

THE CROSS

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NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY



"Whom does he think he's fooling?"

February, 1951
40 centavos



"I'll tell the Cross..."

PASS IT ON

Tuguegarao, Cagayan

Sir:

It is now sometime since I started reading the catholic magazine "The Cross". And I think I can say that whenever I take it up to read, I always feel a keen satisfaction and holy inspiration. At times when the articles are specially good, I catch myself saying something like this: "At long last we now have a locally edited magazine that is able to set forth in good popular form the beautiful truths of our Holy Faith." Naturally enough, as a Catholic, I am happy and proud of the achievement of "The Cross". And the way I feel about it is, it is too good to be kept only for the readers themselves. They should strive to pass it on to others.

For my part in sharing "The Cross" to others, I am enclosing a money order of twenty pesos for five one year subscriptions. You can start sending the copies with the month of January to the addresses given below. Thank you.

May the Christ Child bless "The Cross", its staff and readers.

Respectfully yours,

A. S. Luzo

Ed. Amen.—Pass it on then, shall we? All of us.

MORE ENCOURAGEMENT

Manila

Sir:

I was once upon a time a reader of our National Catholic monthly, The Cross, and am still one of those who eagerly devour it today. The work you have done from the very start up to the present is magnificent. You have carried Catholic literature in the Philippines at high level, making it shine over the so-called "Basura" publications which are really causing moral and spiritual harm to the people...

(Turn to page 62)

An Editorial



PRESIDENT QUIRINO ON MASONRY

Our esteemed President of the Philippines has seen fit to eulogize the Masons in a speech delivered before the four-day annual meeting of the Supreme Council of Scottish Rite Freemasonry.

Obviously, we cannot agree with this eulogy. Is it perhaps that the speech was prepared by some ill-informed Malacañan underling and merely read by the President in a thoughtless moment?

We could point to many mistakes, but one will suffice for the present. Mr. Quirino stated:

"The ideals and principles that you (Masons) uphold are in their essence the ideals and principles of democracy. They are ideals and principles we must uphold if the Philippines is to remain a democracy."

Such is far from the truth. Masons are not democratic. They are positively anti-democratic and discriminating in their membership policy. For proof, we merely repeat from a quotation published in *The Cross*, June 1950 issue:

"In the February, 1950 issue of *The NEW AGE*, official organ of the Supreme Council 33 Degree A. & A. Scottish Rite Freemasonry S. J. U. S. A., published at 1735 sixteenth street N. W., Washington, D.C., the leading editorial entitled "SEGREGATION", proclaims the superiority of the white race and the necessity of segregation between the different races.

"We should not have put much weight in this editorial were it not for the astounding facts that 1) it was written by no other than John H. Cowles, Sovereign Grand Commander of the 33rd degree of Free Masonry and 2) in an official "Grand Commander's Message" to all his brother Masons throughout the world.

"The Grand Commander writes as follows:

"My opinion is that human blood, which is different from animal blood, does not imply oneness of the races. God made

skins of various colors — white, black, brown, yellow, and He placed them in various parts of this planets, as the verse quoted above from the Acts points out. It seems to me that, if God wanted all the races to be equal, He would have made them that way.

'Today we find various races wanting to assimilate with the white race, but experience shows that, whenever opposite racial strains intermarry, the resulting offspring does not inherit the best in each race, but rather produces the worst elements in each racial strain.'

"And more in the same strength."

Note again that this quotation was taken from the NEW AGE which is the modern bible of the 33rd degree Masons of the Scottish Rite Freemasonry.

Definitely, the Masons are not democratic; they are a conceited bunch of snobs.

THOUGHT FOR CATHOLIC PRESS MONTH

One field of education that has been sadly neglected in our Catholic schools is Journalism. Catholic schools have indeed put out school papers or class journals, but beyond these, nothing has been done to train their staff members for vocations in journalism.

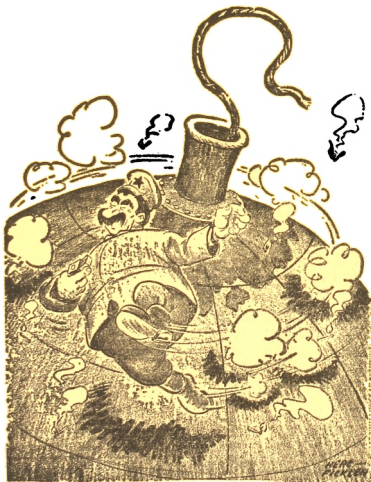
Yet Journalism with its allied arts of radio, movies and drama deserves special attention. It is a key agency of communication. The Christopher movement lists journalism as one of five key fields. Any one who reads the secular papers cannot fail to appreciate the amount of influence they exercise on our people.

It is to be deplored that, while secular schools have shown great interest in developing their journalism department, Catholic schools have been sadly indifferent. And this is one reason why we have not in this Catholic country a powerful Catholic press.

Journalism is not just another avenue of employment. It is a vital phase of our Philippine democratic life. Catholic schools cannot afford to neglect it, especially today when our people show every sign of waking to their democratic rights. Catholic schools have an obligation to give their students a chance to look into journalism.

It may not be a bad idea, during this Catholic Press month of February, to take definite steps toward developing this particular phase of Catholic education.

"THE PYROMANIAC"



Cover & editorial cartoon — courtesy of Cincinnati Enquirer & Dallas Morning News (USIS)

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IS JUAN DE LA CRUZ A LAZY FELLOW?

We have read with interest the recommendation of the Bell Mission and other interested experts and friends from home and abroad, who try to

analyze the reason for the economic ills of the Philippines.

We notice that they mention

1. Graft and corruption;
2. lack of common sense in economic planning;
3. inefficient production and antiquated methods;
4. waste of money on useless government corporations and so forth and so on.

However, we wonder if they are too unobservant or possibly too polite to mention what seems to us to be a most important and radical defect — that which Dr. Rizal called "the indolence of the Indio" — and which we fear is still widespread amongst us.

With our own eyes we have seen so many instances of this that at times we are disheartened—

The other day we visited a laudable help-the-poor-to-help-themselves project which some good Catholic men had started, a home industry project centering around a little clubroom.

These Catholic men, with complete unselfishness, were using their own money to buy the raw material and equipment, paid for an instructor, arranged for the sale of the finished product.

Only one thing was lacking — the will to work on the part of the poor people themselves.

On the morning we visited the center, four women and girls were working. But just outside the door about forty boys and young men were playing ping-pong, basketball, checkers or just loafing.

Invited to work and earn some money for themselves, they just smiled and went on — doing nothing.

The Catholic men running this little enterprise are not making one

centavo of profit. Rather they are losing money — but willingly, in their desire to help the poor to help themselves.

But apparently the poor are unwilling to be helped.

If our observations are accurate and our conclusion fair, then with our revered hero, Dr. Rizal, let us face this problem frankly and fearlessly. Let us see if we can discover a remedy.

We cannot cure a serious disease if we deny or ignore its existence.

SMALLPOX AND "BASURA-POX"

It is heartening the way local health authorities react to a news of smallpox or influenza epidemic in neighboring countries. Every man

from top to bottom is geared and galvanized into action enough to scare away even smallpox germs.

Every ship coming to port is carefully quarantined for hours; every plane passenger from abroad required to get vaccination; every physician and nurse supplied with quantities of vaccines free of charge, and every smallpox case hastily segregated. And even the papers cooperate in arousing the people to the threat of a disease.

This is all very legitimate, even desirable. We should all see to it that our people are free from physical harm and possible death.

However, when we are confronted with a moral disease, spread by "Basura" publications and filthy shows — a disease that threatens the very souls of our people, especially our youth — we do not get the same kind of action. The Department of Interior, which is charged with the protection of our community from such evil, seems indifferent and tolerant. Our newspapers not only keep mum about this "Basura-pox", but often even succumb to the filth.

Then when our crime wave rises and juvenile delinquency spreads, our government officials and educators get alarmed — little realizing that they have been responsible for the free circulation of the germs — bad shows and literature — of crime and delinquency in our midst.

Doesn't make sense, does it?

THE "BROADENING INFLUENCES" OF PRO- TESTANT MINISTERS

In an editorial on Protestant Ministers and the present day challenge, *Philippine Christian Advance*, Protestant Monthly, made the following remark:

"We are in the midst of a Roman Catholic country. It is the kind of Romanism, which can stand some broadening influences. We are called

therefore to banish from this country narrowness and bigotry, especially in religion."

What these "broadening influences" are may not be hard to guess. First, there is the protestant broadmindedness of keeping away religion from public school children; second, the protestant broadmindedness of liberalizing divorce; third, the recent protestant broadmindedness of birth control, and of course, the very fundamental protestant principle of a broadminded private interpretation of the Word of God.

Remarkable broadmindedness — these protestants have! Reminds you of the man who was so broadminded that his head was flat.

But once upon a time a crowd of Jews challenged a man hanging on the cross to be broadminded enough to come down from the cross — if He were the Son of God. The man hung until he died.

Today the Catholic Church is again challenged from all sides to come down from her otherworldliness to the realism of divorce and birth control and abortion and individual interpretation of morality.

But people who challenge her should know better. That Church would rather see every Filipino smashed by the Atom Bomb than give in one iota to these principles. That is the "narrowmindedness" of Truth — which cannot tolerate the "broadmindedness" of falsehood.

STRICTLY FOR THE RECORD: NBI CHIEF RETRACTS MASONRY

We are publishing the following news item strictly for the record:

"The late Joaquin Pardo de Tavera, styled the Philippines' J. Edgar Hoover, was received

into the Catholic Church and administered the last Sacraments before he died last January 6.

"Pardo de Tavera had been ill for about a year and two weeks ago his condition became serious. Expressing his desire to return to the Catholic Church, which he left when he entered Masonry years ago, the NBI Chief asked for a priest who could speak French because he wanted to make a confession in that language.

"A priest of the Belgian Community in Quezon City, Father Oscar Deltour, was called. Father Deltour heard Tavera's confession and later, another priest of the Belgian Community administered Holy Communion. A Mass was said at the Sta. Teresita church in Quezon city before his remains were interred in the family plot at the Cementerio del Norte.

"The deceased was a Mason of long standing and it was only last year that he received a promotion in Masonry. By renouncing that

society at his deathbed, Tavera joined the ranks of many former masons who chose to die as Catholics."

Many years from now may we be delivered from a new Palma writing the NBI Chief's biography saying, "Pardo de Tavera was an intelligent and conscientious man... it would have been against his conscience and his principles to have retracted Masonry... The document was forged... The Belgian Fathers, like the Jesuits of old, were not trustworthy... and so forth and so on."

And then when our Catholic scholars would prove the Catholic death of Tavera, may we be delivered from a new Bocobo shouting from the rooftops, "With the present attempt of the Roman Catholic elements to create the belief that Tavera died a Roman Catholic, they want to destroy the freedom for which the Philippine Revolution fought, and drive back our people to the Spanish days when the Filipino soul was subdued by Roman Catholic obscurantism and religious dictatorship." Blah, blah, blah, blah.

Amen.

THE HUKS OF THE SIERRA AND ESCOLTA'S HAWKERS

Local dailies, every now and then, carry reports of a "New Drive Against the Huks", or "another major offensive being unleashed against a concentration of armed dissidents"

somewhere in the long, low hills of the Sierra Madre. The "major push" is invariably preceded by "artillery barrage", then followed by "ground action".

And after all the "lights, action, camera", the Huks go on in their rampage... smiling in their lairs.

Does anyone honestly expect these sporadic operations to end the Huk problem?

Right in the very heart of Manila may be found a sad reflection of the same situation. For the last several months, Manila's Finest have been trying to rid Escolta's pedestrian bridge of street hawkers. Up to this very hour, they have succeeded—not!

Every now and then, a surly-burly policeman, who probably got out of the wrong side of the bed, looks at them "with daggers in his eyes", or wields his night stick like some Toscanini scaring away a row of bulls with his baton. And even as the uniformed figure retreats in the distance, the hawkers are back at their posts, smiling at the peace and order of their world.

Have Manila's Finest lost all their guts? Have our law-enforcing

agencies become so chickenhearted that they cannot even enforce a simple law? Or—stop us if we're wrong—have some fallen for the lure of silver coins?

The problem is simple. As long as there is a law against street hawkers, Manila's Finest must enforce it whatever the cost. Peddlers violating the law must go to jail and pay the price. There should be no false mercy about it on the part of Manila's Finest or its government officials.

But if Manila's government officials, including Manila's Finest, choose to be chickenhearted with the "poor peddlers", then let us abolish the law and save the face and dignity of our finest men in Manila.

A PHILIPPINE DIPLOMAT TO THE VATICAN?

It has been reported that after his recent visit to the Holy City, the Bishop of Jaro, Msgr. Jose Ma. Cuenco, strongly urged the appointment of a diplomatic representative to the Vatican.

We gladly support the good Bishop's recommendation. The Vatican is the center of Christendom. It is no exaggeration to say that no other force has worked more for world peace than that smallest state in the world. It is also the center of world information.

When Myron C. Taylor resigned his position as personal representative of the U. S. President to the Pope, Mr. Truman in accepting his resignation wrote:

"The exchanges of views and the association of endeavors which your mission rendered possible have made a fundamental contribution to the unity of moral conviction that today sustains the world's peoples in their unflagging efforts for international peace with freedom and justice and genuine opportunity for progress... The benefits of your work far exceed the bounds of ordinary efforts."

Of Mr. Taylor's mission, Pope Pius XII wrote:

"The fortunate outcome of numberless occurrences which arose both during the course of the war and in the postwar period, the solution of urgent problems, the interchange of important information, the organization of American relief which flowed in such generous streams to alleviate the misery begotten of war, all these would have been well nigh unthinkable and almost impossible, were it not for the designation of a personal representative of the President..."

It is clear that on the part of both Mr. Truman and Pope Pius, there is agreement on the mutual benefits derived even from this informal diplomatic

arrangement. Shouldn't the Philippines learn from this example of a Protestant country?

SILVER LINING

Death has become so common in our days and faith so uncommon that men no longer see its hidden beauty. For there is beauty in death—the beauty of dying in order to live forever. And it takes faith to see that beauty.

During these days of rank materialism when men would destroy faith in the supernatural life of the soul, it is refreshing to find a truly remarkable Catholic spirit around us.

The following letter was written to the members of the Knights of Columbus, Manila Council, by one of its members, Manuel B. Roño, a few days after the death of his own son. It could have been written by any Catholic because it strikes a cord that is familiar to all who pray the "Apostle's Creed" . . . "I believe in the resurrection of the dead and life everlasting. Amen."

"Worthy Brothers of Manila Council No. 1000

"In the name of my family and of my own, I wish to convey, through these lines, our deepest personal appreciation to all of you who consoled with us in the hours of our bereavement. Although the loss of a loved one is beyond man's repairing, your sympathy has nevertheless, brought comfort to our afflicted hearts.

"For us who believe in a country beyond the stars, in life beyond the grave, all is not over with death. Only that which is of dust is sown in corruption and perishes. Indeed, for those who have departed with the fragrance of innocence or resplendent with the fused purity of penance, for them death is not a perennial slumber, but a glorious awakening; not the end, but the beginning of a 'new day'; an arrival not a departure; not a loss but a gain! For, is not 'the falling rain that bears the greenery... the falling acorn that buds the tree'?

"Amidst our sorrows, we wish you all a Blessed and Fruitful New Year. There is such a thing as generosity in the midst of want, goodwill in a world consumed in the fire of hate.

"Again, our heartfelt thanks to all of you."

Manuel B. Roño

It is this spark of love in our hearts that Communists who do not believe in God are trying to blot out from the earth. By a diabolical hate born of hell, they are trying to destroy all that is God. We know they will never succeed. The forces of love are stronger than death.

"It is in giving that we receive..."

The Millionaires Club



ALL THE TIME

1 FOR 8,000

Sir:

The small sum enclosed would have been sent earlier had I not lost track of your column on voluntary contributions for our seminarians. I wish to inform you that I will be always glad to help any time—in any way. Just let me know through the Cross Magazine.

A Child of Mary

Ed. Your help is always welcome. There's so much to be done along this line... every penny counts.

MORE PRIESTS, IF...

San Fernando, Pampanga

Sir:

Enclosed... my contributions to help poor seminarians. I believe we should all help in this cause, if we do not want to lose our Christian principles in this materialistic world, or if we want our Faith to triumph over the hammer and sickle of the Huks.

(Name Withheld)

Manila

Sir:

I've read somewhere that in the Philippines we have 1 priest for every 8,000 Catholics. Thanks be to God, you have started this project to help raise more priests, whom we need, if our Catholic country is going to be thoroughly Catholic. Enclosed...

(Name Withheld)

Ed. Father Clark in his article on the next page says: "It has been estimated that 60 per cent of Filipino Catholics die without the Last Sacraments." Whether or not we shall belong to that 60 per cent—only God knows.. But helping to raise more priests is, we believe, some kind of an insurance that we shall have one by our side in that supreme moment.. It is some kind of an Eternal Life Insurance. Of course, we don't mean to speak dogmatically or something. It's just that God loves a generous giver, don't you think?

So, give, give, give.

From the year 1900 to 1950... a story
of loyalty and undefeat...

The Philippine Church at

AN EXCERPT FROM "THE PHILIPPINE

This is a year of stock taking. Every endeavour that has gone for the last fifty years is pausing to look back in order to better shape the future. The Catholic Church in the Philippines should be no exception. It has much to learn from the past. It has to prepare itself for the future. The following excerpt from the pamphlet *The Philippine Missions* written by Rev. Francis Clark, S. J. gives us a vivid picture of the Philippine Church at Mid-Century.—Ed.

THE EARLY YEARS

THE situation in the Philippines about 1900 was a muddle. Spain was leaving, the United States was taking charge; institutions and customs of 300 years standing were changed overnight. The Philippine Commission supplanted the American Military Government in 1901. Leo XIII, acting for the Church, appointed Archbishop Chappelle of New Orleans as Apostolic Visitor, and he reported to Rome.

There were many thorny problems to settle, the first of which concerned the friar lands.

Aguinaldo's government had attempted to confiscate all the lands of the friars, and a most frequent complaint heard by the early American commissioners was on the same point. Here the Philippines were following 19th Century Europe, where Masonic anti-clerical groups had been claiming Church property. As for the implication that the friars possessed "practically all the land" in the archipelago, one of the wild statements frequently repeated in the American press at that time, it was completely false. Only, fifty years before, in 1842, a Spanish official of long years experience complained that "in Laguna and other provinces there are most fertile fields, abandoned and at the disposal of any one who will take them."

But Taft faced a practical difficulty. On the friar lands lived tenants, one more Spanish system that was commendable in the early days when the missionaries were teaching the people to live together and to farm more scientifically, but which by now was completely antiquated. Not wishing to evict the tenants by force,

Mid-Century

MISSIONS" By Francis X. Clark, S. J.



Taft decided on a plan satisfactory to all — to purchase the lands by a Government bond issue, then re-sell them gradually to the people.

To the Vatican Taft went in person, with Bishop Thomas Gorman of Sioux Falls, Justice James E. Smith, a Catholic member of the early Philippine Commission, and Colonel John Porter of the U.S. Army as interpreters and advisers. In Rome the ground was cleared. Leo XIII appointed Archbishop Guidi to go to the Philippines, where over the next year and a half the problem was settled by government purchase.

During the next few years the Spanish friars gradually left the Islands, and this was the blow from which the Philippines have not yet recovered. In 1898 there were about 1,000 friars. In 1904 there were 250 left; of these, most were in educational work in Manila, others were too old for active duty. About 700 parishes were left without a priest.

In December, 1902, Leo XIII sent his Pontifical Letter *Quee mori sinico* to the Philippine Hierarchy, on the condition of the Church there and

what must be done. After the statement that "... the change in civil matter there has affected religion also; for when the Spanish yoke was removed the patronage of the Spanish kings ceased, and as a result the Church attained to a larger share of liberty, ensuring for everyone rights which are safe and unassailable," he went on to create four new dioceses and to recommend the utmost care for a Filipino clergy: "... the Bishops must make it their care to increase the number of native priests."

Rome likewise saw quickly that American bishops were absolutely necessary. One by one the Spanish bishops resigned; the Apostolic Delegate in Washington, Diomedea Falconio, began to notify American priests that they were now bishops.

Jeremiah J. Harty, Pastor of St. Leo's in St. Louis, was named Archbishop of Manila. Thomas A. Hendrick, of Rochester, became Bishop of Cebu. Frederick C. Rooker, attached to the Legation in Washington, was placed in the diocese of Jaro. And Denis Dougherty, Professor of Theology at Overbrook Seminary, Philo-

delphia, was chosen for the diocese of Nueva Segovia, in northern Luzon.

Bishop Dougherty was consecrated in Rome on June 14, 1903. There he was told: "... your seminary is dismantled. Its students are scattered we know not where, and therefore at the very beginning of your administration, you must take to the Philippine Islands with you, in order to open the seminary, trained priests."

Back in Philadelphia again, he recruited his volunteers: Father James J. Carroll and John B. MacGinley, professors with Bishop Dougherty at Overbrook Seminary, and Fathers Cook, James P. McCloskey and Daniel J. Gercke, engaged in pastoral work.

They reached Manila on October 6, 1903. Bishop Rooker came about the same time, with Archbishop Harty and Bishop Hendrick arriving a month or so later. They were the first group of missionary bishops the American Church had ever sent.

To understand the problem they faced then, and the problems the Church would have to struggle with down the years, even to the present, it is necessary to consider the four main obstacles in detail.

WHAT IS A CATHOLIC COUNTRY?

The first problem was a whole mental attitude, engendered partly by bad history, partly by American Protestants.

Formulated briefly, it ran like this: Spain is now a third rate power, and

Catholic. The U.S. is a great power, and not Catholic.

It was only the shortest of steps to assert that Spain was decadent because Catholic, and America great because not Catholic.

That term "a Catholic country" is a dangerous thing. We can't control it like we can "a Catholic school" or "a Catholic magazine. Actually Spain's government during the last century and a half had been anything but Catholic, when her officials were confiscating Church property, expelling Religious Orders and the like.

Then, though it was false that America was all Protestant, a clever case could be made for it. Just a statement like: "Of course, there has never been a Catholic President or Vice-President," while true, could imply a thousand facts not true.

Over and over again that reasoning was used to win Filipinos to Protestantism or to scientific indifferentism. For example: "Why are you a Catholic? Because you were a subject of old, uneducated Spain, and Spain was Catholic. But now you are a subject of great and educated America; you should follow the religion and mentality of America."

THE AMERICAN PROTESTANTS

What an opportunity the Protestants had!

They above all others could take advantage of the expression: America great because not Catholic. They had money, novelty, man-power, and a powerful ally and argument in the

overwhelming majority of Protestants in the government service.

Their zeal was amazing. They were on the spot in 1899 and 1900, and by July 1902 the Methodists had a press and paper in Manila, the Baptists the same in Jaro. In Dumaguete the Presbyterians had a school, Silliman Institute, which, they said, "... gives promise of great usefulness." The British and Foreign Bible Society, together with the American Bible Society, worked on translations of the New Testament into the various dialects; by 1901 they had distributed the total of 141,212 bibles.

Skillfully, too, they profited from mistakes in previous missions elsewhere. On April 24-26, 1901, the Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodist Episcopal, United Brethren Churches, the Christian Missionary Alliance, the Y.M.C.A. American Bible Society, British and Foreign Bible Society united to form The Evangelical Union. "The idea of the use of a common name is that Catholics will recognize all Protestants as one great force."

They then passed their resolution regarding the division of territory:

WHEREAS the evangelization of these people will be more speedily accomplished by a division of the territory, thus avoiding the waste of labor, time and money arising from the occupation of the same districts by more than one society, which has marred the work in other and older fields, Therefore BE IT RESOLVED... that each

accept responsibility for well defined areas...

All this, note, some eighteen months before the American bishops arrived.

AND THEN A SCHISM

While the Protestants were attacking from without, a still more serious threat arose from within — a schismatical church, *La Iglesia Filipina Independiente*.

Gregorio Aglipay, from Ilocos Norte province, was a regularly ordained priest of the Catholic Church. Disappointed in his dealings with Archbishop Nozaleda of Manila, discontented with Spanish rule in the Church, he broke away from the "Spanish" church to form a "Filipino" church.

He made his whole appeal on a nationalistic basis. His church was to be the same as before, only for Filipinos and run by Filipinos. Many people were deceived, for at the beginning, at least, he outwardly maintained all details of the Mass, processions, etc.

Aided by a clever layman, Isabelo de los Reyes, and unfortunately abetted by the help of about fifteen priests who joined forces with Aglipay, the movement spread like a fire. Within a few years they had about 1,000,000 members, though they themselves claimed 3,000,000. Aglipay himself became the *Obispo Maximiano*, or the Supreme Bishop.

One of the first moves in many towns was to take possession of the

Catholic Church. For the church, they argued, had been built by the people of the town and belonged to them. Consequently, if they wished to change their religion now, they could use the church as they saw fit. So though in most Philippine towns there stood a Catholic church without a priest, in these Aglipayan towns there was neither church nor priest.

Aglipayanism, once separated from Rome, was doomed to die eventually. But "eventually" can be a long time, as many schisms have proven.

THE CHURCH LOSES YOUTH

But probably the hardest blow of all was in the field of education.

The American Government set down clearly that there were going to be schools for everyone and that they were not going to teach religion. They would be modeled on the Public School system of the United States.

Within a few short years, schools were beginning all over the Islands. In 1904 over 800 Americans were there teaching, the great majority of them Protestants.

Just as dangerous, in a more quiet way, was the government system of *pensionados*, or scholarship students to the United States. Each year the government would select some outstanding students, then send them to the United States for college or university work. Upon their return to the Philippines, they were to be the leaders in improving social, educational and scientific conditions. The future of the Islands would be in their hands.

In itself, the plan was commendable. Yet, on the usual plea of "separation of Church and State," the more forceful now because of experiences with Spain, the strong Masonic and Protestant influence eliminated Catholic universities; off went the top Filipino Catholic young men and women to the non-Catholic universities of America. Anyone could see that within a few years the leaders of the Islands were going to be anything but Catholic in thought.

The Church was on its way to losing youth.

WHEN THINGS LOOKED BLACK

It was a dark hour.

Countless parishes had no priest. The war had damaged many churches. With Spanish state financial support gone, for the first time the people had to support their own Church; yet for 300 years they had scarcely heard of this commandment of the Church. Protestants were in their first zeal, with more men and money in the offing. Aglipayanism was a fire; any false step might make it a raging blaze that would sweep the country. The educational future was frightening.

As Taft told the Faculty and students of the University of Notre Dame on October 5, 1904:

The condition of the Roman Catholic Church after the treaty of peace between Spain and the United States was a critical one; and while it has somewhat improved, there still remains

much to be desired before it can assume its proper sphere of usefulness... The truth is that the Church has been placed under the necessity of preparing a new priesthood and of establishing the old Church on a new foundation..."

Or as another writer familiar with the situation, the non-Catholic James A. LeRoy, expressed it:

"For Rome to regain there her prestige will require heroic measures."

THE HARD YEARS

If America could or would have sent some 700 priests to replace the 700 or 800 Spanish priests who had left, the Church in the Philippines would have been back to normal within a few years. If even fifty would have gone, with others to follow gradually, they could have checked the growing dangers.

Yet it is pathetic to count the number of American priests in the Philippines during the first twenty years. With Bishop Dougherty had gone the first heroic group. Several American Augustinians, Dominicans and Jesuits were there from about 1904. That was a start, at least. As the years passed, however, some died, others broke in health.

In 1912 there were eight American priests. In 1919 there were four. In 1920 there were two!

It made a sorry contrast with the thousands of other Americans who had been or were in the Philippines,

making it the most up to date nation in the Orient. American genius and industry were doing a magnificent job. American doctors wiped out cholera and smallpox, segregated lepers, and began the largest leper colony in the world on the island of Culion. American engineers built roads, including the famous zig-zag highway to the mountain resort of Boguio, dredged harbors, reclaimed land to beautify the Manila waterfront. Through it all, the Church somehow seemed "behind the times."

The Protestants were active. In Manila they had four inexpensive dormitories for out of town students. Striving to counteract their influence, Archbishop Harty struggled to build a Catholic dormitory. Appeals to America for funds netted little; after four years it had to close.

Yet in 1913 one Protestant group could describe their work like this:

Meanwhile the dormitories have been overcrowded and land has been purchased a block away for a new girls' school, \$17,000 of the necessary \$20,000 being already appropriated toward the new concrete building.

Cebu station is now enjoying the rare sensation of erecting five buildings in one year—two residences, two dormitories and a church — all of reinforced concrete. The net cost of land and buildings when complete will be \$35,500.

Then, speaking of the effect of their school, Silliman Institute, they

state that "a politician recently remarked that in ten years Silliman can name every office holder in Oriental Negros."

Finally, though many American government officials were outstanding men, a number of others were bitter Masons and Protestants, whom Filipinos had to emulate to advance. Few could be practical Catholics in that framework.

BUT LITTLE BY LITTLE

Despite these depressing angles the situation little by little grew better. Missionaries had come from Europe: the Belgian Missionaries from Scheut, the Divine Word Missionaries from Germany, and the Mill Hill Fathers from England. Then, among others, came the Irish and Australian Redemptorists, who did wonderful work in giving missions to the people in their own dialects throughout the Visayan Islands. In 1911 the Christian Brothers opened De la Salle College, the first run completely by English speaking Catholics. Then in 1921 American Jesuits of the Eastern Provinces replaced the Spanish Jesuits; four years later there were fifty American Jesuits there.

During all these years of slow growth missionary nuns, so essential to modern missions, came into the field. But once again European congregations supplied the great majority. About 1907 the Belgian Missionary Canonesses of St. Augustine established their first mission in Nueva Segovia; by 1941 they had

twenty houses and 202 Sisters in the Philippines. Gradually a few other European congregations arrived to dedicate themselves to school and hospital work.

Four congregations with American Sisters came to the Philippines: Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, the Good Shepherd Sisters, the Holy Ghost Sisters and the Maryknoll Sisters, of whom the Maryknolls were the most numerous. When the war broke in 1941 there were about sixty Maryknoll Sisters on Luzon, some in St. Paul's Hospital, Manila, others teaching. All these American Sisters have done magnificent work; the one sorrow is that more American groups have not been able to join them in a field where they are so needed and so welcome.

Little by little, too, Aglipayanism declined. It had begun as a wild reaction to exaggerated grievances. Like Protestantism in the 16th Century, it soon had little to protest against and, although violently annoying, it began to fall apart. In 1908 the Supreme Court ruled Aglipayans had to return the Catholic churches they had usurped. Throughout the years the Catholic Church followed a "non-recognition" policy, disregarding the Aglipayans as much as possible. It worked.

Protestantism, too, for all its power, was far less hopeful than in the early years. Filipinos become Protestant almost invariably for material advantages, and it is a magnificent tribute to the faith and loyalty of the

Filipino Catholics that with all the inducements, relatively so few have yielded to the temptation.

CRISIS PASSED, BUT CONDITION STILL SERIOUS

With all the difficulties, in 1926 Archbishop O'Doherty of Manila could write: "Trust in Divine Providence, however, should make us look upward for encouragement. The crisis is passed."

During the years from 1926 to 1937 the growth was quietly steady. In eleven years five new Dioceses and two Prefectures.

The Catholic Press, for instance, began to assert itself. In 1934 a group of capable college graduates began to edit *The Philippine Commonwealth*. After many hard days, it won well merited support and became a forceful, fighting weekly. The Society of the Divine Word conducted a bookshop in Manila that did much to stimulate Catholic reading. And the annual Catholic Literature Exposition, which followed a little later, grew to an impressive exhibit that widely diffused Catholic books in English.

As for the Filipino clergy, slowly a new generation of Filipino priests was arising. Some of them today are bishops. But it was exacting work. In 1926, after twenty-eight years of American rule, in the Archdiocese of Manila there was one priest ordained, and that in an archdiocese of about 200 parishes. So much had to be broken down, so much had to be

built up, before vocations could even begin in a normal stream.

THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

The days of the Eucharistic Congress, February 3-7, 1937, were a perpetual wander. For the Eucharist, the Sacrament of Unity, gathered all things into one.

Forgotten now, for instance, were the wars of only forty years ago, when Filipinos and Spaniards fought, and Spaniards and Americans, and Americans and Filipinos. Three nationalities joined now with one Intention, and in every function and program they took equal part.

It also gathered people together from all over the world, with the Orient for the first time contributing a substantial share. For this International Eucharistic Congress was the 33rd and the 1st; the 33rd of the series and the 1st Mission Eucharistic Congress. The setting, the theme, the Mission Exposition, the official hymn, the official seal — all bespoke the missionary dream of the Church and the providential place of the Philippines in that dream and scheme.

Finally, the last night of the Congress gathered together all Philippine history. The procession passed the monument to Legaspi and Urdaneta; it passed the monument to Rizal. It followed Dewey Boulevard along the shores of Manila Bay. Then, from that great altar, Cardinal Dougherty, the "Missionary Bishop", returned as Apostolic Legate, gave Benediction to almost a million people looking out

toward Corregidor and Bataan, little mindful of the tragedies to come.

Rising from their knees after that precious blessing, facing out toward China and the whole Orient around it, they sang the official hymn, an invitation to all those nations:

Venid, pueblos del Oriente
Naciones todas, venid;
Y en abrazo de fe ardiente
A Dios hostia bendecid.
Come, peoples of the Orient,
All Nations, come;
And in the embrace of ardent faith
Praise the Host that is God.

"THE POPE OF THE MISSIONS" AND THE PHILIPPINES

One of the last official letters of Pius XI, "The Pope Of The Missions," was sent to the Philippine Islands. It was dated January 18, 1939; he died on February 10.

Recalling the Eucharistic Congress, he repeated the constant hope for the Philippines:

Then, indeed, we realized clearly how great and beneficent might be the mission of this dear people, destined, so long as it keeps alive and active that Faith which it has preserved for four centuries, to become a center from which the light of truth will radiate, and to be, as it were, an advance guard of Catholicism in the Far East, a great part of which is disquieted and still plunged in the darkness of religious error.

Then, after a pointed explanation

of what a program of Catholic Action should be, he ends on that same hopeful note:

In this way your noble and beloved nation will be enabled to fulfill its providential mission through the living faith of its sons. Its children, "receiving the word of the Lord... with the joy of the Holy Spirit," will be a pattern to all that believe, and from each of your islands the seed of supernatural life, the word of God, will spread to all the countries of the Far East: A vobis diffamatus est sermo Dei... in omni loco (Thesa. 1: 6-8).

FROM THE CONGRESS TO THE WAR (1937-1941)

After the Congress things moved along in the slow but steady growth which had characterized earlier years.

One of the main intentions of the Eucharistic Congress had been "for many holy priests." God began to answer the prayers. In 1939 and 1940 an exceptional group entered the seminaries and novitiates; the heroism of some reads like the lives of the saints. Several young men, refused permission by their parents and told to forget the whole idea, did so until their twenty-first birthday, when they left a note in the house and walked off to the novitiate; there they remained steadfastly despite all inducements of parents and friends. Among the Catholics there was growing a "fighting faith."

Then more missionary congrega-

tions entered the field. The Society of Foreign Missions of Quebec took over the missions of Davao, the American Oblates of Mary Immaculate entered into the work of Cotabato and Jolo, the Columban Fathers extended their fruitful apostolate from Luzon to Mindanao, four more Maryknoll Fathers arrived, to carry on "Catholic Action projects" in the diocese of Cebu, and Franciscan missionaries of Mary began nursing and educational work in Mindanao. For the first time the Philippines began to have just a smattering of the priestly and religious help it needs.

THE JAPANESE COME

On December 8, 1941, the Philippines heard that the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor. It sounded incredible, but that very day Japanese planes appeared in Philippine skies; the war was on.

Almost everyone figured it would be a matter of weeks or months. Most knew that the Asiatic Fleet, based at Cavite in Manila Bay, was only a token force, but once the Pacific Fleet could steam from Pearl Harbor, America would really take the offensive. Scarcely anyone knew that the Pacific Fleet could not come.

The Filipino people were wholeheartedly loyal and dedicated their lives and goods to the struggle. Side by side, Filipino and American soldiers fought to protect the beaches, gradually dotted now with Japanese landing barges, and threw up defenses to stop the advance.

The missionaries likewise filled the need of the moment. Many priests became chaplains, nuns became relief workers and nurses, and all were ready for some general duty work, from feeding people to burying them.

By January, despite all efforts, the Japanese had taken Manila and were pressing on to Bataan and Corregidor. Filipinos and Americans kept asking: "When will help come?" Few war stories are more pathetic than that of the soldiers on Bataan, fighting and hoping, relying on the vague promise that help would come "soon."

But help never came. Without food, without medicine, lacking everything necessary for modern warfare but courage, Bataan surrendered in April, 1942. The majority of the soldiers on Bataan were Filipinos, many of them with no more military experience than their ROTC training in school.

In the following weeks the Japanese took Corregidor, Cebu, Mindanao and other islands south of Luzon. The first stage of the war was over. The Philippines now faced another new era.

THE JAPANESE STAY

For their conquered countries Japan had a definite regime, called the Asiatic Co-Prosperity Sphere. Those who lived under it make two general comments: First, excepting those who grew rich in black markets, the only ones who prospered were the Japanese themselves. Second, the discrepancy between the Japanese des-

cription of things and reality was amazing. While the Japanese newspapers and radio in Manila were telling of glorious harvests, the people were starving; while they painted the peace and order of the country, there was brutality and torture. They boasted of great naval triumphs so often that the people began to understand that their "victories" were really American victories, and newsboys in Manila used to smile and shout: "Read the upside down news."

The Japanese had likewise a definite plan for the Catholic Church in the Philippines. Immediately they set up an Office of Religious Affairs. They knew well that any persecution, especially at the beginning, would be foolish. Instead, they planned to utilize the Church to strengthen their influence over the people. Soon after the military invasion a Japanese bishop and some Japanese priests arrived in the Philippines. In general, therefore, the Japanese allowed a good measure of religious freedom, figuring that in return the Church would preach submission to authority and obedience to law.

Thus ran their theory. In practice, apart from some isolated individuals and instances, it just never worked. The Church maintained its freedom as a right, not as a gift. In general, few people ever took the Japanese Government seriously, because the Japanese Government never command enough sincere respect by its accomplishments.

What happened to the missionaries during all this time?

Missionaries of the United Nations, with which Japan was at war, were put into custody, some for a time in their own houses under a modicum of surveillance, and finally all in either of two camps at Santo Tomas in Manila and Los Baños about forty miles south of Manila.

Missionaries of those nations with which Japan was at peace, as Ireland, Germany and Spain, were free to remain at their usual work. This privilege, however, became a death trap when the Japanese fought for Manila.

Some missionaries the Japanese never captured. Moving into the hills with their people, for three years these priests lived a game of hide and seek with Japanese patrols, and refused to leave their work even when American submarines offered a chance of escape.

THE JAPANESE GO

In October 1944, General MacArthur returned, landing with his forces on Leyte. A few months later the main landing was made at Lingayen, and troops swept down the Luzon plain toward Manila.

All along the Japanese offered slight resistance. Mile after mile the troops advanced, always querying: "Where are the Japanese? Where will they make their big stand?"

The answer came in Manila itself. The Japanese pulled the city down in ruins around them. Each street the American and Filipinos had to take in turn, building by building, floor by floor. The Japanese set fire

to wide areas; other sections were wrecked by American bombs and shells, for they had no other way to drive the enemy from the buildings they had converted into fortresses.

The destruction was complete that Senator Millard Tydings, who headed a group of twenty experts sent over to inspect conditions and then report to the President and Congress, returned as quickly as possible to urge immediate help. "Conditions as I saw them in Manila," he told correspondents, "are beyond description."

The damage to Church property in all Philippine dioceses totals \$75,000,000. Forty-seven Church buildings, including the Cathedral, were destroyed just in the Manila area. What is true of Manila, is true of other sections of the Islands on a smaller scale. Churches, schools, seminaries, libraries, all built up so painfully over the years, were wrecked in a few moments.

Still, all material damage does not compare with the loss of people. Filipinos died in thousands for loyalty to their Church, their country and America. In some places Japanese troops wiped out whole towns, while individuals died for individual deeds; a number of Filipino priests lost their lives in the performance of their duties.

Many missionaries also perished in those last days, about a hundred of them. In a country that needs them so badly that loss is especially heavy. Though some of the dead were Americans and Australians, strangely

enough most were from the nations not at war with Japan.

For during those last days in Manila, the missionaries from the Allied Nations, though enduring the hunger and horror of interment camps, were none the less in crowds of 2,000 or more; and though the Japanese are reported to have planned some sort of mass atrocity for them also, Filipino and American troops attacked ahead of schedule to rescue them.

In Manila's street, however, the Japanese seem to have killed anyone in sight, and the smaller groups of Spanish Augustinians, Capuchins, Franciscans, Recollects and Vincentians, Irish Columbans, and German and Irish Christian Brothers, who were living in freedom in their respective communities, were burned alive and bayoneted indiscriminately. These mass murder accounts seem incredible, yet the reports have been carefully documented. Of thirteen Augustinians, only two escaped death; sixteen Christian Brothers were bayoneted in their own school, even in the chapel.

Though the Philippines had sorrowed and suffered all through the three years, these last days were a climax. Yet suffering can make heroes and saints. With outside encouragement and assistance a finer, more perfect Catholic life can rise up from the ruins of the Philippines.

TODAY AND TOMORROW

Always presupposing gigantic work of reconstruction; today and tomorrow

the Philippines face three main missionary activities:

PIONEER MISSION WORK

For tough, dangerous mission work, with little natural hope of success, few missions anywhere surpass those among the Moros of Mindanao and Sulu.

They are a grim, brave, fighting people. Among them polygamy is common, interest in cleanliness and education is not. Though some men have made the pilgrimage to Mecca, most have just a veneration of Mohammedanism, the only well learned lesson being "never to become Christian." Since American troops subdued them in the years following 1900, they have been forced to limit their warlike spirit to occasional *juramentados*, skirmishes with Constabulary and frequent battles with one another.

When the Spanish Jesuits returned to the Philippines after 1859, their missions were among these Moros. Tamontaca in Cotabato was an important settlement, with an orphanage that gave hope for the future. Yet, though systematic effort accomplished something, it was proportionately so little. Then came the 1900 shortage of priests, making it necessary to drop this missionary work to care for the Catholics. Since then no large scale missionary effort has been made, and the Moros still await their apostles.

In the interior of many islands there are pagan tribes still to be con-

verted. In the diocese of Zamboanga there are 511,000 Moros and 230,000 pagans against 387,000 Catholics, while in the prefecture of Baguio there are 157,600 pagans to 89,600 Catholics.

Finally, there are the lepers. The island of Culian alone has 7,000, while smaller leper colonies dot other islands. So of dangerous, primitive mission work there is plenty in the Philippines.

FILIPINO CLERGY

The great need, as ever, is for priests: **It has been estimated that 60 per cent of Filipino Catholics die without the Last Sacraments.**

The ultimate aim and hope, of course, is a complete Filipino clergy. Toward that goal we have progressed. Filipinos direct ten of the seventeen ecclesiastical divisions of the Islands; in 1934 Cebu welcomed the first Filipino Archbishop, Most Reverend Gabriel M. Reyes, and native vocations are slowly increasing. The Society of the Divine Word opened their Christ the King Seminary in 1934, and by 1940 there were forty students; since 1920 over 100 Filipinos have become Jesuits.

Yet the statistics of 1 priest for every 8,000 Catholics prove how urgently necessary are American and foreign priests to encourage vocations in parishes and schools and to help run the seminaries.

EDUCATION

Where will vocations come from if not from Catholic Schools? So

from the aspect of training priests, Brothers and nuns, schools are absolutely necessary.

Even apart from vocations, however, the general good of the Church cries out for Catholic Education. In 1900 the Church had fears of losing youth; today we can see how well founded were the fears. Ninety per cent of Filipino Catholic boys and girls who have gone to school have gone to public Schools. Some *pensionados* likewise have done their worst, and higher education in Manila is a prime need to combat the false philosophies they have circulated.

CIRCUMDARE MUNDUM

In a sense, we can say that Magellan's voyage around the world was "a type" of the Missionary Church. Further, del Cano's inscription *primus circumdedit me* suggests the end and aim of missionary effort: *circumdare mundum*—to circle the world. And just as del Caño's escutcheon quaintly personified the world as saying: "The first who circled me," so we dream of the day when the Church will be fully established everywhere and a similar inscription can read: *Ecclesia*

circumedit me—"The Church has circled me."

Now just as the Philippines figured prominently in that voyage round the world, so in God's plan and providence, as Pius XI wrote, it should figure prominently in the Church's missionary conquest of the world. Though up to now Filipinos could not go as missionaries to their fellow Orientals, that day can come quickly if vocations get a chance to develop in parishes, schools and seminaries.

There are a few lines by an outstanding historian of the Philippines which sum up the Philippine Missions, past present and future. Though the writer, James A. Robertson, was not a Catholic, he was not anti-Catholic; and though he wrote these lines in 1918, they are just as true today:

Above all, the work of the Spanish priests in the Philippine is a work that can be built upon by American Catholics, and Catholicism has no cause to hide its head because of mistakes made by its human agents, because a great work was done and there is yet a great work to be done in the Philippine Islands.

MA MON LUK

A visiting provinciano wanted to impress her girl friend with her knowledge of city life. He took her to Ma Mon Luk and, posing as a cosmopolitan and a connoisseur of chinese food, told the waiter:

"Bring us two orders of Ma Mon Luk."

"Beg pardon," said the waiter, "but that's the proprietor."



HEART TO HEART

Advice to the lovers by Lily Marlens

Dear Miss Marlens,

I am a student of FEU and am 21 years old.

I happened to write you because I am so eager to know how somebody feels when she is in love. I hope you will help me because I don't really know if I am in love.

Eager

Dear Eager,

When one is in love, there are no two ways about it—one just knows that it is so. The lover seeks the company of the beloved. When separated, everything seems flat and dull and lifeless, together—everything becomes alive and aglow and exciting. The one in love is eager to do things for the beloved, to make sacrifices to please the loved one. Each one seeks the happiness and the welfare of the other, even beyond his own. Lovers tend to idealize each other, to regard one another thru rose-colored glasses. They wish to share everything together—their work, their play, their hopes, their dreams, their very lives.

Real love, the love that is blessed by God, the love that is necessary for a successful marriage, is a love that is constant, pure, unselfish, enabling. It is not only a physical emotion but also a matured intellectual conviction that in each other's lifelong company, both the lover and the loved one will realize their destiny in the scheme of God's creation.

Dear Miss Marlens,

For two years I have been going steady with a girl named A—, because firstly, her parents object to me (they detest the very sight of me), secondly, A— is too possessive (though we are not yet engaged—she considers it being engaged, thirdly, much as I hate to admit, I'm sort of henpecked, and mind you—whatever she says, goes!!

Last summer, when I was vacationing, I met A—'s cousin, M—, at the CSC auditorium (a friend was being crowned, incidentally also the cousin of M—). At first she was shy, she couldn't look at anyone,

she wouldn't talk, but after she overcame her shyness, she talked to me, and asked me if I knew A—, I blushed at first, then said a little, I guess, remembering that maybe M— was another spy of A—'s Mom (A—'s Mom had loads of spies!)

Two nights later, I met her again and danced with her this time, —All we talked about that evening was about A—. She asked me loads of questions and when she asked if A and I were going steady, I denied it, but she only smiled and said I didn't have to worry, she understood, anyway she knew all about A— and me.

We became a regular twosome and everytime we were together (we were with our gang) I'd ask for advice and once I told her A— and I would call it quits, she said, "Are you nuts? You're both in love and now you call it quits! Girls in love I understand but guys!! brother!!!"

I guess that did it, I knew I'd fall for her sooner or later and I guess I did—then and there—

After that, I'd give her driving lessons, bowling, badminton, ping-pong, and tennis lessons and the gang noticed I was in a pink cloud everytime I was with M—. She received a telegram from her Mom, asking her to go home. I was shocked, even to my utter surprise because I never had this feeling for anyone. I felt her leaving so much that even if she was still there, I missed her—(or rather was beginning to miss her). You can't blame me, what with our being together always and also because she was so understanding, so considerate, so sweet etc.—and I guess that made me fall for her. Here's my problem:

Have I the right to love her (M)? A— and I aren't engaged—besides A—'s parents are against me. There's a guy who is also after A— but I don't want to hurt A—. I guess I also like her, but I guess I love M. What shall I do with A—? Anyway I'd be much happier with M, but what will I do with A—? Help me, Miss Marlene.

Puzzled

Dear Puzzled,

If you do not really care for A— there's really only one course open to you and that is to cut off all your relations with her. Nothing is to be gained by keeping up a pretense. So take your courage into your hands and tell her the truth. The fact that her parents dislike you should make things easier. Or if you do not dare to face her, just fade out of the picture gradually and she'll know that things are no longer what they used to be.

As for your "right to love" M— if you think she's the right girl for you—why not? And more power to you.

Dear Miss Marlene,

I've been engaged to a man of my age for about one year now. But we always have misunderstandings, even for a bit of error, especially now that he is already in Manila.

Once, he joked in his letter that he is now married. I said it was a joke, for he asked forgiveness especially when I sent him a letter of separation. In his letters, he often hurt my feelings so I often lose my patience and even think of ending our engagement.

Trully speaking, I really love him very much, since he is my first love. I don't like to have so many boy friends. I already stick to my own saying "Love one and die for it". How could this be remedied, Miss Marlene?

Sometimes my teacher advices me not to stick to one alone, because if the boy concerned looks for another, I would be at a loss. So she said I better seek another one. But it's really hard for me. I would rather be a spinster than follow my teacher's advice.

As days go by, I find myself midway, when a man, a classmate of mine, shows his actuations as if he has a feeling for me. I was not really mistaken in my concept of that man. He is also handsome, and I think he belongs to a better family. He is also intelligent though he does not approach that of a genius.

Doubt MJC

Dear Doubt,

Judging from the tenor of your letter, I gather that you are still too young and immature to become engaged to anybody. You seem to base your choice of your future partner in life on his looks, his family, and his I. Q. Granted that the latter two should be considered, here are other much more important qualifications—such as a sterling character, industry, unselfishness, consideration, congeniality in your outlook on life,—etc.

Your teacher is quite right when she advices you not to tie yourself to one boy at your age, and not only for the reason you mention. Youth is the time for enjoying yourself, for developing your personality, for cultivating as wide a circle of friends as possible—both boys and girls, for learning about human nature and human relationships—so that when the right time comes you may be able to choose wisely and well.

Then, and only then, when you are ready for marriage, should you become engaged. Then, of course, you should be faithful and true, and as you say "Love one alone". For the present, however, you would be wise to break off your present engagement, especially, since at such an early

stage you already have frequent misunderstandings and quarrels. And don't be in too much of a hurry to become engaged to the other fellow. Take your time and you will have no regrets.

Dear Miss Marlene,

Can you imagine how a girl feels in a labyrinth? A labyrinth of love? I am a girl of 20, a high school student in one of the leading Catholic colleges in Manila. I know I receive adequate instruction in this college, but this my problem cannot seem to get a solution from them.

Two years ago a certain gentleman transferred to a nearby boarding house. I came to notice him because of his exceptional character. I saw also that he had a certain interest in me. He befriended my younger brother and later he began to visit my brother often. He essayed to speak to me thru his smiles, but I didn't have the courage to answer those alluring smiles. I like and love him, but I don't know why I can't speak with him, not only that, but I also try to evade him in all places. Everytime he tries to talk with me, if I happen to come across him, I feel myself retreating and that is always the hard thing. I want to know him so that I can love him more. I know it isn't a crush. It isn't, I tell you, because even in dreams he is my ideal man.

Belinda

Dear Belinda,

Well, it seems to me that only you can help yourself. There's nothing on earth to stop you from cultivating the young man's friendship except your abnormal shyness. For if you really set your heart to it, you can overcome your handicap. Next time he comes near you, take yourself firmly in hand and stay put. Answer him, even if it is only yes or no at the start. The beginning is always hard, but once the ice is broken, you'll find that there's nothing to the whole problem that cannot be solved by just being yourself and acting naturally — the way you do with your brother and the rest of your family.

Dear Miss Marlene,

I am a girl of 21 and have fallen in love with a man one or two years younger. I met him at a birthday party. After writing me three times about his love, I realized that I really care for him. I really don't know what eventually came into my mind of loving him so much with my whole heart, in spite of the fact that he is not handsome. My friends used to criticize him, but they didn't realize that they hurt me so much, proving that I really love him.

On one of his visits I told him I didn't want any serious relations yet, and that I want to finish my studies and help my parents first, but he insisted in his pleadings and asked me whether I am in doubt of his love for me. I told him that I don't doubt his love. Upon hearing this, his face brightened with happiness, I too was very glad that night upon seeing his happiness.

One day he invited me to his sister's birthday party. But I refused. From that time on, he ceased to visit me (it is almost 2-1/2 months now) and he never wrote me. Thus I'm terribly worried.

Before this, I met a certain man who is very pious,—the thing that I admire in him. He is very kind to me. Later on his sisterly attitude changed. Since my ideal man is a good practical Catholic, I prayed to Our Lady of Perpetual Help to give me a sign. Thus I received the exact sign I asked for. Later on rumors spread that he and my best friend have a certain understanding. At first I didn't believe it, but later by observation, it seemed that the rumor is true. Then one day my best friend teased him to me. This I don't appreciate, so I wrote to him and told him that he must explain to my best friend that she has a wrong concept of us. I also asked for explanations and I learned from him that everything was a mistake. As days passed, I realized that I love him just with a "brotherly love".

Now my problem: Have I the right to love the first man, in spite of the sign granted by Our Lady. If so how could I make the second man (the one I met at the party) know that I love him since he ceased to visit me. (The reason I think is my refusal to his invitation.)

Lonely Sampaguila

Dear Lonely Sampaguila,

I think that you are making a mountain out of a molehill — and that you really have no problem on your hands. It is rather obvious that the man you met at the party does not care for you any longer. It takes much, much more than a mere refusal to go to a party to change a man's love, if it is genuine. True love is more lasting and much deeper and stronger than that. What he felt for you was just a passing infatuation, very common to boys of his age. So I would try to forget all about the matter, if I were you, and save yourself much needless misery and heartache.

Regarding the first man — the solution is entirely up to you. Perhaps when you will have succeeded in forgetting all about the other fellow, you may find that what you think is just "brotherly love" is something else again. Keep praying and doing your part and Our Lady will not forsake you.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER CORNER

In League with the Sacred Heart

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

And now we come to our last scene of the apparitions. The vision our saint had on July 16, 1688. Here God showed her the double and distinctive mission confided to the Visitations and to the Society of Jesus, relative to the devotion to the Sacred Heart. Omitting here some of the preliminary acts let us come at once to the most important ones.

It was on the feast of the Visitation. The saint had the happiness of spending the whole day before the Blessed Sacrament. "He seemed to me," says our saint, "in a place very high and spacious admirable for its beauty."

In the centre of it was a throne upon which the loving Heart of Jesus; its wounds shedding forth rays so fiery and luminous, that the whole place was lighter and heated by them. On this occasion the Sacred Heart was not alone. The most Blessed Virgin was on one side and St. Francis de Sales and Blessed De la Colombiere were on the other.

The Daughters of the Visitation each holding a heart in her hand were there also and their Guardian Angels on their side. The Blessed Virgin

spoke, "Come my beloved daughter," she said, "approach for I wish to make you the guardian of this precious treasure." This Queen of all goodness continuing to speak to the daughters of the Visitation said while showing them this divine Heart, "Behold this divine treasure. It is specially manifested to you in particular as his dear Benjamin. For this reason He exacts more from it than from all others. It must not only enrich itself with this inexhaustible treasure but endeavor with all its power to distribute abundantly this precious coin and try to enrich the whole world with it.

Such was the part appointed to the religious of the Visitation Mission as it had been clearly indicated to them by their Blessed Mother and Mediatrix.

The second mission is not less memorable and the saint relates it to us: "Then turning toward Fr. Colombiere the Mother of mercy addressed him. And thou faithful servant of my divine son, thou hast a great part in this precious treasure; for if it is given to the daughters of the Visita-

(Continued on page 34)



Intentions Blessed by

General Intention: For the general and particular intentions of the Holy Father.

In extending the blessings of the Holy Year throughout the whole world, outside of Rome, during the year 1951, the Holy Father recommends in our prayers the following intentions:

1. The peace of the world. All humanity is anxiously concerned these days about the security of peace. Prompted by this ardent desire, millions of pilgrims visited the Holy Father in Rome during the Holy Year as a symbol of the universality of Christianity — one community of life without jealousies, but filled with mutual respect and love, with a genuine satisfaction in participating in the same spiritual benefits and without forgetting one's own nation. It had been a magnificent reunion with all the force of an international plebiscite for peace.

2. The fortitude of the martyrs for persecuted Christians. For the millions of priests who are suffering in prison and in exile in the nations of central Europe, for the many religious who have been cruelly driven and tortured in Hungary by the Communist regime; for Catholic Poland who has seen millions of her priests deported to Siberia; for the Catholics of Korea and China and for many other nations in which the Church is systematically attacked and persecuted, let us ask the Holy Spirit that He may help our brothers in their firm and steadfast confession of their Faith.

3. The spiritual and moral well-being of families. The destruction of the Christian family is the principal objective of atheistic communists. The struggle obliges us to renew our Christian customs — the fidelity of spouses, the sacrifice of the fathers of families, the Christian education of children and piety in the home.

4. The union of all in fraternal charity and justice.

the Holy Father for March

Social justice problems cannot be solved without the spirit of justice. Charity and justice, the pillars of the moral life, are impossible without disinterestedness. Social order, with all that it implies in the exercise of the rights of property, in the reform of industrial relations and in the harmony of the different classes, cannot be obtained if man remains engrossed in his individual interests.

5. The triumph of the Church means her power to extend to all the pagan nations the blessings of the Faith, because no one who voluntarily denies her authority can be saved. This means also the free exercise of her rights to sanctify souls by means of her teachings, her laws and the exercise of her sacerdotal powers in the administration of the sacraments and divine ceremonies.

Mission Intention: For the Catholic education of Japan.

The development of the catholic students in Japan may be seen in the organization started about two years ago, which concerns itself with the problems of youth in the campus. Numbering 1,500 students out of the reduced number of Catholics in Japan, this organization is very important. The Japanese Catholic Union takes care of the apostolic activities of the students during the Holy Year with the aim of increasing its members to more than 2,000. It is composed of students, recently converted, who have the desire to carry the Christian ideal inside the walls of the universities in which priests find it difficult to enter, and also to prepare the students in their future activity in public life.

The Union has held important assemblies. In Nagoya the Union studied the participation of Japan in the movement of the UNESCO, and maintaining democratic liberty in the university, protested against birth control propaganda.

Jose Ma. Sigulon, S. J.

THE APOSTLESHIP . . .

(Continued from page 31)

tion to make it known and loved and to distribute it to others, it is reserved to the fathers of the Society of Jesus to make known the value and the utility of it understood, so that they may profit by gratefully receiving a benefit so immense.

Thus while the Visitation shall guard the deposit of the Sacred Heart and distribute it through its gates to enrich the world the Fathers of the Society of Jesus will be its teachers, its preachers, its doctors, its catechists, apologists, missionaries, apostles and if need be martyrs of the Sacred Heart.

Beginning of the New Devotion

By means of these great revelations the devotion has been constituted in itself. It now remains but to propagate it. We shall therefore see by what small beginnings and slow degrees this was accomplished during the 15 years that St. Margaret Mary lived. After our Lord's clear and distinct word to the saint in the 4th apparition, that she should address herself to His servant Fr. de la Colombiere; the Saint did recur to Fr. De la Colombiere and confided to him what she received from our Lord.

When the saintly Father assured her that she could rely on it, for without doubt it came from heaven, Mary Margaret knelt before the divine Heart of Jesus and solemnly consecrated herself to it and thus rendered it, the first and one of the purest acts

of homage that it was ever to receive on earth. Fr. De la Colombiere wishing to unite with her also consecrated himself to the Sacred Heart on Friday June 21 the day after the octave of the Blessed Sacrament the day that has been designated by our Lord, to be forever the feast day of His adorable Heart. This marked the inauguration of the devotion.

From this time on Fr. De la Colombiere begun and never ceased until his death to instill this devotion to his spiritual daughters, brothers, and friends. And even in London where he was sent to preach to the Duchess of York the future Queen of England he continued to exercise his apostolate. Altho his apostolate was very restricted because of his early death, nevertheless it was in dying that he would particularly fulfill his mission, in the wide publicity of his retracee spirituelle and other writings about the devotion.

But, what, we ask did St. Margaret Mary do to spread this devotion? The Saint tells us that so far she had not yet found a way of making the devotion known to the world. She was too humble to disclose the secrets she received from our Lord in public, she only spoke of them to a few intimates of the Sacred Heart and she did so in terms of burning love.

But at last on the 20th of July 1685 the devotion sprung into full growth; the first public homage was

rendered to the Sacred HEART. And how did this happen, the Saint will tell us. On her feast, happening on a Friday and here are her words "I begged our sister novices of whom I had the care at that time, that they would render to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord Jesus Christ all the acts of respects which they intended to pay me on account of my feast, which they did cordially, by making a little altar on which they put a little paper picture, sketched with a pen, to which we tried to pay all the respects with which that divine Heart inspired us." It was for her a day filled with most perfect joy she herself tells us. And thus the community at Paray was dedicated to the Sacred Heart.

During this time the devotion too was spreading in the world outside. Several Jesuits had entered into correspondence with its ardent apostle

and were preaching the new cultus. At Dejon a Capuchin Father was also engaged with the same work. From 1686 St. Margaret Mary's activities increased: her letters grew constantly greater, she distributed more pictures of the Sacred Heart and the little book of Fr. De la Colombiere's re-traetes. She interested herself in Fr. Getta's little office, in sister Joly's attempts and in the little book published at Dijon, as well as on the steps taken by Mother Desbarres to obtain permission from Rome for the Feast and the little Office. In all these efforts to further this devotion the Saint too had the assistance of her brothers. Such then were the beginnings and first developments of this great devotion of God's passionate and undying love for men in these our times.

RETURN TO UNIFORM

The Chicago Archdiocesan New World tells the story of a visit paid not long ago to Archbishop Josef Beran by the Czechoslovak minister of justice, Alexei Cepicka. After urging him for some time to support the communist ideology, and getting nowhere, the official became somewhat nettled, and cried out:

"You'd better support us, or else . . ."

The Archbishop smiled, walked over to a closet and opened the door. In a moment he came back to his visitor holding some rags in his hands.

"Here is my uniform from Dachau," he said. "Let's go."

The chagrined minister walked out of the Archbishop's house abruptly.

—The Liguorian

The Chaperone

Pen Pal Column conducted
By AUNT LINA



Dear Family,

Things are on the up-grade as far as mail is concerned. You should see the pile that comes in about twice a week. Maybe you are really deadset on following your New Year's resolutions. Or perhaps the holidays gave you a welcome—break from studies or office. At any rate, that "Chaperone club" spirit is on a steep incline. Swell work!

I'd like to thank you for the very informative letters relating what you did with the holidays. Gilda V-105, for example, went to visit her sister in the convent of Siervas de San Jose. Most wrote that they stayed up on Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve—then slept the following day. Practically everybody loafed around taking things easy before the old grind starts again. But why look back on that blissful past? This is February—and you are knee-deep in books and lecture notes once more.

There's a sort of Pen-Pal triumvirate that has developed lately. The "honorable" members are Amanda S-102, Ernesto P-100 and Mike

G-101. They broke into print last issue but that's old stuff compared to this one. According to Amanda's recent "letter-report", Ernie and Mike pop up in Pasig (That's her hometown and their headquarters) as often as you please. They came for the town fiesta, then a dance, next a jam session, then a New Year's Ball, then—midnight Mass. They disappeared after that. Amanda went into a much-needed sleep when, at the unholy hour of 8:30 the next morning, who should come to visit her? You guessed it — Ernie and Mike again! Oh, but they enjoy it—these kids.

Jose Q-100 sent a letter practically dripping with worry. It seems I addressed him mistakenly as Jose Q. . . . Jr.! "Please, auntie," he wrote, "unless I decide to become a priest, I'll probably have a Junior in—say, ten years,—and even then, he'll be much too young to receive letters. Meanwhile, please strike off the "Jr." from after my name." Righto, Joe!

A very queer idea entered Pilar

M-104's head. Because she seemed to have lost her pen pals, she began to lose confidence in herself, and sent in her letter of resignation. That was three weeks ago. It's a very different story now. A new member, Maria Corozon -J-104 wrote her a "Chin-up" letter. See what a "chin-up" note can do? Just write us when you feel blue and we'll "boo" your worries away.

Congratulations are due to quite a number of new members who, on getting the go-signal in the form of a letter of acceptance, rolled up their sleeves and pitched into the Family doings with gusto. Now, they are receiving bundles of "hiya" notes from their "cousins". That's the spirit, children. It isn't merely a club you are joining; it's a family—with very normal members who laugh and cry and boast a little and fight and make up once more. It's very unique, and it's fun.

I am also very proud of my "nieces" and "nephews" who take it upon themselves to welcome their new "cousins" and to make these feel at home by telling them all about the Chaperone Club procedure, and then start introducing the newcomers to their own established circle of "cousins". You just don't know how much you are helping me in the work children.

I know you are on needles-and-pins waiting for the plans for our coming acquaintance party. The only item we're not sure of is the place because going to a dine-and-dance place may prove to be rather

expensive, and besides, some parents may object. So, we're scouting for a club member who has a big enough sala or lawn for the affair. Volunteers, please come forward.

We can't hold that during the Lenten season, neither can we slate it for early February. That's too soon. So, we've decided on the first Sunday after Easter—that's April 1—so that those in the provinces and have a chance to come up to Manila may join. Sunday — because this gives the working members a chance to share in the fun.

It's going to be a jam-session—not a dressy semi-formal affair (some may not be able to afford this—besides, why the formality?); neither is it going to be a barn dance—remember, we're going to "borrow" a place and we mustn't mess the place up. Besides a jam-session gives a lively and friendly touch to the party.

The time is from four to nine. Yes, kids, I know it's far from "sleep-head time" but some members have their time limits to meet on the dot—particularly those who stay in dormitories. Maybe—we can stretch the "last dance" time on our next get-together — say, during the Christmas holidays. But this time, let's stick to the 4 to 8 or 9 allowance, huh?

Now comes the questions—what to wear. Golly! children, this is not going to be a royal presentations-ball. It's just going to be a "family" jam-session. Boys, if you wish to come in coat and tie, it's okay; if you feel better in those very boyish

printed shirts, do so. Now, listen here, girls — leave that semi-formal dream-dress in peace. You're not going to be comfortable over-dressed. Any simple blouse-and-skirt affair will do. I repeat: this is just going to be a jam-session. Emeterio M-106, you'll look swell in your navy uniform. Come in that.

We'll probably have a salad, pancit, sandwiches, ice-cream and SOFT drinks. I wonder if I could form a cooking-legion from some of you girls to hash up the eats in the morning. Those who know how to wield the spoon and fork and knife, write me at once, huh? I'll need around six volunteers. This will cut down the expenses considerably — and it's very much better than ordering the food from some classy restaurant.

We're going to have a group picture—and we'll send some copies to those who won't be able to attend the affair.

Josefina J-103 Posig, Rizal was recommended by Amanda S-102. She is a college sophomore in the University of the Philippines—taking Home Economics . . . just turned 16 last December—crazy about sports, especially basketball. . . loves cooking. . . hates (believe it or not) dancing. Her mama and Amanda have a difficult time making her dance.

Another sixteen-er is Virginia L-110 of Holy Ghost College. She took a long time overcoming her shyness to write the letter of application to the Club. But she's in now. . . likes reading, movies, bowling, badminton and singing.

Ninfa D-102 is a seventeen-year-old High School Senior at U.S.T. She says she's very fond of pen pals, but wants to be sure she meets the right people. She collects school pennants and stamps; she goes for swimming, too.

Those of you who go for the real McCoy in Music will enjoy meeting Virginia D-103. She is a recent Bachelor of Music graduate,

Don't forget your code number. You'll have to identify yourself to someone at the door to make sure there are no gate-crashers.

The damage is three pesos and fifty centavos per person—and that covers all expenses. Send in your reservations as early as possible so that we can calculate the number coming. When you send the money, do it via Postal Money Order.

Don't forget: write in soon. And those who think the affair can be held in their place, write in, too. About a month before the affair I'll write to all the members informing them of the chosen place as well as the other details. Reserve the first Sunday after Easter (April 1) for our affair.

Now let's get back to normal. Here's the list of new members. As usual, choose your pal and write "hello"

and at present is resting in Bulacan. After all, preparing for a graduation recital is certainly telling on one's weight.

From way down South in Davao City comes Primitiva S-108... 16-years-old... Junior student of the Immaculate Conception College... plays the piano, goes for badminton, biking, letter-writing and stamp-collecting.

Antonio C-104 is another UST student-member of the family. He's nineteen and in the Second Year, Chemical Engineering... likes reading, hiking, Mathematics (ugh!) and Chemistry. Her brother Paul is a Club member, too—Paul C-103.

Mario Rosario U-101 writes "in despair". She's a sociable enough eighteen year old ghost (cops! I mean—student of Holy Ghost College) 5½" tall, fair complexion... loves teaching Catechism... helps pass the collection plate every Wednesday at Baclaran... thinks it's about time to become "sociable" to "tall, dark and handsome" Catholic boys of her own age. By the way, she has a flair for writing delightful "jingles".

Lastly, there's Ma. Corazon J-104, at present a Third Year Commerce student at the University of the East. She's an alumna of St. Paul College—takes active part in Glee Club and Dramatics Club presentations... hep on movies, dancing, reading, talking—(accent on the last item.) She wrote that chin-up letter to Pilar M-104 which prevented her from resigning.

That's all, children: this letter-article is very lengthy. Thanks for reading it through. Write me soon. God love you.

CIRCUMLOCUTION

Monsignor Boland tells this story for Holy Name men in one of his columns in the Catholic Labor Observer.

It seems that a member of the Holy Name Society, out of practice with his hammer, struck his thumb instead of the nail he was aiming at.

"Grand Coulee!" he exploded at the top of his voice. His wife asked him why he used that rather quaint expression, and her spouse answered:

"That is the biggest dam in America."

. . .

A priest tells the story of a Bishop who, at Confirmation, asked the about-to-be-confirmed the usual questions:

"Who am I—and what have I come to do?"

"You have come," answered the children, "to impose on the Holy Ghost."

—The Priest

Because I am what is often referred to as an "average" man, I know there must be thousands and even millions, who are as ignorant of many things as I am. Because I am, more specifically, an "average" Catholic, I know there is a tremendous lot of Catholics who know as little, or less, about certain things as I do.

I am verging on forty. It's not a youthful age, and it's not a senile age. Still, I'm learning. Learning, for example, that there once lived a saint by name of John Bosco. Only a few weeks ago I met him between the covers of a book, then in the pages of a booklet entitled: "To My Filipino Boys". I should have wept for the years that passed before I found him. But I did not weep. At least I had the comfort of knowing I had been directed to the threshold of a friend. Surely, Don Bosco is the particular friend of the "average" man, of the "average" Catholic.

As I wish to write some of my impressions about John Bosco, I find it extremely hard to write anything new or original about any subject, particularly about any saint. I remember, however, that whatever I say in my own way is always my own, and from that standpoint it is original, "my very own" story of Don Bosco.

It's a strange way how most of us "take" to this or that saint. When you read the lives of the saints, usually you are left cold by their mortifications, their mysticism, or their aloofness from the common things that are of concern to the majority

My Very Own

of us. Invariably they seem so high above you that you feel you can't approach them as some one you would like to know intimately. They breathe the breath of God Himself—and always there seems a far distance between them and you. It should not be so, but it usually is. Perhaps that's the fault of the hagiographers; they have done so much to dehumanize the saints.

"My very own" story of Don Bosco is that I first "saw" him with the eyes of a man. I never "saw" him with the eyes of a boy. John Bosco is a very human saint to me, because I know he was a very human man. So human that I can't look at a picture of him without wishing he were my parish priest. There is something in his face, in his bearing, that draws you to him. He is the antithesis of anything that is cold or forbidding. It should be extremely easy to pray to Don Bosco, because he was extremely easy to approach during his life.

I do not mean to go into a resume

**A
STORY
FOR
THE
"AVERAGE
MAN"**

By ARTURO J. MARTINEZ

of Don Bosco's life, or even to write of particular incidents in that life. It all has been done before, and with a vividness for which I have no gift. But on one thing I mean to dwell a moment or more, because it happens I have a son. That is Don Bosco's love for boys. It was such a tremendous love, such a holy love, such a blessed love, that boys everywhere should write his name in gold. The world may never see his like again.

When I think of my boyhood years and remember many of the things which shall never be told; I have a sad regret there was not a John Bosco alive in my home town. I imagine I would have run to him. If priests would have the unreserved confidence of boys, let them first determine that they will understand boys. And understand them outside the confessional!

Don Bosco had "dreams". Doubtless he dreamed of a day when all boys would be gathered under the mantle of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The materialistic world of his day was

no less vicious than the world of our day; it's no secret that Don Bosco knew that boys always get the worst of any deal. If the old men of the world loved themselves and their fortunes less, more boys would grow to a healthy manhood. But—and you write your own line after the "but"...

I was delighted when I read about the organization of "Don Bosco's Boys' Association" here in the Philippines. This gives our Filipino Boys a chance to know more about this great friend of youth and to profit abundantly by his powerful intercession on behalf of the boys in particular. I had not to argue with my son in order to convince him to join this Association. A simple narration of what Don Bosco felt about and did for the boys quickly aroused in him a sincere desire to become one of Don Bosco's Boys.

So, there you have some of my impressions, if such they can be called. No great writing, and nothing that's really new to a reading public. But underneath the wordage, where none shall ever see, throbs a new love of an "average" man for a saint who was made to pattern for the "average" man. Greater saints may have lived and greater saints may yet come, but I know one boy and one father whose hearts will never be far from Don Bosco.

The booklet "To My Filipino Boys" is sold at the Central Office of Don Bosco's Boys' Association, Quezon City at a nominal cost of ₱0.50.

IN one of the main streets of Paris I ran into the devil. "What are you doing here?" I said. (We've often met before and don't beat around the bush.)

"I'm watching your 'Convention of the Good Press'."

"Worried?"

"Very little!" he answered sarcastically. But I could see from his monocle, that he was lying. I continued on my way but he remained at my side, and said:

"You may boast all you want, but I got you by the neck. Your reports amuse me. See my hands? I have put blinders over the eyes of Catholics that have not come off for many years. I know how to keep them on tight."

Nervously he pointed to the posers-by with his cane.

Look at that gentleman. He's wearing my blinders. He is a good Catholic, but for all that, he is a subscriber of one of my morning papers and every evening sends for another of my papers. He reads it, throws it in the waste basket and from there it passes through the hands of all the servants including the cook."

A few steps more and we passed a young girl.

"See her? She is on her way to Mass, but she is a very faithful subscriber of mine. Every day she gives me a few pennies. A drop in the bucket, one of the many blind Catholics will say, but you know, though one drop of water is nothing, the

An Interview with the Devil

By PIERRE L'ERMITE

ocean is made up of such drops. With the pennies of this pious girl and others like her I have built up my palaces with the linotypes-and rotary presses and strung the cables that connect us with all the capitals.

* * *

AT THAT moment we reached a newsstand. The eyes of Satan shone.

"Count, count your papers, count them!" he said.

I counted them: one, two—three—four—five—no more.

"Now count mine!"

With his cane he rapidly pointed them out to me. "This one is mine because of its leading articles... This one because of its feuilleton... This one belongs to me because of its illustrations... that one on account of its advertisements... and that one over there because of its crime reports with the lurid details, that are avidly devoured by all people, even the small children. And this day after day."

Thus we counted and counted until I grew tired of counting and my

interlocutor of describing the details of his periodicals.

At that moment a priest passed by. Satan followed him with his eyes and with particular attention.

"Even he... wears my blinders. Look at him. He is tired... he has just preached a sermon, a beautiful sermon. His discourse was well thought out... But he only spoke to four hundred people as always before.

"While I... but why talk? Look at my stands, take this one, think how much it nets me."

It was five o'clock and the street was full of people. Many stood in front of the newsstand looking at the illustrations and reading the headlines of the papers on display.

Many bought copies... the vendors had hardly hands enough to supply the demand. Every ten minutes or so came trucks delivering new heavy bundles of copies fresh from the presses and the ink still wet on them.

* * *

SATAN said proudly:

"This is my pulpit... and that priest who just passed by does not see that between my preaching and his there is the same difference as that between a machine gun and a catapult.

But he does not see it. These stands do not alarm him nor any others. Every day and every hour of the day it robs him of souls, even the souls of little children all redeemed by the blood of the Other.

"This priest also wears my blinders."

The devil was getting very confidential.

"Don't you know that I am the angel of darkness? I have no blinders over my eyes. I see clearly. I know the feeling that the Catholics have experienced, the pride of my own great and beloved press.

"It is the most efficient expression of my voice. It is heard in the editorial office, it goes out to the stand, to the street vendors... it fills the city... it invades the railroad stations... it takes the train and enters the country towns, eager hands carry it to the homes, is read by the hundreds, even the small children.

"The Catholics don't know all this. My blinders keep them from knowing it."

We finally reached the door of the theater where our convention was being held. Satan pointed to it with a gesture of contempt.

"Bah," I said... "The Cenacle was still smaller... Despite your insolence and royal triumph I believe in the victory of Him who has words of eternal life... I believe that some day the Catholics will see clearly... on that day..."

And leaving the devil at the door I entered the hall in which appeared to be most vivid the memory of Don Bosco, the illustrious educator, the knight of the modern crusade who turned on Satan the terrible weapon, which we do not see and use because of the blinders he put on us.

Are You a "Snoopopath" Lover?

By JULIA ITURRALDE

You are tense. You watch each movement of the Man in the screen. You see him as he slowly rises from his swivel chair, pale and staring hard at the figure emerging from the shadows. As the silhouette stealthily approaches with a gleaming stiletto in hand, the Man's nose starts quivering in a unique way: the pupils of his eyes grow bigger and bigger and, finally, he cries out in a hollow, sepulchral tone — "You!" The effect of that single cry strikes you like a thunderclap. And why? Because you've been snoopathized.

The Man who brought you to that state belongs to the category of human beings termed by the great Stephen Leacock as "Snoopopath." The sound of the word may strike a strange note in your ears, but, in reality, snoopathisms are not rare. For all you know, you may even be one of them or, at least, one of their dearest friends. If your eyes grow misty when you hear snoopathistic words, if a thrill sweeps over you when you read snoopathistic literature or see snoopathistic scenes, then you are a snoopath's friend, or better still, a snoopath lover.

But what exactly is a snoopath? To catch his essence, think of a two-legged creature who goes for melodramatics, dishing out works which lack spontaneous genuineness and which ring like counterfeited coins. The modern world, boasting to be coldly scientific and unsophisticated, looks with disdain at melodrama, yet it allows the snoopath to live. In fact, Mr. "Snoop" is a 20th century phenomenon. He has a peculiar appeal to the 20th century audience whom Leacock said can take only thin fiction, short enough, easy enough for them to bear without overstraining their minds, while drinking cocktails. Yes, snoopathism sells, because modern people buy it. People will shut their eyes at the crudeness of an illogical romantic plot provided they get suspense and thrills out of it. Besides, in the present day hurry and grind, the sequence of events in the screen runs so rapidly that people have no more time to see the wobbliness of the whole production. They are simply swept off their feet. They are also snoopathized into patronizing highly sensa-

tional goods by the race of super-advertisers which has sprung up in the past decades.

Here is a snoopopath's work in movie advertisement: "See the greatest of them all! Romance! Lavish splendor! "But you also meet the same, old string of adjectives or, at least, words to that effect describing another picture concurrently shown in the same movie-house. Logic tells you there can't exist two superlatives of the same species side by side, yet the snoopopathic advertiser shoving all logic away manages to label each film "the greatest". And he not only hoodwinks people that way. He also sugarcoats the goods he sells by giving it some attractive name, like "Springtime in Versailles" or "Voices of May". He knows the psychology of modern people who reject melodrama, but who relish it when presented to them under a different name. He knows that all and capitalizes on it to his secret glee.

If you fall for the superadvertiser's line and buy a ticket to the show, you will witness grand snoopopathic scenes which will put you into throes of suspense. You will notice how the snoop actor works, how he loves to relapse into attacks of serenity just at the time you expect the wildest action. Why the doldrums? What will come next? The snoop actor delights in making his audience feel a certain vagueness, a certain "incomplete, shadowy effect". That is his way of catching their sympathy

and people surely are thrilled.

If most of the shows downtown are snoopathic 99.99% of the soap-box operas carried daily by the radio waves are just big doses of snoopathism. Just listen to the screams, angry voices, and sobbings issuing from your radio day after day. These discordant things make up the storm after the calm, the hurricane after the snoop actors' state of blissfulness. Have you ever tried translating the language used by the snoopopaths in certain radio scenes? Believe it or not you will hear words like these: "I will be true to you as the stars which never swerve from their course, as the pools which eternally mirror the creation, as the eagle in the aerie which remains constant and clear when its sole mate dies." This is one time, yes, when you can really cry out, "Help!"

Today everywhere you will meet snoopopaths. They abound in all walks of life, from acting to producing, from advertising to directing. They pull the wool over man's seeing eyes, giving him cheap, falsified good for something which could be of invaluable worth. There exists a Maginot line between melodramatics and genuine art and emotion. One is shallow and artificial, proceeding only from man's nervous system; the other, is deep and spontaneous, springing from the human heart and bearing with it the laughter, pathos, and tears of man. If you are snoopopathizable, you will take the trivial and the false. You will let him live. Do you love him that much?

NOT long ago, a swarm of critics buzzed over the activity of a local priest in behalf of the working classes. We do not intend now to go through the unnecessary trouble of cracking down the fluky props which awkwardly supported the contentions of those "wise" (or "otherwise") judges. However, every now and then, we still hear some squawks from the papers about the same Father and we feel inclined to believe that these cries are no longer directed at him alone, but at every member of his race — the priest, And we may be justified to conclude that these criticisms arise, not from any personal grudge towards any particular priest, but rather from a mistaken idea about the priesthood, an idea which beclouds the minds of many, if not the majority, of our people. And that idea boils down to this: "the priest is a man appointed by God to lead us poor mortals to salvation, but the priest's world must be limited to the four walls of his church and his convento."

Thank God, our people have still enough faith to recognize in the priest a man of God with a divine calling. And to say this means much. But if the priest is to lead all men to Heaven, then why keep the poor man restricted to the sanctuary and to his house, when the men he is supposed to save are found everywhere in this old sphere we call world? And the trouble is, this milling crowd of mortals will not come to the priest in his

A man's man... he must become "all things to all men..."

This Is

church to be saved; no, he has to go out to them to save them where they are, in their shacks or in their palaces, in their classrooms or in their offices, in their saloons or in their workshops. "If the mountain does not come to Mohammed, then he must go to the mountain," that is, if Mohammed is wise enough.

Yes, the priest must go to the people no matter where they are, if he is to bring them the salvation which is the main object of his vocation. **THE WORLD IS A PRIEST'S WORLD** and he cannot be a true priest who does not go out to the last man in this world, for every single individual is a member of God's flock, the priest's own flock. And no priest will be deterred from this duty of saving all men by mere pharisaical bickering. Hence we shall continue to see and hear much of priests of this kind. And we shall see them not only in Port Area or in the International Airport, but in Muntinglupa, in our Boy's Town and in our soldier's Camps; in our asylums and in our hospitals, in

a Priest's World

By P. O. MORALES



our schools, in our session halls and in our courtrooms.

And the priest is a figure to be counted with not only in a catholic Philippines but in a pagan China or Japan. The priest is a blazer of trails in the jungles of a New Guinea or Africa; the priest will rough it in the burning deserts of a Sahara or in the icy wastelands of an Alaska. He is a leader in a cultured Europe and in a progressive America. Yes, sir, the priest is as ubiquitous as his calling is sublime, and his work is as manifold as man's salvation is universal.

Those who would confine the priest to the church or to the rectory are first cousins to the Scribes and Pharisees of old who took umbrage at Christ's eating and drinking with Publicans and sinners, wise guys who wanted to limit Christ's divine power to six days of the week and would not hear of a miracle worked on a Sabbath. And Pharisees or Scribes and their cousins are fellows who can judge about others' actuations but

will not themselves move a finger for the alleviation of their less fortunate brethren. And for such people, Christ, though Charity Himself, did not mince words: "ye brood of vipers, ye whitened sepulchers."

Those who would tie down the priest to his church or to his house, forget that "times have changed and we are changed with them." Nowadays, we do not expect to see a priest carried in an easy chair on men's shoulders in order to visit his flock in the barrios. No, the priest of these our days must either be a walkathon or a jockey or a driver. He must know how to mount a horse (sometimes, a carabao) just as well as he knows how to ascend his pulpit. The priest of today is one who can sweat it out in the confessional but at another times can steer the wheel of a jeep that he may bring the same pardoning grace to those who cannot come to kneel at the penitents' box. He must know how to raise his hands in blessing and just as adeptly, he should propel a 'champion' through

angry waters in order to reach out the grace of salvation to other members of his flock. The priest's hands may be anointed, but it will not be unholy, nay, it will sometimes be very useful, for those same hands to wield a tennis racket or flip a ball into the basket. The priest must "become all things to all men," if he is to lead all men to God.

Hence, for the same reason, the priest must be in courtrooms and in session halls to uphold what is right and just, for the priest should be a champion of justice and righteousness; he must be fearless before the Pilates and Neros and Apos of an atomic age. The priest must be with the poor workmen especially in the solution of the old problem of the "daily living wage", for the priest should be father of the poor par excellence. He must be in asylums and hospitals, in prison cells and on battlefields to bring comfort to the body and peace to the soul, for he serves a Master Who is both a Physician and Prince of Peace. The priest must be in classrooms and in printing shops in order to see that his flock learn and read only what is of truth. And the

priest must be in recreation halls, in stadiums or bowling alleys, if necessary, in order to direct the ways of the young and the lovers of fun and gaiety. For fun and pleasure are not in themselves sins, but the "ways of men may make them so," therefore the priest must direct those "ways" along the line of what is licit fun and pleasure.

Now, don't say I'm "kidding" when I say that an old nun recently wanted to report a priest to his bishop because "Reverend Father" told her it would be good if she sometimes saw some of the modern movies. That holy nun certainly wanted to make headlines of her first invitation to the movies.

No, I am not kidding. I am dead serious and earnest about the need of active priests, of priests who realize their position in the present-day world. Sad thing is that we do not have many more of them! May our nun pray that God will give us more priestly priests who will go out to save all men, "in and out of season," in and out of the church, through the length and breadth of this wide world, for this is a PRIEST'S WORLD.

A distinguished visitor at a lunatic asylum went to the telephone and found difficulty in getting his connection. Exasperated, he shouted to the operator: "Look here, girl, do you know who I am?"

"No," came the reply, "but I know where you are."

—The Liguorian

"51 Means 52"

By WILLIAM DRISCOLL, S. J.



"Ring out the old; ring in the new," and we finally have the year 1951 with us. This may mean lots of things for each of us: bigger and better Buicks, a death in the family, colored television, a pause in the war in the East.

But more than all else, 1951 means 52! 52 more weeks, 52 more Sundays, and 52 more times you and all the Catholics of the world will troop to church and attend Holy Mass. It means 52 more Masses which you will offer to God.

This is a tremendous fact: you with the Priest offering the Mass, together with the whole Church throughout the world, will have the Sacrifice of Calvary, whereon Christ died as the price of your salvation, to hold up to God and say: "Accept this sacrifice: forgive me and all of us; bring us to Heaven with you." This will be yours to do 52 times.

To attend these 52 Masses with more understanding, with more devotion, and with more real prayer, would be the most practical way you could increase the effectiveness of your daily and weekly prayer, with-

out adding to its quantity. You can improve the **quality** of what you already do.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is the real and true Sacrifice of the New Testament in which Christ is offered under the appearances of bread and wine, thus continuing the Sacrifice of the Cross in an unbloody manner.

The Mass is the same sacrifice as that of the Cross because the offering and the priest are the same in both. Christ Our Lord was the offering on Calvary, and He was the Priest making that offering there. He is also the priest and the offering in every Mass.

And in addition, the purposes why both Calvary and each Mass are offered are the same. There are four purposes for which the sacrifice of Calvary was offered and is reoffered in each Mass. Let us see what these are one by one. I shall add a portion of a prayer, written and used at Mass by St. Margaret Mary, after each.

If you would think about why the Mass is being offered to God each Sunday as you attend, and recite this

little prayer of St. Margaret Mary each Sunday, you would come closer to an appreciation of what you and the Church are doing 52 times a year. Your prayer would improve in its quality.

Jesus Christ, Who was true God and true man, the Son of God the Father and the Son of Mary the Virgin, died on the cross so that men might have a sacrifice to offer to God for their sins — all the sins from Adam's disobedience down to your sins, and mine. This Sacrifice of the Godman Jesus Christ alone satisfies for these sins of men.

And so, St. Margaret Mary (that great friend of the Sacred Heart of Jesus), thinking of this, would pray at every Mass: **"Eternal Father, I beseech Thee to receive the offering of the Heart of Jesus Christ, Thy well-beloved Son, as He offers Himself to Thee in sacrifice. Be pleased to accept this offering for me, with all the desires, all the sentiments, all the affections, all the pulsations, all the actions of this Sacred Heart. They are all mine, since He immolates Himself for me: and I desire for the future never to have any other intentions than His. Receive them in satisfaction for my sins."**

The Sacrifice of the Mass thanks God, too. It thanks Him in the only complete way possible, by our giving Him as our gift back to Himself. It thanks Him for all the graces and favors, spiritual and material, which we have; for they are all from Him. And Margaret Mary prayed: **"Receive this offering of the Heart of Jesus**

Christ in thanksgiving for all Thy benefits."

Since we will all need more favors tomorrow, the Mass as it were pulls them down from the bounty of the Father for us; it is offered to obtain all the graces and blessings we need for everyday of the coming week. **"Receive the actions of this Sacred Heart, and grant me, through their merits all the graces necessary for me, and particularly the grace of final perseverance,"** St. Margaret used to say.

And lastly, and yet always firstly, the Sacrifice of the Cross, was offered to honor and glorify God. So too with the Mass. God is only perfectly honored by One Who is His equal. Christ is His Son; He has the Divine Nature. Hence He is equal to God the Father. And with Christ as our oblation in the Mass, we have the perfect gift with which to adore God as He should be adored.

"Receive these as so many acts of love, adoration and praise, which I offer to Thy Divine Majesty," concluded St. Margaret, **"since it is by Him alone that Thou art worthy honored and glorified. Amen."**

If you think over the ends for which the Sacrifice of the Cross was offered every time you attend Mass, and say the little prayers indicated, you will find that the Mass will become more and more real each Sunday of the year.

You will increase the quality of this supreme, this one perfect prayer. You will be going to Mass in the way you learned was proper when you

were children from the catechism: "We should assist at Mass with great interior recollection and piety and with every outward mark of respect and devotion, offering it to God with the priest for the same purpose for which it is said, meditating on Christ's suffering and death, and going to Holy Communion."

In this way 1951 will mean for you 52 times you have personally and

progressively more intimately united yourself to God through His Son for your own salvation and that of the whole world. This is truly a real advance in your personal holiness and sanctity. This is truly "ringing out the old, and ringing in the new." And best of all, it is not 51 times new, nor only 52 times new." It is infinitely, and eternally, New.



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During the summer of 1922, Bishop William Hickey of Providence, R. I., launched a million-dollar drive for the construction of several new high schools in his diocese. The bishop did not expect any collection to be endorsed in all quarters, but he never surmised that this drive would be bitterly opposed by Rhode Island's French-speaking Catholics, so traditionally loyal to the church. They did not argue that the drive was wrong. Instead, they questioned his right to assess their parishes. The parishes already supported their own elementary French schools, and they protested even though the drive was for the high schools.

By 1924, a leader had arisen to crystalize the movement around the weekly newspaper called *La Sentinelle*. The paper spared no words in attacking the bishop, and its circulation grew. By 1927, its followers had become so bitter that they refused all financial support to the church. The bishop now had to resort to drastic action. He ordered his priests to refuse the sacraments to all who persisted in their opposition. He finally felt himself forced to excommunicate the 56 leaders.

At the height of the unhappy episode, the broken-hearted bishop looked for someone to give him supernatural assistance. The person he chose was the daughter of a blacksmith named Ferron, who lived in Woonsocket. Ferron before beginning his day's work, assisted at Mass, and on his way home reported again

GIRL WITH

at church for that typically man's devotion among French Canadians, the Way of the Cross. His wife, dedicating each of her children to a mystery of the Rosary, had finished all 15 decades. Marie-Rose, the child dedicated to the tenth mystery, the crucifixion, was a person Bishop Hickey called upon in his distress.

At the age of six, Rose had already had a vision of the Child Jesus. "I saw Him with a cross," she said, "and He was looking at me with grief in h's eyes."

When Rose reached 13, she became seriously ill after carrying dinner to her father on a slushy spring day. Her right hand and her left foot were paralysed. Her hand was cured, however, while she was taking holy water one morning after Mass two years later. In an instant opened and once again she could freely move her fingers. But her foot never healed, and for 12 years she could not walk without crutches.

Rose saw herself destined to be a cripple for life, and sadness and lone-

CHRIST'S WOUNDS

By HERBERT GEORGE

liness cast a shadow over her girlhood. One summer morning, when she was 17, she felt her misery more acutely than usual. Years later she recalled what she felt. It was Sunday and from her window she could see her sisters and friends chattering and laughing as they left for church. "The life that overflowed from these girls seemed to be the best that the world could give, and I contrasted myself with them. I felt crushed. I saw myself miserable, destitute, and abandoned by God; I thought of my infirmity, of my crutches, and I was heart-broken."

Then Rose met a priest who taught her how to suffer, so that by the time Bishop Hickey called on her, when she was 25, she had completely solved the mystery of suffering for herself. She could even say that she could hunger and thirst after it and that suffering was to be her state of life. By this time she had been bedridden for five years.

The bishop called on the Ferron home because he knew he would meet

there the victim who would be willing to offer herself to his diocese. On her part, Rose recognized "a good heart" in the bishop. He felt so much at ease in her presence. Such incidents cause great annoyance to Rose's mother.

"My child," he pleaded, "will you suffer for the Diocese of Providence, for its priests, and for those I was obliged to punish?"

"I will do what ever you want," answered Rose without hesitation. "I am willing to suffer as you wish for the return of those you have excommunicated. I will pray for their return."

The bishop thought that Rose should reflect a little before complying, for that might become a real martyrdom. He left the room for a few minutes to let her consider the full import of her acceptance. When he came back Rose repeated her consent.

Calm again begun to settle slowly over the Sentinelliste battlefield. Many thought it was the calm before a fresh storm. But a lone victim was obtaining graces for an entire Diocese through unusual, mystic suffering. Once in ecstasy, she was heard to plead: "Take away my speech, if that will help. Take my eyes! Take everything I have and cherish. I am ready to suffer until the last one is converted, even 100 years if you so wish it—!"

One by one the 56 rebel leaders came back to their church.

One day when Rose was 22, the

house was filled with the odor of freshly baked bread. Her young sister, who was munching a crust, invited her to have some. "I can't," answered Rose, who already knew that her eating habits were going to the unusual. "If I do, I may die."

"Die from eating or die from hunger — what's the difference? Try, at least."

Rose tried and suffered as if she was actually going to die. When all was over, her left hand was deformed. It was to remain cripple until her death.

After that she ate no more solid food. For 11 years, until her death, Rose took only liquid food and even this she was at times unable to keep. Realizing that she could take Holy Communion, a priest once gave her some tiny unconsecrated particles. They promptly made her ill. Moreover, four years before her death she did not even drink water for a period of three months. But Rose felt hunger and thirst. She still craved food even though she had to subsist on a diet that would have meant starvation for an ordinary person.

"Little Rose," as she was called by her friends, had begun a role of victim without foreseeing the type of suffering in store for her, or what unusual signs God was to work in her martyred body. Her abstinence from food and drink was only the beginning of many phenomena. Throughout them all, she remained docile to authority, both medical and spirit-

ual, and tried always to avoid publicity.

Bishop Hickey authorized a private oratory next to Rose's room. When Mass was said there, especially on the feast of the Virgin Mary, Rose would drop into ecstasy after the opening prayers, though she always revived in time of Holy Communion. Generally, the instant she received the Sacred Host, (although it disappeared) her head fell back and she again drifted into ecstasy. Not a slightest movement of her throat muscles indicated that she was swallowing the Host, although it disappeared instantaneously. Various priests noted this fact, even one who seemed not to believe in the mystic character of Rose's experiences.

Rose Ferron was one of the most completely stigmatized person on record. Rose had five wounds and the crowning of thorns, as well as the shoulder wound and the bleeding from the eyes.

The wounds of Christ's scourging had appeared too and then during the latter part of 1926, but it was in the lent of 1927, a few months before Archbishop Hickey sought in Rose a victim for his diocese, that these wounds began to appear regularly every Friday. The red and purple stripes were clearly visible on her arms, which seem to have been lashed with whips.

Two days later, before the eyes of her biographer and another priest, the wounds of the nails appeared in her hands. Her feet, too, bore the marks

of the nails. Rose had a sensation that her blood did not circulate beyond the stigmata, but that the blood "streamed forth" from them. In describing the piercing of the muscles of her hand, Rose exclaimed, "I feel them tearing apart; they seemed to separate into shreds and to be drawn aside." A priest who examined these wounds in 1930, wrote, "The blood gave a sweet-smelling odor known to me, somewhat like a perfume; my hands became saturated with it. It was not a transitory smell, since the odor persisted till the following morning."

The stigmata of the heart began during the Lenten season of 1929. They brought such sharp pains to Rose that she sometimes fainted. She said that the interior pain was "frightful". At times it was in her back, "where the lance seemed to have stopped."

The wounds of the crown of thorns resembled, in her mother's words, "two heavy cords that encircle her head". The holes made by the thorns themselves made Rose feel "as if her head were breaking open." These thorns stigmata never disappeared completely. They were still visible after her death.

Finally, Rose suffered from the shoulder wound, which also brought her acute pain.

The five wounds and the crown "came to stay", but the others appeared every Friday and disappeared every Saturday as rapidly as they had come, without leaving a trace. On

Friday's, when the bleeding would begin, Mrs. Ferron would lock the door of the house and admit only few visitors who have obtained special permission. Rose was embarrassed at feeling herself an object of study and would keep the stigmata under cover. Some of the visitors fainted upon seeing her agony. Such incidents caused a great annoyance to Rose's mother.

There are various descriptions of Rose's sufferings on Fridays, during which the progress of crucifixion could be followed. She would repeatedly ask the time, clearly awaiting her hour of deliverance. As three o'clock approached, she would begin to tremble and ask all to leave the room in order that she might be alone with her dying Saviour.

Father Boyer has described Rose's agony on Friday Nov. 1929.

"At 11 A.M., at the cavities of both eyes were filled with brime. The night before, I asked her why she did not wipe away. She answered, 'By wiping it off, the skin is often taken along with it, but, if I leave it, the blood is burning, as though it is an acid.

"The bright eyebrow was split open while I was there, and as the wound enlarged, the surrounding of the eye became blue, yellow, and black. I have seen many bruised eyes. But that one was the worst I have ever seen. The very sight of it was very painful.

The right side of the lip, also, split open, and as the swelling

creased, new form were formed in the chin.

"After dinner time, she entered into ecstasy, her eyes and right arm straightened out; if her left arm, which was tied to her body, had stretched out in the same way, she could have been the form of a cross. Shortly afterwards, she writhed with pain. Her lips clenched and trembled and I could hear the muscles snap, as the arms seemed to be pulled out of their sockets. Suddenly the movement of the man stopped, her head jerked backward and while she was gasping for breath, I could hear a crunching sound at short intervals. Was it the rearing of the muscle that made the sound, as if the limbs were pulled out of their joints? As I heard them, they seemed to me as though the pains of Christ echoed from Calvary. Rose felt as though her bones were out of their sockets, but still touching one another on ends. To avoid the pain, she did not dare move. At times, Rose could clench her teeth to overcome the tortures. The chill of the death made her silver, and cold sweat would appear. At that moment she said, "I thirst." They gave her water to drink. Rose repeated a second time: 'I thirst for souls'.

"Finally her chin dropped, her mouth remained open, and the pallor of death suggested a corpse."

A physician from Massachusetts assisted Rose at a number of these crucifixion sufferings. After the ecstasy he helped her bring her dislocat-

ed arm back into its natural position, for the joints were out of their sockets. In his own words, "This sometimes took half an hour to perform and was accompanied with excruciating pains. Two weeks before her death I did this three times on the same afternoon. I never could understand how the girl could suffer too much!"

The inevitable question of official medical observation finally arose. We have Rose's own description of her acceptance of this proposal in 1931:

In July, I bled every day as on Friday. It was terrible! I felt that if it was the time. I had no repugnance to being examined at the time and was willing to submit to the ordeal. But on the first of the month, the Friday on which I bled so regularly and for so long a time, on that very day, there was no trace of blood and even the wounds could hardly be seen. That day, Father called to tell me that I would be examined in two weeks. On seeing me, he said, 'What! Today, Friday, and there is nothing?' It's strange, but since the authorities were to do something, then my wounds have not bled."

Rose was pleased at the temporary relief afforded her parents, for her torments allowed them little peace of mind. She had even asked her exterior signs of the stigmata.

During an ecstasy she had prayed: "O my Jesus, I wish to suffer more and more, but spare my parents. Increase my sufferings, if You will, but allow no one to see them."

Her prayer was answered. During her last five years on earth, she bore no stigmata, except those of the head. But her sufferings did not cease. Every Friday, the blood rushed to the members that had borne the wounds and caused even greater pain than she had endured before.

Rose wondered if she should not ask for the wounds to reappear, to which a priest replied, "God has brought them about and God has taken them away. If God wants their return, He can do so without being asked."

The official medical investigation was never made. But we still have ample medical pronouncements on Rose Ferron's case. The testimony of one physician who died before was, "I have had all kinds of doctor examine Rose and none of them can explain her case on natural grounds. To me her case is supernatural, because no one could have lost so much blood and still live." Referring to the very small quantities of liquid food which were her sole nourishment, he added, "She is sustained by God alone. I am thoroughly convinced that the manifestations are supernatural."

The little victims of the Diocese of Providence had no more rest while she lived. Not only was her body racked with pain, but she seemed not to have slept for years, except perhaps when she would faint from sheer pain. From midnight until one o'clock, Rose kept her Hour of Reparation. Then for three hours she

kept busy as well as she could with her crafts. She had learned to make bookmarks, to braid, and to repair rosaries. After four o'clock, she dozed for two hours. But Rose insisted that she did not sleep. In fact she was aware of all that happened in the room.

While in ecstasy on April 13, 1929, in the presence of six visitors, Rose asked in prayers how long she still had to suffer, and repeatedly she answered aloud, "Seven Years." She began to count how old she would be after seven more years, and stopped at 33. Rose Ferron died in 1936. She was 33.

On May 6, Father Boyer called at one o'clock in the morning. "I walked into the room", he wrote in his biography, "and when I saw her condition I was moved with pity. I could not recognize her, she was so changed; her face was not only disfigured, but wrenched out of shape. Her eyes were half-closed and in their corners thick blood was gathering; her complexion was copper red and her skin appeared coarsed and swollen; her breathing was painful; her mouth was open and twisted."

Rose lived five more days. In death she still had "the expression of anguish embedded in her face." But as the women whom she herself had appointed for preparing her body for the coffin were washing her face, its frightful distortion disappeared. A change came over her features at each stroke of the towel. Her face emerged with a charming smile.



"Male
Gossipers"
Thanks to
Miss Lulu Flores
Mexico, Pampanga

**"New Shoes, eh?"
Thanks to Freddie
Dimalanta of Davao
City**



**"Comes the Collection plate...
there's the 'Pasikat' and the
guy who suddenly acquires the
power of concentration..."
Thanks to Lina Vinuya of Ma-
lesiqui, Pangasinan.**





Home Is Heaven

SANTISTEBAN!!!" exclaimed Nanay, letting the daily paper fall into her lap. "What if they drop it on us?"

Tatoy looked up quizzically from the toy airplane he was fixing. "Who will drop what on us?"

"The Russians and the atom bomb of course!"

"We-e-ll?" Tatoy baited encouragingly. From his 20 years of married life he knew that this was only the preliminary barrage before the general attack.

"Well, here we are without even an air-raid shelter."

Junior stopped biting his pencil to remark, "Air raid shelters won't do, Nanay. Our Physics teacher told us the atom bomb is 20,000 times as explosive as TNT. It is as effective as 167 ten-ton blockbusters."

Nanay looked puzzled for a moment. Then with sudden realization she cried, "Naku! that's terrible!" Returning to her prey: "Tatoy!" she pleaded, "Let us evacuate to Parañaque."

"Pareho rin, Nanay," Junior continued. "The atom bomb at Hiroshima destroyed 7 square miles of the city. Parañaque is only 14 kilometers from Manila."

"Oy, SantisTeban!" then we must evacuate to Novaliches. That's far enough, isn't it?"

"Not if the Russians drop the HYDROGEN bomb!" This from Lucy who was trying on a new dress before a full-size mirror in the corner of the room.

"My goodness, what is that?" asked Nanay in alarm.

"It's a new bomb, Nanay." Lucy turned around, then with a Bette Davis' gesture: "They say it's the most awful thing—more awful than the atom bomb. It will blow us up even if we were at Novaliches."

Nanay was almost hysterics. "We shall all be killed! What shall we do? Tatoy! TATAY! Where shall we go?"

Everyone looked at Tatoy. But that imperturbable man seemed not to notice the emotional tempest that was raging on. Picking up the toy airplane he said to Junior, "Here, you finish fixing this broken wheel. Use the small screw-driver in my desk." Pause. "Uh... better fasten it with a paper clip."

To 5 year-old Felicitto waiting patiently by his side, he said, "You go with Junior to the other room. He will fix your toy airplane for you."

Then raising his voice a bit: "Lucy! the phone is ringing in the sala. Will you answer it?"

When they were alone in the room, Tatay said kindly to his wife, "Tonight is too beautiful to be talking about bombs, Auring. Let's have a breath of fresh air on the porch."

The stars were out. All around them the evening breeze was wafting the sweet scent of the *dama de noche*.

"Auring," Tatay spoke softly, as he looked at the stars, "do you remember the nights we watched by Lucy's bed when she was deliriously ill—coughing her life out with pneumonia?"

Nanay was too stunned at the sudden change of topic to answer anything.

"Our first child—and to think she was going to die so early. It was too much for me. I was ready to break down. But you weren't. You wrapped the rosary around my fingers and bade me pray—and pray hard. **'God and His mother will see us through,'** you said. And they did."

Tatay was no longer looking at the stars, but beyond them. He had forgotten the presence of his wife by his side, and was talking to himself.

"The first time I learned about the atom bomb, I was frightened. I could not sleep. I trembled with fear for you and the children. Always and everywhere I saw the pictures of ruined buildings, and lying outstretched on the debris, your mangled bodies. Then one day at Mass, something happened. As the priest was

elevating the Host at the Consecration, an old truth came back to me, but with such force that it seemed it was the first time I've ever seen it. I realized in that one instant that God knows about the atom bomb. Even before this aging world and all the planets in the universe were created He knew that in the twentieth century of human history man would discover the atom bomb and run the risk of blowing himself and his world to Kingdom Come.

"Strange, isn't it, that we have become so overwhelmed by the power of the atom bomb that we think God can no longer help us? Oh yes, we still go to Him for our little private troubles and the various crises that pop up in our lives, but when it comes to talking about the atom bomb—the greatest threat to our civilization yet—we simply shy away. We imagine that if we mention the atom bomb to God, He may be—well, embarrassed. You know, as if the thing were too big for Him to handle... I'm not afraid... **God and His Mother will see us through.**"

The moon had burst the clouds that swaddled her, and was now shedding her beams upon the two figures on the porch.

"Look! the moon is up!" cried Tatay.

"Yes," Nay answered quietly, taking hold of his hand. "The moon is up." Then looking straight up to him she said, "If you are not afraid, Peping, neither am I."

"I'll tell the Cross...

(Continued from page A)

In your November issue, I read your editorial "In Defense of Catholic Missionaries". The "nasty remark" of that Protestant editor was really untrue....

For all that you do and have done, please accept my warm congratulations to all of you who edit the Cross.

To the Cross... more encouragement... more vigor.

Very respectfully yours,

Bro. M. Aurelius

A SUGGESTION

Davao City

Sir:

I would like to suggest that in order to increase the circulation of the Cross, the management sponsor a provincial and individual contest. Publication will be made every month of the provinces and individuals subscribing and selling the highest number of copies. Provincial agents will take care in sending by air mail to The Cross before the end of every month the number of copies sold and the name of the individual selling the the highest number of copies. Special prizes will be given to individuals selling the highest number of copies at the end of the year.

How do you like the idea?

Sincerely yours,

A Catholic Actionist

Ed.—We're throwing up your suggestion to our provincial agents.

DISCRIMINATING LILY?

De La Salle College

Taft Ave., Manila

For the past three years, I've been an avid reader of your "Miss Lily Marlens". How I love her inimitable way of giving admonition to the love-stricken adolescents of our day. Her touching advice to those who vitally need it never fails to impress me. Indubitably, innumerable people have profited from her non-pareil skill. Yes, I just appreciate the unparalleled Miss Lily Marlens, whose column is (and I am sure, will always be) the teen-agers' favorite... the delight of Cross readers.

This admiration encouraged me to consult her. BUT beyond my expectation, I got nothing but mere disappointment. I waited patiently for her advice in the Cross for four months. My second letter to her received her insouciance, no doubt. Naturally got impatient. Until now, I don't know what to do with my problem. Does Miss Marlene think my problem is not worth her attention? I (almost) can't believe it. Really!

Would you mind enlightening me in this matter, Mr. Editor? You wouldn't say the well-loved Miss Marlene has some kind of discrimination, would you? I would like to hear from you... if not from her. More success to the Cross. God bless you in your work. Keep up the good grade. "Esto perpetua".

*Yours in Christ,
(Name Withheld)*

Ed.—The "unparalleled" Lily regrets that due to her bulky—repeat bulky—mail and space limitation, she cannot answer her fans as quickly as they desire. And for the sake of her 24,000 readers, the "well-loved" Lily DOES discriminate in the sense that she gives preference to new problems rather than to the usual run-of-the-mill type. However, space limitation permitting, the "inimitable" Lily promises to answer all letters, including yours, love-struck La Sollite. So... more paciencia, huh?

EVERY PARISH HAS THEM

137-A Lardizabal
Sampaloc, Manila

Sir:

I heartily approve of your new column entitled "Every Parish Has Them". I hope it would, aside from providing entertainment for your readers, help those who are "pests" themselves, consciously or unconsciously, to mend their ways.

I have an idea for your column. I think it should properly be called "The Reluctant Genuflection". The offenders are of both sexes. For some unknown reasons, many church-goers seem to be in an inordinate hurry and execute a half-hearted bob whenever they pass the Blessed Sacrament. I am sure all the parishes have them, for I have seen their like in all the churches I have visited.

With prayers for the long life of the Cross, I remain

*Yours in Mary,
Getulio L. Ambrosio, Jr.*

Ed.—Good idea. Our cartoonist will sketch it for you in a coming issue. Cross readers are invited to send in their ideas of "Church Pests".

MOTION PICTURE GUIDE

Class A-I - - - - Morally Unobjectionable for General Patronage

TREASURE ISLAND
BREAKTHROUGH
RIDE 'EM COWBOY
TWO FLAGS WEST
HARBOR OF MISSING MEN
MR. HEX
BLUE GRASS OF KENTUCKY
DUCHESS OF IDAHO
THE FIREBALL
LAST OF THE BUCCANEERS
HAPPY YEARS

FANCY PANTS
FAREWELL TO YESTERDAY
FATHER OF THE BRIDE
THE WHITE TOWER
BROKEN ARROW
ENCHANTMENT
COMMANCHE TERRITORY
THE IROQUOIS TRAIL
THAT MIDNIGHT KISS
ROGUES OF SHERWOOD FOREST
COLT .45

Class A-II - - - - Morally Unobjectionable for Adults

COPPER CANYON
DESERT HAWK
AMERICAN GUERRILLA IN THE
PHILIPPINES
SUNSET BOULEVARD
STELLA
THE JACKPOT
BODYHOLD
THE GLASS MENAGERIE
LADY WITHOUT PASSPORT
BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND
DAWN
TEA FOR TWO
MYSTERY STREET
DEPORTED
TOMORROW IS FOREVER
HOMECOMING

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN
I, JANE DOE
THE AVENGERS
CAGED
THIS SIDE OF THE LAW
WHERE THE SIDEWALK ENDS
CONSPIRATOR
THE OUTRIDERS
WINCHESTER '73
CHINA SKY
THE BLONDE BANDIT
CASABLANCA
BAGDAD
EAGLE SQUADRON
OBJECTIVE BURMA
FAUST AND THE DEVIL

Class B - - - - - Morally Objectionable in Part for All

MY FRIEND IRMA GOES WEST
THREE SECRETS
THE UNDERWORLD STORY
BORN TO BE BAD

THAT UNCERTAIN FEELING
A GENTLEMAN AFTER DARK
ALWAYS TOGETHER

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- No. 30—Walnut cross
with moulded edges,
12" high with 6" bronze
corpus. Boxed P 5.50
- No. 50—Walnut or ebony
cross with moulded
edges, 15" high. 7"
bronze corpus. Boxed P 7.70

HANGING:

- No. L-20—Narra Cross
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pus. Individually boxed.
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