



HER FOND gaze rested on the photograph on the piano. It was the picture of a young man of about nineteen or twenty. He is handsome, she thought with pride. Her eyes went over each feature lingeringly, caressingly over the warm dark-brown eyes so like her own eyes that somehow promised a wealth of understanding and compassion over the straight finely molded nose over the sensitive mouth.

This was a picture of her Bert taken on his graduation day. That was the day before that other memorable one when, at breakfast he told her of his desire to enter the Jesuit seminary in Manila.

She remembered that day with a good deal of pride as much in herself as in him. He had never known, not even suspected, as he talked in impassioned tones about his being sure the priesthood was

for him that she was dying many deaths inside. She had talked to him, calmly, soberly, even with her usual quiet cheer. She had raised no objections although her whole being rebelled against the idea of giving up her only son she had simply asked him to be sure. He was sure. "Think of it, Mums - to be able to go into this world, farthest, remotest corners - to teach the faith - help save souls - to lead so complete, so dedicated a life - that's for me, Mums."

Alone in her room in the lonely darkness, she had cried out her heart's aching. The struggle had been long and bitter.

But by the time he left for Manila, she had come to a resignation that was without bitterness. She remembered how it had been he who had broken down at the airport how she had been the stronger how he had taken courage from the proud smile she

had flashed at him as he waved at her from the plane window.

When he was away at the seminary she had known many lonely days. But there never had been bitterness. She received his weekly letters with happiness.

They were young, enthusiastic, eager missives. And always, as if to reassure her, the lines:

"I am surer than ever that this is the life for me. I can hardly wait to begin the real task."

And then, only two months ago, the telegram: "Your boy sick. Come immediately."

Her Bert had broken down under the strain. He had been so intense, so eager about his studies; specially Latin which surprisingly he could not pass that the nervous breakdown resulted.

During those two weeks at the hospital she had not attempted to observe her boy as carefully as was

(Continued on page 18)

her wont, so engrossed was she in helping to nurse him back to health. She had time for that during the convalescent week following. It hurt her to notice how little Bert talked. She had attempted to ask only once and he said in tones, inconspicuously bitter, "I'm a failure — imagine failing in Latin! — And then cracking up!"

"But when you're well enough, you can have a special tutor in Latin. And when you go back, you can be careful and not take things so-so-vigorously." "I can't ever go back. Mums. Father Rector himself told me the best way would be to resign myself to giving up the vocation. And, I don't want to go back." He had refused to say more.

She had taken him home, hoping that the old environment, the old friends would help. He had shut himself up. He had been polite to the friends who came but he was markedly aloof. With her he had not been the usual confident, teasing, son. He kept to his room often, bothering only to take solitary hikes in the early mornings and listening to his favorite Bach records in the evening.

She could see he was not happy. He had not been to mass since he got home. He had put off going with her to daily mass — he who used to say "No better way to start the day than going to Father Dolan's early mass with my best girl." Now, she could not get him to go with her even to Sunday mass.

So, she had waited for Father Dolan in the parish house parlor after this morning's last mass. She had said —

"You've got to help me, Father. Perhaps you could talk to him. He will surely listen to you — you've always been close."

"Yes. In fact, I've felt pretty disappointed when Bert never came to call. I actually was going to call on him today and ask him to go swimming with me. Please tell him I'll be around about eleven thirty. We'll go to the point for a dip and have lunch on the beach somewhere there."

She had gone home feeling better-spirited. Father Dolan, the good man, would do something.

II

"Say, Bert, why the long meditation?" Father Dolan asked his companion as he expertly avoided hitting a curious carabao on the road. "Which reminds me, 'he continued' how'd you like that preachy passage on the value of meditation

THE VINEYARD IS WIDE

(Continued from page 11)

in my sermon this morning? Don't tell me you have been so affected."

"I was not at mass this morning," Bert said, tones, flat, wooden.

"Felt sick? Or did you oversleep?"

"Neither. I did not want to — I never want to," passionately.

"Why Bert?" He knew it was coming. And he was glad. At least now some of the bitterness would flow out.

"Why? You will not understand, of course. But if you had been found-unfit-like me—you would never want to see the others — the chosen ones — at the altar offering up the sacrifice. How can I like going to mass when always, there, before me will be living reminder of my failure — flaunting before my eyes the privileges denied me? You cannot expect one to complacently and still faithfully keep my mind on the rituals when a living monument to my unworthiness stands there before me, haunting me, always reminding me that He did not want me to be as close to Him — that He did not consider me worthy enough to be one of His priests!" The young man stopped, spent by his own vehemence.

"Why Bert, you are actually implying that there is a caste system in heaven, with us poor priests on the first level, above and detached from the rest. That won't be so good. Why then, I would not be allowed to go swimming with you, I'd have to take along some rheumatic old monk who couldn't be as pleasant company. I'm not sure I'd like that. Come, you know He is above such petty favoritism. Bert, if you can't be a good priest, you can still be a good something else — a lawyer, a doctor or an engineer or a college professor, and not loss caste."

Bert did not say a word. They had reached the point by now. The priest parked the jeep under a huge Talisay tree and the two went about changing into swimming trunks in impersonal silence.

Father Dolan's "Last one in is an old maid" broke that. Before long the two were in the water

swimming, racing, trying to outfloat and then out stay, each other, under the water. Both were good swimmers. It was this bond that drew them together two years ago when Father Dolan first came.

They did justice to the picnic lunch Bert's Mom had packed for them. They swam some more after eating every crumb of the lunch and it was about two when they started home.

"I have my boys' Sunday school class at two thirty. My, but those kids are lots of fun. You'd be surprised how much more intelligently those boys take in their bible stories than the most pious members of the Ladies Circle. You should come around see us at baseball practice at around four this afternoon. Bert, I've got a good team."

"Don't tell me you're coaching a baseball team, Father. How can you possibly? You never could catch the slowest ball!" Bert jibed in affectionate banter.

"Well," Father Dolan grinned sheepishly, "I have a book — How to Play Baseball."

"That's a good one" Bert said with a chuckle.

The chuckle was encouraging and the priest began.

"You going to which college this July, Bert?"

"I'm not going to college."

"Oh, Doctor says no?"

"No. I'm going to stay home — just leave everything to Providence."

"That's a swell effort at buck-passing — but, well, 'God helps.'"

"Sure, 'those who help themselves.' I started out to. I started on the way towards a life that I was certain was for me. And Providence stepped in and took over — as if to show me how vain my hopes were, how futile my efforts. Very obviously the Hand of Providence was there — I had always been good at languages — why should Latin be so difficult for me? That break down — it happened at just the right time — when I was struggling hard with my Latin. Since, it is obviously useless to try starting anything, I'm staying home."

"Bert, if you were not chosen for the priesthood then there must be some other special job waiting for you."

"You mean take second best if you can't get the best? No, thanks. Oh, Father, when you've had a glimpse of how full a priest's life can be — all other efforts at serving Him seem — ineffectual, puny.

(Continued on page 24)

which of the suggestions majority of the members think the best. I hope we have started the ball rolling and let's hope other USC alumni will follow through.

—TEODORO V. MADAMBA
Administrative Ass., USIS

I had the pleasure of reading the Alumni President's open letter in this section of last issue. Allow me therefore to congratulate the alumni officers. With the hope that the spirit of our Association will grow ever with the Alumni officers' unselfish leadership, I place myself, as every true alumnus of San Carlos, at the service of the Association.

Anent the amount now in the hands of our Treasurer, I would like to suggest that the same be used for the purchase of a bronze bust or statue of St. Charles to be placed at the lobby of the University. A survey of the University will reveal that USC is bereft of a picture of St. Charles in whose honor the University of San Carlos is named and founded. A memento of his face and figure will therefore make a beautiful memorial gift to the University.

It is further suggested that the members of the USC Alumni Association shall be given access to the library and other facilities after payment of a nominal fee for the use of such facilities.

I trust that these suggestions will merit your kind consideration and the support of all its members.

—ADOLFO J. PALACIO
Class '47

The USCAA officers have been very well pleased by the enthusiastic response given out by the letters above to the open letter of the Association's Prexy in last issue.

The USCAA will appreciate very much if more letters will be received which would give more suggestions so that the officers may be able to gauge the trend of the alumni's ideas regarding so many things which should concern them.

Regarding the suggestions just mentioned above on how to spend the little amount which the Association has, they are all very wise and commendable. The USCAA will be glad if the University Administration would be able to read this column so that they may be able to know and be convinced by the whole-hearted interest which we, alumni of USC have for the honor and glory of San Carlos. Then we may be able to join our efforts with their's on constructive ideas which the alumni may be able to help to realize. As it is now, we would like to lan more intensely the alumni's fervor on giving more suggestions especially on subjects which the letters above have expounded. Then, when a meeting will be called for the purpose of deciding to carry out such commendable and workable suggestions we will surely realize them with the never-failing help of the University Administration.

—ATTY. JESÚS P. GARCÍA
USCAA President

Carolinian Mouthful

ATTY. FULVIO PALAEZ: (To a student who asked for pointers for the midsemestral exam): "Just point your nose to the book."

MR. CANDIDO JUMAPAO: (In his pre-election speech, belying the claim circulated by his political rival that he is not interested in becoming president of the Lex Circle): "That is not true. Since I was a first year I have been running (for the presidency) and now I am flying!"

ATTY. JESUS GARCIA: (on sweepstakes): "Your chance of winning the sweepstakes is more slim than dying the next day."

MR. COSME MIRABUENO: (Freshman law, on being asked why the Convention chose to have the Philippine Constitution begin with the phrase "The Filipino people" instead of "We like that of the United States!"): "Well, because perhaps they wanted to camouflage the intended imitation."

MR. VICENTE DELFIN: (In one of his campaign speeches for the Lex Circle presidency): "The game of politics is dirty. A while ago, I was intimidated."

Quoted by: Artemio V. Gebana
College of Law

THE VINEYARD IS WIDE

(Continued from page 18)

"Bert, Bert, that's not so, Boy. God's acres are many — and wide. Good, full living is made up of looking for your place and working there. We can't all be corn-growers — some of us have to raise potatoes — and hens — and hogs. Priests have no monopoly on the business of glorifying God and serving Him.

So many try for the priesthood — very many don't make it. But most of those, sooner or later find out what is meant for them. Many ex-seminarians are doctors, lawyers, engineers, college professors, writers, farmers, sailors now. And if you are a good lawyer or a good sailor or a good farmer, you're as good as a good priest."

"He found me unfit for the one calling I feel I know I can do better than anything else. Well, I find the other jobs unfit for me."

"There is so much work to be done — so many hands needed in the vineyard — and the vineyard is wide, my son."

They had arrived at the convent now. A couple of dozen boys of all sizes came in one wild rush and clambered all over the jeep.

"You're late. We've waited for you. Have you got enough nuts now, Father," was chorused in one clamorous jumble.

Father Dolan was trying to satistify each interrogator when a black packard came into a screeching stop beside the jeep. A uniformed chauffeur got out and spoke in low but hasty tones to Father Dolan.

"All right, just a minute now. Bert, you come in with me. I want to give you my list. Just call the roll for me. — You fellows can go home after the roll call. I don't know how long I may have to stay. Old Mrs. Moret wants me. It seems she wants the last rites — she feels she is going to die today." Father Dolan said as he and Bert went into the convent.

"Mrs. Moret — again?" Bert asked with raised eyebrows.

"Haven't you ever found a good excuse for skipping those sessions?"

"Well, it might be the time has really come. I sure hate to give up today's sessions with the boys — they'll feel cheated. Oh, well, a man can't be in two places at the same time. Be sure you call the roll Bert." With which request he left the young man.

Bert, with the roll-book in one hand, idly attempted to turn over (Continued on page 33)

gious principles would expose them to ridicule. They could not even attach to themselves the real name of their party, thinking it premature to proclaim the existence of a Catholic party with Catholic principles and Catholic objectives. Would to God that they possessed the same zeal that sent twelve meek fishermen into the world of the powerful, the greedy and the selfish, there to preach Christ and Him crucified.

My friends, I have made mention of domestic politics only when they come to touch on the vital facts which the wisdom of worldliness cannot possibly understand. Education is a thing primarily of the spirit. If the politicians of this day fail to grasp the indispensability of rejuvenating the minds of youth in the ageless truths of Christianity, it is because fifty years of education patterned after the objectives of Masonry have indoctrinated them in irreligion. Yes, our system of education, while it has manifestly sought to guarantee freedom of worship, has methodically produced a generation of skeptics and unbelievers. Can we expect a wholesome government from men of this type?

Walter Lippman, addressing the American Association for the Advancement of Science on December 29, 1940, states: "The prevailing education is destined, if it continues, to destroy Western civilization, and, in fact, is destroying it. The plain fact is that the graduates of the modern school are actors in the catastrophe which has befallen our civilization . . . Modern education is based on a denial that it is necessary or useful, or desirable for the schools and colleges to continue to transmit from generation to generation, the religion and classical culture of the Western world. By separating education from the classical religious tradition the school cannot train the pupil to look upon himself as an inviolable person because he is made in the image of God. These words, though they may now sound archaic, are noblest words in our language."

No less a person than President Roosevelt has this to say: "We are concerned about the children who are outside the reach of religious influences and are denied help in attaining faith in an ordered universe and in the Fatherhood of God. Practical steps should be taken to make more available to children and

the pages of the Catechism pamphlet he had also picked up, with the other. He entered the church thru the left altar door. As he genuflected before the tabernacle on the main altar, he felt queerly light hearted. He was surprised because he had shunned seeing altars, fearing that the pain would be too much to bear . . . He walked down the middle aisle towards the boys who filled the four last pews.

"Are you going to tell us stories, Bert? Father Dolan said you would," a shiny nosed lad piped up in a clear child's treble.

"Oh he did, did he? Let's call

youth through education the resources of religions as an important factor in the democratic way of life and in the development of personal and social integrity."

How true, my friends, indeed how sadly prophetic have these words, spoken ten years ago by the lips of such great men of democratic America, become today. The education of the past fifty years cannot meet the fanatical machinery of Anti-Christ's Communism. Your two political parties can only come out with a choking gasp that they are against communism. But why? But how? These questions they cannot reasonably answer because they have themselves practiced surreptitiously what Communism has inculcated as expedient, as necessary, as reasonable — practice like promises unfulfilled, vicious skepticism, disregard of human life and liberty in the lust for power, public spoliation under the name of laws.

You are truly fortunate that you are imbibing your ideals from the crystalline founts of everlasting Truth — your Catholic schools. If this generation is unfit to save our country from the savage attacks of the forces of irreligion, your knowledge and your practice of religion will form an unyielding fortress which shall confuse the enemy. I have not come here today to proclaim a new order, but to sound the assembly under the guidon of the King of kings. May His banner, floating triumphantly over our country, unite our people as one against communism, as each and every one of us lives and prays and fights for God, who made us to know Him, to love Him, and to serve Him in this life, and to be happy with Him forever.

the roll"

The day had faded into early evening when Father Dolan turned the jeep home. He was tired and weary. That Mrs. Moret with her periodic "I-am-going-to-die-today" spells always left as its effect the uncheering realization that he could maybe never hope to be a saint. His patience somehow managed to unsanitarily wear thin before the querulous old woman decided she was going to live and allow him to go his way.

He wished she had not chosen to have her spell today. He hadn't quite finished his talk with Bert. He was worried about the lad. Bert was made of good stuff, but with too-intense outlook on the fundamental things, his too sharp, too meticulous conscience, he worried one at times.

He went into his office, switched on the light and wearily sat down. He had been stung at it for a couple of seconds before he picked up the note. It read:

"Father, leave this corner of the vineyard to me. You're a lousy baseball coach. And I know enough religion to make a first rate Sunday school teacher — for this vacation any way. I have a date at the St. Tomas College of Journalism after that.

You don't mind losing your Sunday afternoon job for a while do you? You really can do with some help you know — the vineyard is wide, Father, — very wide.

Thanks,

Bert."

Folding the note slowly, a smile lit up the priest's face erasing all the tired weary lines. Now he knew why Mrs. Moret should be blessed with so many spells.

OFF THE RECORD

(Continued from page 7)

topics, false teeth and people. We agreed that we people are quite like basketballs — we take in a lot of air (hot, tepid, cold and what-have-you air). "But," says Herbie, "basketball are better than some of us. At least when the air is pumped into those balls, they bounce. In this certain kind of people it doesn't work that way. The air just goes stale — very stale."

We concurred.