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The

LITTLE



APOSTLE

OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE



The
LITTLE APOSTLE

P. O. Box 55, BAGUIO, Philippines

Vol. XIX, No. 5 January 1950

A monthly mission magazine published by the Immaculate Heart of Mary Missionaries in the Philippines.

PURPOSE OF THE MAGAZINE:

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

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OUR COVER



**ONE YEAR OLDER...
HAPPY NEW YEAR
TO ALL**

for passage to Europe

**TAKE
MESSAGERIES
MARITIMES.**

SAILINGS

*from MANILA
to MARSEILLES:*

SS "ANDRE LEBON" :
Jan. 5, 1950.

SS "CHAMPOLLION" :
Feb. 21, 1950.

MS "LA MARSEILLAISE" :
Feb. 28, 1950.

SS "ANDRE LEBON" :
Apr. 8, 1950.

For particulars

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editorial



In 1920, POLAND was in danger. A humble priest—Father Achille Ratti, who was later to become Pope Pius XI—started, together with his people, a Novena to Our Lady.

On the last day of the Novena a group of Catholic boys with the Litany of the Blessed Virgin on their praying lips made a frontal attack on the assailants. The enemy withdrew . . .

In 1950, the WHOLE WORLD is threatened by the anti-God menace . . . And so as Pope Pius XII consecrated the whole world to the Immaculate Heart of Mary that the WHOLE WORLD MIGHT BE SAVED. He asks us to heed the warning of Our Lady of Fatima.

Nobody knew how the Roman persecutions would come to an end... Nobody knew how Poland would be saved . . .

How will the whole world of today be saved?...Our Lady gives us the answer: through PRAYER AND SACRIFICE. Are we going to apply the remedy?

May the year 1950 be for us all a year of more intensive prayer in answer to the plea of Our Lady of Fatima, so that through her intercession, the Philippines and the WHOLE WORLD might enjoy the true peace which only her Divine Son can give. May 1950 be for us all a real "Holy Year", "a year of purification and sanctification."

May this New Year see the triumph of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, "In which the world will find again true fraternity, by which it will obtain pardon and mercy of God, and with which that New City will be built in truth, justice and charity."

NOVENA OF THE LAST RESORT (Jan. 7-15)

- *General Intention:* THE PIOUS CELEBRATION OF THE HOLY YEAR.
- *Special Intentions:* 1—To obtain the means to support many more CATECHISTS in the Mountain Province.
2—Intentions of all our Readers.

PLEASE SEND US YOUR INTENTIONS.

MISSION INTENTION FOR JANUARY.

(blessed by the Holy Father)

FOR THE MISSION LANDS MENACED BY ATHEISTIC COMMUNISM.



Our readers through their daily newspapers know how Atheistic Communism is no longer a menace only to several countries in Europe but to the whole Far East. They know how Communism with its dreaded anti-God and anti-religion program has taken hold of China, the largest mission country of the world. Missionaries — who dodgedly and heroically refuse to evacuate because their Christians would have no one to care for them—are kept under a most strict surveillance. They have to go underground... They have to perform secretly—during the night and in most remote places—the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and all other Catholic ceremonies....

Corea—partly under the Reds—is struggling hard to survive free and unmolested in its free zone. Japan itself notices a tremendous increase in communist strength and activities. Indo-China is almost in the grasp of the Reds, through the Viet-Minh. Even India, Burma and Malaya are the scenes of an ever growing communist menace.

We Catholics should be convinced that **our prayers** together with **an exemplary life** are the strongest weapons against Communism. The Immaculate Heart of Mary in her repeated apparitions at Fatima has clearly indicated the way we have to follow. Let us beat our breasts... and heed the call of Mary: “**Pray and do penance.**”

There is something about a man that makes him manly; there is something about a woman that makes her womanly. And although it has been said—with much truth—that the finest man should have a little of the woman in him, tenderness and understanding, and that the finest woman should have a little of the man in her, frankness and simplicity, yet the important thing for civilization is (as Chesterton says) that men should be very manly and women very womanly.

James McCown, S.J.



TO THE FRIENDS OF THE LITTLE APOSTLE

Friendship is a blessing to one and all,
Friendship brings smiles to big and small;
Friendship means sunshine, laughter and joy;
Friendship is happiness without alloy.

At the close of an old year, at the dawn of a new,
It is meet to think of friends kind and true—
Of friends young and old, near or apart,
But in all of whom beats a generous heart.

We'd like to think that this coming year
Will see them free from all forms of fear;
That health and success be justly their share,
That them from all evil Providence would spare.

We pray the good Lord that this jubilee year
Will find you, Friends, to Him more dear,
That one day when new years will cease,
We'll all be together in heavenly peace.

...a rich mine of souls...



Lepanto is a glorious name in the Spanish history. It was, some 25 years ago, the name of one of the sub-provinces of the Mountain Province; its capital was Cervantes. Lepanto is the Italian name of Naukaktos (means: shipyard), a Greek harbor in the Gulf of Corinth, where on October 7, 1571, the Christian army, under the command of the King of Spain, defeated the much stronger army of the Musselmen. Thanks to the recitation of the Rosary in all churches, by order of Pope Pius V, the victory was gained and this memorable day became the feast of Our Lady of the Rosary.

LEPANTO

. . . . MANKAYAN

by Rev. Omer De Smet



Coming up the Mountain Trail, 'northwards' from Baguio, one might ask: "So many red trucks. . . . where do they come from? And what is the heavy load they carry?"

They all come from Mankayan and bring five to ten tons of copper concentrate from the Lepanto Mine at Mankayan to the harbor of San Fernando, La Union, from where it is shipped to the United States of America for smelting.

Mankayan has an old and interesting history.

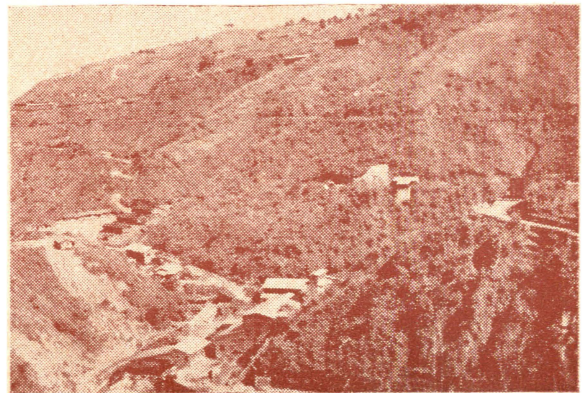
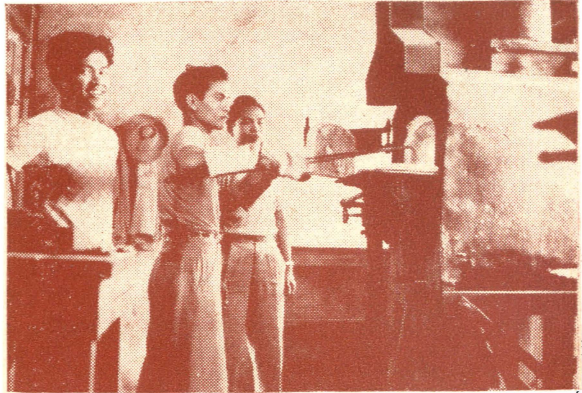
Already before the Spanish occupation much copper was brought to China from Northern Luzon, and Mankayan has the only copper mine of Luzon. Pots and mining-tools, found here by the earliest explorers, showed clearly a Chinese influence,

and the first Spaniards had found some Chinese here. The natives brought their mined products to the coast of Abra, passing over the Tila pass, where Gregorio Pilar fought the American army that drove Aguinaldo in the Mountains.

In 1864, for the first time in history, a company, the Cantabro Filipino Company, came and started the mining of the deposit, under the direction of Don Jose Maria Santos, a mining engineer loaned to the company by the Spanish Government. Don Jose M. Santos died in 1874, and one year later the Spanish operation ceased. The original tombstone of Don Jose M. Santos was discovered, and can still be seen near the powerhouse, along the road going down to the mine. It has the inscription: **AQUI YACE D. JOSE M. SANTOS. R.I.P.**

After the American occupation two other Companies failed. In 1936 the "Lepanto Consolidated Mining Company" was formed, and the next year milling operation began, and successfully continued until the Japanese occupation.

The Japanese needed copper to continue the war. They made all efforts to operate the mine, bringing over here the machineries of the gold mines of Baguio and forcing the people to work in the mine. In the beginning of 1945, after several heavy bombings, the Japs had to leave the place. After the liberation the Lepanto Consolidated Mining Company took over again, and the reconstruction program is still going on, making the place to a model mining camp. Each of the 650 employees will have at least two rooms for him and his family; they are given free medical treatment and hospitalisation, free supply of water, light and fuel, and recreation facilities. June 26, 1948 was the official day of return to operation, and since then the production is increasing. An expansion program is now well advanced to increase the



UP: THE OVEN IN THE ASSAY OFFICE.

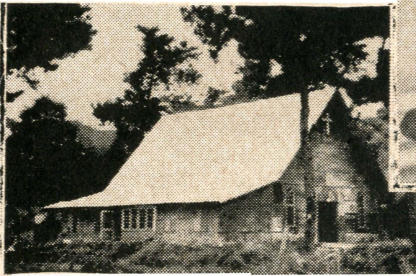
MIDDLE: REV. OMER DE SMET BLESSING THE MILL ON THE DAY OF RETURN TO OPERATION (JUNE 26, 1948)

RIGHT: GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAMP OF THE MINE.

operation of the mine from 500 tons per day to 1,000 tons daily. September production was 16,701 tons ore, containing 4.59% copper and 0.185 ounces of gold per ton. 2,563 tons of copper concentrate was produced and this yielded 1,416,675 pounds of copper, and 2,344 ounces of gold valued at 543,980.00 Pesos.

This property is the largest copper operation in the Far East. The mine is operated thru three tunnels, each 1,200 meters long, connected by shifts and ventilation raises. The vertical tunnel interval is 30 meters. Due to oxidation of the heavy sulphites of copper high temperatures are encountered which are lowered

round 1896 Father Sotero Redondo, an Augustinian Friar, was appointed as its first resident priest. At that time the center of Mankayan was right on top of the hill where at present the American Staff members are living. According to Aurelio Foster, a native of this place and who was the sacristan of Father Redondo, a rectory was built on top of the hill, and all the materials were prepared for a church. Then came the revolution of 1898. Father Redondo fled to Bontoc; after one year he came back and stayed for two months at Tubo (Muller's place), because he found his rectory dismantled, the materials of his church brought to Suyoc, and all the people evacuated



A SAMPLE OF PURE GOLD...

by a large ventilation fan, placed at the collar of a raise, which cuts the surface approximately 250 meters above the lower tunnel. All the labourers and subordinate bosses are Filipinos, and satisfactory results are obtained due to their mining knowledge.

A MINE OF SOULS.

During the last century the Spanish Missionaries, coming from Cervantes, visited Mankayan, and a-

THE LOVELY CHURCH OF MANKAYAN

MR. AURELIO FOSTER, THE FAITHFUL SACRISTAN OF FATHER S. REDONDO.

PHOTO O. DE SMET.

to the mountains. Later he was forced to go home to Spain.

Ten years later, Father Florimond Carlu, parish priest of Cervantes, visited Mankayan, and said Mass in the house of Mr. Lazaro Bibit, treasurer. Since 1937 Mankayan was under the care of the Fathers of Kayan

In 1930 Father George Cardyn built a chapel at Tabio, on the ground donated by Mr. Clement Irving. From 1937 the Fathers of Bontoc visited Mankayan. In 1940 Father Miguel Veys built a chapel in barrio Cruz, on a lot donated by Mr. Jose Navarra. In 1945 these two chapels have been completely destroyed.

After the liberation, in 1947, Father Jose de Haes parish priest of Sabangan, had a new church built in barrio Cruz. It is a building of 50 x 30 feet, with steel frame and high aluminium roof, built by free labor and donations of the people, with the generous help of the Lepanto Consolidated Mining Company. There is an adjacent room, supposed to be the sacristy, but since my appointment here, in February 1948 it is used as rectory. After panelling the interior and other improvements, on November 29, 1948, Msgr. William Brasseur came for the blessing of this church. It is dedicated to the Purification of the Blessed Virgin.

The proper dialect of the place is the Kankany-dialect. But as the mine is under the direction of foreign Staff members, and the laborers come from different Provinces, English is the official language and you can hear Tagalog and Ilocano, the dialect of Bontoc and Kalinga, of Pangasinan and the Visayas. . . . Really, over here one feels it has been a big mistake to build that famous tower of Babel.

Many natives of the center, and the majority of the population of the mine camp are Catholics; every Sunday I have my church filled up during the two Masses.

SURROUNDING VILLAGES

I am also in charge of the many surrounding native villages. Every month Holy Mass is said in three remote out stations; at Baguyos, where this year, with the cooperation of the people, a little Catholic school was opened; at Suyoc, where I use an unoccupied house for meeting place, and where all the materials are ready for the erection of a new chapel; at Senipsip, where I visit the people in the camp of the Sawmill at Km. 72.

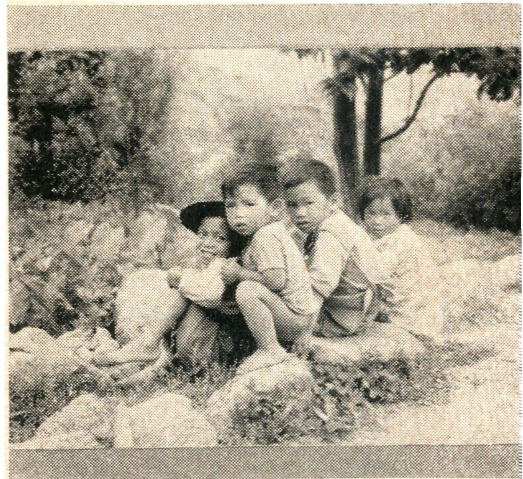
Sometimes I dream: a big capital and many people are mobilized to bring out the useful copper and the precious gold from the hard rock of these mountains; but more precious are the souls of these mountaineers! Will you help me to make them as shiny as the gleaming gold?

Yes?

Then I ask for your prayers.

—»X«—

THE YOUTH OF MANKAYAN PHOTO O. DE SMEI



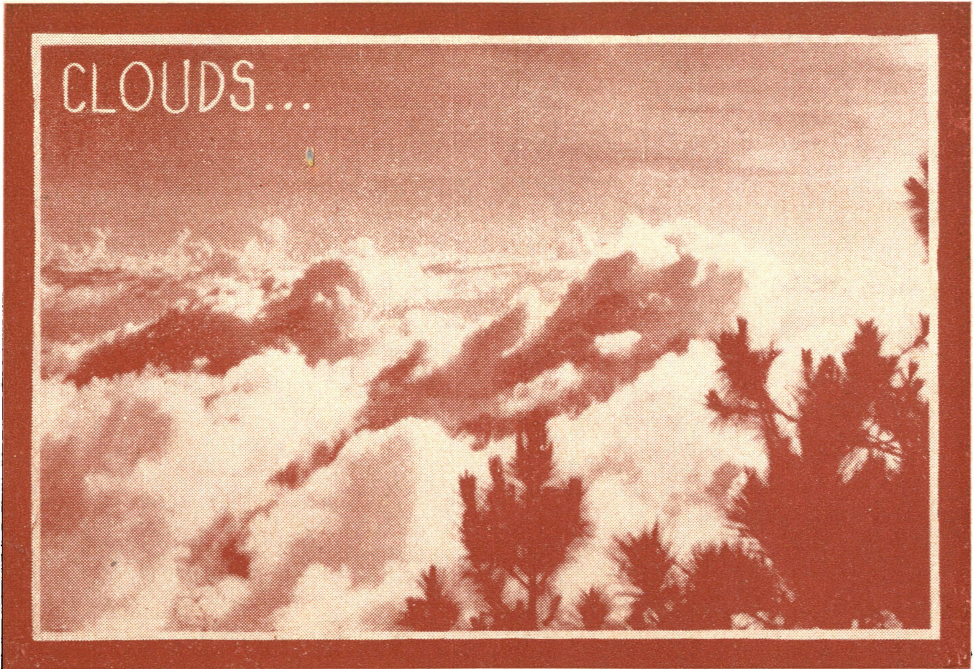


PHOTO BURNS, M.M.

THE DIVINE THEATRE

God's own stage play! Yes, right within reach of Baguio is a theatre, a curtain and a stage. And on that stage the Almighty, the Creator of all things continually, day after day, enacts a stage play which in its variety and in its magnitude leaves all other pictures and plays small and insignificant.

The Producer of this play is God Himself. Nature is the director; while for a stage you have the land and sea and sky. And the actors are those great forces of nature, the sun, the winds and clouds. Old man fog is another actor, but he doubles in two roles. Sometimes he

appears on the stage playing a vital part, and again he rears his wraith-like form in the shape of a curtain. Then you must wait in patience if you wish to see another act of this breath taking performance.

But, you say, cut short the preface, if you please, and tell us where is this theatre that we too may go and enjoy this truly great play. Ah, my friends, I must begin with an apology, lest you go to considerable effort and reap only a harvest of disappointment. For, this play, you see, follows no schedule. You know, many people have gone to Banaue to see the famed rice terraces of the Ifugao peo-

ple, only to find that they picked the wrong day or season and could scarcely leave the house for the rain, or could not see the tree at the end of the path for the fog. That's it, rain and fog, these two factors can change the play and spoil your fun.

Anyhow, the theatre of which I speak is Mount Santo Tomas. At least that is where the audience sits or walks or runs. And the stage is all the land and sea and sky round about as far as the eye can reach.

Let us suppose that you are a rugged soul and decide to stay a day or two. The Rest House will afford the bare essentials. Starting from Baguio you can reach Km. 12 safely by jeep, possibly even km. 14. There are still two kilometers which are mostly skyward.

I stayed from Sunday to Sunday. What I could see today was a forecast of what I might possibly see tomorrow. And besides being a lover of clouds, I am an amateur photographer, and it was quite impossible to leave before all the film I had was exposed.

Most likely, the first morning will be something of a shock. You may rise early and dash for a window. And what do you see? Only blankets of grey fog rushing up the Mountain on the wings of the wind at great speed and plunging into an

abyss of fog beyond you. It obscures everything from view but the gnarled and ghostlike shapes of a few moss covered trees on a nearby slope. It's cold too. Miserably so.

By ten o'clock you may curse the day you were fool enough to think of such a trip. There you stand at the window in the lobby, staring gloomily at the grey spectre rushing past your shelter into the beyond. You wonder where it comes from and whence it all goes. You think that perhaps it is best to get back down the mountain.

But look... It has thinned out. There is a hole in it. You catch sight of the air port. Your shout brings companions to your side. And before you can say "Three black sheep" the mad fog has all rushed past you, and there lies Baguio before you bathed in warm sunshine, the spires of the Cathedral reaching up, like arms lifted to God in prayer.

By now all sluggishness has left you. You race out of the house scanning all sides for the best view. You've got to get up higher, so you race up the steps to the look out post some 200 feet above the Rest House, until your pounding heart and gasping breath warn you it is steep and you better slow down.

Once on top your eyes drink it all up in a sort of spiritual gluttony. You

MY "PRIVATE OPINION."

In the Russian Sector of Berlin a German reported at the (russian) police station the loss of his parrot.

"Does he talk?" said the officer...

"He does," answered the owner; "but, please, write down that whenever he talks politics, he expresses only a 'PRIVATE OPINION' for which I am not responsible..."

see clearly all the amphitheatre of Baguio and everything in it, from Quezon Hill to the new P.M.A. site, and below it the beginning of the Zig-Zag road. On the other side is Lingayen Gulf, the peninsula, San Fernando, the Aringay river right below you, and the Hundred Islands so small and so clear you could almost gather them up in your hands. You see all of La Union and mile after mile of the flat stretches of Pangasinan with its pattern of rice fields, crossed by roads and dotted by towns. Beyond that is a repetition of the picture across the Province of Tarlac.

And then you catch your breath. What is it? An active volcano? Certainly looks like one! A perfect cone of mountain, perhaps 4000 ft. high with a tuft of white, rising like

smoke, from its crest. It is a cloud forming on the top of Mount Arayat down in Pampanga some 100 kilometers away. And while you watch it the mountain continues to vest itself. It has put on a plumed hat, then a collar, and now it drapes a white mantle about its shoulders.

Before you know it, it has got well beyond noon and you reluctantly go down to the Rest House for a bite to eat and a moment's relaxation.

By two o'clock, if you are wise, you will be back on the lookout post, or well down on the far end of it to the South. If you like clouds this is your hour.

It has been a little over an hour since you left but the act has changed and all the back drops too. All the

PHOTO BURNS, M.M.



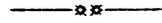
pattern of the lowlands is now obscured from sight. God has put out His sheep to pasture, and all you can see for miles, from San Fernando to Mt. Arayat is their humped up wooly backs; a great mass, spread out and surging ever so slowly, blotting out the land below. Mount Arayat is no more.

You are at an elevation of 7500 feet. From 2000 to 5000 ft, this wide lumpy or rolled up mass of wool-pack clouds is spread out as far as the eye can see. It fills you with pure joy. It is magnificent. You are on solid ground, and yet you are 2000 feet above the clouds. You seem not of this world.

Now comes the supreme moment. And lucky are you if you happen to be watching when the spectacle takes place. The hot moist air of the lowlands is covered by these strata of cumulus clouds. It gets warmer and

the clouds cannot keep it down. The warmth causes a strong draft of moisture-laden air to rush upwards and burst—I may say explode—through the strata of clouds. The moisture reaches cooler air and itself turns to cloud. It rushes on up above the wooly carpet turning every inside out, sharply outlined as though cut out with a knife, a towering billowy mass several miles high. How can words tell the variations of color and shadow, of black and grey and white; or tell the changing shapes, the great mass, the easy strength of this great cloud explosion!

It heaves its mighty form higher and higher. The sun's rays catch the edges and turn them to silver and gold. It is too wonderful. You want more, and yet feel you can scarcely bear any more. (This happened before my eyes. My film was all exposed, and I thought I should die).



**THEY AREN'T
LOOKING AT
THE CLOUDS.**

PHOTO AUGUSTIJNS

But now, the Almighty speaks, and nature takes a hand again. Fog and cloud are forming on the circle of mountains that surrounds Baguio. The East wind hurries them across the rim of the circle and out the canyon pass to the South, or following the crests above the Naguilian road to the North. These fog laden winds hurl themselves against the solid mass of air and cloud over the lowlands and do not penetrate it. The two currents meet from North and South just abreast of Santo Tomas and rear up to a height of 10000 feet. It is fascinating to watch the airy, sinuous forms, wraith like, a thousand bridal veils, rise and fall and rise again; to see them weave and twist and turn in seemingly endless motion.

But the play is over. The sun is setting back of that curtain of fog. Other scenes are being enacted but you cannot see them.

It is enough. It is dark, and you wander about restlessly, and live it all over again. But you will go to rest with a feeling that you hold something precious in your mind and heart, something few are privileged to possess. For you have seen one of God's great plays.

The Almighty does this like a child playing with a toy. And yet to watch is to be enthralled. Indeed, "the heavens declare the Glory of the Lord." If a fraction of the universe has such power to please, to know the whole scheme and see it worked out would kill us. But then, we shall be like to Him. The pleasure will approach the infinite, but we shall not die, we shall live and enjoy it forever.

AN EXCEPTIONAL VISITOR.

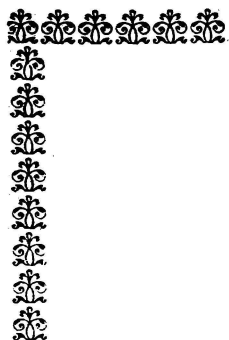
A few weeks ago, amongst a selected group of persons received in audience by the Holy Father at Castel Gandolfo were three old ladies. The Pope addressed the one who seemingly was the oldest. He seemed to ask her something the others in the room could not well hear. But the old lady in a loud voice answered: "**Holy Father, I AM 103 YEARS OLD. I WAS 30 YEARS OLD WHEN YOU WERE BORN.**" Her eyes remained dry, for—she explained later—"I am really too old now to shed tears."

Then she presented to the Holy Father her daughter, 80 years old, and her granddaughter of 58.

The Holy Father leaning gently over the old lady of 103 told her that she was the very oldest person who had ever come to ask his blessing and that he would therefore give her "**una specialissima benedizione,**" "**a most special blessing.**" Was she not the oldest of his children?

The following day's Vatican papers read: "**Yesterday the Holy Father has met the 103 years old Mrs. Palmira Lenci, Vda. de Balata who has been received as a VERY SPECIAL VISITOR, with a VERY SPECIAL BLESSING.**"





God And Firmin



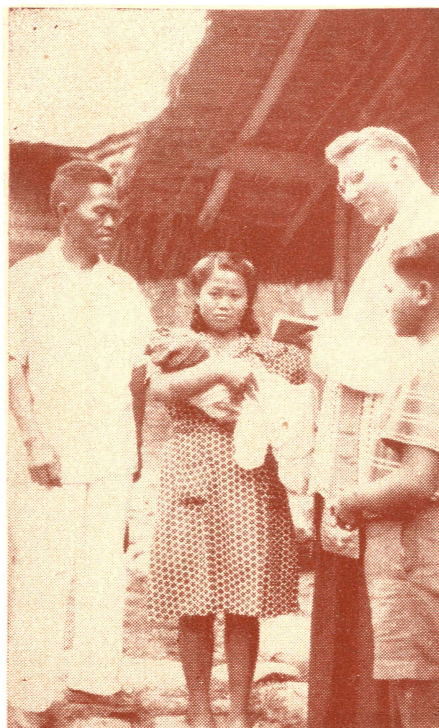
*By Rev. Louis De Boeck —
missionary at Banaue*

Japanese bombs poured death and destruction from the skies over the city of Baguio, on December eight, 1941. Other important places in the Philippines received direct hits later in the day and in the night. That day I arrived in Banaue (Ifugao, Mountain Province). What a welcome for a new priest in a new mission!

Almost at once the entire locality changed. Markets closed, transportation stopped, schools closed and the place became paralysed with fear. The people rushed to the church to pray that God would have mercy upon them.

• • •

Among those who flocked to the church was FIRMIN.



REV. LOUIS DE BOECK... IN ACTION

His devotion and attention attracted me from the beginning. Then one day he came timidly to my door and said: "Father, I want to be baptized. I want to be a Catholic." I was surprised and began to ask him questions as to points of the doctrine. He knew the answers well, and also his prayers. But, a priest has to be very sure of those who apply for Baptism.

"It is not too hard to learn the doctrine," I said to him, "but one must understand and be able to carry out the laws of the Church." He was sincere and in my heart I was convinced that he understood, and was willing to do all that was necessary. He lived in a barrio at a great distance, where there was neither a chapel nor a catechist, so I was cautious and told him again, that he would have to wait a while longer. He would go back into a very pagan place, the only baptized person in the entire countryside. His relatives and friends

were all pagans, and it would be almost impossible for him to continue as a Christian. But, when I saw his disappointed face, I promised him that later on it was possible.

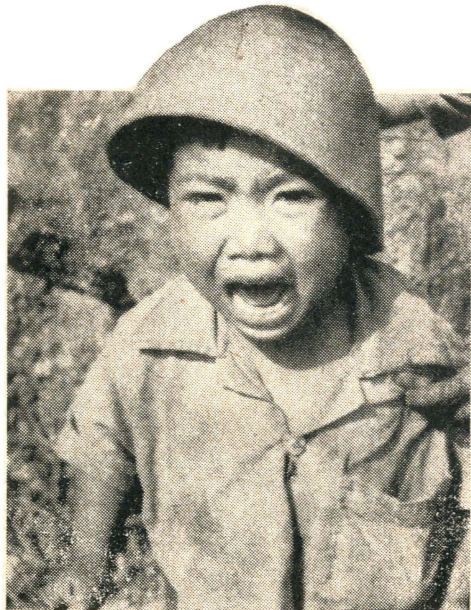
He waited but a week and was again at my doorstep: "Father, the Japanese will come to our barrio and will kill us all. I want to go to heaven when I die. Please, Father, baptize me."

Again I had to refuse him and it was hard to do. I tried to convince him that the Japanese would not go to his faraway barrio. Firmin went away with a sad face and with little hope in his heart. Another week passed and Firmin was back, and now I knew that he had won.

"Yes, Firmin," I said, "you will be baptized. After a bit of further instruction I began the Baptism. I had never witnessed a stronger faith and heard more firm answers to my questions. "I renounce...", "I believe" were said in a strong convinced voice that left no doubt. It was a sincere confession of faith and a renouncement of his past pagan life.

* * * * *

Two weeks later Banaue was wiped off the map. We fled with nothing but the clothes we were wearing. Banaue was a heap of ashes. I sought refuge in the barrio chapel in Hapao, eighteen kilometers away. Sometimes I thought of Firmin, a young Catholic among pagans and wondered if he would remain steadfast. What was my surprise on the first Sunday in my new place to see Firmin...and he was not alone.



HE DOESN'T SEEM TO LIKE THE HELMET!
PHOTO AERTS

Three girls of about twelve years of age were with him. They too knew their prayers and the doctrine. It was the work of Firmin. He had become the apostle of his village!

After that once a month Firmin came, walking all of forty five kilometers, and with him an ever-increasing number of recruits whom he had instructed. They begged for Baptism. It seemed to me then that Our Lord was using Firmin as His apostle and I was no longer reluctant to receive them and gave them hope of becoming Catholics. I told them that if Firmin remained faithful and if the first three girls would live good lives for an entire year, I would then baptize them. Later, I would baptize all those who had been faithful for two years.

A little girl's prayer: "O God, make bad people good...and good people nice."

True to their promises, they returned and on Easter Sunday 1943 all three were baptized. I was then besieged with others, all after the same thing. "Father, please baptize me. Make an exception for me! I cannot wait two whole years. We might all be killed. The war is growing worse. . . ." and many more things like this were said to me.

Indeed, the war was growing worse, so bad that I was no longer free to go about and the Japanese seemed to be watching my every movement. There was continual suffering. I saw no more of the three young girls, but Firmin was with me as my own 'boy' waiting on me and trying his best to keep me alive. But for him I might have died. Thousands of the people of the district were in the Kalawitan mountains, afraid for their lives; lying with dysentery, malaria and dying like flies.

But at long last came the liberation. I said Mass in one of the barrio houses in Banaue. The first people who attended came from Firmin's village, a boy and a girl. From them I learned that the three girls had remained faithful and that the catechumens would come the following Sunday for Baptism. On Christmas I poured the baptismal waters over men and women, boys and girls of Firmin's village. In 1947 a chapel was built. One of the new Christians offered to become a catechist. These new Christians often amaze other Christians, by their deep piety and zeal for the spread of the Faith.

Though all this gives me much joy, I know it is not my work but God's . . . and the fruit of Firmin's splendid zeal and practical Catholic Action . . . God's and Firmin's.



One of the distinguishing marks of man is that he lives a family life. The animals of the field quickly become strangers to their own parents and off-spring because their functions are purely physical. Alone among creatures, man is born into a social unit. This is most important. Unless you understand it, you will not understand why it is necessary for families to develop a spiritual life among themselves. The reason why members of the family are made dependent on each other is because each has an immortal soul. The links between them are not only physical, as with animals, but also, and above all, spiritual. That is why a truly Christian family gathers together for family prayers. That is why father, mother, and children, as a family, join together in the worship of God and kneel together at the altar rails to receive that spiritual food without which their spiritual life would perish.

—Cardinal Griffin.



**A small native boy answering for the first time a telephone call:
(At the other end of the line) "Hallo, could I speak with the Manager, please?"**

(The boy) "?? ? I beg you carton, sir . . ."

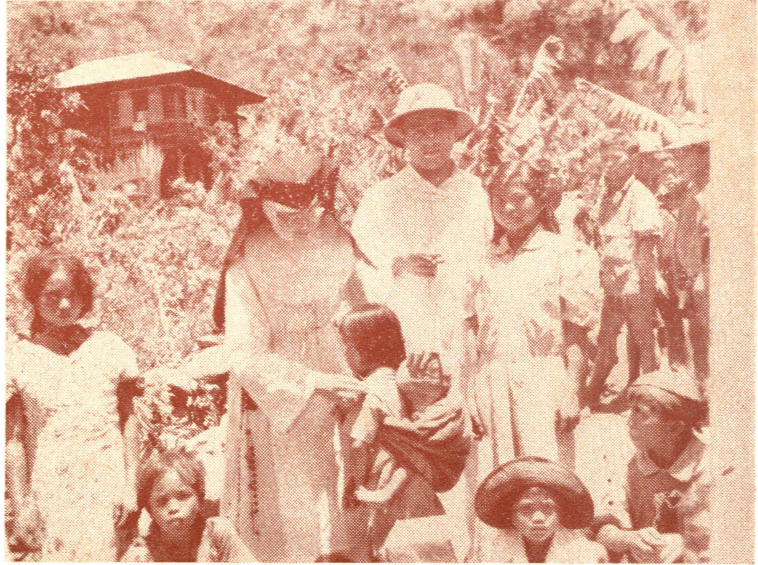


The pictures on these pages do not need any explanation... They present the missionary "in action."

Many more missionaries are needed everywhere. God will solve the problem for our asking. "Pray the Lord of the harvest that He may send laborers in His harvest." Pray that many young boys and girls may generously answer the call and then go to labor with consecrated hands and hearts to the extension of Christ's Kingdom.



"O God, who desirest that all men should be saved, and come to the knowledge of Thy truth: send, we beseech Thee, laborers into Thy harvest, and grant them grace to speak Thy word with all trust: that Thy words may run and be glorified: and that all nations may know Thee the one true God, and Him whom Thou hast sent, Jesus Christ Thy Son our Lord. Amen."



The sun of a new day dawned into the well-nigh spent life of Dalanos when he heard that he was allowed to return to his barrio in the mountains.

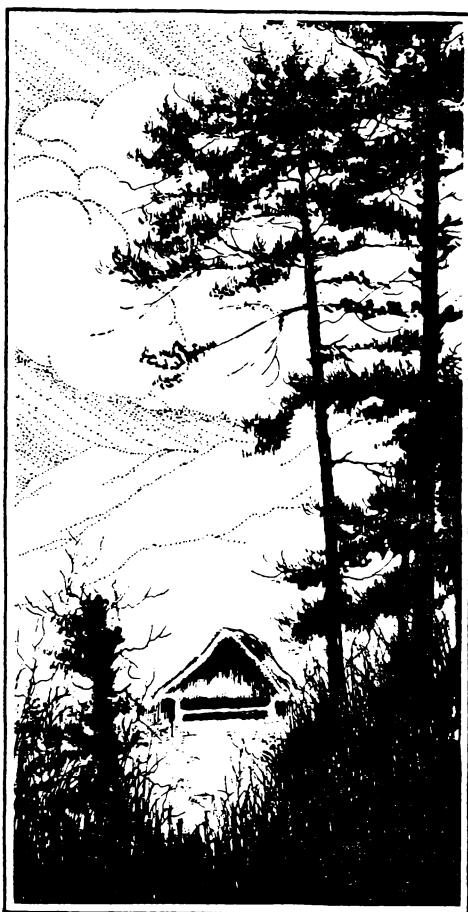
Since three months after the liberation, he had waited in a little village north of Pangasinan with thousands of refugees from the Mt. Province. At the happy tidings of his return to his barrio, his past anxiety, the horrible thought of death 'neath the scorching heat of the sun, vanished like stars at the break of dawn. Yes, the ghostly vision of sun-burned rice fields clouded with dust and forlorn looking bamboo bushes and mango trees were to fade forever. Gladly he started the long trip to dear Balbaligan.

It was a long journey home, . . . to those distant mountains whose tops were crowned with fleecy white clouds. And as he climbed higher and higher the once familiar trail, home, he breathed once more the cool, pure breeze of the mountains which he loved so well. The nearer he reached his barrio, the safer he felt, for he knew he was coming home, home to that secluded spot where he belonged. Each tree, each bush was like an old friend who welcomed him with warm greetings for his safe return. He stopped for a while to drink in all the beauty which nature had lavished so profusely over this dear site. . . his happy eyes rested on the gaping precipices which seemed to grow deeper and deeper . . . his heart swelled with joy and gratitude when he realized that the heavenly calm of those cherished mountains was again his.

Peace, quiet, forever his.

A Joyful New Year In Dagnawa

*by
Alfonso
Claerhoudt*



On the day that he arrived in Dagnawa near his ruined hut, he sat down on the slope of the mountain and looked at Balbaligan in the precipice—'t was a veritable Valley of Death. Unsightly! Ghastly! The past war left its tell-tale marks of havoc and destruction. Black, charcoaled trees, flame-swept fields gave evidence to the fierce bombings war had wrought.

Four years of uninterrupted peace had elapsed! Dalanos knew that Balbaligan was once again the sunny barrio with its numerous native huts circled round a new mission chapel. The people wore bright, smiling faces at the happy prospect of a rich, plentiful harvest of rice, maize, and camote which studded the mountain slopes. Dalanos had invited the inhabitants of Balbaligan to come to Dagnawa to celebrate the New Year. After Holy Mass on New Year's day a long procession of friends climbed the mountain trails to Dagnawa. There the children played under the "Salomagi" trees, while the savoury "lechon" was being turned golden brown on a bamboo stick over a bright, gaping hot fire. The odorous rice was being cooked in "pald-yok" ketels among the "bayabas" bushes as gray rings of smoke rose high above the trees. Meanwhile, the fresh tremor of children's voices who sang native songs rent the air. The New Year festivity was in full swing. The resplendent sun bore witness to all these merry-making as

its golden rays shone on bright, beaming, happy faces.

It was on this New Year's morning that Dalanos stood among the motely crowd and motioned for silence. The old folks stood erect and called everyone, "Come near and listen—old Dalanos will speak. They all gathered in a big circle round the good old man, the father of the village.

He started, "To all of you, old people, fathers, mothers, children, grandchildren, I wish a happy New Year! God bless us during this New Year and it shall be truly happy if we make good use of it. This year shall again pass quickly. I am already old as many among you are . . . yet it seems as if we have not yet lived. The past has disappeared like the shadow of the clouds over the mountain-tops, like the smoke above our huts at the advent of the morning breeze. Many of us shall perhaps return to God this year . . . We know not what the future holds for us. Shall it be happiness or sorrow in the next life? All of you who are listening now keep my words in your heart, so that this New Year may be a source of blessing for you. God knows our life, our actions, omissions, happiness, sorrows and labors. All must be borne for Him because He is our Creator. Everything has to be returned to Him. When the time for plowing the fields and planting the rice arrives, do not forget, it is God Who gives us the

BLIND.

- "Did you bring my letter to the mayor?"
- "Yes, sir. But I believe it will help nothing. I noticed that the mayor is blind.
- "What? Blind? Why do you think he is blind?"
- "Well . . . because when I gave him your letter, he asked me twice: 'Where is your cap?' . . . and I had it on my head . . ."



PHOTO STANDAERT.

sunshine and everything needed for a plentiful harvest. If after the harvest we celebrate the "fiesta" do not forget it is also God Who gives us that happiness. If we are sick and death visits our huts, let us remember it is God Who comes to our homes, to lend a sympathetic ear to our griefs as we pray, 'Father Who art in Heaven have pity on us. . . . They will be done.' If Sundays and Holydays call us to church, let us rest from our labors—let us not forget that it is the Lord's day and He will care for our needs. Let us give every new day of this year to God and everyday shall show us His goodness—in this way, the New Year will be for us old

people, fathers, mothers, children, grandchildren, a happy year and everyone of us shall repeat in his heart 'How good and merciful God is to us!' Believe me, God is good to us. He is a good Father Who loves very much His children. To conclude, I wish you all again a Blessed New Year.'

The whole day, a huge crowd took part in the New Year's festivities in old Dalanos' house, which was a bit of a Paradise. Somehow, they felt that they belonged to one big family who lived together under one roof. . . these simple, home-loving people who on this New Year felt as never

before the peace and joy of a good heart. Aware though of life's hardships that awaited them, they did not lose courage, convinced of the Fatherly protection of a Good God Who gave them this beautiful world and Who loved them so.

Twilight left its last golden streaks of light in the blue skies on Mt. Bak-tang. And as the fog rose out of the ravines between the trees, the celebrants returned to Balbaligan near the river where they built fire in front of their huts. All was peaceful, serene in Dagnawa, when the happy Dalanos took himself to prayer and thought of the Good God Who was so near. Never had he been so happy in his life...he understood the ecstatic joys that flooded the souls of those united to Him...God was very near and will ever be near...today...tomorrow...the future tomorrows...yes, all the days of this New Year...He was to be found everywhere...in the high heavens as well as on this low earth...in the gentle ripple of the streams...in the stillness of the cemetery where the dead reposed on blessed soil marked by a cross. Yes, He was there in a special way in the Mission Church, where His all pervading presence is keenly felt; He was there to console many a weary heart and warm it with the fire of His Divine Love.

The long night found Dalanos in a deep, protracted meditation beside the glowing fire. One could hear the soft sighing of the evening breeze and the gentle song of the rushing waters from the precipices. High up in the bright heavens the silvery stars spoke of the glory, the splendor, the wondrous spell of the night...

Yes, the Divine Artist was embodied in the magical charms of the evening...Dalanos felt God's warm presence. And he loved Him all the more.

A faint smile played on his lips as his enraptured eyes pierced the black of night...he sighed...
"O if I could but die in this blessed longing for God!"

• ★ •

PHOTO AERTS



★ *Did You Know That...* ★

HOLY YEAR

“Announcements of pilgrimages reach us continually and show that the number of pilgrims will be greater than that during previous Jubilees. . . . **Every Catholic must make the spirit of the Holy Year his own by intensifying his prayers and improving his life.** Prayer and personal sanctification: these are sure guarantees that “with the inspiration and grace of God, the coming Great Jubilee will yield most salutary fruits both for the pilgrim personally and for the whole of Christian Society.”

Albino Gallego
in the *Official Bulletin of the Holy Year*,
Number 6-7

The Holy Year is officially inaugurated with the opening of the “holy door” by the Holy Father. Why is the “door” walled up and opened only every 25 years? In former times sinners who took refuge in the Lateran Church in Rome were guaranteed “protection” from harm, from punishment, from violence a.s.o. However, this privilege was so greatly abused that the pope ordered the “door-of-refuge” to be walled up, except during certain periods.

The great Jubilee Indulgence can be gained only by those who can go to Rome (with a few exceptions — through special concession).

However, it is customary to extend the same Jubilee Indulgence the following year to all who were not able to go to Rome, provided they meet the imposed conditions.

The official poster of the 1950 Holy Year represents the obelisk of St. Peter’s, St. Peter’s Square and the Basilica resplendent in the sun. The legend, which forms a cross with the top of the obelisk, reads:

“MAY THIS GENUINELY HOLY
YEAR BE FOR THE HUMAN FAMILY
THE HARBINGER OF A NEW ERA
OF PEACE, PROSPERITY AND PRO-
GRESS.”

Through the advertising of Catholic truths by the Knights of Columbus of America in national magazines 304,470 have requested further information about the Catholic Church, and 20,397 non-Catholics have enrolled for correspondence courses for instruction in the Catholic religion.

(Action Now)

“The greatest danger to the Church today is that the workers know nothing, absolutely nothing, of the social doctrine of the Church.”

PIUS XII to Canon Cardijn

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**SHORT ECHOES..
FROM THE FIELD**

SABLAN, BENGUET

KABUGAO, APAYAO

DECEMBER 8

Nothing very spectacular... Not a great town (one can count the houses of the "Central Barrio" on his fingers.) No residences of strong materials... Not many cars... Not a single '49 model... But... lots of people... the majority of them native Igorrotes... They are very smartly and modestly dressed... they are very devout... Indeed it is the feast-day of their heavenly Mother and Patroness, December 8.

There were no dances... , there was neither cow nor pig slaughtered for a common repast... , there was no queen reigning over the fiesta but the Queen of Heaven and earth... , the Queen of Virgins.

The little Sablan chapel was filled to capacity and seventy five per cent of the faithful received Our Lord in Holy Communion. No doubt Our Lord and His Immaculate Mother must have smiled down upon them with a heavenly pleasure. Catholics of Sablan: MABUHAY! "Keep on keeping on" walking on that path, for it is the only true one. Somewhat narrow at times... but safe and sure.

• • •

Offerings for Masses and the many needs of the Missions are gladly accepted and disposed of according to the wishes of the donor.

ANGELS IN HEAVEN

One night, at a very unholy hour, I received an urgent call. "Father, come quickly! You are needed at the other side of the river. Please take some medicine with you."

In no time I was ready. With the messenger, I crossed the turbulent river, carefully groping my way over the stones. After this perilous crossing, the journey was comparatively easy. I soon found myself in a darkened room where I discerned in one corner a woman seated on a mat. She had just given birth to twins, I was informed.

From her strained features and the concerned faces of those around her, I sensed that all was not as it should be, and that it was no longer the time for me to make use of the medicine I had in my kit. There was only one thing left for me to do.

With the consent of the father, I baptized the twins to whom I gave the names Teresita and Maria. To Adela, the mother, I administered the last Sacraments. As I prayed, I encouraged those around me to do likewise. Before leaving, I gave them a little bottle of holy water. My task was fulfilled—the rest I left in the hands of Divine Providence.

The next morning after Mass, the relatives of Adela came to me. "Good news for me, Pio?" I inquired from one of them.

"Adela and the twins left for heaven early this morning."

"Well, Pio, there are three more angels from our mission in heaven!"

..... Three more angels in heaven! Does not this thought make the missionary's hard life worthwhile?

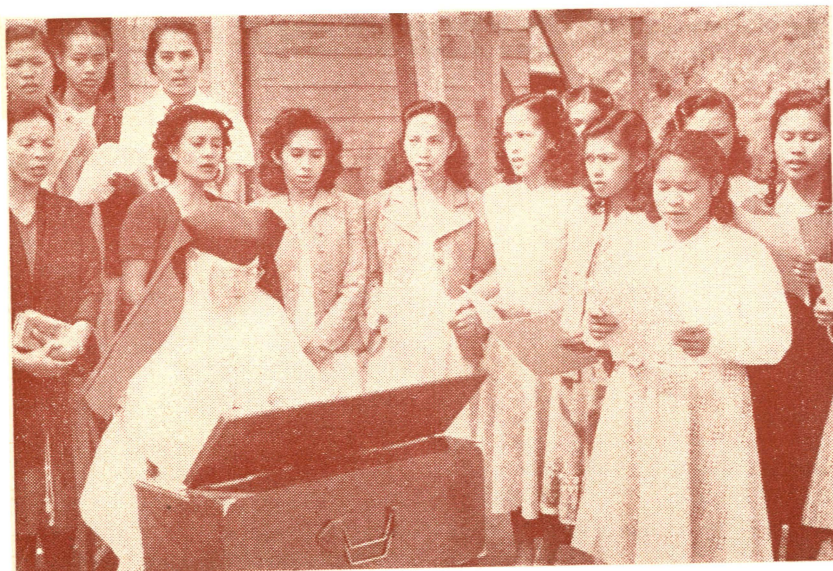


PHOTO AERTS

MY OLD HARMONIUM

by
Rev. Father De Brabandere

★ ★ ★

I got my harmonium in 1923. It cost four million marks. Yes, four million. The person who donated it wrote me that the money she had used to pay for it weighed almost as much as the harmonium itself. (She had used the German money the value of which had greatly depreciated after World War I).

In my mission chapel, it stood as an ornament and as one of its most precious jewels. When my organist knew how to play, it responded to his touch and produced such sweet tunes that even the one who had no ear for music could be made to sing correctly. During the Sunday High Mass, it made the devout natives spellbound, and more than one confided to me that he came to Mass to hear "beautiful music".

Little children after classes often slipped into the church unobserved and tiptoed up to the harmonium. Carefully they lifted the lid and let their finger travel up and down the keyboard in an effort to extract a few notes. When they succeeded to produce a sound or two, they scampered off happily. You see, they feared that Father might have heard them.

For more than twenty years it did its duty. For the greater honor and glory of God it attracted more people to Him by its appealing voice. It could sing joyfully on happy days, and throb mournfully whenever there was a burial or a "pamisa, responso cantado".



Then came the war—the evacuation—the shelling and bombing.

It was out of question to carry along the harmonium as we ran from one hiding place to another. Most of the buildings which we considered safe for sheltering had either been destroyed or occupied by the enemy. In the end, it was decided to leave the harmonium right where it was—in the church.

Our little town was the target of the liberator's shelling and bombing. Shells poured down from the big guns on the mountain slopes twenty five kilometers away. Then what we feared finally happened! Our little church received a direct hit right on the side where the harmonium stood!

People who had just left the town found us in a sheltered valley. From them we learned the sad state of things. The harmonium had been totally destroyed together with a large panel of the west wall of the church. The roof, pierced with hundreds of sharpnel holes hung above precariously.

When the all-clear signal was given, I returned home. Sadly I

stood beside the gaping side of the church and looked down on what remained of my precious harmonium. My convento on the other side was partly destroyed and partly looted.

I considered the loss of my harmonium greater than the loss of many other things put together. Keenly I felt the need of it on the first day I said Mass after liberation! Had it been there, how eloquently it would have expressed our joy at being free once again—free to think, speak, and pray!

Since then, our church ceremonies are done in silence. We never have sung Masses anymore. My flock fear to sing a note without the sure tones of the harmonium to support them. They often come up to me to complain that something is missing in our church since they no longer hear the "music from heaven".

Little children who never saw the harmonium learn from the older ones, who used to steal in to play a note or two, how before the war, angels seemed to come down and sing with them as the harmonium played. These little ones ask, "Father, when will we learn to sing with the music that comes from heaven?"

The harmonium has become almost a legend. My older parishioners, as they sit around in the quiet evenings smoking their pipes, speak of the good old days when the church rang out with joyous peals from the "box that came from heaven". They ask themselves, "Shall we ever have an harmonium again?"



"E arly in the seventeenth century, the masters of Central America and South America needed laborers to cultivate the soil and exploit the gold mines. The traffic in Negro slaves began. The coasts of Guinea, the Congo, the Angola became the market for slave dealers. Because of its position in the Caribbean Sea Cartagena became the chief slave mart of the New World. Each month hundreds of slaves were brought to this port. These slaves who were referred to as "black cattle" were hunted and captured in their native villages like animals, were bought for a dollar each and sold for two hundred dollars in Cartagena.

Into this city came PETER CLAVER, a shy, timid young missionary, who was to spend forty-four years of his life ministering to the unfortunate "black cattle". He met each boat and took the fear-crazed slaves under his personal care. These poor human beings were usually packed in bundles of six with chains around their necks and ankles, wedged under decks where no sunshine ever penetrated and in stench that was beyond description. Once in twenty-four hours they were given water and maize. Usually about a third died on board.

When they arrived at Cartagena they were covered with sores, vermin and filth. Frantic with fear because of the brutal way in which they were treated and terrified at the prospect of worse evil, they were indeed a pitiful sight to behold. Despite their awful stench, Peter Claver washed them, dressed their sores and wounds, made beds for them, clothed them

and spoke words of kindness to them. Beneath the repulsive countenance of each, he saw the suffering Christ and he caught the echo of the divine voice saying: "Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these, the least of my brethren, you did it to Me". He instructed them in the teachings of Christ and baptized them.

But his trials were not from the traders alone. So-called Christians objected to Peter administering the Sacraments to the slaves, who they intimated scarcely possessed a soul. They refused to enter the churches where Peter held services for the "black cattle".

Then a strange thing happened. Peter, the shy, timid servant of God, became the courageous protector of his black charges. He became assertive and sought to defend them from their brutal oppressors. He applied himself harder than ever in his works of mercy. Now his charges included prisoners and lepers. He made it a custom to be with the condemned at the time of execution and sought to reconcile them to God before death. Occasionally the rope would break and Peter would take the shrieking victim in his arms and hold him close to his heart.

Toward the end of his life he was so worn out that he had to be strapped to his horse when he made the rounds of the harbor, the prison and the leper house. When he died his black friends stooped to kiss the floor of the room that held his body and prayed to his departed spirit which spent itself in love for them.

• • •



THEY WRITE TO LILY...

Dear Lily:

There is a bad girl in our school and she has nails like a cat and she gets rabid and calls others Igorrote. Then I said "stop please, because Lily is very good and receives Jesus, and she is my sister." My dear Lily, I also like to see you and Tirso who prays for me and for Mama. Will you also pray for Uncle Pepe? He will go to Hell because he says to Mama: "You go to Mass; I don't." He has no rosary. I am going to send you one for praying for Uncle Pepe, so that Mama will not cry. He is her brother. He always gives me candy. Then I said: "I shall pray for you." "No need," he answered. But I do and you also, will you?

Lily, good that there are deer and wild pigs in your place for Papa said: "Gee! That's it. I might go hunting in your Lily's place." "Daddy", I said, "can I go with you?" He did not say 'no'; but laughed. He is so very very good, Lily. Daddy is always in Manila. We are always happy when we hear the roar of the airplane, because he maybe is inside and then he runs up the stairs and Mama puts baby in his arms and he dances with baby until baby cries and Mama laughs and takes Bee back and kisses Bee and Bee smiles. Then we have lechon and Mama plays piano and Daddy sings: "When Mama's Eyes Are Smiling, You Can Hear The Angels Sing" and we can not. But we are all very very happy. Daddy says to Mama: "Ma, this is a corner of Heaven." Jesus is sitting on a golden chair above the piano and there are flowers too and my wreath of sampaguitas I gather every morning for Jesus on His throne.

And then we say the rosary and Daddy lights two candles. Then he goes to Manila again and I am the one who lights the two candles every night. Jesus with His red Heart is on His throne in our sala and Mama says He is also in my little heart and yesterday I asked her: "Also in Lily's?"

Your 'friend

My Little Lily:

How should I begin my letter? I think I should start it by greeting you first a very "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," although you do not know me yet.

Lily, I'm a student in St. Joseph's College, Manila I'm in the second year. Our class adviser and all the other Sisters are very kind.

As I am a subscriber to "The Little Apostle," I'm receiving monthly a copy. I notice that the issues are becoming nicer and nicer. I

received the December issue yesterday and I've read your letter to Carmencita. Oh, how nice! I enjoyed reading it. I hope that we will also become "friends" through this letter. I like very much to have friends like you, Lily.

Thank you. I will always pray for the non-Catholics there and everywhere. Please pray for me, also. This is all and I hope you will like my Christmas card to you.

Merry Christmas, again!!!

Your friend

• • ★ ★ • •

WHO HELPS THE YOUTH OF APAYAO?

Thanks to the officials who have helped us in a special way, the children are beginning to leave off the free, daily life of the barrio and are learning to submit themselves to the rules of the school. I have found crowded classrooms, not only in Kabugao Central, but also in the barrios of Lettuakan, Badduat, Karagawan, Dagara, Nagbabalayan, Musimut, Labbang, Dibagat, Namaltogan, Butao, Tubang, Bulu, Kumao, Baliwanan, Langnao, Bayag and Tanlagan.

What is most consoling, however, is the sight of the children's faces lighting up with interest as they follow their lessons. And the pupils cannot be otherwise than interested since the teachers, who come from the lowlands, spare themselves no effort and sacrifice in their earnest desire to help the youth of these far and isolated barrios. Their work is a blessing to the mission, for youth without religion makes a mission without a future, peopled by men leading purposeless lives.

To help our children more and to further our aim of bringing Christ into their midst, I have engaged four new teachers who have taken the responsibility of giving religious in-

struction to the people. We wish we had more, but for the present, we have to content ourselves with what we have. Unless someone will help us provide for the 1,200 schoolchildren of Kabugao district.

Rev. Andres Van Daele.



FROM MANGO PILFERING TO CLOISTER



LITTLE Ernesta's heart was set on receiving Jesus, Who—she was informed upon her eager inquiry—was living in that small house upon the altar, and Who was given to people who would like to get Him. At any cost, she was such a one and she must get Him. But—nobody should know about—! So, quite casually, here and there she dropped questions: "What must people do if they wish to receive Jesus? How are they to prepare?"

Her sisters and brothers told her: "You are very naughty...; you have to tell all your sins to the priest in confession!" —So she set about watching people going to confession. She noticed that Saturday afternoon was the proper time. As then one Saturday afternoon Ernesta's mother told her to lie down for siesta, the little girl pretended to sleep; as soon as the others were in Morpheus' arms, she stealthily crept out of the house into the garden. There she found her friend, who possesses the experience of confession.

As the priest was not yet in the nearby church, they both yielded to the temptation of the moment: to climb up grandmother's mangotree and secure some —oh so delicious!—green mangoes..... That feat was quickly accomplished, but soon grandmother's stern voice roused their sleeping consciences... Emptying their laps of the green load, they decided to unburden themselves of their guilt right away. So entering the church, they filed up among the penitents... Little Ernesta's unconventional confession must have been a simple, sorrowful telling of juvenile misdeeds!

Ernesta's mother, ignorant of her little daughter's whereabouts, found her finally in the church.

The following morning little Ernesta donned festive attire and being asked for the reason of it answered: "I am going to Mass." —She hurriedly left the house to escape further questioning with regard to her avoided breakfast. When it was time to approach the communion rail, she left her place and through her veil attentively watched her neighbors how they behaved in receiving Our Lord..... So finally she possessed Him Whom her young soul had so ardently desired!..... As she knew no formal prayers, her thanksgiving was a heart-to-heart talk with Jesus. From that time on Ernesta was a regular guest at the Holy Table... and Jesus, as is His wont, responded by giving her a religious vocation.

Ernesta became a happy and useful religious.

S. F.



✠ OUR FAMILY CIRCLE ✠

The HOLY FAMILY (Jan. 8) is the "model family."
JESUS lives the simple life of a carpenter's boy. Silently He teaches children to obey God's Commandment: "Honor thy father and thy mother."

MARY spends her time spinning, weaving and sewing; scrubbing, washing, cooking a.s.o. She is the model of mothers and wives.

JOSEPH works hard to support his family. He is a model of civic loyalty to the government... A model in observing God's law.

The trees that adorn the earth and give us juicy fruits do not grow in a noisy...spectacular way. It is in the dark bosom of the earth that the seed develops and shoots.

So it is with man's moral foundations of character laid in the obscurity and seclusion of the home...of the family circle.

Fathers, Mothers, Children: Imitate the simple honest living of the Holy Family at Nazareth. May the feast of the Holy Family help you in renovating and sanctifying family life.

No nation can ever be stronger than the homes that compose it.
No nation can know peace if the homes within the nation know only discord.

Compare YOUR family to the model family, the HOLY FAMILY.
Mold the Family Circle on the basic pattern of the Holy Family...;

a family obedient to the laws of God,
a family founded on deep faith,
a family devoted to Christ, to Mary and to Joseph.



Saint Francis Xavier, apostle and patron of the Propagation of the Faith, proclaimed that there is no conversion possible without Mary. "I have found," he writes. "that people rebel at the Gospel every time that I forgot to show the image of Christ's Mother next to the Cross of the Saviour."

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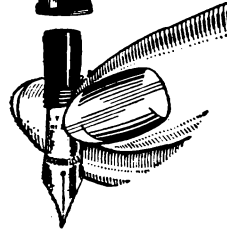
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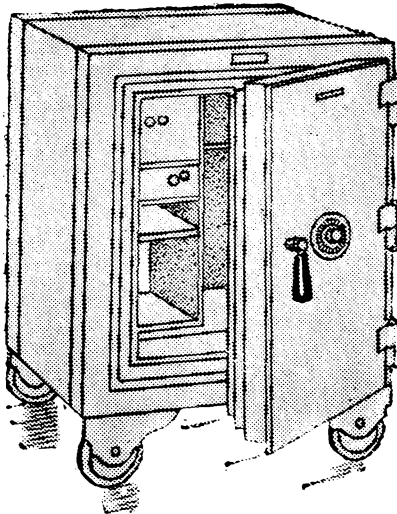
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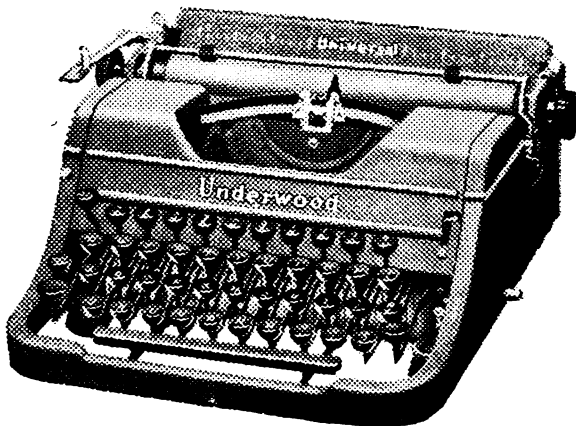
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