

# Jesuit MISSIONS

APRIL 1953



THE PHILOSOPHY  
OF COMMUNISM  
L. G. ...

# JESUIT

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JESUIT MISSIONS is published monthly from September to June; bi-monthly, July-August, by Jesuit Missions, Incorporated, Main Street, Norwalk, Conn. in the interest of home and foreign missions attached to the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. Subscription price per year is \$1.00. Canadian and foreign, \$1.25. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, Norwalk, Conn., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance of special rates of postage provided for in the Act of February 28, 1925, paragraph 4, section 412, Postal Laws and Regulations, authorized January 14, 1927.

The Business Office of Jesuit Missions is at 962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. Editorial Offices are at 45 East 78th Street, New York 21, N. Y.



Father Joseph Reith S.J., veteran missionary in the Philippines, conducts benediction at his mission in Malaybalay, Bukidnon.

# MISSIONS

THE VOICE OF 1114 AMERICAN JESUITS

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## MISSION OF THE MONTH

### The Philippine Islands

Christianity in the great cluster of islands known as the Philippines has a strange history, dating back almost to the day Magellan first found them, and called them the Islands of St. Lazarus. The natives—except the Moros, who were and are Mohammedans—were friendly and cheerfully embraced Christianity. So rapidly, in fact, that in 1605, barely 84 years later, almost every Filipino had been baptized.

Yet, during the next three centuries this land, so wholeheartedly Catholic did not produce an adequate native clergy, but depended almost exclusively on Spain to furnish it with priests and bishops.

So when the Spanish-American war ended, and the Spaniards went home, there were everywhere priestless churches and flocks without shepherds: ideal conditions for heresy and schism.

In 1921 the American Jesuits took over the mission, sending 50 priests within four years, and continuing to send re-enforcements, until today there are over 400 American Jesuits there, engaged in a vast diversity of activities, from conducting universities and seminaries to publishing periodicals and guiding labor unions.

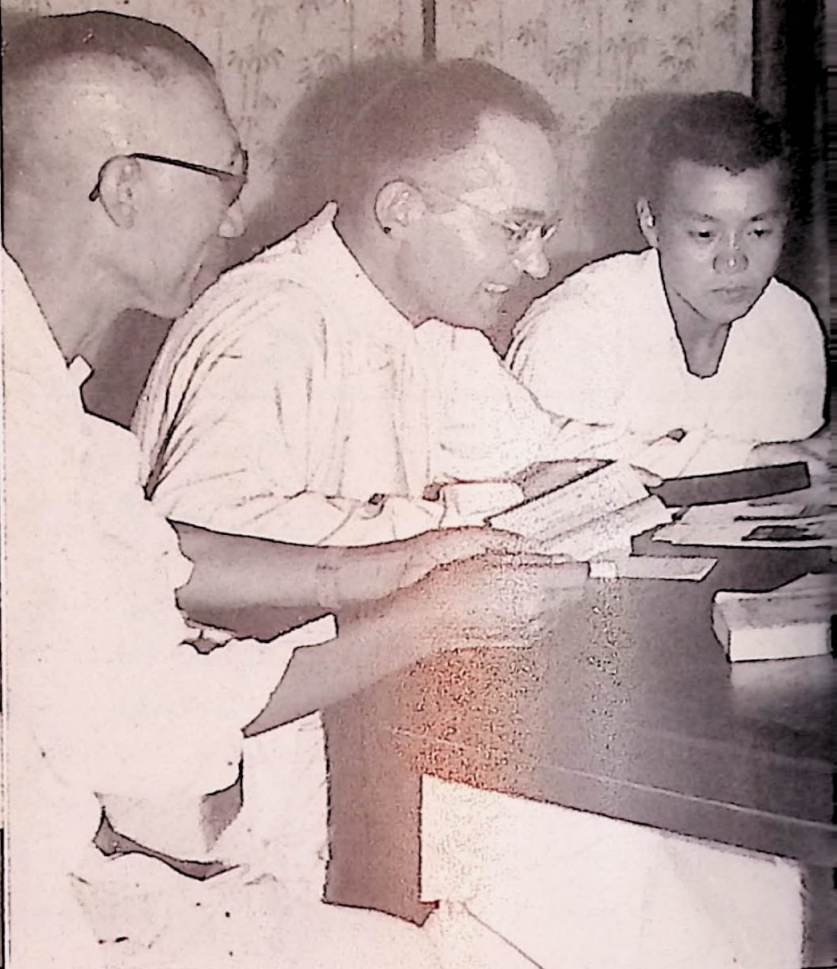
THERE IS ALWAYS A PROMISE IN THE SPRINGTIME AIR, A HOPE bright as the Easter dawn. But winter must come before spring, Lent must precede the Easter gladness. And that constant cycle of nature, that yearly theme of the Church's liturgy, find their echoes in mission fields. So a missionary who endured in chains his long Gethsemane in a Chinese prison describes in this issue his spring planting in another field. He is symbolic of all missionaries who live on a hope and a promise.

In this issue you will also find a picture story of the celebration in Goa of the four hundredth anniversary of the death of St. Francis Xavier. He, too, was a man who lived on a hope and a promise. Dying on Sancian, he went through the long darkness of doubt and fear, a darkness three days long. Then in his last moments Almighty God gave back to this sturdy lover the heritage he had won along the roads and sea lanes of the East. Xavier died with a smile, crying triumphantly, "In Thee, Lord, have I hoped. I will never be ashamed of my trust in Thee." It is the prayer of all missionaries whose lives are built around a hope and a promise.

COVER. There is plenty to cry over in China today now that the Communists are in ruthless charge. As in every country under Red domination it is the young who are the special targets for indoctrination. (Photo by Father Fred Foley S.J.)



On Formosa, the island of refuge, a Chinese boy is grimly determined to master the brush pen. Of such as these will be the new bamboo.



After his ordeal in Chinese prisons Monsignor Fahy spent a short while at Taiwan University in Taipei, Formosa, assisting the other

MSGR. EUGENE E. FAHY S.

# New Bamboo



Monsignor Eugene Fahy was ten months in Chinese Communists' jails.

Monsignor Fahy was Prefect Apostolic of Yangchow until his imprisonment by the Chinese Reds. His story was featured by *Life Magazine* in the issue of Sept. 8, 1952. Here he writes of his new apostolate in Hsinchu, Formosa. Hsin means 'new' and Chu means 'bamboo,' an appropriate name for a new mission field outside the Bamboo Curtain.

I WATCHED IT GROW, DAY AFTER DAY, inch by inch, foot by foot. Though I watched it daily, it still seemed to have sprouted up overnight, so rapid was its growth. I marked its height in the morning. I noted its increase that evening. It literally grew before my eyes, this new stalk of bamboo in our garden in Yangchow, the mission center of the Prefecture in China placed in the care of the California Jesuits.



California Province Jesuits who were also exiled from their China missions. Now Monsignor Fahy is in charge of a new mission.

The rapid, steady growth of this stalk of bamboo was, thanks to God's flourishing grace, symbolic of the Christianity. Not that there was anything spectacular in its growth. Eighty years of arduous toil by our French confreres had gone into its missionary cultivation. But we Americans, a few short years in the field, reaped the fruit of their labors and at the same time were privileged to see new Christian shoots among the old stand. Young, vigorous, pious souls blossoming into Christian fervor before our eyes.

Then just as they were reaching spiritual maturity, like a stand of bamboo, they were hacked down. Hewn bamboo is used for furniture, for fences, for fuel; for beds and baskets and bric-a-brac of a thousand varieties. The Christians of China are to follow the pattern. They are to be the unwilling objects of Communist force, fuel for the Red fires of religious persecution and martyrdom.

But bamboo is not rooted out so easily, by merely cutting down its stalks. The roots form a closely woven net-work beneath the soil's surface to sprout up again as sprightly in the spring. Hack as they will with diabolical might and main, the Com-

munists can never destroy Christianity. But for the moment, at least, our Christians in Yangchow are hidden, paradoxically, behind a Bamboo Curtain.

Meanwhile the Church marches on regardless. Nor can her missionaries stand by idle, waiting for the Curtain to lift. Separated from our Christians, everything that was used for the apostolate—our churches, our schools, our medical dispensaries—all have been taken from us. So we must cultivate new Christians. We must build new churches, open other schools, carry on the Catholic works of charity and ministry that have always been the marks of the true Church.

And the place that Providence has chosen for us to begin this work, to sow new seeds and daily watch the new shoots spiritually grow to maturity to praise their Creator who alone can give the increase, is the city and country of Hsinchu on Formosa called New Bamboo.



Once the faces of China's Catholics were bright with hope and expectation. This mother and son belonged to the bamboo the Reds hack down.

I have been in New Bamboo now for three days, alone with a coadjutor brother. Imagine my feelings, as the old reflects on the new. Yesterday I said my first Mass here. Opening the Missal just as it was taken out of the Mass kit, the ribbon marked August 29th, the beheading of St. John the Baptist. Last year in Yangchow four Jesuits

thought that they were going to celebrate Mass on that day. But the Communists didn't. That morning we awoke from our first night of fitful sleep in the filthy city prison, and were not to celebrate Mass for many a month to follow.

This morning I celebrated the three Masses of All Souls Day on our improvised altar in the parlor. A Christian family of three attended. A far cry from our churches



in the Yangchow Prefecture and the priestly consolations of the numbers of Christians filing in for the ceremonies of this day. We have just enough paraphernalia to fulfill the most meager requirements. I think of all that had to be left behind with the Reds.

Houses here are measured in "tatamis"—Japanese straw mats three feet by six that cover the floor. Ours is a 21 tatami house. Six will be used for a chapel; eight for a joint reception room and dining room. You can figure how many that leaves for living quarters for ourselves and four Fathers enroute to join us.

One bed in this room, another in that; one in the parlor, and one in the corridor—and we've given up trying to plan space for the other two. Somebody will have to sleep on the tatamis without a bed! And by day when there should be a round of Catechetical instructions and classes, they will be hanging from the rafters, if they are strong enough to stand the strain. Today the wind blew down a part of the coping of the roof. It wasn't a strong wind. It didn't have to be. The shattered house is willing enough to fall down by itself.

Four rattan chairs and a tea table complete our furnishings. A clay charcoal burner provides a frugal fire but a substantial meal. The electricity is turned on at night; the water for a brief spell in the morning. Then again the next morning.

Nothing to complain about really. But man is human and the China

missionary in exile is no exception. His first feelings are guided by comparisons—what he had and what he was. What he lost, but what he gained. What the Communists took away, but what God has given in compensation.

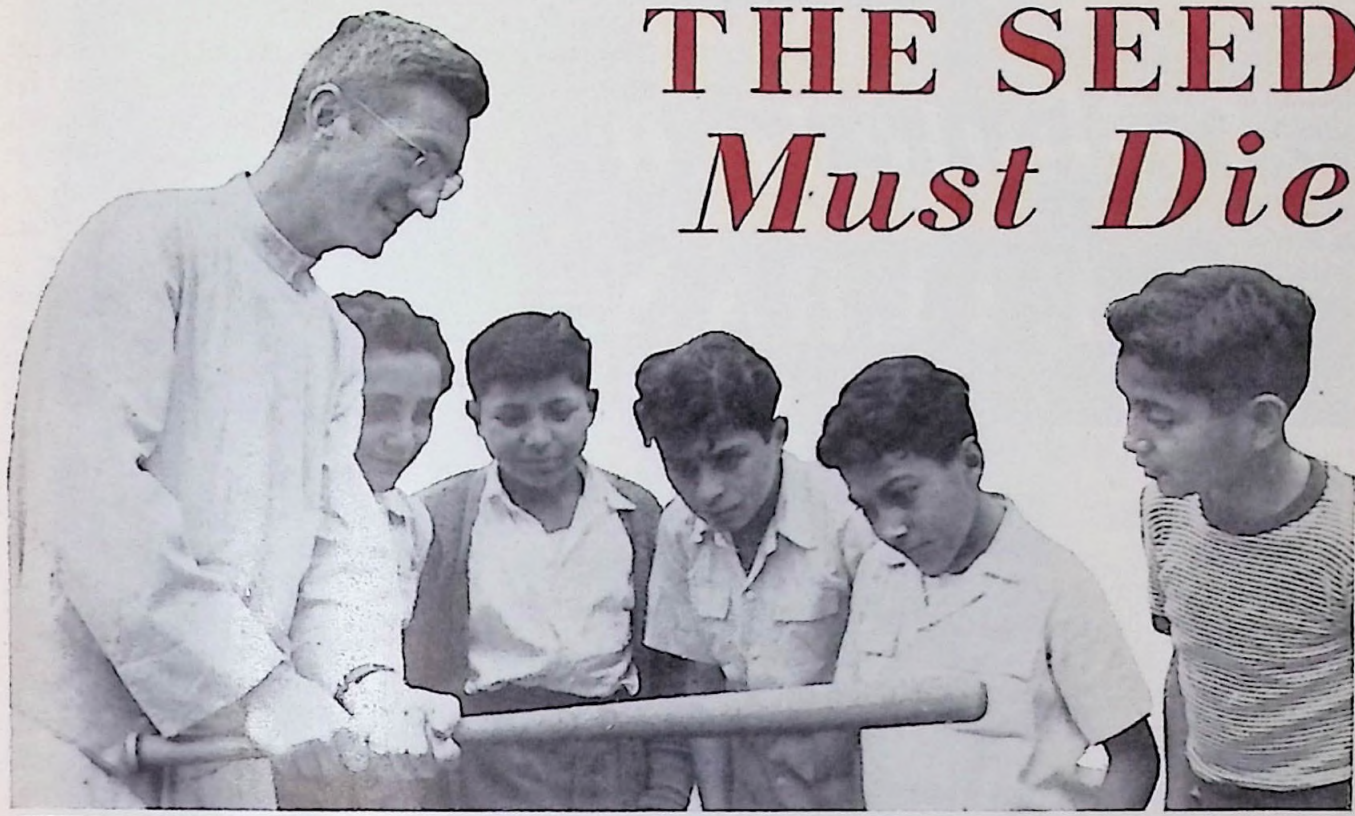
In a material sense, we have lost all that we considered necessary for an active Christian apostolate. Our large buildings, their simple furnishings, their ordinary comforts, all that is gone. All now reduced to a tiny cottage with the barest necessities. We hope that it won't be too long before Providence will provide the means, another cottage like this, maybe some day a small church. Nothing expensive in structure, nothing grandiose in style. Just enough to provide ample space to carry on our missionary work among the pagans.

For that is what we have. That is what we have gained. That is what God has given in compensation. Freedom of religion and a fruitful field to tend to the few baptized Christians and to work for the conversion of the many pagans. The opportunity for the conquest of souls is great. The old bamboo has been hacked to the ground by the Reds, but the roots will provide a hidden source of grace for fresh shoots in New Bamboo

Bishop Job Chen of Ching Ting Fu with Monsignor Fahy at the consecration of Archbishop Joseph Kuo on October 26, 1952, in Taipei on the island of Formosa.



# THE SEED *Must Die*



*"Rev. Francis X. Cronin S.J., missionary priest of the Jesuit Fathers, died today at Baghdad, Iraq. He was 40 years old."*

**T**ERSELY THE NEW YORK TIMES UNDER A January 30th dateline so records the passing of the first American Jesuit to die on the Baghdad mission field.

Hank Cronin was one of the most likeable persons with whom Almighty God has deigned to bless our harried world. For those who knew him there is no wonder that he was wanted in heaven; the only one surprised would be Hank himself. For he was too humble to ever dream that his would be the high honor of being the first to offer the supreme sacrifice for Christ on the mission field he loved.

In a sense Hank symbolized the Baghdad Mission. It is not a headline-making mission, no more than Hank himself was. It is a quiet, laborious, at times dogged, work that might falter and die were it not for the spirit of the men who asked to do that job. It is a mission that demands deep faith, patience and understanding for it is a lonely Christian outpost in the heart of the Moslem world. The desert is all around it and like all things that grow in the desert it must have its inner life on which to feed.

Hank had that inner life in abundance. It revealed itself in his warm and generous personality, his ready sympathy and his

quick, contagious laugh. He had the happy faculty of being able to laugh the heartiest at his own mistakes. For there was no pride nor sham in him; his hallmark was sincerity.

On rare occasions you could glimpse the very heart of that inner life. I remember one time in the valley of Beka'a between Syria and Lebanon we were preparing for our annual retreat. We were speaking of the amount of time to be given to each part of the retreat and Hank mentioned the passion and death of Christ. "That's the time you can get real close to Him," he said.

He died of leukemia, swiftly, suddenly. When he knew the end was near he wrote to his dear ones at home. "Blessed be God. He gave me my life, my Jesuit vocation and my mission vocation. If He thinks now is the time to bring it to a close, blessed be His Holy Will. . . . I'm not afraid to die. Dying means going to the Sacred Heart and being safe there forever. I'll be waiting for all of you there. . . ."

Francis Xavier Cronin has much in common with the saint whose name he bears. Both died in their forties, far from home; one yearned to win China for Christ, the other wanted Iraq for Him.

The seed must die before it can bring forth fruit. It was fitting that Hank Cronin should be the first advocate of the Baghdad Mission before the throne of God.

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.

# Tribute to a VETERAN



Father Risacher, once Novice Master at Poughkeepsie, received a spiritual bouquet from his novices.

ONE OF THE HIGHLIGHTS OF THE PAST few years in Northern Mindanao in the Philippines was the celebration of Father Clement Risacher's Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit. The tributes paid to the veteran missionary on that occasion revealed the deep love of his people and his fellow Jesuits.

That day the town of Balingasag turned out en masse to welcome the man who had come to serve them fifteen years ago after having labored among the lepers of Cebu. Beautifully decorated arches canopied the street; colored streamers crossed and re-crossed the road. Signs of welcome and felicitations in English, Spanish and Visayan were displayed on all sides.

The students, band and people gathered at the bridge at the entrance to the town to greet Father Risacher. Father himself knew nothing about the grand welcome although he may have had his suspicions after the cheers he received as he passed through Kinoguitan and Salay to Balingasag.

Father George Kirchgessner S.J. in his Gingoog jeep brought the guest of honor to town exactly on the scheduled hour. It was extremely touching to see young and old kiss Father Risacher's hand in the traditional custom of greeting and respect. All along the way as we paraded to the school campus the people approached to kiss his hand. They were welcoming the priest who had served and protected them for so many



JAMES G. KOLLER S.J.

years before, during and after the war.

At the Solemn High Mass celebrated by the Golden Jubilarian, Father Rudolfo Cabonce recalled the history of Father Risacher's fifty years as a Jesuit, priest, educator, leper chaplain and missionary. He dwelt on the need of a native clergy, a point emphasized by the presence in the church that day of priests from America, Holland, Italy, Spain, China, Canada and the Philippines. The number of Communion that followed must have thrilled the veteran missionary.

All morning the priests from the various mission stations kept arriving. By noon there were probably more Jesuits on hand than ever before in the history of this Cagayan mission. It had meant no little sacrifice for many of them; Father Joseph Bittner, for example, had to leave his parish at two in the morning in order to arrive on time.

At noon the people outdid themselves to provide a royal banquet for their beloved shepherd. They must have planned and prepared for a full month ahead for this and the parade which followed but these were only further manifestations of their deep esteem and love for Father Risacher.

There was one tribute which especially pleased the jubilarian. It came from across the seas, an elaborate fourteen-page booklet containing a spiritual bouquet from all

the men who had been novices at St. Andrews in Poughkeepsie during the years Father Risacher was Master of Novices. The center piece of the booklet was a map of the world showing where all his former novices were now located and from all those places red lines converged on Father's present mission station at Linugos.

In the early afternoon many of the priests had to start the long trip back to their missions. It had been several years since some of them had seen one another. In one sense it had been a family gathering for them, a brief, warm interlude before they turned again to the mountains and the loneliness.

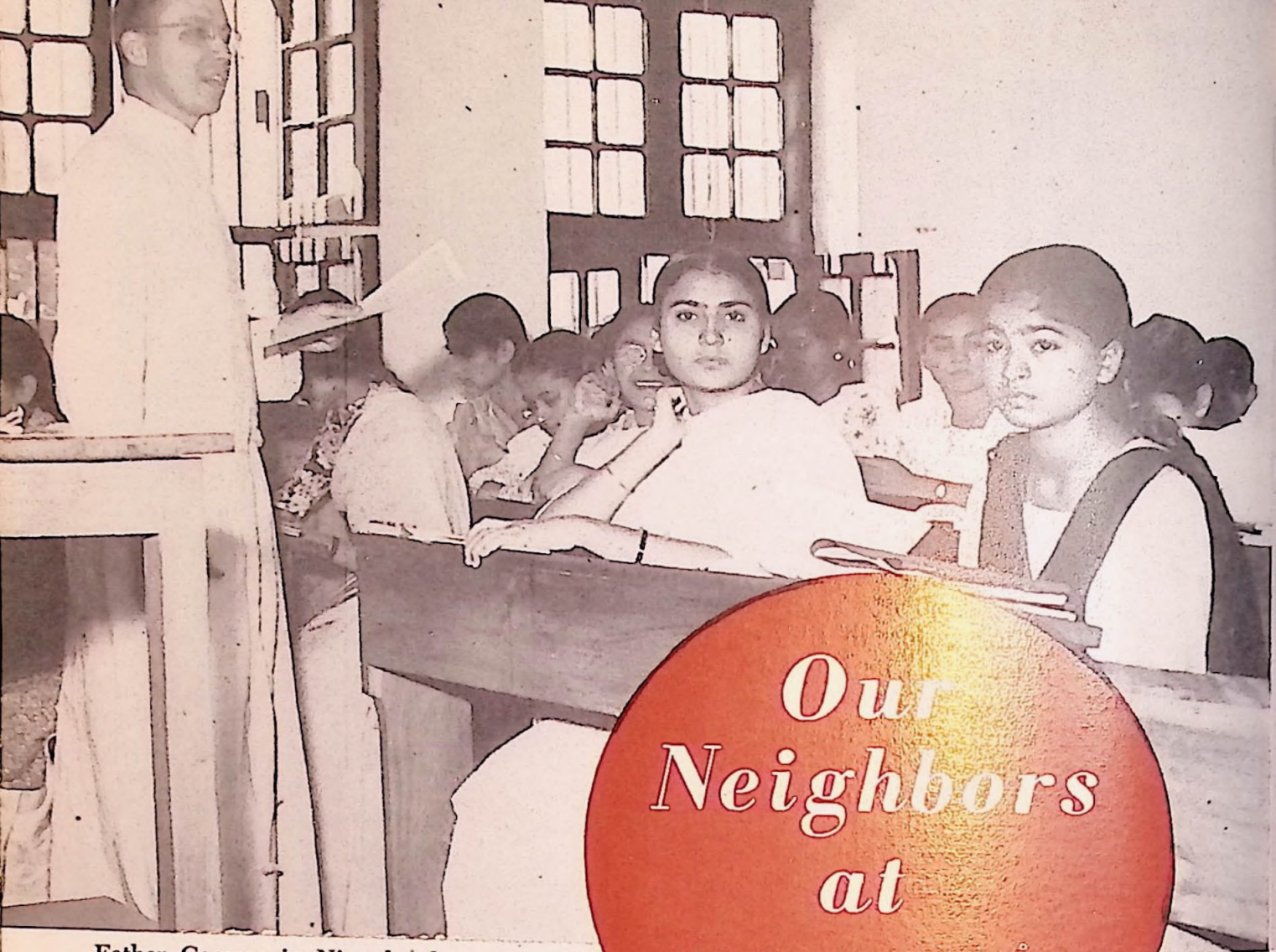
But most of all it was a tribute to a veteran of Christ who had served Him so faithfully and well through so many years. Words were not needed this day. In the eyes and on the faces of priests and people shone their feelings for this man who a quarter of a century ago left the important task of Novice Master to administer to the lepers of Cebu. Fifteen years ago he had been transferred to these mountain barrios of Northern Mindanao and these people had become his people. Now in their own way they tried to show him what he had meant to them.

Balingasag has not known a day similar to this. But neither had they known a man similar to the missionary celebrating fifty years of service for Christ. *Ad multos annos!*

(Right) The Golden Jubilarian, now in his 25th year in the Philippines, reads congratulatory messages.

(Below) part of the happy throng who made a fiesta of the Golden Jubilee.



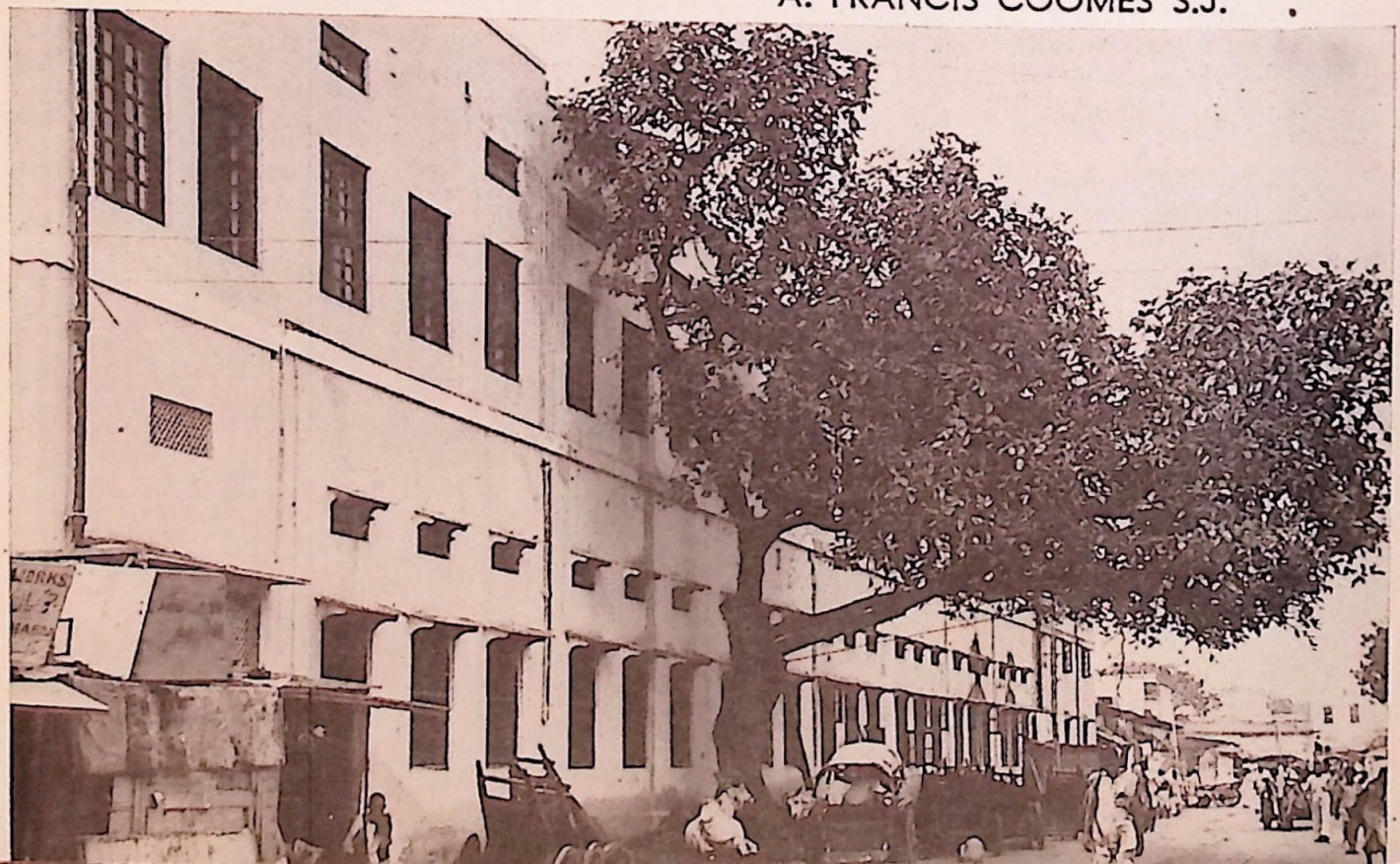


Father Coomes in Nirmala classroom. The school is already famous after one year.

*Our  
Neighbors  
at*  
**NIRMALA**

What this picture fails to convey is the unending noise of blacksmith shop, cane grinding mill and street sounds around Nirmala.

A. FRANCIS COOMES S.J.



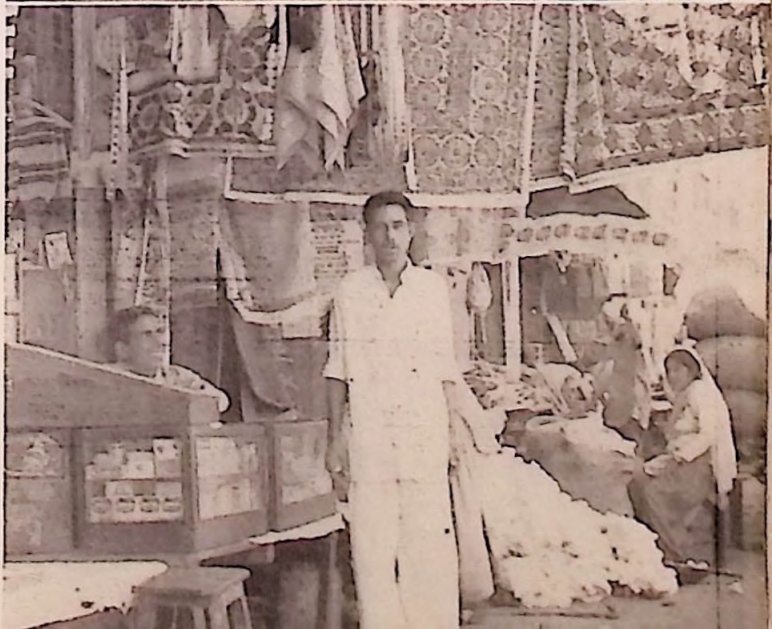
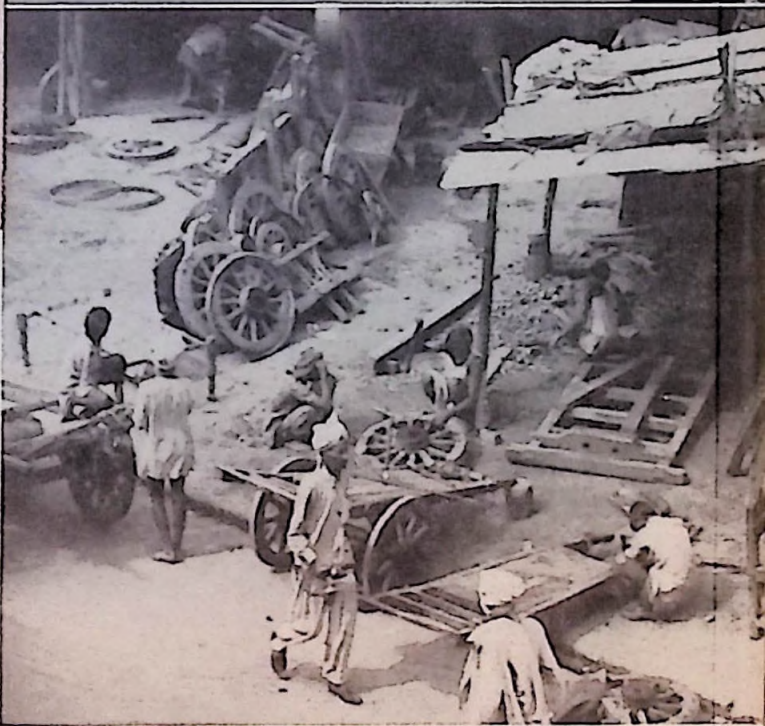


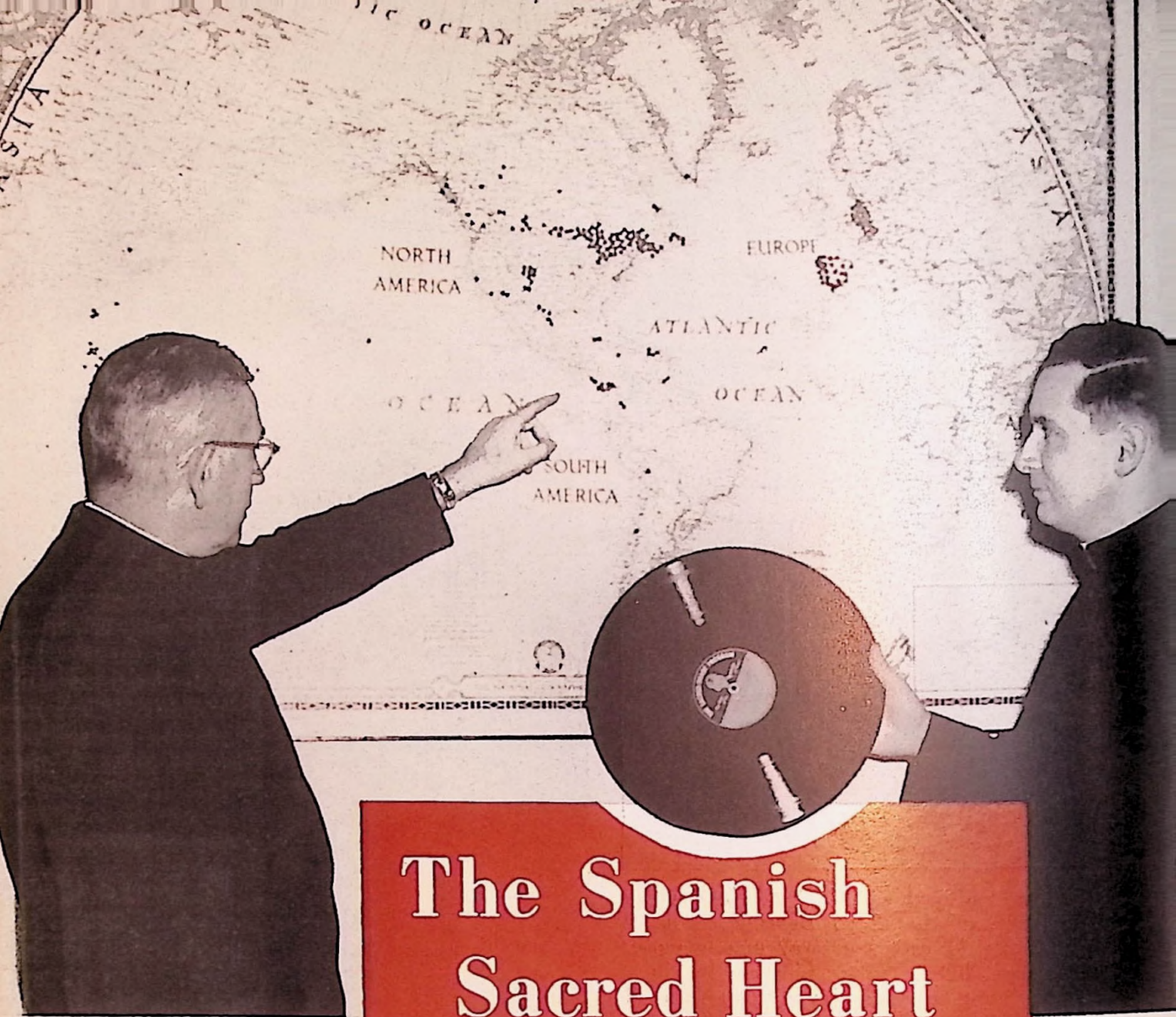
On Qutab Road you will find all the medley and melange of the East. Bearded Sikhs, a herd of cattle threading its way among motor vehicles and horse cabs, blacksmith shops and ox cart makers, and the bazaars with all their treasures and trifles to haggle over.

**Q**UTAB ROAD IN NEW DELHI, INDIA, WHERE the American Jesuits of the Missouri Province run Nirmala College, is a new adventure every day. Something different is always there to claim our attention; there never will be a set pattern to Qutab Road and our neighbors at Nirmala.

Ox carts, tonga taxis with their decorated horses, bicycle-drawn rickshaws, weave in and out among herds of sheep or cattle, or among the variegated humans who throng Qutab Road—holy men and beggars, snake charmers, bearers who carry on their heads everything from a water jug to a woven cot, the sellers and buyers of roasted ears of maize, coconut slices, windmills, etc.

And the noise! Learning at Nirmala comes the hard way. Horns tooting, blacksmiths pounding, peddlers hawking, all the noises of the East. No, it's never boring!





## The Spanish Sacred Heart *Program*

Fr. Eugene Murphy S.J.,  
director of the Sacred  
Heart Program, and Fr.  
William Schwienher S.J.

**T**HE SACRED HEART RADIO PROGRAM CONSISTS of 14½ minutes of prayers, hymns, and a talk on some doctrinal or devotional topic. During the last few years its growth has been phenomenal, with hundreds of radio stations up and down the country broadcasting it and receiving large and favorable mail response. Last year, it was decided to start a Spanish version of it, and that, too, has met with instant success.

To meet the demands made by a program broadcast by over fifty stations in the Southwest, Mexico, Central and South America, and rapidly expanding, an international committee has been set up, with his Excel-

lency, Archbishop Edwin V. Byrne of Santa Fe, as Chairman. The members represent a cross-section of Latin America's clergy and hierarchy, heads of seminaries, and directors of radio chains, as well as missionaries, whose interest in the program is quite understandable, since it adds a strong note of devotion to the faith they seek to spread.

With the help of this committee, the program is distributed, and it is the task and desire of its members to promote the program on all possible outlets wherever Spanish is spoken.

At present, the program is produced on a weekly basis and distributed from the cen-

tral office of the Sacred Heart Program at 3670 West Pine Boulevard, St. Louis, and it is recorded on a new type twelve-inch record adapted for use in standard radio stations, homes, institutions, and so on, enabling the program to be heard over public address systems, such as missionaries use.

It has not been easy. A radio program is a complex and intricate affair, and the difficulties increase when it has to be handled in a foreign tongue, especially when that tongue undergoes the subtle and strictly local modulations which Spanish suffers from one nation to another through Latin America. The problem of the announcer was overcome when Professor Herman Welch of the Department of Modern Languages at St. Louis University volunteered to handle that chore, and carried out his difficult assignment with distinction. The problem of finding speakers, too, was solved with the help of Archbishop Byrne and the seminarians at Montezuma, N. M., and the thorny question of music was resolved by the Mercedarian Sisters of Kansas City, Mo., whose twelve-voice nuns' choir, singing the most popular Spanish hymns has given the Program a repertoire of devotional music which can hardly be excelled anywhere.

And the trickiest of all problems, that of finance, was settled by Mr. Charles E. Harrison, President of Techsonic Laboratories and Advising Engineer of the Sacred Heart Program, who, although not a Catholic, undertook to finance the first year of the Spanish Program as an act of devotion to the Sacred Heart. This was a real blessing, for the Spanish Sacred Heart Program is available without cost to any broadcasting station where Spanish is spoken.



Father Jose Boney S.J., of Tarracona, Spain, at microphone, reads a devotional talk in Spanish as Father Schwienher gets it on tape.

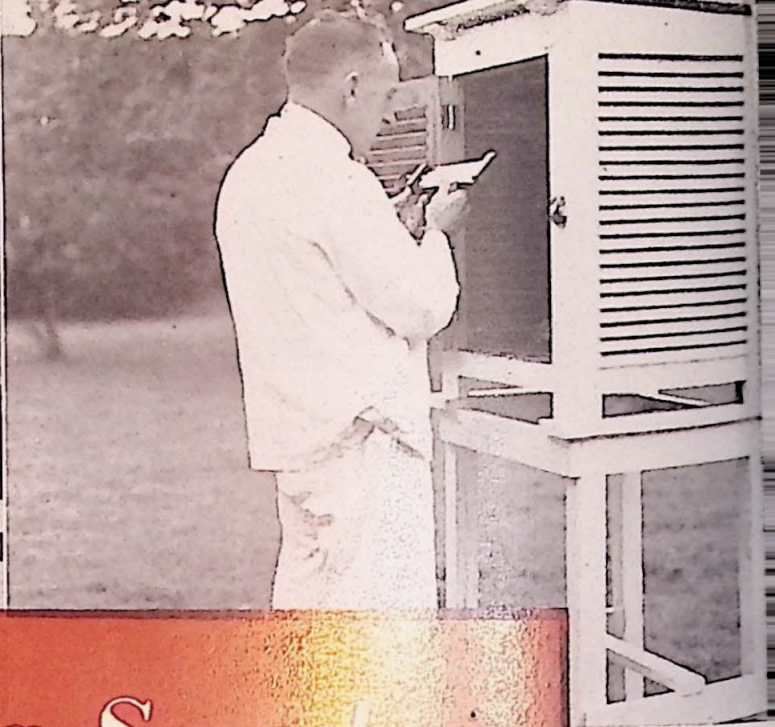
Fr. Schwienher watches Mr. Charles Harrison of Techsonic Laboratories, as he assembles talks, music and prayers on a master tape.



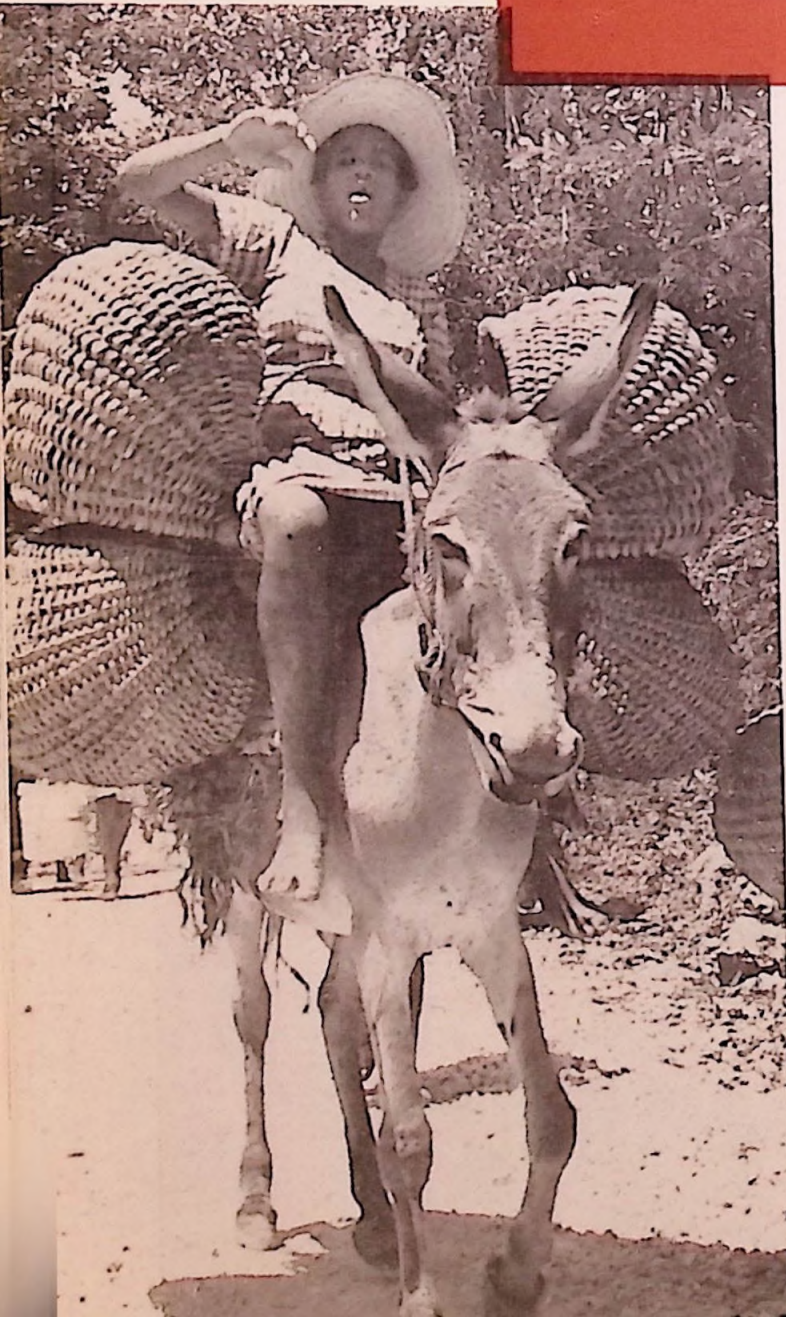


An animal plus a human is the worst combination in traffic.

She has a word of advice for anyone disturbing her progress.



## *I'm a Sunday* **DRIVER**



**D**URING THE WEEK I TEACH AT ST. George's College in Kingston, Jamaica. But when the weekend comes I move from the comparative safety of the classroom to the open road. The journey to and back from the mission stations where I celebrate Sunday Mass is the part of my life frowned upon by insurance companies.

I climb into the car and start off, knowing that I will be soon passing through some of the most lavish scenery Almighty God has bestowed on this world. But I am also painfully aware that I won't see any of it while driving on a Jamaica road.

The road itself I can stand for I spent my boyhood in Maine. But outside of a few stubborn bears or truculent buck deer the north country never provided the hazards I find in this Caribbean paradise. Goats I have learned to love. They forage by the side of the road and stay there while my car sneaks by. Pigs, too, are reasonable although their grunts show their resentment at your trespassing on their middle-of-the-road property. But hens! They will apparently signal you through and then cut in

RAYMOND E. McCLUSKEY S.J.



(Left) The author takes a weather recording at St. George's. Hurricanes may be easier than driving. (Above) Cyclist—is beginner.



front of the car while you stand on the brakes. Then as you start up again they will reverse their field and your subsiding blood pressure.

Then there are humans. People insist on walking in the road. Some will be carrying huge bundles on their heads, some will be singing and others talking to themselves. Many of them will feel called upon to offer advice to any passing car. Not even a Sunday driver needs *that* much advice.

But the bicyclists provide the biggest hazard. There are more bicycles per capita in Jamaica than anywhere else in the world. And their owners also have a sense of confidence in their own ability equally unmatched. They ride along with both hands swinging free or carrying packages. Once I encountered one balancing a large cardboard box on his head while holding a smaller box in one hand and a coconut in the other. I have pulled to the side of the road while a bicyclist who was reading a book passed by. And on a busy street in Kingston I have seen a cyclist balancing a rocking chair on his head as he sped along.

Well, it's worth the traffic hazards to bring the Holy Sacrifice to outlying missions but if I'm still nervous on Monday mornings you can guess the reason.

## Come, follow me

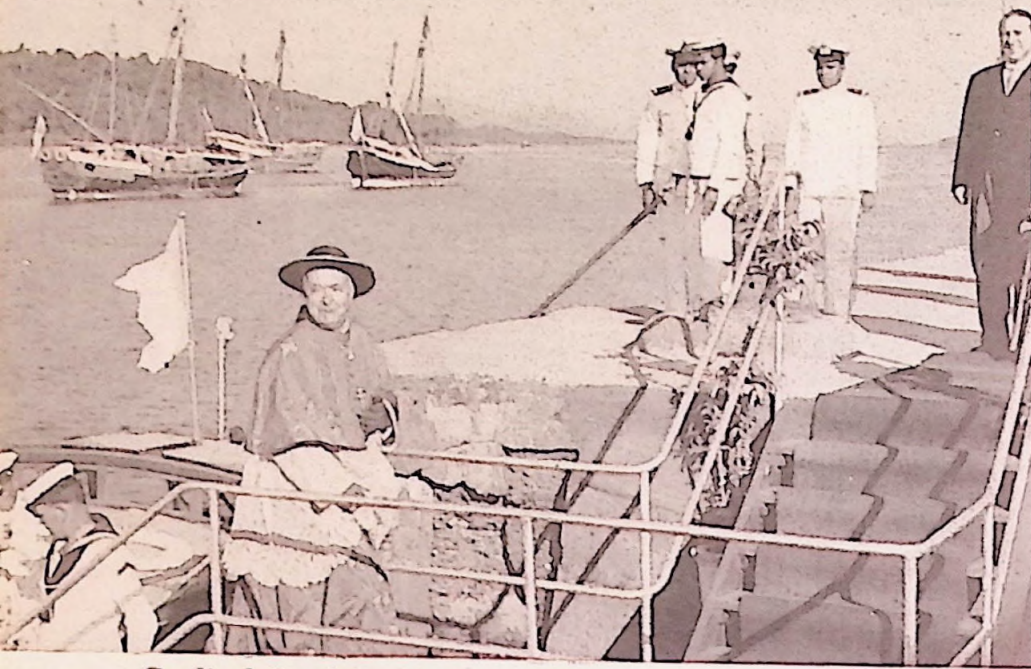
EVEN A CURSORY READING OF ST. PAUL'S Epistles cannot but impress us with the intimacy of our share in the glory of Christ's Resurrection. For our "oneness" with Christ is the constant theme of the Apostle's teaching.

Incorporated into the Mystical Body of Christ through the grace of baptism, we enter with Him into the mystery of His death and risen life. St. Paul thinks of our baptism as a symbol of Christ's death and resurrection. The total immersion in the waters of baptism, the common practice in the time of St. Paul, suggested to him our mystical identification with Our Lord in His passage through the tomb. In baptism, "the old man," the man of sin within us died. "In our baptism we have been buried with Him, died like Him." Baptized in Christ, we have been reborn into newness of life, born through grace to divine life in Christ. "We are to share His life, because we have shared His death."

The Apostle enriches our comprehension of the intimacy of this supernatural life in Christ with these inspiring proclamations of our union with Him—"We have died together with Christ"; "We are buried together with Him"; "In Him also you are risen again"; "We shall live also with Him" . . . "We shall also reign with Him."

For St. Paul, then, it was never Christ alone, nor ourselves alone, but the soul "dead to sin" living in and with Christ. A sublime union that he describes most forcefully in writing to the Philippians that *For me, Life Means Christ*, the Christ who has risen triumphant over sin and death.

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.



Cardinal Cerejeira, Primate of Portugal and Papal Legate, arrives at Panjim for investiture at Immaculate Conception Church.



Monsignor Rebello, Chancellor, reads Papal Bull appointing Legate. Father Garcia S.J. at microphone, Msgr. Capoferri in rear.

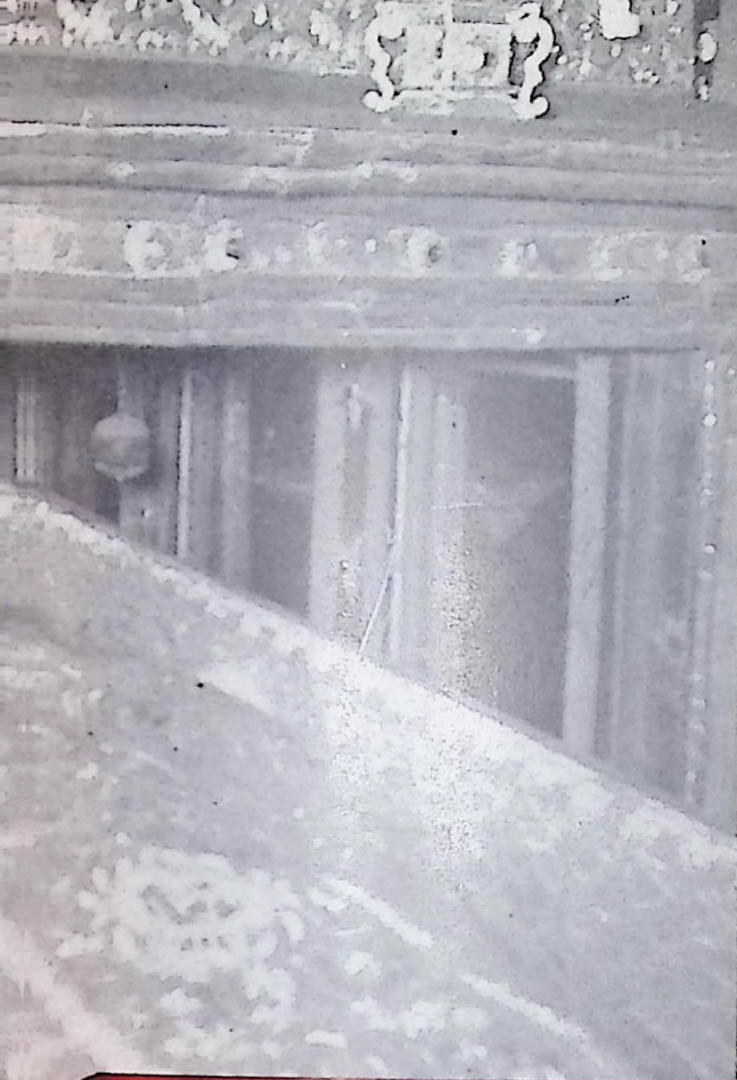
Father Paul Smith S.J. of New Delhi celebrates Mass at Xavier tomb in Bom Jesus.



The still incorrupt body of St. Francis Xavier is borne from Bom Jesus to Cathedral December 3rd, accompanied by church and civil dignitaries.

Body of saint is borne from Bom Jesus to Cathedral December 3rd, accompanied by church and civil dignitaries.





ON DECEMBER 3, 1952, THE EYES OF THE Christian world turned towards the city of Old Goa in India. There the four-hundredth anniversary of the death of Saint Francis Xavier was celebrated with a splendor and enthusiasm unrivalled since the days when Goa was the capital of the Portuguese East.

Goa's days of glory are long past but she still holds her most priceless treasure, the incorrupt body of the Apostle of the Indies. From all over the East the pilgrims streamed in to venerate the exposed body of the saint and to participate in the various ceremonies of the celebration.

The body was borne from its resting place in the Bom Jesus Church to the Cathedral of St. Catherine early on the morning of December 3rd. There a Pontifical High Mass was celebrated with the Papal Legate, Cardinal Cerejeira, Primate of Portugal, presiding. The coffin was then opened and the body of the saint was placed in the silver sarcophagus where it was to rest for the time of veneration. Old Goa's favorite son was again in the midst of those who loved him.

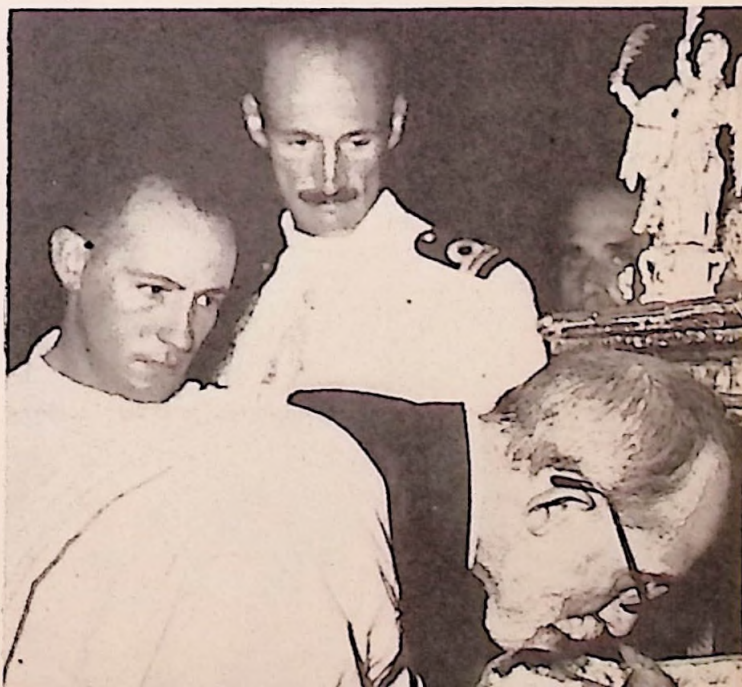
## Old Goa's Favorite Son

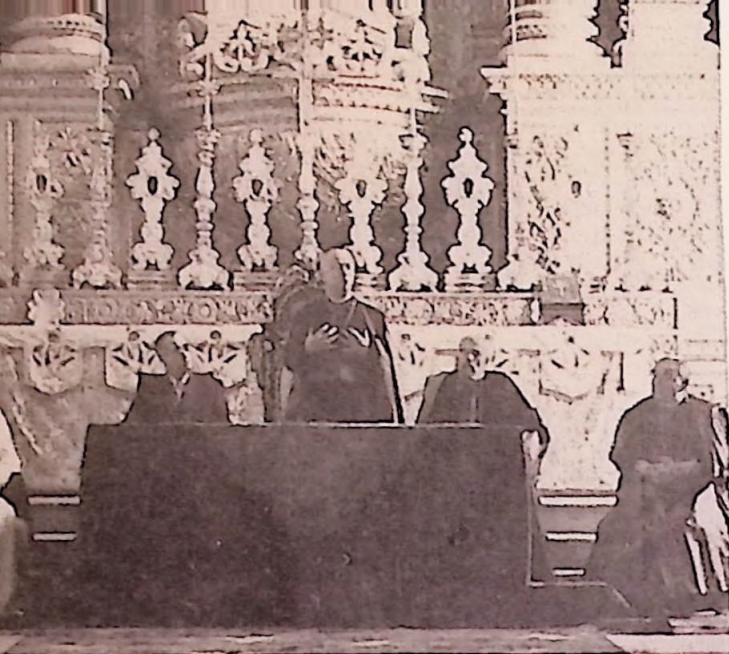
EUGENE deV. LOCKWOOD S.J.  
JESUIT MISSIONS *Staff Correspondent*

Francis Xavier is exposed for veneration in the Cathedral. As he appears dead, he is the favorite saint of the East.

At the Bom Jesus High Altar at Mass of Consecration of Bishops of Alleppey and Cochin, Dec. 7th.

Father George Schurhammer S.J., foremost living Xavier authority, venerates body.





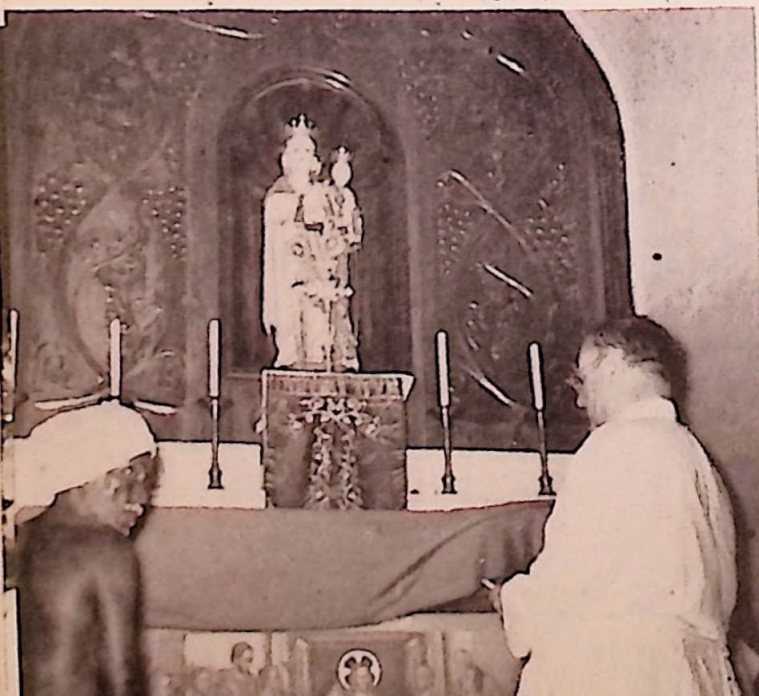
Legate opens Missionary Congress Dec. 4th. At left the now Cardinal Gracias of Bombay

The story of these days is the story of individuals who made up the multitude; of Joseph from Cape Comorin who walked 109 days to Goa; of the lady from Singapore who had to come because Xavier was her saint; of the boy from Arabia and the Pakistani; of the aged Syrian priest from Travancore who spoke softly through his patriarchal beard, "It is a dream come true."

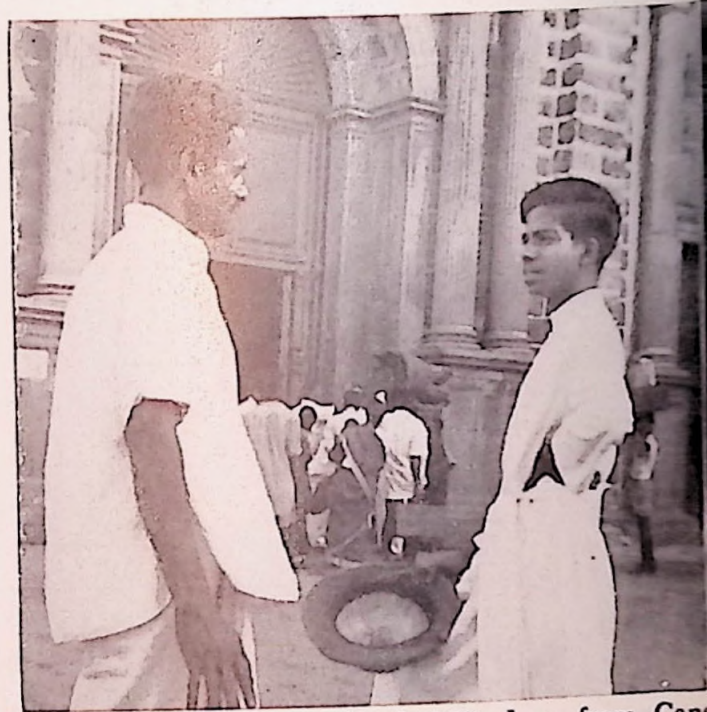
## *Favorite Son - Xavier*

For Xavier belonged to them and now he was with them once more. They showed their joy in their faces and their actions.

Father Paul Smith S.J. prays at altar in cave where Apostle Thomas allegedly hid.



(L. to r.) The Patriarch of Goa with Bishops of Cochin and Alleppey at their Consecration



Joseph (left) who walked 109 days from Cape Comorin to Goa chats with an Indian Jesuit

The Bom Jesus Church, the final resting place for the body of the Patron Saint of missionaries





Monsignor Signora, Propaganda Secretary, baptizes 80 Portuguese African soldiers, Dec. 10th.



A weekly custom in Old Goa is The Way of the Cross. Calangute beach in background.



Pilgrims venerating saint's body in Cathedral sanctuary. Girl holding child is a Hindu.

Cardinal Legate greets Father Schurhammer who represented General of the Society of Jesus.



Silver sarcophagus in which body of saint was exposed for last time. After this it will be enclosed in airtight glass coffin.



# Tokyo's BOSCH TOWN



**"K**AMABOKO" IS THE JAPANESE NAME for a particular kind of fish. The word has also been appropriated to indicate a quonset building, since quonsets are shaped in the very same way as the fish. But the tiny settlement of quonsets which comprise the student dormitory at Sophia University in Tokyo is not known by the usual Japanese term. Instead, the community of huts is called "Bosch Town," after Father Francis Bosch S.J., the instigator, promoter, and head of the four-year-old dormitory village. Aided by a bit of surplus material at the end of the war, an idea springing out of practical necessity has blossomed into accommodations for 115 dormitory students.

"Accommodations," in this case, is a figure of speech, for "Bosch Town" is no luxury mansion of a well-to-do finishing school. It boasts of a chair, desk, an aged army cot and fifty square feet of space for each student. Beyond this the student must supply

ROBERT C. DRESSMAN S.J.

his own furnishings. The quonset metal roof is an effective barrier for snow and frequent rain, but not for the cold; it shields from the sun's summer rays, but not from its heat. Students dream their impossible dreams of a heated dormitory in which winter study might become efficient, but they realize that they cannot afford such a luxury. Yet it is the faculty of Sophia rather than these "young men" who have visions—visions of a formidable three-story dormitory building which might offer suitable conditions for study to a large number of boarders. It is that for which they hope and labor, for they understand through experience that close contact after school hours



and in the evenings with dormitory students is a sound and effective way of laying a strong foundation of Japanese apostles for the Church in Japan.

What lure can there be in these cold, ill-lighted quonset dormitories for Japanese students? For most the primary consideration is financial. Sophia is interested in making Catholics and in training them. Her search for apt students is not confined to a particular level of society nor to a higher bracket of income. Students apply for entrance at Sophia from all over Japan, from northern Hokkaido and lower Kyushu, and even from the Ryuku Islands. It is imperative that they find lodging in Tokyo if they are to attend a university, and because more than half of the students come from families which have been economically pinched during the post-war years, cheap lodging is necessary. With this in view the University has tried to supply the demand. As a result, it costs a boarder approximately \$8 per month for room and board at Bosch Town, yet even this is difficult to pay on occasion. Students must often seek jobs in

their free hours in order to work their way through school, since their families cannot finance their education. But because of Sophia's dormitories students are able to live for less than half of the cost of any other boarding house or lodging in Tokyo. So they smile resignedly at the inconveniences and reduce them through ingenuity, grateful to be enjoying lodgings which many other students eagerly desire.

If not with opulence, Bosch Town at least thrives with activity. The problems of the world and the nation are found here in miniature. Child of the war years, today's college student is intent upon present problems of Communism and democracy, treaties and alliances, rearmament and the perils of national economy. These are not mere abstractions, not mere scholastic issues, but critical problems which reach into the life of each individual, and the widely-read college man is aware of the influence of ideas on the future of his country, and of practical measures upon his own immediate future.

The Fathers and scholastics who direct the dormitory activity and at the same time feel the pulse of student spirit are deeply aware of the profit of operating a dormitory for as large a number of students as possible. It permits more constant, intimate and leisurely contact with students, and allows students to profit most from their time and their training. Of the 115 inhabitants of the quonset-community of "Bosch Town," thirty-two are Catholics, and another twenty-five are taking instructions. Each year finds eight or ten newly baptized boarders who, having come for an education, have learned Christ.

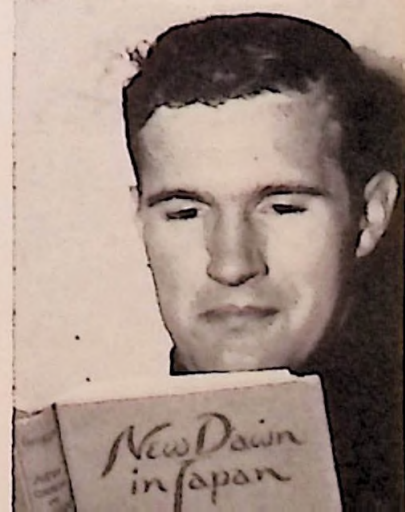
Thus, bit by bit and year by year the efforts of the Fathers and scholastics who spend themselves for the students are paying off greater dividends. Dividends for the Alma Mater, which turns out graduates who have absorbed Catholic ideas and ideals; dividends for Japan, which requires today more than ever men of Christian principle and vision; dividends for the Church, which is in extreme need of Japanese priests and lay apostles to further the knowledge and love of Christ.

Robert Dressman S.J.



(Above) The author has conquered one third of his young audience but there still seems some doubt on the part of the other two.

(Upper left) Some of the students of Bosch Town with Father Bosch (center of rear row) and Father Dressman in front of the quonset huts, dormitories at Sophia University, Tokyo.



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# THE POPE'S *Mission* INTENTION

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## APRIL: For Catechists in the Missions

**A** VETERAN MISSIONARY RECENTLY wrote: "One priest with six catechists works more efficiently in a mission than seven priests with no catechist." Another made this comparison: "A mission that has priests but lacks catechists is like an army with officers but without soldiers."

Almost everywhere the same story is told of how a missionary priest in effect multiplies his efforts by means of catechists. For catechists are chosen from among the people they help to instruct and know their language and customs. They live the same lives and share the conditions of those who are to be converted. Catechists are an example of the Christian life and often are able to resolve objections and doubts in this practical way. They teach prayers and the catechism in words that are most familiar to their audience. They make sure that no one who is ready for baptism goes without it. In the absence of the missionary, the catechist is able to help the dying not a little.

We know that in the two continents of Africa and Asia, about one and a half billions of mankind live, of whom only about

Fr. Joseph Padamattam catechizing boys in India. They, in turn, will instruct others.



22 million are Catholics, served by 20,000 priests. If this vast mass of humanity is to come to Christ, each priest would have to care for 75,000 souls. Clearly there are not enough priests for this vast harvest field. But it is some consolation to recall that our 20,000 priests in Africa and Asia are being helped by 73,600 catechists. We can also add the number of teachers in mission schools who very frequently double as catechists. This gives us a total of 155,600 lay auxiliaries in the African and Asian missions, or about eight times the number of priests. Clearly this multiplying of the efforts of missionary priests by means of catechists has made possible the large numbers of converts in these two great mission fields during recent years.

There is scarcely an African missionary who does not extoll the work of his catechists and at the same time complain that he cannot get enough of them. Yet there are schools for training catechists. There must be doctrinal and spiritual formation and it is not too difficult to find young people fit for the task of the catechists. Then, too, celibacy and a long seminary course are not required of catechists.

The chief obstacle to having a sufficient number of catechists is the lack of funds to support them. For the work of a good catechist is enough to demand his full time, leaving him with no means to provide for himself and his family except by a salary from the mission itself. Did not Our Lord say, "the laborer deserves his wages?" The salary once paid to catechists, just though it was then, is not sufficient or just today.

It has been a sad necessity for some missionary Bishops and Superiors to cut down the number of catechists at the very time when the increase of converts and catechumens demanded catechists to instruct, train and prepare them for baptism and to help them persevere in their newly-found faith. Let us help the missions, the missionaries and the peoples of the missions by praying for their catechists this month.

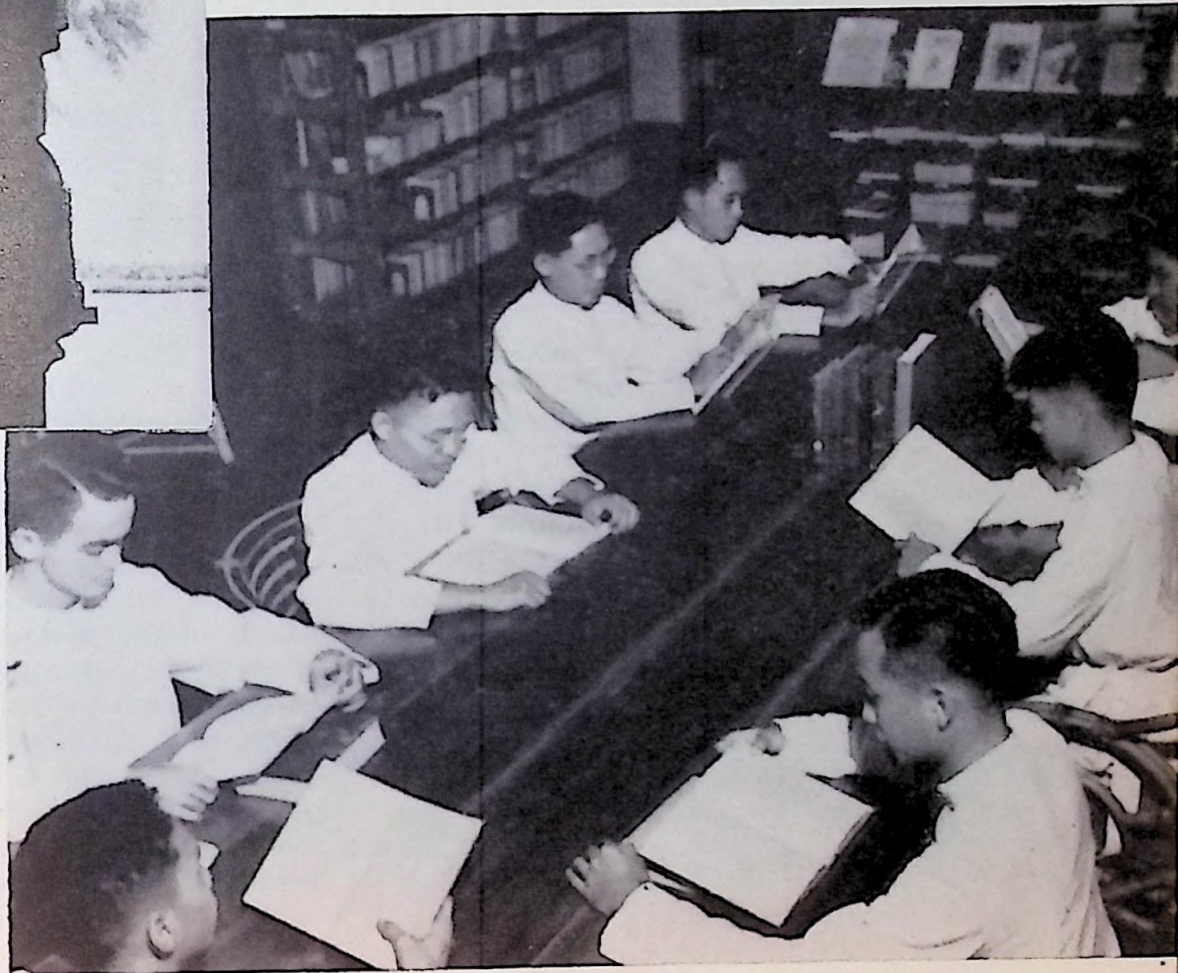
EDWARD S. DUNN S.J.

# *Your Investment Has Paid 100% Dividends*



Statue of the Sacred Heart in the foyer at Novaliches.

These Filipino seminarians face eleven more years of study before their ordination. Vocations grow in numbers, and so a bright future seems in store for the Church.



1943—Priests	10
1953—Priests	16
1943—Scholastics	40
1953—Scholastics	85
1943—Novices	23
1953—Novices	53
1943—Brothers	11
1953—Brothers	24

Your prayers and sacrifices during the last ten years have paid off over 100 percent in dividends. Ten years ago there were 74 Jesuits in our Philippine Jesuit house of studies—Novaliches. Now in two houses, Novaliches and Berchmans College, there are 179 Jesuits. The numbers have doubled. Will you double your prayers and sacrifices? \$2 a day supports one man. Keep your investment steady by giving now.

**JESUIT** *Missions* 962 Madison Ave.,  
New York 21, N. Y.

# Afield

WITH  
AMERICAN  
JESUITS

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

## HE IS RISEN!

The Resurrection story is retold in many accents throughout the mission world. But whether the tongue is the Eskimo's Inuit, the Tamil of Ceylon, Chinese, Hindi, Arabic or any other of the twenty-two languages spoken in mission fields served by American Jesuits, it carries the same message to the souls of all who hear the story. That is the message of joy in the triumph of their Christ, of joy in the hope of their own participation in His glorious Resurrection.

The stoic American Indian will experience that joy deeply and inwardly, while his impassive features give it little outward expression. In more exuberant cultures that inward joy bursts forth in laughter's excitement and the gay and colorful fiesta. It is a wise missionary who adapts the ceremonies of the great feasts to the particular genius of his people. For the external expression of their faith in terms of their own culture and psychology deepens their belief and quickens their

love of God. It is this adaptation that hastens to maturity the growth of the native Church in mission lands.

## AT EASTER DAWN

*In a picturesque and touching ceremony the joy of Easter is reverently expressed by the devout and simple people of Progreso in the Yoro mission of Honduras, Central America.*

FATHER JOHN C. MURPHY S.J. describes the scene. "On Easter morning the church bell rings at 4:00 a.m.—a bit early even for a Jesuit. An hour later the 'Procesion del Resuscitado' starts out through the streets. It is really two processions, beginning at opposite ends of the little town. A statue of Our Lord is borne by one group and a statue of the Blessed Mother is borne by the other. A little girl dressed as an angel is carried on an 'andas' or portable platform, to the front of which a small lantern is attached. She is called the 'Angel del farolito,' the angel with the little lantern, which symbolizes the new light of hope dawning among men with Christ's Resurrection.

"The angel makes frequent passages back and forth between the two statues,

Father John Murphy S.J. with seminarians now studying in Tegucigalpa.





heralding the glorious news that Christ is risen. Eventually Our Lord and the Blessed Mother meet and bow to each other. Then the two processions join, following the Risen Savior and His rejoicing Mother into the church where the Easter Mass is begun. The processions are an old tradition dating back to colonial times and the people love them."

### LUMEN CHRISTI

*At Bettiah in India's Patna mission, the faithful gather at night for the celebration of the Holy Saturday services. This practice, sanctioned two years ago by the Holy See, is actually a return to the custom prevailing in the early centuries of the Church. One particularly impressive phase of the ceremonies is described for us.*

"The very darkness of night and the spirit of anticipation that breathes through the prayers portend the great mystery of Easter dawn," writes FATHER ROBERT DONOHUE S.J. "The Renovation of Baptismal Vows by the entire congregation is especially impressive. All the lights in the church are put out. Each parishioner then holds a lighted candle while all together recite the renunciation of Satan and 'all his pomps.' The rich Hindi accents mount in a stirring chorus of great volume and great sincerity. For these simple people know with Saint Paul that their eternal life springs from the mysteries of Christ's death and resurrection—"as we are baptized in His death . . . we shall be also in the likeness of His Resurrection."

"Beginning with the Tenebrae services on Wednesday evening the church is crowded for every function. On Thursday and Friday nights there are watchers in the church all night long. During these hours groups of parishioners band together to sing in Hindi the entire Passion of Our Lord and the Stations of the Cross.

"The Catholic soul of India responds with tremendous sympathy to the contemplation of Christ's Passion as it finds profound peace and joy in the mystery of His Resurrection."

### SOULS REBORN

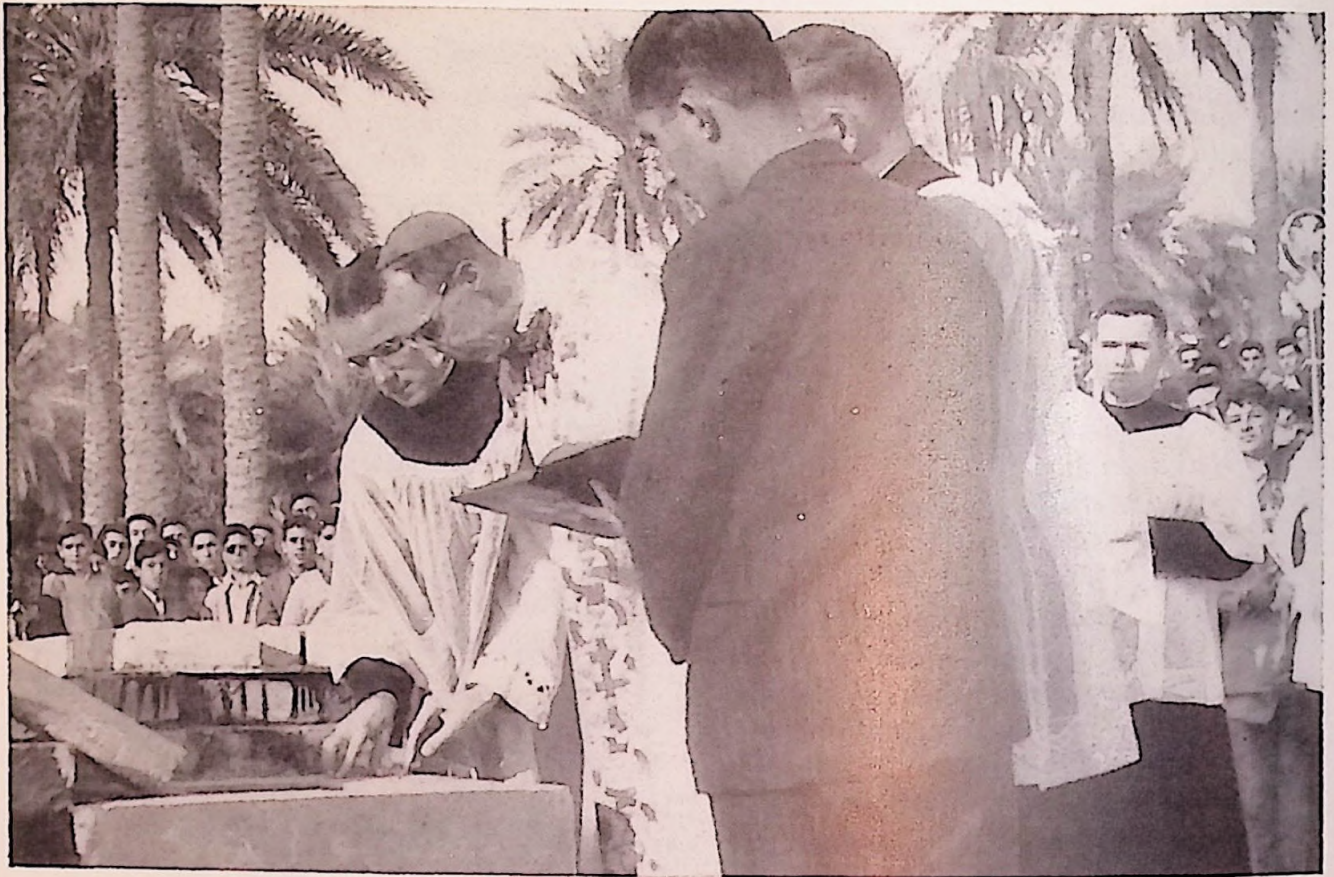
*In the Easter liturgy, rebirth and resurrection are interwoven themes. The rebirth of man into the supernatural life of grace through baptism is, therefore, most fittingly solemnized at the feast of Christ's Resurrection. Such is the practice of the Jesuit missionaries in Japan with regard to their adult converts.*

"The number of catechumens from our various mission stations who will receive baptism at Easter is approximately 275," writes BISHOP JOHN ROSS S.J., former Vicar Apostolic of Hiroshima. "The 'rush' into the Church, characteristic of the early post-war years, has quite subsided. But compared to what the older missionaries used to experience in the pre-war years, the number of adult converts is still a gratifying harvest.

"Especially encouraging is the high percentage of college and university students

Father William Leahy S.J. baptizing Mr. Masuda, a teacher at Rokko School, Japan.





The Apostolic Delegate traces Sign of the Cross on cornerstone of Baghdad College's chapel.

among the newly converted. For the lack of prominent Catholic laymen, especially in the academic field, has been a great weakness of the Church in Japan. Our student converts will be one factor in remedying this situation."

#### SUDDENLY IT'S SPRING

*We welcome the gentle showers of April rain that foster spring's rebirth. But sometimes there can be too much of a good thing, as the following weather report from the Shahabad District of India indicates.*

Our commentator is FATHER NICHOLAS POLLARD S.J., busy pastor of some twenty-five villages. "You probably have heard the story about the boy who wanted a bicycle and prayed so hard he got a tricycle. Well, we are feeling something like him with regard to the rain this year. For two years we had experienced drought and crop failure in this area. At the beginning of this season we began to fear we were in for a third year of it because the rains

were so light. We all got down on our knees and for the past two months we have been having drenching rains. The little river that flows by my place has been in flood most of the time. But there is a bright side to it. Big fish from the Ganges come up into the flooded area and the fishermen have thrown a barrage across it. So we get fresh fish nearly every day now, which is an excellent deal, provided you like fish."

#### NEW GROWTH

*While spring is burgeoning around us this is an appropriate time to report on the progress of the new chapel at Baghdad College, the latest building project in the post-war expansion of the Jesuit school in the city of the Arabian Nights.*

"Since the blessing of the corner-stone in November by Archbishop du Chayla O.C.D., the Apostolic Delegate," FATHER THOMAS HUSSEY S.J., Baghdad's rector, in-



forms us, "progress on the new chapel has been rapid. The chapel ambulatories and sacristies were finished as of the end of January. The walls of the nave are rising with gratifying speed and the roof will soon be taking shape.

"As architect and supervisor, FATHER LEO GUAY S.J. is contributing the same skillful direction to operations as he did with his earlier great success, the Bishop Rice Memorial Science Building. Faculty and students form the usual quota of side-walk supervisors even though we don't have side-walks. Their interest is readily understandable, for the chapel is the fulfilment of a dream of twenty years."

#### OLD WAYS WERE BEST

But the progress on the mission field can also mean heartaches for some. Over in

Baghdad practically everybody thought that the new chapel was a wonderful idea. But FATHER CHARLES MAHAN S.J. who has kept a firm but fatherly hand on the boarders at Baghdad College for the last dozen years suddenly found there were ramifications in the erection of the new structure.

Two of his newest boarders, brothers, had a severe case of homesickness which they sought to cure by unauthorized trips to the homes of relatives in the city of Baghdad. When the sickness showed no signs of abating their father made the long trip from Mosul and tried to cure them by prescribing a new tennis racket for each. The next morning they ran to the schoolyard, eagerly brandishing their shiny rackets—only to find the tennis courts were being demolished to make way for the new chapel. That day they ran away again,



FATHER LONNEUX

EARLY IN THE MORNING OF JANUARY 21ST A veteran Alaskan missionary went to his eternal reward. Father Martin Lonneux died at Fairbanks after having labored for 28 years in the region of the Yukon delta. He was 63 years old and had been a Jesuit for 41 years.

Father Lonneux was born in Belgium, between Liege and Verviers near the German boundary. He was of Walloon stock

and his only brother also became a Jesuit and a missionary. The latter died a year ago in the Ranchi Mission in India after many years of labor.

Usually a man will choose his religious congregation or order and then go to whatever mission is entrusted to his particular group. It was the opposite with Father Lonneux. He wanted to be a missionary in Alaska so he applied for the Jesuits, the only ones then in the far north country.

In 1925 Father Lonneux finally achieved his boyhood dream. He was sent to Alaska and joined the famous Father Bellarmine Lafortune at Nome. The latter seized the opportunity of beginning his long awaited mission on King Island.

Father Lonneux then moved to Akulurak and two years later was sent to reopen the mission on Nelson Island. The following year he took up residence at St. Michael in the Yukon delta and remained there until a few months before his death. His long record of service for the Master is one of the brightest pages in Alaskan annals. May he rest in peace!

**T**HE HEART OF THE PHILIPPINE MISSION is the Sacred Heart Novitiate at Novaliches in Quezon City. This is the training ground for the young Jesuits who will one day man the mission field. Here is infused the spirit of Novaliches, a spirit that is seen in clearer focus through three symbols.

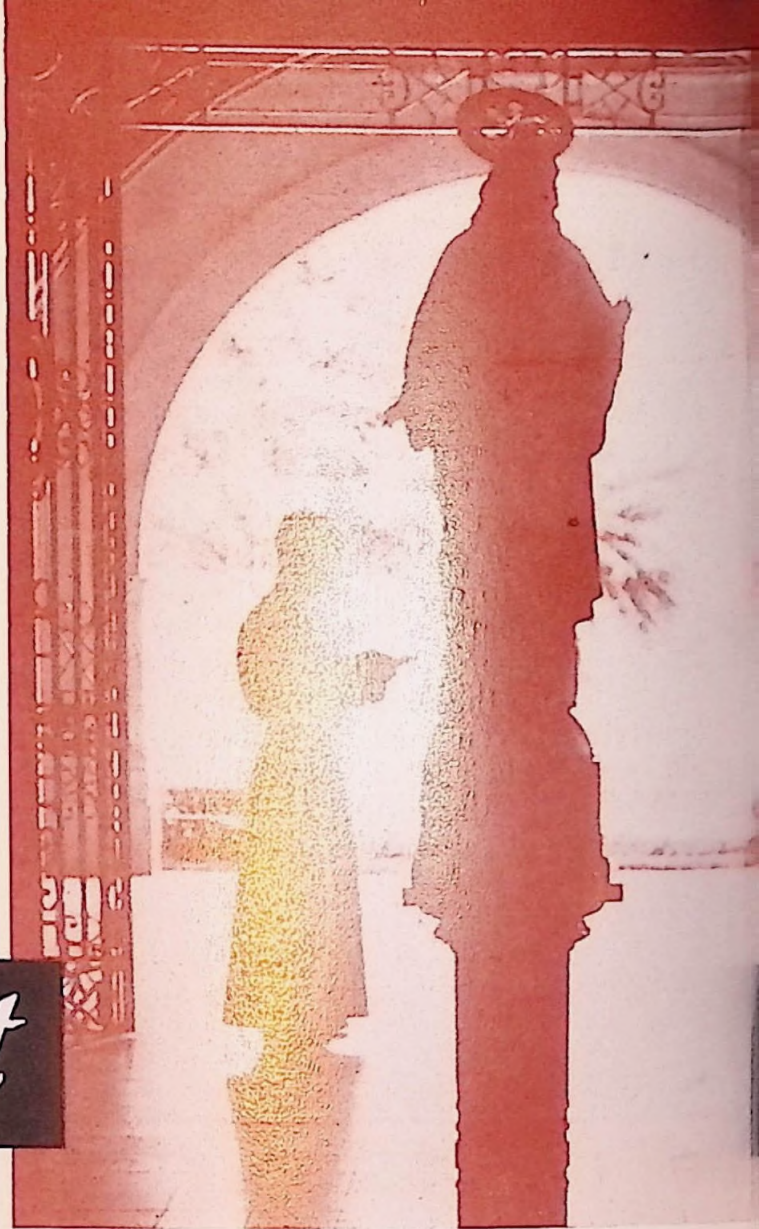
The first of these symbols is that Novaliches is set upon a hill, upon an elevation that looks far over the surrounding countryside. Out upon the rolling fields that dip into valleys and over level plains—out upon the Sierra Madre mountains to the east, lair of many 'Huk' bands, whence they swoop to pillage and attack—south to Manila, where the waters of the Bay flash in the evening sky—north to Tala and the Leprosarium—out upon the farm-lands

## *The Spirit*

and the rice-fields, upon the nipa homes of the toilers of the soil; the world about us, there is the view from Novaliches.

There also is the far-reaching view and the spirit of the Jesuit's education in the Philippines; that he will be trained and fitted for apostolic work in all the Philippines. He does not finish his education at Novaliches; there will still come the years of teaching and theology and further spiritual formation in the Tertianship. But here is laid the solid foundation for the spiritual and intellectual life; here he is taught to pray and think and prepare.

Now the second symbol of Novaliches are the tall pine trees and the palms that line the roadways about our house. These pines tower high over the building, they seem to be reaching out towards the sky of the world, to point to far distant places. Just so the spirit of Novaliches is not self-contained but has reached afar: through those who, once part of the life and activity here, have gone to other lands. Fathers Costigan, Rively and Cantero are now in



BERNARD LOCHBOEHLER S.J.

the Caroline-Marshall Islands. Father Carroll Fasy, also Master of Novices, is now Superior of the Mission of the Maryland Province at Jamshedpur in India. Present Rectors of Jesuit houses in the States; chaplains in different countries during the past war; Filipinos and Americans now finishing their courses for Masters' and Doctors' degrees in America, in Europe, in Rome—these too were once of the Novaliches community.

But the significance of this symbol of the strongly up-thrust pine is rather upon the inner development of the Novaliches Jesuit. For this is a house of formation—to form not alone the mind to knowledge, to fashion teachers or preachers—but to form the soul of the Jesuit novice and scholastic after the Heart of Christ.

The third symbol at Novaliches is the statue of the Sacred Heart of Jesus: the



(Left) The statue of the Sacred Heart at entrance to Novaliches (above) is one of symbols of the Jesuit novitiate in Philippines.

## of Novaliches

statue at the front entrance of the house and the statue, with arms spread wide, above the main altar of the chapel. For the wide-spread arms are a symbol of that love which would take unto itself all those who have entered this house to serve Him in the Society of Jesus—a symbol of the love which would reach out beyond this house, beyond these Islands, to all the world, to make itself felt among all men.

Here in our Novaliches cemetery are the ashes of Jesuits who lived and labored in the Philippine Mission. Father David Daly, who died in the liberation of Santo Tomas Internment Camp; Father Maurice Mudd, of an old southern Maryland family, spiritual counselor to thousands of Filipino youths; Father Juan Anguella, who came from Spain to spend long years on the mission and for whom 'La Ignaciana' stands as an enduring monument to his retreat-work. Father Juan Trinidad, Filipino Jesuit, eminent Scripture scholar, translator of the Bible into the native dialect. Father Coronas,

Spaniard, scientist of the Manila Observatory, Chaplain of the Philippine General Hospital, organizer of students' retreats. Brother McGinty, American, and Brother Lopez, Filipino, scholastics who died in Manila, one of a rare disease, the other of a Japanese sniper's bullet; who, from homes 10,000 miles apart, had come to live together the Novaliches spirit and now have their final resting-place side by side.

May their souls rest in peace; and may their example inspire the living Jesuits to live their lives in the spirit that guided these missionaries of the Philippines, the spirit of Novaliches.

The author is now Prefect of Studies at the Ateneo de Manila High School in its new location in Quezon City. He was formerly stationed at Novaliches so he knows its spirit.





# The Business of Missions

## WANTED

Dear Friend:

As an expression of gratitude for your interest in our missionaries I offered at Christmas time a novena of Masses, trusting that the fulness of the Christ Child's peace be granted to you and to all of your family. Easter Sunday is another important and joyous feast of the church. This year, for the first time, I have made arrangements to have Mass offered on Easter morning in nine different missions for you and yours:

Caroline Islands	Philippine Islands
Formosa	Baghdad
Japan	Ceylon
Jamaica	Alaska
	India

The words of the Prophet Malachy might well apply to the above Masses: "For from the rising of the sun even to the going down, My Name is great among the Gentiles and in every place there is sacrifice and there is offered to My Name a clean oblation."

I do hope you will be consoled with the realization that even before you rise on Easter morning, American Jesuits will have offered Mass for your participation in the glorious merits of the Resurrection.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,  
COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

### The Lost Chord

After 40 years of service the organ in the church at St. Francis Mission, South Dakota, has become balky and temperamental. With some repairs there is still enough life left in the organ to squeeze out a few notes, but a replacement is badly needed. Father Joseph Zuercher would appreciate any donations, large or small, to pay for a new organ.

### Brick Bargain

Building costs are so high in the United States that it is startling to read that Father Robert Ludwig at St. Francis Xavier Mission, India, is asking for dimes to build a convent for nuns. He can build the convent with donations of ten cents a brick. If you are interested in helping Father Ludwig provide a home for the nuns, you might ask the members of your family to join with you in paying for several bricks.

In some families a system of fines has been developed to correct minor delinquencies. For example, tardiness at meals, too much time spent at television, careless homework would cost the culprit ten cents. The contents of the "Fine Box" could be used to help pay for Father Ludwig's mission building.

## 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.

China (Nanking, Shanghai  
and Yangchow)

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. Farren, 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.

### More Music

A small, portable organ is needed by Father J. Meyer for his church in Samastipur, Bihar, India. Father Meyer's church is small and the type of organ he would need costs about \$90.00. Many small donations would soon pay for the organ.

### Cover to Cover

A Jesuit Novice must be trained in knowledge and love of Our Lord and in the history and traditions of his order. At the Novitiate in Novaliches, Father Denis F. Lynch, S. J., Master of Novices, would like three books for his Filipino Novices. These books, "The Passion and Death of Our Lord," "The Origin of the Jesuits," "Jesuits Go East," are well chosen to develop this love of God and help in the training of the young Jesuit. If several copies of each of these books were obtained for the Novices at Novaliches, you would be sure they would be used constantly and effectively. Would you like to give \$2.00 to help pay for these books?

### Empty Baskets

At Jaipur, India, the boys are playing with a basketball that has only a few dribbles left. There is the terrible possibility that the hotly contested intramural games at St. Francis Xavier might come to a sudden and tragic end, either with a loud bang or a tired sigh from the ragged and over-used basketball. Small donations for athletic equipment for our school boys in India would be greatly appreciated.

### Spring Cleaning

That dreaded event will soon be here. Besides the vast amount of physical effort involved in such a task there is the added mental strain of the constantly recurring questions, "Shall I keep this?" "Shall I throw this out?" Sympathy is herewith extended to all spring house cleaners with a suggestion on what to do with your discards. There is real poverty in most of our missions, and the people, generally, are poorly clothed. If you are looking for a good investment for your time, zeal and sacrifice, send your used clothing to:

Rev. John T. Newell  
Minas de Oro  
Dpto. Comayagua  
Rep. de Honduras, C. A.

Packages marked "Used Clothing" may be shipped duty free.

# Save Stamps



# Save Souls



Save your cancelled stamps and you help save souls. Leave ¼ inch of paper around each stamp. A torn or cut stamp is valueless.

Send your stamps only to one of the addresses below:

Mission Stamp Exchange      Mission Stamp Bureau  
Woodstock College              Weston College  
Woodstock, Md.                    Weston, Mass.

Mission Stamp Bureau              Ceylon Stamp Bureau  
221 N. Grand Blvd.                  Jesuit House of Studies  
St. Louis 3, Mo.                      Spring Hill, Mobile, Ala.

Mission Stamp Bureau              Patna Mission Stamp Mart  
Mt. St. Michaels College            West Baden College  
Hillyard, Washington                West Baden, Indiana

N. Rhodesian Mission Service  
4105 N. Avers Avenue  
Chicago 18, Ill.

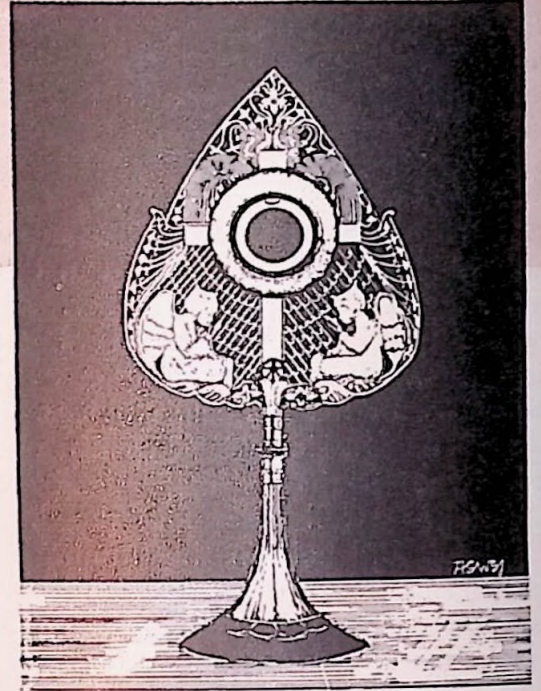


Censer



Boat

Monstrance



# A MISSION BENEDICTION *For You*

For you—a mission benediction every time a Jesuit raises the monstrance in the Pacific, Alaska or the Orient. Our missionaries ask us for Benediction vessels and vestments—monstrance, censer and boat, a cope. The blessing will come across the world to you and yours, when your gift helps us purchase them.

Monstrance \$200.00

Cope 30.00

Veil 10.00

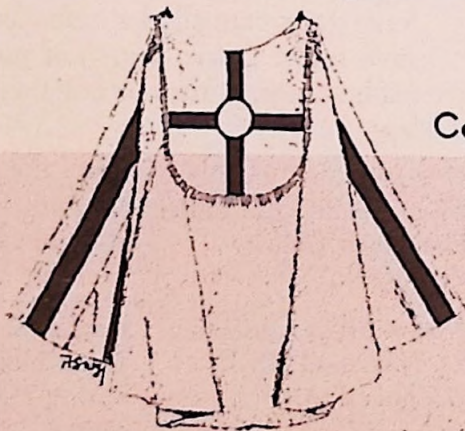
Censer  
and Boat 15.00

Surplice 10.00

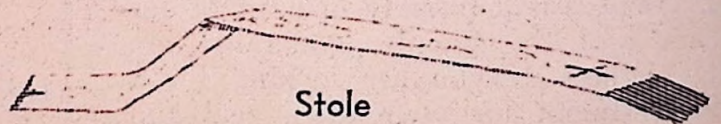
Stole 8.00

## JESUIT *Missions*

962 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.



Cope



Stole