

Editorials

One of the purposes of "THE LITTLE APOSTLE OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE" is to promote the devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. You will find in this issue (*page 14*) a candid and inspiring "Song of May": Aniwan—the old man—with his child-like devotion to Mary. . . . and the little children—the angels of May—gathered around their Mother. Read also "Don Bosco to his Filipino Boys" (*page 28*).

Shall we too, young and old, boys and girls, gather around Mary during the month of May? Shall we too "look for Mary?"

"I shall not rest" said St. John Berchmans, "until I have found Mary." Shall we too make the month of May a "Mary-finding month?"

There are many ways that lead to the Heart of Mary, and among them is the ROSARY, one of the Church's richest devotional treasures, the devotion Our Mother loves the most. Were all men to pray the rosary every day, there would be peace. The trouble is that men do not heed the message of Mary and plan to rule the world without God, without Mary. . . . No wonder the horizon is dark with the threatening of another war!

May is the month most appealing for a start of the Five First Saturdays. It was in May that Mary appeared for the first time to the three children at Fatima. The promise attached to this devout practice is most appealing, particularly the promise at the hour of death to help with the graces needed for salvation those who have observed the first Saturdays of five

consecutive months and shall have confessed their sins and received Holy Communion, and kept company with the Blessed Mother for fifteen minutes with the intention of making reparation to her.

No rosaryless day in May!

Why not form the habit of going to bed WITH OUR ROSARY? and falling asleep with the name of Mary on our lips? Mary will continue our "unfinished beads."

And the beads we will leave "unfinished" at the hour of death, we will continue them in heaven, around Mary, "THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN."

Our Family Circle

THE LITTLE FLOWER, TEACHER OF ALL VIRTUES.

The "PRESENCE OF GOD" is nothing else but a feeling of deep recollection and respect, by which the soul ever looks up at God being present to her or at least around the corner.

The Old and New Testaments are literally filled with references to that INTIMACY of God with men; it produces MUTUAL CONFIDENTIAL INTERCOURSE and effusion, the source of what we call "the happiness of the soul."

"Habitabo cum eis," said God, "I will live with them." God does not only live WITH US, but IN US. He wants to be "at home" in us as ONE OF THE FAMILY. And the Little Flower often said, "Don't underestimate this; faithfully keep company with Him; if you do not reach there within one year, keep on. . . ., you

may reach there sooner or later." Did Jesus not say: "If anyone loves me, my Father too will love him, and we will make our abode in him."

Therese, therefore, tried by all means to love Jesus more and more; and to such an effusion and demonstration of true love neither Jesus, nor His heavenly Father, nor the Spirit of love can resist. That's why she exclaimed: "I keep the Three Persons

of the Blessed Trinity prisoners of my love." Continually did Therese seek Them in the solitude, day and night, as true lovers are wont to do.

Now we understand her words: "I wonder what more I shall find in heaven than what I have already now. Of course, I shall see Him; but nothing more, since I possess Him already now." — • —

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IT'S ALL SO INTERESTING
EVERYBODY IN THIS SYM-
PATHETIC IFUGAO AUDI-
ENCE ENJOYS REV. FATH-
ER G. DE BOECK'S FAMI-
LIAR CHAT.

PHOTO GERARD

NOTES ON CATECHETICAL INSTRUCTION

by Catalino Badang

I sneaked into a small barrio not far from the high school to check up on the catechetical instruction of the little children by two high school girls. I was able to hear the first prayers, the "Mamatiac". This was followed by the "Amami", the "Ave Maria", the "Agbabawiac" and the acts of faith, hope and charity, followed by two or three songs and the learning of the catechism proper.

When one of the catechists began relating a "lesson story", I felt glad because the work was progressing

according to plan. The lesson-story, I thought to myself, would be followed by some games, the community recitation of the Holy Rosary, and the closing prayers. I decided, this would be the time for me to leave for the next barrio.

I arrived at the next barrio rather late, for the lessons had progressed into the "lesson story". I knew the two boys assigned to this barrio; so I decided to make my appearance unnoticed. I entered a nearby house via the back door and immediately took to my notes. I was rather curious about the presence of some older folks among the children. And then it came; a grown-up man was inter-



VISUAL IN-
STRUCTION
IS THE MOST
ATTRACTIVE
AND THE
BEST

PHOTO
AUGUSTIJNS

pelating the catechists. I heard him say in part, "But the Bible says that Jesus had brothers. That means, there were other children born of Mary besides Himself". I put away my notes and joined the group. One of the catechists was already taking up the challenge. The grown-up man was in earnest. He continued, "And the Bible also says that Christ was of the House of David, and it was Joseph who belonged to the line of David". The same catechist dramatically announced, "Pass the collection plate". I intervened by requesting the older folks to join me in another place, and told the student catechists to resume the instruction of the children.

Once with the older people, I took pains to explain that the Bible is like a book of law which only competent judges can interpret; that in like manner, only the Church can interpret the Bible.

All in all, my talk seemed to convince them. When finally, I turned my steps homeward, I was having

some misgivings. "So this is it", I said to myself. Some proselyting work even among catechumens. "Oh well", I said, "anyway our little apostles are gallantly doing their assigned tasks, and as long as they keep to it, they can win."

If only, our student catechists had rosaries and more catechisms in the vernacular to distribute to the children, the instructions would be easier and better, much better.....

—●—

**Tommy was a staunch Catholic.
Johnny was a staunch Protestant.
Johnny came home one day all
black and blue...**

**"But son," the mother inquired,
"who has given you such a bad
beating?"**

**"Oh, Mommy, Tommy did it. I only
said something about the Pope."**

**"But, don't you know Tommy is
a Catholic?"**

**"I do, Mom, but how was I to know
the Pope is a Catholic too?"**

from **APAYAO**

proceeded to the house of the zealous catechist, Joaquin.



**BAYAG
HAS ITS
LITTLE
CHURCH**



**A MAN FROM
BALIWANAN**

**PHOTO BY
VANDAELE**

FARAWAY BAYAG

A good horse took us to Bayag in exactly two days. The people were celebrating their town-fiesta and doubly rejoiced because the Father had come to visit the Christian community of Bayag.

When we left the forest of Langnao, we could see Bayag in the distance. Two buildings attracted my attention: a big school-building, the most beautiful of Apayao, and the new chapel—the pearl of Bayag (*see top picture*). We hurriedly crossed the river and were instantly surrounded by the people. Their faces beamed with joy and proudly we

proceeded to the house of the zealous catechist, Joaquin.

San Jose didn't give us fine weather; yet the games and programs were a real success. A good lunch was served to which we did honor

Those were four happy days for me. Many children were baptized and I noticed a certain spiritual revival. With the help of San Jose and the prayers of the Christians who daily recite the rosary, a time may come when the 3756 souls from Bayag will have a Father in their midst. That will be a triumph for Bayag.

Andres Vandaele



THE FIRST FRUITS IN MY BARRIO, BALIWANAN

It was a Monday morning, when all the people came down from their scattered hills to the schoolbuilding, where they were waiting for the arrival of the Father. The weather was bad; yet the parents came with their children.

In the afternoon, the Father, together with his catechist and his boy, arrived from Kabugao (Apayao). After a good cup of coffee and after the lesson of the Maestra, I entered the classroom to give my religious instruction. A few minutes later the Father too came in. I recommend-

ed him four boys and three girls for examination. Being very clear and correct in their answers, they were admitted for baptism. The same afternoon two couples were united in holy matrimony.

The following morning, the Father said H. Mass in the schoolbuilding. I think that the whole barrio was present. Sixteen of us received Holy Communion. It was the first time that we were so many. Deo Gratias! After the Mass the Father gave a short instruction and congratulated our barrio of Baliwanan for being one of the leading barrios of the Kabugao Mission. Mrs. Cuntapay, our kind teacher, offered the First Communicants a delicious breakfast in her quarters. The children received some pictures from the Father and a small crucifix as a remembrance of their First Holy Communion. All of them were very glad when they received a rosary from their Maestra.

That were the first fruits of the religious instruction I have given in my own barrio. With the help of God's grace and the prayers of all Mission Friends, especially the prayers of Sister Michaela—a native of our barrio and the only religious Sister of



ILONGOT MAN

PHOTO MORICE VANOVERBERGH

Kabugao—, I hope to increase the number of Catholics in my barrio so that Baliwanan may soon be called "The Pearl of the Kabugao Mission."

VICENTE BINUNAG
Catechist Teacher in Baliwanan

—❖❖❖❖—

When speaking about "his boys" who were the raggamuffins he had salvaged from the streets, the homeless boys he always befriended, the many youths facing a moral crisis in their lives, Don Bosco used to speak with a sincerity that came straight from the heart. "I will never shirk a sacrifice for these boys, and I will give every drop of my blood to save them."

—"Don Bosco Bulletin"

A SONG OF MAY (CONTINUED)

by Alf. Claerhoudt

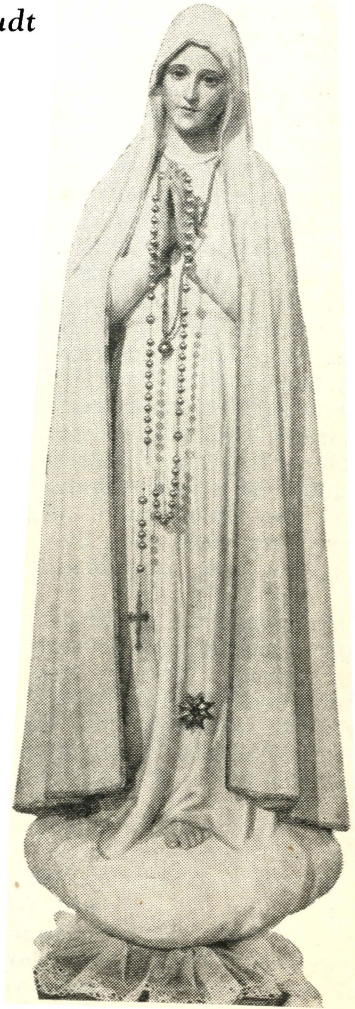
The night faded into a shining daylight and the first of May emerged as from the dark.

Aniwan had greeted that bright day with a joyful "Ave Maria." He stood in front of his small hut in Agpay while his eyes roved round the verdant leaves and gaily colored flowers soaked wet with morning dew. His thoughts rushed back to all his boys in the valley. Yesterday he had told them, "Welcome the month of May with a 'Hail Mary' when you awake."

It was May and an extraordinary joy shot through Aniwan's heart. Yes, he could have wept for happiness. And yet, he felt that the light of his life was almost spent and soon he would die in his poor hut in Agpay. But he also felt the Good Master's invisible hands were leading him every moment nearer to Him and sensed His loving whisper, "Poor man, I love you." Aniwan's heart pounded wild with joy at these words. He discovered with the unfolding of each new day, the truth and reality of God's infinite love... His surrounding was permeated with the sweat perfume of that love and Aniwan whispered within him, "This small corner of the mountain land is also the happy home of God and we live with Him."

The days of May were also the days of the Good God, Aniwan thought. But they were more especially the days of Our Blessed Mother. He understood why in Mary's honor, nature was clothed in all majesty and splendor, why chalice-like lilies studded the green mountain-sides, why the wind blew so gently over the yellow rice fields, why the sky was so beautiful and clear, why the streams and rivers were ever singing, ever merry.

One lovely Sunday morning in May, there was a feast in the mission church in the valley. At the break of dawn, the church bells pealed



HAIL.....HOLY QUEEN,
MOTHER OF MERCY,
OUR LIFE, OUR SWEET-
NESS, AND OUR HOPE.
TO THEE DO WE CRY
POOR BANISHED CHIL-
DREN OF EVE...

wildly. Mary's altar was a throne of freshly-gathered flowers. The children had decorated the statue of their loving Mother with the blue Dangla flowers and yellow Allangigan and Andadasi flowers. Long reeds of the violet Anii and Banava, green and yellow Alinaw flowers and light red Bakag plants adorned the altar. The statue was hollowed out in a golden fire of flickering candles.

A huge crowd had gathered in the mission church; at every moment while the number grew, the words, "Hail Mary, full of grace..." resounded louder.

On that Sunday of May, the priest ushered in the church two long rows of children while he sang "Beati Immaculati in via..." "Blessed are the pure of heart and those who live in God's commandments."

Reverently the children followed the priest who led them before the altar. They were poor, mountain children. They each held in their hands a white lily, their pure eyes focussed on the lovely statue of their Mother. Yes, they have come to lay before her feet these white lilies.

Their young hearts beat wild with happiness at the thought of their Heavenly Mother whom they loved so much.

This was their big day, this happy day when Jesus, Mary's own loving Jesus, would come for the first time into their pure hearts. It was their First Communion day, this Sunday of May.

Among those present in the church there was one who thought he would have died of joy. With tears in his eyes, he lovingly gazed at the children in a long procession... they were the children of his

heart, these children to whom he had so often related about the Good God, and Mary, Queen of May. Their hearts were pure and very soon Jesus would come to make His solemn entrance there. And when Aniwan saw in the communion bench the children with hands reverently clasped upon their breasts, their pure bright eyes directed towards the priest who held the Sacred Host as he prayed, "Behold the lamb of God..." his heart burst out in sweet prayer, "Ah, my Lord Jesus, You can do it... keep the hearts of these children pure and good. Lord Jesus, do not permit that any of them be lost."

When Holy Mass was ended, and the people had left the church, the excited children lost no time to look for their dear old friend, Aniwan. But Aniwan remained in the church, lost in prayer, before the statue of Our Lady. He was asking this loving Mother to offer up his Mass and Communion to Jesus, for all the children of the village. In all simplicity he was talking to this Heavenly Queen. He wanted her to help him love God more and more and to lead others to

Mary is as it were the heavenly canal by which the waters of all graces and gifts flow down into the souls of wretched human beings.

Benedict XIV

love Him. He asked special graces for those who had received Jesus for the first time into their hearts.

And when he heard the children outside calling, "Where is old Aniwan?" he quickly stood up, but before leaving addressed himself to Our Lady, "Mother, it has been a happy day for you, a happy day for your children and for me, your old Aniwan. Dear Mother help us always, keep our souls pure like the May flowers which now adorn your statue."

"Where is Aniwan?" One more

children's voices were heard outside the church plaza.

"Dear, Mother, your children, they are calling for me. I promise to care for their souls. I will teach them to love you more and more."

As soon as Aniwan appeared at the church door, the happy children rushed to him, while the older people watched in blank astonishment.

"Today is the most beautiful day of May, my dear children, and you are the angels of May."

"Today, Aniwan, and also tomorrow," excitedly chorused the children.

"Yes, tomorrow too, my dear children, and the day after tomorrow, . . . all the days of your life, as long as you keep Jesus in your pure souls."

The listening throng increased; not only children but men and women as well gathered closer to hear Aniwan's words.

In the dazzling light of that May morning, in the small church plaza, God . . . His own loving God, also listened. The angels were also there, bowed in silent and breathless adoration before God, Who lived in the pure hearts of those little souls. Mary, Queen of May, was also present.

Teacher: **What is an autobiography?**
Pupil: **It is the story of the life of an automobile driver.**



PHOTO AUGUSTIJNS

had sealed those little foreheads with the sign of the cross.

The heavens above the valley and mountains of Pagdan were blue and pure like Our Lady's Mantle.

This corner of the mountain lands was a veritable Paradise, where the people loved God and His Blessed Mother . . . where the sun-kissed flowers blossomed in the thick forests and around the picturesque mountain slopes, where the cool winds

rustled gently over the golden rice fields . . . where the hearts of those who loved God throbbed with great joy!

Love is reverently silent . . . But love can also find its utterance in joyful song

And that day in Pagdan, there hovered the sweet and lingering echo of the Beautiful Song of May

Chemistry Teacher: **When water becomes ice, what is the greatest change that takes place?**

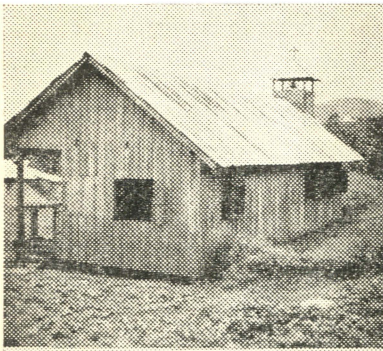
Student: **The price.**

Mountain Echo

Husband: **What happened to my whiskers' brush? I wonder why it is hard and stiff.**

Wife: **I do not know, either; it was smooth and soft when I painted the bird's cage.**

THE BISHOP WALKS IN- TO THE TRAP.



Visitors touring the Mountain Province, leaving the Baguio-Bontok trail at seven kilometers before reaching Bontok, to climb the curving road leading to Sagada have certainly noticed the picturesque barrios of Antadao and Tetep-an with their wonderful rice terraces, beautiful scenery and typical huts scattered between the camote fields.

Simple and good people are living there. All the missionaries who at one time or another stayed at the Bontok mission, from where these barrios are visited, will tell you that it has always been a consolation to visit there on mission trip. There are many fervent Christians, simple souls, people poor in earthly goods but rich in faith and grace. Barrio Kilong, where the Catholic school, with five grades, and the chapel are situated is, with an exception of a dozen old men, entirely Christian.

Every Sunday the small chapel is so overcrowded that two prayer-services are to be held. When the priest goes to visit them two Sundays a month, he has to offer two masses. This is an inconvenience for the people, because those who come from distant places find the chapel already crowded when they arrive and often miss the opportunity to go to confession and to receive Holy Communion. Several times they suggested that their chapel be enlarged. And this is where our dear Bishop walked into a trap during his pastoral visit.

His visit to administer Confirmation had been announced for March 7th. Notified about the coming of their Shepherd, many went to meet the Bishop at the road. Their

**UP: THE CHAPEL OF TETEP-AN
MIDDLE AND BOTTOM: CHRISTIANS
ON THE CHURCHYARD
AT TETEP-AN, BONTOK**

by Rev. Alb. Depre

feastly gansa's (gongs) sounded like the peals of cathedral bells.

The next day, the Bishop administered Confirmation to more than 200 people, in two shifts. When Monsignor saw the assembly, he decided to offer Mass in open air. It was a beautiful sight and deeply edifying to see the long rows of people in colorful native dresses kneeling and praying with sincere devotion.

After the H. Mass, a delegation of leading "lacays" of the barrios came to see the bishop. They selected the best "diplomat" to do the talking. I felt what was coming.

"Your Excellency has conceded already the point we wanted to present. You have seen the large congregation standing outside under the hot sun-rays during H. Mass. You permitted Holy Mass to be celebrated in open air. Twenty years ago our chapel was too large; now it cannot accommodate our people anymore. Therefore, we humbly request you to have our chapel enlarged."

What could the bishop do but promise that their wishes would be granted? But now, he and Father Leon Quintelier, the Rector of our mission, are scratching their heads; for that will mean an extra burden on the already too heavy budget of the mission.

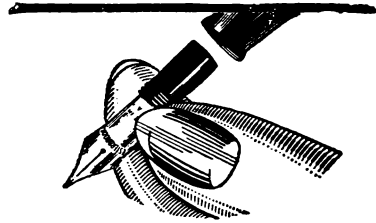
These poor people are willing to contribute their manual labor. So they are decided to pray God to move some generous hearts to help secure the funds needed to purchase the materials. Do you think God will disappoint them?



Going with me to the North Pole

The famous North Pole explorer, Sir Robert Scott, appealed to Lloyd George, at that time Secretary of Finances, for some official subsidy for his forthcoming expedition to the North Pole; but Lloyd George seemed little interested in that expedition and he advised Scott to ask help from a certain rich and generous Englishman who was known as fond of such expeditions. Scott went as he was told. When he came back, Lloyd George smilingly asked: "Well Mr. Scott, did you succeed?"

And Scott answered: "Sure, I did. He gave me at once \$5,000, and he promised me \$150,000 more if I could make you agree to come along with me, and finally he promised me \$5,000,000 more, if then I could manage to let you alone behind on the Polar Ice..."



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OH! THAT DREADFUL NIGHT...

PHOTO VERANNEMAN

THE MESSAGE OF A DYING IGOROTE MOTHER



The first streaks of daylight filtered through the little hole just overhead. It had been one of those sleepless nights during which the poor emaciated body of my consumptive mother had been racked with pain. And now that Dame Compassion had granted her a little respite, she was lost in wonderings and reminiscences.

Suddenly she caught sight of me and said, "Madre, how vividly I remember that dreadful night.....when a man had staggered into the hut and

had dragged my mother outside. A volley of curses had rent the very surrounding air. There and then a cool-blooded murder had been committed.

Why had he chosen my mother for his victim?—Oh! she was lovely, and gentle, and kind, and she was such a very dutiful wife and mother.

Stealthily I slipped outside into the dark. Where was my beloved mother? Where, the maniac who had dragged her along? Who was he?

.....He had fled, fled with the blood of his wife still cleaving to the blade of his bolo.

Suddenly the moon stole out from behind an inky-black cloud and shed her pale silvery light upon earth. And behold! There upon the grass I recognized the distorted and bloody face of my beloved mother. Red warm blood oozed steadily from a deep gaping wound, just above her left eye. Life was slowly ebbing away. Oh! that I could have stayed the

hand of the grim specter of death who hovered above my dear mother!

I wanted to scream, but found no voice. Suddenly the ground gave way beneath my feet. I reeled and fell into a dead faint. Oblivion had drawn a veil of mercy before my eyes.

When I regained my senses, I lay on a little improvised mattress of grass. Near me sat an old and shriveled woman trying to soothe my painful brow.

**IFUGAO WOMAN
WITH CAMOTE**

**HAPPY TO HAVE HER
NOONDAY MEAL**

PHOTO CASTEL



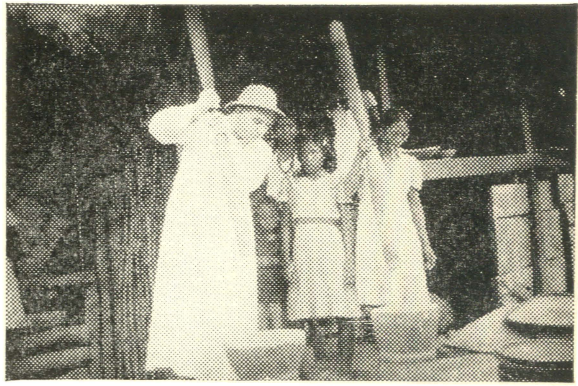
For a long time I lay there as in a daze, not knowing what had passed, not being aware of the great loss I had sustained. But little by little the appalling scene came back to my memory. Luckily I could cry. It eased somewhat my aching heart. But oh! to have no mother more and to see no father around.

I looked at the kind old woman, but I closed my eyes again and slept the sleep of the innocent. I had just reached my sixth birthday.

.....

Twenty and two years have passed since I beheld for the last time the face of my beloved mother and that of my treacherous father. The latter never came back, but rumours had whispered the painful truth into my ears. I never got strong. Lack of the bare necessities of life caused my body to waste away day after day.

Kind neighbors had taken me in and had treated me like one of their own until that fatal day when after a heartrending cough my dress got stained with blood. Fear of contamination decided against my fate. I was given to understand that it would be safer to leave the house and my adopted family. But where was I to go? Destitute and homeless I went from place to place, from house to house, living on charity. I had not the courage to look for food. I had not the strength to work. And one day when the wind was fiercely blowing from the North and the sun refused its healing warmth, a young man with a very sensitive face, and muscular arms and legs stopped his carabao, scanned my face, and with-



EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITY!

out much ado took place at my side—and spoke; "You are ailing, aren't you? Why do you sit here shivering with cold?" My eyes filled with tears. One by one they trickled down into my lap. I could not speak, but I looked up into his face, painfully smiling him my thanks.—"Follow me," said he, "come to my hut and rest until you feel well enough to go home again' Home! Where was my home? I faltered, but somehow I managed through a flood of tears, to say that I had no home. In a gulp of words, some incoherent, others angry, I blurted out the whole painful truth and ended with a curse for him who had caused my bereavement. He was stunned. Some minutes elapsed while neither of us spoke, then in a gesture of compassion he stretched forth his hand, helped me on my feet and said, "Henceforth my hut shall be your home"

Being naturally very timid and bashful, I would not go with him at first; but his winning smile little by little drew me like a magnet to his



...THE
YOUNG
MAN
STOPPED
HIS
CARABAO
(page 21)

PHOTO CASTEL

side. "Your name?" asked he. "People call me Songay, my real name is Mary Lumawig."—"Do you know whether your father is still alive, and if so, where is he now living?" he inquired.—"My beastly father, the murderer of my beloved mother lives not so far away, they say. He has found another woman and other children to kill, if he feels like doing it. I I curse him, speak not of him anymore."—"Poor girl," was all he said. Slowly we took to his hut, there I stretched my aching body upon a mattress and soon I fell into a deep sleep. I had found a home at last..

In spite of my sickness, Pablo grew fond of me, and asked me to become his wife. Never was there a better and gentler husband. I bore him two children. One a little boy, the very image of his father. He never grew up. Two days after his birth, he winged his flight to a better place.

The other is my little girl. My husband and I were not to be consoled, when our little boy had been ruthlessly snatched away from us. The new sorrow almost broke my heart and caused my husband to pine for many a week thereafter. He lost his appetite, grew weaker and weaker and finally caught my own sickness. Before he died we had become Christians, thanks to a dear Madre that lived over there in the convent.

.....
Once more this Igorote mother lay wasted and dying with a young girl of eight years old sitting at her feet. I too sat near her waiting for death. Her eyes were closed, her lips did move now and then. She gasped for breath. Still she made a slight movement and wanted to speak but had to wait until another cough had ceased.—Slowly the words came from her parched lips, "Madre, won't . . . you . . . take . . . my . . . girl . . . with . . . you . . . and . . .

be ... a... mother...to her?"—
Readily I acquiesced and tried to
prevent her from further talking.
But she went on, more feebly, more
slowly, more painfully, "Madre, I...
remember... what ... you ... have
...told ... me ... so ... often ...
about Him. He...too...was...dy-
ing..., but ... his ... was... a cross
...to...hang...on. —Open the
door,...Madre..., I hear...His...
voice. He...comes.—'Father, for-
give them, for they know not what they
do.' Yes...that's...it. Madre,...
if ever... you see...my father...
tell ... him ... that I... too... for-
give...him. Jesus,...I love...You
..., Jesus...I forgive.....

Her eyes had closed in death. Ana,
her little girl, lives in the convent with
the Mothers.

Monsignor Sheen had been
asked to give a lecture in Phi-
ladelphia. Not knowing his
way about the city, he ap-
proached a group of boys.

"Sonny," he addressed one
of them, "could you show me
the way to the Town Hall? I
will speak there tonight and
show the people the way to
heaven."

The boy looked up at him
skeptically: "Humph, you ...
show the way to heaven? And
you don't even know the way
to the Town Hall."

PHOTO VERANNEMAN





BAGUYOS CATHOLIC SCHOOL—FIRST ENROLLMENT

BAGUYOS SCHOOL

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY REV. O. DE SMET

Father, will you open our school again?"

So asked the old men of Baguyos (Mankayan, Mt. Prov.) when I went to visit them for the first time in 1948.

It was six years ago that Father Miguel Veys had started there a little school. An unoccupied house was used as temporary classroom. A new school was just finished, when on December 8th the Philippines were attacked and involved in World-War II; the building was never used for its purpose.

When the Japs operated the Lepanto copper mine, they constructed a road Mankayan-Cervantes, passing through Baguyos. That time it was quite a busy place with transportation and plenty of work to keep the road in good condition. The Guerillas drove away the enemy by burning the whole town, and opened the road for the American troops, who digged in their cannons at Baguyos

to fire at the Japanese army still nestling in the hills of Lepanto. The people had evacuated in the most remote tops of the mountains, and waited for the end of the fight. In no time, with bamboo sticks and cogon grass, they had put up their new houses; the rice fields were irrigated and ready for planting. There was peace again, but alas! some of their townmates did not come back; they had died for the liberation of their country. Now they had to work for their daily food, and they worked hard; but even the two crops a year are not enough to feed them for the whole year.

They were also quite worried about the future of their children, and they wanted them to progress.

"—Father, will you open our school again?"

"—I would, if I had the means. . . ."

And the next month again:

"—Please, Father, will you open our school again?"

Our children run away when a

stranger is passing by in our barrio and they do no more know how to pray, because there is nobody to teach them. And furthermore, we want a Catholic school."

Could I send them away unsatisfied? Wouldn't Our Lord send the means for His work?

"—Yes, I answered, I will, but you have to prepare a building."

The old men accepted. The work was divided; the people of one barrio had to bring the bamboo for the framing work; another barrio had to take care of the cogon grass for the roofing; I sent them some old galvanized sheets for the walling; and the most expert men started the construction, while I had the desks made, bought books and blackboards, and sent a teacher.

On July 6, 1949 Baguyos Catholic school was opened again!

After one week I asked:

"—How is the enrollment?"

—"Father," the teacher answered, "there are around 60 pupils; the room is too small, and there are desks only for 40!"

—"Where do they come from?"

—"Well, from Baguyos proper, from Ampontok, Maduto, Saleng, Cavite, Colalo, even from Pasnadan."

—"Let's wait. Many might no more come after a few weeks."

We waited. Some left, but new ones came, so that each time I visited the place I could count more than fifty children present.

The people of Baguyos and surrounding barrios are proud of their school, and not without reason!

—"Only four months they go to school," they say, "and our children can write their name and count until hundred. No other school can beat ours! We have to enlarge the classroom. And will you give us 6 more desks, Father?"

BAGUYOS CATHOLIC SCHOOL—SAME CHILDREN AS ON PAGE 24, IN UNIFORM



I was so pleased with the cooperation and the good will of this people that I said: "You will get 6 more desks, and I promise to give to each child, for his Christmas, a new dress, a uniform".

The Christmas program was anxiously expected, and it will always remain a never-to-be forgotten day in Baguyos. I wish that the mission friends who have helped me could have been present on that occasion.

More than fifty smiling, happy faces! More than fifty pairs of sparkling eyes admiring themselves and one another in their new blue-and-white uniform!

Let us also congratulate the teacher. She is not only teaching the children, but also treating their



BAGUYOS MOTHERS WITH THEIR BABIES

wounds and helping the sick, giving advice, baptizing the dying babies, and bringing them all to a practical christian life. That is why the people like her. That is why there is progress at Baguyos and surroundings.

—Father, they are already suggesting, if there are eighty children, will you send a second teacher?

And it flashes through my mind: that means another teacher's salary, and books, and desks, and blackboards....and then a new and better building will be needed.

And I answer by myself: "I hope so."

• •

Mother: **Tomorrow's your birthday. Would you like to have a cake with ten candles?**

Junior: **Couldn't I have ten cakes with one candle?**

• •

Millie: **If you don't stop playing that saxophone, I'll go crazy,**

Willie: **I guess it's too late. I stopped an hour ago.**

—*Mountain Echo*

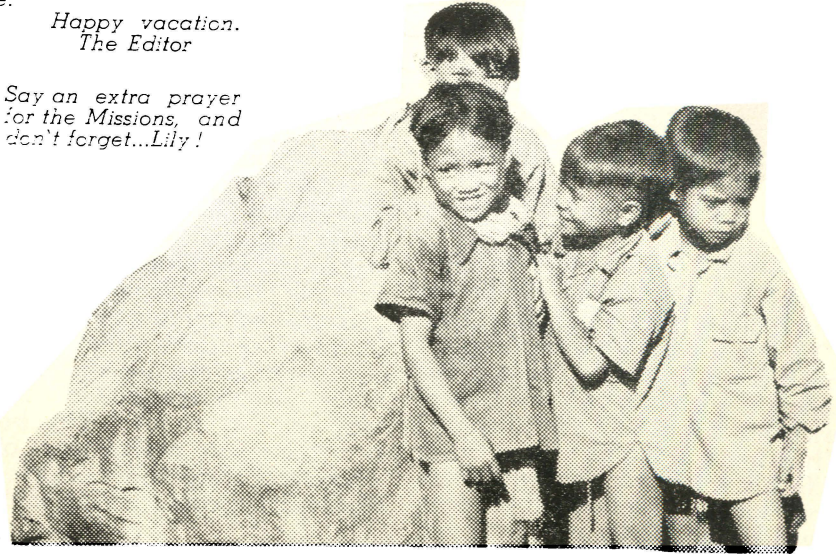
VICTORINA G. DE LAPERAL
DIAMOND IMPORTERS
MANUFACTURING JEWELERS.
Laperal Building—853 Rizal Ave.—Manila

Dear Friends of LILY and CARMENCITA:

Carmencita must have been awfully busy! Although in vacation, she didn't pen a word to Lily. I'm sure you feel sorry. I too, for I really enjoy with you that busy correspondence.

Happy vacation.
The Editor

P.S. Say an extra prayer
for the Missions, and
don't forget...Lily!



First Communion day was fast approaching, and the religion teacher was hard at work teaching her pupils their act of contrition. Each day a group was called to recite their prayers from memory before the class. One little boy, though, seemed almost a hopeless case. He simply could not get through reciting the act of contrition from beginning to end. Somewhere near the middle he always stopped and could not get ahead.

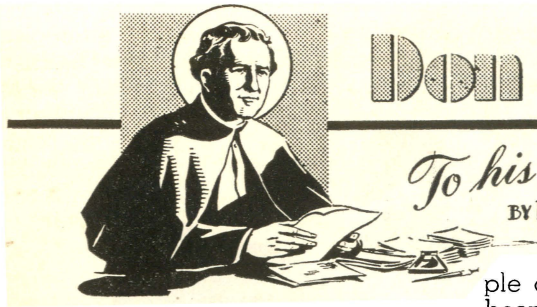
Today the teacher looked at her seemingly hard-headed little pupil. Poor boy, she thought, I will have to call him again, and I fear he will be humiliated. Nevertheless, she called him.

With an assured step the boy came forward and in a clear voice recited his prayer from: "O my God" to "amend my life. Amen," without as much as a stammer. It was perfect!

Amazed the teacher listened, wondering who could have coached him.

"That was very well," she smiled approvingly. "Who taught you to say it correctly today?"

In a flash, a wide bright smile spread over the little boy's countenance. Without a word he turned around and pointed at the statue of the Blessed Virgin, "She was the one."



Don Bosco

To his Filipino Boys
BY REV. OSCAR DELTOUR, C.I.C.M.

My dear Boys;

"Don Bosco, why are you crying?" some of my boys asked me in the evening of the feast of our Lady, help of Christians. Standing on the playground of our Oratory at Turin, I was gazing at the church of Mary, help of Christians, so beautifully illumined by hundreds of lights. In a weak and feeble voice, worn out with years of constant use, I replied: "If you only knew, if I could only reveal to you how much Mary has done for us. Mary has always been our constant help, our loving Mother. We owe everything to her. You are all her boys.

Oh yes, all my boys are Mary's boys; she confided them to me, and it is through her that I am able to help them spiritually and materially. In my constant solicitude to provide for their needs, I was sometimes sorely tried, but at the last moment, it was always Mary who came to my rescue. She sometimes did it in such an extraordinary way, that people used to call me "the great wonder-worker" of their day.

In 1879 I went to France to seek help for my boys. At first I met one disappointment after the other. In fifteen days, I did not succeed in procuring anything for my work; the peo-

ple of France seemed to close their heart to my pleadings; they did not understand the great need of hundreds and hundreds of boys who depended on me for everything. Thinking that I had gone to the wrong place, I decided to go back to Turin. On the very evening that I wanted to leave, an extraordinary event took place. At about eight o'clock a poor lady asked to see me. With her was her young son, twelve years of age, whose feet were badly crippled and diseased; he could hardly walk.

"Don Bosco, help my son!" the mother begged.

"Have faith in Mary," I said in my usual way, "I will give you the blessing of Mary, our Mother."

No sooner had my hand been lifted over the young boy's head, when the boy jumped up perfectly cured. Overcome by joy, he forgot even to thank our Blessed Mother for this great favor and running out into the street, he exclaimed: "I am cured! I am cured!" His mother, besides herself, could not find words adequate enough to express the gratitude of her heart; and picking up her son's crutches, she followed her son, giving vent to her exultation by loud shouts.

In spite of the late hour, soon crowds gathered around the house where I had my abode. To all who approached me I repeated the same

words: "Have confidence in Mary," and on all I had Mary shower her graces and blessings. She worked miracle after miracle and found for my boys the bread and the clothes they needed.

These and so many other extraordinary interventions of Mary impressed my boys very much. They knew that they were Mary's boys and in return for her maternal solicitude they nourished for her such a tender devotion that all who came in contact with them felt edified and inspired. With filial pride and love they devoutly wore their scapular and daily prayed the rosary, the favorite prayer of Mary's loving children.

My dear Filipino Boys, you too, you are Mary's Boys. All that I do for you, it is through Mary that I am able to do it. When you were received in my Association, you were consecrated to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. I never cease to recommend you to her and to beg her always to keep you in her Immaculate Heart.

The fourth resolution you have taken when you applied to be accepted as my Boys, was always to wear your scapular medal and your rosary. Boys, earnestly endeavor to be faithful to your resolutions. During this beautiful month of May, filially dedicated to the best of Mothers, I wish to remind you in a special way of your rosary and of your scapular medal.

Oh Boys, if you but knew how pleasing the rosary is to Mary and how many favors are secured through the devout recitation of this most beautiful prayer. Pope Pius IX said

that the rosary is the most efficacious prayer to increase in our hearts a faithful and true devotion to the Blessed Virgin. How I wish that all my Boys could alywas take the rosary along with them as a protection against the attacks of the devil and to pray it often, especially at night with all the members of the family.

The scapular or scapular medal comes next to the rosary as a powerful means to express our filial affection towards Mary. We owe the scapular to the direct intervention of our Blessed Mother. It was revealed to Saint Simon Stock, Superior General of the Carmelites of the West, in a vision with which the Blessed Virgin favored him on the "6th. of July, 1251. Holding the scapular in her hand, she said: "Receive, my beloved Son, this scapular; it is a special sign of my favor, which I have obtained



for you and for your children of Mount Carmel. He who dies clothed with this habit, shall be preserved from eternal fire."

A Papal decree of December 16, 1910, permits to substitute the cloth scapular with the scapular-medal. However, it should be remembered, that in order to gain the many indulgences attached to the scapular-medal as a substitute for the scapular, the cloth scapular should first be imposed by a duly authorized priest. In case this has not yet been done to you, you should approach your parish priest or director of school and ask him to have the cloth-scapular imposed upon you. Some of you have already lost their scapular-medal; they seem not to realize that they have lost a precious treasure; they should try to secure a new one

as soon as possible. The scapular-medal has on one side the image of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and on the other side that of the Blessed Virgin. This medal may be worn on a neck-chain (which is more advisable), on the rosary, in a purse or sewed in the clothing.

My dear Boys, always consider and lovingly keep upon you your rosary and scapular-medal as precious remembrances of your Blessed Mother to whom, after Jesus, you owe everything.

God bless you all!
Affectionately yours,

Jes. Gio. Bosco —

PROSPECTIVE "DON BOSCO BOYS."

PHOTO VERANNEMAN





The Mystery of the Rattan Strips

Foreword:

No one who reads this story should think that something of this kind can happen in our present days...The Ifugaos themselves would bitterly blame the author if he should venture to insinuate it, and rightly so.

The times in which headhunting expeditions with all their ritual performances and customs occurred, belong entirely to the past.

The Ifugaos, indeed, have embraced the Christian religion in great number, and even though the missionaries shall have to work hard for many years before all of them will be converted and civilized they will never witness any more such performances.



PHOTO AERTS

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AN IFUGAO DETECTIVE STORY
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Tuginay, a young Ifugao living with his wife, Oltagon, in the north-eastern valley of Ifugaoland, was the victim of murder. The fact that an Ifugao was killed was not in itself an extraordinary event in those days be-



Tuginay, so they tell, had gone out one morning to get a bundle of firewood from the forest.

Before he had started he had told his wife that he would get, along with his firewood, a small bundle of rattan strips, and would therefore have to climb the mountain farther upwards. His wife, however, had tried to dissuade him from going so far, all alone; she, indeed, alleged that the prey bird had snatched away one of their chicks a couple of days before, which foretold an evil of some kind, but he had answered that this didn't happen near their house since the hen had gone a little too far with her chicks, and that they were in need of some rattan, with which he would mend their sifting-basket.

fore the establishment of a regular government in the various valleys inhabited by headhunters, for killings and headhunting expeditions were then a common occurrence, yet the murder of Tuginay created much excitement, not only during the days of revenge rites and burial, as was usual, but also a month or so later, because of the findings of Bindadan, a famous and clever go-between of great prestige among his people. But let us begin at the beginning.

So he had gone; and when he didn't return in the evening nor the following morning, Oltagon had called on her brother, Bindadan, the uncle of her husband, and a couple of their neighbors, and had asked them to go to the forest and find out if something had gone wrong with him.

These four men had started without delay, even though the sun was already midway in its course, and after a not too long ascent they had come across Tuginay's body. It lay

somewhat hidden by ferns and a bush at a distance of but two steps from the path where they walked. A horrible sight! A corpse without head, a deep wound in the belly made with a spear! They had doubted at first it was Tuginay's body, but they recognized his geestring, his hip-bag and his belt. The knife was gone!

It appeared at once that he had not been killed there, for there were but some traces of blood on the ground, and no signs that showed a struggle; evidently the spear's thrust had not killed him right away, and the head had been cut off when he was either already dead or at least unable to defend himself.

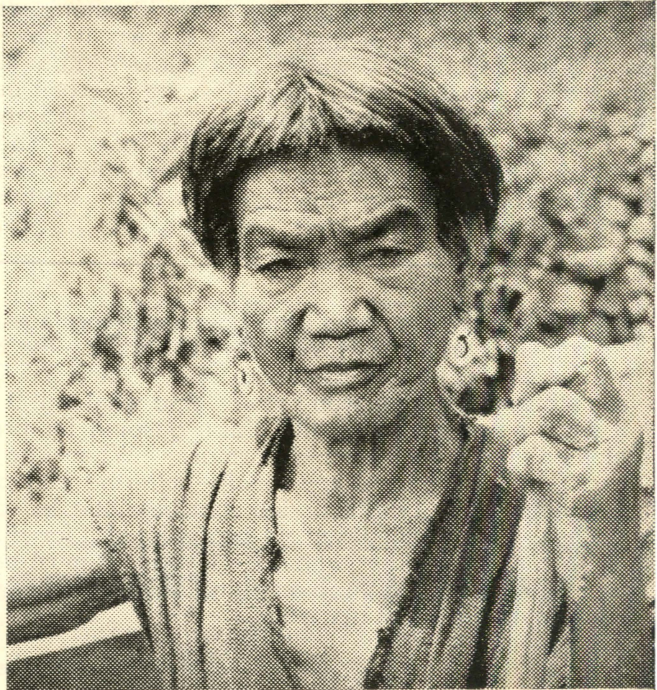
They supposed that he at least had made an attempt to return a blow with his double edged knife.

They had then explored the surroundings. Soon, Bindadan, had found a spear, an improvised one made of bamboo, at a short distance higher up; seemingly it had made the wound in the belly. He had then called his companions who had continued searching all around. They had found also a knife, Tuginay's double-edged knife; evidently the murderer had used it to cut off the head. Yet they saw no traces of blood on the path,

.....

THE DETECTIVE

PHOTO AERTS



but clearly saw that the body had been dragged downward. They had then continued upward a short distance and arrived at a small open space, a "lamagan" as the Ifugaos call it, a place where they put down their load and rest for a while. There it was that Tuginay had been killed; beyond all doubt, for there also lay his bundle of firewood, a small one indeed, and the sticks of it loosely lashed with a rattan thong, and, moreover some traces of blood, although it seemed that the murderer had made quite an attempt to do away with the blood for he had scratched the ground and presumably had thrown away the earth soaked with blood.

But from where had he made his attack? "Look there," had exclaimed Bindadan, "how the canes, and

herbs, and grass have been pushed and throdden down! Look from here to there! Inakayang! and yonder also! They must have been at least five or six!

They then had decided to go home. While the young people were making a kind of litter to put the corpse onto and carry it homeward, Bindadan had walked a little distance, higher up, along the path, looking for other traces of blood; he had not been thoroughly convinced that the people from the other side of the mountain, the home of their hereditary enemies, were responsible for the killing of Tuginay. His companions had already drawn this conclusion, as the most obvious one, but he was not so sure of it, until he noticed here and there a drop of blood on the path, proving that the head of Tuginay had been carried that way, therefore toward the homes of their enemies. "Did they go that way?" his companions had asked, when he had come back. "Yes," he had replied, "for I saw some drops of blood. They took Tuginay's head to Chupak, and perhaps they are now busy celebrating their victory and per-

forming their sacrifices to induce the Sun god to make us forget all about it; but we shall not yield, we shall curse them, we shall make the Sun god curse and condemn them, and when the time of revenge shall have come we shall send to them the 'Harassers' to mislead them and lead them into the path of our spears."

And yet, even though Bindadan had spoken the language of revenge and hatred against the hereditary enemies of his tribe, he was puzzled. That bundle of firewood! It seemed so strange that those sticks were so loosely lashed together.

Before he left, while the others were tying the beheaded corpse on the litter, he had hurried back to that bundle of firewood, and had lifted it up, as it was, and had tried to put it on his shoulder, but immediately had thrown it down, as some firewood sticks slid out and fell to the ground. "No one can carry a bundle as this one" he had exclaimed, "neither did Tuginay." Then he had joined his companions and had hurried home with so wretched a burden.

(to be continued)

A few years ago a little boy was dying, aged nine and a half. His mother, broken-hearted, was kneeling by the bedside. "When you go up to heaven, son," she said, "you'll ask Our Lord to send something to mother, won't you? And what will it be?" There was a short pause and then the child, gasping for breath and holding mother's hand, managed to murmur: "When I go up to heaven, I'll ask Our Lord to send you much—suffering and pain! "Of course the mother was dumbfounded, but the little lad continued: "Yes, mother. I've noticed that He kept a lot of it for Himself, and gave a lot to His own Mother whom He loved. It must have a great value then. If He couldn't find anything better for His Mother could I ask Him anything better for you?"

—Father Robert Nash