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Bolivia. The quena, flute of the Andes.
"The shadows of a thousand years sob in
the quena."



Dirección Nacional de Turismo
BOLIVIA

As often as they can, the Indians drown the drabness of their daily lives in revelry.

The Precursor

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This paper is meant to complete the article "Music in Bolivia" published in the Sept.-Oct. 1964 issue of *The Precursor*.

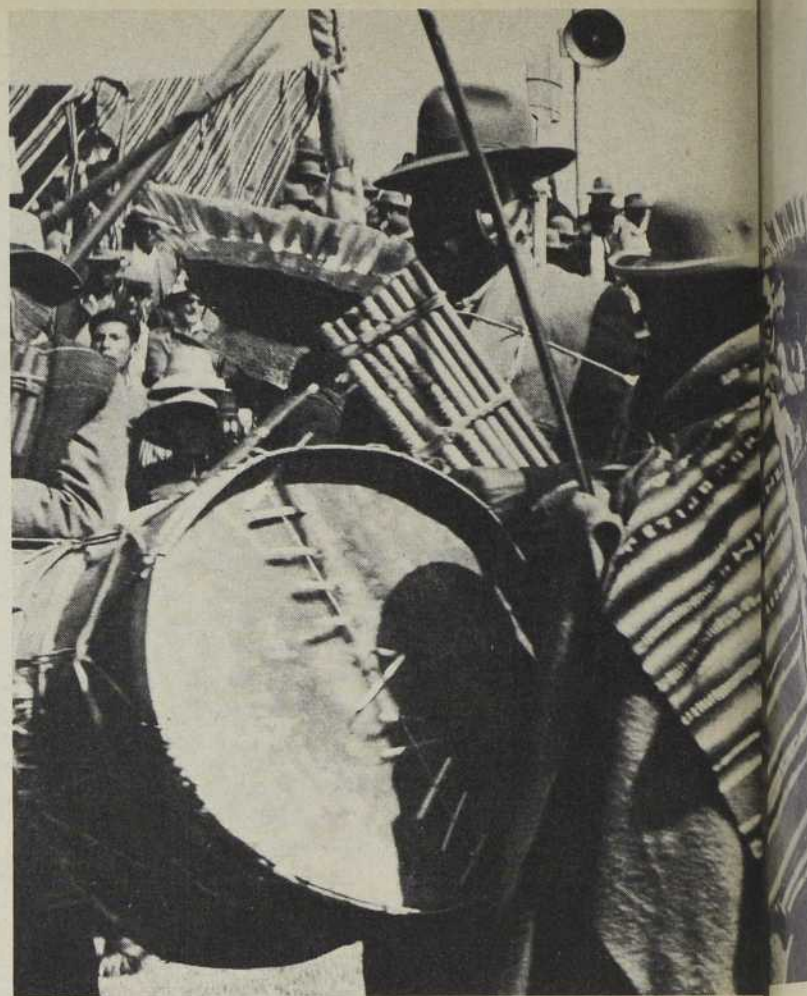
Many recent records on South American folklore have awakened our interest in the music of the Cordillera, music filled with haunting qualities of tenderness and humanity. *Los Chacos*, for instance, in *El Condor Pasa*, stresses all these qualities.

True Indian music in general is of three types, all characterized by a profound feeling for nature and a complete lack of sensuality, in perfect accord with the high moral standards of the race before the coming of the white man. Another characteristic, more noticeable

to foreign ears, is the strain of melancholy which pervades every composition for whatever purpose it may be performed. The effect is symphonic rather than melodious.

Very likely, Bolivian folklore may help us understand the people even better than Bolivian music. Modern composers only too often adopt a style of expression which might be called "colonial Spanish". In Andean rural districts, however, Incaic and Spanish music have never blended. The Indian was fully capable of creating his own musical forms and instruments long before the Spaniards arrived with the guitars. Valleys and mountains still re-echo with the strains

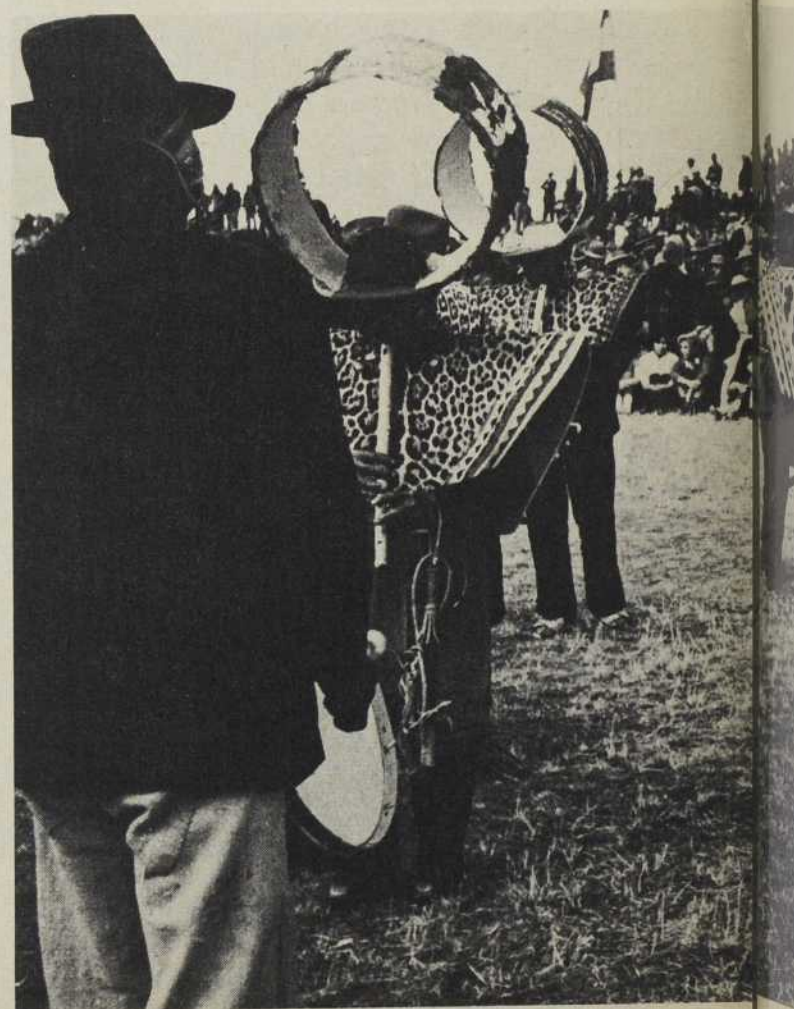
BOLIVIAN FOLKLORE



Photos: Bolivian Tourist Office



Foto. JIMENEZ 72





Fiestas are the only bright spots in the monotony of Indian life. Then, the air is filled with the music of flutes and drums. Formerly, each village had its own particular dance performed by the village troupe.



of plaintive Indian songs. In urban areas, however, an adulterated form of Spanish music subsists.

Bolivia's musical destinies do not differ from those of South American countries in general. Researches are, at present, being conducted in order to integrate the folklore proper to Aymara, Quechua, and Guarani civilizations. Bolivia possesses, in this field, interesting elements based on the permanence of chants and dances performed of yore in honor of the Sun, the valiant deeds of ancient heroes, etc.

Scattered throughout vast areas of the *pampas* or living on remote Andean slopes, Bolivia's numerous Aymara and Quechua tribes jealously preserve as characteristic of their traditions, the precious heritage

of their ancestral culture. In more remote areas, virtually untouched by foreign influence, traditional music and folk dances have retained much of their primitive quality. Andean Indians did not write down their music but transmitted it from father to son by word of mouth and ear from generation to generation.

The music of the Aymara tribe, the largest in Bolivia, reflects a certain kind of mysticism and pantheism deeply influenced by the awesome splendour of the surrounding Andean landscape and by the austere vistas of the huge plateau called Altiplano. Nature provided another source of inspiration in the songs of birds, the moans of the wind in the trees, the sound of falling water, the waves on the shores of lake and sea . . . Aymara music differs from other Indian music. Abstract and never lyrical, its primitive melodies and rhythms are expressed in purely instrumental fashion.

"Warm-valley people", the gentle and docile Quechua, adopted the Aymara musical rhythm, but introduced into it a lyrical element allowing for verbal expression.

Bolivian instruments and dances

Fiestas are the very heartbeat of Bolivia. They reveal the Bolivian character better than anything else. These fiestas with their revelry and their pageants of colourful costumes are excellent occasions for the Indians to revive their peculiar folklore.

As a rule, the Indian is sad. His music is full of gloomy overtones: "In a stormy night was I conceived . . . Rain and wind were my cradle . . ." Identical tunes punctuate the fiesta dancers of today. Even in his joyful moods, the Indian retains a certain sadness. His musical instruments also express this sentiment.

The dances performed and the instruments used in fiestas are nearly always of a typically Indian origin. *Kenochos* or *Kenakenas*, nicknames given to certain dancers, are derived from the *kena* or *quena*, a flute which ranges from two to six notes. Performers fasten drums about their waists. While the right hand beats the drumhead with a stick, the left is free to play the *quena*. Over their shoulders and breast, they wear stiffened ocelot skins which provide them with a kind of shield. The musical effect of a *kenocho* orchestra is rather harsh and sombre at least to foreigners. This is genuine Aymara music deeply rooted in Andean folklore.

Drums convey a hypnotic feeling of oneness to the group. There was a tall upright drum, coming up to the beater's chest, called the *tunkul*. It was made out of a hollow log of light wood with a deer membrane stretched across the head. Another type of drum tied around the waist in dancing was called *pax*. Still another type was made from the shell of the small land tortoise whose carapace had been carved and polished. Beaten with the palm, it gave a sound that was doleful and sad.

Fashioned from a special kind of bamboo called

chuqui or of leg bones of deer, of reeds or clay the Incaic flute, still used by plateau Indians, resembles the Chinese *yo* and the Japanese *fue*. *Quenas* are of wide variety. The smaller measures 37 cm by 2 cm and has six holes; the pitch is clear, soft, and nostalgic. The *kenochos quena* is 50 cm long with seven holes, while the *pjusi-phias quena* measures 69 cm and has four perforations.

Pjusi-phias is an Aymara word meaning "four cents". The troupe uses three different sizes of *quenas* in their orchestra: *taic*, mother; *mala* medium; *ch'ti*, son or little one. Troupe members wear flowing skirts, fox skins thrown poncho-like over the shoulders, and large floral and feather headdresses.

In this weird apparel, the *Chuncos* perform wild frantic dances. They wear masks representing animals from the "eastern jungle", the ancient Antisuyu. The bows and arrows used in this demonstration commemorate a battle fought between the Aymara and a jungle tribe. At intervals, this pageant is punctuated by harsh battle cries.

The *Tratripulis* are called after their particular *quena* which measures 43 cm and has seven holes. Their music is marked by a rather austere rhythm. Like the *Kenochos*, the *Tratripulis* play simultaneously on the drum and on the flute.

Originally, the dance was imbued with a religious meaning. It was a ritual meant to cajole the gods into giving whatever was needed at the moment. It was a mystical communion between participants and on-lookers. The object of the dance was to gain victory over the unseen powers by group participation. To the Indians, drumming, singing, hand clapping, and ululation formed a social bond in which they all felt in contact with the supernatural.

There were so many dances in Maya land that an early Spanish chronicler thought the Maya dance repertory could reach a thousand. In the shield dance, warriors used their fighting shields as props. There were many other dances such as the monkey dance, the grandfather's dance-song, one called the "shadow of the tree", the dance of the reeds . . . Landa reports that he saw 15,000 Indians converge from miles around to attend these dances. The dancers kept time, punishment being meted out if they did not. For the most part men danced with men, women with women.

The *quena choquela* was longer than the *tratripuli* flute. It measured 47cm, had seven holes, and gave forty harsh, strident notes. *Choquela* is an Aymara word signifying "savage". This primitive music was accompanied by the monotonous beat of drums. To its accompaniment men and women danced the *vicuna* dance in which a stuffed *vicuna* decked with flowers and ribbons was carried aloft.

Arthachana (lament) is the music of Indian Altiplano shepherds. Doleful airs are played by the lonely Indian as, day after day, he leads his herd of llamas to pasture. He is never without a *quena* or an *antara* (panpipe).



Dancers beat a drum fastened about their waists with one hand and play on the flute with the other.



The player watches, fascinated, the bellying skirts of his beloved as she whirls in the dance.



The *quena* and the *charango* reflect the desolation of the upper plateau. Their notes are filled with melancholy.



The *charango* is a small guitar with five double strings; its sound box is made of armadillo shell.

There are different ways of playing the *quen*as. For instance it may be played in a vertical, oblique, or crosswise position, thus obtaining a variety of tones. One of the *quen*as can be used like a small mouth organ. The pitch of the *tarka* and of the *zampona* is grave and deep.

Listening to an orchestra of *zamponas* can be quite fascinating. With their plaintive notes the *quen*as express the wistfulness of the human heart yearning after happiness. Such is their power, that a Spanish poet listening to their music exclaimed, "The shadows of a thousand years sob in the strains of the *quena*".

According to the *khantuta* legend, the *quena* can also be made to express the tenderness of love. Its pitch is then like the cooing of doves. On other occasions, together with the *taikas*, the *malas*, and the *chulis*, the *quena* punctuates solemn pastoral marches. This sort of music can then be suggestive of sinister magic spells.

The *zampona* (classical panpipe or Greek syrinx) is played throughout the Andes, from the Equator to Bolivia. It is formed of hollow reeds cut in graduated lengths, fixed in two rows. Those in front give the sharp pitch; those in the rear the semi-tone. They give syncopated rhythm to the dance.

An ensemble of *zamponas* in varying lengths, sizes, and numbers is supposed to express the lament of a woman, according to Altiplano musicians. The spirit seems to be converted into music; a grave, arid, and chaste spirit which clings to the harsh environment of the drab Altiplano.

Instruments mentioned above, refer chiefly to Aymara music. For its part, the *kaluyo* is a genuine Quechua melody, accompanied by the *charango*. It is the favourite song of the Indians living in the sunlit Andean valleys. The *charango* is a small guitar, with five double strings. It was apparently introduced by the Spanish since string instruments were unknown under Incaic rule.

Indians and cholos are the only ones who play the *charango*. Both the *quena* and the *charango* reflect the desolation of the Altiplano where the wind shrieks and the atmosphere is one of poignant sadness.

Costumes and dances

A remarkable trait of the Indian fiesta is the head-dress, a bamboo framework fastened to a hat with a large bamboo hoop separating the ostrich plumes to form a feathery circle, five or six feet wide. The costumes of the dancers consists in gaily coloured ponchos worn over coarse woolen pants called *bayeta de la tierra*.

Kusillo, god of the dance, is often represented as an acrobat. Together with the stuffed fox, he plays an important role in Indian mimetic dances. The Indians are vastly amused by his jumps and antics. Old people also assume important roles in the pantomime. They are represented by *Auqui Auqui*. On All Saints Day, an old man and an old woman accompany *Kusillo*,

thus forming the *Auqui Auqui* group. The dance of the aged, leaning on their canes, has a special attraction for the Indians.

The *Huaca-Tokjori* is one of the most original troupe of dancers on the Altiplano. They are named after the instrument they usually play, the *huaca-tokjori*, a long flute resembling the Basque *chistua* or the *Provençal galoubet*. In this dance, the performers mime horsemen riding headlong in a furious race.

There is a good deal of difference between the Bolivian rural dance and the dance of urban folks, although the accompanying music — the *huayno* and the *cueca* — is similar.

Among country people, dancers of the *huayno* perform by couples, forming a large circle. There is much stamping of feet and singing while dancers whirl in a circle. Sometimes, the men alone perform, each playing his instrument and shuffling his feet as in a slow trot. This Bolivian dance is nearly always performed to the accompaniment of the *charango* and of the *quena*. On their record "The Magic Flute", Los Chocas give a very alert interpretation half in Quechua, of the emotion felt by the player as he watches the bellying skirts of his beloved as she whirls in the dance.

The *cueca*, a dance performed in Chile, in Argentina, and in Bolivia is always accompanied by song. In this latter performance, two or three couples take their stand at four corners. They shuffle forward, holding a small kerchief or a sling which they wave overhead. Sometimes they use the edges of their ponchos instead. They dance face to face, then shuffle backward until they reach their starting point. The couples rub shoulders, perform a half-turn, and criss-cross. Their movements are light and graceful. This *bailecito* or light dance allows each dancer to perform to his best advantage.

Dances are not performed only as profane entertainment; they are bound up with religion. The same dance may be executed on the occasion of a Christian religious festival as well as on traditional Incaic celebrations in honour of the sun god.

Dancing is the keynote of carnival festivities when the Indians drown the drabness of their daily lives in revelry. The women wear blouses and skirts of deep reds and rich thick blues, greens, and yellows, a delight to the eyes of onlookers. Dances are performed to the rhythm of flutes. The *huayno* is a favorite.

Music is also the language of the Indian, a language expressing both lament and tenderness. "The music of the Altiplano does not suggest tears and sobs but a yearning for the Absolute."

As told by Mariette Landry
and Céline Trudeau, M.I.C.



This symbol, due to the talent of Mr. Michel Olyff, was chosen by Unesco to mark the International Year of the Book. It was obtained through the good offices of the International Council of Graph Associations.

The two men joining hands over an open book symbolize international cooperation.

BOOKS AND THE MISSION

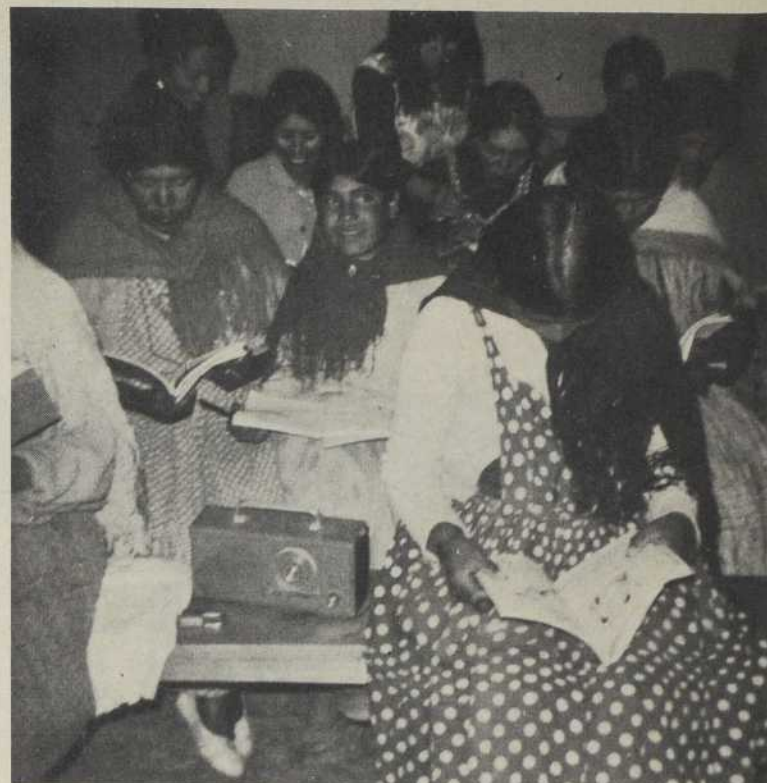
The year 1972 has been designated as International Book Year by the General Conference of Unesco with a view to focusing public attention on the role of books in society. To mark the occasion, Unesco has chosen as design two men linking hands across the

pages of an open book. This design symbolizes international cooperation and mutual understanding through books.

Who better than the missionaries know the capital importance of books in diffusing the Gospel message?



Canada



Bolivia

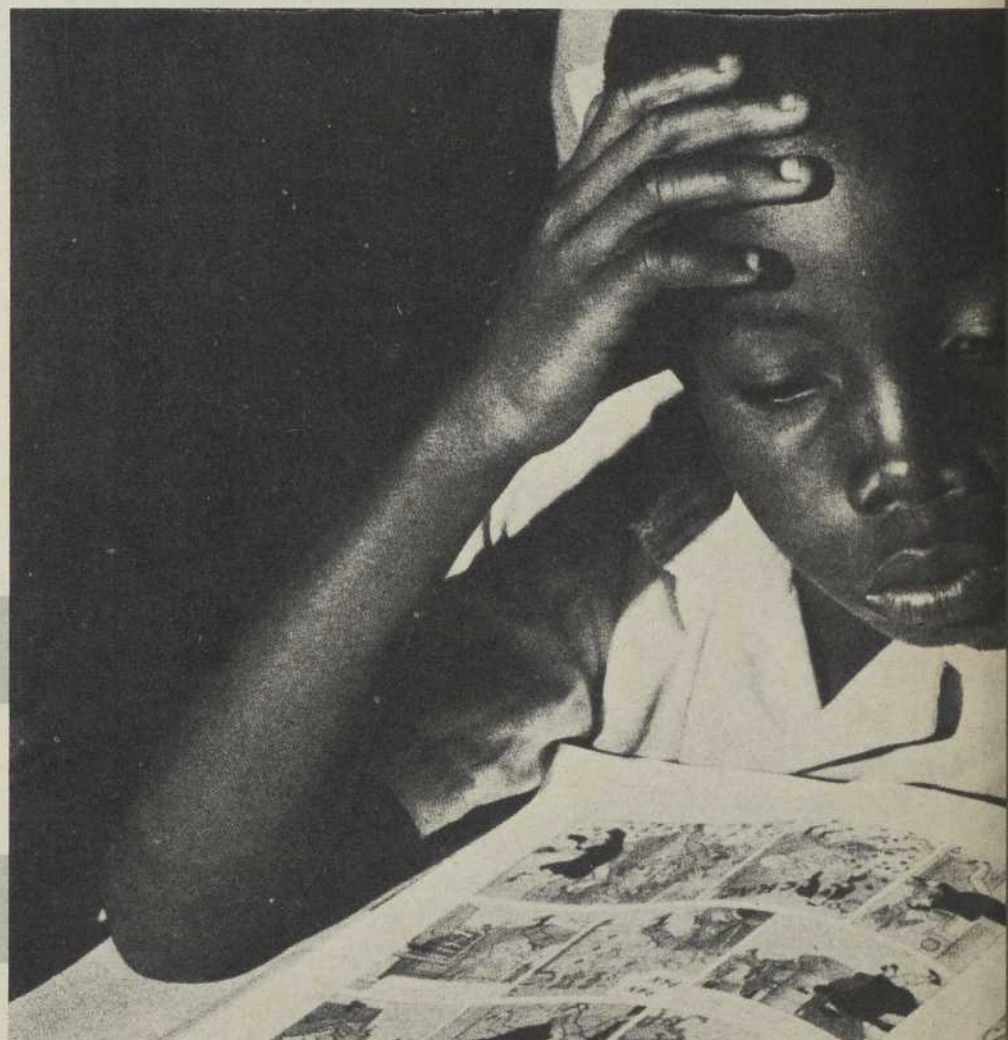
In his address to the conveners of the Cannes Festival of the Book (May 1971) Pope Paul VI stressed the encouragement which should be given to "an art and industry which is of the highest importance for man's future" (Oss. Rom. June 11, 1971).

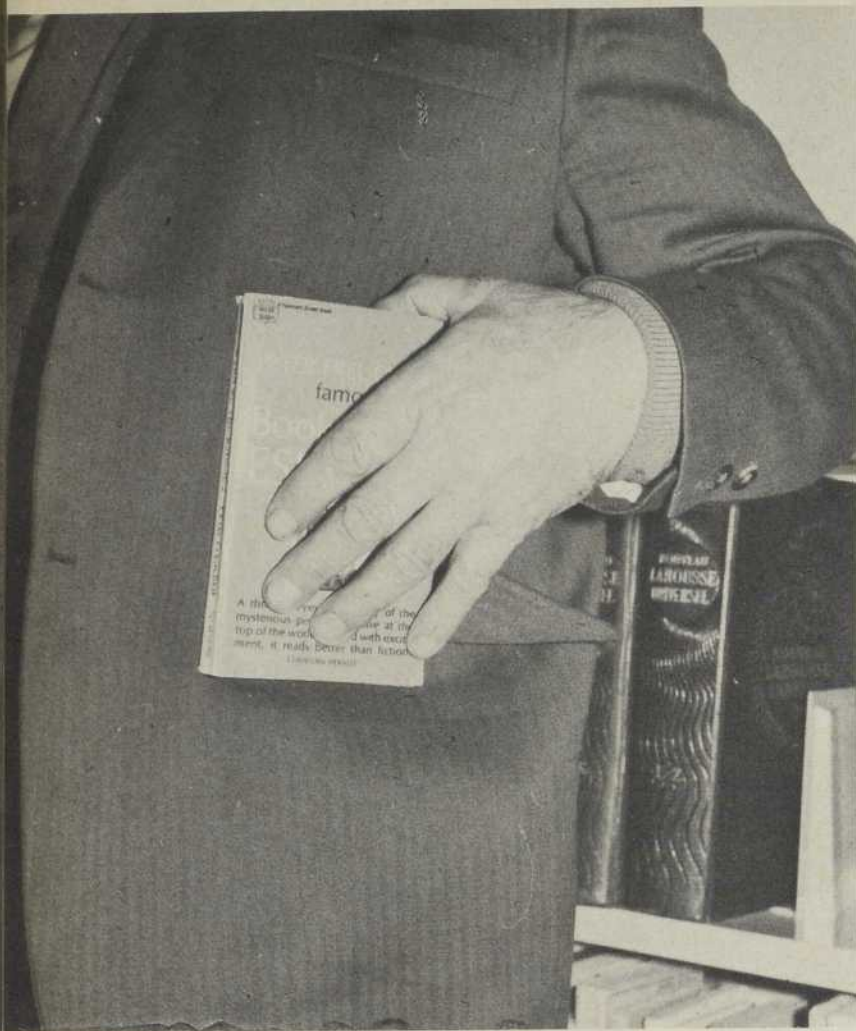
Even nowadays when mass media places every variety of information at our finger-tips, books retain their value for our society. Contrary to television and radio they favour quiet and reflection. Robert Escarpit, in *The Revolution in Books*, remarks, "The very nature of reading will always necessitate a greater measure of solitude than other means of communication". In the "jungle" of our modern world where noise reigns supreme, men secretly yearn after oases of quiet and solitude. To a certain extent good books can provide both. They can bring our threatened civilizations a deepening of human realities and an increase of fulfillment.

From the Jews, the "People of the Book", we received the precious texts of the Old Testament; from the Apostles of Christ and the Evangelists we inherited the Gospel and the other New Testament writings. Who can tell the tremendous impact of such books on mankind as a whole? They achieved a decisive victory over ignorance and superstition. A treasure to be shared, a possession for all time, they mirror the human and divine personality of Christ better than any painting ever could. "To ignore Sacred Scripture," declared Saint Jerome, "is to ignore Christ".

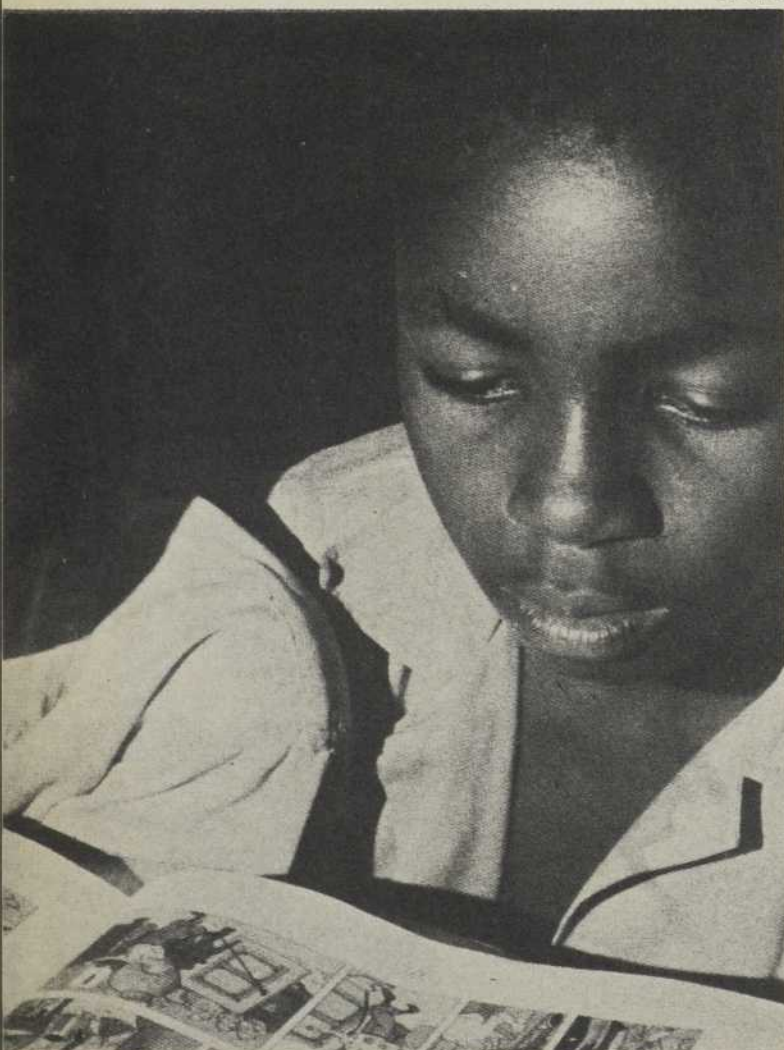
This applies in a lesser measure to the books which continued to flow from the pen of Christian writers in the ages that followed. After the Apostles and the Evangelists came those we call the Apostolic Fathers, in whose ears as Saint Irenaeus said "echoed the sound of the Apostles' voices". *The Didache*, a

precious little book, describes the teaching and practice of the Church in the immediate post-apostolic age. Soon the "Acts of the Martyrs" made known to the whole Christian family, the victory of those who had won the palm of martyrdom. The seven letters of Saint Ignatius of Antioch are the masterpiece of this era and one of the summits of Christian literature.





Pakistan



Africa



Photo: Unesco

Although far from us in time, the Apostolic Fathers are close to us in spirit. Jesus is present in every one of these ancient books. They relay his message, they are quickened by his love, and against this love centuries cannot prevail.

After these early writers came the apologists the commentators of Holy Scripture, the Fathers of the Church. None of these aimed at literary fame. They

simply wanted to get the Message across to mankind in its pristine purity, untainted by heresy. Many among them signed their works with their blood. Could Christianity have progressed as it did among all classes of society if writers had not been found to prove that it was worth while to live and die solely to spread the Good News? It is impossible to mention in this short paper all the great writers who continued the tradition — Tertullian (160-220?) in Africa, Origen in Egypt (185-254), Eusebius who wrote the first history of Church (264-340), Saint Augustine (354-430), Saint John Chrysostom (345-407) . . .

The missionaries who evangelized the masses of so-called barbarians after the fall of the Roman Empire were in most cases their educators. They wrote simple manuals of doctrine, and translated for their benefit the Sacred Scriptures in the various dialects. Some, like Saint Cyril and his brother Methodius, apostles to the Slavs, are said to have invented the Cyrillic alphabet to facilitate the spreading of the Gospel. Father Mateo Ricci upon his arrival in China found that printing had played an important part in Chinese civilization since about the eighth century. Taking advantage of this state of things he caused to be printed a handsome leaflet of the Decalogue, then another containing the Pater, Ave, and Credo in Chinese characters. To those of his visitors who inquired after the Christian doctrine, he presented copies. Paul Hsu, one of his most illustrious neophytes, believed that books were the sole means of spreading Christianity in China. He continually pressed Ricci to write new ones. That the latter took this advice to heart is proved by the plaque placed over the missionary's tomb in Peking, "To one who loved righteousness and wrote books".

And so the march of books serving the mission continued along the ages. In our country, the missionaries who introduced Christianity among Eskimos and the Indian tribes were faced with the tremendous task of translating the Gospel message into the various languages and dialects. No alphabet existed among these illiterate people. God only knows thanks to what travail the missionaries invented alphabets, published simple texts, taught children and adults to read.

During the past two thousand years, the book has gone through several mutations. Its fundamental purpose however, has always been the communication of ideas. Herein lies a danger. The enemy sows evil seeds among the good grain. True progress does not inevitably follow the marvelous modern diffusion of the written word. Hence the Pope's pressing appeal that Christians should endeavour to place at the disposal of the public the works of those who in the field of arts, letters, sciences, philosophy, spiritual life, present experiences capable of enlightening, raising, and guiding men towards their genuine fulfillment.

The immense printing and publishing industry in the U.S.S.R. turns out more than 2,000 books every

minute (about three million a day). There is a librarian in every village and an important social and pedagogical role has been added to his work. A few years back, China announced that she was printing no less than 15,000,000 copies of the complete works of Mao. The "little red book" is in everyone's hands in mainland China. What are we doing for the diffusion of the Gospel of Christ?

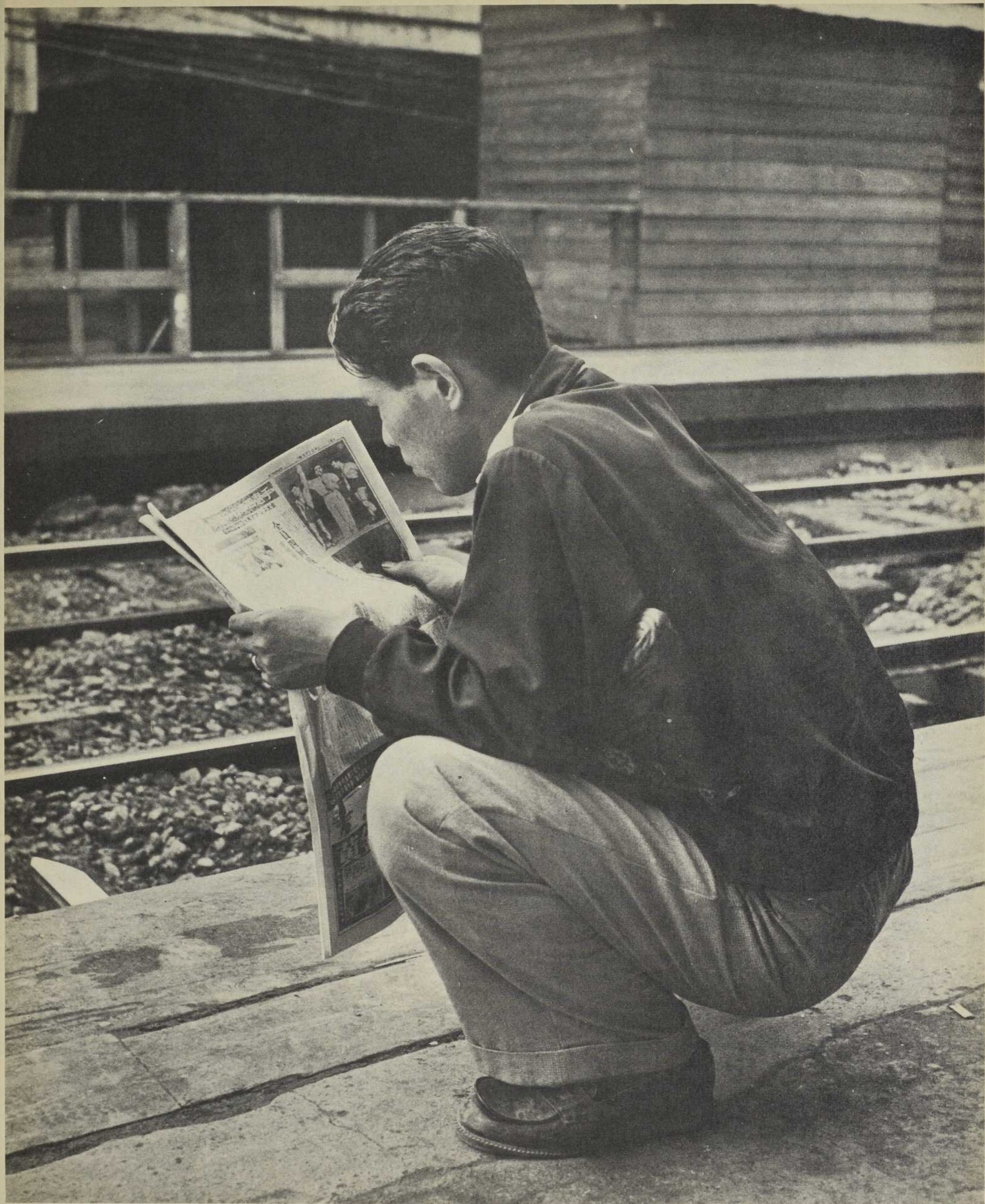
One quarter of the world's inhabitants live in South-East Asia, yet only about one twentieth of the total amount of books produced in the world are published in this region. Underdevelopment of book publishing in countries of the Third World results from a host of restrictive elements such as shortages of paper and equipment, low-purchasing power, inadequate transport facilities . . .

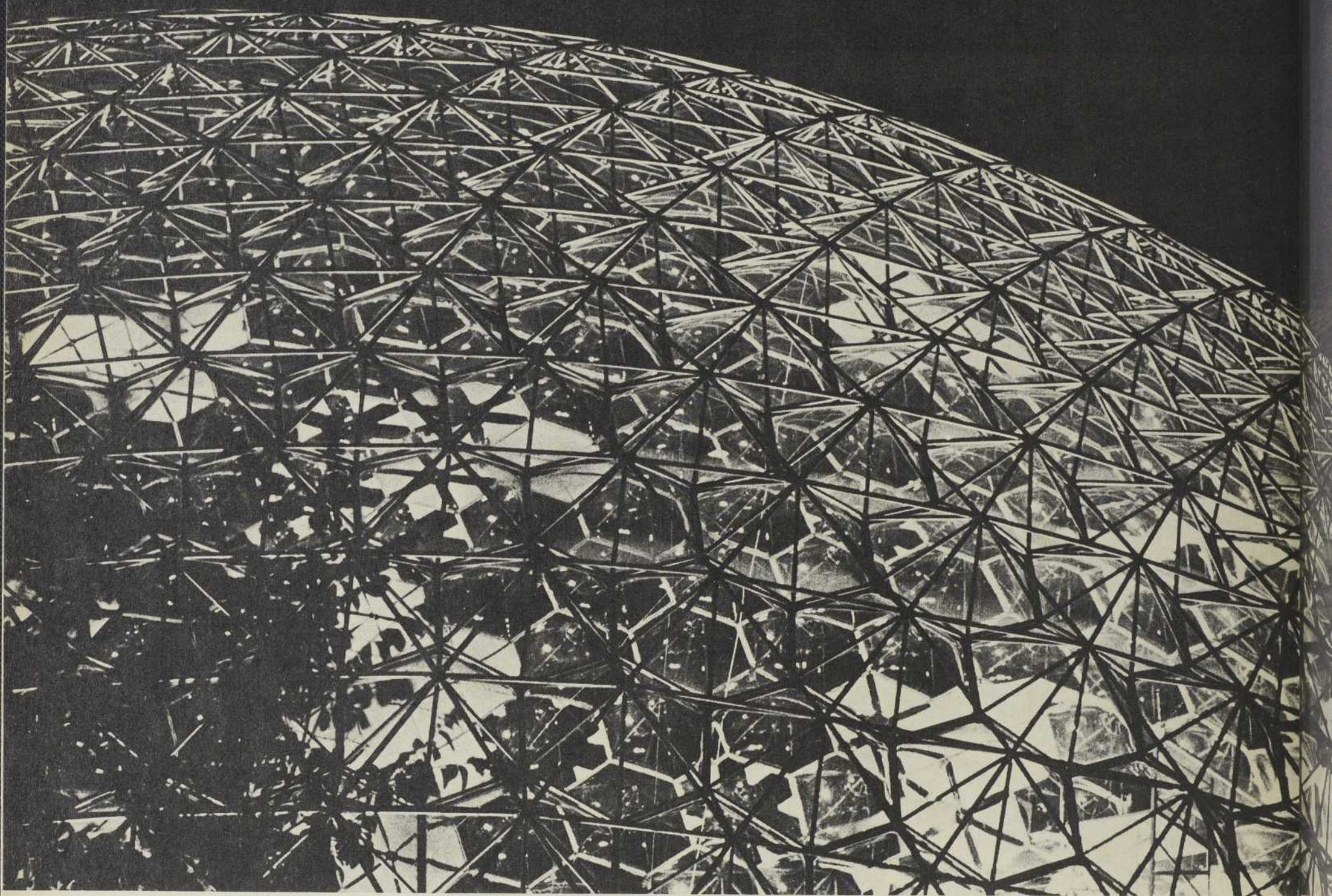
For thousands of years books were laboriously written by hand with a brush, a reed, or a quill. We have come a long way since the days when scribes of Babylonia and Nineveh jotted down their accounts with sharp instruments on tablets of clay. Around 1456, printing ushered in a new era. One of the first books printed was a Bible, the *Book par excellence*. Today, a new mutation in printing has begun with the use of photo-composition or filmsetting which produces texts directly on film which may be utilized for engraving and printing. This eliminates the use of raised type.

With such wonderful facilities at our disposal, how is it that the apostolate through books is so neglected? In spite of prejudices to the contrary, the possibilities of the apostolate are considerable. Some will say, "Why turn out more books on religion when mountains of tomes have already been produced on this subject"? The answer is simple. The same old religious truth needs to be said once more in contemporary language. Ancient principles hold, but they must be applied to the ever changing sets of circumstances, filtered through new minds. What has been written in one given language takes on new nuances when expressed in another. It may grow into something rich and rare. Theological thought adopts new forms and develops through being pressed into the moulds of various languages.

Day in and day out people are subjected to propaganda for irreligion and immorality. The age of blind faith is gone. Nowadays, the scientific spirit makes every one ask for a reason for his belief. How often have our modern Popes stressed the need for an enlightened faith? This enlightenment to counteract the onslaughts of blatant agnosticism and shameless immorality will be found in well-written religious books. Evil succeeds only because people sleep and neglect to spread goodness around them while the enemy sows tares broadcast.

Madeline Maillet M.I.C.





Yahweh is sovereign Lord of the Universe.

SPIRITUAL GUIDES

There has been a tendency to consider the prophets of the Old Testament as glorified soothsayers, men who peered into the future, describing what was going to take place. But, the real mark of the prophet was that he received and uttered the authentic word of God — whether it referred to the past, the present,

or future. The prophets were the missionaries, the spiritual guides of the Chosen People. They presented similar themes expressed in various ways. Although they were different from one another, they were all called to one and the same vocation.

The mission of each prophet was determined by current events. It emphasized the most important



AMOS: THE TROUBLESOME PROPHET

Who had empowered Amos, the gloomy shepherd from the South, to thunder against the vices of the sophisticated, prosperous people of the North? By whose authority did he explode in Israel like a mighty force? Prophet against his will, Amos had been snatched by the Almighty from his peaceful occupations as a shepherd and told to bring God's word to the people of the northern kingdom. His was a harsh language. He fearlessly castigated social vices — greed, hypocrisy, lack of concern for the poor exploited peasants. Yahweh, he reminded the Israelites, was the Lord of all nations. He would severely punish them for their crying injustice, their oppression of the poor, just as he had punished neighbouring nations.

Photo: Man and his World

points to be safeguarded at the time, the ideas to be conveyed in order to penetrate to the hearts of their hearers. Amos' role consisted in stressing the practice of love of neighbour, by unmasking Israel's injustice, its harshness, its hypocrisy (8:4-7), and by bringing out the transcendence of the one true God, Master of the Universe. When we read and ponder the

utterances of this prophet, we can hardly help seeing ourselves reflected in the mirror of his book.

INTERPRETER OF MORAL CONSCIENCE

Amos' strong cry for justice, for concern for the poor, still has meaning for us today. The prophet's message should make us reflect on our own conduct. He was the fiery interpreter of the moral conscience of his epoch with regard to social injustice, the exploitation of the poor (8:4-6), the reliance on external religion for God's protection, the luxury of the upper classes, the merciless oppression of the defenceless — "you have trampled upon the weak and exacted of

them levies of grain". These vehement reproofs shocked Israel out of its complacency. Amos further predicted the fall of the then reigning dynasty and the deportation of the people of Israel into a foreign land. A terrible threat thus hung over all the small states of Syria and Palestine.

Yahweh, Lord of all nations, is a God of justice. He will punish the transgressions of Israel whose election made it a bounden duty to practise deeper moral justice. The only way to evade punishment he added, is to seek God — "Seek me that you may live" (5:4).

LORD OF ALL NATIONS

Although Amos' prophecy sounds like a dirge, it carries a certain ray of hope. He stressed the bonds which united Yahweh to his people, but he also showed that the Lord guides the destinies of all the peoples of the earth. Guardian of the moral order, censor of violations, Yahweh, Lord of the Universe, "formed the mountains, and created the wind . . . He made the dawn and the darkness, and strides upon the heights of the earth" (4:13). Amos believed that "Love governs the stars" 2,500 years before the exploits of Apollo 14!

The prophet reminds the Israelites that God presided over the fate of the Philistines just as he guided Israel out of Egypt (9:7). Amos thus insinuates that all nations are worth the same in the eyes of Yahweh, the Lord of all. He is a universal God, not a distant

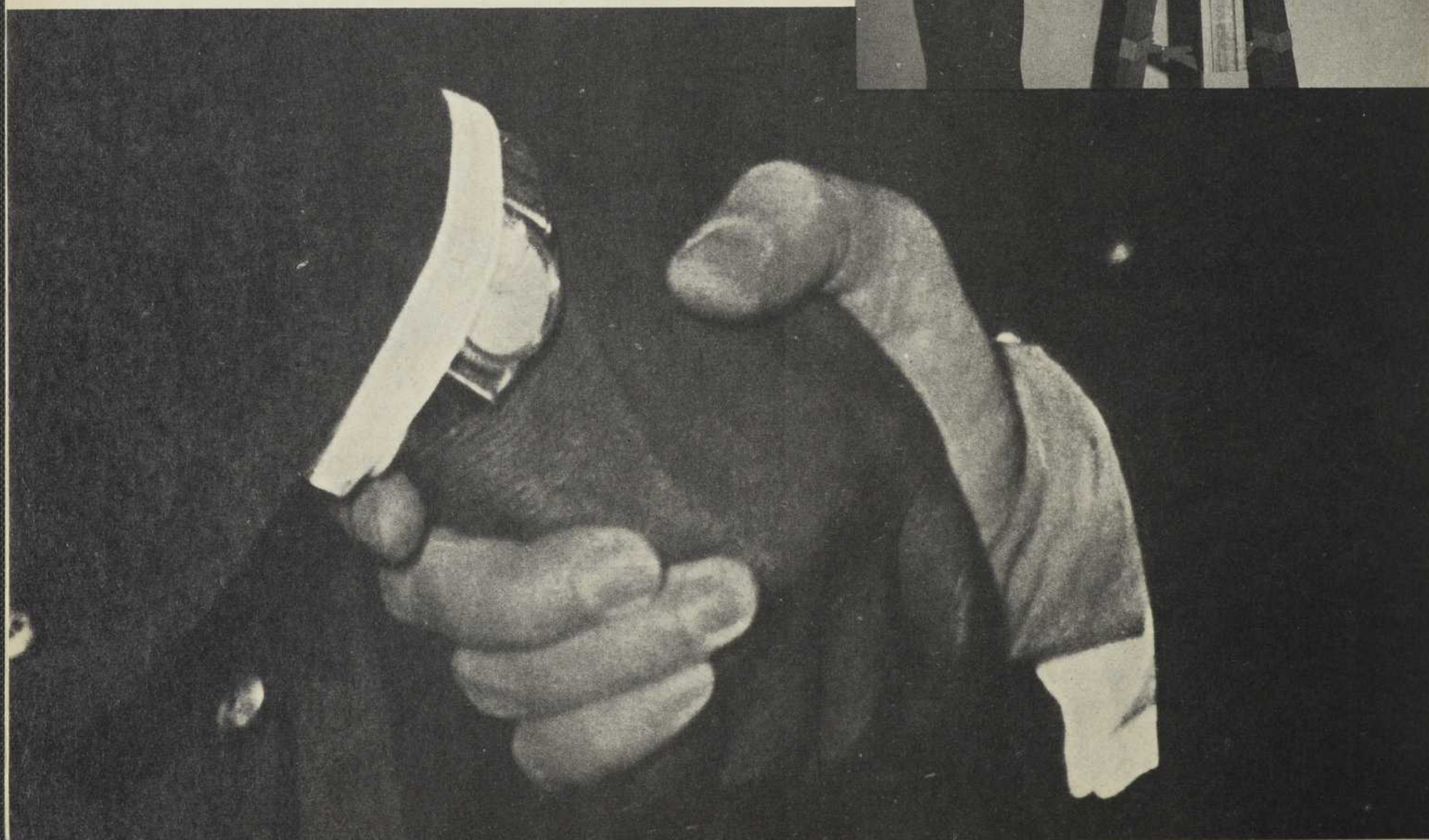
reality. The prophet possesses a keen sense of the greatness of the Lord. Creator and Master of all things, Yahweh will always remain a master hard to please. It is not easy to serve him. "You alone I have favoured more than all the families of the earth: therefore, I will punish you for all your crimes" (3:2). Amos proclaims that divine judgment will be exercised over the whole world. He thus describes Yahweh's justice: "The Lord will roar from Sion and from Jerusalem raise his voice" (1:2). What was uppermost in Amos' mind in preaching was: just as God treated us mercifully in spite of our sins, so we should treat all men mercifully. The justice that the prophet taught meant fidelity to God's covenant of love.

Amos understood that "love governs the stars" 2,500 years before the flight of Apollo 14.



Photos: Unesco

All nations are worth the same in the eyes of Yahweh.



Eight centuries before the Gospel, Amos foresaw Christ's charter of love. Fraternal love was to be the cement which would consolidate the unity of the People of God. To "remember the pact of brotherhood" (1:9) is just as important as to live up to the alliance with Yahweh. God's attentive and gratuitous love calls for a love that will bind together all the families of earth. God's reign over the world of men is a permanent idea transcending time and space. He is pleased to reveal this manifestation of his power as each era goes by. Amos was an instrument of this manifestation to the people of Israel. He preached Yahweh's message to them, just as the missionaries today preach the Good News to the nations of the world. Missionary activity also manifests that Creation continues. All men are bound to become God's People.

God made of Israel a chosen nation in order to manifest himself to all peoples and to unite them in his worship. Even the deportation of the Israelites

into a foreign land served this purpose — to make God known to all nations as the Ruler of the universe. The nations, however, must learn that they are subject to him just like Israel (1:3 - 2:3). Amos is deeply impressed by Yahweh's "presence in the world". He sees him as the sovereign Ruler of all things, the almighty Lord of history.

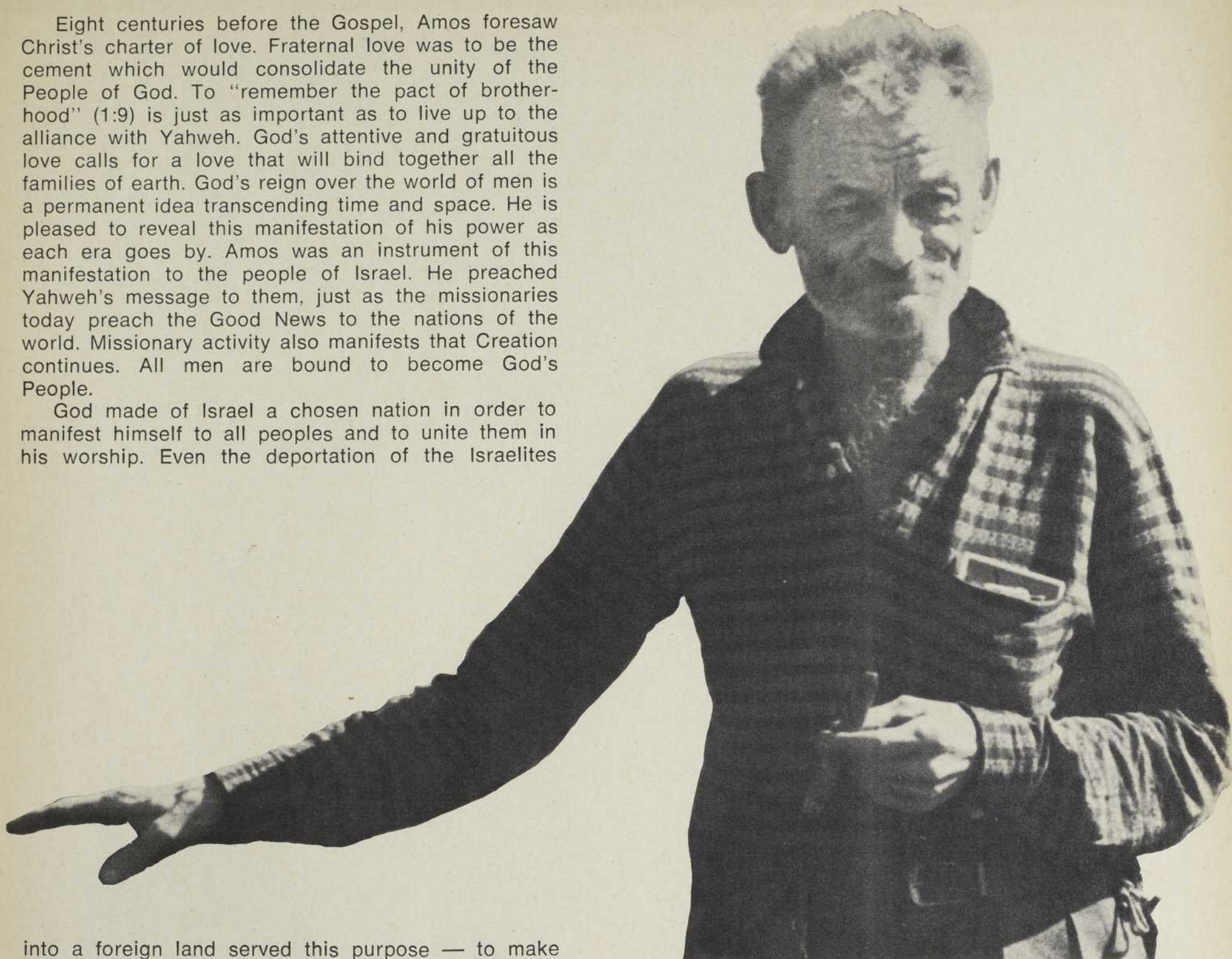
CONCLUSION

A man of God, Amos walked the ways of earth, going out to meet other men, to help them in their distress. He did not wish to receive but to give. To Israel, he gave his message to lead it Godward. Yahweh, he repeated, is the Lord of nations, a God of justice. Israel is in God's hands. It will be chastized for its crimes just as neighbouring nations have been chastized. Alas! Amos proved to be a troublesome prophet. The priest of Bethel chased him out of the royal sanctuary after only a few months, because men were annoyed with his message of doom. But Amos

Amos was the stern champion of the moral consciousness of his times regarding the exploitation of the defenceless.

had been true to his vocation which was not of his own choosing: "The Lord took me from following the flock and said to me, 'Go, prophesy to my people'" (7:15). The prophet's perennial message is that social justice has its roots in God himself. Worship devoid of justice is not pleasing to God. People can find happiness only in fidelity and obedience to the true God, Lord of all nations.

Gisèle Villemure, M.I.C.





The *zampona*, the classical panpipe, is formed of hollow reeds cut in graduated lengths fixed in two rows.

An Indian, in *fiesta regalia*, plays an accompaniment of the dance on his *quena*.





CONGO

I RECEIVED MORE THAN I GAVE

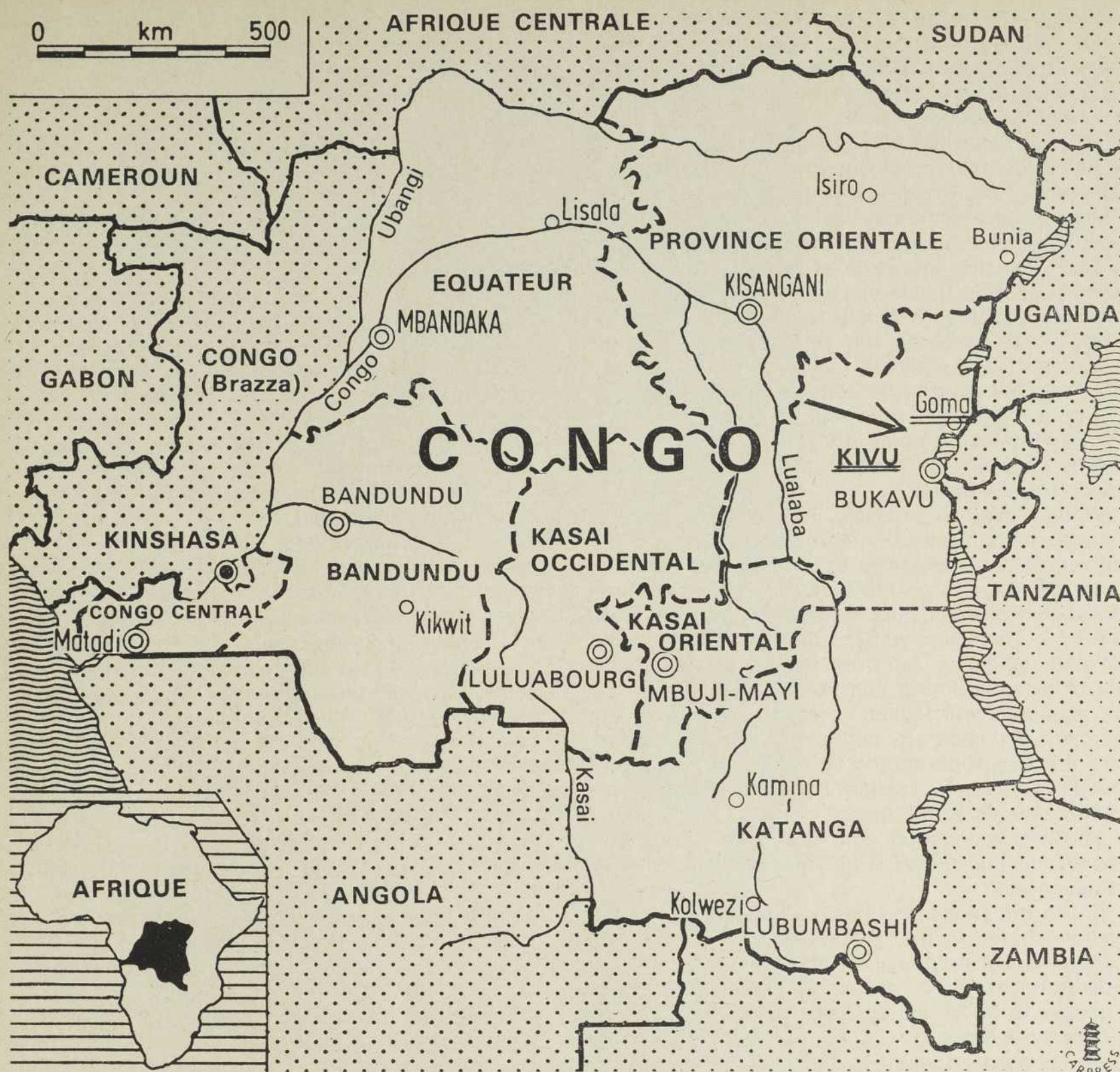
by Hugnette Proulx

— *Hugnette, I would like to hear about your missionary experience in the Congo. Did you function chiefly as a catechist?*

— I did. The studies I had the advantage of pursuing at the Louvain *Lumen Vitae* Institute of Brussels provided me with an excellent preparation for my task

as a catechist in Africa. Together with a team made up of three African priests and one Belgian missionary, I taught once a week, to groups of from 140 to 180 monitors from the bush.

Our aim was to present the monitors with a novel method of exposing the Gospel message on the pri-



mary school level. This method was based on the Bible. The pastors of various denominations were already using the method in their religious teaching. Our Catholic catechists could not be left in the lurch. We owed it to them to teach the most efficient way of catechizing their people.

— *What about your other occupations?*

— I taught in an institute for the training of future teachers on a basis of 22 hours a week to girl students, and of 8 hours to boy students. This was no easy task, believe me.

— *Was this a private institution?*

— It was sponsored by the state but dependent upon the Catholic mission. For several years, now, the Catholic Education Office, a detachment of the various ministries, has been entrusted to an African Jesuit — Father Michael Ekwa.

— *In what place did you teach?*

— At Mulo, Kivu province, in ex-Belgian Congo. As you know, the Congo won its independence in 1960. Most of its present-day leaders are Africans.

— *How did you happen to choose the Congo?*

— Thanks to the influence of the mission-minded professors I studied under at *Lumen Vitae* — Fathers Van Costes, Ladrière, Vergo, Ritz, to mention only a few. They taught me to put into practice the teachings of the Vatican II Constitution, *Lumen Gentium*.

I made up my mind to do something for the young nations, on a humanitarian as well as on a missionary level. It was the least I could do.

— *Why choose the Congo rather than Cameroon or Uganda for instance?*

— While I lived in Brussels, I met some Spanish Sisters who had missions in the Congo. They often told me about their missionary work in this country and even urged me to go there as a lay apostle. They mentioned that one teaching college in particular was in need of a professor who could teach philosophy and religious sciences. So, I left for the Congo where I taught philosophy during four years.

The academic curriculum is almost the same as the Belgian. Psychology, philosophy, and religious sciences are taught during the latter part of the teaching college programme. I taught the girls full time, and gave a few periods to the boys.

— *You mentioned that your aim was mainly humanitarian and missionary. Did you not also feel the lure of adventure?*

— Not in the sense you mean. I really had no relish for adventure. To me, the call to the Congo was more like a sort of epiphany, of manifestation . . . The numerous students I met at *Lumen Vitae* where there were people from 38 nationalities gave me a novel outlook on the missions.

— *Who sponsored your trip and your work?*

— The Spanish Sisters helped me out as much as they could. I was enrolled as a "Technical Congolese Aide". A nominal salary was allotted me by the Congolese government. I somehow managed to live on it. At the start, received 17 zaires (equivalent to \$34.00 in Canadian money).

— *How could such a low salary cover all your expenses — food, clothing, rent?*

— For two and a half years I lived with the Spanish Sisters, paying them a monthly board of \$12.00. Moreover, I helped them with household chores and ran errands for them. I had \$22.00 left for my other expenses. Eventually, I rented an apartment with a Belgian couple who lived close to the convent.

I had doubts about how safe it was to be living on my own as I was in the habit of giving food to those who asked. At that time, I really did not know

where to draw the line. To ensure some measure of security, I bought a German shepherd dog which became a very good friend of mine.

— *I suppose the teacher's college was situated in an urban centre?*

— Not at all. It was in the bush. The Congo is such a huge country, that some of our students had to walk four days, along narrow mountain trails, in order to reach Mulo. There was a boarding school which could accommodate the greater number of the students from remote areas.

— *Did you make any use of audio-visual aids in teaching religious sciences to your students?*

— Technical aids were simply not available in Mulo. I would start my classes from everyday realities, from local religious people. Their idea of God needs clarification mainly because of tribal rivalries and the use of fetishes. Through the Gospel message, I tried to make them realize that God ruled their lives. It is not easy to make them discard their magic and their false ideas about God.

— *Did you work with Christians?*

— I usually did. A difference had to be made between those who were being trained as teachers and those who were destined to become monitors.

— *How many days a week did you teach?*

— For the first two years, I taught five full days a week, plus Saturday forenoons. There was a free half day every Wednesday afternoon. This gave me the opportunity of meeting the monitors from the bush for a catechetical session which was always well attended.

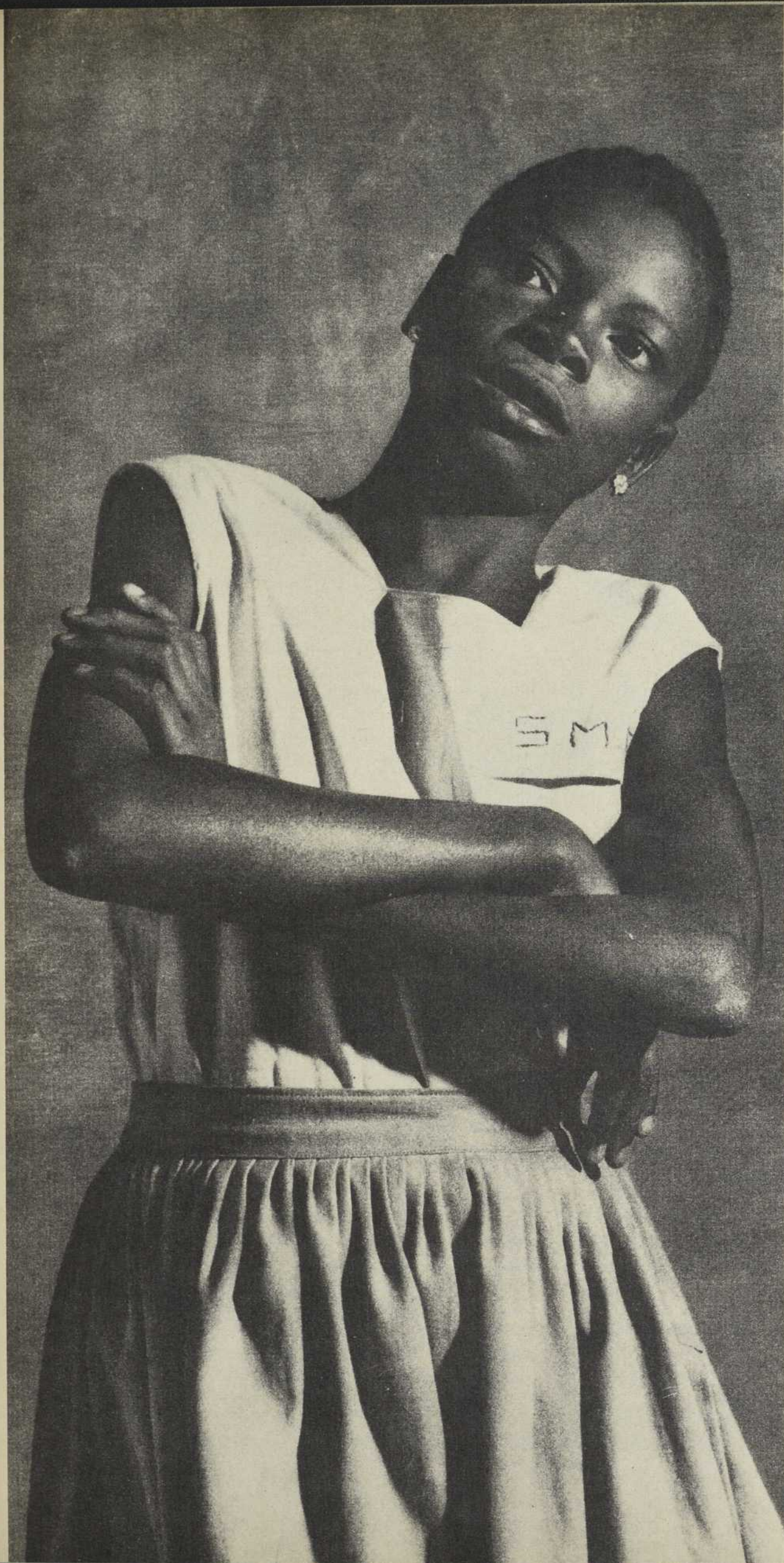
— *Did you work with the parochial team?*

— With the cooperation of the missionaries, I organized a Bible Club during Lent. About 14 members met on Thursday evenings. We reflected together on the epistle and gospel of the following Sunday, endeavouring to reach a connection between their teachings and the events of our daily life. The Africans appreciated these informal meetings. Many priests, teachers, religious, and monitors participated. I was animator together with a Jesuit priest, an Assumption Father, and a Spanish Sister. About forty-two monitors were present. This was one particular instance which proved how eager the Congolese were to perfect their knowledge of religion. Community liturgical meetings also brought me enrichment. We all lived together in a spirit of charity, of sharing, of deep mutual understanding.

During my holidays, I visited the families of lepers. I also helped the matron of a lazaretto for two weeks or so, caring for the patients, teaching them the doctrine. This was another precious experience in sharing and collaboration.

— *You lived with a people of a different culture during all of four years. Did you find it difficult to adapt yourself to their mentality? Maybe this is not a very tactful question on my part?*

— On the contrary, it is a very reasonable question. In the beginning, I found it rather hard to put up



I taught in the Mulo Teaching College.

Photo: Vivante Afrique



This lad is unhappy. Will Huguette be able to bring him comfort?

with their nonchalant attitudes. I was surprised, one day, when I overheard the girls and boys saying, "Here comes the gazelle". They apparently gave me this nickname because I usually walked so fast.

In America, everybody wants things done in a rush. It was not easy for me to adapt to their slow rhythm. Another drawback was that there were very few books to be had in the bush. My lessons had to be dictated. At first I read and spoke far too quickly, so that my students felt frustrated. Gradually, I learned to speak more slowly.

— *I suppose it took some time for you to slow down.*

— Over a year or so. The Congolese gave me joy. They are such a cheerful gregarious people. Our old philosophers used to say, "I think, therefore I exist." The Congolese might truthfully say, "I think, I laugh,

therefore I exist." More particularly during the full moon season, all events are greeted with dancing and thumping of drums. Out of the goodness of their hearts, the people often invited me to join in their frolics.

— *Did you share their daily life?*

— I tried to do so. Of course, one can never get thoroughly assimilated, but one can adapt. I tried to be one of them as far as this was feasible.

— *Did you have trouble learning the language?*

— I certainly did. While French is the official language, the Congolese speak their own dialect at home. I would have liked to learn it but was too busy teaching to do much studying. My health has never been strong, and the high mountain altitude disagreed with me. In the evenings I simply had to rest. One must learn to accept one's limitations.



For reasons of security, I kept a German shepherd dog which became a very good friend of mine.

The Congolese speak two different tongues: the *Shahili*, national language, and the *Kinoudé* a complicated dialect. It was difficult for me to follow the parochial liturgical offices held in *Kinoudé*, a dialect unknown to the whites.

Nowadays, the children learn French from the third grade upward so that the majority of the population will soon speak French.

— *Have the parents had any schooling?*

— Not much, especially as regards the 40-50 age groups. The younger generation is lucky.

— *Serving the mission is strenuous work from an intellectual and spiritual point of view. Do you think one could persevere in such a task for four years, if one had merely a humanitarian end in view?*

— I don't think so. The hardest thing for me to put up with was the lack of books. There were no libraries in the bush. Moreover, because of the distances to be covered, I could not attend sessions, meetings, concerts, etc. The mission is financially too poor to set up libraries or even to subscribe to newspapers or magazines.

So great were the distances in this area that it took 21 days by plane to get mail from Canada. It took even longer during the rainy season. In general, mail was very irregular. Mulo, the mission where I worked, is situated at an eleven hours' ride from Coma, the capital.

— *Means of communication must indeed be very inadequate since some students must walk four days before reaching school . . . Did you at least have a radio set?*

— We could listen to the Paris transmitting stations on short waves.

Mulo is a fertile agricultural district situated in the province of Kivu. Girdled with mountains some of which rise to 5,000 feet, it offers panoramas of breath-

taking beauty. When the sun shines, the temperature is warm. As we are situated at the equator, we unfailingly have twelve hours of daylight and twelve hours of darkness with no twilight in between.

— *Are all the people farmers?*

— Practically all of them. The main crops are cassava, maize, bananas, tropical fruits of all kinds. Excessive rainfall often spoils the harvests. The economy of the land is essentially based on its rural activities. There are as yet few industries developed in the Congo.

— *Can you easily buy meat and vegetables?*

— In the markets we can buy poultry, goat or rabbit meat, but no beef. Hindus and Greeks handle importations which they sell at a very high price.

I would love to stress the wonderful African hospitality. When I left my country, it was with the idea that I was bringing the Africans something. In reality, I received a hundred times more than I gave. They are slow in trusting outsiders, but as soon as they realize we are completely disinterested, they accept us cheerfully. At first, they were not sure we were there to help them. I mentioned five of my Canadian companions who worked in a nearby hospital, ten to twelve hours a day, for the magnificent sum of 14 zaires a month (\$28.00). These girls surely gave a truly evangelical testimony of disinterestedness which could not be denied.

— *What are your plans for the future?*

— Whoever has lived in Africa wants to go back. This time, I will be leaving for Rwanda.

— *Before bringing this interview to an end, I would like to know what are your fondest memories of the people?*

— I can never forget the kindness, the radiant smiles, and the cheerful open faces of my dear Congolese.

YOUNG

BY TSUGI SHIRASHI

Most Japanese parents and teachers agree that it is difficult to know exactly what modern teenagers are up to because the latter often do things which seem beyond adult understanding. Postwar teenagers are much more mature, both physically and mentally, than their counterparts of former days, and their parents do not know how to cope with the situation.

For their part, teachers are often at a loss to know whether they should treat their students as children or as adults. They at times act as though they were adults, and yet on other occasions they are very decidedly children.

Four teenagers, two boys and two girls, who attend senior high schools, were interviewed to find out about their likes and dislikes, their joys and disappointments, their parents, teachers, and friends. According to Takeuchi, a second year student of Urawa Boys' Senior High, about one hundred percent of the pupils intend going on to universities. Yoko, a first year student at Urawa First Girls' High School offers the figure of eighty percent for college-bound classmates. She adds that most of them hesitate to consider Tokyo University, the entrance examination competition being frightfully stiff.

PEOPLE OF JAPAN

CONDENSED FROM OKURA LANTERN

Girl students complain that relations between teachers and students are not satisfactory. "We hardly have a chance to talk to the teachers individually. They enter the classroom to teach, and leave it immediately after the lesson," says Kazuko. Yoko agrees with Kazuko, adding, "We are just like strangers outside the classroom". Yoko believes that this remote relationship is due to the fact that 1,700 students attend their school and that one class is made up of 50 students. "If even one class were smaller, I believe a closer contact between teachers and students would become possible," Yoko declares.

A high school senior has this to say about rioting students, "I am disillusioned by the rioting students of Tokyo University who are swinging staves and iron rods instead of studying". However, he admits that there is no alternative for him but to enter Tokyo University if he wants to ride the escalator to a successful career, particularly if he wants to work in a government office. "We boys have dreams, but dreams and realities are so far apart that I sometimes feel despondent." The same student goes on to say that he understands the mental attitudes of students who commit suicide. "If we have the courage to face



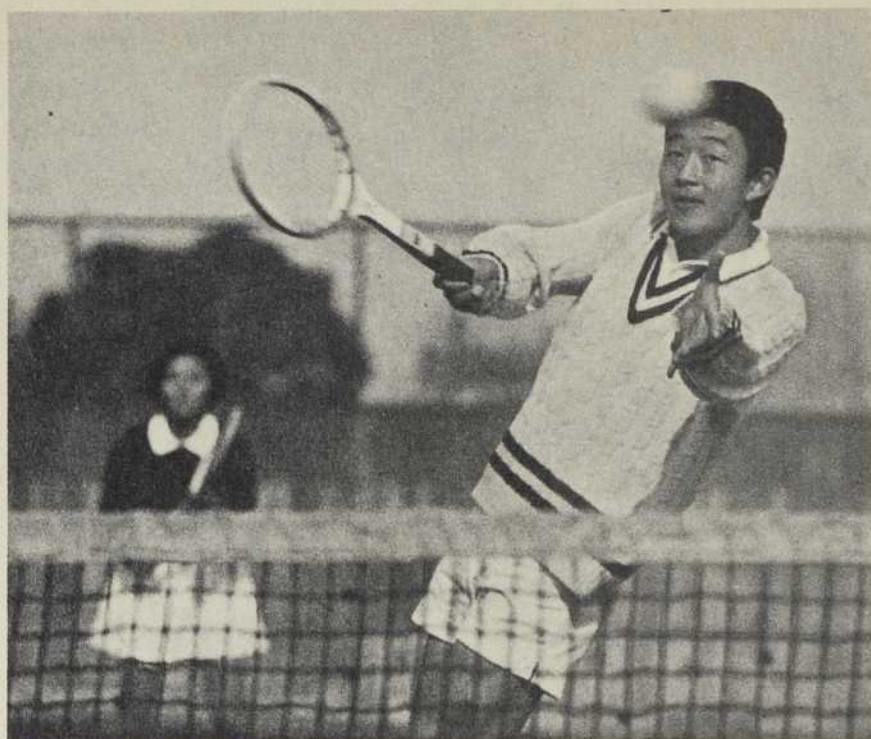
What kind of girls do boys favour?





Photo: Vivante Afrique





realities, we come to a deadlock which we are powerless to overcome, hence we choose death," he concludes. Another classmate is somewhat more realistic. He thinks that it is better to consider one's own happiness than to worry about unsolvable problems. The two are philosophically miles apart.

Girls seem less concerned with the problems of life. Both Yoko and Kazuko want to work for a while after completing their education. Neither of them cares to become a career woman. Boys concur that girls do not need to worry about supporting a family or having to face national or international responsibilities. They contend that women have it a lot easier than men.

Asked about boy-girl relations, Kazuko unhesitatingly replied that it would be nice to have boy friends. In this discussion, Yoko noted that the atmosphere in a co-educational school is different from that of one exclusively for girls. "In the junior high that I attended, the girls behaved in a reserved manner," she went on to say. She commented that girls act more freely when they are by themselves and become modest in front of boys.

Asked what kind of girls boys generally like, Takeuchi and Munetaka quickly replied that they do not like girls who chatter. The girls noted that they preferred boys who do better work in school than they do. "Such boys are more reliable," they agreed. However they dislike sissies no matter how smart they may be in their studies.

Regarding the amount of pocket money the average senior high school student spends, the boys believe that as a rule, most senior high students are given from one thousand to two thousand yen (\$5.00 to \$6.00) a month. Takeuchi said he was not interested in movies or pinball games. He added, "I use the pocket money saved this way to travel and stay at youth hostels." Munetaka spends much of his pocket money on pocket books which he reads in his spare time. For their part, girls receive an average monthly allowance of one thousand yen with which they usually buy school supplies.

The boys and girls interviewed come from wholesome middle-class families. Their relations with their parents are not strained as often happens in certain families. Takeuchi said he thought it wrong to consider parents as very superior persons. "They are human beings with their virtues and weaknesses. I believe we children should make allowance for this, accepting them as independent persons who may make mistakes as all men do." He commented on the youths who cannot get along with parents, and often do not return home from school for days on end. Criticizing such antics, he added that such youths become "disillusioned with their parents because the latter are not perfect . . . They drift away from reality, instead of facing it with courage and deep thinking. We must accept reality and live with it, not try to escape from it."

Regarding unpleasant incidents occurring at some senior high schools, such as graduation day insults to teachers by graduating students, the boys explained that these things nearly always happened at second or third rate senior high schools which admit students who failed entrance examinations elsewhere. "Naturally," Takeuchi remarked, "the quality of students at such institutions does not come up to the high level of Keio or Urawa, for instance. Please do not misunderstand me as though I was elite conscious. I would like you to believe that the average high school student is normal, eager to learn. He wants to become a responsible citizen. You, adults, read in newspapers about a few regrettable incidents among senior high school students, and you tend to label all youths as rascals".

The students interviewed summed up their position as follows, "We are not as bad as some adults think we are. We are doing our best to lead a good life of our own".

OUR LADY'S KNIGHT

On October 17, 1971, Father Maximilian Kolbe was solemnly beatified by Pope Paul VI. The example of his heroic love, a love that did not falter even in the face of a cruel death, should be an inspiration to people everywhere.

Raymond Kolbe was born at Zdunska, Wola, a small town close to Lodz, Poland, January 7, 1894. He was admitted to the novitiate of the Conventual Fathers as a teenager, taking the name of Friar Maximilian.

During his stay in Rome where he studied he firmly resolved to bring all souls to Christ, through Mary Immaculate. On October 17, 1917, he founded the association of the "Knights of Mary".

He returned to Poland in 1919. In order to develop the membership of the Knights, he published a bulletin, "The Knight of the Immaculate", at a place he called Niepokalanow, city of the Immaculate. By 1930, the City of the Immaculate was flourishing and Father Kolbe began to look for a new field of apostolate. This time, his choice was Japan.

On February 26, 1930, he left Poland with four companions and reached Nagasaki on April 24. A telegram received at the City of the Immaculate in May announced, "Are mailing today the *Japanese Knight*. Have printing plant. Hail Mary Immaculate. Max." Without money, influence, or knowledge of the language, he had succeeded in launching the first issue of "Our Lady's Knight" in Japanese.

The extreme poverty of the group attracted many. A Methodist pastor later said, "I had known, in theory, about the ideals of Saint Francis, but it was in Father Maximilian that I found the spirit of the great Saint alive for the first time. That is what led me to the Catholic Church".

In 1936, he was recalled to Poland and elected superior of the City of the Immaculate. Disaster struck

Poland with the start of World War II. On February 17, 1941, Father Kolbe fell into the clutches of the Gestapo and was incarcerated in Auschwitz.

One evening, in July 1941, the rumour spread that a prisoner had escaped. All the prisoners in Block 14 were terror-stricken. They knew that, in reprisal, ten men would be condemned to slow death by starvation, unless the fugitive was captured.

The following day, as the fugitive had not been found, ten men were selected at random and condemned to die of starvation. One of them sobbed pitifully, "My poor wife and children. . . I shall never see them again". Just then, a man left the ranks of Block 14 and walked up to the commandant. "Halt! What does this Polish pig want"? the officer shouted. "To die in the place of this father of a family." The commandant was dumb-founded. All he could say was, "Why?" "Because I'm old and useless. This man has obligations to his wife and family." "Who are you?" With downcast eyes the Friar replied, "I'm a Catholic priest". Too amazed to talk, the commandant indicated by a move of his hand that the offer was accepted.

Father Kolbe's group of condemned men was different from the other groups who had died in the same way. There was no cursing, no complaining. Instead the praying of the rosary or hymns to Mary was heard almost uninterruptedly. At the end of two weeks, only four men including Father Kolbe were left. On August 14 they were given an injection of carbolic acid and in a moment their sufferings were over. After his death, Father Kolbe still looked alive, his eyes wide open as if gazing upon mysterious horizons. In a world torn by confusion and gross selfishness he will forever shine as a glorious example of devotion to Mary Immaculate and a model of selfless love of God and neighbour.

PHOTO/REPORT



The *San Lun Ch'e* (literally, three-wheeled cart) was adapted to the needs of a geographically small city without hills. In 1945, Taipei had a population of only about 300,000. The pace was leisurely. Nobody was in hurry to get anywhere. By 1959, the city had only two taxi companies. Traffic was increasing, however, as the population grew. The city government decided to buy up pedicabs, transforming pedal-pushers into taxi drivers.

No more does the call *San Lun Ch'e!* echo through the streets and lanes of Taipei and the city has lost a little of its spice of life. Pedicabs have given way to the march of progress.

A few years ago, Taipei still boasted of more than 10,000 pedicabs. Gradually, this number was brought down to 1,500. The authorities finally bought up all pedicabs for the sum of Taiwan \$5,000.00 (about Canadian \$150.00). Moreover, each proprietor benefited by Taiwan \$12,000.00 (about Canadian \$300.00) as compensation.

However, such was the popularity of pedicabs with tourists that a few were kept as touristic attractions. Travellers to the Island enjoy a ride in these small vehicles. The authorities are, therefore, considering plans in which the use of pedicabs will be allowed, in restricted sectors of the city, for visitors only. With growing traffic problems in Taipei, it is a fact that pedicabs can no longer be tolerated in the large thoroughfares.

Another favourite means of transportation in Taiwan is the ubiquitous bicycle. Nearly all families possess at least one of these vehicles; those with children of school age may even have two or three. When school opens in the morning and when it closes in the evening the streets are literally jammed with bicycles. Tourists are surprised to find that there are more bicycles than automobiles on the streets of Taiwan.

Motorcycles have also come into their own, especially during the last decade. But their relatively high cost limits their number.

Few are those who can afford the luxury of an automobile. These vehicles are used only by companies, officials, civil servants, etc.

In certain regions, trucks are used to carry construction material. But in many urban centres, hardy plodding oxen are still being used for this sort of work. Horses are practically unknown in these parts.

TAIWAN AND ITS MEANS OF COMMUNICATION

Buses are often of ancient vintage; they possess, however, one appreciated advantage over more modern vehicles. A gracious stewardess rides aboard each one, welcoming passengers, seeing them comfortably seated, furnishing information upon request. All the driver has to do is to drive. Wearing a natty grey uniform and white blouse, the Taiwanese bus stewardess plays her role to perfection. She is always at hand to give tourists and other passengers whatever information they need, and even takes care of anyone who may fall sick on the bus.

Reforms are perhaps needed in certain sectors of the Taiwanese transportation system, but the courteous service of the bus stewardess can offer no improvement.

Jeannette Légaré, m.i.c.



KOREA

DID YOU KNOW THAT . . .

. . . Kija, the founder of Korea's ancient civilization, was at the height of his career before King David reigned in Jerusalem? In the year 500 A.D., Korea had reached its Golden Age, the apex of its civilization.

. . . Korea is the only nation in history where Christianity was introduced by laymen, not missionaries? In 1777, a Korean scholar baptized in Peking, China, returned to his homeland where he won over to his new creed hundreds of people belonging to the higher classes. It was only ten years later that a Catholic priest arrived in the land of Morning Calm.

. . . in the twelfth century B.C., long before Gutenberg launched his memorable invention, the Koreans had already invented a printing press of their own?

. . . in the Korean language there is no word for "home"? Koreans call the place they live in *chip* (house) or *tack* (honourable living place).

. . . birthdays are always great days in the Korean family? Much ceremony and feasting help celebrate. The most important birthdays, however, are the first and the sixty-first, the time between being considered the full span of a normal complete human life.

. . . a Korean boy is guest of honour at a party or feast when he reaches the ripe age of 100 days? All his relatives assemble to celebrate this happy occasion.

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Rev. Jean-Charles Valin

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