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THE Cross

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National Catholic Monthly

Let all thy joys be as the month of May — Francis Quarles





Cross -pondence.

On Straplessness

Brooklyn, New York

Dear Sir:

I want to dispute with you over your recent comment on that SDS group over in Albany who wore their uniform to the Prom. I think you said that it would have been better if they bought decent gowns. Well, as the case goes, take it from me that it is impossible to buy any gown at all which is not strapless. The only ones which aren't are either bridesmaids gowns which look like something out of the Gay Nineties, or these demure little affairs which are all lace and frills and which would look very sophisticated on some kid going to a school prom.

This leaves us two choices. First, we could make our own gowns. A lot of the girls are doing that, but even the patterns have to be revised and most of us are not talented enough to attempt it. I, for one, would be afraid I'd wreck the material. The second choice is to buy one of the straplesses and then add a stole or a jacket of the same material or straps. Since none would dare wear a strapless to our Prom, this is what most of the kids resort to. I think that those girls in Albany were pretty clever. Too bad we don't have uniforms at school. We have tried demanding that the stores stock some gowns with shoulders but the demand from the other schools sort of overruns us. When they do have shoulders they are usually lower than the strapless ones. Ah, such is life.

Sincerely,

Mary W. McCabe

Vulgarity

Manila

Dear Sir:

About a few weeks ago I happened to read the separate criticisms of the CROSS and a weekly on the recent "Silvana Mangano of the

Philippines" contest. They had one thing in common, a condemnation of the affair. But they differed by a mile in their treatment of this subject.

Typical of that weekly's criticism of the contest was this paragraph in their issue for March 22, 1952:

"And how, dear neophyte, will the judge go about determining the winner? The contestants will get weighed in public or in private, their busts measured, their hips, their legs, their thighs, their bellies, their buttocks."

It is surprising that a paper of decent reputation should stoop to such a cheap manner of criticism. Certainly if our papers are to maintain their dignity vulgarity is out of place. "Hits" can be made with dignity.

On the other hand we admire the gentlemanly treatment on this subject by your CROSS magazine. In your editorial of the April issue entitled, "Ah, what price beauty?" your comments on "beauty" is not only instructive but also entertaining.

Best wishes to your magazine!

Sincerely,

Jaime B. Reyes

Thank you for the compliment.—Ed.

A Broader "Heart to Heart"

Cebu City, Cebu

Dear Sir:

I was wondering if your "Heart to Heart" column may also include questions which do not necessarily refer to affairs of the heart? There may be questions pertaining to etiquette in church, social functions, schools, etc. I am very sure this would be of very much help not only to the inquirer but also to a great many others.

If you approve of this, my friends and I would like to turn in some questions at the next issue.

Sincerely,

Flor de las Alas

Your suggestion is certainly most welcome. In fact in some of our past issues the Heart to Heart column has often contained quite a number of helpful tips on etiquette, though of course they usually pertained to marriage problems. We assure our readers that our Heart to Heart columnist is a person of much experience in these matters. So your questions are all welcome.—Ed.

(Continued on back cover)

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Feature Editorial

"IN THE INTEREST OF TRUTH"

Last April 27, the Philippine Catholic hierarchy published a statement in defense of Papal Nuncio Egidio Vagnozzi, who was much maligned in the press. Individuals responsible for those statements in the press have found it more expedient to attack the Papal Nuncio at his back when he left for a vacation, just when his enemies were sure he would not be in a position to defend himself.

The statement of the Philippine Catholic hierarchy follows in full:

In the interest of truth and justice, and considering that it is our duty to defend the representative of the vicar of Christ against unjust attacks, we members of the Filipino hierarchy, vigorously voice our spontaneous protest against the editorial of a local newspaper, which appeared on Wednesday, the 23rd of April, 1952, attacking the Most Reverend Egidio Vagnozzi, papal nuncio to the Philippines entitled: "The Power-mad Nuncio."

The article in question is not only false, but it is unfair and harmful.

The papal nuncio is made to appear as unfriendly to the Filipino clergy and as antagonistic to their aspirations. Facts, however, contradict the charge.

The three years' stay of Msgr. Vagnozzi in the Philippines has been entirely dedicated to increasing the prestige and influence of the Filipino clergy.

During his office, for the first time in the ecclesiastical history of the Philippines, a Filipino was appointed

to govern the most important archdiocese of Manila. The creation of the new archdiocese of Vigan, Nueva Caceres, and Jaro, with the promotion of their Filipino bishops to the rank of archbishops, and the appointment of Filipino bishops and monsignori are also due to his recommendations to the Holy See. If he were not sympathetic to the aspirations of the Filipino clergy, certainly the papal nuncio could not have shown so much interest in the creation of new archdioceses and dioceses, and in the appointment of more Filipino archbishops and bishops. Another proof of the papal nuncio's interest and sympathy for the Filipino clergy is found in the construction and opening of modern seminaries in the Philippines where future Filipino priests are educated. Never before in the history of the church in the Philippines have so many magnificent seminaries been erected where the Filipino clergy can find, not only proper living facilities but greater educational advantages.

The papal nuncio has throughout been the moving spirit in the erection of these seminaries. His interest even moved him to give his personal contributions to aid in their construction and maintenance and to help support students for the priesthood.

Besides giving impetus to seminary buildings, the papal nuncio has been most anxious to place minor seminaries in the hands of the Filipino clergy, which means that he recognizes the ability of our priests to run seminaries.

In the editorial, the papal nuncio is also presented as an enemy of the Filipino people.

To refute this preposterous contention it is sufficient to state that in the creation of new archdioceses and dioceses, the Pope's representative, besides enhancing the prestige of the church in the Philippines, has wished to give facilities to the Filipino people to fulfill not only their spiritual but also their social and material obligations, a desire which is a proof of real interest in the welfare of our people.

Let us add to this, his efforts in helping the poor and needy as shown in his exhortations to the hierarchy, and his whole-hearted endorsement of the Red Cross Drive, which he manifested by using his influence to have a special circular read in all the churches of the Philippines. He also warmly supported the Anti-Tuberculosis Drive and many other charitable activities for the benefit of the

people. He gave substantial contributions and relief to the typhoon and Hibokhibok victims.

Lastly, cognizant of the high position which the Filipino Republic holds in the Orient as the only Christian nation, and wishing that the Philippines receive its due place in the family of nations, the papal nuncio left no stone unturned until diplomatic relations should be established between the Vatican and the Filipino government.

Would an enemy of the Filipino people do this?

Sympathy and love for another is shown by deeds.

THE PHILIPPINE HIERARCHY

Gabriel M. Reyes, Archbishop of Manila; Julio Rosales, Archbishop of Cebu; Santiago Sancho, Archbishop of Nueva Segovia; James T. Hayes, Archbishop of Cagayan; Pedro P. Santos, Archbishop of Nueva Caceres; Jose M. Cuenco, Archbishop of Jaro; Cesar M. Guerrero, Bishop of San Fernando; Luis del Rosario, Bishop of Zamboanga; Manuel Mascariñas, Bishop of Tugbitan, Manuel Acebedo, Bishop of Calbayog; Mariano Madriaga, Bishop of Lingayen; John C. Vrakking, Bishop of Surigao; Alfredo Obviar, Apostolic Administrator of Luzon; Juan C. Sison, Auxiliary Bishop of Nueva Segovia; Rufino J. Santos, Apostolic Administrator of Lipa; William Brasseur, Vicar Apostolic of Mt. Province; Alejandro Oflalia, Bishop of Tuguegarao; Vicente P. Reyes, Auxiliary Bishop of

Manila; Manuel Yap, Bishop of Bacolod; Perazgrin de la Fuente, Prelate Nullius of Batanes-Babuyan; William Duschak, Vicar apostolic of Calapan; Lino Gonzaga, Bishop of Palo; Antonio Frondosa, Bishop-Elect of Ca-

piz; Clovis Thibault, Apostolic Administrator of Davao; Leandro Nieto, Prefect Apostolic of Palawan; Flaviano Ariola, Apostolic Administrator of Bacolod; and Patrick Cronin, Apostolic Administrator of Ozamiz.

A CHICK BECOMES A QUACK

Once upon a time, there was a little chick, a nice promising chick. Everybody hoped he would develop in a big way. But when he grew up, sad to relate, the little chick could do nothing but quack. Quack, quack!

And once upon a time, there was a guerrilla and we all hoped that after the war he would become a fine and helpful citizen. But alas, this promising Chick Parsons also seems able only to quack.

One of his loudest quacks appeared in the April 10th issue of the Manila "Evening News". This paper is controlled by Chick Parsons if not owned by him. On this quiet evening of April, the placid air of Manila was violently shattered by the horrendous quack of Chick's paper. "No priest", he said, "is permitted to interfere in labor affairs." And more of the same for two or three columns.

We understand that Chick Parsons is a Catholic. But how Stalin and Marx would rejoice to hear him talk in that vein. And how Pope Leo XIII, and the other great labor popes, must have turned in their graves, and also St. Peter, if he heard about it.

It is sad to find grown up chicks who can only quack. But let us hope that Chick Parsons was only quacking in his sleep and that, when he wakes up, he will talk differently. For he was a great and glorious guerrilla leader and we like to think that he is really a good Catholic.

QUE VALIENTE EL MANILA CHRONICLE!

After these busy and zealous years in the Philippines, His Excellency, Mons. Egidio Vagnozzi, the Apostolic Nuncio, on April 14th, left Manila for a short visit to Vatican City, Europe and the United States.

Eight days later, April 22, the Manila Chronicle erupted with a violent front-page Editorial against His Excellency, accusing him of being anti-Filipino, arrogant, etc.

How strange that the Chronicle should not have uttered one single word of criticism against His Excellency during his three years stay in our

midst; and then, by a surprising coincidence, immediately after he left our shores, should violently attack him.

The Chronicle claims to be "The People's Newspaper", a brave courageous crusader for the right. In this incident they have not shown much bravery.

For a complete answer to the Chronicle and its group, we refer our readers to the statement of our Bishops, published on page 3 of this issue.

WELL SAID, MR. ROCES!

Much more to our liking is a paragraph by Joaquin Rocés in his column, "My Daily Bread", of the Manila Times for April 28, — as follows:

"When the Church speaks only of the soul and admonishes the poor people to be patient, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven...it is accused of indifference towards worldly suffering, and the kind of religion it preaches is then called the opium of the people. When it takes an active hand towards the amelioration of the downtrodden, then the Church is said to be "interfering" with that which is not within its province. Just what do we want?"

Well said, Mr. Rocés!

CATHOLICS PROVIDE JOBS

In one of our Catholic magazines recently, we read a lament about the lack of job opportunities for our people.

It is pleasant to note that some of our Catholic men are working hard to remedy this defect.

One of them told us recently: "My small business was forced to close. The foreign firm who was supporting it refused to continue. Seventeen families were dependent on our employ." What did he do? He started a new local business and the seventeen families continued to draw their pay envelopes.

Another quiet fellow told us: "My patriotism tells me I should provide work opportunities." How has he done it? In one single enterprise established since the war, he is supporting three thousand workmen, who in turn, of course, support their 3,000 families which include 10,000 or 15,000 individuals.

Recently, a Manila socialite was talking to us. Judging from the society pages, one might think he was a playboy with never a serious thought. He told us he was going away. "Where are you going?" we

asked. "I'm on my way to Mindanao," he answered, "I think it's my duty to do something for my country."

May their blessed tribe increase!

A TIP FOR OUR FARMERS

WHO and ECA officials it seems are indulging in too much verbosity. Their official reports carry an impressive array of figures presumably calculated to convert any desert into a "land flowing with milk and honey." Perhaps it has worked out in certain isolated instances.

But with all respect for the good that the WHO and ECA are doing the solution that could bring underdeveloped areas to the peak of production is startlingly simple. In an article we have read, World Hunger and One Nun (see page 34 of this issue) a strip of barren land in China was brought up to its full production capacity by a group of enterprising convent nuns. Their only capital — common sense and industry.

The story of these nuns should make our would-be economists and farmers who harp too much on their lack of capital blush with shame. In this simple story is the proof that a land no matter how poor its soil quality can be made amazingly productive with only those two requisites we have mentioned as capital—common sense and industry.

And our soil in the Philippines is rich!

100 MEN AND A MANGO

In the "Sunday Times" for April 13, we read a story about the low per capita income in the Philippines. Here, the statistics tell us, the average annual wage is only P232.74, one of the lowest in the world. Every other country of which there is available records, with one single exception, have higher wages. Some countries are much higher, with the United States leading with a per capita income of P3,151.10.

Surely this is lamentable. We agree that higher wages are needed and are most desirable.

However, such situations are not remedied by just talking about them or by waving a magic wand. The "Sunday Times" article fails to mention another very important point, namely, that the per capita wealth in the Philippines is also very low. Compared to the United States, for example, the wealth of the average Filipino is only one-fifteenth of the average American.

In other words, our per capita income has almost exactly the same proportion to our per capita wealth as the per capita income of the United States has to its per capita wealth.

What then is the solution? It is not merely to talk nor to criticize nor to wave magic wands nor to damn the capitalists. The fact remains that we have very little wealth in the Philippines. We must increase our wealth. And we can do that only by increasing the productivity of our country which is potentially rich but sadly underdeveloped and poorly organized.

In other words, let us talk less and work more. Then we can solve our big problems.

If you have only five mangos, you can't give one mango each to a hundred men. The solution, obviously, is to produce 100 mangos.

But, someone may ask, "How can we increase productivity?"

Here are some specific suggestions:

1) Encourage our farmers to have auxiliary crops and home industries. Many of our farmers work only three or four months a year in planting and harvesting their single crop, and have eight months idle on their hands. Nearly all of them have at least small pieces of land in which they could grow auxiliary crops, raise chickens and pigs, etc. Help them to do so.

2) Increase the number of agricultural and vocational schools. By far, the greater part of our potential wealth today and for decades to come lies in our agriculture. If while they are young, boys and girls acquire interest and the know-how, then fewer of them will rush after white-collar jobs.

3) Encourage and use all means, short of dictatorship, to lessen the percentage of young people who are crowding our cities to obtain courses that for them will be useless, that will provide them with a diploma which, as we have said before, is nothing better than a certificate of unemployment.

4) Urge our legislators to improve credit facilities and producers' and marketing cooperatives to help our farmers to produce.

With these and other means our national productivity can increase tremendously. Thus, we will have greater distribution of wealth; and thus, our average individual annual income will also increase.

MORE ON DIPLOMA MILLS

At the commencement exercises of the FEATI Tech. high school department recently, Speaker Pro-tempore Domingo Veloso cited the following statistics: For the last seven years we have graduated 54,353 elementary school teachers compared to 6 associates in industrial technology; 6,532 associates in arts to 7 agricultural teachers; 4,000 pre-medic and pre-law graduates to 3 in social administration; 8,070 graduates in commerce, 2,870

in law, 2,084 pharmacists and 1,173 dentists to 136 in agriculture and 49 in the four year course in industrial technology.

This situation is like a gigantic parasite sucking the life-blood of the nation.

The economic life of our nation is primarily agriculture. Yet in the above figures we see that in the last seven years we have graduated only seven agricultural teachers and 136 bachelors of agriculture. At the same time we have turned out over 50,000 elementary school teachers and over 2,000 associates or bachelors in law and commerce.

Small wonder that our teachers are starving. No one is being taught to till our fields.

Small wonder that our commerce graduates can find no jobs. There is no business, no commerce, because, like silly fools, we are neglecting the golden soil of our farms.

The government and all public-spirited citizens must act, and act soon.

SENATOR OSIAS GETS MIXED UP

Recently Senator Osias, as chairman of an educational investigating commission, released a blast against private schools. He enumerated many glaring defects. It all seemed very true, except for one slight mistake. He was mixed up in only one word. If he and his Senatorial conferees had substituted the word public schools for private schools, their criticisms would have been all too true.

What a comedy!

These men, Osias, Pecson, Tañada, and the other members of the Senate Commission, are government officials, and as such are largely responsible for the disgraceful, badly run, inadequately equipped government public school system. Nevertheless, they have the colossal nerve to excoriate the private schools which, in the overall picture, are doing so much to help the educational situation in the Philippines.

We do not imply that all private schools are perfect. In the columns of the CROSS, we have in the past pointed out defects in our private schools. But it is absolutely unjust and unfair for our senate educational commission to violently criticize the private schools while they studiously avoid all mention of the widespread and terrible evils of the public schools for which they as government officials are responsible.

"FLORES DE MAYO" AND "SANTACRUZAN"

May. There is particular charm at the mere mention of that month. It recalls summer's brightest flowers, windy days with the scent of mango

blossom in the air, the uncertain light afternoon showers, and the quaint "santacruzans" of twilight. No other month of the year can boast of a more delightful atmosphere. In May the Philippines is at her best.

"Santacruzans" and "Flores de Mayo" have become characteristically native. Whether it be in the traffic-snarled city or in the secluded barrio the sight of a procession of children chanting the "Santa Maria" in shrill voices is as common in May as a *balut vender*. "Santacruzans" un-adulterated are the Philippines' proof of devotion to the Queen of Heaven in its simplicity and innocence.

But like any innocent undertaking, "Santacruzans" in many parts of our country have undergone sorry changes at the hands of meddling adults. Sticking their fingers here and there into the cake the elderlies have finally come out with a different brand of "santacruzans." Fancy costumes, gossiping "sogoles" and their consorts, and bewildered innocent children are the ingredients of their new experiment. Thoughts of Our Lady as Queen of May, become afterthoughts, and the "Santa Maria" sung out merely to supply syllables to the notes.

It is deplorable that such practices are growing to be more common. What is holy has been made a mockery of. Perhaps it is only in the remote barrios beyond the reach of sophistry where these religious rituals still retain their purity and simplicity.

It certainly is not giving much honor to the Mother of God nor is it saying much of their Faith if our Catholics persist in distorting the religious nature of our "Flores de Mayo" and "Santacruzans." Faithfully and religiously practiced these May devotions become a beautiful expression of our love to Our Lady. They are characteristically Filipino. Let us keep them so by keeping them sacred.

MURDERERS-AT-LARGE

We believe our ordinary citizen is tolerant. We think he is great at fence-sitting. Especially on matters that do not affect him directly. He does not give a hoot if he finds that in his government a bad official is no longer exceptional or unusual. At least as long as the latter preys on the other fellow. The failure of a campaign by the Red Cross or the Community Chest does not concern him as long as the calamities are visiting another part of the country. He even finds the reckless jeepney driver bearable.

But we doubt seriously if he could be tolerant enough to ignore a danger that directly menaces his own life and that of all the members of his family. For such a danger is now faced by every member of the community.

We have been reading in the papers about how some unscrupulous fishermen practice their trade by the use of deadly poison and dynamite. And about mass food-poisoning (fatal in several cases) among our fish-eating population. In a majority of these cases, it has been definitely established that the poor innocent victims had eaten fish containing the poison used by these fishermen.

Again, our citizen may ignore the important fact that the illegitimate fishing methods of these fishermen do great harm to the aquatic resources of our country. But certainly he, or all of us for that matter, cannot minimize the great threat that the illicit practices pose on the health of the community, of which we are a member.

The government is taking steps to curb these illegal fishing methods but it needs badly the cooperation of every citizen to apprehend and punish these fishermen-murderers!

MONSIGNOR CRONIN

Filial greetings to Mons. Patrick H. Cronin, the first Apostolic Administrator of the new Prelature of Ozamis in Northern Mindanao!

Born in Fullamore, Ireland, in 1913, Monsignor Cronin was educated by the Irish Christian Brothers at the Diocesan Seminary of St. Finian's, Mullingar, (High School).

Deciding to devote his life to the missions in the Far East he joined the Society of St. Columban, was ordained in 1937, assigned to the Philippines, and was one of the first group of Columban priests sent to Mindanao to take over the province of Misamis Occidental from the overburdened Jesuits. After six months in Cebu, studying the Visayan dialect, his first position in Mindanao was to assist in Tangub.

When the parish of Bonifacio was started as an offshoot from Tangub, young Father Cronin became its first pastor, and stayed there during the war years in the mountains, administering to the people and sharing their trials and hardships. On one occasion, he was almost ambushed by the Japanese. Spotting the soldiers hiding in the grass ahead of him, he jumped off his horse and threw himself into the mangrove swamp. Luckily he managed to escape, but lost to the Japs a good horse and saddle.

After the war he worked in the parish of Aurora in the diocese of Zamboanga, and also administered to the people in the new town of Salug where he eventually became the pastor in 1948. It was from there that he moved to Ozamis city as Regional Superior in 1951.

Our humble and heartfelt prayers for this zealous shepherd of souls in his new and important work. Ad multos annos!

They're the Orient's Roving Padres

THE SOCIETY OF ST. COLUMBAN

by Faustino Santos



The world-famous diocese of Brooklyn, New York, proved unsatisfying to Irish born Father Galvin. There was work to be done there but not the type he wanted that would give an exit to his pent up energies. Father Galvin pondered on this matter and came out with the answer that he knew alone could give him satisfaction — work in the far flung missions of the Far East.

Father Galvin lost no time, packed his belongings and joined the French priests in a place near Shanghai. For five years the ripe field of mission work left little time for anything else. It was work from sunrise to sundown. Often it was work at nights. It was an immense job for only a few priests; more were needed and they had better come soon.

Father Galvin thought as he worked among the slums of Shanghai's backyard. He thought as he prayed. And he knew only one course. He was going to go out of China and seek more priests.

Back again in Ireland Father Galvin called for volunteers among the secular priests for the China Mission.

Convincing wasn't a too difficult task for him. Father Blowick, professor of Maynooth College, was interested and joined the team of Father Galvin. Together they talked about their plans — priests for the missions in the Far East. And as they thought and talked a new plan was born. They worked harder still till they saw the result — the formation of a new Society dedicated to work in the missions. They called themselves the Columban Fathers, the Society taking its name from the Great Irish missionary, St. Columban. With astonishing rapidity Columban houses and seminaries sprang from all parts of the United States and Australia. There are now over 700 members.

In 1920 the first batch of Columban priests landed in China and wedged into the heart of the mainland where the Hu and Yang Tse Kuang rivers meet. They fanned out in the territory once administered by the Italian Vicentian Fathers, until further on, a few years later, they reached Kiangsi Province. But in 1930 the tide of mission work received a set-back. The Superior

of the Columbans and another priest were murdered by the first Communist regime. For a time it looked as if the Catholic Faith in China was headed for defeat.

But the Society still grew on, and there was no stopping this avalanche as its mission work spread on to Korea, to Burma, and the Philippines. On the north the shadow of the 38th parallel fell across the Society's territory. The Communists from north Korea kept a hostile eye at the missionaries, and when the Korean war broke out five Columban priests were killed initially and three others taken prisoners.

Early in the 1920, heavily populated Malate in Manila fell short of priests. A staff was badly needed to administer to large sections of the population which were being neglected. Manila's Archbishop O'Doherty saw the danger and forthwith requested for priests from the Columban Society. In 1929 the first group of Columban Fathers set foot on Philippine soil and established their first mission work in Manila and Lingayen. Nine years later, 1938, when their numbers had swelled considerably Archbishop Hayes handed to the Society the Province of Misamis Occidental. More parishes of Misamis, then administered by the Jesuits, were eventually turned over to them with the recent ordination of nine priests and the appointment of Father Fallen as Superior. Still further expansion of the Society's mission came with the addition of Lanao to the Province of Misamis Occidental

to combine the Prelature of Ozamis. Forty priests are now assigned to that area, and five to Camiguin last January.

THE PRELATURE OF OZAMIS

Ozamis City, the seat of the New Prelature of Ozamis, has a long history of Christianity. Before 1700, a small colony of Christians had already settled on what was then Moro territory. It was administered by a Spanish priest, Fr. Ducos, who resided in Iligan. As he had much difficulty in sailing to Ozamis because of Moro pirates he induced the government to build a fort or cottas to protect the Christians. This was built in 1706, and since that time the number of Christians increased. Other towns along the coast were begun about the same time, but the people seem to have clung closely to the coastline. It was not until this century that the hinterland was opened up with the influx of immigrants from Cebu, Bohol and other islands of the Visayas.

The parish records of Ozamis City date back to 1789, and it is interesting to see the gradual growth of Christianity. From 1840 to 1850 there were a thousand baptisms.

Before the Revolution, the Recollect Fathers labored along this coast and accomplished splendid results. Following the Revolution however, came sad days. There were no priests, and the Aglipayans set up their churches in every town. In many places they tried to take over Church property, but fortunately were

not very successful as they were opposed by the remaining loyal Catholics.

In 1919 the Jesuit fathers returned. Although there was no resident priest in any of the towns, Fr. Gabriel Font, S.J. travelled from town to town, from barrio to barrio, baptizing, officiating at marriages, and preaching. He did heroic work until the American Jesuits took over in 1927. Gradually the number of priests increased, the remaining Catholics were cared for, and many were won back from Aglipayanism.

In 1938 the Columban Fathers took over from the Jesuits, starting with ten priests. They had barely begun to work when the war broke out and they had to take to the hills with their flocks. Although they were constantly troubled by the Japs none of them lost their lives and they were able to return to their parishes after the war. The number of new priests increased with a general influx, first from the U.S. and then from Ireland. High schools were opened in nearly every parish.

In 1938 Lanao was added to the Columban territory. This, of course, is a Moro stronghold but has a large Catholic population all along the northern coast from Iligan to Kapa-tagan and the new EDCOR settlement. The Moro have moved back from the coast and have left the Christians more or less unmolested. The increase in the number of Christians in this area has been remarkable — Kolambugan, which from a

parish having one priest immediately after the war, has now been divided into five parishes each with its own priest.

The total population of the Prelature is given as 550,000. Of these, 300,000 are Moros and nearly all are in the Province of Lanao. There are 21 parishes, 16 Catholic high schools and three Catholic colleges. With the priests are also working the Sisters of St. Columban who have a large college in Ozamis City, the R.V.M. Sisters who have their college in Iligan, and the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary in Oroquieta. This year the Maryknoll Sisters are taking over a high school and college in Oroquieta.

Since the war priests of the Society have begun to work in the Diocese of Bacolod, where there are now 25 priests, and in the Province of Zambales which has about 20.

In Manila a group of Columban Fathers have now been working for many years among the student population. The Archbishop of Manila has entrusted to them the Student Catholic Action. Despite the small number of priests engaged in the work they have reaped remarkable results.

In the few years since the war the Society in the Philippines has increased in number from a mere twenty to approximately one hundred and fifty. They are now staffing forty six parishes in areas where formerly there was acute shortage of priests.

A few tips to parents on

HOW TO PREVENT ELOPEMENTS

by Joseph I. Stoffel, S.J.



If your daughter elopes, does she violate the Fourth Commandment?

Maybe. Maybe not!

Maybe the parents are the ones who have violated the Fourth Commandment.

An elopement generally means that parental authority has broken down somewhere. Sometimes a foolish and sinful young couple disregard the prudent advice, well-founded on mature experience, which is given them by the best of parents. But it happens sometimes that parents are also at fault, and practically drive their children to sin. The basic cause of some elopements is the ironic fact that some parents, in trying to strengthen parental authority, are actually destroying it.

There are two ways in which some parents violate the Fourth Commandment and destroy parental authority, namely:

1. By abusing authority which they rightfully possess.
2. By usurping authority which they do not rightfully possess.

Let us consider these in reverse

order, — the more sinful violation first.

The Fourth Commandment obliges your children to love, revere, and respect you as long as you live; but it does not oblige them to obey you as long as you live. You always have the right to advise them, but your right to their obedience ceases when they are legitimately emancipated from your parental authority.

This is especially true in the matter of choosing a state in life. It is God, not the parents, who gives your son or daughter the right to become a priest or a religious or to marry the one he or she loves; and parents sin against the Fourth Commandment when they usurp authority which belongs to God. When your 21-year old son or daughter, after respectfully listening to your advice and carefully weighing it, finds that his conscience dictates acting contrary to your wishes, that son or daughter is by no means disobedient. There can be no disobedience in acting contrary to the prohibition of one who has no authority to prohibit.

And if, by violence or the abuse of reverential fear, parents prevent their emancipated child from exercising the authority given him by God to make his own decisions, it is the parents who are guilty of disobedience against the Fourth Commandment. They are attacking real, God-given, authority in unjustly exercising false, usurped, authority. And remember that he who attacks authority anywhere, weakens authority everywhere, including your own parental authority where it rightfully exists. Destruction of obedience to God's Law where you have no right to command, destroys obedience to God's Law where you do have a right to command. This usurpation of invalid parental authority where God has not granted parental authority is a fruitful source of elopements.

Another fruitful source of elopements is the abuse of parental authority where it does rightfully exist. Parents certainly have the right and the duty to supervise the lives of their minor children within the limitations of the Divine Order. But when parents ruthlessly guard their daughter against any possibility of acquaintance with future potential suitors and keep her locked up in a cage, as it were, carefully preserved until such day as the parents themselves will decide on a husband for her, such parents are acting contrary to the Divine Order of things and are abusing their parental authority. Moreover, their little canary bird might, in desperation, escape from her cage one day and fly off into sin with the first ne'er-do-well who dares to

break the lock, — with one whom she scarcely knows, and certainly does not love.

During adolescence and the years approaching marriageable age, young men and women have a natural, normal, healthy interest in one another. God put that interest in their hearts, and it is good. The function of parents is to guide that interest, supervise it, protect against its dangers, but not to suppress it. We cannot suppress it anyway, and if we try, we upset God's plan; we substitute our own program for the one which God has designed as His way of bringing about Christian marriages and the founding of Christian families. It is not easy to supervise the natural, normal preliminaries to your daughter's marriage according to God's program. It is much easier to lock up your daughter and drive all young men away from your home. But parents who act thus are not doing their duty as parents. They are violating the Fourth Commandment. How can your daughter choose a good husband and found a healthy Christian family if you give her no chance to make a reasoned selection, if you give her no opportunity to find that mutual love on which a healthy Christian family must be founded? Don't say that you will make the choice for her! God did not give you the authority to make the choice for her. God gave your daughter the right to decide whether she will be a religious, whether she will marry or not, and whom she will marry. God gave you the authority only to guide, advise, and help her in making her decision.

If you abuse your parental authority you militate against the idea of obedience as God has designed it, and you destroy that very parental authority which you wish to maintain.

Are these truths too difficult for Christians to swallow? Our Lord did not suppress Divine truths because some of His followers found those truths difficult to swallow and "walked no more with Him". Christ did not commission His Church to "go forth and teach all nations those truths which they like to hear". That is a Protestant idea. It is unfair and unjust for parents to fume against the parish priest because he helps their son or daughter to marry against their will, or to enter religious life. The priest is only doing his duty. It is God against whom such parents are fuming. Sometimes one hears the complaint that God's regulation of parental authority is contrary to our Filipino traditions. Surely any traditions which are contrary to the regulation of parental authority as God has designed it are not from our Christian heritage, but rather of

pagan origin. Such traditions are also strong in China and other pagan countries. Will we, the only Christian people of the Orient, allow the last vestiges of paganism to remain unpurged from among our glorious and ancient Christian Filipino traditions? We are Christians! Let us not prefer pagan traditions to God's Law. Let us cherish only those traditions which are Christian and therefore truly Filipino.

If we wish to strengthen parental authority, we must respect all authority wherever it rightfully exists, and keep it within its rightful bounds. For wherever authority exceeds its rightful bounds, true authority somewhere else is infringed upon, and all authority suffers. If we wish to prevent sinful elopements and disobedience on the part of our children, we must respect the rights of our children and the limitations which God has placed on our parental authority. If we wish our children to keep the Fourth Commandment, we must lead the way by keeping the Fourth Commandment ourselves.

THE ARTIST'S TASK

To comprehend art not as a convenient means of egotistical advantages and unfruitful celebrity, but as a sympathetic power which binds men together; to develop one's own life to that lofty dignity which floats before talent as an ideal; to open the understanding of artists to what they should and what they can do; to rule public opinion by the noble ascendancy of a high, thoughtful life, and to kindle and nourish in the minds of men that enthusiasm for the beautiful which is so nearly allied to the Good,—that is the task which the artist has set before him.

—LISZT

Your Room and You

by Ethel Alikpala
From *The Orion*

Personality reveals itself in many ways. A man may be known through his hand-writing, which, experts claim, speaks volumes about the writer. Linda Marquez, for one, is willing to analyze each T-cross, each curlicue, each slant and to discover in each a particular character trait. There are others who speak authoritatively on clothes and cosmetics as means of knowing character, especially, that of young women. I wonder if any girl has ever reflected on whether her bedroom reflects her—whether the narra set, the fancy floor lamp standing by the easy chair, the Venetian blinds and drapes, the pink-and-blue walls are like the curlicue or the slant, by which critical eyes could judge her personality!

Professional interior decorators certainly know their job, but they leave me utterly cold. They usually sacrifice comfort to beauty or to "art for art's sake." So do some architects. Satin, quilted bedcovers with organdie flounces—matching curtains gracefully draped over the windows—thick rugs hiding the floor hardly make a room the welcoming haven for an ordinary teen-age girl. Yes—it's certainly wonderful to have a room worthy of the "House Beautiful" feature in the Sunday newspapers—

but there's nothing like throwing oneself down on one's own bed after an exhausting day at school without worrying about an expensive bedcover that might be crumpled, stained, and spoiled by a moccasin-shoe print.

I therefore plead to every girl to have a room definitely her own—bearing the mark of her personality, not that of a professional decorator—a room—simple, comfortable and yet pleasing to the eye. Then, will she not be more flattered when friends admire her room because of some unique arrangements and of accessories ingeniously placed according to her personal taste, than when they lavish praise on an Arturo de Santos' work of luxuriant beauty? No one likes to see dear friends step gingerly into one's room, slide into the nearest chair and look with awe on their surroundings, while feeling uncomfortable and awkward every minute. It is far more pleasant to see them feel "at home", sitting anywhere they please, praising maybe the new "headboard" of famous profiles cut out from some prints and pasted on the plain pink wall paper, or commenting favorably on a lampshade that glories in the school colors.

Ingenuity is the word if one wants to be unique—if one's room is to be

distinctly one's very own. The first thing is to get new ideas, even adapt some old ideas to the new. Here are some tips.

As Mama knows best about color combinations, her advice on any color scheme one has thought about and chosen for the bedroom is invaluable. Instead of gossamer tulle, organdie and quilted satin, a red and white polka dotted material would go well with pink walls. For flounces on the bedcover, the curtains and the dresser, some inexpensive net or organza will be the thing. A lively girl will love bright, warm colors for her room; plain subdued colors will be preferred by an "in-doors" type of girl.

Built-ins are a "must" nowadays, so a teen-ager will want her own miniature built-in altar—just a little space or so clearly visible from the bed. A lovely statue of Our Lady, or of the patron saint on it, if a crucifix is already hanging on the headboard. A little vase with fresh flowers will be very beautiful and just fit.

There is nothing so typically teen-ager as the small school pennants thumb-tacked into the wall somewhere in the room. Girls as well as boys have these. Why not pin them on the wall in front of the bed — arranged of course in a seemingly irregular order! Or if the bed is a double-decker that reaches high above, near the low ceiling, why not place

them, as some people do, thumb-tacked into the ceiling itself?

Or, if one goes for screen idols or hero-worship — here's another tip. If the room has a wall paper of a single color, cut out the heads neatly and paste them on the wall in front of the bed, or, of the desk in the order wished. They might serve to give inspiration after all—except, if one is day-dreaming. A friend of mine, having no liking for actors, cut out pictures of all sorts of dogs, preferably those in Christmas cards, and pasted them on the wall behind her headboard. Or, if a girl would rather have pictures of cats—why not?

If the study table is in the bedroom, it can be made to match too. Another friend has a table with a glass cover like office desks. Well, beneath it she has placed the pictures of her closest friends, each with a short caption. The sight of the faces of one's chums might pull one through while sleepily reading tomorrow's subject matter.

I could go on and on, relating many other examples for teen-agers to read, copy, or just use as a pattern. One thing is sure, once made use of, these "personal touches" in the art of arranging, beautifying the bedrooms become part of one — for like handwriting as I have said before, a girl's character can be judged by her bedroom.

Did you ever notice how often a narrow mind and a wide mouth go together?

Problems and Prospects of the New Japan



by **Lindesay Parrott**

*From The New York Times Magazine
(Courtesy of USIS)*

Japan is ready to assume the status of a sovereign equal in the international family. The ratification of the Japanese peace treaty will mark a new start for her, testing the result of six years' endeavors which have sought to transform Japan into a bulwark of democracy and an outpost against the militant communism which has engulfed China and threatens all Asia. The future of Japan, therefore, may be crucial not only to Asia but to the world. A review of the world's knowledge of this island nation is in order.

The treaty limits Japan to the four main islands and more than 500 islets, forming a narrow barrier, 1,300 miles long, off the continent of Asia. The Japan of today is only about half as large as the pre-war empire but occupies a strategic position. The terrain is mountainous, reaching 12,461 feet on Mount Fuji, and the climate is hot and humid in summer, mild in winter except in the northern areas.

Mountains and wastelands limit the possible farming area to about one-third of the total, and in prac-

tice to considerably less. Only about 16 percent of Japan is under cultivation. The lack of food-growing land is offset in part by the neighboring seas, which produce a high yield of fish, a staple of the meager Japanese diet. There are some minerals, chiefly coal, copper, and gold, but the deposits are not large, and Japan's steel industry must import coking coal. Hydroelectric power from the swift-flowing rivers is capable of further development. In few essentials of modern life is Japan self-sufficient.

The primary problem of Japan is overpopulation. Stabilized at about 26,000,000 until a century ago, the population now is 84,000,000. Birth control and mass emigration have been advocated, but little progress has been made.

The Japanese are an intelligent and adaptable people, clever at utilizing adopted technical methods. Yet they cling to their own social forms and are dominated by a "national family" concept which holds the family group and the welfare of the community more important than the

conscience of the individual. The Japanese culture was derived chiefly from China, and the most popular religious faith — Buddhism — reached Japan from India via China. Shinto, a combination of animism, ancestor worship, and veneration of the imperial forebears, stands second. Christianity has a considerable influence also.

Led by their Emperor, the Japanese neither broke under the occupation following World War II nor fought against it. The pine tree, Hirohito told his people, bears the weight of the snow — but how green it is in the spring. The treaty will bring the spring weather he anticipated. After World War I the real control of Japan had passed from the Elder Statesmen and the bicameral Diet into the hands of militarists and industrialists. After World War II the occupation set up a new system guaranteeing the basic freedoms of speech, press, assembly, and person, and making the Emperor a "symbol of state." The lower house of the Diet was granted most of the legislative power. Executive functions were vested in a premier elected by the lower house.

Japan has four significant political groupings, the Liberal Party, which controls the Government; the Democrats, the Socialists, and the Communists. Headed by Premier Shigeru Yoshida, the Liberal Party is the most conservative in the nation, favoring private enterprise and strongly anti-Communist. It vigorously advocated a "separate" peace with the

West. The main strength of the Liberal Party is among the small landholders created by the occupation's land reform and among large and small business elements in the cities. Socialists were the leading group in 1947 but split into two wings and lost ground. The Communist Party, although legal, is largely underground, with its top leaders in exile or hiding. It might, poll 1,000,000 votes, or about 3 percent of the total.

The nation's economy is balanced between agriculture and fisheries; manufacture, trade, and transport. Of the labor force of 36,000,000 men and women, more than 15,000,000 work on the land, the remainder in industry. Private enterprise controls agriculture and industry but the Government operates key public services such as railroads. Industrial output, based on cheap labor, and farm production have risen in the past six years, but neither is yet high enough to meet the requirements of even a low standard of living without outside assistance.

Half the present farmed area is in rice. Other important crops include wheat, sweet potatoes, tea, vegetables, and fruit. The land is rich and well cultivated and yields are good, but the small size of family holdings and the country's rough terrain preclude much mechanization.

Land reform has spread ownership. In prewar Japan 73 percent of the farmers were tenants wholly or in part; 89 percent of them owned their

land by 1950. But while redistribution has satisfied the aspirations of many farmers for ownership, it has not changed farming methods nor greatly increased output.

Japan's industrial plant and skilled labor are its greatest resource for survival. The big silk and cotton textile industry furnished the most important prewar exports. Steel, ship-building, and other heavy industries made Japan one of the leading industrial countries of the world. Industry was badly damaged during World War II, but with American assistance, and spurred by the need for goods and services during the Communist aggression in Korea production has passed the 1932-36 level.

Low wages and long hours of labor formerly enabled Japan to sell a large volume of manufactures abroad and thus pay for food imports. The occupation's labor legislation and the introduction of trade unions have brought wage increases and a shorter work week averaging 50 hours. There are 32,000 local unions with a membership of more than 6,000,000, yet city workers must spend their income for food alone, while the higher wages they receive have placed higher prices on Japan's exports.

In war reparations, the Republic of the Philippines and the Republic of Indonesia together seek nearly \$2,000,000,000 from Japan. Furthermore, military expenditures again are in prospect under the defense pact. Meanwhile, stripped of its once great merchant marine, Japan

must import food, oil, iron ore, and other necessities in ships of other lands. With most imports coming from the dollar area and most exports going to sterling areas, Japan expects a dollar shortage.

Unable at present to stand on its own feet economically or as a military power, Japan faces a generally hostile continent and relies on new and tenuous relations with the rest of the free world. The Japanese have been given a chance for self-rule, but they are a feudalistic people accustomed for centuries to obeying orders. Democracy and habits of thought natural to peoples accustomed to self-government are strange new developments to them. Given reasonable help and encouragement, there is cause to believe that Japan will find her own answers without abandoning its democratic gains. Left-wing strength centers in socialism rather than communism, which has little appeal to the Japanese. There appears to be little internal danger of communism while the nation's economy provides a reasonable living for the people.

Externally the situation is different. Communist-dominated China and Soviet Russia have denounced the peace treaty and the defense pact as proof of a new Japanese "imperialism." It is patent that retaliation may be undertaken when an opportune moment arrives. Meanwhile, Communist China seeks to lure Japan with a market, offering to supply raw materials in return for Japan's manufactures. Both the threat and the

lure will be used in the future to detach Japan from the free world alliance and absorb the nation into the Communist orbit.

Under the defense pact the United States will keep troops in Japan during the immediate future and will use Japanese bases for an indefinite period. Although in time Japan is expected to supply the bulk of her land defense, she now has only 75,000 men in the National Police Reserve. There is much opposition to rearmament because of its cost.

Japan must trade to live. She must find new customers, cheaper and more efficient production methods, and, in addition, must somehow

make restitution for damage wrought in Asia and meet the costs of self-defense. This tremendous burden raises the question whether the free world can supply Japan's needs and, eventually, make available to the Japanese the means of self-support they must have to live and defend themselves as a democracy. The Japanese problem is a world problem. Much of its solution will depend upon the economic fortunes of the nation, which in turn will depend upon the policies of the rest of the free world. It is up to the free world as much as to Japan itself to determine the eventual result.

Spain and Our Educational System

"...It was Spain that brought and planted in our Philippine soil the seed of a Christian civilization that grew and developed into a firmly rooted tree; and on this tree America grafted an educational public school system that in turn grew and developed into wide branches that reach now every nook and corner of our land. It was Spain that laid the foundation of our Christian culture and traditions through a long and patient process; and upon this foundation America built the structure of our present system of public education. It was Spain that pointed the Christian background of our history; and on this background America added the vast scenery of government-supported schools from massive, concrete structures to nipa-bamboo school houses. Spain made our people thirst after an education that would benefit every child of the country; America quenched that thirst with the establishment of a nation-wide chain of schools that embraces the remotest municipal barrios. Spain made us hunger after cultural, literary and professional training; and America fed our people with educational facilities to be found in our present school system largely supplemented by a vast number of private schools. Yes, the stage was set by Spain for the extraordinary rise in enrollment of 150,000 per cent in fifty years, a phenomenon in all educational history..."

— Rev. E. G. Salvador, S. J.

Conflict

by Rosalinda M. Soriano

From *The Orion*



There was something about cats that Mr. Gil hated. It would have been unnecessary to ask him what it was and why, for he would not have been able to explain the reason himself. He was that vague.

Mr. Gil was young at twenty-seven. His job was drawing-dream houses. And it seems he got paid for it, too. Folks said he was an architect. Actually, Mr. Gil was a law-abiding citizen who paid his taxes without the usual smirk, was well versed on world news situations, played tennis like a champ and was an ardent fan of St. Jude Thaddeus. He was also married. And he had cat phobia.

Now next to her husband and next to keeping house Mrs. Gil loved cats. Mr. Gil couldn't understand what was so attractive about the "green-eyed-be-whiskered pests", and his wife couldn't understand why a big guy like him was so allergic to the "soft, pathetic little things."

Anyway, it all started with Hobo Joe, a tattered little mouse that looked as if he had been on the road

for sometime and could do with a cup of coffee or anything Mrs. Gil's cupboard could supply. Thus it was that Mrs. Gil found him contentedly munching one side of a red ball of cheese. She suppressed a scream caused by the loss of one side of the expensive cheese rather than surprise and fright.

"You little hobo!" was all she managed under her breath. And Hobo Joe was christened.

Mrs. Gil lost no time telling Mr. Gil about the unwelcome kitchen visitor.

"A mouse-trap's just the thing," Mr. Gil decided and announced he would get one at the hardware next evening. Later in the day Mr. Gil came home happier than usual. It seemed he had a new contract signed with someone named "Esteban".

"Who's he?" Mrs. Gil asked. And Mr. Gil in his vague fashion explained who this Esteban was. And after a round-about explanation, it turned out that "Esteban" was a shipping-line tycoon who used to be a Mr. Nobody but who had now started go-

ing places and had just set his mind on building a mansion in a "villa" somewhere...

"And that's where I come in," said Mr. Gil enthusiastically. Mrs. Gil said, "Oh, how nice," and added, "But where's the mouse trap?"

Mr. Gil's face was a study. Here he was almost graduated from kiosk and doghouse designs he was so sick of, and his wife talked about a—

"Mouse trap?"

"You promised to pick one at the hardware's on your way home to-night."

Mr. Gil was a man of patience. He thought he should take the situation with tact and charm. After all, their marriage was almost half a year old and things were going on smoothly. No, he didn't want to make a wrong slip.

"Darling, here I come home with good news and you talk about a mousetrap." He had sounded exasperated after all. It was Mrs. Gil who handled the situation with velvet gloves. She clamped her mouth shut, handed him his slippers, kissed him on the nose to keep it from wiggling and went off to put the pan on the stove.

It was only after the last dish was dried and back in its place that Mrs. Gil spoke her line—

"About the mouse trap, dear..."

There was a sound from behind the newspaper. Mr. Gil was lost in the thick of the Korean war.

"I can't work with ease when I know there's a mouse somewhere watching my every move," she persisted. Mr. Gil's eyes remained

glued to his paper. He began to mutter. "President Truman went to Congress and couldn't read his speech... hmmm! MacArthur loaned him his 'Ray Ban' and Mr. Truman said 'I shall return.'"

His wife began to speak louder. "We simply must do something about it. Mrs. Bonanza next door suggested dipping bits of cheese in rat poison and leaving them in the most obvious places for bait. I had to decide against it. You know how you prowl around the kitchen at night when you think I'm asleep and gobble up mostly anything eatable."

"... Stalin made his wife mad and she went after him with a hammer..." her husband mumbled on.

"So, I thought a cat would be just the thing..."

The newspaper crackled and Mr. Gil's head popped up like a jack-rabbit.

"A what?"

"A cat. C-A-T, cat."

"A cat! But what for?"

"To catch a mouse."

"A mouse? What mouse?"

"Oh, heavens!" Mrs. Gil ejaculated in despair.

Mr. Gil came down to earth. "Look Lily, what would you want a cat for when a trap could catch the creature just as well?"

"But you failed to get one for to-night. Goodness knows how that Hobo Joe is going to feast himself when we're in bed. Soon he'll eat us out of our own house."

"All right, I'll get the trap first thing in 'the morning. Please, no

cats. You know how I detest them, Lily. Have a heart."

But Mr. Gil was preoccupied with his dream houses and the trap was forgotten. That evening at home, Mr. Gil felt uneasy. He could not have explained the source of his discomfort. Before he settled down to his evening paper he looked around him. Everything was in its usual place. His favorite chair hadn't been moved. Mrs. Gil was quiet at her mending. But Mr. Gil thought she looked queer tonight like a Greek triumphant with a Trojan prize. Mr. Gil dismissed the thought, shrugged his shoulders and was at the point of turning to his paper when a grayish-looking object caught his eye. Mr. Gil crumpled his paper. . . His hair stood on end like a stiff paint brush. Eyes rolling, chin quivering, he was a mass of goose pimples and shattered nerves.

"Lily, what is that ferocious-looking animal doing in this house?" Mr. Gil stammered, fighting for self-control. Mrs. Gil was calmer.

"You keep forgetting the mouse-trap, so I got us a better one. Meet PoPo, dear. He isn't ferocious. I think he's glamorous."

"Lily. . ."

"Mrs. Bonanza assured me that he's an excellent mouse catcher" continued Mrs. Gil as she picked up PoPo and caressingly stroked his fur. Mr. Gil's nose wiggled. He felt guilty about the mouse trap but this was unheard of— a cat in his own house to share his every breathing moment under the same roof!

"But what's wrong with having a

cat in the house? I think cats are the grandest house pets."

"Pets! Pests, you mean, and I hate them." Mr. Gil stormed.

"Don't shout at me."

"Who's shouting? Look, Lily do you realize this is our first quarrel? And over a cat?"

"I'm not quarrelling, you are! Look, you promised me a mouse-trap."

"But—"

"I know dear, you forgot. If you'd only keep your dreaming on blueprint. . ."

"But it's my. . ."

"It's your job, I know, and it may mean a dream house of our own. . ."

"Now, Lily. . ."

"Now, next thing you'll be asking me is why I couldn't have bought the trap myself?"

"Yes, that's exactly. . ."

"And turn my budget topsy-turvy? Not on your life. Now I thought we could bargain and give PoPo here a chance to catch Hobo Joe, say a week from today. And if that mouse isn't caught by that time, the cat goes. I promise. Otherwise it stays."

"That's quite sensible, I think. But a week with a cat!—ah, never mind. But remember, if that mouse isn't caught by that time I will personally see to it that that creature leaves or it'll join its ancestors in no time."

"Emmanuel Gil! you wouldn't dare!"

Mr. Gil really didn't mean that. But wished he did. That night he asked the Saint of the Impossible if he couldn't do something to make

cats attractive to him just enough to please Lily. A whole solid week with a cat. Why he'd be asthmatic before the week's out!

To Mr. Gil the days crawled at snail's pace. Mrs. Gil wondered what made them fly. Here it was Tuesday with only three days till the deadline. Hobo Joe was stuffing himself in the meanwhile with Mrs. Gil's cooking and had an uncanny knowledge of where she hid the food.

Mr. Gil took pains to get out of the cat's way. Patiently he brushed off the loose fur PoPo left on his favorite chair and even actually thought he contacted asthma when Lily had him feed PoPo his milk.

"You'll be house-hunting in a couple of days you ugly thing," muttered Mr. Gil, "unless you catch that mouse. I hope you don't or you'll make me miserable the rest of my life."

"A black Friday for us both if you don't catch that mouse," mumbled Mrs. Gil as PoPo yawned sleepily and stretched against her ankles. PoPo was lazy and mice didn't seem to bother him in the least. Why waste breath on an insignificant little mouse? This is the life—good food, a soft rug and an adoring mistress. The master? Aw, he's like the mouse—insignificant and asthmatic.

But Mrs. Gil was worried. She didn't want to lose PoPo. She had to do something about this mouse business. If PoPo wasn't going to catch "Hobo Joe" . . . Thursday afternoon Mrs. Gil dropped in on Mrs. Bonanza next door. That night she set up a tray by Mr. Gil's bed.

"So you wouldn't have to get up and prow about my kitchen," she explained. Her husband grinned and was glad he had married such a thoughtful wife.

"Ha! today's the deadline," Mr. Gil triumphantly announced at breakfast next day. "Mr. Good-for-nothing PoPo will have to start with his packing."

"The day's just beginning. Give him time."

"Time? Lily, remember, a bargain's a bargain. I shall expect that cat off the premises this evening. It would be a relief to have our usual peace and quiet," observed Mr. Gil kissing his wife goodbye.

"Oh, go back to your blue-printing."

Mr. Gil wondered what brought on that queer look on his wife's face again. Kind of triumphant, thought Mr. Gil.

Noontime and Mr. Gil couldn't wait to tell Mrs. Gil that Mr. Esteban was so pleased with the plans for his mansion that he had contracted him to design the interior of his new ship, too.

"Good news, Lily!" he called out at the front door. He sought her out in the kitchen and he was grinning. So was Mrs. Gil. But Mr. Gil's grin froze.

"Good news, too, dear," she announced holding out the stiff, gray carcass of the late Mr. Hobo Joe between a pair of tongs.

"A bargain's a bargain," she mimicked. "Here, dump him in the garbage out there."

Mr. Gil stood unable to speak.

Mechanically he took the tongs from his wife and moved toward the back door. On the threshold he stopped and stammered, "So, he got it?"

"No, I killed it myself."

Mr. Gil didn't move. He turned the tongs around and around.

"You see, dear, I just couldn't have PoPo sent out of the house, He's lots of company. I feel less alone, since he's here. Besides, he's

something to fuss over."

Mr. Gil looked at the dead Habo and then back at his wife. Suddenly his face creased and he began to laugh aloud. The next minute his wife was laughing too. He put his arm around her and both laughed till they had tears in their eyes.

"Lily" said he, "it's just like I always thought, a cat around the house brings good luck."

LOST LOVE

Gracia C. Queaño

*The pale, vagabond moon kept its vigil
On her being, frail and small,
As she begged the heavens for vigor—
To suffer, to toil, live on—
While the winds seemed to whisper
Words she feared to hear—
"He's gone... gone... he's gone..."
And the leaves of the trees seemed
Unpitifully echo—
"Never, never to return..."*

As a general rule people, even the wicked, are much more naive and simple-hearted than we suppose. And we, ourselves, are too.

Catholic Digest

The story is told of a Russian girl who took a government examination. After it was over she feared she might have failed, and worried particularly over one question: "What is the inscription on the Sarmian wall?" She had written down the answer: "Religion is the opiate of the people." So she walked seven miles from Leningrad to the Sarmian wall to make sure. Yes, there it was: "Religion is the opiate of the people." Falling upon her knees, she crossed herself and said, "Thank God!"

Catholic Digest

INTENTIONS OF THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER BLESSED BY THE HOLY FATHER FOR THE MONTH OF MAY, 1952

GENERAL INTENTION: For the frequent reception of Holy Communion by the youth.

Chastity is the most beautiful and necessary virtue of youth, and the frequent and proper reception of the Holy Communion is the best defense of chastity. A sincere conviction of the truths of our religion leads us to a life which is entirely Christian free from all vices, and keeps us away from occasions of sin which surround the life of young people. Christian life is nurtured on prayer and on the thought of the gravity of sin and on the punishment due to the sin of sensuality, on its ugliness and on its dangerous consequences. Happy is the youth who loves his state of grace and defends it with the frequent reception of the Holy Eucharist.

The most chaste Jesus speaks to heart of youth and inspires in him a respect for his own body, as a member of the mystical body of Christ to which he is sacramentally united, making himself thus the temple of the Holy Ghost. Communion weakens the strength of temptations, because it lifts the mind to heavenly thoughts and to the love of Jesus and Immaculate Mary. It reminds him of the example set by young saints who conquered the world and all its vanities.

The Saints also felt and suffered spiritual struggles when they live amidst the fascinations of the world, and some of them underwent temptations greater than what we now experience. Their triumph was not due to their superior nature, but to their fervor and continuous vigilance.

We should persevere in the practice of praying and of frequently confessing and receiving the Holy Communion so that we may attain the victory which is hidden within this food of angels and martyrs.

MISSION INTENTION: For the protection of the family in Japan.



Dear Miss Marlene,

I am a 23-year-old working girl. Five years ago I had fallen for a man who was a perfect stranger to me. I happened to meet this man in a store owned by a relative where I stayed. And maybe because of the thrill of being given a special attention from this man I came to admire him until I found myself seeing him often. We got along together smoothly, when one day he told me that he is a married man. I felt hurt from that time on, yet I found myself again caring for him.

Up to now I still cling to hope though I haven't heard from him for a year now.

So, please, Miss Marlene, could you give me a dose of reason that will make me be sensible and forget about this man? One thing is that I don't quite get interested anymore in any man ever since I had met this five-years-ago-man.

H.N.

Dear H. N.,

You are a sensible girl, 23 years of age, with your whole life still before you. What on earth can you hope to gain by clinging to the memory of a man whom your holy Faith teaches you is not for you. He is married and that puts an end to everything between you and him. It is not only wrong for you to keep thinking about him, but absolutely foolish and useless.

I would advise you to take a firm grip on yourself. Make a determined resolution to erase him from your mind completely and irrevocably. It is up to you to make the most of it. Keep yourself occupied, mentally and physically. Don't allow yourself to brood and think of the past. Go out with other young people and enjoy yourself. And don't worry about not falling in love again. There are many nice unattached young men around, and the right one will come along soon enough if you give him a chance. Also pray hard and frequent the Sacraments, and Jesus and Mary will surely help you forget what is best forgotten and choose your right partner for life.

Dear Miss Marlene,

What is the life of a Carmelite nun?

Cary

Dear Cary,

The Carmelite nun undertakes an expiatory life of penance in atonement for the sins of the world. She is called to an apostolic life of supplication for the salvation of souls, and especially for the needs of the Church, interceding for the temporal and spiritual aid of all who seek her prayers, for health and relief of soul and body, and for conversion of heart and perseverance in well-doing. To make her prayers more efficacious, she purifies her soul by penances and perpetual abstinence by almost continual fasting, and by wearing coarse woollens, and by many other exercises of constant mortification.

Dear Miss Marlene,

May I accept the invitation to be the Godparent of a child whose parents are lax Catholics and for whom I could expect to do very little in a spiritual way?

Ted

Dear Ted,

Yes. It would be a very great advantage for this child to have a Godparent who understands her duties and will fulfill them in so far^{as} circumstances allow. The first duty of Godparents is to pray for the child. After that, they do whatever they can. Sometimes they are not allowed to do very much, especially when their interest is looked upon as an interference. But little gifts in the way of religious articles, a talk with the child, helping the child to get a Catholic education — these are some of the ways in which Godparents can fulfill their duties.

Dear Miss Marlene,

If a Catholic man and wife separated by mutual consent, could the wife enter a convent and the husband be free to marry again?

Vic

Dear Vic,

No. In the first place, a Catholic man and wife cannot lawfully separate permanently just by mutual consent; they must apply for, and obtain, the permission of a competent ecclesiastical authority (usually their Bishop), granted for legitimate and serious reasons. Only if it is certain that sufficient reason exists and there is danger in delay may they separate on their own authority. Moreover, even if they separate legitimately, neither is free to marry again during the lifetime of the other.

Dear Miss Marlene,

I'm one of those teen-agers in college who often go to parties once in a while and get to know boys but avoid getting steady with any of them.

One problem of mine is this. I am a girl who is quite moody and sensitive and often argues with friends especially boys on matters of little importance. I get to know boys and I guess they are all pleased to know me during the first few days, but later they seem to turn cold towards me.

Could it be that I am a girl who isn't worth making friends with? How can I develop a lasting friendship? How would you treat a boy who liked you before, but since he received no response he has decided to go steady with another girl. Nevertheless, he still seeks your friendship, but it would merely occasion gossips on the part of friends and his girl-friend. Would it be alright to avoid his friendship completely?

Mercedes

Dear Mercedes,

You yourself have given the reason why you cannot keep your friends for any length of time. It is certainly difficult to remain friendly with a person of unaccountable moods, touchy and easy to take offense, and given to arguments over trifles—as you admit you are.

The fact that you know and acknowledge your faults is a great help and step in the right direction. Start working on them, earnestly and patiently, and you'll be surprised at the change in your life. Try to practice a little self-control, and don't give vent to your feelings. When you feel grouchy and irritable, for instance, force yourself to smile and be pleasant. Think of the other person and cease concentrating on yourself. Stop acting suspicious of other people's motives — they mean well. And hold your tongue. Count ten slowly before starting an argument. You may be wrong, and the other party right, so why make a fuss?

As to your next question — there is nothing wrong with being friendly with a former admirer. However, if you are convinced that being so will only cause trouble, then try to have nothing to do with him anymore.

Dear Miss Marlene,

Is it true that if the Sacred Host sticks to the roof of the mouth it is indicative that one is still in the state of sin? This is a common saying and it has often happened to me. Is it sinful to remove the particles of the Host with our tongue?

Sianing

Dear Sioning,

Whoever told you that superstition is ignorant and silly. It is but natural that sometimes the Sacred Host sticks to one's palate. However, that has nothing to do with one's worthiness to receive Holy Communion. Certainly, one should try to loosen with one's tongue whatever particles of the Sacred Host that have become imbedded in parts of the mouth, and then swallow them reverently.

Dear Miss Marlene,

Is it permitted for Catholics to act as witnesses to a non-Catholic marriage?

Lou

Dear Lou,

Catholics may not act as witnesses in a non-Catholic marriage in a non-Catholic church, before a minister exercising his religious functions. Such an action would be considered an approbation of a heretical religious function, and would be gravely sinful. When the marriage takes place not as a religious function, but as a civil or legal ceremony, Catholics may sometimes act as witnesses, provided there be no danger of scandal, or other ill effects. But each such case should be submitted to the confessor pastor, who will be able to examine the circumstances, and decide what is to be done.

FROM DUST TO DUST

*In smouldering disgust
I kicked the loathed dust,
 sending into the air a cloudy spray,
ghostly; which rose, pursued the fleeing dust,
 and vanished far away.*

*Ah, bleak reminder of
my pampered frame! Mislove!
 Who knows, a hundred years from now,
at play a careless child will fling my dust above
 his head in wanton way.*

*Sister Elizabeth Ann, of Maryknoll,
faced up to the problem of getting
food in South China*

World Hunger and One Nun

by Julia Bedier
From The Commonweal

When Sister Elizabeth Ann came back to the United States after twenty-eight years in China, she found herself a stranger and an alien in her own country. Amazed, she saw workmen driving to work in automobiles—their own. Still more amazed, she noted quantities of wood lying at roadsides and in vacant lots. There were old railway ties, fallen trees, scraps of lumber, just resting in piles; nobody to take them away furtively, quickly, as something precious, to be hoarded and used meagerly to boil up the daily rice.

As the train carried the missionary Sister from the Pacific Coast across the continent she watched the skittering landscape in growing amazement. Here were hillsides growing no millet or beans; swamps growing no rice. There were acres and acres, miles upon miles of land, filled with grass and dandelions, or brush and trees, or weeds and sunflowers. She was looking upon her own country with Asiatic eyes, and it would take a long time to get back an American point of view. Perhaps no one who has lived in the Orient ever becomes wholly Americanized again. Like the

risen Lazarus she has looked on life from the other side of the world, and something has burned deep into the soul which can never be erased.

Sister Elizabeth Ann had been busy during the quarter of a century she had spent in China—too busy to read many American periodicals. Indeed she was more accustomed to reading and speaking Chinese than English. She was therefore ignorant of the widespread controversy on world hunger. She had not heard the cry of those labeled experts that available agricultural land is all used up and producing to capacity; that it takes two acres of land to feed one person; that future generations face starvation.

Famines in India and China she knew, but American population planners and their demand for world-wide birth-control had not penetrated her little corner of South China. If they had, her jolly, sun-browned face would have broken into a broad smile. For Sister Elizabeth Ann had been managing a farm in South China for the past twenty years. Nothing points the way like a concrete example. Statisticians and enthusiasts can

plan and plan; "figgers don't lie, but liars do figger." And no number of written pages on world hunger and overpopulation can be taken seriously when a sane, sunburned and dynamic little person says, smiling, "Here is what we did, and the results were so-and-so."

Sister Elizabeth Ann (this is not her real name) is a Moryknoll missionary who was assigned to South China in 1923. After a few years in a port city learning to speak, read, and write Cantonese, she was sent to a village in the interior to build up a community of native Chinese nuns. With her were only two other American Sisters. A number of fine young Catholic Chinese girls, aspirants to the native sisterhood, were waiting, and the Sisters immediately began to train them. They were given the equivalent of a Normal School education with special training in the teaching of Christian Doctrine and in dispensary work. They were also trained in the religious life, over a number of years, before vows of any kind were taken.

When permission came from Rome to establish the native community, the Holy See requested that the Chinese nuns be trained and set up in some kind of remunerative work so that they would be self-supporting. Happily, Sister Elizabeth Ann herself had a rural background, having been brought up on a New England farm. The Chinese aspirants were nearly all farmers' daughters from little inland villages and used to heavy field work. Unless some sort of farm work was kept up there was danger that they

might grow to consider themselves lily-fingered ladies and look upon the religious life as one of comparative ease and elegance. They would then be of little use when sent back to the villages to work among their own people.

The Bishop had assigned the Sisters a plot of land to go with their convent. Across the way stood his native seminary of Chinese candidates for the priesthood. The Sisters were to do the cooking for these boys, as well as the work of their own household. In addition, Sister Elizabeth Ann arranged for each native girl to spend one hour daily working outside on the "farm."

The "farm" consisted of two acres. That was all. The soil was poor and sandy, leached by the monsoon rains. Over a period of twenty years the Sisters built it up into high production, raising all the produce needed (except wheat and rice) for a group of from twenty to forty native Sisters, as well as for over twenty boys in the seminary. They also furnished produce for the poor and refugees, and occasional vegetables and fruit for the seven American priests in the neighboring compound who taught in the seminary and were occupied with administrative duties.

The Sisters could easily have raised enough rice and wheat, too, by planting a little more land, but they decided against it, since grain has to be tended continually by watchmen who stay in the fields and scare away the voracious birds. Mass and religious exercises at regular times would have made such a program in-

convenient, so the Sisters bought their grain.

Sister Elizabeth Ann's idea was to keep mostly to local products and to sell or trade them locally. The Sisters, who never had much money, began by buying a freshly weaned gilt (to city-bred readers, a female pig or young sow). They kept her and bred her to raise pigs. Some of the pigs were then fattened and slaughtered, and from them the Sisters made Chinese sausage, ham, and bacon, cured in soy sauce and wine, the native way.

Those pigs not needed for food were sold at a good profit. There was always a long waiting list for convent pigs because they were healthier than the other local pigs. The Chinese farmers skimp on feed for their sows and their pigs are likely to be weakly. The Sisters fed theirs plenty of mash made of kitchen scraps, greens, and rice bran, so the sows were always in fine condition. In time they kept two or three.

Later on they had a chance to get some fine Australian sows with straight backs. These made firmer bacon than the Chinese pigs, which are hardy but flabby, with concave backs and bellies that drag on the ground. The Sisters crossed their Australian sows with the local swine and produced a hybrid pig with Chinese hardiness but with straight back and firm bacon like the Australian type. Chinese farmers come from miles away to see the pigs with straight backs, and the newly weaned pigs sold well, bringing a good income.

The Sisters also bought some Chinese chickens. They fed the fowl on rice bran and garden vegetables. The flock, which varied in numbers, kept sixty to ninety people in eggs and provided frequent meals of fried, boiled, or roast chicken.

There was a pond in one corner of the farm. The Sisters began to raise ducks—the Muscovy kind that do not quack. The ducks got a great deal of their living from the pond and the mud along its shores, eating frogs, pollywags, slugs and snails. The Sisters also fed them rice bran. In three months a duckling would grow to weigh eight pounds—fine, fat and tender, ready for the pot.

When the sows began to farrow, a local Chinese woman was engaged to sit beside them and play-midwife. She kept a basket of bran at her side and as soon as a piglet was born she put it in the basket. Thus losses from chilling or crushing were prevented and all the pigs usually lived. In America many pigs are lost, a litter averaging about eight sound pigs.

One of the young American Sisters assigned to help Sister Elizabeth Ann was in a state of hectic excitement when, for the first time after her arrival, one of the sows began to farrow. She took her knitting and a little stool and sat beside the Chinese woman helper in the sow's pen. Every few minutes she would speed to the convent, grasp Sister Elizabeth Ann by the arm and in a shrill voice shaking with emotion: "Now don't get excited, Sister—

there's another one!"" In all, fourteen pigs were born, and the young Sister, city-bred, was breathless from this contact with life and its mysteries, her first encounter with God's blessing on all creation, making it increase and multiply.

Soon the Sisters had a chance to get some turkey eggs from foreign sources. They hatched these under a sitting hen and raised them on bean-curd and chopped chives, cooked rice and greens and bran. The birds did well, and were a curiosity in the countryside; people came from miles around to have their pictures taken with the Sisters' turkeys.

This flock, together with the hybrid pigs, made a kind of drawing card to get people interested in the Church. Conversations that began with pigs and turkeys sometimes ended with the Redemption and the Blessed Trinity, not unlike the parables of Christ, Who spoke of hens and chickens, of fish, of nets and vines and pruning, and of putting dung around the roots of trees. The turkeys brought in some income and were a welcome treat on feast days, roasted with chestnuts and dressing, or cooked shredded, with vegetables, in Chinese style.

The entire compound was used for production of some kind. The Sisters made compost from leaves, grass, weeds, every bit of kitchen waste that did not go to their livestock. This material, piled up in layers with manure from the pigs, chickens, turkeys and ducks, took only three months in the hot, humid South China climate to turn into well-proc-

essed compost. When finished it was black and spongy and had no odor except a woody smell as of mushroom.

The Sisters kept two heaps going—one to pile fresh material on as gathered, one finished heap to put on the vegetables as crops were planted. A tank was kept full of liquid manure to spread on the garden. This, with the compost, and excellent care, prodded crops into huge productivity. Of course, every possible inch was dug and planted in neat rows, and, of course, no weed was allowed to grow. Chinese farmers are like that, and this was a Chinese farm; Chinese know-how and American enterprise made a good combination.

Many a basket of fresh vegetables from this garden brought stars to the eyes of hungry Chinese children. Refugees, victims of war, flood, banditry and famine, the thin and ragged youngsters often came carrying baskets, asking to help the Sisters with the garden work, and went home loaded with provisions. The Chinese seminarians formerly suffered from beri-beri, but that trouble ceased when the Sisters began to provide for them.

Rope is a commodity often needed on a farm-garden-and-livestock enterprise, and since it always seemed to be expensive and hard to get, the Sisters raised a few bushes of hemp and made their own rope on a native spinning wheel. They bought beeswax from farmers and made wax candles for use in the churches. They also made vestments for the

diocese. Such enterprises kept the native nuns busy during the wet season when outdoor work could not be done, and since the pastors in the diocese paid a nominal sum for these products, the convent was enabled to gain a little more self-support, necessary because the cost of hiring native teachers and educating the native girls over a period of many years was a great strain on their resources.

Throughout the years the productivity of the little farm grew, and the Sisters became more and more self-sufficient. Had not the cost of educating the native girls been high, their entire support might have been covered.

Finally Sister Elizabeth Ann had her duck pond enlarged a bit and stocked it with fish. She doesn't know what these fish would be called in English—some kind of Chinese fish that the natives raise in ponds. In China manure is dumped into the water to encourage growth among the small organisms which fish eat, and the fish thrive there mightily. The Sisters used to hire an old woman to pick up buffalo manure in a basket and dump it into the pond at intervals. Fine fat fish could be scooped up with a net and sold or used for food.

This fish venture was the last link in the series of enterprises to make the Sisters completely self-supporting, and Sister Elizabeth Ann took great pride and interest in it. Every morning after breakfast the small dynamic

figure made the rounds of the two acre farm; the vegetable garden, the fruit trees, the pigs, the turkeys, the chickens. All were healthy and thriving with good care; greenness and growth and high fertility were everywhere in the dawn freshness under the morning sun. She always finished up at the pond, watching the antics of the busy ducks, and the darting, thriving fish. It was just coming into full production when the Reds took over the compound and put Sisters and priests in prison.

All is changed now. The native nuns move about secretly, keeping the Faith alive among the people, as do many of the students from the seminary, now ordained priests. Some suffer in Red prisons. Some have been martyred. It was not a very long time—twenty-eight years—in which to make a foundation and sow a seed, but there was happiness in the work itself.

During the months before her release and exile to America, Sister Elizabeth Ann prayed much for those boys and girls. But when she slept, she dreamed often of her farm. Most often, and with the biggest ache in her heart, of the fish pond and those fat, darting fish in the clear water. It never occurred to her that she had taken the figures and the plans of some hundreds of agricultural experts and population planners, and had knocked them neatly into the limbo of the meaningless. That was only an unnoticed by-product of those years of amazing fruitfulness.

The Chaperone

Pen Pal Column conducted
By AUNT LUISA



Dear Family,

Gee, I'm as happy and almost as excited as you are, what with the family's "big day" just a few days away!!! Did everyone of you, guys and gals receive an invitation to our affair? I wonder if those of you who have gone home to the provinces and have only left me your school and city addresses, have received your invitations by now. . . . to the members who haven't, we would like you to know that you are cordially invited to our whole day excursion at Ja-Le beach on May 3; that we will miss you terribly if you don't join us in our family's summer affair. You see, quite a number of you who have changed your addresses, have failed to notify me about it. The letters addressed to your former places are always returned. Here's hoping nobody side-steps the affair this time!!!

I'm so glad many of you people are really taking my lend-a-helping-hand advice seriously. Why, Alice B-114, writes that she is a baby-sitter, storekeeper, and household manager everyday. . . result — she

sleeps like a log at night! Who was it who confided to me that her family eats fried chicken cooked a la Max's Fried chicken way, now that she is the uncrowned queen of the kitchen.

Say kids, don't limit the "jurisdiction" of your helping hands to just within the four walls of your home. . . extend them to your parish priest. I simply can not understand why so many young people dislike to help in parish activities but when it comes to hustling up for a born dance, for a cruise, or selling tickets for those useless beauty contests, boy, they unquestionably deserve an "A" rating in cooperation. Do help your parish priest specially during these out-of-school days when you have plenty of free time at your disposal.

By now, you must be quite familiar with the faces of the Chaperone's visiting "Romeos", who are busily going around meeting Chaperone members personally. Believe it or not, the "omnipresent" threesome, Adolfo V-111 — Mike G-101 — Ernie P-100, have gone as far as San Fernando, Pampanga, to visit the club mem-

bers there. The trio raided Pam-pango just in time for the graduation exercises of Ely J-107 (valedictorian) Carmen C-116 (salutatorian) and Frida de L-113 (first honorable mention) who invited them. Boy, the fun they had, when afterwards they held a welcome pow-wow at Frida's palatial home. Of course, these "flying voters" as they have been dubbed by their friends, met the parents, brothers, sisters, uncles, etc. of the girls. Ah these Kids, before we know it, they will be storming the Visayan islands too!

By the way, next time you write to me, please address your letters to P.O. Box 150. The postman will be running after me pretty soon if you keep on addressing your letters to me the old way.

Well... let's "call the roll."

Via air mail, came a letter from Fidenciano C-122, who is completely sold on the Chaperone family idea. A very zealous legionary like his pal Mags S-100, Fidenciano is a sophomore hi-boy at the Rizal Memorial College in Davao city.

Dark eyed, medium or should we rather say, with that sigh-provoking height of 5'1-3/4 is Lety I-100, who is the librarian in the Balatoc Mining Company owned library. Vital statistics; Age— 20, School-graduate of Holy Ghost College, hobbies—reading, letter-writing.

Another recruit of Mags S-100 is Trinidad G-109. Don't be fooled by the she—sounding name, kids, he is a "he". Trinidad studies at the Holy Cross of Tagum and is a basketball and ping-pong enthusiast. How ab-

out telling us some more about wonderful you, eh Trining?

All things that make a teen-ager click... A-I sport fan, an up and coming writer, a Farley Granger "disciple"... are found in Albina P-109. Albina who was a co-staff member of Ely-107 and Carmen C-116, simply hates all types of "airy" guys and not-even-fit-for-the-jungle clothes.

Here is a girl who ought to get a medal and trophy awarded to players during the NCAA season. Lita V-113, believe it or not, "majors" in biking and "minors" in skating and badminton. She would gladly sit it out with the Blue Eagles in the cellar than change colors, she sez.

Adolfo V-111 enrolled four more femmes from the Assumption Academy.

Lilia C-123, whose sweet smiles just melts the heart like a chocolate candy under the midday sun, intends to take up pharmacy in PWU this year.

Ciony S-115 who also bowed out from high school last March, dreams of doing her bit for "book-worms" all over the islands by taking Optometry... likes La Salle, Richard Greene, and oh, anything that sports the green color!

Hats off to the future Alice Markova of the family. Besides ballet, Nida A-121 plays the piano—and how!

Here's an eye-catcher, Doushka P-110. Doushka completes the "Big 8" gang of Assumption Academy.

How about telling us some more about yourselves, eh girls?

*The Magna Carta . . . nothing
but a confirmation of existing customs*

Runnymede—What Led To It

by J. Areilla, S.J.

Hatred, ambition, greed, unbridled lust for power sharpened into cruelty by the steady decline of the English provinces beyond the Channel sparked a series of chain reactions which culminated in the "Rebellion of the Rich," and which ended only in the signing of a written agreement, the *Magna Carta*. John was king of England, one of the worst that ever sat on her throne. Pronounced by some as a megalomaniac, his name will not die but will live on as a lesson for men to learn by.

1205—Archbishop Hubert of Canterbury, Primate of England is dead, and there is none to succeed him. John strives to thrust in his nominee; the monks of Canterbury in secret elect theirs. But Innocent III withholds assent, and instead consecrates one Stephen Langton, a learned theologian and scholar. No sooner is official word of the appointment received than John flies into a rage — his plans are foiled, his wrath knows no bounds. Persistence in John's refusal to acknowledge the Pope's candidate forces Innocent to announce his intention of laying England under an interdict. The bishops deputized to make this announcement

to the king implore him on their knees and with tears in their eyes to receive Langton into England. "Only dare publish an interdict," shouts John, "and I will make over every bishop and priest to the Pope and take their goods and chattel for myself."

The interdict is published and a shadow spreads over England. The churches are closed, no bells are rung, no services in public performed. The administration of the sacraments, save baptism, penance and marriage, is suspended. Sermons are preached in the graveyards; baptisms, confessions, marriages are administered in front of the church, or, in bad weather, on the porch of the church. Bodies of the dead are decreed to remain unblest till the revocation of the interdict.

Nor is the king idle: swift and terrible is the revenge. Clerical lands are seized, bishops are forced to flee (only four remaining and submitting to John). Sheriffs are ordered to seize the property of every man who obeyed the papal sentence; priests executed and sometimes crucified. Oppressive taxation, cruel enforcement of forest laws, confiscations

weigh heavily on people high and low.

Meantime France is watching closely. Philip Augustus, the French king, is a seasoned politician, practical-minded, whose ambition is to drive the English from the continent, thus consolidating his own power in France. Ever on the look-out for a *casus belli*, the slightest provocation will find him ready to exchange blows with John.

Among other things, two baronial families, the Angoulemes and the Lusignans, claimed a certain countship. Each had a strong following, each was ready to fight for its rights. Philip, in his capacity as feudal lord and king, determined that the rival claims should be decided in his presence. Acting independently, however, the two parties settle their difficulties by arranging that Isabelle, the Angouleme heiress, should marry Hugh of Lusignan; in this way, the countship would revert to the Lusignans. But John, who was duke of Normandy besides being king of England, took advantage of the situation. Quickly and quietly, he married Isabelle. War broke out, John on the one side, the Lusignans on the other, the latter demanding the intervention of Philip. A truce was agreed upon; it was arranged that the dispute should be tried in the presence of the French king and his court. But John refused to appear before Philip. Declared guilty of felony, he was deprived of his continental fiefs in favor of his nephew Arthur, apparently the true heir to the English crown. A second major war followed; and in

this war Philip won. Normandy, Anjou, Gascony, Touraine, Maine — practically all the English possessions in the continent went to Philip. And in two years' time, the French king achieved his dreams of driving the English from France.

The loss of Normandy worked both ways. The more John needed revenue to defend his declining heritage, the more shrunken were the taxable areas remaining to provide that revenue. Hence, he had to raise every penny he could to increase the income of the still remaining territory. And so, once again, the higher feudal lords, including the clergy, found themselves with an unbearable burden imposed upon them.

John now makes a last attempt to recover his former provinces. A battle is fought near the town called Bovines, but the English forces are badly routed. Known in history as the Battle of Bovines, this victory secured to the French king the permanent dominion over Normandy and the other English possessions in France, with but a small portion of Southern France left to John and his successors.

The effect on England is electric. The bishops and barons have long sought for a constitutional safeguard against the mounting tyranny of the king, and the disaster of Bovines is the spark that ignites the flame. Supported by Archbishop Langton, the nobility rise. They demand guarantees from the king that they suffer this exorbitant taxation no longer. But then, if the king cannot levy the tax, neither can they hope to

fight the French, and so, they would lose all their continental possessions forever.

NOVEMBER 4, 1214 — the nobles meet the king at a place called Bury St. Edmunds. They refuse to pay the tax and threaten to withdraw allegiance from John, unless he would confirm their rights and liberties by charter. They swear to present their demands to the king again soon after Christmas; meantime, they are to prepare for war. From then on, events moved faster.

NOVEMBER 21 — John tried to win over his ecclesiastical opponents by issuing a charter to the Church in which he promised freedom of election.

JANUARY 6, 1215, *FEAST OF THE EPIPHANY* — the barons put before the king general demands that a charter be issued incorporating administrative reforms. They were by now more eager for war, although the Archbishop and the earl of Pembroke were seeking to avoid war. Through these two men, the king obtained a truce till Easter.

JANUARY 15 (a week later) — John reissued the charter to the Church, ordered his sheriffs to take oaths of allegiance to his person (possibly a precautionary measure). Both sides appealed to the pope.

EASTER WEEK, *END OF THE TRUCE* — the barons again meet, this time at Stanford, to force the charter from the king. Contemporary records emphasize the fact that the backbone of resistance was a group of northern barons. It must be re-

membered, however, that the king had enemies everywhere, thanks to his genius for alienating people around him. On the other hand, he also had certain supporters among the greatest barons of the land.

Meantime, the archbishop had created a situation which he could no longer control. War was inevitable; the king was as stubborn as usual, determined not to give way unless forced.

MAY 5 — the barons renounced their oath of allegiance to the king and chose a certain Robert Fitz Walker as their new leader. The title he took, "Marshal of the Army of God and Holy Church," emphasizes the righteousness of their cause.

MAY 9 — the king issued a charter to London, granting the privileges of an annually elected mayor. This came too late to win him support. Besides Fitz Walker was lord of Baynard's castle on the outskirts of London, and so, dominated city politics.

MAY 10 — the king offered in vain to submit his quarrel with the barons to arbitration. They enter London, easily quelling opposition. Only then did the king realize he had to come to terms.

On JUNE 15, 1215, King John met the nobility and the clergy at Runnymede, a town east of London. The barons came with a document which survives as the *Articles of the Barons*. It was signed and sealed on the first day of the council, and became the basis for further discussion. The more elaborate charter which the conference produced, con-

tained amendments from both sides. This was the *MAGNA CARTA*.

Estimates have varied as to the true character of the *Magna Carta* and in many cases its importance has been vastly exaggerated. As a matter of fact, it was nothing but a confirmation of existing customs, particularly desired as a safeguard against the exceptional and irregular increase of burdens due to the extremities to which John was reduced. And so, after all allowance has been made for the mistakes due to cen-

turies of indiscriminating admiration, the charter remains as an impressive example of what perhaps is a united and national capacity of resistance to arbitrary government. Drawn up long before the so-called reformation, it is worth nothing that this blow for freedom — such in effect was the Rebellion of the Rich — was struck, not by Protestants or infidels, but by Catholics; and that, not in the "glorious age of enlightenment," but in the supposed darkness and ignorance of the Middle Ages.

THREE LITTLE DROPS

Look . . . !

*Three little drops of water
Drip into a pool of wine;
The scarlet sea winks welcome*

Then . . . !

*In the timeless silence
Of a universe at hush;
Angelic legions hover
In anticipation — tense.*

Hark . . . !

*Priestly lips are trembling
Words of might and power;
Heaven's Lord Himself is hast'ning
To the summons of a whisper.*

Now . . . !

*The scarlet Blood of Christ
Brimms the hollow cup;
And lost in the throbbing purple —
Three little drops of men!*

Gregorio Binuya, Jr.

THINKING WITH GOD

Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J.

We beseech You O Lord that the power of the Holy Ghost may be with us so that He may mercifully cleanse our hearts and may protect us from all dangers.—Collect for Pentecost Tuesday:

We beseech You, O Lord—

humbly, as did the Apostles awaiting the first Pentecost...

confidently, as did the Disciples gathered with them...

ferently, as did the group that later Peter won over to Christ by His first sermon...

That the power of the Holy Spirit may be with us—

that power which overshadowed Mary and made her a virgin-mother...

that power which came upon Christ at His baptism in the Jordan...

that power which came so frequently and so visibly upon the early Christians...

that power which is almighty and which none can defy...

So that He may mercifully cleanse our hearts—

cleanse them, of course, from all serious sin...

cleanse them from lesser sins and frailties...

cleanse them from the evil effects sin has left in us...

cleanse them from tendencies which would lead us into sin...

cleanse our hearts—

washing them white in the blood of the Lamb...

adorning them with the sevenfold gifts of the Spirit...

making them somewhat fit to be His living temples...

And may protect us from all dangers—

He alone loves us with an infinite love...

He alone is wise enough and far-seeing enough to guard us against them all...

He alone is powerful enough to make us safe against them all...

And may protect us from all dangers—

dangers of soul and of body...

dangers from within and from without...

dangers from men and dangers from devils...
 dangers that would hurt us only in time...
 dangers that would ruin us for eternity...

Dear Lord Jesus You have promised us the assistance of the Holy Spirit and we know He is always with us. Thanks for His protection in the past and for the assurance that it shall continue to the end. Just give me a livelier faith to be more intimately conscious of His presence, and a greater eagerness to allow Him to do the work He wants to do in my soul.

I GATHER A BOUQUET

Each time I say my rosary,
 I gather a bouquet,
 For every bead's a flower,
 A little prayer I say.

I start out with the Creed;
 My loving faith it shows.
 It blooms in my life's garden
 Just like a big red rose.

I see a lovely flower;
 'Tis called the dear Lord's prayer.
 I pluck it, oh, so gently,
 With great and wondrous care.

And then I choose ten Aves,
 The fairest of them all;
 For they are ten white lilies,
 So pure and straight and tall.

And now I add a Gloria,
 A fern that's fresh and green.
 How my bouquet is growing!
 The finest ever seen!

And while my beads I'am counting
 I'm pond'ring o'er the thing
 That happened to the Mother
 Of Christ, the King of Kings.

Lo, there amongst my flowers,
 I find these same good thoughts
 Are turning into blossoms,
 Small blue forget-me-nots.

I gather up these blossoms,
 So tiny and so sweet,
 And place them with the others.
 My bouquet is now complete!

I kneel at Mary's altar;
 "Hail, Holy Queen!" I say
 And offer her a tribute,
 My rosary bouquet.

*Cyrella J. Mansmann
 (Adapted from the
 Messenger of the
 Sacred Heart)*

Claude Debussy—The Master Impressionist

by Rose Marie Inigo

From The Orion

A contemporary once described Debussy as "à musician of genius, who has the forehead of a Pekinese dog, a horror of his neighbor, a fiery glance and a slightly husky voice" Not a very attractive or sociable man, one might say. But this can only assure us that Claude Debussy was extraordinary even down to the unimportant externals. He was a man of genius—one of the greatest of a century which teemed with geniuses. Although he was too strong an individual to found a school, he is considered the founder of the so-called "impressionism" in music. He gave it a form, a language, and a spirit, and he endowed it with most of its finest works. To French music in general he provided an impetus which had been sadly lacking for many years; he released it from the excessive romanticism and cloying sentimentalism which had predominated it, and bequeathed it a style with the character of the French. For this alone, Debussy may be called the liberator of French music.

If he had a bulging forehead, then it was simply the outward evidence of a powerful intellect. If he had a

horror of his neighbour, it was merely one of the phases of his solitary nature. The obvious and the hackneyed repelled him; he was drawn instead to the internal and the hidden. There lay the inspiration for his impressionistic art. If he had a fiery glance, so too, did he have stubborn courage. His was a soul in rebellion and he needed a certain obstinacy and disdain of his inferiors if he was to achieve his revolutionary ends.

This is the man who gave to the world that wonderful little lyric "Clair de lune". Although very often played as a piece in itself, this composition is in reality only one of the movements of the four-movement "Suite Bergamasque". Debussy was very sensitive to suggestion and successful in translating the emotions aroused in him into music. There is a certain part in the "Clair de lune" movement which becomes very intangible and atmospheric, suggesting the shimmer of moonlight on a hot summer night. Surely, no person less than a genius could obtain such a richness of effect.

In his opera "Pelleas and Meli-

sonde", Debussy succeeded in carrying out the ideal which another great composer set up but never fully realized himself: that is, the perfect union of poetic text, dramatic actions and music. In "Pelleas and Melisande" the music moves hand in hand with the drama.

Although he wrote an opera, a ballet and some songs, much of Debussy's best music is written for the pianoforte, but it requires an advanced technique for performance and most specially, for interpretation. This is a fact often overlooked by ambitious young musicians.

In his early youth Debussy came under the influence of those great Russian composers of the nineteenth century who had achieved an almost

complete isolation from the leading influences of the day. But Debussy's most potent early influences came from the sister art of painting, where a group of men known as the impressionists sought to interpret not so much the direct or photographic representation of an object as the impression which it left upon them. Yet, all these influences did not lessen Debussy's originality. His music was thoroughly French and very much his own.

Wherever the fairy-like tones of "Clair de lune" are sounded on the pianoforte, whenever "Pelleas and Melisande" is performed behind the footlights, Claude Debussy lives again through his music.

THE TRUCE OF GOD

In the days of chivalry it was a matter of excommunication to fight on certain holydays. This dictum of the Church was an affirmation of one of the nobler laws of chivalry. The sanctification of Sunday gave direct rise to the action of the councils for it was always agreed upon not to fight on that date. The Council of Elne, in 1207, forbade hostilities from Saturday night to Monday morning. Later, it was forbidden to fight on Thursday, Fridays or Saturdays. Still later Advent and Lent were named as times when Christians might not engage in battle.

The first Truce of God was proclaimed in 1031 by the Council of Limoges at the instigation of Abbot Odoric and threatened with excommunication those lords who refused to live up to it. Coordinate with the proclamation of the Truce, was the successful attempt on the part of the clergy to make use of the chivalric laws that insisted upon protection of women, children, the weak and dependent. Christians under arms were required to observe the laws of chivalry and at the same time the protection of the Church was added to the list.

The Catholic Worker

Beacons of Brotherhood: The Four Chaplains

by **Booten Herndon**

*From Catholic Digest
(Condensed from American Weekly)
(Courtesy of USIS)*



Today, in at least three nations, veterans and civilian victims of World War II are being helped toward rehabilitation through Four Chaplains Memorial, Incorporated — an organization honoring the memories of four heroic Americans who gave their lives that others might live.

The story of the four chaplains dates back to February 3, 1943, when an enemy torpedo hit the S.S. *Dorchester*, an American merchant ship being used to transport troops and civilian personnel across the Atlantic. The sudden explosion sent men and officers milling over the slanting deck of the *Dorchester*, bewildered and terrified. In the momentary confusion, four men emerged — four chaplains prepared, through lives of self-sacrifice and devotion, for such a crisis.

The four men were a Jewish rabbi, a Catholic priest, and two Protestant ministers — Alex Goode, John A. Washington, George L. Fox, and Clark V. Poling. All young, hearty, friend-

ly men, they bolstered the courage of their companions by handing out words of comfort along with the lifebelts which would keep them afloat in the choppy sea. Then, when the supply of lifebelts was exhausted, the four chaplains gave their own away. As the ship sank into the surging water, the last view the survivors had was of four men kneeling together on a slanting deck, four men of God who died as they had lived.

The story of the four chaplains spread throughout the United States and was retold in many languages, in many other nations. Its drama, its heroism, its self-sacrifice as embodied in the religious ideal, appealed to the imagination of people everywhere and soon movements were afoot to keep alive the memories of the gallant men.

In Italy, a little boy, robbed of both eyesight and hands in World War II by an exploding bomb, is learning to read, seeing the beauties of life through the printed word.

He follows raised letters with his lips and tongue. His education is made possible through the Four Chaplains Memorial.

In Paris, a disabled veteran in a rehabilitation center finds a few moments of relaxation with an American cigarette and a magazine in a warm, tastefully decorated room. This bit of luxurious pleasure is his through the French branch of the Four Chaplains Memorial.

In New York City a veteran who lost both legs learns to use his artificial limbs while buoyed up by the warmed water of a swimming pool, built through contributions to the Four Chaplains Memorial.

Over these three individuals in France, Italy, and the United States, flies the flag of the four chaplains. Funds raised in their name are being spent constantly to help others — the way in which the four men surely would want such money spent. However, the chaplains doubtless would be amazed if they could know the tremendous sums of money people everywhere have contributed in their memory. Because, for all their heartiness and cheer, for all their quiet calm and courage, these four of heart were humble men.

George Fox, one of the ministers, served as a first-aid man in World War I. He was wounded and decorated for heroism. After the war he was a successful public accountant, a husband and father. Then he became a minister. He was over 40 when he left his quiet little Methodist Church in the northeastern State of Vermont to return to the battlefield.

There was Alex Goode, the Jewish Rabbi. As a high-school student he walked the 15 miles from his home in Washington, D.C., to the dedication of the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington National Cemetery where America's War dead are buried. Alex was handsome and athletic, brilliant and talented. He was always proud of his country, grateful that he was privileged to grow up in a democracy where a Jewish boy could be the most popular member of his school class.

John P. Washington, the priest, was another humble but happy man. From the time he was a little boy — a poor little boy with holes in the knees of his stockings — Johnny worked hard but he never stopped smiling nor believing that life was a wonderful adventure.

Clark Poling, the other minister, was eighth of an unbroken line of ministers. His father is Dr. Daniel A. Poling, a distinguished Baptist minister in New York City well-known for his participation in religious and charitable work. Clark started preaching about peace and brotherhood in his youth and had no other desire than to enter the ministry.

Those were the four chaplains. Their spirit must have been near on the evening Mrs. Daisee B. Haberman looked out of the window of her apartment house in New York City and saw the disabled veterans from the veterans hospital near by. They were being taken by autobus to the swimming pool in a neighborhood school. Mrs. Haberman, president of the New York department

of the Jewish War Veterans auxiliary, watched the disabled being helped into the waiting vehicles. She knew that water therapy is of value to many types of sufferers, and upon inquiry learned that the hospital next door had neither a swimming pool nor the funds to build one. Mrs. Haberman was stunned by the amount of money needed for such a project but called on her friend Irving Geist, to see if something could be done to provide such a facility.

Geist was a New York businessman who had retired from business to devote all his time to various wartime activities. Becoming interested in the swimming pool project, he persuaded a number of his friends to contribute \$1,000 apiece, and found a contractor to build the pool at a loss. A New York newspaper, the *Daily Mirror*, publicized the project and 40,000 of its readers sent in contributions. One morning Geist told the producer of the radio show featuring the popular singer Kate Smith about the Four Chaplains pool. Miss Smith told the story on the radio. Within a few weeks people who had heard the story on the air had sent in contributions ranging from one cent to \$1,000. Geist cut short his vocation to form a staff to acknowledge contributions and count the money, which totaled \$110,000.

The swimming pool for the veterans was dedicated in July 1947, and Geist commissioned a group of artists to design a flag to fly over the pool. Later President Truman authorized that the design of the flag be used

for a special edition of postage stamps. Geist, invited to Rome to be made a member of the Knights of Malta, learned there of the work being done by the Victor Emmanuel Home for Disabled Children and by the free children's clinic. Geist investigated both institutions, then organized the Rome branch of the Four Chaplains Memorial of Rome, Italy, Incorporated, to donate funds to them.

Later, in Paris, Irving Geist met General de Lattre de Tassigny, president of a society for rehabilitation of disabled French veterans which needed aid. Next day Geist called up some of his friends in Paris, solicited \$1,000 from each, and organized the Four Chaplains Memorial of France, Incorporated. The New organization also contributes to a home for veterans.

But what of the American soldiers for whom the four chaplains died? Still, nine years after their death, the four men are helping others. There was the soldier, a former football player, whose heart failed in combat. He was taken to the United States in critical condition, and, in hospital, was not permitted to make any unnecessary movement. As the years went by, he lay in bed, entirely helpless, and became dangerously overweight. Finally he talked someone into letting him lie in the water. His hospital bed was rolled down the specially built ramp into the pool. He lay there, partially buoyed up by the water, making a few simple motions. Slowly, gradually, he brought unused muscles back into

play. Now he has a semi-active hospital job, and his weight is down.

Swimming and floating in water, wearing inflated swimming trunks, may be helpful to certain patients disabled by multiple sclerosis. The gently supported movements in water sometimes help restore muscles, although this is no treatment for multiple sclerosis itself. Mrs. Haberman was at the hospital recently. One boy, a sufferer from multiple sclerosis, was standing in the pool. He waved to her. "Look," he shouted. Then

he walked, painfully but steadily, up the ramp of the pool and stood before her.

"I did that for you, Mrs. Haberman," he said, "for you and the Four Chaplains."

So the memory of these gallant men lives on. Every day, in France, Italy, or the United States, some victim of World War II finds a reason to be grateful to the four chaplains, the men who, through dying, helped others to live.

FULL CIRCLE

At five, a lad named Reggie Brooks
Was quite content with picture books.

At six, in school, his mind was stirred
To recognize the printed word.

At twelve, quite young, he undertook
Courageously to read a book.

At nineteen, Reggie finished college
With quite a bit of stored up knowledge.

At twenty-one, his state is this:
He's back in childhood's aimless bliss.

For now this educated Brooks
Again reads none but picture books,

Like *Life* and *Look* and *Pic* and *See*,
His mind content with atrophy.

L. F. Hyland

From The Ligourian

"Killer Amy" Blows In

by Antonio Rosales

She had completely passed out of our memory since her impressive visit last December 9, 1951 when she blew in again a few days ago, this time across our desk. And we knew her as the unforgettable Typhoon "Killer Amy" whom we had thought had also been completely forgotten by others.

But we found out that we were mistaken for there were those who still remember the destructiveness with which Typhoon Amy swept across the Archipelago. And the people most likely to remember were those who suffered most during its passage, especially the little known municipality of Guiuan in Samar Island. More striking still was the fact that Typhoon Amy had received greater publicity in the States than in our papers. Perhaps it is because typhoons are so common in our islands that it would be ridiculous to even show a sign of surprise whenever we hear of it. But then, too, perhaps it is because we were not the sufferers, and, therefore, we remembered it least.

A young nun, Sister Maria Constanca Peño, told the story of Typhoon Amy's destructiveness when it struck the municipality of Guiuan where she was teaching at the time. Her story reached the States where

Associated Press and the United Press, the two greatest news agencies in the world, flashed it across the continent to 1,773 newspapers in the United States, through the 2,287 broadcasting stations and the 107 television stations in the U.S.A.

Describing the typhoon the young nun said, "The sight of the debris is very sickening—it can drive you crazy if you don't stop thinking about it. . . Guiuan is now like Manila after the liberation—all in ruins. It is hard to describe in words. . .

"Ninety-five percent of the houses were carried into the Pacific by the angry waves or crushed down in total ruin. All our eight big Quonset huts which the U.S. Army left in 1945 were totally destroyed. . . not a post standing.

"Men, women, children and babies were there—crying, shouting, praying, moaning with pain on account of the windows and doors of the church being blown down and hitting people. Broken window glasses flew over our heads."

Torrential rains and a 135-mile-an-hour wind filled the church with a thick fog, although it was daylight, she said, adding:

"That time was the crisis—from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. We couldn't see each other because of the fog, and

nothing could be heard but the roaring of the winds and the cries of pain.

"I thought it was the end for everyone. Each one was just waiting for his death. So was I. But I really did not get scared. . . I was willing to die. I was waiting for the walls of the church to crumble over us, and then we could have passed into eternity. Wouldn't that be a nice death?"

At the height of the typhoon the parish priest gave the blessed Sacrament to the huddled throng. . .

"And after that there was silence from the crowd, but the winds roared on.

"Groups of people were blown away. I myself was blown and dragged off by the winds from the sanctuary to the sacristy. I tried hard to return near the altar, but the winds seemed to have pasted me to the sacristy wall. We were all wet for hours and hours."

When the storm subsided, the survivors emerged to find their homes destroyed, many relatives dead beneath the wreckage or swept out to sea. Noting with a sore heart that "among the casualties were many of our 1,600 students," Sister Maria Constancia wrote:

"We have to begin from scrap again."

The Very Rev. Ulric Arcand, apostolic missionary of the Philippine rehabilitation offices in St. Paul, Minnesota, made public the nun's letter in the hope that badly needed contributions would be forthcoming to aid the sufferers. The overall damage was estimated at \$100,000,000. Typhoon Amy also left 1,126 dead, 420,395 homeless. It would be eight or nine months from the time of the destruction before the crops will have fully recovered.

Typhoon "Killer Army" has left only corpses, ruins, misery and a desperate people. Thousands of homeless families now eat only one meal a day. . . Help is very urgently needed in cash and in kind. Needless to say the situation is getting worse with each passing day. . . Very likely many will perish due to exposure to the elements, hunger, disease and may be epidemics of dysentery, or even the dreaded cholera."

Relief in kind and in cash could be divided between Bishop Acebedo of Samar, Archbishop Rosales of Cebu, and Mather Superior General of the R.V.M. Sisters, 430 España, Sampaloc, Manila.

A young curate in a cathedral parish was to deliver his first sermon and had to read it to his bishop. The bishop heard him in a stony silence. At the conclusion the curate, trembling, asked: "Will that do?"

The bishop stared at him under bushy brows. "Do what?" he asked.

— The Sign

THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

by M. U. Llamas



FOREWORD

Religious life is the surest and most efficacious road to approach God and thus obtain the salvation of our souls. However, as stated in the 'Following of Christ' not all are in a position to leave the world and enclose themselves in a cloister. Many would be willing to do so but cannot very well sever their connection with the life of the world. Their obligations and commitments in life are of such nature as to bind them to their state in life by the inevitable design of Divine Providence. Should these persons be deprived of the plenitude of life, of the works and merits which religious life would have provided them? Is there a way so that these persons living in the world may participate in and share with the benefits which the religious life provides? If so, would it be compatible with secular life?

There was a man who had this serious problem before him and studied it. He found a solution in the affirmative. Needless to state who that man was: It was St. Francis of Assisi. His attractive personality,

his enchantment and ascendency were of such immensity as to attract all who had been in contact with him. All desired to share with his mode of life and the insistent demand of these men who became his disciples more than his own will, was the dominant factor which induced St. Francis to establish two religious orders: one for men and another for women or the Order of Friars' Minor and the Order of Poor Clares. But yet there were numerous persons who joined by the sacred bond with a spouse, with sons, and those dedicated to the cure of souls or to public office who were likewise eager to embrace and follow his mode of life. Would they be deprived of this renewal of divine life in the church of Christ by her action? St. Francis did not believe so. He believed that these familiar and social obligations being of providential source and hence designed by God, should not contradict to their desire for sanctification. He thought that there should be a way to conciliate these apparent conflicts of divine desire and these two phases of an identical di-

vine will. Thanks to the purity of his faith and his clear mind he conceived that persons living in the world who were desirous of embracing a truly religious life might do so without the necessity of imposing upon them a community life with other religious persons under vows. Hence, the realization of the inspired ideal of our Father St. Francis—the Third Order of Penance or the Third Order Secular of St. Francis.

By way of clarification for those who may not as yet know what the Third Order Secular of St. Francis is, it should be stated that it is a religious order in the true canonical sense of the word, instituted by St. Francis of Assisi for lay people living in the world and occupied with the daily tasks of life, yet aspiring to a more Christian life. The Third Order Secular, thru its Rule of Life, offers an opportunity for the realization of those ideals which prompt them to seek a full Christian life in the midst of the world. As an order, it has been solemnly recognized by Supreme Pontiffs specially by Pope Benedict XIII and more recently by the reformer of its Rule, Leo. XIII who, upon being asked on the matter, replied that he had not modified its intimate and substantial nature as Third Order and that he had left it undisturbed as an Order (July 7, 1883 to the Ministers General of the Order).

THE DRAWING UP OF THE THIRD ORDER RULE

With the passage of the Order of

Friars Minor throughout the subsequent centuries, the Third Order of Penance of St. Francis likewise developed to such a state of life that thousands of people from every age and walk of life flocked and asked to join their ranks. Evidently, there was need to check or lead this movement into proper channels. Hence, the drawing up of the Rule of the Third Order which consisted only in obedience to God and to His church, in avoiding factions and quarrels and in no way defrauding one's neighbor. The members were to take arms only for the defense of religion and country; to be moderate in food and in clothing; to shun luxury; and to abstain from the dangerous seduction of dances and plays. Such was the simple rule of life which St. Francis, counseled by his friend Cardinal Ugolino drew up for his Third Order, and according to which persons living in the world practised his ideals of Christian perfection.

As time passed by, other rules were discovered by research. One of these dates from the year 1221. This rule was discovered by Paul Sabatier in the Franciscan Friary of Capistrano in the Abruzzi, Italy. Hence, it is known as the Capistrano rule. That same year St. Francis came to Poggibonzi, a town near Florence, Italy. There he met one Lucius, or Lucchese, a friend of his boyhood days, then a prosperous merchant. He was a man of singular virtue, and, having heard how St. Francis had founded an order for seculars at Florence, he asked

to be admitted therein. St. Francis gladly granted his request and vested him and his wife, Bonadona, with the habit of the Third Order. These two are commonly regarded as the first Tertiaries. About the same time, a certain lawyer of the Roman Curia, by the name of Bartholomew, was clothed with the Tertiary habit and granted faculties to vest others thereby becoming the first Third Order director.

During the thirteenth century, the members of the Third Order, which had spread in Europe followed different rules and stood more or less under episcopal jurisdiction. In 1289, however, Pope Nicholas IV desiring to unite these scattered fraternities so as to make them a more powerful force in the Church, gave them a uniform and definite rule and placed them once and for all under the jurisdiction of the Order of Friars Minor.

In 1883 Pope Leo XIII himself a tertiary infused a new life and vigor into the Third Order by publishing its constitution 'Misericors Dei Filius'. The illustrious Pontiff knowing what the Third Order had meant to the masses in the past centuries and that due to Protestant Reformation with its wars and revolutions, nations were gradually drifting into indifferentism and infidelity in the nineteenth century, believed that the best means to bring the nations to God was the Third Order of St. Francis. Accordingly, he issued the famous constitution in which he revised, and modi-

fied the rule of the Third Order with a special view to the conditions and needs of modern times. He also granted new and richer favors, indulgences and privileges to those who would join the Third Order.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT ON THE THREE KNOWN RULES OF THE THIRD ORDER

The Capistrano Rule

As already stated above there are three known rules of the Third Order secular of St. Francis: the rule of 1221 otherwise known as the Capistrano Rule, the Nicholas Rule of 1289 and the Leanine Rule of 1883. Other rules may have existed but no records are now available of many of them. For our purpose, however, it is sufficient to know which of the three rules known is in force and how they apply to present circumstances of modern life. In passing, it should be stated that the previous rules were rather strict in nature. For instance, in the Capistrano rule, following are some of its provisions, to wit:

"Let the men of this fraternity wear garments of ordinary colorless cloth, the price of which shall not exceed six soldi of Ravenna money per yard.

"Let the sisters wear cloaks and tunics of ordinary cloth of the same price. Let them not wear silk or colored ribbons. It is unlawful to use other than leather purses. Let them not attend shameful entertainments, theaters or dances and let them give nothing to actors and prohibit

that anything be given by their family."

"Let them all abstain from meat on Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays."

Concerning fasts: "Let them fast continually from the feast of St. Martin to Christmas unless dispensed with because of illness."

Our Prayers: "Daily let them all say the seven canonical hours, that is Matinee, Prime, Terce, Sext, None, Vespers and Compline."

THE NICHOLAS RULE

In the Nicholas rule, however, which was promulgated by Pope Nicholas IV, which consolidated the previous Rule of 1221 and other additional provisions which the different Chapters and Visitors have incorporated therein, some of its provisions are the following:

"All who may happen to take upon themselves the observance of this form of life, before the undertaking or their reception, be subjected to a diligent examination on the Catholic faith and their obedience to the aforesaid Church. Solicitous precautions must be taken, however, lest any heretic or one suspected of heresy or even one of ill-repute be in any way admitted to the observance of this life. And if it happens that such a one was found to have been admitted, he should be turned over to the inquisitors as quickly as possible, to be punished for heretical depravity."

"Let the brothers be clothed alike in cloth of low price of a color neither entirely white nor entirely black unless for a legitimate and apparent reason the visitors should, upon the advice of the ministers, temporarily dispense with regard to price. Let them wear cloaks and furred garments. Let the sisters wear also cloaks and tunics of the same common cloth. Let the brothers and sisters not use ribbons or silk cords."

"Let them abstain from meat on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday unless a condition of sickness or weakness would suggest otherwise."

"Let the brothers not bear offensive weapons with themselves unless in the defense of the Roman Catholic, the Christian faith, or their country, or with the permission of the ministers."

It is apparent that the rule which Nicholas IV promulgated in 1289 contained no radical changes. In fact it contained no changes in the content matter of the rule. In what it differed from the previous rules was in the legal arrangement of the precepts which was after the manner of other rules of religious orders. It is an adaptation of the primitive rule with some new additions up to his time as may have been required by the Cannon Law in the latter part of the XIII century.

In the course of time, Popes Innocent XI, XII, XIII and Benedict XIII issued new constitutions and statutes of the Third Order with the purpose

in view of adapting the Tertiary mode of life to the needs of the times. The rule, however, which Nicholas IV had approved in 1289 continued to be in force and at most the numerous statutes which the other Popes had issued were regarded as commentaries and adaptations of the Nicholas rule.

The Leonine Rule

With the advent of the Pontificate of Leo XIII he found the existing rule of the Third Order to be rather antiquated and he believed it to be a hindrance to many who wished to join the ranks of Tertiaries. He was not the only one of that opinion. The Capuchin Friar Reschio believed so likewise and stated that the wording of the then existing rule concerning the manner of dress, the divine office, fasts and amusements may create a wrong impression and attitude in the minds of many people. He suggested a reform in the manner the Nicholas rule was presented.

Whether or not the observation of the Capuchin Friar had influenced Leo XIII to revise the rule is immaterial. The fact is, that Pope Leo XIII realized the need of a revision of the antiquated Nicholas rule. Hence, his famous constitution "Misericors Dei Filius" revising the Third Order rule in what is now known as the "Rule of the Third Order Secular of St. Francis" promulgated on May 30, 1883. This Rule consists of three chapters, the first containing four sections, the second fourteen and the third six.

A brief explanation of this revised

rule of our Order now in force seems to be fitting on this occasion.

CHAPTER I

Reception, Novitiate and Profession

1. *Only those may be received as members who have their fourteenth year, and are of good character, peace-loving and above all of tried fidelity in the practice of the Catholic Faith and in loyalty to the Roman Church and the Apostolic See.*

Only good men and women are desirable members of the Third Order of St. Francis. Its purpose is to sanctify the individual and to regenerate society. The Order, however, welcomes saint and repentant sinner alike. Persons who lead a scandalous or not exemplary life should not be admitted into the Order.

The Order requires that candidates must be more than fourteen years of age as the idea is that "it is good for a man, when he hath borne the yoke from his youth." The Director, however, might admit very old and feeble persons who cannot live up to the requirements of the Order as isolated members, but should not affiliate them with any branch.

Members of religious Orders or Congregations that take vows cannot be Tertiaries. If a Tertiary embraces the religious life, all his Tertiary obligations cease as soon as he takes the vows in the religious Order he has chosen.

It is permitted to pass from one Order to another if good reasons are adduced to warrant such change.

Tertiaries cannot be Dominican and Franciscan Tertiaries at the same time without special permission of the Holy See (Canon 705).

Candidates must be of peaceable disposition. Jealous, self-seeking, gossip and quarrelsome persons are undesirable members of the Order. They must also show exactness in the practice of the Catholic religion.

It should be borne in mind that the Third Order is an order of penance but not a reformatory nor a refuge for wayward souls.

2. *Married women must not be received without the husband's knowledge and consent, unless their confessor judges otherwise.*

The purpose of this rule is self-evident. Peace, harmony and mutual understanding are essential requirements for a well ordered home and family life. The Third Order will not disturb this ideal state of life.

3. *The members shall wear the small scapular and the cord as prescribed; if they do not, they deprive themselves of the rights and privileges of the Order.*

The livery of Tertiaries is their garb, which has always distinguished them. Pope Benedict XIII said, "The Third Order is a real Order since it has a noviceship, a profession of vows, rule and a habit of its own". It is not a mere confraternity or pious society.

In the course of time the garb of the Tertiary has undergone numerous changes. When Luchecius and Bonadonna were admitted by our Father St. Francis, he directed them to wear

a plain garment of grey color which was the dress of the poor peasant of Italy — held by a cord of common knotted rope. This garment was worn always and everywhere as the ordinary dress as the Franciscans wear their brown habit and cowl. Later they were worn only in religious celebrations and assemblies or as a shroud. Both men and women wore a long grey garment that reached to the ankles and was held by a knotted cord from which hung a chain of beads. A block of the same color as the habit completed the dress of the Tertiary. In addition, for a head covering, a black veil was worn by the ladies.

The long habit was, later on, found impractical for men's attire and was officially shortened to a length just below the knees; the women, however, continued to wear the long garment, but discarded the veil and wore a hat of dark color and modest appearance in its stead.

Still further changes came. In view of the general tendency to shorten the habit and to meet popular demand, Pope Julius II ordered that a small scapular about three inches wide, of a dark brown color and sufficiently long to be held by the cord, be substituted for the garments worn until then; and this change gradually led to the small scapular and cord which are to-day worn by Tertiaries and to which all indulgences and privileges attach.

The long Tertiary habit is no longer worn at public gatherings of any kind without the special permission of proper authorities. Tertiaries

may be buried in the habit and this pious custom is growing and is to be commended.

Both scapular and cord must be worn constantly to entitle Tertiaries to all the privileges of the Order and the indulgences. If it is discarded for a day, Tertiaries do not sin but lose all Tertiary blessings for that day. However, to lay away the scapular and cord for a short time during the day or night would not interfere with the gaining of indulgences. At the time of the clothing a name, usually of some Saint or Blessed of the three Orders, is given to the postulant.

4. *All who enter the Order must*

pass the first year in probation; then they shall duly make their profession upon the Rule of the Order, pledging themselves to observe the commandments of God and of the Church and to render satisfaction if they failed against their profession.

The Third Order not being a mere confraternity or society but a real Order it follows in a great measure, the rules laid down by the Church for Religious Orders, i. e., the Tertiary is clothed with the insignia of the Order and begins his novitiate of one year after which he will make his profession of the Rule or promise to live as a faithful Tertiary.

(To be continued)

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The St. Joseph's Missionary Institute is opened to all boys who have vocation to become religious priest in the missionary congregation of the Oblates of St. Joseph. Anyone who has this vocation may ask information or prospectus from the Fr. Rector of St. Joseph's Missionary Institute, San Jose, Batangas.

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MOTION PICTURE GUIDE

I. Classification of newly released pictures

CLASS A

Section I—Morally Unobjectionable for General Patronage

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>Anything Can Happen—Paramount
 Bronco Busters—Univ. Int.
 Eagles in the Afternoon—Warners
 California Conquest—Columbia
 Desert Pursuit—Monogram
 Faithful City, The—R K O
 5 Fingers—20th Century Fox
 Girl in White—M G M
 Hoodlum Empire—Republic
 Lady With a Lamp, The (British)—
 Wilcox Neagle Prod.
 Laromine Mountain—Columbia</p> | <p>Last Musketeer, The—Republic
 My Son John—Paramount
 Night Raiders—Monogram
 Pride of St. Louis, The—20th C. F.
 Rodeo—Monogram
 Sound Off—Columbia
 Stronghold—Lippert Prod.
 Texas City—Monogram
 Trail Guide—R K O
 When in Rome—M G M
 Yank in Indo-China, A—Columbia</p> |
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Section II—Morally Unobjectionable for Adults

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| <p>Aaron Slick from Pumpkin Crick—
 Paramount
 About Face—Warners
 Captain Blood, Fugitive—Columbia
 Desert Passage—R K O
 Flesh and Fury—Univ. Int.
 Leadville Gunslinger—Republic
 Marrying Kind, The—Columbia</p> | <p>My Six Convicts—Columbia
 Pace That Thrills—R K O
 Tale of Five Women, A—United
 Artists
 Valley of the Eagles—Lippert Prod.
 Whispering Smith vs. Scotland Yard—
 R K O
 Young Man With Ideas—M G M</p> |
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CLASS B

Morally Objectionable in Part for All

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| <p>Carrie—Paramount
 Deadline—USA—20th Century Fox
 Dawn Among the Sheltering Palms—
 20th Century Fox</p> | <p>Gypsy Blood—R K O
 One Big Affair—United Artists
 Outcast of the Islands—Lippert Prod.
 Macao—R K O</p> |
|--|--|

Saturday Island—United Artists
Singin' in the Rain—M G M

Thief of Damascus—Columbia
With a Song in My Heart—
20th Century Fox

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CROSS-PONDENCE

(Continued from page A)

More Short Articles

San Fernando, Pampanga

March 30, 1952

Dear Sir:

Your magazine, being the only national monthly, contains many interesting articles of a wide variety. However, I would suggest that there should not be too long articles. It would be more interesting if instead of printing a ten page article it is cut down to five and another one added.

Yours truly,

B. W. Santos

Long articles are not printed as a rule. It is only when we think that it would be more expedient to print it unabridged that we sacrifice a few more pages for its sake. In other cases we always choose the short and interesting ones available at the time.—Ed.

Missing the Cross

Cebu City, Cebu

Dear Sir:

I can afford to miss my pipe, a nap and even my dinner but not so with the CROSS MAG. For reading its valuable articles is like hearing the Holy Gospel preached at SUNDAY Mass which is indispensable to every true and die-hard Christian. So let me repeat, I need not any answer save if the CROSS is no longer in function (GOD SHOULD FORBID) in which case I wish also to be informed to be relieved from mental worry and anxiety.

Sincerely yours,

VICTORINO POLOTAN

TO A BURNT-OUT CANDLE

You lived by dying: slowly go
The drops, until your silver stream
That went to swell this frozen flow
Has swallowed you within its ream!
Now, how cold you are; now, gone
Your flame — But it was duty done.

José Gonzaga

Read A Good Book This Summer

- REBUILDING A LOST FAITH by John L. Stoddard — The biography of an eager soul struggling for the light of Truth and Faith. The substance of this work will arouse the Catholic to a new sense of the beauty of his Faith and will prove invaluable to the non-Catholic in his efforts to obtain a truthful understanding of the Church. P 1.95
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