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THE CROSS

OCT. 1949

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MILITANT ORGAN OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT



You Don't Need The Cross

Manila

Dear Reader,

You do not need the CROSS. At any rate, not as much as your neighbor. Your enthusiastic support of it shows that you are, in all probability, a practicing Catholic.

You like the CROSS, because it is a kind of monthly letter to keep you in touch with Holy Mother the Church. You read it and find in it your own thoughts in black and white. Your emotions, desires, and deepest aspirations, your problems and ideals. You see your own self mirrored in 4,000 readers trying to lead Catholic lives. And you are glad and proud, like Miss Alamis, (Cf. Letters) that you are part of such a grand and beautiful Mystical Body.

But 4,000 is a mere dot against the huge backdrop of 19,000,000.

Should we not ask with Our Lord: "Where are the other nine?" The millions who think the Mystical Body a myth; employees who have nothing more substantial to read than the daily papers, or the comics; students, who grow up to be "sceptics and infidels;" teachers whose slavery to Godless BE Manuals, prevent them from building our children into upright citizens; men and women who pass thru life like fleeting shadows with no idea of the Mystical Body.

The CROSS must reach such men. Nay, being Catholic, it aims to reach all Filipinos from the top of Batanes to the tip of Turtle Islands. The CROSS aims to reach your neighbor, who has heard neither of CHRIST nor of His CROSS. With your help, we can carry the CROSS far... even to the summit of Philippine Journalism.

Sincerely in Our Lady,
The Editors

P. S.

Regards to you — and your neighbor. When shall we meet him?



“I’ll tell the Cross...”

A DOCUMENT FOR SEN. SOTTO

Manila

Sir:

Some people deny that Rizal was actually married to Josephine Bracken. One of them is Senator Don Vicente Sotto who, in an article in the *Philippines Herald* of August 14, 1949, maintained that there was not such a marriage between Dr. Rizal and Miss Bracken. One of the reasons for denying this marriage is the fact that in his Last Farewell, Rizal called her only his “sweet stranger, my friend, my joy.”

Nobody knows for sure when the Last Farewell was finally written, but it can be asserted without any successful contradiction that the latest chance Dr. Rizal had to write it was the time between the midnight of December 29 and the early morning of the following day, December 30. It is also an incontrovertible fact that in the morning of that fateful December 30, when Miss Bracken came to be married to Dr. Rizal, the Last Farewell had already been written, neatly folded and hidden in the alcohol stove.

Obviously, our Great Martyr could not call her wife when he wrote that poem. But after their marriage, when he was already about to leave for the place of execution, he left her a last souvenir, the devotional entitled “De la Imitación de Cristo y Menosprecio del Mundo,” on the inside cover of which in his own handwriting, Rizal called Miss Bracken his wife. It was that last moment, the only time in which Rizal could write as her husband, and on that occasion he did not forget, he did not fail to call her his wife: he wanted to and he did put it in writing on that last occasion before he faced death that Josephine Bracken was his wife.

The following is a reproduction of the page of the devotional on which the handwriting of Rizal appears:

To my dear
and unhappy wife
Josephine
December 30th 1896
José Rizal

DE LA
IMITACIÓN DE CRISTO
Y MENOSPRECIO DEL MUNDO

(Reproduction from Austin Craig's "Life, Lineage and Labors of José Rizal," page 241. With permission from the Philippine Education Co., Inc.)

Hoping you will accord to this letter a favorable consideration, and thanking you in advance for the same,

I remain,

Very truly yours,

ELIAS M. ATAVIADO.

PRIDE — MUTUAL

San Jose, Antique

Sir:

I want to tell you what a never failing delight it is to receive the CROSS each month. It makes me feel so proud and glad to be a Catholic, to be a little, though undeserving, part and partaker of the grand and beautiful Mystical Body portrayed in your magazine. So to you and your associates a sincere thanks and may God bless you.

Maria Alamis

Eds: Miss Alamis can be sure the Mystical Body is equally proud of her.

TWO BIRDS — ONE STONE

(No address)

Sir:

I have been told that a year's subscription to the "FILIPINAS" costs ₱4.00. I know that a year's subscription to the CROSS cost ₱4.00. Enclosed therefore you will find ₱8.00 for a year's subscription to the FILIPINAS and the CROSS to be sent to the Veterans at V. de Luna Hospital so that they may have something to read. I hope you will accept this. Thank you very much.

(No name)

Eds: God bless this unknown benefactor, who has helped both the Veterans and the Catholic Press.

HOLD ON!

Sir:

I wanted to write you to stop sending me the CROSS as I shall be assigned to another place sometime this week. When I revealed this feeling to the President of my organization for young ladies, I was given a look as impolite but sincere as a yawn. For the young girls and even grown ups, both married and unmarried, want always to turn to the "HEART TO HEART" pages of the CROSS. So please continue sending the magazine to, but address it to

Miss, President

..... (20 copies)

In case my new place of assignment calls for the CROSS, may I notify you? Thanks!

Rev.

Eds: Most certainly! father. The CROSS will cross any barrier to help lighten the cross of any man. To reader: Now let's turn to HEART TO HEART.

Regina Bldg., Escolta, Manila, Philippines

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STAGG-NANT JUNGLE THINKING

Our friend Samuel Stagg, a very well-meaning and sincere Protestant Minister, writes a weekly column in the "Theological" FREE PRESS under the pen name of "THE JUNGLE PHILOSOPHER". Speaking of God in a recent issue, Mr. Stagg unwittingly showed that his primitive ideas are indeed fit only for his stagg-nant habitat — and not for the civilized world he has been trying to reform. He wrote:

"'Then you believe in God?' I asked.

'Well,' he (his famous scientist friend, a Nobel prize winner) chuckled. 'The word God means a lot of different things to different people. Let us put it this way: The other day I saw you win a quarter mile race. Those fine muscles of yours would not have won that race unless they had been guided by intelligence and disciplined by will. Your spirit, if you want to call it that, and your body, working in perfect harmony won that race. This universe is like that, too. There have to be will and intelligence to coordinate things or this universe would not run.'

The attempt to define spirit apart from matter can only end in an intellectual vacuum. Matters divorced from spirit could only end in chaos without any meaning at all. The two are interdependent. They have always co-existed. They always will. They are but different aspects of one harmonious whole — the universe."

We could refute this pantheistic theory of Mr. Stagg and his scientist friend by showing the inescapable contradictions it involves. We could point out that since it identifies God with the universe, God would thus at the same time be infinite and finite, eternal and temporal, changeable and unchangeable, necessary and contingent, etc.

But it would suffice to call our readers' attention to the one fundamental defect in this Stagg-nant thinking. Before the JUNGLE PHILOSOPHER attempts to write for us 20th century Filipinos, he should first keep up with our more civilized definitions of God, matter, spirit and universe. And, by the by, of jungle too — and philosopher.

Or does he take our community for another Stagg-nant jungle?

CURB THAT ITCH

Although the prices of necessities and commodities are constantly, albeit slowly, on the decline, still we may perhaps see another generation pass before our peso can equal its pre-war brother. Ah! . . . the good old days.

There is, however, one never failing way of cutting down the prices of goods, which, like many a sane way of bettering the world, has never been tried. It is — curbing the itch to buy.

Let every Juan, Maria and Juanita (or Juanito, to complete the United Nations, Jr.) think twice before digging into their pockets to buy the things they do not in all honesty need. It is surprising how many things a man need not buy!

The old shoes can perhaps stand another "repair-while-you-wait". Or perhaps all that the re-conditioned jalopy needs is another re-conditioning and a new coat of paint. Mother too can always do wonders with the "old look" to keep them opaco with the "new look". Indeed, the possibilities are limitless — once a man starts using his head. And not for decoration either.

Businessmen may shoot us for advocating this seemingly anti-business principle. But there is no denying its soundness as a moral principle. It is in very truth the Christian poverty of spirit in practice enriching a man's entire life. Laymen may think that, because they are laymen and have money to burn, they are not bound by the spirit of Christian poverty.

Who was it who said: "It is easier for a camel to pass thru the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven?"

At any rate try it — and see what happens. Watch the camel pass thru the needle's eye — like many in NCAA star's shot, sin tocar!

BURN THE CHAIN LETTERS

Ever since men learned to write letters to one another, the Church has always fought the most inane superstition ever to cross the world — the CHAIN LETTER. Popes and priests have thundered condemnation from the pulpit on its emptiness; Catholic papers have spent reams of precious space on its deceit — but the pitiable ignorance and perversity of some "pious" people go on.

Only the other day one such letter came under our very nose right in our editorial office. Read it and laugh, or weep, or scream, or squirm according to your mood.

CHAIN OF GOOD LUCK

This chain of good luck was sent to me via United Press dispatch and was sent in 72 hours. It was started in Africa by a French Officer under Gen. de Gaulle and is going around the world for the first time. The person who breaks this chain will surely receive bad luck. DON'T KEEP THIS LETTER. This must be mailed within 72 hours after your receipt hereof. A private in the Philippine Army won the first prize in the Sweepstake for complying with this chain. Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected for third term as President of the United States 52 hours after he had mailed this letter. Captain Romero who broke the chain died 72 hours after he received this letter. Segundo B. Villanueva of the City of Baguio who laughed at this chain of Good Luck met instantaneous death in an accident. President Manuel Roxas broke the chain, did not read it, died after he received this letter.

INSTRUCTIONS: *Make twelve copies and mail them to your friends. DO NOT RETAIN THIS COPY. Cancel the first name and add your name at the last. (Follows a list of twelve names.)*

Notice how the slinking, cowardly individual who started this racket packs a short note with ignorance and superstition and cowardice and intimidation and threats and heresy and bad english — and bunk!

There is only one answer to a chain letter of this kind. Burn it!

CASE FOR THE NBI?

The NBI should be commended for their magnificent job in tracking down smugglers. Their brilliant records of nabbed victims speak highly of their untarnished reputation along this line.

There is however one type of smuggling (?) that apparently has received little or no attention from anybody. It is the shipping into this country of pornographic filth in the form of pulp books, magazines, pictures, comics, and films.

The smuggling of jewels and other goods costs our government heavy losses in taxes. The easy entrance of pornographic poison, on the other hand, costs our nation millions in souls. Should we pause to choose between silver and souls?

What has the Legion of Decency—if there be one! — done about this?

THE HELL OF IT

The saddest scene of the election drama is now on. If the CROSS suddenly turned into a towel, we would use it to wipe our tears for the pitiable spectacle of a people in crying need of big-hearted leaders.

One day last month our two leading presidential candidates were reported to have cast aside their manhood and put on the things of a child. One lost his temper and cried: "I'm telling him to go to hell!" The other backfired: "I am sending him to hell first!"

The hell of it all is that we have all grown used to the habit of hell — which is all very good (that is, hellish!) for the inhabitants of hell and bad for the nation. Hell frightens us no longer. In fact, we think it glamor to damn, in moments of violent affection, our friends in hell. (Though how we can escape this place ourselves if such is our attitude, is beyond us.)

Decent people merely laugh at this hellish joke saying it is all part of the game of politics — when they should weep, because the game of politics is being played so. It is time to realize that nobody benefits from this hellish habit of hell. No sir, not even the horned hell-cats who love (that is, hate) this hell of a — hell!



THE TIME OF OUR LIVES

Never in our history have we had so many places and means of diversion as we have today. In every capital, and especially in Manila, one seldom finds a block without a bar, a cine, or a night club, or another joint for amusement.

It is all very consoling to think that at last after years of suffering during the war, our people, especially the youth, are having the time of their lives.

But are they? Alarming numbers of our youth are seeking joy in the wrong places. Things have come to such a pass that certain Colleges in Manila have imposed rigid rules against the entry of students under the influence of liquor.

Our youth will certainly be the last to admit that this kind of life is— after all—what they have fought for. Let's have fun, boys. Lots of it — but clean, wholesome fun, huh?

PHOOOEY! EH?

Our Bus. Mgr., a very hard working — and handsome — young man, once tried to solicit ads for our little magazine. Unlike Ad-Solicitors of secular papers, he could not boast of a wide circulation; but he could open to any man vast opportunities for unlimited merits. So he decided to approach some prominent Catholic business executives in the hope that these, if any, should see the motives he would unfold before them.

"How many is your circulation?" asked one such executive.

"4,000, sir." In accordance with advertising "ethics," he could have said: "40,000."

"That's too small. I can't advertise in the CROSS."

"Won't you at least help our Catholic monthly, sir? The Catholic Press . . ."

The Catholic executive shrugged his shoulders, threw up his arms into the air and remarked: "Phoooooey!"

That was that for our Bus. Mgr. whose face had grown thick with every refusal. He had learned the hard way that in the world of business the Almighty Peso is still king. Or in business parlance: "Business is business!"

So he went home. But he had all the right to say: "Phooeey!" In the world of motives, he knew who IS king? But he repressed that remark. No one says "Phooooey!" when some prominent Catholics support secular papers — and "phooeey" the Catholic press.

GO TO THE WORKINGMAN

Once Frederic Ozanam and a group of friends organized to discuss some of the many attacks on the Church in his time, and attempted to refute these by recalling what the Church had accomplished for mankind. But at one of their meetings a listener, weary of hearing about the glories of the past, shouted:

"Ozanam, you are right when you speak of the past; in past centuries Christianity has done wonders. But what is it doing now for mankind? And you, too, who pride yourself so much on being a Catholic what are you doing for the poor? Show us what practical benefits the workingman reaps from your religion and we, too, shall believe in it!"

Ozanam accepted the challenge and the St. Vincent de Paul Society was the result. But the same challenge is hurled as fiercely in our day.

It is easy to sit at a scholar's desk and pen woeful indictment of a sinful world. It is easy to blast Communists eloquently from the safety of the sanctuary. It is easy to condemn labor unions and the shortcomings of union leaders, even though the unions have given to millions their first taste of economic security.

Christ went to the poor and healed their bodies and their hearts.

Leo XIII counsels: "Go to the workingman, particularly where he is poor."
—The Yardstick

This striking passage from "The Yardstick" socks us all in the jaw, doesn't it?

THAT "THEOLOGICAL" FREE PRESS

This time, our big (journalistically speaking) brother, the FREE PRESS, goes "theological" again on the subject of Union of Church and State. It happened this way.

President Quirino visited the island of Bohol.

During the President's public address, Bishop Rosales honored the President by sitting on the platform.

Therefore, says the FREE PRESS (in the person of Leon Ty), tsst, tsst, tsst, we are having too much union of Church and State in P. I.

An amazingly wide and illogical conclusion, don't you think, L. Ty?

"No, no," says Mr. Ty, "you ignore the reason I stated."

"What was your reason, Mr. Ty?"

"Bishop Rosales thus honored the President, because all the Rosales family is anti-Avelino. Don't you know that former representative Rosales of Samar, the Bishop's brother, is a bitter political enemy of Avelino?"

"Come, come, Mr. Ty, let's be frank. Ex-Rep. Rosales is Anti-Avelino alright—but he is anti-Quirino, too. He is no less than chairman of the Nacionalista campaign in Samar. Truth is Bishop Rosales honored Pres. Quirino because Mr. Elpidio Quirino IS President of the Philippine Republic—Period!"

It's time our "intelligentsia" of the renown of Mr. Ty and Mr. Malay (cf. Cross—September) studied earnestly the much abused cliché: "Union of Church and State".

TICKETS TO THE "KINGDOM OF GOD"

by ESTELITA JUCO

Pretty collegialas (why are they all so pretty?) are going the rounds with handbags full of tickets. The Cause? For the Missions. The play? "THE KINGDOM OF GOD" adopted from Martinez-Sierra's, directed by Daisy-Hontiveros-Avellana, and presented by the Paulinian Players' Guild.

We, Christians, were ordered by our Commander-in-Chief some 2,000 years past to "Go, teach all nations . . ." But not all of us are blessed with apostolic zeal to leave our haven of basketball games and parties for some primitive heathen isle.

Come Mission Week every October we are invited to jump on the merry bandwagon. Won't you get a three-way ticket to the "KINGDOM OF GOD" by helping the pagans, the missionaries—and yourself?



How Silly Is Silliman?

By MARIO GATBONTON

Not so silly—

When it was founded some 48 years ago for the education of **Protestants**.

(Always and absolutely silly of course, whenever, and if, it proselytizes Catholics.)

In fact—

Thirty-six years later, on March, 1937, the University of the Philippines conferred on its Presbyterian founder, Dr. David Sutherland Hibbard, the degree of Doctor of Laws, *honoris causa*, "in recognition of the sacrificial service he has rendered for the uplift of the men and women of the Philippines."

The citation as read by UP President Dr. Jorge Bocobo follows in part:

"This, the highest degree of the University, attests to the eminent position you have successfully attained in the field of education and human betterment . . . thru your consecrated interest in the spread and predominance of spiritual ideals and moral verities in this country, for which we shall eternally remain profoundly grateful to you. . . ."

It could well be presumed then that Silliman Institute, of which Dr. Hibbard was founder and President, had attained to a certain degree the high purpose for which it was established.

What this purpose was can be gleaned from the following passage in a book, **Around the World Studies and Stories of Presbyterian Foreign Missions** by Bradt, King and Reherd, presumably three Presbyterian ministers. The book was published in 1912 after these three men had made a survey of Presbyterian Missions throughout the world. Three of the Chapters are on the Philippines, and in that on Education, the question is

Sincerely Yours

"I am convinced that Protestantism in general treats Catholics with shameful ignorance and unfairness."

—Dean Stanley (Anglican)

"Roman Catholics meet the real difficulty in education. Our Protestant churches utterly ignore it."

—President Harper
(Chicago University)

asked why in view of the splendid public school system established by the United States in the Philippines, the Presbyterians nevertheless establish their own mission schools.

"The answer is, for the same reason that the Church maintains Christian Colleges at home. From a strictly educational point of view, the Government is doing a magnificent job for these people, which is worthy of all praise, but it is not giving any religious training. It is caring for the head and the hand, but gives no special consideration to the heart. . . . The public schools of the Philippine Islands are not even planning to meet the religious needs of the young people. If they are in organization and method and spirit non-religious, it is no surprise that practically they are non-religious. The Great Teacher has said, 'We cannot gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles.' . . . In a conference with one high in authority in the Philippine Government, and intimately connected with the public school system, we were told that many of the graduates of the public schools are going into scepticism and infidelity. Political liberty and religious "free thought" go together in the minds of the young men coming out of the schools."

"What better reason than this significant statement, and the avowed policy of the Government in keeping all religious and biblical instruction out of the schools, do we need to justify the maintenance of a few well

equipped colleges and training schools for the advanced education of our leaders in the Protestant Filipino Church?"

A very high and noble purpose — this. An ideal worth all the fight and the talent of any sincere and honest Protestant.

But today —

We wonder if Silliman would back up an effort to get religion into the public schools — and thus prevent them from turning out any more sceptics and infidels.

Yes, we wonder.

Reports have it that some 3,000 Silliman students and faculty members recently staged an indignation rally against the banning of Palma's book, **Pride of the Malay Race**. Dr. Tiburcio Tumbagahan, Silliman graduate school professor in education, rapped the government for banning the book and asserted that **"the tentacles of fascism are creeping into this country."**

How silly of Sillimanians! How fascistic of Dr. Tiburcio!

Would their noble founders have supported the efforts of a few Masons to stuff Palma's irreligion down the throats of public school students? Would they who **"gave special consideration to the heart"**, have rallied for that which corrupts the heart? Would they?

In fighting the imposition of Palma's book on high school students, Catholics are merely defending their children — and consequently Pro

testant children — from the imposition of anti-religious ideas. It is bad enough, in the words of the three Presbyterian ministers, that our government is **"not even planning to meet the religious needs of our young people."** What is to be said — and done! — when the government would go an aggressive step further and compel their young minds to believe anti-religious ideas? It is bad enough that our public schools are **"non-religious in organization and method and spirit"**. What is to be said — and done! — when the government would make them anti-religious?

We hate to say that Silliman folks would back up the government so long as it is anti-Catholic — and not anti-Protestant — ideas that are thrust to

our children's eyes. We hate to think that they will cheer loud and long so long as it is the Catholics who take all the punishment. If this is the type of religion that they swallow in Silliman, then silly would be a mild adjective for Silliman.

And yet it is hard to understand how Silliman people can justify their stand on the banning of Palma's book, **Pride of the Malay Race**. Unless, of course, silly Silliman has gone the way of public schools in turning out sceptics and infidels . . . Indeed, **"We cannot gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles."**

In such case, we certainly can think of no better text-book for such a religion course than—you're right!

The Pride of the Malay Race.



A young man speaks his mind

our marriages are out of date

By FEDERICO B. MORENO



The truth about Filipino marriages is that they are not up to date.

A survey of the present social attitude towards the institution of marriage in the Philippines reveals the pertinent fact that four-fifths of Filipino families are sold on the idea of late marriages. This disturbing fact accounts for an alarmingly low rate in the number of marriages in the country.

The result is a narrow and shallow bond which knits the new family together. Late marriages, furthermore, encourage long engagements which more often than not bear out the overhanging threat to the morals of engaged couples and, in some cases, which do not end in marriage.

Although delayed unions may sometimes work out well for families, they do not benefit the country in the long run. Compared to other countries, our marriage rate falls below their standards. In the United States last year, there were 28 marriages for every 2,000 people. For the year 1948, only 18 marriages for every 2,000 in population count were estimated in the Philippines.

One would be led to reason out that because of the "dissolubility" of marriage by divorce, Americans rush headlong into early marriages, thus increasing the marriage rate. In this country, however, the wedlock is not broken not because the couples do not want divorce but because they cannot be divorced. Our laws are so strict that spouses must suffer criminal conviction before relief is given the innocent ones. The number of marriages that end in separation is not a fact to be ignored by Filipinos.

The arguments of our "wise" elders in support of late marriages are usually based upon experiences, upon circumstances which differ in extent, slightly or largely from the factors affecting present-day couples. The discouragement of early marriages is pounded into the heads of this generation, so much so that young people are so afraid of the responsibilities of marriage that they would gladly give up the opportunity to start a home for the selfish pursuit of making money. Money and not love or more money than love

seems to be the pre-requisite for a happy marriage.

More sentimentalism appears to have swept most families off their feet than is actually necessary. Unselfish love has ceased for parents who hate to see their children cruelly taken from them by marriage. Most of them would eye the suitors of their daughters or sweethearts of their sons with jealousy. If marriage has somewhat crept into the family conversation, the tendency to discourage the children becomes stronger than ever. This is where long engagements come in.

The consequence of long engagements sometimes revolts against human nature. An engagement lasting up to 12 years was reported in a tragic case of stabbing where the frustrated suitor or would-be benedict knifed the girl when she told him of her coming marriage with another man, the preferred choice of her parents.

For the wealthy-old folks, shipping their children abroad to "continue further studies" for the pur-

pose of making them change their minds, usually does the trick.

Four or six-year engagements are a common practice in the islands. The chances are that these betrothments do not terminate in marriage, for the couples have either grown tired of each other or met others whom they think will make better spouses or have just given up the idea of waiting any longer.

There is also the danger of seriously toying with the morals of engaged couples during lengthened engagements. Marital relations are a constant source of temptation. Illegitimate children occur more frequently in this trying period. Sometimes, and fortunately, the shocking events could be the causes which hasten the marriages. But the threat to society arising from the events remains imminent.

The second argument which the elders advance evidently makes career an essential element of marriage. In other words, a man without a career is unwanted in marriage. How often do we hear Filipino parents requiring from the man who pursues a career to finish his career before marrying either their daughters or other daughters! It seems to them that a fresh college graduate is greatly different from an undergraduate.

It also seems that an undergraduate will be prevented from finishing his career simply because of the "difficulties" of marriage. These parents will go as far as to even mention one or two cases to illustrate

This article will doubtless raise a lot of eyebrows—especially those of the "wise" old folks whom the young outspoken author takes to task. But we invite discussion on some very provocative points brought up by a promoter of early marriages who is still a bachelor at large!—Eds.

their point. But the truth is they have completely eliminated "determination" and "ambition" from the undergraduate. They reason out, incorrectly at that, marriage saps out these fine qualities from the groom. How an observer can be expected to swallow that line is a wonderment!

An undergraduate who is earning \$150 monthly while studying is in a better position than a new lawyer who has hardly any regular client to speak of and who roams the streets to fetch out a meager compensation for his career. There are lawyers who are prepared not to earn a single centavo the first six months of practice. What new engineer or doctor or teacher can support a family independently upon graduation? How long after receiving his diploma will he be in a position to support such family?

Perhaps, in the future, the career man will reap the benefits of his profession. But does it mean that the non-career man will no longer progress from his \$150 monthly?

As it is from the preceding argument, Marriage has been apparently reduced to an Economic Institution. The love of man and woman for each other, in this "practical" world, has been relegated to the background. It is no longer a question of love but of support.

The idea of a home as a spiritual retreat has vanished. In turn, a business house flourishes where the payment of rent, food, light, water, clothes, and other material things

that bespeak of comfort is the measure of a happy and successful life.

The ever-illusory term "security" has been the basis of marriage for most women, sacrificing love and principle, only to realize later in life that even the world with all the material resources at its command does not have what is called security.

By way of pretending unselfishness, most parents would have their daughters finish careers or work in order to make them financially independent. This is for their own protection, so the wise saying goes, in the event of marriage failures which end in separation between the spouses. The woman is every case, they say, is the one who suffers.

Perhaps, they have heard of it; perhaps, they have not. But the fact is that under the law the husband is obliged to support his wife even in an agreed separation from the marital domicile. Thus, under the law, the wife is amply protected, no matter how the marriage works out. Here, protective measure is not needed.

The motive behind such protection is that parents demand that their sons or daughters, as the case may be, repay them for the sacrifices spent in their behalf from the cradle to their present marriageable age. These erring parents believe that because they have invested money and hard work in their children's training and education, they have a right to expect that those children will give some years of their working life to their support.

At times, these demands are dis-

guised in the form of "consolation" or "relief". With this belief, one would think that the rearing of children is no longer a natural duty but rather, a cold, business-like endeavor. The education which parents have provided for them has been converted into a loan. It tends to reduce the home into a banking institution!

The training and education which are made possible to children are obligations which parents owe them. It is a debt in favor of the children incumbent upon parents to ful-



fill. A child did not have the choice of coming into the world. The decision was its parents' and to them alone belongs the duty of support and education. The duty to support or to help their parents exist only if and when such parents have no other means of income and are incapacitated by physical defect or old age.

The present generation must live for the next generation. There is no

turning back. But rather, parents should move their children to look towards the future and after the future of their own children. This is how mankind progresses.

The Philippines being pre-dominantly Catholic, the viewpoint of the Church should help to guide erring parents who have taken unto themselves the role of judges in the affairs of their children, basing decisions upon whims and caprices of their making. With respect to long engagements, that is, deliberately done either by the parents or the couples themselves, the Church considers it a great mistake. The reasons given are that they are a source of moral danger to engaged couples and, that often they do not end in marriage. The monotony of delay wears out the patience and control of the couples who have agreed and are intending to get married but yet do not marry.

It usually works at a disadvantage for women who, in case of a split between the couples, are left at the mercy of spinsterhood unless other men are willing to take them as their wives. Thus, the Church is not in favor of deliberately long engagements.

Early, not late, marriages broaden and deepen the family ties which are much-sought after by every married couple. The advantages which early parenthood possess are helpful. Researches conducted among families in the United States show that it is more probable for children to experience a happy childhood and to grow up well adjusted when their parents

have contracted an early marriage. Emotional maturity and enrichment are acquired by young couples from the company of children.

The distance in years between parents and children has often impaired the former's ability to cope with the latter's psychological problems. But in early marriages, the difference in age is smaller and of great assistance in the solution of childhood complexities.

When a couple enters into wedlock at an early age, it has greater chances of witnessing the unfolding of the lives of the children and grandchildren the satisfaction of which has been denied to most people in late marriages. On the contrary, children are likely to become orphans by the loss of either or both parents at an early age, in some cases, when they need them most.

Some Filipino parents frighten their children with the so-called "difficulties" of marriage which they claim to have undergone. There can be no doubt about the veracity of those "difficulties". But what career is not beset with difficulties and tribulations which demand quite an amount of sacrifice for its success? Marriage, as every other career, is subject to hardships at the outset, which increase with the years up to a certain point, at which point the harvest of the fruits takes place.

Only after fifteen years of study and practice, if fortunate, will the lawyer achieve fame and readily reap the products which he has sown. The

same thing happens to a doctor whose professional skill attends the needs of our human bodies — and the engineer, dentist, journalist, businessman, teacher, and the rest of them.

Thus, marriage partakes of the same nature of all careers, and as the most important, the labour is not left in the hands of one but rather lightened, for it is shared by two. As the greatest of all careers, it should be encouraged rather than discouraged by wise parents.

There are more chances of enjoying wedded life together in early marriages than when couples marry in their late years. Youth has the tendency to appreciate life in all its aspects. Almost everything is taken in the gaiety and merriment of the period. The qualities of young people are such that even if faced with an unsurmountable obstacle, the inclination to either disregard it or take it in good stride overpowers the elderly reaction to brood or despair over it.

Then there is that idealistic attitude which young couples have and maintain, those ideals to which the young look forward, from which older minds have turned away.

One could mention many reasons why an early marriage should be encouraged rather than a late one, and why it is better than the other. But the best reason lies in the difference of human behavior, between the laughter and a quiet smile, the flashing eyes and a fixed stare, the loving heart and the loved.

No favor too small; no favor too big for Mary.



Appointment: Baclaran

By EXEQUIEL MOLINA

"This week, 3,823 petitions were received. And the number of favors acknowledged granted ran to 102," the voice of the Redemptorist father rang clearly thru the spacious Chapel at Baclaran. The 10,000 people gathered from all walks of life strained their ears to listen to the simple and unaffected letters of gratitude. The Novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help had started once again. It was a Wednesday afternoon.

To those who have not gone to or heard about this devotion on a Wednesday, the following questions naturally come up: Why the number of people? What is it all about?

From a very quiet and humble beginning, the novena has become popular among people who realize the futility of their undertakings without the aid of divine grace. Started by an American Chaplain, J. Captain John Wallace, on June 27, 1948, the congregation which flocks the weekly Novena in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, has grown from a few hundreds to several thousands.

But the most impelling reason that has drawn a lot more of people to it and stirred their hearts with ardent

devotion is not the granting of favors asked for; it is rather the contagious desire to go down on one's knees and pray when he sees the congregation during the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and hears the divine praises as a song rising from ten thousand hearts to join the angels on high! What further proof of devotion can the skeptic ask for? It is such scenes as these that appeal most to Mary. So long as men remember Her in their hour of need, there is still hope for humanity.

In the United States, the novena is made in six hundred churches, from 6:00 a.m. to 12:00 p.m. The congregation at the Boston Mission Church alone, has grown to the astounding number of 30,000. Today the Redemptorist fathers at Baclaran have to repeat the novena ten times every Wednesday in order to accommodate the ever-increasing number of devotees.

The Blessed Virgin is known to all Catholics as the Immaculate Conception, the Queen of Angels, but She has chosen the title "**Lady of Perpetual Help**" as a symbol and a promise to those who come to Her in their direst hour of need.

The favors asked of the Lady of Perpetual Help under the classification of temporal favors include requests for financial aid, employment, health, peace in the home, successful delivery, success in examination and many others. But it is the amazing number of conversions that have occurred as a result of this novena that must rate a second thought in every Catholic.

Every week, letters of gratitude come pouring in, thanking the Blessed Mother for the conversion of a loved one, a Protestant, an Aglipayan, a Pagan, or a Catholic who has strayed away from the faith. And such seemingly impossible feats would have remained thus, if those grateful people had not invoked Her aid.

Only last week, an American woman was so impressed by the devotion of the crowd that she got convinced of the truth of the Catholic Faith. She finally decided to abandon the Protestant sect and embrace Catholicism.

Through the kindness of the Rev. Fr. James O'Donnell, Rector of the Baclaran Church, who has made available the impressive record of the various letters of thanksgiving, we will quote part of a beautiful and sincere letter written by a woman who had given up all hope for spiritual salvation:

"One Wednesday afternoon, a friend of mine invited me to attend the Perpetual Novena at Baclaran. I had never heard of this particular devotion and in fact I have

not been to church for several years. I consented to go out of mere politeness."

"When the time came for the Novena, it rained very hard. And I thought my friend would not come to get me, but to my surprise, at 5:50, she arrived. I told her I thought it silly to go to church on such a day but she reminded me of my promise so I decided to go but with a very hard grace. Entering the door I was given a paper containing the prayers and I followed them with the congregation."

"Then a strange thing happened. In general, I hate prayers and find them an awful burden but as the devotion proceeded, the beauty of the prayers began to grip me. As I looked around and saw the earnestness and faith with which the members of the congregation prayed, I began to feel a sense of sin."

"I felt unworthy to be present among such good people, like an intruder among the intimate friends of Christ. I felt a deep sense of guilt for my careless sinful life. I was moved to the depth of my being in a way that I never before experienced in my life."

"It was then that I began to pray. I felt unworthy to direct my prayers to God because of my sins. So, I prayed to the Blessed Mother again and again to tell me what God wishes me to do and I'm willing to do it."

TO A MOTHER

(On her son's entering a Seminary)

B. LLAMSON, S.J.

Sweet mother, weep not overmuch; For where
 I go, the rainbow-lights of memory
 Gleam bright. They'll flash your cherished face to me
 All thru life and forever and forever!
 You're glad I know; 'Tis not selfish thoughts that cloy
 Your heart this moment, make you weep like this,
 Though pained you know the deeper feel of bliss, —
 Tears are at times but soft syllables of joy!
 Have you forgotten O eternal hills
 That drank the visions of those hidden years,
 The day another mother bathed in tears
 Waved as her Son left for the Jordan rills?
 On entrance day then would you say it's true
 When mothers weep, they're more divine not less?
 And hills, you will complete my happiness
 And say, my mother looks like Mary too?

"During the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament I heard a voice from the depths of my conscience which told me to make a good Confession. The very thought filled me with dismay. If anyone had suggested that to me half an hour before, I would have told him that I preferred to shoot myself than to go to confession."

"Even now the very thought filled me with fear but such was the change brought about in my soul that I said, My Mother, if you give me the strength and courage to do this, I'll do it."

And she did.

There are many more stories of conversions that to quote them we

would fill a book. There are men who have not received the Blessed Sacrament in years, like the singular example of an old man who had not gone to Communion in sixty years. There were Protestants, Aglipayans, and pagans who woke up to their job of saving their souls — and were baptized. All these are but manifestations of the Blessed Mother's infinite mercy.

The Lady of Perpetual Help has not forgotten the sick and the afflicted. She has come to them in their hour of pain and affliction. To wit, here are the gists of two letters, one written by a daughter and the other by a mother:

The girl wrote that the doctors

said that her father had cancer. She felt very desperate and having heard of the novena, joined it and asked the Blessed Mother for help. Two days before her eighth Wednesday, the doctor pronounced her father as cured. The doctor decided to call off the operation and her father was treated only with X-ray. He was dumbfounded at his patient's recovery! But the girl knew that the Blessed Mother had answered her prayers. From that time, she wrote further, her father started to pray the Rosary every night.

A mother, who was at her wits' end when her 2½ years old son got seriously ill, wrote: "A week ago my son had an acute swelling of the face. As he was suffering very much, I brought him to a doctor but he did not perform any treatment. The following day, it got worse and I didn't know what to do.

"Looking up at the family altar, I discerned the lovely picture of our Blessed Mother of Perpetual Help. I prayed so intently on my knees with my little boy in my arms."

"A little while, he fell asleep. Before he woke up from his nap

I could not believe my eyes when I saw that the swelling seem to subside. In the afternoon, he was normal in every way."

Like Jesus Christ, who performed miracles and won the hearts of the people, the Blessed Mother has so graciously consented to grant the countless temporal favors that have been asked of her. Yet, they are just little acts to impress upon men the efficacy of prayer; that the way to eternal salvation is still clear to all who sincerely strive to seek it.

Leave us not forget the words of our Blessed Redeemer to His Holy Mother according to St. Brigid in his vision: "As you refused Me nothing whilst I was on earth, so I will refuse you nothing now that you are in heaven." And in His dying breath, Jesus bequeathed His Divine Mother to the whole human race, to which She has granted innumerable favors as a last sacred trust of her Divine Son.

There is no favor too small nor too big for Mary. If we could in our simple earthly way add more to the praise of our Mother, we would not hesitate to put this sign beneath the Holy picture of the Blessed Mother of Perpetual Help: HELP GRANTED.

RED CHRISTIAN

From a missionary sister in the path of the Chinese Red Army comes this strange bit: "When the Reds arrived near the mission of the Columban fathers not far from us, one of the soldiers stepped up, knelt before the priest, and said: 'I'm a Christian. I can't go to Mass. But will you please give me your blessing?'"

It's a muddled world.



I discovered the Seminary

By OLIVERO SUAZO

I wish I could express in words what I felt when I first beheld and discovered the truth about seminary life. I say, beheld and discovered, because the greatest surprise that ever came nearest to knocking the daylight out of me, took place rather deadily.

It came to me during my first two days in the seminary. And anybody who was in my shoes at that time would have conceded to my calling it a "fatal initiation" (that is, if he could withstand a nervous breakdown.)

MAMA'S BOY

No one, for example, who had entertained the conception that a seminarian is a "Mama's boy" of puerile countenance would ever dream that he would meet seminarians of sturdy physiques. He could never reconcile a jolly and jocular young man with his conception of the frail seminarian, much less a seminarian who could, with his delicate sense of humor, make him roll up his stomach in guffaws.

THE LITTLE ANGEL

I have always pictured the semi-

narian as a halo-headed boy who goes through life with folded hands, pacing the dark corridors with his guardian angel and six others hovering above his head. And of course, the possibility of beholding a seminarian who could flip a cute one-hander into the basket was unthinkable as a trip to the moon. The revelation of this seemingly unbelievable fact was aggravated when the same seminarian was seen kneeling silently before Our Lord in a visit after that 'nip-and-tuck' game. Or maybe this one will evoke the skeptics to raise their eyebrows... a professor who handles the spheroid with the proficiency of a seasoned basketball player.

GLOOMY PRISON CELL

My attitude towards the edifice called the "Seminary" was equally shallow. Before I entered its secure walls, a feeling of ominous dread pictured it as a baleful enclosure of cold grey stones where the only occasional sounds were the scuttling of the church rats in its dingy depths, where dark recesses and corridors harbored dust-coated antiques and

cob-webbed relics in rickety dens. How tremendous a surprise it was for me when I found out that I was a victim of a dire obsession, I cannot fully expound. Only this I know, that hot surges of consternation usually rise up whenever I think that everything was the opposite of my foregone conclusions.

SILENCE OF DEATH

Perhaps, one will conclude that deathly silence is the dominating characteristic of seminary life. To this, I give an answer. During recreations, which by the way occur decorously, the atmosphere is very normal. Peals of laughter echo in the cool corridors — the results of clean jests and wholesome pranks.

Here and there, parlor games go with the liveliest of animosity. In a corner, a tinkling piano is surrounded by a group of troubadours singing a native song. While in another cor-

ner, a ping-pong or maybe a pool game goes on uninterruptedly. And while all these scramblings for entertainment bustle, the spirit of ardent brotherly love prevails above all. Yes, brotherly love . . . this is the thing that makes the seminary a large family.

OLD BUT NEW FRIENDS

The massive walls, however, do not sever you from your friends left behind. For among your fellow-seminarians, you see images of them. There will be one who talks just like your best friend, there will be those whose smiles and ever-ready hands are just like those of your teammate in school.

And my conception, of course, of a seminarian buried in the thick of ancient tomes and manuscripts vanished as I saw the confusion of an Intramural basketball game after a class of Sociology and Debate.



This cat ate my rooster. So . . .



All-Time Cure-All

1. Frequent and daily Communion as a thing most earnestly desired by Christ our Lord and by the Catholic Church, should be open to all the faithful, of whatever rank and condition of life; so that no one who is in the state of grace, and approaches the holy table with a right and devout disposition, can lawfully be hindered therefrom.

2. A right disposition consists in this: that he who approaches the holy table should do so, not out of routine, or vain-glory, or human respect, but for the purpose of pleasing God, of being more closely united with Him by charity, and of seeking this Divine remedy for his weaknesses and defects.

From this it is evident that any person who is not certain that he is in the state of mortal sin, and who approaches the holy table for the purpose of nourishing his soul with this heavenly bread, is to be admitted to the sacrament. Mere scruples or doubts are not sufficient to prohibit him. Nothing but the certainty of mortal sin.

Furthermore, it is not necessary for one to go to confession every time one wishes to receive. This would impose some inconvenience on a person and would doubtless deter a number. The Council is explicit in declaring that nothing need keep a person from approaching as often as he wishes, provided only that he is in the state of grace and has the proper disposition. By making daily Holy Communion so easily available, the Church shows her profound solicitude in having the faithful approach with the greatest possible frequency.

The desire of Jesus Christ and of the Church that all the faithful should daily approach the sacred banquet is directed chiefly to this end: that the faithful, being united to God by means of the Sacrament, may thence derive strength to resist their sensual passions, to cleanse themselves from the stains of daily faults, and to avoid those graver sins to which human frailty is liable. Its primary purpose is not that the honour and reverence due to our Lord may be safeguarded, or that the Sacrament may serve as a reward of virtue bestowed on the recipients.

HEART TO HEART

Advice to the lovelorn by Lily Marlens



Dear Miss Marlens,

I'm a married woman with two kids of 17 & 15 yrs., respectively. I've been married for 18 yrs. now and thru these years I've been forgiving him for all the connections he has had with cheap women, with the thought that he will try to repent as years go by.

Recently, I found that he has been living with a widow for a month and in doing so he has neglected us so that the kids of mine as well as his, (he was a widower) can't even afford to pay the fees in this current school year.

Then and there I had a talk with this woman as I found out that she is good and religious too. She told me that my husband had told her that he was a widower and had promised to marry her later on. The mistake she had was in consenting to live with him without marriage as he believed in him.

After telling her and showing her our wedding picture and marriage contract, she told me that she won't have anything more to do with my husband. So please what am I to do? Frankly, Miss Marlens, I love my husband and so do my kids and I believe I'll continue loving him and being faithful to him in thought, word and deed as I know we Catholics must.

Right now we are living together as he has asked for forgiveness but I have been so disillusioned and almost heart-broken that I would like to ask you if I must go on forgiving him and taking him back if he ever does the same mistakes. Everytime he wanders we are left in debts so that our future is dark and depressing. Please do help me and may God continue enlightening you thru your advices.

A heart-broken wife

Dear Heart-broken Wife,

You say that your husband is unfaithful to you and fails to support you and his children — and you ask if you must go on forgiving him.

The answer, definitely, is — you have no obligation to continue to allow him to live with you.

No obligation, I say. But if prudence, (or love) urges you to take him back, well, that is for you to decide.

In my opinion, it would be good if our government would provide a "whipping post" for men like your husband. Unfortunately we have all too many of that type, and vigorous, public whippings might bring them to their senses.

Meanwhile I shall join in prayer that God may give you strong faith and wisdom in your very hard trial. And while I am on the subject of prayer, how about bringing up your case to "Our Lady of Perpetual Help" in the Redemptorist Chapel in Baclaran. Our Lord once said that this kind of devil is not driven except "by prayer and fasting." In other words, prayer, and more prayer — and penance, and more penance.

Dear Lily Marlene,

I'm a 16-year-old junior in a Catholic girls' school in Manila. My problem is this. —

It is about the Apalachicola and Calypso. I like them very much, very much. I can do them very mildly but I'm not doing them. My mother and older sisters' "take it or leave it" advice is not to dance those, no matter how I do it even though they said it's no mortal sin. I've consulted the priest in our Religion class about it and he gave out adjectives for it as: immodest, unchaste, etc. He said it's a mortal sin — that is for the real calypso and apalachicola. If it is really, why has our archbishop kept silence about it?

I want to do these dances — anyway I can do it mildly, but being in doubt, for the sake of my peace of mind, I ignore them — but it's terribly hard.

Both boys and girls except me in my crowd do it — and they sort of make me feel funny if I say so to the fellows asking me to dance with them these latin numbers. And due to the popularity of the latin pieces, I'm being a wallflower that I seldom enjoy myself in parties and dances. Now boys and girls of Catholic Colleges in Manila are doing them too.

Shall I or not? Is it a mortal sin or not? How about me dancing it mildly?

A Wallflower

Dear Wall-Flower,

Most ball room dances are decent or indecent, depending on the manner in which they are danced. If you are sure that your dancing is refined and restrained, then I don't believe there is any sin involved in this Latin dances. However, be very careful. It is so easy to be carried away by youthful enthusiasm and the desire to do what everyone else does. Try to set a good example in your own crowd and they will respect you the more for it.

If, however, your Bishop gives any directions in this matter, be sure to obey him, — as I will, wholeheartedly.

Dear Miss Marlene,

I am a girl of 20, and I am engaged to a fine and handsome doctor of 25. Both of us are madly in love with each other and are planning for our future but my parents object to it as I am too young yet.

Miss Marlene, am I too young to be married? If so give me the best advice you can.

I.

Dear I—

At twenty you are young, but not too young to be planning for your future. There are parents who shut their eyes to the fact that their children have grown up. They wish to keep their sons and daughters dependent on them forever, if possible. But they are wrong. Children have their own lives to lead. They have to learn to make their own decisions. The best thing that parents can do for them is to give them the proper education, example, and guidance, so that when the time for decision comes, they may be able to make the right choice.

If you are sure that you have found your right partner for life, then go ahead. Listen respectfully to your parents' advice, but make your own plans. However, do so carefully and wisely, asking our Lady's blessings and guidance, particularly during the beautiful but dangerous time of company-keeping.

Dear Miss Marlene,

This isn't really a love problem as I'm still too young to meddle with love affairs.

You see, we just transferred to a new house and this happened to be beside an "Iglesia Ni Cristo" chapel. A family lives in this chapel. All the children, also the mother adopted the religion years ago. The father is a Catholic. During Sundays, they have services. They sing loud too, so much so that we can't help but hear. They do nothing but sing throughout the whole day.

The girls in the family are very friendly. They are very entertain-

ing and have a kind of respect for our religion. Tell me, is it bad to make friends with them? Please help me and let me know soon. For your info, I study in a good Catholic school so you needn't worry.

ROSE

Dear Rose,

There is nothing wrong in your making friends with your Iglesia de Cristo neighbors. Provided they don't try to impose their practices and beliefs on you, there's nothing to worry about.

Who knows, by your good example, the time may come when you may be able to bring them back to the true fold.

Dear Miss Marlene,

A year ago, the family of my friend moved to our neighbor. It happened that I fell for her younger sister at the first sight. But I just keep it silent until three months or so of our friendship, then I wrote her a letter expressing my love. After a week or so when no answer has come, I wrote her another but still no response.

So then, I tried to communicate with her in person, though, whenever I approach their home, she would hide from me. I tried many times and got the same results. In such case, I stopped going to their house.

So I tried to explain clearly in my letters but still she didn't reply me until now I've sent her about thirty (30) letters or so and I got the same results. Only that my feelings and my love has grown greater and hotter.

What shall I do, Miss Marlene? Should I stop writing her and wait for the personal chance? Or should I keep on writing her? What good if she didn't feel anything for me? Do you think one can win such a love as this if in her heart she didn't feel as what I do?

A Love Trouble

Dear Love Trouble,

You are certainly a most persistent fellow! I should think that writing thirty letters without eliciting any response is more than enough proof that you are wasting your time. And the fact that she refuses to see you whenever you come up her house should convince you that she doesn't want to have anything to do with you at all.

So why don't you be reasonable and save yourself all this trouble and humiliation. The sooner you stop this futile courtship, the better off you will be. Look around you — there are a lot of other nice girls who will welcome your attentions. You may not realize it now, but you will be far happier if you try to forget her and try to get interested in other young people.

Dear Miss Marlene,

I am 19 years of age and an aspiring student. Every morning I use to hear and serve mass in our parish church. In going home from the church I always meet a lady who also frequents the church. Everytime we meet, we were always exchanging some looks.

Since she is a devout catholic, it came to my mind to befriend her, but I don't know of anybody who can introduce me to her. I am fond of making friends with lots of people but not to those kinds who are always in any social gathering and are crazy of banned dances.

I also dance but in some rare occasion. I am not what you might describe an "effeminate," but because I don't have any interest in any social affair, I have to break my company with them.

My question is: How could I win the friendship of this girl.

M.A.R.

Dear M A R

Perhaps she may have some brothers or cousins whom you could befriend. It is easier to start an acquaintance with members of your own sex. Then you may be able to meet her thru them. Or you may try to join some parish activity in which she is interested. There is always some way — if you try hard enough.

Dear Miss Marlene,

There's one who is after me but I got not a bit of care for him. Whenever he sees me he can't resist but to come along. I don't really have the mood of seeing him nor going with him.

He acts more than a thorn on my part — I mean he seems more or less a devil to me. Miss Marlene, tell me then what to do in order to put myself out of this....

T.E.C.

Dear T E C

Ignore him, give him no encouragement whatsoever. If you make yourself clear and stand firm — it won't take him long to realize that there is nothing to be gained in keeping on with his unwanted attentions. You may hurt his feelings now, but in the long run, it is better that way, and he will be grateful to you for it.

"I desire that this manner of prayer (Rosary) shall be perpetually promoted and practised."

—Our Lady to St. Dominic

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER CORNER

By Rev. Pedro Verceles, S. J.

National Director

In a symposium on the "Radio Apostolate" in one of our religious institutions on June, 1949, a young religious pleaded with his audience to "join in prayers asking that if it be God's will, the Sacred Heart Program be introduced into the Philippines."

Two years later, on the 1st of June, 1949, the Apostleship of Prayer began its daily radio program in honor of the Sacred Heart. Today this program is still heard over Station DZPI at 5:30 A. M. Soon it will also be broadcast over the Cebu radio station, DZBU. Apparently that zealous young religious did not ask the prayers of his audience in vain.

In the United States the Sacred Heart program brings Christ's truth, love and peace in 1,500 broadcasts a week, over 500 stations, to 65,000,000 Americans who profess no faith. It breaks down prejudice, builds up understanding and teaches tolerance.

There is no denying that aside from the Press and the movie, the radio is one of the most potent factors of propaganda today. This is one reason why the radio apos-

tolate has always been close to the heart of the late Pius XI and our present Pontiff, Pius XII.

Here in the Philippines we have six broadcasting stations that are on the air throughout the day and a major portion of the night. Some ₱1,000,000 have been invested in these stations while the number of radio sets scattered throughout the length and breadth of the archipelago approximates 40,000. Radio programs, especially those in the national language, have become so popular that the Sampaguita picture alone receives an average of 1,000 fan mails a day. In view of the 1,000,000 radio listeners in the Philippines, it becomes imperative for the Church to get busy using this powerful means of spreading the kingdom of God. For in the business of preaching the gospel, no legitimate means should be left unexploited.

Aside from the weekly programs of the Pax Romana, the Ave Maria Hour and the St. Francis Hour, the only daily Catholic programs heard over local stations are the Sacred Heart Program and the Angelus.

(Continued on page 34)

Intentions Blessed By The

General Intention: That the knowledge of religion may be promoted among Catholics.

Public interest is definitely on the material side of life. Ours is a scientific age. With all the technical knowledge at its command, Science uses the forces of nature to conquer space and time and to make these conquests felt in every sphere of life. The progress of science so dazzles the eye—especially of our youth—that we have lost the vision and the love of the spiritual, the religious, the supernatural, the eternal.

But today more than ever before, men need spiritual forces that would protect and regulate life itself,—such as religious truths and practices. For, material progress in the hands of those who rule by force, can be converted into an instrument of injustice and cruelty especially in modern warfare. Only the voice of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, gives us the remedy.

To His apostles and their successors, to His priests, He gave the command: "Go ye and teach all nations. Teach them whatsoever I have commanded you." Indeed these shepherds of souls have the grave obligation of looking after the religious instruction of our Christian people.

But the natural law dictates that fathers of families themselves have the first inalienable duty of giving their children the proper education and religious training, while to the mothers belong the responsibility of teaching their young ones their first lessons about God and their first prayers.

When parents entrust to others a part of this duty, they should understand that the responsibility continues to rest on their shoulders, so much so that they should see to it that they who take their place actually teach their young ones what they themselves are supposed to teach. Thus they should ask for Catholic instruction for their children in the public schools, in as much as, according to the new Civil Code, art. 359, religious instruction is to be given as part of the official school program.

To the adults in general are directed the parish sermons and

Holy Father For November

with greater authority the teachings of our Holy Father and our bishops. Every state of life has its own obligations which are declared in the Holy Gospel and explained, according to the needs of the times, by the infallible teaching of the Supreme Pontiff. Thanks to this supreme voice, which is not only national, but universal and divine in character, the light of truth continues to enlighten all men of good will in all their complex problems. It is clear that we all have to have deep conviction and moral strength to be able to comply with our duties even to the point of sacrifice.

Mission Intention: For peace and concord in Madagascar.

Most recent persecution, fanned by Communists, is the destruction of the notable progress of Catholicism in Madagascar, a french possession. More than one half of its 2,700,000 population are Christians, to wit, 700,000 Catholics and 600,000 Protestants. A violent revolution broke out in 1947 against the french colony which soon spread thru the east coast where the Catholic missions were established. The work of two Vicariates with all their churches went up in smoke.

Innumerable Catholics have resisted the persecution with admirable fortitude, but not a few new converts have abandoned the Faith, while others have returned to their ancient superstitions.

Rev. Jose Ma. Siguion, S.J.

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THE APOSTLESHIP

(Continued from page 31)

The Sacred Heart Program, which is sponsored by the Apostleship of Prayer, is gradually, but steadily, growing in popularity among our people, Catholic and non-Catholic alike. The fan mails we receive everyday from all over the Philippines, which average about a dozen, bear witness to this fact. It is encouraging to read the letters of people who listen to this program.

Here are a few excerpts from their letters:

"Me and my family since a week ago have been always busy listening to your Sacred Heart Program and we appreciate it very much for it helps us to get closer to the Church and to God."—Antonio R. Macias of Zamboanga.

"Your program is truly wonderful. I wake up early just to be able to hear it."—Florsefina Licup of Rizal Avs. Extension.

"I congratulate you for your nice program. Such a reminder keep us closer to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and His Blessed Mother in this period of materialism, where the welfare of souls is forgotten." — Asuncion Acosta of Pangasinan.

"It is wholesome food for thought and is refreshing to the human heart and soul."—Florequita Vical of Batangas.

"We wish to inform you that we tune in daily for the Sacred

Heart Program and we are indeed very grateful for such an opportunity of listening daily to talks and songs that draw us closer to the Sacred Heart of Jesus."—Signed by Erlinda Frile, Leticia Guevara, Augusta Reyes, Carmelita Santiago, Aida Domingo, Carmen Brillantes, Lutgarda Sison, Teresita Brillantes, Virginia de Leon, Rosie Rosales of Holy Ghost College.

"I think your broadcast is the best means of starting the day right. It puts me in the proper mind-set for the day's work. Above all I like the daily sermons rendered by the ministers of God. These made me learn more and more and understand better my duties as a Catholic."—Primitiva V. de Santillan of Malate.

"For those who have had little or no religious instruction, the sermons are enlightening. People are made to understand and love their religion better and are brought closer to God. For those who were given a good grilling of it, the daily topics are a substantial food for meditation and the answer to a long felt need of the spirit in the midst of this materialistic strife-torn world."—L. de los Santos of Laguna.

And so with many other letters which for lack of space we could not all quote here. The Sacred Heart Program is drawing crowds to the Heart of Jesus. May it continue to bring more men to a personal love and devotion to the Sacred Heart!



HORSE SENSE

By LEON GARCIA

JUSTICE: A LA COMMUNISM

At the end of March a Yugoslav doctor living in Bulgaria was tried by a Sofia court on charges of espionage. He was named Cedomir Ilitch. Dr. Ilitch was convicted and sentenced to twelve years in prison.

The current issue of the Belgrade humor magazine *Jex* publishes its own views on present day Communist Information Bureau justice. No formal link is established with the Sofia trial. But if one notes the similarity in the name and the sentence of the accused one can draw his own conclusions.

Furthermore, Westerners who have been puzzled about some of the trials in Cominform lands recently may be interested in what appears to be the prevailing view here. The title of the *Jex* article is "The Judge Interrogates." The text thereof follows:

"Judge: Accused, your name?

"Accused. Ilitch.

"Judge: Profession?

"Accused: Doctor.

"Judge: You therefore admit that part of the accusation. Good. What is your political affiliation?

"Accused: Communist.

"Judge: That means you are a Yugoslav. You also admit this. Very good.

"Accused: What kind of an admission are you talking about? I am only answering.

"Judge: Wonderful. Secretary, write—"The accused admits all the main points of the accusation and is prepared to answer for the crimes committed."

"Accused. Scandalous. This is vulgar.

"Judge: Secretary. The accused stated that he is aware that his deeds were scandalous and vulgar. Accused, tell me do you know where the seat of the American Government is located?



"Accused: Naturally, in Washington.

"Judge: It appears that you are well informed of the conditions in the imperialists' camp. Of course. Secretary, write: 'The accused, by his own admission, had close ties with the American Government from which he received.' Wait a moment, secretary. How many dollars did you receive, accused?"

"Accused: I didn't receive any dollars.

"Judge: Very good. Continue secretary—'From whom he received orders for espionage but he complains that he wasn't paid in dollars.'

"Accused: Tell me why you need all this?"

"Judge: We have to justify twelve years' imprisonment.

"Accused: I will unmask all of you at the public trial.

"Judge: Be at ease. We don't need publicity. We can conclude all this at a closed trial."



I'm not buying toys for him, you fool. He's my husband, Don Procopio.



Could you die like this?

Hell In China

By JOHN J. CONSIDINE, M.M.

Cold December winds blew as the Communist sweep beat open the gates of Jehol, in North China, and took seventeen priests into custody. Some of the priests were Belgians; others were Chinese. Among the latter was Father Peter Chang an experienced missionary and seminary professor, who was respected for his fine judgment and loved for his zeal.

As this fifty-four-year-old Chinese was led away from the group, he called back to his fellow priests an old Latin expression from the Church of the ages: "*Moriatur fortiter!*" — "Let us die bravely!"

"Your guilt has not been great, Father," the Reds began with honeyed voice. "Your punishment will be light, if you will renounce Catholicism and be converted to Communism."

Father Chang not only refused; he

proceeded to exhort his tormentors to become Christians. They tortured and beat him while he pleaded for their souls. For a period of days, they sought to break his resolution, throwing him on the floor of his cell to pass each night with his bruises. One day they broke his leg. All that night the priest in the cell next to him kept vigil to Father Chang's low moonings. The next day death came.

In Yenon, the Communists took prisoner Father Liang, a young Chinese of twenty-nine, and called upon him to apostatize.

"Of course I will not apostatize!" he replied. "Not only am I a Christian, but I am a priest. And if you cut off my head, I shall still be a Christian and still be a priest."

He was immediately clubbed to insensibility. At this juncture the Nationalists successfully attacked Yen-

on. Father Lion could have escaped, but he remained and was carried off by the fleeing Communists. His weakness made him a burden, so he was soon shot.

In Maoshantung village, in Jehol Province, three Chinese religious — Sisters Wong, Chao, and Mary — were called upon to renounce their religious vows, to abjure Christianity, and to marry. Because they refused the "people's court" of the Reds condemned them to death by dragging. The three Sisters were stripped, and their arms were bound to their bodies. A rope was fastened to the feet of each, and then tied to a horse. The horses were beaten and frightened, and the three religious were dragged over stones and stubble until they were dead.

In this same region, a saintly Chinese priest, Father Ho of Heau Fou, was imprisoned and ordered to renounce his religion and become a Communist. Stories have grown up around the memory of this holy man's end. One report has it that, as Father Ho was about to be shot, a flower appeared above his head, and it eluded the Red executioner when he

tried to grasp it. Another report says that a Catholic woman who was blind sent her little boy to dip a piece of cloth in the blood of the martyred priest, and then, applying this cloth to her eyes, the woman received her sight.

In the Maryknoll mission in Manchuria, an elderly Chinese priest, Father Maurice Pai, was imprisoned. His ordinary clothing was taken from him, and he was given burlap to wear. After some six weeks, he was shot three times in the back of the head, and his body was thrown in a ditch. Christians hid the body in the snow and then buried it secretly at night. Such tales bring to mind similar incidents in the history of the great persecutions in the early centuries of the Church.

"One torture gaining popularity," reads a report, "is known as the 'dragon lantern' . . . the back of the priest is slashed open, cotton saturated with gasoline is inserted in the wounds, and the cotton is ignited. The mad antics of the victim suggest the squirming dragon lanterns of Chinese parades. Some other forms of torture are practiced: one layman



had holes drilled in his back, and then the holes were filled with gasoline and ignited."

Over five hundred churches have been commandeered by the Communists in North China, and over a thousand schools. Following the refined technique of modern Communism, care is taken to avoid the onus of the direct accusation of religious persecution.

"The persecution organized by the Communists," says a report from Peking, "is worse than that of the Boxers in 1900. The Boxer persecution was violent and bloody, but it was openly anti-Christian and of short duration. The Communist persecution, on the contrary, is sly, long in duration, nerve-racking, with spying of family on family. It is organized by men who pretend to respect freedom of conscience."

There is tremendous drama in this picture of death for Christ in China. We experience a profound sympathy for such groups of missionaries as the Immaculate Heart Fathers, who have suffered cruelly along the Mongolian border. But when our eye embraces the spectacle of thousands of native sons and daughters of China — priests, religious, and laity — facing hideous tortures, the loss of all possessions, and often the loss of life itself, our admiration knows no bounds. We ask ourselves. "Could I die like this? Would I, with all my vaunted faith, prove as gloriously constant in bearing witness for Christ?" — **From Moryknoll**

"Down with Religion!"

Marx:

"Religion is the sigh of the oppressed creature, the temper of a heartless world . . . It is the people's opium. The abolition of religion as the people's illusory happiness, is a requisite of their real happiness."

Lenin:

"Our program is built on science and in particular on the materialistic view of the world . . . Our propaganda necessarily includes, also, atheistic propaganda . . .

" . . . religion is not a private matter. Our party must not be indifferent to unawareness, obscurantism, and obfuscation in the form of religious convictions . . . We have founded our union, among other things, especially for a struggle against the religious deceptions of the workers."

Yaroslavskii:*

"A person cannot act correctly, cannot act in an organized manner as a Communist, as a Leninist, if his brain is poisoned by religion."

Stalin:

"We shall be guided by the rightly understood interests of the proletariat, and will agitate against Catholicism and Protestantism and even Orthodoxy, in order to assure victory of the world to the socialist view."

* *President of the League of Militant Atheists.*

"Go to school so you won't have to work", "He comes from the farm" or its equivalent, the contemptuous Tagalog epithet, **Provinciano** — these and such like expressions used to manifest disdain are indicative of an unhealthy attitude that our young people are nurturing towards the farm. This atmosphere of contempt shows that we do not have the Christian outlook on the soil.

The Soul and the Soil

The Church is interested not so much in the farm as in the farmer. Her divine mission is to save human souls. The Church believes that there is greater opportunity to work out the soul's salvation on the farm. For there is a close connection between the soul and the soil, between the land and good Christian living. The Faith and the cultivation of the soil go hand in hand.

Even the pagan Romans of old saw the connection between virtue and the land. Pliny, the historian, quotes Cato thus: "The agricultural population produces the bravest men, the most valiant soldiers, and a class of citizens, the least given of all to evil designs." In the words of Pius XII, there is need today of "light, space and air" for good moral living.

The Home on the Farm

The family is of primary importance in the Catholic philosophy of rural life. The family is the source of population, the chief agency in the training and education of children. It cannot fulfill its twofold

The Church believes in

the
man
with
the
plow

By **VITALIANO GOROSPE, S.J.**

purpose if the union between father and mother is not stable and permanent.

Rural life promotes and strengthens the unity and permanence of the marriage bond. The Church believes that the home on the farm is specially adapted to nurture strong and wholesome family life. The open country around the barrio is conducive to the practice of domestic virtues—respect for parents and



elders, helpfulness, oneness in work, play and prayer, mutual love and neighborliness.

Rural environment fosters spirituality and sanctity in the individual members of the family; it develops their taste for beauty and the finer things of life. Our *kundimans*, our folk dances, the beautiful customs

of our people grew up with the rice from the fields of Central Luzon, with the sugar from the plantation of the Visayas, with the abaca from the hillsides of Mindanao.

Our poetry did not come from the slums of Tondo; it was born of the harvest and the planting season by the rice paddies in a house on stilts. It is in the home on the farm where religious ideals can be pursued and where individual happiness, peace and contentment can be discovered.

The home on the farm brings with it new securities—better lives, fuller lives, happier lives. The home on the farm is a firm foundation for the family, the Church and the State. The farmer is truly the backbone of our nation. The home on the farm is the basis of Filipino society, of Filipino culture, of our way of life.

Farming: A Way of Life

The land is the foundation of the family. The farm was made for the home. The Church believes that the normal way for a family to live is upon the land which supplies its immediate needs. The land is primarily for home-building and family subsistence, and only secondarily for profit-making and industry.

The economic security of millions of Filipinos demands independent ownership of the farm. The way of life which will bring the vast majority of Filipinos to the peace and prosperity necessary for them to live their lives in a human way materially, spiritually, and morally is to be

secured only by the widest possible distribution of land.

If after the common good has been served, there should be more land to be had, big business could enter into the field of farming. But in our present agricultural economy, where farming is the predominant economic factor, the common good demands that big business does not compete with the small farmer. That does not mean that big business has no place in our economy.

In this modern world of electric typewriters and magic-beam victrolas, "big business" is a necessary part of life. Capital is needed to develop many of our natural resources and thus increase the wealth of our country. Mining for example offers a good field for big industry.

The individual farmer cannot push a railroad into a forest and dig a shaft all by himself. Another field for the enterprising businessman would be the processing and canning of foodstuffs to allow for the export of perishable farm products. There are many ways in which the big businessman and the small farmer can help one another for mutual benefit.

The moneyed businessman can put up a textile factory to turn the piña fiber into saleable cloth. He can help the small farmer transport his goods to market by inter-island and cross-ocean shipping. Cooperation, not competition is the key to the small farmer-big business relationship.

The Church insists on the sacredness of the individual person, so that in the Catholic view of rural life, when the profit-urge and human values come in conflict, the human being and the moral law should triumph. Why? Because the first end of farming is the livelihood of the individual family.

Farm Ownership: A Natural Right

Since the land is necessary for the self-preservation of the average Filipino family, farm ownership is a natural right. The land says St. Thomas Aquinas is "necessary for supporting human life". The rice we eat, the nipa hut we live in, the sarong our women wear — they all come from the land.

"Nature, therefore, owes to man a storehouse that shall never fail, the daily supply of his daily wants. And this he finds only in the inexhaustible fertility of the earth." But "man not only can possess the fruits of the earth, but also the earth itself". (Leo XIII). We should have a great esteem for the soil because it is one of God's basic gifts, given to us to supply our earthly needs.

Widespread Distribution of Land

In her Christian rural philosophy, the Church advocates widespread distribution of land. For she is aware of the evils of the *kasama* system. "Moreover, there is the immense army of hired rural laborers, whose condition is depressed in the extreme, and who have no hope of ever ob-

A LAY-BROTHER'S REVERIE

(Dusk in a Jesuit Chapel)

I kneel tonight before Love's lonely door,
 Alone with the Alone;
 And thoughts like waves on some forgotten shore,
 Wash on my heart's small zone.
 No souls each day before Him may I lay,
 But ever one — one breast
 That pants away the calloused pains of day,
 Beside His Own in rest.
 Sweet King, if chrismed hands were mine, what lands
 I'd bring Thy Sacred Heart!
 But now — what can these do, these gnarled cracked hands
 Save play poor Martha's part?
 But hush — why weep I thus and ever bow
 So sad before Love's throne?
 Were not His Kingly Hands like mine, His Brow
 Sweat-soaked in toils unknown?
 Deep silence — and peace.

B. Llamson, S. J.

taining a share in the land." (Pius XI)

In the Philippines there is not yet a sufficient distribution of arable, productive soil. Tenantry is still widespread and is one of the causes of the agrarian problem in Central Luzon, a sore spot in the social structure of our country.

The Kasama: The Church's Concern

The *kasama* has no true liberty, no true security. He is an economic slave, dependent on the will of the landlord who has complete control over the land he cultivates. He has lost his right to a family living wage because he has no property, no sav-

ings, no land, no home. The *kasama* system pauperizes his mind and his soul; it breeds fear, kills his sense of responsibility and self-reliance, lowers his ideals, makes him work solely for job and pay.

He confuses democracy and tyranny. For this is how he reasons, "the *hacendero* owns everything. I own nothing. The *hacendero* cheats me of my reward. He is not put in jail. I steal food for my hungry children. I am punished by the law. The *hacendero* has money to bribe corrupt government officials. I have nothing with which to plead my cause before the law courts of the land. The *hacendero* is heard be-

cause he is big. No one listens to the small *kasama*. There is justice and protection for the *hacendero*. There is none for the *kasama*. This is the kind of democracy in which I am made to live." Can we blame him then if he mistakes democracy for tyranny?

If his reasoning is extreme it is also partially true. Nor does the *kasama* take the time to make fine distinctions when hunger grips the home and stares him in the face. He sees black or white, not varying shades of grey. Starving and embittered, he loses his reason and becomes an easy prey to the pernicious propaganda of Taruc and other unscrupulous agitators.

It is in behalf of this honest, helpless, oppressed peasant not the unjust, greedy, lawless Huk that the Church proposes her rural doctrine of widespread land distribution. If working people can be encouraged to look forward to obtaining a share in the land, the result will be that the gulf between vast wealth and deep poverty will be bridged over, and the two orders will be brought nearer together.

The Church advocates the multiplication of small land-holdings, but she condemns two extremes, unbridled Capitalism or unlimited ownership, and Communism, no ownership, not even small ownership.

The Christian Ideal: Family-Unit-Farm

Here we are at the heart of rural catholicism. The Christian ideal is that each rural family should own and operate its own farm. Family-unit-operation is the Church's answer to the acute social problem of today. There is certainly no better way to secure an even and wide distribution of land ownership than by defending and promoting the family farm.

The family-unit-farm is the major social and economic need of our country. It alone can rebuild our nation. The family farm is the best solution to the Huk problem, the answer to Communism. The menace of Communism can easily be staved off by "the ownership of a few acres". (Leo XIII) The family farm is the only necessary basis of a free and democratic Philippines.

Without the family farm there can be no independence, no security, no progress for millions of our people. In the family farm their spiritual and cultural advancement, the preservation of their rights and liberties, the future of their country rests.

The Man With The Plow

The man with the plow, the carabao, and a few hectares of land will never become a Communist. For he cannot readily give up the land to which he owes his life and well being as well as the life and well being of his wife and children. He cannot readily give up the land upon which

he has lavished his care and skill, many years of his sweet and labor.

He has learned to love the land in which his happiness and that of his forefathers before him, and of his family are rooted. He is a free citizen, for he does not depend on another for his livelihood. He is secure "for of the products of the earth he can make provision for the future". (Leo XIII) He is industrious, thrifty, honest and responsible, "the backbone of the nation".

The man with the plow is a man of serious-thought and deep seated convictions. The man with the plow is a man of character and good judgement. The man with the plow is a man of devotion and loyalty, the lost to abandon his home, his friends, his country, and his God. Everything depends on the man with the plow.

The Rural Road to Eternity

No one then should think that the Church is merely interested in spiritual matters and has no concern for our earthly needs. For "in regard to things temporal she is the source of benefits as manifold and as

great as if the chief end of her existence were to insure the prosperity of our earthly life." (Leo XIII)

However, our temporal welfare is always subordinate to our eternal destiny. The Church is interested in rural life because the farm brings heaven closer to our reach.

Appeal of the Church

Now no Papal Encyclical has ever put a stop to a rice shortage. No joint Pastoral of the Philippine Hierarchy has ever prevented a Huk raid. But that is only because the Church needs the cooperation of men. The future of the Filipino farmer should be the concern of all especially the government. There is a long way to go before the Christian ideal of the family farm can be realized in our country.

But the first step in bringing about that ideal is a change of mind, a change of attitude. The Church appeals to all for a Christian outlook on family living on the farm. The modern Filipino boy and girl especially should be convinced that better farms mean better homes, better hearts, better lives.

TAKING HIM LITERALLY

He was a famous retreatmaster, and he was also a famous kisser. But sometimes his kidding backfired.

When he arrived to give the sisters their retreat, the superior asked him what he would like to have for breakfast. "Oh," he replied, "I am a very light eater. Just a glass of water and a toothpick."

The Mass over, he came to breakfast... and on the beautifully set table were a glass of water and a clean and shining service plate in the exact center of which rested a toothpick.



"Visit the Sick"

Patient in' Ward 8

By LEOPOLDO C. SANCHEZ

Luis was just a name to me then — a name of a patient whom I did not know, and never saw. It still is a name to me. Yet somehow I feel I knew him all along; I feel a genuine attachment for him. Without doubt, without reason, I know he has become a close friend; and I know too, I shall miss him.

I first learned about Luis through the patients whom I thought were his friends. In fact, the little that I know about him, I only heard — hearsay passed by words of mouth. He was confined in ward 8, a fracture case, and hanging in those wooden frames with contraptions to keep the broken bones straight.

Unfortunately, my bed was among those occupying the corridor outside ward 8. I never ventured inside this ward; I did not have the chance to do so. This, I was to regret later.

From my bed however, I could distinctly hear the goings-on inside the ward — the laughter, the merriment, the teasing and the jokes. It seemed the name Luis kept being mentioned more often than not, and I became aware of his name after a long while.

I did not give it much thought at

This story of deep human interest comes from the pen of a polio victim at the National Orthopedic Hospital who refuses to be beaten by illness. Mr. Sanchez dictates his articles to a friend, edits the Hospital paper — is an avid La Salle fan. —Eds.

the time, but then I could not help pitying Luis. He was always the butt of the jokes it seemed — mean, vulgar and insulting jokes too. But Luis seemed to take all these good-naturedly. I thought may be he took all these in fun for I never heard an answer or a faint sound from him.

I would like to think that he was beyond this means — beyond anger because he was a gentleman. That was why I started asking more questions about him. "In his five months stay here, he was only visited once by his relatives," so I was told. "He is good and silent," another informant enlightened me. "I want to write home for money — then I'll have a blow-out of fried chicken and fried rice," this was the wish Luis disclosed to a friend of his.

As the days and the months passed, the jokes became less frequent, and with this, the mention of Luis' name became less frequent too. Quite unnatural after being so used to hearing about him, I was beginning to wonder. Yet, somehow inside me I felt better because it meant no more insults for Luis — no more heartaches for this patient whom I only knew by name.

Nevertheless, he became less of a name to me with the passing day and he began to take on a more personalized image in my mind—human, real and likeable. Luis with the genial nature, Luis smiling, unafraid and confident. The thing was—without being aware of it, I was learning to like him.

This was the smooth tenor of events as it was meant to be; and as irrevocably destined too, breaks and ripples disrupted it. In the hustle and bustle of the ward, the words "Luis is dying, Luis is dying," rose above the din — recurrent sounds which were vague, indistinct and

with no meaning to me—not until the full import of its meaning sped into my consciousness.

I was jolted... visibly shocked! I could not believe it—I didn't want to—yet the sad truth taunted me. He was weakening, grasping for breath, delirious, and on the brink of death. One day, two days, and the once noisy ward was silent with foreboding. This continued. I prayed hard — I was hoping against hope that it should not be. Three days, four days . . . he suffered to the very end.

I would like to console myself with the thought of the kind student nurse who prayed the rosary by his side when he expired. I would like to think too, of Luis whom I never knew and never saw — Luis, his longing for fried chicken, fried rice, and his dream of walking on his feet again! He had failed to find what he had sought for while here on earth, and I want to believe that somewhere across the hills, he has at last found these things.

FR. LORD BLUSHES

I was reading the Sunday announcements for the parish church and paying strict attention to the strange new names before my eyes. So I read straight ahead: "Tuesday at 7 o'clock for Jane Smith" — I paused — "Ann Mass."

Then as I read a second intention for Thursday for John Kelly, Ann Mass, I began to wonder who this woman was who was coupled with so many different people.

At last it dawned on me. Blushingly I read the last: "Saturday for May Schwartz, Anniversary Mass."

—Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S. J.

"Whom Seek Ye?"

By JAMES W. BURKE, O.M.I.



From a casual estimate, I suppose there are more books, pamphlets, and brochures published about Christ than about any other person in the history of the world.

About His adorable Figure have swirled the tides and currents of controversy; gentle souls have composed sweet poems about Him; strong souls have thundered forth in the defense of His Divinity; the blasphemous and the flippant have defiled their pens in attacking His person. Whoever has written about Him cannot do so and not be affected one way or the other by His dazzling Personality.

Volume upon volume has been written of His Divinity — the library of any seminary will bear that out; but I would write of His Humanity or more particularly, of one facet of His Humanity, His strength of character.

Unfortunately for the truth, we sometimes fall into the extreme of regarding Our Lord as a dreamy, soft, idealistic Man. This distortion, perhaps, comes from some types of "estampitas" which we see too often;

these show Him in a very weak light and He appears almost effeminate in His looks.

He most certainly was not the sugar coated type or He would never have appealed to a group of fishermen who later became His Apostles. Fishermen are far from being soft as we know. Christ has been called by Tennyson "**strong Son of God**", and the poet in this case was not merely idealizing. He was telling us of Christ as He was in the days of His sojourn on earth. As a model for our boys and men, let us dwell on this angle of Christ's character — His manliness, His strength, His vigorous way of life.

Perhaps the first glimpse of His strength of character can be discerned when He was a boy of twelve years, when with Mary and Joseph He went up to Jerusalem on the annual pilgrimage. Doubtless He walked most of way, while Mary and Joseph took turns riding on the donkey. As any young boy of His age would want to do, He wanted to show that He was quite able to take care of Himself.

Then He was lost for three days, but we gather from the account of the Sacred Author that He did not spend His time in fruitless going about the city of Jerusalem. No, the Boy Christ showed His strong character by doing what He knew His Father wanted Him to do. He went to the Temple and spent most of the time with the Jewish gray beards and engaged them in such conversation that we are told, **"and all that heard Him were astonished at His answers"**. He could hold His place even among the elders of the Jewish faith at the early age of twelve years.

Eighteen years later Christ began His public life; and here He shone forth in the splendor of His Divine strength. Time after time He lashed out at the Pharisees for their evil life and their collous disregard of the spiritual welfare of their people; He called them **"vipers," "blind leaders of the blind"**, and compared them to a filth-filled grave, **"but within you are full of rapine and uncleanness"**.

On one occasion He was so eloquently forceful that the Pharisees sent a delegation to arrest Him, but the very ones sent were so impressed by the beauty of Christ's words that they returned to their croven masters and reported **"never did man speak as this Man"**.

No, Christ was no weakling. He Who drove the money changers out

of the Temple was not soft; He Who was accustomed to pray the whole night on the cold mountain tops was not weak; He Who went into the bleak stretches of the barren lands to fast for forty days and forty nights was a strong Man.

But beginning in the terrible struggle of the agony in the garden and ending in the crucifixion, we see in Christ all the traits of strength. The human element in Christ was revulsed at the thoughts of the torments He was to undergo, so much so that from His pores Blood oozed forth, yet He prayed, **"My Father if this chalice may not pass away, but I must drink it, Thy will be done"**.

When His captors came to apprehend Him, He went forth undaunted to meet them. He asked, **"Whom seek ye?"** they said, **"Jesus of Nazareth"**, Jesus answered, **"I have told you that I am He"** — and He adds a touching phrase with regard to His Apostle **"let these go their way"**; in other words you want me, but don't harm my Apostles.

This is the Christ, the manly Christ Whom I would hold up for imitation. We are living in times when softness of character has no place. When it was a question of the glory of His Father, the defending of the oppressed, the upholding of virtue, Christ was divinely strong. He never knew what it meant to compromise when it came to questions of His teachings.

What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?

ALING JUANA LEADS A TRIPLE LIFE

By MALABON MARYKNOLL SISTERS



*"Feed the
Hungry"*

Juana the First holds a stall right at the busiest corner of the market in Malabon. Presiding over bushel baskets of rice of varying qualities and prices, she can judge to a nicety any sample presented to her. A burying of her hands in the white grains, a trickling through her fingers, a rubbing of grain against grain; then: "Hmm, good ilong-ilong, but not the new harvest. I give you nine pesos a kaban."

But there is more than rice on Juana's mind. Now and again, she calls out some message. "Ay, you, Totoy! You did not come last Sunday. No good will come of that sort of thing."

She pulls on an urchin from the crowd. "Tell your Nanay I will bring the priest to see her this afternoon."

The message may concern a marriage to be rectified, or a wily feminine snare to get a husband back to the sacraments. Juana is involved in all sorts of things like that.

Juana Number Two is quite different, seemingly. She lives with her beloved old folks, in the four-room nipo hut behind Malabon's motion-

picture "palace". There she has gathered all the unwanted old people in town. She cooks for them, sews for them, straightens out their petty tangles, thinks up little treats for them. Other charitable women help pay the bills, but Juana slaves for the old folks personally.

We got to know Juana the Third before we knew either of her other selves. Each dawn, as we go into our huge, ruined Spanish church for Mass, someone is there, in addition to the bats wheeling and squeaking high in the desolate arches. A woman is kneeling motionless when we enter, and she is still there when we leave. This is Juana's truest self.

We seven Sisters at Malabon have a big school on our hands, and a rapidly growing number of children to whom we teach catechism on Sunday afternoons.

"Will you come to teach the little children?" I asked Juana.

"Yes, Madre," she said immediately.

Every one calls Juana "Aling". That means "Big Sister," and she is, indeed a big sister to all in Malabon.

THINKING WITH GOD

By FRANCIS P. LE BUFFE, S.J.

Almighty and merciful God—

almighty, and so never in need of the power to help us...

merciful, and so always eager and anxious to help us...

our God and our Father, and thus devoted to us "through thick and thin"...

just waiting for us to ask Him so that He may give us what we need...

Keep us from all harm—

from all that may hurt us from outside...

from all that may hurt us from within—

uncontrolled passions...

unconquered bad habits...

a proud, unbelieving mind...

a rebellious will...

That being unencumbered both in soul and in body—

bad habits always snarl us up...

sin always weighs us down...

a bad conscience slows us up noticeably...

unencumbered in soul—

with no false ideas in our minds...

with no unchecked sinful tendencies in our will...

unencumbered in body—

with our emotions properly controlled...

with our senses rightly used always...

We may with freedom of soul accomplish Your work—

the only "free thinkers" are the Saints...

the only free men are those who have cast all sin aside...

"Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is freedom" (2 Cor. 3:17)...

"With freedom did Christ make us free; stand fast then, and be not caught again under the yoke of slavery" (Galatians 4:31)...

we must have "the freedom of the glory of the children of God"

Dear Lord Jesus You know how easily I get all snarled up in sin and bad habits and slothful ways. Even when not seriously sinful, all these tie me down and slow me up. That makes my way to Heaven more difficult. So please keep me free from all sin and sinful habits even of the lesser, kind. Then I shall run fast and merrily home to You in Heaven.



Now is the time for action!

Are We Sleeping?

by SIXTO K. ROXAS

We pride ourselves on being the only Catholic nation in the Orient. It is about time we realize that we are the most UN-Catholic of Catholic nations.

Our Government certainly is not Catholic. Of course, there is a vague reference in the Preamble of our Constitution to "imploing the Aid of Divine Providence". But the same Constitution is invoked to keep religion out of our public schools. Ironic, is it not? We ask God to help us keep God out of our schools. Again some of our "Politicians" (save the mark) seem to think that separation of Church and State means enmity between Church and State. They feel it is their duty to use every chance and power they get to attack the Church—that is to say, to attack all decency and morals. And the Philippines is called a Catholic Country.

Our society may be a society of Catholics, but it is certainly not a Catholic society. No real Catholic society would ever tolerate the social injustice that is seen in our slums

where men live in filth and rank indecency; in many of our farms where tenants are bound by bonds worse than mere slavery. What Catholic society would allow its Government officials, the so-called servants of the people, to pass orders permitting indecent pictures to be shown in its theaters, or promulgate a law that keeps God away from the schools where its youth are taught. But above all, and this brings us to our real point, would you call that a Catholic society whose members are not bound by the ties of the Mystical Body of Christ, to work for the spread of the Catholic life into every phase of the social, political and moral life of the nation?

Catholic Philippines has no real Catholic Action Organization. It is true that we have several units that perform Catholic Action work. But the trouble with them is that they are just that—several units. What we need is a centralized organization that shall be a union of all these units. What we need is not several units, but one unity.

It is sad to say that in this matter, Catholics must learn from their arch-enemy, the Communists. They must learn to have as great a devotion for their Catholicism as Communists have for their Communism. So that they shall possess the same zeal—not to turn their backs on society because it is in such a state of disorder, but to plunge into it and set it in order; not to stay away from politics because it is dirty, but to dive into the thick of it and clean it up; not to turn in disgust from the work of education because teachers are looked upon with such disdain, but to take it up with gusto and place teachers in a new light winning for them admiration and appreciation—all for Christianity, for Christians and for Christ.

This is a big job, yes, and we offer no magic, over-night remedies. But we do say, let us start something, anything; but let us make a start. The most logical place to do this would be where Catholics are trained for the world—the Catholic Schools. How shall we make a start there? We make no claims to being experienced educators, but perhaps this may work, or at least help. The school is supposed to represent a miniature of the society we are to live in. All right, then suppose a miniature is formed in each Catholic school of how a Catholic society with a real Catholic

Action organization should function. A central organization will be formed under a priest, to show that all Catholic Action must be a participation of the laity in the work of the hierarchy. This organization shall branch out into a social order section to study how the graduate can bring Catholic action into the social order; a government section to show how he can enter politics as a Catholic; into Law, Medicine, Commerce sections to study practically how Catholic Action can be brought into these different fields. These sections shall take the form of practical study clubs that shall not merely study principles from thick text books—but make surveys of actual problems and formulate solutions.

Then with this, the graduate will not go out of the school, a bewildered "green horn" untrained to meet the formidable problems that will seek to sweep him off his feet. He will take one look at the mass of confusion that is society, look up briefly to breathe a short prayer to Christ ever gazing protectively from beyond the blue sky, step out of his graduation gown, and get to work.

With enough graduates like these, then, maybe, we can look the rest of the world in the eye, and say: "Now, at last, we are a Catholic nation."

Suffering in itself is neither good nor bad. It only becomes one or the other by its effects on the soul and character.

That Roosevelt-Spellman Clash

Catholic Stand on Federal Aid



It took a long time to convince editors, radio news commentators, and, it seems, even members of Congress, that Catholics are not asking for "support" of their schools through any Federal Aid Bill. This is probably due to the fact that organized enemies of the Catholic Church had had their attention first.

Since the Catholic Press news agency serves only the Catholic Press, its explanation did not reach the 100,000,000 and more non-Catholics who, through other media, were told a different story, wholly unfounded.

Those Who Understand, Approve

George E. Sokolsky is one of the few columnists who took the trouble to ascertain just what Catholics of the United States were asking for. Even such widely circulated magazines as *Time* and *Newsweek*, not to speak of releases sent out by the Associated Press, misrepresented the Catholic position.

Instead of seeing danger of an encroachment on the field of the State by the Church, Sokolsky sees danger in the reverse, namely, that

of the State supporting measures discriminatory to its own citizens if they happen to use their constitutional right to send their children to schools of their choice.

So Does Dorothy Thompson

Mrs. Dorothy Thompson expressed her belief that Cardinal Spellman's argument is morally and constitutionally correct. In her column "On the Record" (August 3, 1949) Mrs. Thompson wrote:

In the opinion of this columnist, Mrs. Roosevelt did confuse the issue, and Cardinal Spellman's argument is morally and constitutionally correct.

As a result of Mrs. Roosevelt's interpretations, many think she is opposing a determined effort to secure Federal funds for the support of parochial schools. But public support of parochial schools is not involved in the Borden Bill at all.

A school is an institution for the education and guidance of children and youth. The American Constitution has been interpreted as prohibiting religious instruction or denominational control of public schools.

Thousands of Catholic parents wish their children to have a religiously-guided education and therefore send them to parochial schools, which, as far as secular education is concerned, conform to the standards set for all schools by state boards of education.

Parochial schools—their buildings and their teaching staffs—are supported by the church. They receive no State or Federal funds, nor are they asking for any. That is the first thing every reader must get clear. It is precisely this that Mrs. Roosevelt confused by saying these and other private schools "should receive no tax funds whatsoever" and that "the separation of church and state is extremely important to any of us who hold to the original traditions of our nation."

The Federal aid involved which Mr. Barden and Mrs. Roosevelt would prohibit to all except public school children, has nothing to do with education. It has to do with child welfare—free bus transportation to secure safety and punctuality; free non-religious text books; health checkups; free lunches and milk.

A bus is neither Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, nor atheist. Neither are geometry, nor inflamed tonsils, nor a glass of milk. The services are given to school children and the parents of school children. The schools, in which the children are gathered, are merely used as a convenient means of distributing these services.

Furthermore, they are paid for by

all parents—whether they send their children to public, parochial or private school. And if these services, primarily concerned with safety and health, are refused some children on the grounds of the separation of church and state, then in all conscience the parents of such children should be exempt from taxation to pay for them.

Catholic parents already help pay for the public schools, though many prefer religiously guided education. That is an act of free choice. But access to public schools is not denied to them.

They naturally wish their children to receive the material benefits afforded other children via schools. The Barden Bill denies them. It says, in effect: "You have a constitutional right to give your child a religiously-guided education, but if you exercise it, you'll get no free milk or health check-ups." And in this sense it is anti-Catholic in effect if not intention.

So Does The New York 'Times'

Commenting editorially on the dispute between Cardinal Spellman and Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt, the New York Times (August 15, 1949) wrote:

The majority (of the Supreme Court, *Everson vs. Board of Education*, February 10, 1947) held that New Jersey did not breach the First Amendment when it provided "a general program to help parents get their children, regardless of their religion, safely and expeditiously to and from accredited schools" —

among which sectarian schools meeting the "secular educational requirements" were included . . . A law appropriating Federal funds to be used for the general purposes of private schools would not, on the record, be sustained by the Supreme Court. On the other hand, a law allowing such funds to be used for the direct benefit of school children's health or safety, no matter what kind of school each attends, seems both reasonable and proper . . . It is the child we must care for, protect and cherish. . . It is the child who must be treated everywhere on a fair and equal basis with all other children. **So Does The A. F. Of L.**

The American Federation of Labor announced that its "official policy" was the advocacy for children attending all schools of "such services and such privileges as will protect their very health and safety," and it released its official policy in these words:

It is an empty right to allow the existence of parochial schools for the use of those children whose parents, in good faith, believe they should send their children to such schools, if our government, while recognizing this right, at the same time denies the children who attend these schools such services and such privileges as will protect their very health and safety.

The Unpoisoned Favor Justice

A Gallup Poll of Public Opinion was taken among voters throughout the nation on the subject of the grant of Federal funds even for pa-

rochial school maintenance. Voters were asked this question: "If the Bill in Congress is passed which would give \$300,000,000.00 in aid to schools in the poorer states, should this money go entirely to public schools—or should part of it go to parochial schools?"

The result was that 41% of all voters favored the distribution of the \$300,000,000.00 proportionately among public and parochial schools despite the fact that 10% of the voters had no opinion. Had they been equally divided it would have disclosed that nearly half the population believes in the government support of both schools that do the same work for the State.

Summary Of What Catholics Ask

(1) Catholics have never sought and do not now seek Federal Aid for the "support" of their schools.

(2) It is very true that Catholics have written about the "injustice" of double taxation, of unfair discrimination contained in the American policy of requiring their schools to follow the same curriculum imposed on State schools without offering to pay anything for the efficient teaching of that curriculum. The defense of a theory is not tantamount to action for a contrary practice.

If State aid were actually granted it would be granted not to the school, but to the child. Education taxes are computed on the basis of the cost per child in the kindergarten, elementary and high school. Since that is true, even "support" of a

private school would actually be an allotment to the child.

(3) In nearly all other countries the State permits Episcopalians, Catholics, Presbyterians, Lutherans, to erect their own schools, and if they do a good job in teaching the State curriculum, the schools are maintained by the State.

In many of these countries the parent is permitted to declare to which school he would have his school tax money applied. Over here, of course, that practice which seems to be eminently just, does not obtain. Yet Catholics are not trying, "according to a plan," as charged by the POAU, to have the American policy altered.

(4) While, under the Barden Bill, Catholics, who would pay \$60,000,000, would not be entitled to any services whatsoever, even if all their children, attending non-public schools, would be counted in order to procure a large Federal grant, and then immediately deducted in order that the per capita allowance per public school child might be greater.

In practically every State a similar injustice obtains, since the local public schools receive a per capita allowance from the State for every child enrolled in both the public and parochial schools.

In the State of California the parochial schools themselves are taxed, even though they bring great relief to the public in every city of that State. Isn't that unjustly penalizing a school to which the Su-

preme Court of the United States gave official status?

(5) The government owes health services to every child, no matter what school he may attend. Wasn't an effort made by our President even this year to have enacted into law a Bill which would provide health services, such as free medicine and a physician's care, to every one in the land, rich or poor, and regardless, of course, of the religion or race to which he (she) might belong?

Bus transportation for all school children has been made legal by the legislatures of sixteen states. But whether allowed by a special law or not every child is entitled to it from the viewpoint of safety on the highway.

If the State would have children attending Catholic, Lutheran and other schools, use certain textbooks, then evidently, if it supplies these books to the children in public schools, it should furnish them to the others as well. This is again a service to the child, and not to the school.

Hence any opposition to the minimum demands of Catholic through a Federal Aid Bill is unfair, and must be motivated either by religious prejudice or by a misunderstanding of the situation.

Every child in the nation has civil rights, among them the right to attend any school which meets the requirements of the State, to health services, to protection on the highway, and to textbooks prescribed by the State itself.

Rosary on the Air

By WILLIAM DRISCOLL, S.J.



The announcer on Station WCBM, Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A., had just said, "Be sure to tune in tomorrow night at the same time when **Fulton Lewis, Jr.,** will be with you again." Before I could reach the radio to turn it off, the next program was announced. I could hardly believe my ears! "The Daily Radio Rosary for Peace," the announcer was saying, "brought to you each night, Monday through Saturday at this time on Mutual's Baltimore Station WCBM, through the courtesy of The Reparation Society of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, with headquarters at St. Ignatius Church."

That's what it was. . . . the Rosary was about to be said over the airwaves. The next voice was a familiar one. . . . that of the Director of the Reparation Society, Fr. John Ryan, S.J. As he prayed the first parts of the "I believe in God," the "Our Fathers," and the "Hail Marys," the strong voices of twenty or twenty-five men, chimed in with the responses! Here was something truly remarkable! Two or three gathered

together and praying—and "I am in the midst of them," said the Lord. Here this radio program was perhaps gathering two or three hundred families in His Name, and in the name of the Blessed Virgin, and here was Christ in those two or three hundred homes!

The Director began "Hail, Holy Queen, Mother of Mercy" at the Rosary's end, but my mind trailed off in wonder at the greatness of such a noble undertaking. The next voice I heard was the announcer's: "It is now 7:30. Mutual presents **Gabriel Heatter.**"

That was Monday evening, April 18, 1949, the first evening of the Daily Radio Rosary for Peace. It is now the month of the Rosary, October, and the Daily Radio Rosary for Peace is still gracing the Baltimore ether. Hundreds of Baltimoreans and Marylanders have attested to the great popularity of the program by their letters, letters of thanks, request, petition, hope, and great generosity.

"We are non-Catholics, "one lady

wrote in a letter to the Director of the Reparation Society, "but we just wouldn't miss the Daily Rosary for Peace for anything in the world. We have learned "Hail, Mary," and we too are praying the Rosary along with all of our Catholic neighbors and friends. Please keep it going; we will only have peace in the world of today through prayers like these."

Another letter contained five dollars as a contribution to the financial side of putting the Rosary on the air. "The good this program is doing," the writer said, "is worth far more than this. May this little contribution of mine help to bring the true gold of Christ's peace into the world of today."

Such unsolicited contributions by friends of the program, the Rev. Director writes, are the only means at hand of keeping it on the air, for although the heavenly airways between us and Mary are open and free for as many programs daily as we will send, the commercial airways of a large city frequently find themselves unwilling to give daily time gratuitously.

"We began by not knowing where the money would come from, but it has been supplied in many marvelous ways so that we have been just able to meet our expenses as they come due each month," writes Father Ryan.

Even in this most important item for the production of the radio program, the men of the Reparation Society try to give honor to Our Lady and her Divine Son. The honor that

they give flows from the virtue of trust; they trust Our Lady. In honor of Our Lady of Fatima, the Society waits till the 13th of every month to pay the bill, and the required amount has never failed to come in. "The biggest capital investment we have is our confidence in Our Lady," one member remarked.

All during the summer months, and these represented some of the worst weather Baltimore has ever known, the original group of men came nightly to the Chapel of Grace in the basement of St. Ignatius Church, where before the Shrine of Our Lady of Fatima, they prayed the Rosary for Mary and Baltimore to hear. With practice they improved in reciting the prayers, and they came to answer in perfect harmony. The cadence and the fulness of the men's voices give a rich background to this up-to-the-minute adaptation of the Church's ancient prayers.

In addition to the prayers of the Rosary, several successful novenas have been conducted on the program by the addition of an appropriate prayer to St. Ignatius, St. Joseph, to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, and to the Sacred Heart.

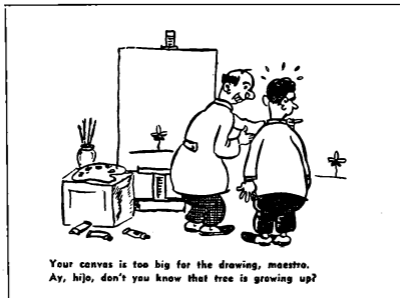
One labor union member wrote in: "The prayer of the Catholic Worker which you added to the Rosary for the Novena before the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, was one of the grandest prayers I, a worker like St. Joseph, have ever prayed for myself or for my fellow workers. With such prayers in our hearts we'll surely beat Communism."

On the Feast of the Sacred Heart, a public Act of Reparation was read at the beginning of the program, and Consecration of the Family to the Sacred Heart at the close. Now the Family Consecration is repeated each Friday, and innumerable homes have received a picture of this Family Consecration for their parlor walls from the Reparation Society.

This is a grand step in the fulfillment of Our Lady of Fatima's desire that the people everywhere say the Rosary. According to reports as yet unconfirmed by ecclesiastical authorities (and included here as unconfirmed), Our Lady told Mrs. Wise in Canton, Ohio, U.S.A., on

June 28, 1948: "Tell the people not nearly enough of them are saying the Rosary daily. The conversion of Russia depends chiefly on the people praying the Rosary."

Is it not possible that this wonderful means of spreading the devotion which Mary so greatly desires may be taken up in places all over the United States, and also all over the world? Baltimore, Maryland, is not nearly as Catholic as many other places in the United States, and certainly not as Catholic as Manila, or other places in the Philippine Islands. If such a program can be carried on in Baltimore so successfully, it should be much more successful in many places in the Islands.





Pointed paragraphs from Msgr. Sheen's "Peace of Soul"

What About Sex?

By FULTON J. SHEEN

There is no more towering nonsense than to say that the Church is opposed to sex. She is no more opposed to sex as such than she is opposed to eating a dinner, to going to school, or to owning a house.

Where, then, did the sex fanatics get the idea that the Church is the enemy of sex? They got it from their inability to make a distinction — a distinction between use and abuse. Because the Church condemns the abuse of nature, sex fanatics think that the Church condemns nature itself. This is untrue.

Sex Isn't Sin

The Church does, of course, speak of sin in the domain of sex, as it speaks of sin in the domain of property, or of sin in the area of self love. But the sin does not lie in the instinct or the passion itself. Our instincts and our passions are God-given; the sin lies in their perversion.

Sin is not in hunger, but in gluttony. Sin is not in the seeking of economic security, but in avarice. Sin is not in drink, but in drunkenness. Sin is not in recreation, but in

loziness. Sin is not in the love or the use of the flesh, but in lust, which is its perversion. Just as dirt is matter in the wrong place, so sex can be flesh in the wrong place.

Sex and an Elephant

For it is the isolation of the sex factor from the totality of human life, the habit of regarding it as identical to the passion an elephant might feel, the ignoring of the body-soul tension in man, which causes so many abnormalities and mental disorders. False isolation of the part from its whole is a common trait in contemporary thought. Man's life nowadays is divided into many departments which remain ununited and unintegrated.

Interplay with Sex

The sex drive in man is at no moment an instinct alone. Desire from its beginning is informed with

NOTHING BUT SEX

Sex is in the ads. You hear about it at parties. Popular fiction is mad about it. The movies love it. What about you — what's your attitude on it?

spirit, and never is one experienced apart from the other. The psychic and the physical interplay. Just as the idealists, who deny the existence of matter, sin against the flesh, so the sensualists and carnalists sin against the spirit. But to betray either aspect is to invite revenge.

Sex and the Glands

Sex instinct in a pig and love in a person are not the same, precisely because love is found in the will, not in the glands — and will does not exist in a pig. Sexual desire in a person is different from sex in a snake because, in the human being, it promises something it cannot completely supply.

For the spirit in man anticipates, which a snake does not: man always wants something more than he has. The very fact that one of man's passions for knowledge, love and security can be completely satisfied here below suggests that he might have been made for something else.

The infinite craving of a soul cannot be satisfied by the flesh alone. Love, remember, is not in the instinct, it is in the will. If love were purely organic, no more significant than any other physical act, such as breathing or digesting, it would not sometimes be surrounded by feelings of disgust.

But grown-up is much more than this — it is not an echo of a child's forbidden fantasy, as some would tell us. Each soul feels a restlessness, a longing, an emptiness, a desire which is a remembrance of something which has been lost —

our Paradise. We are all kings in exile.

This emptiness can be filled only with Divine Love — nothing else! Having lost God (or having been robbed of Him by false teachers and sex charlatans) the person tries to fill up the void by promiscuous "love affairs." But love, both human and Divine, will fly from him who thinks it is merely physiological: only he can love nobly who lives a noble life.

Sex and the Soul

On the positive side, it is the Christian position that the sex instinct is the reflection of love in the spiritual order. The sun comes first, then its reflection in the pool. The voice is not a sublimation of the echo, and neither is the belief in God a sublimation of a carnal instinct.

All love, all perfection and all happiness are first in God, then in things. The closer creature: such as angels and saints, come to God, the happier they are; the farther away they stay, the less they can reveal the works of divinity.

Sex Forgets

Since the stress on sex is due to a forgetfulness of the true nature of man as body and spirit, it follows that the release from anxieties, tensions, and unhappiness (created by identifying man with a beast) is dependent upon a restoration of the meaning of love. Love includes the flesh; but sex, understood as animal instinct, does not include love. Human love always implies Perfect Love.

THIS GOT ME

FROM MENELEO D. HERNANDEZ

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

The principle of "Art for art's sake" is a very good principle if it means that there is a vital distinction between the earth and the tree that has its roots in the earth; but it is a very bad principle if it means that the tree could grow just as well with its roots in the air." —Chesterton

FROM BENEDICTO A. CARREON

MATTER OF TIME

Convict: "How long you in for?"

New cellmate: "Ninety-nine years. How long you in for?"

Convict: "Seventy-five years."

Cellmate: "Then you take the bed near the door. You're getting out first."

FROM JOSE MACAPAGAL

AD LIBBING

The play Richard III was being staged, and as an actor declaimed the celebrated lines: "A horse, a horse; my kingdom for a horse," a wit in the audience cried out:

"Will an ass do?"

Thereupon the actor approached the footlights and said in a loud aside: "Come around to the stage after the performance and we'll see."

—Voice

NO PHOOEY HERE—BUT PIGS FOR SALE

A pig farm near Manila is selling some of its youngsters. Very good breed. Perfect ladies and gentlemen. Make your reservations right away.

Write XYZ, care of THE CROSS

(Eds: To prove the effectiveness of CROSS ads: Soon as the above ad circulated in our office, friends of the CROSS immediately made reservations!)

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