

JESUIT MISSIONS

NOVEMBER 1962

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Scale: 100 Miles
100 Miles
Jesuit Mission Press, Inc.
New York City

C H I N A

S E A

CALAMIAN ISLANDS
PALAwan PROV.

CUYO ISLANDS
PALAwan

**THE BACK COUNTRY
OF THE PHILIPPINES**

C E L E B E S S E A



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:

Baghdad - Ceylon - Alaska - Belize - Japan - Burma - China - Caroline Islands
Formosa - Jamaica - Jamshedpur - Korea - Patna - Philippines - Marshall Islands
Nepal - Yoro - American Indians - Puerto Rico - Chile - Peru - Africa

November 1962, Vol. 36, No. 9

PAGE 2	TALA-ANDIG: THREE CENTURIES FROM MANILA.....	James P. Cotter S.J.
PAGE 7	LADY FROM LHASA.....	Albert J. Wilzbacher S.J.
PAGE 10	A GIFT FROM A FRIEND.....	Colonel Howard F. Stegemann
PAGE 12	FUNERAL ON YAP.....	John A. Walsh S.J.
PAGE 16	MACAO—(PART II).....	Patrick R. Shaules S.J.
PAGE 21	DAY OF REMEMBRANCE.....	William J. Keyes S.J.
PAGE 24	LAYMEN PLAN FOR SERVICE.....	
PAGE 28	BEHIND THE LINES IN VIETNAM.....	Matthias Chen S.J.
PAGE 31	JESUITS OF SIXTY YEARS.....	

Staff

Editor, Calvert Alexander. Managing Editor, Clement J. Armitage.

Associate Editors, Leo Birney, Thomas J. M. Burke,
Cecil H. Chamberlain, James P. Cotter, Edward S. Dunn.

Business Editor, Coleman A. Daily.

Business Office, 211 East 87th Street, New York 28, N.Y.

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

And southward dreams the sea. It is the Sulu Sea and
this picture was snapped by Father James Donelan S.J.
near Jolo harbor on the Sulu Archipelago. The people
of this remote part of the Philippines are mostly Mos-
lems, having been converted to Islam some centuries ago.



JESUIT MISSIONS is published monthly from September to June; bi-monthly, January-February, July-August,
by Jesuit Missions, Incorporated, 45 East 78th St., New York 21, N. Y., in the interests of home and foreign
missions attached to the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. Subscription price per year is
\$1.00. Canadian and foreign, \$1.25. Second Class Postage Paid at New York, N. Y.



TALA-ANDIG:
THREE CENTURIES
FROM MANILA

JAMES P. COTTER S.J.



■ An Igorot girl catechist in the village of Tuba teaches the children the story of Lazarus.

are members of the Bukidnon (in central Mindanao) peoples, descendants of Indonesians who migrated to the island hundreds of years ago. The Jesuits have been gradually working their way into the central uplands of Mindanao, seeking out the people and attempting to

lead them to civilization and Christianity. It is a difficult job, complicated by a rugged terrain and the fact that the people live in scattered villages. Straight line distances may measure only a few miles from one settlement to another, but the journey can take hours. As most of

us know, the important fact about getting from one place to another is the length of time it takes.

The "bush missionary's" task (seeking out the pagan peoples and then gathering them together for education and catechetical lessons) is a difficult one and, with the shortage of priests, Sisters and lay helpers, it can take years to make any progress. Today, efforts are being made to speed up the process with various modern means of communication, radio, movies, loud-speakers and mobile units (jeeps with speakers, phonographs, etc.). But the basic missionary methods remain the same. Their value can be seen from results in other relatively primitive areas of the Philippines.

North of Mindanao, on the island of Luzon, there are a group of six tribes commonly called the Igorot peoples. Fifty years ago these people were pagan and uncivilized. Since then, many of them, especially among the Ifugao and Bontoc groups, have been converted through the ministry of European Fathers of the Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary and American Jesuits. As a matter of fact, they have become the source of vocations to the priesthood and the convent. Some of the

Your Attention, Please

If you change your address, will you be kind enough to send us both the new and old address? We must pay 10¢, according to postal regulations, for each J.M. copy which is not deliverable. Thank you.

pictures that accompany this article illustrate the progress that has been made among the Igorots and that Father Cullen hopes will be made among the Talaandig as well.

The Jesuits' work in the Philippines reaches into every segment of society in a land that offers wide diversity of life. The heights of the Ateneo de Manila (the Jesuit Alma Mater of many Filipino leaders) may be only miles away from the mountains of northern Luzon and the Mindanao uplands, but many of the Bukidnon and Igorot peoples are separated from Manila by centuries. Among all of them, the Jesuit seeks to plant and nourish the Faith that does not know race or color or age.

Missionaries throughout the world are in desperate need of Catholic and good secular reading materials. If you would like to help them by sending your copies of JESUIT MISSIONS and other magazines simply print your name on a card and send to:

**Kenrick Remailng Service
Kenrick Seminary
7800 Kenrick Road
St. Louis 19, Mo.**

They will send you the name of a missionary and the necessary instructions. Please do not send magazines and books to the Seminary; only your name, etc.

LADY FROM LHASA

ALBERT J. WILZBACHER S.J.

SHE USED TO LIVE in Lhasa—in “Ner-bulinpa,” the summer palace of the Dalai Lama, her uncle. Today you could easily mix her with teenagers in Louisville, New Orleans, or Los Angeles, but you might not so easily pick her out again. Perhaps you could best identify her by her ready laugh.

The horned roofs of her Yapshi home seemed close to the glittering stars in September, 1944. “Mama could not help feeling we were nearer to God than most of the other people of the earth.” Though heaven seemed close, did Mama feel a chill of sadness, too, about her heart? Mama gave the baby a name with a lovely meaning: Khando Tsering—“which in Tibetan means ‘Angel of Long Life,’ but I can’t tell you whether longevity will be my good fortune . . .”

In school Khando has picked up names a little less poetic than “Angel of Long Life.” “A Punjabi girl has affectionately nicknamed me ‘Beebaji,’ my American friends call me ‘Connie,’ while girls from Africa teasingly refer to me as ‘Pigmy,’ on account of my short stature.”

Were “Connie” in Jacksonville or Madison, she might in ten minutes be chatting with Mary Jane about discs or dancing. “My four main interests are music, reading, dancing and riding. I love and enjoy music of all types, but I must truthfully say that my knowledge of Western music is much wider than that of Tibetan. I don’t have much of a chance to listen to any other sort of music here in school besides semi-classics, jazz, rock’n’ roll and so on.

“I studied ballet dancing for five years under a Russian teacher in Darjeeling. I love dancing, especially the waltz and



■ Khando Tsering, “Angel of Long Life” and niece of the Dalai Lama, with her mother.

cha-cha. I took up Indian dancing, but my ballet mistress thought it better for me to give it up.”

Understandably Khando likes history: “my favorite subjects are history and literature.” Great events of history have swept over her land like sudden mountain storms or like the thick mists that settle in the passes. History is today writing the great tragedy of her people. In old Tibet the people, generally speaking, were happy, ate well, especially their *tsampa* or lightly roasted barley meal. Famine was unknown. Famine! Tibetans are suffering their first in history. History will long remember Lhasa and Tibet for, like Budapest and Hungary, they seemed shamefully forgotten by today’s nations.

“For literature I’m studying *Twelfth Night*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *Jane Eyre* and a variety of longer poems.” As for



■ The long horns of the Tibetan monks are no longer sounded in their homeland but are heard only in India and other countries where their age-old customs are still permitted to endure.

French Khando has a wry little smile. "I dislike French because of all the grammar rules and those irregular verbs."

"Hockey, swimming, tennis and netball are my favorite sports. In hockey my position is goalie. In Jesus and Mary School, however, I enjoy playing netball and table tennis."

The styles in Khando's dress are as varied as the roles she has to play. She can be trim in her blue-and-white school uniform, stylish in her dresses, boyish in sweater and jeans, and lovely in her *chuba*, that is. Tibetan dress. She

wouldn't be a woman if she didn't think about styles and hair-do's as well as her studies and dancing and boys. The women of Tibet dress in a distinctly beautiful way. They are dolled up prettier than idols, their silver jewelry inlaid with turquoise or brilliant coral.

Khando first came to India in 1950 on a holiday visit. In the spring of 1951 she returned and entered a convent school in Kalimpong, a "little Tibet," a little hill station tucked away in the Himalayas. There and for six years in Darjeeling she went through the usual schoolgirl bouts

of homesickness—in the midst of her laughter. Until 1955 she would return to Tibet during her holidays, making a long pony-back trek through a mass of mountains and valleys, through vast solitudes where the only sounds besides the caravan's were the cawing of the crows and chitter-chatter of the gossiping marmots. At night the sentries marked the passage of the hours with ringing blows on their gongs. At every pass and at many a turning in the trail was carved in huge letters the sacred formula OM MANI PAIME HOUM—"O jewel in the lotus!"

After days, Lhasa. Home! Oh, the comfort, the sumptuousness of the lively-colored carpets, the frescoes, the ornamented beams and pillars! It was a happy little girl who watched, through curtained windows, the yellow-robed and red-robed lamas and the processions of yaks and traders. It was a happy little girl who petted the muzzle of her pony

and spun away with her friends in a cloud of dust. It was a happy little girl whose father took her to see the big bell brought to Lhasa by the *lama piling*—the foreign lama, the French Capuchin priest to whom was denied the blessing of being born in Tibet. Inscribed on the bell are the Latin words *Te Deum Laudamus*.

As Khando today gazes from the window of her Mussoorie convent school upon the hundred miles of high Himalayas golden-white in the morning sunlight, she thinks she herself has become *piling*—a foreigner, forbidden to The Forbidden City. Deep in the valley below Mussoorie begins the old trade route into Tibet. That road is not for her to travel. Return to Tibet, to Nerbulinpa, is one thing Khando may not do. When, like a lid, the monsoon clouds close down on the mountains of Mussoorie, the little lady wonders, "Does the big bell ring? Do the lamas still chant their prayers? Are my people hungry? Who will help?"

■ The yellow-robed and red-robed lamas are a picturesque sight in their religious processions. But they are no longer seen in Tibet and the Forbidden City is exactly that.



THE WISH WAS MADE by my wife. She wrote to me from Belem, Brazil, to our New York home in Larchmont. The letter was the usual wifely kind: Auntie Mae must have cleansing cream and apricot ice lipstick; Sue Ann, our daughter, ballet slippers. I need a girdle size X, and for a friend a part for his forty-year-old German kerosene lamp. On and on went the wishes until the last sentence. "The Jesuits in Belem badly need an outboard motor for their padre covering Marajo Island . . . the delta of the Amazon River." Could I possibly talk with Cardinal Spellman or Bishop Sheen to enlist their aid? Signed Donna Heliana. That is my wife's name.

After I signed for the registered letter, I went to work immediately. Auntie Mae's cosmetic list was easily completed, ballet shoes were purchased, and thank goodness, the right size girdle was delivered to my house. But the first fall or failure was the part for the old German lamp—there was none to be had in New York and no possibility of finding it as the firm was a prisoner in East Germany. First disappointment of the wishing well list. Nothing remained except the big one . . . an outboard motor for the footsore and weary Jesuits on the Marajo assignment. Dutifully I called St. Patrick's Cathedral only to learn that the Cardinal was out of the country and Bishop Sheen was not available. Where next to turn? Why not try the Public Relations firm of Evinrude Motors? I contacted them and it turned out that the founder of the firm was a neighbor of mine living in Mamaroneck, Mr. Victor Oristanto of Oristanto Associates, Division of Resources and Facilities Corporation. It proved to be a good lead.

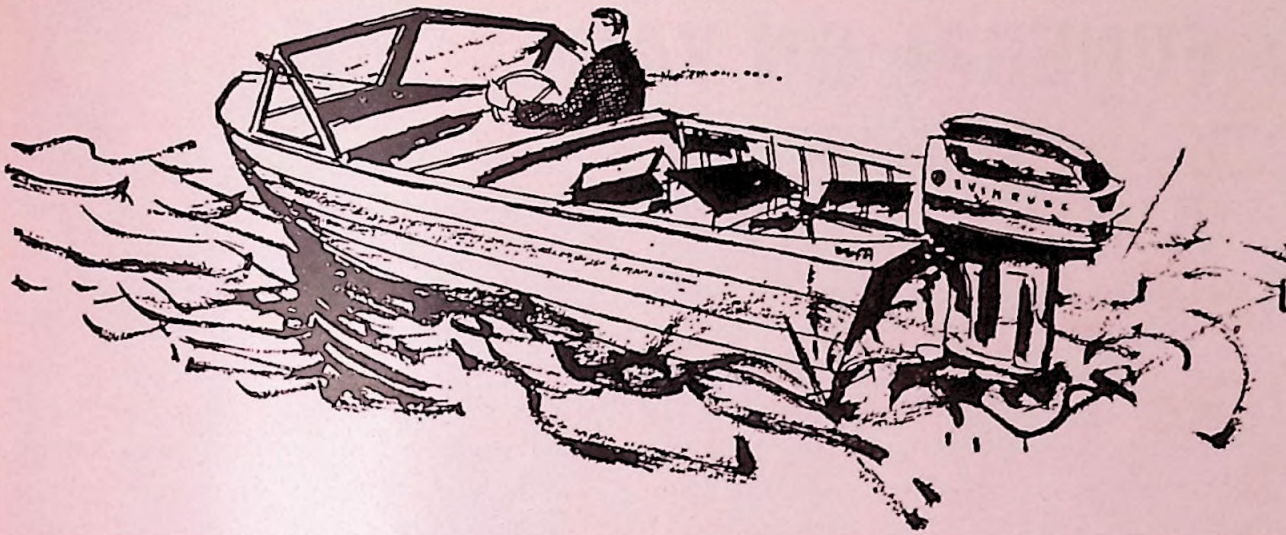
The follow-up, I forward an appeal to Evinrude itself. Padre Zatelli's prayer worked wonders. The good-news letter arrived, informing me that a spanking new 18-HP Evinrude motor was on its way to my home to be presented to the

A GIFT FROM A FRIEND

COL. HOWARD F. STEGEMANN

Belem Jesuits as a gift from Evinrude, a Company with a heart, in order to further their work and help make it much easier. It was a needy gift at a needy time. It arrived spanking new—and what a beauty! Yes, I was a wee bit jealous as my 22-HP Johnson needs replacing. Everyone concerned with my sailing and eventually delivery of the motor was bitten by the same bug . . . help the Belem Jesuits. You would be surprised how infectious this bug's bite can be. The steamship firm, Booth and Company, on whose ship I sailed, cooperated; the Belem's custom chiefs, and on down the line. At last it was presented to Padre Gino Zatelli and the swell guy had tears in his eyes. They were, at this time, very short on funds as they were struggling to complete the new church.

He wrote this letter of thanks to Evinrude, which is indeed touching. "Dear Sirs: Colonel Stegemann has just delivered the most beautiful Evinrude 18-HP outboard motor. Your company will never realize the good you have done for the less fortunate people than yourselves. This motor will now assure our padres, on Marajo Island, the ability to keep all Masses and other church duties as scheduled. Heretofore, it was a case of hit or miss, as our priests were forced



to, as you say in the States, 'hitch rides'! This is only fifty percent efficient as many cattle boats would not stop.

"The fact of your kind gift to my parish will be made known throughout the world as I plan to have the story and picture of the motor published. The Colonel will help me with this project. The Vatican, I assure you, will be aware of the helping hand you have given us in the Delta of the Amazon River. God bless you all. With season's greetings and a bigger business year for Evinrude." Signed . . . Cordially yours, Padre Gino Zatelli, Superior of the Jesuits, Belem, Para, Brazil. Thus the letter ended.

Padre Mario has been assigned the motor and it is a touching scene to see him tuck his cleric garb between his legs and pull the starting cord, off again to another engagement, but now he is ahead of schedule. How many times has he played the part of "going my way . . ." and it was nothing but hitching a ride to his Lord's next assignment. He too was sentimentally struck. He sent me a card that his mother had sent him from the high mountains of Italy, beautifully depicting the flowers that bloom at the summit and enclosed was one of these same flowers . . . actually had been picked there. This time I was emotionally

hit and tackled for a loss in yards. However, in fact I did make a touchdown considering the entire whole project. By the way, the flower I pasted on the card beside the printed pictorial replica. This I covered with cellophane and why not, it is so unusual in anybody's picture album. That's the story, but for one small item, the husband is a Lutheran . . . Good fellowship and heart for the other fellow's hardships still exist. Signed . . . the husband.

COLONEL HOWARD F. STEGEMANN
U.S.A.F. Reserves

Postscript—We here at JESUIT MISSIONS would like to add our own little word of thanks to the Colonel, his wife and all concerned. It was truly a heart-warming and thoughtful deed and it reveals an unselfish spirit which the world needs more of in these days. From our own experience, we realize that a considerable amount of time must have been consumed from start to finish, from a letter written in Belem to the moment Father Mario tucked up his cassock and sped off across the water, undoubtedly one of the happiest moments in his missionary life. It is nice to know that such a spirit of warm humanity as shown by the genial Colonel et al. is still brightening our earth.

FUNERAL ON YAP

JOHN A. WALSH S.J.

AT THE CLOSE OF the school year Kenneth Hezel S.J. and I, both teachers at Xavier High School, Truk, set out by ship on a tour of the Western Carolines. Our first stop of any length was at Yap where we enjoyed the hospitality of Fathers John Condon and Fred Bailey. On our second day in Yap Father Condon invited us to attend a funeral.

Father took us by outboard to the district of Tamil where the funeral was to be held. On our way Father pointed out O'Keefe's Island. Once known as "Tarang" it has been called "O'Keefe's Island" ever since this American adventurer began to use it as a trading center about fifty years ago. O'Keefe mysteriously disappeared and today the island is completely abandoned.

After the boat trip and a walk of about one mile inland in the heat of the day we arrived at the church where the funeral was to take place. The name of the deceased was Raymond, a recent convert and a chief in his village.

We ducked our heads and entered the tiny sacristy to help Father vest. At this point one of the mourners came to Father bringing a carton of cigarettes and a box of matches. This struck me as unusual since the man came just before the funeral service. Also, it is usually the "padres" who give an occasional smoke to the people, not vice versa.

Father Condon was vested. The Yapese altar boys slipped the frayed white cassocks over their loin cloths and we went to the door of the church to meet the body. The bearers carried a simple wooden box, painted black, borne aloft on bamboo poles. In accordance with the Yapese custom (there are nine castes in Yap) the coffin and grave should be prepared by mourners of the lowest class.

We crowded into the little church for

the funeral. The service was much the same liturgically as in America except for the Yapese language.

We left the church and joined the funeral procession to the Catholic cemetery about a quarter of a mile away. As we walked the people sang the funeral hymns of the Church. If the funeral had been that of a Yapese pagan there would have been singing of a different kind. The old Yapese custom would have called for the chanting of the "mbowa" which means "open the way." It is a signal to other people that a body is being carried. Some people feel that it is unlucky to meet a dead body so when they hear this song they get out of the way. But today the hymns were for a Christian soul.

At the cemetery Father Condon said the usual Latin prayers and then addressed the people briefly in Yapese. A final prayer was said, the mourners sprinkled dust on the coffin, then left.

As we were returning from the cemetery three men, each carrying a large cardboard box filled with cartons of cigarettes passed in front of us. There must have been thirty or forty cartons. "What are all those cigarettes for?" I asked Father Condon. Father then explained to us the Yapese custom of giving gifts to mourners at a funeral. According to custom, between the time of death and burial the Yapese mourn for the deceased with all-night watching and dancing. In former times these mourners were rewarded for their efforts with gifts of stone or shell money. Nowadays, since Yapese money has all but lost its currency value the mourners are given cigarettes and matches instead. So this was the reason why the man had brought the carton of cigarettes to the sacristy before the funeral!



Window on the Mission

WE ARE THE CHURCH

THE ARTICLE IN this issue (page 24 sq.) on the Institute for International Service held at Seton Hall last summer is most interesting for what it doesn't say. In itself it merely recounts what took place at the North Jersey campus during the past summer. The more important fact is that the Institute reflected something which is happening all over the country. The American Church—clerics, religious and lay people—is becoming more and more aware of a responsibility for the whole Church, even to the point of personal involvement by many priests, religious and lay people who would not have thought of such a possibility ten years ago.

Two months ago a Boston newspaper carried a copyrighted story on Cardinal Cushing's desire to work in Latin America. The Cardinal has long been one of the greatest supporters of mission work in the Church, yet he probably could not have made public his feelings five years ago without people lifting their eyebrows. Today, when he tells us of his loving desire to spend the rest of

his life working to strengthen the Church in Latin America, we not only are not shocked, but we can actually ask ourselves—whether we be Father, Brother, Sister, Mr., Mrs. or Miss—“. . . and why shouldn't I?" Recently Bishop Wright visited Peru and the booming steel city of Chimbote. Although his stay was a short one, he learned much. Profoundly moved by what he termed "the spiritual abandonment of Peru," he said that he was convinced that the United States must send more priests, Brothers, Sisters and lay people to help the Church there. And, remarkably enough, we will.

As a matter of fact, for the past five or six years the growing consciousness of our unity in the universal Church has been prompting increasing numbers of lay people and diocesan priests to volunteer for work not only in Latin America but also in Asia, Africa and the Middle East. The Society of St. James, a missionary Society for diocesan priests, has about 75 men working in Latin America today. Five years ago the Society of St. James did not even exist and no one ever thought of connecting "missionary" with the words "diocesan priest."

Although it is a bit difficult to estimate, the number of American lay people involved in some form of volunteer apostolic work in other parts of the world is probably in excess of 500. The Lay Mission Helpers of Los Angeles, the Association for International Develop-



COVER. Artist Phil Franznick rolls back the familiar outline of the Philippine Islands to unveil a mother and child of the little known tribes of the back country. The customs and language may differ but what is more human and universal than a mother with her child?



ment (AID), the Papal Volunteers (PAVLA) and numerous other groups continue to swell the numbers. Since someone or other may well make the prediction soon, we might as well make it here: within not too many years there will be as many lay apostles overseas as there are priests and religious.

Once we were told and believed that the mission of the Church was work for a few: the members of Orders and mission congregations, of some relatively few groups of Sisters. The rest of us? We were supposed to have an interest in the mission work of the Church and we had a positive duty to support it as best we could. No one (or almost no one) suggested that we should also become personally involved, nor did anyone expect it. The Institute at Seton Hall, as well as all the other wonderful things happening today in the Church, is a clear indication that expectations are in order. It was a clear manifestation that the Church in this country is perhaps reaching that state of maturity that enables a Christian to realize his responsibility for the whole Church and to accept that responsibility. The growth of the Church is no longer seen as the concern only of the few; the Church's growth, with God's grace, is the Church's responsibility, and we are the Church.

November Mission Intention

"That the social doctrine and action of the Church may preserve the underdeveloped countries from atheistic materialism."

AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONS AND MISSION DIRECTORS

AFRICA

Rev. Joseph Conyard S.J.
P. O. Box 4408
Portland 8, Ore.

ALASKA

Rev. Paul C. O'Connor S.J.
P. O. Box 4408
Portland 8, Ore.

BRITISH HONDURAS, YORO AND U. S. INDIANS

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

CAROLINE AND MARSHALL ISLANDS

Rev. Ronald W. Sams S.J.
3389 Bailey Avenue
Buffalo 15, N.Y.

CEYLON AND HOME MISSIONS

Rev. Daniel W. Partridge S.J.
1607 Pere Marquette Bldg.
New Orleans 12, La.

CHINA AND FORMOSA

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

INDIA AND PERU

Rev. Robert G. Liska S.J.
1114 South May St.
Chicago 7, Ill.

INDIA, CHILE AND BURMA

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

IRAQ AND JAMAICA

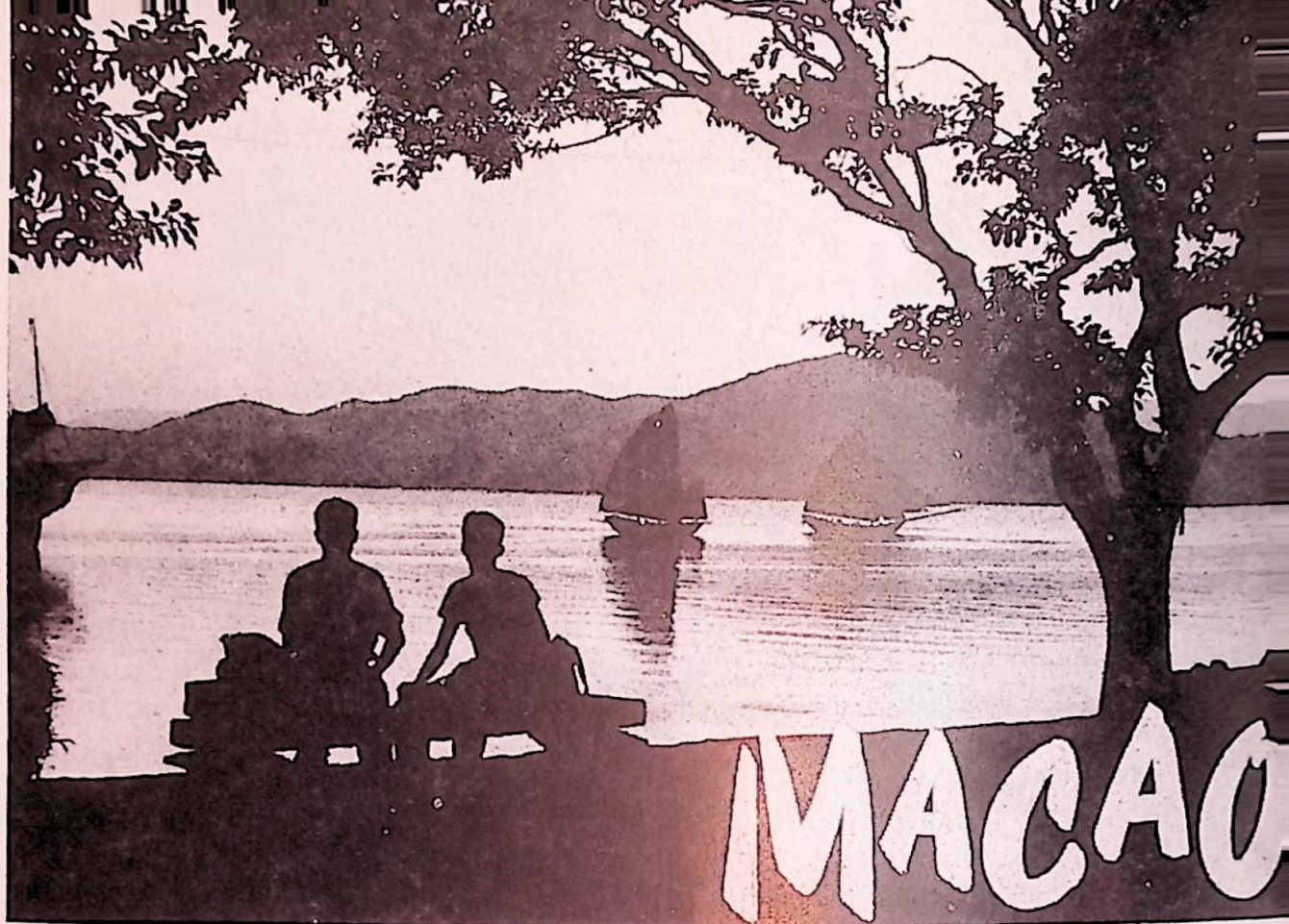
Rev. Thomas F. Hussey, S.J.
126 Newbury St.
Boston 16, Mass.

KOREA AND U.S. INDIANS

Rev. George W. Haas S.J.
4811 Excelsior Blvd.
Minneapolis 16, Minn.

PHILIPPINES, CAROLINE AND MARSHALL ISLANDS, NIGERIA

Rev. Joseph J. Walter S.J.
39 East 83rd St.
New York 28, N.Y.



■ Sunset on the Portuguese island of Coloane at the mouth of the Canton River. Beyond the junks and their peaceful look is Communist China and the silent land where persecution reigns.

*The continuation of the story and tragedy of the
refugees who have escaped from the Chinese Communists*

BUT FOR THE very poor of Macao, whether recent arrivals or natives, what about their future? They can't eat charity rice the rest of their lives. The adults can do coolie work for starvation wages. Must the children be condemned to that too? The one hope is for the children to get some schooling. Tuitions in the existing schools were beyond their means. All right, so the Fathers started a poor kids' school and have been running at a 50% loss to keep the tuition down to 2 cents a day, for those who can pay. We find that where there is a real need being filled the necessary means come from somewhere, though not necessarily just when you could like it to come. You don't wait until you get the means before getting into action.

So Father Aloysius Minella S.J. has a dandy school going, "Ricci School," with

the enrollment pushing 2,000. It goes from kindergarten to first year senior high at present. Since it goes up a grade each year, who knows, maybe someday we'll have a university!

However, some families are so poor that the children have to work during the day, even very young ones, and couldn't come to school even if the tuition were free! Well, then, they can come at night for free. And you should see how earnest these little ones are to make the most of these three hours in the classroom, even after a hard day's work! There are some tremendous inequalities in this world.

The pity is that with 41% (19,412) of Macao's children in Catholic schools, 31% in Government, Nationalist, Protestant, and independent schools, many students are forced into the free Communist

schools (28%) either because there is no room in other schools or they can't afford the tuition. I don't know whether to say pity or a crime, considering what they will get in these institutions.

Macao is a sleepy, peaceful old city on the surface. But there is a battle being fought here just as grim and vital as that in the jungles of Vietnam. Strangely, warfare in this atomic age has gone back to the primitive jungle with knife and hand grenade. It can't use massive physical force. It must fight man to man, and with ideas. It transcends territorial boundaries. This is especially true in Macao. And the most vital part of the battle here is for the youth.

If we had baptized every man and woman in any country over thirty, but didn't have the younger generation, what would we have? A church that is dying out—like Buddhism. The Asia of the future will be what its youth are today.

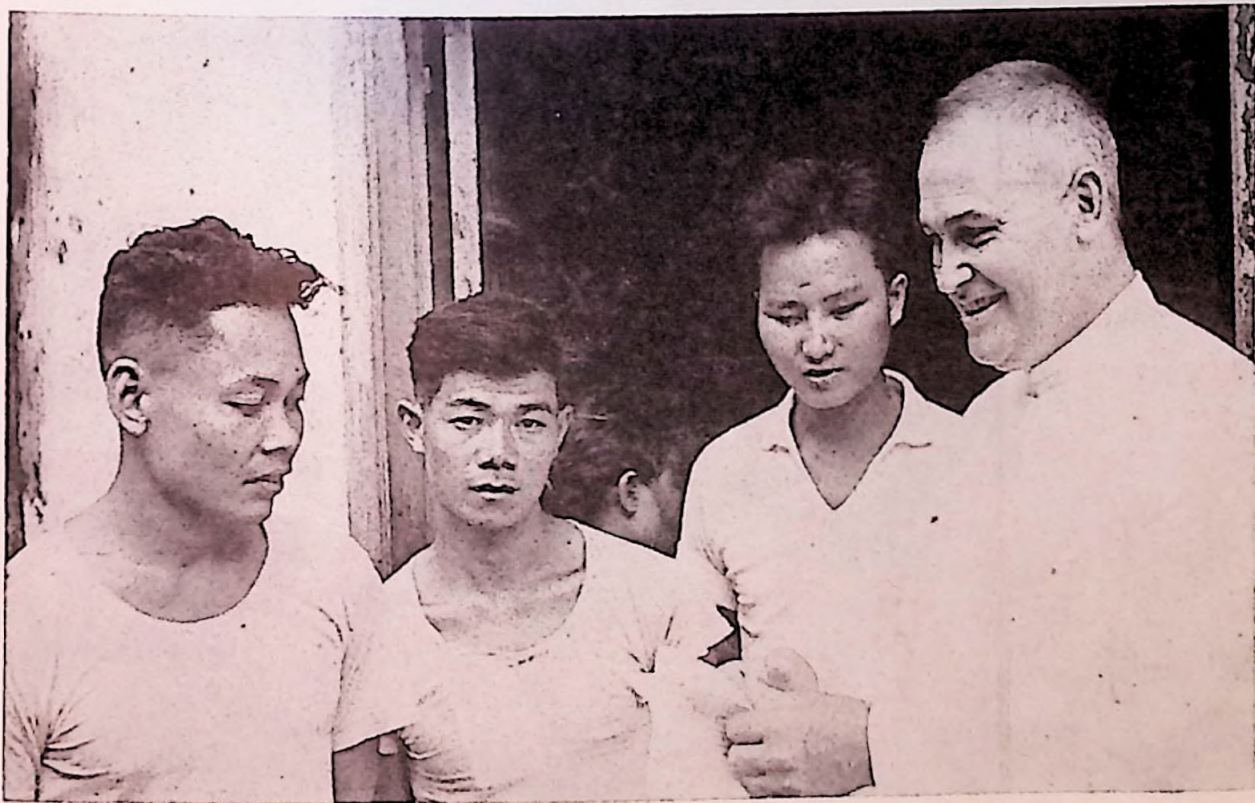
Here in Macao, if the Reds are having their way in the world of business and even labor unions (and we'll see about

that), it is too bad. But in building the foundations of the Asia of tomorrow, we here are way ahead of them. Here are some figures from a recent survey. Of the 47,498 students enrolled in Macao schools, 13,350 are in Communist schools, 5,140 in Nationalist Government (Kuo Ming Tang) schools, 3,778 in Protestant schools, 5,809 in Portuguese Government schools and no less than 19,412 in Catholic schools.

In this political battle all the non-Reds can be counted as on our side, making it 28% of them and 72% of us! But 28% is a lot for them; they have started with much smaller beachheads elsewhere, soon to take over completely. 28% is too much. We don't want them to have any. We will see what we can do.

We also have an overwhelming advantage from another source. The truth about Communism in practice is being constantly spread through every hut and alley in the walking, irrefutable proof afforded by those who know best, the refugees. In Hong Kong two Red news-

■ Father Shaules chats with two young men (left) who survived the escape. Two others in the group were shot; two others were drowned. These men spent four hours in water.



papers had to merge last week, readers are that hard to come by. And consider the impression made on the practical minds here when Hong Kong with 3,000,000 people, counting babies, has regularly been sending to the other side of the Bamboo Curtain 1,000,000 food packages every month! They can see that Comrade Mao's system is fine for seizing power, but it doesn't seem so good as a permanent institution. In these parts there is little danger from Communism on the ideological front at present. Ricci School will help in a small way to safeguard the future.

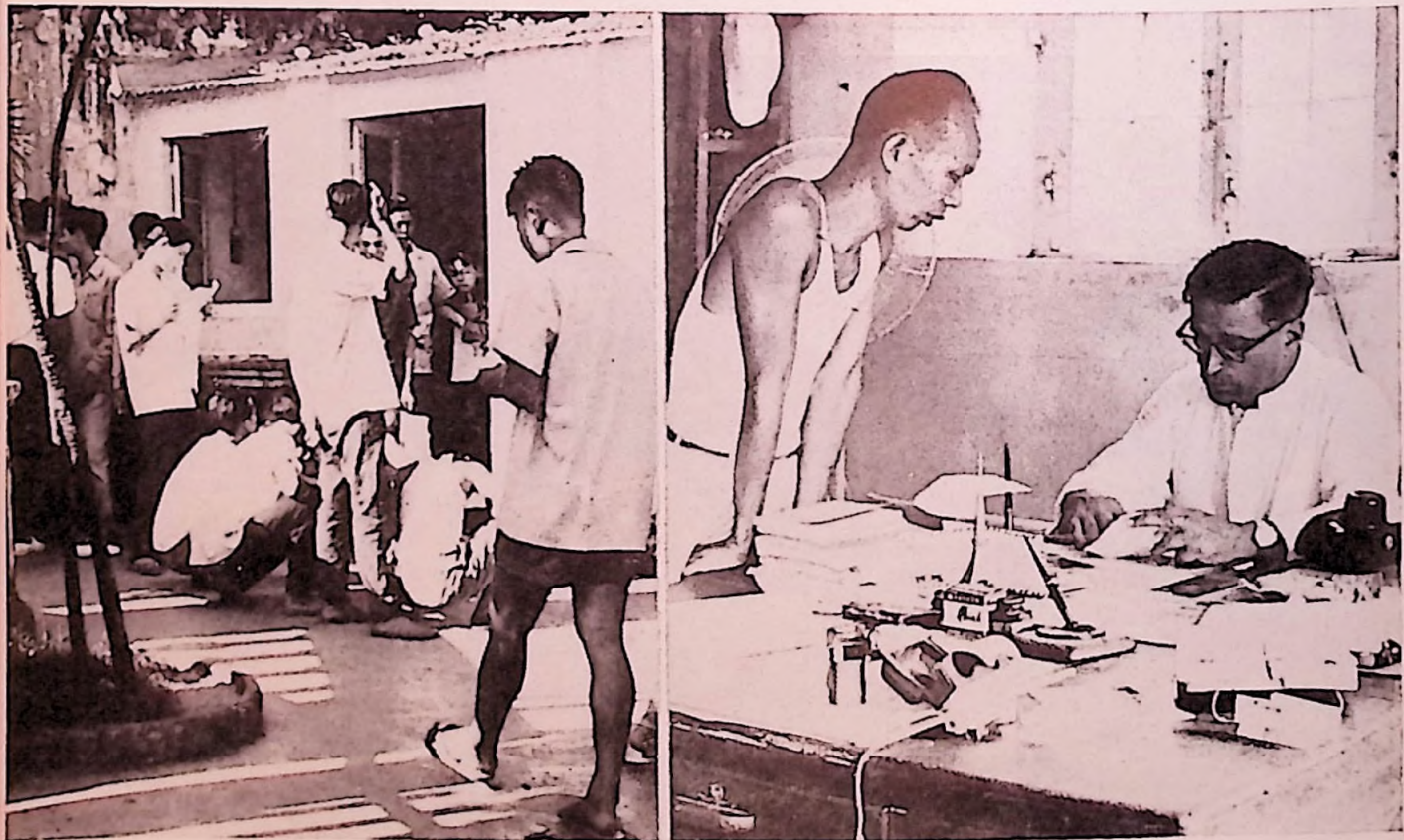
There is another front in the Battle of Young Asia where the enemy is not Communist China but rather *America* and the West! Asia, and specially China, is a great giant aroused from the sleep of centuries, flexing its muscles and looking around to see what it wants. The first thing that strikes it is the humiliating realization that it is backward and weak. The more it sees and hears of the "good

life" of the West, the more passionate its craving for whatever promises to give it the "good life" at home and "face" before the nations of the world. This is true behind the Bamboo Curtain, and it is equally true of Chinese outside it, though the manifestations are different.

Society here is in the midst of one of the greatest revolutions in the history of mankind. The West had 400 years to pass successively through her revolutions: cultural (Renaissance), religious, industrial, and political. But the whole impact of their combined and simultaneous force is shaking the East in the atomic age we are now witnessing.

Traditional habits of life are changing, especially in areas of greater contact with the West like Hong Kong and Macao. Gone are the queues, the foot-binding, the emperors, the eunuchs, the examination system. The last sedan chair disappeared last week, only to be hunted up by reporters with talk of restoring it and putting it in a museum. Going are

■ Escapees check into Casa Ricci headquarters where Father Luis Ruiz S.J. clothes, feeds and houses them. At right, the Jesuit missionary interviews man who escaped with wife and 6 kids.



the rickshaw, the sail-propelled junk, the long mandarin robes and beards (except the ladies' split skirt gowns, which are thriving). Going are the endless bowing and scraping of the old etiquette. Going are the pre-arranged marriages, the ancestor worship, the incantations of the priest with paper houses and horses and the exaggerated mourning period (3 years), the herb doctor, geomancy (superstitious orientation of buildings and graves). Going is the concubine system, the subordination and confinement of woman, the segregation of sexes, and the absolutism of parental authority.

Formerly unheard-of customs are here or on the way. Here is the handshake, the Western clothes, the escalator, the automatic elevator, the car, the plane. Here is the taxi, the transistor, the TV, the jewelled Swiss watch, the ice-cream, the Coca-Cola, the make-up, the hair-do, the dating. Here is the sense that the old way of life has failed and must be discarded as obsolete.

Coming are the knife and fork, the baked bread, the courtship, the kiss for adults, the ballroom dancing, the juke-box, the fan club. In Hong Kong, Commercial Radio's top ten are exclusively wailers like Presley, Boone, and Connie Francis. Coming is the juvenile independence and delinquency, the atheism, the materialism, the lust for pleasure, the movie, and the English language.

You can imagine that the social confusion here is much worse than in Europe or America, though certain undesirable elements concerning the Sixth Commandment have not yet progressed so far. But in a sense it is the more dangerous, in that it is all new here, and who knows where it will stop once it gathers momentum? Westerners have been raised with this world and tend to take it for what it is worth without going all out for it. At least they know the whole picture of life. Here we get the Hollywood version of the "good life" where the drab, painful side doesn't appear so clearly.

■ Young refugees show in their faces that they have already found life to be a hard one. In the first half of this year more than 56,000 refugees have arrived in open Macao.





■ Father Luiz Ruiz S.J. discusses the situation with several youths who have recently arrived from mainland. Most escapees are young and strong, necessities for survival.

What will come of this great jumbling of life's values? How will Asian society resolve itself into its new way of life? Here and now is the place and time this is being determined. In 20 years, 10 years, maybe 5 years it may be too late. Japan was unsettled after the war and already seems to have set herself on a course which now is very difficult to influence or change.

In Hong Kong and Macao I think there is still time, and already much success has been achieved in directing the trend towards the truth. Thus, for example, though only one tenth of the people in Hong Kong are Catholic, one fourth of the public University students are Catholic! They will do much to leaven the whole mass.

This is something of the world into which I have moved. Macao is old and

sleepy on the surface. But behind the scenes great dramas are being enacted in the struggle for survival—of families broken up or re-united. The old order of thousands of years is passing away, in many cases violently, and the people are awakening to a new vision of the 20th century "good life" with its Western thought . . . some true, some vain, some evil. As the only American priest in Macao, I feel special responsibility to help the Young Asia here to preserve the true values of its ancestors and to absorb the new ideas from the West with discrimination and wisdom. Of course, the foundation of all truth and ways of life is The Truth, The Way, and The Life whom I have come to help introduce to this people. Please back me with your prayers and interest.

PATRICK R. SHAULES S.J.



■ Blessing of the graves by the priest on All Souls Day is the high point of the custom.

DAY OF REMEMBRANCE

WILLIAM J. KEYES S.J.

*Customs differ from one land to another
but behind the varied rituals is reverence*

WHETHER IT BE A missionary or a Peace Corps volunteer, a business man or a diplomat, any American who goes to live overseas experiences a malady known as "cultural shock." Briefly, this is the reaction he suffers when confronted with what is different and strange in his new environment. The people are different; they are not like Americans, not only in their features and language, but in their attitudes and in the very patterns of daily life. The American's first impulse, if he is not careful, is to condemn what is new and strange. But if he is patient, if he resists this first impulse,

he will see wisdom and value in the ways of his adopted homeland.

I had to experience an All Souls Day in the Philippines before I could appreciate the fact that customs for honoring the dead can be very different and still be equally reverent.

The faculty residence was not too far from the town cemetery so that I had seen the place several times between my arrival in June and that memorable day in November. It was overgrown and untidy and I did not resist that first impulse to criticize. Stray goats and cattle wandered about aimlessly or lounged on

the larger monuments like listless sentinels. The grave "stones" were made of cement, while some graves were marked with simple wooden crosses. No one seemed to be in charge. The scene presented a sharp contrast to our park-like Stateside cemeteries with their even rows of marble stones and manicured green lawns. I couldn't help but conclude that there was little remembrance or respect for the dead here.

It was about mid-morning, the first of November, the eve of All Souls Day, when I approached the cemetery again. I was startled to see that the usually vacant grounds were beginning to show signs of activity. I stopped and watched and didn't realize then that it would be many hours before I moved on again. Through the course of that day, this city of the dead became a city of life, as the people of the town came in large numbers, each to reverence his own deceased relatives. Whole families came, the father and older boys carrying brushes and whitewash, garden tools and bolo knives, while the women carried wreaths of delicately constructed paper flowers. Some families carried a new wooden cross to replace the old one that had rotted and fallen into the grass. It seemed that everyone in town was there, and the cemetery was to stay crowded, not only until sunset, but well into the

■ A Filipino stone-mason works on graveyard marker as entire town remembers their dead.



night. There was the constant activity of hammering and painting, of weeding and trimming, and of friendly chatter. But above the noise and the chatter, a basic reverence pervaded; a reverence as tangible as the smoke and waxy smell of the thousand candles burning there; a reverence expressed not despite the activity, but through that very activity.

One group spent all day building and painting a small picket fence to enclose and decorate their family plot. Another group installed a string of electric lights so that the grave would be decorated even after nightfall. Others were content to use candles. Many families were planning to spend the night in vigil. The parish priest was there, assisted by an altar boy, and he went from grave to grave, blessing each and pausing for a few words with the family.

Rich and poor alike were there. I watched three young girls, obviously sisters, reverently set up a new cross. It was carefully made, but of packing crate wood. It was all they could afford. Then they knelt and said a rosary together and continued to kneel for a long, long time in silence and prayer—a striking contrast to the bustling activity that surrounded them.

Though each family cared for its own plot and though creative individuality destroyed any semblance of uniformity, there was a unity and an unexpressed harmony. They all shared the memory of departed loved ones. They shared the same customs of reverence for their dead. They shared the same Faith and the same Church which inspired and blessed these customs.

When I finally left, later in the day, my mind was filled with the images of all I had seen. The customs here, concerning the cemetery and its care, were very different from those I had known. Yet, the reverence and respect for the dead, though expressed differently, was as real and Christian as our own.



**Shouldn't YOU
Remember
Someone, Too?**

**All Souls' Day around the world means a variety of customs,
but in all, the deceased are honored and prayed for**

The woman above is taking part in All Souls' Day ceremony in the Philippines. Their customs differ widely from our own in the States but the intentions are one and the same—honoring a dear departed. In our country, many use this occasion for the purchase of Memorials—vestments, altar windows, etc. Still others choose a Mass. Memorials are lasting remembrances that assure perpetual prayers and indulgences

for all concerned. Perhaps many of our readers at one time chose this way of honoring the dead; they would know how easy it is to secure a Memorial. Using our coupon below will bring you all the information within a few days. For those who prefer a Mass, a letter to Jesuit Missions containing the name of the deceased, date of death, etc. is all that's needed. We will reply immediately.

JESUIT MISSIONS, 211 East 87 Street, New York 28

Dear Fathers,

- I am interested in a Memorial. Please send me literature*
 - I wish to have a Mass for a dear deceased*
- (CHECK ONE)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE



■ Gerald Mische, AID co-founder, makes a point for his listeners; Jose and Adriana Alvarez, Isobel Valverde and Fernando Molina, all of Chile. The Alvarezes are also members of AID.

Layman Plan For Service

The role of the laity and the missions is emphasized again

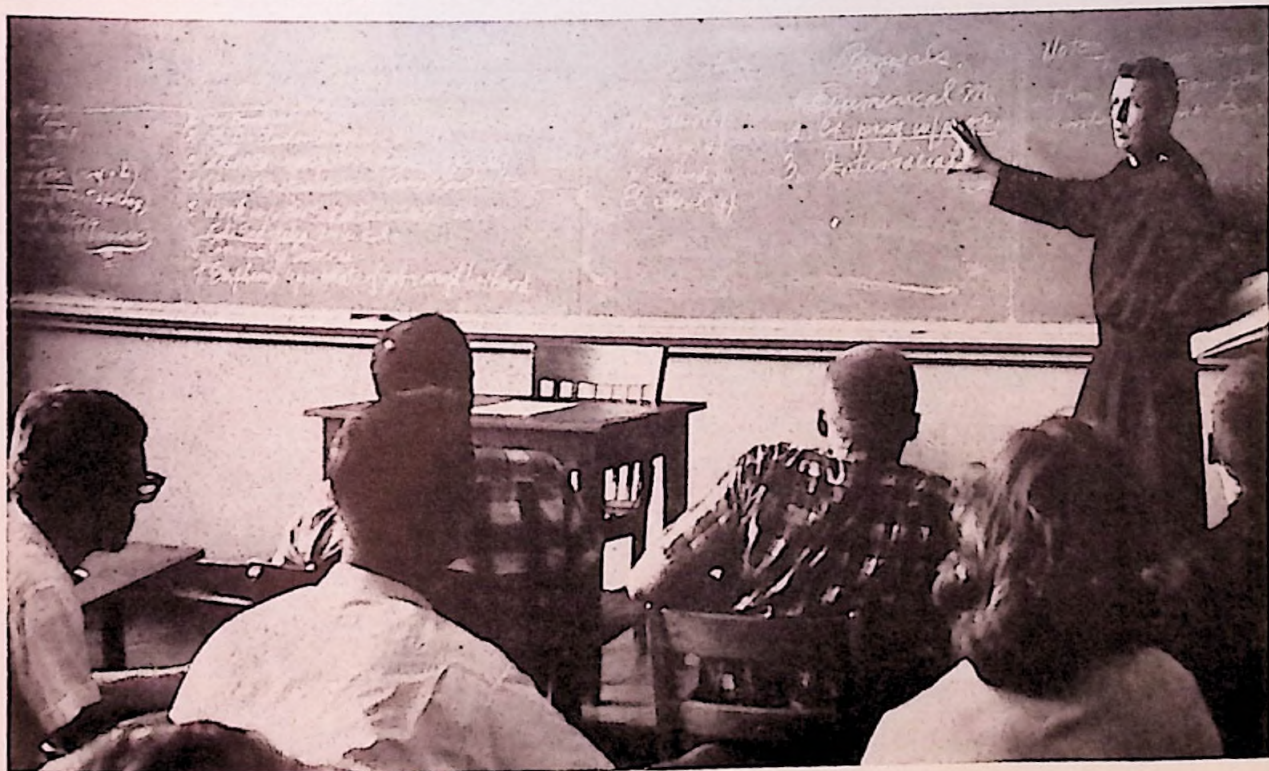
THE LAY ASSOCIATION for International Development (AID) achieved another "first" with its "Institute for International Service" held last summer. AID, already distinguished as one of the pioneer lay mission training and sending societies in the United States, conducted the Institute for six weeks at Seton Hall University, New Jersey. Its purpose was to both inform and form its Catholic participants for assuming Christian responsibility and leadership both at home and abroad.

The Institute was unique in several

ways: in its healthy recognition that spiritual formation comes first in any "training" program; in the fact that it was not intended for any particular lay group (although the AID trainees from Paterson did attend) but rather was meant for any layman interested in greater service in the Church; in the fact that it emphasized the possibility of "international" service here at home as well as abroad. While the problem of expense and job commitments restricted the participants to the northern New Jersey area, for the most part, there is an obvious need and demand for similar efforts in other parts of the country. (Dayton University is sponsoring such a program during this current school year.) All in all, the Institute's program and its to-be-published results offer one of the best plans to come down the U.S. pike for planning greater lay service in the Church. The Institute's comprehensive six-week program might well serve as a prototype for other groups and other universities.

About 150 lay people and a sprinkling

■ Father Philip Berrigan, S.S.J., of New Orleans, La., an expert on racial problems and their causes and solution, lectured at the afternoon sessions of the Seton Hall Institute.





■ Solving the problems of an emerging world community is not an easy task, as can be seen from the faces of those involved. Many a teacher will find something familiar in photo.

of priests and religious attended one or all three of the "courses" offered. Included among the participants were a number of lay leaders from Latin America. They were invited by AID and served as a valuable source of information and orientation when apostolic work in Latin America was discussed.

In the first course, under the general title of "The Christian Response in a New World," five outstanding priest-theologians or missiologists dealt with the layman's role and his spiritual development in the Church. The second offered daily sessions on "Contemporary Latin America: Continent in Ferment" by Dr. Guillermo Sanchez. The evening sessions dealt with the "world challenge"

for the Christian today and the necessity of lay people assuming a greater and greater responsibility in meeting it. Every Friday evening there was an "open end" informal discussion at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Regan near the University campus. One of the many wonderful accomplishments of the Institute was the discovery of a formula which enabled 70 people to get into the Regans' living room at one time.

Discussions, both formal and informal, highlighted two problems that it was thought generally beset the entire lay movement today. While there is an enormous amount of activity directed toward the development of greater lay service in the Church today, unfortunately



there is a great ignorance on the part of the various individual groups of the activities of their counterparts. Moreover, lay people in general are not well informed about the developments in the lay apostolate field. Many of the Institute's participants thought that there were many people who "wanted to do more" but did not know where to turn. A concrete step toward correction of the information lag has been made by the establishment of a permanent office of the "Committee for the International Lay Apostolate" in Washington.

The need for religion or theology courses to be more directed toward responsible lay-life on all levels of Catholic education was sadly recognized. Al-

lied with this awareness was a common feeling that what was needed today was greater research into the theological position of the layman in the Church. It was felt by many that joint meetings of lay leaders with priest-theologians would stimulate such research and result in an improvement in the school courses, an improvement based upon a clearer understanding of the layman's role and his developing apostolic awareness.

The Institute was twice blessed in its excellent faculty. Bishop Blomjous, W.F., of Tanganyika, Fathers Daniel Berrigan S.J., and Philip Berrigan S.S.J., Father Francis Wendell O.P., Dr. James Dougherty of the University of Pennsylvania, James O'Gara of *Commonweal*, Msgr. Richard Hanley, Mr. Gerald Mische, co-founder of AID, and a host of others assured the Institute of success.

A rather general attitude on the proper work for laymen on the missions was summed up by Bishop Blomjous when he characterized the layman's most effective role as one in which he operates "as a layman" rather than as a "priest-helper." The layman "functioning as a layman" operates in a sphere where the clergy cannot be nearly as effective. To document his point, the Bishop told of the willingness of the Africans in his diocese to contribute to the support of the more than fifty lay missionaries in the diocese although they felt that the support of foreign priests should still be borne primarily by the country which sent them.

The teachers, students, engineers, nurses, etc. . . . who participated in the Institute emphatically agreed with Mr. Mische's contention "that too little emphasis has been placed on the role of the Church, particularly of the layman, in humanizing and perfecting the temporal order." They felt that, particularly for laymen, the stress should be on the "creative mission of Christ."

JAMES P. COTTER S.J.

Behind the Lines in Vietnam



■ Gulf of Nha Trang on the South China Sea as seen from the old Cham Tower. These are the waters which make infiltration by the Reds of the north so easy. (Credit: UNations photo)

IT IS A SMALL country, a little larger than the State of Georgia, and its people have not known peace for over twenty years. The thin, brown-faced mountain folk of the Central Vietnam highlands are still fleeing to the lowlands to escape the Communist Viet Cong guerrillas. War is very much of a reality, a nasty, hit-and-run jungle affair. Yet the situation in this little land on the edge of the South China Sea is by no means a hopeless one.

Only last June President Ngo dinh Diem assessed the past year and expressed his opinion that the situation had greatly improved in that time. "First, the methods of the Communists are better known now," he said, "and we are better able to combat them. We are taking new measures, such as establishing strategic villages. Secondly, our manpower has

been increased, something I have been asking for since 1957. The civil guard has been reorganized, better equipped and trained."

In the eight years in which he has led his people, diplomats and journalists have frequently forecast that neither he nor free Vietnam could survive. He proved them wrong, weathering the storms with much more than ordinary courage and fixity of purpose. Besides building up his military forces and employing new strategy on the battlefield, he has also labored for the betterment of those behind the lines. A "law for the protection of morality" prohibits use of tobacco and alcohol by minors, admittance of minors to films allowed for adults only, all dancing, beauty contests, "commercial" boxing, prostitution, contraceptives and abortion.

The President's vigorous defense of the ban on dancing is enlightening. "Dancing never existed in our country," he said. "We in Asia have our own customs, dating from 3000 to 4000 years, and dancing is contrary to them. Of course we had ritual dancing—dances in the court performed by children, but never by anyone over 14."

And what are the Jesuits doing here? Well, the Society of Jesus began her work in Vietnam in 1615. Among the earlier missionaries was the celebrated Father Alexander de Rhodes, the "Apostle of Cochin-China" and co-founder of the Vietnamese language. For over a century and a half the Jesuits labored here, until the suppression of the Society in 1773.

In the beginning of 1957 President Ngo dinh Diem expressed his wish to have the Jesuits cooperate in the university work. Men were drawn from the China-in-exile Mission (now part of the Far East Province of the Society) and a residence was set up in Saigon. At the University of Saigon they taught philosophy and medicine in the beginning but additional men soon arrived to conduct classes in Chinese language and Chinese history.

Then the Papal Delegate, Archbishop Joseph Caprio, asked the Jesuits to open a major seminary for all Vietnam. So in September of 1958 a rented house in Dalat became the training ground for the future diocesan priests of the country. Two years later a Jesuit Novitiate was opened in Thu-Duc, a town about 30 kilometers from Saigon.

So these are the three Jesuit units in Vietnam. We number about thirty missionaries at the present time and with the increase we have started a language school for the new arrivals and a University Student Center which can accommodate over eighty boarders. We make up a truly international group—French, Filipino, Chinese, Italian, Canadian and Spanish.

In our Papal Seminary there are over fifty seminarians from the Archdioceses of Saigon and Hué and six other dioceses. The majority are refugees from North Vietnam who will work in the southern dioceses owing to the Communist pressure in their homeland.

The persecution in the north has been exerted more slowly and less crudely than in China. One reason is that Ho chi Minh and his colleagues are extremely anxious to annex South Vietnam. They want to win sympathizers, or at least lessen distrust, in the south where Catholics are an important ten per cent. Another reason for the slow pace is the compactness of the Catholic groups who remained in the north. For the most part they live in cohesive village communities and they cherish a strong tradition of martyrdom. Theirs is the "land of 100,000 martyrs," whose memories live in nearly every Christian village. But gradually the pressure is being applied and it is only a question of time.

In the south, according to the report of June, 1961, there were 1,337,965 Catholics and 111,324 catechumens;

■ Peter Phat of Qui-Nhon diocese, a seminarian at St. Pius X Seminary in city of Dalat.





■ Child in "raincoat" customarily worn by peasants of Central Vietnam. The name Vietnam means "Beyond the South" and is synonymous with Annam, "Quiet South." (UN photo)

1521 priests of whom 1322 are Vietnamese; and 900 Brothers and 4651 Sisters. That makes up a fair nucleus for the Church—as long as we stay free.

So we work and pray, fighting against time and the pressures from outside. On our western border is Cambodia which is seeking the same neutrality which the fourteen-nation Geneva conference extended to Laos. If that is granted, then the international protected zone would run in a bow-shaped arc from the southwest corner of China to the Gulf of Thailand, isolating our divided and embattled land of Vietnam.

But if Cambodia were to go pro-Communist then South Vietnam (where the United States has made its biggest effort to dam the flow of Communism in Southeast Asia) would have the enemy all along its land frontier while its water-side boundary on the South China Sea would remain as vulnerable to Communist infiltration from North Vietnamese junks as it is today.

So the situation is fraught with danger and you can understand our race with time to build a sturdy Church in this long-suffering land.

MATTHIAS CHEN S.J.

JESUITS OF SIXTY YEARS

Father Raymond Vandenbussche, who celebrates his Diamond Jubilee this November, is the oldest active Jesuit in the Trincomalee Mission in Ceylon, conducted by Jesuits of the New Orleans Province. In his over half a century in Ceylon he has served in every possible capacity and his knowledge of the people, customs and country surpasses that of most Ceylonese. He has built a shining record of service in Christ's army.



Father Clement Risacher in the Philippines is another Diamond Jubilarian. Master of Novices in the Maryland-New York Province from 1923 to 1928, he left that position for the rugged back country of the Philippines. For years he worked among the lepers and he is still active at Sumilao in the Bukidnon mountains, a shepherd forever watching over his flock. To both our Jubilarians—*ad multos annos*.



Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

1) The Macao situation, as described by Father Shaules in this issue and the last one, is a desperate one. He needs \$7 a month to support one child and keep him out of Communist schools. He would also gladly welcome any small religious articles, medals, pictures, etc. Please send these last directly to him at Casa Ricci, Macao (via Hong Kong).

2) Several missionaries in Ceylon have requested film strips for religious instruction in the villages and jungle. More and more of this work is being done owing to the education curtailment. A set costs about \$30. Could you give one set or part of it?

3) The Vatican Council and its proceedings are of vital interest to missionaries. A number of them have written, asking for a subscription to various ecclesiastical magazines. The average cost would be five dollars. Could you help keep the men in the field informed?

4) At the Ateneo de Naga in the Philippines the tuition is about \$3 a month. Many boys cannot pay this much and Father Elsinghorst is doing his best to raise funds so that many talented youngsters will not be deprived of an education and even of a vocation. For \$300 a scholarship could be set up that would last 20 years and more. There's a big price at stake and whatever help you could give to this cause would be deeply appreciated.

5) Winter at Christmas Village in the slums of Tokyo is a hard time for Fathers

Kos and Meyer. Their hospital-orphanage must be heated; the infants need milk and medicine; clothes also must be provided. Could you give \$2, \$5, or more?

6) A former China Hand, expelled by the Communists, is now working in the Bukidnon district of the Philippines. Father Cerutti S.J. hasn't too many friends to appeal to, so perhaps some of our good readers might like to help him obtain a set of candlesticks with crucifix, a Mass kit and other church furnishings.

7) Father "No Brakes" McShane in Honduras has been temporarily stopped in his efforts to start a third land co-op. He lacks the money for the 2000-acre site which would mean much to 100 families. He would welcome gratefully any help you could give him—"a little for a lot."

8) A crying need in Zamboanga, Philippines, is a mobile chapel for the distant barrios. Father Jaime Neri could reach many more people who are anxious for a priest. This is a long-range project but every donation will be most welcome.

Dear Father,

I am glad to send in a donation for the item(s) numbered

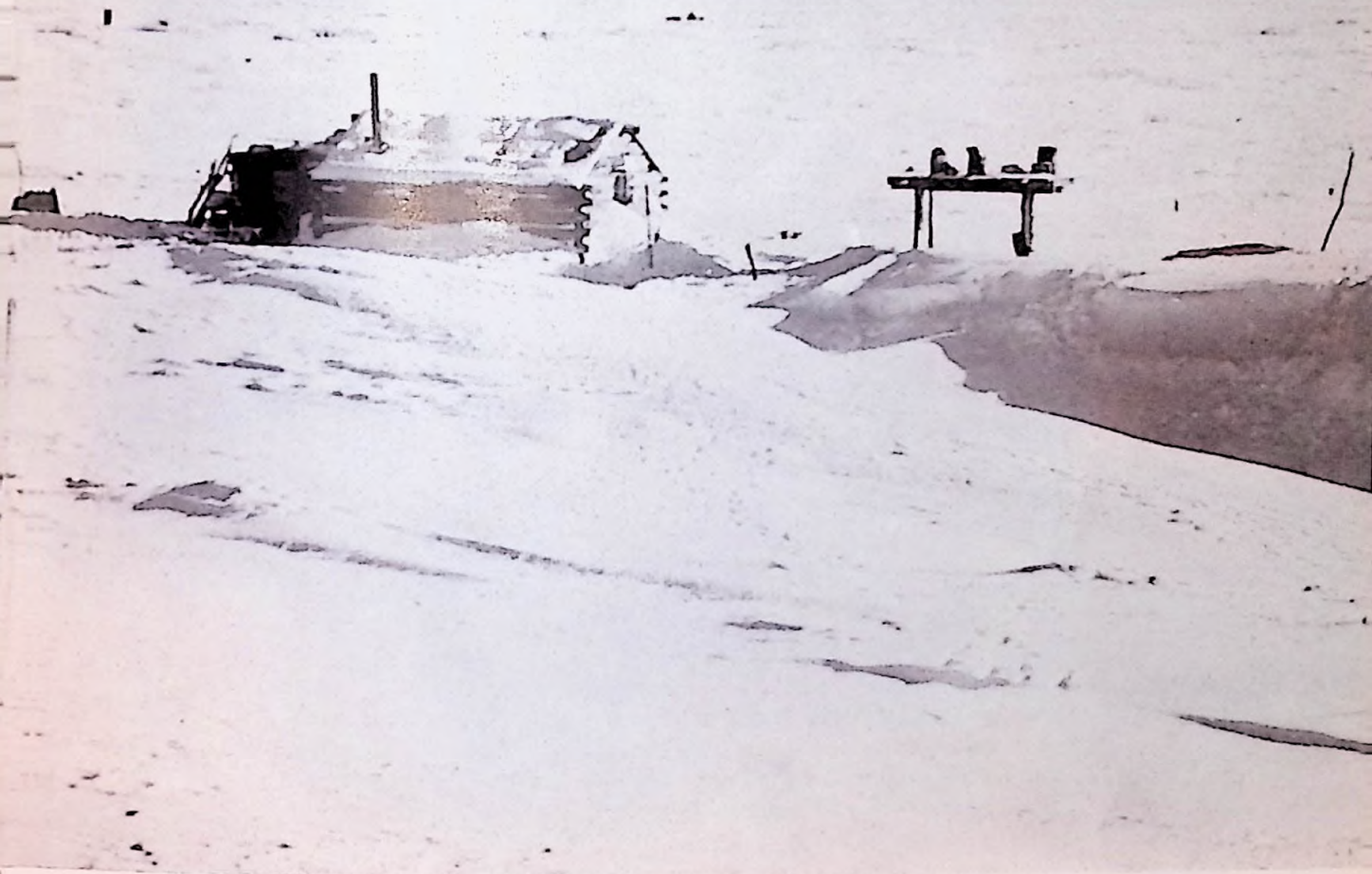
Name

Address

JESUIT MISSIONS

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

WINTER IS HERE



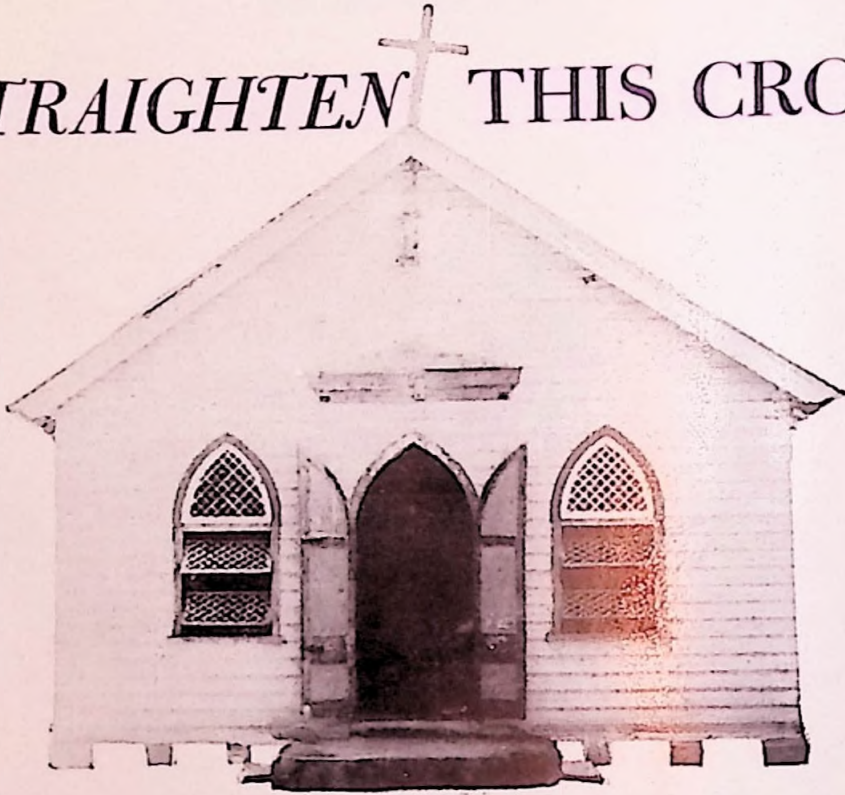
Father James Jacobson writes from Nelson Island, Alaska: "I am now in the fish village of Ukumiut. The church here is a sorry thing—18 by 30 feet. The living quarters cut off 5 of the 30 feet, so you can imagine how crowded we are! The flooring is old 2 x 6's with open spaces abounding until I picked up a bundle of old rope off the beach to calk them. I put a window in the back wall to have light in my quarters. Now I must get some heavy timbers to replace the rotten foundation, and then put a floor over the present one . . ." Not a very inviting picture, is it? Especially with the fierce Alaskan winter already underway. Can you help make this the last winter Father Jacobson has to spend in such circumstances? He would be very grateful for whatever help you could possibly give.

JESUIT MISSIONS

211 East 87th St.

New York 28, N. Y.

STRAIGHTEN THIS CROSS



The church at Buff Bay on the island of Jamaica has seen many days—and better ones. It has grown old and the cross atop it, twisted and awry, is mute testimony to the hurricanes which have battered it across the years. Father Gardiner Gibson, the pastor, is striving to replace the building with a larger and sturdier one. He has the plans, based on the most economical scale—and he has the dream. But he has nothing else. He must care for several mission stations and whatever funds he had were called for by emergencies. We would like to do whatever we could for this zealous missionary. A donation of any size—\$5, \$10, \$50—would help him to straighten that cross and provide Buff Bay with a worthy House of God.

JESUIT MISSIONS, 211 E. 87th St., N.Y. 28, N.Y.