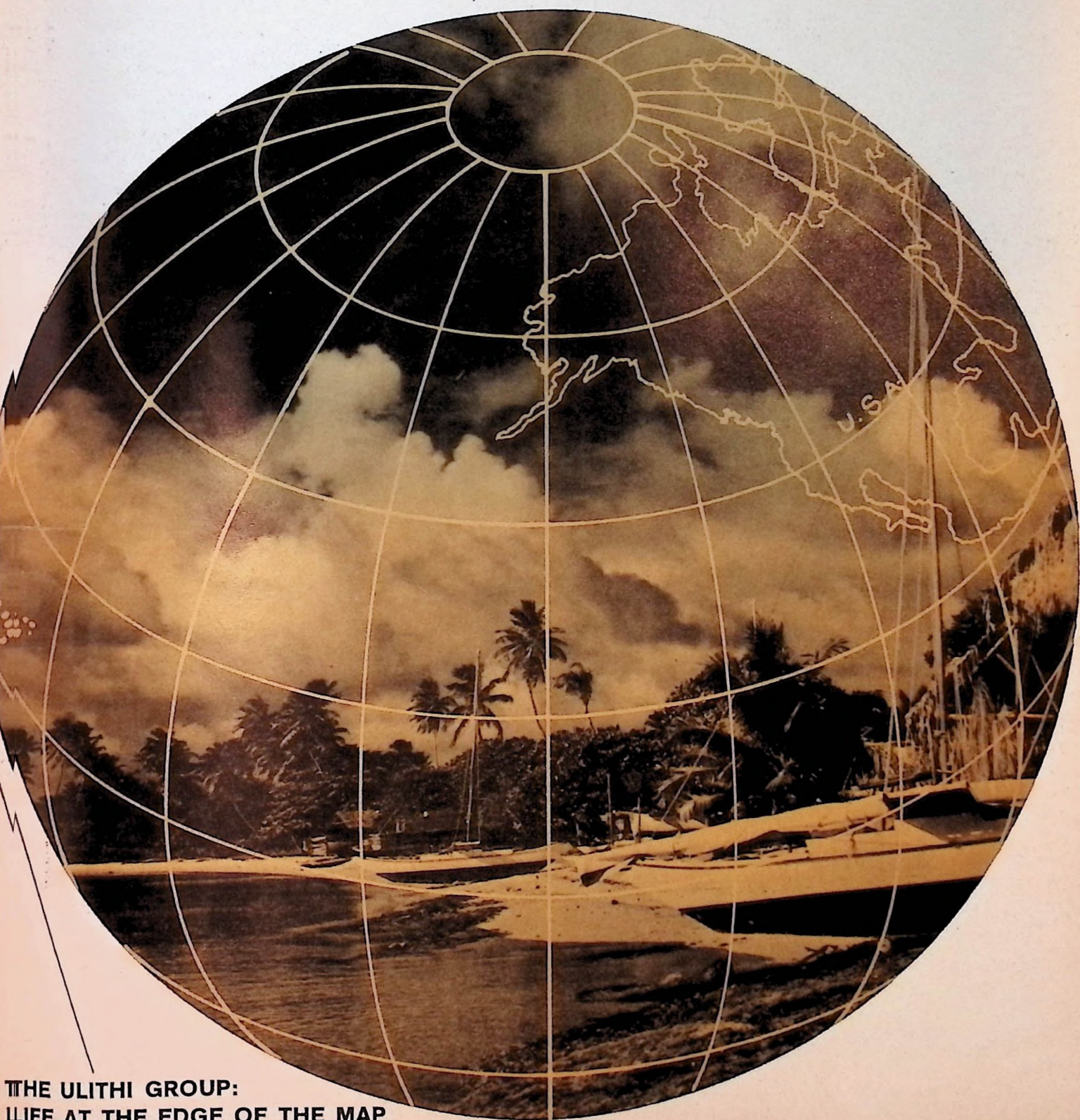




JESUIT MISSIONS / SEPTEMBER, 1965 / 25¢



THE ULITHI GROUP:
LIFE AT THE EDGE OF THE MAP

As you said . . .

Father: As the wife of a Protestant minister, may I express my thanks to you for "Selma Remembered" and "Where Christ Is" in your May 1965 issue? This was my first contact with your publication. What a fortunate accident it was! I was thrilled to see Christ in the civil rights issue. Let us work and pray to keep him there. Harry Truman may think Martin Luther King and his sympathetic northern clergy are "trouble-makers", but he really ought to read the Gospels again. Jesus Christ was the biggest rabble-rouser the world has ever seen (thank God!). We can do no less than follow in his footsteps.

Mrs. Alden H. Blake
Hancock, N.H.

Father: The cancellations because of "Selma Remembered" aren't surprising to me. I am a garment worker; very few trades have such a variety of nationalities as that. By being observant, one can easily study human behavior. The Roman Catholic Church stands out like the proverbial sore thumb, as it is international. Yet one gradually sees that its members behave according to their national customs rather than the teachings of the Church.

An Italian can't understand the Irishman's fuss over March 17 (nor) why people of other nationalities make so much of the Pope; after all, he speaks their language and eats spaghetti—so why the fuss? . . . The Lebanese of the Eastern rites observe the "western" Good Friday; Orthodox Lebanese can't see why they celebrate a "phony date" . . .

Ecumenism is a long way off. If Catholics who hold the same religious creed can't understand each other nationally, it's going to be difficult for them to understand non-Catholics. Use the same sentence but substitute Protestant and Jew for Catholic and the story will be the same.

Dan Cupid isn't a "racist", so maybe he'll solve the problem first. Until then, we'll have to "let George do it".

Viola Albrechtsen
Arlington, Mass.

Father: Readers out here are impressed with J.M. We wish all of you every success in your work for the Missions. You might be interested to know that Mother Teresa of Calcutta has decided to open a house in Venezuela. She will leave with five Sisters in July. One of the five is an American from California, Sister Helena. She speaks Spanish fluently and has begun teaching her companions. One of the five is Sister Dolores, the daughter of

a very poor Catholic fisherman of Kerala. Last year I went to Kerala and met him on the sands of the beach. As he threw himself at my feet, I could not help thinking of St. Peter. Strange that this good man has become the father of an apostle, sent from India to become a missionary to revive the Faith in an older center. God bless you and your work.

Bishop L. T. Picachy, S.J.
Jamshedpur, India

For the many readers who have asked, *Mother Teresa's address is: Mother Teresa, Missionaries of Charity Convent, 54-A Lower Circular Road, Calcutta 16, India.—Ed.*

Father: The editorial, "Not As Strangers", in the June 1965 issue hit this nail right on the head. It is a scolding I deserve, administered gently but with complete logic.

I am interested in the missions, I like to help them, but I too often complain about the number of mail appeals—more than can be answered unless by sending a very small donation to each. This is wasteful.

I wish your kindly chiding could be widely read; it would set many more of us back on our heels.

Elizabeth A. Byrne
Chicago, Illinois

Father: I have just finished reading the July-August Jesuit magazine and with each one that I read I get a little more disgusted. Speaking for instance of the article, "The Young Man and the Sea", this is very beautiful and a lot could be learned from this article. Then we go on to "World Poverty and the Christian Conscience" and it can make you sick. Always talking about money and trying to get people to become socialistic. . . .

The next topic of aggravation that I read in your magazine is the fact that an article was written where missionaries regarded themselves as beggars. Isn't the whole Church a beggar, one cannot go to church without being asked for money and more money, money is the topic at all times. If you should feel a little pious when you enter the church, you come out angry. I'm in agreement that we should feed the hungry with food not with money. . . . On one hand the Church is capitalistic by retaining all the money that they collect and socialistic in trying to make you share your salary with the poor. What has happened in the Church lately makes you believe the Communists have taken over. . . .

Jeanne M. Siebert
New York, N.Y.

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LABELS □ Communist! Birchite! Racist! Bigot! Rightist! Leftist! Whatever is sanctified for one person is hateful to another—and so, condemned out of hand by sticking on a label.

In any world, neither persons nor situations can be thus lightly disposed of. For persons, trait shades off into trait, and a short, scar-bright brand tells nothing factual. In any human situation, action and reaction are so interlaced that untangling them could take forever.

This editorial is an exhortation to think: to recall that there are no simple blacks or whites in this world. To give an example: all things considered, we believe that U.S. strength must be committed in Vietnam. Yet the deep complexity of the situation is indicated when the Archbishop of Saigon says, as he did in June, that the Catholics “reject a false stability founded on terrorism and injustice . . . a false peace which would be a capitulation to the communists. And we do not accept, either, a kind of mistaken ‘anti-communism’ destined to profit from the sufferings of the people.”

It is an exhortation to consider that behind African instability lies white and black malice, black and white ignorance, but also white and black hope and courage. Behind the Dominican crisis are failures of Church and of State; an explanation in terms of Christ, an explanation in terms of Marx . . . and an explanation in no other terms than those of hunger.

Labels never help to solutions. In our world of 1965, when events and the persons involved have become more wildly complicated than ever, the instant label is not merely unfair; it's a form of self-inflicted blindness.

SEPTEMBER 1965

VOL. 39 NO. 7



Cover. On the edge of our global map, and of our world, the Ulithi islanders still follow a centuries-old way of life.

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ISLAM:

A valley "inhabited by the most elegant and beautiful damsels, accomplished in the arts of singing, playing upon all sorts of musical instruments, and especially those of dalliance and amorous allurements"—this, according to Marco Polo, was a Moslem's idea of an earthly paradise. And ever since Marco Polo wrote his Travels, the West has been enthralled by tales of the allure of the women of Islamic lands.

Crusaders brought back legends of the jealousy with which veiled women were guarded in the East. From the bejeweled princesses moving through the pages of the Thousand and One Nights of Scheherazade down to the intriguing women of Laurence Durrell's Alexandria, Eastern women have seemed mysterious, set apart, an allure in shadows. Nor does her storied way of life appeal to men only. Images of hours spent gossiping in the sunny courts of harems or awaiting a lover under a star-filled desert sky haunt the imagination of every woman who has seen Valentino as the Sheik or heard Charles Boyer whisper his "Come with me to the Casbah!"

So much for the fable and fiction. The reality, for millions, is quite otherwise and a woman's place in the East has long been fixed for her by the Koran and tradition.



A MAN'S WORLD

Linda Lee Davis

Resignation is her way of life. The very word Islam means submission, and her submission has been precisely defined. The Koran says: "Men are superior to women on account of the qualities with which God hath gifted the one above the other. Virtuous women are obedient . . ."

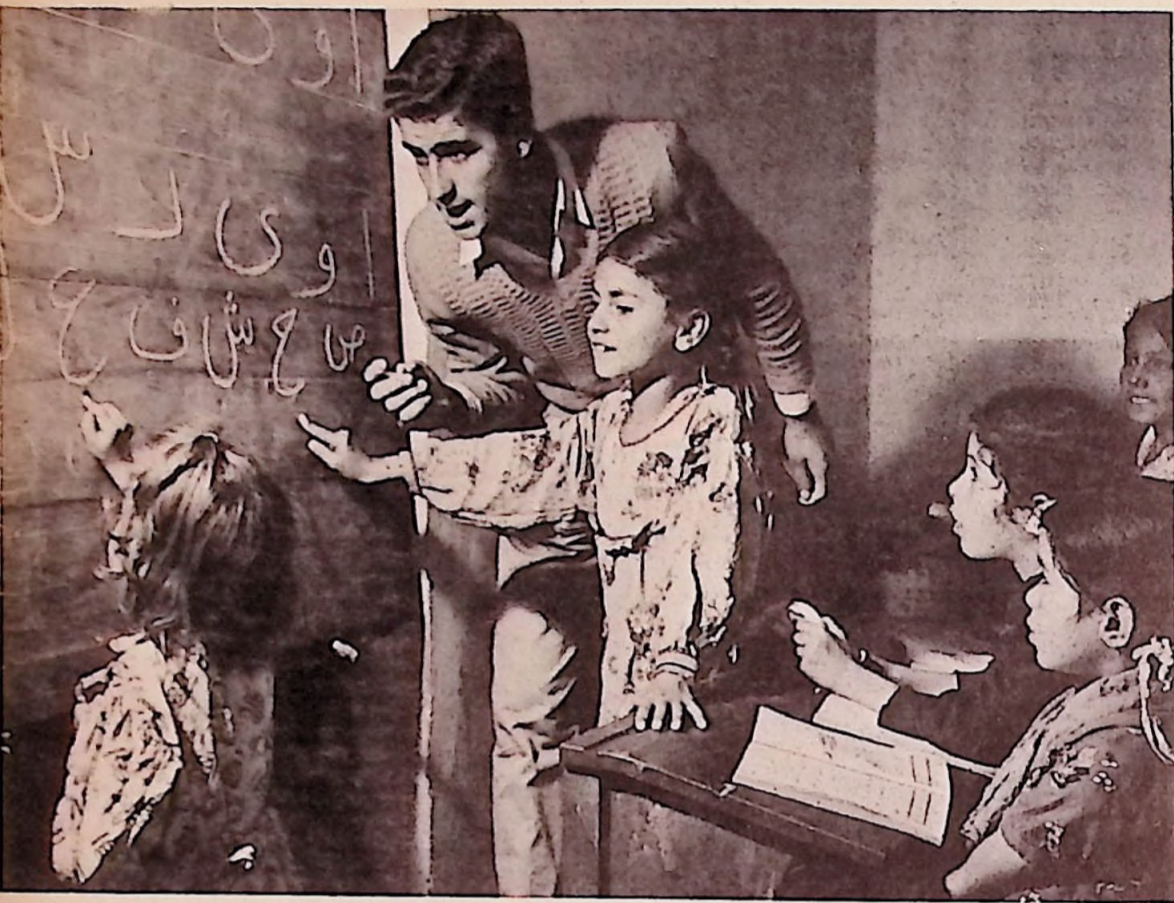
The basic inferiority of her sex, clearly stated in the holy texts, is made clear to a Moslem girl at every stage of her life. Her birth brings no rejoicing to a Moslem household. She is nursed only half the time given to a boy baby, and by the age of four is already doing household tasks and caring for the younger children. Although there are increasing numbers of schools for girls throughout the Middle East, most children do not attend school for more than a few years and most Moslem women are illiterate.

Traditional proverbs say that a careful education of a girl is sheer wastefulness. A mother's prime duty is to teach her daughter the most important lesson of her life: how to please men. How well she learns this lesson will determine the greater part of her future. The Moslem mother also begins early to prepare her daughter for marriage by teaching her that she will have to serve and wait on not only her husband but also her mother-in-law.

With years of such emphasis it is no wonder that marriage is the most exciting event in a Mohammedan girl's life. Every girl is expected to marry; usually before she is out of her teens. Her husband may be as old as 60! Although the bride's consent is becoming increasingly important, the marriage is customarily arranged by the parents. Love is not a factor. Although the separation of the sexes usually begins when the children are about eight years old, the bride and bridegroom will most probably be acquainted. In Islam, the ideal marriage is between the children of two brothers. A marriage is regarded as a contract rather than a sacrament in that its main purpose is to strengthen family ties. A bride traditionally becomes part of her husband's family, theoretically relinquishing all loyalties of her own. However, if she marries a relative, she is not lost to her own family and the bridegroom does not have to pay so large a bride price for a cousin.

In the cities the custom of cousin marriage is dying out, but in some tribes the right of the male cousin to marry a girl is so firmly established that his consent must be sought before the girl can marry outside the family.

There are two parts to a wedding ceremony: the engagement and the signing of the



From Morocco to Iran the old ways are changing as educational opportunities are opened to hundreds of thousands of girls long deprived by traditions of seclusion and neglect.

contract which specifies the dowry to be paid to the bride's family. Part of the dowry is held back, to be paid in case of divorce or death. The rest is generally spent on clothes, jewelry, or land for the daughter. The wedding, a time of feasting and rejoicing, may take place at the time of the signing of the contract or as much as a year later. A girl is expected to be a virgin at the time of her marriage or there will be no wedding. In some places the penalty is death at the hands of her male relatives. Adultery is punished by stoning to death if guilt is proved.

After her wedding the bride goes to live in the home of her husband's family where she occupies a subordinate position. She gains prestige and position only with the birth of children, preferably males. A childless woman is treated with contempt, and barrenness is the most frequent cause of divorce or the taking of a second wife. As a sign of esteem and affection, the husband will call his wife by the name of their eldest son. Paternal authority is absolute in the home, but as time goes on the wife can exert considerable control over her grown sons and their wives.

The Moslem woman lives her married life with the fear of divorce always before her. All her husband has to do is repeat the for-

mula "I divorce you" three times in the presence of two witnesses. She cannot contest the divorce nor can she initiate it except by legal action carried out for her by her male relatives before a religious court, and only then for very serious reasons. After the divorce, the woman is paid the reserved portion of the bride price and returns to her own family. Her husband is immediately free to remarry, but she must wait for three months to see if she is pregnant. The children belong to the father by law but remain with the mother until the girls are nine and the boys are seven. The Koranic divorce laws are most unpopular with emancipated Mohammedan women. They are fighting in almost every country of the Middle East to change divorce to a legal process. There is, however, no stigma attached to a divorced woman; usually she remarries.

Polygamy is no longer an important question today. It is becoming increasingly rare. The Koran permits a man to have four wives, but each must be treated equally in separate establishments. There are few men who can afford this way of life. Polygamy is today usually practiced among nomad chieftains and landlords owning several villages. They use multiple marriages to gain influence through kinship.

The custom of veiling is another matter. Like polygamy and concubinage, it antedated Islam. In the ancient Middle East the veil was considered the mark of a free woman. Now it is the symbol of the Moslem woman's oppression. Veiling was never practiced by all classes of society; it was always more common among the upper classes and only in certain places. Recently, the abolition of the veil has been the first step in the emancipation of women throughout Islam. The veiling and seclusion of women go beyond the Koranic precepts of modesty. This may be due, in part, to Mohammed's extreme jealousy of his own wives and his insistence that they be veiled.

Society in the Middle East has always been based on a separation of the sexes in most activities. This was true in Biblical times. But the institution of the Harem was

made possible by the adoption of the eunuch system from Byzantium. Although harems are now a thing of the past, except in Saudi Arabia, there are Moslem women today who never leave their homes until they are carried to their graves. There are houses where the only windows are in the roof lest the wife be seen, and there are women who have never seen any males except those of their immediate family. Even now an emancipated professional woman finds it difficult to find a public place in which to meet female friends and will have almost no individual social life apart from her family.



In Islamic courts the testimony of a woman is worth only half that of a man. A woman may only inherit a half share of her father's property. She is discriminated against at every level of her life. Nevertheless, the popular notion that "Moslem women have no souls" is erroneous. The idea that woman exists merely to give a man a foretaste of the pleasures of heaven and to bear him children sprang up through Moslem literature. In Arabic, Persian, Turkish and Moroccan folklore and fairy tales, woman is most often the villain and is rarely represented as noble or pure. Hell is peopled with women. In Moslem poetry, woman is the root of all evil. Yet this one-sided blackening of women by men of imagination, the writers and poets of the Moslem world, is not the tenor of the Koran itself. The evils of human nature are not exclusively feminine failures in its pages; it is addressed primarily to men.

In earlier times, Moslem women were faithful to the five pillars of Islam: profession of faith, prayer five times a day, almsgiving, fasting and the pilgrimage to Mecca. Now they are excused from their religious duties due to their "lack of strength and intelligence". Women who have the means do, however, still make the pilgrimage. Some visit the women's sections of the mosques to mark the end of Ramadan, the month of fasting. King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia felt that women could be permitted to listen to the reading of holy books, but that other reading and especially writing are unsuitable accomplishments for them. Other rulers of

other Moslem lands are far more progressive, but in the eyes of Islam, generally, a woman's chief virtue is her modesty.

Today, throughout Islam, the role of woman is changing. The veil is being abandoned, women are seen in the streets and they are taking up professions and forming organizations which fight for health, education and the further emancipation of the Moslem woman. The evolution of many harsh customs is slow and differs from country to country, but change today seems irresistible. Although marriage customs show new patterns, still marriage and a large family represent the ideal life for Moslem women. It is almost impossible to remain unmarried. Women who have been educated abroad bewail the lack of social life and the continuing separation of the sexes. Even when these women are permitted by their families to work, vocational training is almost nonexistent. While change is most apparent in the cities, the age-old traditions persist with the force of law in the villages and among the nomads. It is still a man's world and, despite change, still too much as it was in the time of Mohammed the Prophet who said: "My merit for the future life consists of prayer, and my worldly pleasure consists of woman."

In Arab lands the breakthrough for Moslem women has begun in modern cities like Cairo and Beirut. A shot of Lebanese students shows women mixing with men on equal terms.

FROM FENCE AND FREEHOLD TO THE SEA

The earth is for man; to plow and reap, to inhabit and traverse.

In the Old Testament, a land journey was the symbol of an awakening faith. We think of the mysterious call to Abraham: "Leave your country behind you, your kinsfolk and your father's home, and come away into a land I will show you." And we think of the journey of God's people from bondage, a journey of raging heat and hunger and thirst—the exodus from Egypt into "a fruitful land and large, a land that is all milk and honey."

And the sea, like the land, is also for man . . . with this difference. When men go down to the sea, they leave the land—and at their peril. In the gospel, the journey of faith continues; but the journey takes a new direction. Men declare their faith in Christ and one another by going forth from the land, from fence and freehold, down to the sea. The word of Christ sounds, abrupt and even absurd; men must cast off into the deep, they must even walk the waters. The Mediterranean world, the islands of Greece, the Maltese cliffs, Rome and its ports—these are the ends of the earth, as Christians dared them and knew them.

But always, between here and there, between Israel and the nations, between the present and the future, it stood—a mortal threat, a beast unchained, a beckoning goddess; dream, mirage, grave of the unwary, field of the valiant. The sea.

"Go now, and make disciples of all the nations." For fishermen and villagers it was an appalling command. These were men of a despised race, their land occupied by a foreign power. They were Lilliputians in Gulli-

ver's country; the Roman giant bestrode the world. His nailed boots rang on the stones of Jerusalem, his trumpets were heard even in the Holy Place, a daily humiliation and shame. A history of bondage and occupation, a precarious minority existence, had drawn the people together into a tight knot of pride, a sense of inalienable destiny.

But even more powerful forces were at work, making of Israel a nation apart. The canons of Jewish law frowned on all traffic with the *goyim*; Israel was to find herself, and preserve herself, in a jealous love for the Temple and the Law. She could be God's people only in isolation from the worshippers of idols—of which the chief stood in her midst, a daily reminder of the conscienceless power which corrupts, which could corrupt even her.

How then could Jewish Christians accept the language of the risen One, the command to sail and make disciples, to announce a message that knew no barrier or frontier? What strange command summoned men out of the past, out of security, out of tradition, out of the *sacred*? With what resources could they confront the intellectuals, the political powers, the wisdom of the Mediterranean empires, world weary and deeply rooted?

The faith engendered in Jewish souls, preached by Jews, ratified by the death and resurrection of a Jew—it had struck free. It must now take into account all the varieties of thought by which men sought to understand themselves and the world: Roman law and Greek subtlety, nature worship, the cult of the body, pantheons, the tragic sense of life, philosophies which crowned nature as god, philosophies which saw the world as a dark enigma. Under such influences, Christianity could never again be a religion of convert Jews.

But questions remained, inevitably. Could the new faith offer something new to the world at large? Could it undergo change, and still remain itself?

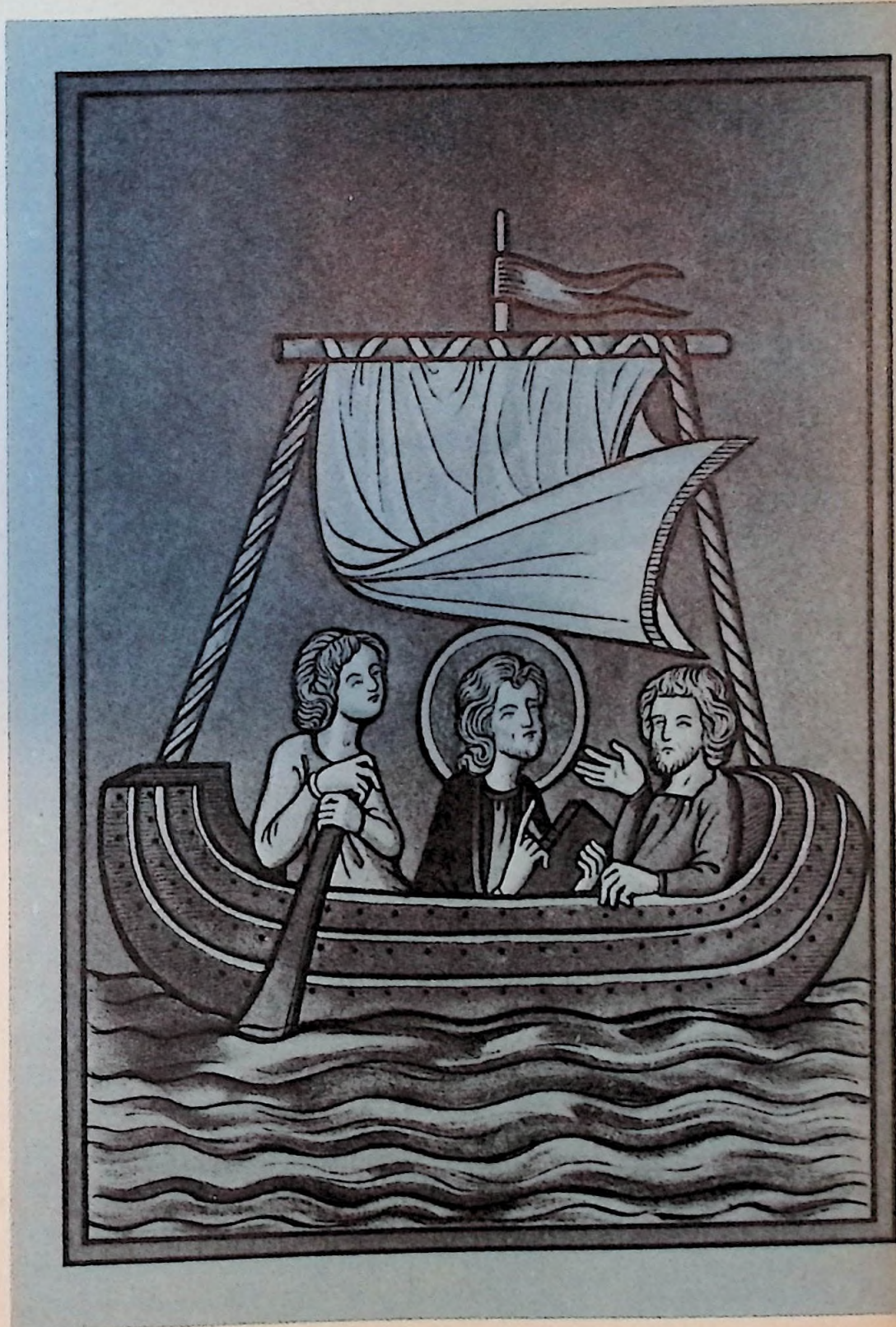
What high hopes rode on that first voyage! Exhilaration and adventure, the cloud of unknown, the pain of uprooted men, invitation, mystery and promise—these we can only surmise at. The account of Luke is laconic and straightforward, a brief sentence from a ship's log: "So these two, sent at the Holy Spirit's command, went down to Seleucia, and from there, they sailed off to Cyprus." (Act 13, 6).

Time, someone has well said, is the patience of God. The centuries have passed, generations of heroes have come and gone, the sea is sown with the tears and blood of mission. And still the work is unfinished. It seems more unfinished today than ever. One generation draws its world maps; the next tears them up. In the 16th and 17th centuries, Christendom shrunk into place within the new-world explorations. In the 17th century men gathered into cities as the industrial revolution exploded. In the 18th and 19th, the fleets of explorers and traders headed into every corner of the East; to India, Africa, South and Central America. And during the same period, the new world discovered its might and seized the hegemony from the hands of Europe.

But what explorations await the 20th century and the twenty-first? The answer is like a spinning vane in a changing wind; it points in many directions: outer space, the floor of the sea, the very structure of the universe.

The arrow spins; but at its center lies a stillness. All man's journeys outward are a symbol of his inward journey. The *hegiras* and pilgrimages and caravans of history are an image of an unkillable inner urge: to be

Daniel J. Berrigan S. J.



and become, to grow, to love, to serve, to cast off the condition one was born into and must not die in—slavery, ignorance, poverty, superstition. The outer change dramatizes the inner. Man is made to commune and ponder and contribute, to set up rhythms of interaction, love, friendship, to open himself before the vicissitudes of history. And all this in answer to a simple, unkillable need. He must be himself by surpassing himself.

Man knows that if he is to think, he must pay the price of his thought. If he is to love, he must pay the price exacted by his own heart. And the price is often that of a ticket of passage. Can a man know his world, can he love his brother, and still remain what he was, remain where he was? He cannot. There is no end to the journey while time lasts.

Greek legends had told how, under the power of benign gods, trees and stones and animals could become living men. One of the poets, Ovid, had written a charming series of parables on the theme; all nature shared a mysterious longing to metamorphose into men. Sometimes the wonder even came to pass. The legends are perhaps of help towards understanding the terrifying change that was required of the Jewish Christians. It was a kind of leap in existence. Men would be born again, they would enter a community whose world view was shaped by the Holy Spirit, whose old ways of thinking opened upon universal freedom.

We are given a hint of the change worked by the risen Lord, in the account of the first sea journey of the Christians.

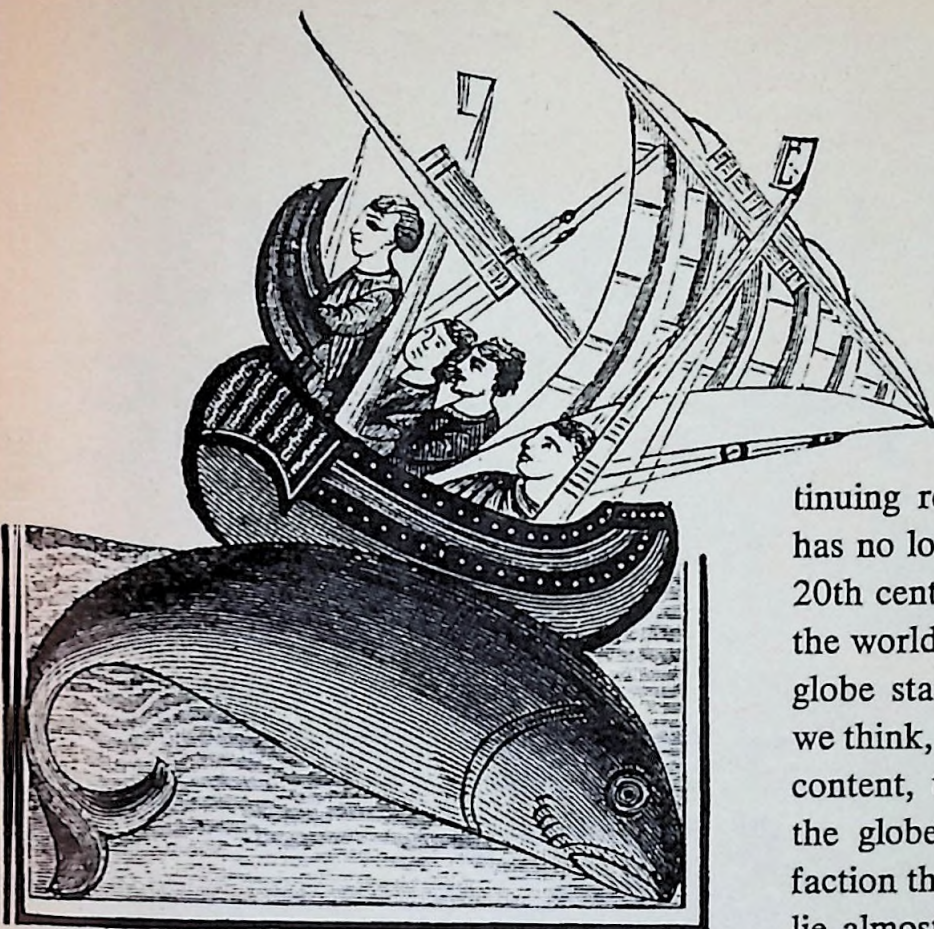
Barnabas and Saul were at Antioch of Syria, at that corner of the Mediterranean where the waters cut southward sharply, almost at right angles to the coasts of Greece. The moment was favorable; so was the place. Saul

had been converted; he had struck a firm friendship with Barnabas, who had defended him before the brethren at Jerusalem. When that lion shed his ravening skin and came before the Christians, Barnabas, we are told charmingly, took Saul by the hand and explained to them how "this man had seen the Lord on his journey." The two were now friends, and ready.

They were ready, we are given to know, not because they had been freed of fears and doubts, or because a company of supermen had arisen to replace those who were, alas, only men. Something more mysterious was at work; an idea had reached its hour, and the sounding of that hour was the sounding of a ship's bell. The Holy Spirit spoke; the men set sail.

"While the brethren were worshipping the Lord and fasting, the Holy Spirit spoke to them saying, 'Set Barnabas and Saul apart for me for a task to which I have called them.' At this, after further fasting and prayer, they laid their hands on them, and set them free for this work." (Acts 13, 3-5)

It was a lowly, coast-hugging voyage of some hundred miles, no great event in the history of the nautical world. Indeed the voyage hardly bears comparison with the great explorations that had gone before. For at least 2,000 years before Christ, the Phoenicians had plowed an open furrow off the African and Eastern coasts—to Syria, to Somaliland, to Arabia, to India, perhaps even to China. In 500 B.C. an African, Himilico, sailing along the French coast, had braved the fury of the great European tides and left a log of his voyage. And some 200 years later, one Pythias of Massilia sailed as far North as the Arctic Circle and the land of the midnight sun. Boldness and skill were



ancient gifts indeed; the accounts these men left of their journeys help us even today to trace the movements of tribes and cultures in their world.

Still, when all this is recalled, the first Christian voyage into the Greek world remains unique. The Good News is now an export; it is visible and available. The new wine has burst the old containers. A risk and a promise would determine the future; for the Church, even for the world.

First of all, the faith was now clearly risking itself. It was putting men's bodies where their words were; it was commending itself to men of different cultures and languages; it was about to encounter world-shapers and world-rulers. Through them it would become aware of itself, really for the first time, as a world faith.

We are told that when Marco Polo returned to Europe in the Middle Ages and began to speak of the marvels he had seen in China, he was greeted with derision and unbelief. That there could be another civilization than the European, older, far different, equally splendid, with its own forms of society, its culture and literature and art, was a truth that bulked too large for understanding. It could not be borne with that other men dwelt in the world, endowed with their own graces and gifts. The story has a con-

tinuing relevance. It is true that the world has no lost kingdoms to offer the men of the 20th century; air and sea travel have circled the world, the maps are fairly complete. The globe stands in the living room; the world, we think, is like a domestic animal, classified, content, tamed. To study the world, to set the globe spinning, is to reflect with satisfaction that New Delhi, or Lisbon or Nairobi lie almost literally at hand.

Still, a journey of men into mankind remains long and perilous and exigent. Our globe is seething with brush wars, with the fires of bombing, with the cries of the violated. Men continue to distrust and fear and hate other men, now as before. One can scarcely think of a country that is not beset with social unrest, burning injustice and despair.

The outer and inner journey must go on; outwardly, in works of compassion and justice; inwardly into painful self-understanding. What does it mean to be Christian? What does it mean to be human? We scarcely know. We are like Saul and Barnabas, standing at the brink, taking leave of the past, heavy of heart before the unknown. Our God, now as then, does not show His hand. History is always larger than the men who are called to live in time; it confounds and bewilders them; it is too large to be encompassed, too dark for our eyes, too hot to handle. The lack of resources before the job to be done is simply appalling. Yet men take ship; in spite of all, men believe. Which is to say that the dizzying gap that separates the task at hand and the skills men can offer, is closed only by men of faith.

The whole journey, the Chinese say, lies in the first step. I believe; help Thou my unbelief.

THE ULITHI GROUP: LIFE AT THE EDGE OF THE MAP

Twenty years ago the islands of the Pacific were engulfed in the thunder and lightning of World War II. To thousands of American fighting men the little atoll of Ulithi in the Carolines was more than a name; it was the staging point where a mighty armada of ships gathered for the final attack. August 15, 1945 was V-J Day, and Ulithi was forgotten again.

What has happened to Ulithi in the score of years that have passed since then? On these pages Father William J. Walter S.J. pictures the daily life of the islanders whom he has served for over 17 years. Unlike the typhoons which the people know so well, the war has left no lasting mark. It swept over the atoll and focused attention there for a while, but when it passed and its ravages were repaired, the people quietly resumed the way of life they had always known.

It is a life that has only brief contact with the outside world. The people engage in little commerce and no manufacture. They are almost literally a remnant of the human race. Yesterday for these islanders was sun and sky and food and sleep, and always the sea; and yesterday might as well be forever.

Ulithi is technically under the protection of the States, but America is 6,000 miles distant and even the nearest trade route is a thousand miles away. There are only about 550 people on the Ulithi atoll. The largest of the 31 islands, Falalap, has an area of only one quarter of a square mile. It is "the edge of the map".

An uninhabited isle of the Ulithi group is seen at right. An atoll is a roughly circular coral reef which rises in stretches a few feet above sea level to form inhabitable islands. Coconut trees grow in the sandy soil. The reef surrounds a central lagoon and provides an excellent anchorage for vessels. At one time during the war more than 700 ships were anchored in the great Ulithi lagoon, an unforgettable sight for people of a canoe culture.

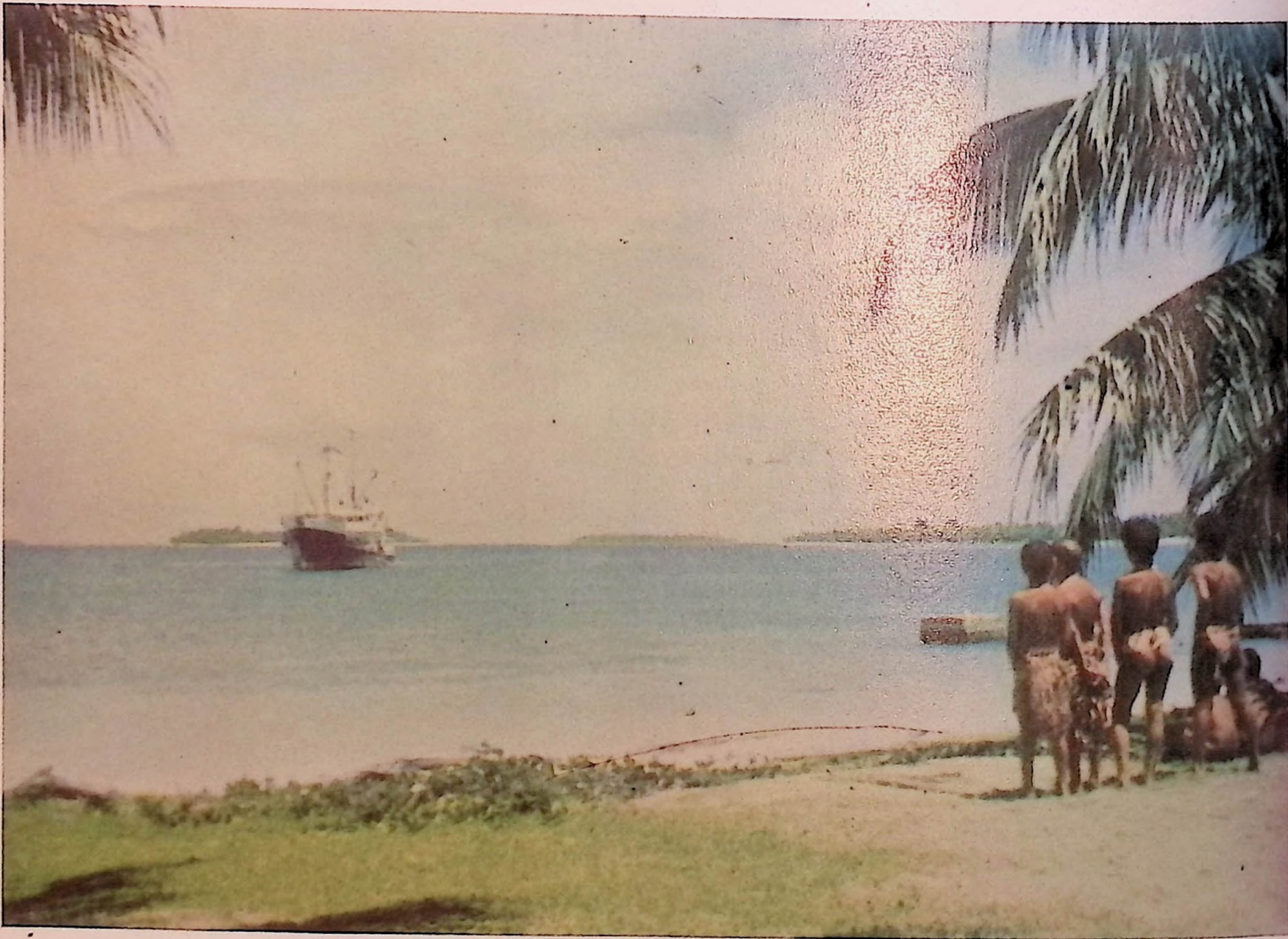
Life on an atoll is a constant struggle for survival. In a year of drought, when the coconut crop falls below normal, the people have little to eat beyond the fish they catch. They can come dangerously close to starvation. The low lying atolls receive much less rain than the high islands since rain-bearing clouds tend to blow over them without losing much of their moisture. These atolls also suffer severely from ocean gales; huge waves beat over the beaches and sometimes the seas sweep entirely across the smaller islands. On Ulithi, in a typhoon, everyone braces and waits it out. Small objects are made as secure as can be—and the children are tied to trees.

It takes Father Walter about six weeks to tour all the islands of the group. If he is sailing on a trading ship, the pause at each island is one of only a few hours, to buy copra and sell trade goods. He must hurry to hear confessions, say Mass and baptize before boarding again. It is a watery mission of island dots and long dashes.

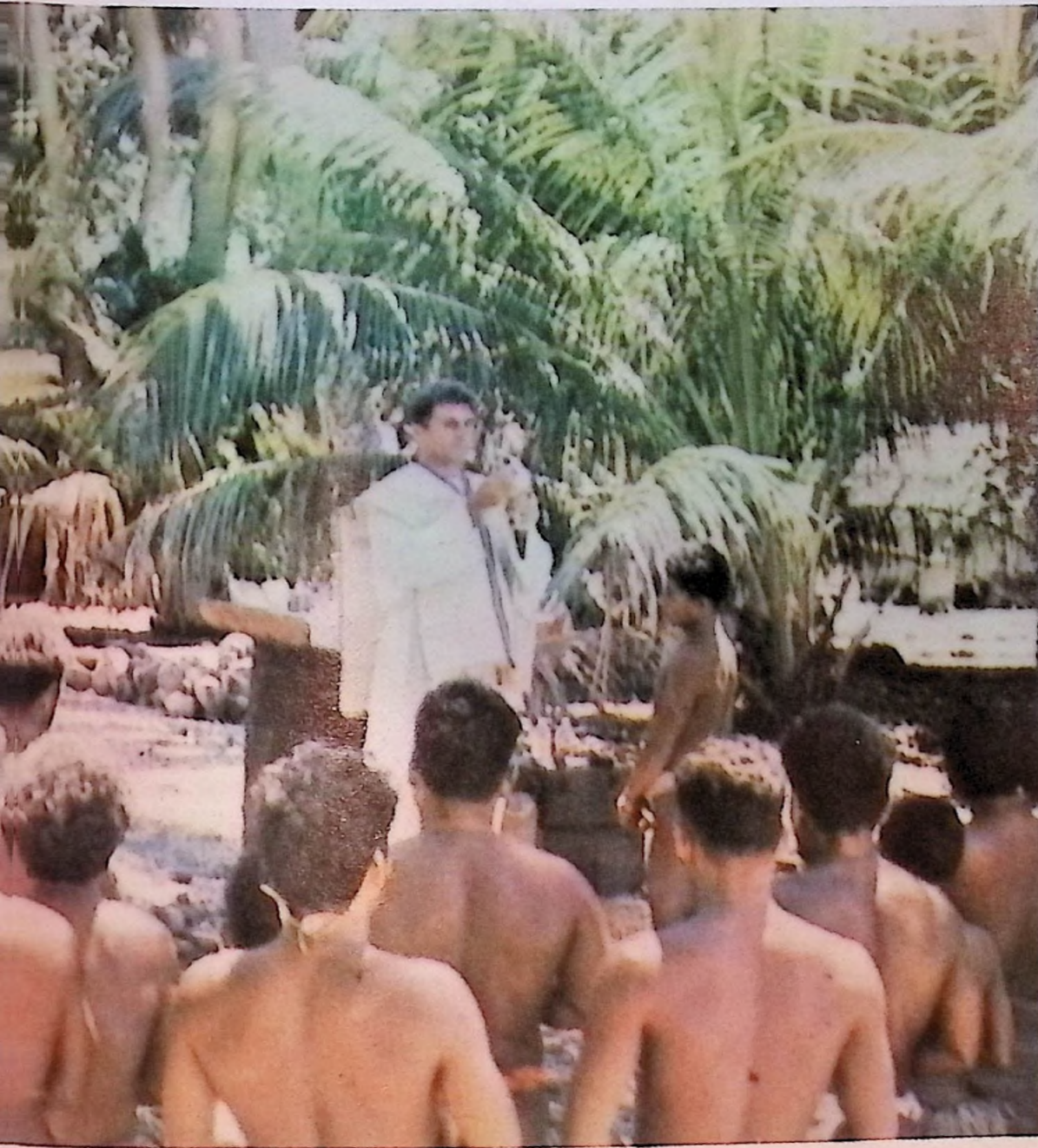


PICTURE-STORY BY WILLIAM J. WALTER S. J.





The sailor becomes shepherd and the flock rejoices.



The trading ship (far left) enters the lagoon as the people wait on the beach. In former days Father Walter found that many of his flock had been fasting each day, not knowing exactly when he would arrive. Now the regulation is, "When you see the ship, stop eating!"

While the men hasten to bring copra, dried coconut meat, to the ship (far left, above), Father assembles his parishioners to instruct, baptize and witness their marriages (left, above). He is able to make this tour of islands in his district only when the trading ship makes its rounds every three months. He has always marveled at the faith of his people, even though he is with them for but a few hours over the period of a year.

Holy Communion is distributed to the sick (above) before Mass is celebrated in the open (left). There are 21 chapels, large and small, in Ulithi district but not every island has a place of worship. When Father Walter first came to these islands, the churches were built like the houses, with the entrance-way so low that one had to crawl to get inside. Now, whenever a church is destroyed by a typhoon, it is rebuilt with an ordinary entrance.



Modern war left no mark on this isle.

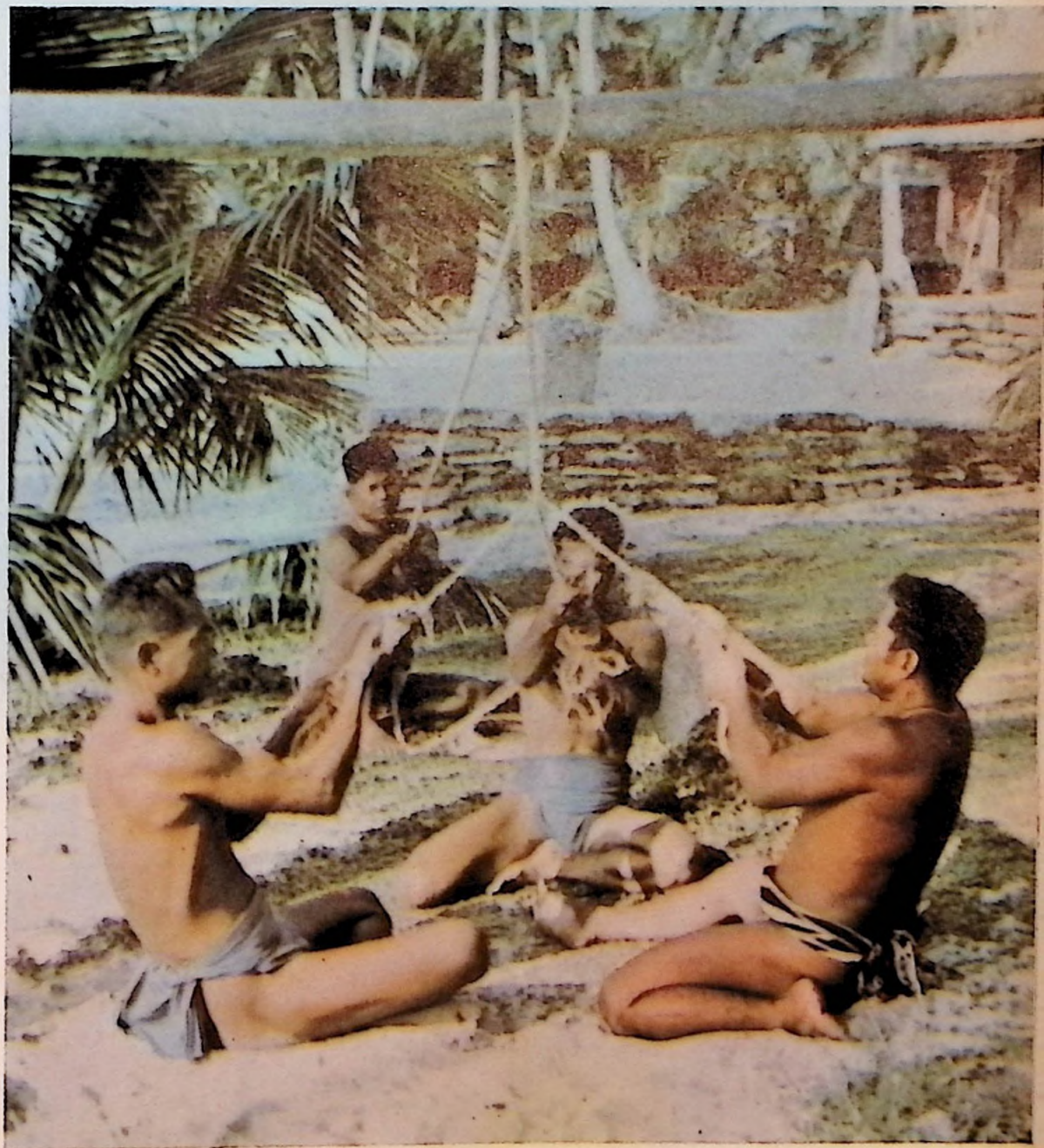


The people of Ulithi are almost completely untouched by our civilization. They have their own tools and prefer them. Houses and canoes are put together with cord which they weave. Cord and rope are woven from palm fiber (right) and used to bind together the construction of logs at left.

The little ones on the islands have few games. Their play consists in imitating their elders. They show their handicraft to Father Walter (above, left) on one of his visits to a village.

The only place in the Trust Territory where looms are used is in Ulithi (above). Elsewhere the people know nothing about weaving. Here the loom is used to weave clothing, the women's wrap-around skirt and the men's loin cloth. It takes about two weeks to make one skirt.

Weaving pandanus leaves for a sail (above, right) is a woman's job. The men go to an island where the palms grow, cut the fronds and spread them to dry. The women slice off the thorny edges of the leaves and stretch the leaf over a flat surface to make it smooth. They then cut them into fine strips and weave them into panels about 15 inches wide. The men sew the panels together and a sail is made.

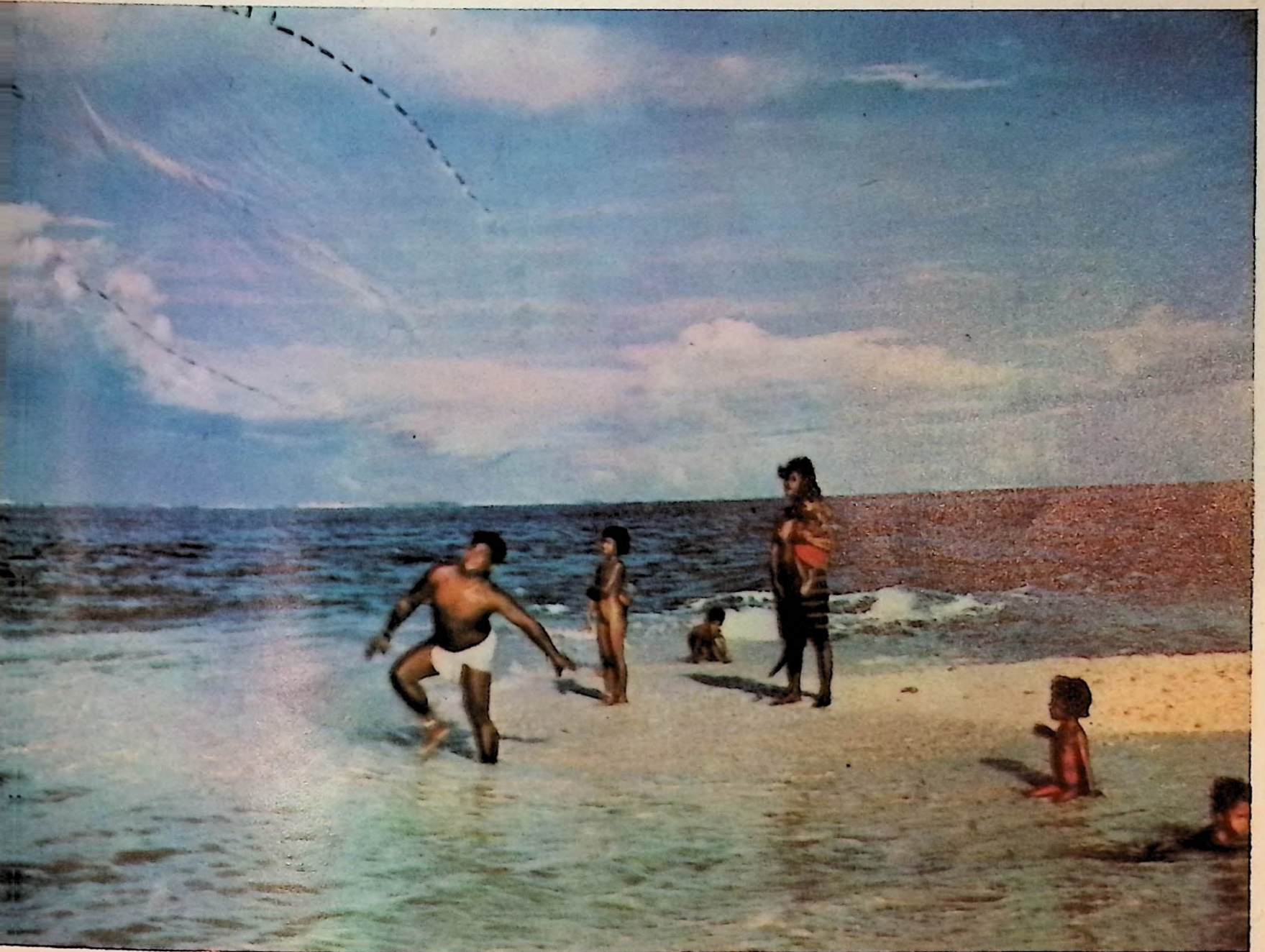




The adze (above) is the common tool of the atoll. Until recently, the islanders were using adzes made from shells or stone. Today they prefer metal ones from the States. Here a man splits a coconut log for beams. At right, typical homes on the Ulithi atoll. The thatch roofs slope steeply so the rain may run off quickly. The entranceway is low, usually covered with a mat. The house is used only for sleeping. Their day is spent outside.



Adze and net: old ways live on.



The ocean provides most food and there are a score of ways to fish. In one method, the net is cast from shore (above), but generally net fishing is done from boats. Another method utilizes the short spear (left) with which goggled swimmers harpoon fish cornered in shallow water. At night the men use blazing palm fronds to attract flying fish to the vicinity of their boats where they are easily netted; similarly, other fish are lured for night spear fishing.

The sea and the stars and the wind: their only books.

The sea is a highway, and young and old feel at home on it. Here (below) in shallow water youngsters pole along, keeping a sharp eye open for rock oysters or clams or an unwary fish which can be cornered and speared. Small outriggers, like the one pictured here, and larger ones also, are constructed without a single nail, by the careful tying of rope fibers, which yield to movement of the sea.

When a four-man crew goes fishing, the man in the stern (right) has a busy time. If the boat is moving fast, he must often stand on the steering oar with both feet, holding the handle in one hand and clinging to the canoe with the other. (Below, right) A hopeful netter poises on the prow of a century-old canoe, seaworthy enough to survive a 500-mile voyage to the Philippines.





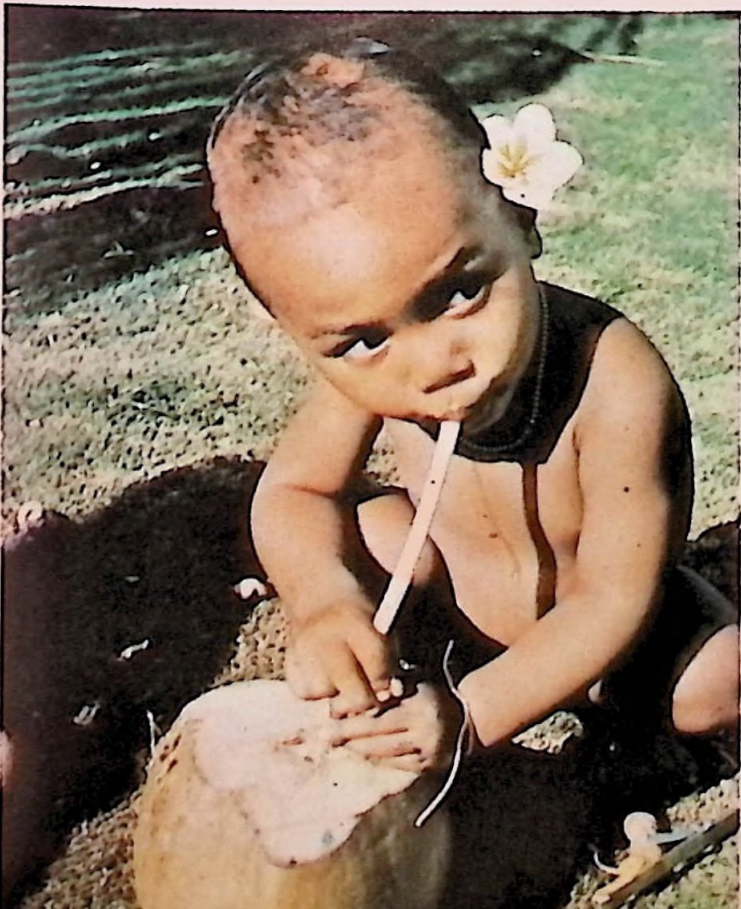
Children of the sand and sea. Hand in hand, they survey their domain, truly and wholly theirs. The island is a paradise for the young ones. They know everyone on the island; they can't get lost on the shore; there are no wild animals or snakes; and there is no basis for parental worry. They have few prohibitions and they run free the entire day, living closely with their own age group.





Food for today, an untroubled tomorrow.

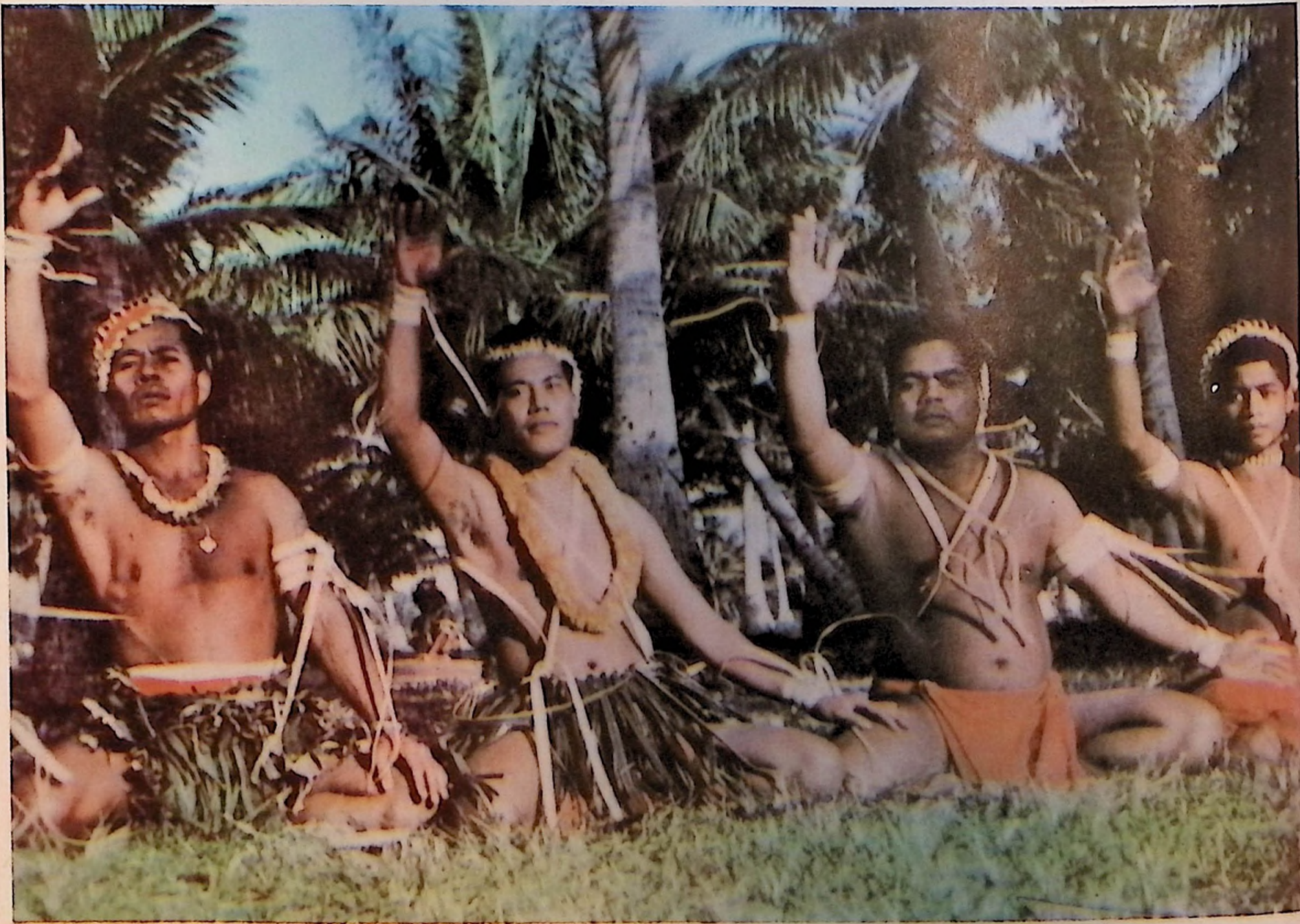
The search for food is an everyday problem. In mid Spring, sea turtles come ashore to lay eggs and are easily caught. The meat is portioned out by an appointed member of the clan who knows how many households there are, how many members in each family, which family has no father, etc. So everybody gets a fair share and a welcome change in diet. The cooking pot (above) was purchased through the sale of copra; it has replaced the shells formerly used. The average income per person is \$15 a year, the money going for essentials like an adze, a knife, a kettle or pot. As the size of the pot indicates, a generous stew is popular fare.

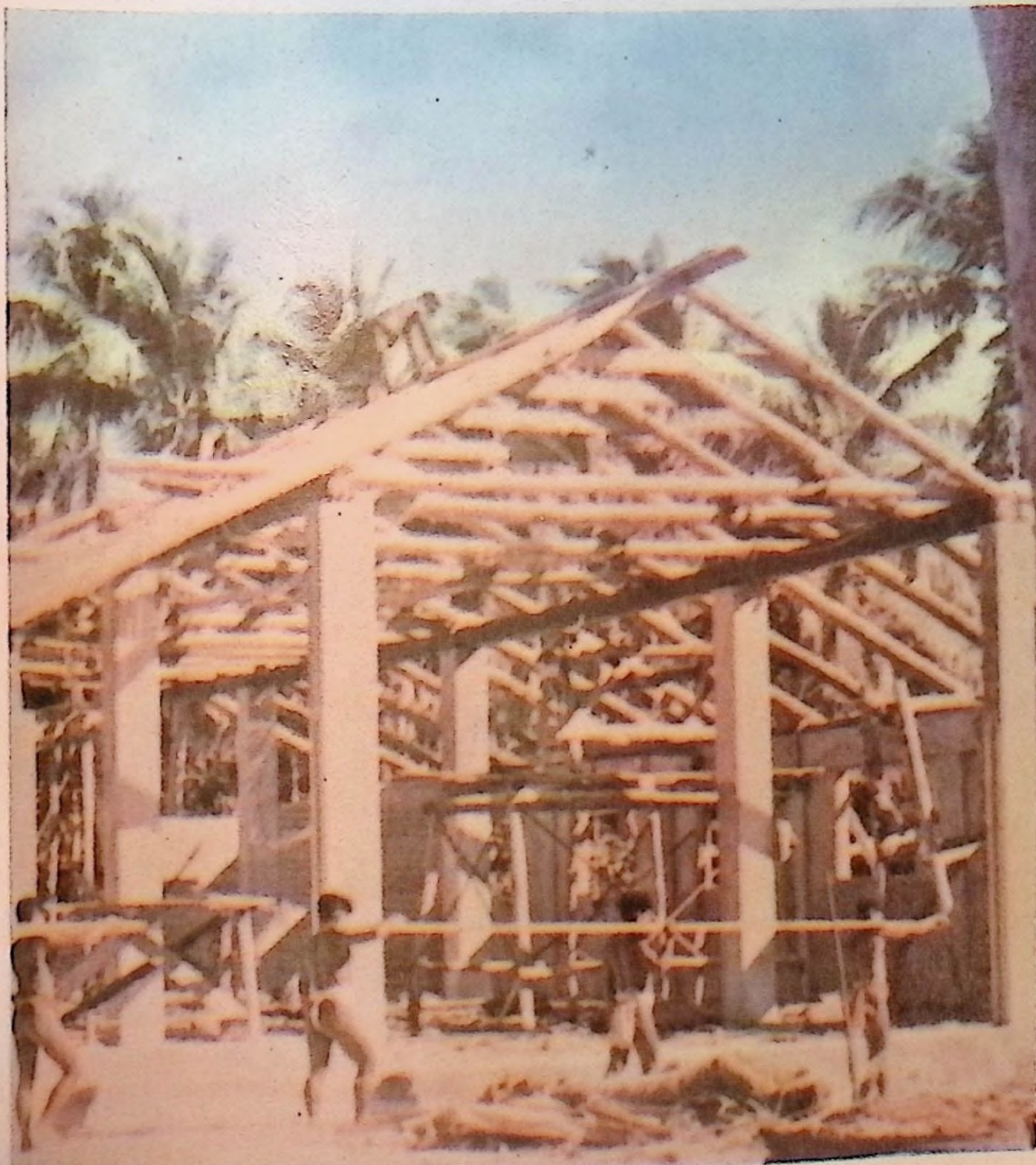


Father Walter stops courageously to share a tidbit. The only house furnishings are a few thin mats to place on the ground. People have only a few personal possessions, which may be placed in boxes and suspended from the ceiling. The thatched roof is laid on in layers and is about a foot thick. It lasts only a year or so in a climate in which 140 inches of rain fall each year and the humidity averages 90% at all times. Boys cut off the old thatch and the men put on the new roof in about an hour. Working in groups is the normal way of life for these people; the little character at the left is a charming exception.

Great yesterdays remembered.

The people of Ulithi have no records and their language has never been written down, so their history and traditions are kept alive by dances. In the evening they gather to practice both chant and dance. The men always dance by themselves, generally sitting (below); the women are welcome to watch, and vice versa, but men and women never mingle in the dance. The dance theme is invariably an actual happening in the past: one dance commemorates World War II—the strafing of the islands by American planes, the shelling by the ships, the landing of the troops, and a happy ending when they discover that the Americans are friends. Most of the sitting dances recall historic voyages in canoes to New Guinea or the Philippines. Making up for the performance (right) is done as carefully as if this were Broadway.





Typhoons and earthquakes are major natural enemies of the islanders. When a typhoon batters the low-lying land, precious trees are levelled, fragile huts are destroyed and the whole contour of the island can be changed. During the last typhoon, hundreds of tons of sand washed upon an island; and after the storm the island was two feet higher, all sand. The beach so smothered was 200 yards wide and a quarter of a mile long.

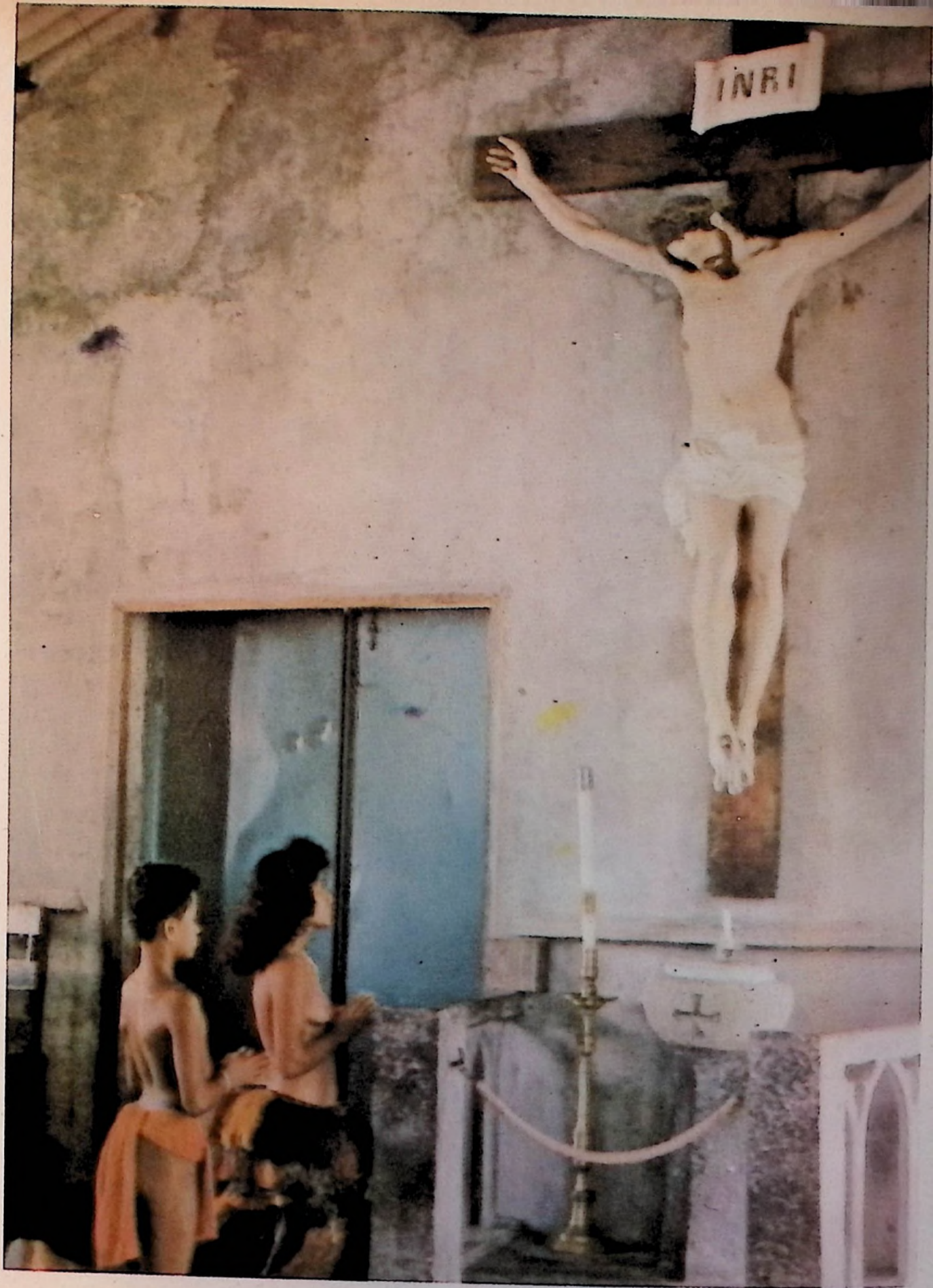
Building in concrete is the answer to these storms and this is what Father Walter is doing. It is expensive, for freight from San Francisco to Guam to Yap to Ulithi costs about \$40 a ton for each leg of the trip. Cement and iron rods must be bought; everything else is found on the island. Neither Father nor the men had ever built in concrete before, but native ingenuity and a few books from the States did the trick.



In concrete and wood, the faith of a simple people.



There are four concrete churches on Ulithi atoll. Father Walter dreams of one at all 21 stations in his district. The cost of a church like the one above is about \$5,000. The labor is donated. Sand and gravel are nearby, and whatever wood is at hand is put to good use. Concrete also obviates the danger of termites. On the opposite page an artist proudly displays the life-size crucifix he carved to his friend, the chief catechist (right). Father Walter persuaded him to attempt something in his own style. He gave him a small cross for a model, arranged for the wood (the same breadfruit wood they use in their canoes), and then prudently stayed out of the way. Islanders prefer to do things in their own way and resent close supervision. All acclaimed the finished product, which now hangs in one of Father's larger churches.



Children of nature, born again of water and the Spirit.

These islands may seem remote, but they are not untouched by modern civilization. World events are known, especially as they affect Ulithi lives: the flashing by of the first satellite terrified the men, until they were told it was a man-made star. They had feared that all the stars were on the move and that their navigation would fail. Despite a slow influx of modern ways, the simplicity of a life close to earth's basic elements (sun, stars, sky, sea, wind . . .) holds strongly and continues to foster a sturdy spirituality: witness, the young girl (above, with her brother), who has since become a nun. Born again of water and the Spirit, the people have the Faith deep in the fiber of their lives; it is built into each action of their day. If the old Ulithi world should pass, this remains for us to remember: simplicity and naturalness plus Faith equals beauty.



Typical cook-house with simple iron grate, cooking pot and leaves to serve as plates.

ATULI

Atuli, a popular Chamorro drink used at mealtime, can be served plain or with sugar if desired.

Milk from 1 grated coconut
 ½ lb. tapioca starch
 1 gal. water

Bring water to a boil. Meanwhile, mix the starch in cold water, adding enough so that it pours readily. Add this slowly to the boiling water, stirring constantly. When it has thickened slightly, add milk squeezed from the grated coconut and remove from the heat immediately. Cool and serve.

NIPUEI (CRAB)

Cook crabs in water and let boil for 45 minutes. Crack shell bottoms and take out the meat. Add to the meat:

1 onion, finely grated
 1 teaspoon salt
 1 tablespoon flour

Clean the shells thoroughly and fill them with the crab mixture. Bake in oven for 15 minutes (moderate heat).

FLOATING YAM

2 or 3 cups grated yam
 1 teaspoon salt
 2 good sized coconuts

Add salt to grated yam. Grate coconuts

and squeeze the milk into a pan. Add 2 cups of hot water to the cream and heat slowly. When the coconut cream reaches a boil, use a tablespoon to scoop balls of the grated yam into the pan. Stir carefully so that the balls of yam neither burn nor cling. Add salt to taste and cook slowly until the yams are cooked. Serves 4 to 6 and can be served either hot or cold.

COCONUT CANDY

2 cups sugar
 2 tsp. butter
 1 tbsp. vinegar
 1½ cups grated coconut

Combine all ingredients and boil for 8 minutes. Stir constantly. Take from fire and beat until thick. Spread on buttered plate and cut through in squares that will separate easily when cold. Serve as a candy.

MICRONESIAN STEW

2 lbs. pork meat, diced 1 tsp. salt
 1 onion chopped fine 3 tbsp. soy sauce
 1 can green beans 1 cup warm water
 3 tsp. Wesson oil or other cooking oil
 Brown pork and onions in oil for about 5 minutes. Add beans, salt, soy sauce and water. Stir, then simmer until cooked. Can be served over rice. Serves 6.

Dining with the World

On the islands of the U.S. Trust Territory in the Pacific a meal is as simple as fruit from a tree, roast fish served on leaves and coconut milk to drink. Eaten while seated on the ground, the meals are as informal as a picnic.

Fish are grilled right on the coals and the versatile coconut is used as an ingredient in almost every dish. It serves, too, as a common drink and as baby food. On the higher islands with patches of fertile soil, food is more plentiful. Breadfruit, mangoes, papayas, tapioca and pineapples add variety to the simple diet. Squash, sweet potatoes and taro are also grown where possible.

Meat is scarce and roast pork is a treat reserved for feast days. On special occasions, rice is served, colored blue and green and red with vegetable dye. Other favorite dishes are roasted coconut crab and broiled octopus. With so little at hand, recipes simply ring in changes by substituting ingredients in a mix, or by frying or broiling instead of boiling. Here are a few that may prove interesting.

Thomas E. Quigley
Director, Foreign Visitors Office, NCWC

Rusty hinges are just beginning to squeak as the closet door is pried open. The skeleton, which students of international education all know to be lurking there, seems destined for the spotlight. How unpleasant a specter it may prove and what policy changes it may demand in our exchange-of-persons programs, our immigration laws and our overseas technical assistance efforts remains shrouded.

Question: Are today's foreign students really tomorrow's foreign leaders? Answer: Certainly—but not if they remain here.

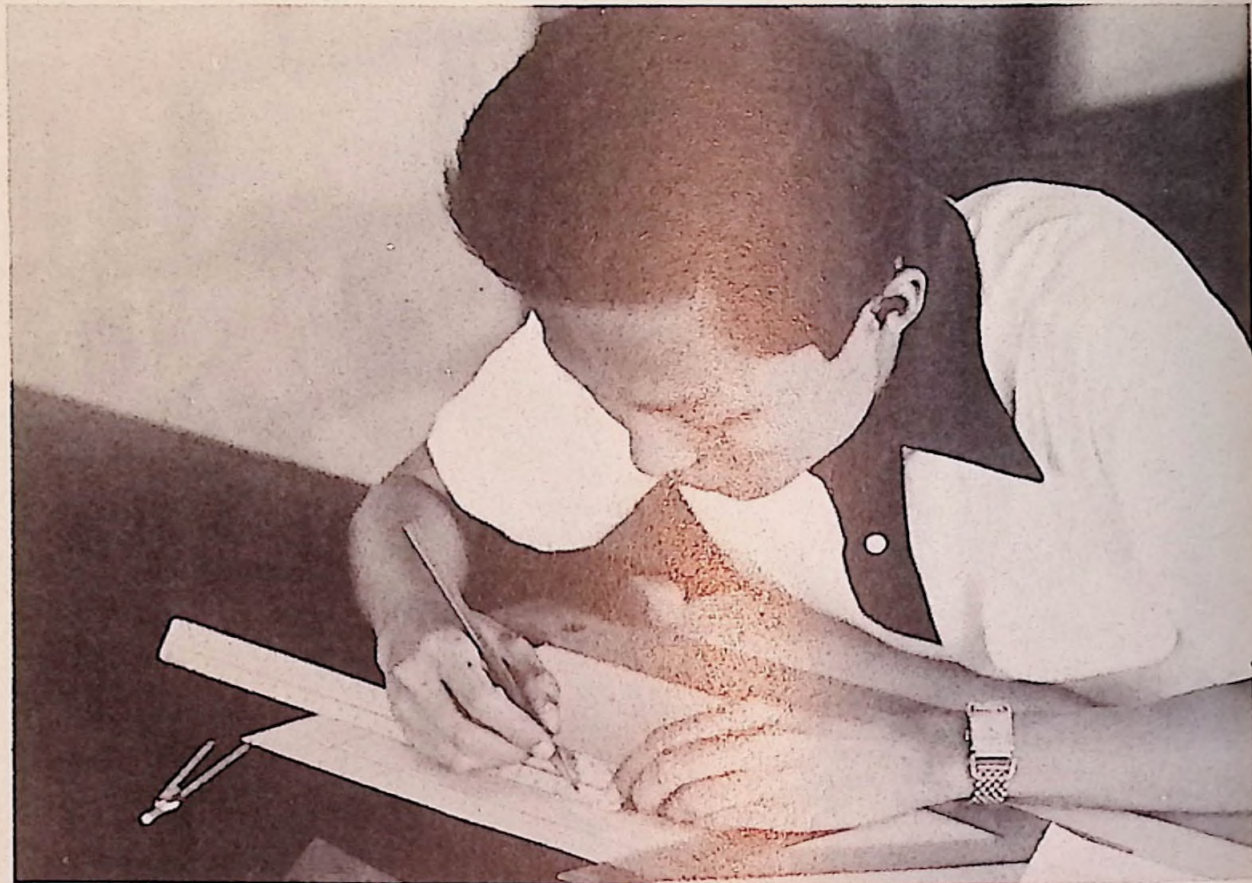
Accurate figures on the non-return of foreign students have never been generally available. But the number is large and growing, and this is especially true for those countries which most need the skills of their foreign-trained sons and daughters.

The U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service keeps information on foreign students converting to permanent residence, but does not break down its statistics by nationality. It grants, however, that "student immigrants" are numerous, especially from Asia.

Gregory Henderson of the Harvard Center for International Affairs provides some figures. The rate of return of Chinese students from Taiwan, Hong Kong and Chinese minorities in Southeast Asia, who numbered 5,410 at the end of the 1963-64 academic year, probably runs no higher than 5% to 7%, if that high. Korea, which has sent almost 8,000 students to the U.S. since 1946, has seen an estimated 800 return.

At the Georgetown Conference on Ethics and International Politics a year ago, a knowledgeable diplomat estimated the non-return of students

POINTS ON NO RETURN



from India, Iran and Lebanon to be at least 50%. "No less than 80%" non-return was the figure given me by a Pakistani educator for his country.

"The challenge of drain has, of course, evoked some response," writes Henderson. "Many concerned nations have tried one technique after another to curb the flow, but their embassies have been frustrated. A foreign government can put no stamp on a student passport which will prevent him from settling in the U.S., and there are cases when even removing the passport or ending its validity have not availed. The lure of the dollar and research programs is greater. Sedulous in preventing 'unfair competition' among ourselves, we place no restraint on our efforts to bid with all our resources against less fortunate nations for their own citizens."

The brain drain is a consequence not only of the higher salaries and better research opportunities offered

here, though these must top the list. The instability of the home political scene and the alienation of many, particularly the intellectuals, from a present regime also contribute. So does the academic counterpart of over-kill—over-specialization. There are foreign graduate students in many of our best universities acquiring technical skills, knowledge, and a scientifically sophisticated mindset that can only result in frustration should they return to a society that is technologically not ready for them.

As Americans, we are understandably confused. We treasure few things more highly than the rights of the individual to escape oppression or to seek opportunity wherever it may lie. And it would be unjust to suggest that most of the non-returnees are callous self-seekers, calmly affirming at one time their intention to return when in fact their intention is quite other.

But the realities of international

The foreign student who sinks roots here concerns this country and his own.

life cannot be obscured or their demands denied. The responsibility of each for the other, of one man to his own society and people and to the world community of nations is today more insistent than ever before.

Consider, as our government invariably does when speaking of the exchange-of-persons or other technical assistance programs, just our own national self-interest. Henderson relates an incident about the first electrical engineers the U.S. embassy in Korea (where he was Cultural Attache) considered for study in the U.S. in 1949. One ended up at Westinghouse, another at General Electric, a third is now a Columbia professor. "They have since been joined by several dozen more. Our aid program has to make up for them. Americans with no better engineering training than these Korean graduates, but speaking no Korean, devoid of either knowledge of, or interest in, Korea or its culture, are sent to advise U.S. AID's electrical projects in Korea.

"The same could be said of programs in many other countries. Congress complains of the costs, but contributes to them by passing such bills as H.R. 7700 and PL 37-885 of Oct. 1962, allowing thousands of such trained foreigners to remain permanently here. If we could figure the value of what we and our Congress thus remove from development, it would run into hundreds of millions of dollars."

The pound-foolish argument doubtless has its validity as it certainly has its appeal. It does, however, play perilously close to the brink of "rat-hole" rhetoric. The 43,000 scientists and engineers reported by UNESCO as having immigrated to this country (many from

underdeveloped countries) between 1949 and 1961 may be costing us money in our overseas efforts. But far more important is their effect on the world's developmental timetable. Is it good that more American-trained Iranian doctors are in New York than in all of Iran? Is it just that Korea, where more than one-half of all sections of the country have not a single doctor with modern medical training, should provide 20 anesthesiologists for the staff of one East Coast American hospital alone? "Filipinos, Turks, Indians—all less healthy than we—must delay advances in their own health standards because we use their resources."

Steps towards resolution of these problems lie in several areas. A collaborative effort of major proportions has been gathering momentum in the past few years, involving the academic establishments and the related private or governmental agencies—the National Association for Foreign Student Affairs, the Institute of International Education, the State Department's Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs and others. New organizations, such as Education and World Affairs, have recently been created. Through such efforts, improved screening, selection and orientation of foreign students and grantees have become a reality, although the idea is still in the future.

Pleas for concentration on graduate study have swelled to a chorus, joined most recently by economist Frederick Harbinson who argues that bringing certain students here may be thwarting the development of educational (and other) institutions in the home country. Nigeria's five high-quality universities, for ex-

ample, simply need more good students to operate efficiently, yet half of the country's university students are overseas. (Only 31,000 of the 75,000 foreign students here last year were graduates; only 3,000 of the nearly 13,000 Latin American students here were graduates.)

Next, he would insist that INS provide full statistics on each country's nationals entering since 1946 on student or exchange visitors' visas and tell what has happened to them, or at least to their visa status. If certain countries are shown to be consistently exporting students, the exchange programs with these countries should be tightened up and permits for their students to stay for Practical Training after completion of studies should be eliminated if the present abuses cannot be stopped.

A final and relatively undiscussed suggestion has to do with post-return followup. Henderson avers that this country is not powerless to play a highly concrete and beneficial role in the re-integration of foreign students; that the placement-office concept may have an application overseas and that even "return scholarships" could be contemplated.

In all this, human happiness and freedom of choice are not ignored. They are, or should be, as Henderson put it, "extended rather than parcelled out to a few individuals. Millions are longing to break the bonds of their own poverty and frustration, not just the suppliant before our desks. He chose freely, and his choice was to enter not for permanent, but for temporary purpose. For all our sakes, he should stick to that choice." As a recent airline ad urged—when the trip is over, please get off the plane.

TO BE FREE...

"Who were involved in the (civil rights) demonstrations in Selma? They were local people, people who want their freedom so badly that they are willing to die for it. You know, you hear so often, 'Our Negroes are happy'. Well, first of all, they are nobody's Negroes; let's not be saying 'our' Negroes. . . . This just doesn't apply. They are God's Negroes; they're God's people.

"And they aren't happy. They want to be free, and they are frightened people. But for the first time since I came to Selma, I have seen a beaten people walking with their heads in the air; and this I have never seen before in Selma—a people who for the first time felt that there is hope. They are frightened to death, but they will not be deterred.

"Along with them came some strangers, and they were also frightened. I held the hand of a white minister and he was trembling. I could feel his whole body shaking with fear.

"And then we had the leaders, leaders bowed by the terrible weight of decisions, men of strong determination, men motivated by Christian principles. And together these people tried to teach this nation and this world that we wish to be free. And this is the *why* of Selma . . . *freedom!*

"Always, in all my life, I have responded to fear with anger. And these past years I have been frightened many times. I have been in corners where I thought I might die; and when I got frightened enough, I struck. And somehow I am still frightened, but I am no longer angry. I was taught not to be angry by a group of Baptist ministers, because I saw what they did for those who hated them. I saw them return love for hate, and I saw the effect this had on those who hated them. It destroyed their hate. Therefore, there is no room for hate now.

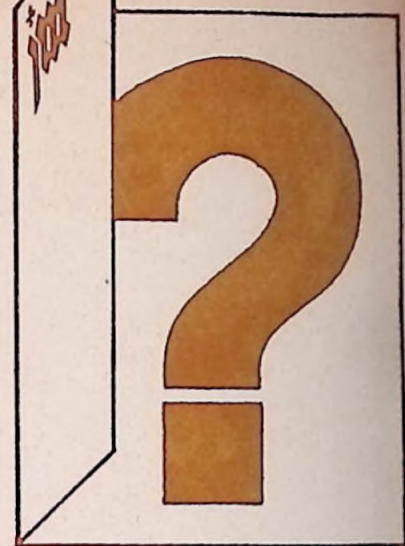
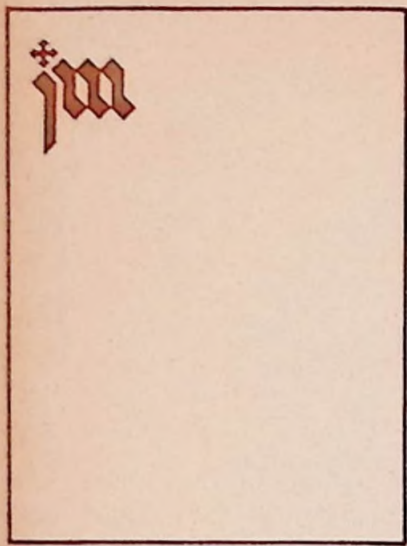
"The Edmund Pettus Bridge in Selma was a Calvary; it was a Crucifixion. There was a Peter, a Centurion, and a mob; there was the jeering, the blood, and the hate. And there was the Cross.

"There was a Christ who loved all these people. And this is our task—to love them all, because they are Christ."

. . . by *Father Maurice Ouellet* of the *Society of St. Edmund*, former pastor of *St. Elizabeth's* in Selma, Alabama







So we asked and you answered.

To a cross-section of subscribers (hitting most sections of the country according to the proportion of readers in each) JM recently sent 28 questions aimed at learning what you think of the magazine, what your reading habits are and, most of all, who you are. The questionnaires were, by request, to be unsigned. Nevertheless, the anonymous answers deftly ground out a composite picture of YOU.

Most of you, we discovered, are longtime friends of ours. Sixty percent of those polled have been reading JM for at least two years, 30% have been with us for a decade. The fidelity is, to some extent, a case of true love (which overlooks flaws) rather than unwavering admiration, since 33% deem us "average", although 10% say "superior" and 46% "very good".






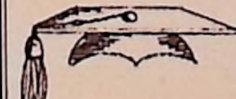

One-third of you read—or say you read—the magazine "from cover to cover", which is a respectable batting average since (as you may have noticed from time to time) not even our typesetters do that. Nearly all, however, (i.e. 90%) plan to renew their subscriptions; again, undying love, or perhaps the cream which most skim off the top (an article here, an article there) is delicious and nutritious, though hopefully non-fattening. Everyone in Oregon—a fair, garden state in our book!—plans to renew. Our median monthly reading audience is, by the way, approximately 300,000.

How knowledgeable are you? We tested that by giving a list of 25 "famous names" and asking that you check all you could identify. The ones over 90% of you knew were, in order of priority, Doris Day, Jack Paar, Casey Stengel, James Hoffa, Robert McNamara and Cassius Clay. Who knows what

this establishes except perhaps that the composite YOU is movie-, TV-, sports-, and labor-loving; and fearful of war.

The ones fewest knew were Robert De Nobili (the 17th-century Italian Jesuit who, as a missionary in India, became a Brahmin in order to reach the Brahmins), Albert Luthuli (the African who won a Nobel Peace Prize but was not allowed to leave South Africa in order to receive it) and Agnes Collins. Some 3.58% of you knew Agnes Collins, which was a surprise to us, especially to our circulation manager, whose aunt she is. Agnes was put in to check responder's integrity, and either some small fraction of the total YOU is not flawlessly honest or Agnes is much better known than any of us suspected, including herself.

You are better educated than the national average, 20% having gone to graduate school, 32% having done at least some col-

 AGE	 JOB	 INCOME
 GENERAL KNOWLEDGE JACK PAAR MARIA CALLAS ?		 SIZE OF FAMILY
 EDUCATION	 SEX	

PROFILE OF YOU



lege. Half of you are between 40 and 65 years old, 30% under 40. The youngest group lives in and around Chicago.

Asked to specify your sex, 51% checked "female", 42% checked "male", 7% didn't check either, being—one supposes—incurably cautious. Again, *everyone* in Oregon, the heart of the renewal country, checked themselves out clearly: no shilly-shallying in the Great Northwest.

You are a family person, as indeed are most Americans; thirty-seven of you very much so, since that many have 14 or more children (that's what we said: 14 or more!).

Being mostly female (51%), your chief occupation is naturally "homemaker". Other occupations fell in this order: education, government, industry, wholesale and retail trade, insurance, finance, real estate and engineering. And you get paid pretty well, too (not the "homemakers", alas . . . who can pay them enough?). Thirty-seven percent earn between \$7,500 and \$15,000, 17% over \$15,000. If you want to be self-employed, the answers indicate that you should be a Jesuit-school graduate and/or live in Missouri, Kansas or the Oregon-Washington area. The last area also has the largest number of subscribers who are Jesuit graduates or have a friend who is a Jesuit, which abates our pride in their 100% renewal intention a little since it begins to look as if they might have been brainwashed in the past and/or are being armtwisted in the present.

You all read a lot (the average, we suppose, being boosted by the 23% of you who are retired and living, mainly, in Florida with plenty of time to put your feet up, sip lemonade and read) and your preference in non-religious magazines is the Readers' Digest (47%) with these others following, as listed:

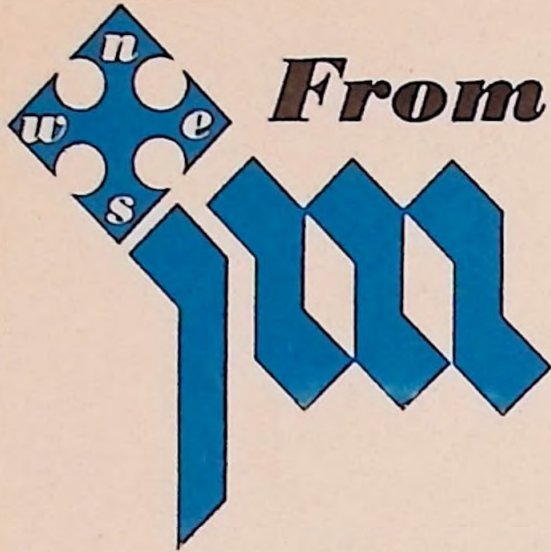
Life, McCall's, Time, The National Geographic and Look. In Catholic magazines (JM excluded) more of you subscribe to Maryknoll than to any other, but your tops for enjoyment is the Catholic Digest.

Readers though you are, not a few of you commented (hardly cheering, we thought) that you really do not expect to literally *read* a mission magazine, but only subscribe in order to "help out". Then you turned around and said that some of the material in JM is actually readable and you did in fact read it.

Your favorite individual JM article was Father Armitage's January-February issue THE REJECTION OF THE WEST (the European-based effort seems to have failed the non-European countries and we must rethink our approach), but three other pieces in the same issue came close: PINE ROAD—the story of the Medical Mission Sisters, Father de la Costa's account of 400 years of Philippine Catholicism, and PILGRIM: the picture-story of Pope Paul's visit to Bombay. Of course, that issue was current at the time you got the questionnaire, so perhaps the lesser but still solid vote two other pieces got is really stronger: last November's picture-story on the Church's work in shantytowns around the world (POVERTY) and the picture-story on THE CHILDREN in December (perhaps the 37 subscribers with 14 or more children voted that one in). Anyway, clearly you like picture-with-text, which is why we've burst into color this month. Clearly, too, you like *analysis* (REJECTION) and *broad scope* (400 years of P.I. Catholicism, PINE ROAD LEADS ACROSS THE WORLD) and we're limbering up an analyser and a scopist right now.

We can't, after all, draw your picture, but the now sharper, now dimmer portrait that does emerge says that the composite YOU is *all right*, definitely the "people" type of person (we could perhaps be stronger, but tears are so upsetting). Even those of you who fault us do it in a clean, manly way that makes it (almost) a pleasure.

Glad to have YOU aboard—and even gladder that you have *us* aboard.



From all points

INDIA

KKK, the Cooler Way

The KKK is not, lest you be led astray with a vision of sheets in the wind, the Ku Klux Klan. It is the brief form for the Khus Khus Khooler, an air conditioner used (if not patented) by Brother Karpinski and his crew of boys at the Sanjivan Press in Digha Ghat, Patna. This has been a summer to forget in India, with temperatures hovering at an unholy 120° for weeks. A KKK in a few windows made living improbable but not impossible.

Khus Khus is the Hindu word for a local grass. This was gathered, woven into a mat, moistened and hung in whatever window a vagrant breeze might hopefully enter. Result—evaporation and cooling. Brother Karpinski is tempted to advertise for the benefit of others. He suggests: "Wouldn't you feel better with EHA? The Essential Home-woven Air-conditioner"! All you need is an armful of Khus Khus, before one of the myriad herds of sacred cows gets wind of it.

ECUADOR

Depths in the Heights

From his Christ of the Andes Mission in Ecuador, Father Halligan writes of his chosen people, the Indians of Ecuador's southern heights. He and his co-miss-

ioner, Father Hugo Kerr, face a task that offers challenge unending to their young priestly strength and zeal.

"The Indians throughout the province of Chimborazo are not the easiest people in the world to work with. More than three centuries of 'underprivileged' status have taken full toll on their capacity to trust in their fellow men or to hope that things can ever be changed for the better. Without benefit of a basic education, they have found hostility and duplicity to be their best and only defense against centuries of oppression.

"The typical village environment encourages their ignorance, their lack of interest in any form of education and has frozen their cultural patterns. Generation after generation of Indian families live in one-room hovels which serve as kitchen, dormitory, living room and stable for various breeds of small animals. Like the animals they live with so intimately, the Indians are hostile, suspicious and sometimes vicious. They have been too long abandoned to welcome us with open arms, too often deceived to put any trust in us, too utterly demoralized to hope for anything better in life.

"The vast majority of Ecuador's two million Indians have been baptized in the name of The Father and of The Son and of The Holy Spirit. Most of them know that the Son of God redeemed us and left us a legacy of eternal victory

through suffering. But they have little notion of their creative capacity for beauty, goodness and truth communicated to them by their Creator, The Father. And the breath of The Spirit has little effect on these souls imprisoned in spiritual and material poverty.

"To get them to make friends with us, to share their private thoughts and aspirations, to trust us with the hard facts of their life so that we can plead their case for social justice, to win their interest and hope in a program of community progress—all this is the task of Christ of the Andes Mission. None of this can be done at once, nor can we spread our efforts to all the Indians who live in the 250 villages of Chimborazo. But we have planned our first project which will put us in contact with the poorest of the poor from many of the villages.

"Our project is called the "Hospederia De Cristo De Los Andes," a hospice for the migrant Indian workers in Riobamba City. Desperate poverty in their own villages has forced them into the city in search of food or cash for their families at home. Their only work is that of *cargadores*, or carriers of heavy bundles—human freight trains working for a pittance. They earn so little that they can't afford food or shelter for themselves. Every penny is brought home and the long hike is made about once every two weeks. In Riobamba they eat whatever they find in

the streets and sleep out in the cold and wet of the streets.

"A bed in a clean dormitory for these, some of humanity's most abused members, a chance to wash with water and soap, a cup of coffee to start their hard day and a bite to eat at nightfall might mean a lot in our efforts to become accepted. Such are our beginnings with a breed of men either still too hostile to let a priest near them, or too docile and defeated to communicate in terms of their own honest convictions. Pray that our efforts permit us to baptize them anew with The Spirit."

PHILIPPINES

Anthropology Applied

The Manobos are a tribe of pagan aborigines living in the hills of Bukidnon, a vast upland plateau of eastern Mindanao. Their center is Namnam on Bukidnon's eastern border. At present they are being steadily pushed back by "Christian" settlers aided and abetted by the Philippine Constabulary, the "State Police" of the P.I. The Constabulary are there to maintain peace and order, but can't resist helping those they know against those they don't.

Father Francisco Claver, a Filipino Jesuit currently studying for a degree in anthropology, visited Namnam this summer. He intended to stay ten days but cut his visit to four when he discovered there was no food for even one extra mouth. He investigated the sad plight of these people and sent a burning protest to Malaybalay, the provincial capitol, but had to be satisfied with the usual "investigations are being made."

Father Cisco wants to do his thesis on the Manobos and return to them as a missionary. He says that "returning to them after doing research on their culture would itself be a fine experiment in applied anthropology."

TAIWAN

A Damien for Taiwan

As though he were not busy enough as Dean of the Law and Commerce departments of Fu Jen, Taiwan's new Catholic university, Msgr. Eugene Fahy, S.J. has taken on an extra apostolate. He is acting chaplain of the large leprosarium nearby called "Happy Life." Life is far happier for many since his arrival and the establishment of his new "Damien Center," a chapel and meeting place for lepers interested in the Church. Msgr. Fahy writes:

"At present there are 1,057 patients cared for by a staff of 90. Supported by

the Provincial government, the many separate buildings were contributed by various county and city governments and civic groups. The neat walks, gardens and general tidiness are due to the efforts of Dr. Chen during his 12 years as director.

"There are sections for single men and single women, for married couples and for cured patients who have no place to go or no means of support. Special facilities are offered for surgery, non-ambulatory patients and mental cases. Infants are separated from their mothers soon after birth and nurses care for them in a special home. All patients are members of a co-op and the profits are divided at the big festive days during the year. For those without means the Government gives a little pocket money, and they may earn a bit by assisting in the maintenance of the buildings and grounds. This small city of suffering on a hillside, offering so much consideration and care to its large leper community, is well named.

"The religious needs of the patients are cared for by a spacious Buddhist temple, built by leper craftsmen. Protestant services are held in a hill-top church called The Gospel Light. Nearby is a cluster of brick buildings built by contributions of members of this church. A sewing workshop, and living quarters for church members, helps with their earnings and offers congenial association.

"Our contribution is 'Damien Center.' Recently two of our Fu Jen boys accompanied me to the Center to be sure I had servers for Mass. One was worried—he had never served a Mass in Chinese, according to the new rubrical changes. He should worry! About 15 new 'inquirers' attended Mass and a Sodalist gave them an introductory in-

struction afterwards. Two Taiwanese Sodalists assist me and visit the sick.

"They failed to appear when I was ready to take off, so I went looking for them. Found them later at the 'Virgin House' catechizing a group of mothers and grandmothers! Don't ask me the reason for the name but I was told the occupants were very proud of the nameplate over the doorway. I was also shown a 'Detention House' on an earlier visit. 'Just for misdemeanors', I was told, 'because one could easily break out. A murderer was sentenced to five years but returned to us as the prison was not equipped to take care of him. Neither are we, so we simply put him back with the other patients!' Poor lepers—their disease is their prison."

JAPAN

Beware the Festive Dog!

As a service to motorcyclists among our readers, we offer the following "Japanese Motorcycling Rules" distributed by the Honda Co. of Japan.

1. At the rise of the hand of the policeman, stop rapidly. Do not pass him by or disrespect him.

2. When a passenger of the foot hoves in sight, tootle the horn trumpet melodiously to him at first. If he still obstacles your passage, tootle him with vigor and express by word of mouth the warning "Hi, hi!"

3. Beware of the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him by. Do not explode the exhaust box at him.

4. Give big space to festive dog that sports in the road.

5. Go soothingly on the grease mud, as there lurks the skid demon. Press the brake foot as you roll around corners, and save the collapse and tieup.

PERU

Contact by Radio

Chicago Province Jesuits in Peru have been making use of amateur radio for keeping in regular touch with the home Province, and also with the more isolated stations in their own area. Telephone patches, a connection between telephone and radio, is one common way of doing this. Patches of this sort, or use of amateur radio alone, turn commercial carrier costs of \$40 to about four cents. A Peruvian bishop spoke from a Chicago hospital bed to eight priests in central Peru in this way not long ago. Mission bureaus everywhere are actively seeking the aid of more radio "hams" to make the service more widespread.



WANTED

for

Jesuit Missions

1. FOR THE LONG HAUL

Brother John Condon, S.J., is the "manager" of our mission on the Pacific island of Ponape. Just as any Brother in an outpost station, his every waking hour is devoted to keeping the machines running, the roofs on, the pot boiling, etc. He is, at this very moment, trying to build a dormitory-kitchen that can house and feed students brought in from outlying islands for instruction. There is a lot of material to haul and Brother's old war-surplus truck has collapsed. There is not much romance in a second-hand truck, but there is an eternity of romance in what Brother can accomplish with one. We beg your help, \$5 or \$10,

to get him a "new" second-hand pick-up.

2. FOR DESPERATE MEN

Some of you will certainly remember young Jesuit Father Jack Halligan. We ran an ad for him about 18 months ago, shortly after he had left the Bronx to begin work among the Indians of Ecuador. He recently sent us an appeal for funds to build a shelter for migrant Indian workers. "The desperate poverty back in their own villages has forced them to leave their homes . . . in search of some way to earn money for food to bring home to their families. . . . Any sleeping they do at night is out in the open streets where it is always cold and the frequent rains add to the misery." Father Jack wants to give some comfort to these men, his brothers and our brothers, who surely deserve more than an animal life. Please be as generous as you can.

3. AID TO WISDOM

Al-Hikma (Wisdom) University in

Baghdad, Iraq, is a result of your generosity, the stubbornness and vision of New England Jesuits, and the labors of American lay volunteers. To the campus on the Diyola River come students from all over the Middle East. Since our one aim is to educate as many as we can, as well as we can, many of the students are poor and unable to pay the small tuition, room and board charges. They can't beg your help and up to now we have kept them at Al-Hikma by begging for them and tightening our own belts. We will continue to do both. We beg you, however, to help us help them. In Baghdad and so much of the world education is our most important work, although it is a bit difficult to convince others of its importance.

4. GALVANIZED FOR ACTION

Father Frank Webster—many of our readers in the East knew him before he left for the hill country of the Philippines four years ago—will begin to build a permanent Church (St. Isidor the Farmer) in Pangantukan next month. You have already helped him build a series of village chapels in the forty-mile area around Pangantukan. Now we ask you to help us help him to pay for 800 sheets of galvanized iron roofing. (He and his people made a 50% down payment and promised the rest of it as soon as . . .). For an iron roof over the altar of the Church of St. Isidor the Farmer, in a village you will never see, but to which Christ can come each week in Father Frank's hands and the hearts of his people, could you give a gift of a few dollars?

JESUIT MISSIONS—211 East 87th Street, New York, N. Y. 10028

DEAR FATHER,

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

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

SEPTEMBER 1965

Pictures that speak



Children of the Tondiarpet Project in Madras rush to a friend, Father P. Ceyrac. This remarkable French Jesuit, director of the All India Catholic University Federation, has rescued them and their destitute parents from the streets, housing them in student-built homes.

**Small hands, too early furrowed with the scars of poverty,
Stretch toward Christ in a gentle man of God.
And his hands, they know, as only children know,
Are always theirs to shelter in, to hold and keep.
Small faces lift to smile at Christ imaged in the face of man,
The Christ-face that bears His mark—the wear-lines of a selfless love.**

LEARN HOW TO

Conquer Your Worst Enemy

A quick look in a mirror and you will see the person you must learn to live with—not other people who are always “getting on your nerves.” Learn to live with yourself and you will surmount your real or imagined troubles. This is not easy. You are living in an age that builds up so much stress and tension. But it

can be done. Put yourself in the hands of an expert teacher and counsellor by reading—and rereading, chapter by chapter—

ACHIEVING PEACE OF HEART

By NARCISO IRALA, S.J.

Translated by Lewis Delmage, S.J.

NEW, AUGMENTED REVISED EDITION

Father Irala as a youth was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Seeking guidance for his own trouble, he became interested in methods of dealing with human problems. Today, Father Irala is a practicing psychologist known in Europe and America and in the Orient. He is the only priest ever invited to speak before the medical faculty of the University of Mexico.

ACHIEVING PEACE OF HEART was first published in Portuguese. It has since been published in Spanish, Italian, Polish, and now this edition is translated in English for your benefit. All editions have been received with great enthusiasm—more than 100,000 copies have been sold—showing that Father Irala speaks a universal language in dealing with basic emotional and spiritual difficulties. This is not a “scientific” book. It is written in simple language, to help you overcome mental confusion and negative habits. The author points out that most fatigue and human weaknesses are mental rather than organic.

Clinical Records:

Here are a few clinical records cited in **ACHIEVING PEACE OF HEART**: 96% of persons afflicted with gastric colitis were cherishing feelings of resentment; 75% lived a dejected life; 68% were tortured by remorse—one-half of the diabetic and cardiopathic cases were found to have emotional interference as their cause or accompaniment—76% of the arterial hypertension cases were there because of anger, hatred, or impatience mixed with fear or anxiety.

Negative Thinking:

Much of this negative thinking can be traced to our current struggle for material success. Striving to be the wealthiest person in the graveyard is another way to put it. You are quite fortunate if you have escaped the effects of our present-day pressure living. Otherwise, you will welcome the practical guidance to be found in **ACHIEVING PEACE OF HEART**. The first part of Father Irala's book takes you through a re-education process, such as: Re-education of the Mind, Re-education of Control, and Re-education of the Feelings. The second part puts this instruction to work in showing you, among other things, How to Rest, How to Think, How to Train the Sexual Instinct, and How to be Happy. Each chapter is followed by a diagram showing you how to apply the ideas developed.

Application:

By applying Father Irala's successful methods you learn how to **knock out**—

Insomnia—Worries—Discouragement—
Fatigue—Feelings of Inferiority—
Pessimism—Sadness—Scruples—Anger

You learn to **replace** these negative moods with—

Tranquillity—Optimism—Hope—
Love—Courage—Health—
Consolation—Truth—Joy

Speaking of health, Father Irala says, “Aside from the times when you need the ministrations or advice of a professional physician, your six best doctors are sun, water, air, exercise, diet, and joy.” Again quoting the author, “The bee draws honey from flowers, and the soul can draw honey from thorns. But this process is patented—in Christianity.”

It is hard to escape the “thorns,” but you can learn to “draw the honey.” Send today for your copy of **ACHIEVING PEACE OF HEART**.

JOSEPH F. WAGNER, Inc.
53 Park Place, New York 7, N.Y.

Read these unsolicited testimonials from people who have been helped by following the advice to be found in **ACHIEVING PEACE OF HEART**:

A WRITER:

“By following your advice I conquered the insomnia which I found such a burden, and am now a happy man.”

A STUDENT:

“A year ago I attended your lectures and now the continual headache which I used to have when studying has completely disappeared.”

A TEACHER:

“I was on the point of abandoning the teaching profession because of a feeling of inferiority and continual blushing. Your explanations and auto-suggestive exercises brought back my lost control within a few days.”

A BUSINESS MAN:

“I used to have fits of anger and impulses to suicide which were embittering my existence and that of my family. With your method I have improved so much I am like a child with a new toy.”

A DOCTOR:

“Since your lecture, I have regained my optimism, work with greater efficiency and less fatigue, and sleep better.”

A LAYMAN:

“My wife had been suffering from persistent insomnia for six months. Now she sleeps perfectly due to the fact that you interviewed her and explained what you say in your book about resting.”

10-Day Return Privilege

We are confident that you will find **ACHIEVING PEACE OF HEART**

a constant source of guidance and counsel in the never-ending struggle to overcome tension and anxiety. But you need take no risk. If you are not completely satisfied, you may return the book in 10 days and receive a refund of the purchase price. So fill in the coupon below and mail it today—with your check or money order for \$3.95.



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