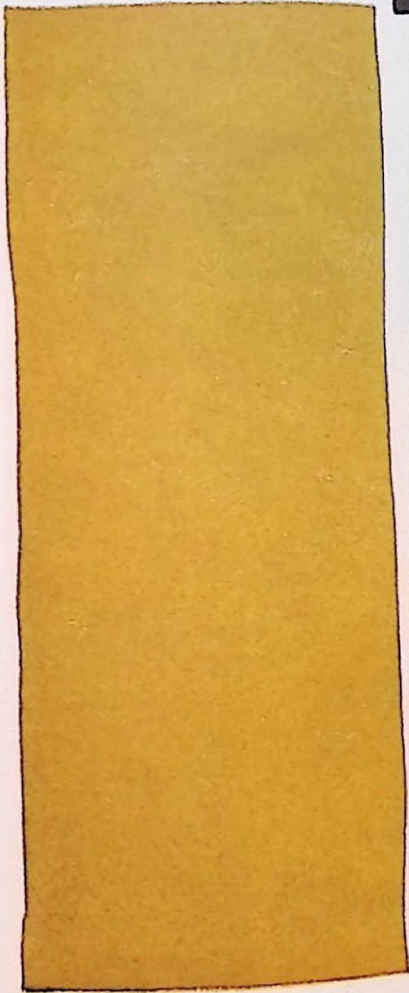
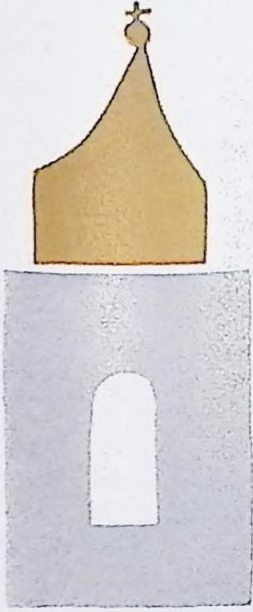


JESUIT MISSIONS

JULY-AUGUST 1963



CHILE: CHURCH AND PEOPLE





Jesuit Missions

NATIONAL MAGAZINE OF THE AMERICAN JESUITS IN THE MISSION FIELDS
ASSIGNED THEM BY THE HOLY FATHER

JULY-AUGUST 1963, VOL. 37, NO. 6

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▶ **The Cobra Catcher in action. Father Anthony Kadokunnel S.J. has a hobby which is not the most universal one in the world. We hope his system never fails. His story is told on p. 28.**

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CHILE / TODAY'S BATTLEGROUND

Who will lead the social revolutions that must come in a nation rich with promise, among a people thirsting for social justice?

JAMES P. COTTER, S.J.

OUR LONG AND NARROW sister republic of Chile seems an unlikely place for a battleground. Her 2,600 magnificent miles along the Pacific coast of South America looks serenely to the west with no enemy in sight. Great deserts and mountains isolate her from Bolivia and Peru in the north. The lofty Andes bar the passage from her eastern neighbor Argentina. Protected by these barriers, her lovely central valleys have not echoed the sounds of war between nations since the days of liberation from Spain in the early 19th Century. Yet today she is a battleground.

The battle which is taking place in Chile does not yet involve the weapons of war. The forces are not invaders; they are the people of the nation, motivated by aspirations that no natural barriers could keep out, for they spring from the nature of man.

The field for the struggle is the area of social revolution that must come in both industry and agriculture. Although

the nation is potentially rich, her people actually have a poorer life today than they had ten years ago. It is a land whose thirst for social justice and a more equitable distribution of wealth is greater than the thirst of its great northern deserts for the rain that could bring them life.

The struggle, as it manifests itself in the rural areas, has its origins in Chile's almost feudal agriculture economy. In the early days of Spanish invasion great estates were given to various leaders in much the same fashion as in early North American settlements. Because of the land barriers, however, there was no possibility for landless settlers to "go west" as our pioneers did. As time went on, social prestige in Chile became based on ownership of these large estates. It is their existence that has precipitated the crisis.

Today one and one-half percent of the total number of farms occupy over 70% of the land; on the other hand, 59% of

■ On the left, homes of the rural "refugees" who have fled to the cities. On the right, a garbage dump. Caught in between, the children and Chile's future. (Look Photo)



the total number of farms cover an infinitesimal one-half of one percent of the land.

Briefly this means that there are a relatively few large holdings occupying the greatest part of the land, while the rest is divided among a multitude of small farms.

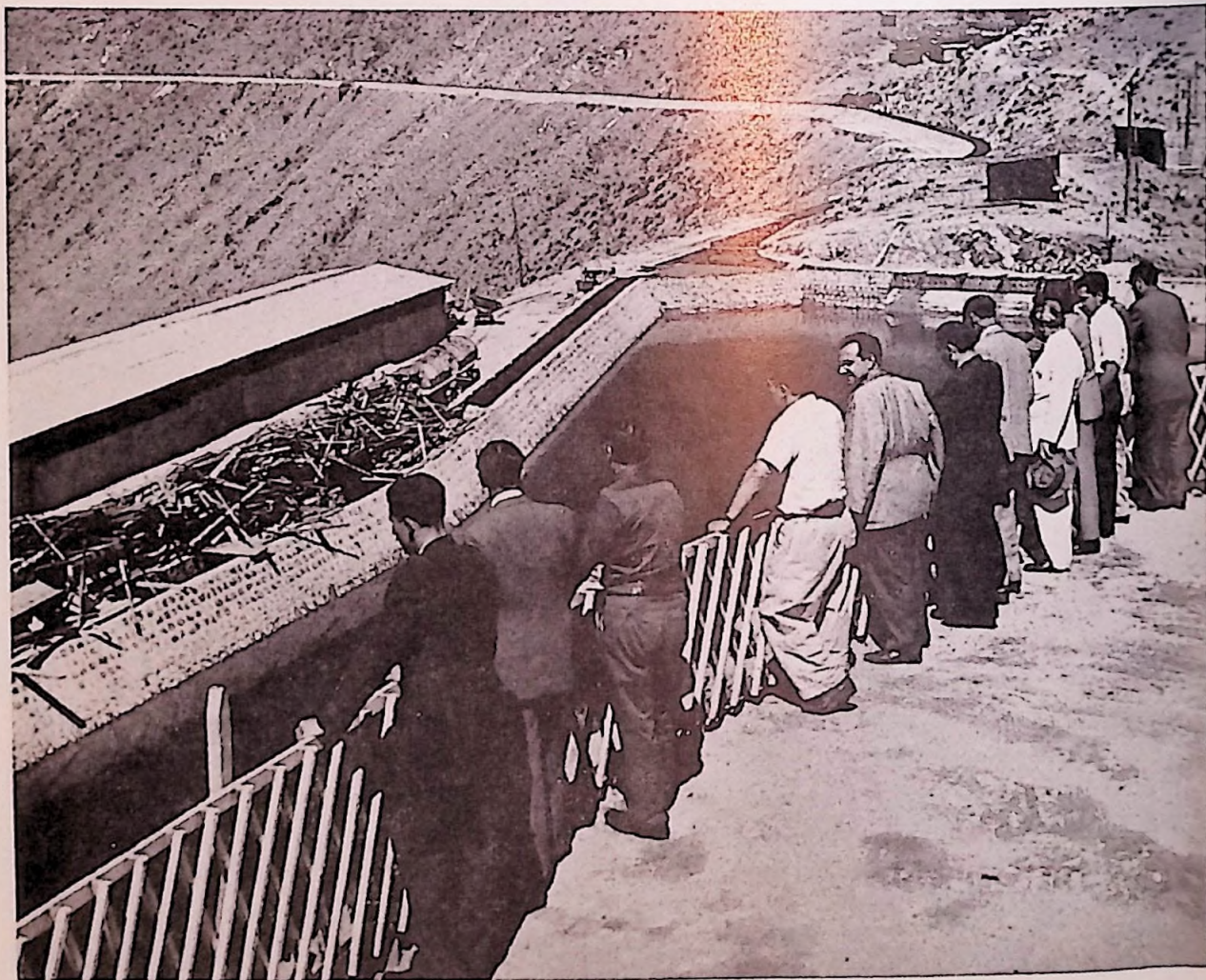
Of the large estates, only a small number are efficiently cultivated or cultivated to the extent they could be; as a consequence, much land is wasted. The small farms are frequently too small for efficient cultivation. Moreover, the planting of crops tends to follow the pattern set by the large estates and meant for great tracts of land. In both cases, an enormous amount of labor is wasted.

The estates, which dictated the country's rural physical and social structure,

are worked either by landless tenant farmers, share-croppers or migrant workers. Of an estimated half-million rural families, 300,000 of them are landless. If the "landless ones" are tenant farmers they receive from the land-owner a small plot of land for their own use, some food and fire-wood in addition to a small salary. In turn they work the owner's land. Their annual cash income will often be less than \$100.00. Share-croppers will not do much better than this, although they do enjoy a bit more independence.

In another age the system may well have been ideal; today it is no longer adequate. "Between 1957 and 1959," despite the acknowledged fact that the land is easily capable of feeding the nation, "the Chilean worker consumed half

■ Chile: potentially rich enough to provide a high standard of living, her people have a poorer life today than ten years ago when this hydro-electric plant was built. (UN Photo)





■ Land distribution is a partial solution to the rural problems. The Church, in the person of Cardinal Silva of Santiago, has turned over its lands to landless farmers. (NC Photo)

as much as he was consuming 12 years earlier." The consumption of vegetable and proteins is also decreasing. At the same time, costly importation of food is increasing. Rural workers and their families are fleeing to the swollen slums of great cities to aggravate the urban social problems.

The struggle developing in Chile's countryside, however, is not merely a question of economics. The "landless ones," men and women and children, have so often been identified with the land they work and live on, that we tend to forget that they are men. They are men. They are men and free men, al-

though an economic system has made them its slaves. They are free men who have become aware not only of the possibility of a better life but, more importantly, of a life that offers them the dignity that should be theirs.

There are scarcely any experts who would not say that a just re-distribution of the land is a necessary step toward the change that must come. In Chile this would mean changing an entire social structure; it means creating a new class of landed men in place of the landless peasants. It means revolution and the most important question about the revolution is that of leadership.



■ Fr. Arroyo S.J., of the Jesuits' Bellarmine Social Research Center, has an agricultural degree from a U.S. school; he was an adviser on the land distribution program. (Look Photo)

"There is no question that all of Latin America is undergoing a revolution, which is not Marxist nor Christian, not yet, anyhow. The question rests on the kind of political forces that will steer this revolution and lead it to the truer destiny of men. A revolution to make man's life more human, not more totalitarian."

In Cuba the revolution was led by the

Marxists; in Chile, astonishingly enough, it may be led by the Church. If it is, such leadership will represent a greater break with the past than the revolution itself. The Church has been so isolated from the social life of a nominally Christian country that, not too many years ago, even her friends would not have dared to predict her present role. While some of the leaders lamented her fate, so



■ The majority of Chilean rural workers are the free “slaves” of an agricultural system that may once have been suitable but today is tragically out of date. (Pan Am Photo)

many factors had brought it about that it seemed impossible to select a single area where reform could begin.

So many factors: the crippling of the clergy almost 200 years ago when a European political struggle led to the expulsion of hundreds of Jesuits; the collapse of Catholic education that resulted from that expulsion; the inroads of secularistic “French” liberalism in the early days of the 19th Century; the failure to encourage local vocations before the disaster began and the inability to do so after it began.

So many factors: the decades of civil strife and turmoil in a nation that became a “democracy” without the “launching pad” of tradition that made the experiment successful in the United States; the physical and psychological remoteness from the seed beds of the industrial revolution in northern Europe and North

America; exploitation of natural resources by economically more advanced countries; a society based on a landed aristocracy; a Church that was “identified” with this aristocracy; a Church “made”



■ The failure of the land-rich class to act left a vacuum of leadership. (Pan Am Photo)



■ Although Chile's people, mostly of Spanish or Spanish-Indian blood, are traditionally Catholic, the Church until recently did not provide social leadership. (Look Photo)

conservative by this dependence but which perhaps could not have otherwise existed; a Church so conservative that the teachings of Leo XIII on social justice were first taught publicly a mere 30 or so years ago.

So many factors—how could a single area of reform be selected to overcome the inertia of two hundred years? The recent activity of the Church in Chile suggests an answer:

You begin where the need is greater; you begin without fear of the consequences; you begin with whatever strength you have; you begin, hoping that in doing something you will be-

come strong enough to do it. You strike at the root of the factors that have brought about the rural crisis: the estate system.

The government's program of land distribution was ineffectual; the landed gentry were incapable of taking the step that they thought would signify the end of their way of life. The failure of these two groups that should have been concerned seemed to leave the way open only for Marxist violence. Then in 1962 the Bishop of Talca, Chile, and the Archbishop of Santiago, Chile, announced that the lands of their dioceses would be turned over to the families farming them.

It is difficult for us "Yankees" to realize the importance of that decision and the sacrifice it entailed. Neither diocese was wealthy; Santiago, with more than 2,000,000 Catholics, had an annual income of \$160,000.00 to operate its charitable works and schools. Some single parishes in the United States spend much more than that in a year. Talca's income was a totally inadequate \$14,000.00 a year. The system of regular collections in our country is only beginning in Latin America and the operation of the dioceses seemed to be absolutely dependent upon the income from the land. To turn the land over to new owners without any immediate recompense seemed certain to pauperize the dioceses. Yet this is precisely what the Bishops did.

Their program was small, involving less than 200 families and 10,000 acres of land. It was a futile gesture, critics claimed. Bishop Larrain of Talca replied: "To those who doubt . . . who are afraid, I say that the work will be a success precisely because it is not easy. That is the Christian answer and the Chilean way of doing things. Today, on this small property and with this small group, we are beginning something great for

the future of Chile." The Bishop might well have said "for the future of Latin America." The carefully planned Chilean program is already resulting in similar action in Peru and Ecuador and elsewhere. If governments and private owners follow the Church's teaching "by deed" then the revolution that must come can be a peaceful one.

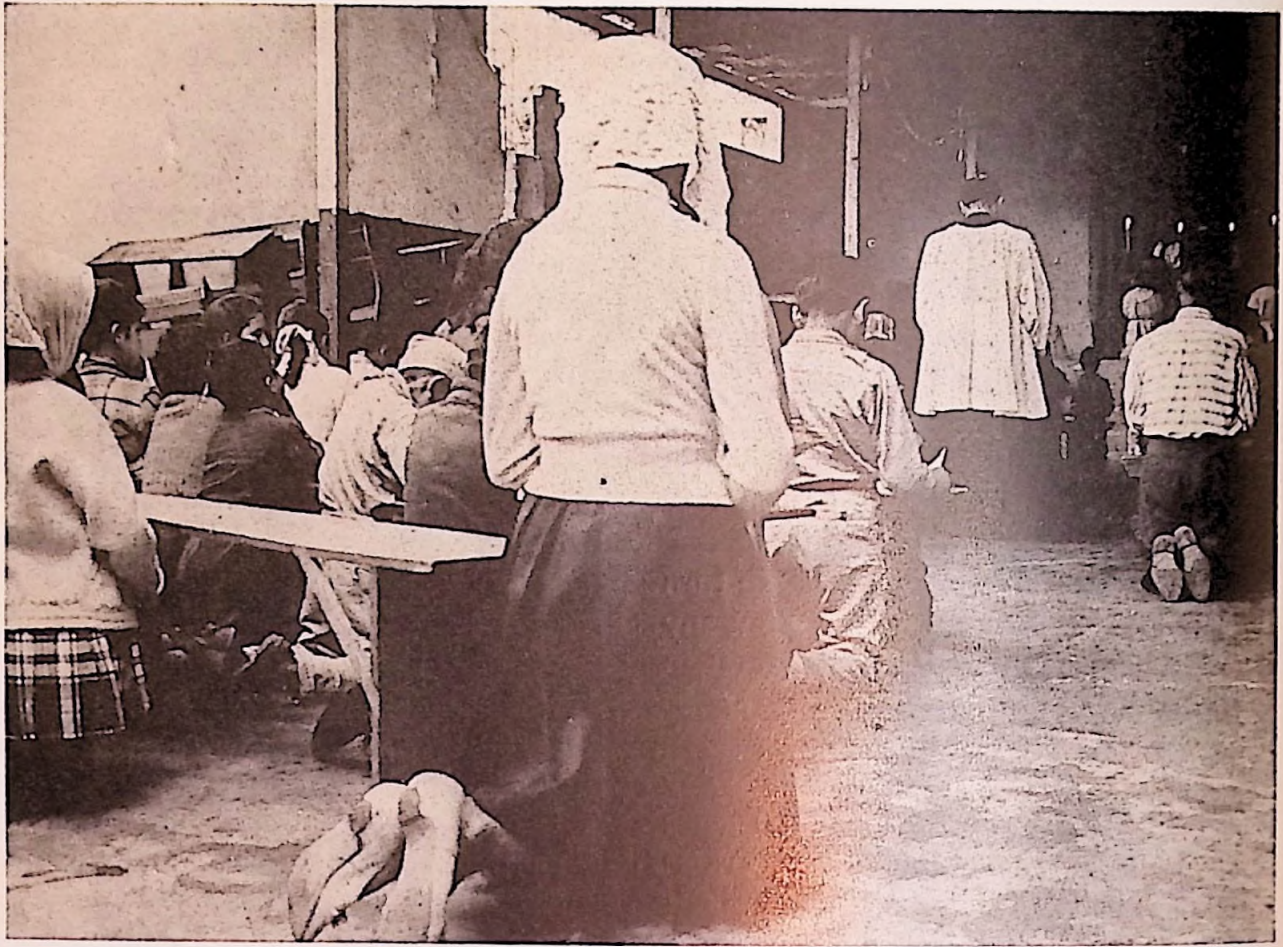
The road to reform not only required courage; careful planning was also necessary. It would be the death of a land distribution program to give land to men who did not know how to cultivate it properly or who were not psychologically prepared to run their own lives. After years of "bondage" to the land, most of the "landless ones" were not prepared.

Both before and after the diocesan land distribution began, there was careful investigation of all the legal questions; the best type of cultivation for the areas in question was determined; programs for cooperative farming and marketing were drawn up; experts were retained to instruct and guide the new land-owners.

This work, and a good part of the inspirations for the program, came from two groups: "The Institute of Rural Ed-

■ The Church's present dynamic leadership is a more revolutionary development than the rural reforms, the cooperatives, the credit unions she is encouraging. (Look Photo)





■ The labor and prayers of a growing member of priests and lay people are gradually effecting change in a Church pronounced dead by her enemies many years ago. (Look Photo)

ucation," founded by Msgr. Rafael Larraín, and the Jesuits' "Bellarmino Social Research Center" in Santiago, Chile's capital.

The Institute of Rural Education was established seven years ago to promote the "professional" education of the poor farmer and to teach him the ways of cooperation and organization. It operates "centers" for the formation of rural Christian leaders, publishes an influential rural newspaper and operates an extensive radio school network.

The staff of the Jesuits' Social Research Center is made up of various specialists in social and economic fields. These men publish a monthly review which attempts to chart the direction of the developing social role of the Church. The staff also formulates practical solutions to urban and rural social problems and has spurred the growth of Credit

Unions, construction cooperatives, cooperative production programs. Recently it played an important advisory role in the program of land re-distribution.

The Church's leadership in rural reform is not an isolated event. There have also been significant efforts to correct other social evils by both laymen and clerics. Although an honest appraisal must concede that only a beginning has been made, it is a good beginning. In last April's municipal elections the Christian Democratic party, whose platform reflects the sentiments of many of Chile's reform-minded Christians, made significant gains. The party is not "confessional" and neither commits the Church to politics nor follows ecclesiastical tactics. One reason for its success, however, is the teaching and vigorous action of Bishops and land reform and social leadership training for the people.

CUBAN REFUGEES IN JAMAICA



One of the lesser known features of the Cuban crisis is the fact that the island of Jamaica has long been a "half-way house" for refugees fleeing from the Castro regime. Up to the time the American blockade was instituted over 12,000 refugees had found safety in Kingston. Over 400 a month sought temporal political asylum and the resources of Jamaica were

sorely taxed. But the story of those who came in fear and left with hope is a heartwarming one.

Very few of the refugees had much in the way of material possessions. Their flight had been too swift, often in the dark of night, and those who had secured the permission of the Cuban government to leave their homeland were forced to sign over all their possessions to the Castroites and hand over the keys to cars and houses. No one was allowed to take any money out of Cuba so relatives and friends had to make a surety deposit—\$200 for each adult and \$100 for each child—plus the price of travel from Havana to Jamaica and then to Miami.

So they came, stripped of all their possessions but grateful for the breath of freedom. And they were welcomed by willing hands. The small staff of the American Consulate in Jamaica could hardly handle the flood of people but other organizations came to the rescue. The International Rescue Committee, the H.I.A.S. (the Jewish organization), the

Church World Services and the Catholic Relief Service all joined to provide accommodations, medical care, food, etc.

Because Cuba is a Catholic country the burden of relief fell mostly on the Catholic Relief Service, part of the National Catholic Welfare Council, with its headquarters in New York under the direction of Bishop Edward Swanstrom. As the Jamaican Director, Father Clarence J. Roper was appointed by Bishop John J. McEleney S.J. to guide the refugees through the labyrinth of necessary documentation and the thousand other details which a homeless people must face.

The choice of the Director was a good one. Father Roper is the youngest of the Jamaican diocesan priests (he was ordained in Rome in 1958) and had already served as teacher, Prison Chaplain, Director of Vocations and Chairman of the Harmony in the Home Movement. He speaks six languages and his knowledge of Spanish was particularly appropriate for dealing with the Cubans.

■ Father William Feeney S.J. of St. George's College in Kingston chats with Cuban refugees who came to Winchester Park to attend Mass. His Spanish is put to good use. (Foley foto)



In his school days at the Jesuit St. George's College he had been an outstanding athlete, captaining the Manning Cup team and the All-Schools team, winning all-island fame as "Big Back Jack." (His playing days are over now for it was God's will that in mid-April his entire leg was amputated due to a cancerous tumor. Yet even in the days he waited for the operation at the *Jesuit Missions* residence in New York the steady stream of erstwhile Cuban refugees who came to visit him revealed the deep gratitude for what he had done for them in their darkest of days.)

On Seaforth Street in Kingston Father Roper set up his Refugee Centre and he put in 16-hour days attending to the needs of his charges. Three different hostels were opened where a total of 100 people were given food and accommodation free of charge. Then there was the tedious business of paper work, readying the necessary documents for admission to the States.

The financial burden was a heavy one. The refugees had no money, no matter what their economic position had been in Cuba. A large number had no friends to supply the money for visas or for travel. So the Catholic Relief Service pays the \$25 necessary for a visa and all other bills as well as supplying medical aid. In the case of those who escaped Cuba in small fishing vessels and landed at Grand Cayman, a dependency of Jamaica, it is the welfare organizations who must bear the expense of their transfer to Jamaica and their stay there. When one realizes that 400 refugees a month were arriving in Kingston at the height of the exodus it is not difficult to visualize the mushrooming expenses.

But in the face of the tragic stories told by the refugees no one begrudges that financial outlay. They have gone through too much, they lived under the nightmare of Communism, and they made their choice. There are a hundred dear



■ Father Clarence Roper, Director of Catholic Relief, with Cuban Rogelio Menendez.

things which entwine the heart of any man, the treasured things of home, of one's own town, of friends, family and church. Yet there can come a time when these things must be severed, as vines from a tree, for the sake of something which is valued more highly. Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is not a phrase which was coined haphazardly. It was born of the deepest desires of the human heart and in its blazing light men will dare all things.

The story of the Cuban refugees in the island of Jamaica is a very human one. So, too, is the story on the other side of the coin—the hands that were held out in welcome and warmth. Frightened, confused, thousands of people fled from the darkness which was tinged with death, into a day which held new light and life. They came emptyhanded, but that is the way of men to whom the spirit matters most. The future may be painful, anguished, but it will be lived out in freedom—and that is the choice they made.

Window on the Mission

BY THE WAY

This is an invitation to peep into the mail bag of the House on 78th Street, the incoming mail from the mission fields. Sometimes one can obtain a deeper insight from a routine, almost casual, letter. For instance, Father Dan Rice in India fell a bit behind in his correspondence and he explains why: "I have been away from the mission for about two months. One month in the General Hospital at Patna being pasteurized for dog bite. A mad dog bit me on the finger. I thought nothing of it until the dog 'up and died' the next day. A week later I was in the hospital for anti-rabies injections, all 14 of them in the belly. I looked like a pin cushion after two weeks. After the first 7 days I thought I was going to die, not from hydrophobia but from infected needles. My stomach became septic and I had to take penicillin to clear that up.

"Now I figured I was through with hospitals for a while. But a week later I got blood-poisoning in my middle finger, almost lost it. Went to a doctor in the

bazaar and he took a naked lancet—no anesthetic—and, with his two assistants hanging on my arm, plunged the blade into the first joint of my septic finger, ripping it down the middle. All I remember as I blacked out was, 'Father's had a heart attack. Give him a Coromine injection.' Well, that little operation 'Bloody Finger' cost another month in the hospital and two more operations.

"Otherwise everything going fine. During this time I managed to shoot a leopard which killed my dog. I'll tell you about that later."

Father Claude Daly in Ceylon stoutly avers that, as far as he was concerned, April Fools' Day fell on April 2nd. On his return to his Sorikalmunai rectory with Brother Savarimuttu they were welcomed by a four-and-a-half foot cobra on the verandah. It slipped away into a pile of bricks. Father gingerly lifted away a few bricks while Brother stood by with a stick. The snake reared with expanded hood and then beat a quick retreat. The stick scored once, Father had a near-miss with a stone, but the snake got away. Frustration 1.

July Mission Intention

"That the teaching of Catholic doctrine may be effectively promoted among the rural population of Latin America."



COVER. Artist Bill Thompkins of the Franznick-Meden designers forecasts the salvation of Chile—its people of the rural villages and plains safe within the strong and loving arms of Holy Mother Church.



Meanwhile, no cook. He had come earlier but not seeing Father Daly around had gone home. Frustration 2. But this was minor. Tinned fish, bread and plantains on hand. Meanwhile, also no gardener. Frustration 3. Brother had come solely to demonstrate transplantation of margosa trees. By transplanting one, the gardener could learn the method. Now Father Daly will have to pass on to the gardener what Brother showed him.

To return to Batticaloa, Brother borrowed Father's bicycle, taking along one of the boys who would bring the bike back. They left about 4 p.m. and the boy was due back at 4:30. At 5 o'clock he had not returned. Frustration 4. Father Daly had to walk the two miles to St. Anthony's chapel where he was to celebrate evening Mass.

And there? No sacristan. Frustration. 5. The man was working in his rice field (the gardener was working with him there) so nothing in the chapel was prepared. Which left it squarely up to Father Daly. Mass began an hour late.

That was enough for one day. Mass over, Father Daly blessed bread and rice for almsgiving, put away the vestments, came home on a borrowed bicycle (no flat tire); had supper (the cook had come); said his prayers (the kerosene lantern worked); took a bath (there was water in the tank); and went to bed.

August Mission Intention

"That the growing Church in Indonesia may bring peace and prosperity to that nation."

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JESUIT BISHOPS AT VATICAN COUNCIL

Are there any Jesuit Bishops? That is not a trick question. In the minds of a good many people there is something about being a Jesuit that does not go with being a Bishop. But, every now and then, a Jesuit is caught and consecrated. Even then, most of the time few people

get to see more than one of them. For, with few exceptions, the Jesuits who are Bishops are in the mission lands. It is only when they all come together, as they did last October for the Vatican Council, that we can get some idea of how many there are and what they look like.



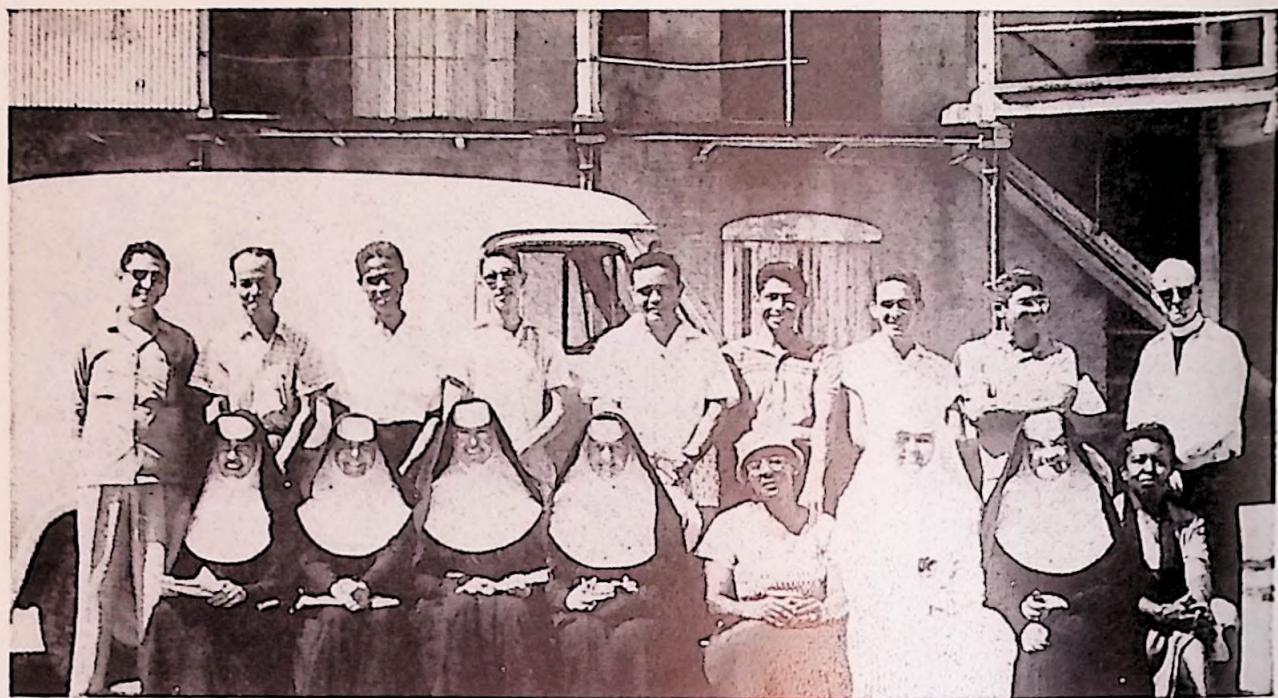
The picture above was taken in Rome when all of the Jesuit Bishops attending the Council met one day at the headquarters of the Society. There are 42 Bishops and Archbishops in the picture, including the one Jesuit Cardinal, Cardinal Bea. He is in the middle of the first row. Ten more did not attend the Council or are not in the picture. One or two—news is uncertain—are in jail in Red China. Others were excused by reason of health or the business of dioceses.

Of the 52 Jesuit Bishops, 42 govern

dioceses in India, Africa, Ceylon, Indonesia South America, the Philippines, Madagascar, Alaska, Greece, Jamaica, and Vicariates in Mexico, British Honduras and the Pacific. The Sees of 18 Jesuit Bishops are in the land of their birth.

The largest number of Jesuit Bishops, by national origin, are the seven active and two retired American Jesuit Bishops. You know their names and their dioceses well from the pages of JESUIT MISSIONS.

EDWARD S. DUNN S.J.



■ The backbone of the group of Road Apostles with the truck which carries them to their Sunday work. Cram fifteen of them into it and bounce over hot, rough roads and it becomes a test of their stamina and courage, to say nothing of their zeal. (Below) Fr. Donovan.



Road Apostles in British Honduras

WILLIAM K. KELLETT S.J.

IF YOU DRIVE WEST from Belize along the Corozal road, you will pass by many small villages and clusters of thatched roofed houses before you come to the first fairly large town called Maskel. Perhaps the only thing that will attract your attention to these small villages is their names, for example, Kansas City, Chicago, Boston, Rockstone Pond, Lucky Strike, Salt Creek, Corozalito, etc.

These small villages and clusters of homes are the Sunday missionary work of Father Thomas Donovan S.J. I say Sunday missionary work because the rest of the week Father Donovan is engaged in teaching in the capital, Belize.

After thirty or more missionary trips along this road, Father Donovan realized an astonishing and discouraging fact: there were fifteen Protestant chapels and not one Catholic church along this road from the eighteen mile marker to the thirty-six mile marker! What was happening to all the Catholics in this area? Then the thought struck Father. Why not tell the Catholic lay people of Belize the problem and recruit lay apostles to work in this area?

For a month Father visited and talked to every parish organization in Belize, showing them the need and the ways they could help spread and strengthen

their Catholic faith along the Corozal road. Each person was to give one or two Sundays a month working with Father along his missionary route. First they would take a census of the whole area to determine the Catholic needs; then they would establish Catholic catechism centers where the people could be persuaded to come for instructions, prayer, and the sacraments.

The response was overwhelming: over 120 men and women signed up; four business men promised to lend their trucks one Sunday a month.

Their first project was a census of the area. It took only five Sundays and was very successful. On the basis of the census, Father and the Apostles set up four centers to work from: 17½ miles—a Catholic school; 25½ miles—a farm house; 30 miles—a government school and 32 miles—a community center.

The greatest disappointment for the Road Apostles, however, was the discovery that many of the fallen-away Catholics were proving very difficult sheep to bring back to the flock. For example, one Apostle had visited fifteen homes, and eight families had solemnly promised that they would come for instructions and devotions; only three children out of the eight families showed up. Or another story Father tells: A lax Catholic had come to Mass once after seven years' absence. When he didn't come to Mass again for months after that, a Road Apostle began pressing him hard on the need to go to Mass regularly. The man's answer was, "Look, I'm a Catholic, but I'd like you to consider me one of the inactive members."

These difficulties took their toll. Two months after the group had been started the number of Road Apostles had dropped from 120 to 80; Hurricane Hattie diminished the number even more. Yet, in spite of their own financial losses and troubles, the long truck ride, and frequent disappointments there are still

40 zealous, generous Apostles who regularly make the Sunday missionary trips.

The zeal and self-sacrifice of these Road Apostles is very gratifying. For example, some of the men carry their bicycles—the equivalent to a car in the United States—along in the truck with them in order to get more quickly to the remote villages off the main road. Or another example, the last Sunday of October was one of those tropical rainy days and Father was afraid the truck driver might not show up: but when Father got to the Cathedral where the Road Apostles gather for the trips, he found that the driver had driven all the way into town from Hattieville and was busy trying to fix the canvas over the back of the truck in the pouring rain so the ladies under it would not be "more soaked."

Out in the villages and at the four centers for instructions and devotions these Road Apostles have been a tremendous help to Father. They have helped the people organize many activities that bring them closer together, helping them to realize what it means to be a Catholic. One activity in particular is Baptizing the Harvest Services. The people make their offerings at the beginning of the Mass in a procession into church where their gifts of fruit are blessed. At the Offertory the offerings are brought up to the altar and Father has a chance to tell them that this is the story of every Mass . . . they are offering themselves through their gifts. Other activities the Road Apostles have had great success with include teaching catechism, preparing couples for marriages, instructing converts, organizing living rosary devotions, producing short plays of scenes from the gospels, etc. But their greatest contribution to Father's work is their good example. They show what Christian living and Christian charity really mean by their sincere interest in people, by their zeal and their patience.

FIRE! AT ST. MARY'S

JAMES E. POOLE S.J.



There is one thing which every missionary in Alaska fears—fire and its quick devastation

FIRE, THE SCOURGE of any Alaskan mission station, broke out at St. Mary's on Tuesday, March 26. The mission is located at Pitka's Point on the banks of the Andrafski River which flows into the Yukon between Mountain Village and Pilot Station. The mission is only a dozen years old, its buildings could still be called new, and it is a tragic blow from which we will not easily recover.

I was outside the building when I noticed the children filing out of school at an odd hour. Then I saw the smoke, and the fear which lives in every Alaskan missionary's heart gripped the pit of my stomach in a freezing grasp. I broke into a dead run, towards the gymnasium and the little room housing our radio station. Even then the smoke was unbearable.

Brother O'Malley had already cut the electricity to prevent other complications. We tried to move the large ladder in the gym to the window of the Radio Room and after chopping our way in, the hose was pouring through the window but seemingly not doing a great deal to the fire which was burning furiously. One man after another came down from the ladder, blinded by smoke and some of them throwing up as they headed for fresh air. They tried to reach the top of the stairway of the film room but could not make it to a position where a fire hose could be brought into play, and had to retreat. They brought a ladder to the outside of the building and reached the window by this route also, but the amount of water going into the room did

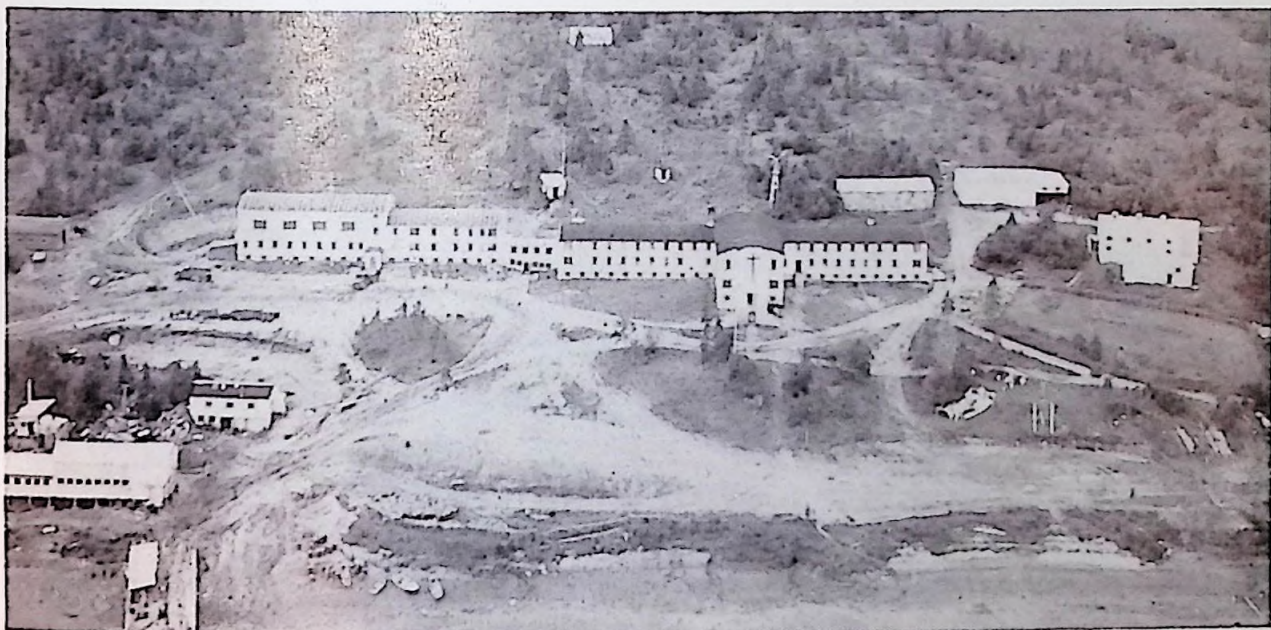
not break the hold the flames already had on the dry wood.

They held the position in the gym until the progress of the fire and the smoke drove them down one level and into the next rooms. As the fire broke through the radio room and went into the gym, everyone more or less crossed off the entire boys' building as a lost cause as it was all frame and nice and dry.

All of the boys were going back and forth like little ants, carrying what could be carried from the rooms in the boys' and the Fathers' house. They did well with the bedding, some of the furniture,

most of the personal effects of the Fathers, Brothers and Lay Volunteers . . . files and records were saved, as well as some of the typewriters and such office materials. Brother Benish saved all the materials of the Post Office and some of his radio equipment. All doors were closed to hold down the progress of the fire as much as possible. Brother O'Malley was able to save some of the shop equipment, but all of the really heavy materials had to be left.

The fire was spreading rapidly by this time and we were not able to get within thirty yards of the flames without burn-



■ View of St. Mary's Mission before the fire. The south wing (left of picture) was the one destroyed. It housed the Fathers, Brothers, Lay Volunteers, library, a classroom and small chapel, post office, gymnasium, workshops, etc. For days afterward the sound of popping salmon tins was heard and the smell of burned potatoes filled the air. (Below) After fire.



ing. It was at this time that Brother O'Malley came out with the idea to try to break down and tear out the tunnel or connecting link between the boys' building and the girls' and Sisters' building. They worked furiously at this for about forty minutes and by this time the fire was getting so close that it became impossible to continue the wrecking. The village men brought up their chain saw to aid in the wrecking. All of this time the wind had been blowing at about twenty miles an hour right straight down the line of the buildings and we all thought that the other building was a goner also. Then came a few breaks and blessings from the Lord.

Over in the main chapel all of the little ones were praying. "We said more than two rosaries," one girl said. "First time I never fooled around during prayers," said another. The Ursulines had placed a little statue of Our Lady at the exposed end of the building. All those efforts suddenly were answered. By the time the fire reached the tunnel the wind

abruptly changed and blew in the opposite direction.

That was the turning point. The villagers and students kept the bucket brigade going. The children and the village women passed snow down long lines to be piled atop the girls' building. Through the windows of that building the men and our Lay Volunteers fought to stem the raging fury. The heat was so severe that a man working with a fire extinguisher outside a window would find his arm smoking in less than ten seconds. Holes were chopped in the walls and when smoke and fire came forth the men immediately filled them with snow and ice. Even salt was poured into the cracks.

It was an endless morning. But at noon we had stopped the spread of the blaze. The south wing was gone, the section which housed the Fathers, the Brothers, Volunteers, library, a classroom and small chapel, post office, gym, movies room and film library, workshops, vegetable cellar and radio rooms. It is a terrific loss. May God help us!

■ This part of the building was saved when the wind changed direction and blew back along the course of the fire. The mission will finish school and try to rebuild again.



Fire!



St. Mary's began as a result of the generosity of many of our readers and Jesuit supporters. Now that the tragedy of fire laid waste sections of St. Mary's, we ask that our readers come to the rescue again. Our preceding article revealed the grim details of this disaster and now a move is under way to rebuild as soon as possible. Any amount you send will make the rebuilding period that much shorter. Please help?

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

Please accept my gift of \$..... for the rebuilding of St. Mary's. Our prayers also for a speedy completion.

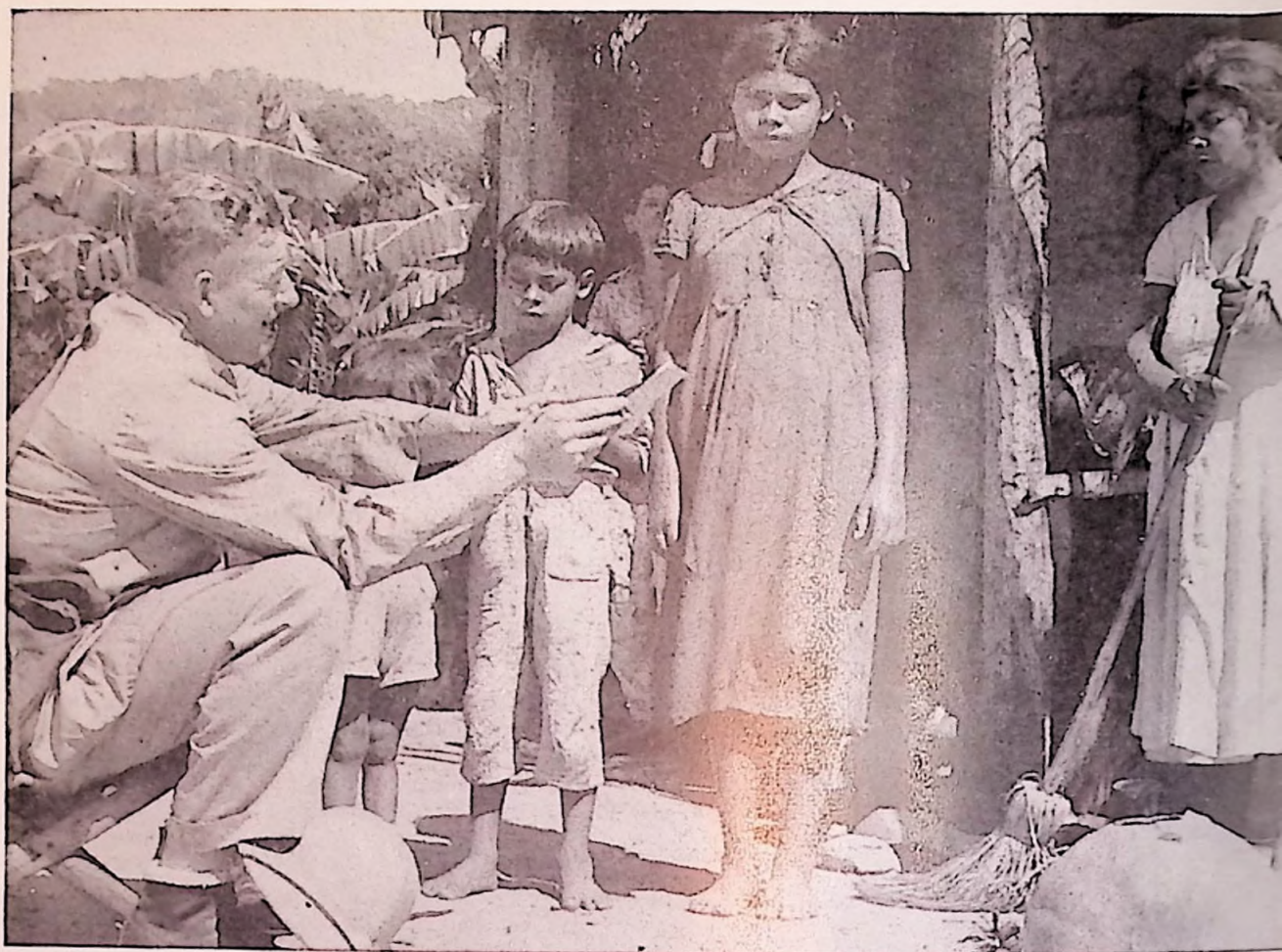
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■ Father John Murphy S.J. of St. Louis makes his parish rounds in El Progreso, Honduras. Miss Margaret Frederickson, R.N. (below) claims five doctors could be used in clinic.

A Dream is Born



Generosity and sacrifice are keystones of Honduras clinic

MARGARET FREDERICKSON

RIGHT NOW IT SEEMS a long time ago but it was less than a year back, that routine morning in a small Florida hospital. I was pouring the morning medications to be given to the 25-plus children under my care and everything was quiet and going according to schedule. One of the doctors, an anesthesiologist, poked his head into the alcove.

"Have you seen Dr. Ohlwiler?"

"No, I haven't," I answered.

"I hear he's looking for an anesthesiologist to accompany him on his trip to

Honduras. He's going to do some plastic surgery, charity work."

"Well, if he needs a scrub-nurse, let me know. I can have a suitcase packed in a minute," I joked.

"Well, as a matter of fact, he might need some help." The doctor left and I returned to my work. That was all there was to it. Or so I thought.

Dr. David Ohlwiler made his rounds later that fateful morning and "as a matter of fact, he might need some help." Then he explained the whole thing to me. In the Catholic Medical Mission Board Bulletin he had read an article by Father John Murphy S.J., stationed in El Progreso, Honduras. Father had described the situation in his mountain mission station and the complete lack of medical care for his people. Father Murphy begged Father Anthony LaBau S.J., Director of the Catholic Medical Mission Board, to help him obtain the services of a doctor, even for a short period of time. Doctor Ohlwiler was

moved by the request and volunteered his services for the immediate surgery needed.

So the next thing I knew we were packing surgical instruments and dressings; anesthesiology equipment for Dr. Franklin McKechnie; and dental equipment for Dr. Don Tillery who had become interested in the project. Father Murphy and Dr. Luis Bueso of San Pedro Sula took care of things at their end, organizing the patients and making hospital arrangements for surgery and hospitalization.

We left in September and spent ten days in Honduras. During that time the surgeons performed 17 operations, including repair of cleft lips, excision of nevus, revision of burn scars and machete wounds (some with skin grafts), and the repair of a complicated jaw fracture requiring extensive dental repair. The surgery was overwhelmingly successful.

Father Murphy showed us a little of Honduras, including a building next to

■ Miss Frederickson takes care of boy who fell from coconut palm and fractured his back and arm a month before clinic was open. The poor lad is paralyzed from waist down.





■ Doctor Philip Mulholland of Elmhurst, Long Island, with wife and recent baby.

the church, which he hoped some day would be a clinic for the poor of the area. It was a two-story frame structure with a zinc roof. The ground level was open and the upper level was one big room, 126 feet long and 26 feet wide. That was all there was to it. The doctors nodded their heads in agreement, apparently seeing some potential. I myself thought Father Murphy had been out in the Honduranian sun too long. Then we left Honduras.

Back in Florida I was restless. One thought kept nagging me, the memory of an empty two-story building in El Progreso and the dream that had stood so briefly in the eyes of that humble, big-hearted priest. "A clinic! A clinic is not easy to come by—there's no permanent doctor—maybe a Health Education program—there's no equipment—a water supply is needed—Immunization center—at least it could get started and then maybe a doctor would come—Maternal-Child Health Center with classes—" It took three days to make up my mind, hand in my resignation and start packing.

I paid a visit to my family in Hackensack, New Jersey, and while there Father Murphy sent the glad news that Father LaBau had contacted a doctor. Doctor Philip Mulholland of Elmhurst, Long

Island, was very interested and would be coming, with his wife and child, for a two-year stay at the clinic. They would arrive in March when the baby would be four months old.

The doctor and I had several consultations before I left for El Progreso in February. As a result of those exchanges of ideas Father Murphy was able to start on the internal construction of the clinic, putting up partitions and giving each section a name, although they all looked very much alike—empty. But there they stood—Laboratory, Offices, Consultation Rooms, Pharmacy.

Before Doctor Mulholland's coming we ran physical examinations for the school children. With the aid of the Government Health Bureau 240 students were tested for tuberculosis. Only 22 children returned with positive reactions, indicating exposure to the disease at one time or another. These children have been X-rayed to eliminate the possibility of their having the disease, while the remainder were inoculated against it. The other two main findings were bad teeth almost without exception and a predominance of a skin infection called "Granos." So we had some idea of the general medical situation before the arrival of the doctor.

Now Doctor Mulholland is on the scene and we have swung into high gear. In his first ten days he treated over 100 patients, trying at the same time to unpack and set up the clinic. The Catholic Medical Mission Board provided about thirty boxes of sorely needed medicines so we are off to a good start, although it will be months before the "machinery" of the clinic is operating properly.

The clinic is a much needed facility here and will care for 10,000 people in the area. So a priest, a doctor and a nurse—plenty of ideas, plans and dreams—some medicine, little equipment, no money. But we've started—and it feels good.



MEET A JESUIT BROTHER:

Brother Francis Fox S.J.

Brother Francis Fox, born in Uniontown, Washington, in 1918, entered the Novitiate of the Oregon Province of the Society of Jesus in 1939 with the desire of going to Alaska. He did not have to wait very long. Almost as soon as he finished his novitiate, he was sent to Akulurak Mission.

Brother is capable of various types of work. He is now at Holy Cross Mission, Holy Cross, Alaska, where, among other things he is infirmarian, organist, gardener, custodian of buildings, etc.

Perhaps if you ask yourself "What does God want me to do" you may

awaken the desire to join the approximately 6,000 Jesuit Brothers serving Christ throughout the world. "Doubts" may enter into your consideration of your qualifying for the Brothers' life. These doubts must be overridden. Then your state of mind will probably be: "I think this is for me, because it seems to be what God wants. I know God will help me to be a good Brother."

Further information can be had, without obligation, about the Brothers of the Society of Jesus by filling in the coupon below and mailing it to the address on the coupon.

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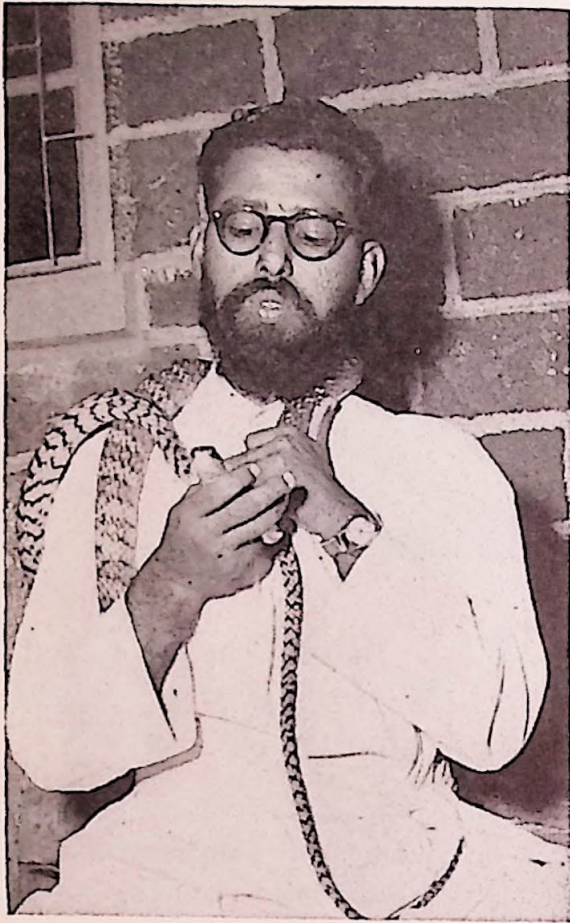
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THE COBRA



CATCHER

THE COBRA HAD come slithering into the chicken run. In a matter of seconds it had driven the chicks into a corner. There were twelve of them but two did not obey quickly enough. They died. The cobra curled its body around the remaining ten and began its meal. Then someone happened to pass the chicken run and saw what was going on. The cobra slithered off reluctantly to a dark corner. But it would come back.

The word was relayed to me and I picked up the house phone. "Please tell Father Anthony there is a snake in the chicken run." It was not the warmest message in the world but Father Anthony was delighted. He picked up his stick and a canvas sack and rushed off.

Within ten minutes he was back with the cobra. Carefully he eased it into a box where it immediately began to strike at the glass with its poisonous fangs. It was still dangerous as every inch of its taut body indicated. But to the specialist in catching cobras it was just another prize.

Father Anthony Kadokunnel was born and educated in Kerala, the most Catholic and the most Communist part of India. There were four boys and three girls in the family and they all worked on the sixteen-acre farm owned by their father. The farm produced all sorts of fruits and vegetables, ginger and pepper, rubber and coconuts. There were also cows, pigs, chickens and bees—and there

J. V. DE SOUZA S.J.



were also the snakes which intrigued Father Anthony as a young boy. He soon acquired a reputation as a snake killer.

At the age of twenty-one Anthony had wanted to join the Carmelites but a recent bout with typhoid was a stumbling block. So he went to Madras as a lay missionary where, among other things, he learned the Tamil language. Today he has a good knowledge of six tongues—Malayalam, English, Hindi, Latin, Syriac and Tamil.

During his studies as a Jesuit an old priest taught him a little more about handling snakes. For months he practiced with harmless ones, trying to find the exact position behind the head that

would make it safe to handle poisonous snakes. Now he has the technique down to a science. He cautiously moves in on a cobra until he can trap it with a stick so that it cannot move. Then he moves the stick forward until it pins down the cobra's head. Keeping the snake firmly in place he grasps it behind the neck with his hand, being sure he had hold of it at the right spot. Then he is able to lift it off the ground and deposit it in the box which is specially prepared. Rarely is he without a cobra, a viper or a krait to play with—if that is the proper expression. It may sound interesting. Would you care to try it?

(Photos by Edward Pinto S.J.)

IN THE PRESENCE OF MY ENEMIES

by JOHN W. CLIFFORD S.J.



The inspiring story of one American's victory over his Red Chinese captors

Father Clifford is no stranger to the pages of *Jesuit Missions*. His story has been told, in brief form, in past issues. Ten years in China, seven of them under the Communists, three of them in Shanghai's jails, provide the background for this unique practical insight into Chinese Communist techniques. Further study and reflection since his release in 1956 convinced Father Clifford that he had an obligation to expose Communist treachery.

Now he tells the story of the brainwashing he underwent in four ghastly pri-

sons, but he tells it with characteristic humor and with telling force. For three years he waged a private war against the most rigid and subtle physical and psychological tortures. Finally, his enraged and thoroughly frustrated captors literally threw him out of jail, having failed to obtain even the hint of a confession. This book is an answer to the Communist technique of brainwashing and should be read by everyone, especially those in military service. It is of interest to all and is splendid reading. Price: \$4.50

Order from: Rev. Wm. Klement, S.J., 284 Stanyan St., San Francisco 18, Cal., or Rev. John Houle, S.J., 1901 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles 6, Cal.

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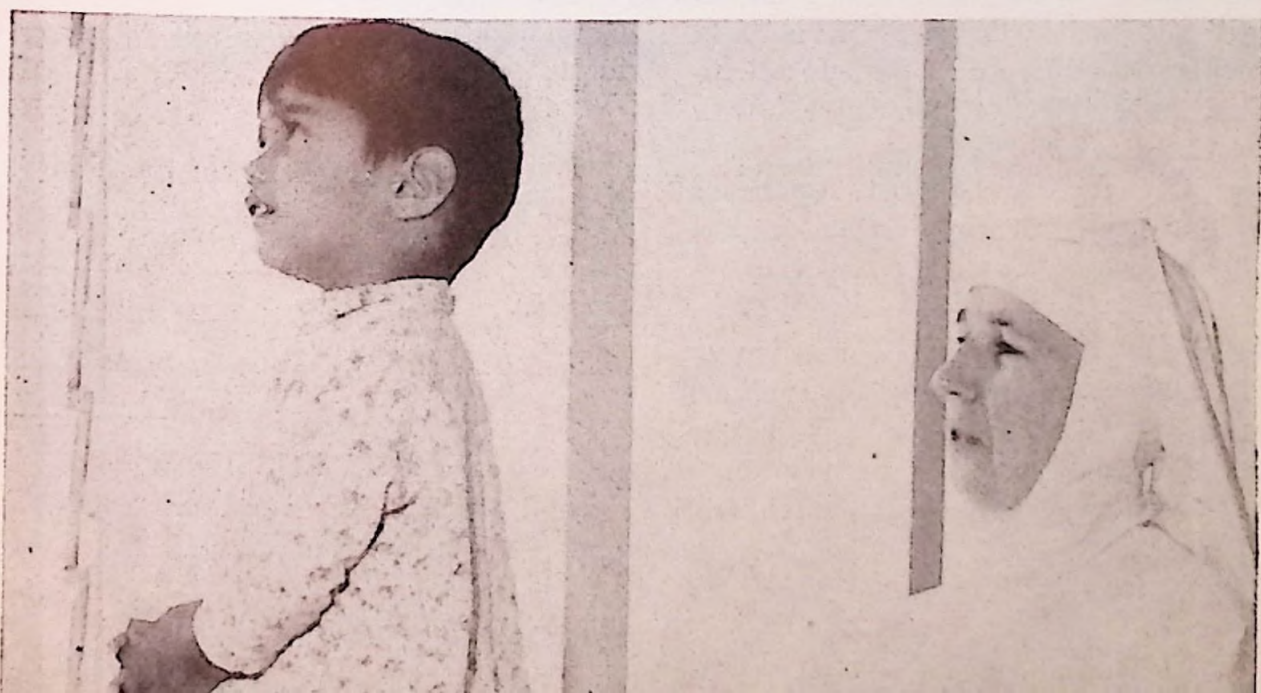
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GOODNIGHT IN MALAYA

During an enforced stay in the hospital at Petaling Jaya, near Kuala Lumpur in Malaya, Father Paul Jenkins S.J. was entranced with the sight of a small patient saying his goodnight to the Blessed Mary Assunta. The posture may not be the best but the sincerity is obvious. The boy is Indian, the Sister is an Australian Franciscan Missionary of Mary and Father Jenkins is a member of the Irish Province which staffs the Hong Kong Mission.



Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted for Jesuit Missions

1) There are no farmers among the American Jesuits in Osorno, Chile, but they are educating the young men of an agricultural district. Father Henry, the Jesuit Superior, needs your gifts of one to ten dollars for scholarships and buildings to make sure that the leaders of Chile's future are dedicated and educated Catholics.

2) Father Ferruccio Leoni S.J.—although he is very proud of that first name—is even prouder of the new hospital he is building at Maramag, the Philippines. The mountain people among whom he works are very much in need of medical care. Your gift of \$1.00 or \$10.00 will help them to health.

3) School is out at Xavier on Truk Island, the Pacific. So are some of the graduates—out of school and with no money to go to college. "It's the men with college degrees who are going to be the leaders of the Pacific Islands in the next 10 years. And God help Micronesia if they are not men imbued with the Christian view of things," writes Father Cameron. A hundred Americans with a small gift could make it possible for one leader to be on his way.

4) Many of you probably met Father Sim Sunpayco S.J. when he was studying in the United States. Now he is back in the Philippines and has been given a large parish, with a small church and

no house in Kabasalan. He is a very hard-working young priest but even he needs a roof over his head. Your gift of \$5.00 or of any sum could help to put one there.

One House \$732.00

5) Margaret Frederickson, volunteer nurse at El Progreso, Honduras, probably won't like to read this, but we think she's quite a girl. (Read her story on page 24). Her team of priest, doctor and nurse has ideas, dreams, plans; few medicines, no equipment, no money. A gift of \$10.00 could help her clinic operate for a day.

One day at the clinic ... \$10.00

6) Even a small \$2,000.00 truck is a large order, beyond the means of Father Donovan and his "Road Apostles" in British Honduras. They are poor laymen and he's an even poorer priest. Their project, described on page 18, is a fine one but "the heart of the whole thing is that truck." "If someone buys it, they can name it." Any size gift would be most welcome.

Dear Father,

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

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The biggest and poorest parish in Eastern Ceylon is St. Joseph's. Father F. X. Mayer is the Jesuit Pastor. He desperately needs a tractor for farming and for operating a brick-works to help his people build homes. The old water buffalo is just not up to it. Your contribution of \$5.00 or \$10.00 could help his deserving people to live and to live the faith.

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That Jesuit school hinders our work!

The Communist newspapers "El Futuro" and "Manana" are angry with the Jesuit school in Yoro, Honduras. It hinders the growth of Communism. Fr. Gene Barbieri is a problem for them. He teaches Christian social doctrine but he needs more books: "I can buy 6 books here for \$5.00, the price of one American book."

JESUIT MISSIONS

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