

# Jesuit MISSIONS

NOVEMBER 1952



# JESUIT

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# MISSIONS

THE VOICE OF 1114 AMERICAN JESUITS

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## MISSION MILESTONES

- Central America
- 1572—St. Francis Borgia sends 16 Jesuits to Mexico.
  - 1574—Jesuits open a college in Mexico.
  - 1590—Mission established in New Granada.
  - 1594—Martyrdom in Mexico of Father de Tapia.
  - 1660—Mexican province numbers 320 Jesuits.
  - 1684—Martyrdom in New Granada of Fathers Toebast, Poeck and Fiol.
  - 1759—Expulsion of Jesuits from all Portuguese missions.
  - 1836—Jamaica Mission begun.
  - 1851—College erected in Kingston, Jamaica.
  - 1852—Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica sends two Jesuits to British Honduras.
  - 1853—Mission in Cuba begun.
  - 1893—Missions of Jamaica and British Honduras separated; the former entrusted to Maryland Province, latter to Missouri Province.
  - 1921—Mr. Bachner and Bro. Studer die victims of yellow fever in Belize Mission.
  - 1931—Hurricane destroys St. John's College, Belize, and kills 11 Jesuits.
  - 1942—Hurricane destroys 33 churches and schools in British Honduras and damages 22 others.
  - 1946—Missouri Jesuits begin work in Yoro, Honduras.
  - 1952—Work on new St. John's College begun.

In Rome this year at a Papal Audience for the Superior Councils of Missionary Aid Societies His Holiness Pope Pius XII said in part: "The apostolic journeys of St. Francis Xavier came to an end, four hundred years ago this year, in apparent defeat; on December 2nd, 1552, exhausted at the age of forty-six, he died alone on the island of Sancian, across from impenetrable China. But such a death has a spiritual value that will not quickly exhaust itself, the value of the total gift of life for those one loves—there is no greater love—the value of an example for all those apostolic souls that have followed and will follow him in their missionary career.

"In the center of Christianity, his raised arm, which you venerated in the church of the Gesu, continues to call generous hearts to him. Never would a prudent organizing of his missionary labor have had the effect of that great flame of love which consumed him in a few years and which ever blazes on the shores of the Far East . . ."

A successful missionary has to be a person of great abilities but the one thing he needs most is a heart filled to overflowing with the love of Jesus Christ.

COVER. Mr. August Stalf, master wood worker, turned out these beautiful grained hard wood dishes in the carpenter shop attached to St. John's College, Belize, British Honduras. Here, under his expert guidance, British Honduras boys are taught expert wood working.



(Left) Kobe's cemetery in the Quonset hut. Picture of deceased is customary. (Opposite page) Image of Buddha in Nofukuji temple at Hyogo and procession of men and children carrying Shinto shrine on the streets of Tokyo.

## All Souls' Day

WALK WITH ME TONIGHT THROUGH THE streets of our parish city of Kobe here, or through any Japanese town or village. In front of many little houses, their unpainted wood grayed with age, their grilled doors and sliding walls under the gray tiled roofs open to the passers-by, small fires made from the stems of the hemp plants are burning. People, mostly elderly, are warming their hands over the fire and then quickly rubbing their necks, their legs or some other part of the body with their warmed palms.

Strange indeed in the heat of this summer night! But they are following an old superstition connected with an ancient religious Buddhistic rite. Tonight is the first day of the *O-Bon* festival, the Japanese All Souls' Day. The fires are lit to welcome home to his former abode any deceased member of the family. It is called the *O-mukae-bi*, the welcoming fire, and is supposed to light the way of the souls to their former home and also as a sign of their joyful reception by the

whole family with whom they will spend the following three days. The whole ceremony is called *o-shoro* spirit invitation. And the superstition is that the heat from this "spirit fire" will heal any physical ailment in any part of the body touched by the warmed hands.

Walking past the houses you see the preparations which the family has made in the front room to welcome the spirits of its deceased members. The walls of the room are covered with white cloth (white being the Buddhist color of mourning); in one corner a kind of altar has been prepared whose center piece is a picture of the deceased. In front of this there is food in earthen plates and on the altar incense and candles are burning. Also on the altar stands a wooden tablet inscribed with the posthumous name of the dead person (a new name is given at birth and at death according



Engelbert Axer S.J.

ENGELBERT AXER S.J.

to the Buddhist ritual). The edible things offered to the spirit are always fruits and vegetables, never meat or fish in any form.

In the evening of July 15th the river presents a very beautiful spectacle, for besides the offerings, lighted candles and lanterns are set afloat on the river, drifting slowly downstream in the calm summer night, a symbol of the departing spirits. Dances by the village girls in their colorful kimonos



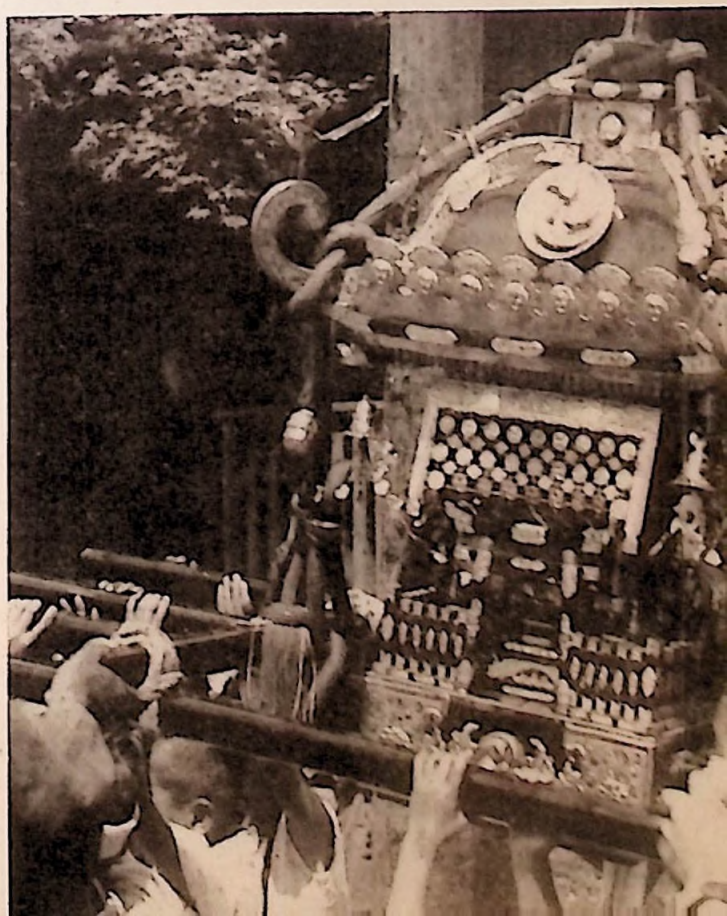
bid the spirits goodbye until next year.

This is the Japanese All Souls commemoration, a rather joyful festival in the middle of the summer by a pagan people, in its Buddhistic heritage dedicated to an intense ancestor worship. Of course the Catholics do not take part in any of these pagan religious ceremonies but celebrate the commemora-

tion of their ancestors with the Church in November. However, both in the Catholic All Souls' commemoration as well as in their burial ceremonies they have adopted some of their old and beautiful ideas.

Strange to us is the fact that cremation is not forbidden for the Catholic Japanese (because in Japan, where it has been a custom centuries old, it does not have the western connotation of denial of the immortality of the soul). I was rather taken aback when for the first time I was asked by a Japanese parishioner who came to the parlor with a small cardboard box wrapped in a white cloth to please put his mother-in-law in the cabinet in the parish hall. Here in Kobe we have no Catholic cemetery, so we have temporarily fixed up a "cemetery in the Quonset hut" and there in a small cabinet, exquisitely lacquered in the traditional Japanese style, we place the ashes of the members of the parish until we have the cemetery. There the small urns or boxes, wrapped in white are standing, in front of each a wooden tablet in the form of a cross with the name of the deceased.

So one may easily see that the devotion of the Church to the Holy Souls, the prayers for the dead, the whole understanding of the commemoration of All Souls comes very natural to the Japanese and appeals to him very much; he finds in it a truly Catholic and a truly Japanese substitute for the pagan *O-Bon* festival of the summer.





# Tuguegarao

**I**N THE HEART OF THE vast Cagayan Valley in northeast Luzon in the Philippines lies the town of Tuguegarao, planned and built three centuries ago by Spanish Dominicans. The name of the town is derived from two Ilocano words which mean "burnt by the sun" and it is aptly named.

The Jesuits who conduct the Ateneo de Tuguegarao long ago conceded that the name was a fitting one but recent events have led us to believe that an addition could be made to it. For the sun is not to blame for the ashes which fill the streets of Tuguegarao.

Three rifle shots brought us leaping from our bamboo chairs the other day. Had the Huks dared to attack the town? It took a moment to realize that the three shots were a signal that a worse enemy was here. Fire!

A sickening red glow lit the sky over Calle Comercio, the business section. Half of that district had been destroyed by fire last year. Two years before 26 homes burned to the ground. And now again. . . .

In a matter of seconds Father Ralph O'Neill, the Rector, had given directions; Father Llamzon was to stay home, watch the school and take care of incoming refu-

## BURNT BY SUN AND FIRE

gees. Father Pascua and myself joined Father O'Neill in the mad dash downstairs, into the red "Pickup" and out of the gate to the scene of the fire.

As usual, it was the "dry season" and there was not enough water in the reservoir for pressure. A small motor had pumped water for a short while, but then the aged hose burst. Now, no pressure, no hose, no water, no equipment or fire depart-



DANIEL A. GROSSO S.J.

ment. The flames slowly but steadily marched down an entire block, leaping and spitting across the street until the fire marched in a double column on both sides of the street, scorching the center pavement with its heat. At the end of the block huge fingers of flame were straining towards Ong Quim Piao's store across the street. It was only a matter of minutes. The walls began to smoke from the intense heat. The smoke increased until there was a sudden puff—and Piao's place was a blazing inferno. The steady march continued down the next block, and the next, until it had enveloped seven of them.

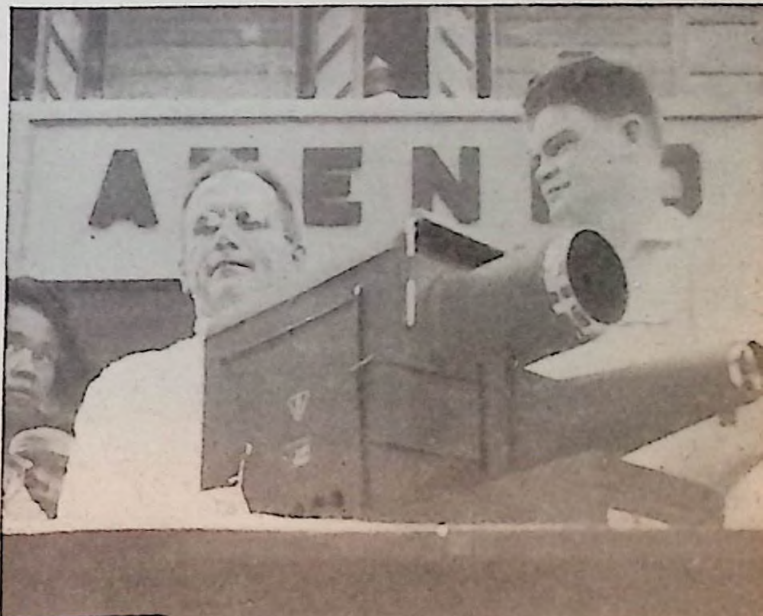
Some of the people prayed for the wind to shift; others wildly dragged what belongings they could into the middle of the street, only to see them go up in smoke shortly, serving as a bridge for the flames to leap from building to wares to the buildings on the other side. The hopeless look on the faces of many was pitiful.

While the fire had still been confined to the third block, the Bautista family came running to us for help. They wished to save some of the medicine in "Doctors' Drugs". We swung the "Pick-up" around and backed it near the store—hoping the flames would not come too close to our gas tank—we could feel the heat as it steadily approached. Working on the percentage basis, boys from Ateneo de Tuguegarao pitched in and literally dumped bottle after bottle in the back of the truck, breaking many but saving more. Rushing the load to the safety of Ateneo grounds, we sped back for a second and last load, salvaging about one third of the drugs before the store was enveloped.

It was the only supply left, outside of the hospital. All the rest was destroyed.

Meanwhile Father Pascua was swinging one end of a stretcher, evacuating the Provincial Hospital patients to an open field. Thomas MacNeill, an ex-Navy man from Norwalk, Connecticut, threw open his U. S. Information Service office doors to the sick and hurt whom his wife nursed. These two Americans have really won the hearts of Tuguegarao from the day they walked down the main aisle of the cathedral to receive Holy Communion, offering to the people the unusual spectacle of U. S. officials practicing the age-old faith of the Filipinos.

The fire raged on until it reached the last block of the business section. Then at long last the wind shifted and the homes beyond the Calle were saved. But for a distance of seven blocks there was nothing to be seen but smoking ruins. Tuguegarao has more than lived up to its name.



(Opposite page) The fire on Calle Comercio wiped out 7 blocks with a loss estimated around six million pesos.

(Above) Father O'Neill S.J. receiving Bal-opticon from Mr. McNeill, U.S.I.S. representative in Tuguegarao.

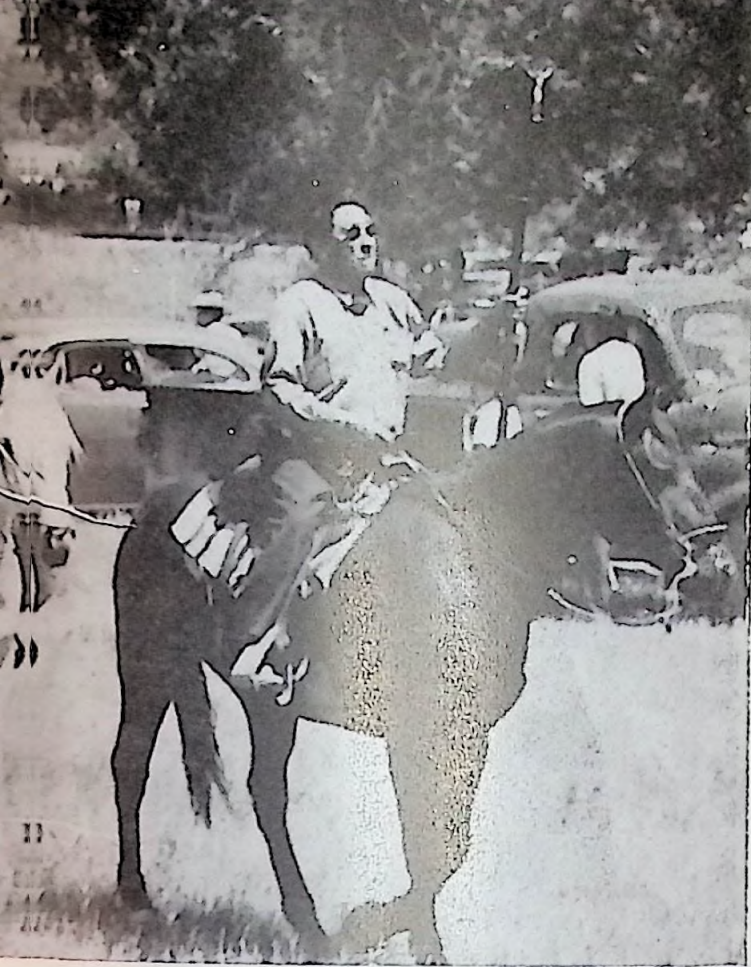
(Left) Father Richard Anable who supervised construction standing before classroom of the Ateneo de Tuguegarao.





*among*





# CORPUS CHRISTI *the Crows*

**J**OHNS CHICKEN IS ONE OF THE CROW Indians who gathered at Lodge Grass, Montana, for the feast of Corpus Christi. John is old but he plays the organ with skill. And the choir is not perfect, but its song is reverent and prayerful. Mass first, then Benediction and the procession: the cross-bearer on horseback, behind him other riders, then the children, the sisters, and Our Lord in a monstrance, borne by Father Callan.

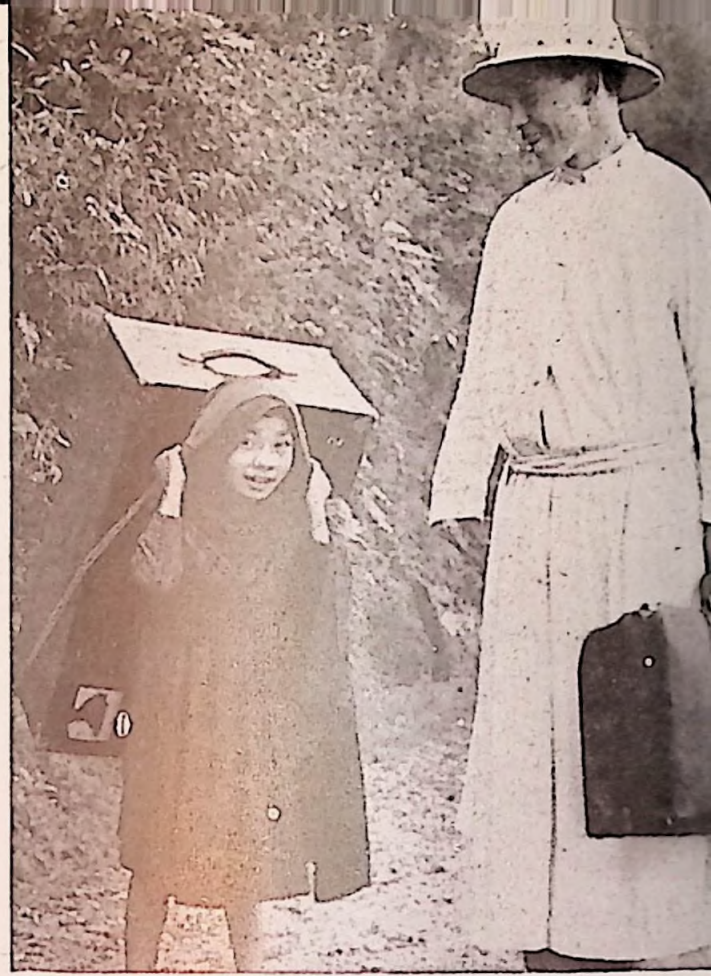
Under a tree the little girls in white place lighted candles and flowers on an altar, and Christ is raised in blessing over dark bowed heads. Slowly, singing, the line moves back to the church.

Then the barbecue: two steers had been prepared, and the tables were covered with beans, bread, coffee, fruit. It is a feast of peace, of gratitude, a joyful occasion, rich with prayer and faith.



“O H FATHER, YOU MUSTN'T CARRY THAT bundle. What will the people think?” This was what one Indian Catholic woman said to me as I was carrying my soiled clothes to the village laundryman. Startled, I clung the more tightly to my possessions, and refused to surrender them to the kindly importunities of this very thoughtful lady. However, mine was a mild consternation compared with that of my would-be helper upon my refusal. Why, the good Father would lose people's respect by carrying his own packages that way!

When this incident was related to my fellow Jesuits we all began to discuss the problem of just what the people of India think about menial work, about what kind of manual labor we Jesuits should do, and how we should do it. The days of the English “Barra Sahibs” (big fellows) were recalled. However, it was centuries and centuries before the British came to India that the precedent was established that the



## Should A Missionary

hands, either Indian or foreign, of a true “Barra Sahib” are never employed in menial work, not even the sweeping of their owner's room. There is, in fact, a whole nether caste whose exclusive function it is to sweep all of India. A Jesuit, who has spent at least two years in the Novitiate sweeping, dusting, working in the kitchen, serving table and even acquiring a callous or two from handling a pick and shovel, finds it impossible to think of himself as a “Barra Sahib” and all that that implies. He simply does not want to be this kind of a “Barra Sahib” now or ever.

But soon as my fellow Jesuits and I stepped on to Indian soil we were taken for “Barra Sahibs” whether we liked it or not. We were expected to give generously to numberless beggars and to pay our porters an extra three or four anna tip, “Baksheesh” as it is called. The trunks were heavy, too heavy for most of us, but the amazing little porters manage them quite handily.

Later in the hills of Darjeeling I learned more about the porters of India. We arrived by bus and awaiting us was a group of

Nepali women ranging in age from a sixty year old grandmother to a seven year old child. Yes, they were there to tote our trunks on their backs up a very steep embankment.

The situation was an embarrassing one. My trunk stood there, big as life and heavier than death. Should it be Western chivalry or Oriental custom? I pondered the question until I realized that no amount of explanation would make these Nepali women understand and they would still be hurt if their services were disregarded. So I picked up my suitcase and pointed to the trunk. It would be, of course, the smallest girl in the lot who reached for it.

These are the unavoidable, uncomfortable moments when we certainly take on all the appearances of a “Barra Sahib.” An enterprising Communist could use the above picture to illustrate the Jesuit attitude toward child labor. However, here at Gomoh, for instance, in addition to studying the Hindu language, we have cut each other's hair, washed and painted windows, worked with pick and shovel to build a handball court and helped pump water from the well.



ROBERT J. DULLAHAN S.J.

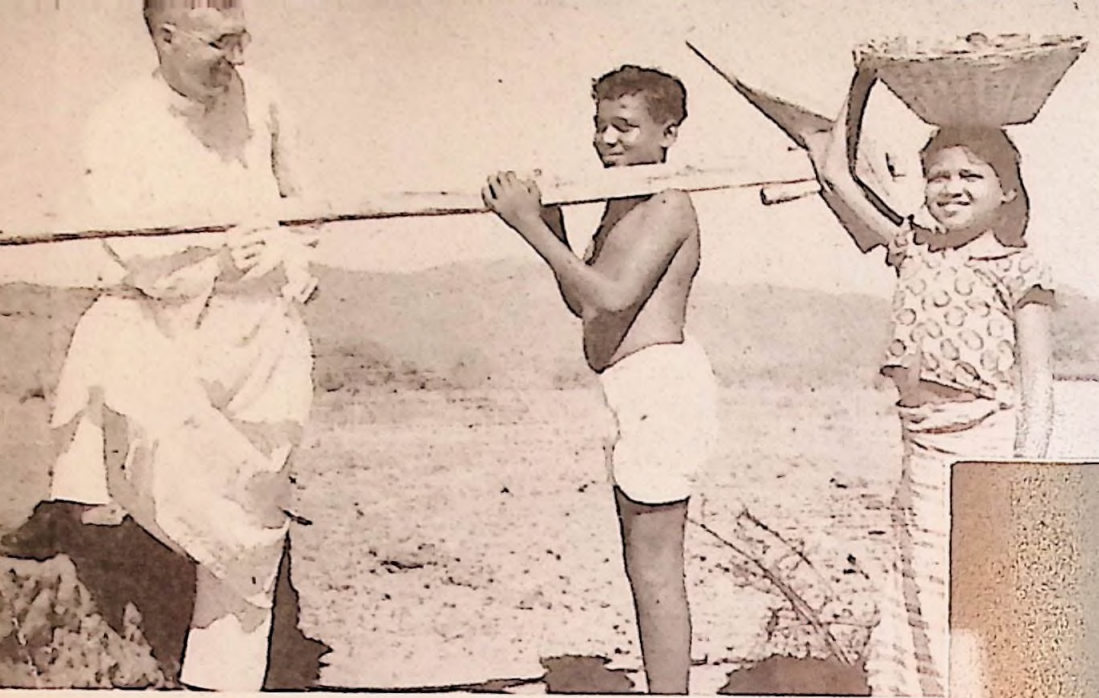
# WORK?

Jerome Durack S. J. once horrified one of the help by scrubbing the floor of the chapel on his hands and knees. Carl Dincher S. J. has been constantly engaged with a balky generator and electrical supplies. Father Bernard O'Leary's day is spent in nursing an ancient and sadly overworked jeep so that he can get into Dhanbad fifty miles away for supplies.

These are all things the old kind of "Barra Sahib" who is fast fading from modern India, would never think of doing. As he retires into just oblivion, it is our hope that we may gain the love and genuine respect of the people of India, but by service rather than by being mentally filed in the old foreign aristocracy pigeon hole. As the "Barra Sahib" fades, it is certain that in our Jesuit work the humble Working Man of Nazareth will become more and more visible in India; for He is the new "Barra Sahib."

(Above center and left) The author in Darjeeling meets a problem of Eastern custom. (Above right) Edward McGrath S.J. of the Jamshedpur Mission cranks a balky jeep. (Right) Father Bernard O'Leary of Gomoh is all for custom but wants his jeep, too.





Father John Lane S.J. of St. Xavier's College in Patna visits Father Morrison's mission at Gajhi.

I'VE HEARD IT SAID THAT GOD HAS HIS PETS. Looking at the record, it would seem that this statement is true. And a deeper look into the records seems to indicate that God has a special love for shepherds.

Abel, a just man, was a shepherd, and so was King David, a man after God's heart. The shepherds of Bethlehem were the first ones invited to visit the new born King. St. Genevieve of Paris, the Cure of Ars, Joan of Arc and Peter Fabre, all were shepherds. In recent years when God's Mother had an important message to give to a world sick with sin, she chose to impart it to the three little shepherd children of Fatima. And to top it all, Our Lord called Himself the Good Shepherd.

Perhaps it is their simple life that makes shepherds acceptable to God. Perhaps that is why, when the American Jesuits took charge of Patna Mission, the first to listen to their message in any number were the Santals, all of whom at some time in their lives are shepherds.

Santal shepherds listened to Father Westropp when he first brought the faith to this part of the country, over twenty years ago. His work was continued by Father Miller for many years, and during this time the faith spread and the number of our converts increased in many villages over a large area. Until quite recently the Santals in Monghyr District were not protected by special laws as they were in the Santal Parganas, with the result that poverty has always been our greatest problem.

In the very beginning Father Westropp saw

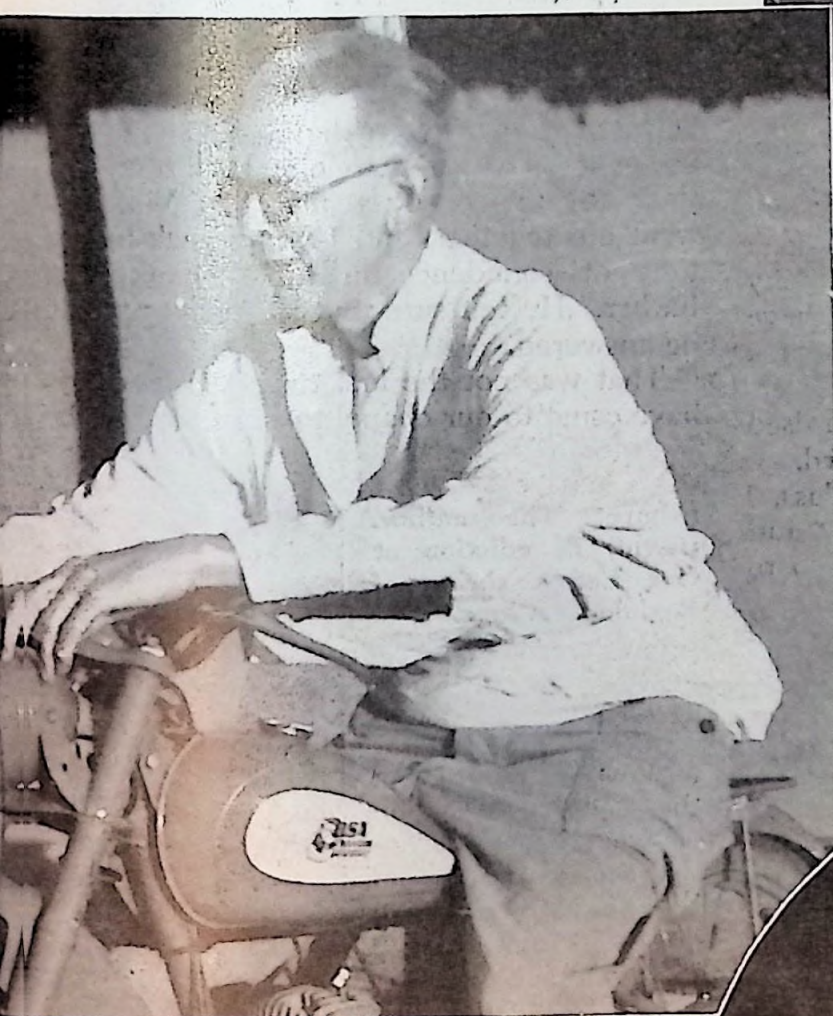
**JOHN A. MORRISON S.J.**



the problem and his school and shelter for orphans and widows has been Christian charity in tangible form for many hundreds through the years. And now for the last two years there has been a famine in the land, and work has been scarce and uncertain. If it had not been for this mission some people in this part of the country would have died.

Daily I have managed to feed at this mission a number of widows and orphans and other poor people whose number has varied from about fifty to one hundred. Rice, which formerly sold at about four and a half rupees (a little over a dollar) per eighty pounds, now costs from thirty to thirty-five rupees for the same amount.

# LOVES Shepherds



(Below) An orphan of Chakai mission.



cannot afford rice, so our main food is millet, and even this costs three or four times the former price of rice. Meat is a rare luxury, enjoyed once or twice a month. Our clothing, though of the simplest, is also a problem. To complicate matters, some of our buildings, which were temporary structures, are now collapsing. New buildings must be constructed and old buildings must be repaired if our work is to go on properly.

God loves shepherds, and, as with all those whom He loves, He sends them His crosses. And he invites all those who have, to give to those who have not. It is such a beautiful invitation: "If you do it to them, I will do it to Me." It is as simple as that.

(Above, left) The author, Father Morrison, is a veteran missionary in India and knows only too well the problems of his people. Here he is shown chatting with a couple of his Santalis. (Above right) A Santal woman planting the important rice crop and praying against famine.



The author

AT FIRST I SAID "NO." The request was quite extraordinary, and I was completely unprepared for it. In the din and bustle of a between-classes "break" one of my young Moslem students approached me and asked if he might visit the school chapel.

"I have a favor to ask of Our Lady," he murmured.

The reverent tone of the request, the sincerity of the lad were unmistakable. I don't know why I refused. Perhaps his simplicity and frankness disarmed me. I may have been confused by a flash-image of a fierce thing that long ago came out of the desert on wild Arabian steeds and with upraised scimitar—but that, after all, was absurd.

At any rate, after the very next class, I sought out my young Moslem student and said I would be delighted to bring him to the chapel.

"What do I do, Father?" he asked on the way, wondering, perhaps, what "ritual" he should follow.

"You will find a statue of Our Lady to one side of the front of the chapel," I replied. "Go there, kneel or stand as you like, and simply ask for the favor you want."

I was somewhat surprised to see that he did *not* follow my instructions. Walking directly to the main altar, he went down on

# A FAVOR to Ask

ROBERT B. CAMPBELL S.J.

both knees at once on the lower step, fixed his eyes on the tabernacle, and remained there for two or three minutes. We both went out together, and I was struck by the tone of confidence in his "Thank you, Father." He felt sure that his prayer would be answered.

That was not the first time Moslem boys have come to our chapel to pray. Before the

(Above) The author. (Right) Benediction at Our Lady's shrine of Baghdad College.



(Below) On the day of the Sodality reception a living rosary of Sodality members was formed on the athletic field. Main classroom building is in background.



MOSLEM BOYS as well as those of the Christian faith revere Our Lady and recognize the part She plays in the day-to-day life of the college on the Tigris

Baghdad champion basketball game (which, incidentally, ended with a B. C. victory) the team, as a body, came to make a visit. Moslem boys were there on their knees side by side with their Christian teammates.

Again, in the month of May, the litany of Our Lady was chanted in Arabic to implore aid for the coming Government exams. Some Moslem students attended that devo-



tion in the chapel to our great edification.

All this affects them; they are admittedly edified by what they see, and their prejudice against Christianity and all it stands for is crumbling. The result may some day be enormous. Yet Our Lady holds the secret of that dispensation of grace, and we of the Baghdad Mission work on in the darkness but security of faith, in the complete trust that it will be through the tremendous power of the Mother of God that the face of the Middle East will be renewed. We, too, have a favor to ask of Our Lady.

## *Come, follow me*

THE TEARS WITH WHICH WE MOURN our dead are a tribute of affection that Christ Himself did not disclaim to show for one He loved. So, as the month of All Souls awakens tender memories of our departed, we can with profit recall the episode of Christ at the tomb of Lazarus.

Sympathy could evoke a reaction that neither scourge nor thorns nor nails would be able to wrench from Him. His own sorrows He bore with heroic fortitude, dry-eyed and silent. But "Jesus wept," Saint John tells us, as He approached the grave of Lazarus. And those who had come to share the grief of Mary and Martha noted His tears and remarked—"Behold how He loved him."

If Christ showed outward signs of grief, it was the grief of compassion, not of self-pity; it was not morbid concentration on His own sense of loss; it was love's tribute to a worthy friend.

It was to Martha on this occasion that Christ spoke those immortal words of comfort—"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he be dead, shall live." Then as evidence of His power to fulfill that promise, He raised Lazarus from the tomb and restored him to his grieving family. So Lazarus becomes the symbol of our hope, the pledge of fulfilment that—"everyone that believeth in Me shall not die forever."

Eternal life, in and with Christ, that is the bright dawn that awaits our dear ones who have passed through the shadowy night of death. For, as we are assured in the Preface of the Mass of Requiem—"Unto Thy Faithful, O Lord, life is transformed; it is not taken away."

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON, S.J.

# THE CITY XAVIER

**T**HE PORT OF MALACCA, across from the island of Sumatra, was once the trading center of the whole Far East and its key fortification, even as Singapore is today.

Four hundred years ago Francis Xavier turned to take his last look at the city he had known so well. The ship that was to take him to Sancian and death was ready in the harbor. He stooped and undid his sandals, and following the command of Scripture he shook the dust from his feet. It was his final gesture towards the man who ruled the city.

Alvaro d'Ataide, son of the great Vasco de Gama and Captain General of Malacca, had thwarted the carefully laid plans of Xavier for penetrating China and planting the faith there in the country which was the key to all Asia. Now Xavier must attempt to gain an entrance alone, without the help and prestige of a Portuguese embassy to the Imperial Court. He boarded his ship and the dust settled on Malacca.

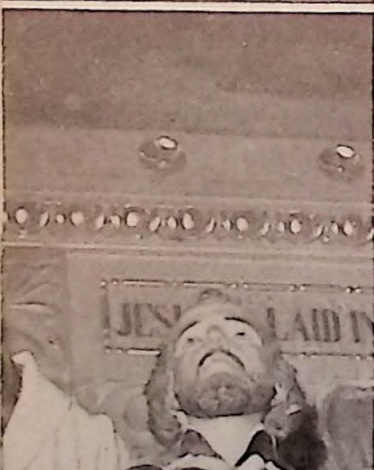
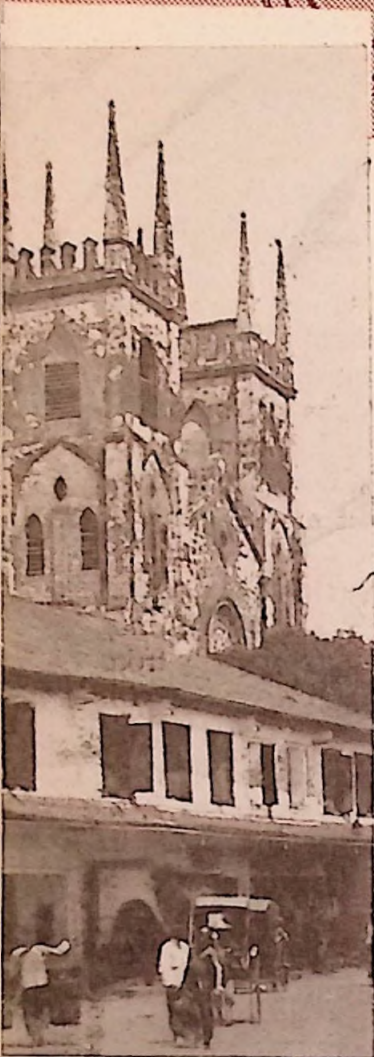
Rev. James E. Kearney, S.J.

Today the ancient port is of no importance commercially and the larger ships bypass it on their way to Singapore. But its narrow streets are the same ones through which Xavier walked, ringing his little bell that drew eager youngsters to his catechism class. There is now a large Chinese population made up of some who till the fields near the city according to South China methods and others who run the shops along the narrow streets as efficiently as they do in the other cities of Southeast Asia.

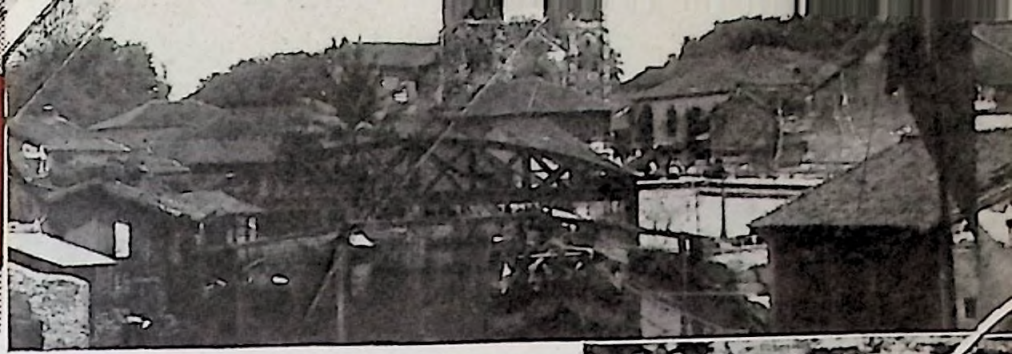
Malacca has many schools, churches and chapels; but the most fascinating area is the well-cared-for grass-covered hill which rises up from the shore, and today is crowned with the solid ruins of St. Paul's Church (below and right) so named by the Dutch conquerors after the old Jesuit college of St. Paul's which once stood behind the church affectionately called Nossa Senhora del Monte.

This is one of the outstanding historic spots in the life of Xavier. It was not in this medium-sized church, but in its predecessor, built more or less

## MEMORIES ALSO



# CURSED



On the same spot, that Xavier  
used to preach and hear confes-  
sions during his five fairly brief  
visits to Malacca. It was here  
that he announced his vision of  
the famous victory of the Portu-  
guese in their distant naval bat-  
tle with the Achinese in 1547.  
It was here that he passed whole  
nights before the Blessed Sacra-  
ment, finally falling asleep for a  
short period before dawn. Final-  
ly, it was to this hill that his in-  
corrupt body was returned in  
March, 1553, and buried with-  
out a coffin, as local custom pre-  
scribed, in the choir of the little  
church—or, as some say, just  
outside it. From this grave it was  
dragged up secretly during the night  
of August 15th of that year and  
recoffined to await a favorable  
occasion for transfer to Goa, a  
transfer that took place in De-  
cember.

Shortly after Xavier's death  
the Jesuits began work on the  
solid church which now stands  
proudly atop the hill. As year  
followed year and assault after  
assault was launched against  
Malacca by the Achinese from  
Sumatra, by the Sultan of Johore  
and others, the hilltop was al-

ways the center of action. From  
this vantage point Portuguese  
artillery, often placed near the  
church, blasted away at attack-  
ing ships, and the hill was in  
turn the target for hundreds of  
naval guns.

When the Dutch made their  
bid for Far East trade control,  
the resistance of the Portuguese  
at Malacca began to crumble.  
They fought off the first big at-  
tack, but in 1641, after a six  
months' siege, the Dutch suc-  
ceeded in capturing the city,  
held their Protestant services in  
our church, which they now  
named St. Paul's, and occupied  
the College. Thus after 93 years,  
this pioneer educational institu-  
tion of the Jesuits was closed.

Today St. Paul's Hill is a na-  
tional monument. And today,  
after an absence of over three  
centuries, six of Xavier's follow-  
ers are back helping the Bishop  
of Malacca. Under the shadow  
of Xavier's hill we carry on his  
work.

JAMES F. KEARNEY S.J.



# MISSION TRAILS



# The Patched Sweater

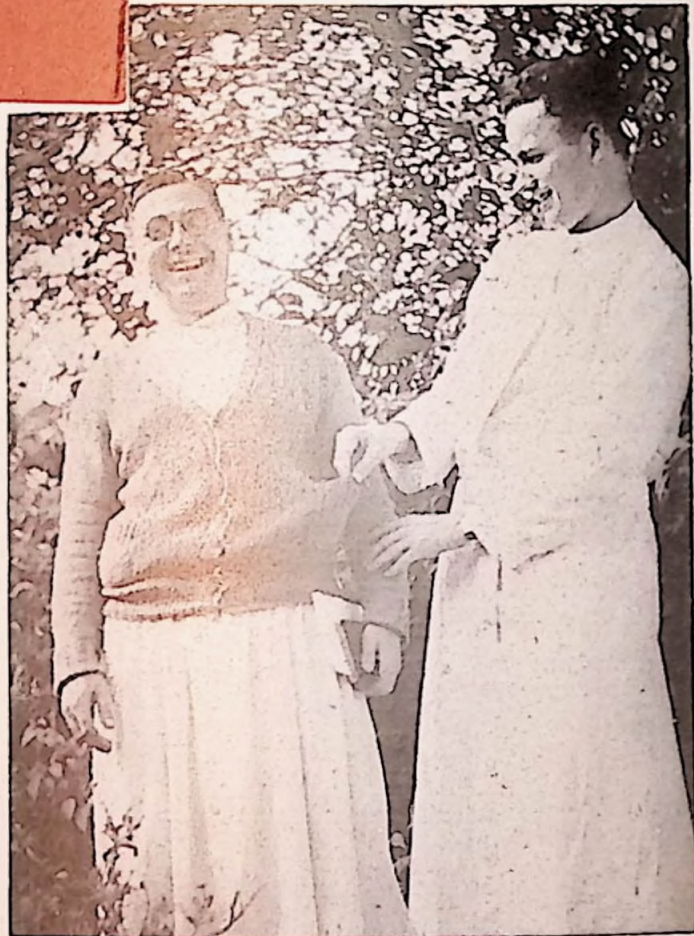
Father Joseph Mann S.J. (left) of the Patna Mission proudly shows his famous sweater to the author, John Kenney S.J., who is studying Hindi at De Britto language school.

THE SWEATER IS A RUST-COLORED COAT sweater belonging to Father Joseph Mann S.J., of St. Ann's Mission, Tinkonua, Bihar, India. The sweater is edged in a light-colored thread; perhaps it was white, originally. It's hard to tell now, because the sweater has seen its share of soap and water since it was presented to Father Mann by Bishop Sullivan S.J. of Patna in 1947.

The sweater is well patched now, though not in very good taste, to judge from the reaction of nuns who see Father Mann wearing it. But that doesn't bother him any. He considers it an honorable badge, perhaps the flag of the poverty which makes him one with his poor Hindus and Santals. If there are curry stains on the sweater, you can't pick them out. They blend with the rusty wool. There certainly are no other stains on it, because neither chapaties nor rice will stain, and these last two complete Father Mann's diet.

All the white-robed Jesuits have long taken Father Mann's sweater for granted. But ragged beggars, money-changing mawaries, poor farmers, children dressed in nature's sun-suit, all stop to stare and ask, "Who's the father in the sweater?" Without looking up, anyone in sun-scorched Tinkonua will answer unhesitatingly, "That's Father Mann." But the good Sisters of Patna Diocese were not able to be so matter of fact about the sweater as were the white robes. They were too polite to say so, of course, but recently it all came out.

It seems that Father Mann was appointed to give a retreat to some of Patna's Sisters and presented himself in, yes, in *that* sweater. Steeling themselves for a major distraction during the retreat, the Sisters approached Father Mann about a new sweater. Father Mann was all for it, and so an agreement was made. Father finished that retreat and returned three weeks later.



still wearing his heirloom, to give another to more of the Sisters. He was promptly presented with a new grey-knit sweater. Like a peacock he strode into the community refectory where he was staying. He chose to let his new sweater do his crowing for him. So effectively did it crow that it aroused the envy of all the other white robes, and Father Mann won the prestige of a sacred cow.

But now it seems that Father Mann remains quite fond of the old sweater and refuses to throw, or give it away, and this in spite of the pleading of the Sisters. Now the sad part of it is that he won't be able to hold on to that old sweater very long. For someone is going to *steal* that sweater. Some other desperate missionary is going to steal it and wear it when giving a retreat to the Sisters so he, too, can get a new sweater. Father Mann has given all of us an idea.

JOHN F. KENNEY S.J.

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# THE POPE'S *Mission* INTENTION

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## NOVEMBER: Christian Solution of the Social Problem in South Africa

THE SOCIAL PROBLEM OF SOUTH AFRICA is basically a racial problem. Nine and a half million natives of the negro race live in the states that comprise the Union of South Africa. But the two and a half million people of European origin, as a result of historical circumstances, today hold most of the land and wealth. For all practical purposes, they have the entire political power. The non-Europeans have practically no share in the government of their country, and are barred by law and custom from enjoying equal opportunity in the fields of gainful employment and other spheres of social life.

This situation, not a new one, has been aggravated by the changes of recent years. The diamond and gold mines attract the colored men from their farms but the accommodations provided for them might more truly be described as prisons or concentration camps. Others have been lured to the cities and their factories only to find themselves unprepared for an economic society where money plays so large a part. They are the victims of their employers and shopkeepers. Underlying these difficulties of the negroes is the deep-rooted prejudice of the Europeans against them based on an assumed superiority of one race to the other.

The recent past has been marked by the announced determination of the ruling Nationalist party to enforce its "Separation" policy and program, by the growing realization by the oppressed peoples of the injustices heaped on them and by riots, bloodshed and violence as the oppressed strive to express their resentment. Communist agents, naturally, strive to take advantage of the troubled situation.

If the solution to the social problems of South Africa is to be a permanent one, it must be based on Christian principles. These principles were explained in a statement issued by the Catholic Archbishops

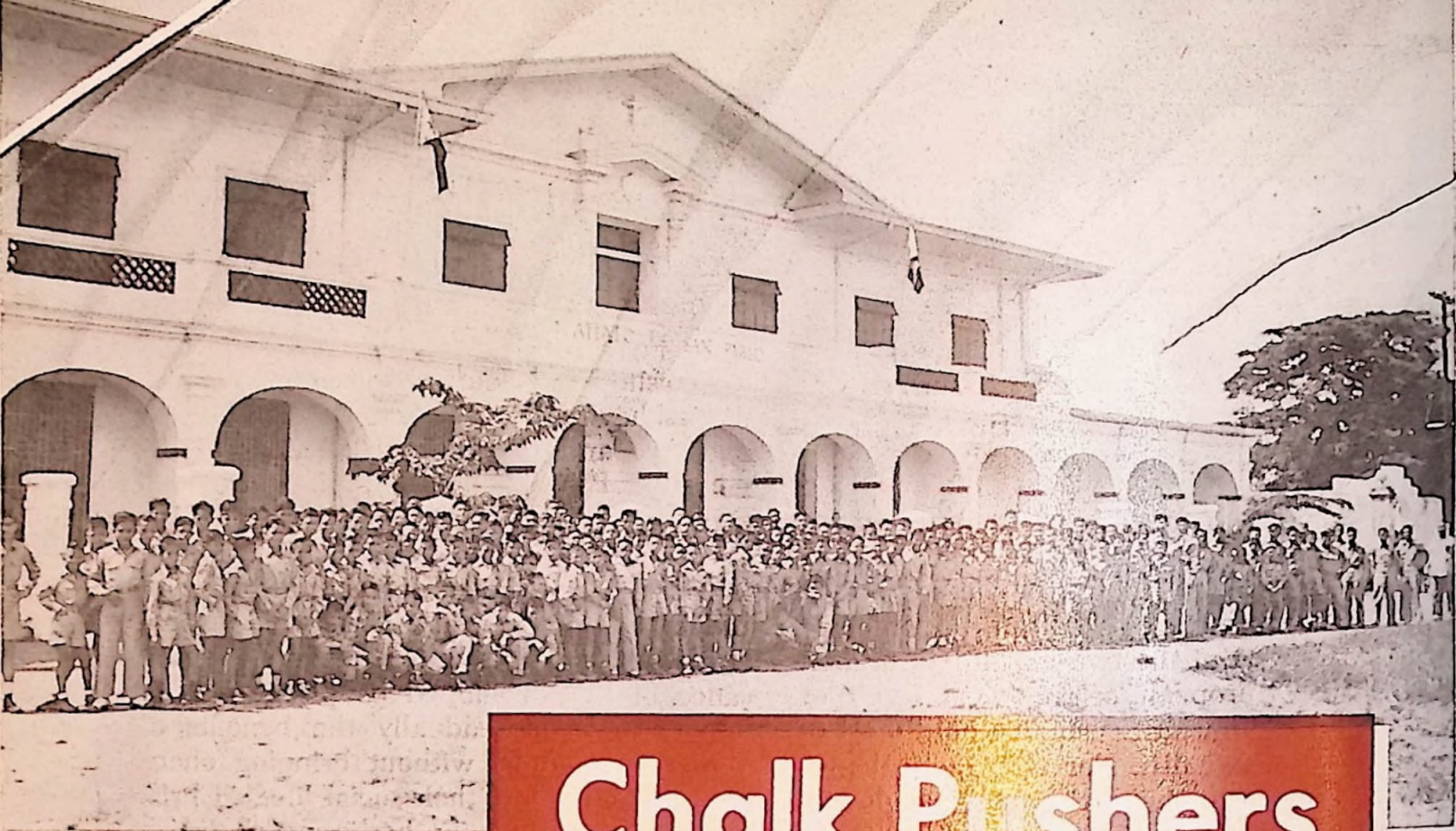
and Bishops of South Africa on June 29, 1952. They spoke directly to the half-million Catholics and indirectly to all South Africans.

In part, they said: "The solution to this vexed problem of human relationship can be sought only in prudent and careful planning and in the practice of charity and justice. Prudence is required to regulate the advance of less developed peoples, so as to impart to them gradually the benefits of higher civilization, without bringing chaos and disruption into their social life." "Christian charity forbids the harboring of dislike or contempt for any human person." "Justice demands that we give every man his due. It is a virtue that prompts us to recognize the rights of others and forbids us to hinder their legitimate exercise."

The Bishops conclude: "It will be no easy task. It can be made lighter by the prayers, goodwill and cooperation of all who earnestly desire to see justice and peace reign in this country, and who sincerely believe that it is a Christian's duty to love one's neighbor as oneself."

EDWARD S. DUNN S. J





The Ateneo de San Pablo in San Pablo City, Philippines.

## Chalk Pushers in the Philippines

JOHN F. MORAN S.J.

**I**N SAN PABLO WE HAVE TWO SEASONS; ONE for doorbell pushing and the longer one for chalk pushing. The first season has just ended and our campaign to enroll boys in the Ateneo de San Pablo has succeeded.

But the first season emphasizes how sorely the second one is needed. In one house we ask a youngster, "How many Gods are there?" "Seven, Father." Then, eyes brightly proud with knowledge, he explains, "I know because there are seven statues of God in the Church; I counted them last Sunday."

So we go to another house to tell a father eager for his son's advancement in the world, that the Ateneo can make him not only a top-notch doctor, engineer or politician, but also a top-notch Catholic. He probably never thought of it. But we did. We see him a leading man in San Pablo in twenty years, and a leading Catholic.

Another doorbell—another young face. Then the wonderful thought comes. A priest forever? This one? The idea is so awesome that we shove it down into the bottom of our hearts with the other most ardent wishes that we have. Why not? Isn't this what the

Philippines needs? Can the two priests of San Pablo use help to take care of 55,000 souls? God's teachers to light the candle of Catholic truth; God's healers to pour the oil of Christ's peace on the troubled Philippines.

And so, campaign over, the salesmen become teachers. Chalk pushing is the specific work of the Society and the most important in the Philippines. It is more than just competing with the diploma mills—it is the salvation of the country. The leaders of tomorrow are now trooping to the schools. Their brand of leadership will be stamped on their pliable minds and wills now. They must learn the principles of social justice to apply when the question of strikes and unionism cry for specific answers. Love of God and neighbor must be planted now in the boys' hearts for the years ahead.

We get tired of hearing the threat of Communism. But China is gone; Japan's May Day makes us worry. What about the Philippines? The job of the fathers here in San Pablo and of the Jesuits in the Philippines is to make men intelligent and brave enough to crush its poisonous head.

# WE NEED HELP FOR OUR SCHOOL

Father Newell, our American Jesuit Father here at Minas de Oro, Honduras, needs some lumber, windows, tables, chairs and books for our classrooms. He says these things will cost \$500 in American money. They will surely be a big help to us in learning about the Holy Family, and spelling and arithmetic.

Father Newell also wants to build a small library and social hall for our mothers and fathers. This will cost \$2,000. Would you please help him buy bricks and wood and pay the workmen? We poor people will pray very much for you.



## JESUIT *Missions*

962 Madison Avenue  
New York 21, N. Y.



A chiclero taps a sapodilla tree and collects the viscous "milk" which flows from cut for hours.



Father Bernard Zimmerman S.J. watches the boiling of chicle at El Cayo. The chicle trees are rested from four to seven years between the tappings.



## *In Chicle*

(Left) The chicle is worked until it becomes semi-solid. After shipment to factory foreign matter is removed and sugar and flavoring is added.

(Below) The semi-solid mass is poured into wood forms and moulded into blocks or marquetas which weigh about twenty-five pounds apiece.





This may be the gum you are chewing right now! The coagulated raw gum is boiled in large kettles until a water content of 33%

is attained. If you were laboring under the misapprehension that you were the first to come into personal contact with your piece of gum, behold the above.

## Country

TO THE JESUIT MISSIONARIES OF THE Missouri Province who staff the missions of British Honduras and Yoro in Honduras chewing gum is important. For many of their people subsist as chicleros, the gatherers of the coagulated milky juice of the sapodilla tree, the basic ingredient of commercial chewing gum.

The human race has been chewing for centuries. Indians in North America

were using resins before Leif Ericson's voyages and the betel-nut chewers of Malaya have been busy for a thousand years. Early Mexican and Central American people found the hardened sap of the sapodilla tree made an excellent cud and Americans, calling it chicle, use thousands of tons of it.

It is a big industry. A chiclero, collecting once a day from his "walk" of 200 to 300 trees, gathers only a ton a season. Yet last year the American Chicle Company grossed \$38,350,456. Next time you chew, remember British Honduras.

(Below) The blocks are weighed before shipment to the factory where they will be re-melted and moulded anew.



# Afield

## WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

ALASKA • BRITISH HONDURAS • CEYLON • CHINA • INDIA  
CAROLINE-MARSHALL ISLANDS • INDIAN AND NEGRO MISSIONS  
IRAQ • JAMAICA • JAPAN • PHILIPPINE ISLANDS • YORO

### THOUGHTS FOR THE TIMES

The night shall be filled with more than music as the Presidential campaigns swell to their climax. The incessant threshing out of issues is grist for the mill of thought and we can't help thinking how many of our missionaries encounter those same issues in one form or another. Now JM is strictly neutral on U. S. political sides so we wouldn't want to be misinterpreted. We, and the missionaries who speak through us, are one-party men with a platform nineteen hundred years old. We are Royalists and over eleven hundred American Jesuits are proud to serve on the mission fields and so play a leading part in the spread of the realm of Christ the King.

### THE OLD DEAL

The year 1932 has come in for a lot of mention in recent weeks and it brings to mind a note from FATHER THOMAS HUSSEY S.J., now Superior of the Baghdad Mission. "After twenty years of growing, Baghdad College appears to be in for another big year. Meanwhile the man most responsible for our success over that score of years, FATHER EDWARD MADARAS S.J., is off to head another much-needed venture. In the Sa'dun quarter of Baghdad we have bought a house where our men who are studying Arabic can escape the turmoil of the school. Father Madaras is in charge of the new residence and its first occupants, FATHERS CRONIN, CURRAN, and MACOMBER. So he is back where he was in 1932, with a house and men to occupy it but with no furniture and no organization as yet."

Where were you in '32?

### CONVENTION CAPERS

In early summer when the attention of the world was riveted on the strange doings in Chicago, FATHER CLAUDE DALY S.J. of St.



With every word and deed looked upon these days as a straw in the wind the above picture of Father Felix Clarkson S.J. in Ceylon might be regarded as having political significance. So let us hasten to recount an incident witnessed by Bishop Glennie and Father Hamilton of the same mission.

"We were returning from Colombo and as we approached a junction in the vicinity of Wellawaya a large crowd of people, brandishing clubs and other cudgels, made frantic signs for the car to stop. We were reluctant to do so, not knowing what the trouble was, until we spotted the cause of the disturbance, an elephant about 500 feet away. So we stopped and then the multitude, with loud cries and much stone throwing, advanced towards the animal. The elephant, frightened by the hubbub and the mob, took off into the jungle."

We hasten to repeat that neither picture nor story has any political significance.



Joseph's College in Trincomalee, Ceylon, also had occasion to speak out on parliamentary procedure.

"Last night there was a meeting of the Trincomalee Sports Association. St. Joseph's had not been invited, but we went. We caused quite a commotion by our appearance; but we had enough friends in sight to reassure us. After the chairman had called the roll of the invited clubs, and found out who represented them, I stood up and announced that St. Joseph's College was represented by the principal (myself) and the sports master, FATHER MORAN.

"The chairman explained that, on the unanimous decision of the standing committee, we had not been invited, because we had not paid our annual dues. We had never received notice of dues; all the Constitutions say is that the dues shall be determined by the committee from time to time; but I had 12 rupees in my pocket, and was willing to pay as soon as I found out what the dues were. I also claimed that holding a meeting without inviting us was equivalent to expelling us; and expulsion had to be done at a general meeting, not by the committee. Furthermore, FATHER LANGE founded the Trincomalee Sports Association back in 1936, when he was here as a scholastic. They can't throw us out. And more in the same vein.

"The chairman sputtered a bit, but finally we were seated by acclamation. Then we took over the meeting.

Boys of Holy Cross Mission in Alaska with Armand Nigro S.J. Boarding schools for girls and boys here on the Yukon River are an important feature in the training of Eskimo youth. The present government policy of resettling the Eskimos near white towns is frowned on by missionaries who know the situation.

The Communists don't have anything on us, when it comes to taking charge of things at a meeting. There are enough men of good will in the Association to vote our measures in; but generally they are disorganized, and those who know what they want are ineffective as speakers. So they welcome Father at the meetings."

#### CAMPAIGN PROMISE

In another part of Ceylon FATHER SIMON ARULAPPAH S.J. was investigating a report that things were not all right with the custodian of one of his churches. The man in question talked sanely for some time but then suddenly said, "You see, Father, I am Antichrist. I have a great devotion to the daughter of Antichrist. I have been sent as an apostle to promote devotion to her. Will you join in the campaign? I will make you my first lieutenant."

Later he attacked Father Arulappah as the latter was unvesting after Mass so the campaign headquarters are now in an asylum. Father Arulappah has only one vote to cast and it is very decidedly for the opposition.

#### SOCIAL SECURITY

A veteran Alaskan missionary, FATHER JOHN FOX S.J., has a timely note on a social





**Bishop Thomas Feeney S.J. of the Caroline and Marshall Islands with Father Edwin McManus S.J., (left) Superior of the mission, and Father Bizkarra, one of the veteran Spanish missionaries.**

problem among the Eskimos. "This is the time of year when the men who have been working on the railroad return to Mountain Village for the fur and hunting season. Incidentally, the government has the idea that it can improve the economical situation of the Eskimos by relocating them near larger towns where they can use their skills! And so it is using every chance to lure the men away, and eventually their families. "But man does not live by bread alone," and our Eskimos will have to be a lot more stupid than I think they are to give up their homes, and their native way of life with its relative security and independence and religious environment for the very doubtful better economic status they might gain in or near some city. Aren't sociologists these days advising just exactly the opposite idea to the many strike-ridden, insecure folks of our crowded cities? The government seems about ten years behind time when it advances this relocation theory. The Eskimos almost everywhere have come a long way from where they were economically a dozen or so years ago."

#### **THE LIVING WAGE**

Out in the Caroline Islands **FATHER EDWIN MCMANUS S.J.**, Superior of the Caroline and Marshall islands Mission, muses on money.

"The modern industrial age has come to Palau, for recently we had a strike! The government employees of public works (garage, boatpool, electricity, etc.) encompassed the whole Industrial Revolution and its consequences within a single generation. The Palauans still lag behind CIO, AFL, etc., for there was no talk of pension plans, annual wages, etc.; the basic demand was a minimum family wage of \$36 per month. Please don't tell John L. Lewis that workers under the American flag had to strike for \$36 per month; I fear the consequences to his eyebrows.

"The figure is not quite as bad as it first seems. All the natives raise their own food, or catch it in the sea, and the usual working hours leave some time free for these pursuits. Since prices here are the same as United States prices plus freight, it is quite obvious that no native (or missionary



either) can afford to buy all his food. But even allowing for their farms and their fishing, there is no doubt in my mind that the wages here are ridiculously low, so I was in full sympathy with the strike.

"The workers lost the strike, but the government has raised their wages anyway. Strangely enough, nobody seemed to be against the strike and nobody thought the men were getting enough money, but the whole thing was entangled in red tape that stretches from Washington to Koror."

#### PRIVATE POINT FOUR

Orchids to United Fruit are gratefully bestowed by FATHER JOSEPH WADE S.J. of Progreso, Yoro Mission in Honduras.

"The School Sisters of Notre Dame left to return to the States after completing their two months of teaching Catechism here in Progreso. They did a wonderful work and ended up by having a First Communion of over two hundred children. It was a great triumph. The four Sisters were given free passage by the United Fruit Company on their boats to and from Honduras.

"The day before they left, Mr. Walter Turnbull, Vice-President of the Fruit Company for Central America, loaned us his private plane to take the Sisters to Tegucigalpa to visit the Capital. It was the first time the Sisters had been up in a plane and they enjoyed the trip very much. Mr. Horace Prowse, Superintendent of the Company for the Progreso division, generously turned over the American school to the Sisters for splendid living quarters during their stay.

"Mr. J. Felix Aycock, General Manager of the Fruit Company for the Honduras Division, is arranging to have five chapels built in the Fruit Farms so that the workers will have a more worthy place to assist at Mass on my trips to these farms. This will be a great help to my work and the people will appreciate it very much. So you see things are progressing in 'El Progreso'."

#### INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

Our foreign policy could well be shaped according to the spirit of the Chabanel Language School for the China-in-exile missionaries at Manila in the Philippines. ROGER FALGE S.J. observes:

"A person might think that in a community of 12 or so different nationalities: Chinese, American, Spanish, French, Austrian, Canadian, German, Italian, Hungarian, Sardinian, Mexican, Uruguayan, Argentinian, there would be quite a difference of opinion. But, no; on the contrary, the spirit of cooperation here is one of the best I have ever seen. The reason is, I think, that the Jesuits here are all very loyal to their great ideal of becoming 'citizens of the world,' true Catholics in the real sense of the word.

"But our chief interest, of course, is in learning more about the Chinese people: their mentality and customs, their history, culture and philosophy, and above all their language. In this task our Chinese brother Jesuits are helping us very much. Remember them in your prayers."

#### ELECTION ECHOES

So as the campaign rolls on let us not forget the biggest issue of all. Throughout the world men and women, elected by Almighty God Himself, are laboring to bring the only true peace, the peace of Jesus Christ, to the hearts of all.

Bishop Morales of Tegucigalpa and Father Wade at blessing of school provided by United Fruit.



**F**UNERALS IN JAMAICA are highly important social functions and even in the big city of Kingston they play an important part in the daily life of the natives. Moreover, the way in which these are carried out denotes to a certain extent the prominence of the family in the social order.

They might be divided into three classes; the first, the simple ceremony at the grave; secondly, a funeral with a heading; lastly one with a heading and a churching. The first, the simple rites at the grave, is very rare even in the case of infants. The second is more common and usual, that is, a funeral from the house to the grave headed by a clergyman in front of the hearse. The third and most elaborate one is when the clergyman heads the funeral from the house to the church for a brief service and then heads it from there to the cemetery. Funeral Masses are rare, due to the fact that in the tropics bodies must be buried within twenty-four hours of death.

Everyone here seems to love a funeral. They flock to the church or line the roads to see the procession pass. If the deceased belonged to a Lodge or a benevolent association, these march with a band and in full regalia, thus giving the bystander a real treat. Even the mourners seem to derive a certain amount of complacency over the size and importance of the procession. One family who lived very close to the cemetery actually asked the Father heading the funeral if he would mind going around several extra blocks as they were so near the cemetery.

Out in the country things are different especially in the mountainous parts where autos or carriages cannot go. But even here a funeral is the most important event of the year. For they have few other distractions.

As the time for the funeral draws near, people from the whole mountain side surround the house and at the signal all fall into line. The coffin is carried on the heads of two men and the people follow singing hymns from their books. As sometimes the

JAMAICAN FUNERALS follow a long-established protocol which allow for group participation



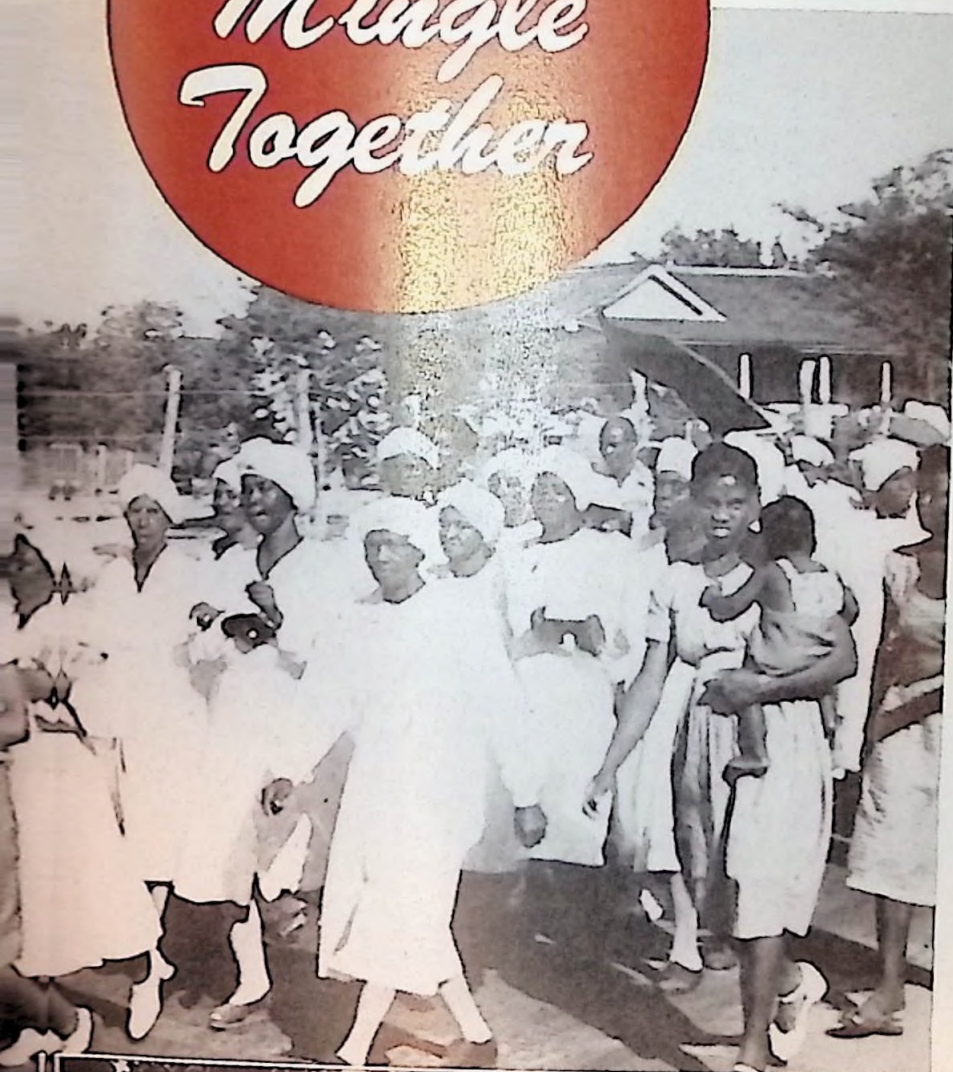
procession has to go a mile or two to the church and cemetery, they get through a great number of songs. So they start from the first song in the hymn book, whether it be congruous or not. And in the Catholic book it is not, for the first one in that book is "Let Us Mingle Together Hearts That Are Joyful and Free"!

In the poorer sections of the country, there is no coffin, just a plain pine box. Very often when the Father comes for the funeral, he has to wait until they have completed the coffin. At one place the Father found no coffin as the Inspector of the Poor had not yet sent it. The Father had to go and get it,

LEO T. BUTLER S.J.

# LET US *Mingle Together*

(Center) Processions are always popular with the Jamaican people, whether a funeral or not. (Below left) Father Leo Butler S.J. who celebrated his Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit in 1951 has been on the Jamaica Mission longer than any other missionary, over thirty full years. (Below right) Funeral and preparation for burial in the picturesquely named town, Come See.



put it in his car and bring it to the house.

Where there is no cemetery near, the body is buried in a corner of the property. The neighbors all help to dig the grave, make the coffin and do everything for the family of the deceased. These funerals are the hardest for the Father.

One might think that when the last rites were performed that it would be the end. Not so in Jamaica. For nine nights they mourn the departed one. Formerly this was rather a riotous time, with eating, drinking and singing all night. But the Catholics wisely have turned this into a real religious affair, with the rosary each night and the Father coming on the last night to repeat the prayers for the dead.





# The Business of Missions

## WANTED

Dear Friend:

For months, the slogan, "Defense is Your Job, Too!" has appeared as the punch line in advertisements for War Bonds. No soldier is obliged to buy his own gun, his own plane, food, medicine or clothing. For such essential material, the Armed Forces depends upon resources from home. Briefly, there must be a oneness of interest and sacrifice between those in trenches, in the air, on the sea and those at home.

As a member of the Mystical Body of Christ it can be said that the missions are your job, too. True, the missionary Priests, Brothers and Sisters have dedicated themselves to a life on foreign soil. Their vocation is not merely to defend but to enlarge the Kingdom of Christ. The success of their campaign depends greatly upon the sacrifice of friends at home. The chalice raised at Mass, the medicine distributed in dispensaries, the catechetical charts and countless other items are essential for the missionary. Not until the end of time will an Armistice Day be declared in the missions. For God and for your country you can make a double investment by purchasing War Bonds in the name of JESUIT MISSIONS, INC.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

### Starving Santals

The missionaries never complain about personal hardships such as enduring the humid weather of the tropics, or the long and cold nights of the Arctic, or the dreariness of the rainy season. All of these climatic conditions must affect them and, at times, cause them real personal pain. They do admit, however, the pain in their hearts in observing the sufferings of their people. In the present issue, there is an article by FATHER JOHN MORRISON describing vividly the starvation existing among his Santals. After reading the article, you may want to help him by sending to JESUIT MISSIONS \$1.00 or \$10.00 for him. Without exaggeration, he can use tons of rice. You might spiritualize your Thanksgiving celebration by sending such a contribution for people whose barns are empty and whose fields are barren.

### Remailing Service

The seminarians of the archdiocese of St. Louis have established a very efficient means of furthering the apostolate of the press in the missions. By writing to the following address you can secure the name of one or more missionaries desirous of receiving Catholic periodicals and books. It is impos

## JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

Alaska and U. S. Indians  
Rev. Edmund A. Anable, S.J.  
900 Broadway,  
Seattle 22, Wash.

Ceylon and Home Missions  
Rev. James C. Babb, S.J.  
4439 S. Carrollton Ave.,  
New Orleans 19, La.

China (Suchow)  
Rev. Louis Bouchard, S.J.  
762 Sherbrooke St., West  
Montreal 2, Canada

Iraq and Jamaica  
Rev. John H. Collins, S.J.  
1106 Boylston St.,  
Boston 15, Mass

British Honduras, Yoro, India  
(New Delhi) and U. S.  
Indians  
Rev. James T. Meehan, S.J.  
4511 West Pine Boulevard,  
St. Louis 8, Mo.

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Rev. John K. Lipman, S.J.  
821 Market Street,  
San Francisco 3, Cal.

India (Patna) and U. S. Indians  
Rev. John A. Kilian, S.J.  
Rev. John S. O'Connor, S.J.  
1114 South May St.,  
Chicago 7, Ill.

India (Darjeeling) and  
Canadian Indians  
Rev. F. J. Costello, S.J.  
403 Wellington St., West,  
Toronto 2-B, Ont., Canada

India (Jamshedpur) and  
Home Missions  
Rev. Edward J. Farrén, S.J.  
700 N. Calvert St.,  
Baltimore 2, Md.

Philippines, Caroline and  
Marshall Islands  
Rev. William T. Wood, S.J.  
51 East 83rd St.,  
New York 28, N. Y.

able to estimate the reward of your sacrifice in standing in line at the Post Office and paying for a package of magazines to be sent to the missions. One article in a magazine may stir grace in a soul to inquire further about the Catholic religion. You are requested to contact directly the

Kenrick Remailng Service  
7800 Kenrick Road  
Kenrick Seminary  
St. Louis 9, Missouri

#### Greetings to 1114

To each one of our missionaries (1114) we would like to send a Christmas greeting and sign it, "The Subscribers of JESUIT MISSIONS." The message on the card would convey your sentiments of admiration for their sacrificial life and an assurance of prayers that the Christ Child bless them and their people. Our missionaries are great men of God, yet, they are still human and, thus, most appreciative of any act of kindness in their behalf. Remember, it is your greeting to the missionary and if you can include \$1.00 he will appreciate your sacrifice.

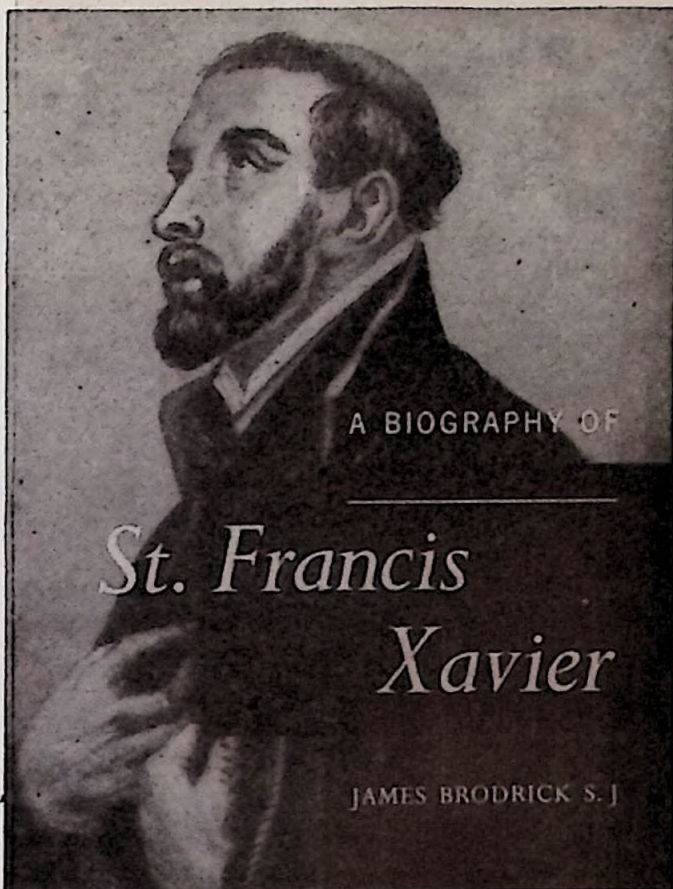
#### Property for Progress

It is always a consolation for a missionary to see new converts at Mass and to welcome their children at school. With this spiritual joy there is an accompanying material anxiety. As numbers increase, the church must be enlarged and the same is true of the school. This is the double problem confronting FATHER THOMAS DONOHOE of Jaluit, one of the Marshall Islands of the Pacific. He quotes a rather small figure for the enlargement of his school and church, namely, \$300.00 and \$150.00. The total amount is not very large but it is still an expensive proposition for a missionary without resources. Could you send \$3.00 or \$30.00 for the building program of Father Donohoe?

#### Collegiate Books

Religious, philosophical and historical books are urgently needed for a new Jesuit college in the Philippines. Package should be marked "Books" and mailed directly to the following address at the postage rate of 5c per pound and the maximum weight of 20 pounds.

Reverend Martin Casey, S.J.  
Ateneo de Davao  
Davao City, Philippine Islands



## Xavier Celebration

For your Xavier Celebration what better gift than the best biography of Xavier, for your friends at home or a Jesuit on the missions?

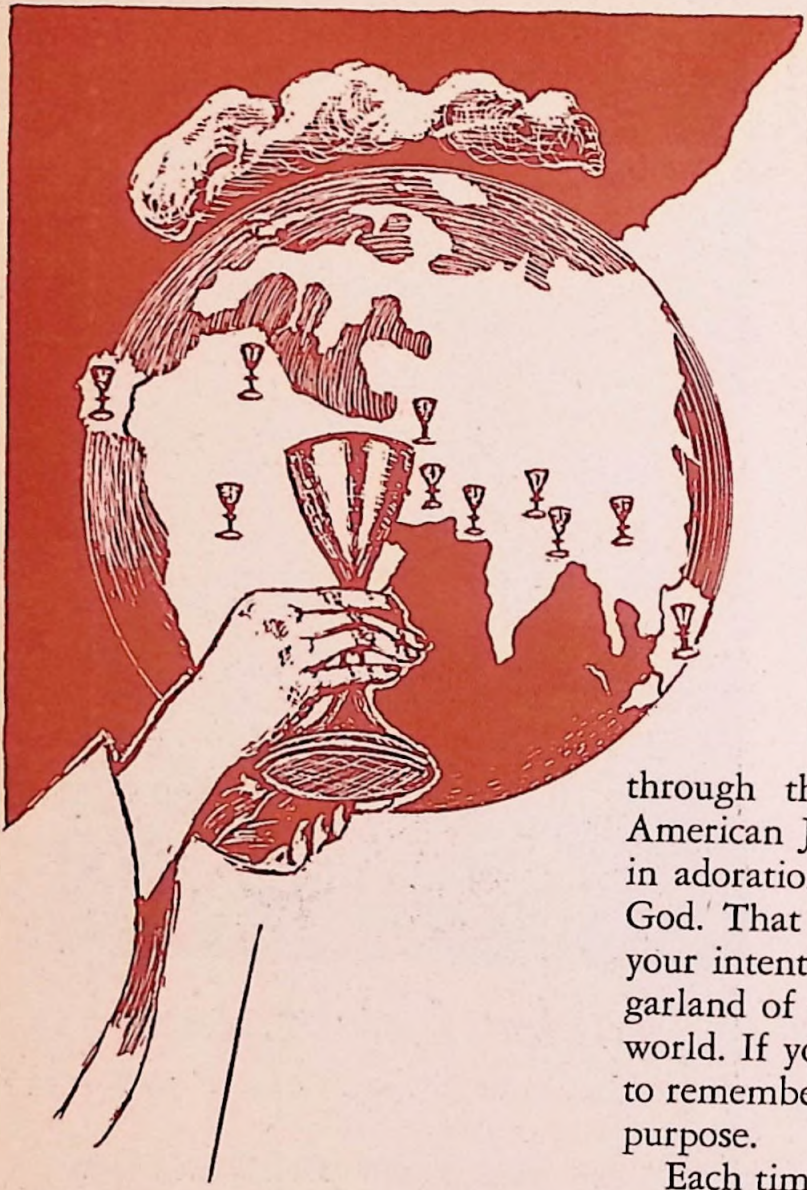
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## *As the Sun Speeds*

through the time-belt around the world 675 American Jesuit priests raise the Host and chalice in adoration, praise, petition and thanksgiving to God. That precious Offering might be made for your intention in each of our sixteen missions—a garland of the Holiest Prayer ringing around the world. If you have a crisis to face, an anniversary to remember, you can have a Mass offered for that purpose.

Perhaps you would like to have Masses offered by our Jesuit priests in India and Japan, two countries where Saint Francis Xavier labored so heroically. These modern Xaviers need your help.

Each time you do your charity helps supply the missionary priest with the necessities of life. It gives him the food, clothing and travel expenses for his daily existence. What better way is there for you to help the souls in Purgatory than to have Mass offered for them—especially when your gift helps the mission priest to bring Christ in the Blessed Sacrament to people he could not reach without your help? Jesuit Missions will gladly forward your Mass intentions to our needy mission priests.



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