

THE **CROSS**

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NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY
DECEMBER, 1945 APR 12 1982

Merry Christmas to All!





"I'll tell the Cross..."

A CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION

San Fernando, Pampanga

Sir:

Here is a suggestion if you can use it. How about sending old Christmas cards to some religious congregations for their use during Christmas holidays and other cards as birthday cards and so forth. For the last two years I have been giving the Benedictine Sisters here in our town my old Christmas cards, cutting out the parts where the dedication is and the Sisters make their own envelopes and send them out to other Sisters, sometimes of their own orders, or make them into framed holy pictures. According to the Sisters, they find much use for them. We, on the other hand, just keep them and they either fade or rot, or what is worse, we discard them a week after Christmas. Wont it be more beneficial if we turn them over to the Sisters and missionaries?

Sincerely,

Herminia Ocampo

Ed.—"If there is any good that I can do, let me not put it off. I shall not pass again this way." —Bing Crosby in "Bells of St. Mary"

MEANS TO FAITH

Sir:

San Miguel, Tarlac

To my amazement, after a pilgrimage to the Holy City and famous shrines in Europe, and a short visit to the United States, I find many of our people and students greatly enthusiastic in seeking for the true faith. To this effect, I suggested the reading of our Catholic magazine, *The Cross*, as one means to aid them and they gladly consented to it. In behalf of the Catholic Press and for the enlightenment of these immortal souls, please send me fifty (50) copies monthly.

Wishing for the success always of our militant and consoling Catholic Magazine, I remain.

Fraternally yours in Christ,

Rev. Jose O. Valerio

Ed.—Hope it can help: "God giveth the increase".

(Turn to page 62)



The Greatest Story Ever Told

And it came to pass, that in those days there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that the whole world should be enrolled.

This enrolling was first made by Cyrinus, the governor of Syria.

And all went to be enrolled, every one into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth into Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem: because he was of the house and family of David.

To be enrolled with Mary his espoused wife, who was with child.

And it came to pass, that when they were there, her days were accomplished, that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.



And there were in the same country shepherds watching, and keeping the night watches over their flock.

And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them; and they feared with a great fear.

And the angel said to them: Fear Not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people:

For this day, is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David.

And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God, and saying:

Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will.

And it came to pass, after the angels departed from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another: Let us go over to Bethlehem, and let us see this word that is come to pass, which the Lord hath shewed to us.

And they came with haste: and they found Mary and Joseph, and the infant lying in the manger. ST. LUKE



Colloquy: Christmas

Tonight: our naked highways will sing
With blundering hymns, mocking the cold,
Expectant night with Gloria in Excelsis Deo
And Silent Night . . . poor half-dressed urchins
Booming carols from bamboo strips: a silly parody.
There, beyond the red-roofed housetops, the dew drops
Gleam on star-washed windows, pouring out
On asphalt pavements the rainbow colors
Of Christmas trees . . . and we who watch
Will waken from our dream.

How long, long ago it seemed we stared
At Christmas trees with simple eyes
And knelt before a dim-lit crib
To see this miracle: a Child.
But twenty years have dimmed our eyes,
The serpent struck: and we have lost
The meaning of this midnight mystery,
This starlit cave, this December paradox.
Child, Child, we wait for midnight bells,
Lead us back to Bethlehem again!

O heart: keep colloquy before this Christmas tree.
Smooth the pine needles now rusting into nails.
Venite Adoremus yields to the drums of swing
And the Blue Inn rocks with the sound of song.

Christ walks again tonight, heart:
Above the drooling juke box in the lighted market place
He sings our worn out Venite Adoremus.
Along the deserted highways and twisted alleys
He waits. Oh He has waited long!
Our hills have turned to the green of summer,
The Child has grown to a Nazarene . . .
See, beyond the westward hills He sings,
Waiting for shuffling feet to lead to Bethlehem.

I hear you: Child of Christmas.
I will be your shepherd,
I will feed your sheep.

By
RAUL
SAN JUAN

TABLE OF CONTENTS**EDITORIALS:****SPECIAL FEATURE****THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD . . . 1****EDITORIALS:**

Dr. Romulo Repents	5
A Response to Protestants	6
Is Dr. Bocobo another Herod?	7
"So Little to Laugh at"	7
Birth Control to the Rescue	8
More on Catholic Attitude Toward Sex Of Bookstores and Men	9 10

ARTICLES:

Dr. Bocobo on Rizal's Retraction Prof. N. Zafra	12
The Bell Report and Our Economic Ills Dr. M. L. Roxas	16
Exile Priest in Los Baños J. Dahlheimer, S. J.	43
Priests and Marriage R. Javier	46
PA and Ma Make the Retreat	49
The Song of Adlay P. G. Altura	55
A Dialogue on the Retraction	57

SHORT STORY:

The "Monsieur" and the Colegialas L. M. Gonzales	36
---	----

POEMS:

Colloquy: Christmas . . . R. San Juan	3
---------------------------------------	---

COLUMNS:

The Millionaires' Club	11
The Chaperone Aunt Lina	23
Heart to Heart Lily Marlene	26
Open the Gates	60

DEPARTMENTS:

Cartoons By Malang	A
I'll tell the CROSS	31
The Apostleship Corner	32
Intentions for January, 1951	32
Motion Picture Guide	64

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Editorial Comment

DR. ROMULO REPENTS

In our March issue, we editorialized that, because of their weak-kneed policy of appeasement with Russia, Dr. Carlos P. Romulo and his right-hand man, Salvador P. Lopez, were "disturbingly PINK". We referred to the numerous occasions when in their speeches, these worthy ambassadors put equal blame on the United States and Russia for the appalling international situation. To quote "SP" Lopez who spoke before the Baguio Cadets, "A war can only be prevented by the self-restraint of the two powers (Russia and U.S.) themselves."

It is one of the saddest tragedies of our times that our world leaders, honorable and thinking men, either thru their human weakness of intellect or will, have been outwitted and duped by the Russian bear so that they refused to stand for truth, justice and peace. Take the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt at Teheran and Yalta, or Dean Acheson on the China question, or Doctor Romulo on the Spanish question. All of them simply played into the hands of the Russian underdog.

The respected American Catholic Weekly, The TABLET, briefly summarizes for us the story of the "Prodigal Ambassador of the Philippines", Carlos P. Romulo:

"Hon. Carlos P. Romulo, Foreign Minister of the Philippine Delegation, was a leader in the bitter attack on Spain and its people at the United Nations meeting on Dec. 12, 1946, at which a resolution was passed asking all the nations to withdraw relations from Spain and boycott that country.

"The following day we wrote Mr. Romulo and told him he should be thoroughly ashamed of himself not only for the untruths he uttered but because apparently he, like many other delegates, was used to appease the Soviet. And for him, with his education and religion, his action was inexcusable. We predicted he would see the truth later. No reply was received and as far as this paper was concerned we have never since given the gentleman any publicity.

"Now we learn from the Associated Press of Wednesday that General Romulo, speaking at a U.N. celebration in Rio de Janeiro on the previous day, cited international Communism as the great menace to world peace. He then said that the diplomatic boycott of Spain was an error that served to sanction "the vengeance of the Politburo against the Spain it was unable to conquer in 1936."

"The military defeat in Korea was not the first for international Communism but the second," General Romulo added. "The first was Spain in 1939. If Spain, bulwark of Christianity and key to the Mediterranean had fallen into Communism's power at that time, Europe would have had its political Pearl Harbor in that year."

"General Romulo said the Christianity of the Latin peoples constituted one of the greatest pillars sustaining the United Nations edifice and a bulwark against infiltration of Communism and international aggression.

"While we welcome General Romulo back to the realm of clear and honest thinking, we cannot help but remark that the supreme tragedy of our times has been that honorable men have at the crucial time refused to stand up for truth, justice and peace, that they have been temporarily used by the forces of anti-Christ and have at a later day admitted they were victimized. And at what a price!"

A RESPONSE TO PROTESTANTS

In The Manila Times for November 18, we find the following:

PROTESTANTS GREET KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

The Philippine Federation of Christian Churches representing the Protestants in the Philippines wired its greetings and cordial good wishes to the delegates of the Convention of the Knights of Columbus in Baguio.

The Federation pledged to cooperate in any proposition of the Knights of Columbus that will help to promote and establish peace among the Filipino people.

The good will apparent in this message is deeply appreciated.

As a first step in the proffered cooperation, may we suggest that this Philippine Federation of Christian Churches assist the Knights of Columbus in their efforts for the Religious Instruction in the Public Schools of the Philippines.

Surely this would help to promote and establish peace among the Philippine people.

IS DR. BOCOBO ANOTHER HEROD?

Herod is dead. According to tradition he died an inglorious death at the mercy of carrion worms. Horrible!

Innocents Day, come December 27, is celebrated every year in honor of the hundreds of innocent babies he massacred in lieu of the Christ Child of Bethlehem.

Today we ask in the Philippines: "Is Doctor Bocobo another Herod?"

We have in the Philippines millions of innocent school children in the public schools. There will be many millions more to come. And if Protestants like Doctor Bocobo and the rest continue to deny them the religious instruction that will awaken them to the true life of the spirit, what will become of their souls? Will they not remain dead to the knowledge and love of God, dead to the only life that really matters?

There are two contrary methods of killing a man: the positive way of slaying him and the negative way of starving him. Dr. Bocobo and the rest may not directly slay the spiritual life of Filipino children in the public schools, but they are starving them by their consistent denial of Religious Instruction.

Doctor Bocobo, we think, is a sincere, well-meaning man.

But is he unconsciously another Herod?

"SO LITTLE TO LAUGH AT"

A very successful lawyer confessed to us once that nowadays he goes "only to funny shows, because there is so little to laugh at". Now and then you meet such people. Weighed

down, perhaps, by the misery of the world about us, they have soured with a cynicism as damnable as it is pagan.

Writing about the recent death of the merry old gentleman, George Bernard Shaw, the Newsweek, popular American weekly, described him as "a Socialist... and to the end a wit in a world which had little left to laugh at". The irony of it all was that a picture on the opposite page presented President Truman with a crowd of grown-ups laughing heartily at the pranks of two tiny babies.

The story goes that President Truman was solemnly reading the citation (for exceptional gallantry on Iwo Jima) of Marine Col. Marion Chambers, when Chomberg's 7-month-old twin sons, Peter and Paul, mischievously stepped in to steal the show. Paul reached out and grabbed the document, waving it violently. After a gentle tug of war the President removed the baby's

hand. Then Peter pulled Mr. Truman's handkerchief from his pocket to the delight of the crowd!

So little to laugh at!

Only the pagan, I believe, will find "so little to laugh at", for paganism is resourceless in misery and grief, having pinned all its joys and happiness on this fleeting world. But the Christian will never be wanting in cause for laughter. Knowing that ours is God's world; not man's, somehow, as somebody said, "above the clouds the sun is shining." Unlike the pagan, he can whistle in the dark, because the guiding Hand of Providence leads him on. And because he has faith and trust in the goodness and love of God, he can laugh and sing and smile even at his death. That is why we hear of martyrs who went smiling to their deaths. St. Thomas More, for instance, died joking with his executioner. "I pray thee, cut not my beard," he said, "it hath committed no treason against the king."

So little to laugh at!

BIRTH CONTROL TO THE RESCUE

In an article entitled, "Can We Save the Philippines from Communism?" (Philippine Christian Advance, November 1950), the Rev. Allen R. Huber, Head of the Disciples Mission

in the Philippines, offers a solution to our ills that is as detestable as it is wrong.

It all started with the Manila Bulletin publishing the new record set up by the Philippines in rice production. According to the Bulletin writer, the Philippines in 1949 produced 3,000,000 cavans more rice than its best pre-war record in 1940. A cause for rejoicing, isn't it?

Apparently, says the Rev. Huber. But the tremendous increase in population over rice production has actually reduced the per capita consumption from 3.3 cavans per person in 1940 to 2.9 cavans per person in 1949. Unless the percentage of increase in rice production is stepped up, warns the Rev. Huber, hunger is inevitable in the Philippines and Communism or something worse will take over.

So far we have nothing against the Rev. Huber. No one could be more solicitous over our impending misery. Ostensibly, at least. Any decent citizen should certainly be interested in realizing that economic independence which is a solid foundation for democracy.

In view of this problem, however, what does the Rev. Huber propose?

"Increase the production of rice," he says, "and limit voluntarily the increase in population. Strong, healthy parents should resolve

to have four children and no more... The government through public health doctors and nurses in private practice should carry on widespread education in family planning. If the churches cooperate with the government in these plans, the day might come when no child would be born by accident but each one would be wanted, prayed for, prepared for, and would enter into life with an opportunity to be adequately housed, fed, educated, and reared in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. By intelligent, Christian living we can save the Philippines from Communism."

The Rev. Huber is careful not to shock the fine sensibilities of our people. Clothed in such beautiful and sentimental language, the malignant evil he, unwittingly perhaps, is trying to propose, may escape the reader's notice. In the United States American Protestants have a word for it — "Planned Parenthood". But Catholics the world over do not mince words when colling an evil an evil. And birth control to them is birth control! No amount of name-calling or white-washing can change its malignant nature.

People like the Rev Huber, who may perhaps be sincerely convinced about the good of birth control, may, with their sentimentalism and stupidity, wrap it up with the halo of respectability, but it is still the detestably inhuman sin of contraception. It is indeed a sad commentary on our much vaunted progressive century if the best recommendation that our ministers of the gospel can give us for handling a social problem is to cheat the law of God. If we need to increase our rice production a hundred times more, then, by the beard of Methuselah! let us do so! But let us not encourage personal immorality among our innocent people.

MORE ON CATHOLIC ATTITUDE TOWARD SEX

Thanks to the lively interest of our readers, we have received a good number of letters commending the very solid article of Father Demetrius Manoussos on "The Catholic Attitude Toward

Sex" in our October issue. Many of those who wrote us expressed the desire for more articles on the same and similar subjects.

While we promise to carry more informative articles of the kind in the future, we eagerly recommend to our readers the authoritative and practical pamphlet entitled "Modern Youth and Chastity" by Gerald Kelly, S.J. Incidentally, we also recommend it to the numerous fans, young and old, of our popular columnist — LILY MARLENE! We are sure a study of this pamphlet will save them from a lot of headaches and heartaches!

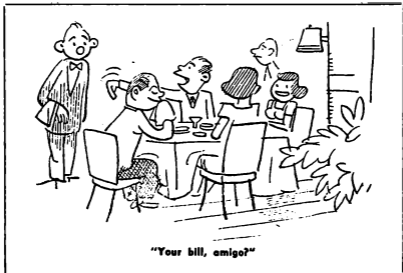
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OF BOOKSTORES AND MEN

Conducting a survey among forty nations, the Publishers' Weekly placed the Philippines as second in the top ten list of importers of books from the United States. During the first quarter of 1950 — January to March — the Philippines spent \$488,027 on books, while Canada, placed first, spent \$1,915,000 and the United Kingdom, \$401,953. In 1949 the Philippines beat all its previous records with an import of \$3,353,654 worth of books.

This is indeed a very good sign for the nation. Our educators must be extremely happy, seeing how avidly our people go in for reading.

A quick survey of local bookstores, however, will reveal the sad fact that a big number of the books flaunted before the public's eyes are of low moral tone. Most bookstore owners do not seem to know that, by selling literature of this category, they become cooperators in the sin of scandal... of which Our Lord said: "Woe to him thru whom scandal cometh. It were better if he were not born!"



"Your bill, amigo?"

FDR: "Spend and be spent!"

The Millionaires' Club



FROM HOLY GHOST GIRLS

*Holy Ghost Institute
Tarlac, Tarlac*

Dear Sir:

Upon receiving the November issue of the CROSS, we read about the Millionaires' Club which you started recently.

We are really happy to read the names of those generous contributors who saw the necessity of raising funds to help the poor seminarians. We, the Juniors of Holy Ghost Institute, feel that as Catholic students, we must also give our share in this undertaking.

We are hereby enclosing ten pesos (P10.00) which may be of help to our brothers in the seminary.

God bless the Millionaires' Club, and we hope this campaign will be a success.

*Very respectfully yours,
Class 1950-51*

Editors—May God bless your kind hearts and repay you a hundred-fold!

POOR SEMINARIES

That seminarians do need our help is known to all, but these few facts will help us appreciate the amount of work that can be done along this line. One Bishop recently informed us that one of his seminaries spent P60,000 last year, and of this amount only P25,000 were raised by the seminarians. Another of his seminaries has 25 seminarians, only two of whom are paying their way. How these seminaries and many others manage to make both ends meet — if there are ends — is one of the miracles of our times.

CHRISTMAS GIFT

Come Christmas, the Millionaires Club will start giving out help to poor deserving seminarians. And we do need your generous help. There is no better way of "giving" than helping those preparing for the priesthood. We assure you that whatever you give will be appreciated by both the seminarians and by the Christ Child Whom one day they will bring down on our altars.

In his speech before the Masons on "The Religion of Rizal," Dr. Bocobo made a number of assertions which deserve critical examination and consideration in the interest of historical truth.

First of all is Dr. Bocobo's claim that Rizal "was virtually a Protestant Christian both during the period of his patriotic labors and at the moment of his martyrdom."

Dr. Bocobo may be correct in believing that Rizal was "virtually a Protestant Christian" during the time he was actively engaged in political and nationalistic propaganda. Of this fact, however, Dr. Bocobo could not be absolutely certain for, in his speech, he assured his hearers that, though Rizal was "virtually a Protestant or Evangelical Christian, he did not formally join Protestantism."

The other part of Dr. Bocobo's claim, the assertion that Rizal was a "Protestant Christian at the moment of his martyrdom" is open to serious objection.

It is interesting to note, in the first place, that in making his claim, Dr. Bocobo relied on the authority of Retana, Rizal's biographer. Now, Retana obtained his information about Rizal's being a "Protestant Christian" from Father Balaguer. In fact the citation from Retana which Dr. Bocobo used is a quotation from Father Balaguer's account of the last moments of Rizal. It represents Father Balaguer's candid appraisal of Rizal in religious matters prior to

"With all due respect for the Doctor's opinion . . ."

Dr. Bocobo on

the latter's return to the Catholic faith.

We can therefore, with reason presume that Dr. Bocobo, in quoting with approval a statement from Retana about Rizal which has its source in Father Balaguer's account, would regard Father Balaguer as a candid and truthful narrator.

Now, there are several other details about Rizal which Father Balaguer mentioned in his narrative. There was, for example, the fact that Rizal asked for and received the sacrament of Penance. Mention was made also of the fact that Rizal heard Mass, that he received Holy Communion, that he read at Mass the text of the retraction, that he prayed the Rosary, that he kissed the statue of the Sacred Heart of Jesus before he left Fort Santiago, and many other details. Since Dr. Bocobo appears to give full faith and credit to certain portions of Father Balaguer's account, it is reasonable for him to presume truthfulness and good faith in Father Balaguer with respect to these other

Rizal's Retraction

By PROF. NICOLAS ZAFRA



details about Rizal. Otherwise, fair-minded people will have reason to think of him, in dealing with historical matters, as lacking in historical fairness and impartiality.

Now the details above-mentioned, assuming that they represent truly and accurately things that Rizal did in the last moments of his life, would lead up to one inescapable and incontrovertible fact, namely, that Rizal at that moment, was a Roman Catholic, not a Protestant or Evangelical Christian.

This fact would seriously be challenged if it rested merely on the testimony of Father Balaguer. Evidence for it, however, is available from other sources of unquestioned authenticity and reliability. Even without the evidence of the document of retraction, the genuineness of which Dr. Bocobo, on the authority of Dr.

Palma, would not admit, its position as a fact of history is secure and unassailable.

Among the persons who saw Rizal and were with him in his last moments, there was one whose veracity Dr. Palma himself does not impugn. Reference is had to Luis Taviel de Andrade, the Defense Counsel of Rizal. Taviel de Andrade knew certain things about Rizal from direct personal observation, not from hearsay. He knew, for example, that Rizal retracted and died within the fold of the Catholic Church, and said so in his testimony. This knowledge Andrade deduced from the acts of piety and religiosity which he himself observed in Rizal a few moments before Rizal left Fort Santiago, while on the way to the place of execution, and shortly before the fatal shots were fired. Since these demonstrations of piety and religiosity on the part of Rizal were things which a loyal Catholic would normally do, Taviel de Andrade could not have been far from the truth when he said,

Prof. Nicolas Zafra, Professor of History, UP, gently corrects Dr. Bocobo's distorted views on Rizal and the Philippine Revolution. —Ed.

"Doctor Rizal died as a Christian, ratifying thereby the retraction of his errors which he made in the Chapel", not unless one should presume that Rizal, either did not know what he was doing at the time, or was playing the role of a hypocrite. Such a presumption is, on the face of it, simply ridiculous and absurd.

Dr. Bocobo also wanted his hearers to understand that the Philippine Revolution was anti-Catholic and that it aimed to free the Philippines from what he termed "Roman Catholic obscurantism."

With all due respect to Dr. Bocobo's opinion, it should be said that his views regarding the character and purpose of the Philippine Revolution are, to say the least, quite mistaken and distorted. Students of Philippine history know that the Philippine Revolution was a product of the nationalistic movement which grew and developed, under varying factors and influences, in the nineteenth century. It arose out of the longings and desires of the Filipino people for freedom, — for the liberation of the Philippines from the oppressions and injustice of the Spanish colonial regime. While it is true that many of the prominent leaders of the Revolution were Masons, having joined Masonic organizations in Europe and in the Philippines, it is quite a fact that a number of them subsequently renounced Masonry and became reconciled to the Catholic Church. It is also true that a large number of those who participated prominently in

the government during the period of the Revolution were ardent and loyal Catholics. It is true too, that there was a religious aspect of the revolutionary movement, and that, as a sequel of the Revolution, a new church arose, independent of Rome, and nationalistic in character and spirit. It is a fact, however, that the great majority of Filipinos chose to remain loyal to the Catholic faith, the Faith of their Fathers. This fact lends strength and support to the view that the Revolution was in character, purpose and tendency far from being anti-Catholic.

The great leaders and representatives of Philippine nationalism recognized and appreciated the importance of Catholic ideals and virtues in the political and social life of our people. Rizal, for one, was convinced that only in virtue could the Filipino people attain and enjoy the blessings of true freedom. This conviction he expressed solemnly and most emphatically, through Father Florentino, in those unforgettable words in **EL FILIBUSTERISMO**:

"National redemption comes thru virtue, and virtue presupposes sacrifice, and sacrifice presupposes love."

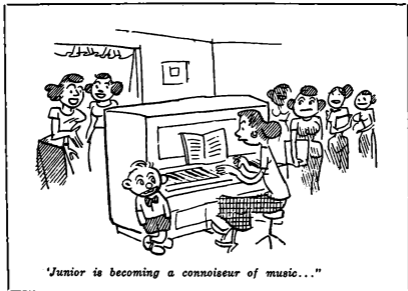
Through Father Florentino, Rizal advised his countrymen to follow the Christian way of life. Rizal, of course, knew what following the Christian way of life would mean. He knew it would mean the exercise and practice of true Christian charity, that charity of which St. Paul, with great eloquence and power and feeling, wrote

to the Corinthians, — kindness, patience, humility, generosity, forgiveness, joy in the things that are good, beautiful and true, all of which stem from one great virtue — Love, love of God, and love of one's neighbor for the sake of, and for the love of, God. With his superior intelligence, Rizal realized that only in the exercise and practice of Christian charity as taught by the true Church of God and as exemplified in the lives of true and good Christians everywhere, would the Filipino people fulfill the rosy dream that he cherished for them. He knew that by so doing they would be building their national and social structure on the bed rock of Christian virtues, which is the only

foundation

sure formation for freedom, justice and peace for any nation.

It is to Rizal's immortal honor and glory that, in the supreme moment of earthly life, he lived up to the ideal pattern of Christian manhood that he wanted his countrymen to follow and to emulate. In the spirit of Christian charity he returned to the Faith of his Fathers. It was as if he wanted by that act of love to tell his people to be loyal to the Faith whose ideas and ideals could well promote their welfare and happiness. This was the last great act of Rizal. In a larger sense, it could be the greatest and the most glorious that he performed in the service of his people.



The Bell Economic Mission has released its report. In general, resentment to the harshness of the facts exposed was the first reaction. The truth, so bluntly presented, hurt us in our pride and vanity. That could not be helped. Our own Rizal did that. Like any sick person suffering from ugly sores, we recoil and whimper when these are exposed in the limelight.

At the request of our own Government, the Bell Economic Mission was sent here by President Truman to make a fact finding survey of our economic situation in order to place in the hands of the U.S. President the most reliable information on our case, so that he may know exactly in what way we can be helped in our predicament.

The Bell Mission members were carefully selected by President Truman and represented ability and experience in the different lines of Economics and Technology with which the Mission had to deal.

The Mission came with open mind prepared to tackle a difficult job in a relatively short time. They refused the usual tender of banquets and social functions, which, out of our traditional spirit of hospitality, we are accustomed to heap on similar missions, thoughtless of how much valuable time is taken away from them, that they need to do their work thoroughly and conscientiously. That attitude of the Mission was the most earnest proof of their sincere desire

"The Bell Report aims to establish here a true economic democracy..."

The and our

to get to the bottom of things. They did their job thoroughly and well.

Perusal of the Report of the Bell Mission discloses absence of prejudice or fault finding. It is an honest exposition of the critical situation they have found here. They did not have to use strong words nor expletives to impress President Truman with the seriousness of the situation.

The Bell Mission viewed the situation here not solely in our interest but also in relation to America's own interest in her over-all policy in South East Asia.

It is quite understandable that reaction to the Bell Report among prominent Filipinos varied according to individual viewpoint and light.

Commentators on the Bell Report here packed those points which concerned each in his viewpoint. Graft and corruption, by the habitual administration critic; increased taxes, by the businessman; pointers in industrialization, by our industrial planners.

Little has been said on the basic philosophy followed in the recom-

Bell Report Economic Ills

By DR. MANUEL L. ROXAS



recommendations for the remedies to our economic ills — a philosophy, which is an open criticism of the one followed by our economic planners.

A member of the Mission in a speech in New York made the statement that we did not use common sense in our economic planning. That was even before it was decided to publish the Bell Report in full. Now that the report has been published in *toto*, we can see that the statement is not exaggerated.

We quote (all types in *Italics* are ours):

"The basic economic problem in the Philippines is inefficient production and very low incomes.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dr. Roxas, noted agricultural expert, was former Director of Plant Industry, is at present Technical Adviser to the President. In this article he analyzes the Philosophy behind the Bell Report.—Ed.

While a substantial recovery was made in production after the liberation, agricultural and industrial output is still below the prewar level. In the past ten years, however, the population has increased by 25 per cent. Although home production has been supplemented by large imports, the standard of living of most people is lower than before the war."

"While production in general has been restored to almost the prewar level, little of fundamental importance was done to increase productive efficiency and to diversify the economy. In agriculture, the area under cultivation was brought to the prewar level, and the livestock population partially restored. But almost nothing was done to open new lands for the increased population, to improve the methods of cultivation, or to better the position of farm workers and tenants. In industry, production was restor-

ed very much in the prewar pattern. While some new enterprises have been started, particularly in the past year, there has been little real progress in opening new work opportunities and in strengthening the economy. The country still relies too heavily on the export of a few basic agricultural crops — coconut, sugar and hemp — which provide a meager livelihood to most of the people engaged in their production."

These facts have been known all along to those familiar with the present conditions of our economy. Our yields of sugar still average 90 piculs per hectare compared with 300 in Hawaii and the prewar yield of 250 in Java. We still average 26 to 27 cavans per hectare of rice. Our copra is still the poorest in the world. Our tenants have not changed their methods of production; they still follow the antiquated methods of our forefathers. Not that we have not tried to remedy this situation. But the unsystematic way we have gone about improvement of methods by mechanization and adoption of modern ones has been haphazard and inefficient, and entirely out of proportion to the requirements of the task before us. We seem to have expected that we could talk things into solving themselves. The Bell Mission warns:

"The economy shows little inherent capacity to overcome the difficulties with which it is faced."

Quoting further:

"There are officials in the Philippine Government who are aware of the dangers in this pervading economic unbalance between production and needs, between prices and wages, between Government expenditures and taxes, between foreign exchange payments and receipts. Some of them understand the reasons why these difficulties arose; but the measures that could halt the deterioration have not been put into effect. Inefficiency and even corruption in the Government service are widespread. Leaders in agriculture and in business have not been sufficiently aware of their responsibility to improve the economic position of the lower income groups. The public lacks confidence in the capacity of the government to act firmly to protect the interests of all the people. The situation has been exploited by the Communist-led Huk-balahap movement to incite lawlessness and disorder."

"The Government has thus far attempted to deal with some of these emerging problems through import and exchange controls and through price controls. Such measures are directed to the symptoms rather than the causes of economic disorder. At best, they are measures that can only delay a breakdown in the economy; they cannot remedy the fundamental ills from which the country suffers. A permanent so-

lution to these problems will be found only through a determined effort on the part of the people and the Government of the Philippines, with the aid and encouragement of the United States, to increase production and improve productive efficiency, to raise the level of wages and farm income, and to open new opportunities for work and for acquiring land."

"The recovery in agricultural production has been partly due to good work by the Department of Agriculture and Natural Resources and the War Damage Commission. But mostly the recovery is due to the momentum of a predominantly agricultural economy, being released from the preoccupations of war. Nevertheless one can not say that what has been accomplished since 1946 lends any great hope that Philippine agriculture will go very much beyond its status in 1946 unless some new impetus comes in to encourage the use of improved methods of production and make their use worthwhile to the farmers who adopt them. In fact, there is urgency in dealing with some crop problems if the situation is not to deteriorate."

"Although sugar production is being restored, the industry is far from being in a sound position. The same amount of sugar should be produced on much less area, thus freeing good cultivated land for the growing of food grains and

other food crops. This is a very reasonable expectation, for sugar production per unit of area is less than half of what it is in other cane sugar producing countries of the world. The increase in unit production would go far towards putting the industry on a competitive basis. Very significant improvement is necessary if only to meet the provisions of the Philippine Trade Act by 1954. Of greater importance perhaps is that higher sugar yields and more food production in the main sugar districts, such as Occidental Negros, would benefit tenants and laborers whose economic condition is pitiable to say the least."

"The national budget makes little provision for this basic occupation of the Philippine people. For the fiscal year 1951, there was appropriated to the Department of Agriculture and Natural Resources for investigations in plant industry, animal industry, fisheries, and forestry, the sum of P1.2 million, about one-fourth of one per cent of the budget. Most of this will go into salaries and wages, travel, and miscellaneous expenses, leaving but a minor part for actual experimental work. The fact is that for the basic informational needs of the industries that constitute the backbone of the entire economy, almost a negligible amount is provided in the national budget. When it is considered that Philippine agriculture is re-

garded by its most sincere friends as very backward and susceptible to quick improvements, the neglect of even elementary experimental work on which its advancement depends is difficult to understand."

"The neglect of experimental work is serious enough, but the lack of an efficient agricultural extension service is even more lamentable for there is much useful information already available which could be put into practice. There is an extension division in the Bureau of Plant Industry, but it has little money, is strangely limited to plant production, excluding forage crops, and its work is encumbered by the regulatory duties of the men employed in the provinces to carry out its functions. Each of the other main bureaus having to do with agricultural subjects, such as livestock and soils, does its own extension work. So also do forestry and fisheries."

Both in the U.S. and in Europe, the advances in agriculture and in the industries have been made possible by intensive research and study of all the problems confronting them coupled with wise financing. We have thought of solving our problems here through high pressure financing without stooping to consider the importance of securing accurate and dependable information on the basic factors which underlie our economy. Any data superficially obtained, if they look plausible and fit in our pet scheme, we have readily accepted.

We even selected the information that supports our favorite plan rather than plan on the information that careful and thorough study has revealed. As a matter of fact, we have not considered it important to require thoroughness in such study. Our "economist" did not consider such steps important. We have thought it enough to solve our problems at round table conferences of "experienced" men, regardless as to whether their experience is in or out of line. In most cases, it was out of line. People ordinarily are only too prone to give advice if offered a chance. Is it strange that only confusion came out of such a procedure?

The Bell Report suggests that we proceed in the manner found working in progressive countries:

That our experiment stations be activated and given ample support.

That we re-examine our projects in the light of much more thorough scientific studies of the factors involved.

That we stop adopting immature ambitious schemes; and use common sense instead as we should.

That we begin the work of improvement at the grass root — meaning the tenants and dirt farmers, and thus place our agriculture on prosperous basis at the bottom.

That industrialization be based on such prosperous agriculture and begin with numerous small industries that will insure the prosperity of the mass of population and of not only a few favored individuals,

who are less in need of help than the much greater number of small fellows.

We are advised against organizing anymore of the type of government corporations, in which a great deal of our money was wasted.

That to induce settlers to occupy public land, the government limit itself to opening new roads and give the settlers facilities by way of securing clear title to their homestead and of help in financing.

By way of illustration of the objective to which the Bell Mission would have us direct our efforts, the case of the Central Luzon Valley might be mentioned. The economic plans prepared by local economists so far have by-passed the remedying of the situation in this valley. This is the sore spot of our Republic where the economic conditions of the people have deteriorated to such a point that "they have been exploited by the Communist-led Hukbolahap movement to incite lawlessness and disorder." The Bell Mission would want us to begin applying the remedy here.

They suggest those measures that will improve the farm efficiency and unit yields per hectare of crops. They have mentioned full extension of irrigation systems, flood control complete with dams and artificial lakes and reservoirs to be used for developing water power for use in power pumping of water and the rural elec-

trification, and manufacture of lime and fertilizers such as ammonium nitrate: based on a complete soil survey to use the lime and the fertilizers to improve the yields of the land; and helping the tenants and small farmers with better seeds and labor-saving implements; at the same time improving the tenant-landlord relationship, buying large estates and distributing the land to the tenants at reasonable prices.

The fact that the problem here is age-old, is no excuse for us to evade the issues. Modern methods of attacking social problems arising from impoverishment of land and deteriorated tenant-landlord situation are quite well-known, and have proven successful in other countries.

We must confess that the full application of these modern methods on a scale proportionate with the seriousness of the situation needs vision and courage. And our leaders have had neither.

The Bell Mission understands that the situation calls for the vigorous integrated application of all the remedies they have suggested, even to the point of using the lion's share of the aid to be given us. This will preclude any of the money to be diverted to pet ideas such as the Maria Cristina project, the steel and shipbuilding plants which can very well wait while we are attacking the more serious problem of the sore spot in our national life, or be left to our own devices.

Only men, who believe and have

had the experience in the application of the modern remedy, can wisely apply it; hence, the wisdom of the proposal that a technical mission be sent from the country that has had the wide experience to advise us in this line.

In conclusion, the Bell Report aims to establish here a true economic democracy by attacking the cause rather than the symptom of our economic ills.

Herein lies the difference between their philosophy and that of our economic planners.

If inefficient production and antiquated methods have resulted in very low individual farm production, then the Bell Mission advises that the aid money be directed to the improvement of the methods, more difficult though the problem may be. The Mission is even disposed that straight grants be given to bring such improvement about.

By adopting the logical steps in the solution of our economic problems along the common sense methods suggested by the Bell Mission, the implementation of the Bell Report need not involve the question of sovereignty. We will hardly feel the effect of supervision and control. By being stubborn in insisting on our erroneous ways, no aid will be forthcoming, one can be sure of that.

Scientists of the Philippines have called attention to the paucity of reliable scientific information on our natural resources. Such information is needed to enable us to do wise plan-

ning. Their pleas for giving due importance to the work have consistently fallen on deaf ears.

The Bell recommendations follow the line traced by these scientists. Therefore, they are the first to hail the materialization of these ideas, if and when they are implemented by a U.S. technical mission to be sent here. The main concern of the local scientists is the adoption of the right ideas by our people. It is enough for them to see that they are carried out, no matter by whom.

This country with all its wonderful natural resources, should be the one to set an example in this part of the world in support of scientific research and study. Even more so; than Japan in the past.

It is quite understandable that the appreciation of this work is no beyond parrot-like repetition of what is read in current foreign magazines and books. It is not in the historical background of our people.

If such realization will come home to us through the Bell Mission, that alone will be the best accomplishment of the Mission that will bring permanent benefit to this country.

Therefore, those who have the best interest of the whole country at heart, find it gratifying that the present administration, with the full approval of the minority party, had the good sense of accepting the recommendations of the Bell Mission and the tender of help of President Truman in the name of his government.

The Chaperone

Pen Pal Column conducted

By AUNT LINA



Dear Family,

It is Christmas in the air; we can almost hear the jingle bells making merry. The poor old mailman will have to work overtime just to deliver your avalanche of Christmas cards. Of course, you're going to be very happy—and maybe you'll look back on last Christmas when there wasn't any Chaperone Club yet to broaden your interest. Friends—tried and true — are gifts we can thank our Lord for.

Don't forget to wish the mailman a Merry Christmas. He has been acting as the ambassador of goodwill for you folks. Let's remember him—specially on Christmas Day.

How are your studies coming out this semester? Finding school tough? I'll have to warn some of you now. . . while it makes me happy to see that some of you receive mail by the dozen, still I don't want you to neglect your studies on account of the Chaperone Club. Write letters only during your free time. It is perfectly all right to be friendly—but you have to be reasonable, too.

As I said, and I still keep saying: "Duty before Pleasure."

Speaking of mail, please remember that ordinary mail in the Philippines needs five centavos for postage. Very soon, the Bureau of Posts authorities will blow my top off unless you're careful whenever you lick those stamps.

I've a good mind to take my slipper one day and give some of you a good spanking. When you write, be sure you really write, and not imitate a Dali surrealist sketch. Legible penmanship is an asset specially if you wish to keep your pen-friends. Pity your "cousins'" eyes; they have only two to last a lifetime.

And here's a word especially addressed to the "Nephew Legion". I am particularly pleased with your enthusiasm. Most of you are faithful correspondents and it gladdens me immensely to gather from your letters that your friendship-charts have registered an all-time high. Well and good. However, I would advise you to write your "cousins" before dropping in personally for a "howdy"

visit. That way will save both you and your "cousins" a lot of trouble and embarrassment. All right, boys?

Who knows — "if they knew you'd be coming, they would bake a cake. . . .!"

Here's news from the Family. . .

Gilda V-105 had to stay in bed lately because of a naughty cough-n-cold. She received a letter from Rolando R-102 and that served a "chin-up" purpose. She isn't in A-1 condition yet but anyway, she realized how a single friendly letter, can change a blue mood into a sunny one.

"Let's keep our code system the way it is," writes Carolina E-101, in answer to the question — Should we reveal the full names of all Club members? She believes that our system is distinctive and novel. Of course it is; ours is not merely another club; we are a family where the members feel they "belong".

Dorothy A-108 sent an "I'm Sorry" note shortly after her first "hello" letter. She gave her address to her first pen-pal and later remembered that she should remain incognito. There's really nothing to worry about, Dorothy. You are perfectly free to reveal your address and even your full name to your friends. So, quit worrying—and smile.

Whenever you have worries or doubts, don't hesitate to tell it to Auntie, huh? Norma O-104 was in a mix-up mood recently, but now her doubt has vamoosed like a soap bubble. We went through the whole thing together; it turned out to be no problem at all.

Emeterio M-106 is a fine lad; he is Aunt Lina's "Anchors Aweigh" nephew. Right after his trip to Mindanao and Borneo, he was bursting with news, so he grabbed a pen and scribbled letters to one of his "cousins" and to me—relating all about his adventures. He knew the Family would be interested—never too busy to listen.

Ima A-107 who teaches down in Kidapawan, Cotabato writes that she feels lonely. But very soon she won't have time to feel that way. There's a big bunch of letters addressed to her heading for the South right now. Cheerio, Irma.

It looks like Evangeline A-103 is serious on trying to discover my identity. In her latest letter, she asked, "How is your pussycat? Don't forget to let one of your nieces feed him." To tell you the sad truth, Pussy died suddenly last November 23. This is seriously speaking. . . She's gone and I miss her very much. Thanks for your concern, Evangeline.

This is a regular sort of family. Alfredo L-103 wrote me, "I had a black-and-white quarrel with Alice (enemy No. 1) and Aida because they are die-hard Ateneans!" If you'd only spend your fight-energy on something worthwhile—like studying your lessons—this would be a peaceful

world. No more of those quarrels now or I'll send the three of you to bed without supper.

Oh, by the way... Alfredo suggests that we write to the boys of the Xth in Korea. They certainly need cheering up and I am sure that the surplus wit and vivacity and optimism of our family members can bring smiles to our boys out there. Ours is a Catholic Youth Club. This does not mean we preach the Gospel in every line we write. No, we're doing our Catholic Action in the "sunshine way"; writing chin-up notes to the sick, sending cheerio lines to the lonely, spreading sunshine where it is needed. What do you think of Alfredo's suggestion, folks? Let's wrap up cheer and morale in a pocket of "God be with you" letters and send this on to our Fighting Xth.

Now, let's get down to business. Here are your newest "cousins". Pick your pal and write "hello"...

Oscar J-102 joined the family because he can't seem to get over his bashfulness. Maybe we can help him overcome it. He's enrolled at the University of the East. Age: 17 years.

We have two new members from St. James Academy—Josefa E-102 and Erlinda S-107. Both of them are Juniors in High School, and are active Catholic Actionists. They are so "sold" on the Chaperone Family idea, they've got their classmates interested in joining, too.

Pilaring L-106 from Philippine Women's College of La Paz, Iloilo is a High School Senior, who found our club "so nice and homey and wonderful", she decided to join. She already has chosen her first pen pal.

And from the Philippine Women's University comes "Hope" S-106. She's twenty years old, a Freshman in the College of Liberal Arts. She writes that she loves reading short stories, listening to request programs, and keeping house.

Paul C-103 joined because he loves writing letters in the same measure that he goes for basketball, pingpong and playing the harmonica.

It was curiosity that prompted Genaro L-107 to climb the merry bandwagon. He wanted to know what the Family members write one another about. He plays basketball, skates and bikes. Here's his top qualification: "I am a gentleman."

Lastly, we have Jose Q-100 who writes that he has always wanted to have Catholic pen pals. His trouble is how he can be one of my "nephews"—and he suggests, "Could you possibly adopt me?" He also wants to know if he has to pass gruelling tests before he can be admitted. Relax, Jose; you are "in" right now.

MERRY CHRISTMAS, CHILDREN!
GOD LOVE YOU!



HEART TO HEART

Advice to the lovelorn by Lily Marlens

Dear Miss Marlens:

I am a working girl. My boss, an American, is a young married man whose family is in the States. For several days he had been asking me to go out with him to lunch, saying that we could talk office matters while taking lunch, since we have a lot of work and there seems to be not enough time for them.

Our lunch hour is 12:00 to 1:00. I had been stalling him off, pretending to have a headache, or an engagement, or other things, as I feel it would not be proper for a single girl to go out with a married man, much less her employer.

Lately, however, he had become insistent, and some days ago he hinted on taking me home in his car after office hours. We live in the same district.

Now, should I go with him? He is a decent man, kind and good and I know he would never do anything that would hurt me.

However, you never can tell about a man and I am totally inexperienced.

Please tell me what to do. Don't ask me to quit my job, though because I couldn't afford to do that.

A secretary

Dear Secretary,

You are face to face with a set of circumstances that have been the occasion of the moral downfall of many a previously decent girl. The pattern is much the same in these cases. It starts with the hackneyed dodge of the married boss that you "could talk office matters while taking lunch". Then comes the devil's suggestion that lunch even without talking office matters — and perhaps a show — would be a perfectly innocent pastime.

If this is not sufficient to break a girl down, economic pressure is used: "It is part of your job — your pay-envelope depends on it." The end of the story is usually the same, no matter how upright, trustworthy, "decent, kind and good", the employer seemed to be in the beginning.

You are in danger not only from the obvious weakness of your employer, but from your own. Your heart can become involved; his position of authority, his thoughtfulness in "taking you home in his car", his flattering attention to you can make you think you are in love with him. If you don't resist that, and all occasions that may lead to it, you are lost.

For the sake of your soul, your peace of mind, your future, I beg you not to be deceived. There is no such thing as a married man "innocently" dating and running around with a girl other than his wife. It is not innocent at the start, even when it has not yet led to outright sins of sensuality, because he owes his companionship to his wife alone. And it will not be "innocent" of sinful actions very long. Even if you may lose your good job, as a price of your integrity, let him know that you cannot be bought, as a companion for his wayward affections, at any price.

Dear Miss Marlene,

Here is a problem so delicate and twisted that I decided to seek your advice, For a young man who has devoted four years of his life to active catholic action and has been instrumental in bringing others back to the fold, I find it indeed very confusing to find myself on the outside with no one to lead me back. Speak of the barber who cannot cut his own hair.

Maybe I'm just looking for sympathy and then again maybe I don't deserve it. The problem I speak of... it started when I met Her.

Looking back two years ago today I never dreamed I would wind up this way. She was nice, charming and so understanding, we fell in love and got engaged for almost two years, but the accumulated joy and happiness was only a prelude to the disappointment that changed my whole life.

I was jilted and grief drove me to seek vengeance. I was successful, it was easy, I broke heart after heart, and many were the women that shed tears just because of one woman's undoing.

I have totally forgotten how the inside of a church looks like, I have become laz and I hate myself for being so, but I am powerless. I guess I am nothing but a coward.

What I can't understand is why God forsook me. Much as I regret it the harm has been done, and now the twisted part of my problem forces me to seek somebody who is willing enough to listen to my troubles. I was thinking of approaching a priest in the confessional but I get cold feet. You see I just can't go there, I fear I am not ready just yet.

At the moment I have fallen in love with another girl, again. I have not told her of this yet, she is a new found friend of mine, but somehow I just can't tell her of my feelings, and maybe I won't anymore for fear that I might, out of habit, transform her into another victim. But Miss Marlene, I am really in love with her, I've been haunted by her figure night and day and when memories of past un-doings come to me, I just shudder.

Is there any hope for me to change? I don't want to go on breaking hearts anymore. I want to settle down. And in this new acquaintance I find what any man seeks in an ideal woman. What shall I do? Shall I forget about my past and court her, or should I tell her? After all a man can only be young once.

The Prodigal

Dear Prodigal,

Thank God for making you pause in your tracks and look back in order to better shape the future. That in itself is a tremendous grace — how many go on and on in their devious paths never reflecting on whether they are treading the wide or narrow path.

We also know it from revelation that God never forsakes any man; He gives them enough grace to lead good lives. It is men who forsake God by refusing Him their cooperation with His grace.

About your past there is nothing more you can do except be sorry and make up for it in the future. If you get cold feet about seeing a priest now, the logical thing for you to do is to ask God for strength to see one. It may help you to know that priests, especially those with long years of confessional experience, having heard the worst and the best of human nature, are not easily shocked.

Having repented of the past, summon up all your manliness and determination to put a stop to that leak in your dike. If you don't, it will destroy a lot of more hearts and in the end will likewise destroy you. About your new "ideal woman", why don't you take serious steps to settling down in marriage instead of running loose like another Don Juan. You don't have to tell her about your past, not even if she asks you. You only have to show yourself a man who is a master of himself and not a slave of his passions.

Is there any hope for you to change? If you continue to cooperate with the grace of God now and in the future, there is no reason why you couldn't once again become the exemplary Catholic Actionist you were in the past. So chin up, arise, and trusting in God, return to your Father's home.

Dear Miss Marlene,

I am 20 years old, and was married three years ago, now have one child. Ever since that time my husband and I never went on smoothly. We always quarreled because of our differences in likes and dislikes. His earning is not enough for us. I tried my best to be a good wife but sometimes I regret my being married to him.

Last year I met a handsome man who is a Doctor by profession. He has a good means of living. I know for sure that he cares for me, but he does not tell me anything about it because he is a married man. He is very loving and thoughtful. That is one thing I cannot find in my husband.

Often times I cannot help thinking of him. I want to see him always. God knows I tried my best to avoid this, but I cannot do anything.

I know that my love for my husband will never be the same; for this man will always be in my mind.

For my child's sake, please tell me what is best to do.

Maria Luisa

Dear Maria Luise,

There's only one honourable course for you to take, if you know what's good for you and for everyone concerned. Break up your relations with this doctor at once. Tell him to stop seeing you and forget him. There are no two ways about it. . . Your Catholic faith teaches that for a married woman to accept the attentions of another married man is wrong — grievously sinful and unjust.

When you married your husband, you promised God to stick it out with him under all circumstances "till death do you part". Consider the sacredness of the solemn promise and the injunction "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder".

Your husband may have his defects, but you have to bear with them, just as you want him to bear with yours. A successful marriage is always built on cooperation and selflessness, while selfishness and lack of cooperation inevitably lead to marriage failures. It will be hard to put up with his defects, but your marriage is your career and you cannot afford to fail.

To give him up now for another married man would be to throw away your chances of happiness in this world and in the next. Are you sure this doctor can really give the happiness you seek? Supposing you do live a few years of happy companionship with him, would you exchange those few years of earthly joy for an eternity of indescribable misery?

Dear Miss Marlene:

This letter isn't the usual sort that you always receive because it has nothing to do with love, instead it is about a subject that most young men like me are very much interested in. The subject is "success."

Ever since I was old enough to understand things, people have told me that "success" means wealth, prestige, power, etc. As I grew older I thought more and more of this. I began to observe people, and I found out that most of those who were wealthy, or enjoying great prestige or power, were not happy. My father who is eminently successful in his chosen profession is not happy and I know the causes, too, of his unhappiness. I've then asked myself what "success" means. If success cannot bring happiness, of what use is it then? After all, man's primary concern is to be happy, and if to be a very successful businessman or lawyer or statesman cannot bring happiness to an individual, of what use to him is his success in his profession?

Now for the sixty-four dollar questions: What is success? Can a person be successful in the true sense of the word, and still be happy?

I've come to the conclusion that to be successful is to be happy. But where does the path to happiness lie? Another big question.

Ambitious

Dear Ambitious,

Success — and happiness — may be viewed from two different angles: from the point of view of the world and from that of the Christian. The world considers a man "a success" if he has achieved power, wealth, position and the like. Such a man, however, may be a failure in the eyes of the Christian — to whom there is only one real success: that a man leads a good life and saves his soul.

The world too often mistakes happiness for pleasure. Happiness for the Christian consists in peace of soul — which in turn consists in always having one's will conformed to God's will. That is the reason why in this world saints are the happiest people, for even in their sufferings, they know they are doing God's will. This is the real happiness.

From this it is clear that success in the eyes of the world does not always bring real happiness and vice versa. Sometimes, however, even a man who has wealth, power or position, may be truly happy, because he does not seek these things for their own sake, but seeks only the will of God. Our Lord once said: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his justice, and all things will be added unto you".

But if it is perfect happiness you are seeking, then you better wait till you get into heaven.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER CORNER

In League with the Sacred Heart

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

The 2nd Apparition

The next great apparition is the one that the Saint immediately writes in her letter to Fr. Croiset where she describes to him the first apparition. Here there is question as to whether this scene is distinct from the preceding one. Fr. Bainvel thinks that with all probability it is distinct, for he says that the Saint herself had specified it, and besides, the circumstances are different. As for the times of this apparition it matters little provided that we observe the progressive manifestations of the Sacred Heart.

In this scene, as in the first we shall again hear Saint Margaret Mary. "After that (referring to the first apparition) this divine Heart was offered to me." Here follows a detailed description and account of the vision. And then she continues,

"It was as if the divine Heart was represented on a throne of a flame more radiant than the sun and transparent as crystal with His adorable wounds. It was surrounded by a crown of thorns and a cross rose above it, to make known as the Redeemer explains that His love was

the source of His sufferings; that from the first moment of the Incarnation, all His passion had been present to Him, so that the cross had always been as it were planted in His Heart. He said that the great desire He had to be perfectly loved by men inspired Him with the design of manifesting to them His Heart and that He would take a singular pleasure in being honored under the symbol of His Heart of flesh, the image of which He wished to be exposed to view, in order to move, by this object, the insensib'e hearts of men. This devotion continues the Saint, was as it were a last effort of His love with which He would favour men of these latter ages, a kind of loving redemption to deliver them from the empire of Satan." "Behold", continues the Lord, "the design for which I have chosen thee."

Here it is not the Sacred Heart alone that is revealed to us: we have the desire of a special devotion clearly manifested with magnificent promises attached to one form of this devotion, (that of honoring the image of the Sacred Heart); we have here too Our
(Continued on page 34)



Intentions Blessed

General Intention: That all may belong to the one true Church of Jesus Christ.

"Go and preach the gospel to all nations. He who believes and is baptized will be saved; he who believes not will be condemned." This categorical statement of our Divine Saviour is a proof of supreme authority. Ever since Jesus Christ gave this mandate, the Apostles with St. Peter as head and their successors in the Roman Pontiffs have extended and preserved the Church founded by their Master, working ceaselessly for the attainment of their end: the salvation of the world.

But, although the work of redemption had been perfect and the infinite merits of Jesus Christ within our reach, God has ordained that our cooperation is necessary and that we freely apply to ourselves the fruits of redemption by means of faith and good works. Many, alas, do not give this cooperation and due to culpable ignorance do not look for the true Church, or they resist to belong to her, or they abandon her in their apostasy. For all of these people there is no salvation, because "he who believes not will be condemned."

A proof of this voluntary resistance to the Gospel of Jesus Christ and to the benefits of redemption is the continual persecution of the Catholic Church by her enemies, who in all ages have tried to crush her rights and her obligation to preach and defend the kingdom of Christ on earth, which is the kingdom of truth and of justice, of charity and of peace.

the Holy Father for January

There is no salvation outside the kingdom of Christ, which is the Catholic Church, and let no one say that all religion are alike and that it is enough for one to lead an honest life dictated by his own reason. This is the naturalism which poisons modern society and corrupts public customs. It is the great crime of our day that people reject the teachings and the love of Jesus Christ. But the final victory will be the reign of Christ for all eternity.

Mission Intention: For the increase of Missionaries in Africa.

The mass conversions which we see in the African continents, where all missionary effort seemed futile a few years ago, are today clamoring for a greater number of missionaries for the instruction and direction of the new Christian societies. Statistics of 1948 show that there are here 10,073,000 Catholics with 6,721 priests, 930 of whom are African natives.

In Belgian Congo alone there are 3,282,000 Catholics, when in 1921 there were no more than 359,000. The actual number of priests today is 1,566, foreigners with 245 natives, and in 1921 there were all in all 421—that is to say that within 27 years, Catholics there have increased nine times while their priests only four times.

Jose Ma. Siguion, S. J.

THE APOSTLESHIP . . .

(Continued from page 31)

Lord's design revealed to us and Saint Margaret Mary's vision is announced and specified.

THE 3rd APPARITION

So far in the first two apparitions Our Lord has manifested His Heart filled with love and graces and desiring ardently to pour them upon us, He also appealed to us to render it our love and homage. Now we shall see this love unrecognized and forgotten appealing to us to offer to It in reparation the devotion of our love. (Once again we shall turn to Our Saint to learn of this new apparition).

The date is not known, nor do authors agree on it. Some give us the date July 2, 1674. Others the beginning of June of the same year. Let us leave the authors dispute among themselves while we attend once again to our Saint who is going to relate to us the vision.

"Once when the Blessed Sacrament was exposed my soul being absorbed in extraordinary recollection, Jesus Christ my sweet Master presented Himself to me." He was brilliant with glory, His five wounds shone like five suns. Flames darted forth from all parts of His sacred humanity but especially from His adorable breast, which resembled a furnace and which, opening, exposed to me the all-loving and all-lovable

heart, which was the living source of all these flames. He unfolded to me the inexplicable wonders of His pure love, and to what an excess He had carried it for the love of men from whom He had received only ingratitude.

This is, He said, much more painful to me than all I suffered in My passion. If men rendered me some return of love I should esteem little all I have done for them, and should wish if such could be, to suffer it over again; but they meet My eager love with coldness and rebuffs. Do you, at least, said He, in conclusion console and rejoice me, by supplying as much as you can for their ingratitude."

And when the Saint excused herself on plea of incapacity, "Fear not", said Jesus, "behold, here is wherewith to furnish all that is wanting to thee." And at that moment, continues our Saint, the divine Heart being opened there shot forth a flame so ardent that I thought I should be consumed by it. Thoroughly penetrated with this burning flame and unable any longer to endure the fire, I implored, continued the Saint, Our Saviour to have pity on my weakness.

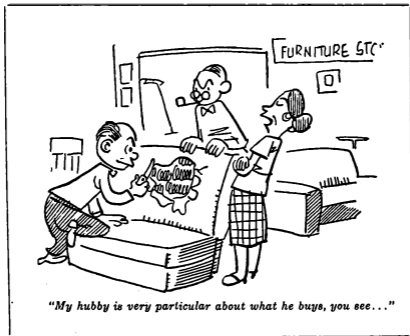
"Fear nothing, said Our Lord, I shall be thy strength. Then He pointed out the particular exercise which must be performed in this spirit of love and reparation. First, said Our Lord, you will receive me in the Blessed Sacrament on the first Friday of every month. Finally Our

Lord desires that on every Thursday night I should share in the mortal sadness that He felt in the garden of Olives.

"To accompany Me in that humble prayer which I offered my Father at that time in the midst of all my anguish, you will rise between 11:00 at midnight and you will prostrate yourself with Me, your face to the ground, for an hour, both to appease the divine anger by asking mercy for sinners, and to soften some sort the bitter sorrow that I felt at being abandoned by my apostles. And dur-

ing this hour you will do what I shall point out to you."

Here it is evident, the devotion takes the form of a devotion of love and reparation to the divine love that is unrecognized, forgotten, and of loving compassion for the love that is suffering. In this vision it is only the Saint who is asked by Our Lord to perform this act of love and reparation; of frequent communion in a spirit of love and reparation; the communion on first Friday or Communion of reparation; the vigil with Our Lord in the garden, or the Holy Hour.



The plane's monotonous purring sound was making Emily's head ache a little. She glanced at her wrist-watch, an exquisite affair of chastely wrought gold and sighed a little. What a bore! Almost two hours yet to go and nothing with which to make the time pass, more quickly.

Idly she leafed the crisp, glossy pages of *Glamour*. But the magazine did not appeal. Reading only made her head worse. Somehow, she had never acquired the knack of reading while in a moving vehicle. By plane it was proving the same. She closed the periodical petulantly, leaned her head on the back of the seat and tried to doze off. No manner of concentration however could induce sleep. Her mind while alert, yet was empty.

I am in a vacuum. Propelled through space through no volition of mine — suspended in mid-air-cut off, temporarily, from my life, my every day, familiar world. And yet how strange, that once I lived and thought things by myself. Alone, for me. I, Emilia — an entity. Me, an Individual. Alone and yet sufficient unto myself. She smiled and it lighted up the faraway look in her eyes and her face came alive, achieving beauty.

Straying out of the cabin window, her look picked out the contours of a ship. Outlined there below on the vast expanse of ocean, it looked such a tiny thing. But its two funnels proclaimed it in the passenger class. A luxurious inter-island steamer. A faint, white ruffle of foam indicated

The "Monsieur"

its wake and but for that it seemed to be floating, motionless, alone.

—oOo—

It was one of the usual gay departures staged on the old Muelle de la Industria. On the upper deck of the S. S. Panay, the railing was crowded with people. Mostly young people, students going home for summer vacation.

Leaning on the rail and watching the noisy confusion below, Emily stood, observing her guardian pick his way among push carts loaded with sandia and dodging porters lugging piles of baggage that were blocking his passage. Reaching a shiny Oldsmobile, his chauffeur was ready with the open door, but before getting in, he hesitated an instant. Turning, he waved absent mindedly in the general direction of the boat and got in.

Emily made a wry face at the departing car. "The old bird must surely be relieved", she muttered under her breath "and so am I."

and the Colegialas

By L. M. GONZALEZ



Deeply she let out a sigh and laughed out loud, merrily.

"Oh Emily, Em-mily!" shrieked Ludy a hundred yards away, waving a white handbag above the bobbing heads of people milling about. Quickly elbowing her way to her friend's side she embraced her exuberantly as if they had not met for years instead of only a few hours before.

"Whatever were you mooning about, up here. I almost burst a blood vessel, not to mention breaking a leg," she said reproachfully.

"Why, I don't know. I was sort of feeling all mixed up. Sorry to leave all these and yet glad and excited to go home, too."

"Nuts! Am I glad school's over. The two months are simply going to fly — hey! do you see what I see? over there?" Pointing below with one hand, with the other she started pinching Emily.

"Stop it, Luds! I hate to be paw-

ed over." She shook herself away in annoyance.

"There he is just coming up the gang-plank."

"Monsieur!" both girls exclaimed in one breath.

They looked at each other meaningfully and forthwith were convulsed in a paroxysm of muffled laughter. Clutching each other weakly, after the attack, but still giggling, they tried to compose themselves as befitted properly brought-up young ladies, and resumed their vantage point.

"Father O'Connor was talking to him. They seem to be travelling together. Won't the gang just die of envy, though? We can get him to introduce us — I mean Father O'Connor can." In moments of stress, Ludy lapsed into incoherent speech.

"We'll get to know him at last!"

It's a pleasure to publish this little bit of fiction. Repeat — fiction!

—Ed.

Emily was hoarse with excitement "isn't this thrilling, Luds?"

"You blithering idiot," Ludy countered affectionately — "this is simply priceless!"

'Monsieur' in the wake of Father O'Connor S.J. was coming on deck.

To the jaundiced eye, he seemed an ordinary enough, youth of his age. A trifle more collow perhaps, than most due chiefly to the crew cut he was sporting. He seemed to be around 18 or 19 years old. To the two, aware of his every move, he seemed to give out an incandescent light, like a neon.

Almost directly behind where they were standing, the little procession halted. Father O'Connor duly disposed himself on a steamer chair, took out his breviary and was soon out of this world.

His companion excusing himself, joined some boys along the rail, two or three persons away from the girls, who were, to put it mildly, tickled pink.

'Monsieur' for some obscure reason, had caught the collective fancy of a group of five girls, all internas at one of our leading girls colleges. He would have been immensely flattered to have known that the Gang had placed him on the pedestal, but lately occupied by Nils Asther's worldly-wise charms.

As Ludy had succinctly put it. "Nils is a mere shadow on the silver screen. But 'Monsieur' is the real thing."

The five were solemnly pledged

never to divulge the identity of their hero. For if the seniors, who looked down on them and made no bones about calling them the AP's (short for addle pates) had got wind of the fact, life for The Gang would not have been worth five cents.

"The ridicule and contumely would force us to change schools" Ludy had warned. Being unacknowledged leader, she usually had the last word. Also she was very fond of the word contumely, which they had met formally in Cardinal Newman, II Yr. Lit. and never passed up the chance of airing it.

'Monsieur' had been christened Hector Ramos. Any of the five could have told you that he was Ateneo de Manila IV-A H.S., Bugle Corps, Captain in the Basketball Intramurals, member in good standing of the Holy Name Society and Sodality of Mary, and had taken part in the Passion Play as one of the Jewish people. Moreover they could have elucidated further that he resided in Xavier Hall. These set of vital statistics, more or less accurate, were known to all the boarders in school. For 'Monsieur' assisted the college chaplain at Mass as Sacristan. And with the priest, was the only other male who had legitimate business and formed a necessary part of the humdrum existence of the school.

Through some mysterious source, the five had somehow got hold of a story of unrequited love, attributed to him. Through constant retelling, the tale had assumed the proportions

of a grande passion and 'Monsieur', through no fault of his, clothed with the glamour of a male Camille.

Emily had been taken by her guardian to see the gala performance of "Julius Caesar". What made the event memorable, was that they had been ushered to their seats by — you guessed it.

"Did he recognize me?" to the Gang later, who listened avidly to every word.

"Not by the slightest flicker. If I had had my mouth open, he'd have recognized my bridge-work. He sees it often enough."

For two whole, school terms he had been part of the daily life of the school and yet not once had he been known to make the slightest pass at any of its inmates. This indifference and the sang froid with which he invested his duties, kept the school in a more or less constant state of titillation. And now, to have him on the same boat for the whole voyage!

The ship's string band struck up the lively strains of Mabuhay and pandemonium reigned. While hectic farewells were being exchanged, visitors and hawkers alike made a hasty descent on the gang-plank which was ready to roll away. A cabin boy beat his musical chimes up and down deck meaning All aboard!

A deafening blast that seemed to issue from the very depths of the ship, followed by two more, drowned every sound. Imperceptibly the shore line receded. Houses, cars, and peo-

ple waving seemed to be moving away. The multicolored serpentines lending to the scene a carnival air, were the last links with land. They tautened, snapped and trailed on the water. The orchestra played away enthusiastically, volume making up for quality.

"Period. School's really over. Until I am on the boat going home, does it really become true," mused Emily aloud. "We'll be Juniors next June, Luds."

"Sure, and I can hardly wait till senior year. Isn't it fun to be part of all this, though? I mean just to see and be seen." Wickedly winking at Emily, they sallied forth to give the ship the once-over.

"That'll give Father O'Connor time to finish reading, then, Lady, watch my smoke!"

Girls were wearing colorful triangular neckerchiefs, coyly draped over one-shoulder, snug fitting waists and full, circular skirts, that summer of 1931. Emily and Ludy, dressed like two peas in a pod, even to the hair do a' la Garbo. Hair, shoulder length, parted at one side, held back to expose an ear, leaving the other screened by a fall of rigid, marcelled waves. The two girls had sewn bird shot encased in little cloth bags, at strategic points along their hemlines, and so they were ready to plunge down the companion-way leading to the lower decks. A particularly windy spot. Looking like a pair of descending parachutes, first Emily then Ludy made it.

"Foiled again" hissed Ludy in a stage whisper, meant to carry to the huddle of disconcerted males who were amusing themselves, watching the girls descend, then cry out, as the wind whipped their shirts over their heads.

"I believe I'll have this little idea patented" Emily said snugly.

Don Severo, Chief Steward, dapper, gray-haired, red rose on button-hole was clearing the upper deck for dancing.

"Señoritas" he made them a gallant bow, "I would advise you all to trip the light fantastic. An excellent remedy for mal de mer. We are passing Corregidor and the ship will roll a bit — nothing to worry about — just a slight fox trot," he chuckled reassuringly, as if secretly amused at his own humor.

"But Don Verong, you don't expect us to ask the boys, do you?" Ludy widened her eyes disarmingly, for his benefit.

Emily, at her side was blushing furiously at having attracted so much attention.

"Tsk, tsk" Don Severo made clucking noises with his tongue "estos juvenes de hoy dia! If I were only thirty years younger —" he ogled Ludy and Emily admiringly. "Hala, hala, chicos" clapping his hands he approached the steamer chairs determinedly, where a row of young males were comfortably stretched out, hiding diffidently behind True Story, Liberty or Colliers.

"Caramba, at your age, I would

not lose a minute of these young ladies company," waving his hands at the girls on the opposite end.

"Un ramo de las mas bellas flores, que perfuman el mar de oriente, orgullo de estas islas Visayas." Bursts of applause for his gift of extemporising poetically were known to everyone.

"Hala, hala, musica — give us a blues" the orchestra as if only waiting for their cue, struck up a creditable syncopation of "Whistling In the Dark."

Taking a startled Emily by the hand he led her to the middle and with his hand on her waist, he pivoted her around in an old-fashioned two-step. Almost at once things became livelier. The male contingent, roused from their somnolence, obliged with gusto.

The elder generation, viewed with a raised eyebrow the new-fangled cheek-to-cheek dancing. Girls who indulged were considered fast.

Puffing and huffing, Don Severo stopped before the piece had ended. With his scented square of cambric, he proceeded to mop his face and neck. "Thank you, hija. You dance divinely. Here, Dodong!" he called to a youth, "Mr. Tan, Miss Veloso. He is almost as good as I was at his age." With a lough Don Severo put Emily's hand in the young man's before he had time to say "May I?"

Ludy had gone off to talk to Father O'Connor. Emily from the corner of her eyes had seen Monsieur stand up, shake hands and bring another

chair for her. So, introductions are in order already.

"By the way, Mr. Tan, is Charito any relation of yours? She is my classmate." Brightly, Emily turned her attention to her partner.

The ship, by this time was doing a roll sidewise. Losing her balance, Emily fell on her partner, who in trying to steady her lost his. They both fell and another couple colliding with them fell down too like nine pins on a strike. They were Ludy and 'Monsieur'.

"Hambug" muttered Emily sotto voce as they were straightening up "remember me?" I'm your pal". Everybody was introduced all around with much laughter and profuse apologies from both boys. The girls went to sit by the father's chair while the boys leaned about. There was a lot of talk about lack of sea legs and something wrong with the inner ear.

Somebody sat at the piano and gave with "Sweet and Lovely". Three of the fellows draped themselves over the instrument and harmonized in three voices. The sea was getting rougher and not many girls wanted to dance. Two or three left in a hurry to lie down in their cabins.

"Would you care to try this one, Miss Ledesma?" challenged Tan.

"Love to." Ludy rose with alacrity. "I have nothing but contumely for people who can't stand a little shaking."

Emily overheard and winced at the word:

"How about you, Miss Veloso,"

from Hector Ramos, alias 'Monsieur.'

"Do you mind if we just sit this one out?" she almost added 'Monsieur'. "Its more fun watching those hardy souls, out there."

"Did you —"

"Did you—"

They both burst out laughing.

"You first" Emily said.

"You went to see Julius Caesar with your father, didn't you?"

"My guardian—" corrected Emily.

"I was just about to mention the same thing."

They looked in each others faces and smiled companionably.

"Well, what about it."

"Just that I recognized you."

"What! And with my mouth closed too." Emily could not help giggling foolishly.

"You see," Emily hurried to explain, "it's a private joke we have about you."

"Go on" he urged "this is getting interesting."

"You see — in school we five, that is — you do look so serious. Never smile nor look around or anything—" Emily floundered on, getting more and more embarrassed.

"It's just that none of us thought you'd ever recognize any of the girls outside of school. With our mouths closed. Not open for Communion." Emily ended miserably, not looking at him.

Hector, to his credit, had a sense of humor. He threw back his head and roared.

"Oh, you women!" then went off

into another loud laugh and had to tell Father O'Connor the joke at his expense.

"That's just it. I had to be. Serious as a judge and no looking around. Boy! Do you know how it feels to be the only male among a hundred and fifteen women? I just had to be, out of self-preservation!"

After that they got on famously, and had quite a visit, with Emily doing most of the talking.

"It's not fair" Emily complained "Here I've practically handed you a condensed autobiography, with my life's ambition thrown in. It's your turn, my friend."

"I guess you know that I've just finished High School at the Ateneo. My life is an open, but dull book."

"Well, what are you thinking of taking at the University next year?" What Emily really wanted, was to confirm that love story and she was wondering how to go about it.

"I'm not going to the University next June. In two weeks, I am entering the Jesuit novitiate at Novaliches."

"Sweet and lovely, lovelier than the flowers in Ma-oy, you're so lovely. . ."

Emily did not understand why she

felt such a sense of loss. Desolate. Nor even why her eyelids had begun to sting. She hated that silly song, she wished it would stop.

—oOo—

The strip of the blue ocean down below was narrowing out at San Vicente Strait. The seashore, curved seductively in white fringes of sand offset by the dark-green vegetation. The coconut palms were growing ever larger, as the plane started dropping altitude, descending, seeking out the air-strip which suddenly loomed. The red roof of the Quonset waiting station flashed by, a quick blur.

Emily closed her eyes. She held a bottle of ammonia, loosely wrapped in her handkerchief, to her nose, straining her feet against the seat in front, she waited tensely for the expected bounce. Bump, bump, bump, the large plane taxied to a stop.

The plane was almost empty when she finally unhooked her belt. She found herself stiff and a little shaky as she picked up her belongings.

"Did my wife come on this trip?" she heard her husband's deep voice, probably talking to the station agent.

Smiling, eagerly, she moved forward quickly.

"I'm here, Hector."

SAY, WHAT IS THIS?

"Have you no cards with something to do with the Nativity?"

"The what?"

"The Nativity."

"Oh, I thought you wanted Christmas cards."

—Overheard in a Stationer's Shop.

The story of a town with a beautiful heart

EXILE PRIEST IN LOS BAÑOS

By JOHN J. DAHLHEIMER, S. J.



Like many another ill-fated Philippine town, Los Baños, sprawling between the southernmost reaches of Laguna de Bay and the rootlike foothills that buttress the stump that is Maquiling, flamed into prominence during the blood drenched months that marked the end of the war in the Islands. The liberation and destruction of the notorious concentration camp by guerrilla and airborne troops; the massacres of the college chapel of St. Theresa and the barrio of Tadluc; the execution by hanging here of General Yamashita have made this little town in Laguna a watchword in both the Philippines and in the United States. But it has been a name associated with the brutality and terror of the Orient's greatest war.

Stairways that end blankly against the sky, shattered walls, and blank stretches of shell-pocked concrete still indicate the fury of battle. But the two hundred year old church of the Immaculate Conception escaped serious damage — something almost miraculous in a country where many

churches were blasted and leveled by military action or the wantonness of doomed or retreating Japanese troops. Now, five years after the war's close, because of a young priest's first mass celebrated here, the town of Los Baños deserves a brighter and more glorious fame. And those who have been sickened and discouraged by the Santiago's and Dachau's of the past and the cold wars of the present need only look at the church of Los Baños — and at its people — to hope once again.

Never, since the time that Saint Peter Bautista, Spanish bishop and Japanese martyr, discovered the volcanic springs that give the town its name and built the first church on the lake shore, had the parish been gladdened by that wonderfully Catholic thing, "a first solemn High Mass". And strangely enough, it was the very thing that hates all things Catholic, Communism, that gave Los Baños its first Mass and the world a wonderful example of practical Christian charity.

Atrocities following in the wake of

the Red sweep over China clearly indicated the Communist program for China's priests and seminarians — butcher them or subvert them. A regional seminary moved, under constant pressure, to southern China. There it became deadly clear that only exile in the Philippines could save their future priesthood for China.

A derelict Army camp was re-activated as the Seminary, and it was there that the first light gleomed forth in the darkening China situation. Little more than six months after their arrival, the first four exiled Chinese seminarians were elevated to the sacred dignity on April 25, 1950, by His Excellency, Gabriel Reyes, Archbishop of Manila. They had their Dunkirk, the situation was darkening hourly, but these four marked the beginning of the road back. Still, in the very hour of their supreme happiness there was a deep tinge of sorrow, for no friends or relatives could be with them in the seminary chapel to shore it with them. This loneliness, this absence of practically all that attends a young man's elevation to the priesthood, they had foreseen and accepted when they accepted exile from China.

Father R. E. Baes, diminutive pastor of Los Baños who is described by his fellow Filipino priests as "small but terrible", invited one of the new Chinese priests to celebrate his first Mass at Los Baños. Father had practically no reason to suspect anything extraordinary in the invitation. He

was a total stranger in a foreign country, and a country it might be added, troubled with dissension and plagued by infiltrations of agents from Communist China. But it was a great consolation for Father: the persons he would most have wanted to bless, his parents whom he had not seen for seven years, could not be told their son was now a priest. Father had heard of his mother's death a month before his ordination and the Communist deathgrip upon China sealed off his father. Father's Mass, he must have thought, would be a lonely joy in a strange church among strangers. . . .

However, a three day series of explosions began in Los Baños at the center of which was the small figure of Father Baes. Father jeeped back and forth between the town and the Agricultural College of the University of the Philippines — practically the entire faculty was enlisted as sponsors; the Chinese community of Los Baños rallied to the new priest; the Maids of the Blessed Sacrament decorated the church and Altars as only young ladies of a parish know how. Time and resources were generously and unquestioningly given; young and old, Chinese and Filipino, men and women, did all that was humanly possible to make this first Mass of an unknown young priest as fine a celebration, as possible. A strange thing, perhaps, for a cold and calculating world to understand, but not at all strange — while continuing all

the time to be wonderful — for anyone who has lived any length of time among the Filipino people.

Sunday, April 30, 1950, marks the beginning of Los Baños' new fame. Thanks to the people of Los Baños and their zealous pastor, Father, although a "friendless" exile and not even speaking their language, had everything that makes the first solemn High Mass something the new priest remembers all his life. No detail was missing, — the main aisle arched and ribboned in white, the little girls sprinkling flower petals, the chalice and host decorations high upon the fine Spanish altar. Nor was the distinct touch of the Spanish Philippines missing — the washing of the priest's hands at the church entrance with perfumed water, the pouring of water into the chalice by the padrinos de agua, etc.

Some nineteen hundred years ago, people from the East offered precious gifts to another Exile, and now the people of Los Baños added to the glorious tradition. Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Kong, the padrinos de agua,

presented Father with his chalice and paten; Father Baes offered Father his vestments; the Chinese and Filipino communities opened their hearts to this new priest whom, four days before, they did not even know existed.

Behind the church of Los Baños, as Father chanted the Mass, towered the bulk of cloud-shrouded Maquiling, grim jungle-choked stronghold of dissident Hukbalahap, declared war zone by the government troops. Twice within the past month they had raided into Los Baños. Many men must die on Maquiling, perhaps, before real peace comes to the Islands. Somehow, though dwarfed physically by the grim height, the church in which the exiled priest sang his first Mass surrounded by his friends, towered above the peaks that have come to symbolize the struggle in the Islands. One felt that with the spirit of Los Baños, the Philippines will one day come to even greater glory as the "Citadel of Rome in the East". The small white church at the foot of the mountain was a promise of it.

The FILIPINAS, Catholic bi-weekly in Tagalog and sister-magazine of The CROSS, received the following letter recently. The letter, says the Filipinas editor, is both a consolation and a riot!

Dear Friends,

I will rita you thes litter because, thay wilj not bring newse Filipinas to mi in one month provobly he was reading in Sido befor give it to mi I, do not no what happen?

Your frind will not for get of religion of Katolik Church.

Mr. XXXXX XXXXXXX



"The world is my family..."

Priests and Marriage

By RAUL JAVIER

I am studying for the priesthood. Some people think I am not getting all I should out of life. Here is a letter which will explain what I mean.

My dear Tony,

This is to thank you for your felicitations on the birth of our sixth child. In day is doing very well. I am very happy to learn that Toti, your elder brother, is getting married very soon. Somehow I cannot help but feel a little bit sad that some day you will not have a wife of your own.

I have always wondered whether a man could ever feel complete without having a wife and children of his own. That is why I look upon those who follow the priesthood as a career with admiration. For, leading incomplete lives, they somehow, if appearances do not deceive, enjoy deeper happiness and greater contentment.

I cannot help smiling now and then every time I remember that you include me in your prayers so that some day I might join you in paradise and enjoy eternal felicity. If I smile at all, it is because I

cannot imagine myself with a pair of wings flying around and playing a harp. I am sure every time I pluck the strings, there will be a discordant note in the symphony of the angels, and God, if there is one, will get exasperated and send me to hell immediately.

Well, anyway, I suppose God will find some job for me which does not call for any musical talent of which I am totally bereft. So thanks for praying for me. The way I am going, I am sure I need it very badly.

*Yours truly,
Pepe*

I forgot to tell you that my friend Pepe had lost his faith. He does not go to Mass anymore, and he always makes fun of heaven. You can see why he is wrong about heaven, but can you see why he is wrong about the priesthood? I tried to throw together some sort of an answer and it went something like this:

Dear Pepe,

Your letter just arrived. It is always good to hear from you. I hope you won't mind my saying it,

but I think your ideas about the priesthood are all wet. That probably needs an explanation, so here goes.

I am very glad you wrote, because your letter has helped me in my preparation for the active life of a priest. It has given me an idea of how some people look at priests. As a priest I will be a bridge-builder, a "pontifex", between men and God. This difficult job of bridge-building requires an intimate knowledge of both men and God. Your letter has helped me deepen my knowledge of men.

If you have been dreaming of me as a married man, give up the idea. Married life is a wonderful vocation and I am praying and hoping that the wedding bells will ring oftener. But it isn't for one like me. I am too busy. I would not have the time to give my children (I would want to have at least ten of them) all the attention you lavish on yours. I know that I am giving up a wonderful privilege. But the funny thing is, I haven't got a family of my own, and yet I am a father of every family. When the children come running out of school yelling, "Good-bye, Father!", they strike a cord in my heart of about the same note your children strike in your heart when they kiss you hello when you come home from the office. I won't ever have the joy of calling a boy my son, or a girl my daughter, but yet all chil-

dren are my children—the world is my family.

I am not running away from life. I am just offering God the best there is in life. Mine is a spiritual parenthood. It lacks the joys and the sense of completeness which are found in yours, although it has joys and a sense of completeness all its own. You are complete because your wife and your children make up what is lacking in you. I am complete because the world and Christ make up what is lacking in me.

God knows how hard we are working, and He will reward us. How? By giving us Himself. Take the goodness in every creature, in every action, in every thing and unite those goodnesses which you have gathered in one being and then multiply it to infinity, and there you have some idea of God. He will give us Himself, Infinite Goodness—and that possession is heaven. No wings, no harps—just love. You and I loving Goodness Itself, and loving each other too, because whatever goodness there is in us, is also in Him Whom we love.

All this may sound like the babbling of a child about the beauties and the splendors of his father's house. And babbling it probably is, because I am but a child in the house of God. I still have very much to learn. I still have a lot to grow.

As a child, I still prattle to God

Our Father about you, Inday and the children.

Keep 'em flying, Pepe. (The diapers, I mean.)

Tony

I know that many more things could be said, or at least said in a better, more flowing style. But I didn't think Pepe would understand most of them, so I just gave him the one he would understand.

A CARICATURE

By ENRIQUETA M. LOCSIN

Like MacArthur she returns. Pleased with herself. Basking in the light of her glorified ego. She believes herself an honored and privileged graduate of one, two, three or is it four universities?

She is the United States coming home to the Philippines! Her stories savor of The States. Her polished and elegant conversation begins "in the States" and ends in that incomparably dull Philippines. Where are the things she loved to claim her own? Her accent is conspicuously borrowed. The Philippine Republic is not her country anymore. She boldly refers to it as "your country".

Before she used to walk like an ordinary tax-paying citizen. Now she parades, she reclines, she poses like a John Powers model on strike. Her dialect, whenever she unconsciously lapses into her uncomfortable native tongue, sounds like an out-of-tune secondhand piano.

She has so misplaced her friends it takes heroic courage to search and finally, what pains! to identify them.

Time and again her friends have to be reminded of the glorious liberties she enjoyed and the stuffy conventions she has to put up with, here and now. There seems to be no mode of entertainment in the city of Manila that can reach up to her fastidious all abroad standards.

Curiously, spectators—this is what her friends have changed into—develop sudden splitting headaches, nausea or indigestion. Dizzy spell is the alarming effect of gaping too long at the dramatic motions of her arms. To the exasperated witness even her dimples are no longer sweet. They call to mind dried prunes.

She is so totally unlike her dear old self that sometimes one wonders if she is real. Perhaps she is only a nightmare. All this starting, blood-curdling, nerve-twisting transformation will give way to reality. She will come home as she was known to be when she left... only sweeter, dearer, so much better.

Moral lesson: No greater treachery than this no woman has done that she betrays her own self!



PA and MA MAKE THE RETREAT

FREDERIC FRANS

MANY years ago, much against my will and merely to quiet a friend who had me pestered almost to distraction, I made my first Retreat. Since that time I have been making one almost every year, and I very much fear that I in turn have become the kind of Retreat pest my friend was.

Frankly, I am a Retreat fan and, fortunately for peace in the home, my wife is, too. Until recently, I used to go off once a year to a Retreat house for men, get my soul scrubbed, my ideals polished, my living lights focused, and come home looking like a helicopter.

About once a year my wife would go off to a Retreat house for women, get her soul scrubbed, etc., (though it needed less soap than mine), and come home with dozens of new resolutions and new ideas that we should put into practice at once.

Unfortunately we could never make our Retreats come off on the

same weekend. While I was off on mine, my wife would be more than busy at home, scrubbing other things than souls, cooking, cleaning and the like. I usually blew in from the Retreat just at the time that she would be washing the Sunday supper dishes.

Full of enthusiasm, I would immediately put on surplice and stole, you might say (my wife did once), and begin playing Retreat Master for the whole family. Looking up from a soapy kitchen-sink, my wife once stopped me short by asking: "Did the good Father by any chance say anything about helping with the dishes?"

He had said nothing, I assured her as I thumbed through my voluminous Retreat notes, about such mundane things as dirty dishes. One word led to another and, before I knew it, I was on the defensive.

I was reminded that the last time my wife came home from a Retreat, I was deep in a comparative study

of reports on the Fordham-Tennessee game as found in different Sunday papers. It seems that my dear wife began to bombard me with enthusiastic Retreat suggestions, to which my enthusiastic response was no more than a series of grunts, adroitly spaced to coincide with my wife's pauses for breath.

Still on the defensive, I found myself wearing a kitchen-apron instead of a stole, with a towel in my hands, and then I really discovered something: that as a background for sympathetic and serious discussion, there is nothing in the world quite like a spot of cooperative dishwashing. Just as the last dish was being put away, both of us came out with the same wish phrased in the same terms: "Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could make our Retreats together!"

The idea was bothering me the next time I was on Retreat. I found, to my surprise, that it was bothering others, too. This was a small Retreat and, on the afternoon of the second day, the Retreat director proposed a round-table discussion on family life. It turned out to be a good, practical discussion.

We all took part in it, but over and over again someone would say: "That's a good idea, but I'll have to talk it over with the wife. You see, Father, she's not making this Retreat and I won't be able to get the idea across as attractively as it can be put in Retreat." Finally I got up courage enough to blurt out:

"Say Father, why can't husbands and wives make a Retreat together?"

The others chimed in with an echo of my why, and I was afraid I was putting the priest on the spot. That is where the surprise came in. He looked at us as though he himself had just done something wonderful, grinned and said: "Why not?" It seems that he had been thinking over the same idea and had just been waiting for a chance to try it out.

In a few minutes eleven of us had promised to be his "guinea pigs," a date was set and we all went home to invite our wives to attend a one-day Retreat with us on a Sunday in March a little over a year ago.

Now, let us not get technical. For the time being we are calling these Sundays together family retreats, and have tentatively grouped ourselves into what we call the Family Retreat Association. We know that one day does not make a Retreat, but we shall have to use the word until a better one comes along. To quote from our director's first monthly letter:

I'm not at all satisfied with the name Family Retreat Association. The Family part is okay. Some people claim that we should say Parents' Retreat, but I think we'll keep the family in the title, and some time in the near future we'll have the thing running so perfectly that you'll be able to bring the children along with you on Retreat. If necessary, we'll form a special

organization to take care of them for the day. We may even reach a stage where we can have one priest running a Retreat for the parents, and another running one for the older children, and a nursery group taking care of the younger ones, all on the same place. That's for the future. We're not ready for that yet.

So, I do not care what you call it. The point is, eleven copies met at eight-thirty on a Sunday morning in March a year ago for a family day of Retreat. We were a bit scared. We were not quite sure that the thing would work. If a discussion arose, would the priest take the part of the husbands or the wives?

Then, too, the group varied in age. There were some young couples married not more than six months, some of us older ones (our wives won't like that) with five or six children, and the others somewhere in between. We have not yet decided whether it is better to have a group all the same age or of mixed ages.

When the group is mixed, the younger couples can profit very much from the experience of the older ones, and the older ones can grow romantic again and nostalgically young from watching the younger ones. If the group is all of one age, then the problems are more of a kind. However we are still experimenting with both, and in a few years, maybe, we shall know the answer.

Anyhow, we met at eight-thirty

in a large conference room. On the tables were books and booklets and pamphlets dealing with marriage, marriage problems, training of children and the like. There were samples of books for younger children and older ones, books and pamphlets on the Mass, popular booklets on child psychology.

The only trouble was that we did not have time in the course of an extremely busy day to read fully even one pamphlet. Maybe that was not a problem. A few of us talked it over and decided that it was just the priest's way of getting us to say: "Do you mind if I take this home with me?" or "Where can I buy this book?"

We began with a forty or forty-five minute preparation for Mass. That sounds long? Maybe, but it was so good that now we "pioneers" insist that every family Retreat should begin that way.

In just a few Retreats we have learned to answer practically all the prayers of the Mass, even though most of us never knew Latin. We recite the prayers of the offertory out loud and we feel that we are taking a closer part in the Mass.

I myself used to be an altar boy and I wanted to serve the Mass, but the director almost blew me out of the sacristy. "This is a family Retreat," he said. "Get back to your wife and offer your Mass with her." During the Mass I do not think that there were a couple present who

were not reliving the Mass of their wedding day.

Naturally, at the end of Mass—it was almost ten o'clock—we were wondering about breakfast. We did not have to wonder long. A group of college girls had been recruiting to do the cooking and the dishwashing, and they have very generously and very cheerfully insisted on making this their contribution to the family Retreat movement.

At eleven o'clock we had a conference, almost an hour long — a simple, homely, deep thing on the vocation of marriage, the meaning of married love and the ideals of married life. At the end of it, the priest said to us: "Okay, now, you just stay here in the chapel for five minutes and think it over. Even talk it over, if you wish."

At twelve-thirty we had another conference, this time on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. You see, we are trying to make the Mass the basis of our family life. We feel by this time that if others are going to take up the same movement, they, too, must get a deep family love of the Mass; so, if we were to draw up a permanent schedule for these retreats, by unanimous consent we should insist that the priest devote this hour of the day exclusively to the Mass. We just cannot learn too much about it.

At the end of this one talk, one of the ladies present asked the priest: "Will you tell me, Father, why I had to wait until I'm as old

as I am now before I learned all this about the Mass?". We were scattering for dinner at the time, but the priest repeated the question loud enough to stop us all even in our dash for dinner.

Then he gave an answer that stung a bit: "Because parents are neglecting their obligation of teaching their own children the Mass. Now, go to dinner, and I think you have more than food to chew on."

We had, and we got still more to chew on during the round-table discussion that started at two-thirty. The priest led off, but we did not let him carry the ball too long. We started with a very simple thing, family prayer; and I think the eleven of us gave a pretty fair sample of the way family prayer has been disappearing from American family life.

Some of us had tried it, then, had given it up for various reasons. The grand thing about the discussion was that the priest was not telling us what was what. We were discussing things we knew a lot about. We asked ourselves, for instance, if family prayer was a good thing for the home. We decided it was. Then, what about it?

We dragged out all the reasons that made us neglect it or drop it; we tried to figure out what prayers would be good for all the family; we considered the possibility of the family Rosary around the dinner table, and came to the conclusion that that was the best time for it.

We went into our own night prayers together, and some of us remembered that before our marriage a priest had all but extracted a promise from us that we would never go to bed without saying our prayers cloud together. Somebody recalled the promise of the Sacred Heart: "I will establish peace in their homes," and some of us had to admit that we had not yet consecrated our homes to the Sacred Heart.

These discussions are, in some ways, the very heart of the Retreat. In a Retreat atmosphere, with a friendly priest, in a rather exaltedly unselfish mood, we have in different Retreats discussed a variety of subjects: politeness in the home, the radio, reading, the Mass, recreation, causes of friction, apartments and homes, hobbies, the clash of personalities, order and warmth in the home, home economics.

We do not solve every question we discuss, but these discussions have a way of taking us back to fundamental things and a way of bringing out in the open in friendliness and love causes of friction that too often are mentioned only in anger in the heat of a family quarrel.

The discussion period was all too brief. The priest broke it up about four o'clock to ask us to say our Rosary. Not as a group. Just as husband and wife. Some of us went into the chapel. A few took a walk around the block, and others walked up and down the library. After that

we had another short conference, about a half hour this time.

Then came a cup of coffee and a short period called the resolutions period. Our director passed out paper and pencils and told us to get busy on some resolutions after our day of Retreat. That fifteen minutes was an eye-opener, though in a way it was funny to watch. We were all so serious about it, and we were all whispering lest the others hear our resolutions.

Benediction closed the day; and in the middle of it our director read very slowly that beautiful little instruction from the marriage ceremony. You know the one that begins: "You are about to enter into a union that is most sacred and most serious."

I never realized before what a grand thing that is, especially those words (I have got them memorized now): "If true love and the unselfish spirit of perfect sacrifice guide your every action, you can expect, the greatest measure of earthly happiness that can be allotted to man in this vale of tears." (With seeming envy, the priest remarked: "I didn't get any such promise in my ordination." Poor fellow!)

We then renewed our marriage vows together: "I take the..." even to the wedding ring: "With this ring I thee wed and I plight unto thee my troth." Then, with an act of consecration to the Sacred

Heart, and the blessing of Our Lord, our first day of family Retreat was over. The director left out only one thing. He should have told us to kiss each other there in the presence of Our Lord. I think most of us did it anyhow.

After it was over, we demanded the date of the next Retreat. There were others we wanted to bring, and so forth and so on. We did settle on the next date, but new recruits were (autocratically, we thought) ruled out.

Our director insisted that this first group must make three days of Retreat before expanding. I now know that he was wise. By the time we had finished our third Retreat, both we and he knew much more about it. We had become a close-knit group, and felt sincerely that the family Retreat was our crusade. We are convinced that it is one of the most important things in the world today. We are honestly "choosy" in inviting new recruits. We do not want people who will make one Retreat, or even people who will make an occasional Retreat. We want recruits who will stick, who will promise to make two days of Retreat a year, and who will look on the Retreat as a crusade to rebuild the Catholic home.

We want only small groups on Retreat. More than fifteen couples on any Retreat would spoil the intimacy and the friendliness of the

Retreat, and would certainly spoil the round-table discussion. We do not want that spoiled or turned into just another talk from the priest.

Of course, we have plans and dreams, big ones, but we are going slowly. This year, the first year of our expansion, we have had one Retreat a month, and by June we shall have grown from eleven couples to about forty. The June meeting will be a general meeting in the late afternoon for all forty couples with their children.

Our director claims that he wants to "find out from the children if the Retreats are doing their parents any good." The June meeting will consist of a consideration of next year's plans, a short talk and Benediction, supper and a party.

We have already prevailed on our director to write us a general letter once a month. (So far he has only written one, but we are "pesterers" from away back.) We are slowly building a select library of our own. The January to June Retreatants have already picked their next Retreat dates from September to December.

Three other cities besides New York can boast of a "charter group" of family Retreatants. The movement is on its way with a warning that is being hammered and drilled and pounded into us: "Go slowly! Slowly!"

SONG of ADLAY

By PATRICIO G. ALTURA



The word Adlay may sound unfamiliar to our reader's ears. Adlay is only a typical village at Carascal Bay on the northeastern coast of Mindanao. It belongs to the town of Carascal, Surigao province. It is one of the lumber-producing regions which have mushroomed during the post-liberation era. In Adlay is located the Cantillon Lumber Company which has been in active operation for over three years. Aside from local boats, foreign ships drop at Carascal Bay occasionally to load lumber for export.

The most striking feature about Adlay, however, is not its lumber output, but the amazing fact that in its vicinity is located the richest iron deposit of the world. Tugas Point, and Red Hills particularly, abound with great deposits of this mineral. The surrounding mountain area is a government reservation declared as such ever since Gov. Harrison's administration.

Red Hills, as the name itself implies, is a conspicuous hilly terrain that from a distance looks as rusty as the steel plating of an old ship. Red patches of soil are clearly visible. Trees and shrubs grow sparingly here. Iron deposits that mix with the soil are highly unfavorable to vegetative growth.

On the mountain sides are numerous springs that on sunny days resemble glittering streaks of silver. These provide cool and sparkling water for the Adlay folks. But Adlayans are not fond of white clothing. Not that they don't have taste for this color, but rather they are practical. It is said that after first washing, white clothes generally turn reddish due to the iron minerals that the spring water contain. Ripley, take note.

Riding up the canyon to the lumber sawmill and logging area is lots of fun. It reminds you of the boyish adventures of Tom Sawyer. If you

are a lover of nature and of things rural, you will surely crane your neck looking at the panorama, — of forest with their vivid foliage, of ferns and wonderful hanging vines, of trees that grow on other trees, and other terrestrial wonders. You will marvel at flower-bearing plants, at orchids of infinite varieties, and at beautiful shrubs that in Manila would be considered rare specimens. But here all are as ordinary as fish in the sea. Here in the Adlay forests of Mindanao.

With such marvelous surroundings of sea, and sky, and shoreline, and mountains, one cannot but ponder on our national legacy. These are the trees that make the Philippines one of the foremost lumber countries of the world; these are the rare orchids

that enhance the lustre of the Pearl of the Orient; these are the natural resources, untouched by human hands, that earn for us the name of the "most favored group of tropical isles in the world"; these are the shining fields we fought and sacrificed for, against the might of the tyrant; these are sacred shores that we dared invaders to land upon; this is the radiance that fills our hearts with throbs of glorious liberty; this is the dear and holy land that cradled our noble heroes; nay, this is the very glory for which we will suffer and die, if and when our beloved country is wronged!

Indeed, Adlay is simply a typical Mindanao community. But oh, how it fills our souls with joy and exaltation!



A DIALOG

ON THE RETRACTION

By AUNARIO LOPEZ

TONY: Rizal Day again tomorrow.

JOE: Yup, that's right. Parades, speeches, flags...

TONY: And some more arguments about Rizal's retraction.

JOE: It looks like Rizal's retraction has to come up every Rizal Day celebration. The orators feel that they must mention it; the newspapers almost always have an article about it...

TONY: Do you think, Joe, that there will ever come a day when Rizal's retraction won't be the center of attention when we have to honor Rizal?

JOE: Tony, I think the answer is yes and no. I too wish that the newspapers and the speechmakers would give us something more about Rizal's civic virtues—like forgetfulness of self for the good of the country, instead of indulging year in and year out in the controversy about the retraction.

TONY: What do you mean yes and no?

JOE: I mean yes it can end, if people want to end it; and no, if they don't want to.

TONY: And since the controversy hasn't ended yet does that mean that the people don't want to end it?

JOE: Some people don't want to end it.

TONY: And who are these some people?

JOE: All those who say that Rizal did not retract because he would have made a fool of himself if he did.

TONY: But who say that?

JOE: Palma, Pascual, Agoncillo and all those who deny the retraction. Almost every argument against the retraction can be reduced to this one argument: Rizal would have made a fool of himself if he retracted.

TONY: Alright, I won't argue about that. But I cannot understand how you can say that these people do not want to end the controversy just because they say Rizal would have made a fool of himself if he retracted.

JOE: I will answer with a question. Is it foolish to retract?

TONY: Well — no and also yes.

JOE: Why no and also yes?

TONY: If you are a Catholic, then it is not foolish. But if you are not a Catholic then it is foolish.

JOE: But that is not answering the question.

TONY: Why not?

JOE: Because you are answering like this. Supposing two women are arguing about the color of a dress; one has her eyes closed. The woman whose eyes are open says, "It is red." But the woman whose eyes are closed says, "It is not red." Now I ask you Tony, is it foolish to say "It is not red"? And you will answer me, no and also yes. Yes if your eyes are open and no if your eyes are closed.

TONY: Correct. It is not foolish to say "It is not red" if your eyes are closed.

JOE: But maybe it is foolish to argue about color if your eyes are closed, is that not right?

TONY: Yes, I think that is right. And I begin to see your point. Are you trying to tell me that those who say that it is foolish to retract do not know what retraction is?

JOE: Yes. You are beginning to understand.

TONY: Then maybe they think it is foolish to retract because they do not understand retraction.

JOE: Yes.

TONY: But why do they not understand retraction? When a man retracts he pledges his loyalty to the Catholic Church. This much they understand.

JOE: But they do not understand the Catholic Church, so how can they understand a pledge of loyalty to the Catholic Church?

TONY: But why must they understand the Catholic Church?

JOE: Ah, this is very important. Tony, if you promise to kill your wife tomorrow, are you a good man?

TONY: No, of course 'not.

JOE: But if you promise to love your wife, are you a good man?

TONY: Of course.

JOE: And so you see that it makes all the difference in the world whether a man pledges himself to something good or to something bad. What do you think these people think of the Catholic Church? As something good or bad?

TONY: I don't know. Maybe as something bad?

JOE: Yes, as something bad. That is why they say Ríza! would have made a fool of himself if he retracted because they would mean that he was pledging himself to something bad. Ríza! would never do a thing like that.

TONY: But the Church isn't bad.

JOE: We can say that because we are Catholics.

TONY: Anybody can say it if he will only open his eyes.

JOE: But if he won't open his eyes?

TONY: Then he shouldn't talk about the retraction, because it will be like a blind man talking about color.

JOE: And if they open their eyes?

TONY: Then this controversy will end, and we won't have to waste our time listening to arguments for and against the retraction. Instead we will be able to talk about Rizal as the model citizen.

JOE: But, Tony you are forgetting something important.

TONY: And what is that?

JOE: Faith, Tony, the gift of faith.

TONY: You mean that it takes faith to see why the Catholic Church is good?

JOE: If one wants to see the real goodness of the Church, then he must believe. Not everybody has received the gift of faith. Some people are blind without knowing it. If we remember that faith is a gift, then we won't get mad at the man who says that the Church is a corrupt organization. He is blind, that's all.

TONY: Then we have to pray for people like that.

JOE: Yes, we have to pray a lot.

This controversy about Rizal's retraction is a good reminder to us Catholics to pray for those who don't have the gift of faith. And something more than this too. This controversy is a reminder to us Catholics to live in such a way that everybody will know that the Church is good.

TONY: That's right. Maybe some people have the wrong idea about the Catholic Church because of the bad example not only of Catholic public officials but even of Catholic priests and bishops. I never thought that this controversy had such deep implications.

JOE: And now to your question again—will this controversy ever end? The answer is yes and no. It will end if we want it to. It will end if we show the people what being a Catholic really means, because if they know the Church as something good, then they won't say that it is foolish to pledge one's loyalty to the Catholic Church. But this controversy will never end if we Catholics go on living like half-dressed pagans and hungry animals. This controversy will never end as long as some people insist on talking about something they do not understand.



Open The Gates

HOLY YEAR COLUMN

"Twenty pesos!" Tatay exclaimed, almost swallowing his cigar. "Who do you think I am? Soriano? Madrigal?"

"But Tatay, Fely gave me a handbag, and Charing gave me a make-up set, and..."

"I need ten pesos also, Tatay," Junior broke in, "I'll have to buy a knife for Nick, and harmonica for Pido."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute." Tatay pleaded. "What are you giving one another presents for? It's not your birthday."

"It's Christmas, Tatay!" Lucy cried out with the air of one unraveling a mystery.

Tatay was unimpressed.

"Well, what of it? That's no reason for you youngsters to spend money right-and left like a couple of millionaires. Why, during my time we were more sensible. We didn't go around giving presents to one another as if money grew on trees. This new generation! You can't en-

joy anything, you can't celebrate anything, without spending money..."

Tatay saw his daughter's eyes moistening. Junior's face had fallen like a wet rag. He laid aside the *Cress* he was reading and slowly went to the two.

"Look, Lucy, Junior," he said, laying a hand on the shoulders of each. "Christmas is Christ's birthday. Have you ever thought of that?"

Silence.

"It's Christ's birthday, and yet, though people are thoughtful enough to send gifts to one another, nobody remembers to give Him anything—not even a birthday gift."

By this time Tatay had led his two children to the small *balcon* in the corner of the room. He picked up the figurines of the Infant from the crib.

"Poor Jesus," he said, almost with a hurt paternal tone in his voice, "the loneliest Child on Christmas Day. Oh yes, we flock to Your churches at Christmas eve. We attend Midnight Mass, we sing, we

listen to sermons. But how many of us remember to drop in by your manger and say 'happy birthday?'

Lucy moved closer to her father's side.

"Totay," she began timidly, "I.. I'm sorry..."

"Me too," Junior joined in.

"That's alright, hijes. It's not your fault. It's the pagan influence of the world around you. A lot of godless people want to take Christ out of Christmas and substitute in His place Santa Claus and a team of reindeer, bunny rabbits, cute little puppies and all that other silly stuff."

Totay put down Jesus into His cradle. Then, quietly, he pulled out his wallet, extracted a twenty-peso bill, and a ten. "Here," he said kindly, "buy your presents. But remember that we give gifts to one another only because of the joy that we feel over the birth of Jesus. He wants all of us to be happy on His birthday. We help Him make others happy by our gifts. But we should try to make Him happiest above all the rest. We should try our very best to prepare for Him a worthwhile gift during these days. And the greatest gift we can possibly give Him on His birthday is one which will not cost us a single centavo."

"What is that, Totay?" asked Lucy and Junior together.

Totay tapped his heart and said: "Ourselves."

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‘I’ll tell the Cross...

(Continued from page A)

FROM A NON-SUBSCRIBER

Sir:

Bangued, Abra

Actually I do not subscribe to The Cross, but I've never failed to take hold of your monthly issue from our school library. It's wonderful and one simply could not help enjoying its beautiful articles. Luckily I came across a friend of mine whom I convinced to subscribe to your beautiful magazine. Please send a year subscription to...

Hoping for continued success,

*Respectfully yours,
(Miss) Rosalina Guzman*

"TEARS FOR SOUVENIR"

Sir:

Cagayan High School

When you told me my subscription to the Cross expires this month, my heart burst into tears because I cannot continue for the coming months. My mother told me to stop first and I hope in the future I can again continue it because the Cross is a magazine which teaches moral lessons to young boys like me.

*Respectfully yours,
Rolando Ajonillo*

"THOSE TERRIBLE JESUITS"

Notre Dame of Lagao

Lagao, Buayan, Cotabato

Sir:

The item you quoted from the "New Statesman & Nation" on the criticism of the Jesuits in the Philippines pain me so much. Not only because it is filled with lies, but also because it detracted the good name of the Jesuit Order which I admire and love so much for its zeal for truth and liberty. It is good of you that you made an editorial on that item. I hope every Cross reader has read it.

The writer of that article in my opinion has no sense of justice at all or even of thinking perhaps. What he did, perhaps, was that he gathered a few facts in Manila and imagined the rest in London in order to make a short story long and spicy. Quality nowadays, you

know, is not as important as quantity. Funny, isn't it... ridiculous. Would you kindly give us the name of the writer of that item? Maybe he is another Paul Blanshard.

*Sincerely yours,
Rolando Marie E. Oringo*

Ed.—The article was unsigned... presumably written by one of their staff members.

THE GO-SIGNAL?

17th Street
Quezon City

Dear Sir:

*Most of my classmates and friends always read *The Cross* like I do. Marlene's love-advice are always our points within the U.S.T. campus.*

We would like to tell you that Mr. Vicente Ja. Portillo's suggestion is a precious gem. We all "approve of it in wonderment". His numbers are facts everyone should know and appreciate. How about letting him start his column then? And will you please introduce him to us, the readers? We'll wait for it.

*Sincerely yours,
Rosaline M. Miraflor*

OUR MOVIE GUIDE

AN EAGLE'S NEST

Sir:

*I have read with amusement the letter from the "Abode of the Green Archers" published in the last issue of our *CROSS*. I congratulate Mr. Bonzon and his fellow archers for their constructive and interesting criticisms. I congratulate you too, Mr. Editor for your laconic replies.*

*Since we are still on the topic of criticism, let me voice my own. I think that the Movie List of the *CROSS* is not very timely. That may be due to the fact that your movie list supply is stateside. I suggest that we make it localside. So, enclosed is a timely and appropriate movie list prepared by the Legion of Decency Unit of the Ateneo Sodality. This is presented regularly for the benefit of Ateneo students. May it help us... us... all. May God help us always!*

*Sincerely yours,
Meneleo Herandez*

Ed.—Thanks. You'll see your Movie Guide on page 64.

MOTION PICTURE GUIDE

Prepared by the Legion of Decency, Ateneo de Manila

CLASS A-I MORALLY UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR GENERAL PATRONAGE (UNIVERSALLY RECOMMENDED)

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------------|
| "Belle Starr" | "Reformer And The Redhead, The" |
| "Broken Arrow" | "Return Of The Frontiersman" |
| "David Harding Counterspy" | "Riders In The Sky" |
| "Dear Wife" | "Ticket To Tomahawk, A" |
| "Father Of The Bride" | "Rock Island Trail" |
| "Fortunes Of Captain Blood" | "Secret Life Of Walter Mitty, The" |
| "Last Of The Redmen" | "Since You Went Away" |
| "Mister 880" | "Skipper Surprised His Wife. The" |
| "Nevadan, The" | "That Midnight Kiss" |
| "Outriders, The" | "Three Little Words" |
| "Please Believe Me" | |

CLASS A-II MORALLY UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR ADULTS (EXCEPT IN CERTAIN CASES, ADULTS MAY VIEW THESE PICTURES WITHOUT DIFFICULTY)

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| "Adam's Rib" | "Macbeth" |
| "Barricade" | "Mark Of Zorro" |
| "Belle Starr's Daughter" | "Mr. Belvedere Goes To College" |
| "Daughter Of Rosie O'Grady, The" | "Nancy Goes To Rio" |
| "Desert Hawk" | "Our Very Own" |
| "Dr. Cyclops" | "Pretty Baby" |
| "Ellen" | "Portrait Of Jennie" |
| "Flame And The Arrow" | "711 Ocean Drive" |
| "House Of Strangers" | "Virginia" |
| "Imitation Of Life" | "Where The Sidewalk Ends" |
| "In A Lonely Place" | "Winchester '73" |
| "Leave Her To Heaven" | |

CLASS B MORALLY OBJECTIONABLE IN PART FOR ALL (NOT RECOMMENDED)

- "Armored Car Robbery" — Suggestive sequences.
- "Bride Of Vengeance" — Suggestive dialogue and sequences.
- "Convicted" — Contains sympathetic treatment of revenge motive; low moral tone.
- "East Side, West Side" — Reflects the acceptability of divorce.
- "Great Jewel Robber, The" — Tends to glorify a criminal.
- "Key To The City" — Suggestive dialogue and sequences.

'Merry Christmas'

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