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# PHILIPPINES Commonweal

THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC WEEKLY OF THE PHILIPPINE REPUBLIC

FILE

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## RIZAL AND SISTER

(Photo by Mayflower Studio)

See: 'Death In The Morning'

Page 4

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# The Philippines Commonwealth

The National Catholic Weekly of  
The Philippine Republic

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## EDITORIAL

### H. B. Reyes

The appointment of Mr. H. B. Reyes to the vice-presidency of one of the oldest and most powerful American firms in the Philippines, commonly known as the Meralco, is a recognition of the exceptional abilities possessed and the extraordinary services rendered by the appointee to the firm concerned. In a way it sheds unusual honor on us, both as Filipinos and as Catholics. For Mr. Reyes is not only a loyal and patriotic Filipino; he is also and above all else, a fervent and devoted practical Catholic.

One fact that makes the appointment especially significant is that for the first time in the history of the Meralco in the Philippines, a Filipino has been raised to the vice-presidency of a firm, the ranking officials of which have always been Americans. The especial significance lies not so much in the recognition of the exceptional abilities of another gifted Filipino, as it lies in the recognition of a need on the part of American and foreign firms to rely more and more on Filipino ability due no doubt to this country's change in political status. Even if only as a sedative to any misgivings we may have as to the genuineness of our independence, any evidence of such a recognition is indeed soul-satisfying and reassuring.

This, of course, is aside and, in fact, in addition to the unusual gifts of Mr. Reyes as a business executive and as a man. We are certain that this consideration more than just the benefits which the Company might derive from Mr. Reyes as a Filipino, was the deciding factor in his appointment. For Mr. Reyes is that rare combination of brilliant mind, dogged industry and sterling character, so necessary in the conduct of big business, such as that of the Meralco, and yet so seldom seen.

As Catholics, then, and as Filipinos, we say to Mr. Reyes: We salute and congratulate you!

### OUR COVER

With this week's cover go patriotic feelings that sweep over us annually on June 19. We have Doña Trinidad Rizal, the hero's 80-year-old and only surviving sister, looking wistfully at an oil painting of her brother by Juan Luna. The picture hangs at the sala of 2135 O'Donnell where Doña Trinidad resides. Also seen on the console table is a bust of Dr. Jose Rizal, which is a gift to Doña Trinidad from the sculptor G. F. Tolentino. A facsimile of the *Last Farewell* hangs above it. Encased in glass is a wood carving done by Dr. Rizal while in exile at Dapitan. It represents a mother dog furiously fighting for her puppy which is imprisoned between the jaws of a crocodile.

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## Your Opinion Is Wanted!

For the last three weeks, the *Philippines Commonwealth* has been coming out in magazine form. We received hundreds of letters commenting on the change. But we are not satisfied. We want your opinion if you have not given it yet.

Read this issue; then take out pen and paper and write to:

The Editor, The Philippines Commonwealth  
Suite 422, Regina Bldg., Escolta  
Manila

You don't have to praise us. Be frank. We want you to be frank.

Prizes of P25.00 each will be awarded to the best two letters received. Mailed entries must be post-marked not later than June 30, 1948.



*Doña Trinidad Rizal, the hero's sole surviving sister, poses with her niece, Mrs. Luisa Quintano Vda. de Arques, a grandnephew and a grandniece. She is an ardent collector of Rizaliana. (MAYFLOWER Photo)*

**J**OSE RIZAL stood by the window of his cell in Fort Santiago, recalling all the things that had happened since his return to the Philippines in 1892. Over four years had passed since then, for it was December 29, 1896 and he barely had a day to live.

Who knows?

Perhaps he felt a tinge of regret that he had not taken the opportunity to escape that his friends had made for him in Dapitan. Perhaps, at that moment, he felt deserted and alone in his prison cell, condemned to die because he had committed the unforgivable sin of loving his country too well.

But now, in his death-cell he had only one thought: to prepare himself to die as he had lived, honestly and unafraid.

"I wish," he told a prison guard, "that in some way the Jesuits could come and see me. I would like to talk to them so much." He felt un-

ashamedly glad when he learned that Father Mata, the rector of the Ateneo de Manila, and Father Viza had been in the Fort for some hours, hoping against hope that he might ask for them. If they had prayed, their prayers were answered now. Jose Rizal was ready to see them now.

The first thing that he asked for was a statue of the Sacred Heart that he had carved as a boy. It was given

him, and he placed it on the table.

**DOUBT AND DOUBT...**

**W**ithout preliminary, Rizal turned to the subject of Masonry. "Surely, Fathers," he said, "to be a Mason is no evil thing." He launched into a heated defense of the association, saying that Masonry was no religion, that one could be a Mason and still be a Catholic. But Father Viza smiled sadly and shook his

head.

"Jose, Jose," he asked, "even at this hour can you not see that you are wrong?" Rizal lapsed into a bitter silence. They offered him a Sodality medal.

"I can scarcely be called a Socialist now," he said bitterly.

The hours passed. Father Viza left. Father Rosell came to take his place. Rizal was very much agitated now, seeming like a man who cannot rest easy with his thoughts.

"I shall be dead tomorrow," he muttered sadly. "Of what use to me now is my knowledge of languages?" Then he became calm and took his breakfast with the Jesuit. Afterwards, Father Rosell left him with his thoughts.

It was ten o'clock in the morning. A guard told Rizal that Fathers Balaguer and Villaclara had come to see him. He welcomed them.

# Death in the Morning

**in every man's life there comes a time when he must face Death. Here is told how Rizal met that fateful hour . . .**

**By JOSE CASTANEDA**

"Jose," Father Balaguer said, "we have brought a document of retraction. Will you sign it?"

"No," Rizal said, almost in a shout. The morning passed away in heated discussion, prolonged debate. Rizal was firm. The Jesuits were even more so.

That noon, when the Archbishop heard that Rizal was adamant, he sent a circular to all religious houses, asking prayers for the doomed Filipino.

In the afternoon Father Balaguer came back to the Fort. The debate waxed hot again. Rizal took up the Protestant Rule of Faith. Father Balaguer showed him where he was wrong. Rizal retired to Free Thought, saying that the sole criterion by which truth could be measured was individual reason.

Father Balaguer shot back at him; he discussed the mysteries of Faith. Rizal raised frequent and loud objections. Fr. Horacio de la Costa, describing his attitude at that hour, says: "The Socratic serenity of the man was remarkable. A bare fifteen hours lay between him and death, and still he argued."

"Jose," Father Balaguer asked, "do you realize what will happen to your soul if you remain obstinate?" For the first time, Rizal's self-control broke down. With tears in his eyes, he said:

"No, no, I cannot be lost."

After a while he continued: "Father, if I were to agree to everything you said without meaning it, I would offend God. If I signed a retraction without faith in the articles attested to, I would be a hypocrite."

Father Balaguer was silent. There was pity and hurt in his eyes. "Yes, Jose," he signed, "I suppose you are right. But you realize what a painful thing it is for

me to stand helpless while someone I love sends himself to hell."

"I cannot seem to convince my reason," Rizal answered sadly.

"Ask the gift of Faith,"

hour that followed. But when Father Faura came, Rizal was as a child who had found peace at last.

"Do you remember, Father," Rizal asked the Jesuit scientist who had been so

## Rizal's Last Farewell

Adieu, our land adored, clime by sun caressed,  
Pearl of Orient seas, our blissful Eden lost,  
Glad, I'll offer thee this life, forlorn, unblest;  
If it were fresher far, more lustrous, at its best,  
Still for thee I'd give it, for thee I'm blind to cost.

On open fields of battle, pitched with frenzied might,  
Others die for thee without a moment's pause;  
Small matter is the place: laurels or lily white,  
Gibbet or open plain, red martyrdom or fight,  
'Tis the same when 'tis for home and country's cause.

I die as I behold heavens' golden mane  
At last proclaim the day rising from night's dark bow'r;  
If crimson thou shouldst want thy radiant dawn to stain,  
Turn my blood to dye, 'fied it now like rain,  
Let it be gilt under thy sun's darting show'r!

And now my resting-place perhaps nobody would know;  
Nowhere a cross or stone to mark and show my mound:  
Lest the farmer plough it and scatter it with his hoe,  
Before my ashes slip back to nothingness,—Lo!  
E'en amongst the dust of thy rugs they'd be found.

It matters not that I'm forgot: I've no fears;  
Thy atmosphere, thy spaces, thy vales I will traverse,  
Vibrant and clearest note I'll be to soothe thy ears:  
Light, aroma, colors, rumor, chant and tears,  
The essence of my faith, for aye I shall rehearse.

My country idolized, source of my bitterest gall,  
Beloved Philippines, list to my last adieu;  
There all I leave to thee: my parents, loved ones, all;  
I fly where unheard the hangman's noose, the tyrant's thrall;  
Where faith requires no life, where God gives man his due.

My parents, brothers, fragments of my soul, adieu!  
Companions of my childhood, lost in homeland quest,  
Give thanks that now I rest, past the life of rue;  
My foreigner sweet, my friend, happiness, adieu!  
Adieu! my dearest ones, adieu! . . . to die is to rest!

. . . Excerpts from the translation  
by JOSE M. ICASIANO



AND so the arguments ended. Father Balaguer took his leave. Monsignor Tunon came; then he, too, left. Rizal was alone with his thoughts. No one knows what happened in the brief

close a friend of his, "what you told me the last time we were together? You said that if I followed the road on which I was bent, I would end up on a scaffold. Your prophecy has become fact; so shall I die indeed."

And the Jesuit could not speak, for he was close to tears.

That night Father Balaguer found Rizal ready to return to the Church which he had deserted. Father Balaguer dictated a formula which Rizal wrote down, making his own additions as he went along. He signed it. Then he had Father Villacera hear his confession. This done, he knelt before the altar, and read his retraction in a clear, steadfast voice. Then he went to sleep.

When he awoke, it was barely three o'clock. "Go back to sleep," they told him. "When morning comes, I shall rest indeed."

The dark skies lightened and took on the hue of dawn.

He heard Mass and received Holy Communion. It was the first in many years; it was the last he would ever take. Then he was married to Josefina Bracken, the girl who had been his comfort in Dapitan.

Saying good-by to her, he begged forgiveness that he had brought her so little happiness, so much sorrow. She wept for a while, then smiled at him. She would not cry anyone, she told herself. She must be brave.

The death escort came. "It is time to leave, Señor," Rizal was told. He embraced his wife for the last time and turned around. He did not look back.

They led him out of Fort Santiago, out of the Walled City, out along the drive that led to Bagumbayan. Only once did he turn around: he looked past the moat and up at the spires of the churches glinting in the early sun. Looking at the Ateneo he said, "I spent seven years there; they were among the happiest years of my life."

He turned around again, his eyes to the front. They were near now to the place of execution. For a little while his calm broke down. Then he was himself again, pale, composed, ready to meet Death on equal terms.

"What a terrible thing it is to die," he told the Jesuits

(Continued on page 23)

In the Cornell university of 1914, tall gangling specimens of American studenthood critically eyed a lean lad, unmistakably Oriental, as he made his way down the campus. He was just a little over four feet tall and, if the truth must be told, he resembled a refugee from Lilliputland more than anything else.

"Who's the Chink?" his critics asked themselves.

The "Chink" was Hermenegildo B. Reyes and three years later, he was teaching heat power engineering and machine design to students who towered over him. As time went on, his name (so long for such a little lad) was abbreviated to H. B., and as H. B. he was to be known all his life.

1914 was an eventful year. In Montevideo, Serbian fifth-columnists murdered Archduke Ferdinand of Austria. Europe was an armed camp, bristling with the panoply of war. The seas were crisscrossed by the wake of submarines and torpedo-boats that up till then had been closely-guarded secrets. In the United States women marched through the streets singing, "I didn't bring up my boy to be a soldier." In the Philippines people read that another foreign nobleman had been murdered in an obscure corner of Europe and turned to page 3 with a shrug. Kaiser Wilhelm was reviewing his troops aligned along the Under den Linden Strasse. And on an America-bound liner, a Filipino boy of 16 found out that he had found his sea-legs and was making a thrilling trip to the land of promise.

Deep in war-torn waters a German submarine trailed dangerously behind and near-panic gripped the passengers. "Prepare to man the lifeboats!" "Women and children first!" The young H. B. looked on, conscious of the pounding excitement in his veins and unwilling to admit that it could be fear.

So there he was on that boat, travelling alone at an age when most boys would still have been chaperoned, speeding swiftly to a new world. Tucked in his trunk along with his first pair of long trousers was an A. B. diploma from the Ateneo de Manila. Stamped on it in letters of glaring newness were the words: magna cum laude. For on the March that had just passed, the son of Dr. Vicente Reyes of Malolos had graduated from the Jesuit school at the head of his class.

#### CONQUEST

H. B.'s youthful career in his homeland had been a succession of scholastic honors. He was like Alexander who thought there were no more lands to conquer, with the difference that now, he was bound

than three years. Simultaneously, he was appointed an instructor in engineering. He was then barely 19 years old.

When H. B. finally returned to this country, his conquests included a master's degree in mechanical engineering, a certificate in electrical engineering, a great love for books and the beginning of what was to be a tremendous collection of pipes.

of Davis' "Moral Theology" on the priest's shelf. He borrowed it; the next day he was back with the book.

"Are you through with it?" the astonished priest asked.

"No, but I have the complete set now," was the reply.

Indeed the story, which reveals his character best, concerns his books and his pipes.

It happened in December, 1944. The Japanese were making feverish

## OF BOOKS AND PIPES

Here is the story of a man who grew up, literally with pipe in mouth, with book in hand....



H. B. REYES at 16 . . .  
bachiller des artes



. . . and in 1920 . . .  
two years a benedict

#### SCHOLAR WITH A PIPE

Lover of books and of pipes: this fairly sums up the man. An old saying goes: "Trust a man who smokes a pipe." Said of H. B., to this statement must be added the fact that here indeed is a scholar who believes in intensive application, a man intensively human and genuinely virile.

Recently he was browsing in a Catholic bookstore when he noticed two scholarly works on canon law: Bouscaren and Ciccognani. He picked up the two books, rushed to Father Willmann (who had offices in the same place) and asked: "Which is the better?"

At another time he saw a volume

preparations for a last stand in Manila's south side. The first thing H. B. did was to cart his wife and children off to Malolos, his hometown. Then he went to the Philippine Trust company to deposit his large collection of books and a cabinetful of pipes. Then the battle of liberation, and everything was swallowed up in smoke. H. B. shrugged his shoulders and started collecting all over again.

One wonders if, with all his work, H. B. ever finds time to read his books. But though he looks like the frailest of men, H. B. is a living dynamo of energy. He has caught up with the swift tempo of life demanded by his multifold activities, and his family and co-workers find it hard to keep pace with him.

Yes, H. B. does find time for his beloved books.

During the night, surrounded by the quiet of a sleeping world, he buries himself in his tomes and loses track of time while he communes with the world's intellectual masters. Education to him is a process that must never be allowed to stop.

This is what fits him so eminently for the presidency of the Catholic Educational Association of the Philippines.

But to say merely that H. B. is a scholar would not be accurate. Education to be true must not only teach a man how to make a living; it must, above all, teach him how to make a life. If H. B. were merely a scholar, he would be an extremely rich man. As it is, he is a man in the fullest sense of the world.

#### THE RISE OF H. B.

When he came back to the Philippines in 1920, he was taken into (Continued on page 23)

By Mario T. Gatbonton

# BARGAIN *in* BRIMSTONE

A TRUE STORY BY FULTON OURSLER



"... I didn't come here on religious business!"  
 "Then what are you here for?" the priest asked.  
 "To kill time," she replied with a bumptious giggle.

steadfast contempt. She was weaving and twining her fingers together with a faint jingle of bracelets and there flashed through his mind the lines of Ellenor Wylie:

"I am being woman, hard besot;  
 I live by squeezing from a stone  
 The little nourishment I get."  
 Then he heard her husky whisper.

"Relax, big boy. I didn't come here on religious business!"

"Then what are you here for?" the priest asked.

"To kill time," she replied with a bumptious giggle.

"But why?"

"Oh, I just promised my old lady I would come to church, that's all. She's waiting down the street. I only want to stay about five minutes, to let her think I'm going to confession."

The priest mopped his dripping forehead, cleared his throat cautiously, and began:

"Listen, child—"

"Call me Aggie. That's my name.

Aggie Retzinek."  
 "I am not asking your name," he said, "but I will tell you it's Russian—Agafia. It came from a Greek word and do you know what it means? It means 'good'."

"That's a joke on you, big boy. Let me tell you something—I'm the worst girl in this town."

"Oh! no, you're not! I know the worst girl."

"And who is she?"

"She's the one who thinks she is the best girl in town." There was a hint of banter in his tone. "You know, I might make your confession for you."

"Listen, big boy—I just got out of the State Reformatory for girls. Reformatory!"

She spewed out the word, disgorging with it a torrent of brothel profanity. The young priest knew that her language was only a projection of her own inner self-contempt, and therefore there was hope for her.

"I fell for your holy stuff at first," she went on. "All I cared about was getting out of there. So I went to chapel and I prayed to God. But He must have been too busy for the likes of me."

"Perhaps He said no."

"Have it any way you want. I didn't go free, that's all. So then—"

(Continued on page 25)

**A** HE young assistant pastor had been warned that his new assignment in the abattoir quarter, "back of the yards," was a nightmare parish. In that region of bull pens, slaughterhouses, and slums there was more sordidness than in all the rest of the town.

One muggy afternoon in deep July he stood on the steps of his

church where the mercury neared 100 degrees. His body, swathed in a cassock, winced with prickly heat.

A whiff of cheap perfume preceded the girl who now stood defiantly before him. Framed in frizzled hair tied in pink bows, her face was aged in experience, yet hopelessly young and futile; cat-like eyes looked up at him in

## PAÑALITIS

★

Contra la "pañalitis" (irritaciones del pañal humedo)... **MEXSANA**, el polvo fino e impalpable, para dar alivio a las irritaciones y escaldaduras de la piel.

**MEXSANA** no es un talco...

**MEXSANA** es un polvo vegetal medicamentoso...

**MEXSANA** es refrescante...

**MEXSANA** no debe faltar en su hogar...

# MEXSANA

**FRESCO. COMO LA BRISA**

# Story of an UNFINISHED STORY



when he had the urge, as he had it now, he didn't have the time; and when he had the time, he didn't have the urge; and when, as now, he had both the time and the urge, there was no story to tell, or else it wasn't ripe enough for telling.

The old, almost useless, machine in front of him had an interesting tale to itself, but it never occurred to him to write it. He could not think of this machine as having anything of itself that was interesting enough to any person. For he was one who disliked machines.

Once upon a time this machine belonged to another fellow who had wanted to be a writer. He had tried it several times but each time he failed to write a story the way it should have been written, and he never got around to publishing any of the stories he had written with this machine. Feeling very bitter about his frustration, and at the same time feeling the need of some money, he offered to sell the machine to this fellow who now sat at the kitchen table, in front of this same machine, wondering what story to write. His name was Almario Mijares Apostol, who thought of himself as one of the best unheard-of writers.

He sat down at the kitchen table meaning to write a story. His wife had cleared the table of all things pertaining to the kitchen and he had planted his old typewriter on it and now he sat there staring blankly at the keys, wondering what story to write.

He had no particular idea for a story but there was in him at the moment a very strong urge to write, so he just sat there waiting for the idea to be born, as it were. He was sure he had it in him, the gist of the story, only it wasn't ripe enough. Now, he thought, if only I have the patience to await its ripening, it will come to me before the night gets deep.

It was a warm evening. He and his five-year-old son had just finished their supper when the urge to write dawned upon him. It wasn't often

*His wife had cleared the table . . . and he had planted his old typewriter on it and now he sat there staring blankly at the keys . . .*

that this creative urge made pass away without taking itself felt in him, and now advantage of it. that he had it strongly in him, there was no letting it



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He had bought the old, almost useless, typewriter not because he needed it, for he could write with more ease and with more concentration with a pencil; but because he wanted to help the other fellow out of a difficult circumstance. Since he had bought this machine five months ago, all he was able to write with it were three short poems in free verse, one of which he was able to sell to a weekly magazine for seven pesos, and the other two were rejected as ambiguous. He thought editors were stupid for rejecting such beautiful poems that had depth and an "extra dimension."

It took him quite a long time waiting for the idea of the story to be ripe enough for the telling. He could feel the story taking shape and form and growth within himself, not unlike the feeling of a woman big with child just before the moment of birth.

It is going to have depth and an extra dimension, he told himself: it is going to be an eye-opener. I will make it as sweet-flowing as a river, and as clear to reflect the beauty of the sky.

But every time his fingers were about ready to work on the keys of the typewriter, a feeling of strange fear would overcome him, and his fingers remained poised over the keys, inert, as if he were afraid to discover that the thought he was going to translate into black and white would come out like a freak child.

The story he wanted to write concerned a young man who wanted to be a writer of tales but could not because he felt all the time that he was drowning in a sea of darkness. He (the hero of the story that the actual writer, Almario Mijares Apostol, wanted to write) took to wandering in the thoroughfares of the city as an escape from that feeling of drowning in a sea of darkness, since his attempts at writing tales failed to distract him from that drowning feeling. He was forever in search of light, even in the blinding noon-day sunshine of the city. The hero of the story finally lost his wits.

It was now getting late in the night and as he sat at the kitchen table in the dining room of his thirty-pesos-a-month apartment, the story slowly completed itself in his mind, and now it was ripe enough for the telling, for translation from thought into the print-

ed word, and the old, almost useless, machine stood ready, on the kitchen table, to serve him. But then the problem of how best to tell the tale confronted Almario Mijares Apostol, who was one of the best unheard-of writers in his country. How to give it depth? and the extra dimension? For this was not going to be just another story written. It was going to be an eye-opener, calculated to bring fame to its author.

He, the writer, had put the title on the top of the first page: THE MAN WHO WAS IN SEARCH OF LIGHT, and under it, the by-line: By Almario Mijares Apostol. The sound of the types striking the paper was music to his ears, and had sort of awakened him from the depth of his thinking. He paused to consider how the title and the by-line would look. And for the first time since he had sat before his typewriter, he grew aware of the sound of the piano in the mis-

mediate neighborhood playing a much-abused tune called "Mardi Gras."

Now, how could a fellow write about a man in search of light to that tune and to that kind of piano-playing? He could make use of the neighbor who was trying to play the piano, he could use her in his story; but not now. For the moment he would write the story of a man who was in search of light, the man who felt all the time a sense of drowning in a sea of darkness, and who later lost his wits.

The writer's wife had put the

little boy to sleep in the next room, and now she sat on the floor in a corner of the kitchen from where she could watch him in the act of creating a masterpiece. As a husband he had failed her in many ways, for he was not what might be called a good provider, and there were times when she thought she was being neglected; but now that he was struggling with his own thoughts, trying to produce something to help him rise in this world, she had nothing but respect for him. She kept very still lest he be disturbed. Already

(Continued on page 24)

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# The PORTSIDE

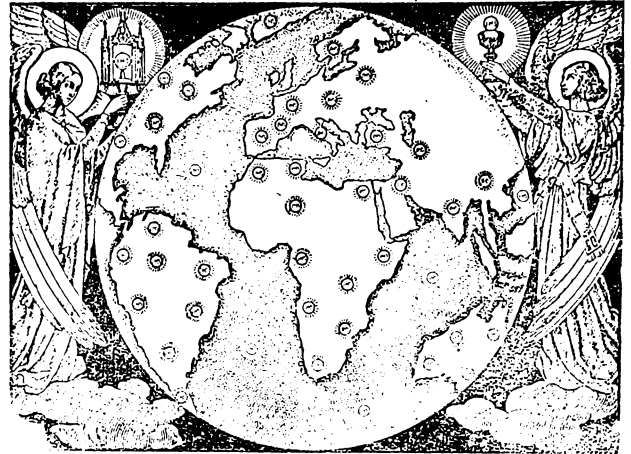
## "On Bringing Up Children"

These first two installments of a series "On Bringing Up Children" from the Sulu Cross, are quotable. Tell us if you want the rest of the series.

\* \* \*

The basic point is for the father and mother to love their children. "Of course we love them" . . . you say! Yes, but let's check up on what kind of love. There is a true love and a misguided love.

I have heard parents here boasting: "I love my boy. I give him  
(Continued on page 24)



In all parts of the world Jesus Christ is truly and substantially present in the Most Blessed Sacrament of the altar. Wherever we go, we can pay Our Lord a visit in the Blessed Sacrament. Wherever we go, we can receive Our Lord corporally in Holy Communion, to refresh and sustain our souls. When we visit a town or city, we should first of all pay a visit to our Eucharistic Lord, that He may bless us.

## Holy Communion

By Bishop L. L. MORROW, S.C.  
Author, "My Catholic Faith"

What is Holy Communion?—Holy Communion is the receiving of Jesus Christ in the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist.

1. "Communion" means a uniting or sharing together. In Holy Communion Christ and our soul are intimately united, and we share the banquet of the Lord's table.

2. Christ commanded us to receive Holy Communion when He said: "Except you eat the Flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His Blood, you shall not have life in you" (John 6: 54). It is the food of our souls.

What is necessary to receive Holy Communion worthily?—To receive Holy Communion worthily, it is necessary to be free from mortal sin, and to fast from midnight.

1. We must be in the state of grace. One is not required to go to confession before each communion, but only when he is conscious of grievous sin.

2. If without a person's fault he forgets in confession to accuse himself of a mortal sin, it is for-

given with his other sins, and he can go to Holy Communion.

3. One who commits a mortal sin after confession and, not realizing it, goes to Holy Communion, does not make a bad communion. One makes a bad communion only when one is certain and conscious of being in mortal sin, and still deliberately receives Holy Communion.

Does he who knowingly receives Holy Communion in mortal sin receive the body and blood of Christ and His graces?—He who knowingly receives Holy Communion in mortal sin receives the body and blood of Christ, but does not receive His graces, and commits a great sin of sacrilege.

What does it mean to fast from midnight?—To fast from midnight means to take nothing by way of food or drink or medicine after midnight.

1. We must be fasting from midnight. This fast is not violated unless what is taken comes from without, is swallowed as food, drink, or medicine, and is digestible.

2. One who is eating or drinking must stop at the first stroke of midnight, but he may swallow what is already in the mouth. If several clocks strike, the last may be followed if it is usually reliable.

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**I**N Cebu where parades are as common as pre-election rallies, the entourage that filed through the streets on a day last February attracted little attention. The

ance to sick and disabled members; 3) promoting social and intellectual intercourse which may be desirable and proper; and 4) promoting and conducting educational, charitable, religious

and social welfare.

Today the organization has 3113 different councils and counts with 794,477 active members.

The Cebu K of C itself has been far from idle. It has

## CEBU'S COLUMBIANS

**With the establishment of Cebu Council No. 3106, the Knights of Columbus move one step farther in the South**

average street loafer looked on disinterestedly . . . until he saw the Archbishop marching way down near the end of the file, with Governor Cuenco tucked in inconspicuously among the other participants.

What made him still more curious was the fact that the hoi-polloi of the Cebu business world seemed to be content to march side by side with their employees, seeking no privileges and wanting none.

The men marching down the street, had the bystander taken the trouble to inquire, were the Knights of Columbus. The parade itself was one of the highlights of the establishment of Cebu Council No. 3106.

Addressing the Knights afterwards, the Rev. George J. Willmann, S.J., acting district delegate for the K of C, said: "You have indeed reached a milestone in your progress. You will continue to advance with great strides towards grander and greater Columbian achievement, "pro Deo at Patria."

Father Willmann's words have proved prophetic. Membership in the Cebu K of C has increased. Activities have been expanded. KC influence in social life has become a potent factor indeed in Cebu.

The Cebu group is an offshoot of an organization founded in New Haven, Connecticut 66 years ago, when Fr. Michael J. McGivney gathered his male parishioners together "to protect the ideals of Church and State."

In spite of its stupendous growth the KC has stuck to the same aims: 1) rendering pecuniary aid to members and beneficiaries; 2) rendering aid and mutual assist-



Archbishop GABRIEL M. REYES  
When Columbians paraded, he was way behind.

given substantial economic aid to charitable organizations, such as the Asilo de la Milagrosa leprosarium and its "negative barrio". Last Christmas also saw Knights headed by Grand Knight Ismael Alvarez play Kris Kringle to leprosarium inmates to whom they distributed over 500 pairs of new shoes, as well as textiles and food.

Before the war, they also sponsored a holy retreat for laborers which, under the direction of Archbishop Gabriel M. Reyes, enabled thousands of laborers to secure religious instruction. So vast, indeed, has been the Cebu Knights' participation in life here that no religious activity would be complete without them.

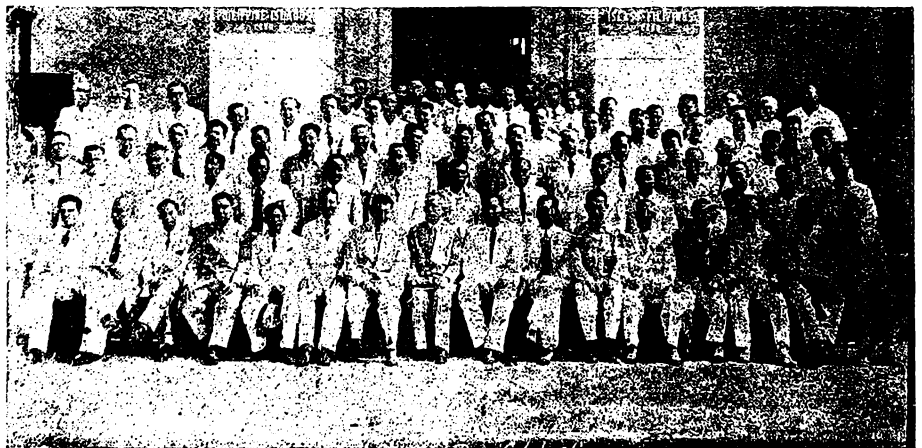
At present, plans are being drafted to construct a club-  
(Continued on page 25)



ISMAEL ALVAREZ  
Grand Knight

### EXEMPLIFICATION

The Exemplification to first degree and Exaltation to second and third degrees of members of the Cebu Knights has been set for tomorrow (June 20) at the hall of the University of San Carlos. Forty applicants, including prominent members of the community, will be principals in the ceremonies. Leading laymen and clergymen will participate in the exaltation rites.



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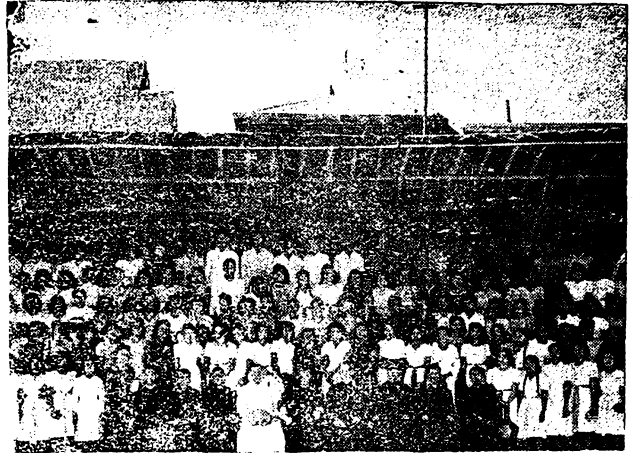
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## 200 Young Men, Women Attend Two-Week Catechetical Institute Held In San Carlos University



**SOWERS OF THE WORD OF GOD.** Within the four walls of a classroom in San Carlos university, Cebu city, this group of 200 young men and women listened to their instructors in the catechetical institute for more than two weeks. Then off to work they went, sowing the Word of God in the hearts of little children. Today the fruit of their work may be expressed by the number of children brought to the Sacrament, but God alone can fully know the good accomplished.

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**TEACHERS OF THE TEACHERS.** In the front row above are shown the instructors of the catechetical institute in Cebu. Left to right, they are: the Rev. Frs. Dionisio Flores, Tomas Maglasang, Esteban Montecillo, the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Manuel Yap, the Most Rev. Gabriel M. Reyes, archbishop of Cebu, the Rev. Frs. G. Trienekens, M.S.C., Placido Lumapaa, Cesar Alcosaba and Gerardo Jumao-as.

**THE MOTIVATIONS OF LOVE**

Oscar Espuelas — let that name sink in — aged 22, learning that his dream-girl — carnival beauty Estrella Roska was going to get married to Capt. B. Oppus of the Philippine Air Force, sent a note to Estrella's father last week which said in part: "Nobody will marry Estrella but me, whether you like or not."

The distraught father having notified the police, Espuelas was promptly put under arrest — for illegal possession of a sub-machinegun and 21 rounds of ammunition with which he had decided to carry through the attempt to "rescue" Estrella from the marriage.

Espuelas told the police he had no other motive behind the plan — none other than love. He said that he first met Estrella in Bohol as a classmate in the sixth grade and "from that instant, I was never the same." \* \* \*

**ARTS OF SUICIDE AND SEDITION**

It may be recalled that months ago the same Espuelas hit the front pages of the Manila papers when he posed as a dead man hanging from the end of a rope tied to a tree, a suicide in utter disgust with the Roxas administration. He is currently facing charges of sedition for that stunt. \* \* \*

**PAPER SWEETHEART**

Readers of the Free Press will also remember the simpering article called "The Free Press is My Sweetheart"—well, that, too, was Espuelas' doing. He faked Estrella's name—and was her face red!

The police proposed to place him under psychiatric observation but abandoned the idea upon request of Estrella's father who would rather have him detained until after the marriage of his daughter. With Espuelas safely tucked away, Estrella became the wife of Capt. Oppus last Sunday, without any untoward happenings.

**Cebu Merry-Go-Round**

By N. G. RAMA

**SOURPLUS**

The MS Bartolome docked at the Cebu waterfront last week with 1132 sheets of galvanized iron, 143 pieces of plywood, 32 rolls of screen wire and no invoice. Dr. L. Villa claimed that the surplus items were consigned to him by his wife, Delfin Lopez, local detective, refuses to release the goods from police custody until the necessary papers are produced. Meanwhile, some people are sulking.

**NOSEGAY**

For the Cebu women's committee headed by Mrs. Milagros Cuenco and assisted by Mrs. Mary Renner Osmena and Mrs. Maria Aboitiz who recently secured funds for the leper negative barrio. Twenty thousand pesos will go to the construction of an administration building, a dispensary, a school building and six duplex dwellings. \* \* \*

**CAPRICE CHINOIS**

The big advantage of the unidentified hero of this tale is that he looked like an honest man. He came from Cebu and opened an expensive-looking office in Surigao. Beside it he also built an alarmingly huge warehouse. He made known to the copra dealers of Surigao that he bought copra at prices they would not dream of getting in Cebu or Manila. The copra dealers swallowed it and they were paid in authentic-looking checks. They filled his ship with copra on the promise of further payment upon his return trip and had him fond adieu.

Disposing of the copra for a huge sum in Cebu, the man chartered a moro vinta for Sitankay

island of the Sulu group. Rumors say now that he is on his way to Berneo where he will make the last lap of his journey towards his home in Amoy, China.

What's more, the authentic-looking checks were authentic, only the businessman had smartly withdrawn all his deposits before any

of the gullible Surigao copra-dealers could.

**CHARITY FOR THE UN-CHARITABLE**

A Barili resident recently wrote to Representative Paredes who endorsed the letter to Barili-born Congressman Manuel A. Zosa that the Hospicio de San Jose, an old institution established by the late philanthropist Don Pedro Cui, is "rendering a very, very poor service if there is service at all." Congressman Zosa will institute appropriate action in Congress to investigate the charges.

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**D**URING the war, it was the rule rather than the exception for people to finger rosary beads, frequent the Sacraments and pray as devoutly as priests. When the war ended, however, these same people shelved religion faster than nations scrap peace treaties. Religion to them is evidently a raincoat, worn in the rain and kept in mothballs when the skies have cleared.

Disasters often serve as media which bring us closer to God. We go down on our knees when we need God. After the crisis has blown

over, we fall back into the easy, sloppy habits of irreligion.

The last war saw many a hardbitten soldier, who had never before seen the inside of a church, turn to God in the face of Death. Steeped in the belief that religion was in direct contradiction to manliness, he cried out to God only when he felt the

cold finger of Death clutching at his throat.

A chaplain in the last war said this of many pilots with whom he came in contact: "You find that there aren't

sponsored government. Finally he quit and took to the hills where he led the night-marish life of one sought by guerrillas and Japanese alike. It was then that, hemmed on all sides by fear, he went back to the arms of God, the Church and prayer.

## Placing Religion on the Shelf

By M. FLODELIS

many atheists among our fliers. Facing death in combat, they find that God is very near and personal. When they first arrive from the training schools, they're often a little chary of going to church. They seem to feel that godliness isn't quite in line with being a hero. But most of them change pretty quickly."

A public official before the war had sunk so deep into the quicksands of masonry that he had not stepped into a church for decades. Shortly after the occupation of Cebu by the Japanese, he held office for some time in the Jap-

We all hoped at that time at that time that the universal religious zeal and piety, born of war, would be carried over to better days. The hard-earned lessons, however, were shelved once the easy days of peace had come back. Today, religion is back on the shelf.

It will start gathering dust there and turn yellow with neglect . . . until such time as disaster shall strike again. In the meantime people don't seem to think it nefice for some time in the Jap-

(Continued on page 25)

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# ★ CATHOLIC WORLD NEWS IN BRIEF ★

## CZECH ELECTIONS

**UNCENSORED** reports received in Vienna from Prague describe the elections in Czechoslovakia as another "post-war tragedy, written, produced and directed by world communism."

"There has been nothing but fear and confusion here over the election," an NC report from that country stated. "The only ones who enjoyed the whole thing were the communists—only 30 per cent of the total electorate, perhaps less. But 30 per cent gives the communists the benefit of any doubts. The majority have been going through hell. Fear knocked them into submission—and the confusion hastened the submission."

Another report told graphically how the voting procedure made the "secret" ballot a mockery.

Each Czech voter received two ballots: one with the list of government-sponsored candidates, the other a white ballot marked with a large cross, to register opposition to the government list. At the polling booth, after having been checked against the list of qualified voters, he was given an envelope in which to place the ballot of his choice.

The Czech voter could then go behind the curtain and place one of the two ballots in an envelope. After he had done this, he dropped the envelope into the ballot box. He discarded the unused ballot without an envelope into an open basket.

Which ever ballot the Czech vote discarded was known. The ballot of the government's joint list of candidates was printed on both sides, while the opposition ballot was printed on only one side.

Nevertheless, even according to the communist vote count as reported in the American press, more than ten per cent of the voters cast white ballots and another ten per cent did not go to the polls at all or cast invalid ballots. The Prague communist ministry gave the total valid votes as 7,199,000 — 6,429,000 for the government list and 770,000 negative ballots. Communism had won another victory.

## DIVORCE BEFORE UN

**LAKE SUCCESS (NC).**—An amendment offered by the Byelo-Russia delegate that the right to



POPE PIUS XII

... calls for consistory

divorce be inserted in the Declaration of Human Rights brought quick protest from the delegates of two Christian organizations during the UN discussions here of Article 13 of the human rights document.

The protest was made by the

International Federation of Christian trade unions and the International Union of Catholic Women's leagues. Both organizations have consultative status with the UN economic and social council and its commissions.

"If the Commission accepts the insertion of the dissolution of marriage in this text," the protest said, "it must recognize in all fairness an equal right to the Christians for the proclamation of the indissolubility of marriage, which is equally valid for men and women and presents another aspect of equality to marriage."

The Catholic women's group stated that its organization comprises 36 million women in more than 60 countries, and that the proposed amendment would "be offensive to our consciences and contrary to the real freedom, dignity and good of individuals, the family and society."

## JUNE CONSISTORY

VATICAN CITY (NC).—A secret consistory has been scheduled for Monday, June 21, at which His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, will name

archbishops and bishops for a number of vacant sees, it has been announced here. At the same time, authorities close to the Vatican point out that it is unlikely that the consistory will be occasion for appointments to the College of Cardinals.

## INCREASE CARDINALS

VATICAN CITY (Reuters).—The convocation of a consistory of the Sacred College of Cardinals early in June may be postponed by developments in Palestine, it has been reported here.

And even if the consistory does meet, it is not now expected that any new cardinals will be created. Well-informed sources here say that it is almost certain that the Pope will await the 1950 Holy Year before taking such a step.

It is also likely that he will await the Holy Year to proclaim the modification of the Papal Bull issued by Pope Sixtus V on December 5, 1586, and so open the way for increasing the maximum membership of the Sacred College from 70 to 100.

## HOLY LAND MILITIA

VATICAN CITY (Reuters).—Vatican sources have denied all knowledge of a scheme to recruit militia to defend the holy places in Palestine. This had been announced earlier by the Rome representative of the Custodian of Holy Places. Reliable Vatican circles did not think that the denial necessarily meant the Vatican disapproved of the scheme, but rather that it wanted to dissociate itself from the formation of this force, particularly in case any political significance might eventually be attributed to it.

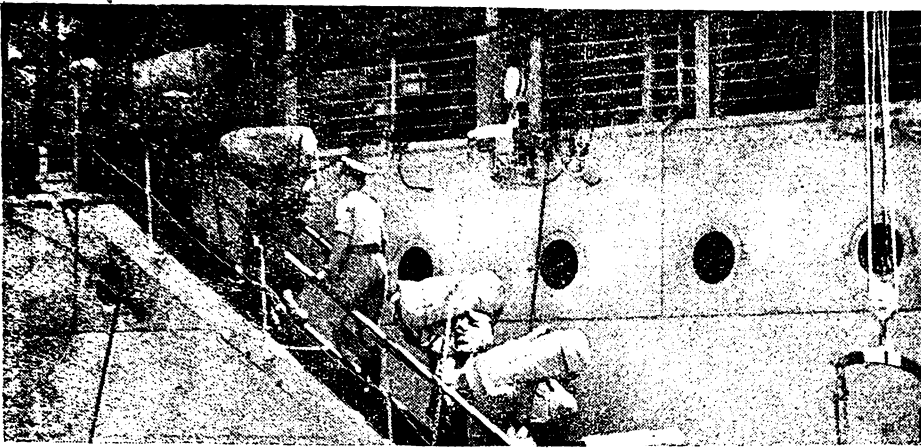
The Vatican denial came quickly after the Rome delegation of the Custodian of Holy Places announced: "A recruiting center of militia of holy places has been opened here at the delegation's office where Catholics of all nationalities may enlist for the protection and defense of holy places and of religious, charitable and cultural institutions of the Catholic Church in Palestine."

## MICHAEL-ANNE ROMANCE

By Reuters Press Agency  
PRINCESS ANNE of Bourbon-Parma, who married 26-year-old ex-king Michael of Rumania in the Royal Palace of Athens last



FRANCO PRAYS BEFORE THE VIRGIN OF FATIMA. Above photo shows Generalissimo Francisco Franco of Spain as he kneels in a church in Madrid, praying to the Virgin of Fatima which was especially brought from Portugal on the occasion of the Marian Congress recently held in Spain. (Reuterphoto)



**JEWISH SOLDIERS EMBARK.** In spite of continued warfare between Arabs and Jews in the Holy Land, the Jewish state of Israel has been formed as British troops leave the country. Photo shows a group of young Jewish soldiers who had been detained in Cyprus, sailing to fight the infant state. (Reuterphoto).

Thursday by Orthodox rites; "virtually excommunicated herself" from the Roman Catholic Church, according to Vatican authorities.

The royal bride, who is 24, emerged radiantly from the ceremony — culmination of a seven-month romance which began in London at the wedding of Princess Elizabeth.

Archbishop Damaskinos, primate of Greece, celebrated the wedding with the colorful ritual of the Greek Orthodox Church to which the Rumanian ex-King belongs.

An eminent authority on church law at the Vatican Holy Office has declared, however, that Princess Anne had broken three canons of the Catholic Church.

"The penalty of being cut off from the Sacraments enters into force at the moment of marriage without the necessity of her excommunication being officially announced," he said.

No official pronouncement on

the wedding was expected in Vatican circles, and it is unclear whether any formal excommunication will eventually be pronounced.

**CARDINAL SPELLMAN**

FRANCIS CARDINAL SPELLMAN, erstwhile distinguished visitor at Manila, was expected to arrive in Los Angeles last week, according to delayed NCWC reports received this week.

Meanwhile Peiping reports stated that Cardinal Spellman and his party were guests of Generalissimo Chiang Kalshek during their stay in China. They were accorded the fullest welcome at Nanking by a delegation headed by His Eminence, Thomas Cardinal Tien, S.V.D., who was elevated to the Sacred College at the same time as the American prince of the Church.

Highlight of the Cardinal's visit in China was his grand reception in the nation's capital, "the largest and most distinguished of such ga-

therings seen in Nanking in years."

Vice-President Li Tsung-Jen, together with all ministers of the Chinese cabinet, attended the reception, as well as representatives

from every diplomatic office in the Chinese capital.

In Tientsin, where the Cardinal and his party headed from China, they were guests of Gen. Douglas MacArthur. Among those who met them at the airport were Archbishop Paul Marella, apostolic delegate to Japan, and Colonel Huff, representing General MacArthur.

**TRUMAN AND BOYS**

**BOYS TOWN, Neb. (NC).**—Pres. Harry S. Truman honored Boys Town with a one-hour visit this week.

It was the first time a President of the United States has ever visited Boys Town, although Mr. Truman had come here on several occasions prior to becoming President of the United States, and the late Pres. F. D. Roosevelt had visited here prior to his election.

President Truman placed a wreath on the sarcophagus of Dr. Flanagan, late founder, in the Down Memorial chapel, after hearing a special sacred concert by the Boys Town concert choir. With the president was Miss Nelly Flanagan, a sister of the Boys Town founder, and Boys Town officials.

**International Miscellaneus**

**ON U. S. MOVIES**

**BUDAPEST.**—Three American movies—"Going My Way," "Song of Bernadette" and "Keys of the Kingdom"—were cited to the minister of international affairs for censorship. They have been attracting enormous audiences throughout Hungary.

Hungary's communist government has also abolished three Marian holy days: the Purification, February 2; Annunciation, March 25, and Immaculate Conception, December 8.

A Catholic spokesman announced that no matter what the government does, the Church will continue to observe the three feasts.

**STRIKE-BACK**

**ROME.**—The Vatican Radio struck back sharply at communist complaints about the Church engaging in politics. A broadcast said:

"When politics becomes the enemy of religion, religion while remaining religion necessarily becomes the enemy of politics."

**CHRISTIANITY**

**TOKYO.**—General MacArthur believes that Japan will be Christian in ten years. He says: "Two of

the world's greatest ideas—Christianity and democracy—have been turned loose in Japan . . . and their effect is the greatest bloodless revolution in centuries. I believe that in 10 years Japan will be Christian, if not by actual conversion, at least in the way the majority of its people think and act."

**MATERIALISTS**

**JAPAN.**—"We are materialists; our goal is to make religion disappear." These were the words of Sanzo Nozaka, Japanese communist leader, to the Rev. Patrick O'Connor, S.C.C., on the occasion of an interview two years ago. "I still believe in materialism," Nozaka said with a bland smile, when Father O'Connor interviewed him again recently.

The two-year interval since the early post-war months has seen the communists in Japan make great strides. Mr. Nozaka was at no pains to conceal the fact that in two years, the party had increased from 5,000 to 100,000 in Japan, and that the communists had polled one million votes in the latest election.

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# If you must Fall in Love...

BEFORE THE war, my husband and I had the Sunday habit of frequenting the Luneta and taking a walk along the lane parallel to the stone dike.

On one occasion we paused to rest under the coconut trees. It was a fine afternoon. The sun was just sinking, splashing the western sky with all the conceivable shades of red and blue and gray. A soft breeze was blowing in from the sea.

My husband, who is an entirely romantic person, was fanning himself vigorously with his hat and swearing that it was the hottest afternoon he had ever been through. He always speaks in terms of superlatives... even when he was making love to me twenty years ago.

I plucked at his shoulder, however, and shushed.

"Look," I whispered and pointed in the direction of the rocks.

A young couple was seated on the dike. They were holding hands and whispering absordedly, oblivious of everything else.

"Don't they look wonderful?" I asked my husband with a sigh. I am still an incurable romantic, even at my age.

He, however, the unromantic husband with the receding forehead and expanding waistline, snorted. "I suppose those two children are madly in love with each other," he snorted at me.

HIS STATEMENT, I think, describes very aptly the mistake so many of our young people commit when they fall in love. They fall madly for each other. He adores her (the perfect creature!); he worships the ground on which she treads. While she, on the other hand, languishes when he fails to appear at least twice every forty-eight hours.

For to the majority of our young people love is not to be connected with common sense. By all means, ro! Love is too heavenly, too ecstatic to be tampered with. They may be young and immature, too economically insufficient to consider love seriously, but all this

doesn't matter. "True love can always think of a way out," they say. "To consider love coldly would be like throwing the security of a bank account around a kiss. Sacrilege of sacrileges!"

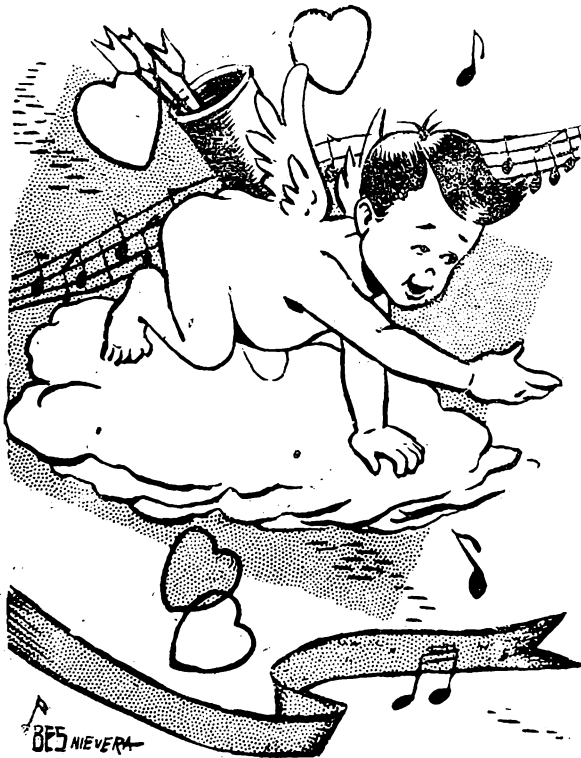
Or, "When two people are madly in love, ah..."

some family life, community life, national life itself. Don't you agree, therefore, that young men and women—as potential husbands and wives, as principals in a contract which has been raised by God to the dignity of a Sacrament—should approach courtship and

And then, when the sound of wedding bells has died away, when they are faced at last with the harsh realities of everyday existence, the rose-colored glasses fall off and the sparks begin to fly. "Good heavens," he mutters, "did I marry that?"

"I was blind," she shrieks. "I'm going home to Mother." (Exit, sniffing).

And the old, old cycle of incompatible marriage begins all over again.



YOUNG PEOPLE must not make the mistake of falling in love with love, or with a pair of dimples, eyes, "a way of smiling gently." The usual type of beauty does not last very long, even with the latest discoveries made by Max Factor and company.

To be lasting, marriage must be based on more than physical attraction. There must be union of minds, agreement in tastes, interests, ideals, so that even when physical beauty has been thrown into the ashcan of Father Time, there will be still understanding, deep affection, common ties that will provide the basis for a lasting companionship.

If you must fall in love, do so sanely. Be as merciless in the analysis of your prospective mate as a scientist dissecting a specimen. Talk to each other freely and frankly. Learn to know each other, not only at your best, but also at your worst. You will never regret having done so.

But don't you think the world would be a much better place if that word madly could be stricken out of the language of love permanently? Heaven knows how much unhappiness could be avoided if people who have marriage in mind were simply sanely in love with each other.

Again, whether we admit it or not, marriage is the basis of whole-

marriage with the utmost clarity of mind?

BUT THAT is not the usual case. How accurate Shakespeare was when he wrote that "love is blind and lovers cannot see." For to the immature mind, love is actually a state wherein two people blind themselves to the extent of refusing to consider each other's faults, and getting married with eyes shut to each other's shortcomings.

Of course, you may not always like what you learn. You may be hurt disillusioned, disappointed. But later on, when you have gained the wisdom of perspective, you will be glad that you had sense enough to fall in love, not only with your heart but with your head.

On the other hand, such an analysis may only make your love stronger and more beautiful than before. The study of a person, in whom you take sincere interest, can be a very delightful experience. You may discover in your prospective spouse a certain

By P. Mercedes Trinidad

strength, a delightful mind, a sense of humor, a thousand other sparkling facets in personality which you never even suspected. Familiarity does not always breed contempt. It may even strengthen affection, be in itself a guarantee for future happiness.

I KNOW of a young man and a woman who are very much in love with each other. Both are 21 and still in college, although the young man has already started off in business. They have been seeing each other for several years now, which in the usual case is a very dangerous thing.

They have managed to be very level-headed about it, however, and have put aside the idea of marriage until they can both complete their studies. In the meantime they have come to know each other's mind so fully that their affection has become a deep and lasting one.

"For a very young woman who is very much in love, you have been very level-headed," I told her when she paid me a visit, which she does once in a while.

"I have tried to be," she answered, "but it hasn't been easy." She sighed deeply.

"Has he been making things difficult for you?" I asked with feminine curiosity.

"He has done his best not to, God knows," she said, "but he is very impulsive, and sometimes he does want to get married right away, even if he can't really afford to support a wife."

We laughed over the impracticalness of a member of the "stronger sex," but I could not help noticing the wistfulness that touched her



Above photo of Cabagan Catholic Action shows members of the Sodality of the Children of Mary who are active in parish activities. Also in photo are Fathers Catral and Ingaran and Miss Salvacion Bauí, sodality president.

## Weekly Calendar Of Feast Days

**SUNDAY, June 20.**—St. Silverius, pope-martyr. He became Pope in 535 and ruled two years. During his reign, Emperor Justinian recovered Rome and the greater part of Italy. The Pope firmly withstood interference of Empress Theodora in religious matters and died in exile on an island off Italy.

**MONDAY, June 21.**—St. Aloysius Gonzaga, confessor. The patron of youth was born to a noble Spanish family in 1568 and after serving as a page in the court of Spain, entered the Society of Jesus when 18. He received minor orders but died at the age of 23 of a plague contracted while ministering to the sick.

**TUESDAY, June 22.**—St. John Fisher, bishop-martyr. He was the first and one of the outstanding 16th century English martyrs. He was born in Yorkshire, educated at Cambridge and consecrated bishop of Rochester in 1534. He defended the cause of Catherine of Aragon against her husband, King Henry VIII and later refused to subscribe to the oath of royal supremacy to the King. He was beheaded in the Tower of London in 1535 with the words "Te Deum" on his lips.

**WEDNESDAY, June 23.**—St. Agrippina, virgin-martyr. According to Greek tradition, she was a young Roman who endured cruel tortures and death for her Faith in 256 during the reign of Emperor Valerian.

**THURSDAY, June 24.**—Nativity of St. John the Baptist. The son of St. Zachary and St. Elizabeth, a kinswoman of the Blessed Virgin, he was commissioned to prepare the way for the Redeemer, Whom he baptized. He suffered martyrdom under King Herod for rebuking the monarch about his adulterous marriage.

**FRIDAY, June 25.**—St. William of Montevergine, abbot. Born in Piedmont, Italy, he was left an orphan at an early age. After a pilgrimage to Compostella, he retired to Monte Vergine, where he built himself a hermit's cell and began a life of austere penance.

**SATURDAY, June 26.**—SS. John and Paul, martyrs. According to tradition, they were brothers and officials in the household of Constantia, daughter of Emperor Constantine. They were later put to death under Julian the Apostate when they refused to worship pagan idols.

eyes and the corners of her lips after her laugh had died away.

I put an arm around her. "I'm very sorry I laughed, child," I told her. "It wasn't exactly the right thing to do, was it?"

"It's perfectly all right," she answered, smiling at me. "It really is funny, isn't it?"

Funny? Yes, and a little touching, don't you think?

But someday I hope to write a happy ending for this particular story. And I shall use the same words used by Winston Churchill in his memoirs:

"... Then she was married and she lived happily ever after."

## CWL IN CEBU

The most prominent matrons of Cebu met last week to organize the Cebu CWL unit. Mrs. Isabel Lorenzana of the Manila CWL presided. Father O'Carroll was guest speaker.

Results of the election follow: Maria Abotiz, president; Pilar Sale, vice-president, Mercedes O. Ros, secretary; L. M. de Pueo, M. Martinez, Chas. Carberry, Pilar Mendezona, Aurella B. Anded, Pat S. Fructuoso, Mona Squillantini, Remedios Cul, Lina G. Pelaez, Elena Minana, Margarita de Baluyo, Natividad de Blanco, Fidela de Pelaez, Josefina de Gulla, Amparo Mancol, Carmen Torres, Amparo Palacios, A. Alvarez, Saning Cermeno, Loreto Larraquel, Antonia de Moraza, Martina Vda. de Moraza, Concepcion Bondoc, Severina Suson, Mercedes de Maramara, Natty Ubago, Beatriz Jereza, Maria Borromeo, Concepcion Slidebottom, Rosario Gallofin, Cesarea Vda. de Revilles, Pilar B. de Alva, Lourdes Alba de Garriga, Olga Garriga de Alba, Milagros Sembrano, Andrea Ompok, Pilar Adad, Romana Agustines, Concepcion U. Velasco, Guadalupe Osmena, L. T. de Agustino, Mrs. Ramon Osmena and Anita R. de Picoirneil, members.

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**I**f they knew the facts and could speak freely the Russian people would repudiate the enmity toward the United States the Soviet government and the Communist party are building up in the Soviet Union.

No people is so firmly desirous of peace, so apprehensive of rumors of war. Unfortunately for the world, the Russian people have nothing to do with the policy of the government.

That policy also seeks peace, the kind of peace that Hitler sought from the West at Munich. Since the United States cannot agree, its government and the people who support it will continue to receive the enmity of the government and party in the Soviet Union, and these two agencies will strive to spread that enmity among the people of that country.

That enmity is not decisive at present since two factors outbalance it. The first is the present economic weakness of the Soviet Union. The second is the sincere antagonism of the vast majority of the people. The Russian people would fight with their traditional

bravery a defensive war. But in their present psychological state it is doubtful if any amount of cajolery by the Kremlin could induce them to welcome foreign adventures.

These economic and psychological factors should be obvious to the Kremlin. The Russians, unlike the Germans, always have been able to recognize what is and what is not possible. Moreover, convinced of the supremacy of their political dogma, they feel they can wait.

In the interim the United States has been selected as the enemy.

**ENMITY TO FLOW**

During the next decade enmity will be instilled in the

# Russia's Anti-American Campaign

By DREW MIDDLETON  
Copyright, 1948, by New York Times

minds of the Russian people by the propaganda services of the state.



D. Middleton We should not be surprised when a Russian soldier in Germany fires his rifle at a passing United States railroad train. He has been told repeatedly that the Americans are his enemies, plotting a new and terrible war, robbing him and his country of their just rewards.

Today the attitude of the average Russian toward the United States is a blend of fear and admiration. The propaganda objective appears to be the increase of the first and the elimination of the other in the Russian mind.

This will not be easy. For 30 years the United States industrial and agricultural techniques have been held up to the Russians as models. During World War II United States' help to Russia was known and appreciated, although this was balanced by the anti-United States propaganda based on the failure to open a second front in western Europe before 1944.

The praise of United States technique has ended. Every effort is made to present Soviet industry and agriculture as the peer of all



Archbishop Michael J. O'Dooherty is shown above as he blessed the Philippine Women's university last February 19. He was assisted by the late Rev. Fr. Juan Trinidad, S.J., then ministering chaplain for the university. Father Trinidad was acting rector of the Ateneo de Manila during the occupation.

Last June 13 a requiem Mass was said at the PWU chapel at 7 a.m. Friends and relatives of the deceased were present.

others. A national mesmerism is exercised by the press and radio to convince the Russians their system is economically, as well as politically and socially, supreme.

The result has been an understandable chauvinism. When the first turbo-generator unit of the rebuilt power plant at the great dam across the Dnepr went into operation last spring, a Russian acquaintance asked me if such units were built in the United States.

**PRAVDA SILENT**

When I replied that this unit had been built in the United States and shipped to Dnepr-stroi, my friend asked why Pravda had not reported this.

The reason is simple: Pravda and the other newspapers had six months before proudly announced that a turbo-generator unit was being built in Leningrad for the dam. This unit, one of six projected for Russian manufacture, was not installed. A number of engineers at the dam doubted if it ever would be.

Similarly one is told that the United States army used Russian tanks during the war, that penicillin was a Soviet discovery made abroad because the Russian industrial machine was turning out material for Allied as well as Soviet armies, that the fighter aircraft used by the allies in the war were

(Continued on page 25)

**RUSSIA'S FALSE FRONT**

# for the Woman READER



## Points For Parents

By EDYTH THOMAS WALLACE



Mother (anxiously): "Don't think about that any more, dearie, I'm afraid you're going to let it worry you."

Children are more impressed by the manner of the teller than they are by what is said.



Mother (calmly): "That took place a long time ago, Jean. It is not likely that it will ever happen again."

the manner of the teller than they are by what is said.



Son: "I'll be glad when I'm a man and can do as I please."

Father: "Well, you're not grown yet and you still have to do what I tell you to."

So guiding a child that he develops a cooperative attitude toward law-observance helps him become a law-abiding citizen; creating a resentful attitude helps him become a future law-breaker.



Father: "People could not live in groups unless they had some laws which must be obeyed. Let me tell you some that I had to obey today."

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

(Dear Housewives: Send us your household hints. For every original hint published we pay one peso.)

When cutting material which ravel easily, mark with a wax crayon and cut on the line; then the cloth will not ravel.

To preserve a cut lemon, smear cut surface with white of

eggs and set aside to dry.

A little baking powder added to flour in which oysters or clams are rolled before frying, will make them light and fluffy.

The ideal amount of fruit juice to be used at a time in the making of jelly is not more than two quarts.

To keep cheese fresh while in storage, wrap them in cloth that has been dipped in vinegar.

## RECIPES

With a lot of canned goods in the market and a lot of people buying them, we wonder how housewives manage to make them *look* and *taste* different at the table—to suit especially the whims of all judicious Juniors. In one of our excursions to the Bureau of Plant Industry, we were given some recipes for the dressing of all army surplus canned goods and also the layman's canned goods. They were prepared by Miss Fe Maddela for the benefit of our own Philippine Scouts.

We cannot help thinking a great number of housewives will bless us for these recipe "finds"—but they are very welcome. Here you are —and help yourselves!

### SALMON MACARONI

#### COMBINATION

- 2 cups salmon
- 2 cups boiled mongo
- 2 cups boiled macaroni
- 3 cups water
- salt & pepper to taste
- ½ cup evaporated milk

Boil water, add boiled macaroni, mongo, salmon, pepper and salt. Cook 3 minutes longer; remove from fire; pour evaporated milk and serve.

### OFFICERS' DISH

- 2 cups beef & gravy
- 2 cups boiled mongo
- 4 cups boiled macaroni
- 4 teaspoons salt
- 4 cups water
- Pepper to taste

Boil water; drop all ingredients and season. Keep on mixing once in a while. Cook for 10 minutes and serve.

### SALMON BALLS

- 1 cup salmon
- 1½ cups mongo boiled
- 1 cup powdered eggs
- salt, & pepper to taste
- tomato puree sauce

Mix salmon, mongo, ½ of the powdered egg, salt and pepper to taste. Form into oblong-shaped balls and fry in deep hot fat. Serve with tomato puree seasoned with salt and sugar to taste.

### SAUSAGE IN BED

- 2 cups carrots
- 2 cups boiled mongo
- 6 tablespoons powdered milk
- 8 pieces vienna sausage (whole)
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 4 tablespoons lard
- a dash of pepper

Mash carrot, add mongo, salt and dash of pepper. Mix well and add powdered milk little by little. Fry sausage until nicely brown. Heat the carrot and mongo mixture for at least 5 minutes. Place the mixture on a platter and arrange the fried sausage on top.



Mrs. Catherine Wood, who recently came to the Philippines to visit her only daughter, Sister Stephen Marie of the Maryknoll Sisters in St. James' academy, Malabon, Rizal. She has three sons now in the States, two of them Jesuit fathers and one a Jesuit brother.



Priests from the northwestern vicariate of Rizal held their first monthly retreat and conference at Teresa parish early this month. In charge of the affair was the Rev. Fr. M. Montero, O.F.M. Fr. Ercelito Hizon, parish priest of Teresa, Rizal, played host to brother priests and visitors. Photo shows one of the conferences that was held with the Rev. Fr. L. Arcaira, V.F., presiding.

## Killing With Laughter

### NO CHISELING

A customer went into a haberdashery shop and asked the price of a suit displayed in the window.

"That's the finest suit in the store," the manager said with approval. "And just to show you that I like to do business with a man of such good taste, I'm going to make you a very special offer. I won't ask you P95 for the suit. I won't ask you P85. To you my price is P75."

The customer looked at him. "My friend," he said, "I wouldn't offer you P65. And I wouldn't give you P55. I'll give you P45 for the suit."

"Sold," said the haberdasher. "That's the way I like to do business. No chiseling."

### GENIUS

The little boy was watching one of those salesmen you find around Quiapo selling "gold" necklaces for five pesos. To pull his audience out of their lethargy, he was auctioning off a brand-new peso bill.

The people, suspicious, refused to bid.

The young boy called plaintively. "Five centavos for the peso bill."

"Sold," the huckster thundered, "sold to the young man for five centavos." Then, "All right, utoy, give us your five cents and take the peso."

The boy hesitated; then he replied. "Just take the money from the peso, chip, and give me ninety-five centavos change."

### MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Two men bearing identical names, one a lawyer and the other a businessman, lived in Manila.

The lawyer died at about the same time that the businessman left for the Ilocos provinces. Upon reaching his destination, the latter sent his wife a telegram informing her of his safe journey. Unfortunately the message was delivered to the wife of the lawyer. Imagine her surprise when she read: "Arrived safely—heat terrific."

### CONVERSATIONAL STOPPER

At a party following the first

performance of a play, the playwright was talking to a critic. He naturally asked the critic's opinion of his play.

"It was refreshing," returned the critic.

"That's wonderful," beamed the author. "So you really found it refreshing?"

"Absolutely," was the reply. "I felt like a new man when I woke up."

a stuffy hotel in his life. In vain did he try to sleep. He had attempted to open the windows, but they were sealed. He tossed and turned. At last he got out of bed, grabbed hold of a shoe and smashed a window. Then he got back into bed and fell into a deep sleep as he felt the refreshing coolness and heard the curtains blow-flick.

### IMAGINATION

He had never been stuck in such

The next morning he had to pay twenty-five pesos for smashing the mirror on the bathroom door.

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**THE GOOD PAGAN'S FAILURE,**  
by Rosalind Murray; published by  
Longmans, Green & Co.; P5.80;  
distributed by Bookmark

Rosalind Murray's theme is that the break-up of our world is due to the failure of the good pagan and not the "failure of Christianity," which has not failed because it has not been fully tried. The consequence of the good pagan's denial of God has been his misunderstanding of man to whom he has attributed endless perfectibili-

ty. He did not take into account that the Christian morality which he advised depended on the Christian dogma which he rejected.

In a survey of the history of Western society, Miss Murray dis-

# Current Reading

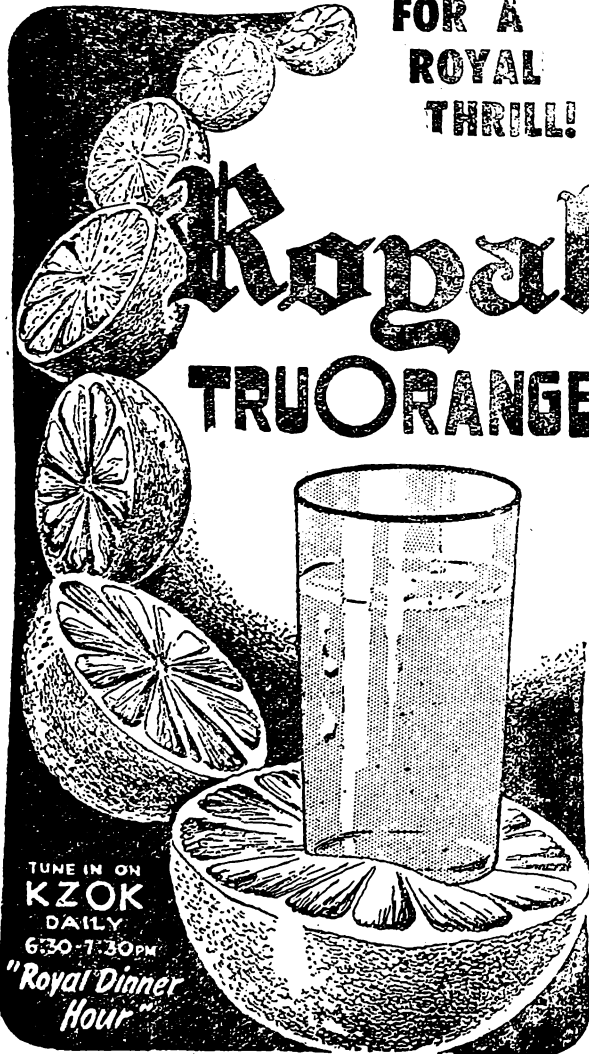
tinguishes three social orders: that of supernatural Christianity, that of conscientious paganism, and that of barbarism. The first two differ in their stress on the other-worldly and this-worldly point of view. Typical pagans are not the vicious or cruel, but only those who build up the refinements of this world to the exclusion of

the next. When the stress shifts lower, from the refinements of human life to mere bodily well-being, we have the social order of barbarism, in which the good pagan finds himself helpless in the presence of the savage and the future.

After showing the irreconcilable division between the viewpoints of the "totalitarian Christian" and the "good pagan," Miss Murray restates the Christian position in pragmatic terms in the hope that her approach may lead to a better understanding of the issue and to the possibility of fruitful discussion.

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## Sonnets

By Sister MARIE PHILOMENE DE LOS REYES

I

*There is music in my being—  
Music gushing in torrents from my heart.  
It trembles in my breast  
A moment, then soars up to the skies.  
There's music in dreaming—  
It shakes me with a start;  
The rhythm is ceaseless quest  
That brings tears to my eyes.  
For I can hear the crying of a bud  
As it struggles into bloom,  
I know the insistent surging in the sod  
Of something breaking from the gloom.  
And my heartstrings vibrate to their tune  
Till their lovely cadence becomes my own.*

II

*Sunlight wove a silken dream  
On a shimmering mass of blue  
Wavelets sparkled, billows flashed  
Along the path of a golden stream  
That flowed to a sky of varied hue;  
While I stood with wishes hushed,  
Drinking a joy so fresh and new—  
I could have lived on in the gleam,  
But the sunshine fled and with it the gold,  
Shadows roamed, their mantles dipped  
And I beheld my joy grown old.  
The dregs were mine ere I had sipped  
Enough of wine. The sun too, soon  
Must pass. Ah, whither waning moon?*

III

*I must shake off the dust from this my cloak  
Before I enter here, for it is writ:  
The willing and the pure may venture near.  
My besmeared hands must not remain unwashed,  
The dust should be rinsed far deeper than the look  
My lowly, dusk-dimmed eyes must be relit  
With lovelight glowing warm and ear,  
If I may humbly stand here, unabashed.  
For I this hour must handle bloom so fair  
That only stainless fingers e'er can dare.  
Hush! The bud now blossoms in my heart.  
All grim and alien thoughts must hence depart.  
For human touch must keep unwarped the flower  
From lips of clay must issue deathless prayer.*

## Of Books And Pipes

(Continued from page 6)



The Reyeses today. This photo was taken shortly before H.B. left for the United States. Standing left to right, they are Mrs. Julieta Reyes, Edgardo, Filomena, Rolando, Benjamin Borja with Benjamin, Jr. and Mrs. Aurora Reyes with Nestor, Jr. Sitting: Rodolfo with Maria Luisa, Mrs. Hermenegildo Reyes, with Antonio, H. B. Reyes, Mrs. Rosario Borja with Miguelito and Hermenegildo Borja, Nestor with Nestor Jr. Kneeling: Francisco, Carmelita, Zita and Renato.

the faculty of the University of the Philippines. His colleagues decided to introduce him to the mysteries of poker. One of them offered to teach him the game.

"Before you teach me poker," H. B. countered, "I'll teach you how to smoke a pipe." Today his would-be teacher smokes like a chimney. H. B. is still a novice at poker.

In the university, H. B. taught men old enough to be his father; yet they all had the highest respect for him. He had conquered Cornell; and in the same inimitable manner, he conquered the state university.

### THE CONQUEROR CONQUERED

But H. B. was to meet his match. It happened at a *santakrusan* in Malolos shortly after his return.

One of the queens was deeply disturbed by the intense face of a young man that appeared at every corner by which the procession passed. The face was H. B.'s. Unbelievably, he had been smitten by Cupid. In the next few months, the young lady became so familiar with his face that she decided she might as well see it the rest of her life.

H. B.'s conqueror was Paz Adriano.

Meanwhile H. B.'s star continued to soar.

In 1935 he took his law degree at the University of Santo Tomas with a *summa cum laude*. At about the same time he was engaged in building an automatic electric lottery and sweepstakes machine indicator. The latter business demanded time, concentration, research. H. B. considers it unfortunate that in the next bar examinations, he copped only fourth place among 531 candidates for the bar, coming from all over the Islands.

### THE VERSATILE H. B.

Today at 50 he is the father of 11 children: eight boys and three girls.

He is still forthright and straight to the core; he keeps that way, even at the cost of his popularity. And a frank man is not always a popular one.

A little over a year ago, in behalf of the employees of the Meralco (he was Meralco's legal and personnel department head until his election to a vice-presidency in the same company last week), he received a bonus which he felt the

## Death In The Morning

(Continued from page 5)

who had accompanied him. "How much one suffers." shattered the silence. There was the snap of rifles being

After a while he added: "I forgive all from my heart. I hold no resentment against anyone. Now I have for a truth that my great pride has led me here."

He never spoke again, except to ask that he should not be shot in the back because he was not a traitor. His request was refused. The drums were beating, muffled and low. The crowd was silent, silent with expectancy.

"Ready!" the command

was the snap of rifles being carried to the shoulder. "Aim!" And all was quiet now, except for the muffled drums.

"Fire!" the guns spoke, sharp and swift. The man in black with his back towards his executioners turned around to meet the bullets. He swayed a little and fell, his eyes lifeless but gazing out at the blue-rosy heaven to which his soul had fled.

And so it was that he met death, and would never die again.

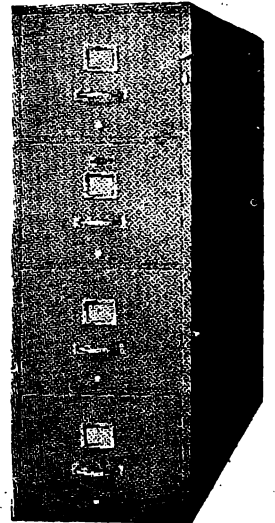
men needed. The management readily granted the request.

A few months later the laborers struck for higher wages. In their petition, they demanded that H. B. be removed from the firm. If they

had only known . . . But H. B. did not mind in the least. When he heard the news, he merely picked up Goodier's "Life of Christ," sucked deeply at his pipe and read far into the night.

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## Story Of...

(Continued from page 9)

he seemed inwardly disturbed. It did not occur to her that what disturbed him was no longer his own deep thoughts in his struggle to produce a masterpiece, but the vulgar piano-playing in the next house. For as he sat in front of the machine, silently and inert, he did not show any sign of outward disturbance. There was a dark frown on his face, deep furrows on his brow.

The writer—he had started considering himself nothing short of being a writer since the publication of his one poem in the weekly magazine—was a little fellow who had a flair for big words in his speech and loud colors in his clothes. When he and his wife had a row over the state of their household finances, she never failed to point out to him the fact that he should have been a salesman or a tailor instead of one trying to win fame for himself by writing poems and stories that did not get published anyway. This always made him very mad, furiously mad, and he would step out of the house, bang the door so loud it shook the whole house, and he would not come home for a week.

By this time—it was near midnight—he had five or six paragraphs of the story concerning the young man who was in search of light; had consumed more than half a pack of cigarettes, two and a half cups of black coffee that his wife had thoughtfully brewed for him, and most of his physical energy. He had reached that part of the story where the hero, with dramatic suddenness, exclaimed: "Why is there no more light in this world? Fools! By light I do not mean the stupid light of the sun, but the light of wisdom."

The neighbor who was trying to play "Mardi Gras" on the piano was by now fast asleep. The neighborhood itself had sunk into the depth of slumber, sleeping the sleep of the stupid. They who by day basked in the splendor of sunshine, and yet were blind to the light. That's a nice one, he thought, and the machine rattled the thought into black and white.

The wife stood up from the floor in the corner of the kitchen and cleared the table of the coffee pot and cup, and saucer. Then she took her place again on the floor in the corner of the kitchen from

## The Portside

(Continued from page 10)

all his wants." If you love him with an intelligent love you must at times refuse him things for his own sake, or else you spoil him. For example: if the baby cried for a sharp bolt you would not give it to him no matter how much he cried and that just because you love him. The same for older children. He might be asking for twenty cents daily to spend on ice drops, rebusao, or fruits, or a new shirt, new shoes (expensive ones), something that the other boy or girl is wearing, money for the movies, etc. At times you might grant it, but don't go by the principle that you must give every time he just feels like insisting for it. In a short time he will be leading you around or you will become a slave to his whims and fancies. If he knew he can get anything any time he wishes and all he has to do is cry for it, you'll be in for a mess the rest of your life.

A better system would be to keep fruits in the house, give your children at fixed hours so they will not spoil their appetite, insist they ask your permission before helping themselves, just to train them on obedience and submission. Such a system would have the added advantage that you would know what they are eating, that it is wholesome and helpful. They'll learn to go without things once in a while, learn to be contented with their lot, to live on their own level, in their own sphere and not try to keep up with others they envy. Later on they will not be tempted to do as so many who always live ahead of their salary and are never happy with what they get.

Also, if you train them to do without certain things, they won't be tempted to steal money to procure such as tempt them. Finally don't forget that true love can say "no" as well as "yes" when the good of the beloved demands it.

(To be continued)

where she could quietly watch her husband in the act of creation. As she sat in her corner watching her husband, her fingers played through her hair, once in a while catching by chance a louse between her nails. She was very ambitious for her husband, and from the way he looked now, what with his mental struggles, it did not for the moment look impossible that he might become famous yet.

There were long ponderous pauses between sentences, and the writer Almarlo Mijares Apostol seemed to make no more progress in the story he was writing. The pauses in between sentences, sometimes between words, grew longer and longer, the frown on the writer's face grew darker and darker, and then he felt that there was nothing more to say for the night. He had exhausted his emotion, and his sense for words had grown dull, and the hero, the man who was in search of light, would not behave the way he, the writer, wanted him to behave in the story. The fool was behaving like a ham actor on the stage. The writer's irritation had finally reached such a pitch that he grew very uneasy on his chair. He leaned back, scratched his head, gritted his teeth, heaved a painful sigh, and pounded his balled fist on the table. The wife, who had fallen

asleep in her corner, started. When she moved her elbow hit the wall. For the first time that night he took notice of his wife. Suddenly he turned to her. There was an angry look in his eyes, his teeth still tightly clenched. The way he stared at her frightened her. She covered in her corner.

"So you see how difficult the task is," he said. His voice trembled. "And you want me to be a salesman or a tailor. Maybe you are right. Maybe I should be a mender of roads instead."

"But I am not saying anything at all. Nothing at all, believe me."

"Nothing at all, yes. But in your mercenary heart you keep on wishing I were a tailor or a salesman or a mender of roads instead of an artist."

"Please believe me. I haven't spoken a word since suppertime."

"What do you know about art? Well, I'll tell you. It is something not easily accomplished. You have to struggle to achieve a modicum of success, do you see? Of course you do not see. Like the others you are surrounded by darkness."

"But please be reasonable. Why do you get angry with me? I did not say anything to you, I tell you."

"You do not say anything to me, yes. But I know what you feel as

## Bargain In...

(Continued from page 7)

"Go on!"  
"All right. You asked for it. I prayed to the devil!"

The priest's face blanched. Here was an unfamiliar transgression indeed: faith turned wickedly upside down!

"But the devil," he prodded quietly, "doesn't he always ask a price?"

"Why shouldn't he? Don't you? I promised him, if he would only get me out of that place, I would make nine sacrilegious communions. I did, too. I took communion and I cursed God! Plenty! And you know what? After the eighth time I got paroled. So now, big boy—what do you say to that?"

In three universities, the priest had worked for scholarly degrees. He was a well-educated, even a sophisticated man. Yet at this atrocious disclosure he felt as if he was in the bodiless presence of Evil itself. Tremulous, quivering, he heard himself answering:

"I say he got a good bargain, that's what I say! This devil you prayed to, he gives you what you call freedom and in exchange he gets an immortal soul. But—"

"Don't get yourself so worked up, big boy."

"You're cheating the devil—and I thank God for it. There's still time."

"Look here, I never broke a bargain with anybody! Never!"

"Your soul is not lost, not yet."  
"How dare you say such a thing to me?" she cried in a sudden, tearful rage.

"Why did you come to this church? To please your mother! That means your mother is still

you watch me struggle with my own thoughts, trying to bring light into the dark."

"Please, Al, don't talk like that. I do not understand you. I haven't done anything to make you mad, have I?"

"There is no more light in this world," he mumbled. He put on his shoes, got his water-repellent jacket from where it was hanging on the nail on the wall, and stepped out of the house, banging the door behind him.

She joined her son in the room, hoping her husband would come back with a better disposition. She still believed he should have been a salesman or a tailor, or at least a mender of roads.



**Russia's Anti...**

(Continued from page 19)

made in Russia, that United States production methods are far behind those employed in the Soviet Union.

This is not as distressing as the gradual spreading of a miasma of fear and suspicion of the United States.

**MORE HATE DUE**

All items that to the Russians indicate United States bias against labor, a race or a political creed, indicate a low standard of living and public or private immorality are published. United States "outrages" against other nations and their peoples are prominently displayed. Every criticism of the Soviet Union by a prominent American is printed, often with other parts of the speech discarded.

Some Americans will be pictured as friendly to the Soviet Union. These include Henry Wallace who, if not a knight in shining armor to the Kremlin, is at least a disturbing element worth encouraging.

*Next week: Anti-Semitism in the Soviet.*

dear to you — and don't you see? — no one who loves can be hopelessly lost. Give me five minutes — and all this can be blotted out: like a bad dream."

She shuddered pitifully, as if she were contorted by some violent emotion; her cheap bracelets jangled.

"That's enough!" she panted. "I'm leaving. You can't do nothing to me!"

"Stay here and pray," pleaded the priest.

She turned away.

"You'll come back!" he cried. "Tonight!"

The only answer was the clack-clack of high heels down the marble steps into the street.

As the priest entered the church to perform his duties as confessor, he told himself that this trollop child must not be lost! The sticky teak of her scent seemed to plague the air, and he could still hear her strumpet laughter. When he entered the confessional, it seemed to him as if the tiny, sweltering box

**Placing Religion...**

(Continued from page 14)

necessary to read those prayers again, or finger those worry beads or even get up a little earlier for Sunday Mass.

A soldier who managed to keep alive the spark of religion kindled in his breast during the war, relates his return to religion:

"I've never been a religious guy, never had any desire to go to church. The family worried about it for a while, but I guess they finally gave me up as a bad job.

"When I got out here, I had a tough time at first. I scared easily, worried a lot about my wife.

"And then, one day, when I saw that there was a really tough fight ahead of me, I remembered something my father had told me once. 'Son,' he'd said, 'when you're in a real spot, call on the Lord. He'll help.' Well, I did that. It worked. I handled my plane better, I shot better, I did everything better, all of a sudden.

"I've been calling on Him ever since. He takes care of my wife at home. I know that and I don't worry about her anymore. He's taking that sinking feeling away

contained all there was of heaven, earth, the bottomless pit, everywhere, and the struggle of good and evil dumped on his lap.

The thing had happened. It was truly believed she had signed up in sulphur and brimstone — and not a fantasy. Aggie Retzinek. Who was he to underestimate the force of such a belief? He prayed for guidance.

The answer had been clear from the first. The only way to fight was with the weapons of the soul, love and prayer. He turned to listen to the confessions, to anxiety, loneliness, and distress. All the penitents were given their penances, and then, to one after another, he said:

"I ask you now to help me to pray for a special need. Will you stay for one hour in the church and pray?"

None refused. One man postponed a journey to join in; others broke off appointments; some vol-

(Continued on page 26)

**Cebu's Columbians**

(Continued from page 11)

house in front of Fuente Osmena. Designed by Architect Eulogio Tablante and Engineers Gavino Unchuan and Jesus Sian, the clubhouse will contain a spacious hall, a library, bowling alleys and facilities for other indoor games. The club will be

open to Catholic young men. A KC corporation for financial and business activities has also been organized. Registered with the SEC office, the Cebu Columbian Enterprise has been authorized to put up P100,000 worth of stock at P50 par value per share. Realizing the potential power of the Catholic press, the CCE has already placed orders for modern printing equipment, which is already on the way from the United States.

Much more can be said in praise of the Knights of Columbus, but nothing more accurate than what the prelates of the United States have said of them: "They are our lay apostles."

This pilot is one in a thousand.

that I used to have. I'm careful, but I'm not scared anymore. He'll see me through all right."

Asked if he'd forget God after the war, he answered: "How can I forget? He's my best friend, isn't He? Well—He's going to stay my best friend."

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By SENTINEL

They're rolling up the barrel at both houses of Congress. Yes, and they're rolling it down, and away from, Malacanan. Why should the members of the Cabinet get the pork barrel, ask the members of Congress. Yes, indeed, why should they? Why should the said august Cabinet members get the wherewithal to pave the streets wherein they live as well as those wherein their tenants dwell? After all, hath it not been decreed from time immemorial that "to the victors belong the spoils." And who are the victors, but the elective representatives of the people? The Cabinet members? Why, they are the spoilers of victory. And so, the chant of condemnation goes, as the august members of Congress roll up their sleeves to roll up the pork barrel.

And in a way I don't blame the members of Congress. After all, 1949 is getting nearer and nearer. And they've got to do something about it—I mean, 1949. And they can't do it, unless they get the pork barrel. Not that having the pork barrel means anything at all. It will most probably be of no consequence at all, if by consequence we mean a radical change in the manner the pork barrel has been heretofore used by the august members of the Cabinet.

But you see, if the members of our Congress have the pork barrel now that 1949 looms large and ominous before their very eyes, they can make use thereof to insure the fact that in 1949 and for at least six years thereafter they will be in a position to have the pork barrel all over again. And if this is a vicious circle, tell me, what is not in this quarrelsome merry-go-round of a government of ours?

Merry-go-round did I say? Circus would be just as, if not more, apt. Take for instance that side-show put up the other day by four senators headed by none other than that senatorial leaning tower of Pisa, the Hon. Vicente Sotto. What tower! What strength! What strength for a leaning tower! And what tower of strength! He sallied forth from the halls of Congress with three of his peers on an important mission to the President. Their other peers waited in the halls of Congress, while the four musketeers burst into the sanctum of the dormant President and caught him with his pajamas on. Tick-tock went the clock! Fifteen minutes passed. Half-an hour elapsed. Three-quarters of an hour less 3 minutes fled by. And still no musketeers. The President banged his gavel. Every senator awoke with a start from their waking dreams. And the call to adjourn was greeted with a stampede towards the door.

Alas and alack! When the musketeers returned from their mission, what met their wandering eyes. Empty chairs! Empty desks! In brief, emptiness! O, heart! heart! heart! That ever this should be! The leaning tower of Pisa bestraddled the President's dais and leaned heavily on the presidential desk. And from the very wounds of the senators' injured pride came forth the thunderous voice of condemnation in unpremeditated hurt.

Incidentally, (or should I say, coincidentally), the gentlemen of the press were present at this one-act display of legislative histrionics. And the incident, ladies and gentlemen, has gone down in the annals of solonic history.

## Bargain In Brimstone

(Continued from page 25)

lunteered to stay all afternoon. When afternoon and evening confessions were over, the last shafts of twilight slanted through the open door and the tall colored windows of rainbow saints and tinted miracles. Kneeling before the altar, he laid his hot palms on the firm coolness of the marble balustrade. From the street came the distant calls of late hucksters crying strawberries and watermelons, as he began the first "Our Father."

the sexton shuffled in to put the lights, and close the doors. "Never mind!" called the priest, "I'll lock up," and bowed his head again in his bivouac of prayer. It was long after midnight when he heard the click-clack of heels coming down the marble aisle. Hope surged in his soul—and then a whiff of perfume made him gasp with joyous certainty. He did not move or look around as she knelt beside him, but he heard her begin to weep.

Flour after hour dragged by. Night came late, with the glimmer of flickering candle flames and ringing of the tower bells. The street noises dimmed and soon the church was abandoned of all except the enrapt friend of Agatha Retzlnek. Once there clanged out the siren and the rumble of hock-and-ladders rolling to a fire, but the kneeling figure did not seem to hear. He was still keeping solitary vigil when at 11 o'clock

"If I had not waited for her," the priest told me, "she would have turned away, perhaps never to come back. Agatha is a steady, fast, happy woman today." I have told this story to men of many faiths and their feelings were all summed up in what Harry Emerson Fosdick said: "I salute this priest—he is a real servant of Christ, this Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen!"

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