

THE 20 1981

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VINCES

# CROSS

AUGUST, 1949

## FEATURE

ATTENTION: PRESIDENTIAL  
CANDIDATES

WHY WE'RE "PATAY GUTOM"

THE PARADE OF "OOMPH"

CORRECTION NO. 2, MR. BALGOS  
*pedro c. lipata*

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*by an "ab"*

HOW BLACK IS "BLACK MARKET"  
*george vromant, cicm*

CARTOONS BY GAT  
HEART TO HEART



**CROSS**



*Currents*

**OF READERS' VIEWS**

**"KEEP 'EM FIGHTING"**

*Cebu City*

Sir:

Yes, *THE CROSS* is superb, too bad it does not come out weekly. Sincerely speaking, it's the only Catholic paper that "hits the spot".

And to prove my approval, please send me 100 copies of your latest issue. We shall try to do some campaigning for you. Bill me for this. Keep 'em fighting. God bless you all, "CROSS" people.

(Rev.) Cesar J. Alcosaba

Eds: Once more, action speaks louder than words. Father may also bill Heaven for his campaign. God bless all "CROSS" readers.

**"GROWING PAINS"**

*Catarman, Misamis Or.*

Sir:

I hope that the *CROSS* begins to get growing pains. It deserves a wider reading public. Like all magazines of this type, it makes men think and people don't like to think.

(Rev.) Joseph H. Bittner, S.J.

Eds: Yes, father, our baby is slowly growing. Thanks to our subscriber-friends — and to God. Someday, we hope — and pray — it will grow into the fullness of manhood.

**"TWO PROVED BEST"**

*Lucban, Quezon*

Sir:

I have read two copies of the "*CROSS*" given me by a priest, a very good friend of mine...It is so far the best Catholic Magazine in the Philippines and I would like to encourage every Catholic in the Island to subscribe to the "*CROSS*".

Agapito A. Aquino

Eds: For the information of "every Catholic in the Islands", Mr. Aquino, (unlike Politicians) did not stop at preaching. He subscribed.

**"PRIDE" — WITH PREJUDICE**

Manila

Sir:

*Prof. Zafra's "PRIDE" — WITH PREJUDICE is devastatingly good. He has proved beyond cavil that Palma's arguments do not hold water.*

*I am beginning to wonder why Mr. Ozaeta is getting all the laurels for the book. He merely translated it, but his name equals, and even over shadows the author's name. He gets all the publicity and does all the autographing. Of course, Palma is dead. But... well, well.*

Mauricio Jimenez

Eds: WELL.

**WHAT A RELIEF!**

Manila

Sir:

*What a relief to see the Cross put on a new cover! Frankly your last cover got me bored stiff. Your Rizal cover wasn't very artistic — but it was striking. Very striking.*

Delfin Lapus

Eds: Whenever anybody starts getting "bored stiff", with any page in the "CROSS", by the beard of Moses, write and tell us.

**"LOAFERS"**

San Fernando, Pamp.

Sir:

*There's a rather funny mistake on page 5 of the CROSS, July issue. The editorial writer says: "There are certainly tens of thousands of these loafers in government jobs." I'm sure loafers was really loafers. Right? On page 15 Rizal is made to believe in the "immorality" of the soul. That's "immortality", right?*

Ruben Miranda

Eds: Right. To proofreader: You haven't joined them loafers (get that straight) — we hope!

**BY GAT!**

Lipa City

Sir:

*I'm glad to know that Chronicle's GAT has also injected some of his delicious humor into your mag. Has he got "freedom of the brush" in the CROSS? I know some of his cartoons in Chronicle wont do for the CROSS.*

Lolita Brillantes

Eds: GAT enjoys the greatest "freedom of the brush" under God's law in the CROSS.

Regina Bldg., Escolta, Manila, Philippines

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# Pius XII Bans Commies

(Official Text)

## SUPREME SACRED CONGREGATION OF THE HOLY OFFICE

### DECREE

This Supreme Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office has been asked:

- 1) Whether it is lawful to enlist in or show favour to the communist party?
- 2) Whether it is lawful to publish, read or disseminate books, newspapers, periodicals or leaflets in support of communist doctrine and practice or write in them any articles.
- 3) Whether Catholics, who knowingly and freely place actions as specified in numbers 1 and 2 above, may be admitted to the Sacraments?
- 4) Whether Catholics, who profess, and particularly those who defend and spread, the materialistic and antichristian doctrine of the communists, ipso facto, as apostates from Catholic faith, incur excommunication reserved especially to the Holy See?

The most Eminent and Reverend Fathers, charged with the defense of matters pertaining to faith and morals, after having previously heard the opinion of the Consultors, at a plenary session held on Tuesday (instead of Wednesday) the 28th day of June 1949, decreed that the above mentioned questions be answered as follows:

- to No. 1 In the negative, for communism is materialistic and antichristian; besides, communist leaders, although they sometimes verbally assert that they are not opposed to religion, show themselves nevertheless, both by doctrine and action, to be in reality enemies of God, of the true religion and of the Church of Christ.
- to No. 2 In the negative, inasmuch as this is prohibited by law itself (cf. can. 1399 C.J.C.).

to No. 3 In the negative, in accordance with the common principles covering the refusal of the Sacraments to those not having the proper dispositions.

to No. 4 In the affirmative.

And on the following Thursday, the 30th of the same month and year His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, when informed of the decision in the usual audience granted to His Excellency the Most Rev. Assessor, approved and ordered to be published the above answers in the "Acta Apostolicae Sedis".

Given at Rome, July 1, 1949

PETER VIGORITA

Notary of the S. Congr. of the Holy Office.

## WHEN RAINS FALL

### [CONTEMPLATION]

What's lovelier to contemplate than rain . . .

Ten million billion beads of streaming water

Awakening cracked parched earth, that from proud summer

Has pleaded for a greener life in vain?

Search all the gold mines of the sunset plain,

Or watch beside the moon-washed banks of night,

Pick out a star and scrutinize its light.

And still you'll miss the kind thoughts packed in rain!

A stifling summer heat, — the world is dry.

A splash of rain, and all is green again!

A drought, and famine claps its bonds on men,

But men burst free, when rains fall from the sky!

Thus rain is but the image of Christ's grace,

That greens man's sin-scorch'd soul and heals its sores.

Rain brightly mirrors Him Who daily pours

Abundant life on man's else withered race.

So glory be to Thee, dear Lord for rain!

We'll bless Thee always for this healing flood!

When showers come we'll think that Thou our God

Somehow, somewhere, art healing souls in pain!

B. LLAMZON S.J.



## Attention: Presidential Candidates

Numerous parish priests, whose opinion, one must admit, carries leaden weight with Catholic voters, have asked us about your stand on the question of Religious Instruction in our public schools.

One such leader of the people from way down Antique writes:

Sir:

*Patnongon, Antique*

*Please go on fighting for obligatory religious instruction in our public schools. The parochial (elementary) schools are an impossibility now — with our churches, conventos and schools destroyed. We simply lack the means to pay teachers an adequate salary.*

*Who of the presidential candidates stands for it? Nobody again? What does Dr. Laurel want to say by his "God" in the platform of the Nacionalista party, when it deals about the schools.*

*The legislation of many states prove that compulsory religious instruction in public schools is possible in spite of separation of Church and State.*

*The biggest drawback with our Catholic people in our Philippines is certainly — religious ignorance. To fight it we have, besides heavenly means, these two:*

*1. More and better priests. (Good seminaries with professors also experienced in parish work — sanctification of priests outside the seminary.)*

*2. Religious instruction in public schools. ("God in the schools".) So far all we can do is train and encourage catechists to teach in these schools during the (often) ungodly hour granted us.*

*Last year I left a parish with about 100 catechists teaching in the public schools, 30 in town, 70 in barrios. Here I started anew and I hope to send about 50 catechists into the public school this schoolyear. It's true these catechists are not always first class (how could they be?) but they try their best.*

*It's a pity to see good Catholic schoolteachers able and willing to help — and yet not allowed to mention religion in the least.*

*No doubt what we need is:*

*Religious instruction as a school subject for all children in their respective religious profession, given by state-paid teachers approved by their respective ministers.*

*I cannot understand that it is not possible to pass in Congress such a law with all our Catholic solons — if only from our part a real effort is made.*

*Cordially yours,*

*(Fr.) Virgil Pizner*

\* \* \*

That the religious instruction issue is still very much alive with Catholics may be a surprise to all candidates and non-Catholics.

Truth is the future of Catholicism in the Philippines (and therefore the Filipino nation) depends to a great extent upon this seemingly unimportant question. Stalin was not off his mind (for once!) when he stated that a Godless system of education is Communism's greatest ally. This is one reason then why Catholics would fight — "fanatically" non-Catholics would say — for religious instruction.

When President Quexon vetoed the RI Bill a few years ago, some people may have believed that Catholics, as far as the RI question was concerned, were beaten once and for all. \* \* \*

Many thinking Catholics however knew that the veto was all for the good of Catholicism, that the Bill was in many ways defective. But who of them really believed that they were beaten for good?

On the contrary they only bid for time and sought for a better legislation. In a democracy that is Christian in principle, the will of 90 per cent of the people cannot always be overlooked.

Someday, they hoped, some giant of a man, Catholic or non-Catholic, will recognize this their God-given right and find means for its free exercise. What these means are, the ordinary Catholic does not pretend to know.

\* \* \*

But this he knows: that States which recognize separation of Church and State are teaching religion in state-owned schools; that their government, if it wants, can adopt a similar system and grant them this same right.

Now that election guns have started to shoot, they want to know which party can give them the hope — at least — of getting what they justly want.

At the moment Dr. Laurel is on the spot. In his platform of the Nationalista Party is written under "Education":

"We will vitalize and enrich the courses of education to include and develop love of God. . ."

What means this, Dr. Laurel? May we ask you to be a little more explicit? Any enlightenment on this matter will be welcomed by millions of Catholic voters.



when women fight

When women fight — well, the world looks on.  
But when women fight for a cause — oh, let the enemy beware!

\* \* \*

A group of militant Catholic women have banded themselves to fight World Enemy No. 1: Communism. They are known as the "LIGA ANTI-COMUNISTA DE MUJERES CATOLICAS".

\* \* \*

If you think they carry placards around and get a lot of free publicity, you're wrong, señor.

They stay at home. They pray. They talk. They write circulars. They spread ideas counteracting the evil seed.

\* \* \*

Circular No. 2 calls on all women to

1. Treat their maids, servants, workers and all around them with more attention and generosity. In a word, with LOVE.

2. Meditate on a few striking verses from St. Matthew. E.g. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

3. Pray the Rosary, for sinners and the conversion of Russia.

\* \* \*

Now let the government with its millions cashed in peace and order plans give us something better than that ...!

Yes siree, so long as women of such calibre fight courageously on the homefront—oil is not lost with the world.

why we're "patay gutom"

In the Times for July 18, 1949, the editorial writer attempts to give the reason why capital is "shy" in coming to the Philippines.

He notes that American economists seem to blame the high cost of labor in this our blessed isles.

\* \* \*

Then he tries to show that this accusation cannot hold water because wages paid Filipino laborers are much lower than wages paid American laborers. And adds that the real cause of the "shyness" is that over here our production cost is very high.

Beyond this the editor of the Times does not go.

We wonder if he is afraid to come right out and tell us why production cost here is high — so high that investors are scared away.

\* \* \*

Permit us to put the reasons bluntly.

Our production cost is high because the productivity of many of our laborers is very low; and this is because labor here is often lazy, unskilled, unenthusiastic; because labor here very often works on the principle that they should try to earn their wages with the minimum of observable effort.

\* \* \*

Our production cost is high because many of our managers, landlords, office executives are lazy, inefficient; because they often lack concentration; they have no idea of organization; because they are much engrossed in enjoying their supposed dignity as white-collar workers; because many work on the principle that business offices are social clubs.

\* \* \*

It hurts our pride to see these things in print — that is probably why the Times editor very tactfully sidestepped them. But they are valid reasons why our production cost is so high — even with our low wages.

\* \* \*

High production cost means high prices. And high prices mean poison in the world's open markets. Who wants to invest in a venture that cannot sell its goods? — in a venture that is a losing proposition?

## the parade of oomph

Sometime last March, we had occasion to say a few words about aquabelles.

We said that while we admire female diving champions, we do object to the glamour unduly attached to them by these exhibitions. In the first place, it was not in accord with the nature of the sponsor. In the second place, we pointed out that it tended to make girls disparage their true function — motherhood.

Quite a few misinterpreted our stand and objected strenuously. We know of one celebrity-struck collegiate who violently tore her copy of the Cross. "Kill-joys" was one of the less opprobrious terms rained upon our heads.

Now we are promised another exhibition of aquabelles.

This time it is an athletic organization that brings it here. Not the C.Y.O. as publicized.

Very well then — athletics for athletes.

The only trouble is: the benighted audience will not be composed of athletes.

Will it have the necessary scientific detachment, the artistic abstraction?

We hope.

But we have no illusions about our local spectators.

Many will go there who are not interested in athletics.

Now please do not misunderstand us again.

We have nothing against a well-built figure. A really ideally molded person is not the work of a Praxiteles, a Michelangelo or an Augustus Saint Gaudens.

No. A really beautiful figure of a woman is the masterpiece of the Master Artist of the universe.

The staggering thought is: — Suppose our impressionable women take to queecading on a large scale? We can imagine the picture of every blighted local girl putting on the abbreviated things.

To aesthetic souls, the prospect of the aftermath of these type of exhibitions is frightening.

### we are the music makers

*We are the music makers, and we are the dreamers of dreams...  
World losers and world forsakers...  
Yet we are the movers and shakers of the world forever, it seems*

\* \* \*

There exists in the world today a most striking contrast. It reminds us of the picture the poet drew in *Flanders Field*, of a lark bravely singing above the shell-swept battlefield.

Today all the world is a Flanders Field. In nearly every quarter there is in operation or preparation a vast work of destruction.

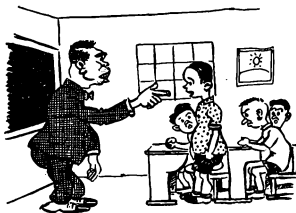
But meanwhile a lone voice serenely keeps its note of peace and other-worldly things. From Rome the Vatican Radio and the Acta Apostolicae Sedis (Official Vatican Organ) speak out regularly of God and morality and truth. Month by month and day by day throughout the world the Catholic Church keeps talking, even during the war, of immortality and charity and grace and Christ.

Is this Catholic song above the battle field of the world as futile as the lark's? Is it mere idealistic babbling that is drowned and nullified in the thunder of "realistic" politics? It would be a great mistake to think that.

In this world of ours there is one class of people who are permanent benefactors of the human race. They are the people who keep the ideas of the world in order. And the ideas of the world are in order only when they are the ideas of the God-Man.

Catholics, for all their lethargy and inaction, might think, amid the thunder of politics, business and social conflict, that their simple lesson on the mount (Blessed are the meek!), their little gospel of love (Forgive your enemies!), their faintly heard law of morality (Thou shalt not kill!), are futile and unimportant. These Catholics possess the only thing that is of enduring value. They, for all their weaknesses and ignorance of other things, "are the movers and shakers of the world forever."

It's great to be a Catholic. Especially today.



Sebio, an example of an animal with two feet.

You might get angry sir.

# Correction No. 2, Mr. Balgos

by PEDRO C. LIPATA

## NEWS ITEM

Pope Pius' global excommunication of all Catholics supporting Communism "poses a grave menace to one of the basic freedoms of man: the freedom of religious and political belief everywhere in the world," Mariano P. Balgos, general secretary of the Communist Party of the Philippines, declared in a press statement last night.

Balgos said that the decree means an abandonment by the Pope of his role as leader of the Christian world "in a desperate bid for power."

The Communist leader charged that the decree constitutes meddling, is "a subtle attempt to divide the world into Catholics and non-Catholics," and is anti-social in that it tries to "undermine the interests of the toiling masses who believe in universal brotherhood.

Balgos also said that the decree is an act of desperation occasioned by the tremendous gains made by Communism everywhere. (Manila Times, July 16, 1949)

Mr. Balgos' declaration that Pope Pius' global excommunication of all Catholics supporting Communism "poses a grave menace to one of the basic freedoms of man: the freedom of religious and political belief everywhere in the world" needs correction.

I feel sorry for his gross ignorance of what an excommunication decreed by the Church is. Or being aware of it, does he intend to distort the facts again? For the information of Comrade Balgos, an excommunication by the Church is applicable only to Catholics and not to any other individual adhering to another religion. I can understand Comrade Balgos predicament, he being devoid of a God. Where is freedom of religious belief menaced in the Papal decree?

A Protestant may adhere to communistic tenets yet he cannot be excommunicated from the Catholic

Church being outside the Church. Surely you cannot expel me from your house Comrade Balgos, when I am not of your household? The same with a Protestant. Adversely speaking, a Protestant may hate Communism but that does not make him a Catholic. Does it? Ask any Protestant. So where is the menace? It is in Comrade Balgos' distortion of facts and principles.

Again Comrade Balgos states that the decree means an abandonment by the Pope of his role as leader of the Christian world "in a desperate bid for power."

What power, Comrade? Material power? Worldly power that disintegrates before the onslaught of time? Surely the Pope who is the acknowledged Spiritual Father of millions of Catholics the world over will not barter his spiritual power for the

kind of power which Comrade Balgos charges His Holiness is bidding for desperately.

Surely the Pope knows his history of monarchs, emperors, presidents, and what have you, rulers who have come and gone, and whose influences are nowhere to be felt at the present time. Surely the Pope knows his predecessors who have gone before him, noble in stature, more glorious in history and whose very names we venerate to this day.

Again Comrade Balgos charges that the decree constitutes meddling, is "a subtle attempt to divide the world into Catholics and non-Catholics," and is anti-social in that it tries to "undermine the interests of the toiling masses who believe in universal brotherhood."

Too bad, the mind of Comrade Balgos is either beclouded by the confusion wrought by the presence of the numerous sects that vie with one another in sowing their seeds in the land where Catholicism towers over and above all others, or maybe Comrade Balgos is making "a subtle attempt" or would like to give a cue for Protestants to raise a cry by his (Balgos) statement "... to divide the world into Catholics and non-Catholics".

Listen Comrade. As I said, the decree applies to Catholics and Catholics alone. The Pope has declared excommunications before and even long before Communism ever made a bid for recognition. And what history book will prove or attempt to prove that such excommu-

nications divided or will ever divide the world into Catholics and non-Catholics?

Perhaps it is Comrade Balgos' fanciful desire to realign all non-Catholics against the Church and effect such a division, knowing fully well that the Church is Communism's staunchest and mortal enemy.

Neither is the decree anti-social.

I would advise Comrade Balgos to go to a Catholic book store and purchase a couple of particular encyclicals and I hope his mind at least, if not his heart and soul may be converted, and watch out when applying the term "anti-social". The Church is definitely not.

Comrade Balgos now arrives at the conclusion that the decree is an act of desperation occasioned by tremendous gains made by Communism everywhere. Would you have us believe that when to the Church was promised God's abidance till the end of time and against whom the very gates of hell cannot prevail? Pray read more of the Church's struggles in history. Better and supposed-to-be great men, greater than you, have thought and planned along the same lines. Where are they now? True, they made tremendous gains. Where are those gains?

And now you would make us believe your gains are everywhere. Yes, your gains are everywhere Comrade, everywhere in the dark for so are your missions, and once you step into the light of Truth, woe unto you, for the darkness will cower unable to comprehend it.

# Baguio's New Morality

by MARIO GATBONTON



Lawgiver Moses comes down in Baguio — an Editor!

Thanks to the new morality recently proclaimed in Baguio City, you may now shoot some local politicians with impunity. Or poison your nagging mother-in-law — and remain an angel!

That is — if you're a bright boy. Or logical.

And — if you're humble enough to swallow the kind of morality the "Baguio Midland Courier" Editor recently taught his readers.

It all started with the good old (we don't mean the ladies) Catholic Women's League in the city of Pines. These vigilant Leaguers wanted to keep their city clean and pure (so they thought) not only materially, but also morally. Putting their heads together, they petitioned the local government to pass an ordinance banning the "sexy" modern dances (Apalachicola, Calypso, Cascarita) from their lovely city. Such "civilized" gymnastics, they reasoned, would raise clouds of foul dusts in their "uncivilized" night clubs.

While the local government paused, consulted dusty textbooks, the Editor of "Baguio Midland Courier" decided to inject into the ladies' feeble minds the most fundamental principle of (his) morality. Looking very much like the horned Moses coming down from Mt. Sinai with the tables of the law, the new lawgiver took up his pen, and with one sweeping stroke, wrote for posterity, including his own great grandchildren:

"An ordinance passed, prohibiting the execution of supposedly immoral dances, would be curtailment of the liberties guaranteed by the Constitution. And IN THE LAST ANALYSIS, you cannot legislate morality, WHICH IS A MASS ATTITUDE . . . for after all, MORALITY IS THE RESULT OF PUBLIC OPINION."

Hurray!

There you are friends. The new morality in its unabridged edition, promising one and all "life in the raw". What are you waiting for?

IF. Yes, IF public opinion is all that dictates the morality or immorality of an act, you may now:

1. Shoot some local politicians. Mass opinion demands it.

2. Poison your mother in law. Husbands are agreed they are a nuisance.

3. Grab all the money you can with any means. Modern man thinks money is all that counts.

4. Legalize abortion. Divorce. Mercy killing. Birth Control. Adultery. Rape. Murder. Sacrilege. Theft. Lying. Etc. Etc.

After all, the Almighty Press can always create public opinion for anything. The Comic books too will help popularize the new Anti-Ten Commandments.

But in all seriousness now, we think that the exaggerations of the "Baguio Midland Courier" Editor have far more disastrous effects on our morality than either the Apalachicola, the Calypso or Cascarita. For one thing the morality of these dances is questioned. But the amorality of his moral standard leaves no room for doubt.

When public opinion becomes the standard of morality, what is immoral today may be moral tomorrow and vice versa. To paraphrase Hazlitt, there is not a more fickle animal than the Public.

And what is wrong with such principle, you might ask. Everything. It falls on its own grounds. It claims that all moral laws change with the fashion of the times. Being a moral law in itself, it may therefore be moral today but immoral tomorrow. Is it then worth a tinker's cent? The Baguio Editor will answer that question.

The Editor little realizes perhaps that he has made a GOD of public opinion. Whatever public opinion dictates, that is the moral thing to do. But suppose a man does not care for public opinion. (Give us one solid reason why he should.) Then by what moral law is he bound?

Doubtless the Baguio Editor means well. But his erudition is limited. Who isn't limited one way or another? Nevertheless the Editor owes his readers an explanation.

In the last analysis, why should a man be moral?—

Because GOD WILLS IT. No other reason holds water.

And what, in the last analysis, is the changeless standard of morality? The TEN COMMANDMENTS.

And why, in the last analysis, are the ten commandments changeless?

Because man will always remain God's creature. And God is changeless.

(But more about this in another issue.—Eds.)

The greatest undeveloped territory in the world lies under your hat.



## How Black Is "Black Market"

by GEORGE YROMANT, CICM

Mr. Carreon is a sugar dealer who was lucky enough to be the first one to receive a sugar shipment in the town of Sta. Cruz, Loguna, after the American liberation. In a week's time, he had sold one-half of his sugar and had a profit of three times his invested capital for the entire shipment. In this case, Mr. Carreon is guilty of unjust and usurious gain.

In fact when a person accumulates much wealth in a short time, in a manner involving no specialized skill or perfection of workmanship and no great hazards or risks, there is just cause to question whether he has always been just and honest.

The same is to be said when by means of ordinary transactions requiring no particularly specialized activity, a person realizes gains in no way proportionate to the services he thereby renders to the community or to Society at large.

Juan for instance is a carpenter. Under ordinary circumstances he charges three pesos for putting a lock on a door. One night, Mr. del Mundo, his neighbor, called him to put a lock on a door. Because it was already night, and Mr. del Mundo, who was afraid that thieves would break into his house, needed his services very badly, Juan charged thirty

pesos for the job. This gain of his is usurious and unjust.

### Ways of Measuring a Lawful Gain

1. In connection with the support of the family. As a matter of fact, the standard income of a viable enterprise must be sufficient to support the family engaged in the enterprise. What that standard income should be which provides this decent living in keeping with the times, will differ from family to family. However, a family cannot be denied the right to secure a decent living by means of selling merchandise at prices to that effect.

2. In connection with the running of the enterprise.

The standard income of a viable enterprise requires the sum necessary to run the business effectively, allowing a sufficient margin to assure a reasonable gain and to cover the risks the venture is liable to sustain. Many factors enter into the effective running and the reasonable expansion of a business enterprise. Several circumstances may impede its extension and even its very existence. Therefore, the efforts and stress required to keep it alive and prosperous should be taken into special consideration.

Mr. Barrios, for example, is an im-

porter whose merchandise just after the American liberation came from foreign countries under the war-risks of fire, loss at sea, damage or theft. His ordinary office expenses including the transportation or freight of his goods amounted to five thousand pesos a month.

If he sold his merchandise twice or, according to circumstances, even three times the value of the cost price, so as to make a monthly gross profit of around eight thousand pesos, his gain seemed to be justified considering the expenses and exceptional risks he was then liable to incur.

On the other hand, Teodoro is a retailer who has a store in Pasay and who purchases his merchandise from the office of Mr. Barrios. To run his enterprise he spends two hundred pesos monthly. If Mr. Teodoro sells his merchandise four times the value of the cost price, this may be considered an unlawful gain, since, his expenses amount to two hundred pesos only, and his goods are not liable to any risk, since he only buys them from an office in the same city where he is staying.

### Moral Conclusions

It is incumbent on every producer or merchant to establish an estimate of the total profits he is entitled to, and in general, to conform his activities and business transactions to this established standard. Should his profit go beyond those reasonable limits, his prices are usurious, unjust and sinful, and he is obliged to make restitution.

However, in cases of abnormal gains it would often seem advisable to bear judgment on the income of a business venture as a whole, rather than to examine and to evaluate the income on each particular transaction.



Hypnotist: "The ring costs P.10."

Charity is mocked — and challenged!

## Listen, Mr. President

by LEON GARCIA



*Dear Mr. President,*

*I have never written you before. But certainly in your position you receive fan mail even from the common man.*

*I ask you to give this one a little time — unless you'd brush off a big chance for you to do some real good. You may not have another such chance, Mr. President. What if tomorrow finds you just another Juan . . .*

*Charity is my subject. Rather unusual, I admit. But when nations would mock this "greatest of all", as St. Paul calls it, you and I should scream lest humanity hang itself in despair.*

*For the Philippines it is not too late. We are even now challenged. As usual, you Mr. President, will answer for us. Since we would not have you fail, I am writing you the following story . . .*

*Relax now — and listen.*

When that monstrous (pardon the language) Stalin brought forth into the world his "New God", there was a mass migration of Russians to foreign lands. These people would wander homeless, harried, hungry

rather than pay homage to his only begotten monster, whom they fought with their lives.

Thousands of them fled across the China border. Many more escaped by ships from Vladivostock. The majority settled down to begin their lives anew in Shanghai, which was then beginning to enjoy its biggest commercial boom. In all, some 16,000 Russians made their homes in this largest port of China.

More than two decades of selfless cooperation moulded the settlers into a solid, brave, new colony. They had a school in a modern building with all the necessary equipment and a library. Last year more classes were opened as the school approached the university standard. They had homes too, modest ones indeed, but homes of the "free and the brave."

In general Shanghai offered them a fairly stable, new life and a promise of returning one day to a liberty-loving Russia. That is — until the Red monster thumped down across the Chinese border too. . . .

When Mukden, in Manchuria, fell into the hands of the Chinese Communists, the trend of the political

setup in China took a sharp turn to the left. With the capture of Peiping and Tientsin by the Reds, the threat to Shanghai became evident and real.

The Russians, naturally, feared this communist advance. Vision of concentration camps and death arose before their eyes. The financial crisis that was sweeping over China struck them mercilessly. They were the lowest paid class among foreigners. Once again they packed up their belongings to scamper away.

Since they now considered themselves a colony, they had hoped that in resettling, some country would generously take them in *en bloc*. But when no country would take the whole group, they had to break up into smaller groups and resettle into different lands.

Over a thousand managed to obtain entry permits into the great United States. The majority however signed up for Argentina. For the moment immigration terms there were easier and entry permits easily obtained. But for some particular reason, Argentina changed her policy and cancelled all landing permits.

With the help of the IRO (International Refugee Organization) and your generosity, Mr. President, the Philippines threw her doors open to these unfortunate people. She promised to give refuge to 6,000 of them in the typhoon-battered island of Tubabao, Samar. They were to stay only for six months.

Last January, 1949, the first group arrived in Tubabao, some by planes,

the rest by ship. Now in the weather-beaten IRO camp of Guiuan there are over 5,000 refugees living in US army tents.

They are happy enough there; life is so much better than what Stalin has in store for them. But abnormal camp life is hardly tolerable for normal people. The food given out is below normal requirement, especially for children. The sanitary and hygienic conditions are poor and camp life is badly organized.

Many need medicine, which is often found in derisory quantity. The financial condition of most of them is critical. Among the five thousand only a few can buy additional food from the Filipino stalls and shops open near the camp. All the rest arrived with little or no money at all. And what these had, they already lost. For the IRO, as expected, does not provide them the little necessities of everyday life.

The belonging they had brought are wearing out fast, thanks to the rains, and mud, and heat, of tropical Tubabao. In the near future this Russian colony may yet turn into a nudist colony.

Over and above these physical needs and sufferings is the harrowing knowledge that no country wants to receive them. And if some do, there are usually so many strict limitations for age and health, that one wonders if these nations do not mock charity! Under these conditions, many will never have a real chance for definite resettlement.

Australia has offered to take some

1,500 of them after a drastic prohibition for the old and a scrupulous examination of their health. The most humanitarian offer came from Paraguay. But only a few were accepted, for actually there is not much room for decent re-settlement for new emigrants in that country. France too sent in a Mission to invite some of the refugees there. But very few asked to go to France on account of the Red menace in Europe. Thus the Philippines is challenged.

The first help the refugees need is resettlement into normal life. Into a country where they may earn their living, feel as free citizens and look after the education of their children. Into a country they could adopt as their own, as long as the Red God sits on the throne of their homeland.

\* \* \*

*This then is the challenge to our charity, Mr. President. We have always been known throughout the length and breadth of the world for our hospitality. This virtue of the Filipino is now on test.*

*We are in a position to help these Russians, whose only crime is their stubborn refusal to become Soviet slaves. We could allow them to resettle as long they want in these "fair isles".*

*Perhaps the old, the weak, and the sickly among them will not benefit our land. They may even*

*prove a burden to our community. But who was it who said before 10,000 youth at the Rizal Stadium once:*

*"The only enemies of peace in this country are in our inner being, in ourselves. We have been paying too much attention to those who dangle before us the goods of this world. We have forgotten the Creator when we love only the created." Remember?*

*You and I know that the only things that really count in this world are those of eternal value. If not these, then nothing.*

*Yes, Mr. President. I know you will not fail us in this challenge. Someone has well said: "If there is anything that I can do, let me not put it off. I shall not pass again this way."*

*Here's your chance, Mr. President. Tomorrow you may be just another Juan . . . or just another soul.*

*Sincerely your friend,*

*Juan de la Cruz*

*P.S. If you think a screening necessary, Fr. Wilcock S.J. is ready any time. He has worked unselfishly for the refugees for the last ten years. Besides, the emigrants have their own Anti-Communist Russian Emigrant Association. Hope to hear from you.*

*Same Soul*

#### FOR OPENMINDED FOLKS

**Merely having an open mind is nothing. The object of opening the mind, as of opening the mouth, is to shut it again on something solid. — GKC.**

She walks in beauty like the night . . .

## The Ideal Girl

by AN "AB"

Girls are queer creatures, the queerest of all creation. So it is that I am writing this with the funniest of sensations. I feel as if I were plunging into a pool whose depths I do not know, yet whose very strangeness is sore temptation and whose cool blue seems life itself.

I know such things should not be attempted the consequences may be frightful. I do not know enough about girls. In fact I do not know anything at all about them. Oh, pardon me, I mean only about those — "whose hands rock the cradle and thus the world." But I think I do know about those "who rock the stars." You see, I have already met one of them.

And that is the reason for this seemingly empty bravado; that is why, despite all friendly warning, despite all my imagining of peril beyond the imagining, I am writing this. For it is of her that I speak. I hope that is enough of an apology.

Let us call this consummate piece of creation the "ideal girl." Some will come up and say that this term is too prosaic, too inadequate, too "technical."

Of course, we could call her a "star" — for she is supposed to be the beacon light of the man, the inspiration forever leading him to

greater and nobler heights, the mystery, the fascination making him dream "vaster dreams of literature and empire."

Or we could call her a "poem" — for she is supposed to be an exquisite blend of power and beauty and delicacy — the beauty of God caught in mortal frame, softened by a breath of heaven. But for the sake of simplicity, let us call her just the "ideal girl."

There are so many Virtues we could require of this "ideal girl" that it would need a whole sky to compass all of them (but perhaps that is just what she is after all).

Anyway, we can classify them into two general groups. The first group let us call the human, the earthly, almost the conventional; and the second let us call the celestial, the quintessentia, the divine, the music, the mystery. Seeing the first in a girl makes a man exclaim, "She is so like a princess."

Knowing she has the first makes a girl feel good; knowing she has the second makes her realize that she is beautiful. The first is manufactured from an analysis of life; the second springs from the poetry of Living.

Let us now consider the first group. Under this we can name those Vir-

tues which are usually found in Friend's Directories on the space after the title "Ideal Girl." She must know how to cook. She must be kind, modest, naive, open.

She must be understanding, thoughtful, broadminded. She must be feminine. She must be neat, with poise and personality. She must be generous. She must be a good conversationalist and a good dancer. She must inspire confidence. She must be intelligent, refined, friendly, appreciative.

She must be ready to ride a "jeepney", to take orchestra seats, and to enjoy a weenie roast. She must be able to keep a secret and she should not be morbidly curious. And so on and so on, seemingly ad infinitum. All in all, in modern parlance, we would say, "She must be an angel — plus!"

Most of the demands mentioned above need no explanation or amplification. From the repeated (and often denied) exhortations and pleas of despairing males, the world knows them only too well. However, it would not be wholly ridiculous to touch here and there upon a few, little points.

By intelligence, we do not mean that a woman should be able to explain Einstein's theory of relativity or that she should know what an *allelomorph* is. We would be perfectly content if she knows just when she is supposed to ask for a coke and when for lobster *thermidors*, and if she realizes that Bing Crosby is a better crooner than Sinatra.

She must be naive and candid. That is, she must not have false inhibitions. She need not blush to start a friendly letter to a boy with "Dear . . .," and in dances, she is one who can look straight at him and say, "Let's dance. I like this piece."

Neatness is another of the requisite. It shows itself in many ways, the most conclusive and infallible, I think, being the not-often noticed fingernails. A girl will not forget to do her hair and powder her nose but she may sometimes forget the "inconsequential" dirt clinging to nails. (And confidentially, there are a lot of boys who would rather not have them crimsoned, and a great lot more who simply can't stand paint on the toe nails.)

She must be a good conversationalist. Dale Carnegie may be able to think up a thousand rules about this but I think if she employs good sense and tact, she should rate "excellent" in this regard. At least she should be able to talk intelligently about literature and music and a little philosophy — and Bob Hope.

She should never make the mistake of asking for the explanation of a joke; but sometimes it would do extremely well for her to ask why men are so grand and why women are so dumb — if only to make him talk (you see, the old back-pat trick still works on those males!)

And now we come to the second group, to the essential and the divine, to the mystery and the rapture and the song. We come to those undefinable Virtues which inspire a man

to love, which bless him with courage and strength and will, which lift his eyes from the mire to the stars.

These are the Virtues which make a man carry off a woman into the shelter of an ivory tower, which make him face the world with head erect and heart drumming, which make him dream and fight and win! These are the Virtues in women which can make a man once more believe in God.

It seems a presumption to try to describe these Virtues. Analysis can only detract them from their glory and magnificence. These are things felt and not analysed; which are known to be, though not why; which defy expression unless they be expressed as "divine." But anyway we shall try.

She must know the true meaning of Life, Life in its reality, in its impact. She must realize its glory and its power and its strife. She must have felt the urge that inspired Tennyson to write, "as though to breathe were life," "life piled on life were all too little," and the yearning that forced the cry from Edna St. Vincent Millay, "O world, world, I cannot hold thee close enough." She must know that it is worth fighting for, that it is not merely to be had, but to be won!

When a man looks out over the brink of the Universe and sees oceans rolling at his feet and empires sprawled endlessly before him, he wants a woman beside him — to share in his dream, to accompany

him in his long journey, to build his empire with him. She should be one with him, living his life, her soul mingling with his soul. She must have a unity of purpose with him.

When a man steps out into the evening and sees moon-silver sprinkled on the grass and catches the great gaunt trees whispering strange prayer, he wants somebody beside him — to share in this beauty, to behold God with him. And so, she must have a "soul" for the beautiful.

When a man is buffeted by circumstance and he falls to his knees on the dust, and he struggles to his feet and is knocked down again, he wants somebody to raise him up, to pound the dust off his back and send him off again on his way with a smile on her lips — though that smile be stained with tears.

He wants her to have supreme trust and confidence in him, to be able to look up at him and say, "I love you, Bert. The world may think you're a fool. But I love you, and I believe in you." He wants her to know that triumph would be empty where there is no fight of soul, no struggle, no defect; that joy is only happy because tears fell first. He wants her to have the "steel" of character, "to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

And finally remains only one more test for this "ideal girl" — the supreme test of her capability for motherhood. Inevitably, the man asks himself this one question, a question which can be answered only by a



plain "yes" or a plain "no", a question which is short but vibrantly alive with meaning, simple yet beautifully expressive, compassing the whole Universe of man's desire — "Would I want her to be the mother of my children?"

She it must be who can love both the pitter of their little feet and the loud shouts of their exuberant youth, who can rejoice in their triumphs and can comfort in their defeat, who can share in their dreams no matter how small because she realizes that such dreams are the whole world in their little eyes.

She it is who can make them love the beautiful because she herself is beautiful; who can make them love God because she herself is of God; she can raise them up pure and strong

and fine as Mary because she herself is like Mary. She it is who can take them by the handsome quiet evening and whisper into their ears stories of fairies and sagas of faith and hope and nobility. She it is who can love, and be loved.

There goes a certain story about a child who, before being tucked into bed for the evening, once asked his mother to tell him about God. And picking her words very carefully, she began, "God my boy is good — and sweet — and kind..." when all of a sudden he broke in, his face all aglow with joyful understanding, and softly whispered, "Oh Mommy, there's a lot of God about you."

Somehow, I would like my children to be able to say that same thing of their mother — my wife.



**"My daughter wants to marry you? That's what you get from hanging around our porch every evening."**

# It Only Happens In The Movies

by EXEQUIEL MOLINA

Sergeant Joe Robinson finally came into the cabin. The men stopped cleaning their rifles and turned to look at him anxiously. All were silent. For a moment, only the lapping of the gentle Pacific waves against the side of the Army transport could be heard.

Then: "All right fellows!" boomed the sarge. "Get ready for the big push. In five minutes we're gonna shove off for the first crack at the Solomons." He paused, looked around him, seeing the tense, silent faces tighten into grim resolve. In the distance, the dull sound of guns came louder. His voice cracked like a whip-lash. "This is it!"

And then, "Pay-off at Guadalcanal" really got going. Bullets started flying, guns flashed and the boys sitting near me started howling like mad. I got up and went home. I have had enough of war movies: Heroic sergeants, bloody heroes, and companies dying with smiles on their lips. Bah!

And guess who the guys in the company are: there's always a guy from Brooklyn who speaks from the side of his mouth and generally supplies the laughs, (he's either a taxi-driver or a Bowery character but he's always a Brooklyn Dodgers fan); there's a lanky guy from Texas

named Tex, of course; a young small-town kid who writes letter to his mom; sometimes, even a Filipino extra who says he had a girl friend in Intramuros when it was bombed; and the hero who goes around showing his girl friend's picture and philosophizing about better days.

Why can't they be as realistic as Bill Mauldin's cartoons? The kind of stuff that every red-blooded GI Joe, who loves to poke his sarge and bump blankety blank of a second looney, really go for. GI Joe never went to war with pressed pants and shiny combat boots. He just got shot, starved and muddled. Most of the time, he wasn't feeling very heroic. Only badly frightened.

Of course, it's not only war pictures that feature a lot of corn. How about the Hollywood boy-meets-girl flickers? The story is as old as the pithecanthropus. In case you don't know it, that's a prehistoric animal, long extinct.

The plot is always something straight out of a Bertha Clay novel: all about a boy who meets a girl from the other side of the tracks, marries her in spite of his family's vigorous objections, and live happily ever after. In some pictures, it is the girl who comes from the upper brackets

and the boy happens to be some obscure country boy.

This plot is something local moviegoers always see in local movies, too. There is really no difference between the Bergman-Boyer team and the Magalona-Duran combination except perhaps the color of their skin.

Then there are the Western horse-operas with always the same old story: Wild Bill, his nag Slowpoke, a pair of shootin' irons, his stooge who is hitched along just for the laughs, and who now and then rescues his Wild Bill from being run over by a train or being scalped by the Pawnees.

These two cowboys are ridin the range when they hear shots. So they rush over and what do they see? An army of gun-men ombushing a stage-coach. Our gallant pair ride off and start to litter the landscape with dead villains in a matter of seconds and come out of it unscathed, too.

Then, a beautiful lady comes out of the coach and thanks our heroes. She tells them her troubles, asks them to come over to her dad's ranch and save it from Slug McCoy and his

band. On the way, Wild Bill proves he's not only a cow-puncher but also a combination of Perry Como and Bing Crosby with blisters in the seat of his pants. Everything goes real nice until the showdown finally comes.

Wild Bill meets Slug McCoy and the battle is on. There is five-minute chase around the range, and up there in the front row you keep your handkerchief to your nose because of the dust their horses have kicked up. Wild Bill catches up on Slug McCoy and after a spectacular leap, they roll down the hill slugging it out.

Finally, Wild Bill stands up and smiles like the triumph of justice. He's got his man! And the shouts and applauses of the boys around you die down as the sheriff and his posse come to take the villain. Wild Bill goes back to his girl and reports that "everything is ovah, and that plumb loco is shore gone." She smiles sweetly while Wild Bill starts to blush from ear to ear; over in a corner his stooge starts to make the laughs.

Then Wild Bill gets just enough courage to say what's on his mind. Guess what? He merely wants to

#### SILENCED BY SOLOMON

Six young housewives living in the same apartment building got into a violent dispute and were holed into court. When the case was called they rushed to the judge's bench and all broke into long bitter complaints. The judge finally rapped for order, and when quiet was restored, the patient, worldly-wise magistrate said calmly, "Please speak one at a time, and I'll hear the oldest first."

But there wasn't a word to break the silence.

say good-bye cause he and his pal are goin' to ride agin where thar's trouble a-brewin'. Wild Bill mounts his horse and fades into the sunset, leaving a girl crying behind him. The lights go on and there is a wild scamper for seats.

The Serials, too, haven't changed a bit since Pearl White scared the daylight out of Daddy. Our hero always manages to escape from every trap that the villain thinks of. First he is tied to a truck which is set afire, loaded with a time-bomb and a cage of cobras, and driven over a cliff. But does he die? Don't be silly! It's only the first chapter. There are eleven others to go.

So, he goes on being pushed around by the cruel villains some more. He meets up with three hoods in a warehouse filled with dynamite. They fight it out. Somebody overturns a kerosene lamp and soon a barrel of dynamite gets lit up and wham! Don't miss the next thrilling episode of "Dick Tracy" at this theater next week!

And what about musicals? What would you say about the handsome hero who is always a struggling, starving young composer who calls his girl friend and tells her he's just written a new song. (Of course, he neglects to mention that it was first thought up by a guy named Chopin way back in 1836). He plays a few bars on the piano.

Slowly, the girl slides over to the keyboard, picks up the music sheet and starts to sing. Before she gets

to another phrase she has laid it down and sings as if she has been practicing it all her life. (She probably had, at that.) And before you know it, a full symphony orchestra has taken up the accompaniment. Ever notice the number of guys who stand up and leave the theater in the middle of a song? Keep your eyes open next time you see a musical.

Of course, some Hollywood movies are good. But they are unfortunately, too few and far-between. Pictures like "Johnny Belinda" and "Joan of Arc" can't be mass-produced.

Here are a few more boners from the gripe-bucket. Why is it that when the hero or his pal is about to kick the bucket, he lives a little longer and manages to mutter a few things as "Tell them that I died with her name on my lips and with my boots on." But when it comes to villains, they just drop dead or live long enough not to say who done it.

Or why at every movie's end Van Johnson and Esther Williams come to a rib-breaking clinch and live happily ever after? In this world of reality such clinches cost us guys plenty. Don't you know that a married man's life is a world of slave-driving bosses, bill collectors, a nagging wife and a mother-in-law?

Don't kid me about love and kisses. **IT CAN ONLY HAPPEN IN THE MOVIES.** (Eds' note: Do you think Mr. Molina is a bit cynical? If so, let us hear from you.)

# HEART TO HEART

Advice to the lovers by Lily Marlene

College

Dear Miss Marlene,

I am a girl of 21 summers, and studying in ..... College. I have been brought up in a rather religious family and also here in the College the Sisters train us to lead religious life.

Now when I am beginning to lead a more or less social life, I am often faced with a number of problems which I am asking you to help me solve.

Sometimes I hesitate to fall in love because I can not reconcile loving God wholly and at the same time loving a man wholly. Being a married woman, you must understand my problem, better than the Sisters, don't you think?

Also, sometimes in dealing with my b.fs. I have a feeling that they are not big enough for my love. Perhaps I am just being too idealistic, but that is the way I really feel, yet I have no intention of becoming a nun someday.

I have some more questions to ask you but I guess that is enough for the present. Thank you, Miss Marlene.

Sincerely in Mary,  
Gloria

Dear Gloria,

Take your time. At 21, you are still young and I see no reason why you should worry your pretty head about not being able to fall in love. If you feel that none of your suitors measure up to your ideals, then you are not in love. And there's nothing wrong in that. Remember, when you do meet the person, you will not have any doubts — you will be sure.

Now as regards your very mistaken notion that "whole-hearted love of God and love of man cannot be reconciled in one person." Marriage is a state of life where one may acquire perfection, a vocation in life, just as the religious vocation — to the priesthood or to the religious life.

It is a sacrament, instituted by God, as one means of helping man to attain his salvation and sanctification. As such it is a holy state, a sacred state, one that draws down God's special blessings on those who enter into

it with the right intentions. Our Lord intended that through the institution of marriage, man and wife would help Him in peopling the earth with the future citizens of Heaven; they would become co-creators of human life with Him. There is nothing in a union blessed by God that should interfere with man's love for Him. Rather true love between man and wife should mean bringing them closer to Him who is Love Itself.

Manila

Dear Miss Marlene,

I have a great problem concerning religious vocation. You know too well that very few parents are blessed by God to allow their children to enter religion. But unfortunately my father is one. With my seven brothers and sisters I am the youngest. Five of them are now married and I am the only single among the girls. I will be nineteen by September and will be graduating this year in the Jr. Normal. As there is a saying the earlier the better, I wanted to go without finishing my course. The question is I do not have the dough and I am sure that they will not give me. If I go after graduation the more my folks will not let me go. What they say is serve first my parents just to give them consolation at least for two years. But two years will be a very long term for me.

I hope you could give me the best advice you could as to what to do if you were in my place. I'll be more glad to see your answer in the next issue.

Yours in Christ,  
(Miss) G.G.L.

Dear G. G. L.

Your problem, unfortunately, is very typical of the majority of our so-called "Catholic" fathers and mothers. Many of our Filipino parents claim they are good Catholics: they frequent the Sacraments, they send their children to Catholic schools, and they readily admit that our priests and nuns are doing immeasurable good. Their children grow up and marry, and nothing is said against their leaving home, even at an early age and before they have helped contribute to the support of their family. Sometimes they make good marriages and sometimes — the tragedy of it — they do not.

And yet, when God looks down with special love and attention on one of their children, and calls him or her to the highest vocation in life — to a spiritual marriage with the all good, all loving, all generous Christ, then Heaven help the chosen soul. The things that parents would stoop to do to prevent their children from embracing the religious life.

Mother has a heart attack, father threatens everything short of murder. Or more subtly, daughter is packed off for a trip abroad, to see more of life and know what it is all about and taste the pleasures one gives up for the restrictions and injunctions of a life bound by the four drab walls of a cloister.

Tears, pleadings, threats, accusations of ingratitude — no weapon is left untried to prevent their child from realizing the happiness that can be found only in following God's will. How unreasonable! How unjust! But to convince such parents otherwise would require a miracle of God's grace.

Since you are not yet 21, you are still bound to obey your parents. I think no harm will result if you finish your normal course first. This will give your parents some satisfaction, and will be useful to you in the convent, especially if you enter an active order. Then perhaps you can come to a compromise regarding your helping them, if they really need financial aid.

Of course putting off your entrance too long is not advisable. On the other hand, you are only 18, and a year or two more should not make too much difference, provided you keep up your fervor and persevere in your intentions.

The best thing for you to do would be to choose a wise father confessor and consult him regularly. They are the best guides, especially in such matters. This way you will be assured of steady and dependable counsel for this and other problems that will surely come your way.

Manila

Dear Miss Marlene:

*I have been going steady with a girl for one and a half years. We think that we are really in love with each other. Now her parents are sending her to the States for a stay of about four years. We are both willing to wait for each other but as the future seems so uncertain we just don't know what to do.*

*We both want to exchange our class rings as a token of our fidelity to each other. Would that be advisable?*

*She is leaving within a few weeks and we still haven't arrived at anything definite. Would you help us out?*

Sincerely yours,  
B. L.

Dear B. L.

Four years is a long time. Anything can happen during that stretch. And an exchange of class rings will not do very much.

Since it is not probable that you will see each other until after four

years, it would not be wise to bind yourselves to an engagement. Or to an arrangement tantamount to one. Both of you are rather young and still studying. It would be to your decided disadvantage to cut yourselves off from other young people, and from the wholesome and carefree amusements, parties, outings and the like so much a part of youthful social life.

So why don't you both remain free and unattached from any serious promises and obligations until such time as you can both seriously consider marriage? This way you will prevent a lot of useless misunderstandings and heartaches, recriminations and suspicions, that seem to be part and parcel of the period of engagement, which in your case will last a good four long years.

*Cebu City*

*Dear Miss Marlene,*

*We are officemates. It was inevitable for two hearts like us not to fall madly in love with each other. For one month we just gave fully our love to each other.*

*Alas, now we know better, it is not real love, but infatuation, we had. I noticed she has begun to scrutinize my defects and has begun to hate them and me. I too have noticed her defects and I have begun to dislike her more and more. We cannot last long now; we will break up as surely as we were infatuated.*

*But will this mean one of us has to quit the job? To her and to me this would mean big financial loss to our family, not to say to our selves. And jobs now are harder to get.*

*What should I do, Miss Marlene?*

*Sincerely yours,  
Guilty*

*Dear Guilty,*

Be glad that both of you have found out in time that your attraction for each other was nothing but a passing fancy. There's nothing wrong in that, nothing to be ashamed of. It happens every day, to a good many couples. So don't think your case is exceptional, or that it calls for some drastic action on your part or hers. Like leaving your job.

There's no law against people seeing each other just because they have found out they no longer care for each other and there's no reason for pretending something that isn't there. Both of you should be adult enough to admit your mistake with good grace and no hard feelings. It may be rather awkward at first, but after some time you will both feel relieved and glad the whole thing is over and done with.



# THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER CORNER

By Rev. Pedro Verceles, S. J.

*National Director*

The "shocktroopers" of the Apostleship of Prayer are the subject of our column this month. In Spanish they are known as Celadores and Celadoras. We call them "Promoters".

Chosen from among the members, Promoters help the Parish priest or Local Director to organize and establish the Apostleship of Prayer in their own locality. Our Statutes require that they excel in virtue and that they possess ardent zeal to save the souls of others.

They should also join piety with action, and have a burning zeal and enthusiasm in promoting the Glory of God and the salvation of souls. They will perform this not by preaching and baptizing like the Apostles of old, but by another no less potent means, namely by spreading the devotion to the Sacred Heart and making others pray.

## WHAT ARE THEIR DUTIES

One of the most important duties of the Promoters is to recruit new associates. The Apostleship, it must be remembered, aims to enroll all the faithful as members. This is also the express wish of the present Holy

Father and the late Pope Pius XI of happy memory.

To be a member is indeed easy; but to recruit new members is not without its difficulty. This is one reason why some good Catholics hesitate to become Promoters. It requires a little more sacrifice. However one can be sure that the Sacred Heart will make everything easy and even pleasant if we sacrifice a bit for His love.

To make this recruiting business easier, the National Office has printed several very helpful pamphlets which the Promoters and Local Directors may use with great advantage. There is for instance a leaflet on "Invitation of the Sacred Heart to You," where the nature, purpose, advantages, and even indulgences gained by members are explained.

Other leaflets "Invitation from your Pastor", "Son, give me thy heart", are along this same line. They are written for the purpose of helping Promoters and Local Directors in recruiting more members. In all of these leaflets an application blank is conveniently attached, which pro-

*(Continued on page 34)*

## Intentions Blessed By The

### General Intention: For Catholic Schools.

It is as important that no error be committed in the matter of education as in the matter of pursuing our last end, for the one is necessarily linked with the other: education prepares man for such a life in this world as would merit the everlasting happiness of the next. For this reason no education is complete unless it is wholly directed toward our last end, that is to say, unless it is christian.

We must bear in mind that the child needs instruction not only in the natural sciences, but more so in moral education and habits that go to form his character and conduct. Even before the child learns to spell and count, he must be trained to respect authority, to tell the truth, to be honest and live as befits a rational being. It is the educational work of the school to start rooting out tendencies in the child during his earliest years and forming good ones. For so difficult a task the Catholic School has the truth of the faith and grace from above to guide it, without which it is impossible to overcome passion and effect a perfect education.

For this reason the catholic school not only teaches religion during specified class periods, but maintain throughout, in the matter of school discipline, teachers, books, programs and hours of recreation a spirit saturated with the christian faith and guided by mother Church. For the most part the religious education of the people is not in the hands of the priest, but at the mercy of school teachers. A people who knows neither self-respect nor respect for others, who enjoys making fun of persons in authority, gives indications of depravity of character, corruption of conscience, and inability to live in a democratic society such as we have today.

A good citizen and a good Christian can be expected only from a school where religion is taught and practice. The child of a catholic family should go to a catholic school and the young man to a catholic University. Parents are under the gravest obligations to provide as best they can, along with the temporal wellbeing of their children,

## Holy Father For September

for their education, religious and moral as well as physical and civic  
**Mission Intention: Catholic Action in India.**

The new political set up of India inspired Pope Pius XII to organize with great care the catholic action of that great nation. With an era of liberty and national independence have come new problems in public life, which the catholic population under the direction of their Hierarchy should be able to meet with advantage for the preservation of their praiseworthy national traditions and in conformity with christian principle. This is the immense task on the shoulders of the secular leaders of the Catholic Action in India, which cries for our prayers this month.

Patron Saint: St. Matthew, Apostle and Evangelist

Particular virtue. Promptitude in following the voice of God.

Maxim: When you give alms, let not your left hand know, what your right hand does

Rev. Jose Ma. Siguion, S.J.

### THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER

*presents*

### THE SACRED HEART PROGRAM

over Station DZPI 800 on your dial everyday at 5:30 a.m. Tune in on these inspiring and entertaining programs on Social, Sociological and practical topics. Music by famous choirs and soloists.

## THE APOSTLESHIP

*(Continued from page 31)*

spective members may fill out, detach and send to the Promoters.

In the Statute every Promoter is also required to form a group of 10 or 15 members under his charge. He should see to it that these members fulfill their daily obligation as members. The only essential one of course is to recite daily the "Morning Offering"—a requisite for the first degree membership. Of course the zealous Promoter should little by little make his or her members pass to the second or third degree. The ideal would be to have all under one's charge third degree members.

The Promoter should, wherever possible, hand personally to his charges the monthly leaflets (Intentions). To use the mail for distribution except on rare occasions is to deprive our League of a means of union and fervor second in importance only to the Promoters' meetings.

The distribution is an opportunity for the Promoters to ascertain whether their charges are faithfully keeping their obligations, besides being an occasion to encourage the first degree members to advance to the second and third degrees. It is also an occasion for promoters to receive and note down any intentions to be prayed for by all members. These notes will be handed over to the Local Director or Secretary during their monthly meetings, and will

in turn be dropped into the Intention Box commonly placed for the purpose near the Sacred Heart Altar or Shrine.

Promoters should, when distributing the leaflets make known to their members any notifications or suggestions they may have received from their local Directors at the Promoters' meetings.

To make a monthly visit to 10 or 15 members may not be too much work for an active Promoter who has at heart the welfare of the Sacred Heart. But to have to visit 20 or 30 members is quite a work. For this reason the handbook advises groups of 10 members under one Promoter. If this number is exceeded, another Promoter should be trained to head another group. In this way the whole parish will have a thorough coverage under the organization.

We suggest then that besides their duty of distributing leaflets, Promoters should also recruit more and more members. They should try to get at least one new member every month.

In the Philippines we are still far from realizing the desire of the Holy Father. Out of 16,000,000 Catholics there are 116,877 associates and 7,742 Promoters. If each of us will work hard enough, we can double this number in no time.

It may not be amiss here to relate an edifying experience we have seen and witnessed in a town just at the outskirts of Manila. I was still a

Jesuit Scholastic then and I was invited to this parish.

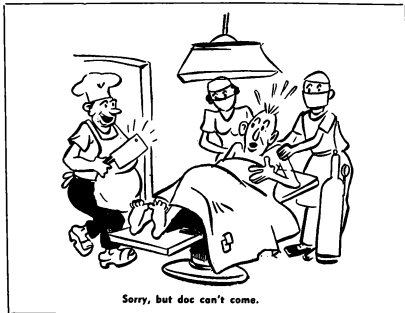
It was an ordinary Sunday and I assisted at the first Mass. I noticed at once that the big church was packed to capacity and it must have easily contained about a thousand people. During Communion, I was edified to see about one-half of the faithful approached the Communion rail. Two ciboria were emptied.

After Mass I congratulated him for the excellent number of communicants in his parish, and asked him the secret of this extraordinary devotion. He mentioned that it was because of the zeal of the Promoters of the Apostleship of Prayer. He likewise

told me that there are as many communions every First Friday.

This may be an isolated example of the success of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. But I am sure that there are many other parishes that have been successful in bringing to the Communion rail numerous souls, especially the men, because of the work of the Promoters and the Apostleship of Prayer. It was also my personal experience while serving in the army.

Let the priests then try to introduce the Apostleship of Prayer into their parishes and train zealous promoters and they will notice the gradual increase of those who will approach the Communion rail.





# HORSE SENSE

By LEON GARCIA

## OF FLIES AND MEN

by ENRIQUETA LOCSIN

The City of Manila reeks with the stench of neglected garbage can overflowing with decaying rubbish. Along our ready-mixed roads stands this unsightly mess.

Students passing by ponder on the wisdom of discussing theories on hygiene and sanitation when lawful authority itself merely shrugs its shoulders and covers its nostrils.

Yes, there is something wrong with the men paid with the people's money to look after this public nuisance.

But the evil has grown to the proportion of a flagrant violation of nature's law. Flies still flock around these dark barrels. But there is one thing that should not be there.

The **THING** is the boy who cannot afford to study in school and who instead studies from day to day the garbage can and what's in store for him and his indigent family.

How can the dignity of man stand such a shocking insult?

Watch him dive into that nauseating pile. It is astonishing how his will power — rather his will to eat so he could live — could leave his natural sense of smell at home while dog-like he sniffs from can to can in search of malodorous means to his end.

Observe how his hands scratch the filthy bottoms of tin cans, how he scrutinizes with scrupulous intent the tangled, greasy assortment. A fine way of developing an appetite for a lost meal!

His more fortunate brethren hurry past his foul-smelling haven of surprises.

Have we ever asked ourselves what he hopes to find in the refuse of society?

Scraps, fragments, crumbs of what our covetous disposition has refused to share with him. In the garbage can lies hope of a less-hungry tomorrow.

Who knows he will grow up a dreamer of that Communist Utopia! (where there will be more cans and less garbage.)

As we re-examine our social conscience, — which perhaps is paying Pagan homage to the glitter and glamour of surplus wealth and living for unnecessarily extravagant parties — we are not bothered much by the garbage flies.

But a human being in tattered camiseta and an overpatched short pants keeping vigil at our garbage cans should be a self-explanatory re-proach!

### A FORGOTTEN LETTER OF FRANKLIN

Recently, His Eminence Francis Cardinal Spellman addressed the annual Convention of the American Medical Association, and prefaced his talk by reading a letter from Benjamin Franklin written in 1756, which, while imparting consolation to the family of his brother, contained a truly inspiring profession of faith in God, in immortality, and in the one purpose for which life here on earth is given us. We feel that our readers will enjoy this letter, and may wish to clip it for their scrapbook, or for a re-reading when they have occasion to express their thoughts on the relationship of life here to life hereafter. The letter follows:

*"A man is not completely born until he is dead. Why then should we grieve, that a new child is born among the immortals, a new member added to their happy society? We are spirits. That bodies should be lent us, while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or in doing good to our fellow creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God.*

*When they become unfit for these purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure, instead of an aid become an encumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent, that a way is provided by which we be rid of them. Death is that way. We ourselves, in some cases, prudently choose a partial death. A mangled painful limb, which cannot be restored, we willingly cut off. He who plucks out a tooth, parts with it; and he, who quits the whole body, parts at once with all pains and possibilities of pains and diseases which it was liable to, or capable of making him suffer.*

*"Our friend and we were invited abroad on a party of happiness which is to last forever. His chair was ready first, and he is gone before us. We could all conveniently start together; and why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are soon to follow, and know where to find him?"*

## TAKE IT FROM MADAME CHIANG

Reading a recent radio speech of Madame Chiang Kai-shek, we were impressed with her directness of speech, her honesty of purpose and her Spartan courage. She said what was in her heart and in her mind without apology or equivocation.

With regard to the world problems growing out of the war, she applied the fundamental Christian principles, saying most emphatically that the eternal verities cannot be tampered with, not even by sagacious statesmen and shrewd diplomats.

Ponder the following and judge for yourself:

"Religion on which the doors of diplomacy seem to have been slammed is the main pillar of civilization. Without it there can be no international righteousness, no justice, no common decency, no guaranteeing of

the honor of the pledged word. Without religion no state can long endure. That should now be clear enough. If religious principles governed all treaty makers, there would be no treaty breakers. If religious feelings beat in the hearts of would-be destroyers, there would be no destruction. When national consciousness and individual consciousness are developed through belief in religion, when religion is accepted as the central pivot and the motivating force of life and conduct, then the doom of civilization may be averted, but not till then."

We can only add that unless those who sit at the peace table keep before them the Christian principles stressed by Madame Chiang Kai-shek, they will labor in vain.

### LIVING

E. JUCO

To blink at the pink blush of dawning  
 To toil in the glare of the day,  
 And sigh with relief when the darkness  
 Fast follows the dusky gray.

To rest in the ebony evening,  
 To gaze at the star-pricked night; —  
 And wait for the silent servant  
 To blow out the candlelight.

This spell is what mortals call Living:  
 A cycle of laughter and tears, —  
 Till Death, like a kindly rig driver, steps  
 The wheel of the yellowing years.



## Mr. Politico: Genius

by DR. TARAPOK  
(Another Politician)

It is election time again in Guinalaran. Feelings are running high; not over the candidates, however; nor over the issues of the day; but over one man whose name, though legend, is not even in the ballot — Mr. Tiqualon Politico.

Mr. Politico is an institution in the town. He not only lives up to his name; he was born into it, like a child into a diaper. It is said that he first saw the light of day inside a soap-box and that he learned to blow a smoke-ring from a "Havana" cigar before he knew how to feed from a bottle, but all this is apocryphal and cannot be substantiated from the Congressional Record.

According to well-informed circles he spent the formative years of his boyhood in politically "barnstorming" the province with his father. Although still too young to display his forensic prowess at that time, he was old enough to haunt the platform with his ubiquitous pitcher of water, and to dash to his father's rescue, whenever that grizzled veteran, parched-dry — more from the scorching heat of his speeches than from the noonday sun — eyes lusterless, ears wiggling, tongue lolling, would grasp the table with trembling

hands and shaking knees and mutter faintly, plaintively to his samaritan—offspring: "Gunga Din, water..."

At an age when normal boys were sprouting premature white hairs in trying to decipher the hieroglyphics of Homer; at a period when the youth of the land were succumbing by the carloads to epidemics of influenza in their herculean efforts to compose humorous Sunday compositions, young Tic was always before the sound — and bedroom — mirrors; practising his voice before the former and his smile before the latter. Every day for fifteen minutes he read Dale Carnegie on his knees; and it is the consensus of opinion that he deposited that "portentous and predestinate volume" next to his heart whenever he slept.

Once a week he browsed in the library of the town barber, and well-authenticated sources inform us that he manifested a pronounced proclivity to books on rhetoric.

His neighbors, old men and women now, whose veracity we cannot for a moment doubt, attest to the fact that the pellucid air of the night was often rudely shattered by guffaws of raucous laughter which were invariably

followed by weird, bizarre, and grotesque words like "non sequitur", "post hoc ergo propter hoc", "non causa pro causa", "secundum quid et simpliciter" and the like.

"That was me", Mr. Politico would afterward admit blushing, "that was me—debating with myself."

So complete had been the education of this amazing prodigy that by the time he reached the age of majority he never spoke simple declarative sentences anymore; he never answered with a mere "yes" or a naked "no" but always modified his statements with disarming clichés like "it seems to me", "in my humble opinion" and "at least that's what I think"; he never contradicted anyone openly but always prefaced

his opinion with "There is something in what you say" and other rhetorical palliative to that effect.

With the passage of time he became a more and more consummate orator. Other politicians considered themselves a success if they could strike a responding chord in their hearer's emotions; Mr. Politico composed a symphony from the heart-strings of his audience every time he spoke in public.

The years have been kind to him: although they had harvested the crop of hair from his head, they compensated him by the extra poundage of flesh which they added to his prosperous waistline... may the gods of Mt. Olympus be propitious to him!





Catholicism vs. Communism

## The Fight Is On.

by VICENTE VILLAMIN  
Bulletin Correspondent

The head-on struggle between Catholicism and Communism, with the Pope's decree of automatic and complete excommunication of any Catholic who gives aid or comfort to the Communists, will, above all things, show the power of organization over unorganization or disorganization. The Communists are well and solidly organized, wherever they are, for political action. Although in their totality they represent but a small fraction of the population, they are effective. The Catholics are in the overwhelming majority even in the Russian satellite countries, but they are not organized for political action, and that is their disadvantage in their struggle with the Communists.

In Poland, there are 21,712,000 Catholics, representing 91.3 per cent of the total population, according to the Catholic Almanac, and there are only an estimated 1,000,000 Communists, and yet the latter have much more power than the former. In Czechoslovakia, they are 8,500,000, 69.8 per cent of total popula-

tion, and 1,000,000 Communists. In Hungary, 7,017,761 Catholics, 74.8 per cent of population, and 1,000,000 Communists. In Yugoslavia, 6,031,156 Catholics, 38.7 per cent of population, and 500,000 Communists. In Rumania, 1,700,000 Catholics, 10.3 per cent of the population, and 1,000,000 Communists. In Albania, 104,216, 9 per cent of population, and 50,000 Communists.

In other parts of Europe the proportion between Catholics and Communists are given by the Catholic Almanac as follows:

Italy, 45,470,000 Catholics, 99.4 per cent, 2,283,000 Communists; Ireland, 2,773,920 Catholics, 91.8 per cent, 1,000,000 Communists; Austria, 5,938,000 Catholics, 85.8 per cent, 150,000 Communists; France, 31,000,000 Catholics, 75.4 per cent, 1,000,000 Communists; Benelux (Belgium, Netherlands, Luxembourg), 11,633,959 Catholics, 63 per cent, 160,000 Communists; Western Germany, 20,000,000 Catholics, 29.7 per cent, 2,250,000 Communists; Great Britain, 3,809,766

Catholics, 7.7 per cent, 50,000 Communists.

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The Communist appeal to Catholics in places where they are in the majority is to make it appear that communism is purely political and nationalistic and has nothing to do with religion, although at the same time they are trying to abolish religion, calling it the opiate of the people. With duress and threats of some form or another, some Catholics, without giving up their religion, have embraced communism, at least, outwardly.

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The persecution of Catholics in the satellite countries, beginning with those in high hierarchic authority, is a deliberate attempt to suppress Catholicism, but it is being done hypocritically as an ordinary prosecution under the criminal code for violation of laws. The Communists are not beneath concocting, inventing and even imagining evidenciary proofs against the victim. They do not stop at anything in their mad and sadistic determination to destroy religion in order to strengthen the faith of people in their new political religion, Marxism, which is pure, brutish materialism that makes man the slave and tool of the state.

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It is the Catholic leaders everywhere who first saw the danger and insidiousness of communism and they fought it when so-called "liberals" were toying with it as a sort of liberalism in action, even if that action

involved the slaughter of many millions of innocent non-believers or persons who had no capacity to understand communism. It is, therefore, but logical that the head of the Catholic Church, should take concrete, unequivocal action to keep its faithful adherents inside the citadel of Catholicism. This is not organizing politically; it is merely reminding that Catholics cannot be Communists at the same time. In this way, though silently, number may outweigh organization in the struggle between religion of all denominations and communism that seeks domination.

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The decree of the Congregation of the Holy Office which was issued with the imprimatur of Pope Pius XII is bound to be one of the great landmarks in the history of the Catholic Church. It will be a powerful force to repel the advance of communism everywhere. There are 400,000,000 Catholics all over the world, two times more than the population of Soviet Russia. There are only some 20,000,000 Communists in all countries, or only 5 per cent of the Catholics. If other religious groups should take as resolute and resounding action against communism as has the Catholic Church, the moral forces of mankind would be deployed in a formidable and invulnerable phalanx against the Communist threat to the system of religion, morals and ethics that has existed in the world for two thousand years.

"The voice of one crying in the wilderness . . ."

## Who Am I?

by CRESCENCE A. BURGUNDER

I am come out of clay and stone and wood and rushes,  
No one knows how long ago, and no ones cares to remember;  
From sheep and calves, from herbs and bark and berries,  
Came I colored forth. I am sprung immaterially, too:  
Out of man's need, his knowledge, and his loves.  
Out of ancient Assyria, where they wrote on sun-baked tablets,  
Out of old, old China—Cathay, you know—with its books of blocks,  
Out of the East with its mysterious inscriptions,  
From papyrus growing tall along the banks of the Nile —  
I must admit my debt, as black and red on white.  
From Athens, Jerusalem, and Rome, on vellum and on parchment  
Made from skins, my authority and might increased;  
And in a strange New World men from the Old One  
Recognized my worth in signs and pictures  
That they read on birch bark, or saw carved  
And etched on walls in prehistoric caves.  
Plato, too, had his dark cave—Remember?—  
The cave of the Idea and the Shadow of the Real.  
And Christ, Who came to be the Way to Light,  
Was born in a Cave. This is the Mystery of the Incarnation.  
But men had need to know the Mystery, to learn  
The Truth, and be made free.

*The Press was the Answer!*

And Europe answered to that need.  
While it had light and time and reason  
It repaid, in new illumination, the labors of monastic love,  
The long, cold hours in Benedictine-ruled scriptoria,  
With a method to make men see more quickly,  
An easier way to warm and move their hearts.  
So Movable Type was the Idea (one that escaped Plato and Aristotle)  
That moved a whole new profession into being  
By the grace of God working in souls like Gutenberg,

Aldus Manutius, Caxton, and the Etiennes.  
 In their day the typical press was a religious one—  
 Run by men who believed in the Typical Man  
 Who redeemed us all from our primeval darkness.  
 Who am I then? I am the Voice of the Holy Father  
 As he has said himself, speaking from the Eternal City;  
 I am the urgency of all good bishops, priests, editors, and scribes;  
 I continue on for Newman, Chesterton, and Leo,—  
 The words of Alphonsus, Bonaventure, and Aquinas I reiterate.  
 I sing again for Caedmon, Dante, and Hroswitha—  
 I restir the dust of Bernard, Bede, and Basil,  
 Restate the glowing aims of Ambrose and Augustine.  
 DeSales the courtly is my patron; Jerome the careful is my curator?  
 Who am I? Let Paul of Tarsus post the word to all,  
 Define me in new terms, for him and Peter.  
 Who am I? Find me in symbols, four heraldic  
 And old: the man, the lowing ox, the lion in the square,  
 And scan the sky for meaning and the flight  
 Of one immortal eagle. Yes, you should know me now—  
 The echo of one crying in the ever-present wilderness.  
 I am a steady beacon sweeping the dark corners of the earth  
 In a wide arc, raying hope by Light both Old and New.  
 I am a revibration of the strings of David's harp,  
 The whisper now and then of Beatitude upon a Mount—  
 The record of Eternal Authorship speaking in a cloud, well-pleased,  
 And bidding all to hear, by Whose same Spirit  
 I would speak

If you do not know, then know me now:

I am,

Freely and fully and faithfully,

Your humble and devoted servant,

*The Catholic Press.*

#### SO LITTLE TIME

In a lifetime of 70 years, three years are spent in education;  
 eight in amusements; six at the dinner table; five in transportation;  
 four in conversation; 14 in work; three in reading; 24 in sleeping.  
 Of the three years remaining, going to Mass every Sunday and five  
 minutes prayer every morning and evening would take five months.

## We Go To Lipa

By RAOUL M. BARLOW, S.J.

The bus driver kept his gaze trained closely on the road to avoid as many bumps as possible, while we in the bus were lost in the silence of our morning prayer.

Occasionally I would look up and out through the window at the world which was waking up to another day even as we passed. I must admit my thoughts were turning every corner that the bus did and meditation even on our Lady's coming at Lipa was a catch and go affair.

But on that morning I would not have had it otherwise. Our Lady had appeared at Lipa and we were going there to see if we could catch a spark of her flame and to pray — to pray for many things. Each passing scene melted into my memory and I promised I would pray for the souls I passed by the way.

The bus jugged quickly to the right; we were taking a detour through a field, it seemed. I looked out again across the burnt grass and the dusty shocks pitched here and there in huddled poverty.

As we creaked along, I caught a glimpse of a bombed-out building ahead of us. The sun was streaming into its windows, fringing with shadows every doorway. A candle, I

thought, held before the hollow face of death. I wandered into a minute's dreamland.

What faces had smiled from those windows? What lips had broken into sunny laughter? What had it been? A school, I thought, where boys and girls ran down its wide corridors and where a classroom's life had hummed behind each closed door before— Excuse me, Mary, my mind is off base again.

Mary, we call you our sweetness and our hope. Bring Christ's sweetness and hope to those shut eyes and hushed voices. A child cried in a dust covered nipa hut by the way and I awoke again to prayer.

Again I was conscious of the creaking jolting bus and my knees prodding the seat ahead of me. We were in Manila now. I had planned to look out here to gather some intentions for prayer. There were the same streets I had seen twenty times before, crowded alley ways where life streamed through, bustling, dust-stirring life, where a thousand tears hid behind the morning's washed faces.

Yes, I had seen this all before, but today—today somehow I photographed each sight to hold for Lipa. The

policeman directing the recalcitrant office workers to wait their turn; the "jeepneys" pirouetting in and out and bustling to the corner with their passengers packed into the seats in the rear; the Chinese merchant pulling up the wooden facing of his store; if any of these needed you, Mary — you and Your Son — I was going to be their priest and ask.

Manila is calling, Mary, — dust-bathed, shackfilled Manila is calling! Be its sweetness too, O Holy Mother of God.

The bus lurched over a bump onto a well-paved, concrete highway from which I caught glimpses of the bay. The sun was up, sparkling on the new house tops and smiling at the antics of a little lad pushing his sister in a cart, as we passed by.

The rest in the bus were talking now. Meditation was over but somehow my mind didn't leave my electric prayer of looking out the window of our crowded bus. A passing car where the more wealthy were taking the morning's air, the jeepney driver fixing a flat at the roadside, the bright, young faces of schoolgirls waiting for their bus, all these were grist for my mill of intentions and I continued to pray.

At an intersection where the road was being repaired our pilgrimage halted. I scanned the horizon of vendors' faces as they pushed up their buns and candy for us to see. A moment and my eyes caught upon an old lady at the edge of the crowd with her tray of wores.

†† I had ever believed that age

itself could exist here it was. Sparse grey hair under a black lace shawl that had known better days, a wrinkled brow and eyes — eyes like sparkling black jewels set in pain, eyes that I imagined were trying to tell me to include a respite to pain in my prayers too.

Around these eyes were the lines of age, deepened into crevices by many a tear and an occasional smile. I was seized with the urge to buy all the food she had. I would have too, but money isn't a Jesuit's strong point and my pockets were bare.

I wanted to call too, to tell the old lady of the way that I would remember her. I wanted to ask her name and hear her story and dry her tears. . . but we were moving and the scene passed into the morning behind us.

Lipa City. The bus came to a halt and after a stop at a friend's house where we washed the dust off, I walked to the shrine. Through the row of sawali shacks with their gaudy signs, across the dusty valley before the shrine and under the sheet-metal roof we went with a thousand thoughts buzzing in our heads.

I watched the pilgrims from behind. Some knelt, looking at the statue, running prayerful beads through their hands and I'm sure Mary was listening. Others crowded around the lottery booth where the announcer was calling for the lottery applications to be brought in. I elbowed my way into a pew and tried to remember all my intentions.



The talk of petals seemed to be everywhere and several people suggested that I try the lottery too. I turned back to prayer, but the lottery and the petal seekers had stung my conscience and another remark made long ago in a poem I had read leapt into my mind. I couldn't remember the poem exactly but the meaning was fresh, too fresh and biting. It ran:

Everyone is searching for petals.  
On every side that's all you hear,  
petals, petals, petals. I was doing  
that myself until one day last week  
when the thought came to me that  
the petals are Our Lady's tears!

I left my pew and made my way into a little chapel where the Blessed Sacrament was reserved. An out-sister was preparing for Benediction and I had a short while to pray. The announcer's voice broke into my quiet with the names of the people

who had received petals but I turned resolutely back.

The memories crowded in and as they did, I sped them to Our Lord through Mary's hands. I saw again the gutted building and the merry faces; I heard the lonely, poor child's cry. I begged Mary to spread her mantle over dusty Manila and to bring her sweetness to the lives of its folk.

I prayed that the old lady by the wayside might find rest at Mary's side when she should die. I tried to crowd everyone into the few minutes I had, as I thanked the Virgin Mother of God for coming right down into our streets as her Son has done.

A minute went by and I found myself staring at the flame of the monstrance and my voice straining at the chords of *O salutaris Hostia*. After all, what more could I have asked. Mary, as at Bethlehem had brought us Her Son.

#### SONG FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Oh, I have often seen the loveliest things —  
A rose, a butterfly all splashed with gold,  
The blue of the sky, a sudden flash of wings,  
But I am filled with awe that can't be told  
At seeing little children kneel and pray.  
It seems to me their sweetly-folded hands,  
The childlike things their little hearts can say  
Can bring God rushing from eternal strands.  
Oh, I have often heard the nicest songs  
That touch in human hearts a tender string.  
But angels bright, I think, come down in throngs  
To listen when the little children sing.

Corazon Cruz

Modernism symbolizes the unrest, the discontent and the confusion of our age

# Revolt In Art

by MILAGROS ICASIANO CORONEL

Professor in Art, UST

This is the age of great upheavals. Upheavals in political philosophy, psychology, economics, art. Nay, in almost every field of human endeavour.

The revolution in art, like the rest, is marked by violence, daring, radicalism, unreasonableness, and at times, even by insanity and primitive savagery.

It is by nature an iconoclast. It leans towards the extreme, groping for want of purpose. It experiments in its utter want of experience. It is grotesque and bizarre. It is exaggerated like a parody or a cartoon.

It is wanting in order and is distorted. For it is a cogent change, an acute swerving at a turning point. It champions absolute freedom from time-honored ties. It is as loose and as wild as a long-inhibited urge freshly released.

To Cezanne, Van Gogh, Manet and Pissaro are attributed the earliest beginnings of this modern revolution in art. France had always been the shrine of the world famous Gothic cathedrals, distinguished for their lace-like delicacy of decorations, their elaborate pointed arches, ribbed vaulting, flying buttresses and their highly ornamental rose windows.

But these men, together with the Impressionists and post impressionists, first "feelers" of modernism in art, revolted against this smooth texture, the delicacy and fine finish advocated by academic art.

Cubism which is another form of modern art, found its exponent in the Spanish-French painter Picasso. Cubists stress space and volume and limit their expression to geometric forms. By this they seek to bring to the fore significant forms and definite aesthetic feelings.

The group of modernists known as expressionists and headed by Matisse tries to emphasize the inner emotions and ideas and relegate actual appearance in their work.

Other phase of Modernism in art are futurism and surrealism. The former endeavours to portray the movement and change rather than the appearance at any particular time of objects. The latter abounds in symbolism since it points from subconscious, and not conscious, observation of the real appearance of things.

Modernism in art is apt to have innumerable types since it advocates freedom and individualism. It also has an element of despair. A despair at the state of things. A des-

pair which has driven it to undertake such an extreme measure as revolution.

Yet it abounds with new life and vigor and blood and inspiration with crazy hopes and exaggerated expectations. Only its own maturity will sober it down and its disillusionment teach it moderation. Modernism symbolizes the unrest, the discontent and the confusion of our age. It also expresses modern man's rebellion against conscious formalism and conventionalism in life.

Modern art is essentially a revolt. In their protestation against over-rationalism in art, the modernists fall into the opposite extreme of irrationality and discord. In their fight against over-emphasis of order and proportion their works show a want of order and fondness for distortion. In their effort to correct photographic representation of nature, they have discarded real appearances of objects.

In their desire to give dominance to the idea in art, they have forgot-

ten the importance of form. In their zeal to defeat over-dominance of science, craftsmanship, utility, materialism, industrialism, commercialism, they have returned to the primitiveness and savage unrestraint of uncivilized art.

Certainly it is not the extreme, exaggerations and distortions of modernism in art that will last. But these will bring in a new era in the art cycle. In the evolution of art this modern revolution will be swallowed. The extreme edges and sharp angles of the crude beginnings of this modern art trend will be rounded and finally polished. It will learn moderation and respect for standards and principles. It will become reasonable and pleasing. It will become acceptable and orderly and rational.

But it will be an art trend which will be characterized by the dominance of idea over form, of soul over matter, of emotions over mere appearances. It will be an art that will not be scientific and it will try to make itself a means of more direct

#### BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK

Some Spiritualists once persuaded Charles Dickens to attend one of their seances and asked him what spirit among the departed he would like to see. He considered the question briefly and suddenly thought of a lately departed friend, a celebrated grammarian.

"Summon Lindley Murray," he said. Soon they told him that Lindley Murray was in the room.

"Are you Lindley Murray?" asked the doubting Dickens.

"I ere," came the ghostly reply.

That was Dickens' last experiment in spiritualism.

communication between the subconscious of the artist and that of the observer, avoiding the distractions of fineness, prettiness, irrelevant details and ornaments which often become obstacles to the realization of true intrinsic beauty.

By then modern art will no longer be modern. It will have reached the acme of perfection and it will perhaps be known by another and more appropriate name.

We cannot pronounce any judgment with certainty on the presence or absence of artistic beauty in the individual works of the pioneers of modern art. Only future history will show how many of the modernists will have contributed to the moulding of the true lasting form which will blossom in the future.

However, those who go to extremes for the love of the extreme, and not for the sake of reformation; those who believe that art consists in novelty, in absolute unrestraint, and those who think that individuality and originality are best exemplified by expressing whatever enters their mind, whim or fancy... these men cannot be real artists.

But not all modernists are like these. There are the true artists among the champions of modernism in art. They possess sincerity and zeal. Their works bear the true marks of true art pieces. They have expressed the fast tempo, the restlessness, the discontent of our age.

Art's cycle requires that its beginning consists mostly of inspiration with very little and crude technic; that it gather better technic as it grows without losing its inspiration, that its zenith be distinguished by the happy blending of intense inspiration and perfect technic; that its decadence be characterized by the lessening of inspiration, until it becomes pure technic, craftsmanship, imitation.

If we realize that appreciation of the beautiful in art is subjective, and that some great artists had been thought crazy by their contemporaries, we shall not find it hard to be more kind in our judgment of our contemporary modernists. There is every reason to hope for another bright day in art.

#### PONTIUS PILOT

The Sister had distributed paper and crayons to the 2nd-grade class and had asked them to draw a picture of the Holy Family.

Among the many original portraits was Totoy's. It showed four passengers in an airplane: three with halos.

"I recognize the Holy Family, Totoy," Sister said. "But who is the fourth passenger in the plane?"

Totoy looked up at her incredulously. "Sister, don't you know? That's Pontius, the Pilot."

# THINKING WITH GOD

By FRANCIS P. LE BUFFE, S.J.

Almighty and everlasting God who in the abundance of Your loving-kindness go beyond the deserts and desires of Your suppliants, pour forth Your mercy upon us so that You will forgive what we feel guilty of in our consciences and also grant us those blessings for which we dare not pray—  
Collect for the Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost.

Almighty and everlasting God who in the abundance of Your loving-kindness go beyond the deserts and desires of Your suppliants—

God's mercy is above all His works . . .

As a loving father He does not measure out things gingerly to us . . .

He punishes less and rewards more than we deserve . . .

and He reads the innermost longings of our hearts . . .

Pour out Your mercy upon us—

that is why You became man . . .

that is why You died . . .

that is why You have said—

"If Your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; and if they be as red as crimson, they shall be as white as wool"  
(Isaiah 1:18) . . .

"Can a woman forget her infant, so as not to have pity on the son of her womb? And if she should forget, yet will not I forget you. Behold, I have graven You in my hands"  
(Isaiah 49:15, 16) . . .

Forgive what we feel guilty of in our consciences—

the greater sins by which we have insulted You . . .

the lesser sins by which we have strained our friendship . . .

the petty meannesses . . .

all the faulty loves . . .

the hidden hates . . .

Also grant us those blessings for which we dare not pray—

there is much, very much we would want to have, but we just can't bring ourselves to ask for it all . . .

day-dreaming? No, but just the aching of a heart that needs Infinity to fill it . . .

but "He knows the stuff of which we are made" (Ps. 102:14) . . .

And, looking into our inmost souls, He reads our deepest, most hidden cravings . . .

His promise is still good "Come to me . . . and I will give you rest"  
(Matth. 11:28) . . .

O my God I need Your help, the help that only You can give. My life and my heart are a puzzle to me. My sins disturb me and the voiceless cravings of my heart puzzle me. But You read them all aright and "You are rich in mercy to heal the wounds of our souls." So with the publican from my heart I pray "O God, be merciful to me a sinner."

### GIVE ME SOULS

He didn't make black souls,  
Didn't make white souls,  
Didn't make yellow nor brown;  
And He died for the black souls,  
The yellow and brown souls,  
This God of the thorny crown.  
He's the God of the white child,  
The God of the black child,  
The crippled, the half, and the lame,  
And He'll answer, the yellow child,  
Answer the brown child,  
Whenever they breathe His name!

He didn't die for white souls,  
Didn't die for black souls,  
All the children of men are His love;  
And there won't be any yellow souls,  
Won't be any brown souls,  
In His home and His Kingdom above.  
You haven't got a yellow soul,  
Haven't got a brown soul,  
Though the East or West be your home,  
You haven't got a white soul,  
You haven't got a black soul.  
But a soul that He made like His own!

—Archbishop Cushing

## We Yield To The Senators

(From The US Congressional Record)

One of the most amazing puzzles of our time continues.

The United States continues to send an ambassador to Moscow, but refuses to send one to Madrid.

Why?

The United States foreign trade is on the decline, but she refuses to do normal trade with Spain.

Why?

The US has lost the sale of more than 300,000 bales of cotton from 1946 to 1948, says Sen. Wherry. That number of bales could have been sold to Spain. It wasn't.

Why?

Here are a few more puzzles, culled from a discussion of the United States official attitude toward Spain, as reported in the Congressional Record — Senate, May 10, 1949, pages 6068 to 6079. They do not speak well of Uncle Sam.

But — we yield to the Senators.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. McCARRAN. Mr. President, upon inquiry made of the Secretary of State by members of the Appropriations Committee as to why Spain had not been given diplomatic recognition, the Secretary of State was exceedingly evasive. He seemed to try to avoid the subject by saying that there is a charge d'affaires there.

But, Mr. President, that does not constitute full diplomatic accord. Anyone conversant with diplomatic relations will immediately recognize that the mere presence of a charge d'affaires in a nation, after a minister or ambassador has been withdrawn,

does not evince full diplomatic relations and accord. We have not in this country recognized the ambassador who is offered to us by Spain.

In this hour, when this nation is fighting the greatest enemy of individual human liberty the world has ever known, is leading, if you please, the vanguard of democratic people for human freedom in the years to come, why is it, I ask, that our State Department refuses to recognize diplomatically a nation that has been fighting communism for the past 25 years, long before we entered into the Second World War; a nation

which has stood firmly all the time, by its arms and its economy and its government activities, against the spread of communism in Europe; a nation which if it were to be taken over by the Communist forces today or tomorrow, would lend greater weight to communism than any step communism has been able to take?

Mr. President, why is it, may the Senate ask, that the State Department refuses to recognize Spain? Let us go further and ask, why was it that on last Saturday, when the question came up before the Council of the United Nation, the Government of the United States refused to vote?

Why was it that it stood mute, at a time when democracy everywhere was looking to this country for leadership, when individual human liberty was praying to this nation and to the Western Hemisphere to lead the countries of the world out of the bondage in which they are now held by communistic forces? Why was it that at that hour, when we could have struck a blow for freedom, when we could have said a word that would have given encouragement to the democratic nations of the world, we remained mute in the United Nations?

Mr. ROBERSTON. . . I wish to ask the distinguished Senator if he does not feel that we could accelerate what he has in mind if the Spanish Government would recognize religious freedom in Spain.

Mr. McCARRAN. Mr. President, if it is stated that the Spanish Government does not recognize religious

freedom in Spain, that statement is false propoganda. Religious freedom is recognized in Spain, and there are in Spain those of nearly every denomination in the world, and they attend their respective places of worship. There is circulated in this country, I know, the charge that there is not religious freedom in Spain, but the best advice I can receive from every source is to the contrary.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. McCARRAN. Mr. President. I do not wish to take the time of the Senate for too long, but I wish to dwell on a few cogent facts, as brought out by the Secretary of State before the Appropriations Committee. He stated that the credit of Spain was not good. Yet, Mr. President, during the last year the trade between Spain and Great Britain amounted to \$450,000,00. That looks as though somebody thought the credit of Spain was fairly good.

While undoubtedly British pounds were in that particular line of trade between those two countries, my recollection is that we appropriated last year and will appropriate again this year \$5,000,000,000 to stabilize the currency of Great Britain. So that if the credit of Spain is not good, then the American dollar, through the agency of Great Britain, certainly is making it good.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. WHERRY. Figures handed me show that the United States has lost the sale of more than 300,000 bales of cotton. That number of bales

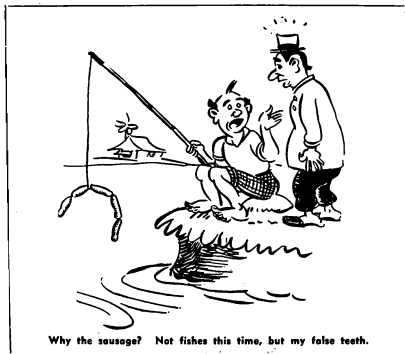


could have been sold to Spain during those two years (1946-1948).

I should like to ask the distinguished Senator from Nevada a question. Does he recall the question asked in Committee by the junior Senator from Nebraska of the Secretary of State? The question asked by the Senator from Nebraska was why there should be any condition imposed on Spain in connection with ECA? The Senator may recall that the Secretary of State's reply to the question was that the United States was not imposing any credit conditions on Spain.

Then I asked the Secretary why it was that Spain was not admitted to ECA benefits, because all we are trying to do is to rehabilitate the countries of Europe. The Senator may recall that the Secretary's answer was that some European countries participating in ECA benefits did not want Spain to be included in the group receiving ECA benefits. . .

I now ask, why should we impose a condition of credit upon Spain when Spain is paying her way, while at the same time we permit the participating countries in ECA to tell the United States of America not to ex-



tend aid to Spain because of conditions they impose, which are not imposed by the United States of America?

\* \* \*

Mr. BREWSTER. . . I am happy to see that the distinguished chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee is now entering the Chamber. I would ask the Senator from Texas whether he can explain to the Senate why it is that we can have an Ambassador in Moscow, and not have one in Madrid?

Mr. CONNALLY. . . I have never seen any logic in maintaining diplomatic relations with Russia, for instance, while refusing diplomatic relations with Spain. If there is any danger or threat in either one of them, it is certainly not very great in the case of Spain. . . I may say to the Senator, however, that there is among certain foreign nations great bitterness toward Spain.

I think it is pressure from those nations which has influenced our State Department and others to refuse recognition to Spain on an ambassadorial basis. We have our charge d'affaires at Madrid, but that is not comparable to an ambassadorship.

\* \* \*

Mr. BREWSTER. I can conceive of no more pitiful spectacle than that of the United States, which we thought was to lead the democratic world back to peace and security, standing silent (in the United Nations) while one of the most mo-

mentous issues was being decided, having no mind of its own, completely frustrated by the situation.

My president, I think it is time we examined some of the reasons for that frustration, which are known to every member of the Senate, however undesirable it may seem that they should be discussed. The subtle word is constantly passed that the alternative to communism is Catholicism.

We know that word is uttered constantly in the lobbies although Senators do not care to bring it out upon the floor. We are even told that some very distinguished members of the American delegation are those who are most earnest in their opposition to the recognition of Spain, because, farsooth, Spain is a Catholic country. It is high time that the American people decided to tear the mask from this situation. . . .

I think it is high time that the American people, not merely in the interest of our own self-respect, not merely in the interest of consistency in the conduct of our diplomatic relations, not merely in recognition of a century of tradition when we have recognized powers which have been long established, but in the interest of our own security and progress toward the peace we all desire, should tear the mask from the subtle influence which now keep us silent and mute in the United Nations when it is to be determined whether diplomatic relations shall be normalized with the Government of Spain.

## The Hayworth Affair

The papers have recently been very critical, and justly so, of the conduct of Rita Hayworth, who married a moslem and who, according to reports, has agreed to rear whatever children may be born to the marriage as Mohammedans.

Of course, Rita Hayworth has long been out of the Church, although the papers have been telling the world that she is a Roman Catholic. She now becomes an apostate from Christianity itself, and, like Judas, has sold Christ to His enemies. Mohammedans are not only non-Christian, but anti-Christian.

Rita may have been glamorous and beautiful on the screen, but Jimmie Fidler, writing from Hollywood on January 18, tells us that those were all the characteristics she possessed. Jimmie Fidler says that he himself pities her because her popularity went to her head. He also pities her fans for their "idolatrous treatment accorded her in the past few years." This adulation, he writes "gives such people as Mitchum and Hayworth strangely distorted perspectives."

Fidler continued: "The new traveling companion of Aly Kahn was blessed with beauty rather than

with mentality." Beauty could hardly be called a "blessing" for her if it was the cause of her ruin.

In the early days of motion pictures the mind of Americans was more in keeping with the divine law, which designates a remarriage after divorce, while the party divorced is still living, "adulterous."

When Mary Pickford, also a Catholic and, at that time, called "America's Sweetheart," was divorced from her husband and remarried, she lost most of her fans, and strove to drown her own conscience by embracing a cult which teaches that sin is only in the mind, but it has no objective reality. At that time the divorcee was ostracized even in social life by the best people. He or she was put out of the clubs or organizations to which he or she belonged.

The change in the attitude of people towards the sacredness of marriage, and towards divorce does not alter the evil of the latter. In God's eyes it is the same now as it was years ago. The moral law is just as unchangeable as are the fixed stars in the heavens simply because God Who gave the law cannot change. Change implies instability, and, of course, God is not unstable. He

would not be infinite wisdom, if He were unstable.

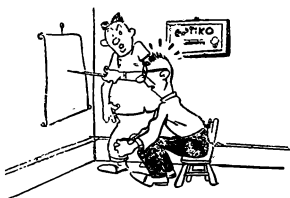
Every Christian should accept God's mentality and show resentment towards those who, like Rita Hayworth, repudiate Him and betray Christ in favor of His enemies. That means, evidently, that no one with a Christian mind could, in conscience, patronize a movie in which such a character would star.

If people began to call remarried divorcees by the same name Christ called them, the number would greatly diminish. Divorce which, fifty years ago, was very rare and which in Canada, England and many other countries was almost non-existent, is, in the United States, almost as common as marriage. In fact many cities of the United States hold the unenviable record of having nearly as many divorces as marriages within a given year. Most of them are young people who contract new alliances

which are not marriages at all in the eyes of God, and which Holy Scripture calls by the nasty name "adulterous."

If you, and you, and you, and others, whom you might ally with yourself in every community decided to patronize only clean motion pictures, and to stay away from those whose stars wed, divorce and remarry in a short time, it would teach a lesson to Hollywood. Why should we not have a more decent people entertain us in the movies? Why should we show any consideration for those who, in the eyes of God, are reprobates, and who, unless they undo what they have done, are themselves only "having a good time on their way to hell"?

Let us have the mind of God in all matters, and propagate it both for our own merit and for the good of our country.



"A . . ." "Your eyes are defective indeed."

# Coop Without Tears

by HAROLD WATSON

1. After laying down the three FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES which were discussed in our last the Rochdale Pioneers also established several SECONDARY PRINCIPLES.
2. The first of these is OPEN MEMBERSHIP a Cooperative is not a mere political clique nor a racial faction nor a religious group.
3. It aims to subserve its members it does not aim to conserve Conservatives it strives for a LIBERAL ECONOMY not for ECONOMIC LIBERALISM.
4. It is not so much concerned with the BLACK WHITE AND YELLOW races as such it is concerned with a rational economy for the HUMAN RACE.
5. It is catholic in membership not a membership of Catholics it has its OWN METHODS but has room for Methodists it is not established by or for members of the Established Church.
6. In other words it is NEUTRAL to Race Religion and Politics though not indifferent to them (there is a VALID DISTINCTION between NEUTRALITY AND INDIFFERENTISM).
7. When Jew, Catholic and Protestant cooperate to sell fish to purchase fish hooks they do so not to perform RELIGIOUS RITES but to protect their common ECONOMIC RIGHTS.
8. It is not that they love their respective doctrines less but that they hate the doctrines of laissez faire more.
9. All this is not to say that "one religion is as good as another" for it is not a question of a compromise of Creeds but a consolidation of credit.
10. For a cooperative does not address its mind to THEOLOGY as such but to ECONOMICS as such and thus SECTARIAN PLURALITY does not exclude ECONOMIC UNITY.

11. As has been said there is no Catholic way of selling fish therefore the Rochdale Pioneers made the cooperative open to all for the good of all.
12. Secondary Principle number two reads NON MEMBERS MAY BUY THEIR WAY INTO MEMBERSHIP.
13. They may do so by trading with the CO-OP and thus accumulate the 'profits' on their purchases until these are enough to buy a share.
14. This is in keeping with FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE number three which says that the surplus between full cost price and selling price is an overcharge on consumer, is the PROPERTY OF THE CONSUMER
15. This method tends to develop an attitude towards PROPERTY which is PERSONAL but not PERVERSE and COMMUNAL but not COMMUNISTIC.

### THE "ANGELUS" RADIO PROGRAM

6:00 EVERY EVENING

DZAB (Dial 860)

As a part of the nation-wide campaign against Communism and irreligiosity, the Manila Council of the Knights of Columbus is inviting all Catholics to revive that beautiful but slightly forgotten custom of reciting the Angelus.

The Philippine Broadcasting Company is cooperating with the Knights of Columbus and has generously donated the use of their Station DZAB (Dial 860) every evening at 6:00 to broadcast the ANGELUS DOMINI (ORACION) which is recited by a group of Knights and their families. The broadcasts are in English and in Tagalog alternately.

This is the first time in the history of broadcasting in any part of the world that the ANGELUS is aircast as a separate feature or program.

May we therefore solicit your kind cooperation:

To spread the news far and wide, to as many people as possible about this Angelical Salutation to Our Lady.

# THIS GOT ME

From Telesforo David

## CATECHISM BY EAR

Either it's a matter of catechism by hearsay, or the child is an ironic humorist. My correspondent reports, however, that her pupil answered the question in this way:

"The sacrament of matrimony is a sacrament by which two people bind themselves in awful wedlock." —Fr. Lord

From Antonio Galan

## FOR POLITICIANS ONLY

A surgeon, an architect, and a politician were arguing as to whose profession was the oldest.

Said the surgeon: "Eve was made from Adam's rib, and that surely was a surgical operation."

"Maybe," said the architect, "but prior to that, order was created out of chaos, and that was an architectural job."

"But," interrupted the politician, "somebody created the chaos first!"

From Rodrigo Reynoso

## FOR MULES ONLY

Rastus: Lookie heeh, Sambo, how come yo' teach yo' mule all them tricks? I can't teach my mule nothin'.

Sambo: Dot's easy. Yo' has to know mo' than the mule.

From Melancia Arcongel

## SIGN OF THE TIMES

Beauty parlor sign:

"Don't whistle at a girl leaving here. She may be your grandmother!" —Comillus

From Leonardo Francisco

## VIEWPOINTS

Yesteryear: "I'm home sick."

Today: "I'm sick of home."

From Teodoro Baltazar

### WHAT'S YOUR RACKET?

You can't expect a racketeer to be respectable so long as he does business with the kind of people who would do business with a racketeer. —St. Cloud Advocate.

From Mrs. C. Montilla

### YOU SAID IT

"I just got out of prison this morning," a traveller told the man on the bus. "It's going to be mighty tough facing old friends."

"I can sympathize with you," commented the other. "I'm just getting home from the Congress Hall."





An Excellent Book for the Filipino Youth

## THE BIOGRAPHY OF BLESSED MARIA GORETTI

Martyr of Purity

By Msgr. JAMES MORELLI

Charge d'Affaires of the Holy See

With the purpose of making known the wonderful life and the heroic death of the youthful Maria Goretti, and of spreading the devotion to her, the author, at the request of several friends, has prepared, having as basis the Acts of the Canonical Process, a Biography of the glorious youth, beatified by the Supreme Pontiff Pius XII on April 27, 1947.

The perusal of this work, written in clear and simple style and adapted to the Filipino youth, specially to the Feminine youth, will also be useful to mothers and to the man and woman educators who have the mission of moulding in the tender souls of their children and pupils a virtuous life, the love for work and sacrifice, for veneration and obedience to their parents and superiors and that sterling christian character which in the hour of trial knows how to maintain itself above the temptations and the snares of the modern life.

It is for this that the ecclesiastical censor of the Archdiocese, the Rev. Artemio Casas, when putting his o. k. on the work of J. Morelli, thus wrote to His Excellency Mons. Rufino Santos, Auxiliary Bishop of Manila, who had commissioned him to pass judgment on the book: "I have found the work not only free from any dogmatic or moral errors, but even worthy of high praise and commendation. The author has made a brilliant exposition of the life and virtues of "the little nun" of Corinaldo, with practical hints and adaptations to our modern ways of life, particularly with reference to the virtue of chastity. I have no doubt that this work, if printed and spread around, will be a good and valuable reading matter for our modern youth...."

The book, dedicated to the Filipino youth and printed in Manila is of a handy size, with covers bearing the image of the Blessed in colors specially designed: over the text it has eight pictures including that of her living mother.

Price ₱2.00 a copy. Mailed order ₱2.10 apiece. Orders of 100 or more have a discount of 10%.

The Novena to the Blessed Maria Goretti which is now being printed, can also be had for ₱0.10.

Orders may be sent to Rev. GERARDO SASTRE, O.S.B., San Bedo Convent, Manila.

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