

Dec. 1947

v 3 no 2



# CHRISTMAS

## MARTYROLOGY

IN THE YEAR, FROM THE CREATION OF THE WORLD, WHEN IN THE BEGINNING GOD CREATED HEAVEN AND EARTH, FIVE THOUSAND, ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE... FROM THE FLOOD, TWO THOUSAND, NINE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVEN... FROM THE BIRTH OF ABRAHAM, TWO THOUSAND AND FIFTEEN... FROM MOSES AND THE COMING OF THE ISRAELITES OUT OF EGYPT, ONE THOUSAND, FIVE HUNDRED AND TEN... FROM THE ANOINTING OF KING DAVID, ONE THOUSAND AND THIRTY-TWO... IN THE SIXTY-FIFTH WEEK ACCORDING TO THE PROPHECY OF DANIEL... IN THE ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-FOURTH OLYMPIAD... IN THE YEAR SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-TWO FROM THE FOUNDING OF THE CITY OF ROME... IN THE FORTY-SECOND YEAR OF THE EMPIRE OF OCTAVIAN AUGUSTUS, WHEN THE WHOLE WORLD WAS AT PEACE, IN THE SIXTH AGE OF THE WORLD...

### JESUS CHRIST

#### ETERNAL GOD AND SON OF THE ETERNAL FATHER

DESIROUS TO SANCTIFY THE WORLD BY HIS MOST MERCIFUL COMING, HAVING BEEN CONCEIVED OF THE HOLY GHOST, AND THE NINE MONTHS HAVING ELAPSED SINCE HIS CONCEPTION, IS BORN IN BETHLEHEM OF JUDA, HAVING BECOME MAN OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

#### THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST ACCORDING TO THE FLESH

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY: DECEMBER 25th —

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

---

## FEATURE:

- A Biography of Michael J. O'Doherty, D. D. .... Antonio R. de Joya 3  
Portrait of a Young Man ..... Mario T. Gatbonton 15

## GENERAL:

- Key to Europe ..... Rev. Paul Bussard 8  
My Hair Falls For The Experts! ..... Rev. Daniel Lord, S. J. 10  
These Terrible Jesuits! ..... Wilfrido Borja 21  
The Jewels of the Pauper ..... Rev. Horacio de la Costa, S. J. 34  
Whither, Philippine Democracy? ..... Melchor Aquino 35  
Don'ts For a Happy Marriage ..... 13  
The Philippine Republic: 1946-1947 .... Rev. Horacio de la Costa 45

## SHORT STORIES:

- Can You Remember? ..... Mercedes Mercado 37  
Excess Baggage ..... Angelita Santos 40

## POETRY:

- Rizal's Last Adieu ..... Jose M. Icasiano 26

## COLUMN:

- What's On Your Mind? ..... Brother Edward 52

## DEPARTMENTS:

- From The Managing Editor's Desk ..... 61  
Quiz Section:  
    What's Your Moral I. Q.? ..... 29  
    What Kind of a Theologian Are You? ..... 30  
Cross Sections Of Filipiniana ..... 32  
Newsmonth ..... by Catholic Information Service 54  
From The Bookshelves: XIV ..... 58  
Cross Currents of Readers' Views ..... 63

---

*Managing Editor:* ANTONIO R. DE JOYA. *Business Manager:* RAUL C. REYES.  
*Board of Editors:* ANTONIO ESTRADA, HERMENEGILDO B. REYES, NICOLAS ZAFRA, ENRIQUE FERNANDEZ LUMBA. *Contributing Editors:* SALVADOR ABANETA, MIGUEL CUENCO, PACITA SANTOS, ROSITA MA. SOTTO-PENERA.  
The CROSS is a Catholic publication issued monthly by *The Cross Magazine* with the permission of the ecclesiastical authorities. Contributions to *The CROSS* are welcome, provided they are in line with the policy and standards adopted by this magazine. All submitted manuscripts must be typewritten in duplicate and accompanied by return postage; otherwise, no return will be made in case of rejection. *Subscription Rates:* One year—local: P4.00; foreign: \$5.00. Printed at *Oacho Hermanos, Inc.*, 672 Lameda, Manila. Registered as second class mail matter at the Post Office of Manila.

# THE CROSS

DECEMBER, 1947

VOL. III

No. 4

Published by *THE CROSS MAGAZINE*

Regina Bldg., 15-17 Banquero and Escolta, Manila  
Philippines

A Biography of

## M. R. MICHAEL J. O'DOHERTY, D.D.

Antonio R. de Joya

...each moment is the fruit of ten thousand years; the minute-winning years like flies, buzz home to death, every moment is a window on all time...

### Birth of an Archbishop

WHEN on the morning of July 30th, 1874 a little Irish boy made a noisy entry into the family of Michael J. O'Doherty in Charles-town, County Mayo, who was to say that the tiny mite was one whose life would some day be closely enmeshed with that of a group of islands scattered across the expanse of the Pacific Ocean?

Yet, even at that time, a benign Providence must already have regarded the little infant with



brooding eyes and murmured: "Some day the two shall come together." For in a few decades the

baby was to become a bishop, then an archbishop and Primate over a people, whom, even in the wildest reflection of his boyhood, he probably had never stopped to consider.

Michael (for the boy was named after his father) went through his childhood during a time when to be Irish was synonymous with being fervently Catholic; it was also a time when the Irish were in a fever of nationalism, a fever from which even the boy's father was not immune. Intensely proud of his Irish heritage, the older Michael was an earnest champion of the National Language movement and went as far as to write a book, extant even to this day, in Gaelic. To his large brood of twelve children, he was to leave this heritage of nationalism and Catholicism.

Michael the Younger was given an education so thoroughly Catholic that after his secondary schooling was over, it was taken as an accepted aftermath that he should study for the priesthood. So, in his teens, he was sent to Ireland's famous Maynooth Seminary and through its gates he passed out on the last day of November, 1897, an ordained priest; he was then barely 25 years of age.

### Pilgrim's Progress

THE next seven years were tranquil ones, spent in the aura of

intellectual tranquility that surrounded the seminary in Ballaghadereen in his native county. But already his superiors were regarding the young priest with studious care, beholding in him the promise of the prelacy. And a benign Providence was still regarding his career with fondly brooding eyes.

Then in 1904 came a development that was really the beginning of the pilgrimage that was to bring him to the shores of the Philippines. He was summoned to the quarters of his Superiors. We do not know exactly what transpired there, but they must have pointed out to him on a map of Europe a little spot in Spain: Salamanca, home of the famous College of Irish Nobles.

"You are to go there," they must have told him, "as rector of the College." How the young priest's heart must have leaped within him as he regarded his prospects: he was to leave his native land; he was to proceed to the sunny south of Europe. Could he have thought at that time that, only a few years after, he was to make still another trip to a country that was a religious child of Spain?

But let us consider his career in Spain first. Here, as in his native country, the young clergyman was making everyone sit up and notice him. During the five years he spent in Catholic Spain, honors

were heaped upon him, both from Church and State; there was even a decoration conferred by King Alfonso himself. Life, indeed, must have seemed bright and promising to the young Irish rector.

Meanwhile events were taking shape in the Philippines and in the Vatican City that would once again change the course of his life. The Philippines was fast gaining a name as the stronghold of Catholicism in the Far East. In its southern part, however, there was urgent need for a young, energetic prelate to head the newly established diocese of Zamboanga. The authorities of the Church began examining the records of its younger men; then their eyes fell upon that of the Irish rector of a Salamanca College.

He was young; he had shown extreme proficiency in languages; moreover the Spanish background, gained through the years in Salamanca, would be an invaluable asset in anyone assigned to work among the people of Zamboanga, a district where a knowledge of both Spanish and English was necessary. So once again he had to pack his bags and head, first for Ireland, for his consecration, and finally to the Philippines, to take over his new duties. The year was 1911.

### The Philippines

IN Zamboanga he proved himself an extremely able executive. For five years he worked in a territory so large that, today, it is entrusted to the care of, not two, but four bishops. His rugged health stood him in good stead as he made arduous journeys into the interior, sometimes by motor, other times by boat, but often on horseback or even on foot. Establishing missions, building schools and churches, trying to imbue the people with a more intense Catholicism, to him the years he spent there must have seemed like a whirlwind. And so it was that he was destined for higher things.

In 1916 the Archbishopric of Manila became vacant. Once again Rome looked around for a man who would be big enough to direct the spiritual life of millions of Filipinos scattered throughout seven thousand islands. And once again its eyes focussed on the young bishop. To them, indeed, he seemed the logical choice. He was only 42 years old then, and the year was 1916. For a time he was to be the youngest archbishop in the ranks of the Catholic hierarchy.

### Headman

FOR the last 31 years he has filled this post performing his duties with an admirableness and an ability that were to bring fame and honor to the See of Manila.

As an educator, he has initiated and sponsored the foundation of over a hundred schools and colleges. As Primate of the Philippines, he has brought into this country numerous communities of priests, brothers and nuns, terribly needed in the work of transforming the Philippines into a really Catholic country. As an administrator, he has handled the temporal concerns of the Church in the Philippines with a finesse that has brought the admiration of the hardest-headed of businessmen. As a Catholic Actionist, he has established, not only Catholic Action proper, but also the Legion of Mary, the Catholic Women's League, the Knights of Columbus, the Catholic Youth Organization, the Young Ladies' Association of Charity and other groups. And last of all, as a person and as a man, he has won the friendship, respect and love of the 18,000,000 people among whom he has worked.

Nor is this all that he has had to do. There are always priests to ordain, innumerable children to confirm, countless Catholics to counsel and console. Truly, indeed, the harvest has been great and the laborer worthy of his hire.

As Archbishop Michael J. O'Doherty looks back on the 72 years of his life, what memories of fullness and happiness he must have. And, surely, he will recall with

fond memories the year 1937 when representatives from 67 nations converged upon Manila to celebrate the 33rd International Eucharistic Congress. The Congress needs no description, no praise from anyone; it speaks for itself with an eloquence that dwarfs even the grace of speech. For on that day, February 3, as the rising sun sent a ray speeding to the pillars of the Congress altar in the Luneta, the Philippines truly came of age as a Catholic nation.

Even today internationally-known Catholics speak of that glorious Congress. It is said by those who know that the Manila Congress saw the most representative group ever seen in the history of all Congresses, and that even the organization chart, which was used then, is still used as a model for future Congresses. And who shall number the conversions, the graces that poured upon the people of the Philippines during those five fateful days? Only God will ever know.

### The War-torn Years

**BUT** the Archbishop was to experience the keenest of sorrows. On the 8th of December, 1941 war broke out in the Far East and the dreaded tread of an Occupation Army that was to resound through the corridors of the next four years.

During the first World War, it was Cardinal Mercier in Belgium

who won world-fame for his exemplary conduct during enemy occupation. Archbishop O'Doherty, no less bravely and heroically, was to defend the banner of religion throughout the Japanese occupation of Manila.

Day after day he was kept under constant watch, subjected to endless interrogations, made to suffer inconveniences and indignities of all kinds. They abjured him to champion the occupation from the pulpit; he refused. Again and again the Japanese authorities repeated the demand; but for every demand there was a negation. Later he was to state that he had done so "because he did not wish to start any story about a traitor archbishop."

Three of his secretaries, including now-Bishop Rufino Santos, were imprisoned by the enemy for "allegedly treacherous acts." How the Archbishop was allowed to evade similar fate will never be completely known. But perhaps, it was because even the Japanese knew that the people would never have countenanced such an act.

### Jubilarian

AS the Archbishop celebrates his Golden Sacerdotal Jubilee amid the plaudits of a grateful people, he can say to himself with sincere satisfaction, that he has never let them down. True, a large part of his work has been destroyed

by war, but the spiritual heritage he has given them will never die, and from it shall rise a greater and more truly Catholic Philippines.

He does not look his age. After seven decades of arduous labor, he seems as robust and strong as a man of fifty. He can still shoot a good game of golf and, mayhap, could outwalk many a younger man. His mind and prodigious memory, built up through a half-century of constant study, both of books and of human nature, remain undimmed as ever.

Recently he filed his petition for Philippine citizenship. By such an act, can his real feeling for the Philippines and its people be accurately gauged. He still has an Irish accent so thick you could cut it with a knife; but at heart he has become a real Filipino.

It is said of him that, when he was asked why he wished to become a Filipino, he said, "I have lived among these people for over 36 years. I have worked among them, suffered with them, rejoiced with them. Now I wish to die as one of them." These words shall speak for him... and he shall never pass away.

Stories told in Europe reflect attitudes  
of people in post-war era

## KEY TO EUROPE

Rev. Paul Bussard

The Germans are fairly close to starvation and therefore fairly close to desperation. The one follows the other like this: Near Frankfurt, between the airport and the town, lie many gardens. In each garden there sits a little house—a cubicle of wood or tin.

"Why do they have those little houses in the gardens," I asked an old-timer in the car with me. The old-timer replied: "The person who owns the vegetable garden must stay by it day and night, otherwise everything will be stolen at once."

\* \* \* \* \*

Overnight, we were driving from Wiesbaden to Frankfurt. The headlights of the car were lighting up the right side of the road. Every half mile or so, I would notice a girl, some of them chic and well dressed, step out into the light, and then step back on the curb. Others would be leaning against trees, close to the highway, to be spotted by the car's lights. At last I asked the meaning of such extraordinary conduct.

A long-time officer explained: "They are women who will get into any car that stops. They will do anything to get food for themselves, their parents or their children." Yes, the Germans are fairly close to starvation and fairly close to despair.

\* \* \* \* \*

The U. S. Army in Austria went on a paying basis last July—the first time in history that an occupation army has paid on the spot for everything it uses. The Viennese are grateful, but the Russians, who rule with an iron hand, are not. They continue their needling tactics against the "U.S. fascists" with as much fervor as ever, but the GI's take the annoyances and insults with as much grace as possible.

They tell a story in Vienna about a Russian truck driver during the early days of the liberation. His truck hit a bicycle, ridden by a mother who was carrying her baby in a basket. The truck driver stopped and discovered the baby was quite dead, but



the mother was unharmed. He got into his truck, drove off and shortly returned with a live baby, about the same age and weight as the dead child. He couldn't understand why the mother wouldn't trade her dead baby for the live one.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Austrians try to laugh. They say it might be possible to stand a third war but they couldn't possibly stand a third "liberation."

\* \* \* \* \*

Cormons is a town of some 6,000 persons, where what is left of the 88th Division is stationed, a few miles from the new border of Yugoslavia and the free territory of Trieste.

A few months ago, Lieut. John C. Dyer, (U.S. Army serial number ASN 0471811) went fishing in the Isonza river. The Yugoslavia-Italian border is the middle of the river. The lieutenant's boat drifted past the middle and he was taken by the Jugs (Yugoslavia communists). The men of the 88th know he is in Yugoslavian territory because they have seen him there. But the Jugs will release neither him nor news about him, according to the last word I heard.

In Cormons, you could rent a room a few month ago for about 6,000 lire a month. Since then so many have fled across the border from Yugoslavia that the price of

room has gone up 100,000 lire a month, but there are few if any rooms.

In a nearby village, across the border, the priest and people gathered in the church. They chanted "The Miserere." Then they took the Blessed Sacrament and the sacred vessels, paused for a blessing of the dead in the church graveyard, and set out en masse for the border.

\* \* \* \* \*

Prince Maria Guido Gallicano Colonna and his wife were released from prison in Genoa. They went to Bologna on their way to Switzerland. He had been arrested in 1946, along with a number of other Monarchists, most of whom now have been released. The Prince is a devout Catholic and well known as an anti-communist. Whenever word reached Genoa that he was to be released, the communists there would threaten to tie up the entire city by a series of strikes, if he was freed.

When liberated, the Prince and his wife had no money and no means of transportation, so they resorted to hitch-hiking. Near Viareggio, they were picked up by Father Renato Angelucci, an Italian priest serving as an auxiliary chaplain in that area. The priest brought them to Leghorn in his jeep and then gave them transportation fare to Bologna. The Prince was a Colonel in the Italian Army during the war.

# My Hair Falls For The Experts

Rev. Daniel Lord, S. J.

**I**T turns out that we men are the real creatures of habit. Women display a nice ability to take a habit or leave it alone. But once we men get into a groove, only an earthquake can jolt us loose or an angel from heaven must pick us up by the scruff of our necks and toss us out of our root. And then you can be sure we yell in pain and protest.

Just, for example, there is the matter of our hair.

I suppose that every normal woman changes her hairdo four to ten times a year. It is something that gives her a lift, like buying a new hat or getting herself a new beau.

Males, on the contrary, are good old stick-to-the-part conservatives where their hair is concerned.

A male child is about the age of ten before he first becomes conscious of those strange creatures known as girls; simultaneously he reaches for a comb and brush. Ten to one the way he first combs his hair on that initial occasion when he goes out,

*Once a male gets in a groove, he and the part in his hair are hard to shake... this story tells of how an expert on hair almost beat Father Lord out of a tradition of a lifetime.*

stands on the corner, and wistfully hopes that *she* will come along, is the way that he wears his hair up to the time that nature takes a hand and, bit by bit, pushes his hair out of his eyes and finally right off his head.

I am just an ordinary male, I confess, where my hair is concerned. In early youth, I steeled myself to the fact that it was mouse-colored, nondescript, and lifeless as wet hemp. Looking forward to a kind of hirsute predestination, I took it for granted that by thirty I would be bald. My father was, and the tradition of our family ran to wide, open spaces north of the eyebrows. As far as texture went, one of my adolescent recollections is that of finding a lock of straight, blondish hair in the pages of the family

Bible and learning from an ironic mother that "This, my dear, is one of your baby curls."

After the fashion of males, I exposed my hair to essential washing and to a minimum of haircutting. But the part in my hair remains historic and traditional from the days that I placed it there in preparation for my Confirmation.

There it would have remained had I not fallen into the hands of an expert.

Bad business, these barbers who turn out to be experts in the matter of hair.

Naturally enough, we expect that barbers will be experts about baseball, foreign affairs, the gossip of the neighborhood, and the private life of the President's Cabinet. This barber was a curiosity; he professed to be expert about hair. Quite clearly he had no time for pleasant conversation when there was the matter of hair to be discussed.

So, hardly had I seated myself in his chair, spread the tent poncho over my knees, and opened my book for half an hour of peaceful reading, when he began his lecture in a thick German accent that I leave to the disappointed vaudevillians among my readers.

"Why is it," he demanded, "that men who are supposed to be smart pay so little attention to nature?"

It was a new conversational gambit that opened philosophical vistas too vast to be explored on so hot an afternoon. So I ventured no opinion. That disturbed him not in the least.

"Why is it that when nature meant hair to be parted in a particular way, men with brains lying under that hair defy nature and part their hair all wrong?"

Though I have never thought of myself quite as a Casper Milque-toast, I confess I am afraid of barbers, and I could see as he waved his shears under my nose, that this barber was engaged in no abstract philosophical considerations. He meant me.

He whirled the chair around so that I had to face my not too attractive image in the mirror. I felt like a peculiarly repulsive specimen thrust under the nose of a freshman medic.

"Men with big, flat faces like yours," he continued, in what was hardly a tactful approach, despite the fact that the mirror bore him out, "insist on putting the part at the far side of their faces, way over near their ears." My part was a long way from my ear, but he wasn't above oratorical exaggerations.

"So what happens? Hair constantly falls into their eyes." He flung my limp lock down like a dropped awning. He peered at me as if daring me to deny the charge.

"I'll bet as long as you can remember your hair has been falling into your eyes."

I nodded a scared agreement, for after all, he was alarmingly right. A good half of my lifelong gestures had been spent pushing a cascade of hair out of my right eye.

"I knew it," he cried triumphantly, before I dared answer. "Now watch carefully."

He picked up the hand mirror like a magician reaching for his favorite trick and forced me to regard with repugnance the back of my own head, a terra incognita that on investigation turned out to be as big and flat as my face, only perhaps more intelligent.

"There," and he banged the center of my crown with a huge comb, "there is the center of your head. The hair naturally eddies out from there like a whirlpool."

A deft switch of the comb and I was amazed to see my usually limp hair actually eddying. "Now watch. I run the comb through it thus. I pull away. What happens?"

I was watching my own hair with fascination. If it had stood up like the comedian's in the mystery film, I should not have been surprised. If he had whisked a rabbit or two out of my collar, it would have been an inevitable part of the act. But actually what I saw was nothing new.

My hair just looked messed,

"You see? A natural part appears... right there." His comb traced the imaginary line. "But is that where you put your part? Oh, no! Smart men like you, they pass up their real part; they kick nature around; and they split their head wide open in some ridiculous place."

"Look," I ventured in a very far away and frightened voice, "the only trouble with all this is that it's fifty years too late. You should have met me when I was a little boy. For half a century I have been parting my hair in that same spot...."

His groan was heart-rending. "Wrong for fifty years," he sighed and stood shaking an indignant head.

"Well," said I, hoping to close the deal forever, "I'm afraid it's a little late now to change."

If I had suddenly thumped him on the chin, he couldn't have stepped back more dramatically.

"You are a good man?" he demanded. "You believe in progress? Then how can you say it is ever too late to start doing good? How is it ever late to reform?"

He had me there. Then when he saw me wilt, he jumped forward, new fire burning in his boilers.

"As a matter of fact," he insisted, reaching the new opening in my defense, "you have always parted it on the left side, which for you is all wrong. You should

have parted it on the right." Before I could even gasp a protest, he had undone the cultivation of a lifetime, dug a part in the far right side of my head, and flung my hair over to its new location.

I stared at a stranger whose agonized face regarded me from the mirror. "Please," I begged, "not after fifty years. I couldn't stand looking at myself. That's a different man. That's not me at all."

"You can't stand yourself as nature intended?" he demanded melodramatically.

"But my best friends would pass me on the street without a bow. My dearest associates in the office wouldn't recognize me."

He tried flattery.

"You mean they would say, 'Ah, a handsome stranger in our neighborhood.' They'd say, 'Ah, a very young man, a clean-cut, vigorous young man.'"

"Please," I begged, "I came in for a little trim around the ears, a light going over the neck with the clippers; please, it's my hair. I confess before you and the neighborhood that I have always done it wrong. Please leave it wrong."

"What chance is there for the world," he almost sobbed, stretching out his arms in a helpless gesture, "if an intelligent man cannot correct in himself the mistake of a lifetime, what can we hope for civilization?"

It was getting much too big for me to handle. My hair had suddenly become on a parallel with the atomic bomb or One World.

He stood back and regarded me with pity.

"You persist in the error of a lifetime," he stepped forward and contemptuously tossed my hair back till it fell toward the part on the left. No one needed tell me that he regarded me as a coward and a criminal.

Yet I knew with all the strength of my tottering mind that I couldn't live with myself if the burden of my hair was flung to a new location. Of a sleepy morning I could not imagine myself struggling to the mirror to locate any but my well-worn part. He was persuasive, but I was a male, and I could not be convinced. Still he was not done.

"It is too bad," he murmured. "I must yield. The left side, the wrong side, it shall be. Nature will continue to protest by dropping that loose, straggling forelock into your eyes. But at least if I must part it on the left side, I shall for the first time direct that part to the spot which is the center of your head. See! The part now runs back to that swirl on your crown. Thus!"

I knew I was licked, beaten, too weak for protest. He dug the comb into my scalp, and like a surveyor laying out the road

through untracked timber. he swirled my hair into its new part, and without giving me so much as a glimpse of it, cracked, trimmed, and operated till all traces of the old pathway had been eliminated.

"There!" he triumphed, again whirling me toward the mirror. "After all these years of mistake, at least it is now less wrong than it was." But he leaned over me, pleading and beseeching. "But think before you come in again. Think whenever you look yourself in the mirror. Work up your courage to do right. Take your resolution in hand. Then when you come in again, you will ask me to put the part where God and nature meant it to go, there on the right side!" He removed the apron and snapped it like a flag of victory. "To our next meeting!" he said.

A sudden cloudburst was pouring down outside the shop, the kind of rain you normally see only in California, in or out of the movies. But I fled into the storm grateful for my escape.

Maybe he's right. Maybe I am kicking nature in the teeth when I hold on to this part that perhaps adds years to my too many autumnal seasons.

But at least I can declare before whatever gods rule over the hair tonics and electric clippers, there will be no next meeting. I am taking my hair back to the normal, good-natured barbers who are experts on politics, business, the village gossip, and the President's private life.

An expert on hair almost beat me out of the tradition of a lifetime.

---

A well-known bishop relates that while on a recent visit to the South he was in a small country town, where, owing to the scarcity of good servants, most of the ladies preferred to do their own work.

He was awakened quite early by the tunes of a soprano voice singing "Nearer, My God, To Thee." As the bishop lay in bed he meditated upon the piety which his hostess must possess which enabled her to go about her task early in the morning singing such a noble hymn.

At breakfast he spoke to her about it, and told her how pleased he was.

"Oh, law," she replied, "that's the hymn I boil the eggs by, three verats for soft and five for hard."

—St. Jos. News Press

## REGRETS

How good God is to let us regret, for by regrets we keep humble and loving; by regrets we try to do the tasks of maturity better.

# PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN

Mario T. Gatbonton

**T**HE loudest ovation ever heard in the Ateneo Auditorium before the war was given to a mild-mannered boyish young man who "brought the house down" by charging that the President of the Philippine Commonwealth was a dictator, albeit a benevolent one. President Quezon, as those who are fortunate enough to have been there will recall, banged the table with his fist and stood up as if to answer, or—perhaps—even to collar, the young offender.

The young speaker, however, calmly wound up his speech and, immediately after, was closeted in conference with the great man. What transpired between them will never be completely known, but his friends say of Enrique Albert that he defended his charges ably and firmly...

When the Japanese first struck at the Philippines, Iking (as he was called by his friends) had just taken his oath as a member of the Philippine Bar. But even then his career already showed the promise of greater things. Among the students of Manila he was known as a brilliant debater.

*Of this stirring portrait, Mr. Arsenio Larson can equally say: "Fundamentally, this is the story of thousands." Still, Enrique Albert's story is unique in that his heroism was the practice of a life-time.*

Among his fellow-Ateneans he was recognized as a leader in more ways than one. But in the fiercer battle that was to follow, and in whose murky smoke he was to die, unknown and unsung, he was to show the elements of an even greater courage.

## Red Sun's Rising

It was December 8, 1941. News weird, unbelievable news of the bombing of Davao reached Iking in Baguio where he had gone for a brief rest. Then the bombing of Vigan, Baguio itself, Clark Field, and Manila followed. Women raped and men butchered. He heard the news and sat, deep in thought. He himself was never to know how deep an impression the news had left on his young soul.

The day after the Japanese marched into the city of Manila, Iking dashed into the office of Fr. George Willmann, with whom he was then working and declared, "Father, What shall I do? I want to resign. I am going to help my country." Brave words, indeed; gallant and young and brimming with idealism. But the time was one of stress, and even the common man was being stirred to what would soon be epic heights of heroism.

A few days later he came into the Padre's office. "Look, Father," he told the Jesuit. In his hand he was holding something that he and several other boys had worked on; it was a copy of the first issue of Free Philippines.

During those dark, bitter days, to start a piece of propaganda work as daring as that was no easy task. Some of those whom Iking approached shrank back in frank reluctance; they realized only too well that to do what he wanted them to do would in many cases have been close to suicide.

An artist-friend, whom Iking approached was won over only when the whole thing was put up to him as a challenge: "Tony," Iking told him, "we're not doing this for ourselves. We're doing it for our children." Tony Iking and a few others remained as the moving force of Free Philippines.

## Blood and Thunder

But soon the underground publication came up against that perpetual stumbling block: lack of money. Undaunted, Iking went to Dr. Nicanor Jacinto. What he got was another challenge. "All right," Dr. Jacinto told him, "I'm willing to help... if you see to it that my rice in Nueva Ecija (Talavera) is harvested and sold." Central Luzon at that time was already a hotbed of unrest. But Iking was not afraid; he expected trouble, and he had never been one to duck it. A few weeks later he had organized the tenants, harvested the crop and sold the cereal to the Jap-controlled NARIC at an exorbitant price.

It was about this time that the last line of Bataan crumpled and the 100-day vigil for freedom came to an end. The men who had surrendered — broken, bleeding and hungry — were marched off to Capas. Iking, his blood boiling, went to San Fernando Pampanga to "see what he could do to help."

One day he was standing by the road, leadenly watching the remnants of the USAFFE marching past. His eyes fell upon a woman who was handing out glasses of water to the broken, staggering men. Curiously touched, he dug into his pockets, then gave her fifty pesos (all the money he had).

"Get them food," he said "and more water." When the woman



turned again to thank him, he was gone: he had gone ahead, speeding down the road to Capas, telling the people that their boys were coming, urging them to prepare food and more food, water and more water; and as they listened to this young man with the tragic message, they turned aside and wept.

### Capas Interlude

As soon as he arrived in Manila, he went to Dr. Jacinto and got the promised money. The first thing he did was to make sure that the Free Philippines was in good hands. Then he turned to a new cause. With all the money he could lay his hands on, he bought food and medicines; these he intended to smuggle into the hell-hole that was Capas. Thru a Japanese officer, Captain Toda, whom he had befriended, he obtained the distinction of being one of the first Filipino civilians to enter the prison camp.

His work, however, was not to stop with this. Relatives of the imprisoned men were pouring into the little town, overcrowding it; looking at all this, Iking realized that there had to be a system by which they could be given adequate food and living quarters. It was through his efforts that the Knights of Columbus was able to establish dormitories and canteens for them. With all the work to be done, he managed to

get back to Manila only at rare intervals.

Then one afternoon, as he was talking with friends in his San Juan home, the announcement came over the radio that Corregidor had fallen. Iking cried like a child.

### "Mickey Mouse"

Meanwhile the work which he and his friends had started was growing into unimaginable proportions. Worrying about the lack of money one night, Iking suddenly jumped out of bed with a brilliant idea. Unable to go back to sleep, he spent the night perfecting his plans.

The next morning he sought out Tony, the artist, slapped him gaily on the shoulder and said, "Tony, let's make millions."

Tony stared at him. "You're crazy," he said.

"Like a fox," Iking tossed back. Then, "Tony, what would you say if I told you that you and I are going to be partners in the counterfeiting business?" When he left, his friend was carefully examining samples of the currency that had been issued by the Japanese.

The next step was to secure the aid of engravers, printers, mechanics who could be trusted; so Iking sought them out. Then, finally, a counterfeiting plant was

installed in San Antonio, Nueva Ecija; the press started rolling. They made money; a thousand... two... five thousand... nine thousand pesos. But that was as far as they got. There were Judases in the crowd who pocketed the money and walked out. Soon the cat was out of the bag. The Japanese got wind of the counterfeiters and went after them. They were marched off to Fort Santiago, and some of them never returned.

One night Tony woke Iking up. "We've got to hide," he whispered. "We're next."

Iking was calm. "I'll face the whole thing," he reassured the artist. "After all, even the Japs are human. They'll give us a fair trial. At the same time, we can ask them to treat our soldiers like men." Beautiful, lofty words, indeed! How sadly Enrique Albert was to be disillusioned.

### Captured

And so, while Tony made off for the Sierra Madre mountains, Iking stayed behind. The next night the tread of hobnailed boots stopped at his door; there was a thumping of gnarled fists against the panel, Iking was marched off; it was August, 1942.

After inhuman tortures in Fort Santiago, Iking was given a summary trial and sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment in Muntinlu-

pa. But even prison life could not dull the spirit that was Enrique Albert. He went ahead, expounding his own philosophy of life to his fellow-inmates, and no one loved to talk more about life, its eternal issues, its inscrutable problems, than Iking. And always he would wind up to his philosophy with the expression of one aim: to make others happy.

Here too, he tried to put that philosophy into practice. He volunteered to serve as attendant in the prison hospital; his request was granted. In his free hours he made statuettes, crucifixes, little ornamental pieces for those he loved. For his wife he melted his gold wedding ring, and made from it and the bones of a slaughtered carabao an exquisite rosary. For his daughter Chita he carved a lovely ring and a delicately thin crucifix with the loving care of an artist. He loved, too, to sculpture the agonizing face of Christ—an expression which was, perhaps, carried by his own tortured soul; below it he inscribed those immortal words: *Eli, Eli, Iamma sabacthani?* (My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?)

### Rescue

The months passed by. June 1943 came. On the 24th day the ROTC Hunters sent a rescue troop which broke into the Bilibid compound to liberate military prisoners. Iking grabbed the

God-sent opportunity and, with a handful of others, escaped. With them was Father Jaime Neri, a Jesuit Scholastic.

Iking immediately enlisted with the Hunters; immediately, too, he was marked by the Japanese as a "wanted" man. His wife and four children, who were in hiding in Zambales, joined him secretly in Parañaque at his insistence. Here he was put in charge of the Message Center, sorting out and dispatching mail to the different units.

But a job like that swiftly became irksome to his active spirit. He went into the work of gathering supplies and money for the underground movement. Meanwhile his liason work was bringing him to different parts of Luzon, from the forest of Tayabas to the plains of Pangasinan; once, he even went into Manila.

One incident will serve to show the kind of man that Iking really was. One day an air-raid caught him and his wife while they were buying several weeks' supply of food at the Parañaque market. When the planes had flown away, Iking saw so many casualties that, taking pity on them, he gave away the food which he and his wife had just bought.

"But, Iking," she protested, "what is to become of us?"

His answer was characteristic of

him. "Never mind," he said, "God will take care of us." For weeks after that incident, however, his wife had to go around, begging food from her friends.

### Recapture

By this time Iking's dynamic spirit had so caught the admiration of his superiors that he was appointed Division Chief of Staff; at the same time he was Chief of Intelligence, Supply and Propaganda. Totally engrossed in his work, Major Iking never even knew that already the Japanese noose was tightening around his neck.

The day of reckoning came in October 16, 1944. Noon-time. Major Albert had just conferred with the Kanduli unit of the Hunters in Cupang, Muntinlupa. With three other officers he was returning to Muntinlupa in a *carretela* when a squad of *kempei-tai*, accompanied by two *Makapilis* and riding in a truck, stopped them on the Alabang road. After a thorough search and a brutal questioning, the Japs dismissed all of them... with the exception of Major Albert. Guerrilla papers had been found in his buri bag.

The Japanese were familiar with Iking's record; they must have sworn that they would never let him go again, alive. They threw him into the military prison in Cortabitarte, Manila. Here they

starved and tortured him, gave him repeated doses of the water-cure in a desperate effort to make him divulge information about his guerrilla unit.

Iking never even blenched.

In the two months that followed, they forced him to a slow and painful death by starvation. Ten times, too, he was given the "water cure". Day by day he got nothing to eat but a palmsful of boiled rice, nothing to drink but a few drops of water. And all the while the mental and physical torture never slackened.

One day in December, 1944 Iking found his friend and benefactor, Dr. Nicanor Jacinto, occupying the same cell. Looking at him hopefully, Iking asked: "Do you think, Doctor, that I shall live to see the day of Liberation?"

"We expect the Americans to come in another month," the doctor told him. "You have lived through two solid months of torture; you should be able to stand it for another month." And at that same moment, he knew that what he had just said was not true. Later on, he was to say of

Iking: "His whole body was filled with sores and rashes; he was just a bag of bones with all of his teeth loose."

### In Mortuis

Agonizing in his cell, writhing in pain, rolling on the floor in the throes of stomach cramps, thinking for his wife and four children, praying for strength to hold out, that was the way Iking spent his last Christmas.

Two days later the brutal *kompai-tai* barged into his cell and stripped him down to his underwear. Then they pushed him out of his cell. He was never seen again.

Yes, that was the last they saw of him — this young man who wanted to help his country. How he was killed and where, one can only guess. But one thing all men can believe Enrique Albert died the way he had lived — bravely, like the man, the Catholic, the hero that he was. "Greater love than this no man hath that a man laid down his life for his friends." For above and beyond all, his greatness lay in this: that selfless he lived, and selfless he died.

### FOR BETTER OR . . .

"Susannah," asked the preacher, when it came her turn to answer the usual question in such cases, "do you take this man to be your wedded husband, for better or for worse—"

Jes' as he is, pahson," she interrupted, "Jes' as he is. Ef he gits any betteh ah'll know de good Lawd's gwine to take 'im; and ef he'gets any wusser, w'y ah'll tend to 'im myself." —Youth Companion

# THESE TERRIBLE JESUITS

Wilfrido Borja

UP to the time the third world war reached the shores of the Philippines a controversy was raging in the Philippines, a war between the Jesuits, on one side, and the Freemasons on the other. It was a tragicomic battle of wits with the Masons hurling all sorts of accusations at the priests of the "light cavalry" and the Jesuits, through frail-framed, stout-hearted Fr. Horacio de la Costa, offering a little over a thousand pesos and a few odd centavos to the Masons if the latter could prove their accusations. Sometimes I consider it almost a tragedy that the Japanese had to "barge in" and interrupt the skillful duel of wits that went on over the radio and in the press week after week.

As I remember, among the funniest accusations against the black robes was the fact that at one time they had made vows to champion the cause of Catholicism to the extent of slashing the bellies and efficiently killing the offspring of unbelievers.

One afternoon on one of those so-far-off pre-war days, I was telling my *lola* the latest humorous developments in the intellectual bout; I laid emphasis, with pretended seriousness, on the

*A tribute to the largest missionary organization in the Orient, this article is of invaluable historical importance. Philippine history would be incomplete without the history of the "makers of men": "These Terrible Jesuits."*

charges of belly-slashing that had at that time, just been hurled at the tonsured heads of the Jesuit society. *Lola* listened with mouth agape. When I had finished, she blurted out: "Susmariosep, these terrible Jesuitas!!!"

As I look back on the years, now, and add little by little to my own stock of knowledge about Saint Ignatius of Loyola's stout company, I have come to believe that from the moment of its organization, people in one part of the world or another, have muttered under their breath: "These terrible Jesuits!!!"

For indeed the Society has had a comparatively tumultuous career. They have been assailed by all sorts of characters: from crown-topped kings to Communists in liberal's clothing. Many of its men have had fingers and limbs and heads chopped off. At

one time they were even suppressed by virtue of a papal brief issued from the Vatican. There have been a few periods of relative tranquility, but somehow, after reading various accounts of their doings, the conclusion an impartial observer comes to is that they always seem to be spoiling for a good fight. This, I think, is the reason behind that descriptive epithet: terrible!

### BIRTH OF THE "TERRIBLES"

IT is noteworthy that Ignatius Loyola, its founder, was a man with a fighting heart and that his continual search for the smoke and din of battle was interrupted only by a cannon-ball that shattered a leg and gave him a life-long limp. It is so noteworthy that, during the pain-filled weeks he spent in a hospital bed, he read the life of Christ only because there was nothing else to read. And above all, it is noteworthy that, once convinced that there were greater battles to be fought, battles dealing with souls, battles between the Standard of Christ and the Standard of Satan he threw himself wholeheartedly into the organization of priests that was to survive persecution, suppression and even death. The year was 1521. On that same year Magellan was on his way to the Philippines. Who could tell at that time, that eventually a part of Jesuit history was to have the

Islas Filipinas for a stage?

In 1534 when Ignatius left the University of Paris, he had gained many things. Among these were a Master's degree and six companions: a Basque, Savoyard, a Portugese and three Spaniards. On September 27, 1540 the Society had been approved by Pope Paul III. The following year Ignatius was elected General of the new Order. Having taken vows of poverty, chastity and obedience and having placed themselves in the hands of the Pontiff, they set to work.

Even at this time, there were already a few peculiar characteristics that set them apart. In the first place they prescribed no particular work for themselves. They were, in truth, a light cavalry, ready at any moment to fill any gap effected by the enemies of the Church. In the second place, they lacked even a standard religious garb that would distinguish them from other religious Orders. And then there was the fact that while the vow of obedience they took did not really differ from that of other religious societies, it was one suited to mobility rather than stability. Fr. H. B. Furay, S.J., writing about his colleagues, states aptly: "Early members of Ignatius' Company of Jesus would have liked the spirit of the slogan claimed by American Seabees during the 2nd

World War, 'The difficult we do at once; the impossible takes a little longer''

### "DIGGING IN"

THE years that followed brought work that was varied and serious as death.

The Jesuits had not been trained to be counter-revolutionaries. But when the Protestant Revolt broke out in Europe, counteraction was the need of the day. It is perhaps here that the Jesuits were first accused of political maneuvering. Terrible!

Nor was there anything in their *Regula* which stipulated that their main work was to be education. But it became obvious that schools, colleges and universities were necessary to stem the surging tide of heresy that threatened to swamp Europe. So the black-robes became educators. Of course they were accused as meddling too much with the bringing up of youth, of seeking unduly to influence future statesmen and leaders. And this, of course, was terrible!!

They were under no strict order to undertake missionary work. But years after, more islands and continents were being "discovered", brimming with pagans who had never learned that the Mystery of God revolved around the mathematical figures of One and Three. Thus it was that the Jesuits slowly but steadily stepped off Europe and wander into

foreign lands. Mohammedan and pagan alike as some bearded, blue-eyed Jesuit crossed his path, must have made the mystic sign to protect themselves from the evil eye and muttered after the retreating figure, the equivalent of that one word: "Terrible!!!"

### EXPANSION

AND, terrible or not, the Jesuits were spreading. In Asia Francis Xavier beat a track that was retraced by Rudolph Acquaviva who had the nerve to enter the court of Akbar the Great to explain the doctrines of the God-Man.

In England, where Elizabeth was fighting to exterminate the Catholics in 1581, Edmund Campion carried on an unceasing battle against Protestantism until the hounds of Elizabeth caught up with him and dragged him off to a smiling death at the hands of his executioners.

Ethiopia was invaded by the Company shortly after 1700. In South America they made 114,000 converts.

From Mexico they sent out men like Eusebio Kino discoverer of California, and Paul DeSmet who became the most trusted white man among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains, and Marquette, the explorer of the Mississippi, and Isaac Jogues. Rene Goupil, Lalonde at whose courage even the savagely brave wildmen gaped in wonder.

Nor was the Philippines forgotten. In 1681 a Motherhouse was established in the Ciudad de Manila. Soon they had missions and schools over the Philippines.

### SUPPRESSION

THEN came a blow that must have made those who feared or hated the Jesuits grin with delight.

It was 1773, and the Jesuit Society was developing rapidly. 23,000 members were scattered over 39 provinces in all parts of the world. They were teaching, doing missionary work, truly defending branches effected by the enemies of Christianity.

Suddenly the Vatican sent out a brief. The Jesuit society was to be suppressed. Its members were to be disbanded. The dream that Ignatius conceived as he lay on his tortured bed was to be shattered. A blow indeed, to the men who had vowed themselves to fight under the Standard of Christ. Authorities seem to disagree on the causes which contributed to this act of the Holy Father. But whatever they might have been, the result was the same: theoretically, the Jesuits were dead.

But the suppression did not really mean that the terrible Jesuits were to disappear forever. Frederick II of the Prussian Empire and Catherine II of Russia refused to permit the publication

of the Document of Suppression in their realms. In these two places a few men arrived on the work, the traditions and spirit of the Company of Jesus. How ironic it seems today that a Russian ruler should have helped make possible the survival of the Jesuits as an Order. Surely Stalin must have wished to curse Catherine when, a few weeks ago, the report was published that Jesuits were infiltrating Russia in disguise, using the Communist's own tricks to beat him!

### REBIRTH

THE cloud of papal displeasure was not, however, to hover very long over the Company of Jesus. In 1814 the Roman Pontiff issued a papal bull, restoring the Order throughout the world. And with rebirth came the work of reinforcing the Jesuit ranks. From a few hundred on that fateful year the Company grew steadily until in 1946 it had over 28,062 priests in 50 provinces.

In the Philippines, the Jesuits have become famous chiefly because of their educational work. They have several educational institutions scattered throughout the Philippines, the most notable among which is the Ateneo de Manila. Supervising all work done by the Jesuit Philippine Mission is tall, deep-voiced Fr. Leo Cultum who replaced Fr. John F. Hurley, present Secretary-General of the



Catholic Welfare Organization. Recently, too, there came to Philippine shores a young, chubby-faced Jesuit, Fr. William F. Masterson, who took over as President of the Ateneo de Manila in place of Fr. Francis X. Reardon. It is said of Fr. Masterson that he is a man who lives up to his name.

But their work has not been limited to education. They do missionary work in several missions, especially in the Diocese of Cagayan where Bishop Hayes is, himself, a Jesuit. Of late, too, they have assigned one of their men to the field of labor-capital relations. No greater tribute can be paid Fr. Walter Hogan, Jesuit labor-priest, than that offered him by Amado V. Hernandez, president of the Congress of Labor Organization:

"Many people have asked me about the relationship of Fr. Hogan to the CLO" he said once. "I

have always answered that he is as much a member of the organization as I am and that he is a spiritual director to us."

Other achievements of the Jesuits are pretty well-known. They were instrumental in the formation of the Catholic Welfare Organization and the Catholic Educational Association of the Philippines. Of late they were among the very first to support Catholic Information Service which was recently organized as a public relations office for the Catholic Church in the Philippines.

Yes, these "terrible" Jesuits have helped substantially in the building of a greater Philippines. Many tributes have been paid them. But I think they will always remain proudest of the tribute paid them by the editor of a local magazine. "The Jesuits" he said, "are makers of men."

## TO THE FAIR SEX

Many delicate compliments have been paid to the fair sex by men subtle in speech, but the following comes straight from the heart of an illiterate negro, who was married in the South by a white minister. At the conclusion of the marriage the groom asked the price of the service.

"Oh, well," answered the minister, "you can pay me whatever you think it is worth to you."

The Negro turned silently, looked his bride over from head to foot; then slowly rolling up the whites of his eyes, said: "Lawd, sah, you has done ruined me for life; you has, for sure." —Harper's Monthly

# RIZAL'S LAST ADIEU

Jose M. Icasiano

---

Though there have been numerous translations of Jose Rizal's immortal "Ultimo Adios" the following claims to be not just another translation but one that is distinguished for its fidelity even to the cadence of the Spanish original. Mr. Jose M. Icasiano is a former tagalog professor at the Catholic University of the Philippines and more recently a professor of the languages at La Salle College. —The Editor.

---

Adieu, our land adored, clime by sun caressed,  
Pearl of Orient seas, our blissful Eden lost,  
Glad, I'll offer thee this life, forlorn, unblest;  
If it were fresher far, more lustrous, at its best,  
Still for thee I'd give it, for thee I'm blind to cost.

On open fields of battle, pitched with frenzied might,  
Others die for thee without a moment's pause;  
Small matter is the place: laurels or lily white,  
Gibbet or open plain, red martyrdom or fight,  
'Tis the same when 'tis for home and country's cause.

I die as I behold heavens' golden mane  
At last proclaim the day rising from night's dark bow'r;  
If crimson thou shouldst want thy radiant dawn to stain,  
Turn my blood to dye, shed it now like rain,  
Let it be gilt under thy sun's darting show'r!

My dreams, yes, when hardly in life's budding May,  
 My dreams, already a young man full of lusty life,  
 Were to see thee, gem of Orient seas, one day,  
 Thy dark eyes dry at last, raised thy forehead gay:  
 Fearless, smooth, unabashed, O unmarked with strife.

O dream of my existence, the very breath of my soul;  
 Hail! this spirit greets thee, for quickly it will fly;  
 Hail! Indeed 'tis sweet to fall to gain thy goal,  
 To die to win thee life, beneath thy sky to roll,  
 Below thy enchanted soil, for eternity to lie.

If upon my sepulchre, thou findest sprouting one day,  
 Amongst the crowding weed, a common, lowly blossom,  
 Raise it to thy lips, on my soul a kiss to lay,  
 And on my forehead I'll feel, beneath the tomb where I stay,  
 The gust of thy tenderness, the heave of thy warming bosom.

Let the moon gaze on me with eyes tranquil and frail;  
 The dawn, let her release her fast-escaping rays;  
 The gail with sonorous tone, let her above me wail,  
 And if she should come down to pour on my cross a "Hail!"  
 Let the greeting chant her paean of peaceful days.

Let the sun draw the rains to his skiey, burning throne,  
 Bleached, let them rise on high, behind my pray'r trails ev'n;  
 Allow a friendly being my hastened end to bemoan,  
 And when in the peaceful evenings, he should a pray'r intone,  
 Thou too, O Motherland, pray for my rest in heav'n.

### A WORD TO DRIVERS

Those who think all traffic should stop for them have their wish realized at their funerals.

.....

A German was boasting to a Dutchman "of the greatness of the Third Reich, its power and its future." "It is true," replied the Dutchman, "We are a small people without a great future, but when early in the morning we hear a loud knocking at the door, we "know" it is only the milk."

Pray for all who've perished without fortune, in vain;  
 For those who suffer torments great and numberless;  
 For our poor wailing mothers, groaning under pain;  
 For orphans, widows,—those under prison-torture have lain;  
 And pray that free from chains thou mayst win thy happiness.

And when in noble shades the graves themselves enshroud,  
 And alone, alone there the dead are left to be,  
 Bestir not their repose, their mystery allowed:  
 Then mayst thou hear of zither or psalter somewhat loud;  
 'Tis I, beloved land, 'tis I that sing to thee.

And now my resting-place perhaps nobody would know;  
 Nowhere a cross or stone to mark and show my mound:  
 Let the farmer plough it and scatter it with his hoe,  
 Before my ashes slip back to nothingness,—Lo!  
 E'en amongst the dust of thy rugs they'd be found.

It matters not that I'm forgot: I've no fears;  
 Thy atmosphere, thy spaces, thy vales I will traverse,  
 Vibrant and clearest note I'll be to soothe thy ears;  
 Light, aroma, colors, rumor, chant and tears,  
 The essence of my faith, for aye I shall rehearse.

My country idolized, source of my bitterest gall,  
 Beloved Philippines, list to my last adieu;  
 There all I leave to thee: my parents, loved ones, all;  
 I fly where unheard the hangman's noose, the tyrant's thrall;  
 Where faith requires no life, where God gives man his due.

My parents, brothers, fragments of my soul, adieu!  
 Companions of my childhood, lost in homeland quest,  
 Give thanks that now I rest, past the life of rue;  
 My foreigner sweet, my friend, happiness, adieu!  
 Adieu! my dearest ones, adieu!... to die is to rest!

# Quiz Section



## WHAT IS YOUR MORAL I. Q.?

### THE HUMAN ACT

*Allow yourself ten points for each question. One hundred per cent means that you are a moral theologian; 90, you know the law; 80, you are about average; 70, you better join a study club.*

1. What is moral theology?
2. Are all of man's actions human actions?
3. What are the three elements which give a human act its moral goodness or badness?
4. How many of these elements must be good or indifferent if the act is to be a good act?
5. What is the object of an act of theft?
6. Circumstances of a human act are those accidental conditions which change the act from a good one to a bad one. What is a circumstance that ordinarily makes it wrong for a Catholic to eat meat on Fridays of Lent?
7. Alejandro kills his father, thinking he is a deer. Is Alejandro guilty of parricide?
8. Nicolas in jail misses Sunday Mass. He believes he commits a sin so he reconciles himself to the fact. Does Nicolas commit a sin?
9. Jaime had immodest thoughts that persisted off and on for several hours, but he did not give consent to having these thoughts. Does Jaime commit sin?
10. Lucy deliberately reads a really harmless book that she thinks gravely sinful. Is she guilty of a grave sin?

# What Kind Of A Theologian Are You?

*You know that "all those things are to be believed with divine and Catholic faith which are contained in the written or orally transmitted word of God, and which the Church either by a solemn judgment or by her ordinary and universal magisterium, proposes for belief as having been divinely revealed." (Vatican Council.) Can you recognize truths which are divine and Catholic faith?*

## THE NATIVITY

*Give yourself 10 points for each of the 10 questions which you answer correctly. If you score 95-100, give yourself a SCL (summa cum laude); 90-95, a MCL (magna cum laude); 85-90, a CL (cum laude); 80-85, a BP (bene probatus); 70-80, a P (probatus); 0-70, a NP (non probatus)*

1. Who said "And thou, Bethlehem Ephrath, art a little one among the thousands of Juda: out of thee shall... come... the ruler of Israel"?
2. That tiny Babe in the manger was (a) miraculously conceived; (b) immaculately conceived; (c) miraculously born; (d) miraculously nourished.
3. Even as a Babe He was (a) King; (b) Head of the whole human family; (c) the Mediator between God and men.
4. The Infant had (a) the infused virtue of faith; (b) the infused virtue of charity; (c) the Gifts of the Holy Ghost.
5. Could the shepherd tell just by looking at Him that He (a) was not a human person; (b) was a divine person; (c) was the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity?
6. Who later on called Him (a) "Christ, the Son of the living God"; (b) "The only-begotten Son who is in the bosom of the Father"?
7. That Infant had (a) two wills; (b) two free wills; (c) two non-contrary wills; (d) two omnipotent wills.
8. His human intellect (a) was immune from error; (b) was omniscient; (c) had the beatific vision.
9. Is it of divine and Catholic faith that He had a body that was (a) brought from heaven; (b) born of Mary; (c) mortal; (d) adorable?
10. Who said of Him (a) "In the beginning was the Word... and the Word was God... and the Word was made flesh"; (b) "God sent his Son born of a woman"?

# MORAL I. Q. ANSWERS

1. It is the science of human actions in so far as they are directed by reason and faith to our supernatural final end.
2. Only those are called human which are deliberately performed by one who possesses the use of reason.
3. They are the object of the act, the circumstances surrounding the act, and the purpose of the one performing the act
4. All of them.
5. It is the unjust taking of something which belongs to another.
6. The fact that it is a day of abstinence.
7. No. Alejandro had no intention of killing his father.
8. Nicolas did not sin because in order to sin one must act freely. Nicolas could not act otherwise than he actually did.
9. No. The length of time that a temptation persists in Jaime's mind is no indication of whether he sinned or not. He must consent to the sin before he can sin.
10. Yes, because she consents to a gravely sinful act.

## DOGMA QUIZ ANSWERS

1. Micheas, Mich. 5, 2.
2. a—Yes. b—Yes. c—Yes. d—No.
3. a—Yes. b—Yes. c—Yes.
4. a—No. b—Yes. c—Yes.
5. a—No. b—No. c—No.
6. a—St. Peter, Mat. 16, 15. B— St. John, Jo. 1, 13.
7. a—Yes. b—Yes. c—Yes. d—No.
8. a—Yes. b—No. c—Yes.
9. a—No. b—Yes. c—Yes. d—Yes.
10. a—St. John. Jo. 1, 1, 14. b—St. Paul. Gal. 4, 4.

—Adapted from *The Queen's Work*





## CROSS SECTIONS of FILIPINIANA

### SEEGARS

This happened before the war in a little town of Bulacan.

Members of the Chesterton Evidence Guild of the Ateneo de Manila were engaged in a debate with Iglesia ni Kristoists. As time went on the argument waxed hotter and hotter till, finally, the Kristoists began to discuss personalities.

One of them pointed to the late Fr. Mulry who was sitting down on an impartial bench, eyes twinkling as he watched his "boys", teeth and lips clamped firmly on one of his inevitable seegars.

"Look at that fat padre," he shouted. "Look at that paunch of his! Consider the foul cigar in his mouth!! Tell me," he addressed one of the students, "why does he smoke? Did Jesus Christ smoke? Consider the pages of this bible: where does it say that Jesus smoke?" He sneered, then glared triumphantly at the audience.

Father Mulry kept on puffing.

The young man was nonplussed for a moment. Then he had an inspiration. "Yes, my friend," he began, "Jesus Christ did not smoke. But that was so, not because he did not wish to smoke, but only because there were no cigars at that time!" He paused while the townspeople sucked in their breath. "I am sure," he continued, "that if there had been cigars in the time of Jesus Christ, He and Saint Joseph would have ended a hard day, smoking a good ten-centavo cigar!!!" The Kristoist sat down, discomfited, while the audience howled.

Father Mulry's ocular twinkle deepened. He inhaled, slowly, then blew out the smoke with deep satisfaction. — A. R. J.

### A LITTLE SPOT OF BRIGHTNESS

One dismal, rainy morning, I went to the Manila post-office and queued up at a line of about a dozen people waiting for their turn to buy stamps. Some seconds



later, a little Sister of Charity (or some other community) took her place behind me. I offered her my place in the line, which she took with a grateful smile. Noticing this, the man ahead of us and, almost immediately, the lady further on — offered their places. After a flurry of thanks and smiles which drew the attention of the entire line the little Sister took her new place.

Then the man now ahead of her turned, but before he could say anything the dapper gentleman at the very head of the line quickly came up and graciously offered to exchange places with the now-overwhelmed Sister. But the rest in the line were not to be outdone almost as a body everyone else took a step backwards, and the dapper gentleman took his place behind the little Sister at the head of the line.

The scene so touched me I felt like crying.

José Espino, Jr.  
San Juan, Rizal

#### A STORY OF LA LOMA

On his way to La Loma cemetery last May 1946 my friend G... found to his disappointment that no vehicle enters that city of the dead.

Stopping a jeepney he asked: "Sir, is that bus going to enter the cemetery?"

The driver thinking my friend to be another ignorant provincialo answered "No" with a meaningful smile.

After standing at the Blumentritt corner for some twenty minutes, the same driver returned and this time shouted at my friend: "La Loma! Papasok!!" (Will enter!)

Up to this day since then La Loma bus drivers still announce at the top of their voices: "La Loma! Papasok!!" though none of them enter the cemetery proper and neither do they know what it's all about!

Delfin Rocha  
46 Sulucan, Samp.

#### TRAFFIC ACCIDENT NO. 1

What I consider traffic accident No. 1 took place one fine morning at the corner of Dasmariñas and Rosario streets. Two men of the same profession, same station in life, same humor—manning their own carriage at moderate speed met and collided. The wheels of one of the carriages flew far and the bystanders instead of being moved with pity and tears at the accident burst out in glee. Both one else took a step backwards—professionals were ice cream vendors!

Dioní Ferrer  
F.E.U.

## The Jewels Of The Pauper

"This is the thought that thrills me sitting by my window in the cool of the evening, listening to the strumming of the guitars as I gaze off to where the shadows deepen on the low, long hills,—hills of my native land. . . .

"We Filipinos are a remarkably poor people,—poor not only in material possessions, but even in the things of the spirit. We do not have, like other nations, any substantial body of literature; no Shakespeare, no Cervantes has been vouchsafed us to distil and concentrate in imperishable imagery what is most vital, most original, most ourselves in our landscape, our customs and in our history.

"We claim two treasures only: this pauper among the peoples of the earth hides two jewels in its rags. One of them is our music. It is our common expression. We have forty-seven dialects and we understand each other only when we sing. The Kundimans of Bulacan awaken an answering echo in Capis; somewhere in the rugged north a peasant woman hushes her baby with a lullaby, and the Visayan listening remembers the same fields of her childhood and her own mother singing the self-same song.

"We are again one people when we pray. This is our other treasure—our Faith. They interpenetrate—our religion and our music. All the basic rites of human life—the harvest, the seed-time, the wedding, birth and death—are among us drenched with the fragrance of increase and of music.

"These be the bonds that bind us together; these be the things that make us one. And as long as there remains in these Islands one mother to sing Nena's lullaby, one boat to put out to sea with the immemorial rowing song, one priest to stand at the altar of God and offer God to God, this nation may be conquered, trampled upon, enslaved, but it cannot perish. It will rise again to sing and to pray."

# WHITHER, PHILIPPINE DEMOCRACY!

Melchor Aquino

IN A WORKING democracy, like the United States or England, sovereignty **actually** resides in the people. In what purports to be a democracy, like our country, sovereignty **should** likewise reside in the people.

Popular sovereignty, in the true sense of the term, is the essence of democracy.

Popular sovereignty, in practical terms, means that the supreme power or dominion in a democratic state is the people's will. Students of government have aptly said that "popular sovereignty" and "popular will" are the two sides of the coin of democracy.

These are homely truths that bear repetition in a time like this. A dreadful confluence of cynicism and despair has conditioned our people's attitude toward our political institutions. Many in high places have made of public office a vehicle for personal profit; the government,

*This speech was delivered when the subject: "How can elections by popular parties become true expressions of the popular will?" was discussed in the Town Hall Meeting. Mr. Aquino, famed news commentator of the Evening News, writes the daily column "Newscope" in that paper.*

an instrument for power. The public in general has so often been cheated out of its just due and its very rights that its conscience is today weighted down with disaffection with the government and disenchantment with constitutional processes.

When this attitude of cynicism and despair deteriorates into resignation to the inevitability of wrongs and injustices in the body politic, or, worse still, into acquiescence to the subversion of the popular will and of popular sovereignty, then it is time to stop talking about democracy and freedom. Nothing can more easily and surely wreck our free institutions, or what

is left of them, than such an attitude of resignation and acquiescence.

There is a historical truth that must be impressed on the minds of our people: popular sovereignty is not a self-winding mechanism; it operates by the combined motive power of a civic conscience and public opinion. Failure to realize this truth leads to the rise of Hitlers and Mussolinis — to the substitution of democracy with totalitarianism, freedom with fascism, the rule of the majority with the rule of a few.

Civic conscience is commonly regarded as a passive, fugitive attribute. That political scientists and philosophers use "civic conscience" and "civic courage" interchangeably is no mere coincidence. The latter term implies that civic conscience to be effectual — a real attribute of popular sovereignty — must be positive; it must not merely refuse to countenance wrongs and injustices, but must actively seek to right them.

Public opinion — whether it is expressed in the press, over the radio, in Town Hall meetings, in community assemblies, or at the polls —

is, far and away, the most effective instrument of popular rule. Public opinion can make and unmake kings, potentates, and presidents—kings, nations, and governments.

The late Justice Cardozo used to say that a country "moves ahead — to new frontiers of freedom and progress — only under the pitiless prodding of a wide-awake civic conscience and an alert public opinion."

Truth to tell, there is no public opinion in our country. What passes for public opinion here is at best a momentary impulse induced by muddled impressions and befuddled emotions.

There are those who piously hope that, in the end, an "awakened civic conscience" will redeem Philippine democracy, or what would be Philippine democracy, from the ignominious fate visited upon it by little men with big ambitions. But there is serious doubt as to whether such a conscience exists, or, if it does exist, whether it will ever awaken.

What, then, are we, the people, to do? On the answer to this riddle hinges the fate of representative government in the Philippines.

## CAN YOU REMEMBER?

Mercedes Mercado

I'M GOING BACK to my room. It's so noisy outside, with people shouting Merry Christmas to one another and being jolly. It hurts, you know, when everybody is happy, except you; and you feel so alone in your sadness, you feel like crying your heart out.

Well, I'm in my room now, and I've closed the door. All the aggressive happiness is locked out, and I can be alone with you. You see, everytime I hear people shouting Merry Christmas, my throat feels all clogged up and tears begin to come out, even when I don't want them to, because I remember you and see you so clearly, all I have to do is stretch out an arm to touch your face. It's Christmas, my darling. Remember the last one? I do; every single beautiful instant has burned itself upon my brain and I shall never be able to forget, even if the memory hurts. Everything that you ever told me and all the wonderful times we had together, I know they will always haunt me like some beautiful melody ling-

ering on the last note.

I remember the first time I saw you. It was at the Boulevard, remember? Late afternoon, with waves beating against the rocks and the grey silhouettes of ships etched out against the setting sun. I was sitting on a bench, all alone, wondering why I had no one to keep me company when everybody else seemed to have some one to talk to and walk with. And then you came along.

You looked so splendid in your youth; you were tall and lithe and you had a look in your eyes that tugged at my heart-strings. It was as if I could read a poem, virile and strong and clear-cut and passionate in every line of your face. I was telling myself that I simply couldn't let you walk past and out of my life when you paused and asked me if you could share my bench for a while, because there was no other place.

You sat down then, and we began to talk. There was something very winning in your friendliness; you were so natural, so uncon-

scious of yourself. And inside of me I prayed: Dear Lord, don't let him go away, not yet. Let him stay for a little while.

How you loved to laugh; you had an inexhaustible fund of funny stories, but the funniest thing was that you began to laugh at them even before I did. It didn't take us very long to know each other, and soon you were telling me all about yourself. You said that you were at a loose end because all the work left seemed to be with the Japanese, and you simply couldn't bring yourself to work for them. Journalism was your line and you were ambitious. It was beautiful to listen to your young talk of ideals and dreams. You were like a priest talking about his vocation; you felt that you were an apostle carrying Truth to humanity, even if it were were thrown back in your face. So you talked on, while I sat and listened. Maybe, that's why you liked me so much: men like their womenfolk to listen to them when they expand, and you were no exception.

Before we knew it, the sun had set and it was dark. You got up with a start, saying that you hadn't realized it was so late and apologizing for keeping me so long. But I didn't mind, not really, because even then I knew that I loved you. With your next breath you were asking me where I lived, and you were so anxious

not to appear overanxious that I just had a laugh. And you laughed with me, loud and long. I suppose that's what really started the whole thing.

We started going steady after that, and the days that followed were the happiest I had ever known in my whole life. I was three years older than you were and that worried me a lot. But you used to get mad and tell me that when two people loved each other very dearly, age didn't really matter. But I shouldn't have let you go on like that. I should have told you, even if it broke my heart, that you were too young, too good-looking and splendid for a girl like me. But I was selfish and weak, and I loved you so much I couldn't bear the thought of losing you.

You were good to me.

You were horribly sentimental, really a romanticist at heart. You tried to wear a mask of callousness, to pass yourself off as a cynic, a man who didn't believe in anything—even himself. But you were all tenderness and earnestness underneath, and I knew that. You gave me flowers even when they had become horribly expensive, and you never even considered that they were impractical during those days. You were so sweet to me sometimes that I felt all choked-up and ready for a big cry, simply because I was so happy. You were never hard-

boiled to me; I always thought of you as a boy who was afraid of sentimentalism, and this only made me love you more.

I remember the time you gave me this ring. We were celebrating, remember? We were full of the joy of living in spite of the dark days and the bombings, and we just had to have that celebration. I never did find out where you got the money to buy all that food. You told me to hush up when I asked you and not to spoil things with my silly questions. When we came to our little room, you insisted on laying down your parcels and carrying me across the threshold. And you kissed me, tenderly, as if I were something so fragile you were afraid I might crumble to pieces. Well, I did, inside of me. I still remember that you smelled of tobacco and shaving cream; even now it hurts whenever I see those things. Then you put me down and started talking wildly, exuberantly, as if you had done something you were horribly ashamed of. But it wasn't, my darling, it wasn't!

It was then that we heard the heavy clump of boots on the stairs and two Japanese kempeitai came in with guns drawn, and said that they wanted to talk to you. One of them said you were a guerrilla, and that you had written all those little messages that we used to see on lampposts and church-doors.

At first I couldn't believe what

they were saying. Why didn't you ever tell me, my dear? At least, I could have helped you, or suffered with you. Didn't you trust me enough? Oh God, how that thought hurt! You stood there, pale, returning the baleful look they gave you, uttering no denial, as unafraid as a god. They tried to take you away, but you broke loose and came to me; you kissed me once more, hard and long, and held me as if you never wanted to let me go. Never be afraid, my darling, you said. And then they took you away.

You gave me a last look that went right through me, and you smiled. The door slammed after you and you were gone.

I knelt down because my knees had suddenly become weak and I was trembling. I felt as if something inside of me had died, and all my happiness had fallen in ruins upon my head. I knew even then that I would never see you again, and I cried.

I still have the ring, but I never wear it outside because I don't want people to see. It's silly, I know, but somehow I have always felt that it is a sacred thing that must not be revealed to the profanity of other eyes. It's just a plain gold band with my name inscribed on the inside, in simple letters.

For that was the day we were married, and that was Christmas, forty-four.

## EXCESS BAGGAGE

Angelita Santos

Except for the rhythmic patter of rain as it fell on the roof, stillness pervaded the room where Lina was confined. It was an invalid's life that she had been leading for some time now, but she did not mind. It was, as she thought it over, a comfortable existence,—with everybody so solicitous, so ready to minister to her needs.

She remembered very clearly the time the doctor had called after the X-ray examination. He had been so kind and so jolly as he explained the efficacy of quiet and rest for her. He had spoken in a humorous way about the pleasure of taking one's ease, with nothing to do but while away the hours. When he finally stood up to leave, he answered her father's anxious question as to the nature of her illness with a laugh and a wave of his plump hand.

"Oh, it's nothing really. Just a faint spot on her left lung. Nothing to get upset about. Follow instructions and she'll be as good as new in no time. Just make her comfortable and happy."

Consumption!

Yet, she had not been unduly alarmed.

### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

*In her twenties, she writes from life—for she has felt much of it. Crippled by an accident at an early age, and thereby barred from all formal schooling, she has nevertheless made good use of her time. This story should be proof enough.*

Ed.

Her father could not answer for some moments, but when he did, he was smiling and assured the doctor that he would do his very best to follow orders. And everybody laughed. Everyone that is, except her brother.

"So from now on she is supposed to live like a millionaire's daughter," Ricardo remarked.

It was not what he had said as the sarcastic tone of his voice that had angered Lina. That was Ricardo all over, she had reminded herself in her effort to control her temper. Always thoughtless. Always suspiciously selfish. A taciturn lad usually, he opened his mouth only long enough to say something sardonic like his last remark.

"Ricardo!" Lina's mother had fiercely whispered and the young man had then unwound his long



legs from the arm of the chair and stalked moodily out.

The rain droned on and lent a cozy atmosphere to the room. It had been made a haven from the busy world outside. Her father had worked many a Sunday to enlarge the windows so that she might have more air. This after she had complained one day of the closeness of the little room.

"I wish Ricardo would show more sense and help his father," Lina's mother had remarked as she watched the old man at his amateur carpentry.

"It's alright, mama. The work isn't much. I could do with a little exercise after so many long hours at a desk. Anyway this bamboo and nipa wall is easy to take out and trim. Most of it is half rotten now."

"But it tires you out just the same," she countered. "And Ricardo does nothing all day all week."

"Where is that ne'er-do-well?" Lina had asked.

"I don't know," her mother had answered.

Lina let her eyes wander around the room. She let them dwell for a time on each of the religious pictures that had been hung on the walls. She treasured them all in her heart. In spite of her las-

situde she felt on seeing these things a faint glow of contentment.

She snuggled her head on the soft pillow. Snow-white blankets hid her frail form. Her eyes wandered about the room again. As her glance fell on the clock which stood in the table beside her bed, she was conscious of a wave of loneliness sweeping over her. Nobody had come to see her for some hours now. Her mother usually came in now and then to see how she fared, no matter how busy she was with the incessant housework, and her sewing. During holidays, it was her father. Lina liked those times when someone was with her. When they were gone, she felt like crying. Her mother had caught her thus once and had thought that her Lina was in great pain.

Her brother did not come to see her often. The few times that he did, he seemed completely insensitive to her plight; just stood there, staring at her with a dubious curl on his lips.

Now the clock had already struck eleven in the morning, yet there was no sign of footsteps coming. Not even the sound of voices could be heard from the other parts of the house. Surely, mass must have been over by that time, she thought, for it was Sunday. Maybe they have gone somewhere to enjoy themselves and have forgotten me, she reflected

gloomily.

Presently, she heard a knock at the door. Instantly she forgot all about her musing.

"Come in," she said.

It must be father dropping in for another of those pleasant chats, she thought. He was so full of concern over her; which was why she eagerly awaited his visits. She pictured her father's thin, tall figure, with his gay laughing eyes and contagious smile. The door slowly opened.

It was not Lina's father who entered but her mother, a middle-aged woman bowed by toil. Apparently, she had just been weeping. Lina noted the red swollen eyes at once. She cast a questioning glance at her mother. The latter held up a sealed envelope in one hand. Her feet dragging, she approached Lina, strangely silent. Lina felt her angry blood rush to her face as she caught sight of the familiar penmanship on the envelope. It was Ricardo's and it was addressed to her.

"Why, mother, what cynical foolishness has he written to me now?"

Her mother began to cry.

"Lina, why didn't you tell me that Ricardo was leaving us?" the

woman wailed as if blaming her daughter.

"Ricardo never told me that he was going away," Lina answered, tearing the edge of the envelope. "He never told me anything, except to make fun of me. Is he really going away, mother?"

"We didn't know," the woman sobbed. "He was gone when we found his note to his father. That letter to you was with the note."

Her brow knitted, her mind crowded with anxious thoughts about her distraught mother, Lina hastily spread the letter before her. It read:

My dear Sis:

I am going to Mindanao. The place, they say is very healthful. I hope to see you again someday. But until then, goodbye.

I don't want to be just excess baggage around the house; so I am leaving.

Trouble is, I have it too. Only much worse.

Ricardo.

"Excess baggage," Lina murmured, overwhelmed by a sudden inexplicable anguish. The thought had never occurred to her before. But now, with hot tears flowing unrestrained down her pale cheeks, she wondered...

---

You never know how the human voice can change until you hear a woman stop scolding her husband in order to answer the telephone.

# DON'TS FOR A HAPPY MARRIAGE

## For Women Only

1. **DON'T NAG.** Remember that a nagging wife is an unhappy one and makes a still unhappier husband.
2. **DON'T BE A KILLJOY.** Remember that a man coming home from work, tired and strained, wants to relax. He expects you to be cheerful. Even if you feel you're coming down with a headache, just grin... and hold it.
3. **DON'T SPEND BEYOND YOUR HUSBAND'S INCOME.** Remember, he isn't made of money. He has a budget to keep and expects you to help him keep it. Remember that a better half who lives beyond her husband's means becomes a bitter half.
4. **DON'T BE JEALOUS AT THE SLIGHTEST EXCUSE.** Trust, mutual and complete, is the best basis for a happy marriage. Besides, you wouldn't want the shoe to be on the other foot, would you? It might not fit.
5. **DON'T WASTE ALL YOUR TIME AT THE MAHJONG TABLE.** Remember that if you head towards the gambling table, your marriage is headed for the rocks.
6. **DON'T KEEP TELLING YOUR HUSBAND THAT YOU THINK YOUR FIGURE IS GETTING LUMPY AND YOUR FACE HAGGISH.** Every man believes himself to be a connoisseur of beauty. If you tell him you don't know why he ever married you, you are merely insulting his impeccable taste. Just keep plugging and give yourself the benefit of the doubt.
7. **DON'T GIVE YOUR HUSBAND ANY REASON TO BELIEVE HE SHOULD GIVE YOU A COOK-BOOK ON YOUR BIRTHDAY.** Remember, biscuits are definitely not poker chips. It may not be true that the best way to a man's heart is through his stomach, but a good pot of adobo always helps.
8. **DON'T BE FROWSY.** Period.
9. **DON'T EVER TELL YOUR HUSBAND YOU DON'T KNOW WHY YOU WERE EVER FOOLISH ENOUGH TO MARRY HIM.** He may start wondering why HE ever married YOU.
10. **DON'T LOSE YOUR TEMPER.** You may lose him. Remember the story of the wife who kept an even temper; always boiling? Her epitaph read: LOST TEMPER. LOST HUSBAND.

## For Men Only

1. **DON'T BE A GROUCH.** If you think you're entitled to smiling face when you come home, worn and tired after a hard day at the office, remember your wife probably had as hard a day, too.

2. **DON'T KEEP THE WRONG KIND OF LATE HOURS.** Some day your wife is bound to call up the office and find out you've been fooling her all the time. And, for heaven's sake, don't keep telling your friends that you may be married but your right eye isn't.

3. **DON'T TELL YOUR WIFE SHE'S FAT AND FORTY.** She may really believe you and you wouldn't like that. Remember that a wife is as beautiful as her husband believes she is. Besides you may be no collar-ad yourself.

4. **DON'T KEEP TELLING YOUR WIFE THAT YOUR MOTHER WAS THE BEST COOK YOU EVER KNEW.** Period.

5. **DON'T SQUABBLE WITH YOUR WIFE.** Remember the story of the man who kept bickering and bickering and bickering with his wife? When he died, his wife placed this epitaph over his grave: Till we meet again... rest in peace.

6. **DON'T KEEP THINGS BACK FROM YOUR WIFE.** Every woman likes to feel that her husband thinks she has sense enough to be told how things are going at the office.

7. **DON'T MAKE FUN OF YOUR WIFE.** This is especially true when you happen to be in front of other people. She's bound to lose her self-respect; and when this happens, you're bound to lose out.

8. **DON'T BE STINGY WITH YOUR WIFE.** Don't ask her to account for every centavo you give her. If you can't trust her with money, there's no reason why you should trust her with anything at all.

9. **DON'T LOSE THE AURA OF ROMANCE OF YOUR FIRST YEAR OF MARRIED LIFE.** Life can be made more beautiful if a man remains as gallant and courteous to his wife as he was during their courtship days.

10. **DON'T TAKE YOUR WIFE TOO MUCH FOR GRANTED.** A woman always likes a man to pay her little attentions, trifles that may mean nothing essentially but show that undying love of a man for his wife. There's a story about a woman whose husband paid as much attention to her as to a chair. Exasperated, she finally blurted out: "Did you marry me for bitter or for worse?"

## THE PHILIPPINE REPUBLIC: 1946-47

Rev. Horacio de la Costa, S. J.

*(Continued from last month)*

**W**HAT armed forces the Philippine Government maintains are at present chiefly employed in the maintenance of law and order, especially in the Huk-ridden areas. The decision to use force against the Huks led to several pitched battles and to deplorable excesses on both sides; but in the main it has resulted in the release from Huk control of much-needed agricultural land of peaceful peasants willing to resume their cultivation. Going beyond merely suppressive measures, the Administration has at the same time taken a first step towards a positive solution of the problem.

A Tenancy Law, approved September 30, 1946, establishes a 70-30 division of the crop; that is, 70 per cent of net yield is to go to the tenant and 30 per cent to the landowner when the tenant supplies necessary implements and defrays the expenses of cultivation. Another measure provides for the purchase of a number of large estates and their re-sale in small lots on easy terms.

*"What is the role of the Catholic Church in the building of a great democratic Philippines?" This is one of the fundamental questions that Father de la Costa, of "Kwentong Kuchero" fame, answers in this amazing analysis of Philippine affairs.*

A large-scale public-works program has visibly improved transport and communications throughout the archipelago. Several privately owned air lines have made up to some extent for damage done to roads and the lack of bottoms. For the first nine months of operation they carried a total of 182,000 passengers and almost twelve million pounds of freight. The port of Manila has been cleared, sufficient harbor facilities installed and proper police protection provided to remedy the situation which in the preceding year caused steamship lines to threaten a boycott of Manila as a port of call.

There are actually a million students attending public schools

than there were before the war, although many of the school buildings are necessarily makeshift and the equipment of the most elementary kind. Private schools are taking much of the educational load from the state, especially at the college and university levels.

The national budget for 1946 showed a deficit which was covered by an American loan. A joint Philippine-American Finance Commission has recently reported, however, that second loan will not be necessary to balance the 1947 budget.

Much, then, has been accomplished; but a great deal more remains to be done. The unemployment situation continues to be acute. Wage rates are still far below the price level of essential commodities, and the situation has led to strikes and general discontent among industrial and government workers. Military police action has reduced but has not quite succeeded in removing the danger to public peace from the *Hukbalahap* and similar subversive elements.

The Huks have been driven underground, but their leaders remain at large and their organization is intact. No convincing answer seems to be forthcoming to insistent accusations of widespread graft and corruption in governmental agencies, particularly those concerned with the sale

of surplus property and the distribution of relief. This deplorable state of affairs has produced in certain sections of the press a dangerous attitude of cynicism towards the very principle of public authority; and small consolation is to be had from the fact that the Administration has not, at any rate, curtailed the freedom of the press in order to hush up scandals.

These weaknesses and faults in the structure of the new Republic are doubtless due in a measure to the disintegrating effect of war and enemy occupation on the social fabric; but their roots go far deeper, and must be sought in the historical process by which the Philippines became a nation.

Three features stand out in this historical background. The first is that the Philippines, from the very beginning of its existence as a conscious national entity to the present, has been a colony. For a continuous period of four hundred years, broken only by local revolts and one unsuccessful revolution, it has been under foreign rule.

Only during the past forty years has it known, under American tutelage, a measure of self-government. The consequences of this fact are apparent in the very structure of society: a feudal structure, divided into a landed gentry and a landless peasantry, with a comparatively small, if

growing, middle class; and in the political temper of the masses: a resignation to having decisions made for them, and a habit of looking to "the government" instead of to their own resources for a solution of their major problems.

The second feature is that many of the subsisting external forms and institutions, both political and social are not the result of internal growth, but have been imposed from the outside. The United States, in a laudable effort to share with the Philippines its democratic way of life, transferred bodily to that country many of its own characteristic methods and institutions. The difficulty has been that while these institutions fit the realities of the American scene, having organically developed from them, they very often do not fit the exigencies of Philippine society, with its very different structure and background. We may cite as examples the inadequacy of the existing system of political representation to express the real will of the people, and the anomaly of a secular system of public education in a Catholic country.

The third feature is the rather unusual position of the Catholic Church. Spain's magnanimous colonial policy succeeded indeed in forming a thoroughly and tenaciously Catholic population, but it failed signally in two respects.

By discouraging, or at least not properly developing, an indigenous clergy it failed to make the Church fully native to the soil; and it failed to make clear the distinction between the ecclesiastical and the civil power. The first has rendered the Church incapable of exerting upon the social and cultural development of the nation the pervasive influence that it should have in view of the predominantly Catholic character of the population. The second resulted in the revolt against Spain being also to some extent a reaction against the Church; and this anticlerical tradition in politics survives to the present day.

It is clear from these considerations that the stability of the Philippine Republic will depend mainly upon the recognition of three long-term objectives. First, the formation of an economically independent, politically vigorous and and morally sound middle class. Second, the adaptation of democratic institutions to social reality, with a view to avoiding the tragedy of being a democracy in form merely, not in substance. Third, unified and sustained Catholic action in every phase of the national life.

It is the opinion of the present writer that the principal agent in the accomplishment of these three objectives will have to be the Catholic Church, and hence that the

third objective of necessity includes the other two. There is no need to labor the arguments for this view; historically, at any rate, there does not seem to be any doubt that the social action of the Catholic Church had fully as much to do with the formation of the European middle class as the opening of the trade routes; and that the development not only of democratic theory but of democratic institutions as well is directly traceable to the same source.

To complete the picture, then, of the first year of the Philippine Republic, it is necessary to consider the part played by the Church in it.

The first task which the Church in the Philippines had to face after the liberation was obviously that of relief. This was begun even before the guns of the Battle of Manila had ceased pounding. In order to unify and direct the vast undertaking, the Apostolic Delegate, His Excellency Monsignor William Piani, founded the Catholic Welfare Organization (CWO) with Father John F. Hurley, then Superior of the Jesuit Philippine Mission, as Secretary General.

With practically nothing material to begin with, but with vast resources of faith, hope and charity, Father Hurley and his associates established themselves in a

borrowed office, went about the broken city in a series of borrowed jalopies, and with the help of the United States Army and various other benefactors distributed food, clothing and medicines to the bloodstained, bewildered multitude that poured across the river out of the fighting lines.

With characteristic generosity the Catholic people of America came almost immediately to the aid of the CWO. Their first gift was, very appropriately, Mass wine and flour for hosts; and up to the present time they have sent to the CWO, through the American Hierarchy's War Relief Services, over five million pounds of relief material valued at almost three million dollars. These emergency supplies the CWO has been able to distribute to over a million persons at an operating cost of one and a half per cent of the total value distributed. This extremely low operating cost was made possible by the volunteer services of a loyal band of lay apostles, among whom must be mentioned the tireless and capable Miss Elisa Cu-unjieng and her band of Catholic girls.

The Philippine Hierarchy immediately saw the tremendous possibilities of the CWO, not merely as a temporary instrument for the dispensing of relief, but as a per-



manent organization to direct and extend the beneficent action of the Church within the framework of the young Republic. Accordingly they established it on this permanent basis in July, 1945; and in January of the following year the CWO was incorporated as an official organ of the Catholic Church in the Philippines, its declared purpose being to "unify, coordinate and organize the Catholic people of the Philippines in works of education, social welfare, religious and spiritual aid and other activities."

Investigators for the American War Damage Corporation estimate the war losses of the Church in the Philippines at over \$125 million. In spite of this tremendous material destruction, the first care of the bishops was not to rebuild the shattered churches and residences, but to restore and strengthen the Catholic educational system. They rightly considered this system, although "private" in classification, to be a public service of greater import to the nation than the restoration of material edifices, since upon it depends in large measure the formation of that independent middle class which is the necessary basis of democratic government.

The schools conducted by the religious orders and Congregations were the first to open in Manila, almost all of them in damaged

buildings, some in temporary structures, quonset huts and even tents. Many a child had to bring its own chair to school and share a textbook with nine others. It was a case, as General MacArthur remarked, of the teacher literally being the school.

The Catholic institutions in the provinces followed suit. Urgent petitions for new high schools came to the superiors of teaching congregations from every part of the archipelago. Behind them was a new appreciation of the value of a Catholic education, brought out by the war's bitter experiences and the heroic part played by priests, sisters and the young men and women trained by them in the resistance movement.

The Superior of the Jesuit Mission alone received eleven of these petitions; unfortunately, after staffing the four Jesuit high schools that had existed before the war, he had the personnel for only two more. The Bishop of Cagayan, however, with the help of his Columban and Jesuit missionaries, opened thirteen.

Soon after the organization of the CWO, the Catholic Educational Association of the Philippines (CEAP) was reconstituted as an independent but subsidiary organization. In June, 1946 it held its first postwar convention with 700 delegates in attendance. The theme of the convention — "a

clear restatement of the place of Catholic education in the Republic" — and the discussions held left no doubt as to the decisive role Catholic educators intended to play in the shaping of the new Philippine nation.

These two organizations soon proved their value as rallying points for united Catholic action. Through the CWO office in Manila, the Congress and government departments were assured of a clear statement of principle on any proposed legislation or ordinance touching Catholic interests. Similarly, the bishops and their flocks were promptly notified of legislative trends, as in the case of a recent attempt to liberalize the divorce law. The bill was killed in committee after a deluge of protesting letters and telegrams, which even the CWO Office did not expect, had made its unpopularity abundantly clear.

The CEAP, for its part, successfully withstood several attempts to interfere with the functions of Catholic education, and has vigorously resumed its efforts, begun under the Commonwealth Government, of ensuring effective religious instruction in the public schools.

A recent letter from a veteran Mill Hill missionary sums up, with a touch of humor, the high opinion which these two organizations have

earned among Catholics in the Philippines:

This office in Manila (of the CWO and the CEAP) does wonderful things. Travel difficulties, customs, taxes, gangsters on the waterfront — everything that makes life a burden — do not seem to bother it. The CWO is a most efficient organization. I have told them that they are the next thing in importance to the Church after the Vatican.

We may conclude from this brief summary that in the Philippines, as almost everywhere else, the Church has emerged from the ordeal of the war with her material fabric shattered, but with renewed vitality and greater vision.

She will need this vitality and vision in full measure for the task which lies before her. The history and the very geographical position of the Philippines seem to hold up to it a high destiny as a radiant center for the conversion of the East and as a cultural bridge between Orient and Occident. To fulfill the first part of this destiny, the Philippine Church must hasten the day when she will no longer need missionaries, but begin to send them forth. As for the second part, the minor but significant role being played by the Philippine delegation to the

United Nations Organization is indicative of how valuable the Philippines can be in bringing nations of Eastern and Western culture to a closer understanding. For it is in the Philippines that the Catholic Church has fused these two

cultures, and it may well be there, among a people whose spirit thrills alike to the Latin of the Mass and the ancient songs of Malaya, that the fire of Pentecost will fashion a potent instrument for peace among the nations.—America




---

## WOMAN

**Symbol:** Wo.

**Atomic weight:** 120 lbs.

**Occurrence:** Found wherever a man is found, seldom in a free state.

**Physical properties:** generally rounded in form, boils at nothing and may freeze at any minute. Melts when treated properly. Very bitter if not used well.

**Chemical properties:** Very active. Possesses great affinity for gold, silver, platinum and stones. Violent reactions when left alone. Able to absorb great amount of food. Turns green when placed beside a better looking specimen. Ages rapidly.

**Uses:** Highly ornamental. Useful as a tonic for low spirits, etc. Equalizes the distribution of wealth. Is probably the most powerful income reducing agent known.

**Caution:** Highly explosive when in unexperienced hands.

---

# WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

by Brother Edward

25. When examining my conscience before weekly Confession I often find only a few faults. This worries me. What should I do? O. R.

A. Thank God for preserving you from sin. In Confession mention the few faults and add "I accuse myself of all my sins, especially against charity (or some other virtue)." Long examination in your case is useless and may be harmful to your soul.

26. Will a priest say Mass for a person who is not able to make the customary offering?

Ambrosio Gumabon

A. We are sure that no priest would refuse to say Mass if requested to do so by such a poor person. At the same time, a priest is not bound in justice to say Mass for a person, unless he accepts the usual offering.

27. May a sponsor in Confirmation marry the child's parent?

A. Not unless a dispensation is obtained.

28. What is meant by the letters: "A.M.D.G.?"

Rafael Nucum

A. They are the first letters of four Latin words: ad majorem Dei gloriam. The words mean:

"To the greater glory of God" and were often used by St. Ignatius Loyola the founder of the Society of Jesus.

29. If a man and woman were sponsors for a child in Baptism may they get married afterwards?

G. Evangelista

A. Yes.

30. Will there be any Purgatory after the last Judgement when our bodies have been reunited to our souls? M.G.R.

A. No.

31. Does venial sin cause our Lord to leave our souls after Holy Communion? Felicitas Acayan

A. The question seems to indicate a confusion between the Real Presence of our Lord under the form of bread in our Body after Holy Communion and the state of grace in our soul. As to the latter, only mortal sin deprives the soul of sanctifying grace and the Real Presence remains as long as the species of bread are unchanged.

32. Are the novels of De Balzac forbidden by the Church?

A. Fajardo.

A. Yes.

33. Where can I obtain a list of books forbidden by the Church?

A. Fajardo.

A. As books are added to the list according to need from time to time, it is not possible to obtain a complete list. New editions of the "Index" are published at various intervals. A selection of books that have been explicitly forbidden is given in the "Roman Index of Forbidden Books". It can be obtained from any Catholic bookseller. Catholics should remember that every book injurious to Catholic faith or to morals is by that very fact forbidden. The Church does not examine and condemn all the immoral novels of the day, but it is sinful to read them.

34. Why are the hosts used in Mass and Holy Communion round?

F. de la Cruz.

A. This question is answered as follows in "The Catholic Encyclopedia Vol. VII, p. 494": "From the earliest days the hosts in the

Latin Church were of a circular form. This form was adopted because the hosts could be more easily handled and because the circle, being the most perfect figure and a symbol of infinity, most suitably represents the presence of Him, who, by His eternity; immensity, love and the merits of His sacrifice is infinite."

35. What happened to the "lost tribes" of Israel?

R. Nobleza.

A. Nobody knows.

36. If a person has missed Mass on a Sunday when it was impossible to go for example because the person was ill, should it be necessary to mention the fact in Confession?

R. Tamundong.

A. No.

If it's anything Catholic, ask Brother Edward of THE CROSS

## RABBINICAL WISDOM

One day a rich but miserly man came to a rabbi. The rabbi led him to a window and told him to look outside.

"What do you see?" asked the rabbi.

"People," answered the rich miser.

Then the rabbi led him to a mirror and asked: "What do you see now?"

"I see my self," was the answer.

The rabbi said: "Behold, in the window there is a glass, and in the mirror there is a glass. But the glass of the mirror is covered with a little silver, and no sooner is a little silver added than you cease to see others and see only yourself."

—Our Sunday Visitor

On towards God, like a cannon ball.

—Cure'd Ars

---

## NATIONAL FRONT

---

### KRIVENKO CASE

The Supreme Court in a decision Nov. 15 bluntly barred aliens from acquiring residential lands in the Philippines when by a vote of 6 to 4 affirmed the judgement in *consulta* given by the trial court ruling out Alexander A. Krivenko, an alien, from registering an urban lot he bought in December, 1941, from the Magdalena Estate, Inc. Said Chief Justice Manuel Moran who penned the majority opinion: "...under the Constitution aliens may not acquire private or public agricultural lands, including residential lands.... We are construing the Constitution as it is and not as we may desire it to be."

### HUKS AGAIN

An all-out offensive against all dissident elements in Central Luzon was ordered Nov. 20 by Secretary of Interior Zulueta in a conference with four provincial provost marshals. Zulueta ordered all government forces to go after the dissidents in their mountain hideouts, smoke them out and make them surrender or else be mowed down by MPs. Meanwhile in barrio Mapangpang, Caba-

natuan a 36 man MP patrol got trapped by a superior Huk unit, losing 9 killed, 3 wounded and 6 missing. Huk casualties include 27 dead.

### WDC RACKET

The War Damage Commission announced No. 20 the tightening of investigation of all private property claims following the discovery of about 400 fraudulent claims. It is believed that these claims were prepared by persons operating under a mastermind in Northern Luzon. Irregularities were discovered because the claims contained the same items supposedly destroyed in 1941.

### BATS FOR VETS

The New York Times in an editorial Nov. 19 called attention to the plight of Filipino veterans. The newspaper said only 1,500 living Filipino veterans and only 1,100 families of men who died in the line of duty have been paid benefits.

### TO BENEFIT P.I.

"There is a strong trend in the United States for private capital to make their investments in the islands," declared Jan Marsman at a press interview. Bankers and financial circles in America

evincing great interest in the Philippines and were very much impressed with the island's great potential possibilities as a profitable field for capital investment.

### PLEA FOR AID

President Roxas' opening address at the ECAFE conference in Baguio Nov. 24 urging the "have" nations not to forget Asia's needs in their rush to help Europe found sympathetic echo from the Republican party in Washington. Leaders of the Republican party assailed President Truman for his failure to include China and other Asiatic countries in his plans for restoring the world to economic health.

### LOOTED TREASURE

Millions of pesos in silver coin owned by the Philippine government are being looted from the bay near Corregidor by a well organized gang of looters who are reported diving for and salvaging treasure illegally. About P17,000,000 in Philippine silver coins were dumped by the government in the bay in 1942 when the fall of Corregidor became imminent. It is estimated that looters average P15,000 on salvaged coins every night when they operate.

### REJECTED PLEA

The Court of Industrial Relations recently turned down the reconsideration motion of laborers of the Manila Trading and Supply Co. for wage increase. The three judges stood pat in the pre-

vious decision of pegging the minimum wage of laborers to P6.40 a day. High cost of labor will undermine government effort to attract foreign capital to the Philippines under the parity amendment the Court declared.

### ECAFE

With eleven nations and eight dependencies participating, the ECAFE (Economic Commission on Asia and the Far East) conference opened promptly at three o'clock Nov. 24 in the Mansion House Baguio City. President Roxas made a strongly pro-Asiatic appeal which delegates of the Far Eastern countries unanimously lauded as "statemanlike and realistic." Said the President: "The peoples of Asia and the Far East are not beggars waiting at the doors of wealthy powers. All they seek is equal opportunity to work out their own destiny."

### SHUT DOWN?

Faced by the problem of being unable to redeem the P30,000,000 bonded indebtedness of the Manila Railroad Company and to meet the company's huge annual operational losses, the government may be forced to shut down the government-operated railway system. Budget Commissioner Pedrosa pointed out that the Philippine government is in no financial position to even consider the redemption of the railroad bonds which are in the hands of English bondholders.

**RALLY O.K.**

In a resolution promulgated Nov. 21 the Supreme Court ordered Mayor Fugoso to issue a permit to the opposition party to hold a public meeting on Plaza Miranda. The resolution ended the case against Mayor Fugoso who refused to grant permit to the oppositionists for an "indignation rally" in protest against alleged frauds committed by the Liberal Party in the last elections.

**ELECTION RETURNS**

In what was termed as the bloodiest election ever held in the Philippines in which more than four million voters exercised their rights, the following senatorial candidates up to press time have garnered the highest votes:

1. TANADA, L. ....	1,577,421
2. MADRIGAL, L. ....	1,570,120
3. PECSON, L. ....	1,567,037
4. TIRONA, L. ....	1,559,272
5. LOPEZ, L. ....	1,552,095
6. OSIAS, N. ....	1,516,008
7. DAVID, L. ....	1,489,883
8. TAN, L. ....	1,483,710

**VIRGIN EMBLANES TO P.I.**

The image of the miraculous virgin, Our Lady of Fatima, which was offered by the Bishop of Leira, Portugal, arrived Nov. 15 on a PAL plane from Europe. It was received at the airport by ecclesiastical and lay Catholics, including student delegations from Catholic colleges. A decorated limousine bore the image in a colorful motorcade from Makati

airport to San Beda, where His Excellency Mons. Piani received it in a simple ceremony. The "Pilgrim Virgin" will remain in the San Beda Chapel.

**INTERNATIONAL FRONT****ROYAL WEDDING**

Before the assembled royalty of Europe and the great and small of the British Empire, Princess Elizabeth, heiress to the throne of England, was united in wedlock to Philip Mountbatten, Duke of Edinburgh, in the 900-year-old Westminster Abbey last Nov. 20. Among the million people that thronged the occasion more than 2,500 persons fainted and at least 37 landed in hospitals with fractured legs. In their little honeymoon suite that night Britain's most loved lovers sat down as millions of other Britons to three simple courses.

**AMITY PACT**

The Constituent assembly unanimously approved last Nov. 21 the Italian-Philippines treaty of friendship, navigation and general relations signed July 9. In a message to Vice President Quirino, Foreign Minister Carlo Eforza expressed hope for "increasing and fruitful relations between our two democracies."

**FOILED**

The Soviet legation in Stockholm recently made an unsuccessful attempt to censor a Swedish radio program presenting a 40 minute



view on the Soviet revolution. The Soviet delegation asked to delete some positive and negative descriptions of Soviet developments such as: "The Soviet Union is trying to force communist dictatorship upon neighboring countries and this action is carried out with the same brutality as Hitler and his SS troops and Gestapo agents used."

### SURVIVORS

Of a total of 25,437 Jews living in Belgium and deported to the Nazi concentration camps during the war, only 1,276 survived. This is revealed by the Belgian war crimes commission in a report establishing the Nazis' five-point plan for the extermination of Jews. The plan which was carried out ruthlessly were: 1. Concentration and isolating Jews; 2. Confiscation of their property; 3. Deportation. 4. Forced labor till death ensued; 5. Cremation.

### CHINA POLLS

China's first national elections started Nov. 21 with neither the dominant Kuomintang nor any other party or political groups satisfied with the advance arrangements for the selection of the new national assembly. With Kuomintang, the only organized political force participating in the election, most Chinese are showing apathy toward the Nanking national assembly which on December 25

must inaugurate the new constitution with the election of the first constitutional president.

### "DRASTIC MEASURES"

President Truman personally appeared in Congress Nov. 18 to present his 10-point program which he called "Drastic measures" to halt the tide of rising prices. He asked Congress to restore authority for rationing important consumer goods and imposing wage ceilings once more. Among his ten points are: "Extend and strengthen rent control; Authorize consumer rationing on products in short supply which basically effect the cost of living."

### A SEAT

The United Nations general assembly elected last Nov. 14, the Philippines to a seat on the Trusteeship Council, one of the three high councils of that international body. The Philippine and Costa Rica, second ranking country in the voting, will seat their delegates January 1, 1948 for three-year terms.

### NAVYWOMEN

Women were for the first time in history invited last Nov. 15 to join the peacetime British Navy. The Admiralty announced that an estimated 10,000 women who served in the Royal Navy during the war and had good record would be eligible to join the women's naval reserve.



## From the Bookshelves: XIV.

### Book Reviews by Evelyn Vallejo

*Keeper of the Keys*  
by Thomas McDermott

The great man stood stiffly on the top of the hill, his plump hand grasping a small telescope. His wide brow furrowed for some moments, —and the group of other men who were at a respectful distance from him dared not move a muscle. Then with a quick movement the solitary figure beckoned to one of the group. A few words were spoken and the man just called was soon on his horse, riding off at breakneck speed to some other part of the serene countryside.

The smiling landscape, blest with the sunshine from a clear blue sky now, was not to be silently serene for long. In a little valley to the right, dense masses of horsemen began to appear; further on, another multitude, on foot, began to advance. From a nearby wood an uneasy restlessness agitated the air — then with a sudden spewing of smoke and fire the roar of guns shattered the stillness. The battle was on. The very vault of the

sky shook with the deep reverberations and soon through the din, the piercing shouts, the piteous cries, the anguished screams as the green fields began to taste the salt of human blood. All these because a man gave the word. And his name was Bonaparte.

Some hundreds of miles away, another solitary man knelt and prayed that there be peace. Ineffectual words to be sure. He was but an old man without a sword, or a musket or a single piece of artillery. Some books record him only as the seventh Pius.

Another great man in another land stood on a raised platform his hand upraised in a commanding gesture his face set in grim determination. Before him marched large crowds in serried ranks. Behind them rolled mighty engines, row on row, the ground trembling with their ponderous weight; while from above came the steady drone of thousands of winged warriors. One flick of the solitary man's hand and all these forces would descend with des-

tructive fury on some unsuspecting cities. A mighty man this-respected by the nations of the world. And the multitudes named him their Fuehrer.

To the south, beyond snow-capped mountains, in some quiet room, another man, a thin old man, clasped his hands in earnest prayer for peace. Useless movements, of course. He was nobody, just a man born Eugenio Pacelli.

So it is with most of us today and tomorrow. We bend our greatest efforts, concentrate our faculties to the forming of sleek bombers. We sweat weary hours that we may mold hulking armored cars. We thrill to the soaring majesty of a warship's superstructure. Why not? These are the things that men respect. These are the things that guaranty results. These will get the lands that we covet, the workers that would enslave.

And what of the spirit? What of brotherly love, what of kindness, charity, humility? These are intangibles of no practical value today. That is why the book that we started out to review will not be liked much. As a matter of fact, once the jacket with the profile of Pius XII is seen, only a few will feel equal to reading a few pages through. Considering the above mentioned reasoning of the modern world, this is but logical. Who cares, really, to read

about an inconsequential man who was ignored by these masters of blood and iron. Why should we waste time on his vain attempts to influence the illustrious leaders? Does his solemn benediction compare with the crushing impact of a battleship's broadside? Does any of his quotations from a hoary book stay the annihilating heat of nuclear fission? Really now, these venerable old men have no place in the present scheme of things.

And yet.

Napoleon is long gone. His empire has crumbled to nothingness with the rust of his cannon. Hitler too is gone and his conquests have disappeared with the exhaust fumes of his Luftwaffe. Many things have vanished from the time of Caesar's eagles, to the splendors of Charlemagne, to the velvet of the Hapsburgs,—through Lepanto, Trafalgar and Versailles, to Leyte Gulf, — but the chair of Peter still stands. And one has a persistent, sneaking suspicion that long after the mechanized armies shall have ceased to roll, long after the airforces shall have ceased to fly, the dreaded navies sunk to the ocean bed — there will still be one solitary old man kneeling and praying for humanity.

How will this succession of old men weather the coming storms?

Modern materialists do not know. And neither do they understand how these men of Rome have weathered the past storms. How have they survived the threat of the barbaric hordes of Genghis Khan? How have these all too feeble men fared before the slashing scimitars of Islam? "Keeper of the Keys" tries to give a hint of the eternal power that is the pope's. But we can only read, — and hope to understand.

## READINGS FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER

### THE GRACE OF GUADALUPE

by Frances Parkinson Keyes

The Virgin of Guadalupe has been revered and beloved in Mexico for over four centuries and for almost as long as that throughout the central and southern parts of this hemisphere. But lack of literature, written in English, on this subject, has hitherto deprived many devout and cultured persons of familiarity with the miracle of Tepeyac and its farflung consequences.

It was to overcome this lack that Frances Parkinson Keyes was persuaded to spend last summer in Mexico; and the result of her research, her conferences and her creative labors is a reverent, moving and enlightened presentation of an ancient and beautiful story.

185 pages—\$5.00

## THE ART OF HAPPY MARRIAGE

by James A. Magner

With determined frankness, Father James A. Magner has written a common-sense, comprehensive, modern book on how to make marriage a success, how to realize love's fullness and truth which lie in that combination of heart and mind that distinguishes Christian personality and in that spirit of service that makes sacrifice a joy.

The author is quick to point out that more than proper sex instructions and sexual attraction are necessary to preparation for marriage. Good human qualities, common sense, and determination must be there to hold a beautiful, romantic union together.

273 pages—\$5.50

## SO! YOU WANT TO GET MARRIED!

by Dorothy Fremont Grant

Mrs. Grant realistically deals with actual problems in an honest, clear, outspoken way. She calls things by their right name, discussing them at length. She is frank on intimate matters of married life but handles them naturally in a way that cannot be misunderstood.

131 pages—\$5.00

# From the Managing Editor's Desk—



## ELECTION PROMISES

Elections have come and gone. Exhausted by the trying performance of a public duty, the electors of the Philippines will probably sit back for the next three years and let the country go to the dogs along with the politicians who have been acclaimed as the "people's choice." In doing this, they will be conforming with the widespread — and tragic — notion that once a vote is cast, a public duty has been conformed with and the time to sink back into uneasy slumber has come.

This, obviously is a mistake.

It is a presumption — disputable, it is true, but still a presumption — that each elected official is qualified to hold public office. But qualification entails definite principles, definite ideas, definite plans, necessarily aired in public before spectators gathered to watch the political menagerie. It is because of this that so-called "election promises" highlight every gathering of a political nature.

But now that the elections are over, what is Juan de la Cruz going to do about all these fine promises made by earnest statesmen and sanctimonious politicians alike? Is he going to forget all about them? Will he merely twiddle his thumbs and wait for the 1950 polls before doing anything about their fulfillment or non-fulfillment? If he does that, he will be nothing but a fool — no more and no less. He will also be acting exactly as unscrupulous politicians would want him to act.

The main trouble with Juan de la Cruz is that he does not realize the fact that he is lord and master of his own country. He suffers very definitely from the delusion that the politicians own the country and are entitled — if they so wish — to throw scraps from their dinner table to Juan "Lazarus" de la Cruz. We say "if they wish" advisedly, because most successful candidates can conveniently choose to forget all the electoral promises they have made and — in most cases — get away

with it.

To Juan de la Cruz, we therefore issue this warning! Watch your officials; see that they perform their duties with aims other than those arising from selfish interests. Remember that the tongue is quicker than the eye.

#### MARIAE LEGIONEM SALUTAMUS

Among all the mult farious phases of the national celebration that marked the Golden Sacerdotal Jubilee of His grace, Archbishop Michael J. O'Doherty, the First National Congress of the Legion of Mary was, in our opinion, the most impressive of them all. It was also, to our way of thinking, the most impressive answer that might have been given to its detractors, if any.

During the three-day rites that marked this confab, thousands of Legionaries gathered in Manila from all parts of the Philippines. Legionaries from Luzon rubbed shoulders with those from the Visayas and, watching them we had the feeling that here was one of the greatest manifestations of the Christian brotherhood that

has been advocated by the Catholic Church from the very beginning of Christianity.

The Legion of Mary has indeed done well. Starting from scratch in 1940, when the first praesidium was established in the Hospicio de San Jose, it has developed to such an extent that it now can count on a membership of well over 4,000 active members and almost 29,000 auxiliaries. They can be found all over the Philippines. If you wish to contact one of them, you need not seek out the parish priest; just go to the nearest slums and make your inquiries there; they will tell you where you can find a Legionary. This, in itself, is an eloquent tribute to the work which has been done and is still being done by the Legion of Mary in the Philippines.

To the Legion therefore, as it ends its First National Congress, we doff our hats in fond tribute and make the earnest wish that its members go on striving for the higher things in life.

—Antonio R. de Joya

#### DOUBLE ENTENDRE

He always preached with his hands on his stomach. One day he was telling the people about his plans for the upper church, his hands in the usual position, he said, "This edifice will rise to even greater proportions."

.....

Charles Lamb was giving a talk at a mixed gathering and someone in the crowd hissed. A deep silence followed. Finally Lamb calmly said, "There are only three things that hiss: a goose, a snake, and a fool. Come forth and be identified."



*Pasay, Rizal*  
November 5, 1947

Mr. Editor,

Although you are not conducting a section of thanksgiving on favors received, I would like to request you to publish this letter. I asked a favor from St. Joseph and I promised him that I would have a letter of thanksgiving published if he granted me that favor, and the next day he immediately granted me my request.

Allow me to congratulate you for the interesting and educational articles which you publish in your magazine. Every issue of "The Cross" is becoming better and better.

Sincerely yours,

Z. Bagabaldo

Ed. We are only too glad to publish your letter. Thanks.

GONE, BUT—

Dear Editor,

The authors and readers of "The Truth About Sta. Filomena" might be interested to know that Filomena's remains have finally been re-interred. The Filome-

na cult however still goes on. Reason is the irresponsible racketeers have replaced the corpse with a mold.

Sincerely,  
Lucy Talag

Ed. Shame on 'em!

FOR FILOMENA'S SAKE!!!

Dear Sir:

I read your article on Filomena and was glad to get definite information about the matter.

For my part, I have recently come across something that has a bearing on the case. A man goes around selling statues of her. His usual sales talk is: "If you don't get the statue, something evil will befall you." The statue costs P30. When the prospect demurs a companion of the salesman offers to pay half of it. The prospect pays P15 in advance and the matter ends. The statue is sold for P15.

Sincerely yours,  
Macario Abueg

Ed. Let our readers beware of these supersalesmen!

## PLAGIARISM?

Nov. 20, 1947

Dear Ed:

The article, "Week-End Suicide", which appeared in the November issue of *The Cross* was very interesting. In fact, it was so interesting it reminded me of an article which appeared on page 3 of *Coronet* last July.

I was struck by the similarity not of the style but rather of the substance, of the two articles. Can it be possible that somebody lifted somebody else's work?

I hope I'm wrong.

Yours for a better  
Catholic Magazine  
Rodolfo J. Francisco

Ed. Any similarity between the two articles is purely coincidental.

---

DISAPPOINTED!!!

Catholic Rectory  
Zamboanga City  
Nov. 21, 1947

Dear Sir:

The *Cross* certainly is what it claims to be: interesting, informative, concise. For this the *Cross* has become one of my favorite monthlies. Why shouldn't others find what I found in the *Cross*? Perhaps they do not even know that such a magazine exists. Really?

About 200 4th and 3rd yr. high school girls at a Catholic school were attending my lecture which happened to be on Purgatory. "Did you read about that fake "santa filomena" in the November issue of the *Cross*?" — "Yes, we heard something about such a thing from another magazine, but not from the *Cross*. And by the way what is that magazine, *The Cross*?" — It seems that no one has seen a copy of the *Cross*, not even one out of the two hundred Catholic high school students and students of a rather large Catholic school at that. I WAS DISAPPOINTED!

Either we do not know how to appreciate our own good points; or we do not know how to "sell" them to others; or our own will not cooperate and "buy" them. However I must say that I failed to see in the *Cross* any attempt to get more subscribers. Please do not tell me that the *Cross* is not worthwhile having wider and wider circulation. ANOTHER DISAPPOINTMENT FOR ME?

Sincerely yours,

(Rev.) E. G. Salvador, S.J.

---

Ed. We have made several attempts to get more subscribers. We have sent circulars to parish priests and Catholic schools and are glad to say that thru their cooperation we have kept up our publication to the present.