

Jesuit Missions



APRIL, 1958



U.S. Marines come flying in to help after a

DISASTER in Ceylon

FOR OVER FORTY DAYS and nights the rain had fallen. Now, geographically, Ceylon is shaped like a ham. And if you flop a ham onto the table and pour water over it the water will run off the sides. That is what happened, with most of the water running down the northern and eastern sides.

Father Whitmel MacNair S.J. describes the situation on the day before Christmas. "The eastern and northern sections were hit by a cyclonic disturbance which drenched the already sodden soil. Seventeen inches of rain fell in the Gal Oya Valley and the water in the largest tank in the Island was nearly ten feet above the spill level. In Batticaloa some eight inches fell in a few hours. Trincomalee and Muthur were battered by high winds. High tides raged along the coast, and then, one by one, the tanks began to breach. An eight-foot wall of water from Unichchi Tank rolled down on the Batticaloa district. The Mahaveli, Ceylon's largest and longest river, bore down on Muthur mission with a crest of water estimated to be twenty feet."

Father Joseph Fengler S.J. recounts

what happened in his mission district: "On the morning of the 23rd I was returning to Muthur from Trincomalee. You take a launch across Kottiyar Bay and go up the Mahavalaganga River. I had never seen the river so swift and swollen before, and while I watched, great chunks of the bank, with trees standing on them, fell into the water like gobs of custard and were whirled away in the current. One road in town was beginning to cover with water. And so the flood began.

"By nightfall, most houses had several feet of water in them, and many people with their bedding and what food they had made their way to the church and to the school. The streets were rushing rivers, and three people were carried out to sea and never found. And the water went up and up.

"Christmas was an anxious time. People came wading through the water in the rain to Midnight Mass, but only half the usual congregation was there. The other half was cut off by a deep and swift-moving stream of water in the center of the town. I waded through it in

(Left) Flood refugees huddle in Father Fengler's school in Muthur. The Diocese of Trincomalee, where Jesuits of the New Orleans Province labor, was the hardest hit. The Pope sent 75,000 rupees and Cardinal Spellman, enroute from Korea, gave 50,000 rupees to help the refugees. And U.S. Marines, as always, were there!

COVER. The way to a boy's heart is through his greatest admirer—and as far as the puppy is concerned it works both ways. Put a lad and his dog together and you can go about your business; in fact you would just be in the way of important doings if you stayed around.

Disaster in Ceylon

the morning and said the second Mass in the school for the others. There were plenty of confessions and I never saw such fervor at Mass before. It reminded me of the sea captain who used to encourage his Irish immigrant passengers during a storm by bawling, 'Git on yer knees and say yer beads! We're all goin' to hell in five minutes!'"

One of the districts hardest hit was Sorikalmunai where Father Claude Daly S.J. is pastor. He reports: "We started Midnight Mass with only about eleven people present. The water in the lagoon was rising and about midnight it reached floor level in the houses; so the people, taking what they were wearing, came to the church for shelter. By the end of Mass we had about 50 people. During the night more rain, more water, more houses surrounded, so more people came. I removed the Blessed Sacrament to the sacristy, and let them sleep in the church. Christmas Day the water reached its peak, then went off rapidly. The houses are made of unbaked clay bricks, or simply mud plastered on a framework of sticks. They look fine when they are whitewashed, and last for years, as long as they are protected from the rain. Some, even on high ground, cracked open and walls fell when the week-long rain saturated the thatch roofs and the walls; but when the flood water submerged them, they dissolved like sugar."

In the city of Batticaloa the Jesuits battled to save whatever they could. Bishop Ignatius Glennie S.J. tells of one desperate rescue. "The downpour of Christmas Eve burst the bonds of the two dams near Batticaloa, and their waters rushed down on us. Only the higher



places, such as St. Mary's Church and vicinity, were out of water. The rest of Batticaloa was submerged.

"The people of the flooded areas flocked to the higher places. We had three refugee camps; in the parish church, in St. Michael's college and in St. Mary's Tamil school. We had over a thousand people to look after. In the second parish of Batticaloa, that of Our

JM
Volume 32
No. 3

JESUIT MISSIONS is published monthly from September to June; bi-monthly, January-February, July-August, by Jesuit Missions, Incorporated, 45 East 78th St., New York 21, N. Y., 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. Re-entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., 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.

 418



This is the main street of Muthur after the flood waters engulfed Ceylon's eastern part.

Lady of Dolours, the water got to the parish house, but the church and school were safe. In them many flood victims sought refuge. Our third town parish, St. Sebastian's was under water—church, rectory, school. Father Aloysius, the parish priest, built a hurried scaffold on the stage of his school hall and took refuge there with the Blessed Sacrament. He refused to be evacuated although most of the people of that area had been. He was thinking of the 14 Franciscan Missionaries of Mary and their 76 orphan girls who were surrounded by the rushing waters and could not be taken out.

"These good Sisters and their children were my greatest concern. The police had their hands full and were not able to help. Finally, I asked for volunteers

among the Fathers, to try to rescue the Sisters. Fathers Joseph Meyer, John Heaney and Fred Cooley were chosen. (The last-named had himself been rescued from his kitchen where he was sitting on top of three tables, guarding the Blessed Sacrament and calmly reading his Breviary when a boat reached him.) Together with the strongest boys of St. Sebastian's orphanage, who knew the danger spots well, they set out for St. Theresa's Convent. They got a raft and found their way up to the convent. The water was up to their necks and with a strong current. The children had been removed from the orphanage to the convent of the Sisters which has an upper story. It is a very old building. The waters were dashing against it with such

force that the poor Sisters expected it to fall any moment. The Mother Superior told me later that she was expecting the worst any moment. Yet, she was able to hide her fears so well from the Sisters and the children that she had made them believe that it was all a harmless and funny adventure. But, to come back to the rescue . . . it was not an easy task. First the children were carried from the convent to the raft—as many as it could hold. Then they had to be carefully pushed along in the raft avoiding the currents. While they were being pushed along the children recited the Rosary or sang hymns to Our Lady. After the children came the Sisters. It was a full day's work. Thanks to God all were saved! They were taken to the convent of the Sisters of the Apostolic Carmel who showed them all much kindness."

In Thalankudah Father Felix Clarkson S.J. had 900 refugees in his church, which is very small, and in his rectory. The village had been reduced to mud. There was no food and on the following day Father Clarkson walked seven miles, through waist-deep water, to get rations for the homeless and destitute. When he got back quite a few of his people put off eating until they could go to confession.

Father Godfrey Cook in Akkaraipattu was largely responsible for the road to Batticaloa being opened so his 2,000 refugees could receive food. He headed the road-building gang which worked mightily to remove the devastating effects.

In Batticaloa St. Michael's College also became a refuge camp with over 300 people depending on the Fathers for food and shelter. So well was it run by Father Ralph Rieman S.J. and his assistants, Fathers Heaney, Del Marmol and Vincent, that the press and radio singled them out for special praise. They had not hesitated to reduce themselves to the

despised role of scavengers in order that the health of all be preserved. It was the ultimate in public service in the eyes of the people.

Back to Muthur and Father Fengler: "A Ceylon Navy boat began to evacuate people to Trincomalee on the 27th, but that could only be a gesture. At 3 A.M. on the 28th the water stopped rising, and it left three inches of margin around the church and the hundred people living there. The school and its seventy-five people were an inch above water.

"Government agencies issued what stocks of food they had, but until the 28th nothing could be sent out of Muthur to the smaller villages because the ordinarily dusty roads and green fields were simply a swift-moving, eddying sheet of water that swept all before it. It was only in the mid-morning of the 28th that a few canoes could cope with the currents. There was imminent danger of starvation in some of the devastated villages. I took some of the young men of the parish with me, and we were the first to reach those within ten miles of Muthur. If you ever want an enthusiastic reception, turn up first in a flood area with bread and rice.

"Then it happened! Just like in the story books. The Marines came! And how! The U.S.S. *Princeton* glided into Trincomalee Harbor, and whirly-birds were flying off with food before the ship dropped anchor. They were wonderful. They could get right to the trouble spots that could be approached no other way and unload supplies in quantities sufficient to last till roads were usable again. From dawn to dark, the air was full of them for four and a half days. For flood relief, there's nothing like a helicopter with some Marines in it! I think every American here stood a foot higher when our boys came flying in!"

STAFF

CALVERT ALEXANDER.....*Editor*
 CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE.....*Managing Editor*
 KURT BECKER, LEO E. BIRNEY, THOMAS J. M.

BURKE, EDWARD S. DUNN, RICHARD V. LAWLOR,
 JOHN H. MC CUMMISKEY, EDWARD L. MURPHY,
Associate Editors.
 COLEMAN A. DAILY.....*Business Editor*

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

The Man from County Meath

JOHN J. CARROLL S.J.



Many a G.I. who served in the Philippines will remember Brother John Duffy S.J. with his Irish wit and genial manner. He was given the highest honor a G.I. could bestow, a welcome to break into the "chow line" at any time when he and Father McCarron had no food to cook over their open fire while trying to rebuild the war-ruined Ateneo de Manila.

IT WON'T BE LONG now before St. Patrick's Day comes again and the Irish will be swinging up Fifth Avenue once more. There'll be singing and laughter and a lot of talk of County this and County that. But I wonder if anyone who comes from Navan in County Meath still remem-

bers young John Duffy who went off at the turn of the century to join the British Army? I wonder if Sir Winston Churchill remembers a fellow prisoner of his in South Africa during the Boer War—a young Irishman named John Duffy? If they do not remember, it is their misfortune, for



The former Ateneo chapel on Padre Faura Street is now a jai alai court for Filipino youths.

John Duffy, Brother John Duffy S.J., was a man well worth remembering.

He was a veteran missionary when we met at the Ateneo de Manila in 1949; he had been in the Philippines since before I was born. For years he had run the dining-room at the historic old "Ateneo," or Jesuit high school and college, in Manila's "Walled City." He had spent more years in the Mindanao "bush," taking care of the house and the church and being general factotum for the Fathers. Then back to Manila, but not to the Walled City; the buildings there had been completely destroyed by fire in 1932, and the Ateneo had taken over some former seminary buildings on Padre Faura Street. He was put in charge of the maintenance crew, and

there couldn't have been a better man on the job: always a hard worker, he had had experience in the building-trades before entering the Society, and he had a great knack for dealing with men.

But this Ateneo was not to last either, for war came, and in 1945 the Battle of Manila. Brother Duffy, a citizen of neutral Eire, was not interned; he remained with the Filipino community at the Ateneo, helping take care of the untold hundreds of refugees who jammed the grounds. Then the American guns were trained on the Ateneo itself, and the carnage among the refugees was frightful. One by one the buildings caught fire and crashed to the ground; a Jesuit Scholastic was killed by a shell, another by a Japanese sniper. Brother



Duffy was wounded by shell fragments, but he kept on working for the other wounded and the dying. After long days and nights of horror, the Americans reached the ruined Ateneo. The Jesuits and the refugees retreated behind the lines, except for Brother Duffy and a Scholastic who stayed behind to guard the few remaining possessions.

The war ended. Brother Duffy had lost sixty pounds, and was now in his sixty-fifth year. But as soon as the Army left the Ateneo grounds, he returned with Father John McCarron S.J. to begin the back-breaking, heart-breaking work of re-creating a school among the ruins. They lived in a corner of one of the shattered buildings and Brother Duffy cooked their meals in the open. A section

of the property was chosen where the rubble was not too heavy, and this was cleared away. Under the direction of the two Jesuits cement foundations were laid, and soon long, neat rows of Quonset-hut classrooms were springing up among the ruins: enough classroom space for almost eight hundred boys. Two small concrete buildings which had not been badly damaged were converted into living quarters and dining-room for the faculty; and, three months from the day Father McCarron and Brother Duffy returned to the property, the Ateneo was ready for occupancy.

Things had settled down much to normal by that day when we met in 1949. Brother Duffy was by then a familiar sight to the post-war generation of Ateneans, bouncing along with his crew in their pick-up truck, stopping to fix a drain here, to patch a roof there, to clean up some debris somewhere else. He was always cheerful, always obliging, unfailingly courteous to all, yet in awe of no man. Sometimes in a quiet moment he could be induced to reminisce about the pre-war days at the Ateneo, or his days in the "bush"; and there was always a mischievous twinkle in his eye as he would assure us that he had "joined the Society to do penance for having fought in the British Army." On Sunday afternoons he would sit on an old balcony in the ruins, quietly reading his "Imitation of Christ" and watching the sunset over Manila Bay: the perfect picture of a man at peace with himself and the world, because at peace with God . . .

Half a world away from Navan, County Meath, he has rested for a year now in the little cemetery at Novaliches. His name is not a synonym for the Church's social apostolate in the Philippines, as is the name of Father Walter B. Hogan S.J. No throng of fifteen thousand persons attended his funeral, as they did the funeral of Father John P. Delaney S.J. But those who knew him will not soon forget Brother Duffy, nor his contribution—thirty-three years of cheerfulness, sacrifice, and hard work—to the building of the Church in the Philippines. May his generous, kindly soul rest in peace!

PAUL C. O'CONNOR S.J.

Tundra Missionaries

MISSIONARIES in the Alaska bush generally have two to six villages to care for. They are on the trail a good deal. Their clothes and supplies are strewn from station to station. To keep their food from freezing they leave it in care of a local trader or school teacher. Necessarily the quantity is not too pretentious. But it does involve a lot of hauling back and forth.

After two months' absence a station may be a mass of frost when the missionary arrives. It takes a couple of days really to heat and clear things up. Some

missionaries are fortunate to have their own dog team. Others prefer to hire a team. In either case travelling is quite a chore. If dogs are owned, they must be fed every day, given short outings to keep them in condition, and a good supply of fish stocked up during the summer months. The care of dogs day by day is incessant and an expensive one. Then, too, the trials that come during the night! No matter how well the dogs are chained, or choke-collared, they do get loose. Then the trouble starts. The rest of the team howl to get loose. If



the loose dog comes near another's box—a fight is started which sometimes ends in death. I lent one of my malemutes to an Eskimo. He was attacked twice during the night but killed both other dogs. Wolf had hardly a scratch on him and he was tied to a stake the whole time. My dogs have always been good fighters but with me are like lambs.

If a missionary relies on an Eskimo to carry him from village to village, he must abide by the whims of the Eskimo. They are never in a hurry. A date will be made to start at day-break, say about 10 A.M. The Eskimo may show up an hour or even two hours later. Time means nothing to him. If he arrives late in a village he will always find a warm house of a friend. The missionary must heat up his own house. Visitors will rush in while he is eating. Perhaps the whole village will want to go to confession that same night. The sacrament of penance is one that the Eskimos never tire of receiving, for they appreciate what it means.

Thawing out a station may at times

present quite a problem. If the fire is not kept going all night the house will soon become the same as the outside temperature. I remember on one occasion after a hard day on the trail at 45 below, I came to a lonely station on the Kobuk River—about 90 miles above the Arctic Circle. I started a good fire and being pretty tired went to bed. I awoke and found myself freezing—this even with a good sleeping bag. I believe the house was the same temperature as the outside—then 55 below. Luckily, I had shavings prepared or I would have frozen my fingers starting the fire. I kept the fire roaring all night and the next day. After two days the house took on some heat. Another time I came to my house at Kotzebue after two weeks' absence: my Superior was with me. We started the fire, but the house was like ice. To give him a bit of exercise I asked him to saw a couple of chunks of polar bear meat from a frozen quarter. It is amazing how hard meat becomes at sub-zero temperatures. It is worse than ice. Well, he could hardly hold the piece of meat steady as it started skating around the table. His only shivering comment was, "What a country!" He summed it up very well.

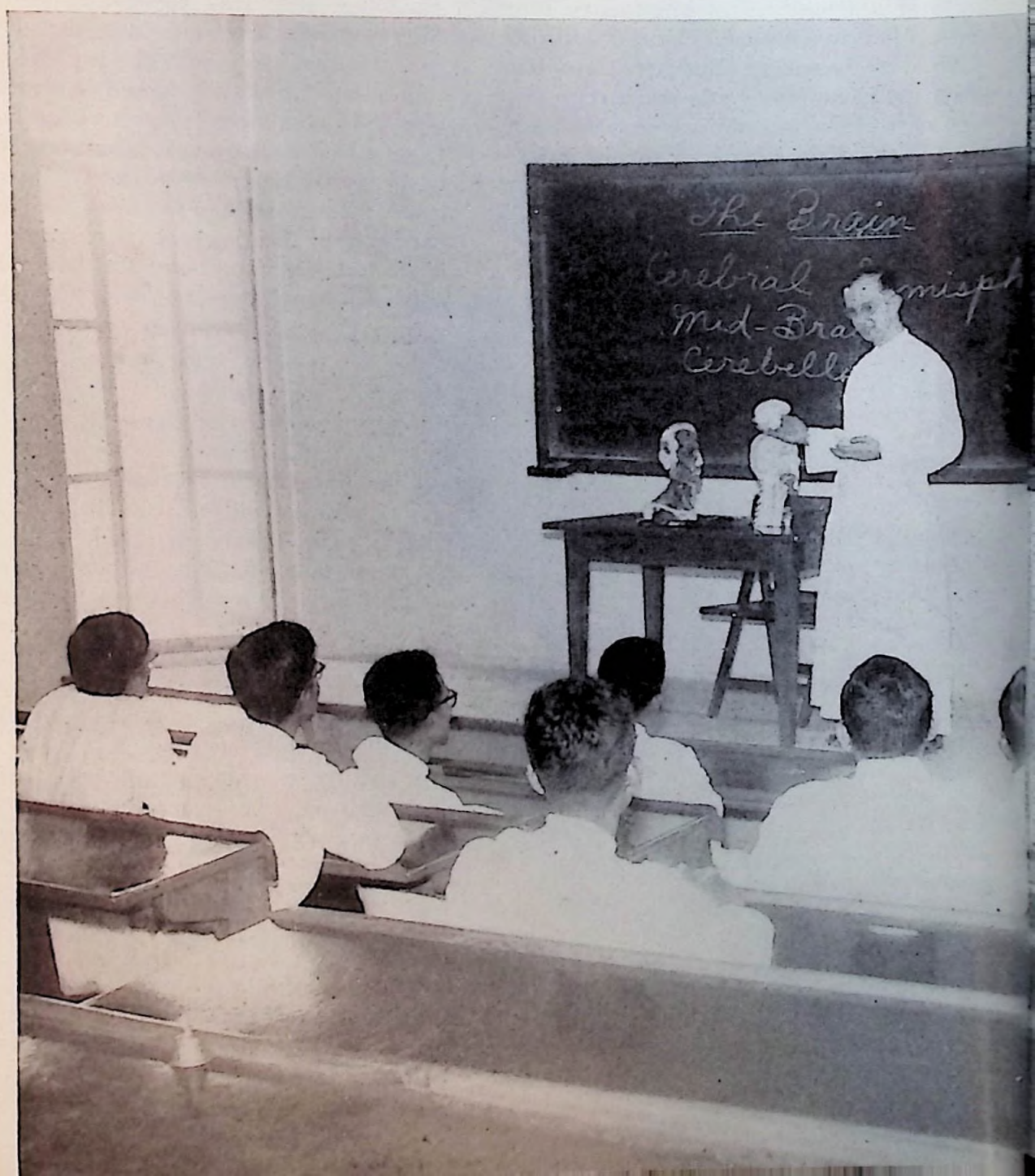
But we take these things in our stride. As a rule we are kept so busy that we do not even think of the weather. It is the isolation, the lack of some one to talk to and discuss problems, the petty life of a small village, the little chores that become almost insurmountable if they are delayed. This is an exacting country and one must be on the alert all the time. But there are compensations—the complete trust of the Eskimo, their simple and manifest affection; the absence of marriage problems, divorce, birth control and what not. All in all, our lives are easier and more peaceful than that of an ordinary parish priest whose nerves are set on edge by the incessant jangle of the telephone, and whose mind is perplexed by marriage problems that seem to have no solution.

The tundra, Alaska's rolling plain, is an icy field in the winter and a swamp in summer. Father Linssen S.J. hits the trail.



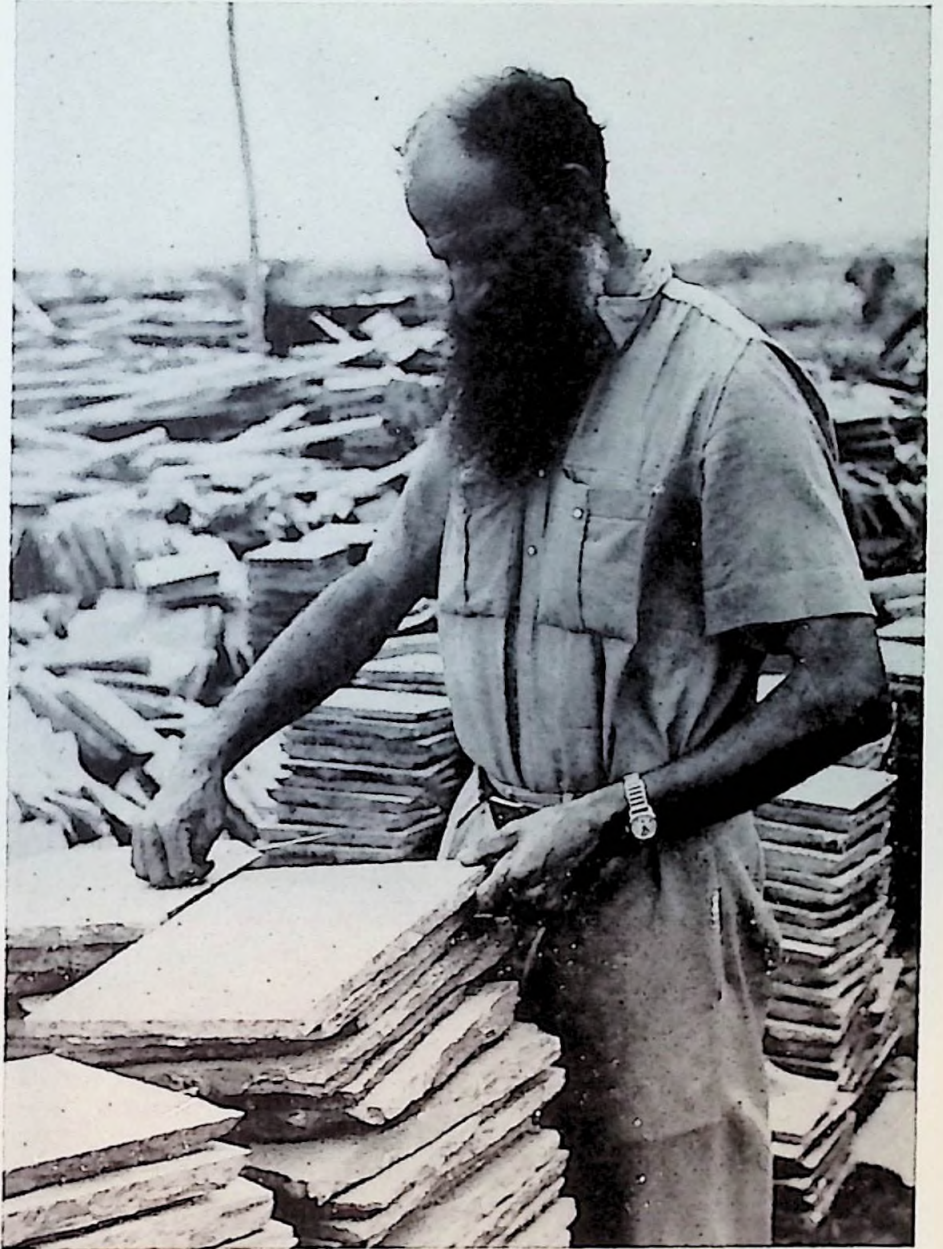
Hope of India's

At Poona, not far from Bombay, is the heart and hope of India's Church. Here the Papal Seminary has been recently finished and it is here that the future priests and leaders are being trained. Both diocesan and religious order seminarians are making their studies at this Pontifical Atheneum, under the aegis of the Congregation of Propaganda of the Faith, and with the Jesuits as teachers. Some day Poona may well be the Rome of the Orient.



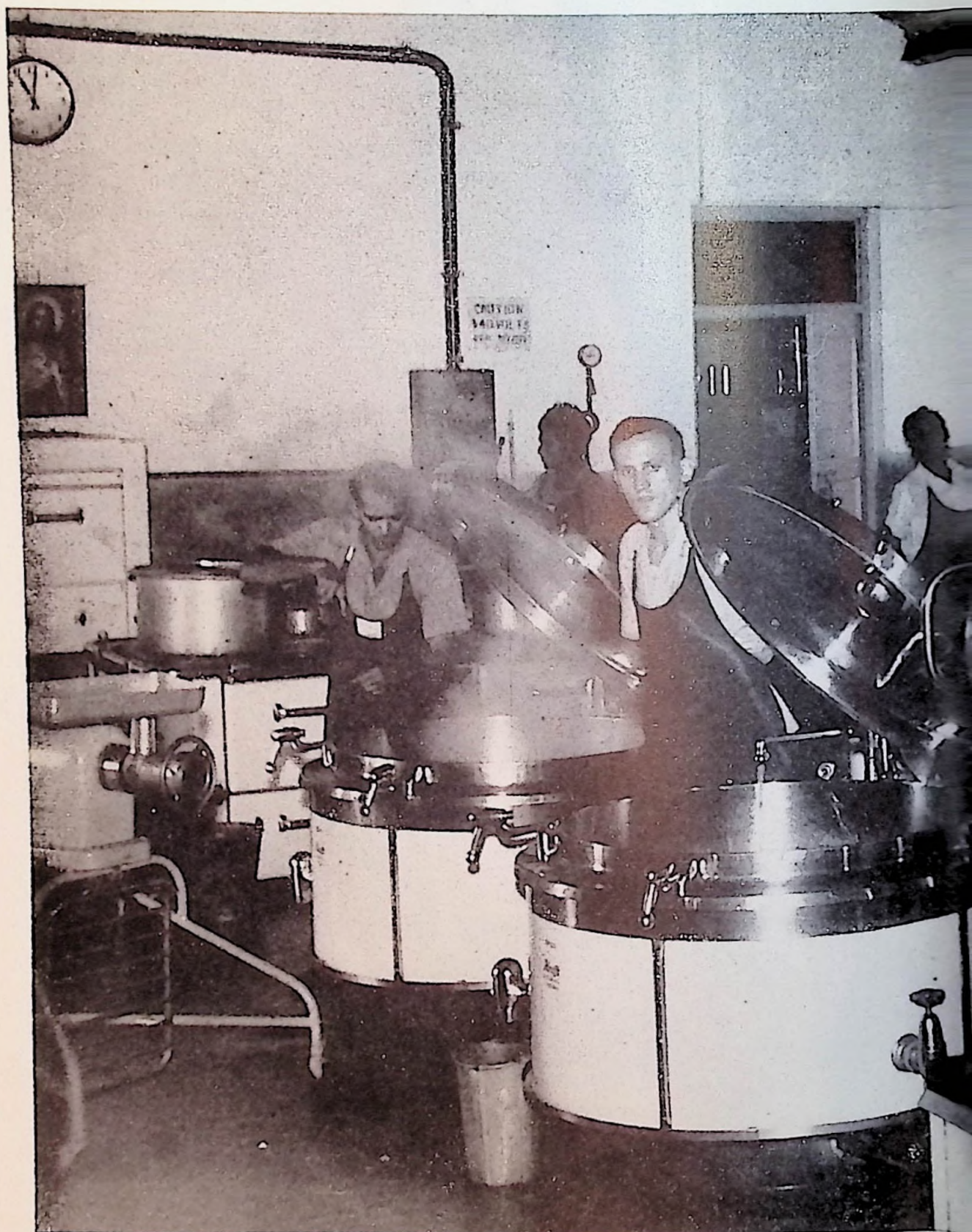
Church

EDWARD J. BRADY S.J.

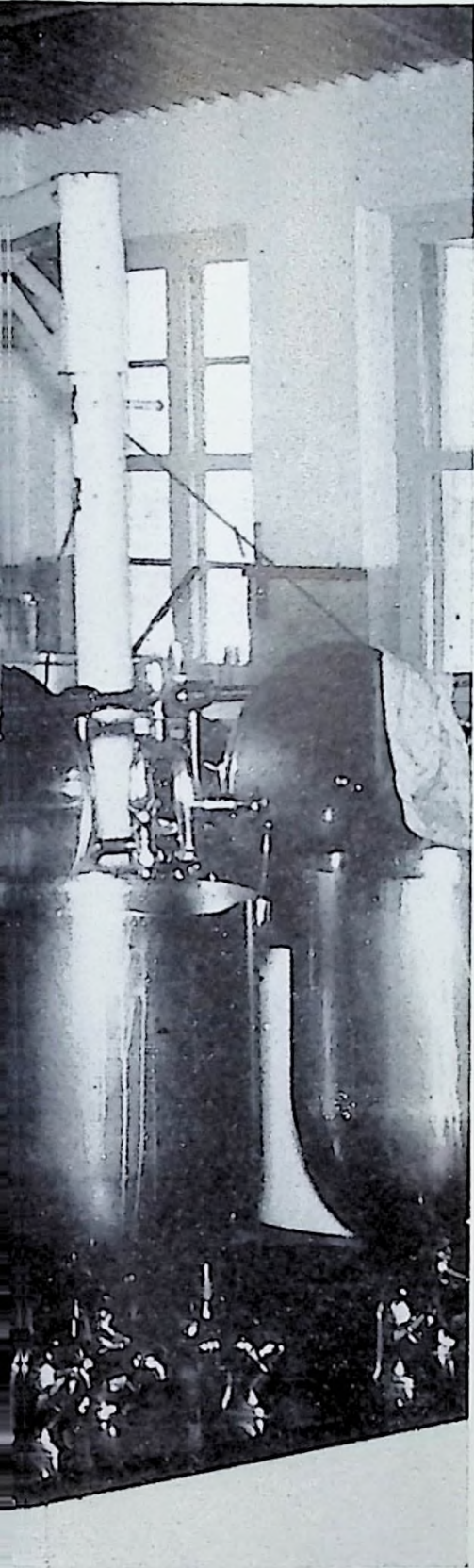


(Left) Father Paul Kehres S.J. of Toledo, and of the Patna Mission, teaches psychology, biology and anthropology at Poona's Pontifical Atheneum. The all-Jesuit faculty is made up of Indians, Europeans and Americans. The first Doctorate to be awarded by the Seminary, then located in Kandy, Ceylon, was to the present Cardinal Gracias. The success of the six-year building program is largely due to the devoted labor of three Jesuit coadjutor Brothers. Swiss Brother Pfiffner (above) of the Poona Vice-Province was the contractor.

Hope of India's Church



This kitchen at De Nobili College provided the model for the one installed in the Papal Seminary. German Brother Brandt, now a member of the Poona Vice-Province, supervises the work. All Jesuit seminarians spend a good amount of time in kitchen work and washing pots and pans. De Nobili College is the Jesuit part of Poona.



Seventy years ago Pope Leo XIII, who had established the hierarchy in Ceylon and India five years previously, proposed a seminary for these regions. It was first established at Kandy in Ceylon and was not shifted to Poona until a few years ago. The highly rated institution can number one Cardinal, six Archbishops and sixteen Bishops among its graduates.

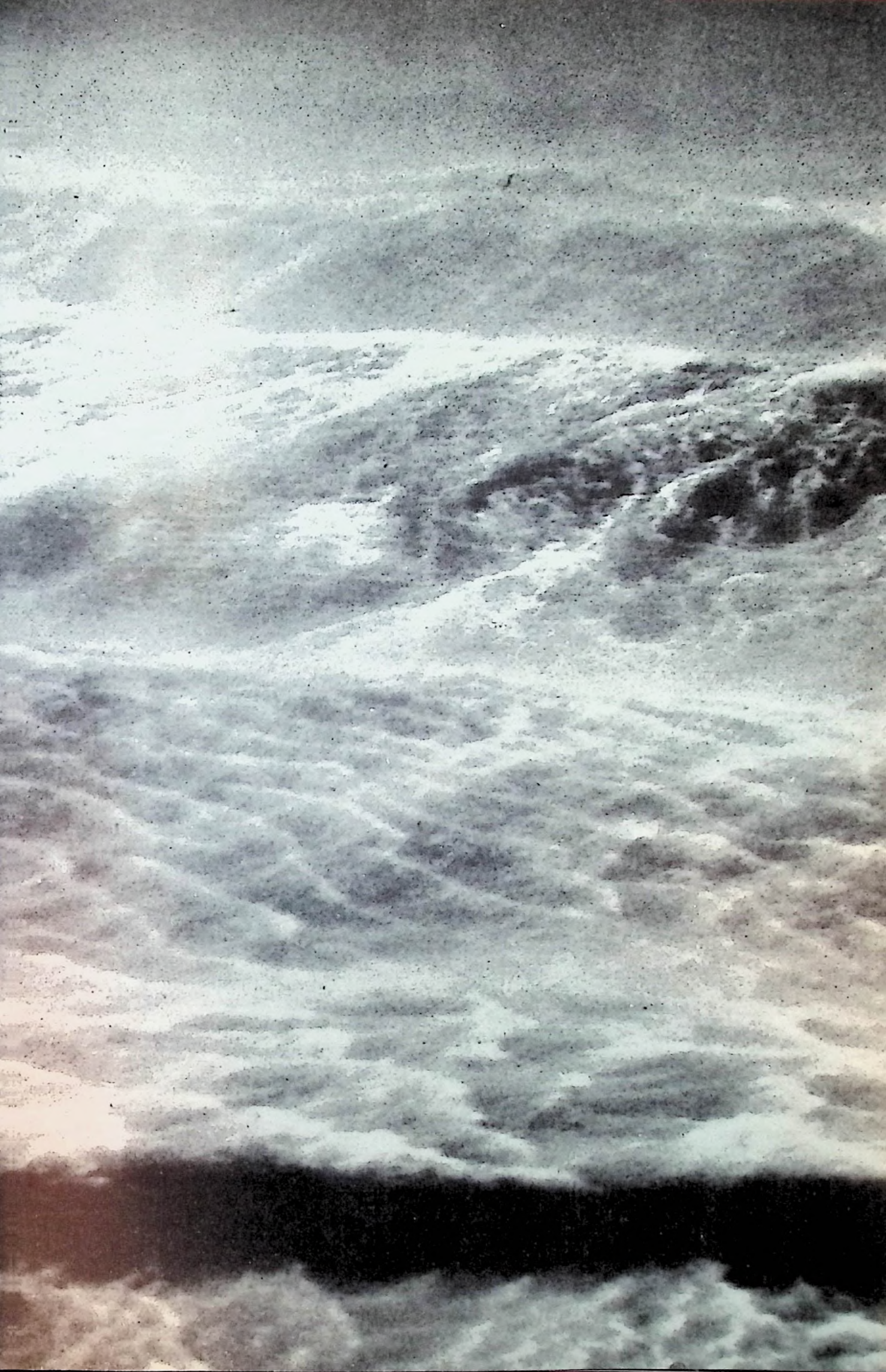
Besides the priests from all the dioceses of India and Ceylon, others attending classes here are the Franselians (Missionary Society of St. Francis de Sales), Carmelites of the Syro-Malabar Oriental Rite, members of the Society of the Divine Word and of the Order of the Imitation of Christ of the Syro-Malankara Rite, and Jesuits. These total well over four hundred students, the hope of India's Church.



The veteran missionary, Father Peter Sontag S.J., discusses with his assistant, Father Ted Bowling, India's wide-spread "Institute for Home Study."

OPHELIA!





Ophelia!

TYPHOON OPHELIA STRUCK Jaluit in the Marshall Islands on January 12th, the day and the very hour when the highest tide of the year was expected. All the islands in the area were in a state of alert but no one knew how devastating the storm would be.

On Majuro Father Leonard Hacker S.J. sat glued to the radio transmitter, trying desperately to contact Father Thomas Donohoe S.J. on Jaluit. Outside, he could see along the southern shore of the island the billows of white spray blowing high over the cocoanut trees. When high tide came the water would be just a foot below the top surface of the low-lying isle and the high winds, steadily increasing, would drive a wall of water across the island.

At 4:00 P.M. Radio Jaluit finally came through. The following description is taken from a tape recording made later by Father Hacker and flown to New

York. "Father Donohoe was broadcasting a state of emergency on Jaluit. Already the winds and waves had washed down the Kili houses which are about a half mile from the Catholic Mission. Many of the trees had been knocked down. The *St. Joseph*, which was on shore for caulking and overhauling, had been knocked from her props and was lying on her side. The Protestant Mission Boat, the *Morning Star*, had broken loose from her moorings and was adrift. He would come back in an hour again, he said, or perhaps an hour and a half and report the further progress of the storm. Further connection with him was broken by the fact that a plane was coming in here, and their homing beam was on the same beam as the Jaluit radio, so the interference prevented further conversation.

"At six o'clock there was no longer contact with Jaluit, so that was taken to mean that water must have destroyed the radio connections. We had an AK ship in here ready to leave, going westward to Ponape, and so a diversion was requested, and they were asked to pass through the Jaluit atoll to see what the condition was there. They reported great destruction around Jabor Island. The north and eastern ends of the island were totally destroyed. At one place all that could be seen was one cocoanut tree as far as the eye could look along the island. The sister ship could not stay and they wired the conditions back to Majuro and a plane was then sent down from Kwajalein. It was this plane then that came back to Majuro and reported things in detail.

"The water had first come from the northeast and the waves had been between 8 and 10 feet high as the water moved over the island at high tide. Since the island is rather wide as far as these islands are concerned, maybe a quarter of a mile wide, the water naturally subsided a bit before it reached the opposite side of the island, but so great was the



The typical outrigger of the Pacific isles can be handled with dexterity in ordinary storms but not in a typhoon like Ophelia.

force that it began to loosen many of the buildings from their foundations.

"This must have happen just before or immediately after Father Donohoe called. The eye passed over the island and the winds reversed and brought the waves in from the lagoon side. Then the island was again covered with water. The only refuge which seemed to have been of any importance was an old radio shack built by the Japanese during the war, built on the same style as Xavier High School on Truk, huge thick walls with the first floor about ten feet above the level of the sand with its two-story structure heavily reinforced so that, even though it had been bombed during the war, it was not seriously damaged.

"This was what saved the 200 people who were then on the island. Water was reported to lie between 4 and 8 feet deep after the winds subsided. Everything on the island is down. The houses, boats, plants, cocoanut trees, everything gone. So, when our agriculturalist left Eniwetok to go ashore and make a visit and make a report, his words in return were, 'Utter destruction! Send relief for a devastated area.' They had nothing, all their clothes were washed away, all the housing washed away, there was no food, not even drinking water. The only water on the island was the water that remained in the Catholic Mission's cistern built long ago by the old German Brothers. Some ocean water had gotten into this cistern, even though it was very high, and the people were forced to drink this brackish water. In the emergency Navy flew down drums of fresh water from Kwajalein. Present report is that two persons have died, a child and an adult. On one island 11 persons are missing; there is no knowledge whether they have drifted to some other island or were completely lost.

"All the possessions of the Catholic Mission are gone. The only thing that remains is a bit of lumber which happened to be caught under iron reinforcing rods. But everything of a wooden nature is gone. The cement foundations of Father Donohoe's school were battered by floating cocoanut trees and have been

to an extent completely smashed. However, the cement area was only about 3 or 4 feet high. The top part of the school over it was washed, according to Father Donohoe's words, into the lagoon together with his other buildings. There is nothing left of his boat, the *St. Joseph*. That is how the conditions stand on Jaluit. We are waiting further reports . . .

"Brother Murray will leave tomorrow with supplies of all kinds to tide Father Donohoe over the present emergency. The Bishop will fly down from Kwajalein and get first-hand information and will give you a more detailed report later.

"This morning word has come in by radio that 30 percent of the housing on Ponape has been completely destroyed. The Ponape Public Works Department has requested from all Trust Territory Public Works Departments that they send all available wire to rewire the houses and the power lines that have been completely battered and are unusable at present. A dispatch from Fr. McGowan to the Bishop said that the priest's house and the Sisters' house have been destroyed by the typhoon. Our present concern has been whether Truk would be hit. However, a recent dispatch mentions that the typhoon has veered north of Truk and though Truk itself will receive heavy winds, the power of the typhoon seems to have been waning and it probably will not do further great damage. Whether any of the islands north of Truk have suffered from the subduing typhoon is still not known.

"There is a plane here at the airport at the present, and I am trying to rush this off to give you a little bit of first hand information (or should I say a little bit of second hand information?) about what is happening so that in case you are worrying about us out here, please have no fears. Of course we are always in the hands of God on these low islands which at most are three feet above sea level when the tide is high. There is not much place where one can run to safety and so we trust in divine providence, the Lord gives and the Lord takes away. But we do ask for prayers for all those who are suffering . . ."

Heads and Hearts

(Right) Father Robert P. Raszkowski S.J. is the new Superior of the Belize Mission which embraces all of British Honduras. He succeeds Father Urban Kramer whose term of office had expired and who is now stationed at Stann Creek. The Missouri Province has 35 men in this mission field as well as a dozen more in the neighboring country of Honduras.



Planning the new Al-Hikma University construction in Baghdad are (l. to r.) Father Joseph Ryan, Dean, Albert Nuri of the Land Survey Department, workman Manuel Isa, Brother Parnoff and Father Hussey, Superior. In Arabic "hikma" is the word for "wisdom."





In India Eugene deV. Lockwood S.J. takes time out from his theological studies to distribute milk powder from CARE. This agency uses the De Nobili College Jesuits to handle the seven distribution centers around Poona. In six months 10,000 lbs. were given out here.

Unfinished

"LITTLE DID I DREAM as a six-month-old Jesuit novice that I would one day witness the opening and growth of the local archdiocesan seminary," mused Father Edward Klippert S.J. when he saw the new Mindanao archdiocesan seminary. He recalled how almost twenty-five years ago, a newly-consecrated bishop stopped at St. Andrew-on-Hudson and talked to the novices about his future seminary in Mindanao. The new bishop, now Archbishop James T. G. Hayes S.J., spoke of his plans to build a seminary for indigenous priests who would one day complete the Christianization of Mindanao. Now the seminary is up, atop a hill in Cagayan de Oro. The bishop's hopes have been realized and the novice (now a mission Father) who heard those hopes voiced is now teaching in the same city.

Christianity came early to Mindanao, and strangely enough, not with the Spaniards but with the Portuguese. Two shipwrecked sailors, probably bound for the Moluccas, began a Christian tradition in 1512. Again, in 1538, another wreck help to strengthen this first planting. Evidence of these was found by two Jesuit missionaries in Butuan, on the northern coast, as late as 1596. But it was not until 1622, with the arrival of two Augustinian Recollects, that Cagayan had its first resident priests.

Since that date, 335 years ago, the number of Catholics in Cagayan, as well as in the whole of Mindanao, has greatly increased. So that in 1933, the Holy See consecrated Father James Hayes S.J. (then Superior of all Jesuits in the Islands) first bishop of the newly created diocese of Cagayan. The increase of Catholics has meant a necessary increase of priests. More missionaries came, but they could not fill the need, until now the disproportion is discouragingly great—one priest for about 10,000 Catholics.

The increased development of the native clergy is the providential solution to the difficulty. Evidence of this development can now be seen in the new Archdiocesan Seminary which has recently been erected in Cagayan de Oro City. The seminary opened for the school year 1957-58, and nineteen men were admitted, a comparatively large number, though sixty can be accommodated.

The construction of the seminary building is now finished and its broad corridors and spacious study halls provide the privacy and solitude necessary for a period of formation. But one very



Mindanao

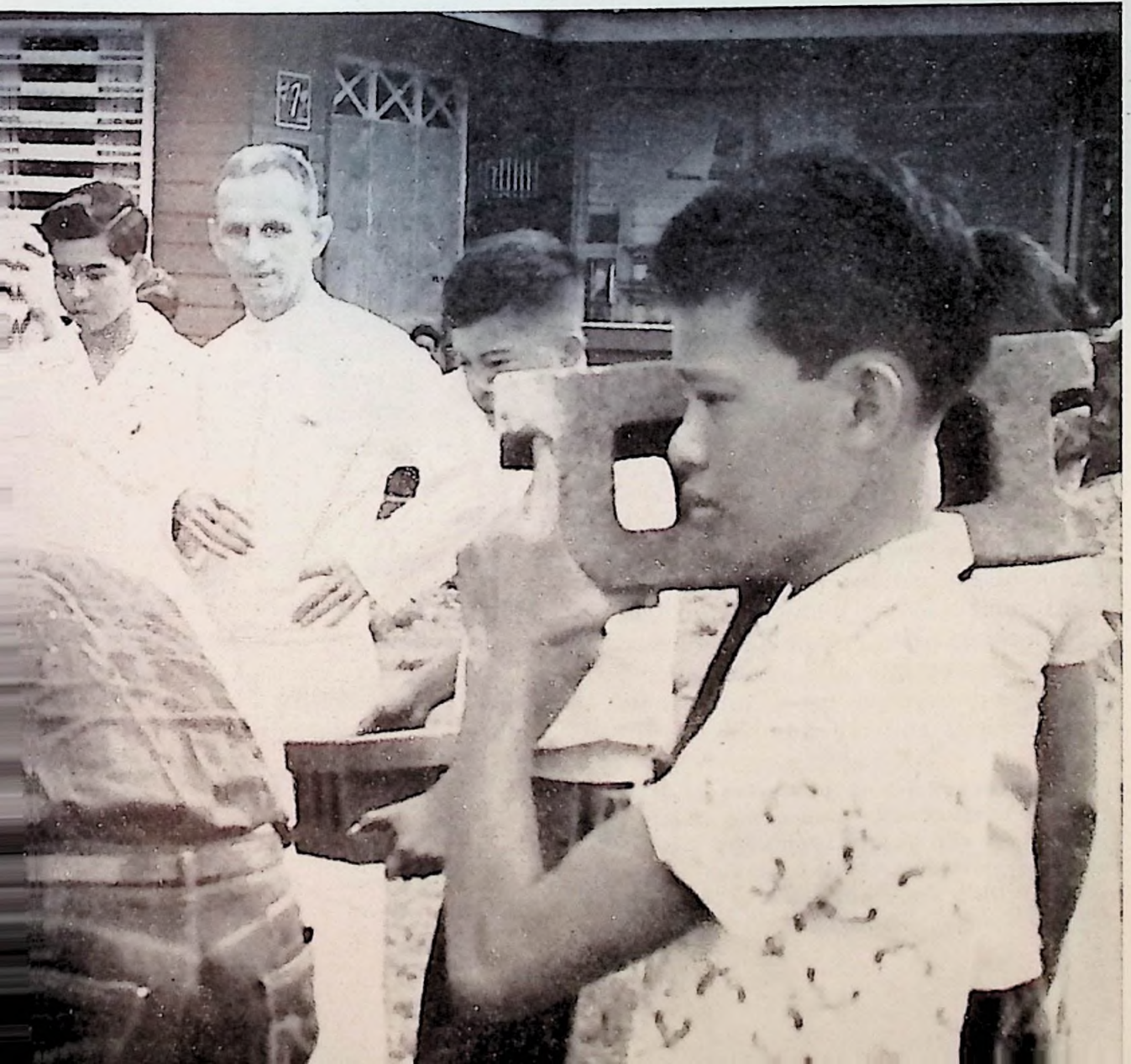
NICHOLAS P. CUSHNER S.J.

important part of the seminary is not finished, the chapel. The walls and the ceiling are up but the scaffolding remains for the plaster has yet to be put on the walls. The work, temporarily stopped, will not be resumed until next year.

But the unfinished chapel has become something of a symbol in the seminary. For, in a way, it represents the growth of Catholicism in Mindanao. The foreign missionaries, Recollects, Jesuits, Oblates of Mary Immaculate, Columbans and all the rest, have worked hard to lay the deep foundations, and they have struggled to raise the high walls. But the fin-

ishing touches remain, for the present seminarians of San Jose de Mindanao, our future Filipino clergy.

It was with this hope that the seminary was built, since much remains to be done in Mindanao. It is with this hope that the seminarians work, study and pray. So when they pass the unfinished chapel they are reminded of the unfinished task which they have been called to complete and perfect. They all envision that some day their scaffolded chapel will be a temple of God, and hope that their native Mindanao will enjoy the full flowering of Catholicism, as the work of their hands.



The Pope's Mission Intention

DURING this month of April the Holy Father asks us to pray that the esteem for the Catholic Church in Ceylon be steadily increased. It is a timely intention for the entire island south of India is in ferment. Only ten years have passed since Ceylon began a new way of life after nearly two centuries of colonial status and all the problems which face a suddenly independent people have boiled up.

The position of the Church must be seen against the background of both race and religion. About two-thirds of the population are Sinhalese, the original inhabitants of the island, who dwell mainly in the southwestern half of Ceylon. They number close to six million and the strength of their numbers gives them a predominant position in the political rule. Their nearest rivals are the Tamils, less than two million, who dwell mainly in the north and are looked upon as interlopers from India by the Sinhalese.

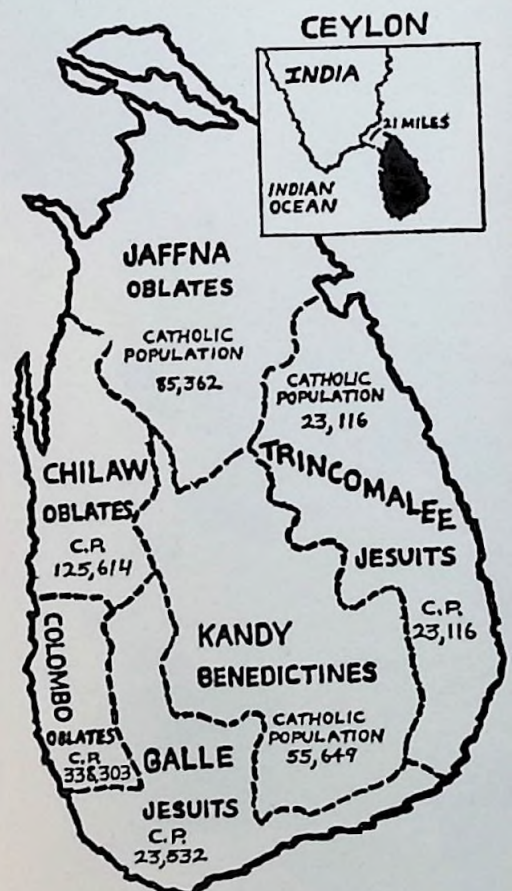
The racial difficulty is sharpened by the fact that the Sinhalese are Buddhists while the majority of Tamils are Hindus. Now in recent times Buddhism has had a rebirth in Ceylon, so it can be readily understood how this wave of a new life could engulf Hindu, Christian or Moslem. All minority groups are placed in a dangerous position when a religious revival occurs in the majority.

The Catholics make up about nine percent of the total population in Ceylon, their numbers running to about 800,000. However, they conduct more than twelve percent of the nation's schools and it is at this point that the Buddhist Sinhalese are attacking. They want the government to expropriate all denominational schools and even to expel the Sisters from hospitals and other public institu-

The pear-shaped island of Ceylon as it is divided ecclesiastically among the Oblates, Benedictines and Jesuits. Politically, Ceylon has enjoyed since 1947 Dominion status in the British Commonwealth of Nations.

tions. They are also trying to force through a bill in the House of Representatives which would heavily tax the income of all religious groups, with the exception of the Buddhists.

It takes courage and real faith to live under such circumstances, especially when there are attacks in the public press from day to day. It is the kind of situation which the Communists are only too ready to exploit to the fullest. Then there is the hopelessness of a situation where the government is unwilling to take any effective measures to protect the minorities. Ceylon, for many of us, may be a distant, little known island with customs different from ours, but we must remember that the Church there is made up of human beings just like ourselves, as nameless as we are in Ceylon, and they are part of the Mystical Body just the same as we ourselves.





Disaster!

The worst flood in its history has devastated Ceylon. The story begins on page 1 of this issue. Help is desperately needed.

In your charity, won't you assist the Ceylon Mission with prayers and money?

Send \$5.00, \$10.00,—whatever you can afford to

Jesuit Missions

45 E. 78 Street, New York 21, N.Y.

REPORT

CHARLES F. MULLEN S.J.

Wisconsin Province Mission Director



IN THE MINDS of most readers, "Korea" probably stands for a "police action" carried on a few years ago and fast becoming a mere episode in our history books. But to the Jesuits of the Wisconsin Province "Korea" means much more than this. It means a magnificent apostolic opportunity for the Church. It is the considered judgment of one competent observer that Korea is the "plum of the Orient" for the Church.

It is just three years since the Wisconsin Province Jesuits embarked, at the specific request of the Holy Father, on the enormous task of founding a Catholic University of Korea. Obviously, this is not something which can be done overnight, or even in a few weeks or months. It is a long-range project, but one which will be of incalculable value to the Church. For it will be the only source of Catholic higher education in the whole of Korea. It will be the principal means of inculcating in many of Korea's future leaders the principles of Christianity and Catholicism for which they hunger.

The first fruits of the Jesuit Korean mission are already apparent. One young Korean has already completed his two-year novitiate in Wisconsin; another is in his first year. Two more are anxiously waiting to be allowed to begin their

long years of Jesuit training.

At present the Jesuit community is living in a large old house, almost within the shadow of the 500-year-old South Gate, right in the heart of Seoul. There are nine Jesuits in all: seven priests and two lay Brothers. They have plenty to do, even now. They must learn the difficult Korean language so they can teach and preach. They must absorb as much as possible of the Korean customs and culture. They have many pastoral duties to care for. There are many time-consuming details in preparation for the erection of the university buildings in the Spring.

The campus, if I may optimistically term it such, will be on the outskirts of the city where we have bought a good-sized piece of land. It's like a small mountain but most of the acreage is suitable for the buildings of which we dream.

The name tentatively selected for the university is CHANG AN, the ancient name of Seoul, meaning "Long Peace." It will be dedicated to "Mary, Queen of (Long-lasting) Peace." God willing, the combination administration and classroom building will be ready to welcome some two hundred Korean young men and women as freshmen by April, 1959. So please remember us in your prayers.

*To understand the Japanese character
a missionary must study their customs*

The Things We Learn!

GLEN E. SMITH S.J.

THERE IS REASON behind our studying of the Japanese tea ceremony or their flower arrangement. For they teach us more about how the Japanese think and act. The object of the tea ceremony is not just to enjoy a cup of tea with one's guests; it is far more. In its perfection it is more of a way of life with the purpose of finding peace of soul.

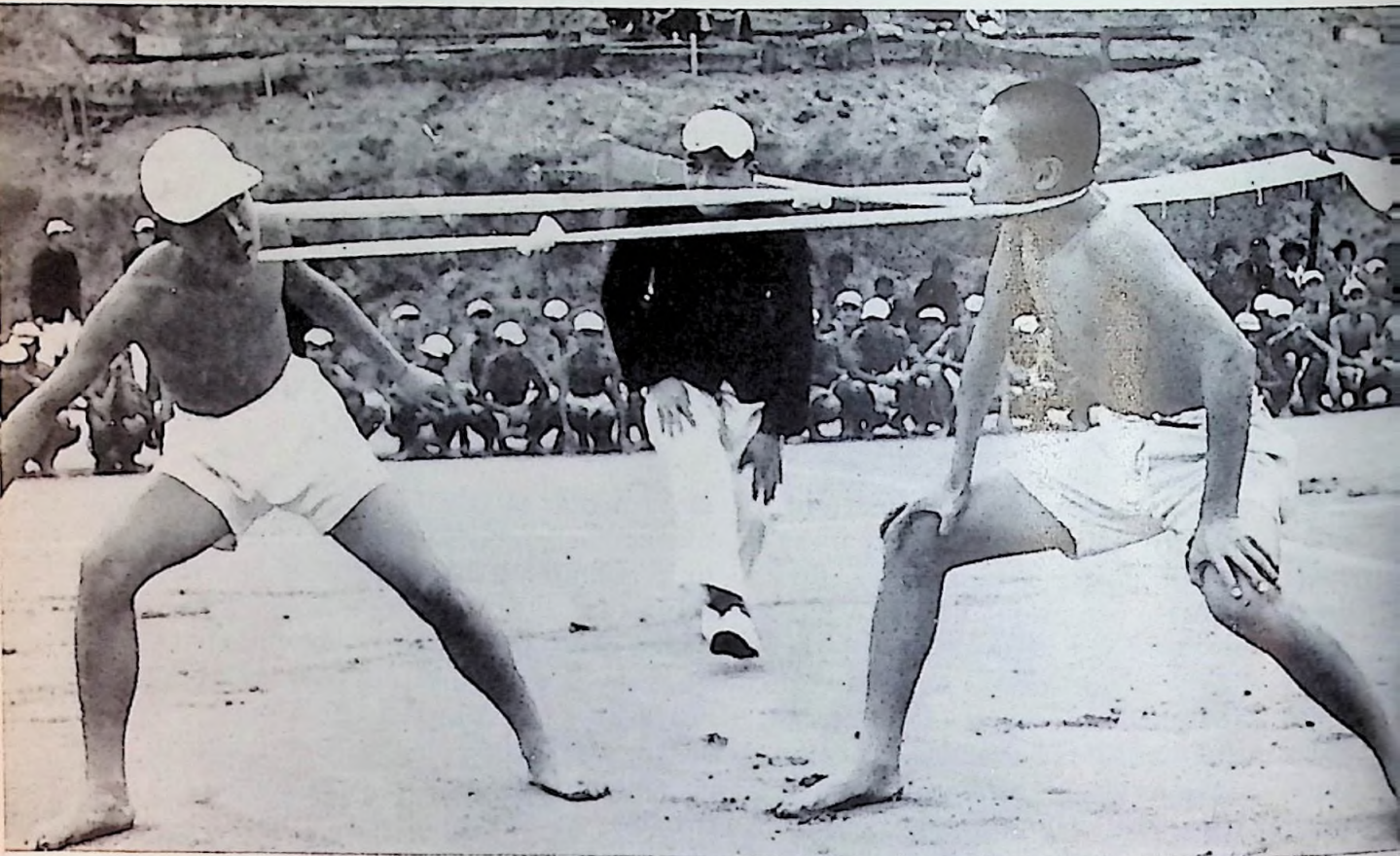
The guests quietly contemplate the

movements of the one making tea, movements very exact and according to a definite ritual, somewhat like the rubrics of the Mass. So the Japanese tries to exclude all other thoughts, passions and emotions, and arrive at a peace of soul. Although Buddhistic in origin, the tea ceremony has nothing of religion left now—only a lesson of striving, on a natural level, for something deeper.

Jesuit scholastics, aided by Professor and Mrs. Kojima, try their hand at flower arrangement. The idea is not to make the flowers more beautiful but to arrange them, by a long and complicated ritual, in a way that represents perfection and peace of soul.

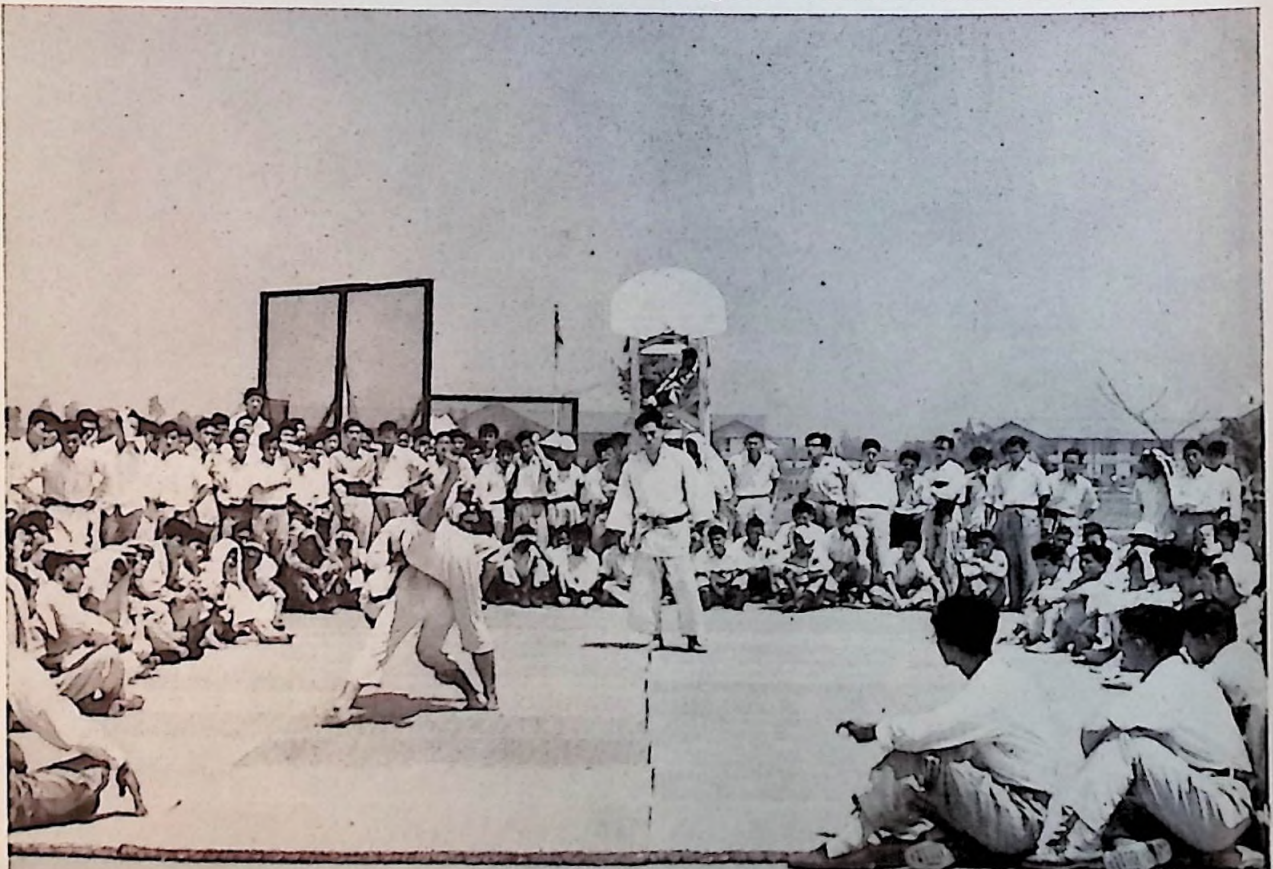


The Things We Learn



A novel form of the tug-of-war is a popular sport in Japan. It is interesting to note that the sports preferred, at least until recent times, were mostly man-to-man combat rather than a team effort. These youths are students at the Jesuit high school in Eiko.

Judo or *jujitsu* literally means "the gentle way" but when you have two experts it is anything except that. On one occasion the author saw the referee stop the fight because a coat had been pulled over one wrestler's eyes. Then the fighters resumed with the same positions.





Father McCoy with Sisters of orphanage enjoys a bout of *sumo*, the Japanese style wrestling. The object is to throw one's opponent out of a circle or to the

floor. Three times a year there are national championships which are televised all day and are followed with keen interest by everyone from the Emperor down.

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

Alaska

Rev. Edmund A. Anable S.J.
1103—16th Ave.
Seattle 22, Wash.

British Honduras, Yoro and U. S. Indians

Rev. James T. Meehan S.J.
4511 West Pine Boulevard,
St. Louis 8, Mo.

Ceylon and Home Missions

Rev. James C. Babb S.J.
701 Pere Marquette Bldg.
New Orleans 12, La.

China (Nanking, Shanghai and Yangchow)

Rev. William J. Klement S.J.
284 Stanyan Street
San Francisco 18, Cal.

China (Suchow)

Rev. Louis Bouchard S.J.
762 Sherbrooke St., West
Montreal 2, Canada

India (Patna) and U. S. Indians

Rev. R. A. Rosenfelder S.J.
1114 South May St.,
Chicago 7, Ill.

India (Darjeeling) and Canadian Indians

Rev. Kevin Scott S.J.
403 Wellington St., West
Toronto 2-B, Ont., Canada

India (Jamshedpur) and Home Missions

Rev. William J. Driscoll S.J.
700 N. Calvert St.
Baltimore 2, Md.

Iraq and Jamaica

Rev. F. W. Anderson S.J.
1106 Boylston St.
Boston 15, Mass.

Korea and U. S. Indians

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

Philippines, Caroline and Marshall Islands

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

**Strange lands and strange ways
and around any corner you may
encounter a sudden surprise**

Look: No Hands!

IN FORMOSA the exiled Prefect Apostolic of Yangchow in China, Monsignor Eugene Fahy S.J., tries to jot down in diary form some of the high points of his busy days. Here are a few of his "Bamboo Shoots."

"I had to make an application to the building authorities for a hundred sacks of cement for a wall of St. Paul's Church. Yesterday a city official asked me if we had started the wall yet. 'How can we until we get the cement?' I asked.

'But we must see you first start work before we can approve your application.'

'So to apply for the cement to start the work, we have to start the work to apply for the cement?'

"The official laughed. But the reason, though it sounds unreasonable, is not without meaning. Cement is a scarce commodity and too many have not used the cement they applied for . . ."

". . . We had a little picnic the other day before some of the men departed for the Philippines. We went out to Ta Chi where there is a neat town park. However, we abandoned that spot, for the schoolchildren were on holiday and we were selfish enough to want this to be *our* picnic. So we found a quiet place near the river. As we were about to attack our sandwiches a friendly passerby offered to sell us a six-foot cobra he had just killed. These are considered a tasty dish here—in fact there is a restaurant in Taipei which follows the same system as lobster houses in the States; you select your own live cobra from the showcase and in a moment your wriggly dinner is on the fire. However, we decided to stick

to our sandwiches. In fact, there wasn't even an argument about it . . ."

". . . The Novena to Our Lady of Carmel in the Carmelites' chapel. As Mother Prioress noted, this is probably the only Carmel this year where the annual Novena is being made in Chinese. The Communists have dispersed or effectively prevented any public devotions in the other Carmels on the mainland. For the Chinese Sisters behind the grill it's an added thrill to hear the old familiar prayers and hymns in Chinese, some not having had the opportunity for the past five years.

"After the Novena service I substituted for Father Dowd at the boys' Sodality meeting. It was edifying to hear some of them, not even baptized as yet, guiltily admit that they fell asleep during meditation or reciting the rosary at night. I heard the newly baptized President of the Sodality admonish one offender, 'I had that trouble but I spoke to the Carmelites about it and now I just don't fall asleep. I hope you will show more will power in the future! . . .'"

". . . A whirlwind trip around the mission with the mother and aunt of one of our missionaries. In Taipei we stopped at the Benedictines to pick up some luggage. The visitors knew that the good Sisters were busy with classes and didn't want to impose on their time. But the Sisters, especially with the Superior away, feared they were in for a scolding for having driven the guests away. So I interposed and explained that there were various visits to be made, to the hairdressers, etc. So Sister Mariette from



Not only do they do things differently in Formosa but they even look different. Father Patrick Shaules S.J. gives the impression of missing arms and hands as he cycles around his parish in Hsinchu. But we know something would be wrong if he lost that big smile.

Wisconsin was pacified. 'Oh, that's right,' she said. 'Ladies do need such things, don't they? It's been so long since I've been a lady that I had forgotten what it was like! . . .'

“ . . . A picture in contrasts. The grave of the mother of one of Father Schmotzer's recent converts was recently robbed. This practice is apparently not too uncommon since the Taiwanese sometimes bury jewelry and valuables with their deceased. The two sons, one a Catholic and one not, went out together to repair the damage and atone for the desecra-

tion. Each respecting the religious beliefs of the other, they stood back to back, one reciting the rosary, the other making the accustomed Buddhist bows with sticks of lighted incense! The father-in-law of the Catholic cart-puller, a philosophizing carpenter in his own right who has read quite a bit of Catholic literature and is beginning to take instruction, weighed the two manifestations and decided in favor of the Catholic belief. 'Why light incense to bones? What good can that do? But to pray for the benefit, that makes sense! . . .'



FROM THE DAYS of Saint Francis Xavier, who made a kind of specialty out of teaching Christian doctrine through the medium of song, missionaries have been intrigued by the apostolic possibilities of music. Everywhere, people sing, and they play musical instruments. But nearly always the end product is alien to our western ears.

Most missionaries have had neither the time nor the training to adapt their people's musical forms to the service of the sanctuary. In most cases they did the best they could, simply teaching their converts European and American hymn tunes and the traditional Gregorian chant. However, if the Church is to be completely at home in any country, it is only right and natural that she should adopt the art forms of the locality. There

is no law of the Church which says, for example, that the familiar hymn "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name" must be sung everywhere to the tune we know in America. Odd as it seems to us, our musical preferences sound utterly strange, and possibly even barbaric, to some Eastern and African ears.

These peoples have their own music. Just as much as ours, it has a right to a place in the sanctuary, where God may be praised in a purely local and familiar idiom.

It is easy to set down such principles, but very hard to put them into practice. The Holy Father, in his encyclical on Sacred Music, recently urged missionaries to prepare for their people Christian sacred songs "in the language and melodies which are familiar to



Window on the Mission World

The music may be strange to our ears
but God understands and loves it when
it comes from the heart of His people.

them." It is generally agreed that only native-born Catholics will be able to do the job satisfactorily, but experiments have been made and will continue to be made by foreign missionaries.

It has been discovered, for example, that African, Japanese, Indian, Chinese music, while completely different from modern western music, has certain very close resemblances to Gregorian chant. Musicians who know our traditional western chant and also the ancient modalities of their homeland may be able to open new worlds of glorious song to praise God.

Popular songs are easier to work with in the formulation of hymns and liturgical music. One of the best examples to stimulate American missionaries is our own treasury of Negro Spirituals, which

are true religious creations working from a popular source. We can recognize in them a music which is familiar to us, but sanctified.

Where people have their own tradition in sacred music, it is the business of the missionary, step by slow step, to adopt, adapt and Christianize it. The "music missionary" has to be a creator who is skilled enough to make something new in the style of the ancient. One beautiful *Ave Maria*, for example, has been composed on the basis of a melody once used in liturgical services in the Temple of Confucius. That will be a hymn a Chinese can understand.

Music is a universal language, but it has its dialects. May the day soon come when all the Catholics of the world will be able to sing to God, as they pray to Him, in their own dialect.

"For Him let a new song be sung; give Him of your best," sang the Psalmist so long ago. And thus may we sing.

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

Father Knows the Answer to the problem of how to be in twenty places at once. He'll get 19 others to help him—he hopes. We're referring to Father Leoni in Bukidnon, Philippines, who is expected to teach religion in 20 public elementary schools in his district. Father knows he could take care of this impossible task if he had a center for training religion teachers. This center would be extremely simple in construction, but even at that the \$2,000 cost is \$2,000 more than he has. In Father Leoni's words, "Now, what do you think of all this? Dreaming with my eyes open? I know the answer is your hands, better, in your hearts." Would you help with a gift of \$1.00 or \$2.00 to make a dream of a missionary come true?

Father Cecil Chamberlain from Patna, India, who is in the United States at present, is anxious to take back with him records, especially of the classics and semi-classics, operas and symphonies. And if anyone has a record changer he is not using any more, it would serve very well in Patna. These things can be sent to the Patna Mission Office, 1114 So. May Street, Chicago 7, Illinois, where Father Chamberlain will be glad to pack them and take them with him when he goes back to India. The Indian people are fond of music, as are the missionaries. Could you help?

Men Who Make Retreats are at a loss to find words which will describe accurately the benefits they have received from this special spiritual experience. To American retreatants with this experience we appeal for help for Father Lange's Retreat House in Ceylon. Could

you pay the living expenses for one man for one, two or three days at \$1.00 a day? We will gladly forward your gift.

Sticks of Dynamite or old dollar bills are the requirements in Seoul, Korea, as rocks and dirt are being moved for the construction of the new Jesuit College there. The name of the school will be Chang An-Long Peace—and as it rises so will the need for help. Specifically the old dollar bills will buy tools, plumbing, electrical and office equipment. The Jesuits in Korea would appreciate any help you might give.

There Is a Group of Lepers about 10 blocks outside Adra, India. On his last visit there, Father Kavanagh found that they have no well and their water supply came from a ditch 20 feet by 5 feet. "We asked if they could dig a well and they held up their poor hands. It will take about a hundred dollars but I just haven't got that much on hand."

Water for lepers \$100.00

An Unfinished Job is annoying to both mind and heart. You can understand how Father Cushner feels when you read his story on page 20. We would like to see that chapel in the Cagayan seminary finished. It plays too important a part in a seminarian's life to be delayed. Will you help us finish it, with whatever gift you can afford?

Mass Stipends have been requested by a number of missionaries. If you care to send them through us we would be very glad to do the forwarding. In many missions the missionary's main support comes from his stipends for Masses.

...in honor of
St. Joseph

Father Alphonse Goveas,
Jahanabad, India, is in great
need of a Mission Chapel
for his people, who have
great devotion to St. Joseph.
Trouble—he has no money.

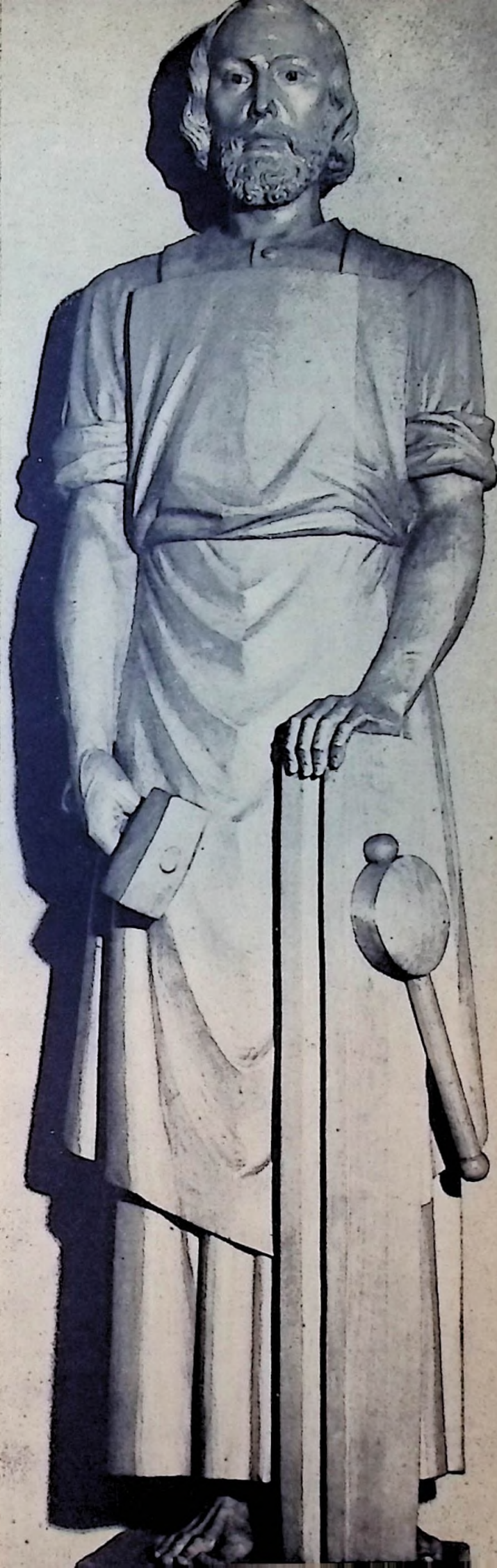
Won't you help?

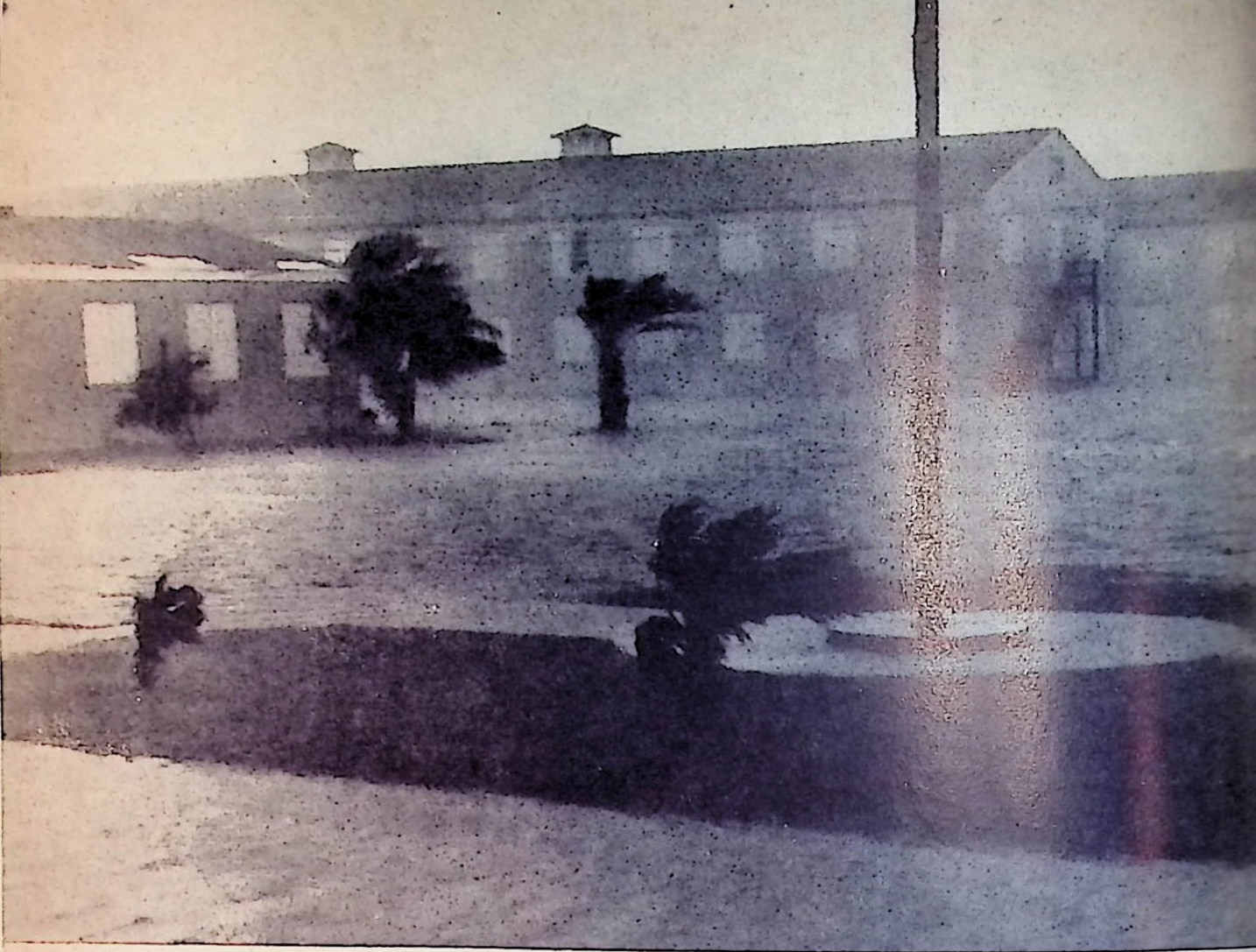
A Chapel will cost \$500.00.

*Send \$5.00, \$10.00—what-
ever you can to*

JESUIT MISSIONS

45 E. 78 St., New York 21, N.Y.





TYPHOON..

A typhoon named "Ophelia" (see page 14) smashed the Caroline and Marshall Islands and left the Mission a shambles. The loss is conservatively \$65,000.

Won't you help?

A few dollars—a few pennies, even—and prayers—will be very handy.

Send your contribution to

JESUIT MISSIONS
45 E. 78 St., New York 21, N.Y.