

THE
Cross

DECEMBER, 1952—40¢

NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY



ST. FRANCIS XAVIER



Cross - pondence

Dear sir,

For at least a year now, an unknown good Samaritan keeps subscribing the CROSS for me. I considered it a real gift, for there is much of the spiritual gain within its pages that every Christian should know and live for.

Through this magazine, I am gratefully thanking him for all these gifts he made me share. I have nothing to give him except my prayers for God's blessing on his kindness.

Ernesto V. Mamaid

Would that there were more Samaritans like him!—Ed.

Dear sir,

Most sincere congratulations on Your EXQUISITE Nov. issue. Your "COVER" is a perfect gem! Your tributes, editorial and others, to that great Man-of-God, the late Archbishop Gabriel, just what we, your readers, expected from our best Philippine, Catholic Publication.

Perusing page 64.... the Sworn Statement.... where 'I' find.... 5,600 subscribers out of 18 million Philippine Catholics.... I feel like suggesting as a Christmas' gift to every Philippine Catholic: "the minimum dose of common sense to back up a glorious Catholic publication like the Cross!"

Keep them flying.... Editor. The Cross is doing fine!

Rev. Carlos Schreiner M.H.M.

San Miguel, Prov. Iloilo

Dear sir,

Here's a word of praise for the editorial "Shall We Teach Communism or Catholicism?" It should prick the conscience of those who are "apathetic and indifferent" to instructions on Religion in public schools.



A light shall shine upon us this day: for Our Lord is born to us; and He shall be called wonderful, God, the prince of peace, the father of the world to come; of Whose reign there shall be no end. Ps. 92, 1. The Lord hath reigned, He is clothed with beauty: the Lord is clothed with strength, and hath girded Himself.

**(From the Introit of the Second
Mass at Christmas. Is. 9, 2-6.)**

Regina Bldg., Escolta, Manila, Philippines

TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIALS:

| | |
|--|----|
| Are Our Courts Stupid | 5 |
| Speed—Like a Tortoise | 6 |
| Speed—Like an Eagle | 6 |
| A Victorious Loser | 7 |
| Doss Uncle Sam Cause Our P. I. Crime Wave | 7 |
| U. S. Crime Wave | 8 |
| Young Christian Workers are Blessed .. | 8 |
| Protestant Lies About the Bible | 9 |
| Help the Sick and the Hungry | 10 |

ARTICLES:

| | |
|---|----|
| Religion and the United Nations Rev. Leo A. Cullum, S.J. | 13 |
| Christmas in the Home | 16 |
| The Last Letter to St. Francis Xavier Rev. Francis X. Clark, S.J. | 17 |
| On Sanctity | 20 |
| Better Harvests from Soil Tests | 27 |
| What About Church Music | 37 |
| California Favorite Son Rev. Noel F. Moholy, O. F. M. | 48 |
| Dear Fathers... Mothers Alfredo G. Porpan, S.J. | 59 |

STORIES:

| | |
|--|----|
| Sunshine and Shadows Ma. Aurora B. Agustines | 21 |
| Romance at the SSCA Rev. Herbert O'H. Walker, S.J. .. | 54 |

POEMS:

| | |
|--------------------------|----|
| Sancian | 3 |
| Song of the Stubborn .. | 29 |
| Silent Creation .. | 31 |
| Be Not Afraid Beloved .. | 41 |
| Destiny | 62 |

COLUMNS:

| | |
|--|----|
| Cross-pondence | A |
| Thinking With God Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J. | 30 |
| Heart to Heart | 32 |
| Maria Clara of 1952 .. | 42 |
| The Chaperone | 46 |
| Movie Guide | 63 |

editor & publisher

Jose Galan Blanco



THE CROSS is a Catholic publication issued monthly by THE CROSS MAGAZINE with the permission of the ecclesiastical authorities. Contributions to the Cross are welcome, provided they are in line with the policy and standards adopted by this magazine. All submitted manuscripts must be typewritten in duplicate and accompanied by return postage; otherwise no return will be made in case of rejection. Subscription rates: One year — local: P4.00; foreign: \$5.00. Printed by R. P. GARCIA Publishing Company, 999 Depitan, Manila. Registered as second class mail matter at the Manila Post Office on March 6, 1946.

This month, we dedicate our December issue to St. Francis Xavier the great Apostle of the Foreign Missions, who died four hundred years ago at . . .

SANCIAN

Alfredo G. Parpan, S. J.



*A lonely palm hut on a lonely isle
 And a man lay dying in the dawn;
 Pale face ashen in the candle light
 Sputtering in the misted morn;
 The tired hands tight on a crucifix,
 The shining eyes transfixed on the nailed Form.
 Once more he sees . . .
 Red drops dropping from Hands and Feet
 And the ugly gash on the bloodied Breast.
 Once more he hears . . .
 The cry of thirsting Lips
 Water could not relieve. And he
 A helpless wreck, lying on this beach . . .
 Not yet. Not yet. A broken sob.
 Tired eyes pleaded: not yet!
 Rome's command was yet undone,
 The cold world lay unlit;
 Only his heart was burning.
 But soft the Master's Voice was calling . . .
 Soft. Insistent. Home.
 Home? When ripened fields lay waiting in the sun?
 "I have hoped in Thee, O Lord,
 I shall not hope in vain"—
 The listening breeze caught up the words*

And bore them to the shore,
Sharing its secret with the moaning surf
That sent some rippling waves up an inland stream
To rock a sampan moored
And wake an infant wailing . . .
The breeze sped on to mock
The temple bells to sullen peal: in vain!
And the poppies roused in drowsy murmurs echoed: in vain!
But "not in vain" the bamboos heard
Rustling by the Yangtze banks, protesting.
They heard the message clear dropped by the whispering breeze
The mandarin stirs on his silken couch . . .
And the farmer in his mud hut, smiling,
Dreams of rice fields, someday, heavy with grain . . .
Back to the misted isle the breeze sped,
Back to the palm leaf thatch on the shore,
Whispered on the dying man's ear
Its finished task; cooled the flushed brow
And blew the candle out.
The gasping breath has ceased,
The shining eyes to shine no more.
The watcher rose to pray, his vigil ended.
El padre santo was dead, and
Dawn was breaking on the east.

A few years ago, the late Bishop of Buffalo, the Most Rev. John A. Duffy, was taking an afternoon walk and met a little girl, who bowed courteously to him. The Bishop stopped and asked the youngster her name.

"Mary," the girl answered, and promptly added, "What's your name?"

"John," the Bishop replied.

Some time later Bishop Duffy was walking along the street with a dignified Monsignor, busily engaged in a serious conversation. There was an abrupt pause in the discussion of the Bishop and his clerical companion, when a certain little girl stopped before them and very politely said,

"Hello, John."

Editorial



ARE OUR COURTS STUPID?

Recently, Mayor Lacson of Manila was accused of having labelled one of our judges. The impulsive and zealous Mayor, anxious to clean corruption from the city, allegedly had hurled some epithets such as "stupid," etc. at the judge with whose decision he disagreed.

Are our courts stupid? Frankly, our impression is otherwise. With much pleasure we have noted quite the opposite,—that many of our judges are blessed with the intellectual acumen and serenity of judgment that is an ornament to their profession.

But if we were to be asked another question, our answer might not be so favorable.

To the question, "Are our courts too slow?", our answer would be an emphatic affirmative. Only too often, civil and even criminal cases which should be decided within a few weeks or a couple of months, drag on for one or several years.

We remember well a certain criminal case in which justice was delayed for four years. Because of various legal technicalities, changes of jurisdiction, etc. incredible postponements occurred. . . Finally, the case came before a certain judge who, after careful but expeditious consideration, sentenced the criminal to a seven-year prison term. The judge later commented that never in all his years of court experience had he come across a case in which the evidence was so crystal-clear for conviction. There was not a scintilla of doubt, he said, about the guilt of the man. And still that case had dragged on for four long years.

If this were an isolated case, we could forget about it. But unfortunately, delays are rather the rule than the exception.

What is the cause?

Are our judges too few, too heavily burdened with too many cases? If so, let us insist that Congress establish additional judges.

Or are our judges underpaid? In Manila and perhaps in other important cities, we find members of the judiciary, even of the higher courts, engaged in teaching to increase their legitimate personal income. Instead of using all of their available energies in clearing up the crowded court calendars, they apparently are forced to take one or perhaps several daily hours of teaching in order to support their families. Apparently then, we should increase the salaries of our judges, in order that they be not forced to spend their strength, so badly needed in the business of the courts, for lucrative sidelines.

No, we don't agree with the alleged charge that our courts are cursed with stupidity.

But we do feel that our courts are slow, lamentably slow. Far slower for instance than those in the United States, and especially in England.

Justice delayed is justice denied! Something must be done about it.

SPEED-LIKE A TORTOISE!

Another instance of tortoise-like slowness we find in some of the boards of professional examiners. Recently, we noticed a news story in which a certain board announced that five of the candidates under their supervision had successfully passed the professional examination. Looking further, we noticed that the examination was given in July. The results were announced in November. How terribly overworked these examiners must be if it takes them four months to do their job!

We know that in some instances, such as the bar examinations where the number of candidates amounts to several thousands, many months of careful work are required before the results can be announced. But in other occasions, where the examinees are few, a little more speed could reasonably be expected.

SPEED-LIKE AN EAGLE!

Over on the other side of the Pacific Ocean, we noticed an agreeable example of speed after the recent presidential election. The polls closed at 9:00 p.m. More than 60 million people voted over a vast expanse of territory. Still, three hours later, by midnight, the results were known and the decision announced.

Reminds us of our own election polls! So different! To say nothing of the "speedy" decision on our electoral protests. That only takes two or three or four years!

And even more consoling in the American elections was the sportsmanship of the losers.

The campaign had been bitterly fought. Charges and countercharges were hurled and parried for months over the length and breadth of the whole country. Nevertheless, as soon as the results were known and the decision announced, the leading candidate of the losing side, Gov. Adlai Stevenson, cabled his congratulations to his victorious rival with a generous message of true democratic sportsmanship.

A VICTORIOUS LOSER

Many of us who, six months ago, had never heard of Gov. Adlai Stevenson have, as a result of his campaign, grown to consider him as a truly great American.

His acute thinking, his profound grasp of governmental problems, his felicitous literary expressions, his wit and quiet charm make him stand out head and shoulders above most of the contemporary political figures of the world. A pleasant and refreshing exception to the cheap demagogues and name-callers so often found in modern political life.

On election night when radio and telegraph announced his decisive defeat by Eisenhower, Gov. Stevenson was asked how he felt. His answer was typical.

He said that he felt like the little boy who stubbed his toe in the dark. He was too old to cry,—and it hurt too much to laugh.

The apt anecdote, borrowed from the great Lincoln, was worth a thousand words.

DOES UNCLE SAM CAUSE OUR P. I. CRIME WAVE?

Not all impressions of the United States, however, are so favorable to all people.

In a recent public address, one of our most prominent ladies in public life, Mrs. Pilar Hidalgo Lim, presented a novel reason to explain the present criminality in the Philippines. To blame, she said, was the United States, because of its contributions of money and other gifts to the Philippines. She said these have weakened the moral fiber of the Filipino people.

Fortunately, this is one problem that can be salvaged quite easily. If our government authorities or even some of our leading citizens would just

send a brief note to the American Congress, we are sure that it will be easy to persuade them to stop all gifts and loans to the Philippines. Thus, presto! according to this theory, our crime wave should cease.

U. S. CRIME WAVE

Speaking more seriously, the crime situation in the United States itself is very serious, especially the juvenile crime situation.

Recently, J. Edgar Hoover, the director of the FBI (Federal Bureau of Investigation) reported that during the first six months of 1952, more persons aged 18 years were arrested in the United States than of any other age group. He reported that during the same six months period, over one million major crimes were committed.

Persons less than 21 years of age presented more than 30% of the 95,600 arrested for crimes against property. Persons under 25 years of age represented one half of all persons arrested for such crimes. Another discouraging fact is that crime among women is increasing twice as fast as crime among men.

We do not have available at the moment parallel figures about criminality in the Philippines. But it is undeniable that our Filipino youth also, both male and female, are only too frequently finding their way to the criminal courts. Juvenile delinquency is rampant.

Once again we repeat what we have frequently noted in the past, that religious education in the schools, apart from achieving its primary purpose of bringing the children closer to God, is also a most powerful antidote to the lawless inclinations that may take root in any youthful character. Most earnestly, we urge all prominent citizens in and out of the government to unite that this Christian country may soon have public schools that are truly Christian and God-fearing.

YOUNG CHRISTIAN WORKERS ARE "BLESSED"

Without forgetting the primary importance of the home in youth training, we also recommend the encouragement of the fine youth organizations already started in the country such as the Catholic Boy Scouts, Catholic Youth Organization and the Young Christian Workers. Of this last named, which is possibly the least known in the Philippines, we have noted with joy the growth in many parts of the world.

Recently in Central America, the Costa Rican Hierarchy characterized the Young Christian Workers' movement as "the living Gospel of modern

times", in a joint pastoral commemorating the tenth anniversary of the movement's establishment in that country.

"Blessed is the hour in which the Young Christian Workers' movement took root in Costa Rica," the Bishops said. "It has been an advancing movement for the triumph of goodness."

The Young Christian Workers number about 8,000 in Costa Rica, which has a population of slightly less than a million. They have established a Youth Home in the capital city, equipped with training shops for young men and women, recreation halls and sleeping headquarters. They also publish a labor weekly, "El Luchador", and a Catholic almanac.

The Young Christian Workers, together with our other fine Catholic organizations for youth, deserve the wholehearted support of all citizens who are interested in our young people.

PROTESTANT LIES ABOUT THE BIBLE

For centuries, the lie has been preached that the Catholic Church frowns Church on the publication of the Bible. It has even said that our Catholic people are forbidden to read the Bible. To prove their charge, our enemies say that in some Catholic churches and institutions the Bible was chained to a desk so that the common people could not have access to it.

Even in the Philippines, we find that this lie is still being spread. But we think that many of the Protestant liemongers are really only clouded with ignorance and are not malicious.

The fact is that it was the Catholic Church that preserved the Bible and brought it down to posterity through the early Christian Era and the Middle Ages, centuries before Protestantism was born.

As to the statement that in some monasteries the Bible was chained to a desk, probably that is true. But there was a very good reason for the use of a chain. It must be remembered that in those days, before the advent of the printing press, all Bibles and other literature, either profane or sacred, were written by long-hand. To produce a single book was a long, laborious process, consuming months of toil. Consequently every book was precious and had to be guarded or even chained so that it would not be lost.

Along came the printing press and the time of Guttenberg. And we know from historical facts that in the Germany of Guttenberg, it was not Luther or any other Protestant who first published the Bible in German. Actually, the Catholic Bible appeared in German long before Luther's, one

having been published in 1478 and the other in 1483, the year Luther was born.

As to our present-day Philippines, we are happy once again to encourage our readers to purchase and use the splendid new editions of the New Testament in the local vernaculars. The Cebuano edition by His Excellency, Mons. Manuel Yap, Bishop of Bacolod, is a model of scholarship. For the Tagalog readers, the edition by the late lamented Father Trinidad, S. J., and his associates includes a personal recommendation of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII.

Thus our people will be fulfilling the wishes of another Pope, Benedict XV, who in his Encyclical Spiritus Paraclitus wrote "Our one desire for all the Church's children is that, being saturated with the Bible, they may arrive at the all-surpassing knowledge of Jesus Christ."

HELP THE SICK AND THE HUNGRY

Not long ago an old lady came to our office with a little boy of six. The good woman, with quavering voice, told us that the little fellow was a complete orphan. With neither father nor mother nor other relatives to care for him, he had no place to live. Would we, she asked, take care of the boy and allow him to stay with us?

It seemed brutal to refuse this request. But we were forced to do so. We already were helping some destitute people to the very limit of our ability. In addition we lacked not only material means but we knew of no place to send the boy where he could receive the education and the affection which small children so desperately need.

But care of the destitute young is only one of the fields of charity in which we are lacking. Admittedly, there is much magnificent work now being done by many people in many places. But there is still much room for improvement.

Following are some specific suggestions, (which are mentioned with no intention of excluding other organizations unknown to us and possibly of equal or greater worth):

- a. Greater attention to the organization of Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul in the parishes.
- b. Additional clinics for the sick poor.
- c. Orphanages for destitute children, especially for boys in large centers of population.

- d. *Adult Education classes in the parishes to help the illiterate and to draw them closer to the Church. (The Government is ready to assist such classes, at least, in some small degree).*
- e. *Free Schools for the poor, similar to the schools now conducted by some parishes, some religious orders and congregations and the YLAC.*
- f. *Youth Clubs, similar to those now being conducted by the Catholic Boy Scouts, the Young Christian Workers, the Catholic Youth organization, etc.*
- g. *Additional free hospital beds, similar to those in Manila in the U.S.T. Hospital, San Juan de Dios Hospital, etc.*
- h. *Cooperation with the Columbian Farmers' Aid Association, founded in 1951 by Manila Knights of Columbus to assist our rural population.*

In addition, some form of regional Catholic charity associations could be very helpful to stimulate activities, aid coordination and prevent overlapping.

We feel that such intensification of the works of mercy would be an undoubted boon to the Catholic life of the country. From a study of local conditions, we find that history is repeating itself. Just as the Communists in the Philippines are now slandering the Catholic Church, so a century ago the atheists of France hurled taunts at young Frederic Ozanam, with "Show us your works!"

The inspired young men responded by organizing the magnificent St. Vincent de Paul Conferences for laymen, which have now spread throughout the world. Their plan is "to join action to words and to affirm by works the vitality of their faith." And in doing so they are only following the blessed example given to us by our Divine Lord while here on earth, only heeding the magnificent exhortation of the Apostle of the Gentiles who told us "If I speak with the tongue of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." (Corinthians.)

Today in the Philippines, the Communists are pretending to be friends of the poor, and unfortunately are achieving at least partial success in winning converts by their specious promises. To combat them, we must, most of all increase the spiritual life of the people with greater mortifications and prayers. Admittedly, we must strive to instruct them with carefully planned sermons and instructions. It is vital that we endeavor to put into practice the principles of Social Justice expounded in the 1950 Pastoral Letter of our Hierarchy.

But in addition we feel that greater attention should also be given to the corporal works of mercy. And this, not merely because our enemies taunt us with "show us your works," but primarily because our Divine Lord and Master has taught us by word and example that these words are a most beautiful and most important element in the life of any true Christian.

Let us tell Him, this Christmas, that we will try to do more in the future.



THE LOWLIEST ANIMAL

It is a significant thing, proving how precious is humility in the eyes of God, that the ass or donkey, lowliest of beasts, plays such a prominent role in the story of Christ.

The **Golden Legend** says that on the journey to Nazareth from Bethlehem Joseph "brought with him an ass and an ox." Mary rode on the donkey, and the ox Joseph meant to sell for the support of the holy Family.

In the typical representation of the crib, both animals appear standing placidly in the background near the manger upon which lay the holy Child.

The ass is the animal of the flight into Egypt and the return to Nazareth, and great artists have beautifully commemorated both scenes.

At the end of Christ's life, it was the humble beast that our Saviour chose for His triumphal entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, and according to folk-lore, it is in memory of this last event that the donkey bears a cross upon his back.

All this made such an impression upon the faithful in the Middle Ages that they went so far as to institute a popular "Feast of the Donkey," with appropriate songs and a pageant.



NO HARD FEELINGS

A fellow was telling us about a friend of his in college, who, like all the others, had to take his mid-year exams shortly after Christmas. One of his questions was: "What causes a depression?"

Spurred on by some impish impulse or other, he answered: "God knows! I don't! Merry Christmas."

But the professor was equal to the situation, for when the paper was returned, he found the following notation from the learned man:

"God gets 100, you get zero. Happy New Year!"

Religion and the United Nations

by Rev. Leo A. Cullum, S. J.



In the recent United Nations Week, religious services in Catholic churches constituted a part of the program. This was very appropriate because the United Nations are fundamentally a religious movement.

This may seem a strange statement to those familiar with the work of the United Nations. Certainly the men who are most active in them do not consider religion of any consequence at all. And yet it is in their own statements that we discover this religious basis.

The United Nations have drawn up and adopted a DECLARATION OF UNIVERSAL HUMAN RIGHTS. In that declaration we are told: "Recognition of the inherent dignity and of the inalienable rights of all members of the human family is the foundation of freedom, justice and peace in the world;" that "all human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights..." This is the most fundamental principle of the United Nations and this principle is religious. It is true that the word "God" is not here, but to anyone who knows the history of our civilization the Declaration is eloquent throughout with the thought of God... This Declaration is an echo of the constant Christian tradition regarding the dignity of man. Men are so used to this idea—at least as an idea—that they take for granted that this concept has always been found wherever man has been found. And even the esteemed representatives at the United Nations, are, without recognizing it, by force of racial habit, using language and employing concepts that are Christian, theologically, philosophically, and historically.

The concept of the dignity of man is one of the many treasures received from Christ. In a pre-Christian world, even in a Greek and Roman world, and much more so elsewhere, might was right. There were a few philosophers who escaped this universal error, but their voice was a whisper in the overwhelming roar of oppression, slavery and hate. But with Christ

things became different. All men, every man, was held precious. This was basic in His teachings. Slave and poor were immediately admitted on equal footing with ruler and rich. St. Paul summed up this Christian position in his letter to the Colossians (3, 11) when he described Christ's following: "Where there is neither Gentile nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free. But Christ is all and in all."

And this teaching of Christ concerning the worth of the individual as a man, His Church maintained through century after century, opposing the power of tyrants, the deepest lusts of the human heart, the fierce resistance of cruelty, greed, pride. The battle was not always a victory, but the IDEA never died.

Joseph Leighton, Professor of Philosophy at Ohio State University declares that the Medieval Church aimed to put morality and refinement into the world and to a large degree succeeded by "infusing it with the sense of the inalienable worth of the human soul." And by infusing it with this spirit the Church infused that same world with the spirit that in our times has given birth to the United Nations.

And Professor Arthur Hadley of Yale University says: "Not only was the Church of the Middle ages the most democratic institution of Europe, but the ideals of the Church had taught men to exercise the sort of liberty which makes democracy possible." And the sort of liberty that made the United Nations possible.

And it was this spirit which the scholastic philosophers analyzed and proposed as a system of political science, and which was taken over and incorporated into the constitutions of our modern democracies. Thus it is that Walter Lippman the political philosopher says:

"The liberties we talk about defending today were established by men who took their conception of man from the great central tradition of Western civilization, and the liberties we inherit can almost certainly not survive the abandonment of that tradition." And what is this conception of man, and what is this great central tradition of Western Civilization? This concept is the Catholic concept that man was singled out among the creatures of God and given a unique dignity, that he is the possessor of inalienable rights and is bound by corresponding obligations before the tribunal of his own conscience which is the voice of God. And the central tradition which was the vehicle of this concept was Catholicity.

The United Nations are not conceived primarily to keep armies idle, food cheap, money safe, men housed, life secure and pleasant. Those purposes are good and desirable, but they are secondary. The United Nations, as they themselves insist in their Declaration of Human Rights, have for a

task to create a world in which men will live in a manner worthy of their high dignity. This means, of course, creating material conditions in which such a life is possible, but it means first of all recognizing the dignity itself.

And therefore the appropriateness of a United Nations celebration in a Church, before the altar of God. For the dignity of man is precisely in this, that he possesses a peculiar, a unique relation to God.

If the purpose of the United Nations Week was to arouse the interest of all the citizens of the world, then most appropriately authorities undertook to do this in a Catholic Church. There, if any place, men will recall the bond of unity by which human beings throughout the world are members of a great family, because children of the same God, endowed by Him with the same rights and obligations, all brothers in Jesus Christ.

And in a Catholic Church, if anywhere, men will remember that the United Nations in their preoccupation with the oppressed are but voicing Christ's love and respect for the individual, and have received inspiration from Him, though perhaps unaware of the impulse.

Only one thing is regrettable, that the United Nations, which in so many things are carrying on work begun by Christ and under the inspiration of principles established by Christ, have no place in their deliberations for the person of Christ.

The United Nations have gone a long way. They will succeed only if they go all the way. St. Paul, as mentioned above, described the Christian life as one: "where there is neither Gentile nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free. But Christ is all and in all."

The United Nations have accepted part of that definition by espousing the equal dignity of men, of all men, "nor Gentile nor Jew" "nor bond nor free." It only remains for them to accept the rest: all men equal in dignity, in rights, in peace because "Christ is all and in all."



TOO BUSY

He worked so hard before the feast
 The Christmas profits reaping,
 He had no time to think of Christ
 And spent the feast day sleeping.

L. M. H.

Christmas in the Home

In every Christmas home there should be certain definite ways of preparing for Christmas. The members of the families should work together for the spiritual welfare of one another, and one of the easiest and most appealing ways of doing this is by uniting in common, external observances of the season of Advent. Among such observances, the following three are recommended to all.

1. Special family prayers during Advent. This would be a good time to start the family rosary, if it had not been the custom throughout the year. In reciting the rosary during Advent, the joyful mysteries should be used. If it is a daily custom to say the family rosary in the home, the litany of the Blessed Virgin may be added just for the four weeks preceding Christmas. It will help the family to think of Christmas if a little altar is prepared in the home, with statues of the Blessed Mother and St. Joseph enshrined, before which the prayers are said.

2. Special practices of self-denial. For example, all members of the family can agree to do without dessert on three days of the week. Or all can agree to give up candy, or eating between meals, or staying away from movies, dances,

etc. during Advent. The important thing is that something be chosen as a penance that can be agreed on by all, so that it is a family affair, and not something adopted separately by each individual.

3. Special gifts to the poor. Christmas has, throughout the ages, been a reminder of the great blessing attached to giving to the poor. If an Advent altar is prepared in the home, a box may be placed upon it into which each member of the family is encouraged to drop a coin now and then, destined for the poor. Even very small children may be given coins for little chores done, with the urging that they place them in the family poor box. Then shortly before Christmas the sum gathered may be handed over to an organization that works for the poor, or used to provide something needed by a poor family.

Children brought up in a home that thus prepares for Christmas will never lose their awareness of the spiritual significance of the feast. And older members of families will possess far greater and deeper joy on Christmas day if they have thus awaited the renewed coming of Christ. (Liguorian).

The Last Letter To St. Francis Xavier

by Rev. Francis X. Clark, S. J.

The purpose of this article is merely to reproduce the exact words of St. Ignatius Loyola in his last letter to St. Francis Xavier on June 28, 1553.

However, the letter cannot be understood unless a few historical details are first explained. Only then can one see why St. Ignatius wrote the letter, and what he means throughout it.

In previous correspondence from India and Japan, St. Francis Xavier had explained to St. Ignatius two main points:—the kind of missionaries needed for the work, and his plan to go to China. For in his travels throughout the Far East, Francis Xavier had observed what kind of men made the best missionaries, and now they should be prepared before leaving Europe for India. Further, the voyage to China seemed necessary, since he could see no way of converting the Japanese unless the Chinese were first brought to Christ.

In Rome, on the other hand, Ignatius had his own difficulties. After

reading Xavier's letters on the type of missionaries needed, he could see only one solution. Xavier himself should return to Europe for a while, explain in complete detail, and choose the missionaries himself.

Then there was another very important point. Ignatius knew from first hand experience that the King of Portugal and the Apostolic See needed to be much better informed on the situation in the Orient, before they could be expected to give their maximum cooperation to the work of Xavier. Single letters a year or two apart were not enough to enlighten them on conditions, nor to move them to carry out what was best for the work of the Missions.

So on June 28th, 1553, not long after he had received Xavier's letter about going to China, Ignatius, maturely considering the whole panorama from Rome through Portugal to the Indies and beyond, realized that the many problems could be settled only by bringing Xavier back to Europe for a time. At least once be-

fore, about the beginning of 1549, Ignatius had planned the same move. Now he actually sends the command.

Here translated from the original Spanish, is the letter which he wrote:

"May the abundant grace and love eternal of Christ Our Lord always help and favor us.

Most Dear Brother in Our Lord:

We have received here your letters of January 28, 1552 later than we should have, because of the difficulty of travel from Portugal to Rome; and for this reason you will not have had a reply as quickly as I would wish. We understand that God Our Lord has opened the door for the preaching of His gospel and for the conversion of the people in Japan and China by your ministry, and we are greatly consoled in His divine majesty, hoping that the knowledge of Him and His glory may every day be further extended, and among people who can perpetuate and carry forward with the divine favor what they have acquired.

It has likewise seemed to me the proper thing that you have sent there and to China Master Gaspar and others. And if you yourself have already gone to China (where you say you are thinking of going, if things in India do not prevent you), that also I will approve, since I am persuaded that it is the Eternal Wisdom that is guiding you. All the same, as far as the situation can be understood from here, I judge God Our Lord will be better served in you if you will have remained in India,

sending others and directing them, that they may do what you would have to do; for in this way you will accomplish in many places what you yourself would do in only one.

Still more I say: considering the greater service of God Our Lord and the help of souls in those regions, and how much their good depends on Portugal, I have determined to command you in virtue of holy obedience that, in the midst of your many journeys, you now make this journey to Portugal at the first opportunity of good passage. And this I command in the name of Christ Our Lord, though it be to return promptly to India.

And that you can inform those who might wish to detain you there for the good of the Indies, I will tell you the reasons that move me to this decision, as I view the situation from here and consider likewise the good of the Indies themselves.

First, you know how important for the conservation and growth of Christianity in those regions and in Guinea and Brazil is the good order which the King of Portugal can give from his kingdom. And a prince with such Christian desires and holy intentions as the King of Portugal, once informed by one who from experience knows conditions out there as well as you do, you can well think he will be moved to do many things for the service of God Our Lord and the help of those regions, for which you will be the representative before him.

Secondly, it is important that the

Apostolic See should have certain and complete information about conditions in the Indies, and from a person in whom it has full confidence. Thus proper provision may be made for spiritual things, necessary or very important for the good of this new Christian settlement and of the old Christians who live in it. Now once again you would be more suited for this task than any of the others, because of the knowledge which you have and the knowledge which others have of you.

Likewise, you know how important it is for the good of the Indies that the men who are sent there be fitted for the work to be accomplished in various places. Now for this your coming to Portugal and here would help much. For not only would many more be moved to desire to go there, but even among those who are moved you would see who are fit to go and who not; who would be suited for one place, who for another. And to hit the mark in this selection, you yourself judge if it is important. All that you write from there is not enough for us here to understand, if you yourself—or someone who like you knows conditions—do not actually treat with and know those who have to be sent.

In addition to all these reasons, all of which are for the good of India, I think you would incline the King toward the undertaking in Ethiopia, which for so many years now is ready to be carried out as far as

our part goes, and yet no result is seen. Likewise, from Portugal you could help no little the affairs of the Congo and Brazil, which you cannot do from India, since communication is lacking. And if it seems to you that your presence is important for governing there, you will be able to govern no less from Portugal than from Japan or China; in fact, much better. So, seeing that you have already been absent for longer periods, take this leave now. Leave there the Rectors whom you judge best, and one who will have universal charge of all there, with the consultors whom you think suited, and God Our Lord will be with them.

For other things I refer you to Master Polanco. From my heart recommending myself much to your prayers, I beg the divine goodness to give to all his plentiful grace that we may always perceive His most holy will and fulfill it perfectly.

From Rome, June 28, 1553.

Once arrived in Portugal, you will be at the obedience of the King for whatever disposition he will make of your person to the glory of God Our Lord.

Totally yours in Our Lord,

IGNATIUS.

Francis, of course, never received this letter. Some seven months previous to this very day on which Ignatius was writing, as Francis waited desperately on Sancian for the vessel that would carry him to China, God Himself had summoned him Home.



ON SANCTITY

by Alice V. Guerrero

Have you ever contemplated on the meaning of the word sanctity? It has a deep significance.

A host of people, heroes and heroines of God, have lived and left the earth leaving the fragrance and benediction of their sanctity. And it is from their lives that we may derive and sum up the meaning of the word.

The word sanctity implies holiness and perfection, the end and aim of our existence.

Sanctity sinks its roots in the very foundations and depths of the soul. Sanctity is deep, not shallow; it is clear and pure, not vague. And because it is deep, it is also lasting for it pervades the whole lifetime of the individual. Sanctity is not a spark

or the glow of an ember that dies in a moment, but it is a flame so powerful that it sets the soul and heart on fire.

Sanctity governs the whole individual, every faculty of his—the mind, the will, and the heart, the seat of emotions.

Sanctity is the clasped, folded hands of one deep in prayer and not the fists that clench with hatred.

Love is its base and foundation for it is the love of God which makes it bloom and blossom into it. Thus, we conclude that sanctity is spiritual perfection founded in the love of Christ.

But if we wish to grasp the entire meaning of the word, we must first catch a glimpse of Heaven.



"Joe, did you hear Eleo snoring in church this morning during the sermon? It was simply shameful, ain't it?"

"Yes, yes, I did—it woke me up."

* * *

A vain young clergyman asked an old man how he enjoyed his sermon.

"I like one passage at the end very much," said the old man.

"Which was that?" he asked.

"The one from the pulpit to the vestry," said the old man.

"We never miss the sunshine, until
the shadows fall,
We ne'er regret the bitter words, till
past beyond recall." (Rome)

Sunshine and Shadows

by Marie Aurora B. Agustines



When Bert alighted from the bus, it was raining. He drew his rain-coat closer to himself and headed towards the gate across the street. Overhead, the trees that bordered the side-walks fluttered wildly in the wind. He pushed the little gate and scurried up the garden path to the porch. Except for a light from one of the upper windows, the house was dark. Bert wondered grimly if Nina had decided to let matters go this far. He fumbled in his pocket for the door-key. The street lamp shimmering through the slanting rain cast gloomy streaks on the porch wall. He slid the key into the hole; it refused to turn. He turned the door-knob. To his surprise, it yielded.

The hall was dark. No light came from the kitchen. So Nina had decided to go home to her mother, taking the children with her and forgetting to lock the door. Well, okay, Nina. It's my fault anyway Bert thought wearily.

It was his fault—mostly his fault—that they had plunged into a

most bitter quarrel. And it would not have started had he been more careful and Nina had held her tongue. But they were both angry. For almost a week now, they had been discussing Lulu's going to school. The matter had almost been settled.

"Mother said we should wait for another year," Bert had remarked last night after Nina had come down from the children's bedroom.

"But Bert, Lulu is already six. And she's such a bright child."

"She said 'twould not be good for her to start for school so young."

"Did you tell her I began when I was five?"

Bert nodded. "Do you know what she said? 'Of course, Adelina was a clever child at her age. But I think Lulu took after her father who is a long way from his wife when it comes to cleverness.'" Bert had repeated his mother's words even to a biting tone.

Nina had flushed. A deadly silence had fallen on the room. When

she spoke, her voice cut coldly. "Will you tell your mother that I can get along very well without her nice little dictations? Both of us will be much happier if she keeps that tongue of hers where it belongs. . ."

"Nina!"

After that had rumbled a barrage of bitter words. They flung at each other one cutting remark after another. When they went to bed, Bert knew they would spend a sleepless night. He was miserable. Of course Nina was to blame too. Her language stung. But it was mostly his fault. He knew only too well that his mother never liked Nina.

Nina and he had been married for eight years now. Yet his mother had always looked with acidness at Nina. Perhaps because she was afraid Nina might be the kind who would boss him. Nina's father was formerly governor of Zambales. Bert had tried to convince his mother that she was wrong. But she would not listen to him.

Bert switched on the lamp. Warm light flooded the room. He tiptoed up the stairs. A faint glimmer of light came from the bedroom.

"Nina. . ." he called uncertainly. She might not be in there after all. She might have left the light on purpose. "Nina." He repeated softly. He wanted to add, I'm sorry, Nina, sorry for being a fool". . . Outside, the rain pattered and the trees rustled in the wind.

For a moment Bert stood before the closed door. Slowly he turned

the knob. A muffled voice trailed out. "Bert. . .?" Nina was in bed. Her face even in the shadows looked pale. Instantly Bert was sorry, sorry for his own thoughts. He wanted to kick himself for mentally accusing her of running home to her mother.

Bert turned on the lamp nearest the bed. The soft light fell directly on Nina's face. The blue veins shone out dangerously on one side of her white brow. "Bert." There was an ominous gasp in her voice. Then Bert realized. Her old illness.

Bert dashed downstairs. Frantically he dialed first for Dr. Gonzalez who lived on the next street, then for Nina's mother. He wanted to call his own mother. But on second thought, he decided to wait. A number of questions raced through his mind: Where are the children? What has happened to everybody? Why did nobody call me up at the office?

When Nina's mother arrived, he felt relieved at least about the children. Nina's mother had gone to the house earlier in the afternoon. She had taken Lulu and four year-old Carmencita and little Bertie, Jr. with her home.

Bert wearily trudged up the garden path leading to the back of the house. He had been at the hospital. He was worried about everything. He was worried about Nina. She seemed to be going down. And he was worried about the children. For the past week, they had been with Bert's mother. Nina had wanted it that

way. When he had brought her to the hospital, she had asked that the children be sent to his mother. Bert was worried especially of little Bertie who was barely ten months. And Lulu and Carmencita might be crying at night. Nina had been at the hospital eight days now. She had had two other attacks since that day she had been first brought there. The last one had been more damaging. It had weakened her considerably.

Bert slid the key into the hole. The door yielded easily. He turned on the light in the kitchen. Slowly he filled the water-pot halfway and set it over the range. He had not taken one square meal these past days. He had been too worried to realize that.

He settled down on the kitchen table and waited. The silence of the empty house almost frightened him. He looked about him. The kitchen was very orderly although dusty. Of course it must be dusty. No one had run a wet rag across the cupboard or the kitchen table or the window sills this past week. But everything was in its right place.

Pitiful that he had never noted these things before. And the other little things that Nina did. The tidy, the orderly, the marvelous way in which she had managed this house, their home. Bert shook his head regretfully.

When Nina was well, each morning his clothes were hanging by the bed, neatly pressed, ready to be put on. Each afternoon, he'd come

home to find Nina standing by the front door and the two little girls sitting on the porch-steps, waiting for him. In the evening, he'd sit down to a carefully prepared supper where the soup was just warm enough to soothe a tired man, where the slices of meat were just as tender as he would have wanted them to be. At night, he'd rest his tired body on a bed that seemed to be made up of nothing but warm sheets and soft pillows.

Yet he never let Nina know that he cared for the little, thoughtful things that she did. They were here. That was all. He never gave them a second thought. And now, when Nina was away, he remembered. He missed her. He missed the children. Now, when it was almost too late...

Bert rose when the water-pot began to hiss. Gingerly, he lifted the cover. It went down again with a clatter as he let go. It scorched the tender skin of his inexperienced hand.

The phone rang. Its persistent clamor resounded eerily through the quiet house. Bert dashed to the little room near the stair. When he heard the clear, feminine voice at the other end of the line, his heart sank.

"Mr. Alberto Perez?"

"Yes...?"

"This is the hospital. Will you come immediately?"

Bert knew. Another attack. In a quarter of an hour, he was at the hospital. When he saw Nina's thin, pale face, he was frozen. He was scarcely aware of the white-

garbed figures moving noiselessly about.

An hour later, Nina was resting. She was very weak. "Bert," she whispered almost inaudibly. "the children..."

"They are with Mother. Don't talk now, Nina. You must rest."

She seemed to obey. She was very tired. But after a while, she turned again towards Bert. "Let the children stay with her."

Again she fell silent. For a long time, she gazed at the crucifix hanging on the blue wall opposite the bed. "One more, and I might have to go..."

"Don't say that."

"I want the children to love her. That's why I want them to stay with her."

Bert could not speak. He was bewildered. It was the first time Nina ever talked that way.

"I'm sorry, Bert, that she does not like me. I'm sorry for what I said that night..." She could not go on. Two tears trickled down her white cheeks.

Bert took Nina's hand. He wanted to cry too. He wanted to bury his face into the white sheets and cry. He knew Nina was referring to that quarrel of many nights before. Somehow, wordlessly, silently, they had forgiven each other for that unfortunate affair. He knew that that quarrel accounted a great deal for Nina's illness.

She loved Bert and it hurt her terribly to think that his own mother should ultimately be the cause of

their quarrel. She wanted to love Bert's mother but the older woman was making it very difficult for her to do so. And that was very painful for her.

During the following weeks, Bert found it almost impossible to stay in the house. He was filled with a terrible loneliness that tried to press him down. Standing on the hall, he'd remember the sound of tiny footsteps, the gurgle of baby laughter, Nina's voice calling from the kitchen.

But no, they were not there. Instead, the hollowness and the grim silence of the empty house stunned him like a sharp blow. And yet, before he had never given these little things a second thought. Now, when the children were gone and Nina was sick almost to death, he'd remember... **It is pitiful when a man has reached that stage where he takes everything for granted, when he becomes carelessly, almost cruelly indifferent. Then, when it is almost too late...** The tiny footsteps, the baby laughter, the soft voice... they might never be here again if... if...

But Bert checked his thoughts. Instead he prayed as he had never prayed before, "Let her live. Let Nina live. Give her back to us..."

Nina stayed at the hospital for four weeks. Bert spent all his free hours with her. He had wanted to get a leave from the office but Nina did not want him to. The children went regularly to the hospital. Be-

cause he could no longer bear staying in the house, he finally decided to lock it up. It had become a dark and dusty and silent place. He stayed most of the time at the hospital.

The day Nina left the hospital, the house became alive again. At first, although Bert wanted very much to take the children back home, he was reluctant to do it. Nina might have a relapse with three lively little people around. But Nina would not listen to him. She was really well, she told Bert.

The first afternoon Nina was home, they gathered in the living room. Bert realized—not without a strange feeling he could not very well name—that indeed they made an ideal picture. Bert and Nina on their chairs. Lulu perched on the piano stool, trying to dish out stumbling, uncertain notes from the piano. Her tiny fingers could barely cover six keys at a time. Carmencita, trying vainly and with all her baby ingenuity to follow Lulu from one end of the piano. Little Bertie, Jr. was lying on a mat laid out temporarily on the linoleum. He was vigorously shaking a rattler in his chubby little hands, all the while exhibiting his two precious teeth. They made a nice family picture.

"Mother, Grandma loves you." Lulu suddenly turned from the piano and fixed her dark, round eyes at Nina.

Nina tried to conceal the puzzlement slowly appearing in her face. For her, that was a startling piece

of revelation, the most startling she had ever received. Lulu was so unpredictable sometimes. Bert smiled at Nina.

The doorbell rang. Bert rose and headed towards the door. "Wait here, Nina. I'll go and see." Faint sounds of voices trailed from the porch. After a while, Bert came back into the room. He was carrying something wrapped in paper and cellophane. "For you." He handed the mysterious gift to Nina with a boyish wink in his eye.

Flowers! Nina was more puzzled—although she tried to hide it—as she took off the white paper and beheld an assortment of colors.

"But Bert, who...?"

"Go on, you'll find out."

As Nina tilted the bouquet, a small envelope wedged between the flower stems fell out. It was a get-well-very-soon card.

"Oh Bert, from your mother." Bert nodded. "But I thought you told me she'll leave for the province this afternoon." Bert nodded again Nina fumbled for the piece of paper inserted in the card. A letter from his mother...! Her eyes moved swiftly.

My dear Nina,

Will you forgive an old woman who is your mother and yet has never been like one to you? When the children were with me, I learned many things I had never known before. I found out that the Nina Bert married is not after all the snobbish and arrogant person I thought her to be. She is will-

ing to entrust her children to her mother-in-law who had never been friendly towards her. And the children, too. Such little angels. I told myself they cannot possibly be the children of a selfish and domineering woman. I don't know why I should know this only now. It's eight years now, isn't it? Perhaps it's because from the very start I refused to know you then. I realize now I was doing you a terrible wrong, Nina. Will you forgive me?

The letter was signed 'Mother'. It was brief and direct.

Nina's eyes filled. It was the very first time that Bert's mother called her 'Nina'. As though trying to show her that she must not expect love or friendliness from her, his mother had always persisted in calling her 'Adelina'.

Now she understood what Lulu was trying to tell her a few minutes before. Her simple and seemingly insignificant act of letting the children stay with Bert's mother had melted the iciness in the older woman's heart. She finally let down the barrier of unfriendliness she had set up between herself and Nina.

After all, Nina's illness was not all nightmare. She would never want to be ill again. She would avoid being ill. But her twenty-seven days at the hospital were not, after all, all agony. Her illness somehow helped to open a pair of eyes which had been closed during these past eight or nine years.

In fact, it helped open two pairs of eyes. But of course, Nina could not know that yet, because the other pair belonged to Bert.



"You smoke how many cigars a day?"

"About ten."

"What do they cost you?"

"Twenty cents a piece."

"My, that's two dollars a day. How long have you been smoking?"

"Thirty years."

"Two dollars a day for thirty years is a lot of money."

"Yes, indeed, it is."

"Do you see that office building?"

"Yes."

"If you had never smoked in your life you might own that fine big building."

"Do you smoke?"

"No, never did."

"Do you own that building?"

"No."

"Well, I do. . . Smoke?"

Better Harvests from Soil Tests

by **Hadley Reed**

From *Farm Quarterly*
Courtesy of USIS

Farmers in the United States, particularly those in the midwestern agricultural State of Illinois, are receiving more practical help and are getting better harvests every year as a result of scientific soil tests carried out by soil specialists. Since the Illinois system of soil testing is one of the oldest and best in the United States, a description of how it functions will illustrate how the procedure can be of help to farmers everywhere.

The State of Illinois now has soil-testing laboratories, owned and financed by the farmers they serve, in more than four-fifths of its counties. Most of the remaining counties are served by the existing laboratories. The first country laboratory was established in 1944. Before that time, soil scientists of the College of Agriculture of the University of Illinois had conducted extensive soil-testing experiments and had amassed information for the use of farmers for many years. Since 1944, some 4,000,000 acres of Illinois farm land have been tested to determine needs for limestone, phosphate, and potash.

In addition, the University's laboratory, which guides the soil-testing program, has tested an additional 500,000 acres.

These tests have resulted in a well-rounded program which is recommended to farmers interested in increasing the productivity of their land. This "Illinois System of Permanent Soil Fertility" emphasizes five steps, the first of which is the actual testing of all fields to determine their needs for lime, phosphate, and potash. There has not yet been developed a soil test for nitrogen which can be interpreted practically.

The second step, naturally, is the application of the minerals needed in the amounts indicated by results of the test. A third step is the growing of clover, alfalfa, or other legumes and legume-grass combinations on each field regularly to supply nitrogen and organic matter and to help control erosion. Returning to the land the fertility contained in manure, straw, cornstalks, and other crop rubbish to supply organic matter and to conserve plant food is the fourth step. The fifth step is erosion control on

sloping land by crop rotation, contour plowing, terracing, strip cropping, and other practices designed to hold the fertility of the soil.

In essence the Illinois program is designed to increase and maintain the fertility of the whole top soil. It is successful because it has been developed by practical research men working directly with the farmer. Thus, the program is one which the farmer can use and of which he can readily determine the value to his own land.

"No one person can take credit for the system in Illinois," says Dr. W. L. Burlington of the University of Illinois. "Certainly the foundation was laid down by Cyril G. Hopkins at the beginning of the century. In those years Hopkins traveled all over the State of Illinois urging farmers to apply limestone and rock phosphate to their depleted soils. Since Hopkins' time we have emphasized the need for feeding the soil and letting the soil feed the crop."

The experience of Merlin Shike, a young farmer who had his soil tested in 1946, shows how the soil fertility program functions. Mr. Shike had been getting yields below what he thought he should from his fields. After the soil test was made and he had begun to put into use the program recommended for his farm, his yields increased, some more than 100 percent.

The first step in the test is for the farmer or a representative of the soil-testing laboratory to take samples of the earth. These samples are col-

lected from various spots so that all areas of a field will be represented. The ground is scraped clean of surface litter and several bits of earth are collected and mixed thoroughly. Usually 11 samples are taken for a 40-acre farm. Mr. Shike owns 167 acres, so 45 samples were taken from his farm.

The samples of earth are tested by experienced and qualified soil technicians, and the results of the tests are checked. Then maps of the farm are prepared. Mr. Shike received three maps, each showing needs of his land for one of the fertilizing minerals. In accordance with the showings of his maps as to the amounts of each fertilizer needed he rearranged his farm into eight fields and established an eight-year rotation plan. Under the rotation plan some of his fields are being planted to legumes each year and he has scheduled the application of limestone, rock phosphate, and potash to the areas needing them so that the best results consistent with his needs can be obtained. In general, the application of limestone or rock phosphate provides the soil with material which it will use for a period of 10 years. In making recommendations for the use of fertilizer the soil scientist, of course, takes into consideration recent applications which may have been made.

Cost of making soil tests is moderate particularly in the county laboratories owned by the farmers themselves. Usually this cost is more than offset by the first year's in-

creased yield when the recommendations of the soil tester and the county extension agent or farm advisor are followed. Cost of the fertilizers is, of course, greater, but increased yields soon offset this cost also.

The Illinois program has been outstandingly successful. While much of the informational material collected by the University of Illinois would not be applicable to soils in other latitudes and countries, nevertheless the work done there can be used as a guide by agriculturists anywhere. The first necessity for a successful soil-testing program is the collection of information about soil types and histories in the area where such a program is to be started. Then test-

ing facilities must be installed. Some of the tests are quite simple, but all need to be supervised by thoroughly competent and trained technicians who can turn the results of their testing into practical plans for soil improvement.

The increasing use of soil-testing practices by farmers interested both in improving their crops and in maintaining the fertility of their farm lands is evidence that the tests, when followed by constructive action, are of great value. Pioneers of soil testing look forward to a day when every farmer, no matter where his land may be; will be able to have such service.



SONG OF THE STUBBORN

Christmas is a stable
 For shepherds and their kin;
 We're wise and rich and cultured—
 We won't go in.

Christmas is a Saviour
 Fair of face and limb,
 Whose end will be a gibbet—
 We don't need Him.

Christmas is a doorway
 For all who, bending low,
 Would find the happy kingdom—
 Heaven?—We won't go.

L. F. Hyland

THINKING WITH GOD

by Francis P. LeBuffe, S. J.

O God who in Your mercy sanctified the house of the Blessed Virgin Mary by the mystery of the Word-made-flesh, and miraculously placed it in the very bosom of the Church, grant that withdrawn away from the dwelling-places of sinners, we may become worthy dwellers in Your holy house.—Collect of Feast of the Holy House of Loretto, Dec. 10.

Of God—

who dwells beyond all space...
 who dwells within all space...
 who once dwelt in the holy house itself...

In Your mercy—

mercifully becoming man...
 mercifully becoming Mary's Son...
 mercifully dwelling in a simple house...

Sanctified the house of the Blessed Virgin Mary by the mystery of the Word-made-flesh—

there the Angel saluted her...
 there Mary's question was answered...
 there Mary said her "Let it be done"...
 there the Word became flesh...
 there the infant Jesus grew...
 there the boy Jesus played...
 there the carpenter Jesus worked...

Miraculously placed it in the very bosom of the Church—

where many pilgrims show their love of Mother Mary...
 where Mother Mary shows her love to many souls...

Withdrawn away from the dwelling-places of sinners—

avoiding the friendship of those whose influence is harmful to us...
 shunning the homes of those whose ways are bad...
 never entering places of sordid amusement...

We may become worthy dwellers in Your Holy house—

hereafter, in the holy house of Heaven...

now—

in the holy house of the Catholic Church which is the true Church
of God . . .

in the holy house of our parish Church or Convent Chapel where
Christ dwells sacramentally . . .

Dear Mother Mary I should have liked to have lived with Jesus and
you and Joseph at Nazareth. Yet I have a chance to live with you for
all eternity. But that will be my happy privilege only if I avoid sin here,
and try to be more and more like you. Please ask your Son to give me
the grace to be so.



SILENT CREATION

Antonio Ledesma, S. J.

*Once more creation spins in silent night,
As long ago before the cascades roared:
Before Spring dressed her fields in scented rite,
When earth was Wordless still and sought a Lord.
God spoke to silent orbs: "Let there be light!"
And fleets of flaming stars swift-winged in flight.
Tonight the hill-fires smoulder in smothered cracks,
As tight-lipped gorges muffle the spurting spring;
And downy grass soft-pillows a donkey's tracks
Beneath numbed cypress trees that mutely swing.*

*God spoke: "This day have I begotten Thee!"
And Virgin Silence heard and bent her knee.
Amidst the noisy streets where sin is schemed,
We offer You our passion-pinioned heart
This inless night: a world where chaos teemed,
Now a silent cave awaiting Joseph's cart.
Create Your Light in darkened hearts this night!
Breathe forth Your Word Whom silent hearts invite!*



RECKLESS DRIVING

Mates who drive with one hand are headed for the church aisle.
Some will walk down it; some will be carried.



Dear Miss Marlene,

Is it proper for a girl to answer a friendly message of a new boy-acquaintance?

A young man whom I met at a friend's party seems to possess the qualities of my ideal man... He wrote me a friendly letter but I did not answer it thinking that it is improper to do so. Now he no longer writes me and I miss him. I can not enjoy parties when he is not around. Is this what you call love?

Solitaire

Answer:

There is nothing wrong in answering a new boy-acquaintance's letter as long you maintain the reserve that is expected of a young lady. You hardly know him yet. Why not ask him to drop at your place instead of writing letters? You could discreetly tell him that in your letter. You will then be able to judge him better.

Dear Miss Marlene,

I am eighteen years of age. Since I was sixteen a spark of love has developed in the core of my being, a love that has for an object a co-ed of mine, a girl of beauty and brains, who also is on her teens. Later I got the occasion to sit beside her in our class. She then told me that we are too young to love. Instead she promised that she would open her heart to me two years later. But I retorted with a similitude saying that as we need to strengthen the budding plants in our fields lest they wither, so also we have to water and strengthen that natural feeling of man even from its very start in the fields of our heart, lest it bend to one side, insanity, or to the other, disgust. But she has not believed me and I am greatly puzzled.

Fond Lover

Answer:

And aren't you really still too young for these affairs? Regarding the "strengthening of the budding plants," there's nothing to strengthen as no

budding plant has cropped up yet. The girl has made that clear to you. Better wait for a couple of years more. Then she'll "open her heart" to you. Probably.

Dear Miss Marlene,

I have a friend with whom I fell in love, and after several months got engaged to him. He is at present studying at a university and writes me three times a month. He writes also to another girl friend of his twice a month, and he told me not to let the green-eyed monster get into my heart.

I really love him, but what is the correct way in which to avoid meeting and talking to him when he comes home for vacation?

Greatly Puzzled.

Answer:

I suggest that you tell him "Pete, make up your mind!"

It would not be green-eyed jealousy, but just plain common sense to tell that fellow, "We're not engaged anymore; we're only friends until you prove yourself."

Evidently he's just been a two-timer so far.

Dear Miss Marlene,

1) Is it bad to have your picture taken when there are only three of you? What is the effect?

2) If the sacred Host sticks to the roof of the mouth after receiving Holy Communion is it a sign that we have committed many sins which are not forgiven?

3) Is it true that if you dream of somebody, he is thinking of you?

4) If you dream that you are in white is it true that you will remain a spinster or that you will die soon?

5) Is it true that if you dream that you are taking a bath you will catch cold and be sick?

6) Is it true that all dreams come true?

7) Is it true that all first loves are bound to break up in the future? This was told to me by an old woman.

Answer:

1) A lot of pictures have been taken with three people in it. The effect: Three people in a nice picture. Nothing more.

2) Read your catechism on sin and the Holy Eucharist.

3) A lot of people have dreamt of persons who were incapable of doing any thinking at the moment.

4) A friend of mine dreamt that she was in white. She now has a string of children and is reaching a ripe old age.

5) Maybe it is just the sub-conscious telling you that you need a bath badly.

6) If they did I should be a millionaire now. I dreamt I won the sweepstakes every time there was one.

7) Some break up, some don't. The old woman is just warning you not to rely on first loves, until they are confirmed by a few months of observation of each other's character and habits.

Dear Miss Marlene,

I am a girl of 19 and at present a third year high school student in a Catholic institution. For almost three years now, I have been engaged to a man who is at present second year in commerce in a local university in Manila. He is 24 years old, intelligent, good, and understanding. We both love each other.

All my brothers, sisters and including my mother like him. But my father seems to disapprove of him because he is poorer than we are. So in order to please my father I broke my engagement with him. I even told him that I don't like to see him again, or rather not to meet me anymore. Finally, he happened to know the real cause of it. He told my friends that he still loves me as he knows that I do love him too.

And now, our family is intending to transfer to a far place this coming summer vacation. If I will go with the family then, I will never see him anymore. I really love him. Is it right to go with him before that time comes, when our family will go to the said far place? Is he a good life partner?

Bonny Bones

Answer:

Don't desert your family for that reason. The man is still a student and not able to support you. You could request one of his confidential friends to ask him to correspond with you. You may then get to know whether he is a good life partner or not. I can't tell it from your letter alone.

Dear Miss Marlene,

I am 20 years old. Two years ago I met a likeable young man who is a devout Catholic. We have now fallen in love with each other and my family has no objection with him.

Now this man has joined a newly formed praesidium of the Legion of Mary which is exclusively for men. I am also a legionary myself and we

sometimes meet in the church during our meetings and other legion gatherings. I am ashamed to let other legionaries know that we are in love with each other.

Is it good to love a fellow legionary? Should I resign from the legion and stop seeing him? He joined the legion despite the fact that I told him that I would be ashamed should the other legionaries find out our relationships.

B. B. A.

Answer:

There is nothing wrong with falling in love with a fellow legionary. Since he is now a member of the legion talk to him nicely and tell him that you would prefer that he refrain from showing any signs of affection at gatherings and meetings. If he really cares for your feelings he will accede to your request. If he persists, an attitude of silence on your part will bring him back to his senses.

Dear Miss Marlene,

I am a young man of 19 and a second year college student. I fell in love with a kind and very understanding girl with whom I later became engaged.

Last year I attended a retreat held in our school. The retreat master spoke about saving souls and that our country needs more priests. I really desire to enter a religious order and my parents consented to this. But they do not know that I am engaged to a girl. What will I do now, tell my sweetheart of my plans or tell my parents of my engagement? I want really to save souls for Christ.

Jim

Answer:

You have a noble motive for entering the religious life. Remember what Christ once said: "He who shall leave father and mother, brother and sister, friends and land for My name's sake shall receive reward a hundred fold"? That applies to sweethearts too.

Dear Miss Marlene,

I am a young lady of 18 and last vacation a friend of my brother wrote me a friendly letter and he asked me to answer him. But a year has now passed and I have not answered him. Now I would like to be friendly with him. Should I write him a letter?

The other year I was invited to a party by my auntie and was introduced to a handsome young man. He took me as his partner and he danced with me.

At another party we met again but this time he did not dance with me. Last year I was chosen as a queen in Iloilo and he happened to be my consort. But after the fiesta we met at a dance but he did not take me

again as his partner. Is there something wrong with me? How can I show him that I would like to be friendly with him?

Mary Ann

Answer:

Regarding your first question, better not answer him after such a long time has elapsed. You are liable to be embarrassed. If you care to meet him ask someone to introduce him to you at a gathering and there you may be able to explain why you failed to write, that is, if he mentions about the letter. Otherwise silence is golden.

In your second question, something could be the matter with the man. He was your consort and as such he was etiquettely bound to dance with you. Better forget him. He is not worth it.

Or is something the matter with you? Better find that out too. I can't from your letter.

Dear Miss Marlene,

I am planning to give religious articles to my boy-friend. But others have told me that it is a bad omen and will result in misunderstanding between couples.

I would like to give my boy-friend a religious article for a Christmas gift as he is a devout Catholic. I am not superstitious, but when so many people tell me that I am prone to believe them.

Sallie

Answer:

Certainly you are not silly enough to believe that, are you? Let people alone to their own superstitions. Religious articles are a very appropriate gift for Christmas. How about trying to get one of the gifts offered by the CROSS Magazine? Just turn to the back cover.

DEATH WAS A FRIEND

The following descriptions, printed by the New York Times, details the remedies with which King Charles II was treated in his last illness by his physician.

"A pint of blood was extracted from his right arm, and a half-pint from his left shoulder, followed by an emetic, two physics, and enema comprising 15 substances; the royal head was then shaved and a blister raised; then a sneezing powder, more emetics and bleeding, soothing potions, a plaster of pitch and pigeon dung on his feet, potions containing 10 different substances, chiefly herbs, finally 40 drops of extract of human skull, and the application of bezoar stone; after which His Majesty died."

*There's a lot of talk on
secular music but...*

What About Church Music?

by Nicolas Ll. Rose



There are many things in life that we know and experience but which we cannot tell. It is related of St. Augustine that when he was asked on one occasion to define time, he answered he could not define it although he knew very well what it was. To many Catholics, Church music is one of these known but undefinable things. They hear it, like and dislike it, but not say what it is. And there are many others who have the impression that the priest's "Dominus Vobiscum" and the "Amen" of a choir of old men or their singing during a burial service is all the Church music. What an unmelodious music would it be!

But somehow, everybody feels that Church music must be different from the secular; that the latest "song hit" or any love song for that matter cannot be sung in church. For Church music is holy.

Church music is holy, indeed, because it is prayer in melody. Being different from secular music by its very nature, it does not aim at an

earthly effect solely for that effect, but transcends the sphere of the merely artistic to enter the domain of the spirit. Being an integral part of the liturgy, it only aims to glorify God and edify men.

Perhaps we are not aware, but there is a tendency to secularize our church music just as all other fields nowadays. People in church seek to hear that which merely pleases the ear or that which they can enjoy. They dislike Gregorian Chant, because it is not a melody to them. Not unoften, they feel that the "Tantum Ergo" or "O Salutaris" are melodies too cheap for them to sing. They prefer to hear solos that display vocal or instrumental virtuosity.

We should no longer doubt that the profane has already invaded our choir lofts. It has deceived our organists and soloists with its clothing of a sacred text it has stolen from sacred books. Examples of these smuggled secular music are the "Ave Maria's" that we know to be

Schubert's and Bach-Gounod's and which people love to hear during special occasions in church. Explaining the origin of Gounod's "Ave Maria," a Jesuit Father, Fr. Ludwig Bonnin, writes, "Gounod wished to touch the heart of Mademoiselle Philidor and wrote this beautiful contrapuntal melody to Bach's First Prelude with the intent, using as a text for his (love) declaration, two lines of Lamartine. Fearing some difficulty, the young lady's mother substituted the words of the Ave Maria for the burning line of Lamartine. Gounod, when shown this adaptation, realized the value of the setting, re-touched it and adopted it as his own now famous 'Ave Maria'. (Ludwig Bonnin, S. J., CECILIA, May, 1933)

Discovering to us the origin of Schubert's, the editor of the "Cecilia", an American bi-monthly review of Church music, tells us, "In the year 1825 Franz Schubert composed a number of songs from Walter Scott's 'Lady of the Lake' and dedicated them to the Countess Sophie Van Weissenwolf. Among these songs was one entitled 'The Hymn to the Virgin'. Schubert had no intention whatsoever to compose this song for church use. We do not know the individual who first conceived the idea of discarding the lines of Walter Scott and putting the Latin words 'Ave Maria' in their place. At all events we are confronted here with a specimen of secular music being smuggled under false pretense into the Lord's

sanctuary. . . . To be sincere, the publisher ought to say on the title-page: this is one of Schubert's secular songs, fitted out with Latin words."

From these testimonies, indeed, it is clear that these compositions cannot find a place in our churches. Will our soloists be deceived again?

Even the bridal marches—"Lohengrin" and Mendelssohn's—which our organists play when the bride goes up the aisle to meet the groom and when they march down after the ceremonies, are excerpts from operas. Are not our organists aware that the church is not a theater but a holy place of which the reverent should exclaim with Jacob, "How terrible is this place! This is no other but the house of God, and the gate of heaven. ((Gen., xxviii, 17)

The holiness of ecclesiastical music excludes everything profane and secular. It is what makes the sweet melody of Lizts' "Dream of Love" or the dreamy "Beautiful Dreamer" absolutely unfit to clothe the sacred text of the "Panis Angelicus" or "Tantum Ergo". It is this element that makes any melody originally intended for a love declaration totally unworthy to blend with the angelic salutation.

A prelate hit the nail right on the head when he pointed out that the reason why Church music is at such a low ebb in many of our churches is that the distinction between music secular in character and what is truly ecclesiastical is not always ob-

served. All music is not Church music, indeed, although all Church music is music, hence, strictly an art. For it is the sincere expression of truth and beauty. It declares the beauty of holy things. It expresses the Divine truths in its own forceful, meaningful way. It is holiness wedded to melody.

It is this unique character of Church music which explains why some persons who happen to drop in at a chapel of cloistered nuns for benediction are deeply touched, an experience which transcends the mere satisfaction of the hearing. In fact, Mozart, whom not a few music historians consider as the greatest musical genius the world has yet seen, was said to have been so impressed when he heard the preface of the Mass sung that he cried, "I would have been rather the composer of the preface than of all my works!" And a Jew of no mean musical talent, when he heard for the first time the Gregorian Chant, exclaimed, "Most beautiful music I've heard in all my life!"

These remarks are hardly believable to quite many people who have often heard Church music sung unartistically. For what philosophers say "*Optimi corruptio pessima*" (The corruption of the best is the worst) is also true in this case. But this does not mean that Church music is imperfect and to be abhorred. For what is imperfect is the execution and not the thing executed. Here, in-

deed, arises the necessity of forming choirs and training singers able to satisfy the demands of sacred art—an arduous task which is left to our busy pastors and their assistants and which calls for a good deal of goodwill and patience and the monetary element.

There are many parishes that count with good choirs. But there are, unfortunately, more parishes that do not. At the head of our parish choirs are usually laymen called "maestros" or "maestros" who have acquired a knowledge of Church music from experience solely, hence, lack the necessary technical element. The singers, more usually, are women who are all goodwill but who do not necessarily have the qualifications to sing. And what shall we say of some parishes that have a "choir" but which is only staffed with an organist and a singer?

Although today the Church encourages the formation of good choirs, she does not, in any way, discourage congregational singing. On the contrary. For community singing is even more in accordance with the tradition and spirit of the Church whose early members, living a life of an ideal community, prayed together, sincerely loved one another, sang together the same songs that expressed their keenest love for God. "The unity of faith, of heart, of cult," writes a certain Fr. Bruner, C. Ss. R., "is paralleled by the unity of a song. A congregation chanting is never

divided against itself. When all voices are blended in the same melodious expression of common worship, hearts and minds are drawn together in the bonds of Faith and charity. This is true of the faithful among themselves. It is true even more of priest and people."

With this and other salutary effects, congregational singing should be stressed more nowadays when the faithful are being drawn farther and farther away from the unity of the Church by the selfish, individualistic world. In this way, we shall get them to love Church music and everything that it stands for. Then will they prefer not to hear a solo from the choir-loft which sometimes possesses more qualities of an aria than an 'Ave Maria,' as we have already noted.

There has been a move made recently to make Manila a music art

center in the Far East just as Vienna was in Europe before the war. If secular music merited interest in our people, why not Church music that is more pleasing to God? Or is our indifference to sacred music only a faithful shadow of the spirit of our times?

It is high time that Catholic Philippines also started a move to put to practice the desires of the Church in the field of sacred music, which is but another means to bring souls nearer to God. Choirs are to be formed and reformed; organists to be trained and re-trained; the faithful to be taught to let go their sentimental or erroneous outlook on Church music. For only then shall our people appreciate and love Church music, not for its being sweet and melodious, but for being what it is—a prayer, twice pleasing to God.



Mrs. Hooplemeyer was awakened late one night by a knocking on the door. Sticking her head out the window, she called, "Who is it? What do you want?"

"Are you Mrs. Hooplemeyer?" the man on the step asked.

"Yes."

"Well, I'm Mr. Kelly from the pool room up the street. Your husband plays poker there every evening."

"Vel, I know dat."

"He was playing tonight and lost \$2,000."

"Mein Gott, \$2,000! He should drop dead."

"That's what he did, modom. Goodnight."

Be Not Afraid, Beloved

Abel Guevara

This be the tale I whisper

A tale of yesteryears:

When the earth was dry and barren
And the earth was cold and dark,
The east was flushed with starlight
And a winding trail revealed
That led to a little cavern
Where lay a little Babe.

Then did brightness wash the heavens,
Then did music sweep the hills,
And the springs of earth were opened
And the grass grew green again.

This be the tale I whisper

Softly to your ears

Now that they say the springs are drying

And the grass is growing sere.

Be not afraid, beloved,
In the darkness and the cold.
There is light in the east, beloved,
There is music in the hills,
And the winding trail is open
To those who do not fear,
For brightly lit is the cavern still
Beloved, where the Infant lies asleep,
Sweetly waiting, waiting, waiting
As of yesteryears...



For Women Only

Maria Clara

By PETE

A holy Christmas to all! We are telling you this in advance and hope that you will all keep it that way. Sounds too pious? It's but plain horse sense. If you never linked the thought of Christ intimately with that of the Christmas season then its most likely that you have taken on the pagan concept of Christmas

For example. Take the case of Santa Claus (there's an article about him in this issue). A stroll downtown any day during a Christmas season will unroll before your eyes a horde of effigies of this hoary-bearded old man in a red suit plastered in every department store window. And if you remember well some one has said that Santa Claus is a contraction of the real St. Nicolas of Bari, whose feast is celebrated on the sixth of December. Obviously some one has got the dates badly mixed up, Santa Claus coming out on the day Our Lord did.

Someone very tactfully complained that we are giving too much room for Maria Clara. One Maria Clara wrote that she rather liked the new feature . . . although she would feel a lot better if she knew for sure if the authors were male or female. And Pete & Pat are caught in between. Quo vadimus?

The safest road is most likely the middle one. While we will not give Maria Clara more attention than she deserves, in a great man's world, we will try as much as possible to give Maria Clara her due share.

But first here are a few tips on the needle and thread.

SEWING HINTS

On choosing materials

1. Choose your material and don't let the material choose you.
2. The easiest material for a beginner is a small all-over print.
3. Discover your best colors by trying on colors.
4. If you intend to wear the colors in daytime look at it in bright daylight.
5. If the color is to be worn in

of 1952

and PAT



the evening see how it appears under artificial light.

6. Dark colors make the pleasingly plump quite a bit less plump.
7. If you are tiny and afraid you'd be overlooked try bright colors which will attract attention to you.
8. A becoming material is also one which hangs well on your figure.
9. If you are of average height and weight you can wear almost

any fabric, stiff or clinging, thin or heavy, crisp or soft.

10. If you have ten pounds more than you really need do not wear taffeta, heavy silk satin; heavy woolen materials, organ-de or denim, but rather wear, rayon silk or thin woolen crepe, smooth-surfaced woolen, cotton such as lawn muslin, dimity, linen, seersucker, pique and other woven materials of medium weight.

It is strange in this predominantly masculine world, that when a woman gets more attention, men complain.

In Germany, when the men were thrown out of their jobs because women were found more efficient and resourceful, men complained. The women should stay home! Leave the world for men... and we'll move it for them... and so the Germans, under the leadership of Hitler tried to move it... almost to eradication!

How are you getting on your "Belén" for this Christmas? It would be a nice idea to give it variations this time. Of course it is less troublesome to put the same one of last year's, but a new one now and then gives it some added interest.

The following is another brainstorm of our sincere Maria Clara who believes most unwaveringly that the easiest way to a man's heart is through his stomach. Try it for size, and see if you can stomach this

one. It looks kind of salty on paper, but this Maria Clara emphatically asserts, it looks different on the dining table. So here it is.

HOW TO PREPARE SWEET-COVER-PICKLE

The following procedure of preparing sweet-cover-pickle has been found practical and can easily be prepared at home:

1. To about 5 liters of water, add 2 kilos of salt, then boil for 30 minutes. Set aside this solution to cool and to allow the salt which remains undissolved to settle. Decant the clear solution into another container once cooled. This will be the stock solution of brine water.

2. Boil about 1 liter of water and cool; add one-fourth liter of the cooled water to three-fourths liter of the stock brine water to make 1 liter of brine solution.

3. To every liter of diluted brine solution, add and dissolve 4 level tablespoonfuls of brown sugar and 2½ level teaspoonfuls of potassium nitrate or "salitre". If one liter of the diluted brine water is not sufficient to keep the dressed chicken

entirely submerged, another one or two liters of the brine solution should be prepared using the same proportion of sugar and potassium nitrate as above.

4. Place the brine solution in a new earthen pot and immerse the clean dressed fowl into this solution for 4 days consecutively. At the end of the fourth day, remove the fowl from the solution, wash and hang to drip.

5. Then smoke it for one day placing fresh guava leaves over burning charcoal embers.

6. After this treatment, let the ham dry in the same "smoke house", without smoking, for another 2 days.

The smoke house and drier can be fashioned out of two empty oil drums whose covers have been completely removed. Place one on top of the other, and one or two pairs of holes bored through opposite sides of the top drum.

Have you ever heard of this? Brushing the teeth before Mass in order to receive Holy communion is recommended. At first it looks like vanity, but it is not. In fact Christ washed the feet of His apostles during the last supper in order to show that God expects us to be clean in body and soul when we receive Our Lord in the Eucharist. Just note how clean must the chalice be for the reception of the wine which is to be transformed into the Blood of Christ.

Try brushing your teeth. Don't be too scrupulous. Spit out all the water you use to wash your mouth with and stop worrying. Any amount swallowed is negligible.

How about trying our Christmas dishes in the following?

CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING

- 8 oz. moist sugar
- 8 oz. finely chopped suet
- 8 oz. seedless raisins
- 8 oz. plums halved and stoned
- 8 oz. currants washed and dried
- 4 oz. shredded mixed candied peel
- 4 oz. flour
- 4 oz. bread crumbs
- 2 oz. almonds, blanched and shredded
- Grated rind of one lemon
- 3 eggs
- Saltspoonful grated nutmeg
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 pint milk

Small wine glassful of brandy

Mix all dry ingredients together, stir in well-beaten eggs, milk and brandy. Turn mixture into two well-greased basins, steam from 5 to 6 hours. Serves 8 to 9 persons. For a really spectacular effects, pour brandy over the plum pudding just before serving, and light. Serve flaming.

CHRISTMAS FRUIT CAKE

- 1/2 pound candied cherries
- 1/4 pound walnut meats
- 1/2 pound pecan meat
- 1/2 pound pitted dates
- 3/4 pound preserved citron
- 1/2 pound seeded raisins
- 1/4 pound lemon peel
- 1/4 pound orange peel
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup butter
- 1/2 cup honey
- 5 well beaten eggs

- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon allspice
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon cloves
- 1/4 cup orange or grape juice

Cut up fruit peels; halve cherries, nut meats, and dates; cut pineapple and citron the size of almonds. Dredge fruits in 1/4 cup of flour. Cream shortening and sugar; add honey, then eggs, and beat well. Add flour sifted with dry ingredients alternately with fruit juice; beat thoroughly. Pour butter into pans; do not flatten. Bake in slow oven (250°) 3 to 4 hours. Place pans containing 2 cups water on bottom shelf of oven while baking. If decoration of almonds and cherries is used, place on cakes at end of 2 hours. If desired, pour brandy over cake and wrap in a brandy-soaked cloth. Store in a covered container in a cool place.

Soft drinks that may go with the above delicacy

PINK LEMONADE

- 1 1/3 cup lemon juice
- 3 cups water
- 2/3 cup maraschino cherry sirup
- Sugar sirup
- Maraschino cherries
- Lemon slices

Combine lemon juice, water and cherry sirup. Sweeten with sugar sirup. Serve in tall glasses with ice cubes. Garnish with cherries and lemon. Serves 8.

The Chaperone

Pen Pal Column conducted

By AUNT LUISA



Hi Kids!

Gosh, how time flies... why, it's Christmas again!!! Isn't it simply great to be alive? Isn't it simply wonderful to spend these beautiful days before Christmas with Mary and Joseph... eagerly, anxiously, waiting for the Christ Child to come into our hearts again? Wow... just look at that pile of Christmas cards on my desk! Some came via airmail at that! But... but it's simply very heartwarming to see how all of you think of one another. You can just imagine the fun I'm having forwarding your letters. Tut... tut... it's no trouble at all, no trouble at all. Why, I can spend hours re-addressing your cards. Let me see... hmmm, this card goes to somebody down in Davao... and this one, sniff, sniff... reminds me of a big red rose... oh, it is for Charito U-101. Gee, I'm very sure she will be extremely happy to receive this card. Y' see, kids, she is going to undergo a very delicate operation sometime this month. You will be doing her a perfect act of charity, indeed, if you drop her a line or two of cheer. If you can

send her some magazines, please say an extra-special prayer for her, huh? Oh, by the way, those of you who are going home to the provinces this Christmas season, do send me your vacation addresses before you leave. You want to receive your cards on time, don't you?

What do you know, Genie L-110 is finally back in town after a six-month stay in the States... Welcome home, dear... bet you are simply a-bubbling with news about your recent trip. Has anybody heard from our assets abroad, Anthony U-100, Josie F-107, and Cerila F-103? Do share the news with us. Everybody is very eager to hear from them. Speaking of friends abroad, I guess we'll have to wait for sometime before we can finally publish lists of names of foreign pen-pals. Y' see, we are trying to establish some connections with the Chaperon Club of the Extension Magazine in the United States. It is also a Catholic pen-pal club which functions very much like ours and whose members come from the different parts of the world. If any of you knows some boys and

girls who are interested in exchanging letters with us, or if any of you comes across lists of names of foreign pen-pals in the magazines you read, do send those lists to me.

I understand that a number of young people are very eager to join our family but are quite in doubt as to the best means of how to go about it. Well, here's how... Write the Chaperone a howdy note and tell her such things as your age, your school, your occupation, your hobbies, your pet peeves, your favorite basketball team and oh, anything that you feel like telling old Aunt Luisa. Enclose a fifty-centavo worth of stamps and presto! she'll see to it that you meet the right kind of pen-chum.

I would appreciate it very highly, indeed, if those of you who send your letters to the Australian girls through me would enclose sixty cents worth of stamps, that is if you want me to send your letters via airmail.

Say "howdy" to the following people...

Lucito S-119 decided to throw in with us to break the monotonous hospital life. He is now confined in the V. Luna Hospital. Well... what are you waiting for, kids? We can not afford to fail him now.

Potenciano F-106, enrolled four of his friends.

First among them, is Gloria W-100 who spends most of her time writing letters now that she is out of school for a much needed rest. Crescencia R-117 just finished her AA and intends to take up journalism next year.

Heading the list of our new members for this month is another sail-ho lad, Tarlac-born, Lucito S-119 who is at present at the V. Luna Gen. Hospital. Welcome to the family, Lucito. How would you like exchanging sea-talk with Emetrio M-106 and Jesus M-109 who are both sail-ho lads, too?

Down from Legaspi city came a very breezy letter (ala typhoon "Trix") from Chita U-104. Chita is a sophomore—commerce student at the Legaspi College. Loves writing letters, reading novels and listening to radio request programs.

Nenita C-129, who has been an avid reader of our column for the past months, finally decided to hop right into the Chaperone bandwagon before she misses anymore fun. A senior in one of the Catholic schools in Tarlac she likes to sing, to dance and to engage in Catholic action work.

Teresita U-102, recruited two more young ladies who are both her classmates at the Ateneo de Cagayan. Tsk... tsk... did I hear somebody howl in protest? Sure they attend classes at the Ateneo Cagayan-branch, in the afternoons, that is. Vicky N-105 is a senior-B.S.E. and what do you know, she not only sings but plays the guitar too! Eleanor P-112 is a perfect example of teenager moderne... simply loves to dance, the boogie specially, plays the piano, sings... favorite sport? Why, bowling of course!

A VERY BLESSED CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL!!!



*He planted the Faith on the Pacific
shores and he has been called*

California's Favorite Son

From the Columbian

When the delegates to the conventions, and their friends, arrive in California, they are bound to make the acquaintance of Padre Junipero Serra, O.F.M., the Founder and first President of the California Missions. That zealous Franciscan is regarded as California's greatest pioneer and most esteemed citizen. His spirit lives on, not alone in the Franciscan brethren who are his spiritual successors, but likewise in the remnants that remain as testimonials to his untiring labors, as well as in the monuments that have been erected to honor his name and to perpetuate his memory.

It is a far cry from 1771, when San Gabriel was founded, to 1952, when the Knights of Columbus convene in Los Angeles; there is startling contrast between the crude Indian villages and the fabulous suburbs of the modern metropolis. Such impressions are revised, however, when the tourist and the resident alike come to know intimately this Mallorcan juniper, who, though small of stature, was a giant by every other rule of measure. Did he not ever stand for progress? Was he not al-

ways laboring for expansion and development? Was not his life-long missionary motto already formulated in the farewell letter to his parents: "Always go forward and never turn back!" His personal reaction to the Bay of San Francisco, when first he stood above the Golden Gate, reflected the same apostolic impatience: "If we are to go farther, we must to boats"; for he envisioned missions as far as north Alaska.

Serra was Christ's planner and God's plottor in planting the Cross along what was, a hundred and seventy years ago, only rugged coastline and barren wilderness. Were he to tread *el camino real* anew from San Diego to San Gabriel, I feel he would prove the same divine schemer he had been in 1774. After completing the herculean task of leading Juan Bautista de Anza across the Mojave desert to San Gabriel, Fray Francisco Garcés, O.F.M., had continued on to San Diego to visit the revered Padre Presidente. The Apostle and the Knight-Errant of California then walked together from the Mother of the Missions to the Pride of the chain.

Their conversation is unrecorded, but the burden of their hearts is known and the zeal of their lives remains an inspiration. Garcés, familiar with the Arizona missions, and Serra, Father of those in California, must have mapped the strategy—a missionary pincer movement—for the future missions to be established along the King's Highway. They must likewise have envisioned further *camínes*, moving eastward; for, little more than a year later, Fray Francisco Garcés was destined to penetrate San Joaquin valley for the first time and to indicate a location near the modern city of Bakersfield as a site suitable for a mission.

Perhaps it is because Serra would feel so at home in modern California, and discover so many outlets for his boundless energy in our twentieth century, that we in our turn feel so at home with him and his eighteenth century world. Certainly he fits into modern civilization, which will not allow his memory to fade. That day he tramped from San Diego to San Gabriel, he had been in California only five years, during which time he had erected as many missions. When Garcés returned to California two years later, guiding the second Anza expedition across the desert for the founding of San Francisco de Asis, Fray Junipero was in the south clearing the site and blessing the ground for San Juan Capistrano. Two more missions, Santa Clara and San Buena-ventura, and the royal presidio chapel of Santa Barbara, the aging Padre was to found before the angel of

death hovered over his pallet at his beloved Carmelo in 1784.

A decade and a half venerable "el Viejo," as he was affectionately known to his Indian charges, lived and labored in California. He established nine of the twenty-one missions, which under his prudent administration developed into thriving communities. At each visit to those growing centers he noted with pious pride the number of baptized Indians, until the registers listed 5,800. During his several painful journeys from San Francisco to San Diego, his priestly heart overflowed with gratitude as he brought 5,307 of those neophyte converts to supernatural maturity by administering to them the sacrament of Confirmation. The Cross he had planted securely and Christ he had enthroned in real churches, demonstrating unto the end that "as long as life lasts. . . I will do all I can do to propagate our holy Faith."

Fifteen years constitute little more than the fifth part of a life that is counted in seventy years and one. Fully to appreciate the zeal and evaluate the fruits of the most memorable decade and a half of Serra's life, we must recall the antecedents. The future Colonizer of California was born in Petra, Mallorca, November 24, 1713. In the neighboring city of Palma, at the age of seventeen, Miguel José's name was changed to Juniper, when he received the habit of Saint Francis, girded himself with the white cord and donned the familiar open sandals. During the course of his studies for the priesthood,

Serra revealed the exceptional mental ability which won for him the doctorate in Sacred Theology. After he had been ordained a priest, Serra was chosen to occupy the chair of Scotistic Theology in the Lullian University of Palma. His learning in the lecture hall and his eloquence in the pulpit combined to earn him insular renown. Successful in his work and happy amid his surroundings, Padre Junipero appeared destined to ecclesiastical preferment on the Balearic Island that was his homeland.

Behind the scholarly mien and under the exemplary religious observance, however, there was a restlessness that increased rather than diminished with the passing years. The setting went back some nineteen years to the days when he had first donned the habit of the Poverello. His favorite reading then had been the lives of Franciscan saints and among these he cherished most the biographies of the missionary heroes. The fire thus kindled was steadily fed by the stories and rumors that drifted across the Atlantic during that heyday of Spain's far-flung empire. The missionaries going to the Indies and those returning from the fields afar had ever captured his imagination and enkindled his zeal.

The perplexed professor discerned the clear call of God's loving Providence when his friend and former pupil, Fray Francisco Palóu, revealed to him the kindred desire of sailing to New Spain. Preparations were hastily made and arrangements quickly handled so that they could embark

on the ninety-nine day voyage on August 30, 1749. Upon docking at Vera Cruz, on December seventh, Serra insisted on walking the three hundred miles to the shrine of our Lady of Guadalupe. It was on this pilgrimage that his leg was injured. The wound was to harbor a persistent pain and be a continual penance for some thirty-five years.

In Mexico City, the youthful missionary entered the Apostolic College of San Fernando, where he received the proximate preparation for his actual labors among the natives. During his brief six months in that renowned monastery, the former professor edified the community by his promptness and regularity of his religious life. Shortly, he was assigned to the mountainous Sierra Gorda region. Up tortuous footpaths he trudged, a song in his heart that at long last his cherished desire was realized: "... the office of apostolic missionary... is so high an honor that I could wish for nothing more... There is my life, and there with the help of God, I hope to die."

Serra's Dream of Martyrdom

The idealized picture, enhanced by the report that there were a thousand Christians in the region, gave way to stark realism when the Friar learnt that not an Indian had made his Easter duty. Methodically, the firebrand set about his task of bringing home the faith to these simple, unappreciative children. He dramatized the feasts of the liturgical year, he led their songs and gradually they came to realize the beautiful depth

and the dizzying heights of God's love. Eight full years he labored selflessly in that remote region. When he was summoned from the mountain fastnesses, in 1759, he could report to his superiors that not a single native remained unbaptized in the district, which now boasted five missions, ambitious in size and of sturdy yet ornate construction.

If his heart had sung as he first wended his way to Santiago de Jalpan, his feet were winged with expectancy as he departed. Two Franciscans had recently been killed in Texas. Serra was being summoned to replace one of them. For the second time in his life, it seemed as though his dream of martyrdom might find fulfillment. Gladly, therefore, he parted from the little flock with which he had become enamored. As he stretched out his eager arms to clutch the crown of death for Christ, it was snatched from his reach. His appointment had been reconsidered and he was now commissioned to preach missions to the faithful in Mexico.

Again, it was a strenuous apostolate: travel that was perilous and uncomfortable, arduous preaching that sapped his energy, private interviews to settle knotty problems and lengthy hours in the confessional, dispensing God's tireless mercy. It was arduous work, but then the holy Padre was once to write that he had stricken the word "rest" from his vocabulary for the duration of his earthly existence.

Even heaven accepted the Friar's surrender of rest and leisure; for now,

at the age of fifty-five, after seventeen laborious years of service in New Spain, his responsibilities were increased. In 1767, the King of Spain banished the Jesuits from his domains; other religious orders were to take over the administration of their enterprises. The thirteen missions of Baja (Lower) California were assigned to the Franciscans of San Fernando College. The presidency over the territory and the fifteen missionaries was confided to Padre Junipero Serra.

Scarcely had the greying Franciscan taken over this administration, when his life's great ambition, that of opening a new territory, found unexpected opportunity: Don José de Galvez invited Serra to join him in planning the occupation of Alta (Upper) California. Although Spain had been interested for some two hundred and twenty-five years in the area covered by the modern state of California, there had been no compelling incentive to prompt the colonizing of that land. Now, however, because the Russian Bear was stalking across the top of the world threatening to found fur settlements along the western slope of North America, Charles III commanded his viceroy to act. Taking the key points that had been indicated by Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo in 1542 and, by Sebastian Vizcaino in 1602, Serra and Gálvez decided upon three initial missions: San Diego de Alcalá, San Carlos de Borromeo at Monterey, and a third midway between the two ports.

The plans were diligently drawn,

the supplies were carefully gathered and the first expeditions to occupy Upper California set out by land and sea in 1769. Sanguine expectations were abruptly chilled at the rendezvous in San Diego, where it was learned that the sea expedition had met all but disaster during the voyage. Portolá's trek to Monterey encountered disappointment, when the explorers failed to recognize the bay that had so thrilled Vizcaino. Meanwhile, the supply ship, San Antonio, had not put into San Diego. The occupation, begun amid such enthusiasm, appeared doomed to dismal failure, as the discouraged commander announced that the project would have to be abandoned and the colonists must return to Mexico. Serra was determined that this opportunity to win California to Christ would not slip through his fingers. He begged Portolá to allow time for a novena to Saint Joseph, in order that Providence might save the expedition which had already cost so much in lives and energy. On March 19, 1769, San Antonio hove into sight and California's occupation was guaranteed a Spanish culture and a Catholic civilization.

The next fourteen years proved strenuous but rewarding. A rugged wilderness was transformed into habitable territory, with ever expanding plans so that eventually the sentinels along *el camino real* would stand a day's journey apart. Is it surprising that when Serra met Garcés in 1784, these kindred souls should already

envison the second chain of missions eastwards?

Yes, Junipero Serra would be at home in the California of 1952. The speeding traffic might startle him; the senseless preoccupation for the riches of this world might perplex him, but there would be so much with which he is familiar that he would adjust his mentality to the twentieth century. The missions, some founded with his own hands, others the fruition of his far-reaching plans, would bring tears to his soulful eyes. The litany his heart had sung, and which he began to transcribe, is still inscribed on the scroll which is the modern state of California. The sea and the mountains, the birds and the flowers, which had afforded him true Franciscan joy and at-home-ness in the universe, are still here in their varied beauty and harmony. The Indians have dwindled in numbers, but their traditions are the harvest of Serra's sowing.

The principal apostolate now is among the natives who have supplanted the aborigines: millions of Americans to be held in Christ's loving embrace; millions more who know not the Liege-Lord, Whom this romantic soul served so chivalrously. Serra would look around, thank God for the opportunity at hand and begin where he had left off; for his own prophetic words would ring in his ears: "There the crosses remain, but there is not one to explain their meaning to these poor people, but I hope in God that this will be done in time."

Many Memorials To His Name

El Viejo, however, would be embarrassed to find himself in such constant demand. He had once written: "...there is no reason why my name should be mentioned, except for the blunders I may have committed in doing the work." But today, he would hear his name mentioned reverently by every child who has reached the fourth grade of grammar school. He would read the familiar word SERRA, emblazoned from one end of the Golden State to the other: streets bear his name, and buildings are identified by his title; high schools, theaters and a retreat house are dedicated to his memory; his picture is found in public buildings and class rooms, his likeness has been woven into stained-glass windows, while statues stand in public parks and on thoroughfares teeming with traffic. He would no doubt be interested in the modern growth of the United States and be overjoyed to learn that the State of his apostolate was the thirty-first to enter the Union. He would be speechless, however, to discover that his grateful fellow citizens in California had chosen him as one of their two favorite sons to stand in Statuary Hall of the Nation's Capitol.

The humble, self-effacing Friar would receive his greatest shock in picturesque Santa Barbara. He would be impatient to visit that Queen of all the Missions; for he had employed all his powers of persuasion and exerted all his influence, urging its

foundation. His joy would be full when he learned that here the corridors have felt uninterruptedly the familiar tread of sandaled feet and that in this, California's first cathedral, the sanctuary lamp has never burnt out. Here is the mother house whence developed the Franciscan Province of California—which he had prophesied—dedicated to his beloved Santa Bárbara. He would explore every nook and cranny with joy until, with something of terror, he opened the files labeled "Junipero Serra documents" and entered the special office, designated "Serra Cause." He would drop into a chair and with unwilling ears would learn of the diligent labor and careful scholarship that his Franciscan brethren have expended to bring him to the honors of the altar. He would shake his head incredulously as he was informed that for ten years and longer, the lengthy preparation of the most complicated legal process has been going on in order that some day Christ's Vicar may trace around his head the halo of a canonized Saint.

That blessed day of Serra's glorification can best be hastened by incessant prayer that God may deign to effect the signs and wonders which will indubitably point out California's Apostle as a Saint in glory. The ever increasing number of favors, attributed to Junipero's intercession, are encouraging indications that persevering prayer is being answered.

"Eternity is a long time" for

Romance at the SSCA

by Rev. Herbert O'H. Walker, S. J.

from the *Queen's Work*



I was seated in a yawning leather chair a few yards from the elevator doors on the first floor of Hotel Morrison in Chicago. We had worked diligently all afternoon setting up our exhibits and everything was in readiness for the formal opening of the SSCA in the morning. It was gratifying now to sit back, relax, and catch the first joyful cries of surprise and appreciation of the teen-agers as the elevator doors opened upon the glory of the Mural Room and the Sodality displays.

Wide-eyed with excitement, drinking in the beauty of the place, they slowly gravitated over the ballroom floor where an informal, get-acquainted dance was in progress. The registration desk, just off the Embassy Room on the mezzanine, was open and many of the lads and lassies were flashing their name cards. Happy, smiling, well-mannered, and beautifully dressed, they arrived in a steady flow, stepping lightly from the five elevators that were servicing this section of the building.

I had a stack of cards on the table beside me, and now and then when a group paused to chat, I would inquire about their home town, school, how they enjoyed the trip to Chicago, and sign up one of them to be a coeditor for *The Queen's Work* during the coming year. I had just finished greeting a fine group of sharp-looking boys when an elevator door flashed open and five pretty girls in party dresses came into the room. Al Goodmaor, who was bent over filling out a coeditor card, and I looked up and caught their smiles. They hurried over to say hello.

"Girls," I said "I know you want to meet Al here. He is going to be a coeditor next year on TOW." Al straightened up: "It's a pleasure," he beamed. The girls smiled up to him and then looked from one to another until a brave little spirit with mischievous blue eyes and brunette hair spoke up. "We're from Garetti Academy," she cheered. "And from left to right we are Ruth Doherty, Mary Wilson, Henrietta Smith, Donna

Holmes, and I'm Noreen Callahan. Isn't it just thrilling? And we don't know a soul."

Al looked across the carpeted flooring and saw his pals watching the dancers. "Hey, Pete and Joe," he called, "bring the fellows over here." Quickly he filled in the remaining information on the card and then led the Goretti girls over to meet his friends. I watched as they joyfully went through the introductions and with a lot of excited, nervous laughter paired off and began dancing. Soon they were out on the huge floor and lost among the hundreds of moving bodies.

The next morning as I waited at the door of the Walnut Room to start my lecture on editing Sodality papers, Noreen stopped to talk. "You know what?" she said. "That Al Goodmoor is a cute fellow. Wouldn't it be wonderful if I had to be eternally grateful to you for introducing us?"

"It certainly would," I agreed. "I'd expect you to drop by and say your thanks at least once in every ten thousand years."

Noreen shook her head slowly—the gold of a hair clasp was bright as it caught the light. "It might get monotonous at that," she said sadly.

"Yes, eternity is an awful long stretch. Better be certain you like him a deal."

Her smile was bright. "I haven't much time to find out—so I'd better get going."

Al and his pals came to my class on "Parliamentary Law" and added

a lot of punch to it. After briefing the crowd on the fundamentals, we began to practice a bit to find if the information had taken root. I noticed Al among those clamoring for the floor and recognized him. "I move," he said clearly and deliberately, "that we take up a collection and buy cars for all those in the front row." There was a delightful explosion of approval and during the uproar I quickly glanced at the people in the front row. Right in the center in front of the apron of the stage were the Goretti girls. Their heads were tilted back and they were showing plenty of tooth paste. I stated the question and asked for the pleasure of the class. Playing along with Al, I recognized his pal, a tall, blond lad with a tight crew cut. "I move to amend the motion," he cried, "by introducing the word *kitty* before the cars." The Casino rocked with spontaneous laughter and the fun continued as Noreen Callahan stood up and waved her right arm menacingly at the lad who had offered the amendment.

Of course, when the previous question was carried, it was obvious how the voting would go. After a roar of ayes that made a ripple in the heavy backdrop, I called for the negative vote. In the big amphitheater there was a concerted and unified scream of five voices. The Goretti girls voted no to a man, but their cry seemed so pale after the other vote, so thin in the vast silence that it was really funny. The crowd laughed and gave them a heavy round of

applause. And Noreen stood up to accept it, raising her clasped hands above her head like a boxer who has won a match. She was flushed with victory in her defeat.

That evening I stopped by the Mural Room to watch the social mixers and square dances and pick up some more coeditors. The Goodmoors and Callahans were in the thick of things. Excitement seemed a tonic for them and the flavor of the wine of youth was in the air. During an intermission, Noreen came over. "I've had seven dances already," she confided, evidently considering that a very fine score. "And two with you know who," she added with an approving arch of her right eyebrow. "Don't be too hosty," I said with a mock seriousness. "Eternity is a mighty long time to be in my debt."

I didn't get to talk to Noreen or any of the Gorettis all day Tuesday. But that evening in the lobby, as I was buying a paper, I saw them sail in through the revolving door. When Noreen saw me, they hustled over. "We've had the grandest time," she declared excitedly. "You know, we walked down to the late front by the Chicago Yatch Club and we met Al and his friends with Father Ryan. He's their Sodality director. He drove them here in his car. Well, while we were talking, a big cabin cruiser came by and the owner called out to Father asking if we'd like to take a ride. We had to walk down the sidewalk to a landing place to get on and the man made all of us girls take off our shoes.

"It was a really beautiful boat—it's called 'Gamecock II.' He let Al steer it when we got out beyond the breakwater. He gave us Cokes and cookies and Father had a Scotch and water. The sun was going down behind all the big buildings and it was just breath-taking. I thought for a while I was going to get seasick, the water was so choppy and all, but I didn't. The boys had a wonderful time too. Ruth and Pete and Joe and Mary were in the last seat, right above the propellers. Boy, I'll never forget it."

There was no need for me to say anything. She poured out her enthusiasm without any pause. It would have been sacrilegious to interrupt it. Noreen was certainly alive, attractive, and a born leader. The Goretti girls revolved around her like electrons. "That was a wonderful experience," I agreed. "I envy that Father Ryan. He must be a grand priest."

"I'll say he is," they chorused, and turning away, swept over to the elevators.

On Wednesday I called on Al to try his hand at conducting a meeting and made him chairman for the final minutes of the class. He was perfectly at ease and ran things pretty smoothly. The four hundred teenagers gave him a hand for it.

"Noreen Callahan is a great fan of yours," he said, as we were leaving the stage. "You know, that little girl from Goretti Academy we met Sunday night?"

"Oh yes, I remember her very

well," I said. "What is she saying about me?"

"When you have a free afternoon, let me know, and I'll tell you," he replied with a laugh.

"You must be talking to her quite a bit, then," I suggested.

"Yes. I was just thinking during lunch how I always seem to be coming along just as she is."

"That's quite a coincidence," I agreed. "In fact, it actually verges on the miraculous when you consider the hundreds of boys and girls around here."

After the Amateur Show on Thursday night the two passed me in the lobby. Noreen's arm was hooked in with Al's. She raised her right elbow to me and touched her index finger to her thumb and gave me a wink. It was a pretty sight and enough to wind up my busy day.

Friday afternoon Father Ryan came to the circulation desk and put in his order for *The Queen's Work*. "How's everything going?" I asked. "I'm worn out," he said limply. "Whoever said that there are six days you'll never forget and six nights you never sleep was certainly correct. I expected to get a little vacation out of this but now I'll need one. But it's certainly wonderful. The spirit here is beyond description. And the lecturers are absolutely the best. I think I've learned more this week than I did all through high school and college."

You are evidently more tired than you think," I replied. "When do you start back?"

"I'm going to drive the boys out to Mundelein tomorrow after the last class. I want to show them the seminary where I made my studies. Then we'll head on home right from there. Don't tell Al and the fellows though. I want it to be a surprise."

"You can count on me," I said cheerfully, but down in my heart I wondered if he knew how great a surprise it might be for them.

During the farewell dance that night I was making a final check on coeditors and Al and Noreen stopped at the desk to chat.

"I guess this wraps up everything for the week," I suggested.

"Not quite," Al said. "We've made plans for tomorrow afternoon."

"Our train doesn't leave until seven-thirty and that gives us over three hours after the last session," Noreen said brightly.

"We're going to have dinner together. The Goretti girls and the fellows from St. Joe's," Al announced. "We are pooling our funds for quite a splash. How about coming with us?"

"I'd love to," I replied, "but my train leaves at four-thirty. I'll be well on my way to St. Louis by the time you sit down to eat."

"That's a shame," Noreen said with real disappointment. "We were counting on you. It's going to be real special. We are all going to autograph each other's menu and write in our addresses and telephone numbers."

"It might be smarter to get that information right away," I cautioned

them. "After all, something might turn up to change your plans and there you'd be without some very important data."

"We're not worried," Al replied. "It will add so much fun and make the dinner more memorable."

"Suit yourselves," I told them, "but if something goes wrong, please remember I warned you."

I felt a little guilty as they returned to the dance.

* * *

The afternoon as I was checking out, a disconsolate Noreen was slumped on the lounge by the elevators. I went over to say good-by. "Why all the gloom?" I asked.

"Do you know what happened? That awful Father Ryan left and he took Al and the boys with him. Al

left a note in my mailbox. Here," she said, pushing it at me, "read it."

"Sorry, Noreen," I read aloud, "but we have to leave right away with Father Ryan. We're going to visit Mundelein Seminary. Be sure to write. In a hurry. Al."

"Be sure to write," she repeated, and I saw her lips quiver. "How can I write when the big goof didn't leave his address?"

"Oh, cheer up," I said. "I can get it for you. It's on his coeditor card. Just drop me a line and I'll send it."

"Oh, you're wonderful," she said, jumping up, her old spirit back again. "Will you?"

"Eternity is a long time," I said, picking up my suitcase.

"I don't care," she answered and pressed my hand hard.



The much preoccupied professor walked into the barber shop and sat in a chair next to a woman who was having her hair bobbed.

"Haircut, please."

"Certainly," said the barber, "but if you really want a haircut, would you mind taking off your hat first?"

The customer removed his hat. "I'm sorry," he apologized as he looked around, "I didn't know there was a lady present!"



An Englishman asked a Scotchman:

"What would you be weren't you a Scot?"

The Scotsman said: "Why an Englishman, of course."

Then the Englishman turned to an Irish and asked: "And what would you be weren't you an Irishman?"

The Irishman thought for a moment and said: "I'd be ashamed of myself!"

* * *

Which has more legs, a horse or no horse?

A horse has four legs, no horse has five legs.

Dear Fathers, Mothers

by Alfredo, G. Parpan, S.J.



Christmas is the story of how heaven and earth were reconciled through the birth of a Child, a beautiful Child who grew to a strong and vigorous manhood, climbed a hill and died on a cross and rose again from the dead to show men the way to heaven where they may forever be happy in an eternal Christmas with Him.

And so, every year we celebrate the wondrous birth of that wondrous Child who came to earth that men may have life and have it more abundantly, that men may have the love and peace and hope they had hungered and craved for through the centuries. Christmas is the birthday of the God-made-man—that is why it should mean so much for every man. Christmas itself is the greatest, Christmas gift God ever gave to men. Is it a wonder, then, that every child, that every man should have for Christmas the brightest twinkle in his eyes, the softest spot in his hearts, the sunniest smile?

There is no mother and father on earth who do not desire, who will not spend as much as—and even more than—their pocket books will allow to make of Christmas the happiest of days for their children. For dear mothers and fathers, nothing is more pleasant to your ears than the sound of your children's laughter; nothing more heartwarming to your hearts than the warmth of your children's pleased smiles. You re-live once more, you recapture, you experience anew that incomparable thrill of waking on a Christmas morning and finding — ah! bliss of all bliss! — your heart's desire—perhaps a toy gun and a holster, a toy train or a rag doll! And to those of you who missed that thrill in your own childhood and woke up many a Christmas morning never to find even the least semblance to what you had long wished for and desired, you are the ones who are fiercely determined now that your children will enjoy and get what you never enjoyed and got!

For even a child may, early in life, learn to hide beneath his silence and laughter his own little broken heart.

Christmas is just a matter of weeks in coming. I'm sure you will do everything within your means to make this Christmas a really happy and memorable one for your little ones. Candies and toys, books and extra clothes, shining gewgaws and fascinating little knick knacks so dear and precious to the hearts of children will not be wanting to them. Truly blessed are your children to have such parents as you. And thrice blessed—really and truly happy will their waking be on Christmas morning.

But I would like to write to you also of other children, children who do not have parents such as you. They are the children of those who do not have the means that you have. They are the children of those who live in the quarters of our city that social workers call the slums. They are the children of the workingmen, the "have-nots," the poor whom you see everywhere around you. These are the children I want you to remember. They live and sleep where you would not wish your own children to live and sleep—in dark and dingy *acesories* or flimsy, makeshift *barong-barongs* by foul smelling *esteros*. They do not eat what your children eat and take for granted—their daily bread and butter, eggs, oatmeal and milk. They are not clothed as your children are

clothed. What your children wear to school, they would consider their holiday best. They are the children of the poor.

They have discovered early that Santa Claus was but a myth indulged in only by the children of the rich. They know what poverty is—cold, harsh, ugly, hungry, naked poverty. They live it. They also know what wealth is—gaudy and glittering. They have seen it displayed, paraded and flaunted before their eyes. Have you not seen these children of the slums, these children of the poor? They also have their own childhood to enjoy as much as your little ones. And yet they have to be bootblacks, newsboys, peddlers and hawkers at an age that calls for play and study. Perhaps you have seen a group of them, their faces pressed against a department store window — a sight indeed far more eloquent than words. Perhaps you were a bit annoyed, and I do not blame you. For ill-blad, undernourished bodies, pinched cheeks and scrawny arms do not make these little ragamuffins of the streets very lovable creatures. But have you ever stopped to talk to one of them? Have you ever looked down on lusterless eyes? They speak a message of hunger and want. They are eyes that plead more eloquently than pleading words or pleading hands.

These are the children I want you to remember. They also have a Christmas to celebrate. They have also longed for Christmas. They will

also wake on Christmas morning. Christmas was also meant for them. Christ, in fact, was born as one of them. Christmas must never be "just another ordinary day" for them. The Christmas message of love, its hymn of peace, its note of hope must

reach their young hearts and warm their elders' hearts on Christmas. "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not" was the injunction of Christ. Suffer the children of the poor to learn also the message of the Crib!



A certain holy bishop once preached a sermon on the text that Christ will reward charity a hundredfold. There was a man named Evagrius in the congregation, and after the sermon he went to the bishop and gave him a large sum of money to be distributed to the poor.

The bishop then gave him in return a letter in which he had written down the text containing Christ's promise to the charitable.

The man died suddenly not long after, with the letter in his hand.

Three days later he appeared in a dream to the bishop, and said: "Come and take back the letter; my reward is already received."

The bishop and his clergy proceeded to the tomb, opened it, and took the letter, and they found written in place of the bishop's words the following:

"Evagrius to the bishop: I do not wish you to remain ignorant of what has happened to me. God has indeed already given me a reward one hundred fold for all the money I gave you. You owe me nothing now."



A graphic lesson in the folly of pride is contained in the following little incident. When the Italian statesman, Cavour, visited the emperor Napoleon III in 1859, he is said to have remarked:

"Do you know that there are only three men in Europe? We two and Bismarck."

Before many years elapsed, Napoleon had died in exile.

The life work of Cavour, the creation of the kingdom of Savoy, crashed into ruins with the death in exile of Victor Emmanuel III.

Bismarck created the Hohenzollern ascendancy; today it is only a memory.



An Irishman was planting trees in his yard when a lady passing asked: "You're digging out the holes, are you, Mr. Haggerty?"

"No, Mum, I'm diggin out the dirt an' lavin' the holes."

DESTINY

Estelita M. Juco

Strange . . . but knowing you,
I have known living;
And living, loved,
And loving, known despair . . .

One-time the dreamer,
Now I dread the dreaming;
Fearful lest I deceive
Myself . . . you care.

We meet. I grow delirious
With laughter
In joy short-lived. Then drink
The dregs of tears.

How can you guess that hid
By careless banter;
Are pent-up yearnings
Of the lonely years.

Strange destiny:
Two kindred souls like ours,
Meet and may part,
One loved, and one alone;
For one, beloved by hosts,
Are rose-strewn bowers;
And one, through empty years,
Shall love—unknown.



DEPENDS ON THE JUDGE

"Do you think, Doctor Johnson," asked Boswell, "that a good cook is more essential to a community than a good poet?"

"Sir," was the reply, "I don't suppose there is a dog in town that doesn't think so."

MOTION PICTURE GUIDE

I. Classification of newly released pictures

CLASS A

Section I—Morally Unobjectionable for General Patronage

| | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Blazing Forest, The — Paramount | It Grows On Trees — Univ. Int. |
| Blue Canadian Rockies — Columbia | Tropical Heat Wave — Republic |
| Desperadoes Outpost — Republic | Under the Red Sea — RKO |

Section II—Morally Unobjectionable for Adults

| | |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Apache War Smoke — M G M | Raiders, The — Univ. Int. |
| Because of You — Univ. Int. | Steel Trap, The — 20th Cen. Fox |
| Everything I have Is Yours — M G M | Thief, The — United Artists |
| Lusty Men, The — RKO | Way of a Gaucho — 20th Cen. Fox |

CLASS B

Morally Objectionable in Part for All

| | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Captive Women — RKO | Night Without Sleep — 20th Cen. |
| Father's Dilemma (Italian) — Arthur | Fox |
| Davis Ass'n | Operation Secret — Warners |
| Limelight — United Artists | Voodoo Tiger — Columbia |

CLASS C

Condemned

SAVAGE TRIANGLE (French)—Joseph Burstyn, Inc.

Objection: The theme of this picture employs throughout material morally unsuitable for entertainment motion picture theaters. Moreover, in treatment, it seriously violates Christian and traditional standards of morality and decency and is offensive to religion.

We take pleasure in including in this issue the following films in 16mm. suitable for use by Catholic schools, groups, organizations and parishes, reviewed by The National Council of Catholic Men, 9756 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, California, USA:

"A PLACE CALLED HOME"—Story of Boys Town operations.

"COLORFUL INDIA"—Father Hubbard unfolds his "optical Magic carpet" and takes his viewers on a 900-mile tour of northern India.

"BARKCLOTH"—Short study of craftsmanship and family life among the natives of Buganda, Africa.

(Cross-pondence cont.)

Also, the "SDS Movement" should help "The Poor Debutantes", don't you think?

Juan Ruiz

FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE PHILIPPINES

November 19, 1952

Sirs:

Affixed to this letter is an article of six pages. You may find many faults as regards the grammar and the composition (contents) of this article. I am giving you the freedom to correct the grammar as you wish. But please keep intact the contents of the article. If you find it objectionable "in part" or "in whole", please show it to a . . . priest . . . first before you throw it into the wastebasket. Ask his opinion if it is worth printing at all. If it is not worth printing at all, just throw it into the wastebasket. Thank you!

This letter as well as the article are signed: GOM-BUR-ZA. This is not a pen name. It is a fictitious name. And that makes the article an anonymous one. But I hope this will not be something against the article itself . . .

*Very respectfully yours,
GOM-BUR-ZA*

(Editor's Note: Sorry, friend GOM. Anonymity does hurt and like many other editors, we have invariably a prejudice against anonymous contributions. Too bad. We agree with many things in your article, although not with all. Incidentally, the hero of your article had courage—which you don't have, for when he wrote, he did not hide his name.)

Dear sir,

God love you and bless your work!

We have always watched with interest the growth and progress of the CROSS. Small and handy, yet full of interesting articles and features. Keep it ever growing. We are behind you!

Marcelo Bassig

Dear sir,

. . . I would rather miss some cokes than a single issue of your enlightening magazine.

Though I don't wish Pete and Pat's camel out of the "CROSS tent", I would like to suggest that not too much room be given to it. I think it is already taking a leg in.

Armando Ocino

We'll keep its leg out at least.—Ed.

Special Souvenirs FREE For Spreading

Your Favorite Magazine

THE CROSS

Send us three (3) subscriptions and select one of the following FREE GIFTS for yourself:

- No. 1—Rosary Nickel-silver- Assorted colors
- No. 2—Plaque Sacred Heart 4"x6"
- No. 3—Plaque—Good Shepherd—4"x6"
- No. 4—Wooden Crucifix, plastic corpus
- No. 5—Imitation of Christ

Send us five (5) subscriptions and select one of the following FREE GIFTS:

- No. 1—Statue Sacred Heart 10"
- No. 2—Statue—St. Therese—10"
- No. 3—Statue Infant of Prague 10"
- No. 4—New Key of Heaven Prayerbook
- No. 5—Under the Red Sun—Monaghan

Send us eight (8) subscriptions and select one of the following FREE GIFTS:

- No. 1—Rosary, cut glass with silver chain Assorted colors.
- No. 2—Following of Christ, Gold-edged
- No. 3—Plaque, Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Laminated wood
- No. 4—Mabolo hanging Crucifix, corpus chrome

;;LET US PROPAGATE!!

Our "Tagalog" Booklet already known to many:

"SARADONG KATOLIKO ROMANO KAMI",

helps very much to enlighten, especially, the doubting Catholics; and also renders a great aid to the Catholic defenders of our FAITH against the SEDUCERS, the various "BULAANG IGLESIA".—Let us not be: NEITHER COLD, NOR HOT, Soldiers of Christ...!

And our New Leaflet:

"ANGHEL BA O HARING SOLOMON SI FELIX MANALO?"

In it the TRUE difference between the "Iglesia ni Kristo" (of Christ) and the "Iglesia ni Kristo" (Manalo). Also, in it a GOOD LESSON to be found for the WOMEN, which TRUTH is taken from the Official Gazette., Vol. I, July 1942, p. 393; and he who would insist to contradict the said TRUTH would undoubtedly contradict the POWER of the concerned Honorable Officers of the Court of Appeals mentioned in the said Official Gazette.

Both by Lino D. Javier, and both available at the:

Catholic Trade School — BOOKMARK — Liberia San Pablo
1916 Oroquieta,—15 Banquero & Escolta,—531 F. B. Harrison St.,
Manila — Manila — Manila

Or write and inclose one peso and eighty centavos (P1.80, money order) for both copies to:

Mrs. ELISEA B. JAVIER
Dinalupihan, Bataan

Christmas

IS HERE AGAIN

AND ITS TIME TO REJOICE AND WISH FOR
FELLOWMEN PEACE AND HAPPINESS

KEEP THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT—
SEND A CHRISTMAS CARD

| Description | Price |
|---|-------|
| MADONNA ASSORTMENT—21 deeply religious cards faithfully expressing the true spirit of Christmas | P3.4 |
| HOLIDAY HUMOR ASSORTMENT—16 comical cards, alive-with-action box | 3.0 |
| CATHEDRAL CATHOLIC ASSORTMENT—a beautiful assortment of 21 cards expressing the Catholic Faith | 3.1 |
| NO. 59 x 1201—12 animated, humorous cards | 1.0 |
| CATHOLIC RELIGIOUS ASSORTMENT—21 beautiful cards with Scripture texts | 2.3 |
| SUNSHINE LINE—21 cards with Bible Verses | 3.2 |
| MANGER DESIGN—21 beautiful, religious cards | 3.7 |
| STAR DESIGN—21 cards beautifully reproduced in full color .. | 3.1 |
| MERRY X'MAS COMICS—16 animated, humorous cards | 3.4 |
| ADORING ANGELS—21 Catholic religious assortment | 3.4 |
| SURPRISE!—16 humorous action greetings | 3.4 |
| TWENTY—beautifully colored religious X'mas cards | 2.3 |
| WISHING WELL—an assortment of 21 beautifully colored Christmas cards | 1.50 |
| CANDLELIGHT—21 assorted Christmas cards | 1.75 |
| SPANG-I-ETTES—18 metallic Christmas greetings | 2.00 |
| HOLIDAY BELLS—the Christmas spirit well expressed in 21 attractive cards | 2.0 |

10% DISCOUNT ON ORDERS OF 6 BOXES OR MORE
ONE KIND OR ASSORTED

THE BOOKMARK, INC.

Regina Building • 15 Banquero & Escolta • Manila
Tel. No. 3-92-39