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SEPTEMBER, 1948

EDITORIALS:

OUT OF HUMAN HANDS
OUR STAND ON THE HUK ISSUE

OF SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLS

Most Rev. Pedro Santos, D.D.

THE SAGA OF BALER

As told by Bro. Vincent Sheerer, O.C.D.

WHY STUDY TAGALOG?

Jose M. Icasiano

ANDANTE CANTABILE

Short Story by Augusto H. Piedad

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

THE HEART OF A COMMUNIST

By Ex-communist Louis F. Budenz

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIALS:

| | |
|---|---|
| Out Of Human Hands Eugenio Salvador, S.J. | 4 |
| Our Stand | 5 |

ARTICLES:

| | |
|---|----|
| Of Schools And Schools Bishop Santos | 8 |
| The Saga of Baler Bro. Vincent Sheerer | 10 |
| Why Study Tagalog? Jose M. Icasiano | 17 |
| Of Interest to Women Florence Pfeister | 21 |
| How To Lose Souls Claire Booth Luce | 52 |
| The Four Ps Atty. D. Batacan | 44 |
| The Heart Of A Communist Louis F. Budenz | 47 |

SHORT STORY:

| | |
|--|----|
| Andante Cantabile Augusto H. Piedad | 37 |
|--|----|

POETRY:

| | |
|---|----|
| Prayer For Peace Francis Cardinal Spellman | 23 |
| Sixteen to Cupid Margarita Ataviado | 46 |

DEPARTMENTS:

| | |
|--|----|
| Thinking With The Cross | 31 |
| Heart to Heart Lily Marlene | 26 |
| What's On Your Mind? Brother Edward | 35 |
| Newsmonth | 53 |
| Movie Reviews | 57 |
| From the Bookshelves; XXI | 59 |
| Cross Currents of Readers' Views .. | 62 |

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OUT OF HUMAN HANDS

A subject to be "debatable" must have at least two sides. The subject of the legalization of divorce is not and cannot be debatable. The law against divorce has been promulgated once and for all by the Divine Creator of nature and reaffirmed by Christ: "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

Therefore the question is already settled. There is no alternative. God has taken the matter wholly out of human hands.

It would be foolish to "debate" whether the State can or may legalize stealing, or murder, or crime. The law "Thou shall not steal"; "Thou shall not kill"; "Thou shall not tell lies", etc. precludes any discussion or debate. The Law has already decided. In like manner it would appear rather foolish to bring into a debate the subject of divorce, for there is also the Law: Thou shall not break the marriage bond; or "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

Or do we presume ourselves to know more than Almighty God? Or are we wiser than He is? Or do we, out of our heart's pride and conceit, challenge God and dare question His established order, revise and correct His Laws and dispositions? And this is precisely what men and governments do when by legalizing divorce they attempt to trample under foot God's preordained Law.

Granted that at one time God permitted divorce. What of it? After all God made the bond of marriage. The point is not about God. The point is about man: that *no man, no human authority can dissolve marriage and grant divorce*. The government did not institute marriage and therefore the government cannot abolish or essentially change it. The mere attempt to do so is tantamount to a crime; it is usurpation of an authority which no human institution possesses. And necessarily this crime, as any other crime, brings its own punishment. For one thing Almighty God cannot remain indifferent as to whether His Laws are being observed or being trampled upon by men, His creatures.

—Rev. Eugenio Salvador, S.J.

OUR STAND

There is no mistaking the issue now.

For a time we were willing to hold our tongue and give well-meaning newsmen and public officials a sporting chance that perhaps the Huks were honest-to-goodness peasants desperately seeking real social reforms.

But all the while we had our tongue on our cheek.

Not that we didn't believe in what the peasants have been fighting for all these years—great things, like just distribution of wealth, a living wage for the 'kasama', the uplifting of the dignity of Mang Juan and all that this entails. Nay, we might even add that we still believe in many a Huk—just as we believe in men like Kravchenko, or Louis Budenz, or Heyward Brown, or Kasenkina—men whose integrity and idealism made them see things in their real worth — and act accordingly.

But we have come to believe that the non-communists among the Huks, however great their number, are a mere cog in the wheel as far as running the organization is concerned. We have always known two kinds of Huks: those who are fired with the Utopian idea of Communism and those who joined the movement merely to save their skin. We have never doubted the nature of the Huk organization. A mere glance at its setup, its methods and its aims would convince the unbiased that it is Communism in the raw.

Thanks to Luis Taruc the issue is now clear — as clear as the flooded rice fields of San Luis on a sunny day. His statement to the press (August 13), his open letter to the Filipino people (August 29), his explanatory letter to a morning daily (Sept. 5), his recent letter to Arsenio Lacson (Sept. 7)—all these point to one fact: Taruc and his men are unscrupulously fighting for the cause of Communism in the Philippines. They are also using all the known communist methods — primarily, inciting revolution.

It is the communist creed that the world is going to blow up soon and that a communistic society is the next stage of human life. No passive Jeremias these, they would hasten the explosion by preaching

and fomenting revolution. They are convinced that force alone can make private owners give up their possessions for common ownership under governmental administration. Or as Mr. Taruc would have it: "Legal, constitutional, parliamentary methods of struggle alone cannot achieve democratic peace!"

It is needless to repeat here that the iron-hand policy which the government has so far been following only redounds to the good of the Huk cause, verifying beyond cavil their accusation of Facism. Communism, as has often been said, is an idea, a cause. Violence will only glamorize it before the exoteric and glorify its gang leaders into heroes and martyrs of the common man. Besides bloodshed is utterly unnecessary.

The best way to fight communism is to expose, on the one hand, its diabolic nature by an intensive propaganda among the intelligentsia as well as among the unlettered, and on the other hand, to destroy the causes that breed it by the establishment of a new social order.

A recent incident shows how Communism, like the evil that it is, fears the light of exposition. A few months ago the Catechetical Guild of St. Paul, Minnesota, showed in a 48-pages comic book, what Communism would mean to America: one-party rule, the abolition of civil liberties, the suppression of religion, government control of press and radio, and police terror.

When the Communists learned of the book their official paper frantically screamed persecution, sputtering epithets: "fascist!" Hitlerite! warmongers! anti-Semitic! anti-democratic! etc." Moscow stooges called on (1) the Post Office to bar the book from the mails, (2) the U.S. Attorney General to prosecute the publisher, and (3) the Treasury Department to withdraw tax-exemption privileges granted to its publishers. They even used direct methods intimidating news-stands!

Result? To date, 5,000,000 copies have been sold—currently 300,000 a month are being published, barely enough to supply the demand. Bishop Jeanmard of Lafayette, La., said: "The fact that the Daily Worker (official communist organ) is doing so much to prevent the spread of IS THIS TOMORROW is proof enough that it is striking home and hurting the cause."

Exposition, however, is but one phase of the fight against the monster of communism now lurking behind our seemingly peaceful

countryside. The government together with all in responsibility should strive to wipe out the injustices, the abuses and all the evils that the communists would harp on—and justly, for many of these evils exist. And needless to point out, the necessary economic and social reforms, often promised but never fulfilled, should be introduced—swiftly. The Filipino peasant and laborer has long groaned under the yoke of economic dependence, being in many cases utterly incapable of acquiring a land and a home he could call his own.

It is about time the government and the owning class exerted serious efforts to make the production and distribution of goods serve the masses. The government plan to buy lands and sell them on easy payment terms to the peasants should be carried out without a moment's hesitation. A landowning peasantry forms the real backbone of a truly Christian democracy. The hacendero and the employer, who are in better position than anyone else to solve our economic problems, should help educate their laborers to economic independence.

"Unless serious attempts be made," declared Pius XI, "with all energy and WITHOUT DELAY to put the idea of private ownership into practice, let nobody persuade himself that the peace and tranquility of human society can be effectively defended against the forces of revolution."

To sum up, Communism, though diabolical in nature, thrives and grows because of discontent. Once therefore we have removed the causes of discontent and exposed the evil of communism, the organization, having no more *raison d'être*, would die of inanity.

FOR COMMUNISTS TOO

Someone conceived the idea of starting a new religion which would embrace whatever was good in already existing creeds. He wrote to members of the various sects and to a prominent Catholic priest, asking how he could win followers to his new religion.

The priest answered: "You might try having yourself crucified and buried, and on the third day rising again."

OF SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLS

By Bishop Pedro Santos, D.D.

Excerpts from the "Pastoral Letter on Catholic Schools" by the Most Reverend Bishop Santos of Nueva Caceres, May 15, 1948.

We wish to warn our Priests and the laity against a danger so rampant nowadays. It is a fact known to all, that many laymen, mostly Catholics dedicate their energy and resources in putting up schools and colleges, not precisely because they care to impart Christian education though they may pretend to do so, but for material gain. They believe, that by branding their schools as non-sectarian and by arranging a few classes of religion, they live up to the requirements of the parents and of the Church, and therefore, they have the right to demand from us the official recognition of their schools.

From our definition of a Catholic school, it is evident that their schools cannot be regarded as Catholic. However, for the sake of clearness and to preclude all room for misinterpretations, We deem it necessary to analyze the word non-sectarian and bring out its true meaning.

We wish to note beforehand that, according to the Canon Law (1374-& the quoted Encyclical Letter of Pius XI (A A A., XXII, 77), non-catholic schools may be grouped into four kinds:

1. Schools positively non-catholic, where doctrines against the catholic faith are taught, doctrines professed by Protestantism of whatever denomination, by Judaism or by paganism under any form whatsoever; where students attend religious services different from Catholic worship. As examples of these schools, we may cite the UNITED INSTITUTE OF ALBAY, SILLIMAN INSTITUTE AND UNIVERSITY OF Dumaguete, Oriental Negros; PHILIPPINE CENTRAL COLLEGES of Jaro, Iloilo, and the UNION COLLEGE of Manila. Schools of this type are properly sectarian; under pain of mortal sin, no catholic may knowingly and deliberately attend them nor enroll their children therein.

2. Neutral schools, from which all doctrines and practices of any religion are altogether excluded. They are schools without God, practically atheistic. Up to the present, they were called laical.

3. Mixed Schools, where catholic doctrine is taught equally to catholics and non-catholics alike. Religion is not banned but they erroneously sustain that all forms of religion are the same, and that

it makes no difference whatever religion one may embrace. These schools are the standard bearers of religious indifferentism.

4. Those schools, where catholic doctrine is taught separately to catholic students by catholic teachers, but other subjects are taught or may be taught by non-catholic teachers to all the students regardless of their different religious beliefs. Under this group may be classified our public schools in the Philippines, where under certain conditions imposed by the Government, all the different religious sects and denominations may teach their own doctrine to their followers. According to Pope Pius XI (A.A.A., XXII, 77), this kind of school can hardly be tolerated, but he does not call them by any specific name. In our opinion, the name which more closely fits them is that of latitudinarian schools.

What kind of schools are called non-sectarian nowadays? By this term catholics wish perhaps to exclude the sectarian schools, namely, those professing a false religion, like those classified under group 1.

But even then, their so-called non-sectarian schools cannot be properly called Catholic because the best meaning we could give to it is that in their schools nothing is taught contrary to faith and morals (can. 1372) but they cannot claim that they positively promote christian education, which is

the main purpose of a catholic school, and which consists, of not only enlightening the mind by religious instruction, but rather in strengthening the will and moulding the character by the practice of christian virtues, under the influence, the guidance, and the example of educators.

But what is worse is that in common modern language the term non-sectarian does not have the same meaning that catholics would fain give to it. Nowadays, they distinguish between schools which profess some sort of religion, catholic or non-catholic and those that do not profess any particular religion at all: to the former they give the name of sectarian and they call the later, non-sectarian. According to this distinction, catholic schools are included among the sectarian schools,—although it should not be thus, and the non-sectarian schools are all those that We have called neutral mixed and latitudinarian, for, if the school does not profess any particular religion, either it accepts no religion whatsoever, like the neutral schools, or for it all religions are the same, like the mixed schools, or finally, without meddling directly in religious matters, it permits all the different religious groups to teach their doctrine to those students that may ask for them, like in the Public and other similar schools, which we have called latitudinarian.

THE SAGA OF BALER

As told by Brother Vincent Sheerer, O.C.D.

It was the 4th of July. The Philippines was commemorating Independence Day. Mass was celebrated in our beautiful little church here at Baler by Father Leo in Thanksgiving for Freedom.

After a busy morning I was looking forward to a good nooze in the afternoon, but Father Leo bustled in and asked me if I cared to accompany him with some others in a search for the father of Lope. Lope was a young man of fine character to whom we were greatly attached. It seemed that his father and a friend had gone on a fishing trip the night before and had not returned. A violent rain and wind storm had arisen the previous night and it was feared that they had been blown out to sea. While the morning of the 4th was overcast, I thought the storm had passed over.

Father Leo ordered an early dinner which we ate hurriedly and sparingly. Lope's brother, Attaboy, now arrived with those who intended to go with us. There was great excitement among them all. Especially the two brothers who rushed to the rectory with cooked and uncooked rice, and a bottle of

water, 4/5 qt. size for their father should he be in need. We carried no food for ourselves.

At the water's edge all prepared for boarding the banca; shoes were removed and pants rolled up to drag the banca from the beach to the water. All included the following men and boys: Bitong, 40, Attaboy 22, Pio Imperial 18, Paulino Amatorio 20, Oscar Angara 20, Rudy Valenzuela 18, Igmidio Sindac 18, son of the owner of the banca, Father Leo and myself.

The men suggested going North along Baler beach which seemed reasonably calm, but the appearance of the launch of a local lumberman, caused Father Leo to order the banca in that direction (south). We circled around it as our banca was quite fast. In the meantime all were shouting in Tagalog and we gathered that a banca had been sighted some distance south. There were angry comments as to why the launch did not pick up the men, but they were already overcrowded and dared not chance stopping in the choppy waters. We went another 30 minutes when it was realized that we could no longer withstand

the heavy waves. Fr. Leo kept the two boys bailing out water that a banca customarily takes in. He sounded like a sea captain, and I thought this "front" was the beginning of a knowledge of real danger.

We turned north and went about 100 meters. Suddenly the waves began filling the banca with water. We were being swamped. The two small cans used for bailing were abandoned and the large can with fresh water was frantically used once or twice, but it was too late. The boat gradually settled in the sea, not sinking entirely but entirely submerged. There was a great state of alarm. The motor shut off and all who could swim jumped into the water to propel the banca towards the shore. Rudy handed me the rubber boat to inflate for Fr. Leo. A self-inflating bottle immediately blew the thing up into a large boat. Fr. Leo sat in it at once. Only four minutes could have elapsed from the time we had been swamped.

Attaboy asked me to swim ashore with him, but the waves and rocks seemed too dangerous and I refused. I have never regretted staying with the banca as there was much to be done in the way of work, both physical and spiritual. Attaboy and Bitong both strong swimmers then took off for a large rock in the hope

of reaching shore and spreading the alarm for help. We saw them make for the first rock and then being washed away from it several times, until they at last got a firm grip. Then they lay exhausted for a couple of minutes. We were all happy and felt they really deserved much credit for their courage and endurance. We were then drifting with the current and wind, but always watching to see if the two swimmers had reached shore. Soon however the big waves and the distance hid them from our sight. No one saw them reach the beach. This remained a point of speculation for the next three days.

We then watched the hazy sun slowly sink to rest and we spoke hopefully as to how long it would take the two men to get to Baler. The waves were getting rougher and it soon became the general opinion that it was now too rough for a boat to attempt to reach us.

Silence was now the order for all, so that moisture would not be lost from the mouth. The night went on, each one cuddling close to a companion for warmth. Our teeth were chattering and knees shaking. Once during the night some form of sea life gave us a miserable 15 minutes by stinging our bodies, but thank God there was no recurrence, except intermittent stings.

July 5th, 1948
MONDAY

Dawn was most welcome for the night had been tough. We entered Monday in better spirits. Again the warning to use little energy and to keep the mouth shut was given. From now on I am confused as to the time for our troubles seemed endless. We remained quite motionless throughout the day in the hope that the waves might subside and that perhaps we might get our motor going. We had attempted more than once to start the motor but it was useless as the waves were washing over it at intervals. It is no exaggeration to say that the waves now were 20 to 25 feet high. We became used to it after a time, and our drifting became a boring wait.

A lone sea gull hovered near the boat and I asked it to be shot by someone who knew how to handle a gun. But Lope, who owned the rifle, refused for some peculiar reason. Paulino tried to hit it with an oar, but missed as the bird just played with him sweeping from side to side. I then noticed what appeared to be a shark fin. So shouting a warning to get all legs and hands in I again called for the gun. Little Pio begged me to be careful shooting a large fish as it might do damage to the boat. The alarm turned out to be unnecessary as the creature

was but a large 2 foot in diameter turtle!

The next moment we were all jumping to our feet in wild excitement. We heard and saw a plane making straight for us. We slipped and fell over each other in our anxiety to make ourselves big by standing up. We waved our undershirts and pants and some were shouting for the pilot to hurry. We were saved! Hope had always been in our hearts. Alas! within one mile of us, the plane veered in towards the land and flew out of sight.

At what seemed midday, water was passed around, each taking his tiny share. Uncooked rice was also offered, but all refused except Fr. Leo and Paulino. I was angry that they were stubborn and reminded them of the need for food to conserve their strength.

All afternoon we drifted on, working at the oars the whole time. Fr. Leo helped nobly. We tried to get each boy to spend 5 or 10 minutes at an oar; but trying to make them move was more exhausting than rowing. As the sun again began to sink we noticed that land was further away and that all efforts at rowing were useless. Each one was offered water. Only an inch now remained in the bottle and I knew that the following morning we would be scratching. Since our chances looked so slim, Fr. Leo

gave all general absolution. Fortunately for us we had a priest along. Often Fr. Leo would be heard to say something and when asked what he was saying, he would answer "Oh I am praying." We have by now lost all hope of rescue and our conversation swung to the possibilities of the next world. In a way, it was thrilling to feel that soon we would be on a new adventure. At this time after having examined my conscience I made a general confession.

Rudy too made his confession. For this grace I thank God as this lad was a skeptic and dreaded to approach the confessional. Pio and Igmidio followed suit. Lope was a daily communicant. It had been a terrible night and we were glad to see the first grey streaks of a new day.

July 6th, 1948
TUESDAY

For breakfast about 2 table-spoons each of water was given out and taken greedily by all. The waves were not so high today, although they were still nearly 10 ft. We began to work on ideas and schemes to bring us nearer the shore for we were drifting ever farther to sea. The first idea was to try to raise the banca out of the water. Our attempt failed miserably. Then the thought came to make a sail out of the rubber boat by tying it high on a bam-

boo pole. As we began to tie on the rubber boat, the pole shifted to one side throwing our boat off balance. The banca overturned casting everyone into the water. All had sufficient strength still to turn the banca upright once more. Time dragged on... waves rolled on... we drifted on...

I noticed the boys were more restless and for the first time I felt hungry (odd considering my reputation for an enormous appetite). Having found out that in overturning the rubber boat all our food was lost, my own spirits sank as I had depended on the rice to keep me going. Pio began to cry from hunger. His wailing was pitiful. Personally I suffered no great privation so far, except that my lips and legs were burning. Seeing the boys suffer was heart-breaking. They tugged at our arms to help them, calling Brother or Father in a pitiful manner. Igmidio began to say he could no longer hold out. Father Leo too showed signs of weakness and his eyes were getting glassy. I was watching each one for the first signs of delirium. Nothing Fr. Leo said or did at the time made me think he was delirious, but later having observed the three others die, his symptoms were like to theirs — high fever and eventual loss of mind. Whether this took place in his case we shall never know.

About 4 o'clock land was still

as far away as ever and a "last straw" presented itself. Rudy suggested to Fr. Leo to attempt to reach shore by means of the rubber boat. The others quickly agreed. We must have been 40 kilometers from shore. Without much ado Fr. Leo and Rudy set out looking like two eskimoos, paddling furiously and bouncing up and down like a cork on the now 6 foot waves. After about 10 minutes I saw them still within a hundred yards of us; but a little later Paulino standing on the prow of the banca could see them no more. Thus went Fr. Leo before the other boys began to die. It was perhaps as well. He loved these boys.

Shortly after this Igmidio became delirious. He constantly searched the banca for something. He tried to hit Oscar with the rifle but the gun was easily wrested from him and thrown overboard. He looked at us with wide eyes yet seemed not to recognize us. He wrestled and pulled me, sapping my strength. I let him go as he was harming no one. I cut pieces of rattan used for tying the boat together and gave each a piece to chew on. All refused. I ate a couple of short pieces although it was bitter. I was preparing for further ordeals.

Darkness came on again and with it the waves in increasing violence. Igmidio was eating his

undershirt torn in small pieces and when I asked him why, he answered, "this is young coconut." I said nothing—what could I say? He died about 9 o'clock. Lope ate the same later. I was sad to remember they refused the rice when offered.

Because it was dark I did not like to dispose of Igmidio's body until morning. Pio and Lope now were very delirious. Always a quiet boy, Lope became ferocious: He began to hit me on the face. This went on for sometime until thinking it wouldn't stop I returned the blow—not too hard to do any damage but sufficient to hurt. The blow brought him to his senses and became docile once more. Pio however took the bolo and tried to slice Paulino, but it was wrested from him and thrown into the sea.

July 7th 1948

WEDNESDAY

The morning of Wednesday came casting its grey light over the dreary wreckage. The sea was now calmer and the actions of the boys more subdued. Paulino and Oscar sat huddled in the prow. At my end a dead body floated and two very sick boys rested near me. The first act of the day was to pray over the bruised body of our friend Igmidio. All joined in as best they knew how, and L then committed his body to the ocean and it floated away.

A little later Pio died quietly without a struggle. Again we prayed for his soul and dropped him into the sea, and he, too, floated away slowly. We were sad to see our companions go in this way. Yet the sight of death did not alarm us, and we expected it to be but a matter of hours before we too would join those already gone.

Lope was now almost entirely gone. His eyes were blood-shot and he just stared vacantly ahead. We expected him to die any moment. By now the sun was shining and new hope caused by its warmth rose in our hearts. Yet we talked together of the short time left for each of us with a coolness that surprises me now. Since we had 24 hours we tried again to make for the shore. The wind seemed favorable. We started to paddle but soon gave up from weakness. Then we decided to make a raft and abandon the banca. It seemed easier now since there were only three of us. Lope was not being counted as we were sure he had only a short while to live. Once more we untied the bamboo poles from the banca and put them all on one side. We were working coolly and without haste.

We soon had the raft tied together and had torn paddles from the banca for our attempt. Then someone said, "What about Lope?"

His question was never answered... Out of the sky swooped an American plane and the hum of its motors was the sweetest music to our ears. We cried for joy and happiness. Hope of living had long since gone. This sudden change in our fortune was almost too much. We floundered back into the banca and I started slapping Lope's face trying to make him realize that we were saved. Poor Lope just stared blankly. The plane dived as a bird spotting its prey. Alarmed we were thrown off balance and once more the banca turned upside down with Lope half under. I swam to grab him. I dragged him up and sat on the upturned banca. A large lifeboat floated about 25 meters off and Oscar immediately swam for it. It was drifting away fast and Oscar was so exhausted when he reached it, he lay down on the boat unable to move. Seeing the situation I turned Lope over to Paulino and made for the lifeboat. When I reached it I was too weak to climb on board and called for Oscar, but he was already asleep. He finally woke up and gave me a hand.

By now Paulino was very far away. I was shouting for him to be quick as I thought I could start the motor soon, but I was mistaken. Paulino began to swim and I marvelled at his endurance. In between loosening a nut holding the parachute I stood up to cheer

him on. When he came close I saw the reason for his strength — he was wearing a "May West" life belt dropped by the army. As he entered the boat he told me, "Lope died even as I held him and while the planes dropped 2 life jackets."

We struggled to pull in the parachutes. Oscar was absolutely immobile, and any amount of urging him was useless. He was on solid ground and no longer cared where we drifted. The work was slow. In between drinking all the water that was handed to me and waving in gratitude to the several planes flying above us we finally tried to start the motor. This proved impossible as one motor was flooded from the jolt and the other had a defective magneto, as we learned later.

We ate the rations with the greatest relish. I did not cease to drink water consuming at least a bucketfull in the afternoon. I had put on water proof clothes which had been neatly stacked in the boat. We inflated the rubber mattresses and also a large raft on the bow and then changed into dry clothing for the night. We ate again, although food being a little spicy was agony for the mouth.

July 8th 1948
THURSDAY

About 2 o'clock in the morning of July 8th I woke up but found myself unable to move due to the stiffness of my limbs and back. It

was raining. So I filled all the empty ration cans as we expected to float a couple more days until the motor was fixed or we were towed in.

When morning came we began to feel warm in the clothes, but worked on until the plane returned. Another big plane besides the sea plane hovered around with another life boat evidently looking for our already lost friends. We worked on the motor until the plane landed and picked us up. All on board were Americans. A doctor was with them but became so sick because of rolling he was in a worse condition than we. The faces of those Americans were really a grand sight — they looked to me like all my family, cousins, relatives, friends—rolled into one. All were smiling and tenderly put us to bed and was it a relief to just stop trying to figure things out.

We took off for Manila and here I am today recuperating in the Philippine General Hospital. I am not complaining that this had to be written, for God has more work for me to do and I hope to do better next time. God's ways are not our ways — His Will be done. He has taken to Himself those whom He would — May they rest in His peace, now that they have reached the safe shores of eternity and the harbor of eternal bliss.

Praise be to Lord Jesus Christ now and Forever. Amen.

WHY STUDY TAGALOG?

By Jose M. Icasiano

Instructions, I think, should be offered instructors in National Language on the purpose of teaching Tagalog. Some shots of sanity should be given our system of Tagalog instruction. Anywhere we meet high school students in our entire country, we are confronted with complaints. Why must we study Tagalog? How can we learn Tagalog the way we study it? Students are desperately curious and teachers are in despair for answers.

But although teachers are in the thickest London fog of ignorance, they must never be discovered to be at a loss for answers. So they reply: We study the National Language because it is a prescribed subject; and we use the Balarila because it is the prescribed text. Simple and obvious, you dumb: the teachers are careful to suggest in the tone of their answers. Once upon a time a student was asked by his teacher why he was studying Physics. The ward replied: I study Physics because if I didn't, I'd flunk. Simple and obvious, but it did not satisfy the teacher. How can we expect reasoning high school stu-

dents to be satisfied with similar answers?

The Purpose of Studying Tagalog

We don't study Tagalog in order to correct our grammar. Grammatical correctness can be a reason for Americans studying English. Uneducated Americans use slang which often violates the grammar of polite society. Tagalogs don't fall into the same error. Unschooled Tagalogs who hail from the fields speak as grammatical if not better, Tagalog as Tagalog professors born and bred in Manila. Non-Tagalogs on the other hand really learn their Tagalog from Tagalog Movies and songs, from the Liwayway, the Bagong Buhay or Filipinas, from their visits to Manila, from their contacts with Tagalogs who have settled in their region.

We study the Balarila so that we may have a working grammar in Tagalog. We are now an independent nation. One of the signs of nationalism is a love for one's own language. Our love for our own language will eventually lead us to use it in education also.

Time should come when our classes will be conducted in the National Language. For this purpose our textbooks must be written in Tagalog. We are just starting with the grammar, which is but proper.

We study Tagalog to learn public speaking, to improve our style in writing, to acquaint ourselves with the Tagalog literature. Even Tagalog-speaking students can learn something, if not very much, from lessons and exercises in public speaking, in beauty of style in writing, which are learned only thru actual practice in public speaking and thru actual writing.

The study of Tagalog grammar helps us in the mastery of English and other grammars. Human communication everywhere has similar, if not identical, pattern. There are students who learn for the first time the true meaning of the different parts of speech and their functions from their study of the Balarila.

Our study of Tagalog should make us proficient in translating English and other languages to Tagalog. Expert translators will find themselves in greater and greater demand as our national language is adopted by the various offices of the government and by education, commerce and social

life. The wealth of learning and literature in English can enrich the greater part of Filipino life only thru Tagalog translations.

It is not our purpose in studying Tagalog to eliminate foreign words from our vocabulary. All languages including English and Spanish have developed by assimilation of foreign words. Language does not consist in words but in the mentality of a people and their peculiar mode of expression. Simple Tagalization of Spanish or English words does not affect the substantial purity of our language.

Finally, our main reason for studying Tagalog must spring from patriotism. We study Tagalog to discover its various perfections. Familiarity breeds contempt. Our familiarity with our language makes us blind to its beauty. There are Filipinos who, after they have learned to speak English or Spanish, think that Tagalog is a less noble language and are sometimes even ashamed of their mother tongue. This attitude cannot rise but from ignorance. Tagalog language has advantage over either English or Spanish in consistency, flexibility, variety, primitiveness and melody. As a system of communication and an expression of art, Tagalog language is peerless. Our Tagalog

period is our opportunity to pause and study the supreme attributes of our own tongue. Thus we shall learn to love and admire our language and become more patriotic.

The System of Teaching Tagalog

We must find a way to separate the Tagalog from the non-Tagalog. The latter must use a grammar written in a language they already know, such as English. It is unwise to force high school students to learn the Balarila if they don't know Tagalog unless the purpose were to make them grammarians; but if the purpose were to make them learn the Tagalog language through the Balarila, this would be downright foolishness, since then we would be presupposing they already possess what we would aim to impart to them, namely the knowledge of Tagalog.

The "Florante at Laura" and other "tula" must not be over-used. There is a national tendency to read or deliver "tula" in a decidedly wrong manner. This sentimentalism and effeminacy would become more grave with repetition.

Written compositions for those who already know Tagalog must be given often. The purpose of these exercises is to perfect the style of writing in Tagalog. Tagalog in high school will find out

that they can write better in Tagalog than in English. Not only that they don't commit grammatical errors but their style is more natural and better in their Tagalog composition. By developing Tagalog writers among those who study high school and those who go to college, we shall be able to raise the standard of our present Tagalog literature. It is a very serious duty of our Tagalog teachers to develop Tagalog writers among his charges: This is the only means we can use to insure the blooming of our Tagalog literature, nay, to prevent its withering.

Practice in translation from English to Tagalog should occupy most of the Tagalog students' time. Exercises in turning English to Tagalog have twofold significance. They are the more proper form of training for the mastery of Tagalog. And they will develop good translators of English among students. Translators will become in greater and greater demand as we employ our National language in more and more aspects of our life, as we should. Translations of English literary and scientific works to Tagalog will enrich our Filipino life. It is only through translations that English literature and writing can affect the bulk of our people.

Students must be trained in Tagalog elocution and public speaking. Pieces for delivery should be speeches rather than poems. Good speeches in English can be translated to Tagalog. Since the principles and rules of public speaking are the same in all languages, this training will also help students in English oratory.

The present Balarila should be simplified. We are studying Tagalog to become good Tagalog speakers and writers and not to become grammarians. To facilitate its mastery the Tagalog grammar must indeed be based or modeled on grammar of the Romance languages, but the similarity must not be unduly extended to the sacrifice of truth and of the peculiar mentality of our national language.

Most important of all, our aim in teaching Tagalog, hence also the method we must use, is to show the perfections of our language. The teacher must com-

pare Tagalog with English, Spanish, and if he also can, with Latin, Greek and other great languages of the world, to prove that Tagalog is not below these tongues and in certain aspects even superior to them.

To teach Tagalog so as to impart the knowledge of the philosophy and mechanism of human communication. Since Tagalog language has so many primitive aspects, it manifests clearly the origin of language communication of mankind. Foreign words commonly used in daily speech and writing of Tagalog should not be avoided. Teachers must learn to justify the assimilation or proper Tagalization of foreign words.

To teach Tagalog then so that students will realize its beauty, its various perfections, its many peculiarities which put it above the average and on the same rung with the best language of man. To show that ignorance and not learning is the cause of Anglo—or Hispano-mania,

WOMEN PREACHERS

Once Samuel Johnson was asked what he thought about women preaching. He replied that a woman preaching was like a dog, walking on his hind legs. They do not do it well but one is surprised to find that they do it at all.

Of Interest To Women

MEN!

By Florence Pfeister

In that period between the time that father is your ideal man and your own son becomes the apple of your eye comes to love with all its debatable ramifications. There are many imitations, such as flirtation, lure, the chase and catch which go into most games. Is it love or vanity? The person who think life not worth living has never loved. It is wounded vanity that bitterly wishes to end it all.

True love can happen more than once, although such a momentous matter does not occur frequently, as in the Hollywood manner. Love at different times in life will, no doubt, be different but can be just as complete and happy as a first love. Real love, even if unreturned, is more nourishing than destructive: it gives out more than it uses up because it tends to make the lover unselfish.

Women are more concerned with love than men, not because their hearts are physically different but because their natural sphere in life is more concerned with the family, children, the home. The lives of men are just as much molded by love, only it is easier for them to put aside the cloying details of domesticity when there is trouble and seek outside contacts; but of all the empty escapes

this is the most farcical. Usually if hubby were as suave at home as he is outside and wifey were as sweet to him as to a new man they could become re-enchanted.

The wife always has the advantage. Old memories and melodies stir the heart more than new; and even though they'd die rather than admit it, men are more sentimental than women.

From the woman's standpoint, the happiness or hurt she experiences through her dealings with men depends largely on how much she considers the rules by which men live or whether she has tried to force them to follow her way. Most men are simple and direct as a child and surprisingly immature emotionally; they react immediately to the "pleasure-and-pain principle," especially in their contacts with women.

Men are not very analytical about women. Often the most brilliant man apparently shuts off his mind when in the presence of women and reacts as a child who is sampling things in an old-fashioned grocery store. He finds some of the candy, some pickles, some dry but good crunchy crackers, and so on down the aisle. The most tremendous injustices women suffer at the hands of men

are not injustices at all from the man's standpoint. How can there be an injustice without violation of reasoning? The man's mind was never involved in the matter so, therefore, he has not been unjust! To be sure, my dear, mental companionship is entirely possible between a man and woman and is always a strong bond between them; but do not depend upon it too much, for the way a man feels, where his contact with a woman is concerned, is far more essential than the way he thinks.

Like a child, a man demands physical and mental comfort or he will be cranky and unreasonable. Women will torture themselves in body and mind to gain an end, but not a man! That is why the preservation of a marriage or a love affair is mostly up to the woman.

If you can soothe his ego, amuse him, and keep his mind entertained with an image of himself that makes him fairly purr with satisfaction, you can keep his love forever. In many cases it isn't just, and is done at great sacrifice, but it is material for a happy marriage, at least as far as the man is concerned. The woman who can keep a man's mind on himself rather than on her will

never lose him. Hypocrisy and insincerity have no place in charm nor in building happiness, but, remember, every man has some qualities for which he is praiseworthy. Make the most of them.

You will never appeal to a man for long unless he can excel in something. A man likes a woman who is just a little below him in physical strength but he has no use for a whiny kill-joy. If it kills you, be cheerful and happy in his presence, because a man reacts to happiness like a fly to sugar.

Never expect a man to fit into your moods. You must fit into his. Sorry, but that's the way it is, mostly. On the other hand, never stoop to being a doormat, for heaven help you if you let a man see you with your spirit broken. Never forget that men are far more conventional at heart than women and you gain nothing by breaking through the barriers to sin, no matter how loudly he talks beforehand.

Why should women always be the ones to do the pleasing and placating? Because both men and women get more out of that arrangement, dear, than any other, as witness experiments over thousands of years.

* * * * *

Catholics go to church to worship, Protestants frequently to hear an eloquent sermon... There is real democracy in a Catholic congregation.

Rev. Madison C. Peters (Baptist)

PRAYER FOR PEACE

By Francis Cardinal Spellman

O Sacred Heart of Jesus!

We adore Thee,
We love Thee,
We praise Thee.

In this hour of dreadful need
We implore Thee, dear Jesus — save us!
Crimsoned war clouds gather once again about us
To rain down ruin, blood and death.
Save us or we perish from the earth;
Save us by Thy love for mankind,
By Thy love for Thy Church,
By Thy love for souls,
Save us, for we cannot save ourselves!

By Thy pierced heart, save us!
Make our hearts one with Thine,
That our will may be Thy will,
And Thy Divine love, our love,
That we may make reparation for the sins of the world,
Thus to avert the wrath of Thy justice
Upon a wilful, sinful world,
A world that has defied Thy laws,
Mocked Thy love,
And taken unto itself strange gods.

By Thy Sacred Wounds, O Jesus, save us!
Heal Thou the wounds of a world now dying,
A world crucified on its cross of sin,

By wounds of anarchy and atheism,
 Wounds of despotism and slavery,
 Wounds of fear, glut and greed,
 Wounds of disease, desolation and death.
 Pour into the soul of this sick and stricken world
 The oil and wine of Thy mercy and truth.

By Thy thorn-crowned head, O Jesus, save us!
 Make the light of Thy holy mind
 Shine into the minds of men,
 Dispelling distrust and deceit,
 Inspiring them with purposes of Thy will,
 That by common council and consent,
 Men may build through Thee
 Enduring and universal peace,
 A peace which man alone cannot find,
 The peace which God alone can give.

O Blessed Prince of Peace,
 Who rulest by love and love alone,
 We consecrate ourselves to Thy Sacred Heart.
 With faith and hope and love,
 We follow Thee, O Jesus,
 And Thy Vicar on earth, our Holy Father, who warns
 That the future belongs to those who love
 And not to those who hate!
 Reign Thou, O Jesus, in the Kingdom of Thy love,
 And grant that through Thy Church,
 Men may learn to live,
 In happiness and liberty and peace. Amen.
 (Two hundred days indulgence granted for each
 recital of the prayer)

BE CLEAR, BE BRIEF, BE GONE!

The young curate was enthusiastic about the sermon he was about to preach. "I have a good introduction and a good ending and these ought to make a good sermon."

"Yes" drily answered the pastor, "if they come close enough together."

How To Lose Souls

By Claire Booth Luce

Let me tell you a story about a priest. I never know or saw him. But his spirit and his power I can testify to.

He is probably dead, God rest his soul. I learned about him from a colleague of mine in Congress. A year ago when it began to be rumored I was taking instructions, this Congressman, an able and decent fellow, though often strangely irascible, took me aside one day in the cloak room. He had been born, he said a Catholic. Did I know what I was doing? Did I know what a strain Catholicism would be on my reason? In the end he told me his story.

He was bitter with an old bitterness that you could see had festered and poisoned the conduits of his soul. He had been a very poor boy, an only son, who in his early teens had to earn a living for his widowed mother, whom he adored. When he was fifteen, they moved to a strange town, where he thought he might do better. She died rather suddenly. (I believe that his grief must have been very intense, for he began to cry now, forty years later.)

He wanted her to have a fine funeral. He went to the priest. Then his voice shook with anger remembering that visit to the rectory. The priest was probably

curt and casual. He told the boy that the money he had was insufficient to give her the kind of funeral the boy's broken heart had set itself on. The boy argued. The priest argued back. The boy shouted at the priest. The priest shouted at the boy. The boy ran away, frightened and sobbing with rage. But since his mother, that dearest lady of his life, had to be buried, that priest had to do it. The pitiful, scrimpy funeral at which he was the only mourner, was a double agony for the boy. For not only his mother was being buried, but his faith.

When he left the church that day, he left forever. He married out of the Church, and brought up two children in his wife's faith. Though he said they really have no faith at the moment.

How many other souls that priest may have lost to the Church we cannot guess. I know of four. And if that Congressman had been able to convince me out of the bitterness of his angry heart, there would have been five. All because of a few words, no doubt magnified by the anguished brain of a boy, and since that time magnified even more in years of cumulative bitterness. But in any case, they were words that could not have been Christlike.

HEART TO HEART

Advice to the lovelorn by Lily Marlene

Dear Miss Marlene,

I love a man. I have known him about 7 months now. Both of us are high school students of Catholic schools. All the time I thought by his actions that he loved me although he did not profess his love to me.

But I found out that he loves a girl I know from the same school where I study. Before the girl loved him, now she doesn't anymore. Even though I knew that he does not love me, I still insist on loving him.

Please help me and tell me what to do.

*Sincerely yours,
A TEENAGER*

Dear Teen-Ager:

Since you are both in your teens and still in high-school, I would say—take it easy. He isn't the only nice boy in the world, and both you and he are likely to change your minds quite a number of times before you finally get married. So why don't you give yourself a chance—have fun and nice times with a lot of friends. Don't limit yourself to one person alone. Time enough for that later on. Youth is the time for gay times, friendly companionships, a wide social life. It will never come back, so make the most of it.

II

Sta. Barbara, Iloilo

Dear Miss Marlene,

I have a true friend whose friendship I value much, as I deem that only death can separate us. We have shared each other's joys and sorrows always.

But she had a beau who recently had the heart to leave her. Now she is in torment, having no appetite, just thinking of her problem. Being a true friend, I sympathised with her and advised her not to

converse anymore with the man.

Since that time her conduct towards me has changed. I did not mean to stop her if she really loves him. I meant to console her. But she is very different now to me.

Well, am I right in what I did, being true and devoted to her? Shall I continue being a true friend to her?

Sincerely,
(Miss) P. C. H.

Dear Miss P. C. H.:

Give your friend time to get over it. Young people generally feel that once they have fallen in love, heaven and earth may pass away—but not their love. But Time will teach her otherwise. As to her apparent coldness towards you, it's strange, but most of us resent a slur against the one we love, no matter how unworthy they may be. So perhaps it would be best if you desist from proffering your advises, which obviously are not welcome. Instead try to distract her. Take her around with other friends. Act as if nothing has really changed. Help to keep her busy and don't give her time to brood.

III

Dear Miss Marlene,

When I was still a kid, I had a childhood sweetheart with whom I was very much in love. She was our next door neighbor. When the war broke out we were separated. Since then I never heard from her. Last month I just found out where she lives. I was hesitant to talk to her (she didn't recognize me). We have grown up together, so after these eight years, I wonder if she'll still remember my face (especially a handsome one like mine!!) Lily, what do you think I should do: forget all about the whole thing or produce a reunion? If you suggest reunion, what do you think is the best way to approach her? (Remember, after eight years I may have rivals!)

*Very, very sincerely yours,
Lovelorn Danny*

P.S. I sincerely hope your advice comes from the bottomest basement of your golden heart.

L.D.

Dear Lovelorn Danny:

Eight years is certainly a long time. You have changed, and so has she. You're both grown up now, with different problems, different friends, different tastes. It won't be easy to pick up where you left off eight long years ago, especially since you were only kids then. But if you think it's a good idea, then go ahead. She may not have recognized you, but she will certainly remember you. And if you had grown up together and had been such close friends, she will most likely want to see you and find out what has happened to you. So why don't you drop by at her house for a friendly visit?

IV

Dear Miss Marlene,

I've known a girl for approximately 6 years. Ever since I first saw her I was quite attracted to her. I was 14 years old then and she must have been 12. At present I am 21 and I'm still holding high the torch. I had been taking her out quite often and, everything was going on smoothly and I thought I had a chance, that is, until she made her debut. After that she seemed to be attracted to society and society folks, which is definitely not my world. I think she is a social climber.

Now I want to know definitely where I stand with her, because I think that she (at present) does not feel towards me like she did in the past... I am minus social prestige... I'm just a square peg in a round hole as far as society is concerned. What shall I do? How can I know where I stand? I can't tell her my feelings because I believe that a person should not tell of his love to his loved one if he has nothing to offer her, and I evidently have nothing to offer her.

*Hopefully yours,
J.A.*

Dear J. A.:

You are only 21, and as you say, you still have nothing to offer the girl you love. So don't be in such a desperate rush. Time generally has a way of solving things as only it can.

Naturally since she has made her debut, she has more social engagements than she had before. But that does not mean that she should have no time for you anymore. If such is the case, then certainly she cares more for her parties and dances than she does for

you, and that should leave you no doubt as to where you stand with her. Which is just as well. Because the two of you would never agree as to your friends, your amusements, your standards of value. And for a successful and happy marriage, a certain degree of similarity in social backgrounds, interests, tastes, and friendships is essential.

V

Dear Miss Marlene,

We have taken a vow in the church to love each other forever. Both of us wish to keep our love a secret until we finish our career.

Lately last month our parents having a hint of our love affair, scolded us and forbade us to contact each other. It was very bitter, so we decided to meet twice a week for only 10 minutes in the school.

My parents (girl's) are very strict and I am not allowed to go out without a very satisfactory excuse.

How can we maintain our love? Both of us are young at the age of 18 19. We fear that we might have changeable minds, or if not, repent in the future. Spiritually speaking, both of us are offering a rosary everyday to our Blessed Virgin Mother for the intention of keeping our love stable forever. One thing more, is it bad for us to meet secretly in school even for ten minutes? Is it bad to keep our love affair a secret until we finish our career? But if we expose our love, for sure one of us will be sent to the province.

*Yours in Mary,
Two Legionaries of Mary*

Dear Legionaries of Mary:

Since you are both quite young, your parents have reasons for discouraging you from taking your "love affair" so seriously. It is rather foolish and impractical to become engaged when the prospect of marriage is so many years away. So be very special friends if your wish, but not to the exclusion of everybody else. All this business of furtive meetings and secret love affairs is not very healthy, in more ways than one. Perhaps as good friends your parents will allow you to see each other in your own homes. And when you are older and closer to a position when you can get married, you can plan definitely for your future with less anxiety and more certainty.

Keep up with your devotions to Our Lady, you could not have entrusted your problem in better hands. The best thing for you to do,

however, would be to consult a good confessor to whom you explain everything and go regularly for guidance.

VI

Naga, Camarines Sur
August 29, 1948

Dear Miss Marlene,

Being of the belief that your advices will help to guide me right, I am sending you a picture of the reluctance I have, in returning to the institution where I graduated the secondary course.

At present I am taking A.A. in a different college. Its teaching is satisfactory. But because it does not teach religion, I want to transfer in the above mentioned school. What makes me reluctant is this:

When I was in that school, I had a co-intern who was very good to me and I simply had to treat her the same. She was too submissive to me that I may term her to be very obedient. In the course of school days, our friendship which was pure friendship, was thought of by many, as a friendship blonded with malice. We suffered lots of teasing before and we will suffer it again if I transfer, because she is still studying there. Will you please teach me what to do?

Here's hoping for your kindness and I am expressing too my gratitude and thanks in advance.

Yours,
Poor Flower

Dear Poor Flower:

I can't see why these "teassings" should prevent you from transferring to a better school. So long as you maintain your friendship above board, never mind what some malicious busybody thinks about it. However it would help matters if you associate with everybody and go around with a group.

To The Lovelorn:

Lily Marlene is developing quite a problem herself. Due to the huge pile of letters that flood her daily mail and to the limited space accorded to her column, her big heart aches at being unable to answer the problems of all her friends as quickly as they might desire.

The Editors



THINKING WITH THE CROSS

Cross featurettes

"NEW LOOK" FOR OLD

At the expense of being considered a cantankerous old crab, we are passing over to the girls a few thoughts, inspired by a quality magazine, on the "new look".

In the first place the "new look" seems to imply much larger figures than usual on the price tags. You gaze in astonishment at evening frocks done a la Valera, perhaps, lavishly estimated as to worth at something over two hundred pesos. There was a time when that would be sufficient deposit for a house.

Then the new look mean the "re-conditioning" of a girl's entire wardrobe. Last year's model's are useless. A beautiful racket, isn't it? And, at the present juncture, a criminal one. The new skirts hang in the fullest possible flares; you could make two of last year's frock's out of one of this year's.

Yet at this moment there are in Europe men and women without clothing to cover them, let alone to keep them warm; there are, according to Red Cross reports, mothers who are forced by what is

gracefully referred to as the world shortage of materials to use newspapers for their babies' napkins! And we in the Philippines and the United States, the most fortunate countries in the world today, can fling away thousands of yards of material on useless and unnecessary changes.

There's another angle to this fashion business, with all its subsidies—cosmetics, beauty treatments, all the incidentals that go to make the perfectly-turned over woman. The whole world today is an incentive to sin. The woman with a family must of necessity restrict her personal expenditure, yet she receives no kudos for her sacrifice or for her work. The glamor girl is the acme of perfection. Every woman likes to think that she looks attractive, and most of them are convinced that they look their best only when they are in step with fashion.

What, after all, is the real new look of today? It's not so new now—men and women and children have been wearing it for about ten years; but it's a look of hunger, misery and fear. It is

a look born of suffering, of death, of resignation under the slow torture of fear and hunger that in the end makes death welcome. It's a look that was supposed to be wiped out from the faces of the people of the world — except, of course, from the conquered, who deserved it—by the victory which we celebrated with tempestuous and slightly hysterical gaiety; it's a look that, throughout half Europe, has been intensified.

THE COMMUNIST'S TEN COMMANDMENTS

The Communist Youth headquarters at Nowossibirsk, Soviet Russia, have published the following Ten Commandments for its members:

1. Never forget that the clergy is the declared enemy of the State and of Communism.

2. Try to convert your friends to Communism. Do not forget that Stalin, who gave to the Russian people its new constitution, is the leader of the anti-gods not only in the Soviet Union but throughout the world.

3. Try to persuade, but do not force, your friends to stop going to church.

4. Watch out for spies; denounce sabotage.

5. Spread atheistic literature among the people.

6. Every good Komsomol is also a militant atheist. He must know

how to shoot and be expert in military discipline.

7. Work eagerly to prevent any religious element you may notice from influencing your neighbors.

8. Every atheist must be a good Tchekist. Watching the security of the State is the duty of every anti-god.

9. Support the atheist movement by financial gifts that will specially aid the propaganda of foreign organizations, obliged through circumstances to work in secret.

10. If you are not a convinced atheist you will not be a good Communist and a faithful citizen of the Soviet State. Atheism is permanently linked with Communism and the two ideals are the basis of the Soviet power in Communist Russia.

NATIONALIZATION

Certain politicians, in an attempt to solve our labor problems, recently exerted all efforts to nationalize labor in our troubled country. It might interest them to know that the Church is not opposed to the idea. Nay, presupposing their good intentions, it is imperative that they think with the Church on a subject delicate as this. The evils attendant to excessive nationalization are such that, if our leaders didn't get the "right dope" on the matter, the resulting state of affairs will be worse than the first.

The essence of the social teaching of the Church on nationalization, as expounded by the authoritative Roman review, *Civiltà Cattolica*, can be summed up in six propositions, as follows:

1. The Church does not condemn nationalization as such, but condemns only its excesses.

2. The nationalization of industry is in certain cases not only permissible but opportune.

3. In general it is proper for the State to nationalize certain industries, particularly those which, in the hands of private capitalism, would constitute a means of exploitation or which would be contrary to the common good.

4. Nationalization is not the only nor the primary means which the State has at its disposal for giving collective property a social function and placing it at the service of the common good.

5. Excessive nationalization runs the danger of accentuating, instead of mitigating, the mechanical character of life and work in common.

6. The issue is not only of regulating the production and distribution of wealth, but also of guaranteeing the dignity and independence of the human person against all oppression, both political and economic, whether it comes from private capitalism or the State.

Pope Pius XII in his letter to

the French *Semaine Sociale* emphasized particularly point five above.

FOR NCAA ENTHUSIASTS

Of all the able men the late Fr. Flanagan has gathered around him to help his boys of BOYS TOWN, none has given his job more enthusiasm, patience and skill than stocky, blue-eyed, soft-spoken Kenneth Corcoran. He is the athletic director of Boys Town, coaching basketball, track and football, and runs the intramural sports program.

Corky is a practical psychologist, trying to stir the desire for decency and sportsmanship that lies in every boy. Between halves in a losing, bitterly fought basketball game once, one lad came up belligerently to Corcoran. "They're using their knees and elbows, Corky; they're using everything."—"So what?" asked the coach softly.—"Why, we're losing the game!"—"So what?"—"Well, why can't we use everything, too?"—"What for?"—"Maybe we could win!"

"So what?" said the black-haired coach again. "Do you want to win that way?" The boy looked blank a minute. Finally, "Well, no; maybe not." And he went out to play a clean, hard game—which Boys Town won.

Corcoran is convinced, however, that you can't "teach" sportsmanship. "It must be learned by the boy as he plays with others.

Gradually he learns to resent unfair tactics, to have a regard for others. Furthermore," he adds, "boys who learn that it's unsportsmanlike to cheat in basketball seldom cheat in exams."

JUDGING IMMORALITY

In 1940 Judge McGeehan of the New York Supreme Court penned the decision which ousted Bertrand Russell from the Chair of Philosophy of the College of the City of New York. A synopsis of this document may prove interesting and useful.

"One requisite of a teacher is good moral character. Teachers must not only impart classroom instruction, but must teach by example. An applicant for professorship must have a strong and delicate sense of moral values.

Although Mr. Russell might teach none of the evils contained in his books, his appointment violates a canon of pedagogy, namely, that the personality of the teacher has more to do with forming students than many syllo-

gisms.

Academic freedom does not mean academic license. It is freedom to do good and not to teach evil. Academic freedom cannot teach that abduction is lawful nor that adultery is attractive and good for the community. There are norms and criteria of truth that have been recognized by the founding fathers. A man whose life runs counter to these doctrines, who teaches and practices immorality and who encourages and vows violations of the Penal Code of the State of New York is not fit to teach in any school of the land.

The appointment of Dr. Russell is an insult to the people of the city of New York. This court holds that the act of the board of higher education of the city, in appointing Dr. Russell is in effect establishing a chair of indecency, and in so doing has acted arbitrarily, capriciously and in direct violation of the public health, safety and morals of the people. The appointment is revoked."

EYES FRONT

When Marshall Petain was a colonel, his general wrote him asking for the names of some officers who attended Mass in their uniforms at a civilian church; for this, said the general, was against Army regulations.

Colonel Petain answered: "My Dear General: It is true that some officers of my regiment attend Mass in their uniforms, and their colonel is one of them. As, however, he always sits in front, he does not know the names of those behind him."

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

by Brother Edward

114. My boy desires to communicate daily, but sometimes he seems careless and without devotion; should I let him go only a few mornings after each Communion?
Mrs. P. P.

A. No mother should hinder her child from receiving our Lord every day. It is wrong to expect the children to have the seriousness of grown people. All Communions received in the state of grace are fruitful. Hence the children should be encouraged to go daily, and patiently helped to make their Communions better and better.

115. If I am in doubt whether I have lost the state of grace or not, may I receive Holy Communion without going to Confession?
T. G. M.

A. Yes. Confession is absolutely necessary only when a person is conscious of having committed mortal sin since the last Confession.

116. Why must women have their heads covered in church?

A. Pelaez

A. Because such is the Church's custom, founded on St. Paul's directions to the Corinthians. (I Cor. XI)

117. What is to be thought of a Catholic girl who was married recently before a Justice? M. Malvar

A. She is living in sin and is not married at all. To be absolved she must have the marriage rectified.

117. Will all the sins of those who are saved be revealed to the world at the general judgement?

F. C.

A. The Church has issued no definition on this point. It is the general teaching of theologians that all sins will be made known. This will not cause any pain or embarrassment to the saints. We can see this from the cases of St. Peter and St. Mary Magdalene.

118. Why do people strike their breast when the bell rings at Mass?
D. F.

A. As a sign of sorrow for sin.

119. Should the sign of the cross

be made at the altar-rail before receiving Holy Communion?

S. E.

A. When the priest gives the blessing saying "Indulgentiam, etc.," it is usual to make the sign of the cross, but it is not necessary.

120. Is it necessary to genuflect after rising to leave the altar rail?

S. E.

A. No. When many receive it is better not to do so.

121. How does the priest consecrate the small Hosts at Mass?

D. A.

A. When he says the words of consecration, holding the large Host in his hands, he intends to consecrate all the Hosts that are on the linen cloth (called the corporal).

122. Please explain the fast before Holy Communion.

D. A.

A. No food of any kind, solid or liquid, may be taken from midnight on, before receiving Holy Communion. In danger of death Holy Communion may be received by one who is not fasting. By special privilege persons who have been seriously ill for a month are allowed to receive at stated inter-

vals, even after taking some liquid foods. The confessor is the judge in such cases.

123. Should one continue to take medicine while praying for relief from illness?

H. H.

A. Certainly. God wishes us to use the natural means to obtain a recovery. He often bestows His grace in that way.

124. When the nine First Friday Communions are interrupted by illness or some other good excuse must the series be begun again?

Mauricio Amaca

A. Yes. Our Lord made the great promise to Blessed Margaret Mary for those who would receive on the First Fridays of nine consecutive months. No one is authorized to say that Communion on Saturday or Sunday will be just as effective.

125. A and B are married. Is A's brother related to B's brother?

L. Baltazar.

A. No.

N.B. Our space will not allow us to answer all questions or to answer as promptly as inquirers desire. If it's anything Catholic, ask Brother Edward.

ANDANTE CANTABILE

By Augusto H. Piedad

(Any similarity between one of the characters in this love story and some Ateneo graduates is quite intentional,—quite. The Eds.)

I would not know if I should be writing this. The bare facts are simple and easy to put down on paper, but the hitch is that I do not know if I can adequately fill in the — shall we say — psychological interstices? My ancestors have all been tillers of the soil who have habitually set more on the sunlight playing on fresh green leaves newly sprouted from the earth than the speculations of Aristotle. It is no wonder therefore that I should feel a little out of my depth when I write about personalities — and highly complex personalities at that. I give this as a short preface lest the reader be unduly severe with me when somewhere along the line the story seems to waver, to be a bit shaky perhaps, or even downright silly. That is why I say that I would not know, really, if I should be writing this.

The beginning was usual enough. She met him at a gathering of mutual friends. And from the moment that their eyes met,

they must have felt the fullness of God's goodness that has blessed the universe from all eternity.

I was there too and in a way shared something of their new-found joy. Outwardly there was precious little that I could put my finger on. She did not look at him throughout the evening more than was necessary. Or should I say that she did *not* look at him as much as would be ordinary? For his part he seemed thoroughly unconcerned. Bored, would be the better term to use. But he has always been bored. Was it that this night, he was more than *usually* bored? Anyway, there it was. Something more than mere attraction possessed them from the very start. And I was all for the beauty of it.

She is a lovely girl. One of those ethereal things compounded of warm Malayan skies and lush tropic meadows — with a dash of the fine-textured lotus of Chinese valleys. A sweet, obliging girl.

Friends always take pleasure in asking her to play a little something at those times when she is with them and a piano is at hand. And she plays with the gentle ease of someone who quietly tries her best, in her own small way, to give a measure of innocent entertainment to her friends.

Yet, — here is where I begin to tread water — can I say that she is completely sweet tempered and obliging? Is there not some suggestion of stubborn firmness in the line of her finely molded chin? I would not know for sure.

He is one of those athletic fellows graduated from one of the city's boys' colleges. Beyond that I am not prepared to delineate with any degree of assurance.

He is charming enough, kind enough, generous enough. But then, I never could be entirely sympathetic with him. There are things about him that I simply can not understand. Sometimes I am certain he is a thoroughgoing realist. At other times, I am equally sure he is an unmitigated idealist. I do not rightly know what they study in the Bachelor of Arts course but it must be things singularly profound that it is much too big for them. So much so that an odd-

ness of temperament that mystifies people is produced in its graduates. Irritates people too.

For one thing, these AB's are much too critical of everything: They think it their duty to split hairs at the drop of a hat because they know all the answers. To be sure, they do not come outright and say so. Only in some rare instances does the thing make itself evident — then only in some subtle way. An unwonted silence perhaps during a lively exchange of opinion or a delicate expression in their eyes, a nuance in their spoken words. And this is all the more 'so with the fellow I am writing about.

I could not be sporting to give his true name here, so let us call him E. For the same reason, let us call her simply as C and thereby conclude my limping attempts at word painting.

The day after the party in which they met, he mentioned to me quite casually that Miss C's playing was definitely prosaic but that she was nice. That was all. I tried my best to draw him out, but he would not be drawn. My clumsy efforts must have been to blame for I should say that I found the term "nice" much too tame a word to use to describe her and must have exhibited a rather unseemly irrita-

tion that offended his finer sensibilities. I took it then as a gentle hint that he did not welcome discussion of the subject and I henceforth studiously avoided it in his presence.

I was engrossed at the time with the accounting problems of my commerce classes, it being near the final examinations for the year, and I had not the opportunity to see my friend often. He was already working then, more or less, in his father's firm, and I thought that he was too busy to see me too.

As for her, I saw her often here and there, but had not the time for a lengthy talk with her. She was always with some friends who, I thought, would not take kindly to my monopolizing her attentions for any time.

I often wondered then, how it was with her and E. It occurred to me once that her friends of the same sex might know more about it than even C herself would suspect or even admit to herself so I cultivated some of her more intimate companions and awkwardly—as is usual with me—tried to gather some information as to how she and he were progressing.

It proved a blind alley in spite of all my efforts. Those girl companions of hers must have

been extraordinarily loyal to her or unnaturally reserved, or both. Anyway, I could not get a shred of information after two months of sedulous toil and I gave it up as a bad job. All I received for my pains was the candid remark of Clara, one of the said companions, and my cousin, to the effect that I was being a "blooming drip", whatever that means. I contented myself with my own observations after that.

It was at a concert that I saw them both for the second time in the same gathering I was in. I must admit that they made a good looking couple and I was not without a feeling of envy for him that he should be so well built and she so lovely beside him.

Her mother was with them, but early in the evening before the start of the overture, she mixed in with a group of chattering middle-aged wives and the two young people were more or less left to themselves. I sat in a back row all by myself and tried desperately to enjoy Beethoven.

The orchestra played well, I must say. They produced a well rounded sound in the low tones that blended into a sonorous background for the lilt of the violins. Very enjoyable, but as

I said, I had to make an effort to concentrate on the music. I heard only enough to be able to comment on it halfheartedly after. Miss C seemed pleased to see me and invited me to join them for a late snack.

"Now that we have heard it, we would like to hear E tear the whole evening to pieces," she said after we had seated ourselves at a table. "Could you detect any unwanted noises from the instruments?" she asked me with a twinkle in her exquisite doe's eyes.

It seems that E is eternally fussing about some extraneous sounds incidental to the bowing of some of the musicians. "I went specially to Mr. Valencia to see to it that nothing but pure music would come from the orchestra," she continued.

This put E off to a good start. He talked brilliantly to us all but interspersed his conversation with some pointed criticisms of the performance, specially of a modern piece that had been played last. A Schoenberg I think it was.

"The whole object of this art form is to produce something beautiful through the medium of inarticulate sound. And no matter how cleverly orchestrated, how novel the harmonic system, how

intriguing the rhythmic pattern, it, nevertheless, must be judged solely upon the answer to one question — is it beautiful?"

"Discords are perfectly legitimate as a means to creating a desirable effect, but to sustain it to such an extent as to leave the whole opus unresolved is gross distortion of all the tenets of art."

All quite true, no doubt, but too technical for me. I like music and am deeply moved by it, but I have never had the patience to wade through scholarly books on the matter.

He had some other choice remarks which I forget now but there was one that was particularly deep. I remember this instance only because she looked up to him then and I caught a glimpse of the softness of the light in her eyes. I was most uncomfortable, as if I had seen something I should not have. That was when I knew that she and he were progressing quite well indeed.

I passed the examinations tolerably well and to my intense gratification found a position with a well-known firm right after commencement. This took my mind off my social activities for a while and if I ever saw the two at all for a period of several

months, it was just a matter of giving a nod and passing on. Friends, however, who had more leisure in their hands were more or less certain at the end of this period that the two were going to be married.

It was but the logical conclusion, of course, and I could not complain. There was some talk of her mother looking up one of the town's architects to design a suitable dwelling of modest dimensions but with all the trimmings. I am much too down to earth sometimes and I must confess that I did toy with the idea of approaching this architect with a view to securing the contract for the plumbing of the house, our company, incidentally, carrying a whole line of the latest in that department.

I never got around to it, however. Somehow, one thing or another prevented my going.

It was late in March, just two months before the wedding, as rumor would have it, that E dropped in to see me late one evening with a rather distraught air. He always exudes an atmosphere of pessimism, of course, which I attribute to almost continuous brooding on world problems, but this night, he was looking unusually peaked and I told him about it.

"It's the weather," he said.

"It's the limit isn't it?"

Although it is not his custom to visit me at such an hour, still, I saw nothing strange in it. He is an old friend of the family, I mean, and we can go in and out of each other's house as often or as seldom as we please and be unnoticed.

He asked me what I was doing and I told him I was going over some new catalogues for our new electrical department.

"Electrification! You would electrify everything," he exploded. "You would have us press a button to open a door. What is wrong with giving it a push as we have been doing all these centuries? Why go to the intricacies of miles of wiring just to open a kitchen door?"

I wanted to point out to him that one company sells a sizable amount of electrical wiring at a neat profit, but I could not compete with his eloquence — or his vehemence.

"Why can't we go back to the simple life? We have made ours so complicated that we are in a daze. Have you ever stopped to think how many people die of heart failure nowadays?" With that he slid down the chair and stared moodily at the ceiling.

I may not have the psychic depth that he has but I could sense that there was something

more than his customary vaporings this night.

"It's all for the best, though," he continued after a while. "These complications are but a manifestation of our unconscious strivings for something better."

"What was that again?" I asked him.

"Nothing," he sighed. "Nothing whatever."

I used to imagine that I was the only one baffled, but now I know better, and have felt no little amount of satisfaction in the thought that even his own family, on occasion, have expressed themselves as totally puzzled by him sometimes.

He talked some more, jumping from one subject to another. I do not remember them now. And then he rose to go. I was glad to bid him goodnight and went back to some estimates on a house proposed on Dakota Street and promptly forgot him. I would have liked to have asked him how C was but, well, I too have my moments of extreme reserve.

It was not after some days had passed that I learned the full significance of his visit that night. I got it from one of my former classmates who sells automobiles in the Port Area.

"Did you hear about E and C?" he asked breathlessly.

"No," I answered. "What about

them?" I asked guardedly.

"Finis," he exclaimed with a conclusive sweep to his hand.

"What do you mean, finis," I inquired, trying to be calm.

"You heard that they were engaged, of course."

"I have heard rumors," I fenced.

"Well, it's true they were engaged. But now it's all over. Broken. No more. In other words — the end."

"Sure?"

"Dead sure."

"When was this?" I asked, remembering that night that E had dropped in looking like salted fish.

"Three days ago. Pretty sudden too."

"Why?"

"Heard they had an argument about something"

I wanted to know what the argument was but then a fat man had come up and the salesman could no longer attend to me. He mumbled something about a prospective sale and was off with the prospective customer.

That very evening I found the complete answer to my unasked question without even lifting a finger. I was at my cousin's house and Clara was trying out a piece on the piano. She could not get a passage right despite repeated attempts. In the end she stamped her foot petulantly,

giving it up.

"Liszt is too difficult," she complained, "Too many grace notes."

"Don't be a blooming drip," I said, whatever that means.

She lifted a flowerpot to throw at me.

"Alright," I said, "alright. But what in heaven's name are grace notes?"

With the resignation of a teacher trying her best to be patient with a dull-whitted pupil, she took the music sheet from the piano and shoved it under my nose.

It was entitled, "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2."

"See the tiny dots with the tails there?"

I nodded.

"They are grace notes. They are supposed to be played as rapidly as possible before the real note whose time is duly apportioned in the measure comes in. Makes it hard to play."

"Ah!" I exclaimed.

"I wish I were Leopold Stokowski," she continued. "In his transcriptions he sometimes takes his own time playing these notes."

"Is that good or bad," I ventured to ask.

"Depends on who you are. E says that it is sacrilegious. C says it's quite permissible."

"You mean they had an argument about those . . . tiny dots?" I exclaimed, sitting up.

"It started the argument, anyway," she explained.

"How's that."

"The real argument came when E questioned the propriety of Stokowski's taking certain liberties with a composer's score."

"And she stood her ground?"

"Sure thing. How do you think their engagement was broken?"

"You mean he . . . ?"

"Sure thing," Clara said. "Can you beat that?"

I could not speak. No. By no stretch of my imagination could I beat that. It is impossible.

I met C some time later and straddled my eyes trying to confirm my earlier observation about the hint of stubborn firmness in the fine line of her chin. I still am not so sure it is visually perceptible, but certainly, the girl has spirit hidden in her loveliness. I ought to know for I married her for it.

HEAVY OBLIGATION

St. Francis of Assisi once did some business with a farmer. The farmer eyed him keenly, then said: "Is this really Father Francis of whom everyone is speaking?"

"Well, then, take care to be as good as men think you, for many people have placed their trust in you."

THE FOUR P'S

By Atty. Delfin El. Batacan

Legal Adviser, Manila Police Department

Let's start with the first. What should be the relation between the PUBLIC and the POLICE? What should be the attitude of police officers towards the general public and, vice-versa, that of the general public towards the police?

On the part of the POLICE, for example, every patrolman knows that his mission, first and last, is to protect and safeguard the community. As a guardian of the law he belongs to an organization established and maintained by the State not as a repressive agency but rather as a preventive force, whose objective is not to assure the arrest of criminals. The true police officer endeavors by his every act and deed to make all law-abiding citizens feel that he is their friend and protector, and that his presence in their neighborhood should give them a feeling of relief and a sense of security. A patrolman who fall short of these expectations has no business being in the force. The taxpaying public has a right to denounce him to the authorities concerned.

SUSPICIOUS PUBLIC

The PUBLIC, on the other hand, must be schooled in the idea that the patrolman is a representative of the law. That he is not an enemy whose sworn purpose in covering his beat is to spy on the daily activities of peaceful residents. It seems a bold and sweeping statement to make but it is a sad commentary on the present state of affairs in Manila that this relation of trust and confidence between the police and the public has deteriorated to its zero point. It seems that nowadays the police think every individual is a potential law-breaker and the individual thinks every policeman is in cahoots with crooks or is a crook himself.

Cold indifference, lack of civic spirit caused by that general feeling of contempt and mistrust for the police—these can be laid at the door of the public. Do you know how many murders and hold-up cases have gone unsolved, and how many murders and gangsters roam our city streets unpunished? The answer is legion. Police inefficiency?

Partly, perhaps, yes. But blame it more on public indifference and lack of civic wokeness and realize its obligations to itself if it must help itself.

POLICE-BAITING

Now for the relation between the POLICE and the PRESS. In its battle against the forces of evil, in its crusade against the ever-rising tide of lawlessness and criminality, the police should find a ready, willing and able ally in the PRESS. Basking in the full glory of its newly won freedom, our post-liberation press can certainly swing the full weight of its might on the side of the forces of law and order. Hand in hand with the efforts of the police the tremendous power of the printed word can bring the underworld characters and wrongdoers to their senses.

Mutual trust and confidence should likewise exist between the police and the press. Added to that, however, the attitude of the press must be one of cooperation, sympathetic understanding, ready helpfulness. One of the missions of the Press is to check and reform evils in existing social conditions. The bitterest criticism by the press, if constructive, should be welcomed. Insulting remarks, defamatory comments, scurrilous attacks, unnecessary harshness against the represen-

tatives of law and order—these I believe, are not legitimate weapons of the Press to correct the errors of any government office or agency. Instead of raising the level of police efficiency such unwholesome practice will accomplish nothing more than offend members of the force of the whole police organization.

LIKE OIL AND WATER

How about the politicians? Politics and the Police? They simply don't mix. They shouldn't mix. Both the public and the press will agree with me when I say that the police should declare an uncompromising policy of "OFF LIMITS" to politics and politicians. Lest I be branded a confirmed ideologist, I will admit that under our system of government the police cannot be totally divorced from politics. That the police department has to depend on the magnanimity of the Municipal Board for its annual expenditures is, for instance, an easy excuse for allowing city hall politicians to stick their fingers in the police pie.

Every effort should therefore be exerted to prevent the police from being enmeshed in politics, to save it from servility and not subjected to the capricious whims and desires of self-seeking politicians.

The danger becomes all the more alarming if politics were allowed to interfere not only in the appointments of police officers but also in the internal activities, details and assignments of police personnel. Who should compose the Vice Squad? Who should be chosen to raid an opium den? Who should be assigned to nab the big-shots in a local Monte Carlo? Who should keep surveillance over a certain warehouse? Imagine what disastrous

effects, what a colossal farce, we would make out of the city's law enforcement agency if these things, were subjected to the manipulation, and schemes of politicians!

Politics should keep out, and stay out, of every police force in the Philippines if we must restore the enforcement of law and order to that high plane where every taxpayer has a right to expect it should be.

* * *

SIXTEEN TO CUPID

by Margarita Ataviado

Not yet, sweet Cupid! Stay that laughing aim
 Of golden, pain-tipped arrow at my heart.
 Not yet, dear child, let no one seek to claim
 My heart today. Put down that impish dart!
 I will not love. I want to play awhile
 With sunbeams, rainbows and the silver rain.
 To savor all of childhood's failing smile,
 Why must you take it now and give me pain?
 But you must come again. For you I'll wait
 When roses bloom and soft warm lilies blow,
 And in your hands the knowing smile of fate
 And I, with joy (for then I'll want you so),
 Shall watch and wait until your hand should tire,
 And laughing, you will take your aim and fire!

THE HEART OF A COMMUNIST

By Louis Budenz

IF THE zeal of the lay Catholic will match the fanaticism of the Communist, then the earth will bloom with renewed faith and love of God. In this present hour, the Catholic is called upon to have this zeal, for he possesses the truth which Communism apes, distorts and seeks to destroy.

It is not without reason that Father Edward Leen has termed the urge toward "internationalism" issuing from Moscow as "pseudo-Catholicism." Communism aims to be universal by seeking domination over all men, who should be members of the Mystical Body of Christ. It claims a certitude based on fatalism to replace the certitude based on faith, which mankind largely lost when it turned its back upon Catholic truth,

If the Catholic will match the fanaticism of the Communist with his own fervent devotion to the Sacred Heart, then the heart of many a Communist will be reached, touched and turned to Christ.

Here are some episodes which illustrate how completely the man in allegiance to Moscow gives himself over to the cause he regards as "the good," when it is in reality the "diabolical propaganda" described by Pius XI in his Encyclical on Atheistic Communism.

Among the well-remembered

scenes of my own Communist past is a rain-soaked Fall evening at Camp Beacon on the Hudson. It was then termed Camp Nitgedigat, the Yiddish name (I was told) for "without worry," sans souci. One of the best known of the Communist camps, it was used at the end of the summer season for the secretly conducted "National Training School" of the "Party."

I had come up one night to deliver three lectures the next day on "The Communist as a Journalist," and looked in on an evening session under "Pop" Mendel, the sage and director of this school. This session was devoted to Marxism-Leninism, one of the major courses which ran for several weeks. A blond-haired young man was reading and commenting on the work, "On the Significance of Militant Materialism" from Volume XI of Lenin's Selected works.

With earnestness, he read aloud the words of Lenin: "It is the absolute duty (of the Communist) to enlist all adherents of consistent and militant materialism" in their work. Any organ of the Communists, Lenin went on to declare, "should carry an untiring atheistic propaganda and an untiring atheistic fight." It should wage war against the "graduated

flunkeys of clericalism," so as to "rouse the millions from their religious torpor."

The young man explained that their discussion that evening would only open the way for the serious study of Lenin's works. These additional studies would prepare them all to wage "unceasing war" upon any attempt of religious belief to regain ground among the people.

Further, he told how the battle for atheism had to be conducted initially through "indirection" among the masses. The worker in the union, or any man that would be first approached, should not be driven away from "the Party" by talk of atheism in the beginning. He should be won, as Lenin had said elsewhere, by "exposing the reactionary character of religion step by step."

The thirty to forty men and women in the meeting place worked feverishly on their notes as the young man made his report. They scribbled faster during the discussion period and during the "summary" made by the director. To the advance of atheism and the destruction of belief in God, they were devoting themselves with "religious fervor." To the employment of trickery and deceit to carry through this objective they brought an intensity which should have been given to the service of the truth.

These were carefully chosen

"comrades," being prepared for a place as the elite of the party. But similar fanaticism, approaching that of the Mohammedans in their attack against Europe in the sixteenth century, also characterized those who had not advanced so far in the organization ranks.

Communism has evoked this "religious fervor" because of its messianic promise of an earthly paradise, where man shall reach perfection here below and all difficulties shall cease. It stresses "the inevitability of Socialism," the winning of this earthly paradise through merging the Socialist State into the Communist Society — just as the followers of Mohammed pointed to the certain victory of the Prophet's cause. It affirms the validity of the materialistic conception of history as an unquestionable dogma.

The Communist becomes imbued with the fatalistic concept that his cause is bound to triumph, that the history of the world as interpreted by Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin — "the four master scientists" — will be completed in the universal triumph of atheistic Communism.

When the crude and cruel Frankenstein — the law of terror and the horrors of the Soviet dictatorship — come to his attention, he seeks to explain them away by pointing to his messianic goal. Since the wide extent of slavery brought about by Marxism-Lenin-

ism cannot be denied by him, he tries to drown out such realities with the Marxist-Leninist assurance that "violence is the midwife of progress." The greater the progress toward the goal, therefore, he argues to himself, the greater will be the violence against those who oppose it.

THE extension of slave labor throughout Soviet Russia — now exposed so devastatingly in "Forced Labor in Soviet Russia" by David J. Dallin and Boris I. Nicolaevsky — was well known to the leaders of the American Communist Party in the early forties. That fifteen to twenty million souls were imprisoned in these camps under the most barbarous conditions was made clear to the Communist leaders here in conspiratorial instructions received from Moscow. Formerly the Kremlin had urged its followers everywhere to defend these camps under the pretense that they were engaged in "reform" of the "convict world." "The Soviet Union never punishes; it always reforms" was the slogan handed to the adherents of the Soviet cause, just as it ironically appears over some of these horror camps. But later on, as evidence mounted that these places of torture were expanding in number and population — and had become an integral part of the Soviet economy — the Communists here were ordered to remain silent about them. Every trained Com-

munist knew what that meant, that these barbarous institutions could not be defended.

And yet, the leading Communists here, in meetings which I have attended, sought at that very time to discover new ways to deceive the American people as to the true nature of the Soviet dictatorship. They strove feverishly to make popular the cry, "The Soviet Union is the highest stage of democracy." They worked with the international Communist apparatus to bring over here the writings of the "Red Dean of Canterbury," Hewlett Johnson.

In a word, the Communists devoted themselves to the spreading of material favorable to Soviet Russia — which they knew to be revolutionary — because they persuaded themselves with fanatical fatalism that this would lead to "the better world of the Communist Society."

Does not such energy in the cause of the "Big Lie" call for a new zeal on the part of Catholics for the Eternal Truth?

It is the same fanaticism which causes Communists to man screaming picket lines on behalf of the Soviet dictatorship night after night. It is this driving force which makes thousands of them walk up flight after flight of stairs in Harlem and elsewhere, going into the homes of the poor people, to advance the election of favorite candidates. It is this drive

which urges them on to study long after their regular working hours each day the writings of Marxism-Leninism and the "strategy" of deceit.

BACK of all this activity, if one could look into the heart of the Communist, there would often be discovered the depth of despair. Having surrendered himself to the will of the Kremlin instead of to the will of God, he comes to realize in any chance hour of reflection that he has become a spiritual and intellectual slave. The secularism of the world all about him has driven him to this ultra-materialistic viewpoint — and that has led him to a negation of himself as a personality. In lucid moments he recognizes that in his effort to wipe out social injustices, he has come to perpetrate worse injustices. The drama of life will end for him really in death, in defeat.

That experience was my own, but God had blessed me with a knowledge of Catholic morality, an anchor which I could grasp when I came to see myself in the mirror of truth. But this despair causes many men and women, upon leaving the Party in disillusionment, to sink into a state of permanent defeat. The secularist world, intruding itself into every nook and cranny of their lives, gives them no new grounds for hope.

AS Managing Editor of the Daily Worker for five years, and as a member of the National Committee of the Communist Party for many more years, I came to deal with the "personal problems of the comrades." In conversations with these men and women, who had entered the Communist movement so full of hope in what was to be achieved, I found disgust with life, sorrow and fear. They lived a divided life, one in which as human beings they could not readily abandon hope, and yet one in which they could realize that purely materialistic aims ended in dissatisfaction and defeat. Hence, their "solution" became a continued feverish forwarding of that one "hope" to which they held — the Communist cause which had already betrayed them.

If the Catholic could look into the heart of the "average" Communist, as so many leading Communists get to do, he would understand much better the treasure that he possesses in his Catholic Faith. To that Faith he would give a fervor far outstripping the fervor of the Communist.

Having had the philosophy of hatred fill his thoughts in place of a philosophy of Christian love, the follower of Moscow feeds more and more on the roots of bitterness within himself. The man is a lost soul in every meaning of the word, even to the point where he testifies falsely against himself to sa-

tisfy the demands of the dictatorship. That is why the ex-Communist, Arthur Koestler, in his drama of the Soviet leader in disgrace, can only etch out a picture of degradation and negation.

This is the final road of the secularist and of that secularism which has increasingly driven God from public life, until it abolishes the knowledge of God within the "private" soul.

THE young man whom I had heard at Camp Nitgedigat I met a few years later. He was a typical case. His wife, who had known something of Catholicism in her youth, was the sad wreck of what she had formerly been. The young man himself had become hardened, to hide from himself the void that existed in his soul. They were unhappy in a bitter sense, but would not fully admit it — which was perhaps the worst feature of all, as it closed their eyes to the cause of their sadness. They had no real interior peace.

Out on the West Coast only recently, I heard from former Communists a tragic tale of the wreckage of personalities among young people who in the State university had been caught in the Communist net.

Over against these forces and fruits of evil, there is, happily, the "generous enthusiasm for God on the part of countless souls" to which Pius XI referred in his En-

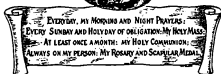
cyclical on "The Sacred Heart and World Distress" in 1932. His Holiness reminded us once more of the urgency for prayer, penance and the practise of Catholic Action, speaking directly of "the more equitable distribution of wealth" advocated in *Quadragesimo Anno*.

"Let the Faithful hasten in large numbers to the Eucharistic Board," that Encyclical declared. "Let them pour out to the Merciful Heart that has known all the griefs of the human heart, the fullness of their sorrow, the steadfastness of their faith, the trust of their hope, the ardor of their charity."

The very existence of the Communist, then, calls for Catholic zeal to bring men to God, to cure the ills of our society. The current spirit of secularism here steps in to disarm Catholics in this effort, to make them hesitant, to press them to surrender to the idea that God should be kept in the closet and should not be recognized in the councils of this world.

The overcoming of this secularist paralysis, new zeal on the part of the Catholic layman, can affect the Communist himself. Have we not noted the conversion to the Catholic Faith of the News Editor of the *London Daily Worker*? Have we not seen a Soviet officer learn humility and faith at the altar of Our Lady of Czestochowa, among the believing Poles, causing him to flee the spiritual desert of the Red Army? They need not be the last!

Most loving Mother
keep us within Thy Motherly Heart



I
had the great privilege of being received as one of Don
Bosco's Boys in Don Bosco's Boys Association, on _____

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AND
YOUNG
MEN

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Bosco's
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Association

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SAINT JOHN BOSCO

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about Don Bosco's Boys Association.

READ—

THE BOOKLET **"TO MY FILIPINO BOYS"**



NATIONAL FRONT

PROBE TARUC

Activities of Rep. Luis Taruc and two or three other members of Congress will be among those to be probed by the Committee on Un-Filipino Activities of the house of representatives. The special committee is charged with conducting an intensive investigation of activities of both Filipinos and foreigners within the Philippines that are subversive in nature. With an appropriation of ₱50,000 it has the power to issue subpoena for appearance of any person it may call upon.

POLICY ON JAP TRADE

The policy of controlled trade with Japan, to last only until the peace treaty on Japan is concluded, was formally adopted August 17 by the Philippine government. After the peace treaty the Philippine government will adopt a new and permanent trade policy with regard to Japan. President Quirino told the council of state that the country "is now full of non-essential and luxury goods" and articles of this category should no longer be imported from Japan. The import control board has been duly instructed on reg-

ulating, limiting and restricting trade with Japan.

LADY GERTRUDE

Damage to crops and other property running to millions of pesos was reported as Gertrude, a slow moving typhoon, cut a wide swath of destruction across north central Luzon Sept. 1. Torrential rains which accompanied the storm caused widespread flood which wrought havoc on standing palay, other crops, roads, bridges and other property.

COMMANDEERING RICE

Commandeering of rice by the PRATRA in cooperation with local governments is in full swing in at least four provinces and two cities. These places have taken steps to stop the outflow of rice as the critical shortage threatened even rice-producing areas with hunger. To prevent the smuggling out and hoarding of this commodity, the governor in these provinces have ordered commandeering of all stocks. Aside from Manila where confiscation of hoarded rice has been going on for some time now, only Baguio among the cities has thus far resorted to commandeering.

RATION SYSTEM

Effective August 23 the NARIC

began distributing rice in places where it has representatives, while the PRATRA acted as distributors in all other provinces. This new system did away with the current practice of selling rice in the provinces through elective officials, an arrangement which has been severely criticized following reports of anomalies committed by some municipal officials.

HIBOK-HIBOK

About 45,000 inhabitants of Camiguin island were ordered to evacuate as Mt. Hibok-hibok blew the top off its second crater, spouted flame and telescoped two gigantic pillars of smoke 15,000 feet over an area of 25 miles. Dormant since 1924 Mt. Hibok-hibok became active August 31. The Social Welfare Commission headed by Mrs. Asuncion reported that the evacuees problem was under control. "No panic, no serious disease, no starvation,, though supply not sufficient." To fix responsibilities and avoid confusion eight evacuation centers were established in Misamis Oriental and divided among Red Cross, PRATRA and Social Welfare Commission.

AMNESTY FAHS

In a letter to President Quirino, Huk Supremo Luis Taruc accused the President of having failed to live up to the agreement and of having passed the burden of achieving peace in Central Luzon to the peasants. Taruc cited the

President's decision to revive trade with Japan, his failure to define his stand on the abrogation of the Bell trade act and the removal of US troops and bases from the Philippines among other things, as "failing to achieve the conditions necessary for democratic peace." Informed of the open Taruc's open letter, read before 12,000 workers in Plaza Miranda, President Quirino sent back a curt reply: "No comment."

FR. TAMAYO DIES

Rev. Serapio Tamayo, former rector of the University of Sto. Tomas died August 26 at the convent of the Dominican Order at Ocana, near Toledo, Spain. Father Tamayo was rector of UST for 12 years. He was known as the "educator of the late President Manuel L. Quezon", the late president having studied under him in 1898 at the San de Letran College. He first came to the Philippines in 1890, and during his 48 years here was greatly instrumental in the expansion and modernization of UST. He was 82 years old at the time of his death.

HUGE SUM DUE P.I.

A total of ₱110,000,000 as war damages on hospitals, schools, and other government buildings, will be turned over by the US to the Philippines under the war damage agreement formally signed by the two governments. It was disclosed that the US-PI war damage commission is ready to release

nearly ₱7,000,000. A total of ₱42,000,000 will be made to the PI before June 30, 1949.

REPARATIONS

The Philippines has received enough machine tools from Japan as reparations to serve as the backbone of the nation's industrialization program if the equipments are put into proper use. Strewn about in Engineer island are 125 Jap machine tools geared for action or humming with work and 3,091 crates of other reparation machineries. With these machines the NDC, which is in charge of industrial development projects, has already started a paper and pulp installation in Mandaluyong and nail factory at Pureza compound.

LABOR BOARD

President Quirino has appointed a labor-management advisory board to assist him in the formulation of labor policies and the prevention or settlement of labor-management disputes. It was pointed out that the four labor members of the nine-man board were precisely the men recommended by labor organizations while the four management members were drawn out of a panel of ten names suggested by the Philippine chamber of commerce. Appointed chairman of the new board is Judge Rafael Corpus.

KNIGHTED

In a ceremony seldom seen anywhere in Philippines, six promi-

nent Filipinos were elevated to papal knights of the Order of St. Sylvester for outstanding work in Catholic action. The scene was laid amid a solemn atmosphere at the private chapel of Msgr. Michael J. O'Doherty in Mandaluyong. The archbishop made the elevation and the presentation of awards in behalf of His Holiness the Pope. The new pontifical knights are Salvador Araneta, Gabriel A. Daza, Gabriel La O, Juan F. Nakpil, Dr. Luis Santos, and Charles (Chick) Parsons. Paulino Miranda was made a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Sylvester, while Mrs. Salvador Araneta, Eusebio Gutierrez and Fernando E. V. Sison received the Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice Cross.

INTERNATIONAL FRONT BABE RUTH DIES

Babe Ruth, baseball's home run "king" died August 16 after an illness of more than two years from cancer of the throat. A half hour before the 53-year old hero of the national game died, Father Thomas Kaufman arrived and administered the last sacraments. While Francis Cardinal Spellman presided over the requiem mass in the soaring gothic beauty of St. Patrick's, a throng estimated to number more than 75,000 persons lined the streets adjacent to the Cathedral, jammed with another 6,000 mourners. Even the rain that fell intermittently could not

dispel the quiet, grieving masses of people who once cheered the babe to the echo.

FORCE—ONLY ANSWER

Hundreds of weaving human columns, chanting the Communist Internationale as they marched, converged on Lustgarten Square recently for what leaders termed as the greatest communist demonstration in Berlin's history. Even children marched in the demonstration. Reason was the slogan: "Anybody who doesn't march is a Nazi". The Soviet propaganda chief declared that "at the instigation of Anglo-Americans there is a hard fight between the working class and reaction." He added: "I know I am not speaking diplomatically but events of the last few days have shown that force is the only answer to the United States and Britain."

FOUR SUNS TO A DOLLAR

The Chinese government will soon issue a new currency to be pegged to the American dollar. Called the "sun", the new currency will be exchanged for the present inflated nationalist currency at the rate of one new "sun" for each 3,000,000 (M) Chinese currency. The rate of exchange between the new dollar will be set at four suns to one dollar—bringing the new issue in line with the current black market rate of 12,000,000

(M) CNAC to each American dollar.

SO SORRY

Despite record peace-time production and increased prices of iron and steel in the United States, the demand—both domestic and foreign—continues to outstrip the supply. All this, according to officials in the state and commerce department, adds up to the fact that the Philippines is not going to get more steel products than it is getting now for some time, thus making it difficult for her to start major rehabilitation and economic projects, among them the hydro-electric project. The Philippine government hopes to develop Philippine industries, including steel and petroleum.

KICKED OUT

The United States stripped Jacob Lomakin of authority as Soviet Consul general in New York and ordered him to get out of the country for "abuse" of position and "gross violation" of decent standards of official conduct. It was the heaviest diplomatic blow the United States has made against Russia since the two countries established relations in 1933. It was the first time the United States demanded the recall of a high Soviet diplomat. The consul general in New York is the highest Soviet official in America next to the Ambassador.

Motion Picture Guide

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR GENERAL PATRONAGE

Big Town Scandal, Carson City Raiders, Easter Parade, Melody Time, Trapped by Boston Blackie. Adventures in Silverado, Adventures of Robin Hood, The (Re-Issue), Albuquerque, Angels Alley, Berlin Express, Big Punch, The; Bill and Co., Blondie's Big Moment, Blondie's Reward, Bold Frontiersman, The; Boy Who Stopped Niagara, The; California Firebrand, Campus Sleuth, Challenge, The; Code of the West, Dangerous Years, Dead Don't Dream, The; Design for Death, Docks of New Orleans, Dude Goes West, The; Enchanted Valley, Fighting Father Dunne, Fighting 69th, The (Re-Issue), Fort Apache, Four Faces West (formerly They Passed This Way), French Leave, Fugitive, The; Fury at Furnace Creek, Gallant Legion, The; Gay Ranchero, The; Give My Regards to Broadway, Good News, Green Grass of Wyoming, Guns of Hate, Hawk of Powder River, The; Heart of Virginia, If You Knew Sussie, Inside Story, The; I Remember Mama, Iron Curtain, The; Jiggs and Maggie in Society, Joe Palooka, in Fight-

ing Mad, Kings of The Olympics, Liebe Nach Notem (German), Little Ballerina, Te; Madonna of the Desert, Miracle of the Bells, The; Monsieur Vincent (French), My Wild Irish Rose, Night Song, Noose Hangs High, Oklahoma Badlands, Oklahoma Blues, Old Los Angeles, Olympic Cavalcade, On An Island With You, Overland Trails, Phantom Valley, Prairie Outlaws, Prince of Thieves, The; Relentless, Return of the Badmen, Return of the Whistler, The; Road to Rio, Scudda-Hoo, Scudda-Hay, Search, The; Shaggy, Six Gun Law, Slippy McGee, Smart Politics, Song of Idaho, Song of the Drifter, Speed to Spare, Tale of the Navajos, Tarzan and the Mermaids, Tender Years, The; Tenth Avenue Angel, 13 Lead Soldiers, Tioga Kid, The; T-Men, Tornado Range, Trail of the Mounties, Under California Stars, Western Heritage, Western Terror, West of Sonora, Where the North Begins, Whirlwind Raiders, Winners Circle, Who Killed Doc Robin, Wreck of the Hesperus, The; You Were Meant for Me.

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR ADULTS

Assigned to Danger, Close-Up,

Escape, Time of Your Life, The; Adventures of Cassanova, Alias a Gentleman, Angry God, The; Another Part of the Forest, April Showers, Argyle Secrets, The; Arizona Ranger, Beauty and the Beast (French), B. F.'s Daughter, Big City, Big Clock, The; Big Fix, The; Bishop's Wife, Black Bart, Black Narcissus, Blonde Ice, Crossed Trails, Body and Soul, Bride Goes Wild, The; Brothers, The; Caged Fury, Captain Boycott, Captain from Castile, Cass Timberlane, Cobra Strikes, The; Counterfeiters, The; Daer Murderer, Devil's Cargo, Double Life, A; Emperor Waltz, The; Fabulous Joe, Farrebique (French), For You I Die, Fuller Brush Man, The; Half Past Midnight, Hatter's Castle, Heading for Heaven, Henry the Fifth, Here Comes Trouble, High Wall, The; Holiday Camp, Homecoming, Ideal Husband, An; I Walk Alone, I Wouldn't Be in Your Shoes, Killer McCoy, Let's Live Again, Life With Father, Lightnin' in the Forest, Lost One, The (La Traviata), Main Street Kid, Man from Texas, Maria

Ilona (German), Mary Lou, Mat-
ing of Millie, Meet Me at Dawn,
Miracle in Harlem, Mr. Blandings
Builds His Dream House, Mr.
Reckless, Money Madness, Mourn-
ing Becomes Electra, Naked City,
The; October Man, Open Secret,
Opernball (German), Panhandle,
Paradine Case, The; Pearl, The;
Piccadilly Incident, Pirate, The;
Port Said, Raw Deal, River Lady,
Road to the Big House, Saigon,
Sainted Sisters, The; Showtime,
Silver River, Sitting Pretty, Sleep
My Love, Smugglers, The; So This
Is New York, So Well Remem-
bered, Spaete Liebe (German),
Springtime, State of the Union,
Summer Holiday, Take My Life,
To Live in Peace (Italian), To
the Ends of the Earth, Treasure
of Sierra Madre, The; Tycoon,
Unconquered, Up in Central Park,
Voice of the Turtle, The; Water
Front at Midnight, Whispering
City, Will It Happen Again?
Winter Meeting, Woman from
Tangier, Woman in White, The;
Woman's Vengeance, A; Your
Red Wagon.

THEY HAVE THEIR REWARD

In St. Vincent de Paul's work we have the main lines of modern charity organization with an important difference. There were no paid workers, and so every sou collected was expended on the poor instead of (as today) from the fifth to a third of the amount collected being diverted to the officials.

—Theodore Maynard.



FROM THE BOOKSHELVES: XXI

OUR LADY OF FATIMA

By William Thomas Walsh

(Macmillan)

If ever a spiritual book and the message it carries have been as charged with significance and urgency as the top news in today's paper, it is this book. Or perhaps I ought not to say "this book," but rather the whole beautiful and disturbing fact the book tells of. The book itself is important only as it serves as the channel to convey that fact.

The fact itself is well-known, though not blazoned even on Catholic consciousness as it ought to be. It is the fact of the apparitions of Our Lady to three little Portuguese children at Fatima in 1917. Now, as with all the apparitions of Our Lady to her children, there is serenity and beauty here, a tenderness and a maternal love that shines through the story of the three children and which is reflected in the book as well. But even more important, these apparitions are a tocsin-

call to action.

For Our Lady takes her place in them as one at the very center of today's international political and moral crises. Briefly she has laid certain obligations on mankind, especially on her children. If they are obeyed, there will be peace, Russia will be converted, there will emerge truly the one world the United Nations are fumbling to make viable. If they are not obeyed, every nation of the world will feel the scourge of communism. And let it not be thought that these are merely pious admonitions: Fatima has been declared authentic by the Pope, its message is approved by the Church.

This, then, is the tremendously important fact Dr. Walsh tells about in his book. Beneath that cosmic significance is the poignant and appealing story of the three children, who were called

upon by Providence to offer their little selves to lives of prayer and penance as an example of the prayer and penance Our Lady asks from the rest of us.

Dr. Walsh went to Portugal last year and interviewed all who had intimate connections with the children and with the six apparitions. One of the three seers is still alive, a nun, called in religion Sister Dore. In addition, as he remarks in his Preface, he has relied on diaries, letters and, above all, on the accounts of Fatima written by earlier and, for all intents, official chroniclers.

The particular charm of Dr. Walsh's book is the simplicity with which he tells the story of the children and the great events centered around them. He includes many of the simple little hymns they sang, words of the games they played, homely details of their family life.

But once again, may I return to the importance of the message of the book? Dr. Walsh himself puts it this way:

"I came home from Portugal profoundly convinced that nothing is so important as making known what the Mother of God asked in these apparitions of 1917, which for some reason have been so neglected, so distorted, so misunderstood. The future of our civilization, our liberties, our very existence may depend upon the acceptance of her commands."

And what has happened? Even in Portugal, blessed by the visitations of Our Lady, "only 4,000,000 out of almost 8,000,000 Portuguese pretend to be Catholic in any sense of the word... In large cities there is bitter anti-clericalism, and much communistic activity." There has been, of course, a tremendous outpouring of piety and devotion, as well, as the hundreds of thousands who flock to Fatima to witness.

And for the Catholic world at large? Fatima is not known well enough; the commands of Our Lady are unheard or, where heard, ignored too largely. If Dr. Walsh's fine and moving book serves to spread knowledge and love of Fatima, it will have done exactly what he desires. Indeed, in so far as it succeeds, it will be not only (as I hope) a Catholic best-seller; it will also be an instrument in the salvation of society.

OUR LADY OF LIGHT

By Chanoine C. Bartheas and Pere G. de Fonseca, S.J., Bruce.

Our Lady of Light, like William Thomas Walsh's *Our Lady of Fatima*, is based largely on accounts of Fatima written by earlier and, for all intents, official chroniclers." At the Preface by the General Editor, Rev. Joseph Husslein, S.J., states:

"The basis of the present volume is the authoritative work issued by the Portuguese Jesuit,

Gonzaga de Fonseca, professor of the Biblical Institute at Rome, and adapted in a French translation by Canon Bartheas. The latter book has met with high commendations and won the special approbation of the Holy See."

The book is hardly subject to a review. Suffice it to say that if the more popularized version of the story by Dr. Walsh deserves wide diffusion, this volume deserves even more, for it is in large part the more complete material from which the facts of Our Lady of Fatima were drawn. The completeness of the treatment may be judged from the divisions of the book: The Apparitions, The

Pilgrimage, The Seers, The Miracles, and the Documentary Part, which contains the cross-questioning of the three children by the representative of the administrator of the patriarchate of Lisbon, the collective Pastoral of the Portuguese bishops, the Message of the Pope, consecrating the Church and the world to the Immaculate Heart of Mary on Oct. 31, 1942, and, finally, various Fatima prayers.

This is a more important book than Dr. Walsh's because it is more primary. It is not, however, so readable. Readers of Dr. Walsh's should go on to this more complete study. H.C.G.

* * *

ONE REGRET

When Fr. Grassi was a missionary among the Indians of the Northwest, he had an old pony of which he was quite fond. In fact, to show favors to the horse was equivalent to gaining approval of the old priest. At length the horse died. Then one night when the priest put up at the home of a non-Catholic farmer who had always been kind to him, the farmer thought to have some fun and facetiously remarked: "Father, it's too bad that the old pony died; but there's one thing consoling about it—you certainly must have administered unto him the last sacraments of your church."

"No, Jimmie," the Father replied, "I could not give him the last sacraments, and that is the only thing that grieves me. The poor beast died a Protestant."



THAT HUK STORY

Guagua, Pamp.
August 5, 1948

Dear Editor,

I admire your courage in presenting the real situation in Central Luzon. Mr. "Justo de los Santos" certainly knows what he's talking about. I live here in Pampanga myself and I can vouch for every statement made by the writer.

It's a pity your magazine is not more widespread. The article is the first of its kind ever printed in the islands. Keep it up. More power to you.

Sincerely,
T. Lapus

FINAL WORD

FEU
August 19, 1948

Dear Editor,

Your magazine is the most authoritative publication on Catholic principles. I particularly liked that editorial on Divorce. In the last analysis yours is the final word why we must reject even the very idea of divorce. By introducing divorce, we are

trying to "out Christian Christ," we are betraying Christ. We can never again call our people "Christian"...

Splendid. Keep the Cross interesting and authoritative at the same time.

More power to you,
E. Cruz

ON LILY

Cebu City
August 20, 1948

Dear Editor,

The first thing I read in your good magazine is the Heart to Heart column by Lily Marlens. The problems are very interesting, but the answers are more so. But I wish you'd publish the real name of Miss Marlens. What's the matter? Is Lily afraid of bill collectors? THE CROSS should pay her more than a "living wage", so she can afford to put her byline. Personalities are always more interesting. I hope you will follow my suggestion.... I will help you spread such a fine magazine.

Sincerely yours,
Gloria Duque

HERE ARE THE ANSWERS to current questions and objections about things Catholic as proposed by the average man. If your friend asks a question, hand him a Scott pamphlet. Each one, itself a model of what intelligent discussion ought to be, is linked by logic to the series as a whole. Perhaps he'll think of another query or perhaps he'll just keep running into answers—answers written by the master religious pamphleteer.

THE FATHER SCOTT PAMPHLETS

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. HAVE YOU A GOD? <i>Proofs of existence of God</i></p> <p>2. PROVE THERE'S A SOUL <i>The doctrine of immortality</i></p> <p>3. MATTHEW, MARK, LUKE, JOHN <i>The Testament is the Word of God</i></p> <p>4. THEY SAID HE BLAS- PHEMED <i>The Divinity of Christ</i></p> <p>5. HUNDREDS OF CHURCHES <i>The Catholic Church is the true Church.</i></p> | <p>6. SCIENCE HELPS THE CHURCH <i>No conflict between science and revelation</i></p> <p>7. NO POPE CAN BE WRONG <i>Infallibility of the Pope</i></p> <p>8. THIS IS MY BODY <i>The Sacrifice of the Mass</i></p> <p>9. GOD FORGIVES SINS <i>The doctrine of the Confessional</i></p> <p>10. DIVORCE IS A "DISEASE" <i>The marriage bond is indissoluble</i></p> |
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