



WITNESSES TO THE STONING



## *"I'll tell the Cross..."*

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### "GIRLS OF 15" OBLIGES

Sir:

Sta. Cruz, Manila

*In your March issue of "The CROSS" I read about Mr. Salvanera's wish to be a pen-pal. I am very sorry to say I can't comply with his wish for I am not yet allowed to have boy pen pals. Could you please inform him about this? Maybe I could have him for pen pal some years from now.*

Sincerely yours,  
Girl of '15

Ed: So sorry, Mags.

### HOOR HINFLUENCE

Lagao, Cotabato  
Moroland

Sir:

*Hi was so much hinfluenced byc your love por "the Famfangos -- hund the 'hyperbole," that sometimes when joking with some hof my friends hi talk with them hin th's manner. Some hof them get hangry hut me. Hof course, hi hintend:d no hinsult heither.*

Ed: 'Ow hodd!

R. E. O.

### DEES KAFAMFANGANS

Sir:

2821 Herran, Manila

*Your article about the Kapampangans was SAPAK. It made me recall an incident during my High School days.*

*On the first day of class, my physics prof blurted out: "Wheel hew fleas fake half de fishes hub sefer hon da taybel?" (At least that was what I heard.)*

*It took the whole class quite a time figuring out that he meant to say: "Will you please pick up the pieces of paper on the table?"*

(Turn to page 62)

## For Heroes Only



In this life, most of the cheers and prizes go to heroes who perform feats of physical bravery... But there is a spiritual courage that often goes unacclaimed and unrewarded—except in the kingdom of heaven. And many a Medal winner would quit cold if called upon to exercise some forms of spiritual fortitude:

To begin again . . . especially after repeated falls.

To be unselfish . . . even with the ungrateful.

To be considerate . . . when others disregard our feelings.

To profit by mistakes . . . doing penance and gathering self-knowledge, instead of taking refuge in discouragement.

To admit error . . . and to apologize gracefully.

To forgive and forget . . . when tempted to poison the mind with resentment.

To avoid routine . . . using imagination and intelligence lest we take sacred things for granted.

To make the most of little . . . being grateful for occasional joys and utilizing our talents, however modest.

To speak out . . . when silence would support error or minister to injustice.

To be silent . . . when outspokenness would be positive harm or serve no useful purpose.

To be different . . . to go against the crowd when Christ's ideas are flouted.

To say "No!" . . . to all that Christ abhors.

To be faithful to duty . . . in large things and small, whatever the cost.

To be cheerful . . . despite sorrow, failure or disappointment.

To pray for those who have injured us.

To be patient . . . with God, our neighbor and with ourselves.

To shoulder responsibility manfully.

To persevere faithfully to the end.

—Paulist

## OPEN LETTER TO THE MOTHER OF GOD

*Valley of Tears  
Holy Year, 1950*

*Dear Mother of God,*

*We have never written you before. But now we hope you understand.*

*You see, Mother of God, we are afraid. We are afraid of our fellowman. We are afraid of our selves. We are afraid, lest having lost self-control, we would suddenly turn our weapons of destruction against our own selves.*

*This is why our world diplomats and leaders and politicians speak uneasily of "Atom War" and "extermination" and "self-annihilation".*

*Once when our human race was faced with a more horrifying destruction of body and soul because of one man's sin, you, O Mother of God, suddenly appeared in the sky and crushed the serpent's head and thus averted the impending doom.*

*Today what reason then have we to be afraid? Unless we have forgotten that SIN ALONE is the cause of "extermination" and "self-annihilation".*

*But this year, millions of us, your children, will plead with you before your earthly thrones in the city of Rome. God willing, we may also see the dogmatic definition of your Assumption into heaven. Is it not without significance then that our scientists should discover the Hell-Bomb in this, your Holy Year of grace, 1950—so that, perhaps, having lost faith in ourselves, we shall turn to you, O Mother of God?*

*Indeed we should not be afraid. Only men who have no faith in you have reason to be afraid. In your eyes, you would have us dread ONE DELIBERATE VENIAL SIN more than a thousand and one HELL-BOMBS that can destroy only the dust in us, but cannot touch the spirit.*

*If then we fear, it is because we, your children, have forgotten this and have lost faith in you. It is because we have ceased to call on you and to see in you Our Queen and Mother.*

*This month then will be for all of us the month of the "great return"—the month of going back home—to Mother. Grant that it be so.*

*Longingly in Exile,*

*Your Wayward Children*

**"NO FOOTSTEPS COMING OUT"**



*Mao Tze-Tung, Chinese Communist Leader, notices that all the foots on the ground lead into the cave in the background (Moscow), but none lead out.*

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THE CROSS is a Catholic publication issued monthly by THE CROSS MAGAZINE with the permission of the ecclesiastical authorities. Contributions to the Cross are welcome, provided they are in line with the policy and standards adopted by this magazine. All submitted manuscripts must be typewritten in duplicate and accompanied by return postage; otherwise no return will be made in case of rejection. Subscription rates: One year — local: P4.00; foreign: \$3.00. Printed by R. F. GARCTA Publishing Company, 989 Dapitan, Manila. Registered as second class mail matter at the Manila Post Office.



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## Editorial Comment

### **WITNESSES TO THE STONING**

On our cover this month we offer a picture of communists and their satellites stoning the Catholic Church, while standing by approvingly are the biased and the bigots—and, may we add, the indifferentists.

As adroit, clever and skillful as the Communists are in concealing the truth, it will come out despite the best of their efforts. They have channelled all the news regarding the case of Josef Cardinal Mindszenty.

*But recently the US State Department released an affidavit written and signed by a Bulgarian citizen, Michael Shipkov, giving a factual account of the brutal techniques used by the Communists to extract "confessions" from innocent persons. This record brings the whole world closer to the truth behind the trial of Cardinal Mindszenty.*

It should convince any reasonable person, who may still have the slightest doubt, that there is no such thing as justice or a free or fair trial under Soviet Power.

*It should stimulate all decent people to add their voices to the clamor of world opinion against the outrages to truth, justice and human freedom perpetrated against the Catholic Church, against such men as Cardinal Mindszenty, Archbishop Stepinac, Lutheran Bishop Ordass, and the American Robert Vogeler.*

One of the blackest spots of humanity are those who would stand by silent while Communists stone to death such men or the Church they represent,—those who would keep silence while Communists make a mockery of truth, justice and human freedom.

## THE UNFREE "FREE PRESS"

The **Free Press** boasts that it must be true to its name and be **free** to publish any facts or criticisms against anybody. Thus it defends itself for some of its attacks, among others, for the attacks it publishes against the Catholic Church.

*But sometimes we think it prates too much about its freedom. In fact, we suspect that its favorite writers are not free to publish completely true pictures of certain events. Or is it that they are just blind and ignorant? We think the former.*

*An example in point. The well-known Leon Ty has been writing at great length about the Buenavista case. Long columns of indignant sentences have poured from his pen. He seemed to be quoting facts, facts — nothing but facts.*

But for a capable writer, his long columns avoided — studiously avoided — mention of a very important fact in the Buenavista case. Namely, that the Buenavista property, for which the government paid ₱5,000,000 has a current market value of 20 to 25 million pesos. In purchasing this property for such a low sum, the government made a magnificent bargain, the like of which we cannot discover in recent years.

*The Free Press boasts that it must freely publish facts. But in practice it seems carefully to avoid mentioning some very pertinent and important facts such as the above.*

\* \* \* \*

*More on the same subject. The unfree Mr. Ty emphatically stated that the government had no need to buy the Buenavista Estate recently because it had offered ₱3,000,000 (the supposed contract price) for the same, in November, 1944.*

Mr. Ty, you are guilty of one of the most abominable defects of a journalist, namely, of stating a half-truth. Yes, the government in November, 1944, did offer to pay ₱3,000,000 as you stated, — but the ₱3,000,000 was in MICKEY MOUSE MONEY. Which you did not state. It is not at all surprising that the Archbishop of Manila refused the ridiculous offer, indignantly refused it, even at the risk of antagonizing the Japanese Military police.

Appraising you, Mr. Ty, as a man of acute intelligence, we know that you knew that this offer was made in MICKEY HOUSE money, — but you did not mention it!

It seems to us that Ty is **not free**, nor is the **Free Press** free, — except to publish what it wants to be **free** about.



## OF TRAFFIC RULES AND ENCYCLICALS

Labor Day speeches and parades are as inevitable as the working man.

Come Labor Day working men and women march in colorful parade under the summer heat, listen for hours to speeches on the dignity of labor, rights of the workin'gman, and so forth, and go home sweating like race horses.

The next day the periodic speeches are forgotten along with the working-man who once again falls in line for another year of raw deal in the economic world.

Why don't we be frank and admit labor speeches and parades do nobody any good — except perhaps Don Soriano's Coca Cola empire.

If employers, workers and labor leaders intend to profit from the Labor holiday, let them spend the day at home reading the Pope's great encyclicals on labor — *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno*.

US Secretary of Labor Maurice J. Tobin has this to say about these two great works on labor:

*"How many Catholics have taken the trouble to study them (Rerum Novarum and Quadragesimo Anno)? How many Catholics have copies in their desk and libraries? I am going to be extremely frank about this matter. I do not see how any Catholic employer or worker can satisfy his conscience until he has studied these encyclicals and gotten from them a clear idea of his rights and his duties. Very few of us would be willing to drive a car downtown without knowing the basic traffic regulations. Yet many Catholics, managers and workers alike, will drive through business transactions without taking the trouble to learn the moral traffic regulations."*

So—Come Labor Day save that LD-allowance and order instead the "Five Great Encyclicals" from your favorite Catholic Bookstore. It costs no more than \$1.20 postpaid. The CROSS will be glad to place your order.

## FOR VETERANS: A NEW FIGHT!

Blood, sweat, and tears!

In their gruesome struggles for the blessings of a lasting peace, Philippine Veterans have seen and felt more; they have seen and felt death itself icily coming by the inches.

The war is over. But the peace they have expected to follow has not come. Have they fought in vain? Will they see another nightmare? Veterans of an inhuman war are bewildered.

Realizing that man of himself is powerless to build the peace that the world cannot give, the Last Man's Club, William H. Jutras Post No. 43,

American Legion (Manchester, N. H.) recently adopted a resolution to silently pray for peace for one minute every day at noon. The members resolved

*to pause for one minute in the midst of our daily task, at 12 o'clock noon each day, and raising our heart and mind toward God, ask Him to help us adjust our international differences to enable the nations of the world to secure an equitable and abiding peace.*

The resolution went on to urge "spiritual, civic and business leaders" to promote this idea through their own organizations, to the end that it might become a universal custom. The idea has spread rapidly not only in the United States, but in other countries as well.

*Msgr. Matthew F. Brady, Bishop of Manchester, said: "It is a pleasure to endorse and encourage this movement, which leads men to realize the power of God and the dependence of all humanity upon His divine omnipotence..."*

The Governor of Michigan issued a proclamation endorsing the plan. American Legion Posts, units of Gold Star Mothers, many schools and universities, church groups and business firms have taken up the practice.

Will our Philippine Veterans, and other organizations, follow suit?

For further information write the Chairman, Prayer-for-Peace Movement, 5201 38th St., N. W. Washington 15, D. C.

## **LET'S PASS THE PLATE FOR POLITICAL HENCHMEN!**

In an April editorial we pointed out that if Congress honestly seeks to promote efficiency in government corporations and offices, its venerable

members should stop filling them with their political henchmen.

*Apparently Congress hasn't learned the lesson. Recently it castigated the Central Bank for its inefficiency.*

*The Central Bank countered: "Now be reasonable. How can you expect us to be efficient with all the political protegeses you threw into our office!"*

Congress, it must be said, brought it upon itself.

In the various government offices, there are hundreds, nay thousands of capable of hardworking officials. But their best efforts are frustrated by the inexperienced political favorites who surround them. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link.

*A Suggestion. Let's have the YLAC, CWL, Knights of Columbus and all our charitable organizations, team up for a BIG CHARITY DRIVE to raise funds solely for the political protegeses and relatives*

of our Congressmen. We could build a Charity House for these poor henchmen where we could nurse and feed them for their Congressmen until they become serviceable again come election time.

.This will save our government millions in salaries to useless "gentlemen of leisure" now gracing the tables of government offices and corporations.

Wot say our readers? Any suggestions?

## ARCHBISHOP REYES: "THE TIME IS SHORT!"

We have no doubt that our little magazine is being read. A good number of our subscribers have written to tell us that they "devour" it or "read it from cover to cover". Our unselfish and unpaid contributors assure us that this in itself is compensation enough for their hard work.

*But this is one time when we BEG our READERS to READ and MEDITATE on a very important document of our time appearing in our magazine. We refer to the first Pastoral Letter of His Grace, Archbishop Gabriel Reyes of Manila. (Please see page 49)*

This Letter contains succinctly all that the CROSS has tried to impart to its readers in so many fumbling words during its four years and four months of fragile existence. The CROSS may have failed in its efforts. May this Letter now open the eyes of its readers to the real picture of Catholicism in our blessed land.

*This is one reason why we want to make sure that every CROSS reader "devours" the Pastoral Letter of His Grace. No CROSS reader—and no Catholic, for that matter—can claim to be one with the Mystical Body of Christ unless he thinks and feels and acts with the visible head of that Body. And in this particular case—with the local visible head — Archbishop Gabriel Reyes.*

In the words of Archbishop Reyes: "The apathy and indifference of even our educated Catholics to the cause of the Church and of Christ our King—this is our real sorrow and matter of concern. . . . When will that sleeping colossus, (Filipino Catholicism) the country's one greatest hope for survival, unity and greatness, finally awake and make its power felt? The time is growing short!"

## SOS!!! TEACHERS

Recent graduations of hundreds of teachers from Catholic schools cannot but fill the Catholic heart with joy. This means hundreds more of "Christophers" teaching by word and example the Catholic way of life.

Teachers are missionaries in their own right. Father Keller (see page 18) numbers them among the most powerful forces for good.

*Philippine teachers especially, because of their meagre salary, deserve our unqualified praise for their unselfish sacrifices. Many of them could turn to more lucrative ventures, but they stick to teaching purely out of love for it.*

*But what should be said of teachers in missionary areas like the Mountain Province? Certainly, they must be made of "sterner stuff". Of more sturdy heroism.*

Five missionary schools from the Mountain Province have sent us an appeal for such teachers. The priest who wrote us said:

"Who will come to our rescue? Who will help the Rev. Fathers and Sisters in their educational work on behalf of the poor people of the Mountain Province? FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, HELP US!"

*This appeal is from the heart. It is also straight to the heart of teachers schooled in Christ's Academy of Love. Teaching in the Mountain Province demands more ruggedness of character, more extraordinary sacrifices, and deeper spiritual motives. It is like a call for volunteers to scale the ruggedest and toughest spots of Iwo Jima.*

We would like to think that teachers coming from our Catholic schools are equal to this task. That they have enough spark of the love of Christ to be able to give up the comforts of home for His little ones. If not, then Catholic education along that line has been a failure.

If any teacher reads this editorial, may God give him or her the daring and the will to answer any of the following calls:

From St. Joseph's School, Kiangan (Ifugao)

Lady teacher or married male teacher to teach History, Tagalog and be Moderator of Athletics.

From St. Vincent's School, Bontoc

Male teacher to teach General Science, or Biology, English, Tagalog and Sports.

From St. Teresita's High School, Tabuk (Kalinga)

Three teachers for the three first years of High School.

From Bokod Catholic School, Bokod (Benguet)

One teacher to teach English and Tagalog.

From Don Bosco's School, Lagawe, (Ifugao)

One teacher for History and Science.

FOR FURTHER DETAILS PLEASE CONTACT REV. OSCAR DELTOUR, C.I.C.M. Belgian Fathers, 14th Street cor. Gilmore Ave., Quason City, (Tel. 6-81-82).

# Storm Clouds Over Luzon

by LEON GARCIA



"Go to the workingman! Go to the poor!"

Pope Pius XI in a moment of inspiration struck upon this great slogan for our troubled times.

If the storm clouds over Luzon soon swamp our seemingly peaceful countryside, it will be because the alleged champions of the common man refused to listen to the Pope of the Workingman. No one cared to go to the Filipino peasant, no one cared to go to the poor.

Patience, I believe, and not hospitality is the most remarkable trait of the Filipino *kasama*. Other men in his shoes — if he has any — would have raised a battle cry long ago. But not the Filipino farmer.

Three hundred years of unquestioning obedience have instilled in his soul a callousness for endurance equalled only by his changeless friend

— the carabao. Even now with his back to the wall, he has not taken to the *bolo*. Patient, he hopes against slipping hope that somehow he would stumble upon a solution to his hopeless life.

But how long will this patience last?

Already it is being agitated, set afire. When the last drops shall have been consumed, will the lamp be re-filled?

Once upon a time the *kasama* trusted the hacendero. The hacendero enslaved him. He turned to the churchmen. The churchmen did not seem interested. He went to the government. The government exasperated him. He gave himself to the hands of labor leaders. Labor leaders cheated him.

Today the *kasama* is alone. He is friendless. The Huks and the PCs claim to defend him, one from the

other. Both abuse him most unjustly. The kasama is confused. He no longer recognizes his friends and his enemies.

The kasama is living on money borrowed at rates of interest ranging from 30% with mortgage to 900 per cent! Ordinary rates are from 200 to 500% without mortgage! He eats boiled rice twice a day, drinks plenty of water, often doesn't own the shirt on his back.

How long will his patience last?

As long as loan sharks continue to lend him even without visible hope of payment, as long as borrowed boiled rice keeps his stomach warm, he will sit still and sullenly watch the cogon grass cover his fields.

But when that stomach goes empty — heaven help the Philippines! Whoever heard of empty stomachs going hand in hand with the virtue of patience!

But certainly this picture is too grim, too foreign to reality.

Let us see.

In a certain town in Nueva Ecija, some 4,000 peasants — members of some 800 families — have been living in dependence for the last three decades upon four or five big, fat hacenderos who own the land they till. They have inherited their tenancy from their fathers' fathers together with the debts accrued to the land.

Today these peasants have left their farms for the towns. President Quirino tells them in the papers that

they need not worry, that they should go back to the fields, that everything is under control.

But President Quirino has been living in Baguio behind walls and walls of trusted guards prepared to defend to death his property and his life. The peasants live in the wide open fields — the battlefields — with nothing and no one to defend their one and only property — their lives.

They used to raise hogs and chickens, to plant vegetables and pick snails in these fields. But when the Huks come, they had to surrender these to the champions of the peasants. Often the PCs, representatives of the law that they are, acted no better. Hence the poor seek refuge in the towns.

Such senseless hurrying from barrio to town and vice versa has been going on since the sleek-eyed invaders set foot on Philippine soil. Will it ever end? And while it lasts, what will the tenants live on?

There is one man who has always been a helper in need and a friend in deed (?) at such times — the loan shark! The tenants had to live. They didn't mind being bitten off by loan sharks at the rate of 30% with mortgage to 900 per cent interest. Ordinarily, of course, only from 200 to 500 per cent without mortgage!

After the war the Philippine National Bank gave out crop loans to the tenants. However, the bad elements, whom the government can-

not seem to control, told them the loans were gratuitous handouts. They were donations on which the poor peasants could start afresh. Elections were coming; the administration was generous.

A few months after elections, the peasants were hounded by PNB bill collectors in their most secret recesses!

Last year another election was in the offing. President Quirino and his liberal administration handed out loans thru the PACSA. Each family filed an application for seedling loans at the rate of ₱7.50 per sack of seedlings. The PACSA operated in Cabanatuan.

The tenants had to travel all the way from their barrios to the capital and live there for the duration of the bargaining and the red tape. By the time they returned to the barrios, they had spent half the loans on food, transportation, and bribery on government employees! Apparently the administration reeked with graft and corruption thru and thru.

The tenants returned to their feathered friend — the loan shark. He had grown rich and fat. He smoked big fat cigars and rode in a fast convertible. He had built a bungalow in Quezon city, brought his family to Manila and sent his children to exclusive Catholic schools!

Once again the government sent men thru the National Cooperative Association of the Philippines. These learned men stormed the towns giv-

ing lectures and demonstrations. They made a lot of talk about credit unions and cooperative stores. But they had no capital. Neither had the tenants.

And so the tenants are living on borrowed money. Each year finds them buried deeper and deeper in debts, and the loan sharks less and less open handed. The tenants owe their hacenderos, the Philippine National Bank, the PACSA, and the loan sharks. For them it has always been a losing battle.

According to Catholic ethics and common sense, the workingman should have, in exchange for his work, enough to feed, clothe, shelter his family decently, send his children to school and still have enough for time of sickness and old age.

The Filipino kasama is alien to all this. He doesn't think of the morrow, doesn't see beyond the hour. His all time problem is: Where shall I borrow the next ganta of rice? Where shall I get the next lugeo? In the darkness of his despair, he either goes to the loan shark, or learns to shoot and joins the Huks.

The government has a lot to do for the tiller of the soil, the backbone of the nation. Its promises of peace and order must first become reality. Then it should extend all help to the tenant by way of instructions and means of modern agricultural practices.

The government is in the best

## PRAYER FOR THE FOURTH ESTATE

Addressed to St. Francis de Sales, patron of newspapermen, the following prayer unearthed by a parish priest, who is credited with having a sympathetic understanding of the newspaper scribe, is printed in the *Journal of the British Institute of Journalists*. Clip it and send it to a newspaperman-friend.

*St. Francis, dear patron of a harrowed tribe, grant us thy protection. Bestow on us, thy servants, a little more of thy critical spirit, and a little less on our readers; confer on our subscribers the grace of light in acknowledging our merits; and the grace of promptitude in paying our bills. Make them less partial to compliments, more callous to rebuke, less critical of misprints. Give us beautiful thoughts, brave thoughts, so that we, thy children, may have the courage to write as we think and our readers the docility to think as we write. Then shall we, thy faithful servants, resting on thy protection, fight thy battles with joyful hearts, drive the wolf from the door, the devil from the fold, and meet thee in everlasting peace. Amen.*

position to help him. It can lend him capital, if it wants to. The problem is to see to it that the money gets into the tenant's hand whole. It's time President Quirino seriously stepped in to end graft and corruption in the administration. China turned red for no other reason.

In an effort to secure lands for hundreds of its families, the De Gasperi government in Italy is currently sponsoring a four-point program. These are: 1. protection of tenants in the tenure of their farms against unilateral action by owners; 2. improved conditions for farm workers by giving them an interest in the land through profit-sharing and some degree of management control; 3. reclamation of some undeveloped lands, and 4. the limitation of individual holdings on land.

Can't our government plan and execute a similar or even better program of action? It can, if it wants to.

The Church too can help the tenant tremendously. She can help him fight against his ignorance, his vices and oppressors. Priests can help tenant-parishioners thru credit unions, cooperative systems, collective bargaining and all the economic and moral theories they learned in the Seminary. It's also time they put these theories into practice.

But let's not talk much. The thing is somebody's got to "Go to the Filipino peasant!" before it is too late — even for talk!



# Rafael Roces, Jr.: A-1 Journalist

by **TEOPISTO GUINGONA, Jr.**



Not so many years ago, a man lived and died — who in his life disputed endlessly for the rights of man... and in his death accomplished with honor the mission of the press. Let me tell you his story.

Rafael Roces Jr. was born rich. He was born rich with the things of this world. But the real wealth of his spirit was still to be topped in the early maturity that came to his life.

Rafael Roces Jr. liked basketball. He captained his team to many victories. But the greatest victory he ever won was his continuing victory over himself.

The family of Rafael owned many lands. And so he left the Ateneo to study the science of agriculture in order ultimately to conquer nature and make it produce in the then semi-virgin lands of Bukidnon.

But his spirit longed to conquer,

not the forces of nature, but other forces much more potent — and much more destructive, than those. He longed to conquer — or at least to resist the forces of deceit, of untruth, and of oppression that were seeking to destroy the world around him. And so he looked for a weapon with which to fight.

Rafael could not find in the plow and in the tractor a weapon with which to fight the elusive forces of falsity and greed. He found it only in the written word, in the power of the pen, in the inky, black and white appeal of the printed page. And so he turned to journalism.

He travelled to America where he learned the true power of a libertarian press. And when he returned... he began to fight, to fight for truth, to fight those who would suppress truth, to challenge the demagogues who

would wreak havoc with the people's civil liberties — in a word — to resist!

Rafael Roces Jr. wrote a column which with delicate humor, he called "Thorns and Roces". Here was his weapon, fashioned with his own hands and forged on the anvil of his own restless, quick and brilliant mind.

This scion of a wealthy, influential family, this child of comfort could have sat back in his easy chair and, after the accepted fashion of the bored heir, watched complacently as the world with all its misery, all its injustices, and all its oppression passed relentlessly by.

But Rafael chose to sit forward on his office chair and plunge right into the struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor—of the political victim against the political gangster, of society's slaves against society's tyrants, parrying with the shield of his solid, sincere and unyielding prose every treacherous thrust against civil liberties and civil decency.

Rafael resisted oppression even before the yellow invaders from the north began to tramp down the streets of his beloved city. And when the invaders did come, when they sought by all forms of threat and force to stop the free flow of information and substitute lies made in Japan for truth, Rafael prepared to resist underground even as some of his fellow-newspapermen, who had so courageously fought on his side in the peaceful battle for freedom, prepared to go

over to the enemy and write foul dispatches for Domei and the Japanese Propaganda Corps.

Rafael's lithe, slim figure led the fighters of the Free Philippines movement, striking deep into the echelons of untruth which the Japanese were driving into the confused battleground that was the Filipino mind. He edited the paper that traded blow for blow with the Hoddobu, he gathered and dispatched information that sped the return of forces of freedom and mustered arms and supplies for the guerrillas who held sway in their own Free Philippines in the hills.

Rafael moved swiftly but intelligently and the Japanese sent scores of agents who for long failed to discover the head of the troublesome movement. But finally he was tracked down, on suspicion. Thrice his unbending spirit refused to yield to the most excruciating tortures that the Japanese could devise. And thrice he was returned home.

But one day a fellow fighter broke down. And the fourth time they came knocking at his door and took him away, and he never came back. Some months later, his thin, emaciated body yielding easily to the prodding of rifle butts, but his spirit still resisting, Rafael was shot at the North Cemetery.

Today, those of his fellow newspapermen who so quickly turned over to the enemy are back writing again, some having picked up again the

fight for decency and justice, others having surrendered unashamedly to the importunities of despotic publishers.

If an invader should come again, shall they yield again? — Or shall they remember Rafael — and resist?

This is the message of the life and death of Rafael Rocas Jr. The newspaper is not only a passive instrument of information, not a lifeless channel of facts or distortions, not a blunt record of what has been and what might be. The newspaper is a weapon of resistance against the injustices that the fall of Man brought down on this earth. Its strength is measured by the strength of the hand that wields it. And the strength of the hand that wields it is measured not only by the fluency and the power of the words that flow from it but by the indestructibility of the spirit that guides it on.

Newspapermen are not mere paid hirelings of the rich and impersonal publishers. They are leaders of thought and the magnitude of their leadership depends more on the greatness of their spirit than on the grandeur of their expressions. Have we this kind of leadership today? Or have we men who strike at the tyrant with one hand and stretch out the other for the pay-off?

How many of our so-called independent newspapermen are currently on the pay-roll of corrupt politicians? How many of those whose columns

belch forth vituperative phrases against the oppressor today also sang the praises of Greater East Asia Co-Prospcrity sphere only a few years ago? How many, how many men have we among our newspapermen?

Our press has failed us in the fight for truth and justice. As a fortress of our rights it has begun to crumble from the weakness of the men who have manned its battlements. As a beacon light of guidance it has grown dim because newspapermen have lost the fire of truth.

Too long, have we left this weapon idle, in weak hands, while vultures and wolves gambol in the palaces of our country, ravage our treasury, and make a mockery of our people's civil liberties. Too long have we suffered in silence while the organ that should have thundered out our indignation hummed instead the weak, inane tunes of cheap politicians and high society. Too long have we floundered in misery and darkness while they who should have championed our cause, and given us enlightenment and leadership, have pandered instead to our oppressors or indulged in intellectual pastimes which could feed neither our minds nor our stomachs.

We need men of courage to man those crumbling battlements. We need a score of Rafael Roceses to take up this potent weapon and drive out the vultures and wolves, if not out of our country, at least out of positions where they can ravage our people's civil liberties.

**"Better to light one candle than to curse the darkness"**—so goes an old Chinese proverb.

In a small California town a young Negro, studying to be a teacher, took a part-time job at a filling station to help support himself and his wife until he got his degree. But some customers objected; they wanted to buy gasoline only from white men. The owner was about to fire the boy when a woman neighbor asked:

How many customers will you lose if you stand by this fellow?"

"About 18. Maybe 20."

"If I get you 20 new customers, you will keep him on?"

"You bet I will."

Not only did this aroused woman bring 20 new customers, but five more for good measure. She was a Christopher, one of a growing band of men and women united in the purpose to help change the world into a better place.

What is a Christopher? He is one who believes in individual responsibility for the common good of all and sets himself a specific job to do; an average man or woman ready to work and make personal sacrifices. It is literally astounding to learn the results that are being achieved single-handedly by little people of faith and zeal.

Although under Catholic auspices, the movement embraces all faiths among its followers. The movement has no chapters, no committees, no meetings; there are no membership



lists and no dues. From a central office in New York occasional bulletins are mailed out to more than 100,000 interested persons; that is the sole unifying contact. Each believes that alone and unaided he has a post of his own in the war between good and evil. And he must believe in the power of himself, as an individual, to change the world.

How singlehanded efforts multiply into power was symbolized at a patriotic meeting of 100,000 citizens jammed into the Los Angeles Coliseum one starless night. Suddenly the chairman startled the throng:

"Don't be afraid now. All the lights are going out."

In complete darkness he struck a match.

"All who can see this little light say 'Yes!'"

A deafening roar came from the Audience.

# You Can Change the World

by JAMES KELLER, M.M.

"So shines a good deed in a naughty world. But suppose now every one of us here strikes a light!"

Faster than it takes to tell, nearly 100,000 pinpricks of flame flooded the arena with light — the result of 100,000 individuals, each doing his own part. That is how the Christopher movement works.

No matter who you are, or what you are, or where you may be, you can do something to change the world for the better. You, as an individual, are important. You count!

Remember the gigantic letter-writing campaign which helped to smash the radical forces in the Italian elections recently. Literally millions of letters went out from people of Italian descent in the United States encouraging relatives in the old country to vote against totalitarianism. One of the men who fostered that dazzling campaign was a

barber in Southampton, Long Island.

Irritated by Old World criticisms and lies about our American ways, he was also exasperated that people who resented such attacks did nothing to counteract them:

**He decided to do something about it personally.**

First he wrote to relatives in St. Catherine, Sicily, describing his happy life here. Next he wrote his wife's relatives. Then he persuaded his son, a doctor, and his daughter, a dietician, to write. Meanwhile he appealed to newspaper editors and even to President Truman to help enlist the nation. All agreed it was a good idea but too unwieldy. Various organizations wished him well, but that was all.

But the barber, enraptured with his cause, refused to quit. He kept on asking for help. Slowly the idea burned with its own fire. Businessmen, young GI brides from overseas, housewives, veterans' groups, civic societies and religious leaders joined in. A steady trickle of letters to Italy swelled to a torrent; the democratic victory heartened all Europe.

One man helped start this, because he lifted himself out of his own narrow, selfish sphere and into the larger world with all its breath-taking potentialities.

Not spectacularly, but in countless ways, tens of thousands of Christophers are busy and never before in history were such efforts needed so desperately. For today the world is

ill of the disease of the soul called materialism. If the trend toward paganism continues, it is only a matter of time before our nation will collapse from within. That is what happened in Germany.

Millions of decent Americans have long forgotten the basic truth that every human being gets his fundamental rights from God — **not from the State!** That, in fact, the chief purpose of the State — as the Founding Fathers repeatedly affirmed in the Declaration of Independence — is to **protect** those God-given rights.

To believe that these rights are safe today is to embrace illusion.

The stockbroker who, forsaking Wall Street, lowered his entire family's living standards to take a government job and fight for good principles is a Christopher. So is the Baptist lawyer down in Texas who spends all his leisure time making speeches on the brotherhood of man. And so is a girl epileptic, bed-bound in a small California hospital, who started writing a column that would "concentrate on the good in life around us, instead of just the opposite." A little newspaper printed her words; fan letters poured in — and, believe it or not, this girl is now almost completely recovered from epilepsy. Her doctors understand why; she got out of herself and out of her own narrow world, gave herself a purpose in life and so

did away with mental and emotional frustration.

It is estimated that subversives who are trying to undermine the United States compose less than one per cent of the people of our country. Christophers believe that one per cent of the normal, decent citizens of America can be found ready and willing to work just as hard to restore divine truth and human integrity to American life.

The story of one American wife shows the inestimable power of a woman, working behind the scenes in her own home. Her husband told her the Reds were taking over his union. "Keep out of that!" she advised him. "It'll only mean trouble."

But a Christopher explained how getting decent people to stay away from union meetings was just what the Reds wanted. From then on, she urged her husband to attend every meeting, she induced him to urge others, finally she egged him on to run for president of the union. In substance, that is the history of how a large union was taken away from an organized leftist minority. One woman with a Christopher purpose was all that was needed to start the fire!

In the home, in all our personal relationships, we must practice love and we must pass on the message of the good life. As you grow in love for others, you will find your own power increasing. You will learn how to disagree without being disagreeable.

You will become more approachable. You will better understand why **all people** want to be truly loved and not just tolerated. You will emphasize more and more the good side of even the worst people. You will develop an inner warmth, an abiding sense of humor; naturally you will make mistakes, but you will always be able to laugh at yourself. Your never-say-die spirit will give courage to everyone you meet.

Life itself will take on a new and exhilarating meaning, because you will be fulfilling the purpose for which you were created: to love God above all things and your neighbor as yourself.

"We hate Christianity and Christians," proclaimed Anatole Lunacharsky, Soviet Commissar of Education. "Even the best of them must be considered our worst enemies. They preach love of one's neighbor and mercy, which is contrary to our principles. What we want is hate. . . . Only then will we conquer the Universe." (Quoted in *Investia*.)

The one thing that terrifies the godless the world over is the fear that some day all those who believe in Christ will wake up — **and Start acting their beliefs.**

Once that happens, most of the great problems which plague mankind will disappear overnight.

### AIN'T NO HEAVEN

A tipsy soap-box orator who had reached the argumentative stage, sat down next to a clergyman in a street car. Wishing to start something, he drawled: "I ain't going to heaven; there ain't no heaven."

No answer.

"I say there ain't no heaven; I ain't goin' to heaven," he shouted. The clergyman replied quietly, "Well, go to hell them; but be quiet about it."

—Lake Shore Visitor.

### SONG OF THE PLOW

It was I who built Chaldea and the Cities of the Plain;  
I was Greece and Rome and Carthage and the opulence of Spain.  
When their courtiers walked in scarlet and their queens wore chains  
of gold,

And forgot 'twas I that made them, growing Godless folk and bold,  
I went over them in judgment, and again my cornfields stood  
Where empty courts bowed homage in obsequious multitude. . . .  
For a nation that forgets me in that hour her doom is sealed  
By judgment as from Heaven that can never be repealed!

Anon

# The Chaperone

Pen Pal Column conducted

By AUNT LINA



"Once upon a Maytime..." you weren't feeling exactly on the up-and-up. Of course, there was the usual whirl of social doings—fiestas, picnics and Santa Cruz de Mayo's in which you figured quite prominently, but there was no one to talk to about those special events. Everyone at home and in the neighborhood knew all about who were present for the dance, who were the prettiest "sagalas" in the procession, what you wore at the boating party, without having to listen to your version of them. You were dying to discuss those red-letter events but you had no audience ready to listen. It sort of rubbed away the sheen from the event.

That was "once upon a Maytime". This year, The CHAPERONE CLUB offers an easy answer to your problem. Write your friends about your vacation doings... not the friends next door, who most likely were at the same party and had their own version of the affair. Write to your pen pals—girls and boys who look

forward eagerly to your letters which carry the only clues to that mysterious somebody called YOU. You can bet your last penny, your letters will be sincerely appreciated by them. This is your one chance in a Maytime — JOIN THE CHAPERONE CLUB.

Enthusiastic is the word regarding the reader's response so far to Aunt Lina's membership invitation. To the skeptics who till now are still holding back from joining, we hasten to explain: we do not employ the spider-patented tactic of "Will you come into my parlor?" The Chaperone Club is the club of Catholic Youth. All Aunt Lina does is... er, chaperone. She sees to it that young boys and girls develop clean, wholesome friendships via the mail.

And that reminds me, club members, shake off the shy cloak. None of that "Hello and Goodbye" stuff. Think of the stamps you're as good as throwing to the dogs. Write more about yourself so as to give your pen pal a clear picture of that wonderful YOU. You might be able to give



him a few tips on how your Sodality or Legion of Mary organization is being managed. Or maybe, your point of interest will focus around the NCAA arena—this prophecy concerns the month of September when the basketball season resumes its hotly-contested engagement-series. That the ticket pen pals go for. So, next time you write to XYZs, forget the letter formula. Remember that you are actually shaking hands with a friend across the written page.

Here's a line-up of the latest to

join the Club. Write the code number of the one you'd like to correspond with; send us the letter, and we'll forward it to your new pal with an introduction. To those who would like to join in the fun, write us a letter of application giving your full name, address, age, height, weight, education and hobbies. Annual membership fee is P0.50 in stamps. An enclosed picture of yourself will be highly appreciated. Ready for the roll-call? Here we go. . .

*"Vacation is just starting and I am already lonely. I miss my friends and classmates. I want to be a member of your club but I do not have the required age yet" . . . writes a young colegiala who is an avid CROSS reader. Listen, child, age does not matter as much as enthusiasm is there, and your Aunt Lina clearly sees from your letter that your abundance of the latter item more than makes up for your lack of years. The age limit is flexible, the only reason why we have set the 15 to 25 boundary being the fact that most people who want pen friends belong to that age bracket. Anyway, the Club welcomes you into the ranks, and to prove this, you are hereby given the code name of G-100.*

*M-100 from the not-so-tiny island of Bohol wants "to have friends from far-away places, so I wish to have my name entered in the CROSS-sponsored Pen Pal Club." A combination of the outdoor-indoor type, he goes in for cycling, reading novels, picnicking, letter-writing and story-telling. No wonder he finds this pen-pal idea loads of fun.*

*"Waiting for some people to put their thumb into the CHAPERONE PIE before I do so myself and finding out that many have swarmed your two pages, I regret very much not having joined earlier" writes L-100, a Chinese mestiza from Cebu City. "I am 22 years of age and my favorite hobbies are stamp-collecting, letter-writing, and all kinds of sports." Her letter ends with a generous offer: "If there is any way I could be of service, please don't hesitate to let me know." Thanks a million; right now, you can help the CROSS by getting your relatives and friends to join the CHAPERONE CLUB FAMILY.*

*Like M-100 from Bohol, R-101 has accepted Aunt Lina's invitation to the club because he wants to have friends in large numbers. The typical high school student (he's a Junior), his hobbies are dancing, singing, and reading novels. What about writing longer letters, R-101? Tell us and your pen pals more about yourself.*

*In a very "hep" letter trademarked U.P. all over, coed S-102 says, "I read the CHAPERONE COLUMN... quite nice for 'teen-hagers" (No cause for fear, folks, she doesn't belong to the wrong group in Famfanga). A girl just turned sweet sixteen, she's college Freshman who is simply rah-rah-rah about sports — especially, (you guessed it) basketball; also likes letter-writing, reading, singing and dancing. She is an active Legionnaire and also a "catechetical sister" in the public school. Wot say, folks? When do you start saying "howdy-do"?*

*M-100, a college senior in one of Manila's biggest universities tells us that "while scanning the pages of my favorite Catholic magazine, I came across a very new number — the Pen Pal Column. I would really like to have friends — friends that are really good and friendly. Don't you worry, M-100, your Aunt Lina sees to it that your pen friends have halos around their heads, and not ropes around their necks. Well, M-100 writes that she is head-over-heels in love with music, is a movie addict, and has special fondness for reading, writing to friends and swimming. She plays the piano and sings, too. In short, she's Miss Activity. Any letters coming her way?*

That's all for this issue. The Chaperone legion is growing larger and larger. When are YOU going to join? Aunt Lina misses you every month for the Roll Call. Write that letter of Application NOW. Be writing about you next month. Till then.....

## CROSS PEN PAL CLUB RULES

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1. Write Aunt Lina about yourself: name, address, age, hobbies, education, etc. Her address: C/O CROSS MAGAZINE, Regina Bldg., 15 Banquero-Escota, Manila.
2. Enclose ₱0.50 in stamps for annual admission fee.
3. Aunt Lina will immediately introduce you to one member, then publish your number with the first letter of your family name in her column.
4. Choose other pals from her column and write them VIA AUNT LINA. Your real name will not be divulged, until you yourself choose to do so.



# HEART TO HEART

Advice to the lovers by Lily Marlens

Dear Miss Marlens,

*I have just finished my college degree at the State university and my trouble started some time ago when I was almost finishing my high school course eight years ago. I was just 16 then when I met the fellow whom I cannot forget and up to now he has me still reeling if I'd still cast my lot on him.*

*The fellow I'm referring to is almost finishing his law career, is very attractive, intelligent, two years my senior and works his way through college.*

*The thing that's puzzling me much is his seeming muteness. Of course, we had an affair which we never broke off up to now. But his seeming quietness, infrequency of his calls on me which would take even months before I'd see him is troubling me very much. He tells me and his kins too, about his determination in finishing his course.*

*I remember some time ago after cooling off for 3 years when he suddenly broke off the ice by sending a letter of endearment. This is what usually happens. At times when we'd both be at a dance, he'd dance with me once or twice at most, neither will he take advantage of our loneliness. He never asked me for dates. This of course I greatly appreciate for he has a very good esteem for me.*

*Is he justified in acting as such? Of course he is apprised of the strictness of my family and their being against him. This he made mention to friends and my cousin. Are his actions biased by my kin's prejudices for him or for some other person? So then what's best for me to do?*

*Eufrosina*

Dear Eufrosina,

Offhand, I would say he does not really care for you. Because if he really loved you, I don't see how he could stand not seeing you for months

of a time, or being content with one dance with you at a party. One of the signs of being in love is the constant desire to be near one's beloved, to monopolize the loved one's company, to stake an exclusive claim from which everybody else is to keep off.

However, it may be possible that the young man is biding his time until he has finished his law course and is earning enough to support himself and in the near future a wife and family. So if you wish you could wait a little more — since you've waited all this time anyway — until he is in a better position to consider marriage and its attendant responsibilities.

If then, however, he still persists in this lukewarm attitude towards you, then I would strongly suggest you forget him and look around for somebody else. Very likely you have believed all along what you wanted to believe, and all the while he has never entertained anything more than friendly intentions towards you.

*Dear Miss Marlene,*

*I am a girl in my middle teens. I have decided to enter the cloister without the advice of my parents. I fear to tell them my decision as I figured out they will be against it including my relatives.*

*You see we are only two; my brother and I. I am the oldest. My parents are in their late fifties. Do you think this is a hindrance to the vocation I've chosen? What's the best way to break the news such that I won't hurt them much?*

*My sole motive is to seek happiness and peace. I have considered the married state and think that I will not be happy in it. Am I doing right? Will my motive be accepted by the Rev. Mother Superior of the order? A million thanks.*

O.O.A.

*Dear O. O. A.,*

You are still quite young, and I doubt if you are mature enough to decide your choice of a state of life. However you seem to be a sensible and serious-minded young girl, and if you think you have a vocation to the religious state, pray God that you may persevere.

For the present, though, I wouldn't tell your parents anything, because they would surely say that at your age you can't possibly know your own mind. I would advise you to go to a wise and kindly father confessor regularly and follow his counsels. He will be the best judge as to your fitness and the sincerity of your motives.

*Dear Miss Marlene,*

*I am 18, a senior in high school. A distant relative who is only a year older than I, proposed to me a year ago.*

*I haven't answered him yet for I doubt him. First, he does not do the duties required by our Catholic faith, second, my mother is against him. He told me he would go to Mass and do all these duties of the faith if I would accept his feelings towards me.*

*I know he is nice, only a little bit spoiled, being the youngest. I am sure of my self that I love him only I doubt him.*

*Would it be safe for me to accept him and in so doing save his soul, which I would not want to lose, or will this act of acceptance endanger me in my faith and future as a Catholic girl?*

L. O.

Dear L. O.,

You are both quite young, especially your young man. So "take it easy" and weigh the matter carefully.

You are right in hesitating to accept one who does not fulfill his duties towards God. Such a person will likely be negligent also in his duties towards a wife and family. However if you sincerely believe he will change, see to it that he does his reforming before, not after marriage. If he does not change for the better now, when he is trying his best to win you, what guarantee do you have that he will later on, when he is sure of you.

At any rate, this is no time for you to become engaged, not until a couple of years at the earliest. You may be sure of yourself — but then a girl at eighteen is sometimes more mature and emotionally grown-up than a boy at nineteen. So for your sake and his, and for your future happiness, take your time and enjoy your youth and freedom before tying yourself to anyone for life.

Dear Miss Marlene,

*I am a broken-hearted girl. I hate to use this term to describe myself, for it would be the last one I'll ever choose in the world of love, but it is simply the most appropriate for me.*

*Please help me Miss Marlene. I feel so miserable and unhappy that often I wished I have never existed. In the past three and a half years I've been trying to forget my first love whom I've lost. Many times I just cry and cry at night when no one can see me and countless times when I receive news about him and his girl I cannot help but feel a thousand deaths within me.*

*What happened is this. I knew him since childhood and I fell in love with him since I learned of first pangs of love for a man. He expressed his love for me since my early teens. At first I hated him for feeling that way towards me, but gradually I learned to love him so that four years we had frequent contacts and finally we promised to*

love one another and be faithful to one another for better and for worse — that is whatever circumstances may arise.

But then for no reason at all — that is we haven't quarreled, he told me one day, after failing to visit me for almost a month that he "fell out of love" for me. He told me further that we were only infatuated with one another, that gradually I'll forget him and that I must.

I was so young that time. I didn't know any so-called "tricks or technique" of love, that after once he told me not to hide from him anything, I made known to him my love. That's the only reason I can think, that made him "fall out of love for me" — my immediate admission of my love. After he said such a thing I couldn't hide my feelings and I cried hard in front of him. And we parted that way.

This is the question, Miss Marlene. Tell me, am I really infatuated only? Why then does an infatuation last so long? Why can't I simply forget him no matter how busy I am in the midst of hard work, studies, examinations?

I never lose my trust in God; I do pray every day, I practice my religion and furthermore I engage myself in apostolic work. I study other things besides my regular college work in order to make me extremely busy.

Polly Ann

Dear Polly Ann,

What makes a person fall out of love? I can't say. Nobody can. It's just one of those things, like falling in love. Especially does it happen to first loves, and to very young people like you who make the mistake of concentrating on one particular person instead of a wider circle of friends. Remember that as young boys and girls grow up, their ideas and ideals change.

It is a very normal and quite the usual thing for young people to believe themselves in love with someone and then later wonder what in the world did they ever see in that someone to make them think they were in love. This is what has happened to your young man. He has just grown up and out of love, and the sooner you realize this, the better off you will be.

So stop blaming yourself or anybody else for what has happened. And stop pitying yourself. You say you trust in God. Well, be convinced that God has allowed this break-up because it is for your own good. His motives may be hidden and hard to understand, but be sure they are prompted by His all embracing love and wisdom. There are other good Catholic young men — just give them a chance. Cultivate a wide social

life, make friends, and keep on with your activities. The less attention you pay to your "broken heart", the sooner it will be mended.

Dear Miss Marlene,

*How pious must I be to become a Religious? Please tell me in very simple language, because I am rather ignorant or dumb. To whom are the counsels of the Gospel given or who are called by Our Lord to become religious? At what age should I enter the convent?*

*I am already seventeen, and have wanted to enter the convent since I was fourteen, but my parents do not want to allow me because they say I do not know what I am doing, that one has no experience of the world. So must I get tired of the world before entering the convent?*

Q. J. C.

Dear Q. J. C.,

One does not have to be a saint in order to become a religious. The glorious choice and privilege of becoming the spouse of Christ, of dedicating one's whole being to God's service, is offered to every Christian who will take it.

Any Catholic can be admitted to the religious life provided he is not hindered by any impediment, has the right intention, and is mentally, morally, and physically fit for the duties required by that state of life.

At what age should one enter the convent? That all depends — on a number of circumstances — depending on each individual case. You are only 17, still very young, and duty bound to obey your parents. Of course it is very wrong and an affront to God Almighty to presume that only after one has tasted and tired of life in the world should one offer the left-overs to God's service.

But since your parents seem to think so, and you are still too young to do anything about it, I would advice you to stop fanning the flames of their opposition by insisting on having your way now. Let things stay as they are for the present.

The best course would be for you to consult a wise father confessor regularly. He will be your best guide and will help you to preserve your vocation until such time as even the refusal of your parents can not prevent you from answering God's call.

Dear Miss Marlene,

*I am a senior in High School of a Catholic institution. I am 19. Since I was in the first year I felt that I had vocation (a religious vocation). Yes, it is true that since then I have already proposers. One of them being a townmate began seven months ago. He is good and what I appreciate more is that he is a practical Catholic.*

*My problem is that he is jobless and it is only due to this fact that my folks do not appreciate him. They said he has no initiative and is irresponsible. Although my folks are in contradiction to his courtship we keep on communicating through the mails 'cause we can't talk things at home.*

*Well the truth is that I love him, too. We have a mutual consent and you know most or rather almost all of it was settled through mails only. Is it right that we acted so? Well then shall I pursue my contact with him in spite of the vexing hatred my parents have for him?*

*What shall I do if in case my folks will learn of this matter? Suppose they will tell me to drop him or if I will not do so they will not let me pursue my studies. I know there is still much time but he said he will wait for my decision 'cause he will finish his studies too.*

*Well as for my vocation I still do have but my folks again opposed. I promised to one sister that I shall enter the convent. But I must retract my words. Hope you will help me. So long. Many many thanks in advance.*

X—Y.

Dear X—Y,

Your parents can hardly be blamed for disapproving of a young man who has no job and no prospects or means of support. After all, one has to be practical, even when one is in love and has a tendency to overlook such seemingly unimportant and prosaic considerations as money and the ability to support a wife and children.

Parents are naturally solicitous for their children's best interests, and they would do anything to insure their future happiness. So do not be so impatient and resentful of your parent's very natural concern over your welfare.

As you yourself admit, both of you are still studying. So why not wait until you have both finished and your young man has had time and opportunity to look for a decent means of livelihood before getting involved in secret engagements and the like, which will do nobody any good, least of all you.

If he is the right sort of person, he will try his best to finish his career and establish himself in some promising work before making you give up your home and your parents' love and protection, or being the cause of dissension and ill-feeling in your family.

As to the promise you made to a sister to enter the convent, you are not bound to do so if you believe that you have no vocation for it. Unless yours was a solemn vow under pain of grievous sin — in which case you would need a special dispensation. But I don't think it is.



# THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER CORNER

In League with the Sacred Heart

By Rev. PEDRO VERCELES, S.J.  
National Director

5. **Conferences.** Whenever possible, the National Director goes out to the provinces to hold conferences with parish priests in order to explain to them the organizational aspects of the Apostleship of Prayer and to suggest means to propagate it.

Of late, several conferences have been held with student leaders, specially in lay schools and universities, with very encouraging results, thanks to the apostolic work of some enthusiastic students.

6. A very novel way to spread the Devotion is through decalcomanias, or **decols**, for short, which are suited for car windshields and table glass tops. These decols are getting popular, and the presence of the Image of the Sacred Heart in public and private conveyances should surely remind the passengers and drivers of the duties and obligations that their relation imposes on them.

Pins and scapulars, although they are part of the devotional equipment of a devotee of the Sacred Heart, have in many instances served the good purpose of spreading this admirable Devotion. To cite an example, a young newspaperman went to his office one day wearing the Sac-

red Heart pin. Other office employees began to ask questions about the Apostleship of Prayer, and soon everybody was a member of this wonderful organization.

## Other Activities

The great virtue of this devotion to the Sacred Heart has been expressed in the promises made by Jesus Himself to St. Marguerite of Alacoque: "Tepid souls shall become fervent" and "Fervent souls shall quickly mount to high perfection." Hence,

*(Continued on page 34)*

*This report on the Apostleship of Prayer in the Philippines was submitted to the Bishops in their annual conference held in Manila last January 24 to January 29.*

*Considering the informative value of this report to the members of the Apostleship of Prayer and to other Catholics who, according to the Holy Father, "should all enlist in this Sacred Militia", we have decided to publish it in full.*

## Intentions Blessed By The

### General Intention: FOR REPARATION TO THE SACRED HEART BECAUSE OF OUR SINS

In manifesting to the world the devotion to His Sacred Heart, Our Lord Jesus Christ in His revelations to St. Margaret Mary Alacoque, taught us that this devotion fills our souls with reparation and a love for fervent consecration. The Divine Heart was presented to us as loving and much offended, ardent in charity, but also crowned with a cross, wounded and surrounded with thorns, flowing with love for men but complaining at the same time of ingratitude, despised and forgotten by those who profess to love Him with a special love. For all this, we are requested to offer reparation for our sins.

Sinners that we are, burdened with so many faults, we should not be content with adoring God, offering Him thanks and begging Him for new graces; we should also recognize Him as a just Judge to Whom we should give satisfaction for our innumerable faults, offenses and negligences. On the other hand, the sanctity of God, because of the indignities we committed, may deny our offerings and petitions, instead of accepting them with pleasure.

The Superior who is much offended naturally has the right to punish the injury done to him. We cannot escape the ire of God who is much offended by our sins, except by a sincere sorrow of them, by sacramental absolution and the satisfaction imposed by His ministers.

But after receiving pardon for our sins, we should practice penance to offer satisfaction for the temporal punishment due them. All good works performed in the state of grace may serve as satisfaction for this temporal punishment, but other practices also have special power to make this satisfaction, like acts of contrition, giving of alms, works of charity and resignation to the Divine Will in times of tribulation.

## Holy Father For June, 1950

It is true that no creature is capable of making satisfaction for even one sin, if the Son of God did not take on human form to make this reparation. His death served as a superabundant satisfaction and wiped away all our sins. Nevertheless it is also true that Divine Wisdom requires that we complete in our flesh what is lacking in the Passion of Christ, and that the praises and satisfactions of Christ be united with ours. Because of this, the value of our works will surely be derived from the Sacrifice of the Cross and its unbloody repetition on our altars, but it is also certain that with the sacrifice of Christ should be united our reparation and penances. In addition, love asks for our reparation in as much as a continuous wave of crime in this world inundates the doors of the Sanctuary to offend the most patient Heart of the Divine Prisoner. His offended Love begs of us Communion of Reparation and the Holy Hour as a loving expiation.

Mission Intention: FOR THE SANCTIFICATION OF THE NATIVE CLERGY.

The native clergy in the missions should be considered as a fundamental stone on which depends the stability and progress of the Christians. Because of this, the first obligation of ecclesiastical superiors in these territories is the painstaking spiritual and scientific formation of youth destined for the Sanctuary. In the same manner, the Apostles of Christ entrusted the government of the new Christians to a clergy who come not from outside, but from the natives of the country and formed in them the sacerdotal virtues. Let us pray to the Sweetest Heart of Jesus for the native clergy, secular and regular, for the religious and those consecrated to a contemplative life so that the entire clergy of the missions may flourish in sanctity now especially in the midst of persecutions and exile and may continue to give glory to God and be examples of Christian fortitude.

Rev. Jose Ma. Siguion, S.J.

## THE APOSTLESHIP. . .

(Continued from page 31)

It may be safely stated that the Apostleship of Prayer has in many instances been the training ground, where Catholics are prepared to join other religious associations which entail greater work and sacrifice, such as the Adoracion Nocturna, the Legion of Mary, and other similar organizations.

### Holy Year

In consonance, too, with the wishes of the Holy Father, the Apostleship of Prayer is taking an active participation in the Worldwide Catholic Crusade of Prayer and Penance for the year 1950. For this purpose, the 90,000 monthly intentions leaflets are being used to propagate the Crusade. Promoters and members, furthermore, are urged to recruit more members to the Apostleship of Prayer during the Holy Year, as one of the conditions for their active participation, besides those already mentioned by the Holy Father.

### Need to Spread the Devotion.

At first impression, the fact that there are at present 860 Centres with an estimated total of 233,777 members in the Philippines would make us think that nothing remains to be done, for "great is the harvest of the Lord." But what are 233,377 souls compared with 14,000,000 Catholics in the Philippines? Shall we suppose that the Divine Heart Who infinitely yearns for the love of All men

would be so easily satisfied with a scanty harvest of only 233,377 souls out of a possible total of 17 million?

And quoting again the Holy Father, "We, like Our Predecessor of happy memory, Pius XI, have made known and once more most willingly declare that it will make US very happy if all the Faithful without exception enlist in the Sacred Militia to swell the army of Associates, now numbering 35,000,000 in the world.

### Practical Application.

Considering how easy it is to be a member of the Apostleship of Prayer, the only essential requirement being the recitation of the Morning Offering and actual enrollment in the Association, there is really no valid reason why anybody should not be a member of this wonderful army of the Sacred Heart.

### The Apostleship of Prayer as Catholic Action

Quoting again the Holy Father, as he addressed a hundred priest delegates and directors of the Italian branch of the Apostleship of Prayer in September of 1936, "There is something that We strangely recommend to you and it is this: the members of the Apostleship of Prayer must not be held to be external helpers of Catholic Action, because they formally belong to it. Nothing hinders, rather everything tends to their being at least the reserve of Catholic Action. If anything at all, then surely the Apostleship of Prayer does belong to Catholic Action."



## Dear Mother...

by EMILY

Dña Mercedes has just had a good night's sleep when she passed by the room of her only daughter to call her for breakfast. A worried surprise slowly crept into her lovely face whose beauty was still unmarred by fast-moving and reckless Age. She suddenly flung the door wide open. Emily was not there. The beddings were neatly arranged. But on the dresser of Emily lay a white sheet of paper neatly tucked under an unused Max Factor kit. Dña Mercedes seized it nervously and this is what she read . . .

*At Home*  
*March 25*

*Dearest Mother,*

*By the time you will be reading this letter I shall be far away, for I have gone to the man I love.*

*You know, dearest Mother, how much I love you and how I hate to hurt you, but I could not wait any longer to do what I have now done. Moreover, your consistent opposition to this man led me to take this*

*drastic step. I am sorry, Mother, but there was no other way. I know how much my happiness mean to you. I want you to know now that I shall not be happy anywhere except in his company.*

*It is barely a week now since you stood there in our college auditorium, proud to have a daughter graduate "summa cum laude". I vividly remember the gleam in your eyes, though misty with tears, as you placed the hood over my shoulders and pinned the gold medal on me. I was proud of you, Mother, and I still am, for had it not been for all your self-sacrifices I would not be what I am today—a woman with a solid Catholic education to back her up.*

*I am deeply aware that up to this moment your solicitude for me has not waned a bit. You have always sought my welfare and my happiness, especially in the choice of the man I would marry someday.*

*Do you remember, dear Mother, how we used to discuss together the different character traits of the young men who came to the house? Do you recall how I never liked any one in particular in spite of their excellent qualities? I guess, Mother, that the man I was looking for was not among them.*

*There was Manny with all his dash and wealth who always came along with the most beautiful and lovely roses this world could ever dream of. Remember the time he made me pick my favorite flower from a bouquet he carried in his arms? Remember how I chose the lily because it symbolizes purity? Then Manny threw them all in my arms and said I could have them all because it was my debut. I see it all now, Mother.*

*And there was Carlitos, jolly and gay, who simply loved to go out bowling with me until we fagged out and ordered bottles and bottles of Coca Cola. And then, too, there was my good friend Chito, boyish yet polite, who could dance so well that girls wished that they could ask him for a dance — that the world was the other way around. Last, but not least, there was good, courteous Emy and his music that haunted me like "an old sweet dream". He was such a nice boy.*

*Yet you know, Mother, that for all these men together I would not give up the man I have found —*

*the man to whom you have so bitterly at times objected and at times opposed selfishly. Forgive me, Mother... But I still cannot understand how you could have rejected in every way the man whom you knew I have learned to love and always will love.*

*I still recall how you would grow pale at the very mention of my having anything to do with him and harshly forbid me to talk about spending the rest of my life in his company. At times I was almost inclined to believe you disliked him, but it is not strange that I could detect in you a certain respect for him.*

*Surely there must have been a secret esteem for him within your heart. You knew him quite well. But you hated to admit that he is a true lover in every sense of the word. O Mother, is he not more than worth loving? Tell me he is.*

*Indeed, he does not have the limousine of Manny, neither the gaiety of Carlitos, nor the music of Emy — yet, he himself is the wealth, the joy, and the music of the whole universe to me.*

*You were afraid that I would make the "mistake" of consenting to become his bride and that, you said, would not bring me any "security" in life at all. To me, he alone is Life's security. Having him is my greatest security. I would be the saddest creature indeed if I lose him.*

You were afraid that I would have to work myself to the bones in order to live — I, your little "princesita" who was not in the least used to soiling her soft, delicate fingers. But don't you see, Mother, that he and I would be working together, that I shall not do anything that he has not done for me?

You were afraid I would crave for the nice clothes, the good food, and the delightful concerts I have been used to and not have them. But is it not wonderful if I could give up all these — if I could do for him what I never did for any one else before? Besides, we have our little chats, our little whisperings and secrets which nobody can take away from us. And really now, should we need anything else when having each other is the height of our happiness?

And if I could toil and burn myself in labor simply because of love, would that not make me dearer to his heart and he to mine? I know, Mother, that he will never be able to 'ake me out to dances, to ball games, to the Riviera and other places of amusement. But can we not just gaze out at the open sky and enjoy the beauty of the firmament — of the moon and the stars for free? It is not the place but the company that matters. The world at present is nothing but a hell of antagonism and hate. He and I, together,

shall destroy this hate by our LOVE.

Dearest Mother, there is every reason why I should stay with him. In fact, I regret that I have not known him sooner. And to think that he has been waiting for so long...

You may not be aware, Mother, but he has always taken a keen interest in our family affairs. He has always loved you and me. Yes, dear Mother, you. He is so loving, forgiving, and understanding. I do not understand how anybody can resist him. Do not worry, dearest Mother, he will take good care of me. He is the greatest lover I have ever known. Mother, I want you to understand that in going to him, I have risked my future, my happiness, my everything just to be with him. If I had a thousand lives, I would offer them all to him. He alone can make me happy in this world, or in any other world. I know I shall always be happy with HIM.

Your loving child,  
Emily

P.S. And please, Mother, you have forgiven me, haven't you? My clothing day will take place on December 25. He and I will be waiting for you then. You cannot miss the place. Just go to Lipa and ask for the Carmelite Monastery. That is our home.

Love.

# THE WORD

by JOSEPH A. BREIG

*And his mother said to him: Son, why hast Thou done so to us? Behold thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing. And he said to them: How is it that you sought me? Did you not know that I must be about My Father's business?*

"I wouldn't want to be a priest," said Joe. He said it gently, as if to avoid shocking me.

"Neither would I," said I.

His eyes seemed suddenly to double in size, and his voice trebled upward a full octave. "Why not?"

"Because I care too much about the priesthood."

He was sitting sideways on a dining-room chair, one leg doubled under him, the other curled impossibly around the chair leg. Now he multiplied the impossibility by leaning his chin on one hand studying me with wide eyes. "I don't know what you mean," he said.

"I mean that I don't think I'm man enough to be another self for Christ. I'm afraid I'd botch it."

"I bet you wouldn't," he said. "You didn't botch being a Dad."

"Thanks, Joe," I told him; and meant it much more than it sounded. "That's because you've got a good mother."

"Dad," he asked, "what did you mean — another self for Christ?"

"Exactly that," I said, "That's what a priest is. Look Joe. Suppose

I were the world's greatest football player, and I knew I was going to die. And suppose I said to you, 'Joe, I can hand down my skill. I am going to hand it to you. You go out on that field and play. Every time you throw a pass, it won't be you throwing; it will be me. And when you carry the ball, I'll carry it. When you kick it, I'll kick it.' Suppose you did that. Then you'd be my other self. That's what a priest is to Christ. It isn't the priest who baptizes people and forgives sin and offers Mass. It's Christ in his other self Who does those things. And a man who is a Christ's other self ought to be quite a man!"

Joe sat still for a minute. Then he uncurved his legs and recurled them. He spoke slowly. "What kind of man, Dad?"

"Joe, I could give you a quick answer."

He looked at me. "Go ahead, Dad."

"The kind you are going to be. You're the kind."

There was a long silence. Finally he said: "But I'd have to go away from you."

I shook my head. "I hope not, Joe. I hope that the closer you come to Christ, the closer you'll come to me, no matter how far away you go on this earth. If that isn't so, I'm a failure." — From "America"





## Bogus Oath or \$25,000

The record of the Knights of Columbus has elicited the most favorable comment by persons high in civic and religious affairs. Because of it, the late Cardinal Gibbons said of its members:

*"They are our joy  
and our crown  
They are the glory of Jerusalem  
They are the joy of Israel  
They are the honor  
of our people."*

But, as might be expected, the Order's noteworthy record has not protected it from vicious, mean and unjustifiable attacks. There are those who would destroy this great society and who would malign the men who compose it. The means adopted, for this purpose is the circulation of an ungodly and unchristian bogus "oath" that is alleged to be taken by the Knights of Columbus.

This has happened frequently in the United States. Recently here in Manila an attempt was made to do the same.

### **Wanten Slender**

The purpose of this false oath is

to breed hatred and intolerance, regardless of truth. Many of those who circulate it claim to be actuated by religious motives, but this is a mere cloak for their wicked purpose to arouse hatred and ill will among their fellow men. Their protestations of religious fervor are the "sheep's clothing" to mask their vicious purpose to destroy the harmony that should exist among men and to deprive their fellow-citizens of their sacred heritage—the right to worship God in accordance with their own convictions.

No man is a true follower of the Saviour who ignores His injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness," and that is what every man who circulates the bogus "oath" is guilty of doing. Do those who are guilty of this terrible offense against their fellow men ever stop to consider the warning of Scripture: "The man that in private detracted his neighbor, him did I persecute?" (Ps. 100:5).

### **How It Started**

No proof that the Knights of Co-

lumbus take this alleged "oath" has been offered and none can be produced. But to give the pretended "oath" the appearance of genuineness, many of the pamphlets containing it bear the notation "Copied from the Congressional Record, Feb. 15, 1913." However, they fail to state how this false "oath" came to be printed in the Congressional Record, nor the fact that the only purpose of printing it was to prove its falsity.

By referring to the Congressional Record it will be found that this so-called "oath" was printed therein merely as an exhibit in the contested Congressional election case of Bonniwell against Butler, in which Mr. Bonniwell, a Knight of Columbus, claimed that his defeat was brought about by the circulation of this false "oath". His opponent, Mr. Butler, repudiated the document and in presenting his defense said:

*"I apprehended with alarm the use of such a document in a political campaign, or at any other time. I did not believe in its truthfulness and so stated my judgment concerning it on November 4, 1912, as soon as complaint was made to me of its general circulation." (See Congressional Record, Vol. 49, February 15, 1913, p. 3219.)*

In its report, the Congressional Committee on Elections said:

*"The Committee cannot condemn too strongly the publication of the false and libelous*

*article referred to in the paper to Mr. Bonniwell and which was the spurious Knights of Columbus Oath, a copy of which is appended to the paper." (See Congressional Record, Vol. 49, February 15, 1913, p. 3221.)*

#### **Masonic Committee's Report**

A complete set of the work, ceremonials and pledges of the Knights of Columbus was submitted to a committee of prominent members of the Masonic Order. After carefully examining them, the committee made a report in which it was certified that the Knights of Columbus is not an oath-bound organization, that its ceremonials inculcate principles that lie at the foundation of every great religion and that—

*"Neither the alleged oath nor any oath or pledge bearing the remotest resemblance thereto in matter, manner, spirit or purpose is used or forms a part of the ceremonies of any degree of the Knights of Columbus. The alleged catch is scurrilous, wicked and libelous and must be the invention of an impious and venomous mind. We find that the order of Knights of Columbus, as shown by its rituals, is dedicated to the Catholic religion, charity, and patriotism. There is no propaganda proposed or taught against Protestants and Masons or persons not of Catholic faith. Indeed, Protestants or Masons are not*

referred to directly or indirectly in the ceremonials and pledges. The ceremonial of the Order teaches a high and noble patriotism, instills a love of country, inculcates a reverence for law and order, urges the conscientious and unselfish performance of civic duty, and holds up the Constitution of our country as the richest and most precious possession of a knight of the order. We can find nothing in the entire ceremonials of the order that our minds could be objected to by any person."

#### \$25,000 Reward

For twenty-five years the Knights of Columbus has maintained a standing offer of \$25,000 to any person or persons who will furnish proof:

1. That the alleged "oath" is taken or subscribed to, or ever was taken or subscribed to, by the Knights of Columbus, or
2. That Protestants or Masons are or ever were referred to directly or indirectly in the Ceremonials of the Knights of Columbus, or
3. That the following is not the true oath taken by the Fourth Degree members of the Knights of Columbus in the United States:

*"I swear to support the Constitution of the United States. I pledge myself, as a Catholic citizen and a Knight of Columbus and, dully to enlighten myself upon my duties as a citizen and conscientiously per-*

*form them entirely in the interest of my country, regardless of personal consequences. I pledge myself to do all in my power to preserve the integrity and purity of the ballot and to promote respect for law and order. I promise to practice my religion consistently and faithfully, and to so conduct myself in public affairs and in exercise of public affair and reflected nothing but credit upon our Holy Church, to the end that she may flourish and our country prosper, to the greater honor and glory of God."*

#### Decisions of the Courts

In *People v. Gordon*, 63 Cal. App. 627, in which the defendant was convicted of criminal libel for having circulated the bogus "oath" the California Court of Appeals, in affirming the conviction of the defendant, said:

*"The evidence conclusively shows that defendant published the article knowing it to be untrue and without justifiable ends and for the sole purpose of injuring the members of the society by discrediting their honesty, integrity, and reputation, and with a desire to expose them to public hatred, contempt, or ridicule, and that so-called oath was false and that no member of the fourth degree of the order ever took such an oath."*

In *Crane v. State*, 14 Okla. Cr. 30.

the Court affirming a conviction of criminal libel for circulating the bogus "oath" said:

*It is to be regretted that the statute does not prescribe imprisonment in the penitentiary as the punishment for this class of crime in order that such characters as this record discloses plaintiff in error to be should receive the judgment which the author in this book says would be proper if his statements are untrue and false in toto the proof offered in this case overwhelmingly establishes . . . It is remarkable that in this country where freedom of conscience in religious matters was one of the chief basic doctrines upon which the government was founded, people who hold themselves forth as possessing even ordinary intelligence would indulge in this character of criminal conduct... The Charge that members of an honorable organization, secret, religious, or otherwise, subscribe to such an oath as that complained of or the doctrines alleged is not tolerable and is not permitted by law... The plaintiff in error was properly convicted by the jury.*

In sentencing Rev. E. L. Bateman, whom a jury at Newark, New Jersey, found guilty of circulating the bogus "oath" the Court said:

*"You have been convicted of a libel. You have borne false*

*witness against your neighbor. You have told an untruth."*

The New Orleans Daily States said:

*"If the Jersey Judge before whom the Reverend Mr. Bateman was tried should take it into his mind to put him in stripes it would go a long way toward stopping the circulation of an outrageous forgery."*

#### Press Cites Lie

The bogus "oath" was denounced from the press and pulpit. Great newspapers, such as the Saint Paul Pioneer-Press, the Montgomery Advertiser, the Saint John's, Newfoundland, Evening Telegram and Daily News, the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, the New York World, the New Orleans Daily States, the Cleveland News and many others assailed it. A Committee of prominent Masons described it as "scurrilous, wicked and libelous" and "the invention of an impious and venomous mind."

Many persons who circulated the "Oath" were prosecuted and convicted of criminal libel and some were sent to jail.

And still the bogus "oath" is circulated from time to time—usually in connection with a political campaign. The Knights of Columbus has published a booklet setting forth the facts regarding the so-called oath and if any of our readers are interested, they may obtain a copy of it by writing to Supreme Secretary, Knights of Columbus, New Haven, Connecticut.



# A Catholic Girl Speaks

by ANITA GONZALES

The thoughts of the young are many and fleeting. Some are light and frivolous, some are deep and serious. In our troubled world today, even the young must think seriously. Many things are happening in our country and in the world outside that demand serious thinking. Consider, for instance the observation of one of our writers in the Philippines today. He said: "We have recovered more slowly from the moral injuries of the war than from its physical and material injuries. There is still a semi-paralysis of the moral sense and the sense of the civic duty and responsibility."

If this be true, what can Catholic girls do in our country to improve public morals? Catholic girls in the Philippines have always been looked upon with high regard because they are models in discipline and proper behavior. A girl educated in a Catholic school develops attitudes that tend to make her kind to her neighbors, charitable to the less fortunate, devoted to her country, loyal to her parents and kins, and above all,

faithful to God and her religious duties.

A girl with these attitudes can never be an instrument of moral decadence. Those who have never been to a Catholic school or those who merely observe superficially the appearance of things, say that our Catholic schools teach the students nothing but prayers. **THIS IS ABSURD.** It is true that religion is emphasized in religious schools, and rightly so. The Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York said that "The United States (and the Philippines for that matter) cannot have or maintain a right system unless it is based on true religious principles," and therefore in spite of the fact that some hesitate to include religion in our educational program, the Catholic schools of the Philippines give religious training first importance.

We Catholics, who are religiously trained, are brought up in the fear of the Lord. We are taught to know, love and serve God, and our devotion for Him compels us to obey His Commandments. Those who obey

the Commandments of the Lord can never be instruments of moral degradation.

Ethics, which deals with our relation towards our fellowmen, is also emphasized in our schools. The beatitudes both in words and actions are imported to us by our teachers. Yes, these are emphasized, as much as the love and knowledge of God, but we are also taught other things. We are taught the social and physical and natural sciences. They are given secondary importance, but we study them nevertheless. Spiritual things are more important than the material, but we do not close our eyes to reality. We live in a world of realities.

So we Catholic Girls can lead in the movement towards the moral rehabilitation of our people. We can recover from our moral injuries of the past war. We have the will for this big task.

There are three things we can do, we who are products of the Catholic Schools. Three things that will help the movement of moral rehabilitation:

First, let us show by our example, the advantage of our religious education. By our conduct in the community, let the parents judge and evaluate the curriculum taught in the various schools. This is the best form of advertisement for any institution of learning.

Second, let us be active in our participation of civic matters. Let us make our protests against the mis-

deeds of men who are responsible for the semi-paralysis of the moral sense and the sense of civic duty and responsibility. Silence is tolerance. Let us not sit supinely and say we are not directly concerned. Let us protest and protest vigorously until our voices are heard. There are men of the crusading spirit who are behind us.

Lastly, let us continue to pray. Who was it that said: "More things are wrought by prayers than this world dreams of?" Let others ridicule us for our devotion and our rituals. We shall continue with our ways, happy in the Faith of our Fathers.

It is no exaggeration to state that the hope of our nation to rise from the morass of immorality, graft and corruption of the post-war period lies in the womanhood of the country. The girls of today who will be the mothers of tomorrow will shape the ideals of our future leaders. Picture to yourself the religiously trained girls all over the Philippines preparing for their place in the home. They are God-fearing, respectful, chaste, and virtuous. If these girls will prove worthy of their Alma Mater, true to themselves and their precepts, there is no doubt but that the children coming from such homes will grow to manhood who will be the knight templars in the crusade against immorality, graft and corruption.

Picture to your mind the young men of tomorrow who come from

homes without regard for religion, without discipline, without regard for law and justice. They constitute the materials for lawlessness and disorder. God grant that such men shall never be.

I am not a prophet of doom. I am a mere observer anxiously concerned over the welfare of my people and of my young Republic. I enjoin all Catholic girls of the Philippines to join in this movement for the improvement of public morals.

## LABOR DAY THOUGHTS OF A FARMER

*The farmer's hands are rough with sacrifice;  
They till the earth from morn till eventide.  
Like stones of great cathedrals heav'nward rise,  
And cup within the song divine that sighed:*

**"Let the earth bring forth the green herb  
And such as may seed,  
And the fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind  
Which may have seed in itself upon the earth. (Genesis 1, 1)**

*For painter's brush, they clutch a plough, and paint  
A masterpiece that mirrors God's own face:  
Majestic furrows—lines that know no plaint;  
Green leaves of hope; a golden crop of grace.*

**"Thy face, O Lord, will I still seek.  
Turn not away thy face from me;  
Decline not in thy wrath from thy servant.  
Be thou my helper, forsake me not. (Psalm 26, 8-9)**

*While foolish mortals dream of wealth and fame,  
And see bright bubbles bursting in the end—  
The lowly farmer's hands to us proclaim,  
God's beauty that a new life, new hope blend.*

**"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow.  
They labor not, neither do they spin.  
But not even Solomon in all his glory,  
Was arrayed as one of those. (Matthew 6, 28)**

By Rev. C. BILLOTE, Jr.

CATECHISM CLASS:

## Cure For Insomnia?

by MANNY HERNANDEZ



A catechist friend of mine tells me his catechism class is very unsteady. There are as many kids joining and rejoining as there are quitting. Another says her class is dangerously thinning out. But why this skimpy business? This down-grade plunge? Any reason for it?

Sometime ago, this "friend of mine" asked one of his "ex-catechism" pupils why he hasn't attended classes anymore. "Aw, it is very long", came the prompt reply.

Very long? But the truth is, catechism classes occupy only thirty minutes. And merely once a week. Is that really long? Unless, of course, the kids find the catechist too boring. Either by his monopoly of the situation, or her inability to overcome her own drabness. Or plain unpreparedness for class.

Here's Ramoning, a Legionary catechist. Once, on his day of teach-

ing, he unluckily prolonged his siesta to an undesirable hour. Waking up, he grabs his watch, jumping.

"Ten to four! Ten minutes to dress up and rush to church. Whew! I forgot to prepare my lecture. . . . What'll I tell my class today? Never mind. . . . bahala na. Hey, Junior, did you take my folder away from the top of the piano? My pencil, where is it?"

By the time he is ready, he has exactly three minutes left. He runs to his class in the church. Arriving, he's five minutes late. Breathless. Speechless. Feature: an uninteresting talk. Result: drowse plus relaxed brows.

From that, one gets the impression that a fellow in the acutest stages of insomnia can simply team up with a huddle handled by a sleep-shod Ichabod whose polite title is "a catechist" Presto! He's sound asleep without



the aid of sleeping pills. Imagine that!

At a junior praesidium meeting a few weeks ago, one of the girls tearfully reported that her class was swiftly diminishing. The Presiding Officer asked her why. "The kids are very sleepy."

Her answer contained everything. The praesidium president understood that she lacked the knack of proper class handling. May be, she was sleepy herself. Probably, prolonging her noon-day nap. Or catching a few more forty-winks after that Saturday night dance.

In short, she was a sorry victim of "Catechetical" drowsiness. What's more sorrowful is that there are hundreds of others just like her all over our Islands today. That's something our parish priests ought to worry about. But sorry, our priests are too few for the vineyard.

At a catechetical convention held recently, one of the demonstration teachers did not know her pupils' names. Nor did she strive to. One of the delegates noticing this, asserted that it was not courteous for a teacher to call her pupils by the color of their clothes, the complexion of their skin, or their seating position in class.

Like this: "You in green, stand up!" "You big boy at the back, answer my question." Or just a plain "You!" accompanied by a finger pointed at the child.

This may be true on the first days



## TYING THE KNOT

A missionary working among the natives in the "back woods" of the Hawaiian Islands had great difficulty in making the members of his flock understand the meaning of the Christian marriage ceremony. They did not, in fact, feel that they were properly married until he worked out this series of questions:

To the man: "You savvy this woman?"

"Yes."

"You likee?"

"Yes."

"By and by you no kick out?"

"No."

And then to the woman: "You savvy this man?"

"Yes."

"You likee?"

"Yes."

"By and by you no kick out?"

"No."

"Pau." (Done!)

—The Liguorian

of class. But as the calendar folds up, teacher and pupils must know and love one another. It's easy to remember friends' names. It's just as easy to honor Christ's little loved ones.

Careless and thoughtless handling can make a child dislike the class. A child, for all you know, wants love and attention, although she doesn't say it. Children think that the big boys and girls who are kind to them are just as good as their own brothers or sisters.

A priest present at the same convention didn't like the idea of a teacher remembering her pupils' names. When things got clearer it was understood that the goodly priest was referring to big classes where the number ranges in the vicinity of a hundred tots.

This Father said such classes could be found in many provincial towns with utter lack of teachers. It would not be surprising to find the catechists there complete strangers to their pupils. Much less try to learn their names by heart. The priests himself was not in favor of such simple etiquette. This is where sleepiness often comes in.

Once, on a home visitation assignment, we met a child named Celestina. She had stopped attending her catechist classes. Why? She thought she wasn't wanted. The teacher always called her "Christina". That wasn't her real name. She didn't

like it. She was a child. Who's to blame? Celestina? Or the teacher?.

That seems trivial. Certainly trivial to our "maturer folks" and all those who think they are... But to a child, it isn't. In fact, Father Gannon, S.J., in one of his books states that a name forms part of a man's character. And perhaps, children feel it stronger than any grown-ups.

And, going back to the gentle art of dozing and the insomnia surecures, here's another incident. It isn't a class scene. It's a significant aftermath.

Setting: the church patio. Time: shortly before dusk one Sunday afternoon. Characters: two little girls just off from their catechism classes. Subject: the teacher's yawns. Theme: the teacher is very sleepy.

"Do you know why Miss Dely frequently yawned while teaching us this afternoon, Lilia?"

"Of course, not. Well, Gloria, do you?"

"Well, you know, Lilia, she was at the barn dance of the Aurora Youth Circle last night. I know it. This morning, I heard my brother talking about her to one of his friends."

So, that's that! Unless we're careful enough, many of our catechism classes might suddenly turn out to be insomnia clinics. And us, catechists, demonstrators of "How to cure insomnia in one catechism lesson!" And everybody in this big wide wicked world knows that's what we ought not to be.



## On Secularism

*First Pastoral Letter of His  
Grace, Archbishop Gabriel  
Reyes of Manila.*

TO THE CLERGY, SECULAR AND REGULAR AND TO ALL THE FAITHFUL  
OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF MANILA:

Shortly after my installation, brethren, as Archbishop of Manila, wished to greet all the members of my new flock in the only way that could; namely, by a pastoral letter. Until recently, however, I had to continue with the burden of my old office as Archbishop of Cebu, and this, added to the new and even heavier responsibilities of the See of Manila, kept me from executing my desire.

Meanwhile its execution has become urgent, for the mounting seriousness of the times and the growing menace both to our faith and to our national existence have forced on me as a divinely constituted shepherd of the flock of Christ the duty of raising my voice to protect that flock by teaching, guiding, warning.

Now that the burdens of Cebu have been transferred to other shoulders, and we are now in Holy Week, a season that invites to deep and serious

reflections on the duties of religion and our own fulfilment of them, an opportunity is afforded and which I must not neglect.

In this my first pastoral letter as Archbishop of Manila I purpose to reaffirm the relations that should exist between a bishop and his flock. On each Christ has laid obligations towards the other; and to each He gives a special grace to fulfil those obligations, that both may be knit together in invincible unity against all the assaults of the gates of hell.

#### **The Obligations of a Bishop**

Let us consider first the obligations that weigh upon a bishop.

When our divine Savior came on earth, He found the lost race of men, we are told, as sheep without shepherds, every one gone astray each in his own way; all blind, yet thinking they had vision; sitting in the darkness and illusion of their own opinions, and calling it light. So Christ came to be Himself the Light of the world, the Way, the Truth and the Life, to all those who would believe in Him and submit to His divine authority. He saw that man, left to his own conceptions, had lost the truth about God, and that even if that truth were restored to him, he would inevitably lose it again, if still left to his own conceptions.

No mere exposition of that truth and law in a bible or code could satisfy man's need for a teacher. Written words can never be a final court of appeal, for they are dead things that demand a living mind to interpret them, and this living interpreter is necessarily the final court of appeal. If human society had only written codes of laws to go by, and no supreme tribunal to interpret them, or any authorized tribunal at all except the private judgment of each individual, it would swiftly cease to be a society at all, and would disintegrate into chaos.

If Christ wanted His truth and His law to stand intact to the end of time, safe from the disintegrating influence of private judgment, there was no other way so suitable, so natural, as the way He actually chose: that of setting up a living authority so fortified from human vagaries by His divine power that it could not fail in its teaching mission, and men could have recourse to it in all matters of faith and morals with the solid assurance of being told the truth.

In this acceptance of a divinely set-up and divinely guaranteed authority, the human mind would be rescued and freed from all the human pseudo-authorities that had hitherto tyrannized over it, jostling and pushing it hither and yon with the winds and tides of passions, prejudices, catchwords, slogans, fashions, fads, philosophies, panaceas, pressure groups, and the bullying of the State.

From all these, from all the false Christs, Christ meant to deliver the

human race when He sent forth His apostles with the words: "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth. Going therefore, teach all nations. . . all things that I have commanded you, and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." "He that hears you, hears Me, and he that despises you, despises Me." "I will ask the Father and He will give you another Advocate to dwell with you forever, the Spirit of Truth. . . He will teach you all things, and bring to your mind whatever I have said to you."

This then is the first obligation a bishop has as a successor of the Apostles, and as a divinely appointed spokesman for Christ: he must teach Christ's doctrine entire and unadulterated; he must teach it effectively.

Accordingly, he must be able to distinguish clearly between contemporary truths and contemporary falsehoods; modernity and truth are not necessarily the same thing. He must be careful to label as sound what is sound, and as dangerous what is dangerous; he must point the flock to wholesome pasturage and restrain it from poisonous weeds. If he fails in this duty, or if he deserts the flock when he sees the wolf coming, he is not a good shepherd after the model of his Lord.

The good shepherd, Christ says, must be ready to lay down his life in defense of the flock entrusted to him. Not for fear or greed, not for any threats or cajolery of the powers of this world, is he to swerve from his duty of denouncing any doctrine or book or enactment or judgment of a human tribunal, which his conscience tells him is opposed to the everlasting truth which Christ entrusted to His Church nineteen centuries ago, and which that Church has preserved unchanged all these ages.

### **The Gravity of These Obligations**

Heavily does this obligation weigh on every Catholic bishop. What is at stake is nothing less than the souls of his flock, those souls that Christ paid for with His blood. To Christ the Judge he must render a rigorous accounting for each one of those souls, and for the diligence with which he has performed his task. Such is the heavy obligation, brethren, that has been laid on me for the souls of all of you.

In my ears I hear the warning Christ gave His apostles at the end of the last discourse of His public life, on Tuesday of Holy Week: "Which of you is a faithful and wise servant," He asked them, "one whom his master will entrust with the care of his household, to give them the food at the appointed time? Blessed is that servant who is found doing this when his lord comes; . . . But if that servant plays him false, . . . then on some day, at an hour when he is all unaware, his lord will come and cut him off, and assign him his portion with the hypocrites."

In my ears, too, sounds the last solemn adjuration of Saint Paul to the bishop Timothy whom he had consecrated: "I adjure thee in the sight of God and of Jesus Christ, who is to judge the living and the dead; preach the word, dwelling upon it continually, welcome or unwelcome; bring home wrongdoing, comfort the waverer, rebuke the sinner, with all the patience of a teacher. The time will surely come when men will tire of sound doctrine, always itching to hear something new; and so they will provide themselves with a continuous succession of new teachers as the whim takes them, turning in a deaf ear to the truth. . . ." That time, which Saint Paul warned against, has indeed come; as we can all see; and a bishop today must be all that Saint Paul demanded of Timothy.

To perform effectively this weighty obligation a bishop must sometimes make use of the power, which Christ has given him for this purpose, of imposing obligations and sanctions. "Whatever you bind on earth," He said, "will be bound in heaven, and whatever you lose on earth will be loosed in heaven."

There are three features to this power of binding, brethren, which we should carefully attend to. First, a bishop uses reluctantly and rarely,—only when he must. Second, he uses it only for the protection of that flock for whose safety he must answer to Christ. Third, the sanctions he imposes are not those of physical force but purely spiritual, whose whole force depends on faith; whoever does not recognize Christ speaking in the bishop's voice will not heed that voice; consequently, it is not to a mere man that submission is made, but to Jesus Christ the Son of God.

Briefly, then, your bishop's obligation is to be a good shepherd and a devoted father, feeding Christ's faithful with Christ's truth, guiding them in safe paths to God, and protecting them from false teachers—from open assaults and subtle devices, from the wolf and the snake.

And since this obligation is all too heavy for any unaided human shoulders to sustain, there is given me, for your sake, the mighty grace of Sacred Orders, which means the omnipotent backing of Jesus Christ; it means the indwelling of the Holy Spirit in the Church to steady its hierarchy in teaching the fulness of Christ's truth. On his grace I rely, and on it you too, strong in your faith in Christ, can securely trust, as generations have done before you.

#### **Obligation of the Faithful**

And now, what of the obligation of the faithful towards their bishop? In one word, it is that they be faithful. Faith in God's word will make them see in the bishop no merely human expert, no merely human authority, but Christ's representative, speaking with the very authority of the Son of God.

Having this insight, they will not waver in their loyalty to the bishop's teaching, knowing that to despise it is to despise Christ. They will see it is not the private interests of some secular organization that are in question when he speaks, but the interests of Christ, which they have taken for their own interests from that day when they united their lives and destinies to Him through the sacrament of Baptism.

Of all the interests a man can have these are the grandest, the noblest: they are nothing less than the saving of the world, and the bringing to the heartbroken and distracted human race God's heavenly peace. Is that object not worth some striving and sacrifices?

Again, the Catholic layman whose faith assures him that such is the mission and such the authority of Christ's Church will not be found shutting his ears to its voice and listening to its enemies instead; he will not turn for guidance from the shepherd to the wolf. And yet we have seen to our sorrow some Filipino Catholics fall into this tragic folly.

Our Lord Himself declared it the mark of His true sheep that they would listen to His voice and not to that of a stronger. "You do not believe," He told the Jewish leaders, "because you are not of my sheep. My sheep hear my voice. . . and they follow Me."

#### **The Bishop a Divinely Constituted Teaching Authority**

But the bishop, it is sometimes objected, is not infallible; what he teaches is not necessarily true; and using this objection some lax and damaged Catholics presume to doubt or reject any pronouncement of their bishop that goes counter to their own private opinion or personal advantage. What a nullification this is of the bishop's office and authority!

True it is that an individual bishop, the Bishop of Rome excepted, is not infallible; but it is also true that he is the one divinely constituted teaching authority in matters of faith and morals. Consequently, whenever he teaches in a matter of faith and morals, his teaching must be accepted as true until it is controverted by an equal or higher ecclesiastical authority. No lay opinion or pronouncement can have any validity against it.

Their faith too will show the laity what attitude they should take when the bishop, acting in accord with his conscience and his office, lays some special obligation on his flock. To the worldly it comes natural to complain that such obligations are an infringement of personal liberty, that the Church is dictatorial, and so on; for the worldling has that "wisdom of the flesh" against which Saint Paul warned the Romans.

It is this pseudo-wisdom that impels a man to reject God's authority and follow his own judgment and his own self-will. "The wisdom of the

flesh," he says, "is an enemy to God. For it is not subject to the law of God, nor can it be."

But to Christ's faithful their faith is a light that shows them that "this wisdom of the flesh is death"; that to refuse submission to Christ is to condemn one's mind to all that degrading tyranny of passions and fashions and fads and false Christs from which He came to set us free and give us an infinitely larger and diviner freedom as well: the freedom of the sons of God. Men have only a choice of yokes; the gentle, ennobling yoke of Christ, or the cruel, degrading yoke of the world, the flesh, and the devil.

#### Law and Freedom

Is not all law a curb on human freedom? But it is a reasonable curb for the general good. The man who has the general good at heart, and also the wisdom to perceive the best means of attaining it, does not need the law; laws, says Saint Paul, are made not for good men but for bad; but once they are made, both good and bad must obey them. If the civil power, for instance, had never passed an ordinance compelling drivers of motor cars to prove their competence to drive by securing a state license, responsible citizens would still not have driven on public roads without first making sure they were competent to do so.

But since there are also irresponsible citizens who would drive without the requisite competence, the civil power had to make an ordinance binding not only on these, but on responsible folk as well. So it is with all laws, whether of the civil or the ecclesiastical authority. For the general good an obligation is laid on all, even though it was not needed for some.

When therefore a bishop for the general good, forbids, let us say, his flock to read a certain book without permission, the Catholic who has faith and good sense will not complain of it, any more than as a good citizen he complains that the state will not let him without a license drive a car on the public roads or sell meat in the public market. . . He knows that though this ordinance was not made because of him, it was made for his good, because the general good is his good too.

#### The Part of Love

The same faith that makes a Catholic hold fast to the Church's teaching and laws, makes him strong in upholding and defending them. There is nevertheless something more than faith involved here; there is also love. The Catholic who loves Christ cannot help loving the Church, Christ's visible representative and mystical body.

The Catholic who has enrolled in Christ's army will not desert that



army when it is assailed. He will not be found too engrossed in his own interests to have time or energy for the imperiled interests of Christ. He knows well that Christ's interests take priority over every other; indeed he knows that we can have no real interests at all, independent of Christ's interests, and that to care for His is the only true and wise way of caring for our own.

The Catholic merchant or banker or publisher or politician who thinks he has the right or duty to keep his religion carefully out of his professional life is disastrously at wrong. For religion must be no mere department, large or small, of a man's life; it must BE a man's life, if he is truly to live at all. In one word, the religion of a Catholic must be catholic—that is, universal; Christ's kingdom extends both to the whole of the human race and to the whole of every human life.

According to His teaching, all that a man has — his talents, his property, his career and office — he holds in trust to God as a stewardship for which he must render to God a strict account. We can never be indifferent to Christ.

If we design to go through life as stealthy Catholics, inert when the Church's foes are most active, speechless when they are most vociferous, or even catching up and repeating their arguments against it because theirs is the fashionable cause, and the Church is out of fashion; if, in a word, we propose to be Palm Sunday welcomers of Christ, and Good Friday mutes or mudflingers as He goes by on the way to Calvary, let us ponder these terrible words of His: "He that shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation, the Son of Man also will be ashamed of him when he shall come in the glory of his Father with the holy angels."

#### **The Modern Plague, Secularism**

Never did those words of our Lord have more meaning than they do today. These days the press is filled with voices of alarm, and warnings of imminent world debacle.

We read of the tremendous advances of Communism's vast international conspiracy to enslave the human race and extinguish the human spirit; we read of frantic eleventh-hour efforts to check that conspiracy with hastily organized alliances. Here in our own country we see Communist rebels suddenly taking the offensive against the government and spreading violence from end to end of Luzon.

And we see everywhere, both here and abroad, secularism, that deadly disease of the modern world — that negation in theory or practice of all spiritual realities and values — eating in like termites and rotting the power of civilization to resist the Communist menace, or to answer its arguments;

and thus building up for Communism a vast sphere of sympathy, and an inexhaustible supply of recruits or dupes or fellow travelers.

Of this modern plague, the plague of Secularism, His Holiness, of happy memory, Pope Pius XI speaks thus:

"That plague is not the growth of a day. It has been growing for some time. First the rule of Christ over nations was repudiated. The right of the Church to teach, legislate and govern men, guiding them along the path of salvation was denied, even though she holds that right from Christ Himself. Gradually the true religion of Christ was likened to all other false, man-made religions and put on a par with them. Then it was placed under the power of the state, and merely tolerated at the whim of rulers of states. Some even went so far as to advocate replacing God's true religion by a natural religion, based on some vague religious feeling. Others urged the abandonment of God and advocated openly the practice of impiety." — *Encycl.*

"**The Kingship of Christ**".

This secularism is thus the real power behind Communism, the ally that has brought it to so terrible a pitch of power that it now threatens the entire world.

### **The One Answer — The Catholic Church**

Against that world-wide organized threat stands one, and only one world-wide organized foe — the Catholic Church.. Everywhere it is the Church that speaks out, and the Church that bears the brunt of persecution when the Communists have gained power. Wise lovers of human freedom in every land have recognized his leadership of the Church and praised her for it; to the Church more and more they look for the steadfastness needed to weather the rising storm.

But there are old enemies of the Church also to whom this glory of leadership is wormwood; these try to make people believe that the Church fights the totalitarianism of the Communists because the church is itself totalitarian. Only ignorance and bad faith could so misuse words and so confuse issues... We have only to consider what totalitarianism is and what the Church's doctrine of human government has always been to see that the Church is not only by its very nature anti-totalitarian, but is also the one effective universal bulwark against totalitarianism of every form.

Totalitarianism is a doctrine containing these two propositions: First, there is but one supreme authority, the State, whose competence is unlimited and absolute; second, the State should regiment all the activities of all its citizens to achieve the planned objectives laid down by those who control

the State. The result of this doctrine is the total enslavement of the individual to the group of men that run the states.

### **The Church's Doctrine of Government**

Turning now to the Catholic Church's doctrine of government — unchanged through nineteen centuries — we see that it, too, contains two propositions; they are: First, that there are TWO supreme authorities, each with a sphere of competence, the Church and the State; the Church supreme in spiritual matters, the State in temporal.

Second, since these two spheres of competence overlap at certain points, for instance, in education and in the regulation of marriage, and since these two authorities were both set up by the one God and have the same subjects to direct, they should work together in harmony and not at cross-purposes. Two independent, limited, but harmonious supreme powers — that is the Catholic doctrine of government, and just as it is necessarily opposed to totalitarianism of every description, so it necessarily desires to cooperate with the civil power for every legitimate objective.

Wherever the Church raises its voice in protest at some invasion by the State of the realm of faith or morals, and for so protesting is denounced by some one as totalitarian, recognize, brethren, in the denouncer a hidden totalitarian; for in denying to the Church any field of competence in which it is independent of the State, he is implicitly asserting an omniscient, unlimited, absolute State that can regiment the citizen as much as it pleases.

### **An Example of Secularism in the Philippines**

Sadly we must confess that here in our own land is much of this pernicious misuse of words, much secularism, much apathy and inertia of Catholics in the face of open affronts against, and attacks upon, their faith. I shall cite but one example.

A book was published last year that contained under its stated thesis the following insinuations: First, that to retract Freemasonry and return to the Catholic faith is an act so discreditable that the national hero of our people could not have done it; otherwise he would lose his claim to be a man of strong and noble character. Second, and consequently, that to be a Catholic is the sign of either an ignorant or an ignoble spirit.

Third, that lying and forgery are characteristic devices of the priests of a religious order which enjoys the respect of all true Catholics, and the unqualified approval of the Catholic Church. Every one of these insinuations is a grave affront to the Catholic Church.

When this book finally appeared, the Freemasons and other enemies of religion started a campaign to have it made required homereading in the public high schools. Now it has never been the practice in democratic

countries, so far as we can learn, to compel the youth of the country to read biographies of their national heroes. No schoolboy in the United States is obliged by law to read a life of Washington, no schoolboy in France a life of Joan of Arc, nor any English schoolboy a life of Nelson or Wellington. Compulsion is unnecessary.

In democratic lands with true heroes of freedom, love and admiration are all the stimulus needed to make these known and their lives read. Only in totalitarian countries must rigged-up lives of their spurious heroes — the Hitlers, the Stalins and the Titos — be forced down children's throats.

But if it be true that our children must be compelled to read the life of one whom all Filipinos love and admire; at least, this being a democracy with a constitutional bill of rights, they should not be forced to read a biography, written in such a fashion that affronts by its insinuations the religion professed by the overwhelming majority of the people.

So, when the Masons urged this demand, the Knights of Columbus protested. Thereupon the government referred the book to a committee to determine whether it contained matter injurious to the Catholic religion. Observe that point. The government explicitly defined the question as one of religion, — of the Catholic religion.

Now when serious questions touching special fields are to be settled, they are always referred to the recognized authorities in those fields, and everyone in the Philippines knows that in questions relating to the Catholic religion the only authorities are its Hierarchy. But the government did not refer this book to the Catholic hierarchy; it handed the book to three officials one of whom was not even a Catholic. The hierarchy nevertheless did not remain silent; they unanimously condemned the book as anti-catholic.

The committee, however, pronounced that the book contained nothing against the Catholic religion and nothing injurious to the faith of Catholics and should be put on the required-reading list for public-school children. Faced with these contradictory statements, what did the government do?

In this matter which it had itself defined to be one purely religious and purely of the Catholic religion, it approved the verdict of the members of this commission who pontificated as theologians, while the authorized theologians of the Catholic Church for speaking out were denounced as meddlers in politics.

#### **A Call to Action**

Here was a manifest injustice to our religion, and an open invitation to its enemies to launch new attacks against it — an invitation they have been only too eager to take advantage of. What did our prominent

Catholics, the leaders of public opinion, do about it? Except for a glorious but tiny handful, nothing! This apathy and indifference of even our educated Catholics to the cause of the Church and of Christ our King — this is our real sorrow and matter of concern. It is not the enemies of the Church in the Philippines that worry us; they are in themselves insignificant enough, but the resistance to them is even more insignificant.

Fifty years ago Catholicism was the universal faith of this land; it is still the faith of three-fourths of its inhabitants. It is a sleeping colossus; but while it slumbers, its small but unrelenting foes keep wounding it with tiny pricks that in the long run will wear its strength away. When will that colossus, the country's one greatest hope for survival, unity and greatness, finally awake and make its power felt? The time is growing short.

Here in this Holy Week of 1950, with the shadows of a new and dreadful conflict darkening about us, is a season for solemn thoughts. Each of us should put himself under the Cross of Christ on Calvary and ask: "Has that Blood been poured out for this people in vain? Has it been poured out in vain for me? Must I, after seeing God and the Church and the human spirit with all its ideals and aspirations and freedom and security, extinguished in this land because of my apathy, and a repulsive totalitarian yoke imposed on my country, my family and me — after all this must I go forth into eternity and find Christ ashamed of me because I was ashamed of Him and His words in this adulterous and sinful generation?"

Let each of us before the crucifix on Good Friday ask himself these questions. The answer to them need not be Yes. If Good Friday means anything, it means the birth of hope and salvation in the very midst of death. If we will begin to do to death our old habits of apathy and spiritual cowardice, the secularist ways of thinking that have obscured the clarity of our faith, the self-interestedness that has all but shut out of our hearts the interests of Christ, we can still bring ourselves and our beloved country to the joyous resurrection of a Pascua Florida. God grant we may not miss the chance.

God grant, also, that with this understanding we may be encouraged and strengthened to grow in our faith and to live truly Catholic lives so that in the individual, in the family, in society the Kingdom of Christ may advance.

With these paternal sentiments, and as a pledge of the grace which I implore for you, I impart with all my heart, my paternal blessing upon you my fellow priests and upon each and every member of my flock.

Given in Manila during Holy Week of the Holy Year of 1950.

† GABRIEL M. REYES  
*Archbishop of Manila*



## Open The Gates

HOLY YEAR COLUMN

Father Keller, MM, in his book, *Three Minutes a Day*, tells the story of an overworked businessman who come home one day hoping to enjoy a quiet evening with the newspapers. But just as he sat down to start reading, his six-year-old son come up to him and began asking him an endless line of questions which greatly peevd him. In a fit of exasperation, the businessman got a map of the world from a nearby table and tore it to small pieces and told his son to put it back together again.

In ten minutes, his son returned, the task completed. Greatly astonished by the speed of the work, since his son knew no Geography, the Father asked the little tot how he did it. "All I did," said the boy, "was to put the man right. When I did that, the world came out right." The Father did not know that at the back of the map was the picture of a man which the boy strove to piece together, and in so doing, put the map back together again.

The problem of the world is the problem of man. Back of the con-

flict and endless wranglings that we see in the world today, is the evident, but not easily admitted, conflict which existed in man; and the jigsaw puzzling must be done there first, if we hope the world to come out right.

Thus Monsignor Sheen writes in the opening lines of his well-known book, *Peace of Soul*, "World wars are only projections of the conflicts waged inside the souls of modern men, for nothing happens in the external world that has not first happened within a soul... Unless souls are saved, nothing is saved; there can be no world peace unless there is soul peace."

Thus is explained the unprecedented interest in religious books and the awakening to an awareness of God which the publishers and booksellers noted during the past year and the marked tendency in the present-day leaders of thought to work on the basic problems of the individual as the only way of arriving at a solution to the problems of the world.

And that is the reason, too, why the Pope has summoned the world to a crusade of prayer and penance and declared this year a Holy Year because, as he said, only by a return of man to God and by sincere repentance can the crisis of the world be solved. Man has employed every means science has invented to help him maintain peace, and at the end of it all, he finds himself closer to trouble and world annihilation than when he started.

But what is the problem of man? Father Martindale, attempts to answer that question by stating that the problem of man is himself. Within each man's soul, sin finds allies and to combat these and all that should make him traitor to his determination, man needs to wage a war of penance. Only when man can set his face like flint against resistance and carry out the dictates of clear reason without flogging, can he be truly master of his household. And that means a lot of ruthless and persistent pressure on his unruly desires.

And so, ultimately, the big battle of our day is over man. Put the man right and you have a well-ordered universe. Put the man right, and you save his soul. And no matter how far removed from Christ one may be at present, he or she is never too far away to begin.

#### OF SISTERS AND A TURKEY

Sister Maura Kieran of the Maryknoll convent in Calacala, Bolivia, had told the house girl, Rafaela, to kill the Thanksgiving turkey. But soft-hearted Rafaela cried at the thought of harming such a beautiful bird,

Rafaela finally thought of a solution. She disappeared and returned with a glass of strong wine.

"I'll get him drunk first, and he won't know what's happening," she explained.

After dinner, all the Sisters agreed that Rafaela's turkey had made an especially tasty meal.

#### PATHETIC?

Francois Mauriac on his visit to Oxford for his honorary degree was immensely impressed, as a Catholic must be, with the religious tragedy preserved in the place built by and for Catholics. He was standing in one of the medieval chapels looking at the wall, when a person spoke to him. "I was thinking," said Mauriac, "how in Catholic times that wall would have had a fresco on it."

"Oh," said the other, "We are going to put a text here, from Holy Scripture." "What will it be?" said Mauriac. "The words of Mary Magdalene?" And when asked which words, he replied, "They have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid Him." —London Tablet

# 'T'll tell the Cross...

(Continued from page A)

*The wave of laughter that followed almost caused an electric bulb to fall down from its socket. Thank heaven there were no casualties. (Our prof was no HUK, you know.)*

*Brotherly in C. J.,  
Meneleo Hernandez*

**Ed:** Wat 'appened to de feters?

## FROM AN ATTORNEY

*Davao City*

Sir:

*I like the CROSS for it proves to millions that the Mystical Body is not a myth. I am a member of that Body and I am proud of it too. Your magazine never fails to delight me, for I find in it my thoughts in black and white.*

*I wish you every success to carry your aims to have the CROSS "reach all Filipinos from the top of Batanes to the tip of Turtle Islands." May God bless you and the members of your staff.*

*Sincerely in Christ,  
(Atty.) Alfredo C. Benedicta*

## CROSS — A "MUST"

*Meycawayan, Bulacan*

Sir:

*If some things like movies or Hollywood magazines are a "must" to this modern generation, why shouldn't the CROSS be? I would advise my Catholic sisters and brothers to make a try of it. Personally, I can read some items in it repeatedly without getting bored.*

*In love with the CROSS,  
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(Name Withheld)

Ed: Et tu, Brute?

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Name	Post-Office Address
Managing Editor—MARIO GATBONTON	Regina Bldg. 15 Banquero, Manila
Business Manager—RAUL C. REYES	Regina Bldg. 15 Banquero, Manila
Publisher—RAUL C. REYES	Regina Bldg. 15 Banquero, Manila
Printer—R. P. GARCIA PUBLISHING CO.	999 Dapitan, Manila
Office of Publication	Regina Bldg. 15 Banquero, Manila

In case of publication other than daily, total number of copies printed and circulated of the last issue dated April, 1950:

1. Sent to paid subscribers	4,200
2. Sent to others than paid subscribers	800

TOTAL	4,500
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MARIO GATBONTON  
Managing Editor

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of April, 1950, at Manila the affiant exhibiting his Residence Certificate No. A-247647 issued at Manila, on March 27, 1950.

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Girl's School  
Inspector General, The  
Lawless Code  
Master Minut  
Montana  
My Hands Are Clay  
Riders of the Dusk  
Wolf Hunters

### Previously Reviewed

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Mr. Toad, The  
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Range Justice  
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Roaring Westward  
Rusty's Birthday  
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South of Death Valley  
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Task Force  
That Midnight Kiss  
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Tough Assignment  
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Western Renegades  
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Side Street  
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Father Was a Fullback  
Fighting Kentuckian, The  
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