



The

# Carolinian

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Vol. XVIII

*"Aren't we all like him?"*

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# Caroliniana

By: TLEchivarre



## ● THE ART MASTER

You must have seen his work. Undoubtedly. Then, you must have laughed with his cartoons. You must have wept with his women. You must have seen the grimness of Death through the flick of his brush. Praised him, yes. Met him? Perhaps. But do you know him? Well! He is no extraordinary mam-

mal. He's just **Adolfo Caballo**. Dick, to you. Unassuming, soft-spoken, sensitive and a third-year Architecture student. He is a genius, so to speak, of the easel. His illustrations have thrilled a million and one readers not only in the sense that they were flawless, clean and smooth, but also through his pictorial imitation of nature — vivid, alive and almost perfect. His cartoons could carve out a smile even from a careworn soul; his sobbing women could reduce a jocular simpleton's heart into a grieving piece of flesh. His men are strong, brawny and remarkably handsome; his women, perfectly beautiful, delicate and fragile. He is Dick Caballo, master limner.

## ● THE FIRST ISSUE

was quite an issue. We asked for criticisms and we got it — some delivered straight to the jaw, some with honey-coated words. Some patted our backs. It's about equal. Who got most of the lampposts were our columnists. Some chided our columnists for having used HOODLUM English instead of College English; but most of them (women) lashed at us, with skin-pricking epithets, for having rendered them an "unfair" dissertation of the female population. Some called us "misogynists." Tsk, Tsk Tsk. Such language! With due regard to the first accusation, we humbly admit that "hoodlum" English has penetrated our system. We prefer to call it "bedlam" English. Well, we were tempted to put up our mitts and slug it out; but no, we preferred to use discretion. For discretion is the better part of valor, as the saying goes. Slang is good. When used in excess, it becomes vulgar. And vulgarity is bad. But when is it used in excess? When Damon Runyon wrote his books about Broadway didn't he use slang in excess? Didn't he use **hoodlum** English? And

his books are now selling by the thousands. Mickey Spillane uses slang — liberally too. And who is Mickey Spillane? You should not be in college if you still do not know him. So, when is slang used in excess? Is it used in excess when only a column of it is written? Let us be broadminded enough to recognize this. Slang is the product of the Modern Mind. It is as new as the atom bomb.

## ● THIS ISSUE

**Father Rector** obliges us again with a very profound treatment of the subject "**On Communism**" which was a speech delivered by him over Station DYBU in connection with the radio program **Decision**. New three months ago. The program was sponsored by the **Citizen's Committee on Good Government**.

**On Catholic Truths**, **Father Joseph Goertz** dissects the kinds of truths with masterful strokes. Truth is one, he says. There is only one Christian Truth and that is Catholicism.

**Fred Sison** begins his piece with a soothing and melodious touch. Read and like his romantic rendition of the "**Romance of USC Elections**" as it takes you on a magic carpet of raucous laughter.

We have a new staffer from our sister college in Bohol. He writes well and convincingly good. If you read **Rex Grupo's** short story — a true-to-life boy-meets-girl's-pop episode, you can't help but like him — and the story. The plot is simple and ordinary but the treatment is something different. Read it slow and easy — you'll notice the effects.

Philosopher **Bernardino Dahildahil** is suggesting to us a good cure for our sick minds. (Not asylums, this time) "**For Man's Curiosity**", which could eat us up without our knowing it, proper religious instructions should be given to coax us back to the arms of Christ. Without such instructions, you'll sink, he says.

**Nestorius** is again on the rampage. He is the number one favorite pen-slosher of this mag as could be attested to by the numerous fan mails he received after the publication of his "On Da Level" column. He likes to play with women, but sometimes he says to them "**Wrong Balcony, Juliet!**" We know that this article will provoke trouble between Torus and the damsels but this should be a fair warning to him and to you, damsels. However, this smart alec of a Torus deserves a Smith-Mundt Travel Grant, we think, to make the proper observations on **Female Behaviours**.

Niño Bonito **Eugenio "Don" Alvarado, Jr.** wants us to beware of these "itchy-handed-and-cat-footed individuals". The article itself is thick with humor and wit. It deserves reading.

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Anything  
YOU SAY

# Editorial

## Carolinianism vs. Communism

Dear Mr. Editor,

Columnist Diola, *Beyond My Nose*, "Lowlights of the Pre-Law Election", has gone far beyond the cute holes of his nose in his unsubstantiated comment regarding the Pre-Law election. He blindly blamed the advisers who, if we dig at the truth, traced a practice true to a democratic country. As a matter of fact, the election was said to be the model of all class elections at U.S.C. I remember, he was one of the defeated candidates! Well that's his excuse. But he must be fair. Let not his nice words and minted phrases recuperate his unlucky moment. It's too early for him to show the sign of least resistance! —S. B. Fabroz

ED'S NOTE: We are passing this to E. Diola. He replies, "Mr. Fabroz entirely misconstrued me. In the first place, I did not blame the advisers but referred to them as "helpless" creatures because to my mind even Hitler could have been helpless too were he the chairman. In the second place, I did not contest the election of my opponent. However, I cannot and will not call it democracy in action — we would be getting near the truth if we say it was "democracy in the loose!"

Dear Mr. Editor,

I would like to make some suggestions for the improvement of our school organ.

To get more and better articles for the magazine, how about sponsoring a contest? Suppose you get the three best short stories, the best essays, and the best poems published during the school year? ... Most or rather quite a number of schools take their best pieces and publish them in a booklet form every year. Why don't we follow that? —Teogenes Unabia, Col. Eng'g.

Those ideas are terrific, Sir. However, we don't have the final say on these matters. — Ed.

Dear Mr. Nestorius Morelos,

... I don't know the facts that made you so bitter ... towards wo-  
(Continued on page 13)

COMMUNISM — a big word. Monstrous, horrid and beguiling. A mere mention of it makes one's blood run cold. It's monstrosity is shown vividly by the 800,000,000 minds caged in an Iron Curtain — coerced, nay, brainwashed into submission by a handful of fanatics. A peek through the cracks of the Curtain will reveal human beings living like worn-out machines struggling helplessly to cling to what little of human dignity is left in them. Communism demands that human beings quit being human. And ~~perhaps~~ ~~indeed~~ the Curtain dares raise a protesting hand. Such is the scourge of Communism.

And there is no sign that this monster has ultimately gorged itself to a point of satiety. Its hungry looks are focused on this part of the free world. Our world and the rest of the free world are in grave danger! With these facts as a premise, that is why the SEATO will be formulated on September 6.

CAROLINIANISM — what is it? It might only be a mere word. To others it might only be insignificant. But to those who understand it is not mere words. It is a word coined to represent all that the UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS stands for: CATHOLICISM which is the Champion of Christian Learning and Preacher of Truth — Vanguard of human dignity.

If we choose Carolinianism versus Communism as the lead of this editorial it is not our purpose to bring into your minds a pen-picture of a chest-thumping David trying to do battle against a Goliath. We know the absurdity of a parallelism. We do not even exist in the consciousness of a Communist. And we do not intend to rub ourselves into their eyes.

But we will fight Communism. That is as certain as God. Our size does not matter. It is the size of fight in us that really counts.

How?

In the only way we know: spread Christian Truth from mind to mind. A thermo-nuclear war cannot unmask the falsity of a philosophy; only Christian Truth can. An atom bomb might stop its spread; but it cannot kill the germ of this malignant cancer that feeds on the liberties available in a democracy but seeks to destroy that which it feeds on.

Elsewhere in this magazine is a speech delivered by the Reverend Father Rector, Albert van Gansewinkel, over the radio three months ago.

Read it carefully. You will see Communism face to face in confrontation with what Carolinianism can do to help preserve the freedoms that we cherish.

Thomas L. Echivarre

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ON

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by  
Very Rev. Fr. A. van GANSEWINKEL, S.V.D.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Accepting the invitation of Atty. Fernando de los Santos to explain in a seven-minute lecture the basic tenets of Communism, and being fully aware of the sheer impossibility of the task, I limit my speech to a few fundamental points.

First of all, I would say that Communism is good. Good it is, because it intends to help the poor. Any serious and systematic attempt to alleviate the poverty and sufferings of the masses is good! There are too many poor people! The goods of this earth are unevenly distributed, a few people are rich, the majority must struggle for life, many are lacking the prime commodities.

Communism attributes all rights to the masses, to the community, to the state. The individual has no right whatsoever. For the sake of the community the individual must give up not only his land and property, the produce of his land, and the fruit of his work, but also everything and anything else that he might own: children must not know their parents; they must be reared and educated, not in their homes, but in public nurseries, neither for one another. Love, any form of true love, is individualistic and considered, therefore, a danger to the welfare of the state. It is but natural that nature revolts against this extreme form of slavery, but Communism squashes

prove that these statements of mine are more than mere theory! Millions have died and millions are being tortured now, right now, by Communism!!!

The question arises: how can we counteract, overcome Communism? A Russian woman Alia Rachmanowa who escaped prison and death answered this question in her famous novel "The Factory of the New Man." Victory over Communism, she says, lies in our return to nature, to the natural way of living. Communism is a violation of the nature of man. To deprive a man of all that is sacred to him: his family, his land, his joys and choice and love — this robs him of his inner self, it makes a tool or

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**EDITOR'S NOTE:** This is a publication of the speech of the Very Rev. Fr. Rector broadcast over Station DYBU in connection with the radio program, *DECISION, NOW*, delivered three months ago.

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The misery of the indigent is beyond description, and it cries to heaven for help! Communism promises to give this help — and this, indeed, is laudable.

In the pursuit, however, of this great aim it is to be regretted that Communism loses sight of the very aim itself. Man does not live by bread alone. Communism intends or pretends to give food to the people, but it deprives man of his dignity, of his inalienable rights of self-determination and self-expression. Following the pattern of totali-

every opposition. Concentration camps, prisons, exile, hunger, and execution are the common and ordinary means of controlling the "recalcitrant". There is really no harm in killing a man or even a million of them — if the individual has no right and intrinsic dignity, if his worth and value is compared only to the picture in a mirror. Without harm, indeed, may one switch off the light and thus extinguish or annihilate the reflection in a mirror that resembles a man!

Countless facts and crimes

an animal of him! To give it back to him means to restore the man in him. The "hero" in Rachmanow's novel was a convinced Communist. He married a girl "Tania" not for the sake of love, but only out of passion. He refused to love her; he hated her instead, he maltreated her, tortured her, systematically! Tania bore it patiently, quietly, day in and day out, never complaining, always serving, truly loving. When their first child was born, he fell into a rage; he had wanted abortion, now he insisted on delivering

it to the community nursery. But Tanja kept the child. When the child was one year old, it so happened that one day the little girl smiled at her father, and he stared at her and overcome with tenderness, smiled at her... the ice of his heart was broken, for the first time he embraced his wife with tenderness, and with tears of joy he confessed: You have won a victory over me on all fronts. He was no longer a Communist.

To overcome Communism, we further must return to the right order of things! We must admit and affirm the fact that man, with all his equality in essentials, is not equal in many accidentals: while nobody should suffer misery, there must be rich and poor people, there will be gifted and less gifted men, there will be leaders and there will be a common tao, there will be employers and there will be employees. The well-to-do, however, must be convinced that the simplest muchacho is a human being, who deserves a just remuneration for his services. The indigent, at the other side, must not be indolent, he must work with diligence and responsibility; and he must not be insolent: he must acknowledge and obey duly established authority.

Finally, to overcome Communism, we must return to God. Communism denies the existence of God, and considers the Catholic Church its greatest foe, because if there exists a God and if the Catholic Church is a Divine institution, then the individual man, created, redeemed by God, and destined to eternal happiness, is so valuable that the theory and practice of Communism are intrinsically wrong.

God's enemies are insolent, haughty, vain-glorious, inventive in wickedness, disobedient, without prudence, without honor, without love, without loyalty, without pity.

Man without God knows no mercy. He is cruel and inhumane. Man with God is patient, he is kind, he feels no envy, he is never perverse nor proud, never insolent, does not claim his right, cannot be provoked, does not brood over an injury; a man with God takes no pleasure in wrong-doing, but rejoices at the victory of truth.

(cf Rom. 1 and 1 Cor. 13)

FROM our earliest years these words have gone forth from our lips in praise of the "woman above all women blessed." In the days of childhood we often sent this angelic salutation to the throne of our heavenly Mother. We were little aware of its deeper significance, but we were conscious of the truth that there is a mother who watches over us even more intently than our earthly mother. In the days of our youth this same prayer became our se-

is with thee." The Lord was with her: in her thoughts, in her actions, in every desire of her consecrated soul. The Lord was with her: the sole object of all the affections of her heart, the central thought of her pure mind, the one goal towards which all her powers of body and soul were directed.

Unless the Lord be with us, all our feverish activity in our external labors will be without eternal value. "Unless the Lord build the House" and "guard the city", we

# HAIL HOLY QUEEN

By "Miri"

*"The angel Gabriel was sent from God to a town of Galilee called Nazareth, to a virgin betrothed to a man named Joseph, of the house of David, and the virgin's name was Mary. And when the angel had come to her, he said: 'Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women.'"*

ure refuge against the attacks of temptation. And as the years went by, it lost none of its sweetness. Daily we weave it into a crown of roses by reciting the rosary. Daily we strive to unite our song of praise with the song of the heavenly choirs.

*Hail, full of grace* — Her stainless soul was not only endowed with grace: it was full of grace. Divine grace flooded Mary's soul with beauty, and the fruits were hundredfold "that sprang up into life everlasting."

Grace is like a lovely flower that promises the fruit of celestial life. Grace is like the key of heaven which we must bring with us if we wish to enter; grace is like a ship that bears us safely over the ocean of this life to the port of salvation.

*The Lord is with thee* — While we can never rival her in grace, we should seek to draw upon our souls the divine approval expressed in the angelic salutation: "The Lord

shall labor in vain. Unless the Lord be with us, all our efforts will remain fruitless: "for without Me you can do nothing."

Only living with Jesus under the guiding hand of Mary brings us to the full maturity of Christian life.

*Blessed art thou* — The whole life of Mary was directed by the profound and tender love she had for her Divine Son. What Jesus desired, she desired. What Jesus accepted as the will of the Father, she accepted as such. They were two hearts beating as one.

As He loved us, so she loves us, likewise: under her maternal love and care, we all are brothers and sisters.

As Children of hers we love one another, we avoid hurting any, and we rejoice over the accomplishments of everyone.

Holy Mary, Mother of the Divine Word and our Mother, pray for us... pray in particular for the child "Miri."

# CATHOLIC TRUTHS?

by  
Rev.  
Jos. Goertz,  
S. V. D.

TO BE STRAIGHT, I don't believe in particular "catholic" truths. But in an ultimate sense all truth is catholic. Chesterton retells the story originally coming from W. T. Stead: A modern sceptical heroine going into a confessional box told the priest that she did not believe in his religion. He asked her what she did believe in and she said reflectively, "Well, I don't believe in the Bible, and I don't think I believe in the immortality of the soul, and I am not sure that I believe in God." And the unmoved cleric replied, "I didn't ask you what you didn't believe, but what you do believe." "Well," said the lady, "I believe that two and two make four." "Very well then," said the priest, "live up to that."

Thus the man of God believed in the innermost logic of all truth:

\*At the Third Mission Assembly, held in August in Cebu City, Fr. Goertz read a paper about Catholic Schools and the Missions from which the following ideas might be of general interest.

for him — and Chesterton backs him — a simple mathematical truth is at least a starting point, and if the lady isn't a pragmatist, "living up to that truth" might finally lead her to the source of all truth—God.

But truth is objective in nature; it does not originate in man, it exists independently of him, nor does it even find its completion in him. To have a share in truth man must submit to it; indeed he must obey the truth. In a way truth is very stubborn; it does not allow any change or remodelling according to man's liking. And sometimes it is hard to accept the truth. Thus only a humble and, lastly, a religious mind is able to accept the truth, and it is not hard to see, that only a "Catholic" mind is ready for all truth. Furthermore, truth is not complete if it is only grasped in its theoretical aspects; it must be embraced in its entirety; it must be accepted in all its logical consequences. The "living-up-to-that" of the priest in the confessional holds for all truths.

In many modern books on man you will find that the answer to the question about the nature of man

is attempted by a statistical approach to the problem. According to many writers man is what a certain selected group of people or the average man on the street think he is, and to establish a norm of human behavior they just try to find out what most people do in a certain situation. They even study animal behavior with the intention to get a "deeper understanding" of and final directives for human action. There is no adequate consideration of the special and particular nature of man and you scarcely find any mention that man, in a sense, is an ethical being, who, endowed with reason and free will, must live according to that reason and thus ultimately realize and complete his own being. Man is never finished and up to his very end he must realize what he ought to be, so that his temporal end is also his final end and aim. Indeed a special and for that matter relle-

gious attitude is required to accept the objective and full truth about man, because this involves also unavoidable necessity "to live up to that." The Greeks had a special verb for "doing the truth."

Modern science is thoroughly pragmatic, picking up partial truths from here and there and artificially arranging them into an argument or system as man needs it or as he pleases. Thus though we have nothing to fear from facts, if scientifically established, concerning the bodily origin of man, the trouble is that men likes and almost sadistically explores the idea of being descended from the ape.

All knowledge is "dogmatic", i.e. bound to objective and unchangeable truth, but a "free-thinker" claims to be free to select from truth at will what he likes or what he needs.

We do not deny that some progress has been due to scientists who openly or indirectly discarded all connection with Christian tradition, although the greatest scholars, if they were not devout Catholics—see the "Do-you-know" column in the Carolinian — at least believed in God and possessed that humble attitude which is the prerequisite for grasping truth in its entirety.

There is a psychological reason why not particularly religious-minded scholars in the course of their studies do not think about God or do not arrive at the idea of the "ultimate cause." Whether he goes to the smallest or the biggest in creation a scientist discovers wonder over wonder: in the structure of the atom and the energy it contains, in the mystery of the living cell and in the harmony and unity of organisms, in the immensity of space as it is to some extent experienced in the gigantic dimensions of stellar systems like the Andromeda. All these wonders are really stupendous and truly "fill" men with admiration and awe that in the narrowness and limitation of their mind there is no space left for any further thought and it needs a special religious attitude to break through his narrowness and to open the mind for the whole truth, for God who is in every awe-inspiring wonder of nature. But modern science makes too many "short circuits." A catholic scholar, on account of his religious attitude, is not prejudiced and pre-occupied as the indifferent scientist who thinks that religion has nothing to do with or is even a handicap in the pur-

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**P**OLITICS, some seasoned politicians brazenly say, is a filthy game permeated with insensate intrigues, assassinations, insidious blackmail and other Brutus-like schemes. The means to their end, most of them believe, always justifies the end regardless how vile and obnoxious it is. The means is not important. It is, unfortunately, considered as a small fraction of the end and, being a part thereof, it must be sublimated for the end. The end, as far as politicians are concerned, is above and over principle. It is the essence of itself, hence, it is supremely por-

in accordance with their beliefs without the nozzle of a gun tickling their sides. Carolinitans did vote according to their untrammelled desire. Vote, they did, freely in the exercise of their sacred suffrage. For here, USC inculcates into the minds of her children the profound importance of a Catholic leadership, which is premised upon the godliness of the means and directed to a common good. A special kind of leadership under the special guidance of a Divine Hand.

And so last July, there was the usual stir and din among the classes when the tang of class and depart-

instance, culinary talent, was lamentably utilized. And almost everybody with a scintilla of political motive, nay, ambition, personally nominated themselves much to the chagrin of their professors who knew the mental IQ of each of the nominee. And adding insult to injury, morons who believed they had the same qualifications with the GUY brazenly launched their candidacies! If it were true that one's capability is measured by one's scholastic attainment, then, 20,000,000 Filipinos must be wrong in making a president out of Magsaysay. After all, this is USC where freedom of expression is zealously guarded.

Then came the elections and, consequently, the elected.

See Pictorial  
Section  
for Pictures

•  
by

Fred Sison

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# THE *Romance of* *USC Elections*

amount. Under this abstruse line of reasoning, it is permissible, lamentably, for a brother to pollute his hands with the blood of his brother, if his lust for political power is subserved thereby! Blood is denser than water, indeed, how many sages have proclaimed it? Yet, it is a sad fact to note; that politics even in its slightest guise is thicker than the crimson blood in our veins.

But the kind of elections that was held under the auspicious halls of USC last July was diametrically inconsistent with the infamous national elections of 1949 where blood baths were as common and as ubiquitous as your front teeth. At least the birds, ghosts, trees, and leaves did not vote. No blackmail. No intimidation. No murder. No intrigue. It was a kind of elections that was mellowed by Catholic precepts and tempered by Catholic tradition. It was a perfect medium for the Filipino Youth to assert their God-given rights, and prerogatives

mental politics unfolded its first infectious smell. Amidst the blare of raucuous laughers revibrating boisterously in the corridors, the romance of USC elections began, sweetly, tenderly, gaining momentum every day as political parties changed color chameleon-like depending on the temper of political winds. Change was necessary. As a matter of fact the great philosopher, Heraclitus, believes that there is no "being" all is "becoming."

Political leaders armed with 17-carat gold smiles, flashed liberally their unconvincing grins to everybody. Inexpensive cigarettes (local made) contained beguilingly in expensive cases flowed like milk and honey, so to say. These and all other psychological schemes of vote-getting were dexterously put into practice. Long-winded speeches exhorting the kilometeric qualifications of the over-emphasized candidates were monotonously delivered. Even the capabilities of the candidate's grandmother, say for

The ladies in grey, that is the pulchritude behind the test tubes and multi-colored chemicals, had to lay aside the test tubes, wiped the stain of chemicals off their dresses and joined in the melee of politics. Theirs was a lady-like elections. It was not tumultuous. It was as unobtrusive as the bubbles of soda water and as simple as the elements of H<sub>2</sub>O.

Tall, willowy, and unassuming Miss *Perla Cimaranca*, a senior student of the College of Pharmacy, was elected president of the PI Chapter (formerly known as Omicron Chapter) which is a sort of a coordinating body for the students of the College of Pharmacy. Unsophisticated Miss *Romana Dayak* was chosen president of the senior class, sveite *Ania Karaos* was elected president of the junior class; in the sophomore class, a lady with a Chinese-import surname was chosen president in the person of *Remedios Chow*; and in the fresh-

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## Short Story

# Meet Me TOMORROW

IT WAS just an ordinary day... noisy, dusty and hot. The heat of the sun drove people to the sidewalks. The never-ending clouds of dust swirled higher at every little gust of wind that swept down the street. But to him it was not. Gloria never asked him to skip classes just to talk with her. No, it wasn't being Gloria at all. And of all places to meet — the Emerald Inn. Something must really be cooking, he thought. He entered the Inn, took one fleeting look at the customers inside and went straight to the counter. He

juke-box blinked as the song started spinning out...

"...my heart won't say good-bye  
won't say good-bye to you..."  
He squirmed with uneasiness and anxiety. He'd stand up and take a look outside at the nocturnal cars and jeeps that rattled by and noticing the milling crowd that simply scattered by the INN... for Her. God! What's keeping her? He said to himself. She can't expect me to wait till evening. After one

final scrutiny outside, he returned to his seat, slumped down and took another gulp at the half-empty glass of beer.

"...no traces of farewell  
could free me from yourself  
and so if you go..."

The song wailed and beat at his innersides... spinned inside his head. For cripe's sake, why'd they have to put one of those things in here? he muttered as the last notes from the box faded. The same girl rose again and deposited another coin in it. He made a move to stop her but deciding it none of his business, checked himself. ITS MURDER... something inside him had said when the music box started wailing again. Damn it, who wants music? he said to himself. I hate it! And then he dropped his head into his moist palms. For a moment, he was resigned not to wait for her anymore. But when he raised his head to wipe a lock of hair from his eyes — he saw her! He rose to meet her but she had already slid into a seat next beside him. For a moment, the look of worry that had creased her face into wrinkles seemed to fade as she looked up at him and smiled. The smile faded fast and for one timeless moment, silence hung over them like a mist. Then he said in

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By Rex Ma. Grupa

ordered for a bottle of beer. Taking a seat at the farthest end table, he sat down to wait for her... wait... wait. Two hours, and six bottles later, impatience got the better part of him. He took one last drag at his cigarette that had now begun to scorch his fingers and dropped it to the butt-littered floor and crashed it slowly with his boots. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his lips. Across the room, a girl stood and went to a nearby juke-box and dropped a coin. The



... and I guess I'll always feel the same way...



curiosity, like love, devours anything and everything . . .

# FOR MAN'S

# C U R I O S I T Y

By

*B. Dahildahl*

*College of Education*

OCTOBER, 1954

*M*AN, BY NATURE, is an amalgam of two elements, namely: the spirit and the substance or the body. These two elements, though distinct from each other, are divinely infused in man. The body perfects the actuality of the soul but its subsistence in turn, is ruddered by the soul which is the nucleus of all responsibility because of its being rational. The mirror of the soul is the body because its actuations are reflected by the reflex actions of the body. While in turn the soul perfects the personality of man, for the body is an irresponsible mechanism.

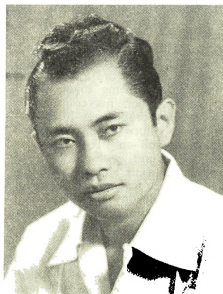
Man, out of sheer curiosity, invented many things. He devised almost everything his mind can conceive in order to make his existence in this woe-laden world easy. He firmly believes, upon seeing his own dynamic inventions, that he is the master of all around him. He likens himself to God because he is a creator of what he makes, without giving a thought on his limitation.

It is undeniable that man's advancement and achievement in life resulted to technical progress. Technical progress is the plateau of man's ambition and, consequently, technical devices such as modern machines, television, telephones, airplanes, radios, and radar are the products of this mechanical progress. These gadgets, we might say, have made man to love them more than he cares for the salvation of his own soul. "This generalized comfort, standardized amusements, seem the only possible way to make life tolerable. When life has lost its divine essence, everything is lost." Man, it is lamentable to note, has extraordinarily externalized himself towards his environment: his life, he thinks, is unbearable without those comforts and facilities that have satisfied his daily bodily needs. In this unwarranted obsession, he forgets the nucleus of his being which is the soul. He forgets, or likes to forget, that his soul is for God. He leans more towards what he could do, instead of preparing himself for the final destination of his soul. This is one stage of his moral decadence because the spiritual aspect of his life has been wantonly disregarded. I call this moral de-

cadence because the inviolable divine power in the human person has been totally obliterated — washed by the murky stream of materialism — making him a pitious slave of his own creation.

Technical gadgets like automobiles, electric stoves, frigidaires, and other modern appliances, have degraded man intrinsically. To illustrate: An automobile has enabled man to save much leisure time. Instead of going to his office for one hour he could reach it by less than 10 minutes. This time-saving-mechanism gives him much leisure time than one who does not have any. His leisure makes him desire for more complicated material things. He craves for more ease in his life and begins to devote his time for something which is material which lamentably becomes an obsession in his being. Therefore, "the less grace there is in soul, the more ornament must be in the body. For one who cares more for what he has and not for what he truly is, forgets his very nature." Since, he does what his desire dictates, his soul is less taken care of. Instead, his selfish devotion to making himself akin his Creator, has made or rather compelled him to concentrate his endeavor for the betterment of his body at the expense of the death of his own soul. This, it is a sad fact to note, is all what he cares for. He, by his own acts, degrades

*(Continued on page 30)*



THE AUTHOR

Graduate  
School Project:

# Filipino Folklore

Conducted by REV. FR. RUDOLPH RAHMANN, S.V.D., Dean

## The Legend Of Hawili Falls

by Leo Liao Lamca



IN A DISTANT barrio of the town of Makato, Capiz, there lived a young farmer named Angelo. He was a lover of beauty and a sensitive admirer of nature. Early each morning he could be seen admiring the plants in his dew-sprinkled fields, ears tuned to the songs of the awakening birds, thoughts absorbed in contemplation of the unfolding day.

One day while he was busy plowing, he heard a voice coming from the woods near his farm. He paused to listen — then, completely charmed, he unyoked his carabao and trailed the source of the sound. As he walked on, eager but nervous, he became aware that he was being lured by some mystic spell absolutely beyond his control. A sense of fear crept over him. He intended to return to his work, but his feet led him on. To his amazement, the sound seemed to move with him, and in spite of the distance he had traversed, he never reached his destiny. He was still forcing himself to retrace his steps, when he heard the voice of a woman.

"Wait, Angelo," it said. He stopped and looked around. The voice was gentle and sweet.

Suddenly, out of nowhere emerged a column of vapor —

white and transparent. Terror struck him, his hair stood on its ends.

Slowly the misty figure turned into a beautiful woman; he was completely speechless. He had never laid his eyes on a woman with such loveliness. The woman spoke, "Angelo, do you know me?"

"No I don't know you," he muttered. "What is your name?"

"I am Hawili, the fairy goddess of the woods you passed. I have long watched you in your work. I have done my best to protect you from harm. People love to listen to my voice. I sing with the wind and the birds to add beauty to their songs. I have tried to restrain the feelings in me, but to no avail. I love you and it matters not what happens to me. In loving you I have violated the law of my fairy world and for this I must suffer."

She paused and looked sadly into his eyes. At that moment, she assumed the semblance of a natural woman. Tears welled from her eyes. Slowly she said, "Angelo, before it is too late, please tell me how you feel?"

"How else, Hawili?"

Immediately, she was transformed back into her previous (Continued on page 31)

WHEN IT IS KNOWN how much the conduct and bravery of an officer influence the men, how much a commanding officer is answerable for the behavior of the inferior officers and how much his good or ill success in time of action depends upon the conduct of each particular officer.... Does it not appear then that appointment of officers is a thing that should receive the greatest circumspection? These are great words indeed that have shot forth from the mouth of a great general — George Washington. It gives life to the fact that a commander of a certain unit must be responsible to his immediate superior for all what a unit achieves or fails to achieve. All orders and instructions from a superior to some subordinate units are given to the command thereof, and each individual must be accustomed to look

## Speaking of Military Leadership

By COSME T. MIRABUENO  
USC ROTC Class '53

to his immediate superior for orders and instructions. This means that authority and responsibility are definitely fixed with the proper channels definitely established. On these facts, a cadet corps commander assumes the rank of a superior officer with respect to his co-cadets and as an inferior commander, with regards to the DMST Staff and Tac-O.

It is not enough of a cadet commander to be academically intelligent. Generally speaking, intelligent people when assuming greater responsibility, lose balance because of pride; thus, leave minor things for granted. Digging back one's knowledge of LEADER-SHIP, it is defined as: "AN ART OF IMPOSING ONE'S WILL UPON OTHERS IN SUCH A MANNER AS TO COMMAND THEIR OBEDIENCE; THEIR CONFIDENCE, THEIR RESPECT, AND THEIR COOPERATION."

It is one's ability to gain the willingness and effective cooperation to the last man under his command. In other words, leadership is a means to obtain compliance. It can never be taken for granted that the essence of leadership lies greatly in the proper handling of men. It is an established fact, that

(Continued on page 32)

# Wrong Balcony, Juliet!



ONCE UPON a time there existed a dream girl by the name of Juliet. She used to take pride in her long, flowing tresses, kept clean and in place due to meticulous care.

Her contemporary today barbers her hair an inch from her scalp and drowns herself in rouge, cream and lipstick. The make-up is as thick as the side of our USC building; so that before a boy can really kiss a girl, he has to use a knife and scrape off layers and stratas of rouge, powder and lipstick off her hide er-er... epidermis... er-er... skin. She climbs into galvanized girdles and straps on

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**A Rejoinder to Romeo,  
Wherefore . . . ?**

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Discussion on this subject  
is hereby closed—Ed.

Before, she used to be patient, courteous, and understanding. If a seat was offered to her, she accepts it with genuine gratitude complete with a heartfelt "Thank you." If you offer your arm and escort her across the street, she'll thank you with all her heart. Now? Bah. You offer her a seat and she dives down on it without even giving you a second look. And just try offering your arm to escort her across the street. Hah. Instead she makes the offer.

Before, she was contented with one lover or sweetie. And serenading her, sending her some love-letters and kneeling before her in romantic splendor, was strictly on the level. She falls in love with somebody whose virtues meet her standards. But today she doesn't stick to one runt. No sirrah! It's a free-for-all. The more the merrier. If she can change sweet-hearts every weekend so much the better. She's impulsive, reckless, and has a flair for good times. As long as a boy is handsome, has a car, a radio-phono and is a good dancer he's good enough for her

and he doesn't even have to say something. The balcony routine is eliminated. No mushy letter-writing, no kneeling system. Just park your car in front of her house and whistle. She'll bite.

The old Juliet was so reserved. She giggles rarely and never shriek nor laugh barbarously at random. Today's Juliet is a shrieking mechanism characterized by habitual chattering and perpetual giggling. She even giggles in funerals.

Before, she used to dance only after she reaches eighteen and before she could dance with anyone, she has to run the gamut of introductions and counter-introductions. Today she starts dancing at the age of twelve and if her folks wouldn't like it she commits suicide. And she dances with anybody sans introductions. and formalities.

Before, Juliet the teenager, was respectful towards their parents, elders, and superiors. Her actions and speeches were choiced and limited. She never said, "Hiya pop, mom. Howse my old folks! And my allowances. Haryo, prof. Kids  
(Continued on page 38)

•  
by  
**NES  
TORIUS**

nickle-plated aluminum brass. (Japanese-made of course).

Juliet, first edition, was deeply religious. Her present-day counterpart prefers to play bowling, badminton, go to the show or just lay on the bed swooning over the pictures of Monty Clift or Rock Hudson rather than go to church. She goes to church only if she has a new dress to show off or has newly decorated her fingernails or to let the church people smell her devastating Channel No. 5-6-7 ad infinitum.



● Lately, my nose got tangled up in a barbed-wire mess of suffocating unniceties from the maharajahs of the Pre-Laws — all because I did not sing hosannas about their election. Of course, their reaction was not a whit intended by yours truly. All I did was simply scribble the facts as I saw them — and wanted, with the best of intentions, to stress the importance of a Constitution and what it can do to the intractable behavior of my comrades-in-course. But before I could say “squeeze me” they took me amiss. Nevertheless, I still stick to my belief (like bubble gum, eh?) that the Pre-Laws do need a Constitution as much frantically as I need another nose.

● At long last, we can relax... and sniff in fresh air. (You can try it if your air-holes are not clogged up with Vicks Vaporub.) The abominable Mid-Term exams are over, though we found it a ceiling-gazing and finger-figuring affair. However, everybody had but one gripe: there were many subjects to cram and only one brain available.

● Ole U s-i-s-y can boast of well-ventilated classrooms which are electric-fanned. These fans serve a dual purpose: that of making us scramble to the center of the room (the only place about where it's cool) and that of transforming our skulls into veritable landing fields. Ask Tommy, he can tell you. (He nearly lost the highest part of his anatomy.)

● Our basketball court in the main building has a new ingenious gadget that locks the hoop mechanically at 5:30 to prevent the kids from “basketeering” and thereby cause undue disturbance to the classes nearby. It operates on the simple pulley principle and really key-holds the keyhole. The hoops-hopping tots certainly must have wondered while agonizingly gazing up who put that protruding tube up there. (Why kids, should you know! The one responsible for your misfortune is just a notch taller than you most are!)

● Many deplore the C's use of the language. Some have been accusing the editor for being Westernized. (Why if I were 'em, I'd bring this matter to the Committee on Un-Filipino Activities!) But wait a bit: even Attlee and Eisenhower use slangs; but of course, they are Westerns, you may say. Is the English language a monopoly of the Westerns, then? — no siree! (Well, them that hate slangs, shouldn't see “Walkin' My Baby Back Home.” It shan't do them no good.) And one more thing: those who don't like slang, why let 'em go to.... bless their souls, they don't know anything about format — that's what!

● Deadlines are lines which the Ed draws between a lousy columnist and rickety typewriter. After one has crossed this certain line, then he is declared okay. And by the time this mag comes out, somebody played Houdini to it. (Tip to Ed: Better tell the guy to take a perfunctory peek at the Caroliniana this time.)

P.S.—please draw my 3-50 and buy my brand, o.k.? I will linger longer next time. ♪

I'VE HOB-NOBBED around with all sorts of characters ranging from tramps to tin-horn gamblers and I noticed one thing common in them: everytime a pretty you-know-what crosses their line of vision, they always say, “Man, what a pair of eyes.” I can't say they're wrong — in fact, somebody said that “the eyes are the windows of the soul... mirrors on a face that reflects the real that lies within...” And not only that: It is thru their inky black, or dazzling green, or glistening blue, or hazel hues that the manifold secrets of many a heart, as black or golden, are poured forth in tones more tender — sad, bitter, hateful or frightening than words could ever convey. They are the something

O N E

By ORI

that seem to give one an indescribable or inexorable feeling of soft pleasure and gratifying admiration: something that intoxicates with a can't-be-helped mania everytime one steals a look at another's soulful countenance. For, thru the centuries, they have shown all the shades and sheens of human emotions, feelings and compassions.

And because we have eyes, it is almost impossible to hide the secrets that we keep to ourselves. Because, if one is happy, his eyes also radiate the happiness in the heart.

The eyes of rich scions are haughty, proud and aristocratic which ooze with contempt for the lower beings. It's burning contempt are like fire-brands which sear your inner self with deep disgust. Those eyes whip and stare like undisciplined dyna-

## Do You Know?

By Rev. Fr. M. Richartz, S.V.D.

mos of fiery defiance hurling a challenge when coaxed to madness.

But the eyes too, make the face beautiful. Take my case for instance. For the past couple of months, a pair of dark brown eyes... plunged me into a swirling, madly spinning world of soothing magic. I saw them, thru stolen glances, whisper and giggle... the kind which are reminiscent of haunting music, slow and lazy... fluctuated now and then by a halting sob... the kind of eyes that transport one to an enchanted island... where the moon halts cars on lonely roads... like black roses on a silver carpet... I see them everywhere: haunting me during the day and seeking me when asleep, by way of impossible dreams.

YES...

EULOG.

I have scanned thru myriads of eyes: rejoiced with them that were bright and gay; sobbed with them that were sad and melancholy, triumphed with them that had seen and felt success. So many are their kindred. There are few I can never forget. There are those which probe long, icy fingers into my bones.

Have you ever looked close into a cat's eyes in the dark? Didn't they look like a couple of hypnotic beads, greenish and slanted like emerald pits of soft delight? Or didn't they have a slight shadiness, a faint tint of devilish attraction with impish motives? I wonder if any mortal could possess such a pair of eyes as fascinating as a cat's. What could lie beneath the sharp glint of a cat's glance? In man, they could furnish the answers to a lot of whys — that is, if one should know how to read the mysteries behind the wink of an eye...

When the French Revolution broke out in 1789 there were 25 universities in France, Paris being the most important one with 6,000 undergraduates. In France as well as in other countries it was the Church that first understood the importance of instruction and the first masters were members of the clergy. As far back as the 10th century there were schools scattered all over the French kingdom, with a large population of scholars from the most remote parts of Europe.

At the beginning of the 19th century we find four distinguished French physicists who, in spite of the persecution of the Catholic Church in France, remained devout members of the Church.

**Andre Marie Ampere (1775-1836)**

His father was a prosperous and educated merchant, his mother charitable and pious, while he himself combined the traits of both. After marriage he was obliged to teach in order to support himself and his family. Besides teaching he published a number of articles on calculus, on curves, and other purely mathematical topics, as well as on chemistry and light. Ampere's fame, however, rests on his remarkable work in electro-dynamics. His arduous task as a teacher, together with the onerous functions of a government official — he was Inspector-General of the University — prevented him from devoting himself more to his work as experimenter. Still, he became a member of the Institute of France, the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, the Academies of Berlin, Stockholm, Brussels, and Lisbon. In 1881 the Paris Conference of Electricians honored his memory by naming the practical unit of strength of an electric current the "ampere".

Great amiability and simplicity made him everywhere welcome. On the day of his pious wife's death he wrote the prayer: "O Lord, God of Mercy, unite me in Heaven with those whom you have permitted me to love on earth."

**Augustin Jean Fresnel (1788-1827)**

He occupies a prominent place among the French physicists of the 19th century. His chosen field of research was optics, and in a series of brilliant memoirs he did much to place the wave theory upon a firm basis. He introduced with conspicuous success the conjecture of Hooke (1672) that the light vibrations are transverse. This hypothesis was for Fresnel the key to all the secrets of optics, and from the day that he adopted it he made discoveries with great rapidity.

His article on diffraction won the prize of the Academie des Sciences in 1819. In connection with his study of the theory and phenomena of diffraction and interference he devised his double mirrors and biprism. He extended the work of Huygens and others on double refraction and developed the well-known theory which bears his name. Mention should be made of his system of lenses which has revolutionized lighthouse illumination throughout the world.

Fresnel was a deeply religious man and remarkable for his keen sense of duty.

**Augustin Louis Cauchy (1789-1857)**

He received a good classical education. Since he distinguished himself in mathematics, he was appointed as one of the engineers in charge of the extensive public works inaugurated by Napoleon at Cherbourg. Several important memoirs from his pen made him known to the scientific world and won him admittance into the Academy of Sciences. The Grand Prix offered by the Academy was bestowed on him for his paper on "Wave-propagation." — Cauchy is best known for his achievements in the domain of mathematics, to almost every branch of which he made numerous and important contributions. But he also was a pioneer in extending the applications of mathematics to physical science, especially to molecular mechanics, optics, and astronomy.

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**C**AN THERE be success without faith? Have you ever tried working on a project but was disappointed at the results of it? Did you stammer like a puttering jockey when asked by your professor? If you were disappointed or if you did stammer, there's no need to wear a long, long face over it. All you need is faith, man, faith to bolster up your spineless self. Eugene Whitmore believes that there can be no success without faith. He writes:

ing to inject eternal Youth in our veins?

But, is there really such a thing called Death?

There is no death. There is only change. We do not die, we merely metamorphose into myriads of atoms wandering restlessly among the clouds — unlettered and insentient from the warp and wool that life is heir to. Death is not an end, but a beautiful beginning. Here is happiness supreme. Here is justice undelited; for, Napoleons and

## BEATING 'round THE BUSH

By VICKI

● I left my tongue on my shoes when I saw a man... [Fred: what's so extraordinary about it?...] there was something strange in him but I didn't quite place it at first... [Rex: Place what?...] until I got close enough to notice that his pants was on the wrong side of his waist... [Nestor: You mean, not on da level?] I didn't even notice the belt choked around his waistline... [Erasmus: Must have been using shoestrings.] Then somebody explained to me that those oh-so-low things worn by our cowpokes today are the new slant on pants. [Cesar: cowpokes? I don't like the word.] New slant, my eye! Those were the mode of wearing them pants used when grandpa was still shooting marbles with grandm! This is certainly the AGE OF REVOLUTIONS. I hope that these young upstarts we have won't start anything "new" again by way of reviving the ancient practice of sticking bones on their noses. [Joe: Is that a hint for us to take, Lady?]

Here's another dig:

The way Mr. Registrar looks at our femmes' pictures for their IDs is discouraging. He looks at it with eyes bulging like a surprised owl upon seeing the incomparability of such a picture with the owner. [Bart: There's a libel case somewhere.] But I don't blame Mr. Registrar for the dopey look. I blame the ladies. [Elsie: I object!] Why can't they find a better picture that is representative of their eyes, nose and ears? [Dick: That could be an artist's job. What do you say girls?]

Speaking of Registrars, I don't like the enrollment routes they mapped out for us. Isn't there a much simpler, shorter and less tedious way of getting our names in the college's roster? [Ledy: Bribe 'em. They'll melt.] I am expecting Mr. R to revise, modify and amend their enrollment system next semester — Okay?

# Wonderings

of

G. SANDOVAL



"Much of happiness, deep satisfaction, and success in life depends upon faith — the faith people have in us, and the faith we have in others. To the man or woman in whom no one has faith, life holds little but disappointment and bitterness. All achievement is based upon faith. We must have faith in ourselves. We must have faith so that a goal can be reached. Without faith, no business, nor career nor marriage, or family can ever be successful." So fellows, if your exams had proven to be a dismal failure, brace up! You don't have to look up or down like a neglected animal. Have faith — and all is not lost.

● Man, by nature, is instinctively afraid of what is beyond the foreboding shadows of the living. The cold silhouette of its claws, when experiencing near brushes with death, makes his spine rattle with unmitigated fear. He covers like a child upon seeing the black jaws of Death. Is death something to be afraid of? To man, if possible, there is nothing better than to live a life of immortality. He would then want to live forever — if given the choice. Did not Ponce de Leon search unwaveringly for the Fountain of Youth? How many scientists, doctors, and chemists have attempted to concoct magic elixirs purport-

Caesars would then be mixing with vagabonds and thieves, with kings and potentates — mingling freely with slaves and the oppressed. There will be no black nor white, flat nor pointed noses, rich or poor; for all are, at long last, equal before the Supreme Dispenser of Justice.

● Beauty and charm, if you ask a layman, denote a common implication. By following this premise, one could be charming and beautiful at the same time and in all cases. Correct? Well, I do not agree. There is a difference between the two abstractions. But only by delving into the profound intricacies of each could we be fully apprised of the magnanimity of its difference. Beauty is not charm (at least, not in all cases) but charm is beauty — in all cases! Beauty is a slave of time. Charm, when mellowed by time, exudes exotic grace and exquisite tenderness. Like the lyrics of a song, beauty will be soon forgotten; charm, the melody, lingers after the song fades away from memory.

● The inconsistency of love has grown to be a thing of mystery. Thousands of frustrated souls have been dashed to pieces — dashed against the rocks of inconsistent love. Take for example, the simple  
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# Anything You Say

(Continued from page 1)

men as clearly manifested in your column. You always made it a point to direct your attacks against the weaker sex. But now I think I have some ideas why you are a super-misogynist. —Fe Dolino

Nestorius: Women are easily my favorite playmates next to my pet bullfrog. But remember this: we always hate the one we love.

(Editor's note: The author of the letter claims that her opinion carries with it the majority opinion of the weaker sex who read Mr. Morelos' column).

Dear Mr. Editor,

I wish to thank the men behind the success of the opening ceremonies of the Intramural games. They deserve two whoops and a holler. —Fe Santacruz. BSEED.

Dear Mr. Editor,

You asked me to write  
Perhaps to help you recall

A few lines to light  
Perhaps to remember me in full,  
I am not Longfellow, nor Edgar Allan Poe  
Though somewhere inside me  
I felt the urge of writing too.

Now I recall: things of long ago;  
A mother's soft kiss, felt gently on  
my brow.

I was crying then... for the story  
that Mama was telling  
A story with a beginning but  
alas! it has no end.

'Twas like this of a nursery rhyme:  
"There was once a handsome king  
Who had a white dog named Pony  
Ling,

One day its tail was broken; and  
if you would still like to listen  
I will tell you once again."

Thus the story was round and flying  
The effect was so boring  
That it left me mad and crying.

Mama is so wise, you see  
Perhaps, so tired was she,  
But Teetle (me) never slept;  
Without from her one little story.  
Now, I can recall; again that gentle kiss  
Upon my brow

With the lesson I am so proud to gain.  
"Darling," said she, "Everything in this  
life is boring;

Remember dear, this one thing  
That you can make a story out of  
nothing."

—Resty—

Second Floor, Library  
This boots me. — Ed.



Hear ye, hear ye, my faithful disciples! Long time no seest thou. Blessed art thou for being so loyal and true to thy writer. Now suffer thyself to come unto me and heareth my sayings. Cousin Virgie come sitteth at my right hand. The rest of you stunks grab a space and squat. Now listen carefully my children as I unwindeth to you my panoramic interpretation of THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.... music please, maestro.

In the beginning was the beginning, for a beginning to begin, beginning a beginning. To hecketh with this beginning. Let's try another hokum.

Begin the beguine was of course, a rumba rubadubdub. And as I walked into the vale of debt, squawked by six hundred. Delenda est Nestorius. Ora pro nobis.

And so it came to pass, and I don't mean basketballeth, for the first time that our USCoeds hath the courage to fare forth one after the other, stireth and forthwith promised amongeth themselves to axieth Torius to Tibet 20 days after Easter Sunday. It looketh for the moment that our ode curdled forth salted peanuts wherein there was more salt than the peanuts. And the ladies were stungeth mad. Madder than the bee who stungeth itself by mistake. The beginningeth of quarrels is when one letteth out reproach before judgement is formed. The ladies clubbeth the literateur screeching: "Speakeeth thou Torius, What didst thou say? Speakeeth thou who striveth to seeth all and knoweth all? Why stinkeest thou?" But Nestorius stireth not. His eyes closed liketh a fugitive from a third-class funeral parlor. He neither moveth nor shaketh for his mind wandered into an abyss of darkness and no power of fire could give them light, neither could the bright flames of the stars enlighteneth his deplorable condition. Speakeeth. Have mercy on her for she that loveth correction, loveth knowledge but she that hateth reproof is foolish. Torius mumbles softly. A curse shall come from the sky and bring these women to their thick knees. For I know that one who conceals a transgression seeketh friendship; one that repeats it separate friends. And even when you gore unto me I shall gore unto you for such is the glory of retaliation. Why cryest thou, my damself? Didst I not speak the truth? Of all the queer birds I ever didst see thou art the queerest by far to me. Have you seen the wind?

Wicked is the woman who throweth stones and mud instead of cokes and sandwiches. And who doesn't turn her other cheek but her lips. The wickedness of the women is shown by the change of their drooping mugs and they darkeneth their countenances like Dracula and sheweth it like sackcloth in the midst of their classmates. For as a yoke of carabaos that is moved back and forth so also is a wicked woman; he that holdeth of her, is as he that taketh hold of a Tilapia. For there is no anger above that anger of a woman. It is bettereth to wrestleth with Goliath or embraceth King Kong than argueth with a woman 'cause her brains doesn't function.

And then it came to another backpass that the USCoeds calmedh out because Torius offered to teach them the Mambo. For such is the Coeds of

(Continued on page 36)

# Composers

By  
Rosario Teves



Boy, what a relief! The mid term exams are over. We can now relax and switch back to memorizing the latest top tunes of the week and also keep track of what's showing in the downtown theatres instead of dumping into our brains those hard-to-remember formulas and confusing historical dates. Ah-h-h, all is right with the world again. Oh, oh, didn't I say it right? I heard a groan! It's the low grades this time, huh? So what? Don't let those threes and fours matter, pessimist. As for the red marks, they at least make your report card attractive. My dear friend, where's your aesthetic sense of art and beauty? Seriously, why bother? There is always a silver lining to the cloud, you know. Look at Ramon Magsaysay. He became president, didn't he?

"What a way to take things!" remarks someone here over my shoulder. He claims to be of the older generation

and wonders what is wrong with the younger generation. Ha, ha, don't make me laugh. People who are puzzled as to what is wrong with the present generation should ask those who produced them. But enough of this and let's see who's who in U.S.C.

Topping my list of the B.M.C. (big men of the campus) are those darn pretending-to-be anti-womenist triumvirate who really are Valentinos, Nestor Morelos, Godofredo Sison, and Erasmus Diola. To think that they are female-mad! Well, enough of that. The three of them plays the typewriter with grace and finesse a la Jose Iturbi on the keyboard. I hope they won't play those discordant tunes about the opposite sex anymore for there is truth to the saying that "heaven hath no music like a woman enraged!"

The Father Rector ought to have a nursery added in our college buildings. Nowadays there are many youngsters already in college. Baby-faced Luis Miciano who is going to be a chemical engineer is one of them. Listen, just between you and me, he is terribly left-handed. Another kid is Ramon Roska, a very neat-looking boy.

I think EDUVIGES ESQUELA merits mention although I haven't been introduced to her yet and perhaps she does not know me. This president of the Legion of Mary. The secretarial dept. seems to have got all the beautiful girls. There are NIEVES ZOSA, JULIET BOLLOZOS, and beautiful PAZ RAMOS. Not to be outdone are the education students. Take a look at simple CONCHITA OCUBELLO who used no war paints. No, siree, none of that stuff for her. She was barrio queen in their recent acquaintance party. The talkative EDDIE PASCUAL was consort. CELIA CHAUVARRIA is part of the mob, too. Of course, she's pretty period.

Refined, soft deep-voiced MARCIAL SANSON is one person many would like to be acquainted with. You should hear him over the radio in the SCA's "The Greatest Story Ever Told." Watch your ps and qs when you speak English with that handsome hunk of a man, JOHNNY BORROMEO. We can't stand mispronunciations.

(Continued on page 31)

## After the Rain

By INDAY TEVES

Unforeseen, I find no shelter in the rain and flee to this branchless tree. The broken twigs spread its tiny limbs to gulp every drop into its veins. It survives and hops for birds to perch on it again.



So I stretch my hand and watch the droplets rinse the dirt, then I bathe a muted heart but hear no song from it.

Strange that the rain could refresh a tree, silence the rustle of a leaf, yet could leave a heart unsoothed, and drain the last illusion even after it has ceased to beat.

## Supposing

By L. ANIGABLE

Supposing I'll grow to great riches and glory  
With dozens of servants to come at my call,  
These things would be worthless still, for without you,  
They are not treasures at all.

Supposing that power and influence were mine,  
Which could only be had by a few, the joy  
They would bring me still can't be mine, because  
I don't have you.



THE DESK sergeant at the police station wiped his horn-rimmed spectacles, put them on, and after a furtive glance at the young lady standing near his desk, wrote on the faded page of the police blotter:

8/13/54 — Miss Benjamin Velasquez, 19, student, 13-B Mabini St.; Losses: 1 Parker fountain pen, 1 Elgin lady's wrist watch, 1 pair gold-rimmed glasses, cash P43.00 Thief or thieves, unidentified.

After telling sobbingly the bald-headed police officer of how she had forgotten to lock her window

a daylight reconnaissance of your dwelling place and draws a mental, and sometimes actual, picture of it. He then chooses a dark, murky, and better still, a rainy night for his "Operation 9-up", when you are soundly cruddled up in cozy slumber.

Then he strikes! He climbs up the wall (he beats Tarzan in this), prods for an unlocked window, opens it, and presto! He is in your room, seeing and hearing you in your snores. Does he maneuver at once? No. Take it easy, he says. He then opens the other windows

Hope that the police will know the dopes in arresting the culprit.

However, fifty in a hundred, yours will just be one of the unsolved cases, and may Saint Anthony thereafter help you!

Moral: Before leaving your house or going to sleep, check and double-check whether your doors and unbarred windows are securely closed and locked. It's that simple. But so costly if we forget it.

Your confidence (or shall we say your carelessness?) will yet turn to ashes in your mouth if one of these days a sneaking thief will

# CAROLINIANS, BEWARE!

by

Eugenio "Don" Alvarado

Staff Member

the night previous, only to wake up that morning and discover her losses, the lady further elucidated, "But, Sarge, I am sure I forget to lock only the window near my bed. When I woke up, I saw all the windows and doors already opened!"

The above incident happened to a student of a local university. It can happen to me. And to you, Delia Cruz. Or to you, Tong Haradji, or to any Carolinian. If we get careless, that is.

So, Carolinians, beware!

Time and again, students have been victimized by sleek, daring, and experienced thieves, well-versed in the art of climbing porches and windows, opening locks, or sneaking in, and illegally appropriating for themselves property acquired by the sweat of others' brows.

Fellow-Carolinians: You may be the next victim! So, beware! To acquaint you with the ways of these itchy-handed-and-cat-footed individuals, we narrate to you their modus operandi.

This kind of thief at first makes

and the doors leading to the main stairs or the back stairs at the kitchen. Avenues of escape, you know.

With the coast clear, he starts choosing his booty. A pen here, a watch there. And with a ready master key, he opens your suit case, or trunk, or dresser. Jewelry! Okay. And cash. The very thing!

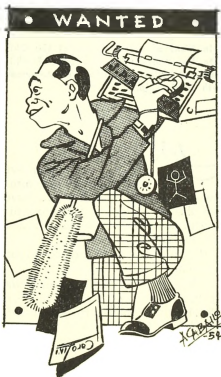
Books? Clothes? Perhaps. But usually, no. Too heavy for him. Easy to identify. Only light valuables. Maybe, a pair of shoes will do for the Sunday dance.

With everything in his pockets, he goes out, laughing in his beard, without in the least bothering to close back the door. *Auf wiedersehen!*

If, during the thief's operations, a mosquito feels kindly towards you with a bite to wake you up, what should you do? Brother, don't move! Hold your peace. Or else, you'll find yourself between the devil and the deep blue sea. Ten to one, he is armed and ready to fight it out.

In this eventuality, calm down your beating heart. Don't have your heart in your throat. Keep an eye out for his physical features: height, build, etc. etc. Rogues' gallery, that will be for.

Report to the police? Do it, Sister, with a prayer on your lips.

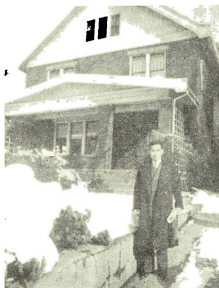


strike in your home and, through his leats, make you say uncle.

Then, don't blame us, Sister. Or tell us you have not read this. Forewarned is forearmed!

[Author's Note: Before you can say, "Cock-a-doodle-doo," I hasten to inform you that I have never been a thief!]

● An interview of Emilio B. Aller, Former Carolinian Editor and Smith-Mundt Pensionado to the U.S.



In front of a frat house at the Ohio State University where he lodged while observing different aspects of American youth leadership.

go. Our sense of values about so many things has to be reexamined and an extensive reformation to effect a change for the better the many perverted attitude that prevail within us on so many aspects of life has to be effected. These in themselves need a herculean endeavor which is a challenge to the youth of the land, to the present generation of young people who have better chances in acquiring education and wider perspectives in their outlook of life. But while this remains a challenge, with our youth indifferent in picking up the gauntlet, the tendency of those who understand our persistent deficiencies is to remain disgusted, discouraged and disappointed."

capabilities according to their personal records of activities as students and citizens.

Aller was one of those chosen from a big field of aspirants and was assigned to observe in the field of Youth Leadership in America. Eventually, however, he was able to do a world-girdling trip and saw many other countries besides the United States.

#### THE WIDE BLUE YONDER

Climbing aboard in one of the Pan-American airliners, the quondam Carolinian editor bid Philippine soil good-bye on February first for Hongkong where he stopped for four days to make arrangements for his winter gear, in anticipation of his sojourn in Uncle

## "Upon Seeing The World"

• by Tommy Echivarre •

**HE HAS ARRIVED.**  
And we fired an inevitable question at him: How do you feel now that you have seen the world? He wrinkled his brow in consequent seriousness and said tersely:

"I am disgusted, discouraged and disappointed!"

We were confused upon hearing this; but we prodded him on to explain his words. He expanded, "You've got to see white if you must realize emphatically that there is such a color as black. After seeing the different places I have been through and observing the character and customs of people in those places, especially in the United States, our own defects and weaknesses as a people have been emphasized and put out in clear outlines which I cannot help but realize. And my ultimate realization is that we as a country and as a people have yet a long way to

But what did he see which we here have not seen, and which need that we observe actually in order that we may realize these as lessons in contrast? We here now begin his odyssey in foreign lands which he terms as an "eye-opener."

#### THE GRANT

The former editor-in-chief of the Carolinian was the beneficiary of the Smith-Mundt travel grant. There were two other Carolinian aspirants among some other students in the whole Philippines for the same grant besides Aller — Rosita Ty, and Victoria Abad. The selection was based on each of the aspirants' scholastic records, extracurricular activities and achievements, articles or books written, travels abroad, military record, personal data, etcetera. Three or four grantees are selected every year from among prominent students of the country who are given the privilege to visit the United States for three months' observation tour on particular fields which best suit their

Sam's country. From there he took another plane for Japan and stayed in Tokyo for a day. In Tokyo, final arrangements for his personal paraphernalia were made and on the same day took a strato-cruiser for a four-hour stop-over in Honolulu. Three hours were spent with immigration and custom officials.

He arrived in San Francisco on February 7. A representative of the Department of State who met him at the airport whisked him through the city direct to the Manx Hotel where he stayed while in Frisco.

The following day, after a breath-taking tour all over Frisco, he left for New York (via United Airlines) where he fixed his schedules and itineraries with the Social Welfare Assembly, New York City. He had the opportunity then to visit Columbia University and had occasion to make interviews with some youth leaders of the Adult Council of the United States (YAC), Students' Democratic Action

(Continued on page 32)

# ... What Do You Think?...

conducted by Cesario Mella

We were afraid that this topic might taste rancid to your tastebuds after this issue goes off the press. But still we decided to gamble on it. After all, this alliance concerns us, during or after it takes effect on September 6. And this conglomeration of forces among our neighbor-nations deserve a wider floor for discussion. Anyway this alliance was made for posterity and not for history's sake.

So, while you twist and turn about writing for your final exams to blow the wind out of your gray little matter, why not peruse over the opinions of some of our brothers and sisters as they dare answer the query.....

● **Mrs. ELENA M. RAMA, Graduate School,** says: "I believe that the forthcoming SEATO conference will be of great help towards the promotion of a common cause — the united efforts of the countries of Southeast Asia that have decided to participate in it, to protect said countries from any aggression — communist or the like.

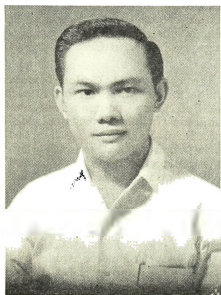
who are apt to protect their colonies for self-aggrandizement, yet, in my humble opinion, this proposed peace conference would implant upon the member countries a spirit of cooperation in the fight for freedom of human rights. The peace treaty to be executed during the conference would be the Southeast Asia version of the NATO and



Mrs. ELENA M. RAMA  
Post Graduate School

## How Effective Could The SEATO Be?

Although some critics are of the belief that nothing could be accomplished because of the membership of Great Britain and France



BONIFACIO G. ALVIZO  
College of Law

would certainly prove beneficial. This conference would at the same time, enable member nations to present their economic, military and other national problems before a body that can offer an effective solution thereto. An outstanding feature of this proposed organization is that an attack on one nation in this alliance shall be considered as an attack on all the others, thereby serving as a warning to would-be aggressors to think twice or thrice before launching such a military venture."

● **Mr. BONIFACIO G. ALVIZO, College of Law,** says: "I beg to disagree however, with the commendation of others that an attack against one member should be interpreted to mean an attack against all, and thereby justify its members to join in a concerted action to ward off Red invasion by force of arms. It is true of course, that the NATO agreement was also predicated on the same area that an attack against one would necessarily be

a direct threat and imminent peril to the national security of the other members. Under the theory of self-preservation, they have the right to join forces in an act of a legitimate collective self-defense. In the case of the SEATO, considering the location of its members, an attack on the Philippines could hardly be conceived to be an attack on the United States, Great Britain, France. Such a declaration would only mean a strained construction of the circumstances which would justify single or collective self-defense. This may be branded as capricious and arbitrary. Under this pronounced theory, the SEATO members, without previous express authority from the Security Council, could rally together to fight for a declared common cause in case one is attacked — thus by-passing the authority of the special organ of the United Nations to prescribe the kind of disciplinary measure that should be taken in case of aggression.

(Continued on page 28)



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By  
*Felipe M. Verallo, Jr.*

signed to the 8th MD, later known as III MA. He was ordered to attend the Light Artillery Mechanic Course at Vito Cruz, Manila, and graduated there in 1949. From 1950 up to now he runs the Personnel NCO and acts as assistant instructor of University of San Carlos.

**PERSONS, INCORPORATED**

Whether it is raining cats and dogs or it is a sunny Sunday morning you can see five sleek young officers with gold bars deployed around the drill grounds whose instincts are to ferret out mistakes and to correct them meticulously one after the other. They are doing this work without any compensation.

**Lt. Coasme T. Mirabueno** is one. He hails from Lanipoo, Lala, Lanao. Two years ago, he was USC's Corps Commander. A medalist, he is. He has gone to Camp McKinley and undergone its ordeals dutifully. Aside from being a member of the Reserve Officers' Legion of the Philippines he is also an assistant instructor in the ROTC. He holds an AB sheepskin and is currently a sophomore of the College of Law.

**Lt. Jaime A. Villanueva** is another man who is seen better toying around weapons or drawing chart than heard. He comes from Ipil, Zamboanga del Sur. He used to run the Corps S-2 and S-3 and finished the course a distinguished graduate. He likes to tinker with light and heavy weapons. He is a fourth year now in Civil Engineering.

The name is **Lt. Carlos Tajoda**. While still a trainee he graduated the Secondary course from the Philippine Ground Post School, Makate, Rizal in 1951. He learned much about the Fire Direction Center because he was assigned in the Headquarters Battery and specialized as a computer... saw action in Mt. Arayat... had a probationary training in the Philippine Army School Center Ground Combat School, Fort McKinley... A 2nd year Commerce student and at the same time working in the Chemistry Department... had two years Liberal Arts experience... **Lt. Demosthenes D. Gumalo** of Lazi,

(Continued on page 31)

**TALENTS, UNLIMITED**

One notable thing about the personnel of our ROTC powerhouse is that they are composed of people that are the best in their respective fields. **T/Sgt. Sofio C. Herrera, INF** and **S/Sgt. Pedro M. Carabaña, FA** are two cadet Martinets worthy of mention here.

Let us trace the metamorphosis of the military life of **T/Sgt. Sofio C. Herrera**.

When the Japs invaded the Philippines his post was in the Brigade Headquarters Camp X, Toledo, Cebu. Being a patriotic person, he joined the Resistance Movement in Cebu Area Command and Bohol Area Command. Came liberation. The headquarters of the 8th MD Philippine Army was opened for him. From 1947-51 the desk of the chief clerk of the Reserve Section, III MA, AFP, was always clean. Three years ago he was sent to USA to attend Service School. There he completed the Light and Heavy Weapons Infantry Leader Course at Fort Benning, Georgia. Upon his arrival, San Carlos University was waiting for him.

**THE SERGEANT**

Tall, wiry and almond-eyed, he is that type of a man liked by a few, feared by many — cadets.

"Slap your rifle hard... break it if you can... look straight ahead... chin in..."

These are simple orders you hear from him every now and then. Weapons are his gospel, but does not want to make a dogma out of it; administrative job, his sideline.

This personality is **S/Sgt. Pedro M. Carabaña, FA**. Born in Bantayan, Cebu, he was a product of a fishing community. He had no inkling of following the trade of his neighbors. On the other hand he enlisted in 1939 at Camp Dao, FSR, Pampanga. He graduated from the NCO Instructors' School at the same Camp.

After the fall of Bataan he took part in the memorable Death March up to San Fernando, Pampanga, and and was concentrated in Camp O'Donnell, Capas, Tarlac. He was released from the same Camp on Sept. 26, 1942. He went up to the hills of Luzon and joined Col. Thorpe's Guerrilla Unit.

When Uncle Sam's boys returned to the Islands he was as-

# Pictorial Section



Atty. Fernan: "Free Election, but peaceful, orderly..."



Last minute consultation...



Balloting



Expectation...

"He won!"

*USE* LEX  
CIRCLE



Final checking



Congratulations



*Sun ...*

*Water ...*

*Air ...*

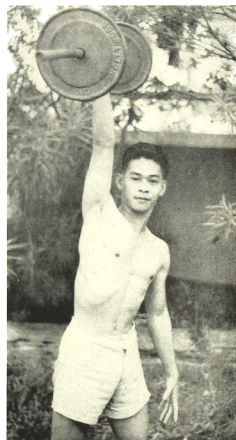
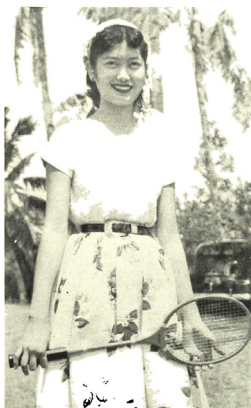
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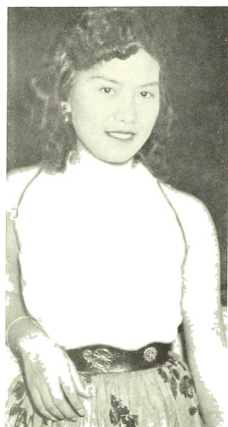




## **PICNICS**

*Rest ... Joy ...  
Fun ...*





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**EDUCATION  
IV**



*Eats \* Drinks*

*Songs \* Games*

*Plenty of Fun*



# U.S.C. News

**CESARIO A. MELLA**  
*News Editor*

**ADELINO SITON**  
**ALFREDO SUENAVENTURA**  
*Associates*

## • Law

### BONTUYAN WINS LEX CIRCLE PRESIDENCY

The law students recently had their day when they held the much-awaited and hotly-contested Lex Circle election which ended in a landslide victory for Mr. Marcelino Bontuyan, standard bearer of the 4th year class. The election, which looked like the real McCoy in all respects, gave the law students a foretaste of political life.

Of the election, Judge Fernan of the College of Law, said, "This year's Lex Circle election is the most lively, most unique and the most expensive. I have never seen such eager student participation in previous Lex Circle elections." And rightly so. It was complete with all the trimmings down to the last details: speeches, streamers, posters, handbills, etc. Soft drinks flowed profusely and pre-election parties were given away by the candidates.

The election was the culmination of a hectic week of campaigning, handshaking and elbow-rubbing by candidates in a final attempt to get voters. The verdict: **Marcelino Bontuyan**, president; **Teodoro Abelas**, vice-president; **Catalina Borromeo**, secretary; **Anita Maambong**, treasurer; **Vicente N. Lim** and **Niceloro Catay**, press relations officers; and **Napoleon Mabaquiao** and **Cresenciano Tajada**, Sergeants-at-arm.

### PORTIAS HONOR LAW REGENT

The Portia Club, an exclusive club of the College of Law, composed of lady lawyers-to-be, honored Rev. Bernard Wrocklage, Regent of the College of Law and Spiritual adviser of said club, with a special mass said on his least day. Again

under the sponsorship of the Portia Club, the second traditional mass was offered for the USC barristers, August 28.

Meanwhile, it was learned that the pilgrimage to Our Lady in Opon, Cebu, that the College of Law students will hold in connection with this year's celebration of the Marian Year, is definitely set on September 12, 1954.

## • Commerce

### MICUBO CHOSEN FRATERNITY SWEETHEART

Miss Catalina Micubo was unanimously elected president of the **Alpha Kappa Alpha Fraternity**, an exclusive fraternity of the College of Commerce, in a very orderly



CATALINA P. MICUBO

election held recently. Miss Micubo is a second year student of the College of Commerce. She is currently the sponsor of the Commerce Basketball Team.

## • Education

### EDUCATION BARRIO FIESTA

The USC senior class organization of the College of Education held an acquaintance party in the form of a barrio fiesta recently in the University Campus.

Some of the most interesting parts of the program were the vocal renditions of Mr. Eddie Pascual and Miss Frunie Allere; the induction of class officers by the Rev. Fr. Lawrence Bunsel, S.V.D. The potato, statue and candle dances furnished the thrills and laughs of the evening. The election and crowning of Miss Conchita Oculillo as barrio fiesta queen was the culmination of the affair.

Atty. Mario D. Ortiz read a poem written by poet Atty. Cornelio Faigao dedicated to the queen.

## • Pharmacy

### NEW HIGH IN PHARMA ENROLLMENT

This year's enrollment in the College of Pharmacy showed a remarkable increase of 10%, despite the 5-year curriculum which discouraged some students from taking up Pharmacy. But the number of male enrollees increased by 60%.

### USC COED GETS SANGLEY POINT NOD

Miss Dolores O'keefe (Pharm '54) was admitted to the WAVE Corps of the U.S. Navy in a special order she received last August. She left for Sangley Point on August 28 where she will undergo processing prior to her enlistment which will take effect on September 3. Miss O'keefe stayed in USC for four years and distinguished herself as an assiduous and diligent student.

# **USC NEWS**

## • **Engineering**

### **SUCCESSFUL BOARD EXAMINEES**

Dean Jose A. Rodriguez released the names of the students who passed the Engineering's board exams last year. They are: **Pablo Burgos, Antonio Geronilla, Cesar Villareal, Miss Remedios Salazar, Jose Solidum, Aniano Paraguya and Benjamin Lim.** The latter's name was withheld on account of citizenship. **Mr. Teodoro Cadungog** too, the lone candidate in Mechanical Engineering, successfully passed the board exams.

## • **ROTC**

### **ROTC CADETS HONOR RECTOR, FACULTY**

The USC ROTC staged a parade and review in honor of Rev. Fr. Albert van Gansewinkel, Rector, and the members of the Faculty.

A unique affair it was, replete with Howitzer-firing, awarding of medals to receiving officers. The officers awarded were: **Cdt Col C. Mirabueno, ex-corps commander, Cdt Col Demosthenes Gumalo, ex-corps commander, Cdt Col C. Ajero, present corps commander, Cdt Col Ybanez, ex-corps adjutant, Cdt Lt Col Deguilmo, ex-battalion commander and Cdt Maj Gustilo,** a member of the instructors' group at present. The loyalty medals were pinned by Fr. Rector, Misses Isobel Martin, Penales, H. Hautea and P. Goyeneche.

## • **Liberal Arts**

### **PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DRAMATICS INTRODUCED**

In line with the administration's policy of providing new avenues of learning for students, the University has offered two new three-unit practical English subjects, namely **Dramatics and Public Speaking,** under the tutelage of the charming and active Liberal Arts instructor, **Mrs. Bernardita B. Valenzuela.**

Dramatics aims to disseminate the principles underlying good acting and to determine how the

various effects sought by the actor are produced.

Public Speaking includes the teaching of basic techniques of interpretation, the practical side of dramatics, radio, and television presentation.

### **USC ZOOLOGY ASSOCIATION CONDUCTED SCIENTIFIC EXCURSIONS**

The USC Zoology Association, headed by Fr. Enrique Schoenig, Head of the Department of Biology, held several scientific excursions for the past two months for the purpose of collecting marine animals, butterfly and insects specimens for the Zoology Department of the university.

Rev. Fr. Schoenig's group spent three days in Ormoc City catching different kinds of insects. They went to Carmen, Cebu, twice for the same purpose. The group also went up to **Buhisan** dam to get specimens and to see the water condition of the place.

## • **Religion**

### **USC CELEBRATES FEAST OF ASSUMPTION DAY**

Last August 15 was the Feast of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady, one of the most ancient and solemn feasts of our Lady. USC administration, faculty and student body joined in the celebration of the big feast of our Lady.

## • **USC In A Nutshell**

USC Jaycees, central organization of the College of Commerce, launched two campaigns in the University Campus, the **Courtesy Week and Clean-Up Week.** The Reverend Father Rector praised those who were responsible for the campaigns and commended the students' prompt reaction.

Mr. Luis Garcia was elected president of the Faculty Club of USC in a meeting held recently. Their first affair was a party. The USC members of the Faculty enjoyed the parlor games, singing, contests, square dances, and the like.

The Pre-Med students met in the USC Projection Room and elected officers of their organization. There

were five parties contesting for the coveted presidential post. **Mr. Eduardo Cabatangan,** a third year student, won the student body's nod.

The first activity that the organization had was an excursion in Miramar, Talisay. The affair was truly a lively one.

The Junior students of the department of Electrical and Mechanical Engineering, through the initiative of **Mr. Eduardo Salig,** president, discussed plans to be implemented during this semester. Presently the officers are looking for a means in which the organization can give much contribution to the College of Engineering's project, the **"Project Kilowatt."**

The Secretarial Department elected the following officers: **Miss Yvonne Kriekenbeck,** president; **Mr. Antonio Talisaysay,** vice-president; **Miss Paz Ramos,** secretary; **Miss Josefina Sevilla,** treasurer; **Mr. Patricio Roble,** auditor; and **Mr. O. Jacobo,** press relations officer.

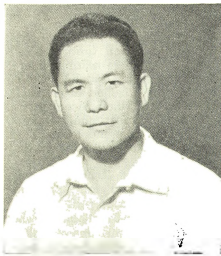
The USC Faculty visited the shrine of the Virgin Mary in Opon, Cebu last August 15 in connection with the Marian Year celebration.

To further their projects of community improvement, the BSEED Department, under the initiative of **Miss Teopista Suico** and **Mr. Jesus Roa,** constructed a **Tilapia** pond inside the USC premises. The pond affords zoological importance to the university.

In order to start the USC drive to help the missionaries and the lepers who have been constantly asking aid from the university, the Liberal Arts Department, under the chairmanship of **Mrs. Remedios Sordo,** is holding a raffle. Prizes will be donated by civic-spirited people of Cebu City.

**Mr. Pilapil,** USC instructor in Mechanical Engineering, has perfected a bomb calorimeter, an instrument used for testing the quality and property of fuel. The instrument costs \$500 to \$600 in the United States.

# Newscope



Hon. BARTOLOME CABANGBANG  
2nd District, Bohol

## A CAROLINIAN IN CONGRESS

Honorable Bartolome Cabangbang, Representative of the Second District of Bohol, is one of the most versatile congressmen in our Congress today.

Representative Cabangbang finished his Bachelor of Science degree in the Philippine Military Academy, Baguio City. He became a military fighter pilot in 1941 and was assigned to the then famous 6th Fighter Squadron, PAF.

After Liberation, Mr. Cabangbang was sent to the United States to further his training in Aircraft. He was sent to Randolph Field, Texas and Williamfield, Arizona.

At present, Congressman Cabangbang is the chairman of the House Committee on Transportation and Communication, vice-chairman on the Committee on Veterans Affairs and National Defense and a member of the now famous Committee on Anti-Filipino Activities and Government Enterprises.

It must be recalled that before Congressman Cabangbang was elected to Congress, he was a third year law student of San Carlos U. He was considered in his class one of those conscientious students. Our Alma Mater can really be proud of him.

— Atty. T. Quimpo, Jr.

## THE ROMANCE OF USC ELECTIONS

(Continued from page 5)

man class, vivacious Ruth Lavin was unanimously elected president. With these energetic girls at the helm of the College of Pharmacy government, it is safe to say that all will be sailing smoothly—right, girls?

The reading and writing and planting... er... arithmetic department, that is BSEED, had also their taste of class politics. Under the initiative and guidance of Jess Roa, the senior BSEED students elected bull-shouldered and MA "degreed" Dominador Trocio, president with alluring Gloria Lozada as his veep. The first activity of the class organization, as usual, is the traditional acquaintance party which will be held in the near future. Frankly, I don't mind being acquainted with anybody as long as it is done in an acquaintance party. Do you get the hint, sir?

Like a wild fire, class politics became so infectious that it contaminated the domain of Cervantes and his disciples. In an election held on July 9, to be precise, the USC Spanish Club was formed and chosen president of the Club was Angel Teves Jr., with Nestor Fernandez and Priscilla Buenaventura as first and second vice-presidents respectively. This Club is under the advisership of semi-imported Castilian in the affable person of Doña Remedios Sordo. The Club aims to encourage the speaking of Spanish language in the class as well as outside the campus. There will be a time when we will converse in Spanish-Filipino language and, by that time, Magellan, will turn over in his grave and scratch his overflowing beard and exclaim: "That's not Spanish. The diction... very Filipino. Rather, it's a Filipino lingo with a Spanish twang!" Bueno, amigos, vamos a conversar en la lenguaje Castiliana. Sobes tu, stupido?

Not to be outdone and out-moded, the debit and credit students of the College of Commerce, pushed aside their accounting paraphernalia when they picked out among themselves as to who will pilot their class government for the whole solid year. They unmistakably elected ever-active and energy-loaded Ben Cabel as president of the senior class and assisted by hawk-nosed, dashing and debonair Antonio Alvarez. I hope you can balance the debit and credit of success, Ben. I'll be crossing my fingers.

In the meanwhile, the Carolinian Staffers "very own" was ceremoniously catapulted into the presidential seat of the Liberal Arts Department. She is Miss Rosario (Inday, Charing, or Rose) Teves, who won the much coveted position. Highly capable and energetic, Inday Teves fits the job to a T. And who do you think is her secretary? Again, she is the "C" Staffers' Eyerover in the amiable person of Ledy Amigable. It only shows that writing and politics do mix. Good luck, girls.

And then the climax!

The Lex Circle elections stole the thunder and lightning of all elections. There was thunder. There was lightning. There were plenty of smokes. There were plenty of drinks and eats. Fiery speeches galore. One could mistake it for our Philippine Congress. In this instance, political strategy, maneuver, and crafty schemes put into shame the seasoned politicians' wily stratagem, minus the blood-drawing, of course.

Marcelino Bontuyan, a senior law student and, Teodoro Abellos, a sophomore, were elected president and vice president respectively of the Lex Circle. The Vigilant Party candidate for the Lex Circle presidency, handsome, tall, and dashing Maning "The Guy" Pages, gave Marcelino Bontuyan the scare of his lifetime. Pages was very popular in the junior class. The election returns showed that Bontuyan won by 30 votes over the Guy. Nevertheless, it was such a good, clean fight. And that's the rub.

To others, class elections hold no little meaning but trivial incidents which exist not as a necessity but a formal requisite before a class could be called a class. The majority opinion believes that class politics are indispensable necessity which must exist, cost what may. For in this fertile medium, students, doubting Thomases included, are made wary of their rights, which in one way or the other will seep into their very being and eventually become a part of their personality. Their eyes are opened, their initiative alerted, and their conscience imbued with responsibility to the Church and to the State. Because Carolinians are made wary of their rights and duties, they form a formidable vanguard in protecting the rights and privileges of others. Why

(Continued on page 37)

# SPORTS

by REX GRUPO & A. DELUTE SEANOL

## for the record ...

### INTRAMURAL TILTS

**OPENING CEREMONIES:** The best and the slickest affair we ever had — the campus basketball games. Liberal Arts, Law, Engineering and Commerce were the departments represented. A round-robin series among the competing teams will characterize the season's regale offering. The team having



March of the Vanquished

the most number of wins will get the championship chair. Different grand-slam prizes will also be given to individual stars.

**OPENING GAME:** The Libarts quintet shaded the Lawyerites in an extended duel. Two charity tickets awarded to T. Echivarre on the last ten seconds of the final session were muffed by him thereby giving the game to the last-stepping Libarts five. Final Score: 34-36.

**ON THE LEAD:** Commerce, is the team to beat — all the rest stand on equal footing. The debit-

credit cagesters have whipped all their rivals to submission. It has, for its line-up, a string of satraps from the varsity squad. And they aren't weaklings either. Rudy Jakosalem and Roy Morales are two reasons why the Comerciantes will still hold this year's trophy.

If you don't know it yet we've got a baseball team that could be the best slugging outfit in the whole CCAA baseball league come next semester. You've probably seen them work out on fire-hot afternoons.... We've seen them play too.... And you ought to have seen them pound out a 7-4 count over the San Miguel Brewery eleven.

It is interesting to note that this is the first year the CCAA organized a baseball league. Not trying to exaggerate, the USC Gold 'n Green diamond men are out to



Stance of Victors

make the start real for all the competing teams.

Have you ever seen, cringed perhaps, at a knife flung at you in a 3-D picture? That is how a baseball looks at the batter's plate when Agustin Cabahug pitches.

On the shoulders of this dusky hurler rests the difficult task of pitching. It is even considered that

a baseball team's victory pivots on the pitcher's mound. Seasoned by a term during the last interscholastics meet, it is assured that we have a man who knows his job... that of dishing out that ball in the right way.

Agustin is ably assisted at the equally difficult and great job of catching by another reliable interscholastics veteran, Angelino Caja. Still young but wizened at the task entrusted to him, their recent practice games against the leading diamond men from the local commercial league shows his prowess behind the plate.

They have had four practice games since the schoolyear opened. They slapped a 3-0 call on the International Harvester nine with the finesse and touch of seasoned professionals. Next on the tally sheet was the team composed of picked players — a selection... where they drubbed out a 6-0 victory. For a newly-organized team, they have shown more than enough. Of course that isn't an assurance that final victory should be ours, but people are going to have a hard time if they tangle with our boys.... practice game or not.

There is Guillermo del Mar Jr. guardman for first base, as easy, agile, and alert as all first basemen should be. Delt and cool, we've seen him in action as assured and reliable as anything. Roberto Iratagotia stands stolid and formidable on second base, where he feels at home and is at his best. He is as spry as a gypsy. Third base has B. Sadaya for it's man, as eager and accurate and as deadly as his team's needs should be. So far, he has done a very magnificent job handling that side of the diamond.

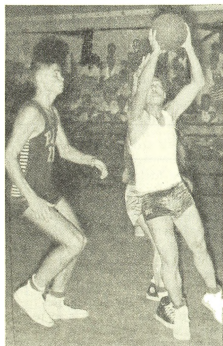
The chore of foiling bunts falls on H. Millado who fills the boots of a shortstop as ably as anybody could ever be. He is still young, and he'll grow from good to excellent yet in his field.... Speaking of fields, we have Fermin Caballero at left field and Mariano Ruedas Jr. on the left for high balls. Cirilo Abandan is keepman for center field.

Coach Tamingco has high hopes, and a lot of trust and confidence in his boys that this season,

the first of its kind, shall be the predecessor to a fine record of baseball history as any baseball team's history should be... bright, colorful and the kind, the brand that any alma mater would look up upon with pride.

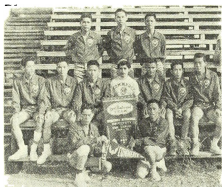
Our USC volleybelles in their last game, that was during the opening of the CCAA volleyball, baseball, and softball leagues proved to be quite a little disappointment when they lost to the CIT Maroons. We didn't know then that we were against a gang of seasoned and very experienced net-girls. They need more practice and a lot more on seasoning. The athletic potentials which our own volley-lasies is enough to tell that we have a very formidable team in the making. But the way things stand, we can't say much. Captain *Alejandrina Salinas* is superb but... as we said, the team still needs know-how. She has very reliable support from *Carlota Mejia*, and dark, pretty *Rhesa Hipe*, *Nora Noel* is another stalwart.

The USC Green and Gold retention drive is really a hummer...



"Try'n Stop Me, Lee!" was Danny Deen's invitation to skymaster *Leo Shwager*, 6' 5" stalwart of the visiting *PAL* Team. *PAL* won through the skin of their teeth against the CCAA selection.

The latest game against the Cebu City Colleges was an assuring fact we haven't lost anything yet by way of games or prestige. Our warriors are still the lords on our local amateur hardcourts. They slaughtered CCC, 72-56 period. On an invitation by the Holy Name College, our sister institution in Tagbilaran, Bohol, our boys left the HNC ball-men at the shorter end of a 74-61 score, which is another cup to their ball-bouncing campaign. Southwestern College's Typhoons found out the hard way



Commerce Powerhouse pose with gofers for "Best Uniformed" team. Sponsor: *Catalina Micubo*.

that not even gales or their makings of rough whirlwinds could help them get out of the 81-51 trap that the Warriors wove around them. It was just plain and unmodified massacre. Next on the line will be the Cebu Normal School Five... Chicken feed? That remains to be seen. The University of Southern Philippines Black Panthers have posed a threat to their crown retention drive. A string of wins has made these Panthers dangerous and we have reason to believe that the Green and Gold Warriors are going to have quite a hard time bowling these people over. Still, there is little to doubt that the crown will still rest on Carolinian heads.

● The Warriors is minus one good player, *Fidelino Outo*, who retired due to physical incapability. Well, he was a good and able Carolinian while he was around, and a better one inside the basketball court. We're sorry he couldn't stay longer with us... just the same, our thanks to him for whatever help he might have given us.



## THE INTRAMS

Unfair!... We shouted at the top of our voices... Unfairrr! Well, there's nothing we can do about it anymore. It's all over... we mean, the fascinating Intramural games... is practically over and there's the champion... who else but the Commerce team? Imagine this debit-credit team romping off with the title. Reason for the victory: battle-scarred veterans from the varsity pitted against plain, unscratched and tinhorn cagelings. What the ex-varsitarians lack was the methodical lingering of Coach Baring. But speaking of coaches, isn't CSN coach *Vic Cortes* enough? Anyway, we hope that this monopoly wouldn't happen again next time. (That includes you too, Ed!)

## HIM

Notice the way *R. Jakosalem* of the Commerce team (former skip of the V-team) shoots the ball? What gets us is the fact that he doesn't exert any effort at all in making points. He flips the ball as easy as you pick your tooth and the spheroid simply glides, gracefully, into the basket and grace... two more points! Let's keep black magic from the Intrams, Rudy boy.

## THE VARSITY

The way our College Varsity team knocks out contenders for the CCAA crown makes their chances of retaining that trophy more rosy. If they could outlast the USP Black Panthers, the crown is as good as sitting pretty on their heads. Easy does it, boys — these Panthers are mean ball-handlers.

## FOUL-BAIT

How to stop a foul-bait artist from springing traps are still many an opposition coach's headache. The "Amazing Danny Deen" is the  
(Continued on page 30)



Miss FLORA Z. TOMBOC  
College of Pharmacy

Considering the fact however, that the Philippines is expected to be broiled in case the fire of the third world war explodes, it is but practical for her to join actively in the SEATO agreement, despite the objectionable features of the conference."

● Miss FLORA Z. TOMBOC, College of Pharmacy, says: "The SEATO conference is one of the greatest strides the Free Nations can undertake against Communism. Its aims and propositions are quite grave and its outcome will greatly influence the whole world. The formation of it might even embitter the USSR and other Communist nations and make them more aggressive in breaking the chains of

## WHAT DO YOU THINK?

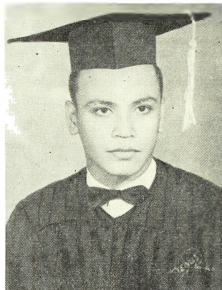
(Continued from page 17)

democracy. However the SEATO pact is the most needed pact today. The Southeast Asian countries are many in number but taking into consideration the strength of each it is very clear that each cannot protect herself against the evil, ideologies, and as long as they will not unite into one solid body with a definite aim and with the necessary protection from the United States, England and France, one after another, each country will collapse and the world will be hell itself."

● Mr. JOSE L. CERILLES, College of Law, says: "The real motive of the proponents of the pact is to have an alliance patterned after that of NATO and will only amount to a copy of the ANZUS or the Rio pacts which calls for consultation in case of aggression against any signatory. Whichever it will finally be my opinion will not vary.

Basically, what is giving life to the Communists' expansion is the defect in the victim-nations themselves internally. A case in point is Indo-China. Had Indo-China been granted independence, her people would have been hardened against any change in her government system. Freedom had been for so long her cherished aspiration that her people took an opportunity for change at first grasp.

I subscribe to the idea that economic stability and the solution to social ills are the best weapons against Communism. This, coupled



JOSE L. CERILLES  
College of Law

with an individual alliance with the United States, is more practical and beneficial, and less cumbersome. A like set-up expedite action with the least delay. After all whether there be an Asian army or individual alliance, all these spring from the same strength: reliance on America's military strength and money. America leads the Democracies.

Viewing it from our point, I say that a better pledge on the Philippine-United States Mutual Defense Assistance as that to be taken up by Dulles and Garcia a few days hence is of better use in our fight against Communism. The simpler a thing is, the less trouble there will be, to recall a basic tenet in Philosophy."

## CATHOLIC TRUTHS?

(Continued from page 4)

source of knowledge and, therefore, is occupied with half-truths. Partial truths, however, if put together piecemeal, never will lead to that truth of which our Lord says that it makes us free (John 8, 32).

And if we try to appraise the much-acclaimed progress of science at large especially at recent times: What has it brought mankind so far? Is our time and our generation more happy, more peaceful than former "darker", less enlightened ages? Yes, there are a few modern conveniences which we enjoy for which we are grateful and which we do not like to miss, but so far they did not help us in any

substantial way to solve the basic problems with which mankind is laboring. The single fact that the greatest advance in modern science, the knowledge of the atom and the successful control of nuclear energy, is still the most strictly guarded secret and that mankind is kept in constant fear and trembling by it, shows that we still do not have the full truth, or at least that man still does not know how "to live up to that", otherwise atomic energy would have been used in a more constructive way for the economic and moral advancement of mankind. Obviously there is something missing in our knowledge and search for truth, a non-

cognitive factor which seems to be essential for its full understanding and even more vital for the "free use thereof", as Columbia University's bicentennial motto claims.

Cardinal Newman was certainly right when he expounded his idea about a university: "Here, then, I conceive, is the object of the Holy See and the Catholic Church in setting up universities: it is to re-unite things which were in the beginning joined together by God, and have been put asunder by man... It will not satisfy me, what satisfies so many, to have two independent systems, intellectual and religious, going at once side by side, by a

(Continued on page 36)

## MEET ME TOMORROW

(Continued from page 6)

a voice, too loud, he thought.

"What's this all about? I mean this... this..."

"It's more than that," she replied with a tired, resigned ring in her voice. "You see, father knows about last Saturday's..."

Last Saturday's... he ought to have known that, he mumbled. Her voice trailed off into silence as he brought himself back... to that night....

...he saw her coming to meet him at the corner which was a block from her house. She had told her Papa that she was going to Liza's... but they hailed a taxi and it went straight to the party... the party!... the half-drunk men, the careless looks in the eyes of the women... the half-lit room... the soft music... Gloria digging her face into his chest, her hair brushing against his cheeks... he remembered faintly their having been swayed by the lulling beat of the music... having been lost to the world... till a pair of be-ripping hands broke the spell!... he turned to gaze at a couple of dilated fireballs for eyes. ... rough hands dragging Gloria away from him... her shriek... her call... and the rasped of a fog-horn voice...

"You shut... so this is where you have been spending your week-ends... Liza's... hahl... this den of devils, this scamps for friends?"

It all happened so quick... the confusion that followed... left him dazed... his senses half-dead... he looked around... saw the disordered chairs... the paper-littered floor... then he regained his senses. The party... Glor... he shouted her name as the last strands of the spell wore off... shouted again... Only the pressing wall of silence greeted him. He rushed out of the room like a madman and met the cold midnight air as he cut across the lawn. Under the dim-lit gate he saw her bundled inside a black sedan and before he could open his mouth, the car vanished into the night. He spent a sleepless night tossing in bed. He woke up late and saw on his table, his name scribbled hurriedly on an envelope and recognized her handwriting.

## DO YOU KNOW?

(Continued from page 11)

Cauchy was an admirable type of a true Catholic savant. A great and indefatigable scientist, he was at the same time a loyal and devoted son of the Church. He professed his Faith publicly and found great pleasure in works of charity. His politico-religious writings attest to his faith in both the legitimacy of kingship and the Catholic religion.

Jean Leon Foucault (1819-1868)

He studied medicine, but between the years 1845 and 1849 entered upon physical researches. He worked along several lines. With Fizeau he experimented upon the interference of red rays, while with Regnault he studied binocular vision. We are indebted to him for the experiment overturning the emission theory of light, defended by Kepler, Newton, and Laplace. Contrary to this theory he found that light travels faster in air than in the denser medium of water (1850). He demonstrated (1851) by means of the pendulum and the gyroscope the rotation of the earth upon its axis. In 1854 he became physicist to the Imperial Observatory. He improved large telescopic lenses and reflectors, and devised a method for silvering the surface of a glass reflector. The so-called Foucault currents are heating currents of electricity developed in a disc of metal rotating between the poles of a strong magnet.

Foucault at first appeared careless in the performance of his religious duties, but in later years he was a practical Catholic. He possessed a poorly developed body. Says Lissejous, a contemporary physicist: "It seemed as if nature had undertaken to establish a striking contrast between Foucault's physique and his intellectual powers. Who could have suspected the man of genius under this frail appearance?"

"...Johnny, what's wrong?"

Her voice brought him to himself. He looked at her. Hunching his shoulders, he said in an undertone, "I know the rest... did they beat you up? Tell me..."

"No, but they are sending me away... I don't know where. Oh, John, what am I going to do? I know my father too well... He's going to keep his word. He's going to send me away."

He didn't answer her. He just stared. After a while, he saw her pick up her books and said something.

"I'd better go now. Papa might..."

"The old goat'll be waiting eh?" the sarcasm twisting in his grimacing mouth.

"Yes. Why?" she queried.

"I'll see you home Glor," was all he said. He stood and whipped out a five-peso bill from his shirt pocket and placed it on a platter besides the seventh bottle of beer, "and to heck with the chance", he muttered under his breath as he gently guided her towards the door.

"But Johnny, if Papa sees me..." she faltered.

"With me, you mean," he spat.

"And what's he going to do about it if he does?"

"He might... might beat you

up..." she half-cried as he started to coax her along.

"Let him try," he seethed.

Her house stood squat in the sun. The rays, glaring and gay, glanced off its glass windows. She opened the gate slowly... reluctantly. He followed and almost bumped into her when she turned to make one more plea. "Please Johnny, don't start anything rash. Why don't you..."

"But I only want to square things off with him," he retorted.

"But he won't see it that way!" she stopped when she saw the uselessness of a further request. She turned her back on him and walked.

She knocked and her father thundered off her name. She quailed and trembled—looked at Johnny. The stubborn insistence in his eyes left her cold with fear. Footsteps tramped inside and stopped as the door swung open. She saw her father at the threshold his hairy fist grasping the door knob and a crumpled newspaper clutched at the other.

"What are you gaping at — my face? Get inside!" her father bellowed.

Seeing her speechless and white with fear made him look over her... over her trembling shoulders.

(Continued on page 38)

## THE KEYHOLE

(Continued from page 27)

booby trap. Enemy players tagged with fouls on account of Danny's tricks are a dime a dozen. Flaws in the trap: Danny throws them charities into the wastebasket. Hey Dan, the basket's up there!

### BASEBALL

Grand slam baseball is coming our way! With the formation of the USC baseball team, we'll be seeing plenty of duels — on the mound. Newly formed for the CCAA Baseball league next season, the Green and Gold sluggers are expected to make a grand debut. Thanks to Father Wrocklage, USC has moulded a great diamond team. Father W is also its moving spirit. Try seeing them during workouts you'll see what I mean. They have been shutting out other baseball teams in invitational games. Their victims: International Harvester, and San Miguel Brewery niners plus some local selections.

### GRAND PRIZES

The cleanest player, the best forward, guard and center of the Intramurals will receive awards in the form of *we-dunno-yet*. Handshakes to Mr. Aquino, Otik Tecson and to Father Bunzel for having concocted such a *lalapaloosa* of an idea. Thanks to the Cebu Reterere's Ass'n for having contributed much to the law and order in the games.

### WONDERINGS . . .

(Continued from page 12)

love of a boy. He knows that he is in love with that certain girl. He likes her very much. To make the girl aware of his feelings, he, naturally would like to be her company, associate with her, laugh and cry with her. Through constant association, the girl will eventually be aware of the boy's honest intentions. But the boy has not said anything about it yet. The boy doesn't know where to begin and how to begin. Pure love is funny. It makes one act clumsy, flimsy and ridiculous. He says the right things at the wrong places. In other words, he doesn't know how to use tact. The girl, too, if she is still at a quandary as to whether she should acknowledge his intentions or not,

## Sportscope

### USC's Man of Bronze



ALFREDO DE JESUS

This is a portrait of an athlete. Among the topflight *pigskin booters* of the Philippines, he was pinpointed by the PAAF officials to play center-forward for the Philippine Football squad in the recently-held Asian Olympiad. It should be remembered that de Jesus was the skipper of the San Carlos football team who copped the 1951 National championships in Manila. He has played with the San Carlos crew for four years. Fred is a BSE and AB graduate of this institution. Currently, he is a third year Commerce student.

gets tired of waiting for the boy to say the right thing. Then she begins to abhor him. Eventually, feels irritated of his presence. Finally, she hates him — and makes the boy aware of it. The boy then grows desperate. The result is frustration.

## FOR MAN'S CURIOSITY

(Continued from page 7)

himself, "for external luxury is pursued to conceal the nakedness of his own soul." Such worship of wealth leads to tyranny and injustice towards others.

Moral rehabilitation is a good cure for his degradation. Like a nation that had been devastated by war or a country that had been attacked by black plague, this ignominious degradation can be reconstructed back to God. It is high time to let every one understand that they have become wandering sheeps lost in a wilderness of sins and in the chasm of materialism. The reconstruction could be in the form of religious instruction in the schools. This would be a formidable tool for the gradual breakdown of this cancer which thrives in the minds of men today. Because if man were enlightened, he would naturally follow the rays that open his eyes amidst the penumbra of sins. And in this stage of elucidation he becomes aware of the ultimate realization of his soul.

Technical progress is in itself, good because it gives man a higher standard of living. Man should be free and happy. But happiness that exudes evanescent satisfaction and wantonly disregards the salvation of the soul, is animal happiness, if you don't mind the term. Once the body becomes a well-ornamented home of avarice and greed, the soul loses its bearing like a wind-tossed ship lost in the wilderness of a raging tempest. We must "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

Curiosity, like love, is a compelling urge. It devours anything and everything. It is like a caterpillar on a verdant herb eating all the green leaves it could find and leaves the herb useless, lifeless, and unwanted. It utilizes all its bodily structures for the satisfaction of the body. And the soul is forgotten. The desire becomes the grasping clasp of the body which reduces man's life into a meaningless animal existence. And if the body becomes a bundle of desires, it leaves the body useless, and vain-glorious for God. Curiosity should be properly cultivated through proper education and religious instruction. Then, and only then, can there be a perfect harmony between the created and the Creator.



## PROEM

by E. Eminado

I sought to pluck the strains of a discordant note which metamorphosed from a battered breast into a woof of groping undertones....

With warps of broken fibres from loose melodies I sought to weave rambling multi-tunes into a tapestry of silent music.

I broke the stillness of mute lips with my song...

The echo of dying footsteps of a retreating silence consumes my loneliness under the denuded arches of a withering sky.

## ROTCHATTER

(Continued on page 18)

Negros Oriental... last year Corps Commander... a Summer Camp trainee... ATU, ROTC, PATC, Fort William McKinley, Rizal... graduated the Special Company Officers Course... Philippine Ground Combat School, PASC, Fort McKinley... Commander Cebu ROTC SUPREME FRATERNITY... Prexy of College Education of Senior Class Organization... Cdt Col **Conrado Ajero**, present Corps Commander, a medalist... Cdt Lt Col **Segundo Gonzaga**, present Corps Executive Officer and Adjutant. A bright lad but not boastful, demanding but never domineering; friendly to all, but to none during drill time... Cdt Lt Col **Pulsedamo Dumon**, son of a business tycoon... hangs around with his flashy car... good conversationalist... Cdt Lt Col **Baltazar Padilla**, Corps S-4... sings modern songs while doing his chore in the office... a true friend when you're in need... Cdt Lt Col **Vicente Dionaldo**, Corps S-1... ideal man... star player... better seen than heard.

## THE LEGEND OF HAWILI FALLS

(Continued from page 8)

shape, a transparent vapor which became a gentle spray forming a rainbow in the sunshine. The spray turned into a gushing spring coming from the exact spot where Hawili stood. Basins appeared, one lower than the other, seven steps in all,

## CAMPUSCRATS

(Continued from page 14)

We miss the initiations of the commerce studes masterminded by JACINTO GADOR, Jr. and suave BENJAMIN YRATORZA. The initiation was a common sight in the campus. I can still imagine GEORGE ARCILLA swaying his hips to do the hula-hula. (You murdered it mister). This reminds me of Dr. PROTASIO J. SOLON who they say gave a superb rendition of the "Waray-Waray." Complete with gestures and a, crooning voice a la Frank Sinatra during the faculty's acquaintance party. You see, he was — shall I blurt it out?

TITA CUI is one who'll never dance out a boogie piece. And do you know that the chic BABY SUSON is a bookworm? Emilie Loring's her fav'rite.

Yum, yum, I smell newly-baked cakes coming from the direction of the cookery class under the gay Miss CARMEN CAMARA. Busy mixing ingredients is slender and graceful CORONA MADULA, looking pretty as a picture. See? That was a wolf-whistle.

Saw MAURICIO UY, CESAR MONTESCLAROS AL LIBRE (katsila to you), SAMUEL B. FABROZ AND JUANITO ALCUITAS with some other boys craning their necks for a peep at the laboratory. The object maybe was the he-man, wavy-haired MARINO LIRO who was a medicine stude before. Around him were beautiful pharmacy coeds. Serves them right for not taking pharmacy, eh?

I have been told for the umpteenth time that CONCEPCION RIZARI is a dreamboat and that NORAH ESPAÑOLA has a beautiful panoramic smile. What technician terms you boys use! What next?

RUDOLFO FONTANOSA is a swell friend to have. And here's something for Ripley. Dodong can turn his head fully at 45 degrees without feeling any pain in his neck when smart and fair NILDA PESTARO crosses his line of vision.

Carrying a T-square everyday to school is comely ELOISA PROSIA. Her classmates say her designs are magnificent. Atta girl, she will construct buildings. Nurses ESING SANCHEZ, LETA MENDOZA, MINNIE REYES, DELING DIOLA, NECING GRAFE, BETTY GIL and PIN BLANCO are not contented with their lot. They are studying some more. Joe here says they have a very special reason.

Oh yes, I almost forgot! The opening of the Basketball Intramurals was spectacular. Bashful, EVELINA CESPON, sponsor of the Liberal Arts team was lovely in a white dress with a blue ribbon, the team's color. There was teen-aged CATALINA MICUBO in green and gold who drew admiring comments. No wonder ROGELIO de la SERNA who was behind her almost stumbled when they entered the court. Vivacious ASCENCION CASTRODES in a figure-Architecture team. Incidentally, the Law team (that's our editor's) lost and the Liberal Arts (hurray! that's mine) won. Heard that player SOCRATES FERNANDEZ and sponsor TALING BORROME were downhearted. The hapless Lawyers should file a motion for reconsideration. They said, "WE WUZ ROBBED!"

In spite of the deadline to beat and going up and down the big building for some snooping, it's still a pleasure being tied up to this column. You meet all sorts of students and learn their favorite hideouts. Anybody who wants to know where a somebody is, ask yours truly. That's my business and I really mean business. Any info you want, I'll do some detecting. Just keep in hand a chocolate bar. A treat of my favorite ice cream flavor will do or if you are a genius in math... really, did you think I'll do it for gratis?

as a gigantic stairway. Down these basins cascaded the water into a pool. As the water kept falling to the bottom of the abyss below, Angelo recognized the same sweet sighing voice that had previously drawn him away from his plow.

He heard a sweet song. He heaved a sigh of deep regret.

Today, the incident is a living tale of woe. Hundreds of people in Capiz visit the Hawili falls — only to listen to the protestations of the lively Hawili, the forlorn.

## UPON SEEING THE WORLD

(Continued from page 16)

(SDA) and the World Assembly of Youth (WAY) which have head or branch offices in New York City. (The WAY general headquarters is in Europe.) For his relaxation hours, he attended concerts in Broadway and visited places of cultural interest in that gigantic city.

After a week's stay in New York, he enplaned for Washington D.C. and underwent orientation classes especially arranged for visitors of the United States. The familiarization classes were held at the International Center where he had occasion to make friends with other foreigners. The classes he underwent were, to him, "some kind of a review," on account of the fact that most of the fundamentals taught in the lectures given them, he already learned from textbooks used by Philippine students in our high schools. He did not miss to see the most important and hallowed sights of Washington, D.C.

At the end of the week's orientation classes, an international program and ball was held. Each nation had to contribute a number in the program. To show the international guests how much of a Filipino he is, Aller with two Filipino UN-sponsored visitors fascinated them by dancing with Oriental grace, a native Filipino dance known as the *Arimunding-munding*.

After a sumptuous dinner-party at the residence of an American family, Mr. and Mrs. Lees, of which Aller was a special guest, he left Washington, D.C. for Philadelphia where he had a date with the National Students Association (NSA) — the headquarters of all student councils of majority of the schools in the United States. There he had occasion to meet Attorney Marshall McDuffie of New York, a recent visitor of Russia and author of "Russia, Uncensored," a serialized article in the *Collier's* magazine, during a television interview with NSA big guns as interrogators. Aller also exchanged ideas with student Zander Alexander, who had recently visited Russia as a member of the delegation of American College Editors invited to observe conditions behind the Iron Curtain. Alexander was a member of the panel of interrogators in that tele-

## SPEAKING OF MILITARY LEADERSHIP

(Continued from page 8)

a certain percentage, if not all, will respond normally to persuasive leadership but never to that kind of persuasion which carry with it stinging personal revamps. If you are a cadet commander, always think that a successful leader is one which rarely resort to punitive measures. However, it can be said also that even punishment maybe administered in a persuasive way if it is fair, just and is imposed immediately after the offense. Furthermore, it could be justified if it is appropriate to the offense, and really punishes the guilty person. One thing more: be sure that the punishment is administered in such a manner that the cadet punished, will be made to think like this, "I'M NOT GOING TO STEP OFF BASE LIKE THAT AGAIN," and not, "THEY CAUGHT ME; BUT I'LL GET AWAY WITH IT NEXT TIME," the latter being a very wrong attitude towards the punishment inflicted on him.

In this particular subject, punitive

measures can be truly applied by the use of the proper techniques of leadership. In the application of punishment, always bear in mind that each man with whom you work is distinct from the other one; there is no other individual like him; therefore, you must know each man as an individual and handle him according to his individual characteristics. Here are some techniques you can use:

1. Know your men
2. Take care of your men
3. Know the problems of your men
4. Develop an organization spirit
5. Build responsibility
6. Discipline
7. Keep your men informed
8. Know your job
9. Know yourself
10. Be yourself

Remember that a well-cooked leader is one who can get along with his men in time of peace or in war.

vision interview of McDuffie, as invited by the NSA.

From Philadelphia, he went back to New York to receive his complete itinerary for his cross-country observation tour of Ameri-

ca. (Editor's note: This is the first of a series of articles written covering the glove-girdling trip of Emilio Aller. A continuation, "America, Unlimited", will be published in the December issue.)

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#### SWORN STATEMENT (Required by Act No. 2580)

The undersigned, TOMAS LL. ECHIVARRE, Editor-in-Chief, of THE CAROLINIAN, published six times a year in English and Spanish at P. del Rosario St., Cebu City, after having been sworn in accordance with law, hereby submits the following statement of ownership, management, circulation, etc., which is required by Act 2580, as amended by Commonwealth Act No. 201:

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(Sgd.) TOMAS LL. ECHIVARRE  
Editor-in-Chief

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of September, 1954, at Cebu City, the affiant exhibited to me his Residence Certificate No. A-1466408, issued at Cebu City, on July 24, 1954.

(Sgd.) FULVIO C. PELAEZ  
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Until December 31, 1954

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# ALUMNI CHIMES

By J. P. R.

## ALUMNOTES

### USCAA PREXY TAKES "TIME OUT"

Miss Fortunata F. Rodil, a Doctor of Philosophy in Education and incumbent president of the USCAA, left last June for Iloilo to join the faculty of the University of San Agustin.

Acknowledging her perspicacity in the field of education, the San Agustin authorities requested the doctor to share them some of her philosophical gumption.

She is away from us temporarily, as she was only being "borrowed" from USC on a one-year contract.

Dr. Rodil was until recently teaching Philosophy, Sociology in the College of Education and in the Graduate School.

### KNOT-TYING

Finally, Mr. Bienvenido Villamor, one of the most eligible bachelors in the faculty roster of the College of Engineering, decided to ditch the single blessedness in favor of connubial bliss with lovely education coed Orfia Flores.

With Fr. Jose Flores officiating, the "I Do's" took place at the Cebu Pro-Cathedral last June 6th. Breakfast at the bride's residence followed the nuptials, attended by the many friends of the happy couple. The groom was, until recently, a USC instructor in Civil Engineering; the bride, a junior education student.

Another Carolinian, Benjamin Ferrenal, followed suit when he got hitched to beautiful Adelina Vilagonzalo of Ronda, Cebu. The ritual took place at the Sto. Rosario Church last August 12th.

The groom, an A.B. graduate and erstwhile assistant of Mr. Sier-

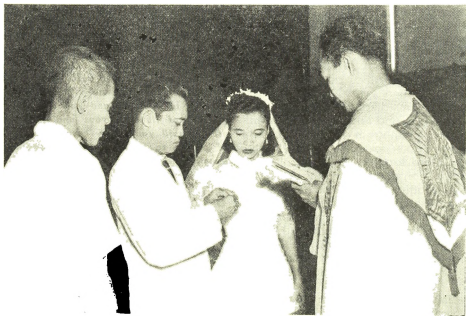
(Continued on page 39)

## Have You Heard That...

...Meuricio Uy, BSE '54 is rubbing elbows in the College of Law? A conscientious gentleman Mr. Uy was offered to teach the principles of out-put—in-put at the Holy Name College, Tagbilaran, Bohol but politely turned down the offer... He confided that to be a BSE is not yet enough for him considering his youthful bearing. Instead, if plans will not miscarry, after finishing law, he'll continue his boyhood ambition — medicine, that is, if his Alma Mater will offer it. Yes, we know him to be a pre-med grad back in 1952. Reason why he sacrificed his dream course — because he hates to leave San Carlos. Hitch your wagon to a star, Muring!

...Tony Geronilla is now wielding his modus operandi at the DE office? A youthful Engineer, Tony is assigned in the Artesian Well dept. for the province of Cebu. So in case you ran short of aqua, this dexterous Engineer will always be at your service. It might be recalled that Tony passed the board exam right after his graduation from BSCE at the age of 18. Back in his student days this young swain also found himself etching articles for this mag. How about sharing us again your journalistic talents, Tony? Engr. Brigido Nemil, CE '52, now manages government projects. He's assigned in the construction dept. in the southern part of Cebu; while Celso Raboy, CE '53, busies himself in the drafting section of the DE office. Pablo Burgos, CE '53, is also connected with the District Engineer's office down at Tacloban City. Keep up the Green Cross burning boys!

And speaking of Engineers, we've perspicacious Eduardo Tan, Jr., CE '50, employed as project Engineer of a certain local contractor. He's the man behind the construction of the PNB & Phil. American buildings in downtown (Continued on page 37)



Hitched! Mr. Bienvenido Villamor, faculty member, solemnly places the matrimonial ring through the finger of his lovely bride, Orfia Flores, an Education coed.

# THE ROVING Eye

● No more tedious browsing over tiresome lecture notes. No more frenzied cramming for eleven-hour students. No more brain-racking over those dusty chemical formulas, mathematical theorems, etc. No, no more of that — at least for a while. Those harrowing mid-term exams are finally over and done with. Thank God! Now we can breathe freely and relax. Anyway, the October offensive is yet a long way off. We will be ready for it by the time it comes sneaking around the corner. In the meantime, we can stretch our cramped muscles and take it easy.

And so does our Roving Eye. From pouring over interminably dreary lecture notes, it scans around and gazes on the other side where the grass seems greener. And there it feasts on lovelier, more captivating sights — school mags and student publications! My! but these are a sight for roving eyes! No doubt about it. So, dear readers, why not shake off the dust of your mid-term worries and join the Roving Eye in its thousand-and-one adventures? Are you ready now? Let's go!

● Perhaps no other creature in this planet is as misunderstood and as maligned as today's woman. Poor little thing! With scores of captions men-critics all around her, watching her every move, she is mocked at, disparaged, and ridiculed right and left. Men now seem to find nothing in Eve's "weaker" descendants except faults, faults, and more faults. They ridicule her Italian hair-do, her Gypsy earrings, her "floating soyal", her high-heels, her lipstick, and heaven knows what else! In a word, woman now is literally no better than the helpless *rana vittigera* we dissect in the laboratory. Only, of course, she is not as helpless. And then, too, she can fight back and answer the derisive remarks which her none-too-sparing, self-styled critics hurl against her, thus, Miss Dorothy Ng of the Orion (St. Theresa's College,

Manila) lays stress on her editorial:

*"In the eyes of a world grown old, she is all things silly... to a world turned cold, she is all thoughts sentimental. But in the core of her being she is one who can soar and sng and live with a sense of living. In the marrow of her heart she is one who can feel that this is no preparation for life. This is life itself. Life with the nagging sensation of that hunger to know... to love... to do."*

● Speaking of hard work in attaining an end, reminds us that there are a lot of students who believe otherwise. Rather than sweat it out like the others they would much prefer to use a simpler stratagem: pulling the wool over the prof's eyes! It's much easier that way. Or so, they think. Such students never reflected for a moment to realize that they are fooling no one but themselves. Those, then, who never hesitate to "dishonor their ancestors" should pause a while and ponder over these words from Mr. Arturo G. Penaserada of the *City Collegian* (Misamis Institute):

*"Do not cheat in the class. Cheating will make you cheap. You will lose your prestige of being an educated man or woman. You will have no more face to face your teacher, your classmates, and the world. You could never get away with cheating, once you allow it to root in yourself, and you can never get rid of its disastrous and shameful effects until you die. There are plenty of people to remember you if you are caught cheating."*

● You may not believe it, but there are actually students who seem to be "allergic" to — of all things! — History. History subjects, that is. It sounds silly, to be sure. But you can't blame them entirely. You have felt an aversion towards the thing yourselves. Why, you ask, so I have to torture myself with memorizing dried-as-a-mummy

(Continued on page 36)

## I, de Facto

by FRED SISON

When dawn brings the curtain down like trembling stillets wet with blood, the veins in me run the scarlet strains to the waiting dregs, and, I, stand restless and forlorn.

When day purloins the dawn its red, it bleeds white the soul: draining my thoughts, my dreams, my hopes, away... from me.

I must hide from this loathsome thief of the night: slayer of beauty and grace, pirate of solitude and peace.

Where?  
Where?

Quiet... the day comes... coming, coming... has come.

Give me a room to quell my sorrow keen. A room in the barrel of rum, or a nook in the bottle of gin. With Bacchus as mate, we'll sail the stygian darkness unafraid: seeking the Unseeing — that is She.

Now, I hear the thunder of her footsteps, bursting into frenzy mad as glasses break into fragile pieces. Broken pieces are broken stars of heaven: unclimbed and unhoored — that is Me.

Peace is mine by drinking wine as mountains turn into Bacchus swine. Bells toll the wedding rhyme and thunder spurts its fiery ire: reflecting the reflection of Lady Divine—sneering on wise's foaming ire...

Thus, with my grasp I felt her face eluding the dimension of space. Slowly my soul was fettered, scarlet dreams poirify into abstractness of purposeless boats.

Come, fight, bring the truth. I, de Facto, can only own an ownerless Me...

## El Idioma Prohibido

Tomado del Criterio  
p. 333, 13 de Mayo 1954

por  
**FRANCISCO LUIS BERNARDEZ**

**N**ADIE que conozca medianamente la historia de la cultura hispánica puede ignorar lo mucho que ésta debe al noble y esforzado pueblo gallego. Desde su rincón del noroeste ibérico, allí donde las indómitas olas cantábricas hallan espacio a su furia en la inmensidad del Mar Tenebroso, los celtas peninsulares (hermanos de los que en Irlanda, en el país de Gales y en el Finisterre francés siguen representando a una de las razas más antiguas del mundo) contribuyeron decisivamente al desarrollo espiritual de la gran familia que España, Portugal y medio continente americano constituyen. Infinita sería la lista de nombres y de obras que respaldan semejante aserción. Reduciendo la copiosa nómina a sus términos fundamentales, podría recordarse, por ejemplo, que Paulo Osorio (uno de los padres de la historia universal) y el papa San Dámaso, epigrafista ilustre, fueron naturales de Galicia, y que en el mismo solar vieron la luz hombres como Fray Benito Jerónimo Feijóo y como Fray Martín Sarmiento, por no citar varones de la talla del médico y filósofo Francisco Sánchez, del cronista Sarmiento de Gamboa, del poeta Trillo y Figueroa, del humanista Fray Jerónimo Bermúdez y del genial escultor Mateo, artista este último que, siglos antes, legó al mundo esa pétrea maravilla conocida con el nombre de Pórtico de la Gloria, cifra y flor de la catedral compostelana y de todo el arte español de su época. Pero, con ser grandes, no fueron estos altos seres los que encarnaron de modo culminante el genio de su país. Para descubrir los supremos representantes del alma galaica es preciso internarse por la densa y profunda floresta de los Cancioneros primitivos (el de la Vaticana, el de Ajuda, el de Colocci-Brancuti), donde voces como las de Martín Codax, Mendifío, Pero da Ponte, Boleyro, Gomes Chariño, Ayra Nunes y Lopes de Ulloa dieron fe con sus trovos de un sentimiento que ha de mirarse como el auspicioso amanecer de la lírica peninsular. En el dulce y recio idioma de Galicia llegaron hasta las épicas tierras de la España medieval la luz y el aroma de la mejor poeta de Provenza y de Italia, y en el recio y dulce idioma de Galicia (considerado durante siglos como lengua consubstancial de la mayor maestría lírica) se extendieron a lo largo y a lo ancho de la Península, penetraron en sus castillos y en sus alcázares, y subiendo hasta los regios Solios, hallaron en la augusta pluma que redactó las sagradas *Cántigas* alfonseñas el instrumento de su más alta perfección. Centurias más tarde, el viejo

(Continúa en la página 37)

## WHAT'S DOING IN OUR LIBRARY

by:  
*Addy Sitoy*



● You are inside that room. Dozens of eyes glare at you. You feel conspicuous. You dive into the nearest choir and hide — hide yourself from the steady locus of those eyes. Then you begin to realize that you are not alone. Then you feel comforted. Steadily, you brace yourself and rise. Then, you start thinking... What's in here? How should I begin? Where? Then you get that brainflash.... The Carolinian! Somebody wrote something about this place — this place that is supposed to enrich one's way of imagining things. Well, let me see...

(Then he starts picking up a copy of the *Carolinian* and read — "What's doing in our Library?" Here's what he read:

### MORE BOOKS

Good news to Library customers! Our library was just recently invaded by many books. Purchased from another school which closed its doors were 1300 volumes, while 80 more books were bought from a private source. Another shipment of used but still useful books from stateside donors arrived. The Library of Congress, Wash., D.C. mailed USC 8 volumes in exchange for material sent by our university. And our library still expects more arrivals after it sent 4 packages of duplicate books and magazines to the U. S. Book Exchange. Meanwhile, exchanges with other universities and colleges in the country are going on. All this for the good of our book worms.

### THE BEGINNING

For the first time, the USC library has agreed to loan a number of books to another college library in the city for the benefit of the SCA. Other Catholic schools are doing the same. This marks the beginning of inter-library loans which was the plan of the librarians during their first regional convention here in Cebu.

Remarkable indeed! There is a need for full cooperation among all the libraries in the Philippines to serve the common purpose of supplying the Filipinos with food for their hungry minds. And the challenge is in our midst to make use of this opportunity, friends.

### ALUMNI PATRONS

The increasing hunger our USC alumni have shown in loaning books from our shelves is worthy of praise. They have the privilege to read as many books as their minds could yearn for. However, the library expects something in return from them. Most of our alumni are salaried-people. Well, if they could pool their resources for the betterment of our library — and for themselves, that would be a great idea. That is only a suggestion, by the way. Or, they could use their influence to let the Jaycees contribute books for our library — and this would be another great idea. Well, who's going to make the first move?

(Continued on page 39)

today to whom dangeth is more important than eatingeth. And a lady by the nameth of Cleopatra said: Nestorius, thou art forgiven for thy sins. Will thou be gladeth to danceth with me in a jamech sessioneth? But Torius shaketh his heed for he liketh better to go to a cockpith. He prefers to keep his mouth shut and his mind open. Blessed is that girl that heareth me and watcheth my movements and waiteth for my soul. To thee have I lifted my eyes, who dwellest in Room 235, second row, first seat. She cried: "Go then if thou wishest to go; but may the devil bleaseth thy fate with insufferable pains for thou hast disobeyed my commandments. Didst thou heard the saying whoever speaketh ill of any things bindeth himself for the time to come, but he that feareth the commandments shall dwell in peace?" But still Torius went and on his way thunder clappeth in his ears, lightning flashed before him for he hast disobeyeth thy lady's wishes. But then behold! The sky cleareth, the birds singeth in the trees, the sun riseth in the north and sets in the south for he hast not forsaken his duty to his people. Then hark! The jukeboxes howleth its glad tidings and the faithful multitude fell upon their crooked knees in homage. Praise be to Frankie Laine, to Johnny Ray and to Gogia Pasha. And again Behold! The cinematic horizon of happiness appeared beyond spreading the glory of the universe. For blessed is the man that hath not slipped by a word out of his mouth and is not priced with the remorse of sin. So Torius bowed down and with reverence in his face said; haec olim meminisse juvabit. Magna est veritas, et prevalebit. Non omnis moriar in saecula saeculorum; mea culpa, mea бага, mea capitulo. And so endeth The Greatest Story Ever Toldeth. I promiseth to returneth.

## THE ROVING EYE

(Continued from page 34)

facts, dates, places, and people which would not be of any practical value? Why waste precious moments on things of the past which no doubt, only history teachers are interested in? But perhaps, this is where you may be wrong. Perhaps you should reflect a moment and listen to what Miss Araceli Salazar of the Scholastican (St. Scholastic's College, Manila) has to say:

"Let History take you for a moment out of the narrow confines of your horizons, and how, you the peasant of mankind, from the earliest Paleolithic Age, to this age of atom bombs, Communism,

and Democracy: In its wonderful panoramic screen, history parades before you Egyptian pharaohs in their temples and tall-tale pyramids; Napoleon at Waterloo, etc. etc. This is the panorama that history offers you. This is the story of mankind. And what have you to do with it? Why should it be History and You? It should be so, because it **MUST** be so."

\* \* \*

We have been roving around for quite a while now, and our Roving Eye is getting bleary and heavy-lidded with each passing second. There is danger of its being strained and over-taxed from too much blinking at every lovely sight it could feast on. And they say, too much of anything does more harm than good. As the Greeks themselves would put it, the best policy should be "Nothing Overmuch." With this in view, our Roving Eye bids you adieu, readers, lest too much roving around might do it "more harm than good." And, surely, you don't want any thing to happen to it, do you? So Bye-bye, for now...

## TEARDROPS

by Elsie B. Veloso

Softly falling on a placid cheek,  
like raindrops on a blade of leaf,  
precious as diamonds on a goddess' feet  
Priceless as women's tears could be.  
Falling tears . . . demand  
Eyes with tears . . . command  
And hand in hand,  
it conquers you. . . The Man.

## WRONG BALCONY, JULIET!

(Continued from page 9)

still kicking? Toodle-do, prof." Today's teenager accompany all these palavers with a salute, a wave of the hand and a vigorous backslap. It's scandalous. It's a hopeless case.

Lastly they aren't the weaker sex anymore as they used to be. They pack enough walloping power in their arms and mitts to demolish a tartanilla. I won't be surprised when some of these days a female would take on Rocky Marciano for the world's heavy-weight championship. They smoke our brand and even gurgle our choicest whiskey with or without chasers. The United Nations should do something about this. And if they decide to wipe womankind out of this world I'd volunteer for the job.

But of course there are exceptions. In fact our present Juliets have some advantages which the old Juliets didn't have. Today's Juliet takes a bath and brush her teeth more often than did the Juliets of long ago. The old Juliets didn't even have the nerve to use a toothpick. And speaking of baths, we have this to say. The old Juliet takes her annual bath in milk. Now our Juliets are more advanced and practical. They drink the milk! How is that for economy? So as things stand now they are still standing. Here's my saving clause: There are always two sides to a coin; you can look at either side of it and still sketch your own conclusion whether it's good or bad for the eyes.

## CATHOLIC TRUTHS?

(Continued from page 28)

sort of division of labor, and only accidentally brought together. It will not satisfy me, if religion is here, and science there, and young men converse with science all day, and lodge with religion in the evening. . . I wish intellect to range with the utmost freedom and religion to enjoy an equal freedom, but what I am stipulating is, that they should be found in one and the same place and exemplified in the same persons." (Sermon I of the Sermons on Various Occasions).

lenguaje cobró nueva dignidad en los obras de una legión de creadores que Rosalía Castro, Eduardo Pando y Manuel Curros Enríquez encabezaron de modo memorable, y que, creciendo sin cesar hasta el presente, cuenta hoy con personalidades tan sólidas como la del poeta Ramon Cabanillas y la del ensayista Ramón Otero Pedrayo, firmes pilares de una fe galleguista cuyo más ardiente apóstol fue hasta hace muy pocos años el gran dibujante y escritor Alfonso R. Castelao.

Cuando se piensa en todo lo antedicho, y cuando se añade a los ilustres nombres precitados los no menos insignes de Concepción Arenal, Emilia Pardo Bazan, Nicomedes Pastor Díaz, Ramón del Valle Inclán, Julio Camba y tantos otros gallegos que en su lengua natal o en la de Castilla enriquecieron inculcablemente el acervo cultural de España, resulta verdaderamente inexplicable, de puro absurdo, que el gobierno del general Franco, es decir, de un hijo de Galicia, persiga de manera tan implacable al pueblo de las cuatro provincias del noroeste hispánico en lo que tiene de más espiritual, o sea en su idioma. Porque la triste realidad es que cada vez son mayores las trabas puestas por el régimen franquista al libre cultivo de la lengua de Rosalía, y que a la hora actual no se permite en el suelo galaico el uso de ella sino en escala estrictamente doméstica. Quiere esto decir que, si bien está más o menos tolerado el empleo del gallego hablado, hay obstáculos prácticamente insalvables para la franca difusión del gallego escrito. Disminuidas sus vías de acceso al libro (con ruinosas consecuencias para más de una meritoria empresa editorial) y cerradas casi en absoluto sus medios normales de llegar al periódico y a la revista, el gallego parece condenado nuevamente a convertirse en una lengua puramente oral. Y digo **nuevamente** porque no es la primera vez que el idioma de los Cancioneros antes mencionados se ve expuesto a sufrir tan injusta pena. Desde los albores del imperialismo fernandisibolito hasta poco antes del crepúsculo colonial de la España borbónica, la voz de Galicia vivió refugiada, efectivamente, en el corazón y en los labios del pueblo, para ser devuelta, hacia las últimas décadas decimonónicas, a las plumas de quienes reanudaron brillantemente una tradición literaria interrumpida durante cuatrocientos años.

## HAVE YOU HEARD THAT . . .

(Continued from page 33)

Cebu City. Word has reached us that Cupid is gaining momentum after him. It will not be too long from now we'll see him using the ring in his right middle finger. This will be realized, of course, when he'll pay a visit to one of the parish priests of Misamis Or. and get it up, if you understand what I mean.

... Veneranda Sabalones, a mathematician by avocation is breaking in her favorite "menu" at Manuel Roxas College down in Dipolog, Zambo del Norte? Vene's intelligence is beyond reproach and we believe she's the right mare in the right position. Conscientiousness is the keynote to success. Do you agree with me, Vene? Kudos to you!

On the top of the heap is ex-campus glamour girl Lita Mausisa who also knacks her Accounting know-how in the same institution. If memory doesn't betray, this damsel was an active member of the Lambda Sigma Kappa. I wonder if any Sigma still exists in her school if for the sake of appeasing the nostalgia. Just the same, my belated congrats to you Lita. ... if you ditch a saving in the Phil. National Bank, Cebu Branch, a clubbable Carolinian is

(Continued on page 38)

Upon Seeing the World. Aller came back "disgusted" Instead of being encouraged upon seeing the things the rest of the world have and which we do not have — yet, he was discouraged! Well, surely he did not intend to sound pessimistic about it but the way he said it makes us feel small indeed.

How Effective Could the SEATO be? is the bone of contention thrown to the arena of discussion by C. Mella. You may or may not subscribe to their opinions.

IPR means Jose Protasio Rizal sez Nestorius. In reality, He's Joe P. de la Riarie who keeps in touch with the USC alumni through his Alumni Chimes. There are still a lot more of reading matter that is all worthy of your kind eyes. Read them all and be refreshed.

Por obra de un poder político que no se cansa de invocar el valor de la cultura de Occidente, uno de los idiomas más hermosos y más antiguos del extremo meridional de Europa sufre incomprensible persecución. Pero de muy poco valdrá ella, sin duda. Porque lo que ha resistido durante cuatro largos siglos el conuco y la insensibilidad de la fuerza cesarista más pugnaz que la Península conoció, bien podrá sobreponerse ahora a la hipócrita saña de un régimen cuya subsistencia en el cuadro de las potencias occidentales no depende precisamente de la voluntad de quien le da nombre. Como todo lenguaje verdadero, el de Galicia es un ser vivo y palpitante que, a la larga, ha de triunfar inequívocamente. Porque el pueblo (inexpugnable baluarte de toda tradición genuina) lo guarda amorosamente en lo más puro de su seno inmortar, para que allí aliente con su vigor de siempre hasta el día en que sea posible integrarlo de nuevo a quienes lo fijarán en obras dignas de continuar una línea literaria y artística que empezó hace casi un milenio. De todos modos, no está de más señalar aquí nuestro repudio a algo que constituye un agravio a cuantos integramos la familia cultural hispanoamericana, deudora en buena medida del grande y noble espíritu gallego.

## THE ROMANCE . . .

(Continued from page 25)

did many a Carolinian offer voluntarily their services to act as coordinators of the National Movement For Free Elections at the expense of endangering their lives? Why? Why did USC soldier-boys (ROTC) offer their services, without a thought of remuneration, to act as poll-watches and running the risk of being shot to death, in the national elections of 1952? So that we can have untrammelled elections that is truly representative; so that our country under the guidance of the Almighty can proudly have a "government of the people, by the people, and for the people." And the romance of USC elections is not in vain!

## HAVE YOU HEARD . . .

(Continued from page 37)

always at your service? You can count on CPA Cipriano Velez, BSC '50, when Bank problems beset you. And speaking of CPA's, Sinforsoso Chua Dodong to you] is perpetuating his Accounting crackjack in downtown, Dodong, we recount, was the USC bookkeeper before attaching a 3-letter after his name. Jorge Alcosta another CPA practitioner is also buckling down his debit-credit know-how in the same stead; while Rosario Du another dyed-in-the-wool Carolinian is hanging her CPA shingle somewhere in Mindanao.

... Loreto (Loring) Aranas, BSHE '54, is practicing now her acquired "inheritance" in her hometown Carascal, Surigao? Words received from DICK said that she's always busy preparing the household chores. Is this a preparation for the BIG DAY, Loring?

... Victoria Barrameda, [still at it] is the mathematician of Opol Institute, Opol, Mis. Or. 2. She also teaches Phil. Social Life and Home Economics. Versatile, eh?

... cute, dexterous, and convivial Marina Togonon is back to her beloved parents and is now a full-fledge maestra in her hometown, Oroquieta, Mis. Occ.? She's now wielding a big stick at the Harvardian Colleges, Oroquieta, Mis. Occ., teaching the science of quantity, her matinee idol. She also find herself teaching the Shakespearean tongue in the HS dept. of the same school. We believe Mering's star will always shine if we have to base it on her scintillating gestures.

... Floro Ricamora, one of the well-dressed swains of the College of Education during his student days, is expounding the past events to the students of Dumanjug Catholic School? Besides recounting the past, he also purports the fundamentals of Retail Merchandising to his students. Is this in consonance with the Retail Trade Act, Flor? How about your elder brood, Joe, still at a loose?

... stoical Estela Dunque is performing the act of Humanity? Words sipped in that Tele is connected with the Red Cross, Cebu Unit. In case calamity bolts, out of the blue, Tele can be of service to you. Indulgence to you, Tele.

... Irene Grengia is now assigned as high school marm at Molave Prov'l Hi at Molave, Zambo del Sur? Conscientious and ingenious, Miss Grengia we believe can overcome all the vicissitudes around her. Ditto with Ismael Villamor, another pedagogue, who knocks his mental ingenuity at the St. Paul's Academy, Inabanga, Bohol, while Lourdes Añena is dead fired demonstrating to her students the intricacies of gymnastics in the same institution. Is the red-letter day in the offing Ding?

... Mr. Gregorio E. Basalo, BSE '47, made a name for himself when he hurdled the recent Civil Service exams for senior teachers? He's grinding his brain as mentor at the Baybay Hi School, Baybay, Leyte. More power to you Mr. Basalo!

... Our very own Nestor Morelos will sooner or later leave for the Philippine Naval Base at Cavite for a 3-year stint in the navy? He was on the waiting list for the last four years, and recently an order came through for him to proceed at once to said naval base. Is this a relief of women's headache, Dong? Poor Nestor, we'll miss you a lot.

... who just took the air into our wholesome lobby? Dashing Luis Kintanar, who spent his pre-law days with us and his first two years in regular law, finds time recollecting the good ole days during his 4-year stay in USC. Lui, we remember, was one-time glamour boy of the campus among the weaker sex more particularly to BB fans. Yes, he also featured in intramural games and made a name for the Lex team. This time he is making a name for himself. Eureka! He's now a busy abogado.

... Enrique D. Macachor, BSC '52 busies himself juggling facts & figures in the Pepsi Cola acctg. dept.? Ange Libre, his pare, happily informed us that Eking is carrying the execution as one of the clerks of that firm.

... Emilio C. Montecillo, Jr. H.S. '50 is scribing notes at the State University of Michigan? He's grinding his gray matter as student in Industrial Engineering dept. after a 3-year stint in the U.S. Army immediately after his graduation from the Boys' Hi Dept. USC. Stationed at Fort Benning, Georgia, 508 Airborne Division, Junior represented his Company as the undefeated champion in boxing. He's an American citizen by birth.

## MEET ME TOMORROW

(Continued from page 39)

Then he saw Him. "Johnny . . .", she said . . . rocking on his heels. She swayed on shaking knees.

"So, the little lover boy is here!" her father thundered.

"Sir . . .", It was all he heard himself say . . . the old man's words roared and drowned the rest of his sentence. After what seemed to be an eternity, the storm broke and he began again . . .

"I only wanted to say good-bye to her. I ought to have known at the start that a beggar like me isn't even fit to tread on the shadow of a girl like her. I love her, very quaint you might say, but I do. I suppose you hate me and her because we . . ."

"Why you . . .! Get out! Before I . . . Get out!" the man flung at him.

"Father", Gloria interrupted. "You can't . . ." but one brawny hand swept her toward the door and shut off the rest of her words.

"Shut up, you wench . . ."

Her father's words stung her, but she turned and squirmed in his grasp and blurted . . .

"I'm coming back Johnny. I'll meet you tomorrow . . . Johnny . . . please wait for me Johnny . . ."

He stopped when the door slammed in front of his face and stepped back. For a long time he stared at the door, and then with bent head, started down the stairs.

"I'm coming back Johnny . . . wait for me . . ." he heard her say again. Slowly, his feet like leaden weights, he turned back, and trudged, broken . . . homeward.

ii

He rose from the bed, on hearing the knocks that rattled the bottles on the table, he placed beside the door. A boy greeted him and handed him a folded piece of paper when he swung the rasping door open. He looked at the boy who said nothing, and opened the folded piece of paper. What he read brought frowns to his face . . .

Dearest Johnny,

I promised you I'd come back to meet you. I asked you to meet me . . . Look out the window darling, I'm coming down the street. I'm sorry darling, but I love you. I guess I'll always feel the same way.

Always,  
Glor

(Continued on page 39)



## WHAT'S DOING . . .

(Continued from page 35)

### MAILING PROBLEMS

Continued difficulties in receiving magazines through the mails as well as the problem of effecting payment quickly and more cheaply, with 100 percent surety of getting the copies, confront our library presently. It's regrettable that the mailing service has not improved. On the contrary, more magazines seem to get lost on their way. The mailing rate too, is very slow.

### ELECTED

Three cheers for Mr. Vicente Espiritu, our assistant librarian! Succeeding Fr. Baumgartner and Miss Narcisca Viverra were elected chairman of the Committee on Program and of the Committee on Membership, respectively. Congrats Father! Same to you also, Ma'am!

### ENGINEERING STUDENTS

Our Engineering students seem to be allured by their reserved place in our library. Sometimes, the place can't accommodate them all. What about the other tables, boys?

## MEET ME TOMORROW

(Continued from page 38)

P.S. Will you accompany me just this once?

"Now, what the heck is this all about? . . . he muttered. "If she's coming down why'd she have to write?" Some inner urge drove him to the window. A funeral procession was winding its solemn swath down the street. . . . "Where is she?" he asked the boy! The boy just pointed to the open window and stared at him. "It's just a funeral. . . . Funeral. . . . She didn't go with it?" he asked the boy again. The boy nodded. "But why. . . . All of a sudden it came to him. . . . the horrifying thought that. . . .

"It isn't. . . .", the question hung in mid-air.

"Yes, it is" . . . the boy said, tears streaming down his cheeks.

"But how? . . . what. . . . why. . . . I mean. . . .", he stammered.

"I'm a cousin. . . that letter and what you will tell you what you want to know. . . and he strode out of the room. Shocked, Johnny just looked at the piece of paper he crumpled in one hand. . . he smoothened it and read it again. . . "Oh Glor why?" he almost sobbed. . . . He flew to the window. . . the hands that gripped the window sill, trembling, quivering lips calling out her name over and over again. When the coffin passed, he cupped his head in his palms, the strength gone from his legs as he rocked to and fro, his face contorted in pain and sorrow.

At length with head bent, he left the room and like something

lost, trudged unsteadily down the stairs. Out with the crowd, he followed. . . He looked at the casket: "I followed you didn't I," he told her. Nobody seemed to notice him following her dead body in silence, the afternoon, glistening on his downcast, wet face.

They didn't notice him gone till several days after the funeral. A friend has asked for him. Nobody had seen him around. They went to his room, the bed was un slept, the things in order. . . the eatery next his house yielded that he hadn't come around for three days already. . . . Maybe the poor guy was too heart sick, he probably went home. A week after the burial, a man . . . gathering firewood, passed thru the cemetery. He said he saw a man bent over the newly-buried. The father heard this. . . Police, they are robbing the dead. How did they know my daughter had jewels on when she was buried? . . . They rushed to the cemetery. . . They saw him, not bent but sprawled on top of her grave, as cold as the grave itself. A car horn in the distance stabbed the naked wall of silence as gentle hands picked him up. A little red book fell from his shirt pocket. A man saw it fall. . . a man with brawny hands, and hair-covered fingers; opened it slowly as if it would fall apart in his hands. On the flyleaf. . . in fine, red-lettered print he read. . . "To Johnny dearest. . . All my love, Gloria." The brawny hand leaped thru the re-

## BOOK SMUGGLING

We often hear of smuggling of goods, arms and ammunition, cigarettes, and dollars . . . all happening in our country today. But another form of smuggling has infested, not our country, but our own library. It is book smuggling. You would be surprised to learn how many books have disappeared from our open shelves. Hundreds of them! The books' accessibility to all presents an easy prey for dishonest intentions. Fr. Baumgartner believes that if not all of the stealing is done by the students, most of it is.

Hey, dishonest comrades! Why can't we follow our Christian virtues?

## BOOK HANDLING

Calling all English teachers! Fr. Baumgartner commented on the students' ignorance in handling books. Ma'am and Sir, how about teaching the students the proper way to handle books?

I have been bothering you so much. Better study your lessons now. Or get inside the library. Present your ID. Read books. Add more treasures to your mind. Bye!

## ALUMNOTES

(Continued from page 33)

vo, USC cashier, is presently employed in the PAL; the bride was until recently a teller of the Accounting Section, Girl's Hi department. In this case, birds of the same feather. . . birds!

On August 11th the Sto. Rosario Church was again the scene of another wedding ceremony. Principals this time were **Galileo M. Pestano** and **Lolita Tacandong**. The lucky benedict is a pre-med grad, class '51, and now a senior medicine student in a local college; the bride is a senior education coed.

## ALUMNI IN FACULTY ROSTER

In line with its paternalistic policy of accommodating members of the USCAA whenever possible, the Administration added to its roster some alumni to teach in their respective fields:

Miss Laura Castillo, CPA, Accounting; Miss Rosario F. Boodi, CPA, Accounting; Mr. Vicente Gorre, CPA, Accounting; Mr. Alfredo Albario, BSBA, Management & Economics; Dr. Felix Sabelon, LL.B., Legal Medicine; and Miss Cecilia Villagonzalo, Mathematics.

maintaining pages and stopped at what was written last. . . it was dated the day before: "I love you Glor. Wait for me. I'LL MEET YOU TOMORROW GLOR. . . I'LL MEET YOU TOMORROW!"

The man brought the tiny book to his lips and kissed it, grasped it and clenched his wet fist over it, and walked to the waiting cars.

# ROUGE GALLERY



Miss **ESPERANZA FIEL**  
College of Law

It has been a common notion that female law students are as fat as their voluminous books and as eccentric as the legal Latin maxims. The picture of the charming lady above tries to disprove the veracity of the notion.

Coy and unsophisticated, Miss ESPERANZA FIEL is a junior law student. She is considered one of the brightest students of the junior class. Inday, as she is affectionately called by her friends, when not reading her law books, tickles the ivory keys with the greatest of ease, ranging from Chopin to Mozart or vice versa. She also likes to solve mysteries with Perry Mason.

Twenty one years ago, Inday, squeaked her first cry in the bustling City of Ormoc. Reared in a Catholic atmosphere and disciplined by never-spare-the-rod parents, she remains, simple, unassuming and unaffected. She seldom fails to hear mass on Sundays and on Holy Days of Obligations. Early in the morning, you can find her saying her prayers in Church. If only all of our ladies were of her kind, there could never have been a battle of the sexes.

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## Our Cover:

The boy on the cover climbed a tree to watch us when we had our picnic at Miramar. He is not a College Student. But aren't we all like him? A University is like a vantage point from where to have a look of the world and to see what people are doing.



Atty. CORNELIO FAIGAO

● Soon Atty. CORNELIO FAIGAO will be on leave for a semester or so. He will go to the United States to study or to observe "Rural Journalism". We wonder whether henceforth he will run a paper for farmers which would not be so bad in the era of revived agriculturalism.

Playing on a joke circulating among the Faculty and students, we suggest that the first thing to buy "back home" be an extra-bright flashlight with three or four batteries, not in order to see, but to be seen... Well, his strongest light is his pen, and deep within him the delicate grasp of poetry, the fine feeling for language and the understanding of the human heart. These things made him a nationally famous poet and a highly appreciated instructor. Good luck, Mr. Faigao, au revoir!

## *Speaking of the Faculty*



Mrs. REMEDIOS R. SORDO

● Mrs. REMEDIOS R. SORDO will leave us for good. Her husband has been appointed Tabacalera's big boss for Northern Luzon. We hate to lose her, for the combination of her charm and energy made her a perfect teacher. In extra-curricular activities she was tops: just think of her float at the University Day Parade of 1953 and of the raffles she boosted. They say that she always gets what she wants, by her smile, or by her masterful Spanish, English, and Ilocano, or by her tears; and if she does not get what she wants, she is graciously resigned...

Well, Ma'am, good bye; we shall miss you. Thanks for all your work and worries with us. Adios...

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