

OAF'S WIEDERSEHEN



VICENTE N. LIM

now alex

the carnival's over... the hayride's ended... it's the final issue we're putting out this time.

somewhere in the news section you'll probably find that our boss (Leo Bello/Emilio B. Aller/E. B. A., etc.) got the Cebu Press Club's award for the best written editorial... of course we won (natch!), and i wonder what the editor got for a prize... couldn't be a ream of bond paper or a roll of typewriter ribbon, could it, leol!

alex, no one can raise any kicks about this here journal... it's been done with the most work and the least assistance (eh, leol!) and in several, table-hopping places... we used to have a CAROLINIAN room in the basement below the bookstore before, y'know, so, instead of slaving in a dingy, musty, cobwebby attic... we pushed our pens in a lukewarm, airless, cellar room we lovingly called our office.

then we moved out and surrendered that room to the lensman for a laboratory, darkroom, office and sitting room combined... we lugged what paraphernalia we had up to the lib. arts dean's office... and vanished one by one... displaced persons! they never had it so bad in Czechoslovakia.

pretty soon there was another funny rumor about this magnificent, wonderful college organ getting a fixed, set, stationary place of its own by ousting the topkicks in that "Visiting Room" or what the heck it is, near the lobby of the main entrance... the gag said they'd allow the staff to occupy that in the pursuit of better facilities and working space for the crowd who runs the official organ of the student body, hah.

so now it's all over and done with, like the copy and the dummy and the rewrite and all the stuff that is crumpled and thrown away in an overcrowded metal wastebasket when the whole setup is set up and packed for shipment to the printers.

we wonder who next term's crowd are going to be, and, who-ever they be, we hope the ruts are smoother... the ed gets headaches and forced insomnia, and we get a lot of sore backs, aching wrists and limp fingers in the service of this marvelous, grateful, gal-amorous bunch of overgrown juvenile kickers we love to call Carolinians.

that'll be all, alex, from.

herbie.

Passing THROUGH

• by VNLIM

You wouldn't know how swiftly the days roll off the calendar, how rapidly Time ticks off the watch... Just a few days ago it was mid-term exams; then it was all over but the nervous, fearful, nail-biting, hair-pulling wait for the results. Then along came USC Day with all its accessories in the manner of compulsory purchase of tickets, hopeful, promising — and then disappointing! — raffle tickets, labor with decorating materials, scissors and glue over floats and rented buggies. Then, that, too, was all over. And now, the heck with it, we are stared at by the leering, ominous, threatening bloodshot eyes of the Finals peering around the corner!

I meant to sort of conduct a one-man poll of all the teachers' opinion on finger-snapping in class in order to attract the prof's attention when raising one's hand to recite. Everytime someone does that, I'm reminded of hack stands and cheap restaurants. You snap your finger and yell "Hey, cabbie!" or "Oh, waiter" when you want service in those places. Of course it's all so silly and insignificant... but always that harmless gesture brings to mind impoliteness or lack of breeding. When I started to query our professors on the matter, their replies were rather discouraging, so let's put it on ice and to heck with it anyway. One prof said, "It depends..." and I'll be d... if I knew just what he meant. Another pounchy, sagging-jowled, wrinkled-browed top man around the third floor flaily said "No, it does not annoy me." A third one said — but enough of the sorry story. I wouldn't know how (America's) Dr. Kinsey and his interrogators did it with their questions!

A lot of Law boys are going to be glad they're reviving the summer law classes (with me heading the list, if you don't mind my saying). But if there's going to be a mess of red tape about entrance to those summer classes, why then, hang it all anyway. I'll switch over to poultry raising...

Well, friends, this is our last issue for this term. Am I glad. Now the shadow of the Vanishing Shadow vanishes. Or, the Vanishing Shadow's shadow. (Continued on page 31)

OUR FIGHT . . .

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places in the Philippines, the general complaint assumes alarming proportions. We hear of the law at times thwarted by a technicality. Here we have a clear case of deliberate, calculated suppression of all good intentions underlying the law on religious instruction by three Masons sworn to eliminate religion in the public schools.

As a matter of fact, these "honorable gentlemen" do not (for they cannot) categorically deny their membership in the infamous "Special Committee For the Elimination of Religious Instruction in the Public Schools," nor successfully repudiate its chairman's report of their activities. That report was recently confirmed by the author and chairman of the said committee, Dr. Baradi, who virtually admitted the authenticity of the published photostats and the veracity of the contents therein, implicating Messrs. Putong, Trinidad and Pangilinan. For their activities, these three honorable Masons received a special commendation in the December 1951 issue of the "Cabletown," official organ of the local Masons. Yet, true to form, Putong and Co. now shout "Fresure" and "Persecution" against the din of the people's indignation that followed the exposé of their treachery. They want us perhaps to fold our arms and leave them to their worst designs. They would rather have us play the role of the legendary monkey who pretend to hear not, see not and know not — while the three wisecracks play their neat little trick of "The Vanishing Religion" upon the plastic minds of our youth.

We liked to think we had only the Communists to reckon with in our fight for justice and truth. But these three top educators turn out to be just like Communists, for they operate in much the same way. They live upon our institutions, take shelter upon our freedoms, glibly quote our laws. . . even as the devil would quote the Scripture to serve its own purposes. A Communist would infiltrate into a munitions plant, maneuver himself into some key position and, if you're lucky, you catch him all set to burn the plant down. These three public officials are, in their own surreptitious way, just as guilty of Sabotage as the Communist intruder. Like Greek warriors of old, they ride concealed in the wooden horse of liberalism and infiltrate unnoticed

Editorials . . .

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Why did Senator Abada try to grossly distort the issue more by asserting that the situation is that of the majority persecuting the minority when the Catholics are only availing of legal, justified and reasonable means guaranteed in a Democracy to petition for the redress of grievances as vouchsafed for by the Supreme Law of the Land? He is trying to pull the wool over our eyes, perhaps believing that we are too naive to detect it.

And why should we entrust into the hands of those who have secretly pledged themselves to expel religion out of the classrooms, the most delicate task of molding the lives and characters of our youth and generations of Filipinos? This should wake us up from our lethargy. Don't let it be said of us by posterity that we simply shrugged our shoulders with indifference or stupidly blinked our eyes with resigned unconcern at the very moment when the future of our youth and that of our children's children were at stake. Preposterous!

Emilio B. Aller

into the citadels of our faith, the better to perform their bizarre mission — the annihilation of a people's creed.

A Filipino, like all other men, is composed of body and spirit. Kill the spirit, and you have less than a man. Deny that spirit the nourishment for a healthy growth, and you will have at best an automaton, schooled in the three R's, but weak in morals — ruthless, hopeless, aimless. A nation of such men cannot last.

It was, to be sure, a measure of common protection, at once a credit to the vision and the genius of our founding fathers who moulded the Constitution, that the provision for optional religious instruction was included in our fundamental law. Surely they were not joking when they inserted that. A Constitution that invokes the guidance of Divine Providence in its Preamble cannot but reveal the sincerity of purpose and the loftiness of the spirit of its framers. The provision on religious instruction is certainly intended for just that — religious instruction, regardless of whether the religion to be taught be Catholic, or Protestant or *Iglesia ni Kristo*. But the triumvirate of Putong, Trinidad and Pangilinan, for what are now known to be obvious reasons, prefers to leave the youth free from religion in much the same way that a man with murder in his heart would leave a drowning child free of a life-guard's assistance.

Protestations of good faith or promises of reform from these people are entirely useless. Their dual personalities, their faithlessness to a public trust and disregard of a bounden duty, render them unfit for the positions they now hold. As

Masons, they took an oath to obey its laws and resolutions. As public officials they subscribed to another oath — to enforce the laws of the land "without mental reservation or purpose of evasion." Which oath is stronger to these men? Good Masons, the Masonic organ has cited them for "faithful and inspired service" . . . hailed them as "genuine sources of inspiration" for all faithful Masons. But what is their record as public officials? Did they not pervert the law on religious instruction when they subjected it to the option of public school officials rather than that of the parents? Did they not stifle its benign objectives when they considered religious instructions as an unwelcome extra-curricular activity instead of an optional subject intended to be taught "as part of the curriculum?" Which oath did they foreswear? As Masons, they complied with their assigned mission (to eliminate religion) . . . a mission which is inconsistent with their oath as public officials to uphold the laws of the land (including that which provides for religious instruction). Isn't there a case of perjury here? And is a perjurer an honest public official?

But where do we Catholics come in and what are we supposed to do

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PASSING THROUGH . . .

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down vanishes. Or make one up yourself and mail me the tongue twister. And don't make it a twang tester!

It's been nice, showing YOU what a crackpot a joke like a Law freshman can be, eh.

S'long, people. . . hope you do better with your attempts at college than I did with my Roman Laws 1 and 2.