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Vol. 11

AUGUST, 1948

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Moral Rebirth Through Education

# CURE FOR MORAL BANKRUPTCY

by Lorenzo Tañada

## A BISHOP IS CONSECRATED

Amado Ballesteros

## MURDER BY MICROBE

Antonio de Joya

V-J

Jose Espino, Jr.

A

Symposium of Opinions on:

Should the Communist Party be  
Outlawed?

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*Managing Editor:* ANTONIO R. DE JOYA. *Business Manager:* RAUL C. REYES.  
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The CROSS is a Catholic publication issued monthly by *The Cross Magazine* with the permission of the ecclesiastical authorities. Contributions to *The CROSS* are welcome, provided they are in line with the policy and standards adopted by this magazine. All submitted manuscripts must be typewritten in duplicate and accompanied by return postage; otherwise, no return will be made in case of rejection. *Subscription Rates:* One year—local: P4.00; foreign: \$3.00. Printed at *Cecho Hermanos, Inc.*, 672 Legarda, Manila. Registered as second class mail matter at the Post Office of Manila.

Published by *THE CROSS MAGAZINE*

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

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## A BISHOP IS CONSECRATED

By Amado Ballesteros

**O**N JULY 24, 1947 just as the sun cast its first rays on the dewy Agno Valley, a young priest set forth from Mangaldan, Pangasinan and headed for Vigan. The bells from his parish church pealed a solemn farewell as his people, flocking together from their homes, said good-bye to this young man who had worked among them for years.

He stopped for a moment at the Sanctuary of Our Lady of Manaoag to say a last prayer before the Virgin to whose throne he had brought his people so many times during ten fruitful years.

He was not alone. With him were three Dominicans, one of them a professor of his during his student days at the Central Seminary at Santo Tomas Universi-

ty. Monsignor Guglielmo Piani, Philippine Apostolic Delegate, Bishop Verzosa of Lipa and the Most Reverend Olano, just arrived from Guam, followed in another car.

As the car bearing the young priest rolled through Ilocos Sur, it passed under arches of triumph, arches of welcome. Tagudin, Santa Cruz, Santa Lucia, Candon, Santiago, San Esteban, Narvacan, Santa Maria, the whole province up to the banks of the Agno River, turned out to meet him.

In town after town, he was greeted by the ringing of bells as old and young alike lined the streets to hail him as his car sped along. By the time he has passed through the last town, he had a collection of floral offerings

which, in number and beauty, would have pleased the Virgin herself.

Later he was to bring these flowers back to Mangaldan and place them before the altar at which he had offered so many Masses as a parish priest.

At the banks of the Abra River, the motor procession paused to rest. Perhaps, as he gazed at the slowly flowing waters, the young man wondered at the sudden turn of events that had made him a prince of the Church. For his name was Juan Sison, and in a few hours he was to become the youngest bishop in the Philippines, perhaps in the entire Far East.

Here on the Abra river decorated barges were waiting to carry the new bishop-elect and his party across. Waiting on the other side of the river was a welcoming party, headed by Monsignor Fortuna, the Vicar General of the diocese, and the Very Reverend Fr. Hettiger, Rector of the Diocesan Seminary in Vigan.

### Triumphal Entry

The entry of the Fr. Sison into Vigan was scheduled for 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Before that hour the flimsy clouds sailing overhead had broken apart and

were falling down in a strong drizzle. But the rain did not dampen the enthusiasm of those who were to participate in the colorful consecration ceremonies.

Men and women, coeds from the schools, children in their Sunday clothes moved as one under the arches that had been erected along the entire route of the triumphant procession. School bands blared forth their martial music, leading the crowds on to the bishop-elect's hour of triumph.

### Te Deum

Then the "Te Deum" was intoned. By 6 o'clock an enormous crowd of delegates and pilgrims had assembled, eagerly awaiting the consecration ceremonies that were to take place the next day.

### Fateful Day

The dawn of the 25th was greeted by a band reveille that echoed down the quickly-filling streets. As early as 3:30 A.M. the tremendous number of priests had already started saying the chain of Masses that would continue until the consecration actually began.

At six o'clock the procession moved out of the episcopal palace and headed towards the cathedral. Preceding the bishops in the pro-

cession was the select group of sponsors, headed by Chief Justice Manuel V. Moran of the Supreme Court and Mrs. Aurora de Quizon, widow of the late President. Long before the hour of consecration the cathedral had already been filled with people who had pushed their way into the church to witness a ceremony to which centuries of tradition had added their splendor.

At seven o'clock the ceremony began, with the Apostolic Delegate acting as consecrating bishop. Assisting him were Bishop Constancio Jurgens of Tuguegarao and Bishop Pedro Santos of Bicolandia. Bishop Jose Maria Cuenco preached the sermon, and after him Bishop Mariano Madriaga explained the ceremonies from the pulpit.

The ceremonies went on as three hours ticked past. And as the ceremonies came to an end, the new Prince approached his mother, who had come despite age and ailment, to kiss her hand and to give her the privilege of bes-

towing the first kiss on his pastoral ring. And people who looked on saw the bishop try to hold back the tears that rimmed his eyes.

Thus was a bishop made, and thus did a humble parish priest become a prince of the Church.

Note: His Excellency, the Most Reverend Juan C. Sison, S.T.D., is the Titular Bishop of Limata, Numidia and Auxiliary Bishop of the Diocese of Nueva Segovia. He is a native of Villasis, Pangasinan where he first saw the light of day on August 8, 1912. Prior to his elevation, he had been parish priest of Mangaldan, Pangasinan for ten years. He finished his Classical and Philosophical studies at the Immaculate Conception Seminary in Vigan. Because of his exceptional talent, he was sent to the Central Seminary of the University of Santo Tomas where he was ordained priest in March, 1935. He obtained his Doctorate in Sacred Theology from the same University in 1942. At 35, he is the youngest of all Philippine bishops.

## PRACTICAL ETHICS.

Boswell told Sam Johnson that a guest denied there was any difference between Virtue and Vice. Said Johnson: "If he says that and doesn't believe it, he is a liar; if he does believe it, we had better count the spoons."

\* \* \* \* \*

Nine times out of ten it isn't the child that needs correction. It's the parent.

—Father Flanagan

# BARGAIN IN BRIMSTONE

FULTON OURSLER

THE young assistant pastor had been warned that his new assignment in the abattoir quarter, "back of the yards," was a nightmare parish. In that region of bull pens, slaughterhouses, and slums there was more sordidness than in all the rest of the town.

One muggy afternoon in deep July he stood on the steps of his church where the mercury neared 100 degrees. His body, swathed in a cassock; winced with prickly heat.

A whiff of cheap perfume preceded the girl who now stood defiantly before him. Framed in frizzled hair tied in pink bows, her face was aged in experience, yet hopelessly young and futile; catlike eyes looked up at him in steadfast contempt. She was weaving and twining her fingers together with a faint jingle of bracelets and there flashed through his mind the lines of Elinor Wylie:

"I am, being woman, hard beset;

I live by squeezing from a stone

The little nourishment I get."

Then he heard her husky whisper:

"Relax, big boy. I didn't come here on religious business!"

"Then what are you here for?" the priest asked.

"To kill time," she replied with a bumptious giggle.

"But why?"

"Oh, I just promised my old lady I would come to church, that's all. She's waiting down the street. I only want to stay about five minutes, to let her think I'm going to confession."

The priest mopped his dripping forehead cleared his throat cautiously, and began:

"Listen, child—"

"Call me Aggie. That's my name. Aggie Retzinek."

"I am not asking your name," he said, "but I will tell you it's Russian—Agafia. It came from a Greek word and do you know what it means? It means 'good'."



"That's a joke on you, big boy. Let me tell you something—I'm the worst girl in this town."

"Oh no, you're not! I know the worst girl."

"And who is she?"

"She's the one who thinks she is the best girl in town." There was remote banter in his tone. "You know, I might make your confession for you."

"Listen, big boy—I just got out of the State Reformatory for girls. Reformatory!"

She spewed out the word, disgorging with it a torrent of brothel profanity. The young priest knew that her language was only a projection of her own inner self-contempt, and therefore there was hope for her.

"I fell for your holy stuff at first," she went on. "All I cared about was getting out of there. So I went to chapel and I prayed to God. But He must have been too busy for the likes of me."

"Perhaps He said no."

"Have it any way you want. I didn't go free, that's all. So then—"

"Go on!"

"All right. You asked for it. I prayed to the devil!"

The priest's face blanched. Here was an unfamiliar transgression indeed; faith turned wickedly upside down!

"But the devil," he prodded quietly, "doesn't he always ask a price?"

"Why shouldn't he? Don't you? I promised him, if he would only get me out of that place, I would make nine sacrilegious communions. I did, too. I took communion and I cursed God! Plenty! And you know what? After the eighth time I got paroled. So now, big boy—what do you say to that?"

In three universities, the priest had worked for scholarly degrees. He was a well-educated, even a sophisticated man. Yet at this atrocious disclosure he felt as if in the bodiless presence of Evil itself. Tremulous, quavering, he heard himself answering:

"I say he got a good bargain, that's what I say! This devil you prayed to, he gives you what you call freedom and in exchange he gets an immortal soul. But—"

"Don't get yourself so worked up, big boy."

"You're cheating the devil—and I thank God for it. There's still time."

"Look here, I never broke a bargain with anybody! Never!"

"Your soul is not lost, not yet."

"How dare you say such a thing to me?" she cried in a sudden, tearful rage.

"Why did you come to this church? To please your mother! That means your mother is still dear to you—and don't you see?—no one who loves can be hopelessly lost. Give me five minutes—and all this can be blotted out like a bad dream."

She shuddered pitifully, as if she were contorted by some violent emotion; her breath came in gasps and her cheap bracelets jangled.

"That's enough!" she panted. "I'm leaving. You can't do nothing to me!"

"Stay here and pray," pleaded the priest.

She turned away.

"You'll come back!" he cried. "Tonight!"

The only answer was the click-clack of high heels down the marble steps into the street.

As the priest entered the church to perform his duties as confessor, he told himself that this trollop child must not be lost! The sticky reek of her scent seemed to plague the air, and he could still hear her strumpet laughter. When he entered the confessional, it seemed to him as if the tiny, sweltering box contained all there was of heaven, earth, the bottomless pit, everywhere, and the struggle of good and evil dumped on his lap.

The thing had happened. It was truly believed she had signed up in sulphur and brimstone — and not a fantasy. Aggie Retzinek who was he to underestimate the force of such a belief? He prayed for guidance.

The answer had-been clear from the first. The only way to fight was with the weapons of the soul,

love and prayer. He turned to listen to the confessions, to anxiety, loneliness, and distress. All the penitents were given their penances, and then, to one after another, he said:

"I ask you now to help me to pray for a special need. Will you stay for one hour in the church and pray?"

None refused. One man postponed a journey to join in; others broke off appointments; some volunteered to stay all afternoon.

When afternoon and evening confessions were over, the last shafts of twilight slanted through the open door and the tall colored windows of rainbow saints and tinted miracles. Kneeling before the altar, he laid his hot palms on the firm coolness of the marble balustrade. From the street came the distant calls of late hucksters crying strawberries and watermelons, as he began the first "Our Father."

Hour after hour dragged by. Night came late, with the glimmer of flickering candle flames and the ringing of the tower bells. The street noises dimmed and soon the church was abandoned of all except the enrapt friend of Agatha Retzinek. Once there clanged out the siren and the rumble of hook-and-ladders rolling to a fire, but the kneeling figure did not seem to hear. He was still keeping solitary vigil

when at 11 o'clock the sexton shuffled in to put out the lights and close the doors.

"Never mind!" called the priest. "I'll lock up," and bowed his head again in his bivouac of prayer.

It was long after midnight when he heard the *click-clack* of heels coming down the marble aisle. Hope surged in his soul—and then a whiff of perfume made him gasp with joyous certainty. He did not move or look around as she knelt beside him, but he

heard her begin to weep.

"If I had not waited for her," the priest told me, "she would have turned away, perhaps never to come back. Agatha is a steadfast, happy woman today."

I have told this story to men of many faiths and their feelings were all summed up in what Harry Emerson Fosdick said:

"I salute this priest—he is a real servant of Christ, this Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen!"



## HARD WORKER

There was a man so charitable in speech that a friend once said: "I think you would speak well even\* of the devil!"

"Well," replied the charitable one, "He's not as good as he might be, but he certainly is industrious."

## THE FIRST PROM.

Father Lord says he was typing and meant to write: "So Christ drove the devils into swine." Instead he wrote: "So Christ drove the devils into swing." He thinks this savors of inspiration.

# SHOULD THE COMMUNIST PARTY BE OUTLAWED?

## YES!

Col. John Thomas Taylor

## NO!

William H. Chamberlin

**A**DMITTING the evil of Communism, what is the best means to combat it? One means proposed is to ban the Communist Party in the U. S. by legislation. This proposal is at present under consideration by Congress.

In favor of such legislation is Col. John Thomas Taylor, director of the national legislative committee of the American Legion. Opposed to it is William Henry Chamberlin, foreign correspondent, author, and lecturer. In the present article they answer the following questions proposed to them by the editors of **THE SIGN**:

1. Do you think legislation to outlaw the Communist Party is an effective way to meet the Communist threat?

2. Would a law outlawing the Communist Party be an invasion of constitutional rights?

3. Would legislation outlawing the Communist Party prejudice our relations with countries where the Communist Party is predominant or influential?

1. *Do you think legislation to outlaw the Communist Party is an effective way to meet the Communist threat?*

Col. Taylor

**Y**ES. Communism is an organized and fanatical world movement. Its ideology holds that the opposition between Communism and private enterprise is complete

and unalterable. As a result of their ideology, Communists believe that capitalism must die in the throes of bloody revolution.

I advocate the enactment of legislation embracing a seven-point domestic security plan designed to:

1) Outlaw the Communist Party in the United States.

- 2) Ban the use of mails to Communist publications.
- 3) Provide universal fingerprinting and identification.
- 4) Continue the registration of all aliens and authorize a check of their activities.
- 5) Deport all aliens advocating overthrow of the Government by force.
- 6) Deny admission to the United States of nationals from any country refusing to receive those aliens ordered deported from the United States.
- 7) Discontinue Federal aid to institutions of learning which refuse to purge their faculties of Communists and fellow travelers.

The Committee on Un-American Activities, House of Representatives, has just published its report of the investigation which it has been conducting. It is the unanimous opinion of this Committee that the Communist Party of the United States is, in fact, the agent of a foreign government. It is important that the Government and the people recognize this fact. If the Communist Party is to be properly dealt with, it is essential that the legislation of Congress and the thinking

of the people be predicated upon this fundamental fact.

Communists in the United States, exclusive of sympathizers and fellow travelers, number at least 100,000. Here are cadres for ten foreign divisions already on American soil. To them this country is but a theater of operations with the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, their motherland. They are agents of a foreign power; their allegiance is to a country other than America.

Objection has been raised to this legislation on the supposition that it will drive C o m m u n i s t s underground. The fact of the matter is, they have achieved their present standing as underminers of our Government by underground operations. Can they get any lower underground? They do not run around spreading their poison against this Government by wearing big, red label buttons bearing the Communist Party insignia. Twelve states in the United States have laws denying a place on the ballot to those organizations whose program includes overthrow of our form of government. They are: Arkansas, California, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Oklahoma, Ohio, Oregon, Penn-

sylvania, Texas, Wisconsin, and Wyoming.

Steps should be taken immediately to outlaw the Communist Party in the United States through the enactment of legislation. Unless this is done, America will again be living in a fool's paradise, the awakening from which will again cost millions of American lives and again cost billions of American dollars. If ever invasion comes to our shores, our cherished liberties will be its first victim. The rights of free speech, free press, public assembly, and freedom of worship as conscience dictates, will disappear under an enemy invader's hobnailed force, and the same thing will happen here as happened overseas in World War II. Industries, homes, and churches will be battered into heaps of dust and rubble, and ministers of the gospel and teachers of religion will be tortured and slain, for religion, which is the mainstay of a free democracy, is anathema to those who would destroy it as a primary step toward conquest.

#### Mr. Chamberlin

**N**O. I am keenly aware of the Communist threat to American security and the American way of life. But I

do not believe the outlawry of the American Communist Party would be an effective countermeasure.

The Communist threat does not lie in the fact that some seventy or eighty thousand people in this country belong to the Communist Party, nor in the fact that some two or three hundred thousand votes might be cast Communist candidates in national elections. There is no danger, within any predictable future, that the Communists could capture our Government by legal means, nor that they would be numerous enough or strong enough to launch a serious uprising against it.

Where, then, is the threat? It is to be found in the fact that American Communists, like Communists in all countries, are the organized fifth column of a powerful foreign nation, the Soviet Union, whose leaders are avowedly committed to a program of world domination through world revolution. The experience of our neighbor, Canada, shows that even a few Communists can do a good deal of harm as spies.

The infiltration of Communists into leading positions in certain trade unions and their skill in manipulating

"front" organizations into which they entice numbers of credulous non-Communists are dangerous mainly because these activities are part of an international conspiracy, directed from Moscow.

Would it not, then, be a good idea to outlaw these agents of a foreign power? My answer is in the negative because I think any bill making the Communist Party illegal would be very much like shooting off an old-fashioned blunderbuss in an attempt to kill a very agile mosquito.

Suppose the Communist Party were declared illegal by act of Congress, and that this act was upheld by the Supreme Court. Communists in every country are experts in protective camouflage. They are specifically instructed to play a continual double game, to lie, to cheat, to deceive, to conceal their identity when circumstances require it. If they were forbidden to function as Communists they would quickly form another party, giving it some nice-sounding name like "Jefferson Democrats" or "Lincoln Progressives."

What is not always understood is that the Communist in America is not very dangerous when he avows him-

self a Communist. To the vast majority of our people Communism is an alien and abhorrent doctrine. The dangerous advocate of Communist subversive ideas is the man or woman who regularly says: "I'm not a Communist, but..."

The best way to combat Communism is not to suppress it officially, to drive it underground, but rather to pin the Communist label plainly and unmistakably where it belongs, on Communist-dominated organizations. We must remember that Communism was suppressed with a ruthlessness which a free country like America could never match in Czarist Russia, and in Germany, Italy, and France during the war. Yet it remains powerful in these countries. It seems reasonable to assume that the effective answer to Communism here is not suppression, but rather a combination of two things: making our own democracy constantly more real and effective and carrying on a constant, relentless campaign of education and exposure, calculated to discredit Communists and Communist-front organizations, no matter what camouflage they may try to employ.

2. *Would a law outlawing the Communist Party be an invasion of constitutional rights?*

Col. Taylor

**N**O. There is question of outlawing the Communist conspiracy, which seeks to destroy our system of free enterprise—a conspiracy to overthrow our Government. This is treason, and in no place in our Constitution is one who commits treason guaranteed protection. The basis of Communist action in the world, whether in the United States or any other country, is the Communist creed, and this must never be lost sight of. It is their belief that there will be no peace on earth until all nations of the world are Communist. This is a very genuine belief held by a number of people, and in the furtherance of that belief they have developed a doctrine that the end justifies the means and that any means are justified in order to achieve this domination of the world by Communism.

If an American citizen wants to believe in the theory of Communism, he has a right to do so, but when he joins a party like the Communist Party of the United States, controlled and direc-

ted by a foreign government, then he has renounced his loyalty to the American Government and he has become the agent of a foreign government. As the agent of a foreign government he has no rights under our Constitution.

Mr. Chamberlin

**Y**ES, in my opinion an attempt to outlaw any political party would be contrary to the letter and spirit of the American Constitution. This, of course, does not mean that individual Communists who transgress laws against sedition, espionage, perjury, and commit other offenses, cannot and should not be called to account before the courts.

But our constitutional law and practice emphasize two points rather strongly. Expression of ideas, however wrong-headed and subversive they may seem to the majority of the people, has<sup>o</sup> been left free, insofar as there is no direct incitation to commit a specific illegal act. And responsibility is conceived as an individual, rather than a group concern.

The Communist Party in this country as in every country, is a foreign fifth column. There is an abundance of evidence in the testimony of



disillusioned ex-Communists, in the very record of the Communist Party, with its abrupt switches of attitude to suit every change in the foreign policy of the Soviet Union, that this is the case. But the threads which link the Party to Moscow are in the hands of a small number of trusted leaders, or of agents who are sent here directly from Moscow.

It would be difficult and probably impossible to convict the majority of rank-and-file American Communists of specific offenses against the law. The proscription of a whole party is alien to our tradition. It would set a precedent which might be dangerous to our basic philosophy of free discussion and government by consent.

To outlaw Communists as Communists would involve a grave risk of giving them a chance to pose as martyrs, to invoke the protection of the very Constitution which they would certainly abrogate the day after they came into power. I am not discussing now the measures which would be necessary for our security in the event of armed conflict between this country and the Soviet Union. In such an eventual-

ty every proved member of the Communist Party would be properly subject to internment, just as members of the German-American Bund, of Nazi-inspired and Japanese militarist organizations were liable to internment for the duration of the last war.

But so long as we are at peace, I think the following measures would be adequate to safeguard us against Communist fifth column aggression. These measures could all be taken without raising any reasonable question of violating constitutional rights.

There should be a careful screening of government employees for subversive affiliations. Laws against espionage and unwarranted betrayal of military and industrial secrets should be examined and plugged against loopholes. The FBI should be given all the funds and personnel it may need to track down foreign agents and spy rings such as the one which developed in Canada.

3. *Would legislation outlawing the Communist Party prejudice our relations with countries where the Communist Party is predominant or influential?*

Col. Taylor

**N**O. I say this because  
Even in countries in the

Soviet sphere of influence the majority of people are anti-Communist. In those countries now occupied by armed forces of the Soviet Government, we find Communists entrenched in the labor movement, the government, the political parties, the schools and colleges, the press, the radio and films, churches and social organizations. Their influence is far out of proportion to their discipline, their control of strategic posts in mass organizations, and their ties with the Soviet Government, which has demonstrated its ability to transform insignificant Communist minorities into ruling parties.

The number of Communists in proportion to the population is relatively small in China, Rumania, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Poland, Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. The Communist minority is struggling for power in Belgium, Italy, France, and Denmark. Even in Russia, with its 187 millions of people, the Communists admit only a membership of 6 million, but in all these countries the independent peoples struggling for freedom look to the United States to lead them out of the morass of their misery and poverty. If

we outlawed the Communist Party of the United States, it would be an inspiration to the peoples of the world who seek freedom but who are under the domination and control of a small minority of Communists within their borders.

#### Mr. Chamberlin

DOUBT whether it would have much real effect, one way or the other. No doubt there would be a hue and cry in the government-controlled press of the Soviet Union and its satellite states about what would be called an unparalleled suppression of liberty in the United States.

But the governing groups in Communist and Communist-dominated lands hate America anyway and will continue to hate it as the main obstacle to their dream of world domination, regardless of what we may do or refrain from doing. It is absurd to imagine that we can appease totalitarian Communism. Communist thinking, in Russia and outside of Russia, is dominated by Lenin's assertion, repeated with approval by Stalin in his book, *Problems of Leninism*.

"It is inconceivable that the Soviet Republic should continue to exist for a long period side by side with im-

perialist states — ultimately one or the other must conquer. Meanwhile, a number of terrible clashes between the Soviet Republic and the bourgeois states are inevitable.”

Imperialist states, bourgeois states — these terms, by any recognizable Communist definition, mean us.

Whatever steps may be necessary and effective in dealing with the Communist fifth column in this country should be taken, in my opinion, without regard for any reactions that may be excited in Communist-dominated or Communist-influenced states abroad. I oppose the proposal to outlaw the Communist Party not because of any fear of repercussion in Moscow, Warsaw, or Belgrade, but because I think it would be ineffective and unwise. It would not stop any phase of really dangerous underground Communist activity. It would divide public opinion on the issue of civil liberties and would excite for

the Communists a sympathy of which they are completely unworthy.

The easiest thing to do about any abuse is to pass a law against it. But this is not necessarily the wisest course, especially if the law is difficult or impossible to enforce. Passing repressive laws which the Communists, in all probability, can easily evade is no substitute for the good citizenship obligation of opposing and exposing Communism on the basis of reasoned understanding.

No regime in which the people who live under it have lost faith was ever saved by repressive legislation. But Communism will cease to be a serious threat to our American way of life when a sufficiently large number of Americans know with their minds and feel with their hearts that our system, with all its faults, is infinitely superior morally, politically, and economically, to anything totalitarian Communism can offer. — From *The Sign*.

### IF...

When Barnum toured Europe with his circus, he went to pay his respects to the Bishop of London before sailing.

“I hope to see you in heaven,” said the venerable cleric.

“You’ll see me, if you’re there,” replied Barnum.

# PERPLEXED

by a Parish Priest

I am an average priest, a much misunderstood individual. People suspect me of being a little more than human, but continue to invite me to eat their dinners and drink their wine. If I partake of the latter, they call me a "dear" and a "good fellow". If I refuse they can claim to be edified.

They expect me to have no faults, but keep on searching for them, and having discovered a few—well!

When I have not prepared my sermon and my mind is cloudy and my ideas chaotic, they say I am too deep; but when I have labored with zeal, and memorized my sermon they say I am superficial.

When through "money talks" I meet my parish obligations, I am a "money grubber"; but when I do not plead

for money and my parish goes into debt, I am a "poor business man."

When my liver is out of order and I am physically ill and mentally tired, they say I look pious and saintly. When I am well and bubbling over with zeal, they say I am frivolous.

They think I should love everyone in the parish; and when I make a fairly good bluff at doing so they call me a hypocrite, but when I admit there are some I am not crazy about they call me a snob.

My wealthy parishioners find fault with me if I do not call upon them; the poor ones if I do call on the rich.

Some people, in my presence, pretend to be keenly interested in all things per-

taining to religion. They minimize my intelligence and exaggerate their own histrionic ability.

The stingy people who contribute a very, very small proportion of their income to the Church pity me because I have such a hard time, raising funds. Those who contribute generously think I have a very nice job.

Some wonder what I do with all my time, others pity me because I have so much to do.

They want me to be more of a layman and to represent them in civil activities, but they are forever praising Father So-and-So because he is so "quiet and retiring. He is such a holy man." If I use forceful and catchy phrases in my sermons they say I am sensational. If I don't they

will not come to hear me. Many seem to think I am a millionaire; canvassers think I am easy; tramps know I am.

Now I want to tell the world: That my Roman collar changes not my human nature. I am quite the same as other men. That I enjoy a good time just as they do, but I prefer to choose my own kind of sport. That a long time ago I got sick of "apple sauce" and "soft soap". That I have grown immune to knocks and criticism. That I appreciate honest praise and want no man's pity. That I am giving the best that is in me to my work and believe that God will reward me. That I want no favor and seek only the opportunity to show that I am a real man and try to be a real priest. So there you are.

## PARTING SHOT

One of his parishioners met the priest as he was leaving for a new parish. "Oh Father," she said, "how we will miss your wonderful sermons."

Slightly flattered, the priest replied: "Never fear, the Bishop will send you another good preacher."

"Yes," answered the parishioner, unconsolated and slightly abstracted, "that's what they all say, but the last five have been getting worse and worse."

## *An Attitude To Life*

**T**O HAVE as little as possible to do with the making of my own career. What God wills, let it be done to me.

To be ready, so far as I may, for anything and everything. For this, to make the best of myself, so far as opportunity allows. There will always be something wanting, always there will be something to be done.

To do the duty of each day as it comes, because it is a duty, the gift of God to me, not looking too far into the future, not looking too much for results. Fidelity in the present spells fidelity in the future. If the duty is done the fruit will come.

To know that God Almighty and All-loving, is behind all, with His Hand on every thread, personally interested, in all things, in me, in His own great design, in that portion of it for which He has particularly made me.

To trust Him blindly, knowing well that His vision is more comprehensive than mine, His goal different from, grander than mine. His ways not as my ways but infinitely more sure.

To recognize this again and again in my everyday experience; how underneath seeming failure, success is constantly attained, my failure His success; of another kind, it may be, from what I had anticipated, but in the end far more real and important. To see how in an instant, He restores or replaces what seems to have utterly collapsed . . . how for all the ends He has in view the means are always found.

Archbishop GOODIER

# MURDER BY MICROBE

WILFRIDO BORJA

**T**WENTY THOUSAND Filipinos are going to die this year.

The murderer will be a tiny organism, about three-thousandths of a millimeter in size. Known to scientists as the *bacillus tuberculosis* the minute murderer is a rod-shaped microbe, slightly bent or curved, and when seen under a microscope after staining, may present a beaded appearance.

**E**XPERIMENTS have shown that the tubercle bacillus in dried sputum may live for as long as three years if protected from light. It travels around with the dust. It is found in hospital wards, public carriages and public buses. If a man sneezes in your vicinity, it may travel down your nostrils and seek a resting place in your respiratory system where it will start to multiply.

A child crawling on the floor may pick up the microbes on his hands. And in a few months or

years he may be a skeleton of himself because a careless mother failed to wash baby's hands before he started sucking his thumb.

The sputum of the tuberculosis victim may travel into your house by way of your own shoes, the hem of your mother's long skirt; your sister's slacks, or the hair of your pet dog after a good roll in the dust of the street. You never can tell tuberculosis, and even an innocent kiss may mean murder if you don't watch out.

**T**UBERCULOSIS has been called the captain of the men of death. The accuracy of the description can be gauged if you consider that as late as 1940 it was listed as eighth among the causes of death in the whole world. In 1900 it was listed as Public Enemy Number One, a position which it still holds in the Philippines.

Consider the following facts: 38,000 men, women and children in this country have been carried

away by the white plague since the liberation. 111.1 out of every 100,000 Filipinos die of the dreaded TB. And for every victim who ends up in the grave, there were 20 more who already have the disease.

The tragic thing about tuberculosis is that it strikes its victims down usually between the ages of 20 and 35. The fifteen years comprising this span are generally conceded to be the most fruitful in a man's career. But when the white plague strikes at him with a clammy hand, he becomes a bed-ridden patient, a burden on his family and his community.

**PEDRO REYES** is a young student. Out for honors he begins to study far into the night. He deprives himself of the proper rest in order to devote himself to his studies.

After a while he senses vaguely that the least exertion tires him out; he feels that he isn't learning as fast as he should and that his work is becoming shoddy and half-hearted.

Perhaps he begins to cough, a dry cough which he really doesn't notice or, if he does, fails to treat properly. The cough becomes mucopurulent, and he has to spit in order to relieve his mucus-congested throat. If Pedro is a wise young man, he will see a doctor.

There is nothing really wrong with him—yet. He may merely be suffering from bronchitis accompanying pulmonary lesion. But if he disregards that vague feeling of illness, that dry cough which rapidly becomes mucopurulent, he may be taking the first step towards a tuberculosis sanatorium.

He begins to feel feverish sometimes, getting chills and sweating freely as he tosses about in exhausted sleep. He may not lose weight at first; but as that cough gets worse and those sharp pains keep stabbing at his chest, he begins to lose weight. Then he begins to notice that his sputum is flecked, just a little with blood. Thoroughly disturbed, he goes to the offices of the Anti-Tuberculosis Society in Tayuman, Manila.

Here, after a thorough examination, his worst fears are confirmed. Doctor Avellana tells him as gently as possible that he has been infected by the white plague, but that, if he follows instructions, he can be cured. By this time, Pedro is so stricken with fear he is willing to do anything to get well.

The doctor recommends proper food, fresh air, complete rest. And Pedro's little world of dreams falls upon his head. He must discontinue his studies; his professional career will be delayed. But



he is lucky if he gets away as easily as this.

He may be married with a wife and children to support. To stop working would be tantamount to condemning his family to death by slow starvation. And furthermore, who is going to pay for the treatment necessary to set him back on the road to recovery?

These questions he must settle for himself.

And usually he chooses to go on working, keeping his grim secret to himself while the tiny microbes continue tearing his lungs to pieces. His disease worsens. He begins to spit blood. Every time he coughs he emits a shower of microbes that endanger his own family, his friends, his fellow students or employees. And finally, when his lungs can no longer sustain his body, he has a last hemorrhage and drops into the grave.

The career of Pedro ends with a spatter of blood.

**REALIZING** that many Filipinos who are TB victims simply cannot afford what it takes to effect a cure for tuberculosis, the Philippine Anti-Tuberculosis Society is waging a campaign to raise P500,000.00 to fight the dreaded white plague. The money which will be secured from the drive will be used to buy medicines to secure the necessary

equipment for Pneumothorax (collapse of the lung) and other methods which have been perfected to counteract tuberculosis, to buy milk and fresh vegetables for countless TB carriers who must either be helped or die.

The money will also be spent in educating Filipinos on the prevention and cure of tuberculosis. Posters, pamphlets, films, books will be distributed throughout the Philippines, dealing with tuberculosis: how it starts, how spread, how stopped, how cured.

For where tuberculosis is concerned, an ounce of prevention is still worth a pound of cure. The history of the world has shown that when education and improved social conditions for the masses can be secured, the death rate from tuberculosis always bogs down.

This is especially notable in the United States where the death rate from tuberculosis has gone down to approximately 40 per 100,000 population, a ratio which is only one-third as large as that of the Philippines.

A survey of the large cities in the United States has shown that the prevalence of tuberculosis among the Negroes living in congested slums is eleven times higher than in other sections where the inhabitants have ma-

naged to retain a higher standard of living. The same is true in the Philippines; perhaps, the proportion is even higher.

During the Japanese occupation a rambling tenement in the Leve-riza slum district housed 187 children between the ages of 1 and 18. During the period from 1943 to 1945 eleven of them died from tuberculosis, encouraged by malnutrition, lack of fresh air and the proper surroundings. Slums are always breeding places

for tuberculosis; as long as slums remain, the white plague will always have a happy hunting ground. As long as poverty and wretchedness persist, the white plague will continue to reap its victims and the ratio of 111.1 in every 100,000 will not go down.

It is becoming increasingly clear that unless the people of the Philippines do something about it, tuberculosis will always be one of the costliest hazards which the people of this country must meet.



### MONKEY BUSINESS

"Papa," said Pepito, "is it true that we are descended from the monkeys?"

"Why, of course. Science has proved that man is taken from the monkey and is going more perfect."

"Then, Papa, you are more of a monkey than I am."

Smack! "How dare you call your father a monkey!"

\* \* \* \* \*

### THOUGHT

Five per cent of the people habitually think; fifteen per cent occasionally think, and eighty per cent would rather die than think.

—Ecl. Review

# THEY DID NOT FORGET THEIR GOD

Dominador I. Ilio

IN THE DAYS of the occupation, the men of the underground, especially the guerrillas who had their headquarters in the hills, were notoriously branded as "outlaws," and "bandits" by the Japanese, and many of the inhabitants in the occupied zones believed that it was so. They were portrayed as lawless elements, unprincipled ruffians, men who disregarded the conventions of society, who forgot their God.

On the contrary, however, it can be maintained that the men who joined the resistance were they who loved peace and order, who were steadfast in the embrace of the principles of liberty, and who believed that the Almighty is ever on the side of the just, the meek and liberty-loving.

The men in the resistance

did not forget God during those days, perilous and dark though they were. In fact, knowing that they were on the cause of justice, freedom, and peace, they were confident that God was their squad leader.

The higher headquarters of guerrilla organizations did not neglect the moral welfare of each and every man either. For as in any military organization, there was constituted a service to take charge of it. Taking specifically the Panay guerrilla organization headed by Brig.-Gen. Macario Peralta, Jr., there was in that outfit a unit, the Chaplain Service, which took care of the moral and religious obligations of the men. There were chaplains assigned for the various regiments of the military organization.

So that, it was not uncommon then during the guerrilla days of masses being said in the middle of the wilderness, the priest saying the service on an improvised platform for an altar, the universe for the cathedral, the blue firmament for the cathedral dome, the huge trunks of trees for the cathedral columns embellished by nature's prodigiousness.

And the chaplain's job was just as difficult as an infantryman's or an aidman. His weapons were the edifying words, his paraphernalia were as heavy as those of the common soldiers. The various units of his organization being situated several mountains away from each other, the priest had to trudge through long mountain distances to accomplish his mission. A mass is scheduled to be said in the bivouac area of "B" Company one Sunday; an invocation is to be delivered during the program in a

troop school in the 3rd Battalion on Tuesday, the patients in the collecting hospital will be visited Friday, etc.

Nor did the chaplains just stay in the rear areas during combats. When the Panay guerrilleros conducted the all-out offensive against the enemy entrenched in Iloilo City in February 1945, the chaplains marched with the men up to the line of departure where just before the H-Hour they gave words of encouragement and helped to bolster up the morale of the men. They visited the men in the trenches, helping the officers buoy up the spirits of the soldiers under heavy stress and strain.

And when the fight was thickest, they were there, too, at hand to extend words of comfort to the sick and the wounded, and to administer the last rituals on the bodies of them who gave the supreme sacrifice.

### SAFETY FIRST

Renaud, a French Senator, registered at a hotel and paid a month's rent. The owner asked him if he would take a receipt.

"A receipt is unnecessary," said Renaud; "God witnessed the payment."

"Do you believe in God?" sneered the hotel keeper.

"Most assuredly," replied Renaud. "Don't you?"

"Most assuredly not, Monsieur!"

"In that case," said Renaud, "please make a receipt for me."

# V—J

Jose Ma. Espino, Jr.

We waken from a nightmare of a dream:  
How brightly through our window pours the light!  
We look out; there the pearly dewdrops gleam  
On spray-crowned cornstalks, brightening the sight;  
And out beyond, a stretch of green, lush plain  
That nevermore shall sound to roar of gun  
Or mutely hear the groans of men in pain;  
And Nature, soon to pardon, has begun  
To hide each pillbox in a bushy dress  
And shroud each shell-hole with a cloak of green.  
A patient mother cleaning up the mess  
Of her fractious childrens quarrels, harsh and mean.

\* \* \* \* \*

The smoke of gunfire slowly thins away  
And rage of conflict dies upon the hills;  
The breathless word, in tremulous relay,  
Runs down the line and sows its share of thrills;  
Now foxholed, whiskered soldiers clamber out  
Like gophers coming up from winter sleep—  
First growing disbelief, then waning doubt,  
And then a sigh for feelings far too deep:

*For they have sampled of the bitter dregs of war  
And striven through trials never meant for man;  
Where there's no respite but in dumbly watching water  
seep into your foxhole,*

*No planning farther than the next ditch to dive into,  
 the next clip of bullets, the next tin of meat hash,  
 Where office-clerks and tailors and school-teachers  
 become vicious machines of cunning and hate,  
 Where boyish faces take on a bitter, grim hardness,  
 and smiling eyes are forever lost,  
 Where stretchers hurry by, and the wounded mutter  
 over and over in the dark: my God... my God...  
 And you dimly wonder when you'll be next....*

\* \* \* \* \*

But that's all swallowed in the ebbing tide  
 Of painful human tragedies soon forgot;  
 We stand before Almighty God's just chide  
 To answer for each hasty word and shot,  
 For rash employment of his generous gifts,  
 For squandered lives; for grieving, haunted eyes,  
 For souls astray and lost upon the drifts,  
 The victor and the vanquished pay the price:  
 There are no crowns of laurel to receive;  
 There are but rubble, and the solemn sight  
 Of neat, white crosses fading in the eve  
 As one lone sentry challenges the night,

\* \* \* \* \*

Our weary sons and brothers homeward turn.  
 Go out and meet them: let them live anew  
 The laughter and the love for which they yearn,  
 The things they've fought for; happiness long due.  
 Their breasts are gay with ribbons: let those be  
 But markers of a dead and buried past;  
 Each oak-leaf cluster has been paid its fee,  
 Each battle-star a buddy missing last,  
 So let their wounds that rankle quietly heal,  
 And bring to them the candid, easy joys  
 Of sunny porch, a pillow's downy feel,  
 Of Sunday paper, baby's cooing voice,  
 Of morning shower, coffee on the stove,  
 The jeweled lawn, the wind that smells of Spring;  
 Lead them down green byways, let them rove  
 Where fish are jumping, plovers on the wing,

Where vain clouds eye themselves in mirror-lakes:  
 For ease of heart and mind is swiftest gained  
 In free and honest dailies clear of stakes,  
 In simple things untrammelled and unfeigned.

\* \* \* \* \*

And you: who have been spared the armed grenade,  
 The poised trench-knife, the ready bayonet,  
 The dash from hole to mound, and enfilade;  
 Make doubly sure that there will not be yet  
 Another call for boys from school and farm,  
 From round the cheery fires of Christmas-eve,  
 From twosomes on the porch, lost in a charm;  
 And pray, that those whose reasoned dictates weave  
 The destinies of citizen and state,  
 Are prejudiced by neither vengeful ire  
 Nor righteous indignation or just hate;  
 That those among us who have tapped the fire  
 Of awesome power ours to loose and play,  
 Lose not their prudence, and presumptuous set  
 To tread the pathways of the gods; yes, pray  
 That God "be with us yet --lest we forget!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Make sure you do not sabotage the dreams  
 Of Sammy from Missouri's fruited plains,  
 Of Tony reared by Samar's quiet streams,  
 Of all the Pierres and Ivans, Chans and Waynes  
 From Tatsienlu and Kuibyshev and Leeds,  
 —Yes, even Hans from Duisburg on the Ruhr  
 And Hochii called from Yezo's salmon breeds—  
 Who, cloistered now in silence, ask no more;  
 For stripped of creed and color, breed and birth,  
 All men are one in search of happiness;  
 The sacrifice displays a matchless worth  
 When simple men, with so much to possess,  
 Secure their happiness, and to that end  
 Unshrinking yield their precious gift of life.  
 On you devolves the duty to defend  
 The grail that lent a meaning to that strife:  
 Salerno, Iwo Jima, Normandy,

Remain as beach-heads on uncertain shores;  
 Ardennes and Villa Verde presently  
 Are hollow gains along our sacred course;  
 The strikes of patriot forces everywhere  
 Are heavy blood investments unmaturred;  
 Not even yielded sword and broken spur  
 Are guarantees of victory assured;  
 But when the guns are stilled on plain and cape  
 And mighty fleets the seas no longer scour,  
 The crucial battle for the peace takes shape:  
 Will you turn craven on this hanging hour?

\* \* \* \* \*

*Have you stood to watch the sunlight fade  
 On a gentle slope where white wooden crosses  
 and plain metal tags  
 Etch a geometric symmetry  
 on the jagged muddledness of human blunders?  
 A tense wind rushes up:  
 It is a wind drawn from cool hills  
 and uncharted wastelands,  
 From immense waters and torn beaches  
 and furied ground,  
 It sweeps through the white crosses  
 and brushes your cheek;  
 And borne on that wind is a voice:  
 The voice of men who are but long lists  
 on monotonous files,  
 The voice of unsung heroes of forgotten battles  
 fought in hidden places,  
 And it says:*

\* \* \* \* \*

*You cheered us when we stood  
 And you praised us when we fell  
 At Bataan . . . Warsaw . . . Changteh . . . Stalingrad  
 Dunkerque . . . Wake . . . Bastogne . . . everywhere;  
 You gave medals and made promises;  
 Will you stop there?*



*We had as much right as you to live;  
Show us  
That at those moments  
It was a greter privilege to die.*

*Everything as yet seems senseless;  
Only you, now, can give it meaning.  
You must.*

\* \* \* \* \*

August, 1945

END



### THE TRUTH ABOUT TRUTH

The terrible thing about the truth is that when you look for it, you always find it.

One could not find a more appalling illustration of the prostitution of truth, honour and morality than is seen in the press.

—John L. Stoddard

\* \* \* \* \*

This alone truth sometimes craves, that it be not condemned unheard.

—Tertullian

\* \* \* \* \*

### THAT BEARDLESS MAN

At a public dinner a speaker spoke for half an hour and looked like going for another thirty minutes.

A guest turned to a woman next to him and remarked: "Can nothing be done to shut this man up?"

"Well, responded the other cheerfully and frankly, "I've tried for fifteen years."

Vart Hem.



## CROSS SECTIONS of FILIPINIANA

### QUEER CUSTOM

Father Francisco Aguila tells of a queer marriage custom in his little island parish of Tingloy—an island just off the coast of Bauan, Eatangas. During the marriage ceremony the groom steps on the toes of his bride and elbows her on the ribs. All this—to show that from now on she will be subject to him.

Often however, the bride surprised at the indignity, elbows back—and an early marital row is in the offing.

\* \* \* \* \*

ALL MEN ARE...

I once told the story of Ananias and Sapphira to my Catechism class. One little youngster asked why God did not punish all liars as He did these two. I asked a volunteer to answer the difficulty. A little boy stood up and said: "If He did, maybe there wouldn't be anybody left."

M. Manapat  
Meycawan, Bulacan

### TOO MUCH SILENCE

A Bishop from up North is famous for his wit. Once one of his parish priests wrote him to "please come and spend a quiet day in my parish." The Bishop declined: "Your parish does not need a quiet day. What your parish needs is an earthquake."

Jose Ma. Luna  
Vigan, Ilocos Sur

\* \* \* \* \*

### TOO CAUTIOUS

The same witty Bishop described the kind of preaching indulged in occasionally when the congregation is made up of benefactors, or people "not to be offended:" "Brethren, unless you repent, in a measure, and be converted, as it were, you will, I regret to say, be damned, to some extent."

\* \* \* \* \*

### SHORT AND POINTED

A smart (?) newspaperman once jokingly asked a priest, for an "interview about hell." He said he was going to publish the

interview in their Tagalog magazine. The priest, not at a loss for an answer, replied: "Hell, in my opinion, is the place where your magazine should be printed."

#### ROADSIDE THEOLOGY

Old Juan sat by the road breaking stones for a new road. Our parish priest passed by and said: "Well, Juan, that pile of rocks doesn't seem to get any smaller."

"You're right, father," replied the old philosopher. "These stones are like the Ten Commandments. You can go on breaking them, but you can't get rid of them."

Antonio Mayo  
Baguio City

\* \* \* \* \*

#### LOSING ONE'S HEAD

During the days of surrender in Bataan, my friend Gus, was appointed to approach the enemy camp to negotiate our surrender. We had some twenty Japanese prisoners, so our CO assured him: "If they kill you, these twenty Japs will lose their heads."

"I don't doubt it," Gus retorted, "but not one of them will fit on my shoulders as well as my own."

F. Soliman  
Arayat, Pamp.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### ONE MAN CHOIR

Our town is one of the many blessed with a one man choir,— and an old man at that. He plays

the organ and sings all sorts of church songs and his voice comes —from his tongue! Well, this choir master of ours insists on bowing whenever the name "devil" is mentioned during the sermons. I once asked why he always bowed when he heard the name of the devil and he answered:

"Well, civility costs nothing, and you never know what will happen next."

Lucas Navarro  
1895 P. Leoncio

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE EGGS AND THE BISHOP

One day His Excellency Bishop Luis del Rosario of Zamboanga arrived from Manila with a dozen "baluts" in his valise. Nonchalantly he handed them to his housekeeper with the words,

"I bought some eggs for dinner."

When dinner time came, the good bishop looked in vain for the eggs. His housekeeper innocently and smilingly replied:

"I hope you'd try to buy good eggs next time, your excellency. The ones you bought were in that stage when the chick could almost chirp "come and eat me." I threw them away."

Alberto Cruz  
F.E.U. Commerce

# Quiz Section

## What's Your Moral I. Q.?

### Forbidden Reading

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1. May one read all books that are not explicitly forbidden by the Church's Index of Forbidden Books?
2. What is meant by "books forbidden by the natural law"?
3. Tomas, a high-school student, receives a seven-page letter from his atheistic uncle. It is entirely devoted to attacking the Church with clever and insidious arguments. Does Church law, natural law, or both prohibit Tomas from reading the letter?
4. A certain lascivious novel is a proximate occasion of sin for Maria, seventeen-year old senior. Is it necessarily forbidden to Maria's older married sister?
5. *LES MISERABLES* by Victor Hugo is expressly forbidden by the Church. Alfredo says it would not cause him the slightest temptation to read it? Is he therefore exempt from the prohibition?
6. Pablo, a college student, reads books defending birth control and mercy killing in order that he may "learn the opponents' arguments." Is this permissible?
7. Is it forbidden to attend a movie based on a forbidden book?
8. Is it always a mortal sin to read any part of a book prohibited by the Church? Why?
9. Josefina's literature book contains excerpts from the forbidden novels of Hugo, Emile Zola, Anatole France, etc. Must Josefina skip these selections?
10. What does it mean to say that a book has an IMPRIMATUR?  
(Answers on page 36)

# What Kind of a Theologian Are You?

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

## Dogma Quiz on Creation

1. Is it of divine and Catholic faith that the world and all things which are contained in it, both spiritual and material have been in their whole substance produced by God out of nothing.
2. The world was created (a) by the Father alone; (b) only by God the Father and God the Son; (c) by God the Father, God the Son, the Holy Ghost.
3. God created the world (a) to increase His happiness; (b) to acquire perfection; (c) to manifest His perfections.
4. Is it heretical to maintain that the world was not created (a) freely; (b) out of goodness; (c) in time; (d) for the glory of God.
5. Catholics must hold that the first chapter of Genesis gives a complete and scientific account of the exact order in which things were produced by God.
6. Is it certain that all existing men are descended from Adam and Eve?
7. The Bible says that (a) the earth is not more than 50,000 years old; (b) man is less than 5,000 years old; (c) man is not more than 25,000 years old.
8. Is it absolutely certain that (2) the souls of Adam and Eve were immediately created by God; (b) the body of Eve was formed by God from Adam; (c) the body of Adam did not arise by way of evolution from the animal kingdom?
9. Is it most probable, however, in the light of all present evidence, that the body of Adam did not originate by way of evolution?
10. May a Catholic maintain that if the proof were forthcoming tomorrow that the body of the first man was evolved from the lower animals, it would not be found to contradict any solemn, ordinary, or official teaching of the Church?

(Answers on page 36)

### MORAL QUIZ ANSWERS

1. No. Books that are proximate occasions of sin are also forbidden by the natural law.
2. This refers to books not necessarily prohibited by an explicit law of the Church, but nonetheless forbidden because by their very nature they endanger one's spiritual health.
3. Church law does not deal with such things as letter in treating for forbidden literature, but if the letter would be a proximate danger to Tomas' Faith he would be forbidden by the natural law from reading it.
4. It is forbidden only if it is a proximate occasion of sin for the older sister.
5. No. Books forbidden by positive Church law bind all Catholics even though in an individual case the book would not be dangerous.
6. No. Books against morals are forbidden by positive Church law which is binding on all Catholics.
7. Not necessarily. Only if the movie itself is forbidden by the natural law or some other positive law of the diocese.
8. Not always a mortal sin, but always at least venial. Because according to the nature of the books, one may read a greater or less portion without sinning seriously.
9. No, since the literature books usually contain selections from these authors which are not harmful.
10. It means that the book has the stamp of ecclesiastical approval. The word is latin for "it may be printed."

Adapted from *The Queen's Work*

### DOGMA QUIZ ANSWERS

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

Adapted from *The Queen's Work*

# "YOU, OF COURSE BEING A CATHOLIC . . ."

Arnold Lunn

• "She was only eighteen when she married and she didn't know what love was until she met Bobby, so they had an affair. You, of course, being a Catholic, will think that wrong."

"Why 'As a Catholic'? Your Protestant mother would be pretty cross with you for implying that the prejudice against adultery is a Romish innovation."

My friend looked puzzled. "Oh! I suppose you are right, but you people make much more fuss about that kind of thing. It doesn't seem to me very Christian to be so intolerant. After all Christ said: 'Her sins are forgiven her because she loved much!' "—a favorite quotation with those who find it convenient to forget what Christ said about impurity and who have never bothered to discover the context of these words. It was not because the sinner had loved those with whom she sinned, but because she had repented and loved Christ, that her sins were forgiven her (Luke

7:47) Christ did not say to the woman taken in adultery "go and sin again."

In proportion as those who still describe themselves as Christian reject the traditional Christian doctrines on faith and morals, the word Christian is losing all trace of its original meaning, with results which Catholics are not alone in deploring.

"It will really be a great nuisance," writes Mr. C. S. Lewis, if the word Christian becomes simply a synonym of good, for historians, if no one else, will sometimes need the word in its proper sense and what will they do? . . . The other day I had the occasion to say that certain people were not Christian; a critic asked how I dared to say so, being unable (as of course I am not) to read who profess belief in the specific doctrines of Christianity." My critic wanted me to use the word in what he would call a far deeper sense, so deep that no human observer

could tell to whom it applies (Spectator, September 22, 1944)

In proportion as the word "Christian" loses all its original significance, Catholics will find that they will be scolded for their fidelity to doctrine which were once the common heritage of Catholics and Protestants.

In my controversy with Dr. Joad (Is Christianity True?) he devoted a vigorous letter to an attack on the Christian doctrine of hell, and was shocked and surprised when I reminded him that we owe this doctrine not to the Church (which he was attacking) but to Christ, whom he revered. Indeed he expressed regret that I should advertise the fact that one for whom he professed such respect should have originated so deplorable a doctrine.

The late Dr. Coulton, who was not as ready as Dr. Joad to concede a point, merely relapsed into silence when again and again in our book, *Is the Catholic Church Anti-Social?*—which should have appeared before this article is in print—I drew his attention to the fact that he was, in effect, attacking the Catholic Church simply for her fidelity to the teaching of Christ.

He complained, for instance, that St. Thomas Aquinas contrasts the "few" who shall be

saved with the "very many" who shall be damned. But Christ's statement, taken verbally, seems scarcely less severe: "Wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it" (Matt. 7:13, 14).

Again, he wrote: "In the Middle Ages everything tended in theory to the salvation of souls." How medieval! Almost as medieval as Christ. He continued: "The orthodox thinker looked first, secondly and lastly to the salvation of souls, as outweighing unquestionably all prosperities of princes or states; and so it must always be with any Church which follows the medieval eschatology." It was not a medieval pope who said: "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world; and lose his own soul?"

Even more significant was Dr. Coulton's reluctance to define what he meant by the word "Christian," and this in spite of the fact that he began our book by demanding a clear definition "of the two most important words in this thesis, 'Catholic Church.'" But all my efforts, efforts which provoked complaints of my "pertinacity," failed to elicit any statement of the doctrines which Dr. Coulton holds to be *de fide* for a



man who claims the Christian name. "In fact," I wrote, you reject all the characteristic Christian beliefs, the claims which Christ made and the miracles whereby He gave proof of those claims, the doctrines which He enjoined on His disciples. If I have done you an injustice in assuming that you are a Unitarian, you may correct me before I exercise my right to wind up this discussion.

To my question whether "Unitarians are members of Christ's Church," Dr. Coulton answered: "I answer emphatically, Yes." "When I used a word," Humpty Dumpty said in a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean, neither more nor less."

An interesting article appeared in the *Anglo-Catholic Church Times* for December 15, 1944. The article, which was an attempt to discover that "nominal Christians" believe, was based on several thousand questions asked about religion by members of the Services. "Time and again," says the author,

I have met men and women who regard themselves as nominal members of a Christian denomination either Anglican or Nonconformist, and yet have denied that Jesus Christ was the son of God . . . Few such critics show any sign of know-

ing that their heretical views place them outside the tents of the faith they claim to hold.

And he points out that the Churches which claim thousands of nominal members in the Services

ignore the fact that many of their adherents repudiate categorically essential doctrines. They are self-styled Trinitarians with Unitarian convictions. Here is one of the fundamental reasons why the churches remain empty — why this huge army of young people never show any desire to enter the House of God. (Bolds mine).

Why do people who repudiate all the characteristic Christian doctrines cling so tenaciously to the Christian name? First of all, Christianity is still the established religion in England, and it requires real conviction to exchange the great cathedrals with their hallowed associations for Unitarian chapels. The man who describes himself as Christian does not feel an outsider on national days of prayer and thanksgiving. He belongs. Westminster Abbey is his Abbey. (It was once ours.) Secondly, the word "Christian" is coming to be an indication, not of doctrine but only of certain moral qualities. "Christian morality" is the kind of morality which the man who uses the term happens to admire. We have even been

assured that the Russian Communists are genuine exponents of practical Christianity. Thirdly, an anti-Catholic propagandist can unfortunately count on the support of old-fashioned Protestants if he is careful to conceal the fact that he does not accept the basic dogmas which all Protestants once accepted. Non-atholics may be divided into those who feel that they have more in common with a camouflaged Unitarian who at-

tacks the Church than with Catholics and those who instinctively rally to our side when we are attacked. My own guess is that the traditional type of Protestant is drawing closer to us in proportion as Unitarianism gains ground in Protestant communions. But it is difficult to see what can arrest the erosion of Unitarianism except divine authority.

—From America.

### FOR ADULTS, TOO

A priest reproached one of his parishioners: "You are not a good Christian. You do not practice your religion."

"How can you say that," answered the man aggrieved. "I always send my children to Mass."

"Yes, that's wrong."

"What? It is wrong for me to send my children to Mass?"

"Yes. You should not send your children to Mass. You should accompany them."

### YOU TAKES YOUR CHOICE

A prominent official of the government met a humble priest and decided to have some fun with him on the subject of religion. He choose as his subject confession.

"Father, I never go to confession for the very simple reason that I never commit any sins."

"My dear sir," answered the priest: "I know only two classes of people who never commit sins. They are those who have not yet attained the use of reason and those who have lost their reason."

### LAZIEST MAN

A contest was held for the laziest man of a certain state. Without much ado, he was discovered and elected. The judges found him in bed. "John, you won the contest for being the laziest man in our state." "Yuh? What's the prize?" "\$10" "Uh, alright roll me sidewise and place it in muh pocket"

# CURE FOR MORAL BANKRUPTCY

LORENZO TANADA

**L**AST MARCH BEFORE the Rotarians in Baguio, I talked about the moral situation then obtaining in our country. I spoke of our apparent moral bankruptcy, as shown by graft in high as well as in law places, — graft in legitimate and illegitimate pursuits. I talked of the alarming increase of criminality, especially here in Manila, — of murders for a handful of pesos, of child gangsters and educated swindlers, of dishonest contractors, unfaithful guards, approachable managers and bribable public servants. Today, the moral situation of the nation still remains alarming. I should like to reach the root of the matter, to find if all this can be blamed on war alone.

Time and again you must have asked yourselves as thoughtful students and keen observers of contemporary scenes and events why criminality is on the increase. Is it because of laxity in the enforcement of law and order, or it because lacking in self-control, some of us just can not help doing the things that we do?

Hardly a day passes that the metropolitan papers do not pub-

lish something politically or socially unsavory, something that makes the man in the street wonder if our society has not lost its moorings and is now drifting toward the maelstrom of perdition. You too must have wondered why the spirit of greed for luxury and lavish living that craved satisfaction even at the expense of all conscience and all honor is so predominant nowadays.

What can be the reason? Has anything gone wrong with us as a people? Have our moral values been debased, as some quarters charged beyond redemption, or has our sense of them been dulled to the point of insensibility?

If we answer in the affirmative, —and there are those who would, though qualifiedly — other questions logically suggest themselves: What has caused such a sudden and radical change in our concept of right and wrong, honesty and dishonesty, and in our attitude toward crime and the criminal? Is the war entirely responsible for it?

Let us express the point differently: What has so ruthlessly sapped our moral fiber that we appear to have lost those superb and admirable virtues that distinguished our forbears? Why have we become so materialistic in our views that the finer things of life, those qualities and achievements that make men and nations truly great, have ceased to have any attraction or meaning to us?

I ask these pertinent, if unpleasant and disturbing, questions not in the spirit of flippancy or of criticism. My sole object, as I have stated, is to diagnose with you the symptoms as they appear to us and, if possible to apply some remedy or suggest its application to the authorities concerned.

### Education

And the more I ponder over and probe into our present moral disintegration, the more I doubt whether we can blame it all on the war. I am inclined to believe that the present deplorable moral condition of the nation may be traced to our deficient education. It is truly said that the foundation of every state is the education of its youth. When, therefore, the education is defective, the foundation must necessarily be defective too. It was President Quezon who said: "National strength can only be built on character. A nation is nothing more or less than its citizenry. It is the people that make up the nation and, therefore, it can not be stronger than its component parts. Their weakness is its failings, their strength its power."

The trouble with our educational system, before the war and at the present time, is that it is mostly concerned with educating the mind. I believe no education is complete if it only trains the mind but not the heart. Learning, in the mind of an unprincipled man is as dangerous as a dagger in the hands of a maniac. Arithmetic will teach a man to count and compute, but will also make it easier and faster for him to cheat. Reading and writing will enable a person to express his thoughts more clearly and easily,

but will also give him the facility to deceive and beguile his fellowmen. The arts and sciences will make a citizen a more learned man, but they will also equip him more efficiently for evil and wrong doing. Learning therefore, should always advance hand in hand with goodness; for, once goodness is left lagging behind, learning loses its rudder, its guiding hand, and becomes dangerous.

And the most effective, if not the only effective way of instilling goodness in our people is by means of religious instruction. While it is true that "Good Manners and Right Conduct" is a prescribed subject in our schools, I believe that the same is impotent to instill goodness in our youth.

The trouble with the subject, "Good Manners and Right Conduct," is that it is solely and primarily a training of the mind, like all or almost all the subjects in our schools, and not a training of the heart. It gives a student certain mottoes and principles which he is required to memorize and recite in class. But it is a subject that does not appeal or take root in the heart. It adds truisms to the memory, but does not touch the feeling nor mould the conscience.

I believe goodness can never be developed that way. Goodness

does not come merely from the mind, for even the most hardened criminals know, in their minds, that they are doing wrong. Goodness is something that must be bred and developed in the heart and in the conscience. Goodness is that which prevents us from wrongdoing, not only because we know it is wrong, but because we feel it is wrong.

It is this feeling, this inner conscience, that the subject of "Good Manners and Right Conduct" can not reach. Only religion, with the inspiration and faith it excites, can instill real goodness in our youth.

President Frank Sparks of Washash College, Indiana, who has been attracting attention by his innovations in the methods of preparing students for work has made religion a compulsory subject in the freshman year. He was criticized at first, but after a while his bitterest critics had become his staunchest supporters.

In explaining his system of religious instruction, President Sparks said: "We force no doctrine down our students' throats. We merely introduce them to the history of religion, the history of the Bible and the application of Christian principles to our economic, social and political problems."

But, sad to say, the teaching of religion, even along the line followed by President Sparks, is not given in our public and secular schools. So that while our Constitution provides for optional religious instruction in schools, the provision is a dead letter insofar as actual teaching is concerned.

I know that in advocating religious instruction in our schools I am treading on dangerous grounds. I know that there are some who would call me old-fashioned for advocating religious instruction in our public and private schools,—but if to be old-fashioned is to advocate an idea which is rejected merely because it does not sound modern and fashionable, but which I honestly believe is the remedy to extricate our people, our youth especially, from the present apparent bankruptcy in our sense of righteousness and morality, — then let those people call me old-fashioned.

I know that those opposed to religious instruction in our schools may say that there are practical difficulties that would be met in carrying out this idea because of the many different religious groups in the Philippines. It is true that there are many different religious sects in our country but it is also true that the major ones can be counted on the fingers

of one hand. Undoubtedly, there will be difficulties, but we have I believe enough men who are conversant with educational processes who can devise the necessary means to carry this out. Besides, what good work can be accomplished without first surmounting difficulties?

There will be defects, but what is perfect in this world? There will be objections and criticisms, but can we ever achieve anything worthwhile if we let objections and criticisms stop us at every turn? I, therefore appeal to our school authorities and educators to give this matter immediate and serious consideration. For I do not believe we can raise and maintain an enduring structure of national welfare, material though it be upon the shifting foundation of moral decadence. No material rehabilitation lags so far behind. And moral rehabilitation can be accomplished only by actually giving religious instruction in our schools. If we do not give our youth the education that will make them honest, truthful courageous and God-fearing, we may be sure that our men of tomorrow will be found wanting in integrity and moral rectitude, and instead of building a great nation we shall have built a nation unworthy of our martyrs and patriots.

# LITTLE BOY IN POLKA DOTS

Mercedes Mercado

**J**OSELITO MAINIS was only four years old when I first saw him running down the streets with his pants off, his little buttocks jiggling merrily as he ran with his big sister in full pursuit.

Caught and brought to my catechism class for the first time, he was superbly logical: his trousers irritated his tender skin (they were made from discarded flour sack, probably looted from the American Army depot near the Rizal Memorial Stadium, its contents long sold or eaten). That was all.

Looking up at me with his dark, serious eyes, he explained with the touching simplicity of children that he had run away, not because he did not want to learn his catechism, but simply because going to class meant putting his trousers on, and he definitely did not want to put his trousers on. I gave him permission to come to class without any trousers—as long as he wore his

big brother's undershirt. And that was how he came to class from that day on.

My experience with Joselito were either extremely funny, or extremely pathetic. In the first place I was always "chicher" to join him; his lips could never say "teacher."

That first day in class I asked him: "Do you know how to pray, Joselito?"

I could swear he was grinning from ear to ear as he stood up eagerly. "Opo, chicher," he said. "Inglis, chicher."

Then, without any further ado, he began: "Awer pader, hu artim heben, helod be dai nem, dai kin-domcam. Helmery, pulogres, da Lord is wides, blesedaw mong wimen en blesprutdoai wom Geesus..."

By that time I was laughing so hard the tears were running down my cheeks.

He stopped and looked at me, his eyes widening with disappointment. "Wrong ba ho, chicher?" Then as if to absolve himself from all blame, he continued in Tagalog, "You know chicher, I don't think my mama knows her prayers; she taught me that."

To Joselito when he first came into my class, the three Divine Persons were "Hesus, Mareea, Santo Tokayo." I wondered at first who Santo Tokayo was until he himself enlightened me. "Santo Tokayo," he explained to me very patiently, like an old man teaching a backward child, "is San Joselito." That was Saint Joseph to him.

Once I asked him who his first parents were. "The father and mother of my father and mother," he answered with astonishing logic. Further questioning brought more fruitful results. "Si Adan at si Cueba," he said proudly. Then he wanted to know the difference between Cueba and the "cueva" in which Jesus was born. "Were they the same?" he asked me. I was speechless.

The Children's Mass in the Malate Church was the biggest event in Joselito's week. For that he had a pair of red trousers and a little white camisa de chino with red polka dots which were sacred to that event. As soon as the little bell I had broke the stillness

of the Sunday lull over Leveriza, he would come rushing out of the house, breakfast or no breakfast, and ask me were we going to the church already? Holding my little finger solidly in one firm little hand, he would insist on accompanying me around the neighborhood, ringing the bell with gusto.

"Pamboy," he would call to a neighbor of his, a little boy who was so called because of two prominent front teeth that were all his mouth showed when he grinned, "Sano ka, antukin pa." (You are no good, also a sleepyhead) And Pamboy would rush out of the house, still pulling his shirt on and demanding how that could be when he had spent half the night (so he always claimed) waiting for the teacher to ring the bell.

As I remember, Joselito and his friend Pamboy were two children who never missed Sunday Mass. Together they would sit in church quietly, disturbing their silence only why Father Monaghan was always reading from a book, unlike "chicher who could say her prayers without any book at all. "I think," Joselito would tell me on the way home, "you know more than the priest does." You must really be great, I told myself.

There are many other incidents, other statements Joselito made,



which I think I shall always remember. But from the host memories which he has given me, I shall always remember the time when after a year of teaching, the children were ready to make their First Communion.

There was no doubt in my mind at all that Pamboy would make the grade; he was already seven at the time and knew more than enough to satisfy the taste of Father Monaghan, the genial Columban who a year later was to meet death at the hands of the Japanese military. But Joselito was a different case. Though he knew his prayers and his catechism as well, he was not yet six years old and it seemed to me that he had not grown an inch taller since that memorable day when I had first seen him running, trouserless, down the street.

He passed the test all right. But when I was leaving to take the children home, Father Monaghan called me aside and told me: "I'm afraid that little boy in polka dots can't make his first Communion yet; he's too young. I think we had better wait until next year."

I pleaded with him, of course, telling him that the child knew his prayers and his catechism; that he was a precocious child and even at his age had a distinct sense of what was right and what was wrong. But he was adamant

"I'm sorry," he told me, "but the child must wait."

I remember how hard it was for me to explain that to Joselito and watch exquisite sadness, which only children can feel, creeping into those big eyes of his. But why, he asked me, couldn't he make his First Communion? He knew as much as Pamboy did and Pamboy was going to make his.

"Joselito," I told him, "do you remember how I told you that when Jesus was a little boy and helped Santo Tokayo make chairs and tables, he was able to carry only little pieces of wood because he was so little?"

"Yes, chicher," he nodded at me.

"Well," I continued, "First Communion is like that. It's like a big piece of wood that you can't carry unless you grow big and strong first. You are still a small boy. Next year you will be bigger and you will be able to carry a big piece of wood. Then you will be able to make your First Communion."

Slowly the sadness crept away from his eyes, leaving them clear and playful once again. "Chicher," he said, "I will tell Tatay to let me carry the big pieces of firewood. Next year you will see. I will be as big and strong as Father Monaghan."

I never saw Joselito again after that. As the American advance

near Manila, I left Joselito and Pamboy and all the other children, and went to the province. After the Liberation I met Joselito's sister and she told me that he had died of meningitis shortly before the Americans entered Manila.

But that does not mean that I have forgotten Joselito. Somehow he has become a part of the meaning of Catholic Action as I see it. Catholic Action has ceased to be a mere definition. It has become the dark eyes of a child, looking at me with sadness, trying to understand the muddled-

headedness of adults that makes them keep the simple joy of First Communion away from a little boy, not because he lacks faith or understanding, but merely because he is young; it has become a figure running, pantless down the street, not because he doesn't want to learn his catechism but because he doesn't want to wear any trousers; it has become the exquisite sadness and the mischief-eyes and the polka-dots of a little Boy's shirt who had to wait till Heaven to become one with His Lord.



### GOD DEAD?

One evening Henedina approached her father and asked: "Papa, is God dead?"

"No, my dear, why do you ask?"

"Because you never talk to Him anymore at night like you used to."

\* \* \* \* \*

### JUST LOOKING

The Cure D'Ars noticed that one of his simple parishioners remained motionless for hours in front of the tabernacle.

"What are you doing at such a time?" the priest asked him.

"I just look at Jesus, Jesus looks at me."

# Philippine Modern Day Saint

Adapted from REAL LIFE STORIES  
Edited by Father Winifrid Herbst, S.D.S.

"MOTHER," I am almost convinced she is a saint, and I do hope the Philippines will soon have one."

These are the beautiful words that were written by a friend of Arceli Tanedo soon after her death. Arceli, whom we shall call Lily, was born in Manila on May 16, 1920, and died in Baguio on March 18, 1938. So she really lived during your own time. She was the oldest of four children and her father was a Lieutenant Colonel in the Philippine Army.

Lily first studied at the Cebu Normal School, and from there she went to the public school in Batangas, where she was found to be such a bright girl that she "skipped" a grade. From the public school she went to the Missionary Belgian Sisters at the high school of St. Louis College in Baguio, where she was graduated in only three years with the highest honors a student could get. She was then only 14 years old.

## "A Quiet Girl"

One incident occurred during her second year which serves to point out the remarkable brilliance of the girl. For her composition on the life and writings of Dr. Jose Rizal she was awarded a prize of twenty pesos. And to show her kindness of heart, she gave half of it to her brothers and the other half to a charitable institution.

Lily's first year in college was spent at the Junior College of Cebu, a branch of the University of the Philippines, where she became known for her quiet nature and great intelligence. However, she missed the Sisters and her religion very much; so she asked her mother if she could study with the Benedictine Sisters at St. Scholastica's College in Manila. She was given permission and one year later, at the age of 16, she graduated as valedictorian again.

One of her companions once said of her, "Lily would never act

smart even though she was the brightest girl in all her classes. When there was a hard problem to be solved, she was never anxious to raise her hand, but would wait until the teacher called upon her, and then she would give the answer slowly and surely.

An instructor in advanced mathematics said of her, too: "I never saw her downcast or in a bad humor or excited, for instance... She seemed to understand how to get joy out of little troubles and crosses. Surely she had Jesus as a personal Friend... If one saw her at prayer one could not doubt that she was near and dear to Him."

Her piano teacher described her as a girl "with a fine sense of the beautiful." "When I saw her in the church paying a visit to Jesus, she knelt as immovable as if she 'saw' something."

She continued going to St. Scholastica's and would surely have received greater honors had she not become sick and died at the age of 18. For the Lord was to take her, as little more than a child, into His kingdom.

Lily may have been a very quiet girl, but when there was something funny, she would laugh as hard as the rest of her classmates.

All the while Lily was at school, her mother could hardly wait until

vacation when her beloved daughter would be home again. But Lily was kept too busy that she scarcely had time to get her own work done. She spent several hours each day in the church, teaching religion and holy songs to the little children, and when that was over she would visit the sick and the poor who were always sure to welcome her with open arms.

During her days in school, Lily told one of the teaching Sisters her secret. It happened while all the children were having a picnic at the seashore. Lily departed from the group and took a walk with the Sister. After they had walked a little way, Lily said:

"I am so anxious to finish my studies in order to enter the convent!"

Those few words were all she said; yet they showed a whole life's ambition. Little did she know that her wish was to be granted sooner than she expected.

In October, 1937, Lily suffered so much from back pains and high fever that she was forced to go to the school doctor. It was about this time, too, that her father, at the school on business, found out that his daughter was ailing and rushed her to another doctor. The diagnosis was brief: Lily was suffering from tuberculosis. The next month was spent in a hospital; then she was

brought to Baguio where, it was hoped, the climate would effect a rapid cure.

And so Lily and her mother moved to a cabin among the mountains. A servant arrived from Cebu to attend to the sick girl; then she got sick herself and the mother had to care for two patients instead of one. A short stay in Baguio's more temperate climate worked wonders and Lily was soon well and on her feet. Then complications set in and she was forced to go back to a hospital.

But even here, sick as she was, her missionary spirit remained restless and she converted a Protestant nurse who was attending her.

A few days before she died, Lily begged that, should death actually overtake her, she would prefer that her face remain unpainted. She also requested to be buried in the habit of Our Lady of Lourdes. A blessed blue belt was dispatched from Manila and arrived on the morning on which Lily breathed her last.

On the day of her death, a certain widow in Cebu, who had been a close friend of Lily's during life, prayed to her. While she knelt thus, she saw a beautiful bouquet of white flowers and in the center, a rose. She was a bit frightened at first; then she tried to take

them in her hands and they disappeared. She told everyone that the flowers were radiant with light and extremely fragrant.

Lily's brothers and sisters could not be immediately notified of her death since their parents were with Lily at that time. So they never knew that their sister had worn the habit of Lourdes when she died. Yet, when one of the servants came home from the Cebu carnival late that night, a girl in that same habit, with features exactly like those of Lourdes, appeared and walked in front of him. Then she walked away towards the stairs and descended, just as had been Lily's wont in life. The servant tried to touch the beautiful vision, but it disappeared.

A Belgian Sister who had been Lily's teacher believes that Lily went straight to Heaven. She told her pupils that for many years she had been praying for a certain favor but that it had never been granted. However, a week after she had prayed to Lily, she obtained the grace.

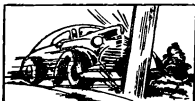
Here is another wonderful thing that happened after Lily's death. All her life she had suffered because her father had never been promoted in the army, despite the fact that many of his contemporaries had long outranked him. Soon after Lily's death her

mother prayed to her, asking that justice be done. A short time later, when General S. (Lily's father's superior) came to Cebu on a visit, Mr. Tanedo went to meet him as the boat docked.

As soon as the general got off the steamer, he greeted Mr. Ta-

nedo with a "How do you do, Colonel", a rank which Lily's father had never had.

The Philippines has never as yet had the honor of having given birth to a canonized saint. Who knows? Simple Lily Tanedo may yet give her country that honor.



### SMART GUY

The keeper of the seals for Louis XIII one day asked a little boy, "Where is God? Tell me and I'll give you an orange."

"You tell me where He isn't and I'll give you two oranges," replied the little fellow.

\* \* \* \*

Said of a mentally lazy man: "He had one thought once. But it soon died of loneliness."

### ON LEADERSHIP

"The leader for the time being whoever he may be, is but an instrument, to be used until broken and then to be cast aside; and if he is worth his salt, he will care no more than a soldier cares when he is sent where his life is forfeit in order that victory may be won. In the long fight for righteousness the watchword for all of us is — spend and be spent. It is of little matter whether any one man fails or succeeds; but the cause shall not fail, for it is the cause of mankind."

Pres. Roosevelt



## NATIONAL FRONT

### REIGN OF TERROR

Terror reigned in the town of Calapan, Mindoro, as 32 provincial prisoners staged a jailbreak. The jailbreakers under the command of Lt. Romero, a former MP official, overpowered the provincial and municipal authorities and imprisoned officials including Governor Conrado Morente and Mayor Filemon Samaco. Military police and civilian volunteers finally captured the prisoners after a gun battle. Result: three persons killed, one of them, Lt. Nestor Romero.

### AIR EXODUS

In what is probably the greatest air lift in commercial history, 5,000 Filipino laborers were transported by air from Manila to Guam. The special flights take 60 men at a load. These Filipinos, many of them former employees of the US Army and Navy, are going to work for Morrison-Knudsen and Brown-Maxon. This company holds huge Army and Navy contracts for building Guam into the greatest military base in the Pacific.

## LIFE TERM

Ernest Berg, owner of the Escolta department store bearing his name, was sentenced to life imprisonment and fined P15,000 by the Fourth Division of the People's Court. He was found guilty of treason. Berg is a naturalized Filipino citizen of German birth. Taken aback by the decision, he became nervous and sat wearily as he listened to the sentence.

## DISSOLVED

Four agencies were dissolved as the President ordered the creation of the Philippine Trade Relief and Trade Rehabilitation Administration. The agencies dissolved were the National Trading Corporation, the PRRA, the division of purchasing department at New York. All the buying activities of the government will now be handled by the PRATRA. PRATRA will also deal with the rehabilitation of local trade and the relief of victims of war and other calamities.

## HOUSES FOR THE MILLIONS

The government, through the National Housing Commission, will shortly manufacture pre-fa-

bricated houses which will be within the reach of the people. The cement block house factory machinery has already arrived and the President has instructed the NHC to build six sample homes in Quezon City. The houses will be of the bungalow type, with two rooms, sala and kitchen which will be enough for one family. They will cost P2,500 each.

#### YLAC'S POOR

The YLAC announced that 1,470 poor children are enrolled in their six YLAC Free Schools for the present schoolyear. In a recent meeting Miss Maria Aurora Quezon, YLAC President, asked that means be exerted to keep up the financial aid given to these schools.

#### REPORTS

Vice-President Elpidio Quirino, gave an account of his three-month diplomatic tour around the world to his fellow cabinet members. Among other things he said that the Filipino does not find any difficulty in his travels in European countries because the English and Spanish language which he speaks come in handy in all these countries. The Vice-President also told of how he was received by His Holiness Pope Pius XII who showed great interest in the P.I.

#### TB DRIVE

In a simple ceremony at Mala-

cañan, the President formally opened the Anti-Tuberculosis Campaign by giving his own personal contribution — a check for P1,000. It is said by TB authorities that 36,000 Filipinos die yearly of this malady. Aim of the drive is to raise P500,000 for expenses to combat the spread of tuberculosis.

#### VOICE OF THE POOR

Some 4,000 tenants of Nueva Ecija, and Pangasinan, filed a complaint with the Court of Industrial relations seeking government intervention in the execution of their tenancy contracts with their landowners. The complaint alleges that landowners in Alaminos have refused to enter into written agreement with the tenants, thus deliberately avoiding compliance with the tenancy law when harvest comes.

#### WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE...

Central Luzon provinces, including Bulacan, Pampanga, Nueva Ecija, Taylac and Pangasinan, suffered considerable losses in crops and public works as a result of the heavy rains following the Pacific and China Sea depressions. Provinces sprawled along the Pampanga and the Agno rivers especially suffered from the flood that cover Central Luzon like a pall. Damage to rice crops alone is believed to have amounted to several thousand pesos.



**NEGLECTED MAC**

Residents of Palo, Leyte, recently showed much concern over the monument dedicated to General MacArthur at Red Beach, Palo. The statue has been neglected and is now hidden behind tall cogon grass. Several houses have also been built in front of it thus relegating the marker to the backyard. Palo's municipal council has presented a resolution to the provincial board and the U.S. army authorities for immediate aid. The marker was erected on the very spot where the General first set foot on Philippine soil in 1944.

**SCHOOL CRISIS**

Some 375,000 school children are still denied admission to their classes due to the present lack of school. To solve this crisis a total of P12,300,000 will be needed for the organization of some 7,500 additional elementary school classes. So far funds available total barely P3,000,000 with which only 1,600 extension classes can be authorized.

**AT LAST...**

The USAFFE back pay bill has been approved by the armed services committee of the U.S. Senate. Some \$67,000,000 have been earmarked for P.I. Veterans. Commenting on the approval, Major Gen. Rafael Jalandoni, chief of staff, PA said: "This is an elo-

quent indication of America's desire to do justice to the Filipino soldiers who fought during the war." Meanwhile Major Moore of the PHILRYCOM has released the statement that all Veterans would be paid their due by December.

**COURT-SHOW**

A documentary film was recently screened as evidence against the Puppet President Jose Laurel, in his trial for treason before the people's court. The newsreel together with some magazines, photographs and recordings were identified by Kazuma Nakayama who arrived in Manila from Tokyo for the sole purpose of testifying in collaboration cases. During the screening, Laurel was quoted on the sound tracks as declaring: "United with Japan, no other nation in the world can stop the onward march of the one billion peoples of Asia."

**INTERNATIONAL FRONT****POPE AND LABOR**

Pope Pius XII recently received fourteen members of the United States delegation to the international labor conference held in Geneva. Said his Holiness: "The Catholic Church always defends the worker against any system which would deny his inalienable rights,"

**SECRETS THIEF**

Earnest Wallis was arrested for theft of some of the atomic bomb secrets from Los Alamos. Some 200 photographs and negatives showing phases of a atom bomb construction and test explosions were found in his studio. Many of the pictures were classified as "top secrets." Earnest Wallis is an ex-GI.

**BARBERS PROTEST**

Shanghai Barbers issued handbills July 14 asking all righteous officials, gentlemen, ladies and newspapers to join their chorus of protest against a moving picture depicting a barber seducing a millionaire's wife. The 2,500 barbers who protested for four days claimed the film is especially insulting to their profession.

**ENGAGED**

Britain's Princess Elizabeth was recently engaged to ex-prince of Greece and Denmark Philip Mountbatten, who is a great-great grandson of Queen Victoria. At 26 Mountbatten is bobby soxer's ideal and a man's man. Tall, fair haired, blue eyed and with the profile of a classic Greek statue, he has been the object of come-hither-looks from Britain's most glittering debutante as well as from poor wistful girls.

**49TH STATE**

The House has voted to make

the Hawaiian Islands a state and to add a 49th star to the United States flag. The vote was 196 to 133. The bill was sent to the senate for action. The bill would enable the people of the islands to form a constitution and state government and be admitted to the union on equal footing with the other states.

**GERMS TO "FIGHT"**

Scientists are getting germs to "fight" among themselves on the chance that the bout may pay off by producing some medicines useful for man. This unique match-making attempt is only one of the intensive research going on in many countries to try to find new germ combating materials in such microbes as fungi and bacteria. Penicillin and streptomycin it will be remembered were derived from such sources.

**MATADOR**

Philippine matador Pepete made a spectacular killing of his bull July 23 in Gijon, Spain. Occasion was a charity bull-fight festival. After failing in his first attempt with his sword he succeeded in making the kill after three tries with his estoc.

**ASSASSINATED**

Six members of Burma's "independent cabinet" were killed July 20 by assassins who stormed brazenly into the Rangoon meet-

ing of the officials. The killers machine gunned the men at the meeting in an attempt at mass murder. Six members were killed and the rest seriously wounded. The council guards who tried to intercept the killers when they drove up in the building also were shot.

### RESCUE

One American and thirty seven Filipino members of the crew have been rescued from the wreck Philippine freighter Doña Trinidad. The rescue was effected by a Russian merchant vessel, after the Trinidad ran aground on the Nijogan reefs, 100 miles north of Japan's most northerly island of Hokkaido. A second Russian ship ran aground during an earlier rescue operation. All the members of the crew are reported safe.

### CONFESOR RAPS US

Senator Tomas Confesor criticized the United States for

"throwing away billions of dollars on Balkan countries which are causing America all kinds of trouble, while charging interest on loans to the P.I. which was crushed while helping to save the world for democracy." Confesor, who is at present in Washington, also called attention to what he termed the disproportionate attention paid in Washington to the explosive situation in the Far East generally and to Philippine affairs in particular.

### PARASITE FIGHTER

Army Air Forces have under production a new type of fighter plane that can be carried in the bomb bay of a B-36 bomber and launched in midair to fight off enemy attack. This new-type "parasite fighter" is designated as the XP-85. A small plane, the new fighter has a jet engine. Air Force officers claim it could be launched in midair and return to its mother plane.

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## APT RETORT

\* \* \* \* \*

When the German Emperor visited Pope Leo XIII, Count Bismarck tried to follow into the audience chamber. A gentleman of the Papal Court motioned him to stand back, as there must be no third person at the interview.

"I am count Herbert Bismarck," shouted the German, as he struggled to follow his master.

"That," replied the Roman with calm dignity, "accounts for, but does not excuse, your conduct."



## From the Bookshelves: XI

**OUR LADY IN THE MODERN WORLD** by Daniel A. Lord, S.J., The Queen's Work 381 pages. Price—six pesos.

What has Mary, the Mother of God, to say to the man and woman faced with modern problems, the difficulties of 1947, the "new morality"?

What has she to say of: Love, Purity, Personality, the family, human rights and dignity, social life, marriage, vocation, one's daily job, tyranny, work, our duty to others, the love of God and man?

Here is the Roman Catholic answer to the many perplexing questions that many half baked newspaper columnists try to give to the credulous multitude.

Here, at last, is an authority on our problems. Here is one who understands our problems. For Mary, the Mother of God, is uniquely the woman. And then too, she "...is intensely modern. We are not in the least surprised when the latest art exhibit shows a Madonna and Child clothed in the garment of midwestern peo-

ple, their features more beautiful than but very much like those of the mother and child that live next door. We are not surprised that into our muddled modern life Mary's virtues come with a freshness and appeal that catch our approving interest."

**THE LIFE OF CHRIST** by Giuseppe Ricciotti, The Bruce Publishing Company. 703 pages. Price—fifteen pesos.

Aside from the book's value as a critical and historical contribution, it is deeply interesting reading as biography. The Christ of the Gospels can scarcely be discovered and properly understood without background and explanatory information. Here are both the life of Christ and the historical and geographical information. It is a rare book that can satisfy the student and delight the average reader at the same time.

**THE WOOL MERCHANT OF SEGOVIA** by Mabel Farnum, The Bruce Publishing Com-

pany. 202 pages. Price—four pesos.

In this book on the life of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, Miss Farnum has performed gracefully and thoroughly a triple service of great magnitude. In masterful description she has evoked the colorful and romantic cities of sixteenth and early seventeenth century Spain. She has reconstructed the complicated and elusive mosaic of a Saint. She has presented for the first time in popular form a book depicting the life of a Jesuit community together with a classic survey of the first ninety years of the illustrious Society of Jesus.

**AUGUSTINE'S QUEST OF WISDOM** by Vernon J. Bourke, The Bruce Publishing Company. 323 pages. Price—six pesos.

More than anything else, this work is a study of St. Augustine's phenomenal moral, intellectual, and philosophical growth from his dissolute youth and his Manicheanism to the end of his earthly days as honored bishop of Hippo and author of the City of God. The Confessions, and more than one hundred other learned literary works.

Emphasized, in spite of the scope of the book, are the most important phases of the Augustinian philosophy. Dr. Bourke explains in laymen's language such

vital utterances as the saint's Theory of Divine Illumination, The Hierarchy of Reality, The Inter-relation of Faith and Reason, and other metaphysical enigmas.

**INFORMATION PLEASE ALMANAC 1947**, John Kieran, Editor, Doubleday & Company, Inc. 1014 pages. Price—four pesos.

You can pick up Information Please Almanac a thousand times, and each time find something you did not know before—a fact you need, a useful bit of knowledge.

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From the  
Managing Editor's  
Desk—



## THE PHILIPPINES AND ADOBO

The formal surrender of Japan to the Allied Powers on board the battleship *Missouri* two years ago was more than a signal that the second world war had been terminated. To the Philippines, in particular, the signing of the document of capitulation marked the end of a dream empire which, for four torture-filled years, had held this country in an iron grip. Those years will be remembered here as a period during which all freedom, grown dear through forty years of democratic tutelage, was held in abeyance: a period of hunger and want and misery which brought out the worst and the best in men.

We say it brought out the best in men because the most ordinary Filipinos, who for years had worn the drab garb of mediocrity, rose to epic heights of heroism and thought nothing of sacrificing blood and even life in the cause of freedom.

Looking back at V-J Day, however, how many of us can truthfully declare that as the last shot was fired, we vowed that never again, as long as life endured, would we allow liberty to be trampled underfoot? How many of us told ourselves then that the victory, bought with blood and sweat and tears, would be made tangible and remain unsullied?

A mere handful.

The rest of us merely shrugged our shoulders, occupied ourselves with the task of regaining the flesh that had been lost during the lean days of hunger and of rebuilding:

homes that had been razed to the ground, completely forgetting whatever vows we might have made to concretize the liberty that had been regained. We must confess, in all honesty, that liberty has been used in most cases to further purely selfish ends; and that even the declaration of Philippine independence has not aroused in the collective heart that sense of responsibility which should be a corollary to the privilege of freedom.

But what, you will ask, has all this got to do with adobo.

Simply this. Just as the perfect dish must be compounded with the most exact amounts of vinegar, pepper and garlic, so is a substantially democratic Philippines compounded with the most exact proportion of men's ideals and of ideal men. And just as the addition of foreign condiments will spoil an otherwise perfect dish of adobo, so will the introduction of graft and corruption and pragmatic methods of thought and of action destroy the very roots of a sound Philippine democracy.

The simplest progeny of Juan de la Cruz will readily admit that the system prevailing at present in the Philippines cannot be considered conducive to the development of a sound Philippine democracy. For Graft is considered the rule rather than the exception, and has borne strange fruit in the anomalies and frauds which continuously make the administration the goat of a free and militant press. Sound principles of government, which should not bow before political expediency, have been made to kowtow to party politics to such an extent that a man's qualifications to hold public office are gauged, not so much by what he is, as by what he has done, will do or might perform for the benefit of the dominant political party.

Filipinos may of course, shrug at individual instances of political favoritism or political craft, excusing them on the ground that "to the victors belong the spoils." But we wonder if they realize that each governmental sacrilege detracts just so much more from the substance of a democratic Philippines, subtracts just a little more from the collective well-being, and reduces the Philippines to that abject state it occupied during the occupation, when the common people were considered as a serfdom at whose expense a small and

powerful clique might and did fatten itself.

During the Occupation I had a friend with a certain degree of devil-may-care idealism in his system. His name was Ramon Cabrera. He believed in freedom and thought it nothing extraordinary that his life should be demanded in its cause. And because he believed in this freedom and because he felt that one life more or less did not matter as long as that freedom were regained by his people in the end, the Japanese killed him and buried him in a grave which he had refused to dig, for himself.

I had a professor who, in the days before the war, occupied himself with matters no more serious than a problem in Physics or a kiss from his wife. And because he believed in that same freedom, they tortured him till he was a ghost of the Teodoro Fernando whom we had known, so horribly mutilated was he with horrible aching sores where his fingernails had once been lodged. He had no more arms when his family saw him again, stark and cold in death, with no reassurance that his sacrifice would not have been in vain.

That freedom for which these two brave men and countless others immolated themselves on a thousand unknown altars—was it freedom fraught paradoxically with corruption and greed and avarice? We think not; for surely no sane man would have given up his life for matters so petty as these. We believe they died for a freedom that was clean and wholesome, a freedom in which their people would have the privilege of establishing their own democracy, unhampered by crooked government and a more crooked officialdom. We believe they died for a freedom which carried with it that national responsibility which is part of liberty's heritage.

As the second year after the death of the samurai system of serfdom draws to a close, it behooves us all to look deeply within ourselves and ask whether we have not betrayed the trust bequeathed to us by men like Ramon Cabrera and Teodoro Fernando. It is our task to see to it that the alien elements of selfishness and greed do not completely destroy the concept of real freedom in the Philippines, and reduce our adobo to a dish of tasteless meat.

—Antonio R. de Joya



**CROSS**  **Currents**  
OF READERS' VIEWS

**FROM AN UNKNOWN  
SENIOR**

San Carlos College Branch  
San Fernando, Cebu  
July 25, 1947

Dear Editors,

Although I am only a young, unknown high-school senior, your magazine gives me a highly educational reading in our library

... I can do no other thing else but congratulate you. Please consider the blurredness of my typewritten letter, which is due to our poor, old typewriter.

Yours very sincerely,

Genaro E. Tanudtanud

Ed: Thank you, Mr. Tanudtanud.

**WOMAN-HATER**

Hagonoy, Bulacan  
July 22, 1947

Mr. Editor,

What is wrong with Mr. Osorio's sparing the rod in his "Awful Truth"? I hope he won't mind the shallow interpretation of some who say he is a woman-hater. True love sometimes is taken for hate. So let him go with his "rub".

Yours sincerely,

Em. del Rosario

Ed: Mr. Osorio for once missed his usual inspiration. Sure he wont. You're right.

**READ AND GLANCE**

46 Sulbcan, Sampaloc.  
July 26, 1947

Mr. Editor,

A few days ago, somebody tried to get me to read your magazine. He was a very nice, swave fellow and I could not help but promise to skim through the pages once.

My opinion, after a cursory glance, is that your magazine is not interesting. Definitely not! I will read it sometime, maybe, when you begin to publish articles that really grip.

Delfin Rocha

Ed: Your letter really grips. Apparently you *never read*, you merely *skim* thru the pages and *glance cursorily*. Stick to comics, kid, stick to comics.

**HAPPIEST MOMENTS**

Muntinlupa, Rizal  
July 18, 1947

Dear Editor,

I am glad you "scooped" the

"Legion Behind Bars". This magnificent work of God MUST be known.

It may interest you to know that Mr. John Murray, the representative of the Legion's highest official in the world, personally visited the Bilibid Praesidium last November 14, 1946, on the occasion of his visit to the Philippines.

Commenting on this visit to the Bilibid Legionaires, he said it was

the happiest moment of his life as a legionary. He claimed the Bilibid Praesidium a real success.

This, I believe is the greatest argument against those who might still be prejudiced against the Legion. The Legion has triumphed in Bilibid. Now I ask: Why not in the parish?

Yours in Mary,  
Ruperto T. Pelayo

Ed: With Mr. Pelayo, we ask: "Why not?"



#### Bomerang

A bishop was being patronized by a millionaire.

"I never go to church, Bishop," the millionaire said, "there are too many hypocrites there."

Oh, don't let that keep you away," said the Bishop smiling. "There's always room for one more, you know."

If religion and science quarrel, it is because we have neither religion enough nor science enough.  
—Eurlington Hawk-Eye.

Of all the riches that we hug, of all the pleasures we enjoy, we carry no more out of this world than out of a dream.—Bonnell

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