

# off the record

by LIZA F. GARCIA

A very wise friend of ours observed — "In this business of keeping (or, if we must be exact, trying to keep) a column one of two things is to be expected: you win friends and influence people — or you lose friends and influence people into minor crimes like man-handling, murder and mayhem." And from acid experience, we know that's true — too true.

Right at the moment many of us are fully occupied with this important, problematic business of growing up — We — well, we're grown up — quiet. How do we know? It's this way: We used to want a lot of things. Many things, important, useless, good, bad etc. — and we hollered and raised coin when we couldn't have them. That's the way it is with kids.

And then, we couldn't have the one thing we wanted most — we just couldn't. So, we've grown up. Now we don't kick when we can't have the minor things (like going to movies and parties and dates everytime we want so). This is being adult. If this isn't, what is? Take a lesson, children.

Believe it or not, there's actually a man alive who admits that this stuff about guys preferring girls who are un-lipsticked, un-maceraaded and unroughed is all hokey — you know, baloney, bunk.

Quote: When I was eighteen I always declared I didn't like painted women but deep down in my heart I loved them. There's something about Max Factor (when spread all over a girl) that has a soothing effect. It's very good for a guy's morale. Unquote. Mr. Gonzalez, Instructor, USC.

Before press time we peeped at VN LIM's "Passing Thru." He speaks about professors. We copy. We say: There's something refreshing and interest-catching about professors who come to class looking neat and fresh out of fashion magazines.

This is a very effective way of presenting the "spinachy" Sort of subjects. (The not-too-exciting-but-very staple-kind) You like to keep looking at the rostrum and when you keep looking, why, you listen.

But we know of one school marm who goes one better: She lectures with a sparkle in her eyes. She loves and lives her subjects. The interest she feels, she projects, graciously, painlessly, to the students.

Sounds like a poem praise? — no, we're just commenting.

And while we're on teachers — we hear there's an Engineering Instructor who's sweet on some one in the Education department. We hope that next issue we can give you the "cutting-the-cake-picture." November — or October — or late September weddings are all right too, you know.

Before people get to weddings, there's usually the proposal. We've always taken proposals for granted until, in our news writing class, someone raised the earth-shaking query — Who proposes first — the man or the woman? This was in connection with human interest angles to the news story. You know, the man-bites-dog stuff, etc. We wrangled and wangled and warred for the last quarter of the period. When the bell rang, Mrs. G. asked for an opinion, countered calmly (before she joined Mr. G. who was waiting for her at the door) "Boys, are you men or mice?"

That, ma'am, is the moot question.

In an off-the-record moment, the Jr. Carolinian Moderator — with a canary-that-just-digested-the-cat air remarked, "Wait till you see our first issue." Why, Father S... that actually sounds as though you think the Jr. Carolinian will do us one better. If that happens, that will be because you have such a good model in our Carolinian. Yep, you high school children will always do well to be guided by our pen prints. Don't be too disappointed if you don't quite make our grade. Takes time, and growing up.

Politics is in the air — we can't help feeling it too, friend Herbie and us. But we have more edifying things to think of, so we don't bother too much. Could be also we're less  
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LEONINEZA

Looks At...

... a looker lurking among test tubes and chemicals is Rosita Ty. Lurking among chemicals is one thing and concocting something from them is another thing. Both she does with an amazing skill and accuracy, which can't be said for a greater part of us. ... dubbed "Smilin' Jack" by his high school principal, VICENTE ABELLANA still breaks into a bashful smile when given even a slight ribbing by his pals.

... MANOLO MERCADO. Small guy, big noise, Smart alecky cracks and not only wonderful but amazing sense of humor.

... PAT VELOSO, JEFFY CANCELO, ELLIE RELLOSA, and LYDIA SOLIA. There never was a bunch of ladies who are as conscientious as they are in their Dance 4 and you can't blame them. It's the only subject which has something to do with "curves" and "figures" (ehem!) Well, happy triment, girls!

LUZ JIMENEZ whose beautiful orbs inspire an all-day humming of "Beautiful Brown Eyes". Or maybe "I'd Love To Take You On a Slow Boat To China!"

A fugitive from the General Course, WALDO CANOY who is also currently a Commerce fresh. Waldo complains that his eyes get in the way of his hands when he sit down to pound off on an Underwood at his typing class. What with this semester's fresh batch of "Dear Secretaries" providing pleasant distraction ... who wants to learn to type!

... Slick Fe Cabatingan who not only stands for Lucero's SV Battery but for USC Green and Gold dribblers, as well.

... PIO PASTORFIDE, a robid believer in "Beauty is a matter of opinion," who is convinced that he has come upon an "angel" straight from Hollywood ... or was it, French Gongo, Pio?

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# VOTE FOR

# Catholic Education

**I**N OUR BULWARK of Christianity in the Far East, in our Catholic Philippines, we Catholics are the emaciated victims of our own stupid complacency against the pernicious onslaughts of Protestants, Masons, and unscrupulous politicians in our educational system.

We pay tax to support public education, even if we do not use such Godless education for our children. We pay to establish and maintain our own Catholic schools. To top the sad situation, we have to pay more, because the Government taxes our Catholic schools!

Should a public or another private school be operating already in locality, with its inadequate, Godless education, we are prohibited from having our own Catholic school. We have been forced to pay for public education; we are now forced to take the Godless education, or to have no education at all. We cannot have our own Catholic school!

Indeed, it is very strange that, although our Government is fighting Communism, our Government is doing precisely what the Communist are doing in Red China and elsewhere inside the Iron Curtain: discouraging, persecuting the Catholic schools!

We, the people must correct this anomaly. The Administration of President Quirino must be subject to censure in the coming elections unless it reforms its anti-democratic and anti-Catholic policy against Catholic schools.

In the first place, the Administration must lift up the taxation of Catholic schools. Such taxation is against the Constitution, against the democratic way of life, and smacks of an avid desire to get money and more money by whatever means, for the Government to spend and perhaps mis-spend.

In the second place, the Administration must permit the opening of Catholic schools even in places where there are already public or other private schools. Freedom of education, the right and duty to educate one's children, is a God-given, inalienable human right, recognized in our Constitution. It in-

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cludes the freedom to establish and maintain schools.

Any public or private school that cannot stand the test of honest competition deserves no artificial protection from the State. Moreover, it must be noted that there is something in Catholic education that is absent from our "public" or "secular" education, — the education of the soul, along with the education of the mind and body.

We Catholics must awake from our stupid complacency, and stop being like the placid carabao, led by the nose by the enemies of our Church. We must be militant Catholics in our private and public life. We must make good use of the ballot. We must ask our candidates to state their stand on Catholic education, and accordingly give them or refuse them our vote.

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patriotic than the Ed who's all afire with enthusiasm setting up a chapter of the National Movement for Free Elections. We can contribute this observation though the political would have lost an asset in the person of Father Moderator. Have you seen Father S. coming down the corridors to his office? Such a lot of "Hello, Inday" and "It's this, my boy, ne?" and stopping to chat and the cheery Catholic wave of the hand and geniality. Winning any election would be a cinch.

Unfortunately, Father S. is happy where he is, so there is lost one who answers the need of the moment — "A Catholic Politician."

In the course of our chat with friend Herbie in the office the other day, we touched on the interesting

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## WANTED A CATHOLIC . . .

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ideal that they are subservient, nay, slaves of the State, because they have to live like social beings and must look to the common good. On the altars of this ideal, they are willing to follow their leader to death. Can any one sincerely say: I shall sacrifice my life for the freedom not to get caught by the policeman?

Frantically America today is trying to gain adherents to its bankrupt cause. It strews billions of dollars around the world seeking to lull the intense unrest of backward nations by a temporary prosperity. The Marshall Plan, the Point IV, the war damage, surplus, war equipments, all the letters of the alphabet dressed up gaudily with the glitter of American gold are mustered up to prevent the final cataclysm. The Yankee dollar rolls in vain. Why? Where did the PCAU and the ECA supplies go? Ask the party in power. Where did the surplus and the War Damage money go? Ask the party in power. Where did the billions for Chinese defense go? Ask the Nationalists. Where will all other American aid, intended for the enlightenment and the social upliftment of the masses, finally go? If for once such aid were applied properly, how successful would it be in setting at ease the fevered spasms of suffering humanity, and for how long? How long without a faith that makes the individual responsible to His Lord and Creator, to Whom he must render a final accounting. How long without a faith that recognizes the Ten Commandments. How long without a faith that makes all men brothers and worthy of respect because they are all children of God. How long without a faith that teaches that the salvation of man's soul is the chief concern of man here on earth, and that each right proceeds from God, each duty is owed to God?

The skeptic might at this point raise an eyebrow and say: Why religion of all things in this modern age? To go into a detailed answer could not be difficult, but there is a more powerful answer that comes from the pronounced enemies of democracy. Why do the communist hate religion so much? Scan the newspapers for the atrocities, the inhuman killing of priests, nuns, and other Apostles of Christianity. You remember Cardinal Mindszenty. You remember the Protestant Mis-

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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.

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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.