

The

Vol. XIX, No. 10, June 1950

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OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE

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

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OUR COVER



LET THE LITTLE CHILDREN COME TO ME.....
HOW MANY LITTLE TOTS GLADLY CLUSTER AROUND
A SMILING MISSIONARY, ON AN ERRAND OF CHARITY.

PHOTO VERANNEMAN

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EDITORIAL—

The Little Apostle although a MISSION MAGAZINE is interested in every problem of the Church in the Philippines.

And since June is the month of the opening of most private schools I ask those of our readers who are students: "WHERE DO YOU PLAN TO STUDY this coming year?", and fondly I hope to hear the reassuring answer, even though it may mean great sacrifices to some of you. "*In a Catholic School, naturally.*" That is where a Catholic student belongs. I want to be taught by a Catholic teacher, preferably a priest or a sister. I want to learn the truths of our Holy Religion and to be imbued with the principles of morality and right living. I would not think of attending a school where some teachers are

not Catholics, where the flower of my Faith might be blighted or destroyed. I hold to the slogan: *'Every Catholic child in a Catholic school.'*"

Every serious citizen in the land should realize that it is of no vital importance whether the Catholic School buildings be old and shabby, or new and modern in architecture as long as they are centers of sound learning, both secular and religious. It is the instruction and the pervading spirit that matters, not the walls of wood or stone. Education is more than the acquiring of a smattering of information; it is the preparation of the mind and heart and will of the men and women, the training in virtue of those who will be the citizens of to-morrow, of those who will make or mar this young independent nation of ours.

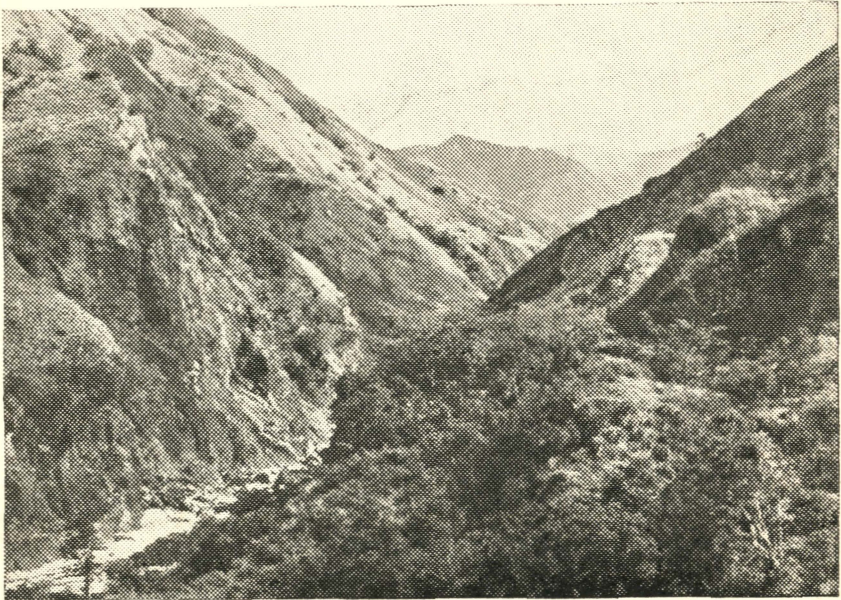


PHOTO: C. AERTS

NOVENA OF THE LAST RESORT (June 6-14)

General Intention: A LARGE ENROLLMENT IN THE CATHOLIC SCHOOLS. The Philippines, as a young and progressive nation, faces major problems and issues. Our nation, today, needs men and women of conscience imbued with unwavering principles and convictions. CATHOLIC EDUCATION alone strives to to prepare such men and women by training them AT THE SCHOOL OF CHRIST, IN BROTHERLY LOVE AND CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

Let us, therefore, hold this novena of Last Resort to obtain the blessing of a LARGE ENROLLMENT in all the Catholic Schools. THE CATHOLIC YOUTH OF TO-DAY WILL BE THE CATHOLIC CITIZENS OF TO-MORROW.

- Special Intentions: 1) That true christian charity and brotherly love may win the battle against the powers of hatred and revenge, so that a just peace may unite all classes of society.
2) The private intentions of all our Readers.*

MISSION INTENTION FOR JUNE—
(blessed by the Holy Father):

THE SANCTIFICATION OF THE NATIVE CLERGY



The Church is truly established in a country when she is able to carry on without external assistance. Missionaries sow the seed: preach the Holy Gospel, instruct, baptize, establish the hierarchy and provide the means for the education in the Faith—schools, colleges, universities, seminaries, churches—; but not until the Church in a country has her own *native clergy* does she stand on her feet spiritually. The Popes of the last 100 years have time and again, stressed, the need of welltrained, devout *native priests*. The *native clergy* understands best the needs of its own people.

Let us, therefore, pray and offer sacrifices to obtain from Almighty God that the *native clergy* may increase in number. Let us pray that those whom God has called to the priesthood may live a holy life and lead their flock by word and example.

A Catholic nation shall survive if it is blessed with Sainly *native priests*, for as its clergy is, so are its christians.

The Sacred Heart of Jesus will surely hear our prayers and bless these intentions.

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OUR FAMILY CIRCLE—PRACTISE OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD.—

Familiar intercourse between our soul and God, though sublime, is within the reach of all.

God is present everywhere, He is present, in a special way, in the hearts of those that love Him. Jesus Christ, the second Person of the Blessed Trinity, abides with us in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar.

St. Therese of the Child Jesus was constantly united with Him. She said: "I lose myself in the glowing furnace of His love, and unite myself to Him that I may live and act in Him."

We can live that life of union with Jesus, all day long, in the midst of the most engrossing occupations. As soon as we awake, our thoughts should go to Him and we should offer all our thoughts, words and actions of the day. To help us renew this morning offering, during the day, we can use several means. A frequent glance at the crucifix or at some pious image, often repeated ejaculations, respectful genuflections—all these are means to help us live in His loving presence. Acts of Faith, Hope and Charity can be recited, even when we are at work, and keep us close to God.

One day, St. Therese of the Child Jesus was found sewing by a Sister. The Sister noticed the wrapt expression on her face and asked what she was thinking of. St. Therese answered that she was meditating

the "Our Father" and that her heart was ravished at the thought that *God is our Father!*

Our occupations, then, should be no obstacle to this familiar intercourse with God, to this loving union with Jesus.

This loving union is the best means to overcome the temptations, to avoid sins, to live a happy life in the midst of all trials and to prepare ourselves for the everlasting happiness of heaven.

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SERGIO

There stood Claro, perspiring and gasping for breath. With blood-shot eyes and sagging shoulders, a statue of misery and pain, he supported himself against the desk. His head hung low upon his breast.

It took some time before he uttered the words, "Father, my brother Sergio is very sick." The brown coarse fingers twitched nervously while playing with the tablecloth. "He wants so much to see you, Father said he. More he could not bring out. His lips began to tremble and his eyes filled with tears. The Father knew Sergio, a good boy, but who like so many of his caste had committed a big mistake. A mistake that filled his soul with fear and apprehension. Fausta had become his wife.

They had married according to pagan customs. Often he had wished to live like other Christian families, but their pagan customs, together with so many other reasons, had taxed his courage; and he had failed to make the step.

His sickness might well be a warning, a grace of God to send Sergio upon the right path. His will was good and this caused him to reach out with both hands toward this last means of salvation. He asked for a priest. . . .

The Father and his sacristan, with Claro leading, wended their way along the path that zigzagged toward the Chico-river. Claro's thoughts were with his brother. . . .

Suddenly it started to rain, but they did not even notice that their garments got sticky. It was cold, but a deathlike stillness filled the air just like the soul of Sergio to whom they were going to give new life.

It was 12:00 o'clock. They felt tired, but it was no time to rest; for a soul had to be saved from the clutches of the devil.

Down, far down is the little village. The huts are clustered like beehives along the sloping side of the little hill. It was very peaceful at this hour of the day. Claro felt the wild beatings of his heart. He didn't walk anymore, but he ran with Father and the sacristan following as fast as they could. Suddenly Claro stopped, listened intently, continued again for a while, and then. . . ., "Here," he said, "is my brother's ricefield with nobody to take care of". Indeed the field was utterly neglected, full of weeds with here and there a meager stalk of rice. And this was a time of famine.

A crowd of little urchins met them at the entrance of the village. "Sergio is very sick," they said, "he can no longer talk". Soon the whole village knew that the Father had

come to visit Sergio. Who knows, He might have some santonine for their Apo lakay, who complained about his terrible headache; or sulfa tablets to prevent colds.

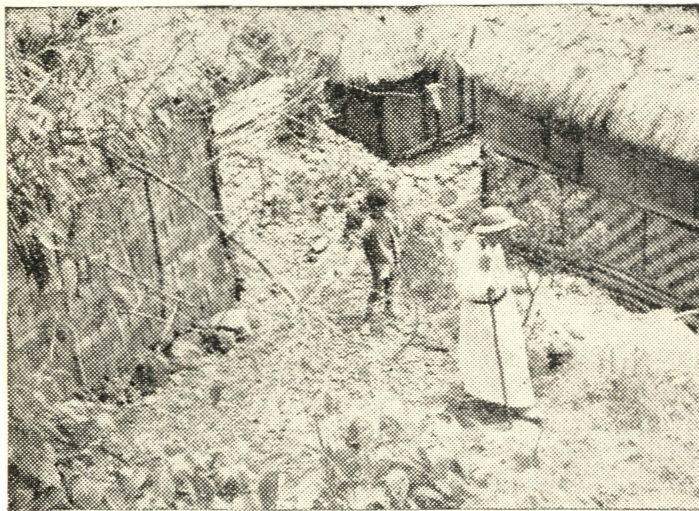


PHOTO C. AERTS



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Here now they stood in front of Sergio's little house. The faint moaning of the poor man reached their ears. Women mingled with them their lamentations. A pair of little heads appeared in the half-closed door, but soon disappeared again.

On the ground lay Sergio. His old mother kneeling near him. Her withered face bespoke of anguish and deep compassion, of distressing times and great trials. She tried to master her sorrow as only mothers can do. With trembling hands she caressed the fevered brow of her boy, her eldest son. His father had died when Sergio was but a little boy. For some years now he had been the only one to earn their living. His young wife sat somewhat farther helpless, gazing from husband to children and back again. Who should henceforth provide them with

food and clothing in this time of famine?

The many visitors drew back to the far ends of the house. It was awfully hot inside. Sergio turned his head slightly in the direction of the visitors, his eyes were planted deep into their sockets, lusterless, liveless. He was fighting a hard fight and a beastly foe. It was indeed a struggle for life or for death. His cheeks were hollow and sunken, his face overspread with the pallid hue of death. His emaciated hands went to his throat. jerked his head from one side to the other. Something seemed to stifle him, and he fought against it. He looked miserably at his mother then at his wife, at Claro and then at the Father. Was there then nobody who could help him? He wanted to scream, but he had no more voice. He tried to sit up, but fell back into his pillows, helpless and exhausted.

His eyes remained wide-open, staring without seeing; his ears tried to catch some sounds, but heard them no longer. His hands clutched frantically his heaving breast, while his mouth closed like a tomb. "The Father is here" whispered Claro, but Sergio remained motionless. For some minutes he lay like one in ecstasy, then again convulsions shook his frail and sick body. Father tried to rouse him to gain contact with his benumbed senses; but every means failed.



Finally Sergio seemed to have passed the crisis. He became calm once more, while his eyes took on a new brilliancy. A little sleep will do him good. One by one the relatives and visitors left the room. The Father went farther to another village where his catechist was living. He promised to come back the next day and left some medicine for Sergio.

That same night, about 9:00 o'clock the Father was called back to Sergio, who, for sure, lay dying, said the messenger. The Father wanted to accompany this man; but he was gone back to the village. Everything was quickly brought in readiness, torches were lighted, and away went the caravan. The moon shed her silver-pale light upon the rice-fields. Many a weird shadow glided over the terraces; a dog barked from afar.

Often did the missionary curse the tricky moonlight. When he thought to step on a stone, he found his feet planted in the cool mud of the field. When he tried to avoid some danger-

ous object, he lost the path to follow. Cold drops trickled from his forehead; yet onward he must, for Sergio was dying.

How happy they felt when they reached the first huts. A couple of boys came running towards them, leading them by the light of their torches to the house of mother Kanut.

Sergio was going through his most intense crisis. Since dawn he had not uttered a single syllable. Only his soft moaning rent the hearts of those who loved him. Fausta sat near him, and busied herself administering cold patches upon his fevered brow.

The Father, together with the other Christians, prayed. Calmness followed once more, yet not his speech. Long still did the priest and the catechist remain with the sick boy, until they knew that all danger was passed. Tomorrow Father should

offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for Sergio's recovery.....

The next day, after the mass, Father left for a nearby barrio. He stayed there overnight. The next morning his first visit was for Sergio whom he found in exactly the same condition as the day before. There remained only one thing to do. . pray.

And the next day morning a messenger hurried along the way to tell the Father that Sergio was much better, and that his speech had returned. This was the opportunity so longed for. Daylight gave wings to the Father. He found the poor man sitting up in his bed with a thick blanket around his emaciated body. Father helped him prepare for a good confession. It was a blessed moment for both when the man had made his peace with God. Peace and happiness emanated from his pallid face. Sergio was another man.

When the Father left the house, the village counted one more Christian family. Sergio was left, his soul bathed in inner joy and happiness, fortified to sustain his further sufferings and to offer them in complete conformity to the will of God.

Three weeks later, the Father received the sad and unexpected tidings that Sergio was no more. His soul had taken its flight to Heaven. The last week he had walked as far as his ricefield.

It was a deep consolation for the Father to hear that the boy had not omitted to pray daily together with his wife and mother.

For several weeks afterwards, his

old mother went to repeat her lamentations in the neglected ricefield. She walked in a daze weeping over her dead son. Amidst her tears one could hear her lament over again, "Why did you go, Balawag? Who is now to take care of your little children? Hear me, Sergio, come, take me along where you are so that I can care for you again. Balawag, where are you? Maybe you are suffering because nobody looks after you. Come, get me after two days, I want to see your face again, my child. I am old and lonely and can no more work. Come!"

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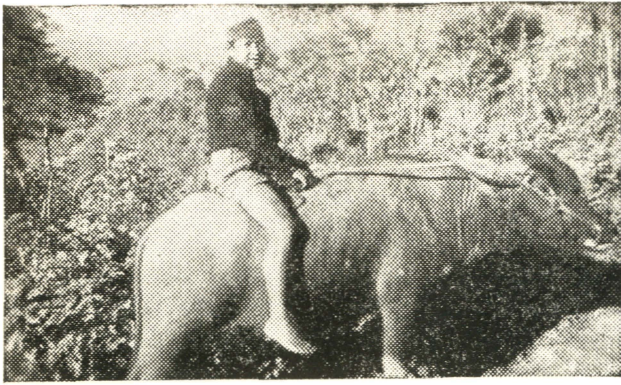


PHOTO A. LAMMINEUR

Sayeng and Tchulisai had gone ahead of him carrying his bundle containing all his small belongings. Tomorrow he himself would be on his way to Hinang-Dalang. His father could no longer work and he was going to help him on the rice fields.

Of all this Tibung-Dasi thought the last night before his departure. He sat dreamily by the open window of the camarin, looking at the dark pine-tree-covered slopes around him; at the vegetable and flower gardens below, and at the high walls of the peaceful convent behind these. All was clearly visible in the white moonlight.

How quiet it was on this his last night! Nothing was moving. There was no chirping of crickets in the grass. Not even the Ketopee could be seen flitting in and out the eucalyptus trees. There was a prayerful silence, in which everything seemed listening to, Someone present but invisible; speaking in a language feeble man could not understand.

T H E L A S T

ROSES

by Rev. Alfonso Claerhoudt

On the morrow he would already be in Hinang-Dalang. His father would be waiting at the door of their hut, and he would say, "Salamat, I am happy that now you are home, Tibung Dasi." A few days later the village elders would gather there and decide on his marriage to Suganay, the daughter of Bilodo. His consent would be asked and he, of course, would approve of their choice. He knows her to be a good and virtuous girl.

Tibung gave himself up to the captivating quietness of the night, and the years he had spent in the service of this peaceful convent came back to him. A voice seemed to ask:

"Tibung, Dasi, do you still remember how you came here?" O Yes, he did.

"Tibung Dasi, do you still recall how the Sisters promised your father they would care for you and instruct

you in Christian Doctrine?" Yes, he remembered all this so well; how had learned to serve at Mass; how, as gardener, he had learned the names of the flowers and the plants.

Dory and Dulong, two boys from *Hinang-Dalang*, visited him one day, and then related to their home people all about Tibung Dasi. Later they returned to Tibung and lived with him in the *camarin*, helping him with the garden work.

PHOTO C. AERTS



About a month ago, Tibung's father had also come to visit him. He seemed to have grown so old. Other people from Hinang-Dalang had come with him—among them Suganay. He had shown them the convent gardens and before they left, he filled their basket with cabbages, petchay, tchangko and onions. And because Suganay was very fond of the flowers, he had made her a bouquet and said: "Yama Suganay, this is for you." He saw his father smile and that made him blush. All that day he had been distracted, his work done only half-well, just because of those flowers and his father's smile.

Soon all his father's smile suggested would be realized. Sayeng and Tchulisai had already gone ahead with his belongings and tomorrow, he himself would be going home to Hinang-Dalang to stay.

But he would never forget the kind "Apo Madres"—nor the beautiful convent-gardens. He would remain virtuous, and pray the rosary daily with his father and with Suganay. Our Lord will be with him there too, in his heart, in his hut, in the fields. He would start a vegetable garden like the one he was leaving—with cabbages, dourias, tarong and calumbas. And Suganay will have her marigolds, red latanas, petunias



PHOTO C. AERTS

and blue asters.

As Tibung thought of all these things, he fell asleep. Early the next morning he served Mass as usual—his last Mass in the convent. Then he went to the garden, tracing all the footpaths between the flower beds. The blossoms were still heavy with dew. Through the silvery mist that hung between the pine trees, flowed a golden stream of rays from the rising sun. It brought with it the freshness of the morning, and the flowers danced for joy in the cool, crisp, wind.

Tibung Dasi swept his eyes over this peaceful corner of Paradise, as though he would never again see it. How he loved it! He thought of how he had served, planted, transplanted, and cared for each plant in it. How beautiful it all was.

Slowly he closed the garden gate behind him. Close against the con-



PHOTO R. VERLINDEN

Sacred Heart, Tibung looked up to Jesus, sad and thoughtful. But why was he so tongue tied, now he would no more come back?

After some time, he managed to say: "Dear Lord, You know I am going away. You have always been so good to me. Salamat, salamat! I thank you so much, dear Lord, and for this last time I bring you the best flowers of my garden. They are all for You."

Carefully he laid the roses at the feet of Jesus, and then again looked up. This time he could no longer see the sweet smiling Face that always answered him. Tibung's eyes were clouded with tears. Bowing his head, he could only repeat, "Salamat, salamat. I shall never forget You, Lord, Please help me never to forget You—never to desire anything but You."

vent wall grow the loveliest roses. These he cut, and then made his way to the chapel. Kneeling before the

Tibung Dasi genuflected and then softly left the chapel. He must do home now—home to Hinang-Dalang

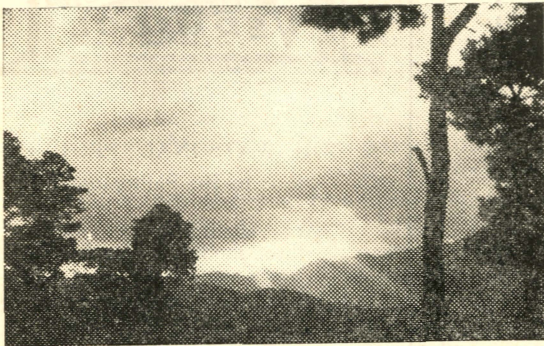


PHOTO O. DESMET

Face the sunshine.
You will find that
the shadows always
fall behind you.

Let's "Do" and Not Just "Talk"

WE CHRISTIANS talk a great deal about brotherhood, but do very little about practicing it. Perhaps this explains why we are no nearer than we are to its achievement and the resulting peace. Peace rests upon solidarity, yet we do very little that is constructive to achieve solidarity. This is particularly true in regard to society's economic order where, despite our pious platitudes to the contrary, we are faithful followers of individualism.

We talk much about a Christian society, yet evidently overlook the undeniable fact that a Christian society demands a fellowship in everyday life which we do not practice. The Christian civilization to which we give lip service depends for its existence upon love, peace, unity, and solidarity.

Although these desirable objectives are frequently the subject matter of high sounding pronouncements, they must become matters of constant practice in every aspect of everyday life if society is to become another name for man's brotherhood.

—H. C. McGinnis in "The Grail"

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LAKAY CAMPOS



PHOTO A. LAMMINEUR

by Rev. O. Desmet

He is man with great prestige among his people. His deeply lined face, showing that he is very old, gives credit to his assertions, his pronouncements in connection with the historical facts of his tribe, his statements and decisions in all matters of controversy regarding inheritance of lands and heirlooms, for Lakay Campos is the living archive, the living cadastral register of Mankayan.

"In the very long ago," so he tells, "no people lived here in this region which is now called Mankayan. No one had ever thought to put up his house in this inhospitable mountains, where thick jungle and an abundance of tall pine trees warded off all possible immigrants.

The nearest settlements were then the villages of Awa and Asin, parts of Buguias.

The people over there were skilled hunters. One day, after they had trailed a strong, old buck with enormous antlers, for four days, and had passed through Ubanga, and Loo, and Gubang (which is now Gina-wang) they reached Aban. They saw the deer quietly grazing in an open place of the forest and let loose

their dogs. The buck aware of the danger dashed toward the edge of the level ridge and . . . disappeared. They heard a rustling of bushes and a clash: it had fallen into a deep precipice. The dogs wildly running in circles, stopped their pursuit and barking excitedly called their masters. The hunters, when they arrived at the border of the precipice saw that there was no way down toward the buck, which lay there at the bottom, seemingly dead. They walked to the left over Casigugan and finely succeeded in reaching their game making a perilous descent where the slope was less abrupt. Amidst a multitude of stones of all sizes they found the buck. Soon they had gathered some dry pitchy branches and having arranged a fireplace with three stones placed in the form of dalikan they made a fire to roast the deer meat. The pitchy pine made a hot fire. And as they were holding the meat with improvised spits above the fire they noticed a thick black liquid oozing from the 'dalikan' stones. What's this?, they exclaimed, a bad omen! Bad luck! We will die!



LAKAY CAMPOS



BAKET KINYA

But after their meal, they were no longer frightened and inspected the molten mass: it covered the ground about the fire place, and was hard again. They took a stone and hammered: it could be molded into shape. They made a small pot that would serve for cooking and brought it home with them.

Their strange discovery drove many others to the place, who all returned with lumps, great and small. From morning to night stones hammered and hammered, pots were made, dishes, tools, enough to replace all their wooden stuff. They went on getting lumps, melting them and hammering and when they had made quite a number of pots and dishes they decided to go down to the lowlands in order to barter them for jars, blankets, knives and what not.

They knocked at the door of the wealthy Spaniards. "It's copper", these exclaimed. "Where did you find the stones out of which you made these dishes."

They pointed towards the mountains saying something that sounded like 'mankayang', meaning to say that they got those lumps from the mountain ridge. And so the Spaniards called the place whence they came: Mankayan.

They made good business and returned with heavy loads to their villages. Soon they moved to Mankayan in great numbers and settled down there. Many Chinese came up and began to buy the copper, sending it to China.

The Spaniards, in the meantime decided to organize the working of the copper mine and to increase the production. One day a certain Don Miguel and Don Tomas arrived at Mankayan and called all the prominent men of the settlements there about for a meeting. "Let us be

friends", they said, "we bring you money, look, three full gantas, we bring you salt, all kinds of foodstuffs, and here these two carabaos are also for you. Now, come, sign this paper". So, the old men of the hunters signed away the copper mine.

But, the first effort to establish a mine was a failure, for the natives were unwilling to be bossed about by the Spaniards and would not work. Then Chinese laborers were called in for whom houses were built: they were given five Pesos as they arrived and were promised a salary of fifty centavos a day as well as their daily food. When the Spaniards, later on, cut the rations, the Chinese, in revolt threatened to kill the Spaniards. These in order to keep peace called in a platoon of soldiers. Yet, the mine failed entirely as a money making thing. Don Miguel and Don Tomas, the original prospectors and managers were called back. A few Spaniards, however, did not leave but stayed behind at the mine. Among them were Don Angel Moreno and Don Antonio Bona who later purchased with salt a large ranch from the natives of Cervantes.

Now, this is where Lakay Campos comes in. His father, Amoy, a Chinaman, was attracted by the offer of the Spaniards and decided to stay on in Mankayan. He soon married a native girl and they had two sons; Lakay Campos was the youngest. Later on, Amoy, longing for his own land, gathered up his belongings and taking his eldest son with him left his wife and his youngest son in Mankayan, and went his way.

The little boy grew up like any other boy among the natives. He worked hard and was respected by all there; soon he became a leader and was made concejal of his barrio.

After the revolution passed, he was accepted again as a leader for they elected him first as vice-mayor and then twice as mayor of Mankayan. "I was the only one who spoke a little Ilocano", he says, "so they had to elect me. In those days elections were very free and fair. The Americans called us all for a general meeting. Then they introduced the candidates and said, 'Now, stand behind the candidate you want for your mayor'.

Campos' first marriage, in the days preceding the revolution, was unhappy for he had no children. Later, he married Kinya and she bore him five children. He is a happy old man now with his many descendants: children, grandchildren, great grand children, all are his, they will carry on his name.

Father Jose de Haes, the missionary in charge of Mankayan, heard that Lakay Campos was very sick and went to him. This was very recently, in 1946, and the Father was sure the poor old Lakay was not long for this world. He instructed him in his patient way and soon the old man wanted to be baptized. Father poured the saving waters over his head and called him by the beautiful name of Calixto. But he did not die. He is alive and well. "I thank God. My Baptism has made me strong and well", he says.

"Kinya, my faithful wife", he said, "must be with me in heaven. We

cannot be parted there", so on April the third, Kinya too was baptized. Now both are ready to meet the Good God.

Lakay Campos, we salute you! We are proud of your many good works among us. We cherish your advice and your teaching, and we thank you for keeping alive the stories of the early days. As our dear Lord has blessed you with many years on earth, may He welcome you and Kinya into heaven when your day comes.



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**Sunshine is delicious, rain is refreshing, wind braces up,
snow is exhilarating; there is really no such thing as bad
weather, only different kinds of good weather.**

RUSKIN



HE DEVIL ROAMS AROUND

By Rev. F. Juliano Delodder



"We had better hurry," said the Father to his catechist, who had slackened his pace for some time; "for we must reach the dying man in time." Pedro drew near, silent as a grave. It was pitchdark when they reached the cemetery, the dancing ghostly light of a small mine-lamp was the only light on the narrow path in the stormy night. "Let us say a prayer for the departed who are buried here..." The answer to the Father's prayer could hardly be heard. Suddenly Pedro quickened his pace and in no time was far ahead. "Pedro, you should not walk so fast, you cannot keep it up for three hours." A few minutes later the priest was with him again. "Father, they told me they saw ghosts on the graves last week."

The rain began to pour, soaking

them to the skin. This added new difficulties in climbing the rocky path up the mountain, and going down called for all their attention in order not to fall into the abyss below. The small lamp threw dancing shapes on the sparkling grass and in the mysterious night no noise was heard but the quiet murmuring of the river and the monotonous drip of the raindrops on the bushes.

There behind the curb was the river. "Is the bridge all right, Pedro?"—"No, Father, it is not yet repaired." The Father understood quite well what this meant, for it was risking one's life to cross this bridge even during day-time. "We had

better leave the bridge aside and wade through the river. . . what does it matter, since we are drenched to the skin. The Father thought that the water would not reach far above the knees, but almost in the middle of the river the water rose violently striking the hips. The Father bumped against Pedro but luckily had the time to grasp his arm; otherwise he would have been swept away by the violence of the flood. It was a fierce struggle to reach the bank. For a moment all seemed lost. . . Pedro stumbled and disappeared under the water. The Father had his turn now to save his companion. With extreme difficulty Pedro got up and helping each other in turn they reached the other bank, out of breath. Silently they continued their way in the night, for little time was to be lost if they wanted to reach the dying man in time. Finally they came to the house. "Pedro, you enter first and prepare Amado for the visit of the priest." The priest kept standing in the doorway and stared at the dark figure in the corner of the hut, where the flickering fire on the hearth at times drove away the gloom.

Amado had been baptized thirty years ago, but very soon after had gone back to his old heathen way of life; he lived too far away from the mission to be instructed thoroughly in the christian doctrine, and there was no catechist. Maybe now in his last moments he would like to reconcile himself with God: for this purpose the priest had risked his life in the night. Scarcely however had the dying man heard the voice of the Father, when he rose to his feet and shouted in a hoarse voice: "I do not want any priest here; The priests sell souls to the devil." Exhausted with this effort he fell down again on

his mat; all became quiet, deadly quiet. . . The priest never had experienced that dying men in the very face of death did not come to, their senses. In the meantime Pedro had come nearer. "No more hope, Father."—"Try once more, Pedro." A stubborn shaking of the head was the dying man's only answer to the insistent catechist. The priest came near, knelt down, bent over the shrunken figure. As soon as the sick man heard the voice of the priest he turned his back on him with a final painful movement and did not move again. . . Every effort to bring him to God had been in vain. Priest and catechist prayed in silence near the fire until the dawn broke, in this pagan land among a people far from God. May those privileged ones who live near Him help bring their heathen brethren to their Creator.

Juliano

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“AN AMATEUR ARTIST invited his neighbor, a doctor, to see a painting he had just finished—a picture of a man apparently in great agony.

After the doctor had looked at the painting a few minutes, the artist asked:

“What do you think of it?”

And the doctor replied:

“It looks like pneumonia.”

An Itemized Statement



An artist employed to renovate and retouch the great oil paintings in an old church in Belgium, rendered a bill of \$62.04 for his services. The church directors, however, required an itemized bill, and the following was duly presented and paid:

For correcting the Ten Commandments.....	\$5.12
For renewing Heaven and adjusting the Stars	7.14
For touching up Purgatory and restoring lost souls....	3.06
For brightening up the flames of Hell, putting new tail on the Devil, and doing odd jobs for the damned.....	7.17
For putting new stone in David's sling, enlarging head of Goliath	6.13
For embellishing Pontius Pilate and putting new ribbon on his bonnet.....	3.02
For mending shirt of Prodigal Son and cleaning his ear	3.39
For putting new tail and comb on St. Peter's rooster	2.20
For re-pluming and re-gilding left wing of Guardian Angel	5.18
For washing the servant of the High Priest and putting carmine on his cheek	5.02
For taking spots off the son of Tobias	10.30
For decorating Noah's Ark and new head on Shem	4.31
Total	\$62.04



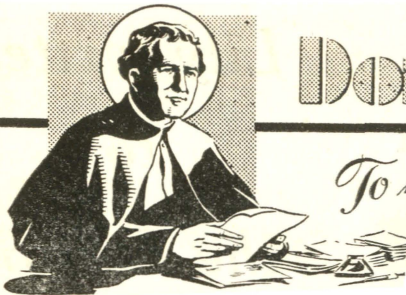
Lily writes to the Editor

•★•

Excuse me Father I am Lily and no better paper. Dear Father Editor of the L.A. I am ashamed, for you say I am very busy and did not write to Carmencita because it is Vacation. Yes, I am very busy because no school I am working in the "kaingin" on the slopes; for the rice, there is none, by the rats. And please Father do not say I am lazy for Tirso

always cries when it is no breakfast only 2 meals and very watery all kinds: mushrooms and roots and green monkey bananas very bitter but we always make the sign of the cross because maybe poison. Tirso cries because he is very small. Not yet brave and does not think of God our Father will give food again. . . And I do not write to my friend Carmencita; only to You because you wrote that in all the papers of me and I am much ashamed and please change your mind and quick now before you come here so I shall not be ashamed. I also take the respectful Liberty to let you be informed that you are very cruel to our dear Father Nivardo always expects your Reverence with a fat chick to come and comfort him in all his trials of life of an average christian, no roses on his path and he says you always fly in the Fall (PAL)-airmail going to preach The Prayer and Penance of the very Reverend Holy Father and of Santa Maria de Fatima and we too now have seen your pal-airmailship above our sky and Father says: "There he goes! . . . Dios ti kumuyog. . ." to Tuguegarao and next week he shall be here in a Bus" and he is so very very happy. And expected you but. . . No ,Sir! Maybe next time? We pray for you and your Air-mail-Pal and most for that Bus. Good morning father Editor,

Lily.



Don Bosco

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

My dear Boys,

Whenever the month of June comes around, I am gratefully reminded of my ordination to the Holy Priesthood. Indeed, in permitting me to spend my life as a priest among my beloved boys, the Sacred Heart of Jesus has given me an honor greater than any the world could give. I would not have traded the sacred joy of one day in the priesthood of Jesus Christ for all the pleasures and riches of the world, nor for the glitter of kingly thrones.

You will remember how as a young boy, I considered the priestly vocation as my highest ideal. It was as a priest that I wanted to devote and to sacrifice my whole life for the welfare of boys. Long and hard was my path towards my priestly goal. I was a poor boy; my dear mother could not afford to let me study. I had to earn my school expenses and worse still, I had to overcome the hostile attitude of my stepbrother,

who by all means wanted to prevent or stop my schooling.

Holy Priesthood was for me so sublime an ideal, that I was ready to sacrifice anything in order to attain it. I wanted to become a priest, and, thanks to Jesus and Mary, I became one. It was on the Saturday after Pentecost- June 5, 1841 that I was ordained a Priest of God forever.

Later, in preparing my boys for a suitable vocation, Holy Priesthood was always foremost in my mind and I am proud to say that during my lifetime nearly 2,500 of my boys have become priests.

One day a noble lady approached me and expressed her desire to adopt one of my boys. She would adopt him as her son and after her death leave her castle with all her riches to him. I called for the boy she referred to and in the presence of the lady I proposed to him the generous offer of the noble woman. The boy hesitatingly looked at me and said: "Don Bosco, when I will be with this good lady, will I be able to become a priest?" "Oh my dear," inter-

FATHER GAVE a beautiful crucifix to his little daughter, and said to her as he did so:

"Now tell me, what is the difference between the figure of Jesus on the cross as on this crucifix, and the Host which the priest holds up at the consecration of the Mass?"

The little girl did not hesitate a moment.

"When I look at the cross," she said, "I see Jesus and He is not there. When I look at the Host, I do not see Jesus, but He is there."

—*The Messenger of the Sacred Heart for India.*

rupted the woman, "I would prefer that you give up that thought and perpetuate in the world the name of my noble family." "Thanks, noble lady," answered the boy, "in that case I prefer to stay with Don Bosco and become a priest."

Another day, among the many visitors who came to me at Turin, there was a certain Countess, who came to ask my blessing on herself and on her four boys. I heartily gave her and her children my priestly blessing and requested them always to have confidence in Mary, our Blessed Mother. The lady rose from her knees satisfied. Then she asked me about the future of her boys. Laughingly I took them one by one in front of me. "This one is to become a great General; of this one we shall make a Statesman; our Henry here will be a Doctor, who will make people talk of him. . . ." The Countess, exulting in the glorious future of her sons, turned to them exclaiming: "Oh, my children, you are not the first of our family to take positions of honor in the ranks of Society."

Meanwhile, the fourth and youngest son stood before me. The mother anxiously waited for my words about the future of her youngest and dearest boy. Praying to our Blessed Mother, I placed my hand on the head of the boy and lovingly looked into his face. "And what shall be the future of the last one?" insisted the mother.

"The future of this boy will be most glorious, this little boy shall be God's priest."

At these words, the atmosphere became tense. The homely little scene was suddenly charged with an atmosphere of tragedy. The noble lady went pale and trembling with her excess of emotion and straining the boy to her breast as though

to protect him from some danger, she cried out indignantly: "My son a priest! I would rather see him dead!" I was deeply shocked with such language on the lips of a Catholic woman, and I rose to retire from the room. . . . "But why are you going?" the Countess asked confused. I answered her with great displeasure: "I feel that I ought to have nothing further to do with a woman who holds in such low estimation the Priesthood, which is more glorious and more noble than anything else upon earth. I am certain that God will answer your insolent prayer." The Countess tried to stammer some kind of excuse for her outrageous language, but I did not change my manner and the talk broke down.

On the following day the Countess returned to make further excuse. "Countess," I said to her, "you are despising the greatest gift God can make to you and to your family. Is it then disgraceful to be the chosen of God?" "I ask your pardon, Don Bosco: pray for me."

"I shall pray for you, but your own prayer was definitely answered by God from the moment you uttered it."

Some months passed. The boy became sick; his condition became alarming. A relative of the Countess requested me to come and to bless the boy who was dying. I went and entered the room of the sick boy. The poor little fellow took my hand and reverently kissed it. After a long silence, the boy made effort, and extending a transparent, wasted hand towards his mother, exclaimed: "Mama—you remember—there, in Don Bosco's room? . . . It is you. . . and God is taking me from you! . . ." The mother at this broke into loud weeping and sobbed uncontrollably.

"No, my child," she exclaimed, it was my love for you that made me speak as I did. . . . O my son, live for the love of your mama. . . . Beg Don Bosco, beseech him to cure you."

I was deeply moved and could not utter a word. Finally, however, comforting the poor woman, as best I might, I blessed the boy, and went my way. The decree of God, however, was irrevocable.

Oh my dear Boys, how I wish all fathers and mothers to read and to ponder this sad story. Too many among them think very lightly of Holy Priesthood. Wishing to prepare a bright and honorable future for their boys, they give but an indifferent thought to the most glorious of all vocations, the Holy Priesthood. They prefer their sons to become lawyers, physicians or engineers rather than to see them invested with dignity which even the angels contemplate in wondrous astonishment.

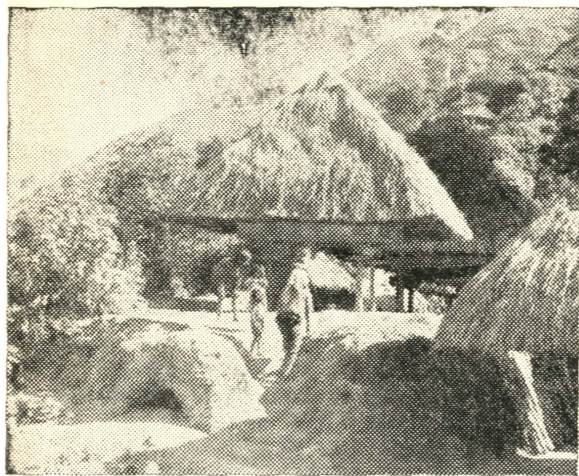


PHOTO A. LAMINEUR

It they only knew the glory of a zealous priest and the great privilege of a family that gives a priest to God.

My dear Filipino Boys, in the choice of your vocation, do not hesitate to consider also Holy Priesthood. and ask the advice of your Superiors and spiritual directors about it. This is the greatest gift our Divine Master can make to you and this is also what your beloved Country needs most. More than anything else the Philippines need more priests, more zealous priests. No matter how prosperous the Republic of the Philippines may be, it will be a success in the measure that its citizens achieve salvation.

God bless you all!

Affectionately yours,

Jac. Gio. Bosco —

BE GENEROUS

Be generous to Christ's
sad poor...

Your slightest gifts to
them endure

When marble towers,
kissing skies,

Shall crash in ruin
Never dies

The deed that helps
their miseries.

E.F.G. S.J.

The Mystery of The Rattan Strips

(For the second part: summary of the first.)

A certain Tuginay of northeastern Ifugaoland went to the forest to get a bundle of firewood and some rattan strips. He failed to return.—Bindadan, Tuginay's uncle, the brother of Oltagon, Tuginay's wife, and two neighbors went to see what happened, and found a beheaded body near the path. They searched the surroundings, found a bamboo spear, the double edged knife of the victim and a bundle of firewood. Traces of blood on the path toward the villages of the Ifugaos' hereditary enemies made them conclude that their enemies of Chupak killed Tuginay. While three of them tied the beheaded body to some kind of litter in order to bring it home, Bindadan walked back to the place where they had found the firewood and saw that it's lash was very loose. Just this puzzled him and made him think that the murderers were perhaps not those of Chupak.

—★—

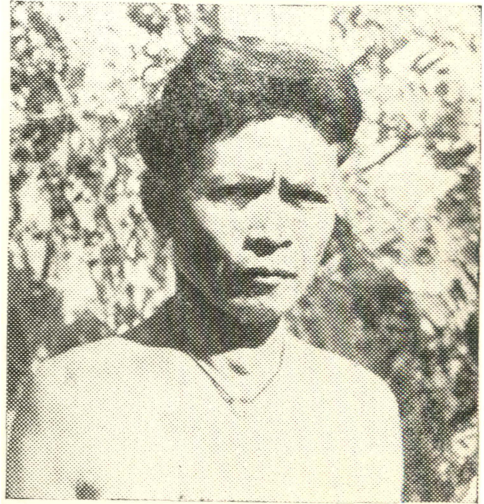


PHOTO C. AERTS

It was already deep into the night when they arrived in the valley. Before they went down to the rice fields and the villages, scattered here and there, Bindadan, in the silence of the night, shouted: "They killed Tuginay! Come ye hither! They killed Tuginay! We brought his body! They killed Tuginay! The people of Chupak took his head!"

Soon from a hundred places and more, little fires of pine torches appeared, sinuously advanced and converged toward the hill whence came the unhappy message. Then, when all were there a wild procession of lights hastily started downward, torches swung up and down, to and fro, torches, as it were, speaking, crying, shouting: "Cursed be the people of Chupak, cursed all of them! May you die, ye all who live in Chupak!"

The nearer they came to the house of the beheaded victim, the greater was the confusion and excitement. When they arrived with the corpse in the houseyard the wild noise suddenly subsided, and Oltagon, the Victim's wife, hurried down the ladder, with eyes of fire, with hair loose and in disorder. She jumped toward

that corpse without head and cried out, "Thou, Coward, thou purulent husband of mine, thou wretched father of my children! . . . Why didst thou go to the forest? Didn't I tell thee that the prey-bird had snatched one of our chicks? But thou didn't take

heed to my words, and now they killed thee, and now they cut off thy head, now they rejoice, yonder there in Chupak, and dance the dance of victory around thy head! Where then is another man, that I can call him Tuginay, for this one does not listen to the warning of his wife!"

When Oltagon had had her say, they placed the corpse in a sitting position with the back against on of the posts of the house and went to make a fire in one of the corners of the houseyard, leaving the place open in front of the beheaded so as to allow the wife and the other relatives to arouse by their curses and insults the anger of the beheaded, whose help they would need to take their revenge, when they would, later on, decide to start with their head-hunting expedition.



PHOTO A, D'HOOGHE



PHOTO C. AERTS

Meanwhile the crowd had gradually dispersed, and had gone home to sleep a few hours and so to be alert for the following day, for this day of burial would be a busy day.

It was indeed a busy day! A whole morning passed in invectives and insults of the beheaded, then a swinging and clattering dance with hundreds of "bangibangs" along the embankments of the terraces,

bangibang dance,
bang, bang, bang!
revengeful dance,
bang, bang, bang! . . .

up and down. . . and down to the burial place of the beheaded, a large hole in the slope of the hill.

And when the spearmen in front of the long, long line had, with a couple of men removed the stone that closed the hole, they rushed the corpse into the grave, made him sit upright against the wall, put a spear in his hand and threw on it a dirty blanket pierced everywhere and came out shouting: "Tuginay, purulence!



PHOTO C. AERTS

Tuginay, find those who killed thee!
Tuginay, go to Chupak, we gave you
spear! Tuginay, look at the blanket
we threw on thy purulence, as the
the blanket is pierced so be the bo-
dies of those who killed thee.

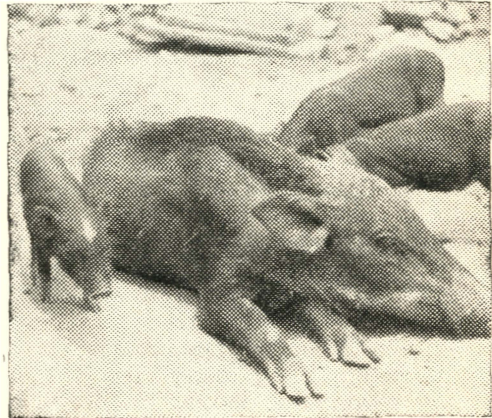
While most of those who took part in the funeral procession, which was performed wholly in accordance with the sacred customs of old, went home, the relatives and neighbors went back to Tuginay's houseyard. There, all the male relatives of the victim, his father, his brothers and cousins, squatted down in a circle around the pestle that lay in the middle of the yard. Bindadan, a double-edged knife in his right and a red feathered cock in his left, took his stand in the middle near the pestle. He invoked the Sun, Moon and Star gods, he called the De-

ceiver and prayed them to show and to appoint a leader for the future revenge expedition. He squatted down, swung the head of the cock on the pestle, with one blow of his knife cut off his head and let him loose. The beheaded cock jumped wildly, four, five, ten times and fell down, dead, at the feet of no other one than the very Bindadan, whom therefore the gods of life and death, the Deceiver, the Sun, the Moon, the Star gods appointed one day to go toward Chupak and there to lie in ambush and kill those who would come his way. "We shall all accompany you," said

the other relatives, "and we want two heads for one, yes, three and four if we can!"

The night and part of the following day was then passed in offering a huge sacrifice of four big pigs to win back the favor of the Deceiver, the gods of the Sun and Moon and Stars, that they would protect all who would take part in the expedition, and

PHOTO R. VERANNEMAN



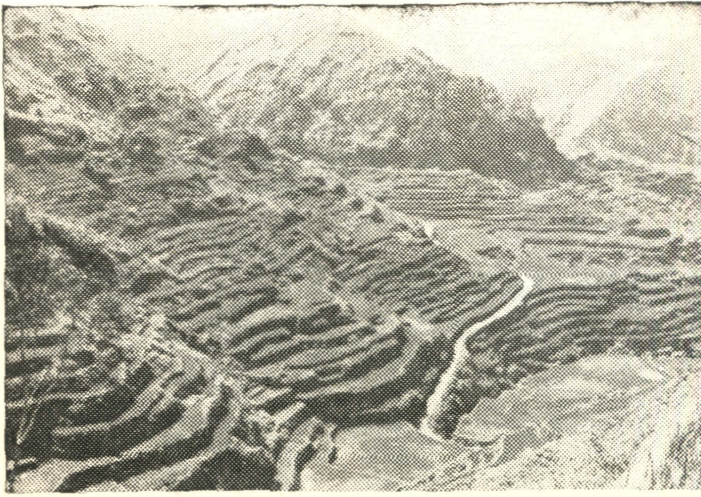


PHOTO
C. AERTS

would curse their enemies in the same way they had done copiously and eloquently, during the performance. Finally they invoked the 'Harassers', offered to them two chickens and sent them to Chupak, some to make the people, over there, forget what they had done, some to allure them out of their houses and villages, some to lead them on and make them take the path where they would hide with their spears and knives.

When they had killed and dissected all the pigs and chickens they had offered and had seen that the bile-sacs of all these victims foretold a happy and successful revenge expedition, they knew Bindadan would one day call on them and...they went home.

They thought so, yet Bindadan, who had all the time taken the lead of the customary performances, was not so sure, he would head an expedition toward Chupak, for in the

midst of cursing and dancing and invoking he had thought of that loose bundle of firewood and secretly he had added to his customary invocation of the Harassers: "You also, harassers of these villages, harass the man who killed Tuginay and lead him across my path". No one had noticed that. *(to be continued)*

THEORY INTO PRACTICE

The two youngsters were squaring off like a couple of gamecocks, but no blows were struck. The Sister-principal, standing at a window overlooking the play yard, heard the smaller say fiercely, "I'd knock the stuffing out of you if you weren't a temple of the Holy Ghost."

Catholic Review
(II Aug. '49).

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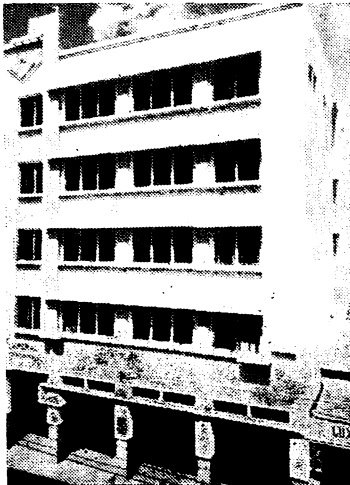
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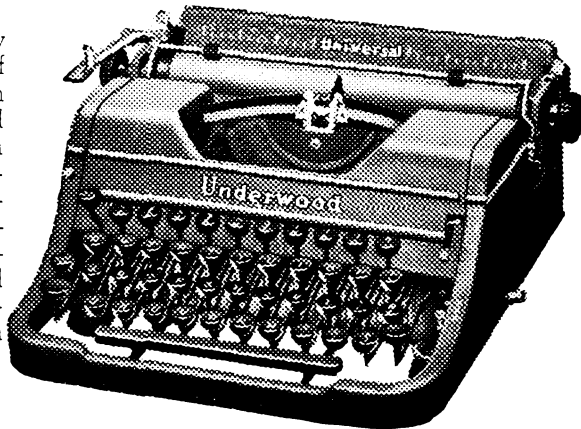
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