

Vol. XIX, No. 8, April 1950

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LITTLE



APOSTLE

OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE

The **LITTLE APOSTLE**

P. O. Box 55, BAGUIO, Philippines
Entered as second-class mail matter at the Baguio City
Post Office on January 3, 1950

Vol. XIX, No. 8 April 1950

A monthly mission magazine published by the Immaculate Heart of Mary Missionaries in the Philippines.

PURPOSE OF THE MAGAZINE:

to foster the mission spirit among our Readers,
to spread the devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One year : ₱ 4.00

Life : ₱50.00

Foreign : \$ 3.00

PRINTERS: *Catholic School Press - Baguio*

Published with Ecclesiastical Permission

OUR COVER



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ALLELUIA!"

PHOTO VERANNE MAN

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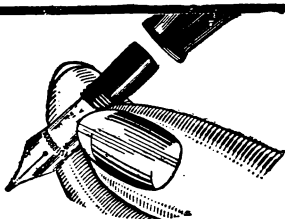
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Our **FAMILY CIRCLE**

Dear Friends:

A living faith is practical. It manifests itself in our actions. We should be able to show to others that we love our Faith, especially by approaching the Sacraments regularly, without fear or human respect. By doing so, God rewards our faith with many spiritual benefits, for the Sacraments are the seven channels through which God's graces come to our soul.

Going to Confession is one of the greatest acts of Faith, for by it we show that we believe the priest to be the minister of God's mercy to sinners. We confess our sins to a human person who can sin like we; still we listened to his advices in Confession because then he is the voice of God, speaking to us. We receive from him the Absolution, through which God grants us pardon. St. Therese always listened to the counsels of her Confessor with a strong, simple faith that he was taking the place of God. We, too, should go to Confession in this same spirit, and with deepest respect. Penance, moreover, increases in us confidence in the goodness of God.

Yet, no matter how strong we may feel our faith to be, it is to be expected that sometimes the devil will tempt us against Faith. He will raise doubts in our mind regarding its tenets; and sometimes he will confuse us to the point of wanting to give it up. For those inclined to question the truths of our religion, these temptations are very dangerous, if they do not banish them promptly through prayer and acts of humility before God's great wisdom.

Our model, the Little Flower, as Novice-Mistress, gave the following advice to her novices: "When you feel doubts and temptations about some point of faith, pray much. Pray much more than you ordinarily pray. Say often, and with great fervor of soul: "Lord, I believe! Make my faith stronger. You are Lord of all truth, and it is impossible that You would teach us something which is not true. For this I would give my life and my blood. I would gladly die, as on a battlefield, to witness the truth of my Faith."

Yes, certainly, as St. Theresita said, we should be ready to suffer anything, to prove our faith. We should be ready, like the countless martyrs of our religion, to be laughed at, mocked, and reviled, and to face any kind of death when our faith is at stake. We too should be able to say: "For my faith I would gladly die."

Your Friend and Father,
The Director of the
Family Circle.

In a recent contest in Home Economics and Cooking held somewhere in Connecticut, it happened that a man—the only male against 158 female competitors—won the First Prize.

After the jury had proclaimed him the winner, Mr. Alexander Darouin said that he had learned cooking, only to escape starvation. His young wife, indeed, was so busy touring the States, that he had to do all the house-keeping... And these were the results.

NOVENA OF THE LAST RESORT (April 1-9)

- *General Intention: TO OBTAIN FROM GOD THE TRUE AND PERMANENT PACIFICATION OF THE PHILIPPINES.*
- *Special Intentions: 1—That we may soon get many and serious vocations to the Holy Priesthood, all over the world and especially in the Mountain Province.*
2—Intentions of all our Readers.

(We ask our Readers to pray this Novena with us and to let us know their own intentions which we promise to publish)

MISSION INTENTION FOR APRIL.
(blessed by the Holy Father)

THE MISSIONS UGANDA, KENYA AND TANGANIK (AFRICA);



Have you ever heard of the martyrs of Uganda? How, in the deep black interior of Africa, the first Negro converts to the Faith, suffered a cruel, bloody persecution? Some of these first martyrs have been beatified by the Church.

Our Lord said on one occasion, "Unless the seed die," and this first seed in Africa that died for Him, has become *the most flourishing Mission in the world today*. Millions of Africans in Tanganika, Urundi, Ruanda and Kenya prove daily what excellent Catholics the Negro race can become. Already *hundreds of Negro priests and religious administer to their own people*.

It is a solid reason for great joy to us who have helped them by our prayers and sacrifices, and now it remains for us to *continue with those prayers and mortifications, so that soon, the entire continent of Africa may be numbered among the sons and daughters of Holy Mother, the Church*.

LETTER OF THE MONTH

My dear Friends,

I really enjoyed to read "The Little Apostle" and see the cute faces in the pictures. That Jubilarian, Father Carlu, is one of a Thousand! It is almost unbelievable what he accomplished. May God keep him for many years. The world needs such Apostles at the present time.

In the Heart of the Divine Saviour,
Sisters of the Divine Saviour,
Milwaukee, Wis. U.S.A.

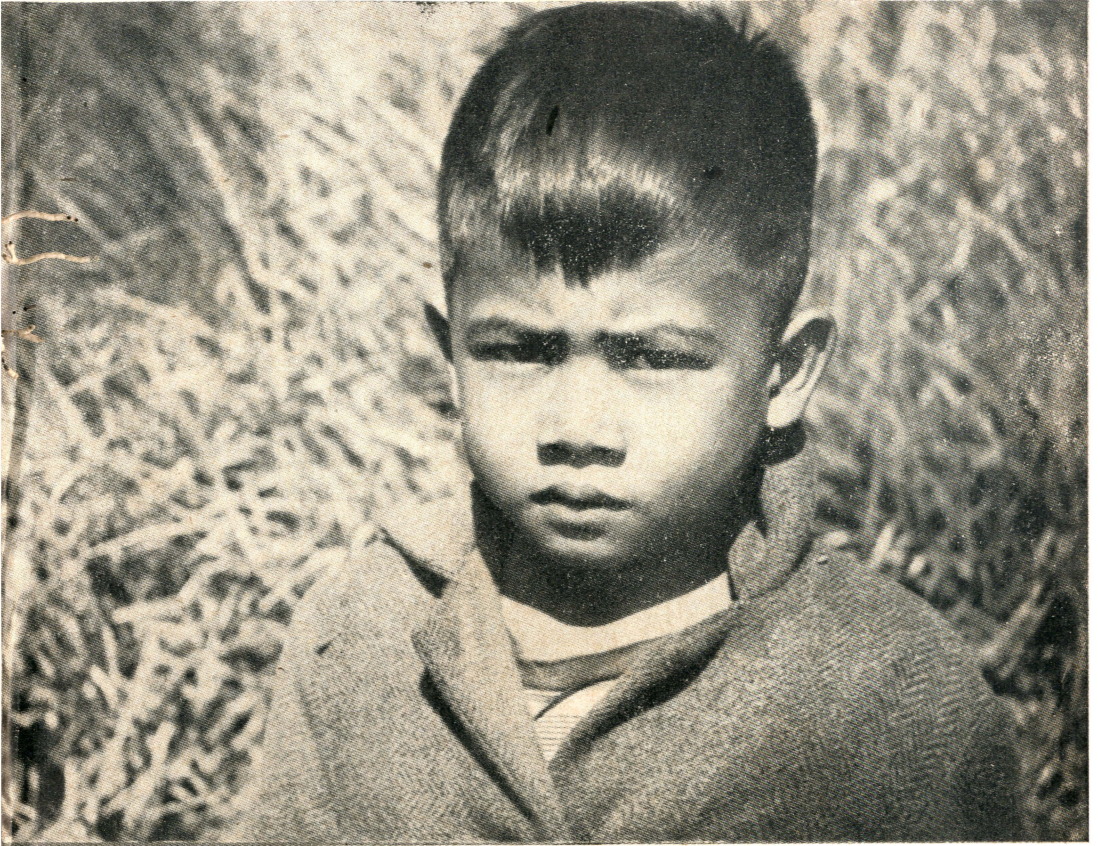


PHOTO AERTS

What weighs so darkly on his mind, you ask
How great a problem, how great a task?
For one so tender, so green in years
Could there be, you say, some darksome fears?

Are the world's tangles perhaps in his mind?
Or the war-threat shadowing humankind?
Is it rice-shortage, or price-control?
That curl his brows like an ancient scroll?

Poor thing! maybe it's his 'rithmetic;
Or again, was he called a heretic
For some hapless error in a doctrine test?
Or perhaps in spelling he wasn't the best!

Nay, tis none of these. Tis true
World-peace since years is now long due.
In Doctrine's spelling he rates a high score,
He's sure that 2×2 makes four.



*Your
Easter
Duty.....*

But what is more worthy of his pity,
Are the few who make their Easter duty.
Confession and Communion, once a year
at least.
Is that too often to go to a Feast?

Our Lord will be waiting, this he knows,
To take upon Him our fears and woes.
Will He this holy year again
Wait for you, and you, in vain?

FAMINE "Balanggao"



AROUND LUBUAGAN-KALINGA

PHOTO F. MARTENS

Balanggao, the old man, had just arrived in the barrio. He directed his steps to the house of Mayan, a widow. She was the holder of the peace-pact between Taloktok and Madan-ao, residence place of Balanggao. Basinal, the late husband of Mayan, had died in a concentration camp in Bataan. The old man left his spear near the steps and went in. He found the widow busy, cooking the rice.

"Oo, I am here," he introduced himself.

"Good that you came," replied the old woman.

She looked at him and went on with her work. The heavy load disappeared in a dark corner of the hut.

"I brought some salt for sale," said he, and came to sit near the fire.

Unfolding his red handkerchief, he selected one of the beetle nuts, rolled it in a beetle nut leaf, added some white powder and took it.., it was his appetizer.

Mayan had transferred already the brick-hard pieces of native salt. Carrying the heavy loaded basket on her head, she stepped down the ladder. Her visitor was tired; he could take a rest while

Mayan would go around to sell or exchange the salt. From house to house she went, but nobody seemed interested in her "titbit." She knew the old man asked much, but she had agreed to sell it at the price he had asked. Bonggawon met her near his house. . . . Yes, he was in need of salt . . . until he learned about the price.

"Three chupas of rice," he said, "only for one piece of salt?"

Mayan nodded.

"Come and arrange things with Balangao," she said.

Bonggawon thought it was shameful to ask so much when famine was looming ahead. They found the old man in the porch.

"Oo," he said with a smile on his wrinkled face, "I came to sell salt, do you want any?"

"Old friend," replied Bonggawon, "didn't you see the bamboo fruits on our mountain hills? Don't you know that famine is at our very gate? Why do you ask us to exchange that salt for three chupas of rice?"

"Don't worry, young man, famine is not coming soon." He kept silent for a while. He started counting the years since the last famine.

"You see," he said, "famine is not coming this year, only next year."

A discussion started. People came flocking around. What started in a friendly way now turned into a heated argument.

One of the crowd shouted, "Bonggawon, have a bet!"

"Yes, have a bet!" the crowd added. Bonggawon felt himself backed by his people.

"I bet a carabao!" boasted Bonggawon.

"A carabao!" repeated the crowd.

The old man accepted. Everybody was witness. If famine would occur during the year 1948 or 1950, the old man would give his carabao to Bonggawon; if rats would destroy the harvest only during the year 1949, Bonggawon would pay with his carabao. They carved these numbers at the house door of Mayan. "48 and 50" winning numbers. "49" losing number.

Bonggawon probably had been waiting for the rats and mice to destroy the crops. But the rats and mice did not do any damage, though



Wishing

OUR READERS
FRIENDS and
BENEFACTORS

A HAPPY and JOYOUS

• EASTERTIDE •

The Editors

many of them were seen in the barrio. The harvest was good for the year 1948. But what about the next year? Would the saying of the old people come true... that famine comes only after every twenty three years? Bonggawon feared he would loose the bet.

1949. Rumors came from a near-by barrio that rats entered the fields at night, eating the rice and camotes. That number "49" at the door of Mayan's house grew bigger and bigger in the eyes of Bonggawon. Children pointed at it whenever they passed by. But the old man felt happy. Indeed he did not think of the hunger that had to come together with the rats and the carabao.

The rats and mice overrun the fields, their number was "legio." With them came destruction hard to express. On every face, especially among the children, the marks of hunger and suffering were seen.

An old man has just arrived at the barrio. He directs his steps to the house of Mayan. There, he still finds the number "49", his winning number. He has come to claim the carabao for he has won the bet. But there is no happiness in the place; people do not gather around the house of the widow. Neither the bet nor the carabao any longer interests them. Famine and sickness has struck them and they feel it deep in their hearts. All around there are but two things spoken: Famine and Balanggao.

So at this time the slogan goes around Tanudan district, "This is Famine "Balanggao" for he is the winner of the bet.

*Julio Dagadag
Catechist-Teacher
Taloktok, Tanudan, Kalinga*

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...his dreams came true...

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in the Philippines*

PHOTOS BY JOHN AUGUSTIJNS



He is a tiny boy with tiny hands, but with the courage of a man.

When he came to my door, he darted a quick look inside at the shining band instruments, but when our eyes met, off came the cap from his head. A few feet away his father watched his little son.

"So, Ruben," I said, "You want to join our band?" A smile was his answer. I began to wonder what kind of a band instrument those tiny hands could manage, but I was in charge of the Saint Teresita's School Band and I knew I had to think out some way that he could be a member. It was now my turn for a smile, as I handed him the heavy bass-instrument. Even with all the strength of his arms and knees, he could not keep it straight.

"Come, Ruben, play now," I said, suppressing my laughter.

"No Father," he said, "it's too heavy for me," and he handed it back to me.



Then I left him to look for the triangle but he shouted after me, "I want the piangpiang." The father could see that I did not understand what he meant and explained to me that Ruben wanted to handle the cymbals; before we could get out of the room, Ruben had grabbed the

cymbals in his hands and had begun to play. It seemed quite wonderful to me, such a small boy, only a few feet high and yet he was gifted with an ability to play.

"Father, can I become a member of the band?" Could I refuse him? I went to my desk and another member's name was added to the list of members of Saint Teresita's School Band.

Then came the great day when the band would take a big part in a program. Ruben was the first to appear, resplendant in full uniform, conscious of his part in the musical numbers. The bandmaster lined up his men for roll-call and inspection and no 'Ruben Abrenica' answered the call. He had disappeared. His father came saying that Ruben had gone to get back his cymbals as some other boy had taken them and Ruben was so attached to the one set, he would use no others.

After this, his interest in the piang-piang seemed to lessen. His heart was now set on the bastonero—a nice decorated 'stick'. He would be bandmaster!

I found him one day in October, alone, practising as a bandmaster, calling out, "Left, Right. . . To the rear," his voice, like a silver bell in its clearness. When he saw me approach, he fled through an open doorgate.

He never asked to be the bandmaster, but soon after that, on another occasion he stepped up before the players, swinging the heavy 'baston' and he was now the smallest and youngest bandmaster in the Philippines.

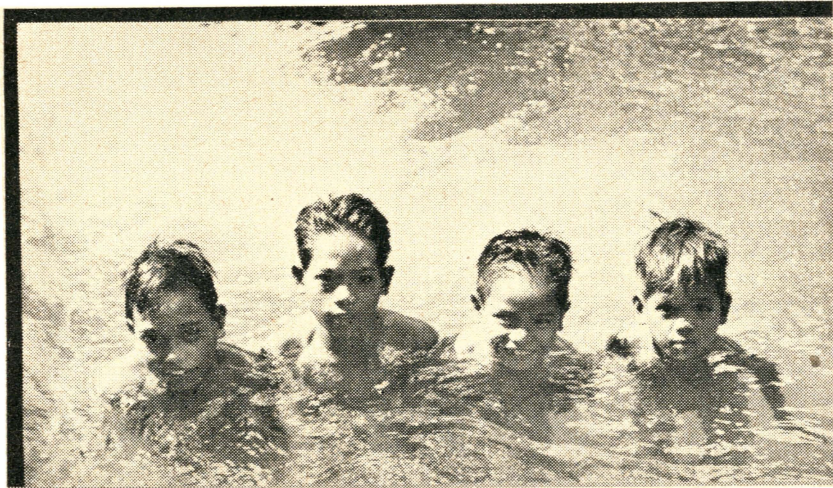
His dreams did come true, he leads the band and he does it well.

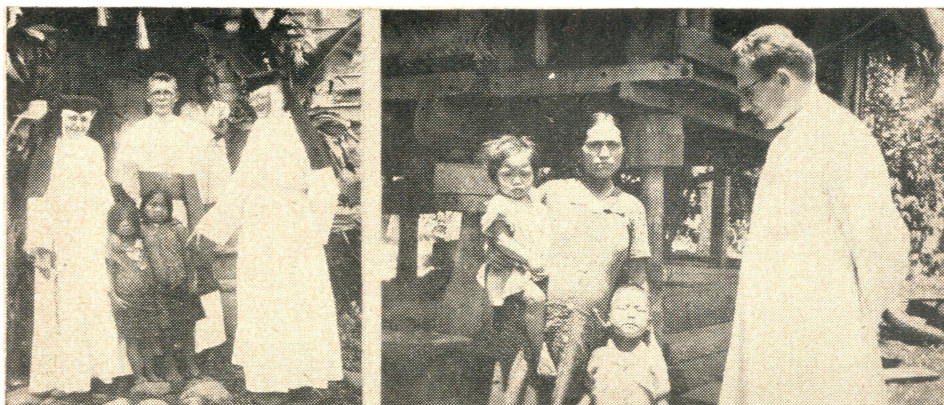
U.C.



KALINGA BOYS...

PHOTO AUGUSTIJNS





VISITING THE IFUGAO PEOPLE. PHOTO G. DE BOECK

THE ICHAO BIRD

by Emiliano Natuno

Last month I wrote about the eight gods that my people worship. There is still another superstition found among them and it is perhaps more harmful than the others. It is not only found among the Ifugao people but also among the mountain tribes that are not yet Christian. It is the belief that the Ichao bird has a great influence over the doings of men.

The Ichao bird, of three colors, is a powerful instrument of the devil. From the head of the Ichao to his neck

the color is blue-black, from the neck down to the tail it is brown, with a black line through the middle. He is a remarkable bird by nature, for he can imitate many other birds and is followed by the birds of all sorts of a leader. When he flies from one tree to another, the birds will follow chattering in their own language and when the Ichao bird is about to fly to another tree, he says "Prrrrt—pit" which seems to mean, "Forward March!"

This marvelous bird hinders the travellers in Ifugaoland, especially in Mayaoyao. The people are told and believe that, if this bird crosses their way when on a journey to buy pigs or chickens for a caniao, they must then return, lest they meet with an accidental death; or they may become sick on the way and die before reaching their homes.

They believe that if the bird says "Prrrt—pit" when on their right side, the traveller will return home laden down with pigs, chickens and other good things, as well as a pocket full of money. If they are on a hunt and have heard the "Prrrrt—pit" they will be able to kill many wild pigs.

But, if the traveller should hear the Ichao say "Pit-pit-pit," it means that the traveller will be unlucky and may either die or return

home sick. They believe too that if the traveller hears the bird on his left side, it means that he will only get a small load of pigs or chickens, but he will not get sick nor die.

So you can see how my people are borne down by their beliefs. Added to what I have already told you, they say that if the bird flies over while they are harvesting the yearly crop of Ifugao rice, the owner must postpone his work until he has made a

sacrifice, by offering a fat pig to the Thunder god or the Quaker, and a big, fat rooster to the Ichao bird itself. If they do all this, they will harvest plenty of rice, more than has been planted, but if they refuse the sacrifices, they may get sick and die.

How unhappy are my people, filled with fear as they are! Continue to pray with me that they may be given the gift of Faith, for only then can they be a free and God-loving people.

REAL APOSTLES

One night I had just reached one of the mines around Baguio. It was six o'clock past. All of a sudden I seemed to hear the constant repetition of the 'Hail Mary'. "What's that," said I to the people who had gathered around me—"Father," they said, "those are the Eucharistic Crusaders who are praying the rosary. Every night they assemble in the house of one of the Crusaders to recite the rosary."

Unnoticed I entered their improvised chapel. Around a tiny altar, on which stood the statue of the Sacred Heart and of the Blessed Mother surrounded by four candles, a little crowd of twenty three Crusaders knelt and prayed the rosary. When they had reached the end of that devotion, the beautiful hymn 'Immaculate Mother' burst forth from their young throats.

All of a sudden they noticed me. With one jump they literally besieged me to greet me and to ask my blessing. I pretended to have but just entered, and asked them innocently, "What are you doing here, my dear children?" "Father", replied one of them, "every night we come together to pray the rosary for the conversion of sinners."

Isn't that splendid?

Rob. Van Esbroeck

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MOUNTAIN
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BONTOC MEET

In the late afternoon of Thursday, February 16, 1950, Bontoc was all astir with the arrival of a big delegation of students from the five Central Catholic High Schools of the Mountain Province. They had come from Baguio, Kiangnan, Lubuagan and from all over Bontoc itself in order to take part in the three days activities of the Mountain Athletic Association (M.A.A.).

Bontoc was well chosen. The capital of that Mountain Province which has always been the center of attraction to legend-loving and sight-seeing tourists from all over the world, Bontoc had suffered much from destruction during the war. Through the marked capacity and tireless energy of its Government Officials Bontoc at present is not only a habitable and pleasant city, but also an astonishingly up-to-date one.

It was under the hospitable roof of St. Vincent's School that all the delegates found a well-prepared board and lodging during the three days of the Meet.

The morning after the arrival, Friday, Feb. 17, saw all the students in their respective uniforms assisting devoutly at Holy Mass and receiving Holy Communion. At 8 o'clock all marched to the sound of the St. Theresi-ta's band of Lubuagan, round the city and then gathered on the Plaza where, after the raising of the Flag, the Provincial Governor, the Hon. Jose Mencio, made a formal speech of welcome. After the Pledge of Amateurism by all the Athletes, the venerable-looking Reverend Father Leo Quintelier rose to proclaim the formal opening of the Meet.

A big crowd of people were already waiting while a big number of Government Officials had come to give their full-hearted support to this most important Catholic enterprise.

The students then marched from the grandstand to the Basketball grounds where the St. Louis (Baguio) and the St. Theresita (Lubuagan) players were to hold the opening game. The Hon. Gabriel Dunuan, Congressman for the 3rd. District and an alumnus of both High Schools tossed the ball. From beginning to end, the game turned in favor of the St. Louis players.

Then the St. Joseph's and the St. Vincent's girl players joined in a game of Softball. In the afternoon, wave upon wave of people arrived to witness the Basketball Match between the St. Vincent's and the St. Joseph's players.

In the evening took place the most entertaining of the three days activities, the LITERARY AND MUSICAL CONTESTS introduced by the Very Reverend Father Rafael Desmedt, Provincial of the Immaculate Heart of Mary Missionaries. Declaimers, orators and singers did so well that the large audience was held spell-bound to the end. But when all was well weighed, the Board of Judges made the following decisions:

DECLAMATION CONTEST:

1. ST. LOUIS', BAGUIO
2. St. Theresita's, Lubuagan
3. St. Vincent's, Bontoc
4. St. Joseph's, Kiangnan
5. Holy Family, Baguio

ORATORICAL CONTEST:

1. ST. LOUIS', BAGUIO
2. St. Joseph's, Kiangnan
3. St. Theresita's, Lubuagan
4. St. Vincent's, Bontoc

SINGING CONTEST:

1. ST. LOUIS', GIRLS, BAGUIO
2. St. Joseph's, Kiangnan
3. St. Theresita's, Lubuagan
4. St. Vincent's, Bontoc
5. Holy Family College, Baguio
6. St. Louis', Boys, Baguio.

Winner of the combined Literary and Musical Contest:

ST. LOUIS SCHOOL, BAGUIO.



THE DELEGATES OF THE BONTOC MEET, IN FRONT OF THE CAPITOL

His Excellency, the Vicar Apostolic of the Mountain Province now rose before the mike and solemnly proclaimed the winners of the most important of all the contests, that of the written CONTEST IN RELIGION. His Excellency expressed himself as being extremely happy with the excellent results of all five High Schools alike, as so many students in each had obtained a high average. The highest individual averages (100%) were obtained by

Miss Rosario Peralta, IV Year, St. Louis', Baguio
 Miss Dolores Dizon, III Year, St. Vincent's, Bontoc
 Mr. Constante Rivera, III Year, St. Vincent's, Bontoc

The complete results are as follows:

SCHOOL AVERAGES:

1. HOLY FAMILY, Baguio.....96.5
2. St. Louis', Girls, Baguio.....96.1
3. St. Vincent's, Bontoc.....95.0
4. St. Joseph's, Kayan.....93.9
5. St. Louis', Boys, Baguio.....93.7
6. St. Theresita's, Lubuagan.....87.3

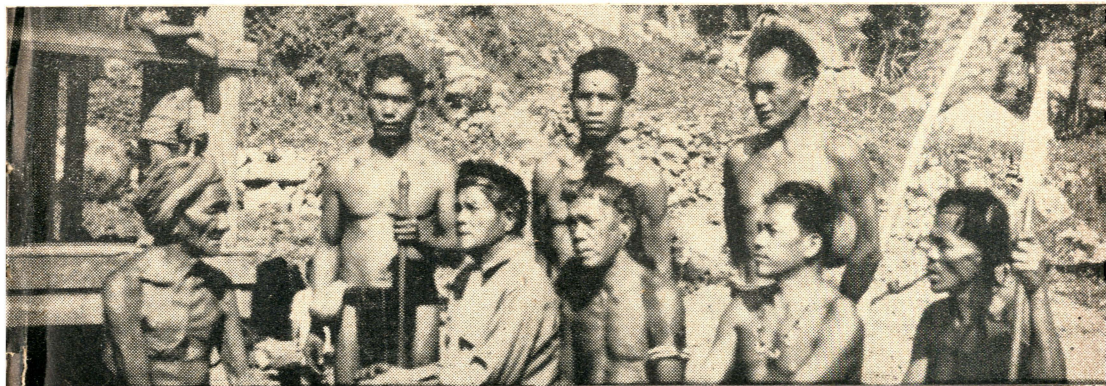
CLASS AVERAGES:

- | <i>Third Year</i> | <i>Fourth Year</i> |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| 1. HOLY FAMILY, Baguio.....96.4 | 1. HOLY FAMILY, Baguio.....96.5 |
| 2. St. Louis', Boys, (Sect. B), Baguio..96.2 | 2. St. Louis', Girls, Baguio.....96.1 |
| 3. St. Vincent's, Bontoc.....96.0 | 3. St. Joseph's, Kiangang.....95.7 |
| 4. St. Louis', Girls, Baguio.....94.1 | 4. St. Vincent's, Bontoc.....93.9 |
| 5. St. Louis, Boys (Sect. A), Baguio..92.2 | 5. St. Louis', Boys, Baguio.....92.7 |
| 6. St. Joseph's, Kiangang.....92.0 | 6. St. Theresita's, Lubuagan.....88.8 |
| 7. St. Theresita's, Lubuagan.....85.7 | |

The next day, Saturday, saw the termination of the elimination games. Echoes of the previous day had drawn all the people from the most distant hills and dales to witness the Basketball and Softball matches. The day ended very happily with the most appropriate Movie-Play of "Father Flanagan' Boys' Town," which brought home to the people all a priest is to he youth and the community.

ANOTHER MEET... AT TETAPAN (BONTOC)

PHOTO DEPRE



The following morning, Sunday, all the students met together at the Holy Mass celebrated by His Excellency, Msgr. William Brasseur. Before leaving the church, the bishop in a few words pointed out how all the students should take Jesus Christ for their Model, their Hero and their Master.

It was the day of the finals; here are the results:

BASKETBALL:

1. ST. LOUIS', BAGUIO
2. St. Vincent's, Bontoc
3. St. Theresita's, Lubuagan
4. St. Joseph's, Kiangan.

SOFTBALL:

1. ST. JOSEPH'S, KIANGAN
2. St. Louis', Baguio
3. St. Theresita's, Lubuagan
4. St. Vincent's, Bontoc.



BONTOC TYPE • PRE-WAR PHOTO

In the evening took place the awarding of prizes. Then followed the Farewell Speech of the Hon. Jose Mencio, Provincial Governor, in which he praised very highly the orderliness, the splendid spirit of friendliness, and the high moral standard of all the student-partakers in the Meet, which he attributed to the Catholic educational environment in which all lived and were taught.

His Excellency, the Vicar Apostolic of the Mountain Province then thanked all the Government Officials and all Benefactors and Friends of the M.A.A. both present and absent who had contributed in such a large measure to make the M.A.A. Meet a complete success.

On the morning of Monday all the delegates gathered for the lowering of the Flag while the St. Theresita's band played the National Anthem. It was not without a feeling of sadness to leave Bontoc which they had learned to love and appreciate so much during their short stay that all departed for the waiting buses amidst the cheers, cries and shouts of "Come again! Come again!" of all the good people of Bontoc who had made their stay such a pleasant one.

Rev. Alberto DUGGOM

A SONG OF

by Rev. A. Claerhoudt

The hut in which Aniwan lived in Agpay, was similar to the other huts in Benguet. It consisted of one living room made of pine wood, the walls of which were smoked black like the cogon roof above it. The hut was built near the slope of the hill, which was green with "bayabas" bushes. In front of the hut, as one looked eastward, was an immense expanse of hills and vales studded with villages, fields, forests and streams, canopied by the rich blue firmament.

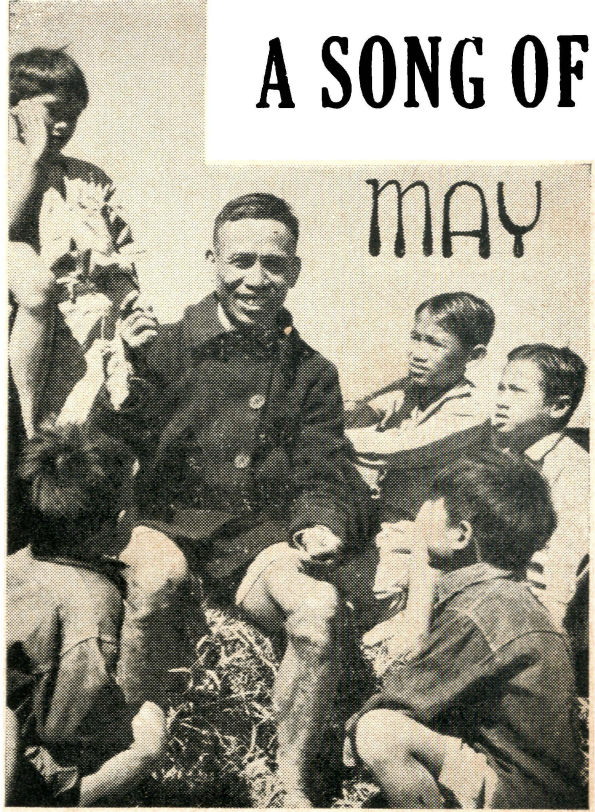


PHOTO VERANNEMAN

Aniwan loved this site. He loved its sweet solitude. . . because here he found God. Aniwan was a fervent man. He shunned the crowd, the world and its shallow living, . . . the meaningless talks. . . . the waste of time. He knew he was safe here in Agpay, where everything was quiet, where God was. Prayer was easy for him, and he never failed to pray for the souls he loved.

And yet, visitors flocked to Agpay, for they loved to listen to this wise old

man. The visitors who came, were men like him, men filled with God's grace, men who had learned to love Him in the midst of their tranquil life, in the quiet of their mountains. They were simple, God-fearing souls who had preserved their baptismal innocence, and had generously cooperated to the increase of His life in their souls. These simple men were happy and contented despite their earnings, for they believed that God in His divine providence would never leave them destitute. They knew the

BEGINNING
NEXT
ISSUE:

"THE MYSTERY OF THE RATTAN STRIPS"

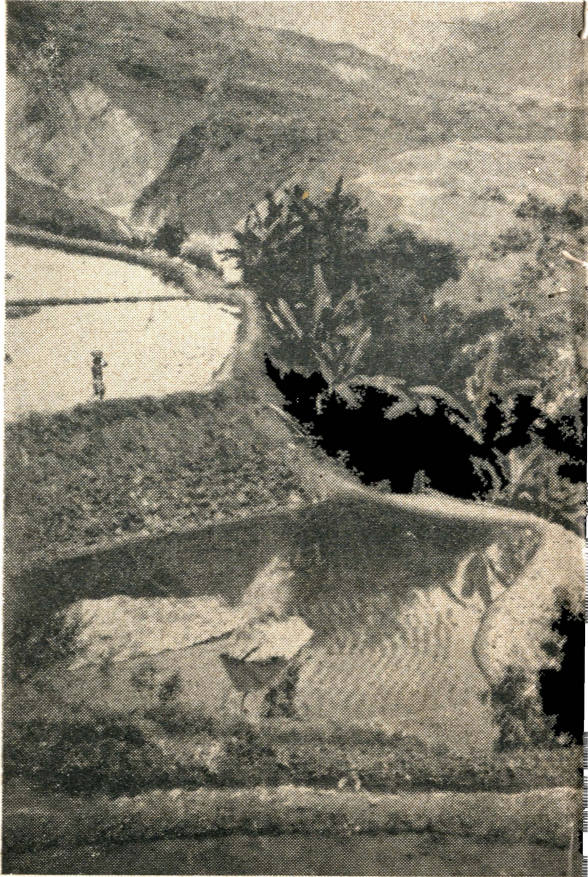
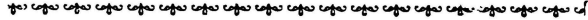
IFUGAO
DETECTIVE
STORY

Good Master would watch over their future as He did watch over their past. They were men who shared one another's joys and sorrows. They understood one another, for they led a common life, loved a common God.

Many children also came to Agpay. They felt safe with this kind old man, who always knew the answers to the things they did not understand and were puzzled about. They listened eagerly to the wonderful stories Aniwan told. Their big, innocent eyes rolled in wonder and amazement to everything new he related.

It was the last day of April, and many children were once again seen gathered around Aniwan after their play in the mountain streams. These children had wandered between the pine trees and "bayabas" bushes in Pagdang, and before they returned to their village in the valley, they had noticed the smoke rising from the hut, which told them that Aniwan was at home. They stormed his little hut and squatted on the floor, their big, bright, smiling eyes turned towards their good friend, who would tell them stories.

"Tomorrow, the month of May begins," Aniwan started, as he continued to weave his "Kaya-bang" basket. "Tomorrow, the month of May begins, and tonight, something wonderful shall happen. The little boys started to imagine the white ghosts that roamed around Aran and Bagbagissen near the rivers and the abysses. While everything was



dead still and silent, these ghosts hovered over the plains. They thought of how Ted-Ted, the bird of death, flew over the huts, shouting at the top of his voice, that shrill voice that gripped one's heart. His ceaseless cries could be heard during the misty nights when the clouds rested in the ravines. Yes, this night, something wonderful shall happen, Aniwan said. This night the "singing man" of May shall pass. "Ah," exclaimed



PHOTO DEPPE

the children, "tonight the ghosts will come" and they thought of Wallis, the blind singer from Balangbang. He had sung for long nights during the feasts of Tchimpas in Sarimadjeng. . . . But no, he was not the singing man of May! . . . "Tell us Aniwan," they eagerly inquired, "who is this singing man of May?" "Listen," Aniwan replied:

"Tonight when all lights have died

out in the mountains, and you start to hear strange cries from the rice fields and the grasses, when everything is swallowed up by the evening's blackness, then from afar shall come this singing man of May. But his steps are softer than the deer on the moss, and his song is sweeter than the gentle rustle of the grasses—like the unheard-of breath of the wind which causes a tremor among the rice shoots and produces a soft ripple on the waters, so will the "Singer of May" pass through the pine tree forests, over the plains, over the rice shoots in the meadows, through the mountain sides, planted with "camotes" and "maize," around the huts where the papayas, bananas and mangoes grow, . . . and all that rests and sleeps in the dark silence awakes at the beautiful melody of his wonderful song—all creatures listen, listen with joy because for each one in particular he has a special message—for tomorrow, the month of May begins. Maktbet, the deer which lives in the woods springs up, ears upright, and lifts up his fore-paw; he listens intently and feels that there is life in the forest. The bees buzz louder in their caves, the fireflies and moths dance merrily in the "Bwaletee" branches, while the green leaves begin to quiver. The early birds in their nests sit erect, shake their feathers, stretch their wings as curious eyes follow the source of the wonderful song. They fly out of their nests, swoop down to the depths of the earth, and from the silent bushes is heard the jeping of newly awakened birds. The fountain



gladly send forth waters down the streams where white foams lash against the cold rocks. The branches, the stems of the trees feel tiny buds bursting themselves out... all nature is agog with life! But not only in nature, also in each hut, the "singer of May" shall pass."

"Ah," excitedly exclaimed the boys, clapping their hands, "Will the man of May come also to our huts?"

"Yes," nodded the aged man. "But he will go to that hut where he finds Our Lady's picture besides the crucifix on the wall, wherein lives the good people with a rosary circled round their necks—to them, he has a special message—yes, for tomorrow begins the month of May, the month of Our Lady. And before he leaves his pathless way, he soars high and looks round over the peaceful, silent, mountain-lands and happy is the man who recognize him, because he is the

the angel of the month of May, the angel of Our Blessed Lady!"

Eagerly the boys again questioned, "Aniwan, did you see him already?"

The good old man smiled as he answered,

"My dear boys, listen to what Our Dear Lord had once said, 'Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God.' But not only shall they see God, but also Mary, the Mother of God, Queen of May. And they shall see all the angels, yes, they shall also see the angel of May. If we remain good all through our short life, if we are pure of heart, a day shall come when we will awake in blessed eternity—and there, my children, we shall see God, we shall see the angel of purity. He will lead us near his Queen, Heaven's everlasting Queen of May."

(continued in May)

A True Story —

On the town fiesta the picture of San Isidro was revealed for the first time. It was accredited general applause; only some female critics found his nose not according to their "standardized" views. They mocked publicly at the painting, giving hereby scandal to many an onlooker.

It was not long afterwards—perhaps a month—when the leader of the faultfinders discovered she had a suspicious-looking spot on her nose. First she believed it to be a harmless skin rupture; but soon it became purple and painful. The physician diagnosed it as cancer. It spread over the face, and after five months the bed-ridden woman felt her last hour approaching. She went into herself, coming to the conclusion that she herself was the cause of her misery. God is a revenger of His saints! She called a "Madre" and petitioned her to bring the priest to her bedside. In a public avowal of her guilt she begged both to propagate the story of her sin, her punishment, and also her repentance. And soon afterwards she died in peace.

fiesta in
KABUGAO

On the 11th of February, the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, the town and mission of Kabugao celebrated its patron Saint's day. Several days before the fiesta, crowds of people, carrying with them the products of their fields to sell in town, came down from the barrios along narrow and circuitous trails. From the lowlands too came dozens of banquillas with visitors who desired to taste the joy of a fiesta in the mountains.

Our mission was spiritually well prepared for the occasion. The novena was well attended, and on the great day the church was much too small to contain the large congregation. A big throng took part in the procession, and as it wended slowly along the way, prayers were said and hymns were sung in honor of Our Lady of Lourdes.

It was indeed a happy day. The people feasted and made merry. The young people of the neighboring barrios came to compete in several games which were held.

Around the convento, there was much hustle and bustle. When the day was done, we could retire with the sense of satisfaction at the thought that the fiesta was Kabugao's best in many years.



Top: OUR LADY IN KABUGAO.

Bottom : A GROUP OF APAYAO. GIRLS IN FRONT OF THEIR CHAPEL.

PHOTOS A. VANDAELE

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CHILDREN.



PHOTO AERTS

The Maryknoll Sisters conduct a private school on the Santo Tomas Trail. In close proximity is the bar-

MARYKNOLL and ATAB

rio, Campo Sioco, part of the Baguio Cathedral parish. The Sisters have opened their chapel for Sunday and daily mass to the people and have co-operated with the Fathers in charge of the Cathedral.

wood found here and there, by the barrio people themselves and used for some three or four years as both a part time chapel as well as a school. Typhoons made it impossible to continue using it.

And, in the tiny barrio of Atab, a few kilometers away, the Maryknoll Sisters have centered much activity among the Igorot people about Atab and a few more kilometers further, in Tuba. The picture (*on page 25*) tells part of the story. The battered building is that of the old school, that was put together with surplus

Seen in the picture is Sister Fidelis, Superior of the Maryknoll Convent as she consults with one of the Igorot girls who has acted as a catechist and has been instrumental in bringing many of her people into the Church. Her name is Cecilia Lotis. Looking closely at the picture, one can see a man's sized shovel in her

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hand. Together with the rest of the Community, she has helped to level the land so that the new school could have a playground.

Now the new and larger school is built. Sister Mary Fidelis must have spent a few sleepless nights wondering where the money was coming from, but, with the aid of some of her American and Filipino friends, she managed to gather a tidy sum, enough to build a two room school house, with moveable partitions so that it can be used as a temporary chapel. On the third Sunday of every month one of the Fathers says Mass there with a full attendance. On Sundays, the people walk the long distance to the Maryknoll Chapel.

It is a growing Catholic Community, and the Maryknoll Sisters feel well recompensed for all the work involved.



INTERCESSORY POWER OF OUR BLESSED LADY.

—“I do not know how the story got to earth, but it seems that one day Our Blessed Lord was walking through the Kingdom of Heaven and saw some souls who had got in very easily. Approaching Peter at the Golden Gate He said: “Peter, I have given to you the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. You must use your power wisely and discreetly. Tell Me, Peter, how did these souls gain entry into My Kingdom?” To which Peter answered: “Don’t blame me, Lord. Every time I close the door, Your Mother opens a window.”

*from The Seven Virtues, by Fulton
J. Sheen*

PHOTO AERTS



The mission of Baguio is in charge of the surrounding mines. The population of the mines is estimated at 25,000. People come from all over the Philippines to work and to earn their living. Most of them are very poor. They live in bunkhouses in which it is not unusual to meet three or four families living in a room of five square meters. They belong to different religions, but among them are still pagans, without any religion. These poor pagans are often misled; they readily follow the first person who speaks to them about religion.

The Catholics among them have been neglected for want of missionaries. Since 1941 they have been visited only irregularly. Since a couple of months I have been placed in charge of those mines. During my visits I have come across a couple of Catholic families only. The trouble is that there is no church in their place. "We do not see anything of the Catholic religion," they say, "that's why we go to any other religion or sect that has a church."

Not only do we have to work among these misled and deceived people, but we have thousands of pagans, who have never heard about the good God, or about His Blessed Mother. They simply offer sacrifices to the spirits.

Besides our ministrations in the mines we have to teach at Becquel, a pagan locality with a few Catholics only. Not a single child, however, misses the lesson in Christian doctrine. How consoling, indeed, to see the eager faces of those little children when listening to the word of God.

It's all so strange, so new, but so interesting for them. And when the lesson is over, they hurry to me asking over and over again the same question, "Father, when may we be baptized?"

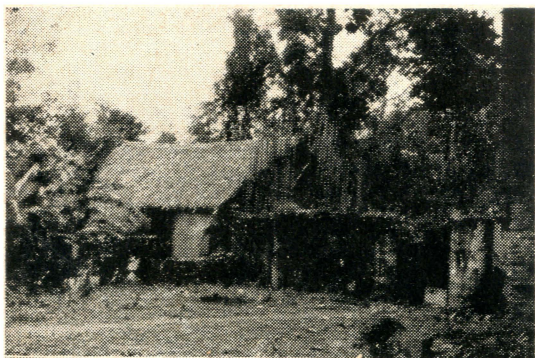
Not only the children but the parents as well are happy to hear about God, about the Blessed Mother—their Mother—, about the angels and the saints. One day I passed by the school to visit the parents of those children. As soon as they perceived me, they ran to cut the wires that were stretched along the way and to remove the stones from the path I had to follow. When I talked to them too about Almighty God

they expressed their happiness and gratitude, because nobody ever taught them anything about religion. "We adore the same God as you," they said, "but we do not know Him enough; consequently we do not love Him much; please, Father, send us instructors to teach us our holy religion."—Poor people!

It pains me to have to disappoint them, for teachers would cost a lot of money of which I am so sorely in need of. Instead I promise to return as soon as possible. —And then and there I seem to hear the plaintive voice of the Master, and I feel what He must have felt the day He spoke, "The harvest is ripe, but few are the laborers," and turning to His apostles He added, "Pray the Master of the harvest to send laborers." —In one day I visited several places and everywhere they asked me to send them somebody to teach them. In some places we opened schools for

The **HARVEST** *is* **RIPE**

by Rob. Van Esbroeck



adults. It's really consoling to see the old men and women, sitting on benches or standing in a small house, listening to the word of God.

Could we but give those people a small church! We should give them Jesus and with Jesus true peace and happiness!



TOP: LUNA....
THE CHAPEL IS BUILT ON THE
RUINS OF THE OLD CONVENT OF
FUTTUL.

BOTTOM: A NEW CONCRETE CHURCH
WILL SOON REPLACE THIS TEMP-
ORARY CHAPEL OF BAUKO —
(BONTOC.)

Pseudo-Saint

The village church was being renovated for the approaching patrocinal feast. As highlight of the celebration featured the installation of a new statue of the patron Saint, but.. unforeseen difficulties hindered the artist to finish the statue for the great day. First he was at a loss what to do; then suddenly a splendid idea brightened his face. Why not post his youngster up there high on the main altar? The boy must be properly instructed,—his wife would furnish the drapery,—and no one would be the wiser! All went according to schedule. Before dawn of the fiesta morn, the lad scrambled up to his niche. Like being petrified he posed on his loft, finding it extremely elevating to be once a real saint.

Yet, one cannot reckon with tricky Lady Fate! The pompous ceremonies of High Mass were in full sway. Music and incense filled the air; yes, clouds of the latter wafted aloft. This fact proved to become fatal to the pseudo-saint, who had kept his composure heroically until then. He....sneezed and sneezed....and the whole celestial charm went to pieces!

THE MEDICINE KIT



REV. HON. DAVID ON THE BALCONY WHERE HE HAS TREATED MANY PATIENTS.

by Rev. Hon. David, former
Missionary of Ripang,
Apayao, Mt. Prov.

(Condensed)

A sudden knock at my door and two men come into the room before I can say, "Come in."

"Father, Jovita's husband is very sick. Can you come and help him?"

"Yes," I say, "I will go to see him. Can he speak? Can he receive Holy Communion?"

"Yes, Father," they say, "he can speak but... maybe you can help him with your medicines."

As it was late, I could not go with them; so I send along the medicine that I felt he needed, as it sounded to me as though he had a heavy cold. Giving them some quinine and advising them to give him plenty of hot drinks and to place a mustard plaster on his chest, I promised that I would go very early in the morning to see him.

As the next day was Sunday when I had a high mass to say and when the mother-in-law of Icong, the sick man, came and told me that he seemed to be much better, I postponed my visit until the next morning.

Very early on Monday the old woman was at my door, wringing her hands and I could see by her face that the sick man was worse again. "Father, come, come. I think Icong is dying." Her words made me think more of his soul than of his body; so I hurriedly took all the necessary things for the last Sacraments. As the family lived rather near, I decided to walk.

A sorry sight met me at the door. Icong was lying on his mat and I knew his hours were numbered. He was deadly pale with labored breathing, with glazed feverish eyes. After sending everyone out of the room, I heard his confession and then administered the last Sacraments, and spoke to him comforting words, so that his death might be easier.

When I saw that I could do no more for his poor body, I blessed him again and went home. It was nine o'clock...; three hours later word came that Icong had died. As it happens when one is sick and no doctor is available, that everyone of the family and among friends advises this, then that remedy, and then a third one, and so on without end, so I think Icong had had too many "doctors" and remedies.



Not all my patients have such a sad ending. Many come day after day to the balcony of my convent for medicines and ointments and while I have a supply I give it freely, but I cannot always give them the needed help, for my medicine supply runs out. When I cannot find anything suitable, I just give them a small bottle of Holy Water and—believe me—it works! (I have made great use of it during the First World War with wonderful, almost unbelievable results).

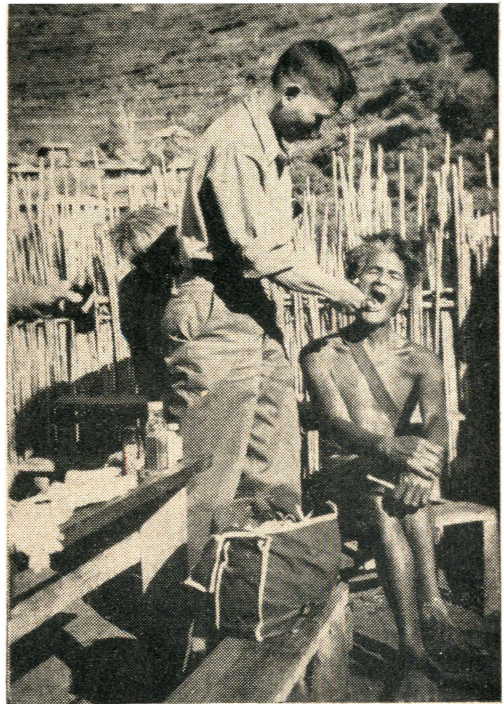
It gives me real joy to be able to help the people by administering to their sick bodies. It is one way of telling them too about Christianity. The pagan customs are very deep rooted. Men will come and say that because they did not placate the god of luck, they cut their fingers while cutting bamboo. When I dress the wounded hand, I tell them about FAITH and try to show them that it is not FATE as they believe. —Another man will ask if I am very sure my medicine will cure him. Then I tell him, my medicine will help him but that he too must pray and beg his cure from the Heavenly Physician above.

A word of sympathy in their sufferings... , a small pill here and there and at the same time a little Catholic doctrine... , and who knows where 'the seed will fall'? Many, indeed have found the way to Christianity by having had their body cured at the mission.

It will be a big day when Christ will address His doctors and all those who have helped them, "I was sick and you visited Me." All will wonder and ask, "When did we see Thee sick and come to Thee?"

Let us ponder in our hearts the answer:

"As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it unto Me."



LILY



CARMENCITA

Good morning, Carmencita:

I was very happy on February 2nd when I saw Blessed Virgin Mary with many candles all around, and do you know what Father said to us? He said: "You are—all of you—candles, lighted candles." And I thought: Carmencita too is a candle. It was so nice to think of it!

Do you know, when I was still a pagan girl, I was a dead candle. Since Sabado Gloria, when I was baptized, I am a lighted candle and you already long ago, since you were a baby.

Oh, Carmencita, we are more than thirty baptized girls and more than eighty boys. And Father Nivardo says Jesus wants us to have bright burning flames in our hearts, like San Agustin, to please Blessed Virgin and Jesus. That is thirty plus eighty; but we cannot see the flame like Jesus, only a little—on our kind faces —, he says.

Maybe some of the boys are dark again, if they committed a big sin, or the girls too.

When I think of your school I feel very happy because you are more than 800 little girls all baptized. And they have been shining for Jesus all their life, even when babies. How sweet! How Happy! Will you and Tony pray for my candle that it will never be blown out by the devil and that all the children will be baptized, also those of Bugbugaw in the forest; and my father and my mother too, and Kolas. Kolas is very dark.

Your friend, Lily

To a "little apostle" from St. Theresa's College, Sta. Mesa, Manila we are

INTRODUCING . . . **MARGARITA and SOFIA**

Dear Friend,

You asked me some months ago to give you some friends from the Mt. Province. Well, I have finally found two nice girls for you. In this picture you see them in their Sunday best. Don't you think they look bright and neat?

The little one on the left is Margarita. Now do not let her serious face fool you. Those dark eyes can glisten and light up with enthusiasm and interest as she listens to an interesting story. Those lips can curve up into a warm delightful smile when she meets a friend and when she is shown

a new toy or a nice picture. She is not going to school now for she has to work hard to help her widowed mother who has other little children to support. Nevertheless, Margarita can read and speak English quite well for she studied with the Mothers until the fourth grade.

The bigger girl with braided hair is Sofia. Sofia is just what her smiling face suggests—cheerful, eager and friendly. Like Margarita she has also to work, hence, she does not go to school. In fact, she has not gone any further than the first grade.



MARGARITA AND SOFIA

PHOTO AERTS

These two are very good friends. It is nice to watch them do their work together. They go from one task to another like yearlings, in frisks and jumps. As they work they either chatter like magpies or sing hymns that they have learned during the catechism lessons which they attend faithfully.

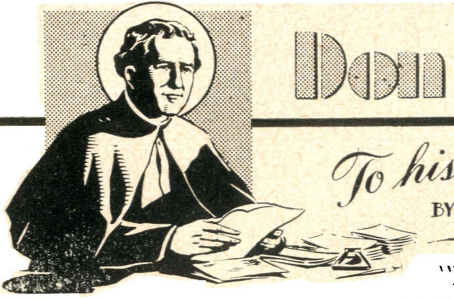
How these two can work! If you chance upon them and ask them, "For whom are you working?" Their invariable reply is, "For Jesus!"

On Sundays they both go to church and sit in the same bench. After Communion Margarita reads from her prayer book her prayer of thanksgiving. Sofia too goes to Communion. When she returns to her place, she sidles close to Margarita in whom she has perfect trust. Since

her friend has gone to school, Sofia thinks that whatever Margarita does is just the right thing. Hence, although she cannot read, she peers over Margarita's shoulder to look into the prayer book. Soon two dark heads are close together intent on their prayers, one getting her inspiration from the printed page, and the other joining in spirit to whatever her friend might be reading.

Perhaps Sofia tells Jesus, "Lord, I also like to tell you whatever Margarita is reading from this book that I am looking at but cannot read."

There now. I hope I have made you know these two nice girls a little. If you want to write to them, just address your letter to the editor of "The Little Apostle" and I will see to it that they get your letter.



Don Boseo

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

My dear Boys:

I once had a terrific vision. It frequently happened in the course of my life that Almighty God favored me with dreams, or rather visions, which proved very useful in my dealings with the boys. The first of these I had at the age of nine, when my whole life's program was clearly marked out for me. In later manifestations of Heaven, I was shown the best means and ways to preserve my beloved boys from sin and aid them in the practice of virtue. I used to narrate these visions to my boys in such an impressive language and manner as to make them unforgettable.

I wish to relate one of those visions to you, a terrific one, which occurred in the early days of 1871. I am sure, it will impress you as much as it impressed me and it will help you to derive very precious lessons from it. I was in Turin at the time of the vision but it seemed to me that I actually paid a visit to one of my schools at Lanzo, Northern Italy. I was accompanied by the devil, who made several sad but useful revelations concerning the inward dispositions of some of my boys. This vision left such a deep impression on me that I immediately sent word of the striking occurrence to the boys of that school. My letter was dated Feb. 11, 1871. It reads as follows:

"My dear boys, I wish to inform you that I intend to spend with you the days immediately preceding Lent. It is very unusual for me to be absent from Turin on these days. But the lively, filial affection you have shown me, and the pressing invitations you have given me by letter, have induced me to visit you at this time.

I must tell you, however, that even a stronger motive has urged me to come to you, and that is to give you an account of a visit I paid you in an invisible manner quite recently. Listen to the extremely sad and painful story I have to relate to you.

Not even your Superiors are aware of the fact that I paid you a visit some days ago. On arriving in front of the church I beheld a most horrible monster. His big eyes were flaming, his nose was big and ugly, his mouth wide and his chin sharp. His ears were like those of a dog. He had two enormous horns not unlike those of a huge goat. He was laughing, joking, and amusing himself with some of his companions.

"What are you doing here, you infernal wretch?" I said to him. "I am enjoying myself," he answered, "I have nothing else to do just now". "Get away and leave my boys in peace." "There is no occasion for me to trouble about them. I have representatives and agents amongst them and they are doing my work admirably well. I have enrolled a select band of boys who render me most valuable service."

"You arch-liar! You are prevaricating at this moment. So many confessions, Communions, meditations, and spiritual readings cannot be in vain."

He looked at me with a bitter sneer, and making a sign for me to follow him, he led me to the Sacristy and showed me the Director who was engaged hearing the confessions of the students. "Here," he said, "some of these are my enemies, but others serve me even here; they are those who make good promises, but do not keep them. They confess always the same sins and do not make efforts to avoid them. I enjoy their confessions very much." Afterwards he conducted me to the dormitory and pointed out to me some boys who were engaged in bad thoughts and had no intention of going to church for Mass. "Look!" he added, "here is a boy who being at the point of death made many fervent promises to his Creator that if he were spared he would amend. But instead, he became far worse than he was previously."

He then led me to different parts of the house and showed me things that seemed to me to be incredible. Afterwards, he brought me to the recreation yard and in front of the church. Looking around I asked him, "Who of these boys render you the greatest service?" "Those who hold bad conversations. Bad conversations, bad conversations," he kept repeating. "All the evil comes from that source. Every evil word is the seed of marvelous fruit."

"Who are your greatest enemies amongst them?" "Those that frequently go to Communion." "What is it that afflicts you most?" "Two things. Devotion to Mary, and . . .," here he became silent as if unwilling to continue. "What is the second

thing?" He then showed much annoyance and bad temper, and he assumed in succession the figure of a dog, of a cat, of a bear and of a wolf. In the various forms and attitudes he adopted, he appeared at one time with three horns, at another with five and at a third with ten and alternately with three heads, five and seven. All these transformations took place rapidly.

I was trembling at the awful sight. The monster then wanted to escape but I wanted him to remain and answer me.

"I want you to tell me what are the things that you fear most of those that take place here." As he showed reluctance to answer, I said; "I command you in the name of God, our Creator and Sovereign Master, Whom we all must obey, that you answer my question." At this point, the brute beast and all his companions and satellites assumed shapes impossible to describe and which, I



may never see again in this life. With the most awful contortions and horrible yells, they ended the terrifying scene with these words: "What gives us greatest pain and torture, and what we fear most, is fidelity to the promises and good resolutions made in Confession."

These words were uttered with most frightful howls, all the monsters disappearing like a flash of lightning . . . and I found myself at my writing desk in my office. I shall tell you more and give you an explanation of all these things, when I shall be able to talk to you."

My dear Filipino Boys, this is the letter I wrote to my Italian Boys of Lanzo. Those boys never forgot that terrific vision and they profited much by it. May it also help you to nourish a horror of bad conversations, to receive the Sacrament of Confession more earnestly, to receive Holy Communion more frequently and to have a greater devotion to Mary, our Blessed Mother!

God bless you all!

Affectionately yours,

Jac. Gio. Bosco —

PLOT!

NEXT MONTH

THRILL!

WATCH...FOR

?

"THE MYSTERY OF THE

RATTAN STRIPS"

(an Ifugao Detective Story)

SUSPENSE!

MYSTERY!

Judge: How far is it from Baguio to Bauang?

Witness: Oh! That's easy, Judge. It is fifty kilometers.

Judge: Right you are. And how far is it from Bauang to Baguio?

Witness: Ah.. ah... let me see. I don't know, Judge.

Judge: Why, you idiot, you know the distance from Baguio to Bauang but you don't know the distance from Bauang to Baguio?

Witness: Well, Your Honor, it is like this, you see, from Christmas to New Year is only six days, but from New Year to Christmas is eleven months and.. see... I can't figure it out!



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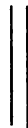
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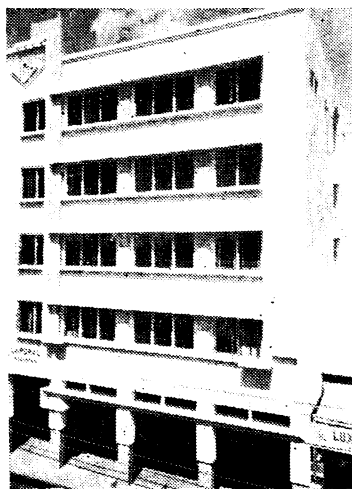


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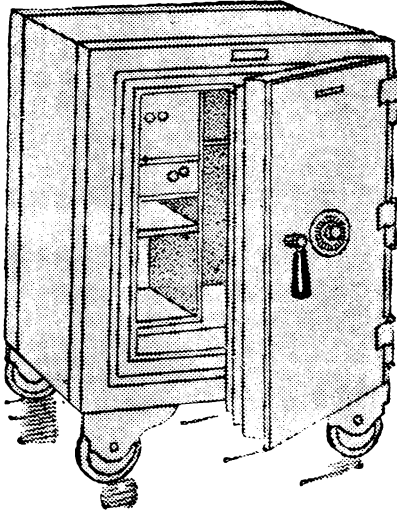
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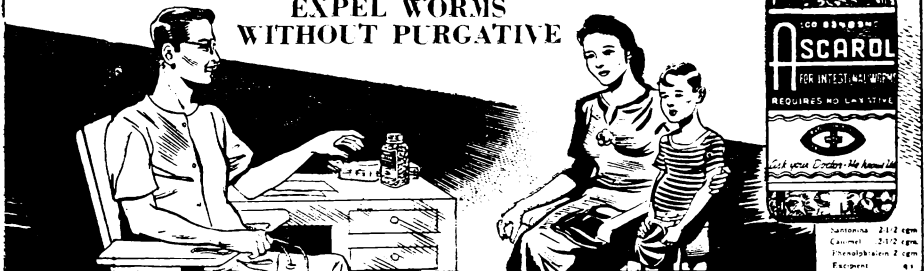
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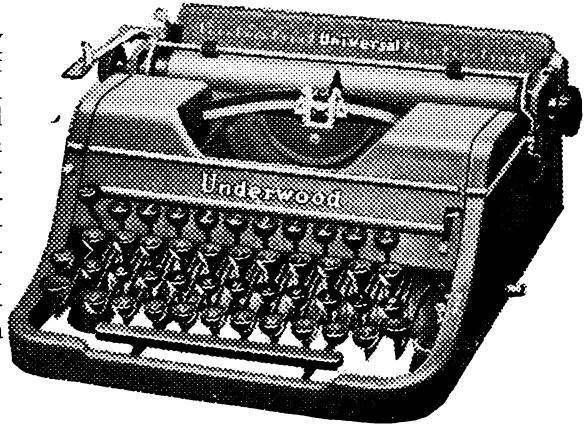
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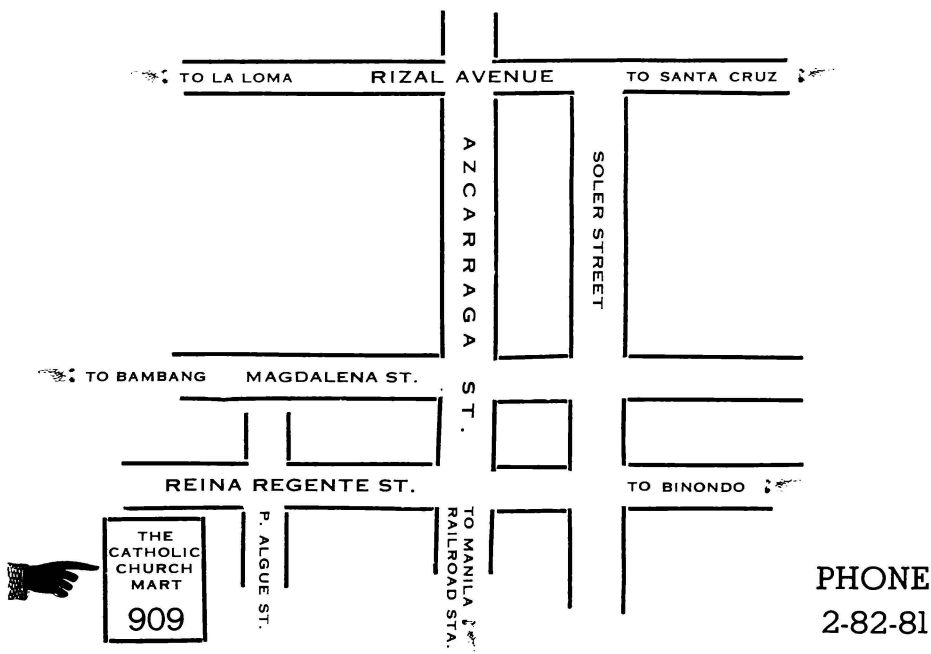
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