comes in and I have to rush out again for a few more days. If I did not have to live and carry on my work by the help of kind friends, I would certainly make short work of letter-writing. As it is, I must ask you to be indulgent with me, and overlook the many slips that you must notice.

Protestant propaganda is on the increase in my district. As they can make preachers over night out of a common native, as long as he has the "gift of gab", I am afraid we will be swamped with such folk. I have but two catechists in my entire district to help me, and one of these is here at Kashunak with me. I do not know what will happen after next July. I am supposed to come down to the States for one year. But I see no hope of getting a missionary in my place. And rather than see my district abandoned to the wolf, I would change (or to speak more correctly) beg my superiors to change) plans with regard to next year. In fact I am sending several letters by the next mail, that I hope will help to settle matters favorably for Kashunak. Please pray!

I must close for today as I am stealing time from my duties to my people. Thanking you most heartily for your extraordinary kindness to us at Sacred Heart Mission, and assuring you of our continued prayers I beg to remain,

Yours most sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

John R. Fox, S.J.

TYPESCRIPT OF PRECEDING DOCUMENT

COPY FOR: *Bureau*

40-1
Sacred Heart Mission,
Washunak, Alaska, (Andreafsky P.O.)
January 31, 1930.

My dear Monsignor Hughes:

To reply to your various letters that reached me by one way or another since December 15.

The shipment of Mrs. Joseph Elwart, Chicago, was duly received. But she is only one of the many who had to wait for an acknowledgment partly on account of my being rushed with work, partly also because of my isolation which makes it hard to get out any mail. You will find an acknowledgment among those I am sending this time.

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I must close for today as I am stealing time from my duties to my people. Thanking you most heartily for your extraordinary kindness to us at Sacred Heart Mission and assuring you of our continued prayers I beg to remain,

Yours most sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

(Signed)

John P. Fox, S.J.

COPIED BY MC

COPY FOR: BUREAU

" " I.S.
" " M.E.

ENCLOSURE

Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska, (Andreafsky)
January 31, 1930.

40-1

Mrs. Alfred Wade,
Conn.

My dear Mrs. Wade:

I know it is not very polite to write letters in red type. But I guess considering the fact that my ribbon is all worn out on the black side and I have not a store on the next block where I can buy a new one, I guess you'll not take this as an insult. In fact after your long wait for this acknowledgement of a box that you sent me (Via Akulurak) about year and a half ago (Aug. 8) I guess we ought to declare a red letter day when I finally get off a letter to you.

At Akulurak all are well, as far as I know. But it is almost two years that I have been located at Kashunak. Sacred Heart Mission which serves this whole Kashunak district, is a new post established only about two and a half years ago. The people are very good and most anxious to enjoy the blessings of religion. But with no one here to help me break to them the bread of life, relatively few of this large section have had much opportunity to learn about God, and still live in their primitive condition, both as to their soul, as well as to their body. I have had a fine chance to study the native customs and religion as they were before they knew anything of the white man; and a specimen of my quizzing on this subject may interest you.

Here is what I have been able to find out with regard to the Eskimos' idea of the next life. When a native dies he crawls through a hole in the earth into the regions below. Both the good and the bad Eskimos go to the same place but by different roads. The good ones go through a high, straight and easy tunnel, and very quickly arrive at the place that will be their home for the future, and where they will be very happy. The bad get to the same place, but by winding, round about and rough tunnels. After a long time, however, they too arrive in the same place as the good people. There will be a difference between the life of the good and that of the bad. The good will want nothing that can add to their enjoyment; but the bad will be miserable. They will be surrounded by plenty of fine springs and rivers from which to drink. But as they stoop down to quench their burning thirst, the water draws back from them so that they can not reach it. And though they are in the midst of plenty of game, they are always unlucky so that they can get nothing to eat and are continually starving.

This is the simple story as one of the old men finally told it after much hesitation. For the natives do not seem anxious that white men should know any of their customs and religious beliefs. And I have invariably found them very reticent in these matters.

In conclusion let me thank you most heartily, both in my name, and that of my people, for your kind shipment. We will do what we can to show our appreciation for your generosity towards us. Every morning at Holy Mass we unite our prayers that our dear Lord may bless you as you so well deserve, and grant you all your intentions that you wish us to recommend to Him. With my priestly blessing I beg to remain

Yours most thankfully in our Lord,

(Signed) John P. Fox, S.J.

Copied by CW

Return this COPY to BUREAU OF CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS
2021 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

40-1

September 17, 1929.

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.
Holy Cross Mission,
Holy Cross, Alaska.

Dear Father Fox:

I enclose herewith Bureau check for \$5.00 covering
the gift of Miss Helen M. Schenkel, Pennsylvania.
designated for your mission.

Upon receipt of this donation, please write a letter of
thanks to the donor and forward it through this Bureau for transmittal
by me to the donor.

Yours in Christ,

Wm Hughes

Rt. Rev. Msgr. William Hughes,
Director.

HQ.

Received the check named above

Jan 19 30.

Thanks!

(Signed)

John P. Fox

(This form satisfies the Bureau but not the donor. Send me letter for
donor. Pictures mean much both to the donor and to THE INDIAN SENTINEL.)

Recd. FEB 8 1938 Amt. _____
 3/3/30 1938 Ent. _____
 3/3/30 1938 Manass. _____
 3/3/30 1938 Work Exp. O.K. _____
 3/3/30 1938 List _____
 3/3/30 1938 Dr. to Bal. _____
 3/3/30 1938 Check paid _____

And here I am to tell the story. That is the first idea that occurs to me when my mind turns back to my most recent adventure. The long and short of it is that I got wet and drank a bit of the salt water of the Bering Sea, and had it not been for a rope that my good angel must have slipped into my hand as I flew over-board, I don't think you would be reading this letter.

I have been using several different boats this summer to do my necessary travelling. None of them belonged to me; and some of them were worse than the others. Well, just this time I happened to make a trip in a thirty-five foot flat bottom boat, that in calm weather was pretty good. But as it was simply impossible to steer the crazy thing when the wind began to blow, as it did here almost all summer, without the least exaggeration, the boat was simply unmanageable. Knowing this I fixed up an auxiliary rudder and fastened it to the front of the boat by means of two cleats that I spiked to the bow. We shall see how it worked.

The Father from the neighboring Mission of the Little Flower at Hooper Bay was accompanying me with his boat. As I looked back at him I noticed that his engine was shooting steam out of the exhaust pipe, a sure sign that his water pump was not working, and that his engine was getting terribly hot. Father must have been busy with something else and did not notice this. So I wanted to turn around to tell him. On account of the flat bottom of my boat I could not make the turn, and so went to the bow to try out the rudder that I had made. The boat was going full speed, and I threw my whole weight against to rudder so as to force the bow around. Before I knew it, I was flying through the air down the side of the boat head first. One of the cleats that held the rudder broke loose, and the latter slipped over to one side making me lose my balance. I had tied a quarter-inch rope to both sides of the auxiliary rudder, and as I was falling I managed somehow or other to grab one of these ropes and hung on to it. I guess my good angel must have laid it into my hand, as I grabbed it all together unconsciously. It was this little rope to hold me from a watery grave. As I sank on account of my heavy clothes and high top shoes, I clung on to this rope with my left, and tried with right hand and my feet to swim enough to keep afloat, and get next to the boat that was turning away from me full speed. My catechist and pilot lost their head when they saw me flying over-board, and did not think of shutting off the engine. For a minute or two I had a hard struggle. But finally I managed to work myself near enough to the boat to grab the hand that my catechist stretched out to me. But I was too heavy, and so the pilot was called to the rescue too. With them both pulling at my left arm, I finally got near enough to the side of the boat to catch hold of a rope running along the side of the boat. Once I had a good hold of this I rested for a bit, and then with one supreme effort I was partly drug and partly crawled up the side of the boat, and ran to shut off the engine. This last I do not know why, except it was to see if I could recover my cap that was floating on the water some twenty-five yards away.

This was the second time this summer that I had a little experience on Hooper Bay. Some six weeks ago I started out from Little Flower Mission, Hooper Bay, to go to Kashunak. Everything going well, this is a little run of about seven or eight hours with the boat I had. And that was the way I figured out the trip. For this reason I took no bed with me, nor any food except two loaves of bread, a bit of butter, a stump of summer sausage, and half a dry fish. There was also a bit of tea left in the box. But I forgot to take some fresh water, and I had none left over. I noticed this oversight when we were about ten minutes expected to be at Kashunak by evening, I turn back for water.

but nothing much to be afraid
 foot beam with a very deep keel
 It 32 years ago, and is a

sea-boat. Or perhaps I had better say was such in its day. Just now it leaks like a sieve, and we have to work the pump pretty hard to keep dry. Though I refer to the boat as mine, it was merely lent to me for the summer by Father Menager, who owns it. And this was the first trip I made with it. It surely was one that I will remember for a while.

We were about half way or a little more across Hooper Bay, a distance of about twenty miles across the Bering Sea, when the storm got worse. The boat began to toss more; But as long as the engine kept going nothing was to be feared. But "thereby hangs the tail". Owing to the rocking the dirt in the bottom of the gasoline tank was stirred up too much, and getting into the small gas pipes of the engine, clogged them up so much that the engine finally stopped. Besides owing to considerable wear in the cylinder of the engine, gasoline leaked through and got into the lubricating oil. And you know what gasoline does. Even to oil spots on clothes. Gas and oil do not get along at all, and the fight always ends by the gas killing the oil. And that is what happened this time. And unfortunately I had no new oil with me. For before leaving Hooper Bay I had put new oil into the engine which was enough to carry me 500 miles. So now here I was out at sea with not a drop of lubricating oil with me to keep the engine from getting too hot. Evidently I could not go any farther without getting new oil. And so I sent two men that I had with me in a row boat to the nearest fish-camp to hire a native to go back by kiyak to Hooper Bay to bring me new oil. It was about half past five in the evening when we got stuck, and we were about two miles from shore in only three and a half feet of water. I knew the place well as I had crossed here many times before. We were just passing over an immense sand-bar some nine miles long and about three miles wide. And in low tide I could have crawled off the side of the boat and walked ashore. So there was certainly no danger of drowning here. After I was all alone, and it was gradually beginning to get dark, I went out to take a look at my anchor, and see if everything was all right before night came. Then I went back into the pilot house and dug around a little to see what I could find in my grub-box for supper. Of the two loaves of bread and the sausage I had given half to the men that I sent ashore, so that they might have in in case of necessity to keep them till reaching some fish camp. And they did need it. For they got lost and had to sleep along the swampy beach. Only about noon of the next day did they finally come to the fish camp for which they had started out.

As for myself. I found my grub-box eaten out, and so took a slice or two of bread and a piece of dry fish for supper. I missed the tea. But as the salt water all around me is too strong for tea, I had to be satisfied to take supper dry. And then after saying my prayers and taking a last look around I sat down to go to sleep. Had I had something with me to keep me warm ~~I-guess~~ I guess I would have been rocked to sleep very soon. But I had neither bed nor extra clothes with me, and so began to get pretty chilly. For we were already in September. The storm seemed to be picking up a bit as I sat there wondering when morning would get here. And in a little while the boat began to toss so much that everything inside that was not well fastened began to tip over. My bell, a signal-bell about one foot high set on a small iron stand, was beating furiously, and finally when the rocking got a little worse, tipped over completely and rolled down to the bottom of the boat. I got up and took a look out into the dark. But I could see nothing. The storm did not seem so much worse, and I could not exactly account for the awful rocking of the boat. It was only the next morning that I got light on the subject. When the tide came up and added its power to that of the storm, the two tore my anchor rope, and set me adrift some time during the night. And as my boat was in shallow water as I said, every once in a while I would hit the bottom. This added to the fact that a drifting boat will necessarily turn its broad-side to the wind pretty often, explained the rocking that was worrying me during the night.

And where did I land with all my night's drifting. Luckily the wind was towards the shore; else I might still be drifting, or at the bottom of the Bering Sea. As it was I found myself lying on the beach, the boat so tilted to one side that it was impossible to stand up erect anywhere, and I could only crawl along from one part of the ~~the~~ boat to the other. Deep mud all around me. I put on my hip-boots and stepped off the boat to see how far I would sink. Only to the ankles. The tide was out, and knowing the place well I knew that in high tide I would be in about three feet of water. The high water line along the shore was some two miles distant; and as the ground was perfectly level I was afraid that the next high tide would shove me still farther up the beach. So I took one of my sounding poles and cut it up to stake down the boat. This done I went back into the boat to say mass, as it was now about half past eight. But as I could not stand erect anywhere, and besides, did not have a drop of water with me, there was a difficulty. Even the salt water of the bay was now about half a mile away. I do not know if one could say mass with the salt water of the ocean; I think moralists say yes. But anyhow this did not occur to me. But I did remember that I had about enough holy water with me to fill my cruet once; so the difficulty of water could be settled, though perhaps not all together rubrically. But the other difficulty was more serious. Was I going to let the devil cheat me out of mass, about the only consolation I had left? I decided "no", and sitting down I fixed up my little altar in front of me as well as I could and vested, likewise seated. Then I began and went through the whole mass, likewise seated. For genuflections I substituted profound bows, and at the Dominus vobiscum I simply looked around as far as I could. As all the greasy water from the bottom of the boat ran down to one side as the boat fell over at the receding tide, everything was muddy and greasy so that I could scarcely find a little spot even to sit down. And what about the vestments, you may ask? Simple. I put them all on all right. But as I did so I tied each up around the waist so that even when I was seated none of them would hang down on the greasy floor on which I sat. I know that perhaps our holy Father the Pope would excommunicate me if he heard of this irreverence to the Blessed Sacrament. But I am sure too that our dear Lord did not object very much. Before beginning mass I apologized to Him for my position, and told Him that I was sure that He would not mind. And as for our holy Father, if he dispensed Bl. Isaac Jogues from the rubrical difficulty of a mangled hand, I guess he might, considering circumstances, also allow me to say mass as I did.

After mass naturally follows breakfast, that is if you have the elements with which to make it. I did the best I could with the crumbs I had left. During the day it began to rain. So I sat a tin-cup under the whale in the roof of my boat, and so caught enough water from the dripping to have a good drink, and had enough over to say mass the next morning. For my men did not show up all day, and put in their appearance only the next day in the afternoon. They brought me water and something to eat, and told me that they had hired a man who would go to Hooper Bay by kiyak to get oil for me as soon as the wind would die down a bit. Well, that did not help me very much, and I had the pleasure of resting three more days, more or less where I was. I say more or less because the next night the tide and wind tore off the boat from the stakes that I had put, and drifted another 365 steps farther towards the shore. Of the 365 I am absolutely sure; for the next morning when I looked out of the boat I saw the stump of one of the stakes ~~at~~ to which I had tied my boat the day before sticking up some distance away. I jumped off the boat and ran back in my hip boots to get it; and returning to the boat it occurred to me to step off the distance, and I did. That's how I happen to know how far it was. I cut up my second and last sounding pole and staked the boat down again. The next night the same thing happened, and I found myself drifted still farther ashore. That day my men came back once more from the fishcamp with more provisions that I gratefully accepted and sent them back as it was misery enough for one to be staying on the boat under present circumstances.

But before leaving me to go back, my pilot suggested that we make a desperate effort to run the boat at least a little, so as to get it out into deeper water where it would keep afloat even in low tide. Because there was danger of the wind stopping or blowing from the north; in which case I might be stuck here for a month. Because the tide was extraordinarily high these days owing to the moon and the direction of the storm. So that if I would not get away from here before the return of a normal tide, there would be no possibility of getting away afterwards until the return of similar weather-conditions. And if a man has to wait for one certain combination of wind, tide and moon, there is really no telling when he will sail. I acted on the suggestion. But as the pilot did not know the bar sufficiently well and when the next tide came up I managed to get the engine going half speed. The outgoing tide left us in a worse place than we were before. And it cost us three days of hard work, pushing and prying, with the water at times almost up to the hips when the tide was high. We finally managed to work the boat over some few yards into a small channel that the pilot was trying to follow and had missed.

Once again I had the consolation of standing erect in my boat even in low tide. But as my man had not yet arrived with the oil I had to wait. While waiting, a few kiyaks that had been out on a fishing-trip, passed by, and I sent a note with them to Mr. Menager at Hooper Bay telling him of my distress, and asking him to rush me on a few cans of oil. As I had no paper on hand I scribbled my message with a little pencil-stump on the back of a holy card that I happened to have with me. The next day my oil arrived, and I got ready to go home. This I did in a hurry. My men were recalled from the fish-camp, and we got ready to go. But as we were starting the tide and the wind were so strong that they blew the boat back into one of the ropes with which I had tied the boat for want of my lost anchor. The rope got into the propeller, and there was no way of getting it out without jumping into the water and crawling under the boat. This I proceeded to do as nobody else was available for the job. I did not have time to get my ~~clothes~~ clothes off, so I jumped in clothes and all. And as I had no extra clothes with me this time, when the job was finished I started the boat on its way home, and then took off all my clothes, wrung them out and put them back on. When we arrived at Kashunak the next morning at ten o'clock, after running all night, my clothes were dry. These things are not the best one can do for his health. But I suffered no bad effects. Besides, if Christ our Lord promised that if His Apostles drank anything that was poisonous it would not hurt them, I guess if through necessity I get wet once in a while and have no dry clothes handy to change, the good Master will also take care of this His least Apostle.

Well, I guess it's about time to stop "blowing". For there is a limit even to a newspaper. Besides, there certainly is nothing very personal about this epistle, unless indeed it be about my own self, or first person, as grammarians call that variety of talk. But as I know that these details will interest you to some extent I am taking out a little time to put them down for you on paper. If the constant recurring of the "Ego" gets on your nerve, kindly pardon my good intention.

COPY FOR: Bureau
" " I.S.
" " M.E.

Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska.
February 14, 1930.

40-1

Edith M. Davis,
Col.

My dear friend:

Your package of tea arrived. And though it was a little the worse for the long trip it had, and the soaking it got, when I finished drying it in the oven and putting it into my tin can on the shelf above the cook stove, it tasted just as well as well as if nothing had happened to it. God bless you for your great kindness to me; and incidentally also to my people. For though I had to put your tea to immediate use on account of its damaged condition, you put me just so much ahead in my tea supply for the natives.

The main begging season has already begun. When I returned from a twenty day trip by dog team to the southern part of my district about three weeks ago, many of my people were already beginning to go hungry. From about the first part of February to the end of April the natives of this district have a pretty hard time to make ends meet. With the help of just such kind friends as yourself I am able to help them pretty much. And you may rest assured that I lose no opportunity to impress upon them the fact that they owe to our friends, not to myself personally, the tea, old clothes and flour that I can give them. If they have tea, flour, dry fish and seal oil, they have plenty to eat. And as they are accustomed to the cold it is wonderful how little clothes it takes to keep them more or less warm.

During my recent absence to the southern part of my district, one of my men, the first of my parishioners to die here at the village of Kashunak since my arrival a year and a half ago, departed to a better life. While it was unfortunate that our dear Lord was pleased to call him just while the priest was away, still he was a very good man, and died a beautiful death. The people were all afraid, of course; and not a few of the old folks took advantage of the father's absence to drive away the bad spirits by means of some of their superstitious practices. My catechist was here, and thanks to her efforts, the man was brought to church, and appropriate prayers were said for his soul, and hymns were sung. The burial was a strange medley of the Christian manner of burying the dead and the native pagan customs with which the dear departed are placed in their last resting place. The whole sense of the various practices carried out at a native funeral is pretty well summed up in this idea: "Now stay there! Don't you come back to us to bother us; we don't need you any more. Don't you worry about your wife and children; we'll be alright." On account of their fear of the spirits the natives at times go to the length of refusing to handle their own dead relatives, leaving it to some other braver soul to do them the service of burial.

Thanking you again, both in my own name and that of my people, I beg to remain, with my blessing and the promise of our united prayers,

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

(Signed) John P. Fox, S.J.

COPIED BY C/H

Copy for Bureau

" " S.S.
" " M.S.

Orig. to donor
JUL 14 1930 JP

40-1
Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska, (Andresfky)
February 15, 1930.

Mrs. J. Dacler,
602 Lake Park Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

My dear Mrs. Dacler:

Many thanks for the tea you so kindly sent to us. And though I am really sorry to have kept you waiting so long for an acknowledgement, this was not through carelessness or lack of appreciation of your gift. I simply have not the conveniences of a regular mail service, and so must write when I have the opportunity. That is one of the hardships that the friends of this Mission of the Sacred Heart have to share with me in patience till it pleases Uncle Sam to add us to his mail route. And this I think will never be. For we are so hopelessly out of the way, (300 miles from the nearest post-office), that it would not be worth his while, even for Uncle Sam, to spend on us the necessary funds to put in a mail route.

It is pretty hard for me to think very connectedly while I am writing these lines; for the I gave the children a holiday today so as to leave me more time to write a few letters. Had judging from the noise they are making with the few rubber balls I gave them to play with, they must be trying to let me know that they are thoroughly enjoying their vacation. They are a very happy lot anyhow, and it takes but little to make them contented. Even the grown folks are but overgrown children. And when I want to treat the crowd I go through the crowded room here passing out to each man, woman and child, three or four small pieces of mixed candy, or half a dozen peanuts, or a few raisins. All, large and small, get the same amount. And often when I have not much to give, and feel ashamed to divide what I have I simply stand at my door and throw into the packed room the few handfuls that I have. In this way they have the fun of struggling for a piece or two of candy. And if anybody happens to get less they blame themselves for not fighting harder to get more, instead of thinking of blaming me for not throwing out more.

Assuring you of my own prayers and remembrance at Holy Mass, as well as the fervent prayers of my people, and sending you a big blessing, I beg to remain,

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

Copied by HS.

(Signed) Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.

COPY FOR Bureau

Sacred Heart Mission,
Nashunak, Alaska, (Andreafsky)
Feb. 15, 1930

Mrs. Lillian Canavello,
447 E. 3rd St.,
Mount Vernon, N. Y.

My dear Mrs. Canavello:

Naturally I should feel a bit ashamed of myself for not acknowledging your three fine boxes long ago. But I think I can explain away to your satisfaction the just cause of annoyance that my long silence must have been to such a generous friend as yourself.

This long wait for a word of thanks for the boxes sent me here to Sacred Heart Mission is one of the little crosses that my friends have to bear in common with me. For as I have no regular mail service it is impossible for me to write promptly. My nearest postoffice is three hundred miles away, and I depend on my friends to bring my mail when they happen to come this way. And for taking my mail to the nearest postoffice I have to rely on these same friends. But with regard to the sending of my mail there is this additional difficulty that at times I am not at home when a man happens to go to Mountain Village, and I lose a chance to send off a few letters. That is just what happened to me a few weeks ago. I was away for twenty days visiting by dog team the southern part of my district; and ~~xxxxxxx~~ when I came home I found out that I had missed a fine chance to send mail.

So much for my tardy reply. And now, why the red ink? Well, the only excuse I can offer is that the black side of my typewriter ribbon is so badly worn out that you could not read the letter if I used it. I realize that I am sinning against a very ordinary usage of polite society. But in a place like this I do many things that are much worse. Of course, that is no excuse either; but I hope you will let it pass for this time. Maybe the next time when I will have occasion to write you my Remington Portable will be in better condition.

Where did you gather all those fine clothes? Overcoats, (five very good ones too), shawls, dresses, pants, socks, caps, cloaks, underwear, and suits. What a blessing for us! As I imagine that you must have gotten out and begged for us, let me take this opportunity to thank not only yourself, but also those that must have helped you along in your noble work. May our dear Lord bless you as you deserve. And I and my people have been doing our best ever since the arrival of your boxes, to show our appreciation by remembering you and your intentions at Holy Mass and in our daily prayers.

In some parts of Alaska the natives will not wear clothes that have been worn by others that have died, as they are very superstitious. For these I would say; Let them freeze for their superstition; perhaps they will get over it. But here I have no such difficulty. It is true that my people at first made some difficulty when I gave them all a cap or shawl of some kind to wear when coming to church, so as to be in conformity with the Catholic custom of not having the women uncovered in church. But the reason for this was not superstition, but bashfulness. For it is a well known fact here that nobody wants to be seen in white man's togs, if it can be avoided. But I made short work of this silly objection. Every one got a cap or a shawl with the request to wear it in future when coming to church. All except one appeared at mass the next morning with their head covered; and when I threatened to take away the cap from the little culprit, if she did not put it on right away, it did not take her very long to conform.

Though this letter was long in coming we have been praying for you and will continue to do so. Please remember us also in yours. With my blessing I remain,

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

John P. Fox, S.J.

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COPY FOR: Bureau

Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska. (Andreafsky)
Feb. 15, 1930

Miss Stella Baumgartner,
5037 Garland Ave.
Detroit, Mich.

My dear Miss Baumgartner:

Your shoes, dresses, bag, gloves pajamas, stockings and shawl arrived here safely plenty in time for Christmas. But with the abominable mail service that I have it was hard for me to get off an acknowledgement before this late date. But we have been praying for you ever since last October, and hope that our dear Lord is blessing you as you deserve, and is repaying you for so much kindness to his poor in this out-of-the-way mission of his Sacred Heart.

We are just now at a critical point in the Christianizing of these people. They have all renounced "the devil, and all his works and pomps". But there is quite a difference between doing this in word at Baptism, and doing it in reality when the time comes. The children find no particular difficulty; but for the older folks it is a hard struggle to part with some of their superstitious practices, especially those regarding their dead, and the calling of the medicine man in case of serious sickness. For fear is an awful thing. And the old medicine men have drilled into the heads of these poor natives for years that unless these obey their prescriptions terrible chastisements will befall them. I never quite understood the reason why natives so much cling to their foolish superstitious till my coming into contact with the people of this district. It is the same old story as with the Jews (I mean the common people) of old, or the rank and file of presentday China and Japan. What the Scribes and Pharisees were to these poor Jews and the bonzes to the Orientals, that the medicine man is the Eskimo. Mainly for his own temporal advantage he lays on his poor fellow native all sort of "taboos", and prescribes a lot of little practices that have to be carried out to keep the bad spirit of the medicine man from doing him harm.

Some of these "taboos" are very hard on the native. Thus he is forbidden to use an axe before fishing season in the spring time lest he scare away the fish. He is not allowed to get his wood from certain places (generally very good ones) and when a girl becomes of marriageable age (here about 15 years), she has to sit cooped up in her house for a certain number of days. If during that time she should have to move to some other place, she has to be carried to the boat, lest she touch the ground and give bad luck to the hunters. When a man dies, his poor wife is now allowed to leave the house for any reason whatsoever during at least twenty days, and has to perform all sort of silly superstitious acts.

You see at a glance that many of these and similar prohibitions interfere with the proper performance of our religious duties, according to which we have to go to church on Sundays and feast days and do other things that clash with these superstitions. The native then, who happens to fall under any of these "taboos", has to choose one of the two things: Either disregard his superstitious practices and incur the displeasure of the medicine man and all the hunters, who will blame him for their bad luck. Or carry out the prescribed superstitions, and violate the Commandments of God. But I got after them pretty hard; and as I am a more tangible thing to them than either God or the devil, and they can not very well afford to incur my displeasure, perhaps more for reasons concerning the body, than for any considerations with regard to their immortal souls, I know the guilty individuals will be very careful not to repeat their superstitions, at least publicly or before any one that might tell me about it. And with this I am satisfied; for this makes at least the children safe from perversion. And missionaries are mostly satisfied pretty well if in the beginning of a mission they can stop the progress of superstition. The old folks are hard to break off, and if the children are well protected, superstition will die with their elders.

Thanking you in the name of all of us, and promising you our continued prayers I remain, very truly with my priestly blessing,

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

John P. Fox, S.J.

P.S. Please excuse the red type. My ribbon was entirely worn out on the black side.

COPIED BY MP

Return this COPY to BUREAU OF CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS
2021 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

November 20, 1929.

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.,
Kashunak,
Holy Cross, Alaska.

Dear Father Fox:

I enclose herewith Bureau-check for \$ 5, covering
the gift of Miss Anne Boillin of Tennessee, which she has
designated for you.

Upon receipt of this donation, please write a letter of
thanks to the donor and forward it through this Bureau for transmittal
by me to the donor.

Yours in Christ,

Wm Hughes

Rt. Rev. Msgr. William Hughes,
Director.

JR

Received the check named above

on Feb. 16, 1930

(Signed) *John P. Fox*

(This form satisfies the Bureau but not the donor. Send me letter for
donor. Pictures mean much both to the donor and to THE INDIAN SENTINEL.)

Copy for Bureau
" " 28.
" " m. E.

Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska, (Andreafsky)
February 24, 1930. 40-1

Mr. Edwin H. McCabe,
7226 Myrtle Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

My dear Mr. McCabe:

Many thanks for your fine robe, and that Makinaw. Both most useful to me; and may our dear Lord reward you for your charity to us. I feel that you must have been disappointed to be kept waiting so long for this acknowledgement. But remember, you are dealing with an Alaskan missionary; and to us time is no longer much of a consideration when it comes to letter writing. This is especially true for me in this out-of-the-way corner of Alaska. My nearest post office is three hundred miles distant, and I have to watch my chance for sending out letters, as I depend entirely on friends to keep me in touch with my correspondents. They take my mail to the post office when they happen to go that way, and bring my mail from the same place if on passing there they find any waiting for me. So you will please pardon my apparent neglect.

We have however, been praying for you and your intentions for several months already. And you may rest assured that we will continue to do so, for this is really the only way I have of showing you that your kindness to myself and my people is duly appreciated.

The only white man within many miles from me, a fellow missionary in the neighboring Mission of Hooper Bay, has broken down in health, and had to be taken to a larger Mission where he can be better cared for till he recovers again. That leaves me here all alone to take care of my own district and his as well. It is a three or four man's job, and I can but do my best. Please remember me in your charitable prayers that I may not go the same way as my neighbor. For there is no doctor within several hundred miles (seven hundred to be exact) from here, and if I get sick I have but our dear Lord to look to for help. He is enough, I know. But it does take a bit of virtue to abandon oneself entirely to God, without minding about doctors when one falls sick.

I am working in what I think is the most primitive part of the Alaskan Mission, as far as material civilization is concerned. On account of the practically total lack of communication with the whites, my people are just as their ancestors were in most things. My mission is only about two and a half years old; but from a spiritual point of view, my people have made wonderful progress. I hope they will not lose their fervor after the novelty wears off.

With best wishes, and adding the blessing of a solitary Alaskan missionary, I beg to remain,

Yours most sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

Copied by H6.

(Signed) Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.

COPY FOR Bureau

" " m. B.
" " 28.

40-1
Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska, (Andre-fsky)
February 24, 1930.

Mr. Jacob Klein,
R. 1, Box 36,
Alton, Iowa.

My dear Mr. Klein:

It is a long time ago since I received your box. But as I am three hundred miles from the post office, and have besides, a very large district to attend to, it was not possible to say my little "thank you" till this late date. However, don't think that you were forgotten in our prayers all this while. Ever since the arrival of your box we were praying for you and all your intentions. I say "we", because as my people benefit as much by your charity as I do, and perhaps more too, I make it a point to impress on them their duty of showing their appreciation by their prayers, Masses and Holy Communions.

Besides my own large district, I now have also that of my neighboring mission to take care of. For the missionary there had a breakdown in health and I had to send him away for a while from his post to see if he can build up again. That leaves me with my hands pretty full, so you will kindly excuse the brevity of this letter. Some other occasion I may be able to do better.

Your shipment was very practical. Caps, underwear, mittens, stockings, cloth, shoes and overshoes, all will come in handy. The shoes, it is true, I can not use here at Kashunak, as it is too cold in Winter, and too wet in Summer. But I will send them to some of my people who are living at another mission where they will put them to good use.

Travelling is very disagreeable this Winter on account of weather conditions. But my district is large and I have to get around to my people whether this is easy or hard. And so I console myself with the saying of St. Ignatius of Loyola, who, in similar difficulties, used to say that "where the work you are doing is hard and full of obstacles, be sure that you are doing the work of God." And this agrees pretty well with what we would expect, knowing that the devil is a trouble-maker, and that he will throw as many obstacles as possible in the way of any work that might possibly rescue a few souls from his grasp.

Assuring you again of our appreciation and gratitude, and sending you the priestly blessing of a poor Alaskan missionary, I remain,

Sincerely yours in the Sacred Heart,

Copied by HS.

(Signed)

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.

COPY FOR Bureau
" " M.B.
" " 28

Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska, (Andreafsky)
February 24, 1930. 40-1

Miss E. A. Byrne,
4552 Woodlawn Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

My dear Miss Byrne:

I hardly dare tell you what I did with those nice plush curtains you sent me last fall. But anyhow, I guess, considering that this is Alaska, where you will find many strange things, I think you will be interested to know how your charity benefited us at Sacred Heart Mission.

Well, As I have no parlor or other nice room in which to hang those curtains, and do have many doors through which the wind and cold has been rushing into my house for a couple of years, I hung your curtains, one on the back door of my kitchen, and the other on the outside of the door leading from the kitchen to the store room. As no Alaskan house can be without its storm shed, in some cases even two in succession, as I have, neither of the mentioned doors leads directly to the outside, but into a stormshed. Still as both face the north, from which most of our cold winds come, both were leaving into the house a constant current of cold air and making it impossible for me to keep things from freezing inside of the house, even with all my stoves going. Even the addition of the heavy curtain did not completely stop the wind and cold. But it makes it about fifty percent easier to keep my house tolerably comfortable with the help of three big coal heaters. And if the curtains should let any of the cold get in as far as my room during the night, when the fire dies down a bit, the fine quilt you added to your shipment will do the rest to keep the Kashunak missionary warm. No if I could only stay at home I think I could keep warm also do lots of travelling by "dogmobile." I have a very large district to care for, and so have the power of one dog is no match for that on one cylinder of your auto, and so the best speed I can make is not about sixty miles per hour, but six. And when the snow is soft, or the dogs tired, my speed is at times cut down to about two miles an hour.

You will remember that besides the two large curtains you sent some scraps. These I gave to some of my women to cut up for dresses for their children. We are not very stylish here, and the heavy green lining and the khaki colored plush made very fine dresses. The cord trimming of all the curtains I took off and cut into proper lengths for belts, that I gave out to my people on Christmas. For as my people are too poor to buy underwear they (both men and women) simply wear a sort of khaki pants, or one that they make from the empty flour sacks that I give them. This they keep up by tying an ordinary heavy cord around their waist. To keep the cold from getting at them too much from the waist up they always wear a belt of some kind over their parky. And as they can not afford to buy a belt they generally use a large bandana handkerchief, or a piece of quarter inch rope, or even half a dozen leaves of tough native grass twisted into a cord. You may imagine the thrill I gave them when I handed them the fine braided cord of your curtains for belts.

And that will do for today. With best wishes and my priestly blessing I remain,

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

COPIED BY HS.

(Signed)

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.

Copy for Bureau
Orig. to donor
JUN 30 1930

Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska, (Andreafsky)
Feb. 24, 1930. 40-1

Miss Helen J. Murray,
18 Safford St.
Hyde Park, Mass.

Dear Miss Murray:

My last acknowledgement and thanks for those many fine things you sent me is not a fair sign of the appreciation with which we received your shipment. But as I am three hundred miles from my nearest post-office, and have besides much travelling to do in campaigning for the very large Mission field entrusted to me, I could not well answer promptly as I certainly would have liked to do.

And here is where I stopped one week ago. As I have a little time before the children will be in for their weekly confession, I will try to finish this epistle at last.

Your very practical box arrived in good condition by the last boat down this way. Sox, soup cubes, syrup, tea, milk, soap, underwear, mities, and pictures, all most welcome. But while I appreciate your generosity very much. I do not think that you should burden yourself with the expense entailed in sending such heavy things as syrup and milk. For in sending us such things Uncle Sam benefits as much and even more by your charity than we do. Not that I begrudge him anything; but I do not like to see him bleeding my friends like that. Freight and express rates to Alaska are simply outrageous; and inside of Alaska they are worse. Of course, you paid the bill, not I; that true. But I feel ashamed to use milk at table that I realize is too expensive even for a millionaire, let alone a poor Alaskan missionary who is living on the charity of his kind friends.

Yesterday the Lord was very kind to me on the trail. Just as I was getting close to home a terrible storm came up. I was travelling by compass in a territory that was unfamiliar to me. For though I was making one of my regular trips, I was forced out of my ordinary course by high tides that had flooded Heeper Bay, part of the Bering Sea, and made the ordinary crossing impossible. I ran into water once, and had to drive back for about half an hour to get to a place where I could get through. In zigzagging my way in towards the shore I got all tangled up in my directions as flooded areas as well as

ice blocks prevented me from following my compass closely. When I finally got off the ice on solid ground I stopped to reconnoiter. I could not see much on account of the storm. But I had a pretty fair idea of the direction in which home was, and I also knew that my compass was accurate. So I blindly followed the course it pointed out to me. I finally got home safely just as the storm reached its climax. And as I looked out from my window and saw the storm raging outside, I assure you I said a hearty "thank be to God that I am here". This is just twenty four hours after I came in, and the storm is still raging as bad as ever. I had to sleep out on the snow seven different times already within the last fourteen months, on account of getting lost in a snow-storm. But I am glad that last night was not the eighth time.

In conclusion let me assure you of our continued prayers, Masses and Holy communions. That's the only way we have of showing you our gratitude; and you may be sure we will not fail in this. With sincere best wishes and my priestly blessing, I remain,

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

Rev. John P. Fox, S. J.

Copied by Dg.

P. S. Excuse the pencil I am on the trail and have nothing better. Ink freezes too easily.

COPY FOR: *Bureau*

Sacred Heart Mission, *40-1*
Kashunak, Alaska, (Andreafsky)
Feb. 25, 1930

Mrs. John K. Smith,
209 Underhill Ave.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

My dear Mrs. Smith:

Rabbits are scarce in my district. But I will see to it that those you sent me will not be lonely. Many thanks also for the other toys your shipment contained; also for the candy and stockings. Both will help to keep my people warm, the former their hearts, the latter their feet.

If any explanation be required for my long silence, you will find it principally in the fact that I am three hundred miles from the nearest post-office, and must depend entirely on friends to bring me my mail from there and take my letters thither.

Though you had to wait so long for this little acknowledgement of your kind shipment to us, we have been praying for you and your intentions for several months already, and will, I assure you, continue to do so. This is really the only way I have of showing my appreciation for your charity both to me, as well as to my good people. Besides individual prayers that we all say in private, our Sunday evening devotions and beads are offered up for all our friends that our dear Lord may bless them, and grant them all their desires. And I am sure that He Who does not allow a cup of cold water given in His name to pass unrewarded, will also know how to reward you suitably for helping one of His least servants in Alaska, to carry on God's work at Sacred Heart Mission, and in the surrounding district.

With best wishes and my priestly blessing to you and yours I beg to remain,

Yours most sincerely in the Sacred Heart

John P. Fox, S.J.

COPIED BY MP

Copy for *Bureau*
M. E. & L. S.

Miss K. B. Murphy,
24 Brookfield St.
Lawrence, Mass.

Original to donec
JUN 30 1930

Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska, (Andreafsky)
Feb. 25, 1930.

40-1

My dear Miss Murphy:

You no doubt have been wondering about that ungrateful missionary of Kashunak. Well I know one should not make excuses for his laziness, but humbly acknowledge his fault and promise to do better. But as I can really not promise to do this last, nor feel any qualms of conscience for being lazy, I will simply explain my long silence.

Your shipments all arrived at the same time last fall, and in good condition too. Many thanks, and may our dear Lord reward you. Underwear, dresses, cloaks, socks (I mean stockings) all proved most useful, and ever since their arrival here myself and my people have been praying for you and your intentions, while enjoying the fruits of your charity to us. But as I am three hundred miles from the post office, and have an immense district to attend to, I could not write when the boxes arrived. On account of my distance from the post office, I can not afford to go there myself to get my mail, and so depend on my friends to do me the service of mail-men. That means, of course, a very irregular service. And as very often I am not at home on account of having to attend to the many outlying villages of my district, I sometimes miss opportunities of sending out a little mail that I have had time to scribble together. And these circumstances, I guess, will help you to understand my long delay in saying my "Thank you".

I don't know if Spiritism is still so much the vogue in the States as it was a few years ago. But I find that up here at Kashunak there is a good deal of it. Only the spiritism here is spelled with a small "s". But it is, notwithstanding, the genuine article. Not trickery as is most of the so-called Spiritism in the States. Like in most countries before the coming of the Catholic missionaries, so here too the devil has been supreme for a long time. And he does not find it very easy to let go the hold he has on the people. I have had lots of instances since the founding of this Mission two and a half years ago, that show how excited the devil is about his power slipping away from him at Kashunak. Just recently one of my women had an encounter with him. And the devil did not rest satisfied with wood either. He grabbed the good woman by the neck with one hand, and putting the fingers of the other into her mouth he shook and pulled her while scolding her at the same time. The next morning the good woman came to me

to tell her experience, and ask me to paint her neck with iodine as it was very sore.
I don't think there was much fiction or imagination in her story.

With best wishes and my priestly blessing I beg to remain,

Yours most thankfully in the Sacred Heart,

Rev. John P. Fox, S. J.

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.,
Kashunak,
Holy Cross, Alaska.

February 25, 1930

Dear Father Fox:

I wish to thank you for the letters of thanks and pictures which I have just received.

In the picture for Mrs. Johana Schmitt, I notice that the Sacred Heart of Jesus statue does not have the crown attached. I enclose a picture of the statue which I ordered for you. Mrs. Schmitt wanted a statue with a crown. Did the St. Paul Statuary Company fail to send the crown with the shipment?

Have you received the linens sent to you from this Bureau and the shipment from Lehmann Company consisting of a censor, censor stand, candlelighter and extinguisher, small crucifix, candlesticks to match, two pairs, three pairs of finest goldplate candlesticks, missionary's ablution cup, 1 box charcoal, 1 box incense and 1 box lighting tapers, all the gifts of Mrs. Johana Schmitt? I noticed in the picture several articles which might be those ordered for you.

Yours fraternally,

Rt. Rev. Msgr. William Hughes,
Director.

MB.

Copy for *Bureau*
" " *M.E. & J.F.*
Miss Anna Becker, *Orig. to donor*
4237 Lowery St.
Norwood, Ohio. JUN 10 1930 *JR*

Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska, (Andreafsky)
March 1, 1930. *40-1*

My dear Miss Becker:

Many thanks for your practical box that I received quite a while ago, but was not able to thank you sooner on account of the lack of a regular mail service. We have however, been praying for you and your intentions for a long time already, and I hope that our dear Lord is blessing you as you so well deserve for your kindness to us. For if He does not let pass unrewarded a drink of cold water given for His sake, certainly He will repay you liberally in the goods of heaven for your generous gift to His poor in this miserable land.

Everything you sent was most useful to me. Shoestrings, elastic, razor, and cocoa I myself will use, or already used. The tea, candy, soap, thread and spoons will be appreciated by the people. Up to this some of these articles were unknown to my people, at least in use. Soap, for instance, was all together superfluous up to the present, as nobody ever washed around here. But now they are beginning to clean up a little, as I gave out a good deal of soap, towels and wash basins. The people are miserably poor and simply did not have these necessary things to keep clean, and so they left the dirt undisturbed, unless perhaps they happened to get wet accidentally or the dirt began to peel off in scabs like the scales of a fish.

I was interested in that German newspaper that I found at the bottom of your box for packing. It was the first one I saw for some time. Also the strong wrapping twine you used interested me, as I can use it for many purposes here. At Kashunak I assure you nothing goes to waste. All the odds and ends are put to good use in one way or another.

A sick call just came in this afternoon from the Mission which is my neighbor to the North from here. The missionary himself has been forced to bed with terrible pains. And as there is no doctor within many hundreds of miles from here he calls me over to see what I can do both for his soul's good, as well as for the recovery of his body. This is one of the chances a missionary has to take, especially in Alaska. When we fall sick we depend almost entirely on our heavenly physician, and we have many instances that

show that our trust in Him is well placed. And how could our dear Lord abandon a missionary who for His sake had the courage to abandon all, and come to a Mission like this to rescue from the devil those souls so precious in His sight?

The weather has been awful this winter. An icy cold wind has been blowing from the north for several weeks already. And in spite of a blazing fire in my room, I woke up the other morning with the water in my half full wash basin frozen into a solid lump. I was afraid that all my freezable provisions for the winter were ruined too. But fortunately the rest of the house was more protected from the wind than my room and so not much damage was done, though it froze pretty hard in the place where I kept my vegetables.

With a promise to continue our prayers for you and your intentions, as we have been doing ever since the arrival of your box, and sending you also the priestly blessing of an unworthy missionary, I beg to remain,

Yours most sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

Rev. John P. Fox, S. J.

40-1

March 1, 1930

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.,
Kashunak,
Holy Cross, Alaska.

Dear Father Fox:

I have your letter dated October 12 - December 2, with inclosures.

The material you sent for THE INDIAN SENTINEL is great. I will make the best possible use of it for the benefit of Alaskan missions, particularly Kashunak.

The letters of thanks have been forwarded to the donors.

The negatives and undeveloped films have arrived. I am mailing to you one print of each. The identification of each negative, where you supplied it, is written on the back of its print. Among your prints, I am sending an envelope marked "Prints for Bureau file." I will ask you to supply what is necessary on the back of each print in that envelope and return the prints to me at your convenience.

As you suggest, I have given each negative a number corresponding to the number you will find on the back of its print. In future, in ordering prints it will be sufficient for you to give me the number. One print of the group with Bishop Crimont and yourself, and one print of your four Mass servers will be sent to Monsignor Thill today, as directed.

I note that you want slides of twenty-seven of your negatives. I presume that because of breakage you will want the finished slides held at the Bureau for you until you return to the States and need them. The colored slide is far superior to the black and white or sepia. I may be able to have the slides colored. Meantime, you will need only the print for reference in preparing your lecture. I will be glad to receive a copy of your lecture, even a rough draft of it. I could have it copied here for you. A few sepia gives variety.

I am looking into the matter of the gift sent you direct by Mrs. Barbara Will and which you have not received. I will write you about it in a separate letter.

The curios you sent from Kashunak were received. Because of press of business at the Bureau, I have not yet found a way to dispose of them. Your need of more practical curios, as you put it, a sewing machine and carpenter's tools, will be published in the April issue. I hope readers will be found to foot the bill. I note what you say about the kind of chapel boat needed in your section as compared with the house boat which is better suited to travel on the Yukon. No need for apologizing. I am glad to know it. I will bear it in mind should the Bureau be lucky in finding another donor of a chapel boat. The man on the ground, as you are, is the best judge of what he needs.

In a few days I will mail you engraver's proofs of cuts that have appeared in THE INDIAN SENTINEL, since you agree that they will be just as acceptable to you as the more expensive photographic prints.

Your typewriter ribbon is worn out. I realize that it may not be so easy for you to get ribbons even if you have the money to buy them. I have on hand some ribbons I bought at a Government sale. I am sending you a few. They are not new but have not been used and you will be able to get some good out of them.

Yours fraternally,

Rt. Rev. Msgr. William Hughes,
Director.

SF:TB.

Copy For: Bureau
M.E.T.I.S.
Jul 7 - 1930

40-1
Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska.
March 4, 1930.

Mrs. Mary J. Arthur,
Upper Montclair, N. J.

Dear Mrs. Arthur:

I would like to think that you forgot all about the shipment you sent to Kashunak last summer. But I know only too well that you have been wondering right along "why that lazy Kashunak missionary does not tend to his business", and at least say a little "thank you" when he receives a box.

You are right. And if I were in your place I think I would entertain a few pretty hard thoughts too. But I think you will forgive and forget for this time, when I tell you that it is only three hundred miles to my nearest post-office. And the only means of travel in this country is the dog team. As I can not afford to make this trip myself on account of my other work, I simply wait till some friend comes along and brings me my mail. And for sending my letters I depend on the same irregular and unsatisfactory service.

Though I think I am still a fairly decent Christian, I used to go to Confession about once in three months. But now that the only priest anywhere near me has broken down in health, and had to be sent to some other part of Alaska, I don't know if I will be able to go even as often as that.

I can't say that I am lonely, there is too much work here for that. But if I needed the company of any white man, or the hearing of English to keep me from getting lonesome, I think I would be very badly off indeed. As it is, I would be very grateful to be left alone here and there for a few days. My people are always on top of me. And if I really wish to get rid of them for an hour or two, I simply lock all my doors, and then let them pound till they get tired and go home. And I assure you that they do not give up very easily. Sometimes after knocking for fifteen minutes without any answer, they begin to yell at me what they want. And sometimes I have to satisfy them simply to get rid of them. They don't mean anything wrong or impolite, of course, but have not learned yet that when they find a door locked, the right thing to do is to wait till later.

In conclusion let me thank you most sincerely, both in my own name and that of my people for your kindness to us. We have been praying for you and all your intentions ever since the arrival of your box, and we hope that our dear Lord is blessing you for your charity.

With best wishes to you, and my priestly blessing I remain,

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

(Signed) Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.,

Copied by:MF

COPY FOR: Bureau
" " I.S.
" " M.E.

Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska.
March 4, 1930.

40-1

Miss Susan M. Murphy,
Ind.

My dear Miss Murphy:

Your box of used clothes arrived by the last boat in the fall. But as I have no post office within three hundred miles, and am besides, on the trail very frequently, I found it impossible to acknowledge your shipment before this late date. Kindly pardon the delay, if indeed one need beg pardon for what is unavoidable.

But we did not forget you in our prayers. Besides remembering you and your intentions in particular every day at Mass and Communion, every Sunday evening we offer up the beads publicly and also our other evening devotions, for you and all our friends.

The nearest priest to this mission whom I used to visit about once in three months, to go to confession, and have a chat in English, has fallen ill, and had to be sent away to some other part of Alaska to recuperate. His station has been added to mine, and I go to say Mass every week at his principal mission, and to administer the sacraments to his flock. With him gone I am the only white man in this part of the country. To get to the nearest one would mean a ten day trip by dogteam.

Wishing you God's blessing, and sending you my own, I remain

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

(Signed) John P. Fox, S.J.

COPIED BY CW

COPY FOR Bureau
Orig. to donor
JUL 14 1930 JR

Mount de Chantal Academy,
Wheeling, West Va.

Sacred Heart Mission, 40-1
Kashunak, Alaska, (Andreafsky)
March 4, 1930.

My dear friend:

Those beautiful pictures of the Sacred Heart with the formula for the Consecration of Families, arrived. Many thanks for them and the added pamphlets. All of my families living at the Mission itself, are consecrated already. But many of those in the outlying villages of my immense districts, do not know yet what the Sacred Heart is. But, with God's help, they shall. And your fine pictures will help very much to this end. May Our dear Lord bless you for your kindness in remembering us.

This is a very late acknowledgement, I know. But not so bad, if you consider the three hundred miles that separate me from my nearest postoffice. Besides, don't think that we have just now begun praying for you, and thus trying to show you our appreciation. This we began last fall when the last boat brought us the pictures, and we have continued ever since asking our Lord to bless you. With sincere best wishes and my priestly blessing I am,

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

(Signed) John P. Fox, S.J.

Copied by HC.

COPY FOR Bureau

orig. to Bureau 11/11/30 mms

St. Joseph's Convent,
Brentwood, L.I.,
New York.

40-1
Sacred Heart mission,
Kashunak, Alaska. (Andreafsky)
Mar. 10, 1930

Dear Friends:

Where did you get the happy idea of sending me that whole box full of flour sacks? I don't think you realized the favor you were doing me. For these sacks are at a premium here. And I'll tell you why.

Not only do I use empty flour sacks to put things in both for myself, as well as for the natives, when they come begging for flour, fish, etc, but I hand them out to my people to make underwear. For my people are poor, and though this is Alaska, and it is pretty hard to see just how underwear made of flour sacks, one thickness only, could possibly keep anybody warm, still they are glad to have even such. Well, I think as a matter of fact it does not keep them warm, but helps at any rate to make them feel less cold.

Thanking you most heartily, and sending at the same time my best regards, and my priestly blessings, I remain,

Yours most sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

John P. Fox, S.J.

P.S. - Excuse the corrections 'Haste makes waste'. I was thinking faster than I can write.

COPIED BY MP.

Copy for: Bureau

" " J. J.
" " M. E.

Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska.
March 10, 1930.

40-1

Miss C. Wiegand,
Ind.

My dear friend:

Both of your boxes arrived. And, though judging from my tardy reply, I fear you may not believe me, we did appreciate your kindness, and for the last five months did try to show this appreciation by our prayers for you and your intentions.

It would be pretty hard to show you on any map where we are, as I do not think you'll find one that will give the village of Kashunak; though most of the maps of any size will give Kashunak River, which flows into Hooper Bay on the west coast of the territory included between the Yukon and the Kuskokwim Rivers. The point I want to call to your attention in explanation of my long silence is the fact that I am three hundred miles from any post office, and have no means of travel except by dog team. Not only that, but my district is immensely large for one missionary, and though my principal station is here Kashunak, I have thirty other villages that I have to attend to from here. So that I am at home very little to write letters; and even once I have them written, they often lie on my desk for a long time gathering dust till some friend happens along who ~~is going in~~ is going in the right direction to take them to the post office, or at least, part way there, leaving them in charge of some other friend to pass them on to the next one that happens to go to Andreafsky, where my post office is.

There was nothing in your boxes that was not very useful, unless perhaps, that little bit of green tea. The natives do not drink this kind of tea. But you sent lots of black tea that to these people is worth its weight in gold. There is nobody around here now who has any tea left except Sacred Heart Mission, thanks to your kindness, and a few more good souls like you. And you may be sure all the natives know where the last tea is to be found; and as a consequence, I am very popular these days. If I had half a ton of tea, instead of the twenty-five pounds I have left, you may be sure I could get rid of all of it in a very short time. And, of course, the fact that the people know that they need not pay, fifty cents a pound here for tea, makes a big difference too. Still, if they had any money they would not stop at any price. But the only native trader around here has sold out his tea long ago at the mentioned price, and now there is but one thing to do, go begging tea from the mission.

The fine cloth and clothes too, most welcome! Some people think we wear nothing but fur up here. Well, those who can afford it, may. But they are very few and far between. The great majority have to be satisfied with ordinary cloth clothes, with perhaps a parky of birdskin under the cloth parky. And even those who wear a fur parky need an over-parky of gingham or drilling to protect the fur from getting wet.

This year particularly the natives are hard up. Hunting is not only poor; but practically speaking there is none. First of all a big flood drowned all the pice last fall, and so there is nothing in this section to attract the foxes, who live on these; and then the continual bad weather has prevented the hunters from getting out much to search for the few stray foxes that may be around.

With best wishes to you, and my priestly blessing, I remain,

Yours most thankfully in our Lord,

(Signed) John P. Fox, S.J.

Copied by CW

BUREAU OF CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS
2021 H St. N. W. Washington, D. C.

March 10, 1930.

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.,
Kashunak,
Holy Cross, Alaska.

Dear Father Fox:

Recd JUL 7 1930
Ans. *File*
Fol'd
Letter to
Order filled
Ship't
Am't
Ent
Messen
P.C.
Work Slip O.K.
Lst
D.A. or Ref.

I have just received a letter from Miss Clara R. Hemple of Pennsylvania, in which she inquires about a gift of \$5 which she sent to me to forward to you.

My records show that this generous gift was received at this office on July 19, 1929 and that Bureau check for the same amount was forwarded to you on July 20, 1929. I asked you to send me a letter of thanks for Miss Hemple. Up to this time the letter has not been received. Therefore, I am wondering whether or not you received my letter and check. Please, therefore, let me hear from you promptly regarding this matter. If you did receive the gift, send me a letter of thanks for transmittal to Miss Hemple.

Yours fraternally,

Wm Hughes
Rt. Rev. Msgr. William Hughes,
Director.

JR

I wrote you a note for Miss Hemple recently. But I don't think it left Alaska yet, and perhaps will be stuck here till after the breakup.

Copy for: *Bureau*

" *G. J.*

Orig. to do not

Miss E. Towle, JUN 30 1930 *JR*
Minn..

Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska.
March 11, 1930.

40-1

My dear Miss Towle:

"Now we will clean up." That was my remark as I opened your kind shipment of soap, combs, etc. I guess it would be quite an insult any where else to give a bar of soap to any one for a Christmas present. But it is not so here. And so I simply put on a serious face and handed a bar of soap to every one of my people as a Christmas gift. Of course, though you sent me a lot, it did not take me long to clean up on your shipment. But fortunately other good souls got the same idea as yourself, and so I had enough soap to go around. Besides, I had bought also a box of my own to help out.

And after the clean up the next thing in order would have been a letter of thanks to you. But as the post office is three hundred miles from here so that I can not write when I wish, the next best thing (or rather a far better thing) to do was to begin to pray for you and your intentions, that our dear Lord might bless you for so much kindness to us. And I sincerely hope He has been doing so.

With very best wishes and my priestly blessing I remain,

Yours most sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

(Signed) Joph P. Fox, S.J.

Copied by CW

COPY FOR Bureau
Orig. to donor
Miss T. A. Hak, JUN 30 1930
1217 N. 12th St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska,
(Andreofsky)
Mar. 11, 1930. 40-1

My dear Miss Hak:

It is really a shame to have kept a kind friend like yourself waiting for such a long time before saying even a little "thanks" for such a fine box as you sent me. But according to the old adage "No one is asked to do the impossible." And so I know that I need but explain why I made you wait for such a long time.

Well, first of all, to mail a letter in this part of the country means a three hundred mile trip to the post office. And I do not think that you would expect me to make this long trip very often. To tell the truth, I make it only about once a year. For the rest of the time, if I have any letters to mail, or expect mail, I simply wait till some friend happens to come along who is going in the right direction, and send my mail with him, asking him also to stop in at the post office on his way back to bring me whatever mail may have accumulated in the last month or two. This kind of mail service, as you see, is not likely to be very prompt and dependable. Still it is the best I can do, unless I want to let my work lie here at the Mission, and spend my time running back and forth between here and the post office.

The district served by this Mission is very large, and the people live scattered far and wide. In my last trip visiting the various parts of my district, I stopped at thirty-two villages. And there are still some that I missed for lack of more time. Though this territory, like all the rest of Alaska, is very thinly populated, most of the villages averaging some thirty five to forty souls: Nevertheless I have to get around. And it is this eternal travelling that eats up a very large part of my time. For we have no trains, autos, or any of the other modern means of conveyance here. Nothing but a sled and dogs, who at best, average about five miles an hour, under favorable weather conditions.

Added to this already too large district of mine, I now have also that of a fellow missionary to take care of. This good priest, whom I used to visit about once in three months to go to confession, and have a little chat in English, has broken down in health, and had to abandon his Mission to my care, while he went away to some other part of Alaska to see what can be done for his recovery. The departure of this Father leaves me the sad distinction of being the only white man in this part of Alaska. And you may be sure that I am praying hard that God our Lord may send me a neighbor, to whom I can at least go to confession a few times a year, and one that I can fall back on in case I should get a little sick myself. For Holy Scripture says it: "Woe to the man that is alone!"

Do not think that my people and myself have forgotten you in our prayers all this time that you were waiting for my letter. We did pray for you and all your intentions, and will continue to do so. And we hope that our dear Lord will bless you most abundantly for having been so good to us. The tea, candlesticks, wax arresters, crucifixes, paper cups and plates, soap, stationery, cooking outfit, and sweater -- all most welcome! And we are making good use of them.

With my very best regards, and my priestly blessing I remain,

Yours most sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

(Signed) John P. Fox, S.J.

Copied by HC.

COPY FOR Bureau
Orig. to Bureau JUN 30 1930 JR

Mr. E. G. Burke,
54 Bayard St., Box 24,
New Rochelle, N. Y.

Sacred Heart Mission, 40-1
Kashunak, Alaska. (Andreafsky)
Mar. 11, 1930

My dear Mr. Burke:

Msgr. Hughes has so many times called my attention to the fact that "Failure of missionaries to notify me of the receipt of shipments has lost many friends to the Indian Missions," that I am thinking that in a very short time Kashunak Mission will have no friends left at all. Of course, he also told me that he did not mean me to take this little scolding too personally. Still, I can not help feeling that what he says is very true, and that if any one deserves the reminder it is the unfortunate missionary that happens to be stuck here at Sacred Heart Mission. With his post office three hundred miles away, and an enormously large district to take care of, that makes it impossible for him to be at home for any length of time, he has hardly a fighting chance to answer the letters that come in all in a pile during July and August. And while friends are wondering why he does not at least send a short note of thanks, he is scheming how he could possibly get to the post office a long letter that he wrote a ~~month~~ month or two ago.

Those fine gloves you sent me have been doing me good service on the trail for several months. The sweaters, caps shawls, bath-robe, books and beads too were all most welcome. Your two boxes arrived by the last boat just before the freeze-up, and I had no way of answering, I did the only thing I could do, namely pray for you and your intentions and tell my people to do the same. I sincerely hope that the dear Lord has been blessing you most abundantly for your great kindness to us in this miserable corner of the Alaskan mission.

The worst part of the BEGGING SEASON here at Kashunak is at present in full swing. The natives are eaten out, and the miserably bad weather that we have been having for most of the winter, is still going on. Almost impossible to go out for a load of wood, and just about as impossible to do any hunting or fishing. So that the people are both cold and hungry. And when they come around begging for a pinch of tea and a dry fish, though I generally scold them for the lack of foresight, laziness, etc., the consequence of which I tell them they are now suffering; in my heart I sincerely pity them, and feel that the fault is not so much theirs as I try to make them believe. And so I generally give them as much as I can. But as I am only a poor beggar myself, I can but share with them a little of the fruit of my own begging. This year, thanks to the generosity of just such friends as yourself, I still have a little tea left, when everybody else around here, even a native trader that we have here in the village, has run out. Tea sells here for fifty cents a pound. But I am sure that, if the natives had any money and if there were any tea to be gotten any where, they would not stop even at twice that price. So you see, when I give some beggar a pinch of tea I am giving him a royal gift.

With best wishes, and my priestly blessing I remain,

Yours most sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

John P. Fox, S.J.

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Copy for: Bureau

" " D.S.

" " M.L.

Sacred Heart Mission,
Kushunak, Alaska.
March 17, 1930.

40-1

Sodality of the Bl. V. Mary,
Holy Trinity High School, c/o Frances Kerr & Mary Cunningham
Georgetown, D. C.

My dear Sodality,

"Please answer." Yes I know your difficulty, and appreciate the disappointment my long delay has caused you. From the words I quote, and that I find written across the envelope in which your money came I judge that you sent it before to missionaries who did not acknowledge your gift. And as you enclosed the money for me you perhaps thought to yourself in about this way: "Now, I do hope that for once we will receive a nice letter of thanks; and that the missionary who gets this does not put it into his pocket without even saying 'Thank you!'"

I do not know exactly when you contributed the money. But you must have done so through official channels about last January, (I mean 1929), for the envelope has this date written on it by Bishop Grimolet: "April 1929." And as the Bishop sent the money to Rev. Father Superior, and this one to me, considering the wretched mail service we have in Alaska, much time naturally passed before the money finally arrived in this out-of-the-way corner of the Alaska Mission. In any case, though I am very late acknowledging, "Better late than never," eh?

And as I mentioned the "wretched mail service of Alaska," I might add that I would be very glad to have even that. For here I have none at all, and must depend on friends to bring me my mail from a post office three hundred miles distant. And, of course, I have to get my letters to this office by the same good friends. But as there is very little travel around here to distant points on account of the fact that we have nothing but dog teams to do all our travelling, you can understand why it is only very rarely that I can write. This little bit of explanation will, I hope, help to appease your anger a little bit, in case you really got indignant on account of receiving no acknowledgement of your generous gift.

This is a new mission; was started only a little over two years ago. We are in the real pioneering period, and in that I would consider the most primitive part of the Alaskan Mission. My people have had practically no communication with any whites, and so are still in their native condition. Of this I am not very sorry. For, as a rule, these people do ~~xxx~~ not want to learn very much that is good from the class of whites one generally meets in frontier territory. There are, naturally, some drawbacks to this too; but these are mostly along the temporal line, such as lack of cleanliness, of politeness, etc. Then too, contact with whites generally helps to weaken superstition, as whites, no matter what their creed may be, do not believe in the native superstitious practices, and generally ridicule and disparage them as they interfere with their business. For ~~the~~ only whites one is likely to find in places like this are fur traders. And many of the native superstitions do harm to them. Thus, for instance, a native is forbidden the use of an axe, knife, etc. at certain seasons of the year, lest he give bad luck to hunters and fishers. When someone dies his close relatives have to remain shut up in their ~~glac~~, sometimes as long as twenty days. And like these there is a whole series of "taboos", that do no little harm to the natives themselves; and, of course, what works hardships on the natives, ~~xxx~~ also injures the traders' interests, as these depend on the prosperity of the hunters.

Though I am very late in thanking you, we have been praying for you and your intentions a long time already, and will also continue. And we also beg you to remember in your prayers this least Mission of the Sacred Heart. Thanking you again for the \$10 and sending you my priestly blessing, I beg to remain

Yours sincerely in Our Lord,

(Signed) John P. Fox, S.J.

Copied by CW

Copy for: Bureau
" " 98

" " M.E.
Orig. to donor 6/13/30 aw

Miss Anna M. Brennan,
Conn.

Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska.
March 18, 1930.

40-1

My dear Miss Brennan:

God bless you for your kind Christmas gift of \$37.50. And I do hope that you have not gotten disgusted with me on account of my long delay in thanking you, as now do most heartily, for your generous offering. We prayed for you since the arrival of your check last fall by the last boat. Both privately and publicly myself and my people have been offering our Holy Masses, Communion, and prayers for you and your intentions. And we sincerely hope that our dear Lord is blessing you as you so well deserve for your kindness.

And why wait so many months before showing by letter that we appreciate your charity. Well, if I had a post office here instead of having to depend on one hundred miles away, you should certainly have heard from me long ago. But there is the difficulty. I have no mail service at all; not even the wretched service that we have in other parts of Alaska, and for which I would be heartily thankful. I have to depend on friends to bring me my mail from Andreafsky; and when I have any letters to send out I depend on these same friends to take them to the post office for me. For you will understand that with my ordinary work to do here at the mission I can not take such a long trip by dog team, our only means of travel, and drive this long distance simply to get mail, and bring a few letters to the post office.

Under separate cover I am sending you a tiny bag. It is very crude work, but will serve as a fair specimen of what my children can do. They are very poor and so have not really the most necessary material and instruments to work with. The bag is made of the skin of a young loon. The cut fringes are of seal skin, with a base of reindeer skin. On each side of the bag is also a small fringe of the skin taken from the leg of a swan.

Fur is not plentiful in this part of Alaska, and so the natives mostly use the skin of various birds to make their parkies. Loon and crane skins are best. The long feathers are plucked out leaving only the thick short floss, as you see on the bag, and from the skins thus prepared a very light but warm parkie is made. For some parts of the parkie, however, the longer feathers are also left on the skin. And hence the difficulty of keeping my house clean. When service is over, for instance, my chapel looks like a real chicken house; and it does not smell any better. And if one would examine the benches a little, or even my vestments, he would also find the unfailing company of every chicken crawling around in every direction. That's why those fine dust combs are so popular around here. The natives call them "nrestisutit" (literally "louse-instruments"). Of course, soap and water would be a much more effective antidote for their lice than simply combing off the surplus amount with a dust comb. But they so far very few of my people have learned to wash regularly. On fact some have never washed in their life, at least purposely, (for they may have broken through the ice and got an accidental bath,) and I do not think they ever will. When they were a baby their mothers had no pen, nor soap, nor towels to wash them with, and now they are grown too old and too much accustomed to the dirt to bother.

With best wishes and my priestly blessing I remain

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

(Signed) John P. Fox, S.J.

Copied by CW

Copy for: Bureau
M.B. J.S.
Aug sent down 6/19/30 MB.

Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska.
March 18, 1930.

40-1

Mrs. H. E. Schmitt,
Chico,
Calif.

My dear Mrs. Schmitt:

Your kind check of \$25 reached me safely. I imagine you will wonder how I am thanking in March for a gift dated July 17, 1929. Well, for Kashunak, that's not so bad. In fact it is fairly prompt. My post office is three hundred miles away, and from there my mail reaches me by all sorts of round about ways. At times some friend picks up a letter there for me, puts it in his pocket and goes off. Perhaps he himself does not come all the way to Kashunak, and so passes the letter on to some other individual, who is thinking on coming down in my direction. Or what also happens more than once, he forgets all about my mail when he gets home and packs it around in his pocket, the Lord only knows how long at times. Finally he stumbles on it while searching for something else, and then I finally get it. There is not much danger of losing my mail entirely. But long delays are simply unavoidable under the circumstances.

Under separate cover I am sending you a few "relics" of my "Tin-can Kingdom," in exchange for some of the nice church goods you so kindly had sent to me last summer. Now I have a real candle extinguisher and censer, and so do not need these make-shifts any longer. I guess you will recognize the William's Shaving Stick can and the Coleman's gas lamp generator that go to make up the extinguisher. I cut off the rest of my shop gun ram-rod that served as a handle, as it was too long to send by mail. I hope you will not think that I am trying to pass off some of my junk on you. That was not the idea.

I just returned from a twenty days' trip by dog team to the southern part of my extensive district. In my visitation I also stopped in at Nihmtuit, where we had intended to build last summer, but could not on account of bad weather that prevented us from getting our material to the spot on time to put up the building before the "freeze-up." The people are anxiously waiting for my coming, and I promised to be there to build as soon as the ice has disappeared from the Bearing Sea so that I can get down there with the lumber. The village has lots of children, and I am really very sorry that we can not put up a school for them, especially as there are a number of villages in the neighborhood that could likewise be benefitted by a school. But alas, a beggar does what he can, and when he can, and not what he would like. I have only one catechist in that whole section of my district; and he costs me already \$600 a year. To have a school teacher besides, and keep up a school after the initial expense of putting one up, would be a thing we could not even dream of under present circumstances. In my entire mission there is only one school, and that I have here at Kashunak. It is doing good work, it's true. But the financial sacrifice is out of proportion with my means. Only the wages of the teacher, who is at the same time my catechist, are \$500 and expenses. Our dear Lord who seems to want us to struggle as we do under such a handicap of both missionaries and the means to carry on their work, must know just why He allows us to work under such odds. And I am sure in His own good time He will provide.

With every best wishes to you, and my priestly blessing, I am,

Yours most sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

(Signed) John P. Fox, S.J.

I can't help seeing that inscription at the base of the S. H. Statue every morning at Mass; be sure you are remembered very often. I write this letter at home, but had to rush off on a trip before I had time to reread and sign it. But as I hoped to meet someone on my trip who might be going in the direction of my post office I took the letter

Copy for :

with me. This morning I met a trader on his way to a village that lies in the direction of Andrafsky, so I am sending your letter with him. As I have no ink with me please excuse the pencil. Here everything is fair, as long as I get my letter off to you.

Copied by GW

COPY FOR Bureau
Orig. to donor JUL 14 1930
Ursuline Convent,
2515 Hoyt,
Everett, Wash.

Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska. (Andreafsky)
March 18, 1930. 40-1

My dear Friends,

Finally that shipment of used clothes that you sent me arrived. And though very late indeed, still I guess it is better to thank late than never. And so here goes.

You see I am no longer at Akulurak. In fact it is almost two years since I was sent to this new mission, that was opened only a little over two years ago. I don't imagine you would find Kashunak on any map, though you may find the Kashunak River, that empties into Hooper Bay on the west coast of Alaska, a little south of Norton Sound. We are right on the coast and in about half an hour one can walk from the mission to the beach of the Bering Sea, and take in the sea breeze. As the entire surrounding neighborhood is as level as a table, we get a thrill every once in a while when a storm comes up. For the tide comes right up to within fifty yards of my back door in ordinary high tide. But when it blows from the sea and the tide rises higher than usual, there is danger of getting our ground floor washed, free of charge. We have been able to pray away the danger up to this; but I do not know if our dear Lord will be as kind to us always as He has been so far.

You are strong with our dear Lord. Please ask him for more missionaries, both priests and Sisters, for this poor mission of Alaska. I happen to be in a place where the lack of priests manifests itself more clearly than in many of the other missions. My own district is very large, extensive enough for three missionaries. And I can but run from place to place, and keep the tiny spark of faith from being extinguished entirely in the hearts of these poor Eskimos, most of whom have the best will in the world to serve God, if they only had some priests here to help them, and tell them what to do. It would not be so bad if we had plenty of Sisters, or at least lay helpers such as catechists, etc. But there is a dearth of workers, no matter in what capacity it may be. And I don't see how we will be able to carry on the work commenced up here unless the Holy Spirit inspires a larger number of generous souls to devote their energies to the salvation of the Eskimo. The life is fairly hard. Still it would be a big mistake to consider as a living martyr every one that is laboring here in Alaska to bring souls to God. I know that we would have more help were it not for mistaken ideas about the terrible hardships one has to endure up here. I thank I can say (with all humility) that I have gotten a fair taste of what is hardest up here. And still, I am well and happy; and I don't think you could find very many that like their work better than I do mine.

The clothes you sent were put to good use. These people are miserably poor; and any trifle that I can give them is a big treat. Judging from my tardy reply you are perhaps inclined to doubt the sincerity of my appreciation of your shipment. Nothing farther from the truth. It was not lack of appreciation, but the three hundred miles that lie between me and my nearest post office, that kept my so long from acknowledging your box.

But if I did not write, we did pray, myself and my people. And I hope that our dear Lord is blessing you for your kindness to us. With best wishes and my priestly blessing I remain,

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

(signed) John P. Fox, S.J.

Copied by HC.

Copy for Bureau

orig. sent donor 6/16/30 HS

40-1
Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska, (Andreafsky)
March 19, 1930.

Miss Anna E. Cahill,
Illinois.

My dear Miss Cahill:

It is not a question of knowing that I should have acknowledged long ago the generous gift of \$25 you so kindly sent me in response to a holy inspiration you got while reading one of my letters to THE INDIAN SENTINEL. Nor does my long delay indicate (though it seems) to a lack of appreciation of your charity. But my nearest post office is three hundred miles distant, and I have nothing but a dog team to do my travelling. That means quite an expedition to bring a few letters to the post office, as I could not make more than about five miles an hour when the trail is good, and the dogs in tip-top condition. As I can not afford to be away from the Mission for such a long time merely for the sake of mail, I prefer to be patient, and let my friends do my mail carrying back and forth. Of course, they do not make any special trips just for my sake; but whenever I hear of some one going in the direction of the post office, I take the chance to send along what mail I have, and ask him to stop in at the office and ask for any mail that may have accumulated there for me. Considering the necessary irregularity and undependability of such a service, you will not be too hard on me for not having written sooner.

I looked up the article of THE INDIAN SENTINEL that you refer to in your note to Msgr. Hughes; and on reading it can't help thinking that you must have a difficulty when comparing what I say there with what I said in some of my other letters about the fervor of my people in going to Mass daily, coming to church every evening to say their evening prayers, and hear an instruction, etc. That brings out a fact which can not be too often repeated when speaking of the Alaskan missions. Conditions are so different in one mission from those in another, and even differ so much within the limits of the same district, at least in mine that it is not safe to generalize. For what is absolutely correct, for instance, when states of my people right here at the mission itself, is at times far from the truth if applied to a great part of the southern section of my district, where I can visit my people at most once a year. And very many things that I say in my letters to THE INDIAN SENTINEL can not correctly be understood to apply to the rest of the Alaskan missions.

In passing I might commend you for your wisdom in sending me money instead of a shipment of goods of some kind. Not that I want to discourage the sending of clothes, tea, soap, etc., as many of my friends do. But if my advice were asked as to what is the most efficient way of helping us temporally, I should certainly advise the sending of money in preference to goods, what ever these might be. The reason for this preference lies in the terribly high rates that are charged for transportation to Alaska, and especially within Alaska itself. Besides, there is always a chance of getting a letter to me even during the winter, though it may take long at times. But to get a box to me out side of the summer months is absolutely impossible, unless it be very small, e.g. five by seven inches, or something like that.

With my best wishes and my priestly blessing I remain,

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

Copied by HS.

(Signed)

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.

COPY FOR

*Bureau
M.B. 4 J 5.3
Orig sent Nov 6/19/30 MB.*

Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska, (Andreafsky)
Mar. 20, 1930

46-1

Miss Ida Cunningham:

New York, N.Y.

~~xxxx~~ My dear Miss Cunningham:

You, no doubt, must have been disappointed with me. Nor do I blame you at all, as you can not be expected to know the circumstances in which I happen to be.

Your generous gift of \$50.00 and the \$10.00 that you sent for ten Masses arrived safely. Msgr. Hughes' note sending the money is dated last July 17. And the Masses were said soon after I received the stipends. I also asked my people to pray for the speedy restoration of your sister's health; and we all sincerely hope that our dear Lord designed to answer our prayers according to your desire.

This is a rather late date to be sending my thanks to you for your generous offering to help along my work here at Kashunak. But the fact that I have no post office within three hundred miles will, I think, be sufficient explanation of my long delay. This mentioned distance would be a mere trifle in the States. But here, where there are neither trains nor autos, but merely the slow dog team to do all the necessary travel, three hundred miles is really a long way off.

I have seven good dogs this year with which to make my missionary trips to the various parts of my extensive district. My average speed in good weather and decent trail is about five miles an hour. In a case of real necessity I could hitch up and drive to the post office with my outfit, but considering the large amount of more necessary travel that I have to do, I simply let my friends take care of my mail. When they do in the direction of the post office, they stop in and get my mail. And when any one comes from Andreafsky down towards Kashunak he calls at the post office to see if there is any mail for the mission. That is a kindness I appreciate very much. But as you see, it is not a very regular and dependable mail service. Besides, few of my people have dog teams on account of the fact that they are too poor to feed them during the long winter (from October to June incl). And so there is very little travel around here except that which my own team does. And that is on the go almost all the time. If I myself am not using it, some native will be around to ask if he can borrow my team to go fishing, or get a load of wood, etc. And though I do not like to lend my dogs to any native, as they are very hard on the poor beasts; still considering their poverty and distress, it is very hard to resist, and after hewing and hauling for a while I usually end by feeling more for my hungry people, than for my mistreated dogs.

Spiritually speaking things are going on nicely here at Sacred Heart Mission. The people are very responsive, and I have a first class Christian community here. Not only do my people show up for Mass in the morning at 7 o'clock, but every evening too at 7:30 we have instruction, singing and evening prayers. And unless one is really sick or unavoidably occupied neither of which is of frequent occurrence, or the weather is very stormy, so that it is dangerous to go out, my whole congregation is present. Some will not miss Mass or evening prayer, even if they have to crawl along the ground to keep a blizzard from carrying them off. That's the boast that some made to me, and I know they are living up to it too. They had several occasions to show that they meant what they said and would not do like Peter did after his boast to our Lord at the Last Supper.

With best wishes and my priestly blessing I beg to remain,

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart

John P. Fox, S.J.

COPIED BY MP

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ P.S.-Please excuse the pencil. I am away from home and have no ink with me. I wrote the letter at Kashunak, and as I left I picked it up hoping to meet a friend on the trail who would take it to the post office for me. This I did this noon, as so hasten to add my signature in pencil as I did not have time to finish at home.

March 21, 1930.

40-1

Rev. John P. Fox, S. J.,
Kashunak,
Nahapushin, Alaska.

Dear Father Fox:

Enclosed please find check for \$250, the result of an appeal
last October and November for your needs, especially chapel.

Yours fraternally,

WH/MCS

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Wm. Hughes,
Director.

COPY FOR *Bureau*
"to *Mr. M.C.*

V.R. Msgr. P.C. Danner, V.G., LL.D.,
Dir. Cath. Mission Aid Society,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Kashunak, Alaska,
(Andreafsky P.O.)
March 27, 1930.

My dear Msgr. Danner:

Here's hoping you will not accuse me of telling you stories when I say that I just received that \$200.00 last night, which you forwarded to me through the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions. And as I just ran across a friend on the trail, who is on his way towards my post office three hundred miles away, I sit down hurriedly to dash off a few lines in the hope of getting you an acknowledgement to forward to our generous friend before the winter is over up here.

Whoever the good friend is, thank him most heartily in my own name and that of my people, who shall be the ones to benefit by his great charity. I will spend the money to buy tools and lumber for them, and I know that they will be eternally grateful to our kind benefactor, and show their appreciation too in the only way they can, that is by offering for him or her their fervent prayers, masses and Holy Communion. Nor will I overlook him in my holy masses and prayers, that our dear Lord may bless him as he so well deserves.

And as you, dear Msgr. Danner, were instrumental in getting us this unexpected help, you too, of course, will have to share in our gratitude. God our Lord will know how to reward you.

I would like very much to send you a few specimens of the kind of work my boys and girls have been doing, each in their own line. I have any number of small sleds, kiyaks, snow shoes, articles of clothing, etc., that the children have been making for me with the rude tools that they had so far. But alas, I am three hundred miles from the nearest post office, and have a hard time even to get off my most necessary letters. It is out of the question to send any boxes or packages until next summer. But I will see then that you are remembered. The mentioned articles, and many others of the same kind, are brought me in exchange for a bit of tea, dry fish, flour, etc., and one might almost consider them as blood-money. My people are hopelessly poor, and I have to help them very much to keep body and soul together. But I do not like the idea very much of simply encouraging their laziness by plain begging. So I make them bring me some trifle or other whenever they are hungry, and want a little hand out.

Just why any man should choose a place like this to live in, and eke out a miserable existence, is beyond me. There must be lots of better places to live in, and where there would have been plenty of room for the ancestors of these to settle. This much, however, is true. It is getting harder year by year to make one's living in this part of Alaska. The fur on which these natives depend for the greater part of the year is failing more and more. There are too many hunters for the poor name-sake of mine, who are hardly given a fighting chance for life. Everybody is after their skin, and though the game laws forbid fox hunting from April 1st to Nov. 15, still even during that period, pretty many are killed by thoughtless natives, who do not seem to realize that they are taking the bread out of their own mouth by not giving the animal a chance to breed and multiply.

For today I must close. Assuring you of our most sincere thankfulness and a continuance of our prayers for you our kind friend, I beg to be,

Yours sincerely in our Lord,

(Signed) John P. Fox, S.J.

Copied by HC.

COPY FOR

to Bureau
L.H.M.C.

Dr. E. Whitlock-Rose,
Pennsylvania.

Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska,
(Andreafsky P.O.)
March 28, 1930.

My dear Dr. Whitlock-Rose:

By the time this letter reaches you I imagine you will have given up all hope of hearing from me. Well, they say that the longer one is made to wait for a thing the more he will appreciate it once he gets it. At that rate my letter is assured of a hearty welcome, eh?

And first of all, perhaps a word of explanation is in order as to why I allowed you to wait so long before acknowledging your generous gift through Msgr. Hughes, to start a boat fund for my mission. Had you been aware of the fact that I have no post office here, but have to send my mail through friends to one three hundred miles away, you would not have been surprised at my long silence. Our only means of travel so far, is the slow "dogmobile," and so it is quite a trip from here to Andreafsky. Then too, it sometimes happens that my friends put a letter or two into their pocket with the idea of mailing it when they get to the post office; but on arriving there they forget till some fine day they stumble accidentally over the letter while searching their pocket for something else, and once more it continues on its way.

May God bless you, Doctor, for the fine start you give me on the way towards a boat of some kind, that will help me to care not only for my people that live here at the mission itself, but also for those scattered lambs and sheeps of mine, that I can not reach except by a great deal of travel. During the winter I can go anywhere by dog team, if I have enough time and decent weather. But during all the rest of the year I can not get away from Kashunak except by boat, as it is right on the coast of the Bering Sea, and surrounded by water on every side. My difficulty is increased by that fact that during the spring and summer there is nobody living at Kashunak. All my people move away in April, and scatter along the banks of rivers and sloughs to hunt and fish, paying only an occasional short visit to the Mission when I call them, or they need to get something from their igloo. Without a boat I am like a shepherd unable to reach his flock. I could travel in a native kiyak alright, if I had very little to take with me. But as the natives live in miserably small dirty tents during the summer, I have to carry with me not only my mess-kit, and necessary personal effects, but my church as well. This is merely a large tent, of course. But you know how heavy and bulky one of these is.

I told Msgr. Hughes that I could not take care of a boat just yet, as I am not all together sure just where I will be stationed next winter. I would not like to take a chance of leaving a boat on the beach here at Kashunak during the winter, unless I am sure that I can be here to watch it. For on account of being on the coast we get frequent high tides, even in winter, that will lift a boat off from its blocking, and carry it out to sea, or what is just as bad, leave it in some slough, where the huge blocks of ice from the Bering Sea can get at it and smash it to pieces. A boat here is a very troublesome piece of machinery in winter, but an indispensable means of conveyance in summer.

Thanking you again most sincerely for the \$100.00, and promising to remember you daily in my holy Mass and prayers, I remain, with my priestly blessing,

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

(Signed) John P. Fox, S.J.

/s/ Rev. Howard P. Lawton,
Op. of Faith, Philadelphia, Pa.

Filed by HC.

Copy for: *Bureau*

" " *J.S.*
" " *M.E.*
orig. done 7/8/30 CW
Miss Linda E. Berti,
339 Pierce St.
San Francisco, Calif.

40-1
Sacred Heart Mission
Kashunak, Alaska, (Andreafsky)
April, 15, 1930.

My dear Friend :

They say that "What can not be avoided must be endured." So there you are; and though this is not a very consoling adage, it is one of very common application in Alaska. And if this be any consolation to you I might tell you that you are only one of my many correspondents who find me answering their letter about one year after they wrote me.

I hope that you and your family are all well again, as you wrote me saying that you were visited by an unusual amount of sickness last Summer. We prayed for you, and I am sure that our dear Lord, who is our banker, and so has to pay all our bills of gratitude, has done the right thing by you. The money which you sent me last summer reached me safely, and I especially appreciate your charity on account of the fact that it makes you forget your own troubles, to think of those of others in this frozen land. May God bless you.

During this last month and a half I was more than ordinarily busy as the Father in the neighboring mission of Hooper Bay broke down in health and had to leave his post. I tried to care for it as well as for my own, and that meant a lot of chasine back and forth with my dog team. But just recently Father came back much improved in health, and so I can return once more to my own routine. This is Holy Week, and I am making a last effort to get together for special instruction those of my people who live within fairly easy reach of the mission, but have not yet made their first Holy Communion. By Easter I hope to have them ready to receive our dear Lord for the first time.

Wishing you God's blessing, and promising you a continuance of our prayers,
I remain

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

(Signed) John P. Fox, S.J.

Copied by CW

Copy for *Bureau, S. J., sent to [unclear] 7/11/30 m*

Miss Mary E. Gibson,
1806 Northampton St.
Holyoke, Mass.

Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska. (Andreafsky)
April 15, 1930. 40-1

My dear Miss Gibson:

We almost had time enough to wear out all the fine clothes you sent me last fall, and here I am just saying my little "thank you"! Well, that's Alaska for you, and I hope you will know our circumstances sufficiently not to be mad at me for this long delay. It was not due to laziness or carelessness, but to the fact that I am not yet blessed with such an ordinary convenience as a post office, and so have to send my mail by friends to one three hundred miles from here.

About the only means I have of trying to show my appreciation of your kindness is to pray for you and your intentions, and to ask my people to unite their prayers with mine. And this was done long ago. I remember you daily at mass, and besides the prayers every one of us says in particular for you, every Sunday evening we offer our beads and evening devotions in common for our friends.

With my very best wishes and my priestly blessing I remain

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,
(Rev.) John P. Fox, S.J.

Copied by DG.

Copy for *Bureau*
M.C. Fox, to be sent Mr.
Rev. John McCarthy,
Mass.

Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska,
April 15, 1930.

40-1

My dear Father McCarthy:
Pax Christi.

If I could have by any slip of memory, forgotten the fact that you sent me a fine compass last summer, I would have been reminded, I don't know how many times, of your kind gift. For I have tied a heavy cord to the compass and am carrying it about like a medal or charm every time I go out with my dog team. In fact I just returned about two hours ago from a trip in which as has happened so many times this winter, the compass was my only means of finding my way to my destination. As I left here it was snowing, and the weather continued bad all the way. And as I returned today it was so foggy that I could see nothing, and had to depend entirely on a luxury, and to go out on a trip without one is to expose one's life just as much as to go out to sea without it.

Though I am hopelessly late in thanking you for the kind gift, still I guess it is better to do so late than never. Besides, my people were praying with me for you since last fall when I received the compass, and reminded them of their duty to pray for those that are kind to us.

Wishing you God's blessing, and begging for an occasional memento in your holy mass, I remain

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,
(Rev.) John P. Fox, S. J.

Copied by DG.

COPY FOR *Bureau*
Buy, to donors
JUL 14 1930

Miss Clara R. Hemple,
Pennsylvania.

My dear Miss Hemple:

We are just in Holy Week, and I had planned a sort of little roundup of the natives living within easy reach of the Mission, but who for one reason or another, have not yet made their First Holy Communion. But I entirely forgot one very important item in making my plan. In spite of the \$5.00 you sent me last July to buy tea I am not rich enough to buy the amount needed to carry me through till next July when my provisions will be brought me from Holy Cross Mission. I still have a little left; but I'm doling it out in small amounts so as to give everybody a fair chance, and to stretch it as far as possible. And what has tea to do with having a First Communion class for Easter? Well, just this; if I had enough tea to give those who come to instruction, all of them would come. As it is, they have hardly anything to eat and drink except water and needlefish; and as they have to go out almost daily to catch these last, they can not come. They are living from hand to mouth, and to quit fishing and come to the Mission even for this short period mentioned, would mean either starvation or begging. And as I neither want to see them starve, nor have anything left to give them when they come begging, except a pinch of tea, (thanks to you), my plan for Easter was somewhat wrecked. I'll remember the lesson for next year. This famine is an annual event down here, and I see no way of avoiding it unless some millionaire would put his bank account at my disposal. I did not think when I first came here that what I could lay up for hard times through the kindness of my friends would be sufficient to tide the people over this period which usually lasts from about the beginning of February to the end of April or middle of May. But I have changed my mind since. And so I simply try to help them as much as I can and exhort them to offer the rest as a penance for their sins.

With my best regards and my priestly blessing I remain,

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

(Signed) John P. Fox, S.J.

Copied by HC.

40-1
Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska, (Andreafsky)
April 16, 1930.

Copy for: Bureau

M. E.
orig to donor 1/8/30 cw
Mrs. Jennie J. Oehlert,
Calif.

Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska, (Andreafsky)
April, 17, 1930.

40-1

My dear Mrs. Oehlert;

This is indeed no time to be answering a letter of last July 23 in which you sent me through the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Hughes a check of \$5 in response to an appeal in THE INDIAN SENTINEL. Still, as I did my very best, I hope you will be patient with me. I have no post office within three hundred miles, and no mail service of any kind except that afforded me by the spirit of accommodation of my friends, who, whenever they happen to travel in the direction of my post office, stop in and call for my mail.

Though the long cold winter we have up here has many drawbacks, and imposes on the Alaskan missionary a good deal of hardship, still I for one prefer it to the summer season, at least as long as I am laboring in this part of Alaska. For in winter I have my dog team and can go wherever I wish to tend to the needs of my people. But in summer time I am tied down mostly to this one village of Kashunak, on account of the fact that I have water on every side of me, but no boat to travel with. Besides, in winter many of my people live right here at the mission, whereas in summer they scatter far and wide along the banks of rivers and sloughs to fish and hunt. This circumstance makes it absolutely imperative for one to have a boat here if he wishes to do any missionary work during the summer season. Last year I spent most of my summer on a boat, or rather on boats; for I ran three different ones but none of them was my own. I simply barrowed them for various necessary trips that I had to make. This year however, I see no prospect of getting any of the three, as one was wrecked last fall, a second is now at Holy Cross Mission over five hundred miles from here, and the third belongs to the missionary at Hooper Bay, who himself will need it. And this last is hardly a safe boat anyhow for this part of Alaska. For it is a flat bottom barge, thirty-five feet long, and about seven feet wide. The engine is badly worn, and the boat so tipsy that it would not be safe in even a moderate wind. I came within an ace of being drowned with it last fall on the last trip I made with it. So here I am now; all my people moving away to their spring camps and I have to say here alone.

And I think I could just about guess the next question that comes to your mind. "And what are you going to do at Kashunak all by yourself? How will you pass away your time?" Well, I really have to admit that I simply can not spend it in working for souls, as I should. For there will be none to work for, except for an occasional visitor that may happen to come in from his camp. But up here the missionary has to do many things that are pretty much out of the ordinary line of work proper to a priest. And so I will spend most of my time painting, carpentering, and doing other necessary work to get ready for the next winter. Besides, a boat will be around as soon as the ice has melted in the rivers and sloughs, to bring me provisions for next winter. This will be about the end of May or the beginning of June, and is an event that will give me lots of work for a while as it is impossible to come up to the mission in any kind of a boat, even a rowboat. For this reason all my provisions, fuel (fifteen tons of coal,) ~~xxxx~~ lumber, dogfeed, etc. have to be loaded from a large boat into a rowboat, and then pulled along with ropes for about half a mile through a very shallow slough. When we get to within about three hundred yards of the mission building all these things have to be carried on our backs to the house. That is hard work when the amount to be thus moved comes up to twenty tons, which is about weight of my annual shipment. Nor is the job made any easier by the fact that the ground between the slough where the rowboat has to stop and the house is a swamp, so that many times one is in the mud almost kneedeep while trudging along with one hundred or more pounds on his back.

2

I sort of got off on a tangent, and almost forgot the one thing that I intended, namely a hearty "thank you" for that check, and a promise of our continued prayer for you and your intentions. May our Dear Lord bless you for your kindness to us.

With best wishes, and my priestly blessing I beg to remain,

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

(Signed) John P. Fox, S.J.

Copied by CW

Copy for: *Bureau*

Kashunak, Alaska, (Andreafsky.)
April 18, 1930.

40-1

orig. to Miss F. 7/8/30 CW
Miss M. K. Friesse,
Indiana.

My dear Miss Friesse:

If you have given up as lost the \$5 you so kindly sent me last July through the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, this note will be an agreeable surprise, and help somewhat to reconcile you to the apparently lazy missionary of Kashunak.

Your gift reached me late last fall when it was impossible for me to answer you by return mail. For there was none. Once navigation closes here, I am hopelessly cut off from the world. And though I have no post office within three hundred miles, even in summer time, still it is easier to catch a friend going to Andreafsky in summer by boat, than in winter by dog team. And as this is my only way of getting and sending my mail, you will understand why I let you wait so long for this acknowledgement of your charity.

May our dear Lord bless you for the lift you gave me to carry on the work that I am trying to do here for God's glory and the salvation of these poor Eskimos. I need help badly as everything is very costly in Alaska, and more especially in a place like Kashunak, to which it is almost impossible to get provisions and fuel. Besides, the natives here are so miserably poor that one would have to have a heart of stone to refuse the many beggars that daily come knocking at the missionary's door for a pinch of tea, or a fish, or a bit of flour, cornmeal, etc. I know that I myself have become a terrible beggar since I was appointed to this mission, and that I am asking help from friends that perhaps need help about as much as I do. Still, the fact that I am begging for the Lord and not for myself makes me braver than I would otherwise be.

My people here are real nomads, and to remain with them I too have to become one. Just now I still have some sixty people here at the Mission. But in a week I do not expect to have a soul here outside of own house. All the natives are moving to the summer camps immediately after Easter. And if I had a boat at my disposal I should certainly follow them there, to continue my work. But as it is I am left behind with an empty mission. In about a month and a half some of the natives will be back here for about two weeks; but after that they will leave again till next September. They keep chasing around from one place to another, looking for fish, birds of different kinds, and seals, with which to fill their cache (native storehouse) for next winter.

With best wishes and my priestly blessing, I remain

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

(Signed) John P. Fax, S.J.

Copied by CW

COPY FOR *Bureau*
Orig. to donor
JUL 14 1930 *RR*
Miss Anne Boillin,
Tennessee.

40-1
Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska,
April 19, 1930.

My dear Miss Boillin:

Most hearty thanks for the \$5.00 you so kindly sent me through the Bureau of Cath. Indian Missions. It reached me safely one month ago. But as for the past month I was away for missionary work most of the time, on account of the physical breakdown of the Father in the neighboring mission of Hooper Bay, I could not answer your letter till now. Besides, I have no post office, and no mail service except that afforded me by my friends who happen to travel in the direction of the Andreafsky, my nearest post office. For to go there myself with my dogteam would take me ten days of hard travel. And while I would not mind the hardship of such a trip, I really can not afford to spend so much time just to go and get a little mail, and send off the few letters that I happen to have written.

This is Holy Week, and I have been making a final effort to round up here at the mission those within easy reach who have not yet made their First Holy Communion. But it is pretty hard to do much in this line just now, as most of the people are starving, and need to be out getting the wherewith to live. We have about two months of real famine here every spring and though I have tried my best to provide against it, I did not succeed, as it takes all together too much to pull these people through the hard period. They have practically nothing, and what is worse, can get but little except what they can beg from me. Many of my people have been drinking hot water, and eating nothing but needle fish for more than a month.

With best wishes and my priestly blessing I beg to remain

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) John P. Fox

Copied by HC.

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BUREAU OF
CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS
WASHINGTON, D. C.
2021 H STREET, N. W.

December 21, 1929.

Rev. John P. Fox
Kashunak,
Holy Cross, Alaska.

Dear Father:

I have your letter of August 29. No matter how well-grounded your suspicions are I can not take the matter up with the Commissioner of Education until I have definite proof from you. Kindly send me more definite and clear charges as to the work of Misha Ivanoff at Nunivak Island.

Yours fraternally,

Wm. Hughes

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Wm. Hughes,
Director.

[APRIL 20, 1930]

EJW:JR

On account of storms, and leaky boat that I had borrowed for my trip to Tunuxa I was unable to get to Nelson Island and so found out nothing about activity of Mr. Ivanoff. But when I went there by winter trail in

January my Catechist at Matamoras
told me he had heard nothing about
the man's work. From other sources
I know that he is having his school
transferred to a more central place
where he has the people more handy.
If I remain here I will keep my
eye peeled for developments.

J.P.F.

Apr. 20, 1930

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Wm. Hughes,
Washington, D.C.

Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska, (Andreafsky)
Apr. 26, 1930.

Recd JUL 7 1930
Ans. 9/20/30
Fol'd
Letter to
Masses
Dr.

My dear Msgr. Hughes, P.O.

The enclosed notices with my remarks added are self explanatory.
So I will lose no time with them, as I am desperately rushed. P.O.

Please excuse my laconic style for this time. I will take your letter
of Mar. 3 that by a favorable circumstance I just received, and remark on
each succeeding paragraph what I may have to say.

Glad you find use for the material I sent you, and are sending the let-
ters of thanks to the right parties for me. You save me lots of precious
time.

Your prints have not yet arrived, and now can not reach me till next
June or July, as the weather is getting soft and travel is declining. But
as soon as I get them I will try to supply the necessary titles for the
negatives. I should be more exact about keeping a record of the pictures
I take. But as they are taken under difficult circumstances as a rule, I
either omit or forget to put down the title of the negative, and when I
get to it at home I do not exactly recall the subject of every succeeding
film; and rather than mix the title and the number of the film, I will sup-
ply the description after you have developed the film, as you ask me to do
this time.

By all means keep the slides there. That was an oversight of mine,
as I have no use for them up here. And if meanwhile you can use them there
by all means do so. That's what they are for. I agree with you that color-
ing improves the slide immensely. If you can have it done so much the bet-
ter. As to the copy of my lecture, that is still "in fieri" as philosophers
say. For I did not have time yet to write it. Nor do I expect to be able
to do so till I begin my trip to the States. On the boat and train I will
have lots of leisure for that.

But I am not on my way out yet. Fr. Delon does not see his way clear
yet to get a man in my place, and hints that I will have to hold out one
year more. Well, I am not going to plan much more on going to the States,
but rather on what I want to carry out here at Kashunak. For it is very
possible that finally I may not be able to come to my Tertianship at all.
And that brings me to the question of a boat that I have been putting off
right along so far, on account of the expected trip to the States.

The ice and snow is gradually turning into water and in a short time
I will be marooned here. All my people are leaving for their fish camps
to get provision for next winter, and here I am, a hermit, with about as
much chance to get away as I would have if I were some where out an island
in the Bering Sea. I am supposed to go to Nihtmiut in June to start the
new mission there; but as I do not know if any boat will come along that
can pick me up, I can not make any definite plan. The brother of the no-
torious Misha Ivanoff, is trading at Nunivak Island, and may come by with-
in ten miles from here. He is very unlike his brother Misha, and is always
ready to accomodate the missionaries. But I do not know his program for
the summer, nor is there any way of communicating with him. The only oth-
er boat that passes by within some few miles of here is the trader from
Iununa. But he is tearing down and moving away from there this year as
business has been too poor for the past few years to make it worth while to
stay there. So far he has been the man who helped me out for all the sum-
mer travel, as he has a good boat and is always ready to take me along. But
now that he is leaving I am really stuck. If I want to travel between

June and October I have to get my own boat. There is not even one around that I could hire. I hope that Divine Providence will take care of me for this summer, and by next summer I hope, with your help, to be able to take care for myself in case I am still here. And if I go out this summer, the boat will be ready by next summer when I will return to use it. If I go out, not this summer, but only next summer, ~~or not at all~~, I will have to find some way of seeing that the boat is put in good hands till I am ready to use it. But it is useless for me to try to go on without one, as it means incapacitating myself for the five months of the summer as far as doing any work for the natives is concerned. And after all, that's the idea of coming to this place.

For this lack of a boat to get out and work among my scattered flock, I have put on my old duds and begun to paint. I intend to paint the whole house, both inside and outside, as it is three years old now, and has not had any paint yet. Besides this job, I have some carpentering to do, and a few other odd jobs. And I hope that by the time I am finished with these our dear Lord will send some boat around this way so that I may be able to get to Nihtmiut, and continue work along the same line. By the time next fall comes around I will almost have forgotten that I am a priest, if things pan out the way I see them right now. Of course, one can't always tell.

The gift of Mrs. Barbara Will finally arrived. It is a nice example of the efficiency of my mail service. A trader signed for that letter as well as for another registered one last summer, and put them in his account book so as to be sure not to forget to give them to me on his way by here. But he came up the slough within half a mile of the mission on high tide, and as he could get no farther, though his boat draws only about three feet of water, he unloaded there on the bank. I went down to see him and to get some other mail he had for me. But in his excitement to get his load off and get out of the slough before the ebb of the tide, he forgot all about the two registered letters that, for safety sake, he had not put with the rest of the mail, but separately in his account book. When he got home he noticed his mistake; but it was at the beginning of October, when it was no longer possible to travel by boat on account of the cold, not by sled as the rivers had not yet frozen over, and the snow was too little yet. So when I went down to visit the part of my district where he lives and met him last January 12, he handed me the letters with an apology.

The typewriter ribbon you say you sent me did not arrive yet; but I thank you most heartily in advance, as I have no extra ^{here}. One that I did have I gave to Fr. Menager some time ago as he too was out.

Owing to my wretched mail service which causes so much loss of time, and is exposed to more than the usual risks of the mail, I would like to make the following suggestion as regards the donations and stipends that you so generously send me right along. If you could send this money to Rev. Paul Sauer, S.J., (Mt. St. Michael's, Hillyard, Wash.) we would do away with the risk of losing any, and would also be able to notify friends sooner of the receipt of the money, so that they would no longer worry. Fr. Sauer could sign the notices of shipment that accompanies your gift and return it to you ^{one of} while forwarding me the other copy of the notice so that I could write the letter of thanks. Fr. Sauer is the treasurer of the Alaska Mission, or as we term him the Procurator, who represents us in the States and does all our buying for us. Of course, when money is given for any designated purpose this should always be added on the notice of shipment, as you have been doing so far. Else Fr. Sauer might apply to the general fund what is intended for some particular purpose by the donor. I did not say anything yet to him about this plan, but if it appeals to you, you may simply take this paragraph and forward it to him in your letter, by way of explanation.

With best wishes and an expression of my most sincere gratitude I am

P. L. Over

Yours most thankfully in Christ

J.P. Felt, S.J.

Under separate cover I am sending you some letters written to me from children at Akulurak where I was for one year as superior, also from Holy Cross where some of the Kaskinak children are now in school. Also some few letters and drawings done by my children here at Kaskinak. These perishes may interest some of our friends. If you can not use them, nothing is lost except a stamp.

Also more films for development. The subjects of one film are on the slip. Those of the other I have forgotten but will gladly supply them later. Also one film coming that I took with Fr. Monager's grapher by way of experiment. Most of the film is spoiled, but I think that the last few are all right as I found a way to make the camera work.

One copy of Indian Sentinel besides 'marked copy' will be enough for me as I have no mailing facility here and you are simply wasting extra copies and stamps. I hope you received the addresses I sent you to whom you might mail a copy. In fact I received one letter from Caracas, South America, that seems to come as a result of the Sentinel you must have sent them. Among many other questions was the following: 'What do the people up there drink anyway if all the water turns into ice? (!)

Copy for *Bureau*
Orig. To donor
Mrs. Ellen M. Hughes,
7923 Winchester Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

JUL 14 1930

Sacred Heart Mission, 40-1
Kashunak, Alaska, (Andreafsky)
May 9, 1930.

My dear Mrs. Hughes:

Though your box will not be here before about the middle of July, as your letter giving notice of the shipment came, and I do not wish to keep you worrying till July, I take this opportunity to thank you in advance for your kindness to us. God our dear Lord will know how to bless you. And we will do our part by praying for you and your intentions. I say "we" because my people profit as much or more than I do by your generosity; and I believe that therefore they should also help me pay our debt of gratitude to you. And I tell them so very often.

I guess the visit to Alaska that you say your sister made last summer did not add much to her knowledge of the Alaska in which my mission is located. Southern Alaska, being as it is protected by mountains from behind and warmed up by the warm breeze from the ocean, has a climate very similar to that of Seattle. And the scenery is even more beautiful. But southern Alaska has little in common with the interior and northern part in which all the Alaska missions are situated.

You need not worry about sending me things that I can not use. For there is scarcely a thing that can not be put to some good purpose here. Of course, considering the high freight and express charges, that on some articles rise to the terrific amount of \$100 per ton, and even \$115, it is more economic by far to send cash rather than goods of any kind, especially if these be heavy. Still, I am very glad to get anything at all, as long as you can afford to send it.

Assuring you of my continued prayers and those of my people, and sending you my priestly blessing, I remain in union of prayers,

Yours most thankfully in the Sacred Heart,

Copied by HS.

(Signed) Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.

COPY FOR Bureau
Orig. to donor
14 1930

Miss Anna Hoffmann;
Blossom & Clover Rds.,
Rochester, N. Y.

Sacred Heart Mission, 40-1
Kashunak, Alaska, (Andreafsky P.O.)
May 9, 1930

My dear Miss Hoffmann and Fellow-Crusaders,

May the blessing of God be always with you!

As your shipment to me of which you speak in your note of Dec. 3 will not reach me till next July or August, and I do not wish to keep you waiting till then for a little 'thank you', I anticipate a bit and express my gratitude right now, as I am sure that the box will come later. God our dear Lord will know how to reward your charity.

Just now I am leading a sort of hermit's life. All my people have moved away from the mission to their spring camps to hunt seal. I go out to visit them by dog team several times a week and say Mass for them and give them Holy Communion. The trail is still perfect though we are almost in the middle of May. But I do not think the snow will last very much longer as it is beginning to warm up a little since this morning. We had a little thaw a few weeks ago too, and immediately the igloos of my people began to flood with the water that ran in through the entrance tunnel and seeped through the roof. That is one of the miseries of having these underground dugouts for homes, as is the common practice in this part of Alaska. The poor Eskimos can crawling out of their igloos like drowned rats with their few belongings and, throwing them into their sled, moved down to the beach of the Bering Sea.

At present I am spending most of my time painting my house. The inside is practically finished; and as soon as it gets warm enough I will paint the outside also. It is a big job, and takes lots of paint. But as there is nobody here now to bother me, I can do a lot in a day. It really is not the right kind of work for a priest. But as I have no one to do it for me the only way to get it done is to do it myself. And though the house is three years old already it has not had any painting yet.

Though the winter is not an altogether agreeable thing in Kashunak, I much prefer it to the summer time when there is question of doing work among my people. For I can travel by compass in any direction from here by dogteam in the winter time. But in summer I am absolutely helpless in present circumstances. As I said all my people are gone. And as I have no boat I will not be able to visit them any more as soon as sleigh riding stops. For I am surrounded by water on every side, and without a boat can not get away from the mission. That means that the Eskimos of my district are deprived of spiritual help during the summer time, and I who am supposed to attend to them have to spend my time more or less in work not strictly proper to a priest. Though it will cost me some \$3000.00 to get a boat that is safe for this part of Alaska, as my traveling in summer is mostly by the Bering Sea; still I hope with God's help and the cooperation of friends to be able to get a boat that will make it possible for me to carry out the work the Lord has assigned ~~to~~ me to. He would be a strange Boss indeed, if after appointing me to do His work here, He would fail to give me the necessary means.

I must close for today. With my very best wishes and my priestly blessing to you all, my dear Crusaders, I beg to remain in union of prayers,

Yours most sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

John P. Fox, S.J.

COPIED BY MP

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.,
(Kashunak),
Holy Cross, Alaska.

May 22, 1930

Dear Father Fox:

The enclosed copy of order form will inform you that I am placing order today for religious articles for the Sacred Heart Chapel at Kashunak.

Immediately upon receipt of the above shipment, please send a letter of thanks through this Bureau for transmittal by me to the donor, Mrs. H. E. Schmitt.

Transportation charges for the religious articles will be paid to Holy Cross, Alaska. If there is any attempt to collect any charges, you should show the copy of the order blank.

Yours fraternally,

Rt. Rev. Mgr. William Hughes,
Director.

MB.

Copy for *Bureau*
25.9 me pay and done 6/16/30 HS
Miss Margaret Collins,
Chicago, Ill.

Sacred Heart Mission,
Kachunak, Alaska, (Andreasfsky)

40-1

My dear Miss Collins:

Your kind gift of \$5 that was sent me by Msgr. Hughes, on July 16, 1929, arrived safely. Many thanks for your charity to me and my poor people here in this out-of-the-way corner of Alaska. And if I had any kind of mail service here, even the miserable service they have in most of our other missions here, I would have sent you this note of thanks long ago. But as my nearest post office is three hundred miles away I had to wait, and hope that you would be patient with me.

Two boys just now (9.00 A.M.) came in from a little fishing trip. They left here yesterday morning. The weather was ideal; but in the afternoon a storm came up. When they were ready to go home they started out correctly alright in the direction of the mission. But it was dark, and was storming and snowing besides. So they got lost and had to wander about all night in order to keep from freezing. One of them caught a few fish, the other nothing at all. That 's pretty tough business. But the people are starving, and have to scratch all they can to keep body and soul together. I was able to help them a good deal up till now. But last night I had to announce after stations and benediction that now I no longer had anything left to give them, except in extreme cases, when I can always give some trifle. This spring famine is of regular occurrence in this part of Alaska. The country is very poor in resources and the natives too are naturally improvident. And that makes a bad combination.

With best wishes and my priestly blessing I remain,

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

Copied by HS.

(Signed)

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.

Just received "THE INDIAN SENTINEL" Fall, 1929 and notices your comment on "KINGDOM OF THE TEN CAN". Hope the letter will have that effect.

Archives and Institutional Repository - Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions

REC'D JULY 7, 1937 7/40-1

In the list of addresses I sent you some time ago please change:

Mrs. John Duckgeischel, Nez Perce, Idaho, to
NIN. , RR. A. Box 271, Santa Clara, Calif.

Please add the following addresses:

Sr. D. Angel Bastera, Ayala 3, Bilbao, Spain.
"El Siglo de las Misiones", Apart. 7, Burgos, Spain. (This address you may have already on file)
Mrs. Frank Lampoltsamer, Nezperce, Idaho.
Mr. Chris Kettmann, Nezperce, Idaho.

(Rev) John P. Fox, S.J.
Kashunah, Alaska.

Recd JUL 11 1930 Amt 12347 *Washington Rev.*
 Ans. *Sakeword Ohio*
 Fol'd *Masses*
 Letter to *Pa. Fox* *July 9-30*
 Order filled *Work Slip O.K.*
 Subject *Rev. John P. Fox*
 Copy to *Mr. Fox*
 Copy to *Mr. Fox*

I will be glad to forward my enclosed letter to
 Rev. John P. Fox S. F. in
 Alaska. Many thanks for
 your kindness.

Sincerely

Mrs. Barbara Will.

COPY FOR: *Bureau*
Orig. to Fr. Fox
JUL 23 1930 *R*

[ENCLOSURE]

1257 Arlington Rd.
Lakewood, Ohio.
July 9, 1930.

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.

Kind and dear Father:

Received your kind letter of explanation, dated January 29, 1930, which I had long been looking forward to and was just somewhat anxious to know if you really had purchased a bell. I knew that you had received the check for \$75 through a registered return card. Now since I received your letter I have nothing more to worry about. I am only sorry that the registered letter had not reached you sooner, but now I am very thankful that you have received it. Such is life, we all must meet with disappointments that we are not looking forward to. Now in regard to the \$75, you may purchase a bell for the mission you mentioned in your letter that you intend to start at Nihmtint. No difference where it is as it is all for the honor and glory of God.

Yes, Mrs. E. Will Hausmann is my daughter and Joseph and Francis are my grandchildren. Miss Lucy is also my daughter and we all live at this home at 1257 Arlington Road. We sent the \$150 to Rev. Msgr. Hughes for the Mass kit and he purchased and sent it to you. The children join me in thanking you for the letter. Just that one was sufficient for all. We were pleased that you did not inconvenience yourself by writing separate letters as that was not necessary.

We wish that Joseph and Francis would some day become priests. God alone knows the future and if it is His will then all will be well and good. They are quite young, Joseph is 12 years and Francis will be 10 on the 16th of July, the feast day of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. Many thanks for the pictures you enclosed. It gives us an idea of the hardships you go through in Alaska. We know a missionary's life is one of sacrifice, but your reward in heaven will be great. Only wish we could do more for you. At present we are facing hard times, thousands of people are out of work, but hope the worst is over.

With many good wishes from the children and myself we wish to remain,
Your affectionate friends,
(Mrs.) Barbara Will

COPIED BY JR

Nashunak, Ala, July 20, 1930

My dear Wm. Hughes,

My first spring mail has just arrived, the first since February, and with it lots of mail from you. I will answer every letter in turn as they lie here on my desk. Much of the mail, however, to which you referred in former letters did not arrive yet, such as those pictures, to which you ask me to put titles, etc.

The statue of the Sacred Heart given by Mrs. Schmitt had no crown with it, nor does it seem to have any place where one should have been put. But a golden cross surmounts the heart, a thing which I do not see in the picture you sent me. The wrong statue must have been sent. I personally would like the crown also.

Is Mrs. Johana Schmitt and Mrs. H. E. Schmitt one and the same lady? I suppose it must be. I received several letters from the donor of the various statues sent me through you and she always signs herself H. E. Schmitt, using, I suppose the initials of her departed husband.

I received last fall the linens you sent me from the Bureau. Also the shipment from Lohmann Company containing, censor, crucifix, candlesticks, etc, etc. And I am sure that I acknowledged both by the first winter mail I was able to get off. If the letters were not received, they went astray and may still turn up. I am enclosing a letter to Mrs. Schmitt. The picture I sent you of my chapel, shows

most of the articles she sent me.

I have the carbon copy of your letter to Paul Spaeth, Crusade Castle. You did well to lend him the negatives. The more use you get out of them the better I like it; so go ahead lending them wherever you see good may be done for the Missions.

The hint you give me in this same copy as to the wearing or rather not wearing a women collar, is welcome. In future I will stick one on when my mug has to appear. Outside of that I scarcely wear a collar around here, as it is very impractical considering circumstances.

All those extra Alaskan Edition of Indian Sentinel arrived, as well as the 4 page insert. Sorry you sent them. I think I mentioned the fact several times already that I consider anything beyond 2 copies a useless expense, as I have no mailing facilities here, and no one except my catechist who knows how to read. The result is that your precious Sentinels pile up here till the boat comes and then I wrap them up in one big bundle and ship them back to the States to some good friend that he or she may distribute them. But by the time they reach a benevolent reader, they are ancient history. I sent you what profitable addresses I could think of, and suppose that you mailed an Alaskan Edition to every one of them.

Besides the 4-page inserts, and some 8 copies of "Indian Sentinel," Alaskan Edition, I received nothing. From § 2 of your letter of June 13, 1930, I take it that by "your complete mission edition" you mean the Spring issue which bears the added "Alaskan Mission Edition" on the front cover. Hence I am saving a copy of it as you advise.

With regard to cameras. Like yourself I too have been trying to find out just why a Graflex will not work in winter. Of course so far I had a chance only to examine Fr. Menager's. But I understand that Fathers Lonnens and Hillebrand do not succeed either with theirs. I tried my best to get Fr. Menager's to work. But it simply will not click when I pull the lever, except about once in in ten times. I guess the humidity of our climate here, or the expansions and contractions that take place as the Graflex is carried from a warm room to the outside, or vice versa, affect the too delicate mechanism of the Graflex. Still, I have tried to keep the camera away from warm places for a while to see if this change of temperature mentioned above is the cause of the cameras getting stuck while trying to make the exposure. But the result was the same. The only way I could get the camera to work was by first releasing the ^{mirror} ~~curtain~~ by pressing the proper lever on the right hand side of the camera, and releasing the curtain by pressing the proper lever on left side. Now, if the Graflex

works properly, both releases should take place simultaneously, by simply pressing the proper lever on the left hand side of camera. Taking the picture as I did, there is always danger of fogging the film.

With regard to my own camera "Black Beauty", I think I stated the only drawback when I wrote you last, namely, that it is too slow for many of the winter pictures that I would like to take. My fastest shutter speed is $\frac{1}{100}$ of a second. And this would be fast enough if I could use it. But the light is generally so poor in winter, that with the largest opening that my shutter has I can not expose for much less than $\frac{1}{25}$ of a second, unless I want to underexpose my negative. What I need is a faster lens and faster films. I think I can get both. And when I come to the States (I am leaving here tomorrow for Seattle) I will see what I can do.

Under separate cover I am sending you a plate and some feet of films that I developed here.

I have no way of meeting Fr. Lonneux to see what ails his graphix for winter work. Fr. Villerbrand I will see shortly. Fr. Cunningham has no graphix, but an Eastman Kodak with a good lens. I met him at Holy Cross last summer, and we spoke "cameras" quite a while.

I have a good little Kodak here, size $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$. It has an anastigmat lens, f 7.7, which is very fast. But I hardly ever used the camera, and do not care to do so, as it

has no focusing screen, and like all Eastman kodaks is focussed by simply estimating the distance and the setting according to scale on kodak bed. Of course one can carry a tape measure, and so make sure of the distance. But many times there is no chance given to measure, and so one has to use his eye to measure. And I must say, I have a very poor eye for distance, and for this reason when I focus by simply guessing the distance, my picture is always blurred. This being the case, and seeing that Fr. Walsh wants a camera, I will send him my small one along with what film packs (?) I have. If he likes it he may keep it. If not he can send it to you. Some one who likes that style of kodak will be glad to get it. To me it is useless, though it certainly is a much better camera than the 'Black Beauty' that I am actually using.

Your check of \$ 250.00 sent on Mar. 21, 1930 also reached me. May God bless you for so much kindness! Were it not for you and your "Indian Sentinel" I do not see how I could manage here, as, outside of a few donations of personal friends, everything I have here came to me through you.

Fr. Menager is back to Hooper Bay since Easter, and is fully recovered, thanks be to God. I wish I did not have to leave him alone though in this section. It will be hard.

All my freight is still at Holy Cross. But I will be up there to see and acknowledge my shipments from friends very soon. From Holy Cross I expect to go by boat up the Yukon and arrive at Seattle about Sept. 1. My address till June 1, 1931 will be: (for letters only)

Manurewa House,

Port Townsend, Wash.

As I expect to be back here by next July you need not change my address for shipments. I will tend to all this year's shipments before leaving Alaska, and think that I will be back by the time next year's shipments arrive, as there can be none during the winter.

As I am coming to the States I would like to use the opportunity to look around for a good sea boat. I figure that in or around Seattle or some other similar port I should be able to pick up the right kind of a boat at a moderate price. Of course I do not want to buy junk. I have seen too much of that. But I do not see why I could not find a boat that after a year or two of running has been discarded by some rich man in favor of a bigger cruiser for his pleasure trips.

Many thanks for the letter file & office supplies you so kindly sent me. You bet I'll use them! Especially if you keep swamping me with notices as you did last summer.

Date SEP 2 1930 Amt. 00
 Recd. 00 Ret. 00
 Paid 00 M. 00
 Letter to 00
 C. 00 W. 00 S. 00

When I get to Port ~~Archer~~ I will let you hear from me. I guess you know the idea of Jesuit Tertiari-ship. If not please find out as it will help you to figure out my situation for next winter. Really I do not exactly know just how to proceed in the matter of my heavy correspondence, as I will certainly not be allowed to write very often. Nor will my work permit it. But I hope some satisfactory arrangement can be made so that we will not lose any friends during this year of my absence from Kaskanak. In fact it may be possible for me to get out and back again without any of our Kaskanak friends knowing the difference. If you have any ideas on the subject I would be glad to hear them.

With very best wishes, and an expression of my most sincere esteem and gratitude I remain,

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart
 John P. Fox S.J.

P.S. What happened to those typewriter ribbons you said you were sending me? Saw nothing of them so far. A sack of mail for me must have gotten stranded somewhere.

With regard to your plans sent me under date of Mar 6, I will write later or perhaps have a chance to talk over personally, who knows? This world is not so big after all.

I could not go to Nictomint to put up the building there for a new mission as I had no way of getting there. Let's hope some one will be down before the summer is over so that the lumber may not lie there rotting till I return from the States and have a boat to do my necessary travel. I notice you have a picture of my last year's boat in the Alaskan Edition, with the women pulling it out of the ice. That boat I borrowed for one trip that I had to make, but it belongs to a white trader some 500 miles from here. I also borrowed Fr. Menager's boat for a while, and even had the 'Little Flower', our gas boat from Holy Cross down here for one trip. But this year I can get none of these either. Fr. M's is out of commission and the 'Little Flower' is busy elsewhere. Fr. Menager bought himself a 12 H.P. Johnson outboard motor to do his necessary summer travel. It is a fine machine & very economical. I may be the next one around here to buy one. If this motor of Father M. had arrived here two weeks sooner I think I would have attempted to cross the stretch of Bering Sea between here and Nictomint with that. Germans say: "Niichts unmöglich, nichts unmöglich," Columbus took a chance.

Archives and Institutional Repository - Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions

[ENCLOSURE]
I am leaving my catechist Annie Lefay,
a full native in charge of Kaskunak Mission
during my absence. She is 27 years old, and
is an excellent lady in every way. If you
want to know anything from her, write her.
She has had little schooling & can not write
an all together correct letter. But she can do

well enough. She can also take some pictures
for you as I left her a small camera. But
she has only one film left. Will you kindly send her
a few films $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ no. 120. 6 exposures. I can
not get them here, and will not have the
opportunity when I get to Seattle. She has a few
good negatives that I know she will gladly send
you. In fact I am just now writing her to do so. Use them
and then return to her with one print of each.

[ENCLOSURE]



ON BOARD S.S.

Received the supply sack of Theresa P. Delaney,
and the bx of Mrs. E. Keller. Both of these shipments
are, I think, from last year and lay all winter
at Holy Cross as there was no way ~~was~~ of forwarding
them when they arrived.

TYPESCRIPT OF PRECEDING DOCUMENT

COPY FOR: *Bureau*

40-1

Kashunak, Alaska.
July 20, 1930.

My dear Monsignor Hughes:

My first spring mail has just arrived, the first since February, and with it lots of mail from you. I will answer every letter in turn as they lie here on my desk. Much of the mail, however, to which you referred in former letters did not arrive yet, such as those pictures to which you ask me to put titles, etc.

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Father Manager is back to Hooper Bay since Easter, and is fully recovered, thanks be to God. I wish I did not have to leave him alone though in this section. It will be hard.

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With very best wishes, and an expression of my most sincere esteem and gratitude, I remain,

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

(Signed)

John P. Fox, S.J.

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writing her to do so. Use them and then return to her with one print of each.

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July 24, 1930.

40-1

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.,
Nashunak,
Holy Cross, Alaska.

Dear Father Fox:

I enclose a letter which I have received for
you from Mrs. Barbara Will.

As you will see from her letter, Mrs. Will
says that it will be perfectly agreeable to her for you
to use the \$75 to purchase a bell for the new mission
at Nihimint.

If you answer Mrs. Will's letter, please send
your reply to me to forward to her.

Yours fraternally,

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Wm. Hughes,
Director.

JR

To: _____
 From: _____
 Date: _____
 Subject: _____
 Kashunak, Alaska, August 10, 1930.

My dear Msgr. Hughes, P.Xti.,

By force of habit, I wrote Kashunak instead of Holy Cross. I am on my way to the States and just arrived here yesterday to tend to my FREIGHT AND PARCELS. What a mess. Some of these things have been lying here since the middle of last September. And in the mean time friends in the States were worrying about parcels that they naturally considered lost. Well, I hope that I have profited by the experience and that some way can be found to avoid a similar delay in notifying my friends that their shipment arrived. I am doing my best to explain to them as you see.

That inquiry of July 1 concerning the consumption of gas to make a trip from Kashunak to Holy Cross to get my freight and parcels, (or bring supplies from Holy Cross to Kashunak and bring back in return children to be put in school at Holy Cross, or native products of Kashunak to be disposed of for the benefit of our missions along the Yukon) was waiting here for me. And I assure you that I am tickled to death to give you the explanation you ask, as it gives me a good chance to put down a few things that will help you to understand my situation better.

75 H.P.
 10-14 work
 instantaneously.
 From Holy
 Cross to Andre
 fork is 200 mi.
 one way
 i.e. 500 mi.
 as you say
 in your letter,
 but, just a
 round trip
 cannot be
 less than
 1000 miles
 unless all
 our local
 charts are
 wrong. And
 I do not
 care what
 way one
 wishes to
 go.

In the entire Alaska Mission there is not one gas boat, if you except out-board motors that are not intended for freighting, that will carry you "ten miles on one gallon of gasoline." I do not know who gave you this information. But I do know that the best gas boat on the Yukon the "Ensee" of the Northern Commercial Company that runs between St. Michael and Marsh- all makes only about six miles an hour up stream, in spite of its two big Diesel engines. Down stream it may make about twelve to fifteen miles; I have forgotten. And anyhow, this boat does not use common gasoline and so is a poor example of what a gas boat will do on one gallon of gas. The ordinary consumption of gasoline by any engine large enough to handle a boat that can do freight service on the Yukon or along the Bering coast is about TWO AND A HALF GALLONS for TEN miles. The gas boat that does my freighting, "The Little Flower" of Holy Cross, has a thirty H.P. medium duty engine, a Palmer that was put into her new last season. She makes the trip from Holy Cross to Kashunak in five days, GOING WITH THE CURRENT of the Yukon and with the tide of the Bering Sea, and supposing the weather is favorable. She has just now returned here from her first trip to Kashunak and Hooper Bay, and has burned 58 (sic) cases of gasoline (every case 10 gals.). According to your figures the distance of a round trip to Hooper Bay, which is about forty miles farther from Holy Cross than is Kashunak, should be 10 (miles) X 580 (gals. of gas) = 5800 miles. That is certainly wrong. I have taken the trouble to figure out exactly the distance from Holy Cross to Kashunak, and with all due respect to the Indian office, I can't help saying that the are seriously in error? Perhaps a ^{one way} trip from Holy Cross to Kashunak via St. Michael and Hooper Bay would not be farther than that? I do not know this, as we own no ocean going boat and so can not travel by way of the Bering Sea. I heartily wish we did! Besides, no boat that is big enough for that trip could come within half a mile of Kashunak, even at the highest tide. The "Little Flower" goes down the Yukon from Holy Cross to Pilot Station (160 miles). One mile below Pilot Station it enters the slough that everybody around here calls Kashunak slough. From the mouth of this slough to Kashunak the fastest boat that has gone down that way, took three days and a half, counting 15 hours running time per day. That would be a trip of some fifty hours. The boat's speed down stream was ten miles per hour; up stream (in the first part of the slough) and again bucking the tide when nearing Kashunak it went about seven miles per hour. As close as I can figure the distance from the mouth of Kashunak slough, (the only way a small boat can go to Kashunak) to Kashunak itself is at least 350 miles. The main reason for the distance by water to a place only 170 miles by airplane route (That's the distance by air from Holy Cross to Kashunak) lies in the fact that the slough in question has an almost innumerable amount of bends. If you want any closer information about these, I refer you to Rev. Fr. Delon, who made a map of the slough, or to a certain G.A. Sheppard, who has a trading station 35 miles by river from Kashunak, and who makes the trip from the Yukon down the slough and back at least twice every summer. He will be out to Seattle this year with me and his address there I can get for you if you wish it. As one good instance of the slough you may take the fact that at a certain place you pass a spruce tree on one side of the slough, and after travelling ahead for twenty

P.S. I also like this reason to remark that in choosing up my letters from which you got material for the booklet so you remark on the uniform copy of your letters to Mr. Spauld (Barnstable county) you sometimes have not noted previous statements that do not read well it is true but they are necessary to the explanation of the reader is not to be disappointed. I hope to manage a publication so I am removed the the previous & relations for our Mission so that in great measure to the historical & geographical facts forming what is common here of the diffusion of the Southern mission work style.

WORK

Article

a la

Most sincerely in the Sacred Heart,
John P. Fox

John P. Fox & ^{myself}

BUREAU OF CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS
2021 H St. N. W. Washington, D. C.

August 8, 1930.

Spec. Del. *File 143* Airtel _____
Attn _____
Folio _____
Letter to _____
Order filed _____
Copy to I.S. _____
Copy to _____
Work Slip O.K. _____
List _____
D.G. or Ref. _____
Check sent _____

Rev. John Fox, S.J.
Holy Cross Mission
Holy Cross, Alaska.

Dear Father Fox:

On April 2 I received your acknowledgment for \$15 the gift of Miss Elizabeth Berrigan, Washington, D. C., which you received September, 1929 for your mission. To date I have not received any letter of thanks for Miss Berrigan. I will ask you kindly to write a brief letter of thanks to the donor and forward it through this Bureau for transmittal by me to Miss Berrigan.

Yours paternally,

Wm Hughes

Rt. Rev. Msgr. William Hughes,
Director.

MJ:CW

*It seems to me I acknowledged
this last Aug. on my way out.
Please look up, as I am not
yet at home and my records
for the past year are scattered.*

Ship by
parcel post,
not by
express.
Before
shipping by
freight,
write us or
Bureau of
Catholic In-
dian Missions,
2021 H St., N.W.,
Washington, D.C.,
for complete
instructions.
First class
mail reaches
us all year
round, parcel
post and
freight only
from about
May 1 to
September 1

SACRED HEART MISSION
(KASHUNAK)
HOLY CROSS P. O., ALASKA

THE INDIAN SENTINEL
Alaskan Mission Edition
Aug. 9th, 1930.

Mrs. H.E. Schmitt,
1224 Yuba St.
Redding, Calif.

My dear Mrs. Schmitt,

May God bless you for your great generosity. Yes certainly, the Holy Family should stay together; and may it intercede before the throne of Almighty God for the kind benefactress who sent it here to Sacred Heart Mission to receive homage from the simple hearts that are so like to those of this holy Triol

The crib has arrived; and so has the statue of our Lady and the accompanying pedestal. That of St. Joseph is not here yet; but I hope it will arrive on the boat that is due here today. For I am on my way to Seattle and would like to see the Holy Family properly enthroned at Kashu- before the winter comes. I am leaving my catechist Miss Annie Sipary, in charge of Sacred Heart Mission during my absence, and I have instructed her to take some pictures of the chapel as soon as your statues are set up. My address in the States till July 1, 1931 will be:

Manresa House, Port Townsend, Washington.

By that date I expect to be finished with the business that has called me away to the outside. If in my stay in the States I should get anywhere near your home I will not fail to come to thank you personally for so much kindness to me and my people.

Sorry to say the factory must have made a mistake with regard to the crown of the statue of the Sacred Heart. No crown came with it, not do I find any place that seems destined to receive it at the back of the head. Like yourself I would prefer the crown.

Thanking you again, and once more assuring you of our continued prayers, masses and holy communions I remain with a blessing,

Yours most sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

John F. Fox

Copy for *Orig. to donor*
Bureau C.I.M. SEP 10 1930 *QR*
Should show *Ellen G. Callahan,*
either here or *14 Lowell St.,*
in letter donor's *Worcester, Mass.*
(i.e., writer's)

SACRED HEART MISSION
(KASHUNAK)
HOLY CROSS P. O., ALASKA

40-1
Aug. 9, 1930.

full NAME
ADDRESS
AMOUNT \$....
DATE REC'D.
for *8-7-30*
If shipment,
check thus
(✓).....
If address of donor
is changed, write
Name

My dear Miss Callahan,

God's blessing be ever with you.

Your generous box as well as the letter announcing it have arrived. Most hearty thanks both from your unworthy missionary and from the good soul entrusted to his care. All of us will profit by your charity; and all of us shall also try to show you our gratitude in the only way we can, which is by remembering you in our prayers, especially during the daily Holy Sacrifice, where we all meet every morning to unite our supplications on behalf of those who make possible our progress in the knowledge and love of our dear Lord.

We appreciate especially the practical nature of all the contents that your shipment brought us. They will go a long way in helping us to keep cleaner, and as a consequence too, more comfortable.

and Old Address

and New Address

I realize that these articles must be pretty well out of the common line of donations that a Chaplains' Aid Circle as that of which you are president, would be likely to send. But I guess you have understood the maxim of St. Ignatius of Loyola who used to insist that a clean and healthy soul generally lived in a body likewise clean and healthy.

Also names
and addresses
of others
paid for
through donor

Again thanking you most sincerely and promising you a constant and generous share in our poor prayers and labors, I remain,

Yours most sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

John P. Fox, Jr.

Bureau should credit this donation to:
Fathers (if so, check here).....
or Sisters (if so, check here).....
or following individual
Father or Sister: (write name) *JP*

Copy for
Bureau C.I.M.
Should show
either here or
in letter donor's
(i.e., writer's)
full NAME
ADDRESS
AMOUNT \$....
DATE REC'D.
for...
If shipment,
check this
(✓).....
If address of donor
is changed, write
Name

and Old Address

and New Address

Also names
and addresses
of others
paid for
through donor

Bureau should credit this donation to:
Fathers (if so, check here).....
or Sisters (if so, check here).....
or following individual
Father or Sister: (write name).....

Orig. to donor

SEP 10 1930
Miss. T.B. Delaney,
8 Nesmith St.,
Lawrence, Mass.

SACRED HEART MISSION
(KASHUNAK)
HOLY CROSS P. O., ALASKA

Aug. 9, 1930

40-1

My dear Miss Delaney,

May God's blessing be ever with you!

As I do not know the caliber of your virtue of patience I will not accuse you of losing your patience with me. But if you did, I do not blame you. You had a right to. Still with the receipt of these few lines you will understand better just why that lazy missionary of Kashunak made you wait such a long time for so long and bag a supply sack full of clothes, shoes, cps, hats, cigars, etc.

Just now as I arrived at Holy Cross, my freight and parcel office, I found your kind shipment waiting for me. As I had suspected it came here last fall after the last boat had gone down my way. And as I have no winter service at all except for letters, and even these arrive at irregular intervals and long periods, your sack remained here in storage till now. And though it is very late to thank you, still I will not omit to do so with all my heart. And you may be sure that though we received your kind shipment so late we did not for that reason neglect meantime to pray for you. Your shipment had been announced by Msgr. Hughes long ago, and once I receive such an announcement the donor is classed among our benefactors, as the actual arrival of the gift is merely a matter of time. And in Alaska one must not be too much in a hurry.

With my priestly blessing, and again assuring you of our continued remembrance at Holy Mass and in our prayers I beg to remain,

Yours most sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

John P. Fox, S.J.

Copy for
Bureau C.I.M.
Should show
either here or
in letter donor's
(i.e., writer's)
full NAME
ADDRESS
AMOUNT \$.....
DATE REC'D.
for 1-7-30
If shipment,
check thus
(✓).....
If address of donor
is changed, write
Name

and Old Address

and New Address

Also names
and addresses
of others
paid for
through donor

Bureau should credit this donation to:
Fathers (if so, check here).....
or Sisters (if so, check here).....
or following individual
Father or Sister: (write name).....

SACRED HEART MISSION
(KASHUNAK)
48 Spruce St., HOLY CROSS P. O., ALASKA
Newark, N.J.
Orig. to donor
SEP 18 1930
My dear Miss Schreiber,

40-1
Aug. 9, 1930

I enjoyed your kind letter of May 5. And as I am not disobeying any of my rules by writing to you directly, and see that you so prefer it, I will do so. At the same time I am glad that you correctly understood and took in the right way my "sermonette" on this subject.

Your kind shipment arrived, and may our dear Lord bless you for your kindness to us. I have not yet had a chance to measure your altar cloth; but I am sure that it will fit. My altar is such that I can use almost any size cloth provided it is not shorter than eight feet. I also thank you for the offer of sending others small pieces of linnen. Just now I am pretty well supplied with altar linnen of all kinds. But when I need any more for another of my stations I will remember your kind offer.

The few little pictures enclosed may interest you. Sorry I have nothing better just now to send you. You will also find enclosed a copy of "Jesuit Mission". In it appears a little about Kashunak that you may like to read to your friends.

In conclusion let me again thank you for so much kindness to me and my people. We certainly will continue to remember you in our holy masses and prayers, and also beg for a small share of yours. With my blessing I remain,

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

John P. Fox, SJ

Copy for
Bureau C.I.M.
Should show
either here or
in letter donor's
(i.e., writer's)
full NAME
ADDRESS
AMOUNT \$....
DATE REC'D.
for 8/1/30.
If shipment,
check this
(✓).....
If address of donor
is changed, write
Name

and Old Address

and New Address

Also names
and addresses
of others
paid for
through donor

Bureau should credit this donation to:
Fathers (if so, check here).....
or Sisters (if so, check here).....
or following individual
Father or Sister: (write name) *John P. Fox*

SACRED HEART MISSION
(KASHUNAK)
PROV. HIGH SCHOOL, HOLY CROSS P. O., ALASKA

Providence High School,
323 N. Ottawa St.,
Joliet, Ill.

Orig. to donor
SEP 11 1930
My dear Sr. Florence Marie,

May God's blessing be ever with you!
Rev. Fr. G. Menager, S.J. of Juneau forwarded me your kind letter
and shipment of pictures and rosaries. And I assure you that they are
welcome. My good people have no pockets as yet, as they are not accus-
tomed to this strange device of the white man. And anyhow, they prefer
to wear their beads around their neck rather than in their pocket.
This is, of course, more edifying, but not as safe and so they lose lots
of beads; so much so that I threatened not to give them any more unless
they are more careful not to lose them. They promise to be more careful
but the next time when they go out to play the beads get caught in some-
thing or other, and without being noticed, tear and slip to the grass.
And as we live in a swamp without having any dry ground at all around
us, you will understand how much chance the child has of recovering a
pair of beads that accidentally fell down.

Pictures too, are at a premium at Sacred Heart Mission. Both old
and young like them very much, and as I have a very large district to
care for I can dispose of quite a pile of pictures even though I give
but one to every one of my people as I meet them in my travels. And
among these people are more than an ornament or a common book mark. Once
they know what the picture represents they are itching to tell it to
the next one, and so the knowledge of our holy religion is spread abroad
more and more.

Assuring you of a continued remembrance of in our holy masses and
prayers, and begging also for a small share in yours, I remain with my
blessing,

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

John P. Fox

Aug. 10, 1930.

40-1

Copy for Bureau
Bureau C.I.M.
Should show
either here or
in letter donor's
(i.e., writer's)

full NAME

ADDRESS

AMOUNT \$ 22

DATE REC'D.

for 8-7-30

If shipment,

check thus

(✓).....

If address of donor

is changed, write

Name

and Old Address

and New Address

Also names

and addresses

of others

and for

through donor

B₁ should credit this donation to

Pa₁ (if so, check here).....

or S₁ (if so, check here).....

or for individual

Father, Sister: (write name).....

SACRED HEART MISSION
(KASHUNAK)
HOLY CROSS P. O., ALASKA

Aug. 10, 1930.

Mr. Jerry F. Donohue,

My dear Mr. Donohue,

May God's blessing be ever with you!

Just four days ago I received the mass intentions you so kindly sent me through Megr. Hughes. I shall say the masses as soon as I have an open period. God will reward you for this help that you are giving me to carry on the work of the Lord in this part of His vineyard.

Last year when you first began sending me mass intentions several of your gifts came so close together that I thought at first Megr. Hughes had by mistake sent me two notices of the same gift. This impression was increased by the fact that the amount was the same in both cases and the intention the same too, if I remember well. And both letters came in the same mail. In fact many times I receive by the same mail letters that are dated one, two, and at times even three months apart.

I know it would interest you to know at times the circumstances in which the masses ordered by you are said. And I will try to pay attention to this detail in future and perhaps let you know. At times I say mass on my knees, because the igloo or native tent is too low for me to stand erect. In fact this is generally the case when I am on the trail. At times I even have to sit down and remain seated all the way through as there is no room to do anything else. Then too it is interesting to know that sometimes such a common thing as water for holy mass is hard to get. Last summer I was marooned on a sandbar of the Bering Sea for three days. One of the mornings I used Holy Water for my mass cruet, the next morning I used rain water that I gathered in a tin cup set under the leaky part of the roof of my boat. As I could not

Again assuring you of our continued prayers for yourself and your intentions, I remain with my priestly blessing,

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,
John P. Fox

Copy for
Bureau C.I.M.
Should show
either here or
in letter donor's
(i.e., writer's)
full NAME
ADDRESS
AMOUNT \$....
DATE REC'D.
for 8/7/30.
If shipment,
check this
(✓) ✓.
If address of donor
is changed, write
Name

and Old Address

and New Address

Also names
and addresses
of others
paid for
through donor

Bureau should credit this donation to:
Fathers (if so, check here).....
or Sisters (if so, check here).....
or following individual
Father or Sister: (write name) J.P.F.

SACRED HEART MISSION
(KASHUNAK)
HOLY CROSS P. O., ALASKA

Miss M.J. Gardener,
1121 Grace St.,
Richmond, Va.

Original donor SEP 10 1930 *EP*
My dear Miss Gardener,

May our dear Lord bless your kind heart! Your shipment indeed arrived. Though as Fr. Lucchesi already wrote you in my name, it was a little the worse for its long trip. Books are always pretty heavy and so need a specially strong container. But I do not think that anything was lost as all the articles you mention in your letter and a number more of them were still in the box.

And needless to say all that the box contained was welcome. Though I must say that to send books is expensive business in Alaska, and I hate to see my friends spending so much hard earned money to buy stamps for shipping books and reading material that I could do without. The life of most Alaskan missionaries is a struggle for existence, and few of them have much leisure for reading anything beyond what is strictly necessary. And as for Kashunak, there is no one in my neighborhood that knows how to read, except my catechist. And she is kept fairly busy too.

I shall certainly pray for the intentions you mention, as well as for Fr. Xavier. And I hope that the latter is now enjoying the heaven the fruits of his charity to the missions. One can not indeed buy heaven with the money taken along to the grave. But he can do so by sending ahead his goods by the hands of the poor. "What you have done to the least of mine you have done to me"!

With an expression of our sincere thankfulness, and a promise of our continued prayers, I remain with a blessing,

Yours most sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

John P. Fox

40-1

Aug. 12, 1930.

Copy for *Bureau*

Sacred Heart Mission,
(Kashunak) Holy Cross P. O., Alaska,
August 12, 1930.

Miss M. Hopkins,
1301 Homewood Ave.
Baltimore, Md.

My dear Miss Hopkins:

We are just now travelling up the Yukon on the steamer Alice at the terrible rate of four miles an hour. We left Holy Cross the day before yesterday and will get to Nenana Sunday noon. From there I will have a tiresome train ride for two more days before getting to Seward where I take the boat to the outside. It will take me about twenty-three days to get from Kashunak to Seattle; and that is not figuring the time that I have to spend lying around at various points along the line waiting for a boat or train to carry me on. Believe me, once I get back to Alaska next July, I am hoping to stay for the next ninety-seven years without having to make any more trips to the outside. I say ninety-seven because I promised my self one hundred when I came, and so far I lived out only three of these. If one does not keep well in a climate like Alaska's the principle of cold storage must be all wrong.

Copied by HS.

(Rev.) John P. Fox, S.J.

Copy for
Bureau C.I.M.
Should show
either here or
in letter donor's
(i.e., writer's)
full NAME
ADDRESS
AMOUNT \$....
DATE REC'D.

for.....
If shipment,
check thus
(✓):.....
If address of donor
is changed, write
Name

and Old Address

and New Address

Also names
and addresses
of others
paid for
through donor

Bureau should credit the donation to:
Fathers (if so, check here).....
or Sisters (if so, check here).....
or following individual
Father or Sister (write name).....

SACRED HEART MISSION
(KASHUNAK)
HOLY CROSS P. O., ALASKA

Miss M. Hopkins,
1301 Homewood Ave.,
Baltimore, Md.

Orig. To donor SEP 10 1930 *JR*

40-1
Aug. 12, 1930.

My dear Miss Hopkins,

May the blessing of God be ever with you!

Many thanks for your several letters of May 7th and 22nd, as well as for the boxes you all sent me. Our dear Lord will reward with the measure with which you filled, for instance, that tin can of candies, medicines, and notions of all kind. Everything most welcome, I assure. But I must say that I felt rather cheap at reading in your kind letter of how after you spent every day a little of your money saved by staying away from the movies on account of sore eyes, you finally got together a shipment for me, but had "to wait till next pay day to get money to ship" the boxes. That's just like your kind self. And that's certainly giving till it hurts.

I hope your eyes are improving. I'll tell our dear Lord to pay back some of the bill He owes you on behalf of Kashunak by way of an improvement in your vision.

Also very sorry that Loret lost her job. In that she has, I understand some three or four million companions just at present in the U.S. What a calamity. There are plenty of bums who do not want to work; and for such I have no sympathy if they are in misery. But with those many who really want a job but can find none I heartily sympathize. And I will pray also that Loret may find some good position. Thank her and your mother for the nice things they sent me.

Those shoes were just fine. The tan ones I have on right now, and they fit like gloves. I see where I will not have to worry about shoes for the next few years. For on account of the fact that I use boots more often than shoes, a pair of these last me for several years. Though just this year I will need shoes more as I am on my way to Seattle, and will live at Manresa House, Port Townsend, Washington for the coming ten months. I have been called out by superiors but expect to be back

to Kashunak by next July. With best wishes and my blessing I remain
Sincerely, in the Sacred Heart, S.P.G.M.

Copy for
Bureau C.I.M.
Should show
either here or
in letter donor's
(i.e., writer's)
full NAME
ADDRESS
AMOUNT \$ 2.5
DATE REC'D.
for 8/7/30
If shipment,
check this
(✓).....
If address of donor
is changed, write
Name

and Old Address

and New Address

Also names
and addresses
of others
paid for
through donor

Bureau should credit this donation to:
Fathers (if so, check here).....
or Sisters (if so, check here).....
or following individual
Father or Sister: (write name) JPS

SACRED HEART MISSION
(KASHUNAK)
Tabernacle/Society,
400 The Fenway,
Boston, Mass.

HOLY CROSS P. O., ALASKA

40-1
Aug. 12, 1930.

of Eleanor Atwood. Orig. To donor
My dear Miss Atwood, SEP 10 1930

May God's blessing be ever with you!

Both the box as well as the letter announcing it with the enclosed twenty five mass intentions reached me safely just recently. For all of them I am most sincerely thankful to you. My people and their unworthy missionary will do what we can to show you our gratitude by our prayers. May our dear Lord repay you as you so well deserve for your kindness to his poor children of the north. And, of course, you will not forget to communicate the expression of our gratitude to the members of the tabernacle Society.

The box was as the last year one, most practical, and the contents were immediately brought to my chapel to take their rightful place. Especially the beautiful monstrance, and other articles necessary for benediction with the most Bl. Sacrament, filled a real need; not all indeed, right here at the village of Kashunak. But as I have several other stations in my large district that need to be supplied with the essential of divine service there is ample room for a great many things.

I am enclosing a picture of a cold absolution that I gave this spring on one of my May excursions. At times the most convenient confessional at my disposal is my sled as you see us here in the picture. The houses of the natives are almost always very small and consist of only one room; so that it is impossible to use them for purposes of confession without sending out to the cold every one of the inmates. And this is not only very inconvenient, but many times impossible.

With an expression of our deep gratitude to you all, and an assurance of our continued prayers, I remain, with my priestly blessing,

Yours most sincerely in the Sacred Heart

John P. Fox, S.J.

Copy for
Bureau C.I.M.
Should show
either here or
in letter donor's
(i.e., writer's)
full NAME
ADDRESS
AMOUNT \$....
DATE REC'D.
for 8/2/30
If shipment,
check thus
(✓):.....
If address of donor
is changed, write
Name

Orig. to donor
9/20/30 JH
Miss Helen Murray,
18 Safford St.,
Hyde Park, Mass.

SACRED HEART MISSION
(KASHUNAK)
HOLY CROSS P. O., ALASKA

40-1
Aug. 12, 1930.

and Old Address

and New Address

Also names
and addresses
of others
paid for
through donor

My dear Miss Murry,
May the blessing of God be ever with you!
Very sorry that you do not seem to have received the letter I sent
you to thank you for fine shipments of last year. But I am sure that
at least by now my note of thanks will have reached you. That terrible
slowness of communication here in Alaska is one of my crosses that the
Lord asks me to bear in common with the kind friends who are helping me
to carry on the work of the Lord in this out-of-the-way Mission of the
Sacred Heart.

Your socks, stockings, caps, underwear, blankets, etc, all most
welcome. You may be sure that nothing will be lost or wasted. Around
here even the strings, wrapping paper and boxes that friends use in
making up their shipments are very carefully treasured up. You should
have seen the stampede last fall when on returning home from a trip and
finding a pile of boxes waiting for me and announced to the people that
"every one can have the strings that he unties from any of these pack-
ages"! In a very few minutes there was not one unloosed package left
in the room. And all that I somewhat regretted in the whole affair
was that my supply of strings was pretty well cut down for the winter.
But anyhow, I thought to myself, "poor people, the laborer is worthy of
his hire".

Thanking you again for your generosity to us, and while promising
you a continued remembrance in our holy masses and prayers, I remain
with a blessing,

Yours most sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

Bureau should credit this donation to:
Fathers (if so, check here).....
or Sisters (if so, check here).....
or following individual
Father or Sister: (write name).....

John P. Fox JH

Copy for
Bureau C.I.M.
Should show
either here or
in letter donor's

(i.e., writer's)

full NAME

ADDRESS

AMOUNT \$ 5.

DATE REC'D.

for 8/10/30

If shipment,

check thus

(✓).....

If address of donor

is changed, write

Name

Providence High School, SACRED HEART MISSION
(Sr. Florentia) (KASHUNAK)
323 N. Ottawa St., HOLY CROSS P. O., ALASKA
Joliet, Ill.

40-1
Aug. 13, 1930.

Orig. to donor
My dear Sr. Florentia,

May the blessing of God be ever with you all!
I just thanked in a short note for your kind box of religious articles, when lo and behold here comes another visitor from Joliet. May our dear Lord reward you and your Music class. I assure you they struck a note that roused a grateful echo of appreciation here at Sacred Heart Mission, and that will moreover be sweet melody in the ears of our dear Lord who does not allow even a cup of cold water given in His name to go unrewarded.

While we are always glad to receive anything what ever from our friends, and always regard rather than the gift the love of the giver, still I must admit that, owing to circumstances here in Alaska, and more especially at Kashunak, money is particularly acceptable. For freight and postage rates up here are something awful; and whereas a letter can reach me even in winter, though at long interval, freight and parcels can reach me only for a short time in summer.

The three masses that you ask me to say I will offer for your intentions as soon as I can. Please thank the children most heartily for me. I know very well what the pennies meant to them in these times of financial stress. But this is the kind of charity that is precious in the sight of God. It is the widow's mite, and will merit from our dear Lord the same kind comment and reward.

In union of prayers, and with my priestly blessing I beg to be

Yours most sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

John P. Fox

Bureau should credit this donation to:

Fathers (if so, check here).....

or Sisters (if so, check here).....

or following individual

Father or Sister: (write name) *J.P.F.*

Copy for
Bureau C.I.M.
Should show
either here or
in letter donor's
(i.e., writer's)

full NAME
ADDRESS
AMOUNT \$....
DATE RECD.
for 8/13/30
If shipment,
check thus
(✓):
If address of donor
is changed, write
Name

and Old Address

and New Address

Also names
and addressees
of others
paid for
through donor

SACRED HEART MISSION
(KASHUNAK)
HOLY CROSS P. O., ALASKA

Miss E.H. Towle,
18 Kenwood Parkway,
St. Paul, Minn.

SEP 10 1930

40-1
Aug. 13, 1930.

Orig. to donor
My dear Miss Towle,

May the blessing of God be ever with you!

I can not imagine how it happened that you do not seem to have received an acknowledgement for your fine shipment of last year. My records show that I thanked you by a letter through Msgr. Hughes for a "lot of fine soap and combs" to clean up the village of Kashunak. May be by this time you will have received my letter. I sent it last winter of course, but I am accustomed to see three and more months pass between the time I write my letter and the date it reaches my friends.

So you may console yourself. We not only received and appreciated your generous shipment, but likewise tried to show our gratitude by our prayers. Why, didn't you feel any special help at some time or other that you could not exactly account for? I'm sure you must have as our dear Lord always answers our prayers.

I guess our Lord must be using His discipline a bit to punish the world for its many sins. Even here in Alaska things look unusually poor for the coming winter. The usual fishing season has been poor. As fish is the staple food for these natives in the winter time, and the amount they caught does not correspond to their need, more than usual will suffer the pangs of hunger next winter. Besides mink, which for the past few years has been the chief support of the people of my district, has been closed by the government, making it illicit to hunt mink the coming winter. I see where the mission will have to pay the good Samaritan to the full extent of its power.

With best wishes and an assurance of our continued prayers I remain with a blessing,

Bureau should credit this donation to:
Fathers (if so, check here).....
or Sisters (if so, check here).....
or following individual
Father or Sister: (write name).....

Yours most sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

John P. Fox

Copy for
Bureau C.I.M.

Should show
either here or
in letter donor's
(i.e., writer's)

full NAME
ADDRESS

AMOUNT \$....
DATE REC'D.

for. 8/7/30.

If shipment,
check thus
(✓):.....

If address of donor
is changed, write
Name

and Old Address

and New Address

Also names
and addresses
of others
paid for
through donor

Bureau should credit this donation to of
Fathers (if so, check here).....
or Sisters (if so, check here).....
or following individual
Father or Sister: (write name).....

SACRED HEART MISSION
(KASHUNAK)
HOLY CROSS P. O., ALASKA

Misses Agnes and
Regina Horace,
332 Ash St.,
Manchester, New Hampshire.

Orig. to donor SEP 18 1930 JR

40-1
Aug. 13, 1930.

My dear Misses Horace,

May the blessing of God be ever with you both!
I appreciated the spiritual tone of your kind letter of July 7th
almost as much as the shipment of goods it announced. May your dear
mother's soul rest in peace! I am sure that by now she is enjoying the
fruit of her charity to the Indian Missions. And you may rest assured
that Both myself and my people will not forget to pray for her, as well
as for the intentions of you both.

You need not worry about our not being able to use the things you
sent. Of course, if I were a trader and had to sell things to the nat-
ives at exorbitant prices, I would need very little, as the people are
poor as church-mice. But when I can give for nothing what I have receiv-
ed from friends for the love of our dear Lord, there is really nothing,
nor any amount of anything that I can not dispose of very quickly and
profitably for my mission.

My people live mostly by fishing and hunting, both of which were
unusually poor this year. It will mean suffering next winter, espec-
ally as the government has forbidden the natives to hunt mink next win-
ter. In my particular district this was about the main fur-bearing
animal that the hunters got last winter, and on it they depended chiefly
for their tea and flour. God seems to be punishing the world by hard
times; and I guess as we have helped to add to the load of sins that is
crying to heaven for vengeance, we will likewise have to help to do
some penance.

With another expression of my appreciation and gratitude, I remain
Fathers (if so, check here).....
or Sisters (if so, check here).....
or following individual
Father or Sister: (write name).....

Yours most sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

John P. Fox JR

Copy for *original sent to donor*
 Bureau C.I.M. *9/23/30 mps.* SACRED HEART MISSION
 Should show Our Lady of Mercy HighS. (KASHUNAK)
 either here or Blossom Road, HOLY CROSS P. O., ALASKA
 in letter donor's Brighton Station,
 (i.e., writer's) Rochester, N.Y.

Aug. 13, 1930.

full NAME
 ADDRESS
 AMOUNT \$25
 DATE RECD.
 for 8/2/30
 If shipment,
 check thus
 (✓) *✓*

If address of donor
 is changed, write
 Name

and Old Address

and New Address

Also names
 and addresses
 of others
 paid for
 through donor

My dear Miss Hoffmann,

May God's blessing be ever with you all!
 Both the generous shipment of tobacco, soap, candy, razor, shaving cream, and stationery, as well as the check of \$25.00 reached me a few days ago. And this time I am glad to be able to answer a little more promptly, as I am on my way to the States, and will bring this letter myself as far as Seattle.

My superiors have called me out by a telegram just recently, and I will be in the States for about one year. By next July I expect to be back at Sacred Heart Mission, Kashunak, to continue the work where I left it off. During this coming year then my address will be:
 Manresa House, Port Townsend, Washington.

During my absence Sacred Heart Mission will be cared for by a faithful native catechist who has been with me for the last two years. She has not had much schooling; but if you want to know anything about the mission during my absence I am sure that a note to her would bring you a little letter.

This year the months of June and July have been very rainy and chilly. In fact it has rained practically every day. At Kashunak, of course a little more or less water makes no difference. But at Holy Cross Mission where the Sisters are trying to have a garden, things did not grow very well so far on account of the fact that all summer they have had sunshine only twice. And two days of sun is hardly enough to raise anything.

In conclusion I once more thank you for your kindness to us at Kashunak. I assure you that we are continuing our prayers for you all. In Fathers (if so, check here) of prayer, and with my blessing I remain,
 or Sisters (if so, check here).....
 or following individual
 Father or Sister: (write name) *John P. Fox*

Your least adopted missionary,

John P. Fox

Copy for
Bureau C.I.M.
Should show
either here or
in letter donor's
(i.e., writer's)
full NAME
ADDRESS
AMOUNT \$....
DATE REC'D.
for... 8/7/31
If shipment,
check this
(✓):.....
If address of donor
is changed, write
Name

and Old Address

and New Address

Also names
and addresses
of others
paid for
through donor

Bureau should credit this donation to:
Fathers (if so, check here).....
or Sisters (if so, check here).....
or following individual
Father or Sister: (write name).....

Orig. to donor SEP 11 1930
SACRED HEART MISSION
(KASHUNAK)
HOLY CROSS P. O., ALASKA
Mission Society,
(Florence Ritter),
1212 Adam St.,
Bowling Green, Ky.

40-1
Aug. 14, 1930.

My dear Crusaders,

May God's blessing be always with you all!
The kind letter sent me through "Jesuit Missions" by your president reached me just recently. Many thanks for your interest in us. Those post cards of Bowling green, and the clipping of your graduation exercises were interesting, and some day I hope to hear from you again.

Just at present I am on my way to the States as I have been called out on business. I will not be able to get back this fall. But by next summer I expect to be back to my old post at Kashunak. My address for the coming winter will be : Manresa House, Port Townsend, Washington.

We have had a cold wet summer. It has rained almost every day for the past two months. All my people are at their fishing camps and so are scattered far and wide. At the mission itself there is nobody just now since I left. We expect a very hard winter as the fishing season has turned out very poorly. To add to the misery the government has closed the hunting of mink, which was about the main furbearing animal that supported my people last winter. The coincidence of these two things is very unfortunate, as it will mean lots of misery at Kashunak.

In union of prayers, and with my priestly blessing I remain,

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

John F. Fox

Pittsburgh Council of Cath. Women,
(Cath. A. O'Donnell),
5216 Penn Ave.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sacred Heart Mission
Kashunak, Alaska,
Aug. 14, 1930.

*Copy for Bureau
Orig. to donor*

40-1

SEP 16 1930
My dear Friends,

May the blessing of God be ever with you all!

Your kind shipment of clothes reached me safely a few days ago. May our dear Lord reward you for your kindness to us in this out-of-the-way Mission of the Sacred Heart, and you may rest assured that we will not forget you in our holy masses and prayers.

Will you kindly express my most sincere gratitude to Mrs. J. Toner Barr, 1542 Princess St., Beechview, Pittsburgh, Pa? It was very kind of her to think of us, and the clothes she sent us were excellent. They will go a long way to keep warm more than one good soul next winter.

The fishing season has been very poor this year. To add to the misfortune the government has closed down the hunting of mink, making the shooting, trapping or selling of this fur-bearing animal illegal. At Kashunak we always have a spring famine; but I am looking forward to worse things this winter than the usual famine. Poor people!

The diet of my Eskimos is a very simple affair. They need little to keep them up; but that little they need badly. As long as they have plenty of fish and tea they are content. When hunting is good so that they get a little fur, such as foxes, minks or otters, they buy some flour and lard too. But both of these articles are so expensive around here that it takes quite a stake to buy much. Flour sells for \$5.00 a sack (#50lbs), and tea for \$1.00 a pound. A half pound of lard costs .75. The price of sugar, if one can get it at all is 0.50 a pound. You see how at these rates one needs a pretty fat pocket book to buy much. And I guess the hard times in the States will affect us too up here, though at present prices have not swung up yet.

Again thanking you most cordially for your kindness to us, and begging for a remembrance in your holy masses and prayers as we too very often remember you in ours, I beg to remain, with my priestly blessing,

Yours most sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

John P. Fox, S.J.

Copy for
Bureau C.I.M.
Should show
either here or
in letter donor's
(i.e., writer's)
full NAME
ADDRESS
AMOUNT \$....
DATE REC'D.
for \$17.00
If shipment,
check thus
(✓): *Prayer*
If address of donor
is changed, write
Name

and Old Address

and New Address

Also names
and addresses
of others
paid for
through donor

Bureau should credit this donation to
Fathers (if so, check here).....
or Sisters (if so, check here).....
or following individual
Father or Sister: (write name).....

SACRED HEART MISSION

Mt. St. Mary Novitiate, (KASHUNAK)
Convent of Mercy, HOLY CROSS P. O., ALASKA
Manchester, N. H.

Aug. 15, 1930.

My dear Novices,

May the blessing of our dear Lord remain ever with you all! Your kind letter of May 26th just reached me, and I assure you, was a real consolation to me. To know that I have a group of fervent novices praying for two weeks that Our good Lord may bless the labors of one of the least servants of His vineyard!

I am not going to write you a sermon, or even a sermonette just now. You realize that our work here in this mission as much as any where else, is a spiritual work. And without spiritual means we can no more do any spiritual work than can a carpenter make anything without tools. Money is necessary all right for the upkeep of a missionary and his mission. But a much more important need than money is prayer. I do not always need a chapel to convert a soul, nor a confessional to absolve a penitnet (as you see from the enclosed Picture). But do need the help of God for both, and this help does not come without prayers. So please find me a regular place on your list so that I may again figure on your mission board.

I am enclosing you a little account that will interest you and help to remind you of my needs when you appear before our Lord in the chapel. We too will remember you and your intentions in our holy masses and prayers that God may make you daily more and more fervent in His holy service, and send you lots of new companions to help you spread abroad the fire He came to cast on earth.

You will find Kashunak River on almost any Alaskan map. But the village is usually not put down. It is one mile from the Bering Sea in a swamp and surrounded by lakes and sloughs on every side. Kashunak River flows into the Bering Sea just a little above Nelson Island on the southwest coast of Alaska. I may have occasion to tell you more of our location later.

Thanking you again for your prayers, I remain with my priestly

John P. Fox

Copy for *Bureau* *Miss E. Frisse,* *Transville, Ind* *Original to 10/30 MB* SACRED HEART MISSION
Bureau C.M.M. (KASHUNAK)
Should show either here or in letter donor's HOLY CROSS P.O., ALASKA
(i.e., writer's) *Aug. 15, 1930.* *40-1*
full NAME
ADDRESS
AMOUNT \$ *12* \$ 2.00.
DATE REC'D. *8/2/30*
for *8/2/30*
If shipment, check thus
(✓).....
If address of donor is changed, write Name
and Old Address
and New Address
Also names and addresses of others paid for through donor
Bureau should credit this donation to
Fathers (if so, check here).....
or Sisters (if so, check here).....
or following individual
Father or Sister: (write name).....
I am in receipt of you \$ 10.00 for masses, and the donation of \$ 2.00. May our dear Lord reward you for your kindness to us here at Kashunak. Your gift looks very big to the poor hobo of Kashunak. For even here, as I hear you also have in the States, hard times are upon us, and very often the natives ~~ake~~ have no one to look to for help except the missionary, who at times is not very much richer than they are.
In some parts of interior Alaska some vegetables and other garden truck will grow. Potatoes, lettuce, carrots, radishes, turnips, and several kind of berries, both wild and cultivated in a garden, do prett well at Holy Cross mission, which is 500 miles north of Kashunak, where my mission is situated. Every year when I go there to get my freight I also bring back with me fresh vegetables and turnips and carrots for the winter. As in my mission it is impossible to have a cellar, I have a hard time to keep these things from freezing, and always lose some of them. But they are a big help to me, and my Eskimos too, when occasion offers, benefit by them. I thought of trying a garden even at Kashunak But as soon as I dug down one foot I hit ice, and anyhow, nowhere in the neighborhood is there even one shovel full of soil. We are located in a swamp, one mile from the Bering Sea, and where there is not water, there is moss and a sort of sod, but not a bit of ground that would be suitable for a garden. So I had to give up the idea of a garden.
The coming winter will be a hard one for my people as the fishing season turned out very poor this year, and the government has besides, forbidden the hunting of mink, on which my people chiefly depend now since foxes are beginning to be very rare in my district. But the kind all will provide as usual for His children.
With an expression of my sincere gratefulness, and a promise of ou continued prayer for you and your intentions, I remain, with a blessing Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,
John C. Fox

Copy for
Bureau C.I.M.
Should show
either here or
in letter donor's
(i.e., writer's)
full NAME
ADDRESS
AMOUNTS.....
DATE REC'D.
for 8/2/31.
If shipment,
check this
(✓).....
If address of donor
is changed, write
Name

Sr. M. Ligoria,
137 Grape St.,
Manayunk, Philadelphia, Pa.
SEP 10 1930

SACRED HEART MISSION
(KASHUNAK)
HOLY CROSS P. O., ALASKA

40-1
Aug. 15, 1930.

My dear Sr. Ligoria,

May the blessing of God be ever with you!

Whose sacristy wardrobe did you rob for the benefit of Kashunak? Well, anyhow, it was in a good cause, and I assure you that the copes, veils, and surplices, as well as the other odds and ends will find a very good place to do service for many more years. Just here at Sacred Heart Mission I am now fairly well supplied with most things except a few articles needed for special occasions, such as veils for my statues during Passion and Holy week, and similar things. But I have other stations under my care, besides Sacred Heart Mission, and in some of these almost everything is still wanting. One of your copes and veils will go to new station of Nihmtiut that is being built this summer.

The first airplane to serve the Alaskan Mission is arriving at Se-ward today. I hope it will have good luck and serve the good cause for many years. Even Kashunak will be less inaccessible with the coming of the plane, and I hope that there will be no more mailless periods such as this past winter. I had no mail from the middle of September to Christmas, and none from the end of March till July 15th. In January mail arrived once; also in February and March. These long delays are disagreeable not only to the missionary, but also, and even more so to our friends, who generally imagine that their letters and packages were lost, when in reality they are but lying in some post office waiting to be forwarded by the first dogteam that happens to come in our direction.

Thanking you most cordially for your charity to us, and assuring you of our prayers, I remain in union of prayers and with my priestly blessing,

Yours most sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

John A. Fox

Bureau should credit this donation to:
Fathers (if so, check here).....
or Sisters (if so, check here).....
or following individual
Father or Sister: (write name).....

Copy for
Bureau C.I.M.
Should show
either here or
in letter donor's
(i.e., writer's)
full NAME
ADDRESS
AMOUNT \$
DATE REC'D.
for 8/2/30.
If shipment,
check this
(✓).....
If address of donor
is changed, write
Name
and Old Address
and New Address
Also names
and addressees
of others
paid for
through donor

Miss E.A. Hak,
1217 N. 12th St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Aug. 15, 1930 SEP 10 1930 *DR.*

SACRED HEART MISSION
(KASHUNAK)
HOLY CROSS P. O., ALASKA

Aug. 15, 1930.

40-1

My dear Miss Hak,
May God's blessing be ever with you!
Your generous box of last year, as well as that of this year arrived safely. And I am very sorry to hear that you have not yet received the letter of thanks that I wrote you. But I am sure that by this time it will certainly have reached you. It takes lots of patience here in Alaska; and our friends too have very often to share with us the disagreeable delays that under present circumstances can not be avoided.

As your last year's shipment I found the present one too most useful and practical. May our dear Lord reward you as you so well deserve for your charity to us here at Sacred Heart Mission. I realize that the times are hard, and that what you sent us is the result of sacrifice. But for that very reason it is the more appreciated not only by us, but more especially by our good Master for whose sake it is given. "What you have done to the least of mine you have done to Me".

There is not a soul at the village of Kashunak at present. All my people are scattered far and wide looking for fish and berries for the coming winter. Unfortunately the fishing season has been very poor this year, and to make things worse, the government has been prevailed upon by somebody to forbid the hunting of mink next winter. Mink was the chief fur-bearing animal that my people got last winter, and the coincidence of these two things is very unfortunate for us. It will mean lots of misery next winter.

Thanking you again for your generosity to us, and promising you a continuance of our prayers, I remain with a blessing,

Yours most sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

Bureau should credit this donation to:
Fathers (if so, check here).....
or Sisters (if so, check here).....
or following individual
Father or Sister: (write name).....

John P. Fort

Copy for
Bureau C.I.M.
Should show
either here or
in letter donor's
(i.e., writer's)
full NAME

ADDRESS

AMOUNT \$....

DATE REC'D.

for 8/7/30.

If shipment,

check thus

(✓).....

If address of donor

is changed, write

Name

and Old Address

and New Address

Also names
and addresses
of others
paid for
through donor

SACRED HEART MISSION
(KASHUNAK)
HOLY CROSS P. O., ALASKA

Miss G. Kelber,
1101 Lagonda Ave.,
Springfield, Ohio.

Orig. to donor SEP 10 1930 *Dr*

40-1
Aug. 15, 1930.

My dear Miss Keller,

May the blessing of God be ever with you!

Finally, after being on the way just one year, your generous shipment to Sacred Heart Mission, Kashunak, arrived. Undoubtedly you must have thought long ago that it was lost. Well, no not lost, but simply delayed. We are accustomed to those things here, but for you it certainly is disagreeable.

It is just on account of such cases as yours that I always make it a point to include in the list of our special friends any one the notice of whose shipment I have received. For it happens many times that the notice preceeds the actual shipment by many months. So that even though I did not receive your box till one week ago, I and also my people, have been praying for you. For that is about the only means we have of expressing our appreciation and showing that we try to be thankful for your gift.

Your box was very practical indeed, and very carefully packed. For shipments to us here this last detail is very important. Much of my freight has to be handled very often before it finally gets to Kashunak. In fact I myself handled some of my boxes last year as many as ten times after they were handed over to me at Holy Cross and before I finally landed them at my mission. So you see the reason for the need of well packed shipments, especially when, like yours, they contain heavy articles.

Thanking you once more, and promising you a continuance of our holy masses and prayers for you and your intentions, I remain in union of prayers, and with my priestly blessing,

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

Bureau should credit this donation to:

Fathers (if so, check here).....

or Sisters (if so, check here).....

or following individual

Father or Sister: (write name) *J.P. Fox*

J.P. Fox

Copy for
Bureau C.I.M.
Should show
either here or
in letter donor's
(i.e., writer's)
full NAME

ADDRESS
AMOUNT \$....
DATE REC'D.
for 8/7/30.

If shipment,
check thus
(✓): *K*
If address of donor
is changed, write
Name

and Old Address

and New Address

Also names
and addresses
of others
paid for
through donor

SACRED HEART MISSION
(KASHUNAK)
428 Chestnut St., HOLY CROSS P. O., ALASKA
St. Marys, Pa.

40-1
Aug. 15, 1930.

Orig. to donor
SEP 10 1930 *JK*

My dear Mrs. Joyce,
May the blessing of God be ever with you!
Your kind shipment of altar cloths, dresses, surplices, lace,
stockings, magazines, etc. arrived just recently. May our dear Lord
reward you for your kindness to us.

Good friends of the Alaskan missions have given us an airplane
which is expected to arrive in Alaska today. I hope to see it soon,
and am praying that God may protect it and give it many years of ser-
vice for His greater honor and glory here in Alaska. It will help
very much to pull together the many and widely scattered missions of
this frozen land, and will also facilitate mail service in such out-
of-the-way places as Sacred Heart Mission. Last winter I received
no mail from the middle of September to Christmas, and from March to
the middle of July. And during the rest of the winter months I get
mail only a very few times. With the coming of the plane I hope that
I will get mail a little more frequently than that.

With an expression of my sincere appreciation, and assuring you
of a continued remembrance in our holy masses and prayers, I remain
with a blessing,

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

John A. Fox

Bureau should credit this donation to:
Fathers (if so, check here).....
or Sisters (if so, check here).....
or following individual
Father or Sister: (write name) *JK*

Copy for
Bureau C.I.M.
Should show
either here or
in letter donor's
(i.e., writer's)
full NAME
ADDRESS
AMOUNT \$....
DATE REC'D.
for 8/7/30.
If shipment,
check this
(✓).....
If address of donor
is changed, write
Name

and Old Address

and New Address

Also names
and addresses
of others
paid for
through donor

Bureau should credit this donation to:
Fathers (if so, check here).....
or Sisters (if so, check here).....
or following individual
Father or Sister: (write name) *John P. Fox*

SACRED HEART MISSION
(KASHUNAK)
Miss Emily Syota, HOLY CROSS P. O., ALASKA
Gleneden Beach, Oregon.

Aug. 15, 1930. *40-1*

Original to donor
SEP 10 1930
My dear Miss Syota,

May the blessing of God be ever with you!

Many thanks for the box of pictures you sent us. Every little bit helps. And as I have a very large territory to care for, and Eskimos like pictures, you may be sure that every one of those you sent will find a good reception somewhere.

Pictures play a great part in the religious instruction of my people. They never tire listening to the explanation of pictures; and once they themselves understand a picture they are always ready to pass on to some one else what they have learned. It is a calm and unobtrusive way of passing on the knowledge of our Lord and the Saints, and the principal mysteries of our holy religion.

With an expression of our sincere appreciation, and a promise of our prayers, I remain with a blessing,

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

John P. Fox, Jr.

Copy for
Bureau C.I.M.
Should show
either here or
in letter donor's
(i.e., writer's)
full NAME
ADDRESS
AMOUNT \$ *1.00*
DATE REC'D.
for *7/29/30*
If shipment,
check thus
(✓): *✓*
If address of donor
is changed, write
Name

St. Marys School,
Glenshaw, Pa.

SACRED HEART MISSION
(KASHUNAK)
HOLY CROSS P. O., ALASKA

Aug. 16, 1930.

40-1

Orig. sent down

SEP 14 1930
My dear friends,

May the blessing of God be ever with you!
You figured I guess that flowers do not grow in Alaska. Hence the box of beautiful flowers for my altar, along with the other nice things you sent me. For all most hearty thanks, and may our dear Lord reward your charity.

As for flowers not growing in Alaska, that is not exactly correct. In some parts, especially in the interior of the country they do very well. But in my entire district it is true that, if you accept a very few wild flowers, flowers do not prosper. There is no soil for them, and besides there is salt water from the Bering Sea almost everywhere, as I am situated only one mile from the sea.

and Old Address

The altar cloth and anependium will come in very handy in one of my new stations. In some of these almost everything is still wanting.

and New Address

And I guess by the time I get these about furnished with the essentials of divine service, new ones will be coming up. For my district is very large. In one of my last winter's trips I visited thirty two villages, and of these only two have a chapel at present. And besides these there are still a number that I did not even have time to visit. Many of my people do not see their pastor even once in a year.

Also names
and addresses
of others
paid for
through donor

With an expression of my sincere gratitude, and an assurance of our continued prayers, I remain in union of prayers, and with my priestly blessing,

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

John A. Fox, P.

Bureau should credit this donation to:
Fathers (if so, check here).....
or Sisters (if so, check here).....
or following individual
Father or Sister: (write name) *John A. Fox*

Return this COPY to BUREAU OF CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS
2021 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Rev. John P. Fox, S. J.,
Kashunak,
Holy Cross, Alaska.

Dear Father Fox:

I enclose herewith donor's check for \$5, covering
the gift of Miss Helen M. O'Brien of California, which she has
designated for you.

Upon receipt of this donation, please write a letter of
thanks to the donor and forward it through this Bureau for transmittal
by me to the donor.

Yours in Christ,

Wm Hughes

Rt. Rev. Msgr. William Hughes,
Director.

JR

Received the check named above

J P Fox SJ per J L Sanchez SJ

(Signed)-----

(This form satisfies the Bureau but not the donor. Send me letter for
donor. Pictures mean much both to the donor and to THE INDIAN SENTINEL.)

Letter follow

Return this COPY to BUREAU OF CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS

2021 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C. August 26, 1930.

Rev. John P. Fox, S. J.,
Kashunak,
Poly Cross, Alaska.

Dear Father Fox:

I enclose herewith Bureau check for \$, covering
the gift of the Rogan Dry Goods Store of Massachusetts, which has been
designated for you.

Upon receipt of this donation, please write a letter of
thanks to the donor and forward it through this Bureau for transmittal
by me to the donor.

Yours in Christ,

Wm. Hughes
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Wm. Hughes,
Director

MW

Received the check named above

(Signed)

John A. Lusk

(This form satisfies the Bureau but not the donor. Send me letter for
donor. Pictures mean much both to the donor and to THE INDIAN SENTINEL.)

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.,
Kashanuk,
Holy Cross, Alaska.

40-1
August 27, 1930.

Dear Father Fox:

Mrs. B. C. Sieben of Illinois, and which she 25 covering
the purchase of food for the Eskimo children.

MJ:HS.

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.,
Kashunak,
Holy Cross, Alaska.

Dear Father Fox:

Miss Mary O'Connor of Illinois, and which she⁶ covering
your mission.

MJ:HS.

August 27, 1930.

40-1

40-1

August 27, 1930

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.,
Kashunak,
Holy Cross, Alaska.

Dear Father Fox:

Miss Catherine Broermann, St. Bernard, Ohio, which was
100.00 covering
food for the Makino children.

HJ:CB.

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.,
Kashuanak,
Nely Cross, Alaska.

40-1
August 27, 1930.

Dear Father Fox:

25 covering
Mr. E. S. Skillin of New Jersey, and which he has
food for the Eskimo children.

HT: FM

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.,
Kashunak,
Holy Cross, Alaska.

40-1
August 27, 1930.

Dear Father Fox:

Sister E. Region of New Jersey, and which she has
typewriter. 10 covering

iii: FM

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.
Kashunak,
Holy Cross, Alaska.

40-1
August 27, 1930.

Dear Father Fox:

Miss Martha W. Feeny, Pennsylvania,
r food for the Eskimo children.

2.00 covering

HC.

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.
Kashunak,
Holy Cross, Alaska.

40-1
August 27, 1930.

Dear Father Fox:

Mrs. Margaret R. Fox, Pennsylvania,
feed for the Eskimo children.

3.00 covering

HC.

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.
Kashunak,
Holy Cross, Alaska

40-1
August 27, 1930.

Dear Father Fox:

Mr. Alois J. Caba, South Dakota,
feed for the Eskimo children.

5.00 covering

RC.

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.
Kashunak,
Holy Cross, Alaska.

Dear Father Fox:

Miss Mattie Moore, New York,
food for the Eskimo children.

40-1
August 27, 1930.

5.00 covering

HC.

40-1

August 28, 1930.

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.,
Kashunak,
Holy Cross, Alaska.

Dear Father Fox:

Mr. William Wolf of Wisconsin, and which he
food for the Eskimo children. 2 covering

WH:HS.

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.
Kashunak,
Holy Cross, Alaska.

40-1
August 28, 1930.

Dear Father Fox;

Mrs. Mary Engelhart, Pennsylvania,
feed for the Eskimo children.

3.00 covering

HC.

Manresa Hall,
Port Townsend, Wash.,
Aug. 29th, 1930.

My dear Msgr. Hughes,
P. Xti.,

Finally, after spending 38 days on boats and trains, and getting rid of about \$ 900.00 (including the expense of getting to me the message that called me out to the States), I land here at Port Townsend to spend ten months in working for my own personal sanctification.

I am sending you some few films and also the letters of thanks for shipments received before leaving Holy Cross. Those that have arrived there after my departure will be attended to by Fr. Lucchesi, who has kindly consented to acknowledge them.

What has happened to all those prints you say you sent me, and those to which you wished me to add the description? I have seen nothing of them, though you announced their coming about four months ago. Eventually they may reach me; but if you are in any hurry about those titles or descriptions, you had better make me another collection. And a full collection of the films I sent you, I mean prints of them, would be handy now anyhow, as I may have chance to do show them to friends and so do some good for the Mission.

As I did not get the pictures I could not write the lecture either that I had intended, as I need to pictures for reference. Besides I spent almost all my time on the trip down in answering to letters, and thanking for shipments. But I brought with me a collection of curios and miniature sleds, kiyaks, parkeys, etc. etc., that will come in handy for mission talks in case an opportunity offers itself. Suggestions from yourself would be most welcome. Of course, my main business here this year is to become holy; but if at the same time I can help along the Missions, and your good work I certainly am ready to do all the my superiors will permit.

I have my heart set on going back to Alaska in my own boat. Of course, I am not dead sure that I will be sent back to Kashunak, or for that matter, even to Alaska. But I do want to go back to my station, and also think that my superiors will be willing to have me go back. And in this case I see no other way of doing my work there except by getting a boat. No boat runs up and down the coast that I can rely on for getting anywhere; nor can my freight be handled without a boat at Kashunak. In a former letter I more or less gave you an idea of the kind of boat I would need. And though I realize that the times are very hard, and that I will probably have a hard time to get and keep up a boat that is safe in a Mission like Kashunak; still, as I am now here in the States and can look things over at leisure, I thought it worth while to make the attempt. And if I am successful I intend to haul part of my own freight and of that of Fr. Menager of Hooper Bay, from Seattle to Kashunak next July. I have talked the proposition over with men who know conditions, and who have themselves made the trip, one of them, Dr. Waugh of New York who, ran his own boat, a 35 foot sea skiff, all the way up to the north without any mishaps. I figure that I should be able to pick up a boat at Seattle for some \$ 1500.00, that would suit my purpose. But if I can not raise the necessary money I will buy an outboard motor and row boat, and with this try to get along till better times return. Unfortunately so far I have not been able to consult any of my superiors yet as to this matter. But I think Rev. Fr. Delon, who knows my situation at Kashunak, will not object. Besides, I have lots of brothers and sisters, and close relatives at Uniontown whom I will probably have a chance to visit. And though

none of them had much money, I know they will be glad to share with me some of the little they possess of this world's goods.

I have instructed Annie Sipary, my catechist at Kashunak to send you a few good films that she has, and that may interest you. Consider them as my own for the present. One of them has Annie (on left I think) with two other girls taken after a day of egg and goose hunting at Kashunak. Would you kindly send this film, or a copy of it, to Msgr. Thill when you receive it? Or if on account of the slowness of the Kashunak mail, it does not come for a long time you might send him a print of one of my films showing Annie feeding my pups, or travelling with me. She appears in several of the later films I sent you. You see, we have started the Crusade at Kashunak and I have made Annie the first secretary, and I think an Eskimo secretary would make good dope for the "Shield". So pick some interesting picture of her and send it along to Msgr. Thill.

Recommending myself to your holy masses and prayers, I beg to remain,

Yours most sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

John B. Fox, S.J.

Archives and Institutional Repository - Bureau of Catholic India Missions

Copy for *Bureau*
Original donor
Sept 10 1930 *Dr*

Mrs. J. P. Byrne,
4552 Woodlawn Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Sacred Heart Mission,
(Kashunak) Holy Cross P. C., Alaska,
August, 1930. *40-1*

My dear Mrs. Byrne:

Both the quilt and the cloak will come in very handy next winter. Cloaks, even though worn pretty much, are always useful. We use the better ones for wearing, and those that are worn too much we cut up for making mittens, caps, and other articles of clothing for the children. It is too bad that freight rates are so prohibitive here that often the freight bill for a box of used clothes is twice or three times as much as the clothes are worth, esp. if as at times happens through inexperience, such boxes are sent by express. Just recently a box arrived at Holy Cross for which we had to pay \$38.00 express charges, and the box was no larger than about three feet square.

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

Copied by HS.

(Rev.) John P. Fox, S.J.

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.,
Kashunak,
Holy Cross, Alaska.

40-1
September 2, 1930.

Dear Father Fox:

5 covering
Mrs. Frank D. Sullivan of New Jersey, and which was
food for the Eskimo children.

Check made in favor of Rev. Philip Delon.

W:FM

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.,
Kashunak,
Holy Cross, Alaska.

40-1
September 2, 1930

Dear Father Fox:

Miss Mary Wilverding, Adrian, Minnesota, 5 which is
food in response to your appeal in the INDIAN SENTINEL.

HJ:MP

Check drawn in favor of Rev. Philip Delon.

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.
Kashunak,
Holy Cross, Alaska.

Dear Father Fox:

Mr. Ralph J. Schoettle, Pennsylvania,
food for the Eskimo children.

September 3, 1930.

10.00 covering

Check made in favor of Rev. Philip Delon.

HC.

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.
Holy Cross,
Alaska.

September 3, 1930.

40-1

Dear Father Fox:

Mrs. L. S. Lamm, Minnesota
food in response to your appeal in THE INDIAN SENTINEL.

5

MJ:CW

Check made in favor of Rev. Philip Delon.

REC'D SEPT. 6, 1913
To the addresses of friends I
send you for your mailing list
please add:

Mr. + Mrs. Charles Taylor, } Seward
Mr. + Mrs. W. B. Sennitt, } Alaska
Rev. S. Mejia, Alban, Nazaret,
Colombia.

I also met Fr. Delon this evening
and he told me to go ahead with re-
gard to the boat. But he thinks it
more practical to have the boat built
at Seward Alaska, where a good friend
of mine promised to do the work for
\$125.00.

40-1

September 12, 1930.

Rev. John P. Fox, S. J.,
Manresa House,
Port Townsend, Wash.

Dear Father Fox:

I am sorry to learn that Holy Cross Mission had to pay the express charges of \$38. No donor has ever been instructed by this office to ship a box to Alaska by express. If this was a benefactor whose shipment was received through THE INDIAN SENTINEL, I would like you to inform me of the name and address of the donor. In such cases I write the donors asking them to reimburse the mission. I find that they are very willing to do so, and are anxious to help the mission rather than to work a hardship on it.

Yours fraternally,

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Wm. Hughes,
Director.

M

September 15, 1930.

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.,
Kashunak,
Holy Cross, Alaska.

Dear Father Fox:

My records show that a check for \$2.50 which I sent to you on May 17, 1929 has not yet been cashed by you. The number of the check was 16697, and was the gift of Mrs. Susan Hopkins of Maryland.

I also have record of a check for \$250 sent to you on March 21, 1930 which has not been cashed by you. The number of this check was 18416, and was covering receipts from the October appeal in your behalf.


Please let me know if you have received these checks and if so, whether or not you have cashed them. If you did not receive them or they have been lost or misplaced, I will send you duplicates and have payment stopped on the first checks.

Hoping to hear from you soon regarding this matter, I remain

Yours fraternally,

Rt. Rev. Mgr. William Hughes,
Director.

JR

Copy For: *Encl.*
Gigto honor
JAN 8 - 1934 

[KASHUNAK] 40-1
Holy Cross, Alaska.
September 18, 1930.

Dear Mrs. Hoffmieri:

Your two very good boxes came, but Father Fox was not here to acknowledge them and thank you for them. He was called by our Superiors to spend the winter outside, but he will be back after the breaking of the ice, in June. Following his directions I opened the boxes and found very useful and precious things, which will make those Esquimaux very happy and very thankful to you. I don't know yet definitely if I am the fortunate successor of Father Fox during this winter, but I do wish that would be so and be able to witness their joy and gratitude. Dolls, children's dresses etc., it is what they frequently ask, but the little artistic crib will be the center of their admiration and ardent love. I wonder where did you find so many and useful things. Dresses, shoes, splendid children's mittens, just the thing for cold Alaska, etc., etc...too long to enumerate, but you may be sure, not too long for the guardian angels, yours and theirs, to write down in their golden books. What beautiful crown you will have in heaven. God bless you and your family. I regret not to have time enough to write a longer letter, but I hope to do so when in the long winter we have more leisure. I hope you will continue your charity to our good Father Fox, who of course, will be informed of your generous donation.

Hoping to hear from you again, I am

Yours in the Sacred Heart,

(Signed) Rev. John L. Macchesi, S.J.,

Copied by: FM

Copy For Bureau
W. J. Donovan

SEP 18 1930

Mt. St. Mary Novitiate,
Convent of Mercy,
Manchester, N. H.

My Dear Novices:

I am not going to write you a sermon, or even a sermonette just now. You realize that our work here in this mission as much as anywhere else, is a spiritual work. and without spiritual means we can no more do any spiritual work than can a carpenter make anything without tools. Money is necessary all right for the upkeep of a missionary and his mission. But a much more important need than money is prayer. I do not always need a chapel to convert a soul, nor a confessional to absolve a penitent (as you see from the enclosed pictures) but do need the help of God for both, and this help does not come without prayers. So please find me a regular place on your list so that I may again figure on your mission board.

Signed (Rev.) John P. Fox, S. J.,

Copied by: FM

40-1
Sacred Heart Mission,
Alaska.

40-1

MANRESA HALL
PORT TOWNSEND, WASHINGTON

Room SEP 27 1930 Am 0, 1930 m.
 Date _____ Ent _____ Cu _____
 Party _____ Messrs. _____ Dr. _____
 To the _____ P.O. _____
 Order _____ Work _____ P.O. _____
 Date _____

My dear Mr. Hughes,
 P.C.

The check of \$2.50 from Mrs. S. Hopkins
 12 1931

I received June 24, 1929. But I do not recall where or when I used it. For as I have no bank handy at Kashunak I generally use my checks in payment of bills instead of cashing them.

The one of \$250 you refer to in your letter of Sept. 15, I cashed at Fairbanks, Alaska about the middle of August. I guess you'll have the matter settled by now.

As I have been in retreat since Aug 30, and will not finish till Sept 30 I must be brief. Will answer your other letters later.

Yours most gratefully in the Sacred Heart,

John F. Fox Jr.

September 26, 1930.

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.,
Makroa House,
Port Townsend, Wash.

Dear Father Fox:

Absence from the city prevented an early reply to your letter of August 29.

The films to which you refer in that letter, also the letters of thanks for shipments you received before leaving Holy Cross have arrived.

I hope to send you in the near future a print of each of the negatives which you sent me. I have marked those around which you intend to prepare your lecture.

As your time will be pretty well taken up this year, I feel that it would be useless for me to make any suggestions as to ways in which you can help along the mission work during this year. It might be well for you not to make any plans in this regard until the work for which you have been brought to the States is completed.

In regard to the boat it seems to me it would be wise to leave the decision in the hands of those who have had many years experience. I realize that Father Delon would not wish to discourage the project you have in mind. However, time will probably iron out that item. It seems to me that it would be rather "hazardous" for you to undertake to tow your freight from Seattle to Kashunak. Personally, I would not like to apply a donation toward the purchase of a boat which was to be put to such a test on its maiden trip.

I will certainly try to get at least \$125 for you to build the boat at Seward, Alaska, along the lines suggested to you by Father Delon. If I succeed in getting more, the surplus can be used toward the upkeep of the boat.

I hope it will not be necessary to trouble you again about such details. If anything comes up I feel sure that Father Delon and Father Menager will cooperate in getting the thing straightened out until your tertianship is over.

I have sent to Monsignor Thill a print of the picture of Anna Sipary as first secretary of your C.S.M.C. at Sacred Heart Mission, Kashunak.

Sent

Send
advice
on
Chinese
philosophy

asked by
Fr. Delon

The three addresses which you sent me have been added to the list credited to you in the Bureau's files. Any subscriptions or donations received from them will be refunded to you.

Yours fraternally,

Rt. Rev. Mgr. William Hughes,
Director.

SF:MC

Recd OCT 6 1930 Amt _____
A/c 148/3 32/15 Pmt _____
M/Pd _____ M/Pd _____
Letter to _____
Order filled _____
Ship's _____
Copy to L.S. _____
Copy to _____

MANRESA HALL
PORT TOWNSEND, WASHINGTON

40-1
Sept. 29, 1930.

My dear Msgr. Hughes,

Many thanks for your kind letter of Sept. 26. It is full of wisdom. In regard to the boat I already did what you now suggest as soon as I reached Seattle where I met Fr. Delon. And with that this subject is closed for the present.

I appreciate also your kindness in leaving me out of mission business till my tertianship is over. And I am sure that everything will work out well. If however, any correspondence has to be done regarding Kashunak of which I should be informed, I would appreciate a carbon copy so as to avoid confusion later.

This morning I wrote to Alaska to find out if possible the address of the person who sent that box for which, as I was told at Holy Cross, \$36.00 was paid for express charges. I had merely mentioned this item to Mrs. Byrne by way of an interesting bit of information, and did not figure that you would pick up the statement in order to refund the money. As soon as I hear from the Father I will let you know; but I am sure it will not be before Christmas.

10K/82 The enclosed clipping from a little four-page sheet that our Fathers publish for the relatives and friends of the Jesuits of the West may be of interest to you so I cut it out.

Hoping that you will not forget me in your fervent prayers and holy masses I remain in union of prayers,

Yours most sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

John P. Fox, S.J.

October 8, 1930.

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.,
Manroza House,
Port Townsend, Wash.

Dear Father Fox:

On page 159 of the Fall issue of THE INDIAN SENTINEL, which is now in press, I have published your story describing the kind of boat you need for the Kachunak district. Copies of the magazine will be sent to you in due time.

By the way, I have before me a copy of letter to you under date of September 26, and note particularly paragraph 5. The letter was dictated and signed in my absence. It should have offered no advice, but confined itself to routine matters.

Yours fraternally,

Rt. Rev. Mgr. William Hughes,
Director.

WH:MC

I hope you got the same kick out of that paragraph which I did. I never knew till I read it that I had qualified as a pilot in Alaskan waters.

Referring to paragraph six of the letter of September 26, it should have been made clear to you that The Indian Sentinel is the only means I can count on to get money. There is always an if to that.

Bill.

Recd OCT 18 1930 AM
Add *see letter p. 10 Nov 17*
Folio _____
Manila _____

MANRESA HALL
PORT TOWNSEND, WASHINGTON

Work Oct. 18, 1930.

My dear Msgr. Hughes,

P.S.

Just received your kind shipment of pictures last night. Many thanks for your great kindness. I am returning the pictures you asked me to identify, as also a list of others that I intend for additional slides. On this list you will find the description of some that were sent to you already developed from Holy Cross. I had lent them to the Sister there and ask her to send them on to you with the necessary description, which perhaps she forgot.

You perhaps noticed that most of my pictures have two blurred streaks running through them one a little left of the center, the other about the same distance to the right of the center of the picture. I examined the lens, but can see no apparent cause of the defective print. Certainly something is wrong either with my camera or with the printer. This blur is not so evident in pictures in which I used a small stop, which seems to point to a defect in the lens.

If I may bother you for another favor I would like to ask you to try if you can procure a large map of Alaska for me. On this I would like to indicate our various mission posts and then photograph the map. Also the results of the last census taken in Alaska this past winter if it is already available. Being at the Capitol I thought you could get these things more easily than I can from here, especially as you are known there.

When I was at Akulurak I sent a chess set to you to be forwarded to a certain Mrs. Veronica Kohler, St Regis Hotel, 5 Ave. & 55 St., N.Y., (her address at her summer home is: Ramapo Farm, New Jersey.) As I never received any acknowledgement of the shipment I had made inquiry of you some time last year I think (I forget just when). But I received no information from you on the subject. Will you see if you can find out anything about the matter? The lady, a good friend of mine, who gave me several substantial checks on my way to Alaska and when I first arrived there, has not written since about January 1928. She was the principal owner of the Kohler Piano Company, and a friend worth keeping (to put the matter selfishly for a good cause).

I miss some prints of negatives I sent you already developed this spring. Some of the prints in question that I happen to have here I am enclosing for your convenience.

Recommending myself most earnestly to your holy masses and prayers, I beg to remain,

Yours most thankfully in our Lord,

John P. Fox

P.S. I think it would be better to keep that list of additional slides that I am enclosing for future reference. There is no hurry about having the slides made; besides I am afraid that there will be too much similarity in the views, I will try if I can find anything better to give greater variety. Do you happen to have the films of Fr. Cunningham on file? Or those of any other Alaskan Missionary?

Slides desired of the following for a future lecture.

Those crossed out not wanted.

ENCLOSURE

MANRESA HALL
PORT TOWNSEND, WASHINGTON

- 267-149 Kashunak and Hooper Bay boys at Holy Cross. Back left: Fr. Menager, right: Fr. Fox. Little Camille, front center, who came in his mother's arms 2 yrs. ago now does not speak a word of English any more even to his own mother, in spite of all contrary efforts made by us.
- 267-144 Kashunak and Hooper Bay girls. Frs. Menager and Fox back row.
- 267-136 Hooper Bay people with Fr. Menager. To latter's right is Simeon my catechist at Nihtmiut this year; to Father's left is Jimmy, Father's catechist at Karamiut (near Kotmiut)
- 267-131 slide. Description given on back as you requested.
- 267-127 Notice same blurred streak running through center from Uttoan's face to the bottom.
- 267-101 My room
- 267-164 The two oldest Eskimos I know in my mission. Man to left stone blind though his eyes are wide open as you see.
- 267-157 Annie Sipary, catechist, helping me paint my chapel, May 1930. She is in my coveralls.
- 267-155 Annie Sipary holding my team for a snap.
- ~~267-107b Kashunak bell~~
- 267-160 Sacred Heart Mission, Kashunak, May 1930. Notice how much of bell is sticking out of the snow. Compare with preceeding view.
- 267-162 Fr. Fox painting his chapel, May 1930. Benches are piled up for improvised scaffold. We pulled this scaffold along the floor by ropes tied to the legs of the bottom benches so not to have to rebuild the scaffold every move we made.
- 267-147 Stella who died at ~~Keeper Bay~~ Holy Cross in school at the beginning of Aug. 1930. Fr. Fox gave her last Sacraments two hours before she died.
- ~~267-141~~ Some of my people at Tununa Jan. 13, 1930. Simeon, my catechist in back (highest head to the left. I carried my camera in the sled for 21 consecutive days, and in all that time the only picture the weather permitted me to take was this one; and even in this case it was blowing pretty much and the weather was very dark.
- 267-142 My workshop at Kashunak. Owing to the gift of a friend who through the Bureau gave me money for more tools I have turned this over to the people for their use. It will be a great blessing for them.
- 267-91 This grave is typical. Eskimos do not and can not dig down the coffin, they bury in sitting position, put something on the coffin to hold down the spirit, put all sorts of articles on grave (rifles, bows and arrows, pots and pans, kiyaks, in fact everything the dead person possessed at the time of death, unless the missionary can dissuade them, as sometimes he can.
- 267-129 Sufficiently described elsewhere
- 267-79 Mosquitoes are a pest anywhere you find them. But not everywhere is it necessary to put a net over your bed, over your hat, etc.
- ~~267-75 Mission chapel at Hamilton, Aaa.~~
- ~~267-77~~ Fr. A.C. Willebrand and some of the children at Akulurak, Aaa. In background is the church that burned down last Aug. 19, in which fire nothing whatever, not even the Bl. Sacrament was saved.
- 267-96b Annie Sipary, Kashunak Catechist, feeding future substitutes for Fr. Fox' dogteam. The "Marquette Missionary" is a good investment if the holy Angels don't object to too much overtime protection; but it can not supplant, but merely assist, the dogteam for the every-day missionary travel. The plane will save an amount of precious time, and expensive gasoline to run boats, help our wretched mail service in the out-of-the-way stations, and save many precious lives in great epidemics such as we have about every 15 to 20 years.
- 267-143 Children at play at Holy Cross. Fr. Lucchesi in background, Fr. Menager behind the Sister trying to get a snapshot himself but I beat him to it. Notice ag in the 2 blurred spots in group of children.

- 267-108a Fr. Fox unloading the material for the new mission at Takchak on Yukon. Rather had only one native boy with him as help, and the freight had to be carried up a steep bank after getting it ashore. This unloading was a fitting conclusion of a hard day and night that preceeded. We ran on a sandbar going full speed down stream. I waded in water to my waist for close to four hours pushing, pulling, stamping down and loading down a 100lb anchor so as to be able to pull ourselves out to deeper water by means of our capstan. Finally we had to unload most of our freight into another barge at two oclock in the morning so as to lighten our boat enough to get off.
- 267-119f Fish drying at St. Mary's Mission, Akulurak.
- 267-124d Girls of the garden crew, St. Mary's miss.
- 267-180 Hugging the shore to keep away from sandbars in the Tanana River.
- 267-169 Fr. John L. Luchesi, S.J. If you have any better picture of him available use that.
- 267-182 Fr. Aloysius Robeaut, the oldest living pioneer Alaskan Missionary.

Following added only for identification not for slides

- 267-178 Pair of the reception I always get from the children on getting near Mission. The bad focus is as poor -
- 267-153 Group taken at Nekehenak last May 1930. Fr. Fox, last row, center.
- 267-151 All the Nekehenak & St. Peter Bay children at Holy Cross.

Last row - From left to right - Fr. Luchesi, Fr. Fox, Fr. Menager, Sr. Superior, Holy Cross, Sr. ?

November 6, 1930

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.,
Manresa House,
Port Townsend, Washington.

Dear Father Fox:

I am enclosing a letter which I have just received for you from Mrs.
H. E. Schmitt of California.

I know you will continue to send all correspondence through this Bureau
for transmittal by me to the donors.

For your information, I am also enclosing copy of my letter to Rev. Francis
H. Menager, S.J.

With every best wish, I remain

Yours fraternally,

Rt. Rev. Mgr. William Hughes,
Director.

MB.

Copy for Bureau
Orig. sent Fr. Fox. 11/6/30 MB.

ENCLOSURE

1010 East St.,
Redding, Calif.
October 25, 1930

Rev. Fr. J. Fox.

Dear Fr. Fox:

Your letter, as well as the boots have arrived; what a nice surprise it was to receive such beautiful boots, and so perfectly made, in them I can see their appreciation. And is also a rare gift to me.

I feel real proud to possess something your people have made.

They are far more skilful than we have any idea of.

I believe many of us could learn from them. Please do not over-look to thank them for me. I was only too glad to relieve you from some of your tin cans, and what not.

I hope by this time you have received your St. Joseph's statue. As that was my last sending. You will no doubt miss your people greatly, as they miss you in turn but a change will also do you good. I do hope you did not have to leave on account of illness.

May God bless and keep you always well. As I'm sure you are greatly needed by your people.

Thanking you and your poor people again for those beautiful boots, I am sincerely yours,

(Signed)

Mrs. H. E. Schmitt

As it is near XMass, I sincerely wish you and your people with God's blessing a very happy XMass.

Copied by MB.

COPY FOR *Bureau*
Orig. to Doug
DEC 1-1930 *JR*
My dear Miss Walsh:

Manress Hall,
Port Townsend, Wash.
November 9, 1930

40-1

May the blessing of God be ever with you!

Your kind letter of July 30, reached me, and I hasten to answer it. For you have been already waiting long enough.

As you notice from my letter-head, I am a bit nearer to you than you knew. My superiors sent me here with the intention of keeping me occupied here till next July after which time I was to return to Kashunak. But owing to the unfortunate accident to the "Marquette Missionary" plane of which I suppose you must have read by this time in some paper or other, I am rushing back to Alaska sooner than I had expected. In that disaster we lost the Superior of the Alaskan Mission, and one other missionary. And as we were already very short in missionaries the death of these two zealous workers makes it necessary for me to return to my post, as I expect to do within about two weeks. Please pray that I may get there safely, as it is a bad time of the year to attempt such a long trip. After reaching Fairbanks in the interior of Alaska I will have before me at least two months of travel by dog-team before reaching Kashunak, unless indeed, I take a plane. This is a much faster way, of course. But as is evident from the wrecking of the "Marquette Missionary", is not without its danger.

Yes, I noticed the mistake with regard to the tea. And it was a truly happy one, I assure you. I had no more tea left in the house, and the natives were besieging me for tea from all sides. When they finally were convinced that I simply had no more left to give them, they agreed to accept a bit of coffee. So I went to your cans. And you may imagine the look on the faces of all of us as I opened the cans, and the shout of "Chie" (Eskimo word for tea) passed from mouth to mouth in the village. No need of saying how long it took me to get rid of your tea. Tea (black) is the only thing my people will use, unless it is impossible to get it. If they can't get it most of them will drink plain hot water. Some few will use enough coffee to give a tinge of brown to the hot water, but that's all. They can't get used to coffee, ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ So I will have the pleasure of drinking all by myself the coffee you say you sent me. I will probably have it for Christmas dinner, if I take the plane from Fairbanks to Kashunak. Thanks also most heartily for the other things you included in your shipment. Our dear Lord will know how to bless you as you so well deserve.

With my priestly blessing, and a promise to continue to remember you in my poor prayers, and those of my people, I beg to remain

Yours most sincerely in the Sacred Heart

John P. Fox, S. J.

COPIED BY MP

Rec'd NOV 17 1930
 App. 11/21/30
 Fol'd. _____
 MANRESA HALL
 PORT TOWNSEND, WASHINGTON
 Nov. 11, 1930.
 Ship't _____
 Copy to L.S. _____
 Copy to _____

My dear Megr Hughes,
 F.C.

I have been delaying this letter for a while to wait for a development of circumstances. But as I just received your note of Nov. 6 I will answer this and your letter of Oct. 8th at the same time.

I suppose you have read the inclosed letters to friends; so I need not repeat. As I am pretty sure that I will be ordered back to Alaska within about a week owing to the accident of the "Marquette Missionary" I thought it well to inform you of this now, that I may get a letter back from you before leaving Seattle, which I think will be about Dec. 1, (rather sooner than later). But when I get the final decision of my Superior at Rome, I will let you know immediately, whether it be affirmative or negative.

No apologies needed for anything in your letter of Sept. 26. I did not notice anything in it that was not very wisely said.

But I do owe you a little 'scuse me' for transgressing your canons on correspondence with friends. I brought a pair of boots to this place for Mrs. Schmitt, and did not figure that I should send them to her through you as I was laid off for a year with regard to mission friends. With the boots I sent, of course, a very short note of explanation, as also a promise of prayers during this month of the Holy Souls. As I did not hear from her, and thought perhaps she had changed back to her old address I wrote a short note to her at Chico just a few days ago. Neither letter contained anything of interest to you. And I have not written to any other benefactor of Alaska, besides yourself, since my return to the States. I believe strongly in your arrangement, and have no intention of changing my opinion. This one slip was a misunderstanding of my present status.

A certain Sr. Georgia from O'Neil, Nebraska, will probably write soon for shipping information to Alaska. She asked me for address of Alaskan headquarters, and while giving her the address of Fr. Superior, Holy Cross, I added a reference to you for safety sake.

I have finished the pad you sent me for making carbon copies of letters to friends. Please send me on a new one.

Thanking you for past and future favors, and recommending myself to your holy sacrifices and prayers, I remain,

Yours most thankfully in the Sacred Heart,

John P. Cox, S.F.

P.S. To save time I think it would be good to address letters to me, after Nov. 20, to: 2440 ^{INTERLAKEN} ~~Autolaken~~ Blk., Seattle College, Seattle, Wash.
 over.

Did you examine my negatives to see if you discover the cause of those blurred streaks in the prints. If the defect is not in the film itself there must be something wrong with the printer's outfit. If the film shows the same streaks I will certainly get a new camera before returning to Alaska. It is just possible that film-packs I have are defective, so I can see nothing wrong in the lens. But I want to make sure.

40-1
November 21, 1930.

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.,
2440 Interlaken Blvd.,
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Father Fox:

I have your letters of October 13 and November 11, with enclosures. I am glad to know you are returning to Keshunak.

I have noted carefully your directions about the negatives you are selecting for slides for your lecture when the latter is in final form. It will be easy for you at any time to identify your negatives by means of the number on the back of the prints sent you. Some prints were mailed to you in Alaska before we received word that you were coming to the States. The balance were sent to you at Port Townsend. When you return to Keshunak and have time to check over your prints you will probably find that you have a print for every negative you sent. At least one print was sent you also of every negative developed here. If you find any missing, send me a memorandum of the numbers you have prints for, and I will see that you get a file copy of missing numbers.

I have a few negatives from Fathers McElmoel, Lonnew, Post, Sifton, Balhussen and Manager, but only prints from Father Cunningham.

What you fear is a defect in the lens of your camera does not show up on all prints. I have examined the negatives and find that many of them are damaged more or less at one side. Where the damage is very great it shows up in the print. I enclose a blank film to show you what I mean. The trouble is evidently not in the camera but in your film packs. If you have your camera with you, however, it might be well for you to have it examined before you leave the States.

Sister Georgia of O'Neil, Nebraska, has not yet written. When she does, I will tell her that you had written about her interest in Alaskan missions.

Regarding the chess set for Mrs. Kohler, I have looked up the correspondence had with you in the matter. I find that during my absence in July, 1928, a letter was addressed to you, in response to your letter of April 17, 1928. You were advised that Father Lonnew had already informed us that one of the sets was promised to Mr. Lewis Smith. You were asked in that letter to clear up that point before we could dispose of the set to Mrs. Kohler. You did not reply. The two chess sets arrived. One set was damaged. The other may have been sent to Mr. Smith. This I can not verify from our correspondence file as correspondence with donors is kept only one year, and this transaction took place in 1928. Later, Father Lonnew wrote that in his absence the chess sets he had ordered were finished and he found, on visiting Akulurak, that you had shipped two sets to the States. He repeated that one set was for Mr. Smith and that he had intended the second set for the Bureau. He also said that he was under the impression that one set had been shipped direct from Akulurak to Mr. Smith. It would appear that the letter got two sets. I would not care to take the matter up with him as he is a princely donor. His shipments to Alaskan missions are valued at over a thousand dollars each. The damaged set may be still here at the Bureau. I will have it looked up. If you have promised a set to Mrs. Kohler, however, it might be well for you to have one made and packed

securely so it will arrive in perfect condition, if you know that her benefactions warrant it.

Mrs. Kohler's name is credited to you in our files. Any donations or subscriptions she may send in to this office will be refunded to you even if she should fail at any time to mention your name in sending in her gift. Our records show no receipts from her to date.

As I have already written you, all the Mission Editions have been discontinued. There is no further need for the Mission Edition letterhead and just a few days before your request arrived, the type had been killed. However, I will have some letterheads printed up and shipped to you. I am glad you found the paper useful.

I hope to have a good map of Alaska to send to you soon, before you leave Seattle. The census figures on Alaska will accompany the map.

Yours fraternally,

Rt. Rev. Msgr. William Hughes,
Director.

SF:TB

PRECEDING PAGES OF
DOCUMENT MISSING

Dec 3 - [1930]

P.S. A friend came for my mail today, earlier than I expected and so I had no chance to make any pictures whatever from the negatives I am returning by this mail so as not to keep you waiting for them till next April or May. Will you see that those letters only a few which call for a picture of our chapel, have a print added to them. They are the letters to Mrs. Schmitt (owner of S. Heart statue) + Miss Mary Guelener. The other letters call for no special picture, + so any will do.

But I promised Magr. Thill of Mission Crusade (Shelton Ave. Cincinnati, O) 2 pictures suitable for Thill, as we are affiliating with Crusade. Will you kindly send him 2 prints, one group with Bishop

+ myself, the other of the film entitled
'my mass servers' (4 boys in reg.).

COPY FOR *Bureau*
Orig. to donor JUN 30 1930 *JR*

Mr. Thomas J. Brunner,
33 W. Elmwood Ave.,
Sharon Hill, Pa.

Sacred Heart Mission,
Kashunak, Alaska,
December 11, 1930. 40-1

My dear Mr. Brunner:

Looking at the slip that I wrote a short while ago enumerating the articles I extracted from your generous box, I see this remark added to the end of the list of articles contained in the shipment: "I guess I'll have a Brunner-breakfast." And to be sure a good one! I guess I'll make it my Christmas breakfast. To your coffee or cocoa, milk and syrup, I need only add the pan cakes, and breakfast is ready. The tea I guess the natives will enjoy even more than myself. The candy and stationery, too, are more than welcome.

And you should see the fun the children, and even the grown folks are knocking out of Joseph's wooden balls and board. Last Year I had no such game, and so I used to take a piece of chalk and draw small circles on one end of the table, and then let the people lag for raising with small marbles. And the circles were not numbered as high as the holes on Joseph's board. There were five of them, and the highest number was five. So that with one little hand full of raisins I had enough to keep the people rolling for one evening at least. I am afraid I would very soon be out of raisins if I would apply the same plan to the board you sent me. I notice there is no number on it smaller than 10. And how could I give "100" raisins to a lucky lagger? So I'm letting them roll this year just for the fun of it; and they seem to be just as happy.

About the caps and shawls I'll tell you a little story. These natives never wore such things in their lives. But now that I had some to give them I decided that they could learn no younger, and that, whether they liked the idea or not, I would make them wear this strange head gear. So one evening when I had all the folks together in their recreation room, I began by telling them that St. Paul forbade women and girls to come to church with their heads uncovered. "Now, you are too poor to buy caps and shawls; But some good friends sent me enough to give every one of you something to put on your head when you come to church." They smiled; I am not sure that it was one of satisfaction, for they felt very much ashamed to be seen with whiteman's head wear. But they all promised to put on what I would give them, and so I proceeded to the distribution. And the next morning there was only one uncovered among the women who came to mass. I told the little rebel that I would take her cap away unless she wore it. But that she did not like, so she appeared the next time with her cap on. I do not know just why they should be so much ashamed to be seen wearing white man's clothes. But there is no doubt about the fact.

I like all these little notes you put in your box, such as: St. Anthony pray for the babies", "Dear Father, pray to the Sacred Heart, B.V.M., and St. Anthony for my health." "Also that I may secure a good position.". I will certainly do that most gladly. And I am sure that if it be not the will of our dear Lord to grant you just what you want, He will certainly give you something much better. For I know that you fully realize that very often crosses are blessings in disguise; and that frequently too our good Jesus punishes those most whom He loves best. From the tone of your notes I see that you look to the right ones for a remedy.

In conclusion let me thank you most sincerely for your generosity to us. And we will not neglect to show our appreciation in the only way we can, that is by offering for you and your intentions our prayers, masses and holy communions. Please remember us also in yours. With my priestly blessing I beg to remain,

Yours most sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

Copied by HG.

(Signed) John P. Fox, S.J.

40-1

Rec'd DEC 20 1930
 MANRESA HALL
 PORT TOWNSEND, WASHINGTON
 DEC. 14, 1930.
 Letter to _____
 Charles _____

My dear Msgr. Hughes,
 P.C.

This letter should have been written two weeks ago. But as I was called away suddenly to Spokane and did not return till yesterday the delay was unavoidable. Please excuse me for the inconvenience I may have caused you.

Yours of November 21 lay here on my desk as I returned. I will answer it with together with those of Nov. 6, and 8.

I notice the shipment of the statue of St. Joseph, or rather the order of it on Apr. 21. Thanks for ordering it so timely so as to insure its being at Seattle on time for shipment. There is a lot of inconvenience and some expense also caused to the procurator of our Missions, (Rev. Paul Sauer, S.J., Mt. St. Michael's, Millyard, Wash), by having to hold over shipments that arrive too late at Seattle and on which insurance and perhaps also storage has to be paid from September till the next May or June. My attention was called to this fact only about a week ago with regard to the statue of the Bl. Virgin that arrived too late last summer. I know the fault was not yours; but timeliness in making shipments to Alaska can not be stressed too much.

With regard to the Mission editions of the Sentinel I would like to express my regret at all the trouble we caused you to no purpose. But I can not help thinking that one year, when it comes to the Alaskan edition, certainly can not be considered as a fair trial. Mail service is so poor that at least three times the ordinary amount of time would not be too much to allow us to get your plan in hand and give it a fair trial. Your proposal reached me just while I was getting ready to leave Kashunak for Seattle, so that I could not even give it serious consideration, much less the cooperation that it deserved. On my way out I noticed in other places that on account of temporary absence, etc. your shipment of material for carrying out the plan of the Mission edition still lay there unopened. And I think it is safe to say that very few if any of the Alaskan missionaries got around to a serious consideration of your idea before the notice of calling off the plan arrived. This is not intended in the very least to criticise your efforts. God knows how much I appreciate your disinterested zeal and self-sacrifice for an almost hopeless mission (speaking humanly and financially). All I would like to bring out is the oft-repeated idea that if "Rome moves slowly", Alaska moves even more slowly, and that not always through any negligence or bad will, but principally through untoward circumstances. May God hasten the day when things will go better.

As you will remember I stated in my letter of Nov. 11 that I expected to return soon to Alaska. But the necessary permission referred to was denied by our General Superior at Rome, and so I will be here for some time longer, at least till after Easter. I am sure the Mission as well as myself will benefit by the rather unexpected response. God will supply for the lack of missionaries in Alaska in some other way for the present.

Your letter of July 1928 with regard to the chess set sent to Mr. Smith never reached me; and I guess that explains the confusion. I was already on my way to Kashunak at the time, and I guess in following me up

MANRESA HALL
PORT TOWNSEND, WASHINGTON

your letter must have hit a sand bar and stuck there, as some others have done that I can not account for. When I first came to Akulurak I did not well understand your arrangement about corresponding through you with the mission friends. You will remember my inquiries addressed to you on the subject. As far as I now recall one set was sent directly to Mr. Smith by the one who made it; and about three months or so later one was sent through you to Mrs. Kohler, as I now learned of your system and began to do my correspondence through. The two sets you speak of were sent to you by Fr. Lonneux, as far I know; I knew nothing of them. This I do recall, that you wrote to Akulurak mission saying that you had received from there a shipment and wished to know how to dispose of it. As I was superior of Akulurak, Fr. Lonneux having been definitely transferred to another mission four months previously, I told you to dispose of them for the benefit of the Mission as you saw best. The curios and sets were made at Akulurak, and for the benefit of that mission, and at its expense. And not knowing of any previous arrangement, (of this Fr. Lonneux should have notified me, but perhaps forgot), I let the matter in your hands as being best qualified to judge how such things could be used to good advantage for Alaska.

As you say, it seems that Mr. Lewis Smith received two sets. And he certainly more than deserved them; so I would not think of calling his attention to the mistake. If the broken set you speak of is still there, send me the broken parts and I will have them replaced by Mr. Sifton of Akulurak and remail them to you, to be sent on to Mrs. Kohler. Though no donations from her show in your records on account of this confusion that brought me out of touch with her, she gave me a very substantial check for Alaska when I met her in New York before coming to Alaska, and sent me another one just after my arrival at Akulurak. As I was still ignorant of your method of correspondence, of course, I did not notify you of the donation. She is, or at least was when I last heard from her, the principal owner of the Kohler Piano Company, very rich, and a Catholic. Except for this unfortunate mix up I think she would have helped the Mission very much. I will try to get into touch with her again by the enclosed letter.

Is Mr. Smith still interested in the Alaska Mission? I never heard from him since I left Akulurak. He was almost breaking himself to help that poor mission. If you still have his address on your files, and have occasion to write him tell him and his wife that I remembered their daughter in my massed on All Souls Day, as well as on her anniversary.

Just recently as I was sent out for other work I miniced in five lectures on Alaska. I brought with me from Kashunak a great variety of curios, miniature sleds, Kiyaks, boats, etc. around the explanation of which I have built several lectures that take very well with the people. These are not in written form yet but I intend to put them down on paper when I get time. Though I have not made any charges for the lectures some offerings have been made that I sent to the Procurator of the mission to help pull the mission out of the debt in which it is at present. Will send you a list of a few possible benefactors. --Many thanks for the map and statistics you promise; they did not arrive yet. I hope you did not address them to Kashunak on account of the fact that I expected to be there soon.

I received your various mass-stipends and the gift for a typewriter. Will acknowledge in a day or two. May God bless you for your wonderful interest and unselfish devotion to our mission!

In union of prayer, I am, Sincerely
J. P. Fox, S.J.

ENCLOSURE

MANRESA HALL
PORT TOWNSEND, WASHINGTON

Dec. 14, 1930.

Mrs. V. M. Kohler,
St. Regis Hotel,
5 Ave. & 55 St.,
New York

My dear Mrs. Kohler,

May the blessing of God be ever with you! I just returned from Spokane where I met your nephew, Father Neil Byrne, and gave a lecture on Alaska to the boys of whom he has charge at Gonzaga University. We talked over old times. You will perhaps remember the delightful visits we had with you at our going and return from Spain.

About two years ago I sent you an ivory chess set from Alaska in acknowledgement of a gift you sent me. As I never heard from you since I suspected that my shipment had gone astray, and after reasonable waiting, I traced up the shipment. It seems that the set arrived in a damaged condition, as often happens in the case of things sent from Alaska, and was never forwarded to you. Of this I am very sorry. But if you will drop me a line verifying these findings of mine, and giving me your address, in case of change, I will have a set forwarded to you with a description of it to replace the one that went astray.

I also take this occasion to wish you a very Merry Christmas and a most prosperous New Year.

Thanking you for your past kindness to me, I remain in union of prayer, and with my priestly blessing,

Yours most sincerely in Christ,

John P. McHugh

Copy for

MANRESA HALL

Port Townsend, Wash.

December 15, 1930.

(ENCLOSURE)

40-1

giving acct down 1/6/31 MB
Miss Catherine Cunningham,

My dear Miss Cunningham:

May the blessing of God remain ever with you!

If it were not for the "Indian Sentinel" and its generous readers, such as yourself, I really do not know how I could make things go at Kashunak. And, for that matter, I guess many other Alaskan missionaries would find themselves with their back against the wall.

Your ten Mass-intentions, and the \$50 for a typewriter reached me safely, and for both I am heartily thankful. Our dear Lord will reward you.

I take this occasion to wish you a most joyous Christmas and a holy and happy new year. May 1931 be inscribed in letters of purest gold in your chapter of the Book of Life. May it be full with heavenly benediction for you and yours.

Enclosed you will find a picture of how I work my trail Confessions. The tiny one-room igloos, such as I have them in my district, are little suited for the hearing of Confession, and many times, even when I am at a village, the way shown in this picture is the most practical. The Eskimo here have what might almost be called a mania for going to Confession. Though I spoke to them many times on the subject, and made it clear to them that, although Confession is a Sacrament, and as such is always useful, still it is not at all necessary every time one wishes to go to holy Communion: nevertheless they keep coming to Confession practically every time they intend to go to holy Communion. On account of the extra work this at times imposes on me when I am very busy with necessary duties, I spoke rather strongly on the subject on one occasion. After the rest went home a few of the old men and women hung back to speak to my catechist. "We know it is not necessary to go to Confession as often as we do. One needs only to go after a big sin! But you tell Father that we do not think it a nice thing to receive Jesus when we have even a merely venial sin." The people understood me better than I knew; and in future I never again referred to the subject. It is a delicate matter, and I prefer to see them come a little too often than not frequently enough.

In union of prayer, and with my priestly blessing I remain,

Yours most sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

(Signed) John P. Fox, S.J.

P.S. This little difficulty with regard to Confession reminds me of a tale I once heard of an old pastor who after sitting in the confessional till late at night finally stepped out and announced: "All the venials go home, and all the mortals stay here." As you see from the remark of my people to the catechist, that I quoted above, I would not gain much by imitating this method of the old pastor to cut down the hours of work in the confessional.

Copied by TB.

[1930]

Kashunak, Alaska

From the Rev. John P. Fox, S.J., Sacred Heart Mission, Kashunak, Alaska.

Winter came on so suddenly this year that I did not have a chance to get entirely ready for it. My boat was still in the water, and I was intending to make one more trip. Before I realized it, the old tub was frozen in. And mind you, I had it in a ~~slough~~ ^{slough} where plenty of good salt water reached it twice every day when the tide came up. For a while I thought I would not get it out at all and would have to leave it in the ice all winter. But one day I noticed that the tide had come up a little more than usual. I ran down to the ~~slough~~ ^{slough} and tried to move the boat, and as soon as I noticed that it was afloat I called to one of the women of the village to tell the men to come down and help me pull my boat out of the water. A minute later a whole line of women came trooping down to the boat with their babies on their back. "What's that, I wonder? Where are the men?" "All out hunting." While I was glad to see that the men were ~~russling~~ ^{bringing} food for the winter, I was afraid that the crew that was coming to help me would not be strong enough. All of the men and myself had tried to pull the boat out of the slush some days previously, but did not succeed. How would I do it this time with some twenty women and three old men. True, the water was higher, but there was ice everywhere, and it was hard to get a footing. I was agreeably surprised. The women gave their babies to the smaller sisters that had come down to see the sight, and all grabbed hold of the ropes that I had prepared. When I shouted, "Hwattoa Tamalkwita, yup!" all threw their weight on the rope. The first time the boat did not budge. But as I repeated my "yup" a second, third and fourth time, it began to budge a bit, and before long we had it sliding along the icy ground and logs that we had laid down as skids. In a half hour our job was finished, and everybody was glad. I, because now the boat was safe, and the women, because they had slipped one over on the men, and incidentally expected a bit of tea or something of the kind by way of payment. But in this last I made up my mind to thwart them. This was Friday before Mission Sunday and I was looking for some way to enable my people to pay their little contribution to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. After the work was over I took a picture of my crew, and then invited all to a cup of tea and a bite to eat. When they were warmed up I told them of my plan. "You contribute this work," I suggested, "to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. I will send an

equivalent alms for each worker to the Bishop to be sent to the proper person." All agreed without difficulty. When Sunday came along I referred in my sermon to their little contribution, and recalled how last year they had paid their dues in fish. When Mass was over and they had taken breakfast, there came a knock at my door. One of the women who had not come down to work on the boat wanted to do something for the Church, too, and as she had nothing better to give, she brought me two little leather bags full of seal oil. Later in the day others brought me some fish to help along in the same good cause, and my catechist, Anna Sipary, gave me five dollars in cash. Others that can afford to do better may smile at our little offering. But if the love of the giver, and not the gift of the giver is considered, I am proud of the practical Catholicity of my good people. We are all full-fledged members of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Our dues we always manage to pay somehow or other, in spite of our poverty, and the necessary prayer, plus the ~~collection~~ taken from the Mass for the spread of the Church, we say every morning in common after the elevation in the Mass.

Besides being members of the Propagation of the Faith, all of my people belong to the Apostleship of Prayer, and the children belong to the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade.