

Desert Missions

MARCH 1964



AL-HIKMA: The Desert Blooms

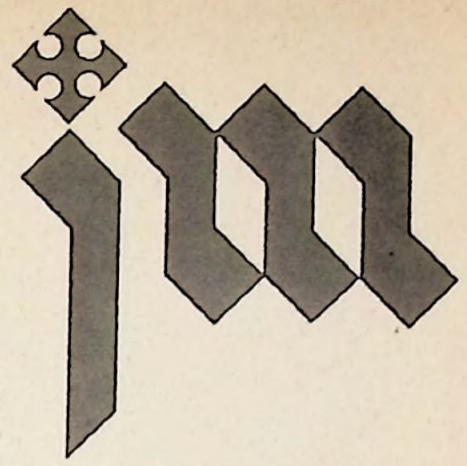
IHS

كل حكمة من الله

جامعة الحكمة في بغداد

ALL WISDOM IS FROM GOD





HUNGER

“The needs of the world! The very question makes one dizzy because these needs are so vast, so manifold, so immeasurable. But some of them are so evident and impelling that all of us understand them, at least to some degree.

“The first is hunger. We knew it existed, but today it has to be recognized. It has now become scientifically proven to us that more than half the human race has not enough food. Entire generations of children even today are dying or suffering because of indescribable poverty. Hunger produces sickness and wretchedness; these in turn increase hunger. It is not merely prosperity that is wanting to vast numbers of people; it is mere sufficiency.

“And unless this heart-rending situation is relieved by opportune remedies, we must foresee that it will grow worse, not better. The demographic increase of starving areas has not yet been balanced by the economic increase of the means of sustenance, although it has been accompanied by the spread of such means of information and such types of development as impart an uneasy and rebellious consciousness to such a state of suffering. Hunger can become a subversive force with incalculable results.

* * *

“This gives added motivation for us to look with profound sympathy at the multitudes of men who suffer hunger and to observe with anxious attention the manner in which men study and handle the enormous problems connected with this tragic situation. Even though we are not given Christ’s miraculous power of materially multiplying bread for the world’s hunger, still we can take to heart the plea that rises from the masses still oppressed and languishing with misery, and to feel it vibrate in us with the very pity which was felt by the heart of Christ, which is both divine and completely human: *Misereor super turbam . . .* “I have compassion on the multitude . . . They have nothing to eat”

FROM THE DECEMBER ALLOCUTION
OF POPE PAUL VI

“Starving Children” by Eithne DeValera, aged 13, who won first prize in the Caltex Children’s Art Competition with these sad little faces.

SHINING IN THE DESERT

Baghdad's Al-Hikma University
is built on faith and confidence
in the people of the new Iraq

Clement J. Armitage S. J.



North of Baghdad the Tigris River makes a wide bend before it straightens out for its southward run by the old city and the modern suburbs now springing up. Part of the Baghdad College campus can be seen where the New England Jesuits have run a secondary school for a quarter century and Al-Hikma began.

No other river has cut through more of history than has the Tigris. When the first human footfall was heard in the Garden of Eden the Tigris was already flowing southward to the sea. In that valley where she and her sister river, the Euphrates, had carved with rich, broad strokes, civilization saw its dawn and the unwinding of time, of days whose very number is not known, of peoples whose form is vague and distorted against the misty names Sumer and Akkad, Ur of the Chaldees, Nineveh and Babylon.

Yet these were real people and their vitality is mirrored in their achievements. They knew how to develop the land; they established written civil law; they put their language (the oldest yet discovered) into cuneiform writing; they were bankers, astronomers, mathematicians, men skilled in trade, in building and in the art of war. The clouds of half a hundred centuries have obscured but not blotted out their sculpture and architecture, their science and commerce—those works which proclaim how real these people were and the greatness they achieved. The shadow of those important days still falls across the land and makes of Iraq a country of contrast, of the old and the vibrant new, of a young and vital nation striding through the dusty garden of yesterday.

A few miles north of Baghdad the Tigris makes a sweeping bend to the east. On the west bank gleam the golden domes and minarets of the 16th Century Mosque of Kadhimia, a shining symbol of the faith which has ruled this land for thirteen centuries. On the east bank, the water is brushed briefly by the finger of land which broadens out into the modern and graceful campus of Baghdad College. When the Jesuits of the N



England Province purchased this property back in 1934 it marked the first time that the young nation of Iraq had allowed aliens to possess land. And it was on this spot that Al-Hikma University first came into being.

The story of Al-Hikma could serve as a capsule history of Iraq since it became an independent nation in 1932. For there is a strong similarity between them in the resources at their beginnings, the rapidity of their growth, the suddenness and solidity of their maturity. Both, in a sense, were built on sand but both were rooted in the character of a people.

The British Mandate over Iraq ended the same year in which the American Jesuits arrived in Baghdad. It meant the end of eight centuries of blackout under foreign rule and the indifference which fosters a stultifying poverty. Iraq was still the Land between the Rivers, mostly a

desert country save for the thin areas where the Tigris and Euphrates flowed. But the people were free, on their own, and in that very desert lay the wealth of oil that would be the catalyst in attaining their potential. It would not be a sudden thing, for one cannot step overnight from one century into another, but the tremendous changes which have occurred in so short a time in Iraq underline the character and vitality of the people.

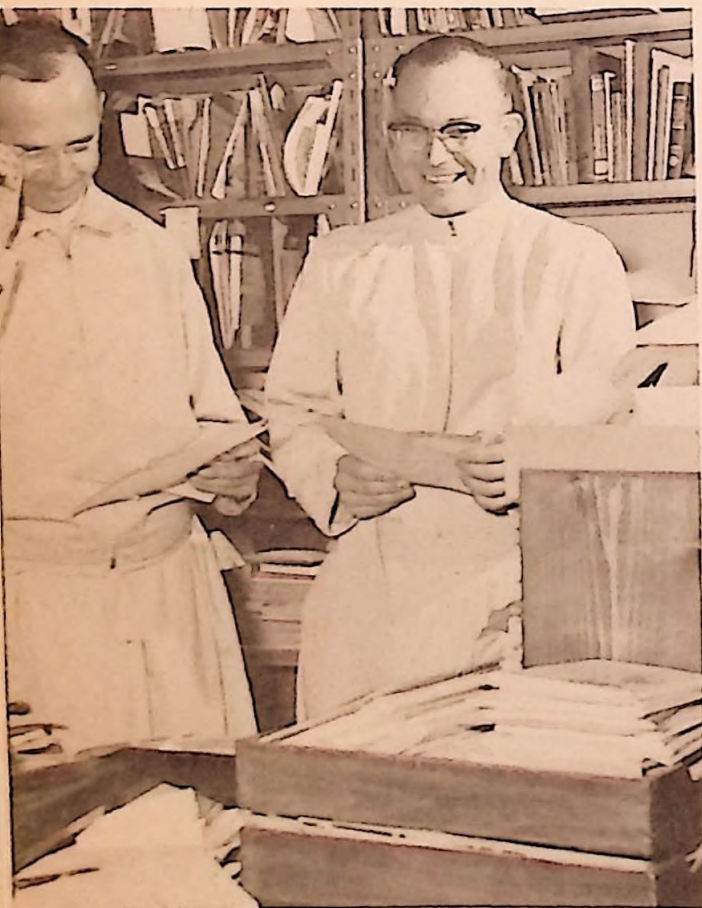
Into this world that was trying feverishly to emerge from centuries of stagnation came the Jesuits and Baghdad College. For twenty-four years they concentrated on secondary education and their efforts have been chronicled before in *Jesuit Missions*. Briefly, it was a start from nothing, a slow period of growth that finally blossomed into the institution now gracing that east bank of the Tigris. They built more than a school; they built an image of dedicated men who were solely interested in training the youth of Iraq to fit solidly into the exciting future their country held out to them. It was not an easy image to build; they had to face the opposition which all foreigners encounter in an underdeveloped nation which has only recently attained independence. But they persevered and because of that image Al-Hikma was born.

Long ago, in the golden days when Baghdad was the first city of the world, Caliph Abdullah Mamun established a seat of learning which was to become the first university of the land. This was in 830 A.D. and he named it "Beit al-Hikma", the House of Wisdom. Today's Al-Hikma is also a first, the first private university to be granted a charter by the Iraqi government.

Six years ago the section of Baghdad called Zafaraniya was an arid desert. It began where the southern part of the city ended. It straddled the road which led to the famous Arch of Ctesiphon, the last remnant of the summer capital of Persian kings. The desert stretched out in endless emptiness. As Father Mulvihill remarked in the early days of building to a visitor who showed up with several golf clubs, "You'll like our fairways. They run for two hundred miles in every direction!" Here on 168 acres of land donated by the Iraqi government, the new university was begun.

The first classes were actually held on the Baghdad College campus to the north of the city. This was in 1956 when the desert of Zafaraniya was slowly being turned into a dream a few had envisioned. Slowly? It seemed so then, yet the years it took can be counted on one hand. Now, as one looks back, it appears like an oasis that has sprung up overnight. The man most intimately connected with this rapid operation was Father Leo Guay, fundamentally a chemistry professor who has astounded his colleagues (and architects) by designing and supervising the construction himself. He is well acquainted with every brick which has gone into the science building, the business administration building, the Jesuit faculty residence, the cafeteria and the library.

It could never have been accomplished without a variety of helping hands. The land was the gift of the Iraqi government; the Ford Foundation granted \$400,000 for construction and Cardinal Spellman, with the Catholic Near East Welfare Association, matched half the Ford grant with a gift of \$200,000; and the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation



Father John Banks (right), first Rector of Al-Hikma, with Father Cote, Librarian. (Opposite page) There was absolutely nothing in the way when Father Hussey, Mission Superior, and architect began plans.



gave \$140,000 for a science building. The stature of these particular benefactors testifies to their belief in what the Jesuit Fathers were doing.

By 1959 the face of Zafaraniya had changed immensely. The university was ready for occupancy; the government was constructing a housing project nearby and the entire area was rapidly developing into a modern residential suburb. This was in keeping with the way Baghdad was growing.

The significance of Al-Hikma must be seen in relation to the Iraq of today. The only source of higher education in the country was at the University of Baghdad, a group of ten institutions for law, medicine, teaching, etc. Al-Hikma did not cut across this field but was chartered to offer degrees in Business Administration and Civil Engineering—two prime needs of an emergent nation concerned both with its economy and its public works. So Al-Hikma

complements the University of Baghdad. It also offered a partial solution to the national problem. Iraqis who studied abroad at the college level were either not returning to Iraq or returning reluctantly. Their education abroad did not prepare them for the problems indigenous to Iraq and wrenched them from their own culture into another. They were young, and impatient; Iraq was advancing with giant strides but it was not swift enough for them. Now there was an institution, directed by Americans and staffed by Iraqis and Europeans as well as Americans, which would provide higher education in Iraq and against the problems of Iraq.

We must keep in mind the enormous prestige that is attached to a college diploma. It serves as a passport for the professions and government positions and in the social strata of Iraq, so carefully defined, it may be a lever that lifts one of humble origin into a higher rank. Again, beyond the practical, wisdom and knowledge have traditionally been respected by the Iraqis of all faiths. Through the centuries the man of learning has always held the highest rank and usually held the function of religious leader, teacher or judge.

With the steady growth in education over the last three decades there has, naturally enough, been a marked increase in the number of educated men and women. As a result, there is a growing middle class which contributes to greater social and economic mobility. But that increase must be fused into the common good, the men and women with ability must play their part in the overall movement. And they must be patient; the emergence of a modern nation does not occur overnight.

Secretary of State Dean Rusk once wrote, "A nation's political, social and economic development can rise no higher than that of its human resources. Since education is the chief means of raising the level of human resources, it is not a luxury to be postponed until national development has been accomplished but it is an indispensable prerequisite to the developmental process itself." This is something the Iraqis had the foresight to do.

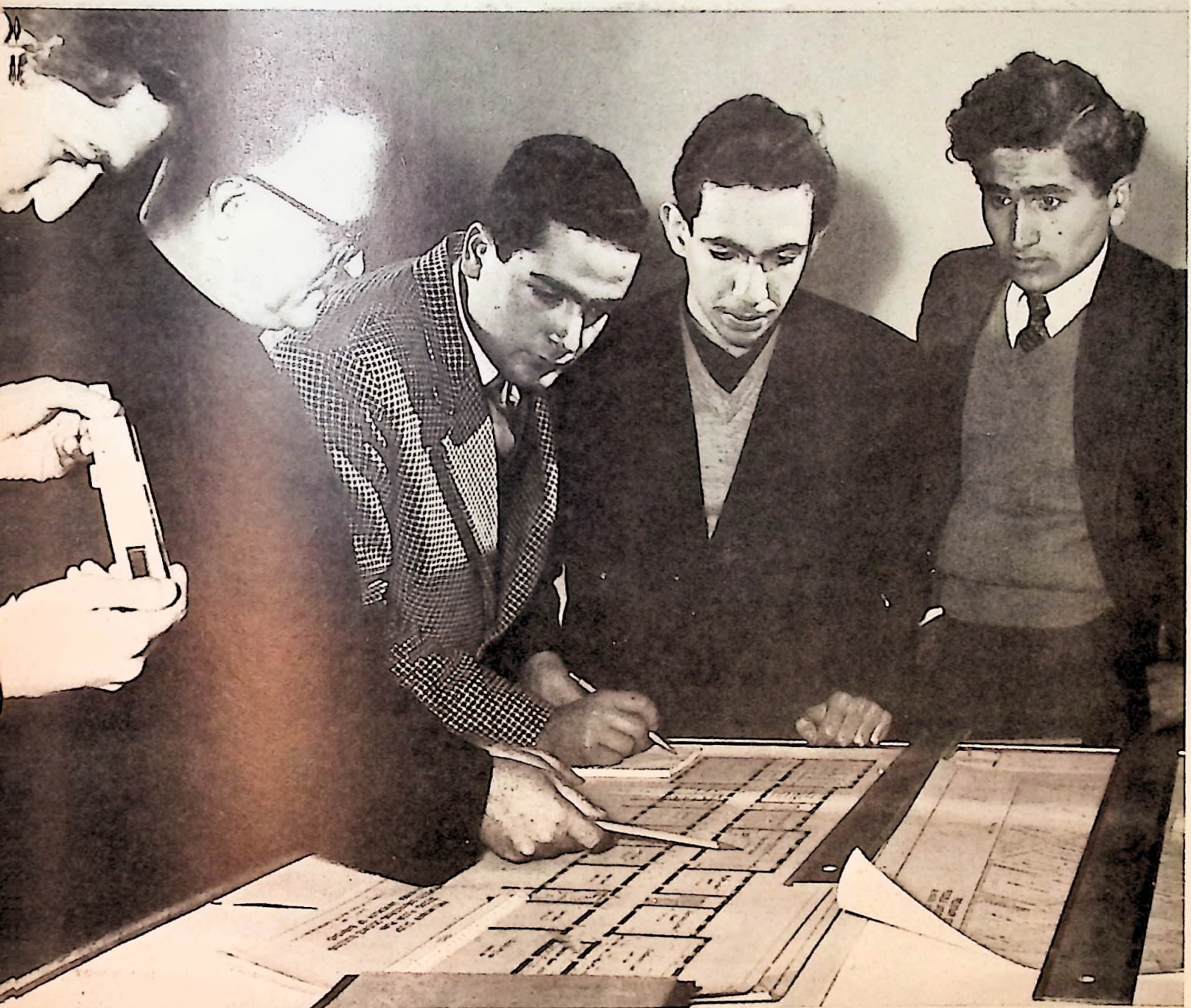
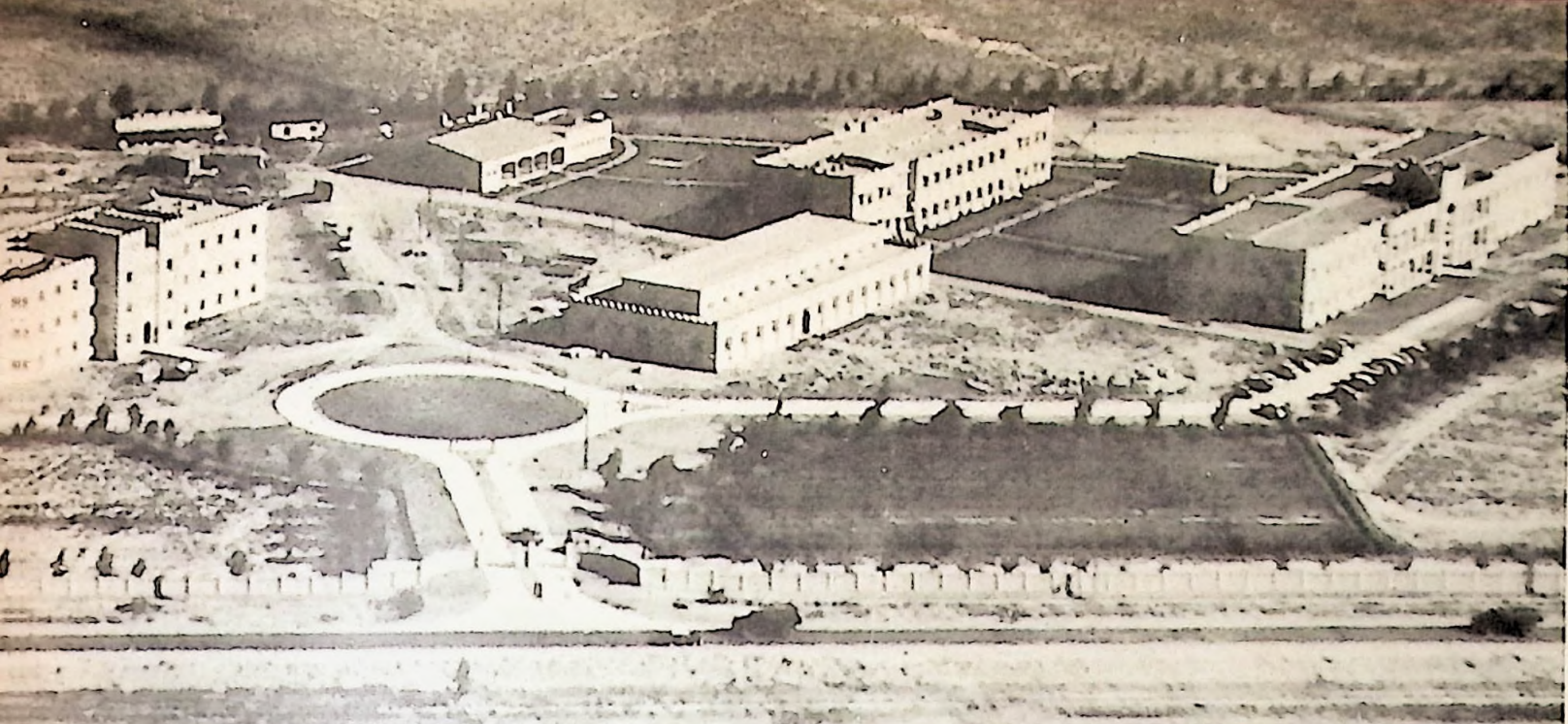
One feature of Al-Hikma which reflects the spirit of the times is that it is now coeducational. The doors were thrown open for the young women of Iraq a year and a half ago. There are not many Jesuit institutions, especially in mission fields, which have taken this step. But it was warranted in Baghdad by the rapidly changing conditions and attitudes. At present about one quarter of the student body are women and we must see that against that background of less than twenty years ago when only 5% of the female population in the country were literate!

"Wisdom hath built herself a house," says the Book of Proverbs. Once there was only empty desert and now Al-Hikma stands shining under the sun, an oasis that has bloomed almost overnight. The emptiness is gone and now something vital lives and grows in Zafaraniya, something that reflects the great vitality of the Iraqi people and of a land old beyond time but fresh again as the gardens where the Tigris flows.



The centuries-old "gufa," bamboo fibres held together with pitch, is still seen on the Tigris, another reminder of the Land Between the Rivers which has given Iraqis a cultural and historical unity.

(Top right) The sudden oasis. From left to right, Spellman Residence, cafeteria, library, business and science buildings. (Center) Al-Hikma's architect, Fartherly Guay, explains building plans to engineering students. (Bottom) Typical traditional coeds, modern buildings and the desert.



WORLD MISSION AND THE LAYMAN

Thomas E. Quigley

Director, Foreign Visitors Office
National Catholic Welfare Conference

Parallel lines are interesting look-alikes. They move in the same direction, but no matter how close they are to each other they never quite meet. There are two parallel movements today that make a rewarding study as we watch them stretch into many of the same corners of the world.

In 1957, Dr. Lydwine van Kersbergen, then National President of the Grail in this country, wrote an article entitled "New Frontiers." It was concerned with the role of lay apostles overseas. In 1960, John F. Kennedy set the tone for his administration by inaugurating the era of the New Frontier. As commentators last November tried to capture the spirit and accomplishments of the New Frontier in a single typical example, they generally settled on the Peace Corps.

These two phenomena of our day, the Peace Corps and the "lay missionary" movement, bear obvious resemblance to each other. On broad, general levels the parallels are clearest. Both involve dedicated and intelligent people, more often young than not, who leave their country for a number of years to work with people in less economically and technologically developed areas of the world. Both go only where they are invited, and work principally in the secular field—education, medicine, social work and the like.

With ever lessening exceptions among some of the lay missionaries,

neither group goes chiefly to proselytize or propagandize, either for America or the Church. They go to cooperate with their brothers in other countries in building together more perfect structures for the welfare of all men. Ignorance, hunger and disease are the common enemies they fight. They share in the common burden of building a better world.

As a parallel movement, the rise and success of the Peace Corps has had an important effect on the lay apostolate. It has helped to normalize, for the American Catholic, the concept of overseas service. Reading over some of the lay missionary articles appearing in the Catholic press of the late '50's, one is struck by the almost apologetic tone of some of them. They seem fearful lest this bizarre concept of Catholic laymen going to "mission lands" seem too heady a brew for their audience. At the time there was still talk of lay missionaries as nothing but helpful, but hardly indispensable, adjuncts to the real missionaries. They were generous people, it was agreed, but perhaps over-zealous and they might even get under foot.

Even many who saw the lay missionary in a more positive, and certainly healthier, light found it a difficult adjustment to make. I recall describing, in 1958, the newly formed Association for International Development to a teaching brother. His reaction was the then common mixture of God-bless-'em encouragement and head-shaking wonder that

the world was in such shape that the Church needed even laymen in the missions. The word "missionary" still had only one, and a very restricted, meaning for most members of the Church.

Were it not for the Peace Corps' sudden and dramatic burst upon the scene, and its quick capturing of the imagination of millions, we might still be trying to persuade American Catholics that lay volunteers are neither homeland misfits nor bigger-than-life saints.

Since parallel lines never quite meet, there is danger in comparing the two movements too completely. What, then, are the real differences? It would be easier to cite these if we were talking only about one or another particular lay group. There are, after all, major differences among the several lay groups. Trying to label all the Catholic groups with one common term, lay missionary, carries with it the same danger as lumping these groups with the Peace Corps. But there are, or should be, some basic differences.

In contributing to the progress of the Church and the social and economic betterment of his brothers, the lay volunteer knows that he is part of the Creative-Redemptive work which God began but gave us to complete. Creation, the perfection of man and the world of which he is lord, did not end with the Seventh Day. Rather, every Christian is to perfect what he is and has so that the Body of Christ and the world it inhabits can be built up for the coming of Christ in glory.

As the Chilean Jesuit magazine, *Mensaje* puts it, the "human effort to better the world, to reform its structures and to create new riches . . . is the process of forming the earth so that when God's fire comes to consume and turn it into heaven, it will be found better developed, more beautiful, more just and more faithful to the creative spirit of man who is himself the reflection of the Spirit and the Word of God."

Surely the Peace Corps volunteer can participate in the Creative-Redemptive Mission. But his motivation, his intention, must come from outside the official structures. If America can still be described as a "Christian" nation, it might be said that Christ's command to "Love thy neighbor" is implicit in the Peace Corps concept. But the fullness of this command is explicit in the lay missionary movement. Its motivation is derived from that offered by Christ in the words "If you love Me." This motive is, necessarily, denied to a government body whose objectives, while excellent, are purely secular. It is on this point that the lines, while parallel, are worlds apart.

A government body is also bound by other restrictions. Thus, in some areas of the world, the Church is the key to reform. Persons free to work fully with, and even within, Church structures have the opportunity of making most significant contributions. For instance in Latin American countries, which are at least professedly Catholic, if the revolution is to become a Christian

revolution it is Latin American Catholics who are going to have to carry it on. Lay groups from North America must be free to work directly with the lay movements there in developing the apostolate. These are works beyond the province of a government institute whose purposes are secular. The lay missionary can make the most of two worlds.

We say that societies must become fully human, for so they were intended by God. To this end all dedicated men work. But they must also become truly Christian, not merely baptized in their externals, and only Christians can Christianize social institutions. Only thus can Christianity's first prayer, "Thy Kingdom come . . . on earth", be realized.

All men of good will can give example of selflessness, dedication and concern, as well as example of how to build or plant or teach better. But witness is a peculiarly Christian concept. While no one "witnesses" in a vacuum, apart from competent involvement and action, much of the world sorely needs the witness of Christianity fully lived in lay life. Such witness in the world can be a holy contagion, and lend belief and conviction to conversion. In the dedicated lives of the men and women of lay missionary groups the patterns and realities of Christian living are most convincingly seen. May God grant unparalleled blessings to both movements—the Peace Corps, and the Corps of the Prince of Peace.

Here, in picture-story, is a traditional wedding of the Korean countryside, as yet untouched by the winds of change in Asia



VILLAGE WEDDING

Two young people begin their lives together following prescribed forms crystallized in ancient Korean wedding rites. For better or worse, over the centuries, the "papa and mama know best" assumption has been the cornerstone of Asian marriages. As the children came of age, the parental search for suitable partners began according to set patterns and for a variety of motives.

Where love of the child was a reality, the search kept the happiness of the child in mind. Where selfishness ruled, and that was too tragically frequent as some of the great love lyrics of Asia tell, only mutual benefits to both sets of parents were consulted. "Filial piety" then became a weapon that silenced and forced subjection. This prerogative of parents is now challenged by Asian youth today.

After marriage, the young man was a boy and the woman a girl till the child came. Adult status arrived with the child. The marriage codes of Asia, for religious, social and economic reasons have always placed strong emphasis on progeny. The child was a form of life insurance and status symbol. Love for the child, or one another, came or it didn't: it wasn't of the essence. Where love existed there was normalcy. Where love never grew, they called it Fate and bore its manifold unhappiness to the grave. So it has been for centuries, but change comes inevitably even to slow-moving societies. Choice in marriage and the wedding rites of old assume new patterns as the windows of Asia are thrown open and the winds of freedom stir its soul.

1. The groom presents himself at the bride's home. Here a member of his party carries a bridal gift, generally a blouse and a skirt for the bride. They're offered for "sale."



2. While the groom waits, the members of his party present the gift to the bride's family and an enclosed description of the groom's background. They agree to "buy", the box is opened, and the groom enters.





3. The groom, dressed in belted gown, kneels on a mat before an altar the bride's family have set up in the courtyard. The spirits of their ancestors must have an opportunity of witnessing the giving of one of their own.

Food sacrifices, simple and traditional, are laid on the altar. Some 4. are prepared by the bride. The groom, still kneeling, adds his own sacrificial offerings and then partakes of the food the bride has prepared.



5. A screen is set up before the house door and the altar, and a rooster and hen, symbols of wedded bliss, are brought to the altar and allowed to eat of the offerings there.

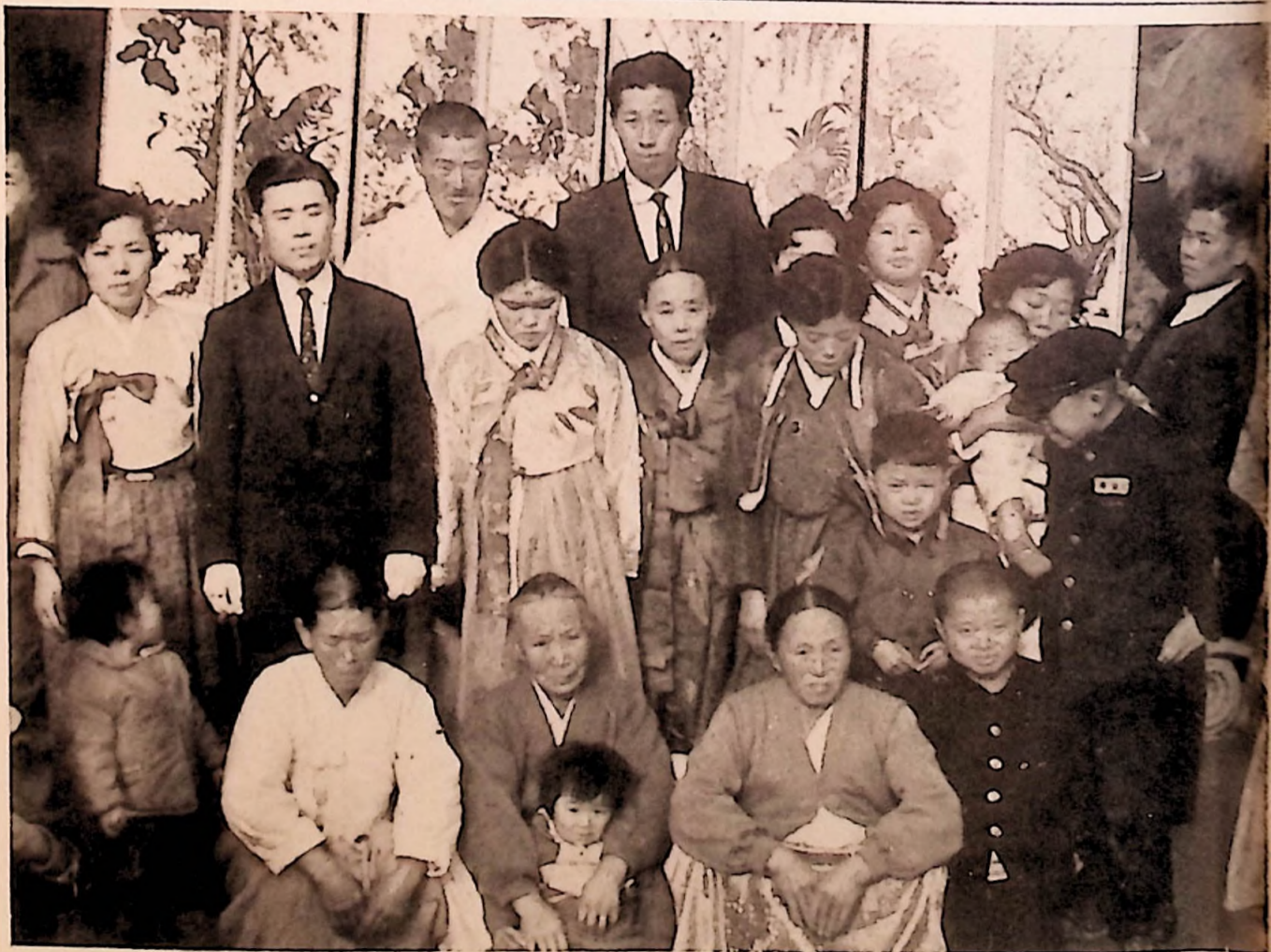


6. And now, here comes the bride, led out of the house and from behind the screen, her face demurely covered.



7. The bride makes three profound bows to the groom which he returns. Wine is poured by the couple. They drink and the marriage is made.

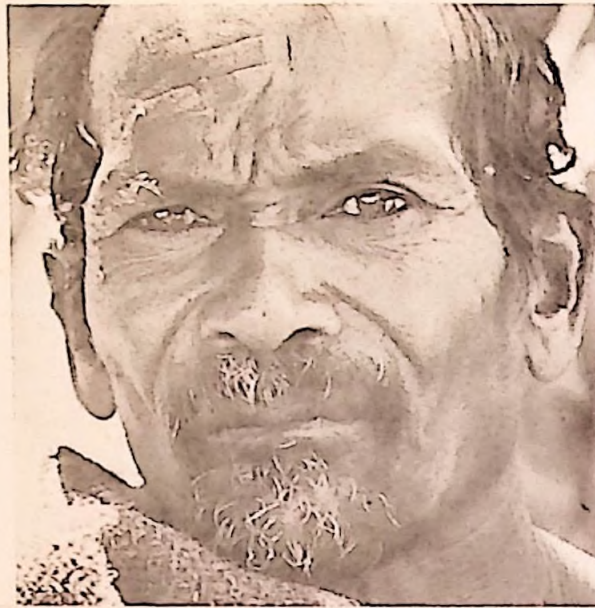
8. Leaving separately, the groom first, the bride is accompanied to the family of the young man. There she is ceremoniously accepted and taken into the family. Here, with head lowered, silent by custom, she stands for a photo at her new home.



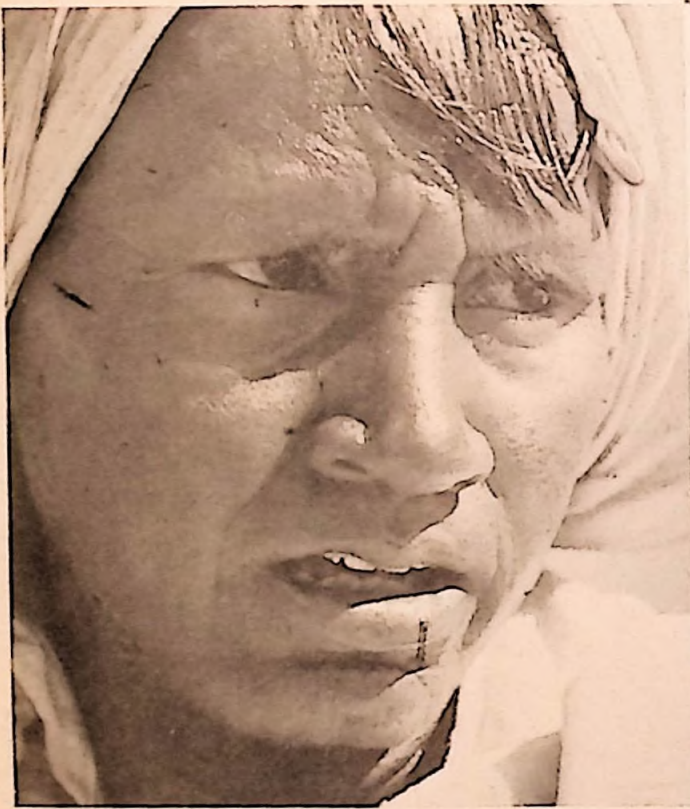


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9. We wish them well, this humble pair,
as they face life together. May they be
blessed, and their days filled with joy.



WHO IS MY
BROTHER?





These people live just over the horizon. Your horizon. They are your neighbors, and in God's intent much more. Millions like them are being moved into your neighborhood and life by today's instant communication and the swift conquest of space. It is a shrinking world, and the family of man is being drawn together as never before.

The old barriers that have separated man from man—color, distance, strangeness, other ways and other gods, and the futile lines that men have drawn on maps—all these are subject to erosion. Formidable barriers still stand, despite humanity's long march from the cave. Our aboriginal savagery, pride, greed and selfishness are as yet but thinly veiled in nylon. But centuries of Christianity, the appeal at the heart of the United Nations, the hopeless illogic of war, and the understanding that is painfully born of contact and involvement have diminished the apartness of peoples everywhere.

What now happens to them in Vietnam, Panama, Kenya or Calcutta can be sensed as something happening on the street outside, and invading our conscience. It is the stone-in-the-sea effect. Whatever troubles the waters of the world in lands once distant, now laps at our doors and rattles the casements of an America long insulated from the struggles of emerging peoples and the conflicts of others "over there".

In these latter decades, through predictable thrusts of history, America has been lifted to a novel and trying status. We have become, however unwilling and unprepared, our brothers' keeper. From isolated concern with growth and human problems within our own frontiers, we have been irrevocably impelled into the lives and concerns of men everywhere. We have not always welcomed this; nor have they. But with generous impulse we have shared much—our substance, our youth, our wealth, and even our blood.

All these have been commitments in our best tradition, and we have taken pride in our good neighborliness and tolerance with the human family which, like any family, can be quarrelsome, suspicious, unappreciative and headstrong. Our failures, too, lie here. We have given, not to brothers, but to neighbors. We have hoped to buy loyalty and understanding with bread alone. We have offered tolerance, thinking it was enough. But tolerance will never be enough. For tolerance is a puny word, a minimum, that means at best "to suffer, bear, endure".

Only **love** has the stretch and divine latitude to enfold the turbulent human family in true oneness. We should have known this—if we hadn't drifted from the God of our Fathers, excluded Him from our human equations, and forgotten that "we are of God", all of us; that "love is from God"; and that "if God has so loved us, we also should love one another". It is love alone that fulfills the law of human destiny, and God alone whose Fatherhood engenders the brotherhood of all mankind. Apart from God, who "is love", lies futility.

THE “LITTLE COUNCIL”

Latin American Bishops
take time to save time

Jaime Fonseca



On the Via Aurelia, some ten miles from the splendor of St. Peter's, a "little council" met during the recess hours of the second session of the Vatican Council. In the modest surroundings of the Americana Hotel, most of the 600 Latin American bishops prepared to bring to the sessions at St. Peter's a number of "collegiate" interventions that could save time and words.

Thus when Juan Cardinal Landazuri of Lima raised his voice to present dogmatic and pastoral reasons for the re-establishment of the diaconate as a permanent order, he was talking in the name of 100 bishops. Jaime Cardinal Barros of Rio brought into focus strong arguments in favor of the "collegiality" of the bishops of the world. His views were those of nearly 200 Council Fathers who had met a few hours before at the "little council" of the Americana Hotel.

These small councils within the Council were not exclusively Latin American meetings. Other cultural groups—Africans, Germans, North Americans—were also having their own discussions on the upcoming sessions dealing with the various schemata. These meetings were recognized as practical time-savers.

The long hours of extracurricular labor show that all had taken to heart the invitation of Popes John and Paul VI to foster "an opening of the Church to the modern world." The Latin American bishops are well aware that the "New World" is an emerging world, and that an opening to the "modern" world is fraught with problems.

Many observed, with eloquence and sense, that Latin America might well be the supreme test of the effectiveness of the Vatican Council. Its "aggiornamento" would stand or fail in accomplishing the Christian recovery of a continent of 200 million souls, often called "the crown of Catholicism".

This opening or adaptation of views and plans to the realities of today means that the Church in Latin America has a long uphill pull ahead. Even before the Council, the urgency of the continent's problems moved Church leaders, both clerical and lay, to meet the demands of change. Eight years ago, in 1956, the Council of Latin Ameri-

can Bishops called CELAM was set up with the blessings of the Holy See. Since then a long progression of meetings, resolutions, programs and works have attempted to meet the questions raised by changing conditions and the expectations of millions of people in ferment.

Multiple factors have entered the picture in these lands to the South and point to radical breaks with the past. Along with the problems of expanding populations, there are new demands and wants. More and more Latins are insisting on a long list of things formerly possessed only by the upper classes—cars, appliances, radios, anything to lighten drudgery or sweeten leisure. Even lipstick is on the list. Weak economies strain themselves to accommodate, and generate dangerous tensions. The pressures of the masses breed unstable political climates in many areas, and Marxists make the most of the opportunities this turmoil presents.

Since fundamental values are always disturbed by profound change, the bishops are naturally concerned with saving the basic principles on which individual and social salvation is based. They are well aware of what has limited their work in the past. Since many of these limitations came from the ecclesiastical structure itself, they have looked to the Council for renewal and needed change. Their contributions and analysis of problems affecting the Church in Latin America were noted and acted upon.

Cardinal Raul Silva Henriquez of Santiago de Chile opened many eyes at the Council when he squarely stated his views on the sensitive matter of Protestant growth. "We can attribute such increase to several reasons," he said. "One is the genuine need of the masses for religious experience, which our own ministry has not been able to satisfy fully because of the scarcity of priests at times; because of the aloofness with which some pastors deal with the laity at other times; and mostly because we have based our pastoral action on the assumption that ours is a secure Christianity, when it is really a mission society calling for vital religious revival."

This forthright prelate and many others believe that many Catholics drift away from the Church because the liturgy is not meaningful to them, and because the catechism has been blunted by too much paternalistic moralizing and excessive emphasis on external devotions. Another basic cause is the lack of social justice that many nominal "Catholics" of power and wealth show in their dealings with the poor.

At one of the press conferences given by the Council Fathers in Rome, Bishop Manuel Larrain of Talca, Chile, and now head of CELAM, spoke with the same clarity. "Latin America," he said, "is really present at the Council; first, by the sheer force of numbers—one-third of all the world's Catholics; then by reason of the gravity of the problems affecting them; and lastly because ours are the thirsty lands clamoring precisely for that renewal the Council is set in bringing about.

It can thus be seen that the bishops at the "little council" did their homework well. In the same spirit of sincere urgency, the Latin American prelates made these basic contributions to the General Council:

—They showed in dramatic, missionary ways, the need of reform and change, while stressing the perennial doctrine of the Church.

—They offered a solid, fresh theological outlook on the nature of the Church, devotion to the Blessed Mother, the role of "the people of God", the function of the ministry—including the diaconate, the interplay of doctrine and "native" cultures, social reform and the theology of poverty.

—They introduced a new terminology into the "dialogue of the Church with the modern world", when they spoke so often of "reform of structures", a "vernacular pastoral work", the complacency of the seemingly "established" religion versus the more realistic attitude of "mission lands" in need of re-Christianization.

In all of these were clear warnings that Latin America can no longer be considered a continent marked "Catholic" on Church maps, a religious society with problems that will easily yield to quiet advice from a pulpit.

Doctor William Caccamise of Rochester (right) is a regular volunteer in Patna, India. (Below) Mother M. Benedict, Provincial of the Medical Mission Sisters, with Doctors Francis and Pauline Goyeau as the latter sail for service in Uganda.



The magnificent response of men and women in the medical field to the needs of the suffering throughout the world is typically American in unselfish generosity

DOCTORS ON CALL

A missionary movement, which has never received the publicity it deserves, is the work voluntarily done by medical experts from this country. Doctors and nurses in increasing numbers are donating their services, so sorely needed, in many countries throughout the world. At a time when the image of the United States is not too bright in many places, these men and women are doing a tremendous job in selling the real American to other peoples.

It is a movement that is not tightly organized, for the most part. It springs mainly from the desire of individuals to reach out a helping hand. A doctor comes across a situation where his professional ability could be of immense value and he responds to it unselfishly, even though it means a costly interruption to his own practice. His time and his services are given freely to people whom he has never known but whom he recognizes, in their suffering, as fellow human beings redeemed with him in the blood of Christ. It is a gesture of generosity which should be far better known. Americans have every reason to be proud of these men and women whose hearts are as finely tempered as their skills.

It is not necessary to emphasize how badly they are needed. We know only too well the suffering which is worldwide, although only personal experience and contact can bring the full realization of its

magnitude and its depth. All the doctors in the world could not put an end to the misery and illness that stalks the earth—there is too much of it; whole nations are afflicted; in parts of Africa three out of four babies die soon after birth; in Asia there are millions starving. So each and every effort to alleviate this tragedy should be appreciated to the full.

Oftentimes the framework into which these doctors come is of very recent construction. Medical missions as such only came into existence in our own lifetime. There were, of course, scattered individual efforts in this field but it was less than thirty years ago that the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda urged the creation of religious congregations who would devote themselves mainly to health-work in the missions. The pioneer order, the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries, popularly known as Medical Mission Sisters, is not yet forty years old. The Medical Missionaries of Mary were founded in Ireland as recently as 1937. The reason behind this late start in this particular field lies in the prejudices of the home countries against women doctors, something clearly revealed in the history of the last hundred years.

The story of the Catholic Medical Mission Board can serve as an illustration of the growth of this entire movement. It was founded on the very day of the great stock



Father Anthony LaBau S.J. (right) is Director of the Catholic Medical Mission Board. At the warehouse on 10 W. 17th St. in New York he supervises (above) the packing of medical supplies for mission fields.

market crash, October 29, 1929, by Father Edward Garesche S.J. in a modest building at 10 W. 17th St. in New York city. It was the concrete realization of an idea conceived some five years before by a Catholic physician, Dr. Paluel J. Flagg of Yonkers, N. Y. Why not, Dr. Flagg asked his colleagues, send spare medical books, no-longer-needed surgical instruments and other supplies, along with pharmaceutical contributions, to help the sick poor in mission areas overseas? His plan also called for practitioners themselves to volunteer periods of service abroad. This idea Father Garesche set out to implement.

The zealous priest was not content only with the material gathering and shipping of medical supplies. He also founded two religious groups whose purpose was to aid the indigent sick; a community of Sisters, The Daughters of Mary, Health of the Sick, and a community of priests and brothers, The Sons of Mary Mission Society.

After Father Garesche's death in 1960 his longtime assistant, Father Anthony LaBau S.J. succeeded him as head of



CMMB. The increasing demands from the field necessitated larger quarters and an increased staff, and a new three-story building was erected on the same West 17th St. There the many tons of pharmaceuticals are stored, processed and sent on their way to the mission fields. Indicative of the growth of the organization are the figures for a ten-year span of medical shipments. In 1953 the entire shipment totaled 56 tons for the year; last year over 1000 tons of pharmaceuticals and supplies were exported to 80 countries in Latin America, Asia and Africa.

A most important facet of the supply activities is the work of the Blue Cross Circles; volunteer groups of women and girls who gather in church halls or private homes to make bandages, hospital gowns and gauze compresses. They also take care of the packing and the expenses of mailing from their home parishes to CMMB headquarters. In 1963 the 7500 groups turned out 75 tons of bandage material. One unit of six women produced 41,000 items, the result of 3,329 hours of work!

In the course of the years there were many requests from the field for professional medical help, far more requests than could ever be filled, and CMMB did its best to find the personnel to meet what needs it could. Finally, two years ago, Father LaBau formally implemented the Professional Placement plan. This program assists physicians, surgeons, dentists, nurses and other medical personnel who volunteer for a period of work on the missions. Arrangements are made in coordination with allied religious and lay agencies, and particular care is taken that qualified volunteers are sent to areas where their talents can be best used. In the last two years more than 50 practitioners and medical technicians have been assigned to foreign-based hospitals and clinics. But every day from some part of the mission field comes a new plea for professional assistance.

Not all the men and women who generously offer their services for a period of time do so through a formal organization. As a result there are many almost-unknowns who quietly give their time and talent in some area where they made contact on their own. For instance, Dr. John Luhr of Buffalo, Ohio had a desire to help in a foreign field. One day a Medical Missionary of Mary, seeking help in this country for her African mission, came to Dr. Luhr with an eye infection. She mentioned during the visit that her order was just beginning an eye clinic at their hospital in Nigeria. "When she told me this," Dr. Luhr related, "it was like somebody hitting me over the head with a baseball bat. Here was the very opportunity I had been dreaming about." So off to Nigeria went Dr. Luhr where he helped set up the eye hospital and saw for himself the great work that could be done. He will go back again, and in the meantime he is doing his utmost to provide the special instruments which the hospital needs.

Father John Newell S.J. is a veteran missionary in Minas de Oro, Honduras, and for years has faced the usual problem of missionaries. There was only one doctor for 23,000 people spread through the moun-



HONDURAS

(Top) Doctor and Mrs. Lelan Stallings (right) point out Minas de Oro, Honduras, to Dr. and Mrs. John C. Slaughter. The latter conceived "Holidays for Humanity" while in Honduras (center) with Jesuit Father Budzinski (right). His colleagues in the Midwest and West promptly got on the bandwagon with him. But there's room for more. Father John Newell S.J. with Honduras doctor at clinic in Minas de Oro.



Indians of the Tarahumara tribe in Mexico. This family is comparatively well-dressed for the 9000-foot heights at which they live. The only access to their remote area is by plane or on horseback.

tains, and no hospital. Medicines were too expensive and not readily available. So he set up a small dispensary supplied by the Catholic Medical Mission Board and did his best to meet the needs of his people. For some years he treated their common ills, but he was well aware that much more was needed. If he had a medical center, or possibly a small hospital . . .

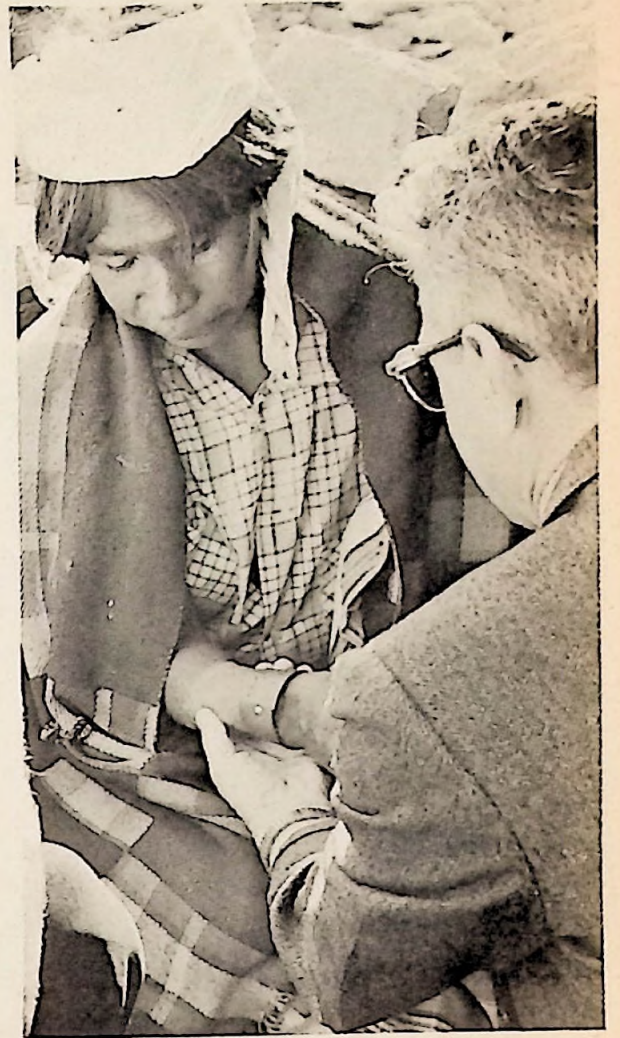
Finally a Social Service expert of Honduras came to Minas de Oro. She was anxious to make a start in her work and the four Cooperatives which Father Newell had organized years before offered a supporting framework. With the assistance of the government and other groups, a medical center was set up with Franciscan Sisters from Tegucigalpa as nurses. It was a tremendous step forward but there was still no doctor on hand. Then Dr. John C. Slaughter, a dermatologist from Evansville, Indiana, appeared on the scene.

Dr. Slaughter and his wife were touring Central America and they were deeply impressed with the desperate needs of the people. From previous trips to Mexico and

other regions they knew how widespread was this lack of medical attention. Dr. Slaughter then conceived the idea of "Holidays For Humanity," a plan whereby professional medical men would spend their vacation periods offering to others the help which only they could give. Back in Evansville the idea was welcomed by Dr. Slaughter's colleagues and before long the good doctor's enthusiasm had spread to medical men in Detroit, Lansing, Omaha, Denver, Sacramento and other places. Dr. and Mrs. Lelan Stallings of Kinmundy, Illinois, were the first to appear in Minas de Oro and Dr. Slaughter says there are enough doctors ready to give a month of their time to take care of Minas de Oro for the next two years. The Stallings served without pay, paying their own expenses to and from Central America, even furnishing their own medicines. And they are ready to go back again. "Holidays For Humanity" shows America at its best.

And not far from Minas de Oro, at El Progreso where Father John Murphy S.J. is stationed, Dr. Philip Mulholland and his family, together with volunteer Margaret Frederickson, R.N., are putting in a long time stint. Dr. Mulholland volunteered through the CMMB and his story has been told before in *Jesuit Missions*.

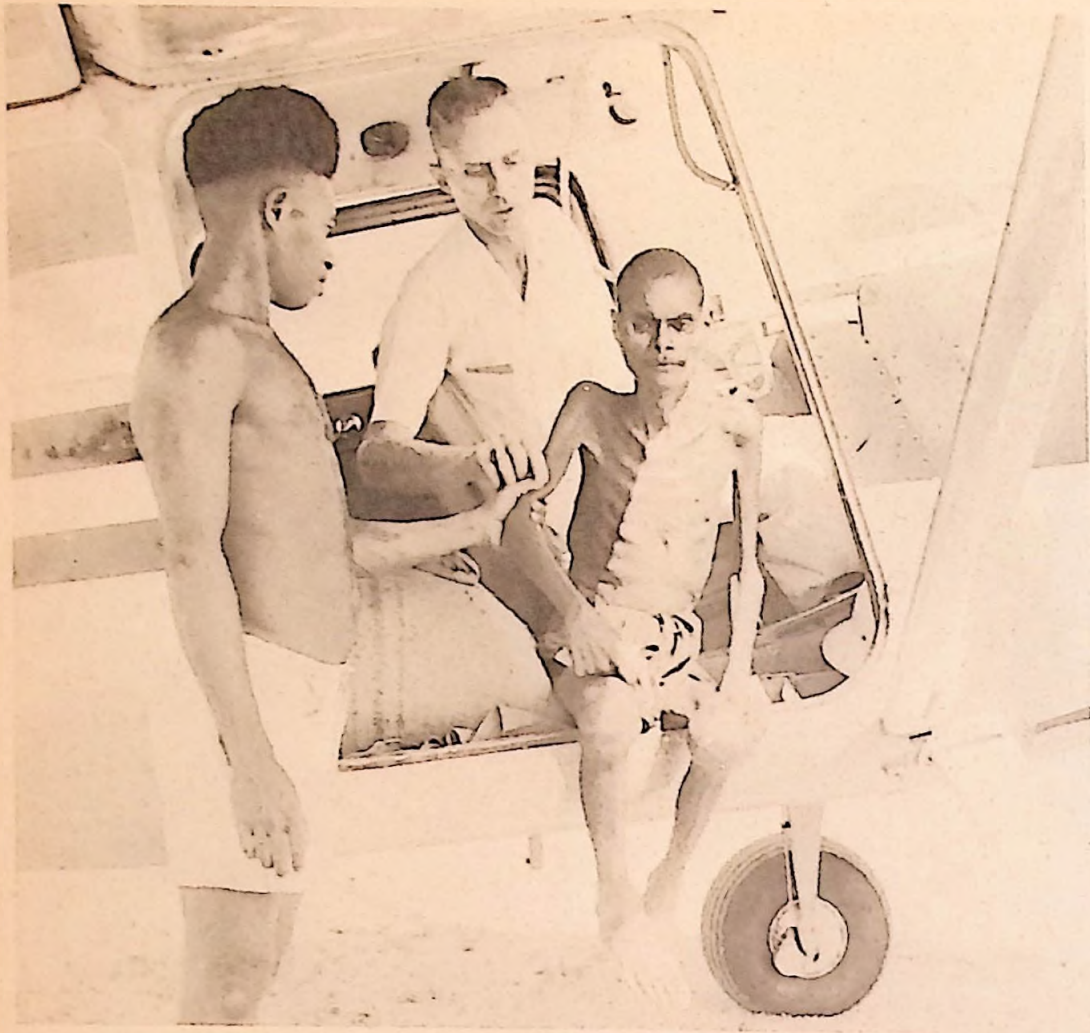
Another volunteer medical group, DO CARE, "Doctors of Osteopathy Care," who have specialized in helping remote tribes in Guatemala, Ecuador and Mexico. Numbering about 50 doctors, they pilot their own planes at their own expense and concentrate on the most inaccessible regions. In the summer of 1961 they learned from Father Luis Verplancken S.J. of the plight of the Tarahumara Indians in the Mexican state of Chihuahua. Approximately 50,000 tribesmen live in extremely primitive fashion, mostly in caves, in the mountain area about 300 miles southwest of El Paso. With little clothing to shield them from the mountain winds and night cold, with no medical care, and living primarily on what they could raise on the rocky slopes, they faced extinction until the Jesuit missionaries



MEXICO

Sisoguichi settlement with landing strip at left and Jesuit mission at right. (Top right) DOCARE osteopath examines wrist of Tarahumara woman. (Right) "House call" in cave to see ailing child. At far right Father Verplancken S.J. (in cap) interprets for DOCARE doctor. Tarahumaras speak a primitive language and know no Spanish.





In New Guinea Bishop Leo Arkfeld of the Society of the Divine Word flies a patient in for medical assistance. (Right) At Anua in Nigeria Sister Mary Presentation, Medical Missionary of Mary, shows a nurse how to weigh the infants who attend the child welfare clinic at St. Luke's Hospital. (Photos courtesy of Los Angeles Society for the Propagation of the Faith.)



contacted Dr. Ernest Allaby of Denver and Dr. William Kiehlbaugh of Phoenix. These two men promptly founded DOCARE.

Now doctors fly in regularly to the isolated tribe. Their headquarters is a mission clinic in a 90-year-old adobe building where Father Verplancken has established a 24-bed hospital. However, the Indians will not enter the clinic, so "house calls" are made from cave to cave, with the missionary as sole interpreter of the ancient Indian dialect. Many of the doctors work up to 12 hours daily, treating a variety of ailments never seen in their practice. Malnutrition, typhus, respiratory infections, and skin diseases ascribed to poor hygienic care, common, are common. The infant mortality is an incredible 80 per cent!

One startling discovery was that no instance of cancer or any other kind of malignancy has ever been recorded among the tribesmen in the 25 years that the Jesuit missionaries have been keeping medical records. Yet smoking is prevalent among them! High blood pressure was also found to be a rarity.

Next month is DOCARE'S target date for a 200-bed hospital at Sisoguichi, the main Indian village. With permission from the Mexican government they intend to transport a trainload of medical and hospital supplies to the mission site, which can be reached only by horseback or plane. The generous doctors of DOCARE don't do things halfway.

There are many other instances of individual men and women who have offered their services for a period of time in mission fields. We have not the space to enumerate them, even as we have not the words which would be adequate enough to describe their unselfish sacrifice. But still the requests come in from all over the world—at the present time the CMMB has on hand a list of unfilled requests for over 115 doctors and dentists and 65 other skilled medical personnel. It is a very big step for a professional man to take but no one of those who have offered themselves has regretted it. May God bless them!



EVERYWHERE

Guatemala and an under-nourished youngster from an Indian village. Dr. Harry Purcell observes Sister M. Francis Lourdes (right, above) at Holy Family Hospital in New Delhi, India. (Left) Dr. Hugh Day, ex-Navy dentist, periodically volunteers his services at Alpha clinic in Kingston, Jamaica. (Right) Dr. Milo Fritz, eye, ear and throat specialist, regularly volunteers to cover the Jesuit mission stations along the Yukon in Alaska.



A Two-Wheeled Tranquilizer



I recently discovered something that could ruin the tranquilizer trade. It could even threaten the dry martini, or any other release from the hurry, worry and stress of this age of multiplying irritants. My discovery flies in the face of the cult of speed, the giddy go, go, GO of modern living with its built-in tensions. Consider the cult of speed. No matter who goes where these days, he can't be gotten there fast enough. Scientists and engineers are frantically stuffing more horses (poor things) under the hood of your car. A promise of 2000 mph speed for new supersonic jet-liners will soon get you there before you leave. Appalling! Pity your nervous system!

Now what I offer, in the face of all this get up and go mad, is a two-wheeled tranquilizer. I recommend, I say, a sixteen-mile seven-hour ride in a bullock cart, under the brilliant winter sun and the clear blue sky of North India. Specifically, I recommend the ride from Narkatiaganj railhead to Father Robert Ludwig's mission of St. Francis Xavier, Rampur, in the District of Champaran, State of Behar, India. That is my discovery.

Rampur is just two miles from the Nepal border, the station "farthest north" of the Patna Jesuit missions in Behar. Seven miles away from Rampur the foothills of the Himalayas begin their majestic rolling rise, till they merge their greens with the brilliant white of snow peaks gleaming in the sun. All

JJ. E. Mahony S. J.

about Rampur stretch rich fields of sugar cane and rice, wheat and maize and mustard seed.

My two-wheeled tranquilizer, the bullock cart, is no primitive wooden-wheeled affair. It sports rubber tires fore and aft. If it wasn't carrying me, it might have been loaded with a ton and a half of sugar cane. Needed for this soul-healing trip is hay or straw; plenty of it. Add a few blankets to spread thereon. Now, lie down, head towards the bullocks. There is a slight elevation to the cart as the yolk is placed on their necks. The expert driver clucks the signal to proceed. The patient beasts lean forward and, as gently as a ship putting out of a quiet harbor, we are on our tranquil way. The pace? A little better than two miles an hour! And that's the heart of the matter. It's go, go, GO—*slow!*

The seven-hour, sixteen-mile ride might be divided thus: (but there's no need to be rigid about it). First, two hours sleep. It comes easily after a rugged ride by rail from Patna to Narkatiaganj. Five miles pass restfully. When you awake, stretch long and leisurely. View the scenery, contemplate the snowy glory of the Himalayas 90 miles away, admire the ordered fields of cane and yellow mustard seed. Thirsty? Try two or three small oranges; only two cents apiece. The bullocks meanwhile plod on as the cart sways gently, gently.

The beauty of my discovery is simply this:

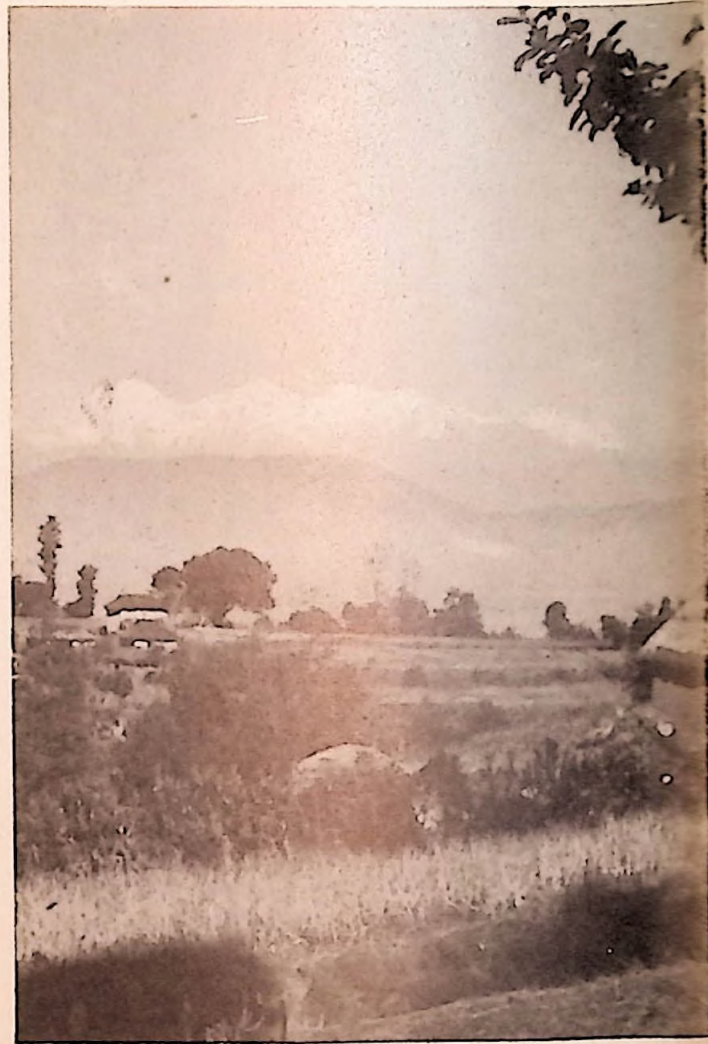
no one is in a hurry. The bullocks are certainly in no hurry. The Good Lord made them that way, and the Lord knows best. The farmer who passes us is in no hurry. The elephant, with three landlords perched upon his broad back, is in no hurry as he and they nod a grave greeting. Men and women, boys and girls are in no hurry as they strip the cane in the fields along the road. Their work is steady but effective. The whole world about me is taking its time. The cart will reach Rampur only when the bullocks do. Unless they put the cart before the bullocks. I won't reach Rampur before them. Why not relax? I do.

The scene does not vary. And unvaried is the pace as the cart crosses dry river beds and swings easily along the road. I find that the best form of mental activity for a bullock cart passenger is an hour or two of prayer. I pray for the little villages through which we pass; a prayer for the poor who abound in this fertile country; a prayer for the troubled world, the far-off world of rush and busy concern; a prayer for you. Then there is the Rosary, the natural prayer for those who ride bullock carts. Slowly the beads slip through your fingers, and slowly the peaceful hours slip by. I lose track of time. I think I've been on the road for about five hours. Let's halt for lunch. Bread and butter or jam, a banana for substance, another orange for the thirst. And off we move again.

Two-wheeled Tranquilizer

After lunch the splendid custom of the more civilized races of men is the siesta. There is no finer bed than a bullock cart in gentle motion. The present and all its cares fall away; sleep moves in softly. After an hour of contented repose I am awake again to the serene realities of the Indian countryside. The work in the fields goes on as tranquilly as ever. The sun in the afternoon sky has not lost its brilliance nor its warmth. And I find that time, which can be a patient thing if its tiny minutes aren't fought by haste or worry, has brought me near my journey's end. There, hardly half a mile away is the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Rampur.

Now I can see the Sister's new convent and catch a glimpse of Fr. Ludwig's bungalow. So this is Rampur! As we near the mission compound we pass a Christian village. All the way from Narkatiaganj I noticed the friendliness of the Hindus and Moslems. But now a greeting sounds that someday, we pray, may be heard all over this ancient land: "Praise be to Jesus!" From old and young the salutation comes, and I feel so very much at home. A sudden explosion of voices, and sixty yelling orphans announce the arrival of the very unweary traveller. "Praise be to Jesus" fills the air again. Fr. Robert F. Ludwig, far from Wilamette, Illinois, veteran missionary of Rampur, extends a strong and welcoming hand. We have arrived, rested and relaxed. I bow a grateful farewell to my new discovery, the two-wheeled tranquilizer; a patient driver and his bullock cart.



Part of the tranquilizing effect, along the scenic route of the bullock cart, are the Himalayas that thrust their snow-white glory into the blue and seem to guard the peaceful countryside spread out below.

WANTED

for

Jesuit Missionaries

1. HUNGER

There are American Jesuit missionary Fathers in 30 different countries. In each country they find the poor and the starving. Father Morrison in India, Father Daly in Ceylon, Father Cullen in the Philippines and Father Werplancken in Mexico all know the face of poverty. Two dollars may seem a small gift but it would enable them to answer the plea of hungry eyes with something more than sympathy.

2. A GIFT NOT COMPLETED

The Mother and Father of young Father Larry Dietrich in Kodaikanal, India, both died here in the United States while he was overseas. His Mother left some money for a chapel to be built in memory of his Dad. But unfortunately, it is not enough and Father Larry does need a church for his church-less people. Please be as generous as you can to help this young priest and his struggling church.

3. FOR NURSES

Father James M. Tong—don't be deceived by the name, he's a Kentuckian!—works in hospitals in India. When he meets nurses or doctors he would like to be able to distribute leaflets to turn their thoughts to God who sent His Son to heal all men. Yet, he does not have any money even for such a small thing. A contribution of \$5.00 could

put a hundred leaflets into his hands and theirs.

4. AN EARLY CHRISTMAS

Christmas is still nine months away but one of our priests, Jesuit Father Kappammootil, at Siwan, India, is already worrying about providing a Christmas crib and statues for his church. He also needs some money for medicine for snake and scorpion bites. The crib set would cost \$50.00



and the medicine \$75.00. A gift of a few dollars would go a long way.

5. FATHER AND THE FARMERS

Father Bill Masterson, from the sidewalks of New York, runs an Agricultural School on Mindanao, the Philippines. He established it knowing that this was the best way to help a struggling people raise their standard of living above mere subsistence. But it costs money. Poor farmers can't afford to send their sons to the school. You could help Father Masterson and a deserving young man with a contribution of \$6.25 for one month's tuition.

6. A ROOFLESS CHURCH

The last Jesuit outpost on the great Philippine Island of Mindanao is at Kumalarang. Its church is literally falling apart. Father Lou Miciano begs your help to put a roof on it.

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

DEAR FATHER,

THE ENCLOSED GIFT IS FOR THE ITEM(S) ABOVE, NUMBERED _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

B

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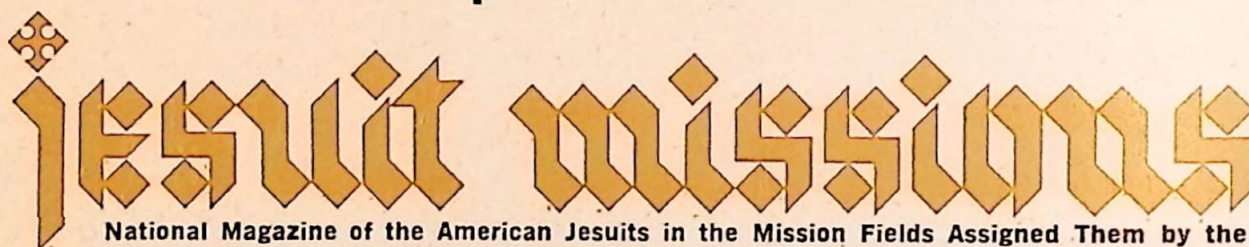
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Jesuit Missions

APRIL 1964 25¢

REFR

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CHAD SHOWS GAINS IN TRADING ABROAD

EMERGING AFRICA

NORTH RHODESIA

TASTES FREEDOM

KENYA

Uganda Spurs Tourism And Hopes for a Boom

UGANDA

Sierra Leone Sp...

End of Federation Produces Immediate

facts on Africa

Special to The New York Times

KAMPALA, Uganda

tourism, long

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The emergence of an African government in Northern Rhodesia, on Jan. 1, following the dissolution of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, already had a substantial economic effect.

The two big copper companies of the Rhodesia Group and De Beers' American headquarter in Southern Africa turned

tourism



AFRICA: FREEDOM AND THE FUTURE

While Africa continued to grapple with its social and political problems in 1963, the economic development of the continent's vast mineral resources continued to progress.

that Liberia was a full equity partner in the venture and that the Nimba Range was but one of four iron-ore mining programs in the West African republic.

Two U.S. Concerns Invest

Bethlehem Steel Corporation and the Republic Steel Corporation, the second and largest United States steel companies among the iron-ore producers in Liberia and the Liberian ores.

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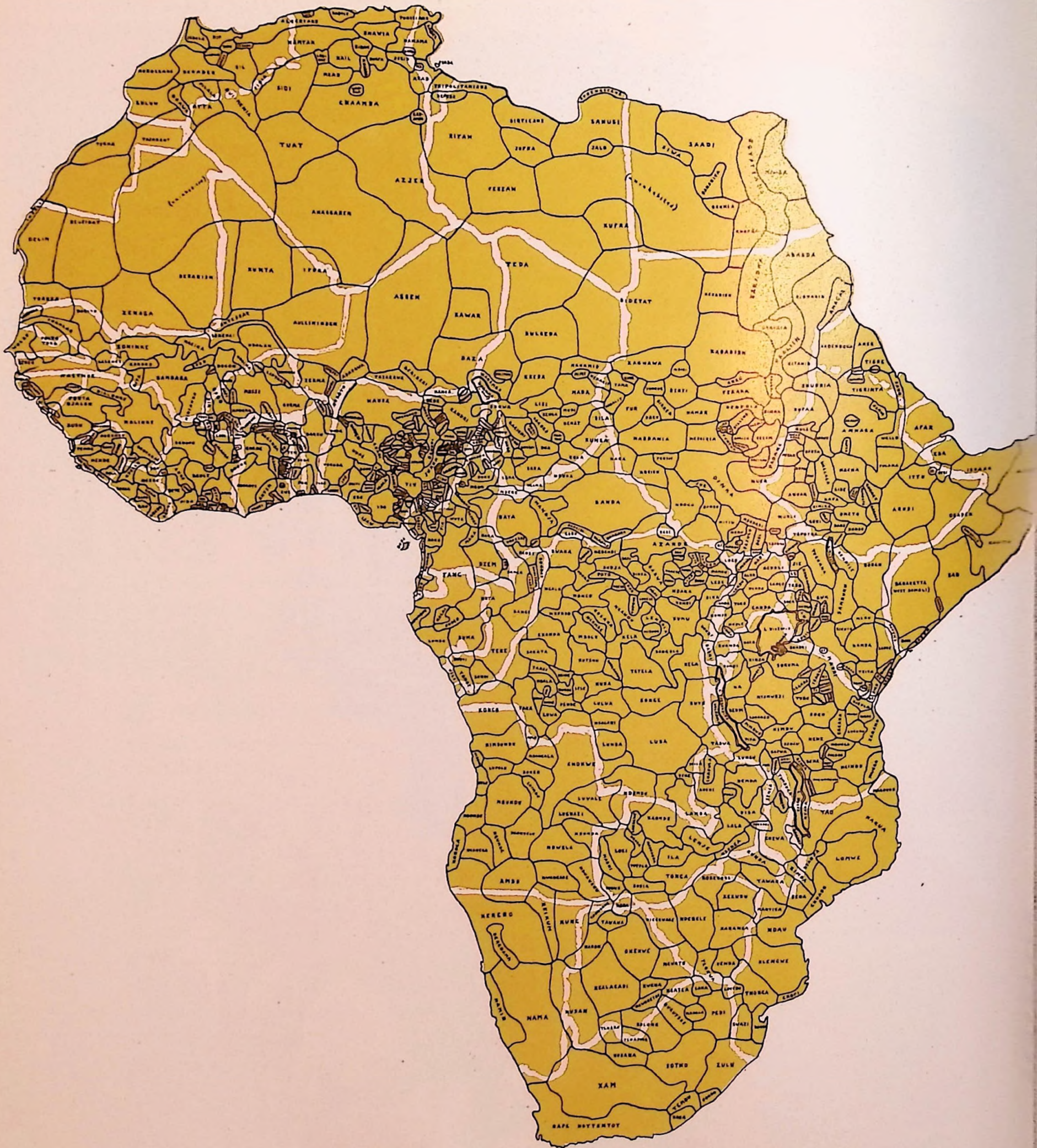
companies complain that they were being "continued social and a series of disorders, most notably in Katanga last January.

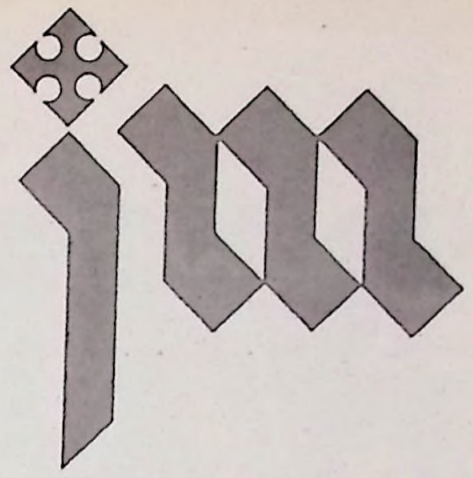
However, the production facilities were unharmed.

Nevertheless, Union du Haut-Katanga declined in its copper production to 270,000 metric tons from about 295,000 metric tons. It said, however, that it had attained the objective of the year.

Cobalt production rose from 1,000 metric tons to 7,000 metric tons. The company produces 8 percent of the Western world's cobalt.

The Compagnie Industrielle de Commerce





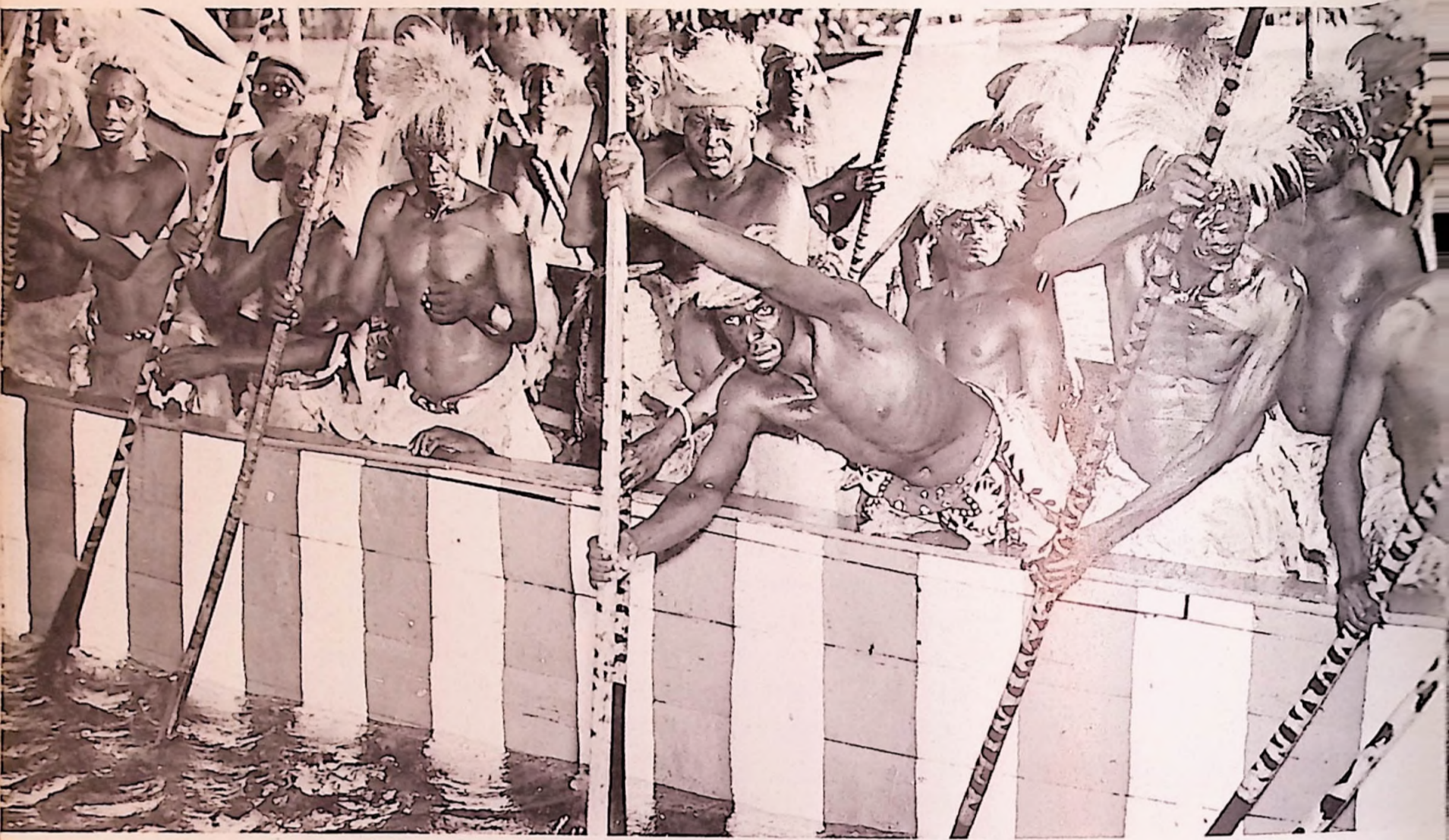
THE REAL AFRICA

The tribe is Africa; the real Africa. Professor Murdock's detailed Tribal Map opposite gives visual evidence of the truth of this. It was this truth that was ignored or not understood when, in the late 19th Century, Europe began to carve this continent with little regard for its human boundaries. The white man drew lines. His pen created colonies, territories, provinces, protectorates. He gave these areas names: the Gold Coast, Belgian Congo, British East Africa. His creations were displayed very nicely on maps. School children around the world studied the maps and memorized names and thought of these man-made "nations" as they did of their own country. Unfortunately the only realities represented by those neatly drawn lines, appearing in white on the opposite page, were the mapmaker's pride and the territorial claims of Europe.

The real Africa was not a deserted area waiting for the mapmaker to divide unpeopled lands. It was a continent of tribes and sub-tribes. Professor Murdock lists more than 6000! Their racial, cultural and religious differences were not consulted in Europe's wild scramble for possession. Tribes were divided, or lumped together in grotesque combinations and called "nations" in spite of differences or the fact that they may have been enemies for centuries. We are now horrified at the tribal animosities breaking the neat symmetry of our maps. But reality is at last catching up with the unreality of the colonists' arbitrary lines. The loyalty of millions of Africans is not as yet given to a Congo or a Kenya; it is to the tribe. The task of the leaders of new Africa is to unite the disparate groups and to make it possible that their loyalty be directed away from "tribe" to the notion of "Nation".

At a generous guess, one hundred years of turbulence lie ahead for the peoples of Africa. It would require large miracles if the time of its travail were less. The birthing of nations is a slow process. Given Africa's almost numbing diversity and problems whose complexity demand a multitude of Solomons for solution, it will demand our patience, our understanding and assistance. Africa also demands our prayers. Neither Africa nor the world will arrive at peace or oneness apart from Christ.

This remarkable Tribal Map of Africa is the work of George Murdock, Professor of Anthropology at Yale, and may be found in his excellent study: Africa. Its peoples and Their Culture History; published by McGraw-Hill Book Co. 1959, N.Y.



A paramount chief of the Barotse tribe in Zambia orders the start of the annual ceremonial exodus from the flooded plains to his winter capital. A fisherman of Mpulungu shakes out his dip-net as the sun sets over the Dark Continent. Both scenes reflect the Africa of today—a land of restless energy in which new dreams stir, and a land where old ways are being folded away awaiting the dawn.



ZAMBIA:

Freedom and the Future

Priscilla Kershaw

Experienced Africa-watchers are eyeing Northern Rhodesia with unusual, if guarded, optimism. With turmoil and disintegration all around her, Zambia—the name that will be adopted when she becomes an independent member of the British Commonwealth this year—gives promise of being uniquely viable. The road to independence has been politically rugged, yet relatively free of violence. But this country, like so much of emerging Africa, is all future. She is scarcely down, although present signs give promise of vibrant life and steady growth. In a study of these signs we may ask what there is in Zambia today that augurs for good—or ill.

A quick glance will leave no doubt that Zambia is in many ways singularly blessed among African nations. But the hard fact remains that this land is an *African* nation and thus susceptible to all the ills of Africa, some of which are congenital and some contagious. The hope is that her special strengths will carry her into the future free of wrenching, growing pains.

Zambia's first area of strength is economic and geographical. Much of Africa is simply poor. Zambia is poor in the poverty of her

people, but the land itself is rich. She possesses a lion's share of the mineral wealth of the Copperbelt which stretches into the Katanga province of the Congo. As one of the world's largest producers of copper, it is her one significant export. A one-product economy has its dangers, but even one important product is a long step ahead in Africa today. Other types of mineral wealth are mined along with copper, notably cobalt, zinc, lead and manganese. Factories, with planning and aid, could rise around her mines, smelters and electrolytic refineries to round out the industrial base. Abundant water power guarantees a vast industrial potential.

Climate is another factor in much of her future promise. It is one of the healthiest in Africa. Zambia is mostly a plateau with an elevation of from 3,500 to 4,500, except where the Zambesi and the Luangwa rivers cut deep dry valleys. Thus, while it lies between 10 and 20 degrees south of the equator, Zambia is free of the enervating climate that is the curse of much of Africa. But her height gives her a dry season that lasts two-thirds of the year, and a type of agriculture that is at present mainly at a subsistence

level. There is a potential here, however, as the tsetse fly and other pests are brought under control and the possibilities of irrigation and communications are looked into.

Zambia's greatest blessing is her Prime Minister, Dr. Kenneth Kaunda, a man of outstanding ability and dedication. In his inspiring autobiography, *Zambia Shall Be Free*, ("must" reading for anyone who would understand this country), it is clear that his story is the story of his country and that his



The strength of the nation lies in its share of the Copperbelt. This is Nkana Mine, Kitwe, with surface plant and housing—one of the prizes that may bring either growth or conflict.

career is Zambia's independence movement. He is wholly a product of his native land, for unlike most African leaders he never went to school abroad. As a child he attended Protestant mission schools. Later he decided to enter the ministry, following his father's footsteps. The usual road to that goal was the teaching profession, and he attended government teacher-training schools. As he began his teaching career, the independence movement was beginning to take shape and acquire force. No educated and alert African could avoid becoming involved.

The rise of African nationalism began after World War II. Native Welfare Associations, founded before the war, were federated in 1946. The Federation took on the character of a political party and was reconstituted in 1948 as the Northern Rhodesia Congress. Dr. Kaunda entered the Congress movement in 1951 and was instrumental in securing the election of Mr. Harry Nkumbula, a man he greatly admired, as party

President. Now known as the Northern Rhodesia African National Congress, the party spread through the territory as a mass movement. The platform was simple: opposition to the color bar, equal opportunities for Africans in education and trades apprenticeships, full franchise to Africans ("one man, one vote"), and the means—non-violence.

Congress was remarkably successful in uniting the people under calm but forceful leadership, and in developing a basic political awareness in a largely illiterate population. Opposition to federation with Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland was present from the start. Federation was seen as a scheme to extend and enforce the control of Southern Rhodesia's large and powerful European minority who would entrench themselves more deeply in the life of this area.

Despite opposition, Federation was created in 1953, and the worst fears of the Congress leaders were realized. Any move on their part became an infringement on "Law and Order", and Congress was harassed for the first time. Jailing the leaders only united the party, and contributed more to the solidarity of the African community than months of campaigning could have accomplished. During this time, Dr. Kaunda was one of the most active and most carefully watched leaders of the Congress. He served from 1953 to 1958 as Secretary General of the party, second to Mr. Nkumbula.

In 1958 Dr. Kaunda broke with Mr. Nkumbula. During the political struggle that followed, the policies of Mr. Nkumbula were strongly opposed by other Congress members who began to show dissatisfaction with party leadership. Dr. Kaunda decided that unseating Mr. Nkumbula as president of Congress would not suffice to clear the air. A clean start was needed with a new party. He founded the Zambia African Congress, which seemed to grow overnight and exert great influence.

By 1959, the Federation forces were in such fear of the power of Zambia that they banned the party and rusticated its leaders

While Dr. Kaunda and the others were in detention, Zambia members still free organized the United National Independence Party and gave the presidency to Dr. Kaunda when he was freed. This is the party that has led Northern Rhodesia out of the Federation and will lead her to full independence this year. Harry Nkumbula's Congress Party still has a numerical significance, but dissatisfaction with his leadership has continued to diminish his influence and was the cause of another split in the C.P. last year. He was backed as a waning hope by pro-Federation Europeans and, incidentally, by pro-Tshombe groups in the Congo. Such a division of interests always represents a danger of future upsets in Africa today and this situation, as well as tribal unrest, will bear watching.

On the debit side, Zambia's problems are Africa's problems. Heading a long list is the problem of leadership, and this is felt in every area and on every level. African political leaders must be outstanding men. They are not hedged in by the "checks and balances" that regulate the powers of an American President. Their constituency is generally illiterate and can be made aware of only the most basic issues in the simplest terms. Democracy is not yet in their vocabulary, and for peoples whose world has been the tribe, the wider notion of a national government is still beyond them. They are unprepared to understand all the implications of "one man, one vote" or the problems that follow "independence".

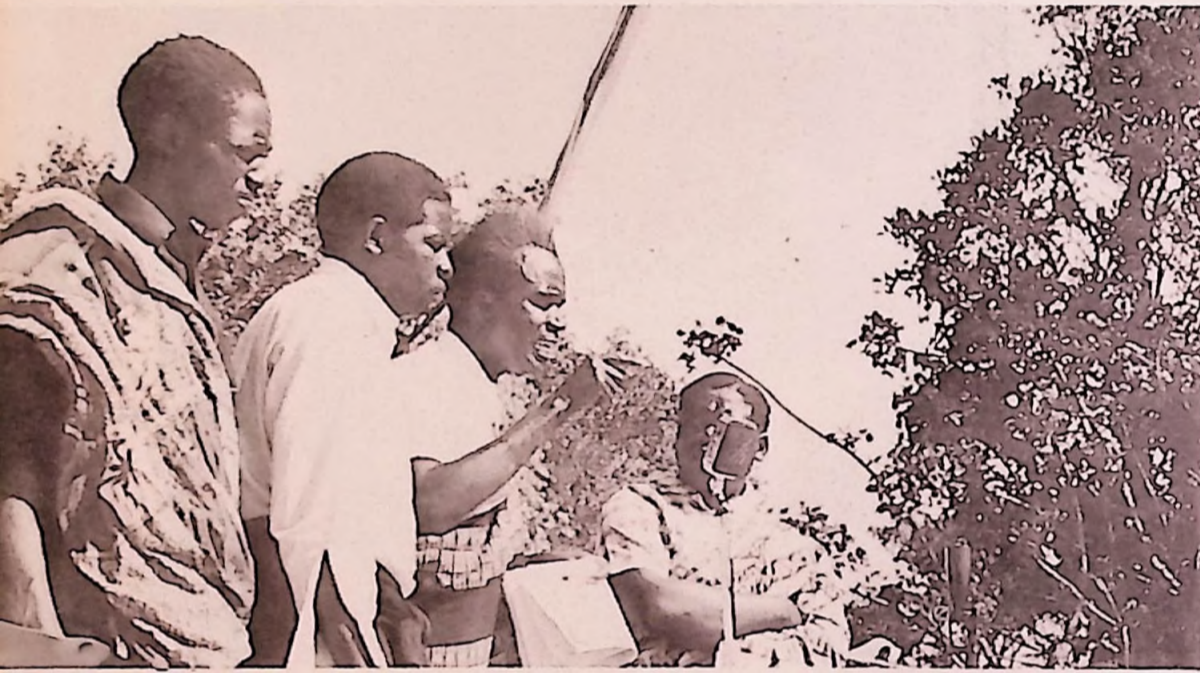
A Westerner, familiar with all these forms, tends to shake his head at some of the self-styled messiahs who govern various African nations today. But he would do well to consider how hard it must be for a man in this position to keep his sense of balance when he governs a people who demand that he be just that—a messiah. If he seems to promise too much in a land where people have so little, how is it possible not to promise too much? Kenneth Kaunda's campaign promise was "a shoe on every foot".



Miners drilling in a big end in Mufulira Copper Mine. The mineral wealth of Zambia has introduced a money economy which is drastically changing old tribal patterns. Young men, an estimated 75%, are moving from the bush to mining centers seeking a way of life that offers wider horizons than can be found in limited tribal economies. They may return to the bush, but the drift is to urban centers.

A simple promise, surely, but equivalent to a promise of two cars in every garage in the U.S. He is aware that freedom in itself does not buy shoes, and it is only his personal leadership which can keep his people united through the disillusionment which follows *Kwacha* (it is dawning), "freedom", and move them along this dangerous road in peace and at a sensible pace.

But Zambia's future will depend not only on Dr. Kaunda's leadership, but on leaders



As president of the United National Independence Party Congress, Kenneth Kaunda addressed 3000 African supporters in 1961. His strong attacks on British policies in Northern Rhodesia led to a promise of independence this year. (A UPI Photo)

at every level in politics (including the opposition), in the school system, and in the Church. Leadership depends for realistic direction on education, which is all too inadequate to meet the need. In this area the Church is making an important contribution. Thirty percent of all education happens to be Catholic. The government has always recognized the contribution of mission schools and has subsidized them.

Ninety percent of Zambia's children aged 7 and 8 can find places in the Lower Primary schools and are therefore able to get four years of schooling. Only 30%, however, can go on to the Middle Primary and 10% to the Upper Primary grades. Of these only one-sixth can enter Junior Secondary schools and the percentage continues to drop drastically at every level so that out of every 1000 children who enter primary school only *one* will complete the full 14 year program! At the end of this time the Cambridge Higher School Certificate and/or General Certificate

in Education is taken. These are required for entrance into British universities and the level of attainment corresponds to the first year of college in the American system. At present there are about 100 Northern Rhodesians who have attained this level.

Since only one African out of a thousand completes the equivalent of first year college, and nine out of ten do not go beyond the 6th grade, there is obviously a very small reservoir from which political and religious leaders can be drawn. The problem becomes a vicious circle. Teachers are desperately needed but educated Africans are leaving the schools for politics and administration. The growth of an African clergy is restricted by the education problem more than by any other. Only a relatively few boys reach the level of the minor seminary.

On graduation they are part of such a small elite that they are in great demand. The things which money can buy look wonderfully attractive to boys who, up to this point, have never lived on a money economy. Add to this the absence, in most cases, of any Catholic formation in the home since second generation Christians are still the exception and most parents are still pagan, and there is little reason to wonder about the lack of vocations.

Catholic missionary activity in Northern Rhodesia began when a group of White Fathers settled on the Tanganyikan border and worked their way inland to make contact with the Babemba in 1895. The Jesuits were next in 1905 (after two futile attempts in 1882). The main group arrived in 1911 when anti-clerical Portuguese expelled them from Mozambique. The mission was dependent on the English Province until 1921 when it was committed to the Polish Jesuits. Russian domination of Poland cut the stream of missionaries and in 1950 the Irish Province was called in. In 1962, the Oregon Province sent the first American Jesuits to the Dark Continent. There are now three priests and three scholastics in Zambia with two more scholastics and possibly

priest following them this year. Their first project has been to staff St. Stanislaus Minor Seminary near Broken Hill in the Archdiocese of Lusaka. It is anticipated that they will soon be there in force to open a secondary school for boys.

After three-quarters of a century of missionary activity, Zambia is about 20% Catholic. The future of the Church depends, as everywhere, on the growth of the African clergy, on the formation of an active and alert laity, and on the missionaries' ability to adjust to the rapid social and economic changes going on around them. For many years they have been witnessing an exodus from the rural areas to the mining and urban centers. More than 75% of the men, especially the young men, lured by a salaried job have left the neglected rural areas. The rural exodus has slowed the rate of conversions and disorganized the catechumenates. All efforts to organize a viable Catholic Action movement are paralyzed by the constant going and coming between the bush and urban centers. To a certain extent, the future of the Church like the future of Zambia lies in the mining regions. Yet the apostolate must be intensified in the bush.

The schools remain all-important. Children in 650 Catholic primary schools receive at least a rudimentary Christian education. This education will perhaps be continued in secondary schools, still few in number (five for girls; seven secondary schools and two minor seminaries for boys), and in trade, home economics and teacher training schools.

Problems of an illiterate, politically naive population, the lack of schools, widespread poverty—these are all congenital, although they can be corrected. But there are several dangerous African problems which could spread their contagious infection to Zambia,

The hopes and promise of an emerging Africa today lie in strong, intelligent leaders such as Dr. Kenneth Kaunda. A balanced man with a grasp of the multitude of problems his new nation faces, he will need the help and cooperation of all his people to meet with threats within and without his borders.



until now almost free of these plagues. One is the problem of a racial war. The color bar was, naturally, offensive to Africans but until Federation the European minority was not large or strong enough to impose true *apartheid* policies. Ten years of domination by Southern Rhodesia's whites gave rise to a great deal of distrust. If independence had not been guaranteed this year the situation would probably have become explosive.

There is still a good chance for racial co-



Midwifery Training School in charge of Franciscan Sisters. An educated population, a desperate need throughout Africa, is one of the major guarantees of stability in years to come.

operation in Zambia. But the turbulence in neighboring countries, which is only beginning, could well be catching. Zambia is surrounded by a number of nations at, or nearing, the boiling point. There is Angola in the West, Mozambique to the Southeast and Southern Rhodesia, West Africa and Bechuanaland to the South; all of them with white rule or powerful white minorities with their backs to the wall. The cauldron could boil over at any time, and spill over into Zambia. It is possible, however, that Zambia could see an exodus of whites before this happens. Every disturbance in neighboring countries sends a wave of panic through the European population and their logical move would be a migration, as from Kenya, to enclaves of white strength in Southern Rhodesia or South Africa. Should the Europeans leave Zambia, the technological and administrative know-how needed to sustain the mines and other essential services will go with them. Nor does anti-white feeling dis-

criminate. Missionaries will find the situation perilous and a sort of guilt-by-association could equate the Church with white policies entirely alien to it.

Inter-tribal hostilities have not been a problem in Zambia to date, but the makings of trouble are there as elsewhere in Africa. For example, the traditional rulers of Barotseland resent the idea of being subordinate to a central government in the hands of members of different tribes. This led to talk of secession and a protectorate status for Barotseland. More serious is the potential threat, voiced at election time, of the Lunda tribe's secession from Zambia and of joining with their Katanga tribesmen in a Lunda Empire. This would cut off the Copperbelt region, Zambia's source of economic strength. These threats are only a small cloud on the horizon, but the tribal melee in the neighboring Congo could spill the same kind of trouble over Zambia's borders. Another threat from without is the presence of trained subversives on the African scene. Intelligent African leaders, who may have hoped that a policy of non-alignment would free them to work out their own problems in peace, have been shocked by recent revolts into a realization that subversion may force them to take sides.

Thus Zambia, despite her many strengths is potentially open to the contagions of narrow nationalism, tribalism, and multiple dangers from without. A true nationalism or patriotism, does not now exist. The concept of *Patria* has, as yet, little meaning to a people whose lives have been circumscribed by tribal loyalties. Since the Church's ability to do her work—to bring Christ to all men—will be affected by development in Zambia she must bring all her resources to aid this new nation in the days ahead. One of her strengths lies in the schools where social concepts and Christian values can be taught to replace the limited tribal mentality. This will take time, and Zambia's time is measured by the turbulence around her. May time be given her.



The Archbishop of Lusaka, Adam Kozlowiecki S.J., is greeted by his Catholic flock. His understanding of the human heart (nurtured for six years in the prison of Dachau) and his knowledge of the needs of Zambia mark him as one who will shepherd his flock and adopted nation through the problems of tomorrow. Below is the chapel of the Mpima Minor Seminary, one of the two from which leaders of the Church will come. Above, the Oregon Province contingent of U.S. Jesuits in Zambia. Fr. Joseph Logan, second from the right, is superior of this venture into Africa.

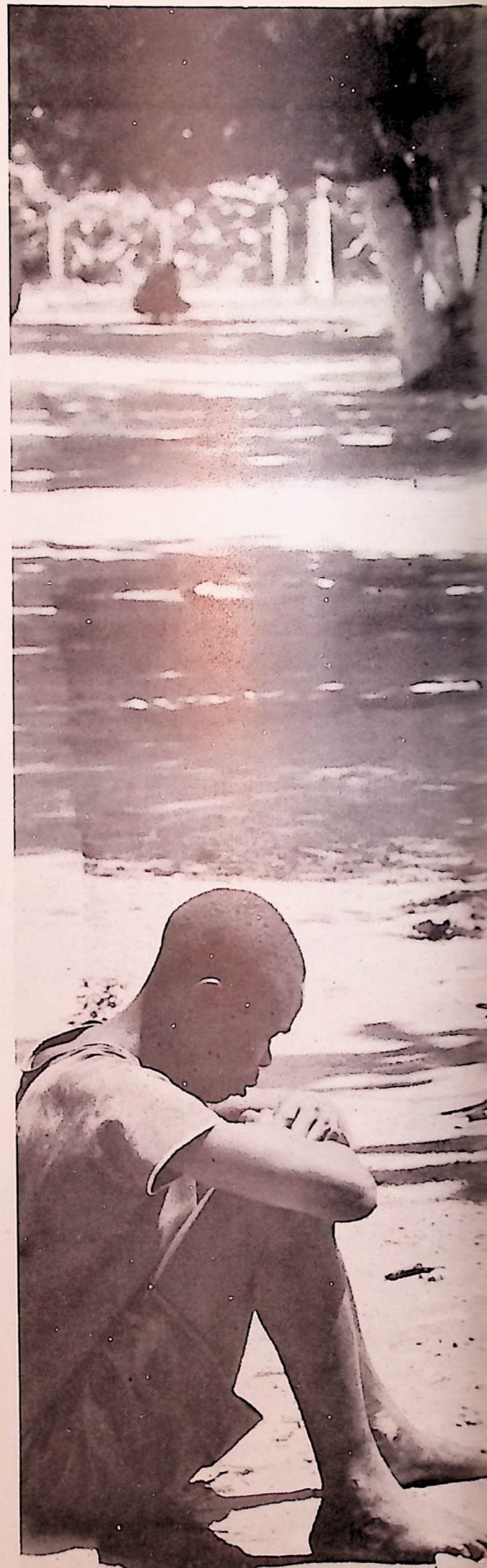


HAITI EXPELS JESUITS



Tension and fear charge the air as Haiti becomes an armed camp ruled by the secret police. The history of the island since Toussaint L'Ouverture and Dessalines led the African slaves to freedom from the French has ever been a turbulent one. The average Haitian lives on the edge of starvation and is subject to diseases like malaria, yaws, syphilis and intestinal infections. The deep feeling of futility is ever present, heightened now by the dictatorial and violent regime of President Duvalier.

Photos — N.C. and R.N.S.



On February 12th, Ash Wednesday, the Haitian government of President Francois Duvalier expelled all the Jesuits working on that Caribbean island. The eighteen Jesuits were all members of the Province of Lower Canada and had undertaken the Haitian mission in 1953, after the Holy See requested them to provide the faculty and administration of Haiti's only major seminary, at Port-au-Prince. This expulsion was the latest episode in the long war of attrition the Duvalier regime has waged against the Catholic Church in predominantly Catholic Haiti. It is not a pretty story but it fits well into the present pattern of that forlorn and terror-ridden land.

The incidents immediately preceding the expulsion underline the thinness of the reasons advanced by the government. Besides the seminary, the Jesuits also conducted a retreat house and a radio station. On January 31st Father Paul Laramée and Brother Francois-Xavier Ross, respectively the director and technician of the radio station, arrived at Port-au-Prince from Canada where they had obtained equipment designed to increase the transmission power of the station. They were hoping to install an educational system along the lines of the widely known radio schools of Msgr. Joaquin Salcedo in Colombia, providing courses in reading and writing and health instruction for a people 90% illiterate.

At the airport they were seized and arrested by the feared "ton-ton m'acoute" (the "boogymen"), Duvalier's secret police. Arrested with them was Father Paul Hamel, who had come to the airport to meet them. All were imprisoned in the notorious Fort Dimanche jail. (Many houses near this jail are now empty because residents could not bear screams of persons being "questioned" inside.) Father Hamel was released several days later, following a protest by the Canadian charge d'affaires, but Father Laramée and Brother Ross were held incommunicado until taken to the airport on February 12th and ejected.

No charges were ever made in writing against any member of the Jesuit community

Father Paul Hamel



Brother F. X. Ross



Father Paul Laramée



Tired and showing signs of strain, the first group of Jesuits expelled from Haiti arrive in Montreal. Eighteen were deported because they had documents "likely to imperil the security of the state." Vatican radio said that the Duvalier dictatorship had "done much to the detriment of the Church in Haiti in recent years." In four years three bishops and 17 priests have been deported on various pretexts. At right, Father Robert Jean finds the February climate in Montreal different from the tropics.

Photos — LOOK Magazine

The people of Haiti are naturally happy and gregarious but close to 90% of them live in abject poverty. The buying power of the peasant is unbelievably low—\$8 per year. The country is about the size of Maryland but has also been described "as about the size of purgatory." It is no wonder that the voodooism brought by their ancestors from Africa still has a strong hold. The weird rituals provide a better emotional outlet than their sport of cockfighting.



LOOK Magazine

in Haiti. The Canadian charge d'affaires made inquiries but the authorities only told him of "vague allegations" concerning supposed "documents prejudicial to the prestige of the State and the President." These "documents" were evidently a snapshot and a charity appeal. The picture was of a Jesuit Brother, but the regime charged it was actually a photograph of former President Paul Magloire—whose name is anathema to the Duvalier regime—whom the Brother resembles. The other document was a written request to *Misereor*, the German Catholic Bishops' overseas aid agency, appealing for money to help the radio operation. It was no wonder that the Canadian government denounced strongly the charge against the Jesuits.

At the same time that the three Jesuits were arrested at the airport, other agents of the secret police moved upon Villa Manresa, the retreat house, and seized it. The fifteen armed men searched the five-story house for five hours without finding anything they could use against the occupants. Then they herded the missionaries to the

Archbishop's palace in Port-au-Prince and kept them under house arrest until the time for their expulsion.

This retreat house had been the target of government fire since its opening in 1960. The tension in Haiti is so high that any gathering of men is regarded as suspicious. Government sources had charged that the retreat house was in fact a center for political and revolutionary "weekends". There is little doubt that some who came to make a retreat were probably opposed to the Duvalier regime—but that would be true of any gathering any place in Haiti in recent years.

Did the expulsion come as a surprise? No one in Haiti today is surprised at anything. But the handwriting had been on the wall as far as the Jesuits were concerned. For the last two or three years there had been articles against the Jesuits in the Haitian press, the very same arguments that had been propagated over a century ago by European anti-Jesuit authors. These articles claimed that the Jesuit Order was too powerful, that it meddled in politics, and that it had been expelled from many countries because it was considered dangerous. As one of the expelled Jesuits remarked wryly, "Two hundred years ago we were expelled by the French governors because we were too friendly to their slaves. And now we are expelled by the descendants of those same slaves."

The repressive attitude of the Duvalier regime toward the Catholic Church in general was scored last August at Geneva by the International Commission of Jurists. This is a nongovernmental body composed of leading judges, attorneys and law professors in about 30 countries. The Commission claimed that Duvalier sees the Catholic Church as "the only organized force capable of standing up against him" and has thus "redoubled his persecution of its priests." It went on to say that "first-hand documentation shows that human rights and fundamental liberties are totally disregarded by the Haitian government." Referring in particular to Duvalier's "ton-ton m'acoute" goon squads

the Commission said: "Members of the militia and the secret police have total power to imprison, interrogate, torture and put to death any citizen at all, and without even a written order."

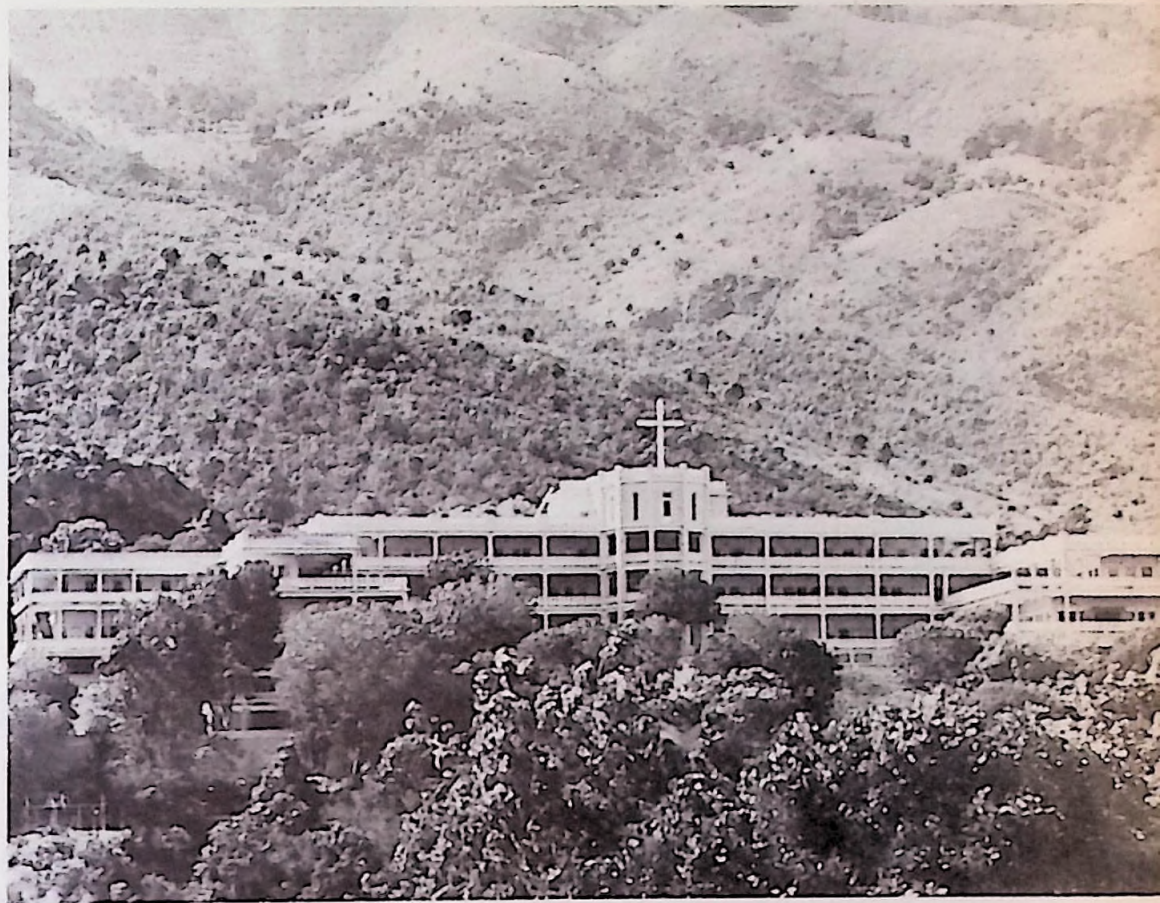
The Duvalier regime has been in power since 1957 in Haiti, a nation the size of Maryland, which occupies the western third of the Caribbean island of Hispaniola. The Dominican Republic holds the rest. Its approximately four million people—95% of them Negroes—have the hemisphere's lowest standard of living. Catholics, at least in name, make up about 72% of the population.

Church-State relations began to deteriorate in August, 1959, when the regime, on the pretext of maintaining the "safety of the state", expelled two French priests, one of them the Superior of the Holy Ghost Fathers in Haiti. The next overt step was the expulsion of Archbishop Francois Poirier of Port-au-Prince. He was expelled without warning, forced on to a Miami plane with only the clothes on his back, his passport and a dollar given to him by a priest. In a few months' time his auxiliary bishop was also expelled, together with four French priests. Then it came the turn of Bishop Paul Robert of Les Gonaives who was forced by a government order to leave his See after a government-organized mob broke into his residence and looted it. Other expulsions of priests occurred before the present ousting of the Jesuits but this was the first time that an entire religious Order was forced to leave in a body.

The Jurists' Commission in Geneva concluded its indictment of the Duvalier regime by saying, "The tyranny oppressing Haiti does not have the excuse of ideology, its only object being to ensure the future affluence of those now in power."

One must remember that Haiti is not just another Latin America country. It is more African than Western and it is primitive in the real sense of the word. The per capita income is less than \$70 a year and its unemployment rate is over 60%. Its people are dirt poor, uneducated, and the spirits

Villa Manresa, the retreat house near Port-au-Prince built by the Jesuits four years ago and alleged by the government to be the site of "revolutionary weekends". The first reports were that it would become a military barracks but negotiations are going on. The major seminary will be allowed to continue if another religious order can be found to conduct it. Meanwhile, the seminarians were sent home. There are still about 500 Canadian priests and nuns there.



N.C. Photo

which walk the dark hills at night exercise a tremendous hold. (Cf. pages 14 and 15). After five unhappy years of attempting to bolster Haiti's economy, even our own government has given up. In that time \$42 million dollars was poured into the forlorn country and today there isn't much to show for the expenditure.

Is Haiti another Cuba-to-be? That is a question which most are slow to answer. As long as the Duvalier regime holds power through brutality and terrorism there is little likelihood that Communism will make much headway. But the elements are present, even in the government, and if a revolt should occur the Communists would undoubtedly make the most of it. Yet they have not evinced too much interest to date; one might judge that they do not consider Haiti worth the trouble. But whatever the future, the present still means fear and suffering for Haiti's people.

Clement J. Armitage S. J.