

DIARY DIGESTMARYKNOLL
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Hong Kong's annual Industrial Fair is now in full swing and Government is priding itself on the list of articles being produced in this Colony. It is truly impressive, if one doesn't insist on the quality expected in American made things. The Fair far outshines anything the Russians were able to put on for the enslaved people of Canton last month. Local Commie papers raved about it, but like the numbers who were supposed to have left Hong Kong to visit this exhibition of what Big Brother can send to his little friends, it was highly exaggerated. The tens of thousands boasted of in the Red press was reduced to less than two thousand by official Government figures on passes issued to cross the Border.

One of the highlights of the Fair is the booth operated by the Pius Company - better known to Maryknollers as Father Dempsey's Handicraft Project. A couple of graduates from the cloth weaving school demonstrate for the google-eyed spectators their expertness in making cloth on the home-weaving machine which each one receives on loan at the completion of the training course. This "live" show attracts much attention, and we are all hoping that it will help Father Art to sell his stocks of first-rate materials.

Those businessmen in Canton who have been forced to keep their doors open while the People's Republic took all their profit have now been given permission to donate their shops to the Government, which is getting around to 100% collectivization. Hong Kong independent papers are warning businessmen of this Colony who are so loud in their praise of the system across the Border, that they are asking for their own doom by beating the drums for a government that takes your business from you. The heads of these Cadillac-driving tycoons would be the first to roll into the gutter if the Reds came into Hong Kong, and yet they are full of praise for the butcher whose knife is aimed at their necks.

All those who had any connection with the B.A.A.G. (British Army Aid Group) during the War years will know that Father Smith represented them at a recently held reunion, to which they had all been invited. The years have taken a greater toll than the war, and charity prohibits any attempt to describe the physical deterioration that has taken place in the ranks of these men who are no longer young; - or should I say "of us, who are no longer young"? The officers expressed deep appreciation to the Maryknoll Fathers for the valuable help they received during those years, and were especially thankful for the hospitality afforded them by our missionaries wherever they went.

Shanghai As we know from the Confidential Bulletin, the Bishop will remain as long as he can, as a moral gesture of sympathy for, and wish to suffer with, the native priests whose cross becomes heavier with each new plan to force them to render to Caesar what belongs to God. A recent arrival tells us not to worry about his health since there are some good people in the city who worry more about this than he does, and insist on his taking precautions against illness.

We have no further word of 'Roscommon Joe' since he went on exhibition some weeks ago. It is our hope that he is being fattened up for delivery, so that the farm whence he comes will not look so bad in the eyes of the world.

Kongmoon The boom was lowered on Father Joe Sweeney's old homestead when his doctor, nurse and cook were taken to the laundry and put through the wringer. The treatment seems to have got everything out of them, for they were led back to the place in order to point out exactly where the interesting things they revealed had been stored for safe-keeping. All the "loot", plus whatever else the Reds thought would look good, were placed in exhibition in the chief city of the area so that the local people would know how rich in bullion and munitions the Imperialistic Yanks had been before they were thrown out of the People's Paradise. The trio, plus some of the patients are now in jail.

The Industrial Fair in Canton has attracted more interest among those who hoped to see their relatives in Canton, than in the Fair itself, and quite a few optimists

walked into the lion's den from the safety of Hong Kong. None of them enjoyed their stay since they were interrogated endlessly, and were shadowed pretty thoroughly whenever they were allowed to leave the Fair Grounds. One of our better friends was awakened in the middle of the night and spent a good part of it being asked the same questions over and over again. He thought his number had come up at last, but he was allowed to return to Hong Kong, a sadder and much wiser man.

Returnees from Canton tell of even more rigid restrictions in food rationing. Until recently a man could draw his ration of rice in the country, then if he had any money he could pop into the city for a meal. Now, however, before he can get a meal in a restaurant he has to get an official permit; the clerk in the shop has to note how much he ate, and then that amount of food is withheld from his ration for the next month.

In the Chung Shan district farmers were observed cutting their crops with armed guards watching every move for fear that they might secrete a little of the rice for their own use. No one smiles in China any more, and no one ever, ever talks. Latest news tells us that Father Linus Wong is now in jail. Pray for him.

Wuchow We were very happy to receive a letter from the Vicar General telling us that the padres are saying 125 Masses each month: another way of informing us that all of the native clergy were on the job.

Kaying Our correspondent continues to write regularly and fearlessly, but each letter is a repetition of the last as far as a description of conditions in his area. In common with native priests all over China he is feeling the pressure of the Government more and more, and wonders how long it will be until the blow falls. There is no change in the situation of those in the Pauline Schools. He tells the story of an overseas Chinese who came back to the motherland to invest his life's savings in the famed Paradise set up by the Communists. With his 100 thousand dollars he was able to buy three good size shops, and to stock them with goods. Then trouble came to him. Poverty stalked the land, and no one could buy his wares. Poverty was followed by famine, and even though he had money, he could not buy rice. He stood this as long as he could, and then decided to return to the nether world of imperialists and war-mongers. He put his shops on the block but no one with any sense would buy them knowing that the Government might step in any day and just take them away. When his ready cash was reduced to the vanishing point, the benevolent rulers allowed him to leave everything behind him, to go forth into the cruel world again. He has hopes of borrowing enough to get back to the land where he made his first stake. No one dares ask him if he is thinking of coming back to China again!

FORMOSA - Taichung All recent reports are full of the wonderful welcome on the part of the people to the Birthday of Christ. The center, Taichung, was typical. Midnight Mass had to be held in the auditorium of a local school, since neither of the churches in the city could hold the crowd. Actually between 1,400 and 1,500 people were in the congregation for the Mass. When we consider the short time our men have been in Taichung, these figures spell only one thing: - acceptance of the Faith on the part of the people. Deo Gratias!

Miaoli Father Maynard Murphy is wondering when he will get out of the middle in building his new church-rectory. When prices are low, he has no money. When he has a few dollars, prices are sky-high.

PHILIPPINES As a sort of Catholic peninsula jutting into the vast sea of paganism that is the Far East, the Philippines was a logical place to hold the first Lay Apostle's Congress in Asia. Delegates came from every country of the area, and Cardinal Gracias of India, presided at the meetings. Maryknoll Sisters were represented from Japan, Hong Kong and the Philippines. Your scribe although not a delegate was

asked to sit in the empty seats reserved for the Hong Kong delegation, so that their emptiness might not be so noticable. The enthusiasm of these laymen and women for the spread of the Faith in their homelands is something of which the Church can be very proud, and should serve as a splendid example and inspiration to missionaries, who sometimes wonder if they are making any progress in their work for souls in these darkened lands.

Whatever may be said about Mass attendance during the rest of the year, there can be no complaint about half-filled churches during the Novena leading up to the Feast of Christmas. As if to rub it into any padre who might be wondering about the zeal of his people, they run him off his feet during these nine days.

Firstly, they get him up every day at 3A.M. for High Mass. Even if he were buried under tons of blankets (an item of wardrobe totally unessential in the Philippines) he could not drown out the blatant notes of the town band, nor the incessant pounding of the bell in his church steeple. Having roused the padre, the band then makes the rounds of all the streets, just to be sure that all are awake, even if not in a mood to attend Mass at such an ungodly hour. As a grand finale, - and perhaps to be quite certain that the main actor in the drama has separated himself from his couch - the musicians stand at the church door and play a medley of all the tunes they know, irrespective of their fitness for the occasion, until Mass begins.

One would suspect that the Thanksgiving after the Holy Sacrifice might be filled with dreams of sliding quietly back into the arms of Morpheus, but the suddenly-pious feel a compunction to become better acquainted with their pastor at a time like this, and successfully keep him on his feet until the sun is high in the heavens and vacationing school children have already filled the plaza in front of his rectory with unmuted screams as they practise a childish version of mayhem.

After nine days of this the long-suffering missionary finds himself in a state bordering on the unconscious. He has become so numb that he doesn't feel anything, which is probably a good thing, for otherwise he might blow his top at some of the antics of his good people as they warm up to a crescendo of religious feeling on Christmas Eve. Midnight Mass should be the holy and happy climax to this burst of zeal on the part of the people, but as the pastor falls into his almost unfamiliar bed, with all the grace of a mighty giant of the forest crashing to the ground, roving bands of youngsters on the loose for a stray dime begin a night-long vigil of Christmas carolling under his window. The only way to get rid of them is to pay them off, - and so the few pesos he collected at the Mass find their way back into the stream of commerce from whence they came, and as the dawn heralds the start of another day, and the happy youngsters drag themselves home to sleep, the tower bell's cheery tones thud into the consciousness of the work-drugged padre with the message that he is due to say Mass in one hour's time for those who could not attend the Midnight Mass. This certainly must be the "short-cut" to heaven we have all been looking for!

Father Regan, whose new parish contains an assortment of wonders ranging from a moving picture house to a village in the mountains almost entirely peopled by the outlawed Huks gratefully received permission for the three new Fathers, McMahon, Hiegel, and Lennon, to hear confessions in Tagalog. It came in time to let them join the first team for the nine "Misa de Gallo" described above. With their faculties tucked safely in their belts they were able to take care of neighboring towns during this trying time. Since there are no rectories in these places the padres had the additional thrill of slipping through Huk-infested territory at 3 A.M. to reach their objectives. If they should be a bit more tired than the others at the close of the Novena of Masses, it will be understandable. For their quick mastery of the language, as well as for their courage, they win the big "M".

Father Mike Hiegel gets his letter for something else. Just before Christmas it

was discovered that he had a bad hernia, and the doctor promised to have him home for the Feast if he had it attended to immediately. Fathers Fleming and Smith arrived at the hospital a couple of hours after the operation was supposed to be over, and found that they were just about to begin the job. One of the Sisters asked if we wished to see the operation so we went to the observation balcony and found ourselves directly over Father Mike's head and looking right into his eyes. He greeted us with a big smile, and responded to all kinds of jokes for about an hour, but by that time the wear and tear of three sets of hands messing around his innards began to show, and when the final stitches were put into place, Father Mike was looking just like anyone else who had gone through the Misa de Gallo!

It is interesting to know that the translation of the word Paete, Maryknoll's newest parish in the Laguna area, is "chiseler". Quite logical, since the main industry is chiseling out wooden shoes, but very quaint when one thinks that Father John Lennon's basketball team is called "The Chiselers".

Father Dick Mershon has introduced a new mode of travel in order to get to his barrios across the laguna. He has purchased an outboard motor boat, and makes the trip in nine minutes flat. Before this, it was an overnight trip, with the danger of being even longer if the local boatman found anything more interesting than coming back to pick the padre up and bring him home.

Public address systems are answering the problem of getting heard in the huge bombed-out churches inherited by the Society of Laguna. Latest purchaser is Father Leo McCarthy, who lulls the congregation to a state of quiet before services by playing soft music. If there is a long wait, as there usually is, trying to get all the babies and their sponsors ready for Baptism, he has a catechist read the doctrine on Baptism, and the duties of sponsors. Many a prospective God-parent has found out through this means that one has to be a Catholic before he can be a sponsor, and not a few dues-paying Masons have learned about the facts of life!

The local Curia of the Legion of Mary had a picnic for members and their Spiritual Directors. Highlight of the affair was a game of Musical Chairs played by the padres to the intense amusement of the pious members. Father Walter was given the prize as most attentive Director, and then told that his parish had been chosen as the seat of the new Curia to be set up in the Maryknoll parishes. This news has caused a stir of fear in the hearts of the FILIPINO priests, who are worried about their praesidia without the zest added by the presence of the Maryknoll-sponsored groups. Time will tell whether or not they can stand on their own feet.

The news from the Philippines has been very lengthy, as you can see, and there is no space for local tid-bits, but we could not close without describing Father Regan's narrow escape from a fiery end. While Father Fleming was busy baptizing squalling infants during the fiesta at a barrio called San Juan, Father Regan was just as busy recording the names, etc., of the children for the parish records. He had taken a seat right in front of one of the statues and was in the way of the people who wanted to put candles on the floor in front of the statue, so they just put them there anyway. As the flames came closer and closer, he was forced to move his chair often. After one of these quick hitches he began to smell something burning, and then he felt the biting pain as flames touched his skin. (A slight poetic exaggeration). People rushed to the rescue, and when the final reckoning was made, it was discovered that he had moved his chair right over a candle and had only burned the seat off his cassock!

FORMOSA - Nan Chuang Diary for September 1955

(Father Donat W. Chatigny)

I finished the reading of the "Lima Conference" manual and have come to the conclusion that it is quite important for the success of our work that we communicate our ideas and describe them (their success or failure) if these have been tried. Not

all the ideas at all times, or every place will work, but some might be of great help in particular circumstances.

I had very little practical, up-to-date knowledge about South America, before the reading of the Lima Conference. Now I know some of the problems that our Maryknollers are meeting down there, and it is natural that I am interested in the growth of real Catholicism in that part of the globe. It might seem proposterous for one so far from the scene of activity to present ideas and plans, but the fact is that the propagation of the Faith is essentially the same all over the world. In the Orient we found out that at times it was not so difficult to get converts, but that it was quite difficult to keep them interested in the new faith, once the glamor of the first year was over. The first generation of Christians was, as a rule, quite fervent; the second fair, and the third hardly worth anything as far as Christian living went. Many factors entered into this picture, but the main root of defection was ignorance and the consequent lack of interest. For my part I came to the conclusion that a school attached to the mission was imperatively necessary to create a center of interest. In this school we could not teach much doctrine, it is true, due to the adverse education laws, but the very presence of the school gave a standing to the Christians.

Another idea that I was able to put in practice, with some good results, was the recitation of the catechism as part of the prayers (either morning or evening prayers) said in common in the church. The then used catechism, which had, if I remember rightly, about 377 questions and answers, was divided into 52 for every week of the year. This gave an average of seven questions and answers to be recited during each week, and in this way the catechism was recited from beginning to end by the congregation in one year cycle. The fact that only seven questions and answers were recited during one week gave time for these to make an impression on the minds of the people. Then the sermons were usually based on the questions and answers of the week. By Sunday morning that portion of the catechism was quite familiar to the congregation, and thus they were better able to understand and appreciate the sermon. The fact that this goes on year after year keeps the people refreshed on their privileges and duties as Christians. Now lest this recital of the catechism should become monotonous and tasteless, it might be well to season it with slides or pictures appropriate to the questions under discussion. And it might be a good thing to introduce the practice into the homes, to benefit those who cannot come to the church regularly. This program might well be pushed by groups such as the J.O.C. or the Legion of Mary.

Now, reflecting back on my years passed at the college and seminary, I realize that we were not given much on the matter of congregational singing. Oh, we had plain chant, to be sure, and I am still thankful for this; but what I want to say is that we were not specially trained in reading notes, and in conducting polyphonics. The Protestants are far ahead of us in this respect and it gives them an appeal that should also be ours. We have not been trained in the technique and are, therefore, unable to organize group singings. It may be objected that very few students have good singing voice. That is true, but this does not militate against the A.B.C. knowledge of modern musical notations.

KOREA - Chechon Diary for September 1955

(Father John R. Heisse)

AUG 31 Up to this date everything had been preliminary and preparatory... the trip to San Francisco, the boat ride to Inchon with a brief, less than a day, stop in Japan, the pleasant days at Seoul, the days of continued language study at the Center House at Chongju. But now we had been assigned, our pastors had arrived and we were off to our assigned duties. The outstanding thing up to this was the unfailing hospitality of all Maryknollers encountered on the way.

The trip to Chechon from Chongju is normally a five hour one, but Father Heisse's jeep loaded with boxes, Father Walsh and Father Heisse bogged down in a mud hole at Father Mike Zunno's new parish and required aid from a truck. Other stops were made at Father Jerry Coxen's and Father Wilbur Borer's missions. From Chungju (Father Borer's) the road twists and winds through and over two sizeable mountains along sheer cliffs and through breathtaking scenery. When we arrived at Chechon the Sisters had the 65 orphans all lined up to welcome the new Sinpu. Later there was an entertainment of dances and songs featuring such traditional Korean Folk Songs as "Danny Boy", "Old Kentucky Home" and "Three Blind Mice".

SEP 1 A bulldozer starts the job of leveling the site for the new church. Funds for this are provided by the parishioners. They managed to get the loading done in one day by keeping the driver on the job until midnight.

SEP 4 After Sunday Mass a formal welcome with speeches, flowers, etc. for the new priest. The crowning glory was a floral horseshoe placed around the blushing Sinpu's neck a la Nashua. After the affair the new priest was invited to accompany the choir on an outing. This was an all day affair at a nearby, an hour drive by truck, scenic spot. The boys made the fire, the girls with the help of the three native Sisters prepared and cooked the food which was consumed in great quantities. In the evening we walked about three miles to catch a train back to Chechon. So, in rapid succession the new priest got an introduction to Korean trucks, very rough and dusty; Korean speech, very fast and unintelligible; Korean food, very hot and spicy; Korean trains, very slow and crowded.

SEP 5 Here at Chechon civilization has reared its ugly head in the form of 'City Water'. We still don't trust it and treat it prior to consumption either by boiling or halazone tablets. Furthermore our site is slightly above the rest of the town, and Koreans leave their faucets run at all times. Result: we have running water from 10:30 P.M. to 6:30 A.M. This afternoon at about 2:00 the man dropped around to collect the water bill. Father Walsh complained about the poor service and turned the faucet to prove his point. Voila!! The wonderful liquid bubbled forth to his great consternation and the water man's obvious surprise. Ten minutes after he left, the service was 'back to normal'.

SEP 6 On the way to Wonju we passed one of our catechists with a young ROK soldier. They were on their way to Chechon to arrange for the soldier's marriage.... which he wanted on the following day. Seems he and his bride-to-be wanted to have the baby baptized and thought they might as well get married at the same time. It would seem that some of a missionary's problems are similar to those of stateside priests.

SEP 7 Carpenters arrive to start work on the new church. They have no surveyor's instruments but use an age old system based on the principle of water's seeking its own level.

SEP 9 After an all day rain the site of the new church resembled left field at Bedford. The bulldozer left things slightly concave. A few drainage ditches were dug in the 'Novitiate' manner and things quickly dried up. -- 'Jiggy' men were hired to carry the wood from the present church yard to the new site. For their tireless day long efforts they receive 450 Hwan...slightly less than a dollar at present rates. What a spot for a latter day John L. Lewis.

SEP 11 An interesting visitor today was Pak Thomas Aquinas, a senior at the Korean Military Academy. His class, which graduates at the end of this month, will be the first graduation class from the Academy. He said there are a number of Catholics in the Academy. If these live up to their Faith, they may in the future be able to provide a worthwhile leaven in the ranks of ROK officers who at present are not especially

noted for their integrity.

SEP 12 Work progresses despite the heavy rain. The Catholics both from Chechon and the outstations are being most cooperative. Several of the stations have sent in men and boys to work as 'Jiggy' men, carrying lumber and other supplies up to the building location. Even the women have helped, carrying water when our famed 'City Water' can't make the uphill climb. On top of this they have started a fund for an organ for the new church.

SEP 13 Some of the older boys nabbed a thief going through one of the buildings. They caught him at 5:30 A.M. but thoughtfully did not notify us until after Mass... lest we be distracted. In view of recent similar incidents at Father Coxen's, Father Ray's and the Center, to say nothing of the losses suffered by Father Mike Zunno here at Chechon, we turned him over to the local gendarmerie.

SEP 14 The Korean method of building is an unusual one. The carpenters plan everything, cut all the pieces according to this master plan, then assemble them all at one time. What they are able to achieve with their few basic tools is amazing. The only tools used so far are the short Korean two edged saw, hammers, chisel and adze. No power tools, no mitre boxes, just a few tools and native ingenuity.

SEP 15 On any trip over Korean roads you are bound to pass hundreds of youngsters on the way to and from school. This can be at almost any time of the day or night and at distances up to ten miles from the nearest school. The National Religion of Korea seems to be Education. Parents seemingly will make any sacrifice to send their children to school. Even in so called public schools there is a tuition fee in addition to charges for uniforms and books. The latter are changed frequently to supply a little added revenue. The most amazing feature is that the kids themselves share this enthusiasm. Anyone who does not like to go to school is regarded as a little odd, as if he didn't like ice cream or Davy Crockett.

SEP 16 Catholics from several of the outstations came in to do the pick and shovel work as the foundations were started. An archeological touch was added when a grave was uncovered. The few remaining bones were reinterred in a more suitable place and work progressed.

SEP 18 Father Heisse journeyed to Chongju to clear up some details about the building. Chongju is a startling place on Sunday when Father Gibbons and McNaughton have their "factory" going at full blast. It is impossible to walk through the church or yard without stumbling over one or another group earnestly listening to an explanation of doctrine. They have over 400 at some stage of preparation in addition to regular classes for Catholic children. Catholic schools under the present system in Korea are almost impossible to conduct due to the expense and the difficulty in meeting all the government red tape. As a result most of our Catholic children spend their school time, most of their waking hours, in a pagan atmosphere.

SEP 19 Returned to Chechon accompanied by Father Danny Chi, Korean priest, formerly Father Gibbons' assistant, now assigned to give conferences and be confessor to the native Sisters. At present there are Sisters at Chechon, Chon Ho Won and at Father Gibbons' orphanage at Chongju. The trip back was interesting because of the amount of work being done on the roads. Apparently all the able bodied men and boys from surrounding villages are recruited for the work. This consists mainly in putting 12 inch rocks in 6 inch holes. The effect is startling. They also manage to miss many of the holes, so the driver has a choice of concave or convex jolts. The effect on the vehicle is just about the same either way.

SEP 20 Father Walsh baptized a new convert today, commenting on the wonderful Korean

memory. This woman went through the entire catechism without a mistake answering an occasional 'trick' question to prove that she understood what she had memorized.

SEP 22 What do you do with a large sized fish which is presented to you for Friday's (tomorrow) dinner, when you are without refrigeration? The solution we arrived at was to hang it out the window and hope that it gets cold tonight.

SEP 25 The new assistant gets his first mission trip to Haksan, the largest and most accessible kongso. Four of the oldsters, all in there 70s, are building a new chapel to replace one destroyed by fire. In the nearly completed structure they set up an altar complete with reredos, a bedspread; a baldachin, lace curtain, and antependium, a blanket. Eighty-five confessions were heard in preparation for the Martyrs Feast on the morrow. The new assistant spent his first night in an ondel room but the blow was softened by a kindly Fate which decreed that the ceiling of the room be papered with the Sport Section of the one and only (Deo Gratias), the ubiquitous Chicago Daily Tribune.

SEP 26 Feast of the 79 Korean Martyrs. An overflow crowd ignored the cold dampness of the early morning to participate in the Holy Sacrifice in the partially completed chapel. Practically everyone went to Communion. At the same time Father Walsh had a much larger crowd back at the homebase.

SEP 28 The Maryknoll Movement is in full swing in the Chung Puk To Mission. Tonight at supper in Chongju the announcement is made that Father Joe Gibbons is the new Local Superior of the House to be built in Seoul and his successor as pastor at Chongju, Father Bill McNaughton.

SEP 29 To celebrate their Patron's Feast Brothers Raymond and Ralph are guests of honor at an excellent meal at the Center House. To conclude the month's shifts, Father Walsh is assigned to "The Chair of English Lit." at the local college and Father Heisse named to hold the fort at Chechon until the advent of its rightful heir, Father Coffey.

KOREA - Chungju Diary for September 1955

(Father Wilbur J. Borer)

SEP 1 Two women Legionaries are coaching the children in a Biblical play every evening in preparation for the Legion annual social gathering on the eighth. The children enjoy this very much, and willingly spend many hours rehearsing. I asked if there were a villain in the play and was told that there were eleven of them, for they were enacting Joseph and His Brethren. I then asked who played Joseph, and learned that their choice was the same, a cherubic youngster, whose innocent face is usually adorned with a captivating smile. He is our best altar boy, and we hope that some day he will take our place at the altar.

SEP 4 Father Sullivan said the second Mass of this Sunday, so I was free to observe the congregation, especially the children in the front portion - there are no rows. There are a number of pagan children among them, and their disorderly conduct reveals their lack of discipline. But sometimes our Catholic children stand in need of correction. I thought of an old Italian priest in a New York parish, who interrupted his sermon with the admonition: "I like the leedle boys, I like the leedle girls, but - and he glared at the balcony - you keeds S H U T UP!!!" At times more than an admonition is required for effective disciplining of these Korean youngsters, whose rule is to do what they please.

SEP 8 Last Sunday I recommended that our Catholics congratulate Our Lady on her birthday by attending Mass and receiving Holy Communion, even though it is not a day of precept. As usual the response was very good, and several times the number

of an ordinary weekday congregation attended Mass and Holy Communion. Confessions were heard before and during both Masses.

According to the custom of the Legion of Mary a social gathering to which some non-members are invited is held on Our Lady's birthday. Since this affords an excellent opportunity of acquainting other Catholics with the nature of the Legion, we held it in the school building in the afternoon. The gathering followed the general plan of a meeting with the addition of a very good talk by Dr. Stephen Oum giving a brief history of the Legion and then an explanation of its nature, its need and its work. The President of the women's praesidium also gave a talk explaining auxiliary membership. Both secretaries read reports of the work of the last six months, which were really impressive. After the closing prayer the children, most of whom are auxiliary members, presented the play "Joseph and His Brethren", which seemed to be enjoyed by all. After the play the members and the children came over to the rectory for refreshments, which the members had provided. There was just one element to dampen the ardor of the occasion: it poured all afternoon.

SEP 9 At midnight of the 8th daylight saving time ended, and as we had not had previous notice of this change, we had not made provision for it. But we took it for granted that the people would come at the usual sun time. Accordingly we said Mass at 6:00 instead of 7, and found our usual congregation there. If Koreans have clocks, they do not bother much about them, but rise when it is light and go to bed when it is dark, if they feel like it. As Dr. Oum remarked to me, "The Korean people are not the slaves of time." Daylight saving time is a western importation about as practical here as women's high heeled shoes - but it looks modern.

SEP 13 After baptizing a man, dispensing him from making the Interpellations, and declaring that by the Pauline Privilege he was free to marry a Catholic, we take care of his bride to be, who had been living with him for the past twenty years, and then married the twain. As in all such cases we had advertized for the missing original wife of our neophyte, and had received no reply. We recall that a former missionary in Korea had sent an advertisement to a newspaper in similar circumstances, and was surprised when he saw an ad asking for information about his lost wife. After he had protested to the newspaper office, they published a notice saying that the Father had not lost his wife.

SEP 20 A young Belgian who had served two years in the army in Korea, and who had returned here shortly after his discharge to marry a Korean girl, called upon us late in the evening to make arrangements. We told him to get his baptismal certificate and testimony of free state, and that if the girl is not a Catholic, that she must begin studying right away. He seems to think that she is a lapsed Catholic. In either case she will need instruction.

KOREA - Okchon Diary for September 1955 (Father Joseph R. Herbert)

Until Father Roy Petipren took charge last December, the Okchon Mission had been under the care of Korean priests. The last pastor, Father Kim, is now stationed in Seoul. At present our territory comprises three Kuns or counties with a total population of approximately 300,000. In Okchon we have the Parish of St. Theresa of the Child Jesus and two missions; Yongtong Kun has seven mission stations and Poun Kun has eight. The total Catholic population numbers 1,040. Even more encouraging is the number of Catechumens, 1,442. In the past the distance between the parish and some of the missions resulted in many falling away from the faith. Even now many undergo great hardship to come to Sunday Mass. Take for example the three women from Allam. Almost every Sunday morning they travel over 15 miles to attend Mass and to receive instruction in the doctrine. They must be on the way before daybreak in order to make the 9:00 Mass. When you see examples like this, you know that Korea

is 'white for the harvest'.

Remember Our Lord's admonition, "If the blind lead the blind both shall fall into the pit?" At Okchon we have positive proof that Jesus was speaking only of the blind of heart. Raphael is a Christian of many years. Before the war he knew many of our priests in the North. The fact that he is blind did not hinder him from searching out Father Pardy once hostilities had ended. Father then brought him to our old folks home. As long as Father Petipren celebrated Mass at the home he had no problem. When Father moved to the present site and began using the small chapel, it was different. How to get to daily Mass was a difficulty. Ingeniously he made use of a fellow elder and a piece of string. Each morning as dawn breaks over the mountains Raphael may be seen being led to church with the string. His friend is still a pagan but by good example and daily presence at Mass he has been led to studying the doctrine and may soon be baptized. Yes, by the light of faith even the blind can lead others into the Church.

Yet, for many it isn't so simple. The Koreans have a custom where by a marriage is simply dissolved because of incompatibility or the absence of offspring. Such a union is not considered to be a true marriage and the couple go their separate ways. The husband usually takes the initial step. If you ask them whether they have been married previously, they, and in all sincerity, answer in the negative. A girl from a neighboring village married such a man after he had told her father that he was single. Only later did she discover the truth. After their first child was born, she desired to enter the Church. When we learned of her condition she was told that she could not be baptized as long as she continued to live with him. She broke down in tears at the news. She continues to study the catechism and her husband has begun to show an interest in the Church. The possibility of using the Pauline Privilege is present. However you cannot stress this too much as his former wife may answer in the positive to the interpellations. There is still shortage of eligible men and if his first wife hasn't remarried she will jump at the chance to live with him again.

The physical plant is also increasing. The latter half of August found the new rectory ready for occupancy. There are three bedrooms, an office, kitchen, dining room, cellar and large attic may be used for storage. The new church 90 ft. by 34 ft. will be finished sometime in December. At present the roof is being tinned, outside walls stuccoed, and the sub-floor is being laid. Father Petipren also looks after the old folks home and a small orphanage. Recently a grant of \$3,000 was received from a relief agency to repair and extend the home. At present only six elders are living there but once the cold weather sets in, requests for admission will increase.

When we mention building, of necessity a few words must be written about the work of Brother Ralph. He has been worth his weight in gold to Father Petipren. The Koreans are good workers but have no conception, naturally, of American building methods. As an architect, the Korean simply does not erect durable buildings. They build for present needs and let the future take care of itself. This is exemplified in the words of John Pak, the labor boss, "The way Brother checks the work, you would think that he wants the church to last a hundred years." When Brother heard about the remark, he smiled and said, "Not one hundred years, two hundred."

When Brother Ralph tells the cement brick makers that he wants 140 bricks from a bag of cement, they laugh. "Doesn't he know that they can make at least 500 from a sack?" "Look at the new school we built," they ask "doesn't it look good?" Today it does, but in twenty years it will be a wreck. Each day Brother has to check their work. He counts the number of bricks and then tests their quality by striking two together. The bricklayers also tend to use too much sand in the mortar, but once they realize that Brother can tell the difference in mixtures, they follow orders.

Then again, Brother may reject some of the lumber and even tell the carpenters not to use the pieces. "Look at the waste", they think; when he isn't looking they will use them. But when he returns, you may be sure that bad lumber will be torn out. Each day he must check the materials. They have a tendency to disappear if not watched.

In the middle of the month one of the workers came to us with a serious infection on his left forearm. For three days we cleaned and dressed the wound. Each time with a big bow and smile he would say, "Kamsamnita, Thank you." About two hours after his last treatment, Brother Ralph let out a yell as he saw our ailing friend making off in broad daylight with cans of relief goods. Altogether, Brother found seven empty boxes. Thanks to his great patience and sense of humor the combined job of builder and watchman doesn't unnerve him. When he feels his French ~~brood~~ reaching the boiling point he walks away. Knowing we are most fortunate having him at Okchon, is the best way to express our sentiments.

At the beginning of the month Father Petipren and I met Father Pardy and his men at Poun. The purpose of the trip was to examine the present church property and to make temporary plans for the establishment of a parish here in the not too distant future. The present chapel is situated on a hill outside of the town. The property offers an excellent view but it isn't accessible to the people. Perhaps land can be purchased nearer to the center of Poun.

One of the highlights of the month was a visit that same afternoon to Song Ni San, (literally, Leave the Secular Life Mountain), the site of a famous Buddhist Monastery and Shrine about 30 miles from Okchon. Its origin dates back over 1,800 years. At one time there were over 3,000 monks living there. Thousands of pilgrims would visit the Shrine at one time. Even today you can still see a huge caldron in which they cooked their rice and a large trough like vessel which held their kimjhi. The Japanese fostered Buddhism. About twenty years ago a Japanese monk came to Song Ni San and erected a 75 foot concrete statue of Buddha. Within the statue are buried gold rings, knives and other objects made of precious materials. So far I haven't been able to discover the reason for this. At present there are ten temples in the area and forty male and twenty female monks are in residence. They are celibates and lead a strict monastic life.

During the month we were visited by Paris Foreign Missionaries and the Columban Fathers. On the 11th Fathers Coyos and Du Pont came in from Taejon to see the new church and to pick up a few pointers for the one which they will soon build. Last June I met Father Coyos at the New York House. Father made the famous 'March to the Yalu River' with Bishop Byrne and Father Booth. He relates his experiences in an article entitled "Arrest of a Missionary in Korea" which appeared in last Summer's Worldmission.

On the 15th, Father Pardy came in with the Columban Society Superior, Father Garrity, and Father Derry. They were over seven hours on the road from Taegu where they had attended the consecration of Bishop Saw. Ordinarily the trip takes less time but they happened to buy gas at the wrong place. When their jeep stalled a few miles outside of Taegu, an examination of the carburetor disclosed a good quantity of dirt. The next morning Father Petipren gave them good gasoline and they were on their way to Chongju and Seoul.

Earlier in the month Hank Wood of C.I.C. and Lt. Vivian May, a nurse attached to K.C.A.C. (Korean Civilian Assistance Corps) dropped in for a visit. Since soft drinks are a non-entity here, Father gave them the Korean equivalent, honey and water. This worked wonders because they returned in two days loaded down with coke for the padres.

To halt the trend toward inflation, President Rhee declared the official rate of exchange would be 500 whan to the American dollar. Previously you could get from 700 whan up for the dollar. At the same time for reasons unknown to anyone, he authorized an increase in foreign airmail rates from 71 whan (10¢ according to the old exchange) to 205 whan (40¢ according to the present exchange). This has forced us to make greater use of our A.P.O. privileges even though we may only go once a week to Taejon. Local prices are the same or a bit higher. So the new exchange rate doesn't help the poor Korean, but it does effect the missionary whose buying power is now decreased two hundred whan to the dollar.

The diary would not be complete without a word concerning Michael our cook. At present he is still in the first stages of learning how to prepare food American style. Despite his meager knowledge, he does a fair job and no one need lose weight at his expense. But cleanliness is not his forte. In order to remedy the situation Father Petipren took him to Chongju on the 28th, hoping that a day or two observing the cook at the Center House, might give him a few ideas about cooking and above all about keeping the kitchen neat and clean.

In his absence Brother Ralph and I attacked the kitchen. The place was in such a sad state that we just shook our heads and expressed the same thought, "What this place needs is Sister Agnella and Staff." Luckily we remembered a few pointers and by night fall everything had been cleaned and order restored. Brother made a tray for the silverware which previously had been stacked in old tin cans. An hour after Michael's return he had the silver everywhere but in the tray. But in five minutes everything was in place again. Perhaps he couldn't understand my broken Korean but Germans have a way of expressing what they mean in other ways. Each day now we go in to check on him. After a few months he will be all right, you just have to keep after him.

On the last day of September the Koreans celebrated the Ju Song Nal - Full Moon Day. The festivities last at least two days and may extend to four or five. This is the time when the Koreans are expected to visit the graves of their ancestors. You could see many making their way along mountain paths. Very early in the morning, if not immediately after midnight, the Koreans prepare special foods on a small table, then they bow three times to this offering and finally burn incense before it. All this is done to honor and to placate the spirits of the dead. Also at this time the young men and women who are living away from home are expected to return and pay their respects to their parents. The buses, trucks and trains were crowded with people dressed in their best. On the following days Field Days and special entertainments round out the festivities.

JAPAN - Tokyo Diary for August and September 1955

(Father Joseph J. McGahren)

On August 25th our ship finally left the States bound for the Orient via the northern route marked by the Aleutian Islands. The trip across was uneventful with the exception of two very rough days. We bypassed Japan in order to unload cargo at our first stop, Pusan - the so called 'Pearl of the Orient'. The whole trip across took only thirteen days.

At Pusan we had our first glimpse of the Orient. Before our ship anchored in the harbor we were surrounded by small power boats overflowing with Korean 'slick' boys trying to trade liquor and money for American cigarettes. One sailor purchased a bottle of Canadian whiskey. He took one sip and said it was the best Japanese brandy he ever had. The whole transaction was so crooked it was comical. Three little boys rowed alongside while the bartering was going on. They weren't in business, however, just plain hungry. The Fathers promptly raided the galley and let go over the side with cookies, apples, and oranges. One little boy just stood in the middle of

the rocking boat catching everything that came he way- two hands, one hand, back-handed. We named him Sylvester.

Later in the afternoon we arrived on shore and Father Connors was on hand to meet us. He took us through the visa bureau in a matter of minutes thanks to the foresight of Father Rhodes in obtaining visitor permits for us. Despite all that we had heard and read about Korea we were really startled as we drove through Pusan to Father Connors' mission. The place was jammed with refugees and it seemed that they were all out in the streets. Our driver put his hand on the horn and kept it there as we ploughed our way along. When we stopped at an intersection I saw a little boy about 8 years old standing on the corner with nothing on. He was just one of the many thousands of homeless, hungry children that roam the streets of Pusan striving to keep alive. The poverty and suffering of these poor people is beyond description.

As we drove through Pusan we saw a conglomeration of Korean and American style dress. The younger men wore regular suits while the old Patriarchs stuck to their white linen dress and stove pipe hats. The women dressed in immaculate white kimonos. The vast majority however were dressed in rags of every description which were treated very carefully since it was all they possessed. The downtown transportation system was a panic. Buses and trolleys were literally overflowing with people; arms and elbows protruded everywhere. The roads were rugged and bumpy and the smells left no room for imagination- especially at night when the 'honey buckets' were collected.

When we arrived at Father Connors' mission we were pleasantly surprised at the imposing building and compound. The neighboring children flocked around laughing and giggling, pulling our arms in every direction. At Father Connors' request we removed our shoes and visited the new church. There were no benches or kneelers - just a plain wooden floor where the Koreans kneel or sit. Everything was neatly arranged and very impressive. After the visit we went downstairs to see the new school, the back of which serves as living quarters for Father Connors and his Korean curate. Once again we removed our shoes since the floors were made of hard pressed paper which can be heated underneath. It felt very comfortable.

That same evening Father Connors took us to the best and only clean restaurant in town. The lights went out once and we just sat there, our hands on our wallets, until kerosene lamps were lighted. The meal was very tasty and we finished it off with an old Maryknoll favorite, sliced apples. Two of us remained behind at the mission that night while the others returned to the ship. While waiting for the boat back to the ship a slicki boy offered the group a ride at a special price. Fortunately, however, Father O'Brien spotted the regular boat in time. We lose a lot of missionaries that way.

The following morning Father Branley and I offered Mass at St. Mary's mission. The devotion of the people was a real experience. At the Consecration and Communion their heads almost touched the floor in devout adoration. The men knelt on the Gospel side and on the Epistle side the women, covered with white linen veils. Even the children maintained profound silence. After Mass we had breakfast with Father Connors and then joined the rest of the group over at the Maryknoll Sisters' Clinic. As we approached the Clinic the street was lined on both sides with hundreds of refugees sitting or lying in every position waiting their turn. Every so often a Sister would come out to take immediate care of the more severe cases. The sight of the children, particularly, in bandages, covered with plaster casts, or suffering from malnutrition, moved us the most. Some of the Fathers just didn't have the heart to take pictures of so much suffering.

The Superior, Sister Angelica, took us on a complete tour of the clinic. The Sister in charge of the patients showed us an active file of over 70,000 patients per month. There's never a dull moment there and the Sisters are on the go all day, six and a half days a week. The task seems endless but thanks to the generosity of

our GI's and the charity of the people at home the clinic is well provided for and soon will be replaced by a new hospital. The opportunities for conversions as a result of such a project are most encouraging.

During the remaining three days in Pusan Father Connors showed us some of the sights and introduced us to several chaplains, Father Barrett O.P., and Father Lupo. The very next day Father Barrett, the Air Corp chaplain, brought us out to the site of a new Carmelite foundation where Father Branley celebrated Mass for the Sisters. The group of nuns were all Korean with the exception of the Belgian Superior. They were living temporarily in Korean thatched roof huts with a small two-by-four shack which served as their chapel. The inside was very clean and simple. There was only room enough for the Sisters to attend while the rest of us remained outside saying our Office. Nearby was a large Korean pot which was filled with a native delicacy called 'kimchi'. It smelled out of this world but the Koreans thrive on it. After Mass we had an opportunity to take a few pictures of the Sisters who were not, as yet, cloistered. Their new convent should be ready before winter, thanks to Father Barrett and Captain Andrew, an army construction engineer.

On our way back to Pusan that afternoon we came upon a sad spectacle. A baby boy had been crushed by a passing truck. The chaplain went over to investigate but said it was too late. Meanwhile we could see the mother of the child being restrained by the roadside just frantic with grief. Father explained that over here a male child means everything and that consequently this was a far greater loss to the mother than if it were a girl.

Our last day in Pusan was highlighted by a Solemn High Mass at the local army base, Hialeah. Father Lupo, a Trinitarian and an outstanding army chaplain, arranged the whole affair. All the GI's on this compound were restricted due to the recent trouble. It seems the Koreans were violently protesting the presence of members of the UN observing team who represent Communist satellite countries. As a result the soldiers had to keep a 24 hour guard posted to prevent an international incident.

The Mass was held on the base at 6 P.M. Fathers Zahn, O'Brien, and O'Neill, all ex-servicemen, were the ministers. Fathers Colligan, Branley, and Brother Jerome formed the choir with Father Walsh at the organ. At the chaplain's request I said a few words on vocations and the power of good example in Christian living. The boys were greatly impressed by the Mass - particularly the fine Gregorian chant. After Mass there was a big barbecue for one and all. It was then that Father Walsh met the chaplain's organist and discovered he was a former concert pianist. Father Lupo was delighted with the turn of events and couldn't do enough for us.

That evening when we returned to the ship there was all sorts of shooting going on. Some 'slicki' boys had just pulled up to one of the barges by the ship and had helped themselves to a few bales of army clothing. The Korean soldiers on guard spotted them getting away and opened up with their rifles. They hit everything in sight but the fleeing bandits. At this unpropitious moment an Army tug steamed by directly in the line of fire. This didn't phase the Koreans who just kept pouring volley after volley across the tug at the disappearing power boat. The next morning a GI told us the whole affair was an inside job and a regular occurrence - in fact one time a whole bargeload of equipment disappeared. Poor South Korea.

On September 13th our ship left Pusan and arrived in Yokohama two days later. Fathers Witte, Diffley and Brother Adrian were on hand to greet us and help us through customs. There was no difficulty until an official discovered that Father O'Neill had a pound of tobacco instead of a half pound...dum de dum, dum. The duty was promptly paid and the tobacco was returned to Father O'Neill. He had brought it over for Fr. Kuechmann. We went directly to the Tokyo house and arrived in time for supper, American

style. The building arrangement provided ample facilities for all and was well designed for language study. A separate building is provided for language students. Since Fr. Witte had such a large territory to cover as Society Superior, Father Diffley has been made the Local Superior.

The first week of language school measured up to expectations. It was a corker. We began our course at our own house under the guidance to two Japanese professors. We had arrived a week late and had to go all out to catch up with the other groups. Three young Scarborough Bluff Fathers arrived at the same time and joined our classes. At the end of the week everyone was convinced that the coming year would be a busy one.

MEXICO - Tihosuco Diary for September 1955

(Father Vincent H. Montague)

SEP 1 The month opens with pastor Father Verhagen in Merida on business and with curate Father Montague at the wheel in Tihosuco. The latter is fresh from vacation and raring to go. Being First Thursday, confessions are many and the following day attendance at Mass and Holy Communion is very satisfying.

SEP 4 Our organist sings his first Mass since his return from his honeymoon. He is from Merida but married a local Maya girl. At his insistence she abandoned her native Maya costume and took to the city dress. This happens occasionally throughout the peninsula but never before in Tihosuco. I think this caused many a raised eyebrow, though, to my knowledge, nothing was said openly. On the other hand, I'm sure that many of the girls would like to do the same but haven't got the courage to make such a complete break with tradition. The Maya dress is a very sensual costume and no one should be sorry to see it go.

SEP 6 When Father Norb first came to Tihosuco he started the in-many-ways admirable custom of having the married men of the parish take turns each week at being sacristan. This morning Don Rufino tells me he can't fill out his week but will send Don Feliciano in his place. Next morning neither arrives. So at 5:00 realizing that no bell is going to be rung, I rush out into the churchyard in the pitch blackness and give the first "llamada". Since no one owns a clock or a watch, the "llamadas" are very important to let the people know that Mass is about to begin. After the third they start to trickle into church.

SEP 16 The day dawned damp and rainy with a slight breeze blowing. The weather really wasn't too unusual and we had no warning of what was to come. For some strange reason Father Norb suggested that I show him how to bake a cake. The day was too miserable to get any outside work done and we had both pretty well caught up on our office work. This was my second attempt at cake baking in Tihosuco and since the first had turned out so well, we set out with some degree of confidence. So we spent the whole morning in the kitchen, and in spite of the fact that our oven is only a little metal box which we set on top of our two-plate kerosene stove, the thing actually turned out very well. When we finally got out of the kitchen the first thing we noticed was that the wind had risen considerably. It was a real gale. By 12:00 noon we knew we were in for it.

The minutes flicked by and the wind continued to rise. Pieces of thatch began to fly off the houses surrounding the plaza. The corrugated tin roof on our dining room began to rise and fall like someone slowly waving a huge fan. Then the bathroom roof, of similar construction, began to do the same. By now we had to shout to be heard. Then came a knock at the back door. It was Don Elias, our handy-man, and he was scared. He, his wife, and four children live at the back of our property in two thatched-roof huts, like all the natives around here. One they use as sleeping quarters, the other serves as the kitchen. The hurricane had already torn the roof off the one and they had moved to the kitchen. But then the entire building began to shake

and so Elias had come to us asking if he could bring his family to the rectory, a stone building. We shouted: "Of course, but for God's sake hurry." He turned and ran like blazes.

In 30 seconds he was back with the entire tribe. We began the rosary and afterwards took another look out into the plaza. We saw Don Esteban's store, it is of stone, and half of one entire wall had fallen in. Rain was pouring in on his merchandise. The roof of the corn mill had collapsed. Another store had lost its roof. Trees were bent at 45 degree angles and a few people carrying their possessions to friends' houses with roofs that were withstanding the storm were walking at the same crazy angle to keep from being blown over backwards.

People began to trickle into the rectory. Before long there were about 30 refugees. About 1:00 or perhaps 2:00 I put on my big rubber poncho and headed for church. It was appalling. One plywood door separating an outside corridor from the church had been blown open and simply shattered into a million pieces. Since we have only one third of a roof, nothing escaped the rain. Ordinarily everything under the roof stays dry but with the terrific wind, everything was soaked. A small statue of St. Anthony was lying on its side with an arm broken. Father Norb came in about that time and together we took the big statue of Our Lady off her pedestal and put her safely in a corner. The other statues were likewise put in safe places. We did what we could, but we were powerless to prevent further damage. We wanted to prop the big side doors of the church shut but were afraid to go near them. They are over twenty feet high and are some eight inches thick, but the wind roaring through the church was throwing them against the walls as if they didn't weigh an ounce.

When we returned later, after the storm had died down, we found one of them in the center of the church, wrenched from its moorings and thrown a distance of 30 feet. Back in the house we took a look at the two corrugated roofs. Thank God the dining roof was still on, but then...we saw the bathroom. It looked like someone had taken a gigantic hammer and had given it one good bang. The beams were split in two and corrugated iron lay among them in a crumpled mass on the floor.

But we still had all the people in the house to think of. They were hungry. Most of them had not eaten since breakfast. So we made two big buckets of coffee and boiled some 50 eggs--we had nothing else--and gave them that. They were very glad to get something warm inside them because most of them were wet and shivering and our towels and shirts had long since been exhausted.

By 6:00 the storm had died down to a gentle murmur, and as darkness fell people began to get ready to spend a miserable night. Don Esteban had brought over most of his merchandise and our homeless parishioners were trying to make themselves comfortable on the boxes and crates. The night was filled with snoring, grunts and groans, and the sound of crying babies--all very strange in our usually peaceful rectory.

The next morning everyone was up at the crack of dawn, starting the long task of rebuilding, saving what could be saved, and trying to find items that the wind had blown down the block. Wandering through the streets it was so pathetic to see the sorry mess the storm had left behind. A good half of the houses had collapsed completely. Others were roofless, or tilted at crazy angles. None had escaped some damage.

However, the worst news was yet to come when the people brought back news from their cornfields. Houses can be rebuilt, clothing dried out. But the corn... completely ruined. It is the only means of livelihood in these parts and without it, it means a year of pretty near starvation. Maybe we'll get government aid, but it is doubtful. Many will probably migrate to other pueblos, where the hurricane didn't hit, to look for work. The outlook is none too pleasant.

SEP 17 Cleaned up the bathroom today and then had the most inspiring experience of taking a shower by the light of the stars. Most conducive to meditation.

SEP 18 Sunday - good attendance at Mass. Father Norb 'kinda hit'em when they were down', noting how eager each is to help the other now that all are in the same boat, and then recalling an event of some 2 weeks ago when one family's house and everything in it burned to the ground. On that occasion the married ladies group of Catholic Action were able to raise only \$26.15 (pesos), about \$2.00 after canvassing every house in town.

SEP 21 Pancho, our organist, leaves for Chikindzonot on foot to ask the people there to pick up 3 catechetical Sisters at Kaua on the highway and bring them by mule to their village. He returns at 4:00 that afternoon having found the road impassable even on foot.

SEP 23 Hilda certainly left her calling card. Not even a half-starved mule can get through on the trails where trees are piled up like toothpicks.

SEP 24 A note on old wrapping paper comes from Father Norb still in Mahas only 10 miles away, saying that he won't be able to get out until the morrow when the Mahas men clear the road before him.

SEP 26 I spend the rest of the month waiting for the road to be opened for mule travel so that mail can get in and out. Have had no mail for almost 2 weeks. Fortunately my battery radio keeps me up on the news, particularly what Hilda and Janet are doing elsewhere.

SEP 30 The muleteers say they will leave on the following day, so it looks like we are back in contact with the world.

MEXICO - Tihosuco Diary for October 1955

(Father Vincent H. Montague)

OCT 3 Mail arrives bringing news of the disaster in Chetumal. Hurricane Janet leveled the town and took over 200 lives.

OCT 5 Aniceto arrives from his home pueblo to take up translating work with us. His native tongue is Maya but he has learned Spanish quite well on his own. He will also give the Father lessons in Maya.

OCT 7 Sick call today to Herculano Tec, pillar of the Tihosucan church. I find that he has been sick for almost 2 months, but it seems there has been a conspiracy to keep it all a deep, dark secret from the padre. I hear his confession and give him some Terramycin capsules. The next morning he receives Our Lord in Holy Communion with great fervor.

OCT 9 Jorge, Herculano's oldest boy, comes to see me tonight to tell me they are taking his dad to Valladolid by mule to see a doctor. Herculano is extremely weak; God knows if he will last the trip.

OCT 11 Try to get through to Chikindzonot, our biggest mission station, but find the road impassable. Hilda will be remembered here for some time to come.

OCT 13 Have taken seriously to the study of Maya. Today, as if by some sudden inspiration, I began to catch glimpses of the light. It's such a wonderful experience to be able to say a few phrases to the children and to be met with other than a blank stare.

OCT 20 Through funds from Maryknoll Brother Cornelius is able to buy us a ton of corn, 200 lbs. of sugar and 200 lbs. of beans. These will be used as relief good for those left destitute by the hurricane. For 5 days I try to get volunteers to go to Tixcacalcupul to bring it in, but with no success. Today I jump at an offer of 15¢ (centavos) per kilo to have the whole shooting match hauled in. I was quite disappointed at the lack of generosity.

OCT 25 The sugar was distributed today. Utter chaos. God knows how many enemies I made. I guess I'll have to get out my old diaries and see how they do it in S.A. and in the Orient.

OCT 30 Take a trip to Mahas today after binating here. I hear confessions during Rosary and then say evening Mass. Having preached on the value of confession at Mass, I am gratified to have more confessions after Mass, and a total of 25 Communion the following morning. This is something of a record for Mahas where, outside of their annual fiesta, they average 6 Communion a visit. The Holy Spirit must certainly have been with me, for these Maya-speaking people get precious little out of a Spanish sermon. On this happy note we bring October's diary to a close.

GUATEMALA - San Miguel Acatan dated November 1955

(Father James M. Scanlon)

Things are slowly changing here in San Miguel. Sometimes I wonder if it is for the best. A year ago the church looked like a barn - with its straw roof; dirt floor; black walls from the smoke of candles; collapsing balcony and altars within the church of mud and stone on which sat weird looking boxes within which were the statues, or santos, as the people call them, clothed in dirty rags. At that time also, the people doing their costumbre put their candles all over the floor of the church; prayed in a loud voice; carried on conversations as if they were at the market and sat against the walls of the church talking and joking. At the time of fiesta it was bedlam - with candles, smoke, fleas and noise.

Something had to give since we had the Blessed Sacrament reserved in the church and these goings-on were not exactly respectful. We started cleaning up the insides of the church. Little tables were put near the altar rail, covered with tin for the candles. The people were told not to put candles on the floor. After disposing of about 200 candles the people finally caught on. But the candles would fall on the tables - knock over other candles and before you knew it there would be quite a fire. We put sand on the tables so that they could insert their candles but within a day or two it would harden up because of the wax and wouldn't serve its purpose. Then we put mud on the tables but this would dry up in no time. But the poor people were tired of standing the candles on end so they got the habit of just throwing the candles on the tables and before you knew it the flames would be ten feet high. I know this because as I stood by the table the flame would be well over my head. In the meantime we had started the repairing of the church, and the people of costumbre didn't like this, so they sent in complaints to the governor and Bishop and the Lord only knows who else.

Finally a complaint was sent into the governor with 500 names on it, mostly thumb prints, and the governor came up to investigate. The complaint was that I did not do their baptisms; I would not allow them inside the church; and I would not allow them to light candles inside the church. They didn't know the governor was coming. On his arrival he saw the church filled with people and their candles which took care of their last two complaints. And when I told him I had 360 Baptisms within the three months before his arrival he knew the whole thing was a lie. At the time, I brought up the unlawful collection that the costumbre men were taking up each year - under the guise of candles for the church. We figured the collection was well over 1000 dollars and they would bring to the church about five dollars worth of candles. As a result of the

visit, the collection was outlawed and the mayor was told to enforce it; and as a punishment for their lies in the complaint, no more candles were to be burned in the church. So the little tables were put outside the church - well in front of it. One big problem solved.

We threw out the boxes in which the santos were "enthroned"; pulled down the dirt altars; all without complaints. That encouraged us. The dirty cal was pulled off the walls. It took two months to put in six big windows. That was because the walls were more than six feet thick. Niches were put in the walls and all were covered with a clean layer of cal. In the meantime the carpenters put up a new balcony and the masons made new stairs. By Holy Week we had the statues back in their niches which were surrounded by a row of tile. Everything looked real nice except for the dirt floor and straw roof.

Tile was ordered from Huehuetenango and the new tile floor was started by the middle of April. By June it was finished and really was the touch that made the insides look more like a church than a barn. The tile is maroon and white put into a very nice design which brightened the whole place up. For Corpus Christi Father John Lenahan, Rudolph Kneuer and John Fay came up with the Sisters from Huehuetenango and we had the blessing of the new floor and the erection of the new Stations of the Cross. The roof is still of straw, but we have started collecting and we should be able to change the roof next year.

Most of the money for this work was raised by the Catholics here in San Miguel. The people who do costumbre didn't help with one centavo. But now that the work is finished they are pleased and actually were afraid to come into the church. But when I invited them inside they were really grateful. We then put a small table in the church which is designed to hold only 38 candles with a small offering box in front. The costumbre people took the hint and now put a little offering in the box each time they put a candle on the table. This is the first financial help we have received from them - which is a good sign.

In the meantime the work in the aldeas progressed also. I had promises of 7 new chapels. But then again this is the land of tomorrow. We didn't get seven chapels - but we are batting more than .500 because we did get four. They are all completed. One has already been blessed and the new statue of St. Anthony enthroned. We waited a year for the other three statues and they finally came in last month. Now we'll be able to bless the last three chapels before the New Year.

You may have read in the papers in the States of the drought we had last year. Because of that the harvest was very poor and if it wasn't for the corn that came from the States I'm sure many would have starved. At one time corn was as high as 15 cents a pound when it is usually between 3 to 5 cents. Here in the parish we gave away over a ton of food which had come through the Papal Nuncio from the States; and also 2,500 pounds of powdered milk which came from the UNICEF. It was really something to see all the youngsters from the school lined up everyday outside the convento with their cups, or glasses or jars for the milk. The members of the women's society mixed the milk each day and had it ready when the youngsters had recreation. There was a line of 144 children each day and over the period of ten months it must have helped some of them. But even there, we had some discouragement, since the real diehard costumbre people wouldn't allow their children to come for milk because as they said, the padre was putting poison in it. Silly, but that is the way things are.

A year ago - I was all hepped up on the catechetical system that we had started here in the parish. It started with a bang but the old enthusiasm ran out in many cases. Where I had over 250 lined up to work as catechists - I'd say right now there are about fifty working at it. Although we have had results. In the year just past there

were 67 marriages; over 9,000 confessions and well over 30,000 Communion. All this is an improvement - but if the catechetical system was really working as it should we would have had double everything. But there is no doubt that the ball has started to roll and it is picking up momentum. The old cry is here, as it is throughout Latin America, we need more priests. We are not calling for 40,000, Forty would be good enough. With two priests here in San Miguel we could really go to town. But then again - most of the other parishes in Huehuetenango could use one or two more priests.

The Church of San Miguel is about 400 years old. It must have been some kind of a center a few centuries ago. I know that there was a resident priest here about 150 years ago but none from that time until Father Al Smith came in 1946, who, because of health, had to leave eight months later. After a lapse of four years Father George Ratermann came here and he had to start from the beginning except for the 40 Catholics that were here from Father Al Smith's time. So in a sense we can say that this is a young mission, less than six years old. The progress has been good. There have been many consolations. But when thinking of the population of 20,001 and only about 800 can receive the Sacraments it can be discouraging sometimes. However, the years in the future look good - and with the grace of God we are hoping to see even more progress so that the people will be raised from their superstitions to a real life of Grace.

PERU - Ayaviri Diary for September 1955

(Father Rene Archambault)

The month of September was a particularly busy one in Ayaviri. The central feature of the month is the feast of "Nuestra Señora de Alta Gracia" on the eighth. This is the principal feast of the parish. In true South American style, the activities of this feast are prolonged over a period of about two weeks. At the very beginning of the month the town takes on a new complexion. People stream in from all parts gradually swelling the population to about 3 times its normal size. The central plaza in front of the church becomes an open-air Macy's where anything from a safety-pin to a horse and saddle can be purchased.

The special observance of the feast was initiated in traditional fashion on the evening of the seventh. A beautiful display of fireworks illuminated the skies and fascinated the citizenry. The inclemency of the evening did not deter anyone from turning out, not even the Fathers. The old art of mixing flashes of fire arouses an unusual fascination among South Americans. Some of the principal expenses of the feast arise precisely from the desire of having a generous display of fireworks.

On three successive days, the large statue of Our Lady was carried through the streets. The central ceremony of the feast was the Solemn High Mass at 9 o'clock on the 8th. A crowd of unusual proportions filled the church to give honor to Our Lady. The principal sponsor of the feast, Mr. Francisco Brano, made good his promise to receive Our Lord at the Mass. After the Mass, all the principal figures in town met at the home of Mr. Brano to regale at his expenses.

The Indians of the parish had their day on the 10th. Large crowds assembled at the entry of the church for the traditional "Huacha Caray", a ceremony of semi-pagan origin where Indians dance, play music and generously distribute food and alcohol to one and all. Life is simple for most of the indigenous people. Consequently, they generally make capital of their opportunities to make merry. Unfortunately, an excess of alcohol generally blemishes their efforts at gaiety.

An important feature of the fiesta season are the bull fights. All other activity is suspended in Ayaviri during the three days dedicated to this fascinating spectacle. But, to the citizens of our little town, there is much more to these three days

than merely applauding the 'sang-froid' of the bull fighters. First of all, the spectator boxes must be erected. This work is undertaken in the early hours of the same day on which the fight is to take place. The bull ring rises like magic through the independent efforts of hundreds of people. Each little booth is like a little restaurant. There seems to be an endless supply of food reaching all the spectators as the fighters match their wits against the wiliness of the bulls.

The Octave day closed the fiesta season for the year. On that day, the sponsors for the various parts of next year's feast stepped forward to guarantee the success of the fiesta. All the various offices of the feast were filled. Consequently, the townspeople are happily reassured that the activities of next year's feast will be as plentiful and merry as ever.

The catechetical work received a special impetus during the month by an impressive visit of the catechists from Azangaro. The visitors made their appearance on the 6th, coming 60 strong. They marched into town in full regalia, proudly gauging their steps to the music of an accompanying band. Various speeches were made at the entry of the church, both in Spanish and Quechua, attracting the attention of the crowded plaza. More impressive still was their demonstration of faith. All went to confession and Communion on the day of the feast. Our own catechists promised that they too would soon imitate the fine example of this admirable group from our neighboring mission of Azangaro.

During the month our own group of catechists reached the number of sixty. The movement was extended into three new areas and all the former areas were revisited and consolidated. The effect of this new endeavor was especially appreciable in the large number of matrimonies reaching our office. Most of our Indian parishioners are extremely negligent about receiving the Sacrament of Matrimony. However, the catechetical movement already shows much promise in rectifying this situation. Moreover, we hope that through the gradual development of this new work, we will be able to prepare most of our country people for the reception of the Sacraments of Confession and Holy Communion. As it is presently, most of them spend their entire lives without approaching these sacraments.

Our Sunday collection reached a new high on the 4th of the month. On that day we collected 207 Soles. Formerly, the Sunday collection averaged about 60 Soles. However, since Father McConaughy organized a special group of men to pick up the collection, the amount of money donated each week has almost tripled. These men are known as "Celadores del Culto". They must be Catholics in good standing, fulfilling at least the minimum required by the laws of God and the Church.

PERU - Azangaro Diary for September 1955

(Father James M. O'Brien)

One of the most notable September occupations of a priest in the Peruvian high plain is the arrangement for marriages. This year for September the number was 63. The number was increased this season by the work of the 150 volunteer catechists. They brought in lists of unmarried people living in concubinage. In turn, with printed letters, we notified all these people to come to the rectory to talk with the priest. These docile Indians arrived in droves. They would say, "I received your letter and have come in to get married." With that we filled out the marriage formulary. We tell them to go to the catechist in their area to receive instructions and then to return to us two days a week. In this way we can determine if they are really learning the catechism.

In the parish office there is one secretary and two boys who act as assistant secretaries and catechists. They are all busy. In many cases it is difficult to find the baptismal certificates of the spouses and their offspring. But it is simpler now than before we had an index of the baptismal registers. During marriage season the three parish offices are always filled from nine in the morning through to six in the afternoon. Night is used for hearing confessions for the next day's weddings. Some-

times we have twelve in a day. The people come in from distances up to five hours away by foot. As they wait to be attended by the priest one of the boys teaches them catechism. They are relatively patient, but the priest is not always so. Without realizing it, because of the numbers and the pressure one is inclined to treat the docile Indians as though they were numbers and not persons.

To break the concubinage system, or trail marriage system, "servinacui", as it is called here will require time because of the antiquity of the custom. Almost always in this country area marriages are arranged by the parents. Sometimes it simply happens that the father of the boy goes to the house of the father of the girl and asks for her for his son. They live together if/or until they consider marriage feasible. Or it can happen that a boy meets a girl whom he likes in which case they meet until the parents discover them. Then the parents exchange consent so that their children live together openly. Then after a certain period they arrange for the marriage.

About 90% of the people who live this way remain faithful and marry usually within three months to six years. Unfortunately in the other 10% of the cases the man goes with another woman to leave the first one with children. Imagine the problems that occur in these cases. I suppose that about one percent of the married people separate to live again with another person. It is extremely difficult to get them to separate. The man protests, "Who will cook my food, wash and mend my clothes, pasture my sheep, and help me with my fields?" In some cases we have succeeded in getting them to separate and live with their parents or with their brothers and sisters.

We have had 32 death-bed marriages this year up to the present date. -- Fortunately marriage impediments are few. Although in some marriages the paternal and maternal (last) names of the parents of both parties are the same the spouses are not relatives. This is because in many areas there are only eight family names.

Marriages are a big occupation here. The first year that we came we had 150. In the second year there were 255, and to date this year we have had 207.

PERU - Ilave Diary for September 1955

(Father Thomas F. Garrity)

Christmas, Fourth of July, New Year's and Thanksgiving are all rolled into one whopping, big fiesta here in Ilave. It is the Feast of St. Michael, patron saint of all Ilaveños and of our village church. Hawkers come from a hundred miles around to set up their makeshift tents in our ordinarily spacious plaza. Barefooted Indians, by the thousands, with their Santa-Claus-like pack on their backs, meander from tent to tent in poker-faced silence. To "sell" them would seem to require a miracle of super-salesmanship. They meet all blandishments with a perfectly vacant stare. The smaller "kiosks" present a motley array of bauble that looks, for all the world, like the traditional white-man's barter equipment for the American Indian: knives, buttons, earrings, costume jewelry, etc. The larger kiosks do a much slower business in the luxury items, western style clothing, shoes and saddles, while the Park Avenue tents show a flashy display of Singer Sewing Machines and bright new bicycles. The Times Square "sharpies" accost one on the streets with pocketsfull of contraband watches, fountain pens and assorted jewelry and a fast-talking sales pitch to match. Magicians, fortune tellers and sleight of hand artists, performers and side shows, shooting galleries and peanut venders make up the backdrop for St. Michael's feast in Ilave.

Yet, it is fundamentally a religious atmosphere that pervades or at least struggles for survival. It all begins a week before the fiesta itself and ends up on the octave day. Work is at a standstill and we see a good many new faces at Mass and services. The Sunday within the octave, is celebrated as Rosary Sunday by the Indians and everyone of our 50,000 Indians try to get into church at one and the same time. It takes a good ten minutes to arrive at the sanctuary from the front entrance.

Strange as it seems, not one Indian in a thousand knows what the rosary is or how to pray it. If he should own one, it is usually hung around the neck like an amulet.

In the procession of St. Michael, when the Archangel, in heavy silver breast-plate helmet and sword is borne through the streets, it is to the accompaniment of blaring bands. One can imagine St. Michael's own wife and drum corps turning up their noses and blocking their offended ears. It is noisy. Kneeling Indians, crossing themselves madly, stare fixedly at the image, as if expecting, one would think a sudden apparition or a lethal stroke of the Archangel's sword.

Each night we put on our own show, of religious slide-films, drawing sizable crowds. Father Flaherty has tape-recorded the explanation of some of our slide films in the Aymara idiom. It has a tremendous effect, even to holding the peanut gallery in rapt silence. It is the first time many have ever seen a film and beyond a doubt, the first time most have heard the account of the Life of Christ and the Saints, not to mention their own language coming out of a box.

We don't know if St. Michael approves of the cinema, or being cast as a movie mogul perhaps, but we do feel sure that we are injecting a little more religion into his rousing festival.

PERU - Lima, St. Rose of Lima Parish Diary for Sept. '55 (Father John R. Kenny)

September 2nd we received five hundred "Care" packages containing three large tins of powdered milk, butter and cheese. Each of these packages were designed to last a family of five for one month. We thought we had organized the distribution problem. We started at 8:30 a.m. giving the packages to the people who had special cards marked with the parish seal. Within an hour however, over 1,500 poor people showed up with the hopes of getting a package. With the help of four police officers we still had things pretty well under control but as the time went by the people became impatient and they almost broke the door down trying to enter the office where we were distributing the parcels. We worked as fast as possible in order to get rid of these packages all during the day and finally at about 5:30 p.m. we finished the distribution. It was very hard work and at times very trying but it was worth it. Five hundred families had something decent to eat for a month.

Labor Day here in Lima was no Holiday. We finally received permission from the Government to have our Raffle and Carnival. The Maryknoll Sisters gave to our school children 430 chance books. During the week Father Kenny visited many Maryknoll friends throughout Greater Lima and was able to distribute 90 chance books and to arrange with the American, Chinese and Japanese Colonies to take charge of various stands or booths on the day of the Carnival. Sunday all the Father pitched in and helped to distribute another 60 chance books after each of the seven Masses.

PERU - Puno Diary for September 1955

(Father William Bergan)

The way to begin a mission story down here is to use the old line: "There we were - surrounded by a thousand Indians" - and then the follow-thru or punch line like "and only 999 holy cards to give away". Well, this morning there we were surrounded by two Indians who wanted Mass tomorrow morning. "They're all taken tomorrow". "Entonces, mañana?" "They're all reserved". "Entonces, mañana?" "There's none left". "Entonces, mañana?" "There ain't no more". "Entonces, mañana?" "There's none." "Entonces, mañana?" "No!" "Entonces mañana?" It's difficult to remember how it all ended except that there's one incoherent priest in the parish now. It's hard to say whether the trouble is language or custom - it seems that the Indian expects to be refused at first. Was it Bishop Ford or Bishop Walsh who said that the best preparation

for mission life was to sit and stare at a wall for two hours a day? For down here the verb and preposition have to be changed a bit: you should sit and talk to a wall for two hours a day.

At the parish the Indian marriage season is continuing strong. Generally after the beginning of the year the parents arrange the marriage and the bride-to-be comes to live with the groom-to-be till August, the beginning of the marriage season. The purpose of this living together seems not to see whether they can have children but to see if they can get along together. It's hard to say it's a formal sin, but some seem to be getting an idea that it's not quite right for they seem to be "living together" for a shorter time. In fact we've had a couple marriages where the couple lived together only a week. The marriage days are Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, depending on the number of days of feasting they want because feasting all ends with the 11:00 Mass on Sunday. The feasting seems a little rugged: a lot of food and also a lot of straight alcohol. Everybody drinks except the bride and groom - they have to stay cold sober. It's quite a sight to see the marriage procession out to the home village - the bride and groom soberly leading a straggling group of riotously happy friends.

Father McLellan's San Lucas Studies silk-screened some rather gaudy armbands for the catechists of Azanagro, Ayaviri, Puno and Ilave: red and black letters and a design on yellow and white cloth. Some distinctive apparel is necessary to show the catechist's special standing in the village. Father Flaherty was trying to figure out some distinctive hat for his catechists; and Father Kearns was thinking about some special sort of breastplate, so, of course, some character suggested a sandwich-board!

Four priests are studying the Aymara language at the Center House: Fathers Kearns, Stefaniak and John O'Brien who plan to open the Huancane parish in October, and Father Murphy who hopes to catechize the Ichu district of the Puno parish. They tell me the Aymara language is a suffix language with the root tending to get lost in a string of suffixes. There seems to be some question of the clerical propriety of speaking Aymara since it sounds like a rather vulgar series of gutterals and spitting sounds - at least, one has the tendency to duck when he hears the language. Father Murphy is in the infinitive-speaking stage of the language; he was out to Ichu for a little practice and had a hard time for a while but finally found an old woman who could interpret his "infinitive-Aymara" to the rest.

The parish Credit Union has over 150 members and over 10,000 soles captial and has temporary government approval. Father McLellan is waiting for full government approval before starting the big propaganda push on it. One of the first to take a loan was our not-so-dumb houseboy called "Lightning" and "Flash" for obvious reasons.

The construction of the Villa de Fatima, the motherhouse of the native Catechist Sisters, continues. We heard there is to be an article about the Sisters in the October FA - frankly we hope the article brings in some money because there's just about enough money on hand to finish the walls and put on the roof.

CHILE - Licanten Diary for September 1955

(Father Francis Assenmacher)

As the month opened we were having a mission in Iloca on the Pacific Ocean which was given by the one and only diocesan missionary, Father Luis Escalona. Two Sisters from the Apostolado Popular in Santiago were also there to visit all the homes and invite the folks to the mission. They wear ordinary street clothes so had a hard time convincing the people that they were Sisters. The pastor, Father McDermott planned to show slides during the mission but unfortunately the electrical installations are a bad job and nothing could be done.

After a week in Iloca the missionaries moved to Lora. Father McDermott spent a good deal of time helping out in both places. We both went to help with the torch-light procession with the Blessed Sacrament. The swaying lanterns stretching out for two blocks or so were a very nice sight. As the people knelt in the road, the missionary gave them short heart to heart talks. It was very impressive.

Through the efforts of the Sisters ten marriages were fixed up during the two missions. During the Iloca mission there were 425 Communions and 440 during the Lora mission.

Missions are very popular here in the country parishes and I think we must use them as much as we can if we want the people to be better Catholics. We definitely cannot do all the work ourselves. Just recently Father John Moriarty was telling me that in the Curepto parish they are going to have seven missions this year. Besides that a number of ranch owners will have their own missions. That means one or two missionaries will pass a week in each of the seven districts. For the rest of the year we can only give them Mass once or twice a month and maybe have Senoritas teach catechism to the children.

September 18 is Independence Day in Chile. This year it was a Sunday. The pastor advanced the children's Mass a half hour so that they would have plenty of time to go to their parade. However, as usual, the teachers insisted that the children be at school an hour before the parade. As a result the children's attendance at Mass dropped to about 30.

On the same day we started a monthly Mass in a new section of the parish. On the third Sunday of each month we have a Mass in Lora about five miles from here. After that Mass we continue another four or five miles where we will have a second Mass in a room of a private home. About 75 persons attended the first Mass there.

The Chilean pastor who was in this parish before we took over a little more than two years ago started a credit union. We continued to work with it and increased the number of members to 50. The credit union has made a fair number of loans and so has been of some service. However, it seems rather stagnant, partly because of the difficulty to organize these people and partly because during the same time the inflation has been about 400 per cent. Recently we invested most of the funds in soap and candles which we sell to the members a little cheaper than in the stores. From all this we hope to show the people that we are interested in them so that they will have a greater love for the Church.

On September 29 we celebrated the feast of the patron of the parish, San Miguel. We had five Masses that morning with an especially nice crowd for this place at the Solemn High Mass. After the last Mass we had a nice little procession through the town. There were about 125 Communions which we consider good. On the same day we had a dinner for the neighboring Chilean pastor who after 14 years is being transferred to another parish. There were three Chilean pastors present, the two of us, and Father Cappel from Curepto.

BOLIVIA - Calacala Diary for August 1955

(Father Donald R. Steed)

The first day of August marked the end of St. Anne's Fiesta. The fiesta was very good and orderly. All the devotions were well attended; about 60 children made their First Communion; not too many of the parishioners filled up with "chica"..... the best fiesta to date!

The past years have turned the Fiesta from a drinking bout into a Catholic fiesta. The change has been due to the efforts of previous pastors, and the parochial

groups, plus planning some months before. Two months ahead of time a meeting with the parish leaders provides an opportunity to talk over previous faults, and make up a better program. The main idea is to keep the people busy during the fiesta, and direct their interest to the spiritual part. The sports program during the novena and fiesta, plus free movies and fireworks, was sufficient to keep all occupied part of the time. The attractive devotions, processions, and ceremonies aided to the effectiveness of the religious element, which has been pushed as fast as possible. From year to year the sacramental work has been greater, and, at the same time, the festive program has been extended - all aimed at avdiding the big abuse.

The First Communion Mass for the parochial school children, who received their First Communion accompanied by their parents, made a great impression in all the city. The church was very tastefully decorated, thanks to the Sisters, and the choir was excellent. Father Walter Rosales was invited to give the children a short talk, and he came through in a style, well liked by the people, and spoke briefly but well.

The dispensary in Condebamba is nearing completion, and the finishing touches on the chapel seem to be the hardest to get done. The parishioners in that area, a few miles from the center, are being encouraged to contribute for the floor of the chapel. A few have come through with some "bolivianos", but the floor is a large, extensive expanse. Father Higgins reports that a next-door neighbor to the new chapel and dispensary has started to plaster and paint the walls of his shack. Since the man in question is a son-in-law of the night watchman, there is a strange coincidence.....the color of the walls in the shack are exactly the same as in the dispensary. The man might have liked the color of the dispensary walls and copied.

Recently one of the women, who lives near the Condebamba chapel, brought her husband his lunch, and returned home to prepare the children's meal. A sudden heart attack, and she left her husband a widower! The neighbors' comments were two: 1) the poor children without a mother, and 2) she is better off than being beaten by her husband.

Speaking of women carrying lunches reminds me that the local custom of the men being attended by their wives at the lunch hour is common. It appears that a wife is not a wife unless she brings her husband his dinner, where he is working. The more gusto the man puts into his eating, the better the wife!

Father Steed is on vacation this month, and just before leaving a group from his pastoral area came in to ask about building some sort of a chapel in their section. The place is called Villa Alfredo Galindo, and the population is increasing fast, and is a central spot. Since most of the people have shown a surprising amount of sacrifice in setting up their homes there, the keynote of the pastor's reply was that the church etc. will have to go up the same way.....by sacrifice.. They are trying to get the land for church property in their area. The Bishop is interested in the development on that side of the parish, yet fears the unethical attitude of the people. They might try to grab the land most suitable for the church, and loath to pay the owner a just price. The visiting committee was also advised of the Bishop's wishes in that respect.

Calacala made the news recently, and the story will become a legend in its history. Some time ago, about a year or so back, a Night Club was opened on the Calacala Avenida. A very charming caballero, who won the hearts of all Cochabambinos, was in charge. His name, which he always requested by properly spelled, was Dominique Spadale. In front of the club was hung the Bolivian and French flags. One night a carouser shot and puncture the French flag, and the offender was properly punished by the authorities.

Last week Dominique was missing. At first, there was no shouting since his trips to Santa Cruz were frequent of late. However, the news came out in due time.

He had fleeced all and sundry! Dominique Spadale was not his real name, he skipped Cochabamba, and when last seen, was crossing the border into Brazil.

The chairs in the club, dishes, tables, pots and pans, and all installations were borrowed, or partly paid for. He had floated loans from wherever possible, owed money to his many friends, sold equipment taken on trial, and even sold a bicycle, belonging to the bartender. The amount of his "take" is guessed to be twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars. So ended the "Club Paris", and gone is Dominique! N.B. We were not taken!

The school drive goes on for the new wing. We are up to about \$1,300 dollars and climbing slowly toward a distant goal. The school children are working hard to raise money, but the exchange of more than 3,800 bolivianos to the dollar finds them straining hard, but progressing slowly.

Our sacristan has been recruited for religion classes in the public schools. We have in all 40 classes a week, which are distributed among the Padres, Sisters, and catechists, plus Eduardo, our sacristan.

Two young ladies in the Chimba Chica section of our parish are volunteer catechists. On Sundays they explain the Mass and call us for any sick people; once a week they help us with religion classes. Their family is large, and there is a good chance that they may eventually go into a convent, even though the economical aspect is a problem. Being the oldest girls they may find it hard to enter the religious life. However we hope to help them if they decide on it, and, in any event, intend to use them as full time catechists, when they finish school.

The young ladies' Legion of Mary is moving along, and the few members are active in the parish. The boys' San Jose group is still keeping up interest; the men's San Joaquin Society weakened, but has revived after a few weeks of laziness; the women's three small groups are now combined into one. The latter group, due to the distance involved in calling the women together, has been in three areas. We are trying to combine them so as to avoid triplicating the same work. The altar boys are a problem at the moment and need more attention; the Maryknoll young ladies come to their weekly cooking and sewing bee but a program is being made for more effective results, beneficial to the parish. Plans for the future include a small boys' group to furnish members for the older Catholic Action section of San Jose.

High schools in Cochabamba are still on strike since last June, but the private schools are holding classes. The high school strikers are supporting the University strikers, and the University strikers are supporting the Autonomy of the University. Any other, or further explanation brings me into politics so we can stop right there. You may ask what the parents are doing? The answer is "nothing definite so far". The pastor of Calacala, who has been talking to parents for many years trying to get them to permit their children to make their First Communion, can understand the School Board's problem. Meantime, the High School teachers enjoy a long vacation with pay, and the students improve their game of soccer.

BOLIVIA - Cochabamba Diary for September 1955

(Father John B. Gallagher)

SEP 1 The month starts out with ten language students, Brother Bonaventure and Fr. Gallagher in residence. By now classes are well organized and are running smoothly. The weather is still a little on the wintry side as it snows frequently in the nearby mountains and the winds can be bitter cold but it is fine from about nine in the morning till five in the afternoon and the men prefer to have classes out of doors. This makes for an interesting show for some of the neighbor children and many

a passerby. They come in for a looksee and often ask for a holy card. Perhaps passing out of a few pieces of hard candy now and then helps to build up the audience.

SEP 2 Doctor Grigoriu strongly recommended a movie for its treatment of a social religious theme; so we had an early supper and several went to see it. The speaking was in Italian and the sub-titles in Spanish, which is still a great mystery to the men, but the Fathers reported that it was worthwhile and that they really enjoyed it.

SEP 3 Fathers Sebastian Rabin and a Joachim Mauler (??), Franciscans from the New York Province, came for the afternoon and supper. Monday they will leave for Guarayos. As soon as Father Joachim can handle the parish, Father Sebastian will go back to the States on leave - for a few months. We hope that the nucleus of four Franciscans will be increased by their provincials.

SEP 4 Today was Recollection Day. Father Courneen spoke about generosity while Fr. Clifford based his conference on two key words MINISTRARE and CONDOLERE. It was a day well spent and the Fathers were happy about it.

SEP 5 Father Gallagher had lunch with Nicole Maxwell, a Vision reporter who lives in Calacala and shows tremendous interest in Maryknoll's work. The language students hear about Bolivia in general in the weekly orientation period.

SEP 6 Sister Kateri, Superior of the Maryknoll Sisters in Peru and Bolivia, invites all of the Fathers to the rest house convent for a visit and tea. ...

SEP 10 A good friend of the Fathers invited four of us to his birthday party. The impression carried away by the language students was: "What wonderful people. They were just like folks back home."

SEP 11 It was a great day. Eight of the Fathers scattered about helping out in the city, in the valley, and up in the mountains and, to hear them tell it, it is high adventure. Then, most of us got together with many ecclesiastical and lay guests for the blessing of the bell and new dispensary in Condebamba. Bishop Senner, Father McCabe and a local secular priest, Father Costas (who teaches our Fathers Quechua), held the spotlight but Father John Higgins, who has put up a lot of church and dispensary for relatively little money and deserves much credit, was Master of Ceremonies. The blessing of the bell was a first for the Bishop and many of the Fathers as it was the solemn blessing or consecration. The sermon on the bell destined "to call the living and mourn for the dead" was very well delivered. The guests were invited to clear their throats and console their stomachs with cold drinks and meat pie. ...

SEP 14 As it is Cochabamba Day, a car full of the Fathers and Brother Bonaventure go to the cathedral for a solemn Te Deum. There are speeches and civic demonstrations all over the city. Some of the Fathers went to La Salle for a bit of basketball and a movie and Father Gallagher leaves for Montero where he will preach a novena in honor of Our Lady of Mercy, patroness of the parish. He managed to visit the five parishes in the Santa Cruz area and reported wonderful hospitality and fine impressions.

SEP 15-30 Father John Higgins moves in to devote most of his time to studying Quechua. It it were not for the pronunciation, it would be easy.

Our new missionaries reached Dar Es Salaam on the last day of August. Father Jacobs, procurator of the White Fathers, met them at the boat and safely escorted them and their ten tons of baggage through the Customs. He had hotel accommodations waiting for them, and places reserved on the train for Shinyanga. They arrived here by moonlight at 3:00 a.m. on September 5th, and by evening of the same day most of them were on the way to their various missions.

They came in a great big ship, they did, in a ship they crossed the sea.
And when the ship came into port, it stopped with a gurgle, a sort of a snort,
For its hold was filled with boxes and trunks, filled full as a hold can be.
And when they hopped upon the shore, twelve at first and then two more,
They ran and bought some thermos jugs, and postage stamps, and Flit for bugs.
All new missionaries, twelve and two, fourteen in all: that's quite a few.

They clambered aboard the train, they did, in a train they came our way.
The train got here in the dead of night, but dark or bright, 'twas a glorious
sight,

When fourteen lads with twenty-eight hands got off and decided to stay.
Padres twelve, and Brothers two, eager to work with me and you!
The hyenas giggled, and so did we, and the lions guffawed with a huge "Tee-hee!"
All new missionaries, young and smart, tough on the devils, right from the start.

They scattered right off to their missions, they did, to their missions they
went on high.

Sybertz and Sheerin? Busanda they went; the ride by Jeep cost nary a cent.
Now quite at home they study their books under Father Bayless's eye.
They can say "Hello" and say "Good-bye," "What's new, Old Timer?" and
"Kiddoes, Hi!"

They will teach their people with sermon and song, and show them what's right
and all what's wrong.

Two young Padres, right on the ball. Sukuma Land lingo? No trouble at all.

Tom Keefe and Tom Burke to Nassa they went; George Egan he went there too.
And when they saw our beautiful lake, they stopped and gasped:

"For goodness sake!"

But Father James gave a wink and said: "Here's a good little book for you.
Learn all of these words and say them real nice, and then I will fill you
with currie and rice.

And when you have finished we will all sing a song, and then sing again the
whole night long."

Three young Padres, smiling and bright, shoo away gloom and sing through the
night.

Two others went to Kilulu, they did, to Kilulu they'll stick like glue
With Father Schiavone to teach them words, they find it so easy: "It's just
for the birds!"

Callahan (Charley) is one of the boys: Mikolajczyk is Number Two.
They're praying and singing and learning to cook with "The King's Kisukuma,"
(an excellent book!)

And if you get hungry, or homesick, or blue - Kilulu, by Friend, is the right
place for you.

Two big Padres, clever and quick, sturdy as nails, they'll never get sick.

Pere Rudin drove to Shinyanga, he did, he drove in his little red Jeep. And when he got home at the end of the day, to Sayusayu in time to pray, Liberatore and Julien fell out of the Jeep, dizzy but happy, and both half asleep. In old Sayusayu a change you now see: such gimmicks and gadgets, and Oh! Glory be! Such like in the kitchen, each corner and nook! If you really don't believe it, just come take a look.

Two young Padres in such a short while turned the world upside down, and all with a smile.

Brother Ernest went to Gula, he did, to the Land of the Great Paw-Paw, And when he goes home some years from now (the time really flies, it does - and how!) He will have such tales of birds and beasts and all the snakes he saw. "Mo" Zerr is now on Gula Hill; for him 'tis surely a wonderful thrill: Antelope steaks (yes, quite a few) and a "Pfister Special" of zebra stew. Now every day you find them there, learning to talk about whom, when and where.

But three settled down in Shinyanga, they did, in Shinyanga they hung up their hats. Brother Cyril is one, Father Lenihan two (he's our sailor, you know, from the wide ocean blue).

Father Smidlein is thrilled about African cats, and especially African bats. Father Brannigan gives them a lesson or two to say "Good Morning," and "How do you do" And "Where do you live?" "Could you give us a song?" "I guess I'll be going." "Toodle-oo!" and "So long!"

Two fine Padres, and Brother makes three; so busy they are, as busy can be.

You have the whole story, you have, so you have; it's all in the jingle above. These Padres and Brothers make us so glad: to see them all here you couldn't be sad. Just think of the crowds of good people they'll save with their lessons of faith, hope and love.

Say a prayer for them, please; say a prayer for us all. There's so much to do; our job is not small.

We will do what we can. We will all do our best, and we'll ask the good Lord to take care of the rest.

Twelve new Padres, and Brothers two: Dear Lord, we are grateful indeed. Thank You!

AFRICA - Kilulu Diary for September 1955

(Father Charles L. Callahan)

September 5, 1955 will always be looked upon as a Red Letter Day by the natives of Kilulu. That was the day Fathers George Mikolajczyk and Charles Callahan pulled in to this thriving little mission. Father Alphonse Schiavone, the benign Pastor, put the boys to bed for a couple of days to recover from their strenuous ordeal. When they had retained their former bounce, the new missionaries decided to look around and see for themselves if all those stories about Kilulu were true.

They packed a lunch and started for the church - not that the church was so far away, but they were skeptical by now of the estimation of distances in this country. When someone says, "Let's take a ride over and visit our neighbors" - look out! It may be hundreds of miles over cow paths in the back of a jeep. They reached the church and looked in. It was a mud-brick affair with a mud altar. The seating capacity was about 170. There were no benches but there was a mud kneeler every few feet. The hard floor doesn't seem to penetrate the leathery skin of the Africans.

Then the school on the mission compound itself was visited and the school drum corps passed in review for the visiting dignitaries. The rhythm of these people is

perfect, and, although they use drums with holes in them and only pieces of cymbals, the overall effect is startling.

From the school they went to the dispensary. There, they got a run down on the diseases that ravage this country. Malaria, Venereal Disease, Pneumonia, and undernourishment are quite common here as also are Scabies and other skin diseases.

According to the latest statistics, there are 700 Catholics here out of a population of 110,000. There are 108,000 Pagans, 210 Mohammedans, and 680 Protestants. Seventeen professional and 3 voluntary catechists work for the mission, and cover 17 outstations. A catechist meeting is held once a month and the strategy for the coming month is mapped out.

The people are, as everywhere, the most interesting part of the work. Far removed from the dangers of civilized life, these simple people are as natural and lovable as children. Their laughs and all their actions are as spontaneous and impulsive as the weather in the State of New York. (I wanted to bring in Connecticut as an example but because the sun shines day and night in that fair State, I could not legitimately use it here). The people are fervent, devoted, a real inspiration to the missionaries. Kneeling in the rear of chapel during Mass or Benediction, you cannot help being impressed by the prayerful attitude of the people. They sing the High Mass on Sunday and are very good on the native hymns but they murder the Latin ones. We have a dialogue Mass once a week and the Latin responses are nearly perfect. There are, of course, many distractions for the speaker with children wailing and cows and chickens coming in on the chorus.

There are characters here as elsewhere. There is Fabian who ran off with one of the village belles. They lived together for about three weeks and then Fabian decided that maybe they should get married.

AFRICA - Sayusayu Diary for September 1955

(Father John J. Rudin)

SEP 2 Father Rudin returns to Sayusayu from the Pro-Synodal Meeting at the Junior Seminary at Nyegezi with Father Van der Schans of Sayusayu, Father DeJong of Kilulu, and Father Innocenti of Mwabagole.

SEP 5 Father Rudin goes to Shinyanga, and returns with Fathers Liberatore and Julien for Sayusayu, and Fathers Callahan and Mikolajczyk for Kilulu. Eager eyes watched the bush for the first glimpse of a real African lion; at the sight of one tawny beast all were happily satisfied until the experienced but disillusioning eye of Father Callahan noticed the salient features of a cow.

SEP 7 Father McGurkin and Brother Cyril come in with a load of needed furniture and house furnishings and spend the night with us.

SEP 8 Father Pfister brings in Brother Ernest for his first look at our Cathedral in the Rocks.

SEP 10 Fathers Rudin, Liberatore and Julien go to Kilulu. While the younger men settle the missionary problems of Africa in the arm chairs, Father Rudin drives Father DeJong into the bush for his last hunting trip before returning to Holland for his decennial. A roan antelope and a topi were shot and loaded into the Jeep. The next day was a stimulating opportunity for spiritual advancement for Father Rudin as he took the thorns out of eight punctures in three tires.

SEP 13 Fathers McGurkin and Smidlein come in with a load of trunks and mission boxes.

- SEP 14 While Fathers Liberatore and Julien happily study the language of the Basukuma, Fathers Van der Schans and Rudin visit the outstations at Malya and Malampaka.
- SEP 16 Fathers Rudin and Van der Schans visit the Government Middle School at Nyalikungu to find out the requirements for a vocational shop that every Middle School must have. Although that school has been going for about five years, their setup is about equal to ours which started last spring, that is, there are four walls, a roof, floor, one carpenter's bench and a few tools.
- SEP 18 Father Rudin drives Father DeJong to Sumve and Mwanza on the first step of his way home to Holland.
- SEP 20 Brother Amator of the Nsumba Secondary School comes to pick out those of our Sixth Standard boys who are eligible to take the exams to enter his school.
- SEP 22 Fathers McGurkin and Lenihan come in with the last of the mission boxes.
- SEP 24 Father Van der Schans and Rudin take some packages from the railroad station to Kilulu. Returning after dark, Father Rudin kills his first game in Africa by running over a dik-dik, i.e., a small antelope. Still partly alive, as no knives were available, and as it strongly resists death by choking it was tossed into the back of the Jeep despite the protests of the school boys who were riding there. The next day at dinner it was tastily served.
- SEP 25 Thanksgiving Day for the parish and the diocese. Chief William read a prayer of thanksgiving for the good crops before the High Mass, then the people brought gifts of grain and money to the sanctuary. The proceeds go to the support of the seminary.
- SEP 28 Bishop Blomjous and Father Renatus come and confirm 96 people here in the parish, including Chief Joseph of Dutwa and his wife.
- SEP 29 Feast of St. Michael, patron of the parish. Fathers Liberatore and Julien reluctantly pull away from the books to visit their first outstation at Masai, then go on to see the Mission at Gula where they finish the bread supply of Fathers Pfister, Zerr, and Co.
- Inter Alia -- As at the other missions in this diocese, September was once more the month of beginnings here at Sayusayu:

For Father Van der Schans, the pastor - after five years at Gula, he returns to start a second tour of duty here where he had previously spent eight years. Also at the Pro-Synod he was appointed the first dean of the Maswa Deanery.

For Father Pelletier, the first curate- he starts the arduous work of telling all the new men where everything is around the property, who all the Christians and catechumens are, where they live, and how to get to their homes.

For Father Rudin - after the year at Kilulu, has to find out how to get around the parish, and how to get through the parish books.

For Fathers Liberatore and Julien - The beginning of language study; the beginning of cruel life away from the protecting arms of kindly seminary Rectors like Fathers Comber and Malone; the beginning of discerning of which poor people deserve a free rosary or medal and which can well pay for them but prefer to save their money for a beer party; which pious looking school boys have earned a piece of "Pee-pee" (Rock candy) and which are natural born scroungers.