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OCTOBER, 1947

THE STORY OF "CAVITE"

Eufrasio L. Abueg

BACKDROP FOR THE MARSHALL PLAN

John LaFarge

THE BUSINESS OF EDUCATION

Rev. George O'Sullivan, O.R.S.A.

WOMEN PUZZLE ME

Cirilo Mendoza

RAGS AND RICHES

Narciso G. Reyes

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THE STORY OF "CAVITE"

Eufrazio L. Abueg

THIS is a story that should put an end to all stories about unwavering loyalty. It took place inside the infamous internment camp on the University of Santo Tomas grounds: between January 2, 1942 when the Japanese occupied Manila, and February, 1946 when the internees were liberated by the First Cavalry; it was unfolded under the very nose of the Japanese, but they never knew.

The principals are Benigno del Carmen, alias "Cavite," a Filipino in his late twenties, from Baliwag, Bulacan, and an American, William Douglas MacDonald, vice-president of the Manila Trading and Supply.

This story may lack the color and glamour of "Bread and Rice," a current American novel which

glorifies Fabian San Juan, a farmer from Rizal, whose loyalty to the author (Mrs. Doris Rubens) and her husband inspired the book. Unlike farmer San Juan, "Cavite" del Carmen has remained anonymous until this writing. Even then he allowed himself to be interviewed only after prolonged persuasion. Previously, he had been asked by an American writer to relate his story for transformation into a feature article; he was offered a very substantial amount for this; politely but flatly, he refused.

The truth of the matter is that Benny, as del Carmen is more commonly called, does not care very much for publicity. "It just occurred to me," he said when narrating his story, "that I should help the MacDonalds as much as I could. Some people regarded those

trying days as a time to rise or fall. Others just waited and hoped. I lived as best as I could, remembered the people I liked and tried to do something for them."

ENTRY

BENIGNO's story began when he heard that the MacDonalDs, his former employers, had been taken to Santo Tomas by the Japanese. He found out, too, that Bob Davis, a ten-year-old American-Filipino mestizo, visited his father at the camp every day. So one day he just tagged along with the little boy.

Benny recalls that the first sight of his American employer almost made him cry. "Mr. MacDonald had changed," he explained. "His once robust frame had been reduced to a mass of skin and bones. His clothes were tattered, his face showed clearly the effects of the misery and malnutrition which he had undergone. He lived with his wife and the children, Lynn and Dougie, in a shanty on the grounds. It was a shock to see them living in that tiny place; I had become used to the mansion which they used to keep in one of Manila's best residential districts. The only hope they had was that the war would end in "just a few months."

And thus did Benny start his daily visits to the compound. He

brought them food every day, and three times a week he attended to their laundry. In the middle part of 1942 Mr. MacDonald opened a coffee shop within the camp with the permission of the Jap military authorities. The little "joint" was operated on a cooperative basis; supplies had to be secured from outside. And this was Benny's job.

Day after day MacDonald gave him money, and he would set out for Manila's sadly replenished markets, loading his purchases on a pushcart and pushing this back to the UST. And Benny's work was important to those Americans behind the bars of Santo Tomas; he would not leave them now, he told himself. He never did.

He told his sick mother that he was going to stay in the city; reluctantly she gave her consent. Meanwhile Benny was becoming more than a mere purchasing agent; he began to serve as a one-man press service. He secured all the news he could from the underground and relayed it to the news-starved internee.

Then one morning the Japs almost got him.

DANGEROUS DAYS

The camp commandant had issued strict orders against smuggling liquor into the camp, and Benny thought it might be a good

idea to bring in a demi-john of rum inside. It would be quite a feather in his cap. So he got the rum and hid it inside a sack of peanuts.

Loaded down with this burden he headed for the concentration camp. He cannot explain clearly what happened next.

"I was passing the sentry at the gate," he narrates, "when I slipped and the sack fell to the ground. There was a metallic thud which no peanuts could have made and a swishing sound of liquid which I thought could have been heard a hundred yards away. My hair stood on end; I was petrified.

"The officer in charge came toward me, sword clanking against bowleg; he wanted to know what the sack contained.

"'Food, food,' I said, making motions with my hands, bringing it to my mouth and chewing on nothing while my knee felt like water.

"He wasn't satisfied. He leaned over and dipped one hand into the sack, into the contents. You're a goner, I told myself. You can't get away with this. This is the end... The officer straightened up and barked at me; I couldn't understand him; but, blessed motion! he was telling me to move on. I tottered away in a daze... I think it was a miracle that

saved me."

During the weeks that followed that narrow escape, no visitors were allowed to get inside the prison compound. The Japs were beginning to feel the impact of the reverse that were coming, one after another, like a battering tide striking against castles in the sand. And they didn't want the internees to know that the sons of heaven were not so unbeatable after all.

Benny was more than a little worried about the MacDonalds. Then he thought of a scheme by which he could contact them, Japs or no Japs. He befriended the owner of the house on the corner of Dapitan and P. Noval streets. The second story of this overlooked the interment camp, and from here he kept a constant watch for his friends.

Weeks passed; he failed to catch a sight of MacDonald. He continued his watch, grimly.

One lucky morning the gods who watch over men like Benny were kind; he saw the gaunt American, shambling listlessly across the grounds. He gave a high piercing whistle. MacDonald looked up and saw him. He rushed away and came back with a piece of chalk. On a blackboard he wrote: "Come at 4 o'clock this afternoon. I'll throw you a letter over the wall." They identified themselves in their notes as "Ca-

vite" (Bonny) and "Malaya" (MacDonald).

One day "Malaya" asked "Cavite" to deliver some food at 2 o'clock the next morning. This was "Cavite's" first important job under the new set-up. MacDonald's written instruction to his Filipino friend stated:

"Be on the alert at 2 a.m. for signals. The first signal we shall give you will be lighted cigarette moved upward and downward; get ready. Our next signal will be a lighted cigarette moved crosswise; this will mean that everything is o.k. on our side of the wall. Answer each signal with the same from your side. If we don't get your signals, we will know that everything is not ready. In that case we will repeat our signals every few minutes until we get your return signals. Be sure to work as quickly as possible after signals are given, as the wall is now patrolled on the inside.

"Do not attach any note with package. Toss note over after we give you the signal that we have gotten the package. This signal will be a cigarette moved in a circle. Be very careful."

LIBERATION

These risky communications came to an abrupt halt shortly afterwards, when the Japs barricaded the top of the wall with barbed wire. Empty barrels were placed outside the wall; guards were posted at strategic points. But this was a mere indication that the tides of war were relentlessly turning against the sons of heaven; it was the latter part of September, 1944. In a few days, the Americans were to land on Leyte.

But Benny never gave up hope of reestablishing contact with MacDonald. He continued his watch with grim patience. But he was to receive only one more note from the American; the day of reckoning was at hand.

In February, 1945 came that long-awaited day when the First Cavalry, led by "Georgia Peach", stormed the gates of the prison camp and let loose what might very well have been the fires of hell on the Japanese garrison. The day was one of joy; it was also a day of blood. And Benny, seeing all these, cried for the first time. The Philippines was free again, and so was Mr. MacDonald.

AFTERMATH

Today Benigno "Cavite" del Carmen is one of the few who can treasure the memory of a really noble deed; how really noble, it is hard to say. The MacDonalds in their gratitude did not forget him. They presented Benny with a substantial monetary gift and several of those essential household items that were so hard to get during the first lean days of liberation. He has been promoted from laborer to shipping clerk in Mr. MacDonald's

firm, and his fondest hope is still to get a 6-month leave in order to see the States with the grateful MacDonalds.

It was Mrs. MacDonald who paid him the compliment which he treasures most: "Our appreciation of Benny's deed is like the waters around the Philippines," she says, "...unfathomable." As for Benny he thinks America is a great country—as great as the American whom he has loved and served.

END

It has not been possible or wise for me, since my recent visits to the Vatican, to speak in public — and it has likewise been my judgement that I should observe a certain amount of restraint in speaking of my experiences, wonderful as they have been, in private. There is a timelessness about the Vatican which impels me to believe that in the life of the spirit, human interests cannot always be measured in terms of a generation or of a life or of a century. Thus the solution of the principal difficulties and trials which from time to time eclipse the children of God must always be brought into accord with the great fundamentals and never be the subject of temporary compromise.

It is trite and easy to say that civilization has failed. But civilization is only what we are as individuals. It is not something that can fail. Shall we say that we have failed? Does that matter? God has not failed. He cannot fail. Rather is the challenge to us to fortify our faith, renew our vows and take up the good fight — the fight of the spiritual over the material. The forces of that which is good and just will overcome the forces of evil. The power of justice is slow-moving, but irresistible. All wars are in vain, but the peace when it comes need not be in vain.

Myron C. Taylor, address to University of Notre Dame alumni

PARISH PRIEST OF THE GREAT WHITE WAY

David Clayton

Confessor, confidant and friend to Catholic Broadway, Father O'Reilly of St. Malachy's has for 21 years seen a side of New York's famous Great White Way that the entertainment-seeking public never sees. For to St. Malachy's neon-lighted portals come Broadway's famous and infamous, successes and failures, to pray, to weep or to give thanks.

Every night around midnight Father James Brendan O'Reilly, pastor of St. Malachy's takes a stroll down the garish High Street of his little Manhattan parish, the smallest in New York State.

The rest of the world may be switching off the radio or putting out the cat; but along Broadway, which Father O'Reilly has served as priest, confidant, and friend for nearly 21 years, the neon-lighted day is just beginning. Shouting newsboys, weighed down by "tomorrow's papers, wave him a cheery greeting, night club doormen in glittering uniforms hold up incoming patrons long enough to give him a smart salute; performers en route to the jazz cellars and dance hostesses on their way to work receive answering smiles to their salutations. And Toni Mineli, who runs the one-man orange crush stand at the corner of 52nd Street ("We Never Close") and who has not missed a four o'clock mass in 16

years, shouts a greeting above the noise of the yellow taxicabs.

For everybody knows Father O'Reilly and it seems that Father O'Reilly knows everybody along the Great White Way. Fiftyish, with a head of Irish red hair that is greying a little, a cheerful face and laughing blue eyes, Father O'Reilly is probably the quietest and most reticent man in the parish. Along a street where every man's favourite conversation is a monologue, he remains friendly but aloof, stopping infrequently as he takes his nightly walk before turning the corner to his little church which contains the actors' chapel which Catholic Broadway regards as its very own.

ITS NAME IN LIGHTS

The church itself, near Madison Square Garden, is unpretentious. Its sop to show business is the small electric sign which spells out its name and which is overshadowed by the monster coloured signs advertising whiskies, tigs-

rettes, cosmetics, and neighbouring entertainments.

In the actors' chapel the smell of incense mingles with another aroma which romantic writers like to think is grease paint but which the six priests who help Father O'Reilly to keep the church going 24 hours a day diagnose as natural mustiness.

Everything in the way of ornament in the chapel has one association or another with the Broadway stage. The altar was presented by an actor's association; and a troupe of acrobats gave chandelier; a pair of famous comedians, anonymous for the first time in their lives, are responsible for the sanctuary lamp. All around, wherever the eyes rest, there are reminders that this church serves a bizarre, garish, stay-up-all-night world and the worshippers who throng to its services throughout the night are themselves part of the strangest show on earth.

Fred Allen, the famous radio comedian, comes regularly; song-writers play the organ for the services; kneeling in the pews are chorus girls, drummers, trombone players, shooting gallery attendants, plain tourists and unidentified people who by some means or other make a living by methods they never disclose. Father O'Reilly never asks questions.

With such a strange body of parishioners it is no wonder that St. Malachy's finds that the attendance numbers fluctuate. And although attendances increase when times are bad, Father O'Reilly makes no comment and puts it down to human frailty. Men, he says, forget the need for spiritual food when times are good, and he hopes the overflow services which were a feature of the depressed 'thirties will never come again.

In those days actors, weary from fruitlessly climbing the stairs to agents' offices, came and sat all day in the pews because it was warm. Nobody bothered them and many of the ornaments now in the church have been presented by actors who remember those times and the kindness that came unasked from Father O'Reilly and his six good helpers.

VALENTINO'S FUNERAL

St. Malachy's has figured in the news more than once. The staff still think with distaste about the funeral of one Rudolf Alfonzo Raffaele Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valentina D'Antonguolla, shortened by Hollywood into Rudolph Valentino. That ceremony was turned into a three ringed circus in which women fainted whenever a camera pointed their way, and the police had to use their batons to quiet the hysterical crowd which rushed the

barriers and forced itself into the church. Five women committed suicide either just before or after the service. Onlookers fought like wildcats for a better view of the funeral procession.

It is an event which Father O'Reilly and his staff would like to forget.

Instead, if you can get them to talk at all, they prefer to discuss the ordinary routine that goes on day and night, the numerous sick-calls, the classes for actors' children, the pathetic stories of young girls from the country who come to New York seeking stage fame and, failing to find it, come for advice to St. Malachy's Rectory.

"Our task is to serve," said one of the priests. "The singing star and the street cleaner are all the same to us. We make no difference between them."

"NO MIXING" RULE

It is this objective view towards his famous (and sometimes infamous) parishioners that has made Father O'Reilly and his assistant priests keep without ex-

ception the rule of "no-mixing".

Everyday come invitations to meet parishioners at the Colony Club, the Stork Club, Sardi's and all the other celebrated meeting places of Broadway. Whether it is a wedding anniversary, a reunion, a birthday party, a christening party, Father O'Reilly gently but firmly turns them all down because it is better that way. "We look after everybody," says Father O'Reilly, "but we keep it at that level and it works better."

But Father O'Reilly has a soft spot for the people of Broadway nevertheless. That is why he takes his nightly walk down the High Street of his parish where the newsboy wave "hullo" and the nightclub doormen salute.

Occasionally, but never habitually, he may stop at Tom's and treat himself to an orange juice.

That is the full extent of Father James Brendan O'Reilly's incursion into high life in his parish where high life and its purveyance keep his charges up all night. — (Reuters)

LIMIT TO OMNIPOTENCE

A little while ago, I came across a sentence in the Beda Review that would do for a text. When the teacher asked the question, "Is there anything that God cannot do?" There was some hesitation in the class, but at last one hand shot up. "He cannot please everybody," said the child.

BACKDROP FOR THE MARSHALL PLAN

John LaFarge

An over-all picture of the economic and political problems confronting the representatives of sixteen nations now gathered at Paris.

ON the close, hot evening of July 1, the crowded press conference at the French Foreign Office—Quai d'Orsay—was a simple enough affair. The spokesman for the secret conference of the three Ministers with regard to the U.S. proposals for Europe's rehabilitation could report no answer as yet from Russia's representative. For one more evening Mr. Molotov was to talk in his shirtsleeves in the secluded garden of the Russian Embassy, discussing his anxious problem with his secretary.

The proposals of M. Bidault and Mr. Bevin were brief and direct. They spelled European self-help, aided, but not managed, by the United States. The plan of organization might be modified a plenty, but the principle was clearly announced, and was proof against the angry charges of interference in the internal affairs of smaller nations.

During the question period, these objections were persistently hurled against the proposals from the other end of the big table. But

each Moscow-prompted query served only to lend greater clarity to the Government's plan, and the questioner finally shrugged his shoulders.

By this time it was plain enough that the break with the Soviets had finally arrived. There would now be only an academic interest in what Mr. Molotov might have to say on the morrow. The time for shadow-boxing was over; the time to launch out upon the new venture had arrived. At 95 in the shade, it was zero-hour to go over the top for Europe's economic liberty, come what may.

The press conference was a last bit of experience in my six weeks of the European scene. As I walked out of the Foreign Office courtyard into the fresh air and past the Gare des Invalides, whence I should leave in the early hours of the coming morning for the trip home, I recalled but a couple of weeks before having seen the place picketed by government employes, while all France groaned under the multiple annoyances of the railway strike. And I tried

to formulate a little in my mind what might be the hazards and the hopes of the coming conference of European nations, which is now in session at the Quai d'Orsay.

The proposals made by our country for Europe's economic rehabilitation appeal to the practically universal longing of the European peoples to get to work and start a real, planned reconstruction of their shattered economies.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized over here that the great majority of the European peoples are not, fundamentally, looking for mere gifts. If they have had to look for handouts up to now, it is because so little else has seemed in any way available to them. "For generations," said M. Bidault at the opening session on July 13, "men of all countries who rejected a selfish nationalism have longed for this assembly which is being held today."

It is often said that people fail to learn the lessons taught by war. In the main, this is unhappily true. Nevertheless, certain matters have been so terrifically impressed by recent experiences that it is hard to see how they can be very readily forgotten. There are the lessons of economy and doing-without, of ingenuity in utilizing slender resources — food, clothing, recreation, etc. — which contrast with our own easy waste-

fulness in the U.S.A.

There remains, in the Latin countries, the strong family spirit; and an ever-increasing and healthy concern over the assaults which religious decay and modern social conditions have made upon the family. There is a much sharper vision than we appear to possess of how precious a thing is the soil, or any of a nation's God-given resources, and of what will befall a country when these resources are wasted or misused.

And then, there is ever-present the stark vision of utter destruction, of what man *has* done to man, and can again do, only in still more terrible form. On the other hand, the battle with war's miseries has deepened the sense of what cooperative effort really means. While Europe is plagued by social and national divisions which appall an American by their history-laden tenacity, there is also a keen sense of what it means actually to overcome some of these differences; of the release and peace which are achieved by a victory over them.

But then an ever-present query comes to the mind: how far can any such plan stand up against the furious opposition of Moscow and the Moscow-controlled communist parties in the Western countries?

Or—to put the same question in

another fashion — how far can the countries which are now conferring in Paris stand up against the blackmail of pressure, lies and threats of violence which the same parties exert upon all who refuse to do Moscow's will?

To such a broad question there are obviously a hundred answers. But since the question is capital, and space is limited, I wish merely to note three or four points which, it seems to me, must be kept in mind if the difficulties are to be rightly appraised — and if our own American assistance is to be a help and not a hindrance.

1. The threat of communist sabotage and communist vengeance is very real, and the danger and complexity of the situation which the rapid development of the Communist Party has produced in Western Europe can hardly be exaggerated. As some French cynic remarked: "In France we have only one party, the CP; the rest are but four ways of voting anti-communist."

In Italy, especially, the situation is peculiarly terrifying. Alone of all the groups and parties, the Communists emerged from the Resistance movement fully organized, amply financed, with trained men and a definite program.

In the field of government and in the field of labor where, in all these countries, the fiercest bat-

tle exists between the Christian concept of social justice and the steady progress of communist totalitarianism, there is a woeful lack of leaders. Twenty years of fascism have left their fatal mark upon Italy's younger generation, and the great men of the Christian democracy often find it stiff going. Unlike its French counterpart, Italy's socialism presents no buffer between Christian democracy and communism, such as exists in France (Blum, Auriol, etc.). And, financially, much of the time Christian democracy has had to operate on a shoestring.

In France the Communists are clamoring for a return to the Government, even threaten to seize power, and brandish the threat of what they can do through their control of the CGT (General Confederation of Labor).

In addition, western Europe is paralyzed by the fear of war, for the vision of its horrors is immediate and devastating. I know no question that is more frequently asked of an American traveler today than: "Are they talking in the United States of another war?"

The thought was terrifying that Europe might suddenly become the no-man's-land in a war between two outside Powers. As Count Della Torre pointed out in his much-commented-on articles in *Osservatore Romano*, communism

thrives on physical violence directed against it quite as well as on violence used in its behalf; sometimes even better. "The words of Pius XII in his anxious vigil of 1939 are still valid... With war everything can be lost — and we wonder what still remains to be lost after two world wars — but all can be regained by peace."

But — and the "but" is important — the news that the U.S. is well prepared for defense did not evoke the same reaction. A defense that might prevent war was welcomed. Implicit in Europe's confidence in the U.S. is the consciousness of our country's military might; and, after a brief burst of glory, Henry Wallace's European star has rapidly set. They are mighty glad that we are armed with the big guns, although they hope to heaven that we shall not have to fire them.

2. But there is another and a very different side to the communist picture. During the last few weeks the communist bluff has been called: not once alone but many times over, and each time with increasing effect. De Gasperi had to face physical violence in Venice, but his seemingly shaky Government, which excludes Communists, has stood firm.

The "Blum experiment" in controlling prices came to an end in France with a grinding jolt that

nearly knocked Premier Ramadier out of his seat; but he has hung on in power, without the Communists.

The French railway strike came and went, as did other strikes; but the CP did not succeed in taking over. And, unless there is an explosion before these lines are printed, the Marshall Plan will have got under way in the face of their vituperation and fury. The vast masses of the people are beginning to breathe a *little* easier, to take a more hopeful and confident view of things, and to wonder if, after all, they may not be able somehow to limp along on three legs, even if the fourth leg, that of eastern Europe — Russia's satellite countries: Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, etc. — is hopelessly lamed. And Molotov, as Anne O'Hare McCormick has so clearly explained, is facing a terrible dilemma in his attempts to scuttle the plan.

In other words, the Truman doctrine, with its implication of military defense, and the Marshall Plan, with its implication of a great nation's strength behind its proposals of aid and reconstruction, have put a ghost of new hope into a political and financial misery that seemed to be spiraling into a whirlpool of destruction.

3. The query is sometimes made: why should the Marshall

Plan be striving to save Europe through economic measures, when, as everybody knows, the real trouble is political? Were the political terror out of the way, the economic problem would be solved with comparatively little difficulty. It is the political, not the economic, considerations which are forcing Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Rumania to look helplessly on from behind the Soviet barbed wire; and it is politics, first and last, which keeps Europe in turmoil.

Wise men will have many answers to this question, but one answer seems to be plain enough. It is precisely because no progress can be made along the political line that the people of western Europe are glad to forget politics for the time being and finally get down to work upon sober, economic realities.

Although the future remains still uncertain, and a thousand hazards surround the conferees, there is satisfaction in finding out what can be done if there is at least a minimum of political freedom and good will; in discovering what each country, despite its individual hardships, can supply to others in the matter of cereals, meat, fish, fuel, building materials, textiles and other prime necessities; so that the appeal to the U.S. will be based upon honest

manhood, not upon irresponsible beggary.

The experiences of the recent months, too, have taught a profound and deeply significant lesson. Where *genuine* human economic needs are concerned, where focus is kept upon the actual problems of the individual, particularly of the individual family, communism is not a help but a hindrance to a practical economic solution. This philosophy has become particularly apparent in the field of the trades unions.

Italian Christian and socialist syndicates have found themselves weak precisely because they had allowed themselves to degenerate into political rather than strictly trades-union agencies. And the Christian Trades-Union Federation in France, the CFTC, just a year ago, at its 22nd Conference, the second after the liberation, expressly emphasized the "absolute independence of the Christian syndical movement from all political formations and parties — all attempts to intrigue for political ends under cover of trades-union activity." Despite all its vaunted might, the CGT has of late suffered notable secessions.

Its Achilles' heel is the growing distaste of the western European industrial worker for politics-ridden syndicalism. And, as a re-

sult, he is drawn closer to his conferees in the United States, who have built their unionism on a sound, non-political basis.

4. In conclusion, may I note two very simple considerations which need to be kept in mind, if America's aid is to be both welcome and effective.

The first is, that if Europe is to be encouraged to help itself, Europe's confidence must be maintained. That confidence we now possess, to a surprising and hopeful degree, because we have made clear that we harbor no intention of interfering in the internal affairs of the various states; nor are we asking them to interfere with one another more than is absolutely necessary for solid, practical economic reasons.

It is for them, not for us, to take the initiative in the limitation of their own sovereignty.

We have not tormented them with irritating demands that they "bury their differences," and try with one sudden swoop to turn the clock of history backward. The truth is that they cannot of a sudden forget their differences. Time and a new Europe should erase some of these; but such a happy state of things must grow from below: the Low Countries must

practise their "Benelux" customs agreement before they can proceed to a higher form of unity. Unity as such, even political unity, is a bright and welcome vision. But we cannot hand that desirable unity to them upon a silver platter.

And, last not least, our first, short-range aid must come, as one keen European observer remarked, not in dribblets, but "suddenly," as a powerful shock to the public psychology. If it is doled out in dribblets, if we haggle and negotiate, the total impression will be lost in detail and cross-purposes.

What America has decided to do for Europe's reconstruction, be it much or little, must be done quickly, in one strong, clear action, that the whole world may see it. All the power and ingenuity of CP propaganda will be mobilized during these coming weeks, to capture with a few appealing slogans the imagination of the millions who are now munching their gritty, scant cornbread in lands where wheat is really the staff of life.

Too often we have acted too late, even if not too little. The time to act is now, not next month or next winter. Human hearts follow human needs, and the heart of Europe is now in the balance.

WOMEN PUZZLE ME

Cirilo Mendoza

"All women puzzle me. But God bless 'em!"

WOMEN puzzle me. I should know. I've been married for three years now and I still can't make my wife out. Sometimes I wonder whether I married her in spite of that or because of that. There are times when I look at her and ask myself how I ever managed to get this paragon of virtues to keep house for me; I feel like a speck of dust at these times. And other times, I feel like tearing out my receding hair by the handfuls; she seems such a bundle of vagaries and whims of enough magnitude and quantity to try the patience of Job himself.

The other day I was lost in admiration as I watched her sitting before her dressing table. "Look at her," I murmured under my breath: "married six years, and she doesn't show it, with that face of an angel and the figure of a bluefish. Now, why on earth did she fall in love with me?"

Suddenly, she frowned at herself and bent closer to the mirror, the better to examine the imaginary wrinkles on her brow.

"I don't like my nose," she declared vehemently. "It's a snub-nose."

"Don't say that," I told her. "It's a lovely nose, cute and pert. I wouldn't have it different for the world."

"You're blind," she shot back. "You're saying that just to please me."

"Of course not. I'm telling you the truth."

"You're not. I know I'm snub-nosed."

"All right. I give up. It's a snub-nose."

"Is it?" she gave a start. "Don't you think it really is a pert nose?" She examined her nose from a corner of an eye, trying to see it as much in profile as possible.

"That's what I've been telling you; it's pert."

"But you just said it's snub."

"Only because you said so yourself," I answered, beginning to feel at little exasperated.

"And before we were married, you used to say that I had the cutest nose in the world." She looked at me reproachfully, almost as if I had just kicked Jun-

lor in the pants.

"I still think it's the cutest nose in the world." I declared, protestingly. My wife has a way of putting me in the wrong every time we start an argument.

I got out quickly and drowned my sorrows in a cloud of cigarette smoke. I could have used a neat whiskey, but my wife has made me swear off liquor; that, according to her, includes beer.

My wife can never keep her accounts right. I always have to help her whenever she wants to find out whether she's been overspending again. It would really be worth getting mad about if she spent it on herself. But she spends it on me.

One day I got one of those nice letters from the bank, telling that my wife had overdrawn her account again. Of course I took it up with her. She was apologetic.

"But I saw such a lovely bathrobe for you," she told me, "all white with sky blue lining, and it could be initialled, free of charge, and I wanted so much to give you a nice birthday gift..."

I got mad with her on principle, but I kissed her. However, I have worn that fancy bathrobe exactly once, in order not to hurt her feelings.

She's crazy about bargain sales. Last week she came home with

a load of linoleum.

"Do you think," I asked her, "that your husband is made of money?"

"But, darling," she explained, "it didn't cost me a single cent."

I was a little mollified. "But what on earth has come over the store people?" I said. "Are they giving away linoleum free these days?"

"Well, not exactly," she said. I sucked at my pipe, deeply, and kept calm, the calm before the storm. "You see, the store was offering a 50 per cent discount on all linoleum sales. So you see I bought these on what I saved."

Figuratively I tore my hair off by the handfuls. I said softly, "And you bought something else to get that discount off in the first place," I tried to explain for her.

"Silly," she said. "Do you think I want to spend too much in one store?" I gave up.

She's a very funny woman, my wife. She hates cigarettes, but says there's nothing she'd rather see a man with than a pipe. "It's so manly," she says, and insists on cleaning my pipes for me. She even insisted on giving them names. My Bryson air-cooled is "Silver Lady." My a-la-Sherlock-Holmes is "Mae West." My virgin briar is "Sugah." And, to top it

all, she insisted to calling the pipe she gave me "Dearly Beloved." After all, she explains, it isn't an ordinary pipe; she gave it to me.

Maybe I should have taken for granted from the very start that I would never be able to really understand her; she gave me warning right from the start. I remember an incident that happened before we were married.

I visited her one afternoon and she came out, looking so lovely and sweet, just as if she had just had a bath, that I couldn't help feeling all choked-up. When I could regain my breath, I greeted her: "Hello, funny-face."

"I know my face is funny,"

she told me, making a little pout.

"You haven't got me right, darling," I remonstrated, "that's just a 'term of endearment.' It means I love you."

"But you just said my face was funny, didn't you?"

"Yes, but."

"All right; it's funny." And she's been that way since.

To my wife I hereby serve notice that she should never criticize her looks. Doesn't she know that every time she does that, she's merely insulting her husband's impeccable taste?

My wife puzzles me. All women puzzle me. But God bless 'em!

In the accounts of the early Jesuits who preached the faith among the Indians of North America the following story is recorded:

One of the fathers was trying to win over a dying Indian, but as soon as he began to speak of heaven, the Indian interrupted him.

"Do they hunt in heaven?"

"No, there is no need for hunting there."

"Do they go to feasts and fill themselves with roasted venison?"

"No."

"Do they make war in heaven?"

"No, everyone is at peace there."

"Then I won't go," the Indian said. "It is not good to be lazy."

THINK A MINUTE

Fit to print . . . or print to fit?

WHEN a man bites a dog—that's news. People want to read all about it. Human nature is curious about what is new, exciting, or even fantastic.

Moreover, in order to get the man-bites-dog story, people will buy newspapers. They will pay their nickel. One of the results is that the publisher of the paper will make money. And it is for the purpose of making money, among other reasons, that the publisher is in business. His bread and butter, and his champagne and caviar, depend upon his ability to feed public curiosity. It is as simple as that — almost.

The process of feeding human curiosity has certain limitations. Some of these limitations are psychological, in the sense that even the public curiosity can become jaded or disgusted. Some of them are legal, since the libel laws prevent publishing certain things. Some of them are traditional, as for instance, when a reporter will not betray his secret source of inside information.

But, apparently, in many papers one of the limitations set upon the process of feeding human curi-

sity is *not* the consideration of public morality. Or simply, moral right and wrong. To be very specific, we don't mean that newspapers cheat, slander, or blaspheme. But we do mean that they feed morally sinful curiosity; and they do belittle, deride, and snicker at the sacred institution of marriage. They do it in their news stories; they do it in their so-called chatty columns; they do it in their pictures; and they permit it to be done in their advertising.

Not all papers fail in this regard, of course. But most of the big metropolitan dailies of the West certainly do. Their news stories, especially of crimes, or trials of crime, are pock-marked with sly, suggestive innuendoes, or lurid and brutal details which no one can miss. Their gossip columns, and even the pages supposed to chronicle the polite and elegant goings-on of society's Four Hundred, in well-chosen phrases smirk and chuckle and make light of legalized adultery. And to make the matter utterly monstrous, this sort of frothy poison and sophisticated filth appears in the same issues with pious editorials decrying juvenile delinquency or columns devoted to promoting reli-

gion for youth.

Publishers and editors have an answer, however. Remember that little matter of feeding human curiosity? Well, if the public wants what we write, the public must be served. . .

We doubt that the public wants that sort of thing; in fact, more and more people are becoming nauseated with it. But even if the public did want it, the publishers and editors have no moral right to give it to them. If people want physical poison hurtful to themselves, that fact does not give anyone a moral right to give it to them. Feeding people moral poison is just as immoral.

We doubt very much whether such newspaper publishers would agree with us. They do not agree

that human curiosity can be sinful curiosity, titillating perverse passions, or being amused at sin, is sinful.

But here is where the Christian parts company with the Pagan.

What are you going to do about it? May you continue to let such immoral stuff enter your home? May you let your children be exposed to its subtle effects? May you, by buying such papers, continue to let the publishers think the "public wants it"?

The only language the publisher understands in this matter is a dropping off of the nickels that buy the papers, the fading of circulation that attracts fat advertising contracts. Cancel your subscription.

The Western Tertiary

RETORT CAUSTIC

Father Tom Burke, the famous Irish Dominican, had a great fondness for riding on the top of an omnibus. Once when doing so after a long service in Dublin, he produced his breviary and was soon deeply absorbed in prayer.

A non-Catholic sitting near by took occasion to comment. "The Lord tell us," he said, "that when we pray, we should not be as the hypocrites who love to pray in public so that they may be seen by men. When I pray, I enter into my room close the door, and pray in secret."

Without looking up, Father Burke replied aloud, "Yes, and then you get on top of an omnibus and tell the world about it."

LIGHT FOR THE BLIND

Jean Lawrie Holzhauer

"To light the way for youth who walk in darkness..."

IN Mexico City today, a young man is making a comfortable income as a salesman of stocks and bonds, although he is totally blind.

In a Chicago high school, a girl student carries a full load of academic work and maintains a straight "A" average in all her courses. She too is blind — the first sightless student to be admitted to a Catholic high school in her city.

A blind merchant carries on business transactions throughout the city of Colorado Springs, Colo., supporting his wife and two children by operating a grocery store.

At Marquette University, Milwaukee, a young woman teaches as a full professor in the philosophy department and makes frequent lecture trips to neighboring cities, although she, too, is sightless.

Each of these people is guided in his daily activities by a Master Eye German Shepherd dog, obtained through Bishop Bernard J. Sheil's new program for the

blind in connection with the La Salle Kennels in Minneapolis. They are four of thirty-six persons supplied with guide dogs since the Bishop's plan was incorporated as the Master Eye Foundation in April, 1945.

Well known for his work as founder and director of the Catholic Youth Organization in Chicago, Bishop Sheil has organized activities for young people in the fields of religion, education, recreation, and social service the country over. Through the years, he had become increasingly conscious of one major lack: the Church in the United States had no program for its blind youth, except in local and unorganized instances.

Attracted by publicity accorded by the late Alexander Woollcott to the famed "Seeing Eye" dogs of Morristown, N.J., Bishop Sheil found on inquiry that although the plan was fairly successful, the cost of the dogs and their training was prohibitive for many blind young people. For a while he considered various ways of making such a service

available to larger clientele. Then he heard of La Salle Kennels in Minneapolis, and his dark, sympathetic eyes gleamed.

"This time", he told his CYO colleagues in Chicago, "I think we've got it."

La Salle Kennels had been operated in Minneapolis since 1925 by a Russian Jew named Jack Sinykin. Deeply interested in the problems of his sightless, Sinykin was accused early in his career of trying to exploit them by competition with the better-known Seeing Eye Foundation. His reaction to the charge was to avoid all forms of advertising and publicity. For twenty years he worked at improving and enlarging his guide dog service, but so quietly that he attracted only a fraction of the notice given to Morristown.

Sinykin's interest in dogs dates from the first World War. During that war he had studied reports on Shepherds trained by the German Army for work on the battlefield and was impressed by their intelligence. As an experiment, he imported a few of them to Minnesota.

He trained the dogs at home, where they learned to serve as guardians for his infant sons and watchdogs for the household in general. So gentle and docile were the animals that one of them would carry the baby's bottle to

him at feeding time and hold it motionless while the baby lay on a pillow on the floor and drank his formula.

"If dogs will do that," Sinykin reasoned, "there must be other peacetime services they can perform."

He found the answer in a train trip through the Midwest. On the train and later, in the station he witnessed the helpless difficulties of a fellow traveler. The man was blind, and despite a cane and the occasional assistance of passers-by had an agonizing time finding his way through the crowds.

Sinykin thought of his dogs. Many times he had seen them patiently guide the faltering steps of the babies at home. As soon as he returned to Minneapolis he organized a new course of training for them: one which would turn them into companions and guides — "eyes" for sightless masters.

One of the first dogs, appropriately named "Lux," he sent to the late Senator Thomas D. Schall of Minnesota. The blind senator took a course of instruction from Sinykin in the handling of his dog, and thereafter until the dog's death relied on Lux to lead him in campaign tours, vacations, and all public and private

activities

Lux died of a broken heart after five days' separation from his master, when the senator found it impossible to take the dog with him on a business trip. So grateful was Schall for Lux's service that he eulogized the dog in a speech before the United States Senate. The eulogy was included in the *Congressional Record*, and Sinykin received his first—and only—national publicity to date.

The La Salle Kennels' policy differs in two major ways from that of the Seeing Eye Foundation. In the first place, Sinykin breeds all of his own dogs. Seeing Eye buys most of theirs.

It is Sinykin's belief that the true German Shepherd breed possesses the qualities requisite for guiding the blind — gentleness, tractability, and a high degree of devotion to duty—and that these qualities can be intensified by careful breeding. He selects only the best of each new litter for training. The other puppies are sold as pets, breed dogs, or show dogs.

Secondly, Sinykin does not charge his blind clients for more than the cost of the dogs themselves. There are no extra charges for either the training of the dog or the training of the client.

Sinykin has steadfastly refused to serve organization exploiting

the blind. More than once he has hired auditors to check the books of groups purporting to sponsor sightless applicants for one of the La Salle dogs. If the auditors find evidence that organization funds are being used for purposes other than to assist the blind, the trainer finds that no dog is available for them.

Dogs selected for training are put through a two-year course as intensive as any given to a pilot for Uncle Sam's Air Corps. Chosen for their courage, faithfulness, and intelligence, the dogs must be taught to distinguish such subtleties as a comparison of their own height with the height of persons they will guide. They must learn to consider their masters, not themselves. They must recognize obstacles under which they may pass with complete safety, but which might hurt or maim their masters, such as low awnings overhanging the sidewalk.

They must also learn concentration in the midst of noise and distractions like those they will meet in guiding their masters across intersections teeming with traffic. They must be taught to solve difficulties which they have never experienced. Always, their training stresses the fact that the dogs must *guard* their masters as well as *guide* them.

Impossible as it seems, the dogs trained at La Salle Kennels have

never failed in their complicated tasks. No blind persons guided by them have come to harm, though one dog lost his life in pushing his master from the path of an oncoming car.

The process which transforms a yipping, scrapping puppy to a responsible, efficient guide dog is one requiring endless hours of patient instruction. Sinykin himself supervises the training of every dog, but is aided in his work by a staff of experts including two of the sons who, as babies, were the La Salle dogs' first charges.

The 50-acre grounds at the Kennels include an "obstacle course" where dogs as well as clients must learn the elements of co-operation. Puppies' training begins as soon as they are old enough to understand a command. They are taught to respond to orders, first, then fitted with harnesses and leashes and taught to lead their masters down straight and winding pathways, up and down steps, through swinging gates and around sand pits and trenches, and eventually, of course, through metropolitan traffic.

Their training completed, the dogs are prepared to guide under any conditions bar one: they are not to be expected to perform for unsuitable or incompatible masters. Clients, therefore are just

as carefully selected as the dogs. Arriving at La Salle Kennels, they are introduced immediately to Sinykin but not to the dogs. For a week they visit with the trainer while he explores in his easy, conversational way, their activities and living conditions.

"Gosh!" a blind boy from New York said, after his first audience with Sinykin. "He found out more about me than I ever told anyone, and I hardly knew he was doing it until it was all over!"

The purpose of all this visiting, of course, is to discover how well the applicants are likely to get along with their dogs. Some clients have been rejected, always with regret, by Sinykin, who explains it to them this way:

"There are some people who just can't get along with any dog. We couldn't guarantee your safety if we gave you one of our Shepherds just now. Maybe in a year or two, if you'll apply again..."

Rejects are not always made on a personality evaluation. Sometimes an applicant will be admirably suited to own a dog—gentle, considerate of animals' welfare, well balanced—but simply not physically strong enough to control a dog by the harness system that Master Eye trainers use. These people are turned away with extreme reluctance by Sinykin. He is trying to think of ways to make the handling of

dogs possible for the crippled or physically weak.

It is not necessary, he points out for prospective clients to be "crazy about dogs." Many men and women successfully served by Master Eye had only the most casual interest in pets of any kind before coming to Sinykin. They usually become deeply attached to their guide dogs, though, and in a very short time.

Once accepted by the trainers, after their week of interviews, the clients are introduced to the dogs. This is often a dramatic moment. More than one girl client has cried, realizing that the introduction means the beginning of a new life.

Sinykin tries to match the personalities of dog and client. Thus a handsome young man affecting ascots, flashy sports jackets, and and theatrical ambitions, got a blond female Shepherd with a tendency to pose in profile for audiences of her own. The high-school girl in Chicago was given a serious, business-like animal who attends strictly to her job and saves her frolicsome moods for "after school."

All clients undergo the same basic training: two weeks beginning with walks on the "obstacle course" at the Kennels. The course covers several acres, and when they have mastered it they

are informed that this is "only the beginning."

Turned loose on the highway passing the Kennels, the clients have their first experience with traffic. For several days they and their dogs, dodge automobiles, trucks, bicycles, and wagons, traveling at various rates of speed both ways on the road.

"We walk," as one girl put it, "and we walk, until we can't take another step. Then we walk some more."

That part of their training accomplished, the clients face their last and most difficult test. In groups, sometimes with Sinykin and sometimes without him, they make excursions into nearby Minneapolis and St. Paul. There they go shopping, attend concerts, meet friends for luncheon and dinner in the several large restaurants and hotels, and face every hazard that normal metropolitan life offers, including elevators, escalators, and revolving doors.

Little by little they gain confidence in themselves and their dogs, until at last they are striding along as freely, and often as quickly and gracefully, as their companions with normal vision.

Sinykin's "pupils" are familiar sights in the two cities, and restaurant managers and hotel staffs are on the lookout, ready to accord them any services required.

They are instructed, however, that no special assistance is to be offered unless absolutely necessary. The clients must preserve their sense of independence and learn how it feels to be entirely "on their own."

A college professor recently equipped with a Master Eye dog remarked that for the first time in his life he knows what it means to feel really free.

"Bishop Sheil suggested that I buy a guide dog ten years ago," he said. "I refused, I had a notion that dogs merely attract attention to the fact that one is blind, and I wanted to avoid that at all costs. I didn't know until I finally got a Master Eye dog how wrong my attitude was."

The hardest part of the training Sinykin says, is the first few weeks of adjustment when the client has returned home with his dog. Here there is no competent trainer to turn to for advice, no voice of authority that the dog has learned over a period of months to respect and obey.

One girl reported that for the first week her dog leaped to attention every time he heard a

male voice. "He was thinking of Jack, wishing he was there," she said. "Sometimes I wished so, too."

The period is quickly over, however. The dog settle down to their lives and learn to love their new masters as devotedly as they did their trainer. Sinykin, of course, can always be reached by mail and often keeps in touch with his clients for years, offering advice and suggestions in the handling of their dogs.

It is Bishop Sheil's plan to continue the service, directed by Sinykin, exactly as it has been, but to raise funds to facilitate the serving of many more blind young people aware of the service. The funds are being raised through private donation to the Master Eye Foundation, which is "pledge to do its utmost to assure the fact that every blind youth in America capable of utilizing a guide dog is afforded the opportunity of obtaining one.

Bishop Sheil has already begun his personal work for the Foundation, as head of the newly appointed Board of Directors. He has found several candidates for guide dogs from his own list of

friends and acquaintances, and constantly stresses the point that the service is available to all without regard for color, race or creed.

That, the Foundation thinks, is the best way to achieve its end: "To Light the Way for Youth Who Walk in Darkness."

—END—

PRAYER FOR A SON

Lord, I can do without a boy.
The girls you sent us have been apple sweet,
Voices ever in song or cry or laughter,
And they have bells upon their glancing feet.
Lord, I can do without a boy.

Lord, girls are just as good as boys.
True, they can't run so fast or hike so far;
They'll bait their hook until they enter high school
And they have little sense to drive a car.
Yet girls are good as boys.

Lord, girls are good as gold.
But I can do without too large a hoard.
Two menfolk in a house could get a hearing
Where one is too easily ignored—
Though girls are good as gold.

Lord, I can do without a boy.
Surely a boy might grieve me night and day.
There's plenty of room to think about Saint Joseph
And how his lad was needed for the Way.
Lord, it is yours to say.

By LOUIS HASLEY
The Sign Magazine

Quiz Section

What's Your Moral I. Q.?

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

SCANDAL, AND OCCASIONS OF SIN

1. What is scandal?
2. The Borlongans play mahjong every Sunday night. The neighbors say they are scandalized. Are the Borlongans guilty of sin?
3. What is direct scandal?
4. Alberto tells dirty stories to high-school companions. Is he right in excusing himself on the plea, "The stories don't bother me and I don't intend spiritual harm to others."
5. Isabel dresses immodestly and uses excessive make-up so that her boy friend will take liberties with her. What sin is she guilty of?
6. What are proximate occasions of sin?
7. In the last five out of six times Beatriz has committed mortal sins of impurity when alone with a certain boy. Merely by going out with him again, Beatriz commits (mortal sin, venial sin, no sin).
8. Baldomero often becomes intoxicated with certain companions. To go with them again is a (mortal sin, venial sin, no sin).
9. May Rufino continue with certain necessary medical courses which have proved a proximate occasion of sin?
10. What are the means whereby proximate occasions may be made remote?

What Kind of a Theologian Are You?

Give yourself 10 points for each of the 10 questions which you answer correctly. If you score 95-100, give yourself a SCL (summa cum laude); 90-95, a MCL (magna cum laude); 85-90, a CL (cum laude); 80-85, a BP (bene probatus); 70-80, a P (probatus); 60-70, a NP (non probatus).

THE EUCHARIST

1. In the Bible the Eucharist is called (a) the Blessed Sacrament; (b) the Sacrament of the Altar; (c) the Sacrament of Bread and Wine; (d) the Breaking of Bread.
2. The words of institution, "This is My Body," are found in (a) St. Matthew; (b) St. Mark; (c) St. Luke; (d) St. John; (e) St. Paul.
3. Is it of divine and Catholic faith that after the consecration Jesus Christ, true God and true man, is contained under the species (a) truly; (b) really; (c) substantially?
4. Is it of divine and Catholic faith that the Holy Eucharist contains (a) the Body and Blood of Christ; (b) the Soul and Divinity of Christ; (c) the whole Christ?
5. Is it correct to say that the Body of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament (a) is round; (b) tastes sweet; (c) looks white; (d) is eaten by the faithful.
6. The principal effect of the Eucharist is the remission of sins.
7. Proper effects of the Eucharist are (a) the union of the soul with Christ by love; (b) spiritual reflection of the soul; (c) increase of sanctifying grace; (d) a certain spiritual delight; (e) destruction of concupiscence.
8. Is it proper to say that the Eucharist is (a) a pledge of our glory to come; (b) an antidote whereby we may be freed from faults and preserved from mortal sins?
9. Is it true that the Latin Church once administered the Eucharist to infants under the species of wine immediately after baptism and Confirmation?
10. To receive Holy Communion frequently it is sufficient that one be in the state of grace and approach the Holy Table with a right and devout intention.

MORAL I. Q. ANSWERS

1. Scandal is a word or act which because of its very nature or because of circumstances tends to lead another into sin.
2. The Borlongans are not guilty of sin since the action neither in itself nor in the circumstances tends to lead others into sin. The so-called scandal comes from the abnormal disposition of the neighbors.
3. Direct scandal is that in which the sin of another is both foreseen and intended.
4. Alberto sins because the stories would most likely cause some of his companions to have bad thoughts. This is called indirect scandal, that is, the harm is not intended.
5. Isabel is guilty of direct scandal, which is a sin against charity, and in this case also a sin against purity.
6. They are either (1) circumstances in which any ordinary individual is almost certain to sin, or (2) circumstances in which the individual in question as a rule sins.
7. Beatriz commits a mortal sin merely by putting herself into a proximate question of sin in which it is almost morally certain that she will sin mortally. It is not a mortal sin if Beatriz takes effective safeguards, i.e. make sure they are never alone.
8. A venial sin if it is only probable Baldomero will become intoxicated but moral sin if it is morally certain.
9. Yes, if Rufino takes the means to minimize and resist the temptations which arise.
10. The beat means are prayer, the sacraments, custody of the eyes, avoidance of idleness.

DOGMA QUIZ ANSWERS

1. a—No. b—No. c—No. Yes.
2. a—Yes. b—Yes. c—Yes. d—No. e—Yes.
3. a—Yes. b—Yes. c—Yes.
4. a—Yes. b—Yes. c—Yes.
5. a—No. b—No. c—No. d—Yes.
6. No.
7. a—Yes. b—Yes. c—Yes. d—Yes. e—No.
8. a—Yes. b—Yes.
9. Yes.
10. Yes.

—Adapted from "The Queen's Work"

THE UNCOMMON HERD

by Antonio R. de Joya

A few months ago, a young man strode into the Commonweal office and walked over to the manager's desk. He was just a strapping, and the thing about him that struck you right away was the intensity that blazed in his eyes from time to time. It seemed that he wanted to work in the press.

"Have you had any experience in the printing business?" he was asked.

"None," he confessed.

The manager sized the young man up. He was impressed. Besides, the young man was the brother of a convert who was fast gaining a name as a Catholic writer; he himself was a convert.

"All right," the manager said. "We'll take you on as a linotypist's apprentice. How much do you expect to earn?"

The applicant paused for a moment. "Nothing," he said. The older man was puzzled;

he had never come across a young man like this before. "And how do you expect to live?" he asked.

"I don't care very much about a salary as long as I have a roof over my head and three meals a day," the young man answered. "My brother takes care of that."

For a long time the manager was speechless. Finally he asked: "Why are you doing all this?"

And this time the young man did not hesitate. "This," he answered, "is my idea of Catholic Action."

As far as I know this young man is still working at the press, burning his fingers and getting printer's ink and grease all over his face for a thing he calls Catholic Action. He does not know and, perhaps, never will, that this has been written about him. But if he does, he will be glad that his name is not mentioned.

I must confess that when I heard about this case for the first time, I was a little skeptical. I didn't believe it when they told me this young man had been working as a press apprentice, until I had sought him out and got to know him. Of course, we never talked about the great and humble work that he was doing. We both would have felt a little mean disturbing one of those things that lie nearest the heart and are better left unknown except to God.

But after I left him that afternoon, I felt a little ashamed of myself, ashamed because I and a lot of other men seemed so much smaller in comparison to this young grease-smearing stripling in a pair of soiled trousers. And after I had left him, I remembered another young man whom I had met and known and loved when I was a little younger.

We were teaching catechism in one of the dirtier parts of the Tondo slums, where a large proportion of the population was composed of thugs and hoodlums. It was a part of Manila so tough that our pupils asked, not for religious

pictures and medals, but Piedmont cigarettes; so hardened were they to all that was lowest in human nature that, week after week, we would find our pupils engrossed in a game of "Lucky Nine" or "Twenty-one" when they should have been waiting for their classes to begin.

I suppose it was inevitable that we should have gotten mixed up in a brawl in that sordid neighborhood. This young man, my friend, fared very well for himself, but he emerged with a bloody nose.

When the smoke of battle had cleared and we could limp off to lick our wounds, we went into a cafeteria for a cup of coffee. I must confess that I was a little disheartened at the violent opposition with which our attempts at Catholic Action had met.

Over our coffee I asked him: "Have you ever asked yourself what this Catholic Action really means?" And the answer he gave, I think, was the most beautiful explanation I had ever heard.

"Tony," he said, "you may think I'm a heretic, but I never think of Catholic Ac-

tion in terms of that definition given by the Pope. To me," he continued, "Catholic Action is a little boy running, trouserless, down the street to meet his teacher. It's the face of a little girl with tears in her eyes because she thinks Rene Goupil got a worse beating from the Indians than you or I got this after-

noon. It's the look in a man's eyes when he's forgotten to struggle against that little thing you and I call grace. So there you are, Tony, and to heck with bloody noses!"

This was the other young man I remembered as I walked out of the printing shop.

A T P E A C E

Let her alone, let

The green grass grow round where

She lays; let the sweet fragrant

Wild flowers fair

Deck the dome of her

Cold lonely tomb.

At peace — she is there —

Oh, if we were as blest!

God is hers. Let her rest.

Never again will the taste

Of earth's bitterness touch

Her lips now so pure.

(Dedicated to Miss Dolores Borja in memory of the death
of her sister, Josefa.—by Mario T. Gathbonton.)



CROSS SECTIONS of FILIPINIANA

THE MAN QUEZON

One evening the late President Manuel L. Quezon was motoring to his home town with a number of friends. In the course of the trip the party met a procession of the Blessed Sacrament in one of the towns. Without further ado, the President ordered the driver to park by the roadside and stepping out, knelt down on the bare ground. His companions, some of whom were Masons of the highest degree, stood speechless for a moment, but presently sheepishly followed suit.

Rev. Francisco Avendano
Antipolo, Rizal

COLAYCO AND THE SANCTUARY LAMP

It happened during the hectic guerrilla days. Captain Manuel Colayco and his men were benighted in a small deserted town where stood a lonely monastery. Having a chaplain in their company, the 'guerrilleros' decided to seek shelter for the night with the friars. Unfortunately they were

told in no uncertain terms that they could not be admitted. Colayco was so enraged that that night in the hills he ordered his men to "kidnap" the friars for "questioning".

The genial chaplain however laid a staying hand on his shoulder and pointing to a flickering lamp in the distance, said, "Manny, look." It was the sanctuary lamp in the monastery chapel. Colayco nodded slowly and muttered, "alright, father."

The friars slept soundly that night.

A guerrilla padre

BATAAN WEAPON

I know of no better anecdote to contribute to your "Filipiniana" section than the story of the "ROSARY AND THE WAR".

It has been said that Pope Pius Vth used the Rosary as his weapon against the Turks in the battle of Lepanto. And his cause won.

Well, in Bataan there was a group of college students who

used the same weapon against the spirit of loneliness, of despair and of the sting of the flesh. Every evening, raid or no raid, they slowly counted their beads as they stormed the Mother of God with: "Pray for us, sinners, now and at the hour of our death." And these students won. I knew most of them. They were all daily communicants. Some of them died as they had lived; the others are still living blameless lives.

Augusto Vallejo
121 Sierra Madre
Quezon City

...BUT TRUE!

During one of my summer vacations my friend and I decided to help our parish priest in catechizing the children in the remote barrios of the parish. On the communion day of the children a good number of the barrio people attended the Mass, some of them for the first time in years. Mass was about to begin when I found my friend trying hard to control his laughter.

"What's the matter," I asked him.

"Look... at... the... young men... in the... congregation." he sputtered laughingly. I peeped thru a hole from the sacristy and beheld young men elegantly dressed with handkerchiefs over their heads -- for veils!

Bienvenido Reyes
Quezon, N. E.

NO FAITH

A rich man observed that his new servant, Juan, knew nothing of religion. Thereupon, he decided to ask:

"Juan, what is your faith?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Poor man! Now, look here. If I tell you that I have money in my pocket and you believe without seeing it, that is faith. Do you understand now?"

"No, sir, because you have not yet given me the advance payment you promised me."

Benedicto Chico
367 Int. 1 Gomez
Paco, Manila

WHICH, SENOR?

In one of our local high class restaurants, a provinciano who had been reading a lot of books of etiquette, sat down and tied his napkins under his chin. The manager told the waiter to let the man know without hurting his feelings that, "This wasn't being done here."

The waiter approached his customer, smiled sweetly and inquired, "What will it be sir, a shave or a haircut?"

Roberto de la Cruz
F.E.U.

HURRAH FOR "NOBIS"

I have a friend who unfortun-

ately due to circumstances has never had any religious training of any kind either at home or in school. I once invited him to church with me and he generously conceded. We arrived at the church when the congregation was praying the rosary. The Litany was recited in Latin and the people chorused in unison the answer: "Ora pro nobis."

After the services, I asked my

friend what he thought about the whole thing.

"It was very impressive," he answered, "but I've been wondering who this man "NOBIS" is, for whom the people were cheering. They cheered 'HURRAH FOR NOBIS' enthusiastically to the end."

Felix Veloso
1520 Quezon Blvd.

THE GRACIOUS TOUCH

When Herbert Hoover went to the Vatican for an audience with the Pope last spring, he arranged for the four Catholic crew members of his army plane to accompany him, so that they might receive the papal blessing. When the doors were opened to admit the four flyers, instead of four GIs, more than 40 lined up. Word had got around, and every Catholic at the Army field who could get away had come.

The Pope instructed his chamberlain to have the GIs step forward to be blessed one by one as their names were called. All went well until the last soldier, a blushing youngster in the rear, was called.

"Excuse me, Sir" he stammered in a broad Georgian accent, "but I'm here under false pretense. I just came to look. You see, I'm a good Baptist!"

The Pope left no time for the lad's embarrassment to fill the room. "Kneel, my son," he said. "There isn't any young man who wouldn't be better for an old man's blessing."

* * * † * * *

If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it?

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

* * * † * * *

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS

Three kinds of men don't understand women: old men, young men, and men of middle age.

—IRISH PROVERB

RAGS AND RICHES

Narciso G. Reyes

One view of the present position of the Philippine press

The epigram about the rich getting richer and the poor poorer could be used a cut-line to the journalistic picture in the Philippines today. While their less fortunate contemporaries fight an increasingly bitter battle against the wolf at the door, the financially successful dailies are becoming more and more securely established. Their problem is expansion, not the hazards and intricacies of operating in the red or just this side of it.

Thus we find the *Bulletin* and the *Times* deep in expansion plans while the *Chronicle*, the *Post*, the *Tribune* and the *Liberty News* have their hands full trying simply to keep their respective positions in the field. Among the afternoon papers, the *Evening News* on the one hand and the *Star Reporter* and *Evening Herald* on the other, are roughly in the same position.

The root cause of course, is economic. The newspaper is back in the big time. The Indian summer of shoe-

string publishing, of small independent or cooperative ventures, is over, gone with the extraordinary conditions that made it possible. In the transition, superiority in equipment and facilities made itself felt more and more decisively, all along the line. Organization, experience and advertising know-how did the rest.

Assuming the technical competence of the various staffs to be about equal, the basic economic situation could be reduced to the simplicity of grade school arithmetic. More newsprint plus faster presses equals more advertising revenue, — the lifeblood of the business. Better distribution, the procurement of the syndicated features indispensable to the present-day newspaper reader, and the strict hewing to editorial policies calculated to give the greatest pleasure to the greatest number of customers, completed the supremacy built around this hard core of advantage.

Men—newspapermen—are important in the building up of a successful modern newspaper, but so are money and machinery. In an effort to compete on more even terms, the *Chronicle* turned to using a Duplex and more recently a rotary press. The *Post* has bought additional linotypes and is negotiating for the purchase of a rotary press (it is being printed on a Duplex machine). The *Tribune* will soon put up a complete printing plant of its own, including a late-model rotary press. The *Liberty News* has acquired a "baby rotary" which will enable it to print more pages and more copies.

It's uphill climbing at best. Advertisers, and even the ordinary readers, tend to look down on and shy away from the struggling paper. In this business as in many others, nothing succeeds like success. . . .

These developments are bound to have a decisive influence on the content, 'color' and direction of the Philip-

pine press. Among the newspapers that are being pushed to the wall by mechanical handicaps, limited circulation and advertising shortage are the "independent" dailies which have sought to exercise through their editorials and signed columns the greatest possible measure of freedom to comment, to criticize, to crusade for causes they considered worth-while. On the other hand, the editorially "conservative" papers have flourished—with the help, as has been noted, of better facilities and more experienced management.

Perhaps it's just a coincidence, but the effect in any case is the same. As the "conservative" organs wax more prosperous and powerful, there is a corresponding decline in the influence of the "independent" journalists. The crusading editor or columnist becomes a lonelier and lonelier figure. Soon he may be just another voice in the wilderness, vainly shouting his message in the surrounding void.

BEAU GESTE AT TABLE

I have never seen a situation more heroically saved than when a child, at a luncheon party of specially important people, managed to drop a complete dish all over the tablecloth; to ignore it was impossible, rebuke would have been brutal; only Maurice Baring would have thought of saying, "What a lovely mess!"

THE LITTLE BUSINESSMAN COMES INTO HIS OWN

Wilfrido Borja

WHEN the war ended, Emilio Guevara, 32, engineer by profession and temperament, was a changed man. Ever since his graduation in 1934 he had been content to work for somebody else, and to pocket a pay-envelope whose meagreness — he often felt — was an insult to the degree which he had earned at the University of the Philippines.

But all that was changed now. Perhaps the war had made him a bit dissatisfied. And surely it had given him time to think. In those lean days he had often looked back with dissatisfaction at the years which he had squandered making money for other people. And now, with peace blossoming all over the land, budding amid the rubble of war-born destruction, he vowed that he was going to be his own boss.

At the business syndicate where he was working, he came across Leocadio Arcenas. He wasn't like Martinez: he was quiet where the other was voluble; he seemed a bit easy-going on the surface while Emilio could be like a house on fire at times. The former was

a man who had his moments. But the two, so different temperamentally, had one obsession in common: they wanted to work for themselves. True, their company was working out a schedule suited to the government's own rehabilitation program; but they felt that they could still do their own little bit for the Philippines even if they started on their own.

After the day's work was done, they would hurry off to the little coffee shop across the street and talk themselves hoarse. They discussed possibility after possibility. They didn't want to follow the beaten track that was occupied by too many potential competitors already. They wanted to start a business that would not be too dangerous for young men with a maximum of willingness to work but a minimum of capital. Weeks went by. They couldn't decide what they wanted to do.

* * *

One day Providence put his finger into the pie.

Emilio was working over some plans in his office one day when

Salvador Peña, a big business magnate, walked into the room.

"Guevara," he asked, "do you know anybody who's willing to do a bit of excavation work for us? For a reasonable price, of course. It should be good for a 30-day job, and there's a bit of hauling that might be thrown in."

Emilio's pulse quickened. Here, he thought, is one chance in a thousand. He began to ask questions. Peña, it seemed, had a contract to put up a three-story building on a downtown site that was strewn by ruins. This had to be cleared away; furthermore, new foundations would have to be dug.

"How soon will you need the man," Emilio asked.

"I expect to start work in three months."

"Mr. Peña," Emilio said, "you don't have to ask anybody else. I know just the man for you. He'll be ready for you in two months. He's a little busy at present, trying to get married." You see, Emilio was going to be married in two weeks.

After Mr. Peña had gone, however, he felt a little empty and afraid. Here he was, about to be married, and he had just about decided to take the greatest gamble in his life. What would his fiancée say about that? He felt

a little cold.

Nena looked at him, a little quizzically when he told her.

"You're sure, aren't you, that you're doing the right thing?"

"Darling," Emilio was all enthusiasm now that he had got the telling her off his chest. "I was never surer of anything in my life — except you," he added gently, as an afterthought.

"Mr. Guevara," she looked at him, serious little chin tilted, one little hand outstretched, "you've just made yourself a deal."

"Darling," he cried out; he didn't waste any more words after that.

* * *

The wedding was beautiful, and so was the honeymoon. Sometimes he wondered how he had ever done it. Shaking his head, he went to work on his embryo company.

He and Arcenas had both resigned from their jobs. Now, they had told themselves, we are free. The next moment their knees felt like water. They didn't even know where the next pay envelope was coming from, if it came at all.

The two of them dug out all the money they had in the world; they borrowed the rest, mortgaging everything they had in the world, except their

souls. They had something a little less than P14,000.00.

Their next step was the Surplus Property Commission from which they managed to wangle four beaten-up ten-by-ten trucks and some excavating equipment. They bought a dilapidated trailer this they repainted, set up in a vacant lot and called an office. Over a bottle of whiskey, they toasted themselves and the company.

"Here's to the Engineering Corporation," Arcenas said solemnly. "May it live to see another day." They clinked their glasses and drank. And that was how ENCO was born.

When they approached Mr. Peña, he was dumfounded.

"Do you too mean to say you resigned your jobs to gamble on a fly-by-night thingamajig like this?" he asked, stunned.

"That's right," Emilio said. "And we want that job. Remember?"

Mr. Peña snorted. "Young fools," he muttered. But he gave them the job. When they were leaving, he called them back. "I think," he said, "this calls for a drink."

Over the glasses he said, "Here's to two young fools... may there be more of them."

* * *

The first month wasn't too bad.

They were able to draw salaries amounting to slightly more than half of what they used to get. The Peña job hadn't been so bad. But after that was finished, they didn't seem to be anybody else who wanted excavations made or hauling jobs done.

"Those next two months were the worst," Arcenas told me later. "We didn't draw any salaries; hardly any, that is. It was all we could do to meet expenses and pay the men. Emil and I felt like Pompeii during her last days. How we ever made it, only Heaven knows."

But Peña had been a satisfied customer. Once again he came; there was another hauling job that had to be done. And Peña, had friends; he was interested in these young men who had been brave enough to make a superb gamble. He spread the news and slowly, ENCO began to build up a list of customers. Soon pay-day was coming around regularly, and there was even a little left over for new equipment after the debts had been paid.

The bigger companies began to regard them with grudging admiration. "Beginners' luck," they said, and they were right, too. But ENCO's success wasn't just a matter of luck. There was hard work behind it, determination and a

great deal of courage.

It's too early to prophesy that ENCO will become a giant corporation someday. But already the partners are expanding operations. Stock is worth five times its value during the first days. And ENCO is definitely making good.

The last time I saw the two partners was a month ago, when they gave a little luncheon to commemorate their first anniversary. I called Guevara aside and asked him how things were going. He spread out a hand in the general direction of his guests and said with justifiable pride, "My baby is one year old." He drew into his pocket. "Here," he went on, "have a cigar."

Just then his wife came into the room. She spotted him and came. Guevara put an arm around her and beamed fondly. "And there's another baby on the way," he winked at me, then drew into his pocket again. "Here, you better have another cigar."

* * *

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is an essentially true story. A change has been made with regard to names and a few events in order to avoid blushing embarrassment. You could call this "a success story" and you wouldn't be wrong. There seem to be a lot of "success stories" among our young people today, and there will be more.

* * * † * * *

PARABLE OF THE PIG

A rich man said to his pastor, "Why is it that everybody is always criticizing me for being miserly, when everybody knows that I have made provision to leave everything I possess to charity when I die?"

"Well," was the reply, "let me tell a story about a pig and a cow.

The pig was lamenting his lack of popularity. He complained to the cow that people were always talking about the cow's gentleness and kind eyes. He admitted that the cow gave milk and cream, but maintained that pigs gave none. He asserted that pigs gave bacon and ham and bristles and that people even pickled their feet. He demanded the reason for such lack of appreciation.

The cow thought awhile and said, "Maybe it's because I give while I'm still living."

THE BUSINESS OF EDUCATION

Radio Speech

Fr. George O'Sullivan, O.R.S.A.

The wellknown writer Locke once said "The business of education is not as I think to perfect the learner in any of the sciences but to give his mind that freedom and disposition and those habits which may enable him to attain every part of knowledge himself." This surely is a very noble and elevating view of education.

Truly it is a bright day in the life of a youth when he receives the crown of his scholastic labours and leaves the halls of his Alma Mater for the last time. He little realizes that the freshness of those early triumphs will not be repeated in the years that follow. His attitude toward life is replete with optimism and eager expectation. For him life is long, bright and happy; whereas those who have preceded him over the threshold, know that it is short, laden with cares and that the highest of its joys are serious.

Far be it from me to condemn the illusion of youth or even temper it with disparagement, for in this illusion lies an omen of the Divine possibilities of man's nature. Of the many careers life offers, one must be chosen; of the

many ideals lofty or not so lofty one must be followed, which one ideal will mould the character and shape the destiny of it's adherent, since it is the truest expression of love and desire of the inner man and the most potent agency in developing his inmost powers.

The worthiest ideal must be within the reach of all and this is summarised concisely enough in the words of Christ "Seek ye first, the kingdom of God"; for men will still know by experience that neither pleasure, fame, money nor aught that the world can give will ever satisfy the cravings of the human heart.

Culture as a means is a powerful instrument in assisting us to follow our end, since it bids us build ourselves to the heights our beings may reach. I say "as a means" for culture as an end, will only serve to destroy true sympathy and love of our fellowmen terminating ingloriously in self worship.

If seriousness then prevails religion must be man's prime concern; and to those who put forward, that there are mysteries and difficulties involved we answer, that the same can be said

of all systems and branches of knowledge. It is not for us to grasp the infinite to analyse or synthesise, but with the buckler of a firm faith in God we can strive to do a brave and righteous work namely fitting ourselves for our ideal.

Fostering this go-forward movement is the business of education; not perfecting the individual in any particular science but teaching him to love all knowledge because God knows all things; to love beauty because God is it's source, to love the soul as the instrument of conscious communion with God and his world.

Learning may be gained from a study of the thoughts, feelings and deeds of others, but knowledge results from thinking, feeling and doing ourselves, a necessary consequence of personal contact with God, man and nature.

The work of education then is to rouse, strengthen and illumine the mind, to give it force and pliability and openness to light. The problem of education becomes not how to crowd the mind with multitudinous facts but rather how to give the soul purity of intention and the conscience steadfastness of purpose; how to bring philosophy and religion to the aid of the will so that the learner is always better for his learning, wider in outlook, greater in character and deeper in sympathy with fellowmen.

Education in this sense can not be accomplished without religion for the principles underlying both are co-related, nay, knit together in an indissoluble bond. Yet there are would-be educators who ignore religion or assume to minimise it's importance and reduce it's influence in the training of youth.

Such men know little or nothing of education in its highest or widest sense. They will not realize that intellectual, moral and spiritual development must go hand in hand if the youth is to become a man. They will expound on morality, without the slightest reference to religion, and talk of the well-ordering and control of the passions, giving no other reason for the same than that society and the commonwealth demands these things.

Surely there are some discrepancies here due to faulty reasoning and narrowness of outlook arising perhaps from a touch of prejudice or even a tinge of fear of the naked truth.

Let religion cater for morality for in this it cannot fail. Let grace be mentioned in connection with the control of the passions and the dictates of the lower appetites for without it youth will be discouraged. Let the reason of it all be man's final end and destiny demanding the full development of his being, and society will find nothing amiss, nay, it will be well served. Let it be frankly acknow-

ledged that the only true educator, leader and master the world has ever known or will know, is Christ Himself, who paved the way for all men when He bade them seek first the kingdom of God.

What does history and the reports of current events tell us of those countries in which religion has been ignored and Christianity in all its ramifications derided? It relates a sad story of cultural decline, of a lowering of the human dignity, and the saddest tale of moral depravity and degradation.

The thrill of casting off the burden of Christian moral principles is as false as it is temporary, a machination of the Evil One "who goeth about seeking whom he may devour." We cannot fail to see the slough of despond it leaves in its train, and the poverty of those who would hope to gain by rejecting the only real treasure of their lives. Once again Christ's words are supported incontrovertibly by experience: "My yoke is sweet and my burden light."

It is a lamentable fact that lovers of excellence are so few and we can still complain with Wordsworth in his own words: "Why is this glorious creature to be found one only in ten thousand? What one is, why may not millions be? What bars are thrown by nature

in the way of such a hope? Truly we can agree that nature does not close the door on the multitude without, but rather faulty principles of education, mean and small-minded educators or poor response to the stimuli of the more efficient one.

The noble educator sends forth his pupils from the narrow walls with a desire for improvement so confident that the whole world becomes a university for them. All that it stands for will be used in furthering their lofty end.

Without the slightest element of pessimism or morbidity he will promise them sorrows as well as joys, thrills as well as consolations, explaining that in sorrows and trials there is much to be learnt that perhaps these latter teach the best lessons and bring about the truest and most lasting appreciations. For true men and women there must be a truth seeking, a passion for truth. This is a great gift which is seldom felt adequately by the heart of youth.

The educator must apply his mightiest efforts to sow well the seeds of the love of truth hoping that in the future years one in a hundred will show that those seeds have taken root. Just as a good businessman does not look to his immediate profits but rather thinks in terms of years and the dividends that must accrue from his well made plans; so the educator will not look for

the result of his work on the day his disciples graduate. His work has only begun and in most cases he will never know the extent of the dividends.

If the educator could see those same pupils twenty, thirty years hence, if he could see them die, then he might in some way measure the reward of his labours. His consolation in his old age will not be his secure pension and comfortable home but the thought that he has helped to form true men and women; that long after he has gone someone will benefit by his life's work. His regrets will not surround the sacrifices, unselfishness, and the energy spent in years that passed like a thief in the night, but rather he will regret that he had no more to give.

Truth seeking asserts itself more irresistibly when external restraints have been removed and when the mind feels free to travel where it will. The influence of parents and teachers have played their part and the man is left to shape his own ends. He then begins to learn and know. From now on, the man grows by a ceaseless effort to improve and his reward is life; true life, and feeling the joyousness and worth of it.

There will be many discouragements and opposing forces to life devoted to self-government: there will be doubts concerning the utility of seeking an end only par-

tially attainable, an ideal which the masses neither understand nor admire. Strong faith and courage will be needed to combat this sophistry; a faith more potent than knowledge, a hope greater than possession. His resolve must be based on his conviction of the vanity of fame and fortune and the instability of human love. All things outside himself can fail despite his mightiest efforts to avert such failures, but what he has made himself to be can only fail at his own bidding. Every daily effort to improve be it ever so feeble will leave its mark, its indelible impression for his good.

Education is the word of the moment; we hear it a hundred times a day, I think there is hardly a more used and abused word in the dictionary. Out of the many who talk of it how few seem to realize its importance and significance and still fewer are interested in its deeper meaning.

For most, education presents itself as of a lucrative value, for others it gives rise to possibilities of a social nature, or inculcates reputation and prestige. These people go so far and no further, for them education presents a visible objective, they want no God-given concomitant ideal. As an excuse for evil doers we sometimes say "They know not what they do." We can say of the half educated that "They know not what they miss." They miss man's

true blessedness, that blessedness which arises from the well-nigh infinite possibilities of growth that obtains in man's nature.

The truth of the situation is this, that many years of learning have to be accomplished before we grasp the true meaning of education. That once being realised, it presents itself not as the work of a college course or a university career but as the work of a lifetime with these things as a foundation. It is all embracing, a true companion of religion, philosophy, and all branches of knowledge. There is no realising its

ultimate length and breath, there is no denying its possibilities. It is God's consoling gift to man; some retribution to man for those gifts jeopardized by our first parents in their sin.

Let those who seek education cultivate the simplicity, sincerity and nobility needed to acknowledge these things, and they will find their reward in the realization that we were not placed in this world to have, for to have, is nothing, but rather we were meant to be and to be is everything.

END

EPISCOPAL AD LABBING

Not long ago in a British crown colony a group of American priests added a scientific laboratory to the college plant.

At the solemn dedication the British officials referred to the new building constantly as the laboratory, with the accent on the second syllable. The American priest accepted the laboratory with the accent on the LAB. The the Bishop rose to speak. He was American, yet he had to keep in the good graces of the British.

"There is no doubt," he said, "of the enormous importance of this new lab to education in our island.

---Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

* * * † * * *

The practice of saying "God bless you" whenever a person sneezes originated back in the 6th century when Gregory the Great was Pope. During this particular time an infectious malady was raging throughout Italy. Pope Gregory asked the people to say prayers against the disease and accompany the prayer with the Sign of the Cross. When anyone sneezed they would utter "God bless you," and the custom has existed ever since.

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

By Brother Edward

LIPSTICK

1. Is it a sin of vanity for a girl to make use of lipsticks, rouge, etc., in order to beautify herself? A. R. Castor
- A. A girl would not commit sin if she made moderate use of artificial means of improving her appearance and of making herself attractive. But she would be guilty of sin if her motive were to exercise a sinful allurements over others.

COMMUNISM

2. Why do Catholics hate communists? M. Guevara.
- A. Catholics do not hate communists. What they hate is COMMUNISM.

POPE IMAGINATION XIII

3. I read somewhere that in 1870, when Italy took over the Pope's property, the Italian king and the Pope had some misunderstandings. So the Pope, who was imprisoned, was disgusted and shot himself. What was the name of the Pope? D. Baula.
- A. What a pipe dream! The Pope's name was Imagina-

tion XIII.

MARRIED PRIESTS

4. Are there any Catholic priests who are allowed to wed and have children? Ricardo O.
- A. The Greek Uniates and others of the Eastern rites may marry and rear families.

LUTHER

5. Did Martin Luther marry an ex-nun after leaving the Catholic Church? Did he ever break the seal of confession? L. Vinuya.
- A. No, he married a nun who became an ex-nun by marrying. There is no record of Luther or of any ex-priest ever having broken the seal of confession.

YOUNG COMMUNICANTS

6. My daughter is only 6 years old. But being an intelligent little angel, our parish priest said she can receive her first communion. Why must we rush the first communion of children? Mrs. R. de los Reyes.
- A. We must be sure Christ

comes into their hearts before the devil.

CONFESSION

7. My cousin was brought up a Catholic but he never goes to confession anymore. He says he doesn't believe in that stuff anymore. T.K.
- A. When Catholics begin to neglect confession there is something wrong, ordinarily, in their lives that they dislike to confess or do not wish to correct. Then they either belittle the Sacrament or just refuse to be interested. You can't argue with such persons. But you can pray for them.

EDUCATION

8. Why do Catholics insist so much on introducing religious instruction in public schools? There is separation of Church and state here, isn't there? B. Carpio.
- A. Catholics believe in a thorough education — i.e. development of man, physically, intellectually and MORALLY. They believe that only religion offers the true foundation of moral development. There is separation of Church and State in Brazil,

isn't there? Yet Brazilian public schools give religious instruction.

CATECHISTS

9. Since catechists are not being paid, they ought to have special spiritual benefits exclusively for themselves. Leticia S.
- A. Pius XI has granted a Plenary indulgence to Catechists who teach twice a month for a period of at least twenty minutes and a partial indulgence of 100 days every time they teach catechism for the same length of time.

INTOLERANCE

10. Why is the Catholic Church so intolerant of other doctrines? One religion is just as good as another. Felix T.
- A. The Catholic Church possesses the truth. Truth is intolerant of error. One religion is NOT as good as another. There is only ONE truth. There can be only ONE TRUE RELIGION.

If it's anything Catholic, ask
 Brother Edward
 The Cross Magazine
 Regina Building
 Escolta-Banquero
 Manila



NATIONAL FRONT

BONUS GRANT

President Roxas exercising his emergency powers last Sept. 25 extended the time limit for the granting of living bonuses to employes of the city, provincial and municipal governments. The granting of bonuses under Republic Act No. 29 started in July of last year and expired last June 30. Government entities which have sufficient funds have continued paying living bonuses.

HERE

In a 30-minute ceremony last Sept. 22, President Roxas received the American Ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the Philippines, Emmet O'Neal. O'Neal in his address observed that his task has been made lighter by the "knowledge that there is no conflict of aims, ideals or policy between our two countries."

WARNING

Bibiano Meer, collector of internal revenue, warned that the full weight of the revenue laws will be made to bear on taxpay-

ers willfully violating the laws or committing frauds in the payment of taxes. The revenue collector urged erring taxpayers to avail themselves of the opportunity given them to make voluntary disclosures of the true amount of their business, income, property.

GIVES UP

Abelardo Zuniga, No. 3 Huk leader in western Pampanga, and one of the trusted aides of Huk Supremo Luis Taruc, recently surrendered to Jose Lingad, candidate for governor of the province in barrio San Pablo, Lubao, Pampanga. Lingad promptly turned the wanted leader over to Zulue-ta, Secretary of Interior.

RED LINK

The immigration board of inquiry has definitely established a link between five Chinese nationals and the local communist movement and found them guilty of having participated in a plot to overthrow and destroy the Philippine government. The aliens were immediately ordered to be deported on the first available transportation.

TRADE MISSIONS

The second batch of Philippine trade missionaries to Japan composed of six members representing trading and merchandizing Filipino firms was recently approved by the Cabinet. The missionaries will make a survey of trade possibilities and make connections in anticipation of the re-opening of the Japanese overseas trade, of which the Philippines will share.

DRIVERS STUDY

The Philippine National Red Cross, through its safety services department, has extended the first aid course to Manila taxicab drivers. Classes are free and are under the direction of M. E. Serrano, safety service instructor from the Manila Red Cross Chapter.

PRAISED

The people of the town of Dagupan, Pangasinan were recently cited for "outstanding services" in the prosecution of the allied war effort during the last war by Gen. George Moore. Gen. Moore extolled the gallantry of the people especially in furnishing aid and succor to the American escapees and guerrillas during the Japanese occupation.

RFC BONDS

The Rehabilitation Finance Corporation Sept. 23 started is-

suing "Rehabilitation Bonds" in P1,000 and P100 denominations for the purpose of increasing its funds. Several money-making government corporations have reportedly manifested a great deal of interest in buying a substantial amount of P1,000 denomination.

TOWN PLANNING

A new town in the Philippines can be planned right from the beginning in carefully selected locations where industrial sites, residential neighborhoods and administration can be coordinated according to Louis Croft. Most towns begin to grow haphazardly at the mouth or confluence of rivers, Croft added, the P.I. should take advantage of what other nations have had to learn through trial and error. Louis Croft is technical adviser of the City Planning Board.

AWARDED

Miss Lulu Reyes, prominent Manila social worker, has been awarded the Medal of Freedom, highest U. S. award to civilians. Miss Reyes was President of the Chaplain's Aid Association and was the first Filipino woman to bring food and medicine to Usafe personnel at Capas, Tarlac. She also took an active part in underground activities.

WORST HIT

80 per cent of the houses in Baler were destroyed in the last Pa-

cific typhoon. All school buildings except one were totally wrecked. A school teacher and two others were seriously injured in the line of duty. The Philippine National Red Cross immediately rushed a large supply of rice and foods to the typhoon victims.

DEPORTED

53 of the 67 Chinese who entered illegally through Sanchez Mira, Cagayan last Aug. 27 have been given an indeterminate sentence of from two months to one year and four months and pay to a fine of P1,000 each with subsidiary imprisonment in case of insolvency. They will be deported to China after serving their terms.

"FLIPS" IN GUAM

In a letter to President Roxas, more than 1,000 Filipino laborers complained that they receive on the average one sixth of the wages paid to American laborers of the same category. These Filipino laborers who are employed by private American firms in Guam, solicited the aid of the president in making representations with American authorities to remedy the gross discrimination. Lowest wage paid to American laborers is \$1.19 per hour as against 21 cents to Filipinos.

INTERNATIONAL FRONT CARDINAL AND FIREMAN

For helping to extinguish a fire at his home, Francis Cardinal

Spellman was made an honorary deputy fire chief. A silver hand extinguisher was presented to him along with the title by Fire Commissioner Frank J. Quayle. Firemen found the Cardinal ably wielding a portable extinguisher when a small fire broke out in his home. "I ought to be good at this," he told them, and showed his badge as honorary member of the Boston fire department.

LAUDED

"The Filipinos can assume leadership of all eastern peoples if they wish," declared Capt. John William Hughes of the British Royal Army Educational Corps. Capt. Hughes spent three weeks in the Philippines and traveled extensively in other eastern countries. "It seemed," he added, "as if everybody in the P.I. was traveling in a 1947 American car or a 1947 taxi."

"WASTE LESS"

President Truman recently called on the American people for voluntary food conservation by wasting less. "The food and fuel situation in Europe is so critical," the President said, "that there is no time for detailed and careful study. The American people cannot stand by and allow Europeans to starve and freeze. I am not asking you to eat less but to waste less . . . Bread thrown away in this country account for

a waste of about 70,000,000 bushels of grain annually."

GOOD OLD DAYS?

If the rate of progress in restoring Philippine gold production continues, the output will equal the prewar level of P60,000,000 annually before June 30, 1948. Meanwhile Philippine government revenues for the year ending June 30, 1947, was the largest in Philippine history and considerably in excess of the most optimistic official prediction.

GANDHI'S FAST

The weakened conditions of Mohandas K. Gandhi who is fasting in an effort to stop communal rioting is causing grave anxiety among his millions of followers. Meanwhile disturbances in Calcutta are reported to have declined in frequency and seriousness, although the curfew imposed to curb lawlessness has been extended for one more week.

SEEK LOAN

Finance Secretary Miguel Cuaderno said recently that the P. I. would seek a loan of about \$70,000,000 from the Export Import bank to cover rehabilitation costs. "By 1949," he further declared, "we expect to balance our budget and so will not need to borrow to meet operating expenses. The Philippine government suffered a

deficit of \$2,000,000 during the last fiscal year.

UNDERWATER TELEVISION

Armchair scrutiny of sunken Spanish Galleons and other hidden mysteries of the ocean depths became a possibility Sept. 11. By means of a remote-controlled television camera, scientists of Bikini were able to watch fishes swimming around the deck of a submarine 160 feet below the surface. The demonstration opened what scientists and military men believe may be an entirely new field in deep water investigation.

FREE INDO-CHINA

A provisional national government, headed by the exiled Emperor Bao Dai, will be formed soon in Hongkong and will be recognized by the French government. This followed the recent French offer of independence to Indo-China, where for nine months French troops have been fighting Vietnam nationalists led by Dr. Ho Chi Minh. Dr. Minh is president of the Vietnam republican government and leader of the Viet Minh party.

PIUS XII AND P. I. SCOUTS

His Holiness Pope Pius XII received in audience and gave his blessings to members of the Philippine delegation to the recently concluded World Boy Scout Jamboree Sept. 2. The 34 Filipino Boy

Scouts and leaders, were received at the Castel Gandolfo in the Alban Hills where the Holy Father was spending the summer. The Holy Father expressed his happiness at the opportunity to meet worthy representatives of Filipino youth.

DON'T BELIEVE JAP DEFEAT

A group of fanatic Japanese in Brazil refuse to believe in Japan's defeat causing agitation among 200,000 Japs there. The fanatic group urged their Japanese brothers to dispose of their property and migrate to New Guinea "which was conquered by Japan." The disturbances which arose from this agitation were quieted only after Brazilian army

forces mobilized and arrested 3,000 Japs. Meanwhile the Japanese government is sending newspapers and other materials about the surrender.

CONFLICT GROWS

The conflict between Communism and Catholicism became more evident recently as the Red intensified their attempts to form an ideological bloc and the democracies aligned themselves to stop the advance of the red curtain. In Yugoslavia the Catholic clergy has been the chief target of red terrorism for months. In Basel, Communists agitators are being used as "priests" to fill the gap left behind in the Orthodox Church when the majority of the clergy were arrested and deported.

QUATRAIN

Each time that I pass by a church,
I stop to make a visit,
So that when I am carried in
Our Lord won't say, "Who is it?"
by a fourteen-year-old boy.

BROTHER'S KEEPER

Discipline, as practiced by the monks of the Grande Chartreuse monastery, is of an exceptional austerity. During meals no one may complain of any inconvenience he may be subjected to. One 75-year-old novice discovered a rat drowned in his jug of wine. He did not dare to drink it, but he was extremely thirsty. He endured patiently for a while, and eventually indicated to the presiding monk, "Father, my brother here hasn't any rat in his jug of wine."

* * * † * * *

Government investigator: "What time do you go to work?"

Farmer: "I don't go to work, I wake up surrounded by it."

A Review Of Guerrero's Newest Plays

Godofredo Bunao

Perhaps

CONSIDERING the nineteenth century moral sense that was partly responsible for the suppression of a large part of such a daring film as "The Outlaw", the audience which helped "Perhaps" go over could not have missed in its perception the typical Guerrero courage that has made many of his plays a success.

Performed on the stage of a religious school before a doubtless religious audience, this play did not give any indication of having created a disapproving stir in spite of the realistic portrayal of life among the prostitutes of the city. The reason for this is quite obvious to those who understand the psychology of the Filipinos as affected by almost four years of war and its accompanying moral degradation which continues through the post-war years.

Before the war, the play might have proved a smashing failure and could have been condemned by Catholic quarters. Even then, there would have been at least a handful of broadminded individuals to appreciate the way with which the play was handled to reduce the shock upon those *moral*

people who are so morally weak as to be afraid to find themselves in a maelstrom of immoral influence from which they are afraid they cannot extricate themselves.

But as we are now, we can appreciate such a play as "Perhaps" even with a slighter subtlety in the characterization of wayward women, the reason being our having adjusted ourselves gradually with the morally changing world.

With a carefully selected cast of non-smoking women who had to portray the lives of habitual smokers, "Perhaps" is, perhaps the first Filipino play to depend for its success on the determination of every character to present a work of art with great realism, although such realism could have been a perfect one had the writer endeavoured not to twist the story to cater to the whims of a not-too-radical audience. We have, for example, a character in Clemencia whose philosophic speech could never have been that of a whore. There is some possibility of associating such speech with a whore, but the possibility is so slight that the ordinary man would

see no possibility at all.

The portrayal of other characters such as the sailor, the policeman, and the other men saved the play from losing the interest of audience. Without such minor characters, the play would have been too heavy to be swallowed by an audience unused to too much emotion packed up in a small play.

Through the play there runs a moralizing fiber that is the greatest factor which determined its success. From the story of prostitutes, seldom will one find a moral. Here, however, one cannot miss memorizing the passage, "Dream and do, not just dream and do." This is why "Perhaps" drew applause from a religious audience that filled a Catholic hall.

WHAT A GUY?

SUPPOSED to be a satire, "What a Guy" did not produce the effect that it was expected to produce. Unique in the history of the world's drama, having only one character, the reception was not as unique. Perhaps the audience expected more or perhaps it expected less. However, although the audience seemed disinterested in some parts, their applause was considerable in others.

The play typifies the modern man and emphasizes the playboy element of our society. It makes us understand what we, as a people bound by tradition, refuse to understand: that a man (most

men are idealistic although they don't know it) seeks in one woman what he can only find in several women, and that, consequently, a married man seldom thinks he is married except when he is at home and he realizes the utility of the woman he has married.

Eric may not be an ideal man but he certainly is one typical of most men. One may just watch this play where only one man speaks and see himself as he is. The addition of another character on the stage will not make the characterization of the modern man any better.

* * * † * * *

Notice to car thieves: my tires are punctureproof. If you try to steal them, you had better be punctureproof too. —Llgourian



From the Bookshelves: XII

BOOK REVIEWS

by Evelyn Vallejo

OUR LADY IN THE MODERN WORLD — Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

As in the case of the world's great personages, the Virgin Mother has received her share of publicity, has been showered with her share of legends. One of the less desirable effects of such well-meant adulation is the formation in the minds of a great many people of a concept about the celebrity that is not in conformity with the original. Before long, a national hero becomes something of a superman who can fight an untamed lion barehanded.

Though it must be admitted that Our Lady up to now has not been attributed with such silly powers, still, the very human tendency to distort remains. In her own particular sphere, she has been elevated in the estimation of pious Christians up to a place so removed from their daily lives that she no longer seems to have any contact with the lowly earth.

Now, the reviewer does not aim to imply that she does not deserve such veneration. On the contrary, she is, of all women in the world, preeminently worthy of the best efforts of all the press agents ever created. The fact that is decried is: In the glamorizing process, we Christians have rendered her so unlike us in our mental image of her that any beneficent influence she may exert on our more huddled lives has been nullified by sheer distance.

It is perhaps to remedy this state of affairs that the brilliant Father Daniel A. Lord wrote his book. Knowing perfectly well that the Mother of God should have all the strength of her influence in our daily lives bolstered in these times of moral stress, the author strives in his own inimitable way to bring her back closer to us.

He presents her as she was, — a poor maid, a lowly housewife, a frugal mother. He endeavors to describe her so that we may be able to see Mary in the plain girl

next door, in the patient wife down the alley, in the work-laden mother of a large family from our home town. Such a momentous event as the Annunciation is depicted as happening while the busy little maid is finishing her dish washing.

Such an attempt, of course, always runs into the danger of becoming a mere debunking. This has been, a little time back, a vogue amongst biographers. And the unwary, no matter how well-intentioned risks putting our Lady under an unfavorable light. Happily, the author handles his subject with assurance and does succeed in showing her in terms of our modern everyday lives without subtracting an iota from her truly magnificent heavenly stature. And not only that, — Father Lord somehow gives her even greater grandeur in the vivid picture of her humility.

About the only objection that one may forward, more so if he is an informed Catholic, is the painstaking way the author proves his points. To us who believe, the repetitive logic involved is superfluous.

On the whole, however, *Our Lady In The Modern World* is an in-

spiring book that ought to breathe new courage into ordinary struggling people who are trying to lead the Christian way of life but now are about ready to give up when they see the mess the world is in.

THE ROSARY OF MARY — Translations of the Encyclical and Apostolic Letters of Pope Leo XIII, collected by William Raymond Lawlwe, O.P., P.G. 220 pages. Price — four pesos. St. Anthony Guild Press.

Now gathered for the first time in a single volume, the Encyclical and Apostolic Letters of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII on the devotion which was so dear to him, are a monumental tribute from the Church's Head on earth to the Church's Mother.

The preacher will find here a rich source of material and of inspiration for sermons and instructions. The Rosary Of Mary is also beautifully adapted to spiritual reading, both for lay-people and for the members of religious communities. A special feature of the book which will be welcomed alike by the devout and the scholar is the complete listing in an appendix of all existing Rosary indulgences.

* * * † * * *

Heroes are the men we would be if we could, saints are the men we could be if we would.

From the
Managing Editor's
Desk—



ZULUETA AND "THE OUTLAW"

The news has reached us that Secretary of the Interior Jose Zulueta has not only re-released Howard Hughes' controversial film, "The Outlaw", for nationwide screening, but has also re-inserted scenes which had previously been deleted by the National Board of Review for Motion Pictures.

For your information, the Secretary is a Catholic; furthermore he happens to be an Ateneo alumnus. But, of course, he does not believe that morality should be considered where a motion picture is concerned. No doubt, the good secretary will give the go-ahead signal to the first enterprising movie studio which portrays how Luis Taruc and his cohorts are giving the Military Police the run-around.

We cannot help wondering whether his old professors are at all proud of their former student's latest exploit. But we do know that Father Masterson, Ateneo president, has written him a curt note of protest.

It is not our task to comment on the manner in which sex was played up in Jane Russell's latest celluloid exploits in the company of one Billy the Kid. We shall just cite one fact: a quotation from LIFE MAGAZINE'S movie ratings, to wit:

"PERSONAL FLOPS were scored by Errol Flynn and Jané Russell Miss Russell, possessor of the most advertised bosom in America, was in THE OUTLAW and YOUNG WIDOW; displayed hardly enough talent to rate a walk-on role in a high-school play."

This is a free country, and anybody who wishes to see THE OUTLAW can do so, for a peso-twenty, or less. But don't say we didn't warn you; it's a sheer waste of good

money.

We hope Mr. Zulueta gets around to reading this.

WANTED: CATHOLIC WRITERS

If we were to hang a sign outside the office, stating that we wanted Catholic writers, we would have to wait a long, long time for the first applicant who would fit the description correctly. Either we would get CATHOLICS who THINK they can write, or writers, the forced quality of whose Catholicism would be as obvious as the nose on Durante's face. We have been told, however, that there is a plan which might remedy the situation.

The Philippines Commonweal, national Catholic weekly, is trying to organize a Junior Catholic Editor's Guild.

We believe, for one, that this plan merits serious consideration because it may constitute the right answer to the statement, almost a taunt at times, that we have no Catholic writers to speak of.

True, we have a few Catholic schools of journalism. But the trouble is that most of their graduates seem to forget the principles they are supposed to have learned, as soon as they pass out through the portals of their respective schools. Many of them commit the error of writing not what they should write, but what they think the reading public would like. As for most of our alleged Catholic writers of recognized literary stature, most of them prefer not to write at all or, if they do write, only for the secular publications. In this respect, we believe, they are acting neither like Catholics nor like writers.

The Junior Guild has been organized in order to provide a practical training ground for budding journalists who, if they ever blossom, will definitely be assets to the Catholic Press. The organization promises competent training in the various phases of newspaper work. At the same time, however, it sets qualifications which are undoubtedly high. This is good, indeed.

We express the hope that the Guild will live true to its plans. We do not think its activities should be limited to the annual election of an Intercollegiate Girl or to listening

to a few politicians who, in an eruption of bad taste, may try to inject politics into the proceedings.

Your editorial writer is not implying that these things are bad in themselves. But to make them ends in themselves is a tragedy that shall cry to a writer's Heaven for vengeance.

BISHOP-ELECT RUFINO SANTOS

On October 24 as Bishop-elect Santos dons the purple of the episcopacy, Manila will see another young priest raised to the principedom of the Church.

On his comparatively young shoulders, the onerous responsibilities of caring for the Manila archdiocese will partly fall, and there are very few who will envy him his position despite the accompanying prestige and influence. For Manila and the surrounding provinces, littered as they still are with the moral debris of the post-liberation era, will need energy and vision from Archbishop O'Doherty's new auxiliary.

We do not believe he is to be congratulated, for his task will be an onerous one. We have only this to say: May the prayers of his country and of his flock go with him.

CLO's AMADO HERNANDEZ

Quoth CLO President Amado Hernandez at a memorable luncheon at the Selecta last month: "Many have erred in branding the Congress of Labor Organizations as Communist. Even our beloved president (Roxas) has committed that mistake. But I say, here and now, that we disavow all Communist influence. The CLO is a vast body of men, coming from many professions and creeds. There may be Communists in our ranks, but they do not exert the excessive influence which an erroneous public has often attributed to them."

We believe that the statement is historic because, taken at its face value, it would seem to scare away the spectre of communism that many people have seen hovering over the ranks of Labor.

We hope that the Catholic public will study the above, statement, consider Labor's actuations, and act accordingly. Personally, we believe that Mr. Hernandez should be given a chance to prove his statement.



A LETTER FROM CHRIST

(In reply to the article, "A Letter to Jesus," July issue)

By H. Artemio Espinoza

To my dear son

My gladness was beyond compare
 When your long expected letter came,
 May the promises of love you have made
 And the resolutions so ably decided
 Be fulfilled as long as you live.

I met a very merciful death!
 A crown of thorns around my head,
 Long nails pierced my hands and feet,
 And all my bones were numbered.
 What great a suffering and sorrow
 I have met for loving you!

How many sins have you made
 That I always forget and forgive—
 How many times have you felt desperate
 And found relief when gone to my side—
 How many troubles have you met
 And all efforts behind you were exhausted
 Solved only when you invoked me to intercede—
 The visit to my tabernacle you have planned
 Given up for another day—
 The flowers that should have been offered me
 Sent for someone for vanity—

Though I'll be without your love and care
 My love for you will not wane,
 All these and many more you have done

Are nothing to me when you come
 To confess and make penance for them
 And to promise never again.
 Live up to your promise everyday
 To be good and to pray
 For a life of Ageless Eternity
 Of faith, hope, and charity.

Your Heavenly Father,
 Iesu Christi

P.S.

I hope to hear from you often—Same

Republic of the Philippines
 Department of Public Works and Communications
 BUREAU OF POSTS
 Manila

SWORN STATEMENT
 (Required by Act. No. 2580)

The undersigned, Raul C. Reyes, Business Manager and Owner of THE CROSS, published once a month, in English, at Regina Building, 15-17 Banquero, Manila, after having been duly sworn in accordance with law, hereby submits the following statement of ownership, management, circulation, etc., which is required by Act. 2580, as amended by Commonwealth Act No. 201:

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RAUL C. REYES
 Business Manager

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of Sept. 1947, at Manila, on February 25, 1947.

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