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# CAROLINIAN

Official Publication of the Students of the University of San Carlos

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Book Curve

## ... Cover Commentary

● The time has since long passed when a diploma could open many doors to a graduate. Now, the picture is quite different, so different in fact that many a diploma today lies unthung in some dark inconspicuous corner of modest homes. Thousands of college graduates are jobless, so much so that it has been said that graduates account for the largest number in the legion of the unemployed. Why is this so?

A number of reasons have been advanced by statisticians. They say that the government is largely responsible for this fast worsening situation. Along with this line of reasoning comes a litany of ills, ranging from the government's lack of incentives for foreign capital to graft and corruption and ruthless extravagance on the part of government officials. Critics of the administration are quick to enlarge the picture by citing the examples of globe-trotting legislators who are favorites of the administration, etcetera. Recently, it has been boldly asserted that the system of education in the Philippines is likewise responsible for the unemployment problem. Well, it must be admitted that these reasons are true, in one way or another; but on the other hand, they beg the question.

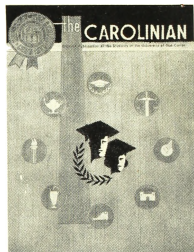
Let us examine the situation as impassionately and impartially as we can. What kind of graduates are our colleges turning out? We shall not discuss whether they are half-baked or not. Assuming that they are not, what is the attitude of our students as regards the course they had taken or had not graduated from. It is a sad commentary that our graduates today still suffer from the "white-collar" mania. Parents seek the favor of politicians in order that their sons or daughters may be accommodated in choice government positions. Seldom, if ever, can you find a parent encouraging his son or daughter to strike it on his own. Somehow, there is still that mistaken conception that a graduate is fit only for employment in the government or in business firms. For the graduate to go into farming, is dishonorable; for the graduate to open a small store, is degrading. And to think that Don Vicente Madrigal started as an ice-drop vendor!

Again, there is the question on the kind of courses our students are taking. Statistics will bear us out that the teaching courses and the law profession, among others, are the most crowded. There is nothing wrong with this, except that we are an agricultural country, and that therefore, we should have as a matter of course, more agriculturists or graduates of courses along this line. But, no, you will often hear the argument: why study agriculture when plowing or planting does not need to be learned in school. This would not be so bad if there were more than one Margate among our farmers.

There is another fallacy, however, which we feel should be corrected in fairness to the graduates. Although according to statistics, there are more graduates in some courses than are actually needed, yet actually this is not true. In the teaching profession for instance, there are teachers in public schools who still are not qualified. Likewise, in the law profession, there are many not in active practice. In Cebu alone, there are more than a thousand lawyers, but only about 50% are engaged in practice. This holds true for other courses too. Somehow, there is still much room at the top, not necessarily for those who had been scholars while in college, but more often than not, for those who have the foresight, tenacity, and perseverance to attain their goals.

And so again, come commencement day, the graduate will march in solemn procession to receive his diploma. And after the fanfare shall have died down, he might with hesitation ask himself: "From here, where shall I go?"

Were we to answer him, we would say: Go ahead, kid. Go anywhere but forward — and learn to labor and to wait! ☺



MSG's

# Caroliniana

**A WORD OF THANKS.**—This is the last issue of the "C" for the school year 1958-59. To all of you who followed the course of this paper in the five issues that we put out, we owe a debt of gratitude. For, by your patronage, you made us feel that the "C," even with all its shortcomings, could still make us mighty proud, and that the business of beating deadlines—of staying up late at night, searching our minds for words that stubbornly eluded us, and, finding them at last, pounding away on our old typewriters—wasn't a bad racket, after all. May we thank you, then, with all sincerity.

**A BUMPER CROP.** — You'd come up to the main building one morning and find thick sheaves of blue paper on the corner counters of the Cashier's and Registrar's offices. You'd pick one piece up and look at its general layout. "Ah, another publication," you would say to yourself, "let's see what they've got to say here." Then, you would proceed to read the headlines.

The school year 1958-59, more than any other, has been a year of publications. Everybody seemed to be publishing something. Everybody seemed to be writing something. Aside from the *Carolinian* and the *Bulletin*, you read and expected to read the *New Day*, the *Council Herald*, the *Pro Vita Sua*, and the *Lux Veritatis*. Sometimes, you also got hold of publications of limited circulation such as the *Faculty Jottings*, the

*Pharmacist*, the *Retort*, the *JPIA*, and the *Newsletter*.

Next year, when you come back to San Carlos, you will find that some of these publications will have ceased to circulate (perhaps, new ones will appear in their place), but you will remember them as part of the many that made 1958-59 the year of publications.

**PEOPLE.**—Demetrio Maglalang is planning his second novel (His first was *Of Graves and Crosses*, written as a thesis for his Master's Degree in English, which he obtained "summa cum laude".) It will portray the lives of four young people of diverse personalities who, having been brought together in a seminary, meet once again in the outside world under different circumstances.

Council Proxy **Sonny Osmeña** is pretty busy with the preparation for the SCAP (Student Councils Association of the Philippines) convention, which will be held in Cebu City this summer.

The last-of-the-Pre-Law people are doggone eager to enter the College of Law and see what it's really like. **Nathaniel Perez**, **Siegfredo Asis**, and **Emil Capao** will swear to this.

**SOMETHING WE KNOW.**—Today, thousands of young men and women will graduate from our country's universities and colleges.

They will come down from their ivory towers and, for the first time, mingle with the vast milling crowd of humanity toiled.  
(Cont'd on page 8)



A Part of the Bumper Crop



A Part of the Staff at "Work"



# Editorial

## . . . BUT WHAT WORK

It has been said and written — and may be rightly so — that graduation is an occasion for the graduate to rejoice and enjoy. All memories of the past, whatever they are, shall for a moment be laid aside in some hidden corners of the minds to make the affair rather outstandingly alive and animated.

Four or six years of tedious and too often boring classroom work must be compensated by a kind of celebration that will be specially remembered by the graduate as the best and the most memorable chapter for the whole of his lifetime. It was perhaps for this reason that educators found the commencement exercise a fitting tribute to mark the eventful culmination of an endeavor that has finally found its goal, so to say.

But, the way headlines are popping up day in and day out, we doubt whether the graduate would really feel like rejoicing or would rather feel like scratching his head where there is no itch.

With the problems of life getting more and more complicated and diversified, a desire is necessarily born in the heart of the graduate to seek for more compensating material rewards in occupations for which he has thoroughly trained and prepared himself. Life does not end in the sheepskin and one cannot just live on the mere thought that he is a graduate. He must find work somewhere — but what work?

Through some unlucky stroke of fate, the Philippines in a record time of ten years was able to gather a reserve of about two million men who do not have jobs at present. This number will become alarmingly greater with the addition of several thousands of students who will graduate this year from the different colleges and universities in the Philippines. Statistics reveal that unemployment in our country is increasing at a rate of 250,000 annually.

*Where will I go and what will I do after graduation?* are therefore the two most important questions that the graduate will unavoidably find irritating and irksome. If he would engage in business, he does not have the necessary capital to start with; if he has the capital to start, most likely his business will turn out a flop because Filipinos who are seemingly hateful of alien merchants seldom, if at all, patronize Filipino stores.

Meanwhile, the government is undergoing a rapid upheaval towards the decline of our national character. Morality in public office has gone low and graft and corruption is the order of the day. The government who has promised the youth of the land better times and better opportunities a few years back is still promising until now. It could not create jobs because our funds do not permit, so it loudly claims. But scandals involving millions upon millions of pesos are going on finely all along undisturbed by the cries of 22 million Filipino souls for more food and for more clothing; if the government does not have money to create jobs for the jobless, why has it so much to steal?

Funny.

The government has been kind and accommodating to a few fortunate souls. We hope it is now time to begin being kind and accommodating to the millions, long subjected to government neglect and inefficiency.

May the graduates this year and the unemployed caravan of humanity be finally given the "breaks" which they have sought for hard and long. — *sa jr z.*

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# The Moderator Says —



This is the fifth and final issue of THE CAROLINIAN for the school year 1958-59. For a while it seemed doubtful whether the Staff would be able to ready a fifth number for the press. When finally, after many difficulties, they succeeded, it was the Moderator who was found wanting. His own column had to be mailed separately long after all the other material had been sent to Manila.

Any delay, therefore, in the printing of this last issue, must be blamed mostly on the Moderator.

I suppose this is both the time and the place to evaluate the achievements of the Staff during the past year. However, lest I be accused of bias and prejudice,

I will simply quote no less an authority than Father Rector himself. Some weeks ago he told the Moderator that THE CAROLINIAN this year was definitely an improvement over that of last year. He meant, particularly, that the quality of the articles this year was better than last year. That, I believe, is an objective and valid evaluation.

Chiefly responsible for this improvement are the whole CAROLINIAN Staff and those many students who regularly contributed articles and poems. Each of them deserves the gratitude of all of us and I personally take this opportunity to thank them for the splendid service they have rendered not to the students only but to the University as a whole. THE CAROLINIAN was a magazine we never had to be ashamed to mail to other universities and colleges in the Philippines and other parts of the world.

There is one other group to whom very special thanks are due. Their work is very often taken for granted and seldom receives any special recognition. I mean our printers in Manila. More often than not we have mailed our material to them quite late — usually just three weeks before the deadline for distribution of the magazine to the students. Usually we apologized for being late — but sometimes we even forgot to do that — and then asked that our job be given top priority. That was always done — graciously, without a word of complaint, and always the magazine was in Cebu in time for distribution on the day scheduled. This kindly cooperation we appreciate very much and wish, on this occasion, to thank the Brothers of the Society of the Divine Word and their lay helpers at the Catholic Trade School in Manila for a job always well done. May God reward them!

And now it is time to pack your copy of THE CAROLINIAN and go off on vacation. We sincerely hope you have enjoyed your magazine this year and that it has helped to bind you closer to San Carlos. We anticipate the privilege of serving you again in the future and wish for each of you a pleasant vacation, carefree but blessed with God's grace — a vacation that will be a recreation and will refresh you for the work that lies ahead. Thanks and God bless you. ‡

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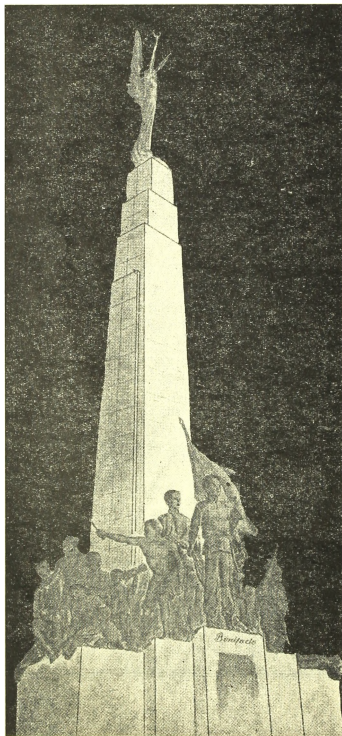
● The following is a speech delivered by Reverend Father Jose Cruz, S.J., before the October graduates of the University of San Carlos. We find in this address a quality of timeless interest and so we are publishing it for the benefit of posterity.—Ed.

MY dear Graduates:

**I**F GRADUATION and Commencement exercises be the time for great ideals, a time for recalling great principles, I hope you will forgive me, if in tonight's address, I give you no ideals, I recall no great principles. If Graduation and Commencement exercises be the time for issuing noble and inspiring challenge, a time to cast a brave, bold look at the world which you, graduates, are supposed to conquer, whose future you are to shape, again I hope you will forgive me, if in tonight's address, I make no mention of a new and noble challenge, nothing of the world you will have to conquer, nothing of the future you will have to shape. Because tonight, I choose to speak of you, the graduate, who like myself and twenty-one million others who inhabit these islands, are known to the world as the Filipino. For this is your graduation and graduation heralds the coming to an end. This is your commencement and commencement brings the hope of a new beginning. What this end is, what this new beginning will be, for the Filipino, you alone can explain.

So let me begin with a simple question. Filipino, do you know yourself? What do you know of yourself? There are the facts you can quote to me from your history textbooks. In 1521 Magellan came and discovered the Philippines and began 400 years of colonization under Spain. In 1898, you started a revolution and tasted freedom for all too brief a time, and then began 48 years of American occupation. Then came the ignominy of December 8, 1941. There was Bataan, the valiant defense of Corregidor... the bravest and the noblest of our youth lay dead at the crossroads in Pozorrubio, in the shallow graves at Capas and Camp O'Donnell, digging their graves before being tortured and shot at Fort Santiago. Then came July 4, 1946 and at long last you took your place among the nations of the world, politically free. Proud moments all in our

**THE CAROLINIAN**



young history! But what have you really told me? You have told me what had happened to the Filipino during the span of some four hundred and thirty years. Of yourself, who you really are, who is your real self, you have told me nothing. You have given me no answer.

But is there an answer to that question? If you search carefully and read what Filipinos write about themselves, there you will find the Filipino trying to discover himself, trying to explain who he really is. There you will find one answer. Nick Joaquin, one of the leading literary authors of our day, wrote a short story he entitled the "Woman with Two Navels." It was the story of a woman who was a freak of

servants to go to mass on Sundays but do nothing to practice on them the principles of social justice—the chance to live a human decent life as befits a son of God—a doctrine the Popes have preached as part of the Christian message to the whole world. We pride ourselves in our modern progress, our price-less inheritance from America. But, then, is this not also just skin deep? So the modern Filipino knows how to "rock 'n roll." He can quote to you all the latest stars of moviedom, wear the latest style American clothes. What has he absorbed of the genius of American culture? Can he really appreciate that rare beauty of love for hard work, for initiative... the constancy to push

*whenever I think of you as an achievement of modern civilization whether I do so to console myself with your memories or compare you with other nations, you present yourself to me as disfigured with a cancer, a social cancer of like malignancy."*<sup>11</sup>

I have just quoted to you a translation of the preface Dr. Jose Rizal wrote for his novel *Noli Me Tangere*. And he continues:

*"I shall present you as you are, without concealment. I shall unbind part of the bandage that covers your disease. Nothing shall stand in the way of your true condition being known, not even my own pride,*

## What is the FILIPINO SOUL?

nature, a woman born with two umbilical cords. For him this woman represents, the symbol of the mystery that is the Filipino soul. She has two navels, two cultures Spanish and American and perhaps none of them did really transform her soul. So she is deathlessly devoted to her novenas, to her rosary, perhaps to her mass on Sundays. Then also she is as equally faithful to the latest song hit, the latest dance, the latest slang expression. But beneath all this thin exterior—is it not just a very thin, superficial exterior—there lies the mystery of the Malayan soul, the raw paganism which the Filipino never really left, the false idols he has always secretly adored. That is why she adores money more than she does principle. She places her unscrupulous love for married men far above the sanctity of marriage. She clings to private interest even to the ruin of the common interest of her country. Then he asks the question: at heart, deep down in his soul, could it be that the Filipino is nothing but the pagan? Is he not just the polished, modern, educated pagan? That is the way Nick Joaquin, the Filipino, tried to explain himself. That is what he sees now, in the modern times in which we live. Our Faith—what is it really—this great heritage from the Christian West... is it not just perhaps, only skin deep? So we carry a rosary and force our

on under severe difficulties, the frankness to face living problems and never to leave them till they are solved? Can he really appreciate the American genius for efficient government, this capacity to work together, this genius to organize common effort which has transformed America from a vast raw wasteland into an industrial empire, which has made out of her 49 scattered States a powerful indissoluble union? And beneath all this thin exterior... this "cult of the phony", is it not still the dark unprincipled soul of the pagan expressing itself in the whole litany of government anomalies, bribes and raps bared on rackets, public money mis-spent for private use, hills and ravines sold for homesites, mocking luxury in a supposedly austere economic program... the new, dazzling ranch house featured in the latest *Sunday magazine* pictorial and the children of the shack next to it rummaging through garbage pits for a livelihood!

This is not just the judgment of a writer who, you may say, lives in a world of fanciful imagination. I will quote just these few words to you:

*"To my country: among the evils that afflict mankind there is a cancer of so malignant a character that the slightest touch acts as an irritant and causes excruciating pain to the afflicted organ. I mention this because*

*for I am a son of yours; your defects and weaknesses are mine."*

That was the genius of Rizal, that he could understand the signs of the times, that he could penetrate the soul of the Filipino, and there diagnose this social cancer. There is Captain Tiago who will sell his daughter in exchange for political favor. What difference is there between him and the modern unscrupulous financier who blackmarkets his country's precious dollars for easy profit? There is Tasio the "filosofo" who criticizes anything and everything in the world but lifts no finger to better its situation. What is the difference between him and our sensational congressional investigations which are just as sensational as the graft cases it has failed to prosecute. There is Doña Victorina who paints her face daily with white powder so she can look more European. How different is she from our modern young men and young women who will paint themselves with anything foreign and modern, in dance, in clothes, in recreation, even at the cost of virtue, of self-respect, of integrity? What of the thousands in Rizal's time who flocked churches to worship God, yet failed to worship God and carry Him in their lives by carrying out His great commandment to better themselves, to grow into the image and dignity of a son of God? What of

the thousands who flock to churches now, to worship God yet refuse to bring God to their homes, God's principles in their business life, God's ideals in their public lives? This was the great genius of Rizal... few like to admit today. They herald him as the champion of Church-State conflict. But his great genius lies in this: that he saw and diagnosed this social cancer, the tragedy of what it is to be born among a colonial people who have lost their power to think for themselves, who no longer believed in improving themselves, who have already partly convinced themselves that, perhaps, after all they were

fictional, insincere handshake, he will willingly elect the leader who has no other intention than to oppress him all the more. Who cannot fail to see through his ignorance, through his incompetence, his improvidence, his vices and defects, his lack of self-reliance, the cold ashes of a once bright spirit gone dead? Who cannot fail to see in this living tragedy what it means to have lost the power to think for oneself, what it means to have lost the willingness to improve, what it means to be condemned to be nothing than a perpetual adolescent.

But this is not the whole truth. You know that this is not the whole

ago your fathers and brothers, without arms, without sufficient training, without supplies faced a conquering army. He worsted you in open battle, but you pursued him in the jungles, ambushed him in the mountain sides till beaten and broken he left your shores in defeat. Why? Because you loved your country. You would not stand anyone to destroy their traditions, no one to oppress your people. So again you face an enemy equally as threatening—the curse of an unbalanced economy which oppresses our country. You have learning. You know that if you give a man years of unemployment you will inflict on him the curse of laziness. Again you know that if you put a man to live in an economy which in the midst of plenty must exact inhuman labor from a man to earn an inhuman salary too small to buy overpriced food, too insufficient to compete with rising costs of living, you are forcing a man to steal, lie, cheat, extort, accept bribes so he can fulfill the needs of human life. You have learning and you realize that if you put a man in an economy that gives no opportunity for work, a man will lose his initiative, desire to improve himself. A man will be doomed to be a perpetual adolescent.

**"TO MY COUNTRY: among the evils that afflict mankind there is a cancer so malignant a character that the slightest touch acts as an irritant and causes excruciating pain to the afflicted organ. I mention this because whenever I think of you as an achievement of modern civilization whether I do so to console myself with your memories or compare you with other nations, you present yourself to me as disfigured with a cancer, a social cancer of like malignancy."**

— DR. JOSE P. RIZAL

destined to be no better than perpetual adolescents.

I will call on a last witness. He has no need to speak. All he needs is to stand before you and then you will know why he is here. He is the man Rizal predicted would one day come and be called the true Filipino. See in his docile eyes, the light of God gone out; on his massive cheek and brow, the fierce lines of discontent crowding out the wrinkles and once noble lines of peasant dignity. Who among you can really understand this man? Who can speak his language? Who can explain the mystery why he has become what he is today? Made by God into His own image and likeness, enslaved by us to a day that must force twelve hours of exhausting labor from his thorny hands, so he can earn the sum equivalent to the price of a movie ticket on a Saturday night. Exploited by the clever, defenseless against the deceptions of the agitator. For a five-peso bill he will gladly sell the priceless heritage of his freedom, his inviolable right to vote who should be his ruler. For a bottle of beer, a cheap meal, an arti-

truth. And you make that difference. Because you are the Catholic graduate! Do you know what that means? You have the mighty weapon of education. Education gives you learning. Learning gives you that keen discernment for right order, for the true value of things; that there is the right order to choose your legislators, that there is the right way to run your government efficiently, there is the right way to run schools and to attain scholarship; that there must be the right way to save our sagging economy. Learning gives that discernment that it is not the right order of things to sell votes, your freedom for a cheap meal; that it is not right order to cast your votes, entrust your own freedom to the unscrupulous legislator because he is a fellow townsman, even if he be a relative. You are learned men and women. You carry this mighty weapon with you tonight when you leave these halls.

Again besides your learning you have another weapon equally as powerful. You have love of country, your traditions, your people. You remember how a few years

And so you will use learning to search for new avenues of progress... not the latest song hits, not the latest fashions or the latest model car but the best that the nation can order... genius for government, proper use of natural resources, to catch up with technological advances, increase opportunities for work. Because you love your country and your people, you will free them from this curse of the perpetual adolescent.

Lastly, you have the greatest gift of all... You are the Catholic graduate... You have the Catholic Faith. Pause a while and realize what that means. You are indeed the marvel, the admiration of the whole Catholic world. Without sufficient priests, without sufficient Catholic schools, without even adequate instruction in your faith, yet your faith in God lives. How the Catholic world marveled two years ago at that picture of Catholic womanhood on the Luneta, three hundred thousand strong, on their knees, in the rain and inclement skies, in public veneration of Our Eucharistic King. And that inspiring picture of what Filipino Catholic manhood can be if he wants too, a picture

(Continued on page 8)





A BUNCH OF GRADUATES

## After Graduation, WHAT?

**T**HIS school year, the University of San Carlos will turn into the rank of college graduates no less than 355 college people. Of this number, 30 from the College of Law; 98 from the College of Liberal Arts; 48 from the College of Commerce; 25 from the College of Architecture and Engineering; 98 from Teachers College; 29 from the College of Pharmacy; and 58 from the Secretarial Department. What San Carlos will produce this school year is but a small fraction of that galaxy of graduates which our colleges and universities throughout the country promise to harvest.

There are 343 private colleges and universities in the entire archipelago today. There are no more than 10 public colleges and universities including public schools of nursing and mid-wifery. San Carlos University alone produces an average of 550 college graduates annually. True it is that among the colleges and universities, the majority have a population less than that of San Carlos, (the latter has 6,000). Yet, a number of them claim a population ranging from 10,000 to 39,000 each. So that it can fairly be estimated (statistics being unavailable) that all these private and public colleges and universities are graduating from 70,000 to 150,000 students (regular, summerians, Octoberians) yearly.

Where do these graduates go? The majority join the army of unemployed. As a consequence, diplomated and uneducated; young and old; parents and children, are seen together hunting jobs. Sunny

days or rainy days; summer or winter, this job-seeking task is on. Where before this Pearl of the Orient Seas was known for only two wonderful seasons, the April-hot and the December-cold, now, a new season is born, which knows no April nor December, the round-the-year, round-the-clock **job-hunting season!**

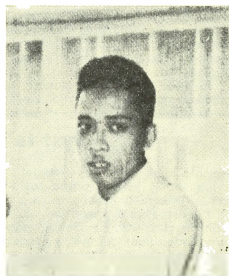
There are more than 21 million Filipino souls today. Of this number, over two million are unemployed. This startling figure increases annually by no less than 250,000! And this increase comes from both the community and the schools. "The dire consequences that will befall our country should this situation continue to remain unresolved," said Congressman Sergio Osmeña, Jr., top economist of the House of Representatives, "are too well-known to require further elucidation. The first obvious consequence will be the complete deterioration of peace and order conditions."

After graduation, what? After the graduate shall have thought of the foregoing facts, this perplexing question begins to haunt him. It reverberates through his ears as soon as he steps up to the stage to receive his hard-earned diploma. The question was nowhere before he went to college. Even if there was that question, he knew he wouldn't bother answering it. His chief concern then was going to college; anything of after-college consideration was totally alien to his immediate attention: going to college. Besides, was not going to college infinitely glamor-

ous? Why miss the glamour? so he thought.

After graduation, what? What worries him much is not his future starvation. What bites his heart in two is the paradoxical significance that his aged parents have attached to this day of his graduation. To them, this precise occasion is the crossroad where the flow of labor has to turn; where before it was they who sweated to make him hurdle a course, now, it is his turn to let them rest; it is his time to make hay for them. The greying of his father's hair can stop at last; the wrinkling of his mother's face will not be faster anymore. These are what his parents think of this day. These are their thoughts which make a jet-like thrust into his whole being.

After graduation, what? Had he thought of this before, could he have secured the answer already? Perhaps, yes; perhaps



THE AUTHOR

still no. But, at least, he had all the time within which to ponder; now, time has become too limited; time has turned a million times dearer than gold.

Why, can I not trust myself with my course? he consoles himself. But during this era of mass unemployment, nobody can be fully confident of landing a job. While it is true that the brighter, the more skillful, the more clever you are, the more chances you will have of acquiring work; the question still remains: is there any work to land? So that the whole thing gets very

(Continued on page 16)

by *adelino b. sitoy*

ing for life. Then, they will have a real, a personal, knowledge of what life — life in the Philippines — really is.

The powers-that-be worry about what these graduates will discover in Philippine life. But they should not. The discoveries will all be favorable.

For, to say the least, there's nothing wrong with life in the Philippines. There's nothing wrong with the Philippines.

The people are happy. Even the poorest eat three square meals a day. There's work for all, equal opportunities for all, irrespective of whether they have political pull or not. Tears are a property of the past. So are poverty and disease and want.

There's plenty of money in the treasury. Dollars come in like nobody's business, so that the most critical problem facing the government is how to spend them. The purchase of yachts and planes has not helped solve the problem. Neither have junkets by broad-minded government officials. There's simply too much money!

(A few months ago, the government bought several tons of corn. The people are gleefully and joyously watching them rot. Last semester, the government bought "haciendas" worth hundreds of thousands for expropriations among the tenants. Today, it's paying the "hacendados" millions. Paying too much is not a thing to worry about when there's plenty to spend.

In these and other instances, the people see the manifestation of their nation's wealth and benevolence.)

ence.)

In a land where there are no grating politicians, where every government official is an idealist who upholds the highest standard of morality, there can be nothing wrong.

There's nothing wrong with the Philippines. The graduates will find this out. You bet they will!

**JUST FOR YOU**—Fr. Jose Cruz, S.J., one of our country's most eloquent and dynamic orators, made a passionate address on that elusive enigma called the Filipino soul before a group of Carolinian graduates. For those among you who may not have had the fortune to hear Fr. Cruz, we are publishing the address under the title, "What Is the Filipino Soul?"

We have three articles on different aspects of the "educational front." Written by Messrs. **Morelos, Sityo, and Lipardo**, they should prove enlightening.

Our short-story writer, **Junne Cañizares**, takes you 1,959 years back into time in his "Momentum of Madness." In this story, he portrays two people as they watch, with several others, the walk of "a man called Jesus" to Calvary.

**Flemon L. Fernandez and Evangeline L. de Paula** cross funny-bones in their rip-roaring creations, namely and respectively, "Ilif's creation" and "On Husbands." The first tells of the misadventures of **pal Joey** in his quest of the sheepskin. The second tells of—as the title says—husbands (and what husbands!).

You will find a complete list of the write-ups in this issue on the inside front cover. You should find them good reading during the unoccupied moments of the earlier part of your summer vacation!

**A PARTING WORD**—Happy hunting! †

## What Is The Filipino Soul?

*(Continued from page 6)*

which I hope I will never forget... a man of 24 years, soaked in the rain in Dalaguete, Cebu, who walked 22 kilometers to spend the whole night in vigil with his God in nocturnal adoration! All that is needed now is to channel this great force, this solid devotion to God to solid devotion of our neighbor... for love of God is also love of one's neighbor. So you will worship God in church only to carry His forgotten principles of social justice to the family, God's purity to recreation, God's principles of social justice to your profession, to your government. Because it is your faith and you believe that you, a man, were created to the dignity of a son of God. And so God did not ordain that in the midst of the plenty He created, a man should rummage through garbage pits for a living; that in the progress of science He directed, man should remain ignorant and incompetent; that in the material progress and abundance He made, a man should be condemned to inhuman hours of work, earn a sub-human salary, live a sub-human existence and begin to curse and hate the God who creat-

ed him out of Love.

You, my dear graduates, have the better answer. And only you can tell me and the Philippines what that answer will be. You stand here tonight, approved by the authorities of this University for your competence in the field of academic knowledge. You stand, here tonight, not just learned men and women but principled men and women sharing the same principles and deep convictions of Our Lord Jesus Christ, principles that impart new vision and a power of soul that has known self-sacrifice unbroken even by the Cross. You also stand here tonight, imbued with a new spirit, a new soul, under the inspiration of your patron St. Charles Borromeo, the great reformer who instilled a new life, a new spirit in a Europe torn and racked with disunion, broken and demoralized by the Protestant revolt. And you stand here tonight face to face with that inspiring band of devoted men, the Fathers of this most esteemed Society of the Divine Word, men who have left country and all to share with you your burdens as a people, who by the example of lov-

ing self-sacrifice steel you towards the way where the true solution lies. You stand here before your dear parents and friends whom you will call to witness the solemn words of your pledge... "to hold high the torch of truth and righteousness—always, everywhere and at any cost, so in our beloved Philippines the law of God may reign supreme."<sup>2</sup> And tonight is your graduation. Let it be, please God, the end of this tradition of the polished, well educated pagan. Let it be the death of the perpetual adolescent. Tonight is your commencement... the beginning of new hope. Let it be, by the grace of God, the new Catholic, mature Filipino manhood and womanhood, intelligent, principled, strong, saintly who will give enlightened, devoted leadership to our suffering people, to lead them and our beloved country out of this all too long an inglorious tomb of darkness! Restore to them the straight and erect posture of free men, restore to them their true dignity as sons of God. †

1 Jose P. Rizal, *Hall Me Tandang* (Manila: Nueva Era Press, 1956), p. 3.  
2 Pledge of Graduates, San Carlos University.

IT IS because men wonder that they begin to philosophize. And often, men begin to wonder only when the systems they built up to fit men for living produce men who merely vegetate but never fully live.

At a time when newspapers give banner headlines to stories about youths attacking innocent pedestrians in some dark alleys, when radios blare out almost daily police notes on a juvenile group roughing it up with another gang, we cannot help but brand as "strange" and "wonderful" the attitude of certain individuals and groups of individuals who holler at those who advocate religious instructions in our public schools. It is indeed a great wonder why some people should oppose as "undemocratic" the teaching of Christ and Mary as the models of virtue to the children when minds must be nurtured in truth and goodness.

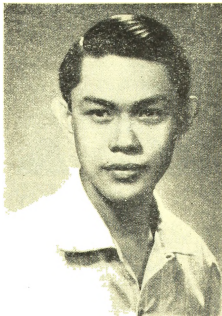
Is that really something not in keeping with our democratic pattern?

If democracy is the rule of the majority in matters where rightful choices can be made, it would certainly be within the bounds of democracy to teach Christian doctrine to the children of Catholic parents who compose around ninety per cent of our total population. The State having but a subsidiary function in this regard must take into consideration the wishes and decision of parents (who have the natural right to educate) on the kind of education they desire for

they so reverently look up to. Democratic Australia, Norway, Sweden (to mention but a few) allow it. So does West Germany. The second greatest and strongest democratic nation in the world today, Britain, not only permits but also subsidizes it. It seems only America, because of the great influence exercised on her educational system by Dewey's pragmatist school, proves to be an exception. But even there, Dewey is now losing ground because pragmatism, whose main tenet is "Only what is useful is good," has proved to be impractical and useless; because the American people after 25 to 30 years of experiment has found out that it simply does not and cannot work! A significant conclusion we can deduce from these data is that it is typical of democratic countries to have religion taught in their public schools.

Red China and Russia are typical examples of the undemocratic camp. What is their attitude towards religion? Do they not use everything in their power to efface from the memory of all their citizens ideas about God; to proclaim to all and sundry that there is no God but the State; to breed an atheistic youth who will swallow all that *Pravda* mouths and toe the Moscow line? It is typically undemocratic to breed God-haters and willing slaves of Communist dictators and tyrants! It is typically undemocratic not to teach religion in public schools.

That there is a separation of Church and State in our country is



THE AUTHOR

dividual. For what development can be complete without something religious or spiritual. In fact, such cannot be a development of humans! Such cannot be a step forward on our road to perfection. Such is a degradation rather. So, it is against the constitutions of no State, as long as it does not lose sight of its *raison d'être*, to include religion in the curriculum of its public schools.

The State wants law-abiding, honest, courageous, civic-minded and industrious citizens. But can there be a really virtuous man who

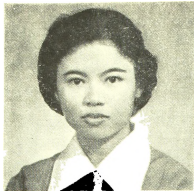
## Let HIM Into Our Schools • by JESS ESTANISLAO

their children. The Filipino Christian parents, most assuredly, send their children to school so that they may be taught what is true and good. But can there be anything true and good without God? What greater truth, what greater goodness is there but Truth and Goodness Itself which is God?

If we look beyond our national barriers and open our eyes wide to the course of action taken by other democratic nations in this matter, we will immediately see that public religious instruction definitely does not contradict the sacred democratic ideals, which we and

a fact. The Church should be supreme in spiritual matters, and the State in temporal matters. But this we cannot hold against religious instruction in public schools because religion can never be separated from the State since it is individuals who compose the State. And it is a phenomenon of human existence not to be able to be without a God either to love or to hate, a Being either to regard as Supreme or to completely disregard. The State, which tries to shake off from itself all traces of religion, loses its reason for being in that it cannot provide for the complete development of the in-

is not God-fearing? The question is some people refuse to see the most obvious fact that there can never be morality without religion. As long as men do not realize that there is a Creator to whom we owe adoration and gratitude, they would have nobody else to please by their actions but their own egocentric selves. It would not matter to them anymore who gets hurt, whose rights are trampled upon, what laws are infringed and what good traditions are broken as long as they get the most benefits of the whole "game." Yes, the irreligious  
(Continued on page 33)



THE AUTHOR

**I**N EARLIER times, when life was less complicated, evil was more immediately recognized as evil, and good as good. Today, however, this has become a complicated matter. Our modern world, with its so-called modern "simplifications," is so full of distractions that one seems lost in a confusing jungle.

Two of the most influential factors in our modern life are the press and the motion picture industry. These media have come to play a

encounter considerable difficulty in distinguishing the good from the not-so-good and even from the evil. These media, like works of art, are potentially a wonderful means for arousing and developing the nobler sentiments. Unfortunately, in too many cases, they have been allowed to degenerate and to pander to the baser instincts. Because this has been to their material advantage, movie producers, newspapermen, writers cater to the lower positions through the sensationalism of sex, crime, and the life of fabulous wealth and luxurious ease.

Juvenile delinquency, in its widest use, is applied to the young person in the adolescent stage. It is said that in adolescence, cravings and feelings are experienced to an exaggerated degree. It is at this time that the individual is most sensitive to his experiences. During this period, the young man or woman undergoes a process of maturation. This is a vital stage in the formation of the adult. Either he becomes a mature adult or he never really grows up.

cuts every approach to boredom. It is at once light and profound, imaginative and real."

The hero of our youth today is the juvenile delinquent. He has been glorified, sympathized with, and made attractive by our movies, abetted by newspapers and magazines. This idolatry is epitomized in the James Dean cult, in which non-conformity, irresponsibility, recklessness, and dramatic outbursts have been made to symbolize greatness and individuality. Financial wizards, seeing the material gains realizable in popularizing the cult, have succeeded in their exploitation of the youth by way of grand-scale propaganda of unbelievable proportions. Even in our barrios, the name of James Dean and Elvis Presley are common and ordinary.

In modern creative writing, the Angry Young Man is the order of the day. Fashionable leading characters mumble unintelligible sounds and display unfamiliar emotions. Neurotics are supposed to possess a rare sensitivity and depth that is

## *The CINEMA and the PRESS: Their Influence on the Morality of Our Youth*

*(An address delivered by TERESA ANESAMIS in a Liberal Arts Symposium.)*

large role in the shaping of our lives. They have come to influence our tastes, our opinions, and even our morality.

It is in the cities, especially, that the press and the movies have become part and parcel of community life. Most of us might have observed the limited repertoire of our young people when it comes to conversational topics. They cannot seem to go beyond the latest hit by Elvis Presley... the horror movie in town... the recent murder scandal... a certain movie star's fourth divorce... and so on.

It is significant that it is also in the cities, where these agents are most active, that juvenile delinquency is thriving. As a matter of fact, in the barrios and in the small towns, juvenile delinquency is almost an unheard-of thing.

This is not to say that we should ban the cinema and the press altogether. We all know that there is such a thing as a good movie and good reading matter. However, because of clever craftsmanship, we

in our day, for a little effort and a little money, the adolescent's cravings may be satisfied. Whereas before, amusements involved active participation, today, entertainment is practically a one-way affair. One has only to lie down and listen to the radio or relax on upholstered seats to watch a movie—and one is able to partake of vicarious thrills and experiences without having to lift a finger. The thrill of committing a crime and of being glorified for it, of being a Casanova and being envied for it, may be had for only eighty centavos in air-conditioned movie-house.

The Holy Father, in a statement on movies has said that the young, especially, see in the movies a quick and attractive way of quenching their thirst for knowledge and experience. The ideal film, according to the Holy Father, does not make an empty show of moralizing, but emphasizes positive work, which, as circumstances demand, "instructs, delights, diffuses genuine and noble joy and pleasure and

unfortunately unappreciated by their less gifted companions. Francoise Sagan's sensational novels are selling by the millions.

Surely, what is financially beneficial to the cinema and the press does not necessarily have to be morally destructive to our youth. Perhaps it is our fault. Perhaps, if we shun and refuse to patronize immorality and indecency; if we set for ourselves a high and noble standard, the cinema and the press will be forced to elevate their standards in order to meet ours. The solution lies clearly in creating a demand for a high moral standard in entertainment and reading which the producers will have to meet, if for no other reason than in order to realize financial gains. Or maybe we should go further—we should endeavor to set such a high standard that the press and the cinema will continue to exist only as instruments for good.

After all, what is an actor without an audience, or a writer without readers? ♪

**A** WEEK to remember—that is college graduation to me. It is a memory that I have looked back on every March and May and October for the past ten years whenever I sit through commencement exercises at the University of San Carlos. Seeing the toga-clad girls mincing along on their unaccustomed high heels always wails me back to twenty-two years ago when I too wore a flowing toga and teetered on heels. Also young, also eager, and very self-confident that the world was ours to conquer, we graduates were given by the university one last grand whirl of socials which climaxed our college life and became the one wonderful week we now call Graduation Week. Perhaps Time has cast a glamour on the memory; perhaps nostalgia has sharpened the pleasurable details of that memory, but I am certain that I do have the memory of an unforgettable graduation to cherish.

As at present, the Seniors then were through with the final examinations ten days or so before the end of classes. In three days those who would actually graduate had been notified. In three days, we knew that for us Graduation Week was meant to be. The whole university was going to honor us!

With the exercises scheduled for the following Monday, the preceding Thursday ushered in the week's hectic pace with the ROTC graduation exercises followed by the Military Ball. On Friday the Women's Club gave a formal Seniors' Ball; on Saturday pink-gowned Juniors handed to the white-robed Seniors the garland in the now-traditional *Cadena-de-Amor* Festival. Sunday morning meant the Baccalaureate Mass followed by every graduate's trooping to his college for briefing and instructions for the next day's processional and recessional. In the evening, dressed up in the gowns that had been hidden under the toga in the morning's mass, the Seniors attended their own dance, the Graduation Ball. On Monday morning everyone slept late, gathering energy for the day's finale—Commencement Exercises in the afternoon.

At three o'clock we graduates were back in the halls with cap and

gown carefully and conspicuously held in view. There were many undergraduates to know we were graduating, for the day was not yet the last day of the final examinations. How proudly we signed for our copies of our graduation annuals, opening them before the awed freshmen, how condescend-

had she known it was that way, she would have striven more for a *magna cum laude* honor. Again the ruffe sounded. Another honor graduate had the stage.

That was how it was. Only after the recessional were the flowers, the gifts, the kisses from kith and kin given to the graduates who

## College Graduation — PRE-WAR STYLE

ingly we smiled at the staring sophomores, how casually we tossed off the congratulations of the envious Juniors! How tremulous, now excited, how thrilled we were by it all—the gathering crowd of parents and brothers and aunts and friends before the large large stage, the suddenly unfamiliar professors in black togas topped with brilliantly-hued capes while ours were an undistinguished black without cape or color; the festive feeling in the air, the expectancy, the knowledge that this was it.

Through the blowing wind we marched from the main building across the campus to our seats before the stage. The several speeches I no longer remember; the commencement platitudes I don't recall. But I do remember that our guest speaker was the President of the Philippines himself, and I clearly know that it was very satisfying to walk across the large large stage, savoring the slow measured tread that took each graduate to the President of the country and the president of the university waiting at the other end of the stage, ribbon-tied "diploma" in hand. And after the graduates had marched up the stage and down it, the drums rolled a ruffe, and the honor graduates were announced. On the stage empty of every graduate, the *cum laude* graduate walked alone as the applause whirled about her and her eyes misted and the President of the Philippines smiled at her across the stage. Alone she walked and received her diploma, shook the two presidents' hands, and out again, with the feeling that

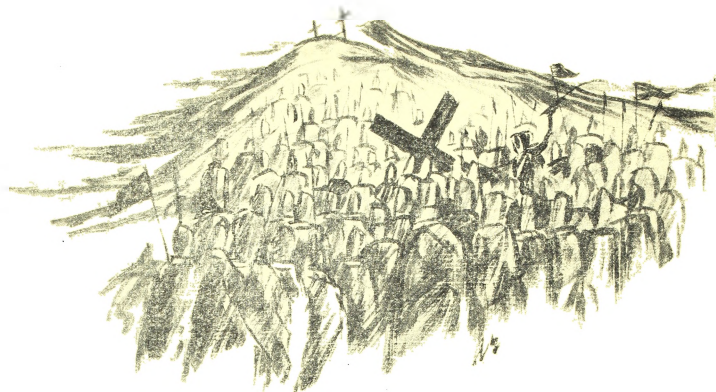
were then borne away by adoring relatives and friends for their own private celebrations.

Perhaps such a commencement program is no longer feasible. Expenses? I went through the whole week with only two new dresses; my usual allowance was increased only by the cost of six graduation pictures and a new pair of shoes, the fees for the annual and the diploma having been paid two months previously. True, some graduates spent little fortunes on themselves; most of us spent little. At the balls and receptions, we were guests.

Perhaps the procedure of awarding honor graduates a special march across the stage is not possible any longer with half a dozen *summa cum laudes* and two dozen each of *magnas* and *cum laudes* graduating each year. In my time, it was not so.

Be that as it may, I did leave the university with a wonderful memory of my last days within its walls, for the university had made it so, had made our graduation an affair to remember. For such an experience, October and May graduates returned to the university the following March. After such an experience we graduates left the university with a real love for our Alma Mater. Should any graduate today not take such an emotion away with him, he is to be pitied. I wish for my sons and daughters the kind of graduation their father and mother had had in 1936! †

(Mrs.) Avelina V. Gil



I

**H**EAT WAVES rose from the paved street, but the people that assembled noisily on the roadside seemed to have ignored the intensity of the sun. Perhaps, at that very hour *When I was daily with you in the temple, you did not stretch forth your hands against Me; but this is your hour and the power of darkness* no one ever thought of going home and taking a nap. A fellow announced aloud that the parade had arrived and immediately they eagerly turned to where the voice came from, and realized that they had fallen again into somebody's folly. Many lost their tempers and uttered maledictions.

Gomer and Saul edged themselves in the crowd.

"Are you sure?" Saul asked.

"Sure what?" Gomer said.

"That they'll come."

"He's already judged." *But they were instant with loud voices, requiring that He might be crucified And their voices prevailed.*

"Possibly they'll take the other road."

"That's very unlikely. The gathering is here. What's the matter with you?"

"I'm tired. Let's stop..."

"I am, too."

Somewhere at the other side of the road, someone was sowing trouble. The throng was stirred.

"Teach that thief a lesson! Break his skull!" one bawled.

"I didn't do it! I didn't do it! I swear. I didn't!" a boy was screaming.

"That's enough," someone said. "That's enough."

"What had you to do with this?" another said.

"He said he's innocent. You hear him."

"Hey, are you directing me what to do?"

"Nobody's directing you what to do. I only tell you what you actually do."

"Shut your mouth."

"Look--."

"Don't make me boil. I warn you."

"Going to scare me?"

II

**THE QUARREL** dropped down when the soldiers came marching along the hot road. *Strangely, the disputants And Herod and Pilate were made friends, that same day; for before they were enemies one to another became friends; now they were on speaking terms as if nothing had happened between them.*

The soldiers were handsomely dressed and fully armed; the metal

## SHORT STORY

by Junne Cañazas

parts of their uniforms glittered in the sun. Their heavy footfalls filled the vicinity with hasty rhythm.

From the porticoes of the buildings by the road, *Seest thou all these great buildings? There shall*

not be left a stone upon a stone that shall not be thrown down the rich men and plutocrats and their fair ladies looked down. They had a complete view of the scene below.

In one of those porches, a painter was busy sketching. His companions watched over his shoulders, and once in a while eyed the street to find if the reproduction was accurate.

Now the second platoon emerged from the corner. The people moved forward a little; they looked here and there. The shorter ones tiptoed and stretched their necks.

When the two columns had passed by, a man went to the middle of the road to see what was coming next. Naughty boys ran across the road. Some transferred from their places to secure better positions.

A tall man stood in front of Gomer. Gomer silently wished evil to fall upon the man, and elbowed Saul. They wormed their way forward. Many times they had to reason out to persons whom they had unintentionally pushed aside.

"What's the accusation against

But hearts were already stiffened and obscurity had flowed into the minds . . . .

can't do that."

"He makes wonders. Do you know?"

"Yes, methinks, He did one to me."

"Is that so? Tell me about it."

"Never mind it."

"Come on, tell me."

"My knee was badly broken, and I was deemed helpless. I wouldn't walk again, they said. Then, there was the rumor about this Man. My neighbors placed me with other invalids on the road where He was expected to pass. He did come. He looked at us for a moment, and we all walked. That was two years ago, my friend."

"I see. By the way, why are you uninformed of this event now? Where were you?"

"Out selling goods. I'm a tra-

about Him?"

"He's an extraordinary Man. Do you esteem Him? He healed you."

"Maybe, He did heal me. Maybe He didn't. I doubt now."

"What do you mean?"

"I remember now that I just felt that I was going to recover at that moment. And right then I did."

### III

LIKE A HERD of sheep which had been vexed, the crowd at the head of the line was put in motion.

The people grew very excited. There was an uproar.

"It must be them now," Gomer said.

"I reckon," Saul said.

"The devils had made us wait long," one said.

"I'm about to give up. I'm already giddy," another said.

What Gomer and Saul first of all saw was the man who was leaping back and forth, in a cat-like manner, a bit ahead of the train of soldiers and civilians. He was laughing boisterously. His hair was ruffled. Somehow the bystanders along the street shared his overwhelming enthusiasm for they burst out.

The Condemned was flanked by two horsemen. He was stooping. He carried on His back two pieces of wood which were fastened together, but vertical to each other. A chord was tied around His waist and a soldier held it, ready to pull it if the condemned slackened speed. Another soldier with a whip followed urging Him onward.

Then, some women appeared at the center of the road and stayed there, *But Jesus, turning to them said: Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not over Me; but weep for*

*(Continued on page 29)*

## Momentum of MADNESS

Him?" Saul asked when they had paused.

"Huh?" Gomer said. It was very noisy, and he did not hear it very well.

"What do they say He's committed?"

"Blasphemy. Disrespect. . . . And they began to accuse Him, saying: We have found this Man perverting our nation and forbidding to give tribute to Caesar, and saying that He is Christ the King.

"I can't believe. He's good; He

veling merchant, you know."

"If you were only here, you'd have witnessed what the soldiers did to Him."

"The peasants I met on the way home told me about it."

"The people detest Him, because He claims to be very powerful. And Pilate asked Him, saying: Art thou the King of the Jews? But He, answering, said: Thou sayest it. Above all men. Just imagine that."

"Personally, what can you say





# Recessional

Lord of our minds, Lord of these halls  
 Lord God of sov'reign destiny!  
 Behold, before thee lowly falls  
 A suppliant throng on bended knee!

Oh hearken now, thou Lord on high,  
 To this, thy children's lowly cry!

'Twas long ago; our minds on fire  
 For truth, we dreamt to shape the earth;  
 Our visions flamed with one desire  
 To pierce the mists of death and birth!

Our eyes peered down the ancient ages,  
 And held converse with Lords and Kings,  
 And nourished deep in wisdom's pages  
 We flow the heights with eagle wings!

The aches oftimes of bitter hours  
 Retraced the paths our spirits trod;  
 But though weighed down by fearful powers,  
 We cried to thee like fallen sod:

Be with us now, oh Lord on high,  
 Lest failing thee we fall and die!

Deep silence wraps the darkened aisles  
 Where cries once shook the sun-drenched air;  
 Hushed voices now and timid smiles  
 Replace our once unyielding dares!

Oh vanished far like mists our dreams,  
 The youthful years are fled and gone;  
 Where once we basked in deathless themes,  
 Before us flames the dying sun!

We leave behind us echoes still  
 As fearful march our feet away,  
 But yet to thee we bend our will  
 And tremblingly our lips do pray:

Be with us now, oh Lord on high,  
 Lest failing thee we fall and die!

And now though gone the youthful fires  
 And fear and sadness sound this march,

Our hands still reach for yonder spires  
 That gleam beyond yon rainbowed arch!

For guided by the unfailing light  
 Of yesterday's unceasing quest,  
 We walk now tow'rd's the dreadful night  
 The dark beyond the gloaming west!

Who knows what lies for us ahead?  
 Shall they be monsters of the deep?  
 Or shrieking winds of typhoons dread?  
 Or stars beyond the western keep?

Be these and more the shadows dim  
 To haunt our spirits on the way  
 Our lips shall chant the immortal hymn  
 And fearing, still unceasing pray:

Be with us now, oh Lord on high,  
 Lest failing thee we fall and die!

Remould the triumphs of the past  
 To shape the visions of today;  
 Oh keep our pride from swelling fast,  
 Tomorrow still is on the way!

For as we cast our eyes afar  
 Dim scenes of far-flung battles fierce,  
 Of right and wrong in ceaseless war  
 Arise to dim the aspiring years!

But lo! the mists shall fade and fly!  
 The CROSS that showed us Wisdom's birth  
 Shall stand serene against the sky,  
 Proud and secure upon the earth!

Then shall our waking minds recall  
 These hallowed halls in memory,  
 And once again shall lowly fall  
 A suppliant throng on bended knee:

Be with us now, oh Lord on high,  
 Lest failing thee we fall and die! ;

**by demetrio maglalang**

## After Graduation . . .

(Continued from page 7)

complicated; you get concerned about not only what's within you but also without.

"Statistics show," continued Rep. Osmeña, "that in order to employ one man permanently, a capital investment of seven thousand pesos is required on the average. Hence, a staggering total capital investment of P14 billion pesos would be needed to employ the two million now unemployed, and to accommodate the two hundred and fifty thousand that annually need employment, an additional investment of P1,750,000,000 would be necessary each and every year, assuming that the annual increase in the number of the unemployed remains the same.

"From the foregoing figures it is clear that there is definitely a wholly inadequate supply of local capital available for investment in additional industries and capable of absorbing the increasing number of the unemployed. In fact, our country's total money supply at present is only P1,600,000,000. This is less than the amount which would be required yearly to be invested so as to create employment opportunities for the 250,000 that at least are added every year to the Philippine roster of unemployed.

"Since local capital is insufficient and, in many instances, timid to invest in order to develop the country at a pace rapid enough to take care of our increasing population, our only alternative is to attract friendly foreign investments into the country.

"Time is of the essence if we are to solve our acute unemployment problem as rapidly as possible and stave off probable chaos and disaster. Our suffering people with no jobs and no income would become an easy prey to subversion and communism," he concluded.

After graduation, what?

This is not the problem of one graduate alone. This is the problem of thousands of graduates. And this is not only the headache of the thousand graduates of the school year 1958-1959; this was the worry of the thousand graduates in the past, this will be the worry of the thousand others in the future. Two million Filipinos are already sick of this problem: 250,000 join the unemployed of two million yearly.

The cure therefore is not only individual but also governmental. Individual in the sense that it is

(Continued on page 28)

# ON HUSBANDS

by

*Evangelina L. de Paula*



● I ought to know about this much-sought-after, highly-prized species known as husbands. Thanks heavens, I got one. In this world where there are more skirts than shirts, trapping a husband is something of a feat; you must admit.

Much has been written for and against husbands. Old maids and unhappily married women bitterly denounce them as ungrateful, egocentric, contemptible creatures. They are in the minority, of course. If husbands were as beast-like as they are pictured to be, then why are there husbands? Mothers would have fought tooth and nail to save their daughters from the clutches of these "brutes." But no. They even help their darlings lay the trap for the poor unsuspecting male. Since Adam and zillions of years later, husbands have withstood the ravages of time. And they will be here ever after. Thousands of marriage licenses taken out every day will attest to that.

A husband is as serviceable as a can-opener. You can do without it, but look at the convenience you're foregoing. I always look with pity at some poor bachelor woman rushing to the office and there pounding the typewriter the whole day, slaving for thirty long, tiresome days before she gets that envelope. A married woman receives a whole month's pay without even lifting a finger for it. The career-wise Miss (or is it Missed?) swelters it out the whole hot afternoon while her luckier sister complacently enjoys her nap. This may sound uncivil but, girls, if you want a free meal ticket, get a husband.

There can be no more well-rounded handyman to have around the house than a husband. He is the very personification of a jack-of-all-trades. He is modern convenience plus. Who needs a plumber, a gardener, a carpenter, or an electrician if a husband is around? He can just as efficiently do a skillful work as fixing the radio as he can change baby's diaper.

Man has always been thought of as the superior sex. And no other group has been as openly vocal in asserting this superiority as husbands. The man should wear the pants in the family — he's the lord and master — they say. Tell him otherwise and he'll raise a lot of racket. A smart wife plays ball. She'll have her husband take the upperhand — seemingly. If she disagrees with him, she doesn't tell him so. A snuffle there, a tear here, will do-the-trick. Hubby's big golden heart melts and the little woman has the "superior sex" wound around her finger.

Elizabeth Taylor, on the loss of her husband, said: "I feel as useless as the other half of a pair of scissors." She couldn't have more aptly put into words the closeness, the meaning of a husband to a woman. On the day she repeated the marriage vows, she took unto her, her life's partner. And from that day on, he had been her strength, her source of joy. He is there to "double her pleasure and divide her cares." I would say this of my husband, as Jefferson said of his wife: "Heaven would not be heaven for me if I do not meet her here. But God would sure have to tolerate a lot of bickering there!" †

by Gerardo Lipardo, Jr.

I.  
BEYOND THE DISTANT SKIES.

YEARS AGO, when I was just a child I used to wander with a friend across the hills of my tiny hometown by the border of the Pacific Ocean. I cannot in any way remember the face of my little friend now, but I can still recall a question he thoughtlessly asked of me in our youthful daydreams—a question left unanswered through the years. My friend and I were resting on the gnarled roots of a huge tree one warm afternoon when, in the peak of an almost solitary meditation, he asked me: Gerry, where will you be fifteen years from now? I myself was gazing peacefully at the eastern horizon at that moment and was on the verge of a gauzy dream; yet slowly my eyes strayed across the sparkling waves and rising clouds afar as I stirred my thoughts to get the meaning of his words. Where will I be fifteen years from now, I murmured. As my youthful friend turned to smile at me, my bewildered thoughts soared beyond the distant skies searching for an answer.

In cap and gown, and with a diploma in my hand, here I am. Here I am after the passing of fifteen years whispering the answer to a lost question of yesterday. Here I am looking across the years, gazing again beyond the blue of the seas, straying again in the hazy world of fragile dreams, and carefully gathering broken thoughts of the passing years. The past is like an ocean sailed, where once my little boat of life tossed and quivered, abandoned to the ruthless element of a real world. Some people say Fate makes a man what he is now. I disagree. Years ago, I was like a mariner sailing across surging seas hopelessly forsaking myself to the charity of Fate. Yet everytime I raised my arms to ask heaven for mercy, I felt that my hands were free, so free that I considered it a sin in the eyes of God if I allowed

## GRADUATION Reveries

myself to drift aimlessly in this ocean of life. As every boat has its rudder, so every man has his own will. I believe therefore, that with the kindly guidance of the Great Will above, and with the exercise of his own free will, a man can be what he wants to be, the very image of his ideal self molded day by day after his own desires.

Thus, in cap and gown, and with a diploma in my hand, I behold my days to come, and I ask again the question: Where will I be fifteen years from now?

And to my fellow graduates I venture to ask the same: Where will you be fifteen years from now?

To a real college graduate, there is no searching for answers anymore. To him the question is clear, and the answer is clearer; the smile on his lips reflects the precise planning of a dream he will have fulfilled fifteen years from now.

II.  
CROSSING THE BRIDGE.

It is not that I want to intrude into the contemplative thoughts of those who want to be left alone. It is not that I desire to claim clarity of vision of the days to come nor boast to solve the profound prob-



Hail, O our Alma Mater  
Proud and stately... maker of men

lems of those who are about to leave. I only wish to awaken the minds of those who are in a careless trance, unaware of a significant turn they are about to make and incautious of the grave decision they will be forced to resolve.

We, graduates, are like soldiers about to face a decisive battle in life. Our training is over. We cross the bridge with an earnest conviction that we are prepared, ready to march forward with a firm determination to succeed and willing to give and sacrifice everything for the fulfillment of our ideals. We may fail once, twice or even thrice, but the true idealist will never yield till the last fiber of his strength is spent, and hope is no more but a long lost star no longer shining on the skies.

The years of training have been so long that we lose sight of the great object we are supposed to attain, the noble aims we were summoned to fulfill. We have been students all these years; we spent our days in classrooms and in campuses with companionable associates and genial tutors. But now, we are going out for the first time, and with no second choice, to a field entirely strange and unfamiliar, a wide world before our view. Each of us will fight his own battle. There will be frustrations and disappointments, but these do not matter. Whether we will submit to or overcome the trying obstacles that will bar our way is all that really matters—the real test of how ably we have been trained.

We cross the bridge and start a life entirely new and different. This is the truth. We cannot escape what we are bound to do nor hope to linger in our life of ease for the force of truth urges us forward

(Continued on page 32)

# PICTORIAL SECTION

## USC Music Festival

It happens only once in many years. But it came and went—like the passing of a wind—unheard save only by a few. The sight of the many empty seats could not help but awaken a sense of futility and the consequent question: "Where was Gabu?"

I would not want to sound too critical nor too enthusiastic either—but let it be said: The night of February 1 was the night. Perhaps a soul-searing experience.

Take for instance the orchestra. That it was geared up to almost perfect form was evidenced in a real fine performance, rippling in one moment in a Mozartian minuet, glowing in another in a Haydnian blaze of power. A mighty choir of one-hundred fifty members, particularly in its rendition of the excerpts from Haydn's "Creation", was all but caught up in the virtuosic sweep of the orchestra and, indeed, the whole performance then took fire.

The festival as a whole was marked by a kind of psychological progression—as though one, first dancing his way through light popular Hammerstein tunes, is then waltzed away to the skies on Strauss melodies. Then confronted by the universe, he meditates on its chaotic metamorphosis, and finally faces with its wonder, he bursts forth in a mighty paean that is the "Creation".

Though it lacked to some degree the color and the life that it should have had, the Hammerstein's State Fair nevertheless captured the mood required for a receptive understanding of the later heavier pieces.

An aura of refreshing grace wrapped the Vienna Woods performance and perhaps the sights and sounds of the Vienna forest suggested by the music caught up the dancers as they were whirled away by the vigor and the gusto with which the orchestra played the well-known Strauss waltz.

The Blue Danube on the other hand could not but evoke a feeling of nostalgia for those gracious days long gone when cavaliers and princesses once walked the earth. Marked by a classic elegance as only possible through the magic touch of Madge Martin or of Cit Villamor, the performance charmed its way into the heart of an enchanted audience.

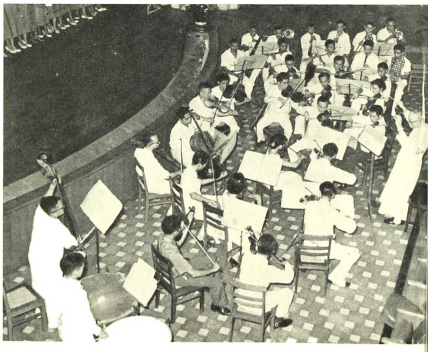
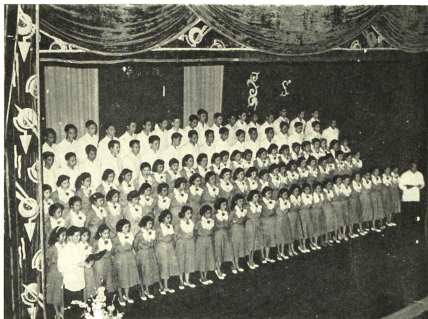
Mozart's Serenade was played with stark simplicity and melodic grace.

The festival, of course was highlighted by the choral interpretation of the excerpts from Haydn's Creation.

It was a masterful interpretation. Whoever may have been the faults, the fires of Haydn could not but be felt—and the power and the majesty too. An evocative representation of chaos, a dramatic burst of light played to a mighty chord, a choral blaze of song surging into a brilliant finale, touched off an experience that perhaps cannot be equalled in many years to come. (The passage on the "Ethereal Vault" was incomparable. One cannot ask for too much of it. The voice of

Miss Navidad, possessed of a splendid timbre, as proven on many an occasion, and again in this particular passage, deserves a real "break", let's say, in one of Europe's music schools.)

The direction as a whole was masterly despite a few mishaps among the winds and the horns. Let a critic gifted with a finer ear for music mark other occasional fumbblings in the Sunday performance, but let him at least bow to a grandly memorable experience—a breathtaking respite, an atmosphere charged with the raspings of an Elvis Presley or with the animal contortions of a rock-and-roll...*etc.*





*Presented February 1, 1959 — ST. THERESA'S AUDITORIUM*

# PICTORIA



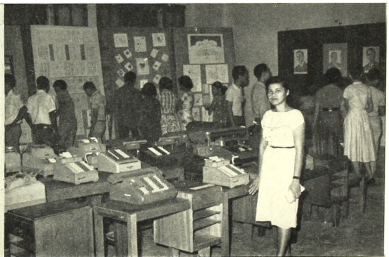
## Univer.

University Day was actually three days—Friday, February 13; Saturday, February 14; and Sunday, February 15. It could have easily mistaken for New Year's Eve, only, the festivities were limited to San Carlos, and it was February. The preparation that went into University Day was tremendous.

You would have thought it was intended for a long season of festivities. The "dramatists" and the "dancers" had been taking time off to rehearse weeks before University Day. The members of this or that committee were forever hustling; programs and tickets had to be printed, and odds and ends prepared.

The USCSCA boys, wielding metal polish, were busy giving the St. Charles Borromeo statue in the main lobby a face-lifting. Etc.

University Day was formally opened on Friday afternoon at five. The Provincial Governor's lady cut the ceremonial ribbon at the main gate. The band, playing some pop tunes, completed the holiday air.



# SECTION .....



## ity Day

The public was admitted to the cultural exhibits which were shown in all the classrooms in the main, science and engineering buildings, and in the main, law, science and engineering libraries. Each exhibit had a distinct motif.

A program was staged at 7:30 p.m. At about the same time, the Akans began their bingo game at the basketball court, which was filled to overflowing. The program wound up at ten o'clock the bingo game a little later.

Saturday's schedule was practically the same—exhibits at daytime and programs and bingo games in the evening. But most young people who came to San Carlos on that day presented something different: they were wearing flaming-heart pins for Valentine's. Sunday's schedule was of a similar pattern. University Day, which, though there were no parades and floats, started with a bang, ended with not even a whimper. Monday was as sober and staid as though nothing had happened the day before msq



# PICTORIAL

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## *Lincoln*

### **IN NINE CLOTHBOUND VOLUMES**

On February 12, 1809, a child was born in abject poverty in one of the most lowly log cabins in Illinois who was destined to become the world's greatest champion of democracy. His name—Abraham Lincoln. One hundred fifty years later a grateful United States of America commemorated that day; and, as a fitting gesture, donated to the USC Library nine clothbound volumes of his works.

American Consul J. Raymond Yitalo, representing the United States Government, personally delivered the books to the Reverend Father Rector in a formal ceremony held at the University Library.

In his short address, the Consul expressed the hope that students would imbibe from these books the worthy ideals to which the Great Emancipator had wholly dedicated his life. The books, students should realize, form not only a vast storehouse of the fundamental concepts of democracy espoused by Lincoln; they also provide the weapons with which to help combat the onslaughts of communism the world over.

May Carolinians find the books a welcome addition to our University Library *sa it.*





# SECTION



## *USC Alumni Homecoming*

On February 15, Sunday morning, more than 300 USC Alumni converged on the ground floor of the new Building for the traditional USC Alumni Homecoming.

Starting the activities with a solemn Mass, followed by a sumptuous and hearty breakfast, the program wound up with... of all things — hula-hoop prizes. Emceed by Doc Tasing Solon, concededly San

Carlos' unbeatable off-screen comedy maker, the affair ended as the most riotous and uproarious the Alumni had ever witnessed.

On this one-page spread are camera portraits of that half-day merry-making, uncomplaining stomachs with equally uncomplaining faces. The Alumni never had it so good so it



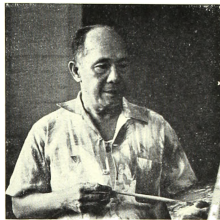
**F**ELIX ALCORDO SAVELLON is a man of varied interests. He is a lawyer, a teacher, a doctor and a literary artist. He has also taken up painting—a hobby that offers him rich rewards—with as much interest and intensity of devotion as he has put into the law and medical practice.

A devotee of the brush, Dr. Felix A. Savellon, 55, bespectacled, balding and as energetic as an eighteen-year-old, is a talented artist.

This can be gleaned from his fine, exact strokes and color blending in many of his well-executed canvases. A conservative with leanings toward impressionism, his works are what even uninitiated art viewers will readily admire and what art critics will examine for details and pattern of strokes.

his finished canvases to the Art Association of the Philippines for display in its annual art exhibits.

Some of his paintings seen by this writer during a visit to his quiet Mambaling residence-studio are "Old House," "Rocks of Hapitan," "Corrals," "Seascape," etc. All of his landscapes and other beautiful country scenes are painted "on location." For instance, his "Rocks of Hapitan" was taken in Barili; his "Old House," behind the Cathedral, and "Seascape" at Tuyom, Carcar. These landscape canvases are done after a careful choice of subject and after sketching roughly on canvas. A work unfinished in one sitting is brought home for final touches. He uses oil, sometimes watercolor, but he prefers oil because its impression is permanent.



FELIX A. SAVELLON

being becomes a part of it." He believes that a finished work of art is one part paint material and another part the personality of the artist himself.

It is because of this belief of his that he does not sell paintings. In one instance three Americans wanted to buy his paintings exhibited by the Cebu Art Association at the local USIS office. But he did not sell any. (Asked how much he would price a small canvas if he were to sell it, he said ₱80.) In another occasion, Mrs. Ruth Lavin, wife of former USIS chief Bernardo Lavin, wanted to have his painting. He found it hard to refuse her but he never sold the canvas; he gave it free. He has this philosophy:

"A painting and a short story are both art work but a story is intended for sale and it ceases to be yours when you are paid. A painting is a part of the painter himself. You are selling a part of yourself when you sell a painting."

It's no surprise for one who knows him to mention paintings

## F. A. Savellon:

### PAINTER With A PHILOSOPHY

Perhaps some would say this is stretching his merits too far but one has only to see his canvases to admire the painter's ability and talent. Another credible proof is the observation of a prominent artist who accompanied Juan Luna's works on an exhibition tour of the South. He was delighted by Dr. Savellon's paintings and urged him to send

Because of his many pressing duties, it is mostly during Sundays and any free time available that he gets hold of his palette and brush. So, with such little time as he can devote, he puts his whole self into the work when he paints.

Painting according to Dr. Savellon, "is absorbing, relaxing. I forget everything, thus my whole



Painter F. A. SAVELLON and his "Corrals"

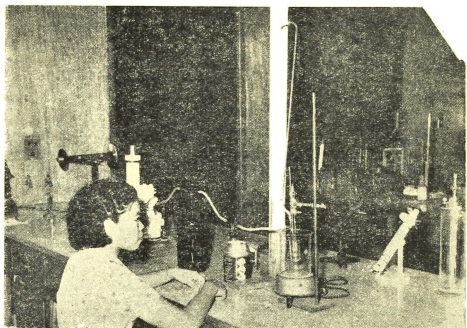
by **B. C. Cabanatan**

(Photographs by the Author)

and short stories here for he was a short-story writer and poet of note in his early years. His stories and poems appeared in UST's **THE QUILL**, a literary organ, in the **Philippines Herald**, **The Tribune**, and in the **VARSITARIAN**, of which he was a staffer. He was also **THE QUILL**'s illustrator. An old copy of this literary organ shown to this writer contains his poems and impressionistic illustrations. Two of his poems, "Transition" and "Working Bee" were included in Jose Garcia Villa's  
(Continued on page 28)

**E**XPERIENCE tells me that lab work is a means by which the knowledge that the student has accumulated in a lecture is put to actual practice. Nowadays especially, practically all the courses offered in a university demand at least one lab subject—Even the A.B. and the B.S.H.E. students are compelled to take up a laboratory science elective, and General and Organic Chemistry lab and lecture, respectively. So, it is quite difficult to evade lab work. But what good is it for the student? What effects does it produce in him?

Lab work is indispensable to the student if he plans on working in the field of science. It furnishes him the evidence to the proven facts that he learns in a classroom, or those which he comes across in some books or periodicals. For instance, by experiment, he knows that the  $H_2O$  that he drinks and makes use of in many ways, can be decomposed into hydrogen and oxygen by electrolysis. The hydrogen gas is given off at the negative electrode, whereas the oxygen is evolved at the positive. To determine the physical properties of these gases, he makes use of his senses of sight, smell and even taste. If he finds out that they are colorless, odorless and tasteless, then he can partly conclude that they are oxygen and hydrogen. Incidentally, there are gases which are gifted with color, odor and taste. However, a sure secure way of knowing the presence of these components of water is by mixing



*A Student waits for the result of an experiment.*

or formalin, if he wants to learn more by vivisection. Physics urges him to be more patient especially if he deals with the measurement of temperature and relative humidity. He is obliged to wait not for seconds, but for minutes and sometimes even hours, till the mercury level of the thermometer is lowered to the foregoing point, or may be, a little above it. It stresses CARE, especially when he experiments on electric currents. He must give care to the apparatus and see to it that he carefully follows the procedure. Else, he might sadly end up else-

either. Chemistry especially teaches the student to be cooperative and hard-working. It gives him the chance to practice charity very often, and at times demands politeness from him. Furthermore, it makes him aware of the inherent social character of man, and that his neighbors will ask his help at some time or other and that he in turn must extend a hand to him. He too will ask for the others' assistance. He must share the knowledge that he has concerning the experiment, his equations, matches, reagents, and even his apparatus with his classmate. Else, he will find himself estranged. However, Chemistry makes the student really work. Quantitative and Technical analyses requires some overtime from the student and he must do it if he intends to finish the assigned unknowns in time. His apparatus are always kept clean, and they must be—? not because he fears contamination but because he wants to obtain a satisfying result for himself.

However, these are not the only effects that lab work has in store for the student. It would require a whole work to enumerate and give a detailed explanation of all of them. But the truth is that lab work gives the students, the proofs of the possibilities in this living world. Somehow, it awakens him to the fact that the world has been created for him and he must, as "God's perfect creation" make use of the God-given intellect that he possesses, to rule over it. #

## **LAB WORK and the STUDENT**

*by Alberta Rile*

them and igniting the mixture. Hydrogen burns in oxygen, and a non-luminous flame produced from a successful experiment is indeed satisfying. It surely gives him the thrill and excitement he thirsts to witness.

But lab work is not all thrill and excitement. It is more of work, think, work stuff than one can even think of. It is sometimes tedious, stringest, sickening, but it has some wonderful effect on the student, more particularly on his character.

For instance, Zoology demands courage from a student. He must be courageous enough to dissect a frog's (or a cat's) body, and subject himself to the intoxicating smell

where. An Engineering course on the other hand, emphasizes the dignity of labor. No matter how well-to-do and "mama's boy" a student is, he must do his share in straining every nerve for a machine. His shirt may be soiled or perhaps stained with oil, but he never minds them, not if he aims to be a good engineer in the future. Probably, the more facile lab work is done in a Botany lab. But it is not quite easy to pinpoint the number of fibers in a root or a leaf. What more if it is done through a microscope on a hand lens?

Being a B.S. Chemistry student however, I am not dispensed from saying that Chemistry lab is not the hardest, but it is not the easiest

## Report On

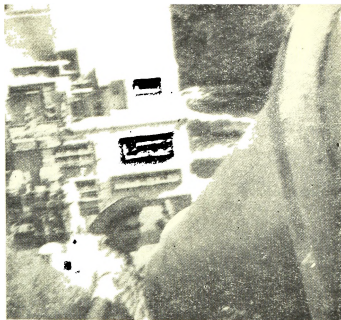
# ENGINEERING Seminars

by GERARDO R. LIPARDO, JR.

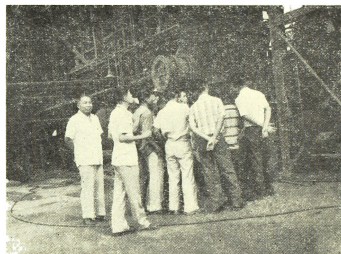
**T**HE ROOM is silent and empty. Outside, a large cardboard sign: **Class is Out in Seminar.**

Yes, that is what we do weekly in the engineering college to bolster our classroom studies and laboratory experiments. We go visiting some noted industrial firms and see for ourselves how shoes are really made, or how steam power plants are operated, or still another, how mineral deposits are really mined. As a result, what may have been a vague and helpless confusion of gears and cams and flywheels in the mind of a bewildered student slowly clears out as he gets an actual idea of the real items themselves. No amount of keen imagination can really compare with visual observation of the machines themselves moving in tireless regularity and splendid patterns. Moreover, a lavish admiration for machines can be only had from actually watching the long series of mechanical contrivances passing forth raw materials here and there only to turn out amazingly at the very end a finished shoe or a bottled soft drink.

To mention a particular visit, the engineering class under Engineer Francisco Pilapil of the mechanical engineering super-seniors went out for a whole week during the Christmas vacation to Iligan, Lanao, to observe the operation of the Maria Cristina Hydro-Electric Plant, the NASSCO Steel Mill, the Iligan Fertilizer Plant, the Cristina Carbide and also, the Kolambugan Plywood Factory. The  
*(Continued on next page)*



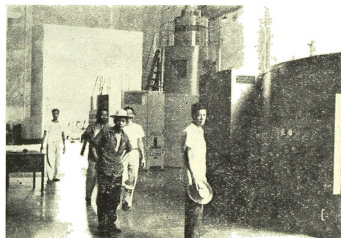
Descending from the 350 feet cliff to the power plant.



The Engineering Super-Seniors take a look at the Fertilizer Plant installation, Iligan, Lanao.



Taking a good view of the scenic Maria Cristina Falls.



Engineering students studying the inside portion of the Maria Cristina Hydro-Electric Power Plant, Iligan, Lanao.

educational value of the visit was tremendous; our best teachers in the engineering college could have spent a whole year explaining about those plants without giving hail as clear an idea as what we got there in a week. We descended 350 feet down a dark tunnel to see the famous Maria Cristina Hydro-Electric Plant with its gigantic turbines and huge generators. Filled with intricate mechanisms, the plant itself is a perfect example of a laudable engineering achievement and also a splendid model showing modern scientific trends in power development. Then we watched expert workers pour down glowing liquid metal to ingot molds as the first step in a series of processes that would finally make steel bars out of scraps in the NASSCO Steel Mill. We studied complicated installations, sketched plant layouts, inquired about production cost... etc. The sum total was a clear idea of all the hazy chapters of engineering books previously read but never completely understood.

These trips, however, are not all serious affairs with nothing in the heads of students but pulsating mechanical gadgets and complex power installations. Interesting incidents and varied attractions add to the desirability of this form of education. For instance, in visits to different provinces, we engineering students, have the rare opportunity of seeing well-known spots and scenic landmarks besides meeting people who are reliably competent to give us advice as to where one is fitted to go after graduation. At least, one will have an idea after all these visits where he would want to work the moment he leaves school.

Thus travel indeed is the best form of education. We hold this opinion as true as we go from place to place meeting people and seeing things as they are. After each trip, we always go home richer in friends and experiences, better cultured and educated individuals learning lessons away from school. Such a method of educating the youth as in seminars, ought to be encouraged not only in the engineering departments but also in all other colleges and courses. ‡

**T**O UNDERSTAND is to forgive. To give allowances for the shortcomings of childhood, to have an insight into the different environments, home situations, and idiosyncracies of parents and to treat every child as a unique problem by itself are to accord childhood with different approaches and various means of solving individual problems. To be aware of individual differences is to do justice to all.

The understanding mind, the forgiving heart, and the sympathetic attitude are needed by one who makes teaching a career. We cannot use one meterstick for all kinds of children. That will be unfair to the children. The moment the child observes with his innocent mind that he can trust his teacher because he can be understood, he readily opens his heart to her.

Different homes have their own peculiar standards. When homes tolerate dishonesty, stealing, and taking advantage of the weaknesses of others, one can only expect that children raised in such homes will have no scruples at all. So, it is not surprising if children steal pencils or paper and other personal belongings of their classmates.

When in the classrooms, some children used indecent remarks freely and show great pleasure in seeing the effects on others, it is to be expected that in the homes of those children such similar and perhaps more indecent remarks are taken as a matter of course.

It is, therefore, but just that the teacher should not immediately pass hasty judgment over those children. She should pity them, instead of, perhaps, cursing them or meting out to them cruel punishment. She should go into the root-cause, for there is always a root-cause for any act, be it good or bad.

If a teacher can change the evil ways of the children because she knows how to solve individual problems by various means of ap-

## *Understanding*

### **THE SCHOOL CHILD**

*by francisco morelos*

proaches and complete understanding, she will be doing much more good than merely filling the minds of children with bookish knowledge and facts.

Society needs men of erudition, but if they lack the ways of good men, such erudition is worth nothing. Science is good, if it is explored and advanced for the benefit of mankind. Science becomes an evil, if it is perfected to make a perfect killing of men. So, with erudition. If it is highly developed to cheat one's fellowmen or take advantage of ignorant men, then it becomes an evil. We have men of erudition today with such a purpose.

The teacher is a social agent. Her classroom can be a workshop for developing children to become good men, if she can understand the child. If she can make some detour on a chosen path to find out causes of the shortcomings of childhood; if she can deeply feel in her heart that in going beyond mere inculcating facts and knowledge into the minds of the children she fulfills a mission in life not different from the ministers of God; then she is teaching with the full meaning that it implies.

For teaching is a mission. ‡

**MISSING PAGES**

**pp. 28-29**

# The MILK CAN

by Elsa P. Yap

## ACT I

The living room of a small nipa hut near the sea in one of the northern towns of Cebu. There is only one room or silid and the floor is made of bamboo. Near the sides of the two windows are bamboo benches. There are no chairs or tables. On one of the molaré posts hangs a fishing net. On the other suspended on a nail is an iyal, a sort of basket for catch. Two medium-sized paddles are lying on the floor near the windows, below the benches. On the wall can be seen the pictures of Rizal, of Magaysay, and of Jesus Christ walking on the water while Peter is down in it grasping His hand. The left side of the room leads to a three-stepped ladder. The right to a small improvised kitchen which can be reached in a few steps from the living room.

When the curtain opens the stage is quite dark. It is about 2:00 A.M. Asyon lights the *tamparahan* while Pindoy is groping for something.

ASYON: (Lighting the *tamparahan*) There it is now. Were you able to find the *iyat*?

PINDOY: Yes, I have and the nets too, but where did you place the paddles?

ASYON: (Holding the *tamparahan* higher so as to brighten the whole room) There, (pointing to the paddles) there, they are near the molaré post. Pindoy, would you... again?

PINDOY: (Annoyed) Why do you ask me such silly question every time I go out? You know I have to.

ASYON: But Pindoy, I'm afraid the *Pesi* would catch you and bring you to Muntinlupa. *Comare Bitay* told me.

Once you are there, there is no more getting out like the son of Bitoy who was brought there five years ago for killing Pedring. He has not come home once even to see his wife and children. Poor Tilyang. They say too that the guards there are not merciful as ours here are. Besides, who would feed us when you are gone?

PINDOY: (Ignoring the other statements and imitating Asyon's pronunciation) Who are the *Pesi* you are talking about?

ASYON: Oh yes. I forgot to tell you that yesterday afternoon there arrived a jeep load of army men wearing khaki uniforms and carrying guns with them. *Man Idrong* showed them around the place and we saw them when they were passing *Comare Bitay's* store. I was drinking *tuba* then and the mayor even smiled at me.

PINDOY: Ah the PC you mean! (Tying the crude rope belt around his waist) Why are they here?

ASYON: (Imitating Pindoy's correct pronunciation) P-C, P-C, so they are called PC. Are they different from the police?

### Cast of Characters:

PINDOY — the fisherman

ASYON — the wife of Pindoy

NITA — their seven-year old daughter

THE LOCAL POLICEMEN

PINDOY: Oh just like them but they are called such. You did not answer my question, Asyon.

ASYON: Yes, I forgot. Well, they are here to catch fishermen, to catch us if we use the dynamite again. (emphasizing the word dynamite.) The *bandillo* yesterday said we should avoid using it for it destroys young fish and their eggs too. Later on there will come a time when there will be no more fish left for our future generations. This paradise island of ours will turn into a deserted village. Where shall we go then? We, the poor fishermen if there will be no more fish to catch? Our life here is peaceful and we are contented though we do not have the material comforts of today's modern living.

PINDOY: (Cuts in) Stop telling me your long sermon. That is what the rich have been always preaching. Those who have connections with the government, the politicians and their relatives, the big shots in Manila. But are they doing something to help us? Do they give us a daily ration of *Narie* and a can of sardines? Pshe!... They don't give a hoot about us. They don't even look and smile at us when they are here to attend the town fiesta. Of course, they are very nice when it's election time and they are nice too, with the mayor, the rural doctor and the big shots here because these are the people who can give them something in return. But not with us. What do they care? Even if we die, our deaths wouldn't cause any trouble, anything. They'll be happy instead that our number is decreased a little bit.

ASYON: Pindoy, don't get mad. Nobody quarrels with you. I was only telling you what the *bandillo* said. (She slows down) I think it is right. Why do we have to exhaust our fishing grounds just to get rich quickly or to get material luxuries if this is what God destines us to be. Pindoy (begging) for our sake, for our children's....

PINDOY: That's it. I'm doing this exactly for your sake and for our children.

ASYON: But....

PINDOY: Don't say but anymore. Who feeds you now? Did anybody come here to give you your wants? None whatsoever.

ASYON: (Silent, then seeing Pindoy place the milk can inside his pocket) Please, Pindoy throw that away. Don't use it anymore.

You can still catch plenty by the use of our *punot*. That's what you have been using before and we were able to live with God's help.

PINDOY: Yes, we were able to live. But the time now is different. Life now is more complicated than before, much harder than you think it is. The world is a much harsher world to live in now. We have to be fast or else we die.

ASYON: Where did you learn that philosophy, Pindoy? You have never said like that before.

PINDOY: Nobody taught me. Just look around and observe.

ASYON: (*Seeing Pindoy holding the milk can with dynamite, forgets the argument and begs*) Please Pindoy. (*Trying to snatch the can*) Don't use that anymore.

PINDOY: But Asyon (*somewhat shouting*) it's the only way to catch a banca load of fish and it means a lot to us. Money to pay our *tuba* debts to Comare Bitay. Money to take to *Man Digo's* theater. And of course, money to buy Astring's needs. She is graduating by March from the sixth grade and the poor girl has been asking me time and again to buy a pair of white shoes and a white dress for her graduation. Where shall I get all the money if I won't use this (*holding the can*)?

ASYON: We can borrow a little from Concha. Her son in Manila sent her P50 yesterday.

PINDOY: Borrow again. Even if we borrow, are we not going to pay it back with money? (*with force and finality*) It's the only way, Asyon. It's the only way.

ASYON: (*Weakening*) Well, if it's the only way... it's... it's up to you. You're the master of this hut. But... promise me this will be the last time you are going to use it. Will you?

PINDOY: (*Hesitating*) — Yes, I promise. (*Takes the iyat from the floor*) I think I have to go now. It's already getting late.  
(*Curtain falls*)

## ACT II

*When the curtain opens, Asyon is mending the nets on a bench near the window. She is very much absorbed in her work and does not mind the commotion on the seashore and the passers-by. The time is about 4:00 in the afternoon.*

ASYON: (*As the noise grows louder*) There again. They are making another *palabas*. *Dios mio*, these lazy people are always disturbing the others who have much work to do. Maybe Ondo is trying to make a big show again as he did day before yesterday. He always would like to show-off what he learned from Manila. (*She peeps out a little to see the passers-by but they cannot see her*)

*Jesus Maria y Joseph!!!* even Esiang and Andy are now victims of Ondo's foolishness. They too are joining the group. (*Continues her work. After a while Nita enters.*)

NITA: Inay, Inay.

ASYON: (*Without looking at her*) What is it? What do you want this time? Another five centavos to buy candy? Do not disturb me now because I have to finish these nets. *Man Olo* wants them to be returned before six tonight. His *cobob* has to leave before six and these nets are to

be used. (*Looking up, notices Nita's appearance*) Why are you panting? Where did you come from this time? Did you play *sigay* again? How many times have I told you not to?

NITA: No, I didn't play *sigay*, Inay. I came from there (*going to the window and point towards the seashore*). And do you know what, Inay?

ASYON: Yes, I know. They are again trying to attract the town-people's attention by their foolishness.

NITA: No, it's not that, Inay. They said that a man is lying dead there surrounded by the *Pesi*. I didn't have a chance to see. Children were forbidden to come near. Oh! there are so many people there, *Inay*. Won't you go and see?

ASYON: Well, if the man is already dead what can I do if I go? I'm not like *Many Karya* who can make dead persons come to life.

NITA: (*Insisting*) Let's go and see, *Inay*. They said his arms were lost and his face and body covered with blood and his flesh turned into little pieces that one cannot recognize him. I would like to see a man without arms and legs.

ASYON: Nita, stop asking me. Can't you see I'm hurrying up these nets? You need not go there if your only purpose is to see an armless and a legless man. You can see plenty of them in *Bisaya*, (*Nita is silent. Asyon continues in a milder tone now*) What was the cause of the man's death? Did somebody strike him with a *saggot*? (*without the least suspicion*).

NITA: (*Innocently*) No, Inay. They said he came from the sea and died because of a *dinamita* explosion.

ASYON: (*Nervously. Doubt seems to be seen on her face.*) *Dinamita*?

NITA: (*Still innocent, on the window*) Oh! they are not there anymore. Maybe they bring him to the municipal hall. (*Looking at her mother's work*) Inay, you are wrong in tying that part. It's the other way around. (*Notices her mother's appearance*) Why are your hands trembling, Inay? Are you sick? You are perspiring too much. I'll get a towel for you. (*Nita goes to the sidd*).

A voice outside: (*loud and fearful*) Asyon, Pindoy is....

ASYON: (*She stands up nervously to verify the voice. Nita enters with the towel. She wipes mother's face. They hear a commotion outside. Some more confused voices are heard and the sound of approaching footsteps. Only the words Pindoy and dinamita are heard clearly*) *Dios mio!!!*

NITA: (*Goes to the window. She sees a group of people following the policemen who are carrying a stretcher*) Look! Inay!! They are coming to our house. (*The local policemen enter and place slowly the stretcher on the floor. Asyon stands still, pale and trembling*)

THE LOCAL POLICEMAN: Your husband Asyon, we found him floating near the *Panangatan* at about three this afternoon.

ASYON: (*Approaching, unbelievably*) My... my... husband? (*Faint as*)

— THE CURTAIN FALLS —



## Graduation Reveries

(Continued from page 17)

and truth cannot be denied. Let us face our problems courageously. We cannot close our eyes in the midst of the midday sun and pretend that the world is dark, still for us to dream about. Reality is rough and ruthless.

As we go therefore, let us implore the Divine Giver to grant us that manly courage we urgently need and that limitless endurance we must indispensably have.

Also, as we go, let me in behalf of all of us graduates, intone our deep gratitude to our Alma Mater for giving us the weapons with which to fight our way to victory.

### III.

#### A TRIBUTE AND A FAREWELL.

Hail, O our Alma Mater...

Proud and stately, standing on the very peak of our limitless ambitions, you give meaning to our dreams inspired by the lofty ideals of youth. Ever ready to welcome to your shade slaves seeking the precious world of freedom, you are the refuge of budding thoughts bound by the rusty chain of ignorance and thirsting for the sweetness of knowledge. You break the spell of indolence and shatter the cage of illiteracy; and now, we are free!

...Free as the winged birds that soar beyond the uncinched clouds—free as the roaming thoughts that fly the infinite distance of space.

You are the maker of men. You teach our heads to think and our hearts to feel; you mold our sturdy bones and guide our reckless souls; you are our Alma Mater dear!

We sing and praise and offer you our tribute, dear Alma Mater, this day we say farewell to you as we part. We will hold your banner to the skies and keep your precious name so dear within our hearts. We are your ever loyal soldiers.

We are your graduates! ♯

## grad - we - shun (Continued from page 29)

thirdly, the advantages that engineering abounds with, greatly outweighed those of the other professions, from my own observations, I found out that an engineer is almost of universal utility. even those belonging to other professions avail themselves of the services of engineers, when doctors build a hospital, for instance, engineers play a primary role. when a lawyer's car runs down, an engineer enters into the picture. a businessman constructs a store, an engineer finds employ. when there's a plot to overthrow the government, somebody engineers the conspiracy, and so on and so forth.

on the other hand, the other professions just don't fascinate me. medicine? all a doctor does most of the time is open up abdomens of people or cut up any part of the body, then sew, according to an instructor of mine, that's tailoring and tailoring is mostly for girls. besides, mang pedro, the herbolario, will surely run after me, and that guy knows, of all things, pactoll dentistry? a dentist will starve in my town. people there prefer chewing buyo to going to a dentist. it's more economical and it serves the purpose just the same. commerce? I was horrified when I recalled what an old man told me once: comerciantes seldom go to heaven! I didn't give a single thought to becoming a lawyer. I have that mortal dread of arguing

(Continued on page 33)

## On the Study of

# ENGLISH GRAMMAR

by Marcelo Bacalso

THE BASIC reason why many Cebuano-speaking students are retarded in the study of English grammar is the fact that they are unconcerned about the basic differences between English and their native language. Contributing, perhaps, to this unconcern are the English grammar texts which intended for students who already speak English as their native tongue.

To facilitate the study of English grammar, the student who speaks Cebuano-Visayan as his native language must adopt or must be made to adopt a native approach; he must be able or must be made to know the basic differences in word behavior and sentence structure between English and his native tongue; in his thinking processes, in his wrestling with the intricacies of the foreign tongue, comparison and contrast should play a primary role. This, indeed, is fundamental. In fact, this is the very method that has enabled many missionaries in foreign lands to learn readily the language of the people whom they are to bring to the Fold of Christ.

By using that method of comparison and contrast, the native speaker of Cebuano-Visayan can gain advantage over the elusiveness of English; by that method he can visualize the peculiar flexibility of his native language; hence, he becomes wide-awake that this flexibility, if carried over to English, would redound to multiform, grotesque errors, the grammatical mortal sins of many a student like him.

Now, to make those claims concrete the following examples are given: In Cebuano-Visayan all substantives and modifiers, unlike their counterparts in English, can be verbs; and unaware that English substantives and modifiers do not have behave thus and so, the native speaker of Cebuano-Visayan is likely to commit gross errors like the following: "My uncle will candidate for mayor of our town" in which the noun candidate is used as verb; "We envious him because he highered the rental of the house" in which the adjectives envious and higher are used as verbs. Furthermore, all verbs, which are formed from substantives and modifiers, can be transitively or intransitively used; thus many a Cebuano-speaking beginner in the study of English commits the mistake of making passive forms out of intransitive verbs or of using absolutely transitive verbs as intransitive. Consequently, mistakes like the following are common among English I students: "That accident was happened yesterday," "My cousin was died in last week's road accident," and "We enjoyed much in Talisay last Sunday."

So many, indeed, are the worthy-of-attention differences in word behavior and sentence structure between Cebuano-Visayan and English; so subtle and so elusive are they that, if they are not brought to the attention of the unconcerned Cebuano-Visayan learner of English grammar, they will cause some retardation, if not confusion, in his capacity to learn; but so many are they that exposing and detailing them would entail a treatise of book length. ♯

## Let Him into Our Schools

(Continued from page 8)

who sees no worth in living regards life only as a gamble, his fellow-men as playthings and the world as a den! A man devoid of all faith and sterile of all hope is indeed a creature lost from his own race, a voluntary exile from what is truly and fully human. He lives in this world but not in his own proper world. A life he does not lead. He merely vegetates.

No man can be better without weeding out vice and sin from within himself. No nation can truly prosper if its people are not virtuous. No race can be happy if its moral fiber is not strengthened. No youth can be the hope of its motherland if it is not educated to act according to what is true, good, noble and beautiful.

The tragedy in our educational system seems to be voiced by no less an authority than Senator Claro M. Recto, commenting on the present sad State of Affairs in our graft-ridden government. "There is no machine which the human mind can conceive that can grind out the evil... because the root cause lies in the quality of education and in the deterioration of the moral fiber of man himself."

Not a machine, for not mere automation can solve our social ills. No amount of legislation creating anti-graft courts can weed out grafters and corrupt officials from the government. Not even the curfew hours, the ban on liquor for the younger set, nor police patrols can wipe out juvenile delinquency. Nor the imposition of fines on delinquent parents for every young offender's crime can remedy the new social cancer. Only when we let God into our public schools, only when we give to the youth a most fundamental principle to live by, a highest ideal to live up to, a Lord to fear and a God to love—then shall we have begun to strike at the root cause of the social evil into which we are now plunged. ‡

*Discussion is an exchange  
of intelligence. Argument is  
an exchange of ignorance.*

BILL GOLD

## grad-we-shun (Continued from page 32)

with somebody. my tongue twists a hundred times whenever i try to. i know judo though.

so, engineering then it was for me. i tried my very best to hurry up everything, so i could immediately get to engineering. i finished my elementary grades in record time — ten years, and my high school in six years. i was then free, white and thirty-one when i enrolled in this university way back in 1950. i should have been around twenty-four or twenty-five had not the war chipped in a few years, but the same, it was sort of early to be in college, considering that life begins at forty.

well, i found engineering rather interesting. i laboured my way through my calculus and all those other subjects, shifting from mechanical to electrical, then to civil and back to mechanical, and all i knew was halo-halo at jenny's. i acquired quite a stack of slide rules (mother is now using them for firewood) because everytime i bought one, the seller always managed to gyp me, despite my vigilance. imagine, whenever i try to multiply 3 by 3 on them, the answer come out 18, when it should be 13. somehow i knew there was something wrong with those slide rules. i kept on buying a new one, and until now, i have never had the luck of getting one that gives the correct answer. always the same old 18, dang if i just couldn't understand why, my records too, constantly gave me a problem. at the end of every semester, double-breasted fours and fives never fail to parade. my classmates have dubbed me scholar, a very fitting moniker.

my eight years of college life were the most memorable for me, jerry. i will always keep them in the album of my memory.

i could still picture vividly the first time i came to this university. with a boldness that would put to shame even robin hood, i strode into the office of father rector and told him outright in an english as crooked as a circle: "father, i am want to study an engineer. are you like me if i am enroll in this school?" the father couldn't help bursting into laughter.

i had to take up rote too, jerry. my experience as a voluntario did not serve to exempt me from military training, although it made me a cdt, lieutenant, and personal aide to the commandant. i was in charge of carrying around the speaker to amplify his squeaking voice which frequently come out in stoptoids and meols. i shined his shoes too. i was given the privilege of having a sponsor though, a ghost sponsor! i never met her even once in my whole danged rote life.

for the first time in my life, i studied my religion. it was only then that i learned that st. peter was not really a gambler as i had been used to believing. no, he did not go to cockfights, he was a stone, or at least, that was what jesus said he was.

i had my loves too, jerry. all in all, during my eight-year sojourn here, i have had twenty-four sweethearts. every semester, a new one. every summer too. i am one of those who firmly believe that study is 99% inspiration and only 1% perspiration. at any rate, my innate ability for my course very well compensated my deficiency in respiration, if any there was. that wise men never fall in love is plain baloney, jerry. i fell in love.

on the whole, my student life was a rosary of roses: rosy cheeks, rosy lips, rosy eyes, rosy grades, etc., etc.

and finally, i graduate tonight. they're going to give me my sheepskin. that sheepskin, jerry, caused me a little trouble. i had to go home and butcher our sheep. the registrar's office charges too much for only a foot-square of sheepskin!

by the way, jerry, i had a new suit made only for this very special occasion: a de lana coat and a de gas pair of pants. for a necktie, i'm going to wear something revolutionary. i bought a three-foot long manila rope at carbon! i rented an old toga, but i couldn't rent a cap. i think my pershing cap will do. my sword tassel will come in handy too.

er... excuse me, jerry. the band is already playing river kwai at the campus. i haven't taken a bath yet...!

au revoir, jerry. arrevederci roma... i mean, filipinas. i'm going home to bohol, to mine ubi!

your pal,  
joe

# ROTC Reports

by FILEMON L. FERNANDEZ

**F**IVE MINUTES before eleven o'clock on the fateful morning of Tuesday, February 10, 1959, the three-star USC ROTC unit, packed in several trucks, stood by ready, waiting for the go-signal that would set it off towards its tryst, Camp Lapu-Lapu, Lahug, to fulfill its traditional rendezvous with destiny, the annual tactical inspection. As the big electric clock chimed eleven sharp, the trucks started rolling off, bearing solemn-faced cadets, conscious of the heavy responsibility that they were to face within a couple of hours. Perhaps, each one of them was trying to ask himself, Have I been sufficiently prepared for this moment of reckoning?

Reorganized at Camp Lapu-Lapu, the corps proceeded to dry-run the ceremonies. At twelve-forty-five, p.m., the cadets were given a break. People started pouring in then, all eager to see how San Carlos would fare in the inspection.

After a few minutes of silent prayers, the band sounded its first note, signalling the commencement of the crucial test, at exactly one-thirty-four, p.m. A few seconds later, Alpha company, preceded by the first battalion staff, marched down from the assembly area towards the line of troops in columns of four, followed in the same order by Bravo and Charlie companies, with the colors trailing behind. Came next the second battalion staff, Delta, and Golf companies in flawless progression. Precision and beauty wrapped the parade grounds. The crowd which had gathered under the protective shade of the line of **Mansanitas** trees running perpendicular from both sides of the grandstand, couldn't help but murmur admiration.

The Manual of Arms was far from perfect, though. It perceptibly lacked the snap characteristic of the corps of two or three years ago. But the consensus was that it was still hard to beat.

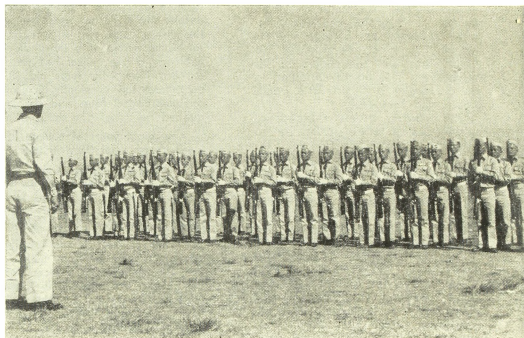
Justifying San Carlos' claim for the best-marching trophy, the officers executed a superb "officers center", while the various companies treated the inspectors and the crowd in general to a marching ex-

travaganza as they passed in review before the grandstand.

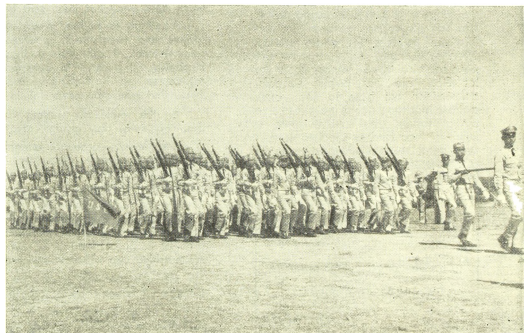
Immediately after the ceremonies, the panel of inspectors headed by **Capt. Tenazas**, went on to take up the different phases of military training.

Echo battery under **Cdt. Capt. Guido Escobar**, with its first and second platoons, was taken for company drill. Its third platoon under **Sammy Manubog** went out for theory. Mr. Escobar attacked the problems given him by the inspectors as if they were routine assignments. He displayed an unusual tact and a glowing leadership among his men. Guido may yet find himself sporting three diamonds on his lapel next year.

The third platoon of Bravo com-  
(Continued on page 37)



Second Platoon, Echo Company under Inspection



A Part of the USC Corps Passing in Review

### USC GREEN AND GOLD SOX ENTERS CBL SECOND ROUND

The USC Green and Gold Sox, following the tradition so magnificently set by their brother Warriors, entered the second round of the Cebu Baseball League being held at the Abellana High School diamond. The only college team to be in the round of four, the USC sluggers joined the elite round of four with such formidable nines as the Noel Motor Service, Compañia Maritima and the San Miguel Brewery.

In their first encounter for this season's CBL, the USC sluggers, powered by catcher A. Coja and left fielder F. Caballero's homers, blasted off hurler Micle of the powerful Escaño nine, stopped the stubborn Escaño Marineros after a seething but abortive rally staged by the Escaño nine late in the sixth inning for a final 5-4 score.

After their auspicious debut, the USC Green and Gold Sox then went on to carve out more victories, this time over the AVHS nine, 8-7, and the powerful San Miguel Brewery clouters 14-6. Ace pitcher Balmergaspar Gacasan distinguished himself during the USC-San Miguel tussle by holding the Brewers at bay with powerful curves and fastballs besides fanning out five San Miguel Brewery sluggers in the process.

The law of averages finally caught up with the USC nine in their 4th encounter which was a no-bearing game, the USC nine having already qualified for the second round. Bowing to the lowly Cebu Normal School Maestros, 4-5, they next tackled the CSAT sluggers for a walk-away; the Traders forfeited their game.

The second round of the CBL came off the wraps last January 18, 1959 at the AVHS diamond with the USC nine crumpling before the booming bats of the Noel Motor Serviciers 5-11, bracket B leaders in the first round. The second encounter saw the same USC nine avenging their defeat by smothering the San Miguel Brewers 12-2 with peppery captain Fermin Caballero's homers off Micle of the Brewers.

The USC Green and Gold sluggers:—A. Coja—C & playing coach, F. Caballero—lf & captain, E. Caballero—fb or rf, R. Iratagotia—sb, H. Millado—tb, B. Gacasan—p, C. Abendan—p or cf, B. Caballero—ss, I. Mongila—fb or rf, E. Gacasan—rf, and C. Batucan—cf.

### USC GREEN BOOTERS FAIL TO QUALIFY GARNERS ZONE VII FOOTBALL RUNNER-UP HONORS

The USC Green and Gold Booters failed in their bid to represent Cebu in the next National Collegiate Football Championship by bowing to the star-studded UV eleven in the qualifying round of the Zone VII football championship. In their first encounter, the USC eleven caught the UV booters by surprise for a 2-all tie. With center forward Anito Trinidad and center half Nilo Alcazas manning the front line, they penetrated the UV territory, time and time again, while the USC backline manned by Diosdado Jimenea and Asian Gamer Julio Umadhay brilliantly responded by holding at bay UV's forwards Eleno Estrada and Alex Juanillo.

The second and the last decisive encounters saw the UV eleven shut out the USC booters 5-0 and 1-0. The USC eleven playing minus the services of Asiad veteran Julio Umadhay fell like a ton of bricks before the onslaught of the Asiad-studded eleven of UV.

### FOUR USC WARRIORS TO REPRESENT CVAAPS AT PRISSA MEET

Four USC stalwarts—Julian Macey, Roberto Reynes, Manuel Baz and Esmeraldo Abejo have been chosen to form part of the CVAAPS quintet to the PRISSA meet to be held at Naga City on February 15, 1959. Other members selected are standouts of other teams in the CCAA. Chosen skipper of the team is Warrior Esmeraldo Abejo, while the coach is Eriberto Alviola of USP. ♪

#### ERRATUM:

● The name of Demetrio Maglalang, author of the Guest Editorial which appeared in the February issue, was inadvertently omitted. Our apologies to the author and to the readers.

# BOOKS and JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

(A radio talk during Book Week by Rev. John Vogelgesang, S.V.D., Acting Chief Librarian, U.S.C.)

THE TOPIC I should like to discuss this evening is that of Books and Juvenile Delinquency. If the relation between the two is not immediately discernible, a moment's reflection, I think, will show that books may be, at least in part, either the cause or the cure of Juvenile Delinquency.

If, as the psychologists tell us, the youthful mind is highly impressionable, it should not be difficult to see how books of a certain type may easily lead to various kinds of juvenile delinquency. Books that glorify gangsterism, that depict in attractive form loose and sensual living, that portray with obvious approval the empty and insipid lives of the so-called glamorous heroes and heroines of screen fame — can only have a baneful influence upon the lives of the young. In this connection Pope Pius XII of blessed memory said: "A series of shameless and criminal publications prepare the most disgraceful means of seduction and corruption for vice and crime. They conceal the ignominy and brutality of evil under the trappings of esthetics, art, ephemeral and deceitful charm, of false courage. They yield without restraint to a morbid desire for violent sensations and novel, licentious experience. The exaltation of immorality has reached the stage of parading itself in public and injecting itself into the rhythm of economic and social life of the people, exploiting for profit the most tragic calamities and most miserable weakness of humanity." — PIUS XII.

And the really dangerous thing about books of this kind is the fact that precisely because their poison is so often unsuspected, it is all the more insidious. It was against books of this nature that the late Pope Pius XII warned the young when he said: "Do not think, young men and women, that if you allow yourselves to be led into reading, probably in secret, unwholesome books, their poison will have no effect upon you. Fear rather that the effect, because it is not immediate, will be more insidious."

The truth of the Pontiff's warning is borne out by the factual history

of many a juvenile delinquent. More than one youthful criminal has had to confess in court that his first acquaintance with crime was made through the pages of vicious crime comics or novels of violence and gangsterism. As the Italians say: "there is no worse robber than a bad book," and this is so because a bad book robs the young of their ideals, of their integrity and honesty and purity, and introduces them, often unwillingly, to all that is sordid and evil.

"Bad books," someone has said, "are like intoxicating drinks: they furnish neither nourishment nor medicine. — Both improperly excite; the one the mind; the other the body. — The desire for each increases by being fed. — Both ruin: the one the intellect; the other the health; and together, the soul." — (Tryan Edwards)

If, then, bad books are often the cause of juvenile delinquency, its cure may very well be good books. The young, we are told, are hero-worshippers. They are idealistic. They want to hitch their wagon to a star. In good books they will find the heroes they can safely worship. Good books not only set high ideals before them but constantly inspire them to exert positive and persevering effort to attain those ideals. Good books enable the young to hitch their wa-

by

**Rev. John Vogelgesang  
S. V. D.**

gon to a star and ride off to greatness and adventure.

The power of good books to influence the young cannot be over-estimated. The poet Thomas Hood said "My books kept me from the ring, the dog-pit, the tavern, and the saloon." And, he continues, "the associate of Pope and Addison, the mind accustomed to the noble though silent discourse of Shakespeare and Milton, will hardly seek or put up with low or evil company and slaves." Indeed, as Jeremy Col-

lier tells us, "books are a guide in youth."

History records many instances of how even the chance reading of good books changed the whole course of a man's life. To Augustine, the profligate, a voice said "Tolle, lege," "take and read" and the sensual sinner was changed into a saint of God. Ignatius Loyola lay sick in a hospital and, for lack of any other form of amusement, he began to read the lives of God's saints. "What these have done," he said, "I too can do," and he rose up from his hospital bed to establish the Jesuit Order and achieve greatness in the Army of Christ. Invaluable indeed is the power of good books!

If books may be either the cause or the cure of juvenile delinquency, it is clearly our duty to see to it that bad books are removed from circulation and suppressed, and that the reading of good books be fostered and encouraged. We take it for granted that both private and public libraries will make available to their youthful patrons only good and wholesome reading material. But parents must also see to it that at home too their children will find books that are wholesome and inspiring. An American educator once said: "A house without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to buy them. Children learn to read by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading and grows upon it. And the love of knowledge in a young mind is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passions and vices." (Horace Mann.) However, since juvenile delinquency is a problem that concerns the whole of society, it becomes the duty of every element of society to see to it that the only worth-while books and magazines are placed in the hands of the young. If, as Dr. Rizal has said, "the youth are the fair hope of the Fatherland," let us endeavor to keep them both a hope and fair by nourishing them on wholesome literature. †

## ROTC Reports

(Continued from page 34)

pany under **Cdt. Lt. Gako** made the platoon drill appear like chicken-feed. When pressed for comment later on, Mr. Gako observed: "The problems were quite tough, but I solved them all right!" Mr. Gako will make a good company commander.

Almost everybody in the corps was called upon to do his share in that tactical inspection. The second platoon of Alpha was called for interior duty. Three platoons of **Alex Sanchez Bravo**, one of **Charlie** and one of **Villarosa's Golf** were put to task. The first platoon of Bravo was engaged in the theoretical examinations, while its fourth platoon tackled the weapons (nomenclature, dismantling and assembly of the M-1 Garand under time pressure) and the combat formation of the squad. **Charlie's** first platoon handled the CTIS (Combat Training of the Individual Soldier), patrolling and squad drill. First platoon of Golf went out for combat formation (platoon level), second platoon performed the combat exercises, third platoon, the mortal drill, and fourth platoon, the machine gun and the Bar.

All in all, San Carlos did fairly well in that rigid examination. If ever there had been clouds of doubt cast over **Cdt. Col. Anthony Sian's** leadership, he dispelled them all when he whipped the corps into line and made it click as a single homogeneous cooperative unit. **Cdt. Lt. Cola Leopoldo Mercado** and **Eddie Rosello**, commanders of the first and second battalions respectively, equally deserve our praises. Their respective battalions made a good showing, although it could have been a lot better still. The other officers too, deserve their laurels. But if the officers deserve our praises and admirations, with more reason that the cadets should merit the greater part of our commendations for, without their unselfish devotion, the dirty work of the tactical inspection would not have been an accomplished fact. Consequently, the result would not have come out the way it did.

Will San Carlos win a fourth star? A categorical reply is still inappropriate. Meantime, let us watch and see how the **Aquino-Modequillo-Papellero** team makes history with his USC ROTC Unit. §

# BOOK review



**THE SAINT OF THE ATOM BOMB,**  
by **Josef Schilliger,**  
translated from the German by  
**David Heimann.**  
Westminster, Newman Press, 1955.  
144 pp.

"I was but a humble servant. I have but done my duty." These words are inscribed on the grave stone of **Dr. Paul Nagai**, the saint of the atom bomb. **Dr. Nagai** is not a saint in the "pedestal and halo" sense which we commonly understand that word to mean, but a saint spelled with a small 's', such as everyone of us can be.

**Paul Nagai**, son of a country doctor, completed his medical studies in 1932, and in the following year, served as a medical officer in the Manchurian war. Back from Manchuria, **Dr. Nagai** quickly rose from the medical assistant's position to that of head of the X-ray department in Nagasaki's medical school. It was while at this work that the atom bomb caught him on August 9, 1945. He lost his wife, his home, and the priceless results of his X-ray researches. But personal misfortune did not slow him down. In his concern for his suffering country-

men, he led a team of nurses and Nuns in medical relief among the suffering survivors of the city. Even during his last four bed-ridden years, his apostolate reached out to the Japanese people in the form of twenty books.

When **Dr. Nagai** died of the atom bomb's radiation effects on April 30, 1951, he had received recognition of his heroic self-sacrifice from the Pope and Emperor Hirohito. And his own city of Nagasaki showed its greatest testimony of gratitude for his living Catholicism in the three-mile long funeral procession which wound through a reverently silent city.

Our war dead are but hazy memories and our razed cities once again rise to skyscraping heights, but the bitterness of war propaganda still ripples in our hearts. This brief glimpse into the Christian heroism of "the other side" will do much to help us regard the Japanese people with a more Christian attitude. But the outstanding virtue of this book is its being told in simple language, with the total absence of flag-waving and resentment which usually characterize books about the last war. §

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# Ang Bayaning Misyonero

ni PATRICIO J. DOLORES

**T**UMAOL: at tumihaya si Padre Yan sa kanyang bigan. Di siya makatulong gawa ng kaalinsanganan ng panahon at ng malaking pagkahapo niya sa maghapon. Sapagkat walang sasakyan, dalawampung't limang kilometro ang kaniyang nilakad, sa hangad na makatulong sa isang matandang namatay sa bayan ng Siocchow. Yaon ay isang pook sa Tsina na malapit sa parokyang nasasakupan niya. Sapagkat nagkataong may sakit ang pare roon, siya ang tinawagan ng mga kasambahay ng kawaawang matanda.

Palibhasa, siya'y hindi taga-Tsina at di-sanay sa gayong init ug panahon kaya bumigat ang kanyang katawan at tila ibig pang lagnatn ng gabing iyon dahil sa labis na pagod.

Sa katotohanan siya'y taga-Pilipinas. Ang kanyang mga magulang ay taga-rito. Dito siya kumita ng unang liwanag at dito ua rin nakaisip. Niais niyang tumungo sa Tsina upang makapaglingkod sa Panginoong Diyos sa gitna ng paganoong mga Intsik. Salamat naman at sa loob ng tatlong taong kanyang itinigil sa Chintang ay kinagihawan siya ng mga tao. Sila pa ang nagsimulang tumawag sa kanya ng Padre Yan, upang maging isa na siya sa mga tunay na Intsik. Ibig na ibig na nilang mamalagi ang pare sa bayan nla dahil sa kabaitan at karunungan niyon sa panggamot. Ang tunay niyang pangalan ay Julio Gatchalian. Siya'y taga-lalawigan ng Bulakan.

Kung ipaparis sa ibang misyonero si Padre Yan ay may malaki na rin namang karanasan. Una, ay sa mga pulahang pumapatay sa bawat'y dayuhang misyonerong-madakip, at ikalawa sa mga masasamang-loob na humuhuli sa mga pare upang ipatubos ng sala-pa sa mga kristiyano ang mga alagad ng Diyos na ito.

Kung bakit nga naman kaiba sa lahat ng mga gabi ay hindi siya makatulong noon. Sarisari tuloy na mga pangitain ang pumapasok sa kanyang isip. At para siyang kinakabahan na tila bago may mangyayari sa kanyang di-mai-nam. Bago siya nahiga'y inilapat pa niya ang pinto ng kumbento, na sa lahat ng gabi'y ngayon lamang niya ginawa. Datapuwat,

bakit hindi rin siya mapalagay? Kinapa niya ang kanyang dasalan sa balsa ug sutana at nagsimulang magdalal nang pabulong upang antukin. Sa bisa nito'y nakatulong din siya nang makaraang ang ilang sandali.

Walang anu-ano'y may tumuktok sa pintuan. Bigla siyang bumangon... Nagsinid ng kandila at dahan-dahang nagbukas ng pinto. Pagkalabas niya'y biglang natambad sa kanyang paningin ang isang lalaking may nakatakat na anyo. Ang damit ay gula-gulanit, payat na payat, mahaba ang balbas, at ang buhok ay gusot na gusot. Walang sapin ang paa, at gayong sa palagay niya'y malakas naman ay may dalang isang lumang tungkod. Ang anyo ng mukha'y naglalarawan ng isang maruming pamumuhay. Natatok si Padre Yan! Tila yata isa na itong sugo ng mga pulahan o isang masamang loob. Datapuwat hindi na siya maka-urong!

"Ano po ang kailangan ninyo?" ang tanong niyang malumanay sa wikang intsik. Hindi niya ibig na mahalatang siya'y natatakot.

"Padre, may sakit ang aking anak at kung maaari'y sumama kayo sa akin," ang sagot niyang humihingal.

Lalong kinabahan si Padre Yan. "Diyos ko, ano kaya ito," ang bulong niya. Binalak niyang magdahilan. Ang katunaya'y talagang masakit an kanyang katawan. Ngunit naaalala niya ang kanyang tungkulin. Kung hindi siya sasama ay baka isang kaluluwa ang mapahamak. Alam niya ang kahalagahan ng isang kaluluwa ng ito. Yao'y ang katawa't dugo ni Kristo, na dahilan ng itinaong niya sa Tsina upang mangaral. At yaon din ang layon ng kanyang pagbig misyonero — ang makapagligtas ng isa man lamang kaluluwang naliligaw.

Inilagay niya ang kanyang pagasa sa Diyos at bagaman laban sa kanyang kalooban ay pumayag na rin siya. "Maghintay po kayo sa lupa at ako'y magbibihis," ang magalang niyang utos sa lalaki.

Pagkaalis nito'y sinagilahan na naman siya ng pagkasira ng loob. "Diyos ko", ang kanyang dalangin, "ako'y natatakot, ngunit ang lahat ng ito'y para sa Iyo. Iligtas

Mo po ako sa lahat ng sakunang mangyayari. Kung ako'y mama-tay ang aking kamataya'y inaalay ko sa Inyo bilang kabayaran sa lahat ng sala ng sandaigdig. Oo O Hesus ko, ako'y sasama upang tupdin ang kalooban Mo." Madali siyang nagbihis at pilit na iwinakasi as isip ang pagkatakot.

Nanaog siya'y at doo'y natagpuan niya ang lalaki na nakasalampak sa sahig ng kumbento. Nakita niya ang isang karitong hila ng isang kabayo doon sa patyo. Ang mga yao'y kapwa nagpapahiwatig ng kataandaan. Min-san may di nakikita ni Padre Yan ang gayong sasakyan. Ang kaba-bayong waring buto' balat na lamang ay parang isang patay na nagbalik sa daigdig upang ibalita ang sakunang naghihintay sa kanya. Lalong tumahip ang dibdit ni Padre Yan!

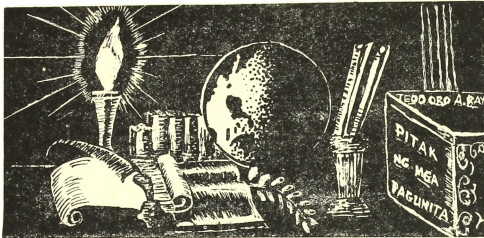
Sumakay siyang mahinahon at pinagmasdan niya ang kilos ng lalaki. Ito nama'y walang kaimkimik na nagpatako ng kabayo.

Habang daa'y nagdarasal si Padre Yan dahil sa kanyang pagkatakot. Ang ingit ng apat na gulong ng kariton ay nakalilito rin na para bagang tumatawag ng anto (bagaman hindi siya naniniwala rito) sa kadiliman ng gabi. Ang mga asong nag-iyakhan habang daan ay nakakikilabot at tila mga sugong nagpapahiwatig ng kanyang kamatayan.

"Malayo pa po ba?" ang pamiinsan-minsan ay naitatano ng niya sa lalaki upang libangin ang sarili.

"Malapit na po, Padre," ang laging sagot ni to. Datapwat nag-alinlangan si Padre Yan. Kung malapit na'y bakit hindi na niya sinapit ang may sakit na yaon? Talaga yatang nilililnang siya ng taong ito. Inisip na niyang tumalon sa kariton at tumakbo nang buong bilis na pabalik upang maibasan na ang ano pa mang uaghihintay sa kanya sa dako pa roon. Datapwat may laging bumubulong sa kaniyang budhi: "Sulong, Padre Yan, iya'y iyong tungkulin! Sulong, para sa ikaluluwalhati ng Diyos!"

At siya'y nagpatuloy. Walang anu-ano'y huminto ang sasakyan sa harap ng isang malit na sirasirang dampa sa madawang naubat. Nag-isa ang kubong yaon. May isang kandilang aandaan-dap sa tabi ng durungawan na



### PITAK NG MGA PAGUNITA

Sa inyo mga magtatapos sa pamantasang ito ngayon Marso ay tao-pusong paghati ang pinararating ng pitak na ito. Mapapalad kayo sapagka't sa wakas ay natupad na ang inyong mga hilig sa pag-aaral. Ang pagtatapos ninyo'y maihahabing sa bungang hinog na ubod ng tamis. Sa kannaunahan ay sumupling ang isang pang-arap. Yumabong ito, namulaklak, at nagbunga pagkatapos gumugol ng maraming salapi at mahabang panahon sa pagsusunog ng kilay. Nabinog ang bunga at ngayo'y inyo nang pipitasin. Ang tagumpay at kagalakang aanihin ninyo'y hindi lamang kayo ang tatamasa. Nasa tabi ninyo ang inyong mga magulang, kapatid, kamag-anak, at mga kaibigan na pawing nagkikimkim ng lubos na katawaan at pagmamalaki sa nakamit ninyong tagumpay na isa nang habkang upang magkaroon ng maaliwalas na hinaharap.

Lalabas kayo sa bakuran ng pamantasang ito at taas-noong susuon sa mga iba pang mga galaw ng kapalaran. Magtagumpay man kayo o kung maunsiyami man ang inyong mga pangarapin ay laging tandang taglay ninyo ang ngalan ng pamantasang ito. Ang tagumpay ninyo'y tagumpay rin niya, at ang kabiguan ninyo'y daramdamin niya. Ano't ano man ang kahihinatnan ng inyong pagpupunyagi ay laging iukit sa inyong mga budhi ang kanyang mga payong dakila at nakaangat-pusong mga pangaral. Ang karunungan ipinunla niya sa inyong mga puso ay siyang magsisilbing lunday sa inyong paglalakbay. ‡

sadyang nilaan sa kanilang pagdating. Subali't wala siyang makitang tao!

Pagkababa nila sa sasakya'y biglang nagulat si Padre Yan nang magpauna sa paglakad ang kaniyang kasama (Ito'y di pang-karaniwan sa mga Intsik) at tuhy-buloy sa bahay na walang kakibu-kibo. Ito'y kitang-kita niyang nagkaulong sa may pinto at siya'y inabangan!

"Ano kaya ang nais ng taong ito sa akin?" ang tanong niya sa sarili. Nag-aatubili siyang tumuloy. Ngunit walang tigil ang tinig sa kanyang budhi: "Sulong, Padre Yan, iya'y tungkulin mo!"

Nilakasan niya ang kanyang loob at siya'y tumuloy. Nang habkang na siya sa pintong pi-

nagkubilihan ng mahiwagang lalaki, kasabay ng isang "Diyos ko!" ay may biglang tumunog sa kanyang ulunan.

Tumungala siya. Numulat ang kanyang mga mata at nakita niya ang orasan ng kanyang kombento. "A, salamat, salamat, nananginip pala lamang ako." Basang-basa siya ng pawis at nanlalamig ang buo niyang katawan. Siya'y nangisingin. Anong lupit na tawag ng kamatayan iyon kung nagkatotoo!

Noo'y ikalabindalawa na sa gabi. Dinaprot niya ang kanyang rosario ipinagpatuloy ang panalangin nabalang ng kanyang pagkaidip, bilang pasasalamat.

Di pa halos siya nakaiisang misteryo'y may narinig siyang

latlong katok sa pinto. Sa pag-aakalang ito na ang kanyang sakrista'y bumangon siya at nagbukas ng pinto. Datapwat, nakapanggigilalas ang kanyang nakita... Isang lalaking Intsik na walang pinag-ibsan sa kanyang napaganinip! Saka niya naalalang di pa nga pala darating si Pancho, ang kanyang kristian, sapagka't ikalabindalawa pa lamang ng gabi. Kinusot niya ang kanyang mga mata! Hindi! Hindi na siya nanaginip. Siinisi niya ang kanyang sarili kung bakit niya nabuksan agad ang pinto.

"Padre, may sakit ang aking anak at kung maaari ay sumama kayo sa akin."

Kinutuban si Padre Yan. Iyang-iyang ang tinig ng lalaki sa kanyang panaginip at iyan din ang dahilan — may sakit ang anak. Datapwat maluwag ang loob na siya'y sumama. Nagbihis siyang madali at nanaog. Wala siyang kapani-paniwala na ang mga panaginip ay nagkatotoo. Kung ang lalaki mang ito'y kahawig niyong nasa kanyang panaginip, ito'y isa lamang pagkakataon. Pagkapanag naog niya'y namangha si Padre Yan. Ang sasakyan at ang kabayo ay iyon din.

At nagkatotoo nga ang kanyang napaganinip! At ang lahat ng nangyari ay katulad ng kanyang napaganinip!

Kinilabutan si Padre Yan. Ito'y di na isang panaginip, isa na itong katotohanan. Tila mandin tinatawag na siya ni Kamatayan. Datapwa't, hindi na siya makauurong. Ito'y kanyang tungkulin.

Sumama siya at pagdating niya sa pinto'y inalalay na ang kanyang buhay sa Maykapal, Alin? Sa mailigtas niya ang kaluluwa ng maysakit o sa siya'y mapahamak. Wala nang ibang pagpipiliin. Talagang ganiyan. "Wata raw nagiliigtas na di nalalapat sa panganib."

Pikit-mata at di humihingang siya'y pumasok. Halos hinintay na lamang niya ang pagpukpok sa kaniyang ulo o ang tusok ng balaraw sa kaniyang likod. Datapwat, nang naroroon na'y isang tingit ang kaniyang narinig. "Diyos po sa silid na iyan, Padre!" Pumasok siya sa silid at doo'y natagpuan niya ang batang naghihinalo. Nakahinga nang maluwag si Padre Yan.

Madali niyang iginawad ang hulig absolusyon at pinahiran ng santo oleo ang bata.

Malalim na katahimikan ang naghari noon sa sangkalibutan! ‡



# Sección CASTELLANA

## Editorial

### NUESTRA PALABRA DE GRATITUD

Por este editorial nos despedimos de nuestros amigos lectores. Este es el último número de nuestra revista, "Carolinian" para este año escolar. Y con este termina también nuestra labor como redactores de esta sección. Los que hemos escrito para esta página somos humanos. Por eso, no siempre tuvimos la intuición de ver nuestras faltas y muchas veces el efecto de nuestros artículos. Por todo esto, pedimos perdón a nuestros lectores y poca consideración.

Quisieramos dar gracias ante todo al Reverendo Padre John, SVD, que con su sonrisa simpática nos ha inspirado mucho en las horas de angustia y dolor. A la profesora Teodora Mesa, que censuraba nuestros artículos con cariño y claridad, expresamos también nuestra gratitud.

## A Hispania

Te hablo en tu lengua; mis versos te dirán que hay un amor que, en la hecatomba preterita, su ralgambre conserve en lo más hondo y arcano de mi pecho. Es como flor que han respetado celliscas y avalanchas de pasión, flor abierta suavemente en cumbres llenas de sol a donde sube el espíritu, de sus quimeras en pos, para rezarte:—¡Oh Hispania!

¡oh dulce idioma español el del arcipreste de Hita, el de Lope y Calderón, el de Juan Mano y Cervantes, de Pereda y de Galdós! ¡oh dulce lengua que irradias tu latina irrisación y encierras la amplia eufonía de toda esa selva en flor, pues eres susurro de agua, gorjeo de ave, canción de brisa leve en las hojas, en matañitas de sol . . .

En esta lengua, oh Hispania, balbuciente fármaco mi alma en los días niños, sus caprichos, su candor; y en las horas juveniles, cuando hicieron irrupción en mi vida las primeras exaltaciones de amor, también fué tu idioma egregio el que sirvió a mi ilusión

y la dió plumas divinas de mágico tornasol para llegar hasta el fondo de una lejano corazón y decirle:— Ven conmigo y dame un beso de amor.

Murió este amor. En mi pecho, muerta la hoguera, restó un puñado de cenizas de la pasada ilusión; y al verme tan olvidado de la mujer que me ama para luego envenenarme con una negra traición, cuando quisiera maldocirle con mi pluma y con mi voz

llorando de pena y rabia, la maldije en español. Y en tu idioma, que es un iris por su fulgencia y color, voy dando a todos los vientos trozos de mi corazón, mis líricos fantasmas, mis optimismos, mi horror por lo prosaico, y mis gritos de protesta y rebelión contra todas las limitzas, contra el budo y el balcón, contra la sierra esmeralda que quiere aclarar hasta el sol, contra "chataras estéticas" que nos roban la emoción, contra Verres coloniales y su dalar corruptor y contra todos los hombres que hacen tan fiero irrisión del derecho de mi pueblo a ser su único señor . . .

¡Oh noble Hispania! Este día es para tí mi canción, canción que viene de lejos como eco de antiguo amor, temblorosa, palpitante y alorosa a tradición, para abrir sus alas cándidas bajo el oro de aquel sol que nos metiste en el alma con el fuego de tu voz y a cuya lumbr, montando clavileños de ilusión, mi raza adora la gloria del bello idioma español, que parlán aún los Quijotes de esta malaya región, donde quieren nuevos Sanchos que parlemos en seño. Pero yo te hablo en tu lengua, oh Hispania, porque es su súa como música de fuente, como arrullo encantador y como beso de virgenes en primavera de amor . . .

—Fernando María Guerrero

## Origen de la Devoción del Pueblo Filipino a Ntra. Sra. de la Regla

LA DEVOCION a Ntra. Sra. de la Regla se debe a San Agustín Obispo de "Hippo" que bajo a inspiración y guía de la Santísima Virgen talló con sus propias manos la primera imagen de Ntra. Sra. de la Regla; imagen que se llevó a España 13 años después de la muerte de San Agustín; siendo venerado por vez primera en Filipinas, en el año 1375 cuando el primer administrador de la entonces nueva parroquia de Opon Rvdo. Fr. Francisco Aballe de la orden de San Agustín, trajo desde Sevilla (España) un hermoso cuadro de Nuestra Sra. de la Regla para su nueva parroquia.

(Cuya Imagen si venera en el pueblo de Opon, Cebu)

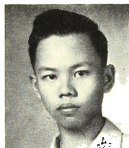
Desde entonces el pueblo de Opon demostró ferviente devoción hacia la citada imagen y el elemento oficial de Opon ordenó que se hiciese una imagen, que fué una perfecta réplica de la imagen que los fieles veneraban en el hermoso cuadro de su parroquia.

Esta imagen es la tradicional y milagrosa imagen que contemplamos en la parroquia de Opon sosteniendo al niño Jesús en sus brazos, la cual que canónicamente coronada el 27 de Noviembre de 1954 durante el primer congreso Mariano en la Archidiócesis de Cebú. *Amelia B. Lucero*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ *The Editorial Staff* ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★  
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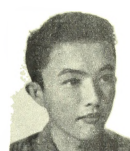
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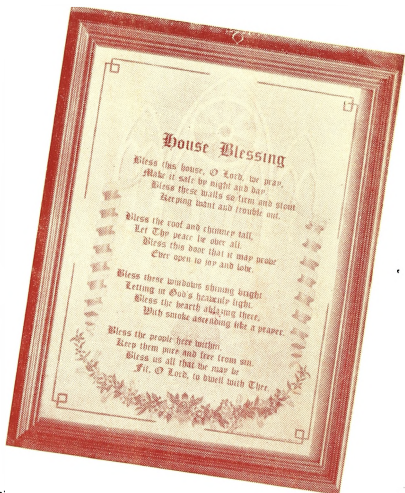
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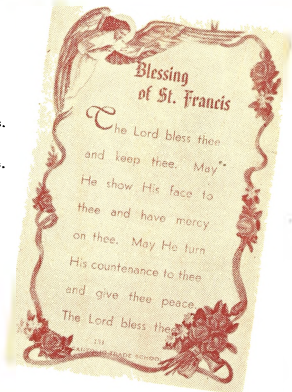
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