



JESUIT MISSIONS/MAY, 1965/25¢

THE
KLAN CROSS:
MAN
CRUCIFIED
ANEW

COVER. Behind the burning
Klan cross is the cross
of Christ, who died
thus that men might have
justice. Design by
Bill Tompkins



JESUIT MISSIONS

National Magazine of the American Jesuits
in the Mission Fields Assigned them by the Holy Father
MAY 1965 VOL. 39 NO. 4

- 1 WHERE CHRIST IS
- 2 MISSION VIEWPOINTS
- 6 SERVANT OF THE SLAVE
Daniel Berrigan S.J.
- 10 WALK INTO THE FUTURE
Margaret Snyder
- 14 FROM ALL POINTS
The Editors
- 16 PACKAGE TOUR
- 30 STRANGERS—WHO WILL TAKE
US IN?
Thomas E. Quigley
- 32 KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES
- 34 REVOLTING STUDENTS
Jaime Fonseca
- 36 SELMA REMEMBERED
The Editors

STAFF:

Executive Director & Editor:
JAMES P. COTTER

Managing Editor:
H. B. FURAY

Senior Editors:
CALVERT ALEXANDER
CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE

Associate Editors:
DANIEL BERRIGAN, ALDEN J. STEVENSON
RAYMOND YORK

Design:
FRANZNICK-MEDÉN INC.

Business Editor:
COLEMAN A. DAILY

Associate Business Editors:
LEO E. BIRNEY, CECIL H. CHAMBERLAIN

Circulation Manager:
PETER J. GALLAGHER

Superior, J.M. Residence:
CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE

Administrator:
LOUIS A. DEVANEY

JESUIT MISSIONS is published monthly from September to June; bi-monthly January-February, July-August, by Jesuit Missions Inc., 45 East 78th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021, in the interests of home and foreign missions attached to the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. Subscription price per year is \$2.00. Canadian & foreign, \$2.25. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y., & at additional mailing office.

AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONS & MISSION DIRECTORS

ALASKA
Rev. Paul C. O'Connor S.J.
P.O. Box 4408,
Portland 8, Oregon

**BRITISH HONDURAS
YORO & U.S. INDIANS**
Rev. James T. Meehan S.J.
4511 W. Pine Blvd.,
St. Louis 8, Missouri

**CAROLINE AND
MARSHALL ISLANDS**
Rev. Ronald W. Sams S.J.
12 Central Park Plaza,
Buffalo, N. Y. 14214

**BRAZIL, CEYLON
AND HOME MISSIONS**
Rev. Daniel W. Partridge S.J.
1607 Pere Marquette Bldg.
New Orleans 12, Louisiana

**TAIWAN AND CHINESE
IN THE FAR EAST**
Rev. Edward J. Murphy S.J.
284 Stanyan St.,
San Francisco 18, Cal.

INDIA AND PERU
Rev. Robert J. Wilmes S.J.
1114 South May St.,
Chicago 7, Ill.

**INDIA, CHILE
AND BURMA**
Rev. Richard A. Kenna S.J.
700 N. Calvert St.,
Baltimore 2, Md.

IRAQ AND JAMAICA
Rev. Thomas F. Hussey S.J.
126 Newbury St.,
Boston 16, Mass.

KOREA AND U.S. INDIANS
Rev. George W. Haas S.J.
4811 Excelsior Blvd.,
Minneapolis 16, Minn.

ZAMBIA
Rev. Joseph W. Conyard S.J.
P.O. Box 4408,
Portland 8, Oregon

PATNA, INDIA
Rev. Robert A. Rosenfelder S.J.
623 East Larned,
Detroit, Mich. 48226

**PHILIPPINES, CAROLINE AND
MARSHALL ISLANDS, NIGERIA**
Rev. John G. Furniss S.J.
39 East 83rd St.,
New York 28, N.Y.

**ETHIOPIA, BRAZIL,
VIETNAM, TAIWAN**
Rev. Aloysius Bouchard S.J.
762 rue Sherbrooke Ouest,
Montreal 2, Canada

DARJEELING, BHUTAN
Rev. Thomas J. Doyle S.J.
68 Bradview Ave.,
Toronto 8, Ontario
Canada

AS YOU SAID...

Father: Where did you dig up the cover for the March issue? If it did not have the suggestion of a cross behind it, the figure could well be that of a satyr. It's hideous. . . . In general, though, your magazine is fine.

Dion J. Wilhelmi

Chicago, Illinois

Father: The January-February issue of J.M. came while I was out and I found it on my desk when I got home last night. I like your 'As You Said' section in the front; but can't agree with some of those who wrote about the paper. . . . Listen, man, when you are writing the sort of stuff you gave us in that issue, I don't care what the form is—put it on the back of old envelopes, put it on the back of handbills, put it anywhere, but keep it coming.

William Moran S.J.

Kandy, Ceylon

Father: To me the typical mission magazine has always represented a rather amateur effort at journalism, but I have always overlooked the crude and somewhat sentimental efforts for the good old "good of the cause". JM, however, has proved to be a magazine in its own right, and I would subscribe whether I had a missionary brother (and I do have one) or not. From the standpoint of style, content and layout it is superior. It not only informs about the Jesuit missions throughout the world, but it presents their needs and our responsibilities to help them in adult terms . . . in terms of a deep Christian commitment.

Mrs. Robert Witte

Edina, Minnesota

Father: In the April story about the needs of Latin America the chart on page 26 has each parish priest in the U.S. caring for only 250 people (as against 13,000 in Latin America). Granted the discrepancy is large, is it this large? Is 250 correct?

George Linkman

Brooklyn, New York

(No. A zero got lost. The correct figure is 2,500.—Ed.)

Note: This column is space for reader ideas about the missions . . . and is not exclusively, or even particularly, for reaction to the style, format, etc. of JM. Address AS YOU SAID, 45 E. 78th St., New York, N.Y. 10021.



WHERE CHRIST IS.



The wooden cross on this month's cover is a Ku Klux Klan cross, planted and fired in front of a schoolhouse in Jonesboro, Louisiana.

A hate group, dedicated to crushing Negroes, has chosen the flaming cross as symbol.

It is a fitting choice. For the cross suggests crucifixion: the crucifixion of man—black man. For a Christian it should also suggest triumph. It was through the cross that Christ's victory was won.

It is the way to justice. We Catholics seemed to have forgotten this for a time, although we of all people should have known its strange necessity. Justice is achieved only by standing up to be counted. By risking and

accepting injury. By speaking out on the side of man, persecuted. By going with Christ all the way—up to and, if need be, *on* the Cross.

The Negro has not forgotten. The scars on the Klan cross are black scars—so many, far too many, lives held out and offered up.

Some white men have not forgotten. James Reeb met the cross on a street in Selma, Alabama; Andrew Goodman and Michael Schwerner in the back country of Mississippi; Mrs. Viola Luizzo on a highway near Lonesboro.

Crucifixion is one way to justice. Often there is no other way.

We, too, have now begun to remember. The Klansmen and the racists deserve our thanks; so, too, do the Reverend Reeb and Andrew Goodman and Michael Schwerner and Viola Luizzo, martyrs. The first offered the Cross, the others accepted it.

And from both sides we learn where we as Catholics must be.

Where Christ is. Among the crucified.

MISSION VIEWPOINTS

The day-to-day problems of working missionaries are everywhere the same—everywhere somewhat different. Young missionaries relatively new to their area often read the nature of the challenge there best, since their view is not yet stale by custom or routine. In these pages—from four countries: Korea, Taiwan, the Philippines, Chad in north-central Africa—are sliver reports of the place, the people, the problem, the hope. Of those reporting, the oldest has been in the field for two years, the youngest 100 days when he wrote this report.

PHILIPPINES

FRANCISCO F. CLAVER S.J.

Kadingilan. This is Father Alphonso Flores' parish in southern Bukidnon on the island of Mindanao, where I was filling in while Father was on retreat. The filling in was mostly plodding from one outside mission station to another (barrios with names like Kiara, Langcata-on, Kipaducan, Bangahan, Malipayon), stopping at each place to say Mass, baptize, hear confessions; then on again. Like a record whose needle is stuck, the thought kept whirling around and around in my head: "This is crazy, crazy, crazy—five barrios in two and a half days!"

Yet that litany of strange names does not cover all of Kadingilan's barrios. There are 12 or more besides these, some farther out, some closer at hand, all of which are to be visited each month; that is the theory, anyway. And all of them are mushrooming bigger each year as new settlers pour in from islands up north in search of a new beginning here in the "outback".

Physical tiredness is easy to take; it is the emotional strain, the recurring sense of frustration, the burden of seemingly unfulfillable responsibility that is oppressing. There is never enough time. Everywhere confessions are poorly prepared, ignorance of basic catechism is appalling, faith and superstition fade indistinguishably into each other; but there is never time to do anything about it because the next barrio calls urgently for essential services. Meanwhile, at Kadingilan the church is rotting. When the priest is pinned there to supervise construction of a new church, who will take care of the people in the barrios? What *can* we do about all this mess?

There is no pat answer, perhaps no answer at all on the natural plane. "We do what we can . . ." One missionary tries one way, one another. Missionary work at base is a matter of unwearying contrivance. Some of the make-do answers will seem crazy. Yet *mission*, from Christ on down to us has always been deemed crazy by many. Perhaps craziness and apparent hopelessness are the hallmarks of supernatural authenticity.

The craziness proves, at least, that the challenge here involved is not yet a *dead* challenge. That is why, when I finish my studies in Anthropology I'll ask—frustration be hanged!—to come down here and work with the native Bukidnons even farther back in the hills, even less taken care of than Kadingilan's people. Studying man is good, helping him is better.



A plain kitchen hammer is what Fr. Flores uses to sound his shell-casing bell.

KOREA

THOMAS N. HART S.J.



"Women carrying enormous bundles on their heads. I saw one woman walk off under a load it took three boys to hoist up."

Seoul. Coal men pushing heavy carts up hills, helped by wife and son and daughter. The coal blocks cost four cents and will heat a tiny house for one day; the men make 40 cents a day for their 12-hours work. —Farmers in from the country sitting in the streets beside the entire produce of their small farm, to be sold bit by bit to people as poor as themselves. —Women carrying enormous bundles on their heads. I saw one woman walk off smiling under a load it took three high-school boys to hoist in place. —All-woman road gangs, too, raking and stamping out the city's first hardtop streets. —Abundant beggars, many of them children. —In 20-degree cold, children sleeping beside their parents in the marketplace, clad only in jackets. —Women carrying children slung to their backs, sometimes two deep (children carrying each other the same way, where it's often a tossup as to who should be carrying whom). —Buses overflowing: I was pushed up and into one which I would have sworn not another soul could get into . . . and four more people got in after me.

This is the new world of my first 100 days in Korea. I live at Sogang Jesuit College on the edge of the city, where I teach English in the morning and study Korean the rest of the day.

Korean is interesting but extremely difficult. It is more than learning a new vocabulary, it is learning a new thought pattern—and is thus the whole missionary problem in miniature.

In English we say: Whenever the kids wash their hands and face, grandmother always watches them closely to see that they do well. Koreans say: Grandmother always, kids hands and face wash when, well so they do, closely watches.

We say: That foreigner crossing the street over there is the very man I met in the tea house last night. Koreans say: Over there the street crossing that foreign person, yesterday night the tea house in met, the very man is.

At Sogang we are making haste slowly. In seven years, three buildings, 550 students, some small successes. Three of our seniors were among the 250 who wrote the exam for jobs with the Bank of Korea, two placed in the first five and got jobs. Another senior, through a similar exam, got a job with one of Seoul's two English-speaking newspapers; he had already written four novels in English, working 12 hours a day during the winter vacation to finish one.

Education is bought at great personal cost: most of our students, to support themselves, tutor for three or four hours daily besides carrying a full college load. Yet every semester 30 to 40 drop out for lack of money (our grants-in-aid have run out of stretch) and because their families can't get along without their help.

Poverty in the United States is, for many, a haunting thought, a passing regret for others. Here—on the streets, among the students—it is the everyday and everywhere presence of a grinding monster.

TAIWAN

DAVID REED S.J.



David Reed, a violinist when he's not playing basketball, did the music for the Hsinchu children's Christmas play.

Hsinchu. Fragrant incense smoke enveloped in factory smog. The courtly old Chinese gentleman looking in vain for honorable immortality from the filial piety of his grandchildren, who, in the face of modern science (the computers, mechanized farming, assembly-line production, push-button nuclear destruction, jazz, contraceptive pills), reject wholly his notions of the old ways: artistic calligraphy, patient and wise trading—and reverence for the ancestors.

I am new here. My introduction to "the bridge", to how much they give and how much we have yet to give, was in Hsinchu, when the Catholic community was honoring the pastor's patron-saint day. At the banquet, I was called on to speak (all guests were). I did so, after four refusals; and said (after a bare six-month's study of Chinese): "I think it is good to see such a beautiful family atmosphere among parishioners and their pastor" . . . but somehow it came out (wrong pitch!): "I think your pastor is a real good-looker". And no one laughed (on the outside, at least) except some crude Americans. Instead, they came up, one by one, and said sincerely, "It was enjoyable", "It was interesting", "It was eloquent"—without once mentioning the fact of my wretched Chinese. Nor was this a whitewash; there was kindness and love in their eyes.

What they cared about, nothing else, was whether or not I could respond to their love. As a Christian religious, I had a "pearl of great price"; they had it, too. Could we get together?

When I went to study theology in the Philippines (on Luzon, the large northern island; in Baguio, 5,000 feet up, whence we look down a long corridor of hills to the China Sea), I lived with Chinese scholastics and got a clearer look at the mystery. They had been away from their homeland for a full ten years, had had to adjust to foreign thought and cultural and expression patterns; and had done so, unembittered. But what they outwardly seem to deny (their Chinese heritage), their actions assert is inwardly present: "old China", blessed by God, whereby they can sacrifice everything and still be themselves . . . a recreation of themselves and of China in the heart of such a sacrifice.

Confused, I sought guidance from them. Should I try to do things their way? My Chinese brothers, their eyes full of hopeful encouragement, smiled and said: No, it would be too much . . . I must find my way myself. Meanwhile, they themselves lived the contradiction, not only accepting my foreign ways but taking them on themselves when otherwise it would set me ill at ease. Personal freedom, their every courteous act proclaimed, was each man's own, no other's.

This, I came to know, is love; and love is at the heart of the missionary effort. I, too, must empty myself as they have done themselves, must sacrifice personal notions, ways of speaking and acting, must put on a "new man", if I, an American, am to share, as they already have, in the mystery of Bethlehem and Calvary.

CHAD, AFRICA

DAVID B. KNIGHT S.J.



David Knight, for once neither beleaguered nor attacking, says a field Mass for his patient African parishioners.

Danamaji. One of my perennial problems here is: what to do when words have no effect? On All Saints' Day (when all the villages come in to Danamaji for the feast) there was pandemonium in the church, everyone talking away at a great rate. I couldn't make myself heard and my glare (I'd hang over the chatterers with a lamp—and GLARE) did no good. I then ordered a girl who was particularly loud to leave the church. This struck her as a funny request, and she started talking again. Finally, I slapped a wall to get attention so I could explain that the church was *not* the village market.

After you've been nice, then firm, then emphatic—and still nothing happens, then what do you do? I had a woman camp on my front porch, then in my garage, for a day and a half, because she was determined I was going to drive her to Maro, while I had explained that I was going in the opposite direction, to Fort Archambault, and not for at least 48 hours. She just sat there, with two kids, until I was so shaken up by the time I was ready to leave that I faked her out of position, jumped behind the wheel, and drove like the devil was after me for ten miles before I settled down. More often I explain three times and then start pitching the baggage and, if need be, the person, off the porch. All this has earned me the reputation (probably deserved) of being a very mean man.

A more pleasant interlude was our married couples' retreat, run largely in discussions. We had a pair of Sisters from Fort Archambault for the first day and another pair from the hospital Sunday after Mass.

We discussed the interference of parents in the marriage (you think in-laws are a problem in the U.S.?), also the union that should exist between man and wife . . . "Do you ever talk to your wife?" "Yes." "What do you say to her?" "I say, 'Go hoe the cotton' and when she comes back I say, 'Go fix the meal'." "And do you ever ask her opinion on anything?" General response: I don't ask my wife's opinion on anything because in my opinion my wife doesn't know anything. Extreme response: Why ask my wife's opinion? I paid as much for my oxen as I paid for my wife, and I don't ask my oxen's opinion on anything.

The hospital Sister's talk on Sunday morning taught me a lot about local customs. The men wanted to know why pregnant women eat clay (for calcium), why small children do the same (local explanation: to harden their heads . . . some truth in it, evidently). The Sister says milk is better in both cases, especially as eating dirt gives you worms.

She explained all the things the parents should do, before, during, and after birth. When she finished, a catechist's wife obligingly provided a practical demonstration by having a baby on the spot. Her husband named it "Alamaji"—"God is good"—presumably because the arrival couldn't have been better timed. It certainly could have from my point of view: I had had a mass baptism of 15 babies a couple of hours earlier and now I had to do it all over again for Alamaji.

The present time is one of great anguish for Christians. Forces of change, beyond the control of even the best of men, are pushing aside the old certainties which had sheltered and solaced us. The peace and plenty of the biblical promise are everywhere threatened. The air of the cold war is killing; it is like the air of a January night, just after sundown. A long night looms, and many must pass the night in the open.

And even for those who have a roof and walls and a fire, there is little peace. How indeed can one be at peace, if he must see the faces of the hopeless pressed against his picture window? Can a man enjoy his goods, seeing, as he must, the long line of the hungry and dispossessed, a line which stretches across the world, and ends at our own doorway?

Our nation, which seems to have every reason for content, includes perhaps the world's most uncertain and discontented people. We look outward, and the world envies or despises or distrusts us. We look to our own country and are plagued by the rising tide of the poor, the urban hopeless, the massive unresolved protest of the Negroes.

Indeed, the world no longer offers shelter.

If this were all our plight, we could perhaps bear with it. But to understand the shattering burden laid on us, we must realize too that the Church is in the world; neither at the edge, nor hiding out, but in the eye of the storm. The Church is shelterless against world change.

Indeed, we must ask: how could our Church, whose existence is bound up with the fate of men, stand at a distance from the world of men? How could the Church *not* change? Could the Church of Christ go on, tranquilly keeping house in a world which is exposed to all the winds of upheaval? Such a Church could no longer speak for men; nor could it be made up of real men. It would be a kind of special preserve, a segregated compound for the few.

The Vatican Council, and the direction it is taking, must be seen in the light of our re-

SERVANT OF THE SLAVE

Daniel Berrigan S. J.



flections. The Church is dying, the Church is being born. The old solid building with the Gothic tower no one could miss and the bells one could time his life by—these are things of the past. We do not need architects to tell us so. To live on in the old building, not to see that it is being topped by the towers of the new city, its bells drowned out by traffic and factory and jazz and bulldozer—this would be to ignore the most obvious truth. To stay on in the old building is to become keeper of a museum.

The Church must leave the past. The command is a shattering one. But we must push it even further. The Church must leave the past in order to continue to be the Church at all. To live by old habits of thought, to preach stale unexciting truths we have not made new, to ignore the fact that all around our building the old secure neighborhoods had been pulled down—to refuse these facts would amount to a massive delusion—even to a massive betrayal. It would be a betrayal of both God and man.

For the plain truth is that Christ is summoning us out of the past. He has condemned the old building. He is demanding of all believers—laymen, priests, the Pope himself—that they leave a dwelling that threatened to stifle living men, threatened in fact to become their grave.

Indeed it is becoming clearer that the old Gothic building was not the Church at all in any final sense. It was a gathering place, once useful and beautiful, for people to worship in—and to leave. It was a building whose purpose could only be understood when, after being filled, it was again emptied.

God is calling us to something painfully new. What we are called to abandon is very clear; it is as clear as the things which God spoke of, when He summoned Abraham: "Leave your father and your mother and your flocks."

But what we are called toward is not clear at all. It is as obscure and mysterious as the land Abraham was summoned toward: "Come into a land which I will show you."

Come into a land which is, for the present, nameless. Its name, the way toward it, the menace or welcome it will offer—these are unknown, to Abraham, and to us. Indeed, the only thing we know is that God has summoned us.

But what does He wish of us? Do we have any clues as to our future, the role we will play in the new world of men?

We do. There is a word which seems to fit our future, or at least to offer some hint as to the shape our future is taking, even now. It is the word *servant*.

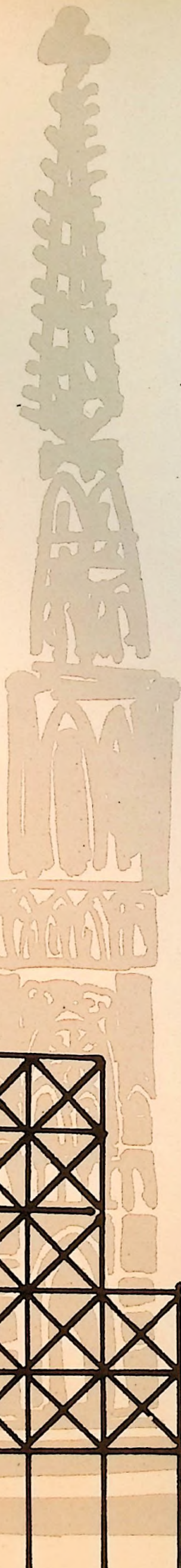
When God came among us, He took the form of a servant, Saint Paul tells us. He refused honors and security and a great name; He lived simply among men as their brother, He asked no exemptions from human sufferings. He had come, in His own words, 'not to be served, but to serve.'

We must understand the brutal force of the word 'servant' as it was known in a primitive society. In our time, the word conveys very little of what our Lord and Saint Paul were speaking of. Perhaps, indeed, the word 'slave' would be closer to the original idea. Christ became a slave for man's sake; Christians would become slaves for their brothers' sake.

Do such 'servants' in fact exist today, who could offer the Church some clue to her new role?

They do. One has only to live in any great American city with his eyes open to see that the dream of the good life has by no means reached all our people. Michael Harrington has reminded us that the poor are still with us; in ever larger numbers, and in growing hopelessness. They cannot easily be seen—Harrington has coined the phrase 'invisible poor' in speaking of them. But if one takes the trouble to go into their neighborhoods, visit their homes, follow them to their work, he cannot long remain ignorant that large numbers of Americans are in fact members of a servant class; and this in a sense very near the biblical meaning of the word.

The old solid building
with the Gothic tower
no one could miss . . .
is a thing of the past.
We do not need archi-
tects to tell us so.



In the ghettos of Philadelphia, Newark, Boston or Washington, the poor are born and live and die. The pattern of their lives is invariable; patterns which unite work, homes, and schools in a single finely meshed and inescapable net—a captive poverty.

The work they do is invariably the same: the poor everywhere draw water and hew wood. In New York, as in Shanghai and Saigon, they pull fish carts, mop floors, pedal grocery bikes, shine shoes. Their children attend inferior schools; or at best, schools that offer elementary lessons in the arts of survival. But of a way up or out—little or nothing.

Among us, the servanthood (or if you will, the slavery) of the poor does not imply the old brutalities of chains or the buying and selling of human beings. But it remains true that chains can be invisible and still destroy human lives. Modern poverty is enslaving—not precisely because the poor work with their hands at tasks which education or birth have freed others from. Nor precisely because their work is badly paid in a society where possessions are part of one's dignity. Nor because one is underpaid while living costs are continually inching upward.

Among us, the enslaved condition of the poor means simply that some men are sentenced to live and die at the bottom. A subtle combination of forces—lack of education, race, decaying neighborhoods, unconcern among those who have 'made it,' the deadly omnipresent example before young people that their parents and even their friends have given up on any future—a series of heavy pressures like these push one deeper and deeper into the vicious circle he was born into. His society has in fact passed him by. He is frozen off from further development. Hard work, frugality, enterprise—the tickets to American beatitude—have not been issued to him. Or if they are issued, some mysterious hand has canceled them before they could be traded in.

These reflections lead us back to the Old Testament, and to the condition of the slaves of that period. Then, the servant was at the

mercy of the great and wealthy; he lived precariously, somewhere just this side of ruin and despair. And if he continued to exist at all, it was only because some one in the tribe, a man both of power and conscience, protected him.

The last point, that of intercession and mercy, is our point here. The poor man is one who is so deprived of the resources of life, that he must have recourse to the mercy and compassion of others. This may be taken as his definition, if indeed the plight of a neighbor is capable of awakening any response in other men.

And to speak of the Church, it is clear that we have the opportunity of bringing into our societies a measure of hope and alleviation on behalf of the poor. We have the resources, the imagination and, one might add, the responsibility, above all others. But the Church can work change, only if she consents to undergo change.

Can the Church change? Can she become the servant of man, of the 20th-century poor, of those who are a part of our history, who have always awakened our special love, who have indeed been considered the chief glory of the family of Christ?

The question is not an easy one. Change in the Church comes about with the greatest difficulty and with many a backward look. The change equal to our task cannot indeed be brought about merely from above or decreed into existence. It happens only when the plight of the living who stand before us awakens our sense of dutiful love.

Every age of the Church has, of course, its own opportunities for exploring and choosing—and for refusing. Our own path is enormously complex and demanding; indeed, we feel at times that we are without road maps or directions of any kind, that the firm ground has given away and we are being asked to walk the wild sea. We had thought that the patterns of our parishes were firm, that the only call upon our love came to us from white Protestant or Jewish neighbors (who, in any case, made no great demands on us). But now we are

asked to welcome new families into the old brownstones, to help an uncertain, unwelcome people put down their roots.

Our task, really, is never done with. It begins with the family next door, with the poor down the street, with the decision on where to live, and why; whether to stand firm and help change occur in a Christian way, whether to move on. . . . The task extends as far as the world. It includes some sense of responsibility toward the suffering everywhere; a sense that is given concreteness and meaning, because the distant need calls out to us from the needy one at our door. The task is never done with, while time lasts. It is always, invariably, a task of service.

—We are asked to change our hearts; especially in regard to Negroes. This is the key to any change in the American Church worth talking about. It implies that we show love for others—practically and personally, that we work with neighborhood integration efforts, that we encourage job and schooling opportunities, that we build attitudes in our own families that will bring an end to social hatreds and divisions.

—We are asked to help alleviate poverty in the world; not only by supporting our own agencies of relief, but by strengthening our foreign aid programs. (Our present gift to the poorer nations amounts to something like one percent of our gross national income—no great burden, certainly.)

—We are asked to be peacemakers; at home, in our society, in the world. (The vast American military budget, some ten percent of our national income, has brought no real protest from American Christians. But these billions of dollars, dedicated to destruction, belong, as Pope John has said, not to the military, but to the world's poor.)

—We are asked, finally, to be human. And in doing so, to become worthy of our Lord and Servant, Christ.

Margaret Snyder

The author was Dean of Women at LeMoyne University in Syracuse before volunteering for Africa. She spent two years in Kenya as Adviser to African Women's Organization on Educational Programs and last year she worked in Tanzania, on a Rockefeller grant, for Women's Africa Committee.



WALK INTO THE FUTURE

While the wind of change sweeps across Africa, a gentle underlying breeze stirs persistently. The women of Africa bow beneath their burdens of childbearing and tilling the soil. They move in slow procession across their rich or parched earth, carrying water and firewood. But also—they braid gay baskets to sell to tourists; they hide their coins to pay school fees; they learn to read and write; they wade through flooded fields to soothe fevered heads; they protest outside interference in the Congo.

"In Africa, the woman is to carry water, bear children, and raise the family food; but this will change." So spoke a barefoot, simply dressed school teacher two years ago, high in the mountains above Lake Victoria. And it is changing, and rapidly.

I remember one stifling morning in Dar es Salaam. The narrow road in front of TANU (the political party) headquarters was packed with women, wiping their brows with Moslem veils and colorful African *kangas*. Suddenly the group surged forward. Women leaders hastily distributed posters—"peace and unity, long live President Nyerere"—written in Kiswahili and English.

There were more than two thousand women waving palm leaves as we hurried through the normally lazy streets of Dar es Salaam. We were running to tell the President that, despite the army revolt, he could depend on the women of Tanganyika to stand firm with him. The marchers overflowed the sidewalks, dove back into the procession to retrieve lost sandals, caught their veils on trees. But they never stopped their song, "TANU yajenga nchi—TANU builds the nation."

At State House a scroll testifying loyalty and promising prayers was presented to the President. The women of Tanganyika were the first; their example was to be followed by the elders, youth, police and even taxi



Mrs. Maria Neyerere, wife of Tanzania's President, is one of the leaders spearheading the drive by African women to attain their rightful place in the swiftly emerging nations.



drivers. This occurred in my third year of working with the women of East Africa and to me it was dramatic evidence of their quality of determination which defeats poverty and suffering.

The African woman has been patient for centuries with the rains and dry spells that beat down on her subsistence farm. Today she is equally patient with the obstacles to nation-building but equally determined to overcome them. Much of this determination has been stimulated by opportunities to come together with women of her own country and other African lands, to share problems, successes and failures.

A Masai woman who attended the First Kenya Women's Seminar in 1962 returned home to tell her neighbors, "We should meet together, otherwise we shall die in our houses." She began a literacy class and later an English one, both of which are still going. The women of her small village also held meetings to discuss education, child-

care, and their role as wives. They opened a small nursery school to shelter and teach children whose mothers were tilling the fields.

One by one, the 42 participants in that first Seminar related the stories of small success—the beginnings of home industries, a nursery school in a church building, a literacy class under a tree, etc. They had started to fulfill Chairman Margaret Kenyatta's hope: "The time spent here, together with the information and ideas exchanged, will enable us all to help the women of Kenya equip themselves to play their part in the progress of our country, socially, educationally, politically and spiritually."

After the second Seminar and their success in their home villages, the women of Kenya determined to share their experiences with their sisters in Uganda, Tanganyika and Zanzibar. So the East African Women's Seminar came into being. Their 1964 meeting included women from Ethiopia, the Rhodesias and Rwanda, a total of 35 delegates and 80 observers. The theme "East African Women Look Ahead" was given its breath of life by artist Elimu Njau, who led the women to rediscover the unifying, inspired and soundly reasoned value of their own African culture. "During the colonial days the African had no confidence in himself and his capabilities. He had no confidence or pride in his heritage. . . . The tendency in both the educational and political systems of the East African countries was to focus the people's eyes on things coming from abroad."

The women discussed ways to preserve, modernize and nurture African culture, lest their customs be lost in the rush to accept Western ways. African traditions are today often too hastily replaced by customs having far less basis in respect for man's dignity. The initiation ceremonies of adolescence hold much educational good; greetings of respect to elders remind children of the dignity of age; and, most valuable, the individual is held responsible to all members of his clan or extended family. And always in the forefront of any discussion was the admonition of Bibi Titi Mohamed, President of the National Council of Tanganyika women, "Our duty is not fulfilled here in the Seminar but

at home in the help we offer our villages.”

The role of the Church is evolving in relation to women's work, as it is in all areas. Progressive missionaries seek to dispose of the term “missionary” with its false connotation of “bringing God to the savages.” The missionary role has often been one of orienting the African to the Church, rather than bringing the Church to the African. Today this concept carries an additional curse, that of colonial superiority.

This aggiornamento also touches women's work, with its traditional organizations, training centers for home-crafts, and schools for girls. An excellent example of the possible role of Church women's organizations and institutions in the new Africa has been given in Tanzania. In 1964 at the annual meeting of Catholic leaders in women's work (Protestants attended as observers) the organizers invited leading women from the national women's organization to speak and explain their objectives. Seeing that all economic and social goals were similar, the Catholic women came to the unanimous decision to become members of the national organization and to open their facilities for training its leaders.

The significance of this action must be seen against its background. In a developing country where manpower is scarce and educational facilities few, every resource must be employed to the fullest and every energy directed. Advancement of women is a primary objective—so the national women's organization harmonizes its efforts and objectives with those of the government's development plans. This unified effort is essential. Poverty, ignorance and disease are the enemy common to all. Tanzania's Catholic women chose to pool their resources in the nation-building effort.

It is difficult for Americans to understand the problems of the African woman—as difficult as it is for our government to meet African governments on the diplomatic level. This understanding demands that we first discover the very essence of what is human and Christian in us, qualities so deeply dis-

A Domestic Science and Homecraft demonstration is held in a secondary school in Zambia. “In Africa, the woman is to carry water, bear children, . . . but this will change.”



guised under layers of our own Western culture. It is a painful search.

Let it be understood that I am writing of only a small percentage of the women of East Africa. These countries have well over 80% illiteracy, their farming methods are primitive, they bear the burdens of disease and poverty. Moreover, women are treated as inferiors in almost every aspect of life.

But the women of East Africa who attended our conferences are the leaders of the future. They are the dedicated and talented women who are the source of deep hope for their countries. Spared the Western woman's struggle to prove herself citizen and voter, the African woman is rivalling her men in nation-building. To her advantage, she is more gentle than the emancipators of women in the Western world. She is patient with the evils which beset her people, for “haraka, haraka, haina baraka—haste brings no blessing.” Yet she is dedicated to improve health, increase education, and lift the economic level of her family and her people. Surely the hope of Africa lies in her women.



From all points a jm report

TIDES OF ELECTION

British Honduras

Signals seem to have got crossed during recent elections in this tiny Central American country. Premier George C. Price of the People's United Party was returned as premier on a platform of quick independence from Britain, while the defeated National Independence Party favored retaining the present ties with Britain.

Ceylon

It may be a woman's world, but Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike, Ceylon's prime minister, is having difficulty making the point stick. A recent election there saw the opposition United National Party win the largest bloc of seats in Parliament. Shortly thereafter this party's head, Dudley Senanayake, 54, a Cambridge-educated bachelor friendly to the West, was sworn in as Prime Minister. Mrs. Bandaranaike, upon defeat of her Leftist-backed Freedom Party, failed to form a coalition regime and resigned.

Chile

President Eduardo Frei's program of social reform, badly stymied by an inactive Chamber of Deputies, won a stunning victory at the polls early in March by winning 82 of the 147 seats up for contention. The Christian Democrats, who rode into power last September with promises of a new economic program and tax reform, are in position for the first time to implement their pledges. Frei's government, like the Kennedy administration, has enlisted top professional men for cabinet posts, and their presence has stirred in Chileans a new

confidence that Frei will produce if given the chance.

Kerala (India)

Events in Kerala have deprived the Communists of their hoped-for victory. For several years in the past decade the Communists ruled here and they wanted to do so again. The recent election actually gave them enough seats to control the legislature, but most of the elected Communists were in jail—so federal rule will continue, since no other party is strong enough to control the legislature.

WISCONSIN

Catholics and the Peace Corps

Perhaps the brightest star in the entire American Foreign Aid program has been the stimulating Peace Corps program launched by the late President Kennedy. It has proven itself one of the best ways to spur American generosity and educate young people to the pattern of difficult world problems. Seeing and serving mature the peacemaker, take his mind off himself and set the foundation for a lifelong interest in the welfare of the area in which he or she has served. Catholic universities, though, have lagged behind in their support of the Peace Corps program.

Speaking on this subject to a Marquette University audience at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Dr. Joseph T. English, director of the Peace Corps medical program, warned against dismissing the Peace Corps as being secular rather than seeing it as a worthy effort for Catholic action on the part of the individual volunteer, engaged as he is in promoting the corporal works of mercy.

The problem at present, he said, is one of competition. "It takes about \$8,000 a year to send a Peace Corps volunteer abroad. Catholics not only support them, but they have their own Papal Volunteers for Latin America and Extension Lay Volunteers. When you see this, one wonders if we should do something that complements the Peace Corps rather than competes with it. As Catholics, we should become more involved in civic associations and secular organizations rather than develop Catholic equivalents."

He pointed out that half of the 500 Peace Corps volunteers in the Philippines are Catholics, though only a small percentage are from Catholic colleges. Catholic Colleges have not yet seen the Peace Corps as an opportunity to exercise their Christian commitment.

ZAMBIA

A star for Lusaka

Father Vincent McCorry S.J. has been a missionary all his priestly life—by his innumerable retreats to priests, Sisters and lay groups, by his books, and not least by his weekly column, *The Word*, in the Jesuit magazine, *America*, in which he commented with style and penetration for many years on the Sunday liturgy. Now Father McCorry becomes a foreign missionary.

The Northern Star has been for several years the weekly Catholic newspaper of Northern Rhodesia and has become, with the country's recent independence, the *Zambia Star*. The former editor is leaving and Father McCorry will be the editor. A new country, a new career, a new challenge—all at the age of 56! Who says life begins at 40?

ALASKA

The north strikes

The second Jesuit missionary within months has fallen victim to Alaskan cold and storm. Father William McIntyre is recovering in Providence Hospital, Anchorage, where doctors cheered him by deciding that amputation of his frost-bitten feet was not necessary. Father William Dibb, whose snow traveller plunged through an overflow of the Yukon River in 50-degree cold at Christmas, is slowly getting back on his feet at St. Anthony's Rectory in Anchorage.

Father McIntyre, 54, a native of Skagway, Alaska, and a 20-year veteran in the far north, started out by Ski-Do March 7 from his rectory at Alakanuk (near the mouth of the Yukon) for a mission at Sheldon Point, 20 miles away on the Bering shore. He had made the trip often and the machine was purring like a kitten so he took no survival gear or extra provisions.

Midway the storm hit him and blotted out the trail. The tradition among veterans is to stay put, when lost, lest a wrong turn takes one onto Bering Sea ice. Father McIntyre built a shelter of ice and snow against the killing wind, ate Mass hosts and drank Mass wine, tramped a good 100 times around his idle machine to keep warm.

Still, communications in the area being non-existent (see WANTED, inside back cover), it was five days before Alakanuk Eskimos discovered he hadn't got to Sheldon Point, organized a search and found him. Now, he can't wait to get back.

CAROLINE ISLANDS

ALASKA

JAPAN

Three Go Home

The Lord kept counting until He reached 45. Then last month He said "Enough", and Fr. Jaime Batlle-Bosch, who came to the Carolines from Catalonia in 1920, went to the Lord grinning and grey.

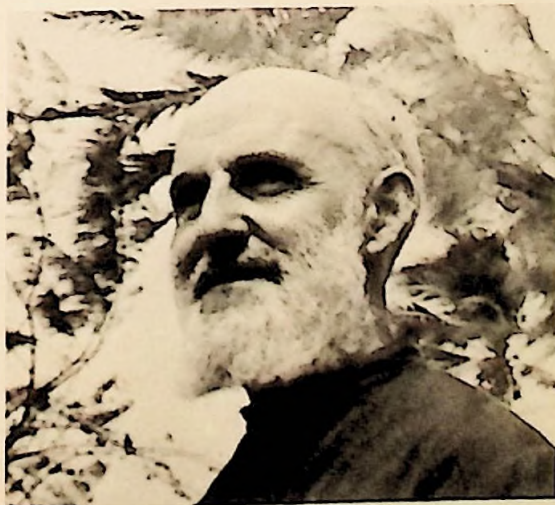
Fellow missionaries in the Marshalls were hard put to distinguish Padre Jaime from the atoll of Truk; he had been around so long that he seemed part of the isle's formation. He rose ruggedly each morning before sunrise at exactly 4:30 a.m. and talked with the

Lord for over two hours beside the silent sea. He resisted any ease or comfort for himself but with others he was as easy and soft as the sandy shores washed by the warm Pacific. His heart was as open to all as the sea-scape; he would circle the four atolls that constituted his parish and greet each family as if he belonged there by blood-right. "I do," he often said to himself. "The Blood of Christ has made us one."

He had a way with the medicine men and old magicians of the atolls; he would let them play their tricks, realizing that many of their brews were beneficial. He gave them each a crucifix, though, and required them to say an "Our Father" and "Hail Mary" before they started. Afterwards he would come around with aspirin and a blessing.

Typical of Padre Jaime was his frigid reception of a sleek new 14-foot fiberglass motorboat that superiors had ordered for him from the States, fearing that his old outrigger was too dangerous for parochial visits to neighboring atolls. The day it arrived at the dock he came down to the pier out of deference to Superiors but would not even look at it. Then curiosity stirred, he watched his Superior working with the motor, got interested and smiled. Down came the white awning. . . . "That's for ladies and old men," he muttered. Out went all the cushions. He got himself a sardine box to sit on and felt at home. His Superior laughed, "I should have had it painted grey. He'd rather a Catalonian burro than a Cadillac; I should have known."

He died easily; the atolls still seem empty.



Not only the Truk atolls are bereft. The snowfields of Alaska, too, and the academic halls of Tokyo.

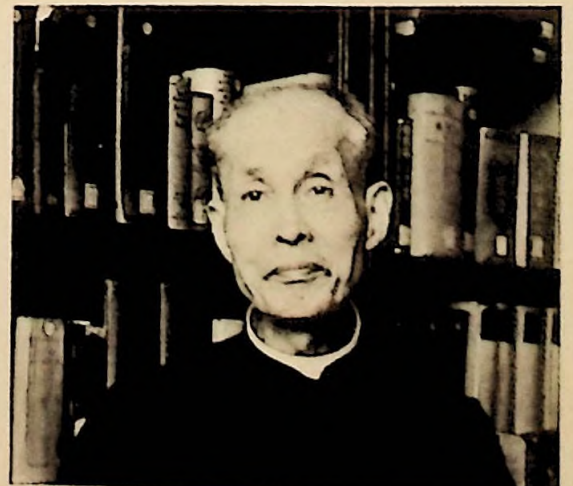
At the end of February George Boileau S.J., 52, consecrated coadjutor bishop of Fairbanks, Alaska, only last August, died of a heart attack during the night

while staying in Seattle, Washington, on the way back to his mission. Bishop Boileau, who had been very active in recruiting lay missionaries, had given a talk on this apostolate just that day at Seattle University and seemed in excellent health. Symbols of his total dedication to Alaska were his pectoral cross, which was of beaten Alaskan gold (the gift of an old Fairbanks prospector), and the stones in the cross and in his episcopal ring—both of Alaskan jade.



Early in March Father Paul Yachita Tsuchihashi S.J., former member of a warrior Samurai family of feudal Japan, died in Tokyo at the age of 98. Born in 1866, he became a Christian at 20 and, inspired by stories of the early Jesuit martyrs, entered the Society in Shanghai. After ordination he studied astronomy at the Sorbonne, Paris, and afterwards was deputy director of the Shanghai Observatory. Returning to Japan in 1911, he assisted in founding Sophia University in 1913, became its third president in 1940 and its honorary president on his retirement in 1946.

Last April Father Tsuchihashi was awarded the Third Class Order of the Sacred Treasure by the Japanese government—a deserved recognition but less, after all, than the spiritual "Samurai" rank he had long since attained in the hearts and minds of several generations of Japanese Christians.



We at JM are not especially overawed at the impossible. We herewith dare to take you on a tour of the world in 14 pages; considerably less than 80 days.

All the world's a cluttered stage today, and all the men and women in this convulsive age have a way of shifting the scenery that blurs perception from the back row — which happens to be New York for the JM staff. It was thought wise, since we cover the world of the Mission Church, to move to seats front and center.

Wherefore we equipped Father Alden Stevenson, of our staff, with cameras, tape recorder and an 11-foot-long ticket and put him in a six month, 46,000 mile orbit. He's back again at the staging area and we thought you might enjoy a post-card report on this complex world.

Package Tour

A JM
PICTURE REPORT

STAMP





For millions of men and women who live on the edge of hope in Asia and Africa, Japan is proof positive that native intelligence and effort can lift any nation from hunger and desperation and thrust it to affluence—and even greatness. Jesuit-run Sophia U, Tokyo, races to keep up with this thrust.



Two faces here—one scarred with recent agonies but still able to smile, and a solemn little one facing an unresolved tomorrow—are symbols of Korea today. With its spine broken at the 38th parallel, the South still glances fearfully over its shoulder as it rises painfully from the ashes. Banking, as



ever, on the future (it's still **His** world, as some of us know), the Church, as ever, applies Herself to His children. In Seoul, Fr. John Daly S.J. and a happy Jesuit team bring out the best in young Korea at Sogang College. In Kwangju Frs. DeMuth and Bachhuber bravely inspect the year's supply of "kim-chi" (pickled cabbage and assorted goodies) at the Jesuit-run seminary.

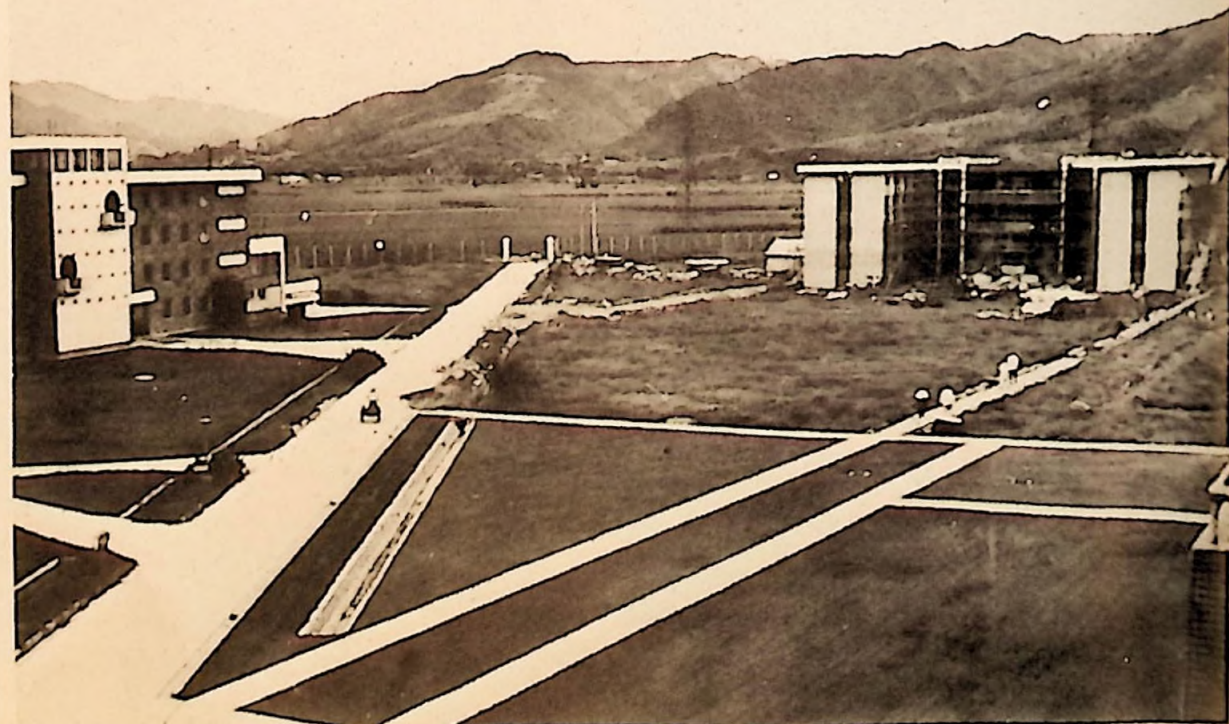
And for 12 years at Panmunjom meetings with intractable North Korean and Chinese Reds have turned this tragedy to farce. Only a hardening of arteries or a softening of heart will end the impasse.



Taiwan

STAMP

A decade and more of peace and security has fostered a surge of growth in Church and country. The sound of hammers at the expanding Catholic University outside Taipei is echoed throughout the island. More than 1000 Priests, Brothers and Sisters build solidly and well as Taiwan walks into the future.



STAMP

Hongkong

Clouds mass in threat of rain over fabulous Hongkong where the skyline changes by the hour. A year ago the harbor was visible from this spot—taken from Wah Yan College, run by the able and amiable Irish Jesuits. Today the city rushes skyward, houses its shelterless refugees, stretches an eager hand to the world—despite the threat of clouds from the North.

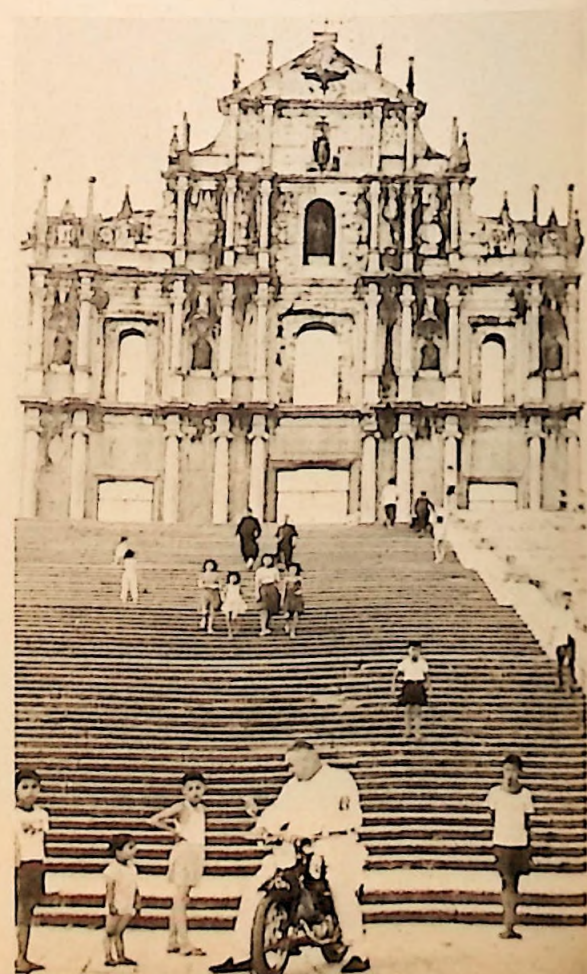


STAMP

Macao



The threat from the North is ever visible in Macao. Here refugee children play under the guns and hard watchfulness of Red Chinese guards across the little stream that separates two worlds. Busy with those who have fled, by ways devious, to freedom in this tiny enclave, are Fr. Ruiz and Fr. Pat Shaules (shown here astride the 20th Century before the ancient facade of the ruined Jesuit church of St. Paul). A school, church, refugee center and training centers occupy them and their seven Jesuit companions. Books, noodles and handicraft-training bring Christ to His poor.





STAMP

Vietnam

Liberty is bought with strange coinage. The cruelest coinage in today's world is the blood money the peoples of South Vietnam are forced to pay in endless tribute to pressures outside their humble lives. The unendurable pressures endure, and another day of liberty can only be bought with what is at hand: It may be only the futile gesture of pointed bamboo stakes, warding off the unseen armed with steel. What else can a man do, if he cherishes children, wife and the ill-woven thatch he calls his "home"? The larger world and its larger struggles are beyond his small compass. "Sufficient for the day . . ."

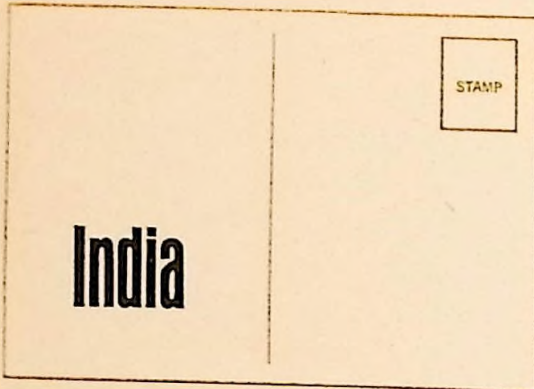
The larger world of Vietnam centers in Saigon, whose peaceful rooftops shelter fear, and the plottings of groups too tightly bound to themselves. This graceful city must bear with their unrest, but it is the man in the thatch who bleeds as too often the blindly ambitious turn the knife in the vitals of their own nation.



STAMP

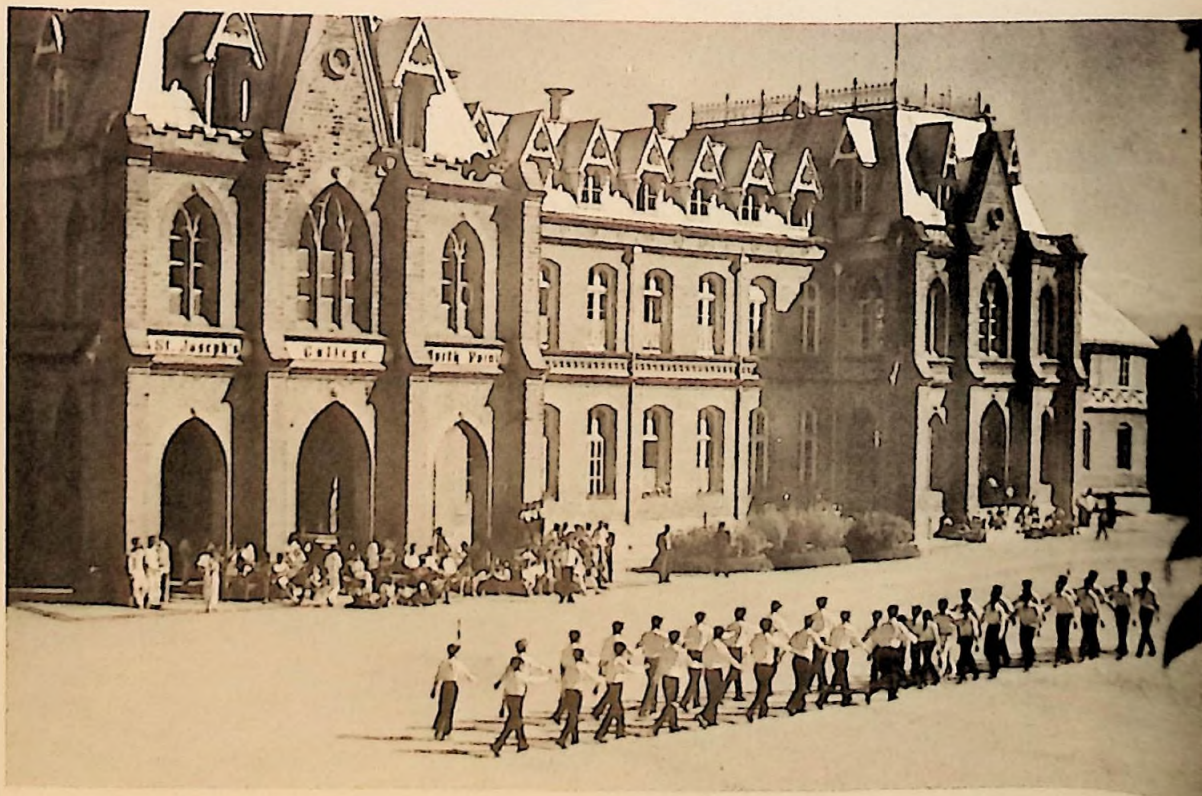
Thailand

Not yet beset, but threatened, Thailand moves into the century trailing its quiet past. A Bangkok version of the Beatles entertains Fr. Villanueva at Xavier Hall. Fr. Amyot, by contrast, is entertained by quieter, older ways at a Buddhist monastery in Thailand's ancient countryside.



DARJEELING

The vastness and complexity of India can be contained in nothing shorter than a shelf of books. Our package tour can only probe small points of its immensity. Darjeeling, with the frosty sentinels of the Himalayas as backdrop, is such a point. No longer is their chill white strength a barrier to invasion, as Tibet and the shock of the Chinese border probe made clear. Misty Darjeeling, overlooking the tumbled emptiness of Sikkim, is now a watchtower for men who fear that beauty may harbor the beast. Here, too, Nepalese at Mass, and the famed St. Joseph's College run by Canadian Jesuits watch and pray—in the name of the Prince of Peace.





JAMSHEDPUR

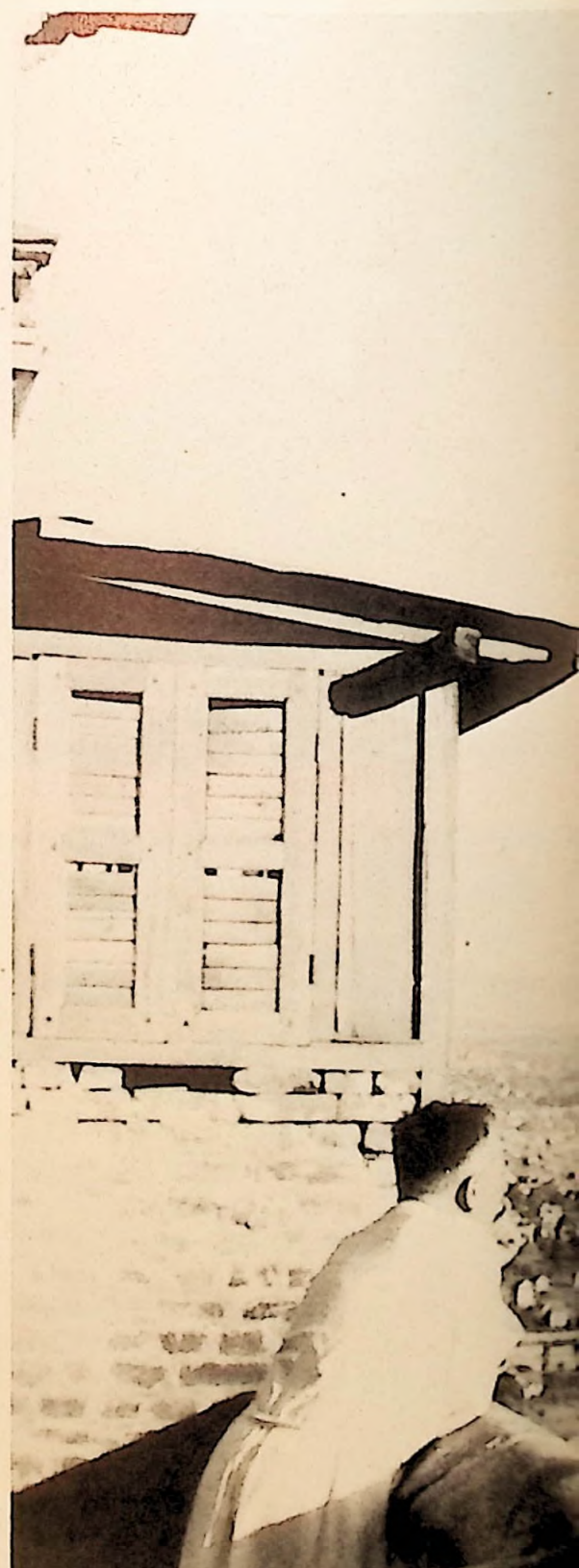
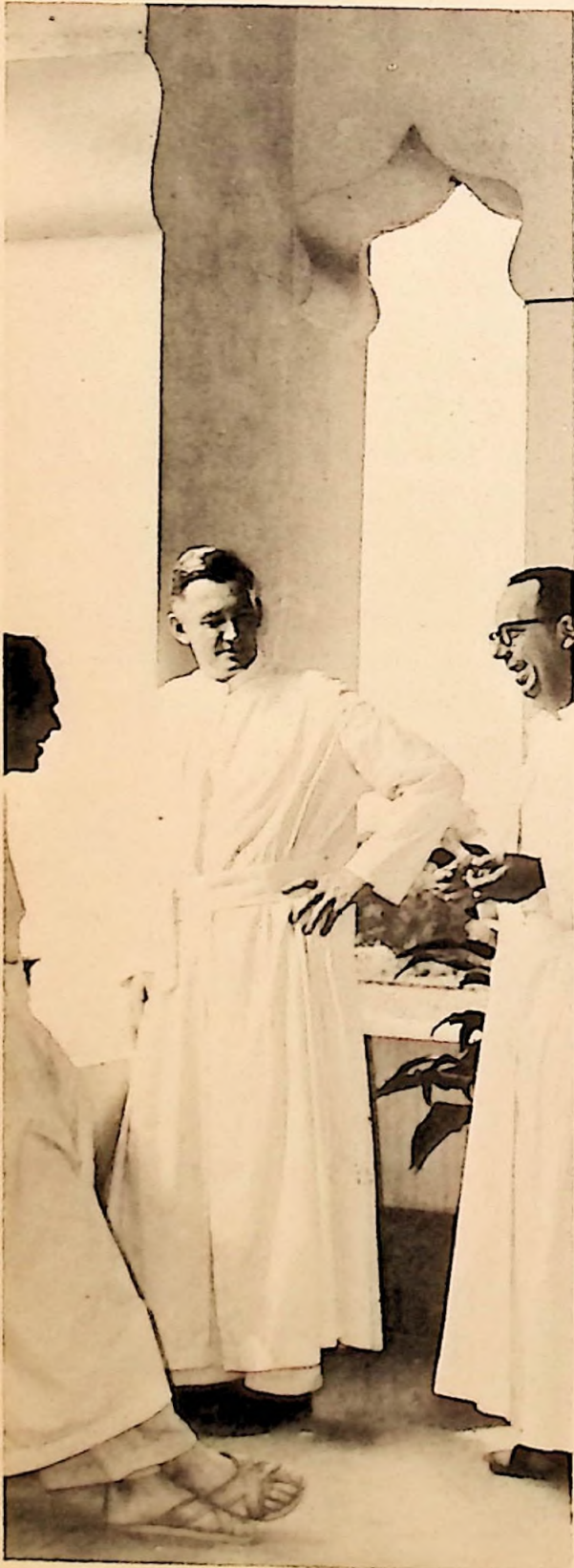
These pictures explain much of India today—a land of vast hope, of vast despair, of vast promise, of vast disillusion, of staggering riches and shattering destitution. But hope is the predominant note, for India has an equally vast potential—her people. There are minds here that can be honed to brilliance, and an aggressive drive today that will no longer tolerate the deadening hand of yesterday. There is only one direction for her. Up! Her *aggiornamento* has begun.

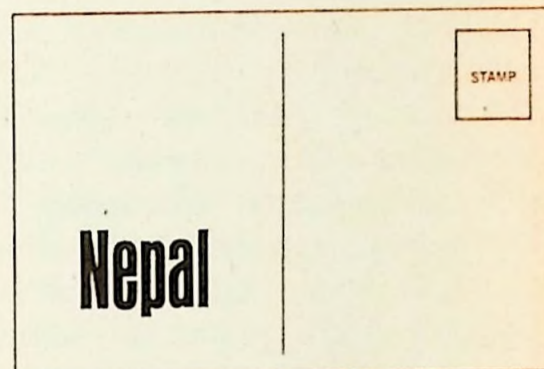
Contrast, though, is still her name, and will be for some time. It is seen in the night glow of the mighty Tata steel works in Jamshedpur with its giant complex of modern factories. Nearby in space, but not in time, a nameless company-of-two fashion iron with goatskin bellows. And Fr. John Guidera's Christians at Chaibasa kneel at Mass to receive the Bread of Life, while India's masses crowd the lanes of her 600,000 villages in endless, tragic need for the very breath of life itself.



JAMSHEDPUR

That India's masses may have life, and have it far more abundantly than the cyclic suffering of the past, devoted men and women from all nations have offered talents and lives on this hard altar. In Jamshedpur, men like Frs. Judge, Hess and Hammett labor to fill the chasms of contrast through the large school program of Maryland's Jesuits. Their hope is that the neglected, like the waif at the village pond, may be as uplifted as the little Sikh boy at his books. Stations in cities, towns and amongst India's tribals carry on the holy tradition of giving till one's own hurt is equated with the suffering of India.





KATHMANDU

Floating in high serenity above the flat, hot Gangetic plains of India, is the isolated kingdom of Nepal. For centuries it was a world apart, guarded by malarial jungle, a few dim trails through jagged foothills that only tempted the iron-footed, and by the soaring Himalayas on the North.

Today, an airstrip and a rugged road have acted as keys to this kingdom. Nepal is now a 'must' for tourists in search of the vanishing 'quaint'. The tour is generally limited to Kathmandu, first city of the kingdom cradled in a long mile-high valley with enough of the quaint and spectacular to tempt the tourist, the Buddhist pilgrim, Jesuits and a large assortment of political types interested in Nepal's peculiar strategic position. Sandwiched between Tibet and India, the position is obvious.

Less obvious, but far more fruitful in intent, is the Jesuit position in this land of constant loveliness. Invited in some years ago by His Highness, two schools run by the Patna Jesuits are opening doors to a wider world for the youth of Nepal. Fr. Edward Niesen, Superior of a team of 14, muses on Kathmandu's tomorrow from the parapet of a Buddhist temple. Planning, and ecumenism, can go no further.

STAMP

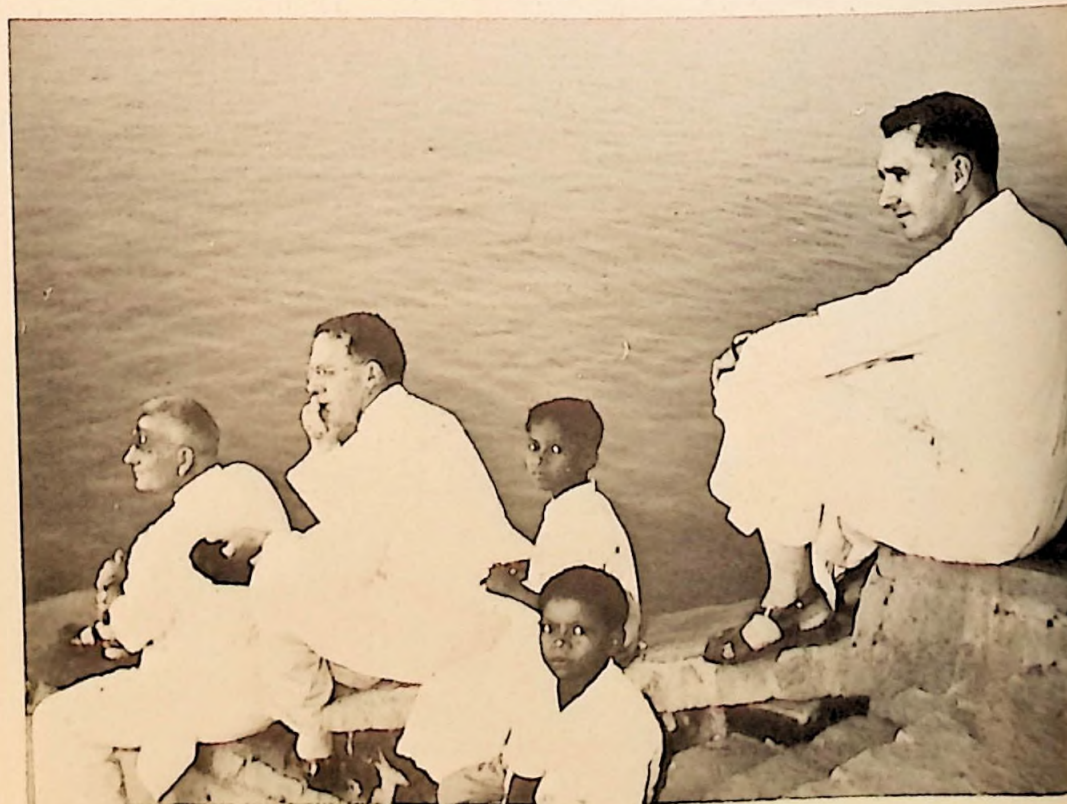
India

PATNA

Much of India for centuries has been symbolically ruled by a river. The little of India that outsiders are aware of, is reflected in its gray, sullen waters—the caste system with its good points and the very bad; temples with their myriad gods; the strong and, at times, frantic faith of devotees; the burning ghats along its ancient banks; the thin farmer and his ox; the sacred cow; parching heat where the mercury soars to 120° and famine stalks when the seasonal cycle misses by as little as a week. Mother Ganges, along whose banks much of India's long history, thinking and way of life has crystallized, is this river. And along this river, much of India's history, thinking and way of life has stagnated.

For more than 40 years American Jesuits in the Patna area have argued with this river—and wept over it. It is one of the most difficult "missions" found along the tour, and a tribute to generations of our own "holy men" who have never ceased to hope in schools, in lonely stations scattered along its banks and tributaries, among its outcasts and the tribal Santals.

Like the shadows and light that pattern the face of this girl of Northern Bihar, her world along the Ganges is still a world of harsh blacks and whites. It is changing, and the excitement of growth and change that stirs the rest of India today is slowly seeping into this shadow area. More light and less shadow is predictable, and men like Frs. Rosenfelder (optimistically wearing dark glasses), Burke and Hagee may see the day.

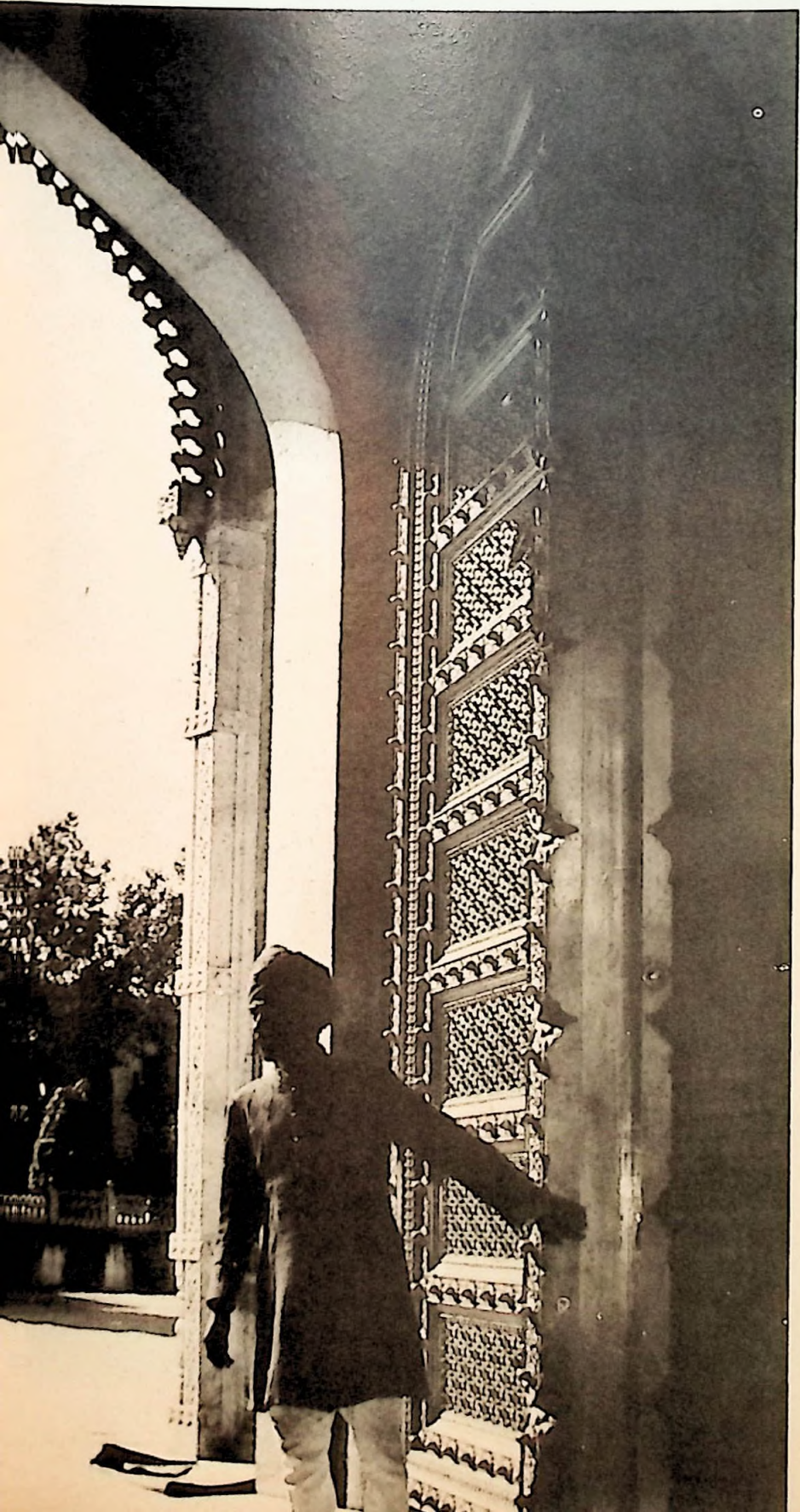




DELHI

The flight from Patna to Delhi, capital of India, brings the traveler to another world. It is still a world of contrasts. It is India on the move—surrounded by crumbling ruins of the past but vibrant with newness and the search for today.

Here Fr. Francis Loesch and community of Jesuits keep up with and always a little ahead of the times. It's not easy. But nothing is ever easy in India. St. Xavier's, with its massed ranks of students, is the focus of Jesuit endeavor here. With high standards and a high reputation, hope comes easily to men alert to change.



JAIPUR

A princely city is Jaipur on the bleak northwestern plains of India, nestled in barren hills capped by Moghul ruins, but impressing the visitor with a sense of the clean and new. For this it owes much to its princely prince, much abreast of the age.

St. Xavier's High School rises on princely land, a salute to the modern in famed Jaipur stone with its pastel pinks and browns. Hope, too, lives here with 15 Jesuits of the Patna Province and more than 500 young Jaipurians who will add their educated strength to India's rise by her bootstraps.

Ceylon

STAMP

Tea, spices and coconuts, New Orleans and Italian Jesuits and Ceylon's own, Buddhists and temples, jungle and mountain and endless beaches, the elephant and the monkey and enough political parties to overstock this hemisphere are some of the larger items in the pear-shaped parcel labeled "Ceylon". Add Tamil stock and Singhalese, assorted Marxists and labor groups, stir violently, and you have a heady mix that must be sipped slowly.

No Package Tour can hope to analyze this complex brew. We must leave that to lady tea-pickers, and Jesuits like Frs. Cooley and Moran who man the breviary (Batticaloa) and the beaches (Colombo) and, along with a sturdy 170 others, the schools and many stations of this evergreen teardrop. It is in goodly hands.



Africa

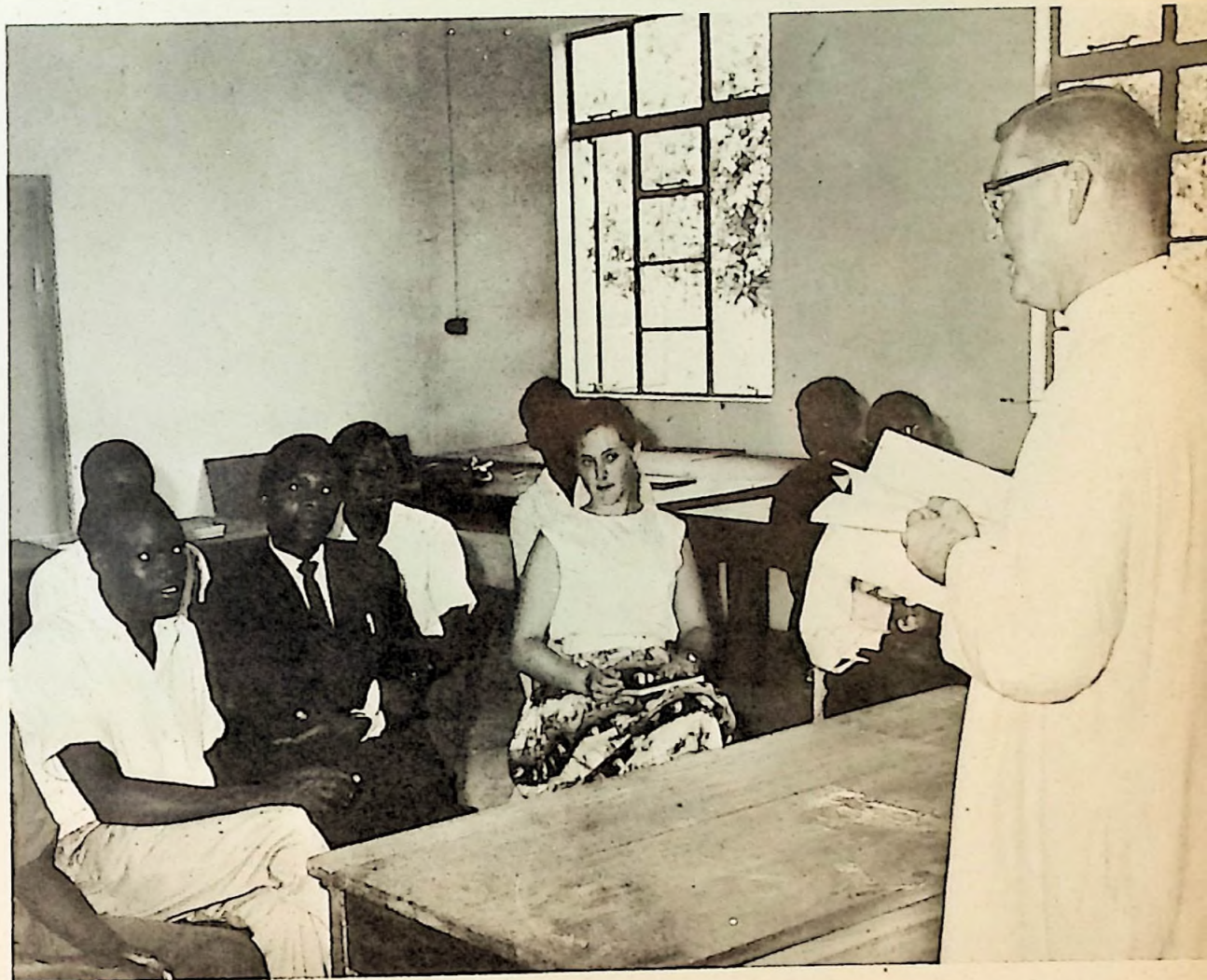
STAMP



TANZANIA

Proud of his giant continent, his new-found freedom and the challenges of independence, young Africa awakes and smiles. Still a "Dark Continent", Africa moves toward the light. It will claw its way if it must, for it insists that its people be allowed to stand with other men, equal and honored and in full possession of its soul at last. The rest of us must have patience. And better, understanding. And best, love.

Love does not withhold itself. It diffuses itself, acts, gives—even the ultimate gift of life, as in the Congo where emerging Africa has taken the last day of priests and sisters who devoted all their days to her. Here again, patience and understanding; and the love Fr. McGill shows in class and retreat work with Africa's young.



ZAMBIA

Her freedom is a turbulent wind, and only the hand of love can control and direct its outfling. There is still, and will always be, a place for the white man in Africa if he comes to give. But she will no longer tolerate use or misuse of her peoples. Would we? In Zambia, an oasis of quiet in these days of painful national birth, Jesuits from Oregon, Ireland and Poland add to a long missionary past—in understanding and love. A seminary for the African Church of tomorrow occupies our Oregon Jesuits, and men like Mr. Chartrand S.J. point Christ's way.



There is no epilogue to such a tour, no summary. What seems fixed today and yesterday along the surface of this changing world reshapes itself tomorrow. Only the Lord and His prophets (who are sadly few) know what the morrow's sun may blaze upon. For us, who grope, our trust lies in a loving Providence that shapes all things, renewing, for reasons of His own, the face of the earth.

R. N. S.

STRANGERS- WHO WILL TAKE US IN?



Foreign students find, in the United States, almost a surfeit of "invitations to meet an American family", but so far (relatively to what is being done in Europe) little planned spiritual care and guidance.

Europe has long been the educational mecca for colonials and other overseas students and even today has a higher ratio of foreign to native students than does the U.S.; in some countries, it is as high as 40 percent. Perhaps for this reason, perhaps because Europeans have less of a "Rotarian-Lions Club" background, "open-arms" hospitality is there less emphasized.

But Catholics (and the Church) in Europe are not at all *less* concerned about these students; only differently, and perhaps more deeply, concerned. Father Vincent Lebbe, the great China missionary, stressed the importance of foreign-student work as far back as the early 1920s, when only the communists (like Mao Tse Tung and Ho Chi Minh) were interested in them. Priests from several mission congregations (notably from the Lebbe-inspired S.A.M.) began to act as unofficial chaplains to students from Asia and Africa. By 1954 their number had grown to the point where a continental association was necessary and was made possible by the enthusiastic granting of "official" status and support by many of the bishops. The Conference of Foreign Student Chaplains (Conférence des aumôniers des étudiants d'outre-mer—CAE-DOM) was born.

The work of these chaplains has taken different forms. Some, like the Augustinian Bernardin Wild, have developed the multi-purpose international centers of L'Oeuvre St.-Justin, founded in 1929 by the present bishop of Lausanne, Francois Charriere. Three *Foyers*, serving partly as residence for overseas students, have been established in Fribourg, Zurich and Munich.

The energetic and brilliant young Father Harry Haas is a kind of chaplain general to all foreign students in Germany through the International Secretariat of the Catholic Student Federation (KDSE). One of his several hats, that of chaplain to the Catholic Service for Foreign Students and Trainees (Katho-

lischer Akademischer Ausländer-Dienst—KAAD) involves a very substantial scholarship program supported by the German bishops. The bishops of several other German university cities (Bonn, Cologne, Aachen) have appointed at least part-time chaplains exclusively for foreign-student work, and Munich has a full-time chaplain for all foreign students and a special chaplain for Latin Americans. In Hamburg, the Jesuits have a center, the White Fathers have set up an *Africanum* in several other cities. England, Ireland, Belgium, France, Holland, Spain and Italy have all developed more or less “official” programs involving chaplains to the visiting students.

Papal encouragement for this work has not been lacking. In his great mission encyclical of 1957, *Fidei Donum*, Pius XII specifically asked the bishops of Europe and North America to consider the presence of African and Asian students as an urgent pastoral challenge. “In the same spirit of fraternal and disinterested collaboration you should have care, Venerable Brothers, to be solicitous for the spiritual assistance of young Africans and Asians who must live temporarily in your diocese to pursue their studies.”

The Pontiff then lists some of the dangers and difficulties encountered by foreign students, deploring in particular the fact that “for various reasons” these students too often remain outside the perimeter of local Catholic life. He assures the bishops that “the present and future seriousness of this state of affairs could not escape you. Thus, coming into contact with the cares of the missionary bishops, *you will not hesitate to appoint some experienced and zealous priest of your diocese for this apostolate*”. (Emphasis added.)

Two years later, Pope John, referring to this section of *Fidel Donum*, picked up the same thread in his own first mission encyclical. “Our immediate predecessor,” he wrote in *Princeps Pastorum*, “urged bishops to provide, in a spirit of fraternal and disinterested collaboration, for the spiritual assistance of young Catholics coming into their diocese

from mission countries, to enable them to follow studies and to acquire the experience which they will put into practice when they assume directive functions in their own country.” Here the “future-leader” concept and the essential collaboration (later to become a Joannine by-word) of all bishops are made even more explicit. The next two paragraphs are almost a repetition of Pius XII, a repetition born of the realization of how little his predecessor’s urgings were heeded.

“They are exposed to intellectual and moral dangers in a society which is not their own and that often, unfortunately, is not such as to support their faith and encourage their virtue. If each of you, venerable brothers, takes these things into account, *and if you are moved by the awareness of the missionary duty which is incumbent on all holy pastors, you will provide for them with solicitous charity and in the most apt ways.*”

“It will not be difficult for you to find these students, entrusting them to priests and laymen particularly devoted to this ministry, assisting them spiritually, making them know and experience the fragrance and resources of Christian charity that makes us all brothers and solicitous for one another.” (Emphasis added.)

Two years later, in *Mater et Magistra*, Pope John, citing the phenomenon of large-scale overseas study as a major factor in the process of economic and social development, directly urges the official Church to greater concern and support for foreign-student work generally.

With this encyclical, with its incomparable yet inseparable companion, *Pacem in Terris*, with the Constitution on the Church and the even more eagerly awaited document on the Church in the Modern World, a deeper understanding of such now traditional terms as mutual responsibility, interdependence and world mission is developing. The Church is committing herself to the world of development in a special way. “Pastoral care of foreign students” is but one component of this new commitment, but not, if properly understood, a minor one at all.

KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES

It may be a bit unusual for our readers to find an article about an Episcopal priest and his wife in a Catholic mission magazine. However, we feel it is time that the unusual side of such a presentation be eliminated. The whole Church has been urged to work towards Christian unity. We hope that by occasionally presenting a little story about various Protestant mission families or activities, we can gradually arrive at some sort of an understanding of one another that can eventually lead to union. The whole drive within the various Protestant churches for union started in the missions. In our day when the Protestant and Catholic bodies are looking up at one another, smiling and in halting fashion beginning conversation, perhaps the missions can once again foster closer union.

When you order food by the year's supply, it takes a long while to eat low-calorie guests out of your parlor—as the Joneses know.



Mrs. Bob Jones is quite a lady. She is certainly attractive enough, dynamic enough, honest enough to warrant anyone's attention anywhere. But she is a bit more than that. It is perhaps difficult to see the "more", perhaps easiest to understand it in telling her story.

She is the wife of Father Bob Jones, the Episcopal priest stationed in Kotzebue, Alaska. This is actually Mrs. Jones' second trip to Alaska. She came before with her first husband, Father Edwards, who was also an Episcopal priest. They were stationed in a little town called Tanana at the junction of the Yukon and Tanana Rivers. They had three children. One night their house burst into flames. Father Edwards and the three children were lost.

Mrs. Edwards went back to live in the "lower 48" after this enormous personal tragedy. She went to work for the Episcopal Bishop of Little Rock, Arkansas. There she met Father Bob Jones, whom she had already known when her first husband was in the seminary. Eventually she and Father Bob were married. About two years ago she returned to Alaska for her second missionary stint. As we said, there is much more to the woman than appears when you first meet her.

One of JM's reporters was in Alaska recently. While visiting Father Pat Spoletini in Kotzebue, Alaska, he also paid a visit to Father and Mrs. Jones. Kotzebue is on a narrow peninsula of land north of the Arctic Circle. On one side of the peninsula is a small bay and on the other side the Bering Sea and across the Bering Sea is Siberia. The Joneses live about two or three hundred yards from the Catholic Church, in a little parsonage located behind Father Bob's church. The name of this church is St.-George's-in-the-Arctic.

Father and Mrs. Jones form one of 36 Episcopal missionary families now located in Alaska. Their work is primarily with Indians and Eskimos. With a few rare exceptions all of the members of the parish of St. George's are Eskimos.

Father Jones is a Texan. He is a fairly tall, well-built, good-looking man. He considers himself to be a "broad church" man. In his tiny Kotzebue church he would very much like to have more liturgical services, but the sanctuary around his altar is so small that it is difficult to get even an altar boy on it! A great part of his day, every day, is spent in just maintaining the necessities of life in a rather hostile environment. He has services in the church, catechetical lessons to give, visiting of his parishioners to occupy his remaining hours. He reads quite a bit and shares the burdens of planning and development of the parish with his wife.

Mrs. Jones in many ways leads a life similar to that of any mother and housewife. Again her task is complicated by the isolation of Kotzebue. This isolation brings with it not only certain physical difficulties but also for a relatively young woman a bit more loneliness—or at least solitude—than the average American housewife would find. One of the problems she faces that is unique to Alaska (so far as American States are concerned) is that involved in purchasing all or almost all of her food for a year at one time. There are only one or two ships loaded with provisions that get to Kotzebue each year, during the summer. To take advantage of bulk buying and to assure the family of enough food for a year, Mrs. Jones along with many other Alaskan housewives orders for an entire year. The food is then stacked in every available nook and cranny of their tiny house. Although a great deal of it can be stored out of sight, the story of each year is more or less a question of eating yourself back into full possession of your house.

Father Jones was asked whether or not he felt in competition with the Catholic pastor in Kotzebue. He said, no, he certainly didn't feel that way himself. So far as he was concerned, they were not working in opposite directions but really in the same direction. Mrs. Jones added that in Alaska the Episcopal and the Catholic priests have had a rather long record of close cooperation, particularly in fields designed to help the

Eskimo or the Indian in their economic and social development. Father Jones added that he felt that there was more competitiveness stateside than in Alaska.

Both Father and Mrs. Jones sort of pooh-poohed the idea that they were doing anything remarkable by volunteering for work in Alaska. In truth, they feel that they have benefited from the assignment a great deal. They said that there is a certain feeling in Alaska that you don't find in any other state, a newness, a rawness, that helps to make the whole Episcopal Christian family in Alaska much more closely knit than you will find in the "lower 48."

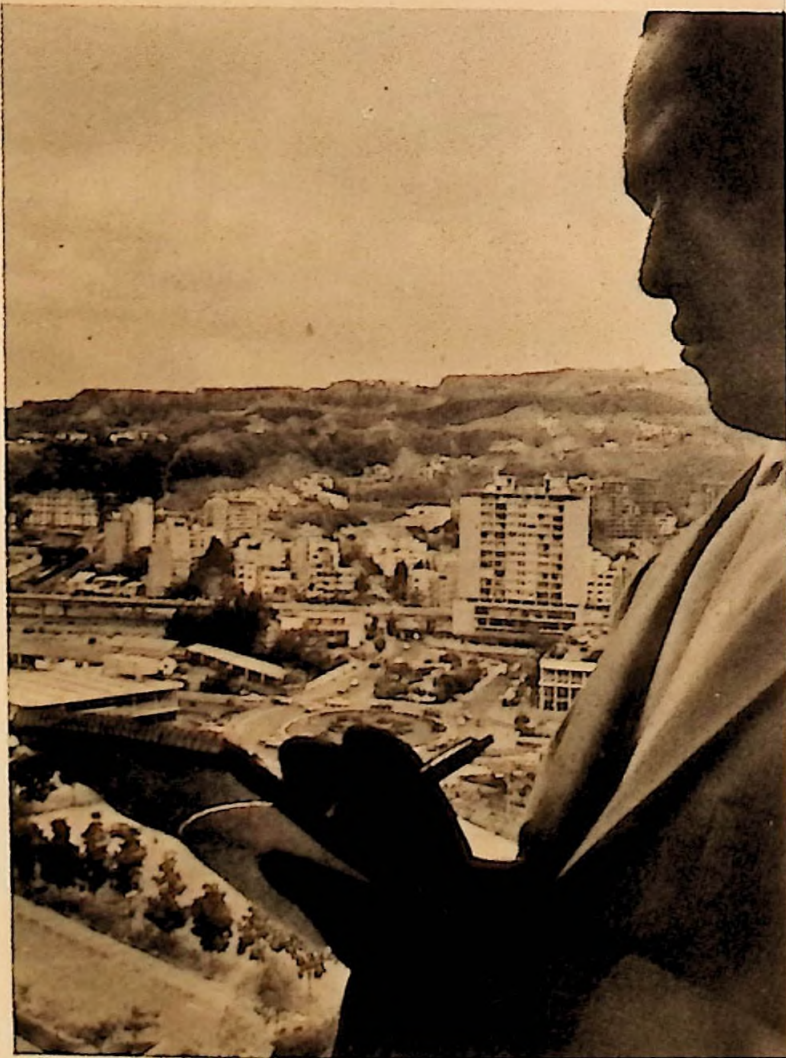
One of the great problems for Father and Mrs. Jones in Kotzebue is the difficulty of trying to fashion a community out of the remnants of various Eskimo tribes. The fact that Kotzebue at one time was only a fish camp for Eskimos and that its population is made up of members of various groups means that a community does not yet really exist; it is "every man for himself".

But the problems — that of achieving a "living together" as well as that of just keeping alive — really only add tang to a job both worthwhile and full of hope.

From Kotzebue's tip one looks north to more Alaska, west across Chukchi Sea's floes to Siberia.



REVOLTING STUDENTS



In the short span of a recent month, student violence broke out on campuses at five Latin American capitals.

At the University of Ecuador, in Quito, eighteen students, including the top leaders of the *Federacion de Estudiantes Universitarios*, were expelled by the University Council after student demonstrators hurled charges of submission by the rector to the military Junta now ruling that country.

A few hours later at Caracas Arturo Uslar Pietri, head of one of the government coalition parties, could not deliver his address at gala ceremonies in the *Universidad Central* of Venezuela because of a boisterous attack by extreme leftists.

In Lima, Peru, the ancient University of San Marcos was turned into a battlefield by communist and "Apra" students over forthcoming campus elections. Apra, a social reform party of large Indian and *mestizo* following, has taken over several schools, but communists are bent on keeping their present control of the University Federation.

Again, communists were blamed at Buenos Aires for disrupting a lecture by Walt Rostow, United States delegate to the Inter-American Committee of the Alliance for Progress, who was touring South America just prior to a decisive meeting in Chile. An audience of five hundred could not stop a handful of vociferous youths protesting American bombings in North Vietnam.

Lastly, at San Juan, Puerto Rico, pro-Independence students clashed on the campus of the University of Puerto Rico with groups favoring statehood. When police intervened to protect the rector and his aides, more violence erupted.

Why this saturation of campuses with politics? Are these only rebels without a cause, or defending a thwarted one? Are students a force for change? There is no easy answer. Even on the traditionally peaceful campuses of the United States growing signs of student unrest have been appearing.

There is widespread feeling among responsible circles in Latin America that such politicking stifles education and academic achievement. "How can these boys and girls

ever complete a serious career if they spend so much time and energy parading in protest after protest?"

But a political science instructor saw in the restless attitude of youth a positive force for progress. "They have a sense of mission, a call to perform in public and defend a cause that otherwise will go undefended, like the lot of the downtrodden," he remarked in a lecture at Mexico's university.

Actually, political action at the student level has forged new social reform parties and leaders, quickly replacing outmoded conservative and liberal groups. There are convincing examples of political leaders that were first teachers. Eduardo Frei, president of Chile, Fernando Belaunde, president of Peru, Rafael Caldera, head of the Christian Democrats in Venezuela, all are modern educators who became statesmen. And in the past, Argentinian Domingo Sarmiento and, in more recent years, Mexican José Vasconcelos, went from teaching to politics.

But, paradoxically, the sense of mission and civic pride shown by students—they even toppled dictatorships in Argentina, Venezuela, Colombia and Cuba—has often been misused and thwarted. The over-active, erratic kind of political agitation indulged in by some groups indeed stifles university life.

Other factors contribute. In some countries constitutions have a changing spirit and validity, and the form of government changes even within a generation. Again, pious renditions by politicians about freedom, democracy and equality, have, unfortunately, very little impact on impoverished masses. And, conversely, demands for strong rule, progress and order within a paternalistic or totalitarian state appeal to many.

No generalizations should be drawn from this picture. Basically, a great majority of Latin American university students—and there are hardly half-a-million of them—are seriously devoted to their academic tasks, want change to be achieved by democratic means, and adhere to the Western goals underlined by our Christian civilization.

But the extremists—rightists, marxists,

castroites—are often better organized, louder and more determined than their peaceful opponents. It is particularly the communists who have been able to exploit student unrest and plant "professional" student leaders on campuses, to capture student organizations and trigger all kinds of trouble.

To their aid comes a sort of "halo" enjoyed by universities in Latin America: their "autonomy" and the "sanctuary" of their campuses. Out of past heroic stands by students, there has been developed a sort of "hero" worship. In the face of this public image, governments do not dare to break into campuses or use police force to quell the revolts, even if these upheavals threaten their very stability. Student leaders are thus prone to spend a disproportionate amount of their political capital and tend to apply political pressure even on non-political issues, including purely academic decisions. As a rule, expediency and improvisation—probably the result of a lack of reliable information to ground political debate and a lack of discipline in thinking and judging—seem to be the prevailing rule.

In fact, as one observer puts it, the "microcosm" of the university is a mirror of the "macrocosm" of society, with its conflicts and its achievements. Because of the prestige and status-symbol of university studies, these institutions have become a powerful magnet through which a new "elite" is being filtered and consecrated. From the university, the degree-holders move up to rule the country, or spread out into the professions and economic life of the nation, or, lastly, settle into the influential teaching institutions and communications fields.

The university comes thus to feed out a privileged group, perhaps two per thousand of the population. On the beliefs and attitudes, performance and goals of such "intelligentsia", depends a great deal of the future of the country. If these leaders have been taught to place duty before convenience, we can expect a balanced society, in which the individual good is guaranteed by the common good.

SELMA REMEMBERED

The Editors



R. N. S.

Some pictures need no text. Pure beauty, or pure horror, are their best and worst argument. In our picture, beauty and horror live together.

We have heard a great deal of the Whites who stood with the Negroes at Selma, who marched with them, sang with them, prayed with them. But the Whites came late, and most of them departed again. They left the Negroes with their long loneliness and their unfinished business. The business will be finished, as it was begun, by the Negroes themselves; by Negro pride, Negro courage, and Negro love.

In saying this, we do not mean to say that the White man is incapable of pity, or beyond redemption. Christ has died for all, even for us. And Selma has given us hope that even we are capable of an awakening; that we are not beyond Christ's tears and the reach of his love.

Where we all go from here, as the President has said, depends on many things. It depends on the courts, on the streets, on a Southern awakening, on the whole nation, which likes to call itself, in its official rhetoric, the Great Society. Of greatness, we shall see. But one thing we know, the way to greatness lies in a change of heart, and change comes hard, and a hundred years of Negro tragedy are a formidable barrier against change. And against all the talk of greatness, stand the facts; the moral puniness, the fancy delaying tactics, the impervious neighborhoods, the immovable liberals, the silent pulpits—the

White circle, which has become in the most rigorous sense a closed circle, and even a vicious one.

Who will spring the circle, so that the White man may be free? We think the White man cannot do it alone; we think the strongest link in his manacle is the illusion that he is free. And even if he has some remote sense of his unfreedom, he lives by the illusion that he can play Houdini and spring himself.

But of course he cannot. Alan Paton has given us a good lead. He learned it as a White man in South African jails. "The first sign of moral slavery is the willingness to live with the enslavement of others." We have had a hundred years of that slavery; we cannot be free overnight. But the Negro is crying "Freedom now". Is his cry not uttered, first of all, on our behalf?

A Selma Negro, his eyes blinded by tear gas, supports in his arms a Negro woman, struck down by Clark's billy clubs. The Selma Whites were onlookers at that scene; they cheered when the troopers struck.

But the nation was horrified. One American among others, Reverend James Reeb, was so overwhelmed that he took a plane for Selma; he was struck down and died in the South a few days later.

This gentle obscure man had taken many small steps in the direction of greatness before the giant step which led him to death. He had moved with his family into a Northern Negro area, to work there for Negro rights. In a true

sense, he had already laid his life on the line; Selma found him ready. His death was the outcome of a pure and rigorous logic, rooted in the cross. The logic demands of men that they carry the cross, sometimes for many miles and many years, before they are worthy to die on it.

The mission of the Church begins where we are. Where it will lead us, no one of us can predict. But we know at least, after Selma (and Little Rock and Montgomery and Birmingham and St. Augustine), that to bear a mission is to bear the cross. We know moreover that North and South the Negro has borne the cross in our place. Only a few Whites, and among them, only a very few Christians, have carried this burden of outraged justice and violated rights. The rest of us have refused our mission.

No White man is in our picture. We think the point is worthy of note. In our nation, very few White men are in the integration picture, in any real way. One is reminded of the truth that the opposite of love is not hatred, but indifference. The indifference which consumes our days, which edges us from the mainstream of change to the spectator's idle role, which wastes our lives on trivial or tribal obsessions—all this is visible in the lucid, fiery mirror of Selma.

But the Negro is infinitely patient. He still awaits us. Can we catch up with his march, which is very nearly the only living thing on our static and sterile landscape?

WANTED

for

Jesuit

Missions

1. WHEN ALONE, A VOICE . . .

Copper Valley School, Alaska, is a miracle in the wilderness. It is a miracle made possible by JM's readers who contributed a great deal toward its construction. In its isolated corner of Alaska, Eskimos, Indians and whites study together and work together. They are the Church's future in our poor—and cold!—northern Alaska. Father Frank Fallert is the director of the wilderness school and wrote recently to ask JM's readers to help him set up a radio network between Copper Valley School and all of the Alaska missionaries, isolated from one another. The voice of a friend can be a great consolation when you live in isolation. A gift of \$5.00 can help to make some missionary's life a lot less lonely.

2. BE WARM TO WAIFS

Jesuit Father Harold Rahm left El Paso, Texas, last year to work in Brazil. Now he is running a settlement house in one of that potentially great nation's poorer villages. His days are spent working with orphan children and street waifs; far into each night he talks with the older people and the workers. His message is always God's; his practical lessons try to point the way to a better tomorrow. He can feed a homeless child for 25¢ a day—but there are so many of them! He begs you to be generous

with him so that he might be so to them. Many thanks.

3. HE CAN'T SAY 'NO'

Father Frank Kownacki is, was and probably always will be one of the world's great sleepers! He hasn't had a chance to practice his specialized art for two years now; not since he left Philadelphia for Osorno, Chile, and its poor. But sleep is the least of his problems. Perhaps the greatest is this: what answer do you give to the poor? Father Frank can't say "No," but he doesn't have the money to say "Yes." A few dollars could help him help his poor toward the day when they can help themselves.

4. FOR 'MEALIE' MOUTHS

In Zambia (formerly N. Rhodesia) Father Lou Haven is about as far from Hardin, Montana, as he could be without going into orbit! Although he modestly claims that the only remarkable thing he has ever done was to become the first American Jesuit permanently assigned

south of the Sahara in Africa, he is doing a great job running a seminary for young African boys. Their priesthood may be far off for these boys, but the Church's future depends on them. They depend on "mealie" (mashed up corn) to live and Father Haven depends on your generous help to buy the "mealie." Ten dollars would buy the "mealie" for a day.

5. HELP FOR HELPERS

In British Honduras the entire Catholic school system would probably collapse without the Papal Volunteers. If the school system didn't collapse without them, our mid-west Jesuits would! We Jesuits are happy to admit that anytime, to anyone. The Volunteers are American laymen and laywomen who give a year or two or more to working for Christ. Father Leo Weber begs your help in maintaining them. Priests are used to begging; and you are generous to us priest volunteers. We seldom ask who will feed the lay volunteers. A gift of a dollar could care for one of our lay co-workers for a day.

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

| DEAR FATHER, |

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

| NAME _____ |

| ADDRESS _____ |

| CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____ |

| 5-65 |

Pictures that speak IV



***Refugees; unwanted,
shunted about by war,
thrust across borders, fed
and clothed and
sheltered in humiliation;
their hands are
eloquent as faces:
—is there a heart for us,
a home for us, in all
the world?
—my father (the son's
hands say) I trust in you.
(the father's hands) my
son, do not fear.
I love you.***

Chinese refugees arrive in tiny Macao just south of Hongkong.