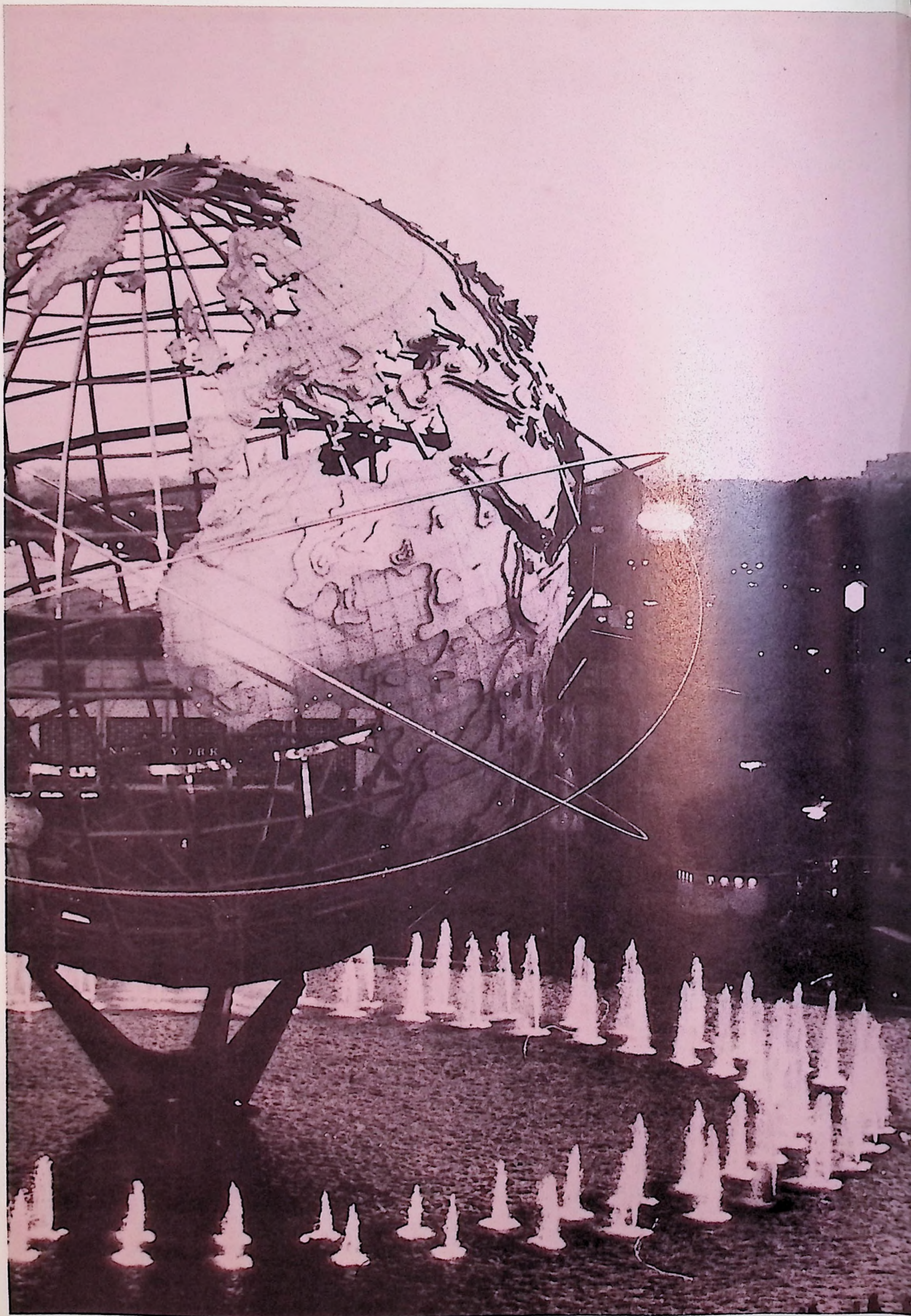




JESUIT MISSIONS / SEPTEMBER 1964 / 25¢

A
MISSIONARY
AT THE
FAIR





A MISSIONARY AT THE FAIR

Clement J. Armitage S.J.

The Missionary left the pavilion of Sudan and slowly made his way down the Avenue of Africa towards the Unisphere. The World's Fair symbol had been his starting point and in his years on the missions he had formed the habit, almost automatic now, of returning to a familiar landmark and then reorientating himself. On his left was the African pavilion where he had lunched in the "tree house" restaurant on stewed chicken with peanuts, served in a wooden bowl. He had mused then on the universality of chicken. Skip the question of which had come first, the chicken or the egg, and ask whether all the electronic and other marvels on display in this one-square-mile of wonderland would ever displace the humble chicken from the face of the earth.

On his right, across from the Africa pavilion, stood the glory that was Greece—and once again the Missionary was struck with that bewildering contrast so characteristic of the entire Fair. On one side, the antiquity of Greece was handsomely emphasized, its classical beauty a poignant reminder of the tremendous debt the world owes to one small country. On the other side, the beat of the Burundi drums and the gyrations of the Watusi dancers spoke of a way of life where

a timeless yesterday still cast its long shadow across the present hour, and the unfamiliar names of newly emergent nations were as faintly disturbing as an old Latin prayer suddenly heard in the vernacular. Africa was as old as Greece—but over twenty centuries stood between the continent with its growing understanding of democracy and the country which had given that word to the world. The Missionary wondered how many of the millions of visitors to the Fair would be struck by that contrast between the two pavilions, only the width of an avenue apart.

He sat down on a bench where he could watch the Fountains of the Continents in their ever-splashing circle around the Unisphere. The Sudan pavilion had left him with a bad taste in his mouth. It was attractive enough, designed as a modern mosque topped with a translucent dome and with a teak latticework enclosing the second floor. But the Seventh Century fresco of the Madonna was missing. Painted on limestone and only recently discovered, it had been displayed in a room on the first floor. Evidently, according to the explanation given the Missionary, the crowds entering and leaving the room had engendered some



There are a lot of little things at the Fair and you don't want to miss them. For although they are little, they are important, simply because they are people. Don't be overcome, like the little tot at left, by the big stuff. Look for the girl from Guinea, selling cloth with bold print designs; the weary but still charming Korean receptionist; the Hindu Shiva of India; the drummer from Sierra Leone. (All photos by Fr. Stevenson.)



chemical in the air, foreign to the climate of Sudan, and as a result the unprotected painting had begun to crack. So the room had been closed to visitors.

But that disappointment was minor to the feeling the Missionary had experienced when he came upon a poster proclaiming, "Religion—In mosque, in church, in temple, the Sudanese worship as brothers with religious freedom guaranteed by the Government." He probably would have stared at it open-mouthed if his many years in the East had not given him a rigid control over his facial expressions. There are no foreign missionaries, Catholic or Protestant, left in Sudan—all have been expelled. The entire Catholic school system has been destroyed. Sudanese Christians have been tortured because of their religion. There are only 28 priests left in Southern Sudan to serve a half million Catholics, and even these are being pressured to set up a national Church on the pattern of the one in Red China today. And our own State Department steadfastly refuses to acknowledge the truth of the situation.

As he had turned to leave, the Missionary wondered what the reaction to that poster would be among the 50,000 Sudanese refugees in Uganda, the 25,000 in Ethiopia and the 30,000 in the Congo and Central African Republic. Then he had spotted a smaller exhibit and for a moment he was tempted to place the sign there beside the poster on Religion. The sign read: "Ostrich eggs—Please do not touch."

As he watched the fountains curl and splash around the Unisphere he was reminded of the Fair's motto, "Peace through understanding." There was no doubt that the Fair was eminently worthwhile. However, he had to admit a bit ruefully, some of these electronic and technical displays of a push-button world hadn't greatly advanced his personal understanding. He felt more at home at the opening scene of G. E.'s Carousel of Progress where the plastic man created by Walt Disney had proudly shown off his home as it was at the turn of the

century—the handpump in the sink, the coal burning stove, etc. This was what the Missionary had lived with most of his time in the field and they were familiar objects, nowhere near as mysterious and frightening as G. E.'s kitchen of today.

But it wasn't the understanding of machines and gadgets which the Fair's motto referred to. It was one people reaching out to another people, meeting here on this common ground, bringing familiar things to those who found them strange, bringing themselves as they were in the past and are today. For the umpteenth time the Missionary unfolded his map of the Fair. Here in the International Area were 35 pavilions of foreign nations and about two-thirds of them were from mission countries, in his understanding of the term. Why the overbalance? What brought these so-called "have-not" peoples across the world to display whatever riches, spiritual and material, they might possess? They hadn't come with a chip on their shoulders. They came willingly; they came in pride, the good pride of achieve-



At the Indonesia Pavilion a woman dips cotton cloth into dye after covering parts of it with wax, showing how the colorful patterns of batiks are created. It must be seen to be appreciated.



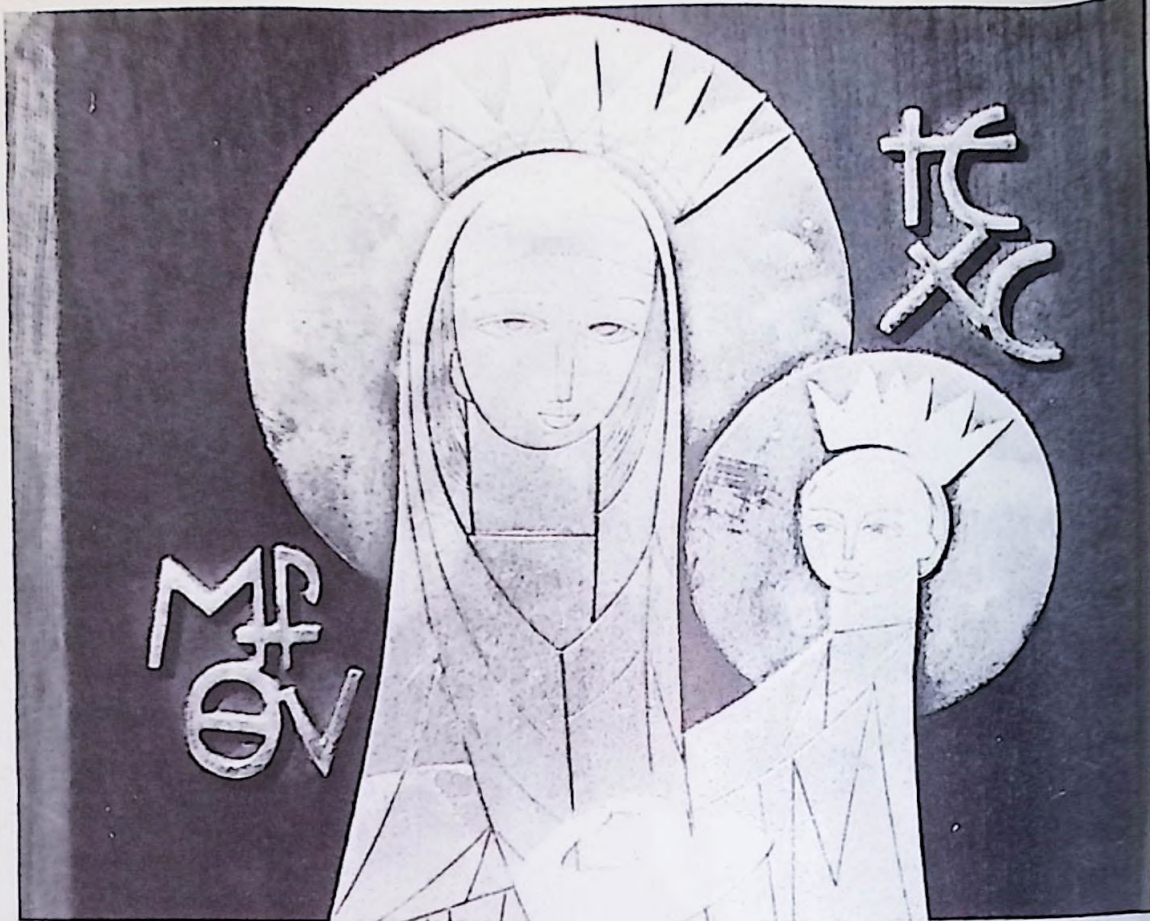


ment; and they came in hope of greater understanding by others. They seemed to say, "Here we are! This is our way of life, our past and our present. It may be different from yours, but judge us for ourselves!"

The Indonesian girl dipping cloth into dye and creating the colorful *batik*; the drummer from Sierra Leone, white-toothed and exultant, beating out his rhythm under the conical spires of a pavilion reminiscent of his West African mountains; the dark-eyed Korean receptionist, exhausted but still happy as she explained once more the meaning of the folk dances in the teahouse pavilion—all of them were giving of what they knew and had. Each people has its own doorway to the hall of understanding.

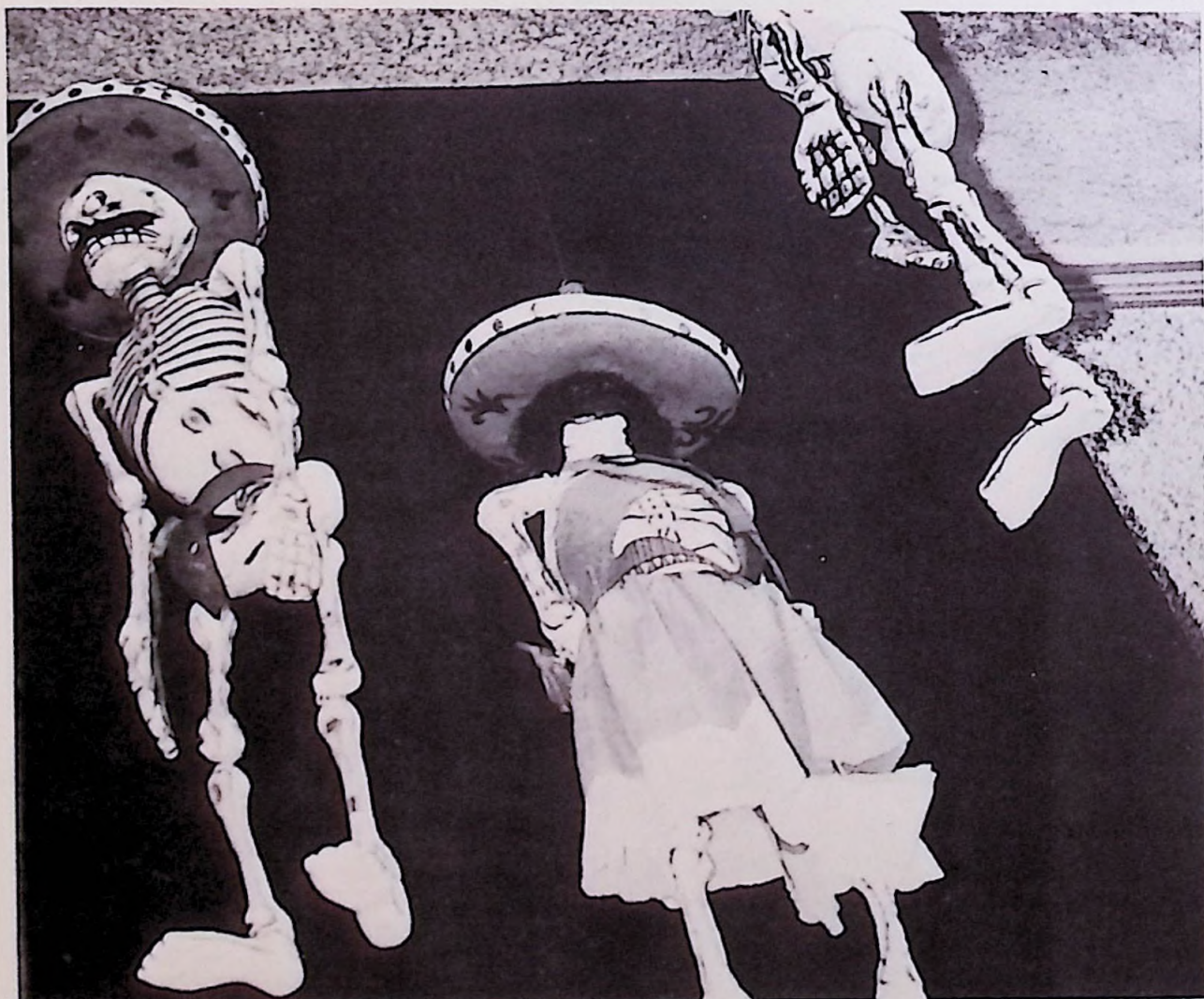
This International Area was where the Missionary felt most at home. After all, he had spent the greater part of his life among foreigners and, although he was based on one mission, his work with SELA (Committee for Socio-Economic Life in Asia) had brought him into every free country in the Far East as well as India. So he was well aware that the various national displays here at the Fair presented only a small part of the over-all picture at home. India and Japan had strong exhibits of their modern industrial growth but these told nothing of the millions of Indians who did not have enough food to exist on nor of the thousands of young students in Japan who found their education suddenly roadblocked by too few schools. The varied pearls on sale at the Polynesian Village were only a facade for a way of life that had little else to offer to others and in itself was a struggle for bare subsistence.

It reminded the Missionary of the Coca Cola Pavilion where the visitor takes a self-propelled journey through five different countries, replete with sights, sounds, smells and temperature changes. He had been curious about the Hong Kong representation and, when he came upon it, the crowded street and the market stalls were happily familiar. But the strident cries had been toned down and he couldn't help grinning



In the glass and aluminum pavilion of Mexico are paintings and sculptures by contemporary artists, such as the wood-carved plaque and (left) the silver angel.

At many festivals in Mexico the skull and skeleton themes appear regularly so the laddies below are not symbols of the Fair's walking distances or even prices.



at the aroma, a Coca Colaish incense! An official who saw the grin stopped him later and explained, "Father, we had a real fish smell originally but it was so strong we had to deodorize it before we opened. It would have driven everybody out of the place!"

So, too, at the Hong Kong Pavilion, five minutes away, the sampans in the moat were authentic enough but he had never seen them at a time when people weren't swarming over boats and docks. That was the part of the picture which was missing—people. Of course, you couldn't pile the whole world into Flushing Meadows but you did have to look beyond the objects on display and realize that they only reflected the human element behind them. Then there would be at least the beginnings of understanding which could lead to peace. It was something that was very real to every missionary in the world; in fact, without that concept there wouldn't be missionaries. As long as there was one being walking the earth as the image of God, then the story of that being's redemption in the Blood of Christ must be brought to him.

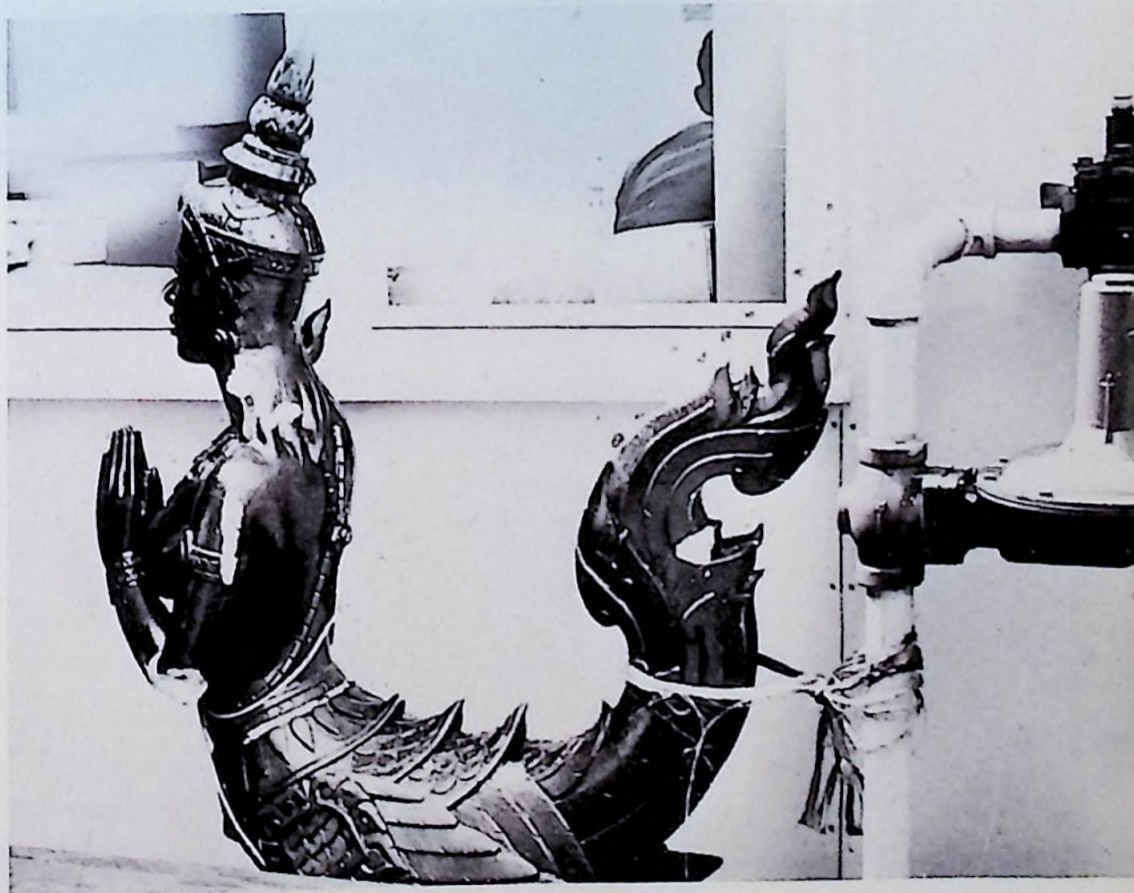
The thought of the sampans reminded him of a visit he had once paid to the Little Sisters of Jesus at Aberdeen in Hong Kong. Their convent was a tiny junk moored among hundreds of sampans and junks in the sweltering, turbulent harbor. In the bow of the junk was a small altar where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed for adoration. One Sister was always on watch while the others, dressed as fisherwomen, went to their jobs in a fish-packing factory. They were living Christ, in their poverty and their love, and for those around them it was easier to understand Christ because of these gallant Sisters.

It was dark now and the lights and fountains of the Fair magically softened the architectural jungle where the far-out designs of the exhibits clashed by day. The Missionary walked swiftly away from the Unisphere, past the pavilions of Sweden and France, to the oval-shaped building with a wall curving away from the entrance. He entered the door at the right, avoided the

moving platforms, and ascended to the walkway above. He stood there and gazed down on the Pietà.

Her hands did not touch His Sacred Flesh, the flesh she herself had given Him. The widespread fingers of the right hand pressed part of her robe against His side as she held Him. Her left hand was thrown wide, open in a gesture that spoke of a sacrifice to which nothing could be added. It was done now; her Son had shown how far His love would take Him. How much it had meant for both of them no one on earth would ever know. No one would ever fully understand the Story of the Word become Flesh. But some would catch glimpses of that full meaning—"He loved me and delivered Himself for me"—and men and women would be walking far roads, their hearts aflame, their lives one long dedication in order that the world might understand, too.

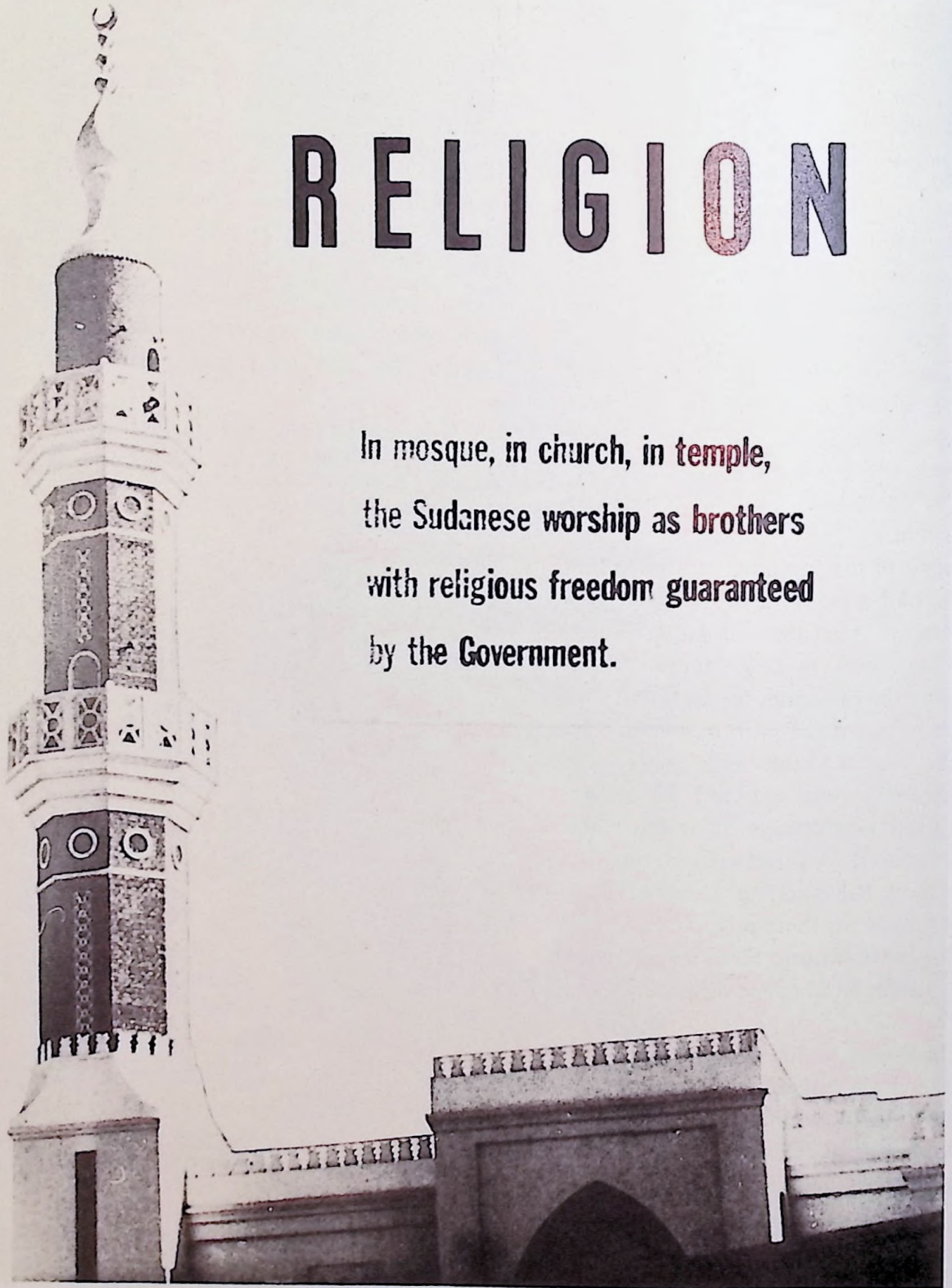
A voice spoke softly behind the Missionary. "Sorry, Father. We're closing for the night now."



Now what did this bad little girl do to deserve this? Our JM photographer looked out a window of the Indonesia Pavilion and spotted her outside the restaurant, piteous in her punishment.

RELIGION

In mosque, in church, in temple,
the Sudanese worship as brothers
with religious freedom guaranteed
by the Government.



THE SWORD OF ISLAM OVER THE SUDAN

Paul Crane S.J.

The history of the Sudan since it gained independence in 1956 has been a summary of much that troubles an emerging Africa. All the ingredients are there—the northern Arab, the South Saharan negro and tribalism, and the white man who, blameless or not, is equated with “colonialism.” The Sudan is a peculiar complex. The northerners, about 8 million, are of Arab origin, speak Arabic and live by the Koran. Some, especially the military in power, decided that unity could only come with one language and one faith. With independence, they have taken up the sword of Islam and have endeavored to impose their will with a fanaticism that has shocked the world.

The victims of this drive have been the negro tribes, with a population of 4,000,000, who make up the Southern Sudan. About five-hundred thousand of these are Catholics and more than one-hundred thousand other Christians. Included in this persecution of a minority was another minority—the Christian missionary, who was white and not Arab and, consequently, an intolerable element on the scene. In 1957 the first move was made by the dominant Moslem group: 350 schools were taken over and the first expulsions took place. Harrassment continued until 1962 and culminated in the Missionary Societies Act, which was aptly called the “Noose Law” as it effectively choked off all missionary activity. Between February 27th and March 8th of this year, following growing resentment and a revolt amongst the negro populations who were being brutalized into submission, all missionaries were expelled. They left with the clothes on their backs, and behind them a hundred year legacy of zeal and devotion. Before and following this final act of intolerance, countless thousands

of negroes of the Southern Sudan have fled to neighboring countries to escape the savage beatings and murder at the hands of a free-wheeling Arab military police bent on total dominance.

The spiritual care of the South was left in the hands of 28 Sudanese priests with a flock of 500,000, four seminaries and 52 mission stations! Operating under restriction and in a revolutionary situation, their task is almost hopeless. But these overt violations of human rights have not entirely escaped the notice of the world's press, and may have resulted in a partial Moslem retreat. On July 20th, through the good offices of the Lebanese Foreign Minister, Fouad Ammoun, an accord was reached with the Vatican and the Sudan. One hundred Non-Sudanese priests (but none of those recently expelled) will be allowed to re-enter, and the seminaries will be reopened. Much remains to be seen.

Statistics are not everything. I have studied those relating to religious persecution in the South Sudan. The picture they present is unpleasant and in flagrant contradiction of elementary human rights. It pales by comparison with that painted for me a week or so ago by a Sudanese Catholic schoolboy of 19. His story negates the pious affirmation of the large poster, shown here, which hangs prominently in the Sudan exhibit at the World's Fair.

I was in Kampala, the capital of Uganda, where I had arrived on the first leg of a trip to East, Central and Southern Africa. My main business at Kampala lay with the Catholic Secretariat. While there I was brought into contact with a group of young men clustered in the building. On inquiry, I

was told that they were Sudanese Catholic schoolboys. Their base was a camp 20 miles from Kampala. Approximately 500 of them were in the camp. They remained there while attempts were made to place them in Catholic secondary schools, for they had been turned down by the Uganda government. Existing secondary schools being already overcrowded, places could be found only for a few at a time. The majority were living relatively forgotten in the camp. I was minded of some of the victims of Hitler's war confined to a similar existence in Western Europe during the years of its immediate aftermath. The Sudanese refugees are coming in a steady stream to Africa south of the Sahara. Here in Kampala I came across a pathetic few of their number. I brought one into the room I was using as a temporary office, sat him down comfortably and asked him for his story.

His name had better not be given. Vengeance could always be taken on other relatives. He is 19 years old and was at Wau secondary school, run by Catholic missionaries in the South Sudan, until October, 1962. It was in this month that the Christian schoolboys struck according to a prearranged plan. The strike, so far as I know from this boy at Kampala and other sources, was meant to coincide with a second major attempt at revolt against the tyrannical Arab and Moslem government of the Sudan, based in Khartoum in the North. Since the failure of the first attempt some years before, militants in the South Sudan had taken to the bush or crossed the border into the Congo and northern Uganda. A species of guerrilla war had been maintained against the occupation forces of the hated North. When this young man and his fellow students struck in October, 1962, they were, I think, playing their part in an effort designed to transform the guerrilla war of previous months into a

major insurrection. The attempt failed.

When the order to strike was given, the students got their things together and left the school by night. They split into groups and made their way home through the bush. This young man's home was 390 miles away. He reached it safely after a hard journey mostly through the bush. There he remained quietly. Trouble came with the northern police patrols which arrived by jeep to question villagers concerning the whereabouts of run-away students or guerrillas known to be in the bush. Villagers suspected of possessing information and refusing to divulge it under interrogation were, I was told, beaten to death. I asked him how this was done. He told me they used whips made of hide, probably rhinoceros. Villagers were forced to witness the beatings, which were public. He lost count, he told me, of the number of strokes given a "delinquent;" probably they numbered 20 or 30. A rhinoceros whip ruthlessly wielded in the blazing sun on a naked body would certainly kill, I imagine, in 30 strokes.

The police forces, I was told, though few in numbers, were mobile and equipped with heavy fire power. There were five, he said, of the para-military type to every 60 square miles of territory which, in the South Sudan, makes up a county. These moved about by jeep and were assisted in their search for dissidents by helicopters piloted, as he put it to me, by "men with brown faces."

The picture given confirmed reports of a ruthless and continuing man-hunt throughout the whole of South Sudan. The hunted are African Christians, driven desperate by constant persecution. The hunters are Arab Moslems from the North back at their ancient game of slaving and oppression in the South. The persecution of the Christian Churches in the South Sudan did not stop with the brutal deportation of European missionaries, which

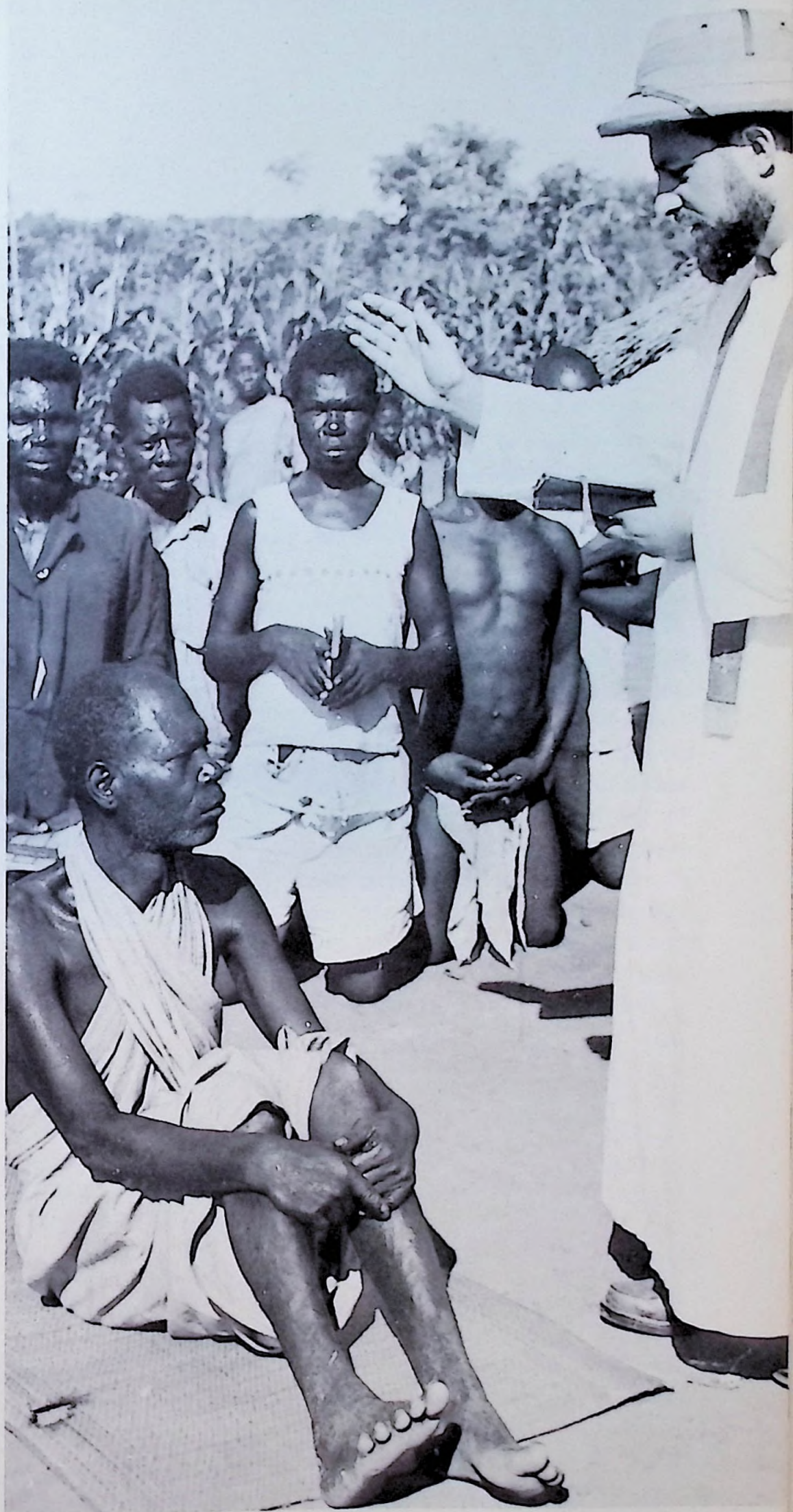
This is the Sudan that was—when devoted members of the Verona Fathers and Mill Hill Fathers and Sisters and Brothers gave of their charity, energy and lives to the Negro population of South Sudan. One hundred years of material and spiritual sacrifice were wiped out with severe discriminatory acts and the recent expulsion of all foreign missionaries.

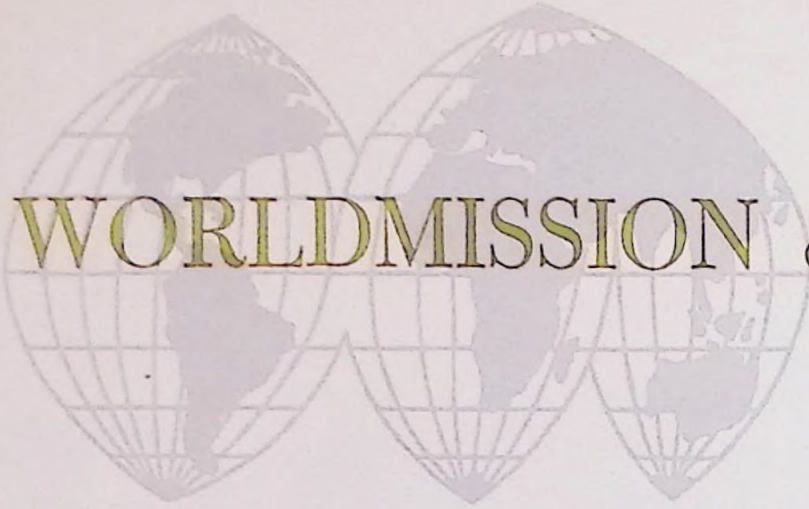
was itself the culmination of a long list of discriminatory measures aimed deliberately at the extinction of Christianity in that area. The present persecution in the South continues to mount in intensity.

I asked this young man if his people came together to pray now that their missionaries had been driven out. "Yes," he said, "but they are beaten if they are caught." Meanwhile, there are no places for Christian schoolboys in government secondary schools, unless they give up their religion. Nor have those who have left school any prospect of promotion if they are Christians. Careers in the armed forces or government are closed to them. So long as they remain in the Sudan today, intelligent young Christians are without prospects of fulfillment, and all are subject to ruthless police supervision. Flight alone offers a possibility of escape from hopelessness.

Last March this young man and all his fellow villagers crossed the border into Uganda. They did so after police again arrived at their village and shot down four villagers who fled into the bush when the police came. This savage act convinced the village that flight was the only way. The way led through the bush, away from police patrols but not cruising helicopters. Secret tracks to the border once used as the main ways out of the South are now blocked by the military and police. When safely over the border the villagers settled down and began cultivating small plots to sustain them.

Free at last of terror this young man and other Catholic schoolboys left the group in search of a secondary education. He has not been successful, but he waits, very patiently, with 500 others of the young dispossessed; all victims of senseless brutality and calculated persecution which makes a mockery of the wording of a large poster in the Sudan pavilion hung before the eyes of the world.





WORLD MISSION & THE LAYMAN

Foreign Students and Visitors

Thomas E. Quigley

People to people diplomacy, of which both Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy spoke in glowingly hopeful terms, is an essential component of the total work of international exchange and cooperation. Its most typical, although by no means exclusive, focus is the relationship established between the American community and the foreign student and visitor in this country.

Everyone knows that much more than "diplomacy" is involved here, if by diplomacy we are confined to the political arena. The reaching out of people to people is, at base, the reaching out of a person to his brother who happens to be, on certain levels, a stranger as well. In the process, the strangeness or foreignness is both respected for the relevance and value it has for the stranger and for us, and it is transcended in the search for the common bonds that underlie it.

None of the component programs of international exchange exists in a vacuum. Government programs need

the cooperation of community groups, the universities require assistance from government, student groups must be fed by larger organizations, the amateur needs the professional, and vice versa. On a deeper, non-operational level, this is even more valid. Cultural anthropology, sociology, psychology, political theory, economics, linguistics, history and, above all, theology must all contribute to each other if the truest goals of international cooperation and exchange are to be realized.

Substantial numbers of American Catholics have, in recent years, become involved in foreign student and visitor programs. Numerically, the groups heading the list are the Christian Family Movement, the Councils of Catholic Women and the Councils of Catholic Men, each of which has national and local committees specifically designated to promote this work. Professional Sodalties, Third Orders, and alumnae groups are also deeply, if not as extensively, involved.

In the student community, both the National Newman Club Federation and the National Federation of Catholic College Students, together with the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, have long placed strong emphasis on foreign student work. While the local implementation of a strong national program usually leaves much to be desired, there have developed some exceptionally vital expressions at the local level.

The CSMC unit of Maryknoll seminarians, called the Maryknoll International Student Committee, and the Newman programs at such places as the Universities of Michigan, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, and Southwestern Louisiana are cases in point.

Somewhere in the semi-professional and even professional area are the activities of such lay organizations as the International Catholic Auxiliaries, The Grail, and the Association for International Development. With an already impressive record, the Foundation for International Cooperation and the Catholic Conference on Inter-American Student Problems are two "semi-professional" groups that hold some of the greatest promise for the international development of the American Catholic community.

Finally, two professional, official and academically-oriented offices should be mentioned. The first is the International Student Program of the National Catholic Educational Association, which provides a national center for educational exchange as it involves Catholic institutions. The other is the Latin American Secretariat for Academic Services. Although, like the NCEA Program, it is located in Washington, LASAS is an official function of the Latin American Council of Bishops and is concerned exclusively with inter-American educational concerns.

Even this hasty and partial sketch of the institutional involvement of the American Church in foreign student work points up an important fact. There are many people and many groups concerned with much the same thing. Cooperation and communication, therefore, are of the essence.

The mind of the American bishops has been clear on this. While not establishing, as the English hierarchy did, a national chaplaincy for overseas students, they created, in 1949, an office "for the assistance and orientation of foreign visitors to the United States and to coordinate Catholic effort in this country to bring the apostolate to students from other countries who are studying in the United States." This was the Foreign Visitors Office of the National Catholic Welfare Conference.

Like most of the groups mentioned above, FVO is involved in direct assistance to foreign visitors and students. Requests for help and information are handled daily; a steady stream of students and visitors come to the Office; briefings on the Church in the U. S. are given weekly to a total of more than 5,000 foreign students at the International Center, the State Department, and in the FVO; meetings are arranged with Catholic leaders in fields related to the interests of the visitors and contacts, community as well as "professional," are set up in virtually

every major city in the country to which the visitors travel.

But direct assistance is not the chief function of FVO. This is rather "to assist and coordinate national and local Catholic organizations in their international programs, especially those dealing with overseas students and visitors; to provide information on these and other international programs, including those related to overseas service and world affairs education; to promote international awareness and concern among Catholic student, community and other groups."

Coordination is a boggy word. Americans especially (and this includes emerged Catholic laymen) want least of all to be coordinated. For whatever historical reasons, the lay apostolate in this country did not develop along the Italian model of official Catholic Action. I think today we have reason to be grateful it did not. The American bishops seem to have preferred setting up a kind of national focus for most of the various "apostolates" of our day (e.g., family life, social action, lay organizations, international programs). These centers have been charged with certain administrative tasks, but more importantly are designed to assist, as only relatively large professional and national centers can, the entire spectrum of other groups, "affiliated" or not, which are engaged in a similar work.

As with these other NCWC units,

the FVO conducts surveys and studies, provides a clearing house of information on international programs, prepares materials (still better, helps others to prepare them), calls meetings, encourages and assists the programs of other national and local groups, and maintains liaison with numerous private organizations, government agencies, Protestant groups and the like.

The foreign visitor and student apostolate can be seen as made up of three phases. The first is that of breaking down the world of prejudice, ignorance and indifference on the part of the American community. This involves getting the word out that thousands upon thousands of extraordinary people are coming to our country each year, that many have needs which we can help meet, that most have interests to which we can, and must, respond.

The second phase is going beyond "mere" hospitality—the good deed (usually a warm meal) checked off in the book. The second phase calls for real love of the other, his country and culture; a love shown, in part, by a willingness to know and understand more about others, and to be concerned with the full development both of this individual student and of his country.

The third comes when we realize, with the philosopher Louis Lavelle, that "the greatest good we can do to others is not to transmit our riches to them, but to discover theirs."

OF MOUTHS AND MEN

KAREN ORTH-PALLAVICINI

What have very often been termed problems, are now crises. The unimaginable poverty which persists and spreads throughout most of today's world, as well as the explosive rise in population and the dearth of living space to accommodate these numbers, are facts desperately in need of attention. Both Pope John XXIII and Pope Paul VI have alluded to these crises in many talks. Pope John XXIII devoted at least 15 paragraphs of Mater et Magistra to a discussion of Christian attitudes in the face of two facts: at least half of the world is "poor"—however you may define the term—and population growth can no longer be the concern of a handful. Both problems demand wide attention and Christian solutions.

To face these crises of poverty and population effectively, there are many things an alerted world can do. Science, experience, and compassionate hearts must explore ways to increase productivity so that people may rise above barely adequate diets and totally inadequate living conditions. The competent must explore acceptable ways to control a run-away surge in population that threatens to augment human misery. Above all, we must learn to appreciate the urgency and magnitude of the crises.

The following is a brief effort, by means of charts, statistics and startling statements, to help us more fully realize and understand the proportions of the problems involved. The drawings alone are humorous. The facts are not.





STATISTICAL IFFIES

If the U.S. had no more than the same population as India, (441,631,000) and the percentage of the population of New York city, 4.3% of the U.S. population, remained the same—

There would be

19,000,000 people in New York City (today, 7,800,000).

8,840,000 people in Chicago (today 3,550,404)

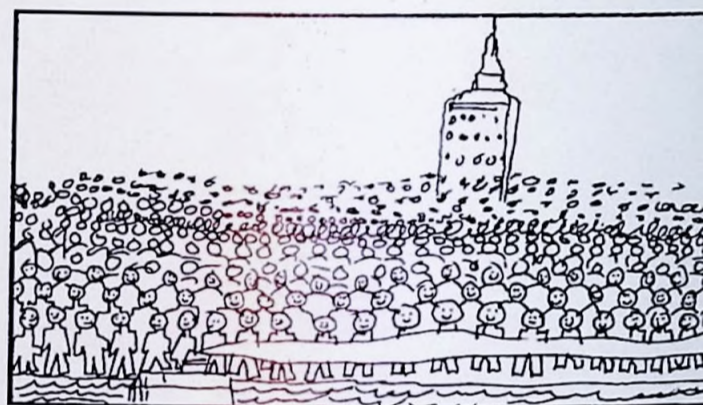
5,746,000 people in Los Angeles (today 2,500,000)

But if the U.S. had the same population Density Per Square Mile as India

(350 persons per square mile),

and keeping the same percentage of the population of New York City (4.3% of the U.S. population)—

THERE WOULD BE 54,405,750 PEOPLE IN NEW YORK CITY!



By way of comparison, taking the MINIMUM STANDARD

caloric intake as 2,700 calories, here is the caloric intake

of several countries:

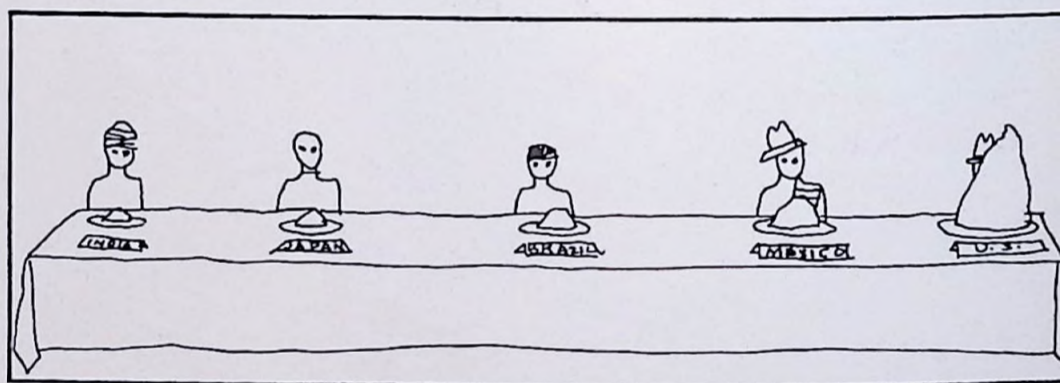
India — 1,700

Japan — 1,900

Brazil — 2,240

Mexico — 2,350

U.S. — 3,200



Without reference to purchasing power, here are the per capita incomes of several countries.

India — \$81

Africa — \$122 (average)

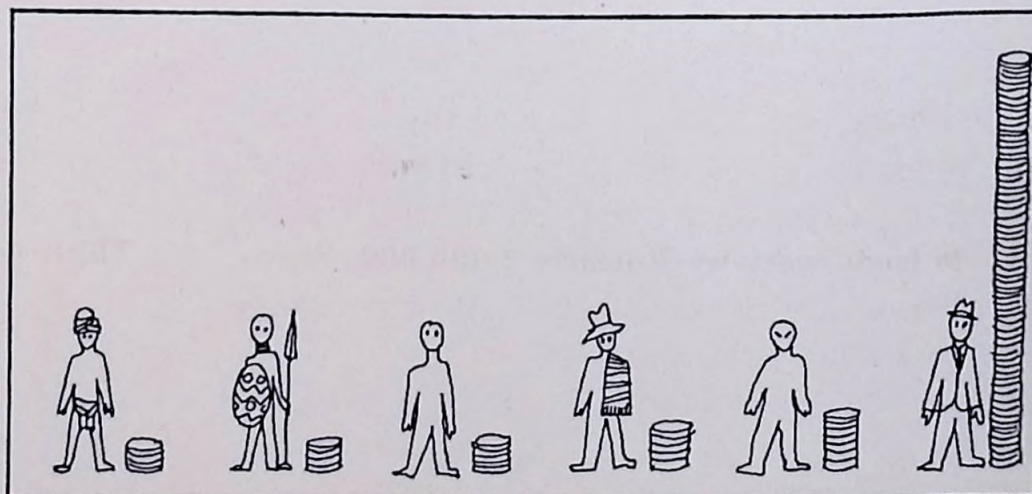
—in some sections as low as \$40

Brazil — \$187

Mexico — \$319

Japan — \$556

U.S. — \$2,400



IT SHOULD BE NOTED

Two billion people—making up $\frac{2}{3}$ of the world's total population—are today either unemployed or underemployed.

Sign, June 1963

An estimated 50,000,000 Americans, almost 1 in 3, are overweight to the point of obesity.

Saturday Review, April 27, 1963

There are 175,000,000 sacred cows in India which, in a country desperately short of protein, can cause havoc to farms but cannot be eaten.

America, April 4, 1964

In the U.S. the average daily intake is 65 grams (animal protein). Thirty grams are accepted as the minimum requirement for adequate nutrition. In Peru the figure is 13, in Ceylon 9, in India 6.

Saturday Review, 4/27/63

By the year 2,000 there will be approximately 7 billion people in the world. Asia will have 4.25 billion, Africa 663 million, South America 432 million, North America 554 million.

Dept. of Interior, Jan. 1964

Right now with the tick of every second, 3 babies are being born the world over. Every day brings forth some 260,000 mouths to feed; every week nearly 2,000,000. Populations are rising fastest in the very areas most short of food.

Saturday Review, 4/27/63

Japan's population is now almost 96,000,000 and its land area is less than that of the State of Montana.

Population Bulletin, April 1964

If food-grain production increases no faster than indicated by the present trend, the gap between supply and needs in 1965-66 will be about 28 million tons.

Indian and Ford Foundation Report, 1963

Every day of this week some 10,000 people will die of malnutrition or starvation, more than at any time in history.

Newsweek, June 17, 1963

As an American, you can buy more food and a greater variety of it for a smaller percentage of your income than any other people in the world. Only 19 percent of your take-home pay goes for food, compared to the 60% a Russian spends or the 80% a Nigerian is forced to pay out.

Saturday Review, April 27, 1964

In India alone, 50 million children will die of malnutrition in the next ten years.

Population Bulletin, April 1964

Africa will double its population by the end of the century. Asia will treble its population in the same time—and South America will face the 21st century with nearly 4 times the present number of inhabitants.

Commonweal, April 10, 1964

Thirty years from now, 75% of the world's population will be in the countries at present classed as underdeveloped.

America, April 14, 1964

Francisco F. Claver S.J.

The author is the first priest of the Bontoc Igorots in the Philippines and at present is doing field work in Bukidnon for his degree in Anthropology.

PAHINA IN THE PHILIPPINES

There is always something doing at Father Frank Webster's parish at Pangantukan. A few months ago it was the building of an outdoor stage, a stone and cement structure that bids fair to be the most solid and permanent in all of southern Bukidnon!

Now it is the basketball court, and weeks of collective backaches, callouses and blisters for Father and the members of his parish societies. For they all, priest and people alike, sweat and strain at these projects in a truly admirable display of teamwork. Father provides the cement, the food for the workers, anything that requires hard cash (something his parishioners are chronically short of). And the labor—that is the *pahina*.

The word in Visayan means communal work on a voluntary basis. Once a week, sometimes oftener, Father calls for *pahina*. "Bring your own tools"—Father doesn't have enough to go around. And they come, the young men of the youth organization and



the married men from the Men's Club. The ladies from the Women's Club and the Sodality do their share, too. Six or seven of them will take turns doing the cooking for the noon meal and the afternoon coffee break.

The *pahina* starts as early as 8:00 a.m. and goes on until 5:00 in the afternoon or, on occasion, until 7:00 p.m. despite darkness and rain. It is, in the main, a pick and shovel affair, out and out drudgery, but lightened enormously by a constant flow of good-natured ribbing and story swapping. As the projections inch on to completion, one can't help getting impatient and wishing for more sophisticated tools—a grader, for instance, or a cement mixer, or even an ordinary dump truck to haul gravel from the nearby Mulita. But this is Bukidnon, deep in the Mindanao hinterlands, where a man has to learn fast and early to “make-do” with whatever he does *not* have!

Father did have the services of a bulldozer once (borrowed from the Highway Maintenance Department while on its way through Pangantukan). It did most of the initial leveling but broke down before finishing the job. It hasn't been available since. Now the huge boulders with which Pangantukan has been generously peppered by some

extinct volcano have to be dug out and rolled away, all by hand.

Progress is painfully slower, but Father is glad. In the concerted digging and pushing, something more than a basketball court is a-building; a strong sense of oneness, a community spirit. In his Sunday sermons, in his talks to the parish societies, above all in his insistence on more active participation in the Liturgy, Father has been working to instill in his parishioners that sense of community which must belong to the People of God. A difficult task, for Pangantukan is a hodge-podge settlement of various ethnic groups from all over the Philippines. But his efforts are beginning to tell, and the *pahina* is helping not a little.

The new church is next on the parish agenda. A lot more drudgery will go into its making. It will take months, perhaps even years. But the people will be ready. And the church itself will be the crown of their patient giving, the final tangible expression of their growing sense of community. Then their common worship will be even more meaningful because they will have learned the liturgy of sanctifying, unifying labor—in the humble service of the *pahina*.



*There isn't much in Pangantukan to remind the pastor of his native Far Rockaway in Long Island but he hasn't time to reminisce—there is always something to do and so he calls for a *pahina*.*

INCAN CROSSES

- I *Sun rays behind the head, the giant-condor ceremonial mask: the Sun has over-all dominion—and is Christ. A trampled skull elsewhere bespeaks triumph over death, but here (because of the hands clasped and beseeching) seems to be Death itself begging for mercy or for forgiveness.*



- II *The mystery of the True Sun, Christ (note the stylized sun rays), being also a Victim. The head, taken sometimes to be that of a goat, is more likely that of a llama, the usual victim. Below, here as on Calvary, is the "Chosen Woman", Mary.*

- III *The harp (?) beneath the feet (presumably not triumph over Ireland!) seems an instance of a "delivered" decorative symbol. The bird on one crossbar (occurring also in pre-Christian crosses) is piously said to be about to pry the nail from Christ's hand (and so, in another legend, the robin got its red breast).*

Sixteen crucifixes created in silver and bronze by Incan descendants in Peru three hundred years ago and now owned by the College of St. Rose in Albany, New York illustrate the gap-bridging anguish of all missionary activity, whether it be that of the 17th-century Spanish priest trying to reach the Indian or that of the Jesuit instructing the pagans of the southern Philippines.

When the convert accepts the Christian message, how much of his own pagan past is woven into his new faith? The good missionary will always try to build on what is good and true in the lives of the people. Yet he will always be haunted by the question of how much of the faith of his people is Christianized paganism and how much paganized Christianity. The St. Rose Crucifixes well illustrate his dilemma.

The crucifixes were the gift of Mr. Elmer C. Schacht, a retired Troy business man. Mr. Schacht, himself a Presbyterian, felt that they, having been made by Catholics for Catholics, should be exhibited in a Catholic institution. A bit of background on the Inca's will help in understanding the problem of their symbolism.

The Inca of Peru came to peak power around 1500. The kingdom, originally a small one centering around Cuzco in the mountain country of southern Peru, became an empire by conquest from 1438 to 1500 under Pachacuti, his son, Topa Inca, and their successor, Huayna Capac. By 1527, when Pizarro landed, Inca land sprawled over some



II

III

I

2500 miles north to south, from beyond Quito in today's northern Ecuador to the Maule River below Santiago in central Chile, and gathered together under one rule an estimated six million diverse peoples of the coastal plain, of the Andean high valleys and plateaus (the heartland) and of the eastern foothills and forest.

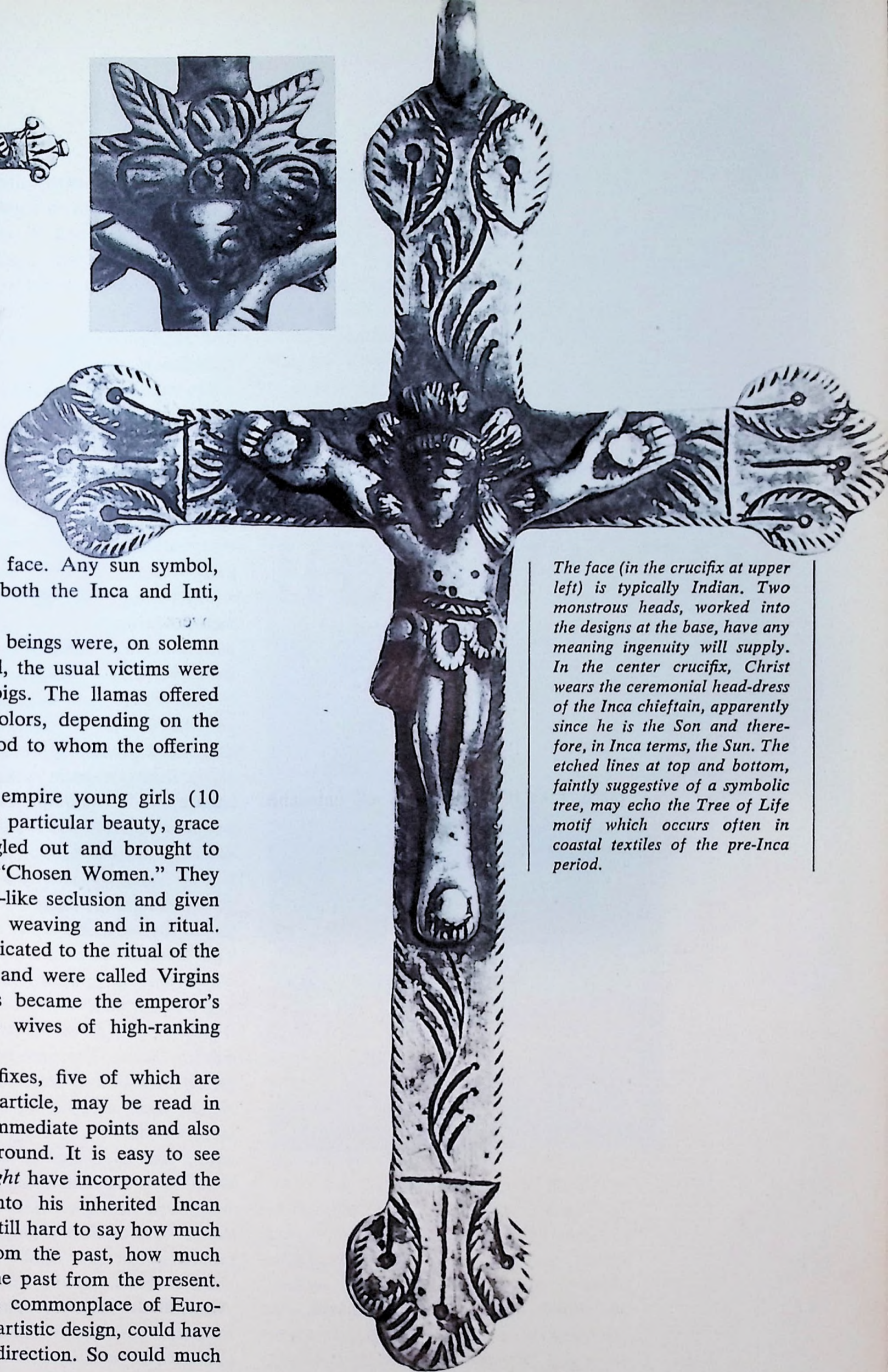
The Inca was the Roman of his time and place. Like the Roman, he left untouched many tribal customs and tongues, absorbed local leaders into the imperial system wherever they proved competent, collected taxes in crop or service but at the same time ensured against want. Like the Roman, he linked his far-flung lands with ruler-straight roads (some standing today) over which relays of runners carried dispatches to Cuzco, the capital, at the speed of 150 miles a day. And like the Roman, he imposed measures necessary for unity: Quechua (keshwa), the Inca's adopted tongue and the governmental language, had to be learned by all administrators; and, while local religious practices were suffered to continue, an Inca over-all theology, more or less made to order, had to be dominant everywhere.

Before the Inca, the great land had known many cultures, some merely village, others of wider prevalence—the Chavin, the Mochica, the Nazca, the Tiahuanaco, the Chimu. The Inca absorbed and levelled all these. Historians were schooled to forget the checkered past and remember only the Inca version of gods and men, all as calculated to

bolster and cement empire. Genealogical traditions, narrative poems, even statistics of government, were all preserved orally by father-to-son teams of memorizers, whose record was the *quipu* (khipo), a knot-string device in which cord sets of grouped colors dangled from a main cord, each string having knots tied into it at planned intervals. There was no writing, none at all; everything was in the *quipus*, and these called for trained interpreters. And the great mass of even these cryptic accounts were burned by the early Spaniards as being instruments of paganism.

Pre-Inca records, even memories, were thus deliberately erased by the Incas, and Inca records were as systematically destroyed by the Spaniards. Only educated guess-work, then, can say how the crosses are truly to be read—as wholly Christian, as part Inca, as subtly earlier than Inca. Some immediate points of information can help.

The Incas taught the existence of an original Creator, later called Viracocha (a Hispanicized version of Lord) and represented as a man. This Creator, seemingly above all else, made certain supernatural beings to run the world. Chief of these was Inti, the Sun, the divine ancestor of the Inca dynasty, whose living "son" was the current Inca—THE Inca. Inti, the Sun-god, was often represented as a golden disk with rays—



and with a human face. Any sun symbol, when, would mean both the Inca and Inti, his ancestor.

Although human beings were, on solemn occasions, sacrificed, the usual victims were llamas or guinea pigs. The llamas offered were of different colors, depending on the occasion and the god to whom the offering was made.

Throughout the empire young girls (10 to 14 years old) of particular beauty, grace or talent were singled out and brought to Cuzco to become "Chosen Women." They were placed in nun-like seclusion and given special training in weaving and in ritual. Some remained dedicated to the ritual of the Sun all their lives and were called Virgins of the Sun, others became the emperor's concubines or the wives of high-ranking nobles.

St. Rose's crucifixes, five of which are illustrated in this article, may be read in the light of these immediate points and also of the total background. It is easy to see how the Indian *might* have incorporated the story of Christ into his inherited Inca theology. But it is still hard to say how much sprang forward from the past, how much was imposed on the past from the present. The sun-symbol, a commonplace of European 16th-century artistic design, could have come from either direction. So could much else.

The crucifixes speak. But what do they say?

The face (in the crucifix at upper left) is typically Indian. Two monstrous heads, worked into the designs at the base, have any meaning ingenuity will supply. In the center crucifix, Christ wears the ceremonial head-dress of the Inca chieftain, apparently since he is the Son and therefore, in Inca terms, the Sun. The etched lines at top and bottom, faintly suggestive of a symbolic tree, may echo the Tree of Life motif which occurs often in coastal textiles of the pre-Inca period.

E. Vincent Gallagher S. J.

THE WOMEN OF AWARHI



Awarhi is one of the best villages around the Koath mission in Patna, India. According to the local song, it is a part of our particular paradise and I always enjoy going there. But on my last trip I came face to face with the eternal feminine and I can appreciate the wisdom which limited the first Paradise to one Eve.

On my arrival the catechist and teacher, my trusty Sadhu, informed me that the two most prominent families in the village were having a terrible fight. This, of course, was no novelty in a Chamar village but we had spent considerable time and effort to induce our Catholics to give up such ancestral pastimes.

My coming had brought the quarrel to a showdown. The Bhalu family had built a new house and they were going to ask me to say Mass in it next morning. But the crux of the matter was that today was Sunday and they were not going to attend the evening Mass because it was to be in the house of the Khore family with whom they were feuding.

I had no time to try and settle anything before Mass but I kept my eyes open and just as Mass was about to begin I saw the young daughter-in-law of the Bhalus come in. So far, so good—but not good enough. The menfolk were absent from the village but where was the mother-in-law?

I was about to retire that night when the Bhalu girl started an incessant coughing outside my house, the time-honored custom to attract attention. I went out to her and she informed me that her mother wished to see me. I wondered why the mother hadn't come herself but as I accompanied the girl back it suddenly dawned on me that this was a subterfuge of the old lady to get me to see the new house. Sure enough, the pride of the mother in her new adobe was quite evident and I tried to respond with enthusiasm. She also told me that she had been out on a case that day (the Chamar women are the midwives of the village) and that was why she had been unable to attend evening Mass. Mentally I began to clear off the Bhalu slate in the present fight.

"Now, Father," she continued in the tone of one who is used to running things, "we want you to say Mass in this house tomorrow and for our intentions. We shall not sleep nor cook in this new house until it has been blessed!"

Here the girl interrupted in a frightened whisper, "There is some doubt about the place, Father. In the house that once stood here, the woman hanged herself. Then a little girl died in her sleep one night while sleeping in the open. We will show you the place."

I followed them to the place, assuring them that Mass would be said in the morning and the house blessed immediately after. Then, I told myself, I could get down to the no-holds-barred, dirty infighting of settling the family quarrel.

In the morning we gathered at the Bhalu home and I was greatly relieved to see the Khores there too, the baby all dressed in his beautiful baptismal clothes. During the Mass I gave a little sermon, explaining the significance of the Sacrifice in this place and the blessing soon to follow. I pointed out to them that they must give an example to the non-Christians of the village by the cleanliness of their homes, their clothes and themselves.

After Mass I removed my chasuble and prepared for the blessing. "The ritual," I said to Sadhu, only to be met with a blank stare. He had completely forgotten it and for an awful moment I thought we would have to call off the blessing. Then I remembered there was a blessing for St. Ignatius water in my breviary so I sent Sadhu for that and a pail of water. After blessing the water, I sprinkled the floor and walls in the form of a cross. Then I called on the two Bhalu women to do the same. The next Roman Ritual may contain the departure I then made from the usual, but I was working for higher stakes. I sent in the two catechists to add their blessing and after them, one by one, the whole congregation. The Khore members were caught in the squeeze and I held my breath when it came their turn.

But being good Catholics, they went in without a fuss and gave their blessing.

Afterwards, mother-in-law Bhalu came up to me and said, "Yesu ki barai (praised be Jesus)" and then she turned and said, "Yesu ki barai—to all, to ALL!" And she looked at her opposite number when she said ALL. But the Khore woman preferred to overlook that actual grace at the moment and merely turned away. I could have booted her across the Ganges.

As I removed my vestments and helped Sadhu pack the Mass kit I mused on the vagaries of women. I had thought I held victory in the palm of my hand but it had slipped away like quicksilver, with the speed of a woman changing her mind. Now a long



day stretched ahead of me with endless arguing and cajoling, a mere man butting his hard head against elusive, feminine will-o'-the-wisps.

The Bhalus were preparing breakfast so I joined them, trying to put on a brave face. There was a goodly group in the compound of the new house for this was a festive occasion. As we were eating I made small talk with mother-in-law Bhalu. Suddenly I looked up and there, coming in the door, was the opposite number of the Khore family! She walked right into the house, accepted the breakfast snack offered her, sat down and chattered as if nothing had ever happened! These women! But they tell me it doesn't happen only in Awarhi.

In villages of the Patna Mission the people want a blessing on all things. Father Gallagher of Detroit blesses parishioner's rice.



From all points a jm report

COMMUNIST CHINA

Beatles in Peking

The Beatle haircut has turned up in Peking—and been turned out of Peking. Liverpool shaggy-dogism is, it seems, deviational. The style inculcates Western extravagance, for one thing. For another, who can tell what capitalistic nits, ideological or actual, such a forest might harbor?

So reports the "China News Analysis," a weekly digest of the Jesuit Fathers in Hong Kong.

It all began when an old lady pushed her boy, replete with Beatle bob, into a barber shop and cried: "Look at his hair! What is he, man or woman?" The barbers of Ch'ao Yong Men, the district where the infection occurred, forthwith convened, debated ("It's terrible!" "So, he pays, who cares?"), and finally outlawed the mode, with Party blessings.

Crisis! The young men, the would-be Beatled, boycotted the shops.

Another meeting! "Shall freedom reign? We barbers are of the people and must serve the people." "Are wild Western habits, heavy with who knows what, true service?"

A country clean-living and politically wholesome must be Beatle-less upstairs, it turned out. Strangely censorious for the land of Mao Tse-tung—for "Mao" means "hair"!

AFRICA

Malawi—the Newest Sovereign

Malawi means "land of the flaming waters," an accurate tribal description of the sun glinting off Lake Nyasa. It is a beautiful mountainous country hugging the west side of Lake Nyasa, which itself lies some 250 miles west of the African east-coast hump

fronting Madagascar.

Malawi, for some 73 years under British colonial rule, last month became the newest sovereign member of the United Nations, and one of the most scenic: it is another Switzerland. Its chief resource is people, almost four million of them. Of these, Christians number about 1,100,000, add to this number another 100,000 Catholic catechumens. Moslems are 200,000, the rest are pagan. Almost no secondary schools. Nearly half of the primary schools are mission schools.

This infant nation obviously has gigantic problems—a per capita yearly income, for example, of about twenty dollars. But it also has a giant asset in Dr. Hastings Kamuzu Banda, the capable and confident U.S.-educated Prime Minister. He is determined to lick the problems; and the Church is determined to help him do so.

CEYLON

The Seventh Fleet And Us

Our New Orleans Jesuits stationed in Ceylon recently bought a coconut plantation, and misery at the same time. Squeezed to a skeleton by the financial strictures of the Ceylon government, our men are selfishly and passionately devoted to eating and continuing to live. The plantation will provide (apart from coconut meat which, while tasty, is not fascinating as a complete diet) some regular income whereby the work of the mission can be carried on. We mortgaged everything in sight and bid for the estate (sneakily, they say) at a public auction.

Enter the villain, in this case the U.S. Seventh Fleet, on maneuvers in the Ceylon area, and a single U.S. ship participating in



in the Trincomalee Harbor? Are the Americans planning to make the east coast of Ceylon a base for the Polaris submarine with nuclear warhead? Are these Jesuits making things easier for the Seventh Fleet?"

Well, there you are. And there we are, sponsors for a whole fat fleet and a lair for Polaris submarines, we whose "ample funds from the U.S.A." (*The Tribune*, again) have worn, so to speak, coconut-thin. Anyone could tell them we couldn't care less for battleships and submarines. They're not edible.

JAPAN:

An apostolic country-club . . .

Jesuits will try anything. Father Erlinghagen has opened a country club in Japan, on the beautiful shores of Lake Chūzengi. This is his counter to the threat posed by the new abundance, the cult of the "good life," the "leisure-time boom," a trend which has increasingly drawn university students away from the usual avenues of apostolic approach. He has gone "where the boys and girls are."

The club, which is exclusively for students, offers skiing in winter, boating and hiking in summer, all at bargain-counter rates. Hundreds of university students, only five percent Catholic, have trooped to it from all over Japan since it opened a year ago.

Each morning's Mass is prefaced by explanation and commentary. All guests are invited, and most go. In the evening, free and open discussions—on religion or anything else that occurs to the 'new breed,' here as elsewhere—clear away many mists, offer fresh horizons.

NEPAL

Bharat Shrestha remembers . . .

This is a catalogue of the things which most impressed a young Nepalese, a 1963 graduate of our Godovari School there, during his recent tour of the United States.

Central heating; polished and efficient kitchens (and no firewood!); IBM smoothness in the conduct of daily life and daily business; cars, so many, buildings, so big;

an international survey of the nearby ocean floor.

Putting together these obviously significant facts, the local Communist press now comes up with the following hot story. Through "whispers" they learned of the plantation purchase and noted that it had "a large sea frontage." "Investigations are now afoot to find out whether the estate has been bought in the name of the Jesuits or in the name of some nominee . . . The price (the Jesuits) paid is . . . secret. The question is being asked, 'Why do the Jesuits want this estate?'"

These Jesuits are, it is noted, *American*. Moreover, they have taught some generations of youngsters in the Trincomalee and Batticaloa areas and have proved "such excellent human beings that they won the love and affection of many students and their parents." But these men are also, the story goes on, politically devious; lovable but tricky, in other words.

Now for the link-up and pay-off, the "boff." Thus *The Ceylon Tribune*: "Has this purchase anything to do with the entry of the Seventh Fleet into the Indian Ocean? And the anxiety shown by the U.S. Oceanographic Ship, Pioneer, to survey the submarine trench

TV, particularly the comedies thereon. In Washington (our cleanest and most beautiful city in his book) Mr. Robert Kennedy gained his profound respect. The free (and sometimes noisy) give-and-take of a U.S. Senate session baffled him (as it does us).

But chiefly young Bharat Shrestha liked the friendly, warm people he stayed with, three different families for periods of a week each, a Catholic family of Burlington, New Jersey, high up among them. As *The New York Times* of last June 28th said, "The best propaganda . . . is simply exposure to the ordinary American family."

VIETNAM

Puzzle for Viet Catholics

In the opinion of a correspondent in Vietnam, the Americans are making a mistake in thinking that the day is to be won by force of arms. Our correspondent says that victory in Vietnam is to be gained more on the political and psychological plane than in actual battle. The most dangerous enemies are the members of the "can bô," the well-trained Communist regional and village administrators. They live with the people, help them when necessary, intimidate them when necessary. It is, perhaps, from such trained Communist leaders that many Catholics in Vietnam are beginning to visualize the struggle there as one between an invader (the U.S.) and patriots (the Viet Công).

The murder of Diem has had an increasingly disheartening effect on some Catholics. They understood what it meant to fight for a man; now the words "democracy" and "liberty" are used as substitutes for a man. A young Catholic lieutenant said recently, "Before, at least, there was someone to fight for. But now, for whom? for what?"

Perhaps the Americans clearly understand why they are in Vietnam; certainly the catastrophic results of the loss of Southeast Asia to Red China is reason enough for being there. Vietnamese Catholics have a long history of devotion to the faith, a history of thousands of martyrs and of stupendous efforts to preserve their gift. The tragedy of their position today lies in the inability of

many to see the American as anything but an invader.

CHILE

The presidential election

Marxist or Christian Democrat? This is the choice which the electorate of Chile will make on September 4th.

Chile's many problems are basically one: the necessity for top-to-bottom economic reform in order to give the rapidly growing population a halfway decent standard of living. To achieve this reform, the control of the economy must be wrested from a relative handful of the very wealthy and from a few foreign interests. This change will come; the up-from-under pressure of poverty and the peasant's growing awareness of what he can do about it ensure this.

Whichever party wins, certain theoretically unpleasant measures will almost certainly follow: confiscation of foreign-owned properties, forced distribution of great land holdings among landless peasants, greater taxation.

But the Christian Democrats, rejecting the Communist doctrine of violence and necessary class warfare, will try to do this sanely and Christianly. Church leaders have already shown the way. Cardinal Silva of Santiago and Bishop Larrain of Talca have distributed the Church lands to the landless peasantry—and production has increased by more than 100 percent on those lands since the start of the project.

If the Christian Democrats win, patience with their efforts on the part of our government is surely in order. If they do not win, perhaps neither patience nor anything else will help.

IRAQ

Lay Volunteers

The Boston College and Holy Cross lay apostle training programs this summer sent thirty-two graduates to Baghdad, Iraq, and Jamaica for service as lay volunteers. They included six girls and twenty-six men from Boston College, Holy Cross, Amherst, Marquette and Georgetown Universities.

WANTED

for

Jesuit Missions

11. RED CHINA OUTCASTS

Jesuit Father Louis Ruiz is the chaplain to the refugees from Red China in Macao. He works with Fr. Pat Shaules to whom J.M. readers have been so generous in the past. These refugees come out of China penniless. Fifty cents is not much in the U.S., but it would feed a family in Macao for two days.

22. WHEN IT RAINS

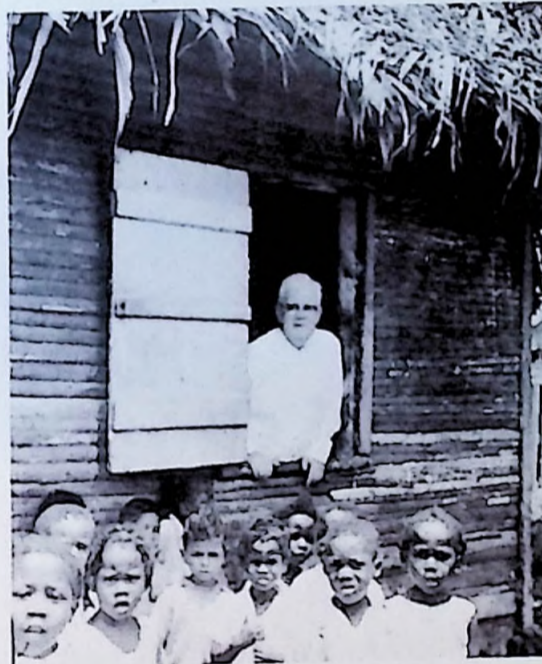
Father Dan Rice, of Glouster, Ohio, spent three weeks away from his mission among the aboriginals in Jhajha, India (hospital—back operation). While away, a cyclone ripped the roof from the chapel, the irrigation pumps and tractor broke down, the sugar cane died, and a panther ate two of the plough buffaloes. So, a roof for that chapel and a gift of \$5.00 to cheer a discouraged man.

33. TARBORO IN TRINCO

You can't get much farther away from Tarboro, North Carolina, than Trincomalee, Ceylon. But in Trinco, Tarboro's only Jesuit, Whitmel H. MacNair, S.J., is trying hard to build a settlement for poor Christian workers. They have put up two windmills and built a water system, but money has run out. It is not easy to be a Catholic in Ceylon, and it is also expensive. A gift of a few dollars could be a great assist to the church there—and to Tarboro's only Jesuit.

4. PUTTING OUTS IN

School is still "out" for kids in the U.S. and British Honduras. Even after September it will be "out" for many of Father Leo Doyle's students in Punta Gorda, B.H. The picture here will explain why. In that little thatched building there is just not enough room for the "outs" who can't get in. Father Doyle would welcome a gift of a few dollars to extend the thatch to cover those left out.



5. PERPETUAL MOTION

Shortly after you receive this issue, Jesuit Father Bertram Ernst will celebrate his 70th birthday, bless him. He was born in Thompson, Ohio, in 1894. The demands of a mission life do not cease as you grow old. Father Ernst's parish needs a church, and it is up to him to find the money. A veteran of more than thirty hard years in India deserves a "happy birthday" and a helping hand. Won't you offer him yours?

6. ABED, BUT NOT BORED

An old friend of J.M.'s, Father Ed Burke, is in a Protestant hospital (it has been a great help to us) in South India. Father is there for a cancer operation. He writes that lying in bed has given him the courage to once again beg your help to finish his church in Buxar. The whole job would cost more than a thousand, but a small gift of \$5.00 or \$10.00 can mean much to this devoted man.

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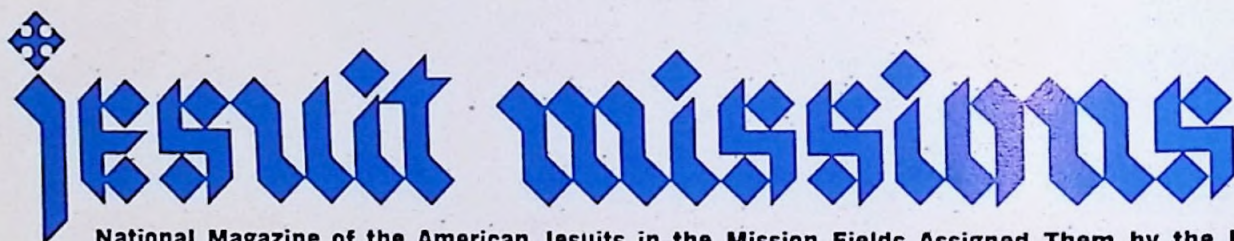
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