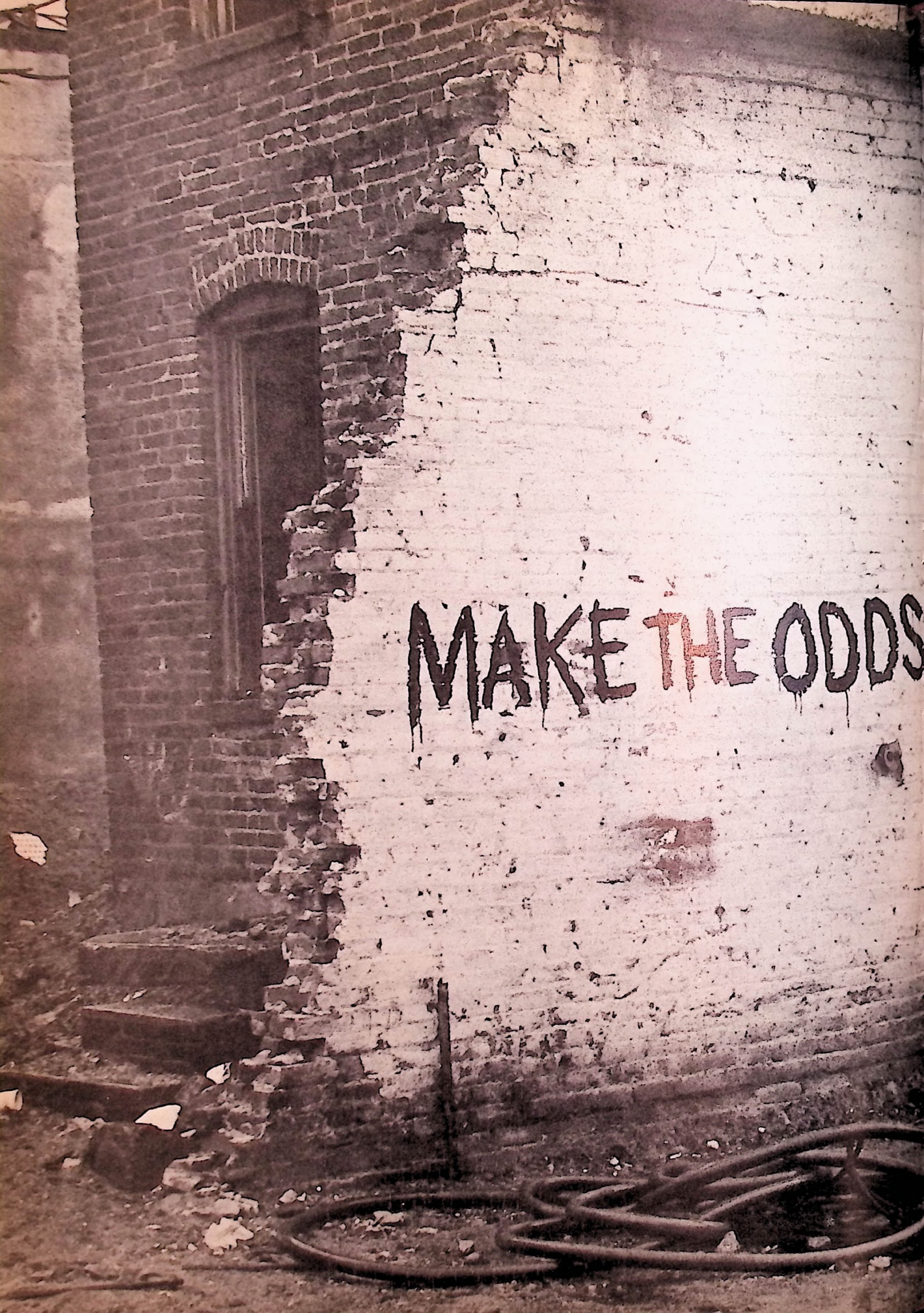


JESUIT MISSIONS/DECEMBER 1964/25¢



*...and seeing,  
they understood of the word  
that had been spoken to them concerning this child.*

A photograph of a brick wall with a doorway and graffiti. The wall is made of dark bricks, and the doorway is arched. The wall to the right of the doorway is covered in white, peeling paint or plaster. The graffiti "MAKE THE ODDS" is written in black and red spray paint. The ground is dirt and debris, with some metal pipes or wires in the foreground.

MAKE THE ODDS



This is what Christ came to earth for, just this: to make the odds even.

In a gambling sense, to offset the thrust of anger and sex and intolerance and greed and give man, created in God's image, a square deal against himself. In another sense, to make the "odds" of this world, the outsiders, "even" with the rest: to give the poor some hope, the maimed and uncertain some horizon; and to give the trampers for place and power some pause.

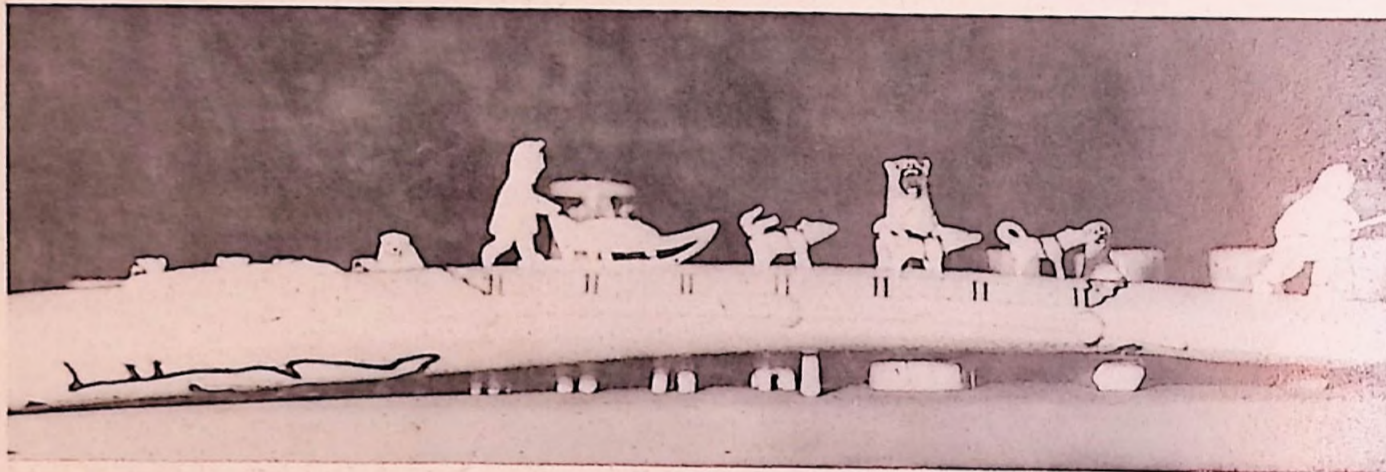
But if this picture is for Christmas, where are the ribboned wreaths, the silvered trees, the masking snow, the stars, the bells? Perhaps they are not here because it was left to us, under Him, to put them here—and we did not.

The bells will chime this Christmas midnight, singing out gladness because He is come again, is here. But the magic of the bells does not reach everywhere. And how soon they die out!

Only we can keep them chiming and reaching out through the whole year and the whole land.

For, when all's said, we are the bells.

# IVORY CARVERS IN THE ARCTIC



**E**skimos are a frequent subject for cartoon jokes, which they would appreciate themselves since they are a joyous people. Without joy, and the humility out of which joy bubbles, they would find life intolerable—for life in the Arctic regions, which is always hard, has become harder still with the advent of civilization.

White civilization offers stability and security: schools, radios, mechanical and electrical appliances, prepared food. The old Eskimo life was nomadic: continuous migration after the fish and the game. What makes life hard is the new task of blending one with the other.

To get and hold the blessings of a settled life one needs a regular income, and the pattern of the old Eskimo life did not include this. But some adaptations are being attempted.

Here, in pictures taken in the Bering Strait area off Alaska's Seward Peninsula, old and new can be seen marching side by side in the progressive steps of walrus-tusk carving.

Jesuits, Ursuline Sisters and, recently, the Little Sisters of Jesus live with these people and move with them as they move.





What most people know about walrus is that they are big, tusked sea-beasts which somehow look second-hand almost as soon as born and get to looking more so. They have been around literally for eons, live by preference in small herds on ice floes and are said to be normally affectionate (although how anyone knows this is a mystery). The bigness is for sure (10 to 11 feet, 2,000 to 3,000 pounds), the second-hand look is due to loose, scaly skin covered with patchy reddish hair and to a bristly moustache (which is a built-in food strainer), and the tusks, which grow to two feet or more in both sexes, are indeed formidable, although—apart from defense against polar bears—they are used-chiefly to dig up mollusks from the sea floor (which the walrus swallow whole).

Annual-hunt time is at the breakup of the Bering ice pack, usually in April-May. In light boats of walrus hide, the motor which has supplanted the old-time paddles stilled, the hunters glide up to a floe and kill one or two larger walrus with a single shot each. (Skilled buffalo hunters kill by hitting a spot the size of a dime. In Alaska they say you cannot do that, you have to hit a spot the size of a quarter—since Alaska operates, in the local phrase, on a “two-bit economy,” meaning nothing is cheaper than that.)

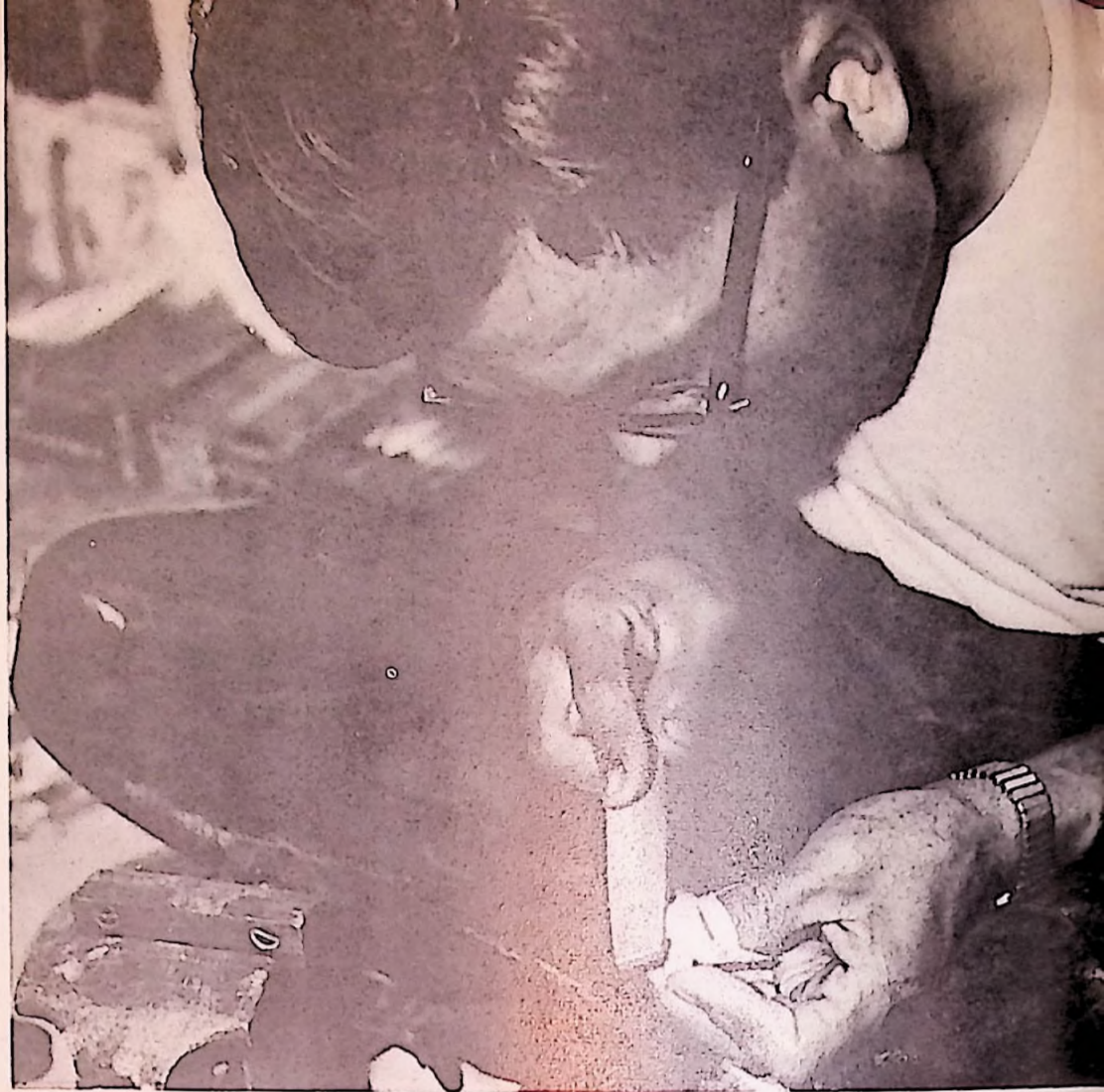
Charlie Iyapana (at left) is from Little Diomed Island, the American territory closest to Siberia (it is literally on the border, which bisects Bering Strait). Here he works on a tusk with a primitive drill (the point hand-made): one end rotates in a mouth-piece which holds the drill steady as the bow twirls the shaft.

Charlie Iyapana (at right, filing: the thumb patch is for protection) began tusk carving at eleven, taught by his father, who could only carve ships. Self-taught, Charlie has branched out—little dogs, bears, seals, bracelets. A recent ivory boat sold for \$450.

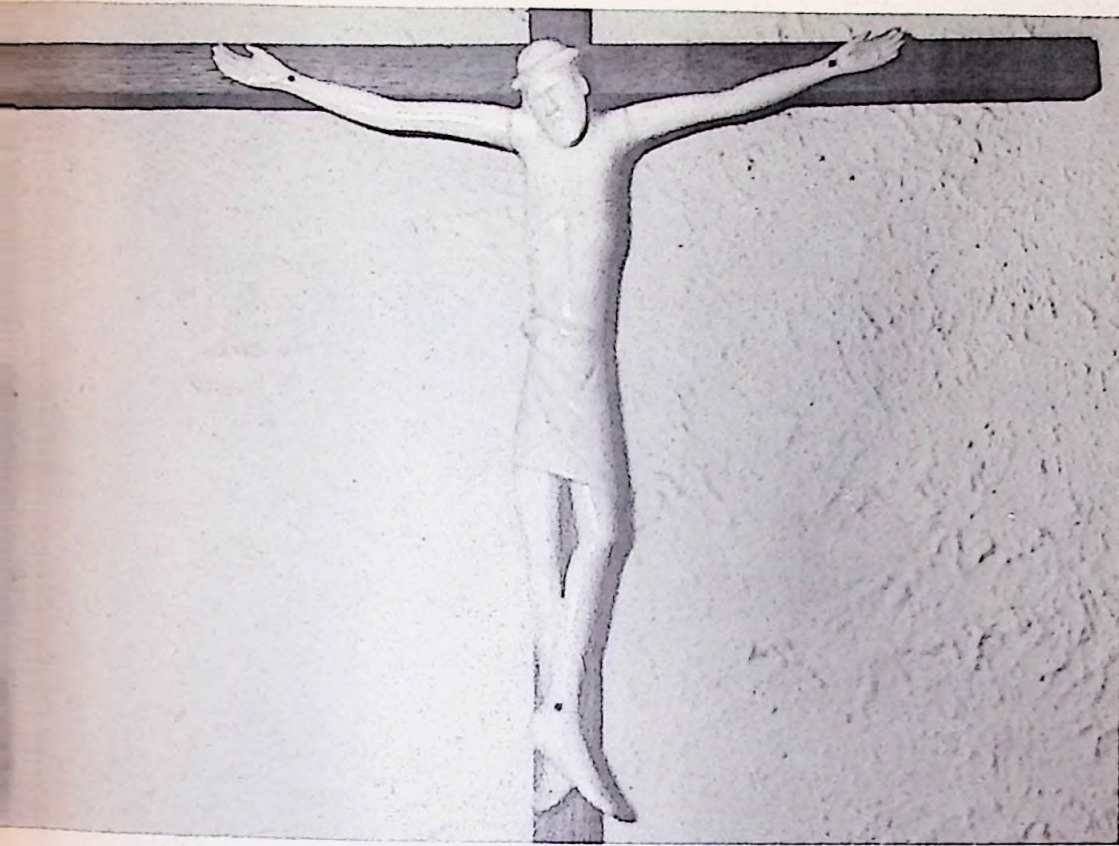
Sales to tourists have enabled Charlie to move from Little Diomedes to Kotzebue, a town at the tip of Baldwin Peninsula, a sliver promontory in the Arctic sound above Seward, where life is stable and physically more pleasant than on Diomedes, which he now only visits.

King Island, some forty miles out east from Seward in the Bering Sea, is the winter home of a group of Eskimos who “summer” in a mainland camp just east of Nome. Many go seasonally to the island (always accompanied by a Jesuit Father), but still more are now staying in the mainland “King island village” the year round for the sake of regular work and the children’s schooling.

Charlie Mayac (right) is the King Island carver who did the ivory with a dog-sled team on top which heads this article. Here he does rough outline work with a homemade adze.



# IVORY CARVERS IN THE ARCTIC



King Islanders are reputedly tops as ivory carvers. Old Aloysius, pictured below working with a small chisel on a statue of Our Lady, is evidently "the best of the best." He did the ivory corpus of the crucifix at left, which hangs in the chapel of the Little Sisters of Jesus, religious who came to King Island village several years ago, live in a house they built with their own hands, and travel with the Eskimos wherever they go.

Tourists come from Nome to the village's community house to hear and see Eskimo songs and dances—and buy the carvings.



# THE CHILDREN

The alert, virile dignity of an African hut child like a Daniel come to judgment (on whose world, on whom?) ■ The candor, the head bent like a dark flower, the unreproaching smile ■ Orphans asleep on their woven mats, the the poverty of Providence (No room for them in the inn – but no thought of tomorrow. Behold the lilies of the field; and which of you with all your thought shall add to your days one day?) ■ The boy of the North country, his face frosted with the eternal driving snows, his only climate and landscape ■ Oriental children, cameos of longsuffrance and hope as though to dream were all of life, as though time were not to sweep irresistibly into the world ■ An Indian mother, a black grandfather and the children, always the children for whom one battled through to birth, for whom one battled through to freedom – Prison, Uhuru, the day of glory; and the birth sweat, swaddling clothes, cry of the man child. ■ Children who smile whose smile is part ignorance, part conquest; whose eyes create around them primary colors, a first day of creation ■





## What do we hope for, for the children?

Once on a night, Saint Luke wrote  
a star fell from the sky  
and supernatural angels stood there, in that light  
and said to a few shepherds;  
see what is come to pass,  
a mother, her son, this shall be a sign to you.  
And they came running,  
and found as the angel has said to them.  
She knelt there, He lay there;  
it was as had been foretold.  
Now the shepherds were simple men, fit for visitations —  
they returned in mild astonishment  
and the news ran like a wildfire.  
It has reached even unto us  
ALLELUIA, this Child shall be a sign, come.

In the rut of an Indian roadway  
a mother gives birth.  
Nerveless and weak with pain  
she gathers the child nonetheless to breast.  
In the alleys and back lanes of the world  
as in its hospitals; in midnight rooms,  
the midwife hastily summoned  
Come, it is her hour  
The sign, always the same.

The feeble King has entered into His own  
his world and ours his time and ours;  
there is no staying Him, the undeserved rose  
Who in His flowering, flowers in  
multitudes of children  
the children of time,  
our children.



# In the harsh world, undeserved, uncomplaining—

Prague; the Jewish community.

Our dearest children, fifteen thousand  
vanished in that year; there was no recourse.  
They died in the camps, they were herded into ovens.

South Africa; the Zulu country.

It is now law. The black children of the reserves  
shall attend their own schools, of which the state shall  
supply roofs, walls, blackboards only. The total cost not to  
exceed one seventh of the price of a white child's schooling.

Cairo; item.

Children in great numbers wander the streets, live by their  
wits, cling to the speeding buses, from which many falling  
are maimed in limb, or killed.

Leningrad; the winter seige, 1942.

From the diary of Christine Boroslov, aged 12

December 20. This day Aunt Mimi died.

She had been sick so long.

January 5. Mama died this bitter night.

February 21. My brother Anton fell asleep without awakening.

March 3. Marya my sister. Now I am all alone.

New York; James Baldwin. (Notes of a Native Son)

The story of my childhood is the usual bleak fantasy.

We can dismiss it.

I certainly would not consider living it again.

## And quote, Guardini;

How old men are! But the child is young  
it has the simplicity of eye and heart  
which welcomes all that is new and salutary,  
the attitude of a faith open to all that comes from God,  
ready to accept all consequences.

The young of heart are ready for consequences.  
Ready for the consequences of this Child,  
Who was boy, youth, man in the world,  
whose joy is a victory over sin and fear and malice  
over wars and rumors of wars  
over poverty and injustice

Whose joy be ours this Christmas and forever. Amen.





Four or five years ago one of JM's editors participated in a group discussion of the apostolate to foreign students in the United States. The discussion has been going on for some few moments when a young woman, exercising the prerogative of ladies to be late, came in and sat down. Our editor, with a casual glance, mentally filed her in the category: well-turned-out young lady, attractively dressed. She played a major role in the remaining discussions and impressed our man with her knowledge of the problems and her very practical approach to solutions.

Two weeks later he asked someone who the young lady was. To his astonishment he

was told that she was a member of the International Catholic Auxiliaries, "which is—well, sort of—a lay religious congregation." A check with the mental file produced the image of fourteen days earlier: well-turned-out, attractively dressed, with make-up. It was a little hard to fit the new fact and the two-week-old image together, our pre-concepts being what they are. At last, however, he decided to investigate and this article-interview is the result.

(The interview is with Miss Violet Nevile, from Lincolnshire, England, the Vice-President of the International Catholic Auxiliaries (ICA).)

## SUPPLE FOR CHRIST

I was wondering, Miss Nevile, if you would tell me something about the ICA and its position among the organizations of the Church?

*Well, our society is a pious association, the lowest rung of the canonical ladder. Being the lowest rung has this advantage: it leaves us free to adapt ourselves and our way of life and our rules and so on to the requirements and the demands of the apostolate and the needs of the Church. We have chosen to remain in that category because we feel that is the most supple or flexible way of keeping ourselves ready for service for the Church.*

Just what is a pious association? How would a pious association differ from a secular institute?

*The main distinction, I think, is that a pious association is not by definition a society which is bound together for life, while a secular institute is. The secular institutes, are, of course, a much more well-constructed category in canon law.*

*We have a tremendous sense of liberty, of flexibility, of adaptation to the present moment; in order to preserve that asset we have the minimum of rules and regimentation. That certainly is one of the things that distinguishes us from secular institutes that are under the direction of The Congregation for Religious. We come under the Church's laws that deal with the laity.*

Well, since we are having so much difficulty trying to identify you ladies, why not

work with lay-apostolate terms?

*Good! One of the major influences in our formation was Pius XI's understanding of the lay apostolate: the recapitulation of all things in Christ; submitting the whole of creation, the world and man, to the kingdom of Christ.*

*Another major formative influence was the consciousness of the layman as a full member of the Mystical Body, with his own responsibility for the missionary expansion of the Church.*

*These two ideas suggested the need for lay people to take their full responsibility in the Church and for at least some to dedicate themselves to the lay missionary apostolate.*

Why missionary?

*Well, because there are areas of the world in which the Church has not yet wedded with all the human values, cultural and social. In such places there is a need for lay people who can give a special helping hand until the local laity is able to take over their own responsibility.*

*In terms of all this it seems to me that a vocation to ICA involves two things: the personal vocation for lifetime dedication and the vocation at the same time to remain very much in the world, as part of the world, in order to bring that world to Christ and to do this particularly in the mission field.*

Now we are getting somewhere! What would you say then is the exact purpose of the ICA?



*An Italian Auxiliary at Leopoldville in the Congo*



*Auxiliaries of five countries. From left, India, Italy, Congo, Korea, Germany.*

## The Editors

*Our purpose is to be a lay instrument of the Church, a completely flexible lay aid to the Church, not limited in any way. The point about being lay people is important. Very often Catholics who want to give themselves completely to the service of the Church feel that they have to withdraw from the world to do it. We want to do it while remaining in the world.*

*Do you marry?*

*No, and that is one of the things that makes for confusion. In the Church people are always connecting religious life with celibacy and, therefore, celibacy with religious life. These two things can be separated. In our life they are; we are celibates but not religious. We are lay people.*

*Could you be a bit more specific about your work?*

*We put teams of members at the disposal of a bishop in a mission territory, diocese or vicariate, for a professional apostolate and for a lay apostolate. The professional apostolate includes the works of mercy; nursing, teaching, social work and so on. We also work within the lay apostolate in the stricter sense of Catholic Action: student groups, youth groups, professional organizations, Legion of Mary, etc. . . . And then we carry on catholic action with a small c a.*

*When a girl desires to become a member, what happens?*

*In chronological order, someone who wants*

*to join the society will submit her application for acceptance into training. The training lasts a minimum of three years, at the end of which time we take an oath by which we promise that we are giving ourselves to this work for life. That promise entails living according to the statutes of the society, with the intention and spirit of the society for the apostolate; it also entails celibacy, and living in a spirit of poverty, the practice of which is very flexible and varies from country to country and from profession to profession. It entails obedience to our authorities in the society and to the statutes. Finally it entails intending to remain in the society. We renew the promise twice after two periods of five years and then we take it for life.*

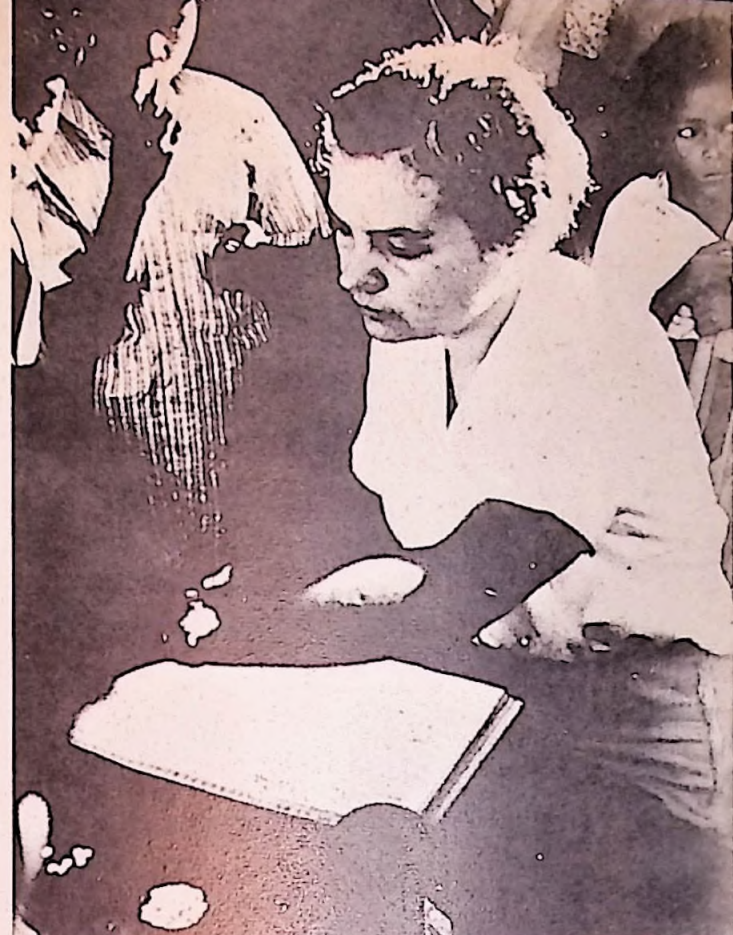
*Could you tell me something about the daily life of the auxiliaries, your dress, etc.?*

*Our dress is very difficult to describe because it is so ordinary. We dress however like the people dress wherever we happen to be.*

*We have our job and we have to regulate our life according to the work we have to do. Apart from our professional work, we have a spiritual rule, kind of a minimum spiritual rule. It is very flexible so far as the method of carrying it out is concerned. It gives us a minimum framework of daily Mass, meditation, spiritual reading, visit to the Blessed Sacrament, daily rosary, regular confession, a day of recollection every month, and an*



... with the children in Upper Volta (Africa)



... with lepers in India

*annual retreat. All of this has to be fitted in with the schedule we keep in our professional duties as secretaries, nurses, teachers, etc. . . .*

*What special fitness do you think this form of apostolate has for the Church today?*

*Our way of life seems to me to be adapted to our modern world in two ways. One is that it seems to correspond to what some girls are looking for; ICA offers a way of total dedication to our Lord for life, and at the same time it doesn't take one out of the world to some form of separated life.*

*From another point of view, that of the Church, I would say that the Church needs so many new forms of service—and the world does, too—that ICA's suppleness, its adaptability, is very much a response to modern needs.*

*Miss Nevile, can you tell us something about your work in the United States, how you got here, etc. . . .?*

*It was really because of China that we came to this country. When our members had to leave China in 1949, we were asked to try to do something about the Chinese students and refugees going to the United States. So we started The Crossroads Center in Chicago which is a cultural and recreational center for students from all over the world. It seems to serve its purpose of getting young people together and giving them the opportunity to know each others' problem and each others' worlds.*

*Today, the whole idea of lay people having something to do in the foreign mission field is making tremendous progress in the States. One of our main activities within the last few years has been to cooperate with everybody who is interested in that field and to give a helping hand to lay mission congresses, conventions and so on. We have some temporary mission training programs for people who are interested in temporary service in the missions and at the same time we have the full-time training programs for those who are interested in joining the ICA.*

*Miss Nevile, to put first things last, when did ICA start and how are you doing today?*

*Miss Yvonne Poncelet of Belgium, with 6 other young women, laid the first foundations of ICA in 1937. It was not until 1946, after W. W. II that we were able to send out our first team. Today there are about 260 of us from 25 countries working in 20 different countries.*

*What would be some of your other activities besides the Crossroads Student Center in Chicago?*

*Well, we also have student centers in Montreal, Caracas, Saigon, Seoul, Taipei, Paris, Rome and Milan. ICA doctors and nurses are at work in Asia, Africa, the Middle East and Brazil. In many places we cooperate with local efforts to increase educational opportunities and improve hygienic and health conditions.*

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OF FIVE COUNCIL REPORTS  
FROM FATHER CALVERT ALEXANDER.  
PRESSTIME EXIGENCIES  
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TO THE END OF OCTOBER.

# FLOODTIDE IN ROME

**M**ission and the missions; the collegiality of the bishops; ecumenical dialogue and the connected question of religious liberty; the apostolate of the laity:—these headings spotlight almost everything Vatican II covered in the first two-thirds of its September-through-November Third Session—and they are all missionary topics in one way or another.

This points up right away the most important thing that happened about the first of these topics, mission and the missions: it has been settled that the missions cannot be treated separately, as an "adjunct" kind of thing, but that they are deeply imbedded in the nature of the Church and therefore are involved in every aspect of Church thought and activity.

This is a happy development for the foreign missions. At least a third of the bishops at the Council are from mission territories. Yet most feel that it is an excellent thing to have the missions placed in the Schemas on the Church, on Ecumenism and the like rather than have them treated separately.

To understand this attitude is to comprehend what is regarded as the most basic disability the foreign missions have labored under for many years, the removal of which is, in the eyes of many, the first step that must be taken if the missions are to participate in that general renewal of Catholic life which the Council aims at. This disability may be described as the separation or isolation of missionary work from the main stream of the life of the Church. This position of separation has been not only geographical, something which might be understood, but it has also been theological. In the post-Tridentine theology of the Church, the foreign missions were not included; they were relegated to a position on the fringe of things where they had no essential connection with the general

mission of the Church.

This gave rise in the practical order to the viewpoint of the "two churches," one the real Catholic Church, and the other the Missionary Church, or as Yves Congar has expressed it, "the idea of a church already established and at rest on the one hand, and on the other, as some kind of adjunct, a church involved in expeditions to foreign parts," instead of the correct idea that "there is only one Church that is as a whole always and everywhere evangelical." It gave rise also to the idea that foreign missionary work was not the concern of the entire Church but only of a selected few, a heroic work indeed but almost a work of supererogation.

The new text of the Schema on the Church introduced at the outset of this session has been greatly strengthened in the expression of this missionary character of the Church. The old text was already strong. The Church, it said, is a Body founded by Christ to carry out a mission—and this mission is not purely local but for all men. The mission is to *all mankind*.

However, while approving, Cardinal Suenens had commented that there was a certain lack of missionary dynamism in the document, not enough insistence that the work of the missions was something that every Catholic should be engaged in, under penalty of not being a Catholic at all: the mission is not only to all mankind but must be by every Catholic. Archbishop de Souza, noting the growing conviction that the Church in the West is itself "in a state of mission," had feared that a local church might feel it was fulfilling its obligation of mission by working exclusively in its own area. The truth, he said, is that, since the mission of the Church is a universal one, every local church must in some way share in the reach-out to the whole world or lose its Catholic stamp. Foreign-mission interest is, in this sense, a religious necessity for every Catholic.

**C**ollegiality is "the active participation of all the bishops in union with the Pope in the work and government of the Church," and Chapter 3 on the Church which deals with it includes an Amendment 13, which declares that the College of Bishops with the Pope as head enjoys "full and supreme authority over the universal Church." This whole matter was expected to be the hottest of potatoes, since the discussion on it at the last session had been long and acrimonious, but instead the doctrine had almost completely smooth sailing as it moved toward conciliar approval.

The chief reason for this was the action taken between Sessions Two and Three by Cardinal Ottaviani's theological commission. From earlier statements by Cardinal Ottaviani and Cardinal Brown especially, everybody thought the commission would do a hatchet job on collegiality and come up with an amended document which ignored the majority will. The exact opposite happened. Not only did the new text speak strongly and clearly on collegiality, but it came to the Council floor unanimously approved by the commission members.

The fear, of course, had been that the authority of the Pope, so strongly asserted in Vatican I, would be emasculated by collegiality. At a press conference Bishop Thomas Holland of Salford, England, straightened out the thinking on this.

"... There is no collegiality unless the successor of Peter gives unity and strength to it. ... Vatican II has shown that the powers of the Head even outside a general Council are still held in the group. All that was defined about the Head (in Vatican I) is here clearer, in its full context. No word of Vatican I has been unsaid; the Holy Father's powers as Head of the Church are more firmly and clearly affirmed in the context of the permanent College of Apostles."

For the foreign missions the chief significance of collegiality is that they

"NO COUNCIL EVER SAYS THE LAST WORD ON THE MYSTERY OF THE CHURCH.  
BUT VATICAN II HAS SAID AN IMPORTANT ONE."

are not "foreign" any more in the sense of being outside any bishop's responsibility. The document itself states that "responsibility for announcing the Gospel all over the earth rests with the College of Bishops . . . Therefore, the bishops should make every effort to supply to the mission both workers in the harvest (and) material and spiritual aid." Resources for missionary work must be pooled. The Church is not a collection of isolated dioceses but "a single organic corporate body all over the world" with continuous intercommunication and a sharing of goods among the members of the body.

**E**cumenism (which had its own Schema) deals in relations with non-Catholic Christians, that is, with those who have the faith but do not belong to the Catholic Church. The missions, on the other hand, are concerned chiefly with unbelievers, so the connection between the Schema on Ecumenism and the foreign missions is not immediately apparent.

One connection arises from remembering that the ecumenical movement began among Protestant missionaries at the Edinburgh Conference of 1910. The movement was toward the unity of all Christians but what made the attainment of such unity urgent was the scandal and futility of a divided Christianity trying to preach the Gospel to more than two billion unbelievers. Catholic ecumenism is the response of the Church to this movement of the Protestant and Orthodox churches and this response is expected, by some ecumenists, to have its first impact in mission territories where Catholic missionaries will hereafter be under pressure to cooperate more closely with their Protestant and Orthodox brethren.

This is one aspect of Catholic ecumenism which has a distinct bearing on the missions. But there is another which may be of even greater importance in an indirect way. Ecumenism in seeking the union of all Christians contains within itself not only a desire for Christian unity but a methodology which will, with God's help, eventually effect this union. As is well known, this method of approach is called "a dialogue": a friendly meeting of minds concentrating on those truths held by

both sides in which there is agreement, and on a non-polemical discussion of those issues in which there is no agreement.

At the first session it was recommended that representatives of the great world religions be invited to the Council as observers, just as the Protestants and Orthodox had been. This request resulted in the setting up this year by Pope Paul VI of a commission on non-Christian religions similar to but distinct from Cardinal Bea's commission on the unity of Christians.

More significant still, when the debate about widespread use of the dialogue approach came up again, Pope Paul himself intervened. "It is clear," he said, "that the relationship between the Church and the world can assume many mutually different aspects . . . but it seems to me that (this) relationship can be presented better in a dialogue . . . adapted to the nature of the interlocutor and the factual circumstances . . . The dialogue, then, is a method of accomplishing the apostolic mission." In fact, he clearly recommended that dialogue be the chief method used by the Church not only in its approach to the separated brethren but, with proper adaptation, to all men. Modern missionary work, in short, is to be rethought in these terms rather than those of conquest or crusade or any figure of speech that connotes colonialism or a desire to dominate.

**T**he debate on the declaration regarding religious liberty, which is part of the Schema on Ecumenism, showed that all the Fathers urgently favored some statement but differed widely among themselves about how the statement was to be phrased and what it was to include. This session's statement is much stronger than that introduced at Session Two, and the added strength has turned out to be an added weakness as far as gaining unanimous and unamended approval goes.

The Americans are, as a group, almost solidly behind the declaration even (perhaps especially) in its stronger form. Cardinal Cushing said that it safeguards a "decent respect for the opinion of mankind." Revision of the text was all right, he said, but nothing should

be done to water it down. The question of religious liberty is not in his view complicated but simple, embracing just two things: 1) assertion of the freedom of the Church, i.e., her divine right to achieve her supernatural end, and 2) insistence by the Church on this right for every human being.

Another and more unexpected proponent was Cardinal Silva Henriquez of Santiago, Chile, who—speaking for 58 Latin American bishops—not only supported the declaration but supported it in its strongest form. "Especially in Latin America (this declaration) will dissipate certain opportunistic ideas, according to which the stand on religious liberty would vary accordingly as the Church is in the majority or in the minority. The declaration will have a special impact on the work of evangelization. The peoples of Latin America need a new Christianization. They need to adapt their preaching methods and to pay more attention to the evolution of the human personality. This declaration will be an incentive to purer apostolic activities—those that do not stop at proselytism (which is a deviation from general Christian witness). In some localities the quantity of conversions may drop, but their quality will increase."

Other prelates from heavily Catholic countries understandably had objections since they felt that the document had in mind the situation in "Christian" countries but not in Catholic ones. Predictably, Cardinal Ottaviani engaged in close, and often penetrating, analysis of the text, particularly criticising some of the cited reasons behind the declarations.

He felt, too, that "what is said of proselytism should be omitted completely. It could easily be used against us to get us out of missionary fields." But what was said about proselytism was, among other things, that religious groups are entitled to carry on sincere and honest propagation of their own religion, but must refrain from any proselytism which would employ dishonest means—which would give Catholics as well as others freedom to operate anywhere.

Mediating, Cardinal Ritter suggested to the moderators that they separate the vote on the substance of the declaration from the vote approving the reasons listed. Anything argumentative should

be avoided but the minimum declaration must be "that all men have an inborn right to religious freedom."

**T**he so-called declaration "on the Jews" has been so widely publicized that a couple of notes on it should suffice. The first is that the new text divides itself in space about equally between Jews and other non-Christians, thus giving the ecumenical spirit its fullest meaning and scope. The second is that a final paragraph on discrimination has been added, which reads, in part: "all honest men and Christians particularly must refrain from any act of discrimination for reasons of race, color, social condition or religion."

Missionary bishops warmly praised these extensions, particularly the inclusion in the document of the Moslems and other non-Christians. On the other hand, Catholics from Arab countries strongly opposed there being any statement on the Jews at all, since it would be "politically inopportune." However, so many Fathers spoke in support of the declaration, insisting specifically that "offensive ambiguities" be taken out of the part on the Jews, that it is very likely that, if anything, that section of the text will be returned to its original strength.

When the Schema on "The Apostolate of the Laity" was finally introduced, the bishops professed themselves appalled by what Cardinal Ritter called its "weakness of clerical expression, prolix and diffuse style and abstract presentation of doctrine" as well as the tendency to be patronizing in tone. These defects are partly attributable to the fact that the total doctrine on the laity is split between the Schema on the Church (the theological basis), the present Schema, and the Schema on "The Church in the Modern World" which is under discussion at this writing.

**C**ouncil action has opened both vistas and rifts—as, one supposes, every watershed does. Willa Cather, the novelist, felt that the world broke apart about 1920; from that time on she only wanted to hark back. So with many older Catholics and the changes of stress issuing from the Council. It is to the credit of the Conciliar Fathers (who,

being bishops, are not exactly beardless youths) that they are, against nature but by predominant vote, both modern-thinking and forward-looking.

The vistas occupy most of the forefront. But, in all fairness, the rifts should be noted, and noted with sympathy. It is extraordinarily difficult for a cleric who has achieved a "position of reverence" among the people to see that position, as he views it, questioned and forfeited. In being set against the legislated changes of posture and of tone, he will be joined and supported by those who communicate with him—but these do not (although he does not realize this) include any of the emerging young laity, but only the laity whose status, like his own, depends on the old order staying put.

One conjured-up example should suffice. An elderly pastor was wont to bedeck his letters to the laity with (figuratively) hearts, flowers and beneficent angels. His assistant (without denying any of these as realities) felt that this heavy leaning on the violin strings tended to make people throw up rather than donate, and so re-wrote the letters on Madison Ave. lines. The pastor was sure that the curate gave a bad image of the priesthood; and vice versa. Shall the twain meet? Only after years, perhaps.

It is certain that many older Protestants will share the pastor's viewpoint. They want priests to be priests as they have for years known them, nuns to be nuns as they have for years known them, Catholics to be Catholics as they have for years known them. Any larger or looser or slantwise stance shakes them, because it shakes the bandwagon. And . . . "By gad, that's not what Catholics mean to me!"

But the mystery of the Church, its *mystique* (which must be reflected in its members), is—as one Council Father said—something "which no Council will ever thoroughly penetrate." It is better understood in each succeeding age, particularly as to the way in which that age grasps what are, in the Spirit, the stresses pertinent for those who need to be saved *now*—not yesterday, not tomorrow, but *now*.

There will necessarily be a lot of back-and-forthness, a lot of strong (albeit courteous), subway-type pushing and pulling—and not only among Catholics

but among other Christians, too. The old should remember, as pointed out here, that growth is by definition an annoyance to them; the young zealots should remember that, despite Conciliar blessing on the present trend, nobody has elected them God.

All should remember St. John's words, which are also Vatican's: "He who loves God must also love his brother."



# The India Beyond Bombay

IT IS OLD, IT IS TIRED, AND HUNGRY



The news releases at the present time are concerned mostly with the Eucharistic Congress in the city of Bombay. There is mention of the ravens which besiege the city and are the first familiar sight to greet the homecoming Indian. But beyond Bombay there is another India where nothing is the same except the ravens. This is the village India, the very heart of the subcontinent, where the customs and way of life of yesterday are still the mold in which the majority of the people live out their lives. There are about half a million villages in India. In many ways they may differ, one from the other. There are 14 main languages with several hundred variations in dialect; the religious beliefs of one village will not match those of another; the age-old shadow of caste falls differently across each community; the outside world of schools, science and modern technology has penetrated more fully into some villages than others. Over 80% of the people in this vast country live by agriculture, but it is a kind of farming which is always on the brink of disaster. There is an ominous upward curve on the famine charts of the past two centuries for the inexorability of the tropical climate leaves the absolutely essential harvest, year after year, at the mercy of too little or too much rain. Let there be no harvest—and people die. It is not unusual to go a full day without eating in many parts of India. There is another side to the village life. In every economy there must be those who have other professions besides farming. Yet those who follow the trades in larger centers have the same struggle for daily subsistence. The supermarket has not come to the villages and they ply their trades in the open air as their forerunners did through the centuries. The Indian government is making every attempt to reach these village people, for they realize a certain material level is essential to human development and the majority of those who make up the India beyond Bombay is still well below that level. May the tide soon turn.



There is no clerical discount given by the potter the **hariah-walla**, in his open air shop. He works a long day, from seven in the morning to seven at night and his average take is less than a dollar a day. He asks six annas (7¢) to two rupees (45¢) for his wares. Only the pots in his immediate vicinity are his, for this is the potters' bazaar.



**Vadya**, the medicine man, can cure all diseases of men and beasts and Phool Prakash Singh has been in the business for 35 years. With mortar and pestle he grinds up his herbs and treats every ailment imaginable. His income is about \$20 a month. To attract customers he decorates his stall with the skins and skulls of wild animals.

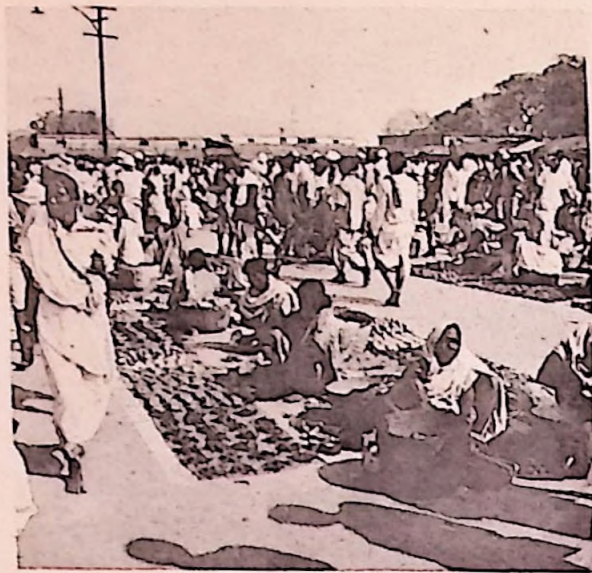


**Char-pai walla**, the bed-weaver, has to support his wife, four daughters and two sons on thirty cents a day. His only possessions are cooking utensils and a mud hut. An Adivisi, one of the aboriginals of the land, he cuts his wood and makes his ropes during the off season. His philosophy is to face each day unafraid, forgetting the past.



**Haridas**, the **pan-walla**, started his pan or betel shop with ten rupees borrowed from a friend. His pan consists of betel nut, lime and betel leaf as basic ingredients to which he adds cardamon or tobacco as his customers wish. How is business? Well, he charges a half cent for each serving of his pan and his daily take is only thirty cents.

It is bazaar day and the villagers leave their homes before dawn to get to market early. Some walk as far as forty miles but they would not sell their goods (poultry, potatoes, onions, rice, etc.) along the way for it is not the custom and they are bound by the old ways. Also, that would deprive them of the excuse of going to the market.



In the south of India the barber is not regarded too highly and those who are shaved or have their hair cut must immediately bathe. In the north, however, the barber is often the most important person in the village after the Brahman. The difference results from the various attitudes, religious and traditional, towards hair.



The **chana-jore walla** deals in gram, a concoction of chick peas roasted and mixed with hot spices such as chili, onion or pepper. His day runs from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m. except on festivals when he is up all night. He makes about two rupees (45¢) a day and food for his family comes to 20¢ a day and a month's lodging to about \$2.30.



**Father Felix Farrell S.J.** of Chuhari in the Champaran District describes how deeply the significance of food penetrates Indian thought.

A ladle of rice, boiled, period. That is the fare for millions in India when the dinner bell rings. There is a Hindi saying, ages-old and worldwide in meaning, "The hand which holds the ladle rules the world." Moses found this out, Christ again pointed it out, world history tells the story over and over again. Our poor people here say, "First a bite within, then to God attend." And a bite is all it is; while half the people have only rice to eat, half of these again have not enough rice, just a bite, maybe a ladle of rice, boiled and flavored with a pinch of salt if any is available.

If it is not rice, it is bread. Not the kind of bread you know but simply a cup of coarse flour, mixed with a cup of water into dough, rolled to a quarter inch thickness and cooked in a minute on a hot dry plate. With the rice or bread a bit of fish or vegetable is called for, but the ordinary man is forced to eat his bread and merely imagine his fish. The story is told of a certain man who was seen everyday to take his plate of boiled rice and go down to the riverside to eat. Asked the reason for this, he replied, "To eat rice and fish." Being asked where was the rice curry, he pointed to his rice and then to the river. "Here the rice, there the fish!"

When a missionary preaches to hungry people, he won't get much of a response. When there is no food, there will be less attention. In visiting a village the children are always the center of attention and conversation. If the youngsters are hungry, you simply cannot get the ball rolling among the oldsters. But once the harvest grain is stored away, everybody is happy and then you can work wonders; ears and minds are open to you. The change from worry-filled minds and empty stomachs to happy faces is seen in the Hindi couplet:

*Mora gachi bel, leka machhi bhel,*  
The rice is barely planted, the children  
die like flies of hunger,

*Khet phala dana ho gel gala phula gena  
ho gel*

The rice is now harvested; their cheeks  
turn red and round.

It may be only the poorest kind of grain that is harvested, still they will sing and make the most of it. The poor woman compelled to provide her children with bread of some cheap horse-meal instead of healthy white wheat-meal will nevertheless sing at the grinding stone as if she were grinding wheat. "*Pisi bajra gawe gehun*—grind horse-meal, sing of wheat flour." At the same time the man of the house will pray while at work that God will grant him at least enough to take care of all. "May the Giver give enough for family, so that one's own may be filled, nor guest nor guru go hungry."

Dependence on God for food, for all, is acknowledged by the laborer as he stops to take a midday lunch, which may be but his morning breakfast. He will raise eyes and hands to heaven in a gesture as receiving all from God. The saying goes, "*Bhajan par bhojan, sajjan jan*—he is a true man who prays before meals."

Every able-bodied man knows that food is the fruit of labor. "First sweat, then sweet" or some similar saying is worldwide. In Hindi it is exactly that: "*Pahla sewa, tab mewa*." And the great importance of food to the Indian people is emphasized in the way they use it as a standard of criticism for a man's character. If a laborer attacks his food like a trencherman, even though he has well earned it, yet the amount consumed will bring upon him the name of mortal enemy of food. A lazy man will be taunted by, "*Kam ka hai, an ka hai, dushman*—enemy of work and enemy of food." The lazy man will jump quickly to work when he hears levelled at himself the sharp line that says he is slow to pray, a sloth at work but a fighter for food—"Nam men askat, kam men ghaskat, an men harkat." Nor does any man particularly desire to be told by his neighbors that his tombstone will bear the telling epitaph, "*Aylan, khaylan,*



*gaylan*—he came, he ate, he went."

It is not difficult to appreciate this pre-occupation with food when it plays so large a part in the lives of the people. Hunger is a common thing to them, and life becomes one long struggle just to ease that ache. They have so little to reach for, so much labor involved in attaining that little, so much risk insofar as that little may disappear just as it seems to be within their grasp. Those who come with speeches full of empty promises will be heckled with a phrase we all know and in Hindi runs, "*Man modak nahin bhukh butai*—sweet words butter no parsnips."

The missionary's message is fully "*man modak*," sweet for the spirit, but he must pray and work at the same time to satisfy the hunger of a people that, like the Gospel crowds, will follow after Christ to hear his message.

There is no mistaking the evident gladness when the harvest is safely in hand. Too often in India the rains or drought have meant long months with scarcely enough food to sustain life.



# WORLD MISSION & THE LAYMAN

## DATA AND VITA

*Thomas E. Quigley*

**I**nternational service is where you find it. For years, people looked on the missionary aspect of the Church as just that—one side of the whole work, largely divorced from the day to day “stateside” concerns of American Catholics. Today we know that the whole Church is in mission and that the world is one. The international dimension is gradually permeating every aspect of our lives, as it must, and imaginative new departures in “missionary outreach” (secular as well as religious) are feverishly weaving a tapestry of hope over the somber background of world tensions and explosive injustices.

DATA and VITA are two examples of a secular missionary outreach that deserve to be better known both here and abroad. Indeed, in conversations recently with members of several mission-sending societies, it was evident that few were even aware of the existence of these two organizations and none had availed themselves of the highly useful services provided by them. Only Maryknoll,

it seems, through the tireless efforts of Father Eugene Higgins’ Maryknoll Overseas Extension Service, has developed a structure whereby the technical help offered by DATA, VITA and others can be brought to bear on the actual field situation of the missionary.

VITA is the abbreviation for Volunteers for International Technical Assistance, with headquarters at 1206 State Street, Schenectady, New York. Out on the other coast is DATA, Development and Technical Assistance, centered at 437 California Avenue, Palo Alto, California.

Both provide technical advice to individuals on small-scale problems, both enlist the voluntary services of American scientists, engineers, technicians and other qualified experts, both work through Americans overseas whether in private or governmental programs. Their origins and histories and, to some small extent, their “philosophies,” differ from one another; nor are their organizational outlines entirely comparable. But, however each expresses its purpose and shapes its structure, both are strikingly modern examples of effective world concern and international cooperation.

The self-description of each organization provides a clue to their slight ideological differences. VITA, quite business-like, describes itself as “a non-profit association of American

scientists and engineers who have volunteered their free time and skills to assist people who are seeking to help in raising the living standards in other nations. Since VITA’s members have full-time jobs, most of this assistance consists of free technical advice or solutions for technical problems sent in to VITA’s central office. All of VITA’s members donate their time and services in the conviction that enduring peace can be achieved only by eliminating the great disparities that exist among the living standards of the nations of the world.”

This, of course, is language familiar to all. It is the language of our government in its technical assistance foreign aid programs; it is the language of many of our church-related and other private agencies engaged in economic and social development.

There are other vocabularies for expressing the same basic ideas, however. Other church and private agencies and, for a government example, perhaps the Peace Corps, choose to emphasize the person-to-person aspects, and thus offer a more obviously spiritual approach. Far from there being any opposition or incompatibility, the two approaches are, in fact, equally essential. The big and the little, the institutional and the personal, the pragmatic and the ideological are inevitably dependent on each other and neither can be wholly

successful without the other.

DATA, then, has a style more in keeping with a kind of missionary approach to the world. "DATA International is a non-governmental, tax-exempt, voluntary agency. As an information clearing house operating by mail, DATA provides opportunity for Americans at home and abroad to work together to aid their international friends and neighbors by matching knowledge with needs. This helps build effective person-to-person communication, relating moral and spiritual values with Development and Technical Assistance. DATA International is rooted in the belief that man's humanity to man is God-given and that this resource must be tapped and channeled from one individual to another."

**T**he origins of each group illustrate other differences. In 1958, a young man on overseas assignment for Los Angeles State College visited 222 countries, accumulating folkways sound and picture archives for a new library. On his travels, Will Rose became aware of the frustration of many Americans living and working abroad among people suffering from a lack of knowledge to solve everyday problems long since overcome in the United States. Solutions for thousands of individual problems, many of them similar, existed but the necessary "switchboard" connecting the

problem with the answer was lacking. Working from the basic facts that people overseas needed help, that Americans living among them needed to find a way to help, and that Americans at home wanted to help, Rose set up the clearing house for information that became DATA.

Not long after this, a group of scientists and engineers in the East, meeting informally during a professional conference, expressed their concern about the desperate need and growing unrest in developing countries. They fully agreed that large-scale government aid in the construction of highways and electric power facilities, and in the development of mines, agriculture and industries was absolutely vital. But they believed that a complementary program was also needed, one to give technical advice to individuals on small-scale problems.

Many people in these countries, they argued, will not feel the impact of the big aid programs for some time to come. Meanwhile, they need help to improve their standards of living. Thus, with an initial grant from the Office of Technical Services of the ICA (predecessor of the Agency for International Development), VITA was born. And by it, the technical community of physical scientists and engineers (and even doctors, anthropologists and specialists in other fields) came into foreign

aid on a scale that is possible only on a volunteer and interested basis.

**E**ach organization has grown rapidly, a witness to the need and to the readiness of skilled persons to help. VITA numbers some 700 professional consultants, freely giving their time to work out problems. DATA has more than twice this number on its consultant panel and a network of 2,000 overseas Americans acting as volunteer representatives. (Any U.S. citizen abroad is eligible to serve as intermediary between a local problem and the DATA information resources.)

Whether the problem is one of water seepage in Northern Rhodesia, of fishing techniques in Korea, of a solar water heater in Mexico, of the use of rice husks in the Dominican Republic or of bat control in Nigeria, VITA and DATA exist to help. To the outside observer, the two groups may seem, like tweedledum and tweedledee, so similar that some form of nexus should be sought between them. But that is an internal matter for the two organizations to decide and it does not follow that a super DATA-VITA would necessarily enlist more consultants or process more requests than the two do separately.

What is to be hoped, however, is that Catholic overseas personnel, religious and lay, will make grateful use of these truly providential resources.

# A LEGEND GROWS OLD

by Norman A. Fuller S. J.

*The mammoth car used in the procession for the goddess Andal rumbles through the streets, hauled by thousands of devotees. It is very probable that this car will not run again, due to modern conditions.*



Processions of saints and deities are undoubtedly older than Christianity. We are told that among the ancient Greeks, images of Athena, Poseidon, and even of great Jupiter were carried in honor through the streets of Greek cities.

And in the east, the processions go on also. In Srivilliputtur, in South India, the Hindus venerate one of the most renowned of all their images, that of the goddess Andal.

A charming legend tells how the young girl Andal was found one day in a poet's garden. The poet was so enchanted by her beauty, that he resolved to raise her as his own daughter. But one day, to her father's wrath, the girl decked herself in flowers that had been set aside for the god Krishna. Reassured in a vision, the poet came to understand that Andal was favored of the god; Krishna preferred in fact the flowers that were offered to him only after they had been worn in the tresses of the little girl.

The legend fleshes out the facts of history, which tell of a mysterious woman, Andal, one of the twelve Vishnu devotees who swept like a flame through South India over a thousand years ago, kindling a great revival of popular religion. No less than four thousand hymns have been preserved from this period of the religious life of the country. The hymns constitute one of the great religious classics of the Tamils, and are used today in temple worship side by side with the Sanscrit Veda.

This ancient Vishnu revival was extraordinary for the joyous quality of its worship, a joy which is reflected in the hymns which survive today. The Vishnus gave themselves fully to the god as the songs and symbols of their faith permeated their being. The sacred books instruct the believer to yield himself to the sacred presence: "When one is overcome by the *bhakti* exaltation, trembling in every cell of his being, he must freely and passively allow this influence to penetrate his existence, and carry him beyond all known states of consciousness. Never for fear, or shame of being taken as a madman, ought the rapture that deluges his being to be suppressed."

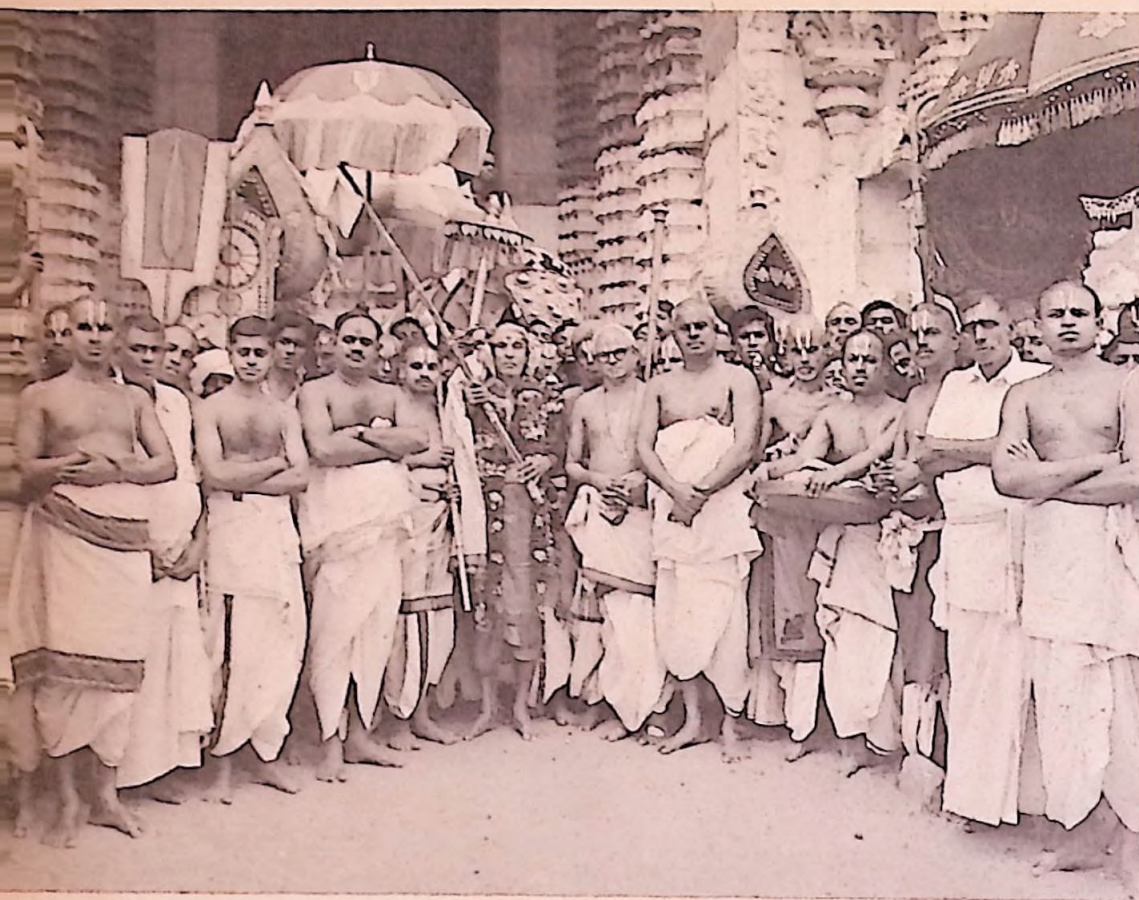
The Vishnus, simply, perceived God in

everything. Under the most intimate terms borrowed from friendship and marriage, their songs sought to express the passionate hunger of man for God. The term used to designate the believer, "*alvar*," meant one who had gone deep into the knowledge of God, and was entirely immersed in His presence. "With love for lampbowl, with desire as oil, with mind filled with bliss, with heart filled to overflowing, I have kindled the light of wisdom in the song which I have wrought for my god." A yearning for the divine is indeed the strongest note of these lovely hymns. In comparison with God, they say, the world can offer only its valueless substitutes of honor, power and wealth.

For westerners, the Hindu religion conjures up images of temples adorned (or marred) with countless sculptures, grotesque or carnal, repellent or radiant with beauty. Something strange and rather innocuous goes on in the temples; it is at most an interesting ceremony, a bit of eastern folklore. And nothing more. Not all visitors to the east have the horizon or capacity to penetrate to the heart of the matter, to understand the worshippers who are expressing their love of God in a way far different from our ways.

Yet no one could entirely fail to admire a love of God as deep and obvious as that of the Indian poor. To stand in the throngs of worshippers who bend low before the sacred image as it rides high on its great car during a religious festival, is indeed to enter to some degree into the soul of India. The poor have the gospel preached to them. And until the advent of Christ, the gospel of Vishnu is a noble preparation.

Like many of the towns of South India, Srivilliputtur keeps the memory of the goddess Andal green. A great temple is dedicated to her presence. At the time of the daily evening prayer, crowds move slowly through the aisles, between the sculptured images, cut from hardest granite. At the sound of a bell, worshippers gather near the sanctuary door. Suddenly the veil is drawn aside: Andal, the Lady of Srivilliputtur, is revealed in her primitive child-like grandeur. A priest enters from



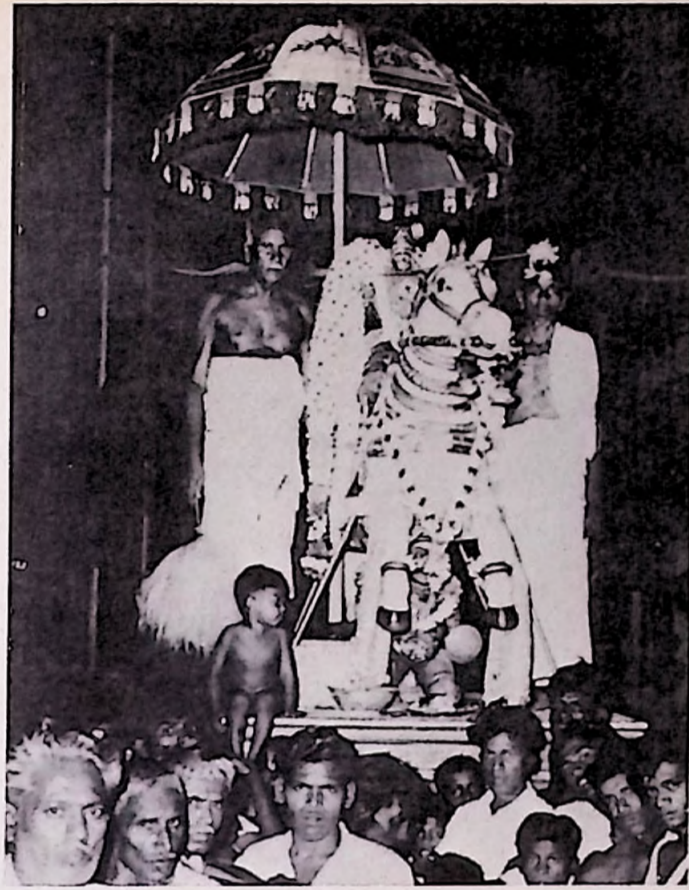
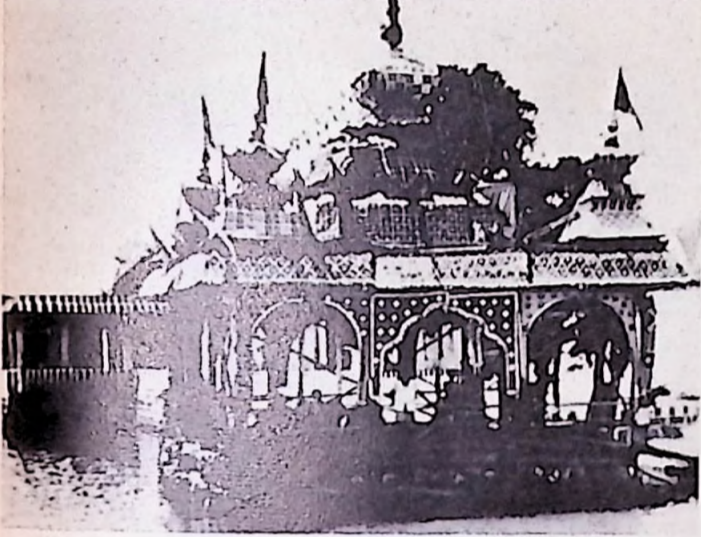
the inner sanctuary, cupping in his hands an oil flame that has rested before the image. He holds this out to the believers, who allow the flames to touch their hands for a moment, then cover their faces with their warmed hands to breathe the cleansing influence of the sacred fires.

And the goddess Andal has her sacred car, and her special festival. Each July, the image is borne from the temple, and set in its ancient vehicle. There is perhaps no more fantastic or moving sight in all India, than the temple car, high as a five-story building, covered with offerings of flowers and food, moving along like a great covenant ark. Nine wheels support the car, nine layers of wood build up its pyramid, nine iron hoops tied to nine hawsers bear the colossus along. The sides of the car are intricately carved with scenes from the life of Krishna. Each year the carvings are coated anew with oil; as no attempt is made to clean away the grime of the roads, the carvings recede more and more into a mystic impenetrable frieze. The procession winds around the temple, a distance of about one and one half miles; a pilgrim's progress indeed, with its own hills of doubt and

valleys of indecision and ruts and roadblocks. Some three thousand believers grasp the great ropes; the mammoth car rolls along to the sound of drums and the cries of entreaty and intercession. And since the festival falls in the midst of the hottest season, the penitential aspects of the journey are evident and even formidable.

The procession halts several times in its progress, and the people scramble up the sides of the car, to lay at the feet of Andal the offerings they have brought to her festival; plantains, flowers, fruits, betel nuts and leaves. Truly, the mysterious little child in the poet's garden has been well served by time and faith.

But the days of the immemorial procession, at least in its present form, are almost at an end. Each year, the progress of the image and its car becomes more difficult in the teeming city. Along the relatively narrow streets, power lines must be cut or dismantled to allow the car to pass. At street corners, the vehicle lurches unsteadily into store fronts and houses, and boards and bricks come flying off. Water and sewage pipes, often laid just under ground surface, are crushed by



(Far left) A group of Vaishnavite Brahmin dignitaries inside the temple. Next photo is of the goddess Andal who was also one of the great Tamil poets. On this page are the gate-tower of Andal's temple, one of the highest in South India; the raft for floating the deities to the central pavilion of the tank; and Andal, mounted on a horse, in procession through the main streets of Srivilliputtur.

the wheels of the behemoth; in the melee, people have even been trampled to death. It all adds up to an impossible yearly rout; an unpredictable sacred elephant in a fragile china shop of humans. So the giant vehicle, by implicit consent, has been gathering dust in its temple corner for the past few years. In its place, a smaller and more manageable cart has been making the annual circuit, with considerably less chaos and turmoil.

A change, and indeed a very minor one, in the religious picture of South India. In such a civilization the religious life is luxuriant and unkillable. A dead tree falls in the night; in a few days, in the moist, rich soil, another sapling rises in silence, struggling toward the sun. In Indian nature as in Indian religion, nothing dies but something is born.

Meantime, too, the Christians continue their struggle toward a deeper service to India. They have a great history to point the way; indeed, India has been the scene of great and exciting experiments in Christian beginnings. The form of her future is, of course, the real question. It is true that India has awakened great dreams in great men, that her history has included some of the noblest

and most imaginative spirits of historic Christianity. Still, it must be admitted that the Church, in the long view of things, has shown in the main, a stubborn clinging to western forms, a lack of inventiveness in facing a new world. Such defects have kept her for hundreds of years in a minority status, preserving an identity that has almost invariably been an enigma to the Indians themselves. Such defects have also prevented Christians from affecting the classes of India on whom de Nobili and his immediate circle had so pentecostal an impact—the Brahmins.

But a new breath is astir in the ancient villages and towns. The Church is sharing in the spirit of revaluation and renewal which is the very heart of the Vatican Council's effort. She is asking questions; questioning herself, questioning her history, questioning her contribution to Indian life.

And when one stands at some distance from the right answers (as indeed Christians stand almost everywhere today) asking the right questions can be the prelude to a future which is new in every sense; more faithful to the universal gospel, more attentive to the holiness and beauty of the great world religions.



## *From all points a jm report*

### **HONDURAS**

#### Flight to Heal

This and the following item are about Christmas, for they are about people who stretched Christmas through the summer, giving not things, but themselves.

Minas de Oro in Central America's Republic of Honduras is a small shoe-making town which hasn't made the map yet. Thither last August came Doctor and Mrs. Louis G. Bunting of Hebron, Nebraska, and their two sons, students at Nebraska's Wesleyan University, to donate a month's medical services.

Doctor Bunting, being both economical and adventurous, flew down in his own single-engine plane. The economical part worked all right, since the trip cost him only \$64 in gas and oil, but the adventurousness was almost a gulp more than bargained for. Head winds ate up his fuel and the last part of the flight was spent on the alert for a forced-landing spot, not easily found in this hill country.

But he made it, although with a practically empty tank. Six hundred and thirty sick in Minas and some forty in nearby Esquias bless the day he did.

The doctor (who was helped by his sons as halfway interpreters, since they knew "some" Spanish) liked the experiment so much that he hopes to do it again next year—with extra fuel, however.

### **MEXICO**

#### Builders in Hope

San Cristobal Las Casas in the state of Chiapas, Mexico, is a pretty far piece from State Street in Chicago, but that is where nine stu-

dents from Loyola University plus six from Cincinnati's Xavier University plus two Jesuit scholastics from West Baden in Indiana spent eleven weeks last summer. They were on a "mission," a gift by persons of themselves to other persons in need. Or, put another way, they were finding out how to *make* history under the inspiration of a history professor, Loyola's Father Charles E. Ronan S.J.

The 3,600-mile trip down was done in student cars, a pilgrims' progress that was often hilarious, more often precarious. In San Antonio, Texas, the pilgrims' path crossed that of another Loyola student group, out doing volunteer survey work for the Glenmary Fathers.

In Chiapas (which is as far south and east in Mexico as you can get without jumping off into Guatemala), the project was to build a small (30 x 50 feet) trade school for the Tzotzil Indians of Huistan, a mountain hamlet 25 miles from San Cristobal. The idea, warmly approved by the pastor, Padre César Martinez, was to help the folk learn skills (leatherwork, carpentry, etc.) by which they could help themselves rather than just to donate physical "salvation" in the form of roofing, piping or the like.

Everyone pitched in. The Bishop himself (Msgr. Samuel Ruiz Garcia) gave the lodgings; local Cursillo people gave trucks and discounts; Sears Roebuck of Mexico City (a store with a heart) gave supplies and tools; and Raul Jimenez, the young president of Accion Catolica, gave everything.

By clever Yankee planning (and, of course, by dint of necessity) the work fell in the midst of the rainy season. Commuting to Huistan

was literally swimming through mud—for the privilege of working boot-top deep in mud when one got there. But, despite all, the work was complete in mid-August.

All returned with deep satisfaction and warm memories of new friends. Returned to school? Oh, yes, that, of course. But mostly to begin planning next year's project at once.

## **BENGAL**

### **Jungle Repairs**

Our man in India, Father Stevenson, writes as follows . . . "The Nipponex Zoom camera ((bought in Japan) began slipping in Darjeeling. The film would roll, but the shutter would click on only a few frames. A slight disaster, that, with the big part of the trip ahead. But, down in Gayagunga, out in the North Bengal nowhere at a Canadian station where we arrived at nine p.m. for the night, there was Brother Krull. Mark that boy in the annals. He's a machinist—tractors, tanks, welding, lathes, etc. Sez he: 'Gimme that camera. It's just a mechanism, ain't it?'

"So with well-oiled banana fingers he proceeds to disembowel endless watchlike parts on the kitchen table—with a screwdriver filed from an old steel spring out of the organ and a big monkey wrench (used on the generator) for stubborn small bolts!

"I and the boys at this lone base sat around and prayed (till two a.m.) while this mad genius undid the camera, found a loose screw, and re-assembled it like no Japanese factory ever saw. It works! We lost one tiny screw—from a no-matter place—and the sight of four SJ's at two a.m. in a beat-up kitchen in the Bengal jungle, by the glaring light of a hissing Primus lamp, on hands and knees under a kitchen table looking for a fly-speck screw would bring tears to Mother's eyes.

"While Brother was ploughing on, we broke out a precious jar of chicken and washed it down with cocoa (I think). That was the week that was and you can imagine the gratitude.

"The Krull (with full beard) is of German stock from Saskatchewan in Canada; stationed at St. Joe's, North Point, and down here to get their new generator working: a guy in the best missionary tradition.

"They'll mail the screw if they find it. Ah, missions!"

## **MALAWI**

### **Pint-size Integration**

American lay-missionaries and Peace Corpsmen report from Malawi in Africa that their children have absolutely no trouble fitting in with the young Africans. They enthusiastically join in catching, roasting and eating mice. One six-year-old gourmet confessed that while he disliked white ants when fresh, because "they wiggle in your mouth," he found them delicious fried. How does a mother know she has captured the innocent hearts of all local tots? When they start dragging into her kitchen trophies of the chase, as (item) one four-foot lizard, freshly dead.

## **CAROLINE ISLANDS**

### **King-size Lizards**

These iguanas flourish under different names all around the world's tropical belt. Four feet is nothing. One species, if loved and cherished, gets to be five or six feet long. A tiny and idyllic island north of the Palau group in the Pacific's Carolines once had a plague of iguanas, all strapping.

The reptiles had been brought in toward the end of the war by the local Japanese garrison, whose hero-type commander en-



*Father Stevenson, in Taiwan, with coy subject.*

visioned living off the land and fighting to the last man. (Unfortunately he and his men were bypassed, got to do no fighting at all except among themselves, and were invaded only by a Japanese admiral who came to tell them, peevishly, that the war had been over for some time and they should go home.)

By 1947 iguanas (whom nobody around would dream of eating) outnumbered people; they found the islanders' chickens slow-footed and nourishing. Everybody started taking pot shots at the iguanas which, on a small island, can be uncomfortable. The Navy, installed at the time as Trust Administrator, stocked the island with a certain strain of frog, since they had it from experts that the iguanas couldn't resist these and died instantly after eating even one. This happened, too. An iguana (we see him as a middle-aged crabby type whom nobody cared for anyway) ate a frog and died. At once word passed around among the iguanas: "Lay off the frogs, kids."

At last report the islanders, blessed by modern civilization, needed psychiatrists more than anything else. They now had a plague of iguanas *and* a plague of frogs.

## ROME

### A Missionary Dies

About every 20 years or so, the Society of Jesus (the Jesuits) elect their Father General.

When elected, the General runs the Society for the rest of his life. In 1946 the Jesuits elected John Baptist Janssens of Belgium to be the General.

In his quiet way, Father Janssens changed the missionary face of the Society. Whenever he could, he created independent provinces (thus guaranteeing local administration) in developing countries. Psychologically and historically this was a move of immense significance. It has speeded the growth of the Church in India, Ceylon, Indonesia, Japan, Formosa, the Philippines and Central Africa. He also promoted in countless countries the establishment of Social Research Institutes to help with the economic development of poor peoples the world over.

A slight, modest man, he would have been embarrassed to read the sincere praise written of him after his death on October 5th, 1964. May he rest in peace.

## JAPAN

### Never in Brooklyn!

The picture below gives you an idea of the strange and alarming courtesy with which our national pastime is approached in Japan. "I don't know what it is," says the Gashouse Fan, "but it won't sell here!"

We are waiting for the next picture to find out what goes on *after* the game.



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# WANTED

## for Jesuit Missions

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Christmas is a day to recall most gratefully Christ's gift of Himself to all men. In doing so, we Jesuits cannot but help recall your great generosity in His name to us during the past year. May He bless you. It will be our Christmas prayer that your charity reap its true reward, Who is Christ.

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### 1. IF YOU GIVE A WRAP

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We receive countless requests from our missionaries for items you may have at home, no longer of much use. We would like to list three. If you have them and can give them, then please wrap them up and send them to us. *Doctors or just anyone:* used microscopes; *house wives:* sewing machines, electric or portable; *everyone:* old L.P. records, particularly of ballads, speeches, recitations of poetry, etc. . . .

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### 2. UNDERSTANDING THE WORD

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Missionaries are overjoyed with the recent liturgical changes. They have been urging the Church for many years to speak the language of the people. In almost every one of the 80 countries in which we work we will have to buy new missals (\$45.00), breviaries (\$20.00), sacrificial manuals (\$8.00), pocket rituals (\$5.00). Our missionaries and their people would be most grateful for whatever gift you can give.

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### 3. OHIO CORN IN INDIA

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Father Joe Knecht was an Ohio farmer before he became a Jesuit. Now he works in rural India and has two requests: 1.) that we make it possible for him to work in three places of his big mission district among India's poor at the same time; 2.) that we try to interest our readers in supporting his model farm. He has started the farm to instruct the people in the art of wresting a better living from India's begrudging soil. In this issue (pp. 17-19) we detail the starvation existence of millions in India. A gift of a few dollars could help young Father Joe change the lives of some of them. Many thanks.

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### 4. SCHOOLS ARE IMPORTANT

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In Osorno, Chile, our Maryland Province Fathers are building a new school, strong enough to withstand earthquakes. Everybody knows how necessary Christian education is in Chile today, but people don't ordinarily like to give money for a school. The need in Osorno is so great that we are going to risk an appeal. You could dedicate a room in the school to the memory of someone in your

family. Or just give \$5.00 for the cause of Christ in Chile.

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### 5. OUT-OF-POCKET LIVING

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Father Killoran is a strapping midwesterner, famed in South Korea for founding Sogang College. Korea, where the Church is growing faster than anywhere else in the world, lives under the frown of her northern communist neighbor, North Korea. Inflation is crippling and poverty rampant. A good many of the students at Sogang live out of Father Killoran's pocket. Which is now empty. This great priest begs your help to keep his students eating and in shoes. A Christmas gift of a few dollars could help a people who richly deserve it.

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### 6. WHEELS FOR LEGS

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Father Greg Horgan is a big man who claims his legs are getting shorter by the day. Better put, by the mile. By the mile of Imbatug, his huge mountain parish in the south Philippines. He asks your help in buying a second-hand jeep. If all of our New York readers just gave a dollar or two to a man who went to Imbatug by way of the Bronx, we could get him his jeep.

---

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**DEAR FATHER,**

**THE ENCLOSED GIFT IS FOR THE ITEM(S) ABOVE, NUMBERED \_\_\_\_\_**

**NAME \_\_\_\_\_**

**ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_**

**CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_**

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