

JESUIT MISSIONS

NOVEMBER 1961

DEPARTURE TIME...Thoughts and the miles are long



JM

JESUIT

National Magazine of the American Jesuits



MISSIONS

in the Mission Fields assigned them by the Holy Father

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Underneath the palms by the Sulu Sea in the Philippines
Father James Donelan S.J. discusses the various uses to
which the regular weapon of the Moros can be put. Father
Donelan is one of our outstanding photographers in the field.

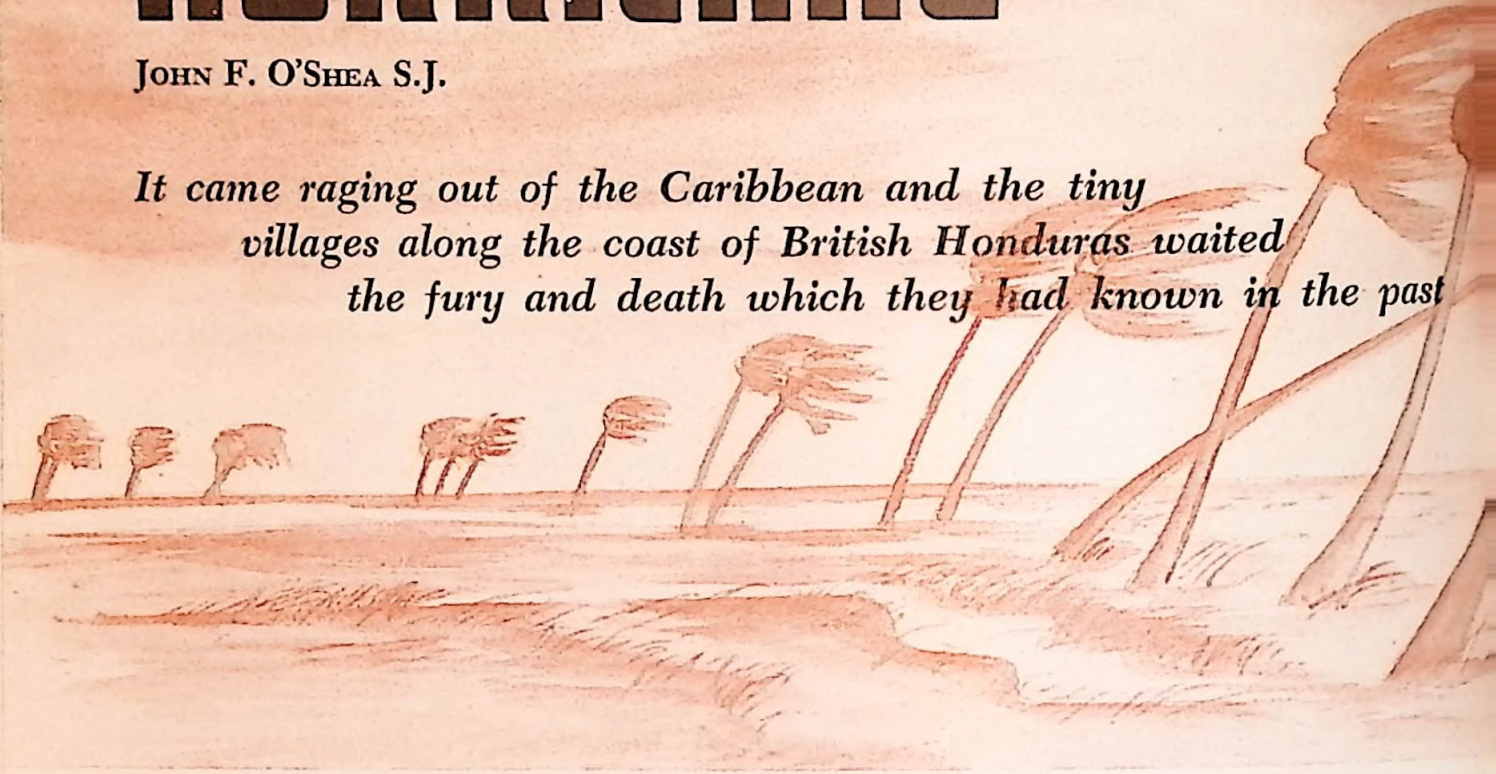


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HURRICANE

JOHN F. O'SHEA S.J.

It came raging out of the Caribbean and the tiny villages along the coast of British Honduras waited the fury and death which they had known in the past



THURSDAY I LEFT Stann Creek for a wedding at the village of Seine Bight. The mission boat, *Terecita*, is a glutton for gasoline, and by Saturday morning, I had to put in at Placentia to beg some fuel from a friend, and also to notify the Catholics there that I would return late Sunday morning for Mass.

My friend was not home, and I was very low on gas, so I tried to reach the saw mill at Mongo Creek where I would be able to replenish my supply. I didn't make it. The motor died in the middle of the lagoon, and I had to drop anchor there until a sailing boat came along and towed me to the mill.

After filling up, I was half way across the lagoon by a different route when the motor again broke down. I found the battery dead—the generator had long since ceased to function—and waited patiently for someone to come by so I could send for help.

A couple of hours later, a large lighter came by to warn that hurricane "Anna"

was heading our way. He towed me to Seine Bight where I secured the boat and then went to look for the couple I was to marry the next day.

Because of the impending hurricane, the young couple had given up hope of being married the next day and the man had gone to his plantation. A messenger soon brought him back. After making plans for a 6:30 nuptial Mass in the morning, I went to bed.

The morning was stormy. A squall moved in from the ocean, and at about 6 o'clock a heavy rain fell. It ended within the hour, and by 8 o'clock we were able to get the young couple properly married. At 9 o'clock I was free to try to borrow a battery and get to Placentia for Mass. I hoped to reach there ahead of the hurricane which was expected to strike that night.

I went to the village policeman who had a boat, but his boat used a magneto, so he had no battery to lend me. He did promise to take me across the lagoon to



the saw mill where I could borrow a battery, but only after the midmorning news.

The news was a two-flag hurricane warning, and the policeman was to report every 15 minutes on weather conditions. He was so scared that he would not even lend me his boat. Finally, I got a boy, borrowed a dugout canoe and paddled across the lagoon for the saw mill.

We arrived two hours later and found the place a beehive of activity. Everywhere men were tying buildings down with big steel cables and nailing boards over windows. The women and children—about 250 of them—were making their way towards the four strongest buildings which had been designated as hurricane shelters. It was a pitiful sight to see these frightened people carrying their few possessions in little bundles. The children, of course, were enjoying the excitement, and the mothers scolded them for the least little thing. It was the only way these women could express their fear, and perhaps even relieve it a little.

I finally found the manager, Mr. Penn, and asked to borrow a battery. He was almost frantic with worry about the safety of the people, and his answer was a big, loud "No!" Then he reconsidered and said he would lend me a battery on condition that I return immediately to seek shelter there with him.

At that moment a jeep arrived. The wealthy father of the man who owned the recreation center had sent it to bring his son and daughter-in-law to the comparative safety of Stann Creek, for now they were predicting that the hurricane would strike the coast at the Seine Bight-Mongo Creek area. There was one seat left and they wanted me to go with them. But the look on the people's faces was so pitiful that I just could not leave them.

Back I paddled across the lagoon with the borrowed boy and the borrowed battery. We got caught in a squall which preceded the hurricane, and arrived at Seine Bight shaken but undamaged. I put the battery in *Terecita* and she sounded quite normal. I then went to the village where the head teacher had opened the school and the church as hurricane shelters, but only a very few people were in them. The rest were paralyzed by fear. We went around and persuaded them to take shelter. They begged me to stay with them. Since I had promised to return to the mill, I tried to phone and wangle out of it, but the lines were out, so there was nothing to do but gather my things and Mass kit and put out to sea once more. The water was dead grey and sluggish.

As I entered the creek that ran up to the mill, the current was running heavy. The strain on *Terecita's* ancient motor was just too much and it broke the valves in two pistons. The other cylinders were working, but the boat was barely able to move. *Terecita* is much too big to row, and there was no place to anchor and walk, as the mangrove swamps extended for miles on both sides.



All aboard and everything is made ship-shape as the "Raskel" prepares to cast off (above) for Mullens River and points north.

Everybody's happy as some of Fr. O'Shea's young parishioners welcome him on one of his trips to stations above his Punta Gorda base.

For the first time I became really frightened. To try riding out a hurricane there meant certain death. On two cylinders and many prayers I reached the mill about two hours later. Mr. Penn was simply frantic. He had feared that I might have tried to get to Stann Creek. He had a boy watching for me, and when I docked he was there with a none too friendly but much relieved welcome. We lashed *Terecita* to the dock and he hustled me to his home for hot coffee and dry clothes.

The night was beautiful. There was no

wind at all. The tropical moon was full and bright, and a few low clouds were scudding across the sky. It was hard to believe that a violent storm was raging just a few miles offshore.

I visited the shelters and the people seemed greatly relieved to see me. All my Catholics were eager to let me know where they were just in case the worst happened. At one shelter there were about 40 people absolutely frozen with fear. They had been through hurricanes before. One year and eight days earlier, hurricane "Abbey" had struck this same

area. Their plantations were still recovering from the destruction, and now it seemed they would be wiped out again.

At 11 P.M., "Anna" struck. It was as if someone had covered a great sledge hammer with a pillow and then smashed it at the corner of the house. The people screamed, and women rushed over to me to beg for prayers. We said the Rosary together and it seemed to calm them.

I had always imagined that in a hurricane, the wind blew steadily, increasing in velocity until the eye passed, and then started all over again from the other direction. But the wind came in gusts that lasted five to ten minutes, and then hammered us again and again. Soon things began to fly. Some zinc sheets were blown about, making a terrific racket. Cocoanuts were ripped from the trees and hurled about like cannon balls.

At 2 A.M. it stopped. There was absolute calm—the eye of the hurricane—and we knew then that we were directly in its path. I checked the other shelters and was back in 20 minutes when the fury of the storm broke over us again. After a bit it seemed that we would be safe, and in a state of great exhaustion, I fell asleep. I awoke about 7 A.M. and could tell that the worst was over. In an hour it was calm, and we went out to survey the damage. No one had been killed or injured, thank God, but the banana and cocconut plantations had been completely destroyed.

We were five miles from the ocean and the high swells had not reached us. Mr. Penn decided to send the company tug boat to Placentia on the coast for rescue work, and I went along to give what aid and comfort I could.

When I went down to the dock, I looked hopefully for *Terecita*. She was still tied to the pier, but the violent winds had stripped her of canvas and driven a log through her stern. Her bow was deep in the water. Only the ropes with which she was moored kept her afloat.

It seemed to be the end of a boat that had served the missions for almost a half century. Again and again, the late Father Gregory Sontag S.J. had worked his mechanical genius on her to keep her afloat. I had spent almost a thousand dollars trying to keep the venerable lady seaworthy. Now she was dead, but there was not time to mourn.

We went down the river in the company tugboat. When we met the sea, the swells were still high and rough. The water had swept right over the land and washed away everything except the stilthouses. Two houses had been knocked down by the winds. One of them belonged to the old *alcalde* (mayor), who stood there looking as broken as his home. Everyone had survived the big blow except two fishermen who had been out at sea and were presumed lost.

Seine Bight had fared far worse. Many of the homes were built of wild cane and thatch and had been swept right into the lagoon. About 40 homes had been washed away. The parish house, badly damaged in last year's hurricane, was also swept away. Most of the people had been in the church or school and there were no casualties. Again, thank God.

On Monday evening I hitched a ride on a commercial vessel which put in at Placentia. As it sailed by Seine Bight on the sea side, the water was smooth and calm. The little village looked bright and clean. The church, school and two government buildings were bathed in the light of the setting sun, and the few remaining palm trees held their heads high and motionless over the quiet village.

The poor huts that had lined the ocean's edge had been swept away. The traces of the people who had lived along the beach had disappeared. The shore was clean and the white sand gleamed in the fading sunlight. It was hard to believe that just a few hours earlier it had been the scene of such violence and destruction.

The Priest Said "NO!"



Deep in the recesses of the Filipino mountains are various aboriginal peoples such as the Igorots and Ifugaos, most of them still unconverted.

FATHER JURGENS looked thoughtfully at the earnest young man before him and said, kindly but firmly, "No. Go back to your people, get married and raise a family. Let your children fulfill your desire." The young man had just asked to be sent to a seminary.

This took place at Bayombong, in the province of Nueva Vizcaya, Philippines, in the early 1920's. Our story, however, starts much earlier, in 1907, when Father Constantius Jurgens, Dutch nobleman and priest of the Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, came to Bontoc deep in the mountains of northern Luzon to begin his missionary career among the Bontoc Igorots. There were a hardy, primitive race, pagan to the core, whose head-hunting activities had been checked

only at the turn of the century when a strong American military government was established in their midst.

Father Jurgens stayed with them for about ten years, during which time he sowed the seeds that would one day blossom steadily into a virile Christianity. While not having much success with the older people, he did manage to teach the young. Revisiting Bontoc in 1927, he found the thriving Christian community made up of the very children he had taught and baptized many years before. Only now they were grown and were teaching their own children.

One of these was a boy named Falag-ey. When he became a Christian, taking the name Luis, he was practically disowned by his family—his father was a

One day in the Philippines a wise priest made a decision, never knowing what strange ramifications would come from his quiet and thoughtful refusal



Pagan priest of the Bontoc Igorots who figures in story.



A mother's eyes are always expressive, no matter what the conditions of life may be.

pagan priest. Father Jurgens undertook the boy's education, and when he later became bishop of Tuguegarao, he took Luis with him. It was this boy who now asked to become a priest.

"Go back to your people." It was a command, and Luis went back sadly and did as he was told. He married a young school teacher who was, like himself, a Bontoc Igorot and a convert.

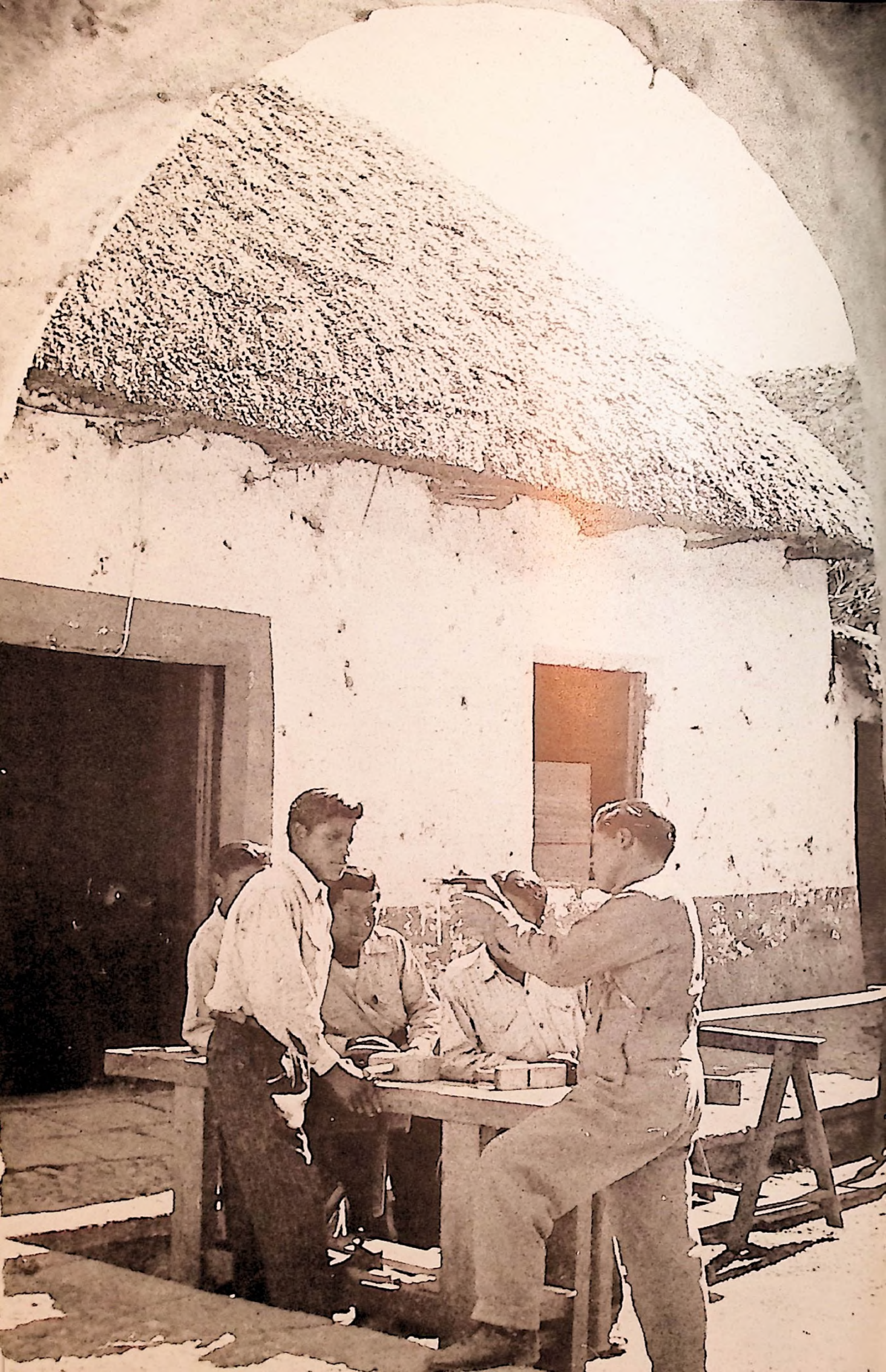
The first child born to the young couple was named, for obvious reasons, Constancio. Luis worked for a while as a school teacher, and then entered politics. In time he attained various high offices in the provincial government. Now well on in years, and with nine living children, he often thinks back to that day

when Father Jurgens, who died in 1952, said "No" to his priestly aspirations.

And he wonders, too, at the ways of God. For two of his children are today the first religious and priestly vocations ever to have come from among his people. In May of this year a daughter made her final religious profession in her congregation's motherhouse outside the city of Baguio. A month later, a son was ordained to the priesthood at Woodstock, Maryland.

The greatest surprise of my life was to learn for the first time, here at Woodstock, how Luis, who is my father, had asked to be a priest, and how Father Jurgens had said "No!"

FRANCISCO F. CLAVER S.J.



PERU: LAND OF EXTREMES

It's later than you think and the danger may be far closer to us than anyone realizes

ROBERT E. BECKMAN S.J.

BACK HOME in the States, Communism is usually just a word in the newspapers. Down here it is all too real, and we find it right in our midst. Here in Arequipa, for instance, wherever we turn we are confronted with reminders of the type of battle that faces us. Can you imagine what it feels like to turn a corner—almost any corner—and suddenly come face to face with a hammer and sickle painted on the wall? Or to go through sections of the city and “Cuba, Si, Yanquis NO!” scrawled on the buildings. Or to turn on the radio to the University station to hear a report of the recent landings in Cuba, and spot broadcasts every 15 minutes calling for a demonstration against the violent acts of aggression of the Yankee imperialists? Or to read in the paper of an invited guest lecturer at the University who defends and praises the glorious regime in Cuba, denounces the Catholic Church and the United States, and inspires a pro-Castro, anti-U.S. demonstration in the heart of the city?

Each such event serves as an additional reminder of the urgency and tremendous importance of our task here—to reach the people, to instruct them, to provide opportunities for them, and to direct them along the right path—and all of this before it is too late.

There is growing uneasiness and a mounting tension in the air. There has been a wave of student demonstrations and strikes; strikes of bus drivers, of fac-

tory workers, even threats of a general strike which would lead to violence and confusion. National elections are scheduled for next year, and already candidates are jockeying for positions, making promises and denunciations and generally stirring things up. And, of course, the Communists make the most of such a situation, capitalizing here and agitating there, all the time winning a host of sym-

Peruvian mother and her children welcome UNICEF typhus fighters. (UNations photo)





Adequate housing is hardly the correct description for this slum area between the towns of Lima and Callao. Both Peru and the UN are working on improvements.

pathizers to their own particular cause.

As with everything else down here, it seems it's either one extreme or the other. The Archbishop, for instance, recently wrote a strong and stirring pastoral letter condemning Communism, and denouncing the persecution of the Church in Cuba. And I wish you could be present for one of our processions. On the Feast of Corpus Christi there was a procession on through the main streets in the heart of the city. Thousands marched, and additional thousands lined the streets as the Blessed Sacrament was carried in solemn procession. The procession concluded with the Archbishop celebrating Mass in the central square.

Communism wouldn't stand a chance if there were not so much terrible poverty here. I'm sure your eyes would have been opened wide if you had gone visiting with me the other day. I went back to one of those little mud huts right off the back corner of our campus. There are ten little ones in the family, the oldest

being fifteen. He works all day in the fields for about twenty-five cents. The father has a job of some sort, and for his day's work he earns about fifty cents. This is the total family income. The children are always running around dirty and without sufficient clothes to cover their frail little bodies. The little girls confided that they practically never had meat. Usually a meal consists of a little rice and a few potatoes. Some days there is not even that. It makes one wonder.

One of our biggest tasks here is to instill social conscience in those who do have even a little something in the way of material goods. The extremes in wealth are like the extremes in politics. Perhaps we may not reach many of the adults of today, but we must make every effort to train the young in basic social justice. Without a combustible material, fire won't burn. And without the misery and discontent of large numbers of really poor people, Communism won't stand a chance here in Peru—or anywhere else.

How To Get Lost

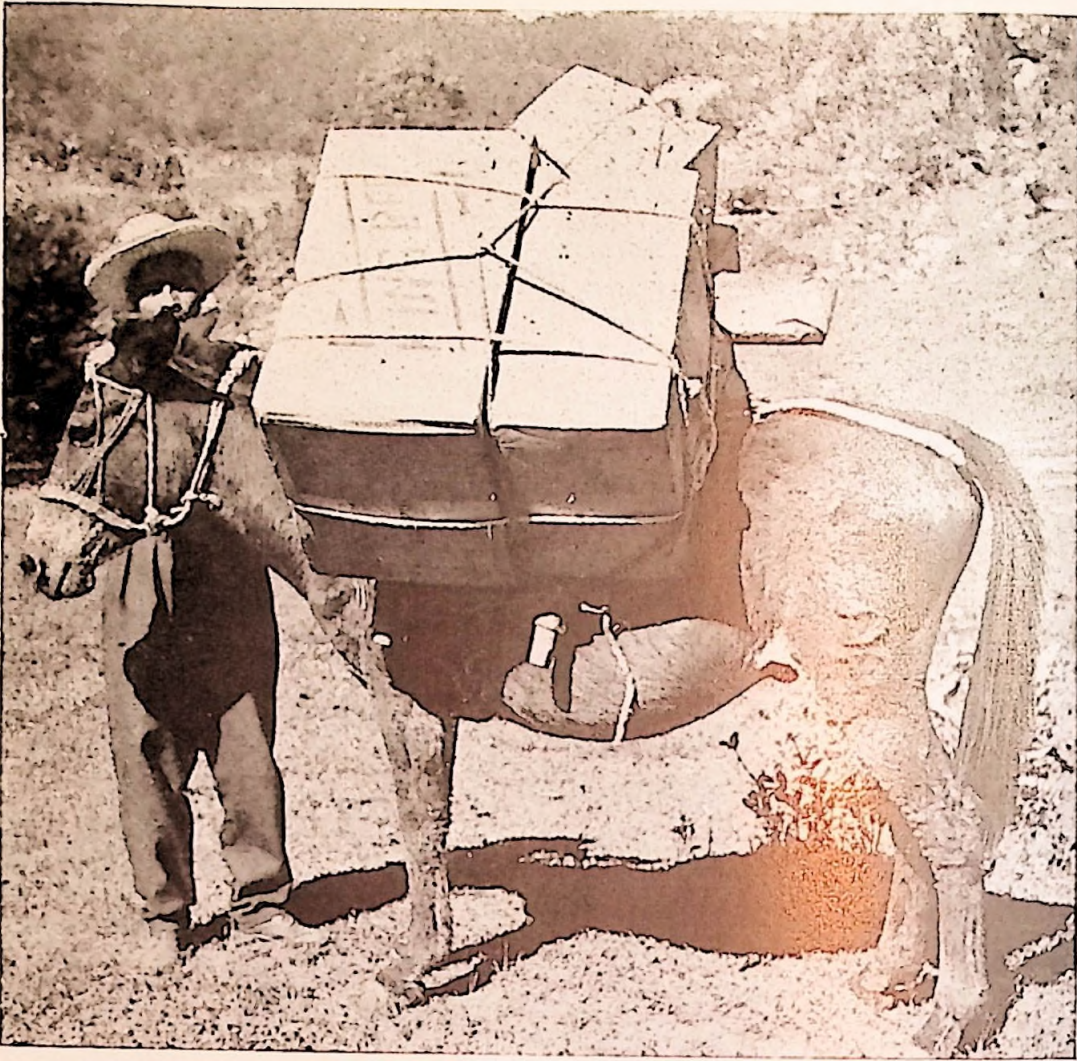
In the brush-covered mountains of Honduras a missionary remembers his early tutoring and wonders as he wanders

WILLIAM J. BRENNAN S.J.

MANY CASE histories in psychiatric wards record youthful experiences that later in life come back to haunt their subject. A psychic trauma embedded in the subconscious often returns in weird form to plague its owner in later years.

When I was small I used to tag after my older brother. Strangely unappreciative of my company, he used to scramble over a fence and run for all he was worth to ditch me. His last words invariably were "Get lost!"





The proverbial camel and the straw which broke his back has been a vastly overplayed story, according to the pack mules in the mountains of Honduras.

Five times in the last six weeks I have gotten lost. Somehow I manage with great ease to get off the mule path. When the low-hanging branches begin knocking my helmet off my head and flipping my glasses so that they hang precariously by one ear, when the bushes make the mule plow head down like a heavily loaded ship in high seas, I begin to tell myself that this detour is poorly kept up. I never dream of admitting to myself that I might be lost.

The last time the trail suddenly became heavily overgrown was on the road to a village called La Laguna. I took a right when obviously I should have turned left. About an hour and a half later a little boy came galloping up on a horse to prevent me from being lost for a week. Under his expert steering, the trail re-

mained remarkably clear—there was no overgrowth to torture and mislead me.

On arriving at the half way point of my journey, however, the situation changed. My little guide started out ahead of me to lead the way. We were picking our way up a steep, rock-strewn hill, and I was concentrating on getting over smooth-surfaced stones for fear that the mule would slip and throw me off.

A large tree with low-hanging branches brushed against the top of a huge boulder ahead. As I scraped the saddle bags against the boulder to squeeze through a pass, I looked up for my guide. He wasn't there. The path continued left, but there was also a path that turned right. (It seems there always is.) On the left, trees and brush dotted the path so that I could not see very far ahead. To the

right, the boulders obscured my vision. I decided that the guide was hidden by foliage. Remembering that a right turn had gotten me in trouble only an hour before, there seemed to be little reasonable doubt where my path lay. I turned left.

An hour or so later I was enmeshed in bushes and high grass at the top of a hill, finding it practically impossible to go in any direction. The saddle bags were pulling hard against the brush; so hard that I decided this alternative trail that I was taking was in a terrible state of disrepair. I also decided that I would return to the village of San Jose and complain bitterly to the authorities about the condition of this alternate route mule path. And incidentally, while there, I might just ask for some directions.

It took a long, tedious hour to get

back to San Jose. This meant two hours wasted. With a fresh guide—my original guide was, apparently, somewhere up in the hills wondering what on earth had happened to the Padre—I set out once more for La Laguna. Arriving at the boulder and the low-hanging tree for the second time that day, I realized how eminently reasonable it was that I should take the right turn, and not the left as I had earlier. Without any further serious difficulty, I continued my journey and finally arrived safely at La Laguna.

When I return to the States for a visit, I'm going to see a psychiatrist. While I recline on the couch, I am certainly going to ask him whether the brotherly advice of my childhood to "get lost" may not somehow have popped up from my *id* to dog my trail in the Honduran jungle. It is a cause of wonder.



On the trail (left) and a rare moment of quiet at home (above) are the two extremes of Father Brennan's life. He has his headquarters in the town of Yoro.

Window on the Mission

THE WORKER IS IMPORTANT

TWA's FLIGHT No. 1 from Calcutta was on time; and, as the passengers from the jet filed into the Customs area at New York's Idlewild Airport, we tried to pick out Father John Knappek S.J. of Patna, India. But it was the other way around; he picked us out. It was a good thing he did, for, except for his left arm which hung helpless at his side, he had very little about him that would identify him as a missionary returning home for hospitalization.

In the motley crowd at the airport he could have been mistaken for a factory worker. As a matter of fact Father Knappek does work in a "factory." He calls it his "parish." It is the Loyola Industrial School at Patna, India, which for the past fifteen years has been training the young men of the Bihar State in welding, plumbing, electrical and machine shop work and other divisions of the industrial and building trades.

Is this missionary work? Is it a proper occupation for a priest with many years of academic training? Father Knappek

thinks that it is; he and his associates are expanding the school to an even larger "factory." In this opinion he is strongly supported by Pope John XXIII, who attaches so much importance to this sort of activity in the modern missions that he is asking the whole Church in the Mission Intention of this month to pray "that the young in mission territories, engaged in technical pursuits, be trained in the spirit of Faith."

The important place that Technical and Trade Schools occupy in the modern missions arises from the intensive drive that exists in all under-developed countries to industrialize their economy. There is a real need for trained workers and a real hunger on the part of the young to receive this training. The Communists have seized upon this need and this hunger to share their undoubted technical competence with these countries—not only their technical competence but also their atheism, their hatreds, their gross material outlook.

This on the negative side. Positively, the Church, especially in modern times, has insisted on its traditional role as defender and promoter of the rights and dignity of the manual worker. Did not Christ, Our Lord, have a trade? The Church, therefore, in the emerging countries which are moving towards greater industrialization, holds that one of her chief duties is that of seeing to it that not only the trainees but also the workers



COVER. Once again the men of Ignatius Loyola leave home and all its symbols to strengthen the ranks of those in the mission field. Over ninety Jesuits left this year for various areas. Cover design by artist Phil Franznick.

are instructed in the highest spiritual ideals of their calling as well as being given advanced technical training.

She encourages Labor Schools such as the famous one operated by the Maryland Jesuits of Jamshedpur where workers in the steel industry are given proper training in their rights and dignity as well as the technique to achieve them. She also sponsors many other activities among the workers, the most unusual of which is possibly the Center run by Father Louis Dowd S.J. in Taiwan. Here the specialization is in the child-worker, of which there are many not only in Taiwan but all throughout the Orient where child-labor laws are not fully developed.

Those sub-teenagers, most of whom have never attended school, work all day in the factories and are sometimes a problem on the off-hours. Father Dowd runs a Center where these workers not only have a chance for recreation but also for study and spiritual instruction.

Fifty years ago the vast majority of secondary schools in the missions were of the academic or classical type which prepared students for positions in Civil Service, teaching and commerce. Today it is no longer possible to ignore those changes in local society which place the major stress on the need for technical and trade schools. This type of school is much more expensive to run than the classical school due to costly machinery and laboratories which they must have. However, failure to respond to this need is to run the risk of losing the worker who is destined to become in mission countries as important and influential a citizen as workers are in our own country and in other Western nations.



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DEPARTURES

—1961

*These men left this year for
different mission fields and for
the glory of spreading the Kingdom of Christ*



Andrew H. Bachhuber
Korea



John R. Bernbrock
Korea



James F. Branon
Philippines



James R. Brockman
Peru



Clarence J. Burby
Iraq



Charles J. Burton
Chile



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Paul D. Campbell
Philippines



Robert B. Campbell
Iraq



John J. Carty
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Arthur M. Chai
Jamaica



Francis W. Conn
Formosa



Andrew A. Connolly
Caroline-Marshall Islands



Michael J. Connolly
Japan



Robert E. Corrigan
Alaska



Richard J. Cronin
Philippines



Jose Cruz
Philippines



John P. Daly
Korea



Joseph P. Del Tufo
Philippines



James J. Donnelly
Nepal



Peter B. Du Brul
Iraq



John H. Fisher
Honduras



John P. Foley
Peru



John C. Futrell
Indonesia



Michael E. Gallagher
Japan



Joseph C. Gill
American Indians



Charles B. Hancock
Japan



Norman E. Harland
Nepal



Louis E. Haven
Africa



Joseph M. Healy
Philippines



Francis V. Hillebrand
Nepal



Charles A. Hoffman
Peru



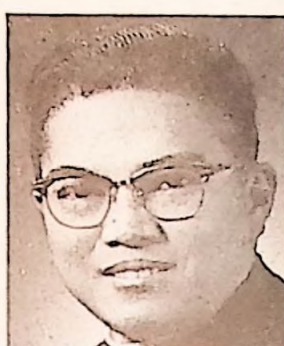
John R. Hogan
Philippines



Matthew J. Horvat
American Indians



William D. Ibach
Iraq



James E. Jacobson
Alaska

Richard T. Lambert
Patna, India

Leo H. Larkin
Philippines

Oscar M. Lingad
Philippines

Denis F. Lynch
Philippines



Edward F. Madden
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Robert E. Manning
Iraq

John J. McCarthy
Iraq

Neil G. McCluskey
Africa

Gerard L. McLaughlin
Jamaica



Gregory F. Meyding
Iraq

Clyde L. Miller
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Rodolpho P. Valdes
Philippines



Mariano Varela
Philippines



John A. Walsh
Caroline-Marshall Islands



A. Joseph Ward
Korea



James F. Waterbury
Philippines



William M. Welsh
Philippines

Not Pictured

American Indians

John J. Anhalt
Stephen T. Egan
John G. Flannigan
Eugene E. Parshall
Carl E. Quesnell
Paul B. Steinmetz
James B. Warosh

Jamaica

Austin J. Burns

Japan

George R. Graziano

Peru

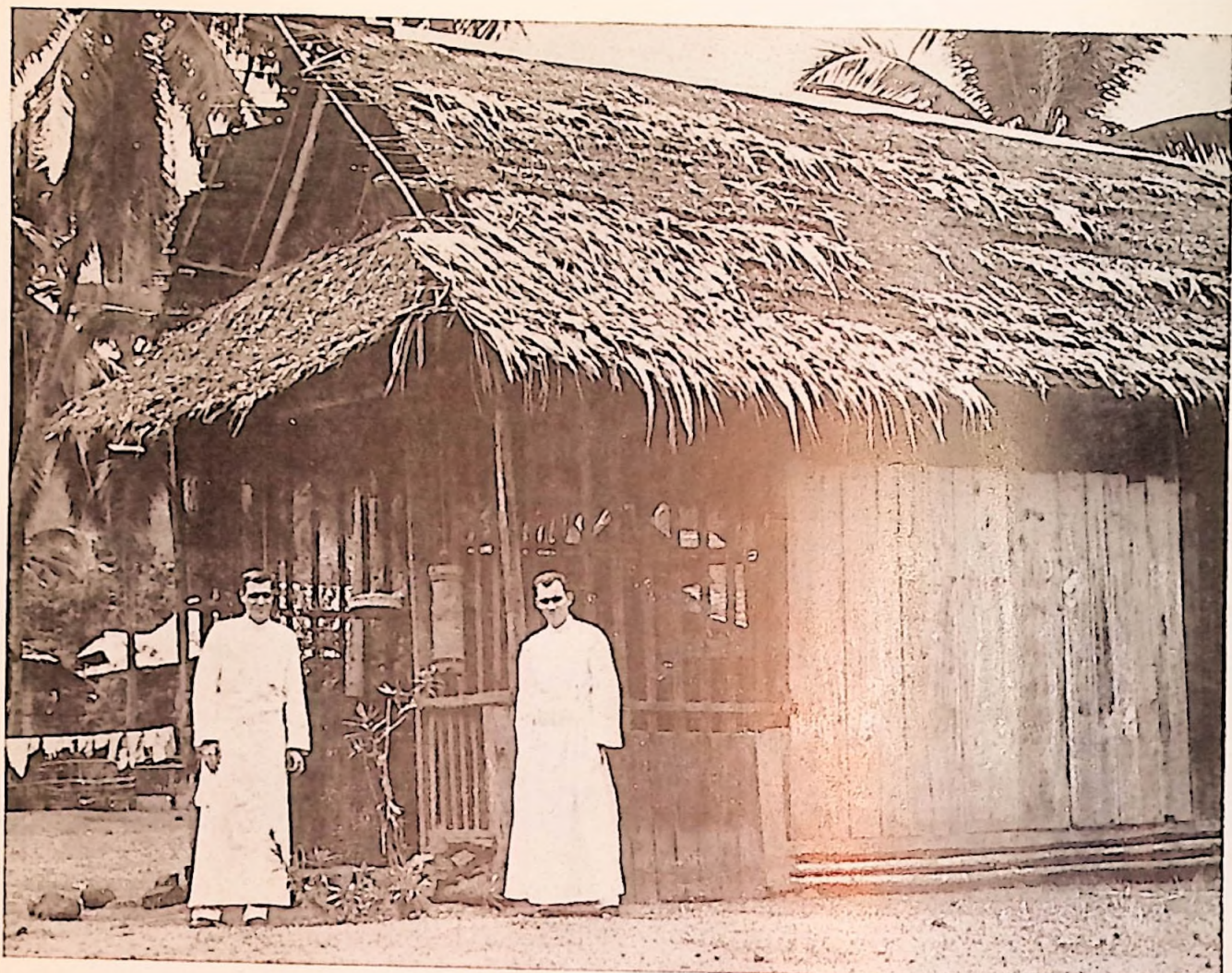
William B. Cetnar

Philippines

Santiago Marasigan
Jesus M. Montemayor

Puerto Rico

Michael D. Batten
Walter J. Fallon
Eugene M. Feeney
Robert H. Finlay
Blaise C. Mazzella
Stephen J. Meany
Vincent D. Murray
Joseph W. O'Donovan
Fabian Rodriguez
Mario Rodriguez
John F. Talbot



Typical barrio chapel as described by author (below) in the back country of the Philippines is not exactly a Frank Lloyd Wright architectural gem but it is best possible at the moment.

PANGANTUKAN —

FRANK C. WEBSTER S.J.

Hard Work and High Hopes



It's a little Filipino corner in the Bukidnon and it hasn't a great deal to offer—except hope

ON JUNE 21, 1961 I was appointed pastor of San Isidro Parish in Pangantukan, which is in the southwestern part of the province of Bukidnon on the island of Mindanao in the Philippines. My first parish comprises the entire Municipal District of Pangantukan, with more than 18,000 Catholics scattered over 200 square miles of rugged land.

This District is a settlement area where people from all over the Philippines are brought to try for a new lease on life. Some of them were displaced by floods, others by bandits; some are reformed members of the Huks, the Communist group who rebelled against the poor distribution of land, and other economic ills prevalent after the war. Still others are former tenant farmers who thought they could do better on their own.

The government brings them here, gives them about twenty-five acres of land, a work animal (carabao), farm tools, helps them build a house, and supplies them with food for the first six months. The cost of all this must be repaid after a period of ten years, in instalments and without interest.

You can see that my people are quite poor right now, and it will be some time before I can expect much help from them. Only when they get their farms running well and their debts paid off will they really be able to support their own church.

The climate here is more encouraging. We are almost 3,000 feet above sea level, and although this is the warm season, we need blankets at night. We are located fifteen miles from the main road, and fifty-five miles from Malaybalay, the only town of any size in Bukidnon where we can buy any of the things we really need. And even Malaybalay isn't dependable. I was not able to find a bottle of glue anywhere in town, and had to go still another forty miles to Cagayan.

The chapel in Pangantukan is one of the old ones, and already much too small for the number of people who use it. (In addition, I have to care for about ten out-station chapels throughout the District.) Behind the chapel are two rooms for living, working, and storage for a priest and three boys. My room is seven feet by ten feet, within which I live, do some of my work, and store what little I have to store.

Recently, in the company of two other Jesuits, four boys and a guide, I climbed 9,500 foot Mount Kitanglag. (There is some dispute as to whether this is the highest or the second highest mountain in the Philippines.) We traveled the narrow hunters' road most of the way up and spent the night at 8,000 feet. The next morning we reached the peak where the view of Bukidnon is really impressive. It was quite an experience, but if you ask me why missionaries, who are obliged to climb up and down hills and canyons on their frequent trips to mission stations, would want to spend a couple of days climbing a mountain, I can't explain it. Like the busman's holiday, it may be simply a matter of doing

Unsmiling seriousness would appear to be the characteristic keynote of this Filipino family.





You travel 55 miles from Pangantukan to this nearest big town of Malaybalay —and you can't find glue!

voluntarily what one usually does from a sense of duty.

Earlier today I returned from a trip to Kalilangan, one of my out-stations, where I offered Mass for the Feast of Sts. Peter and Paul. (It is a holyday of obligation here.) This was my first trip on the road. What a nightmare! The road was built by bulldozing the side of the hills, so you wind up and down, and in and out; and the half dried mud has been moulded into all sorts of bumps and ridges.

As I entered Pangantukan on my return, I saw a man putting a candle in the middle of the road. There was a truck parked just ahead, and many people had gathered around it. I asked what was wrong and was told that a little boy about four years old had been hit by the truck about an hour before. He was now lying dead in a nearby house.

I went in and blessed the body and said a few prayers. Actually, there is so little one can say at such a time. It is even more difficult to try consoling someone in a dialect that is still a bit uncomfortable to use. Tomorrow they will bring the little boy to the church for a blessing

and then bury him in the barrio cemetery.

I found out later that the driver of the truck had immediately stabbed himself and was in critical condition in Malaybalay. One added tragedy in fatal accidents here in the Philippines is that the bystanders often attack the driver and sometimes even kill him. Usually the offender runs off to hide or else turns himself over to the authorities. This man was from the town, and probably tried to kill himself out of fear.

In my first few weeks here, I have learned many things and made all sorts of plans for this sprawling parish. In addition to building a convento, I must enlarge the church temporarily until some way is found to build a new one; the catechism program also must be expanded. This list of "things to be done" is almost interminable, and the means with which to do them are not yet available. But a first mission is a challenge, and with the help of God and some earthly benefactors, the people of San Isidro parish and I should soon be able to start another list. This one will be marked, "things that have been done."



THE CHURCH AT PANGANTUKAN . . .

can administer to more than 18,000 Catholics living in a 200 square mile area. The Church at Pangantukan can help the sick, the homeless, the hopeless. The Church at Pangantukan can be a beacon of hope to the countless pagans who are teetering on the edge of an abyss. Their only hope is

➤ **YOU!**

Father Frank Webster, the newly appointed Pastor of the Philippine Island village needs so many items that to list them will require several pages. Instead we are relaying his appeal to you for whatever assistance you afford. We will see to it that your generosity finds its way to Pangantukan and its parishioners. For your kindness, you will be remembered in Father's Masses every day of his life.

Please send \$5, \$10 or whatever you can give to:

JESUIT MISSIONS

211 EAST 87 STREET

NEW YORK 28, N. Y.

"FIRST NIGHT" IN KOREA

JOHN P. DALY S.J.



This is a side of Seoul which most Americans will not remember but it is indicative of the efforts being made to repair the damage of a decade ago

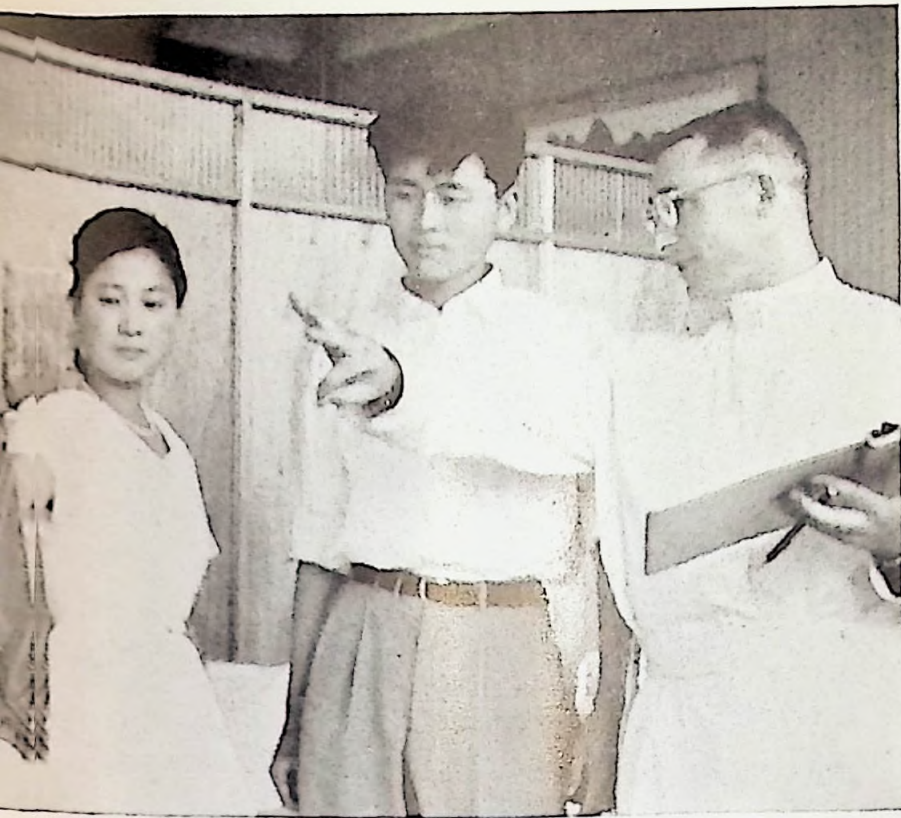
IT WAS "First Night" at the Sogang College little theater in Seoul, Korea. As the darkness of a soft June evening closed in on the surrounding mountains, lines of students and guests hurried up the hill to Sogang's main building where a bank of lights marked out the assembly-room theater. The Koreans filed into the lobby past the welcoming American Jesuits. Greetings were a blend of English and Korean. Sometimes the Koreans would display their knowledge of English, and occasionally you could hear some tall American using the guttural Korean tones, delighting the guests with his ability in their language.

The last guest was packed into the room, the recorded music faded into silence, the room lights dimmed and the stage lights came up. The play was about to begin. The director and producer, John Mitchell S.J., from Hugo, Minne-

sota, and a third year veteran in Korea, climbed to his post to operate our borrowed spotlight.

The first play, "Hangs Over Thy Head" by Ruth Angell Purkey, was a long, serious one-act play about a playwright and his play. It dealt with the contemporary problem of existence under the shadow of the H-bomb. In the play, an actor, an actress, an aging star, a Soviet diplomat, a drunkard and a playwright face possible destruction in an atmosphere of thick despair. Such a play had added interest, produced as it was only a few miles south of Korea's demilitarized zone dividing the Republic of South Korea from the Red North Korea.

The companion play was "Home for the Friendly," a light comedy by Florence Kiper Frank, about an eccentric English gentleman who maintains an institution not for the friendless, but for



Correct gesture is indicated by John Mitchell S.J. (left) and the willingness of actors is reflected in dancer (below).



School play at Sogang College meant a lot of work in both acting and English.



the friendly, for those queer people who cloy upon you with their sugary friendliness. The play reaches a climax when the "friends" begin quarreling with each other.

The audience responded to the plays with respectful attention, appropriate laughter, and appreciative applause. The actors and actresses had worked hard at learning the difficult English lines and at repeating them with meaning and emotion. A dozen of the men students

helped Brother Art Dethlefs S.J. from Omaha to prepare the stage-painting, erecting flats and hauling furniture. Brother Mike Daniels S.J. from Minnesota supplied a homemade lighting panel complete with dimmers. The office secretaries stayed on after work and helped with the make up.

The finished production was an attractive mixture of school spirit and cooperation as well as a popular demonstration of our intensive English program.

FELIX

LUIS MICIANO S.J.

*It happened in the Philippines
but everyone of us can recognize
a story true for the whole world*

WHEN I FIRST met Felix his name was Ahadain Ladja Matli. He was a full-blooded Moslem, a follower of Allah and his prophet. Now he is a Christian and everyone calls him by his baptismal name, Felix. This is the Latin word for "happy" and I can't think of a better description of the little story that follows.

One day a woman from a nearby village came to the rectory to tell me that

one of the boys in her village wanted to marry her daughter. "There is one difficulty," she said. "The boy is a Moslem and we are Christians. But I think he wants to be baptized," she added.

I summoned the Moslem boy; he did want to be baptized, and after making sure that his motives were right, I gave him his first instruction. He then promised to come back in a week.

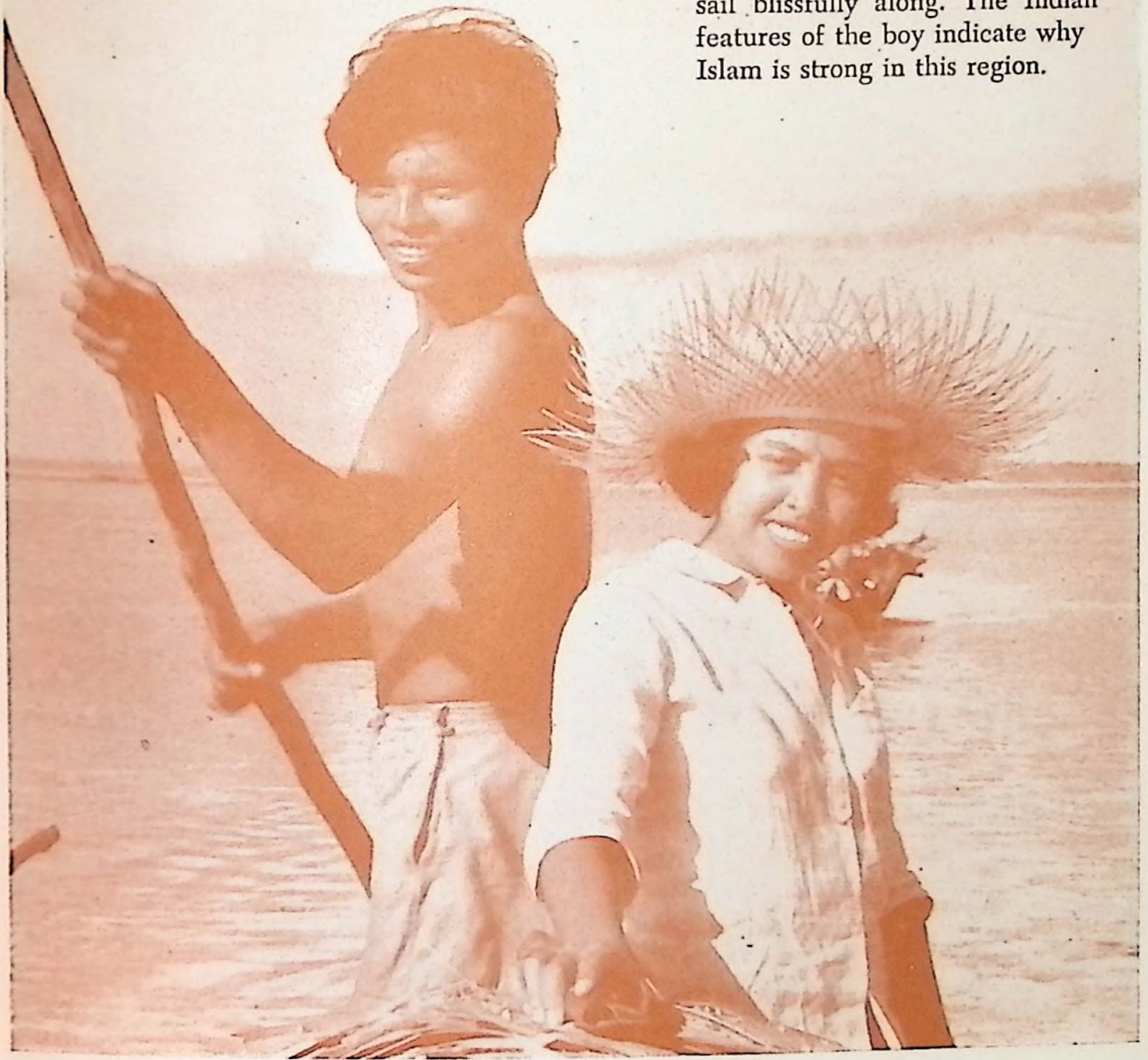
A couple of days later, two very upset young ladies came to me. The girl called Petronila was weeping, and her companion said vehemently, "Father, this girl wants to kill herself."

It turned out that Petronila was the girl whom the Moslem boy wanted to marry. But she loved someone else, and besides she did not want a Moslem husband, but she was afraid to tell him. She sobbed all this in one breath, and heaving a deep sigh, added, "Better to die."

Many happy returns are in order as Father Miciano (rear) officiates at Felix's nuptials.



On the Sulu Sea a young couple sail blissfully along. The Indian features of the boy indicate why Islam is strong in this region.



When the Moslem boy came back, he already knew. The girl had, after all, gathered enough courage to tell him.

"Well," I said, "do you still want to become a Christian?"

He looked surprised and a little hurt. "Of course!" he replied. "My wanting to be baptized never had anything to do with my wanting to marry that girl."

I was pleased with the reply and told him so, and he appeared to forgive me for my lack of faith in him.

When his instructions were completed, I baptized him. It was the Feast of St. Aloysius Gonzaga. I should have given him my name, Luis, but I just didn't

think of it. He took his godfather's name, Felix, and I felt a little disappointed afterwards.

Months passed. One day Petronila appeared at the rectory. She seemed blissfully happy, and told me that she was going to be married—to Felix! And so, on the Feast of St. Joseph, I married them.

A few months ago I offered Mass in the village where Felix and Petronila live. Felix was there, accompanied by Petronila, who was carrying a healthy baby boy. After Mass they presented the baby for baptism.

"What will his name be?"

Felix grinned and said, "Luis."



WARM WELCOME IN CHILE

BY A SIMPLE gesture of love, two young ladies from Massachusetts have sparked a reaction in Chile that the U.S. Government hasn't been able to get with millions of dollars in economic assistance.

Kathleen Roach (left, above) of Norwood and Judith McAuliffe of Newton are members of the Lay Apostolate Group of Regis College in Weston, Mass. Recently they arrived in Osorno, Chile to teach at the U.S. Jesuit Colegio San Mateo. The people of Osorno were astounded to learn that the American girls are getting no salary for their work.

Shortly after the girls' arrival, this letter was printed in the Osorno newspaper:

WELCOME!

You have left your country, your home, your families, your conveniences; you have left all to come to this corner of

Chile to teach a group of boys who, like all the children of southern Chile, have lived through the interminable minutes of the horrible earthquake of last year.

No one has asked me to write these lines, because I am not a person for such a thing. I am only the mother of one of the boys who is being educated at San Mateo; but there are times when one must express her feelings. Your arrival in Osorno forces me to write this public letter. I wish to express the gratitude of all the mothers to you both. You do not have religious vows yet you have sacrificed all for love of God and neighbor and for love of our boys.

Miss Kathleen, Miss Judith, welcome to Osorno. Welcome into the heart of each mother of these boys who from today are also partly yours. Thank you.

A MOTHER

'Toys 'for 'Tiles

JOHN C.
MURPHY S.J.



HERE IN THE Yoro District of Honduras we are up against ignorance, poverty and indifference. But however bleak things seem at times, there are always the unexpected little incidents like the following to brighten a missionary's day.

For the past five months we have been working hard trying to repair our church which has been pretty well eaten up by termites. We started a drive a couple of weeks ago to put in a new tile floor.

Last Saturday I was in the church when a little girl (pictured above) walked in and handed me eleven *cincitos*, about

twenty-seven cents in United States currency.

"Padre," she said, "I have been raffling off my *juguetes* (toys) to buy some tiles for the new floor. I sold eleven chances and here is the list of people that bought them." She went away quite happy, just as if she had brought enough money to pay for the entire eight thousand tiles that will be needed for the church floor.

That's all there is to the story of little Julia Belinda and here eleven *cincitos*. It is short, but sweet—the kind of small surprise that cheers the heart of a missionary simply because it is never anticipated.

Mystery in Miyoshi

LOUIS FONTES S.J.



THE STONE was found in the bed of the river that flows by the village of Miyoshi. It was in two pieces, and its shape was that of the stone lanterns often seen as ornaments for ordinary Japanese gardens. What made the stone unusual was a human form carved in its center.

The villagers of Miyoshi put the two parts together and set it standing near the gateway to the mountains. They called it *Maria-Kwannon*.

Kwannon is the Buddhist female deity representing the virtue of mercy. During the fierce persecutions of the 17th century, hidden Christians used to adopt its images or imitations as reminders of Our Lady. This way they could cherish a devotion towards her, and keep faith in Christ, her Son, without fear of persecution. These images, some of which are still in existence, are popularly called *Maria-Kwannon*.

It was, however, soon discovered that the stone found at Miyoshi is not a *Maria-Kwannon*. According to Father John Laures S.J., the late specialist in the history of Japanese Christianity, no artist of 17th century Japan would have represented Our Lady with her feet uncovered.

It seemed, rather, that such a stone is of the "Kirishtan-doro" or Christian lanterns type, originated by a group of Christian artists who were followers of Furuta Oribe, the famous tea-master of that period.

Despite the obscurity of the symbolism, and the question of the actual use of the stone, close study of the inscription has led to the theory that the stone may be a camouflaged cross with the inscription IHS or FILIO (son, in Latin). It would appear to be simply a cross with the figure of Christ on it.

The most popular theory regarding the lantern-like stone is more dramatic than the ones already mentioned. It has been suggested that in the later years of the persecution, when Catholic priests had

to hide in caves and forests, these stone lanterns were the secret landmarks identifying the out of the way places where Christians would meet with the missionary priest to receive the Sacraments.

Whatever may be its origin, use and meaning, the broken stone full of symbolism is much more than a memorial of the past. Today it is also a glorious herald for the rich harvest of souls in the future.

A few months ago there was not a single Catholic in the village of Miyoshi. The nearby city, with about 40,000 people, was also without any Catholics. In March of last year, a chapel was built. By May of this year, more than two hundred had received baptism, with as many more asking for instruction in the Faith.

When the missionary received his assignment to open the first permanent chapel in Miyoshi, he noticed that Our Lady had already been busy preparing the way for her Son. Near the strange stone lantern that the villagers had set up at the gateway to the mountains, a historical marker explained that the figure on the stone is the image of Mary, the Mother of Christ.

While subsequent investigation has made such a conclusion rather debatable, the fact remains that the good people of the village, believing that the image portrays Christ's Mother, keep fresh flowers at the stone. And in Miyoshi, where the stone is still referred to as *Maria-Kwannon*, the Faith grows in strength.

Miyoshi's new chapel was dedicated this year and part of the ceremony was a speech of congratulations by Father Hugo Lasalle S.J., Vicar of the newly erected Diocese of Hiroshima.



Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

When it's raining and your classroom is only a verandah then it can be extremely unpleasant. Father Kavanagh in Jamshedpur, India, has five hundred youngsters and desperately needs 14 classrooms at \$200 each to take care of them. A gift of any size would be most welcome.

Closer to home but faced with a similar problem is Father Thensted in his Louisiana mission. He has been operating his two schools for years with old desks given him by other schools. Even that source is running dry and he still has 800 children on his school list. A gift of \$2, \$5, or more would mean much to this veteran missionary.

A cottage small—whether by a waterfall or not—is a “must” for those who teach in Jamaica's hills. Father Louis Grenier has permission, and some aid, from the government to build a cottage at Mount Joseph and May River but he himself must provide the rest. He can't keep a teacher if he has no place to stay. So will you give some small part of the sum necessary to remove Father Grenier's problem?

One square foot of India can be yours for only two dollars. Father Felix Farrell is starting a brand new mission in Chainpatia and is striving to put up an “all-purpose” building. He figures that each square foot will cost two dollars—and there are 3000 square feet! How about investing in a few square feet?

Moving day in Darbhanga is at hand for Father Cornelius Curtin. The Sisters are coming at long last but he has been unable to get a place for them. So he is turning his cottage over to them and moving into a thatched roof affair. The chapel is too small now and he would love to build a new one with a room attached for his own quarters. Could you help him with a donation of any size?

Thanks are due to the ladies of Progreso in Honduras who organized a committee for repairing the roof of Our Lady of Mercy Church. They worked hard to pay for the materials and labor but they have reached the end of their resources and about \$2500 still remains on the debt. Could you help them and Father Omer Sullivan with a gift of any size so that only the new roof and no worries will hang over their heads?

Winter is coming in South Dakota and Father Joseph Karol knows how long the nights can be. He is desirous of obtaining some visual-aid materials, especially those which can be used in catechism instructions. It would benefit 1500 people a year and Father figures the cost around \$450. Could you send \$5 or so?

Your help is needed in a hundred ways. A stringless gift is deeply appreciated.

JESUIT MISSIONS
211 East 87th St.
New York 28, N.Y.

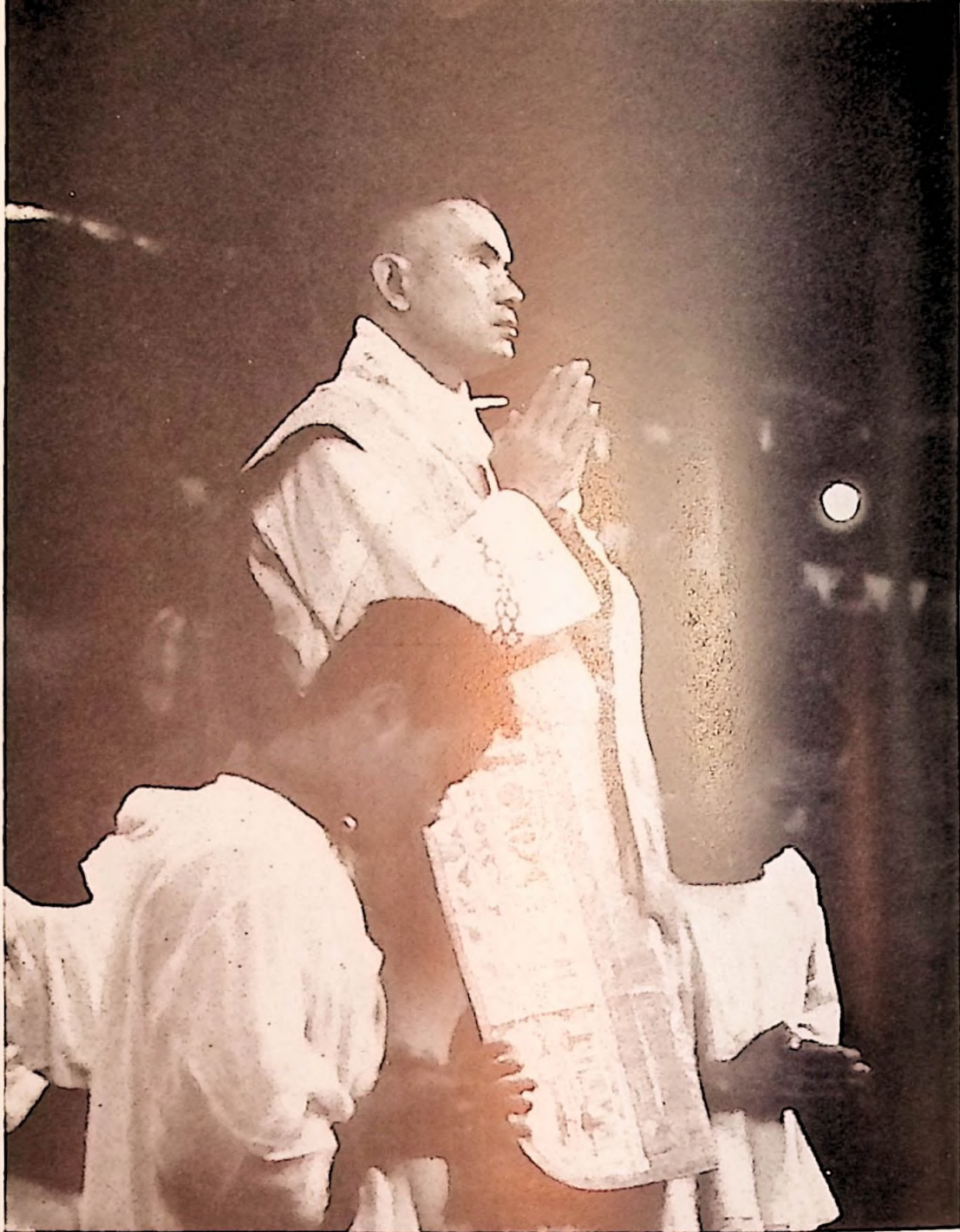


THE HILLS ARE HIGH



For ten years Father Hebert has ridden the Honduras trails and he still discovers places where no priest has ever been. He needs furnishings for the adobe chapels—tabernacles, Stations of the Cross, etc. He and his people will gladly pack in by mule whatever your generosity can provide.

JESUIT MISSIONS, 211 East 87th St., New York 28, N.Y.



R THE MONTH OF REMEMBRANCE

November is the month when we remember prayerfully our dear ones who are departed. Our missionaries will be pleased to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for your intentions during this month.

JESUIT MISSIONS

211 East 87th St., New York 28, N.Y.