

JESUIT MISSIONS

September 1959

1100th anniversary: The Jesuit return to the Philippine Islands







JESUIT MISSIONS

National Magazine of the American Jesuit Missioners

Missions assigned to
the American Jesuits
by the Pope:

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Ceylon

Alaska

Belize

Japan

Burma

China

Caroline Islands

Formosa

Jamaica

Jamshedpur

Korea

Patna

Philippines

Marshall Islands

Nepal

Yoro

American Indians

Puerto Rico

September, 1959, Vol. 33, No. 6

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Return to the Philippines is symbolized by Father Vincent Cullen S.J. who is stationed in the rugged mountain regions of the Bukidnon in the island of Mindanao. This year marks the centenary of the Jesuits' return after their expulsion in 1769 and deportation to the Papal States.

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JESUITS

in the Philippines

1859-1959

ONE HUNDRED years ago the Jesuits came back again to the Philippine Islands. Almost a hundred years had passed since their brethren had been herded aboard ships at the order of the Bourbon rulers and carried away into exile. A score of them had been too ill to travel and had been left to wither on the vine but well over 100 other Jesuits were carried off in four ships from the

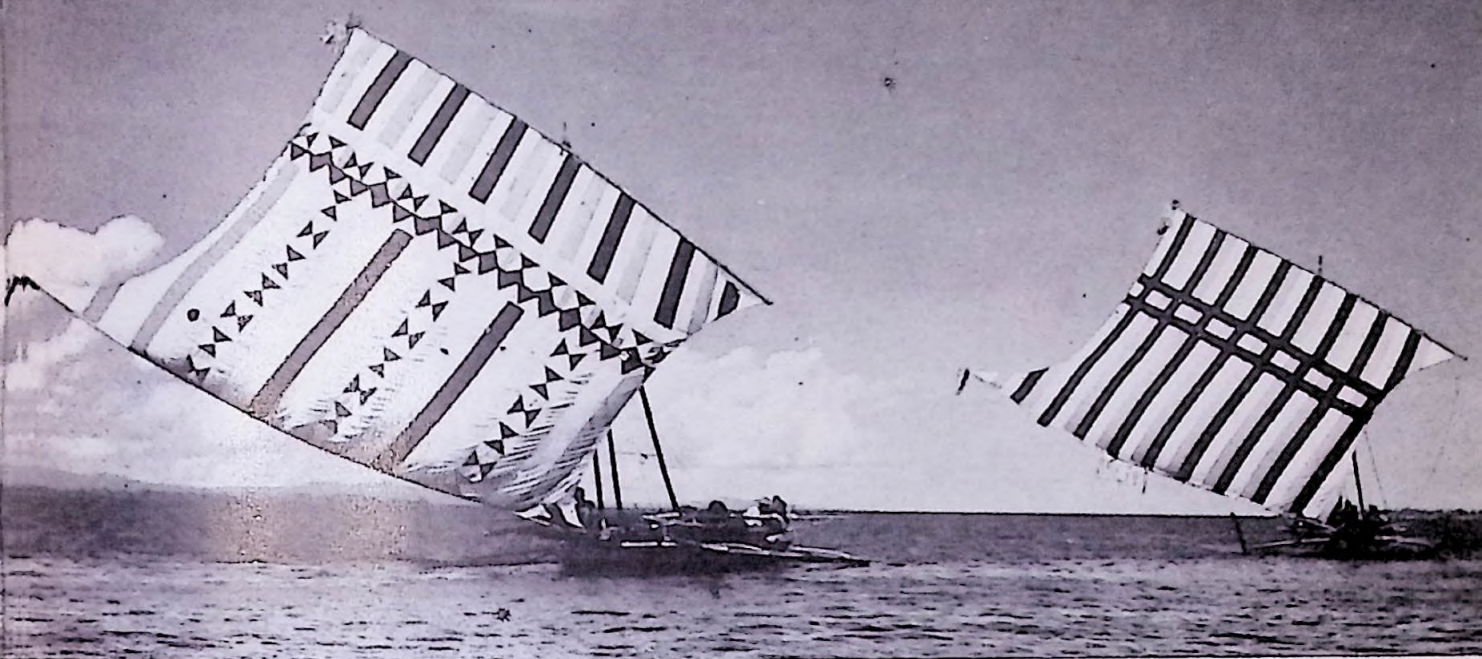
islands where the Society of Jesus had labored since 1581.

Now they were back, but they no longer had any claim to the schools and parishes which they had built in the long ago. They had to make a complete beginning once more. There were only ten of them, six priests and four brothers from the Province of Spain, and their primary orders were to take charge of the missions in Mindanao.

However, under pressure from the city council of Manila and the Governor himself, they first began a school in the capital city, soon to become the famed Ateneo de Manila. Although primarily meant for Spanish boys, from the very beginning the Jesuits took in Filipinos and boys of other races until at the end of the century nine-tenths of the student body were Filipinos or of mixed blood. This was a departure from the custom of many places in Spanish colonies where the lack of vocations can be traced in great part to the reluctance of the Spaniards to establish a native clergy.



Ifugao woman, a Filipina aborigine whose people dwell in the less accessible sections of the islands. The missionaries have tried to settle them in communities but it is difficult to get them to give up the semi-nomadic life they always led.



Moro Vintas, the colorful and speedy outriggers which once brought fear to Christian hearts.

But it was only a short time before the Jesuits assumed the task requested of them by Queen Isabella II, the missions in Mindanao and Sulu. They opened up three stations among the Mohammedan Moros. In the previous attempts, in the middle 1600's, little headway had been made among these warlike people, mainly because the warrior class of Moros looked upon the missionaries as allies of their Spanish enemies. But in the succeeding years the Moros had lost much of their former power and their economic prosperity had dropped to a great extent.

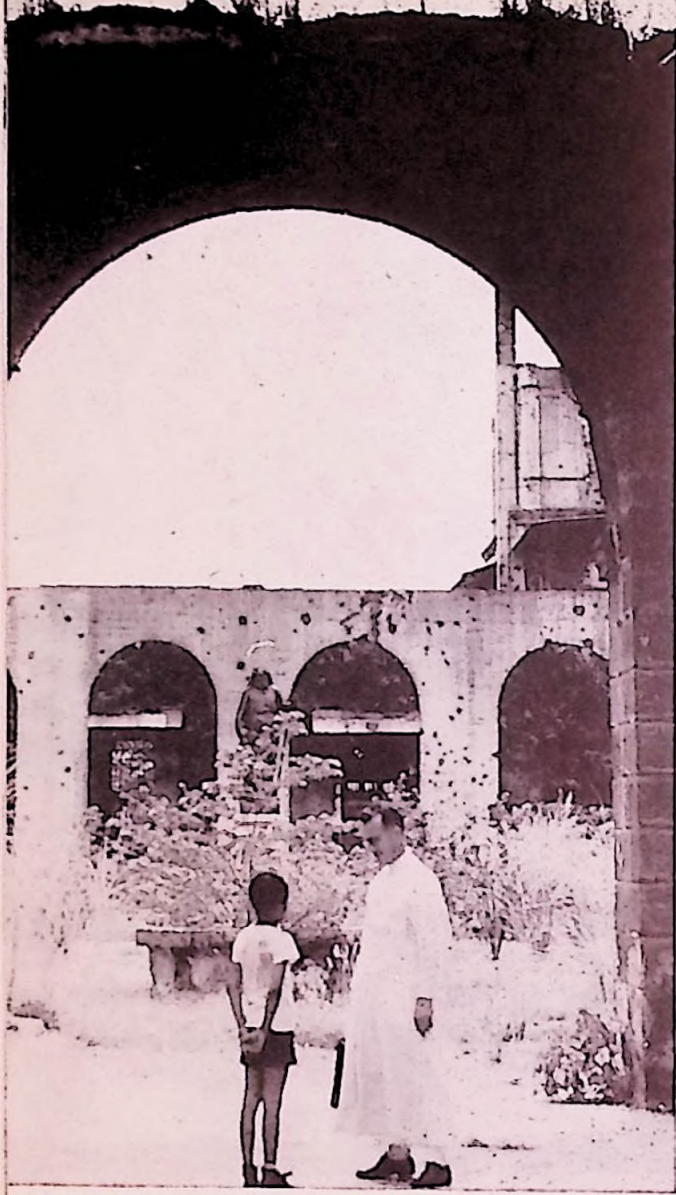
It was this last factor that gave the Jesuits an opening wedge which led to one of the most interesting experiments in the history of the Philippine Mission. They observed that when times were hard the Moros were willing to sell their young slaves and even their children. So at Tamontaka in Cotabato Province the missionaries set up a model Christian community similar to the famous ones in Paraguay. Children were ransomed from the Moros and the boys were cared for in a separate compound by the Jesuits while the Religious of the Virgin Mary trained the girls.

Not long ago Fathers Francis Madigan S.J. and Nicholas Cushner S.J. visited Tamontaka to do some sociological research. In the course of their stay they talked to two of the few remaining survivors of this last of the Jesuit Reductions. Higinio and his brother Alonzo Munez are now in their middle 70's but they remember vividly the life in the Reduction. Each child received a minimum education of from four to five years. If he showed leanings toward vocational work he was taught a trade by the Jesuit brothers, or else he became a farmer. The exceptionally gifted ones were sent to Manila and continued their studies there. Later on, some of them returned to Tamontaka as teachers.

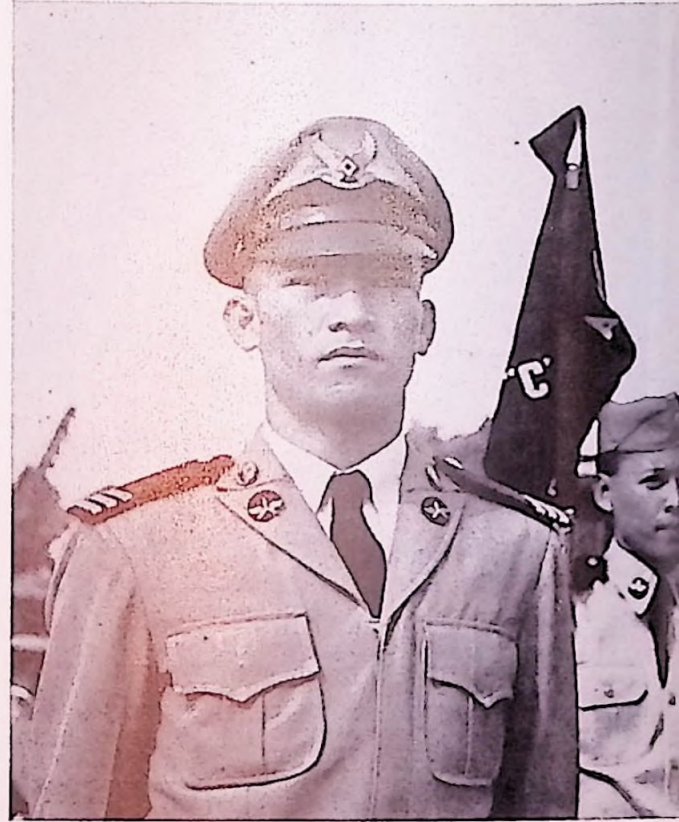
Upon becoming adults, the boys were urged to marry the Tamontaka girls and to settle down in the community. They were free to leave however, but if they stayed they were each given a hectare of land to cultivate, a carabao and a year's supply of food and other necessities to tide them over until they could produce for themselves.

Tamontaka lasted only 36 years but not one of the hundreds of formerly pagan or Moslem boys and girls brought

Ruins were the heritage of the missionaries after the Japanese-American struggle for Manila in the closing days of World War II.



Cadet of the Jesuit Ateneo de Zamboanga.



up in the settlement is known to have given up the Faith.

The Jesuits were also busy evangelizing other sections of the islands, such as the rugged east coast of Mindanao, the high reaches of the Bukidnon and the remote regions of the interior. Many of the villages still bear the same names given them by these intrepid pioneers.

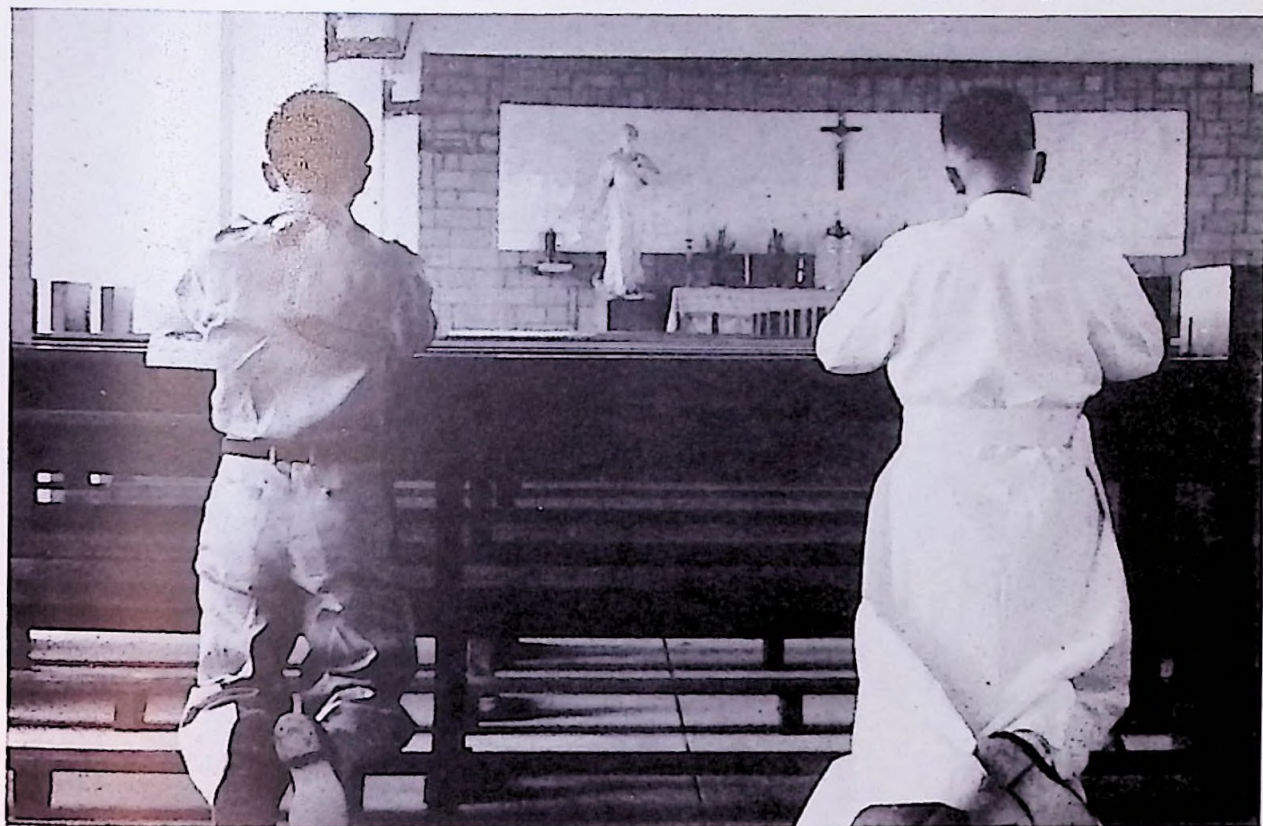
Meanwhile the customary work in education was going on. A normal school for the training of men teachers was opened in Manila and over strenuous opposition the courses were given in Spanish. A strong group in the Spanish community felt that this would put the Filipinos on a more or less equal footing with the Spaniards, something totally undesirable in the latter's eyes. As a matter of fact, when the Revolution finally

came, the Jesuits came in for their share of blame from the Spaniards for this procedure.

Another important establishment was the Manila Observatory which in its time was to become one of the best known in the world. It was based on the idea that typhoons could be predicted in advance with a consequent saving of lives and property, an idea proven many times in the life of the institution.

The end of the Nineteenth Century was a very disturbed period in the history of the Philippines. The Revolution broke out and was closely followed by the Spanish-American War with its consequent occupation of the islands by American forces. One result of the change of sovereignty was the return of many Spanish missionaries to their

Moment of prayer is shared by teacher and pupil in Loyola Heights chapel near Manila.



homeland and the crippling of mission work. An effort was made to hasten the formation of a native clergy but in the interval the lack of priests plus the spirit of nationalism gave birth to the schismatic sect of Aglipayans. Also, under the American rule, there was an influx of Protestant missionaries so for a number of years the struggle was a bitter one.

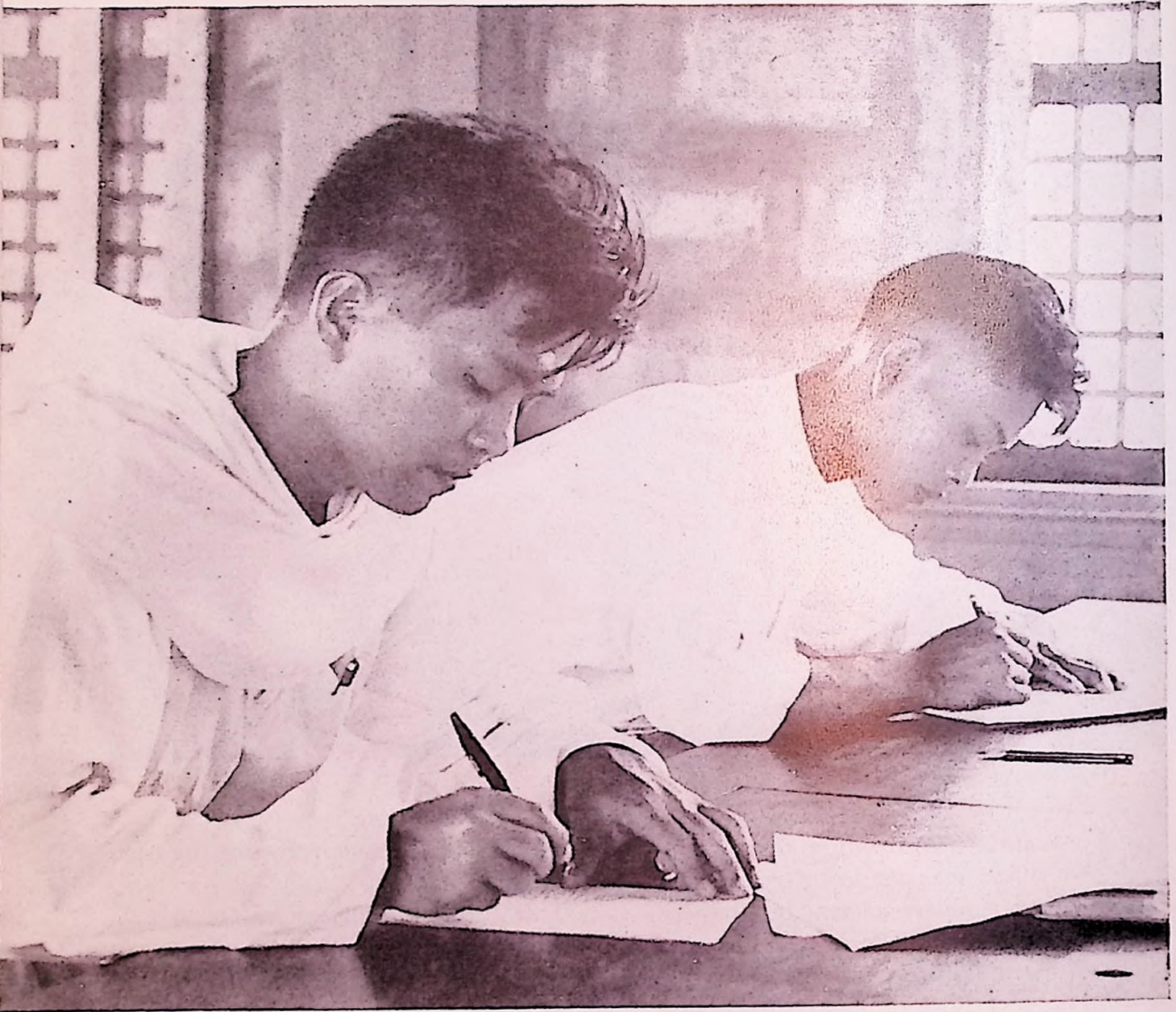
Then the American Jesuits began to arrive in greater numbers and they were soon joined by missionaries of other congregations. Little by little, these latter began to take over the Mindanao and Sulu stations and the Jesuits were able to concentrate more on educational work. New dioceses were formed and the tide gradually turned. Today's picture is best viewed through a recent statement

of the Philippine hierarchy on the last Pentecost Sunday.

"This Catholic Philippines, of which we are so justly proud, was once mission territory. Missionaries from Spain converted our forefathers to the true faith, and for many years, at the cost of incessant labor and heroic sacrifice, schooled them in that faith. Then missionaries from other lands came to help us organize and maintain all the varied works—the seminaries, schools, hospitals, orphanages, centers of Catholic Action—which go to make up a mature and self-perpetuating Christian community. Today in the greater part of our national territory, the Church can truly be said to be securely established.

"We are therefore ready—indeed, we have been ready for some time—to un-

Jesus in the Philippines 1859-1959



Examination is taken at San Jose Seminary by Recollect (foreground) and diocesan seminarian. The institution is still under the direction of the Jesuits, as originally intended.

dertake mission work of our own; to send out our own Filipino missionaries; to perform for others that same service that we ourselves have received in such generous measure from the Universal Church. It is to call attention to this fact that we dedicate 1959 as Mission Year in the Philippines.

"Beyond our shores lie the new nations of Southeast Asia with their teeming populations ready for the word and

grace of God, if someone will only bring it to them in a spirit of humility and peace. We speak with a full realization of our own shortcomings; but still we say, who can do this better than Filipinos? We are blood of their blood, bone of their bone; our languages and cultures are closely related. We can come to them not as strangers but as brothers . . ."

The second century begins hopefully.

FRANCIS MATHY S.J.

A scene in Old England makes

a lasting impression in Japan as Sophia

dramatizes "Murder in the Cathedral"

T. S. Eliot Makes a Convert

*... the blood of Thy martyrs and saints
Shall enrich the earth, shall create the
holy places.*

*For wherever a saint has dwelt, wherever
a martyr has given his blood for the
blood of Christ*

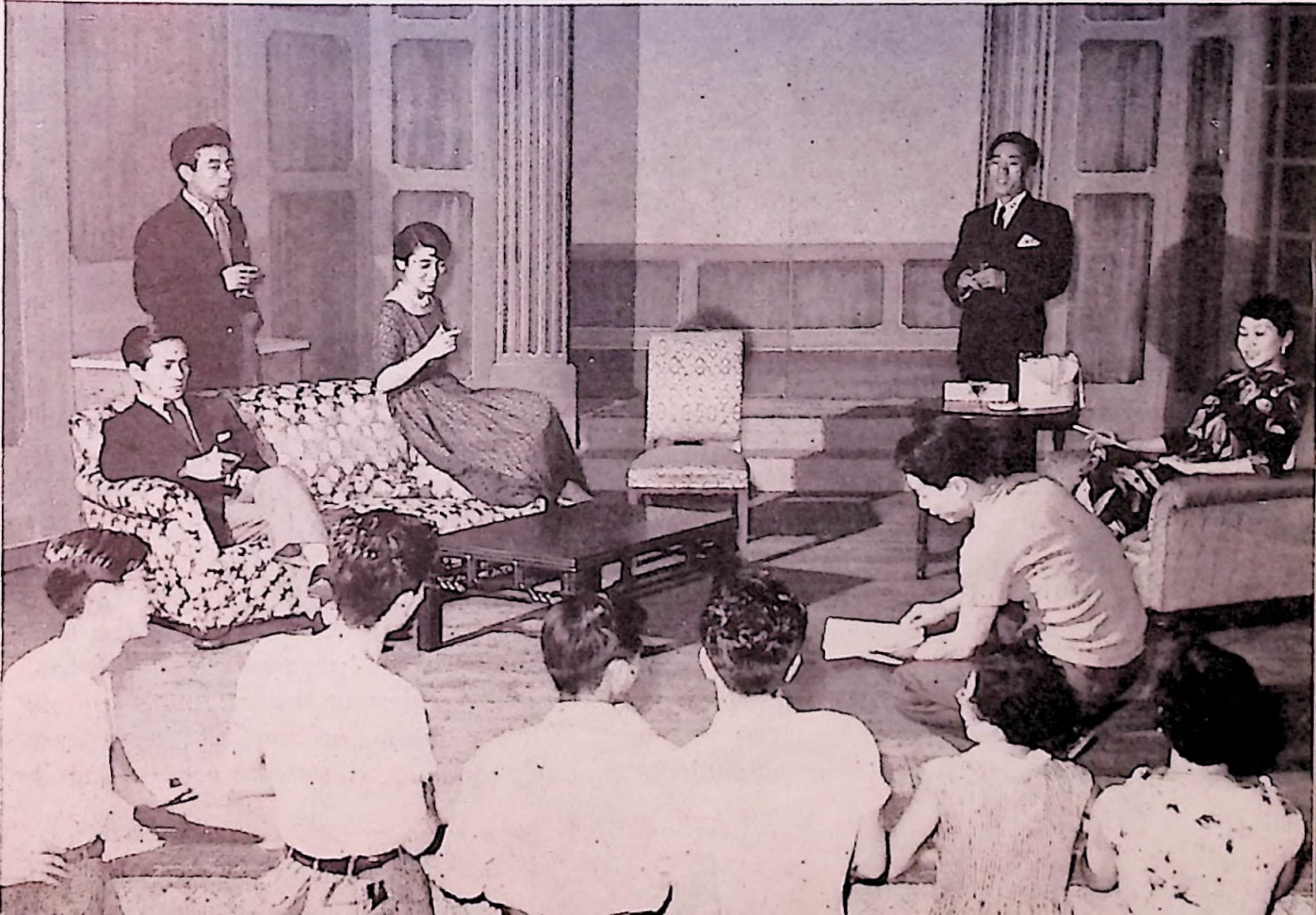
*There is holy ground, and the sanctity
shall not depart from it . . .*

*From such ground springs that which
forever renews the earth.*

(from "Murder in the Cathedral")

AT EACH REHEARSAL the fourth knight drove his sword into the saintly Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas a Becket, made his short speech of apology to the audience, stalked off stage and stood watching the rest of the play from the wings. The words of the old women of Canterbury quoted above explaining the theme of the play and the meaning of St. Thomas' death began

Rehearsal for "The Cocktail Party" is held in Tokyo. In center, squatting on stage, is the director, Hiroshi Tanaka, and directly behind him, backstage, is Saburo Matsumoto of Sophia.



to make an impression on him.

A third year Japanese student at Sophia University, Akio Yoshimura had heard something of Christianity explained to him in first and second year general religion classes, but, with no bad will, it had never struck him in this light before. He began to listen more carefully to the other parts of the play. Like all Japanese university students, he knew the horror of war and had a deep desire for a lasting international peace. So the following words of the old women struck him forcefully:

*The peace of this world is uncertain,
unless men keep the peace of God,
And war among men defles this world,
but death in the Lord renews it.*

But the speech that made the deepest impression was that of Thomas in his Christmas sermon, given in the interlude between the two acts of the play, especially the following words:

A martyr, a saint, is always made by the design of God, for His love of men, to warm them and to lead them, to bring them back to His ways. A martyrdom is never the design of men; for the true martyr is he who has become the instrument of God, who has lost his will in the will of God, not lost it but found it, for he has found freedom in submission to God.

"He has found freedom in submission to God." He repeated these lines to himself, as he thought of the thousands of Japanese martyrs who had given their blood and found this freedom. Was this, after all, the real meaning of freedom?

The man who spoke these lines, though an excellent actor, seemed to be doing something more than acting; he seemed to have personal conviction of what he was saying. And so he did. Saburo Matsumoto had just received Baptism and it was he, with a fellow conspirator, Hiroshi Tanaka, the student-

director of the Sophia Dramatic Society—also recently baptized, who had chosen this play for presentation.

The story goes further back. In a Japanese university extra-curricular activities are managed by the students themselves and financed by an activity fund which they themselves manage. This makes faculty supervision difficult, especially since post-war Japanese students zealously defend their independence, and since the proportion of Catholic students is not sufficiently large to exert their influence directly.

The principal problem was with the dramatic society. It had the greatest vitality of all the groups on campus and thus the greatest potentiality for good influence—or bad. For a number of seasons the standard fare had been Japanese imitations or translations of American and European naturalistic, nihilistic, or existentialistic "drama."

If this vitality could only be properly channelled! An attempt was made to interest the leaders of the group—especially Saburo Matsumoto, the president, and Hiroshi Tanaka, the director—in T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party*. Eliot was contemporary and very popular in Japan; *The Cocktail Party* was a sophisticated drawing-room "comedy," whose sophistication, however, concealed an old-fashioned morality play, an exciting and beautiful drama of the soul's search for God. The leaders were enthusiastic, especially since the play, though translated into Japanese, had not yet been produced professionally. They passed their enthusiasm on to the rest of the group. They called in a Jesuit member of the English literature department to discuss the meaning of the play with them. (His exposition was later written up, printed, and handed out to the spectators with the programs—so that there was little danger of anyone's missing Eliot's point.) For the first time in anyone's memory, the entire school—faculty,



Scene from "Murder in the Cathedral" is depicted in Tokyo as Thomas a Becket lies dead and two priests pray over him while knight in background explains his reasons for killing.

administration, and student body—co-operated in a production with the result that it was the greatest success the dramatic society had yet enjoyed. But perhaps the best index of its success is that shortly afterwards Matsumoto, who had played one of the leading roles (that of Edward), and Tanaka, who had directed the play, applied for instructions and later received Baptism.

The next season these two leaders got the dramatic society to decide upon Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*, a drama depicting the martyrdom of St.

Thomas a Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1170.

And so it was that Akio Yoshimura also fell under the influence of Eliot and decided to enter the Church. He was baptized last Christmas eve in St. Ignatius Church. Another nine members of the dramatic society were either completely or partially influenced by these two plays to become Catholics. What influence Eliot had upon the audience is, of course, less easy to assess, but judging from the comments afterwards it must have been considerable.

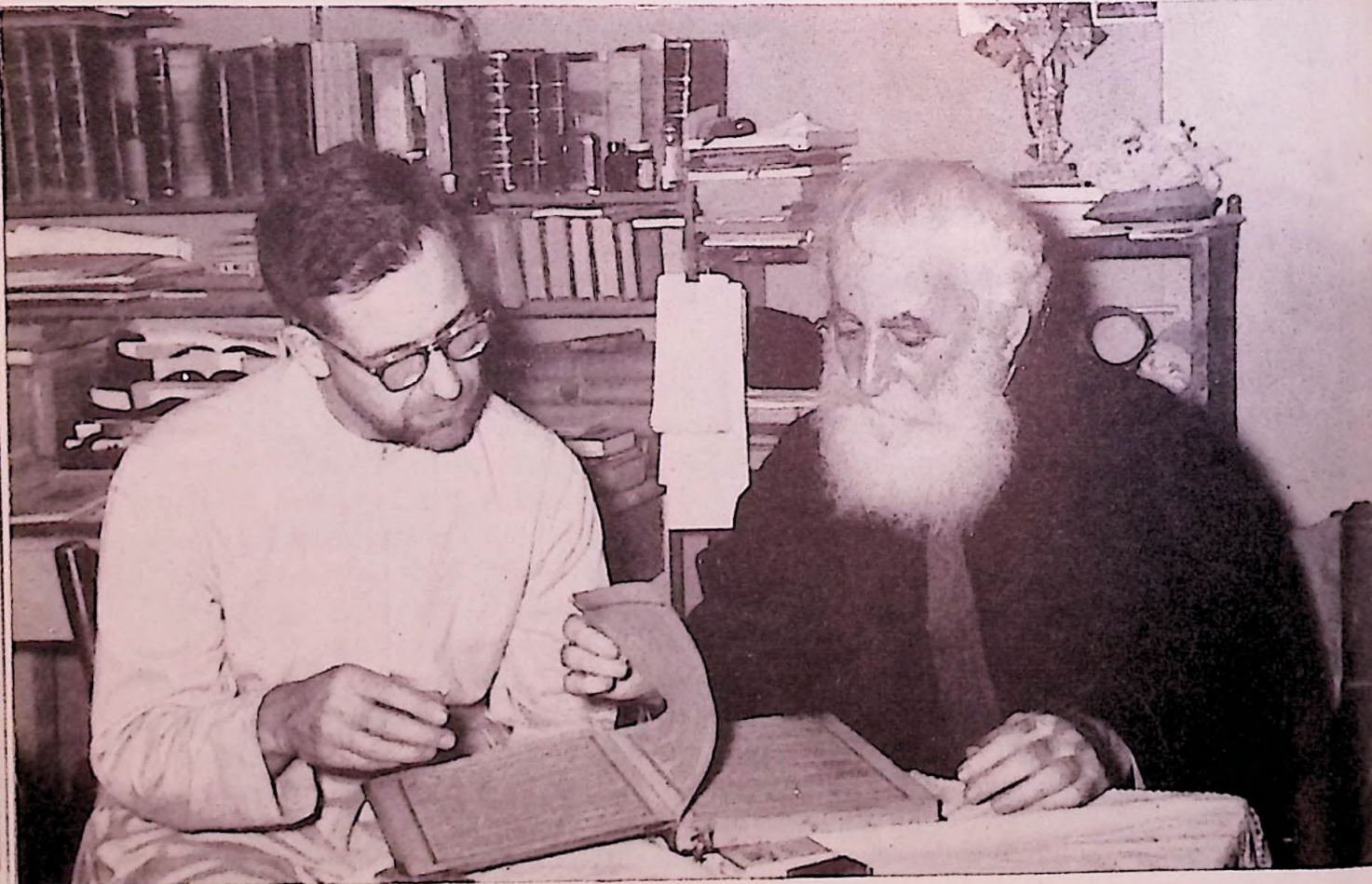
The ancient rite of the Chaldeans in Iraq is
now chanted in a Boston accent and another
chapter is written in the history of Eden

FATHER EDWARD BANKS is the first Jesuit of the New England Province on the Baghdad Mission to be permitted to offer Mass according to the Chaldean Rite. This sounds a lot simpler than it actually was.

The Chaldean Catholics are the largest single group of Catholics in Baghdad and they have very few priests of their own. Father Banks felt that he might help them in a small way by offering Mass for the Baghdad College students in a rite with which the majority would be familiar. So he received permission from

the Chaldean Patriarch, who resides in Baghdad, to learn the Syriac language for this purpose.

Although he had a full teaching schedule and other duties Father Banks put all extra time to learning Syriac and the Chaldean ceremonies. When possible, he lived in a Chaldean village in northern Iraq; during the school term his few free hours were spent with the venerable Chaldean priest, Khuri Yusuf Tammu. Now at long last he has achieved his goal and is able to celebrate Mass in both Rites.



New England Chaldean



Vesting for Mass, assisted by Khuri (Father) Yusuf, Father Banks dons the cuffs which are worn on both sleeves in the Eastern liturgy whereas only the maniple is worn in the Latin.



Chaldean is not a simple language as Father Banks discovers as he goes over liturgical texts with Khuri Yusuf. The book which they are consulting is the "Taksa," which contains not only the liturgy but also the form for administering the sacraments as well as a number of other blessings and prayers. A priest who is at home in both Eastern and Western liturgies is an invaluable asset.

Blessing of the people takes place after the reading of the Gospel and the celebrant chants "Glory to God forever" as he lifts the book in the sight of the worshippers. The entire Catholic population in Iraq numbers only 3.8% of the plus five and a half million total Iraqis. Besides the Chaldean Rite, there are also the Syrian, Melchite, Armenian and Greek. (Photos by Robert F. O'Brien S.J.)

New England Chaldean



Invocation of the Holy Spirit upon the oblation of the Most Precious Body and Blood immediately follows the Consecration and is characteristic of all the Eastern Liturgies. There are few more glorious chapters in the history of the Catholic Church than the ones written, oftentimes in blood and persecution, by the Churches of the Eastern Rites.

Who's a Foreigner?

WE SPEAK of foreign missions and foreign missionaries. One wonders whether or not the time has come to drop the word "foreign" as the qualifications of our apostolic work in mission lands. In a way it is not a good word to describe either the missionary or the lands to which he goes. There are too many undertones—strangeness, difference, opposition, division. The purpose of the missionary is to make all people one in Christ by the establishment everywhere of the one visible Church. This does not mean that we deny or ignore the obvious differences among people. But it does mean that we recognize something higher than our differences and that is our oneness in Christ and our membership in the family of God.

Too much emphasis is placed on the fact that we are Americans, Europeans, Africans, Asians, Occidentals or Orientals. Not enough emphasis is put on the fact that we are members of the human family and that many of us are united above geography and race in Christ and the Church. Americans, especially, should know what it means to be called a foreigner. All of us at one time or another have been resented in this country, even though every one here has come from foreigners. And it is this meaning of being inferior and unwanted that clings to the word foreigner and makes it an unwelcome term.

No one is a foreigner to Christ, the Savior of the whole world. Nobody is a foreigner to the Church who is the Mother of all nations. Nobody is a foreigner to the missionary who is sent to all people by Christ and the Church. It is one of the difficulties confronting the missionary now that many people to

whom he goes often look on him as a foreigner. That means that they are emphasizing his difference from them rather than his belonging to them as God's messenger of unity.

We know how acute have become racial and national feelings and how they separate people and make them suspicious. No matter what the present feeling, the missionary can never think of himself as a foreigner any place in the world. He is above political and racial differences and traditions. His primary purpose is to bring Christ and the Church to all nations, not democracy or industry, even though some who have no love for the Church or religion accuse him of giving too much emphasis to religion and not enough emphasis to citizenship!

Patriotism is a good thing. But it becomes a crime against mankind when it goes to the extreme of nationalism and leads to hatred for others or indifference to their temporal and spiritual needs. This is a direct attack on the meaning of Christ, as the Redeemer of all mankind Who wills to bring all together in the unity of His Church and the family of God forever. As Catholics we cannot use the word foreign in the mean sense given to it in these times. This would offend against the great law of love which Our Lord taught in His parable on the Good Samaritan. All of us, missionaries and Catholic people, should be able to echo the concern of Our Lord: "Other sheep I have who are not of this fold. Them also must I bring." All people belong to Our Lord by the purchase price of His Blood. To Him there are no foreigners.

EDWARD L. MURPHY S.J.

Window on the Mission

A Time for Sergeants

A small hand-carved statue of St. Joseph the Carpenter, modeled from one which once appeared on a JESUIT MISSIONS back cover, stands today in the home of an American sergeant, halfway around the world from Hsinchu, Taiwan. It's there to remind him of the gratitude of the American Jesuits in Formosa whom he helped out of a deep hole.

According to Father John Dahlheimer, a tremendous amount of work had gone into the preparation for the official opening of the Immaculate Heart of Mary Church in Hsinchu. Thousands were expected to attend the dedication of the most beautiful church in Taiwan and every precaution had been taken to foresee any possible difficulty—and those who have lived in the Orient realize how easily and unexpectedly difficulties can and do materialize.

Then just before the big day the announcement was made. An electrical substation to handle the Hsinchu Air Force Base power load was being brought in on the same line. So all electricity would be cut off in the city

for most of that day, with service being resumed only when the job was completed. That meant no lights in the new edifice, the electric organ would be quiet when it should be thrilling the gathered thousands during the Holy Sacrifice. The gloom that fell on the Jesuits was only a foreshadowing of what the atmosphere in the church would be opening day.

Then the American sergeant stepped in in the manner of sergeants all over the world and in all ages. He heard about the predicament and promptly went into action. The evening before the dedication his jeep pulled into the Jesuits' compound with a tarpaulin-covered trailer behind it. He carefully backed it into position under the sacristy windows.

Next morning the blaring radios and public address systems fell silent all over Hsinchu as the electricity was cut off. But under the sacristy window an exhaust barked and a mobile generator fed through heavy duty field cables the power needed for the ceremony. The indirect lighting gave a soft glow to the walls and ceiling and the organ pulsed in full-throated glory—all because a sergeant had taken a situation in hand and come to the rescue.

So when he looks at the little statue of St. Joseph he can remember faraway Formosa and the American Jesuits who are so grateful to him.



Ad multos annos! On August 15th Father Peter Sontag of the Patna Mission in India celebrated his Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit. He has spent over 35 years in India and among his many achievements are his pioneer field work among the depressed classes, his prolific writings, and his present position at Poona as head of the Institute for Home Studies, a correspondence course for converts. He hails from Mankato, Minn.

By-Ways

The Silver Jubilee of the Blessed Martin de Porres Guild has been marked in one way by the publication of a play written by a Jesuit missionary in Jamaica. It was successfully produced there and is an excellent piece for those engaged in inter-racial work. Its author is Father Ralph Delaney S.J. and it is entitled "Born . . . Not of Blood . . . but of God." It is intended for the stage, discussion groups, class or even private reading. It is priced at 35¢ a copy (4 for \$1) and can be obtained from The Blessed Martin Guild, 141 East 65th St., New York 21.

Jamaica item No. 2 concerns the announcement that the Jesuits there will open a new secondary school for boys in January. It will be located in the outskirts of Kingston and the headmaster will be Father Samuel Carter S.J., presently attached to the staff of Holy Trinity Cathedral. It will be named Champion College and the famed St. George's will now have a friendly rival.

Puerto Rico has also stepped into the American Jesuit picture. The New York Province is sending eight men under the leadership of Father Edward Berbusse in the first move toward taking over various appointments on the island. Among these will be the conduct of Colegio San Ignacio, a retreat house and a seminary. Spanish-speaking Jesuits have been active for years in these works and some will remain to assist the American Jesuits.

South America is also becoming a focal point for American Jesuits. The Maryland Province is now in Chile and it is expected that the Holy Father will soon entrust other regions of the continent to different Provinces.



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Typical of the people of Matsu are this man and child who must live their lives among ruins.



Tree planting must go on despite the constant gunfire and the Chinese soldier is basically a farmer at heart.



Cabbage patch big Communist food. Near the

Tight Little Islands

KINMEN AND MATSU are the tiny islands off the mainland of China. Here the Nationalists have dug in, and strongly, to resist the Communist attacks. Just as long as these islands are in the hands of the free world Formosa will stand as a symbol of man's battle against Red slavery and tyranny.

The pictures on these pages were taken by Father John Dahlheimer S.J. and Father Fred Foley S.J., both now stationed in Formosa. The former flies over to Matsu regularly as a chaplain for the Catholics in the armed forces. Kinmen has its own resident priest in the person of the rugged and genial Father Druetto, O.F.M. Both Matsu and Kinmen are groups of tiny isles rather than two separate entities.

These isles, the outmost defence of

the Free China forces in Taiwan, are extremely strong in their defences. Their fortifications have already been disastrously discovered by the Reds who now are content to confine themselves to a constant shelling rather than an outright attack. But the defenders are still human beings and in these pictures you can sense that although they are geared for war at any moment they still long for the ways of peace. Most of the soldiers were farmers and the feeling of the good earth is something they carry in their bones. Besides, the love of family was always an outstanding trait in the Chinese and it is not easily shaken off. So they stand on guard, ready to fight for the things that are worth while, hopeful for a future bright with freedom and peace.



...ties to Chinese love of the soil and the fact that hope springs eternal. Despite the nearness of the
 ...ms on the mainland soldiers with green thumbs take time out to cultivate a part of their own
 ...atch the Chaplain lives in a one-room house, sharing the uncomfortable existence of his flock.

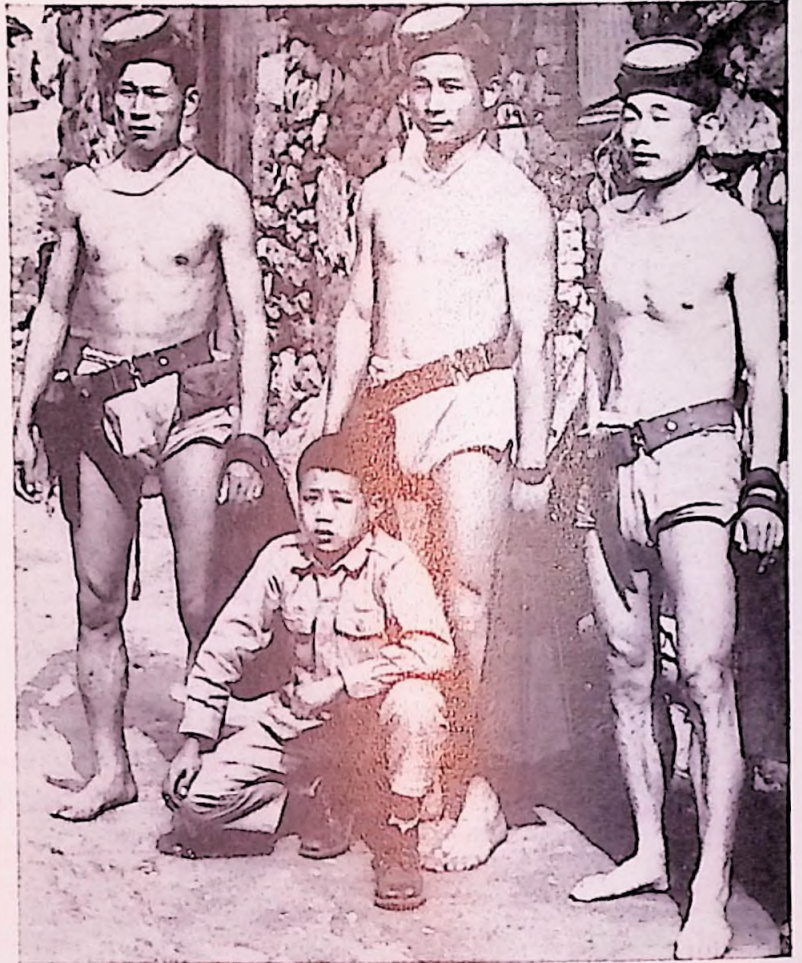
On Kinmen and Matsu
 off the China coast
 hope springs eternal

Kinmen's Chaplain, Father Bernard M. Druetto, O.F.M., talks with JM correspondent, Father Fred Foley S.J., on one of the latter's flying visits to the besieged isle. In the rear can be seen Kinmen's Catholic church from where Father Druetto broadcasts news of Free China, hymns, etc. which can be heard on the Communist mainland nearby.

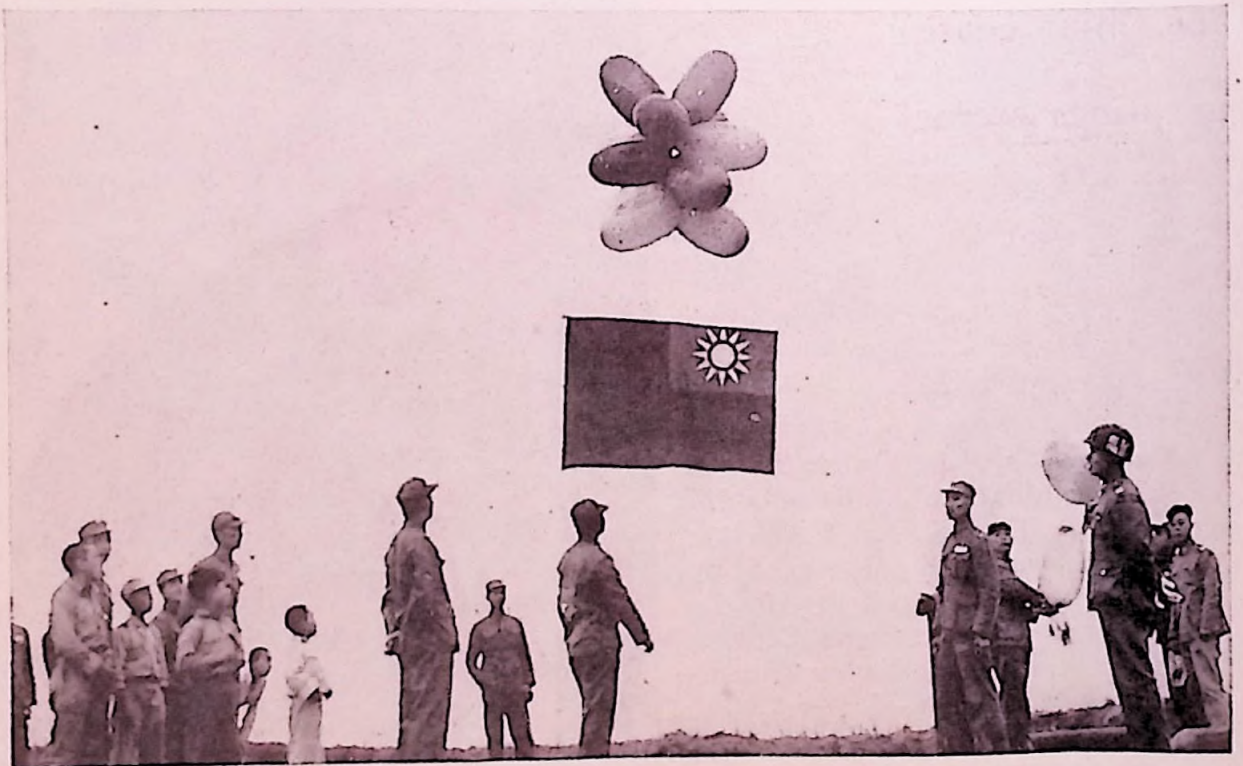


Tight Little Islands

Frogmen form a very important and necessary defense against any Communist infiltration from the close shores of Red China. These particular three are good friends of Father Dahlheimer and the boy with them is an orphan whom they have adopted. Beside their regular duties they also have to ferry passengers and gear which arrive by plane in the harbor of Matsu. It's rather a hazardous journey from Taiwan, as Father Dahlheimer has previously described in the pages of *JESUIT MISSIONS*.



Propaganda balloons are released on Kinmen when the wind is right for the mainland.



It was the rainy season

in Honduras and

The Bridal Gown

was long overdue . . .

LAST WEEK a man appeared at the door of the parish office. He had lost a hand at the wrist and seemed to be almost blind in one eye. The other eye was watering and bloodshot as if from overuse. A man of over 50 years, he looked as if he had been often bruised and buffeted in the storms of life in the north coast of Honduras.

Supposing he was a beggar, I gave him some coins, expecting to hear a thank-you and a goodbye. He took the coins, silently put them in his pocket with the right hand (his only hand) and then sat down. He had come for something else, obviously.

"I am Juan Martinez," he said. (I am using fictitious names, but the story itself is true.) "Pedro Lainez," continued Juan, "is my half-brother. He's the Minister of War, you know." And then he told me that in 1957 when the Liberal Party (the party of his half-brother) came into power in Honduras he, Juan, was jubilant. So jubilant that he drank too much. He was going home on his horse when a train passed by. The horse threw Juan to the ground, out flew Juan's left hand, and an iron wheel cut it off. Pedro Lainez went into the Ministry of War and Juan went to the hospital to have a stump sewed up.

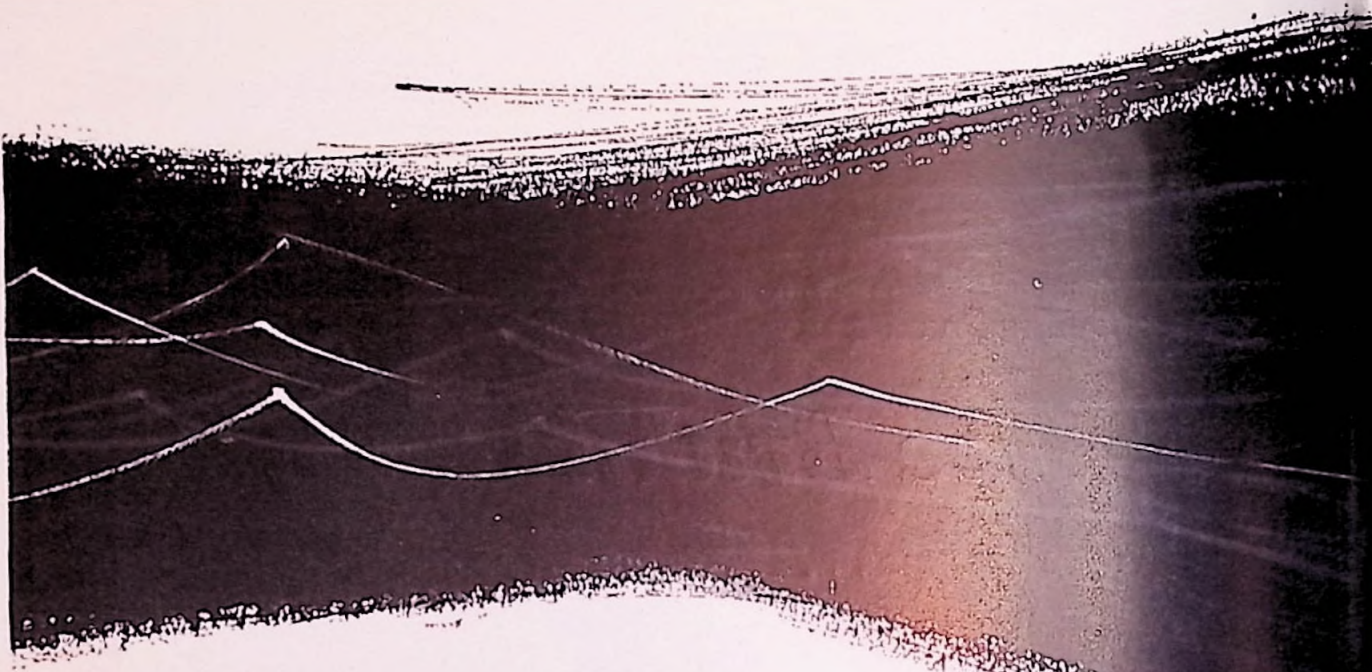
"My woman is very, very sick," said Juan. "The doctor in Tegucigalpa says she has cancer of the lungs and can live

only a short time. We want to get married before she dies."

Ignorance, poverty, legal difficulties, a whole complex of tropical factors have made these unions very common. A priest is sorry, always, to find another case; but he is never surprised.

Juan Martinez and his woman, whom we shall call Elena Perez, lived in an isolated spot on the other side of the Aguan river. In dry weather one could drive there in an hour and a half. But it was May 28 (Corpus Christi) when Juan came to the parish house. The great torrential downpours were already long overdue. Knowing that rain must come soon, I said we ought to leave the next day, Friday, to make the trip. But Juan said no, that the trip would have to be on Saturday, because a dressmaker was still busy on a bridal dress for Elena. Even though dying of cancer, Elena could not be married without a new white dress.

That same Thursday night the first rain came. Surely here was a case of conflicting interests. The Archbishop had given strict orders to pray for rain. My parishioners, spread up and down a parched valley sixty miles long, were all beseeching Heaven for rain. Cattle were dying of thirst, and the farmers' fields were scorched and barren. Yet the rains would make the River Aguan rise and perhaps prevent us from crossing.



Saturday morning came, and I awoke thinking about our Aguan River, imagining how it had changed from tranquil blue to angry chocolate color, carrying tons of mud towards the distant Caribbean. But at 8 a.m. Juan Martinez arrived to say that he had crossed the Aguan on a horse; that the water was indeed muddy but did not rise above the horse's knees; that a jeep would easily make it to the other side.

Juan and a driver and I started off from Olanchito in the jeep. In half an hour we reached the river. There the driver whistled, got out of the car and contemplated the agitated Aguan. It did not hold any attraction for him. But Juan, the one-handed, one-eyed optimist, urged him to go on. So the driver loosened the fan belt so it would not spray water all over the engine and around the spark plugs—and we ventured into the river. With a Hail Mary and good driving we finally made the other side, and looked at each other with relief.

We then had to turn off into the bush and follow a very narrow mud road which squirmed and dived and climbed through the hill country at the base of the mountains which form the background of the Aguan river. At last Juan, the Optimist, called a halt. We got out of the jeep. No house was in sight . . .

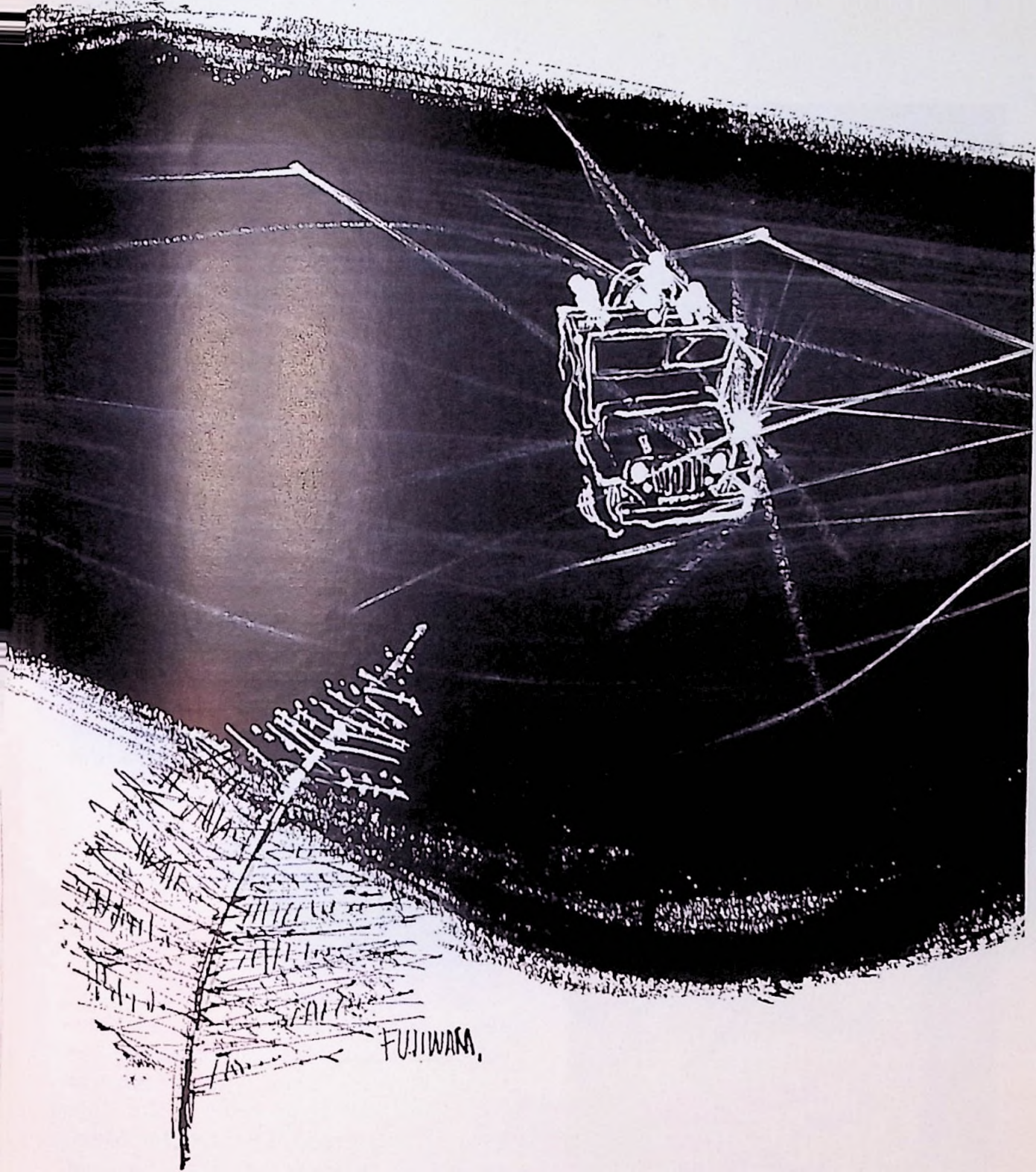
Illustrations:
Gary Fujiwara

only enormous tropical trees and at a little distance the tumbling River Mame, a tributary of the Aguan.

"This way," said Juan. We followed him single file through the quiet forest. Men had come years before to claim this land, even though giant trees still stood as proudly now as they did a century ago, never humbled by an axe. Men had stretched barbed wire to mark their claims. But even the barbed wire of proprietorship gave testimony to a certain lawless spirit. The rolls of barbed-wire had been dipped in paint to identify it if it were stolen by other settlers who needed wire.

Out of the forest at last, we came to a cornfield where Juan had labored for ten years. All the giant trees of the jungle were gone, chopped down and burned long ago. Most of the work had been done prior to that fateful night when Juan lost his left hand and eye.

In the middle of the cornfield we saw Juan's house. It was a tiny two-room affair made of sticks and mud with a

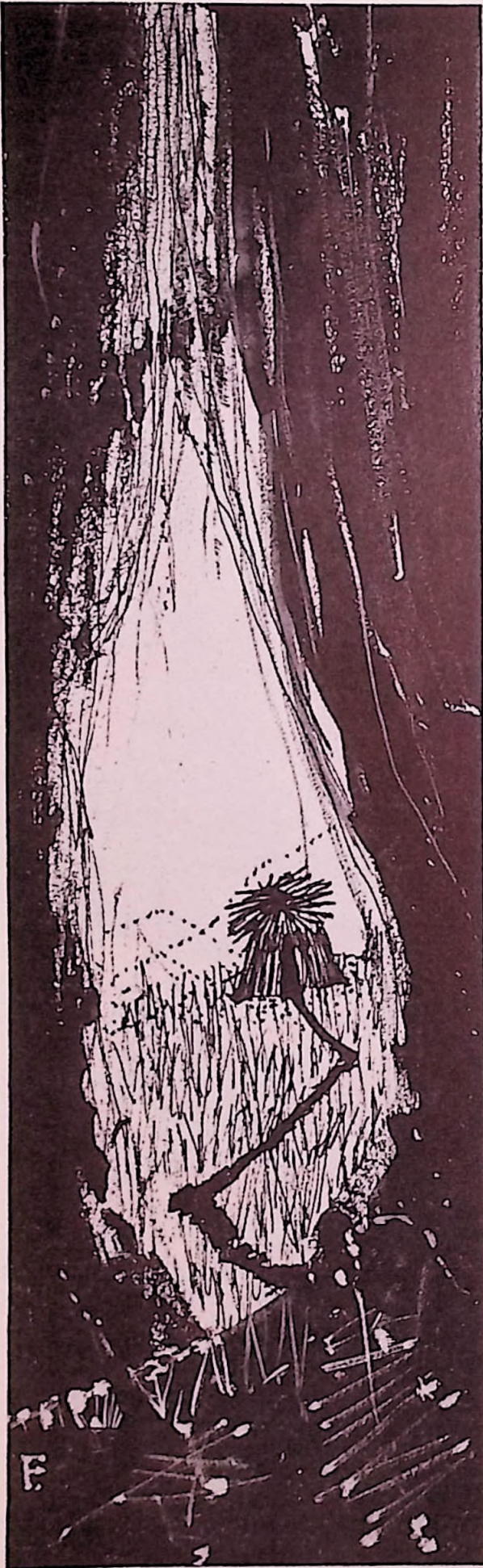


thatch roof. The floor was just the cornfield mud. Imagine a house in the wilderness a couple of centuries ago in the far West of the now USA—no window glass, no running water, no light, only sticks and mud and thatch—and you will visualize Juan's little home where Elena lay dying.

But we had not come to see a house but to arrange the marriage of Juan and

Elena. She was sitting on her canvas cot when we entered the room. She cried a bit when we approached, but the tears were tears of relief. She would now be married and receive the Viaticum and die in peace.

A curtain was strung up to cut off the view of outsiders and Elena was dressed in the white gown which had been made for her wedding. It was one of the nicest



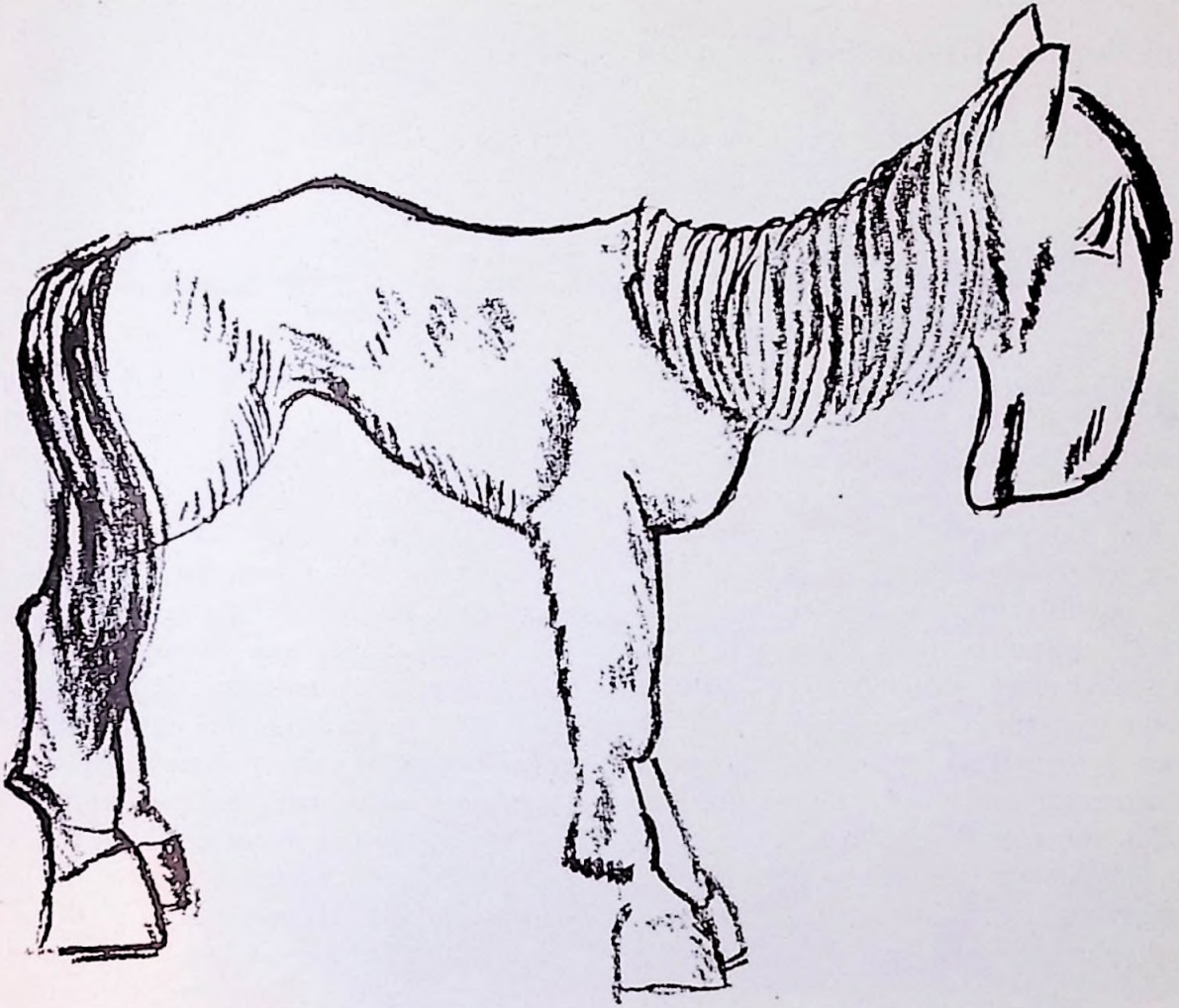
dresses Elena had ever worn. In 1921 Elena was born in Guarizama, a tiny town in the mountainous interior of Honduras; a town where the men were famous for the fierce way in which they wielded their machete knives in man-to-man encounters; where the women usually went about barefooted and developed poise carrying buckets of water on their heads from creeks to distant kitchens.

While Elena was being clothed in her wedding dress, I pulled things out of my saddlebags and began to prepare an altar so I could offer Mass and give Communion to the newlyweds. It would be Holy Viaticum for Elena.

To have some privacy for Juan's confession I called him outside of the house. I sat on a stool under a tree with Juan kneeling at my side, and there he told his tale of 50 years. Juan's guardian angel must have been pleased; but he did not chase away a rooster which kept crowing in a shrill way very close to where I was sitting. That so-and-so rooster was as casual and brazen about my presence there as if it were a daily occurrence for a priest to be hearing confessions in a cornfield.

I left Juan outside to wait a bit and to pray and I went back to the mud and sticks hut where I helped Elena tell her tale of 30 years. Then with prospective bridegroom and bride both in the state of sanctifying grace, I vested for Mass.

In essence the Mass which I celebrated in the mud hut that Saturday was the same Mass which was being celebrated in any great cathedral where the mighty ones of the earth get married. Juan and Elena pronounced their marriage vows. I celebrated Mass and gave them Holy Communion. Then there was something very special for Elena—not for Juan. Elena received the Holy Oils of Extreme Unction. If by the time you read this Elena has gone to the next world, pray for her—and for Juan—and for me.



Beatnik horse . . .

After a few weeks of trying to cart Father D. S. Matthews around his mission in Jamshedpur, India, horses get to look like the beatnik above. Then they die.

Father Matthews has a rough mission. It is also a *huge* mission. Horses are unequal to the task of covering the 800 miles of his parish. It is impossible to cover it on foot.

Answer: a jeep is urgently needed.

Trouble: No money.

Can you—will you—help?

Send \$5, or \$10, or the price of a jeep to

JESUIT MISSIONS

45 East 78th Street, New York 21, N.Y.

The Pope's Mission Intention for September

hits at the heart of a very familiar problem

South African Crisis

DURING the month of September the Holy Father asks us to pray for South Africa and for a Christian solution of the racial problems which are bedeviling the people there. The situation is an extremely explosive one and the only possible solution lies in finding a middle course between two extremes. Those extremes consist in the attitude of the governing Europeans which at times is carried so far as to violate the fundamental rights of the non-whites and in the fact that a large number of the inhabitants are not yet ready for self-government, either intellectually, culturally, or emotionally.

The tinder box situation has been well summed up by one who for a long time has been in the very midst of it. Archbishop Denis Hurley, O.M.I., of Durban warned the Durban Parliamentary Debating Society that South Africa must end its color bar within ten years or else face total disintegration and collapse. He claimed that the policy of apartheid—strict race segregation—would bring on the country economic sanctions, trade boycotts and the denial of harbor, airport and other transport facilities in other nations. He did not think that the crisis would occur as a centrally planned and directed revolution but more in the form of a series of disturbances progressively increasing in size, intensity and frequency until the social and political life of the nation begins to disintegrate.

The Archbishop said unequivocally, "The color bar has got to go, peacefully or violently. It is up to white South Africa to make its choice. It is useless

saying that the country is not yet ready for such a change; that non-Europeans are not ready to participate in the full social, political, economical life of the country. This is not entirely true.

"I should be prepared to say that at least two million of them are. If the white race wants any say in the future running of this country, it will retain that say by leading the non-whites to equality and not by raising obstacles in their path with ruinous consequences."

This statement is underlined by the fact that the non-Europeans in the Union of South Africa number 10,000,000 while the Europeans are considerably less than three million and the proportion is even greater in Northern Rhodesia. But the turnover cannot be too abrupt for otherwise both sides will suffer grievously. This no one wants.

The middle way has to be recognized by both parties. The rights which are basic to all human beings, integrity of life and its necessities, private property, marriage, a fitting education, etc., must be granted to those who so far have been denied them. On the other hand there must be a recognition that maturity is essentially necessary for self-government, and maturity is a product of years.

These points the Bishops of South Africa have repeatedly pointed out and they have constantly pleaded for greater understanding and co-operation on both sides. But any appeal which is directed to reason must be a strong one when the whole basis of the antagonism is rooted in emotion. And both European and non-European are very much aware



Uncertainty and doubt should not be the heritage of those who are the victims of color.

that the hostility is one rooted solely in the color of a man's skin.

Apartheid hits at the basis of a man's freedom, at the source of his rights, the essence of his being and his very humanity. Only murder, Archbishop Hurley declared in the address quoted above, is a greater injustice to a man than being discriminated against because

of his color. Events of the past months have proven that the walls of tolerance and patience can break down quickly.

So the Mission Intention of Pope John for September is one of great importance and we would do well to keep it very close to our hearts during that time. Only justice and charity can provide the solution for this age-old problem.



JOSEPH H. MEYER S.J.

Donkeys Coconuts Seminarians

Helm is the donkey and Father Meyer points out the important part Helm plays in the economy of St. Joseph's Minor Seminary in Ceylon where economy is more than a byword.

THEY MAY NOT literally go hand in hand but there is a close connection between our donkeys, our coconuts and our seminarians here at Trincomalee in Ceylon. Let us consider them in that order. It is as good as any.

Why do we have the fine pair of donkeys at the seminary? You won't believe it, but here's the argument: On the seminary's eight and a half acres we have about 500 young coconut trees. Now the bane of coconut cultivation is a pair of beetles. One works from the roots up; the other hits high and works down. Together they can wipe out a plantation in six months. Even single-handed they can make coconut raising a very discouraging process. The man who planted our coconuts says that the

only sure way to be beetle-free is to have a pair of donkeys on the loose around the trees. Whether it's the noise that the donkeys make, the smell of them, or just the mere sight of them, has never been made clear, but our planter vouches for the effectiveness of donkeys in the battle of the beetles. I don't think that the donkeys know why they are here, but they have a good six acres of pasture, no work to do, and I believe they like it. However, they never have resigned themselves to the fact that the Seminary is for the Seminarians and not for them. They got here before the Seminarians did. They saw the place grow from mere foundations to an almost completed building. In the early construction days, they had full run of

the place. When the roof was on and before the floors were down or the doors hung, the donkeys got out of the rain and the wind by occupying various parts of the unfinished building. The three front parlors were their favorite rooms. One day after a long stretch of cement floor had been poured and the workmen had put the finishing touches to it, the donkeys traipsed along the full length of the soft cement to get to their cozy parlors. In an hour of overtime two workmen got every delicate hoof print out of the floor. The only mark left is a scar on one donkey's rear shank. It has somewhat the shape of a trowel.

Even now, since the building is not yet finished, the donkeys are still allowed to roam at will. Our open porches are very attractive during the hot hours of the day. Just the other day, without a knock and with most ladylike steps, the female donkey came into my room, sniffed everything on the desk, and then quietly walked out with a mist in her eyes. Bethly, for that is her name, was sad, I'm sure, to see her former stall turned into an office. Helm, her mate,

looked in at the window and shared every bit of her bitterness.

Those coconut trees which the donkeys are supposed to be protecting are to Ceylon what oil wells are to Texas. There is no part of a coconut tree that cannot be utilized in some way. Everything from hair oil to brooms, from cake icing to building beams, from toothpicks to the finest curries comes from the coconut tree. Among our 500 trees, most are quite young, but with the donkeys on patrol, we hope some day to have a steady source of income for our Seminary. A good tree produces eight or ten coconuts every two months, and a good nut is worth at least 25 cents on the open market. Coconut trees, however, have to be about ten years old before they produce nuts, but from then on, normally, they are good for seventy years. They are a very worthwhile investment since they require so little care. It's true they have to be watered daily for the first two years. Thereafter they are self-sufficient. Right now about 400 of our trees are under two years, and that means a lot of work for the present

"Tilly" is the old jitney (it has now logged 90,000 miles) which takes the boys to class.





The simplicity of a bedless room makes for a certain amount of spaciousness, if not comfort.

watering them. It's a rather slow process pulling buckets full of water out of a thirty foot open well, to say nothing of carrying it to each young tree. We have recently bought a small kerosene pump which gets the water to the surface for us, but we still don't have enough one inch pipe to facilitate our irrigation project. God grant we may soon.

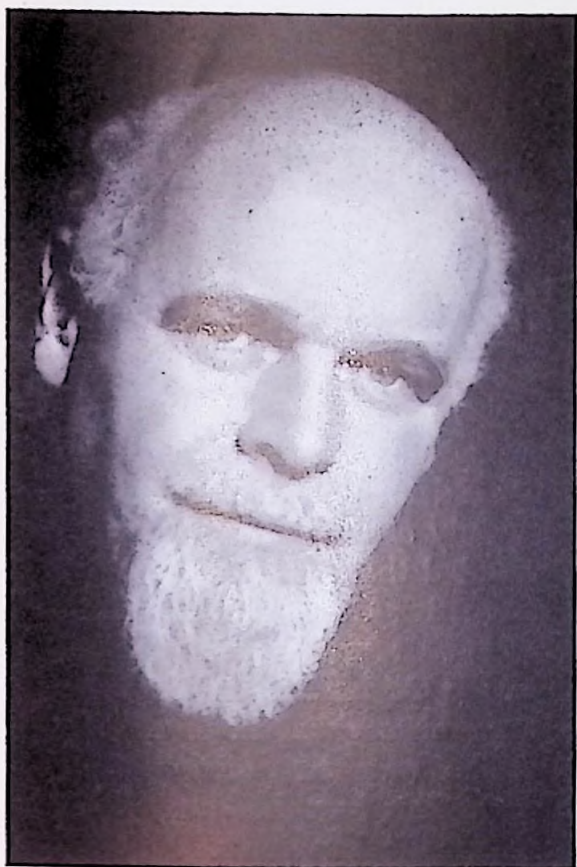
So that covers the donkeys and the coconuts. Now for the seminarians. Bishop Glennie began St. Joseph's Seminary in 1948 at the request of Pope Pius XII. Since that time eighty boys have attended it. We've had them as young as 11 and as old as 30. Fourteen is about what we would call the normal age when they arrive. The record for the longest stay in the Seminary is seven years; the shortest, ten hours. Sixteen of the eighty who have signed up have passed on from the Minor Seminary to the Major Seminary. Fifteen are still in the Minor Seminary now. To date, therefore, we have 31 out of 80.

For the first ten years the Minor Seminary was crowded into the Bishop's back yard. Last year we broke away and came to Trincomalee, which is about 85 miles north of Batticaloa. Here we rented a bungalow on a nice hill overlooking the far-famed Trincomalee harbor. We slept and studied on the open porches; we ate and prayed inside the house. We were crowded and there were lots of inconveniences, but it was a year that the future priests of Ceylon will ever remember.

At the beginning of the present year, we moved to our new Seminary two miles outside of Trincomalee which has been abuilding since March 1957.

Our new seminary is built for forty and is situated in the middle of a fine coconut grove with the Bay of Bengal for a backdrop.

So you can see there is a very close connection between our donkeys and our coconuts, and our coconuts and our very important seminarians.



Happy days are all we wish to Father Frank Anderson who grew up in the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument in Boston and then spent his years as a priest in some of the loneliest spots in the world. Mission Director of the New England Province, he now steps down for reasons of health.

"AVE ATQUE..."

HE IS GONE from the mission scene, at least for the moment, and we will miss the genial, prolific, wise-cracking priest who had called a score of places home during his more than a quarter of a century mission stint for Christ. Baghdad, Transjordan, Egypt, Iran, here in N.Y. with JM, even down to the unforgettable day which Bishop McEleney recalls in Jamaica (and the rest of the story is the Bishop's).

"Father Anderson took off exactly one day during his arduous tour of the mission stations. On that morning he went swimming at Montego Bay and in the crystal blue waters of Doctor's Cave an Englishman struck up a conversation with the customary opening about the weather. Then he led into the crusher: 'I say, old chap, aren't you Sir Thomas Beecham?' " Time and tide . . .

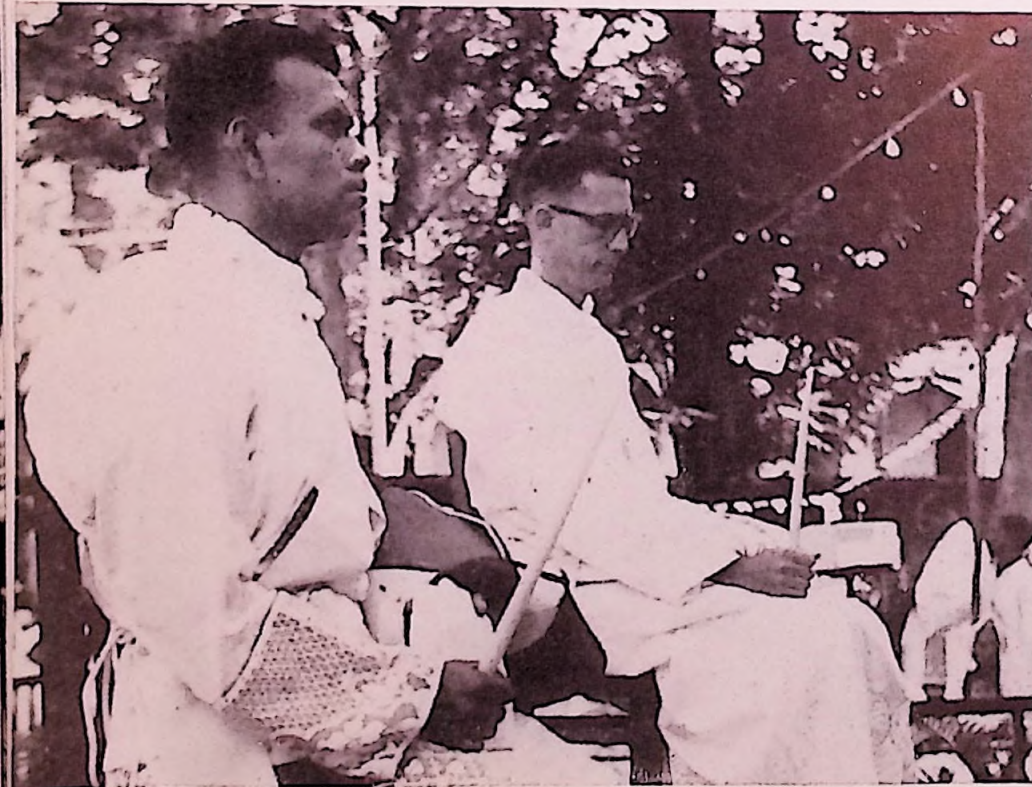
Sir Thomas Beecham in full cry . . .



Ordination in Ceylon

HE WAS THE FIRST American Jesuit to be ordained in Ceylon. Edward Joseph Brady of the New Orleans Province ascended the altar and knelt before Bishop Ignatius Glennie S.J., Bishop of Trincomalee. It was a history making event for the Ceylon Mission but it made more than history in the eyes of the woman who watched quietly from the front pew. This was her son, a priest forever. It made happiness.

A Water Tree that isn't so, as Mrs. Brady soon finds out. The tap is old and the tree grew around it. But everybody enjoys her bewilderment.



Side by side a Ceylonese and an American wait the greatest moment in their lives, when they become priests forever. This was the first ordination ceremony in Ceylon for an American Jesuit. In previous times it was customary to have the services performed in the places where they made their theological studies, either in India or in the United States before departure for the mission.

Touching of hands is an important part of the ceremony and Bishop Glennie makes sure that the new priest will have no doubt. And another Christ goes forth to serve his people. Ceylon, as so many mission lands, needs its own priests for the day the foreigner departs.



The new priest blesses his dearest . . .



From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

Altar Missals have been requested by Father Ulrich of Progreso, Yoro. Maybe you could help with a part payment for:

Large altar Missal	\$30.00
Medium altar Missal	\$18.50
Communion Plate	\$13.00

Threading Needles is easier than carrying bricks. Our excuse for making this obvious statement is found in the words of Father Sharma, Latonah, India, who writes:

"Our women—widows—are very poor, and it is impossible for them to find work to support themselves unless I supply such work. Recently I have had them working on our building, but due to lack of money for materials, I have had to stop that work.

"In order to keep them employed, I am opening a simple tailoring school for them. Twenty-five are enrolled. However, we are up against it to provide needles, thread and a machine or two. I'd like to keep this work going since it is much better for a woman to be sewing than to be carrying bricks."

Any donations that you can give to help out the tailoring school will be appreciated.

Sewing Sets25
Sewing machines	\$100.00

Father Greif Receives wonderful hospitality at one of his Alaskan mission stations. On his visits to this mission he stays in the home of non-Catholic Eskimos. His Mass is said in the small house of a Catholic. There is not enough room for all who want to come to Mass

and it is almost impossible to give instructions since Father couldn't very well ask his hosts to move out for the sake of privacy.

For \$2,000 Father Greif could buy a house that would provide living quarters, a larger chapel for Mass and room for instructions. Would you be able to contribute to this building fund for Alaska with a gift of \$1.00, \$2.00 or \$5.00?

Father Pollard Is Happy with the new church in Bihar, India. The parish has 500 Catholics and he will be able now to handle the ever-increasing crowds.

The new church will need some furnishings:

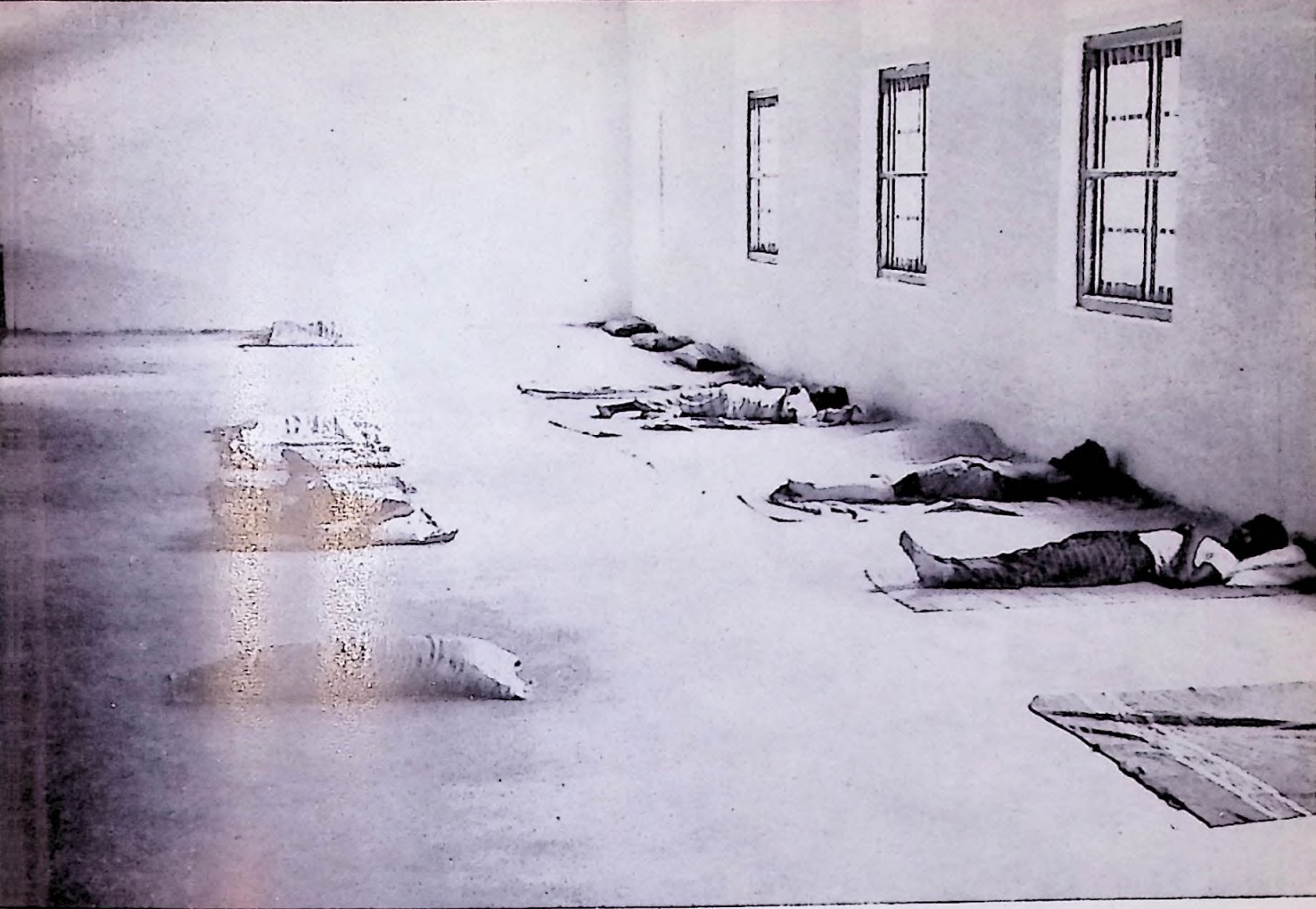
Baptismal Font	\$150.00
Sacred Heart Statue ..	\$100.00
Tabernacle	\$ 75.00

Would you be able to help pay for one of these items?

We Have Just Received Word from Father Francis Jackmauh, pastor of St. Ignatius Mission in the Cayman Islands, telling us that he is in dire straits in his process of building the first Catholic Church on the largest of the three Island, Grand Cayman.

Would you help with a gift of \$1.00 or \$2.00?

Last Call. Responses have been generous to our plea for contributions to help JESUIT MISSIONS to obtain a new office. However, the total amount received so far has been short of the sum needed. We cannot tell you how deeply grateful we will be for whatever help you can give us.



PLEASE...

look at the picture closely. It is an unretouched photograph of St. Joseph's Minor Seminary in Ceylon. The seminarians have a roof over their heads—and a floor to sleep on.

The needs of the Seminary are too many to list: help is essential.

Won't you find it in your heart to help?

Send a donation—\$5, \$10, whatever your charity suggests, to

Jesuit Missions

45 East 78th Street, New York 21, N.Y.



DANGER...

takes many forms.

The cougar in the drawing, for instance.

Or a fire. Or a flood. Or a roof about to collapse.

Father John C. Murphy of Progreso, Honduras, is in constant danger. So is everyone who comes to church. Tropical ants have eaten away the rafters—the roof may cave in at any minute.

Please help Father Murphy replace the dangerous roof.

Send \$5, \$10, *anything* to

JESUIT MISSIONS

45 East 78th Street, New York 21, N.Y.