

Vol. XIX, No. 7, March 1950

The LITTLE



APOSTLE

OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE



The
LITTLE APOSTLE

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PURPOSE OF THE MAGAZINE:

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

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OUR COVER



THIS PICTURE WAS SELECTED FOR OUR MARCH ISSUE BECAUSE IT REPRESENTS TWO JOSEPHS.

INSEPARABLE MATES THROUGH PLAY AND SCHOOL, THEY ARE STUDYING AT THE NEW CATHOLIC SCHOOL OF BAGUIOS (MANKAYAN)

PHOTO O. DE SMET

for passage to Europe

**TAKE
MESSAGERIES
MARITIMES.**

SAILINGS

*from MANILA
to MARSEILLES:*

SS "CHAMPOLLION" :
May 11, 1950.

MS "LA MARSEILLAISE" :
June 13, 1950.

MS "LA MARSEILLAISE" :
August 30, 1950.

For particulars

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MANILA

editorial

On Ash Wednesday we have been marked on our foreheads with ashes, with the sign of the cross. This is to remind us that we are in the 'desert' for forty days, as Our Lord did while on earth to pray, to fast and to do penance.

"Remember, man, that thou art dust and into dust thou shalt return." Yes, our bodies will some day turn into dust. Perhaps it will be very soon for some of us, perhaps later for others, but we know too well that no man can escape it.

"Remember death," or better "Remember the death of Our Lord." His death was a triumph, a victory over death. So will be ours. DEATH IS OUR REAL BIRTHDAY INTO HEAVEN; it is the beginning of our life.

But we must prepare for that life by DYING DAILY, while here on earth. Death is terrible for those who die only once, not for those who have died daily to themselves. We must mortify ourselves, especially during this Holy season of Lent. It may be our last chance to stop and think. First, we must decide what we will do. And then too, we must be faithful to our resolutions.

Recently I read of one lady who decided that she would not read the Comics during Lent, but would spend that time in reading some Catholic Magazine, such as 'The Little Apostle.'

THE CROSS REMAINED

Soon after the Communists entered North Korea they expelled Catholic. Religious teachers from their schools. In Won San, when they took over the Benedictine School, they decided that there should be no Cross above a Communist conducted school. A workman was sent to the top of the building and he struck several times with a heavy sledge hammer at a large granite cross that dominated the building but the Cross would not give way. The workman was called down and then sent up again with a large metal drum to cover the symbol that was so distasteful to the Communists. The incident was an encouraging sign for the Christians.

(Fides)

•

Businessmen have one of the greatest of the celestial residents as their patron. He is St. Francis of Assisi, himself the son of a merchant. It is paradoxical that Francis began his holy career by renouncing business and becoming a beggar. St. Francis was one of the greatest "salesmen" in the history of the Church. He "sold" humility, charity and sanctity to untold thousands.

—The Companion

FARMACIA

ORO

DRUG — WHOLESALERS —
IMPORTERS — RETAILERS

678 Rizal Ave.

MANILA

NOVENA OF THE LAST RESORT (Mar. 4-12)

- *General Intention: THAT OUR DIFFERENT MISSIONS MAY RECEIVE THE SPIRITUAL AND FINANCIAL HELP NECESSARY TO THEIR DEVELOPMENT*
- *Special Intentions: 1—That the "Catholic Center" (a new building in construction in Baguio) may obtain the financial support of many Catholic families in the Philippines.*
2—Intentions of all our Readers.

(We ask our Readers to pray this Novena with us and to let us know their own intentions which we promise to publish)

MISSION INTENTION FOR MARCH.
(blessed by the Holy Father)

THE CONVERSION OF THE AMERICAN NEGROES



After liberation we have seen many American soldiers in our churches giving us a very inspiring example of piety and religious conviction. Very few among them—if any—were Negroes. No wonder. **Of the 15,000,000 Negroes living in the U.S.A. about 350,000 only are Roman Catholics**, while millions are affiliated to different Sects and still more millions are simply pagans. Most Negro countries of Africa are more fortunate than the Negroes living in the opulent U.S.A.

Since a few years, however, a mighty mission movement has been started by Catholic Missionaries to instruct and convert the American Negroes and most consoling results seem to confirm that amongst them too "the harvest is great but the workers few."

Keeping in mind the great benefits we have received—for almost fifty years—from American Catholics, let us join them in our daily prayers. During this month of March let us daily offer some fervent prayers and some real sacrifices to obtain from the Lord the conversion of the American Negroes so that they too may soon become our brethren in Faith and our partners in the glory.

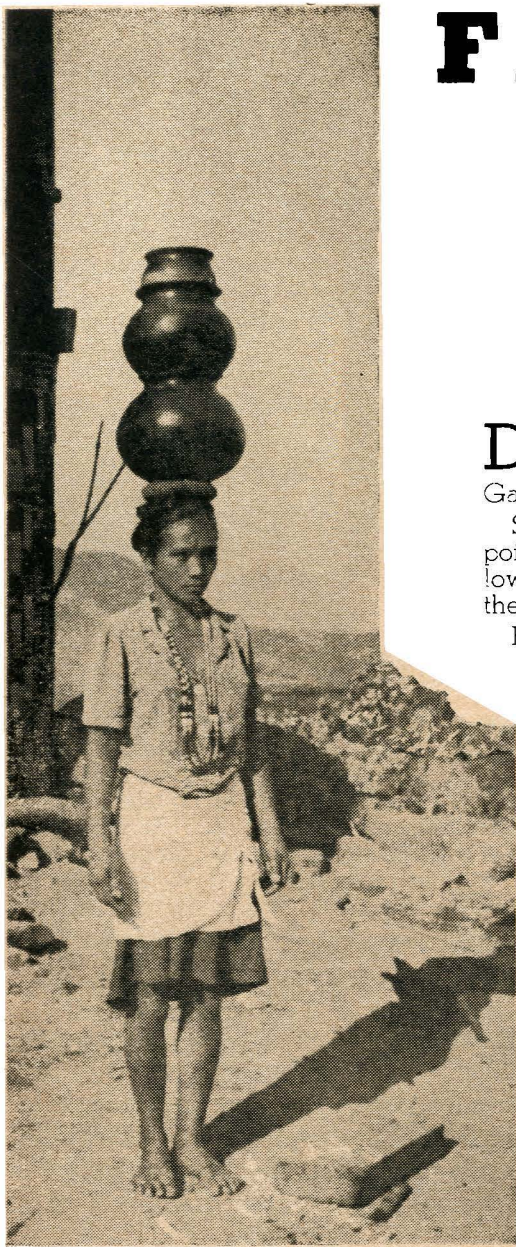
NEVER DESPAIR

A woman once went to the Cure of Ars, Saint John Vianney, and said: "My husband has just fallen off a bridge—he has not been to the Sacraments in twenty years. A double death! His soul is lost." Father Vianney answered: "Madam, there is a little distance between the bridge and the water."

Fulton Sheen

FAMINE

Stalks The Land



by Rev. F. Martens

Down, down the steep, slippery path of the creek we went, Gaspar, Tirso and I.

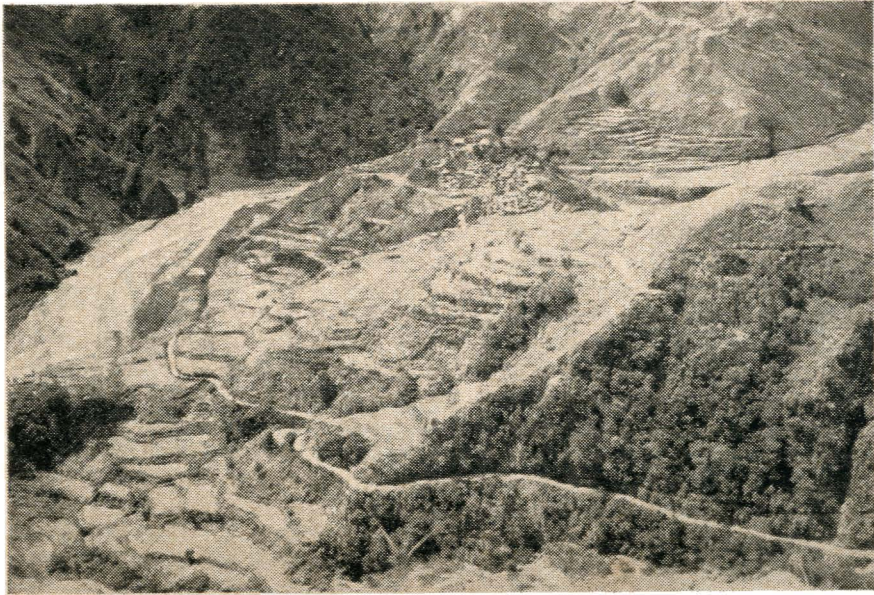
Suddenly Gaspar stopped and pointed a finger to something far below us in the valley. "Father, Father, see Famine is coming!"

He spoke as though he saw the specter there before him.

"Famine is coming over the Tanudan district." His words sounded final. "But," said I, "those are bamboos...! How can you tell by looking at bamboos that famine is coming?" I was rather sure he was joking when he said those words.

"No, Father, it is sure. The bamboo is bearing fruit now. That means that soon the bamboo will die. The rats that live of bamboo know this and they will leave the trees. They will go to the fields and eat our crops."

I had heard some of this before, but I had not listened too closely. Now as Gaspar spoke and Tirso too said it was all true, it came over me that in-



BANGAD. A TYPICAL VILLAGE IN KALINGA

PHOTO F. MARTENS

deed, the poor people were in a dangerous way.

"Twenty years ago," said Tirso, this happened. The little children will starve, and many will die."

With a sad heavy heart we went down the steep hill.

... And in six months time, the wild cry for help came up from all the poor people in Tanudan, Balbalan and the Pasil district. "The rats! The rats are eating up our crops. They are overrunning our fields. They have already destroyed the

fields in Apatas and Dumayag."

From all these districts the poor, hungry people are moving about, looking for food. They travel to the valley of Tabuk, even going as far as Baguio and Bontoc. All the hillsides where they have planted camotes have been raided by the rats who dig before the people can do so. Many families eat but once a day.

This starvation has brought on all kinds of diseases. They are suffering from influenza, malaria and worse still, the dread dysentery. One day

We must give due consideration to the needs of Brother Body, lest he breed melancholy within us . . . But if, after receiving his due, he still complains, let the lazy beast feel the prick of the spur."

St. Francis of Assisi

they feel well enough to go to the fields to work but before night they have a high fever. This Kalinga people were strong and rugged before this, but now they are thin and weak from hunger.

In September, when I went to Tanudan to visit the school, the head teacher met me at the door with these words, "Father, not many children are in school today. Many are sick with malaria,—and Father, many are too hungry to come to school and study. Every day some more stay away, so that now we have only forty five in school, instead of the one hundred and more that should be here."

... Then, with a heavy heart, I remembered Tirso's words, "Many will die."

Famine did not come alone to these poor people. In April of last year twenty houses were burned to the ground. Everything was lost, their blankets, their jars, and their few gantas of rice. Now they were without shelter and food. Another harvest is passed. They have carried no palay to the granary. What few belongings they had, they have been forced to sell in order to get food to keep them alive...

I can paint but a few sketches of the misery going on in Balbalan, in Pasil and Tanudan. The pale faces and the thin starved bodies speak more loudly... but the heart's suffering is closed to the eyes of men...

*From "The Voice of Kalinga"
F. Martens*

THE NEGRO MISSIONS

Most Catholics ignore the fact that the Catholic missions among the Negroes are "the most prosperous of the whole world."

Note the following numbers for Belgian Congo (Central Africa):

	1935	1947
Number of Vicariates	23	30
Mission Stations	255	487
Total Population	11,753,000	14,151,496
Catholics	1,230,371	3,115,642
Catechumens	1,066,454	903,329
Missionaries		
Europeans:		
Priests	1,161	2,251
Brothers	137	238
Sisters	1,029	1,951
Natives:		
Priests	38	240
Brothers	42	304
Sisters	76	304

THE GODS OF

by **Emilio**

In Mayaoyao (Ifugao)—the beloved land of my birth, the people worship a great number of gods and spirits; eight of them in all are believed to be the chiefs of the others, the princes and rulers in the various abodes where they are said to have their residence. All of them under various circumstances are the beneficiaries of the chickens and pigs offered up under the houses or granaries of the people.

The old folks believe these gods must be extremely happy in times of epidemic sickness, for then they receive, in almost every house, a number of victims sacrificed in the course of endless rites. When the sweet

'Ifugao Rice' is planted or harvested they must rejoice in the ample share rice and rice wine but, most of all, in the selected chickens and pigs. Moreover, they are invited to all feasts and festivities. When a marriage feast is celebrated by those who own many rice fields, the gods and spirits can have their fill by eating the 'soul' of the fat pigs whose bodies are eaten by the people; they can drink profusely and are supposed to be drunk like the old men; they can listen to the many speeches and songs of praise the pagan priests offer, with many gesticulations and dances in accordance with the sacred customs.

There are but a few of the Mayaoyao people who are able to enumerate the thousand and more names of all those gods and spirits; so, I can hardly tell you more about them except that they are many, many, very many! However, their chiefs are known to all. Ask any Ifugao or Mayaoyao and he will tell you about the Earthquaker and the Thunderer, about the Bright One or the Sun-god, about Lingan, the goddess of the Moon with her daughters. These fly down from the sky, come to bathe on earth and then fill the air with all kinds of weird noises while they clap their winged skirts, flying back to their abode.

All live in the Skyworld, except the Earthquaker, who is the lord of

IFUGAO CHILD

PHOTO AERTS



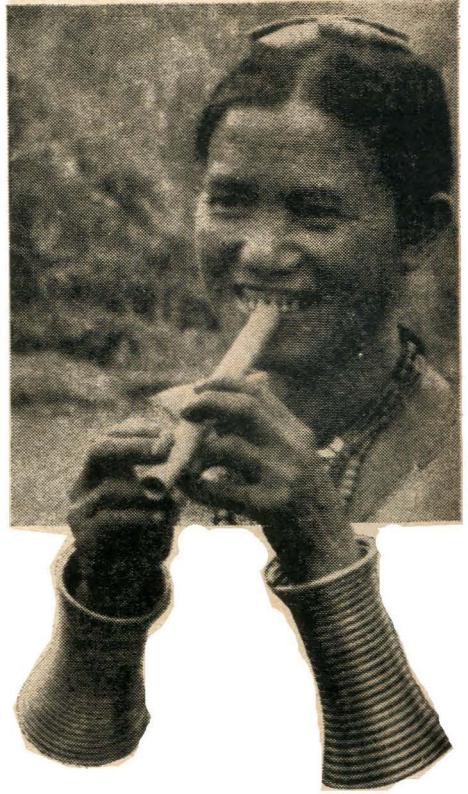
MAYA OYAO

Natuno

the Underworld; hence, when she is displeased with men, she makes the earth tremble to frighten the Ifugaos and to lead them back to the path of sacrificial performances in her behalf. Did she not do so recently? "For sure, she did," say the old folks, and that is why we cannot but offer her our fattest pigs and observe, in her honor five days of abstinence from fish according to our custom; on such days we ought not to work in our rice or camote fields, remaining at home idle as our duty in order to appease the anger of the Quaker.

Then, among those chief gods, there is the Body-maker who, with the greatest skill can make any part of the body, and so sees to it that the Ifugaos multiply and have their descendants generation after generation. Then the Namanggay, the Plant Tree-gods, the Animal-gods, most conspicuous among the latter being the Chicken and Pig-gods.

Last but not least comes the parade of the Rice-gods of the Underworld and the Skyworld, of the Downstream and Upstream Region: these make the soil fertile, make the rice grow and bring forth heavy crops, chase the rats and kill the worms that would devour our harvests. When these gods have not received enough chickens or pigs in sacrifices, they do none of these helpful things but send thousands of rats to our rice fields, and command the worms to gnaw off the roots of our rice plants, and they, themselves enter into our granaries to steal our provisions.



Though each of these gods has his special function to perform regarding the Ifugaos, they also have the power to enforce their wishes and precepts by causing sickness. Each has his own way! Each his own preference! While one causes fever, another causes stomach ache, a third one may prefer to send itches etc. The Sun-god, however makes exception; he causes no sickness but is said to be able to bring on death itself. He is the god of war and is believed to be responsible for all violent death either by direct killing or by accident.

IFUGAO WOMAN

PHOTO AERTS

If an Ifugao adult dreams of the Thunder-god or of the Earthquake-god and does not immediately perform some sacrifice, he will be severely punished. If he immediately offers a sacrifice he will be given abundant riches and live a happy and prosperous life.—If he dreams of an eclipse, he will die a sudden death, but, if he offers sacrifices to all the eight principal gods, he may be saved! Such a sacrifice consists in offering one pig to each one of the eight principal gods, and the two

largest pigs must be offered to the Thunder and Earthquake-gods.

These are some of the things I learned from the old folks and from the pagan priests. They told me all this in order to frighten me and to convince me that it would be to my greatest misfortune if I should be unfaithful to all that was handed down to them by their ancestors.

"This is what our ancestors told us" is for them the supreme argument. It justifies all their beliefs and actions and they cannot understand how some of their own people can ever abandon these sacred customs.

But I pray that they may be enlightened and come to the truth. Will you, who read this say a prayer sometimes for my poor people?

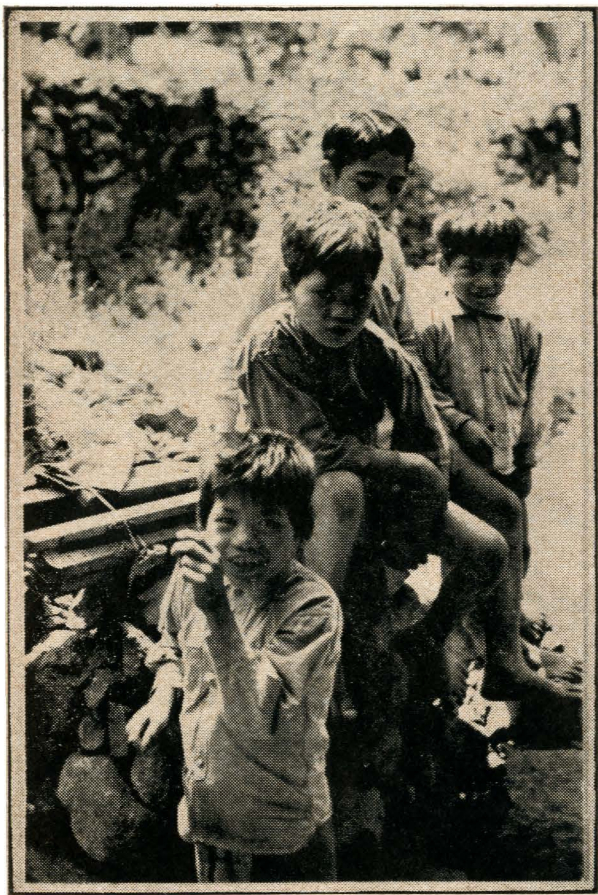


PHOTO AERTS





Did you know that...?



School kids in Communist-dominated Romania are being forced to greet their teachers each morning with this blasphemous chant:

“There is no God.”

The teacher is required to respond:

“Indeed, there is no God, and there never has been one.”

—Bert Kendall in *Victorian*



Two of the resolutions proposed by Bro. Justo Lopez and approved at the First National Convention of the Knights of Columbus, Manila Nov. 29 to Dec. 2, 1949, are:

1) The Committee on Devotions of Manila Council No. 1000 acting on the appeals and recommendations of His Holiness Pope Pius XII of happy reign, and the recommendations of the National Committee of the Philippines for the Holy Year of 1950, duly approved by His Excellency the Most Rev. Gabriel M. Reyes, President of said Committee, proposes that all Councils in the Philippines with their respective Centers participate in a most active manner through the Crusade of Prayer and Sacrifice for the success of the Holy Year, for the sanctification of the members of the Order by giving up some recreations, refreshments, drinks, etc., and attending Holy Mass frequently and visiting the Most Blessed Sacrament in their local churches.

2) The Committee on Devotions of Manila Council No. 1000 likewise proposes that all Councils and Centers of the Order of the Knights of Columbus be created as groups who will dedicate themselves to the following works of mercy:

a) visit the sick in the various hospitals in their respective localities,

b) visit the prisoners in the prisons in their localities.



The study of the papal social encyclicals by Catholics in every field of endeavor was called a “must” by the U.S. Secretary of Labor, Michael J. Tobin. “Many of us do not know the encyclicals,” he said, “but I assure you that the communists know them.”

—by Anne Tansey



When you see the magnificent movie “Joan of Arc” yours will be the privilege of witnessing one of the greatest pictures of all time. Some say it is the finest picture ever made. In it you will learn the forceful lesson of the great good that can be accomplished by one small person. It is the story of a girl who had such an extraordinary love of God and of her fellowmen that she suffered every conceivable indignity.

—The Companion

✠ OUR FAMILY CIRCLE ✠

Dear Friends:

We have seen how Sta. Teresita lived her Faith and made it the guide of all her actions. If we want to profit by such an example, we should take steps to increase our own Faith. A great help is to acquire the habit, by frequent repetition, of making fervent acts of Faith, or of reciting the Act of Faith slowly, especially when in doubt about a particular truth of our Religion. We can say: "My Lord, I believe, not because I understand but because You have said it. You know all things and You teach us only what is true." The Little Flower taught her Novices to pray thus when tempted against Faith: "Lord Jesus, Origin and Giver of all Faith, I believe all You have revealed, and all Our Mother and Catholic Church teaches us. Oh, that I could be witness of this truth by giving up my life even to the last drop of my blood."

Another means to increase our Faith is to increase our knowledge in Doctrine by listening to sermons, not so much for the oratorical skill of the preacher, as for the truths he tries to make us understand. Study also, will not only make us more learned but will help us to live saintlier lives. A sincere Catholic will enjoy and seek good books, converse and meditate on the beautiful truths and mysteries of our Faith; so that, understanding them better, he might find in them greater sweetness, consolation and strength. St. Augustine writes: "I can never satiate myself enough with the wonderful sweetness I taste whenever I meditate and scrutinize these appalling depths of God's plans about men's salvation." And Pius XI said of the Little Flower that she drew from her lessons in doctrine, a real understanding of her Faith.

We should cherish our Faith as the most precious gift God has given us, and never cease to thank Him for it. We should also know that every other virtue becomes an act of Faith if practiced in the spirit of Faith. As Sta. Teresita said: "How sweet it is to serve God even in the darkness of temptation; for after death there shall be no more Faith but only the Vision of God."

Finally we should pray for the countless pagans, heretics and schismatics, that with the true light of Faith, they may believe what we believe, hope for what we hope, and love the Lord as we do try to love Him.

Your Friend and Father,
The Director of the Family Circle

SHORT ECHOES FROM THE FIELD

On December 26, 1949, the Christians of Salegseg (Kalinga, Mt. Prov.) held a meeting at the convent of the Fathers to reorganize their Catholic Action Unit. They had realized the ever growing need of coordinating Catholic activities and of giving to all an opportunity to serve Christ's Church actively, according to the wish of His Holiness Pope Pius XII.

The Catholic Action Unit was reorganized as follows:
—*Spiritual Director*—
REV. FATHER VICTOR PIL

BOARD OF ADVISERS (Honorary)

Mr. Severino Flores
Chairman
Mr. Geronimo Manggad
Member
Mr. Luciano Cabannag
Member

OFFICERS (Elected)

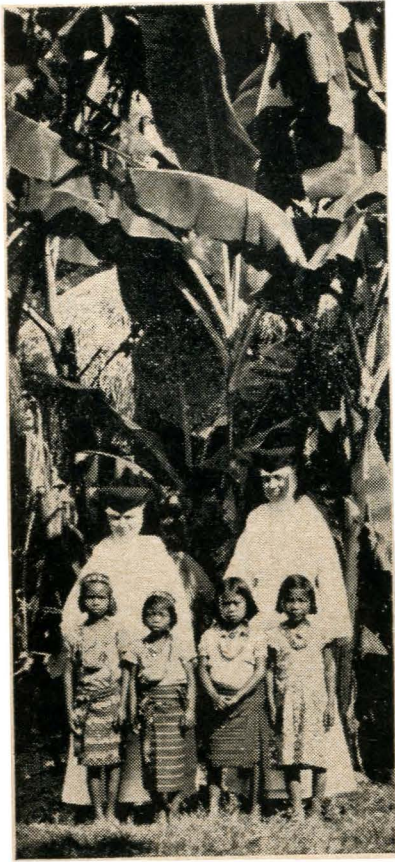
Mr. Catalino Badang
President
Mr. Ariston Doggum
Vice President
Mr. Miguel Sugguiyao
Secretary
Mr. Pelagio Ngaya-an
Treasurer

A Women's Chapter and a Junior Catholic Action Chapter too are in the process of organization.

By Miguel Sugguiyao
Secretary



Top: A LOVELY GROUP OF MANKAYAN CHILDREN.
Middle: A GROUP OF CHRISTIANS AND CATECHUMENS FROM SADRANGA (BONTOC). THE BOY STANDING IN THE MIDDLE IS STUDYING IN BAGUIO FOR HOLY PRIESTHOOD.
Bottom: POOR CHILDREN SELLING FLOWERS TO BANAUÉ (IFUGAO) TOURISTS,



CONFIRMATION DAY
in
MUNGAYAN
(IFUGAO)

Mungayan, a distant barrio of Kiangan was ready for the visit of His Excellency, Monsignor Bras-seur on February 7. The people, who for years had been prepared through the hard work of Reverend Father Moerman, eagerly awaited the moment when they would become soldiers of Christ.

The Bishop and his party set out early for Mungayan, armed with boots, rain-coats, and umbrellas. The heavy rain the previous day, had washed away part of the road, and in some places it was more like a huge trough filled with mud than a road. The jeep had to travel light along these muddy sections; hence His Excellency and his companions had to disembark and wade their way through the sticky, slippery slime. His Excellency the Bishop and Reverend Father Sals, sturdy missionaries that they are, together with the catechist and the guide, stepped their way rapidly over the rare dry spots. Far behind them, the Mothers, a teacher, and some helpers, clinging to one another for better or for worse plodded their way, now tilting this way, then that way as ships in a squall. The Israelites while crossing the red Sea had a much easier time than they. Farther ahead, sliding her way through the mud to meet them, was an old woman with a spade with which to clear the way.

As they neared a barrio, they noted a change. The road had been cleared, and the holes had been filled with dry grasses and stones. Thoughtfully, the people had sought to make the journey easier for them, and so had prepared the way before them. Gratefully, they boarded the jeep once again and joltingly resumed their trip.

They came across another evidence of the people's thoughtfulness and attention when they stopped at the edge of the river. A pathway of stones had been made, and sticks were planted alongside it to guide the visitors in the crossing.

At the other side of the river, His Excellency, and his companions made a stop at a small barrio, long enough for Monsignor to give his blessing. Here a group of people to be confirmed joined the party. Among them was a lame girl who was bearing all her sufferings bravely for the conversion of sinners. Another was a sickly woman, Agapita, who desired to go to Mungayan in order to be the godmother of many children. Since both were incapable of walking all the way, His Excellency relinquished his place in the jeep to make room for them. This was Agapita's first ride—a happy chance made possible for her by the good-hearted Monsignor, who hiked the rest of the way.

The party ahead announced His Excellency's coming. Quickly the Boy Scouts and school-children assembled in orderly lines near the "welcome" arch.

The teachers' house, which is also the children's dormitory, was prepared for the guests. After what seemed to be an interminably long wait, the Bishop arrived, giving his blessing to the enthusiastic throng that gathered about him.

The group made way for the old chapel. At the entrance was writ-

ten, "I need repair." The openings in the floor, and the holes in the walls mutely, but eloquently attested to this fact. Nevertheless the little chapel was clean and gallantly did honor to the occasion by its decorations.

No time was lost for the confirmation ceremonies to begin. After the necessary papers had been arranged, confessions heard, and the people orderly settled in rows, the Bishop took his place in the middle of the crowd. One by one the people stopped beside the officiating prelate to receive the strength of the Holy Ghost.

Little boys who had keenly observed Monsignor's every movement were soon slapping each other's cheeks in imitation of what had been done to them. One of the Boy Scouts, taking literally the idea of being a soldier of God after confirmation, took his bolo and began to fight.

The slow-moving file passed the Bishop in his chair. One hundred twenty souls were enlisted in God's army that day.

Dinner, which was served after the ceremony, was enlivened by a welcome song, speeches, dances, and a last farewell song.

Confirmation day was a happy day for Mungayan. Several adults now wish to be baptized. The Reverend Fathers will instruct them, and a new feast will be prepared for Monsignor's next visit when they will be baptized and their new chapel blessed.

Please Pass On This Copy Of The Little Apostle To A Non-Subscriber When Your New Copy Arrives.

—Thanks

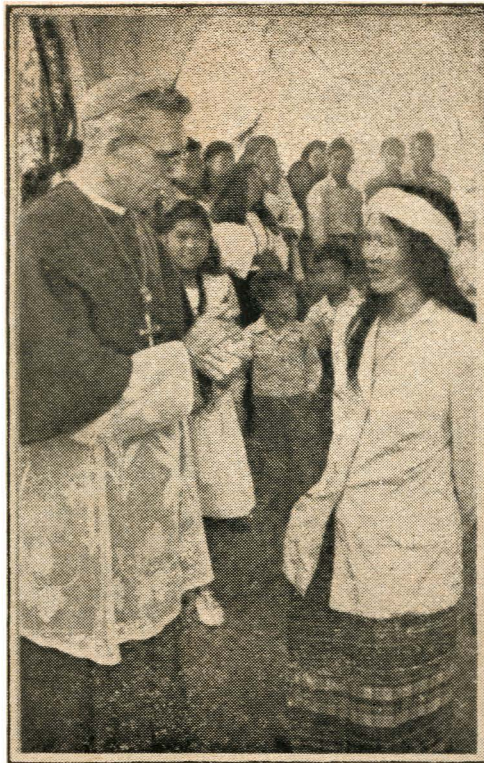
PACDAL

The Holy Year has ushered a world-wide campaign for a universal regeneration through increased fervor in prayer and sacrifice. We are urged, above all, to pray for the conversion of erring individuals, societies and nations, particularly, that of Russia.

In view of this prayer crusade, the Bishop of the Mountain Province had set

aside the time between January 15 and February 15 within which the faithful of his Vicariate might more manifestly show their willing response to the Holy Father's plea, leaving each locality free to devise the means by which the people could best be made to participate.

Pacdal is a little barrio, and quite out-of-the-way. Nevertheless, there beat in it hearts as true as any, where God, His Mother, and their interests, are concerned. It boasts of two Legion praesidia, a men's and a women's the members of which enthusiastically took up their bishop's challenge, laying out a program that would turn it into something concrete.



**HIS EXCELLENCY MSGR. W. BRASSEUR
AT MARYKNOLL—BAGUIO. PHOTO BURNS, M.M.**

NOVENA

Thus, according to plans, a novena to Our Lady for the conversion of Russia was started on the feast of the Purification. Mass was said daily in the Chapel of Our Lady of Fatima; while hymns, the Rosary, and the Pope's Prayer for the Holy Year featured the afternoon ceremonies at her shrine. A house-to-house visitation to distribute programs and give de-

tailed information to residents brought satisfactory results. Only once, when heavy rains marred the usual schedule, did attendance fall below the 100-mark.

Highlights of the program were the procession on February 5 and the Holy Hour on the 12th. The procession started from Park Circle and ended at the Shrine, with Rev. Fr. George Hantson officiating. In his Ilocano sermon, the parish priest of Baguio emphasized the messages at Lourdes and at Fatima, stressing the need of a more prayerful and Christian family life. He pointed out to his approximately 300 listeners, their filial duty of taking Mary's wishes to heart because the place and con-

sequently they, are consecrated to her.

At the Holy Hour and Benediction the following Sunday, Rev. Alberto Doggum speaking also in the dialect, brought home the little appreciated fact of God's presence in the soul, just as He is in the tabernacle. In simple words he pointed out the corollary truth that we, regardless of

our occupation, age, or condition in life, should think, speak and act in a manner worthy of our Guest.

We are pleased to think that Our Blessed Mother, gathering the 1,347 rosary-garlands offered at her feet for the conversion of Russia, will not fail to pray in turn for these the least of her children of Pacdal.

• ★ •

FROM THE MISSIONS

Reverend Father arrived in the afternoon and would say Mass the following day. The people of the barrio came up with the request that the Blessed Sacrament be left in their chapel even for a day. The priest hesitated. The Christians were not used to having the Blessed Sacrament in their small church. He had never left It there before, whenever he came to say Mass. Besides, he had noticed that the people had made it a custom to stay for a time after Mass, talking and smoking in their church. What irreverence that would be if they did the same in the presence of the Holy Eucharist. No. Very prudently the good Father gave a negative answer.

“But we will not leave Him alone. We will stay with Him. Please make Him stay with us for a day.” Insistingly the Christians pleaded.

The priest pondered awhile. They were sincere. Well perhaps, the presence of Our Lord would make them behave in the church as they should. Hence, Holy Eucharist was left in the modest tabernacle.

And indeed, not for a moment was He left alone. A subdued people kept watch with Him. One man made altogether a four-hour adoration that day. How they must have consoled His Heart!



CANDELAS APROPIADAS PARA TODA OCASION	“LA MILAGROSA”	Candelas marca “BEESWAX” “ALTAR” liturgicas para la Santa Misa
<i>Fabrica de Candelas Genuinamente Filipina</i>		
Calle Clavel No. 522—Esquina Madrid		Binondo, Manila



PHOTOS F. MARTENS

BALANOS AND THE PLANTING SEASON

by Alfonso Claerhoudt

It is during the planting season that the big work begins in the rice fields at Damudyow. The fields are flooded from the streams of Salasa and the poor carabaos have to work for weeks in the mud.

It also happened during the planting season many years ago, that the old men of the village decided that

Balanos would marry Sulikam. Both were orphans, and because they were poor, Wayang, a rich man of the village paid the expenses of the wedding ceremonies. Balanos had always been a happy man... generous... warm-hearted. He loved life. It was so beautiful, and God was so good. Because he was poor, he continued to work for Wayang, and because he was so industrious Balanos received from him priceless gifts—a carabao, a big ricefield, and a hut in Nibaliew. That was years ago.

Now he owned a big house built of pine wood. His children were all married and they lived in the same valley between the mountain ranges of Baksay and Pangdan. He was baptized with his children and grandchildren, and that event made him happy as he had never been before. God's all-pervading peace took possession of his heart. Balanos, had always been an honest man. God had always been merciful to him and he understood now better than ever that every wonderful thing in life is but a faint ray of God's wisdom and love. He rejoiced because he could live that wonderful life...rejoiced at the beautiful things the world held for him. Yes, he was happy and loved especially this particular spot of the Mountain Province. His native soil was very dear to his heart—that soil where he spent all of his life, his

peaceful, tranquil life...filled with joy and happiness. Balanos radiated that peace, that joy around him. He was like the burning sun shedding its bright, resplendant rays over a quiet world. Yes, he was happy, extremely happy...He relished the marvellous sight of the quiet green valleys, the small brown huts with the clouds of smoke rising above their roofs, the red twilight playing on the pine forests on the mountain slopes, the small white church of the village down the hill between the sun-baked mountains and the dark green mango trees, the golden rice fields in the valleys along the silvery mountain streams—all these were for him a glorious sight.

It was again planting season. The time for planting the "Kentoman" rice. Balanos loved that season. From his hut he watched with happy



satisfaction the wonderful work that was being done at the flooded fields. Eager hands were kept busy, each at their own allotted tasks. The young men plowed, cleared the fields; the young girls brought the small plants in their baskets, while the older women, bent in the water in long rows, planted the shoots in the fertile mud. And so the weeks passed by. When all the "Kentoman" rice had been planted in the valley between Baksay and Pangdan, Balanos heard that the small rice fields of Dagayos in Balsang were not cultivated. He knitted his brow, stood silent as his eyes scanned the distant plains before him. He shook his gray head and murmured, "It will not happen that the sons of Dagayos shall suffer hunger," turning to his oldest son, Mancio, he continued, "Tomorrow, early in the morning five of you will go and plant rice in Dagayos' fields."

"Father," questioned Mancio indignantly, "Shall we cultivate the rice fields of that lazy man? God knows where he hid himself after he had squandered all his money, all his property." Balanos evaded his son's question and resumed, "And when the land is plowed, look for some women to plant the rice. They can have the remainder of our shoots."

The following day, generous hands set to work in Dagayos' abandoned

fields. Mancio entered Dagayos' hut. His keen eyes took in at a glance the misery, the extreme poverty of the place. A small kettle of boiling camotes hang above the flickering fire. Sunia, daughter of Dagayos stood silently by as she watched the precious kettle of camotes. Mancio

quietly approached her, and with a cold, restrained tone addressed Sunia, "Where is your father?" "I do not know," was the curt, indifferent retort from Sunia, who continued to gaze at the smouldering fire.

In a dark corner of that smoke-filled hut, was Sunia's limping little brother, whose wide-open eyes were fixed on Mancio's stern countenance. Suddenly he gave a loud cry. In an instant Sunia was beside him, took the boy in her arms, turned towards Mancio and in one breath inquired, "Why do you need my Father?" Mancio looked into the pale, thin face of the girl, whose sharp features stood out in a crown of dishevelled hair. Mancio read the tale of misery, pain and want in her eyes.

At their mother's untimely death how was it possible for Dagayos to leave these children so hopelessly alone? The poor, dark hut was a ghastly sight... and yet, there was no sign of complaint from those miserable, destitute children. Once again, the question was heard, "Why do you need my father?" There was a faint quiver in that soft voice which

"Grief can take care of itself; but to get the full value of joy, you must have someone to divide it with."

—Mark Twain

bore a strange ache, a longing for her dear father. Yes, the poor girl was utterly lonely for her father — her father who seemed to have for-

gotten her and her limping little brother—their father who one day after mother's death had left them all alone and had nevermore returned. But Sunia harbored no feelings of bitter resentment towards him. He was her father and she loved him. Two big drops rolled those dark eyes

which were raised up at him. Mancio remembered his own father's sad story which had been so often related to him, "... when your mother and I were young, we suffered so much" Their life had been one long tale of misery and woe. Mancio remembered, and all at once shame covered his massive frame. How could he have acted so sternly, so coldly towards this poor, suffering girl?

"Sunia, Sunia," he consoled, "Do not cry, I just came to tell you, we have so much rice plants left over from our rice fields, and we have come to give them to you, and work for you. By to-morrow night everything will be finished.

The whole day long, Mancio worked in Dagayos' fields and by night, all was plowed and ready for the morrow's plantation.

One fateful day, Dagayos had returned home. Sunia related how the good old Balanos had sent his son, Mancio and other men to cultivate their fields. Dagayos was then seated in front of his hut. He remained silent and still as his eyes swept over the golden rice plantation which was being gently stirred by the restless wind. Dagayos stood up and wended his way down Balanos' farm in Damudyow.

He sat for hours with Balanos in a quiet conversation. As twilight approached, Dagayos returned home. He went straight to his little boy, took him in his arms, caressed him, and with a broken voice turned towards his daughter, Sunia, "My children, now I will always be with you." Sunia weeping, answered, "Dear, father, please don't ever leave us again we need you so..." "No...

"No... nevermore... nevermore... Sunia... I know I have been wrong in the past... forgive me dear daughter... from now on I shall always stay with you."

And in the village of Damudyow, was the good old Balanos happier than ever. He had done a good deed. In that poor hut in Balsang, where sorrow and misery once reigned, he had sown the seed of happiness and peace, and once again it was the bright Paradise it had always been.

Balanos' heart swelled with joy at the thought that the Good Merciful God was also happy.

"What you did to the least of My brethren, you did it to Me."

Yes, these beautiful words were directed to him, Balanos, whose sparkling eyes rested on the dazzling lights of twilight over Mt. Bankilai.



MALAGGAY



AN OLD MAN FROM BONTOC

The old women squatted inside the house, and kept their eyes on the dying man. Their ears were keen for the noise on the outside, where the crowd assembled and were arguing about the property that was to be divided—after death.

Malaggay — the old man — lay stretched out on his mat on the floor. His eyes were bright with fever. Back and forth he rolled on the mat, and then made an effort to get to his feet, and fell back, shouting in his

delirium that he was the richest man in the village, and the bravest that had ever made tribal history.

The women about him were well used to the sight of suffering and hardly moved their sleepy heads. They hoped that he would soon die. Outside the shouts and screams seemed to increase... and then suddenly all was still.

"Make way for the priest," a young man shouted, and from within, at the window a gray haired woman

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screamed, "He does not want to be baptized. Go away." But, the priest had witnessed this same scene before, so he pushed his way into the house. The dying man stirred and opened his eyes. "Water," he begged. The priest soaked his handkerchief in water and pressed it to the hot lips, and then placed the wet cloth on the forehead. The priest could feel the silent scorn of the women about him.

Then he knelt and felt the pulse of the man. It was not as weak as they thought. "How long has he had the fever?" he asked.

"Is he going to die?" one woman said instead of answering him.

"No, he will not die now. But he needs rest and sleep. You must try to keep things quiet.

Instead of saying more, they shyly winked at each other, in their incredulity, and sat quietly. Father assured the man that he was not going to die right now, and then took his leave, promising to return soon.

After he had left, the old women began to talk among themselves as to whether or not the priest really did know about death, when it would come and so on. Did a priest have such knowledge? It was one of their pagan beliefs that if a sick person was baptized, he would surely die.

The next day Father returned and brought some tobacco for the old women, some candy for the children

and milk for the sick man. The old man was some better, so Father told him about God and of how He rewards the good and punishes the bad, and of his own work among the people. When he left this time, he was invited to come again.

Two more visits the priest made to the hut. The old man was slowly improving. The fever had left him, but he was weak. Father sat with him and explained a bit more of the beliefs of the Faith and the old man seemed to understand that it was necessary for one to be baptized in order to get to heaven. In another week, Father called again and now the old man told him that he really desired baptism, but that he was worried about committing sin afterwards. "Is it not hard, Father, to be a Catholic?" he asked.

"Yes," Father agreed, "but Our Lord gives us great help so that we do not commit so many sins as before. He knows that we are weak and that the devil, our enemy is strong and is working against us, but with the help of God, we can live good lives."

A deep silence followed after this. The old man was turning all these things over in his mind. He wanted to be sure that he was going to die, so that he would go straight to heaven. Father then realized that it was useless to try to baptize him when he was in this state of mind.

"May I send for you when I am dying?" the old man asked.

What more could Father do but agree.

He left the hut with great disappointment in his heart but with a fervent prayer that the old man would have time enough to call him when death was at his side.

At the door, the young wife begged the priest to baptize him, but Father nodded his head, passed on, and promised to call again.

Whose prayers were answered? Were they the prayers of the good priest who wanted to help this soul into heaven, or were they the prayers of the old man himself?

When he was dying, he was baptized and his soul went straight to heaven.

"The Voice of Kalinga"



PHOTO STANDAERT



THIS IS THE JUBILARIAN, Rev. Father FL. CARLU



ALL in FUN

The farm boy home from college for the week-end said at the breakfast table: "Dad, I got up at dawn just to see the sun rise."
"You couldn't have picked a better time," replied dad.

—*Wisconsin Telephone News*



MOT SURE

It happened in the classroom. The Sister was asking her fifth-graders questions about the catechism lessons.

"George," she said to a wiggling youngster, "tell me what an epistle is."

"I'm not sure," he said with a puzzled frown, "but isn't that what they called the wife of an apostle?"

—*Margaret E. Schoeverling.*



After the Retreat, one of the house boys said to the parish priest: "Father, do you think the same Retreat Master will come back the next school year?"

"Why? Would you like him to come?"

"O sure, Father. Before he left he gave each of the house boy, a peso."

DOCTOR: "Forget about yourself. Try to bury yourself in your work."

PATIENT: "That's not so easy," Doctor. "I'm a concrete mixer."

—*The Companion*



A fussy old lady ordered her dinner with care. After taking several bites, she summoned the waiter.

"I've never eaten such stringy spinach in my life," she said.

"Madam," the waiter said kindly, "why don't you try removing your veil?"

—*The Companion*



Son: "Dad, why did you sign my report card with an 'X' instead of your name?"

Dad: "I don't want your teacher to think that anyone with your marks could possibly have parents who can read and write."

—*from Victorian Magazine.*



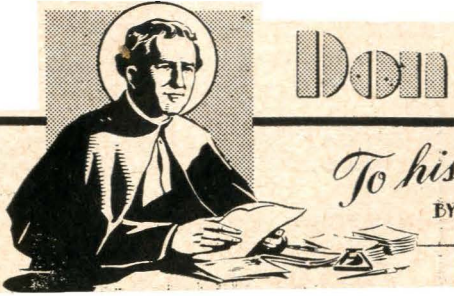
ANOTHER QUESTION

Lecturing her small son, one mother stressed, "We are in this world to help others."

He considered the adage a moment, then asked, "What are the others here for?"

—*The Companion*





Don Bosco

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

HELLO BOYS!

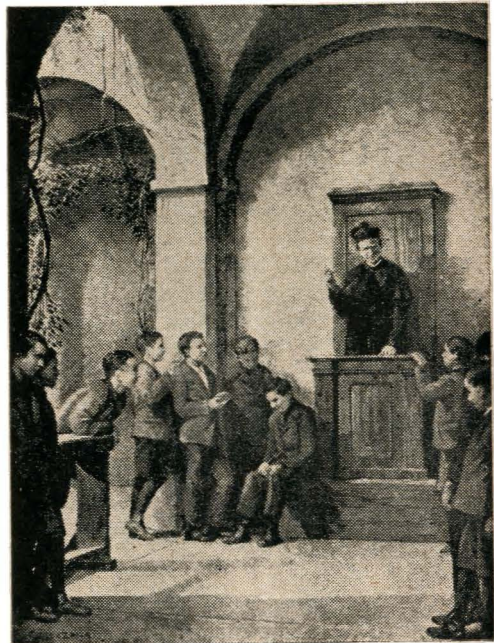
Boys, Boys! Everywhere in the Philippines! This is your special page in THE LITTLE APOSTLE. And, I am Don Bosco speaking to you through this missionary magazine and every month I will have some interesting things to tell you. Just watch "The Little Apostle."

In Turin, in Italy, every night, just as my boys were going to bed, I said a few words to them and gave them my blessing. This goodnight blessing was called the "Boa Noite," meaning "Good Night."

And, now in the Philippines, all over, in every big city from Manila to the north in Baguio and Vigan, to the far south in Jaro and Zamboanga there are "BOYS OF DON BOSCO." Many of these boys are leading good Catholic lives, trying to avoid mortal sin and by their example, bringing more boys into the Don Bosco circle of light. I give them guidance from heaven when they call on me, just as I did to the boys in my own Turin.

Our Lord, through His Blessed Mother gave me the gift of reading the hearts of my boys. In the night as I passed their beds, I

was able to see the sins of some of them clearly written on a tablet at the head of the beds. At other times they appeared to be written on the forehead of the boy and once I saw, hanging by a slender thread, a sword



BOA NOITE

over one boy's bed. Sometimes devils surrounded the beds of some and then I prayed our dear Mother to spare those boys till morning. In the morning I talked with them and convinced them of their danger, and firmly and gently had them go to confession and resolve never again to go to bed with a mortal sin on their souls.

Here in the Philippines I see many of the same conditions as I did then. Boys that are careless about sin, and their companions that lead them into sin. Many read bad books, talk of indecent things and indulge in sinful pleasures. Saddest of all, they do not seem to realize their own state and do not worry about it. They spend days and weeks in mortal sin! Could they but see the deep pit that opens at their feet, the pit that is hell itself, they would never go an entire day without going to confession. Then too they lose many graces that Our Lord has waiting for them.

My dear Boys, I beg of you now to remain faithful to your resolutions.

Stay away from sin. It is the only real evil in the world, for it will spoil your life on earth and lead you into hell when you die. If you have committed a mortal sin, take courage and go to confession after you read this. First, a good act of contrition and as soon as you can, go to confession. (When you heartily say your usual act of contrition, you make an act of perfect contrition, which immediately forgives your sin provided you sincerely resolve to confess it). You will feel the loving smile of Our Saviour on you at once.

So, my dear Boys, with all my heart I greet you and bless you. Have as much fun as you want to have, but keep away from sin. I am with you to help you, for you are my Boys. And in the end of life, I will be there to help you into the heaven Our Lord has prepared for you.

God bless you all.
Affectionately yours,

Jac. Gio. Bosco —

SAY IT IN PLAIN WORDS

NOT: "We have politicians asking that the children in our schools, in addition to knowledge, be trained to be citizen-conscious, community-minded and socially adjusted. . ."

BUT: "Let our pupils be trained to obey the laws of the country, to keep their hands off the property of other people, and to be pure."

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Dear Editor:

I wish to inform you that I have just received the first copy of your magazine, "The Little Apostle."

I'm so happy and glad about it; it is really a blessing for me and my family.

B. G. B.

PHOTO STANDAERT



**Each time 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?"**

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Some little 'sweet' we give up during Lent, will bring a big reward if we do it with the right intention.

•

The most difficult part of getting to the top of the ladder of success is to get through the crowd at the bottom.

•

After our daily rosary, it is a good practise to go to the church often during Lent and make a visit to Our Lord there, or make the Stations of the Cross.

What joy our small lenten sacrifices and mortifications will bring us on Easter Sunday, when we again celebrate Our Lord's glorious resurrection.

THE ROSARY

by PEDRO RULLODA

Roberto's mother smiled happily as her little son sang for her. While the beautiful strains flowed melodiously from his throat, she gave herself up to reminiscences. Then, bending over a statue of Our Lady, she too began to sing softly, her sweet voice blending harmoniously with that of her son. When the last notes slowly faded away, a moment of happy silence followed. It was the mother who broke the spell.

"Wonderful, my dear!" she said, clasping the boy to her heart, and kissing him tenderly. Then she added,

"You like to sing for me, don't you, my darling? Indeed you do make me happy, for I love to hear you sing."

I know of another song, and I know of another Mother who also delights in listening to it. That song is the Rosary. The tune could be monotonous, but not if thought were given to its splendid words.

"Hail, Mary, full of grace!"

Mary, Our Mother does not tire of hearing them repeated again and again. As on bead after bead we say the beautiful words, a smile plays upon her lips. Her thoughts go back to the past and linger there.

She is at Nazareth again, and the dazzling light is all about her. Once more she hears the angel's salutation, filling her soul with unspeakable joy..

"Hail Mary, full of grace!"

This was the happiest moment in Mary's life on earth. Is it a wonder then that she be overjoyed when we remind her of it? Mary herself gave us the Rosary. She herself taught us how best to please her.

Then, as we finish the Ave Marias that link us to heaven, we look up to our Mother. There is a calm silence, just as the one that followed the end of Roberto's song. Mary's thoughts are still on the long ago. She is so happy! We remain quiet, as though afraid to disturb her. Then presently, she became aware of us, looks down upon us, smiles at us—and in her eyes there is the light of a great and deep love.

"Wonderful, my dears!" she must be saying.

And there lies our reward—in knowing that she is happy, and that it was we who made her so. How eager we should be in reciting the Rosary, the prayer Mary, Our Mother loves best.

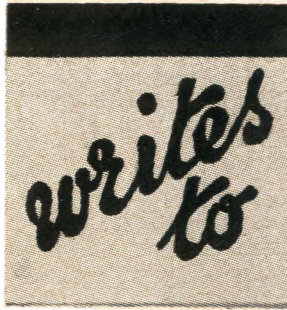


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CARMENCITA

Before publishing these letters, we think a reminder is needed. Father Nevardo is the lonely missionary of Lily's place. Just see her previous letters and you will remember him: the smiling Father with black whiskers, who looks like San Agustin's statue in his mission church, who lives in that room walled with bullet ridden G.I. sheets on which the children "gently" knock when they call on their dear "Father..."



Dear Lily:

Mama laughed because you visit Father through the holes in the wall. To put your finger is all right, maybe; and your tongue also; but your eye... no good. Tell it to Tita.

Mama says also she likes Bilusay, that pagan boy, and when he gets baptized his name must be Pepe (Jose). "I'll see to it," she said.—"Uncle Pepe?" I said. She did not smile.

I am glad your Reverend Father is like San Agustin because San Agustin is also in our church; he carries a heart that burns and has a big hat and a long staff. "Does Father Nivardo always wear his big hat?" I asked Mama. "No," she said, "That is only for bishops. That's called a miter." Well I am glad again because I might be afraid. "And why does his heart burn?" I said. "Listen child," she said, "that is because his heart is very warm, like fire, for love of Jesus and all people Jesus died for." —So I like your Father Nivardo too; and because he gave milk to Bilusay's mother. Can he not make her well? Why, he could take her sins away when he baptized her...; Jesus can. How I like that poor sick woman. And Bilusay too. He will be Jose.

Your friend,

Carmencita

CARMENCITA'S MAMA WRITES TO FATHER NIVARDO

To Reverend Father Nivardo.
Catholic Mission
Mountain Province

Reverend Father;

Permit me to enclose this note with my daughter's letter to her friend Lily. You cannot believe what a happiness that "busy correspondence" has brought to our household. I suppose you do read

it and maybe have to clarify some of the mystic statements. Thanks for all the trouble of being the "Post Office Box."

The other day my husband was home from his work. He is such a splendid "daddy" to the children (they are six and about Easter will be seven). Well, he had to hear all Carmy's stories and read Lily's letters. He was amused with the story of the holes in your wall. "But," he geniously said, "as I am legal adviser to the Secretary of Communications, I do not like the idea of such a system being permanent. What do you say about sending that missionary my check at the end of the month? (the crops have been good anyhow). . But specify it is for the "rehabilitation" of that wall."

Of course, I agreed. We always agree to one another's whims.

I pity the little ones around your room; but I guess they are clever enough to find other ways of communication for calling on you.

I am sending you by mail a box of "handy candy" to pass through the holes of your wall until you get the check.

With reiterated thanks for your assistance in keeping us happy, I beg to remain

Respectfully Yours,
(Mrs.) C.....

THESE QUIET CHILDREN FROM TUBLAY (BENGUET) SEEM TO DREAM OF CARMENCITA
PHOTO GIL



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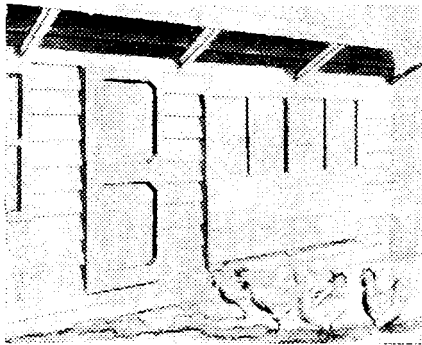
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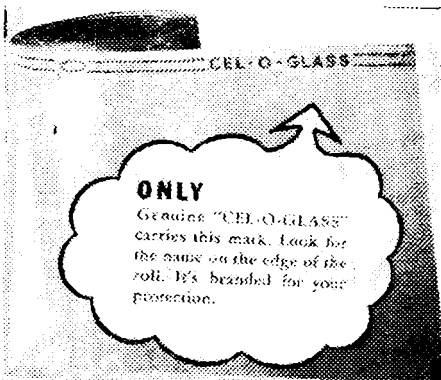
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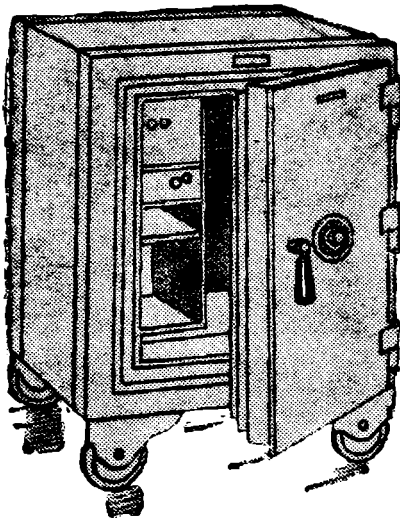


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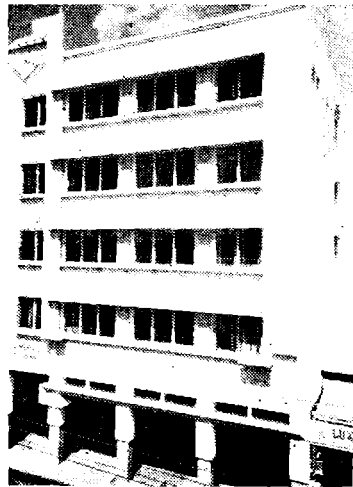
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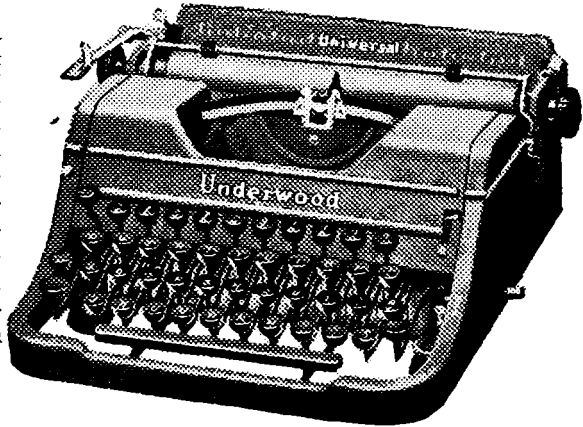
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