

JESUIT MISSIONS/NOVEMBER 1964/25¢



POVERTY: MILLIONS IN NEED

Speaking of poverty in the Twentieth Century is almost as complicated as speaking about the century itself. To say something worth while, one needs a combination of special instincts and skills. He needs also some experience of life among the poor. And he needs, perhaps most of all, to be able to back up his moral indignation with a basic sense of history—the large causes of poverty, the shifts and imbalances and social

passions that have pocked the face of the earth with our newest, and very nearly incurable, illness.

The city poor are in fact ubiquitous, and invisible. They are there, in Memphis or New York, in Paris or Amsterdam, in Johannesburg and Moscow, in greater numbers than ever before in history, in varying degrees of disease, despair, idleness, and also of hope and secret nobility.

POVERTY



And the poor are nowhere. As far as the consciousness of the average man who lives an 'uncontaminated' life near the inner city or in a suburban area, the poor simply do not exist. They do not cross the commuter's eye, except on the rarest of occasions and in the least meaningful light; a hurried figure, a crowd in the street, a shoeshine boy or a panhandler, someone to be gotten past on the way to the real business of the moment. Yet they are there.

The poor are a reality, no matter how deceptive and absurd our advertising, no matter how strongly the winds of opportunity blow for the rest of us, bringing the tantalizing scent of expanding economies, educational betterment, new jobs, bigger homes. On a large percentage of our society and a much larger percentage of the world, such winds have never blown. The urban poor are literally becalmed. Their economy is sterile or sluggish, their children will have less (not more) chance at education than they have had, their jobs are futile, slavish, and ill paid, their homes (the word is of course a euphemism) are disease-ridden, overcrowded.

To see these things first hand is at the very least to have one's sense of the world powerfully modified. And a shock such as this can be the start of a useful therapy; it can even mean that a cure is remotely under way. A cure, hopefully, of the untended sores of the urban poor. But a cure also of the sick society that has banished its poor to the lazar houses of the inner city as its solution to a moral crisis it does not have the stamina to face.

Before becoming more specific about urban poverty, it might be helpful to suggest a few of the ways in which this poverty differs from all previous forms.

1. Modern urban poverty is essentially and almost universally degrading. This must be said as plainly as possible, at the beginning, because the statement governs everything else that can be said. And also because it pulls from under our feet the thick-napped illusions which help us identify modern urban poverty with the kinds of

poverty blessed in the beatitudes, or sought after by saints, or lauded in Church sermons.

Modern poverty represents, in fact, the apogee and triumph of an attack on man himself. It is an attack on man himself. It is an attack more successful even than that of modern warfare, since this poverty can endure, and even flourish, in times of peace. It is an attack more devastating than the pornography and futility and waste of talent represented by some forms of mass communication. Indeed, our newspapers and television and advertising have moved first of all, like a corps of evil surgeons, on the body of the city poor, and worked their experiments there, and studied their results, under the exquisite laboratory control of Slumtown, where the antibiotics of culture, legal protection, and education, are of little avail. The poor have succumbed easily, like an already sickened body before a new microbe.

2. This poverty has very little heart left. In history, the poor have been able to summon resources to fight back; sometimes bloodily, sometimes creatively. So we have had peasant revolts, strikes, workers' revolutions, or massive shifts of populations as the poor tried their future in new lands. But now there is almost literally nothing left to them with which to fight. Geographically, there is nowhere to go. And even if there were, there are few resources and, indeed, little will to carry them there.

So perhaps the most terrifying aspect of this poverty is the fact that the poor are unable to create the ideas that will liberate them. They have no resources to think through their plight. As a result, they are left more and more to the mercy of society planners.

3. This poverty has almost nothing to commend it. From the point of view of its own societies, it is almost totally parasitic. No skills, no usable work force, no viable market.

But infinitely more to our point is the fact that the urban poor are deprived in a way that touches the very soul of man. Neither handouts, nor charity, nor good in-

Daniel J. Berrigan S. J.

tentions suffice to touch this wound at its source, to remake what has been betrayed. It is human existence itself that modern societies have polluted, the sources of life which they have violated. Family, conscience, hope, capacity for love, steadiness of purpose, the ability to master one's present and exert reasonable control over his future—these have been wrung from our urban poor. And if these things in their sum define the meaning and dignity of life, it is clear that the destruction worked on the poor in the Twentieth Century is a unique and altogether malicious crime.

4. Among western nations, urban poverty is almost universally connected with race. There are beyond doubt large numbers of whites in our cities who are desperately poor. But the chances of one's leading a marginal existence are enhanced greatly if his skin is not white. And the darker one's skin, the larger his chances of living and dying in the inner city ghetto. And his chances are excellent, moreover, of sharing all the accompanying ills of city poverty. Such a man will be more subject to disease, he will pay exorbitantly for inferior housing, he will attend inferior schools and be (imperfectly) prepared for an inferior job. On that job, he will be the last hired, the lowest paid, and the first fired. Everywhere he looks, his eye will rest on the dreary reminders of his color, and its price: littered streets, filthy store fronts, ill-kept parks—a moral and geographical dead end, a wall that very few succeed in leaping.

* * *

Still, there is some hope in all this. That hope centers about the men and women who have not accepted the misery of their fellow men as inevitable, or steeled themselves against it. The hope is small, undermanned, exposed. In comparison with the task to be done, with the lineup of the sick at the door, with the infants who have so little chance, and the wretched old who cling to life—in comparison with those speechless eyes and empty hands, and what they ask—the small number of thinking and

compassionate men has very little resource.

But it is the part of hope to hope on for reasons which are unclear to the man of hope, but which are nevertheless formidable and even unkillable reasons. In somewhat this way, the Church hopes on—for change, for compassion, for a massive worldwide awakening in men. And like all those who truly hope, in contrast to those who merely waste time in dreams, in panaceas, the Church puts hope to work.

She realizes, first of all, that no outside help has ever been of any real use to a man in need. To aid the poor, one must himself be poor. And if it happens that he is not poor, then he must deliberately become poor. It is remarkable how this call to poverty was sounded most powerfully during the second session of the Vatican Council by the bishops from the poor nations. A poor world is indeed teaching the Church. It is bringing home to her, in an entirely new and immediate way, the simple words, "Go, sell what you have, and give to the poor, and then come, follow Me."

The area stories, in picture, which follow this essay are designed to show, first of all, the poor and their need and, secondly, Christ in the Church ministering among them and to them. These are case histories and also, to an extent, serve as a 20th-century gospel commentary on the continuing life and work of the Master, who sought out the poor and the suffering and went among them to give Himself.

There are many Christs, in this sense, in the world today. All religious groups, Catholic and other, are in the forefront working and sacrificing out of a profound and even heroic faith. There are, too, the men of good will who stand outside any religious tradition but stand firmly within mankind—the organizations of brotherhood, the technical teams, the educational and cultural exchange groups.

So many are conscious of man's need, and are thinking and acting in response to it. The universal Church welcomes them and wishes to work with them.



POVERTY: SLUMS

Shantytowns, squatters, villas miseria, bidonvilles . . . The names are legion, the reality is one: SLUMS. Every big city around the world has them: tattered houses and people jammed together along dirt alleys, dwellers on the fringe—on the fringe of the city and on the fringe of living.

Slums everywhere start alike, look alike, kill alike. Workers and their families pour in from a shrivelled countryside to the glitter and promise of the city. But they are illiterate, wholly unskilled, they are literally displaced persons in their own land. The men try peddling, pick over junk and garbage heaps—and starve, spiritually first.

SOURCES:

The material presented in these pages came from these Jesuit Fathers: Carl Hemmer of Buffalo, who studied in Spain and is now doing an Economics Ph.D. at Yale; Joseph Shih, a Chinese of the Far East Province, who visited Africa preparatory to teaching Missiology at Rome's Gregorian University; and Renato Pobleté, associate director of Chile's Centro Bellarmino, a social research institute, who is now in the U.S. for medical treatment.

South of Madrid, sprawled for miles over a treeless plain, is the Pozo (literally, "the Pit"), a slum which in ten years has swollen to 25,000 inhabitants. Most come from southern Andalusia, locked out largely by a switch from manual to machine farming.

The Pozo is fractionally better off than most other slums. Most men hold some marginal job—95% are construction laborers, 3% work in factories. Their houses, too, are more solid than the makeshift walls and tin roofs elsewhere. But their streets are mud, their living space cramped (14 in one room, in one instance) and, until a few years ago, they had no schools and no parish.

In September, 1955, Father Jose Maria de Llanos S.J. came to live in the Pozo and work there. In



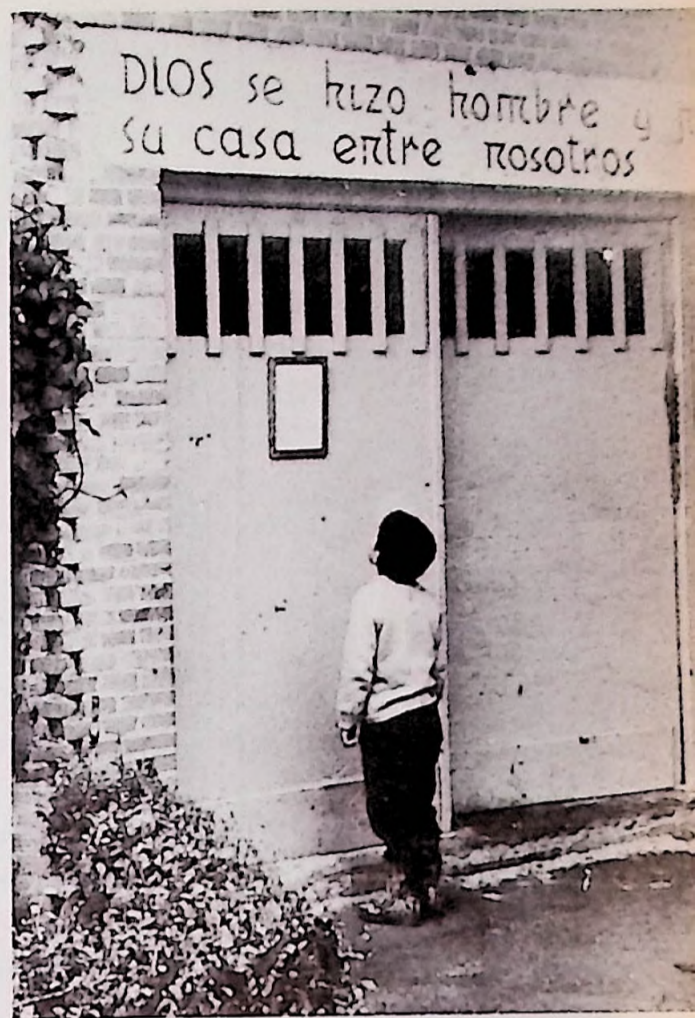
POVERTY: MADRID





January, 1956, Don Pedro Borregon, one of several laymen who came with him, founded a parish school for boys; a girls' school opened in 1957. The Ministry of Housing, dunned over years, has recently put up some 1,800 new dwellings.

Madre Teresa, a former Carmelite now living in the Pozo, goes through mud on her daily social-work rounds (lower left). Father Jaime Escudero S.J., the present pastor, is helped by a lay assistant as he checks repairs needed for a gypsy's cave (left). Such activity plus the promise of clean streets and fair housing already given some 40% of the people (lower right) makes real the words above the Pozo church door: "God became man and made His home among us."



Dakar, in Senegal on Africa's northwest coast, is a shining-white modern city which can boast a new luxury hotel curving close to sands gay with beach umbrellas (below, center). But nearby, hidden yet sometimes only yards away from the pleasant, tree-shaded streets along which vacationing Europeans saunter, is the slum called (after an old race course) the Champs de Courses.

Here, in a jungle of make-do tin roofs and walls of scavenged wood, are 5,000 Senegalese, 800 of them Catholic. Many are harvest workers, idle and living here on relatives in the off season, many are the unemployed and (in the city) the unemployable. The agony here is not cold and wet, but heat and dust; yet it is the same agony.



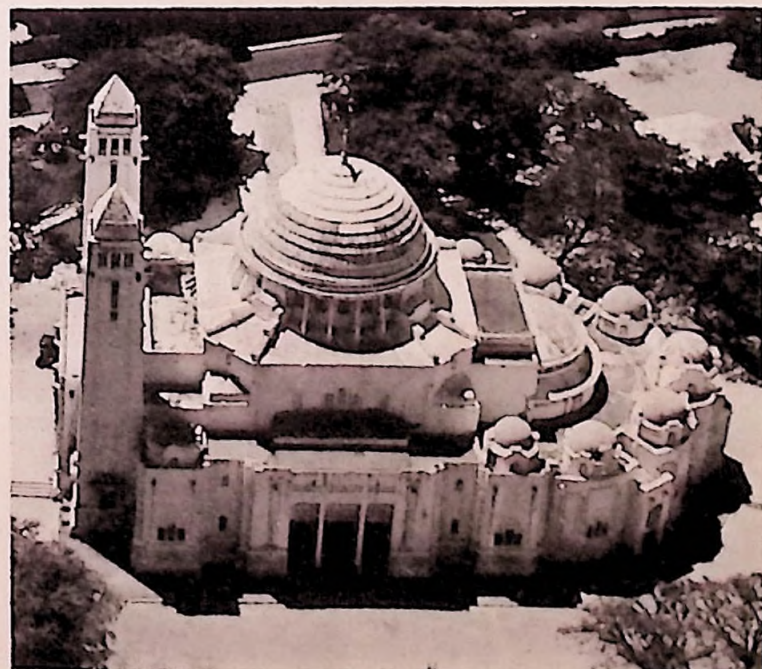
POVERTY: DAKAR



To this place of dust and discouragement came Christ, a few years ago, in the person of the Abbe Ndione, a priest and one of their own who "made his home among them" (left and lower left). He knew that these people could not, out of sheer shame, go to a fixed parish; the parish must go to them.

The church he built is a far cry, the Abbe knows, from the statelyness of the Dakar Cathedral (lower right). But it fits where it is and, complete with bell tower, is theirs who made it.

The Champs is a stopping place, not a home; people are always going back to their own villages. Soon it will be bulldozed away, its dwellers trickling off to some other Champs. But while it is there, Christ is there.





In Latin America alone slums are a way of life for 20 to 30 million people, nearly 30% of the urban population. In Chile the Church has of late years been very active among the poor: establishments include *Techo*, a production cooperative, and "Mother Centers". In the slum pictured on these pages (*Poblacion Areneros* near Santiago), Father Del Corro S.J. has been with the people since 1958, Father Vander Rest S.J. has been building better homes (4,000 in 1963, 9,000 this year), prefabricated wooden structures which cost \$40 to \$60 and are paid for at the rate of \$3 a month.

The anguish of a slum (left) is that it is so close to the hope a thriving factory offers, yet really as far from it as the distant mountain.

POVERTY: SANTIAGO



Life in the slum is cheek-by-jowl, dangerously unhygienic (below). Yet the striving for selfhood is there: a rude fence makes a basic backyard beside the polluted stream. The need for family and the things of family—a pet, a doll—remains even inside the dubious privacy of a shredded wall (lower left).

Sickness is hard here, even where a family has a bed, a chamberpot, domestic animals (near right). But the old are schooled to endurance and the very young, who know nothing else, are unsurprised. It is worst for fathers in their twenties, still strong and willing, yet able to give their little ones only this (far right).

Sometimes, of course, a baby cries (lower right). Is it for help?



NEVER LEARN TO READ AND WRITE!

Eileen L. Luhrs **M**y husband Artie claims, after thirty-three years of connubial bliss, that the biggest mistake he ever made was to select as his helpmate, for "better or worse", a woman who could not only read but could also write! Why would a man in the latter part of the 20th Century make such a statement? Well, he is looking squarely at me, his faithful, 365-days-of-the-year girl Friday, and he proclaims loudly, "If you hadn't learned to read or write, my once capacious garage wouldn't be filled to the eaves with all those boxes of wedding dresses, evening gowns, religious articles, clothing, packaged food, books and what not! It's getting so bad that soon I'll have to move out and let the stuff move in!"



Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Luhrs of 72 Periwinkle Road, Levittown, N. Y. received the 1963 World-mission Award for mission work.

I humbly hang my silvering head and, in feminine fashion, try to pin the fault on Aunt Lily. If she hadn't given me those old copies of *Jesuit Missions* which I carted home by bus and subway from the Bronx to Brooklyn, the whole thing might never have started. But I began reading them and I guess I'm a sort of hobo at heart. A train

whistle, a shiphorn's blast, the names of faraway places—and my feet and heart get itchy. But with a very limited budget, two growing children and a house full of pets we just couldn't afford to indulge in all of my expensive whims.

Reading the list of missionaries in *Jesuit Missions* gave me a brilliant idea. "Why not write to each and every one and send them a dollar, if it could be spared?" And this is actually how we got into being "Home Front" missionaries via a scrap of paper with a few hieroglyphics on it, encased in an envelope with the address of Father X in Alaska. From the first fatal letter we became confirmed armchair mission addicts, writing letters and sharing our wealth (a whole dollar had big buying power 20 years ago).

Strange as it may seem, those first few flights into faraway lands failed because the letters either lost their way or their contents disappeared into the parkas or loin cloths of some rural courier. But, undaunted, we kept on writing until one day we hit the jackpot. A nice red-haired priest (at least it was red 20 years ago) by the name of Robert McCormack, a native of St. Louis, was stationed in Corozal, British Honduras. He answered not only with a big "Thank you" and a promise of remembrance in his daily Mass but with snaps of himself and his mission school. This spark of love generated in Corozal leaped across the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Coast right to us on Long Island. That spark launched us into what was to become, eventually, an almost worldwide mission aid society of our own.

Right here is a good time to explain that we are far from being considered middle class. Relatively speaking, we could be con-

considered well off, but only if you compare us with those who have much less. But compared to those who have an abundance of material goods and a reserve for the future, we are as poor as Aesop's grasshopper.

Yet the great joy of having been born, raised and wed in a world of modest cir-



umstances has made us feel more acutely the hunger, the poverty, and even the nakedness of those who seek our help. For who can resist the wistful, pleading face of a small child, looking out at you from a photograph? So we, in the years that we have lived, have suffered in a small degree some of their deprivation. Thus we sincerely sympathize with them and we are anxious to share our comparative wealth. Then they become a little less poor and we, instead of being impoverished, indeed become wealthier, for the poor bear a gift in their seemingly outstretched hands, that of the imprint of the Saviour's nail-torn hands.

Getting back to Father "Bob" McCormack. Not only did he come into our family, but

his family in St. Louis opened up their hearts to us and we soon grew to know each other very well, an exchange that still exists today. Off to Father "Bob's" mission went boxes of clothing, books, food packages and our spare cash. But it's funny, if you could consider it in that light, how once you've launched yourself out into the deep how many other hungry fish you net.

Soon we were sending parcels out to almost all corners of the mission world. Some of them contained only used stamps or educational material or a carton of cigarettes which an American priest wanted for barter in the jungles of the Philippines. Used fancy buttons for making jewelry, odds and ends of wool for mittens, empty spools to help in the training of retarded children. These are just a sampling of some of the seemingly trivial treasures requested.

One day, seven years ago, I clipped out of the Brooklyn Tablet a pathetic appeal for help on behalf of some poor Carmelite nuns in South India. Off went a dollar to India and back came a letter of thanks in faltering English. So we became friends of seven French Carmelite nuns who were living in a



(Left, above) Attic stairs are rarely this clear. (Left) Doll dresses and hats are knitted and the missions make a dollar.

three-sided barn, having only recently graduated from a tent which they had occupied for quite a few years.

In later letters we discovered that their only income was from the sale of their garden products and their other possible means of self-support, sewing vestments and religious articles, was precluded by the expense of material and thread. On one occasion they apologetically asked for six yards of material to fill an order for Ordination vestments as they could not find suitable material locally. It was then we discovered that *such stuff was and is expensive*. That week we dined on more beans and spaghetti than usual but we managed to buy the much needed material. Then we began thinking.

That very day someone had offered me a wedding gown and I had refused it as impractical. Now it dawned on us that here was a source for the kind of material needed by the nuns. Out came the trusty Royal and off to 26 unsuspecting editors, all east of the Mississippi, went 26 letters of appeal for wedding and evening gowns.

We don't know how many of those letters were printed but the response was tremen-

dous. We were swamped by some 2,000 parcels from almost every State in the Union, every Province in Canada and even the Bahamas.

At first we stored them on the attic stairs, but we have only thirteen steps. So they climbed into the attic and there we set up a sorting, cutting and wrapping table out of sawhorses and a sheet of plywood. "Swell! Now we can work scientifically," said Artie,



the methodical fellow. Then one day he looked up and there was no way out. The attic was full, so full that we couldn't even find the sorting table! So into the garage went the surplus.

People are really wonderful if we just give them a chance to show their Christian generosity. Those who couldn't send dresses often sent a dollar or so. And we'll never forget the day we opened an envelope bearing no return address and out tumbled five \$20 bills, wrapped in my letter from a diocesan newspaper!

In the seven years since we first made the appeal we have sent Sister Renée some 250 parcels of wedding and evening dresses, plus other small things to make life easier. This



(Right) If only it was a two-car garage! (Above) A wonderful pair who have made many a missionary whisper happy prayers.

has cost us about \$1,500. But it really put the nuns into business and today they have a neat, enclosed convent and even a bell tower, and their vocations are increasing.

Some of our other projects are a monthly trip to Maryknoll with 100 to 200 pounds of clean, mended clothing. Each month a parcel goes to the Glenmary Sisters in Virginia; another to the American Indians, the "forgotten people" of our land; stamps to the Marist Sisters; good books and magazines to India, Africa and New Guinea. Trading stamps, costume jewelry, practically everything is usable and needed somewhere.

How do we do it on one man's salary? Most of the postage money comes from our household money (meaning grocery money); all pennies are saved. At Christmas and on birthdays we ask that the family give what they can afford as a gift, so that we can afford our Missions.

Care to join in this most rewarding work? Just pick up any of the beautiful mission magazines, such as this one, or your diocesan paper, and read the "Wanted" columns and you will be in business! Or write to any of the mission-sending societies and they will be more than happy and willing to give you the name or names of priests working in the Lord's vineyard.

So this is a partial account of how our garage reached its present overstuffed condition, how the stairs to the attic and my cutting table became overflowing with piles of goodies. And it also accounts for my husband's heartfelt statement, "Never teach a female, big or little, to read or write!"



The canonization of the 22 Martyrs of Uganda has special significance for our times. These saints, raised to the honors of the altar in the month of October of this year, were part of the 200 or so Christians, Catholic and Protestant, who were put to death less than eighty years ago in this country in central east Africa. They died because they were Christians, and because the truths of their faith were repugnant to a king steeped in immorality.

They are the first Africans from south of the Sahara to become canonized saints, members of the great Bantu race which occupies equatorial and southern Africa. They were all laymen, their ages ranging from fourteen to thirty-five. They were not the heirs of a long Catholic tradition for all of them had only been recently baptized, over half of them less than seven months before their martyrdom. Twelve of them were royal pages in the court of the king and what triggered the entire persecution was the refusal by these youngsters to engage in the homosexual practices of the ruler. Catholic and Protestant, they died together for the sake of Christ. Put all these facts together and the entire picture presents a shining lesson for all the world today. Africa's Cardinal Rugambwa once said, "What the Church in Africa needs today are African saints, who will prove by their lives that holiness is meant for black as well as for white people." In fire, under spear and club, that was proven a long lifetime ago in the red mud of Uganda.

The representation on the opposite page is a copy of the striking panel created by the famed Swiss artist, Albert Wider. He engaged in considerable research, travelling to Uganda and studying there the authoritative sources. In the representation the background shows the manner of death of each martyr. Those on the left were killed either by spear or club; the ones on the right were burned to death. The occupation or the character of each martyr is shown by his attire or his pose. The small animals depicted in the border beneath each saint signify the totems representing the various clans to which these men belonged. The individual martyr in the upper center of the panel is St. Joseph Mukasa, the leader of the group, who was the majordomo at the court of King Mwangi. May these Martyrs of Uganda protect and inspire their own people of Africa and those of the whole world!

The canonization of
the first saints
south of the Sahara
has deep meaning
for our present day

THE MARTYRS OF UGANDA





WORLD MISSION & THE LAYMAN

A NEW KIND OF MISSION?

Thomas E. Quigley

If the nearly 75,000 foreign students enrolled at colleges across this country last year, about 20,000 are presumed to be Catholics (almost half of them from Latin America). But there were over 6,000 students here from Africa, 10,000 from the Near and Middle East, and more than 26,000 from the Far East, a considerable majority of whom are non-Christians.

What should be our attitude as Catholics, individually and institutionally, in the face of this unprecedented and growing number of non-Christian students in our midst? Is this a new field for missionary endeavor? Is the Lord of History today inviting American Catholics to preach Him to the nations newly gathered on our own campuses?

Whatever our answers, it should be said that this is still largely an academic question, and that in two senses. It's academic because it chiefly touches those in the academic community, including priests and

religious who minister to students; but it's also an unfortunately academic question because few American Catholics are thinking about it and fewer still are concerned to take any action.

The English theologian, Father Charles Davis, suggests that Catholic theology is seldom in sufficient contact with the "growing points of present knowledge or with the concerns of present men" and that it is often through the intermediary of Protestant theologians that we come to see the theological relevance of certain questions. In any event, it should be instructive for us to consider some recent Protestant discussions of the Church's ministry to the non-Christian foreign student.

Last year representatives from Student Christian Movements all over the world (chaplains, theologians and other church workers) met at the Bossey Ecumenical Institute in Switzerland to discuss the Christian ministry among foreign students. A part of their consultation was devoted to the question of Christian students among students of other faiths, and resulted in a series of statements, put forth not as final conclusions but as an attempt to say where the discussants stood on "this urgent matter" at the time. They are worth synthesizing.

1. Christians need to be related to non-Christians for many reasons.

We are together involved in a world within which there are many problems that face us all; if Christians are to be useful in the world and contribute to its betterment, they must know and work with non-Christians. Part of our witness is to join with others within the life of the world.

2. There is value simply in knowing the non-Christian and being known by him; in the process we learn more of the world and of ourselves.

3. We seek to meet the non-Christian because we believe Christ is *his Lord* as well as ours, and we wish to know how it is with *him* to live in this world in which Christ reigns.

4. We must respect the freedom of the non-Christian as fully as we can. The God to whom we witness loves us all, and, so to speak, infinitely respects the freedom of all. This does *not* imply a pale neutrality on all issues between us. Indeed, a mark of our involvement and our freedom is our ability to disagree intensely without coercing the other. This freedom is not based on the idea that "all religions are basically the same," but precisely upon our persuasion that Christ is already Lord of us both, loves us both, and insists that we both be free.

5. If we meet one another in

depth, sooner or later we will speak openly of our faith and of other religious matters. When we speak of faith, let us speak honestly; let us, as well, listen honestly. Most of us Christians have little awareness of the depths of other religions; we do not know what God has done in their midst.

6. If it should please God to lead the non-Christian to faith in Christ, we should give great thanks, knowing that "there is joy also in heaven." We should not assume that God now loves him more (or less) than before. We know that we are now bound together by yet another bond; we shall learn even more from him about God's great work in the world; together we shall seek to serve our Lord in the life of the world.

Not all Protestants would entirely agree with the emphasis of these statements. In a 1961 article entitled "A Theological Perspective on the Ministry of the Church to Foreign Students," Ulrich Mauser considers two points regarding the non-Christian student. One is that he may well have a contribution to make to the life of the Christian community "through bringing to bear upon us an element of his religious tradition which . . . commends itself to us as a partial truth related to the final truth of God."

But the over-riding consideration, says Mauser, is that "the ministry of the church to the non-Christian student consists foremost in the attempt to make him a Christian."

Mauser is not at all suggesting the hard-sell proselytizing that has sometimes characterized the "foreign student services" of certain fundamentalist sects. (There is even one large organization which seems to conceive of its mission as bringing the Gospel to Catholic and "liberal" Protestant foreign students as well as to non-Christians). Rather, he is stressing, as does another Protestant writer on the same theme, Walter Leibrecht, that true friendship, understanding, and acceptance of the other, plus one's own commitment must result in our seeking the other's acceptance of Christ.

Where the Bossey papers (not only the few statements above) differ from Leibrecht and Mauser is in the emphasis of the former, growing today among both Catholic and Protestant Christians, on the incompleteness of the Church. A painful awareness of past failures to distinguish sufficiently Christianity from Westernization is drawing missiologists and other theologians to regard non-Christian faiths (and the cultures which are heavily impregnated by them) as something more than idols to be destroyed. The

Secretariat for non-Christians, established last Spring by Pope Paul, is surely a straw in the same wind.

There are other possible attitudes. One that I have heard from both Protestants and Catholics seems to have its scriptural basis in the text about making friends with the mammon of iniquity. If we help non-Christian future leaders now, it is reasoned, they won't be hard on the Church when they come to power.

A somewhat loftier and certainly more valid variation of the same is the attitude that someday this particular non-Christian may truly find Christ and thus my friendship, example and witness will have been background for his conversion. Even the most casual contacts and hospitality can be viewed as part of the work of preevangelization.

It may not be fair to either of these attitudes to put them under the heading of public relations, but we must. And while granting the validity and even necessity of good public relations, it seems that our "mission" to the non-Christian foreign student among us might be less sharply focused. Disinterested service, friendship, openness and honesty, and the constant realization that the God of all mankind has His own history with this very person with whom I talk are themselves no small matters.



David B. Knight, S. J.

THE BULLS OF DANAMADJI: A non-love story

It's perfectly all right to have a bull, maybe even six of them (although excess in all things, and particularly this one, should be frowned on), but just make sure you have them, not they you.

This has been my problem with the six bovine jewels that have been turning this mission in Chad, Africa, into a wild-west show of recent weeks. Since in the off season there is little work for them to do, they have been just eating, lounging around street corners and storing up devilment.

We've been trying to keep them somewhat broken in by hauling out a pair each day to transport bricks in our *charette*, a two-wheeled farm cart more or less left over from the Middle Ages. But the bulls have never before had the racket of a cart behind them and they disapprove of it strongly. Two days in a row different pairs have hit out for the bush before being hitched to the cart, taking Jean-Paul, our cowboy, along with them at the end of the rope which supposedly controls them. The third day the men gave up trying to harness one bull because he was so ornery. This is where that shrewd old former animal-lover, David Knight, stepped in.

"Never let an animal beat you. If you do, they'll do it every time." Whereupon I undertook to show them how not to be beaten by an animal.

The rogue of the herd, a big, mean, black bull, is called David. Then there is the white bull, also big but docile and altogether

lovable, named Maurice. (The other half of our missionary team at Danamadji is Père Maurice Fournier. I rather think there is a lesson here somewhere.) We decided to yoke these two together, hoping that some of Maurice's gentility would rub off on David.

Yoking David was the first problem. He has huge handlebar horns and is quite aware of them. We are, too. So we slid the yoke over from Maurice's side, ran the two a couple of turns around the mission field pulling a *herse* (a spiked drag for smoothing a field after plowing), then got down to the cart business.

The first trip to the brickpile a few hundred yards off was successful though noisy. We had tied a rope to David's hind leg to restrain him a little but, tied foot and all, he kept kicking the daylights out of the cart every step of the way. Regrettably, I was up front in that cart, a move cleverly designed to put weight bearing down on the yoke.

As soon as the bricks were loaded and we were ready to start back, David tried to run away. But a cart full of bricks (plus Maurice, who was not mad at anybody) is heavier than Jean-Paul and he couldn't make it, although he did snap the leg rope. So he quit, dead and complete, and just stood there, staring off into the distance and thinking remote and presumably beautiful bullish thoughts.

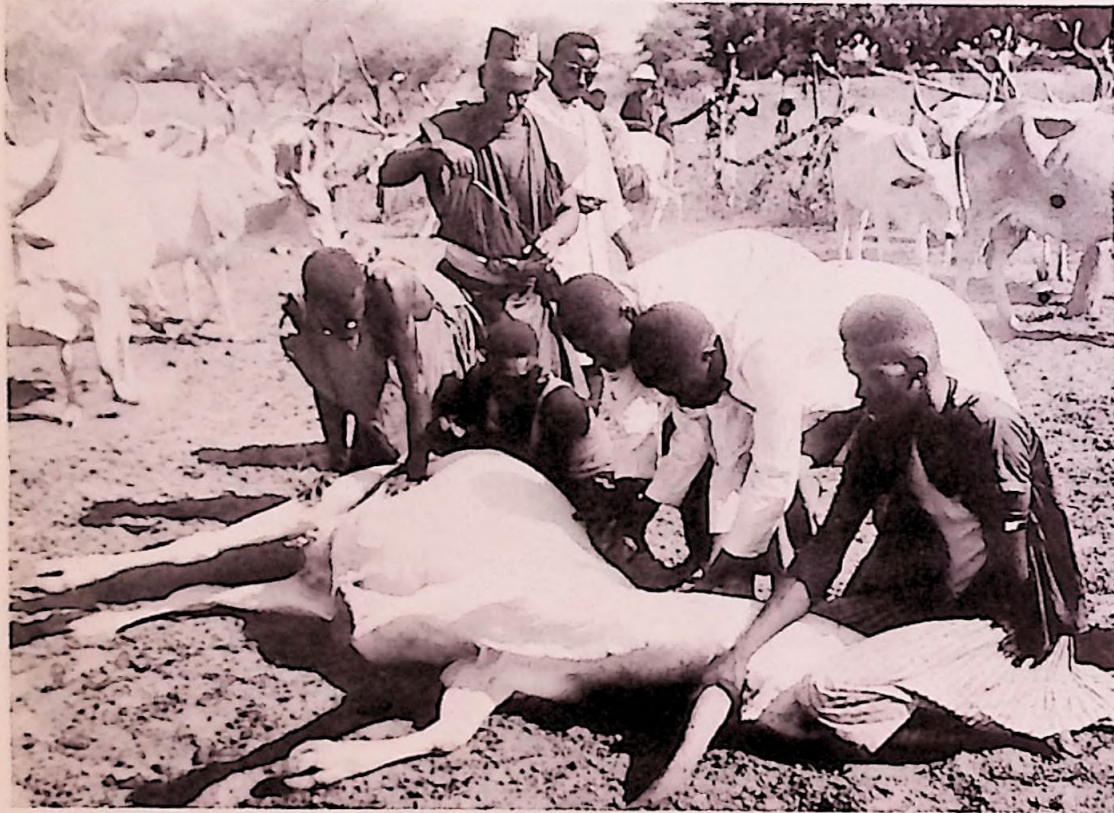
A bull who has resigned is almost impossible to move. I beat him for a while

but they don't seem to mind that much; I suspect they're rather grateful for the scratching. So I hit on the idea of poking instead of beating, the rapier rather than the sabre. I thought it over and, from my position behind David on the cart, looked around carefully for a likely spot to poke. I give myself no credit, it was fairly easy to find one. I prodded there.

Well! Things livened up at once. David instantly abandoned meditation (as who wouldn't?) and convulsively leaped his hind legs over the wagon tongue. We now had a new problem—a bull and a half on one side of the tongue and half a bull on

patience. He expostulated with David—and bulls do this with their horns.

Eventually we saved both their lives (and ours) from each other, convinced Maurice that David was just mischievous, not really bad (a whopping lie), and hitched them to the drag. But the only time David moved again was when, giving up, I told the men, "All right, put them back in the corral." Life in the corral must be inexpressibly tedious, because David gave me one look and took off as if hauling the drag had been his ideal pastime for years.



The first half of the battle is to floor the bull; the second half is get the tick ringleaders — you can't get them all!

the other.

Never let an animal get the better of you! The fact that the cart is still, as of this date, exactly where the prodding took place does not negate this great truth. Justice will triumph—but let us breathe a little first, will you?

Jean-Paul somehow got David's rear end, his most reasonable part, to leap back (though by less radical methods), we even got David to stand up after he had lain down (one bull up, one down), bending the metal spike which links yoke and tongue wholly out of shape in the process. But then Maurice (the kindly, the lovable) lost

M. Couland of the Mousafoyo Farm had told me that ticks are dangerous for bulls, so—despite the fact that after the cart episode I was a strong tick man myself—we undertook to de-louse the herd. To do this you throw the bull and go after the ticks in a personal sort of way. Throwing the bull, however, is not at all an easy thing to do; indeed, after trying it, I wonder how the phrase ever got to be the idiom for relaxed talk among intimates. Moreover, Maurice, our first patient—when we finally got him down, me sitting on his head—turned out to have more ticks than skin. Some of his ticks, I am sure, were feeding on each other.

In such cases of supernumerary ticks the only effective method of de-ticking is to go after the ringleaders, pull these out of the crowd and punish them, then douse the rest in kerosene: riot-control tactics, in short. Thereafter the herd is presumably better off, so long as no one smokes too close to any of them for a day or so after treatment.

Despite the rigors of hitching to a cart (futile) and de-ticking (discriminatory and potentially suicidal) the bulls of Danamadji are closer to me, in the purely physical sense, than any other animals. We are not heart-close; coolness prevails between us on frequent occasion—they have their ways, I mine. But there is no hate. We are just having a non-love affair.

November is a hungry month in many parts of the world. In India there will be rioting because the food available is even less than usual—and thousands starve there every day as a normal thing. In the high Andes of Peru and in refugee camps of Africa children will die of malnutrition.

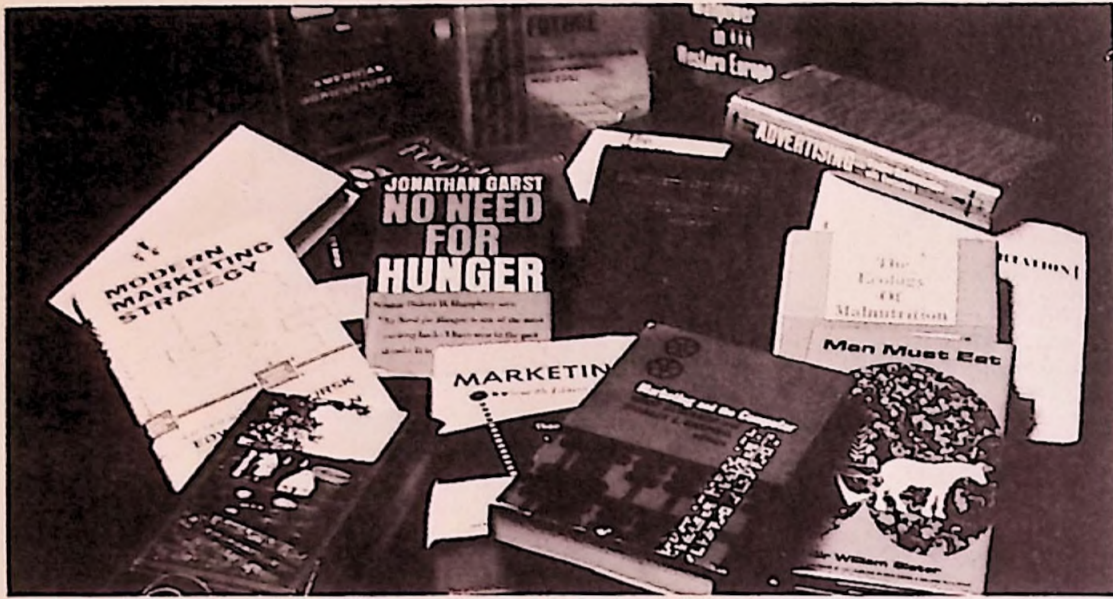
November, too, will see a dramatic finger pointed at this fact of world starvation in the "Freedom from Hunger Week" (No-

vember 15-21). Chairman of the committee planning this week is Mr. James O'Connor, director of The Academy of Food Marketing at St. Joseph's College in Philadelphia.

St. Joseph's is a small Jesuit college over a hundred years old. Since World War II it has been growing, like most colleges, in size, enrollment and interests. However, unlike many small colleges, it has also been growing internationally. St. Joe's is on City

Three Hungry Men





Line Avenue on the edge of Philadelphia, but has become very much aware of the fact that City Line and Philadelphia are in the world.

During the past six years, under two different presidents (Fathers Joseph Bluett and William Maloney), St. Joseph's has established an Institute of Latin American Studies and The Academy of Food Marketing. The point and value of the Institute is fairly obvious: it is meant to prepare young men for a truly Christian approach to business in Latin America. The Academy, on the other hand, is a question mark, both as to what it is and what it hopes to do about the world's empty plates.

The Academy exists to train food marketing executives, to turn out men of moral purpose who will be expert in all areas of the food industry and who will be dedicated to helping "to lift the black cloak of hunger that hangs over two thirds of the world's population . . ." We in the United States are so used to the high efficiency of American food marketing (the supermarket chains are an example) that we miss the connection between food distribution and the world's hunger. Briefly, the connection is this: the world even now has enough food for all, but cannot get the food which exists to the people who need it. In Brazil, for example, 80% of the food that could feed millions rots before it can get to the market place.

The Academy is a highly professional, very strategic offer of aid to a hungry world.

Both it and the Institute of Latin American Studies point out the surest way for a college to be world-apostolic: be specific in your target and precise in your aim at it. Many colleges, however, do not have three men of the calibre of those fashioning the Academy: Mr. James O'Connor, a Catholic, Mr. Sam Blaskey, a Jew, Mr. James Toothman, an Episcopalian.

Jim O'Connor is a creator. A dapper, neat and forceful creator, very much a man of Madison Avenue, as he once was. He is also a man with a unique suggestion for a solution to the world's hunger problem.

"In other countries they know what hunger means. In this country we are saturated with food. Perhaps there would be nothing better for the whole American moral system than to have all of our food crops fail for two years straight." Then we might begin to understand the hunger of the world and really try to do something about it.

Rather than starve Americans, O'Connor has elected to teach them, or at least some of them, their responsibility to their fellow man and a way to help him. One of the amazing things about him is his absolute confidence that he will do just that.

He came to Philadelphia on July 31st, 1960, with the vision of the present Academy of Food Marketing already clear in his mind. He persuaded St. Joseph's that there was a need for it, he persuaded industries that the Academy was worthy of their support. He brought the two parties together and the Academy's \$1,200,000 building was dedicated this year.

O'Connor is a Catholic who found it very difficult to separate two things: his strong awareness of a Christian's responsibilities to the world and his own professional abilities. Not only did he find it difficult to separate them, but actually impossible. The result is the Academy of Food Marketing.

Sam Blaskey, O'Connor's assistant director, is a Jew and a lay chaplain. For 17 years he was a Philadelphia food broker and before that a University of Pennsylvania

law graduate who began a career in the F.B.I. Quite patently a highly competent man, he was asked if he were not qualified for a better job than that at the Academy.

"That depends on what you mean by a better job. I believe I could get a better paying job. But I don't think that I would find it as satisfying or rewarding . . . Not long ago Mr. O'Connor said that to make this thing go we had to do two things: pray and do penance. I believe that and maybe that explains why I am here."

Jim Toothman, research director at the Academy, calls himself a "superficial Episcopalian".

"When I say that I am a 'superficial Episcopalian', what I mean is that I am participating in a routine, sort of a minimal participation. Increasingly the question about my Church that involves me more than anything else (and I suppose it involves Catholics and Jews as well) is that we, the members, tend to keep our religion segregated from our physical, material existence.

"We have mission collections but sometimes I think that contributing to them is only appeasing our conscience. Within ten miles of my Church there is a sociological, humanitarian situation (the negro sections of central Philadelphia) that is a challenging problem. Yet we tend to remain oblivious . . . My work here at the Academy at least gives me an opportunity to integrate my professional skill with what my faith expects of me."

There is only one St. Joseph's College on City Line Avenue in Philadelphia. Priests with the vision of Fathers Bluett and Malloney are not everywhere. Catholics like Jim O'Connor who have managed to synthesize their lives and their faith are quite rare. The spiritual bond and mutual understanding that a Catholic, a Jew and an Episcopalian have found in working together at St. Joseph's Academy of Food Marketing are not to be picked up just along any street. Still, here is the fact. One small Catholic college has managed to discover the world. Why not others?



James Toothman, Episcopalian (upper left), Sam Blaskey, Jewish (upper right) and James O'Connor (caught in a pensive moment) head St. Joseph's Marketing Academy.

New Furrows for Chile

Jaime Fonseca



Chile's "revolution by ballot" took place in September when the Christian Democrats' candidate for President, Eduardo Frei, defeated the Marxist-oriented Salvador Allende.

The victory was a significant one for all of Latin America, since the platform of the Christian Democrats calls for a *peaceful* revolution, but none the less, a revolution. Basically it maintains that Chileans must produce their own food, earn more dollars abroad through mining, build more factories and homes.

Although Chile could feed herself, she is not doing so today. Mouths multiply each year and food must be imported. With the amount Chileans paid for food imports in the last ten years, they could have financed a thorough land reform and doubled their industry and mining output. To bring incentives to farming, peasants must have fair returns, better knowledge of cultivation, water for irrigation, and markets.

Frei feels Chile has enough raw materials and skilled workers to increase industrial production, buy more machines, boost mineral exports. But reform must cut down red tape on financing and export procedures and give more aid to the medium-size and small miner.

Frei does not wish to discourage foreign capital, but feels that he must find a working arrangement whereby profits are fairly divided between Chile and the foreign investor. He wants to have all the refining of minerals done in Chile, thereby creating more jobs and keeping more dollars in the country. He also wants to have more say in the international marketing of Chilean minerals — iron ore and nitrate along with copper.

"We are not afraid to tackle

nationalization of mines if the interests of Chile so demand. But we will not sacrifice the real interests of the country to the whim of political maneuvering," Frei told his electorate when the Reds were challenging his party.

Strongly motivated by social justice, the Frei team wants to give labor a more efficient, influential role through more skills, better trade-union leadership, and living wages.

Also, Frei and his team wants immediate action on a massive housing program. They plan to build 650,000 homes a year for the next six years. Right now Chileans could use 263,000 new homes; that's the deficit from the past five years.

The government will finance homes for the poorer, but will leave to private groups — building and loan, savings and home associations, co-operatives, straight commercial concerns — the task of providing housing for the middle classes. The program calls for well-planned, fully functional neighborhoods with shopping centers, schools, recreational and church facilities.

"Education for all is the basis of democracy," the president-elect says. His party is determined to expand production; an important part of education is technology. With half the country's population under 21 years of age, the Christian Democrats will have to open more schools with more teachers and better programs. From a liberal-arts orientation the schools must turn more toward practical education: vocational, scientific, agricultural and business.

To be noted is Frei's remark that subsidies now given to private edu-

cation should be concentrated on public schools. But he has paid high tribute to the contribution by private institutions of learning to the welfare of the nation.

The general aim of the Christian Democrats to give every Chilean the opportunity "to share in the culture, the social and economic life of the nation" will result in a profound change for Chilean social structures, for the primary means to attain this goal of social justice will be a redistribution of wealth. To the farmer, land. To the worker, fair wages and a home. For all, fair taxation and incentives. To accomplish this Frei will rely heavily on local, private organizations and social groups.

Frei and his aides think that the development of some 100,000 new landowners (duly trained and assisted) along with a rehabilitation program for 120,000 small farmers now abandoned to their own meagre resources will boost production. And part of this land-distribution program must be the creation of industrial plants in rural areas for conversion of raw materials and food processing.

Tax reform will try to cut down on tax evasion by big landowners and independent producers, will spread more evenly the cost of government financing, will attempt to balance by re-allotment the cost of social aid.

The Christian Democrats feel that trade unions should not be mere tools for the defense of workers, but institutions geared to the national economic and social goals, conscious of rights and duties. Legislation, it is planned, will open the way to a fairer organization of city and rural workers, including those in the government agencies. It also will provide control of union

funds, open the way for better collective bargaining power and for fair arbitration procedures. Frei wants the workers to have representation in planning and government, in educational, economic and social legislation.

Of private business, Frei says "private concerns can also expect our help, our respect for their independence, all within a planned economy however." There must be fewer "monopolies, more State supervision."

Finally, in the realm of social legislation, the Christian Democrat program calls for aid to cooperative production, consumers, building and saving organizations. At the same time, in order to keep prices fair and supply sufficient, there will be "corrective supervision" of the present system of distributing and marketing consumer goods.

The Christian Democrats are about to launch a revolution in Chile. As befits their "new" vision, they seem to have captured the enthusiasm of youth (an unusual development in Latin America where young people are more inclined to Marxism.)

Last June thousands of young Chileans marched 2,600 miles in five converging columns to Santiago. These boys and girls staged their "March of the Young Fatherland" (the name they themselves coined) as an enthusiastic endorsement of Frei's program. More than 300,000 greeted them at Cousino Park in Santiago, where Frei delivered one of his main campaign addresses. One of the signs which these young people carried should have given Frei great hope: "He who has the youth with him holds the future."



From all points a jm report

HONG KONG

Love loses a native speaker

We suffered a great loss this September in the death by drowning of Father Thomas Carroll on a remote beach of Lappa Island in the British colony of Hong Kong. He had come to Hong Kong from Taiwan to attend a meeting of historians and do some archaeological research on the side. It was while out on a research trip that he met his death.

Father Carroll, 55, had a doctorate in Semantics from the University of California. He was a specialist in Chinese classics and on Taiwan he was one of the chief collaborators in the mammoth Jesuit effort to produce a complete Chinese dictionary.

A master of languages, he once put together a grammar to help missionaries on Taiwan learn the language of the aboriginal people there. When he had finished, he remarked: "The language these people hear best is the silent language of love." May he rest in peace.



CEYLON

Report on lady apostles

A June ad for Father Ed Brady's "Lady Apostles" in Ceylon netted \$285. This is what is being done with it: a year's car-hire for the Lady Apostles' once-a-week trip to teach catechism in outlying mission stations; partial financing of two seven-day "camps" run by the nuns; partial support of a week's Leadership Course for the young men of the diocese. The plan for this last is to get two young men from each parish plus some seniors from our schools, beef them up with ideas and ideals on the social apostolate, add training in such practical skills as road-building, then send the lot back to their different areas to become "seeds of growth" there. So JM's readers have helped start a "chain reaction".

INDIA

Pictorial catechesis

Father John Deeney S. J., from Philadelphia, has a film projector rigged to work off a 12-volt Jeep battery, 80 film strips (made by the Salesian Fathers in Italy), a tape recorder, and originality. Putting these ingredients together he has devised a pictorial-dramatic method of catechesis among the Ho aborigines of the Jamshedpur area of India. Educated Hos do a radio-play script in their own language explaining the pictures, parts are assigned among Father Deeney's crew (high-school graduates with good dramatic sense), musical accompaniment is provided and songs interpolated. The tape and film take 30-40 minutes, two are run off a night.

In the cool dark, the white-washed side of a house (if available) is the screen, other-

wise a tacked-up sheet. Between 400 and 500 usually watch, Catholics are instructed, the interest of non-Catholics caught. On an average of one out of every three nights during the year Father Deeney is out somewhere preaching in the original Lake-of-Galilee manner—fishing with images.

JAPAN

Men of good will

Buddhists and Catholics may riot against each other in Vietnam but what Father Aloysius Chang saw at our Martyrs' Shrine in Nagasaki, Japan, gives hope that the friction is not religious.

A sound of drums, beating simply and steadily, drew him from a distance through the park surrounding the shrine.

"Two young Buddhist bonzes, one besandalled and wearing the traditional yellow robes, the other apparently a postulant, were standing in front of the monument of the martyrs, fervently chanting a hymned prayer of praise in what was very like plainsong. They stood stockstill, their only movement the flick of wrists as they beat their moon-shaped drums in unison, their eyes fixed steadily on the bronze statues of the martyrs. The prayer lasted about ten minutes. Afterward, they went through the exhibits in the museum with great interest."

MANILA

Ateneo's ETV

In a recent editorial *The Philippines Herald* strongly praised the "highly potent shot-in-the-arm" given the country by Ateneo de Manila's newly inaugurated Educational Television system.

The new ETV, which has offices and studio on Ateneo's main campus at Loyola Heights on Manila's outskirts, is a closed-circuit operation carrying lectures (largely on science at the outset) to various classes in Ateneo's primary and secondary schools and college. The undertaking is a pilot project which will enable Philippine educators to study TV's effectiveness as one way of alleviating the acute shortage of teachers in certain subjects.

Although television, the *Herald* editorial points out, is "perhaps not the most desirable answer to the dilemma of an insufficient teaching force of the highest calibre, it certainly is proving more than an adequate solution . . ." Ateneo's accomplishment "excites the imagination" and "traces a blue print for its duplication and expansion throughout all areas of our educational system."

"We think it pertinent that it is from the ranks of those long considered among the foremost educators, the Jesuits, and, more



specifically, from one with long years of study, effort and missionary work behind him in this endeavor, Reverend Leo H. Larkin S.J., the Center's director, that this new effort in education stems."

Our readers, other generous Americans and Filipinos, and the Ford Foundation have made all this possible. To them, all thanks.

NEW YORK

Vatican's new U.N. observer

On September 16th an informal reception was held in New York for Monsignor Alberto Giovanetti, newly appointed observer for the Holy See at the United Nations. His appointment reflects the Vatican's esteem for the U. N. and its goals.

Msgr. Giovanetti, short, portly, on the better side of middle age, comes to the U. N. with a reputation of great competence in the Vatican Secretariate of State. The author of four books and a most knowledgeable spokesman on Vatican diplomacy during World War II, he is quick to point out that he represents the whole Catholic world and not just the tiny Vatican State in his post as observer.

The U. N.'s esteem for the Monsignor and the Church was underscored by the



At New York reception the newly appointed observer for the Holy See at the U.N., Monsignor Giovanetti, greets Doctor and Mrs. Thomas P. Melady. Doctor Melady is an expert in African affairs.

presence of Phillippeo de Seynes, a French Huguenot who is in charge of the regional U. N. undersecretaries throughout the world, and Jose Rolz-Bennett of Guatemala, Deputy Chief of the Cabinet, the U. N.'s Number Three post.

The reception was arranged by Father Raymond Kelly of Maryknoll who is the observer at the U. N. for Pax Romana, the international Catholic intellectual movement. Father Kelly, a Fordham graduate, is a strong supporter of greater participation by Catholics in the work of the U. N., a common work of all men for human betterment. In his few months as observer, he himself has done some splendid work.

NEW YORK

Intentions of Readers

Our New York Office gets a variety of requests to be referred to the prayers of our missionaries. We did a categorical analysis of these during a recent month and thought you might be interested in some of the findings.

Health and Security (both financial and emotional) was the desire of the largest single group (30%). This was followed by requests for *Happy Marriages* and *Family Welfare* (18%); *Peace of Mind and World Peace* (12%); *Guidance* (10%); *Special Intentions* (11%); *Souls in Purgatory* (8%); *Thanksgiving* (3.5%); *Return to the Sacraments* (3%); *Happy Death* (2.5%); *Conversion* (2%).

New York, Maryland, Massachusetts and Ohio were high in their concern for health and security. The people of Maine placed greater emphasis on special intentions than those of any other state. Fifty percent of the people of Wisconsin asked for prayers of thanksgiving; they were the least concerned with health and security or peace. California, Michigan and Texas were the states most concerned with vocational or spiritual guidance. Happy marriages and family welfare were asked for most often by the people of Florida.

WANTED

for Jesuit Missions

1. AND THEY ARE GOD'S

New Jersey City's Father Neil Hurley is stationed at a Jesuit social center in Santiago, Chile. The scenes depicted in our poverty photo-story (ppp 3-9) are the scenes he sees daily. Father Neil has devoted his life to changing those pictures. Surrounded by poverty, he turns to you in his poverty and begs your generous assistance. With your gifts of \$2.00 or \$10.00 he might lift at least some out of the dirt and squalor.

2. PLEA TO A PATRON

Father Lou Moggi depends heavily on help through St. Anthony, his Philippine parish's patron and the patron of those who search for what cannot be found. With a fervent prayer to the hard-working St. Anthony, he asks your help to replace a wooden chapel that has fallen apart. "St. Anthony, please . . ."

3. UNENCHANTING DISTANCE

Father John Deeney, with one other Jesuit, staffs a 2000-square-mile parish in Chaibasa, India. That's about four times as large as his native Philadelphia! To evangelize such great distances he must make use of catechists (good laymen with families who serve as teachers) and each one costs him \$115.00 a month. His whole monthly collection wouldn't return much more than that. If only thirty or forty readers gave a few dollars, we could relieve him of a great burden for a year.

4. CORRIDOR CHAPEL

In Anning-kande, Ceylon, young Father Champa offers Sunday Mass in a corridor of a workers community settlement. During the week "dogs, cattle and goats live here in peaceful coexistence . . . On Sundays the corridor becomes a chapel for 300 . . . behind the altar, the cattle join in prayer. I feel close to Bethlehem there . . . but I am ashamed to say Mass. Please help me to build a chapel." Your gift of \$5.00 or \$10.00 could do that.



5. NO MAIL THIS YEAR

Brother Michael Quinn and Father Bill Mackey are real pioneers in Bhutan, a remote country northeast of India. The two Jesuits are working with the mountain people to establish a school in an area where as of yet there is not even mail service! Just about the only thing that smiles there is the people—and they are always smiling in their poverty. Please help these two Sons of Erin with a gift of \$2.00 or \$3.00 to build their school.

6. STAMP OUT JD

Father John Brennan writes from Nationalist China that "the solid growth of the Church depends upon the youth. The main problem here is hanging on to the baptized children as they grow up" in pagan surroundings. San Jose's Father Brennan, expelled from Red China, begs your help (\$5.00 or \$10.00) to build a youth center for the children of the streets in Taiwan.

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

DEAR FATHER,

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

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DESIGN

Franznick-Medén

BUSINESS OFFICE

211 East 87th St., New York 28, N.Y.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

45 East 78th St., New York 21, N.Y.

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