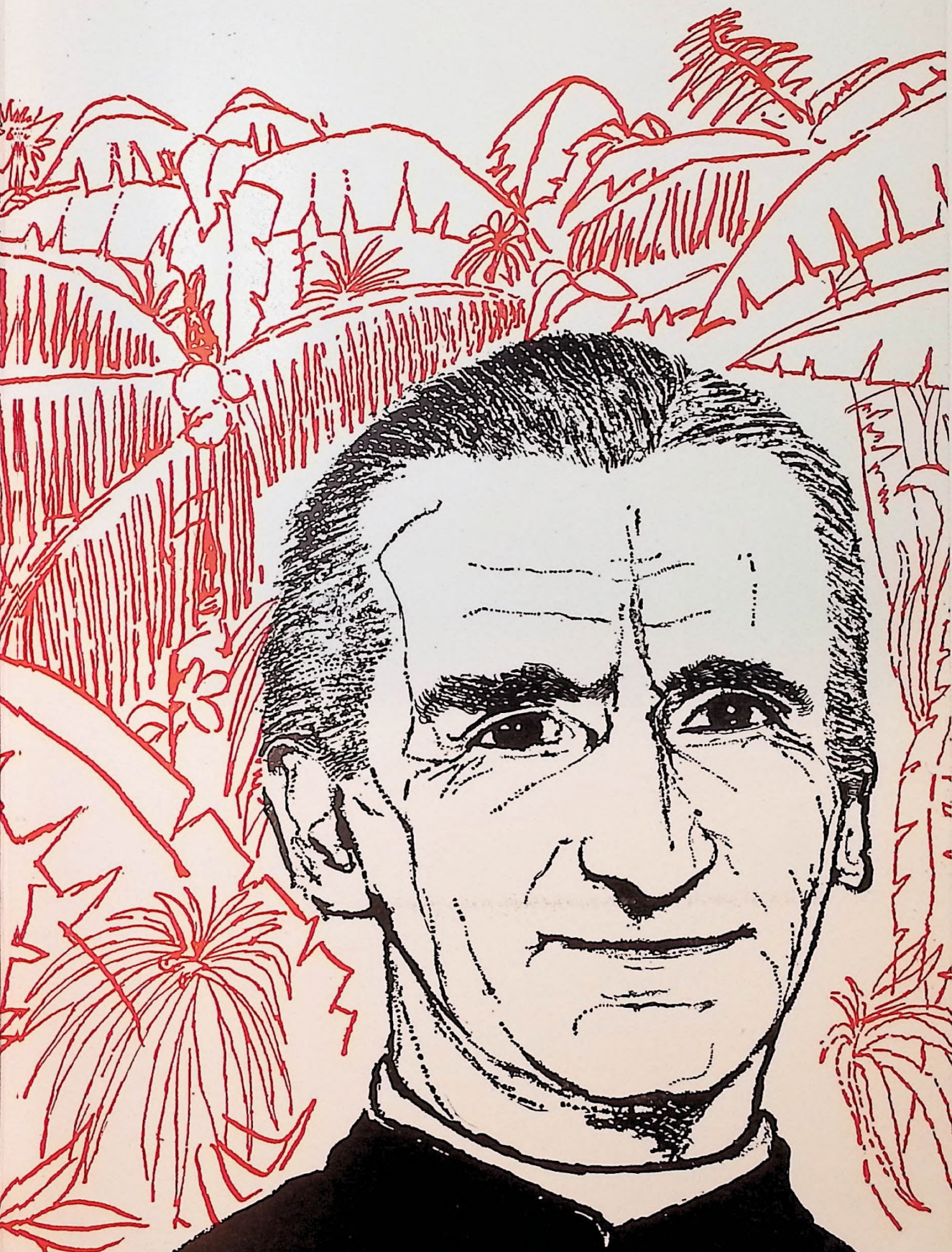


JESUIT MISSIONS



Most Reverend Vincent J. Kennally S.J.
SHEPHERD OF THE ISLANDS





JESUIT MISSIONS

National Magazine of the American Jesuit Missioners

Missions assigned to
the American Jesuits
by the Pope:

Baghdad

Ceylon

Alaska

Belize

Japan

Burma

China

Caroline Islands

Formosa

Jamaica

Jamshedpur

Korea

Patna

Philippines

Marshall Islands

Nepal

Yoro

American Indians

March 1959, Vol. 33, No. 2

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Balance is the all-important thing for these girls (left) of the Caroline and Marshall Islands Mission. That is true also for the fragile economy of the islands and even more so for the spiritual life which the missionaries must inculcate in the people of a primitive and pagan background.

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TOMORROW IS ALREADY

An experienced Shepherd lives a day ahead of us among his flock, whose way of life is still of centuries ago.

ROBERT I. GANNON S.J.

THE DAY HE entered St. Andrew-on-Hudson Vince Kennally seemed like an ordinary Novice on First Probation except for the fact that he was a little older than the average and he was late. Most of the men in 1915 had come on the Feast of the Assumption, some on the Feast of St. Ignatius and a few on the Feast of the Blessed Mother's Nativity. Vince for some reason had chosen the 20th of September, the sad anniversary of the Fall of Rome in 1870 and the Feast of St. Eustachius, whoever he was. The omens were not too bright. There was a chance that he might be-

come a provincial or a procurator, but no one suspected that the angels were taking notes on the progress of a bishop.

The first hint came at the end of his Philosophy in 1922 when a call went out for volunteers to take over the newly assigned mission of the Philippines. As New England was still a part of the old Maryland-New York Province, Mr. Kennally from Boston proved to be one of the lucky ones accepted and after traveling halfway round the world found himself in the Ateneo de Manila. There he spent his regency, teaching little boys who like himself would one day be the hero-victims of a Japanese invasion.

Theology, ordination, tertianship and a year of teaching in his Alma Mater, the famous Boston College, were experiences shared with us ordinary stay-at-homes. But the mission fever was in his blood, and in 1931 he was appointed Assistant Editor of the very magazine whose pages you are turning at this minute. That meant two years of talking and begging and writing and praying for the success of the men he had seen working in the fields—the harvesters whom he longed to join again.

In time the Holy Ghost gave him more than he was praying for and instead of contentedly baptizing Moros in a Zamboanga barrio he found himself the Superior of the whole Cagayan Mission. Worse still, in 1940 he landed at the Novitiate in Novaliches as Rector and



MOST WELCOME in our midst (and in our JM pages) is Father Robert I. Gannon, the new Superior of the House on 78th Street where our JESUIT MISSIONS

staff resides. One of the best known Jesuits in the U.S., it is neither necessary nor, in the circumstances, proper to introduce or extoll him. Let us merely say that he is an old friend of Bishop Kennally and he knows from personal experience the wide stretches of the Pacific which the missionaries must cover in the far-flung areas entrusted to them by the Holy See.

HERE



Primitive is the way of life and it will be a long time before the Church can stand by itself.

Travel is the greatest obstacle for the missionary in the Caroline and Marshall Mission.

Boston-born Bishop Kennally has his headquarters in the geographical center of the area but is still more than a thousand miles from some stations.



Schooling is the most important thing for the young of this Trust Territory. Father McManus inspects the Mindszenty School at Koror in the Palaus.



Interest is not lacking when Father Walter takes over in the Caroline Islands.

Master of Novices. So one fine day, just to keep the taste of the missions in his mouth, he decided to pay a visit to the lepers in Culion. There he was when news came that the United States Navy had been crushed at Pearl Harbor and there he remained until September, 1942, when a Japanese patrol descended on the leper colony and shipped the Padre to Manila for safe-keeping. Soon after his arrival there, a note from a brother Jesuit about "picking up a package" was intercepted by the vigilant police who understood it as a reference to the rifles and bayonets which had belonged to the Ateneo R.O.T.C. and had gone underground. So they clapped him into jail at Fort Santiago "for obstructing the work of the Imperial Japanese Army." There he broke an arm and became so desperately sick that he was moved into the General Hospital to prepare for death. It was characteristic, however, that when Father Anthony Keane, a fellow prisoner, went to give him the Last Sacraments, Father Kennally, who had lost everything but his sense of humor, opened one eye and said gravely, "I hope to do the same for you some day."

With the coming of peace, the Vicariate of the Caroline and Marshall Islands was established by the Holy See and in 1947 the convalescing Father

Kennally was appointed Apostolic Administrator. This was like moving in after a cyclone and called for heroic patience and courage, to say nothing of unusual powers of organization, yet in four short years the territory was ready for a Vicar Apostolic. Father Vincent's contribution had been for the most part a spiritual one. The missionaries on their lonely little islands had always looked forward to his visits and when he departed he always left peace behind him. There was nothing spectacular about it but when the Most Reverend Thomas John Feeney S.J., D.D., was consecrated by the Archbishop of Boston in 1951 he took over a territory that, for all its needs, was united in charity.

His job done in the Carolines and Marshalls, finished forever as he thought, Father Kennally returned to the Philippines in 1952. Seven years had passed since that glorious day when the Americans and Filipinos had freed the ruined city of Manila from the enemy and opened the gates of Santo Tomas for all its emaciated prisoners. He had been one of them; his weight, he remembered with a smile, had been below a hundred pounds. Now back to normal, he saw a city that was nearly normal, too, and greeted a body of Jesuits growing rapidly and expanding their work in every direction. The rate of progress was such that the Society of Jesus in the Philippines advanced that year from a mission to a Vice-Province with Father Kennally as its first Vice Provincial. Five years more and the tie rope would be cut. The Philippines, after being part of an American Province for 35 years, would come of age in December, 1957, and be declared an independent Province.

That happy day, however, Father Kennally was not destined to celebrate in Manila. Something totally unforeseen had happened that changed his life. Bishop Feeney, who had been his fellow novice at St. Andrew—who was as a

matter of fact the younger of the two—suddenly collapsed at Truk. After spending himself with the recklessness of Christ's very own, he was flown home to the States to die in Massachusetts September 9, 1955, just four years and one day after his consecration.

For the next year and a half the administration of the Vicariate was entrusted to the Very Rev. Edwin G. McManus S.J. but at length, toward the end of 1956, the Holy Father made known his choice of a new Bishop. Word arrived at Xavier House in Manila that the Vice Provincial was to prepare for a new status, that of Vicar Apostolic of the Caroline and Marshall Islands.

Three months later on the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity, March 25, 1957, a solemn procession passed through the great bronze doors of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York: seminarians, religious, priests and prelates preceding the Bishop Elect. His vestments that day of silver brocade were the very ones worn by Pius XII at his own Consecration by Benedict XV and by Cardinal Spellman when he was consecrated by Pius XII. It was a vivid reminder to this simple Jesuit from Boston that his would soon be the plenitude of the priesthood and a share in the Apostolic Succession.

After a few weeks spent in arranging necessary details of business the new Bishop packed up all the miters and vestments that had been made by devoted nuns, all his rochets and buskins and mantellettas and purple ribands which would not see too much service in the years of island hopping ahead of him and, wearing the pectoral cross and episcopal ring given him by Cardinal Spellman, set out for his new address: "Truk, Caroline Islands, Trust Territory, Pacific." He was heading home again.

The welcome that awaited him there was proportioned by the affectionate memories everyone had kept of an unselfish and devoted priest who a few

years before had been their Apostolic Administrator.

Here then we leave the Bishop in his Vicariate: two years a Bishop—thirty years a priest—twenty-six years in the footsteps of Xavier and forty-four years a son of St. Ignatius; pretty close to Social Security, but as missionary bishops go, still in the prime of life! For the sake of a very small flock in a perfectly enormous sheepfold, let us pray that his eternal reward will be deferred for many years. The Shepherd is needed.



Tomorrow will be his day if the dreams of the Jesuit missionaries can come true.

Yesterday's way of doing things is illustrated by this weaver of mat fronds.



An open letter to

A priest on the missions expresses his appreciation to the wonderful

Dear Mrs. Crowley,

Raj Anandpur
Singbhum District
Bihar, India

Pax Christi!

Your beautiful article in the September issue of Jesuit Missions must have been a consolation and a grace for any missionary who had the good fortune to read it. It brought down on paper -- in one particular case -- the sublime doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ: the life-giving union of all the Faithful in Christ -- that doctrine which not only canonizes Christian suffering by mingling our tears with the tears of Christ, but which makes the grieving and seemingly helpless ones of this world active participants in the most sacred work on earth: the spreading of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. "Yes, Father, for so it hath seemed good in Thy sight."

It hath seemed good to God to send a man far from his homeland to a distant place, amidst an alien people to bring a light to the darkness. This man, the missionary, has himself received so much grace from God that he, by that same grace, must go among those who do not know the one true God, and there, amidst poverty and discouragement, labor and weariness, he hopes to spend his days making Christ known by preaching and teaching and all the other various works of the apostolate.

But God has not left His missionary to do this vast, superhuman task alone. He has placed beside the missionary a chosen group to whom He has entrusted the urgent work of winning graces for souls by prayer and suffering: the Catholic Faithful. Never again would man be able to say to the Master of the vineyard: we stand here all the day idle because no man hath hired us -- for the work of spreading the Kingdom. Alas for the large number of Catholics who remain indifferent about their role, a role only they can fulfill in God's plan for the salvation of the world! Now among these co-workers of the missionary two groups stand in the very forefront: the contemplative Religious, and all they that mourn in Christ. It is to this group that you belong in so special a way, Mrs. Crowley -- you and the thousands of fellow sufferers who, uniting their sorrows with

Mrs. Crowley

mother of Jay and David, co-missionaries

Mrs. Geraldine Crowley is the mother of Jay and David Crowley, the two boys who are crippled with muscular dystrophy and who offer their sufferings for the Jamaica and Baghdad Missions. In the September issue of JESUIT MISSIONS Mrs. Crowley told the moving story of her sons and their apostolate.

Christ's, win for us in the field the graces without which all our preaching and labor would remain forever sterile. You are with these, Mrs. Crowley: you and your husband and Jay and David. You have gone to Our Lady of Sorrows and asked her, in the beautiful words of the Vespers antiphon:

"Whither has thy beloved gone, O Fairest of Women? Whither has He turned aside, and we will seek Him with thee."

You know whither He has gone, Mrs. Crowley -- as do we all: down a noisy, rubbish filled street -- a street crowded with the brutal and the indifferent. He has gone, despised and rejected of men -- in silence and compassion -- carrying a heavy Cross. He has gone to Calvary to be crucified amidst the jeers of sinners -- crucified for you and Jay and David and for me and all who have ever wept upon the earth. You know where He has gone, Mrs. Crowley, but you shall seek Him with Mary -- you and your family. You shall go down that same bitter road, you and God's Mother, shrouded in your grief, step by step, painfully and tearfully. You, too, shall go through a boisterous and uncomprehending world, and you shall find Him, as Mary did, centuries ago: on the brow of that sunless hill. But like Mary, you and your family shall find Him a second time, a final time: in the golden haze of an everlasting Easter dawn. And as you read in His unspeakably beautiful countenance the myriad graces you merited for numberless souls by your sacrifice and courage and generosity, He shall say to you what He once said to the Angel of the Church of Ephesus: "To him who overcomes I shall give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the paradise of my God." And when the wind-filled trees that your boys never climbed are dead, and when the playgrounds where Jay and David never leapt and shouted are cold ashes; when the broad avenues down which they never ran to greet you are part of a nameless, dead planet, you will still be crying out, you four: "Behold and see with your own eyes how we have labored a little, and have found much rest."

Sincerely in Christ,
Anthony Roberts S.J.

HOLD THAT



TIGER!

JAMES F. KEARNEY S.J.

Malayan tigers may have decreased in numbers, but it only needs one in a bad mood to take the romance, at least, out of a missionary's life

RECENTLY IN the mountains of Malaya I was acting as chaplain to a group of Sisters recuperating after a year of enervating tropical teaching. One day a professional game warden from a nearby jungle area called in to show off a pair of fine tiger skins, with heads attached, which he had just received back from India where he had sent them to be cured. They would soon be made into magnificent rugs, guaranteed to dazzle the casual visitor.

As the area where we were staying at the time was jungle-covered and not very far from where his tigers had been trapped, I asked the hostel manager if there were supposed to be any tigers in this neighborhood. It was a practical question, as I had to take a long early morning walk daily to say Mass for the nuns. He was most reassuring: "People have seen tigers in these parts—but most of them were tame ones."

"Most of them!" I exclaimed. "It takes just one that isn't, to spoil a holiday."

Malaya used to be a tiger-infested country in the early days. While it isn't exactly that now, there are still many of the beasts around, and their anti-social activities frequently make the headlines here.

One of the most dramatic tiger incidents happened one evening a couple of years ago in Templer Park, on the outskirts of Kuala Lumpur. Six schoolchildren were on their way home, driven by a 64-year-old Malay, when a tiger leaped savagely out of the jungle at the passing car, but clumsily misjudged the

distance and landed on the hood instead of the top. The children in the car screamed in terror, and the excited driver almost landed them in the ditch trying to shake off the tiger. The beast roared frighteningly but, because he had lost face by miscalculating his death leap, fled into the jungle again. At the time of the attack, the car was traveling about 25 miles an hour, but traveled considerably faster after the tiger's departure.

The chauffeur described the beast as an old-timer, fully grown and about seven feet long. This incident took place many months ago, but the same or a similar tiger in about the same area jumped out from the jungle some time later, and ambled lithely but quietly across the road in front of the auto of an astonished Indian Catholic priest, though it made no move to attack him. "It was a beautiful beast," he told me, "but I didn't try to become better acquainted with it."

In the Bentong area, across the range of mountains that splits Malaya lengthwise, a man-eating tiger had struck down

Veteran of the China Mission, the author is now the editor of the Malayan Catholic News as well as lecturer and leader in the activities of the Church around Singapore



and killed a Chinese woman not long before. The game warden believed that the beast was courting a tigress with two cubs, known to be in the vicinity, and it had been killing as much fresh meat in the neighborhood as possible to take as gifts to his "lady friend."

To rid his district of this man-eater, the warden set a trap baited with a wild pig, and then hid himself high up in a nearby tree. The tiger approached the trap warily, gave the pig a quick tug, then jumped away to see if anything would happen. Nothing did, for the hunter kept perfectly still. The tiger did not immediately return to the bait, but stood under the tree listening, so close that the game warden could hear him breathing. After 45 minutes of silence, the beast went back to the bait and tried to drag it away. But it had been securely wired to the tree, and remained fast.

"I knew that if I made the slightest sound, the tiger would flee into the jungle," said the warden afterwards. "It couldn't attack me personally, for I was too high up. So we both kept quiet." After another 45 minutes of waiting, the tiger apparently decided that no one was around and returned to the bait, which it tried repeatedly to drag away, and then tore to pieces. The warden gave it 10 minutes of this in order to make it feel quite secure. "When it had completely abandoned caution, I suddenly

Bait for any hungry tiger would be this armed police jeep which patrols the outskirts of Malacca and avoids jungle roads.



switched on my car's headlights by remote control, and they shone right on the bait. Before the tiger could leap away, I fired the right barrel of my shotgun at its head and face. It fell back, and as it rose again I gave it the left barrel, hitting it in the shoulder. It gave a terrific roar and disappeared into the undergrowth. I could hear its wounded cries for a while, till it collapsed."

The warden waited for another half hour, then returned to his headquarters in Bentong. He knew that his animal was done for, but didn't know how long it would take to die. The following day he found its corpse some 200 yards away from where it had killed the Chinese woman. This was the sixth tiger he had killed in four years in that area.

Missionary accounts of the old days are rich in reports of difficulties with savage tigers. One of the most interesting comes from a French Father who met a tiger one day in the jungle. Both were scared at the meeting. The only weapon the missionary had was an umbrella. As he backed away from the snarling beast, he opened his umbrella and pushed it again and again into the animal's face. That's no way to treat a savage tiger, and the beast was disgusted at this offense to his tiger dignity. As he slunk into the jungle, the missionary lost no time in climbing a high tree, where he remained for a long time trembling, till a Malay passed by, and the two walked home together safely. But the shock of this experience was so great that the following day the priest died of heart failure.

A local missionary with experience warns that if you see a tiger advancing down the road to your car, don't step on the gas and try to run him down. Light a newspaper nonchalantly and toss it out in front of your car. The beast will take to the jungle at once. So when you travel the jungles of Malaya always take with you a newspaper and a huge amount of nonchalance.



OUR MISSIONARY LENT

THE PASSION and Death of Our Lord were willingly accepted by Him for the redemption of the world. But we should not forget that our Crucified Christ is the Heavenly Father's most striking argument of His love for us all. "God so loved the world as to give up his only-begotten Son" (John 3:16). No member of the race of Adam was excluded from that love then or now or until the last human being is born on earth. So precious in God's esteem was the sacrifice of His Son that it is the one great event in Our Lord's life which has been left to us to be celebrated always in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Our Lord wanted us to remember this love because He left the mystery of His Sacrifice with us. At the Last Supper he said, "Do this in memory of Me." So the Church has celebrated this Sacrifice ever since. We don't have to go back 1900 years to the hill of Calvary. Every day on our altars all over the world the mystery of Calvary's love is present to us.

All the mystery of Calvary with its love and satisfaction, its pleading with God for the forgiveness of mankind's sins is present all over the world—secretly in the darkness of the pre-dawn in the miserable concentration camps of Siberia as well as in our great Cathedrals; in the midst of the crushing Red tyranny of China and in the cities of the free world; in ice-bound Alaska and in the depths of African forests; on the little atolls of the Pacific and in the mountain ranges of New Guinea. All the races of the world are gathered around this mystical Calvary. God in His Son is loving all.

The Mass is the great missionary prayer. Wherever it is offered, it is offered for the whole world. As members of the Church, we are present at the mystery of the Mass wherever it is celebrated, because it is offered to God in the name of the whole Church and for all mankind. The Mass is not a private devotion; it embraces the whole of mankind in its worship and love and satisfaction. Therefore, one of our greatest missionary actions is participation in this mystical Calvary of the Mass. Our Catholic desire for the salvation of souls is best expressed by uniting ourselves with the redeeming Sacrifice of the Mass. It is better to offer the Mass with our oppressed Catholics in China and Russia than to merely talk about the horrors of Communism. Then we are doing something for our brethren. We can be spiritually present to millions in India, throughout Asia and Africa, because we can offer to God the Sacrifice of His Son going on in those places. We become missionaries through our power of intercession—and this at any hour.

During Lent we do penance in union with the Passion of Our Lord. Rather than think of these penances as satisfaction only for our sins, we could expand our vision and intention, offering our penances as our share with our Crucified Lord in laboring for the salvation of souls everywhere. Such a vision would inspire greater generosity and courage in our penances: they are made our Passion, offered to God in Christ for the salvation of the world.

EDWARD L. MURPHY S.J.



IT'S NOT OFTEN these days that you can meet a man who used to wear a sword in the days of his youth. But here in Sophia University in Tokyo there is an old gentleman who used to carry not only one—as he was a *samurai* or Japanese nobleman, he used to carry two! Not only that, but he is also a Jesuit priest—certainly the oldest Jesuit in Japan and one of the oldest in the whole Society.

Ninety-two-year-old Father Paul Tsuchihashi has seen many changes during his long life. Commodore Perry had come to Japan only ten or so years before the priest's birth and Japan was still a feudal country when young Yachida Tsuchihashi used to walk through the streets wearing his fine costume and two swords. Even in the days of his youth, Christians were still being persecuted and sentenced to death for the Faith.

While young Tsuchihashi was still in his teens he felt an attraction to the teachings of Christianity and abruptly asked a priest for baptism. Taken aback, the missionary pointed out that it was usual to study the catechism before entering the Church. Yachida saw the point and began instruction and was later baptized, taking the name of Paul. Later, at the age of 22, he again abruptly made

The Jesuit wore

He was born in Japan's feudal age and the two swords of the Samurai he wore proudly until the day when he discovered that there was a greater Kingdom he could fight for

up his mind—this time he would be a Jesuit. As the Jesuits had not yet returned to Japan at that time, off he went to China to join the noviceship.

Thus began Father Tsuchihashi's long association with Chinese culture which has made his name famous in learned circles in Japan. Nobody knows quite how many Chinese ideographs he knows, though it is rumored that it is in the neighborhood of 60,000! At any rate, when a monumental 13-volume Chinese dictionary was published sometime ago, Father Tsuchihashi's critical eye soon began spotting mistakes. The publishers were amazed at the old man's immense erudition and asked his cooperation in the preparation of the second edition. So far he has carefully examined six volumes, finding on an average one mistake on every page, and he reckons that he will finish off the whole series by the time he is a hundred!

Part of the old Jesuit's formation was also done in Paris where he studied mathematics and physics. As a result of his scientific training, he is still mechanically minded (rare for a scholar of Chinese!) and keeps a sharp eye on the clocks of the faculty residence of Sophia. If a clock should lose as little as two

minutes, you will soon find the old priest peering into the mechanism trying to find out what is wrong.

When the Jesuits returned to Japan fifty years ago, Father Tsuchihashi asked permission to leave China and return to his native country to help build up the Jesuit mission once more. Since that time, he has dedicated his life to the development of Sophia—from the early days when the university only had 60 pupils until today when the student enrollment numbers 2,500. When conditions for foreign priests became increasingly difficult during the war, Father Tsuchihashi stepped into the breach and as president of the university kept Sophia running in its darkest days. As a token of appreciation of his outstanding services to Sophia, he was nominated President Emeritus on his retirement from active work, an honor richly deserved.

Today the old Jesuit can look back on seventy years of fruitful work in the Society. Although still sprightly, he never leaves the faculty residence now. Never? Well, almost never. Last May the 92-year-old priest, clad in his frock coat, sallied out of the university—to vote in the General Election! You can't keep an old *samurai* from doing his duty!

a sword

MICHAEL COOPER S.J.

Today and the modern buildings of Sophia University must be a glad revelation to the erstwhile Samurai who now is revered as Father Paul.



Window on the Mission

The Constant Lamp

One of the first things suffered by Our Lord in His Sacred Passion was the smash in the face by the servant of the High Priest. For centuries afterward, it is said, a lamp was kept burning in the courtyard of Caiphias as a remembrance and as a reparation for that insult to the Son of God. That constant lamp was a gesture that touches the heart.

No one of us can ever make up fully for all that Our Lord suffered for each one of us in His Passion and Death. But we can take one detail from that love-filled sacrifice and try to make amends with our entire life, not with a lamp only, for that single phase—the blow in the face or the bruised and bleeding knees or the wounded shoulder.

This is the time of year when we are very conscious of what Our Lord has done for us. Yet He is forever conscious of each tiny thing we do for Him, in living close to Him, in making Him better known, in spreading His Kingdom, in suffering for Him. Let Lent be only the start of that life of closeness.



Cover. The Shepherd of the Islands, Bishop Kennally, is depicted by artist Phil Franznick under the coconut palms. Two views of life: the all-important economic one of the coconut upon which the people depend for subsistence; the more important one of eternal salvation and a Trust Territory that comes from God.

Martyr of Education

Many a missionary spends his life in a small circle of activities and is not known to any great degree outside of that limited range. But within the circle his influence may be a tremendous thing, so much so that only with his passing do those around him realize how much he meant to them. This was emphasized recently in the death of Father Francis X. Bosch S.J. of Sophia University in Tokyo. He was only 48 years of age when he was suddenly stricken, and his death was a shock to faculty and students.

Father Bosch had gone to Japan in 1940 and with amazing celerity had mastered the difficult language. More important, he understood and appreciated the Japanese psychology as few foreigners have. This, plus his own straightforward character, was probably the key which opened up the way to so many hearts. He spent himself for the boys of Sophia and they were the first to recognize that. The Alumni President, speaking of Father Bosch's work at the college during the devastation after the war, said, "When the history of Sophia University is written, he will appear as the man who did most for Sophia in those times."

He lived his life out in that small circle of Sophia but even in those limited confines he overworked himself and died, a martyr of education beloved by all.

World

By-ways

Cape Canaveral was known long ago in Jesuit mission history. In the Sixteenth Century many ships foundered there and were easy prey for the Indians. On one voyage in 1571 Jesuit Father Sedeno, en-route to Havana, was on a vessel that ran aground and was completely wrecked on the Cape. The party was so apprehensive of their fate that they became completely disorganized. So Father Sedeno took over the command, had a flimsy fort constructed from the wreckage, and when the Indians appeared he calmly manned the single piece of artillery with an assurance which took the heart out of the attackers. The engagement was strictly a draw, for both parties promptly fled—but in opposite directions.

Postscript to Father Anthony Robert's "An Open Letter to Mrs. Crowley" is the expression of his appreciation to the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS who answered his appeal for Sacred Heart badges. No sooner had the badges been distributed than the deadly cholera disappeared from his parish—and this during the dreaded monsoon months, too!

History is being made as a convent of Asian religious is established for the first time in Europe. Cardinal Frings, Archbishop of Cologne, has invited eight Japanese nuns of the "Daughters of the Sacred Heart" to carry on their social work in Germany. The Cardinal had visited the community when he was in Japan and was so impressed with their activity that he brought them to Europe. It is an exchange of great interest and significance—a beautiful argument for the Catholicity of the Church.



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KOREA AND U. S. INDIANS

Rev. Charles F. Mullen S.J.
3400 West Michigan St.
Milwaukee 8, Wis.

PHILIPPINES, CAROLINE AND MARSHALL ISLANDS

Rev. William T. Wood S.J.
39 East 83rd St.
New York 28, N.Y.

MISSION EVENTS

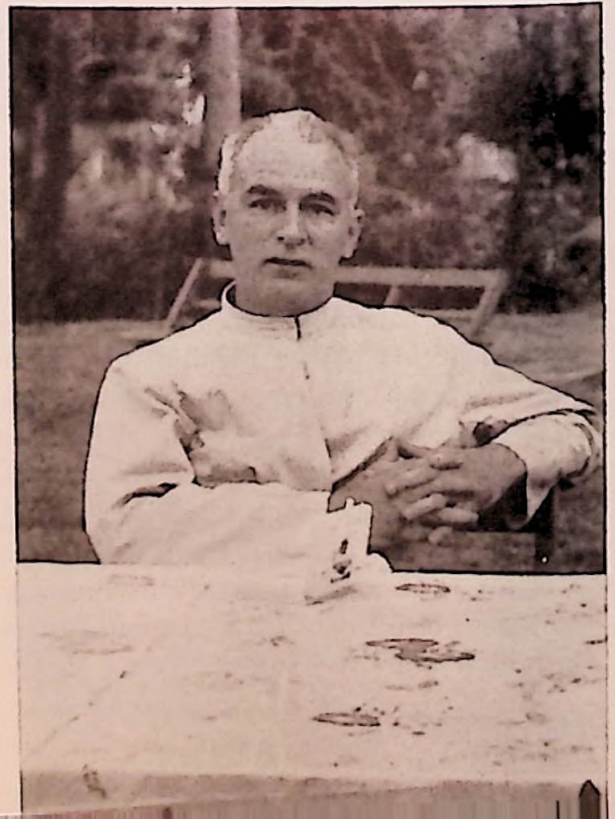


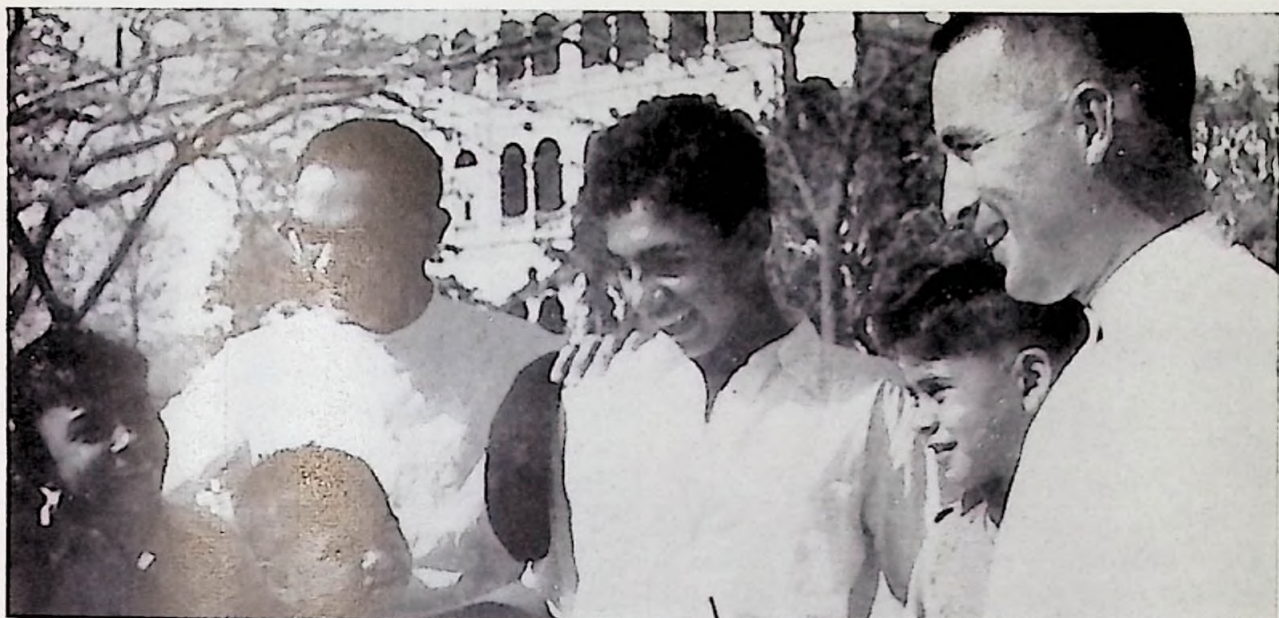
Japan. Father Braun S.J. pays respects to ashes of Catholics who died in big Kobe fire.

Formosa. The smile belies the disappointment as Robert Ronald S.J. of the California Province is flown home, a victim of polio.

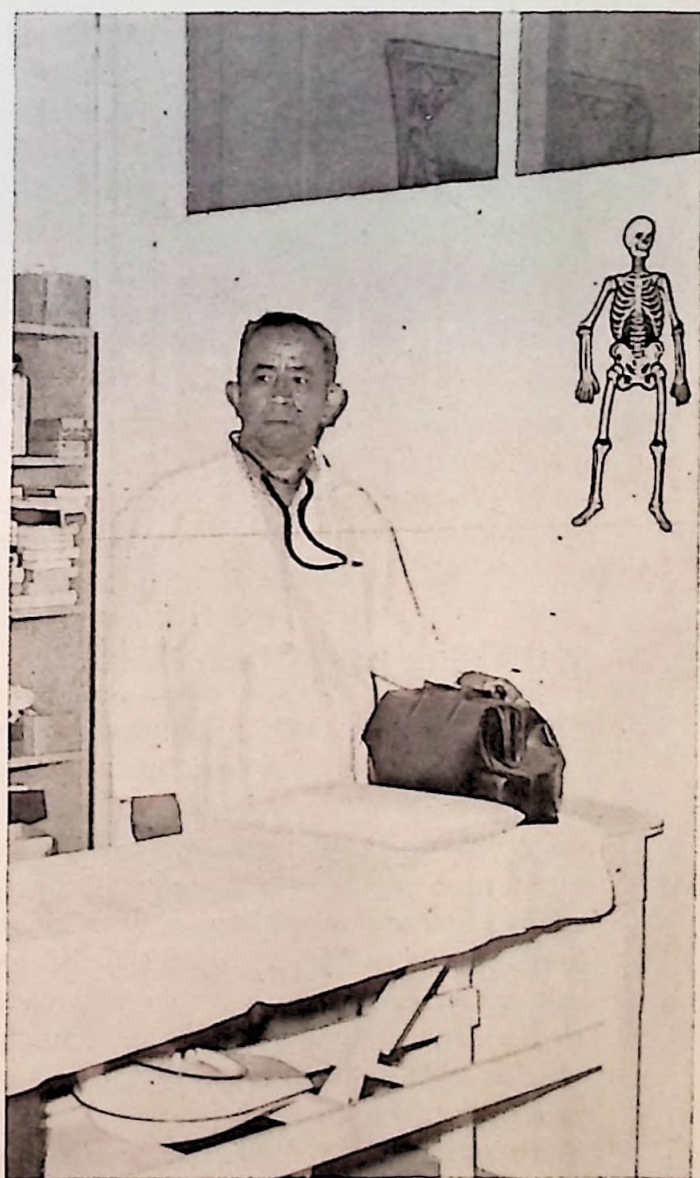


Baghdad. Father Michael McCarthy has been appointed the new Superior of the Baghdad Mission to succeed Father Hussey.

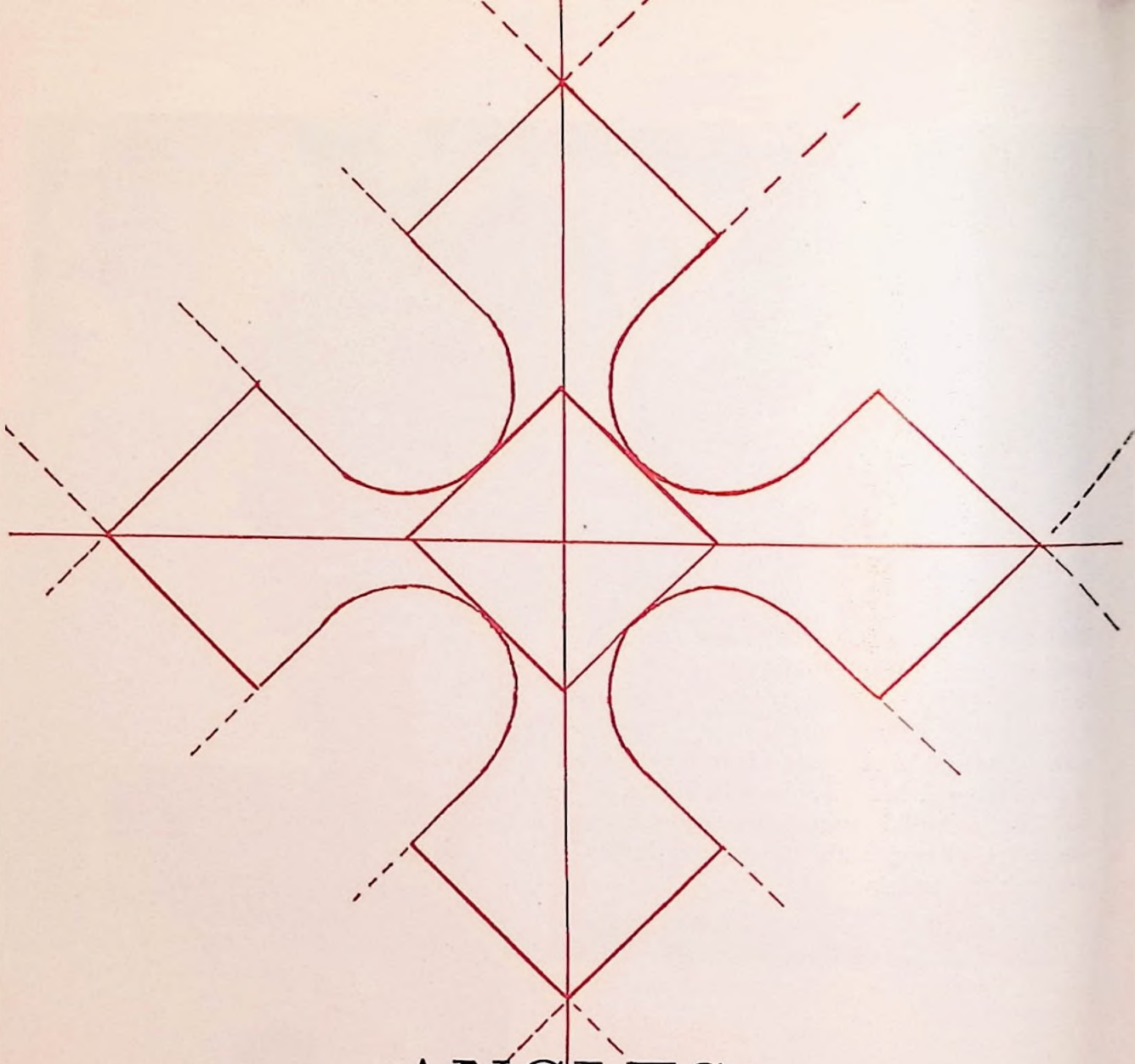




India. Father Joseph Rodricks S.J. of Bombay and Father Eugene DeV. Lockwood S.J. of the U.S. stop for a merry moment with a few of the students whom they teach at the National Model School in Poona, India. This is India's Rome, the headquarters where the clergy, both foreign and Indian, receive their training.



Honduras. Some people have a skeleton in the closet but Father Marion Budzinski S.J. prefers to have his in the open where the clients of his medical clinic can readily see it. As you can guess from his equipment, his duties as a missionary in this Central American territory cover many fields.



ANGLES TO PONDER

WILFRED P. SCHOENBERG S.J.

THERE ARE TIMES, no doubt, when we stay-at-home Catholics flip the pages of our mission magazines and wonder what this mission business is all about. Observing pictures of people strangely clad in furs or stovepipe hats, with Maryknoll priests or Jesuits among them, we ask ourselves if there isn't enough work to be done right here at home without all this—this flight into the remoteness of mountains, deserts and faraway islands. With millions living like pagans in our

own U.S.A., we are tempted to feel that priests and religious had better sell their goods here at home before exporting them, especially since they are badly needed here.

The question, were it placed simply, comes to this: Are there really such compelling reasons for the Church's mission enterprise that we must neglect opportunities here to save the "heathen"?

You must already suspect there are. I've gathered some reasons here to assail

the doubter, but I warn you, do not read them very slowly lest you too are beguiled into begging a missionary's cross.

FOR GOD'S GLORY. This first reason concerns God Who receives a special glory from the work in the missions. God is greatly honored in the faith and detachment which missionaries practise, manifesting in themselves the greatness of their belief in God when they voluntarily leave all behind to bring their treasured faith to the not-having. Obviously, they value this true faith more than what they abandon. Surely the moving power of God, His love for all men, and the loyalty He commands in His subjects shine forth in these acts of renunciation. Surely all who have eyes can see that it is God Who sends these men and women into the wilderness and the power and the glory is most of all His and neither "failure" nor frustration can dim either one. If nothing else were to be achieved in the missions, God's glory would be enough.

FOR THE GLORY OF THE CHURCH. The Church too receives a measure of glory in its missionaries. The presence of the latter in a thinly populated wilderness proves that the Church does not abandon the poor and the ignorant. Missionaries are among them, witnesses to the truth within the Church which has been its glory from the beginning. The Church's mission activities will be longer remembered in history than its millions of baptisms in established areas. In the missions souls are not counted, but weighed.

FOR THE SAKE OF OBEDIENCE. A missionary's exile is in obedience to the divine command: Go forth and teach all nations. It is likewise in obedience to the Vicar of Christ on earth who commands in Christ's name. There is no question what the Vicar of Christ thinks in these matters; he has often proclaimed it in the most solemn words. For centuries the Holy Father has fostered mis-

sions in lands like China and Arabia where the results have been meager. Many missionaries can count the number of their converts on their two hands. The Vicar of Christ says, no matter, the Church is there to stay. The mission is a house built on rock and centuries past have not destroyed it.

FOR THE SAKE OF THE HOLY PRESENCE. The presence of the Blessed Sacrament in mission lands, possible only when missionaries are there, is in itself an efficacious instrument of sanctification. This Holy Presence make a Galilee and a Judea of every land. Though the darkness is there, so is the Light; though thirst, so is the Fountain of Waters. This alone justifies the presence of His minister, the missionary priest, who finds in this Holy Presence not only his greatest consolation but also his greatest strength and reward.

FOR THE SANCTIFICATION OF CREATION. There is something especially fitting that God be worshipped in truth and in love in the remote parts of the world. Even if no others lived there, the fact that worshippers of the Truth are there sanctifies, so to speak, all parts of the world, dedicates it to God and spiritualizes the material order. Rivers become roads to priests, grass is made holy in thatching huts, fish become the manna of the desert. Like the humble elements that become means of sacramental grace, sensible things in the far reaches of the earth become means of grace and in this they serve their purpose as instruments of salvation.

FOR THE SAVING OF SOULS. Souls that would otherwise be lost are saved by missionaries, and these are many. This is, indeed, wonderful to consider, for Christ was willing to die to redeem even one soul only. If Christ praised him who was willing to give his life for his friend's life, how much do you think Christ would praise him who gives his life to save immortal souls?

FOR VOCATIONS. The missionary undoubtedly attracts vocations. There is a glamour, an adventure in his life that appeals to youth. Often the latter, while yet vigorous and restless, enter a seminary or novitiate "for the missions," then as the years of study drain their exuberance, they find their God-intended vocations in other apostolic activities. Sometimes this is God's way. Detached missionaries, content to be instruments in the development of vocations for other works of the Church, share that work and are sanctified by it.

FOR GRACES FOR THE REST OF US. Hardships endured by missionaries win countless graces for Christians elsewhere. Often, I think, results produced in great metropolitan centers are due in wondrous part to the sufferings of missionaries and new Christians in some outpost of civilization. Accounts of these sufferings endured for the love of souls edify and inspire all who know them. This is leaven for the Christian masses and it lasts for centuries, as long as the annals of the missions can be read.

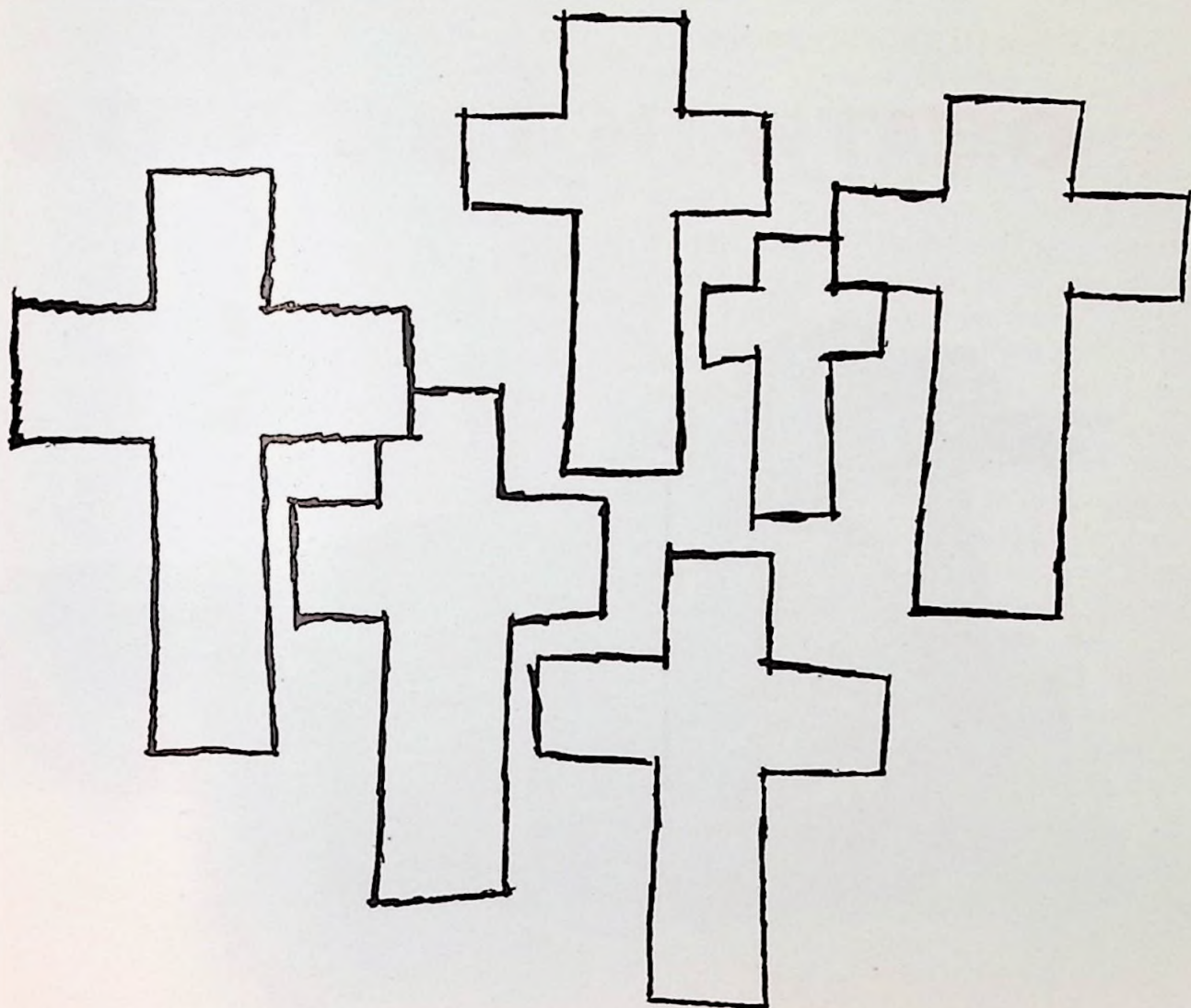
FOR THE MISSIONARIES THEMSELVES. The spiritual advantages for missionaries are also very compelling. On the mission, though temptations for the weak may be many, for the strong they are usually fewer than those at home. Cut off from material abundance, missionaries are less tempted to reach out

for the things of this world. Though there is danger of being engrossed in mere survival, there are more often than not fewer distractions from the one-thing-necessary. It is easier for missionaries to keep their sense of values, to practise penance and to say their prayers. Out-numbered by non-believers and at the mercy of the elements, they are truly and absolutely dependent on God the Father, and this spirit, cultivated willy nilly, helps to spiritualize every detail of missionary life. As for the reward at the end of life, one cannot imagine what God has reserved for those who abandon all things for His sake. Christ promised a generous reward for those who gave even a glass of water in His name. What, then, should we think is the reward for those who bring Christ Himself and the words of eternal life? Missionaries, especially those who are privileged to die in exile, are like martyrs who die as witnesses to truth, and like martyrs their reward will be astonishingly unique. Their badge of glory they will carry forever, not like a blue ribbon awarded for going beyond the call of duty, but like a perfection shining within them, a fulfillment of what God wanted them to be.

These, then, are compelling reasons. But they are not the last word. The last word will not be said till Christ says it, and missions are no longer necessary and there are no angles left to ponder.

Of Other Persuasions

CONNECTICUT-BORN FATHER GARAVAGLIA was driving from his Jamaica mission at Annotto Bay to Kingston one day. On the way he picked up a minister of the Seventh Day Adventists. For an hour or so they chatted on various subjects until they reached the capital city. When the minister got out he thanked Father Garavaglia profusely, adding that it was quite unlike the recent experience he had with a Baptist parson. As soon as the parson discovered he was an Adventist minister he stopped the car and huffily ordered him out. A sudden vision of the pot and the kettle sent Father Garavaglia into gales of laughter, but he wondered as he drove off if the Adventist, in the face of this humor, wasn't revising his estimate of the Baptist parson along the idea of "men of the cloth but cut from the same cloth."



A CORNERSTONE of Six Crosses

Six Jesuit missionaries were killed fifteen years ago on Babeldaop in the Caroline Islands. Today Father Edwin McManus is striving to build a Church on this remote isle where the Living God will have a permanent home, the cornerstone of which was eternally fashioned by the death of these martyrs. Babeldaop deserves to be remembered—and is there a better way to remember those who died for God? Would you be willing to help Father McManus? Any contribution will be gratefully received at

**JESUIT MISSIONS
45 EAST 78th ST.
NEW YORK 21, N. Y.**

DEATH IN THE AFTER



There is a Faith which can move mountains and it shines mo

HIGH ABOVE US sounded faintly the hollow whistle of the quaint train which chugs up the Himalayan foothills to Kurseong. I will never hear that whistle again without thinking of that Saturday afternoon and how swiftly death struck.

The Saturday hike is the highlight of the week for our altar boys, the Knights of Loyola. This day we had staged a rip-roaring water-football game; then "Cow-

boys and Indians" until lunch. Afterwards, as explorers, they followed an uncharted river into the jungle wilds. A diving contest wound up the warm day and we started the march back to camp.

"Can we walk back in the shallow water, Father?" With one tired tyke riding on my shoulders, the "explorers" at my side, we splashed along, knee deep in water. Four "eager Beavers" crawled ahead in a simulated swimming race,

NOON



rightly when death is a sudden thing

their hands and knees touching bottom. A sudden cry from one of the racers: "Father, it's deep here!" and Father vanished beneath the surface of the water, his trusting rider held high above his head. The shifting currents had cut a deep hole in the sand.

"God have mercy on us!" I was up, gasping for air that was pierced with screams. "Get out of the water!" to those behind us, then down under again, as

LAWRENCE B. DIETRICH S.J.

my little rider, Nels, panicked and nearly strangled me. A brief struggle, a grip on Nels, a shout to shore to the school's best swimmer, "Chilly, get one of them!" Struggling cross current, after an eternity I hit bottom and pitched little Nels forward into the shallows. Two strokes out again, a dive and a push from below took the two nearest to safety.

"Father! Father!" and I turned to see Chilly go down, holding little Bill up the while. Muscles straining, arms heavy as lead, I just caught the youngster as he forced a frantic Chilly beneath the surface again. Calming one, encouraging the other, praying and fighting slowly for the bank—there at last. Chilly collapsed, crying hysterically, "Arthur drowned, went down before I reached him."

"Ade, go for help; Chill, lead the rosary!" Villagers and fishermen refused help: "The river god claimed the boy." Fifteen interminable minutes, diving and swimming criss-cross the bottom; with little strength left, pushed by the mid-stream current, down ten feet into the muddy depth, and "My Jesus, mercy!" I touched him.

Ashore, I applied artificial respiration while the boys knelt in prayer. Two Fathers arrived, administered the Last Sacraments and continued the respiration in a fire truck on the way to the hospital. Outside the hospital respirator room, the final word was followed by a tearful whisper from Arthur's Dad, "Father, after Arthur first joined your Knights, he asked me if someday he could become a priest. I gave him to the Society of Jesus then; now he's in the Society of Jesus."

Thirteen-year-old Arthur was the oldest of five children. His mother was with child at the time of his death, and I feared greatly for her. When we brought her boy home to her, she was a broken woman; our hearts broke with hers. But

the next morning at the funeral, she was strong with the strength of faith, and she actually thanked me "for preparing her Arthur for his death."

A leader in the Knights, Arthur was always an example for the other boys. A record of each Knight's faithfulness in spiritual duties showed him topping the list week after week, never missing a chance to serve Mass, even two in one morning, despite the fact that he had to rise at five a.m. to do so. His parents, greatly consoled by a Spiritual Bouquet of his admirable accomplishments as a Knight, know that today their Arthur is happy, serving his Lord at the heavenly altar for all eternity.

Never have I seen such a living faith

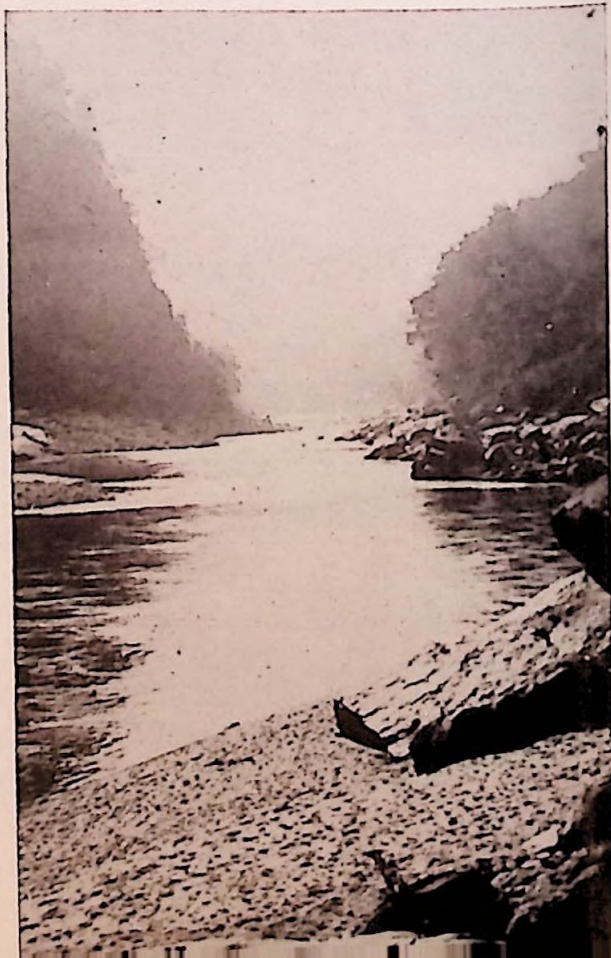
as is theirs. They are very poor, live in two scantily furnished rooms and have little or nothing materially, but they have their children and their faith; these are their life, their happiness.

Never have I known such a burning charity. After Arthur's death, realizing how heavy the cross of responsibility was for me, they overcame their heartache to write: "We shall pray to our darling son to help you in your apostolic endeavors, dear Father . . . we have a special care and love for you, because our darling Arthur was going to follow you to the priesthood; but instead of him, it will be you always in our minds, and we shall pray for all your needs as we would have done for our Arthur."



Life is in the lesson, eternal life, being given by Father Dietrich, once of Philadelphia and the U.S. Navy, now of the Jamshedpur Mission in the northeast of India.

Death lurks in the many streams which wind through the Himalayan foothills between Darjeeling and Kalimpong and are fed by melting snows of the Kinchinjunga range.



OUT OF THE ASHES

In 1945 Hiroshima and the atomic bomb became bywords. Today American Jesuits of the California Province have showed how those ideas of fourteen years ago can be translated into the things that speak of peace and of Eternal Life. Here is a chalice, designed by Father Paul Hillsdale S.J. of Alma College in California, which was made from the bits of metal which were recovered from the historic atom bomb itself. The chalice has been checked with a Geiger counter and is not radioactive to the priest who lifts it on high at Mass with the Sacred Blood of Him Who died for all of us that we might know His peace.

Hiroshima's Peace Memorial Church has this Phoenix as token of its rise from ashes.





The hard stretches of the Bukidnon bush in the Philippines



plus the easy-going attitude of the Filipinos themselves add up to . . .

THE PROBLEMS OF PADER PITZ

MARIO YAMSON as told to JOSE AQUINO S.J.

THE FIRST AND the last," describes Malitbog, my home town. First, because it was the earliest chartered town in Bukidnon province and last, since it is the last to get a resident parish priest. And then we almost lost him!

One night my parents were all agog over the petition they had signed asking Archbishop Hayes to spare us a parish priest. Mass in our town for many years had been irregular, depending on

the depth of the water in the river. Every townsman had signed the petition scrolled by our topnotch scribe, that is, every man who could write. There were many thumb-marks too in the scroll, marks of assent of old folks who never learned to write. The delegation that presented our petition returned after four days, tired but hopeful. It took so long going and coming back because our homes are in the hills where roads nar-

row into footpaths. Mang Toto was beaming a toothless smile as he related to us the Archbishop's reply. A parish priest would come if we built a chapel and a convento (rectory) for him. All shouted their willingness to share the task. Now we have our own priest, we have arrived! The shouts soon faded into the picturesque and rolling hills. So did the resolves.

Somehow a group by sheer plodding managed to put together the makings of a chapel for fifty souls and a convento before Father Fenton Fitzpatrick S.J. arrived. A group had gone down the hills to the coast to meet him. We feted him on his arrival. When he saw his chapel and convento, he remarked, "You must have been eager to get me! You didn't wait to finish the chapel and convento. Of course, we will have to put in the floor and finish the roof."

The convento remained half-floored, the roof still had its sky-blue patches. Father Fitzpatrick in the meantime lived in the sacristy, or if the rain and wind blew too strongly, he moved down to the coast. One day in semi-despair, I suppose, he offered to exchange his convento with any house in the town. No one took the bid. Meanwhile still no action. One Sunday after Mass, the barrio lieutenant came over to tell the "Pare" that they would soon send a group to the mountains to chop the hardwood for the floor of his convento and cut some tall cogon grass for his roof. But somehow something distracted us.

One morning we saw "Pader Pitz" piling his knapsacks in front of the chapel. The womenfolk got worried. They sensed something was wrong. Two or three went to help. Soon the news was all over the town. The "Pare" was leaving for good since we backtracked on our promise to build him a house. He explained that he could easily get a decent room in Xavier University in the big city of Cagayan without having to push people for it. He

could earn his keep by teaching. Teachers were in demand over there and he wouldn't seem to be pushing people the way he had been pushing us here to finish his convento (and all in vain!) the past few months. The sermon was very short that morning. He ended with an ultimatum. "Start now or lose Pader Pitz!"

Today there are men in the forest hewing and hauling the hardwood for the convento. And "Pader Pitz" is still with us.

Postscript from "Pader Pitz"

"The parish is unorganized—and I also am unorganized. I live in the newly extended rear of what was the principal chapel. I now call it a church, because every parish should have a church. At some later date, when we have a house, the extension will become a sacristy. It is not yet completed, but we have housed ourselves there in it. Up till one month ago we were living in borrowed quarters. We are now under our own roof. It is in modern Malitbog style, air-conditioned, grass roof, split-bamboo floor, and ventilation in every direction. *One* table, *no* chairs, *one* bench. This is office, dining-room, den, and sleeping quarters. The little shack next to the tree stump out there is our kitchen. These cardboard cartons stacked around the floor are food, clothing, church supplies and medicines. And there is still enough floor space to sleep at night. Parish clerical notes and records are deposited in these two cardboard trays, and shelved here, the safest place. Many of the acquisitions that I have been able to gather over the last half year are stored in three separate places, each a day's journey distant from Malitbog. Some are in Claveria, some are in Jasaan, and some are still in Cagayan—church-goods, household supplies, some personal effects, letters and accounting papers. We are carrying on in this seeming confusion, which has not fostered any expeditious organization."

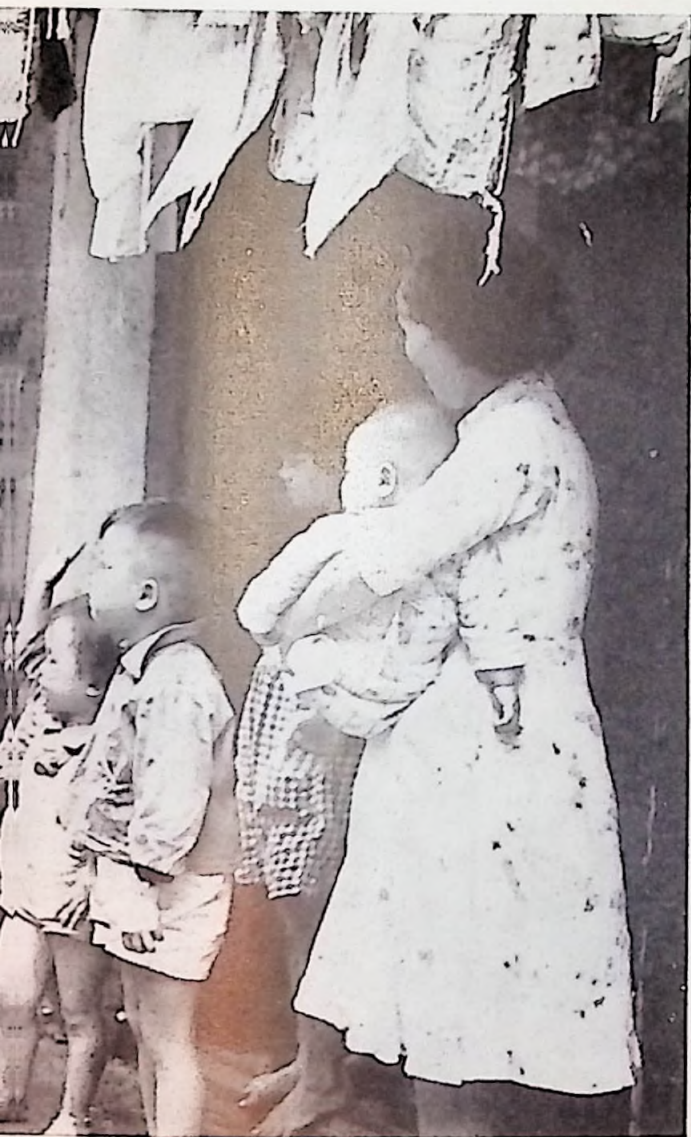
FENTON FITZPATRICK S.J.



1. Yu Tseng-ho and his family are in one way typical of the civilian life which is lived behind Formosa's armed might. His home is nothing much but as a welder he receives a salary considered high.

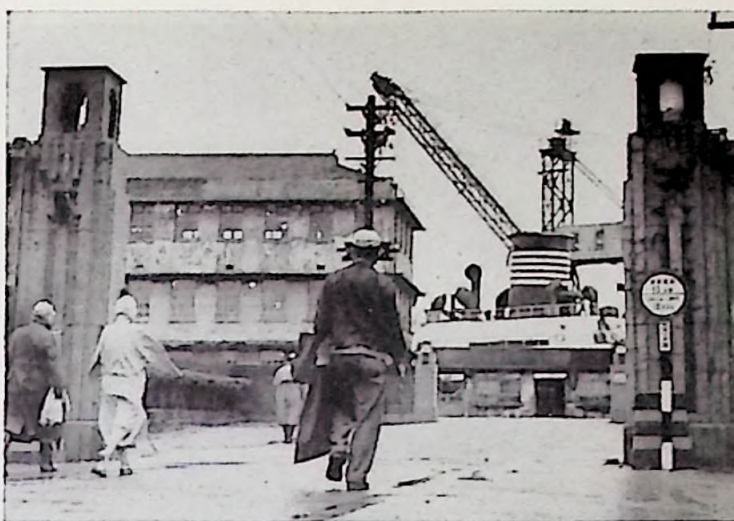
BUSINESS AS USUAL

Across the Formosa Straits the guns are booming but the regular life of a Taiwanese workman must necessarily keep to its routine pattern

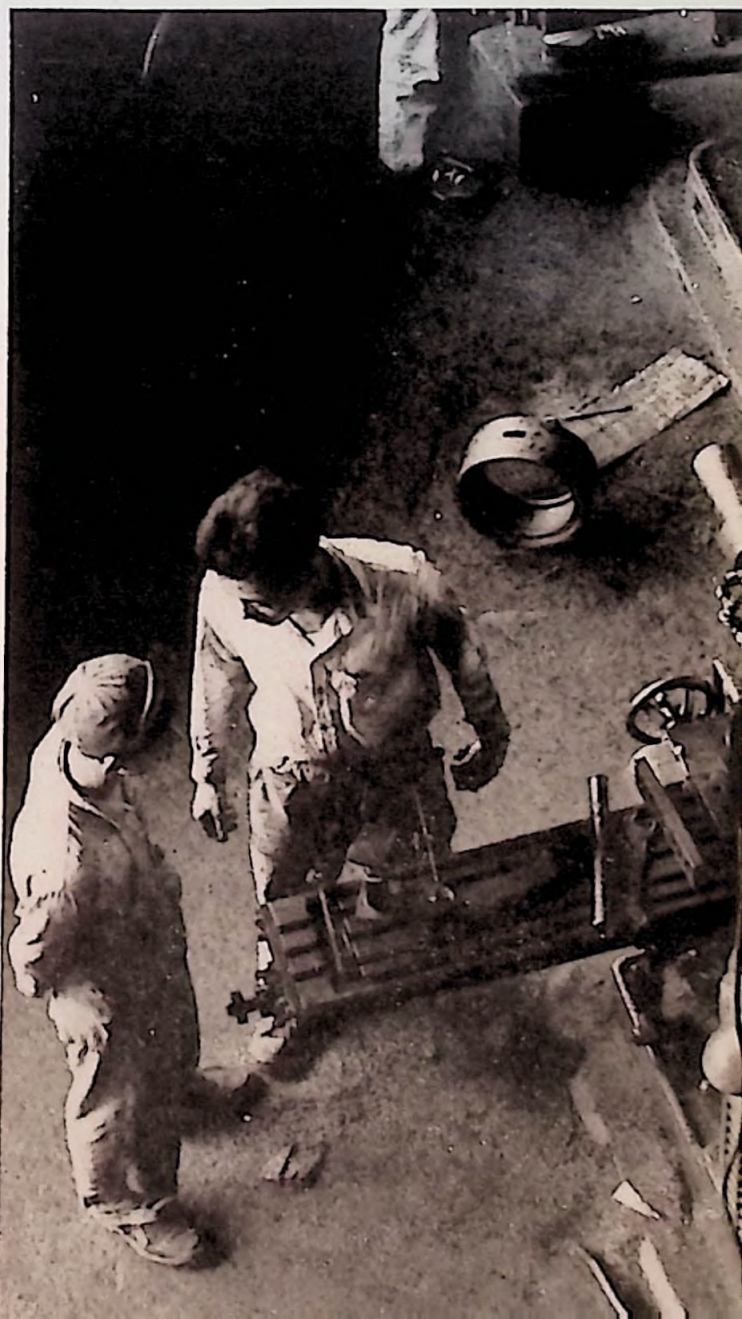


2. Off to work and his family waves goodbye. Teachers and official functionaries receive only about twenty-five to forty dollars in U.S. money per month but a welder earns about fifty dollars.

4. Time out for a conference in the machine shop before the welding gets under way. Yu Tseng-ho is 31 years old and has been a welder leaderman since 1949.



3. Yu Tseng-ho enters the yards of the Ingalls shipbuilding corporation in Keelung. The directional signs are printed in English and Chinese but otherwise this could be a scene in any American shipyard.



BUSINESS AS USUAL



5. Yu Tseng-ho at work. The Free China Government on Formosa desperately needs skilled workmen to maintain strength.



6. Yard girl gives lunch in aluminum box to Yu Tseng-ho. The "Biendang" is the customary rice and meat of the Chinese people.



7. Down the ways goes the tuna clipper on which Yu Tseng-ho worked. The fishing fleet is important to Taiwan economy.

(Photos by Father Fred Foley S.J.)

MARCH MISSION INTENTION

"That many will help to meet the urgent needs of the Church in Africa"

DURING THIS MONTH of March the Holy Father asks us to turn our attention and our prayers to Africa. Last Easter the late Pope Pius XII showed in his Encyclical "Fidei donum" how keenly he was aware of the situation that exists today in what was once known as the Dark Continent.

There is no need to dwell upon the extraordinary and rapid growth of the Church in certain sections in recent years. Within this century alone the number of dioceses has multiplied four times over so that today there are more than two hundred and fifty dioceses. However, this has been accomplished only through a dangerous stretching out of missionary personnel and as a result there are regions where there are only fifty priests among a population of two million and more souls.

Moreover it must be remembered that there are two Africas, the northern part which embraces the broad shoulders and tapers down into the torso of this continent and is predominantly Moslem; the rest is known as "Black Africa" and is the section in which the Church has made its greatest gains.

The Moslems have an extremely active apostolate and their 60,000,000 members are not only fervent but also politically strong. Five of the ten self-governing countries are in their hands. But the steady encroachment of Islam is not the only danger which the Church faces.

Africa is in the throes of turmoil as new nations come into being and the various colonial powers fade from the scene. People who have been reared in an age-old attitude of slavery are suddenly faced with the prospect of a free-

dom that may be too heady for many of them. The transition from servitude to self-government requires a maturity which time has not allowed. Trained leaders are necessary, the people must be educated or else the nation will fall into the wrong hands.

Communism is one of the greatest dangers to peoples in this position. For a long time they have eyed Africa and their approach has always been according to the status of a particular people. Among those peoples still under colonial government they have promoted nationalism. On the other hand, in dealing with peoples already self-governed their approach has been along the lines of commerce, culture and friendship. They have taken pains to form well-organized cells and they proceed according to circumstances in either a legal or illegal way. One example of this is their "peaceful" penetration of the new republic of Ghana. This is not their only foothold and they probably represent the greatest single menace today.

We cannot discount either the introduction of the technical civilization which emphasizes so strongly the materialistic. Customs are broken down by the scientific expert in some particular field and all the perils of industrialization surround peoples whose cultures are geared to a pace of centuries ago.

In the light of these factors the Mission Intention takes on an added urgency and importance. Africa will someday in the near future play a leading part in world affairs. It will be a Christian Africa if a more abundant corps of missionaries and Africans themselves can be thrown into the battle today.

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missions

Unemployment in Trincomalee is causing a lot of concern. Father Mayer knows he can offer substantial relief if you would hear and answer his pleas for help. He has a machine for making building blocks which he could use full time if he had the money for materials and wages. Father is doing what he can, with his Sodalists, to provide food for the starving but if he could provide employment his contribution would be more lasting. The building blocks would be used to replace a present horrible slum of Catholics. It is important to know that the aid has to be provided immediately. Would you join with other readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* and give \$1.00 for this worthy cause?

Baby Clothes are needed at Hooper Bay, Alaska. Father Donohue says, "60 Catholic families here, and 9 babies in the past two months. We could use baby clothing of all sorts." The mailing address, where the packages would be re-shipped, is:

Rev. N. E. Donohue S.J.
Alaska Jesuit Missions
1103 Sixteenth Ave.
Seattle 22, Wash.

The Maryknoll Sisters are looking for books for their mission library. In particular they would like to have a complete set of Jesuit Relations. If you could help, the address is:

Sister Librarian
Maryknoll Sisters
Maryknoll, New York

Father Bertram Ernst of Piru, India, reports that the first two Christian boys from his high school are going to college this year. One of them received a scholarship but the other has no such help. Father Ernst has taken on the responsibility for sending the second boy with the hope that benefactors may be able to supply the \$12 a month tuition and board expenses. Could you help with \$1.00?

The School Was Overcrowded and Father Matthew Ashe had to provide two classrooms immediately. Father knew he'd go into debt but school wouldn't wait. Now a few hundred dollars in debts are on his shoulders which he hopes will be lightened with your generous help of \$1.00 or \$2.00.

It's a Chapel and a School and it's made of mud bricks which are falling apart. The replacement of this chapel at Bhangua could be a permanent structure of real brick walls if Father Morrison could raise \$1,000. Father knows that is a lot of money but asks that you consider whether you could spare \$1.00 or \$2.00 to add to the donations of other friends. Father adds, "Building this chapel would also give much needed employment to a number of our very poor people. We would appreciate your help a great deal."

Small Statues for the small chapel at Sakhua are requested by Father Sharma.

Statues—Queen of Peace	----	\$80.00
Little Flower	-----	\$30.00
Sacred Heart	-----	\$30.00

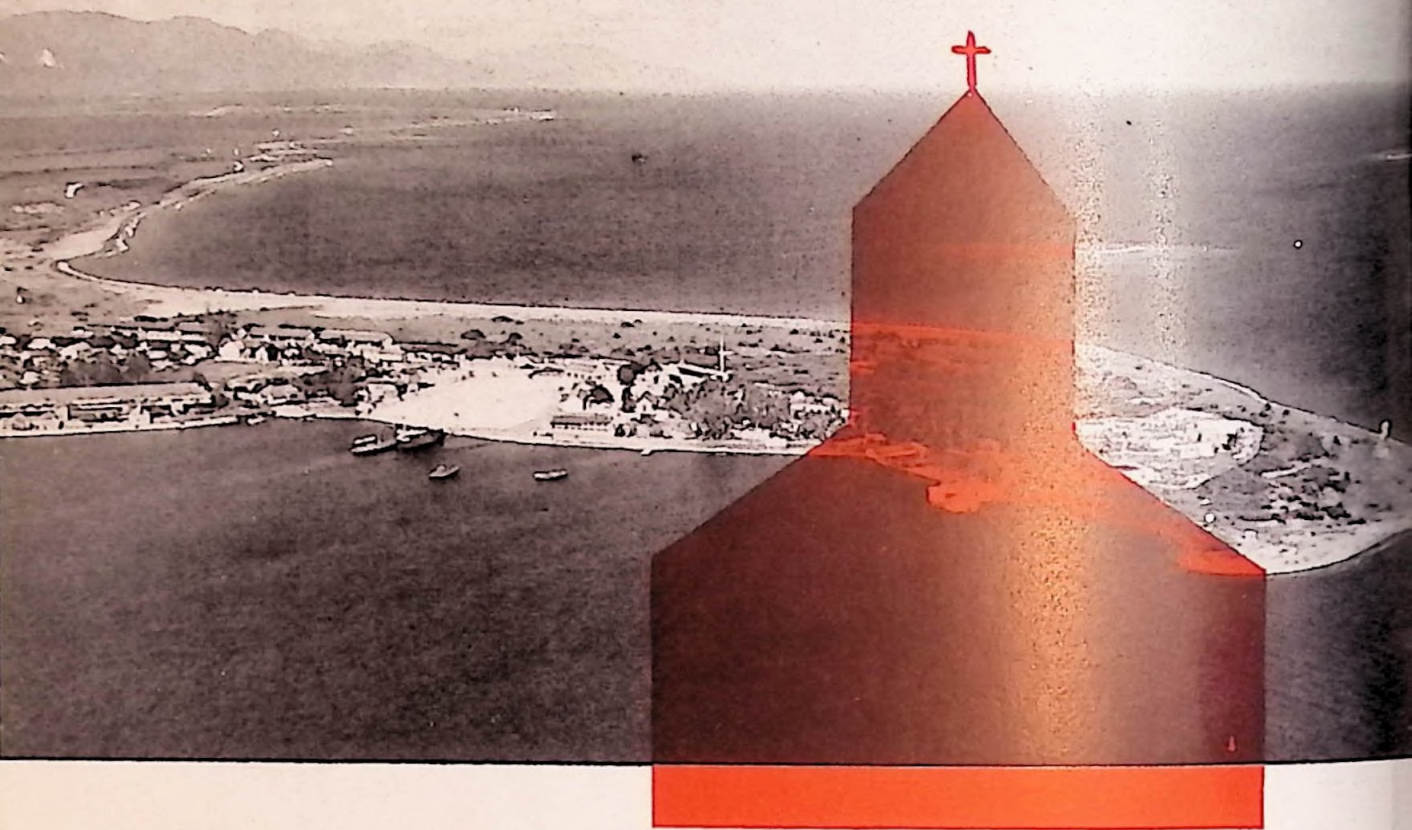
I am the priest,
And the server,
And the congregation

FATHER W. KAPPAMMOOTIL S.J.
SARAN, BIHAR, INDIA

Father is in a district where no priest has ever lived before. He had to use his suitcase for an altar when he first arrived. He has rented a small house but he needs help, a lot of help, in his pioneering. Could you aid him with a gift, big or small?

JESUIT MISSIONS

45 EAST 78th STREET, NEW YORK 21, N. Y.



A Chapel for Port Royal

Port Royal is the historic harbor of the island of Jamaica which disappeared into the sea during an earthquake.

Now Father Alwyn Harry S. J. is trying to build a chapel on this point of land which juts out from Kingston city.

Will you help to raise this small church which is so badly needed? Any gift would be deeply appreciated.

Send Contributions to

JESUIT MISSIONS

45 EAST 78th STREET, NEW YORK 21, N. Y.