

Aus den Missionen:

Reports on Mission Work
in the northern Marianas, 1910-1913.

by

the Capuchin Mission, northern Marianas

Translated by Mark L. Berg
Historic Preservation Office,
TTPI, Saipan, CM.

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From the Missions
of the Capuchin Order of the Rhein-Westphalian Province
on the Caroline, Mariana
and Palau-Islands in the
German South Seas.

Annual Report 1910.

To members of the Capuchin-Confession and mission supporters
prepared by Fr Kilian Müller, O. M. Cap., Mission Secretary.

Printed
by Waisen-Lehrlinge
in Oberginingen, Lothringen.
1910

II.

For a Mission's Chronicle.

/14/ 5. Annual report on the Marianas by Apostolic Prefect
Fr Paulus.

Writing an annual report on the condition of the missions is definitely a necessary, but occasionally a most unpleasant, task since it is not always possible to report spectacular success. Pastoral work is full of thorns, especially in the missions. The islanders on the Marianas have already been Catholic for more than two hundred years, but despite this, the true spirit of Christianity is lacking among many. What holy Paul writes (Titus 1.16) holds true for many Catholics here: "They appear to know God but renounce him with their deeds." According to the opinion of all the missionaries, the lack of religiosity is partly due to the good-natured Chamorros, partly /16/ to their previous priests, who were unable to sufficiently tend their field because of small numbers, age and infirmity. One stumbling block to true religiosity are the "wild"/marriages. Sacred marital bonds will often be loosened all too often by meaningless, unavoidable events for long periods and sometimes sundered for all time to the harm of the children. In this regard, the bad heathen example still all too often strongly influences the Chamorros. Moreover, the natural conditions of the South Sea islanders enters in here. But this obstacle is not easy for missionaries to surmount without God's help. For this reason, may the readers of this annual report who are so inclined support us with their earnest prayers as assistant missionaries so that many souls will be led to the divine heart of Jesus. A good religious life prevails among the small band -- 15 --

of Catholic Samoans who were exiled here with fifty Protestants. The entire Samoan penal colony consists of chiefly families. The people pray earnestly, go to Holy Mass almost daily and regularly take the Holy Sacrament all four weeks. This is all the more striking since they are a minority among their heterodox countrymen. As the statistics show, the number of Chamorros taking the sacrament has risen noticeably.

6. Condition of the Marianas Prefecture in the year
of report April 1909 - April 1910.

Islanders.	Saipan, Tinian	Rota	Guam	Total
Catholics.	2350	461	11000	13811
Catechumens.	40	-	-	40
Non-Catholic or heathen.	960	1	250	1211
Missionaries.				
Priests.	3	1	5	9
Brothers.	2	-	1	3
Missionfield.				
Stations.	2	1	6	9
Churches, chapels.	2	1	10	13
Schools.	*	*	*	*
Baptised.				
Children.	143	26	513	682
Adults.	32	-	-	32
Dying.	4	-	-	4

Islands	Confirmants	Communicants	Marriages	Burials
(German)				
Saipan and Tinian	57	2175	18	100
Rota	221	781	9	19
Total	278	2956	27	119
(American) Guam		13497	104	270
Total	278	16453	131	389

(*) The schools have been turned over to government teachers. Saipan has an official government school, while this is not so on Rota. The Rota school will shortly be taken over by missionaries there.

In the last year, the number of Catholics has increased by fifty. On 26 December 1909, 22 young pagans (Mortlockese Carolinians) were baptized all together at the Tanapag church, and up until 1 April of this year, ten more Mortlockese were baptized. At present, around forty catechumens, men and women from the

previously mentioned Carolinian tribe, are being prepared for Holy Baptism. The Mortlock people were initially taken to Ponape (eastern Carolines) and then since here; in 1907 a typhoon had destroyed their island. /17/ They are inclined to Catholicism but are somewhat deficient in comprehension and inept at work. (According to the latest reports, they were returned home again since there was again enough food.)

My attempt during January of this year to visit the few Catholics (fifty to sixty) in the northern Marianas, especially on Pagan and Agrigan, aboard the Imperial schooner Delphin has, unfortunately, failed because of rough seas. First thing in the morning of 24 January, we left Saipan and approached there rather quickly with a favorable wind.

At 7:30 in the evening, we saw the active crater on Guguan Island. The crater's opening resembled a large, blazing fire. On the 25th, we steered directly for the northernmost island in the Marianas, Uracas. Our trip still continued rather smoothly. The three cones of Mauc came into view in the afternoon. At 5:45 in the morning of the 26th, we were off Uracas. The island's crater had a powerful covering, a proof that it was active in its interior. We closely circumnavigated the entire island and were thus able to observe the lively movements of the many birds, the only residents of the island. Unfortunately, a landing was not possible because of the heavy surf. A complete calm suddenly set in here so that we had to stand off and on at Uracas for more than a day. These were painfully boring hours. Only on the morning of the 27th did our^{lv} ship appear to be able to sail again. Around ten o'clock, we passed the previously mentioned three cones of Mauc, which were covered by a green coating but are entirely

sterile otherwise. In the middle of the day, 12:30 to 2:15, we travelled /18/ quite closely along Assongsong Island, whose crater likewise had a great dark gray and broad covering. A house was visible on the island as proof that people lived there, at least temporarily, to gather a harvest from the rather numerous coconut trees there. In the night of the 27th and 28th, we travelled under only half-sail in order not to reach Pagan Island too early, where a landing was anticipated. In the meantime, however, a storm set in that grew so strong that a landing on Pagan was unthinkable. We had to return to Saipan as a result, where we arrived after a six-day journey without my having been able to visit the poor Catholics on Pagan and Agrigan. Those are the "joys" of a South Sea missionary. On the American island of Guam, where four Spanish Capuchins and a Chamorro priest still work provisionally, our work has been paralyzed for the present by the governor's anti-German bias. From the middle of July 1909 until September, a quite severe eye disease raged on Saipan, which also affected all Europeans. According to general consent, this disease was introduced by the Mortlockese Carolinians, who also suffered most because of it. ^{At} Despite warnings and dire consequences, these Carolinians only reluctantly decide to come in for medical treatment. On 14 September and 3 October 1909, the barometer signalled a typhoon; both -- praise God -- passed over the Marianas without causing great damage. On 25 November at 4:30 in the afternoon and on 10 December at 9:30 in the morning, a rather strong earthquake was felt here, lasting five to six seconds. On Guam, where earthquakes are generally more common and stronger, the latter lasted for twenty seconds and was so powerful that several houses toppled.

The walls of the church, which had just been improved after previous earthquakes, suffered more damage. The wreckage on Guam was not small. The two churches on Saipan, the churches in Tanapag, were beautifully restored. In this matter, Br Joachim was our^{lv} cartwright, joiner, locksmith and painter. Here the image of the Holy Mother of God is often visited and revered.

May the dear Mother of God bless our continued work in the Marianas!

III.

Scenes of the Mission Life.

/30/ 7. A merry burial on Saipan. By Fr Gallus.

It is certain that one of the best-natured peoples who live on this lumpy earth are the Chamorros of the Marianas. They^y do not make life exceptionally hard for themselves and others. They quickly and satisfactorily find their way in all skills. The European often has to admire this people for their adaptability. Whereas we northern civilized ones ponder, stew over and mull over unavoidable events for weeks and months, the Chamorro readily goes about his "daily routine" as though nothing was going to happen. But please, don't misunderstand me. My people here are not stupid and barren without souls. We will soon see that they often feel obliged to show sentiment and spirit. But they don't take it to heart for an especially long time. This is most surely revealed by a death in the family. How deeply the loss of a loved one cuts into a European's soul! The cut, the heart's wound, often hasn't healed after many years. Whenever I tell this to a Chamorro, I find no corresponding thought. He says, "And why not? People

must die. Nothing can be changed. So,,it is no surprise whenever a wife, a child or a brother passes away." His conduct at funerals bears this out. When a child dies especially, he loves to hear even livelier music. A typical case is described here.

My neighbor from across the street had a two-year-old child who died. At the moment of death, the mother let out a loud cry audible for some distance. But that was more or less formal. Thereby, her neighbors had to know someone had died. It was soon apparent that the grief was not very deep-seated. Since bodies rapidly decompose here in the tropics, they are buried quickly, most of them in the first eight to twelve hours; so it happened in this case. The father immediately began to build his child's coffin. He did so in the room where his dead child lay. It was sawed, planed, nailed and tested, all in the mother's presence. She herself looked about, had a cigar two fingers long jutting out of her mouth, went in and out and gossiped with each and every one about the most commonplace things in the world. The coffin-maker was even less moved. The burial took place around five o'clock in the evening. /31/ The priest and his five altar boys took the body out of the house. The inside of the Chamorro hut was full of "mourning" women, mostly relatives. The men stood outside. The corpse was ritually blessed, and now four children prepared to carry it to the cemetery. At this moment -- the custom requires that it always happens at this moment -- the mother has to express her feelings a second time. She did so in a basic manner, almost heathenly. As the four children raised the coffin to their shoulders, the mother raised a wild howl, thrashed her hands in the air, then in her long, loose, beautifully coal-black hair and made ready to throw herself through the window. But the female

relatives held her back and attempted to dissuade her. Naturally, the tragedy was the "oil in the fire." She conducted herself even more abandonedly, called her child all sorts of pet names and... then, suddenly, pleasant funeral music set in. This consisted of three violins, a triangle, a taut drum and an ornamented harmonica. These six musicians now did their best to give the burial a different air, which they succeeded in doing completely. They lustily played "Muss i denn, muss i denn zum Städtlein hinaus." Yes, they really played that. I distrusted my ears the first time I heard it. Since then, I've grown accustomed, as before, to Chopin's famous funeral march. I had to muster all my strength /32/ to maintain my serious countenance. When the song had ended, they played it through several more times. Then the honorable musicians went on to perform a still more lively waltz so that the mourners noticeably tapped their feet. So it went out to the cemetery, and so the dead child was laid to rest in the ground as his little soul looked down laughing and shaking its head at this unusual funeral.

/44/ 12. Earthquake on Rota. By Fr Corbinian.

The attention of the whole world was focused on the catastrophic earthquake in Sicily. Many noble hearts felt moved because of the extent and severity of the misfortune and the distressful cry of the badly afflicted population to alleviate their most distressing plight.

And we out here in the middle of the immeasurable ocean on the isolated, scattered Mariana Islands live through earthquakes, weaker or stronger, almost every year, and no one learns about it.

We don't know what will happen to these islands in the course

of time, whether they will disappear again one day just as they emerged from the depths because of an earthquake. We are reminded each year by the occurrence of earthquakes of such a catastrophe, which will probably be the work of an instant. Seven or eight years ago, an English island lying east of the Marianas, Laysan, suddenly disappeared in an earthquake. A steamer that wanted to go to the island searched for it in vain.

But we don't have to go so far afield! It is certain that the /45/ island of Anson lying south of Guam disappeared into the deep with it^{one} hundred kanakas. Chamorros of today still talk of a Spanish ship searching there, on which the crew were able to exactly distinguish trees and houses in a shallow enough area.

Similarly, the Zealandia Banks north of Saipan between the islands of Guguan and Sarigan, consisting of three crags two meters high, have sunk again in an earthquake.

Whatever Rota experiences now, its sudden and complete disappearance would not be easy since the entire island is, so to speak, a single colossal block of coralline rock. Constant dripping hollows out the rock, and strong, repeated tremors often do not fail to have their effect.

The severest, also frightful, earthquakes occurred in the year of 1767 and in October 1905.

Little is known about the first one. It is only certain that the people of Rota made a votive offering to "Our Lady, Mother of Light," and selected the holy Franz of Borgias, the main patron, as an auxiliary saint in view of this earthquake. The feast is celebrated on Sunday[/]following 15 May. A novena precedes it, while each day a hymn is sung at it during which the prelude to the feast gives it its historical expression. The lyrics

of this hymn can be rendered as follows in German in a simple prose translation.

1. We thank you, O Lord, for your benefaction!
Holy Maid of Light!
O, we beg you not to forget us!
When this island once stood in great danger,
Our fathers called upon you,
And you speedily heeded their prayers.
Holy Maid of Light!
O, we beg you. . .
2. The frightful occurrences began in the year 1767,
Which placed our fathers in such great fear,
And cast down at your feet, the prostrate people calls
for protection.
...
3. The ocean was exceptionally^{low} at that time
And remained so for two years until May.
But you were so gracious and saved us from this misery. (1)
...
4. The moon shone as though dipped in blood. (2)
The sun was darkened.
Afterwards, the ground shook and a terrible earthquake
followed.
We have your intercession to thank that nothing worse
happened.
...

(1) Especially since the reef was devoid of water and lay dry, fishing, by which the old Chamorros chiefly lived, was rendered impossible.

(2) It is hard to say whether this natural phenomenon resulted from dust and smoke of a volcano in the northern Mariana Islands or had some other cause. 746/

5. Horrible thick black clouds
Enveloped the island for two years.
And once again, you helped us.
...
6. Then a prostrate Fr Pedro calls together
The frightened people to the village of Rota
And exhorts them to pray for your protection. (1)
...
7. The islanders made a votive offering prostrated at
your feet
With devotion and reverence to adorn your altar
Since you came to help the village.
...

8. Yea, you who are so powerful and gracious
Protect us from such evils
And intercede for us with your dear Son.
...
9. And since you are the beloved mother
The Way, The Truth and The Light
That shone day and night, through whom we imitate your Son
You have secured our timely welfare.
We give you thanks, O Mistress, for your benefaction.
Holy Maid of Light!
O, we beg you not to forget us!

Concerning the damage the earthquake of that time inflicted, it is only known that a large and wide, impassable and deep crack, as it can still be seen today, was formed in the middle of the southern part of the island and that, on the west coast of the northern part of the island, a large block thirty to forty meters high and twenty to thirty meters in diameter was dislodged and cast into the depths; it is still visible.

The earthquake of the year 1905, on the other hand, still is vividly remembered. It occurred around nine o'clock in the morning and lasted approximately seven to ten minutes. I will insert here the parish chronicle: "In October this year," so runs the passage in question, "a terrible earthquake happened. The island threatened to tip over, since it had leaned so much to one side. On that day, something especially striking happened to the hill of Taipingot on the southern part of the island. It had the shape of a wheel, which is why the Spanish called the whole island Rota. -- Initially, it lay on one (the western) side, then just as sharply lay on the opposite one. At last, another tremor restored it to its earlier position. As a consequence of the powerful tremors, the ocean appeared as white as snow for some distance."

During this earthquake, the palacio (Spanish administration building) and the school collapsed. The church only suffered

damage to its rear portion, and received cracks. The convent remained intact. On the other hand, the kitchen's north wall collapsed.

The earthquake[✓] occurred again towards the end of December at least once a week, but definitely less powerfully. On 24 December, the tremors suddenly concluded with one more hefty surge.

(1) Since the first two Augustinian fathers only landed in the Marianas in 1778, the mentioned Fr Pedro probably belonged to the order of the Jesuits. /47/

Luckily, the ocean did not advance upon the land, as happened at least once before when the waves encroached upon both sides of the land and met in the middle of the island where the present village now stands.

Besides this, large blocks were loosened at different places and formed long, broad reefs at different places in the hills, particularly at one of the three hills behind the village, from which the majority of the two to three thousand people collect and where the people of Rota went earlier whenever a typhoon hit the island. Now, it is forbidden to stay there because of the danger involved. At many sites, the ground has subsided, holes emerge, so that, for example, in the cemetery two to three miles from the church, two out of four have a most respectable depth and width.

Rota passed through another strong tremor on 5 June 1906. Since it was a Saturday, a mass was being sung in the church according to age-old custom. Just as I began to sing the Pater Noster, I heard a frightful rolling pass over the island from north to south. At first, I thought it was a thunderstorm gathering. But the very next instant, I felt a powerful jolt that was accompanied

by an all encompassing rolling. Great disorder reigned in the church. The children began to pray loudly. After the first tremor, which might have lasted about three to five minutes, a short pause followed. But then came an exceptionally strong jarring and shaking. I already thought of taking the most Holy One to safety and rushing out into the open when the tremors subsided.

Slight tremors, which are powerful enough, however, to thoroughly frighten inexperienced people, occur so often that people here no longer pay much attention to them. So, for example, we had four just in the two weeks after Easter: on 7 April in the morning at eight o'clock and the night from the 8th to the 9th, three. If one averages the tremors occurring throughout the year for each week, it can be said with some reliability that one will have unsteady ground below his feet every three to four weeks on the average.

We must always be prepared for the arrival of the Eternal Judge. May our readers think of us whenever they pray in the most holy litany, "Preserve us, O Lord, from the earthquake's scourge."

IV.

Pertinent Notes.

- /54/ 2. Progress in the languages of the German Carolines and Marianas.

The missionaries of the Rhenish-Westphalian Province of the Capuchin Order in the Carolines and Marianas have given themselves over so completely to the study of the indigenous languages during the few years of their work there that the following works can be listed here after only one year.

III. Marianas.

1. "Historia sagrada." The Bible in the language of the Marianas. Author Fr Callistus. Published by Herder, 1909.

1 2. Chamorro, Word book by Fr Callistus, published in Hong Kong, Nazareth Cloister, 1910. Marianas language. /557/ This word book with grammar and language exercises is supposed to make it easier for Germans to learn the language and the indigenes to learn German.

3. Cathecism in the Chamorro language by Frs Paulus and Callistus. Hong Kong, 1910.

4. Prayer book in the Chamorro language by the same missionaries. Hong Kong, 1910.

3. Governemnt school in Tsingtau, Kiao-chou.

The Capuchins in the Carolines have started this year to send the sons of islanders to the German government school in Tsingtau for further education. The first two are called Damian and Peter. Three boys from the Marianas were also sent there. This is most welcome. In the Carolines, and especially in the Marianas, we are not dealing with ignorant savages, but educable tribes. There are still no further announcements about this topic. Hopefully, we will be able to make many interesting reports about this topic!

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II.

For a Mission Chronicle.

/44/ 10. Statistics from Saipan, Marianas. That is, the communities of Garapan, Neuheim, Tanapag. (According to the reports of Fr Gallus.)

Year	Residents	Catholics	Births	Deaths	Marriages
			m/f	0-2yr/2-10/over 10 m:f m:f m:f	
1905	1854	1834	39/30	6:7/ 6:3	8
1906	2133	1986	40/47	5:9/ 6:4	9
1907	2523	2096	61/62	10:18/ 10:14	11
1908	3066	2174	65/63	18:16/ 6:4/12:14	27
1909	2850	2105	92/51	13:12/19:8/19:27	18
1910	2440 ¹	2035	52/44	18:12/ 4:5/13:20	29

Year	Children - 14 yrs.	Unmarried
	m/f	m/f
1910	467/ 371 ²	214/ 237 ³

1) The loss is explained by the emigration of 410 Carolinians, especially the Mortlock people, in July 1910. Besides Catholics, 328 heathens live here: 228 in Oleai village, 75 Mortlockese, Japanese and Yapese. The other 77 are Protestants: Germans, Mortlockese and Samoans.

2) Of these 838 children, 390 visit the school and, of these, 286 regularly receive religious instruction twice a week. On this Catholic island, the missionaries are not allowed themselves in government schools to impart religious instruction.

3) Of these 451 single people, 175 come for Christian instruction on Sundays. It is hard to get an exact count of single people among the Carolinians settled here because they practice a quite "open" marriage. In 1910, the number of families in Garapan came to 355. All numbers with the exception of the "inhabitants" indicate Catholics of this island. /45/

11. Condition of the mission in the German Marianas 1910.

<u>The Indigenes.</u>	<u>Saipan and 11 northern islands</u>	<u>Rota</u>	<u>Total</u>
Catholics	2123	468	2591
Catechumens	50		50
Not Catholic	500	1	501
<u>Missionaries.</u>			
Priests	2	1	3
Brothers	2	1	3
Sisters	0	0	0
<u>The Mission field.</u>			
Stations	2	1	3
Churches, chapels	2	1	3
Schools	0	1	1
School boys	0	35	35
School girls	0	40	40
<u>Baptisms.</u>			
Children	161	23	184
Adults	59	1	60
On the death bed.	32	0	32
<u>Confirmants.</u>	63	215	278
<u>Communicants.</u>	3900	1293	5193
<u>Marriages.</u>	55	3	58
<u>Burials.</u>	95	12	107

On Rota since July 1910, the community school there has ceased. Fr Corbinian has taken it over as a mission school..

12. Personnel of the mission.

/46/

Number	Name	Home	In mission since
Saipan, Marianas.			
25.	Fr Paulus Fischer	Kirchhausen, Wttbg.	1907
26.	Fr Gallus Lehmann	Sursee, Switzerland	1908
27.	Br. Mennas Bohner	Bohlingen, Bavaria	1908
28.	Br Joachim Petry	Kistelbach, Rheinland.	1905
Rota, Marianas.			
29.	Fr Corbinian Madre	Rechtenbach, Lower Fran.	1907
30.	Br Lucius Keller	Lenzkirch, Bavaria	1910

III.

Scenes of Mission Life.

/47/ 1. The mission school on Rota. By Fr Corbinian.

After the government order of May 1910 was made known, that the community school was closed, and also since I could open a mission school, I assembled all fathers from families with schoolage children one Sunday afternoon at the mission station. I informed them that I would take over and continue the school instruction without payment, but expected them to help me in restoring a provisional school. They all said they would help at once and, in my presence, divided the work among themselves. When wood and everything else was on hand, my provisional school was fixed within a few days.

I started instruction on 26 July after an opening service to God.

Regarding
~~As part of~~ instruction for bigger school children, which embraces only religion, German and arithmetic, there were twenty youths and seventeen girls aged nine to fourteen and in the lower class sixteen boys and eighteen girls aged seven to eleven. Now the upper class has forty and the lower has fifty-five children. The children's parents offer almost throughout the school a lively interest, which quite exhausted me with all the work and exertions of a South Sea school. In November, I wrote a report card for each child that his parents had to be shown. Grades were given for religion, German, reading, writing, arithmetic, industry and behavior. After the parents had seen the cards, they had to return it to me again. On them, I now found that many fathers had written a few words. So, for example, one boy's father wrote, "I thank you, Father, for your effort and am glad for my son's good performance." Another wrote, "I'm pleased with my son's good performance and thank you very much. Punish my son even more, so he makes a greater effort and even greater progress." On the card of a third one could be read the words, "Father, many thanks for everything you've said about my child. It is impossible for us to repay your effort," and so on. The children did not bring a universal interest to school, as is readily imaginable in the nature of the South Sea children. They even regarded school as something that reduced their freedom, to which they were fondly accustomed, and felt condemned to learning, took much time playing and lounging around and also occasionally received correction. But that was only true in the beginning. Now such ones only form a *minor temporary* exception. Even the ones who were released from school because they had reached their thirteenth year regularly returned for

instruction. Also one or another of those let out early still visit the school. -- In general, the students' progress is most satisfactory. German is /48/ easiest to learn for them. Arithmetic on the other hand cause the most work for the majority, especially the girls. Even there, there are some outstanding exceptions. I put most effort in working with the little ones. It is quite hard for the children to learn reading and writing. Half of them need two and a half years to learn how to read. The direction of a South Sea school is bound up with great, yes, even dreadful, work. In addition, the children are thoroughly fickle and very absentminded. If you want to get their attention, you have to put on a show with a cane or something else, which obviously tires out the teacher. Then the children are illogical and indolent to learn, especially in memorization. Against this indolence, the cane is not an effective weapon. At first, it happened that virtually no one learned his lesson for fourteen days, but then ^{it} went swimmingly for three weeks afterwards. The South Sea character. Despite this, the mission school on Rota is justified if no external influences interfere with its development, destroying the most sanguine hopes.

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II.

For a Mission Chronicle.

/14/ Personnel of the mission.

Number	Name	Home	In mission since
Saipan, Marianas.			
28.	Fr Gallus Lehmann	Sursee, Switzerland	1908
29.	Br Joachim Petry	Kistelbach, Rheinland	1905
30.	Br Mennas Bohner	Bohlingen, Bavaria	1908
Rota, Marianas.			
31.	Fr Corbinian Madre	Rechtenbach, Lower Fran.	1907
32.	Br Lucius Keller	Lenzkirch, Bavaria	1910

/42/ Typhoon damage on Rota. By.Fr Corbinian.

Our isolated island of Rota was hit by an exceptionally severe misfortune. On Thursday, 19 October, a fearful typhoon swept across the island and caused such destruction to homes, coconut trees and so on that almost nothing has been left. The roof of the church tower, the roof of the convent, the bell tower's roof, the entire school have flown away. The Chamorro houses (100) with the exception of only three slightly damaged ones are all in a pile.

Even the government building was shorn of its roof. We are all under open skies, where I am writing this letter.

Already early in the indicated day, the wind appeared rather suspicious to me. I looked at the barometer, which did not indicate the best weather but neither did it allow me to fear the worst, since it is almost always rather low in October. Before six o'clock, it had already fallen four mm. But it held at 750.6 mm. Beginning at ten o'clock, it fell one mm. each half hour. At one o'clock, it sank a full six mm each hour, until the wind set in with all its fury around one-thirty. By eleven o'clock, I had already informed the island supervisor that a typhoon was in the offing and the people ought to prepare themselves. We closed all the doors and windows in the church, mission, tower and school so the wind was not supposed to gain any entrance since it would then damage the rooves. We placed utmost hope on the church roof, which had already weathered many typhoons and is exceptionally well-built, so that we had already intended to bring the Holy of Holies to the sacristy there and to place the people's ship there for service. Soon the people arrived, asking for refuge in the mission. I personally suggested we go to the church, but Br Lucius thought it wiser to remain with the other people in the mission. Around two-thirty, Br Lucius wanted to take one more look at the ocean; he was especially concerned that it would come ashore. He had scarcely reached the road when half of the school roof came flying at him. By adroitly jumping to one side, he managed to elude it. In the next moments, a Chamorro house was /43/ thrown after the roof over the houses. Then the church roof began to rise and admit the wind. We subsequently ordered the people to descend to the cellar, and after Brother and I had saved several more by getting them below, we climbed down. We had just gone below

when a portion of our roof was already flying away. After that, it cracked above us, causing us fear and anxiety. We could hear how our dishes and chairs were being tossed back and forth^{above} our heads; pieces of wood and stones fell on the floor and so on. We were afraid that at any instant a sheet of zinc or a beam in the roof would crash through the floor into the cellar. The zenith of the storm was reached between four-thirty and five o'clock in the afternoon, when it veered around to the east (previously between the north and the northwest). Although the cellar doors were securely closed, the storm still threatened to tear them off their hinges. In that case, the floor over our heads would fly away. Five men constantly pushed against the doors aided by a tree trunk and a heavy chest. The walls of the house shivered so much because of the oncoming wind that people said they would cave in at any moment although they had a respectable thickness. (one m.). At the same time, another danger arose, namely that the ocean would come ashore. The coast is only seven meters high on the eastern and southern shores, and on the western shore, where the mission is, only five meters. We were afraid it could go as badly for us as it had for many Chamorros in Inarahan on Guam a few years previously; they had also fled into cellars and were all killed by the^{my} invading storm waves. At the same time, it was already dark, and an escape was impossible because of the erratically flying beams and planks. We recommended ourselves to God's care and the Holy Maid's and prepared for the worst. Torrents of rain also continuously poured down over us. We spread mats out on the floor and another one over us to give us some protection from the rain and cold. We shivered all over because of chills. We soon

lay in water. We finally crouched together on a chest and fearfully awaited the next day. We saw that our fears were not groundless early the next morning. The ocean had already advanced as far as the first houses by six o'clock in the evening and removed the government boat. If the water had only risen another half meter, everyone would have drowned.

On the next day, we saw the horror of the devastation. In the church, the altar was destroyed, the floor torn up, the windows and church door broken through; the holy pictures lay demolished on the floor; the chests for the paraments ripped open and many paraments rendered totally useless; the benedictory velum had flown away entirely. Heavy beams from the church roof were found scattered fifty meters away; many heavy zinc sheets were out in the lagoon. We picked up zinc sheet metal from the mission and the church from as far away as two and three hundred meters. Many coconut palms were destroyed, about one hundred in our plantation alone, and the rest made barren for a year. In so far as the mission is concerned, the damage amounts to 4000 M; everywhere one looks, it seems as though it has been lowered by the ocean water, which made the air humid as a result of the agitated sea. To the northeast, a fifteen-meter-high swell plunged inland. On the southern point, two massive blocks toppled over. The plantations are all demolished and that is certainly the worst since, we are now also deprived of our /44/ sustenance. We don't know when the next goleta is coming. The two sail boats left us in the lurch in September. No ship has been here since 7 June. Our rice will give out in eight days; our other sustenance gave out long ago. Saipan sent us little last time. Also, nothing came from Germany. The last food stuffs that were received have been

lying in Saipan since August and September. The breadfruit trees are all destroyed. The other fruit trees were knocked down. So nothing else remains for us to eat but coconuts. For the last eight days, our breakfast has consisted of breadfruit and black coffee without sugar. Noons and evenings, we eat whatever we find. Of course, we cannot hold out for long on this.

On our night of terror, a strong earthquake occurred at two o'clock in the morning; it caused cracks in many houses and also in the church. On 1 November and 5 November, the typhoons reappeared but were less severe.

/51/ Sea pieces. By Fr Gallus, Saipan.

The ocean, the ocean! It has grown close to my heart. We are two intimate friends. We are often together and talk much. My great friend lives quite close; it is only a few steps from my house to the seaside. After finishing arduous work, I willingly go down to my friend lying near my feet. Out~~on~~ the reef, the surf always roars tirelessly and sends one wave after another to me. The ebb tide sends them back again, and I give it greetings for all my friends in the far, far west.

Since the weather here is almost always splendidly summer-like, my friend has a friendly countenance most of the time, and our exchange of thoughts extends unnoticed along lines of longitude. Occasionally, a householder of my great friend, a powerful shark or a dolphin, appears and swims past me in majestic serenity.

During strong, disturbing rainy weather, the ocean makes a singular, striking impression on me. The endless ocean surface lies before me, so desolate, oppressive and leaden, like a single, powerful mortal sin.

I still prefer to look at my friend whenever it lies with a wrinkled forehead, is unperturbednd and extends like leather. Whenever the water-wolves advance in long rows, when the gale blows with spraying froth, when the sheet lightning illuminates the mounds of waves fantastically and the lightning cools off in the blackish flood, my friend pleases me most.

But it is only pleasant if one has ground to stand on, if one is able to observe the angry sea from firm ground.

To admire the agitated^d sea from bobbing ships or dancing sail boats, makes desire quickly leave. /52/

My predecessors here have instituted the beautiful custom of singing the "Salve Regina" each Saturday after the "Ave Maria" combined with a few prayers for travellers out on the open sea. I will describe how necessary that is with one example here.

Between the islands of Guam and Saipan, no steamers travel, but only Japanese schooners, small sail boats. With occasional good weather, a schooner puts in here three times a day from their lanes there; with an opposing wind, the trip can be lengthened to four to eight hours. In certain conditions, it can last even longer, as it happened in the case I want to relate here.

On 14 October of last year, a number of Chamorros accompanied by our Brother Joachim in Guam boarded a schooner. Only after three hours did a favorable wind arise for their departure. One has to personally be aboard such a precarious vessel, as these sailing boats all are, on the high sea to fully grasp the inconveniences of a trip by schooner.

The sailing boat in question was about twenty-five to thirty meters long and ten to twelve meters wide. Three strong masts with sails ran the machine. ~~Already~~^{Every} on an entirely calm sea, such a three-master rocks so much that the sailors within become giddy.

The tossing such a sail boat makes on an agitated sea, during a storm or typhoon can easily be imagined.

Our sail^{if} boat had scarcely reached the open ocean than the ocean displayed its fickleness. The waves tossed our small vessel all about, like a cat a little mouse. Occasionally, the schooner listed so noticeably to one side it seemed about to overturn. Then jolts came from right and left, from bow and stern, so that it was impossible to stay on deck. Only after a longish time, when the wind entirely let up, did everyone dare to come out on deck if their bones were still somewhat sound. Then they saw how a school of greedy sharks followed their ship. What a pleasant prospect in case of a shipwreck!

So the journey went for the first forty-eight hours. "Only twenty-four more hours," the poor mortally frightened sailors hoped, "and then we'll be home on firm ground." But it happened otherwise. On the third day, a powerful northwester set in that drove the ship far off course. No steering helped any longer. Afterwards when almost all sails had been reefed, the fury of the waves drove the schooner in an entirely opposite direction. Thus passed the fourth, fifth and sixth days, while nothing was seen of Saipan or the neighboring islands.

And the poor travellers should have been at their hearth^{As}es long ago. The Chamorro women and girls had all lost any spirit of resistance and suffered from seasickness. Their husbands and brothers, in so far as they were still seaworthy, had all they could do so that the European's olfactory nerves were not too badly afflicted.

During this time, the provisions gradually gave out despite ~~the~~ ^{strictest} their rationing, so that they had to ^{be} shared with the Japanese crew.

As a result, there was only rice and tea, tea and rice, and nothing else. There was plenty of drinking water, however.

On the twelfth day, the ocean had abated and the wind was so much more fresh that the sails could again be raised. Again, a horde of hungry sharks followed the ship. Such a fish would have been welcome on deck at meal time. /53/ Even more desirable were the numerous pig fish, large and strong open ocean fish, which swam all around the schooner. The entire Japanese crew, in so far as they were able to, immediately set about fishing. Naturally, no fishing rods can be used for these man-sized fish. The small Japanese attempted to seize them with barbed hooks. For some time, all effort was in vain. The powerful animals dove into the water's depths as quickly as lightning as soon as a barbed hook rushed down. Then the captain noticed a fat young one under the water. The short, thickset captain stood at the bow. His people held the lines in fine order so that they would be easy to unroll when thrown. Now, he raised a barbed hook and threw it into the depths with a sure hand. He had aimed well; the iron lay securely in a pig fish's body. Far around, the water reddened.

After the animal had grown somewhat tired, three sailors pulled it up. Then the young fish lay and rolled in its own blood. It was still dangerous to come too close to it. A young Japanese gave him a few blows to the head with a long piece of iron until it no longer showed any sign of life. There was then a great feast on the schooner. Even the Chamorros came and helped with the gutting. The animal furnished a good roast for forty-seven people for four complete days. At this time, much outstanding sorrow was forgotten.

But the journey had not yet ended. The ship entered the outskirts of a typhoon, this feared South Sea monster. The entire load of previous misery [&] the travellers had ^{experienced} ~~had~~ doubled and tripled. And it lasted for three days. One ought to bear in mind here that there are no cabins and rooms for individuals on a schooner. Only a large room, the dining hall, serves as the general refuge for seasick people of both sexes and is the only room protected from the rain. Here the distinguished portion of the passengers were also crowded, when there was actually only space for fifteen to twenty people. Even the most active fantasy cannot imagine the helplessness and the almost inhuman jabbering of the travellers. Even the Chamorros were reflective and especially most disgustingly seasick. The men shouted to the women, "Pray, pray, or we'll die!"

At last on the sixteenth day after their departure from Guam, Rota came into view, then Tinian, an island located right next to Saipan. But the unfavorable wind still tossed the schooner about for a full twenty-four hours.

At ten o'clock the next day, people could go ashore. The unsteady people first went to the church. They loudly and in unison prayed in front of the miserable altar of our Holy Mother of God.

I happened to be busy in the church and scarcely recognized my parishioners. I did not want to believe my eyes when I saw my school children among the praying ones, a few white and wasted larger children. The women and men who [^]keeled before me also appeared corpse-like. What must the poor people have endured in those seventeen days! Instead of the usual five or six days, they had spent seventeen days on the ocean.

Such are the tricks of the ocean that surrounds us here. All of us have more or less already lived through such trips and have things to say that appear incredible. But God be praised! At least everyone has had his life saved thus far. /54/

That is why we also pray here with caution: Ave maris stella.
Hail
 Be welcomed, you star of the sea!

/30/ The colored population of the western Carolines, Palau-Islands and Marianas at the beginning of 1911. (Government paper for New Guinea, 1911, No. 21, p. 230.)

Islands	Chamorroes and Tagals	Carolinians	New Guineans	Samoans	Mixed
Saipan	1234	1211	2	64	5
Tinian	12	15			
Rota	465				
Allemagan	8	14			
Pagan	1	95			
Agrigan	1	18			
Small isles		10			

The Christianization of these islands scattered about in the Pacific Ocean is bound up with many difficulties. This compilation shows that satisfactorily. And the eastern Carolines are not even included here. There are still no reliable figures for these islands.

/31/ Approximate figures for whites and Japanese found on our mission islands at the present.

	Saipan	Rota
Total number	35	2
Germans	15	2
Japanese	15	2
Men	29	4
Women	6	-
Catholics	113	2
Protestants	7	-
Capuchins	4	-

These statistics are based on a compilation from the government paper of German New Guinea and make no special claim to complete accuracy. We would have ^{by} our readers only get a general picture.

The white population combines officials, missionaries, traders, sailors and so on.

From the Missions
of the Capuchin Order of the Rhenish-Westphalian Province
on the Caroline, Mariana
and Palau-Islands in the
German South Seas.

Annual Report 1913.

To members of the Capuchin-Conf^ession and mission supporters
prepared by Fr Kilian Müller, O. M. Cap., Mission Secretary.

With permission of the Superiors of the Order

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1913.

II.

For a Mission Chronicle.

/14/ Progress of the Mission. The Marianas.

On the island of Saipan, there is still no missionary for the Carolinians resident and settled there. At the moment, after the former Apostolic Prefect, Fr Paulus, returned to Germany via America, only Fr Gallus is there now; he has more than enough to do with the real indigenes, the Chamorros.

After a Protestant teacher was placed in the government school on this exclusively Catholic island, we can now report that a Catholic teacher has, since March 1913, at last been directing the school. Because no religious instruction is allowed to be given in the school, just as it has previously been done, it is obvious that a Catholic teacher has a quite different respect in such circumstances among the Catholic inhabitants.

Mr Vogt of ^{the} Eichsfeld, who had previously worked in Sangerhausen in Thuringia for many years, was installed.

His predecessor, the Protestant teacher Höfer, took over a school for translators for the various islands on the same island. We have the assurance of the Imperial government that it also takes notice of the children of Catholic indigenes. We are thinking next of the islands on which the Catholic mission is active by itself, ^{as well as} ~~but also~~ of those islands where both confessions are at work.

We have heard that the government is willing to give the mission ^{charge of} the school teaching ^{for} of the girls. We have no knowledge of how the Apostolic Vicar has decided on this matter. In any case,

^{its} the assumption would mean a large increase in expenses since the girl's school would be required to be a private school for which the mission would have to meet costs.

Fr Gallus sent the following information about his activities in the last year in February 1913:

Baptised: 115 Deaths: 58

First communicants: 43 First confessions: 51 /15/

Young boys and girls of church school age: 148.

School children at religious instruction: 318.

Marriages: 22 Easter communicants: 720.

Communicants outside Easter during the year: 6113.

This indicates a quite vital church life among about 1240 Catholic Chamorros. The father delivered 108 sermons and 48 other speeches last year. The communion for children held more often (during a week) is also included here. Hopefully, the more than one thousand Carolinians will also get a missionary soon. Perhaps Fr Laurentius on Ponape can be released shortly for this purpose.

On the island of Rota, the missionaries again had to suffer much. The small, rickety island has only slowly and with difficulty recovered from the ⁱⁿ frightful typhoon that struck on 19 October 1911. Whatever was not destroyed in the hurricane was destroyed by the succeeding drought, lasting until July 1912. As a consequence, a tremendous food shortage occurred which compelled the people to dig for roots, often two meters deep, in the ground in the woods from four to six hours. The children, who almost always jostled around playing, sat around glumly. In their difficult time, the mission offered the poor people everything it had to give. Since all ships stayed away for three months, there was the possibility that a part of the islanders, cut off

from the outer world and starving, would die miserably.

Scarcely had help arrived and rain fallen than tropical dysentery set in. Almost everyone, large and small, was afflicted by the illness. Fortunately, only six children and one adult died. Among the missionaries, Fr Corbinian was taken ill. The good father has now lived on this isolated island for six years already.

On 26 October 1912, Rota experienced a severe earthquake, the most severe since Fr Corbinian has been there. Earthquakes are generally a matter of course here. /16/ The rocky nest totters so often during the year, that, on the average, one earthquake occurs each week.

The Imperial main station for earthquake research in Strassburg has, for that reason, sent a seismometer to Rota, whose use has been entrusted to Fr Corbinian. In the interests of earthquake research, it would be most welcome if the apparatus could be brought to Rota through the offices of the Imperial marine.

Fr Corbinian already uses a quicksilver barometer for ^{the} meteorological section of the Imperial Colonial Office. With astonishing punctuality, he has already noted the position of the barometer three times daily for several years.

It may interest the reader to know the reading^A of the thermometer in degrees centigrade in the shade on this island during the winter months, including the early part of the year.

	Morn. 6.	Afternoon. 2.	Evening. 8.
December 1912	23 - 27	27 - 31	26 - 27
January 1913	23 - 27	27 - 31	24 - 27
February 1913	22 - 25	25 - 31	24 - 26

	Morn. 6.	Afternoon. 2.	Evening. 8.
March 1913	23 - 25	28 - 32	25 - 27
April 1913	24 - 26	29 - 33	26 - 27
May 1913	25 - 27	32 - 33	26 - 27

As previously announced, Fr Corbinian has assumed the entire teaching load on Rota after an indigene, acting as government assistant, had given instruction earlier. Our fathers have generally been pleased that, in the last year, we have rapped for once the knuckles of the cry babies in the last annual report who complain about the neglect of the German language. The men who study the islands as though from a ship have no idea of the studies undertaken by the islanders. Fr Corbinian sent us his lesson plans, from which we excerpt the following curriculum:

In the school for children seven to nine, there are each week three hrs. of religion, five of German and two of arithmetic.

In the school for nine to thirteen-year olds, there are six hrs. of religion, five of German, two of arithmetic, one of local studies, one of history, one of geography, and two of writing, singing and gymnastics.

The condition of the mission during 1912 was as follows: 502 residents, 71 school children, 23 births and baptisms, 17 deaths, 10 sacraments administered at death, 10 marriages, 4010 communicants and 63 sermons.

In the past year, the father also instituted more frequent communions for children. More than half of the eligible children take Holy Communion two or ^{four}~~three~~ times a week; among adults, many go to the Lord's Supper each, or nearly each, day.

As is well-known, the Marianas islanders are exclusively Catholic.

/24/ New Powers.

Since 1904, Fr Callistus has belonged to the Capuchin Mission in the South Seas. He began his activity on the island of Yap, where he also worked with Spanish Capuchins and became the first German Superior. His native temperament, which he expresses hotly sometimes, was mistaken by many Germans and even seemed to be disloyalty to the government.

From Yap, the father was transferred to Saipan in May 1907, where he again worked with Spanish Augustinians for a short time and founded the German Capuchin Mission in the Marianas as the first one. The unwholesome relations there, for which he was not responsible, soon brought the father into opposition with several officials. We are not fundamentally concerned with the activities of the officials, but it has come to be necessary to make clarifications because of the pamphlet of Hon. Imperial Councillor Fritz, Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam, in which he accuses Fr Callistus of being disloyal. Most church property in the Marianas was lost since the Spanish Augustinians, not knowing the German language and German law, did not record church property, land parcels, in the land register. Another avenue of theft was the complete suppression of religious instruction in the government school on Saipan established by Imperial Councillor Fritz. The relationship of the Protestant government teacher, who was a friend of the mission because of the exclusive Catholicism of his children, to the officials there did not serve to ease Fr Callistus's work.

The last Spanish priests, Fr Francisco Resano at Garapan, Saipan, Fr Cornelio Garcia in Tanapag, Saipan, and Fr Marianao Alegre on Rota, were not able to concern themselves with church

and school relations at all since they did not comprehend the German language as the good of the mission demanded, so that the new administration was left entirely up to the new German priest. One thinks of ^{just} the school ~~by itself~~ and the setting up of the holidays observed from then on.

With this sketch, we only wish to establish that one ^{only} attributes all outstanding conflicts to Fr Callistus ^{as a} with great injustice.

After the Spanish Augustinians had left, Fr Francisco in May after thirty-three years of service in the Marianas and Fr Cornelius in December 1907, the new Apostolic Prefect, Fr Paulus, arrived on Saipan. The Province consented to his coming so Fr Callistus, in conjunction with the government's desire to make peace, could go over to the Palau-Islands in the summer of 1909, from whence he was later supposed to go over to the still German mission on the American island of Guam. But this was thwarted by the irresponsible instigation of the American Governor on the part of a /25/ German official. When Fr Callistus wanted to disembark on Guam in June 1910, he was turned away by the Americans.

We are not pursuing this revolting incident at this time so as not to create difficulties for the government.

Fr Callistus travelled to Manila in 1910 and assumed the parish of Laspinas early in 1911, which he administered until early 1913 to the greatest satisfaction of the Bishop there.

/26/ Personnel of the Mission

Number	Name	Home	In mission since
Saipan, Marianas.			
30.	Fr Gallus Lehmann	Sursee, Switzerland	1908
31.	Br Mennas Bohner	Bohlingen, BAvaria	1908
Rota, Marianas.			
32.	Fr Corbinian Madre	Rechtenbach, Lower Fran.	1907
33.	Br Joachim Petry	Kistelbach, Rheinland	1905
34.	Br Lucius Keller	Lenzkirch, Bavaria	1910

/27/ Br Vitalis was sent to Palau from Yap in February 1913 to assist with the rebuilding of mission buildings damaged in the last typhoon. For the same reason, Br Joachim went to Rota in the autumn of 1912.

/29/ Statistics for 1912/13.

The islanders.	Garapan, Saipan	Tanapag, Saipan	Rota
Catholics	2100	125	492
Total pop.	2328	277	492
<u>Missionaries.</u>			
Priests	2	-	1
Brothers	1	-	2
<u>Mission field.</u>			
Churches, chapels	1	1	1
Cemeteries	1	1	1
Schools	-	-	1

Mission field.	Garapan, Saipan	Tanapag, Saipan	Rota
Boys not boarding	-	-	35
Girls " "	-	-	40
<u>Baptisms.</u>			
Children	115	14	21
Adults	-	56	-
<u>Confessions.</u>	6883	350	4200
<u>Communicants.</u>			
Easter	720	49	380
Service	6113	301	3920
<u>Marriages.</u>	22 (including Tanapag)		4
<u>Last Rites.</u>	58 (including Tanapag)		14
<u>Church Burials.</u>	58 (including Tanapag)		14
<u>Sermons and Catechizing.</u>	156	49	215

/ '5/ Scenes from the Mission Life. Part III.

The island of Saipan. Fr Gallus.

On a world map, our island of Saipan is only a dot. But this dot is actually 185 sq. km. in area nonetheless. Only the west coast of the island is settled, and even here, the entire population (2437 in the past year) is crowded together in an extent traversed in just under three hours. At first glance, our Catholic mission appears to be a veritable Eldorado in this

secure, yes, tightly bound, field of activity lying in a constantly unvarying and moderate climate.

But here on Saipan, a missionary does not stroll under the palms ~~unrebuked~~ ^{untroubled}. There is hardly a mission field on the wide surface of the earth where so many different peoples with their own languages live together so intimately: German, Spanish, Japanese, Chamorro, Saipanese Carolinian, Yapese, Palauan, Oleaian, Ponapean and Samoan. Each of these tribes has its own language unintelligible to the ~~others~~. Most of these ~~are~~ ^{fall into} two language groups: Chamorro and Saipanese Carolinian. As a missionary (only one at present), one is often in the position of having to care for the souls of ~~each~~ ^{people} from the various linguistic branches. And these are the most extraordinary mission difficulties. Naturally, it is ~~impossible~~ ^{impossible} to study all these islanders' languages, especially as they have not all been grammatically analyzed. This is also true for the two ~~prominent~~ ^{predominant} languages: Chamorro and Saipanese Carolinian. The seven smaller foreign language groups cannot reasonably ask someone to devote years ~~of~~ ^{to} long and tiring study for their sakes.

Someone has only to consider the most usual mission cases to easily comprehend difficulties here. Someone reports a sick Mortlockese woman. The missionary goes there, crawls on all fours ~~in~~ ^{to} the low dirty hut. It becomes evident that the woman is a heathen but quite ill. As soon as possible, a translator is sent for who understands Chamorro and Mortlockese. Now a most basic teaching of baptism commences. The language broker occasionally fails at this point; ~~because~~ he explains that he is unable to communicate this or that unfamiliar concept. Besides this, one has no certainty that the translator has translated properly.

Another common occurrence: A Carolinian has thrown off the yoke of Christian marriage and lives dissolutely with another and no longer turns to Christianity. This is now a fine piece of work, restoring this dislocated member. The red lapalap man only understands a little Chamorro and says to everyone, "Yes, Pale, you're right," and lets the matter take its course. A missionary skilled in the language of the Carolinian would certainly have one fifth of the work of one who can hardly make himself understood even halfway.

Even so it is a hard nut to crack to be able to give religious instruction to the heathen Oleai children with just the help of a translator who barely understands Chamorro. The translator just cannot give a clear, precise formulation of the principles of thought that are able to serve as rote sentences ⁱⁿ ~~for~~ their intellectual endowment. /36/ Besides this, every moment of excitement, every blazing fire of inspiration and religious joy is immediately stunted by the sentence-by-sentence breaks that are required since the islander, unaccustomed to such thinking, is not able to repeat a long series of sentences to his people. What was said above also applies here. Occasionally, one makes often quite distressing discoveries regarding the correctness of what the translator repeats. In this respect, one assumes the well-known condition that, as a result of their separation from the world, the South Sea islanders clothe a number of concepts with profane images, especially in the areas of sins, souls, morality and religion generally. So, there is great difficulty in conversing with islanders in their own languages, but how much more so with an uneducated and inept translator.

There is still a third aid with which to care for the souls of the foreign speakers here. The Samoans banished here brought along their splendid prayer and instruction books written in Samoan by the skillful Marist priests. These could also be of service to the missionary here after he had made some progress in the books. But the usefulness of the books is also quite limited. Once one is unsure of what was being read, an exhausting search ensues. Finally, one often fails to get what is needed in emergencies. But the main issue is: whoever does not know the idioms of a language will not read it properly and, thus, remain ignorant. That holds true here. The writer of these lines could relate amusing incidents that happened during most serious pastoral work while using this help.

The only proper solution to the mixture of languages on Saipan would be to introduce a common language. This is also the method of the government school; only German is supposed to be spoken. The school has pursued this goal for a decade. So far, the missionaries have profited little from it. This is partly so because adults never visit the German school. The children released from school no longer practice speaking German at all, much to the understandable chagrin of the teacher, and have, therefore, forgotten all their German again after two or three years. But we must now consider the school children themselves, over 300 of them. This would be a suitable number for the missionary if only he could speak to them all in their mother tongue or at least in German. The latter possibility could not be fulfilled with the small ones, of course. They must first learn German, and that is not a matter for religious instruction. But also in the upper grades, attempts to give religious

instruction in German are complete failures. Why is this so?

In the government school, only German is spoken in the upper grades! That's so! But the children there are as good as deprived of learning German words for religious ^{subjects} ~~matter~~.

Occasionally, questioning on my part revealed that they lacked knowledge of the most basic German words for religious subjects, not to mention for the transcendental and supernatural. The government school is mainly unbiased, although, apart from twenty Oleai children, all the rest are Catholics. At any rate, the school was under a Protestant teacher until recently.

Thus far, the mission has actually received no benefits from the German language study introduced there. In any case, it is only useful for Germanic culture on Saipan that the justified wishes of the mission have been finally acknowledged and ^{that} the Catholic children were given a Catholic teacher.

Publisher's note: Hopefully, the Imperial government also has the foresight to make the school on Catholic Saipan equal to the /37/ schools at home and again allows religion to be taught. On an island with an exclusively Catholic past, we have constantly regarded separation of church and school as a mistake, which would certainly not encourage the trust of the harmless islanders.

/45/ Three-quarters of the way around Rota. Fr Corbinian, Rota, 1912.

"Which of you has gone around Rota already?" I asked in school one day. The universal answer was, "No one." "Well, which of /46/ you wants to go around once?" A few of the larger ones answered affirmatively. And since that day, I was asked each week, "When will we go on our expedition?" "Well, it's quite

far, and you won't be able to withstand the exertion!" "Oh no, we won't get tired. We'll only suffer from a little thirst." Just then, another retorted, "That's not bad. We'll find coconuts scattered everywhere around the island. Their juice can be used to quench our thirst."

"Very well, you must, however, first get your parents' permission." "We've done so already," was the universal reply. "Very well, then we'll go next Monday." And so it was. We also sought out a competent leader.

At six o'clock on Monday morning, everyone came to the mission to get his food. Our caravan consisted of eight people: Br Lucius, my humble self, the guide and five boys. We left the village of Rota around six-thirty and began the journey. We first marched as far as Teteto (see map) on the west coast, where we arrived at fifteen minutes after eight. After we had slaked our thirst with the half-sweet, half-bitter spring water there and eaten a little snack, we went on to Tangson behind the "Cocal de la Virgen." We had a rather good path until this point. From Guata on, we marched for a while across ^{sandy beaches} ~~beach sand~~, which was rather tiring, and through the bush path, finally on the beach again as far as Muchung, where we arrived at eleven o'clock and rested for two hours. We used the two hours to eat refreshments and to inspect the remains of buildings from the time of the old Chamorros. We also saw the ruins of an old church. The pillars from the old times and their capitals excited our greatest interest. These stand in ^{two} opposing rows two meters apart. The distance between the two rows was probably four meters.

As far as height is concerned, the biggest pillars, which are still fixed in my mind, could not have exceeded two meters, while the shortest could not have exceeded one meter.

Their shapes are rectangular and narrow gradually towards the top. The diameter of the greatest pillars amounted to less than one and a half meters, on top one meter.

The capitals are quite simple and have the shape of half-globes.

The capitals were originally placed on the pillars without the support of mortar. At present, all capitals lie on the ground behind the pillars.

Whatever purpose these pillars with their capitals served, it is at least evident that they supported house floors.

At one o'clock, we again broke camp from Muchung and marched once again along a bush path as far as Matmos (sunken, drowned).

At Matmos, we had a large, level coralline field ahead of us. To my question as to whether this was always so level, our guide answered, "This large coralline field was leveled by the old Chamorros for the purpose of serving as a rice field. In olden times, there were two chiefs here on Rota. They held a competition with each other. Both wished to establish rice fields and each wanted to complete his work first.

"After the one had finished with his rice field, which he laid in Talacaia (on the southeast coast) with his people, the pointed coralline field /48/ here was also levelled (northeast side). Only the loam was lacking; it had to be brought from afar and to be heaped up.

"Then the chief realized he had lost the competition and plunged into the ocean, which is where the name 'Matmos' comes from."--

According to others, the same chief who directed the work in Talacaia was supposed to have led the laying of the rice field in Matmos. After the coralline rocks had been smoothed out and the loam supposedly provided and scattered about, he was supposed to have been thrown into the ocean by his people on account of the inhuman difficulties and immense effort.

It was above all else a frightfully painful job. The greatest work was certainly smoothing out the pointed, sharp coralline stones.

One has to wonder how the old Chamorros were able to even out the sharp coralline stones in the field with the primitive stone tools they had available then.

One can still see gutters cut into the hard stone where water flowed to irrigate the field. The separate paddies, which lie behind one another like terraces, are surrounded by a coral fence to guard against the loam's being washed away.

We arrived at Matmos at two o'clock. So far, the terrain was passable. But it was to be otherwise. The path gave out completely and we marched across the sharp coral. During this time, one had to keep one's balance so as not to fall and crack one's skull. Depsite this, one scrap after another from feet and habit was left behind on the sharp stones.

The obstacles and difficulties had grown so great that I already had it in mind to double back when our guide said still worse was to come. I was particularly apprehensive that our shoes would be left hanging somewhere. Then it would not be possible to consider proceeding or going back.

Several years ago, as our guide, who was present, told us, two officers from a German warship tried to circumambulate the island but had had to interrupt their progress until the ship had approached and came to their aid with new shoes.

At last, I agreed to a vote. Since almost everyone voted to go on, I acceded. We could, as a last resort, walk through low water, *although there were many* ~~whereby many more~~ possibilities were more welcome and pleasant than getting immersed in salt water.

About four o'clock, we arrived at Yuyohan. We took a brief rest here; while some got water from a nearby cave, the others hunted crabs for supper.

At five o'clock, we again broke camp and went to Dodo, where we arrived an hour later. Since the sun had already set, we looked about for a suitable place to spend the night. Four huts were quickly built under a few coconut trees, a fire lit, the crabs and fish we had caught roasted and eaten.

After a brief evening prayer, we lay down to sleep. But no one could sleep properly. The uncomfortable roar of the nearby ocean, whose mighty waves were cast upon the island with horrible fury, the ants, the other animals and the hardness of the site did not allow that. /49/

At five o'clock everyone was already up again. We held a morning service, ate a little snack and departed Dodo about five-thirty. On our tramp, we found tree trunks, colored barrels, broken chests and much more that had been swept here by the typhoon of last October into a pit of fifteen meters and deeper on the lowest terrace sharply falling in to the sea. Down in the ocean, we spotted sharks and splendid examples of turtles about a meter long, which immediately dove into the depths as soon as they

perceived the slightest disturbance.

According to the guide's statements, our way today was supposed to be better, and so we indulged in the firm hope of arriving at the goal we made for ourselves this day, the rice fields and fresh water streams of Talacaia.

But we soon noticed that that was just a castle in the air. The terrain was always stonier and the stone always more jagged. We saw water often enough, even more water than land, but, unfortunately, no drinking water. And our eyes vainly looked for coconuts, which we had left behind and which were to substitute for water. And everyone complained of burning thirst. Finally, still another unanticipated obstacle arose.

After we had walked from five-thirty to nine without a break and with the most strenuous effort, we arrived at Asfanie. The ocean forms a large splendid bay here.

Since here, as everywhere on the east coast of the island, the ocean ~~comes~~^{came} up to the rocks without crossing a reef and the terrace, which accompanied the ridge of the massif ranging across the entire island up to this spot, suddenly ceased, it was impossible to think of climbing down on the lowest terrace, which only lies three meters above the ~~water~~^{ocean} and was heavily inundated by water from the surf.

To my question how far it would be to the other end of the bay, the answer was, "Another three hours," and to the further question of how far it was to Talacaia, it was, "We won't be there before evening." /50/

So, we decided to double back and to climb the highest terrace, the ridge of the island. After marching for about half

an hour, we came to a place where an ascent was possible. In general, the terraces decline almost perpendicularly, the lowest three to ten meters, the next twenty to fifty and the highest one hundred and over.

We climbed up using the bushes that covered the slope and finally reached the uppermost plateau. It was difficult and unsafe work.

Our first questions to the guide were naturally about coconuts to quench our ^{burning} thirst, at least a little bit. We discovered the first coconut trees at noon. The young ones immediately rushed in, climbed the trees and knocked down the fruit.

After we had rested for a while, we set off on the ridge of the island on our way home.

We used another short rest of about three-quarters of an hour to chop down a certain vine in order to drink the water running out of it. At seven o'clock, we reached Santa Cruz. Everyone again complained of great thirst; and once again, water was sought on all sides, but in vain.

Since night had already fallen, torches were made from dry coconut fronds. At about eight-thirty, we again arrived at Tetelo, where we immediately went to the springs mentioned previously.

An islander furnished us with shelter for the night, which we so ardently desired, in his field hut. Previously, the youths had shot two wild piglets on the way and now spitted them and roasted them until they were properly flavored.

Sleep was impossible. Our exhaustion was too complete. Also, the wounds that each of us had received on our hands and

feet from the branches in our way and tree trunks also hurt. The wounds burned as though salt had been put on them.

When we arose around five o'clock to return to the village, almost none of us was able to stand up. Our guide had, indeed, already arranged a remedy. Since his cart and steers just happened to be ⁱⁿ his nearby lancho (estate), he came with his cart right at five up to our field hut and took us back to where we had started. The wounds and injuries we brought back still had not healed after six weeks.

Christmas presentation on Saipan. By Fr Gallus.

The peoples of the South Seas are not like other people at home. For one thing, they have different colored skin, as well as a different physiognomy. But what particularly sets our islanders apart from Europeans are intellectual inferiority, poverty of knowledge and ability. He only knows a few concepts and takes things as he sees them with his senses. The smaller the island and the farther away the civilized world, even more limited are the conceptual and imaginative faculties of the islanders. A glance at a map shows the reader that Saipan (Marianas) is only one dot in the world ocean. The next largest islands are eight to fourteen days away. A trip by steamer to a continent lasts several weeks. We are almost completely cut off from the wide /51/ world.

A steamer, or occasionally, a warship, does call several times a year, but they remain far outside the reef, and by far the majority of islanders care not at all about them and are hardly affected if we take an intellectual perspective. So the

islanders' range of ideas remains almost always the same. His view is, as one is accustomed to say, of the narrowest.

The islander only knows the language of the senses. He is, in the main, controlled by and preoccupied with whatever his five senses make out to be significant and important. The missionary must first reckon with this. He is unable to present the high and exalted secrets of our religion to islanders only by preaching and catechising. It was the effort of previous missionaries to clearly show the transcendental and supernatural eternal truth by teaching with pictures. Visual images, scenic representations must often serve to build a bridge to understanding.

I also, during the Christmas of 1911, made a timid attempt to clearly present biblical truths to islanders, Carolinians and Chamorros, in living images. But this has its own special difficulties here with our limited and impoverished conditions. Four things are necessary for theatrical productions: a suitable ^{room} area, good actors, appropriate costumes and scenery. Of course, the last ones are often bulky. As to what concerns the ^{location,} ~~locality,~~ this is not so difficult. Our catechetical school has only one hall, but a most roomy one. Brother Joachim then constructed a proper stage; the pit had three hundred seats, behind which was a somewhat elevated section ^{of "boxes for} ~~for~~ "foreigners" for the Europeans. It was harder to acquire the suitable performers. And direction, as is well known, is the most important requirement. One now thinks: "It's just like the missionary to be director, conductor, scenery painter and scene-shifter all in one." But I observe the principle: Whoever delegates most, rules best. It is obvious that I have never fulfilled these positions. I accepted the offer of Mrs Mayer, wife of Dr Mayer, with the greatest pleasure

and gave her control of directing. My only remaining duty was to provide the necessary living and non-living materials and to keep a protecting, commanding and settling hand on the whole. Three Chamorro connoisseurs were entrusted with the music; and a skilled Carolinian from Yap took the preparation of the required scenery in hand; an assistant teacher, ~~of~~ an islander, was made producer. The number of actors gave rise to some problems ^{since} only living pictures were planned. Providing costumes started miserably. In the three shops here, one can purchase, for much money, colorful cloth, but these materials can be seen on the street all day. One shop has as much decorative material as the next, that is, nothing. And among these South Sea folk, whatever is supposed to mean something has to sparkle and shine. At last, the practical female faculty discovered the right thing. A quite fine wardrobe was provided.

In order to fuse life, change and understanding with living pictures, a little explanation had to be given every now and then. The ~~pictures~~ ^{scenes} themselves were accompanied by music and songs. And both were authentic German. They were the old, beloved domestic songs, thoughtful, dreamy, beautiful Christmas music. These well-known melodies and the humble, pious recitals by the "actors" released feelings of joy and memories of childhood, as well as of the far distant homeland, among our German spectators. The scenes were as follows: ^{the} entrance of ^{the} Christ child into the world -- the Annunciation -- Christmas (the holy night) -- /52/ Jesus as a child in his family at Nazareth -- the twelve-year-old Jesus in the temple. Then a charming dance followed to introduce four scenes from German fairy-tales. The picture of the guardian angel came as the conclusion. These last ones were a fine and

worthy conclusion to the whole, pleasing to both eye and heart.

The production lasted for two and a half hours. The theatre was, of course, crowded full. Even the "boxes" were well filled. Hon. Imperial Councillor Oswald, who stopped here just then on a duty cruise, as well as the entire officer corps from the Imperial steamer Komet, honored the theatre with their presence. It goes without saying that all the officials stationed here and all other Europeans also appeared as invited guests.

How have these scenic representations affected the islanders? They were completely overcome by astonishment, spectacle and attention. Their hearts also took away lasting memories. Whenever the "Pale" (priest) introduces this or that ^{scene} picture as an aid during religious instruction, everyone wants to relate at length what he had seen.
