

Summer 1967

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the
CAROLINIAN
SUMMER ISSUE

A Pinch of Salt....

by melinda bacol

summer is primarily meant for change. the change might be in the form of a temporary withdrawal from the society of men to Nature's bosom: a trip to the province, a camping spree in the mountains fishing, hunting, swimming; or a contemplative aesthetic appreciation of a picturesque landscape, the boundless canopy of a sunny blue sky, the iridescence of light in a soap bubble, and the pulsating red earth freshly plowed. change might also find fulfillment in giving vent to artistic tendencies, those with special aptitude for music take piano and voice lessons. potential writers, whipped up by the rage to write, bar their bedroom doors against the world while sweating out a poetry or two at the typewriter. settled-down types with marriage prospects decide to stay at home and try a hand at the stove for a change. university alecks sit the whole summer out in sunny porches during social visits, wearing learning in a string around their necks, jiggling it like wrist bracelets. dancing birds hop from one summer party to another. it is a wonder sometimes why toes are not made the "crown of glory" while brains are in a better position at the ankles. many gain indulgence by sacrifice. they'd rather bear with their sore fingers than give up the guitar or the ukelele. both sell like peanuts in the market as the vogue for folk-song music sweeps the town off its feet. not towards the garbage pit, mind you!

yet many did not succumb to any of these summer past times mentioned. they successfully suppressed the impulses favoring these tempting diversions and find themselves taking the same, familiar route to school.

this choice perhaps is a sign of maturation, the growing awareness of individual responsibility to look after one's own good - individual survival. one thinks: time is running out on me; or perhaps better, i am running out on time. a friend might ask: why so much in a hurry? the retort: what is there to delay for? here belongs the sorry feeling of being left behind while contemporaries have already graduated.

some do not know what to do with so many empty days. some react to them in the same manner when being confronted with so much money. the first two weeks out of school might have been fun and exciting. but as the days progress weeks, days, then hours start to be counted. minutes lag to eternity. therefore, they come to the university having decided to bear out exams and term papers instead of having to face the blank face of the wall clock at home day in and day out.

to others, summer school is a serious business. with three children at home and another baby coming, one bread earner in the family is just not sufficient. and jobs nowadays have acquired softer souls for degree holders.

still others are the lovers-of-mankind type.

they could not bear to be ostracized from society for too long a period. it would break their hearts. they are a conspicuous sight in twos, threes, or bigger groups inhabiting the cafeteria, drugstore, and campus benches.

so here we are summer students, peopling the university corridors, drugstore, libraries and classrooms on divers motives. we mix, talk, bump and smile into each other's faces everyday. yet, all the time, each of us follows a definite course of action-reaction, a definite pattern of existence which does not overlap with one another. in the name of propriety, each always manages to make the correct response so as to facilitate interaction with fellow-men but bearing all the time the knots and raw stitches of life within himself.

but let us talk about external phenomena like the summer heat.

there is something peculiarly gentile about the summer heat. it does not impose itself obnoxiously like the detestable, steep rising of temperature. rather, it envelops the human body much like a gentleman, softly closing in, in a choking embrace.

it seems abnormal to see carolinians already avidly fanning themselves during a lecture at 7:30 in the morning. but this is how it is lately. one sleeps with the heat fever penetrating even his dreams and wakes up the next morning with the oppressive sultriness still clogging his head.

i can identify the heat prior to a downpour. my skin remembers its touch and sting exceptionally well. there is the sensation of waiting and attention in the extraordinary stillness of the trees. then, the too welcome soft tread of rain on the roof. the barren warmth rises from the earth with a sigh of defeat. appreciation and gratitude here is measured by the contrast between heat and cold.

i have heard that heat can confuse the mind. can we rightly attribute the riot that broke out in pasay city to "summer madness?" how else can we diagnose the objectives of the lapiang malaya patriots of printing their own money, running their own government, living a life without end, and even raising their own god in the person of valentin de los santos, the lapiang malaya supremo. nevertheless, they could have made a more imposing impression if their imagination have stretched beyond the hand-to-hand bolo combat with the police. but certainly the god made an impressive, divine figure behind the bars at the national mental hospital.

a more national form of impressionism is youth's self-delusion. youth dreams of balancing the world at the tip of his tongue, of casting a spell upon an audience with the eloquence of speech, but listeners catch his loopholes as eloquently. the delegates in the session hall at CIT during the NUSP

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the CAROLINIAN

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Editorial

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Is There A Carolinian Spirit?

When you answer the question "What school are you from?" do you speak the name with pride? Outside the university, in social activities, in your field of study, is there a feeling of oneness with other Carolinians you meet?...

Observations in and outside the campus reveal that the sense of unity among Carolinians is not as strong as it should be. The Carolinian spirit still has much room for improvement. This is evidenced by the way some students act towards school property and the property of the Student Council which they sometimes mutilate and vandalize.

Common experience, the striving for a common goal as what happens when watching one's own basketball team fight it out with an opposing team from another school and rooting for one's team, or when cheering one's own university debaters as they try to outwit a debating team from another school in a campus debate unifies the students - and brings that Carolinian spirit strongly into play, and in the process strengthens and fortifies it.

Perhaps this is the reason why the USC Alumni Association is again taking up the projected construction of the USC Gymnasium in the USC main campus: so there will be a place within the university campus where students can watch their very own Warriors at play and where debates between USC debaters and debaters from other schools can be held with Carolinians watching without so much inconvenience and loss of time. Perhaps the Alumni Association is building the Gymnasium in the USC main campus only to augment the Physical Education Facilities of the University.

Whatever their reason, the building of the gymnasium is a step in the right direction for the development of a strong spirit of unity among Carolinian spirit, which incidentally is also a good basis for an active Alumni Association. They have met the challenge, and for this, our felicitations.

Let us help them make the USC Gymnasium a reality.

-- Rodolfo C. Kintanar

Fr. Rahmann reappointed president

Fr. Kolk is vice president

In its session May 3, the General Council of the Society of the Divine Word in Rome reappointed the Very Rev. Rudolf Rahmann president of the University of San Carlos for the second three-year term, from May 1967 to May 1970. At the same meeting the SVD council also acted upon further appointments to the other top administrative positions in this University.

Rev. Dr. Raymond Kolk was elevated in rank to chairman of the Board of Trustees and vice president of the University. Father Kolk has been serving here as dean of the Teachers College.

The Very Rev. John Vogelgesang is to carry on his responsibilities as Rector of the Divine Word community.

Brother Willibrord van der Peet retains his position as University bursar and is also to serve as bursar for the Divine Word community.

Rev. Isidoro Kemmerer continues as Director of the USC Boys High School and of the SVD Seminary.

In his communication last week to the Very Rev. George Heinemann, SVD Provincial Superior in Manila, the Very Rev. A. Croas, SVD Secretary General, also served notice that Rev. Philip van Engelen and Rev. Joseph Detig have been transferred to the Divine Word University in Tacloban City "to strengthen the faculty there."

Father van Engelen, now on leave, had been serving this University as Regent of the College of Engineering and Architecture. Father Detig was teaching English here and serving with the Graduate School staff until he completed his work for the Master's degree in English.

While other administrative functions remained unchanged, the appointment of one official to be both chairman of the Board as well as Vice President was understood to suggest a significant modification in duties to keep pace with the growing complexity of responsibilities in this

rapidly expanding University.

What new specific duties will appertain to the members of the Board of Trustees as well as the President will be known later when the Board reconvenes possibly to rephrase some provisions of the Administrative Code.

In reappointing Father Rahmann as president, it became certain that the Council in Rome was giving Father Rahmann every opportunity to fully accomplish the programs and projects that had been launched during his preceding terms toward the enlargement of the science and technological orientation for the University as well as of its academic base. In addition, the Council was aware of the physical expansion still underway in the University.

Father Rahmann's administrative experience dates back to 1936 when he first assumed office as rector of the Catholic University of Peking, a position he held for 10 years. He has been teaching for well over 35 years in assignments that placed him also in Vienna, Switzerland, and Germany.

Born in Niederense, Westphalia, West Germany, Father Rahmann was first educated at the public elementary school in his hometown (1908-1915) where he finished on top of his class. He entered higher education in Steyl, Holland, and at the University of Vienna where in 1935 he obtained his Ph. D. degree in Anthropology cum laude, major in ethnology and minor in prehistory and physical anthropology.

Father Rahmann's academic experience includes assignments as professor of ethnology and history of religion (Vienna 1935-36), professor of social sciences (Peking 1936-1948), dean of the USC Graduate School (1952-55 and 1960 to the present), professor of ethnology (Fribourg 1956-60).

In letters, Father Rahmann has fulfilled the functions of editor in 1935-36 of *Anthropos*, an international review of ethnology and linguistic based in Moedling, Vienna, a position that he resumed in 1958-

1959 while at Fribourg, Switzerland. He was associate editor of *Folklore Studies* in Tokyo in 1960.

The Father President is a member of *Anthropos Institute*, St. Augustine, Bonn, West Germany; member of the *Philippine Sociological Society*; and *Vice President for Eastern and Central Visayas* of the *Philippine Association for Graduate Education*.

Father Kolk, now chairman of the USC Board of Trustees and University Vice President, holds a Ph. D. in Education from the University of Notre Dame in Indiana (1965), where he presented his dissertation on "The Organizational Structure of Education in the Philippines with Special Referenceto the Status and Authority of Diocesan Superintendents Relative to Catholic Secondary Education."

Born in Chicago, Illinois, Father Kolk received his elementary education both in Chicago and on an Indian reservation in Odanah, Wisconsin. He completed his high school studies at St. Mary Minor Seminary at Techny, Illinois; his college work at Sacred Heart Seminary in Girard, Pennsylvania.

Father Kolk was ordained to the priesthood in 1945, on the day that World War II came to an end. Two years later, for his first mission assignment, he arrived at the Immaculate Conception College in Vigan, Ilocos Sur where he taught for the next six years.

Back to the U.S. in 1953, Father Kolk enrolled at De Paul University where in 1954 he earned an M.A. in Education. Returning to the Philippines, he joined the staff at Holy Name College in Tagbilaran, Bohol, teaching there for two years before his transfer to the University of San Carlos as assistant to the director of the Boys High School, a position he held for four years.

In 1961, Father Kolk enrolled at the University of Notre Dame where he completed his doctoral studies and returned in 1965 to San Carlos to assumed the post of Dean of the Teachers College.

TRUSTEES ADOPT 3-YEAR TERM FOR DEANS, HEADS

Deans and heads of the various, colleges and departments of the University are now to hold office for a period of three years, with the possibility of extending this service for another three years.

This policy, adopted by the Board of Trustees in its session April 26, puts into effect the resolution approved in principle earlier by the University Senate.

In a meeting held Feb. 11, the Senate also submitted that changes in the designation or assignment of college deans and department heads should not be made at the same time so that "tradition in the administration may not be disrupted."

The new policy on the limitation of terms of deans and heads was announced recently by Very Rev. Dr. Rudolf Rahmann University President, in a circular to all members of the USC faculty.

FATHER PRESIDENT SAYS THANKS

In a letter to Commerce Dean Jose Tecson, Father President Rahmann relayed the word that "many favorable comments were made on the excellent preparation of our Commencement Exercises and the smooth and perfect way the program itself was performed."

It was obvious, the Father President wrote, that President Marcos and the First Lady who attended the USC graduation rites April 23, "were highly pleased with their visit to our Alma Mater."

President Rahmann extended heartfelt thanks to Dean Tecson who served as overall chairman, Prof. Vicente Gorre, his assistant, the various committees, as well as the many staff members, students, and other dedicated helpers "who made such valuable contributions to the success of this memorable occasion."

In another letter, the Father President also congratulated Rev. Luis Schoenfeld, Bulletin editor, for

the commencement issue of this weekly paper which he said was "excellently done." He took occasion to commend Father Schoenfeld "for the devotion which you make the University Bulletin have all this time shown to a worthy mirror of our University life."

BUREAU NAMES 5 NEW M.A.'S

The Graduate School has released the names of five graduates who recently received their special orders from the bureau of private schools officially affirming their master's degrees.

The new M.A.'s are Artemio Peraren (English), Regina Terrenal (Education), Fe Castro (Education), Bemigna Conde (Education), and Protasio Abellar (Economics).

The USC family extends its warmest congratulations to these new professionals.

NEW ARRIVAL

A SOCIAL ANTHROPOLOGIST

Contrary to a local belief, anthropology is not a monolithic scientific field. Rev. Ernest Brandwie, SVD a new addition to the USC specialist faculty, represents the up and coming brand of anthropological research which emphasizes the sociological aspect of anthropology.

Father Brandy (as he allows himself to be called) was born Jan. 1, 1937 on a farm in scenic Ohio. He completed his studies for the priesthood at the Divine Word Seminary in Techny, Illinois, and obtained his M.A. in Anthropology degree (1961) from the Catholic University of America in Washington D.C. From September 1963 till January 1965, he did field work in the Central Highlands of New Guinea.

After the successful presentation and defense of his doctoral thesis: "An Integral Analysis of the Kinship System of the Mbowamb of the Central Highlands of New Guinea," he received his Ph.D. in Anthropology from the University of Chicago (1961).

Before coming over, he made a seven-month study tour of Europe and Italy.

If you happen to pass by the Anthropology office and see a gentleman with a Cleveland Brown's player build and with a smiling full moon face, that's Father Brandwie, pronounce the W as V. Or if that's too much for your tongue, Brandy will do.

BUSINESS SENDS SINO ARTIFACTS

Approximately, 25 pieces of Chinese porcelain ware and Chinese artifacts were sent early this month to the Anthropology Department by J.C.F. Kasten, general manager of Muller & Phipps (Ltd.) and a private antique collector of Manila.

Mr. Kasten sent the Chinese artifacts in exchange with some articles from the USC Museum particularly the secondary burial jars from Cotabato.

The jars were first seen by the businessman collector during a visit to San Carlos while on a business trip. He was so greatly attracted to the jars that he came back to Cebu for a private conference with the Father President concerning the jars.

The burial jars were collected in excavations conducted by Dr. Marcelino Maceda and a USC research team in Kulaman Plateau, southwestern Cotabato last 1963.

ARONG HEADS GEOLOGY DEPT.

In a meeting of the Board of Trustees April 16, Mr. Narciso T. Arong was officially appointed acting head of the Geology department.

Arong, who holds a B.S. in Geology from the University of the Philippines, placed third in competitive examinations given by the Bureau of Mines shortly after his graduation, and work with that bureau before coming to San Carlos. He started as instructor in the Geology Department in Jan. 1965 and has carried on his studies at U.P. Cebu, lacking only a few units to

complete his Master's degree in Business Administration major in Marketing and Business Administration.

Last September, Arong passed the first board examinations in geology.

GEOLOGY SURVEY RESULT ASSESSED

Dr. Saburo Kanno, member of the faculty of science at the Tokyo University of Education, wrote recently to say his thanks for cooperation extended him in a geological survey conducted in this province.

The communication was addressed to Lionel T. Chiong, staff member of the Anthropology department, who represented San Carlos in the field work, jointly undertaken by Tokyo University, the USC Geology department, and the Philippine Bureau of Mines.

Research was undertaken in the interior of Argao town, south of this city, where fossils of tertiary molluscan species were found.

Dr. Kanno first showed interest in Philippine fossils during a visit to San Carlos two years ago when he had lengthy discussions with Mr. Narciso Arong, who now heads the USC Geology department.

On a Japanese grant to study molluscan fossils in the Pacific Area, Dr. Kanno returned to Cebu last semester and worked with Chiong and Engineer Gamuz, mineral district supervisor of the Bureau of Mines in Cebu.

"I am now very busy sorting my samples collected from your country" writes Dr. Kanno, who also sent photographs taken at the Argao area, which he specifically requested should be delivered to Rev. Dr. Theodore P. van Zijl, head of the USC History department.

In expressing his thanks for the scientific assistance given him, Dr. Kanno writes: "I shall not forget all the kindness extended to me during the visit in the Philippines."

BASEY, SAMAR

by Julian N. Jumalon

Father Bustos' insistent invitation since early this year to explore Basey, Samar, has resulted in a definite alteration of our opinion of that area as a biologist's collecting ground. Rev. Dr. Enrique Schoenig, head of the Biology department, and B.S. Zoology IV student, Osman Jumalon spent a week there but didn't even have time to penetrate deeper into southwest Samar's virgin forest. From its fringes they collected interesting butterfly forms, and from the logging camp's lights, a harvest of sphinxes and micros presented to us sure indicators of a most promising haul if we put up a regular expedition into that area.

The present obsession in the department are the *Aristolochia* swallowtails, and Basey, which is just a pin-prick on Samar's vast woodlands, is by all indications, a very rich area for this tropical specialty.

The recent verification of the presence in Samar of the *Graphium* *idaeaoides*, which cost the university four expeditions to Mindanao, is another strong reason for this nascent respect for that island's little-explored interior.

Although Fr. Schoenig's party was there for mere scouting, let loose in a rich area, the duo would be the last people to merely observe the coveting rich insect life. Their haul was so rich that I had to relax 90% of their catch. These are much needed specimens which can help build the series that will provide the "link" to justify the land-bridge theory of late or early Pleistocene, and bring us closer to an undertaking of the present faunal distribution in the Islands east of the Wallace line. These specimens disclose affinity to the Agusan-Surigao butterfly populations and is far from negating the land-bridge theory, Leytean support notwithstanding.

The brief field work, no doubt, was but a superficial sampling on Samar's real treasures. Fr. Bustos' assurance of a positive treasure-hunt could be further vindicated

through a future regular expedition to Basey's interior and adjacent areas. Roads are still being constructed to reach interior timberlands.

The party reported gregariousness of Pierids along water courses, which reminds me of two collecting trips to upper Catbalogan in 1940 and 1941 which was my first fine impression of Samar, although it was partly shattered by a near tragedy amid San Juanico Strait where our "velos" sank during a freak squall.

On the same area, a year later, the mystery of thousands of floating wings of *Satyrids*, presented itself as one scientific enigma which the study of butterfly migration alone may unravel or straighten up as just a natural phenomenon requiring a minimum knowledge of butterfly habits. Blooming Samar is really "maupzy".

ST. BERNARD, SOUTHERN LEYTE

by C. PLATEROS

Five days (May 7-11) were spent in making a brief survey for insect collecting in Saint Bernard, Southern Leyte. This small but progressing town lies on the southwestern coast of the province. Two logging companies there had been in full operation since 1965.

Two days after my arrival at Saint Bernard I reached the logging areas by jeep. In my brief stay at these places I observed that they are rich hunting grounds for insects. I was able to bag a considerable number of entomological specimens belonging to several orders - Odonata, Orthoptera, Hemiptera, Homoptera, Coleoptera, Hymenoptera, and Diptera. Some of these are quite new to our insect collection. Most of the collected specimens were pinned immediately after each field trip keeping only a few duplicates for foreign exchange.

On May 12 I hired a pump boat to reach barrio Hindag-an of this same town where there is a cave. Human bones were piled up at one end of the cave by quack doctors who usually

go inside on Good Fridays to make their medicine. Some believe that these bones belong to the Spaniards who came with Magellan.

There, when the foreigners stepped on the shore, the natives killed them. They base their argument on the size and length of the appendicular bones which a so convinced me that these belong to Caucasians.

A SUMMER HARVEST

Last week's University Bulletin reported on the biological survey trip to Basey, Samar, made by Rev. Dr. Enrique Schoenig and Mr. Osman Jumalon, a senior student of B.S. in Zoology, Professor Julian N. Jumalon discussed the rich harvest in butterflies which the party brought home.

Besides butterflies, the two collectors were able to gather a great number of other insects and a valuable amount of plant specimens. I made an inventory of the hundreds of insect specimens, grouping them according to species. The result is as follows:

INSECT ORDERS	No. of Species	New Species
Thysanura (Silverfish; silvertails)	1	0
Odonata (Dragonflies; Damselflies)	8	2
Orthoptera (Walking sticks, mantids, Cockroaches, crickets, grasshoppers)	28	3
Hemiptera (Bugs)	15	3
Homoptera (Cicadas, hoppers)	15	3
Trichoptera (Caddisflies)	2	1
Coleoptera (Beetles)	74	5
Diptera (Flies)	19	5
Hymenoptera (Bees, wasps, Ants)	22	3
TOTAL	184	25

Even veteran collectors should be amazed to see these statistics. Despite their short stay in the place, hence, their inability to penetrate deep into the forest, they were able to net 184 different species (besides the butterflies) of which 25 are new to our collection. This is a feat hard to duplicate.

In line with his mosquito research, Fr. Schoenig inspected axils of banana leaves, of Gabi and Pandan, bamboo stumps, tree holes and road

puddles. His ecological instinct made him discover new species of mosquitoes as well as niches (specific living places) of certain species of mormon and leaf-rolling crickets both new to our collection. One was found in the bamboo stumps, another in the spiny pandan leaves. He further discovered that certain mosquitoes breed only in water trapped in the leaf axils of a climbing pandan, while they could not be found in the axils of ordinary pandan growing from the forest floor near by. From his mosquito larvae and pupae he harvested 11 species of adults, four of which are new.

With these evidences the place proves to be a fertile collecting ground for entomological specimens. It is hoped that in the near future a bigger expedition will be sent there to explore and exploit thoroughly Basey's virgin forest.

program set up at USC with assistance from the NSDB, this institute aims to reinforce the academic background of science teachers and train them in the new approaches to the teaching of these subjects.

Of the 140 participants accepted for this summer session, 73 come from public schools and 67 from private schools. They are to take courses in biology, mathematics, general science and physics.

In announcing the opening of the Summer Science Institute, Mrs. Paulina D. Pages, Director of the Institute, served notice that accepted applicants are to confirm their attendance at the Institute, either by returning the registration form mailed to them or by wire to USC. This confirmation should reach San Carlos not later than May 8.

The first meeting will be held May 11 at 8 a. m. in the Audio-visual hall on the downtown campus. Prospective participants, listed as alternates, are advised to be present then, in case some accepted participants are unable to be present.

AF-ISSI ISSUES 62 CERTIFICATES

Certificates of participation in the 1966-67 Asia Foundation In-Service Science Institute conducted at the University of San Carlos were distributed to 62 science teachers of public and private schools at commencement exercises April 29 in the Audio-visual hall.

Rev. William F. Masterson, S.J., dean of the Agricultural School of Xavier university in Cagayan de Oro City, gave the commencement address. Very Rev. Dr. Rudolf Rahmann University president distributed the certificates.

While 77 participants started out for the in-service studies, only 62 remained to complete the program, which gave special advance instruction in biology, physics, general science and mathematics during Saturdays.

Participants came from 7 public and 24 private schools located within commuting distance from Cebu City.

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4TH SUMMER SCIENCE INSTITUTE OPENS MAY 11

Some 140 teachers of mathematics and the natural sciences are expected at the University of San Carlos for the 1967 Summer Science Institute sponsored by the National Science Development Board.

The participants come from 19 provinces and 18 cities in the Visayas and Mindanao.

The fourth summer science

THE TASKS AHEAD

by PRESIDENT FERDINAND E. MARCOS

(Excerpts of the speech delivered at the commencement exercises of the University of San Carlos, 23 April 1967)

ACCEPTANCE OF THE DEGREE

I accept this high honor with both humility and pride. The Greek word "philos" means lover, and "sophia" means wisdom or knowledge. In accepting the honorary doctorate of philosophy in economics, therefore, I happily join the many men and women who come to the University of San Carlos out of love for knowledge, and from a conviction that education enlightens and enriches the life of men and society.

It is the tradition that those who receive this honor should expound and discuss a selection of their ideas, presumably to demonstrate by their profundity, or their manner of delivery, that the honor has not been misplaced. I likewise accept this obligation imposed by such a wise tradition.

POLITICAL ECONOMY AND GOVERNMENT

Economics has become an important field of study in universities; it has also acquired greater relevance to the problems of the developing nations. But economics in its modern dress has also become both too sophisticated and specialized, as in its branches of economic theory and mathematical economics or econometrics. Thus it happens that its econometrics or economic theory, by its ultra-sophistication, frightens off many citizens and students who would otherwise be interested in pursuing economic studies. And economics itself, by virtue of over-specialization, can lose some of its relevance to the diverse but converging problems of developing societies.

Fortunately, there is a branch of economics which provides us with the proper perspective or strategy for national development. This is political economy, which is defined by Adam Smith as the field of knowledge that deals with "the nature and causes of the

wealth of nations." He goes on to say, more specifically, that:

"Political economy, considered as a branch of the science of a statesman or legislator, proposes two distinct objects: first, to provide a plentiful revenue or subsistence for themselves; and secondly to supply the state or commonwealth with a revenue sufficient for the public services.

This definition goes direct to the core and essence of the challenge to our present system of government and politics, for political economy is an integral part of the science of government and the art of public affairs. It prescribes as primary tasks of the legislature and the executive, of the President and Congress, the creation of those conditions which will enable the people to earn incomes sufficient for their food and other needs; and the formulation and implementation of those policies that will raise government revenues sufficient for public services such as justice, defense, public works, education, and welfare.

Political economy therefore suggests the content of programs that deserve high priority in a well-managed government; it thereby indicates the criteria by which the critics of government might criticize or fiscalize it; and it defines the standards by which the citizens can correctly evaluate both the programs of the administration and the criticism of the opposition.

OUR PROGRAMS OF GOVERNMENT

With all this in mind, let us together review a few fundamental programs of action that your government has set for itself. These programs have straight-forward and uncomplicated objectives: the production of enough food for our people; and the stimulation of revenue enterprises that will generate the incomes with which your government can provide public services, and with which our people can enjoy a measure of individual prosperity and comfort.

EPIC EFFORTS IN RICE PRODUCTION

I speak first of the food production program. Never before in our history have government resources been mobilized, the cooperation of organized private groups solicited, and the efforts of our farmers enlisted, on the scale that we are doing it today.

Epic efforts are necessary to solve our massive and expensive rice problem. In the years 1964 and 1965 alone during the previous administration, 895,000 tons of rice were imported to meet our needs. We are preparing to import 450,000 tons this year, if it should prove necessary. But there is a difference between then and now, for my administration is engaged in a rice and corn production program that will eliminate the need to buy our staple from foreign sources. Since January 1966 we have made available, and will program this year, ₱3.50 million of credit to our rice farmers.

Farmers who borrow necessarily assume risks. The government must reduce this risk by enhancing the prospects of successful and profitable cultivation. We are therefore extending them additional assistance through our irrigation program. New irrigated land added to rice hectareage over the period 1961-1965 under the previous administration amounted to only 190,000 hectares. Under your present administration's program, 120,000 hectares of irrigated land will be added to rice cultivation in the two years between last January and 1968. Irrigation is expensive, and the program calls for an expenditure of ₱45 million.

As for miracle rice and other improved varieties, nothing in the last administration can compare with the magnitude of this administration's efforts to distribute high-yield varieties to our farmers. We are distributing 68,000 cavans of miracle rice this year alone, enough to plant 68,000 hectares for an estimated harvest of 6,800,000 cavans. In comparison with the 1965 rice harvest of 90,737,000 cavans, therefore, we expect an estimated 1967 rice crop of no less than 97 million cavans.

Two significant benefits may be expected from the government's rice program. First, instead of paying to foreign farmers the ₱304 million that was spent for rice imports in 1964 and 1965, we will be keeping our money within our country and paying it to our own farmers. The increased incomes received

by farmers will be spent by them for increased purchases of the goods of manufacturing, leading in turn to a rise in employment and in public revenues. Second, our people's success in this program will be a demonstration and vindication of our capacity as a nation to undertake large endeavors, and to vanquish great difficulties. This is the deeper meaning of the paramount importance given by your administration to rice production. The rice program is a test of our will, a test of our energies, a test of our earnestness in solving a problem that is at the root of rural poverty and that contaminates our national politics. We have to succeed; and we cannot afford to fail in the food production program.

THE INFRASTRUCTURE OF DEVELOPMENT

The material wealth of nations consists of their production. A nation's production depends upon its physical capacity or physical plant, and for an industrialized or industrializing nation physical plant consists chiefly of factories. Factories in turn require power to move the great engines and powerful machines of industry. Manufactured goods must then be distributed by road, rail, water, or air transport. The people of a modern nation, also, must travel, whether for business or pleasure, or in search of proper employment. Power installations, dams for irrigation and water supply, harbors, airports, highways and bridges constitute the links, the channels of commerce, and the arteries of transport and communications. They are, in the language of economics, the infrastructure of development.

Infrastructure projects fall in the domain of public works. We have had a very poor record of public works construction. On the basis of a low average estimate of annual public works expenditures of a quarter of a billion pesos in the twenty years since 1946, we should have today thousands of kilometers of surfaced roadways, beautiful bridges, handsome harbors and piers, gigantic dams, networks of irrigation canals, humming power plants, and permanent schoolhouses. Instead, what do we have? Roads that wash out in the first rain, hundreds of bridges that are sorry relics of the last war, dilapidated landings and wharves, dirt runways, half-finished dams, silted or dried-up irrigation ditches, and, for our schoolchildren, classrooms with muddy floors,

leaking roofs, and fragile walls. Our record of public works construction and management is a monument to partisan politics, petty fraud, big-time graft, and the folly of the pork barrel.

I ask you to reject this record and disown this monument to folly. We had the resources, and we flattered them away. We have the greatest number of engineers, some of them the finest, in the whole of Southeast Asia. There is no reason why we cannot do better henceforth, and the time to start is now. Under the present administration, the agenda of public works construction includes the following:

In power, our objective is to generate 370,000 kilowatts this year, 206,000 next year and 207,000 in 1969; we aim to irrigate 29,900 hectares this year, 113,730 next year and 24,650 in 1969; this year, we aim to provide water supply to 800,000 persons, next year to 2,565,000, and in 1969 to 917,000; in flood control, our goal is to complete 173 projects this year, 198 next year, and 191 in 1969; our plan calls for the building of 6,476 kilometers of roads this year, 5,800 next year and 6,300 in 1969; in addition, we aim to construct 5,500 linear meters of bridges this year, 6,000 next year and 8,000 in 1969; of ports and harbors, we plan to create 89 this year, 92 next year and 70 in 1969; we have also scheduled the building of 13 airports and airways this year, 11 next year and 13 in 1969. Recently, I approved the construction of a bridge across the San Juanico to connect Samar and Leyte. Other Visayan provinces will get their share of public works projects soon.

It is a pleasure to report that since January 1966, in road and highway construction alone, your present administration has completed 156.18 kilometers built under the previous administration. It may also be noted that there is not a single billboard proclaiming any of these projects as chosen by the President under his own development program. As you probably have seen, each project has a simple signboard which says that it is being built by the people's taxes.

But we are only beginning. The public works program is being implemented under the combination of various schemes. Some projects are under the regular district engineers, others are under special project engineers; a major portion is under the armed forces

construction and engineering battalions. This last arrangement is in fulfillment of a pledge I made in 1965 that the nation's armed forces would be used actively in the labors of peace.

The various systems of construction, of course, are being adopted for the purposes of discovering the most efficient for the attainment of our program objectives. They are all closely coordinated by the Infrastructure Operations Center, a special office that I organized recently. The center coordinates every aspect of the program, from planning and design to financing execution; it is equipped to give instantaneous reports on any project to the President at any hour of any day or night in the week.

Here, as with the rice program, the material benefits we expect from our infrastructure projects are symbolic of deeper meanings. The building of highways that stand heavy traffic under sun and rain for years and years, or the completion of hydroelectric installations that illumine our barrios and towns, symbolize the Filipino people's aspirations for prosperity and progress, as well as their ability to translate those aspirations into realities.

NEW PATTERNS IN EDUCATION

One of the most important objects of expenditure in an intelligent system of political economy, according to Adam Smith, is education. The agenda of your present administration reflects its importance.

Higher education in our country is the most extensive in all of Southeast Asia. In fact, the proportion of college and university students to the total population in the Philippines is the highest in the whole world, excepting only the United States. At the same time, we must admit that standards are not satisfactory in many institutions. To meet this problem, we are allocating, for the first time in our history, the sum of ₱24 million as public assistance to private educational institutions. In order to utilize this money to the optimum, it will be available only for improvement of technological, scientific, and graduate studies, including student scholarships and grant for faculty fellowships and research. We hope that this will be the beginning of a new and fruitful pattern of relationships between the government and the private sector

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NUSP Mid-Year Conference in Cebu City Again!

by ERLINDA SY COMMERCE IV

Again and again, we are confronted with the oft-quoted phrase: "The Youth is the hope of the Fatherland." Much more than a mere declaration of fact, we the students, who represent the youth and hope (the youthful hope and the hopeful youth) of our country, consider this a challenge, a challenge to be answered by no less than involving ourselves in the building of a better nation.

With this objective in mind, the National Union of Students of the Philippines (NUSP) held a Mid-Year Conference and Special Congress from May 9 to 13, 1967, at the Cebu Institute of Technology. (This is the second time Cebu has hosted a Mid-Year Conference of the NUSP. The first was on October 26-28, 1962). The theme: "The Role of the NUSP in Nation Building."

Representing twenty-six universities and colleges throughout the Philippines, the one-hundred and four student leaders who participated in the conference came with the determination to do something. The University of San Carlos, no less conscious of its role, sent a delegation in the persons of SSC representatives Manuel Pages, Jr. (Head Delegate), Nelson Rosal, Ferdinal Quicoe, Perpetuo Ferrer, Jr., Rodulfo Kintanar, and student leaders Rene Aller, Dennis Cabalgin, Jose Cavada, Estrella Besinga, Concepcion Mancelita, and Alvin Garcia.

May 8 saw some of the delegates arriving. Registration started the next day, May 9, at 9:30 A.M.

In the afternoon, the conference was formally opened by NUSP President Ramon Sto. Domingo. But not before Fr. Thomas Mueller, S.V.D. had said the invocation, not before Mayor Carlos Guizon, Governor Rene Espina, Ex-Mayor Mario Ortiz, and CIT President Don Rodolfo Lizares, had delivered their welcome addresses, nor before the Roll Call of Member Schools by the President and the presentation of delegates by their head delegates was made. Nightcapping the program for the day

was the dinner at the Dragon Hall of the Diamond Tower Restaurant tendered by the CIT Administration.

Only on the 10th did the body go to serious business. In the morning, the preliminaries: speech by former NUSP President and incumbent Secretary-General Macapanton Abbas, Jr., on the ups and downs of the NUSP in the past, reviewing its history so as to outline its tasks, which could be accomplished only with, as he so eloquently stressed, cooperation; the State of the Union Address by the President, Ramon Sto. Domingo, frankly and humbly delivered; Congress Reports by the International Vice-President, the National Vice-President, the Treasurer, and the Regional Chairmen. After treating some necessary items, congress adjourned. The delegates then posed for a group picture-taking, after which they proceeded to the White Gold House for the luncheon tendered by Mayor Guizon.

In the afternoon, the real business was attended to. Congress was divided into two Commissions: the Policy Commission which was subdivided into workshops on RP Constitutional Amendments, national and community role of the NUSP, NUSP's role and stand on international affairs, and NUSP's role and stand in student life; the Program Commission, also subdivided into workshops on NUSP aims and objectives, accomplishments and failures, remedies, present NUSP problems, remedial measures, and a follow-up of the resolutions passed during the 10th Congress held last December in Dumaguete.

Behind the scenes were the busy members of the Secretariat, taking down the numerous resolutions and mimeographing them. Composing the local Secretariat were: Melinda Bacol, Josephine Seville, Carmelita Ladia, Maria Aurora Soriaga, Minda Niere, Ana Marie Garcia, Teresa de Veyra, Margaret Aronson, Amalia Coronado, Erlinda Zanduetta, and this writer. Upon the recommenda-

tion of Executive Secretary Loida of UP, Secretary-General Macapanton Abbas, Jr., treated them to a dinner.

Following the workshops that lasted till Friday morning, the Plenary Sessions started at 2:30 P.M. Debates and interpellations permeated the Conference Hall. Several resolutions were passed. Among them were: a resolution urging all the student councils of member schools to sponsor a series of symposia regarding the nature, objectives, and workings of the NUSP sponsored by Manuel Pages, Jr. and Dennis Cabalgin; a resolution urging that student governments be made aware that the NUSP is willing to give full support specifically in matters wherein the administration of a school threaten to jeopardize its student council sponsored by Estrella Besinga; a resolution urging the organization of annual NUSP Regional Summer Camps for Rural Development Projects co-sponsored by Concepcion Mancelita and Jose Cavada; a resolution empowering the Executive Board to be the sole body which can establish, suspend, or sever relations with international unions sponsored by Rene Aller. The resolution that those of 18 years of age who are able to read and write be allowed to vote was of particular interest to the whole assembly. One delegate contended that the 18-year-old Filipino is still immature and irresponsible. Nelson Rosal's retort that the Filipino is one of the most educated peoples in the Orient was received with an applause. The resolution was passed.

Other resolutions passed included one for the boycott of overpriced soft drinks of San Miguel Corporation and the Pepsi-Cola Bottling Company and another for calling the authorities to the deteriorating peace and order situation of the country.

On Friday night Governor Espina hosted a dinner at the Empress Hall of the Diamond Tower. A program was held after the sumptuous dinner. Lorenzo Lee was requested to render a song together with Jun Abbas. The night ended with the governor expressing his great trust and confidence in the Filipino student leaders.

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No matter who you are or what you are, whether you believe in the existence of a God, a Buddha, an Allah or not, whatever you think of Him, be He dead or alive, the question of God is inescapable. As poet Francis Thompson puts it, "with deliberate speed, majestic instance" God chases man "down the arches of the years, down the labyrinthine ways." Sooner or later, God comes knocking at the door of your heart. Except for Idiots, morons and the "real gone" people, the eternal question pops up inevitably, "Does God exist?"

The consequence of the answer can be miraculous or catastrophic. More thought and action follow from the affirmation or denial of this truth than from responding to any other basic question. The whole, wide, wonderful world of human activity is intimately affected, for more than mere Atlas holding up the globe, God is the hand holding existence itself.

God Himself has answered with a loud affirmative.

Unfortunately, man dislikes being told what to do or what not to do, much less, what to believe in. He likes to think for himself, or at least pretend to think for himself. Thus, instead of accepting and rejoicing to the "simple pastoral beauty, the spiritual fervor, and the childlike piety" of the Holy Scripture, he wants to see for himself and think for himself. To scale this Olympian height, he wants to discard faith, the single most important piece of equipment in this spiritual mountain-climbing and instead brings along a most unreliable fool, the human brain. Distrusting anything emotional and extra-

so that "that whose essence involves existence; or that whose nature cannot be conceived unless existing" must exist.

The other school is popularly known for its posteriori proof. Here, experience takes over. Thus, "Divine providence coincides completely for Aristotle with the operation of natural cause." Will Durant says that Aristotle "approaches the problem from the old puzzle about motion. Surely motion has a source, says Aristotle and if we are not to plunge drearily into an infinite regress, putting back our problem step by step endlessly, we must posit a prime mover unmoved (primum mobile immotum)."

Following the same trend of thought, St. Thomas Aquinas notes down five proofs for the existence of God in his *Summa Theologica* which until now, is considered as the official presentation of Catholic theology and philosophy. Aquinas argues from the phenomenon of change, causation, contingency, degree of excellence, and harmony and concludes that there must be an Uncaused Cause, Prime Mover, Necessary Being, Perfect Being or in short, God.

Of course, all those philosophers try very hard and deserve all the honor and adulation due them, but to err is human and nobody, just ain't nobody is 100% perfect.

To its critics, the a priori proof cannot be considered as argument much less as proof in itself. Aquinas interprets Anselm as not proving God's existence, but merely asserting God's existence as a self-evident truth. Aquinas says that those who put up the proposition "God

GOD WITHOUT FAITH

by HENRY L. ORMOC AB IV

mental, he junks revelation and dumps the Bible to the wastebasket.

But how can the limited human being penetrate into the infinite divine being? To attempt is to go beyond the sensible and phenomenal world of experience and transcend with nothing but sawdust in the cranium the mystery of being. How can tiny, minute man know, much less comprehend fully, the deity described by the Scholastics as "Ens a se extra omne, genus, necessarium, unum, infinite, perfectum, simplex, immutabile, immensum, eternum, intelligens?" Faced with such immensity, it appears foolish to just even try, but then history is full of such fools.

Generally speaking, arguments for the existence of God belong to two schools of thought.

The first school subscribes to the ontological proof or the a priori argument made famous by St. Anselm of Canterbury. St. Anselm himself develops it under the form of an address to God:

"GOD is that than which no greater can be thought: But that than which no greater can be thought must exist, not only mentally, in idea, but also extramentally:

Therefore God exists, not only in idea, mentally, but also extramentally."

Similarly, Spinoza defines God as 'a cause of itself'

does not exist" as self-contradictory are saying that the opposite proposition "God exists" is self-evident.

The Kantian refutation as related by The Synopticon seems to settle the issue:

From the fact that 'existence belongs necessary to the object of the conception' we can not conclude that the existence of thing is therefore absolutely necessary merely because its existence has been cogitated in the conception... Whatever be the content of our conception of an object, it is necessary to go beyond it, if we wish to predicate existence of the object... The celebrated ontological or Cartesian argument for the existence of a supreme being is therefore insufficient."

On the other hand, the validity of the a posteriori argument for God's existence is questioned by those who think that the causal principle cannot be applied beyond human experience. They think that our knowledge of cause and effect is insufficient ground to guarantee our inferences further than the human sphere. Kant says, "God cannot be reached at the farther end of any chain of phenomenal antecedents and consequents." Beyond the realm of sensible nature, the principle of cause and effect ceases to be applicable. Moreover, this cosmological argument, for in effect, it says, "What is necessary

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Buhat Rice Rituals in the Interior of Southern Cebu

by ROGELIO M. LOPEZ

Department of Anthropology
University of San Carlos

Rituals accompanying certain farming stages are universal phenomena found among traditional farmers all over the world. Traditional, in most cases represented by the so-called primitive societies, is meant here those who persistently cling to the age-old customary beliefs and practices which constitute inflexible precepts for all farming and other related types of group activities, in contradistinction to those modern ones who rely primarily on their scientific training and orientations.

Among the wet-terrace farmers in southern Cebu* agricultural rituals called buhat are of two kinds: the pananum which is performed while the rice plants are growing; and the panuig which is done after harvest. The buhat is the offering of sacrifices to the latri-banwa, the spirit-dwellers of the land they cultivate, among whom are the original cultivators of the land.

The sacrifices consist of cooked but unflavored meat, cooked rice, chew, tobacco rolls, and if available, tuba (coconut toddy). These are placed on a banana leaves-strewn lantay, an improvised bamboo platform which serves as the altar and is built large enough for the purpose. The lantay is embellished with young coconut fronds, stuck at its edges.

In all cases, the buhat is made in an inconspicuous place near the edges of the rice fields. All the preparations including the killing of the animal, cooking of the rice, and so on, are made right on the spot. The offering ceremony is officiated by an elderly man in the family or in the community, and is attended by the family members, relatives, and neighbors. The invocations recited during the ceremony need not be verbally memorized as long as the essence of the prayer is there.

The buhat for the growing rice (pananum) is made in order to placate the tagibanwa and ask him not to harm the crops. Two black-feathered chickens are killed for meat. The chew and rolled tobacco leaves have each fifteen pieces in number. Six small bamboo-tube containers are prepared for the tuba offering. When everything is ready, the offering ceremony starts. The officiant stands solemnly at one side of the altar and says:

"Na, kamong mga tagibanwa dinhing lumulopyo..." (So now, you spirit-dwellers of this land...), followed by the recitation of the spirit-dwellers' names and a common call for those whose names are not known. "Pangari na kamo kay nia na kining akong pahinungod kaninyo ning akong gitrabaho." ("Come, for here is my offering for you for this place of land I am cultivating.")

The officiant takes a bowl of water, holds it with hands stretched forward and walks around the table. This is the pahinaw or letting somebody (in this case, the spirits) wash his hands with water. Afterwards, the officiant makes another round called the tagay or giving somebody (in this case, again, the spirits) tuba to drink. One by one, he fills the six miniature bamboo-tube containers with tuba by dipping them in the bagol (coconut shell bowl) full of tuba, and places them in more or less equal distances along the sides of the altar.

Then, he says, "Na, kay natangko na kining akong pagtagay, maglibot na usab ako ug pahinaw kaninyo." ("So now, since I am already through with giving you a drink, I will go around once again to let you wash your hands.") The officiant, thus, makes another round to conduct the second pahinaw. The tobacco rolls are lighted on and are placed along the sides of the altar. Afterwards, some piches of rice and viands are cast aside purportedly for those tagibanwa who were late in coming.

And here the ceremony ends.

The real feasting on the food by the people present during the ceremony follows on the same spot or in the house of the family, after the meat has been recooked and flavored.

The buhat after harvest (panuig) has similar steps to that of the pananum, except for the following.

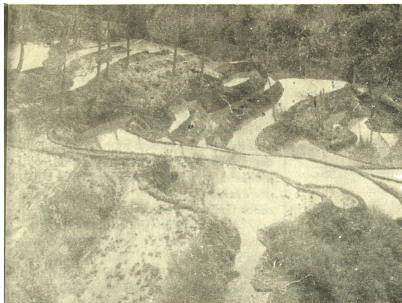
1) pig is used instead of chicken the size depending upon the capacity of the farmer. On the average, the pig may be the size which demands, at this writing, a market-price of about ₱30.00 weighing about 25 kilos;

2) twelve miniature tuba bamboo-tube containers will be used instead of six; the tobacco rolls and chew will have twenty-one pieces each instead of fifteen;

3) the officiant, after mentioning the names of the spirits and the common call for them, says: "... magbayad na ako ug magpahinungod na ako kaninyong tagibanwa ning akong trabaho ug saani nining mga tuiga." ("... I am now going to pay and give you a present, you spirit-dwellers, for what I have harvested during these years.")

The Meaning of These Rituals

The life-time studies of those great scholars like the Rumanian historian of religion Mircea Eliade, the German mythologist Adolf Jensen, and even to some extent the Swiss depth-psychologist Carl G. Jung, have so much to tell us that rituals, like the buhat, are deeply-rooted religious practices springing forth from the same unchanging human inner principle which governs man's thoughts and actions in relation to the divine supernatural forces: the "feared," and the "unknown." Among the not so philosophically articulate societies, such as our hinterland farmers, because in them more elaborate language systems for adequately conveying intricate philosophical thoughts are not yet



A portion of southern Cebu's Rice Terraces: the spirit-dwellers are their ultimate owners.



Vast uncultivated hillsides in the background demand more offerings to the gods before they give satisfactory yield to the farmers.

developed up to that extent, "urges" are expressed outwardly in terms of symbols, either through utterances, bodily movements, or manipulations of the so-called sacrificial objects.

Viewed against the primitive peculiarities of the group, the *buhat*, being therefore filled with concrete elements, is by no means a naive or hollow orgiastic performance but a meaningful drama expressive of a genuine feeling for reverence and submissiveness to those whom the farmers believe are the gods of the land they occupy and in whose hierarchy are included the original cultivators who assume divine existence probably as a reward for their exemplary industriousness while yet living on earth. Apart from the strong religio-mythological connections which gradually evolved in the group through long, long years and about which we have no sufficient space to discuss convincingly here, every performance of these rituals provides the farmers with one

instance for renewal. The family, the kinsfolks, the community as a whole, are once again drawn close to each other to cooperate in fulfilling the manifold ritualistic requirements. On the other hand, these rituals bring the group into a sacred meta-physical reunion with the past, that is, with their cherished traditions and with their dead forefathers, too. For in this occasion, what had been repeatedly done faithfully by their ancestors is being reenacted and, thus, for a moment, relived. As a consequence, the group's morale is revitalized and strong adherence to traditional values is reassured.

Be that as it may, there is, however, one thing more for the group that needs to be done. And it would be doubtless much greater Christian benevolence on our part if, with unbiased regards for the veracity of their rituals, we would help them--as we have been always striving at accomplishing among other things -- channel out properly their religious

inclinations towards the direction of the one almighty, true and loving God, lifting them up, in short, to much higher and nobler perspectives and freeing them in this wise from the bonds of their too exacting and vindictive gods who are the emergent supernatural powers in the group's struggle for survival against those invincible forces surrounding them.

*The writer conducted a preliminary study last January 1967 in the area located in the interior border regions of the municipalities of Argao, Dalaguete and Badian, particularly in the barrios of Bulak, Balaas, Linut-od and Canbantug, with a financial grant from the German Research Association (DFG) through the kindness of Rev. Fr. Joseph Goertz, S.V.D., USC Research Director. A separate report on the rice terrace complex will come out in the forthcoming issue of the USC scientific journal.

ROTC REPORT . . .

(Continued from page 35)

rahm Wenceslao
Light Machine gun (Cal. 30) Assembly and
Disassembly - Cdt. Capt. Gaudioso
Villagonzalo
Pistol Assembly and Disassembly (Cal. 45)
Cdt. Lt. Emmanuel Espiritu and Cdt.
Lt. Vicente Mancelita
M1 Rifle (Garand) Assembly and Disassembly-
Cdt. Capt. Bonifacio Ybanes and Cdt.
Lt. Vicente Mancelita
Interior Guard Duty - Cdt. Lt. Bonifacio Mi-
llanes

First Aid - Cdt. Lt. Roy Ratcliffe
Ceremony - Cdt. Major James Hofer
For the formulation of the policies for the training of the Corps credit and supervision in their implementation credit is due to: Major Oscar SV Aleonar.
For carrying out these policies: SSgt. Bonifacio Ando, and Tactical Officers Rolando Villamor, Romeo Mamon, and Dionisio Alfante, and the Cadet officers.

That was the story of the STAR USC wco.

English And Pilipino In Our Educational System

by JESUS MARI C. ABELLANEDA. BSE IV

There is a language confusion in the Philippines today. Different schools of thought offer contradictory, creative, or impractical suggestions as solution to the language problem.

Throughout the country more than forty dialects are spoken. In spite of this complex handicap, the Constitutional Convention in 1934, acted favorably on the proposal to adopt a national language. Hence the birth of the Pilipino. The legislation was a necessity in order to have a "medium of expression that is easily understood, learned, and used by all Filipinos."

The Constitution provides that the national language is Pilipino but in common and actually used. Most Filipinos speak and write much better in English than in Pilipino. Books and records on theology, education, physical science, economics, law, political science, public administration, medical science, industry, and agriculture are all written in English. In fact the only language commonly understood by all members of Congress, all members of the Presidential Cabinet, and all judges throughout the country is English. That is why our records in the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of government are in English. Private entities communicate and operate their business using English. So naturally it follows that the medium of instruction in our school is English.

Until now it is difficult to prove the contention that success has been achieved in the teaching of Pilipino. In our study of Pilipino we have no other choice but to study only its grammar and its very elementary library pieces. Good Pilipino literature is scarce. How can our people appreciate their national language if the only Pilipino literature they get comes from cheap periodicals?

There has been a clamor that the medium of instruction in our schools should be Pilipino. This may appeal to a few hyper-nationalists who dream aloud.

But upon taking a closer look at this suggestion, one may wonder what will happen if this is realized. Our present educational standard compared with that of other nations is still behind. Will the use of Pilipino improve our educational standard?

So far "Balarila," "Diwang Ginto," "Panitikan sa Mata-as Na Paaralan," "Diwang Kayumanggi," ang "Florante at Laura," are the only Pilipino books in our schools. These books are very elementary and are read only during the periods devoted to the teaching of Pilipino. In addition to these are Pilipino translations of Rizal's "Noli Me Tangere" and "El Filibusterismo." But, as everyone knows, these have been put on the Index of Forbidden Books.

English is the Universal Language, the "language of diplomacy." It is used in all fields of studies. If it disappears as the medium of instruction in the Philippines, the "fair hope of the Fatherland," will, alas, become the last hope, speechless, thoughtless and hopeless. Disregarding English means building a barrier between the Philippines and the rest of the world.

In a democracy national isolation has no place. We send delegates of goodwill to other countries, to keep and to improve the ties of friendship with them and to maintain the bonds of better understanding already acquired. What language will these delegates speak? Pilipino?—in America, in Britain, in Australia?

Pilipino is a beautiful language. It is the end product of our toils. This is one of Rizal's best teachings imparted to his people.

The solution is not to get rid of either of the two languages but to improve both as written and spoken by the Pilipino. There are areas that English serves well where Pilipino cannot, just as there are areas better served by Pilipino than by English. The two must go together in order for us to have better educational standards in the Philippines. ♪

THE TASK AHEAD ...
(Continued from page 9)

of higher education.

The middle level of education is also important, because high school students are the valuable survivors of the elementary schools, where only 50 out of every 100 pupils entering grade I reach grade 6. Studies are now underway in the department of education to improve the financing system of general high schools.

One of the most serious problems in the lower public schools is the shortage of classrooms. This has assumed alarming proportions because there was not a single peso programmed for school building construction during the two fiscal years 1963 and 1964. Against this neglect, the present administration has already constructed, since January of last year, ₱11.6 million worth of classrooms, providing accommodation for some 205,600 pupils. Beginning late next month, he will begin producing ₱51 million worth of classrooms, to house some 724,000 pupils. When peak capacity of this project is reached, sometime next September, our production will reach no less than 55 classrooms a day. After this portion of the classroom construction project is completed, we hope to implement a subsequent portion requiring about ₱188 million, to liquidate our present shortage by 1969-1970, in order to give Filipino boys and girls clean and durable rooms for learning and play.

We have other programs for improving our vocational education, to provide the trained middle-level manpower skills that are needed in our population and business centers, such as Cebu. Within a few months, we will launch a ₱2.3 million youth project for training volunteer out-of-school youth in livelihood and leadership skills; during the training period, the volunteers will also help in worthwhile projects such as building barrio roads, reforestation, and similar rural assistance projects. You are already aware, from newspaper accounts, of the administration's initial formulation of a national sports program, to develop grace and strength in healthy bodies, and competitive spirit as well as discipline for our school youth. All these efforts are purposefully directed to enhance the value of our national investment in the full and wholesome education of our younger citizens.

MEETING GREAT TASKS: LET US BEGIN NOW

This brief review of our agenda for governmental action does not exhaust the volume and variety of the programs that my administration has set down for itself. We are wanting in hospitals, public housing, and social services. We have to strike a new balance between the constitutional responsibilities of the national government and the legitimate claims for local autonomy. We have to reorient government employees to the proper attitudes of public service; we have to purge errant judges from the judiciary. In short, we have to demonstrate, almost everyday in almost every way, that we have the resolution and the resources as a nation to succeed in great enterprises, attaining our goals within the framework of our democratic political order.

I have every reason to believe that we will succeed. Our tasks are not impossible, except to those who are faint of heart. These are basic tasks: the production of food, the provision of food, the building of requisites for a decent life. We have been wanting in performance in the past. We must accomplish these tasks sooner or later, now or in the future. We must begin now.

CRITICISM AND GOVERNMENT

Our people's success in the achievement of the government's goal require immense commitment and expenditure of considerable amounts of the nation's resources. There is no one in the country who is more conscious of this fact than me. I intend to see that these resources are well spent and accounted for. I welcome an examination of disbursements against performance. This is the function of the government auditors and of the opposition.

May I say, in this connection, that the administration's performance is not necessarily the noisiest and the most sensational. I have benefited immensely from criticism -- criticism that specifies defects, criticism that is based on verified information, criticism that is motivated by a desire to correct rather than from a desire to destroy. As I speak before you tonight, I feel again how much we miss the excellence of the quality of fiscalization that was the manner of one of the greatest Cebuano, one of our most illustrious countrymen, President Sergio Osmeña, Sr.

There are many critics of the present administration, some of them in the press, other in Congress, some of them my party colleagues, others my party opponents, whom I respect as much as you and I venerate our late beloved President. But it seems that there are more whose mode and quality of criticism are different. I am not influenced by them. Criticism that is too general to be useful, criticism that is based on unverified information or rumor, criticism that is directed against my person -- these have utterly no effect upon me. If I may borrow a phrase from President Quezon, such criticism is to me nothing but "the barking of a dog at the moon."

But there is another aspect of criticism and fiscalization that is related to the future of government in our country. However my record as President turns out to be immaterial. But there will be other presidents, other administrations, other programs of government. And I submit that unless we improve the quality of criticism and elevate the norms of fiscalization of governmental affairs, we will soon end up with a citizenry that is led not by its duly chosen leaders but by merchants of mischief. We will have governments paralyzed by timidity instead of moved by boldness, immobilized by difference instead of stirred by resolution.

UNIVERSITY GRADUATES AND CITIZENSHIP

We need, therefore, increasingly from now on, not only good critics of government, but also good judges of the critics themselves. This is one of the noble tasks that university graduates are especially well-equipped to perform as citizens.

Do it well. Bring the knowledge and the skills you have learned in this university into the national community which you now join as adult citizens. Honor your professions by your performance: teach the young, heal the sick, defend the wronged, build great edifices, create great art, unlock the secrets of nature. But you must never forget that you are citizens of the Republic. If perchance you enter politics, lead well; if you work in government, serve well; if you choose to be private citizens, judge well.

I wish you Godspeed.

NUSP MID-YEAR ... (Continued from page 10)

In the morning of the next day, a few resolutions were passed because of so many privilege speeches, interpellations, and unnecessary debates. That afternoon the trend was reversed to the surprise of the delegates. Perhaps it was because they were... were tired and were looking forward to the night's social affair -- a Closing Dinner and Farewell Ball at the Diamond Tower tendered by the CIT Supreme Student Council.

Awards were given that evening to the three outstanding student councils namely, the University of San Agustin, the University of the Philippines, and Maryknoll College.

Thus ended the Mid-Year Conference -- not with a bang! nor with a vanishing puff, but with a contented sigh. #

COMMENTS ON THE NUS 2nd MID-YEAR CONFERENCE

During the National Union of Students of the Philippines, conference, three issues of the NUS letter were released. They depicted the kind of congress going on: the activities and the situation within the conference hall. The third issue emphasized that the whole conference was a mere farce. To believe or not to believe in this, is subjective. Many say that the National Union of Students of the Philippines is more of a disunion than a union. But it's a fact that out of the fifty-eight member schools, only 26 were present, four of which were newly admitted. It's another fact that the dynamism or lethargy of an organization depends principally upon its members. Without the members' initiative and cooperation, nothing concrete can come out. An organization's success or failure lies on the hands of its members.

In my humble opinion, I'd say that if the NUS Mid-Year conference was farcical, it follows that the delegates themselves were farcical. It's comical for those who think, a tragedy to those who feel. Especially so for those who feel that they have not received the optimum opportunity to realize their expectations. To

(Continued on page 37)

A poet once said that "a man cannot stay in a university without knowing love," and this, coupled with pain, a little sigh perhaps, or laughter echoing within long corridors. Certain, I have found no other better place than this - where I can be one with man, sheltered but without pride's own wall, therefore vulnerable to pain but free to love completely.

And this is what I love, the silence in the libraries, hushed, quiet, filled with the hurried scratches on sheets of term papers and researches, and last minute gossip. There is the poet reading Keats, searching for his passions and the philosopher for the truth, and the scientist, they are all here, under one roof, enclosed within four walls. Always, in some corner of that room, there's a hushed group discussing Sartre and existentialism or Karl Marx or Vietnam or the parity rights. There might always be two bespectacled geniuses talking of Camus, enclosed by a wall of their own snobbish intellectualism. However, there are the perennial 'butterflies' who you find everywhere, whispering giggling, but taking care the man at the counter won't look their way and shake a finger. They are a part of the others, talking of the least, the trivial, the common, the latest movie in the downtown theatre, the latest gossip, the newest fad.

And there is another quiet, where heads bow and knees bend, where those who seek to satisfy

entrance, lazy, feeling one with the other, seeking for an expression of the human need of belonging. Here they stand, for one always find them here, everyday, almost every moment, laughing in that low, masculine laughter, with cigarettes dangling from their lips, giving passersby wolf whistles and side comments if they be women with flirtatious eyes and short, short skirts. And probably among these, are the dropouts, the noncommitted, the nonchalant, calloused and indifferent, condemned for their apathy but disturbed by the same inner confusions. Anyway there will always be the gang to stand with the entrance and by the quadrangle, passing jokes, off-colored and dirty, finding a temporary answer to one unknown hungry need.

Or a couple perhaps, sitting beneath the trees,



To The University

by LINDA KALAYAAN FAIGAO AB II

their need seek it in the silence. Here, everything is peaceful. And alone. And one.

At the same time, in the rooms, life goes on, with discussions ranging from the dull soporific musings of teachers to the heated arguments on the existence of the soul or dialectical materialism. And here among these students are the rebellious, the ones who go frustrated by some inner conflict, trying to hide the pain in a scornful look and expressed contempt, but still human, pained and lonely inside. There is the timid, the quiet, the deep, the dull and the stupid, the intelligent and the brilliant. The lonely, who loses himself helplessly in the crowd, but somehow mute and speechless in his own silent anguish.

And when the bell rings, there follows a spilling of humanity along those corridors, a buzzing, murmuring crowd, the gray-dressed girls among whom is an occasional hard-core individualist with her mini-skirt, and long, tangling hair and heavy make-up, but taking care that man in the white, long habit won't catch her. One hears the girlish laughter, the impish joy, the buoyant swing and surge of life in the smiles and mischievous giggling and the loud, loud laughter of youth.

And there are the men, standing by the main

there on the benches, laughing their own laughter enclosed by a warmth of their own making, sharing secrets through silent lips. But then there are those who go wrong, whose steps lead to the Counsellor's office or to the kindly old priest, and a strained confession of one ugly-beautiful sin. The ones who go wrong but go away and seek their own answers to their own problems, these, too, comprise the human and the poignant, the frailties and the pain of living.

And I love all of them, because I am human and I know. I have each a part of their confusions and their laughter and their sadness and their failures. This is a university, but it is more than one. It is a world, a universe, a microcosm within a macrocosm. One knows and understands, for one just can't go on meeting these without knowing love.

Note: The following is a reprint of an article we found in one of our old Carolinian issues. We have reprinted it with the hope that the reader will find in it the same humor we did.

The Jitters Burg Address

(With apologies to Abraham Lincoln)

by TORIUS MORELOS

Four minutes and four seconds ago, our professor brought forth in this room a new exam conceived in brutality and dedicated to the proposition that students are stupidly equal.

Now we are engaged in a great removal examinations, testing whether this student or any other student so lazy and so idiotic can long endure.

We have met in this room. We have to dedicate a portion of this room as a final resting place for those who



here are struggling with double-breasted 4's so that their units might live. But in a larger sense, we cannot convert, we cannot accommodate, we cannot liquidate those 5's. The brainless students, living and dead who struggled here have consecrated it far beyond the professor's power to stretch or contract.

The professor will little note nor long remember how we study here, but he can never forget how moronic we were. It is for us, the students, rather, to sweat it out here with the exams which they who here have thus far so sourly debunked. It is for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us that from this tough quiz we take increased devotion to the books for which we gave the least full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that our lecture notes should not sleep again and that the Fr. Rector shall have a new bunch of students and that these students of this university, by this university, and for this university shall not perish from this earth. #

A PINCH OF SALT ...
(Continued from page 2)

Mid-Year Conference from may 9-13 were entertained by similar manifestation. some of the "quoted quotes" as gathered by benjamin maynigo of san beda college were: who is questioning my alleged... please correct me if i am right... does the gentleman yield? ans. yes, i will willed... what is your name, so far?... etc.

one of the resolutions passed during this conference was the boycotting of all drinks which rose to 20 centavos per bottle. justification: the raising of prices was done without sufficient reason

in case you might start wondering how this column got its baptismal name, i am going to explain. salt is a favorite flavoring. it helps us take in our food, nutritious or otherwise, in satisfactory pleasure. on the other hand, salt is also a form of medicine. especially in this heat, "a pinch of salt" keeps perspiration down. you may take either form or both at once as you will.

GOD WITHOUT FAITH ...

(Continued from page 11)

has to exist; God is necessary, therefore, etc."

For all our rationalizations, no matter how clever, man can not prove or disprove the existence of God. No matter how ingenious the mind is, it just can't penetrate into the domain of God. The human just can not encompass the divine. "It's a different league, baby!" Tom Wolfe would cry. All that reason can do is to clear the clouds and bolster what faith there is already in man. Faith can move mountains, but reason without faith can't change a mountain one whit. To believe in God without faith and through reason alone is a contradiction in terms. To think that the mind can sneak in somewhere and find God is absurd.

For the human mind to grasp God requires what Soren Kierkegaard calls "a transcendental leap". Montaigne believes that "reason by itself is incapable of proving or disproving, anything, much less, anything about God." After all, as Nietzsche says, "while it is difficult to believe that 2 x 2 does not equal 4; is it therefore true? It is faith that makes blessed, and not the objective reality that stands behind the faith."

Shrouded in darkness, we must repeat after Teilhard de Chardin, "In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum" and subscribe to the motto: "In God We Trust." We can't do more nor can we afford to do less!

A.I.D. ADVISOR ...

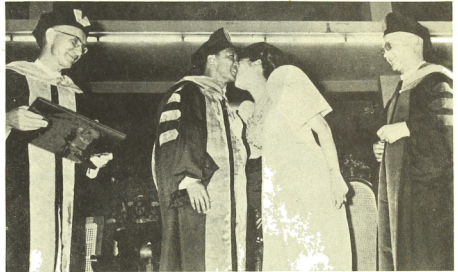
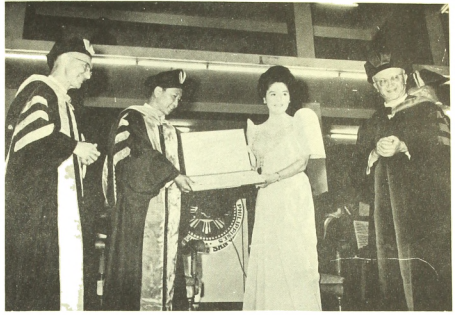
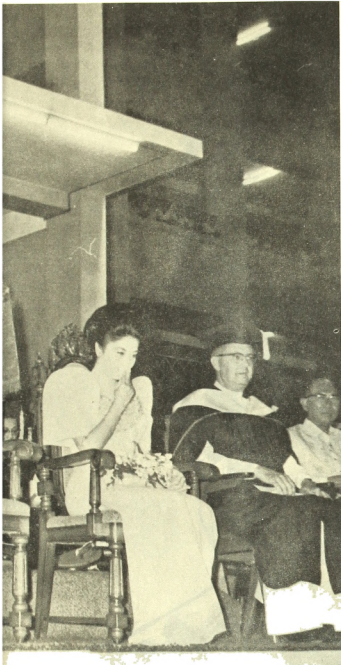
(Continued from page 31)

the projects of the University's department of economics, especially those having to do with rural and community development.

Mr. Bremseth expressed much interest in the USC Technological Center in Talamban. He then expressed a desire for greater cooperation between this University and the A.I.D. in carrying out programs related to the economic needs of the Philippines.

USC HONORS PRESIDENT FERDINAND MARCOS



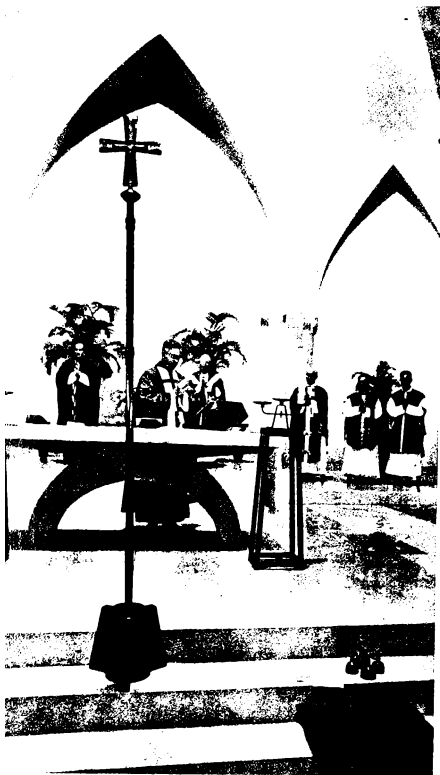




VERY REV. FR. RUDOLF RAHMANN, S.V.D.
University President



VERY REV. FR. RAYMOND KOLK, S.V.D.
University Vice-President



25 YEARS

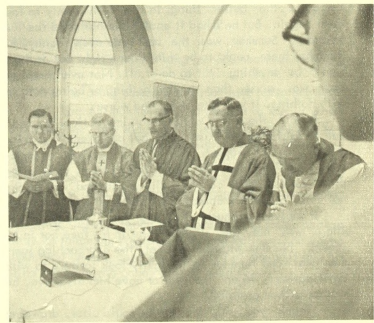
Fr. John's Jubilee

FATHER JOHN VOGELGESANG, S.V.D.
was ordained priest on May 14, 1942 in Manila





A PRIEST



SHORT STORY

*.....he did not bother about the silence
that has walled him from strangers
in his life, this same silence which
had known the immensity of his
dreams*

BETWEEN TWO SUMMERS

by ANGELA G. KHO
BS Physics I



That was summer. The last time he was at the state university. And being there was good. Even better than just good. He knew that he deserved it, that he was entitled to the better things in life even if only to lose them again. But he'd had it and he did not mind the loss anymore. Summer was the best time even. Funny, he thought there ought to be things done right out or there won't be anything right to do at all. Not even nothing. That was worse than having nothing or being nothing with nothing. It was like hell. And worse.

People thought Dante was an impractical dreamer. But he hurried down dusty roads not occasionally making stories out of people's lives to make a living, or scribbling some nonsensical poems to kill time, or creating short stories nobody could readily understand. But he did not care. So people called him a stubborn nonconformist.

If he was in a hurry at all that year, nobody knew. There was not the slightest hint in his face nor in his speech. No sign whatsoever. Yet, the approaching summer was one time he could rightly look forward to with anticipation. When the editor gave him his leave, he was more than grateful.

"Thank you, sir," was all he could utter, drowning

the rest of the editor's words in his short and hasty reply.

"You'll profit from it. You understand why I'm letting you go, Mr. Sandoval. Otherwise, with our work cramming up, I would have found another man."

"You won't regret it, sir. I assure you." He went out and closed the door behind him.

Out of the office there was not a trace of what took place inside for if he was excited, he did not care to show it. He whistled casually as he stepped out into the street.

Saturday night saw him, a maleta in one hand containing a few things, aboard a cruiser that was to take him to Manila. "Summer Workshop!" he exclaimed to hear if the words sounded right after all.

And that summer he met Dalisay. Those were times when he thought he could rightly say he was in the right company—mostly scholars, professors, this Dalisay, too. But he never called her that. 'Ma'am' didn't sound good, either.

"Good Morning, Miss Villamor." This started their conversation and before long they became intimate.

"Why don't you finish your course straight, Dan? It's one year more, you know," she said.

"It's no use, Miss. There's that news reporting back in Cebu. Need the money to pay my way, too. Anyway, why the hurry?"

"You love your work, I see. That short story, Dan, the one you wrote this morning. It is quite good. Why don't you write more? Short stories, I mean."

"Short stories? I don't have the creative talent, Miss. My early manuscripts could tell. You know what? I stopped writing them altogether."

"You are disappointed then?"

"Disappointed? What is that to me?"

"You're an idealist."

"I don't know."

"I'm telling you," she tried to take hold of his now evading look. He sank back and said, "Maybe."

There were speeches and lectures given by writer-professors. Then the open forums. All were as he had expected. Even more - much, much more. But even happy days were quick to pass. Dan looked at the big wall calendar trying to reflect the remaining days he could justly reckon with. One thought led to another. He pulled out two crumpled letters bearing identical signatures from his pocket. What now? he thought.

The remaining days of the summer workshop ebbed away. Good companionship had to end somehow. At the inevitable moment, parting words and handshakes were exchanged reluctantly.

"I will miss you," she said.

"There never was a dull company yourself, remember?"

"Oh, yes. I am, sometimes. Not with you though."

"Goodbye then?"

"No, not goodbye. Till next summer."

"Till?"

"Yea," he took her hands in his, for many times now, a gesture of parting. The clasp was firm and warm.

Gene was there at the Mactan Airport to meet him. She received the wire then.

"Welcome home, darling," she gave him a buss on each cheek after having squeezed through the crowd to him.

"I'm sorry..."

"Sorry for what?"

"Those letters..."

"I understand. But it doesn't make sense, Dan. You being sorry and my hating you. It no longer makes sense, does it?"

"No. Of course... of course not." He looked at her quite surprised but at the same time relieved, too. When they reached the city they hailed a taxi and got inside. The long way home was no longer pleasant as it used to be. The hours inside the cab were only intermittently a silence that began to bother him.

He was home now - home he could not wish to be his. All back to the drab routine - hurried breakfast, gathering newsbits, report to the office, then the evening class. He was at the typewriter when Gene suddenly showed up.

"What's that?" she asked.

"Short story."

"When did you ever write short stories?"

"Long ago. But I quit. Seems to start again."

She stopped asking, looked at him as if she could not tell if it was the same Dan that came back. She stayed up to the night while he worked on.

"It's dark," he reminded her.

"I'm not going home."

"Won't your folks be mad?"

"Let them. I'm not doing anything bad, am I?"

"No, I guess not." Then he went on till she napped off on the coach. He stood up to get something to cover her and pounded on at the keys till daylight.

Perhaps, the days were long - damned too long for him. Sometimes, he'd lose track of his own time or of anybody else's, forgetting things save drumming his fingertips on the table. He'd suddenly remember the phone call from his boss this morning or the news he forgot to write or the faucet he did not turn off.

One afternoon he found himself strolling in the same town plaza when a man accosted him, held him by the collar and gave him a couple of blows that rendered him helpless to the ground.

"Keep away from her. She's not your girl anymore." the man hollered.

Trying to get to his feet he muttered, "Girl who?" then dusted his pants and stood up. He walked away, as dazed as the crowd that had gathered expecting to watch an interesting game.

There was not a word about the incident.

"Where did you get that bruise?" she asked.

"Went over a post."

"Poor, poor you," she fumbled his hair and kissed it. He tried to shove her a little. Having freed himself, he went near the big window where he could feel the anguished heat of the afternoon sun on his face.

"Dan, we must get married."

Startled, he turned his head towards her trying to say things he forgot to remember. He did not loathe about the silence this time, this silence that walled him from strangers in his life, this same silence which had known the immensity of his dreams. Yes, even an idealist nurtured dreams under the weight of silence.

"Why," he asked finally.

"We must, Dan," and she broke into sobs. The tears trekked down easily, and down to the thickening dust on the floor.

He looked at her again, hard and long this time as if to magnify those moist specks a thousand times their mass, or to get the truth from the eyes that were supposed to be the windows of the soul. What soul?

The night was cooler. He got into bed early yet he could not tell if he was sleepy or if he could make himself feel sleepy. The night sky was bare save for the moon. If the stars were out, he would have seen them flickering from where he lay now. But the sky was empty - as empty as his life but full were his dreams. Summer, he thought. Yes, it's summer now - summer when birds sing the sweetest; maybe, the loudest, too.

ANG PAGPAPAUNLAD ...

(Continued from page 34)

sagabal na paminsan-minsang gumagambala sa kanilang pag-aaral.

Dito sa ating pamantasan, makikita natin ang ilan sa mga bagong mukha. Ang karamihan sa kanila'y may katandaan na, ang iba nama'y may sarili nang hanapbuhay. Ang kanilang "pagbabalik" sa pag-aaral ay may dakilang layunin. Ang layuning ito'y ang pagpaunlad, pagdaragdag sa kanilang nalalaman at nang hindi sila mapahuli sa mga pagbabagong naganaganap sa mga pamamaraan ng pagtuturo.

Tinitis ng mga tuong itong iwanan ang mga mahal sa buhay at tahanan pang ng kanilang kaligayahan upang mapaunlad lamang ang kanilang sarili at makamit ang higit na karunungan gabay nila sa buhay.

POEMS

FIRST SUMMER

You are
the first eternity of my youth
spring-summer of the first call
of skylarks homing to the world.

Summer in June...
but the rains come
and I have to go

But you are my first summer even
when the rains come...
you are summer and the rains are gone
you are -
for very long...

by angela g. kho
bs physics I

a kite in summer

up
up
up
this stringed-bird of a lad
dare that simple unconquerable
sky
vertical
against the wind
to contest the fueled
wings of a man-kite
above

by salvador d. olbes

RAIN

soft, soft rain
soothe and wash me, and
let me love again.
drench me this earth
thirsty with draught
and come down the soft seasons
to grow me the seeds.

shower me your soft cold raindrops,

beloved.

by terrivelicious

POEMS 2

of religion

half man
half lamb
half bread
half wine
o such halfness
to be undone
such half truth
only faith holds
'subscribe or die
glory or fall'
here the alternative
is dimmed
light is the thing
again halfness:
a one-sided
slaying truth

essence

come down to the very what of man
and see a tree plucked of its leaves
plucked of its bark, the colors
a tree rooting, proving, awaiting
the advent of the great storm

by rhene gu'ams

2

with a jolt
the truth was cast
along came
the noon sun
and i
must live again
for more truths

pain is a gem lost.
pain is yourself,
stripped, nude
recreating art.

pain is a love lost.
pain is love reborn,
glorified, roses,
a dove's hall.

by joy seville

THE KNOWING EYE

You figured behind the gossamer damask,
A denizen breathing fury
Against the ghoulish fever
Of impending generation

You play the gramophone - a halloo
Of high falutin' fiction fuming
The ingenious hypocrites
Of Liverpoolian hermaphrodites (Putting it mildly)

You credit to your superior ego
(According to yourself) the declamation
Of convalescence and the declaration
Of the latitists.

Then, you discard the tradition of
Doxologies **because** you want
To drift with the blinded
Flotzam mazes of
Regarded atheism?

You munch still on that melted chocolate
Evasion the issue of your controversy
You murderer!
Murderer!!

You have travelled along that narrow road
Of your philosophy
"Fulfillment of the Moment"
So you murdered time -
Silly!

But now, you are old
You fill your head for a moment,
Weck after your past bullience
And, as you take a long breath
Drawing nonsense from sensibility
You fume,
You sag,
Shugging your shoulders
To the last pulsating pulse - mumbering,
"Charge to experience"

By Claude Albert Evangelio

An Open Letter To A Close Friend

Summer of 1967, USC

Dear Tiniang:

As you can see from the above heading, I am back at the old USC although, after a lapse of a decade and four arthritic thereafter, I feel somewhat lost. The changes have simply been tremendous, both in what can and can not be seen. I guess USC could say the same thing of me for I find it definitely difficult negotiating those flights of stairs we used to so nimbly ascend and descend like Hannon's scale. Remember how we used to race our arthritic classmates to the library? Now the tables are turned, with me at the short-changed end. Ugh! What arteries and cholesterol can do to a body.

Our favorite spot, the library, must have quadrupled its stock, besides branching out in amoebic fashion. And the Filipiniana section is bursting at the seams! How many times have I caught myself browsing over rare volumes, meanwhile letting that research and term paper rot. On an impulse, very much like the way we used to shop, I borrowed one of these tomes only to forget all about it, submerged as it was in a sea of research materials. Naturally, I won the dubious distinction of being the biggest contributor to the "Fines Fund." Egad! I felt like eating the book, right then and there.

But you ought to see the serlousness of the greater number, the way they read and scribble down notes, rush to the card catalogue, read, compare, write down certain points, etcetera. This scholarly atmosphere has made San Carlos what it is, in spite of the few nuts who occasionally ripple the surface of excellence.

All the emaciated incense-burning angels are gone from the chapel and it is now back to the bare look. And you ought to have heard the Ateneo Combo that attended us during last Sunday's Mass. Their "Lord, show me the way..." was so moving that I was soon on my way up those mountains and was jolted back to the plains only when the celebrant stood before me with "the Body of Christ." I was quite embarrassed, I almost forgot to say "Amen."

The long, hot summer still drools on, made doubly hot by these 20¢ soft drinks, but you just can't sidle up the counter and ask for iced H2O, please, even with the most saccharine smile plastered all over your mug. It just isn't done, chérie, and ouch! there goes the bell...

Always,

Ilyang

Araceli Kuan-Bael
MA II

AF-ISSI ISSUE ...

(Continued from page 7)

up to as far north as Carmen town and down south to Argao.

Of the 62 who completed the program, 29 earned graduate credits.

Prof. Paulina D. Pages is director of this continuing education institute at San Carlos. Rev. Dr. Herman van Engelen is associate director.

USC STUDENT LEADERS HEADS FEDERATION

Student leaders representing fifteen schools in Cebu City recently agreed unanimously to unite their ranks and forged an organization, called "Federation of Cebu Students," which, among others, aims to act as a sounding board for the student opinion of Cebu City.

The long awaited organization which unites the different student bodies of the various schools of Cebu came into being during the Leadership Seminar jointly sponsored by the Supreme Student Councils of STC and USC.

Lorenzo Lee, USC-SSC president, was elected executive secretary of the secretariat (the executive arm of the organization), while Dionisio Sy,

USC-SSC Speaker of the House, was elected chairman of the board of directors.

Each member school has one representative to the board of directors, the policy-making body of the organization.

SSC SPONSORS LEADERSHIP SEMINAR

Delegates from fifteen schools in Cebu City attended a leadership seminar jointly sponsored by the Supreme Student Councils of St. Theresa's College and USC, held last March 10-13, 1967.

The seminar aimed to relate modern concepts of leadership to practical problems facing student leaders by the use of lectures, group discussions, film showings and role playing.

Dr. Josef Mestenhauer, visiting Fulbright professor at the Ateneo de Manila and at UP, conducted the seminar. He earned his doctorate in political science from the University of Minnesota, and is presently working on a book regarding student leadership in the Philippines.

The seminar opened last March 10 at the Audio-Visual Room of USC,

but the next two days were spent at the USC Technological Center. Welcoming the delegates during the opening session were Very Rev. Fr. Rahmann, Rev. Fr. Bustos and Lorenzo Lee. The seminar was ably chairmanned by Rodolfo Kintanar.

The different schools represented were: Cebu Institute of Technology, Cebu College of Commerce, Cebu Normal School, Cebu School of Arts and Trades, Cebu Velez General Hospital School of Nursing, Chong Hua Hospital School of Nursing, Colegio de la Inmaculada Concepcion, Colegio de San Jose-Recocetos, Southern Islands Hospital School of Nursing, Southwestern University, St. Theresa's College, University of San Carlos, University of Southern Philippines, University of the Visayas and V. S. Villamor College.

SUMMER ENROLLMENT SHOWS INCREASE

As of May 12, the Registrar's office reported a summer enrollment of 3,853 for the regular course and 382 for the review courses, for a total of 4,245.

The total for summer last year (Continued on page 30)

Vignettes And Excerpts From An Unpublished (Because Not Written) Book:

IS THIS...? — the world is empty, and I feel the urge to reach out and give myself to fill it; I wish to dis-integrate and scatter atoms evenly within the void. an extripetal force seems to take hold of my elements and draw me from all sides... is this compassion, is this constructive anger; and inherent philanthropism or philocismism, or is this nothing but, at base a despairing effort to conquer despair?

-o0o0o-

COMING HOME AFTER A LONG ABSENCE: Unchanged, Faustino knew this was how he wanted to find everything when he returned: the unfinished but prematurely dilapidated church with its cobwebbed ceiling and its subdued yet reposeful atmosphere; the noisy market-place smelling of dried-fish and of a compound of stagnant heat, varying flavors of human odor, the smell from the fresh-fish stands and from the dried tobacco leaves carefully strung in wire and hung just high enough to hit one in the nose whenever one didn't watch where he was going; the antiquated wooden pantalan where he and his friends sometimes swum under when the ferry-boat from the opposite island of Negros docked and people scurried here and there busily, not aware of the controlled giggles and the peeping eyes beneath their feet: the breezy wharf where, on sunny mornings, one could watch the bronze-skinned fishermen silently preparing their nets, sorting their baits, tying the hooks to the line, and very likely, all the while thinking of a good catch and of the joy in seeing the wriggling fishes land onto the banca: the overwhelmingly breezy wharf where, on cloudless evenings, one could take a stroll, alone, in pairs, or in groups, where promises were uttered and sighs heard, where whispered jokes and throaty giggles or raucous laughter would now and then send ripples of sound across the encom-

passing darkness.

(It struck Faustino, this thought: the three images that vividly stuck to his memory where those of the church, the market-place, and the pantalan: the church where one pursued his intimate relations and communicated with his Creator and where one sought comfort in spiritual need; the marketplace where one involved himself with the daily struggle and haggle for a comfortable physical existence; the pantalan where one tried to fill the void within him by contemplating the wide expanse before and above him, and where one fashioned out his dreams, aired his secret longings to Nature tight-lipped and ever-present.)

He knew, however, that he could not expect all these to remain unchanged, to stay the same as he had left them eight years ago — yes, eight years, if one would count time by days and years, not by the change one undergoes in the process, in which case he would see his hometown again after a moment from one time-sphere to another, or after eons when all that one could see upon looking back is the vanishing horizon in the distance. It was quite a long time, indeed.

Faustino knew he had changed much in his outlook on life, in material prosperity, and especially in his sense of values. There were moments, though, when the old freshness, the youthful and the pristine intuitiveness of long ago came back unexpected, perhaps, but not unwanted, for he had come to feel a drying up of energy, spiritual and esthetic. But was this not what he was running to? Did he not ask for this when he had left home, "for good and never to turn back nor look back lest I turn into a pillar of salt," as he had written in his letter to Concepcion, his boyhood sweetheart?

Now, on an impulse he was coming back, giving the lie to his constant belief that he would succeed, that he had succeeded in making for

himself a life totally severed and without any touch of influence from the past. He was coming home, merely for a visit, yes, but the decision alone, the wish to see the "old place" had done violence to the resolution and the past with the future made eight years ago — or was it a thousand years?

-o0o-

The Exodus of man from the province and his congregating to the cities has left the countries, the towns, desolate, less alive, and deprived of the fresh, energetic young blood it needs.

However, the country has never lost its simplicity and its appeal to men who want peace, tranquility, and stability.

-o0o-

WHILE CAMPING: (It is twilight, not yet day, not, anymore, night.) One awakes to the dull sound of silence and strains the ear to locate a peculiar sound; he feels it but doesn't hear it... Then there it is: from the distance comes the solitary crowing of a cock... a second... and another. Now it is a chorus of cocks eagerly announcing the invasion of light.

God's light slithers over the pearly fields, going west. From atop the western mountain slides down this glorious sign of contradiction; a curse for enchanted lovers, a joy for people with things to do (people who run a race with life's ever-burning candle, people who make use of the candle's light and warmth before it is gone, leaving one all alone in the cold). One sits with his back on a pine tree; alert and watchful, one waits.

And behold! A revelation!

Every inch covered is a slow unveiling of Nature's inimitable beauty and grandeur: the stalwart trees, the stately mountains, bald and angular, the winding rivulets on the mountainsides, the well-sculptured boulders: God's creation. One sits with a feeling of awe.

As the revelation gradually unfolds, one feels a surge within the breast, one feels the heart leap with a steady warmth of the warmness of a sad memory. Reflectively, one wonders why each time one comes around for such an event, the same familiar and wel-

come feeling never fails to come in all its freshness and novelty; not boredom, not callousness through repetition.

Those humble homes, those miniature flimsy houses, hold their ground with pride and determination. They stand witness to man's unrecorded conquests over Nature's undisciplined forces. They characterize the meagerness of country-life, its simplicity and humble pride: an uncomplicated way of accepting and going about life with devotion. One sees the houses scattered sporadically, each standing independent.

Inside these, man's crudely improvised light (coming from lamparillas fashioned out of milk-cans or soft-drink bottles) is overpowered and the shadows fall towards it, not anymore dancing to its playful flickers, but obeying the steady force of the sun's brilliance.

Life awakens and begins to rise to a vibrant tempo. The day has started.

Meanwhile, one remembers. One visualizes what had come to pass during the night. One can still see the slow encroachment of darkness, as the shadows grew vague, straining towards each other until they converged into a single black mass; one's memory re-excites the uninhibited thrill in being met by the lush wildness of unhampered nature and the feeling that this was what one had been seeking after; that, after all, this was where one fitted, where one found undiluted reality and artificially (characterized by stuffed bras, and stuffed heads) not affectedness and nauseam; where one found sincerity and not pretention; where one lost track of time for here time hesitates, time is at a standstill, time which has come to connote rush and change of loyalties. -#

SUMMER ENROLLMENT

(Continued from page 28)

was 3,548, which means an increase this year of 687 summerians and reviewers.

These, however, are not the final figures, as the late enrollees were still being recorded and data processed.

A reason given for the increased summer enrolment is the bigger crop of freshmen college students

desiring to save time in earning units.

On the other hand, certain courses being offered for summer at San Carlos, particularly in Engineering and Chemistry, are not to be found in any other local institution.

Another program underway only at San Carlos is the Summer Science Institute, sponsored here for the fourth year by the National Science Development Board. The Institute has drawn some 140 teachers of mathematics and the natural sciences from 19 provinces and 18 cities in the Visayas and Mindanao.

Concurrently in session for 382 graduates are review courses.

AUDIO-VISUAL SUMMER SEMINAR SCHEDULED

As of last week over 130 administrators and teachers of public and private schools have registered for the three-day Audio-Visual Summer Seminar scheduled here for June 1-3. For convenience, participants are to be limited to 160 in number.

The summer instruction will familiarize participants with locally available audio-visual materials and with some of the modern audio-visual materials and facilities.

Discussants are media specialists Rev. Margarito Alingasa, SVD, Ben Lasola and Ronald L. Viguard.

Father Alingasa, who is director of the Instructional Media Services here at USC, organized the seminar. He holds the degree of M.S. in Education, major in audio-visual instruction, from Indiana university.

Lasola also finished advanced studies in audio-visual instruction in the U.S., at Stout University in Wisconsin. Viguard is resident manager of the Minnesota (3M) Philippines, Inc., distributors of audio-visual equipment and supplies.

"Audio-visual instruction is gaining wider application in many of our schools in the Philippines," Father Alingasa says. "It is necessary that educators inform themselves about the applications of audio-visual techniques and modern communication media in the teaching-learning situation."

Participants pay a registration fee of P5 and refund the school for P5 worth of materials.

The seminar procedure calls for a lecture-demonstration-discussion approach as it creates awareness of the potentialities of audio-visual media for effective classroom communication as well as initiate a professional attitude among educators toward the application of audio-visual materials and techniques.

Participants will be encouraged in the immediate use of simple and inexpensive instructional materials available by local production.

Among the subjects for discussion and demonstration are mounting, copying and lettering processes; chalkboard, magnetic board, flannel-board and electric board; posters, bulletin boards and other displays;

Real things, mock-ups, models, puppets; study pictures and the opaque projection; overhead projection; projected still pictures; filmstrip and 35mm slide projector; taking colored and black and white pictures for slides;

Motion pictures in instruction; television in education; language laboratory; tape and disk recordings; radio; programmed learning; instruction to multi-media and cross-media instruction.

STUDENTS WANT 3-UNIT RIZAL COURSE

Carolinian students, responding to a questionnaire on the Rizal course, are mostly in favor of continuing the teaching of the life and works of the national hero (required under Republic Act 1425), although they are divided on the question whether or not the course should be expanded into a 3-unit subject.

Earlier this year Education Secretary Carlos P. Romulo had sought the opinion of the Father President on the advisability of converting the Rizal course from a one-unit to a three-unit course in order to more thoroughly acquaint the students of the character and ideals of the Philippine patriot.

The matter was referred to the Department of History and Rev. Dr. Theodore van Zijl, department head, sought in turn the thinking of three other academic heads. It was noted that each semester some 900 students in 12 to 14 classes take the Rizal course.

The Commerce Department took the initiative of turning out a mimeographed questionnaire which became useful all around. There were a total of 896 respondents - 486 from Commerce, 291 from Liberal Arts and 120 from the Teachers college. The results disclosed an interesting study of the students' regard for Jose Rizal.

Of the total surveyed, 655 favored the continuance of the present Rizal Course. But should the course be expanded to a 3-unit subject? There were 379 affirmative answers, 378 (one count less) negative, and 30 who "don't know."

Should the course be integrated with another 3-unit subject, say history, Spanish, or a social science? The majority (396) preferred a separate 3-unit Rizal course; 279 voted for integration with history; 63 with Spanish, 75 with social science; 51 "don't know."

How much had they learned about Rizal and his works from the course? Just enough, said the bigger number (664), while 144 answered "very much", 117 "very little," and 18 "nothing."

To what extent had the Rizal course influenced their character? The course, answered 48 respondents, "has inspired me to be a better citizen." Some 126 thought their character had been improved, while 166 found no effect at all, and 101 "don't know."

Tabulating the comments given by the same respondents, Rev. Dr. van Zijl recorded 156 who sought better textbooks, more references, and more study of Rizal's works. As to the quality of teaching, 150 answers indicated the need for competent teachers, majors in history and experts in Rizal.

A good number (357) indicated a serious bent for the Rizal course, citing the need for three units instead of one, for more research, more term papers and more discussions.

On the other hands, 83 respondents suggested less bias in the teaching of the course and that Rizal should be taught "as he really was." The same students favored the teaching of Rizal alongside other national heroes, in the view that Rizal is not the national hero; in fact, it was indicated, there should be no Rizal

course at all - "abolish the course!"

There were 33 essays on Rizal collected by the Teachers College. Of these, Rev. Dr. van Zijl selected three typical views. The first expressed the sentiment that "Rizal died of an insignificant manner", having stood apart from what ought to have been a more fruitful role for a national hero. A second essay chose the directly opposite stand, citing that "All human beings owe its origin to Rizal's labors and death." The third however advanced the more sober assessment: "It is... in the attitude to learn or not to learn that matters... Making Rizal a 3-unit course offers no welfare to national security and development."

The History Department submitted its detailed report on the question to the President's Office, which in turn relayed it to Gen. Romulo. Rev. Dr. van Zijl's assessment of the matter will be carried in a future issue of the Bulletin.

EDITOR LEAVES

After a round of despedida parties given him by the Spanish faculty and other teachers, student friends, and private families, like the Mario Javelosa's, the Dean Pelaezes, and the Mancao-Sandiego's, Rev. Luis Eugenio Schonfeld leaves today for a year's furlough in his home province of Entre Rios, Argentina.

Carolinians familiar with the way Father Luis works - as moderator of The Carolinian and Semper Fidelis, editor of the University Bulletin, and Head of the Spanish Department - agree that this rest is well deserved.

From Cebu, there will be a few weeks in Manila. By mid-May, Father Luis leaves the country by way of Hongkong, Taipei, Japan, Honolulu, and then through the U.S. mainland, passing San Francisco and Los Angeles, with only 3 to 5 days stopover in these cities to take in the sights.

Father Luis plans to spend a full week in Mexico cit, then make a two-day stop in Santiago, Chile. He is to be in Buenos Aires by the end of June. After which it will be home, where he plans to "just do nothing but rest."

Rest however may include a round of public talks, mostly about the

Philippines, a country about which his people know little about.

Father Luis can speak with authority about the Philippines and the Filipinos, having lived here for most of his life.

Father Luis first came to San Carlos in 1939, spent the war years as an evacuee in the mountains of Negros Occidental, then in 1947 took up an assignment in Tagbilaran, Bohol, with Holy Name College, still of the Society of the Divine Word.

Back to San Carlos in 1949, Father Luis became dean of the College of Liberal Arts while being directly involved in the work on the student publications. Three years later he was back in Argentina teaching English and Spanish literature, until June 1960 when he returned to the Philippines and this University.

Aware of how Filipino leaders and the press have become delicately sensitive to a foreigner's reflections on the Philippine situation, Father Luis said he will talk in Argentina "only on what is verifiable."

He would, for instance, let his people know of the Filipino struggle to become "a unique people" with the happy blending of the Latin, Anglo-Saxon and Oriental cultures and to set up a stronger government.

"If there are blemishes on the Philippine image today," Father Luis said, "I feel that it is partly because, as a long time colony, the Filipinos have been used to being led and have scarcely been taught to develop self-initiative, a capacity for growth that is critically important for independent nationhood."

All told, said Father Luis, "Filipinos are still one of the loveliest people to live with."

Letters to Father Luis may be addressed thus: Rdo. P. Luis E. Schonfeld, SVD c/o P. Jorge Krieger, SVD, Calle Mansilla 3865, Buenos Aires (25), Argentina.

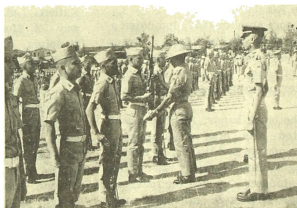
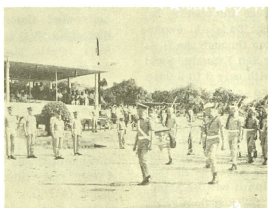
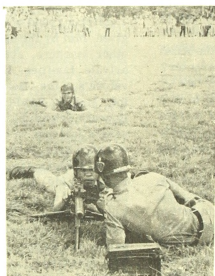
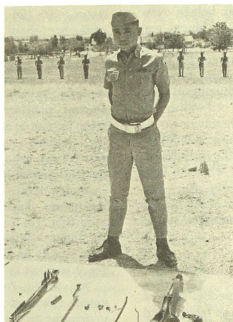
A. I. D. ADVISOR FOR CLOSER

TIES WITH USC

The advisor for manpower development and training of the U.S. Agency for International Development (A.I.D.) Philippine branch, visited San Carlos recently. Conferred with the Father President, Mr. C. F. Bremseth was briefed on (Continued on page 17)

**IT TAKES ALL KINDS
OF TALENTS TO WIN
A STAR**

ROTC
● *Reports*



by RCK

"WE WON THE STAR"

With these words the results of the year-long struggle in sweat and in dust under the burning torrid sun, a struggle often accompanied by the blistered feet and sunburned hands and faces of the 950 USC ROTC cadets this year, were shown. At last the long-desired, much-coveted STAR which USC lost five years ago is back again to grace the shoulder patches of Carolinian ROTC cadets this coming year, and the Commanding General's Trophy will again decorate the ROTC office - a fitting ornament for the specious, airy, new place the University Administration gave to the Corps.

The STAR which this year's coming cadets will wear means that the USC ROTC got the first place in the Tactical Inspections of the 39 ROTC Units in the whole Visayas last school year. It symbolizes the efficiency and excellence of the Corps - from Major Oscar S. Aleonar, the Commandant, SSGT. Bonifacio Ando, the Administrative, Supply, and Training Officer, Cdt. Col. Fidel Dacalos, Jr., Corps Commander, the staff of the ROTC office Fred Asunto and Charitte Pagusara, Fred Antipuesto, the Armorer, down to the last private in the ranks. It means that the help the University Administration gave to the ROTC in its various activities were not wasted. The STAR speaks for the way the Sponsors led by Mrs. Addie Sarthou Batongmalaque, Adviser of the Sponsors, and Miss Abilene Alvez, Corps Sponsors, have inspired the cadets to strive for greater heights.

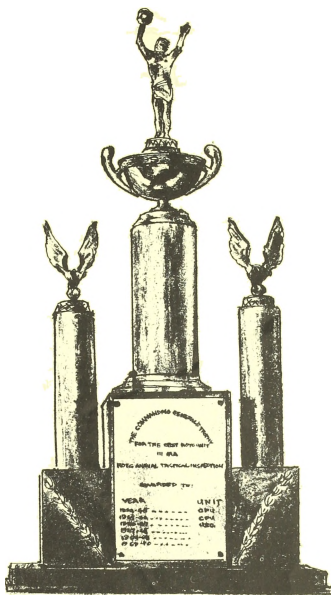
March 24, 1967, Tactical Inspection Day, the day the STAR for USC was born was a tense and hectic day for the cadets. More so because of the flurry of activities at its eve - the cleaning of the rifles, the final brush up on the military sciences.

Early in the morning the cadets assembled at the university quadrangle resplendent in their stiffly-starched, newly-pressed khaki uniforms, well-shined buckles and boots, and newly-cut "white-side wall" haircut. Drawing their guns from the Armory after the roll call they boarded the waiting 6' x 6' Army trucks for Camp Lapulapu. There, in the Parade grounds they waited for the Tactical Inspectors.

At 8:00 A.M. the Tactical Inspectors came. Cdt. Col. Dacalos gave the signal for the inspection to begin.

With a flourish the band struck up a march, the Corps turned in response - the Tactical Inspection was on.

Cdt. Col. Dacalos marched in front of the Corps together with his staff. The whole Corps - company by company with their guidons fluttering in the breeze followed. Passing in front of the grandstand they saluted Very Rev. Fr. President Rudolf Rahmann, SVD, Very Rev. Fr. Rector John Vogelgesang, SVD, Major Oscar S. Aleonar, the Sponsors, and the other guests. Watching them from nearby, the inspectors began rating how they performed.



That was the Ceremonial Parade.

After the parade the Corps was divided and each division given a particular set of problems to solve. Some were theoretical like "What is the meaning of camouflage?" Others were practical like, "Show me how you will make a splint for the fractured leg of your comrade?" "Mount your machinegun to kill the people in the grandstand."

All these the unit passed - and beautifully!

For the group's performance the following cadet officers are responsible:

For the:

Rangers - Cdt. Col. Fidel Dacalos, Jr.
Company Drill - Cdt. Capt. Maximo Encomienda

Platoon Drill - Cdt. Lt. Emmanuel Espiritu
Marksmanship - Cdt. Captains Mauricio Santiago and Erlindo Gonzaga

Military Courtesy and Discipline - Cdt. Captains Gil Blanco and Frank Padilla

Combat Training for the Individual Soldier - Cdt. Captains Francis Alvez and Ab-

(Continued on page 13)

PILIPINO

Pangulong Tudling

NASAAN ANG BUKAL NG LIGAYA?

Nakahihigit sa alin mang bagay dito sa mundo ang panahong iniuukol ng tao sa paghahanap ng tinatawag niyang kaligayahan. Subalit' ano nga ba ang kahulugang napapaloob sa katagang ito? Ito ba'y makakamit sa pamamagitan ng tuwirang paghahangad?

Masdam mo ang ating paligidi; ang baw't gumagaw-law dito. Magkaiba ang damdaming ipinapahayag ng kanilang mga mata, hindi ba? Ano kaya ang kanilang nararama? Maligaya kaya sila o katulad mo ring naghahangad na lumigaya subalit nobibigo?

Minsan sa iyong paglalakad ay nasalubong mo ang isang pulbing nakalahad ang mga kamay, umusal-usal ng halos hindi mo marinig na tinig ng pagmamakaawa habang ang mga mata niya'y walang kakurop-kurop na nakatingin sa iyo, at wala sa loob na dumokot ka sa iyong mga kamay sabay-talikod sa pulubi. Ang pangyoyaring iyon ay pangkaraniwan nang bahagi ng iyong pang araw-araw na ginagawa na hindi mo gaanong pinag-ukulan ng pansin at dagli mong nalimutan. Para sa iyo, ito'y hindi mahalaga subalit ligid sa iyong kaalaman, ang iniabot mo sa pulbing yaon ay isa nang mataking tulug sa kanya. Dahil sa ginawa mo'y tinulungan mo siyang ipag-tawid-buhay ang nagugutom niyang mga anak. Hindi mo napanasin ang ngiti ng kaligayahang sumilay sa labi ng pulubi nang siya'y abutan mo ng pera dahil wala sa isip mo ang iyong ginawa at siya'y hindi mo lubhang napanasin.

Habang patuloy na umaakyat ang tao sa isang napakatarik na bundak at walang nasa isip niya kundi ang maabot ang tuktak nito sa lalong madaling panahon, ay mararamdaman niyang lalo itong tumatarik, lumalayo sa kanyang paningin hanggang sa abutan siya ng matinding pagkopagapod at ang mga sandali'y nagiging kabogut-bogot. Ganyan din ang daranasin ng isang maghahangad ng kaligayahang. Sa iyong pagsusumikap na ito'y makamtan, lalo itong napapalayo sa iyo, lalong nagiging mailap.

Sa kahunayan, ang kaligayahang ay maamo at ito'y matatagpuan mo kahit saan mang dako, kahit hindi mo hanapin. May kaligayahang namumugod sa isang damang hinatayanan ng mga nilikhang nagmamahal. May kasiyahang taglay ang marahang tawa ng isang sanggol sa pandinig ng kanyang namimighating ina at ligaya rin para sa isang asawang napapagod ang malalambing na tinig ng kanyang maybahay. May kaligayahang dumadaloy kasabay sa patak ng luha ng isang toos-pusong nagmamahal. Sa nagmamahal at sa minamahal, ang pagpapakasakit sa ngalan ng pag-ibig ay tanda ng isang dalisay at wagas na pagmamahal. Ang lahat ng ito'y hindi mo namalayan at hindi mo natalos subalit naririyon ang hinahangad mong kaligayahang. Hinahangad mong mapaligaya ang ating Panginoon sa pamamagitan ng pag-alay sa Kanya ng bulaklak at palagi kang nagsisimba

ngunit hindi mo sinusund ang Kanyang mga utos; hindi mo Siya mapapaligaya at ikaw man ay hindi rin liligaya. Ang kaligayahang naidulot mo sa pulubi ay payak at wagas sa paningin niya subalit sa ganang iyo, ito'y walang kahulugan.

Hubad sa katotohanan ang sinasabi nilang nasa sa-lapi ang kaligayahang ng tao sapagkat ito'y hindi nabibili. Mula sa isang malinis at di-mapagkunwaring hangaring maghandang ng tulug sa kapwa at maglingkod alang-alang sa kapakanan ng iba ay sumusupling ang binhi ng tunay na ligaya. Isipin mo lamang na sa baw't kawang-gawang maihandang mo sa iyong kapwa, ay rinutubasan ito ng isang ngiti ng pagpapasalamat at ng kaligayahang sumisilob sa kanyang damdamin ay uusbong sa iyong puso't magdulot sa iyo ng isang tunay, wagas at walang bahid na kasiyahan sapagkat diyan mo lamang matatagpuan ang bukhal ng ligaya.

Ni Lourdes B. Unabia -BSE IV

Ang Pagpaunlad Ng Karunungan

(Ni Sarah C. Boyles - BSE IV)

Ang tao ay may isang kawili-wiling katangiang taglay: ang kawilihan niya sa karunungan at ang palaging pagpaunlad nito. Tayo ay walang pagod, walang sawa sa pagpapakasakit upang makamtan lamang ang tuktok ng karunungan. Ang apat na taon o mahigit pa sa isang pamantasan at ang diplomang kabayaran ng maraming taong pagtititis ay hindi pa sapat upang pigilan ang tao sa pagpapagod ng sarili at pagtutuklas ng lalong mataas nga karunungan. Mula pa noong nakaraang mga taon hanggang ngayon, patuloy pa rin ang tao sa pagpaunlad sa kanyang sarili sa pamamagitan ng dunong.

Ang pagtatapos ay ginanap kamakailan pa lamang. Sa dakilang araw na yaon ay marami ang naliligayahang. Para sa nagsitapos ay natanggap na nila ang gantimpala ng maraming taong pagsisikap - ang diploma. Malaki ang kanilang pagpapasalamat sa Diyos, sa kanilang mga magulang at mga guro na sa huli ay nakanamang nila ang kanilang pinangarap na kererang siyang magbubukas ng lalo pang mabalakid na landas sa buhay.

Malitiit pa tayo nang simulan natin ang pag-aaral upang maangin ang isang matatag at mariwangang kinabukasan. Nasa unang baitang pa lamang tayo sa mababang paaralan nang simulan tayong turuan ng ating mga guro sa pagbasa, pagalulat at pagbigay sa atin ng mga pangaral nang sa gayon ay maging mabubuting mamamayan tayo at soligan ng ating bayan.

Nang magsara ang klase kamakailan, ang ilan sa mga mag-aaral ay umuwi sa kanilang mga lalawigan at pansamantalang lumayo sa magulo't maalikabok na siyudad. Marahil ay abalang-abala sila ngayon sa mga kasiyahan, pistahan at paglililiwaliw sa magagandang pook at tanawin.

Ang iba namang hindi nagbakasyon lalo na yaong taga-lalawigan, ay pumarito sa siyudad upang mag-aaral kahit na mainit ang panahon. Ang maalinsangang paligdi at magulang siyudad ay hindi nakapagpipigil sa kanilang pag-aaral. Nagpatatuloy pa rin sila sa kabila ng mga

(Continued from page 25)

MAIKLING KWENTO

KASALANAN KAYA?

(Ni SOR MA. FELIPA GOMEZ. O.P.)

"Lita, kung ikaw ay magpupumilit sa iyang nais, lilipat kami sa ibang re-lihiyon. Ito'y gagawin namin sa kabila ng katotohanang tayu'y matapat na Ka-toloha".

Yaon ang mga katagang namulas sa bibig ng kanyang amang parang gumim-bani sa katauhan ni Lita. Hindi siya ma-kapaniwal sa kanyang ninang. Ang kanyang ina naman ay walang tanging nagawa kundi ang umiyak at ang sabi sa kanya'y, "Anak, wala kang nalalamang gawin at isa pa, ikaw ay aming bunso. Hindi maatim ng aming damdaming ma-walay ka sa amin".

Halos himatayin si Lita sa matinding sama ng loob. Hindi niya akalaging ipag-kait sa kanya ng kanyang mga magu-lang ang kanyang tanging kaligayahan sa buhay. Akala niya'y masunod niya ang lahat ng kanyang kagustuhan bilang bunsoang anak. Nais niyang maghimag-sik... Naisip niyang isang kalupitan ng ginawang ito ng kanyang mga magu-lang.

Bumalik sa kanyang isipan ang kan-yang kamusuman. Palagi siya noong nasa simbahan at tuwing Sabado't Ling-go'y nasa kumbento siya ng mga pari. Madalas tuloy siyang biruin ng mga pari na mabuti pa'y magpari na rin lamang siya. Ang walang malay niyang isipang hindi pa gaanong nakakaunawa ay wa-lang tanging naitugon kundi ang isang bahagyang ngiti ng pagsag-ayon.

Pagkatapos niya sa mababang paara-lan, ay ipinadala siya ng kanyang ama sa Maynila upang doon ipagpatuloy ang kanyang pagsaal. Marumi siyang na-tutuhan sa Maynila katulad ng pagbi-bisikleta at pagsasayaw kung kaya't unti-unti nang napawi sa isipan niya ang sinabi ng mga pari. Sa loob ng apat na taon sa mataas na paaralan ay wala siyang inatupog kundi ang pag-aaral.

Nagbago ang takbo ng buhay ni Lita nang siya'y ilipat na sa kolehiyo. Sa tulug ng kanyang komposor ay bumalik na naman sa kanyang loob ang pagli-lingkod sa Poong Maykapal. Araw-araw siya'y palaging nasa simbahan at sa tu-wina'y humihingi ng payo sa kanyang komposor ukol sa kanyang nararapat gawin. Habang dumaraan ang mga araw ay napupuna niyang siya'y hindi ma-giligy sa mundo. Para bagang may na-

kulang sa kanyang buhay na hindi na-man niya matiyak kung ano. Ito'y pi-nagsisikapang niyang汪laglit sa kanyang sarili. Subali't hindi niya nagawang pagsisinhugalingan ang kanyang dam-damin at natagpuan na lamang niya ang kanyang sariling nakakipog-usap sa Madre Heneral na isang kumbento. Sa tulug pa rin ng kanyang butihing kom-pesor ay tinanggap si Lita sa kumben-tong yaon. Noon pa niya nadamang tita nasa langit siya at ang busgo ng dam-daming yaon ay siyang lalong nagpapa-tibay sa kanyang pasiya.

Subali't nagdadalang-loob siya. Naisip niya ang kanyang mga magulang at mga kapatid. Maatim kaya ng kan-yang pusong iwon sila? Gumuhit ang katanungang ito sa kanyang isipan nguni't nadama niyang lalong naging malakas ang tawag ng Diyos sa kanya. Wala siyang tanging nagawa kundi ang manalangin sa Mahal na Birhen, at hu-mingi Nitong lakasan ang kanyang loob upang maipagtapat niya ang bagoy na ito sa kanyang mga magulang.

Dalawang buwan na lamang at siya'y popasok na sa kumbento. Pinagsabihan niya ang kanyang mga magulang tungkol dito subali't igtas na pagtutol mula sa kanyang ama't ina ang kanyang natan-gap. Naging matatag ang kapasyahan ng kanyang ama sa paghadlang.

Buo na rin ang loob ni Lita. May pasiayang pumasok sa isipan niya. Hindi maaring mahadlangan siya sa kanyang nais. Mula noon ay lihim siyang nag-hahanda. Humingi siya ng tulug sa la-hat ng kanyang mga kaibigan at upang matakpan ang ginawa niyang ito ay du-malo siya sa mga handaan at pagtitipon. Dabit dito'y inakala tuloy ng kanyang inang nalumutan na niyo ang kanyang pasiyang magmamadre. Isang araw ay umalis siyang hindi nagpaalam at sa kumbento siya tumuloy. Ang kanyang komposor at tatlong kaibigan ang naki-paghatid sa kanya.

Walang taon na ngayon ang nakali-lipas sa buhay ni Lita at sa loob ng pa-nahang ito ay may mga sandaling umu-ikkilil sa kanyang isipan ang nakaraan. Kasalanan kaya ang ginawa niyang pag-talikod sa kanyang mga magulang? Kasalanan kaya ang ginawa niyang pagpa-pakasakit dahil sa isang tunay at wagas na pag-ibig?

Maliigaya naman kaya si Lita ngayon? Ang kasagutan ng katanungang ngayon ay ating masasalamin sa mukha ng mga alagad ng Diyos na larawan ng kasiya-han at walang tanging hangarin sa bu-hay kundi ang mabigyan ng tulug ang

kapwa at mapaligaya ang kanilang Pi-nakamamahala sa Buhay na walang iba kundi si HESUS!

Ang Bahay-Kubo

NI MYRNA DE LA PAZ - BSE IV

Isa sa mga bagay sa ating paligid na masasabing likas na atin lamang ay ang maliit at payak na bahay-kubo. Datapwa't sa kabila ng kanyang kalit-itan, ang bahay-kubo ay may itinatag-gang lakas. Totoang ang bahay-kubo ay isang anyo ng kahinaan datapwa't kung sururiin at pag-uukulan ito ng pansin ay mahahantad ang katotohanang ang bahay-kubo ay hindi kasing-tina ng kaanyuan nito.

Ang bahay-kubo'y buong kata-pangang nakikipagbaba sa ulan at unos na dumarating sa kanya. Bagama't pira-katapos ng unos ay maaaring sira-sira ang pawid, o may isa o dalawang halig-ging kawayan ang bali, di magliipit-araw muli itong makatitindig at anyong hindi dinaraan ng pinsala. Ito ay nagsumikap pa ring makabangon - ma- katindig upang muling humarap sa ha-mon ng mga unos pang darating.

Isa pang katangian ng kubo na di maipagpapalit at talagang korapat sa isang papuri ay ang pagkamakup-kupin nito. Ang bahay-kubo ay handa sa baw't sandaling tumanggap ng sinu-mang bumungad sa kanyang abang pin-tuan at ibig makituhoy - sa manganga-song nauuhaw at nagugutom a kaya'y sa isang naligaw sa bukid. Maralita o salet man sa yaman ang isang bahay-kubo, ito ay hindi nagiging sagwil maibig-nyo ngita sa panauhian ang isang mainit na pagkandili.

Kung pahingahan ang pag-uusapan, ang bahay-kubo ay hindi nagkukulang. Palaging malamig ang loob nito kahit na ang araw ay nagbabaga sa labas. Subali't, kung ito ay sisindihin, walang pagbabakasakaling ito ay biglang mag-niningas.

Sa kagandahan, ang bahay-kubo ay payak nga lamang, nguni't king ito ay papalamutan nang wastong paraan; pa-laging nililinis at Inaaruga nang mabuti, Ito ay nakapagdudulot ng isang tangi-tanging karikatan, at ang karikang ito ay di kallanman maglalaho o magbaba-gyong habang ang bahay-kubo ay binibig-yan ng mabuting pagtingin.

Iyan ang bahay-kubo. Munti, kai-big-ibig, matatag, maralitang sogano sa yaman.

Pilipino Poems

TAG-ARAW
(Ni Sarah C. Boyles - BSE IV)

PAGHIHIWALAY

(Buong pusong Inlilahandag ni Lor Reno kay R.M.)

Nung minsan ako'y napasyal sa daungan ng siyudad,
Kasama'y isang kilalang nagharid sa isang pinsan;
Ang pinsang yao'y tutulak at tutungo sa Maynila,
Pag-aaral ay tapusin sa nabanggit na siyudad.

Sa simula'y kuwentuhan, biruan at lawanan,
Pawang masasayang lahat, mukha'y nangisihiyahan;
Subali't ang lahat na yan ay naging katahimikan,
Nang ang barko'y umalis na, nagsihatid ay natwan.

Ganoon din ang nangyari sa ating paghihiwalay,
Nang ikaw ay aking iwan, puso nati'y nauula,
Sa matimyas na pag-tbig mula sa ating damdamin
Kapwa umibig ng lubos, kailanma'y di maglaho.

Para ko pang nakikita ang 'yong malungkot na mukha,
Sumpang ako'y hihintayin ang namulus sa 'yong bibig;
Umasa akong tapat ko sa pangakong binitiwang,
Ako'y di rin maglilita sa pagmamahal ko sa 'yo.

Kaypanglaw, kaylungkat noon, paligid ay nakisisa,
Sa kelungkutang nadama ng ating mga damdamin;
Luha ko'y unti-unti nang dumaloy sa aking pinsag,
Bagama't alam ko giliw yao'y nagpahrap sa 'yo.

Mga mununting bitu'y natamalyang pangmamamasdan,
Mula sa 'king durungawan, ng silid kang kaypanglaw;
Ang damdamin ko'y ulila, ang ginawa'y gunitain,
Ating mga nakaraang masasayang araw.

Lungkot at hapis ng buhay ay daglitang nawawala,
Tuwling aking matatanaw ang liwanag ng paligid;
Pagkat patang ikaw giliw, ang sa aking nagpakita,
Upang damhin at aliw; nangungulila kong dibidib.

Laman ko sa aking isip, buhay ka't aking ligaya,
Langit ko'y yong pagmamahal; maniniwala ka sana;
Pag-tbig mo'y ligaya ko habang ako'y may hininga,
Ako'y magbabalik sa 'yo; toyo'y di na maghihiwalay.

INAY... INAY...

Inang pinakamamahal sa tanang abang buhay ko,
Sana'y dinggin yaring anak na nananawagan sa 'yo,
Kahit ang buhay ko'y abo, tanging sa 'yo laalay
at sa aking paglalakbay, makakamtan ko'y tagumpay.

Anong lungkot gunitain naong ako ay umalis,
Mga mata mo'y luhaan sa anak lubhang nanangis,
Ilan kayang mga araw, ilan kayang mga gabi
hanggang sa buong magdamag, mga mata'y ipikit-dilid?

Hindi ko malilimutan ang iyong pag-aaraw,
Gabi't araw'y kumalalagang hanggang sa ako'y lumaki,
Ang lahat ay ibinigay upang ako'y paligayhan,
Pag ikaw ay tumanda na, ako ay magsilbi rin.

At nang ako ay lumaki, buta't balat matigas na,
Ikaw, mahal kong ina, umasang silibhitan ko;
Subali't anong ginawa ng lapaanan mong anak?
Umalis welang paalam; iniwa'y kawawang ina.

Maraming taon ang lumipas; mga taong lipos-hipop
Ako'y nagbalik ina ko, tanging ikaw ang hinanop
Nang datnan kita ina, o... o... wala ka nang buhay,
Pa'no ang aking tagumpay kung wala ka na rin Inay?

Naririto na naman panahong tag-init,
katawan ng lahat ay nanimilipit;
kahit mapasan toyo'y pinagwily,
maghopo't magdamag sa Init nananangis.

Kahit man, ang Init ay di nagpapabago
sa king damdamin sa panahong Ito,
Ito'y nagdadala sa puso nituman
ng kaligayahang di matutumbasan.

Kapag dumarating ang panahong Ito,
Maganda ang lahat sa paningin ko,
Masdan hyo ang langit, bitu'y maninging,
pumapagaspas rin malamig na hangin.

Maraming bulaklak sa paligid-ligid,
Doon sa malayo pari mga gilid,
Ang kanilang bango ay nakalalasing,
Sa kanilang ganda hang'y naglilambing.

Sa mga halaman ating mamamasdan
ang mga bulaklak talagang ulwan,
Mga puri-puro laging dumarapo
sa mga bulaklak tunay na mababangon.

Ang agas ng tubig ay nakalulugod,
pagaspas ng hang'y pangawit sa pagod;
Ibong nagsawit, pansigla sa buhay,
Talagang tag-init ang lunas sa lungay.

Sa malayong nayon, sa mga bukirin,
Ang lahat ng tao'y masasayahin;
Sila'y dumadala sa mga pistahan,
Doo'y malagpuan, mga kalibigan.

Sa panahong ito, panahon ng tag-init,
Sa huwa ay tigib, hamak at malit;
Sapagka't sa atin ito'y nagharatid
ng ganda sa buhay sa lahat ng saglit.

Ikaw, oo, tag-init, ang buhay ng lahat,
Ang kaligayahon ay sa 'yong balikat,
Masigla ang lahat kung dumarating ko,
Ikaw ang liwanag, ikaw ang ligaya.

LUMIMOT KA MAN
(Ni Agnes Shun - BSE IV)

Lumuluha ako nang ako'y liwanan,
Sa tabi ng ilog na aming tipanan;
Ikaw ay lumayo at ako'y iniwan,
Buhay ko'y aahin kung wala ka rin lang.

Malimot ko ba ang ating pag-tbig,
Bawa't araw ikaw ang laman ng isip;
Lumimot ko man at lumayo sa akin,
Ikaw pa rin siyang aking itbigin.

Batid kong may iba ka nang mahal,
At ako'y nilimot mo na nang tuluyan;
Subali't handaan mo aking mahal,
Ala-ala kita maging gabi't araw.

Inasam-asam ko ang pagbabalik mo,
Pag-tbig mong lagi ang hinihintay ko;
Baliw man lang ako kung lilitaw mo,
Buliw pang mamatay sa pag-tbig sa 'yo.

Sakali ma't ikaw'y kanyang liwanan,
Pagmamahal ko ay laging maghihintay;
Bumalik ka itag sa aking kandungan,
Ating sarwalin ang nangakaran.

society

RUTH SARRA AB I

Hello! Welcome all of you summerians to beloved USC. There are lots and lots of them. Just like ants in an ant-hill. And an assorted bunch at that. There are the serious geniuses, the singing nuns, the happy-go-lucky, the eager beavers and many types more. I bet you'll enjoy seeing them and drawing your own conclusions. Well, well you can be sure we brush shoulders everyday, so how about playing up the camera eye. Or talent scouting would be better. A nice way to start the ball rolling would be applying Keat's words, "Beauty is all you know on earth and all you need to know."

Georgina Camacho made the headlines last month with her being crowned Queen of Labor. She more than deserves it, doesn't she? To her our belated congratulations. She made another addition to USC's list of beauty titles. Evelyn Rama, too, is being serious this time. Wonder what's up. The same goes to Purita Lajato who manages the fresh look every moment of the day. Zenda Garcia, too, is not alone these days, what with the Council Herald keeping her busy. You can't miss these gals in our perennial beauty mill.

The National Union of Students of the Philippines held their Midyear Conference at CIT last May 9-13. The busybuds who represented the USC group were no other than Rodolfo Kintanar, Lorenzo Lee, Estrella Besinga, Rene Aller, Jose Cavada, Concepcion Mancelita and Nelson Rosal. Members of the Secretariat of the said conference were Melinda Bacol, Erlinda Sy, Carmelita Ladia, Joy Seville and Aurora Soriana. Each of them had a share of the dough.

Last May 13 was a red-letter day for Rev. Fr. John Vogelgesang it being his silver sacerdotal anniversary. A dinner in his honor was tendered by the USC faculty at the Celebrity Steak House. The Celebration mass which highlighted the

affair was participated in by Archbishop Julio R. Rosales Auxiliary Bishop Manuel Salvador, the SVD community, USC faculty and student body. Through this column, we are extending our greetings to Rev. Fr. Rahmann and Rev. Fr. Kolk for their respective appointments. More power to them!

Strolling in the library, (not studying, mind you), I saw some die-hard students like Amelia Causito, Perla Isobal, Betty Yap and Dolores Lozada, deeply immersed in their quest for knowledge. Attagirls!

Summer session is obviously the time when a number of new people come in. Without much doubt Elizabeth Young, Dorothy Lim, Cristina Canga, Fe de los Reyes and Eleanor Cabahug are having their taste of college life in a grand way. So too with the group of Virgie Dee, Nita Calderon, Marilu Martinez, Ester Bartido and Rebecca Cortes who always find time to chat even in the face of examinations. I must say it's a healthy attitude, nevertheless.

Another group of neophytes who intend to finish their courses earlier are Roberto Galvez, George Alpuerto, Phillip Medalle, Primo Villarria, Romeo Reyes and Efren Lirio. How do you find college life guys?...not boring, I presume.

For Anita Jayme, a Maryknoller, it is a come-home affair for this summer at least. Now she is back with the old group of Myrna Aguilar, Corazon Conde, and Amelia Guanco. How does it feel to back to the fold, eh?

The passage "Melodies are sweet but those unheard are sweeter" is truly justified in the persons of Lucille Lozada, Henriett Raquel, Medatrix Raffinan and Jocelyn Ostunal who keep this world merrier with their constant conversation.

There are some students I saw who cannot live without the chapel: Macrina Kilaton, Minerva Francisco, Iris Navarro and Vicenta Cabahug should serve as models to other students who sometimes forget we have a chapel in the third floor. No offense meant here, huh!

On the cultural side of things, we have a few new bets. T-V wise, Carolinians like Josephine Pelaez, Vivien Bernus, and Moya Jackson are dishing out their native acting talents. Bunny Pages, Gerry Urolo,

and Rhene Ames too are spending their time profitably by joining the Summer Playhouse sponsored jointly by the USIS and the Peace Corps.

In passing, Carmelita Rodriguez, a USC alumna in Architecture was recently married to Rafael Salas, the Executive Secretary. Their special guests included Pres. Marcos and the First Lady. Enid Ruiz, also USC alumna in Bachelor of Arts middle-assisted it with an Australian pen-friend who came to Cebu to marry her. Should I say then love knows no bounds? We wish them a happy life ahead. Nilda Castro, a B.S. Math graduate last year is going to St. Scholastica's College, Manila to teach Physics and Math in their high school department this coming school year.

R-r-r-ring. Oops, there goes the bell! Back to the classroom now. Let's continue next time, okay?

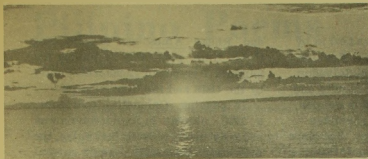
COMMENTS ON THE NUS ...
(Continued from page 15)

those who thought for the Union, those who did their best in the Congress that their feasible resolutions be implemented, to them the congress was no farce, it was an exhilarating experience sharing what they could present and knowing the delegates' enthusiastic spirit for the amelioration of the National Union of Students of the Philippines.

Although criticism can lead into ACTION, only constructive criticism is desirable.

Verily and honestly, I believe that the Congress was no farce. It was not absurd and ridiculous. Through it the students of the member schools by their delegates had the occasion to reorient themselves with the NUSP aims and objectives, accomplishments as a result of the Mid-year Conference will follow later. If the Union did fail somewhere it is for the officers with the support of the members to offer remedial measures; not to blame the Union for discrepancies and frustrated student hopes and aspirations since the Union cannot in reality speak by itself. It's still the NUSP members and officers who speak in its name!

Erlinda Sy
Commerce IV



Summer

Brings that glorious sunrise...

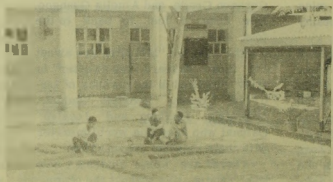
... and a sun that makes
you want a fan.



... and fountains wonderful



... a sun that makes a
shade a bliss ...



... or seek the solace of a
cool waterfall ...



Summer also comes with
sunsets that brings
nostalgia to the heart.

UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS

Cebu City, Philippines

Founded in 1595

Conducted by the SVD Fathers

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Doctor of Philosophy in Philosophy
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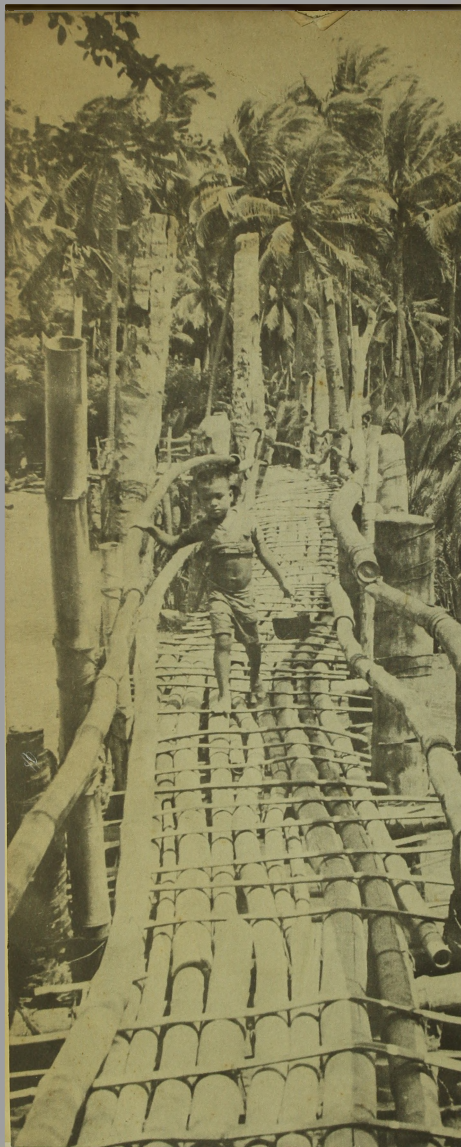


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