

THE  
**Cross**

*F. J. Leo*

NOVEMBER, 1952 — 40¢

NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY



IN MEMORIAM



# Cross-pollination

Dear sir,

Regarding your recent editorial "Who Pays the Bill for U.P.?" I would like to ask just one question: What assurance does the government have that the private institutions will measure up to the high standard that will be expected of them if they are to be tax-free and the government were to apportion to them a sizeable subsidy? Being private institutions they could very well meet the minimum requirements of the government, and surely you do not expect the government to be after them in every detail of their operations. That will take a lot of headache and very little can be accomplished on the part of the government.

Since it is then quite improbable that at least a sizeable portion of our private institutions will reach the high standard required of them the government is in a way forced to use its influence upon an institution which is under its control. Thereby the Philippines can have a university that could rate highly with those of other abroad.

Antonio V. Rejano

Pardon, Tcny, but we've read your letter three times and can't understand it yet. Would you care to try to write more clearly? You talk like a U.P. student of Philosophy—a department we don't admire very much. Among other things, it seems to lack a good tough course in Logic.

Would you care to try again and write more clearly. You seem to have an idea, but its expressed cloudily.—Ed.

Dear sir,

I sincerely recommend goat-raising to every family. A little know-how on it will reap wonders. The goat caldereta that is so popular in luncheons speaks highly of the utility of the goat. Try it!

Francisco Medina

Dear sir,

Where on earth did you get the idea that Ilocanos have a predilection for goat raising? As far as I know goat-raising is practised in many other provinces of the Philippines though not in large scale. And furthermore there is no need for a special know-how in goat-raising. They are about the easiest animals to raise and need the least care. I know because I have a pair of goats in my place and all I need to do is to let them roam around the garden eating grass.

F. L. Amante

You talk as if you had never visited Ilocandia, amigo Amante.

### Getting Better

THE CROSS is surely getting better. I love the added interesting articles and sketches. Congrats to Pete and Pat, theirs is an uplifting column—"For Women Only." I wonder if they're boys or girls—Whichever way it is—I'll say—keep it up!

Delia A. Hobito

Thanks for the compliment. As for Pete and Pat, we'll just keep that "info" under our hats.—Ed.

### OUR COVER IN MEMORIAM

Posed by Miss Teresita Oca  
Photography by Faustino Munarriz

#### MARIA TERESA ARROYO Y LACSON

This pious young girl was born in Iloilo (Philippines) on February 6th, 1916. As a child of Mary and a member of the Confraternity of Our Lady of Carmel, she always wore her scapulars. At the age of twelve, she was placed in the Real Colegio de Sta. Isabel (Madrid, Spain) under the Assumption Sisters, where she showed signs of an innocent and pious life.

She contracted acute tuberculosis and after two months of painful illness, she died, resigned and cheerful, in Cercedilla on the 27th of February, 1936. She was buried the next day at the Almudena Cemetery, Madrid.

The family, planning to have her remains in the Philippines, found her body incorrupt on the 23rd of April, 1947. Transferred to Manila, it was buried in the Dominican Cemetery of San Juan del Monte (Rizal) on the 28th of May, 1947. On July 29th, 1948, the body was officially reexamined by ecclesiastical authorities and doctors, and once again they confirmed its incorruption, with very clear signs of remaining permanently in this condition. Let us pray for the fulfillment of the designs of the Divine Providence.

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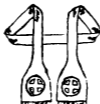
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editor & publisher

Jose Galan Blanco



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Editorial**Archbishop Gabriel M. Reyes R. I. P.**

A gracious, zealous, prayerful prelate has gone to his reward!

How many of us all over the Philippines find life more lonely now that he is gone! How many have enjoyed his kindly smile of welcome, his gracious words of encouragement, his pleasant and humorous gems of conversation!

How many of us have read the burning messages of his flaming pen! How many have listened and glowed to the unction of his powerful sermons and discourses! How many have profited from his gentle words of wisdom guiding us with the light we needed to penetrate the darkness of seemingly insoluble problems!

And how many of us have seen him fulfilling the primary duty of every priest and prelate, leading his flock in prayer to the Almighty! Whether as a young priest in a lowly wayside chapel, or in later years in an imposing metropolitan cathedral, there we would find him, morning after morning, offering the Immaculate Victim to the Most High, interceding for his people, and joining them in hymns of adoration and contrition and gratitude to the Almighty Lord of heaven and earth.

And now He has called you, dear Archbishop! Remember us here below, and fail not to help us that we may all faithfully follow you to God's Eternal Home!

## HOW TO FILL THE RICE BOWL

Not all of our government officials waste their time while traveling abroad. In the recent newsletter of the Department of Agriculture are contained many helpful comments by one of its technical men, Mr. Jose M. Trinidad, who recently arrived from a 6-month observation tour abroad.

Speaking of Japan, Mr. Trinidad says that it will take at least three to four Filipino farmers to equal the productive capacity of one Japanese farmer. The Japanese farmer, he adds, due to his working period of 10 hours a day for 365 days a year, always keeps his farm meticulously clean and intensively cultivated.

Nor, according to our informant, is it merely from persevering and hard work that the son of Nippon obtains his fine results. Mr. Trinidad adds that the Japanese farmer is favored with many cooperative associations, crop and animal loan banks, high-yielding variety of seeds, and subscribes to farm journals and usually possesses a radio from which he can hear vital agricultural information as well as other programs.

*In some fields of human endeavor, the Japanese can learn much from us. But in diligent and progressive methods of agriculture, we can well learn from them. We can learn how to fill our rice-bowls, and then we will have a healthier and sturdier people.*

## LABOR AND CAPITAL,—FRIENDS

Pleasant it was to read in the American press of the friendly gesture to management by Phil Murray, the head of the powerful Steel Union in the United States.

Our readers may remember that the country-wide steel strike in the United States was settled in July. Immediately after this settlement, Murray's first act was to propose to Ben Fairless, the President of the U. S. Steel Corporation, that they make a joint tour of the American steel plants to lay the foundation for a friendly labor-management relationship in the industry.

The President of U. S. Steel jumped at the offer. At the first joint meeting, he pointed to his late protagonist, Phil Murray, and called him "an honest man and a great American." He congratulated the steel workers on "the friendliest strike I have ever heard of." Of the future, he said, "I am going to find out what you are thinking about and you may be interested in some of my problems."

But it could not have been said in a country where labor-management relations are conducted against a background of class struggle. We urge

both capital and labor in the Philippines to try to imitate Fairless and Murray and to discourage anything like agitation of class against class.

## SHALL WE TEACH COMMUNISM OR CATHOLICISM?

**Shall we teach Communism or Catholicism in our schools?**

Frequently enough, we read suggestions by government officials or other leading citizens that Communism should be taught in our schools. We need not immediately agree with this suggestion until we hear further details. But surely, there are some valid arguments in its favor...Communism is such a terrible world menace at present that it might help to enlighten our people about its doctrines and its activities.

Without therefore completely agreeing or disagreeing with that proposition, may we suggest something that is even more important, namely, that we should exert every effort in this Catholic country to teach Catholicism in our schools. For years governmental leaders have been decrying the moral decay of the nation. They have bewailed the rise of juvenile delinquency. They have become almost hysterical about the recent wave of sex gangsterism. But down through the years, they remain strangely apathetic and indifferent to the appeals of our ecclesiastical and lay Catholic leaders to make the teaching of religion compulsory in the curriculum of our public schools.

Let us place first things first! Absolutely the most important thing for every child is to know, love, fear, and serve Almighty God. Far above all others, this is his most precious birthright. Let us not deprive him of it!

## CHAIN PRAYERS ARE OFTEN SUPERSTITIOUS

Once again we have been asked our opinion about chain prayers. We have seen a copy of a communication received by a friend in which he is urged to join a novena to our Lady of Fatima. In addition he is directed to make 12 copies of the letter and send them to his friends. "Do not let this end in your home," he is told. And then comes the threat of punishment from Almighty God, if he does not obey the directions.

Our friend is slightly worried. He does not wish to offend Our Lady of Fatima. Nor does he wish to run the risk of punishment. Shall he comply with the directions?

The answer is NO, emphatically NO. The whole thing smacks of superstition, and most of all, does not bear any episcopal approval.

In every part of the world, there is a prelate, usually a Bishop, who is named by the Holy See to direct the Church in his particular region

according to definite rules given to him. Consequently we always have a norm or standard by which to guide our actions.

Next time, my friend, when anyone comes and urges you to practice piety and threatens you with punishment if you don't, ask him just one question: "Does your plan carry the approval of your Bishop?" If it lacks this approval, politely decline to cooperate with the proposition.

## LOAFERS IN THE GOVERNMENT

Everybody feels that there are many drones in governmental offices. They know that there are countless loafers drawing salaries for little work. They realize that taxpayers' hard-earned money is being wasted in tremendous sums by bureaucratic inefficiency.

This situation was dramatized several weeks ago when President Quirino paid an unexpected visit to the NARIC compound in Manila. He noted immediately the lack of any activity in many parts of the dilapidated, dirty, old building. He found some of the key officials absent. He found that many of the clerical personnel had been given no assignment by their superiors, were receiving a government dole for no services rendered. He was in the building during office hours, but even at that time many of the employees were eating at lunch counters and frantically sneaked back to their desks when they heard of the President's visit. Other personnel, instead of attending to their work, were busy powdering their noses or reading the daily papers. And visitors and hangers-on congregated all over the place to prevent the few willing workers from doing their duty.

All this in the main headquarters of the National Rice and Corn Corporation, otherwise known as NARIC, which has a duty to perform of transcendent importance to the country, where a rise in the price of rice and corn can cause hunger, if not starvation, to countless thousands.

Oh, for a few strong men who could sweep out the dirt of laziness from these stables supported by the taxpayers' money! Oh, for the day when these some strong men would be supported in their efforts by the higher officials in the government. And oh, for the time when the entire populace of the Philippines, forgetting the "compadre" system and private individual gain, could co-operate to make our governmental offices true centres of service for the good of the country.

## THE POOR DEBUTANTES

What a sad spectacle! These poor, poor debutantes whose pictures appear on our society pages. So poor they don't even have enough clothes to cover them.



*What is the world coming to? Bright and starry eyed they appear in the pictures, these debutantes, flanked on either side by father and mother, apparently brimming over with affection for their darlings. But it is all a cruel deceit. The stingy parents won't give their poor daughters enough money even to buy a decent dress. They must appear to the eyes of all and sundry, with the cold November wind blowing through the hotel, their arms and shoulders completely uncovered, in imminent danger of catching a pneumonia that will cut short their promising young lives. What stingy parents, alas!*

Some of our society matrons seem to be treated just as cruelly. Their pictures are snapped together with their better halves. Their husbands are comfortably clothed. Not only with "camisadentro," but an "americano" snugly wrapping them up. But the same stingy grasping husbands refuse to allow their wives anything more than a flimsy strapless "barong"-like garment, no protection at all against the evening's cool breezes.

*Alas and alack! What can we say to our Catholic men to persuade them to give to their wives and daughters enough money (or something else more valuable than money), so that these Catholic "ladies" may come to social functions fully garbed.*

If they don't, these half undressed "ladies" may suffer from something even worse than pneumonia.

## LESS MAH-JONG AND FINE CLOTHES

Many of our Catholic college graduates are a credit to their Alma Maters. They not only remain faithful to the ideals and principles of personal virtue, but in many cases are definitely helping, in large or small ways, to spread the Kingdom of God on earth.

Unfortunately, however, not all Catholic college graduates are thus faithful to the ideals taught to them during their school days. With sadness do we hear of many who, forgetting the high principles and idealism of their youth, are wasting their precious adult years in mere materialistic self-seeking, time-wasting frivolities and even worse.

At a recent Pax Romana congress in Canada, James Cardinal McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto, told the assembly of young Catholics:

**"Catholics who have had the advantage of university education have a special apostolate to interpret to the world its religious and moral truths without which there can be no international community."**

*Young Catholic graduates, you have enjoyed special blessings! You have received unusual equipment in order that you may live noble lives. To paraphrase Cardinal McGuigan, "Think less of money and 'mah-jong' and fine clothes and frivolous friends, and use your precious talents of mind and body to help bring Christ to those who know Him not."*

**Christ, our beloved Leader, had no fine clothes on Calvary.**



### LIKE THE MOLAVE

*"Like the molave . . . rising  
on the hillside, unafraid of  
the raging flood, the light-  
ning and the storm . . ."*

— M. L. Quexon

A strong, brown giant standing straight,  
Clean-limbed, majestic, fiercely brave,  
Against whose strength the wind's a wraith,  
Sullen, futile, and thunders rave  
In vain. See it stand, proudly still,  
The young molave on the hill!

Wind-lashed, buffeted, yet unmoved,  
Mocking the lightning and the storm;  
A strong brown giant time has proved  
Flood defiant; a daring form  
Heroic, reaching for the sky,  
Soul-symbol of a nation's cry!

Molave, rising on the hill,  
May our youth be (e'er) like thee:  
Youth daring, fearless to fulfill  
Their sires' cherished destiny—  
Their land forever free, at peace:  
Mary's pearl of the orient seas!

**Ignacio Francisco**

# Archbishop Gabriel M. Reyes R. I. P.



*Radio Address by*

**His Excellency, Mons. Egidio Vagnozzi, D. D.**

I was asked by the Knights of Columbus to make a brief address over the radio on the occasion of their annual patronal day. I anticipated a pleasant participation in their happiness in their annual fiesta. But now, the angel of death has suddenly cast a cloud of gloom over the entire country. In a hospital in far off Washington, the beloved Archbishop of Manila, Monsignor Gabriel M. Reyes, has unexpectedly died. Not only his spiritual children in the Archdiocese of Manila, but the Catholic people of the entire Philippines are heavy with grief.

To them on this sad occasion, I offer my most sincere and heart-felt sympathy, and join with them in offering humble prayers for the repose of the soul of our late distinguished prelate.

Truly has he deserved well, of the people of the Philippines, and most especially of Catholic Filipinos. A native of Calibo, Capiz, where he was born on March 24, 1892, he was ordained priest at the age of 23, and at an early age, he was promoted to the position of Vicar

General of the large and important Diocese of Jaro, comprising all the provinces of Panay and Romblon Islands.

When scarcely 40, he was appointed Bishop of the equally, if not more important, Diocese of Cebu. He was the twenty fourth prelate to occupy this position.

Likewise a tribute to his remarkable abilities, was the fact that in 1934, he was installed as Archbishop of Cebu, the first Filipino to become an Archbishop. And when later in 1949 he was named Archbishop of Manila, again he was the first Filipino to be thus elevated.

To expatiate at length on the many remarkable qualities of Monsignor Reyes would consume far more than the time allotted to me this evening. Outstanding always as a priest and prelate in his devoted zeal for souls, he possessed a penetrating vision that helped greatly in adapting the spiritual vineyard of the Philippines to modern conditions. During his administration in Cebu, Catholic education advanced mightily. A tribute to his zeal for education was the building

up of the University of San Carlos, now one of the most outstanding in the entire Philippines. Many other fine Catholic schools were also established during his tenure in Cebu, including the Colegio de San Jose and the Colegio de Santo Niño.

Archbishop Reyes was also a devoted supporter of the Catholic Press. Himself a writer of keen thought and acute mind, with a trenchant pen and a wide and scholarly knowledge both of books and modern affairs, he made of his diocesan newspaper, "Ang Lungcuranon," a leader in the field. Although always a Filipino of burning patriotism, with genuine respect for civil authorities, he would never tolerate infringement by the State upon the rights of the Church. He insisted, as did our Divine Lord, that we should render to Cesar the things that are Cesar's, and to God the things that are God's. When in the late thirties the Catholic Instruction Bill for Public Schools was vetoed, and the Catholic Hierarchy was severely criticized for meddling in State affairs, the flaming pen of Archbishop Reyes took up the challenge instantly and fearlessly upheld the rights of the Church.

And none of those who had the privilege of hearing our dear departed Archbishop address an audience, especially in his beautiful Castilian, ever doubted that he was one of the great orators of our day, either lay or ecclesiastical. His unction, his high ideals, his clear thinking, and his masterly expression made of his

speeches a thing of beauty and joy forever.

In the last decade of his long career, one of the great achievements of Archbishop Reyes was his leadership of the Catholic Welfare Organization, whose objective was to coordinate the work of the Hierarchy in protecting the rights of the Church and advancing its progress. With the blessing of my distinguished predecessor, Msgr. Guillermo Pianni, and the capable assistance of the dynamic Father Hurley, this organization has continued to develop. We pray and hope that it will be another lasting monument to the memory of Monsignor Reyes.

It was in 1949 that the Archbishop was promoted from Cebu to the even more important Archdiocese of Manila. Although the venerable Archbishop O'Dougherty was still alive, he was in wretched health, and our Holy Father in Rome deemed it wise that Archbishop Reyes should immediately take over the complete administration of Manila. He was then no longer a young man. His experience during the world war had been most difficult, even excruciating. Day after day, using the prestige of his high position, he had paid daily visits to the Japanese generals to obtain decent treatment for his people, especially for the Dutch and American priests who had been thrown into jail. But he met only with rebuffs. On other occasions, the Japanese "kempetai" had subjected him to merciless grilling, hour after hour. They forced him to undergo the heat

treatment, standing for hours under the sun during the hottest part of the day. They ordered him to remain concentrated in his seminary, but he accepted this and other indignities with the humility that formed part of his greatness. Finally, when the Americans were approaching closer to Cebu and it was suspected that the Japanese would soon kill all prominent Cebu officials including the Archbishop, he left his home and, with his devoted secretary, Father Motus, fled over the hills through the cogon grass and the coconut groves. Only ten minutes after his departure, the Japanese came to arrest him. But he had escaped by the narrowest of margins.

And so he was saved for us. He came to Manila and for many months, carrying the burdens of the two vast archbishoprics, commuted between Manila and Cebu until his successor in the south was appointed by the Holy See. Then with characteristic energy and zeal, he threw himself into his new work. But the toils and trials of the war had left their marks. It is some months since those of us who knew him well realized that his health was failing. But defying his physical sufferings, and disregarding his doctor's advice, he continued his daily fidelity to his varied and heavy duties as a good soldier on the field of battle to the moment when his strength could carry on no more.

Almighty God, in his ineffable wisdom, has called to Himself our beloved Shepherd of Souls. The people of his native Capiz and of the entire

Island of Panay, his first field of work; the people of Cebu, whose flock he shepherded for almost twenty years; the people of Manila, whose deep and abiding affection he won during the last three years of his declining health, and indeed the people of the entire Philippines who were so proud of him as their most distinguished prelate, will all unite with me, I am sure, in praying for the happy repose of his soul, and begging him that he will still look down upon us and help us from heaven, as he always helped us while he was here on earth.

May his soul and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

I had intended this evening, indeed the speech was prepared, to speak at some length of the Knights of Columbus and other Catholic organizations in the field of social justice and charity. I would have pointed out that by continuing and increasing such achievements, they were in some way imitating their great patron, Christopher Columbus, who was famous not only for his marvelous feats of navigation and discoveries, but also conspicuous for his kindness and consideration to the poor natives of the islands he discovered.

Under the present circumstances, however, be it sufficient if I briefly recognize the splendid work of the many Catholic charitable organizations, both religious and lay, which today, just as in the countless decades of the past, have manifested a practical Christ-like love for Christ's poor.

I wish publicly to recognize also the movements undertaken by priests and laymen to implement the social encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius XI.

Specifically to the Knights of Columbus in Manila, whose guest I am this evening, I wish to offer heartfelt congratulations for their splendid work in this field. Apart from many other activities, I am delighted beyond measure at your organization eighteen months ago of the Columbian Farmers' Aid Association. I have seen the pamphlets which you are preparing on Cooperatives. I have heard of your efforts and plans to cooperate with the government program in Adult Education and cottage industries. I have heard of your two small pilot farms near Manila and the larger project soon to be undertaken.

It is of the greatest importance that we devote ourselves to the study and practice of how to improve the welfare of our millions of rural residents.

Obviously in the Philippine Islands at the present time, this is an objective of critical importance. Today, roughly about 10 percent of our population are engaged in industry, in or near our large cities. The remaining 90 percent of our population lives in the rural areas, engaged in agricultural, fishing, lumbering and similar occupations. For the present time, therefore, our great effort in the Philippines to implement the encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius XI must be devoted to the social and economic amelioration of our ru-

ral population.

Urgently indeed do they need assistance. The four Horsemen of illiteracy, poverty, hunger and disease are waging a campaign that makes many of our people feel that life is not worth living. In many instances, our emociated children die young. Many others survive, but their bodies, infested with tubercular bacilli, intestinal parasites and other diseases, are ill equipped for the battle of life. Countless others fall victim to discouragement and defeatism and a "bahala na" attitude which makes them ill satisfied with their surroundings and lacking in any ambition to improve their lot and that of their neighbors.

The methods which you Knights of Columbus are studying and putting to practice are well adapted to improve the situation. And you may be sure, my dear Broher Knights of Columbus, that such a program had the hearty sympathy of our dear deceased Archbishop. You may be sure that it is completely in accord with the fundamental principle of his entire life which was spent in bringing Christ to the underprivileged. Overcoming our grief and our sorrow, let us continue bravely with the works so well began. Your projects are admirable. Continue with courage and faith. Continue, always with obedience to your respective Bishops. Continue, your hearts burning with love of God and love of neighbor, happy that you may sacrifice your own ease and comfort in order to bring Christ to the multitude who know Him not.

*From the Great Purge  
evolved the*

## Faceless Men of Soviet Diplomacy

by David J. Dellin

*From The New Leader*

Courtesy of USIS

Perhaps the most notable quality of Soviet diplomats abroad is their uniformity; sometimes they impress one as wholly without personality, almost as automatons. Even the intelligent observer finds it difficult to distinguish a Jacob Malik from an Alexander Panyushkin, or a Kirill Novikov from a Fyodor Gusev.

In the hope of clarifying this situation, I compiled a list of the thirteen most important Soviet diplomatic representatives, including four deputy ministers. These thirteen men constitute the cream of Soviet diplomacy; they represent the U.S.S.R. among non-Soviet peoples and are likely to remain in the limelight for at least the next few years. Indeed, one of them may well shortly succeed the aging Andrei Vishinsky as Foreign Minister.

The most remarkable fact about these thirteen men is that all, without exception, entered the Soviet foreign service between 1937 and 1941. There is not a single prominent Soviet diplomat today who worked in the Foreign Affairs Commissariat before 1937. Three of these thirteen

started their diplomatic careers in 1937, six in 1939, three in 1940, and one in 1941.

The same uniformity holds true for their age, which varies between the narrow limits of 40 and 52. Not a single one of these top-ranking diplomats was born before 1900; seven were born between 1905 and 1909. In no other country in the world can one find this top-heavy proportion of young, relatively inexperienced diplomatic representatives.

This situation is attributable, of course, to the Great Purge of the 1930s, when a great many high officials of the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs, including most of the "Old Bolsheviks" from Lenin's time, were liquidated. The Purge made virtually a clean sweep of the foreign service, and the few survivors have for the most part been removed since.

Another interesting characteristic of the new generation of Soviet diplomats is their exclusively Russian origin; there are no Georgians, Poles, Armenians or, of course, Jews among them. This is a significant development in the personnel policy of the

Soviet foreign service, in which non-Russians are kept from participating in international affairs. After the 1920s and 1930s had demonstrated the lack of foreign-service men with proper training for their special tasks, an "Institute for Diplomatic and Consular Employes" was created, and one would expect the great majority of Soviet diplomats to be graduates of this or a similar school.

In fact, however, only three of the thirteen men subject to analysis here ever received an appropriate education. Five were previously teachers, two engineers, one a graduate of a military school, one an economist and one a jurist. Obviously, Russians occupied a prominent place up to the time of the Purge.

As a matter of fact, of the five men who have held the Foreign Minister's post in the thirty-five years of Soviet history, only two—Georgi Chicherin and Vyacheslav Molotov—have been Russians; two—Leon Trotsky and Maxim Litvinov—have been Jews; and one—Andrei Vishinsky, one of the few top-echelon survivors of the Purge—a Pole. Soviet ambassadors once included a good many representatives of the non-Russian nationalities of the Soviet Union, but today this has all changed. Ivan Maisky in London and Maxim Litvinov in Washington—both removed at the end of the war—were the last of this group.

It is also astonishing that so few prominent present-day Soviet diplomats possess an educational back-

ground equipping them to deal with in the critical situation resulting from the wholesale liquidations of the Purge. Men were plucked out of jobs in no way connected with diplomacy and assigned to the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs. Their chief qualification was not so much education and experience as loyalty and obedience.

It is this common quality that makes Soviet diplomats appear ludicrously robot-like. They entered upon their careers at a moment of great stress and mortal fear, and stress and fear have become their dominant traits. It is a rare event when a Soviet emissary tells a joke; his private life is carefully regularized and supervised so that nothing in the outside environment can possibly react upon him.

These men's predecessors were servants of the same absolute dictator, but many of them—like Nikolai Krestinsky in Berlin or Konstantin Yurenev in Tokyo—dared to be affable and charming, to lend a personal note to an impersonal policy. It was precisely this personal note which the Leader found disturbing, for it clashed with the new concept of a soulless and invincible juggernaut, a streamlined and coordinated "apparatus." Only when a defector emerges from the ranks of the new Russian diplomats will we know in detail exactly how this process of personality-emasculat<sup>ion</sup> has been performed on these standard-bearers of Soviet prestige and dignity.



A small village, a  
lonely curé, and a

## Letter From France

by Barbara Wall

From the *America*



As I am staying for the summer in France, I am taking the liberty of writing a "Letter from a French village" instead of my usual London letter this time, in the hope that my readers may not find it without interest.

The village where I am has four farms, six shops, two smithies, four small café's, a post-office, a *mairie*, a school, a church and some seven hundred inhabitants. It lies about twenty miles to the northwest of Paris but is an agricultural village with a mere smattering of commuters. It has associations with the arts, for Corot lived here for a time, and the thick woods on the one side of the valley are his woods; Daumier lived here all his life, and his statue stands in the middle of the small place bordered with trimmed trees; and on the plain above the village Van Gogh committed suicide.

I suppose about a quarter of the population goes to Mass, putting it at its highest. This is said to be usual in the surroundings of Paris. The farm laborers absent themselves,

as well as the café proprietors and shopkeepers and the schoolmaster and mistress. The mayor and his wife go and one or two gentry families, wives of laborers, farmers' daughters, most of the children, irrespective of whether their parents practise or not—for instance, the chief *enfant de chœur* is the son of the blacksmith, who himself never goes, nor his wife. And there is what I suppose fortunately exists in every village—the one devout, youngish maiden lady who is everyday at the 7:30 Mass (sometimes only she is there) to make the responses (because it is rare that any of the altar-boys turn up during the week), to open and shut the Communion rails, to fetch quietly and swiftly from the sacristy something the curé may have forgotten. It is she, too, who teaches the school children their catechism. In a village lacking this woman the curé must have a lot more difficult time than he has already.

Churchgoing naturally takes on quite a different character when a social occasion is involved—a funeral,

a wedding, a **Communion solennelle**. In France it is not first Communion that is the great social event; that is quiet and ostentatious. But a few years later the **Communion solennelle** takes place, when the child dresses in white, and the whole family (whether normally churchgoing or not) puts on its grandest clothes, and the entire day is given over to merry-making and family-gathering on a large scale. Uncles, aunts, cousins, grandparents all foregather and partake of exquisitely prepared food and drink just as at a wedding.

The Sunday before Corpus Christi is the Solemn Communion day in France—or at least in these parts—and the tempting *patisserie* shops become full of little effigies of white communicants, sometimes made of sugar. The white-sugared *dragées de baptême*—sweets made in the shape of a cradle with a diminutive baby inside—are also displayed in the confectioners' shops to celebrate baptism. One of these *dragées* was offered to me by the village gravedigger on the occasion of the baptism of his grandchild. He is a fervent non-practiser, not so much, it seems, because he dislikes the Church as such, but because he dislikes the curé. He prefers he told me, the curé protestant who came once from Paris, first because he made the ceremony last longer and people felt he was at least earning his pay, and second because he gave a much bigger tip than the curé of the village. However, in recommending me his *dragées* the grave-

digger said impressively: "*Elles sont bénies, vous savez.*"

The curé himself is a large peasant, dressed, like all French priests all the time, in a cassock, tucked up on very hot days and revealing sturdy legs in thick black socks. He drinks his litre of wine a day like every other man, and if the wine-seller is shut he routs him out just like everyone else. Yet the fact that he does this was mentioned to me by the gravedigger as a criticism; so that, even by nonpractisers, the curé is expected to be in a class apart.

And yet, from another point of view, he is laughed at for being in a class apart. *Étes-vous homme ou femme?* The gamins may shout at him. He says mass beautifully and with great depth of feeling. He keeps the church clean and tidy and flowered, and every now and again he pins up on the door a pointstakingly typed statement of public interest, for example the French archbishop's condemnation of the atomic bomb. He has a large, ruddy, wrinkled face, smokes a lot, and goes to and fro on a motorbicycle, a beret on his head. He preaches even at early Mass on Sundays and rarely says very much of practical interest to the small congregation.

The door of the church is always open, but is seldom that anyone avails himself of this opportunity. Some weeks ago I went in to find out whether St. Peter and St. Paul was a holy day of obligation in France. It was evening. The church was empty, but presently I realized

that the curé was kneeling before the altar. When I touched his arm he started violently. I asked my question and he said no, the feast was always celebrated on the following Sunday. I told him that in England both that and Corpus Christi were holy days of obligation. He said: "Ah, you see what fervent Catholics you have in Protestant countries. Look what it is like here." And he made a gesture of despair.

It is difficult to allocate the fault—the whole matter is too complex, especially for a foreigner such as myself. It would seem that the curé keeps himself too much apart from the villagers, owing to a sort of tradition of mistrust between one and the other. It is not he who is the prominent dispenser of charity in the village; one of the nonpractising café proprietors gives free soup to the down-and-outs. But then the curé is too poor. He clatters about in

thick, hard black boots and his cassock is caked with dirt. Much of his meagre collections at Mass must go to the church's excellent upkeep. Yet, though a familiar figure in the village street—he reads his office walking along in the evening sun—he is somehow not of it. He is rarely to be seen hobnobbing with the villagers, except with children (reminding an altar-boy of a marriage next day) or with practising women.

There is little to be said that has not already been said by Mauriac and Bermanas. It is difficult to know what quality in a curé would give back their faith to the gravedigger and his cronies—whether personal ascetism, great holiness or an ardent practice of the corporal works of mercy. At any rate a curé to whom the village is indifferent, if not hostile, seems to me a very lonely and very courageous person.



### THE TRIUMPH OF GREATNESS

*God's greatness gleams in stars that smile in space,  
 And in the blood-shot sun that westward wanes  
 After his weary march, when the day's course  
 Is done, and the moon rules the night's domains.  
 God's greatness glitters in the sunset fields  
 Flowing with golden ripeness in the breeze,  
 In meadows bright with nodding hues, in wilds  
 Where blossoms burn the foliage from the trees.  
 But greatness clearest spoke when Mary's sigh  
 Rose to the stars with the Infant's helpless cry.*

Edgardo Ma. Reyes, S.J.

*Sad memories came back  
when once again  
she heard their . . .*

## Theme Song

by Gregg Miranda

Faint glow touched her cold cheeks.  
Stars glared down at her. Rough  
breeze tousled her hair. But she  
remained still. . . . silent. . . . listen-  
ing. . . listening to the far off music.

Her gaze was fixed afar. . . .  
aloft. . . . beyond the swaying palms.  
She was looking, intently looking,  
yet with unseeing eyes.

The melody held her spellbound.  
Calmly she stood. . . gazing. . . .  
listening. . . . Her face was lightly  
pressed against the windowpane.

In peace the serene world ob-  
served. Time was ticking fast the  
approach of midnight. The breeze  
was growing cold.

Faint, hallow, the magic strain  
rocked the stillness.

It was their theme song; how  
could she forget? How could she  
when it had held much significance  
of their first meeting? When it had  
held much more significance of that  
lost message? His last message!

She won't ever forget. Never!  
Not even if she tried to. It will

always be there. It will always tor-  
ture her with the sadness of its  
tune.

"In the chapel of the roses  
Everyday I'll say a pray'r. . . ."

How it brought back each memory!

It was June again. The whole  
world was gay. Everything was in  
bloom. Her heart was in bloom. It  
was beating faster. For she was in  
love. She had met him. He loved  
her. What joy it was to love and  
be loved! Loved, indeed, was wonder-  
ful!

Or was it really? Where was her  
love now? Where was he now? A  
tear moistened the windowpane.

"Till we meet again. . .

The sad tune sounded from afar.  
It echoed from the heavens.

When will they meet again?  
When?

The stars twinkled for an answer.  
The moon shone brighter.

The accident! It had happened  
on a night like this! The stars!

They had witnessed his death! And now they stared in silence, in mystery.

She shivered. She pressed her cheeks harder against the pane and sobbed.

She felt the loneliness of the night ———— felt its stillness, its desolation.

"Everyday I'll say a pray'r..."

The far off melody resumed its soft sigh.

She was once more comfortably seated on the sofa listening to their song. Hearing it was never tiresome. She dearly treasured the record and played it often.

The music was low then. The blinds were down and the room was in semi-darkness. Early twilight was fading into night.

The letter lay in her hands. She had read it twice. He had gone. But only for some days. He would soon come back. The day after the next day. It was only a short visit. He wouldn't stay long in the province. Pray for me, he had said.

Oh, indeed, she would pray! Fear had clutched her heart though safety was assured. Something might happen on the way. No! Nothing would happen. She would pray ———— pray for his return.

But he never returned. Not alive! Alone, suffering on the highway, He had taken him away to rest forever ———— to stay with Him for all eternity and never to return to her.

She remembered his pale, unmoving face ———— his lifeless form ———— his deathly silence.

She shut the window abruptly as though by doing so she could shut off the haunting vision.

The stillness grew more intense. It pierced her heart till it softened. She uttered softly.

"Forgive me, Lord. You had every right to take him away. He is Yours."

Her low whisper rang through the room. Midnight struck.

"Till we meet again..."

The distant note died away into silence.

Slowly, she parted the curtains, opened the window, and gazed once more into the vault of heaven.

Moonlight streamed into her room. Rooftops glimmered under its pale radiance. The smooth pavement brightened at the touch of its tender beams.

She feasted on the displayed grandeur of the silent night. She sensed her loneliness amidst its sublime, stillness that reached beyond that glorious dwelling place. He was there now resting in peace. He was far away, yet he would always be near. He would never return, yet they would meet again.

Faint glow fell upon her cold cheeks. Stars glared down at her. Rough breeze tousled her hair. But she remained still... listening... listening to the echo of their song.

## Do Americans Believe In God?

Released by Phil. Ass.

99% of American adults believe in God. This figure has been arrived at in the first impartial nation-wide survey of religious beliefs ever made in the United States.

The survey, made by an independent commercial opinion research firm, cut across racial and religious lines and examined the beliefs of Catholics, Protestants, Jews, other sects, and those professing no religious beliefs. The questionnaire and polling techniques, four months in preparation, were reviewed and approved by Dr. George Gallup of the Gallup Poll.

The first report of the survey is published in the November Catholic Digest, the magazine which sponsored the poll.

In the questionnaire, the basic question put to Americans was: "Do you believe in a God?" The question was understood. It could not be side-stepped because of a lack of directness. Ninety-nine per cent said they believe in God. Only one per cent said they do not believe.

Looking more closely at the survey, belief in a God among those who said they were Protestant was found to be just under 99%, those who said they were Catholic just under 100% among those who said they

were Jewish slightly less than 97%. Disbelief was greatest among those who said they belonged to no church group. Of the sexes, women stood at close to 100% while men mustered only 98%.

In addition, all who answered "Yes" were asked: "How strong would you say this belief is"—"Absolutely certain there is a God"—"Fairly sure there is—not quite sure, but like to think there is—or, not all sure, but not sure there isn't."

Of the total, 87% were absolutely certain, 10% fairly sure, and 2% not quite sure, with less than 1/2 of 1% not at all sure. Of the Catholics 92% were absolutely certain, 7% fairly sure, 1% not quite sure. Of the total Protestant, 87% were absolutely certain, 10% fairly sure, 2% not quite sure. The Jews were 70% absolutely certain, 18% fairly sure, 9% not quite sure. Of those from no religious group, only 55% were absolutely certain, 21% fairly sure, 7% not quite sure, and 2% not at all sure. From this group came the largest percentages who did not believe in God: 12%, and the 3% who did not know.

Future reports on the survey's findings will show the intensity of that belief in practice.

*Unsurpassed anywhere in  
the world are*

## Canada's Royal Mounties

By O. A. Battista

From the Columbia

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police has a history even more exciting than the movie plots which romanticize it. But the average American's concept of the Mounties is almost entirely wrong.

For example, most Americans believe that the Mounties wear red coats all the time, ride horses and operate only in the Far North, relentlessly tracking down enemies of society who have fled into the wilds. Actually, the Mounties' working uniform is a prosaic brown coat and long matching trousers or blue breeches with yellow stripes, long boots and spurs; and, more often than not, they operate in civilian clothes. The scarlet tunic is used only in court, in parades, and in areas where American tourists are numerous.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police is primarily a federal law enforcement agency that operates wherever and whenever needed anywhere in the Dominion of Canada. Made up of fewer than five thousand men, its responsibilities make it on all-inclusive FBI. In addition to the coverage

of criminal investigations, the Mounted Police handle Coast Guard, Border Patrol, Secret Service and many other functions. The Mounties are the only authority in the Yukon and Northwest Territories, which cover more land than half the United States. And any province in the Dominion of Canada can contract for its services "to enforce the provincial statutes and criminal code." This arrangement is now in effect in six of Canada's ten provinces. Three provinces—Ontario, Quebec, and British Columbia—maintain their own provincial police forces, but may reinforce these with Mounties on request should an emergency arise.

### Old As the Canadian Nation

The RCMP is almost as old as the Canadian nation, and had its beginning during the early days after the American Civil War.

Canada's confederation took place in 1867. Six years later, 300 men in crimson jackets and tight breeches, known officially as the Northwest Mounted Police, rode westward from Dufferin in Manitoba. They were

charged by Parliament with the specific task of rounding up and bringing to justice a group of American freebooters who had crossed the border into southern Saskatchewan and wiped out a village of peaceful Assiniboin Indians. The freebooters had been capitalizing on the sale of whiskey to Indians, but not without perpetrating many crimes. The original force of Northwest Mounted Police took two years to round up the ignoble murderers of the Assiniboins and bring them to trail. But they carried out their assignment with such decorum and efficiency that the Dominion Government set them up on a permanent basis to protect the inalienable rights of its western populace. Later, when the Dominion was spanned by the Canadian Pacific, Mounties guarded the end of steel and helped survey the passes through the Continental Divide.

In 1920, its headquarters was transferred from Regina to Ottawa, and it was renamed the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. At this time, it entered a new territory east of Hudson Bay. Airplanes came into use. Famous Arctic patrols, in 1924, pushed deep into the Eskimo domain. The most important exploration since then was the forcing of the North West passage, in 1942, by the RCMP schooner, *St. Roch*. The historic trip from Vancouver to Halifax lasted 28 months. Most of the pioneering is over now, but the Mounties continue to push back frontiers.

Though its character has changed greatly since its formation 75 years

ago, the RCMP still reflects much of the glamour of the frontier through its northern and other far-flung detachments. These assignments range from Arctic patrolling and the supervision of Eskimos to ordinary prevention work concerning such contraband as narcotic drugs, counterfeiting, illicit distilling, identification and classification of criminals: The RCMP also assists the United States FBI in criminal as well as intelligence service cases. It assumes the protection of public buildings, makes reports on migratory birds, furbearing animals and hunting out of season, takes part in the application of customs and excise laws and, to a small extent, of immigration regulations. It investigates naturalization papers and passports, makes enquiries on applicants for civil service positions, enforces statutes governing the Indians, and many other federal enactments.

For such tasks, men of many types and talents are needed. Yet each candidate must be characterized by personal integrity, a high degree of intelligence and a sense of responsibility. The selection of recruits is carried out by means of the usual form of educational examinations, supplemented by an intelligence test and a patterned interview.

To qualify, an applicant must be a British subject, resident in Canada, between the age of 21 and 30, unmarried, standing over five feet eight inches in his socks, physically fit, and able to speak, read and write either English or French. Members are not permitted to marry for six years.



After completing this initial stage, they may be granted the privilege by the Commissioner, provided they are free from debt and have cash or convertible assets to the value of \$1200.

#### Many Of the "Mounties" Just Walk

Since the engagement period is five years, they must re-enlist at the expiration of each term to become eligible for a life pension, which is granted upon completion of twenty years of satisfactory service. Careful selection at the recruit level is followed by periodic interviews conducted by the Personnel Department throughout the entire career of the policemen. The recruit's six months initiation includes drilling, horsemanship, shooting, study of criminal law, aids to investigation, public relations and much else, including swimming and life saving.

The saddle part is a very minor and emergency aspect of actual police work but an important item in training. The riding school, with its grueling routine, is a splendid form of physical culture and of character development. In order to maintain high morale in the force and to perpetuate in its personnel a model for Canadian youth, equitation is retained as an incomparable school of audacity, calmness, perseverance, mental alertness and sportsmanship. *L'esprit cavalier* helps to maintain *l'esprit de corps*.

Actually, today, there are less than 200 horses left in the entire force; and these, too, are used almost exclusively for parades and for exhibitions in American horse shows. The

Mounties' modern mounts are radio prowls cars, jeeps, trucks, snowmobiles, airplanes, motorboats and mine sweepers. Many ride nothing at all. They walk, like any other cop.

In the vast Yukon and Northwest Territories, however, the troopers of "G" Division sledged 60,322 miles last year by dog team. And one constable slogged 1400 miles across the barrens on show shoes to bring back the murderer of an Eskimo.

Each graduate Mountie comes out a lifesaver, typist, fingerprint man and driver—with a smattering of medicine, physics, photography, law and spectrography thrown in. Of every 28 men who apply, only three actually get into the force. These are so good by the time they finish their training that they are sent out immediately "on detachment."

Climbing the rank-ladder in the RCMP is a hard pull. Ranks are organized very much as in the Army. A constable third class is the same as a recruit; a constable second class is a private; and a constable first class is the equivalent of a private first class. After that come corporals, sergeants and staff sergeants; and the commissioned officers (now exclusively promoted from the ranks): sub-inspector, inspector, superintendent, assistant commissioner, deputy commissioner and commissioner.

An inspector, who wears the pips of an Army captain, gets up to \$3,270 a year plus allowances. A married sergeant living at home gets \$3,114 a year; and a single constable living in a barracks gets only \$1,520

a year. All Mounties can retire on generous pensions, however, after 20 years of service.

At the very peak of the hierarchy is the \$10,730-a-year commissioner, who wears the insignia of a brigadier. The current commissioner is Stuart Taylor Wood, whose father was a Mountie and who was born and raised on Mounted Police posts.

One may get a grasp of the numerous and varied demands on the abilities of Mounties by reviewing just a few of their achievements in recent months. For example, there was the man in Melochville, Quebec, who had an artificial leg. He had been repeatedly spotted going back and forth across the border. The Mounties discovered that the hollow leg was filled with expensive watches on which he had neglected to pay duty. They used submarine-detecting equipment on one of their patrol boats to locate missing schools of herring in the Gulf

of St. Lawrence for Canada's Department of Fisheries; they looked into a hearse in a funeral procession winding its way from Detroit to Windsor, Ontario, and discovered 100 cartons of cigarettes in the coffin instead of a body. They ran down and convicted 60 murderers and safecrackers; and they successfully arbitrated a triangle fight between man, wife and girl friend in a Manitoba town.

It was the American movie industry that pinned the motto "Don't come back until you get your man" on the Mounties. Contrary to the average belief, the RCMP is a "Silent Force"—unpretentious, and unobtrusive. Quietly and without fanfare the members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police live up to their official slogan "Maintiens le droit" or "Uphold the right." Their record for doing just that is unsurpassed anywhere in the world.



### Entertainment

Motion picture box-office receipts for 1951 were \$69 million less than in 1950, a decline of 5.5%. Professional baseball teams took in less money too—\$51 million as compared with \$55 million the year before. Opera and the legitimate theater with \$90 million, and college football with \$103 million, equaled their receipts of the year before. Horse and dog-track admissions jumped from \$36 million to \$38 million.

### Prices

The cost of living inched up to an all time peak between May 15 and June 15, stood at 189.6% of the 1935-39 average—0.3% higher than the month before, 11.6% higher than in June 1950.



*St. Francis Xavier never thought  
as he lay dying in Sancian  
that he had become*

## Apostle to Nippon

by Vicente Romero

In 1549, St. Francis Xavier had been seven years in the East. His apostolate had begun in Goa and continued through Cope Comarin, the Fishery Coast, Travancore, Malacca and the Spice Islands. In Malacca in December of 1547, he first met the young Japanese Anjiro, later baptized Paul of the Holy Faith, who was to inspire him with the great dream of carrying the faith to the Japanese, despite the dangers from storms and Chinese pirates.

Even at Malacca in 1547, there was not much known about the mysterious islands far to the North. They had been discovered by Portuguese traders in 1542, but until that time they seemed to have had contact only with the Chinese from whom they borrowed much of their religion and culture. The Portuguese called the islands the *Ilhas dos Ladrones* because of the pirates that infested the neighboring seas. The Spaniards, however, called them *Islas Platerias* because of the silver mines known to exist there.

Xavier was much impressed by Anjiro and his accounts of the Japanese

people. He felt confident that the Japanese would readily accept the faith and without interference from those few among the Spaniards and Portuguese who preferred the profits of trade to the good of souls. In his letter to the Jesuits at Rome on January 21, 1548, Xavier was very hopeful over the prospects for the faith in the islands to the north. For almost eighteen months he dreamed and planned. Finally, in June 1549, he was ready to begin what was to become one of his greatest conquests in the East.

Xavier's reputation had spread. When his intentions became known, several of the Portuguese merchant ships in the harbor at Malacca offered to take Xavier to Japan with them, believing that the presence of the saint on board would be an insurance against shipwreck. But the merchant ships spent the winter somewhere on the China coast and would not reach Japan until the following year. Xavier, however, would brook no delay to his zeal. He could not bear the thought of lying idle in some desolate inlet on the China

coast for five or six months. He accordingly looked elsewhere for passage to the islands of the Japanese.

There was a Chinese junk in the harbor just about to sail, captained by a pirate nicknamed *El Ladrao*, who agreed to take Xavier and his companions to Japan for a good price. The Governor at Malacca would have preferred that Xavier take a safer means of passage to Japan, but since he could not persuade the saint to wait, he made *El Ladrao* pledge his wife and property at Malacca for the safe arrival of Xavier in Japan.

Xavier himself gives us an account of this first missionary journey to Japan in the longest letter he ever wrote. A favorable monsoon was blowing as the Chinese junk cleared the harbor of Malacca in the afternoon of June 24, 1549, the feast of San Juan. The captain, however, was not as constant as the weather. Once clear of the harbor and the influence of the Portuguese Commandant, he began to waver in his promise of a speedy voyage to Japan; he stopped at every island they came upon. Francis fretted at the delay but the Chinese remained deaf to his entreaties.

Even more disturbing to the saint was the misdirected piety of the pagan crew. The heathen set up an idol on the poop and were constantly offering sacrifice to it. They frequently cast lots before it and every detail of the journey was determined by the outcome of these lots. Where to stop, how long to stay, what course

to take — all depended on the whim of the little idol on the deck. Xavier did his best but he was unable to prevent the idolatrous worship.

After some time at sea, the ship put in a little island to take on extra rigging and rudders to meet the storms which often did so much damage to ships crossing the China Sea. Then the Chinese crew cast lots, after first making many sacrifices to the idol with a multitude of prostrations, and asked whether the wind would be favorable or not. The lot fell out that they were to have favorable weather and should wait no longer. So *El Ladrao's* little ship weighed anchor again and set sail, to the great joy, we may be sure, of Xavier and his companions. Xavier remarks at this point in his account that the heathen put their trust in the idol, while he and his companions trusted in God for whose love and service they had undertaken this journey to Japan. It was the sentiment of a true Apostle.

As the ship continued on its way with a favorable wind behind them, the crew began casting lots again and inquiring whether the ship would return from Japan to Malacca. The answer was that they would reach Japan in safety but that they would never see Malacca again. As a consequence, *El Ladrao* and his crew of pirates became less anxious to reach Japan. They began planning to winter on the China coast and wait for the following year or for a favorable omen from the idol on the deck.

On the eve of the feast of St. Mary Magdalen they met with two disasters near the coast of Cochin, China. There was a heavy sea running and high wind. **El Ledrao** ordered the anchor out and the ship hove to. The blunt-bowed little ship wallowed heavily in the trough of the waves and it was increasingly difficult to keep one's footing on deck. As a particularly heavy wave heeled the ship over, Manuel, the Chinese servant of Xavier's party, lost his balance and fell through an open hatch into the hold. He was nearly drowned in the bilge and was only rescued and revived with great difficulty.

The heavy seas continued unabated. A few hours later, the daughter of the Captain, who was with her father on the ship, was thrown overboard and drowned before her father's eyes. The pagans were strongly affected by the disaster. All that day and night, amidst great lamentation, they made great sacrifices and feasts to the idol. They killed many birds and gave it food and drink. They cast lots and the answer was received that the Captain's daughter would not have fallen into the sea if Manuel had died.

All that night, Xavier prayed and waited for the expected blow to fall. He felt sure that the Chinese would demand their deaths as sacrifice to the idol for the death of the girl. But by early morning they were still alive and the Captain seemed willing to forget the whole affair. Perhaps he remembered his wife and property

in Malacca, which he had pledged for the safe arrival of Xavier and his companions in Japan. Idol or no idol, he could not afford to have his passengers suffer harm.

In a few days they reached Canton in China, where **El Ledrao** planned to spend the winter. Xavier's threats and the fear of what the Portuguese might do upon his return to Malacca persuaded him to sail on. Reaching Chian-Chow, further up the coast, the Captain again decided to winter there and all Xavier's arguments availed nothing. But just as they were about to enter the bay, a sail hove in sight with news that the harbor was full of pirates. Since **El Ledrao** had little to fear from men of his own kind, it was most probable that the ships in the harbor were police junks which **El Ledrao** had reason to avoid. He accordingly headed out to sea again resolved to return to Canton for the winter.

But once out to sea, it was a stiff head wind all the way back to Canton and a good stern wind all the way to Japan. So, much against their wills, the Captain and crew were forced to come to Japan. Xavier remarks that neither the devil nor his ministers had power to prevent their coming, and God it was who brought them to this longed-for land.

On the feast of the Assumption, August 15, 1549, they came into the port of Kagoshima, Anjiro's native town, and they were received with much love by Anjiro's relatives and all the other residents. Christianity had come to Japan.

In three short years, in the face of much hardship and opposition, Xavier planted the faith in Japan, a faith that was to grow rapidly until persecution all but destroyed it in 1650. By 1585 there were over 200,000 Christians in Japan. Conversions still multiplied until persecution began in earnest under Taikosama in 1597. When all was over in 1650 and Japan effectively closed to all foreigners, over 200,000 martyrs had died for the faith. But the Christians of Xavier and his successors had died gloriously — three of them were canonized saints and two hundred and five declared blessed.

Xavier had built the church of Japan upon a rock that could not wash away. Catholicism persevered in Japan through over two hundred years without priests of the sacraments. When an Edict of Toleration was issued in 1873, the Church in Japan began to grow once more.

It has come a long way since then, but Catholicism is still a very small minority among Japanese beliefs. The abolition of State Shintoism has given Catholicism perhaps its greatest op-

portunity to date. Now, more than ever before, Japan is ready for the harvest, but if the workers are not at hand, the opportunity may be lost.

Four hundred years ago this December 3, St. Francis Xavier died on San Chian, believing that he had failed. But he had not failed — not even as the world judges failure. China lay unconquered before him, but Japan behind him had seen the first preaching of the Gospel.

Xavier was convinced that the key to the conversion of Japan lay in China, that once China was converted to Christ, Japan would quietly follow. Perhaps the great Saint was not so wrong after all. Even today, in the face of fanatical persecution, Chinese Catholics far outnumber those in Japan. Perhaps in the Providence of God, Japan must await the conversion of China before she herself grows strong in the faith. The dream is not impossible. And if some day, Chinese missionaries go forth to the conversion of Japan, it will be Xavier's first missionary journey to Japan four hundred years ago that made the dream come true.



City detective Floyd Niswonger got a straight answer to a straight question.

He asked a man picked up on a suspicion of illegal entry into the United States:

"How did you get into this country?"

The man replied:

"Mister, I'm a full-blooded Sioux Indian, I was born here. How did you get here?"

# FOOTPRINTS

## A Missionary's Prayer

by Alfredo de la Cruz

*Aeon-deep are the furrows  
 That the wind-ripped sea  
 Sears and has seared across  
 These alien sands;  
 Ageless the whited patterns  
 That the blue-lit vault above  
 Has framed  
 Through time and timelessness;  
 And young in the deathless spring  
 Of life renewed,  
 The cogon tuft and palm frond  
 Weave in their ceaseless dance against  
 The pallid Eastern sky.  
 But see! There blooms in this mindless mass  
 Yet more! The faces rise from shadow into substance!  
 The nations of the East  
 Here move and think, mend plows, build homes in sweat,  
 Here live and love,  
 Here die and are reborn.  
 But hear, Francisco, is not this the sea  
 That racked the Spanish galleon,  
 Stung eyes that peered for Trivancore,  
 Flung billows in mocking monody against  
 The isle men call San Cian?  
 Was it this sky, Francisco, that framed your vast  
 Horizons, earth-unbounded, that smiled  
 On God's hovels, newly-won to Christ as fruit  
 Of the seed of Thomas;  
 That blazed in power and beauty a Southern Cross  
 Each night upon your eyes,  
 Upon your back?*



Have you not seen as I do now, Francisco,  
 The greening life in every blade and leaf,  
 Whose summer will not die?  
 And whisper to me, Francis, have you burned  
 With joy that passes sense  
 (But writhes in blinding pain  
 That human strength is finite!)  
 When in Malacca's mists appeared  
 The faces and the souls  
 Who move and think, mend plows, build homes in sweat  
 Who die and — through his love and yours! — who are reborn?  
     You have seen, Francisco,  
     And your love still haunts the East;  
 Whenever the dawn wind sighs across a beach,  
 Whenever the dying sun pours flame on the Eastern skies,  
 Whenever the Christ of Grace  
 Prints life on flesh and souls,  
     Your fire still burns,  
     Your feet still walk!  
 Wrestlers with God, molders of hearts and of nations,  
 Saint of the bold, saint of the strong!  
 We who have glimpsed, but cannot match,  
 The stride of the giants of God,  
 We kneel in the East's new dawn  
 And ask of you  
 This single boon:  
     "Give us souls, Francisco!"



The White Fathers have a native seminary in Tanganyika Vicariate, Africa, and judging from some samples recently transcribed by the MISSION DIGEST, the students do not readily grasp the nuances of English.

Writing about his vacation experiences, one student commented: "During the holidays they taught me how to puddle a canoe and how to stir it."

Another, speaking of ordination ceremonies: "Some of the students are dickens and some sub-dickens."

From a description of the Wedding at Cana: "The servants took the water made wine to the bride-room." "Everyane at first gives good wine, and afterwards that which is worn out."

From the story of the Good Samaritan: "Having killed him a little, they left him and passed away."



# If God Were Only God

by E. G. Salvador, S. J.

If He were only the Creator, the All-powerful, the All-knowing, man would have every reason to live in constant fear, trembling and anxiety. Man would have some excuse to leave God, to ignore Him, to forget Him. A man for whom God is only God, might never know happiness; he might even consider Him as an arch-enemy of his happiness; then he would run away from God, would try to erase Him from his mind, forget Him.

But most fortunately God is not only God. He is also a Father, yes, a Father. Understand it. Feel it. God the All-mighty, the All-knowing is also "my Father."—"Thy Father who seeth in secret will repay thee." "Your Father knoweth what is needful for you, before you ask Him." If you forgive men their offences, your heavenly Father will forgive you also your offences." "I ascend to My Father and to your Father, to My God and to your God." Thus therefore shall you pray: Our Father who are in heaven. . . . Therefore. . . God is also my Father.

Let man try to look into life, into all that life stands and is meant for, into its various changes, vicissitudes, surprises, so-called inconsistencies and so-called unreasonable trials and sufferings, through this lens: God's Fatherhood of men. That's what man needs: a God who is his Father. That's what the family of men, the whole world, looks for: a God who is also a loving and provident Father. But men had Him, God and Father, all this time. And yet like the prodigal son men keep leaving God and insist in staying away from Him. But how and where men will ever find peace and order, happiness and security outside of God, our Father? The prodigal son could not; and so his trembling, hungry lips began to form painfully the words: "I will rise and will go to my Fa...Fa...ther, and say to him: F...Fa...ther, I have sinned against heaven and before thee. . . ."

O, that men may have the wisdom of the returning prodigal son to go back to God and to call Him: FATHER.

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Policeman: "Can't you read, lady? You can't park here."  
 Lady driver: "But officer, the sign says, 'Fine for parking.'"



Dear Miss Marlene,

*I am a 19 year old student. Three months ago I was strongly attracted to a man because of his gentlemanliness and sound reasoning abilities. Last week he express his noble intentions to me. I had been waiting for that proposal for a quite a time, and I therefore could not turn him down and I accepted him.*

*However, I begun entertaining doubts about his sincerity. What shall I do? By accepting him did it mean an automatic engagement?*

I. L.

Dear I. L.,

**What on earth made you accept the proposal of one whom you had known for only three months? This indicates that you are still not mature enough to consider the married state. Among other things, you are still 19 and a student. It would be best for you not to fall into these "engagement" affairs until you have grown older and are capable of sizing up a man maturely.**

**It is all very well to love a man for his gentlemanly qualities. But then there are other factors to be taken into account, such as compatibility, earning power, morals, etc. And these things cannot be observed in three months. At the least you should know the man for a year before you can get a fairly good appraisal of his character.**

**Wait for some time more, develop more friends, and don't let physical attraction make you lose your head. There is nothing wrong in breaking up this "engagement" as you are not bound to him in any way.**

Dear Miss Marlene,

*Last time I wrote you I didn't explain myself clearly enough for fear of revealing by identity. Now I'll do so.*

*My parents aren't the selfish domineering, dictatorial kind who want me to be an old maid. Of this I am positively sure. They just object to my present fiance because he came from a seminary. My parents say that it'll be a disgrace to our family and are afraid for what people will say.*

*Sometimes I think that they are right, yet I can't get myself to break with my fiance with whom I think I will be happy. I can't still make a decision.*

*Greatly Perplexed.*

**Dear Greatly Perplexed,**

If that be the only objection of your parents then I think you are not doing anything wrong by preferring this man. In the first place, I presume that after due consultation with his spiritual director your fiance has found that the life of a priest was not meant for him. He is then free to choose another state of life which he sincerely believes is for him.

It is quite uncharitable to look with suspicion upon a person who has left the convent walls for another state of life. However, if there be some dubious reason for his having left the seminary then it would be best to clarify this from other sources. His parish priest may be able to shed some light into this matter.

Now after having assured yourself that everything is in order then you are free to marry him if you wish despite the opposition of your parents provided that you are both in a position to carry on the burdens of a married life.

*Dear Miss Marlene,*

*At 32 I am still single. Reason: I forced myself to get out of engagement after the first and the second men were turned down by my parents for reasons of their own, though I was terribly in love with both. Unfortunately, I have to follow my parents for love of them.*

*Would it be a grave challenge to my parents if I were to go against their will the next time I fall in love with another man who may come my way now in case they disapprove our marriage again?*

*Unfortunate*

**Dear Unfortunate,**

There may be several reasons why your parents object to your marriage. Perhaps they may be very ill and you are the only person who is capable of helping them out. Or perhaps they have thought that the men with

whom you were engaged were not capable of supporting you without your parents' help. And so on for many other reasons.

But if the reason of your parents is none other than that they just want to keep you by their side although they could very well do without you, then you certainly are not bound to obey them. You are of age and have a right to choose your state of life.

However, if you choose to be with your parents rather than hurt their feelings then that is your own lookout. I only say that you will not be doing wrong if you oppose their wishes and marry for the reasons mentioned.

*Dear Miss Marlene,*

*I am 19 years old. I am concerned about two of my suitors. One, "G", has been faithful to me ever since we were in our elementary grades, but I have no feeling for him. He loves me sincerely, and as a matter fact his parents, brothers and sister often visit us and have also come to like me. My parents like this man.*

*My other suitor, "C", is the one I really care for and love. In fact I accepted him. He is as well off and as likeable as "G". One thing I noted is that his parents may not like me, and when I mentioned this matter to him he told me that he is already of age and was willing to marry me, come what may.*

*Now to whom will I give my heart?*

*Undecided*

**Dear Undecided,**

Plainly, "C" is the man you love. Then what are you worrying about as to whom you will give your heart? One of the impediments of marriage is the absence of mutual love. You certainly are not going to risk marrying a man you cannot love.

Since you prefer "C" and since he has already told you that he will marry you despite his parents' opposition then make up your mind that you will marry the man you love and not someone else just because you wish to please your parents. What if your family has a liking for the other fellow.

If you yourself do not know whom you really love then the trouble is with yourself. You are not yet mature enough to make a decision. And in that case better let some time pass by.

Of course I am presuming that you have studied the reasons why your parents prefer "G" rather than "C"? This is very important.

Dear Miss Marlene,

We are a group of girls at present studying in one of well-known girls' colleges. Our problem is the same as what is happening to the young hearts of today.

These last few days we have a crush for a certain young man who sometimes visits our school. He is known to many girls, and the worst is that we do not know him. We want to meet him. What shall we do? Is it proper if we write him or introduce ourselves to him?

Lonely Hearts.

Dear Lonely Hearts,

A "crush" has never done anyone any good. Do be sensible enough and don't let your heads whirl just because of a young man who visits your school. There are a lot of other young men around, I can assure you.

It would not do to write him either as you would not get an answer if he is a respectable person. Better get someone else whom you know is a friend of his to introduce you to him. It may be at a party or some other form of gathering.

But don't let this "crush" get you. You may be disappointed later.

Dear Miss Marlene,

Being a boy of 17 years I begin to realize that to love cannot be avoided. I, at my age, do not experience it yet, but I know that sooner or later I'll develop a certain feeling towards a girl.

But lately I have been asking myself if it is time for me to fall in love. I mean, if I am not too young to consent to my friends' suggestion that I should court some of the girls in our place. And one more question: How will I know that a girl loves me or not?

Boy

Dear Boy,

Being a boy of 17 years you certainly are not yet in a position to do any courting. The suggestion of your friends is certain to lead you into trouble. You will regret it very much later on if you follow their immature advice.

Don't worry now about how a girl shows her love to a boy. You will find that out in due time as you grow older and maturer. If you want

to amount to anything wait until you are older and have finished your studies and are in a good earning position.

The feeling that you may get towards a girl is but natural. You are reaching the stage when a young boy is stepping into manhood. Just be friends with the girls you know and nothing more.

*Dear Miss Marlene,*

*Deep in my heart I feel that I am in love with a girl who, for quite a long time now, is still unaware of it. I refrained from telling her so far before I have known her I have been looked upon by both her parents and elders as a member of their family. As far as I know we have no relations, just the love and respect for each other.*

*My filial relationship started in the province. They used to spend their vacation there. When I come to Manila, I am always welcomed at their home, and that is when and where I came to know and fell in love with this girl.*

*Will you please advise me the best thing to do so that I could express my heart's desire but not break my good company with the family?*

*Junior*

**Dear Junior,**

I am presuming that you are already of age, with a career earning you a sizeable income, otherwise it would be very foolish for you to get yourself involved in love affairs and thus risk the danger of incurring the suspicions of the family of the girl and losing their liking for you. However, if both of you are ready for marriage, that is, if both of you are of age and you know that her parents won't object to their daughter's contemplating marriage then you may gradually try finding out if the girl has any personal liking for you beyond that of mere friendship.

The safest procedure is to presume that she does not have any particular liking for you until you are certain that she manifests some partiality towards you. Then you can gradually show her that you like her by giving her some little gifts now and then, and dropping some verbal hints of your liking for her. Never make your approach too obvious. The other steps will come naturally.

*Dear Miss Marlene,*

*I have been engaged to a man for two years now and I have known him for four years. My parents object to this because he is still at his fourth year in mechanical engineering and I am still in first year college.*

*My fiance plans to go to Japan after his board exam and then come back for me whether he makes good or not after two or three years. I agreed to that because anyway I'm not also in a hurry to get married for I'm still in first year.*

*When my parents found out about our engagement they forbade me to go out with him even with a chaperone. And so all he could do was to visit me at home twice a month and for not more than an hour. I told my parents that I am not getting married until some time to come. So why don't they let me go out with him once in a while? . . .*

*I know my fiance meant what he said when he stated that he will marry me only when he able to support me. But I can't wait for that any more. Either he will marry me now or I'll have to give him up so that I can have peace of mind for once here at home.*

*I think he doesn't see it on my side. If he could only understand my situation, or if he loves me that much, he will do something about it.*

X

Dear X,

It is quite clear that your parents and your fiance are in the right. In the first place you made the mistake of getting engaged at an early age when it was not prudent of you to do so. Long engagements only result in heartaches and headaches, and the possibility of a break increases with the years.

Your fiance is quite right when he insists in not getting married until he is capable of supporting you. He is but using his head and this is not in anyway indicative that he does not like you.

Secondly, in the first part of your letter you agreed to wait, but in the closing paragraphs you state that you wish to get married as soon as possible, and that you can't wait any longer. It just doesn't make sense. Do you want to wait (and I advise you to do so) or not?

The only solution is to keep being friends until the time when your fiance is able to support you. You need not worry about the coming years. You are still young. Or do you fear to lose him? If he changes his mind, you will get to know this in due time, then it just shows that he is not constant enough for you.

So, just keep your head steady. Finish your studies, get to know more friends, enjoy their company, forget about your engagement for the time being, and you will be happier, your parents will be at ease, and your fiance can mind what he has to do. And for the rest trust the future to God.

# The Value of Novenas

*From the Ligourian*

Sometimes one hears remarks made to the effect that novenas of public or private prayer to the Blessed Mother or to some saint are of little value, or that they are all but universally productive of abuses. Such remarks usually arise from either ignorance or sloth, because reason, faith and experience all attest to the value of continuous prayer.

1. A novena consists of special prayers and spiritual exercises on nine consecutive days or on a special day of the week for nine consecutive weeks. Its value is based on the revealed fact that prayer is both necessary and effective and that the more we pray the better off we are, and on the psychological fact that we can get ourselves to pray more faithfully when we set definite times and occasions for prayer. The Bible is filled with examples of Our Lord and His friends setting apart certain times and places for prayer. The first novena was made by the apostles when they spent nine days in retirement and prayer waiting for the coming of the Holy Ghost.

2. To say that novenas are of little value is to speak in ignorance

of the countless recorded and unrecorded answers to novenas of prayer by which God has clearly shown His pleasure in such prayers. These answers often take on the clear character of the miraculous. They appear both in the spiritual and the temporal order; in the former, by good confessions, conversions, surrender to God's will in sorrow, the overcoming of vices, etc.; in the latter, by restorations to health, financial assistance, solution of mental problems, and many other favors as startling and often as incidental as the changing of water into wine at Cana.

3. Some call it an abuse that there are people who pray at novenas who do not go to Mass, or who are living in habits of serious sin. The truth is that it may be only through prayer that they will ever receive the grace to go to Mass and to overcome their evil habits. It is an observation of all who have had any experience with souls that the last link between a soul and God is prayer; that there is some hope for a sinner if he prays; that all hope departs when he stops praying. It is an abuse



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*For Women Only*

# Maria Clara

B. PETE

"You fools, you blundering fools" boomed an excited voice from the stairs to our Office that shook every book, every typewriter, every one in the room into stunned silence. Caught in the tension of the moment no one moved a nerve. Pete could only open his mouth.

"Couldn't you think up an easier way of getting hurt?" The voice added, and then we saw Mang Kiko.

Strongly enough, Mang Kiko, is not a very excitable man. When he tells you he fought in Bataan for seven days and nights without food or drink, and walked the notorious Death March where death seemed to pick on everyone, you cannot detect one tinge of emotion in his voice nor on his countenance. For Mang Kiko is by nature a very calm thinker.

But on this day, it was a different Mang Kiko; he boomed a warning; he spoke as though he saw something fatal and disastrous at the end of our road. What awaits us in the future is not for us to know; whatever that will be, our fate is in your arms, Maria Clara!

If by some unhappy coincidence, you should pick up this little magazine and find this column empty someday, don't strain too much. You can guess what happened to poor Pete and Pat.

*All Saints Day is a feast of the highest rank, celebrated on the first of November, having a vigil and an octave, and giving place to no other feast. It was known as All Hallows until recent years in England.*

*It was instituted to honor all the saints, known and unknown, and to supply any deficiencies in the faithful's celebration of saints' feasts dur-*

*ing the year. At first only martyrs and St. John the Baptist had special feast days, but other saints were gradually added to the list of those persons who in life have given themselves to God in such a complete manner as to be declared of His elect.*

*In the early days of the Church it was the custom to gather upon the*

## of 1952

and PAT



spot of martyrdom of a saint and to solemnize the anniversary every year. Then, in the fourth century, the neighboring dioceses would combine their gatherings, to interchange them, to exchange relics and then in time to join in a common feast. This came about principally because of the fact that frequently groups of martyrs suffered on the same day, and the

number of martyrs increased so much during the reign of Diocletian that separate commemorations became impossible.

There just weren't enough days in the year to go around.

So the Church wisely set aside a special and all-enveloping day on which to honor the memory of each and every one of its saints.

A woman will always be an enigma. People misspell her strength by calling her "weak." She has some kind of a mysterious strength, peculiar only to her kind—a strength that can bow down any man to a helpless defeat. She is equipped with some kind of devastating logic, learned not from books, but even more powerful than Plato or Aristotle; an inexhaustible reservoir of shifty judgments, which makes of philosophers but stuttering beginners.

Take our own, dear, dear Diana, for example.

When she first gave us a real, big piece of her mind, about the blissful ignorance of our young Meria Claras on the art of needle and thread, we hoped that she had said her last piece on the subject. We conceded all her arguments, obligingly took down her "sewing hints," and promised to put in a good word for her in this column. But now she insists we must print the following fashion hints:

1. Select the most becoming pattern for your figure.
2. To find your type of figure check your actual measurements

(bust, waist, hip, back length from the neck to the hem) with the standard measurements for your height on a chart.

3. The average figure (five feet for the Filipinas) can wear almost any style, so long as it is kept in proportion to the figure.

4. If your bust is large in proportion to your waist and hips, wear clothes with darts under the arm and on the shoulder to give fullness over the bust. No frilly collars unless you want to look matronly.

5. If you have that "hippy" look wear your skirts slightly flared, smooth-fitting from the waist to the fullest part of the hip. Have any decorations or trimmings at the top

of your dress, so that the hips will not attract attention.

6. If you are thick through the middle use belts of the same material as the dress.

7. If you have a short neck, use a pattern with a V neck or a deep U neck-line.

8. If your neck is too long, you can soften the line by a pattern which includes small, close, high-fitting collars and neckline.

9. If you have broad shoulders, avoid too much shoulder padding.

10. The narrow shoulders can be built up by good shoulder pads.

Pat has an old tale about women and camels.

A traveler and a camel once found camp in a lonely desert. The winds were wild and the night was cold. The traveler hastily coiled into his blanket, leaving the camel tethered outside the tent.

In the middle of the night, the camel snored his master out of a dreamless sleep.

"May I put my hind legs in?" the camel asked, "It's terribly cold out out here."

"Go ahead," the master conceded, and turned away to sleep.

A little later, he was awakened again. The camel wanted his front legs in. More eager to sleep than argue, the master sleepily nodded.

Finally, before the tired master could clutch back the harried wings of sleep, the camel turned again:

"Will you get out, so I can put my head in?"

To find the parallel, Pat says, one doesn't need to stretch his imagination too far.

When (dear, dear) Diana first came, she only had "hints." Now she has "instructions." She did not only insist that these instructions be published, but even wrangled her way, camel-like, into a permanent space on this column. Can it be that finally we shall meet with the same fate, master-like? "Print this," she just said — and here it is:

Saw a lovely and unusual group of dolls in a department store window in a U. S. city not long ago. They

were dressed in bridal costume— bride, groom, matron of honor, bridesmaids, best man, ushers, flower girl

and ring bearer. And their costumes were crocheted!

The bride wore white, the matron of honor gold, the attendants orchid, pink, aqua and green. Their gowns were bouffant, and the attendants of the bride wore large, floppy hats, which, too, were of crochet. The men in the party wore black pin striped trousers and black coats, black ties and white shirts. The little ring bearer was in white trousers and coat and white shirt and tie. They wore boutonnières of white. Even these were crocheted. Most intriguing were the crocheted ties and the crocheted pin-striped trousers.

The ruffled sham on the white

satin pillow which bore the ring was crocheted.

Thus everything was crocheted but the bride's veil, her jewelry, which was of pearl beads, and that of her attendants, of gold beads, and the tiny flowers and ribbons in the bouquets and upon the hats which the maids-in-waiting wore.

We thought what a fine project this would be for a church or club group to make for a bazaar, or for table decorations for a bridal party or shower. Several women could work on it at the same time and it would not take long. The stitches were simple, mostly shell or scalloped, and could be easily duplicated.

A friend of ours dropped by the other day. He had been an ace athlete of his time, the first and last word on the lips of all basketball fans. He had settled, won a very charming wife (we thought), and had been blessed with the most beautiful kids a father could ask for.

But on this particular day, he (for reasons of his personal safety, we have withheld his name) looked like the wrath of God, a perfect study of disappointment and frustration.

We failed to tell him, however, that he was not alone; that we are not as lucky as he thinks we are; nor have missed anything. Here, in this book-bound office, the hollow clicking of typewriters is sometimes interrupted by the shrill demanding voice of a petite, charming lady whom we called after some goddess, Diana. Now she's talking about mustard, etc;

Do you think of mustard as something to smear on hotdogs and let it go at that?

Mustard was discovered by accident, in 1720, by a housewife who pulverized the seeds into a fine, dry powder, and found that it varied the taste of her foods. Today this is called mustard flour or dry mustard.

It ranks second to pepper in popularity as a spice.

We like to use it in casserole dishes, just a dash of dry mustard or even a blob of prepared mustard stirred in. It is good, too, in baked beans, in fact, it does something for any food that you put salt and pepper in. And mother always used it in her maca-

*rani-cheese-tomato dishes. If you have never used mustard with fish, try it the next time. Especially in baked fish. Sprinkle in a mixture of crumbs, butter, thyme and dry mustard before you place the fish in the oven.*

#### Household hints:

##### Quick drying —

To dry kitchen utensils quickly, place them in the oven, while the oven is cooling from use. This will prevent metal utensils from rusting and wooden shredders and spoons from getting smelly and moldy.

##### Keeping salt fine and separated —

To keep salt from getting moist and lumpy add and mix a little rice in the shaker.

##### Empty corners —

To brighten empty corners place an attractive plant on any nice pedestal or antique vase to attract attention.

##### Refrigerators —

To keep the refrigerator from getting smelly from fish put a piece of charcoal in any place, or near the fish to absorb the gaseous odor.

##### Scaling fish —

To prevent the scales of the fish (when scaling) from flying around, scale the fish in a basin of water.

#### Cookery

##### Easy way to make soup —

##### Sopo de ejos:

- 3 ears crushed garlic
- 1/2 Bermuda onions, chopped fine
- 2 spoonfuls butter
- Meat or chicken broth
- salt, if necessary
- grated cheese
- 2 slices toasted bread.

Fry the garlic in butter. Add the onion, toast, little butter and pour the broth, season. When brought to a boil, pass through a callander. Put on fire once more. Add cheese when taste is all right, drop the toasted bread cut in cubes and remove from fire.

##### Fruit salad:

- 1-2 cup diced pineapple
- 2-3 diced apples
- 2-3 diced bananas
- 2 tb. calamansi juice
- Papaya, diced

Mix and add boiled dressing which is made from 4 eggs, 1 cup milk and 3 tbsp. sugar, beating the eggs first and adding sugar and milk. Heat in double boiler while beating or stirring constantly with a ladle.

Another way easy to make soup:

Misua soup:

- 2 tbsp. margarine
- Pan-fry 3 clover garlic
- 1 sliced medium sized onion
- Add— 6 cups meat stock, salt, pepper to taste
- Cut three knots misua and add 2 peach eggs
- Sprinkle chopped green onions on top

Tasty relleno:

- 1 chicken, boned
- 1-1 1/2 cup chooped pork
- 1/2 cup ground vienna sausage
- 1-2 spanish sausages (1 to be ground and the rest in cut in strips)
- 1/4 cup grated cheese
- 1/4 cup raisins
- salt, paper, little wine
- 2 raw eggs
- 1/4 cup lean ham strips, few strips fat
- \* 1/4 cup pickles
- 1/4 cup pitted olives
- 1-2 hard boiled eggs

Mix all except items from \* which is used for decoration. Stuff, sew up, truss, place in pan, breast up. Add 1/2 cup broth. Cover breast with 2 slices of bacon. Bake 400° F 10 minutes, 300° F until golden brown and done. Serve with gravy made from the chopped gizzard and liver of the chicken with a little cornstarch and water, seasoned with salt and pepper.

*Of course no one would think of making potato salad without mustard. Put some in the dressing as usual, but when you have the ingredients ready, before mixing in the dressing, sprinkle some dry mustard judiciously over the potatoes, eggs, and whatever else you have in it.*

*Here is a dish you will like for buffet serving, late picnics out in the back yard. Cut the center out of a red or white cabbage to form a shell. Slice the cut-out cabbage fine. Mix with shredded carrots, green pepper and celery (or any preferred salad mixture). Toss with*

*dressing made by adding 2 teaspoons and 1 teaspoon dry mustard to one dried parsley flakes, 1/4 teaspoon cup mayonnaise. Pile back into cob-onion salt, 1/4 teaspoon garlic salt bage shell and sprinkle with paprika.*

Most historians agree that women ignited the first flames of civilization. Soon after the fatal moment when Eve sunk her teeth on the forbidden apple, the strong, massive doors of the Garden of Eden slowly and softly closed behind the first exiles of God's love—Adam & Eve. A lonely pair of broken hearts, consigned to a life of seeking the Garden of Eden by toil, sweat, and tears.

From then on, man wandered over the face of the earth, galloped across the wide open places, seeking feverishly the lost Garden of Ease, never quite finding it, insistently seeking, nevertheless.

Meanwhile, the women were left behind in caverns to cook the meals, mind the baby and wait alone by a fireside. On a sudden, it seemed, man ceased to roam. Gradually, the desire to wander and explore and seek new fortunes, left him.

Slowly, but surely, he discovered among the dark, sinister shadows of the cave some semblance of that never, never land which once was his, but lost forever. That elusive something which he had been seeking all this while, but could not quite grasp in his puny hands. Beneath the massive, forbidding walls of the cave, man found "home." Thus gleams the first flame of that glorious phenomenon we call civilization.

From rugged, spooky caverns, to slipshod nipa barong-barongs, to marble floors and gilded walls, the home has assumed different forms:— but its tenderness and comfort remain the same. Within its walls rest all that men have built and aspired for. The family, state, the government, the native land must seek their strength within the strength of those four walls.

How did the women do it? How could such frail, fingers mould something so strong...so tender? What is her precious secret?



Tony: "That means fight where I come from!"

Paul: "Well, why don't you fight then? I'm ready."

Tony: "Cause I ain't where I come from."



# THE HOLY SOULS IN PURGATORY

by James L. Lynch, S. J.

*From the Messenger of the Sacred Heart*



**During the month of November all fervent Catholics are particularly mindful of their departed parents, relatives, and friends.**

Catholics in general are devoted at all times to the Holy Souls in Purgatory, but especially during the month of November, which is traditionally dedicated to the Faithful Departed.

This devotion is inspired by the human affection of the living for their parents, relatives, and friends, who have passed from this life to appear before the judgment seat of God, and now, although assured of Heaven, endure the temporal punishment due to their sins.

That the Faithful on earth by their good works can help the Holy Souls is evident from the prayers of the Church, which are filled with confidence in the intercessory power of the Saints in Heaven and the Faithful on earth.

In the Litany for the dying, we call upon the Angels and Archangels, and all the choirs of the just, to "pray for him." The priest, speak-

ing in the name of the Church, appeals to the omnipotent Judge of the living and the dead to forgive past offenses and grant him full remission of all his sins.

Certainly there is every reason to be afraid of appearing before the infinite goodness of God in the state of mortal sin, and worthy of eternal condemnation. But we know that even when a man dies in the state of grace, it is not usually true that his soul is perfectly ready to enter Heaven.

The Council of Trent teaches: "If anyone says that after the reception of the grace of justification the guilt is so remitted and the debt of eternal punishment so blotted out to every repentant sinner that no debt of temporal punishment remains to be discharged either in this world or in Purgatory before the gates of Heaven can be opened, let him be anathema."

It is through Revelation that we

know of the existence of Purgatory. Holy Scripture itself does not tell us very much, but oral tradition has been incorporated in the decrees of the great Councils and in the preaching of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church.

The Council of Trent's Decree concerning Purgatory begins as follows:

"Since the Catholic Church, instructed by the Holy Ghost, has, following the sacred writings and the ancient tradition of the Fathers, taught in sacred councils that there is a Purgatory, and that the souls there detained are aided by the suffrages of the Faithful and chiefly by the acceptable Sacrifice of the altar, the holy council commands the Bishops that they strive diligently to the end that the sound doctrine of Purgatory, transmitted by the Fathers and sacred councils, be believed and maintained by the Faithful of Christ, and be everywhere taught and preached."

The purpose of Purgatory is mentioned by the same Council, when it says concerning the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass:

"Wherefore, according to the tradition of the Apostles, it is rightly offered not only for the sins, punishments, satisfactions, and other necessities of the Faithful who are living, but also for those departed in Christ but not yet fully purified."

How imperfect a soul can be after many years in this world may be illustrated by a single example. Suppose a great sinner repents on his

deathbed and wins mercy. Is he now ready for Heaven after a life of blasphemous language, neglect of Mass on Sunday, cruel disregard of rights to life and property, callous indifference to the corporal and spiritual necessities of others?

Many who never commit mortal sins are guilty of repeated venial sins up to the very end. All this must be atoned for either on earth or in Purgatory.

On earth, this process requires time as well as good will. A sermon on the careless use of the Holy Name may cause a strong resolution to be formed almost instantaneously, together with a most sincere shame and sorrow for the past. Is this moment of conversion enough to eliminate the habit of years? The lips will begin to form some customary expression; the persistent impulse must be checked and gradually overcome. Reverence for the Holy Name must be increased until it is always pronounced with some nearer approach to that love which filled the Heart of Mary when she called the Son of God by His name.

So also in Purgatory, the purifying process takes time. The soul has become so deformed by sin that it is not ready to present itself before the face of God. It is hard for us to realize now how ashamed we ought to be because of sin, but after a holy death the soul is in a new condition, and has a better understanding of many truths.

The meaning of the great commandment becomes much clearer:

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and with thy whole soul and with thy whole mind." In Purgatory, the soul cannot be tempted and drawn away from God by beautiful material objects, nor can it be distracted from a supreme spiritual hunger for the sight of God.

All the energy which was spent in acquiring money and food and physical comforts is now directed toward one single object — God Himself. Postponement of the actual vision of God because of the imperfection of the soul causes agony.

It is not a suffering which comes from torn flesh and broken limbs. Its nature is foreshadowed in the words of the Psalms:

*"O God, my God, to Thee do I watch at break of day. For Thee my soul hath thirsted... oh, how many ways! In a desert land, and where there is no way and no water: so in the sanctuary have I come before Thee, to see Thy power and glory."*

*"For what have I in Heaven? And besides Thee what do I desire upon earth? For Thee my flesh and my heart hath fainted away. Thou art the God of my heart, and the God that is my portion forever."*

*"How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord. My heart and my flesh have rejoiced in the living God."*

During the long hours of Purgatory, meditation on the wonderful Providence of God which has brought the

soul to the very gates of heaven with the certain knowledge that they will open and reveal the glory of God, stirs up depths of gratitude and expectation. A profound humility changes the whole disposition of the soul; infallibility bestows a new dignity upon every thought; a wise justice sees every possession as a gift of the Most High God; a supreme charity is strong and tender towards every living thing. The inpouring of grace into the soul produces a most resolute spirit of amendment, fixed, permanent, eternal.

But in the midst of all this newness of life and transformation, there must also be a poignant sorrow at the thought of having offended God so often and so seriously, so thoughtlessly or so deliberately. The humiliation of seeing the ugly effects of sin fully revealed to the soul itself arouses shame and confusion.

Now, by Divine aid, the mind recognizes spiritual deformity induced in the soul by sinful actions — rebellions against the Providence of God, constant complaining against the way things are in the world, long indulgence of the flesh, worries, jealousies, hatreds, failure to talk and think in a manner becoming to disciples of Christ — this is the beginning of Purgatory, wherein virtue, through the abundant grace of God, given in new and undreamed of measure, begins to change the imperfect soul into a perfect soul, filled with the love of God.

It is commonly taught that the Holy Souls also experience pains of

sense, because physical punishment for sin is decreed by the law of God both during this life and the next life.

On earth, disordered actions frequently cause bodily pain originating either in the body itself, or resulting from external causes released against the body through improper control of natural forces, as in the case of criminal accidents. In the Book of Wisdom, we read that created forces are sometimes "made fierce against the unjust for their punishment."

In hell, certainly, God uses fire as a punishment of sin. Since it is such an apt instrument for causing pain, it is not unlikely that it is also used in Purgatory. It seems natural that God should manifest His hatred of sin in some way beyond mere words. There ought to be some action of God against the sinner. Vehement denunciations and Divine threats of violence are not inspired without a real meaning and intention behind the words.

While we are not obliged to believe all that holy people have derived from their visions of the Holy Souls, nevertheless it is reasonable to think that these private revelations have been given to awaken dread of the punishments of sin, and sympathy for those who are actually enduring Purgatory.

Our Holy Mother the Church has an immense solicitude for the suffering Souls. She looks upon them as her own children who are being punished by their Father, justly, but severely; they are put in a place of

confinement, there to think of their offenses until the severity of the exile brings them to a clearer idea of the nature and depth of their past wickedness, and they are ready to come forth chastened, humble, repentant, and blessed forever.

In the meantime, the Church, being a Mother, is impelled to do everything in her power. She enters in spirit into the place of punishment, and, in no way disapproving of the discipline of the Father, is most anxious for this awful time to be shortened and to pass away.

She gives to all the Faithful on earth free access to the great treasury of Indulgences which have accumulated, due to the inestimable merits of our Divine Lord, of the Blessed Mother and of the Saints. These merits have a satisfactory value, which can be applied by an act of charity to the Holy Souls.

Some of the Faithful are so generous that they make what is called a "Heroic Act of Charity," by which all the satisfactory value of their prayers and good works, as well as the suffrages received after death, is offered to God in behalf of the Souls in Purgatory.

We ought to pray for them, because their agony is fearful. They can experience no variety of seasons and hours; there are no drugs to ease their sufferings, there is no sleep to bring relief.

And yet they do not wish to escape, even for a moment, from the purifying flames which make them deserving of all pity. Their attitude toward

suffering is very different from that of many souls on earth who are tempted by a spirit of discontent and rebellion. The Holy Souls are so confirmed in grace that all sin becomes impossible.

Nevertheless they realize how unwise they were not to take advantage of many Indulgences which would have satisfied in great measure the justice of God offended by sin, and would have rendered unnecessary much of the torment they experience. They realize how unwise they were not to correct habits of venial sin, habits of vanity, habits of foul language for which they must now make reparation.

Nothing that they themselves can do will hasten the natural term of their sentence; but God, in His infinite mercy, allows our charity to aid them so that without enduring the full measure of punishment they may leave Purgatory and enter into

the joy of the Lord, truly grateful to those who helped them when they were in great need.

It is good to pray for them and also to imitate them, because they are deeply humble, supremely hopeful, utterly resigned to the will of God. Although intensely eager for the Beatific Vision which alone can satisfy their enraptured yearning, they are not guilty of the least impatience, of the least resentment. They know that the day of Resurrection will come, when the expression of each countenance will reveal a beauty of soul above and beyond all earthly beauty. Not one evil desire will be written there, no trace of past self-indulgence will remain.

In Purgatory, they are being made worthy of the promises of Christ, worthy to look actually upon the very face of God, without trembling, without fear, without reproach.



### ONE MIKE TO ANOTHER

Irv Kupcinet in his Chicago *Sun-Times* column tells the story of how the youthful ex-king Michael of Roumania was recently given a salutary reminder. The young monarch was guest of honor at a dinner in Toledo, and was seated next to the mayor, Mike DiSalle.

Several times in the course of the evening people came up to the mayor as he was seated at table and talked to him, calling him "Mike" as they did so. Ex-king Michael could not help hearing this, and finally he turned to the mayor and said: "I didn't mean to eavesdrop, but I could not help hearing all these people address you so vulgarly as, Mike'. Do you always permit that?"

"Let me give you some advice," replied the mayor. "If your people had called you 'Mike', you'd have been king a lot longer."

# *New Test for Cancer*

by Lawrence Galton

From *Pageant*

Courtesy of USIS

Thousands of men, women, and children with cancer will be alive and well a year from now because of an important new development immediately available to doctors everywhere. In addition, many thousands of other people who do not have cancer, although they have symptoms suggesting it, will be saved hospitalization and operations. The development—sponge biopsy—is not a cure but is a method of detecting cancer in early stages. The method—so effective and so easily performed that it can be a key to cure—was developed by Dr. Sidney A. Gladstone, pathologist at New York City's Polyclinic Hospital and Medical School.

Pathologists have an unusual position. They do not treat patients themselves but are medical detectives—men who diagnose disease from samples of blood and tissue. They work in laboratories with all the resources of equipment which modern science affords, and they render a great service to medicine. The pathologist helps both surgeon and doctor to know better what his problem is and to learn how accurate are his diagnoses.

Where cancer is concerned, all too often, it has been the unpleasant duty of the pathologist to report that tissue studies show late cancer. It is well established that early cancer can be cured in a high percentage of cases. However, even moderately advanced cancer is much less susceptible to cure, and a diagnosis of late cancer is practically a condemnation to suffering and death.

In general, people have been influenced to have regular physical examinations but, because of the difficulty of surgical biopsy, the discovery of early cases of cancer still lagged as late as 1948. That year Dr. Gladstone set to work to develop a simple test which would reveal cancer in its early stages.

Dr. Gladstone got his first idea about sponge biopsy while he was working on smear techniques. A smear is just what it is called, a smear of body fluid or mucous secretion on a slide to be examined microscopically. For the cancer test, however, it was unsatisfactory because of the length of time needed to train technicians for its use and because the study of a smear frequently involved

hours of work to isolate the very few cancer cells which might show.

The smear technique had shown, however, that cancer is not a deeply hidden disease, undetectable except at its core. A cancer throws off small quantities of characteristic cells almost from its inception. Dr. Gladstone concluded that what was needed was a sponge which would have sufficiently absorbent qualities to pick up cells and tumor tissue. After a search he found two types of sponges which had not only the absorbing qualities, but another and almost equally important quality. One is gelatine and the other cellulose—one animal, the other vegetable connective tissue—and both can be put through all the steps necessary to prepare cancer cells for microscopic examination without being destroyed in the process.

Dr. Gladstone also developed special little forceps to hold the sponge and apply it readily to a suspected area. Then he worked out a simple technique for handling the sponge once it had been applied and had absorbed tissue fluid, suspended cells, and particles of tissue. The sponge is placed in formaldehyde for fixation, then is embedded in paraffin, cut into thin sections, and stained to make the cells recognizable. Examined by the pathologist under a microscope, cancer cells, singly and in groups, and particles of cancer tissue, show clearly on the surface and in the interstices of the sponge network.

The test was used first at Polyclinic Hospital in 1948. In the first

six months it was applied to 280 cases by 12 different physicians. Many of the doctors were given no special instruction in its use. They were told simply to swab a suspected area and drop the sponge into a bottle of formaldehyde.

Since then a total of more than 2,000 patients have been tested at Polyclinic with sponge biopsy. Dozens of cancers have been detected in early stages so that lives could be saved. Equally important, many suspicious sores or ulcers which otherwise might have been subjected to surgical biopsy—a trifling matter if the sore is cancerous but worse than the affliction if the latter is harmless—have been proved to be harmless by a simple test easily applied by any doctor and requiring very little time by either patient or practitioner.

Dr. Gladstone was awarded the Certificate of Merit for Original Investigation by the American Medical Association in 1949. The sponge biopsy method has been widely reported in medical journals and demonstrated at scientific meetings. It is in routine use in England and Italy and in at least one hospital in every State in the United States.

There are indications that the new method may be applied to lung and stomach cancers. Heretofore its principal use has been for cancers of the cervix, the skin, the rectum, and the mouth, tonsils, and throat. Doctors can use a sponge with a bronchoscope in air passages and lungs. Small sponges tied to a length of braided silk and swallowed have revealed a

number of stomach cancers. The sponge biopsy should be used with any visible suspicious sore or when any symptom indicates a malignancy in the lower intestinal tract, the cervix, or mouth and oral passages.

Dr. Gladstone's work is another step forward in the unceasing battle against disease. Besides saving lives now, it will may open a path which other scientists can follow to further discoveries.



### SEVEN STAGES OF MAN

1. Milk.
2. Milk, vegetables.
3. Milk, ice cream sodas and candy.
4. Steak, coke, French fries, ham and eggs.
5. *Pate de foie gras*, frogs' legs, *Caviar Poulet Royale*, hors d'oeuvres, omelette surprise, *crapes suzettes*, scotch, wine, champagne.
6. Milk and crackers.
7. Milk.

— Chaparral

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The tall, dignified man joined the crowd in front of a bargain counter, in an attempt to get a very special pair of hose for his wife. He inched his way patiently, but was buffeted here and there by the women, and made no progress.

Suddenly he lowered his head, stretched out his arms, and barged through the crowd.

"Can't you act like a gentleman?" interrupted a cold feminine voice at his elbow.

"I've been acting like a gentleman for the past hour," replied the man, still charging forward. "From now on I'm going to act like a lady."

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Why do you go to college?"

"Because I feel so good when vacation time comes."

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### The Air

The passenger death rate on scheduled U. S. airlines last year was 1.3 fatalities for every 100 million passenger miles. Last year's automobile death rate for 100 million miles: 7.6.



# Reducing Beriberi With Enriched Rice

by R. J. Barber

From *Think*

Courtesy of USIS

Rice is one of the great triumvirate of cereals—the others are wheat and maize—whose discovery made farmers of primitive men, enabling them to settle down in stable communities and to found civilizations. Rice is believed to be descended from certain plants of the grass family which are known to grow on the borders of lakes in India, and from related grasses native to southeast Asia and other tropical regions. Chinese records, which go back 4,000 years, use the word rice-culture as a synonym for agriculture, although wheat also was grown in China.

Today there are many more varieties of rice than there are nations of men. There are said to be 1,107 species of rice in India alone, and 1,300 others elsewhere, growing abundantly in hot moist climates, especially in marshy places. Like the other cereals, rice is an inexpensive food. Since it gives a maximum of nourishment for its size and weight, rice is transported and stored more conveniently than any other food.

Half the people of the world—which has a population of nearly 2,300,000,000—live almost entirely on rice. In some languages, the words for rice and food are identical.

Greek travelers told of rice growing in India. Rice reached Syria and North Africa very early and was known in Italy, where it still is an important crop, by the year 1468. Just how or when it first was introduced to North America is not known, but experiments with rice planting were conducted in 1647. At the time of the American War for Independence (1775-1783), the exports of rice from North America totaled about 66,000,000 pounds a year.

At that time, in the United States, the rice stalks were cut with a sickle or cradle, bundled and stacked, and then threshed with a flail. By the year 1800, crude threshing machines were introduced, and the rice grains were husked and winnowed with the use of water-power in tidewater mills. A method of hulling the grains with millstones was developed in 1832.

Stones still are used for the first stage of the milling process, which now relies on steel machinery to scrub and polish the grains to a pearly whiteness. Rice production in the United States reached an all-time high of more than 89,000,000 bushels in 1949.

A principal rice-growing region in the United States is in three valleys of the western State of California. These are the Sacramento, San Joaquin, and Imperial valleys. Rice farming there is almost completely mechanized. The seed is sown by airplane at the rate of 400 acres a day. First the seed is well soaked. Then it is placed in the airplane and is allowed to drip out as the plane flies low over the rice fields. The back-draft of the propeller distributes the seed evenly into the film of water lying over the level fields. There it sinks into the rich mud and soon begins to grow.

The California rice fields are surrounded by irrigation canals and levees. The film of water retards the growth of weeds and keeps birds away. All through the growing season a pumping station will control gates and big pipes keep the water at a uniform level.

The young rice plants are bright green. When they turn gray and are three feet tall, and when the ripening heads curve over, the water is drained off the fields. In two weeks, large mechanical combines enter the fields. As they move along, the rice stalks fall from the cutting blade onto a conveyor belt which carries them to

the threshing section of the machine. There the heavy grains are stripped from their stems by metal teeth. The straw is shaken free, while fans blow away the dirt and chaff. Then the rough rice is poured into bags holding about 160 pounds each, or it is loaded into the bed of a motor truck, and hauled to a warehouse or directly to the mill.

The average person in the United States eats five and a half pounds of rice a year, but this is only a small part of his diet. Other parts of the diet include meat, milk, cheese, fruit, and vegetables. This variety acts as a protection against the wasting diseases which are caused by food deficiencies.

One such disease, beriberi, is caused by lack of thiamine (vitamin B1), a substance necessary to life which is present in the seed-coats of rice and wheat and in some other foods. These seed-coats are ground off and discarded in producing the fluffy white rice which many people prefer, and thus the vitamin value is lost. Means now have been developed for restoring these essential food factors to rice.

The value of the new development was shown dramatically in the Republic of the Philippines. There, in 1946, deaths from beriberi were high. In 1947 a health survey indicated that as many as one-eighth of the people showed symptoms of the disease. During the next year, 63,000 people ate rice specially enriched with thiamine, niacin (an acid), and iron. The death rate among these people

dropped 67 percent. Meanwhile, 29,000 people in another area continued to eat their usual white rice. The death rate among these people increased during the year.

In the area where the death rate from beriberi dropped 67 percent, the remarkable improvement was attributed to the scientific enrichment of rice. This took place locally at the processing mills.

The death rate possibly would have been still lower, since many of those dying were babies too young to eat rice. Their mothers' milk could not nourish them properly until the mothers themselves had eaten a sufficient amount of enriched rice to build up a protective supply of the vitamin in their bodies. Nine months later the death rate from beriberi in the experimental zone dropped to zero. Moreover, the general health of the people who had eaten enriched rice was found to be measurably improved.

The more pleasing appearance of white rice is not the only reason why the vitamin-rich outer coat is ground off. Brown rice requires longer in cooking, which is a serious problem in regions short of fuel. Furthermore, brown rice does not keep well in the

tropics. It is subject to attack by insects and often becomes mouldy and rancid.

India in some sections has developed methods of processing rice so that it retains a high proportion of vitamins and has a pleasing appearance as well. These methods were tested by U.S. Department of Agriculture experts and have been applied to milling in the United States, where the product is known as "converted rice." The rough grains as they come from the fields are soaked, steamed, and then dried before hulling. The vitamins are driven in from the seed-coat all through the kernel.

Large-scale production of converted rice requires highly mechanized equipment, but the process of enriching white rice with vitamins is simple and inexpensive. A small part of the milled rice is coated with vitamins manufactured in the United States. The enriched grains then are mixed with the untreated rice in the proportion of one part in 200. The cost of such a program is paid in the Philippines by an increase of one-tenth of a cent a pound in the price of rice.



"Tell me, Mary," said the pastor to a very old and pious woman of his parish, "What is faith?"

"I am ignorant, Father; I have no education."

"Tell me anyway, Mary, for the faith is surely part of your life."

Mary reflected for a moment, then she said, slowly;

"Well, Father, I guess faith to me means simply taking God at His Word."

No theologian has ever worked out a better definition than that.

*Two decades of matrimonial  
life have proven that still*

# Pets Is Pests

by Joseph A. Breig  
From the *Columbian*



After twenty years of marriage, my wife and I have reduced the Pet Problem in our house to four goldfish. As soon as we get rid of them—as we are now plotting to do—the problem will be reduced to nothing. We then expect to recover our sanity, our sovereignty over our home, and the right to call our immortal souls our own.

Our conspiracy against the four goldfish has been exceedingly devious. Most people, long since, would have poured the fish down the drain, or strangled them. But we haven't the heart to pour them down the drain, and we wouldn't know how to go about strangling them.

What we did was to start a kind of Chamber-of-Commerce-ish campaign to boost our neighborhood. By unrelenting propoganda, we convinced friends of ours, who have seven children and were crowded into a small-ish house at the other end of the city, that their end wasn't fit for human habitation, whereas our end is approximately a heaven on earth.

There was no misrepresentation in this. They were jampacked into their house, and our end of the city is unquestionably superior. We clinched the argument by helping them to find, in our section, a magnificent mansion which was selling for a song. There are many such bargains nowadays because of the curious American delusion that one child makes a family, two children a tribe, and more than two children an attack on the foundations of civilization.

The mansion is surrounded by a private park in which the seven youngsters may run wild. Our friends are exceedingly pleased with the place, and pathetically grateful to us. And of course we have not told them that we got something out of the deal, too. They do not realize that the most attractive feature of their property, in our eyes, is a big outdoor goldfish pond into which, at the first opportunity, we intend to dump our four goldfish. We consider this privilege a very moderate cam-

mission, even for volunteer real estate agents.

We are waiting for a dark night to coincide with a time when our friends, with all their children, are away from home. Then we shall take the goldfish bowl, carry it out to the family automobile, drive silently into the driveway of our friends' mansion, and slink silently across the greenward to the pond. There will be a gurgle and a splash, and we will get back into our car and return to our house to celebrate our dark victory.

We know that we will suffer a moment of passing sadness. There is always a moment of passing sadness when you part with a pet which your children have forced upon you in one of your weak moments. But the psychological lift which follows is well worth it. You are a human being again. No longer are you a mere appendage to a dog, or a mere attendant to a goldfish.

Our goldfish are named Pinky, Reddy, Speckles and Scooter. Pinky was named, apparently, from the fact that he or she or it is pink. Reddy, similarly, is red. Pursuing the same principle, Speckles is speckled. Scooter is a streamlined character with a remarkable penchant for rushing from place to place and getting nowhere, like a modern American motorist in search of a restful vacation.

Like all the other pets we have ever owned, the goldfish were acquired at a time when my wife and I had been reduced to a state of helpless hypnosis by the repetitious pleadings

of one or another of the children, or of all the children together.

"Mam-ee, we want a dog!" "Dad-dee, please buy us a turtle!" Every parent has quailed at the sound of that inexorable and nerve-shattering chanting. Every father and mother has gone through the soul-smashing experience of being made to feel that to say no would be to become a monster of heartlessness. Most parents soon acquire spartan powers of resistance. We did not. My wife and I needed twenty years to learn to stop yielding. We have now learned. We are never going, to give in again. At least, that is what we tell ourselves.

Our first surrender—the surrender that started the habit of surrendering—took place many years ago. Our family then consisted of one daughter who has since grown old enough to want to sell the automobile and buy a riding-horse, which she proposes to quarter in the garage. Fortunately, the zoning laws in our neighborhood protect us from her 'teen-age blandishments. Even if we should say yes—which we have no intention of doing—the police would say no. We are growing to appreciate the police more and more every day.

Our horsey daughter's first pet—the pet which moved in after the first surrender—was a canary named Popeye. Despite the name, Popeye was a female, and couldn't sing for sour apples. She got her name from the fact that she was given to our daughter by Grandpa, who was called Poppie to distinguish him from the

other Grandpa, who was known as Grandpa.

We now realize that we should have told Poppie firmly to take Popeye back where he got her. The thing to do about pets is what any theologian or psychologist will tell you to do about any bad habit—stop it before it gets established. Don't temporize. Don't back and fill. Don't huff and puff. Don't maybe and perhaps. Say no, loudly, firmly and furiously, and stick to it.

If you don't, you're in for it. You will learn from bitter experience—as we learned from Popeye—that everybody loves pets in the abstract, and almost nobody loves them in the concrete. Everybody exclaims over them, but nobody wants to take care of them.

That is the lesson we learned from Popeye. Poppie liked to stand chirping at her on a sunny morning, for about one minute. Our daughter occasionally threw her a hasty "Hi, Popeye," in passing. But who fed her? We did. Who watered her? We did. Who cleaned her cage? Who filled her drinking cup, and brought water for her bath, and swept the floor after she had littered it with seeds, feathers and bits of apple? Ha!

Popeye was welcomed into our house with hosannahs and high excitement, and in three days was an unmitigated nuisance. But the trouble was that she was the kind of nuisance which is furiously defended by everybody who declines to be disturbed by it. We couldn't get rid

of her. Our daughter, who seldom gave her a second glance, went into a decline at the slightest suggestion that she should be given away to somebody who might appreciate her. And for that matter, there was nobody to give her to. Who wants a canary that can't sing?

We couldn't simply open her cage and let her fly away. In the first place, she declined to depart. She knew which side her seed was buttered on. And even if she had consented to leave, we felt that we should never again be able to hold up our heads if we sent her out alone and unprotected into the cat-infested world. And of course we couldn't wring her neck. After all, she was one of God's creatures. So Popeye stayed, and we gritted our teeth helplessly and endured it.

She stayed for years. She stayed until we began to wonder whether canaries, like parrots, live forever. But at last came the time when we moved into a new house—new to us, that is—which had French windows. We were not accustomed to French windows. We established Popeye in front of them, overlooking a sunny lawn, and a sudden gust of wind blew open a window and sent the cage crashing to the floor.

It was clear to the least experienced observer that Popeye was seriously injured. Left to herself, her hours were numbered. But our consciences cancelled the unworthy thought that this was the time to go away and leave Popeye to pass away unattended. No, she must have her

sporting chance. We sent our daughter out to canvass the neighborhood in search of somebody who knew something about injured birds.

Never have we become so well acquainted with new neighbors so quickly. Almost before you could say Popeye, our living room was crowded with sympathetic men and women. Their unanimous verdict was that we must find Mrs. Bamberger. Mrs. Bamberger, it appeared, knew everything that can possibly be known about vegetables, flowers, animals, birds and people. She was sent for, and responded promptly, appearing in our house dusting the hands, with which she had been preparing her garden, and demanding in a great friendly voice to know what was the matter.

She examined Popeye carefully, shook her head, bound splints on the tiny legs, and departed, warning us to expect the worst. She was right. The next morning, Popeye lay motionless in her cage, and a kind of melancholy pervaded the household. Well, we had done our best, for her; and now we would say goodbye with all due ceremony.

It was strange that this marvellous little yellow creature should be lifeless. We wondered at the mystery of life which yesterday had animated her, and today had departed. We placed her in a little white box lined with a bit of silk, and moved in solemn procession to the back yard.

There we scooped a tiny grave, and laid Popeye to rest. Our daughter solemnly plucked a flower and laid

it on the freshly-turned earth. It was all very touching, but my wife and I looked at each other and told ourselves, silently, that from now on the only living things that would be taken into our family would be children. We have learned our lesson, we said to ourselves. But we hadn't.

The next creature to move in on us was a collie; or rather, a tiny bundle of wriggling fur which was destined to grow into an enormous white collie with a bark that could be heard for a mile, and an insatiable appetite for running after children and chasing automobiles.

This time it was Aunt Gene who trapped us into violating our pledge to ourselves. She did not consult us in advance; she knew better. On Decoration Day she arrived from the train in a taxi, carrying a basket in which was the creature who was to disrupt our household for two years. By this time, we had three children, and they clustered around with delighted shouts when the lid was opened to disclose the white puppy. After an hour of conferences, they named him Prince.

Prince was so young that he could eat nothing but milk. In fact, he was so young that he couldn't even eat that. He didn't know how; and he might have starved had we not discovered that he would lap up his meals if somebody sat beside him, wriggling a finger in the milk to tempt him. I shudder to think of the time I spent doing that. As usual, the children, after the first

novelty wore off, were much too busy to bother.

This situation continued as Prince grew older. Every day at feeding time there was a loud and spirited debate about whose turn it was to take care of him. Ditto when he needed water. Ditto when he had to be taken for a run around the neighborhood. Ditto, ditto, ditto; and it was always, in the end, either I or my wife who did the dittoing.

To domesticate Prince was impossible. Anyhow, we were told that collies should live outdoors. I ruined the garage by cutting a door in it for him and installing him there. He didn't want to be indoors; but he didn't like the garage either, and he took to howling at the moon, or barking at passing automobiles, in the wee hours of the morning. Our popularity stock in the neighborhood fell rapidly.

Prince also had a genius for slipping his leash. He became notorious among motorists, who were reduced to nervous prostration by their frantic efforts to avoid running him down as he snapped at their front wheels. He could run, I believe, at least fifty miles an hour.

He took to meeting the children—all the children for blocks around—at school, and running from group to group as they skipped home. All he wanted to do, of course, was to play; but how were they to know that? I spent much of my time abjectly apologizing to irate parents. And to top it all off, I discovered that the only way to silence Prince when he started

his nightly uproar was to get out of bed and give him an extra ration.

It was too much. My wife and I held a council, and decided that Prince must go. I palmed him off on a fellow-newspaperman who had bought a house in the country, and wanted a dog to protect his small boy. I assured him that the devil himself wouldn't go near the boy as long as Prince was present. One gladsome day, then, Prince and I parted with mutual expressions of esteem. My newspaperman friend was very pleased with him, and he guarded the little boy adequately for several years. But at last he chased one automobile too many.

Let us pass over in silence other pets which have infested our household, or tried to infest it. Let us draw the veil on the cocker spaniel which was finally taken off our hands by the milk man, and the stray cats and dogs to which we firmly said no in spite of the anguished appeals of our children—who by this time number five. Let us get to the goldfish, and to the end of this interminable essay.

The goldfish were foisted on us with the plea that after all goldfish couldn't bark or chase automobiles or children, couldn't litter up the house with birdseed, couldn't break their legs and die to spite Mrs. Bamberger, couldn't howl at the moon, and seldom need to be fed. I have omitted from this account the harrowing story of how I used to wash Prince White Collie in the bathtub and dry him with the bath mat; but now the chil-



dren argued that goldfish needed no washing, and couldn't leave the bathroom in turmoil. There was no disputing the logic of that.

Well, we should have known better, but we finally succumbed to the solemn childish promises that we would never have to bother with the goldfish because Betty would change their water every day, and Joe would feed them. Three days later, my wife and I were taking turns doing those chores; and when we rebelled once and insisted that Betty do her duty, the bowl got broken and I had to rush to a friend's house to borrow another—which not long afterward was broken too. Come to think of it, we haven't bought our friend a new bowl yet.

But it isn't really the changing of the water and the feeding of the fish which have hardened into concrete our resolution to get rid of them. No; the straw that has broken the Breig back is the fact that the goldfish are installed in the sun parlor where I do my writing; and at night, when everybody is in bed and the place is as still as an abandoned tomb, they come to the surface and smack their lips at me just as I am about to grasp a thought and put it down on paper.

Have you ever tried to concentrate while four goldfish were making little blipping noises at you behind your

back? Have you ever tried to keep your mind on some deep philosophical truth while that tiny bubbling sound went remorselessly on? If you have, you know why, for the moment, I am writing what passes for humor. Laughing at oneself is the only refuge from that intolerable noise. But I expect to go back to my philosophy as soon as we get that dark night for which we are waiting—the dark night when our friends are away from their mansion and their fish pond. And even so, I will be in some obscure way sorry to part forever from Pinky, Reddy, Speckles and Scooter. There will be a little pang in my heart when with a fiendish grin, I dump them into our friend's pond. For just about one minute, I will be sad; as I was when Popeye died, and when Prince went away, and when the spaniel was handed over to the milk man.

Nevertheless, I shall say a firm farewell to our goldfish. I know that it is all for the best. They will be happier in the big outdoor pool with the other goldfish, and I will be able to go back to my writing without being burred at behind my back. And my wife won't have to change fish-water any more. She always says "ugh" when she does it, and no husband likes to have his wife going around saying "ugh." It isn't very matrimonial.



What others say can't hurt you—unless you let it.

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Reg. No. 290, p. 59, Book I

(Sgd.) VICENTE ROCO, Jr.  
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My commission expires  
Dec. 31, 1952



A fellow who lived in an isolated region went to the city for the first time and returned wearing a ring containing a huge stone. The jewelry dazzled the village belles and excited the envy of the other men, one of whom finally asked if it was a real diamond. "Waal, if it ain't," replied the wearer, "I've shore been skun out of four bits!"

Dear sir,

In the matter of rice production here in the Philippines how about considering the fact that Thailand is not bothered by the evils of Huks and typhoons? Blaming it all on the "mania for white-collar jobs" as you stated in your editorial is I think a little bit too one-sided view.

Onofre H. Salade

You give too much credit to the Huks. It is estimated that there are only 5,000 Huks in our population of 20,000,000. Most provinces in the Philippines have no Huks, but all have the white-collar disease.—Ed.

We need a subdivision in our file for this next one, taken from the Southern Cross of Cape town

The bus was very crowded and the day hot and uncomfortable. A boy of thirteen or so occupied one of the seats, while a tired looking woman stood in front of him with a baby in her arms. Noticing this, a strap-hanging male passenger offered the boy a nickel for the seat. The boy took the coin, stood up, and the man nodded for the woman to take the seat.

The lady sat down, thanked him and said: "Thank the nice man for the money, Johnny."

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