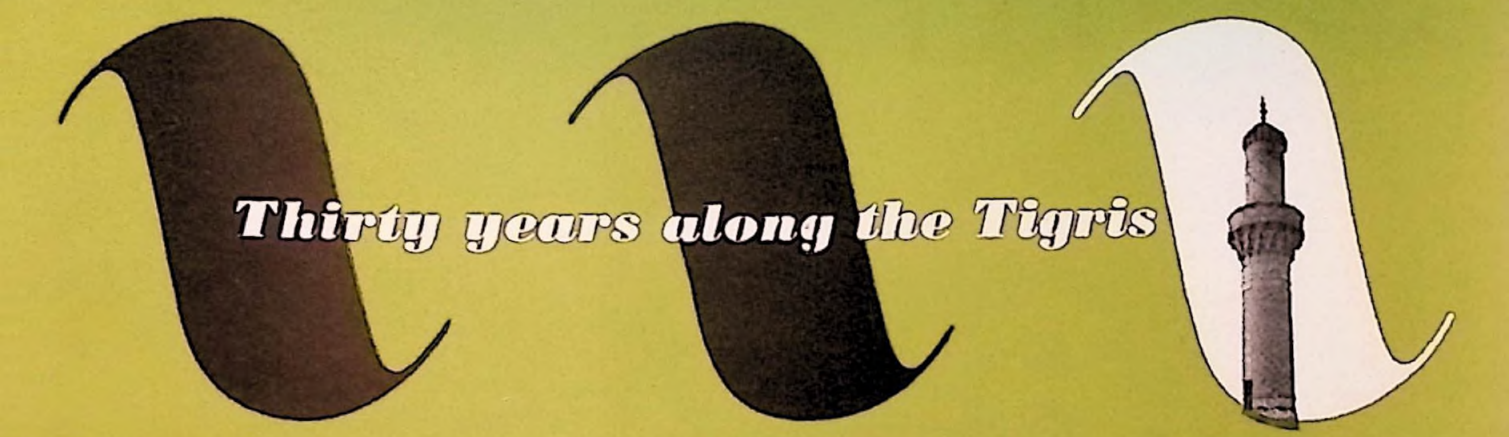
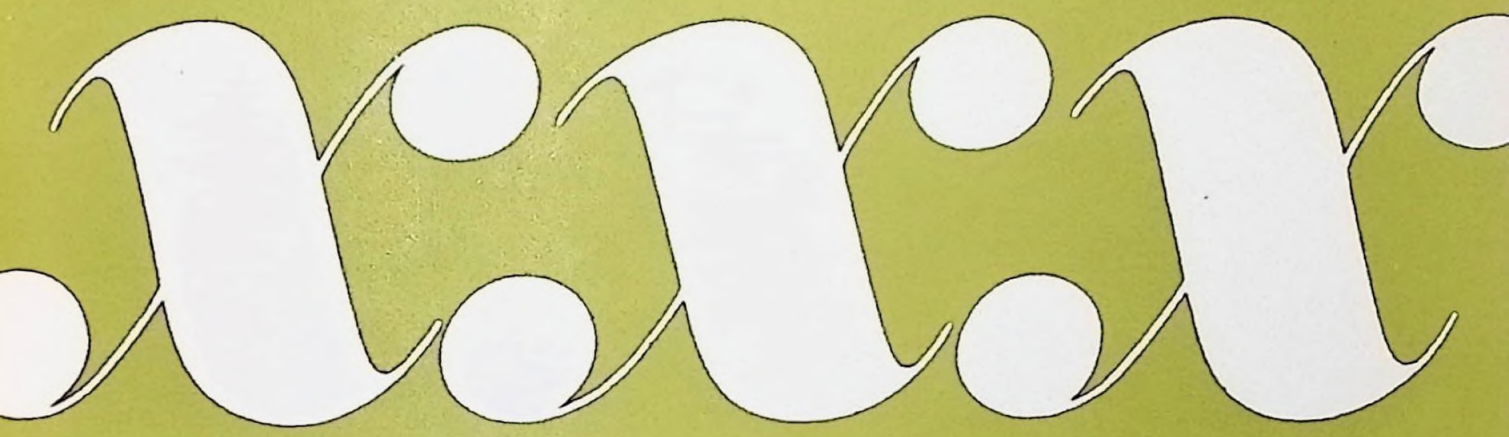


JESUIT MISSIONS

MAY 1962



Thirty years along the Tigris



JM

JESUIT

National Magazine of the American Jesuits



MISSIONS

in the Mission Fields assigned them by the Holy Father

Missions assigned to the American Jesuits by the Pope:

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Nepal - Yoro - American Indians - Puerto Rico - Chile - Peru - Africa

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Solo on the Sulu Sea (left) is caught by ace cameraman
Father James Donelan S.J. Since World War II the people
of this region of the Philippines, once commonly known as
Moros, have insisted on being called Moslems for that title
emphasizes their religious background and its recent revival.



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■ Bridge across Tigris leads into heart of oldest part of Baghdad.



A few men went into Caliph Town, strangers and out of their depth in many ways, but their subsequent story belongs to the Arabian Nights

Thirty Years Along the TIGRIS

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.

ON FEBRUARY 12TH of this year an Associated Press dispatch carried the brief announcement in the New York papers, "Al-Hikma University of Baghdad, operated by American Jesuits,

will become coeducational next year with the enrollment of a group of Iraqi girls."

Thirty years ago to the day two men, Fathers William Rice and Edward Madaras, were sailing eastward across the Atlantic toward the fabled City of the Caliphs and the land where history began. On another February day, fourteen years later, Father Rice, now become Bishop of Belize in British Honduras, would render back to God his ardent and ever restless soul. This February finds Father Madaras still at his post in Baghdad (except the word "still" ill befits the product and pride of Defiance, Ohio). A lot of water has flowed down the Tigris in those years, angry in flood time, quiet yet still strong at other times. But we wonder if either of these founders of the



■ From Biblical times the circular *gufa* has been used for travel and transport on Tigris.



Baghdad Mission had ever dreamed so wildly at the outset of their journey of the solid accomplishment of Baghdad College on the Tigris and Al-Hikma University on the confluent Diyala River.

The purpose of their Eastern expedition had been clearly spelled out for them—but there can be a great difference between the bare assertion of “We plan to put a man in space” and the moving human drama of John Glenn leaving the launching pad at Cape Canaveral. The Catholics of Baghdad had been petitioning the Holy See for some years in an effort to obtain a high school for their boys; a preliminary survey had been made by the late Edmund Walsh S.J. of Georgetown; the task was formally assigned to the New England Province (with help from other American Provinces); and now two men were on the way, to be joined later in the year by Fathers J. Edward Coffey and John A. Miff.

They came into a world where every turn in the road spoke of a history running back to the dawn of time. The land between the rivers had cradled the human race. Ur of the Chaldees and Abraham, Nineveh and Babylon with the whispered echo of Jonah the Prophet and the fabled hanging gardens which had come into being simply because the dark eyes of a Persian girl were lonely for the mountains of her homeland; Harun al Rashid and the magic tales of Scheherazade; the City of the Caliphs and the land withered by the Mongol blast.

It was an old country but there was a new life stirring in 1932. The British Mandate, in force since the First World War, was coming to an end and in this year the new nation of Iraq became a member of the League of Nations. A new wealth, oil, was coursing through the economic veins of the country and bringing a fresh stimulus. And four men



■ This was the quarter of the city where the first Jesuits took up residence. The front of the building could never be photographed by Father Madaras because of narrow alley.

who could only wonder and hope took up living quarters in a house at 11/45 Muraba'ah Street on the east bank of the Tigris. (When conditions became a bit too rugged for them they could always find distraction in attempts to unravel the "why" of that address.)

The whole world was in the grip of the Depression and four men who didn't even know the language of the country set out to establish a school, the only Catholic secondary institution in the country. It was by no means an easy task for it meant a kind of patchwork existence, a rented house for residence and two other houses, also rented, some distance away and not particularly apt for a school plant. The Baghdad of those days was a straggling city, six times longer than it was wide, strung out mainly along the eastern bank of the Tigris. This was old Baghdad, and the new suburbs south of the city and across the river were only beginning their existence of attractive modernity, handsome villas among orange groves and palms.

Fortunately, in those early days not

much was expected of a school in the line of physical equipment and recreational facilities. The two hired houses which comprised the start of Baghdad College were of the old Turkish design, two stories around an open courtyard which afforded the only possible assembly place for the students. In the hot

■ This was the promised land in Sulaikh but for several years no construction was possible.





■ A familiar sight thirty years ago for the founding Fathers. Today Baghdad is rapidly modernizing and the government is erecting new housing for many who never owned a home.

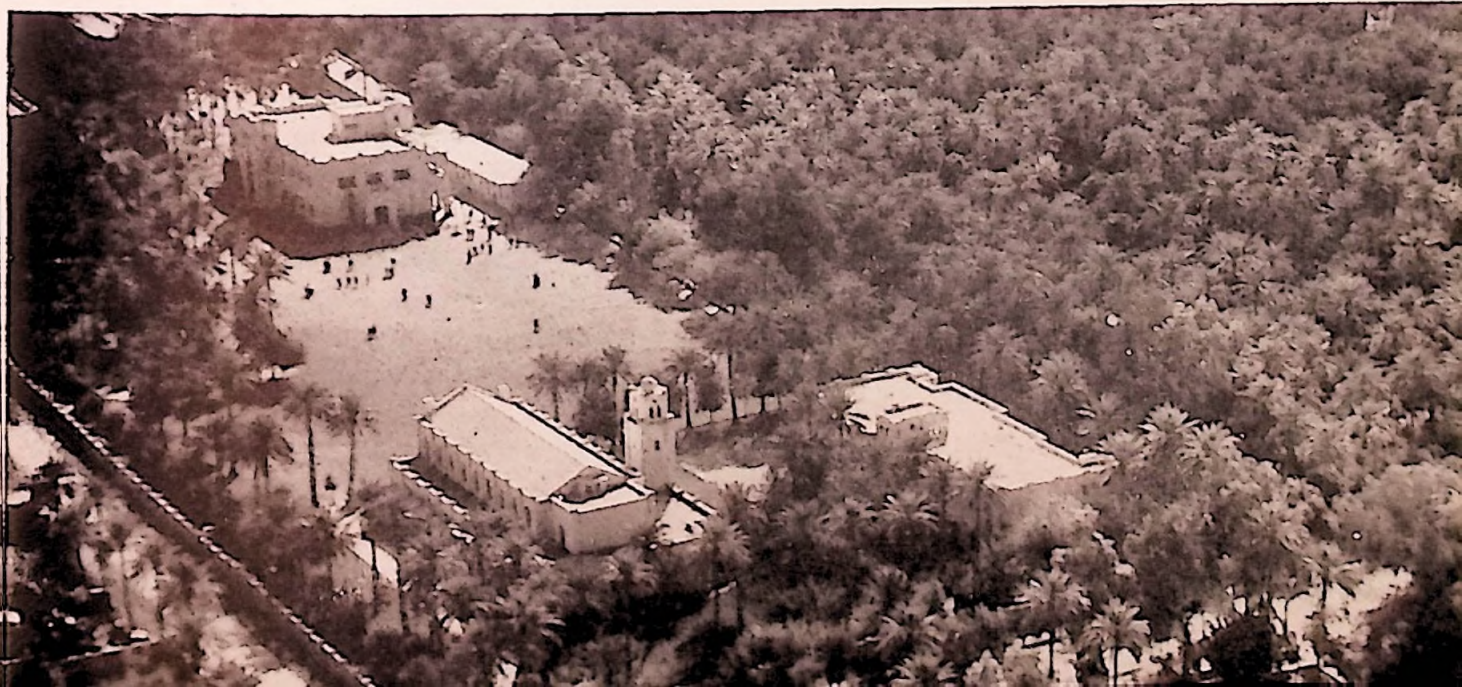
weather the second floor could not be used and in the cold season the first floor was definitely on the damp and chilly side. The school was on the corner of two streets (if we may so dignify them) and the neighboring tinsmith and welder and constant vendors perpetually made their presence felt.

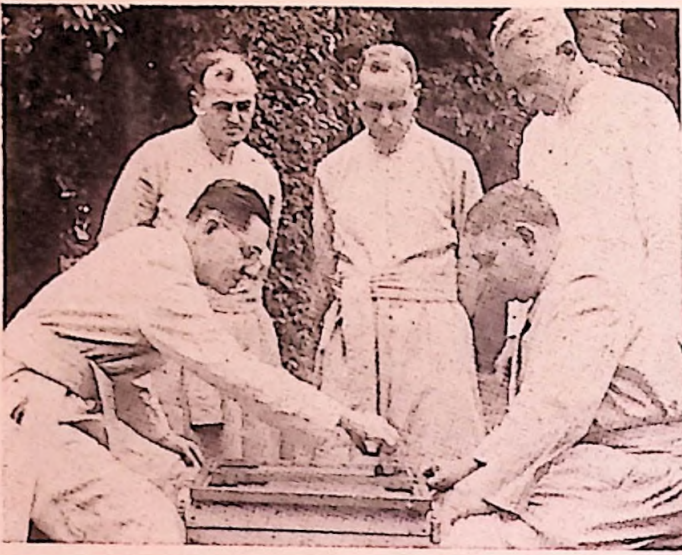
It was a tentative foothold, and the first Jesuits realized that fact only too well. They were also keenly conscious

of the sensitivity of the people and their own status as foreigners, and poor foreigners at that. When they purchased the 25 acres several miles north, where Baghdad College would eventually stand, it is noteworthy that they were the first aliens to be allowed to buy property in the new Iraq.

It took over half a dozen years before they could finally hold class in a new building which was all their own. The

■ A dream grows among the palm trees. Part of the Baghdad College campus showing the chapel, faculty residence (at right) and the Administration Building. Other buildings are hidden.





■ The Old Guard. Seated are Fathers Madaras (l.) and Miff, Fathers Mahan, Sheehan, Merrick (rear).



■ Al-Hikma University students study a modern representation of the moon.

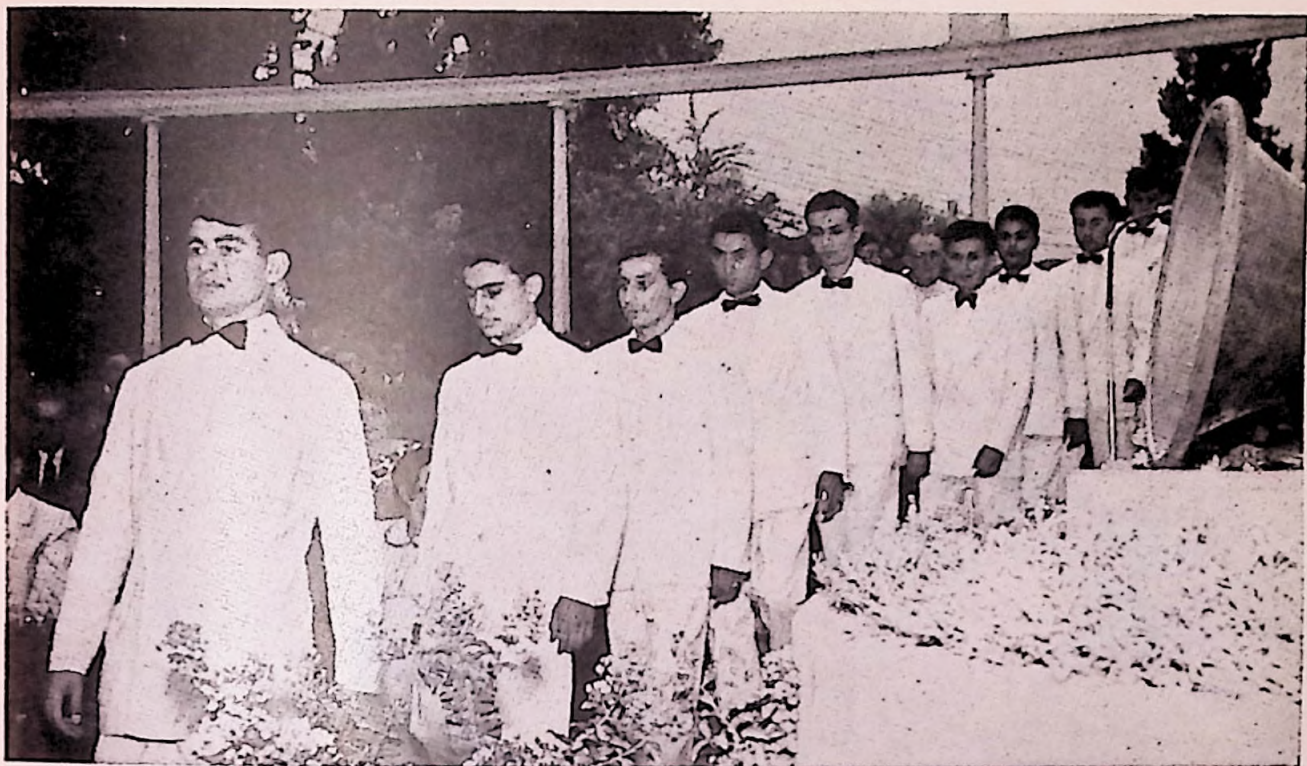
■ The first assembly was held in the courtyard and Father Rice welcomed the students.



heartaches of those early days have never been sufficiently recorded but there were many and they were not light ones. They had hardly settled in to the new school and combined residence-boarding school when World War II broke out and brought new problems. The hundred or so boys who had made up the enrollment in the first few years now became many times that number and it was a struggle, owing to world conditions, to adequately care for them. For a period of four years no Jesuits came from America to help take up the load. Yet they hung on, as

they had from the very beginning, knowing it was God's work and they were in that particular spot because that was where He wanted them.

When one looks at the gracious campus of Baghdad College, in the Sulaikh area north of the city, or the stately Al-Hikma University which has mushroomed in the southern suburb of Zafaraniya, he might only too easily presume that it all happened the easy way. It has been a real accomplishment in the short space of thirty years. But it was done by men who had nothing except a



■ 1960 Baghdad College graduates numbered 79. Today over 800 attend Sulaikh classes while Al-Hikma University has over 200 boys.

■ Gulbenkian Engineering Building on Al-Hikma campus. This, as well as the Cardinal Spellman Residence, is named for its giver.

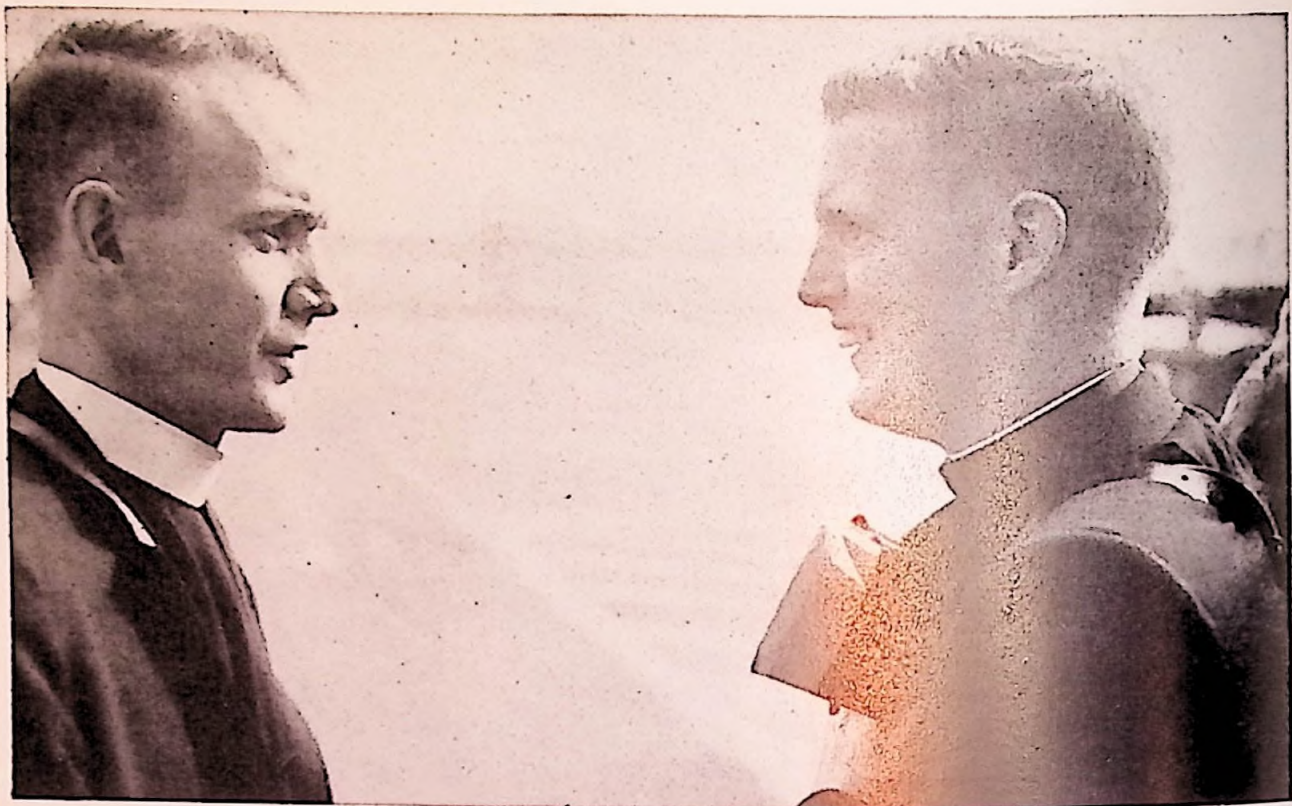


tremendous faith and deep trust in God.

They were by no means alone in this undertaking on the Tigris. I can remember a former Mission Superior, when the situation was particularly delicate and no one knew which way the political winds were blowing, saying at that time, "I've done some things lately which were foolish, almost stupid; things I would ordinarily never dare to do. But I felt I had to do everything I possibly could to save the Mission—and I put all my trust and confidence in the backing of our people at home, our relatives and

friends. For whatever success we may have had here in Baghdad, the credit for it does not go to any man who has worked here—it goes to those back home who through their prayers and their sacrifices won the graces which we needed to do the job."

The monument on the Tigris has not been easily built, but there have been many hands involved in its construction. Some day Almighty God will repay a thousand times over those who reached forth a helping hand during the thirty years on the Tigris River.



■ Father Richard Kenna S.J. of the Maryland Province Mission Office chats with author.

Boot Camp for Latin America

Outside of Mexico City the Church is conducting an experiment which will mean much for our neighbors

CHARLES J. BURTON S.J.

THE HOUR AND A HALF bus trip up the winding slopes of the Mexican countryside one rainy afternoon last June provided me with just enough time to ask myself a couple of questions: What am I doing here? What will this "Center" be like? I had been assigned to teach in a Colegio in Osorno, Chile, yet here I was now on the highway leading from Mexico City to Cuernavaca, Mexico.

My destination was a two-story building behind a grove of tropical trees, the former Hotel Chula Vista, my new address and home for the next sixteen weeks. Here in the center of Mexico stood the Center of Intercultural Formation, a new experiment in the life of the Church and the novel idea of a hard-working New York priest, Monsignor

Ivan Illich. Founded in conjunction with Fordham University in New York, "The Center" accepted sixty-eight students to begin the course in June. Less than half remained to complete it. Personal reasons or lack of adaptation to life in the school can be offered as causes for several who dropped out of the course. As the weeks passed it became clear that competency in a professional field was a far greater asset to the missionary training for Latin America than mere generosity, good will, or "my desire to help in some way."

The four months which lay ahead were to be a time for preparing myself to work more effectively among our friends and fellow Catholics in Latin America. More particularly I would come to deepen my love for the Latin, his culture, and his language so that I could better communi-

cate with him—sharing common interests, ideas, and the same Faith. As I was later to discover, the weeks in Mexico would find me asking many questions. Some would concern the culture that I had absorbed for twenty-five years in the United States. But equally as many would pertain to the peoples, customs, and cultures of Latin America. I would learn, for example, that an appreciation of the North and South American cultures with an intelligent understanding of the differences in them would be a valuable asset for the missionary and professionally trained apostle coming to Latin America. I would realize, moreover, that to bodily transplant the North American concept of the Church into the lands south of the border could possibly do more harm than good. Yet to do nothing to conserve the Catholic Church and the Faith among the millions of Latins would be disastrous. In many countries the strong community life already exist-

ing could be used to initiate group worship at Mass or to enact the liturgy more fully. Families within a given community could be strengthened spiritually and often economically by coming together to form the Christian Family Movement. Wherever possible laymen and women could establish Catholic Action groups to study and counteract the realistic threat of Communism and, when possible, teach the social doctrine of the Church. Problems like illiteracy and land reform should receive immediate attention both on a local and nationwide level.

These topics are a mere sampling of the ideas and opinions that were to be proposed by the lecturers coming to Cuernavaca and open to the critical discussion of the students in "The Center." From Puerto Rico, Mexico, the States, and the individual South American countries would come scholars, historians, philosophers, and missionaries with information, doctrine, and suggestions.

■ Morning coffee break is appreciated after two straight hours of Spanish language class.





■ Author chats with members of PAVLA (Papal Volunteers for Latin America) who are at the Cuernavaca Training Center and who will work in South American countries.

Although most of the day was taken up with class work in the Spanish language (three or four in a class with a young Mexican teacher to guide the group at its own rate of progress), there were two other objectives of "The Center" which were of more importance than language. The first of these was the necessity of maintaining a strong spiritual life centered around the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass which was offered every morning at the school. Furthermore, each evening before dinner there was a Holy Hour when the students could gather as a Christian Community before the Blessed Sacrament. Spiritual reading and vocal prayer were encouraged but were generally already a part of the daily life of the priests, nuns, religious, and lay missionaries who initiated the program in Cuernavaca.

In the second objective emphasis was placed on the importance of understanding the meaning of intercultural communication. Various ideas and theories on the historical and sociological perspectives of the Latin American way of life were proposed in the morning and evening lectures by scholars such as Dr. Paul V. Murray, former Rector of Mexi-

co City College and Fr. Joseph P. Fitzpatrick S.J. of Fordham University. Their information stimulated that thought and interest that kept many students in discussion until late in the evening.

By living in another culture with a new people for some time, the "visitor" soon comes to feel that he belongs. Much of the abstract theory behind effective communication becomes dramatically concrete when the "visitor" puts aside his fear of communicating with the people of the new culture. In Cuernavaca the students quickly made friends with the young Mexicans on the language staff and a genuine spirit and sense of purpose soon developed between us.

After four months at Cuernavaca all would say that it was an experience they would long remember. "The Center" stands as an instrument of the Church designed to carry on the work of Christ in time. It is apparent that leaders from all stations in life will graduate from the school twice every year. If Cuernavaca, by keeping its standards high, can continue to produce an elite vanguard of professionally prepared apostles, it will be contributing more than its share toward revitalizing the Faith in Latin America.

A FRIEND IS GONE



A FEW MONTHS AGO one of the truly great figures in the mission history of the American Indians went to his well deserved reward. Father Louis Taelman S.J. was 95 years of age when he died and he had spent over 60 of those years working among his beloved Indians.

Born in East Flanders, Belgium, in 1867 he was accepted into the Society of Jesus in 1885 by a priest who had made his own history among the American Indians, Father Joseph Cataldo. The latter promptly enlisted the new recruit for work among the Indians in what was then known as the Rocky Mountain Mission. His Jesuit studies led him through Belgium, England and Maryland before he began his life's work in the Northwest. The only interruption to that work was his appointment as President of Gonzaga University in Spokane where he began its Law School.

In that long span of service he labored among the Crow Indians, the Flatheads, the Spokanes and Kalispels. In his many

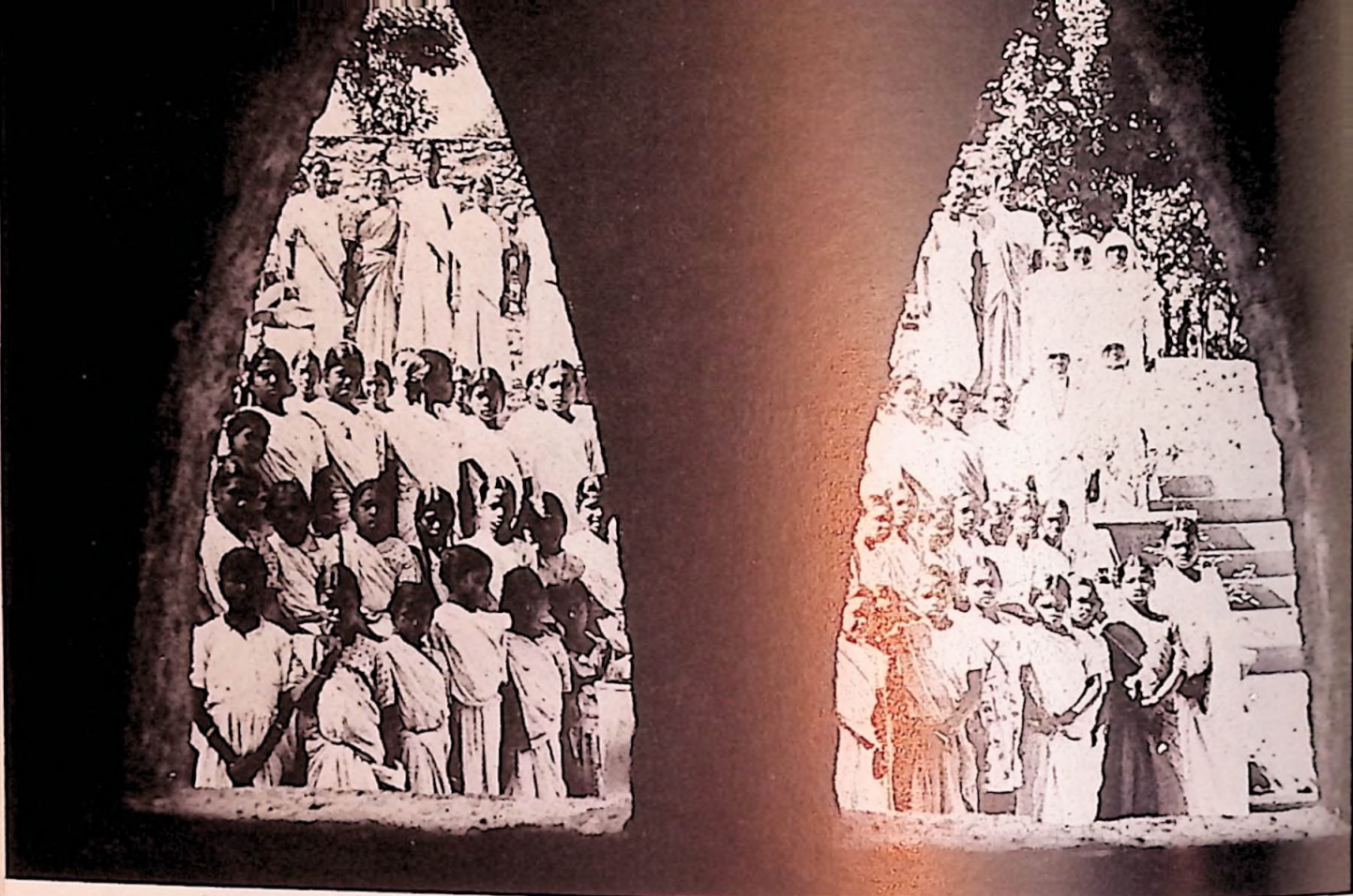
journeyings he encountered many dangers from rough weather conditions and rugged terrain. But one thing he never feared, the Indians themselves. He could say simply and truthfully, "I have never had an Indian for an enemy."

As the years went by there were bound to be various Jubilees with their accompanying celebrations. On those occasions the Indians of various tribes would come riding over the rough, winding roads and trails, many of them from great distances. Garbed in ceremonial robes, they brought a rich color to the occasion but that was not the reason for their presence there. Their friend was being honored, a friend on whom they had never bestowed any high sounding title but who was known to them simply and affectionately as "Louie."

Father Taelman was a link between the "Black Robe" days and the present, but most of all he was the link between God and the Indians. A friend is gone.

■ On the occasion of his Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit the late Father Louis Taelman welcomed the chiefs of various Indian tribes who came from most of the Northwest to greet him.





■ African arches frame the people of Raj Anandpur, “the joyful kingdom,” in Bihar, India.

■ The members of the jungle parish of Raj Anandpur have had little contact with their Moslem or Hindu neighbors so Mogul arch or minaret are unfamiliar.



AFRICA IN INDIA

WALTER A. COOK S.J.



A NEW CHURCH STYLE has come to the Chotanagpur plateau in India from the far off African Congo, and new Congolese churches stand side by side with the traditional Gothic. Already the chapels of Sitagarha and Samtoli, the parish churches of Duldula and Banabira are complete. The Anandpur Basilica, the fifth church to be done in African style, is under construction. Seeking "an indigenous form of architecture which gives expression to our people's temperament and culture" (Catholic Bishops Conference of India), we have chosen the African design as most apt for the tribal people of this jungle area, cut off as they are from the main streams of both Hindu and Mohammedan culture.

The African church is a broad and low-slung church, with as little as 16 feet from floor to cross-tie level. The roof is peaked, and the low walls are flanked by wide tapered buttresses, which support the roof trusses. In a modern city, such a church might seem out of place, but it becomes attractive in a jungle setting, giving the general effect, from the outside, of a huge white tent (the "tabernaculum Dei") pitched in the wilderness, with whitewashed walls like billowing canvas, and buttress much like a tent's strong supporting ropes.

The African arch dominates the door and window design. This arch differs

from the Gothic, in that its sides are a continuous smooth curve from floor to apex, a beehive arch, no part of which forms a straight line. Sighting down the church from the western portals to the sanctuary arch at the eastern end, the eye follows a series of arches; two portals, the sanctuary arch, and an imitation arch behind the main altar, each arch done in red brick with black mortar, against a backdrop of Moorish architecture whitewashed walls. The main entrance is flanked by a short squat bell tower, and a baptistry, with confessional windows opening into the interior, so that the two sacraments of purification have their place near the entrance.

The color scheme is natural: black in the wrought iron of rails and grills, red in the bricks outlining the arches and aisles, with clear whitewashed walls. Woodwork is polished in its natural tone, and field stone is used in its natural color. The essence of the style is its simplicity, no side altars visible, no paintings, no decorations, no mosaic, no stained glass. Two statues flank the sanctuary arch. This, and a set of stations, only. The gaze of the congregation is directed to the main altar, brilliantly lit by clerestory windows, framed within the proscenium of the sanctuary arch. It is a church designed for single-minded concentration on the Eucharistic Sacrifice.

Window on the Mission

JOY IN CULION

A FEW MONTHS AGO, the Sodalities at the Culion Leper Colony, Palawan, Philippines, celebrated the 50th Anniversary of the first establishment of the Sodality among the lepers. Two Sodalities were organized in 1911. There are now four Sodalities at Culion:—for Professional Men (Doctors, Pharmacists and Administrators); Ladies; Young Men; and Young Girls.

Father Isaias X. Edralin S.J., Superior at Culion, invited Father Thomas B. Cannon S.J., National Promoter of the Sodality for the Philippines (the Central Office is in Manila), to attend the celebration, celebrate the Golden Jubilee Mass, and give conferences to all the Sodalities. It was a memorable occasion: and the celebration was entirely spiritual, with the exception of a final program in the school assembly. Even this program, however, had its spiritual elements. Father Edralin related the history of the Culion Sodalities; and spiritual offerings were made to Father Cannon for the spiritual success of the Sodality Movement in the Philippines and throughout the world. This program also

marked a highlight in Culion history, as it was the first time since the establishment of the colony that lepers and non-lepers appeared together on the stage.

Much has been written about "Culion, the dread isle of fear," and the terrors of leprosy, the lack of hope, etc. But the remarkable fact is that only joy was evident during the Golden Jubilee Celebration. And the Sodality activities in this, the most unlikely spot on earth—far-off, even from Manila, and very difficult to get to—compare favorably with the most advanced Sodalities anywhere in the world. For 50 years, the Sodalities have been bringing hope to the lepers, and raising many of them much above the level of ordinary Catholics. Records show that over 90 percent of all the lepers who died at Culion have had the Sacraments on their deathbeds—probably a world's record! And the Sodality's insistence on Mass and Communion, mental prayer and yearly retreat, has had a definite effect on the spiritual life of the colony.

There are extraordinary men at Culion. The Superior, Father Edralin, deserves more than passing notice. Had he not become a Jesuit, he would almost certainly be a bishop today. He created a legend in the north of Luzon during his 15 years as a secular priest before entering the Society. He fought Aglipayanism in his retreats, missions and preaching tours; and during the years, he has



COVER. The graceful, flowing lines of artist Phil Franznick's design graphically illustrate the endless sweep southward of the Tigris River and the stately minarets which outline the city of Baghdad but the story of the Jesuits' beginnings is not so smooth.

succeeded in bringing countless Masons back to the Church.

Father Joachim Vilallonga S.J., assistant Chaplain at Culion, is one of the oldest Jesuits in the world—he is now 94 and still active! He is the Director of the Culion Professional Men's Sodality. He visits the hospitals daily, and keeps up with the current news of the world, reading constantly.

Father Maximo David S.J., youngest of the Culion community, is the superintendent of schools, and takes care of innumerable activities. Father Aloysius A. Castillo S.J., a Spanish Jesuit, is the latest arrival at Culion. Though he is now 75 years old, he's starting to learn English and claims to be in 2nd Grade!

MAY MISSION INTENTION

The Holy Father's Mission Intention for the month of May is "that by means of a more intense devotion to the Holy Eucharist priestly and religious vocations in the Missions be increased." We well know that the chief way of fostering vocations is through a solid religious and Catholic education. One of the essentials of this training is the closeness to Our Lord which comes from frequent Holy Communion. We must not see that practice separated from the whole art of good living; on the contrary it is of the very core. Each and every thought and deed of ours should be interwoven with that Eucharistic education. Then we can see more clearly His problems, such as the difficulty of bringing His word to all men, and those problems become ours. So the intention this month is for all of us.



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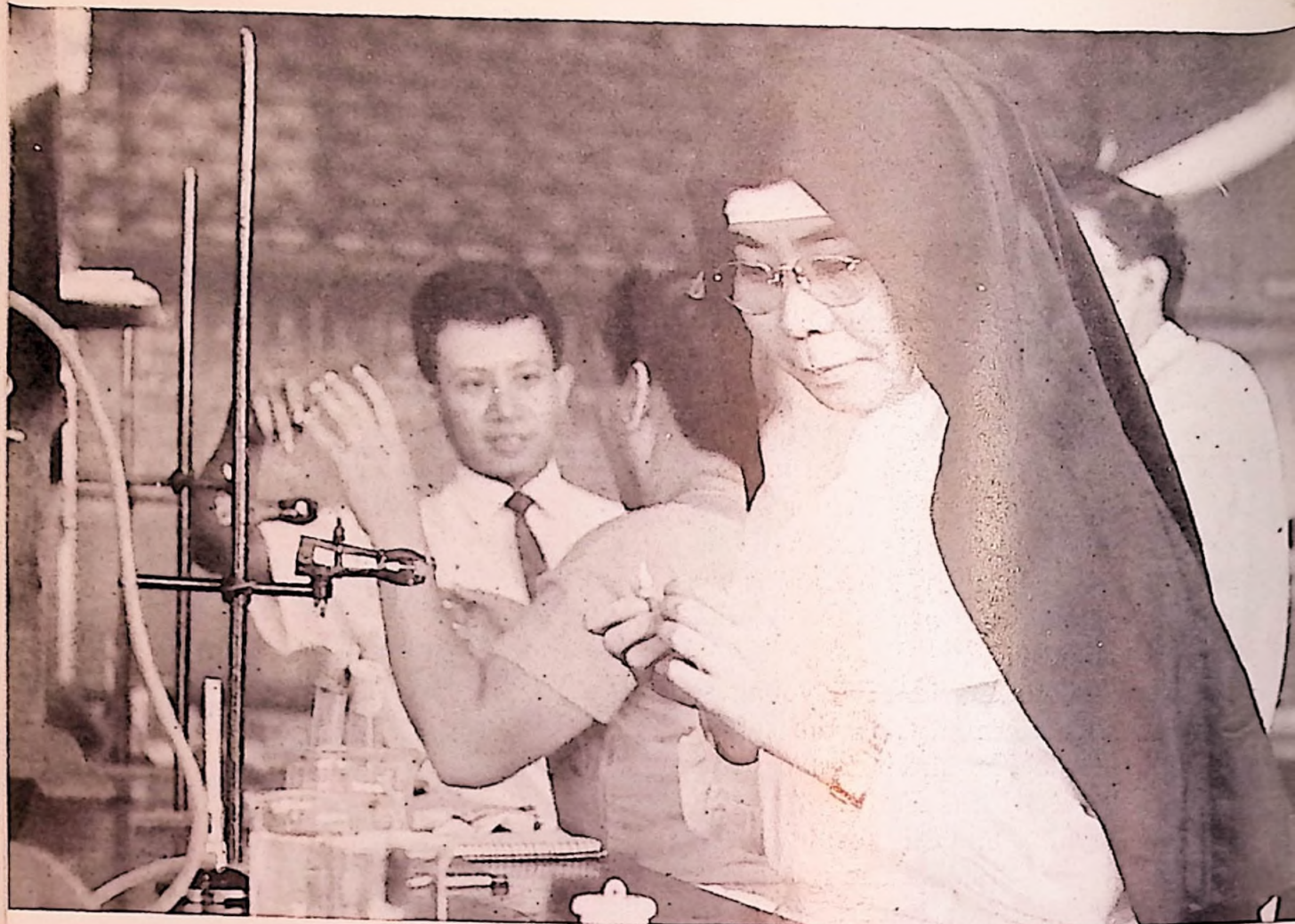
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■ Science and religion go hand in hand as this Benedictine Sister experiments in chemistry.

Filipino March of Science



NOTHING SUCCEEDS like success. Last year at this time the Ateneo de Manila was the gathering place for science teachers from all over the Philippines. Both public and private schools were well represented and there were also observers of the government and the Asia Foundation.

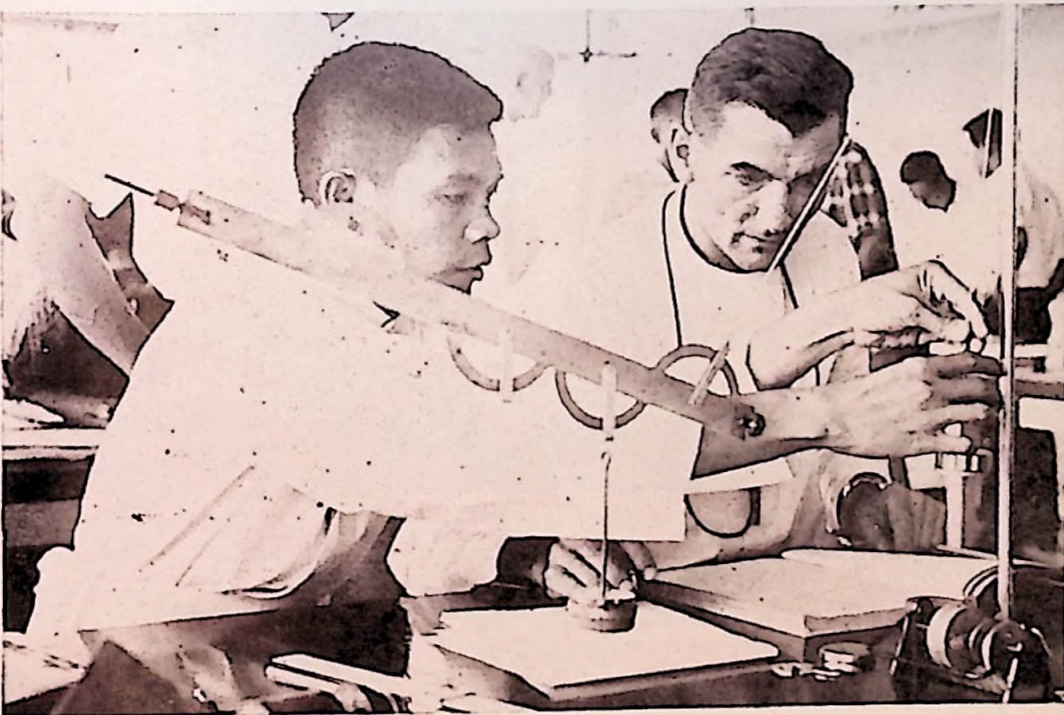
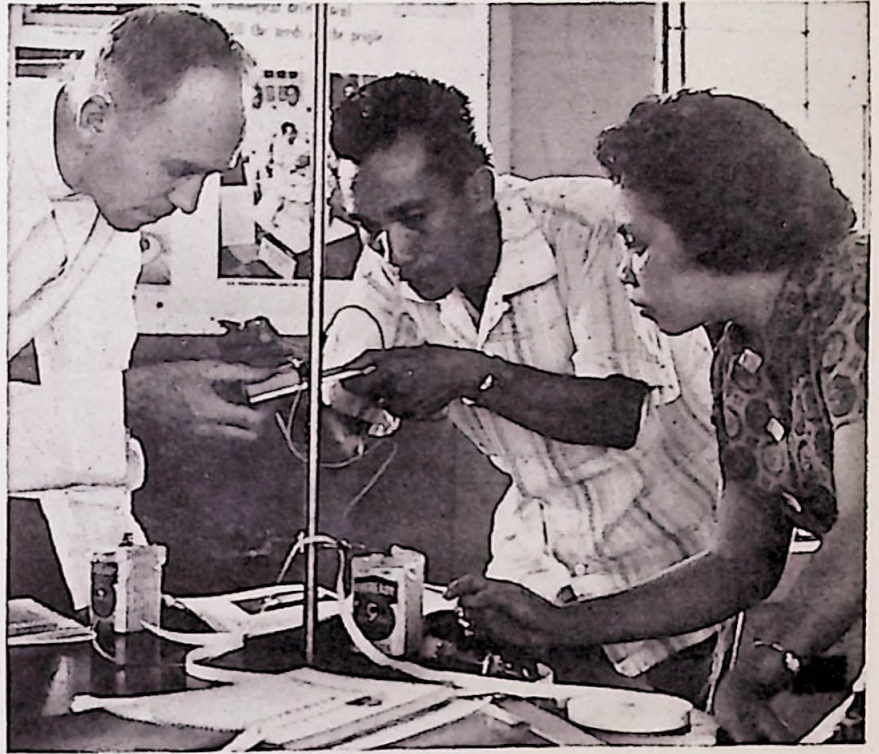
The participants in the Science Teachers' Summer Institute were welcomed by the Rector of the Ateneo, Father Francisco Araneta S.J., and after talks by leading scientists in various fields each teacher turned his attention to the particular subject in which he or she was interested. Ripple tanks, concave mirrors (not reserved for the women alone) and recording timers were only a few of the instru-

ments which attracted attention. The students themselves ran discussion periods in class and they were certainly not boring hours for nobody was in attendance who didn't want to be there. Get a group of experts together and the easiest way to start the firecrackers popping is to blandly say, "Now this is the best way to do this."

One indication of the success of the Institute is the willingness of various interested institutions to underwrite the expenses of future Summer Schools. So the Ateneo de Manila has received a grant of \$60,000 (Philippine) from the Asia Foundation and the National Science Development Board for this year's session of High School teachers of Sci-

■ In the physics lab two teachers work with Robert Hogan S.J. of the Ateneo at a recording timer.

■ Problems in physics are handled by Bro. Martin Faustino S.J. and Bro. Anthony Richardson, F.M.S.



ence and Mathematics. The Chemistry Department of the University has received a grant of \$7,500 from the Petroleum Research Fund in Washington for undergraduate research in stereoisomerism, which everybody knows is the isomerism depending on arrangement of atoms in space. These funds will provide, besides equipment and supplies, faculty salaries during the summer session, plus stipends and full scholarships for two students.

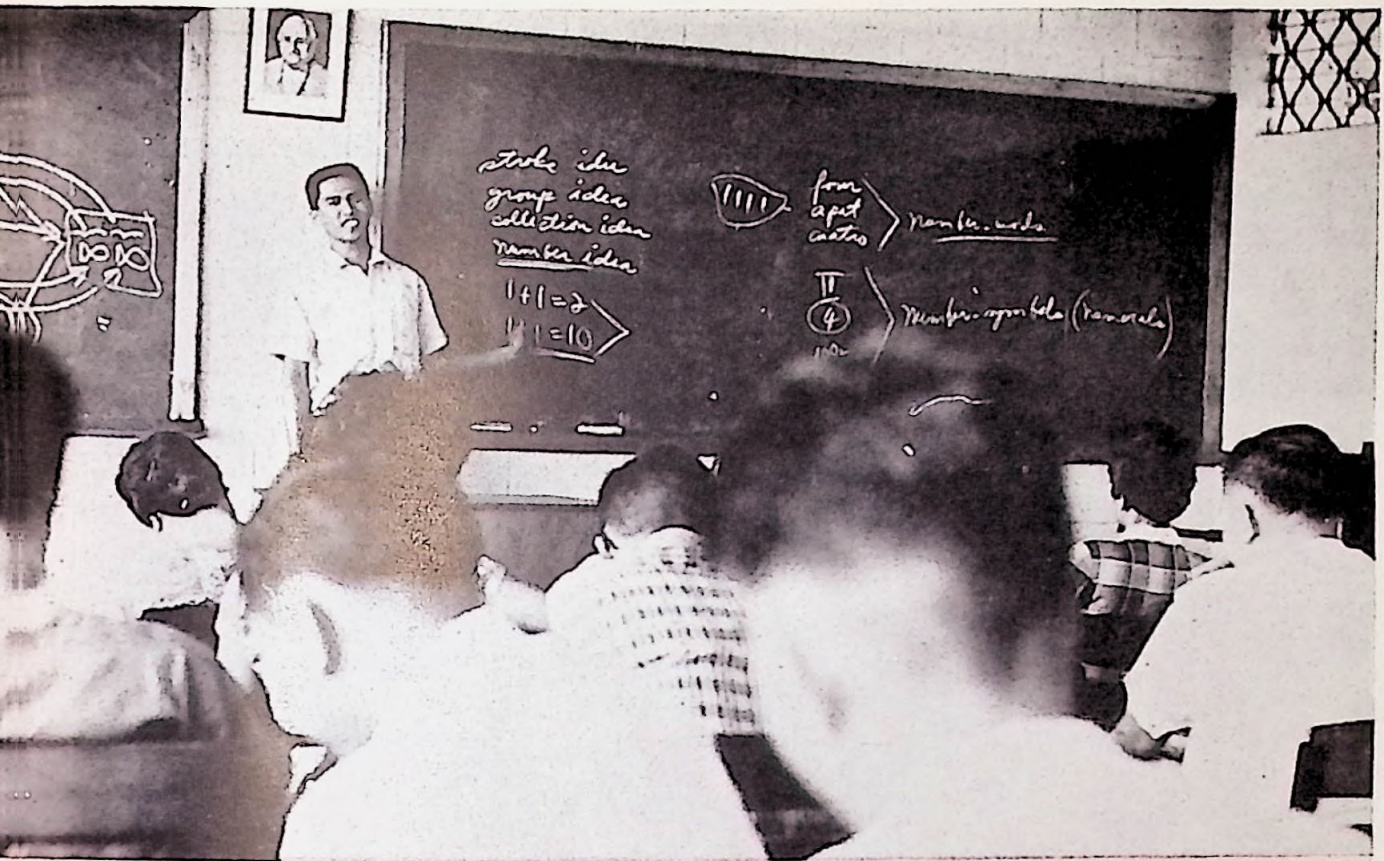
Another angle on the scientific activities in the islands is the transfer of the famed Manila Observatory from Baguio

back to Manila and the Ateneo district. For many years a Jesuit operation, it was known by every mariner on the Pacific Ocean for its weather forecasts and storm warnings. Destroyed during World War II, it was rebuilt at Baguio in the north of Luzon and has been deeply involved in research on the upper atmosphere as well as seismic work. Its new site in Manila is expected to be ready some time in June of this year.

The photos on these pages were taken by William Yam S.J. who always carries his camera along when he attends his classes at the Ateneo de Manila.



■ The Archbishop of Manila, Rufino Cardinal Santos, assisted by Father Richard Miller S.J. and Monsignor Marino, blesses the cornerstone of the new Manila Observatory in Quezon City.



■ Be ready to run for cover! A courageous student at the Summer School Institute, a teacher himself at other times, leads a discussion in mathematics with other instructors.



■ Experimenting with the ripple tank in physics lab is not sheer drudgery.

■ Franciscan Missionary of the Immaculate Conception in physics laboratory.

The Day Linda Married

It was the kind of wedding that could only happen on the missions where the unusual is normal and only the bride dry-eyed

EDMUND P. BURKE S.J.

WHEN YOU come right down to it, the missionary Church and the Church at home are not so very different. Most of our stories begin when things get a little out of hand out here in India. If there is anything we are good at or are specially known for, it is for making the best of situations that have been taken out of our control.

In Linda's case I let myself in for almost anything by agreeing to go to the village chapel for her wedding instead of having her come here to the church. Her wedding was not much out of the ordinary, except that it rained. Nothing very extraordinary about that either, until it began to look as if the rain would never stop. You'd think that sometimes

■ A wedding in an Indian village is always an event of great importance and the traditional customs must be closely observed. But custom can hardly decree that the weather be sunny.



when it really works up to a rain here in Buxar, and I thought so the day Linda married and all the days before. We were not caught in the rain. We walked right into it, and the wedding party, thirty strong, walked right through it for eighteen miles on a slithering mud road. Most wedding parties would have turned back, but we are a hardy breed in the missions. Most wedding parties might have figured that the priest would not take kindly to drowning himself for the sake of a wedding. But missionary priests are supposed to be a hardy breed also, and I do not recall anyone protesting when, wearing my martyr's face, I set out cheerfully to drown if need be. In fact, they seemed glad to have me there.

My raincoat was covering our stock of cement for the new church, and so I set out on my bike just as I was, white cotton cassock, shirt, trousers, and tennis shoes. I was being very clever, figuring to arrive soaked to the skin, and I would then change to dry clothes and put on the dry shoes packed in the canvas knapsack on my back. Nothing can rival a well-planned campaign.

Soaked and chilled after a two mile ride in driving rain that bit into the skin of my face like small hailstones I reached the village chapel just as a murky dusk merged into a dark night. A quarter mile through flooded fields, with water up to my ankles, I pushed the bike, top heavy with a heavy Mass Kit and my bedroll, and stepped inside the chapel with a sigh of relief, peeled off my wet clothes, and in the process discovered that there had been no knapsack on my back, and so no dry clothes. I pondered the situation briefly but carefully.

There was a dry cassock in the bedroll and a bedsheet, and I began to feel some kinship to the man in the Gospel who arrived without a wedding garment. If I turned up at your wedding wearing one damp cassock, a bedsheet, and a pair of tennis shoes, the ushers would not have

let me in. Things just get out of hand in Buxar!

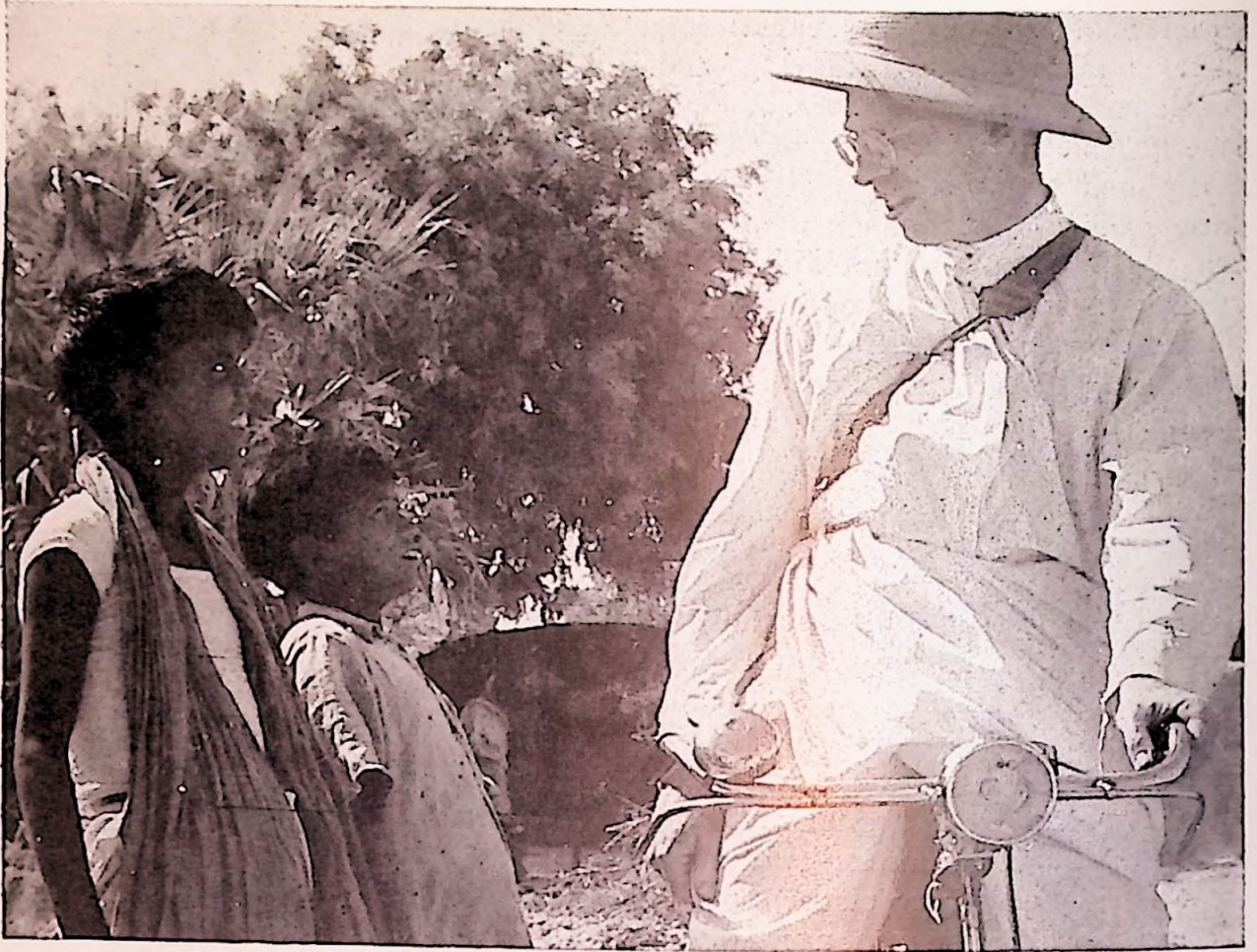
Worse still, I had no matches. There were candles in the Mass Box, but no matches. The caretaker of the chapel was missing. Man of sense, it was too wet for him. The bridal party, too, was missing, and it was dark. To make it worse, at least for me, the chapel was in the cemetery, several hundred yards from the village. I am not afraid of cemeteries, but I do not like dark cemeteries. I do not like the dark at all, not in Buxar. There are too many snakes, and they also have no affinity for water at all. This snug dry chapel was the ideal place for them, nor did they require matches. Why is it that snakes, who are so repugnant to us, can still share our same desires?

So I took off my dry ensemble, put on the cold wet clothes again, picked up the Mass Box and tied it and the bedroll on the bike again and pushed off into the water and the deeper darkness. There is nothing wetter or darker than an Indian village in a cloudburst at night, and as I pushed through the water and muck, I improved my acquaintance with St. Patrick. The cobra and the deadly krait always run for high ground and to get out of the rain—just like me!

The cheeriest sight I have ever seen was the village and the bride's house lit up by a pressure lamp. It was a wicked night, but they were making the best of it. The pots were boiling on the fire, and there was plenty to eat for all. It was a time to be happy, and they were, abundantly and evidently.

My turning up out of the dark gave the bride's father cause to think. Where to put this very important personage? The place he found was the anteroom to the cow barn of a friend of his, redolent with the pungent ammonia smell dear to the writers of western stories.

There I again took off all my wet clothes—quick, because this lovely barn had no door, and on again went the bedsheet



■ Father Edmund Burke has been riding the village roads (where such exist) of India for a good number of years now but he still wishes snakes didn't share his desire for dryness.

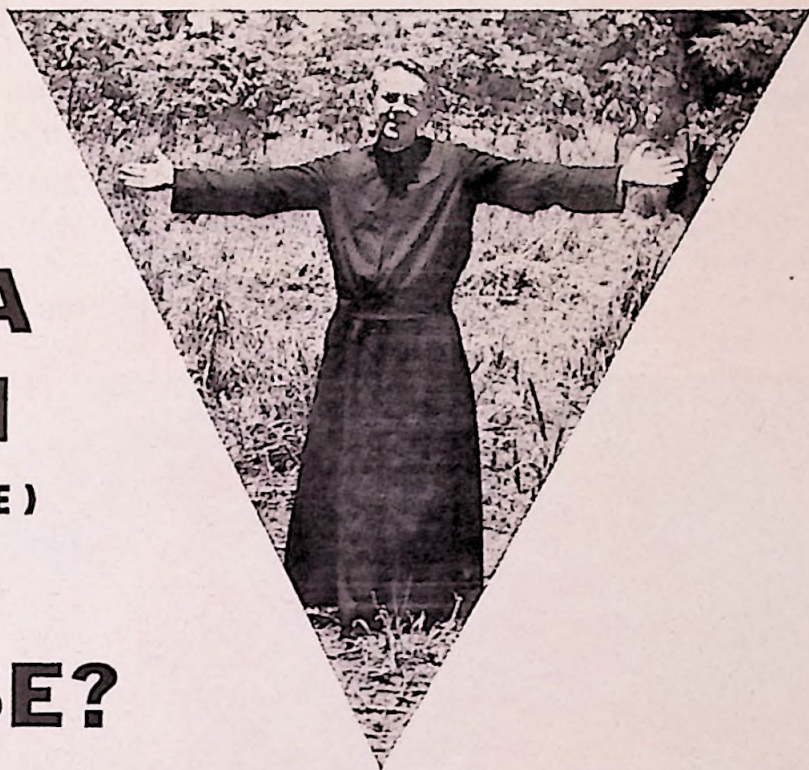
and the dry cassock. There was an old rope bed in the place, and I settled down on it dry and safe among our human kind again—and two cows—strangely content. At 10:45 P.M. they woke me for my supper; at 11:45 P.M. they woke our catechist—and me—for his supper. At 1 A.M. the village simpleton came in after his supper and sat on my bed while he lit a cigarette from the lantern to settle his dinner. At 2 A.M. an old woman came in and took the lantern away altogether in order to wash the dishes. She brought it back at 3 A.M. At 4 A.M. the father of the bride went to bed, and at 4:30 A.M. I woke him up. This was becoming a merry-go-round where I would be very happy to miss the ring and be forced to get off.

With it raining still, we all went over to the chapel where was celebrated

Linda's wedding by a priest who had forgotten his trousers. One nice thing about India is that you can wear just about anything, and no one will ever say a word. It was not so bad. The bedsheet and the soiled cassock kept me away from the wedding breakfast, and I had to bicycle home *sans* pants, but still it was one of the nicest weddings I have ever seen. Everyone went to Holy Communion, and they all sang their own Nuptial Mass in strong, confident voices, just like back home, and, I suspect, better than back home.

And the Bride? I was worried about her in all that water. But she arrived radiant, in a *palki*, or carriage chair, on the shoulders of four stalwart young men, the only dry person in the chapel. But she won't soon forget her wedding day—nor will I.

IS THERE A JOSEPH (OR JOSEPHINE) IN THE HOUSE?



Of course, our appeal is so urgent we must include everyone. From Olanchito, Honduras, in Central America our Father William Moore writes of his plans for a church in his village of San Jose. This village is not far from a highly mechanized banana packing plant called the "empacadora." Here, St. Joseph the Workman has a job to do protecting the laborers on the assembly lines and night shifts.

These many workers need a church! Many

have children who have never been baptized and when asked about their intentions, the answers are all the same, "When we get our Church, Father."

So far, we have the land which was donated by one of the villagers. He knows our American readers will answer his prayers for a Church for San Jose. Even if your name isn't Joseph or Josephine, we still need your help. Little donations will add up!

Jesuit Missions, 211 EAST 87 STREET, NEW YORK 28, N.Y.

Dear Fathers,

So that San Jose might have its own Church, please accept my gift of \$.....

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

WE STARTED SOMETHING

*Start a ball rolling down
the streets of Baghdad
and you'll never know how
much good oil you will be
able to strike*

WALTER J. YOUNG S.J.



■ Fr. Young with Wilson Benjamin and Sami Yusuf, first Youth Club men now at Al-Hikma.

BACK IN OCTOBER of 1960 thirteen young men of Baghdad wended their way southward to the suburb of Zafaranyah and the campus of Al-Hikma University. They did not approach it with the usual feelings of a boy entering college grounds. No doubt there was a good deal of skepticism in the group for all of them had either flunked out of Baghdad College or had not attended the Jesuit secondary school at all. So there was a certain curiosity in their response to my invitation to a Day of Recollection.

We had three simple talks about basic principles of the Christian life. When it was all over, having heard Mass and having enjoyed a cinema, one of the boys came to me and said: "Father, make us a sodality. We all need something like this." Sami was speaking for the rest. The boys wanted attention; we might say they wanted "religious attention." Raised in a non-Christian environment, strong in the confession of the fact of their Christianity, swallowed up in the swirl of trivialities created by the stampede

of modern life, attending school on Sunday just like any other day of the week, carrying on their shoulders the problems of adolescence, these boys did want religious attention. They were yearning for more contact with Christ.

Some months later three young men received me at their Christian home. It was a flat containing three rooms. A family of eight lived there. The boys had never met a Jesuit before. There was no question of "what" I was; they knew the Jesuits had been thirty years at Baghdad College, and four years at Al-Hikma University in the south of the city. Perhaps the boys wondered why I was interested in *them*? There would be no chance of their changing to Baghdad College and Al-Hikma was very remote. Imagine three eighteen-year-old youths saying: "No, we haven't been to Confession and Communion for six years; Father, teach us how to go." This was an extreme case but not too uncommon.

Our boys come from all parts of the city, from many different government schools; some are Chaldean Catholics, some are Syrian, some are Greek Catholics, one is even Latin! They are a handsome group when they come together dressed up in their best suits, twenty-four Thursday nights, twenty-four Friday nights. What patience as they learn from my Arabic instruction! Though they have been the best laboratory for my own Arabic lessons for the past two years, it must have been hard on them in the

beginning. These gentlemen of Baghdad are proud of their group (they are bringing many of their friends), and I know they are pleased to study and discuss the basic truths of their Faith which they have had so little knowledge of. Up to now, who has been found to teach them? Where are the Christian instruction classes? Where are the CYOs? Well, we started something anyway. The response has been "tremendous."

Most of our boys are at Mass every Sunday now. It is a consolation to see them receiving the sacraments and to know that they understand something of their value. Every month or so there is a quiet return of a boy who has been away from Confession and Communion for a year or longer. One is impressed by the almost perfect attendance at religious-instruction meetings.

We have received some wonderful help in this work. The students of Holy Cross College in Worcester, Mass., through their Mission Crusade donated four hundred and fifty dollars in memory of a senior who died last year. Our Lady of Fatima Parish in Wilton, Conn., sent four hundred dollars. Thanks to these benefactions, the first two of our group to graduate from government secondary school are now studying at Al-Hikma. So Worcester and Wilton joined hands in helping these young men prepare to play a bigger part in our youth work for Christ. There is still much to be done, but we feel we started something.

■ Ladies Sodality of Our Lady of Fatima parish in Wilton, Conn., has backed their fellow parishioner, Father Young, and they have been of great assistance in providing scholarships.



LETTER FROM INDONESIA

*An on-the-spot report from an American Jesuit
who has volunteered for this rich mission field*

JOHN C. FUTRELL S.J.

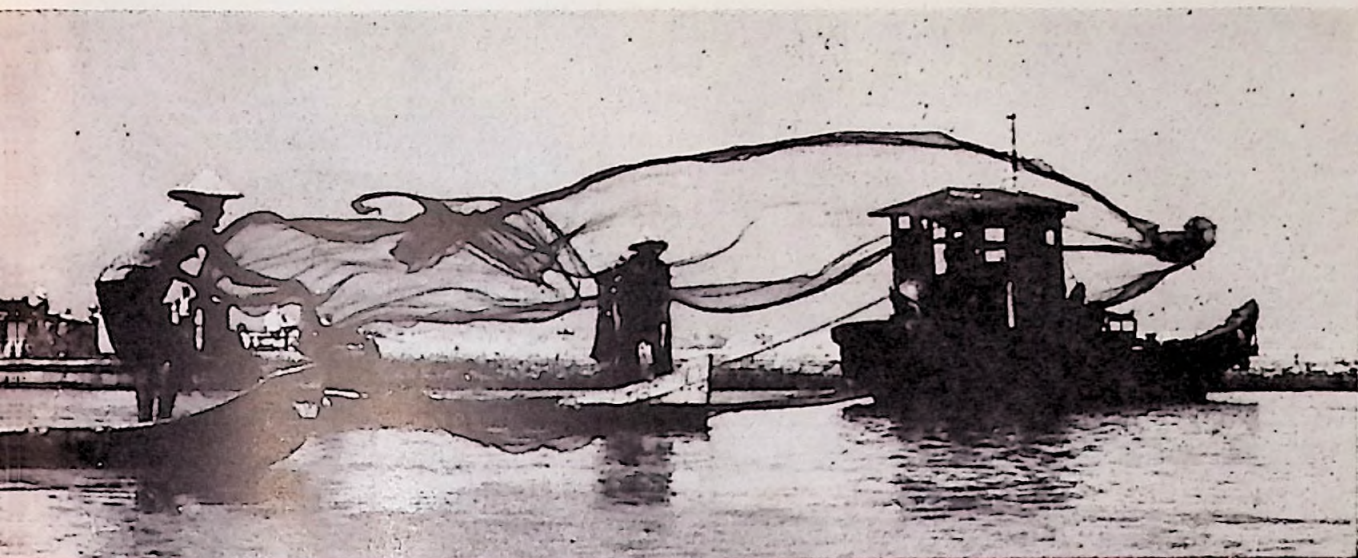
JAVA GEOGRAPHICALLY is only a small slice of Indonesia, but more than half of the people live on this island. Indeed, Central Java, where I am working, is the most densely populated place in the world. It is a perfectly beautiful island—the old South Seas mirage come true: blue seas, waving palms, volcanoes, terraced rice fields. The people are most lovable—small, brown, sturdy, very polite.

■ Two Javanese girls who are students at St. Joseph's Normal School in city of Ambarawa.



Although shy, they respond to friendliness with extraordinary warmth. They make splendid Catholics and are very faithful to the Sacraments. The only rather disturbing thing about them is an exaggerated passivity—probably the result of 300 years of colonial domination. And the young people seem to be a bit pessimistic, lacking in drive. Political and economic difficulties since the revolution seem to have caused in them a kind of cynical lack of faith in the future.

This creates a vacuum which can be filled by Christ—if the Communists don't get there first. Islam is not really a very effective factor in the ideological struggle. People who don't do any formal worshipping call themselves Moslems, because this is traditional. But here there is nothing like the fanaticism of the Middle East. Many of the young people reject Islam as too conservative. The people are "naturally" religious, and belief in one God is one of the five principles of the nation. They are also naturally tolerant, and, in general, relations with the government are extraordinarily good as far as the Church is concerned, though schools have some difficulty with the very Left Ministry of Education. Recently, when the Javanese Jesuit Archbishop of Semarang was officially installed by



■ In the harbor of Semarang, Middle Java, fishermen cast their nets. There are 280 Jesuits in Indonesia, half of whom are from Europe, the United States and Philippines.

the Papal Legate, many high-ranking government and army officials were present. President Sukarno sent a very warm telegram; but he has long been a close friend of the Archbishop and often visits him and asks his advice.

This Archbishop, Albert Soegijapranata S.J., is a remarkable man, a converted Moslem. During the Revolution he spoke out strongly for the people, even moving his See out of Dutch territory into the rebel capital. This action undoubtedly was very influential in establishing the good relations between Church and State, and the feeling on the part of the people that the priests and Sisters "are not Dutch—they are *missionaries*."

Indonesia has many problems due to the effects of the Japanese occupation and the revolution and the inexperience of many of the officials. But is not nearly as much of a confused comic opera country as some magazine articles would have you believe. I am convinced that it has a great future, if the whole world doesn't explode. It is unfortunate that the U.S. press is very misleading about this country—and most of Asia. These people are very different, and their political, social, and economic forms must

grow out of their own culture and background—not the forms of the West.

Well, let me tell you something about the Jesuit Mission here. The "modern" mission is 100 years old, though St. Francis Xavier and others around his time also worked in Indonesia. The Dutch first worked almost exclusively with Dutch people in Java, due to the policy of the Dutch colonial government, which was very restrictive. At the beginning the Jesuits had all of Indonesia as the mission field, but gradually islands and regions were turned over to the other Orders until the Jesuits were centered in Djakarta and in Central Java. Around the beginning of the present century the Jesuits were allowed to work with people in Central Java, and the real evangelizing work began. The "Father" of the native mission was a very great Jesuit named van Lith. He founded a teachers' college at Muntilan which became a great Catholic center. Graduates from here took the Faith all over the islands in the most effective way—through the schools.

The Mission made a great deal of progress until the war. There were many conversions and native vocations. Msgr.

Soegijapranata became the first native Bishop in 1940. There were many churches and stations and much activity. But the war was a terrific blow. During the Japanese occupation the Dutch Fathers and Scholastics were interned in concentration camps; the native priests carried on, but were fearfully overworked. Quite a number have died young as a result of that exhausting time. Then, after the war, the revolution. Many of the Dutch were hardly released from camp before they were re-interned.

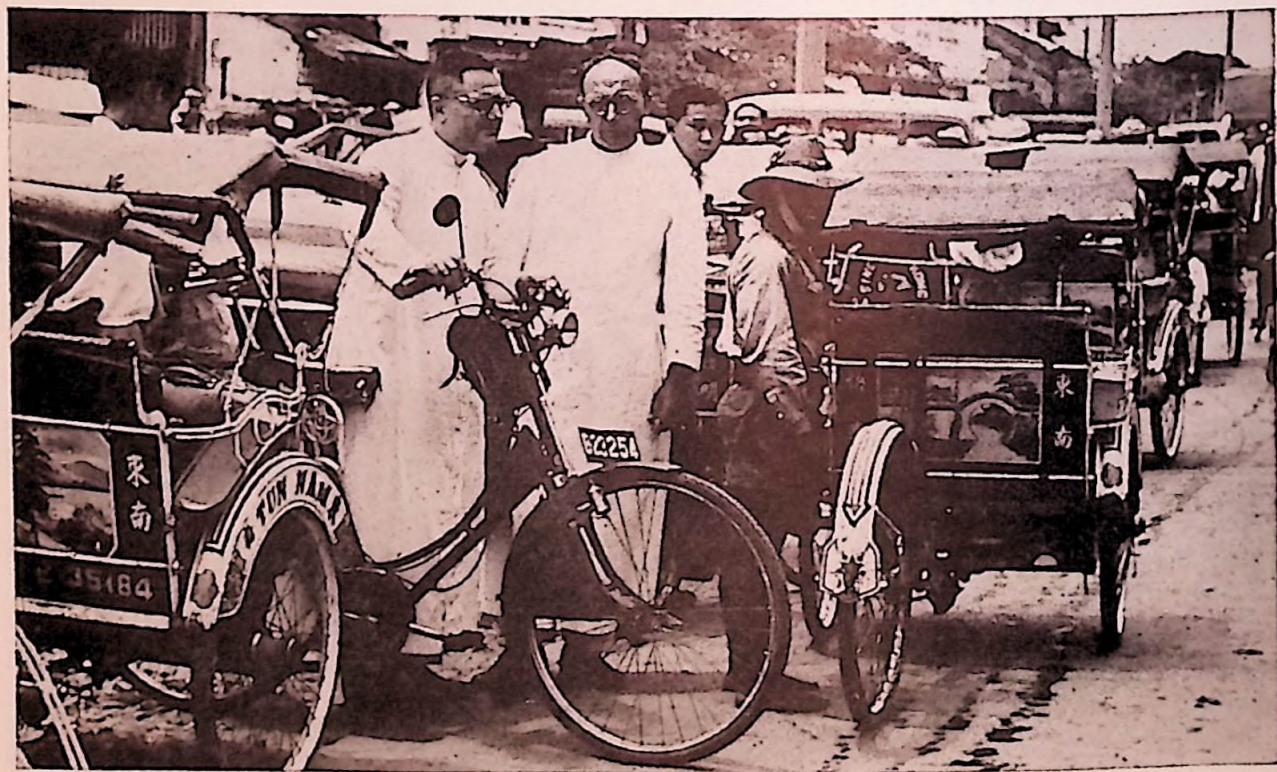
The Indonesians want to become Catholics—what is needed is more priests. This is why the Fr. General of the Jesuits invited any Jesuit anywhere to volunteer directly to him to come to Indonesia. Because of the breaking of relations with Holland over the New Guinea question, no group of Dutch Jesuits has been allowed to come to Indonesia since 1953.

In the Djakarta area there are 13 Churches and stations and a Jesuit Archbishop. There are some 30,000 Catholics, with about 500 new converts each year.

In Central Java there are 29 churches and more than 45 stations. The Catholic population is above 80,000 and there are more than 3,000 adult converts a year. The number of vocations to the priesthood is high. There are 185 seminarians at the minor seminary and 35 at the major seminary. Many of the minor seminarians go on to novitiates of religious orders. There are 12 novices in the Jesuit novitiate at present—plus 10 novice Brothers. The Church will be able to stand on its own feet here within a few decades. Meanwhile, volunteers are needed to carry on for that time.

What are the other works of the Mission? Well, there are 3 high schools, 1 “junior” high, 1 teachers’ college, and participation in the Catholic University of Indonesia. There is a large and influential Catholic dormitory at the state university at Jogja. There is a minor seminary under Jesuit direction, as well as a novitiate, juniorate, theologate, and tertianship. In addition there is “Canius,” which is the organization directing most of the parochial schools, headed by

■ Refugees from China, Austrian Jesuits Conrad Braumandl and Charles Staudinger are now in Djakarta. The Jesuits of the Netherlands have been forced to withdraw from the mission.





■ A typical Javanese young woman.



■ In batik factory woman applies wax to fabric.



■ Jesuit novices at St. Stanislaus Novitiate, Giri Sonta, Middle Java.

two Jesuits; also a central Sodality Office, Apostleship of Prayer, Youth Organization, and a very active Students' Organization (this last is very important in Asia, and the Indonesian organization is joined with those directed by Jesuits in Bangkok, Saigon, Tokyo, and Manila). There are a variety of Catholic publications for all intellectual levels.

There is also a rapidly developing and tremendously important social apostolate, the "Pantjasila Movement." Pantjasila means the 5 key principles of the Indonesian revolution; (1) belief in one God; (2) humanism; (3) national feeling; (4) democracy; (5) social justice. This is essentially a very Catholic program, so that the Church has been able to embrace it fully. The Pantjasila Move-

ment began as an organization of farmers and workers in order to better their socio-economic conditions through collective action and practical training. It now includes sections also of business men, doctors, and nurses. Another new venture is in Djakarta—an Office of Catholic Documentation, intended to give expert advice in the socio-economic field, and on a more theoretical and research level than the Pantjasila Movement.

I have written at some length about the Mission. But I suspect you knew as little about it as I did before I came here; so, I thought you might be interested in a general picture of it. As the Dutch Father who directs Pantjasila said to me, "It is a beautiful mission." The future here is great.

CHABELA OF OLANCHITO



She lived her life in obscurity in a quiet village back in the hills but she has left warm memories

BERNARD J. HOYER S.J.

CHABELA LIVES RIGHT next door to the Casa Cural, or parish house, in Olanchito. Chabela is 78 years old but has not lost her memory nor her sense of humor. Being old and wrinkled, Chabela experiences many of the pains and sufferings of the aged, yet she is always cheerful.

"Padre," she may tell me one day, "I am not feeling well today. I have a severe pain in my shoulder and fever. But, Padre, I am offering it up to Jesus. He suffered so much for us on the cross. And after all, God knows what's best for me. He is the One who sends me these sufferings. But, Padre, I wish I could die and go to Heaven."

When I first arrived in Olanchito and got acquainted with her, Chabela told me many things about the parish of Olanchito before the Jesuit Fathers came. The Church of Saint George in Olanchito dates back to the eighteenth century, some say. Anyway, it is certainly at least over 100 years old because one of Olanchito's many pastors lies buried in the sanctuary for over 101 years. So Olanchito has had many resident pastors. But sometimes the parish has been without a resident priest.

The first Jesuit priest arrived in Olanchito over twelve years ago. "But, Padre," Chabela informed me, "you have no idea what this parish was like before Padre Guillermo came. Ah, that Padre Guillermo, he has given new vigor to the Faith in Olanchito! Before Padre Guillermo came, nobody went to confession, Padre, nobody went to Communion, and the weddings were so few that if there was one a year it was *the* great event of the year. Nobody bothered to get married, Padre. And very, very few people came



■ Church at Olanchito in the Yoro Department of Honduras reveals traces of ancient Spain.

to Mass on Sundays and holydays. The only thing was the baptisms. Yes, Padre, the people have always baptized their children. God be praised for that! And now look at all the people at Mass on Sundays, Padre, and the large number of Communions on First Fridays.”

Chabela is very poor. There are days when she comes to tell me that she hasn't had her coffee yet, and it's already past midday. So the Padre gives her bread, a cup of coffee, a little sugar, or money. And yet, in spite of her poverty, Chabela's house is always open to the poor Caribs who come to Olanchito from LaCeiba to sell their wares. If Chabela did not offer these people hospitality, a place to sleep, the use of her kitchen, God only knows where they could find lodging or what they would do. Chabela is the soul of kindness to these vagrants.

Chabela's house is really hers. In her charity she shares it with her son, a man of about 50, who most certainly does not

treat her as a son should. She may be hungry and cold, yet dare not turn to him for help. Sometimes he causes her to come weeping to the Padre. This son of hers is typical of some of the men in Olanchito parish. They refuse to get married or go to the sacraments. He has his woman and his family. But in spite of the pleadings of his saintly mother, in spite of the special graces of several missions, Chabela's son refuses to set things right with God. It is to save the souls of people such as Chabela's son that the two Jesuit Padres at Olanchito, one of the five parishes of the Yoro mission in Honduras, are laboring, a labor of love.

Not long after I wrote this, Chabela went to her reward, a peaceful happy death. So now the Yoro mission has a saint in Heaven who must surely be pleading with God to bless and prosper the work of our Fathers. And one of these days, I am sure Chabela's son will make his peace with God.

Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

1) The importance of the work being done by Father Young in Baghdad (cf. p. 24) can be clearly understood by all. If you would care to lend a helping hand or, better still, interest your own group in this project. Father would be most grateful. We will gladly forward contributions of all sizes.

2) A prison chaplain in the Philippines, Father Thomas Mitchell, is instructing over 200 inmates in the Faith. His expenses for catechisms, rosaries, transportation, etc., are about \$5 weekly. Can you support him for a week or two?

3) A long-time friend, Father Gregory Thekel of Patna Mission in India, is trying to help his people recover from the devastation of floods. He himself lost three chapels but what he requests is aid for his flock: 50¢ to clothe a child; 50¢ to support a family for a day; blankets for \$3 each, etc. Even a small donation would go far in this case.

4) Tape recorders are often a novelty which soon wears off and they are more or less put away, though in good shape. But they would serve a dozen useful purposes on mission fields. If you have one you do not need would you send it to Woodstock College, Woodstock, Maryland, and marked "for the Missions"? Thank you.

5) In Korrukalmadam, Ceylon, Father del Marmol is trying to help the few Catholics to build a chapel to Our Lady of Lourdes. They have collected \$200 but will need about \$800 more. The

chapel would be a big thing because the Hindus there are strongly attracted to Our Lady. Here is a case where a little could mean a lot. Perhaps \$5, \$10 or...?

6) A hard blow was suffered by Father John Meyer in Patna while away on a mission trip. Thieves broke into his main rectory at Samastipur and took everything of any value. The overall total may not appear too large—but it was all he had, plus the savings of his catechist, his cook and his teacher. We would like to soften that blow a bit for him. Will you help us to do so?

7) Young in heart, despite his 67 years of age, Father Leo Doyle in British Honduras is striving to build a chapel in honor of St. Joseph in the village of Barranco. If anyone would like to make a timely benefaction Father Doyle might get the good news on the Feast of St. Joseph the Worker in the beginning of May. A happy way to start a happy time!

(Attached coupon for convenience)

Dear Father,

The enclosed gift is for the item(s) above numbered -----

Name -----

Address -----

City ----- Zone ----- State -----

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



**I
CAN
SMILE
NOW**

Over the last ten years, thanks to the kindness of JESUIT MISSIONS' readers, I have been able to buy land here at Koath, India, and to build a rectory and fix up the place in general. It gives a man a good feeling.

BUT—now the Sisters are on the way to Koath and I have no place ready for them. They need, and deserve, a good roof, a verandah, a sense of safety. Can you help me with a convent—or even a chair for it?

FATHER VINCENT GALLAGHER S.J.

JESUIT MISSIONS

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



MAY IS MARY'S MONTH

Could you do something special for Our Lady this May? A number of missionaries want to honor the Mother who is so close to them. A shrine in India (\$1,000); two chapels in Her name in the Philippines (\$500-\$700); a score of statues all over the mission world—these are but a few of the requests we have received. Even a part of the whole gift would be gratefully appreciated and you can be sure that it will be used to honor the Mother of the Missions.

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