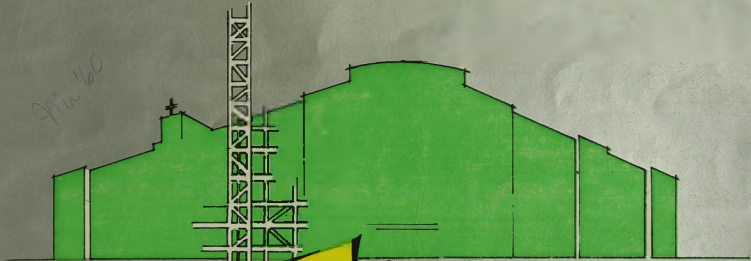


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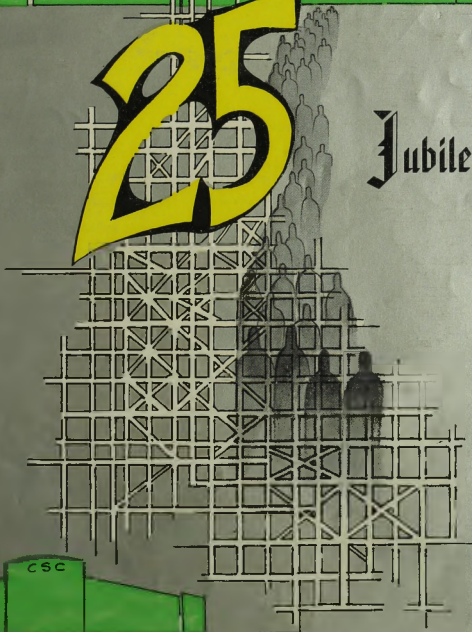
Official Publication of the Students
of the University of San Carlos



25

Jubilee-Graduation
... 1960.

Handwritten signature



Vol. XXIII • No. 4



by
Manuel S. Go

FR. JOHN'S MAGAZINE. — *The Mission World*, official publication of the Divine Word missionaries in the Far East, has come off the press with two issues already. It is an interesting magazine which deals largely with the various aspects of Catholicism, paying special attention to missionary activities; it is available for general circulation.

The "C" staffers, who remember Father John fondly for his stint in the "C" as Moderator, wish him and the *Mission World* Godspeed!

A.R.M. — Art Editor Amorsolo R. Manligas will soon graduate and leave the "C", after three years of devoted service to it. To us who belong to the tight little "C" group which is now beginning to feel the pangs of disintegration, Amor's departure will mean an additional loss. To all of you who have been reading the "C", it will also be a great loss. One glance at his illustrations will readily tell you why.

CREDIT LINE. — Our sincerest thanks go to those who, in one way or another, helped the staff transform its dream of a special jubilee number into a reality:

To the ever-reliable Catholic Trade School which has never failed us;

To Jack Angulo, Albert Herrera, and P.T. Uy, who furnished the bulk of the pictures;

To the contributors to the section on the Professions who took time out of their busy days to oblige us with their impressions on their fields of endeavor;

And to those who gave us valuable suggestions or inspired us, by their kind interest or by their mere presence, to do harder work than we would ordinarily have done.

IN THIS ISSUE. — We have five special and comprehensive features on USC and the SVD for the jubilee section. They should prove highly interesting and informational to those among you who wish to follow the course of the University's progress.

In the section on the Professions, we present the broad outlines of the possible worlds of endeavor open to college graduates with a view to inspiring them. *Wow!* We have not done this in vain.

Sinugboanon here takes its first bow. We are sure it will be the most damned and praised feature of the "C" — at least in this issue. But we have this to say about it: as long as we remain a people with our own identity, the Cebuano language will continue to be spoken, will continue to express the peculiar shades and nuances of our thoughts and feelings which can never find adequate expression in any

other language; and we want all to know that the *Carolynian* deems it an honor and a privilege to carry these thoughts and feelings on its pages.

D. M. Magtalang, in his final work for the "C", runs true to form and treads on dangerous ground and defies the judgment of the nation's literary pundits when he returns a verdict of thumbs-down on *Heart of Clay*. His review is largely a study of values, and in it, he recalls the "modern" tendency to mistake sex for love and proceeds, in a highly poetic diction, to paint his own concept of love: beautiful and noble and inspiring and "soft as the glow of Victorian candlelight."

Junne Canizares' story is taken right out of the pages of his recollections of the Baguio convention, and the chosen incidents are reproduced with almost reportorial fidelity. But he waits something more into them: an atmosphere of quiet nostalgia.

In "Rebirth," Paco Robles portrays an old man's suffering with such a sensitive touch that you forget certain unrealities and errors and find yourself sympathizing with the old man and actually sighing relief when the latter is delivered from destruction and finds "tall peace after the un-peace."

"I Love Calculus," our leap year offering, is a story of a love... but which ain't really for calculus. If you don't dig us, man, then read the story.

"Impulse" is a poem addressed to *inspiration* whom the author regards with the same tenderness that he would accord his lady love.

Al Amores tries his hand at *haikus* and produces word-pictures that are positively pretty and charming.

"Golden Summer" is poetry in prose. It fills you with the mellow warmth of a love that was lost and found again, and, better than that, it allows you to fathom no matter how fleetingly, the deepest recesses of a soul inherently delicate and beautiful.

A. B. Sitoy's "The Clock and I" is a very personal, and, for that reason, very spicy, summing up of his six years in San Carlos. It of course includes what he always describes to us as his bagging of his wife (the poor guy never having realized he may have been the one bagged after all!).

There are still many more offerings in this issue, and we shall feel sufficiently rewarded if you will enjoy reading them. You see, we were thinking of you when we prepared them.

Happy vacation! We'll be seeing each other again, won't we?

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JUBILEE - GRADUATION

I S S U E



The
CAROLINIAN

Official Publication of the Students
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Cebu City, Philippines

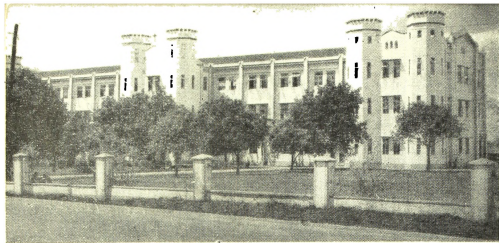
Editorial

THE SILVER JUBILEE

THE ATTITUDE of the Cebuano community towards the SVD Fathers may not at all be uniform, but it is certain that every Cebuano admits the SVD Fathers are playing a major role in the province's affairs, especially in the educational field. The "C" therefore finds the 25th anniversary of their arrival in Cebu as something that deserves more than casual notice, and joins the rest of the University of San Carlos and the people of Cebu in commemorating the occasion. Here, then, is the jubilee number. —

M. S. G.

A Report on



CHRIST THE KING MISSION SEMINARY IN QUEZON CITY
Cradle of Filipino S.V.D. Missionaries

WRITING an article about the SVD Fathers in the Philippines is like solving a giant jigsaw puzzle. The pieces are there for the picking and sorting out — but where does one begin?

Naturally, we asked this question to so qualified a person to answer it as the Reverend Constante C. Floresca, SVD, of the Christ the King Mission Seminary in Quezon City. His answer:

"There are no pamphlets, no books or histories of the SVD Fathers in the Philippines. We have not yet come around to writing about ourselves... I have an unfinished chronological history of the SVD in the Philippines, but I have reached only up to 1925..."

It is easy to say that the first SVD missionaries arrived in the Philippines in August, 1909. But it is difficult to find the real answer to the question: Why did they come? We say difficult because in answering the question one has to look back to September 8, 1875, when Father Arnold Janssen "Servant of God" founded the first mission house in the hamlet of Steyl, Holland.

Father Janssen's immediate aim was to enlist the German-speaking Catholics in the great work of the foreign missions. But thirty years after the establishment of the first foundation at Steyl, the SVD reached North American shores. Divine Providence forced him to broaden the scope of the Society in answer to the urgent appeals of bishops all over the world for sorely needed priest. Recognizing in these appeals the clear will of God, Father Arnold sent his priests not only to the missions in China, Japan, Africa, and New

Guinea, but also to the Christian countries in South America: Argentina, Paraguay, Ecuador, Brazil, and Chile. It was the condition of the American Negroes in the United States that finally convinced Father Arnold that the Society had work to do there.

By recruiting members from the people among whom the Father worked, the SVD became an international religious body.

The last country to which Father Arnold personally consented to send missionaries was the Philippines. The first SVD missionaries arrived in August, 1909.

Since they had been called by the bishop of Vigan, they proceeded North immediately, and were conducted by the bishop himself to their first mission, Pilar, Abra, a town then, as now, known



HOLY NAME COLLEGE
Tagbilaran, Bohol

for its special devotion to Our Lady of the Pillar. As the number of missionaries increased, the bishop of Vigan gave them more and more missions, until the whole province of Abra was placed under the care of the SVD.

The Archbishop of Manila, seeing that many SVD priests continued to arrive, sought help from the Superiors to help out also in the city of Manila. In response to the request, began work in the present Holy Ghost parish.

In 1933, the SVD Father were also given the northern towns of Cagayan.

In 1937, the whole island of Mindoro was placed under the care of the SVD.

Today, Abra has a Praeclatus Nullius,

the Most Reverend Odilo Etspueler, SVI, Mindoro's Vicar Apostolic, the Most Reverend William Duschak, is also a member of the Society.

The Society formally started school-work in 1935, when the late Archbishop Gabriel Reyes summoned the SVD to take over the administration of the *Colegio de San Carlos*. The first rector of the Colegio was the late Very Reverend Arthur Dingman, SVD, who held the position for two terms: 1935 - 1938 and 1945 -



ST. WILLIAM'S COLLEGE
Loaog, Ilocos Norte

1948. After World War II, the Society received so many requests and petitions to open Catholic schools that it had to refuse many of them for lack of personnel. However, besides the University of San Carlos, the Society agreed to organize the following colleges: Holy Name College, Tagbilaran; St. Paul's College, Tacloban City; St. William's College, Loaog; Immaculate Conception College, Vigan; Colegio del Sagrado Corazon, Bangued; and Mindoro College, Calapan. The Society has also twenty-three high schools in Abra, Cagayan, Pangasinan, Mindoro, and Bohol.

The SVD has one of the biggest mission presses in the world at the Mother House in Steyl, Holland. The apostolate of the press is a birthright left to the Society by its Founder, and therefore, in 1924, the SVD in the Philippines founded the Catholic Trade School. From the date of establishment until the present, the CTS has printed millions of religious publications, ranging from novenas to textbooks. (The CTS takes pride in having furnished the first paper to General MacArthur for the signing of Japan's unconditional surrender.) Such well-known books as *My Catholic Faith*, by Bishop Morrow and the *Life of Christ* (in Tagalog) by Father J. Ledesma, SJ, are also printed in the Catholic Trade School in Tayuman, Manila. The SVD printing press is one of the staunchest defenders of the Church of God.

The SVD Society is known through-



HOLY INFANT PARISH CHURCH
Catepan, Or. Mindoro

the SVD in the Philippines

by ATTY. TOMAS L.L. ECHIVARRE

out the world as a promoter of the native clergy. In the United States, St. Augustine's Seminary, (St. Louis, Miss.) was the first seminary for colored vocations. Of the first Chinese SVD priests, one is His Eminence, Thomas Cardinal Tien, SVD. Almost all the Indonesian priests in our missions are members of the SVD. The rector of the Catholic University of Nagoya is a Japanese, the Reverend Franciscus Kiichi Numazawa, SVD.

From 1934 to 1958, the Society has steadily increased its Filipino membership, and today, it counts with 31 Filipino Priests, 37 Scholastics, 28 Clerical Novices, 4 Brothers, 9 Brother Novices, and 112 Minor Seminarians.

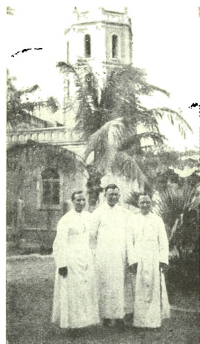
The first Filipino SVD missionaries to work outside the Philippines are Reverend Fathers Fernando de Pedro and Manuel Villaruz, who left in 1950 for Indonesia. They were followed in 1954 by the Reverend Cesar Raval and soon also by Reverend Bienvenido Prado, who recently received his appointment for the same country.

In the Philippines, many difficulties had to be overcome before a mission seminary, *Christ the King Mission Seminary*, was opened. The seminary is presently located in Quezon City. Last October 15, 1959, the cornerstone of a newer and bigger chapel of Christ the King Mission Seminary was blessed and laid by His Eminence, Rufino Cardinal Santos, Archbishop of Manila.

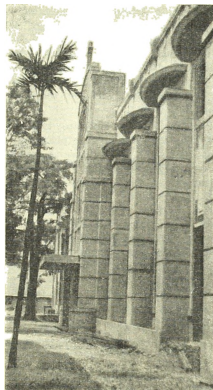
Behind that ceremony are fifty years of mission work in the Philippines by the tireless Fathers of the SVD and

25 years of pioneer work in the training of native Filipinos in the religious life. Today, Christ the King Mission Seminary — built by Padre Theodor Battenbruch, after twenty five years, is bristling with activity and is so over-crowded that in the next school year, it is feared that corridors might have to be used for dining rooms.

From the face of the foregoing facts, it is but fair and necessary to ask the



SVD Fathers under the shadow of the PRELATAL CHURCH OF BANGUED, ABRA.



CATHOLIC TRADE SCHOOL Oroquieta St. Manila

fact is that there is not one Filipino in the roll of canonized saints or martyrs, the heroes of the Church.

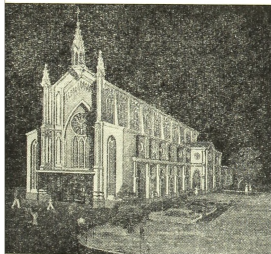
"But this can be grossly exaggerated or misunderstood. The Faith was not exactly handed to the Filipino on a silver platter. The early Christian communities, especially in the South (Visayas and Mindanao), had to suffer attacks from the Moros (Mohammedans) for two hundred years. A more careful historical research reveals the heroic stand of the early Filipino Christians in their struggle against perversion by pagans within, and invasion from enemies without.

"It is not true that there were no martyrs or saints in the Philippines; but it is true that there was no spectacular persecution in the Islands. A Japanese Shogun or a Chinese Emperor lashing out against foreign Christianity make a better and more colorful news than some Moro chieftains like Buisan or Corralat prowling the southern seas of the Philippines. Moreover, the relative failure of the Church in those big empires of the Orient makes a sombre backdrop that emphasizes and underlines its Christian martyrdom. But the glorious success of the Church in the Philippines tends to hide and minimize the sweat and the blood that was the actual price of Christianity in this country as in any other."

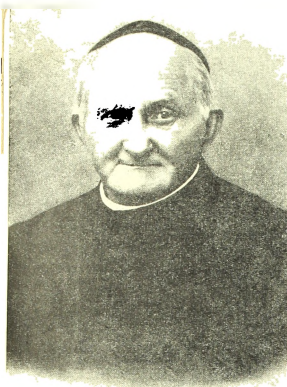
With Fr. Braganza's observations, this writer adds his two cents' worth on the matter: Filipino Catholicism, for the past years, has grown strong enough to stand its ground against the impact of Japanese paganism (1941-1945) and Russian Communism. Indeed, the SVD contribution to this sterling quality of Filipino Catholicism is a very major one. The facts speak for themselves. §

following questions: Taken collectively, what is the present score on the quality of Filipino Catholicism? The answer is found in a sharp analysis made by Rev. Jose Vicente Braganza, SVD, in his article: "Filipino Missionaries for the Far East." Reverend Braganza, in that article, says:

"The very ease with which Filipinos took to Christianity seems to "cheapen" the quality of their faith, in the eyes of some Catholics. The Filipino takes his religion for granted. The lack of any organized opposition or persecution might seem to imply that Filipinos did not have to "pay" dearly for their faith as their neighbors in Asia; what one does not pay for a work for is often not fully prized or appreciated. The



ESPIRITU SANTO PARISH CHURCH Rizal Avenue, Manila



THE VEN. FATHER ARNOLD JANSSEN
 Founder of the Society of the Divine Word and
 the two Sisters' Congregations: Missionary Sisters
 Servants of the Holy Ghost, and Servants
 of the Holy Ghost of Perpetual Adoration.

SCATTERED over Austria, Italy, Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, England, North and South America — in fact, over almost all points of the globe, from the remotest to the readily accessible — are the Society of Divine Word Fathers. These men, patient, courageous, enterprising, labor from day to day, joining their forces in an effort to restore the lost sons to the right road of life to bring the lost man back to the loving arms of God. All this the world "owes" to Father Arnold Janssen, servant of God, and indefatigable pioneer in mission work.

The famous saying, "like father, like son," applies to Father Janssen. He

Father Arnold Janssen

MAN OF GOD

by **NELSON LAROSA**

was born on November 5, 1837 to a poor, toiling family — one that had to wrest from the earth the bread of life. A family which knew only labor, back-breaking labor. A family which had not tasted the "finer things" of life. Nevertheless, one that had learned to love God. Father Janssen's had been, thanks to God, a Christian father and a praying mother. Their example had a special influence on the boy's future life work.

Father Janssen's infinite love for work coupled with undying prayer and deep-seated faith in God, traits he had acquired from father and mother, were the reasons for his success as a student, young priest and teacher, and mission worker. For who could have overcome such mountains of difficulties he was to meet throughout his life without such love, prayer and faith? He made his own the old monastic motto and program, *Ora et Labora*. Prayer characterized everything Father Janssen did, great or small; for him, "All was for God."

The Student Arnold

Arnold was good as a student. He did have two outstanding qualities: remarkable diligence and thoroughness. None of his fellow pupils could outdo him in these two. He faithfully ap-

plied himself to all his subjects, but he had a decided flair for mathematics. Whenever a tough problem made his classmates despair, they would come to him for the solution. And without pride, he would gladly solve the problem for them.

Once, in the summer of 1858, Arnold won the first prize for a mathematical essay on curves. With the prize money, he invited his aged father to visit him in Bonn. For all his successes, he never forgot to give due credit to his parents, who had done so much for his sake. — What he had been in his student years determined in no small measure what he was to be in the future.

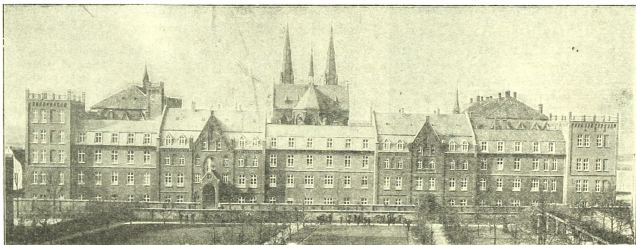
Graduating on July 11, 1855, at the age of eighteen, Arnold expressed his desire to study theology and become a priest. His parents, realizing the seriousness of his intention and believing he could serve God better by that vocation, calmly gave their consent. Thus on October of that year, Arnold entered the ecclesiastical seminary, the *Collegium Borromaeum*, at Muenster.

As Young Priest and Teacher

Arnold Janssen's ordination and first mass took place on August 15 and
 (Continued on page 34)

The Mission House of the Society of the Divine Word in Steyl, Holland.

Through its portals have passed hundreds of bearers of the word of God to distant lands.



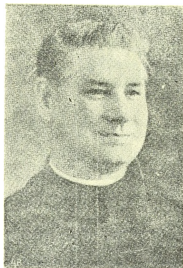
THE Rectors OF USC

VERY REVEREND Arthur Dingman, S.V.D., was the first Rector of the University of San Carlos.

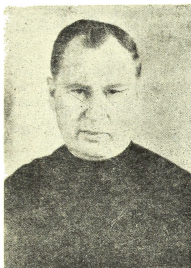
He came to the Philippines in 1929 and taught at the Diocesan Seminaries of Vigan and Binmaley. In 1934, he became rector of the Colegio de San Carlos, a position he held until 1940. During the war, he was interned in Los Baños. After liberation, he started, with the help of the rest of the S.V.D. Fathers under him and old Carolinians, the reconstruction of the Colegio de San Carlos and saw its eventual elevation to university status. In 1949, he returned to Manila and taught at the Christ the King Seminary and the same time, he was chaplain of the Holy Ghost College. He returned to the United States in 1957.

Reverend Dingman was ordained priest on June 14, 1924 at Chicago. For a while, he taught Greek and English at the St. Mary's Seminary in Chicago.

He died on January 4, 1960. He had suffered recurrent heart attacks in recent years.



FR. DINGMAN, S.V.D.



FR. EDERLE, S.V.D.

VERY REVEREND Enrique Ederle, S.V.D., was born on October 3, 1895 in Valle Maria, Entre Rios, Argentina.

In 1914, he joined the Society of Divine Word and in 1923, he was ordained priest.

On July 16, 1925, he arrived in the Philippines. In June, 1939, he became Rector of the Colegio de San Carlos. It was during his incumbency as Rector of CSC when the institution, for the first time since 1595, opened its portals for women. It was also during his term when the College of Engineering and the College of Law were organized.

Until the outbreak of war in 1941, Reverend Ederle held his position as Rector with earnestness and dedication. In 1946, Reverend Ederle became Prefect Apostolic of Mindoro. His present assignment is in Spain.

VERY REVEREND Albert van Ganswinkel, S.V.D., came to the Philippines sometime in the early thirties. From 1934 to 1941, he was Professor of Theology and Philosophy in Vigan Seminary in Ilocos Sur. In 1941, he became the Secretary-Registrar of the Colegio de San Carlos and taught Philosophy subjects in the College of Liberal Arts, a reading course in the College of Law and Religion.

Before coming to the Philippines, Reverend Ganswinkel studied in Rome and took a post-graduate course in Philosophy. While studying in the Gregorian University under the Jesuit Fathers, he was awarded "Bachelor in Canon Law" (B.Can. L.) in 1930. He was ordained priest in 1932. He is presently the Rector of St. Paul's College in Tacloban City.

(Continued on page 13)



FR. van GANSWINKEL, S.V.D.

by C. FAIGAO

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ROLL back the years.

Retreat into time.

It is January 1946. You are standing on the corner of Felaz and P. del Rosario streets. Behind you is the charred, resisting concrete shell of the Colegio de San Carlos, bare, unroofed, grim reminder of the four-year holocaust. Above you the raw-boned skeleton threatens to fall. Scraggly weeds tear through the interstices.

Before you a few paces away stands Sto. Rosario church, resistant, *spirit* over substance, mind over matter. Silhouetted against it is the young duhat tree, pest-ridden, disconsolate. Nearer, where the engineering building now stands, is boggy grassland bisected by a footpath. The frogs still chorus there in the cold, rainy nights.

In the Sto. Rosario dormitory (now the Girls' High School) the Colegio de San Carlos had strained on its haunches, to rise again in the painful task of educational rehabilitation and the first collegiate classes were being held there. American GIs of the American Division in their prim olive drab are still a daily sight on acacia-festooned Jones Avenue. In front of Aling Monay's improvised eatery still gather bunches of America's armed manhood and the Yankee sergeant still guzzles bottles of Silver Cup with cucumber and fried chicken.

Japanese bombs, however, did not spare the San Carlos chapel at the back wing of the San Carlos building where Father Baumgartner now stores his 40-thousand volumes treasure trove.

The second floor of the wing is still intact, the rain seeping into the basement spaces which have been salvaged into classrooms to house the high school department. The upper concrete walls still stand straight and protesting, still hallowed by the bombed saintliness. Sawali has been used to make the partitions, lumber picked up from the surroundings has been fashioned to make chairs, and around this little domain walks Father Hoerdemann, much younger, more spry, already the human dynamo that he would always be in the succeeding years.

In these classrooms Pepe Rodriguez, in perennial khaki pants and flying shirt, taught geometry; Inting Medalle once more picked up the threads of his mission; Father Hoerdemann himself once more took the helm to guide the wild and the wayward. Into these classrooms I sauntered one morning and talked the good Father to taking me into the same task to which I had already given ten good years of my life teaching in Cebu Public high schools with a dedication that was to overpower the attractions of a legal practice.

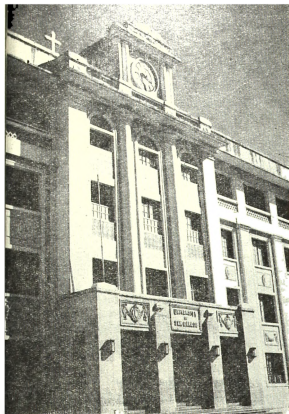
Here I spent most trying days. Caught in the throes of a country's rebirth, I met the challenge of the maladjusted flotsam of the years, the moral orphans of the post-war period who had seen the breakdown of moral values, the morally undernourished brats of the early forties who must be rehabilitated and wrested from the inertia of decadence that had pulled at the unhappy, war-torn country.

For the teachers it was a real ordeal. As the teacher comes in, the room is quiet as a graveyard. Then you know that something is brewing. You plunge into the recitation, turn your back to write something on the board, and then Zzzzzip!... a piece of paper crumpled into a balled pellet makes a bull's-eye of your ear or nose. You reddens, that is your ears do and you ask, your voice sounding sepuchral, Who did that? Meanwhile, you feel your dignity slowly melting under you.

There was the typewriter tick. You are explaining the causes of the Crusades and you hear a tick...tic...tick... It is the sound of a typewriter. You try to ignore it. You notice that they are watching you and waiting for your reaction. Unless somebody come clean, you say, you will not dismiss the class. The class stays. The siege continues. The innocent ones complain, — they are hungry. One must eat and so must you, and you dismiss them except the hard-boiled ones to whom your suspicion has narrowed. The clock ticks and you surrender. The last straw has broken the camel's back.

What a pestiferous gang they were, hollering, swearing, ganging, the moral backwash of the years of war. The innocent ones, the smaller boys, went along with them like jelly-fish in the stream.

These were the wards that were thrust upon us for educational and moral rehabilitation. We were to remould them into good citizens, to break the spiritual



THE USC FACADE.

inertia and reinforce the weakening structure with whatever timber in us had not buckled in the adversities of the war.

The weary time wore on and it was with a feeling of guilt and a sense of inadequacy that I remember how one morning I knocked at the door of the office of Father Dingman to tell him that I was giving up. In the hallowed silence of what is now Room 8 of the Girls' High School building, into the monastic retreat that reeked with the essence of Aquinas and the imperturbability that one associates with men of the cloth, I told him about my troubles and my decision to quit. What devious ways I would have taken after that, I cannot tell.

After I had told him of my humiliation, the man who must have known the significance of outraged dignity advised me to stay. Patience, he admonished, and forbearance, tolerance and understanding were the needs of the hour. How would I know then that behind these words of this quiet and intense man were the essence of the sufferings of St. Joan and Savonarola and later of Mindzenty?

I stayed.

As the sands seeped through the glass, and peace and order in the country was restored, things quieted down slowly at the Boys' High. Inting Medalle, Peping Rodriguez and I kept to our posts.

Modestly, we made a good job of it. Some of these boys whom we thought would have been the helpless jetsam of the war, made good and have become respectful members of their professions. One of them, I am proud to record, is now press attaché to the office of Am-

bassador Leon Ma. Guerrero in London.

There was a boy in my second year classes, a moon-faced, plump boy of about twelve who always came to class with his father's Scout hat on. It was with a feeling of triumph when twelve years later, while I was languishing in illness in a Cebu City hospital, I turned my head to see him jabbing a hypodermic needle into my left arm. My moon-faced student had become a doctor and was doing internship duty. He is now in the United States pursuing further studies. Much water had passed under the bridge and what lives, what vicissitudes, what quality of days and nights, of suffering or joy have passed since then, only the recording angel knew! Ah, how I felt very old then! As I write these lines and consider what little of the material and the tangle a teacher accumulates at the end of the journey, I would look at the silent evidence and with a sense of pride that comes of work well done, I feel I could say to all the world, "The defense rests!"

The years wore on to the late forties and the middle of the century was here. The graduates of the first years went out of San Carlos to spread the word of God, each in his own way, to make them better Filipinos, better human beings.

While the new buildings on both sides of Pelaez were assuming. To this building with its faculty room consisting of the long table in the basement came the members of the faculty some of whom are still with us for the sheer love of teaching.

These were the boom years of the war when the classrooms were literally bursting at the seams, when nobody seemed too old to pore over a college textbook. New teachers had to be employed. Here, as the memory can yield, came Angel Anden, the "flying professor," whose waking hours were at the editorial desk of the ill-fated *Pioneer Press* or on his scooter on which we chug-chugged to his classes in other schools; his wife Auring, who seemed eternally with child. Here came Leonor Borromeo, fresh from St. Tomas, lovely and still unhurt; the dominant Mrs. Emma Casala; Fred Osameña, still reeking with the public schools; and the angel-faced Mr. Casals, dripping with holiness and Catholicism, now a Jesuit priest, member of the faculty of Berchman's College.

Here were given the polishing and finishing touches to our first graduates some of whom are now in our faculty. Under the picture of St. Therese, in what is now Room 9 of the Girls' High, Lourdes Varela chatted with Consuelo Bacaltos in their class in English 5 because they already knew the lesson

too well. Here came Maria Gutierrez tired from her classes in Cebu Normal School, her arms full of books and aids, to relate to an enraptured class the misadventures of Byron's Child Harold. Here in the class in English 3 Andang Fernandez, of the Girls' High School, wrote her first dissonalote essays.

Here too, on the second floor, in the early fifties Ernie Rosales, Lelah Chew and Nap Rama split hairs in the class in English 4 while Señor Alfonso Dalope handled his fellow-loiterers in candid Spanish which to the "12-unit possessors" must have seemed more sound than sense. What speeches they could write then, what oral themes compared with the tortured grammar of the present. Ah, then were the days!

These, too, were the days of Inting Frias, Esp. who would swoon at the sight of the legs of one of the Saguin girls — O dream come true! Of Jo Gaboya of the darling essays and the exquisite imitations of Charles Lamb; of the harassed Juanito Abao, full of work; of Amparo Buenaventura, sweet and full of ambition; of Inday Vivera, young and very much girl and the charming, slender Anita Alquizola; of Gerry Lianto, Marina Diño, Aurora Aleonar, Lily Zosa and the writer Jo Lim of infinite variety!

This was also the minor age of campus dramatics, even if Father Hoerdemann, adviser, specialized in skits and the one-act plays of Guerrero. There were also minor stars of the stage, — Rufino Kho, Vicente Frias, Laling Causin of dear memory, Grace Silao and that master declaimer, Virginia Peralta, Trining Morelos and the incomparable Lita Logarta, — whatever happened to her?

Where on the basement, in the years of the educational boom, the Cebu Private School Teachers Association bargained four pesos an hour and lost.

In 1948 the Colegio became a full-pledged university, the first outside Manila, a landmark in the educational history of "La Ciudad del Santisimo Nombre de Jesus."

*"And on the shards the spires will rise again
Triumphantly ever as man's dearest
dream...*

*A structure bright as the world's
unborn dawn,
Affording us a wider, surer view,
Best for the spirit, workshop for brain
and brawn."*

Meanwhile on the other side of Pelaez street, the dream was rising that was later to burgeon with the years, to increase rooms and laboratories and scientific equipment, with the Christian

(Continued on page 35)

by SIXTO LL. ABAO, JR.

LAST FEBRUARY, the University of San Carlos commemorated with a five-day long festival its 25th anniversary under the administration of the Society of the Divine Word Fathers. To those who have lived and fought with the institution through thick and thin, especially during those times when its survival was shaken by the vicissitudes of the war years, the Silver Jubilee celebration was certainly a great moment of triumph. Indeed, today, San Carlos can raise its head high with pride over the many achievements it has made since the SVD's took over the reins of administration from the Paulists in 1935.

THE UNIVERSITY of San Carlos traces its origin to a school founded in 1595 by Jesuit Fathers Antonio Sedeno, Pedro Chirino and Antonio Pereira under the name "Colegio de San Lidefonso." (It thus holds the distinction of being the oldest school in the Philippines, in fact even much older than Harvard of USA.) The Society of the Divine Word, however, came to assume its management only in 1935 upon the request of the Archbishop of Cebu, the late Mons. Gabriel M. Reyes. San Carlos has had a long history, and before the change took place in 1935, the institution had been directed by four different religious societies. The Jesuit Fathers ran the school for 176 years, the secular clergy for 69 years, the Dominicans for 15 years, while the Vincentian Fathers (C.M.) held the reins of the school for 68 years. The latter were the last of the religious societies to supervise the school before the SVD took over. The Vincentian Fathers had to abandon the management of the institution first, because they were too few to afford the necessary personnel for its administration and, secondly, because they wanted to dedicate themselves more fully to the seminary.

The year 1935 was a period of great rejoicing all over the Philippines. It was at that time when the general structure of what was to emerge a decade later as the Government of the Republic of the Philippines finally obtained the approval of the Constitutional Convention after a series of marathon meetings and enthusiastic de-



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP
GABRIEL M. REYES

His moral support was decisive

bates in Manila. To millions upon millions of Filipinos, the year 1935 meant victory within their grasp. Only ten years more and then — independence. To them 1935 marked the beginning of the end of the long and epic struggle of the people to liberate themselves from the coils of foreign domination.

But to a handful of SVD Fathers the year 1935 was only the beginning of an undertaking that could bring them glory or disaster. The Archbishop of Cebu had just transferred to them the management of the Colegio de San Carlos and it was not without reason that they accepted it only re-

luctantly. The task of supervising an institution entails a lot of sacrifice and plenty of hard work. It would have gladdened them if that had been the only problem to cope with. But there was more. Colegio de San Carlos being young in the field of higher education would certainly encounter manifold problems in its educational mission and there was much to do to bring into realization the goal envisioned by Archbishop Reyes. Furthermore, the Society was barely 26 years old in the Philippines and its foundation was hardly strong enough to embark upon the venture of conducting a school of this sort. It was a decision quite difficult for the SVD Fathers to make, but they were ultimately persuaded to accept the challenge thrown into their lap.

The Society of the Divine Word, though a missionary order with consequent emphasis upon the conversion of pagans, makes also provisions for educational work. The constitution of the Society, which, with foresight and wisdom, its venerable founder, Father Arnold Janssen, had drawn, enumerates

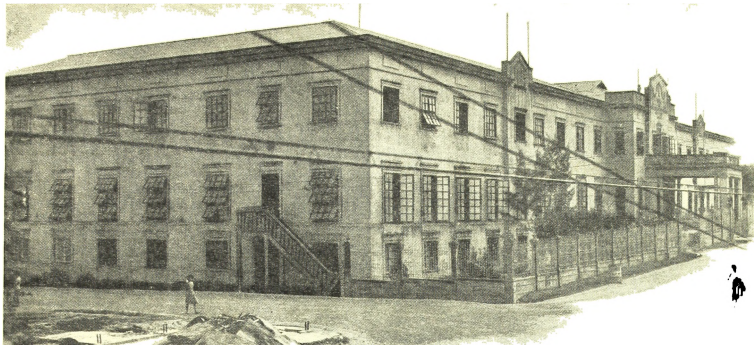
USE the

among the "Labors" which the Society should undertake:

"The founding of schools, seminaries, colleges and universities and the instruction of youth in these and other institutions entrusted to our care."

"The cultivation of the sciences and letters, and the publication of books, provided the spirit of the Catholic Church and her doctors and saints be not violated."

Father Janssen, with something approaching the prophetic, knew that higher education would in due time be the natural outgrowth of missionary endeavor. Education, he realized, would consolidate the conversion of peoples and provide for their many material needs as well; education would be the support of the Church and the means by which a solid foundation in our holy faith could be accomplished. The history of the Society of the Divine Word reveals how well its educational activities have been carried forward from the first foundations in Togo, Africa, on through America, New Gui-



COLEGIO DE SAN CARLOS (1935)
Pioneer of Higher Education in the Visayas and Mindanao

nea, Japan, China, and later to the Philippine Islands.

The SVD's commenced their administration of the Colegio de San Carlos with a re-examination of the objectives and policies which it would follow in the days to come and by which it could better fulfill its mission in the field

of administration, the Colleges of Law and Commerce were organized, in addition to the College of Liberal Arts organized by the Vincentian Fathers in 1934; in 1938, the College of Education was opened, the following year saw the start of the College of Engineering. Of great significance to our

necessity: The Fathers found it too expensive to have separate classes.

Within a period of seven years, from 1935 to 1941, the enrollment in the collegiate department alone rose from 48 to 896, a very notable accomplishment at that time. The high school had its share of this phenomenal rise. From 200 students in 1935, the enrollment jumped to between 650 to 700 in 1941, making a comfortable average increase of 65 students every year.

San Carlos steadily rose to the top until war broke out in 1941. The school which was used by the Japanese forces as a garrison and storage of food supplies and ammunition depot easily became the target of air raids by Allied flying squadrons. On September 12, 1944, one of these air-raids brought nearly complete ruins to buildings and equipment.

Liberation saw the *Colegio* in twisted steel bars protruding above the ground, debris and rubble all around, grim reminders of the horrible global conflict. Only very little of the pre-war San Carlos was left; it had to begin again literally from scratch. There was much of a gruesome image to debilitate the spirit of the founding Fathers, but nothing daunted their desire and courage to push forward farther. With a skeleton force of pre-war students San Carlos reopened, even with conditions completely different on August 1, 1945 ending a hiatus of three years, 7 months and 23 days. (Note that classes were suspended since December 8, 1941). For some months classes were conducted under sawali roof until the administration was able to make some minor improvements on the ruined institution. Three SVD priests are credited for the post-war growth of San Carlos, namely, the late Father Arthur Dingman, Father Hoerdemann, and

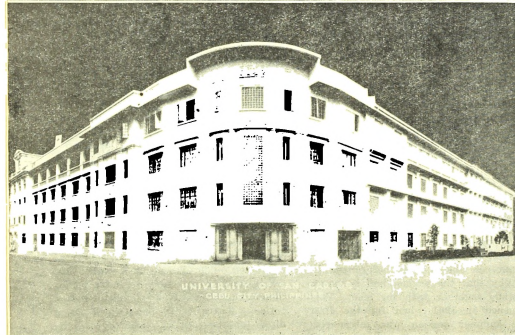
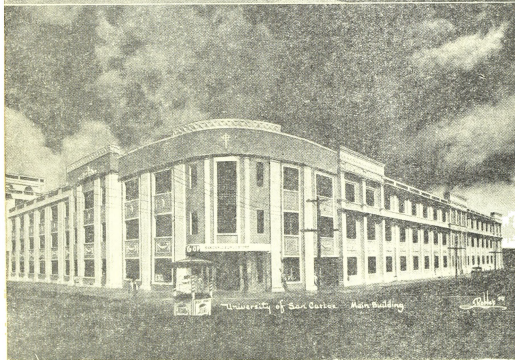
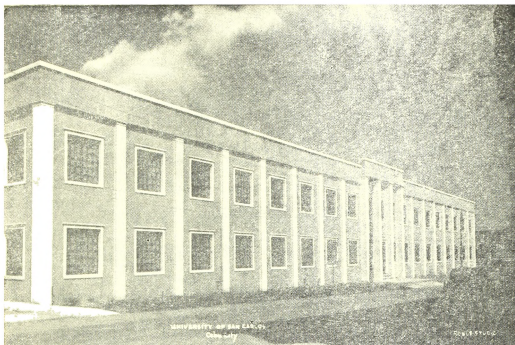
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rough the Years

of education. Little by little, more courses were offered but always much emphasis was laid on religion and philosophy, in accord with the concept of education stressed by the late Pope Pius XI in his encyclical on Christian Education of Youth: "Since education consists essentially in preparing man for what he must be and for what he must do here below, in order to attain the sublime end for which he was created, it is clear that there can be no true education which is not wholly directed to man's last end, and that in the present order of Providence, since God has revealed Himself to us in the Person of His Only Begotten Son, who alone is the 'way, the truth and life' there can be no ideally perfect education which is not Christian education."

Sensing the needs of the times and keeping high in mind the goal it must attain, San Carlos gradually launched a program of expansion which was interrupted only by the outbreak of World War II. During the next two years after the SVD took over the reins

women students today was the opening of the Junior Normal School on July 1, 1940. For the first time in the history of the institution, women were admitted in the *Colegio* and not a few people took it as a good sign that San Carlos was on the way to progress. However, the presence of the girls did not actually convert the school into a co-educational institution until after liberation for they were instructed in a different building, at a "safe" distance from the boys. It was only during laboratory periods when they were allowed to enter the halls of the main building but always through a special entrance located at the side of the building facing Junquera street, just opposite the place where Tabla Store now stands. There is only one instance in the records before the liberation that the women had a chance to study together with the men. This happened in 1941 when for the first time summer session was introduced. Mr. Arias, our registrar, who incidentally was one of the "early summerians", recalls that it was done due to extreme



TOP: Colegio de San Carlos (1948). An imposing edifice replaced the ruins.
 MIDDLE: University of San Carlos (1951). A symbol of rapid rehabilitation.
 BOTTOM: University of San Carlos (1960). A testimony of growth.

(Continued from page 9)

Father Jaschik. These were the men who ventured into the shell that remained of Cebu City and began grubbing over the ground which had once supported the school.

The coming months put San Carlos face to face with more serious problems. The student population was increasing and there was a demand for more decent rooms to accommodate the students. Times then were severe for the school but this unflattering situation did not deter San Carlos from starting its own reconstruction program. With Father Ernest Hoerde-mann, still young and vigorous, spear-heading a caravan of hammer-and-chisel welding carpenters and masons, reconstruction was begun, at first, on a small scale. Later, bigger projects sprung up but very often they were imperiled by tight finances. San Carlos did not get any financial assistance from the archdiocese, but the encouragement and moral support given by Archbishop Reyes was decisive. In two years time, through a University Trust Fund Campaign loans were solicited from parents of students and friends; in this way the administration was able to scrape together enough money to erect an L-shaped building, the first concrete building in Cebu City, which was used as the building for Boys' High School, serving at the same time as provisional Fathers' Quarters. This building is presently occupied by the College of Engineering. In a year more, San Carlos displayed greater strength and more life; vim and vigor were apparent in the "massive sinews" of the buildings that came into being one after the other. Meanwhile, several other courses were offered, in addition to those reopened: Master of Arts in Education, Pharmacy, Home Economics, and some time later, an M.A. in English was added.

By the early part of 1948, practically all courses necessary to convert San Carlos into a university were already offered. And so just right after a two-story Science Building had been completed, equipped with modern facilities in chemistry and physics and after the acquisition of some 35,000 volumes of library books, San Carlos applied for a university status. July 1, 1948 marked an important stage in the growth of San Carlos. It was on that day what the old *Colegio* abandoned its name for good and officially became the University of San Carlos.

In line with its reconstruction program, building operations were expanded. The main building was constructed in 1949 and by 1950 the four-story administration building with 24

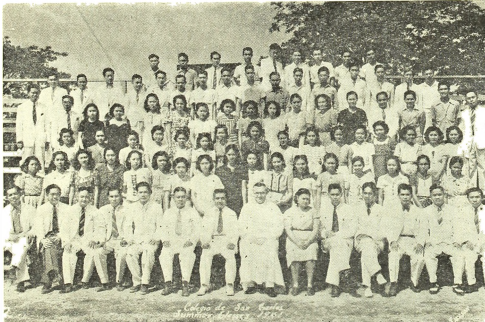


MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY (1938-1939) — the SVD Fathers from l. to r.: Fr. Felipe Beck, Fr. Dingman, Fr. Bonk, Fr. Hoerdemann. Save for one, they are all dead.

San Carlos today is a far cry from the “Colegio” of twenty-five years ago. But it has retained the same basic objective adopted at the start: To teach the youth of the land how to think better, to love better, and... to pray better!



CSC COLLEGE WOMEN. Admitted but instructed at a “safe” distance from the boy

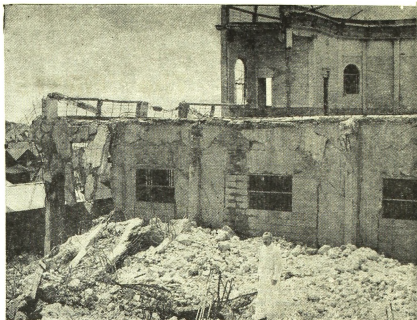
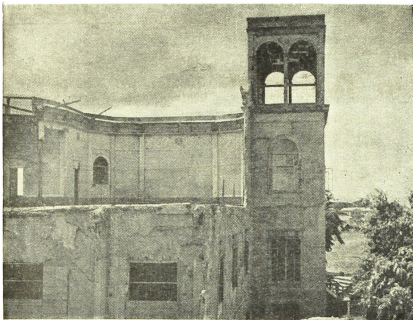


THE FIRST SUMMERIANS. Summer session was introduced for the first time in 1941. **MARCH, 1960**

class rooms, 10 office rooms, one large lecture hall, a spacious library, a large chapel, living quarters for the Fathers, an armory and office for the ROTC was put into use. A total expenditure of \$403,923 was met through the help of American friends. The College of Pharmacy which was organized in 1947 was also equipped with a complete line of drugs, and a very modern store was opened to the public. Ten kilometers away from the hustle and bustle of the city, the University built a rest-house in Talisay, provided with two swimming pools for the use of its faculty and students.

The succeeding years witnessed more edifices rising. In 1955 a new and modernistic building was erected for the use of the Boys’ High School which had to move to Mango Avenue in order to give way to the growing population of engineers and architects. The latest of the constructions is a four-story building which was finished only a year and a half ago. This building bears the name of Archbishop Reyes to whom San Carlos owes much of what it is today.

The university has always striven with might and main to provide its students with the best accommodations possible under prevailing conditions. With a minimum of funds, it has done a maximum of building. And yet build-
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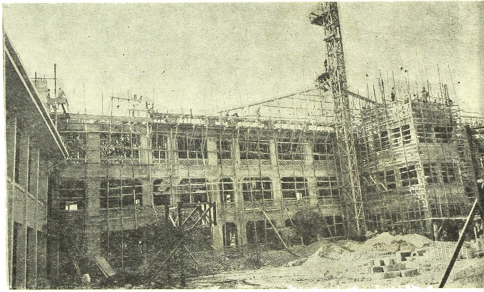
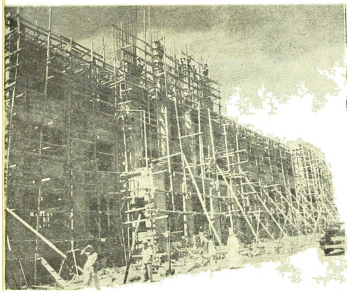
SAN CARLOS AFTER THE WAR. A Souvenir of a four-year holocaust.

ings alone do not make San Carlos a university. Over and above buildings and equipment, a good faculty and efficient instruction are the distinguishing marks of a good school. Never resorting to unauthorized novelties and never condescending to methods that cheapen the meaning of the diploma, San Carlos has always stood firm in keeping the educational standards up to a very high level. The record of its graduates in the various fields of human endeavor, in the Bar and in the Board examinations can attest to the authenticity of this assertion.

The modern San Carlos is a far-cry from the *Colegio* of twenty-five years ago. But it has remained the same basic objective adopted at the start: to teach the youth of the land how to think better, to love better, and — to pray better! 2

**With a minimum of funds,
San Carlos has done a maximum of building.
And yet buildings alone do not make her a University.
Over and above buildings and equipments,
a good faculty and efficient instruction are the
distinguishing marks of a good school.**

RECONSTRUCTION PROJECTS. A bold return to organization.



The "FIRSTS" in SVD CSC

REV. FR. PHILIP BECK, SVD: First SVD Father to come to San Carlos; first Secretary-General and Registrar. Came to the Colegio in 1925 to witness the formal turn-over of the school from the Paulist Fathers to the SVD.

REV. FR. ARTHUR DINGMAN, SVD: First Rector of San Carlos before and after the war (1925-1939, 1945-1948).

REV. FR. ERNEST HOERDEMAN, SVD: First Dean of three colleges: College of Liberal Arts (1937); Teachers College (1938); Graduate School (1947). Much of the glory of present-day San Carlos is attributable to him. He salvaged the institution from the ruins, put it back into shape, gave it the grandeur that it has today.

REV. FR. BERNARD BONK, SVD: First Dean of the College of Commerce (1937). Died during the war in the Japanese concentration camp at the Cebu Normal School.

REV. FR. JORGE KRIEGER, SVD: First Procurator (1937). Assigned presently in Baguio City as Rector of the SVD Baguio Vacation House "Sunside".

MO. CUENCA, RVM: First Sister to join the College Faculty for Women (1940).

REP. MIGUEL CUENCO: First Dean of the College of Law (1937), followed by Rep. Manuel Zera in 1938. Both are ranking members of the House of Representatives. Cuenco was voted Most Outstanding USC Alumnus for the year 1954 by the Alumni Watchtower Committee in recognition of his laudable achievements both in private life and as a public servant.

MR. VICENTE Q. QUIBILAN: First principal of the Boys' High School (1935). Beheaded by the Japanese some time during the Second World War, together with his wife.

MR. MARIANO V. TRINIDAD: First principal "Subterranean" Elementary Department (1935). Now, a captain in the regular force of the Armed Forces of the Philippines.

Lieut. MANUEL T. FLORES: First ROTC Commandant (1937-1939). Put the local ROTC Unit in the limelight when it topped the ROTC National Competition held in Manila in 1937. At present holds the rank of Brigadier-General in the Armed Forces of the Philippines.

DR. PROTASIO SOLOM: First University Physician (1937 to present).

MR. JOSE V. ARIAS: First Assistant Registrar, promoted later to Registrar in 1945. Served under the Paulists for two years (1933-1935.) Holds the honor of being "connecting link" between the Paulist Fathers and the SVD in the later part of 1934-1935 until the formal turn-over of the school in summer of 1935.

ENGR. AMANCIO ALCORDO: First Dean of the College of Engineering (1940).

MRS. LILA M. TABOTADO: First Principal, Girls' High School (1945 to present).

MR. VICENTE MEDALLE: First principal of the Colegio de San Carlos High School Training Department for boys and girls. Held the position from 1945-1948. This department was later on dissolved when the Cathedral took back the convent which housed it temporarily. Mr. Medalle is still very much alive today and holds the rank of Associate Professor in the Teachers College.

DR. CONCEPCION ARANDA: First Dean of the College of Pharmacy (1947). She left USC in 1956 upon transfer of her husband's assignment to Manila.

* Deceased

The Rectors of USC

(Continued from page 5)

VERY REVEREND Father Herman Kondring, S.V.D., was born in Western Germany in 1899. After his ordination as priest at St. Gabriel's in Vienna, he was sent to the Philippines. That was on October 17, 1926. Reverend Kondring has stayed in the Philippines for almost thirty years now. In 1940, he acquired Philippine citizenship. He became Rector of the Major Seminary in Vigan, Ilocos Sur and of the central house of the Philippine Society of Divine Word, Christ the King of the S.V.D. in the Philippines.



FR. KONDRING, S.V.D.



FR. RIGNEY, S.V.D.

Reverend Kondring is the holder of an M.A. degree in Education which he obtained from St. Tomas University. In 1956, he was awarded the Great Cross of Merit by the German Federal Republic. The award was given in recognition of Father Kondring's religious and cultural work among German missionaries in the Philippines. He was Rector of USC from 1955 to October 17, 1959.

VERY REVEREND Harold Rigney, S.V.D., is USC's latest Rector. Succeeding Very Reverend Herman Kondring, S.V.D., Father Rigney has been in San Carlos University in 1956 shortly after he was released from Red China. Before he was arrested by the Chinese Communists, he was Rector of the Catholic University in Peking, China. He spent more than four years in the Communist prison sometime in September, 1956 after the American Government's persistent request for his freedom.

The new USC Rector was born in Chicago, of Irish parents. He studied priesthood at the St. Mary's Seminary, Techny, Illinois and took his graduate and post-graduate studies at the University of Chicago. He was an Army Air Force Chaplain in World War II.

The Need for Revival and Ethical

THIRTY-FIVE years ago on a day like this, without the attendance of relatives and friends such as are gathered here this afternoon I graduated from this University. I received my diploma with a thrill which I am sure every graduate must feel, but my emotion was probably more intense, because I had no one with whom to share it. The fact, however, that I was alone gave me the opportunity to ponder the significance of life and the course I should follow. I clearly remember the hundred and one noble thoughts that eagerly scrambled with one another to gain primacy in my mind on that unforgettable occasion. After the ceremony I walked home in deep meditation. I recalled Shelley's beautiful lines:

... "I was a billow in the crowd of Common
Men that stream without a shore,
That ocean which at once is deaf and loud."

Somewhere on the way I determined to devote my life to the achievement of liberty for our country and to the promotion of the welfare and happiness of our countrymen.

I have never swerved from that course. I am still engaged in the task of securing greatest good for our people. In its performance I had to face the bitterest struggles and the keenest tests of heart and soul. I have reaped neither riches nor material gain, but as I look back to the years that I have lived, I feel happy that I have throughout been loyal to my purpose and have not deviated in the least from the high resolves I formed on graduation day.

It has taken me fully 35 years to achieve a natural ambition — that of being considered by my dear Alma Mater as deserving of the honor that has now been bestowed upon me. I am proud. I am grateful.

Commencement Day should be a day of dedication. This is the day when you graduates, still fired by the noblest impulses, still free from the shackles of Mammon or the exigencies of a materialistic world, should lay out the course of your lives and determine irrevocably to follow that course. If your purpose is noble and your aim is high, you may not gain wealth, influence or power, but I am certain that you will achieve in the end an inner happiness which no wealth, influence or power can buy.

I urge you to consecrate your lives to your country and to the service of

your fellowmen. But whatever you may do you must never forget certain imperatives. Your resolutions are nothing unless they are implemented by patient, self-sacrificing and intelligent toil; your resolutions are nothing unless your conduct and your every act is characterized by prudence, reasonableness, probity and justice; your resolutions are nothing and your achievements will be worse than naught, unless your whole life is firmly anchored upon those moral and ethical principles which are the foundation of civilized society.

Turn a deaf ear to the allurements of ease and comfort. Never be guilty of any ignoble act. Even in the heat of the hardest conflicts, or in the face of danger to your fortune or the security of your family, fight fairly at all times. Never strike your opponents while they are down. Lift them up and give them every opportunity to fight back. Never take undue advantage of the generosity of others or bite the hand that sustained you when you were fallen and needed support. Be good, be patient and charitable always even toward those who are unfair or unkind to you.

I should like on this occasion to speak upon the need for revitalizing our moral and ethical principles not only because they seem to have been forgotten by some of our people as a result of our contact with the enemy during the Occupation, but also because only by the strict observance of those principles can we enhance the well-being of our people and help insure the peace of the world.

Many centuries ago the great Confucianists proclaimed that one of the important functions of the State was to promote "education in virtue which was essential to social order and national welfare." They insisted on the virtues of simplicity, thrift, hardihood and the proper relations among men based on "filial piety." This education in virtue, so clearly understood in the past and practiced by our parents in our homes, must be revived and intensified if we are to fulfill our hopes for the enduring happiness of our people.

When I was a young boy my mother used to speak to me frequently about moral and ethical principles. She was acquainted with the teachings of Christianity. She spoke to me of the basic principle of the Torah, which we know as the golden Rule: "Do not do unto others that which thou wouldst not have done unto thee." This was the basis of her philosophy, and she assured me that the practice of this principle would create in men a love of peace, kindness, patience, charity, honesty and justice. What she taught me has definitely influenced my whole life. I shall never be able to repay her enough for it. I was still very young when she uttered this injunction to me: "Work hard to achieve a worthy ambition; be fair and just to every man; never do anything which will make your mother or those you love blush or shed a tear in shame."

I made this principle the lamp for my footsteps throughout my life. I commend it to all of you. I found it an excellent touch-stone to determine the wisdom or justice of all actions. It conforms strictly to the requirements of the moral law which underlies our social order and our legal institutions. It could be made the moral creed of all our citizens.

Some years before the war I came across a book, an unpretentious little volume. I do not remember who had

talizing Our Moral I Principles

"Every calling is great
when greatly pursued."

(OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES)



The late President
MANUEL ACUÑA ROXAS

When a man sells a piece of property he promises to hold the purchaser safe against claims adverse to his title and guarantees that the property is in the condition that he represented it to be. When a person accepts employment he promises that he will serve loyally and render the service he contracted to perform to the best of his ability. The old Jewish philosophers expressed his obligation on this injunction: "Earn your wage". These are, of course, contractual obligations the performance of which is prescribed and regulated by law.

But there are many other relations among men that must rely on the moral principles of the individual for the performance of the implied promises involved. When a man is appointed to

lawyer accepts a case, he promises to be honest with his client, that he will truthfully advise him as to his rights, that he will defend his case to the best of his ability. When a physician accepts a patient, he promises to study his illness thoroughly, diagnose his disease and prescribe for his cure, and that he will advise consultation with other physicians if he should himself not fully prepared to handle the case. When a pharmacist agrees to fill a medical prescription he promises to see the precise ingredients in the stated proportions and not to substitute them with less costly substances. When a man acquires a farm, he promises that he will pay his laborers or tenants fair wages. When a man owns a building he promises that he will use it not only

Manuel Acuña Roxas

written it. Its title was something like this: "The Promises by Which We Live." I found in this book a rationalization of the principles which my mother had taught me as they are applied to dealings among men in the ordinary course of life. The author so gently expounded the thesis that human relations are governed by promises, express and implied, and that human conduct develops by the manner in which these promises are performed. In a way this concept is also applicable to the relations between individuals and the State as well as the relations between nations. It is a remarkable philosophy which can reduce to a simple practical formula the application of the abstract moral and ethical principles that should govern the course of men and nations.

I recall some illustrations given by the author to support his thesis. When a man issues a check he promises that the check will be honored and paid upon presentation to the proper bank.

public office, for example, he promises to be honest in the performance of his duties. He also promises to execute those duties in accordance with law, not for his personal benefit but for the benefit of the people at large. When a man enters a house, he promises to conduct himself politely and in accordance with his duties as a guest. When a man is invited to a feast he will not abuse the courtesy of the host and create embarrassments for him. When a school or a university accepts a student, it promises to give him the necessary training in accordance with representations it has made concerning the excellence of instructions. When a man becomes a citizen of a nation, he promises that he will be loyal to the government and its institutions and that he will obey the laws and regulations and that he will perform such other duties as are imposed upon him by law.

Innumerable other examples of everyday application may be cited: When a

for his profit but also for the good of the community. He also promises that he will not require exorbitant rentals from those who may lease it. When a man acquires large wealth he promises that he will use it not only for his personal enjoyment but also for the welfare of the community where he lives. These promises result from the recognition of wealth, property, education, political or social influence or power impose upon those who have them certain definite social responsibilities clearly definable under the moral law.

In international relations the conduct of nations is governed by promises much in the same way as in the case of individuals. When a nation enters into friendly relations with another, they both promise that they will respect the freedom and the laws as well as the territorial integrity of each other. When an immigrant is admitted into our country, he promises that he will

(Continued on page 49)

"The practice of the law is a continual struggle for peace. The conflicting interests of mankind will either be settled by law or else by force. Legal settlement must be based upon moral rights and justice . . . Without law neither order nor civilization can exist."

ORRIN N. CARTER



● THERE ARE STILL many things I used to dream about which I failed to realize after three decades of practicing law. But if I were to live all over again, I would still choose law as a life career. Why? Because I love the study and the practice of law.

To be sure, the profession has not made a rich man out of me as I had once dreamed when as a young hopeful I proudly hung my signboard in what I was pleased to call a law office but which in truth was nothing but a little room with a cheap table, a couple of chairs, a few school text books, . . . and plenty of ambition and hopes. Half a century of living, and struggling, and praying has convinced me that some people are born to be rich and others are simply not. Wealth will come if it comes, and that is all there is to it. So why cry over things you cannot help?

I can truthfully say, however, that the years of difficulties in the law practice have not been entirely without compensating rewards: not in money perhaps but in the deeper values of life. The most abiding satisfaction for a lawyer is not the fees he gets from his clients but the inward satisfaction of having helped someone in trouble through the use of his professional skill. This can be a very exhilarating feeling which money cannot buy.

There is now a hue and cry that the country is being flooded with lawyers some of whom must necessarily, by the law of supply and demand, find it rather difficult to sell their services. I'll admit that there is some point to this lamentation. Withal, I would not stop a young man who would like to study law—if he really has the aptitude and love for this fascinating mental discipling.

Yes, there are too many lawyers in this country. But then there are also too many doctors who have no patients, accountants who have nothing to account, teachers who have no classes to teach, engineers who are jobless, and so on down the line. I have read somewhere that the priesthood is the only calling which is undermanned but the great majority of young men the world over simply cannot be or will not be priests.

So what can our young people do? There is the time-honored saying among college students that when you are in doubt as to what course to take, why just take up law and you cannot be much mistaken. Besides, there is always room at the top or near the top of any profession. In good logic therefore the problem of would-be lawyers is how to reach near the top; and educators assure us that in order to succeed in any line of human endeavor all you need to do is to study hard, work hard, and pray hard, and wait. I've been doing exactly this for the thirty years but I am still waiting for the breaks to come. Will they ever come? Heaven alone knows the answer.

I do not mind the long wait, though, because somehow I have managed to pick up along the way some moments of real satisfaction. Anyway, only the young think they can change the world. The old like me simply wait and sit at the feet of God. I am really grateful to the law profession. It has given me a permanent job, an honest living, self-respect, sincere friends, and a loving family. What else can a man need? ;

THE *Law* AND I

by ATTY. CESAR A. KINTANAR

Atty. Cesar A. Kintanar, USC professor of law, has carved himself a niche in the hall of fame. A Bar topper in 1926, he was one of the delegates to the Constitutional Convention in 1934 that formally drafted the present Constitution. Formerly Dean of the College of Law of the University of the Visayas, he joined the USC Faculty in 1956.

AN INVITATION TO *Architecture*

● IN THE PHILIPPINES, Architecture still lacks an individual expression that can rightly be called Filipino. I shall not dwell, however, on how greatly such a pathetic development may have affected the Filipino national character since the question is purely academic. Yet it cannot be denied that to a people especially of our temper and imagination considering our recent vocal pronouncements on enlightened nationalism a singular distinct sincerity of expression should be vital.

The growth and the profession of Architecture as Architecture, in a construction-conscious, rapidly-industrializing, young republic like ours, cannot just be taken lightly, nor for granted.

It is lamentable, indeed, how much our tastes have become affected (or is it, afflicted) by that imitation-mania for whatever things Western. It is little wonder then that after a short duration many a building, commercial or otherwise, is broken down, renovated, rebuilt or remodeled, as the case may be, if a fire hasn't taken care of it.

Then there is the mistaken concept of trying to blend different styles, mediocre attempts at making a compromise in the design, slapping here and there a little of this and a little of that, irrespective of unity, producing in urban as in suburban areas quite a collection of "excuses" for houses, unromantic hybridizations. From a detached viewpoint one wonders whether this is really the nature of the Filipino.

You have only to look about, and presto, you are confronted with an East-meet-West monstrosity or an overgrown concrete box. Government resettlement and housing projects, PHHC-ed, are architectural "wildgrowths", commented one indignant writer.

In Philippine Cities, particularly Metropolitan Manila and Quezon City, where construction is going on at a fast slip, the young Architect has to cope with the many-faceted problems of essential requirements in our recent post-war standards of living, business, and commerce; restrictions; government regulations; city planning. To top it all, his desire to realize a truthful external expression of the internal quality of the Filipino, is ignominiously mowed down and subdued by the idiosyncracies of the employing parties.

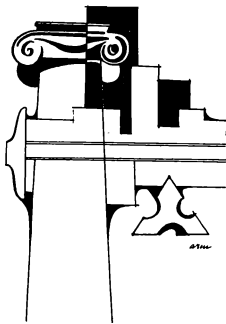
A conscientious study, therefore, of these variegated influences that have taken a hold on our ways of life, and even on our ways of thinking, is of utmost necessity.

The open field of Philippine Architecture, and the existing need for a better understanding of it, offer tremendous possibilities and opportunities for our own creative ingenuity, and to the student, the layman, and the practitioner, a challenge, and an invitation.

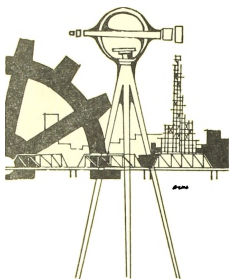
by MEL. L. AJERO

"Ah, to build, to build!
That is the noblest
of all the arts."

LONGFELLOW



by GERARDO R. LIPARDO, JR.



“Engineering is an activity other than purely manual and physical work which brings about the utilization of the materials and laws of nature for the good of humanity.”

R. E. HELLMUND

● WHEN I DECIDED to stake my future in the engineer field, it was not with confident certainty that I would be at ease in the profession. There is not as much glamour in it as in soldiering or in the practice of art, not as much money as in the business and law professions, not as much dignity as in the medical and pedagogical vocations, nor as thrilling adventures as in the marine and aviation careers. My ambitious thoughts at first regarded it with indifference, with slight timidity; yet every time I caught the sight of skeleton structures towering above the wide city skies, or heard the rhythmic throb of an engine far away like a giant heart beating with strange life of its own, or even just noticed the glaring spark of welding flames amidst the sturdy blows of hammers in small and dilapidated shops, it seemed as if there was a potent force beckoning me to join the profession of bold and spirited youths. It is an irresistible challenge to strength and courage by which real men must prove themselves. It is a profession of men.

I will not speak much of the academic training now; mathematics, which traditionally is associated with the more practical aspects of the profession, is the foundation of the technical training. I took mechanical engineering, which specializes in the complicated study of machines and their application to power development and manufacture; but as I said beforehand, discussing my course is immaterial. I would rather elaborate on my own few inner experiences as a young trainee of the profession as well as the rich experiences of others who have been well ahead of me in the practice. In other words, I would like to expound on how it feels to be an engineer.

The first thing that comes to my mind is the machine shop. Every engineer must start from the very bottom. Very awkward as a novice, I gradually learned to handle the usual machine tools: lathes, drills, planers and milling machines. The blue-print was always there, a precise sketch of the mechanical piece I was to make, accurate dimensions and clearances given; and after a brief study, I would suddenly find myself turning a shapeless bit of metal slowly into form—man's creative imagination and idea about to become a tangible reality. Almost always there was that exhilarating feeling of satisfaction on watching the pattern take shape under my own careful guidance. Later on, that lifeless piece of object would be slipped in its proper place and soon become a part of the ingenious assemblage called a machine; it would start moving together with the hundred different parts of its kind, all suddenly given force and power simulating life itself. The whole thing could work tirelessly and could be commanded at will. Only an engineer can really feel the awe and wonder on watching his finished work completed before him. Deep inside, he marvels whether it was not the same feeling God Himself felt on the day of Creation.

Yet such emotion are better left unexplained. In the shop, the engineer together with his mechanics and machinists makes the business most of all; factually as any man. I used to notice the men around me talk about politics, about their children, about the news of the day, and maybe, about one of their co-workers' success or perhaps, misfortune. Yet at the end of the day, their day's labor piles up at the store room ready to be shipped for use by their fellow men whose convenience they have unconsciously attended to.

Once out in the country, I was with the experienced engineers themselves. Life in steel mills, in carbide plants, fertilizer plants or sugar mills can easily be an ordeal to irresolute spirits. The day is a combination of routine work, of emergency activities, of ceaseless planning and designing, as well as of energetic supervising. There is always the routine mission of ordering the men to fire the boilers, of setting and checking the engines in readiness

THE ENGINEER — THE MAN *And His Work*

for operation, of inspecting the raw materials about to be processed, and finally, of directing the multitude of working to their assignments of the day. In the steel mills, for instance, the blast furnace pours out liquid metal glowing as red as blood into the molds; and then, like soft tallow, the red glow passes through processing machines like a thousand scorching snakes coiling around rollers each guarded by agile men whose skill alone insures their safety. At the end of the line, bunches of steel rods and sheets of steel are hurriedly packed ready for shipment in a waiting barge. In the sugar mills, carloads of sugar cane are poured into crushers, whence dirty juice drips into pans, goes into a series of heaters, into tanks to mix with chemicals, into centrifuges to be purified and finally into the bags ready for shipment. In all these processes the engineer is always there ordering the men to do this and do that, checking the engines in operation, supervising the repair of mechanical parts, altering procedures, getting samples analyzed in the laboratory and inspecting the products for any flaws. Now and then there is some serious damage somewhere in the plant to attend to, some fatal accidents to investigate, and almost always, various improvements to initiate. The engineer forgets his day; he is absorbed in his job. The night finds him restfully smoking a cigar or

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I Have Embraced Pharmacy

● TAKE-OFF WAS ANNOUNCED. That was the PAL's Convair leaving Manila for Hongkong. My husband and I (we were only two months married then) were on the plane. In that particular instant I felt like nothing but a bundle of mixed emotions. My mother and several close relatives and friends were waving "so long's" and "good luck's." I would miss them very much. The loud roar of the plane's four engines made my heart thump heavily too. I was quite afraid of the long journey ahead. My grip on the rosary beads became tighter and my prayers well-meant. And topping all these feelings was the overwhelming excitement over a dream coming true. Then I found myself looking back over the past years and the events that molded this dream for me.

Elementary years in school didn't have anything to do with it. They only meant play, fun and more fun. High school suddenly awakened in me a strong desire to get to the honor list of our classes, first, second, third and fourth years. And thus I myself working with determination coupled with constant, fervent prayers. Somehow I felt God was so close. My work was blessed so generously, my wishes were fulfilled and I graduated a valedictorian. Thanks be to Him in the Highest!

Then I was about to enter college. That was 1950. My mother wanted me to take up music, specifically piano, but I was quite sure I didn't belong there. All the while Pharmacy held a fascination for me, and without the least hesitation, I embraced it. It didn't take long to talk my mother into this choice—Pharmacy. And so to USC I went. Happily enough the sailing was wonderfully smooth. As I have said, Pharmacy has always been fascinating and I enjoyed our studies and lab work very much. For eight semesters the University granted me "free tuition" privilege and, in addition, the title "summa cum laude" upon graduation. All these events in school were an inspiration and, all along, the big dream of going abroad to take up advanced studies was nagging me.

In July, 1954, I took the Pharmaceutical Board examinations in Manila. Results were released in December of that year, bringing the news that

by ROSITA T. DERECHO

88.33%, which happened to be my grade, topped the list. It was very encouraging, indeed.

During the long wait for the results of the board exams and right after their release, I was stationed in my mother's drugstore in Tandag, Surigao. But this was not that first time that I'd done drugstore practice because during the last three years in college we pharmacy students were required to practice in drugstores as apprentices. Professional or semi-professional pharmacy (this involves actual drugstore practice) is a very good branch of Pharmacy—it is full of challenge and lends an immediate noble service to humanity. But somehow I still had the urge to study further, and the dream to take this study abroad was ever afire.

On May 12, 1956, I got married to Atty. Augusto T. Derecho (Gus to his friends) and it was two months after that we found ourselves seated, nervous and excited, in that Convair plane leaving Manila for Hongkong.

Boy, oh boy! . . . And now about the trip. Well, that was only the very first leg of the journey to the long-awaited "abroad." Gus was there because he had been granted a year's Smith-Mundt-Fulbright scholarship (which later was extended to one more summer.) I was there because I had to be with him and because that was my best chance to realize my "study abroad" wishes and, most of all, because San Carlos University enabled us to do it. We were at the same time USC scholars.

In Hongkong we had a nice day stay, and on the way to the United States (on TWA and NWA turbo jets) we took brief stop in Tokyo and Alaska. Seattle was our port of entry to the United States. From there we stopped briefly in San Francisco and Los Angeles and proceeded to Kansas City, Mo. where I spent a month's vacation with my brother. Gus stayed only three days in Kansas because he had to proceed to New York to join the orientation program, which was a part of the Smith-Mundt-Fulbright scholarship.

September brought us together again and this time was in Ann Arbor, Michigan. At the University of Michigan he was enrolled for a Master's degree in Business Administration (he earned it in a year's time

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"It should be a definitely established fact in the mind of each student of pharmacy that the profession he chose to follow is ancient in its origin and honorable in its calling. No other vocation serving the public demands more dignity from its followers, or more humility born of a sense of the great responsibilities imposed upon them."

From
"Fundamentals of Pharmacy"
by W. H. BLOME and
C. H. STOCKING

"Every righteous physician regards his practice as a social service, a means not only of bodily but also of social reconstruction and of moral and intellectual health."

CLIFFORD ALLBUTT



by F. A. SAVELLON, M.D.

● ON MANY OCCASIONS I have been asked by some of my students as of which of the two most popular professions, medicine and law, is the most profitable by way of income. I believe this is a wrong way of asking a question about a profession. For one choosing a career, a life's work, the most important question to ask is: "Will the profession I choose make me happy?"

This question is of tremendous importance as a factor which determines later on the success or failure of one's life. This is so because one's work is one's happiness. Stated otherwise, one's work is one's life. And life is happiness. A life that is not happy is a lost life. A man should be happy in his work. If he is not, he had better leave it. Whatever man does, he does it unto himself because his work is life.

You say, you are paid for your work, and so you give out only so much effort in proportion to your pay. In that case you are not doing justice to yourself, and in the end you are the loser and not the employer. The employer is interested only in his money. But you, you must interest yourself in your work for that is life. Living is not only earning money for our bodily needs but also growing and adding to the stature of the soul to make life manifest the beauty of living from the joy and success of accomplishment.

I came across a gem by Helen Wright in the August, 1947, issue of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING. I have been keeping this all these many years. I believe it is handy for the purpose of this little article. "It's just that money isn't what makes you rich. More important is riches in spirit, of knowledge, of health. You can build your fortune of these and never envy the ones who have only money. Read all the books, listen to all the music, know what is happening in the world, love the simple things like the way a puppy plays, guard your health. And that's about all there is to

A DOCTOR'S IMPRESSION *of Life and Work*

it. You will be rich! You will have a living, lively brain full of idea instead of that cotton wool."

Alternately, I have poked my nose into two important professions. I am happy in both. They give me the opportunity to love my neighbors the way I love myself. Now, I often repeat a prayer I read a year ago: "Lord you have given us many things. Please, give us one more: A grateful heart." ‡

Dr. Felix Savellon obtained his medicine diploma at the Pontifical University of Santo Tomas in 1934. A penpusher himself, he contributed, while still a medical student, articles, essays and poems to their college paper and to various Manila magazines and periodicals. It was during his third year in the College of Medicine when two of his poems were selected by Poet Jose Garcia Villa for inclusion to his anthology published in 1931.

A law graduate of USC, he was once the energetic editor of the Carolinian.

• Outside, the winds were in a fury, making the over-hanging zinc roofs swing and make funny noises with their creaking. The rain was wildly beating down; pools of muddy water were gradually making their way into our room. The doors, seemingly enjoying the playful blow of the wind, merrily banged against the wall; it was almost impossible to keep them closed.

Our room was a haven, compared to the other's, whose linen and furniture were all turning into a storm-damage-sale-advertisement. Not a single blast of the angry wind affected us. Snuggled under layers of hospital-supplied "surplus"—blankets, nothing could have made us leave that warm-as-an-incubator-nest. . . . nothing except our DUTY. So, when the clock struck 11:00 P.M., we made our way through debris . . . now under flying roofs . . . then over squatting sheds . . . all the time praying half-aloud that we would make it to the hospital. Our accustomed feet guided us through all those obstacles in spite of the total darkness all around us.

Never had I more realied the meaning of the invariable answer of applicants when asked why they wanted to take up nursing: "To serve humanity" than at that moment! I felt heroic then! like a giant! to think that all that suffering humanity was depending on me to keep them warm, comfortable and fed!

Seeing the mess of a ward that used to be neat rows of scrupulously clean beds, made my thoughts wander to the young and eager girl of eighteen, three years back. Nothing could stop her from taking up nursing. The uppermost thought in that bright-eyed girl's mind was the glamour of the white cap and uniform. Little did she know of the load of responsibilities that went with it.

There was the night-duty assignment where a senior nurse and I were the only souls ministering to the needs of thirty male patients young and old. The emergency calls during the shift were to be answered by the senior. A very sick old man with an abdomen as large as full-term O.B. case (a woman in her last term of pregnancy), was moaning for help. He had the knack of calling at the moment when the senior would be in the emergency room. Since he happened to be placed in the porch, which was as dark as midnight after sundown, I had to breathe a prayer to give me confidence enough to approach him alone.

A Nightingale's Memoirs

by Patrocinia J. Mendoza

The fear of the sight of a dying person was deep-seated in me, and there was no escaping the butterflies in my stomach and the cold clammy perspiration that dripped from my brows when one day, a senior teased me to keep away from the dying man whose chest I was taught to massage, "because he might embrace you!" she said.

The warning my mother had given me when she gave me the reluctant nod to enter the school of nursing was even more strongly emphasized when one day I complained to her about my difficulties (she had told me to weigh things well because she had not want of a rolling stone.) We had a regulation then that while we were on duty, we had to stick to our assignment like corn to the cob, until we were dismissed. If we happened to feel hungry between meals, woe unto us! That day was a Monday, my mother's scheduled day for bringing in my week's supply of snacks. That was one day when everything happened to make my morale drop to zero. Not being able to endure the millions of inhibitions that a student nurse has to go through, I poured everything out to her. My mother was never unsympathetic as that day, and I was never as disappointed and ashamed of myself. She told me that after all the idea of taking nursing was my brainchild and would I not be ashamed to face the family, a quitter?

Our class was rather big, so we were divided into two groups, given a quonset room and a matron each. Evenings were usually a succession of study periods, chatting, getting ready with the uniforms, chatting, eating, chatting, and chatting. Our quonset was lined with two rows of neatly beds on each side. At one end was a bathroom and a dressing room. In the middle of the quonset, was a heap of crudely nailed together pieces of lumber which we called our study table during study periods and dining table during "hatchet" time. (The term hatchet was introduced by our Tagala classmate and it was to be the most popular word because no one was allowed to return from "outings" without it.) When an inmate (as we used to call ourselves especially when our O.M. matron chose to ignore our outing passes), would return from a junket to the outside world, she would shout, "Hatchet!" and everybody . . . I mean, just everybody . . . would rush to her to partake of the loot. There was a standing unwritten policy in the quarters "the all or nothing law": If we had something to eat, no matter how full we already were, we ate all until there was no more! The more shy ones would start to slowly edge away from the table when the "hatchet" was dwindling. When the ones left noticed this they would race away from the table too, for whoever left always had to do the cleaning-up.

Our matron knew us through and through . . . why, she even read our letters! I suspected that she was just curious, it was not really the school's ruling Those who wanted their personal affairs kept personal, had outside couriers who got their letters before the money old one could even count ten.

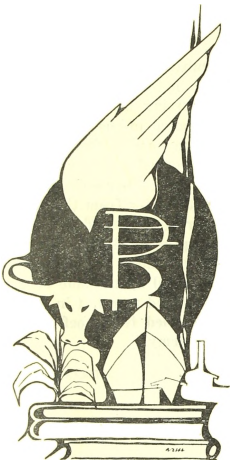
Our meals were lined up. The bell would ring for "chow call." The group assigned to eat at the trance "first table" would have to hurry if they did not want to make a "grand entrance". We were not allowed to sit down the moment we arrived in the dining room . . . we had to wait until the dietitian rang the bell, when everyone would

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"...Nursing as an art to cultivated, as a profession to be followed, is modern; nursing as a practice originated in the dim past, when some mother among the cavedwellers cooled the forehead of her sick child with water from the brook, or first yielded to the prompting to leave a well-covered bone and a handful of meal by the side of a wounded man left in the hurried flight before an enemy."

WILLIAM OSLER





"Every exchange of products, in fact, quite apart from satisfying definite needs and desires, makes it possible to put new means into operation, arouses latent and sometimes unexpected energies, and stimulates the spirit of enterprise and invention. This instinct, which is innate in mankind, of creating, improving and making progress explains commercial activities as much and more than the mere desire for gain."

POPE PIUS XII

● AFTER TEN YEARS of practice as a certified public accountant, I would like to take this opportunity to indulge in the pleasure of fondly recounting my impressions, observations, and experiences in the field of accounting.

Accounting is a relatively young profession in the Philippines. Accountancy was given official recognition as a profession in the Philippines only in 1923 with the passage by the Philippine Legislature of Act No. 3165. Before the war, the growth of the profession was very slow. After the war, however, with the awakening of the business community to the importance of good accounting and auditing and the laws passed in favor of the accounting profession, accountancy is easily one of the most sought-after professions.

What is an accountant? A famous Romantic writer once referred to accountants as "the melancholy ghosts of departed bookkeepers who had fallen dead at their desks." Today is no longer limited to referring the rudiment of bookkeeping as implied in the literary line of that Romantic writer. Accounting in a very broad sense consists of doing statistical and analytical efficient, economical and profitable operations.

Modern business is complex; it functions in an intricate social, political and economic climate; problems are becoming more and more involved. The task of management implies a very definite social responsibility. To manage a business successfully requires more than just good intentions and a benevolent spirit. It requires a high degree of managerial skill and intelligence. Modern accounting comes in as one of the chief aids of management in the successful execution of its task. Accounting is not an end in itself but only means to the ultimate end of honest and efficient management.

When the business unit is small, with management and ownership closely related, the functions of management may be exercised largely by direct personal control and supervision. But this situation is no longer typical of modern business today. The major part of business activity is carried on by concerns whose activities extend beyond the periphery of personal observation and direction. Thus, the view of management must be extended by artificial devices. This is where accounting comes in.

Circumstances of business operations vary, and the accountant exercises his initiative, originality, constructive thinking, and analytical ability in accordance with the circumstances attending each case. The accountant directs his efforts to the

COMMENTS ON *Accounting*

by MISS AMPARO F. RODIL

basic functions of planning and coordination, control and protection. Planning in business consists of the determination of general policies and the detailed analysis of the program required for the execution of these policies. The accounting department in any organization keeps such records as be necessary for the protection of properties and the determination of rights and obligations. Monies, receivables, securities, inventories of goods must be safeguarded largely by records. The story of business transactions must be recorded and filed in sufficient detail to afford adequate protection. The task of control and protection is a profound responsibility of every accounting department.

It is to the accounting officer that the business manager must turn more than to perhaps any other official for guidance in the direction, control, and protection of the business. The accounting officer "may be likened to the navigator, the one who keeps the charts. He keeps the command of the ship (the management) informed as to how far he has gone, where he is, what speed is making, resistance encountered, variation from the course, dangerous reefs which lie ahead and where he should go next in order to reach port safely." The successful manager must know and use the instruments of guidance and control at his command. There is no question that the executive who is best informed about his operations is in the best position to manage his business profitably.

Like any profession, accounting has very rigorous demands on the practitioner. The nature of the job calls for hard work, consistent efforts, and self-discipline. Hence, the implication again of the literary line of that Romantic writer of accountants falling "dead at their desks." It is not surprising that the accountant is commonly known as "cold exacting" because accounting word requires exactness and precision. It is easily understandable also why the accountant, because of his effort to control and protect,

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MISS AMPARO F. RODIL

is the Head of the Accounting Department of the University of San Carlos. She is at the same time practicing extensively her accounting profession in and outside of Cebu City. She counts with a varied clientele engaged in different industries and lines of business.

Her scholastic records shows that she has been constantly at the head of her class from grade school up, finishing A.C.S. with highest honors and B.S.C. with the distinction of "Summa cum laude". In only one try, she easily passed the CPA examination in 1950. She is also a holder of the degree of M.S.B.A.

She has the distinction of having been the first and only lady president of the Philippine Institute of Accountants - Cebu Chapter in 1957-1958. For meritorious services in the line of accountancy, she was the recipient of various certificates and awards, prominent among which is a plaque of award for initiating the first national accountants' convention outside Manila.

Miss Rodil, however, does not confine herself strictly to the accounting first. She has been associated with several civic and professional organizations, especially the YLAC, serving the cause of this organization as President of the Cebu Unit and of present as Regional President of the same for Eastern and Central Visayas.

● TO THE UNINITIATED girl struggling through the maze of loops and slanting lines of Gregg's shorthand and the finger-cripping intricacies of mastering the typewriter, the word "Secretary" promises a world of glamour. To enter this world of glamour wasn't, however, the reason behind my taking up a Secretarial career. In fact, never in my high school days did I envision myself in the role of a Secretary, much less ponder on the advantages of being one. But here I am, wedded to a typewriter and, with the passing of the years, I have found things are not entirely what most would have believed. Certainly, there is some glamour attached to the job, and if you are lucky to be employed by a generous firm, there is the high pay to boot, but above all, there is work, the behind-the-scene drama that rarely gets to the public's eye, for many think that a Secretary is not expected to pound a typewriter the whole day but to sit and look pretty and be a decorative piece in the office.

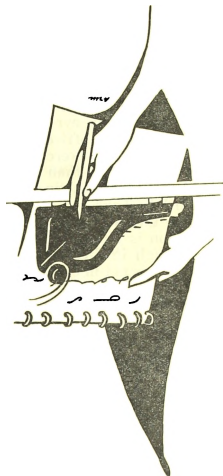
San Carlos University looked so big and alien when I first entered its lobby to enroll in 1952. I may have been vague on some things but I was set on being a nurse. However, my plans for that noble career were dashed when I was told I would have to wait two years before I could qualify. Not wanting to waste two years idling, I promptly took Mr. Arias' advice to take the one-year Secretarial course in the meantime, although I took it with the prospect of facing a boring year.

I had never touched a typewriter in my whole life till I entered my class in 1952 and I had never heard of Mr. Gregg till that day. What could be more hateful than to learn to type with keys covered and to memorize a hundred and one strokes? Sometimes I would cheat myself and peep under the keyholes and "wham!"—down would come a ruler on my prying fingers. Such was the vigilance of Mr. Arias, who would quietly step into our class and catch "spoilors" like me. Mr. Arias and Miss Guanco were bent on making us good secretaries. They did their best, and their best began gradually to show on me. The feel of the ruler wasn't exactly fun, and remarks, which I know now were intended to spur me on, did their work. Where at first I did things half-heartedly, now I did them with zeal. Anyway, I consoled myself, a year wasn't too long an ordeal. Then things happened which changed my whole outlook on my unappreciated course.

We were busily pounding away at our typewriters (by then, I had mastered my Underwood) one day when a smiling young lady came into our room and told our teacher that she was from Standard-Vacuum Oil Company, and was there any young lady interested in working for a week or so on a casual basis? Not having heard about Stanvac and not wishing to work, the news held no interest for me. However, I was told to fill the job. The only cheerful thought was that I'd be away from my classes for a week and, well, my womanly curiosity was aroused. I wanted to see what an American office looked like.

Although outwardly I tried to be casual about it, inwardly, I was quaking with fear of the unknown when I first entered the Stanvac office. Was I relieved when I found everybody ready with an assuring and friendly smile? American and Filipino employees were all so courteous and solicitous that without my knowing it, I became irrevocably involved with the company, with the people in it and with my work, no matter how insignificant it was. Every day in the office was a lovely day for me. I had at last seen what I would be in the future—an office girl. My casual employment was ended after a week. With my termination notice came my pay envelope—my very first.

How does one feel when holding for the first time the fruit of one's labor? As I held my pay envelope that day, I wanted to do two opposite things. I wanted to laugh out of pure joy and I wanted to cry. I hated to lose my new-found



"Like the scribe and the clerk of other days, the modern secretary has a job of great responsibility and often is an important person in her own right. She has chance to know intimately the secrets of leaders in business, in the arts, in politics, and in the professions."

MARGARET PRATT

From a Secretary's Journal

by ANNIE RATCLIFFE

friends. I wanted to keep on hearing the hum of a busy office. But I had to go. From that day on, my one wish was to become a part of that big happy Stanvac family. A day never passed without my sending a little plea to God that my wish would come true. After graduation, I worked with Aboltz & Company but I never forgot my first. They made me feel I was good and I did my best my plea. I was asked to call at the Stanvac Office for an interview!

Confident with the two years experience I had acquired and bolstered by the same old smiling faces, I faced my interviewer—a new face. Naturally, I was quite nervous but my interview quickly put me at ease with a kindly smile and a welcome greeting. With patient questioning, he gradually drew me out of my shell, and before long it was a pleasure talking to him. My interview with the other executives was marked with the same courtesy, understanding and kindness. I experienced with the first. They made me feel I was good and I did my best to be just that. When a few days later was told I had made it, I was the happiest girl in the world. Company policy required that I be placed on probation for six months. I didn't mind for I was determined to prove I was good enough to hold the job.

Like any new employee, it seemed I was the very first to arrive at the office on my first day of work. I was given my own table, typewriter and stationary. The first day flew so quickly. There were so many things to remember, so many things to do, I hadn't time to count the hours. Typing piles of

(Continued on page 35)

"It is, perhaps, the most noble of all undertakings even according to the unanimous opinion of human wisdom as represented by Cicero who looked upon the world with pagan eyes. 'What public office,' he wrote, 'can we exercise greater or better than the teaching and instructing of youth?' Thus the responsibility that we have in common is immense and, although in different degrees, it is not in completely different spheres. It is the responsibility of souls, of civilization, of the improvement and happiness of man both on earth and in heaven."

POPE PIUS XII

SOMETHING ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

MARINA D. CESAR — formerly Marina F. Dilko

Valedictorian — Grade VII — Legaspi Post Elementary School, Alibay

First to third year high — Alibay High School

Graduated — Abellana High School, 1947.

Took up BSE (USC), graduated 1950 — magna cum laude

Finished M.A. in English — USC 1955

Married to Lorenzo G. Cesar, a Fulbright scholar who took up two years of guidance and counselling work in the University of Minnesota and is now employed in the Civil Service Commission, Manila.

They have four children, 3 boys, 1 girl. Mrs. Cesar is presently teaching at USC, College of Liberal Arts.

Students were famished for learning. The war took so long. Schools could erase some bitter memories.

Thus, I drifted into teaching. Teachers were so few that not many courses could be offered. Besides, teaching was an opportunity for earning money.

The first year of my teaching was probably the most decisive one. This was it. It was either teaching for me or nothing.

It was a small place I came to. My heart sank when I first saw it. There was even no wheat and passengers had to be carried ashore by laborers.

The school was an old convent, the back of which was in ruins. There were only *suena* partitions between classrooms. Teachers could see each other's feet, hear each other's "whispers." After San Carlos, this was a terrible disappointment. To top it all, nobody was willing to take me in as a boarder. Cebu was very far, food was scarce—no one could risk taking in a "city girl." It was the school registrar who called, pleased with, talked a good family into finally taking me in.

Everybody knew everybody else, so it did not take long for the new "maestra" to be known all over our town. I began receiving invitations: to baptisms, weddings, picnics, fiestas. People sought my opinion on this or that, asked ques-

I Am A Teacher

by MARINA D. CESAR

*IN HIGH SCHOOL, had somebody told me to take up teaching as a career, I would have laughed in his face. I had good teachers. The one we had in mathematics was such a wizard at figures that we secretly desired to become engineers, surveyors, builders. Our grammar teacher awakened in us a love for words a love that up to this day has remained. But it was our literature teacher who opened our eyes to many things, who made us think with our hearts, who made us see the beauty of the life we were entering for the first time as grownup men and women. We became "writers" overnight, and began composing love poems and songs and writing stories. We hungered to read everything—short stories, novels, even history—books were so scarce then. It is a tribute to those teachers that we were all so awed that not one of us in that class even dared to invade the teaching profession to show them that we could do better.

But here I am, teaching. I have been teaching since I graduated from college in 1950 (stopping only to get married and have babies).

When I took up education course, I was not very keen about it. I still wanted to be something else—a lawyer maybe, an engineer, but not a teacher. Somehow I felt that whatever "talent" I had would be wasted in it. Deep inside me lurked the feeling that teaching was not a career.

But teachers were needed then—many good teachers died during the war—so many classes were opened, schools built. Thousands and thousands of students flocked to these schools. It was time to forget the war and to begin filling up the empty spaces of the mind.

tions on politics, wanted to know a thing or two. I was also asked to speak at convocations and programs. Believe me, I never kept a straighter face than I did at these times. Coupled with a sense of importance was a growing sense of responsibility and maturity. I must learn more to satisfy and help these people; I must not disappoint them. A period of real, honest-to-goodness study followed.

Women, too, began to notice my clothes. I had never been clothes-conscious before; I began to notice myself too.

But it was the children who almost held me in awe. There was adoration in their eyes. I was afraid. For the first time in my life I began to know real fear. What if I could not teach them well? They expected so much from me!

They were enthusiastic to learn, as students the world over generally are. In this small dot of an island, among these backward boys and girls, might blossom a Browning, another Bonifacio, or a sainted Lincoln.

I had read many themes before—those of my classmates, those which my teachers requested me to correct. I checked them and considered them good or bad and nothing more. But now, I was reading the themes of my own students. It was a queer feeling. It was as if I was treading on sacred ground. I was entering a private world—the life, the thoughts, and feelings, the inward desire of fifty or so different personalities. It was a soul-satisfying privilege.

There were heartaches too. A bright boy or girl quitting because of financial

(Continued on page 35)



ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Born in Pullao, Bulacan; November, 1917. Finished BS Chemistry in UP, Manila, 1936, and MS Chemistry in UP, Diliman, 1955. Taught Chemistry at UP, Manila from 1937 up to the outbreak of the war. At present teaches Chemistry at USC and STC, Cebu City. Member, Cebu Chemical Society of the Philippines. Happily married, with six children.

Dear Son . . . by M. S. SORIAGA

● It is perfectly all right for you to inquire how and why I became a chemist, but, son, do you have to ask—"a chemist of all things"?

Well, it was like this.

I became a chemist because I could not draw a frog. All the frogs I drew looked like babies. At least that was what my zoology teacher said. She was an old maid, and it was apparent that she did not like babies at all.

So, you see, I could not become a physician because I could not draw frogs that looked like frogs. I dropped zoology; then took a course in the humanities instead, and, before I knew it, I was embarked on a chemical career.

Sure, son, it was perhaps a blessing to mankind. With my meeds you can never really tell how many people I might have killed if I had become a physician. But you should be the last person to mention that, son, don't you think?

Chemistry was rough. Chemistry was precise thinking and hard work. Precise thinking was good for the mind; hard work was good for the soul. There you go again, son. . . . Imagine, insinuating that I must have been thinking and working too lightly all my life. That is hardly the kind of a joke to tell one's father.

A chemist did not have employments to choose from during the middle thirties. There were the army, the Bureau of Science, a couple of cement plants, one or two water work, a paint factory, a few distilleries, assay laboratories that went with the mining boom, a perfumery, chemistry teaching jobs in college, brewery, a dairy plant. These were about all, with hardly any vacancies.

We were so pinched for jobs that three of the co-graduates had to go away to work as assayers in the mines. It was lousy up there in the hills and miserable too. The first came back in a coffin. The second came back dying, then died, most probably of silicosis. The third survived, however.

No, son, I was not the third because I was asked to teach. You see, my grades were not exactly the poorest in my class.

I refuse to understand you. What kingdom of the blind are you talking about?

No, son, do not take GBS seriously. He was only joking when he said, "Those who can, do; those who cannot, teach."

Well, anyway, I became a chemist

teacher. As a matter of fact it was as a chemistry teacher that I met your mother. Of course, son, I am very lucky, but you seem to imply that your mother is not.

Now, look here, son. What makes you think I am not earning enough? Don't you see how stout your mother has grown?

You are right, son. Human nature has become such that if it is profitable to become a thief, many will prefer to become thieves. There is naturally a greater preference for the more lucrative professions like medicine, business, law, politics, etc.

But you wait. People are beginning to take notice. It is getting more obvious that the economic prosperity of a country follows the quantity and quality of its scientists and technologists.

As human population grows the problems of sufficiency in food, shelter, clothing, transportation, etc. become unhappily acute. I cannot imagine a solution to these problems that can ignore chemical, not to say scientific or technical, knowledge and skill.

It is hard to believe what scientists in this country had to put up with in earlier times. For instance, a former University president even exhorted our people to give up scientific careers. The Filipinos have failed miserably in science; ergo, they should concentrate in arts and letters exclusively. Unthinkable!

The scientific atmosphere, however, is much better now. Every year we celebrate National Science Week—this never happened before in my remembrance. A few scientists are honored annually with some plaques or medals of achievement. I know what you are thinking, son. A scientist, no matter how distinguished, cannot eat a medal, can he? Why don't they give him cash? But you forgot something, son. There is something in a medal of honor that even money cannot buy.

There is much more in money than a thousand medals of honor cannot buy? You think it is that? Why, son, that is exactly what an influence peddler would think too.

Of course, financially speaking, a scientist is not any better off nowadays. The price spiral has got him worried. How much does a ganta of rice cost? a can of sardines, a cup of sugar, etc? But, to repeat, son, he is at last getting recognition. His finances will be taken care of in due time.

Listen to this, son. Everytime I get discouraged about the plight of science in this country, I read this aloud. I excerpted this from an article of Dr. Merle Fainood, Professor of Government at Harvard, published in the *Atlantic Monthly* of February, 1957.

" . . . Pervukhin then interrupted to say that in the USSR it was very different. Lawyers were much less important. The important people were engineers and scientists. The conviction with which Pervukhin spoke was an authoritative re-

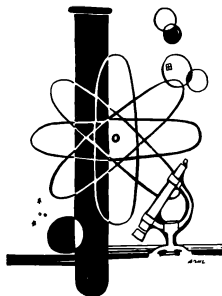
(Continued on page 56)

Man learns from two books: the universe, for the human study of the things created by God; and the Bible, for the study of God's superior will and truth.

One belongs to reason, the other to faith.

Between them there is no clash.

POPE PIUS XII:
Address to the Pontifical Academy
of Science, (Dec. 3, 1939)



FROM PETRARCH to Browning, it has ever been the tradition among sonneteers to take love as the theme of their art.

A book of recent publication, Estrada's *HEART OF CLAY*, is no exception. The first of its kind in the Philippines as a sonnet sequence it has no sooner emerged into print than it has received overwhelming acclaim from readers and critics as well.

It is therefore with no little temerity blended with not a little fear that the author, though keenly aware of the dangers to be encountered in the attempt, is nevertheless venturing an analysis.

Now it is the purpose of this paper to analyze briefly Estrada's understanding of the love-experience, her presentation of the love-theme—and, too, her concept of love itself. And to show whether the critical acclaim it has received is wholly justifiable or not, the concluding paragraphs shall attempt to deal on the volume's formal element, but this shall be done only in passing.

As I read the book I could not help but think that the arrangement of the 66 sonnets has been planned and so planned that a story should be more or less discerned.

A woman and a man fell in love with one another. In the course of their love they experienced moments of passion, of ecstasy, even of jealousy. Then distance separated them, and perhaps in unconscious obedience to a psychological principle: out of sight, out of mind, the man fell in love with another woman. The latter two eventually became married and the first woman, though never forgetting her first love, had no other choice but to get married too. Later on she underwent a struggle with herself trying to check the importunate advances of her first love (Read Sonnet III).

Here is the bare skeleton of the story and whether this is actually what happened to the author who apparently is the first woman is not for this paper to deal with.

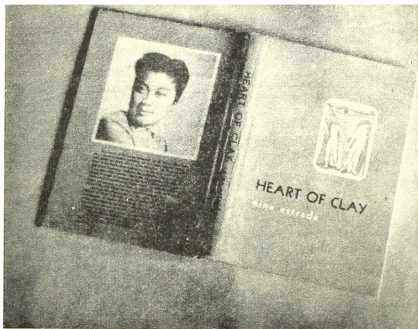
Stuff it for us to ask: Within the framework of such a story, how did our lady sonneteer work out her love-theme?

The love-theme, needless to say, is as ancient as the hills. Genesis wrote of it when it told of the breath infused into a lump of molded clay. The Songs ecstatically sang of it, the Greeks coldly philosophized about it, the Gospels preached it. It soared on Shakespearean wings and it is walled on in the latest hit. It is in every written line almost—it is in every spoken word almost. Need we wonder therefore that the latest literary furor as the furors before it sings too of love? But what kind of love? Is it the same love, let's say, for which an Anthony braved an empire's wrath or the same love that drove two ill-starred lovers to a vaulted tomb once upon a Renaissance night, a love pure as fire on the one hand, and a love pure as the dew of dawn on the other? Is it the same love that raised an invalid woman's dying spirit, the same love of which she sang in immortal lines, serene and quiet as Victorian candle-glow?

There runs an age-old line: No greater love than this that a man lay down his life for his friends. An equally ancient tale tells of a man who gave up his freedom for another. A girl who went by the name of Juliet whispered long, long ago in one of the world's oldest and youngest lovers:

*My beauty is as boundless as the sea
My love as deep; the more I give to thee
The more I have, for both are infinite.*

And too, love is defined in psychology books as the attraction of a soul for something good, beautiful and desirable in another. Fulton Sheen says: "Love is the giving of oneself to another. The good of the beloved comes first". Thomas Merton, speaking for the contemplatives, says: "Love can be kept only when it is given away. A happiness that is sought for ourselves can never be found". All of which adds up to one thing: Love



THE HEART

does not demand, does not ask. It merely gives and gives and gives.

Can we say this much of the love in Estrada's *HEART OF CLAY*? The first sonnet opens with a list of demands:

*Make me the liquid...
Make me the clay...
Make me the peppet...*

She asks for the vase of her lover's heart, she asks for his molding hands, she asks for his wishes, for his world, for his tears.

And when she holds his hands and feels the throbs of his heart, it is only to dispel her own fears. (III)

There is no answer to life's wherefores and why, she cries,

I only know my need for you is great...

*Our coward souls careen existing pain,
Yet secretly covet the promised gain! (VI)
Loneliness and pain can bring no threat, no discord,
Only when your warm tenderness is my reward. (VII)*

In the dead of night, with downcast eyes, she prays for her lover's desire to overwhelm and vanquish her (X), she prays for the rains of love and chains of kisses and kisses of love (XII).

She is a flower...

And no flower exists that seeks not drop of dew. (XIII)

Then enslaved by her own fears and frights, she asks the lover to come and break the chains that bind her (XV). She glories in her surrender only because it brings joy (XVI).

Why talk beloved, she says, of petal-hips that undulated before you in past?

*The present and the future give to me
And we shall let the dead past buried be. (XXXI)
She weeps when above the exigency of his demanding kiss,
She sees only the unguing lustre of eyes. (XXXVI)
There was born a hunger in her heart, she says...*

*A hunger that no other food may still
Except your honeyed witchery. (XLIV)*

And when she broods in humiliated shame over a love that was ruthlessly denied, she seeks vengeance and her only prayer was that...

The vengeance that upon your soul I lay
Will not redound and break this heart of clay. (LIV)
How much truth is in Sonnet LV?
And yet...

I bear no bitterness nor even pain,
In truth we've loved our loving...
And lived our living...

How real is the hope proclaimed in the last sonnet?

... Church bells proclaim 'H's not the end
Of living when a sad love dies. Life must
Begin again... and THIS is my beginning, friend.

What is that beginning?

One can only wonder.

Only a love that is basically selfish can be born of a love that is basically sensual. This perhaps can explain the selfish, demanding quality of the love that is sung of in the HEART OF CLAY. Understood only in purely physical terms, it brings no spiritual fulfillment to the beloved and it could not therefore be but one of a transient, ephemeral quality. Intense but of the moment like the intense light of a falling

Of fruit within the bud could not have been
More proudly borne than that one instant of
Primal seed that flowed
In unbridled cascades. (XXII)

But like all things of the flesh, fleshly love finally sees an end. The pain of separation, the pain of treachery becomes an anguish that can hardly be borne...

The heaven that we clutched one magic night
Perfidious hell became with the morning light. (XLVI)
And the mind cannot even remember nor leave any spiritual power in her. The heaven they clutched that magic night is held on in memory by things as passing...

The mind remembers not. It is the eye,
... that pieces back the past and sees...
It is the skin that feels upon its pulse
... the touch-careless...

Hot mind, but lips bewitched recall the clear
Sensations yielded in kiss-haunted dreams... (XLV)
But the bitterness that floating love can teach. (XXXIX)

OF CLAY... A Study By D. M. MAGLALANG

star, happiness born of such a love leaves a void in the spirit when it passes away as it left a void in the woman's heart in its moment of forsaken loneliness. No matter what is said about it to the contrary, the HEART OF CLAY is sex-glorification, pure and simple. It is a purple expression of sensual desires. Human love, without doubt, is one of the most beautiful things in creation—in fact the most beautiful. But when a man loves he loves as a man, not as a beast. And when a man loves as a beast, his love hereon knows only one truth:

Henceforth, your arms alone can bring me ecstasies. (II)
And so our heroine conquers her fears and regrets only

When I remember how I closed against
Your kiss my hungry mouth... (III)

She speaks of crucified desires (IV), ill-starred longings (V) and if these be not crimes, she cries,

Then I would as pure as Vestal Virgins be (V)
And in lonely nights she sees only his eyes

Exuding rays of tyrant magnetism
Two smouldering flames with male intensity
That promise rapture after vandalism. (X)

Again in Sonnet XII, she says that the chains of love are never broken

Until fulfilled and smashed on throbbing fields
Of spent desire...

Platonic love is platonic folly and this can satiate none of their desires because...

... 'twist our hearts can only burst the kiss
Of waiting sands beneath a heaving sea,
The embrace defying death...
Denounced forever by lips increased like these. (XIII)

Urged on by leaping desires, she offers herself not as a cooing dove but as an impassioned tigress. (XV)
Then soaring in wildly sensual ecstacy, she exults over her lover's swift barbaric conquest when he parted...

Her hesitating mouth, her virgin hair,
Thou placed them altogether again with a kiss
That set them whole again. (XVI)

And the start...

And there remains of that love...

... but shreds of wound and blood
The agony of which I cannot hide. (XLVII)

And as sweet vengeance over her lover's unfaithful heart of stone, she swears his eyes searching the darkness shall never see again her

... eyes misty
With hunger, beggared, yet unpleading... (LII)
Nor his hands groping in the night shall ever find again...
The inflated breasts' pubescent line. (LII)
And she shall always find a way...

To torture you again with sight of lips
You well remember and of breasts and hips
Whose feel you knew but lost... (LIV)

Flagrantly sensual, sex-driven to the point of obsession, the HEART OF CLAY defies comparison with anything ever written in the Philippines. A totally novel experiment, it can account a little perhaps for the overwhelming acclaim it has won from some critics whose impartiality may well have been dimmed by the occasional flashes, daring images, brilliant turns of phrase that undoubtedly and unfortunately abound in the volume.

Summing up critical comments, one notices a seemingly overwhelming focus of attention on the beauty of form. Form however is in the final analysis but a means to an end. One, perhaps led by blind enthusiasm or perhaps struck by the novelty of his point of view, went as far as to forecast that the volume might even be compared someday to Barret Browning's SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE. And the comparison, he continues, would really not in the least be unfavorable.

Really?
Take for example...

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways;
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach...
I love thee to the level of yesterday's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight,
I love thee freely as men strive for right,
I love thee purely as they turn from praise

... I love thee with the breath
(Continued on page 50)

To tell a wholly factual story
has been the obsession
of the author for quite a long
time. For this March issue
of the "Carolinian" he avails
himself of some of his
diary items in dishing up .

A NOSTALGIA

ONE

WHETHER by day or by night the pine trees were always magnificent to behold. To think of pine trees is to hear fresh young voices and laughter.

Even now I am still wounded by the impression of deep beauty which Baguio, the city of hills of pines, had wrought within me.

Even now as I touch the unfading everlasting flowers in my table drawer, I hold an illusion of eternity; I am still with friends with whom I claimed brotherhood, because they spoke what their hearts desired, and I discovered that we equally dearly prized peace and the future.

We came to Baguio, the three hundred of us, college students from the different regions of the Philippines, not to pretend to decide on singular issues, but to bring to light some good things for this and perhaps the next generation. Ours was the united, resolved, hungry voices of youth calling for a providential world in the midst of heated politics and the menace of too much materialism. Ours was the longing for a relief from the violence of the present age.

I remember how each morning we (The Artist Ben Cabanatan, Mon "Glenn Ford" Fernandez, The British Accent Manning Go, The Politician Jun Abao, The President Addy "Chawk" Sitoy who extemporaneously delivered an applauded address on *An Affair To Remember*, The Sublime DM Maglaling, The Loyal Dodong "Judge" Maambong, Froy Quijano,

The Author of a Few Unpublished Tarzan Adventures, Manny "Manuel" Valenzuela and I) came down from the hill that bears the Patria de Baguio where we were lodging. We were ever gay though we shivered in the peculiar frigidity of the place. We cut jokes, and occasionally mused on humanity, God's grandeur. Oftentimes we were rambling; usually we expressed our views with naive but graphic phrases that roused us in a sudden. Sometimes we lingered by the little garden and made new acquaintances, or intimately exchanged hellos with those we had already met before we proceeded to St. Louis University auditorium where delegates might formally present to each other their ideas.

Very well I also remember the sightseeing trip before the first plenary session, and how I sat there in the back-seat with Glenn Ford, Judge and the President; I peeped through the window of the car with the curiosity of a child and watched the pine trees endlessly whirl around us as the car turned at a curve. The jolly FEU people sang one song after another. And Judge, Glenn Ford and I strolled after them. Unmelodiously. Inharmoniously. Happily. We pulled up at Mines View Park and had picture taking; as usual we were hushed when we posed, and laughed when the camera shutter clicked. Somewhat tired, I retivated to the shade; leaning on a boulder, I painfully tried to compose a short poem. When I looked up, I saw her and our eyes met again.

Back in the truck I thought that love could not be more clear and convincing as when it hit the eyes.

Again I gazed at the pine trees and they kept on whirl-

ing around us wherever we went, and I wondered how they could be so noiseless and stately, so green and tender, so shapely and uniform. And by what spell! my eyes were seeing her.

For the first time I was triumphant as though I had never been in love and loved; to consider that the loved me was to suppose a big thing; but that was part of it—the anguish that was bliss; besides that, is not verity sometimes attained by a process of assumptions?

On my part the intricacy of love was disentangled and defined, but my conscience would not permit me to finally be vocal of it until I could have the entire universe to guaranty myself.

Perhaps it is only when the heart is completely sure of itself, of its position under certain circumstances that doubt rises in the mind and makes manifest its efficacy.

TWO

THE NIGHT was a kind of soft music that we listened to and knew not that it was such until it thoroughly caught us and let us feel the want of the luxury of castle-building.

The British Accent, the Artist, Glenn Ford and I had already been promenading a long time in the night along the streets before one of us asserted that the night was exceptionally nice. We briefly laughed at our own woolgathering and paused to look at the displayed articles in the show window to find what appropriate things to carry home.

for PINE TREES

• by Junne Canizares •

The Artist bought us some *balots* and we ascended the hundred-six cemented steps to the church on top of the hill; we reached there short of breath.

Now we were overlooking the crowded buildings of the city of Baguio, and the Artist took a picture of it. But could the camera capture any better the splendour of the scattered lights than the mind in its moment of glory?

The over-all effect of the electric lights and those in the open heaven awed the soul and that was why we stayed there speechless for a while, each to his own understanding.

And although Baguio City, being located in the remotest mountains, unlike the sea which had witnessed so much disaster during the war, could not by any manner remind me of bloodshed, I had it superimposed in my mind on the image of combat and confusion, because I believed that the desirability of a thing could not be fully grasped and appreciated by the human intellect unless it was compared with its antithesis.

Once more the Artist took a picture of the city; afterwards we strolled beneath the pine trees. We put our hands in our side-pockets and whistled *Summer Love*.

When we entered our room, the Politician was appraising every individual's contribution to the expenses he suffered for the group in their outing. Prejudiced by the wrongful accounting, the Author vehemently urged the Politician to pass on the matter again. The President recited another elegy to his precious pair of pants which he had left at Tubetan in Manila, and paid his share under protest.

THREE

THE NUS Conference was terminated with the last solemn note of the Philippine National Anthem that we sang. The Congregation was dispersed. Many called for photographers; the others either went directly to the boarding house to start packing up or to the market to purchase souvenirs.

The Artist, the President, Glenn Ford, the British Accent, the Politician, the Author, Manuel and I were busily checking up our belongings when Judge came into the room and announced that we had one more important agenda. The President named Glenn Ford and me, and we followed the urgent Judge downstairs, across the street, to the waiting car hired by Atty. Catalino Doronio.

We stepped in. I slammed the door; the machine roared immediately, and the automobile glided forward. Atty. Doronio had told us beforehand that we were going to pay a courtesy call on Fr. Krieger, but since I had a letter for one of the Pink Sisters, I requested the driver to take us first to their convent.

Atty. Doronio and Judge were surprised; the Terpsichores Tessie Vergara and Lorna Rodriguez asked me what I would be going there for. Glenn Ford answered them for me, and I observed how smoothly the car was traveling.

Down the road a man was adjusting his camera, a stooping figure in an abstraction of sunshine and shadows. I look-

ed up and saw two strips of cloud enjoying the comfort of too much blue, too much space in the sunny, cool morning sky. Then the car stopped and we all stepped down.

It was a peaceful place, and we opined that only pious souls or poets could live there. We had a good conversation with two of the Pink Sisters, and soon we were on the road again. The Terpsichores notified us that they had been encouraged to take up Sisterhood, and we did not dare deal with the subject for fear that we might be interfering with their own concern, or unfolding our sentiment about it and somehow put ourselves at their mercy.

We passed by couples walking close to each other by the side of the road, little children on horseback, men playing golf and boy scouts camping beneath the giant pines.

The car swiftly climbed up, slowed down and halted in front of a bungalow. A smiling priest met us, and Atty. Doronio talked to him. The priest got inside one of the rooms to call Fr. Krieger. Later, the latter came out and gladly greeted us and shook our hands.

Fr. Krieger showed the place to us, and we were more and more delighted as he introduced to us one flower after another. The flowers were too varied, too colorful, too rare that I uttered that I had not actually seen such gorgeousness before; that by having my eyes alone I felt I was lucky—and meant it.

That night I dreamed of flowers. And pine trees. To me they had become symbols of perfection.

(Continued on page 52)

Suffering is the womb where the human
soul finds its rebirth: "Tall peace, after
the un-peace" (J. G. Villa)

This is what I would like to say
in this story. But does the story say
it? That bothers me. The whole problem
is painful. It looks like I have
over said it. I guess I have
yet to grow, to suffer some more.

FRANK A. ROBLES

IN THE DARKNESS Miguel lay straight on the bamboo bed, awake and aware of the sinister silence in the house, the smell of decay somewhere, the mosquitoes fomenting his body, and with the nothingness that almost hurt. That night he was sleepless again, as he was on other nights, even with all the bodily weariness he felt; he had been lying on the bamboo bed by sundown, after he had buried Guinto in the backyard of the house. Guinto was his dog. But it was not just any dog; it was a trained one, a terrier that could do things people would pay to see, like dance, for instance; he had trained it, and for nearly ten years Guinto had provided his rice and fish; this afternoon the dog was hit by a car and died in the street. Now in the darkness Miguel lay still and straight and completely given over to a long and deep contemplation of his existence. He was an old man now, he thought, weak and just about useless, deprived, destitute, living in a house not his own, and denied of the last thing he had owned. My God, I do not like to doubt your wisdom, but why must there be so much suffering in this world? he asked over and over in the night. With Guinto gone, how would he be in the years to come? Without wanting to Miguel wept and closed his eyes.

Morning came and he was still on bed. A middle-aged woman came to the door of the house and knocked; she called his name twice, and he knew it was Mrs. Medel, the owner of the house; something stirred in him, like a leaf trembling inside. He rose, put on his wooden slippers and hobbled to the door.

"Good morning, Señora," he said, forcing a smile on his deeply furrowed face, "please come in." Mrs. Medel looked about her, as if she were wary of something. "The dog is not here anymore, Señora. It was run over by a cock-eyed bastard yesterday afternoon and I buried it in the backyard."

Mrs. Medel stepped in and seated herself on a shaky wooden chair; once she shuddered faintly from the bad smell somewhere, but Miguel's blurry eyes must not have seen her. The place was quite dirty, he said apologetically to the middle-aged woman, and the latter said that was all right. About the dog, Mrs. Medel remarked it was a sad thing and he should try to forget it. Then she said: "It's the end of the month." The old man's shoulders drooped slightly, and his lips quivered. It was a polite suggestion that he should pay the rent of the house, three installments all in all, as he had promised.

"Well, you see, Señora, I'm still broke," he said lamely, his voice faltering and somewhat cringing. "Could you, perhaps, give me some more extension. As I told you, Señora, my dog died yesterday."

Mrs. Medel straightened up. "I can give you up to the fifteenth only. You know how difficult things are these days. I've six children to support and my husband's salary is hardly enough. You should consider also my position." Afterwards, the middle-aged woman left. Miguel sat by the window, not knowing what to do with the rest of the day.

He tried to remember a recall in the city, but he could not recall any; his memory was like a murky water now, darkening in the depths. However, he remembered Manuel, a friend, who used to live on San Marcelino street; he was not sure though if Manuel was still there, for the last time he had seen him was during the Japanese occupation. Maybe Manuel could help him out, he figured; it would be a long walk from the house, and he was old now, but he had no choice. Besides, he really would

love to see Manuel after all these years. So he trudged to San Marcelino street, puffing a cigar to wear a look of dignity.

Vaguely, he recognized the grey wooden house where Manuel lived before. He rapped on the door and waited for a while. A girl looked out of the window on the ground floor. "Who is it you're looking for, old man?" the girl asked. "Manuel," he replied. "Manuel who?" the girl asked again. "Manuel de la Cruz," he said. "Does he not live here? I'm his friend." "You mean my grandfather? He is not here anymore. He's already dead. He died a long time ago, didn't you know?" So Manuel was already in the grave, he muttered sadly. "Oh, forgive me, I forgot to let you come in, old man," the girl said. "That's all right, my child. Goodbye." Miguel walked back to his house and sulked at his fate.

One night as he lay in the darkness remembering the past, rage clutched his heart like a burning hand when he happened upon the memory of what he had done to a country girl on a dark evening like this, long ago.

On the fifteenth of the month Mrs. Medel came back just as she had said. "Are you going to pay me now?" she asked. He looked at her miserably, without saying anything; he felt dry in the throat. "Very well then. You get your things out of here and go somewhere. You have the whole day to pack up," Medel declared with finality in her voice; she turned about and shuffled off. He stood by the doorway looking at the back of the high-heeled, wide-hipped woman.

The following morning Mrs. Medel appeared again at the house. But this time she was with two husky, rough-

REBIRTH

faced men. "I told you to move out yesterday. If you think you can keep on fooling me I'll show you. You're getting out of here now, whether you like it or not! Badong, go ahead, do what I told you," she said.

The two men entered the house and started hauling out Miguel's belongings: three chairs, a small table, the paraphernalia used by the dog when it put on its show in the carnival, or at town fiestas, the bamboo bed, empty kerosene cans, two leather suitcases—they were all scattered on the concrete pavement in the sun.

"Señora, can you not really let me stay in your house for a few more days, at least till I can find a place

by

FRANK A. ROBLES

where I can live?" Miguel asked, his voice trembling.

"I'm sorry," the middle-aged woman shot back, "I tried to be lenient to you but you do not comply with your obligation!"

Miguel stood there looking at the two men coming in and out of the house till the last of his belongings had been brought out. When he was young he could handle with his bare fists three of these rough-necks; now he was shaken to the bones, dwarfed, beaten. Late in the afternoon, Mrs. Medel and her male companions went away, leaving the house securely locked.

The old man stayed where he was on the concrete pavement. He sat on the bamboo bed in the dusk, so vexed and down-hearted that he had resigned himself to whatever else would happen next. Then evening fell. A cold wind blew and stirred the dust; soon enough drops began to fall on his face, telling him it would rain. Yet he felt no impulse to move and look for shelter; for the worst thing that could ever happen to a man already had happened, worst pain had been inflicted on his flesh, and his mind had known the saddest thoughts in the world; he saw no reason for him to hide from the rain or from anything else now. And the rain started to fall; it went on falling for three days, with the old man under it.

It was still raining when Mrs. Medel came back to the house, together with her eldest son. She staggered when she saw the old man in the rain, sitting on the bamboo bed like a statue, with head bent low and eyes open but unseeing. "Jesus Christ!" she said in a whisper. "Who is that man, mama?" the young man inquired, while opening the padlock in the door. "That's the one I sent away from this house," Mrs. Me-

del said. "But why is he there?" the young man asked. "I don't know," Mrs. Medel answered; secretly she asked herself whether it was right to have sent the old man away. "Why don't we just let him stay here, mama?" the young man asked again. "He would not pay," replied Mrs. Medel; her son looked at her intensely, as if he were trying to find something in her eyes. "This man is suffering, mama. We cannot just leave him there. I tell you he's going to die!" Something pierced her heart. "I suppose you're right, son. Tell him to get inside. I can't understand why we should be so selfish." She looked at the houses around.

The young man took the umbrella from his mother's hand and approached the old man. "Here, you better get inside the house, old man. You'll get sick in this rain," he said and took the old man by the arm. Miguel just let himself be led like driftwood on a stream, into the house; water was running down his body and the wind was cold, but his flesh and his mind had grown numb, indifferent and insensate now, having known suffering in all its depths and dimensions. While he was sitting in the rain he had fallen into reflections on his long existence; he saw himself

as far back as his memory could reach; with perfect detachment and objectivity, he saw the sinful errors in the episodes of his life, and how inevitably they spelled this end; and slowly, and with pitiless clarity, he discovered the principle, like a hidden foothold in the grass, that it is by a man's actions, that his history is wrought. He knew now that he was so hurt and wounded in the heart, because he had been proud and selfish and full of self-importance which had forged in his mind the deceitful belief that he was important and precious, having forgotten the ancient truth that man is but a handful of dust animated by the Divine Breath. All this came to him in the rain, like white roses blossoming and exuding fragrance, before peace descended upon him, like a shroud of ethereal light.

In the darkness Miguel lay again on the wet mat spread over the bamboo bed and slept soundly. He did not even know that the young man had undressed and wrapped him in a woolen blanket before leaving, and that his belongings had been hauled back into the house. Perhaps, even if he had known, he would not have minded.

In his sleep, Miguel dreamed of Christ and heard a thousand singing voices...



I Love CALCULUS

AFTER CHITO left me for a pretty pharmacy coed, I vowed never to fall in love again. I would dedicate myself to my studies, perhaps even have a short story published in *The Carolinian*—a dream I'd had ever since I started college. Then perhaps later, I'll even write a great short story. Why not? After all, weren't most of the great masterpieces produced by people that had been hurt? I confided this to Beb and Cora. "How tragic and sentimental, Nita," Cora commented. "Let me know when you get tired of the idea. Then I'll introduce you to The Brain. He happens to be Joey's classmate and friend. You have heard of him, haven't you?"

"Thanks, but I'm not interested," I answered coldly and picked up the two thickest books I had to prove my point. I read two chapters and ignored the girls. I did my homework, conscientiously typing it.

* * *

I devoted an hour everyday to writing before rushing to the university until the third week, when I got fed up. It's all right for the fiction and screen heroines to moon over a lost love. They have their readers and audience to watch them and sympathize with their every move. Me, I had only the girls who were more absorbed in their clothes, studies, and boy friends.

"I'm going to make the school paper yet, but there's no use in being broken-hearted," I casually remarked to Cora one day.

She contorted her face to swallow an I-told-you-so expression. "That's the spirit, Nita." She hugged me. "Just on time, too. The Brain has heard of you from Joey and wants to meet you."

"That's not what I mean, Cora."

"He is quiet and serious." Lil ignored my protest. "Has no girl. You know, the type that has to be chased. Promise you'll work on him, Nita."

"You don't understand, Cora."

"Nothing, you promise. How would you like becoming a spinster with only books and a diploma to console you?" Sensing that it meant nothing to me, Cora argued; "He's the Epsilon's most exalted brother, fairly good-looking, bright, and all the girls are crazy about him."

"Over my dead body. There'll be other boys who won't have to be chased."

"And Chito will one day claim proudly that you never had a boy friend again because of him." She paused to let the meaning sink in, looking at me innocently. That did it.

"All right, it's a promise."

"The trouble with you, Nita," Cora continued, gladly assuming the position of counselor, "is that you let the man do all the chasing. That's wrong. We only make them think so but actually we girls are doing it. Take Chito, you made him do all the chasing, and where is he now?"

"But a girl is supposed to—"

"Oh, Nita, that's old-fashioned now—1920's. Even Fr. John says so."

I had my misgivings but I couldn't argue with Cora.

"Afterwards, Nita," I heard Cora say, "do drop a word now and then to The Brain about Joey's drafts and math

grades. If The Brain would let him copy oftener, Joey would have more time for me."

Joey and Suki "The Brain", dropped in at the dorm one evening. He was exactly what his name (which was Socrates) and nickname stood for. One's first impression of him was of immense wisdom and intelligence. It was there in his classic angular brows and thick-lensed glasses, in his serious bearing and deep resonant voice. He looked older than twenty and could pass for a college professor instead of an engineering student. Suki appealed to me in love as Shakespeare, Byron, and Fitzgerald did in literature. Cora winked at me before she and Joey left us to ourselves as if to remind me of my promise. It wasn't necessary. Besides Suki had an air of indifference which made me want him to really notice me.

I left him for a while to get some cokes. When I returned, Suki was engrossed in a magazine. He was concentrating on the perspective of a building. I stuck around like a maid serving him noiselessly.

Then he picked an album. The first page was a picture of Chito. He adjusted his glasses with a great show and glanced from the picture to me. The next page was a first rate picture of me against the municipal building back home. "This is you," Suki breathed, and in the same breath added, "The dimension's perfect, I wonder who designed the building."

* * *

"Well, how do you like The Brain?" Joey asked me at the canteen.

"To give you an idea, Joey, Chito's only a memory," Cora answered for me.

"It's mutual then. He wants to see you again, Nita. Not in those words exactly. What he said was he wants to tag along with me the next time I visit Cora. We are dropping in this evening after classes."

* * *

Suki visited me often. Immediately after he had left, the girls would ask if Suki had already asked me to "pin" him on their fraternity's pinning ceremony. They always looked disappointed when I shook my head. On his eleventh visit, Beb suggested I wear my sea-blue skirt and cream blouse. I cinched it with a twenty-two inch belt she had offered to lend me. When I went to let Suki in, he looked me over reflectively from head to toe, calculated my twenty-two inch waist, whistled, and in an incredulous voice asked, "Can you breathe, Nita?"

It wasn't the kind of reaction to expect. I consoled myself with the thought that at least his attention was on me and not on the structural design of the fence.

"Like the color?" I eyed my skirt.



"Blue is a blend of the colors red and green." Then he began a dissertation on colors, which led to Beta and Gamma rays. We probably looked absorbed in each other because I saw Cora slip past with Beb following. Each smiled mischievously and gestured a handshake. Fortunately they didn't hear our conversation.

It was late. We stood up and I walked Suki to the gate. "It's a lovely evening, isn't it?" I pointed to the star-studded sky. The remark could lead to romantic possibilities. "Speaking of stars," the learned, intellectual, scholar answered, "the nearest to the earth is several hundreds of light years away. Why, you can make a scale of anything except the universe. If the earth were scaled into the size of an egg, the nearest star will have to be placed five hundred miles away. Remarkable, isn't it?"

I saw a lot of Suki. Sometimes he would walk me home from the university. "Are you sure he didn't ask you yet?" Cora inquired doubtfully. We'd been discussing Suki for two solid hours.

"We talked of the possible conquest of space a decade from now, about Dr. Zhivago, Garcia's administration, and the Roman architecture. Oh, well, now and then he says I'm sweet and finishes off with something about differential calculus. But that's all, Cora."

"I have got it! Eureka!" Beb suddenly exclaimed snapping her fingers. "Now, why didn't we think of it before? Is Suki coming on Saturday evening?"

"Why?"

"He's a hi-fi enthusiast, Nita. Bach, Beethoven—long-hair music. Leave it to me. I'll ask him to bring his phono. Music hath charms that—that, you know, tames cruel hearts," Beb quoted glibly.

That Saturday evening, Suki dropped in with some records at Beb's request. The living room was dimly lighted, Cora's idea. Suki was impatient to let me hear his Debussy record and played "Clair de Lune" at once. I took the farthest seat from him, the one at the left side and settled to listen. "You better sit here, Nita." Suki indicated the chair beside his. Beb promptly exchanged glances with me as if to say, "See?"

"You see," Suki explained, "you get the best result listening to hi-fi music when your ears are on level with the phono. The acoustics are clearer."

The evening melted into an intellectual night of long-hair music with valuable information in-between about diamonds, needles, records, and baffles.

"I give up!" I told Cora the next day. "The boy's abnormal. His only loves are hi-fi, science, and engineering. This is the last week; after University Week, I'm through."

"Don't be silly and let the two months go to waste. Give him a grace period, Nita. Say, till after Junior Prom."

On a Friday evening, Suki walked me home. It was University Week and we had just viewed the exhibits. We

• by R. T. •

first circled the main building and then walked over to the science building about electricity, the miniature alcohol plant, and the psychology booth. He suddenly exasperated me, and after all, it was the last day, then I'd be through with him—so that when he suggested we go back and look over the engineering and architecture exhibits, I answered sarcastically, "Oh, yes, Suki, let's. I simply love bridges!"

"You do?" He looked surprised.

"Of course. I love bridges, buildings, and calculus. Crazy about them." I answered still with sarcasm, feeling reckless. I was tried of running after Suki.

"So that's it!" Suki seemed relieved. There was understanding and a new strange ring in his voice. "Ever since the first time I saw you, I knew you were the right girl. I didn't know you like calculus and that engineering interests you. So I thought—please don't be offended—I thought you were after me. I know a lot of girls pursuing the men and I didn't want it that way in my case. It's a man's place to do the courting, don't you think so?" We had reached the engineering booth, leaned over its rails, and I couldn't believe it, Suki didn't even talk of horse-power. "Don't you think so?" Suki repeated and led me away from the booth.

"Think what?" I asked softly and I didn't feel like chasing him anymore.

I still can't exactly recall what followed. Before I realized it, Nick was asking me to be his girl and to "pin" him on their frat's affair. "For the last time, Nick, no," I refused.

"Next time you'll say yes, won't you?" He pursued. He was, as I felt from the beginning, like Shakespeare, Byron and Fitzgerald.

I worked late into the night typing a short story. Beb looked over my shoulder.

"What's that? It's nice. Not a theme."

"No, a short story for our school paper."

"Oh. Inspired by the Brain?"

"No. By calculus." I laughed and finished the story. This is it. ♪

Father Arnold Janssen, Man of God

(Continued from page 4)

17 respectively. Soon after that, he received his appointment as teacher and vice rector of the high school at Bocholt where he joined forces with Father Waldau, an older priest. Father Janssen's duties kept increasing until he had twenty-four classes a week. He taught principally mathematics, business accounting, natural sciences and French.

Father Janssen spent twelve happy though toilsome years at Bocholt; in this period, his tendency to a life of prayer and inclination towards asceticism became more and more marked. His letters to his parents reveal an ever-growing desire to live for God alone, to help make "the heart of Christ live in the hearts of men."

The Call to Action

It is God who chooses the men to "preach the Gospel to every creature," and He has a way of making His holy intentions known to them; it is then up to them to accept the invitation or not.

Father Janssen had, for many years, taken a growing interest in promoting the spread of the Word of God through the missions. He became more and more taken with the idea; that the Catholics of Germany, ought to have a mission of their own like France, England and other countries. When he brought the matter up before Bishop Raimondi, Prefect Apostolic of Hongkong, his answer was: "Found one yourself."

With the suggestion began a crusade that was to last for several years. One that often frustrated the initiator, even humiliated him at times. This crusade was waged through every available means, but especially through the press.

Father Arnold's Weapon

Father Janssen spread his idea by means of his magazine, the *Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. In January, 1874, this magazine first saw the light of day. Although comprising only eight pages, with a simple make-up and few pictures, nevertheless, it was able to reach those the mission-spirited Father could not win to his cause by personal persuasion. The largest portion of its space was devoted to articles about the foreign missions. For Father Janssen, the magazine was also his most effective defense against uncalled for criticisms from all quarters.

Success at Last

Success came to the good Father the slow, tiresome way. Catholic Germany began to grow conscious of the imperative need for missionaries. Money and other forms of contribution for the cause poured in from bishops, priests, brothers, nuns — even from small wage-

earning laborer. Eventually Father Janssen felt the time to begin in earnest had come. A small sum of money and the first helpers were available for a modest beginning.

In 1875, the first mission house was established in a former inn at Steyl (Holland). On January 27, 1876, the feast of St. Chrysostom, the first small hand press, which had been secured through the help of benefactors was dedicated and set into operation. It was a memorable day for the mission house and all Steyl. Father Janssen said of it: "This printing press is a sword with which to defend the Church of God."

One of the great problems that challenged the good Father was that of securing men for the printing plant and the numerous other practical tasks demanded by the growing community. No problem could make him flinch from his responsibilities. He did his best and left the rest to God.

Janssen's Society

By founding the mission house, Father Janssen laid the foundations of the Society of the Divine Word (*Societas Verbi Divini*).

A few words about this society is in order. Its chief purpose was work in the foreign missions. According to the first set of rules, "the members were to wear the cassock of secular priests, only the cincture was to be red on the inside, in memory of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, of the blood He shed for us, and in reference to the martyr's blood that every member of this house should be ready to shed for the Lord."

An oblation or dedication to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the purpose of apostolic labor in obedience to the superior of the house and his representatives was required of the members.

A special chapter is devoted to the spirit of the society, which is characterized as a spirit of complete abandonment to God, a spirit of faith, confidence, humility and self-denial. The founder laid special stress on mortification. The rule of the tertiaries of St. Dominic was to be strictly observed. Every Friday was fast day. Abstinence was observed on Monday, Wednesday, Saturday, and all through Advent. The use of tobacco in any form was forbidden to all as an unnecessary stimulant. The monthly self-accusation, in the chapter of penance, and the practice of the 'penance table', i.e., eat kneeling, were introduced. There were to be three meals a day. All were to be required to make their own bed, clean their rooms, and if ordered by the superior, take part in washing the dishes and cleaning the house. Silence was to be kept a considerable part of

the day, and was to be strictly observed.

March 12, 1885 saw the election for life of Arnold Janssen as first Superior-General.

Other Successes

By that time the mission idea had spread like wildfire. Mission houses other than that in Steyl were founded — St. Gabriel's at Moeding, near Vienna (Austria), in 1889, after seven years of waiting and working; "Holy Cross" in Silesia, eastern Germany, 1892; St. Wendelin's in western Germany, 1898, the third mission house to be established in that country; St. Rupert's, near Bischofshofen, Austria, Father Janssen's "Benjamin," the last to be established in Europe (1905); and St. Raphael's College, Rome, 1888, the second establishment of the Society in Europe.

In 1882, just seven years after the opening of the first house in Steyl, the first foreign mission was established in Pooi, in the extreme northwest of South-Shantung, China. The death of Bishop Anant and Father Freinademetz, two of the Superior-Generals' trusted men, proved a hard blow that came to him, but no sad event could discourage him. In 1892, a prefecture apostolic was erected in Togo, a German colony on the west coast of Africa. It was only a tiny speck on the map, but it contained about a million inhabitants. Pretty early, other members of Father Arnold's missionary society, began the work of evangelization amongst the natives of New Guinea.

In due time S.V.D. Fathers were sent to Japan, the United States and South America. The Philippines (Abra, 1909) was to be the last mission field which Father Janssen took over.

Life's Evening Drew Near

Father Janssen had always been frail and sickly as a youth, and not very healthy in later life. Even at the time he founded the mission house at Steyl, he was known to have a chest condition and was not expected to live very long. Yet he lived to see his work well-established and his sons working in God's vineyard all over the world.

In January 1909, his health began to fail. During his last days he prayed earnestly to God imploping Him to lend Divine guidance to the men — "because they were Thine."

Thus on the 15th of that month, at the age of seventy-one, Father Arnold Janssen, servant of God and indefatigable pioneer in mission work, passed away, quietly and without any struggle, into eternity. He went from the world in the faith that he had entered; he departed in the belief of the Word, "Who was in the beginning with God. The Word Who was God." †

Retreat . . .

(Continued from page 7)

spirit as base and the sky as the limit. It was to raise its twin edifices so it would have the Sto. Rosario Church between, on the very heart of it, we might say. Of evenings from the spire of the main building glowed the Green Cross, visible like a jewel slipped into the gown of night, symbol of what San Carlos has stood for in the past, what it would stand for in the years to come.

The years recede. Every year the graduates go out of its portals, each one radiant with a fire and intent with a sword. They are out there now, in various places of the country, engaged in various endeavors, making bridges, exploring in the laboratories the secrets of God's universe, making life easier, fighting diseases, guiding minds towards the light, and above all, spreading man's divine heritage without which man is only as a worm in the soil, only as a blade of grass.

The graduates are legion. Each name flashes its own little light, then is forgotten. The Fathers come and go. They too are forgotten. From element to element — except one thing that is, that will be ever, that is God. ‡

I Am a Teacher

(Continued from page 24)

difficulties; a rich boy not caring to learn. Transportation facilities were bad; it was touching to see my boys and girls hiking the four or five kilometers or even more to school. On rainy days, they huddled in their seat, shivering in their wet clothes. It was not all roses. Students do not learn the first time. I was never a patient person, understanding is not one of my virtues, but direct contact with my students taught me to curb my temper, to sympathize with them in their difficulties. Strangely enough, I began to love the little "imps." to thrill to the triumph of a few.

In spite of disappointments, the fatigue and the tension, the sermons and the heated arguments now and then, the end was rewarding experience. My boys and girls finally made it.

June, fifty strange, new charges are placed under your care—March, you give to the world something of your own in these fifty individual souls. A tremendous responsibility! They will fit their lives into a bigger pattern, pushing their way onward, fighting, again pushing, forever fighting—something of you fights in them, with them. For in everyone of us, there is a teacher, the memory of a teacher—his teachings, his words, his patience, his wisdom, his understanding, or merely his presence. Perhaps, his was not a shining shadow but it did touch our life and because of that contact who can say whether it did not alter the course of our destiny? Thus am I satisfied. I have found my place—I am a teacher.

A Nightingale's Memoirs

(Continued from page 21)

start eating. After meals, the bell had to be rung again to signal the students' leaving.

Six months after the probationary period (after 1937, the novices were called Pre-Circular), we were given our caps. After that time we could wear the complete students' uniform. Happily we discarded our rubber shoes and socks . . . which had made us look like third class attendants. The morning after our capping ceremony many of us developed very itchy necks for keeping caps was straight for fear of letting the cap fall off. They said it would be bad luck!

Saturday and Sunday afternoons those off duty were always busy. Some had their regular callers, others their "follow-up" (that meant the roster they had met at a dance or a chicken party they had discovered visiting a patient), and still others were just busy deciding for their classmates whether or not to go and entertain the caller.

September first, Valentine's day, and New Year's Eve were usually days of obligation socially, that is, it meant a new dress, a dance and, probably, a new "find". We always looked forward to those days with much enthusiasm.

As we grew in years and academic standing, we had less of the manual and more of the supervisory and responsibility leads. This was even more difficult. If a Junior or a freshman under us would commit a mistake, our attention would be called but actual culpability would be able to go free.

The increased responsibilities carried with it increased prestige. It was not surprising to find ourselves go to a place — a movie or a grocery store — and find somebody there very friendly. We found out later that it was a former patient.

Graduation Week was a gay one. Aunties and Uncles twice removed came forward with checks for my graduation terno, my school fees, boat trip and numerous miscellaneous expenses. My wardrobe was enlarged.

The Boston examination was something we expected with fear and anxiety. One of our headnurses warned us against getting nervous, because she said she dropped her ink bottle and splattered the ink all over the place.

The life of a graduate nurse is in many ways different from a student's. Whereas the student has to depend on her superiors for guidance in the performance of her duties and in the development of her behavior as a nurse — the graduate is left to make her own decisions and supervise others.

As a young graduate nurse I always sought the help of my former instructors. I was particularly difficultly in the wards I sought the help. There were moments when I longed for my student life. After all my love, frustrations and sacrifice to wear the cap and uniform are not in vain for it provided me a pass . . . even during the visit of our Lady of Fatima the exit became an entree to a dignified looking uniform.

With all the personal sacrifices of a nurse, I would think that a woman should take up nursing—for I would not have learned to do the chores a woman is expected to do the sharing with others our time, our hearts, our effort and all—"for the service of humanity"—had I not fallen in love with the cap and the uniform.

From a Secretary's Journal . . .

(Continued from page 23)

letters was my lot for the first few days. If I made errors through nervousness and the nervousness of things, my Section Head was patient and understanding. Through her I learned what a good secretary should be. I was taught never to be contented with anything but the best and to be diligent. I learned to hate the sight of erasures on my work. Tardiness or absence were not tolerated. Idle chatter was fun, but then, who would have a chance to idle chatter with that mountain of work that kept piling up, which amount of typing seemed to dent? I never thought so much work was possible.

I looked forward to the day when I would finally take dictation as a bull-fighter to his first bull with excitement mingled with dread. Finally it did come. It seemed everybody was busy on some top priority work when suddenly a buzzer calling for a steno rang. Instinctively I looked up and saw my Section Head's eyes on me. It meant I was to answer the call. I felt as if cold water were dashed over me and didn't make any move. My Section Head knew how I felt but I heard her say, "You have to take dictations someday, so it might as well be now." Trembling, I took my pad and pencil and walked like a doomed girl to the caller. He knew I was answering my first call and he sensed my nervousness. My mind was a turmoil of questions. Would I be able to take it? Would I understand what he was going to say? I was still unaccustomed to American diction. When he opened his mouth to speak, instinctively my eyes fastened onto his lips to better understand what he was saying. I was so nervous I was fussy, anxiously concentrating my gaze on his lips and gripping my pencil like some life-line, that he paused, flashed me a wonderful smile and told me not to worry. Everything was going to be fine. His thoughtfulness worked wonders with me. I felt I could do anything. After that dictation, he asked me to take it back to him, after which he said with a big smile, "Roger, you got it!" I didn't land any rocket on the moon but he made me feel I did. He had done his best to make things easy for me, pronouncing his words as best he could.

That was just a prelude to the many kindnesses I would see in the persons running Stavros. From then on, dictation sessions were no longer dreadful events. They were a joy to anticipate. No matter how a dictation last, how many pads I use and how tired I feel, I don't mind, for a little pause from the dictator to solicitously inquire how things are going, a little thoughtful remark now and then sends all the little cares and worries away.

You try to be as neat as possible in your person and in your work when you know they notice you for it and give you what is due. A casual "That's a beautiful dress you have on" or "You look wonderful with that hair-do" can work wonders to a woman's spirit.

Standard-Vacuum Oil Co. has been very good to me and to tell the people within its fold. Since I joined it, it has given me no cause for regrets. Instead it has made my life fuller, richer and given me something to look forward to when I shall finally have to part with my pencil, pad and typewriter.

IMPULSE

by JUNNE CAÑIZARES

I do not know what is that you have that gives me the feeling that you belong to me and I to you. Even your silence is a gesture that tells me how living itself happens to be also for both of us.

I need you. To me you are far dearer than all the summer rains. There are thousands of roses in my breast that promise not to bloom till you touch them with your tender hands.

That is why all the time I think of you, putting one by one before my eyes all the things about you that I do not understand. You are beyond me, but too near, not too close.

Once I walked this earth alone and you planted trees around me to lean on if I tire. But I do not believe that that is your sole purpose for now I want to be riant with the leaves in the wind.

You are there ready to lift me wherever I fall but I cannot hold you in my arms no matter how I try. This is mysterious. Say, who of us is the ghost.

But it cannot be denied that sometimes you go away leaving me no reason to hope with. And though by doing so you darken my world I cannot divorce you. I can only beg you not to make it so often.

Because I search and I find no way, no song where I can smell flowers or hear music without you. It is not that I plan to betray you. I only want to see how much you own of life.

Just now as I am sad you come bringing me all the colors from the field. And when I speak out the words that grow in my heart they do not sound as painful as I expect them to be.

Yes. For the most part to me you are kind even your sharp lances do not kill. They cut me so that tears may flow and sorrow shall vanish. It is your sudden absence that hurts.

I see little flames in your white palm more brilliant than any other fire. Nothing could be more refreshing than them in the mind. no, not even the cotyledons.



. 1 .

The straw-colored
sun
rises
royally from the
far horizon,
shooting
streaks of light and
hues across
the sky
still
limned with the
lividness of night;
you, if
you
are
attentive can
attribute that
assuaging
atmosphere of early morning to
the meek
movement of the
daystar, and
make out in a
moment of
fascination its
face
for it
does not yet hurt the
eyes.

Birds
bearing
bliss fly al fresco
almost tamed
and haved their
matutinal
bathing or hunt. Now
full illumination
impels the distant
island,
mountains and trees
to
take shapes.

As they become visible
and the darkness
does not even leave a
vestige,
I stand and
say,
Blessed
be God who keeps the
world wonderful.

. 2 .

The fishermen
fain paddle home their
fabiform bancas; the
fish-vendors await
them on
the coast like
vestal
virgins praying in the
glare for a
good
catch. The
modern
Croesuses or
Midasas
could not
set aside
sometimes their
breakfast for
being not well
bespiced, if they know
how
some people live in a town
like this.

One by
One,
or in two's
the bantam
boats reach
beach and the
unloading
and
buying
begin;
I can hear
clearly their
vivacious
voices; the
bartering, and
thankng God for the
grace.

In that group is hoarded
deep
down in their hearts
the
songs and
significances of life.

. 3 .

Out
of this hallowed
hour,
haply, I
have grasped the
hurrah of
humanity.

A fellow (in
wet
weather-beaten clothes)
with hands
wrinkled due to long exposure
to cold passed by me
whistling.

Why he is
happy, ask
him in
heaven.

One need
not be a poet or
philosopher in
order to appreciate the
transport of
the
place and the
pleasantness of these
people;

he
had only to be
himself, simple
human being.

Here, the sky is genial; the
sea generous; the folks
grateful.

And every break of day is a
beatific
birth.

I, who have seen
so much
sunshine,
shall not be
sorry today.

(Continued on page 50)

Morning At Talisay Beach

by JUNNE CAÑIZARES

HAIKUS

1.

old man at the plow —
is he leading or following
his carabao?

2.

raincoat that you wear —
wish my love were a raincoat
and the rain harder.

by

ALFREDO B. AMORES

3.

dewdrops on a rose —
oh that my lips were the dewdrops
and yours the rose.

4.

weed at the wayside
from the careless traveler
what secrets do you hide?

5.

pebbles on the sand
envy the lucky one
in the little boy's hand.

6.

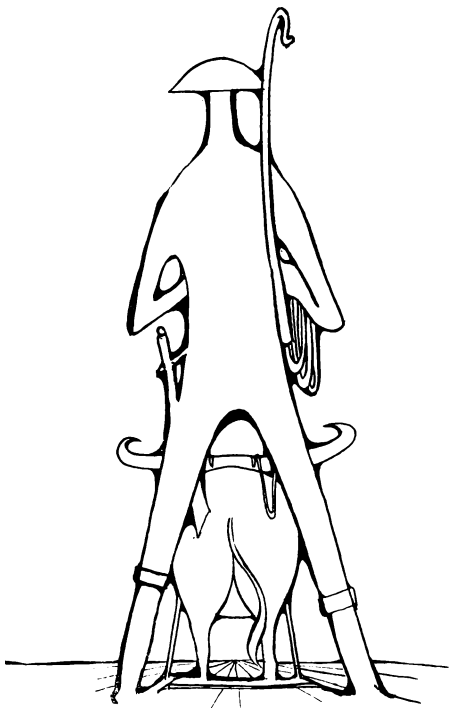
come, february,
come and march to the gay
tune of april with me.

7.

twin footprints on the sand
tell of lovers sunset-strolling
hand in hand.

8.

white silvery cloud —
soon sunset comes
and you'll be a violet shroud.



A PAGE

Dewdrops

by RENATO AMPER

dewdrops,
crystalline,
resting on blades of grass
and on petals of wild flowers.

dewdrops,
pearly,
gleaming in the morning sun.

dewdrops,
crystalline, pearly,
are scattered all over
the meadows and grassy hills.

Homesickness

by SOLOMON MUNASQUE

Fly me home,
O wings of memory.

Let loneliness
melt in the fire of remembrances.

Fly me back
over the ocean,
beyond the horizon,
to sweet lilacs
of home.

Evensong

by ELSA QUEJADA

When at sundown,
the din
Of a living world
is replaced
By peace,
I find myself alone
With Thee,
emptying my heart out
Of its pains
and sorrows.

OF

Songs In The Rain

by RENE ESTELLA AMPER

(i)

i know not what the rain is seeking,
when slashing, lashing.
it slashes, lashes
the rooftops,
the streets,
the ground. But when a heart is
wildly
beating,
i know
for what it is looking.

(ii)

i what to be a swallow,
swallows have no sorrows,
if they suffer pain,
they fly and scatter their pain
in the falling rain.

(iii)

bougainvilleas in the rain,
bougainvilleas red, white, pink,
orange, violet.
some say that bougainvilleas
in the rain
make the rainbow in the sky,
and bougainvilleas in the sun-
shine
cheer a lonely valentine.

*To My Sister About
To Leave*

by SOCORRO T. BORRROMEO

. 1 .

For every why there is a reason
For every rain there is a God,
That's what I learned, and then I
know
Why I can't say good-bye.
An ancient reason yet always here
I'm giving it to you, dear.

. 2 .

The month is May
The season calls for flowers—
That rose blooms after you,
And speaks of charity towards foe.
Of love towards
The dearest ones we have.

HARVEST

A Portrait of Eugenia

by G. TARQUIN BARCENILLA

I see her alone in the garden.
Her face is near a spray of flowers,
her hair bright in the sun.
I speak her name
and she turns to me
and smiles.
We stand there staring at each
other
for a long time.
Ah, a long time
ago she had gone.

Moon Talk

by D. A. ALMIRANTE

Many have told me: For you there is no more place in the poet's heart.

You cease to be the repository of his fervor and his love.

You are the fountain from where springs the juice to quench man's thirst for the unknown...

Tell me, oh, Moon, Why do powerful nations shoot missiles at your heart? Do you have life? Or, a gold mine perhaps...

You are still an object of the poet's poetry Only..... now more dreamers dream of thee.

A

Page of Harvest

Tomorrow

by TRUCE ORDONA

Today is but a prelude To a tomorrow that's worth the strife and sorrow. Tomorrow's great tree is today's seed that's tiny; Today's humble puddle makes tomorrow's proud lake.

Awareness

by NELSON F. LAROSA

When we hear the birds sing, don't we hear a call to the appreciation of Nature?

When we hear the sound of a jarring car, don't we envision the vicissitudes of Life?

When we meet an old beggar, do we see him as he is? or do we see the unfortunates of this world?

When traffic flows and suddenly is jammed, don't we know that it is just an illustration of the stream of life?

Some truths escape the ordinary eye.

Every moving thing has its meaning.

Every sound has its voice.

Morning At Talisay Beach

(Continued from page 37)

. 4 .

I stroll along the shore, allowing the waves to feel my bare feet, awake to the whole world and aware of the warming touch already of the silver sun.

The smell of the sea is perfume to me who am now planning to write a poem; the wind is whizzing and it wafts away the white wrapper of the sandwich I eat. I arrive at the bridge where my bicycle is, and before I un-stand it, I look once more at the east.

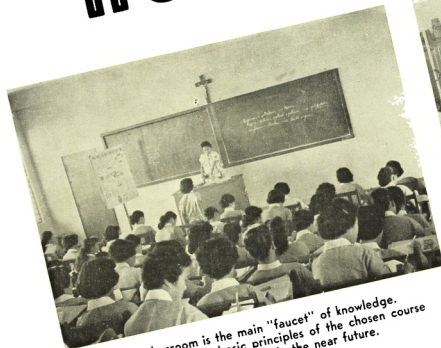
On Bohol Strait I see two ships sail slowly and silently, sending gray smoke up.

Then, a skiff propelled by motor scurries along the shallow nearby, creating bubbles; it dodges, and beside the fish-coral, into the blue and the birds.

Pictorial Section

USC, like any other institution of learning, is a fountain... Men and women from everywhere flock to her seeking to quench their thirst. Their hustle and bustle go to make that peculiar...

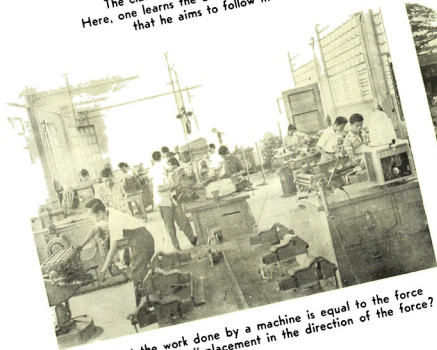
HUB OF SAN CARLOS



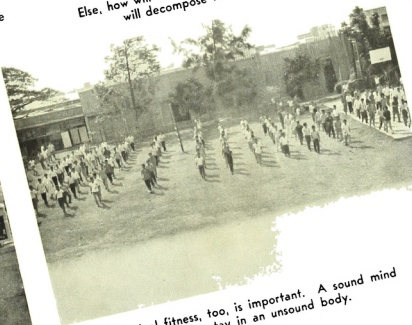
The classroom is the main "faucet" of knowledge. Here, one learns the basic principles of the chosen course that he aims to follow in the near future.



Theory alone, however, does not suffice. It must be complemented with practical application. Else, how will one ever verify that two compounds, if mixed will decompose to form two new compounds?



Or that the work done by a machine is equal to the force multiplied by the displacement in the direction of the force?



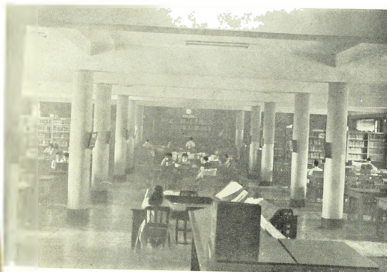
Physical fitness, too, is important. A sound mind cannot stay in an unsound body.



Future "moms" learn how to prepare future "baby's" milk.



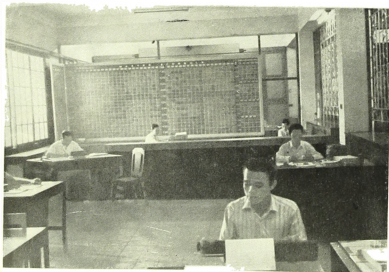
and future housewives, the culinary art. The surest way to a man's heart, you know, is through his stomach.



The library, a veritable warehouse of intellectual creations, keeps the supply that supplements the classroom demand.



The military is an inevitable phase of student life. One must learn to love his country and be prepared to die for her.



The Registrar's Office: the repository of every student's secrets.

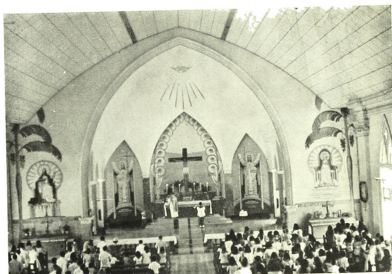


The Bursar's Office: life here is all figures. Success and failure are synonymous with profit and loss.

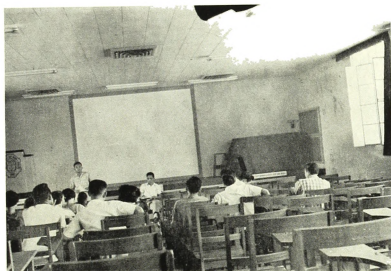
IN CARLOS



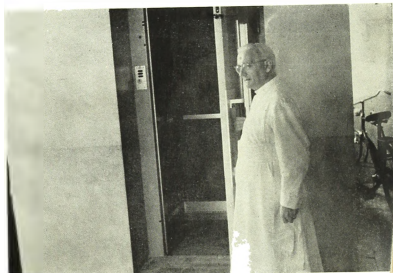
5 p.m. is either idling time, or snack time,



or a period of communion with the Almighty. Religion plays a major role in a student's life. It provides a constant source of inspiration in critical moments.



A student government, attentive to the interest and welfare of the student body, draws the students into one compact group. It serves too, as a training ground for future leaders of the land.



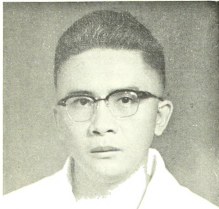
The elevator: a most convenient means of climbing the "capitol"



This is the force that literally makes San Carlos grow to greater heights. . .



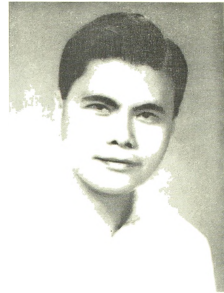
These are the men, who, someday, may give San Carlos a bigger place in the sun. Who knows? With the rate of advance of civilization today, to say impossible is to be at the losing end of the argument. — C.F.F.



DR. MARCELINO MACEDA
The only Ethnologist in Cebu



ATTY. NAPOLEON G. RAMA
"Journalist of the Year," Cebu Journalism Awards, for his fearless exposés of the Philippine Reparations Mess.



ATTY. MARIO D. ORTIZ
No. 1 Councilor, Cebu City



MR. JESUS ESTANISLAO
1st place, Rizal Oratorical Contest, Cebu

In their earnest endeavors to reach the pinnac
of success, they hit the headlines. .
they did, San Carlos too made the front
That is why we dub them . .

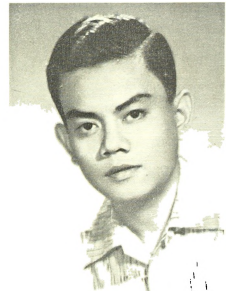
The CAROLINIAN *✓*



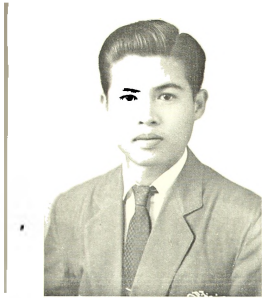
MR. ADELINO B. SITOY
Supreme Student Council Presy.
Member, NUS Executive Board



MISS NELA DELIMA
SEATO undergraduate Scholars, 2 of the 10 in the entire Philippines.



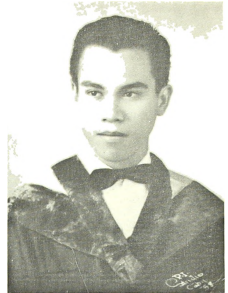
MR. FILEMON L. FERNANDEZ



MR. GERARDO R. LIPARDO, JR.
First Place, Junior Mechanical Engineering Board Exams.



MISS CLARA S. LEBUNFACIL
6th place, Pharmacy Board Exams.



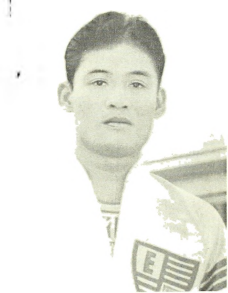
MR. EUGENIO V. CORAZO
3rd place, Mechanical Engineering Board Exams.

principle
And when
pages.

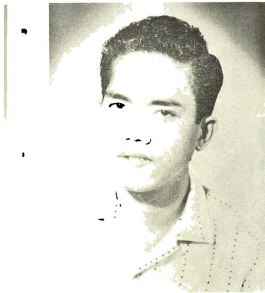
Newsmakers



MR. JOSE ALAZAS
CPL's "Football Player of the Year"



MR. EDGARDO GALDO
CICAA's "Basketball Player of the Year"



MR. BENEDICTO ALCANTARA
8th place, CPA Board Exams.



MISS PURA YPIL
2nd place, Chemistry Board Exams.

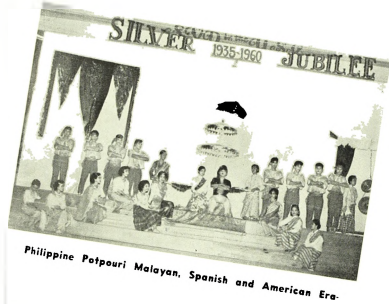


MISS REMEDIOS FRADEJIAS
5th place, Chemistry Board Exams.

College Day:



Students-Faculty-Alumni Glee Club presentation



Philippine, Patpouri, Malayan, Spanish and American Era.



Spanish Night's Jota Navarra

THE THREE hundred and sixty-fifth anniversary of the founding of USC and the twenty-fifth year of SYD administration found a fitting culmination in a 5-day slam-bang affair vulgarly known as the USC College Day.

Even a week before the celebrations started, USC already buzzed with frenzied activity. Carpenters hammered structures into shape, painters busied themselves with their brushes, while daintier fingers pasted little pieces of Japanese paper together to make stars and flowers.

Curtain raiser for the festivities was the grand street parade on Wednesday afternoon, February 17th. Breaking the tradition of austerity ushered in upon the assumption of Mon. Carlos P. Garcia to the highest magistracy of the land, USC treated the public to an extravaganza of multi-colored floats and beauteous gals.

An unfavorable public observation: the USC band, more sorely anemic than it had been, can now very well pass for a drum and bugle corps!

Despite the conspicuous absence of the number one crowd-getter in the previous College Day celebrations, the Bingo game, multitudes continued, for the entire duration of the affair, to overflow the lobbies and fill the spacious quadrangle.

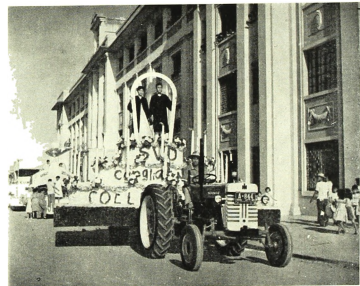
The numerous scientific, educational and cultural exhibits magnetized hosts. A conscientious viewer could not make his round in just an hour's time.

The nightly presentations, though below par, served more

by F. L. FERNANDEZ



College of Law



College of Liberal Arts

A Reminiscence

than fairly well to entertain the audience.

The high school and elementary presentation was typically high-schoolish. The "mayas", though, caught the fancy of the crowd.

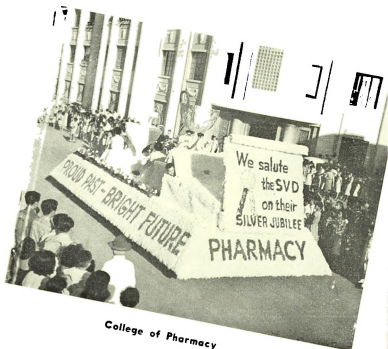
The choral concert was a hit, though it lacked the touch of perfect harmony. The desires of some to show off were slightly obvious.

Spanish night most faithfully depicted the culture of Cervantes. Loudest ole's reeched for Miss Carmencita Villamor who performed various dance number like a natural-born Spanish ballerina.

Were it not for the few superbly executed native dances, crowning night, Sunday, February 21st, could have been a corn. History tells us that Rizal's trial was a farce. It really was.

In spite of all its defects and shortcomings, however, USC Day was a success... it adequately expressed our rejoicing at having reached thus far in our march to greater heights of glory and achievement.

Our hearts sure swell with pride at the reflection that in one way or another we contributed to the success of the affair. But the one person who chipped in most was Dean FULVIO C. PELAEZ, over-all coordinator and "mastermind" of the affair, whose untiring efforts which he unselfishly rendered even at the expense of his personal convenience, made the College Day celebration the success it really was. — J.M.



College of Pharmacy

and G. BARCENILLA



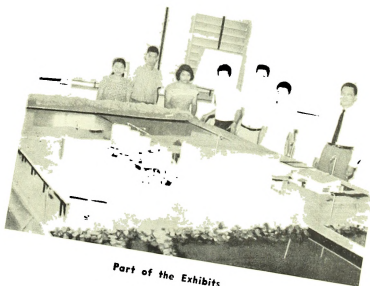
College of Commerce



Teachers College



College of Engineering

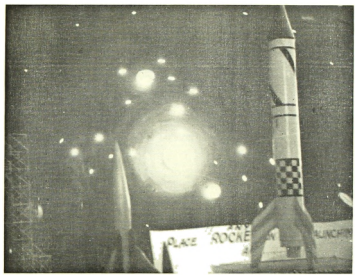


Part of the Exhibits

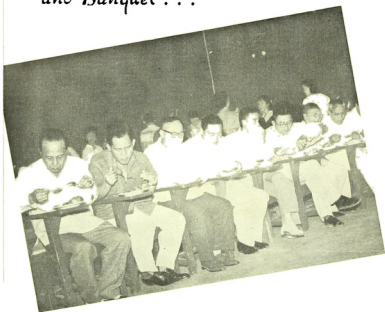
COLLEGE DAY . . .



Exhibits . . .



*Alumni Reunion
and Banquet . . .*



*Photo Credits:
V & ANGLIO*

The Need for Revitalizing Our Moral and Ethical Principles

(Continued from page 15)

not violate our laws, that he will not conspire to overthrow our institutions and that he will always conduct himself in a manner that will justify the privilege granted to him.

You may examine the whole field of human and international relations and will find that it is true that all of them are subject to the fulfillment of certain promises which are either defined in law or controlled by ethical and moral principles, accepted by civilized society. Even in the relations between parents and children we find this to be the case. When a child is born and raised by his parents he promises under the natural law to honor them, to serve them, to repay them at least in the form of satisfaction and happiness borne of the success which he may achieve in life.

This world would really be a much better place to live in and it would be a happier and a more peaceful world were the promises involved in human and international relations duly performed. The Ten Commandments are indeed a synthesis of the important moral precepts which should govern men in the conduct towards each other and in their relations to God. These Commandments should be made a part of our being, and really are, if we could just listen to the small and still but stern voice that speaks from within ourselves and which we call conscience.

It is sometimes very difficult to teach abstract moral and ethical principles. Confucius tried to expound them in their application to the relations between father and son, master and servant, and the government and the people. But his studies covered a limited field and some of his principles, which he rationalized in relation to the conditions prevailing at his time and for the purpose of sustaining a feudalistic system, can no longer be wholly accepted in these days of freedom and democracy and in the face of the principles of Christian morality which we have embraced. But Confucius has shown the way to bring home to every individual and every nation the need for continued regard and respect for moral and ethical principles governing every case. Many of the most intricate international questions of today could be solved by the mere application of the Golden Rule. We could insure the peace and progress of the world if every citizen and every nation would comply with the promises they have made.

The concept of justice as we understand it — justice based on moral principles and revealed by the conscience of every man — is the only

secure foundation for civilized society. And justice requires that individuals and nations perform the promises they have made. Many generations before Christ, the Jewish prophet Ezra said that rigorous observance of the law was the sole role for righteous living. If he meant not only the written law but also the moral law which is likewise written in the hearts of men, he must be regarded as having enunciated a principle which is of inestimable value to mankind to obey the laws of Caesar, and also of the Mosaic Law. He was most persuasive when He taught the duty to obey not so much the letter of that law, as the spirit of it, which is no other than the moral law, written upon the tablets of conscience at a summit higher than Mount Sinai — the pinnacle of the human spirit. Thus, He taught the observance of the fundamental virtues of justice, kindness and mercy and the respect for the rights of others.

I have often wondered how beautiful this world would be were every man and nation to practice the sublime virtues preached by Christ. I have often wondered how much easier would be the progress of all nations and all men towards the millennium were everyone to embrace the principles of freedom and democracy which He taught and made the rule of our lives. I have often wondered how much happier all men would be, how much more fairly they, rich and poor alike, would share in the fruits of toil and in the wealth of the land in accordance with their just deserts, if all were to apply and follow the moral principles that Jesus preached.

The chaotic conditions prevailing all over the world today are largely due to the abandonment of these principles, to the lack of faith in them, to selfish purposes of men and nations who forget the promises they have made.

*"Nature is the vesture of God
that reveals Him to the wise
and hides Him from the
foolish."*

— CARLYLE

*"Many a man's tongue shakes
out his master's undoing."*

— PROVERB

In our country, we must return to these first principles; we must go back to the home, to the school, to the church for aid in the solution of many of our basic problems. Democracy is made of men and it cannot be stronger than them who compose it. This Republic will not long endure unless we purify and strengthen the character of our people and imbue them with a better understanding not only of their rights but particularly of their obligations to their fellowmen and to the State. And this has to be done now. It has to be done now because we need it urgently to check the prevailing lawlessness and dishonesty which like a cancerous growth, is eating up the substance and destroying the soul of our people.

Sojourners who view the ruins of our buildings are shocked at the extent of devastation suffered by our country during the last war. Well may they indeed feel sympathy toward our people for the material destruction such as few countries have undergone. But little do they imagine the moral havoc wrought upon many of our people. The war brought about a moral breakdown upon a large portion of our population, what with the peculiar war psychology and the injunctions merely to survive, regardless of the means which we heard during the occupation even at the sacrifice of the moral law. When we think therefore of rehabilitation, let us not forget that it has two aspects: material and moral. I am very much afraid that moral rehabilitation will take a much longer time and a much greater effort than material, because moral regeneration has to deal with the imponderables of the heart and of the soul. This moral revival cannot be achieved by mutual denunciations and recriminations, but by a frank recognition of the origins of the evil which sprang during the war, and by honest and intelligent study and application of the proper remedies.

I call upon all our countrymen to put their shoulder to the common patriotic task. I call upon parents, teachers, and priests and ministers of every church, to help in this epochal undertaking. I call upon them to participate actively in a national crusade for the moral regeneration of our people. Let us do it for our country and for the world. Let us do it for our peace and happiness. Let us do it for the glory of this Republic we love so much. Let us do it for ourselves and for our children. Let us raise and educate men and women who can be depended upon to perform strictly the promises by which we love. §

Dear Son . . .

(Continued from page 25)

mind of the regime's emphasis on technical and scientific education. Several days later Perovskii's words had added meaning for me when I visited Moscow University. The new buildings are occupied exclusively by the scientific and technical faculties; the old, rather run-down structures in the center of the city are considered good enough for the history, philosophy, philology, economics and law faculties. The University is an interesting mirror of the values of Soviet life with science and technology very much in the forefront.

This, son, is the reason why the Russians have outraced the West in space technology; this is the push behind the sudden science revival in U.S. schools where mathematics, physics, chemistry and biology have become "must" subjects again. It is so that the curricula even in our schools have been revamped and geared to give science education much greater emphasis.

You never can guess, son. One of these powers that be in the country might yet extend to scientists the financial recognition that is their due. Appropriations for research and development might yet become respectable. Perhaps science teachers may even be honored by getting as much pay as teachers of law, accounting, medicine and English-writing. Who knows?

You don't think so, son?
But never mind. Even if these hopes remain hopes, period . . . I still want to remind you of one thing. At all times and in all climes the world will always be a select group of devils and fools, so you call them, who will keep on knocking incessantly at the gates of the unknown, irrespective of material reward and recognition, because of an inner scientific, sacrificial fire that has to be consumed.

You look very sleepy, dear son. Good night now, and sweet dreams.

I Have Embraced Pharmacy . . .

(Continued from page 19)

because of his advance credit as a law graduate. The following year he earned another degree, M.A. Economics). I was enrolled for a doctoral degree in Pharmaceutical Chemistry. After a semester's work I was granted a full University of Michigan Fellowship (moneywise, \$1,900.00). A perfect blessing indeed! Besides its being a big inspiration it also helped refill our depleted pocket book (money seemed to be much more slippery in the U.S. than it was in the Philippines).

Graduate school, and that in the United States, meant hard work. Classroom discussions were tough enough, assignments were even tougher, laboratory work was tremendous (although much facilitated by the different ready-to-use apparatus and set-ups and little gadgets available; also the list of chemicals was seldom wanting in anything). Now and then a term paper was assigned and, boy, that always meant an overload.

Libraries, some of them open until midnight, were always a big boom. The cool, healthy autumn and spring weathers helped make the whole atmosphere conducive to fast learning. But lovely spring, cool autumn, freezing or steaming summer, the work was just as demanding so there really was no other way out but to develop an efficient and consistent system and technique of studying.

I was deep in study and other school work, my assignment to a handsome lab. room (where I was going to do research work with eleven other doctoral candidates, all males) was already made, another fellowship had been arranged for me by Michigan U. (and USC was also offering a full scholarship throughout the work to the Ph. D.) when I learned that a baby was coming to us shortly. That made a big alteration in the plans necessary and I stopped at the Master's level.

Gus, the baby and I came home to the Philippines in June 1958 and since then Gus and I have been connected with the University of San Carlos (well, Gus had already taught here the year before he left for the U.S.)

So presently, I am engaged in this branch of Pharmacy—teaching. I have found it a very enjoyable field. In the classroom we teach and discuss a lot of things with the students, in the lab. room we watch, supervise and work with them. There is also the thrill in the anticipation that these students we are now teaching will soon become full-fledged pharmacists and will make themselves available to the service of mankind, whether in the professional, hospital, manufacturing, or educational pharmacy.

I have embraced Pharmacy and I love it. Its every branch is beautiful.

THE HEART OF CLAY . . .

Smiles and tears of all my life and if God choose I shall but love thee better after death.

Easily the most common and the most popular of them all, it is nevertheless representative of the Portuguese Sonnets. There is in it as in almost all of them, in matter and in manner, an unobtrusive exaltation of the unselfish quality of love—a love that is nevertheless permeated with the quiet permanence and the quiet strength of the hills. Indeed the whole sequence is a magnificent expression of an ecstatic love, at once grateful and still penetrated by the thought of death, that blossoms out into mystic adoration in one of the finest offertories which have ever given utterance to a soul bestowing itself unreservedly. In them is passion—but it is a passion subdued, as should not all passions be? Contrast it with that which is sung of in the HEART OF CLAY.

Indeed I would venture to say, as against Melchor Aquino's comments, that the sonnet sequence in presentation is both "nude and naked, frank and vulgar, bold and indelicate". Strangely enough, Manansala's accompanying illustrations, though nude and bold in the truest sense of the words, nevertheless leave the beholder with a clean feeling of adoration. An impalpable sense of delicacy seems to pervade the illustration, a sense of delicacy perhaps due to the stark simplicity of the lines, the dramatic interplay of black and white, and the elegant and tasteful choice of symbolic details. Impressed with the touch and the genius of a master the illustrations fortunately enough capture the reader's attention and admiration to a much greater degree than do the sonnets themselves.

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One in fact gets the impression that the sonnets find the reason for their being only in them, that they serve only as an excuse for the grand display of the painter's talents.

Don Claro in an almost unqualified praise remarks that few poets like Nina have the touch that gives the delightful feeling of escape from the ugliness that marks everyday living. One question may perhaps suffice: Does great literature really serve as a mere escape? Should it not rather give men greater courage to face reality?

It is only when we see virtue where there is none, gold where there is only glitter, permanence where there is only sensation that a literary recession is possible, or to be less strong about it, that the *status quo* is maintained.

Estrada's HEART OF CLAY can hardly be considered a literary milestone as claimed. As analysis has shown the love theme has been brought to another level.

Even from the point of view of form, the HEART OF CLAY hardly justifies the critical acclaim it has received. No doubt it has its moments of power, it has rare passages of genuine lyricism. Nina has her actually inspired moods when under the spell of some striking symbol, powerful enough to call up and organize sounds and images, she reaches heights of poetry seldom reached by many a contemporary practitioner of the art.

Her lyricism, however, is marred by a persistent vein of forced language and of jarring verse, which running through the very core of her poetry crops up all too often and allows

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NUS Conference Report

AMIDST rain and wind and with only P100 Council appropriation for each of us, we left Cebu on board the *M/V Oriental* at one o'clock in the morning of December 24th. Not a few feared for our safety, what with the sinking of the *M/V Rizal* and the grounding of the *M/V Rajah Soliman* a few days before. But we could not be held back. We were on a mission we dared not fail. And having been given the go-signal by the weather bureau, we went to have a rendezvous with we-knew-not-what.

After practically thirty-six hours of torture, we docked at Manila at 1 p.m. on Christmas day. We were met by Congressman Osmeña's car which took us to the Boy Scouts building where we rested for a couple of hours. At six o'clock, we heard mass at

A PLEASURE

the Malate Church after which we took our supper and spent the rest of the night sight-seeing Manila and Pasay City in Rep. Osmeña's car.

Early next morning, Atty. Catalino Doronio arrived on board the *Starduster* together with Misses Lorna Rodriguez and Teresita Vergara who took the place of Vice President Alcorido. Mr. Alcorido had been sent by the Council to the Pax Romana Convention.

At 9:30 that same morning, the entire USC delegation departed for Baguio City, the NUS conference site, via the Benguet Auto Line. We arrived in Baguio at about 3 p.m., a few minutes before the other delegates arrived. After a more or less spirited squabble over rooms with other delegations and also among ourselves, (the majority having overruled Mr. Go's suggestion to go on a deficit spending and board in another hotel,) we finally settled down in room no. 7 of the Patria de Baguio which housed all the delegates to the conference. Misses Lorna Rodriguez and Tess Vergara stayed at the Evergreen apartments.

The Conference: The conference started with a social—a sight-seeing trip around the City of the Pines on Sunday morning, December 27th.

At 2:30 in the afternoon, the third NUS national student conference proper was formally opened by conference Chairman Joaquin Lugay. Most Rev. William Brasseur, Vicar Apostolic of Mountain Province, officiated at the Invocation. The keynote address was delivered by Speaker Daniel Z. Romualdez, who underscored the role of youth in the face of the ills that beset the country today, among which are "graft and corruption, mendacity, poverty, colonial mentality, indolence, juvenile delinquency, and all kinds of crookedness and crimes." He exhorted the young blood of the country to "be proof against these evils" and "to become truly men in shining armor, pulsing with the life and acts of construction in the thrilling adventure of nation building."

The day ended with another social—a barbecue bonfire at the St. Louis College grounds, followed by a variety show, during which the Visayan Polka ren-

dered by Misses Lorna Rodriguez and Tess Vergara drew the loudest applause.

On the very first day of the conference, our delegation immediately recorded a good impression even among the observers. A Cebuano-speaking Irish priest, Fr. James Wulhorst, observed that the USC delegation was the best disciplined among all delegations to the conference.

The Workshops: The serious business of the conference actually started on December 28th. Conference site was the St. Louis College auditorium.

To implement more effectively the conference theme of constructive student leadership, the delegates were grouped into five different workshops on the basis of their respective courses or specialties: Workshop I was composed of law students, the envisioned project of which was the establishment of a National Legal Aid Clinic designed to render legal assistance to those in need; Workshop II was composed of education students with an envisioned project of providing education for the masses; Workshop III comprised crisis and humanities students with a view to providing wholesome outlets for God-given talents via a students' cultural expression project; Workshop IV was composed of nursing and medical students with

OF A DUTY

an envisioned volunteers-for-health project to provide medical assistance, principally to the poor; Workshop V, composed of commerce, agriculture and engineering students, had in view the establishment of a placement bureau to help graduates land a job.

To Workshop I were assigned Messrs. Adelino B. Sityo, Manuel Valenzuela, Froilan Quijano, Sixto Ll. Abao, Jr. and the writer; to Workshop II, Misses Lorna Rodriguez and Tess Vergara; to Workshop III, Messrs. Manuel S. Go and Junne Cañizares; and to Workshop V, Mr. Ben C. Cabanatan.

Workshop I had the privilege of having Dean Jeremias Montemayor of Ateneo de Manila for its guest lecturer. Dean Montemayor emphasized the present pressing need for a socio-legal-political aid clinic.

While there were other schools represented in Workshop I, it was wholly dominated by USC and FEU delegates. The verbal tug-of-war and the grand alliance were made between the two groups.

It was in Workshop I that we found out that, at least among the schools represented in the conference, we were the only one with a legal aid bureau. It was no wonder therefore that the projected NUS Legal Aid Bureau as worked out in the workshop, was patterned closely after our own. We had a certain degree of advantage in the planning of its framework.

The Closes: The conference formally closed in the morning of December 30th after a plenary session at the Cañao room of the Pines Hotel during which the different Workshop Chairmen reported on the accomplishments of their respective workshops. Manila Councilor-elect Herminio Astorga, a Cebuano by de-

(turns the page)

by **FILEMON L. FERNANDEZ**

THE PLEASURE OF A DUTY . . .

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sent but a Tagalog by adoption, was the guest speaker at the closing ceremonies.

At 3 p.m. that day, the Student Congress convened for the election of officers for the current year.

The farewell reception and ball was held at the Cañao room of the Pines Hotel at 8 o'clock that night. Awards and certificates were given to deserving delegates and delegations.

Tarlac Stop-over: On our way down from Baguio the following day, we made a brief stop-over at Tarlac, Tarlac, upon the invitation of Mr. Demetrio Maglalang. The "sublime" prevailed upon us to spend New Year's Eve at his place. We have no regrets for having stayed.

Achievements: President Adelino B. Sitoy was chosen associate of the Conference Directorate, the ruling body of the conference. He was also elected member of the Executive Board, the highest governing body of the National Union of Students.

We got the Chairmanship of Workshop I through Mr. Manuel Valenzuela and the Vice-Chairmanship of Workshop III through Mr. Manuel S. Go. Atty. Catalino Doronio was chosen Resource Person for Workshop I.

For the NUSsette (official publication of the NUS) issue for Dec. 30th, Messrs. Adelino B. Sitoy, Manuel S. Go, Sixto L. Abao, Jr. and Junne Cañazares were appointed members of the Board of Editors.

We received four awards: one to the entire delegation for the most active participation, another to Atty. Catalino Doronio for selfless service and outstanding participation, another to Mr. Manuel Valenzuela for his able Chairmanship of Workshop I and the fourth to Miss Teresita Vergara for active participation.

Acknowledgment: We hereby express our profound gratitude to Rep. Sergio Osmeña, Jr. for his generosity in lending us his car; to Mr. Demetrio Maglalang for the gracious reception we received at Tarlac; and to Mr. Regalado E. Maambong, a former Carolinian turned Atenean, for the invaluable help he extended to the delegation both in Manila and in Baguio.

Amusing Incidents: Certain incidents during the conference amused us no end.

Several delegates mistook our handsome Junne Cañazares for a foreign observer. Many thought he hailed from India. Then the Conference Chairman approached him and requested him to discourse on Arts and Humanities, obviously mistaking him for an Arts and Humanities professor.

Another member of our delegation was mistaken for FEU Professor Sicut's junior.

Observation: Unlike in the previous year, the conference went its way with a conspicuous absence of snobbishness and arrogance. There prevailed an air of camaraderie. Everybody seemed eager to welcome the opinions of one another.

We sent the biggest delegation among the schools outside Manila. FEU sent the greatest number of delegates—120 in all.

Conclusion: In resumé, attending the conference was a duty we enjoyed performing. In its brief course, we saw places and made acquaintances enough to fill us with a nostalgia for the grand vacation you gave us.

A NOSTALGIA FOR . . .

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FOUR

PINES HOTEL, Cañao Room, Night of December 30: The capricious tinkling of the piano recovered the mood we had dropped after a century of waiting for music, and soon the newly arrived combo was furnishing us with Latin American airs. Few a pair of dancers was brave enough to break the ice on the floor and on the third play the handsome Irish priest who stood nigh bent over us, said in Visayan that we guys from the Visayas were cowards. We shrugged our shoulders and just laughed, for how could we defend ourselves from such truthful accusation.

The dance lasted till two in the morning but we USC delegates left the hall at one-thirty, because were supposed to start the ride home at 8:00 A.M. We said farewell to Eleanor Abellera (who kindly gave us copies of the White and Blue), Jane Picart (who read A. Christie and Hemingway), and Myrna Dimaranan (Glenn Ford's close friend). At the last minute I searched for Edna Reynoso and Rica Telintero (News Editor and Exchange & Correspondence Editor respectively of the *Paulinian*), but they too had gone; I was a bit dashed, especially that I did not have the chance to dance with them. I saw the silent Milagros Bautista slip through the door. The crooner was singing *Angustia*.

At the BAL station when I was about to pick up my valise an old Igorot woman approached me and offered me a handful of "everlastings." Her smiling eyes seemed to say: Here's something to remember us all by. All implied every one, every spot, every hour, every thing. . .

The bus ran through the woods, and again the quiet, erect, graceful, uniform, green pine trees made my blood sing. In all probability, I had found my providential world; I was hopeful that the others, too, had.

THE HEART OF CLAY . . .

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itself but too rarely to be forgotten. But I leave it to some other critic to point out some day in detail the poet's unsureness of touch, the many awkward clumsy passages, the insipidity of many a line (Sonnet XXIX, especially the four lines, unequalled for sheer silliness finds its counterpart only in some lovesick poems that infest many a college mag), the artificiality of many a concluding couplet (this seldom sounds a note of finality), the forced images, the mixed metaphors, and worst of all, the grammatical lapses which not even poetic license, no matter how stretched, can justify.

Unashamedly sex-conscious, the HEART OF CLAY perhaps can claim kinship only with those foreign poems that sang of sex and sex passion, poems that flourished at the height of the fame of the French Decadents who basked under the light of art for art's sake, or the poems of the late Renaissance poet, daringly erotic, the lasciviousness of which afforded fine libertine gentlemen and courtesans their daily reading, all poems whose claim to permanence was as transitory as the flesh they sang of.

Virginia Woolf was once asked: Where would you place Barret Browning in the mansion of literature? Whether she had any justifiable literary grudge against Browning or not is now quite beside the point, but she categorically wrote: in the cellar. Such was Woolf on Browning! On Nina Estrada? I wonder. Outside — in the gutter perhaps?

Estrada had sung of a heart of clay.

Apparently, it was of nothing else.

It was all of clay!

GRADUATE
DIVISION

The PAX ROMANA and Religion

THE ONLY religious organization in the Philippines which is a member of the Pax Romana is the Student Catholic Action. Selected as the host organization to this international assembly, the SCA national directorate sent invitations to different local SCA units throughout the islands to send delegates. The University of San Carlos, very much interested in this organization's activities, sent delegates headed by Rev. Fr. Edward J. Datig, S.V.D., Acting Rector.

Filled with great interest and enthusiasm to participate in this conference, the first of its kind to be held in the Philippines, and eager to meet our neighbors from different parts of the world, our delegation flew to Manila last December 28 to be in time to attend the general session.

THE GROUPING:

Because the sessions of the students and graduates were separate, our delegation was divided into two groups. Misses Florencia Delacano, Rita Palma, Villamor, Mr. Fabian Villoria and I went to the graduate group, while Messrs. Jess Estanislao, Jess Alcoro, Alcutias and four high school boys attended the student sessions.

The student group sessions were held at UST, while those of the graduate group were held simultaneously at the FEU and WHO auditoriums.

The graduate group known as the International Catholic Movement of Intellectual and Cultural Affairs (ICMICA) was divided into two groups, the "Formation" group which met in FEU from December 28-30, and the "Information" group which met in the WHO auditorium from January 2-9. The second group was a joint UNESCO-Pax Romana Conference of Experts on the Great Religions of the World. This was

under UNESCO's major project on "Mutual Appreciation of Eastern and Western Cultural Values," the theme of which was "The Present Impact of Great Religions of the World upon the Lives of the People in the Orient and Occident."

Rev. Fr. Richard Arens, S.V.D., Director of the Boys' High School, joined us in the WHO conferences on some days. Although Rev. Fr. Edward J. Datig, S.V.D., attended

lems confronting the Catholic Church today. The Pax Romana affords each student and graduate the opportunity to exchange ideas and relate experiences to his colleagues in their schools in other countries. This effort is called, to quote Mr. Thom Kiersteins, Secretary General of Pax Romana-ICMICA, "the meeting



Some of USC's delegates to the PAX ROMANA conference shown here with friends.

the graduate group, he, together with Miss Palma, Mr. Villoria and myself did not attend the graduate group in those three days since there was a separate conference for Pax Romana chaplains, and Pax Romana Faculty Advisers in UST. Fr. Datig made a name for San Carlos by his active participation in giving out views and suggestions to problems confronting the Loy Faculty Advisers.

THE PAX ROMANA:

What is the Pax Romana? It is an international organization of Catholic students and graduates whose aim is to promote world understanding and cooperation among its members, thereby fostering the cause of world peace. It is a movement with a life of its own, a life found wherever a student or graduate strives for the betterment of his fellow beings all over the world. In line with its aim, each member is made aware of the major prob-

point of all the efforts which are being made everywhere for the Christianization of the universal and professional world."

THE INTELLECTUAL APOSTOLATE:

The graduate group-ICMICA is called the Intellectual Apostolate. These are groups of graduate men and women who in their intellectual work cooperate with the Hierarchy to build Christ's Church in this world, considering this as their specific vocation.

Why do we have groups of Catholic intellectuals throughout the world? To quote Prof. Ramon Surranges de Franch, president of the Pax Romana-ICMICA: "surely not for the pleasure of organization, nor for the pleasure of being together... even if this is a good thing and may give us a sense of security. Not even for the sole aim of increasing our influence" in this world, and helping one another find better positions in

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UNDERGRADUATE DIVISION

THE PHILIPPINES, being the only Catholic country in Asia, played host to the Pax Romana International Conference held in Manila December 26, 1959 to January 8, 1960. The assembly consisted of four international meetings: 1) the Interfederal Assembly, 2) the Asian Graduates' Meeting, 3) the Asian Business Meeting, and 4) the Chaplains' Meeting.

Some 700 students, graduates, nuns, and priests from all over the country together with some 200 foreign delegates from 55 participating countries attended the two-week long conference. The University of San Carlos sent twelve delegates — reputedly the largest among the national delegations. Seven of the delegates were from the College department while

INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCES

live came from the Boys' High School department. The student delegates were: Jesus Estanislao (USCSCA) Adviser, Jesus Alcorado (Central Council President), and Teodoro Alcutas (Publicity Unit President). The graduate delegates were: Miss Guillerma Villoria (USCSCA Adviser), Miss Filomena Villamor, Miss Flor Dalocanog and Miss Rita Palma. Fr. Edward Datig, Acting Rector of the university, also went with the group, which left Cebu in the morning of December 26.

The assembly, which had for its theme "The Social and Economic Problems of the Modern World and the Social Responsibility of the Catholic Student" was formally opened on December 26, 1959. The official opening session was held at the spacious auditorium of the University of Santo Tomas College of Medicine.

Amidst simple but impressive ceremonies, the opening session started with the National Director of Catholic Action of the Philippines, His Excellency, Most Rev. Vicente Reyes, D.D., delivering the invocation. The foreign delegations were presented by countries by Mr. Jaime Cordova of Peru, Secretary-General of Pax Romana International Movement of Catholic Students (IMCS). The foreign delegates stood up as their names were read and each of them was warmly applauded by the audience. The longest applause was accorded to the 6-foot delegate from Canada who sported a beard reminiscent of the "beatniks". The USC delegation was the only one among local delegations to be presented to the audience—thanks to the initiative of Fr. Rector who submitted our name to Mr. Cordova.

Mr. Alfonso Aguirre, National President of Student Catholic Action acknowledged the delegations. His Eminence, Rulino Cardinal Santos, Archbishop of Manila, delivered the Welcome Address and declared the conference opened. He was followed by His Ex-

cency, the Most Rev. Salvatore Sino, D.D., Apostolic Nuncio to the Philippines, who read the message of Pope John XXIII. Mr. Thom Kerstein of France, Secretary-General of Pax Romana International Movement for Intellectual and Cultural Affairs (IMICA), gave the last address.

In the afternoon, Fr. Peter Pillai spoke on "The Social and Economic Problems of the Modern World". He said the world today is beset with a variety of social and economic ills and cited the growing gap between the working class and the capitalist group as one of the main causes of slow progress in most countries.

The Ceylon priest urged the formulation of an educational system that will produce not only academically-trained but also vocationally efficient high school or college graduates.

The second address was given by Mr. Jean Larnaud who spoke on the "International Method for Evolving Fundamental Education". All the speeches were followed by open forums.

On the second day, the graduates' conference

The Pax Romana

by **TEODORO LI. ALCUITAS**

opened at the FEU Social Hall. Prof. Lucien Morren of the Catholic University of Louvain in Belgium, addressed the interfederal assembly at UST. The French professor who spoke on "The Social and Cultural Consequences of the Technical Evolution" lamented the obsession of man with technical development and his failure to give due importance to the role of his faith in his life. He said that "while faith and science seem irreconcilable, man should strive to integrate human values."

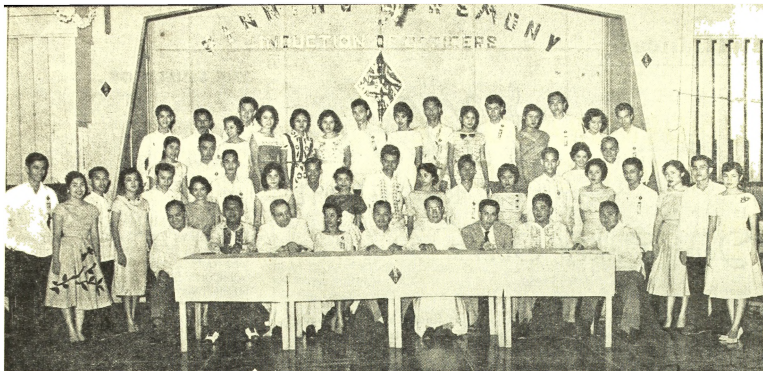
The assembly also heard Fr. Harry Cass of Ceylon speak on "The Problems of Africa and Asian Students in Europe and America".

In the afternoon, the assembly was broken into workshops. The foreign delegates were grouped into seven commissions while the local delegates had their own workshops.

Twenty seven local delegates, mostly Diocesan Council presidents, were picked out to compose the Philippine panel who were then distributed among the different foreign commissions. Our own Betty Antonio, Cebu Diocesan Council President, was among those chosen to compose the Philippine panel.

San Carlos won another honor when Jesus Alcorado was appointed chairman of Workshop No. 2. This workshop was composed of students from Baguio, Naga City and other provinces outside Manila. The local workshops discussed the conference theme "The Social and Economic Problems of the Modern World" and the "Social Responsibility of the Catholic Student". All the resolutions passed by Workshop No. 2 were approved by the Steering Committee.

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PINNING CEREMONY AND INDUCTION OF OFFICERS
Newly inducted members and their sponsors in formal pose.

They are gay, spirited and their zest for living is high. They work and play with as much enthusiasm as they learn about life and its many ways. They call themselves the AKANS, standing behind the...

SHIELD OF BROTHERHOOD

by **GEORGE BARCENILLA**

THE RAISED bronze Seal of the USC is set on the floor in front of the statue of St. Charles near the main entrance of the university's Administration Building. Glancing at it, you may not even wonder how it got there. But if you should bother to ask someone who knows about this P2000 Seal, he may tell you a long but inspiring tale. You will be glad to learn that the story of the casting of the seal is the story of the untiring efforts of a group of men with big hearts who, in true Carolinian and Akan spirit, made it a labor of love to put up USC's symbol of its ideals and aspirations.

And here's another frat's doing. Realizing that not everyone enjoys the privilege of well-to-do parents, they pooled resources to extend the benevolence of their parents to some less fortunate brother students. So the idea of the AKA fraternity scholarship for deserving students was born. Out of the hundreds that some day pass out of this U, one may breathe a sigh of gratitude and thanks to this small group who unselfishly turned over a portion of their money to him so he will, in

turn, contribute something better than money to the community he is going to serve.

An extension of the AKA scholarship is a project to support three seminarians of Christ the King Seminary thru the school year and maybe throughout their studies—dubbed "The Mission Project". As Father Bunzel, Dean of Student Affairs, said in a pep-talk to the AKA

members sometime ago, "The seminarians helped by you in their endeavor to be ministers of God will be an accomplishment not only for the name of this fraternity but for the whole humanity that will be benefited in their ministry of God's word."

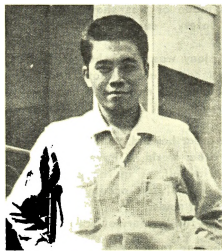
The fraternity, knowing that not only in this world is a man judged by his actions, decided as one to lead mission drives, grateful that opportunities had been extended to them to help men who in later years will be helping a lot of men like us to follow the right way of life.

It was not an easy task to lay the foundation of a frat, which by now has become a byword in the university for its relentless work for the common interest of students, university and the community.

It started as a spark in a young mind. But this spark didn't fly away aimlessly into empty space. It caught on and began to pervade and finally even hound the waking hours of seven men.¹ The seven, supported

¹Charter members Alfredo C. Vega, George Guio, Benjamin G. Arriola, Alfredo de Jesus, Juan Ferrer, Jerome Lim, Antonio D. Tancinco.

(Continued on next page)



THE AUTHOR

FLF's CREATION

Jerry Takes Over

dear folks,

your irrepressible funnyboner pal joey has finally been repressed. the poor guy was writing his letter to you last christmas when a thunderbolt struck him from the blue. he did not live a minute longer. he simply forgot to continue breathing. i know you'll miss him. i miss him too. but what can we do? we cannot turn back the hands of time nor put a stop to the course of destiny.

well, i'm trying to take his place and fill the void that he left in you. i hope i will acquit myself creditably in the understanding.

come to think of it, he was my only best friend in this whole wide world. we shared each other's sorrows; we partook in each other's joys. our faces never failed to evoke laughter from each other.

it's such a pity that a guy like him should die so young. i know he was one of those whom you can call a man born with a future. for one thing, pal joey could have been a fabulous name in the field of music. for, mind you, joey was a born singer.

his mother often tells me with pride of the day joey was born. he was rockin' and rollin' and moonin' like nobody's business. with a guitar, he could have out-elvis'd elvis. as it was, several mother cows gathered around the house mooring as if they had each lost a calf to the butcher.

joey grew as fast as leavened bread. we used to play together. even then, he was already a terrific singer. whenever he sang, he always started a concert among the crickets.

i remember one time, joey was asked by our town mayor to sing in the july 4th program. he wowed the crowd so much that they couldn't help throwing ripe tomatoes at him.

joey's talent became more developed as he advanced in years. in his teens, he took after caruso. once, while singing a caruso piece, he broke down the house. the roof flew away; the bolts and nails jumped out of their places; everything made of was shattered into pieces; rats and lizards scampered for safety. such was his greatness.

yet, in spite of all these successes, joey was not a happy man. he had the obsession of singing like nat cole. and i know, had he lived to ripe old age, he would have realized his most cherished ambition. for i was already seeing in his glimpse of his idol, especially physically.

now he is gone, to the realm of the great beyond. but i'm not in the least worried about his plight in the other world. i have a feeling that wherever he may be, in heaven or in hell, or in the place in-between, a great singer as he was, he will always occupy a place of distinction. for isn't music the language of souls?

well, folks, i hope i have done justice to the memory of pal joey.

hoping to see you again,
jerry

THE SHIELD OF...

(Continued from page 5)

by Rev. Fr. William Cremers, null-ed the idea over, found it good and eventually presented a draft of their dream to Rev. Fr. van Ganssewinkel, S.V.D., then Rector of USC, who welcomed the young men's idea.

They knew their idea was good, too good to keep just for themselves. They knew too, there are always men eager to join up. The question was only for how long? It was a question they discussed among themselves. They decided that an initiation rite was the answer; the stuff where the sincerity and loyalty of a candidate is fully tested. So the seven men initiated themselves under the watchful eyes of Dean Lolito Gil Gozum, Fr. Cremers and Fr. van Ganssewinkel.

As an exclusive body of the College of Commerce, the organization always has tried to maintain a high standard of merit in its prospective members. In so doing they assure themselves of serious well-qualified prospects to carry on the responsibility they have taken upon themselves. The standing principle of maintaining high scholastic ratings has always been foremost in the minds of the screening committee. The reason advanced is that people who take their studies with as much interest as they put into their everyday living are people who can be depended upon to carry on the tasks this organization has set itself.

The AKA membership roll proudly reads the names of almost all instructors of the College of Commerce.¹

Having duly registered its constitution and by-laws with the Securities and Exchange Commission, this Alpha Kappa Alpha Fraternity is the only brotherhood body founded in this city that can claim a legal existence attesting to the foresight of its organizers for its continued life.

August 29, 1953 marked a new dawn of existence for these commercial men of destiny. The outlook is bright as ever. The hope, as eternal as the aspirations of men for a better life. The past years had been good and maybe the coming years will even be better for the AKA members who are making each day of school in USC a memorable one for themselves and the alma mater.—GB

¹AKA members Dean Jose Teron, Benjamin Barrocas, Sofia Opatra, Juan Aquino, Jr., Ricardo Coates, Rafael Neri, Mauro Tobes, Jose Amos, etc.

FISH AND KISSES

by R. CORDERO

THIS was to be my first experience and I was terribly excited. I surveyed all the things needed for the trip. There must be nothing lacking, I told myself. Everything must be here—hook and bait, and line and sinker—for the fish; and rice and meat for Big Boy and me. Two small baskets were filled. "Julie,"—that's my wife—"buy a basketful of charcoal and keep it ready. We'll be home by dusk with the biggest catch."

"Yes, dear," and she gave me the darlindest kiss ever.

"All set?" Big Boy came in without knocking. It was not necessary. The door was open as it has always been.

"All set, Big Boy," I answered. "What've you got in there?" He inquired eyeing the baskets.

"Everything."
"Pepper and vinegar, too?"
"Red hot little ones and a bottle of Red hot old tuba."
"How about fresh ones?"
"We'll pass by Dinay's. A gallon has been reserved."
"Good, let's go then."

We headed for the shore on our own bare feet. Our hands were full. I carried one basket with my right hand and the gallon of tuba in the left, while Big Boy had the other basket in one, the other hand holding something slang over his shoulder.

"What are those rags for?"
"What rags?"
"The ones on your shoulder."
"Rags—fool!" This is our say. Without it you'll paddle your way to MacTan for four solid hours. With this we'll be there in half an hour."
"I can paddle."
"With those arms, you'll get nowhere. But don't worry, you'll use them plenty."

It did not take us long to reach the shore and finally Big Boy said: "Here we are and that's our 'ship'." The thing he called 'ship' may have been shipshape as far as his standards were concerned. He had been fishing with it for the last two years in spite of its age. He had bought it from somebody who had bought it from somebody else who bought it from—etc., etc.

The 'ship' had a hollow log for its body; pieces of bamboo poles for

outriggers and mast, all tied up with thin wires, looking tired and rusty; a piece of crooked iron for its anchor no bigger than my toes, attached to a string no bigger than my small finger.

If the 'ship' was a work of art, so was the sail. No man's eyes could ever have been laid upon such a piece of craftsmanship. Without enduring patience and determined efforts it could not have been made. One corner was a piece of a flour bag—you could easily identify it by its brand—to which were joined a pair of dungarees, a patched khaki shirt, a woman's skirts, and a sheet of streamer of a political party.

As I got into the banca—I mean the ship, I was terrified to see how fast the water was coming in through a crack in the bottom.

"It's leaking fast, Big Boy!" I peeped panicky.

"Pastilan, that's nothing. There's a can down there inside. Bail it out as fast as it comes."

"The way it leaks, I'll have to be bailing till eternity."

"If you want to catch that fish you promised your wife, start bailing. There's one alternative though. If you take the rudder, I'll do the bailing."

I did the bailing. I don't even know what a rudder was for.

At the start, the sky was clear and crystal blue. An early sun was smiling on us, and a light wind was filling the sail. Big Boy was whistling an old familiar tune while I sang "Over the sea—". The wry things were running, I believed we would reach the fishing grounds as Big Boy had said—in half an hour. But in this world of ours nothing remains unchanged. The sky turned gray, the sun vanished and the wind, as unpredictable and tricky as any woman continually changed its course; now North to South, then East to West, also, it wasn't carrying the sail so tenderly anymore, but like a woman shunned, sollied forth with a blow that ripped the sail wide open. While the wind was thus playing, heaven contributed its share of toys: droplets, at first it was, then, it started pouring cats and dogs. The wires snapped; the pole cracked and tipped

sidewise like a drunkard; the outriggers departed in different directions; the banca turned bottoms up and I bottoms down.

"Mike, cling to the boat! I heard Big Boy shout.

For dear life that's what I did. While thus clinging to the boat I had no other thought in mind but—surely there's no place like home.

With the paddle that Big Boy had saved and the ever leaking sailless, riggerless banca, we rowed for home.

"You looked tired, darling—and disappointed." Julie commented as she helped me with my dripping clothes. Coffee was boiling in the kitchen and heaps of charcoal were burning.

I gave her the darlindest kiss I have ever given her.

Comments on Accounting

(Continued on page 22)

is easily misunderstood by other members of the business organization. These problems call more than just knowledge and hard work. Practically all the facets of the accountant's personality are put to test. The practitioner must display sound judgment, firmness, maturity, emotional stability, poise, tact, diplomacy, humor even under severe physical or emotional strain, and a high sense of leadership.

Accountancy is governed by a tight code of ethics. For example, perhaps no other profession in the Philippines prohibits advertising. The accountant is expected to advertise himself by rendering his clients satisfactory service. The practitioner should realize that his own practice, like other business, can survive competition only if he constantly applies himself, his time, his staff to giving no less than the best to his clients.

Again the practice of accounting, unlike other professions, calls for much self-discipline and self-denials by making a very rigorous demand on the practitioner—that the foregoing Christmas and end-of-year holidays, for the bulk and burden of accounting work usually comes at the end of the year with the closing of the books, the drawing up of the financial statements, preparing income tax returns, etc.

While we have recounted the nature of an accountant's work and responsibility in actual practice, let us take a look at the young accountant at the threshold of his career.

(Continued on page 79)

SCA

by TRUCE ORDOÑA

corner

This semester is coming to a close. By the time this shall be in print, the second semester will already be a part of history, and all that will be left for us will be to look back—in a poignant tripotage of remorse for things left undone, satisfaction for things done, magnificently or otherwise.

From its toddling years, the USCSCA has slowly graduated into adolescence, where the tests are greatest. Today, with an approximate membership of 400, it is slowly clawing its way to maturity and official recognition—that is, when it shall have been accepted as a member of the Pax Romana.

Our SCA has always been guided by a compelling obsession: bringing back all things to Christ. To the ordinary laymen, this may sound only like so much empty hullabaloo, a cheap publicity stunt. They should be excused for such a gross misconception of our true aim, for good almost always seems "alien" and preposterously towering at the beginning.

I shall not indulge in SCAN apologetics here, for that will need a voluminous dissertation. All I can say to you is: "Join the SCA if you feel lost, if you feel like a son gone astray, and if you think all men are stupid."

There are many "cells" or groups at your choosing. If you think you have an ear for music, there is the music cell; if you feel that the only escape for your pent-up emotions is the canvas, there is the poster's cell; if announcing is your inclination and dramatics your favorite hobby, there is the Radio-Dramatics cell, and many others ranging from charity to worship. There, you will find the warmth that borders on the fraternal and spiritual which, invariably, is sought after by those seeking peace of soul. We understand your needs because we have had them and we still remember how it feels to be alone in a crowd, and crowded when alone. Of course, not all's honey here, brod. You may sometimes feel being good to be rather trying and humdrum. But don't be alarmed. Just stay active in Catholic Action and you'll never think of packing.

"To see is to believe." Come, see, and believe.

And so the SCA corner bows its adieu to you. The next issue will find another "corner" man reporting to you of the goings-on in this corner of God's good world. So, until then, may the SCA's tribe ever increase.

The PAX ROMANA and RELIGION . . .

(Continued from page 53)

public or professional life, but because of the call of apostolic pre-occupation—to save the world by an intellectual approach to problems and the formulation of solutions as well. This apostolate of the intellectuals is the apostolate of clear and right ideas and sound judgment, and it is the apostolate founded on these things which the Sovereign Pontiff have constantly demanded from us: "Let your religious culture be in proportion to your

profane knowledge; let your charity be ever ready to meet the needs of your brothers. As Pope Pius X once said about the necessary work of the lay apostolate, "To do nothing is a sin of omission, and let it be extremely grave." This is a repetition of the divine injunction made by Christ Himself to "let your light shine among men . . . and not hide it under a bushel."

ITS PROBLEMS:

What are some of the major problems of our graduates? To men-

tion a few, lack of organization and unity on the part of those graduates and young professionals who are enthusiastic to use their God-given talents to serve the lay apostolate; catholic graduates who lay aside their catholic principles like a discarded cloak; catholic government officials exacting legislations which are inimical to the interests of the church; problems of hunger and misery.

"Never before has there been so much wealth and power, and never before has power been so ready to be used for the destruction of human life," said Mr. Thom Kiersteins in his opening speech. "There is a crying need for the development of a sense of international justice—catholic doctrines and principles are being questioned, criticized and ridiculed; catholic graduates are ashamed to show by their lives the greatness, the superiority, and the value of their religion; catholic education is in crisis, but the greatest and foremost challenge of the world today is the infiltration of communism into our educational, cultural, political and economic endeavors.

With these problems confronting the world today, the United Nations Educational Scientific and Cultural organization took the opportunity to join hands with the Pax Romana in a combined action to attain peace through its major project of promoting appreciation of eastern and western cultural values, the theme of which was "The Present Impact of the Great Religions of the World upon the People in the Orient and Occident."

RELIGION:

Religion is necessary to man; it is a matter of obligation rooted in man's very nature. It is required by individual man to satisfy the craving of his heart, the tendency of his will, the requirement of his reason, the conational bent of his whole being. Moreover, religion is required by the human society as the basis of true brotherhood, of justice among men, of respect for law and authority, of the integrity and sanctity of the family, and of all morality. Religion to be worthy, should provide to its constituents a spiritual solidarity built on the bedrock of humility and love for fellow men, for religion has lasting effects on human conduct and thinking. The mind craves for perfect truths. God is perfect truth, and man cannot attain God with religion.

MISS GUILLERMA VILORIA
SCA Lay Faculty Adviser
Delegate to the Pax Romana

LET'S TALK IT OVER

by BALT V. QUINAIN

INCIDENTAL THOUGHTS:

For a quarter of an hour, we found ourselves thinking deeply in front of a typewriter. The white coupon bond we had slipped into the machine rudely stared at us with contemptuous emptiness.

Laziness, being what it is, spirited away our avidity to write. After dwelling on some romantic escapades of some friends, we started finally pounding the typewriter to salvage some sense out of the cluttered sentiments churning at the core of our minds.

As we go along, we remember somehow, a few incidents. For instance: About the telephone down at the cashier's office which, more often than not, is utilized by some "thoughtful" students for purposes of calling their sweethearts to the dismay of others who want to use it for important business calls. Or about the USC Drug Store and the USC Coop being used for studying and idle chatter. Or about the different Greek organizations which mushroomed in the campus at the start of the schoolyear and have gone pffffffttttt now that the semester is ending. Or about that irreplaceable guy called Filemon L. Fernandez, alias "Pal Joey" who became a James Bell or a Boris Pasternak overnight because of his *Creations* which were repulsive to certain sections of the Filipino nation. Or about Junne Cañizares, the "C" short story writer and poet who wanted to dabble in a love story but was scared away from the enterprise because he was advised that there are some other subjects to write about. We could write on these things elaborately. But we believe that it is enough that we had thought of them and touched them incidentally.

CHILDHOOD FOLLY:

There are so many things in our everyday life which we think of as inevitable. These we learned from experiences early in life... when we thought we could indulge in all sorts of folly and get away with them. In fact, we can still recall, with mock clarity, the times when we planted thumb tacks on the chair of our cute young "maestra" just for the heck of hearing her shriek; when we stuck bubble gum on the coco shampooed hair of our female classmates just for the fun of seeing them cry; when we escaped from our classes because we got bored with PEPE, PILAR, NENA and Bantay; when we declared Friday a "fist day" and had "fights" down under the school building just to prove who was the Rocky Marciano among us; when we climbed the fruit-bearing caimito tree and had a "feast" up there without prior permission from Mang Pascual, the janitor; and when we giggled and laughed at the sight of our "maestra" running to a nearby drugstore to buy Cortal for "her kid-aches."

Indeed, our "ma-am" hated our foolishness as much as we hated her rattan stick. That was natural. But the other day, when we met her shopping downtown, we had an absolutely different thought and felt an entirely different feeling. We were ashamed but we mustered enough courage and shook her hands. She gave us a sweet, meaningful smile. We learned later that she is still a "miss-ed."

THIS IS SOMETHING QUITE UNIQUE:

We admit, we don't exactly know the psychology of business and management because in our classes we are taught "how to defend cases in courts and gain clients" rather than "how to win customers and gain their unfading patronage." We venture to point out, however, that the kind of business and management practised at the USC Nook Lunch Counter down below the main stairway of the G. Reyes Building is a "unique" one. For instance, at the entrance, a notice greets you thus: "We want to serve you more efficiently. Please follow the line to get your order. Enjoy your snack at the tables.—Thank you." Then at the cashier's office, a reminder says: "Please pay to the cashier when served." Finally at the exit is a more intimate "instructions" which reads as follows: "Drinking Water—Please get your glass here and pour yourself some water.—Thank You." On the opposite side is an exclusive subdivision reserved "For Faculty Members Only." Conspicuous in every notice is the presence of two flattering words: "Thank You," which directly or indirectly create order out of chaos, considering the mad rush down there. This is one thing the Student Council should not overlook. They should pass a citation in recognition of the USC Nook's... service to its customers.

A "DATE" IN THE COUNTRYSIDE:

Vacation found us in the green countryside down in one of the typical rural barrios in the province. We got there through the invitation of a kind and unlettered friend who knows only the feel of the plow, the intricacies of farming, and the sweetness and bitterness of a simple country life.

As we sat on an improvised bamboo bench just in front of a nipa hut by the bank of the river, we could not help being impressed by the refinement, simplicity and uprightness of the habits and manners of the rural folks as they passed by.

Barrio folks are, indeed, wonderful people. They still smile in the midst of adversity. It seems hardship with them is only a means to bring out the best in them. To them, suffering has its rewards and good fortune its penalty. And this belief sustains them in bad times and restrains them when times are good. This works, more or less, against despair and complacency.

A CHALLENGE:

The wide expanse of virgin lands—choked with verdant grass—patiently waiting to be tilled and cultivated "smiled" at us as if it wanted to convey its greetings (through us) to the thousands of unemployed who are unaware of the "pot of gold" in the "dirt". The idle plains, valleys and plateaus reminded us of the hundreds of jobless who are now *gallivanting* around the city—looking for opportunities which nowadays are like the proverbial needle in a haystack. It also reminded us of the downtrodden in the slum districts who would rather wallow in the mud of poverty than roll up their sleeves, pack up and leave for greener pastures and answer the hopeful call of the "soil."

AN ESCAPE:

The countryside is a very good escape from the ennui and boredom of the city's jungle of blazing neon-lights; from the ceaseless blare of jukeboxes with their cha-cha and mambo, which rend the air with the impact of detonating dynamite; from the ear-splitting blasts of cars and bouncing jeeps; from the clanging of creaking tartanillas; from the cunning operations of
(Continued on page 64)



THE AUTHOR
... 197 million seconds
of Carolinian ...

I HAVE WATCHED the clock tick 197 million seconds away. Since June, 1954, around 3 million minutes—54,000 hours—668 weeks—167 months have elapsed. Ever since that day, the same pious hand has been telling me the time. Men may come; men may go. It ticks on forever, it seems.

The memory it tells is never to be forgotten. Six long years in this University: full of momentous events of which only the clock, that round-faced, heaven-high, soprano-voiced clock can bear true witness. In fact, the clock has become an inseparable portion of a beautiful story that only the clock can faithfully tell. It is the story of the nights of endless reading, memorizing, last-minute cramming; the story of ups and downs in tests; the story of the teacher's laziness or diligence; of colorful and colorless classmates; of achievements and failures; the story of a butterfly and a chosen flower who chose to live together forever after and begot neither butterfly nor flower.

June, 1954. Never before had I met so many faces with so few acquaintances. It was a dense conglomeration of moving, living beings. One could hardly walk an inch without rubbing elbows with others. The occasion: enrollment day. Place: ground floor of that great institution of learning founded by Fathers Antonio Sedeño, Pedro Chirino, and Antonio Pereira (S) in the year 1595.

It was my virgin day in the University—six years ago. Already, I had heard much of the school. But

I had yet to dig deep into its fame—the whys and wherefores of its greatness. I had to realize later, many years thereafter, that the throng that flock on that registration day was only ordinary for the occasion. What made the institution click? I was laughed at by the clock as I gazed at it for the answer.

Six years have gone, and it seems but yesterday that I saw the unfriendly eyes of Mr. Jose V. Arias,

tured the presidency of the Supreme Student Council itself!

Again, that poignant memory of how I lost a chance to work in San Carlos will always linger in my mind: The Rector then was Fr. van Gansewinkel. I went to him and told him bluntly that I wanted to work. What work? he asked. Clerical, I replied. Do you know stenography? he inquired. I do, I answered. And he started dictating

THE CLOCK AND I

by ADELINO B. SITOY

Registrar, whom I approached for a change of schedule. My unpleasant experience with him made me pledge never to see him again. Yet, by the ironic stroke of fate, he is now my compadre.

I remember how I got my revised room assignment from a fellow whom I considered an "aristocrat" at that time. In fact, he was the first person in San Carlos to mispronounce my name. He was already teaching then. Now he is taking up law; we have been classmates since. He is one of my closest friends, my compadre too. His name: Johnny L. Abao, Assistant Registrar.

While I was editing the *Light of Lapulapu*, official publication of the Abellana High School, I wondered how I could break into print in the *Carolinian* pages. To me then, it was already a distinct honor to have one article published in the latter publication. I never dreamed I would immediately become a member of its staff right in my first year in college, much less expected that I would become its editor-in-chief.

College life in the University brought me into both student and real life politics. I took advantage of the air of freedom that pervaded the institution—the freedom to participate in any partisan political activity provided the school's name is spared. It was during this precise period that I came to befriend most of our government officials to whom I owe my present job which has enabled me to finish college.

Campus politics—the "game" I never expected to engage in during my first year in the University. But the itch for it developed in me, due perhaps to the favorable environment the institution affords. And after losing in all my class elections, I got the vice-presidency and cap-

tured me to transcribe. When I told him I could not jot down anything, he started to smile equivocally, his eyes fixed on mine. "Man," he spoke, "had you asked for any job, I would have given you one. Since you were choosing, I will give you none!"

It was in my first year when I met "her." I tried to accompany her home, introducing myself to her on the way. She never gave me a word. And it seemed as if I had already cancelled her from my mind.

Four years after, I happened to meet her anew. I kept going to her boarding house. After six months, I could not but write this poem:

*A butterfly
learned from his Mother
to touch not more than
one flower.*

*But when he grew,
envious of his brother,
he flew from one to
another.*

*Suddenly
he recalled the lesson
he knew while still
a cocoon.*

*For there were tears
that knew no season;
and those were tears
he ceased to flow soon.*

*So, he went
to one flower:
"Believe me, I'll
breathe my last here!"*

*He proved his words
with the answer:
"I do!" before God
and His leader.
(Continued on page 81)*



on MUSIC

by Rev. Fr. EDWARD J. DATIG, SVD

*The man that hath no music in himself
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus
Let no such man be trusted.....*

What Shakespeare says of man, referring to Shylock in the Merchant of Venice. What he says of individual human beings might in some manner be said of human institutions such as San Carlos. If there were no music here, — no love of music and appreciation of music, I would have my misgivings, I would have my fears.....

If music is the universal language of mankind, as it is said to be, then surely this language must find a place in a university, a noble place, a place fitting and becoming for one of the Muses.....

Until this evening I was not aware of the extent of the potentialities of this universal language at San Carlos.... I Years ago I had heard from a friend here. At the time I was sort of a music dilettante in the seminary in Cebu, during the war years and after.... I received a begging letter from a friend of yours and mine, who thought that I could make a contribution in the form of orchestra and choir scores for your university. I did not overlook the fact that I wrote me the begging letter. And from the letter I learned of the ambitious schemes for San Carlos at the time.

During the past weeks, my first in the Philippines, I had heard nothing of the kind. I had heard of the beauty of the sanity and realism of Fr. Grais's hopes expressed in his letter of so many years ago. Now after this afternoon's performance I feel that there is actually music here at San Carlos, but unfortunately we have no place to nurture it and develop it. And what can be said of the absence of space, might equally be said of the absence of time. In the weekly schedule of work there appears to be little time for play, for recreation, and the finer things of life. Remember Shakespeare's words: The man that hath no music in himself, ... is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils....

Man is not all mind.... If he were, knowledge and knowledge alone would be the goal of his life; the university would be a school for the acquisition of knowledge, a training center for the development of the intellect. But the fact is that the university is more than that, because man is more than a mind, more than an intellect. When God made man to His Own Image and Likeness. He did not overlook the fact that in God there is a trinity, not only the Father and the Son, who is the Expression of the Father, the Word of the Father, the Image of the Father, but the Eternal Love of Father and Son. And so man came from the hand of God having not only a mind to think, but a will to love with. Man has not only a head, but a heart as well.

As the head, the intellect, is to pursue the Truth, so the heart is to strive for the Good. Man has a heart with its affections and its emotions, which are to be guided and directed in quest of the good and the beautiful. The good and the beautiful are to be sought no less than wisdom and truth, and it is the noble task of the university to cherish and develop the whole man, body and soul, mind and heart. The Church has not forgotten this truth; she has always been the patron of the Arts as she has ever been the Patron of Science. And when the Academy of Music was established at the end of the sixteenth century, Holy Mother Church chose as glorious patroness of music, the Virgin Martyr, St. Cecilia. This noble, wealthy beautiful and virtuous virgin and martyr who had been the object of devotion in the early church became as the patroness of music the subject of a number of world-renowned masterpieces depicting her with the symbol of the organ or sitting at the organ.

"Cantantibus organis Caecilia Domino decantabat dicens: Fiat cor meum immulatum cor meum. Holy Mother Church chose as glorious patroness of music, the Virgin Martyr, St. Cecilia. This noble, wealthy beautiful and virtuous virgin and martyr who had been the object of devotion in the early church became as the patroness of music the subject of a number of world-renowned masterpieces depicting her with the symbol of the organ or sitting at the organ.

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(Continued on page 64)

A Review of

The Miracle of St. Therese

by JOHANN AMADEUS SALAZAR

IT TAKES a consummate masterpiece to succeed completely in the portrayal of the greatness of a soul. **The Miracle of St. Therese**, we are loath to admit, was not such a masterpiece.

The ugly feeling that there was nothing above the ordinary upright woman in Therese bothered one as he viewed a succession of her experiences—hopes and fears, sorrows and joys. It is, of course, true that St. Therese said, in one of her lines, that she aspired to be a saint by the little things that she did, but that is no excuse for a production of mediocre character. There was greatness in the very little things that the saint did while she lived—mostly because of the intensity of the love and devotion that she poured into such little things and because of the strength of the steely will in her fragile frame—but this greatness, save for a few brilliant but momentary sparks, was not carried across to the viewer.

The failure is mostly attributable to the diffusion of effect, the weakening of impact, which could have made all the difference between a masterpiece and a mediocre film. In an effort to tell everything, nothing—at any rate, almost nothing—was told well enough, nothing—Furthermore, the constant narration, necessitated by such a wild effort, was quite distracting and took a heavy toll from the "poetic faith" of the viewer.

Diffusion allowed the characters and narrator to say, at certain points, that Therese's was a great soul. But it prevented the demonstration—telling demonstration—of its greatness. Proof in deeds would have been very effective, especially in this age when people are not content with being told that things are so but must also be shown why.

But, as we said earlier, there were unmistakable flashes of brilliance. We only regret that there were not many of them.

The little girl who portrayed Therese as a child, a bundle of sweetness and tenderness all throughout, succeeded rather creditably in giving the viewer an insight, no matter how fleeting, into the strong will of the Little Flower, when she walked out to the gate in the darkness, despite her childish fears, to do her father a favor. Elsewhere, the little girl was just another sweet child, certainly not the Therese that we know from the autobiography.

Other moving scenes were: Therese's painful shutting out of her beloved pet dog, as a symbol of her willingness to part with all the dear things she had on earth for God's sake; the entrusting of Therese to the Carmelite Sisters by her father—an intense scene handled with delicate restraint, which is a vital principle in every art.

Some scenes could have been equally moving, what with the powerful aid of an excellent background music, but the apparent didacticism that was injected into them took away the vigor and the force.

The first principle of drama is action. The mainly external physical movements are most easily attained. But the more subtle movements of the soul are very difficult to portray. A film, therefore, that mainly attempts to study the movements of a soul is almost sure to fail. **The Miracle of St. Therese** failed, but it is not an ignominious failure.

Carolinian COUNCILOR

● "If the people will give him the opportunity to serve them, they have nothing to lose, for Atty. Ortiz has the makings of a good lawmaker, a diplomat, and a servant of the people. His talents, honest, and integrity have been more than proved. His record as Secretary to the Mayor will bear this out. Moreover, "a Carolinian is a Carolinian and will always be; his heart is pure, his mind is full, his words are true wherever he be." Thus I wrote in the February, 1957 issue of THE CAROLINIAN.

That was three years ago. That was before Atty. Ortiz knew he would become a councilor. That was when the University's "Mr. Alumnus" was nobody but the simple Atty. Mario D. Ortiz.

The year 1959, however, had something special in store for the man. Moved by the persistent clamor of the people, he was forced to submit his name in the convention that would elect the candidates for councilor under the Osemeña-Cuenco banner. He did not campaign for his nomination; he did not spend a single centavo for it. He spent his pre-convention days quietly in his home. But he was nominated and became one of the candidates for councilor of Cebu City.

The people know he has a gifted tongue. Many a time they were awed at his eloquence. It is therefore, his extraordinary ability to transmit his whole self to the people that makes him the best understood by the people. Yet, this is not all. The masses likewise know he is a writer. [He was once a member of THE CAROLINIAN staff.] They know he is a lawyer-teacher too. [He has been teaching Argumentation and Debate, Philosophy, History, Political Science, and Law subjects in the College of Commerce.] And most of all, they know he is a leader. [The qualities he possesses are corroborated by the record of his past: President, USC Alumni Association; President, USC Faculty Club; member, Board of Governors, Cebu Lawyers



Atty. Mario Ortiz

League; Vice-President, Cebu Catholic Lawyers Guild. Chancellor, Knights of Columbus; President, Cebu-Manila Students Association during his student days.)

But amidst these qualifications there is something that makes him most distinguishable — his Carolinian trademark: Made in USC. This was the feature that most distinguished him from his fellow-candidates. His Carolinian brand must have been one of the factors responsible for his topping the councilor slate — garnering the highest number of votes among all the candidates for the city council.

Atty. Ortiz is now councilor of Cebu City. Carolinians need not adore him as a politician. Politicians, — Atty. Ortiz still has to prove the contrary — are politicians. But Carolinians should look up to him as a successful Carolinian. His rise from his humble beginning to what he is today is an inspiration to all. It is a confirmation of Longfellow's words:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."

THE PAX ROMANA INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCES

(Continued from 54)

In the next workshop, there was a shift in the chairmanship of the different workshops and Jesus Estanislao was appointed to head one of them.

On December 28, the assembly heard two Filipino speakers: Prof. Ramon T. Oben of UST, president of the Catholic Lawyers Guild of the Philippines and Dr. Jesus Tan, who spoke on the role of the Catholic student in the development of his country.

He deplored the fact that there is a de-christianizing tendency in the schools which mold the minds of the youth. "Widespread corruption and immorality, both in public and private life, are rotting to the core the fabric of human society and endangering the foundation of the nation," he said.

Dr. Tan urged the delegates to work for the teaching of religion in schools and the "elimination of all subjects that undermine faith and violate the constitutional principle of Freedom of Conscience."

He hurled the challenge to the youth to change the gloomy picture of the world today. "You are the undisputed leaders of tomorrow and upon you rests the tremendous responsibility of nation building and the consoling hope for a better and brighter world."

The Apostolic Nuncio to the Philippines, His Excellency, Most Rev. Salvatore Siino, D.D., addressed the assembly during the special session in the afternoon of December 29.

Dr. Jose Ma. Hernandez, immediate past president of the Catholic Action of the Philippines, also addressed the special session. Hernandez attacked some of the "highly intellectual-gifted Filipino leaders and writers" who give comfort, aid and sustenance to communism through their writings, travel impressions and speeches. "He also mentioned other forms of communist infiltration in economic, cultural, military and civic fields.

by ADELINO B. SITOY

"A ROSE AMONGST THE THORNS"

by NELLY McFARLAND

THIRTY BOYS and a girl. That is the correct proportion—or misproportion?
"Horror! I'd die!"
"Math, males and machines at one setting? Phew? Phew! How do you manage?"
"Gee, what luck! Let's be friends, ha?"

A lot of more questions I'm asked and remarks I hear being the "only rose among the thorns" that I thought, maybe you'd care to know what class is like.

7:50 a.m.—Late for class. That's my SOP (Standard Operating Procedure). On entering the room every short-haired male tries to say something.

"Wow-ow-ow-w-w. Whee-ee-ee-e."
"Hi, Bardo!"

"Good morning, Eliang."

"Where were you last night?"
"You're too early for the next period."

"Mark time, march. Forward to the home economics building. You do not belong here."

"O shucks, you again."

The teacher frowns at everyone. I squirm in my seat. I frown too, raise my head and look snooty.

Some are silenced, but you still hear chuckles here and there. A heckler says, "Tsk, tsk, flat-nosed." Another suggests, "keep it up."

"You look very pretty. Just what mother told me to bring home. One looks at me; he raises his head too. He gives a perfect imitation of a sissified act of snobbery."

"Ouch!" Somebody poked my back with his pen.

"Homework. Give."

"Say, please-see." I hopelessly try to teach the borrower manners.
"Baloney. Hurry!" He gets indignant of me instead.

Finally I give him my homework. After all, who wants her back to be a "pen-cushion."

Everybody concentrates on the teacher. He has just given us a problem to solve. He has explained the principles concerned, and now it is up to us to use them.

Plenty of scratching goes on, both on paper and head.

Two boys start arguing. They have different methods of solving the problem. This takes time, considering that both boys are not sure of what they are saying and, what's more, each tries to convince the other he is right. They believe that if they can convince a fellow that his approach to the problem is plausible, there is a chance he is right. Eventually one gets convinced and he goes back to his paper using the other's analysis of the problem. Alas, as it often happens, the convincer after giving another try at his paper still can't get the answer. Back he goes to the same farce, and with a new partner.

"Sir, is the spiral angle at the point where the spiral joins the circular curve equal to the central angle of a circular curve of the same degree and of a length one-half that of the spiral?"

"Yes, that is right," answers the teacher. The student brightens up. "Yes, yes, sir, I have it." He starts writing furiously on his paper while we, his awed temporary fans, look up to ask him questions.

"Quiet!" he shouts very patronizingly.

Three minutes of this and he rests his head on his hands and looks blank again. Smirks and giggles go around him.

Somebody jumps up. It's our "genius." "I'd like to write my solution on the blackboard, sir."

"Good," is the nonchalant reply. Experience has taught the teacher not to raise his hopes.

Ben, that's his name, goes to the blackboard and writes a series of equations which nobody seated can understand. We are all full of indignation at Ben. If he knew the solution, social law among us dictates that he should have given us a hint on how to solve the problem. He has stopped writing on the blackboard. He squares himself, conquering-hero style, faces us and reads what he has written. He explains his work, and goes on mumbling a lot of x's and y's.

After a few minutes of listening

to a confusing explanation, everybody starts asking questions.

"Where did you get that number?" (The number is given in the problem.)

"Can you understand the process up to that point?" It is the teacher's turn to ask questions; then back to Ben.

Ben continues munching off a lot of letters and numbers. He abruptly stops. What a smile. He is stumped.

He sits down amidst cheers. He can't even explain his own work. Hurrah!

"Does somebody want to present his solution to the class? Come on. The teacher is very encouraging."

I try. Brave me! Same result. I get stuck. Three cheers for Eliang. Ha! Ha! Clap! Clap!

Nobody's face is saved. The less sturdy male never gets to go to the blackboard. Who wants to be laughed at? Immunity to ridicule is very slow in coming.

The teacher solves the problem himself.

"That is my solution." "Yes, sir, I have solved it that way." "Goodness, my mistake was just in subtraction." "How easy, chicken feed." Those remarks are heard all around.

It is not all braggadocio. In our problems the hardest to analyze usually turn out to be very easy and short problems. The seemingly easy ones take hours to solve.

8:40—"Sir the bell has rung. It's time."

"I haven't heard the bell ring," counters the teacher.

Five boys insist that they had heard the bell ring. Teacher looks at his watch, and starts to doubt it at the serious looking boys; then dismisses the class. The bell rings a few minutes after we have gone out.

8:50—We are at the shop. We have to get our transit, pins, steel tape and range poles for our field work. Everybody tries to get out of the trouble of having to carry the surveying instruments. I get loaded down with a lot of books. The boys reason that, anyway, I don't carry any of the instruments. However, those who have given me their books to carry are usually those who have not bothered to carry any of the instruments.

I have carried a six-kilo transit box. But a few meters from shop I begin to pant. The boys then start to be aware of their duty and ask for the instrument.

(Continued on page 67).

ENGINEER — THE MAN . . .

(Continued from page 18)

calmly reading a book in his quarters enjoying the solemn silence which he will never find in the hum of machinery and shouts of bustling men in the busy plant. This is the life I found lived by engineers whether in some hydro-electric power plants in the wilderness or in textile mills in the heart of a huge city; it is always a life of endless hard work, of continuous production, construction, design, installation, and research for better things for mankind.

The engineer is a busy man; he does not usually find time to reflect and consider the powerful feeling in him which gives him inspiration in moments of disappointment or sometimes, of intolerable drudgery. Yet he feels its force, and feels it strongly. He feels it when, after years of hard work, he stands alone on the crest of the finished dam and calmly looks at the towns below, which soon it will serve; when, on mid-night shift, he gazes sleepily at the lighted and silent City afar with the throbbing engines seemingly lost behind him; when, with tired eyes, he watches the drip of vari-colored chemicals flowing in the tubes of a laboratory set-up to end the long search for the needed product; when, frail and wasted, he follows with aching eyes his work of love and resolution soaring upward into the starry darkness of the unknown. Such moments are precious to him because they give him some answers to the mystery of his human existence, justify his efforts to work on and continue living for a noble purpose. What purpose?—SERVICE TO MANKIND. Service, service, service. Engineers live to service. When a man switches on a light to drive the darkness away, or boards a plane to race with time, or eats his canned goods, wears his shoes, puts on his clothes, walk on the pavement—always there had been some engineers behind who served him directly or indirectly, whether far away in an airplane factory or a nearby textile mill or a cement plant somewhere.

Modest and humble men, all of them engineers, have served mankind in the most unostentatious way from the very beginning of civilization to the minute of present reckoning. They are working silently — serving, serving, serving. I am proud of my profession.

ON MUSIC

(Continued from page 61).

in every corner of the world, everywhere the Patroness of Music is being eulogized and in her honour programs are being held to honor one, who though probably far removed from the pipe organ, exemplified and expressed in her life the ideals and the goals of sacred music, the cultivation and the love of the beautiful, the noble, the good in the harmony and melody of sound.

So much for Music and St. Cecilia, the Patronesses of Music. What are we going to do about it? First of all, since Music is an art, it must be promoted according to the nature of an art. We need three things, at least. I have already indicated what these are: We need time for practice; we need space for practice and above all we need motives for practice. Where we are going to find time for practice and where we are going to find space, suitable places for practice, I haven't a clue as yet. I'm looking for you for suggestions. If it is a foregone conclusion that unless we practice there will be no music worthy of the name, neither of our Patroness St. Cecilia, nor of our Alma Mater, San Carlos. Practice is an essential that talent be developed and cherished; practice without talent, of course, is of little value as well. The talent must be there before the practice starts; otherwise it is a waste of time.

Place and Time I leave to you to suggest. I wish to speak about the third factor that is motivation. Making music in itself is a joy; or can be such. But to get musicians to practice and practice without having a performance is poor pedagogy. If we are to practice, we want to practice for something. We must have a program or performances to motivate us. We must provide in our planning opportunities for a display of our talent and our efforts such as the program we have today. One such outlet I should like to resuscitate, namely the College Hour on the local radio station. Beginning in June at the start of the new semester and the new scholastic year, we should like to conduct a weekly College Hour. This seems well possible. Now is the time to prepare for the whole series of broadcasts. In the religious field, we might be able to arrange for some more frequent High Masses. For a greater appreciation of music,—lest we be man that have no music in themselves. . . we might plan a program of music appreciation with hi-fi recordings, build up a library and invite periodically masters in the fine arts to lecture on a classical evening at the end of afternoon. . . Then there is the possibility of laying the foundation, under the sponsorship of university or a philharmonic orchestra for the City of Cebu. These would be some ways and means for stirring up interest and the necessary energy for regular and devoted practice. . . One thing is certain: Shakespeare was right in the heart of a noble soul there is place for music; there is room for the concord of sweet sound. . . And within the walls of the university there is place for the fine arts, for art and painting, for drama and music. Let's all work together to give to music the place it deserves in San Carlos. . .

LET'S TALK IT OVER

(Continued from page 59).

swindlers, ring artists and pickpockets; from the annoyance of beggars in rags, crying, whining and roaming around the city, constituting a continuous embarrassment to our society which professes to be Christian. . .

In more ways than one, the countryside is a very pleasant place to live in. It offers a life serene and wonderful. It gives inspiration, hope, and light to the high and the mighty as well as to the lowly and the weak who are desperately clinging to the last thread of waning life, and happiness to those in the clutches of despair. It also serves as a safety valve for pent-up emotion.

Much has been said and written about Valentine's Day. We are fed up with it because almost every day, we read or hear about a boy or a girl committing suicide, all because of that many-splendored thing called love. However, misogynists—like us—need not worry (F—Ed.)

I HAVE shaken off the frost and the cold from my shoulders. someone placed a wrap around me last Christmas season when my life began where it left off. I have shaken off the and apathetic boredom I had sunk into glaciers of sadness, frozen indifference for a full three fourths of a year. I am beginning to stir again.

The leaves are fluttering in the breeze, their shadows beating on my glass window, cast a shadowy pattern of fragile spanish lace, but outdoors, out in the golden sunlight, the sun with his million golden fingers is painting the leaves and flowers, touching them with the midas touch of glided beauty. and summer goes laughing by in wild glee like the narra trees aflame in passionate excitement of color and blinding beauty.

beautiful summer with the warmth of an ageless dream doth hold the clouds lazily sailing up in the blue world of unfathomed secrets. welcome, golden summer!

sigruelas fruits are bursting from their branches with all the extravagance of summer fervency. twig after twig

Golden Summer

by MIGNON

are entwined with buds as they leap to life, from out of the inky blue sky while i was asleep, in the softness of summer darkness, they had been tirelessly busy, busy, growing, readying to leap out in the blue sky for this season of brilliant summer.

green mangoes glow into shimmering yellow and the shy pink tambis, rain-washed and sun-kissed day by day, deepen their make-up into a full-blown red as the effulgence of summer swoops forward in all the ecstasy of summer fever.

In the hush of sunrise, wide-eyed pink and yellow daisies, their queeily sun-burnt faces splashed with a vividness of color that contrasts with the delicate sheen of the pale sweet jasmine nestling by the stonewalls revert the sun god in a homage of blooming frenzy. all the expectancy of summer poised in the shyness of the gentle violets wave in the promise of cornflowers in the open fields; their luxuriance couched by the friendship of the sun and the rains of summer that fall like a twilight benediction.

life moves within me like an inner flame; a tongue of fire that flickers

"Private" Life

by Dominador A. Almirante

"PRIVATE" is actually P. del Rosario Extension. Before the war when there was yet a railroad transportation company in Cebu, it was known as "Private Road," as only employees of the said company were allowed to reside here. Hence the name.

The author at present lives near the terminal boundary of the street commonly known as "Tumoy".

"Private" was pictured to me as the haven of criminals in hiding; the place of so much *paregla* (manhandling anybody without cause) — of reckless juvenile delinquents, rowdy hoodlums and all sorts of toughies; and the haunt of drunken revellers and bums, and all the dregs of society. Many told me that as far as hooliganism is concerned, "Private" is reputed to be the counterpart of Tondo in Manila.

I heard that several grim and appalling crimes were committed here; a rig driver horsewhipped; a taxi driver manhandled and robbed of his day's earnings; and an innocent stranger mauled dumped into a garbage can. They told me that a stranger who enters "Private" seldom expects to come out of the place unhurt.

A classmate of mine was courting a lady from this place. Afraid of the tough guys, he hesitated to visit her at her residence. So he sought the advice of a friend residing here. He got his advice: "You either start lifting up *barbells* or rounding up at the Abellana track and field grounds every morning. But to be safer, do both."

He was told that if he followed the former he could offer resistance to the toughies with his acquired strength. If he chose the latter he was further advised to wear the spiked runner's shoes, which he should wear in his morning practice and everytime he visited her. He was supposed to *cock* his foot and be on his heels without losing a second, the moment he sensed the coming of the bums; of course he would not be overtaken. They would be swallowing the dust! But the poor fellow gave up.

All those stories were enough to make one tremble with fear, even at the thought of setting foot on this "dreaded territory."

Because of unavoidable circumstances, I was forced to live here. Now is my third year of residence and I have found out that all those horrible stories about "Private" were plain exaggerations. I have yet to witness a rig driver horsewhipped, a taxi driver manhandled or an innocent stranger mauled without cause. I have never been accosted by a drunken bum and forcibly obliged to buy a pack of cigarettes or a bottle of rum for him. Neither has anybody ever tried pinching me — this, despite the fact that I often come home late at night.

Most of the young boys here are students, pursuing courses in reputable institutions of learning. They are deeply religious, and in fact seldom fail to attend mass on Sundays and holidays of obligations.

No one, however, can boast of the place as a Utopia. For, of course, it cannot be denied that as in any other "callo" there are always the so-called "tigas" or trouble makers. But the majority are friendly, helpful and law-abiding.

In "Private" people live in reciprocity of interest, observing the mutual let-me-borrow-your-kitchen-utensil relationship. One family shares the problems of another. Members of different families stand shoulder to shoulder, helping one family in need as on funerals or when somebody is sick, etc. Here, the harmful influence of "ningas cogon" finds no place in the Barangay prayers and in the house-to-house procession devotedly held every evening.

A man who has been living here since before the war said, "Private" is far different from what it was ten years ago or so. During those times, the place was really feared as the home of toughies. But times have changed now. Many have turned a new leaf in their lives because of marriage or maturity. Others now live calm and peaceful lives after having realized their follies and gotten tired of the tough life. Gangs have disbanded and the real toughies disappeared from the place".

But many still harbor the idea that "Private" today is what it was years ago.

Because of these persistent fears, one who lives in "Private" often experiences funny, sometimes disappointing, incidents.

Golden Summer

(Continued from page 64)

and brightens with every passing wind that blows, and now and then, wavers into a glow but never fizzes out. I am talking with more vividness, with more length and fresh vivacity as I struggle within myself to focus the emotions and ideas clear in my mind but defy speech when communicated to another. I am learning to smile again and finding a reason to without pretending or dying a little in the effort. Happiness has erased the brave but empty "certain smile" automatic to the lonely. someone's smile and shyness when I smile to him has wakened me from the torpor of blankness. someone's tenderness has lifted me from the pit of fear and indifference. someone's special thoughtfulness has wiped out the frowns and lines of pity from my face. growing in understanding, I have opened my eyes so long blinded to the affection of people around me.

Who said a smile is not a coronation never saw a pair of laughing eyes sparkle with eagerness mixed with the uncertainty and doubt of a child waiting for a door to open or a smile too long in breaking.

I feel the weight of my crown compels me to yield some of the glory, some of the joy of this miracle to all around me, with whom I must share this timeless gift. only eyes that understand can see my invisible coronet but it is there and rests like a laurel on my head. it flashes brilliantly like a string of jewels everytime I am happy or when I make someone happy! I am a queen! and I find my kingdom vast and unexplored with beauty, every corner hides mysterious wonders and exciting secrets. my life is all around me and I feel myself growing and growing with every passing wonderful purposeful day. ♪

Once at a party, a friend introduced me to his lady co-boarders; they were friendly to me. But when the party was about to end, I noticed a sudden change in their attitude towards me. They tried to avoid me. Afraid perhaps that I would escort them home, they slipped out one by one. The next day when I asked my friend to give an explanation he told me that the ladies were afraid of me when they learned I came from "Private"!

When I come home a little late in the evening from a downtown moviehouse, I usually have to walk all the way home. Some *cocheros* and even taxi drivers are afraid to enter "Private" at past ten in the evening. And I prefer to walk rather than wait a long time for a willing one.

Rumors notwithstanding, I have found "Private" to be actually a peaceful residential place.

A STORY is told by Walter B. Cannon, a disciple of William James that after one of James' famous lectures and at the end of their talk, Cannon confessed his attraction toward philosophical studies. But James turned to Cannon and seriously remarked: "Don't do it. By studying philosophy you'll fill your belly with East Wind."

This remark of James was just another way of saying that one cannot bake bread with philosophy. In today's world which has been spell-bound by the astounding successes of Science, the importance of Philosophy has been relegated to the background. It is not uncommon to hear now-a-days successful men in business remark that philosophers are men with their heads sticking up in the clouds, talking of things that find no place nor meaning in department stores and supermar-

kets. One cannot nonchalantly ignore the truth in these down-to-earth statements.

Rhetoric teaches us that conviction and persuasion of man is easily achieved if concrete and specific illustrations are used. But what can be more concrete than a successful scientific experiment and more specific than a stack of peso bills in the cash register? Science through its diverse departments has gained more ground than philosophy because science deals with things man can see, hear, feel, taste and touch. The principles of mechanics can be observed in a factory; the laws of magnetism are used to usher in more comforts of life; chemistry brings in more food and medicine and preserves them for a period never before possible to man; biology has brought man better seeds for his fields and meat for his table; physics has made the two poles mere backyard neighbors and has blessed man with Volkswagens, colored TV and Cinerama.

Compared with these concrete and specific applications of scientific principles to the daily needs of man, philosophy can brag of nothing phenomenal except perhaps the hopeful suggestion that it offers truth and trains the mind for true and correct thinking. Now philosophy argues that since man's actions are influenced by what he believes

and since philosophy trains the mind to seek and arrive at the truth, good actions can be engendered by philosophical studies. This gives philosophy a ring of practicality. Yet if we consider the services of logic towards ethics, they are dwarfed by the fantastic, almost miraculous performances of physics as man's "good and faithful servant". Like the obedient genie of the Arabian Nights, physics has wrought wonders beyond the fondest expectations of a magician—it will soon take man to the moon.

Today there are prejudices against philosophy that shackle not only the popular mind but even that of the schooled and the learned. A few may be mentioned here:

1. Philosophy is but a bundle of vague speculations, divorced from life and incapable of solid proof.
2. Philosophy is opposed to science.
3. Philosophy is impractical.

it: "The truth Pythagoras, Plato and Aristotle sought after, is the same that Augustine and Aquinas pursued. So far as it is developed in history, truth is the daughter of time; so far as it bears within itself a content independent of time, and therefore of history, it is the daughter of eternity".

To the second prejudice, that philosophy is opposed to science, the philosopher would answer that this is preposterous and absurd. Philosophy lays the ground for the sciences and enhances the sciences. It raises questions which spur the inquisitive sense of scientists. Philosophy cannot be against science because it makes use of the truths discovered by science as the objects with which it starts its investigations. Philosophy comes "after" not "before" every particular science. It answers the questions: What are they? What do they mean? Where do they come from?

Can We Bake Bread With P

by Atty. Expedite P. Bugarin

To the first prejudice, a philosopher would say that philosophy does not really tinker with dark and veiled speculations or guesstimates. Grappling with philosophical problems would to the tyro and the untrained be shadow boxing in the dark. If this be a valid objection, then this same objection can be levelled against any of the more abstract sciences like Mathematics which demands a thorough and serious preparation for the student. A philosopher would readily concede that at first blush, the history of philosophy is chronicle with disagreements—disagreements which in the least touch but the surface of the problem. Viewing this chain of disagreements which is as long as history itself might easily mislead the uninitiated to accept the erroneous impression that philosophy consists of vague speculations, otherwise why the squabble and the twaddle among philosophers? But beneath all these wranglings and apparent contradictions and rivalries, flows the endless current of unity, the timeless unity of truth which mankind accepts and holds to notwithstanding the clashes of diverse philosophical thoughts. As an eminent writer in philosophy has aptly put

Hence philosophy is not alongside of, and on an equal footing with, the sciences, but it is outside of, and above, them.

To the third prejudice, that philosophy is not practical, the philosopher would be quick to hurl a spate of vehement protests. He would contend that man is neither a robot nor just a smart ape. Philosophy assigns man the right place in the universe and gives sense to man's life. Besides living and feeling, man reasons and reflects. He can postpone or forego altogether the acquisition of the comforts and pleasures of life for a higher and nobler motive, for like the holy man he can say: "AD MAIORA NATUS SUM" (I am born for greater things). Man has to live by truth and not by impulse. His earthly life is one 'gamut' of unceasing and vigilant control of the urgings of his lower self. The light of reason is his guiding star; not custom, convention, imitation or popularity. To make philosophy the guiding star of daily life has been the vision of every philosopher. This then is what makes philosophy a practical science.

Perhaps democracy is the only society that can be destroyed merely by the kind of thinking its people

profess, for its people are its sovereigns. A subject or slave can live politically without education. The citizen cannot. What is more, the vote of the semi-literate and that of the well-informed are of equal weight in democratic elections. But unfortunately America, the so-called champion of democracy, has been spellbound by the tangible fruits of chromium-plated materialism. In many respects, due to our long relationship with her, the Philippines has felt the contagion.

A great tribute to philosophy has been well expressed by Will Durant: "If poetry reveals to us the beauty our untaught eyes have missed, and philosophy gives us the wisdom to understand and forgive, it is enough, and more than the world's wealth. Philosophy will not fatten our purses, nor lift us to dizzy dignities in a democratic state; it may even make us a little careless of these things. For what it

hilosophy?

we should fatten our purses, or rise to high office and yet all the while remain ignorantly naive, coarsely unfurnished in the mind, brutal in behaviour, unstable in character, chaotic in desire, and blindly miserable? Without philosophy, without the total vision which unifies purposes and establishes the hierarchy of desires, we fritter away our social heritage in a cynical corruption on the one hand, and in revolutionary madness on the other; we know and have not thought, where we are going, or whether we shall find any happiness there for our harassed souls. We are being destroyed by our knowledge, which has made us drunk with our power. And we shall not be saved without wisdom."

Thus we can happily go back to the oft-quoted aphorism: "Philosophy cannot bake bread, but it can give us God, freedom and immortality." To the admonition therefore which Professor William James gave to Mr. Walter B. Cannon not to indulge in philosophical studies lest he fill his belly with East Wind, we answer that we mortals cannot live by bread alone, and where there is no vision and therefore no philosophy, people perish. §

"A Rose Amongst The Thorns"

(Continued from page 63)

One gets the instrument from me. He acts biggily and expects me to be terribly obliged to him. "If only you were not a girl, I wouldn't carry this. Just think I am doing this for my brad, (he could mean either a fraternity brother or a friend), or better still, think I'm doing this for myself. Oh, how long will you make my poor heart suffer. What beautiful eyes, legs, lips, hands, etc. you have. You are sweet, charming, gentle." All the adjectives in the dictionary are put to use on me. Don't let him fool you. He is the wolf in "Little Red Riding Hood".

"I'll box you, you idiot. I'm listening." One of the boys or even more will feign jealousy.

This goes on until we reach the Cebu Normal School grounds where we do our surveying practice, and here there are many coeds around. Still competition. Here, now, I become chinky-eyed, big-mouthed and skinny.

We begin putting out and setting up our instruments. I have to work like the rest of the boys or else everybody will upbraid me. "Who do you think you are, Queen Elizabeth?"

Aside from sighting of the points on the line we want to lay out, the transit is also used for sighting girls. I complain.

"Who would care to look at you?"

"Please, I am holding the pin, sight me with the transit. I'm a girl too, if that is all you want to look at."

"No proofs, tomboy. All assumptions."

I have to wait till the boys have their fill of the surroundings. Reconnaissance is an important operation in surveying.

Once the boys buckle down to work, they really work. A girl can't be any better than boys in this regard. Longer strides, stronger hold, more commanding and louder speech. In the field you don't say, please pull the tape taut. They shout, "Man, the tape!" Nobody likes to have me do the signalling.

They say my signalling resembles the cha-cha.

At work and among themselves, tact and diplomacy is out of fashion. You never hear them say "please" and "thank you" without those courtesies sounding like insults. Clear downright rudeness is considered a joke. Practical jokes are prevalent. What is otherwise taken as bickering, is beyond the control of our only human field instructor, who can't be everywhere in the field.

"What is your next subject, 'humbug'?" (or any appropriate name; if you are not up to average in class, you are called stupid, cock-eyed, a short fellow, cutie-pie).

"Higher English." (His class is on the fourth floor.)

"Again? You failed twice in English 4. My condolence."

Another boy might push a classmate away. "Get away from me. You stink." (The other boy may or may not be really smelly.)

Quarrels are rampant, but never was a group more closely knit. We stand together. There is no harboring of ill feelings, no heartaches, no feeling of rejection even after a scathing remark. You are told that you are a nuisance but you still feel you belong.

10.45—Field work is through. There are no more arguments about bringing back the instruments. The boys are all too tired for it. They know it takes less effort to carry the instruments than to argue.

Not everybody is in a jovial mood. Somebody had hidden a boy's slide-rule worth one-hundred twenty pesos, and the scare the owner got is still in him.

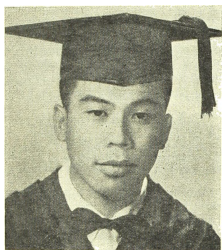
One goes back to school with a sign pinned on his back. "For Sale, One Centavo."

As our class philosopher puts it, we all act and enjoy being like children, yet we feel insulted when called immature.

That's our fourth year civil engineering class for you.

—Nelly McFarland

A great deal of pointed attacks has been directed against our present educational set-up. The brunt of these sometimes too ever critical comments has been college education. A controversy such as this cannot be allowed to pass by without a detailed dissection. Thus, in this issue's "What do you Think . . .", we decided on this as our topic for discussion.—t.o.



ANTONIO C. TAUTJO

● The degree of importance of college education can only find its true measure in the student himself. Although a student may qualify for graduation, he may not qualify to be called college-educated, if education means nothing to him but a memorization of facts and the transferring of what is in the notes to the

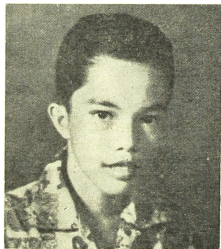
blue-books. He must attain that state of mind, whereby he quickly sees through the daily events and applies whatever he has learned to the commonweal.

— Antonio C. Tautjo
Pre-Med 2, Liberal Arts

● To me college education means more than just classroom prosiness and campus vivacity. It has been a very helpful staff to me in my search for knowledge, which is necessary to the career I wish to have. I now realize that English is after all, not the least important, although, I must admit, I was doubtful. Now, I would suggest that cultural subjects such as this be given a little more emphasis in the future.

— Evasio K. Cagande
Chemical Eng'g 2

● We are, at present, in our formative years. Youth is the time when the love for learning and the capacity for it is most inexhaustible and



EVASIO K. CAGANDE



ESTER BELLEZA



MELUZ BORROMEO

WHAT DO Of College

demanding. What we now learn we, tomorrow, will hold on to as guiding principles. Thus do I see the importance of college education. Our college education, at present, is quite effective. I feel it really molding me, and I can not but be thankful to be allowed access to it.

— Ester Belleza
Commerce 2

● The present set-up of our college education should be changed because, as it is now, the students merely sit in the classrooms like unperturbed sphinxes and regal gargoyles and only the professors gain more knowledge.

The professor's job is to blaze the trail for the furtherance of the students' learning. From then on, the student should learn what is to be learned by himself. Without this sense of independence, our students will never learn to become responsible men whom twenty-three million Filipinos look up to as the "fair hopes of the fatherland".

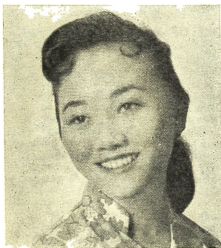
— Meluz Borromeo
Commerce 2

YOU THINK Education?

● Man is, by nature, gregarious. Before, I was wrapped in a strong feeling of difference and uncertainty to face the challenge that this natural tendency poses before me—that of facing people and getting to know them. College education has given me the greatest opportunities to attain a certain self-confidence and sure-footedness, and has helped me enjoy being with people and knowing them. Besides, in college I find people who talk sense, thus creating a most wholesome atmosphere that contributes to the sound development of the personality.

—Melinda Rubi
Commerce 2

● Co-education, I believe, is one way of completing introduction into the world, especially to our relations with the members of the society into which we may be willingly thrown. It is only through a mutual give-and-take of knowledge that we can approximate a certain degree of intellectual perfection.



MELINDA RUBI



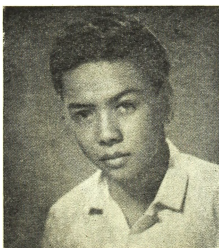
MILA MASAGCA

College education, I have found out, affords the greatest degree of intellectual edysis of knowledge—accumulation to reach this goal.

—Mila Masagca
Pharmacy 2

● I think that my present college education is just a stepping-stone to another that will be more intensive—the field of Medicine. Anyhow, I still find it a most enjoyable and wholesome experience since the training it gives me is very broad and liberal. What seemed mere contingencies at the beginning are, I have found out, really essentials and they have made a more broad-minded man out of me. Only now have I realized how important college education is in the shaping—or reshaping of an individual.

—Romulo P. Batucan
Pre-Med. 2, Liberal Arts



ROMULO P. BATUCAN

USC IN REVIEW

(Continued from page 73)

A DEBT AND A FEATHER

USC added another feather to its cap sometime last November when in the Stanvac Journalism Awards, its former Carolinian editor Napoleon G. Rama was awarded first prize and adjudged "Journalist of the Year."

Mr. Rama rose to the pinnacle in the field of journalism through his fearless exposes of the Philippine Reparations mess in the *Philippines Free Press* of which he is a staff member.

"Whatever journalistic success I have achieved," wrote Mr. Rama once to the "C" staff, "you can be sure, I owe it to my Alma Mater and the opportunity that the Carolinian afforded me during my college days."

We doff our hats to Mr. Napoleon G. Rama.

CHARLIE'S VACATIONERS

Eighteen Carolinians composed two separate delegations to the Pax Romana convention in Manila and the National Union of Students conference in Baguio City late last December.

The Pax Romana, an international Catholic students organizations with economic, cultural and social aims, held conferences at the University of Santo Tomas and the Far Eastern University on December 26 to January 6. The Carolinian delegates were Jess Alcorido (of the Supreme Student Council), Teodoro Aicutas, Rita Palma, Flor Dalocanog, Jess Estanislao, Filomena Villamor, and Guillerma Villoria.

In the National Union of Students conference which was held at St. Louis University, Baguio City, on December 26 to 31, the University of San Carlos was represented by the Supreme Student Council delegation composed of President Adelino B. Sitoy, Press Relations Officer Flemon L. Fernandez, Majority Floorleader Sixto L. Abao, Jr., Auditor Benigno C. Cabañatan, Secretary Lorna Rodriguez, Treasurer Teresita Vergara, Rep. Manuel Valenzuela and Rep. Froilan Gujano.

Carolinian Editor Manuel S. Go and his associate Junne Canizares joined the SSC delegation.

Atty. Catalino M. Doronico, SSC Adviser, headed the Council and the Carolinian delegations.

Rep. Carlos Go of the College of Commerce, owner of the Go Thong Lines, extended two round-trip passes to the Council delegation to the USC conference.

FRATERNITY INDUCTION

The Alpha Kappa Alpha Fraternity of the College of Commerce held its grand induction-pinning ceremonies February 7 at the Chinese Chamber of Commerce. Guest of honor and inducting officer was former Foreign Affairs Secretary Ral Manglapus.

On March 6, the Sigma Sigma Phi of the College of Law held its induction and pinning ceremonies at the Jaycee Clubhouse.

USC IN

... In the hush of night,
like a beat of sweet refrain ...



Rev. Harold Rigney, S.V.D.
New Rector

FR. RECTOR

Very Rev. Harold W. Rigney, SVD, the new USC rector arrived last Saturday morning, February 27th. He was met at the airport by students and members of the faculty and was borne in a motorcade to the university where an ecclesiastical canonical reception ensued at the Chapel.

Fr. Rigney is an American by nationality. He was formerly the Rector of the Catholic University of Peking, China, where he was taken prisoner by the

Chinese communists. He was released in 1956 and on the way home, he dropped here at San Carlos. After he regained his health, he was assigned to Liverpool, England. In 1959, he was designated Rector of San Carlos. Meanwhile, Rev. Richard Arens, Director of the Boys' High School, has been promoted to a position in Rome.

THE GODLY AMERICAN

Mrs. Elvira T. Marquis, American journalist and lecturer, spoke before members of the faculty and student body of the University November 2, 1959, on "The Civic Spirit of the Average American."

She defended the United States assistance program, which has often been assailed by belligerent countries as a "buy-friendship program", by asserting that the desire to help the less fortunate is innate in the American heart. Even within the national boundaries, she said, billions of dollars are being donated for charitable and educational purposes.

She discussed at length the various means that her country employs in the raising of funds for civic purposes, and how warmly the American people have responded to them. She mentioned several industrial concerns and private individuals who have given a lot for civic purposes. The people, she said, chip in for the support of universities and maintain trade schools for destitute children.

An open forum followed the lecture, in the course of which Mrs. Marquis took occasion to note that in the United States, no project, once conceived, is ever left unaccomplished.



Senator Mariano J. Cuenco
Outstanding Alumnus

OUTSTANDING ALUMNUS

Senator Mariano Jesus Cuenco was chosen "Most Distinguished Alumnus" of the university for 1959 by the Alumni Watchtower Committee composed of Atty. Silvano Jakosalem (Chairman), Mr. Jose Arias, Atty. Aurelio C. Fernandez, Mrs. Rosario de Veyra and Mr. Vicente Medalle.

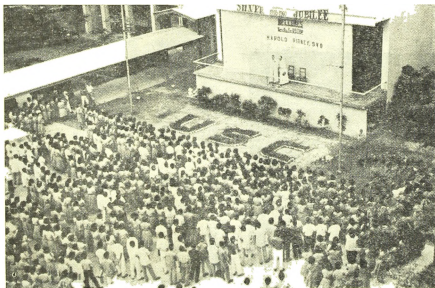
Senator Cuenco was picked on the basis of his exemplary record as a Catholic laymen. The proclamation of the choice was made at the Alumni Homecoming Banquet on the evening of Wednesday, February 17, the opening night of the university week.

Senator Cuenco obtained his "Bachelier en Artes" degree in this university way back in 1905 when it was yet called the Colegio de San Carlos.

THE ROLE OF WOMEN

The Portia Club of the College of Law sponsored a convocation program for the coeds last November 27 at the audio-visual center. Mrs. Rosario de Veyra, Dean of Women, spoke on "The Role of Women in Society." Two other speakers, Miss Betty B. Antonio and Miss Maria Lourdes Ceniza, spoke on "The Role of Women in the Upliftment of Society", and "The Role of Women in the Moral Decline of Society", respectively.

An open forum followed the lectures. The occasion was graced by the presence of Acting Rector Rev. Edward Datig and Fr. Joseph Watzlavik, spiritual adviser of the Portia Club.



The Fr. Rector's First Convocation

REVIEW

... Comes a memory to
haunt your heart again ...



Napoleon G. Rama
"Journalist of the Year"

RETREAT

The annual students' holy retreat was held from December 5-9, 1959.

The students were divided into four groups, viz., the women night-students group, the men night-students group, the women day-students group, and the men day-students group.

Retreat masters were Rev. Fr. Patrick Barber, SVD, of Holy Name College, Tagbilaran, Bohol and Rev. Fr. Richard Arens, SVD, Director of the Boys' High School.

Over-all retreat coordinator, Sixto L. Abao and SCA President Jess Alcordo received the kudos of everybody for the success of the retreat.

THE COLLEGE DAY

USC, the oldest institution in the Philippines and older than Harvard, celebrated its 365th anniversary and commemorated the Silver Jubilee of the SVD Fathers in a five-day bang-up affair.

The festivities started with a grand street parade on Wednesday afternoon, February 17th.

The five-day affair featured scientific, educational and cultural exhibits and movies, a grand alumni homecoming and nightly presentations consisting of literary-cultural programs and a choral concert.

Incidentally, the PRISAA exhibits were displayed too at the Engineering and Girls' High School buildings of the university.

EX-COMMUNIST

Dr. Douglas Hyde, world-famous Catholic convert from communism, and writer, was guest lecturer at the university audio-visual center February 24th. The USC lecture was one of a series of lectures Dr. Hyde conducted all over the Philippines.

Until his resignation from the communist London *Daily Worker*, of which he was news editor, and from the communist party in 1948, Dr. Hyde was one of Great Britain's leading communists. He had served the Communist party in various capacities for twenty years, mostly in the journalistic field.

His conversion to Catholicism had its beginnings in the much-publicized libel case filed against him by the *Weekly Review*, with which Chesterton and Belloc had been associated, which he accused of being fascist.

"In preparing for the High Court cases," writes Mr. Hyde, "I set about to understand my opponents and came to understand them too well. Catholic thought, gaining entry through a love for medieval literature and art, slowly destroyed my communism — with me resisting every inch of the way."

Eventually, he had his children baptized in the Catholic Church, and it was only a matter of time that he himself would sever his connections with the Communist party and join the Catholic laity.

Later, he declared, "I could not pick up a copy of the *Daily Worker* without seeing the name of someone I brought into the party still working for the cause. I took a vow to try to make more converts to the Faith in the next ten years than I had made for communism in the past twenty."

In fulfillment of this vow he has given countless lectures and written several books and many articles, all eloquent arguments against communism and godlessness. †

ARCHITECTURAL CONTEST

USC architecture students bagged the top prizes in a recently concluded architectural design competition open to all architecture students in the city of Cebu. Winners were: Leonidas Orbeta, first prize; Adolfo Caballo and Ismael Sala, second prize; Leonidas Orbeta, third prize; and Romeo Salgado, fourth prize. Other winners were: Merardo Cola, first honorable mention; Amoroso Manigas, second honorable mention; Julian Pua, first consolation prize; Gabriel Abear, second consolation prize; Joaquin Borromeo, third consolation prize; and Teodoro Himalalan, second commendation prize.



Vicente Balbuena
Tops all barristers from Visayas

SSC DONATION

Two water coolers have been donated to the university by the Supreme Student Council.

The acquisition and donation of the water coolers was agreed upon by the SSC Congress in its session of January 31.

The water coolers cost approximately P1,300 each.

In the same session, the SSC Congress approved the installation of a telephone for the common use of the students.



Glara Lebunfeil
Pharmacy Topnotcher



Jose Alegas
"Football player of the year"

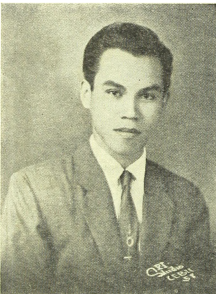
DEMOSTHENES

Mr. Benigno Reyes of the College of Commerce won first place in the inter-departmental oratorical contest sponsored by the AD IV organization.

Miss Teresita Villamor of the College of Liberal Arts and Mr. Nicolas Vergara of the College of Eng'g. and Architecture copped second and third prizes respectively while Miss Juliet Villaluz and Mr. Truce Ordoña tied for honorable mention.

The Board of Judges was composed of Provincial Board Member Regino Hermosissimo, Chairman, *Republic Daily* Editor Antonio Termitis and Mrs. Concepcion Briones, members.

The theme of the contest was, "Wanted: The True Meaning of Nationalism." This was obviously dictated by the hue and cry presently raised by Filipino politicians and even by the rank and file of the nation on nationalism.



Eugenio V. Corazo
3rd Place, Mechanical Plant Engineering Exams.

BOARD AND BAR

The University of San Carlos scored a resounding success in the recently released board and bar examinations results.

In the pharmaceutical board examinations, Miss Clara Lebunifacil copped sixth place with a rating of 81.42%. The other successful examinees were: Carmencita Alcantara, Virginia Almoldal, Lida Baring, Venus Batayola, Rosario Beltran, Martina Bernardo, Lourdes Garcia, Monina Geron, Carmelita de Garcia, Amelia Hernandez, Amelia Lerio, Mariquita Maghanoy, Lolita Mercado, Estelita Napuli, Consolacion Oza, Carolina Quijano, Willima Quijano, Conchita Ting, Lydia Tudud, Venus Virtudazo, Adelina Yap, Bernaradita Yballe and Virginia Yu Tiamco. The national percentage was 41%. USC's was 77%.

Mr. Gerardo Lipardo, Jr., erstwhile staff member of the *Carolynian*, topped the examination for junior mechanical plant engineers. Mr. Eugenio V. Corazo on the other hand, copped third place in the Mechanical Plant Engineering board exams.

Results of the latest Bar Exams reveal that our own Vicente Balbuena copped 18th place, topping all barristers in the Visayas and Mindanao with a rating of 84.8%. Along with Balbuena, the following handled the bar: Danilo Deen, Ireneo Clapano, Erasmus Diola, Eugenio Alvarado, Jr., Benjamin Flores, Julito Tabilo, Alexander Acain, Sancho Chan, Jr., Mamerto Coliflores, Julian Ereno, Vicente Gador, Simplicio Jorgio, Rosalinda Letrondo, Cristina Pontegos, Teodoro Risos, Adelaide Singo, Florencio Villarin and Justo Trazo. The national percentage was 21%. USC's was 63%.

POSTERS-SCRIPT

The SCA Posters Committee, headed by Carolinian artist Amoroso Manligas, sponsored a Christmas Poster contest. The theme of the contest was "Prayers for World Peace." Adjudged winners at the SSC sponsored Christmas program and the corresponding prize donors were:

- First Prize**... Leodegario Zozobrado
Donor:... Supreme Student Council
- Second Prize**..... Sergio Obenza
Donor:..... Faculty Club
- Third Prize**..... Joselito Barba
Donor:..... Dean Fulvio C. Pelaez
- 1st. Hon. Mention**... Julian Pura
Donor:..... Alpha Kappa Alpha Fraternity
- 2nd. Hon. Mention**... Herminigildo Liston
Donor:.... Builders Fraternity and USC Chemical Society
- 3rd. Hon. Mention**... Ismael Sala
Donor:..... KM-Tri-E
- Consolation Prizes**: Lito Villacruis, Sergio Obenza, Teddy Himalalon, Treño Montecillo, Junne Mercado, Jr.

A special prize was awarded to Miss Melva Rodriguez for being the lone lady entrant of the contest.



ILLS OF COMMUNISM

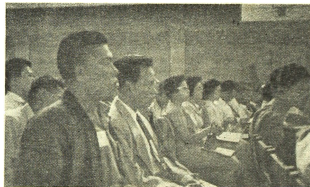
Fr. Walter Hogan, S.J., of the Ateneo de Manila, spoke on Communism November 19 at the USC audio-visual center. A well known expert on social philosophy, he is best remembered as the man behind the famous labor movement launched by various labor federations in Manila a few years ago.

He noted that the main attraction of communism is not its logic but the promises of better times that it gives to those in misery and want.

The communist propaganda, he said, runs mainly along this line: "There are many ills in society. Abuse of property is the cause of such ills. Therefore, abolish private property and make things communal."

But, in a democracy, we should say: "There are many ills in society. Abuse of private property is one of the causes of such ills. But we do not have to abolish private property for that matter; rather, we should redistribute it with justice."

In a word, the solution to the communist threat is love of neighbors as of self. This means, one should act with justice and charity.



In the NUS Conference Room



THE USC DELEGATION
TO THE NUS
CONFERENCE

Left to right: Junne Calizares, Regalado E. Maambong (quest), Sixto Lt. Abao, Jr., Freilan Quijano, Lorne B. Rodriguez, Atty. Catalino M. Doronio, Manuel S. Go, Adelfino B. Sifoy, Ben C. Cabanatan, Teresita Vergara, Filemon L. Fernandez, Manuel "J. Dean" Valenzuela.

TID BITS

Miss Betty B. Antonio has been appointed President of the Cebu Diocesan Council of Student Catholic Action. Miss Antonio was formerly USCSCA president for the years 1957 and 1958.

The USC Adult Education Class volunteers under Prof. Jesus Roa has been conducting Sunday literacy classes among the inmates of the Cebu provincial jail, in collaboration with the Philippine Mental Health Association.

The undertaking started sometime last December. To make the teaching program more lively and interesting, the AEC group led by Miss Perez held a Christmas program, participated in by both the teachers and their pupils. Gifts were distributed. The donors were Rev. Ernest Hoerdemann, SVD, Rev. Anthony Buchick, SVD, Prof. Jesus Roa, Rev. Sergio Alfafara, Aboitiz and Co., Columbia Raja Co., Compania Maritima and a host of others.

Mr. Vicente Gorre, a member of the College of Commerce faculty has been designated bursar vice Mr. Rosendo Siervo who resigned in order to devote his time to teaching.

SCOUT CAMPING

Fifty selected Carolinian scouts attended the first USC Semestral Camp last Nov. 7-10 at the hacienda of Dr. Jacinto Velez in Cantabaco, Naga. The troops under the leadership of Scouters Jose R. Matubang and Diosdado Parago enjoyed four days of fun and adventure, swimming, hiking, exploring places and practicing scout skills. They visited the Atlas Consolidated Mining Co., the Oil Factory and the Atlas Electrical power plant. Fr. Margarito Alingass, S.V.D., who was with the group, acted as spiritual adviser.

HOME SWEET HOME

Miss Bessie Huang, a USC scholar, recently returned from the United States with a master of science in bio-chemistry. During her two-and-a-half year stay abroad, she was the recipient of a health service education scholarship.

Miss Huang obtained her Bachelor's degree in Chemistry in the University of San Carlos. She graduated magna cum laude in 1957.

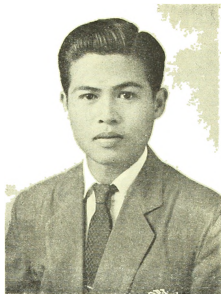
MISSION CONSCIOUSNESS

Mission year 1959 ended December 13th after a four-day celebration, with an open air affair officiated by Archbishop Julio R. Rosales at the university quadrangle. The affair was preceded by a parade participated in by all missionary-run institutions and other Catholic groups in Cebu. City Mayor Ramon Duterte delivered an address — "A Layman Looks at the Missions" — before the participants of the parade.

The university, which played host during several phases of the celebrations, was also the site of the mission year exhibits. The various missionary groups which put up exhibit booths at the USC library depicting mission work were: the Good Shepherd Sisters, the Perpetuo Socorro Hospital, the Franciscans of Mary, Colegio del Santo Niño, the Sacred Heart Missionaries, the Salesian Fathers, the Paulist Fathers, Colegio de la Inmaculada Concepcion, the SVD Fathers, the Holy Ghost Sisters, the Redemptorist Fathers, Berchmans College, Sacred Heart School, the Augustinian Recollects, the RVM Sisters, the Daughters of St. Paul, the Benedictine Sisters and Colegio de San Jose.

Other features of the four-day celebration were masses, lectures, and radio plays, sponsored by the various mission institutions in Cebu.

The December 13th celebrations culminated an intensive whole-year drive



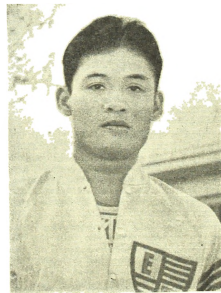
Gerardo Lipardo, Jr.
Topped Jr. Mechanical Plant Engineer
EXAMINEE.

to promote "mission consciousness" among the Filipinos and to get them to support the world-wide work now being undertaken for the conversion of souls to the Catholic faith.

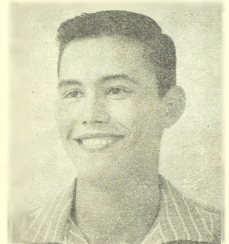
ATHLETES OF THE YEAR

Two stalwart Carolinian athletes were each the recipient of citations from the Cebu Sportswriters' Association as athletes of the year.

Mr. Jose Alazas of the USC football team was named Football Player of the Year, while Mr. Edgardo Galdo of the USC Basketball team was dubbed CICAAs' Basketball Player of the year. Mr. Galdo played with the PAL team in the Cebu industrial association basketball tournament.



Edgardo Galdo
"Basketball Player of the year".

SPORTS *Personality*

IGNACIO ROSELLO

To attempt a forthright description of the life of a man, particularly when he belongs to our age, is deemed inadequate when the facts are gathered secondhand even from undisputed sources. Personal contact with the person counts more than anything heard and read about him.

There is one important statement about Ignacio Rosello which we, who knew him personally, cannot withhold. It is that Ignacio "lived as a practical Catholic youth should," and that he was a shining star in the field of sports until that Monday morning of January 11, when he left us.

A great many people not only the members of his family, mourned his passing. Ignacio had endeared himself to Carolinians not just because of his being a football star but because of the way he bore himself. Humble and unassuming, there was never in him a plume of a peacock whenever he spoke and played.

Nacho, as he was fondly called, was the eldest of two brothers and two sisters. He was born in Davao on October 16, 1942 to Jose and Maria Teresa Rosello. From Ateneo de Davao, he transferred to La Salle when the Rosello family moved to Manila. After a two year stint with La Salle High, he came to Cebu and studied in USC Boys' High School from the third up to the fourth year and was voted captain of the USC junior soccer.

He was a consistent scholar in all his years in High School besides excelling in football. His 5' 11" height, 125 pound weight and skill in footwork enabled him to be selected member of the Philippine Junior Football Team to the Asian Football Tournament held in Kuala Lumpur, Malaya in 1958.

Hobbies with me once, he confided to me his dream to join the US Navy after his graduation from an Engineering course. He liked to read war novels.

The gold of the leaf cannot only be seen when it's already on the ground, but even before it falls. Real talents like Ignacio's cannot be hidden; they just glow from within. Such was Ignacio Rosello, a torch-bearer of a true Catholic upbringing, now no longer with us.

by G. Targuin Barcenilla

ON THIS SIDE ○

by RUDY JUSTINIANI A

1959 CSA AWARDEES

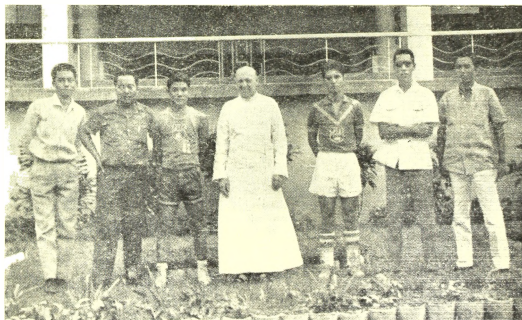
"Dame Luck" of the year 1959 thoughtfully singled out two outstanding Carolinian athletes to receive their award from the Cebu Sportwriters Association. USC Warrior Edgardo Galdo and Green Soccer Jose Alazas were voted by CSA as CICA AAA's "Basketball Player of the Year" and "Football Player of the Year" respectively.

Eddie Galdo never dreamed of receiving CICA AAA's coveted honor when he was drafted with the PAL Viscounts. How could he gain the highest berth when Cebu's industrial circuit is bursting with topflight cagers of the nation: Baz, Cabahug, Macoy and Del Pilar, to mention only a few? But the Cebu sport-scribes, having seen the actual fracas, after rummaging through CICA AAA's sports records, thought otherwise.

Galdo, even in his rookie days, had already captured the hearts of countless CCAA followers with his razzie-dazzle brand of playing. Galdo once indeliberately disobeyed Coach Aquino's orders in the court, so the CCAA championship game was lost; for this he suffered for one long year the icy heat of the bench. Galdo later redeemed himself and became the hero of many championship fights for the USC Warriors. Incidentally, the award is a sentimental gift for Galdo who is going to graduate this year from the College of Commerce.

Youngsters are usually packed with many surprises. When the Cebu Sportwriters Association announced the name of Carolinian Jose Alazas as the "Football Player of the Year", not a few frowning faces were seen. The boondogglers' thoughts were concentrated on the veterans of many Philippines football skirmishes with the Asian greats. But young Alazas has plenty of explosive in his sleeves. The explosions were heard when he lead the Imon Chemicals, together with two Carolinians, to Cebu Football League's championship cup in spite of tough opposition from Asian Gamers Anito Trinidad, Elino Estrada and Cenen Maríño in the opposite camp. The way I see Alazas, "prima donna" airs are still far from getting inside his head — remain that way kid; his game is going to improve. — GB

The two CSA awardees, Edgardo Galdo and Jose Alazas pose with Athletic Moderator Father Bunsel, S.V.D. Others in the picture are: George Barcenilla (C-Sportswriter), Juan Aquino, Jr. (coach), Geronimo Llantao (coach), Rodolfo Justiniani (C-Sportswriter)



F SPORTSDOM

ND GEORGE BARCENILLA

USC GOLD SOXERS IN CBL

The UP-USC Games

The State U sports delegation to the UP-Silliman U annual meet staged in Dumaguete, through the invitation of the Acting Rector of USC, agreed to a UP-USC tournament which was held last December 26 at the Abellana Grounds and USC court. Fresh from their triumph over Silliman U, the Varsitarians made a clean sweep of their three games against the Carolinians — football, baseball and basketball.

The winner of the football tussle was unpredicted until the closing minutes of the last half. With eighteen minutes till guntime, the Varsitarians' right-forward — Joseph Sigasara — erstwhile member of the Indonesian International Football Team, eluded full-back Ignacio Rosello and scored a lofting goal. The fast-dwindling stamina of the Carolinians caused the Green Soxers' defense to sag, and only the splendid goal-tending of Jose Sotelo frustrated the Varsitarians' penetrations. Score: 1-0 for UP.

The State U troopers did it again when they outgunged the USC Gold Sox, 3-1. Alfredo Dignos scored the lone run for San Carlos.

CVAAPS BASEBALL SELECTION

Champion of the 6th PRISAA

Kneeling, left to right: Alberto Villarín, Alfredo Dignos, Roberto Iratagotia, Rogelio Damaleria, Angelina Coja, A. Tiango.

Standing, left to right: Unidentified persons, Engr. Amancio Alcorado (President, 6th PRISAA), E. Gebutan, Fernin Caballero, C. Bugtai, Celso Batucan, Humberto Millado, Camilo Topales, Hidesfondo Mangila, unidentified persons.

Only Tiango and Bugtai are not members of the USC Gold Soxers. Not in the picture was P. Cadungog (USC).



CBL Team Standings

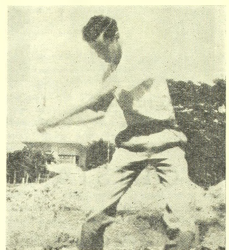
| Team | Games Played | Won | Lost | Tied |
|---------------|--------------|-----|------|------|
| CLUKA | 7 | 6 | 1 | |
| Esaño | 7 | 5 | 2 | |
| AVHS | 6 | 4 | 2 | 1 |
| USC | 5 | 3 | 2 | |
| Cogon Rod Sox | 4 | 2 | 2 | |
| CNS | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 |
| CSAT* | 0 | 0 | 0 | |
| Caltex* | 0 | 0 | 0 | |

Withdrawn

Turning the spotlight on USC's "unsung sport", baseball, after a dismal and disappointing performance in basketball, USC sports fans will find one strand of hope to hold on to in USC's standing in the local baseball sports world. Although baseball fans have thinned out considerably due to the waning popularity here of this number one American outdoor sport, it will definitely make a resurgence this year. The USC Green & Gold Sox, still a "baby" in the local hickory world in the brief span since its organization, has already grabbed the second spot, elbowing out veteran sluggers and mounds-men of established commercial teams.

In this year's Cebu Baseball League, the local edition of the MBBL, the USC sluggers made its presence felt, winning over CSAT, Caltex, AVHS, and losing out only to Esaño Lines and CLUKA (Club Kawayan Athletic Club).

SPORTS Personality



JOSE MARI ADAD

the Philippines' upcoming top
Divot Digger

Club Filipino de Cebu's tricky fairways, dotted with sandtraps and natural obstacles, became the site for USC's very own Jose Mari Adad's romping away with the amateur golfers crown. The Southern Open which was held at CFC on January 23-25, 1959, participated in by various top golfers of the nation, lifted high a new hot champion from the golfing horizon. Jose Mari Adad, the undepicted teenage master of the greens.

Firing below the seventies, Jose Mari was the only amateur golfer to overcome the unpredictable rolling links of Club Filipino, which even the great Canada Cup champion Angel Miguel, Far East Open champion Bruce Crompton and Ben Arda found arduous.

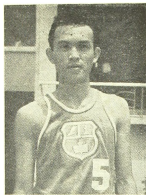
Steady nerve, unerring hands and hypermetropic vision guided Jose Mari in capturing almost all the amateur titles in the tourneys he participated in. He came to grips with Luis (Golem) Silverio and Francisco (Boy) Reyes, reputedly the two best amateur parbusters in the country, in Davao's "Malove Tournament". Jose Mari surprisingly topped the country's best and added the "Malove" crown to his cluster of laurels.

Born 18 years ago to a family whose love for sports and outdoor life is known in this city, Jose Mari is just following the pattern set by his parents. But it's his mother who encouraged him to cultivate interest in golf.

Mari studied in, and graduated from, the USC Boys' High School. After his graduation last year, he enrolled in the College of Engineering in this university, but shifted to the College of Commerce this second semester. He tried his mettle in the school football team and he was readily accepted despite his light 5' 8" build, as left-winger of the Green Soxers.

When I asked him, "What do you find in golf to make it your first love among sports?", Mari with twinkles in his eyes replied, "I hope you and the rest will not misunderstand me when I say that golf holds the same ardent fascination over me as a beautiful lady would over her lover."

by g. tarquin barcenilla



MAX PIZARRAS
Basketball



ORLANDO YU
Football



ALFREDO DIGNOS
Baseball



ERNESTO DOROLA
Chess

OUTSTANDING ATHLETES OF 1959-60

The faces you see on this page are the ones who made it this season in Carolinian sportsdom. Not that there were no others who made it in 1958 and in early 1959. There were. But we C-Sportswriters, to erase people's doubts of one making a biased selection, refrained from voting in order not to step on anybody's sensitive toes. Now, after a careful selection by athletic authorities of this school, we finally present the athletes who we honestly think deserve the laurel.

1. Golf — **JOSE MARI ADAD** (See Sports Personality)
Amateur Champion, 1959 Southern Open
7th place — Low Amateur, 1960 Philippine Open
2. Football — **ORLANDO YU**
Green Soxer's number one defenseman
3. Basketball — **MAX PIZARRAS**
Outstanding Warrior during the CCAA circuit
4. Baseball — **ALFREDO DIGNOS**
Golden Sozer's most valuable player
5. Chess — **ERNESTO DOROLA**
CVAAPS champion
6. Volleyball — **FORTUNATO PEREZ**
Cager turned bomber
7. Table Tennis — **ARTURO FERNANDEZ**
Intramural Champion

MAX PIZARRAS — the underdog hot-shot from the island of Bohol, sometimes called "Republican" although not a card-carrying member of the Grand Old Party, in his junior year in the College of Commerce. Besides being a whiz at underdog sniping, he has developed an accurate jumpshot from the sides, which has caught the cage followers' fancy. Tall, he's 6', he is also valuable as a sentinel at the backboards.

ORLANDO YU — "soccered" his way "almost" to Taipei as a member of the William Lines Football Team, plays fullback for the USC Greenbooters, practically an internationalist in the local football world. Now in his last year in college, he expects to be constructing houses and bridges when not running after the pigskin in the field, being a senior C. E. student.

ALFREDO DIGNOS — following the oft repeated adage "like father, like son", this fleetfooted shortstop of the Golden Soxers, plays in the CBL; his father, a member of the Escano nine is in the same league. A terror to the moundmen in the CBL, he has hit more homers than any grizzled veteran in the league. Like basketball's choice, Pizarras, he's also in his third year in the College of Commerce.

ERNESTO DOROLA — not a few consider chess a sport; this freshman Commerce student remained unperturbed, represented CVAAPS in the PRISAA chess tournament, and aroused the attention of habitues of chess clubs and wood-pushers alike by coming on top in the last collegiate chess tourney.—RJ

rudy justinian

CAROLINIAN *Sports* REVIEW

The year 1959 found USC athletics' fortune at its lowest ebb. The USC Warriors, defending champs in the CCAA caboodle, fared badly in the homestretch, got drygulled by CIT and perennial rival UV, to land on the third place. A far cry from their creditable performance in 1958's intercollegiate cage tourney, when they took the runner-up sport. The Warriors, long the lords in local hoopdom finally caught up with the law of averages and succumbed, first to the fangs of the Wilcats, 98-95; and later were pierced badly by the Lancers, 65-58 in a championship tussle. USC cage aficionados until now still cannot forget the unexpected thrashing given the Warriors by both CIT and UV. Like an enraged bull wounded by a few banderillas of a bullfighter, the Warriors are licking their wounds and just waiting, biding the time when another "test of truth" will come. The Warriors may be down but not out.

With but a few months to go before the next CCAA opening, USC cagers got a good dry run in the last PRISAA meet. After UV's failure to put up a CVAAPS team, and realizing that USC Warriors are still IT and definitely do not belong in the gutters, CCAA "gods" made USC form the bulk of this year's CVAAPS cage combo, plus recruits from the runner-up Wilcats and also-ran CSJ Jaguars. Old reliable "Dongdong" Aquino manned the cage bench.

After basketball, what next? USC looked for a substitute and found it hesitantly in baseball. But after giving the other oldies in the CBL the works, USC sports followers dared to raise their heads again after letting them droop so long. USC, the only collegiate hickory team to enter the CBL elite, traded bats with their much older and grizzled opponents — the

Sportscope

DANILO DEEN, skipper of the USC Warriors for three years, 1954-57, and the Visayan Stars Selection to the 1959 Challenge to Champions in Manila, posted the Bar Exams given last August. His rating of 82.3% is third highest among the candidates from the schools in the Visayas and Mindanao. To the uninitiated, especially his future colleagues in the "court", beware of Danilo's made-order left arm!

Warrior **ERNESTO "HONEST" MICHAEL** got himself leader-trapped by a co-Carolinian, Perla Goyeneche, at the Archbishop's Residence last January 30. The serene bride is an alumna of USC's College of Commerce. —GB

Cogon Red Sox, Escano Lines and the Club Kawayan Athletic Club. Going into the year 1960, USC qualified for the CBL championship round after downing the Red Sox, 9-6 in their last encounter in the preliminaries. In the final round, the Golden Soxers first locked horns with the CLUKA nine; USC unfortunately lost a heartbreaker, 11-9, which was marred by a "first swinging". The USC sluggers next tackled the strong Escano combine and won over their way to an upset when hurler E. Caballero tired, gave up a couple of runs to let Escano overtake USC for a final 10-8 count, loss number two for USC Golden Sox.

Their last outing with Cogon Red Sox looked like a foregone conclusion, but it turned out to be a boner. Previously beaten by USC, the Cogon Red Sox, still smarting from their defeat by much younger opponents, pulled

relief hurler I. Mangila, who's a regular USC first sacker, with an avalanche of hits in a disastrous first inning for USC, and scored seven runs in the first frame. With USC badly handicapped by the absence of its regular moundman, E. Caballero, the Cogon Red Sox took their chance and continued to pile up easy runs against the Golden Soxers. USC sluggers, visibly shaken, shuffled their men like cards but to no avail; their number was up. The Cogon Red Sox clobbered them, 17-6.

The continental sport of Europe and South America — soccer football — is still safely tucked in the folds of UV's arms but not without a scare from the USC greenbooters. In their first meeting in the CCAA football league, the USC booters dumped the Cebu Normal School soccerites, 7-0. Then came the fateful morning of the 26th of December of last year, when USC met UP in a dual meet. There, a valuable cog in USC's wheel got himself injured and subsequently died. After that, USC became a "ghost" team playing with all sorts of thoughts lurking in their brains. Two successive lickings given them by the UV eleven in the championship series killed USC's hope of grabbing the CCAA soccer cup.

Those "blue" Carolinians who take their chess as seriously as ducks take to water should sit up in glee and leave their "bottoms" cool for a while. For this game of kings and king of games, to borrow a trite phrase, we finally put one over our age-old rival, University of the Visayas. After playing second fiddle to UV in basketball and soccer football, we finally turned the upcoming chess master, losing only to Sepulveda of CIT after a blunder in the 21st move, is considered the best this side of the chess kingdom. Wood-pushers Dorola and Gafos were chosen to represent the CVAAPS chess team at the last PRISAA meet. — RJ.

The **CENTRAL VISAYAS Team** — Champion of the 6th PRISAA held Feb. 14-20, 1960 at the Abellano Stadium, Cebu City.



CENTRAL VISAYAS — CHAMPION
ABELLANO STADIUM, CEBU CITY

Sports SHORTS and SNORTS

Up to now, one can still hear mumbles and grumbles regarding the USC Warriors' debacles in the hardcourt. Why they ask, did USC not make it? There were Max Pizarros, Doring Cañizares, Néne Palmores to replace old reliables Danny Deen and Peping Rogado. Yet they lost. Elephantiasis of the ego?

USC's last held — the baseball team? Or perhaps the football shinbooters? Some USC cage players went on a migration and made a beeline for the volleyball squad. To recoup lost glory?

USC's "little basketball league", participated in by seven intramural teams, started at a snail's speed, belittled by the Christmas vacation, and some are still in a quandary — did not the Commerce "Accentuating" team already win the championship? Yes. This second semester's games are considered a league, not an intramural series.

This year's CCAA ought to be better for USC. One defeat too many might lead one to lose hope. I still believe USC has got what it takes in basketball. Last year's miserable performance was just a slump. Warriors, prove it! —RAJ

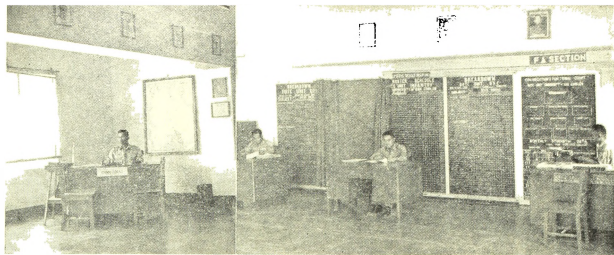
USC Eleven in CCAA Football

University of San Carlos vaulted to the CCAA Football championship round when the hardfighting Green Soxers outlasted the Cebu Normal School booters, 7-0, on the Abellano Football turf.

The CNS "Maestros" looked like students pitted against the more experienced Carolinians. Center-forward Jose Alazas, playing right-out, connected the first goal after five minutes of play. Three minutes after Alazas' delivery, Rolando Rubi drove home a beauty from the far right. Jose Mari Adad ended the first half with a breakthrough, making good a feed from Alazas.

The CNS soccerites showed semblance of a "fight", but barely ten minutes after the start of the second half, rookie Romulo Pañares broke loose and smashed a flying goal from the left lane. Pepito "Jeff" Fajurao made it still harder for the Normalites by scoring from the right wing and, not contented, followed up with a roller; just under the nose of the CNS goalie to post the fifth and sixth Carolinian goals. Eight minutes before lemon time, defenseman Orlando Yu delivered a penalty kick from twenty yards away and sealed the game for USC. —GH

ROTC



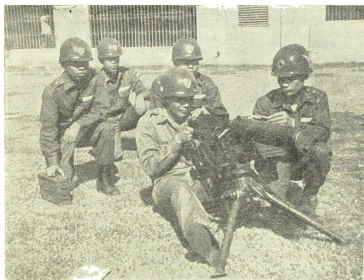
The iron hands ... for USC, the start!

REPORTS ★

We are out to bag the star!
At least this is the import one gets from observing the bustle of activity at the DMST.

Capt. Jose M. Aquino, Commandant, has employed the services of Capt. Alfonso Alcosoba and Lt. Juan Sanchez, G-3 and Asst. G-3 respectively as guest lecturers on infantry subjects. These men are responsible for the preparation of the theoretical examinations during every tactical inspection.

On FA matters, too, the commandant has availed



Aim high and hit the mark. No sacrifice is too great for dear old Charlie.

himself of the services of Major Jose Repato, commander of the 5th Artillery Division, ably assisted by Capt. Emilio Samson, Adj. and S-1 of the same division, Capt. Dioscoro Gaitana, Capt. John Lim, Lt. Manuel Cacanando and Lt. Mariano Adalin.

What's more, Capt. Aquino has abandoned his persuasive discipline policy and has adopted the iron-hand rule.

Six Howitzers M2, newly arrived from the United States, were subjects of a familiarization firing at Liloan beach last December 10, 1959. Two of the Howitzers were manned by our FA boys while the rest were manned by regular army officers.

Participating in the familiarization firing were:
Cdt. Lt. Col. Guido Escobar, Cdt. Maj. Sulpicio Tero, Cdt. Maj. Carlos Tonelete, Cdt. Maj. Leonardo Manlosa, Cdt. Maj. Joaquin Angulo, Cdt. Maj. Jose Singco, Cdt. Maj. Edilberto Ludovica, Cdt. Maj. Gilberto Ismael, Cdt. Capt. Armando Loresco, Cdt. Capt. Romeo Mantua, Cdt. Capt. Eufrocino Raffinan, Cdt. Capt. Baltazar Marquez, Cdt. Capt. Jose Sityo, Cdt. Capt. Nicasio Maquilan and Cdt. Capt. Eulogio Bunsutan.

The group, headed by Sgt. Papellero, left USC at 8 PM on December 9, 1959, and arrived at Liloan at 8:45 that same evening. Upon arrival, Sgt. Papellero lectured on safety precautions and health measures and briefed the boys on the operation of the new artillery weapons.

Registration firing started at 8:30 the next morning. It lasted until 12 o'clock high noon.

* * * * *

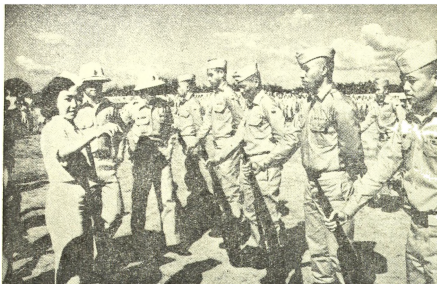
Not forgetting their religious obligations, the USC ROTC corps took part in the Mission parade last December 13, 1959. The parade started from the Sto. Niño compound at 2:30 PM and wound up at the USC campus, where a benediction culminated the day's celebration.

* * * * *

Having adopted the iron-hand rule, the Commandant has dropped several cadets and cadet officers from the corps. One battalion has been dissolved, reducing the corps' strength to two battalions.



The love for soldiery... How would they fare in an all-out H-war?



The Case of the moral support.

The Tactical Inspection

Still sporting the hurt pride from the ignominious defeat it suffered in the last tactical inspection by which San Carlos dropped from first to thirtieth place, the USC ROTC Unit went on its annual rendezvous with fate last March 2 at Camp Lapu-lapu, Yahug.

Actually, the inspection of USC started two days before, on February 29. The theoretical examinations for advanced cadets were held in the morning. The administrative inspection of the DMST, its records and other effects, and of the armory took place in the afternoon.

March 2nd was solely a field examination day at the Camp Lapu-lapu parade grounds.

At exactly one-thirty in the afternoon, the band sounded its signal note that brought the entire corps to attention. A few minutes later, to the accompaniment of martial music, the corps glided down by companies in a stream of beauty and precision from the assembly area to the line of troops. A series of applause broke forth from the crowd which gathered at the grand-

stand and under the shade of the mananitas trees adjacent to it.

After the parade and review, the inspectors proceeded to take up the different phases of military training.

Covered by the inspection were the following subjects:

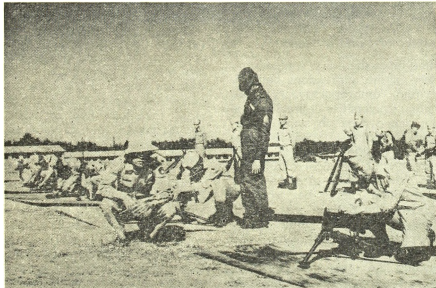
For first year basic cadets: preparatory marksmanship, combat training of the individual soldier, weapons, first aid, and courtesy and discipline;

For second year basic cadets: squad drill with the 81mm mortar, combat formation and battle drill, and ranger problems;

For first year advanced cadets: mortar drill, machine gun drill, pistols and compass course;

For second year advanced cadets: map exercise and preparation of operation orders.

As of March second, partial results of the tactical inspection showed that San Carlos topped all units in the theoretical examinations in all phases of military science 1 to 4. UP of Iloilo City however, still held the overall lead.



Abra kadabra, it is a star; it is a star!

COMMENTS ON ACCOUNTING

(Continued from page 57)

One of the most immediate and baffling problems that the young CPA encounters is how to translate his four-year college training and education in terms of clients and gainful business relationships. I think that the most opportune time for the young CPA to start on his practice is the day right after he passes his board examination. This may be an overstatement but it is to emphasize the fact that the "time element" is a very powerful associate of the young CPA. If he cooperates with it, it will yield him profitable returns. If, however, he allows it to pass over his head without his cooperation, it will work against him and no matter how much investment in effort and money he will put forth to make up, he can never quite regain what he lost. This is because as he allows more years to come between himself and the time when he launches an independent enterprise and practice of his own, he loses more and more his courage, spirit of independence and that youthful zest necessary to get by the hard beginning years of practice.

The first rule, therefore, is "to start sooner than your own". After having gotten a start, though it may be a hard and rough up-hill climb, the young CPA will have won the battle for himself. The other half of the battle will be to entrench himself slowly but surely in the business and financial world for which he has been painstakingly prepared and adequately trained, to make use of the rich opportunity of meeting new people, to prove his capacities, to make his service desired and invaluable, and consequently to expand his practice.

I entered the College of Commerce and chose accounting as my field of major concentration without benefit of guidance and counselling services, which in my college days were not among our privileges. Perhaps if guidance and counselling services had been available to us, I would have thought twice, and even hesitated many more times after much thought, to embrace accounting as a lifetime profession. Its many demands would have been enough to scare me into a comparatively easier field. Fortunately, for the unavailability of expert and professional guidance and counselling services, I plunged headlong into accounting, following only the "unerring" instinct of a woman—my mother—who has fondly dubbed me alternately "finance officer" or "budget commissioner" for the meticulous and exact manner I managed the petty cash allowances given us the happy high school days at Immaculata.

ETHNOLOGY AS

About the Author

A Bachelor of Science graduate, a Master of Arts in Education, specializing in Science, and a Doctorate in Ethnology, magna cum laude, Fribourg University, Switzerland, this is brief is Dr. Marcelino Maceda.

Having the distinction of being the doctor in ethnology in the Visayas and Mindanao, he writes scientific articles in national magazines, in *Anthropos*, and in the *Philippines Journal of Science*. Presently with the Graduate School teaching staff of USC, Dr. Maceda was once awarded a scholarship by USC to study in Switzerland where he obtained his doctorate in ethnology.

Mr. Maceda graduated from high school in Assumption Academy, Tanawan, Leyte; took his Bachelor of Science in SWC, now SWU, his Master of Arts in USC and from there to Switzerland.

THE NEED FOR TRAINED ETHNOLOGISTS:

A YOUNG republic, like the Philippines, in order that her people may know and appreciate their culture, needs more cultural scientists, particularly ethnologists. Honorable Manuel Lim, the former Secretary of Education, writes that, "national self-awareness demands more than a passionate insistence on that which is Filipino or a constant plea for the re-evaluation of our social values, we need to define our national character in terms of tangible evidences supplied by the archaeologists, anthropologists [i.e. ethnologists] and scholars who study the pre-history of our country, and not in terms of rhetorical statements... in circulars and newspapers!" In the preceding statement Honorable Lim makes it clear that we need ethnologists in order to study and make known to our own people our "fascinating historical development and folk-traditions."

Among the countries of Southeast Asia the Philippines is considered to have the highest literacy, yet when we speak of institutions for the preservation of our cultural heritage, we are at the bottom of the list. At

present we are in need of more museums and trained ethnologists to run them. Now some universities in the Philippines have opened institutes for cultural studies, thus trained Filipino ethnologists are in demand. Not only this but many schools will employ ethnologists, if there are any, to teach cultural subjects.

THE MEANING OF ETHNOLOGY:

Ethnology is an empirical science which deals with the study of living peoples and also of cultures no longer in existence but for which eyewitness—written records survive (Sturtevant, p. 5). As a scientist an ethnologist delves into the study of culture of such societies—social organization, technology and economics, arts, religion, traditions, folklore, etc. In this process he performs a double function. First he interests himself in the accurate description of facts and typological ordering of them—this is ethnography. Secondly he compares the cultures he is studying for the search of "valid general laws of human customs and human nature, and the classification of individual cultures in terms of cultural types or historical connections." At the same time the ethnologist studies cultural change, taking into consideration the effect of contact between the peoples involved; his is finally the task of generalizing about certain processes of cultural change.

Often times there is a confusion in the use of the expressions "ethnology" and "anthropology". In the German universities ethnology is distinguished from physical anthropology, in that the former is purely cultural studies, while the latter deals with the physical and biological characteristics of man. This differentiation may be equated roughly to the English way of distinguishing social anthropology from physical anthropology; and also to the American method of establishing the divergence between cultural anthropology and physical anthropology. In common parlance, however, ethnology may be inter-

changed with anthropology. It should be noted that the English social anthropology is "normally little concerned with those aspects of culture that are directly related to social organization, and they are also usually uninterested in history." They define their task as the definition of "social organizations, and of searching for general laws to explain human behavior."

American ethnologists opine that there is a special subdivision of ethnology called "culture and personality" which attempts to identify relationships between cultures and personalities of individuals participating in them. This kind of studies combines the techniques, theories and personnel of anthropology with those of psychology and psychiatry. Furthermore, in recent years ethnologists have also been paying more attention to the kind of materials with which historians work, including unpublished manuscript records, which frequently contain data useful from an anthropological point of view. This approach is called "ethnohistory" (Sturtevant, p. 6).

TRAINING:

Like all other professionals, ethnologists need advanced degrees in order to qualify for higher and better paying positions. College graduates from American schools, also from the Philippines, need several years of graduate work in order to obtain an advanced degree. There are very few students, in general, who are able to obtain a Ph.D. after only three years of graduate work; many take four, five, or more. In the meantime, after a year or two of graduate work a master's degree may be obtained.

In German and Swiss universities, the "certificate of maturity" which is equated to our bachelor's degree, is needed before one can begin his university work. The number of years required for the doctorate is about the same as that required at American schools. In the French speaking universities, i.e. some schools in Switzerland, a de-

A PROFESSION

gree, called the licentiate, is awarded after six or more semesters. The doctorate is awarded a year after the receipt of the licentiate; of course, with the corresponding examinations (oral and written) plus an accepted dissertation. On the other hand in German universities only the doctorate is awarded.

Like with all other sciences the international languages for ethnology are English, French, German and, increasingly, also Russian. The

ipinos) that are not well-known to us. Examples of these are the Negritos and Montesas of Negros Occidental and Panay; there are still other groups. The study of an ethnical group requires the stay of the ethnologist in their settlement. In this work he has to learn their language, an indispensable knowledge, if the observer is to write accurate accounts of their way of life. This is the distinct advantage of a Filipino ethnologist over his American

by **DR. MARCELINO N. MACEDA**

last language is useful for those who want to study the inhabitants of Asiatic Russia. And because of the fact that many ethnological reports are written in the first three languages, American schools require the reading knowledge of two foreign languages, preferably German and French for the doctor's degree. German and Swiss students have a reading knowledge of two or more foreign languages besides the official language of instruction. Often a third language becomes necessary, when one contemplates to do fieldwork, such as English and Spanish for the Philippines, Spanish for Latin America, etc. In general it should be stated that the more languages an ethnologist knows the better it is for him.

Whether a student finishes his doctoral studies in American or European universities the whole study needs a lot of persevering work. Conant Bryant, former President of Harvard, writes that, "European academic education is very good, very tough—and very limited." This can be said, also of some American universities.

THE WORK OF AN ETHNOLOGIST:

The work of an ethnologist centers mainly on field research. It should be stated that in the Philippines, perhaps due to the apathy of government, this work has been neglected so that there are many minority groups (non-Christian Fil-

ipinos) that are not well-known to us. Examples of these are the Negritos and Montesas of Negros Occidental and Panay; there are still other groups. The study of an ethnical group requires the stay of the ethnologist in their settlement. In this work he has to learn their language, an indispensable knowledge, if the observer is to write accurate accounts of their way of life. This is the distinct advantage of a Filipino ethnologist over his American

or European colleagues. There are other problems which confront an ethnologist such as financing his expeditions, the deterioration of peace conditions, getting a leave of absence from the institution where he is teaching, etc.

In his research work an ethnologist must develop the virtue of perseverance and patience. In my field work there were many occasions during which I had to wait. The kind of waiting that tries one's patience. For instance, one has to be patient with our very inefficient transport system. Although there are many things that are bound to exasperate a field-worker, yet an ethnologist gets the satisfaction of earning his living at what he most enjoys.

The less exciting work of an ethnologist is museum work, serving as an adviser, doing research work in the library, and teaching.

EMPLOYMENT AND COMPOSITION:

Besides the job opportunities already mentioned above there is still other work that may be open to ethnologists. For instance, if our government will change its policy regarding the treatment of our non-Christian minorities, the civil authorities will have to take trained ethnologists in order to make these non-Christian tribes first class citizens. As of now non-Christian tribes' superintendents are appointed and collect their salaries with

no knowledge whatsoever on how to deal with their wards, so that hostilities flare up between the Christian Filipinos and the non-Christian. Our foreign service could very well benefit from the knowledge of trained ethnologists by employing them as cultural attachés, for they are in a better position to disseminate information concerning Philippine culture. Industries will be hiring anthropologists in the future to study the problems that beset their workers.

Compensation for trained ethnologists in the universities is equal to that of their professors possessing the same qualifications and experience. In American universities we are informed that the "annual salaries range about \$15,000 for a few who have been in the field for many years." It is also stated that all expedition expenses are borne by the employing institution.

It should be noted that one should not go into ethnology as a major field in the hope of large economic rewards. The results of his research work are ample enough; his is the contentment from the thought that he has given a contribution to knowledge.

THE CLOCK AND I

(Continued from page 60)

*Many a mumble
called him silly;
scores asked him
why so early?*

*Why content
with one and only
when flowers
abound a-plenty?*

*But there are thoughts
that make him crazy
before his fellow-being—*

*Yet, those are gems
that make him worthy
of His eternal
dwellings!*

Tomorrow, I can watch the tick-tack of the clock no more. I will leave the portals of his home to join the real battle in life. Six years ago, I entered this University trying to find the gem that made it great. Six years after, I will leave it unable to find the treasure. But I know I will not find it until I shall have fought in the war of life—until I shall have shown that the clock did not tick its time away in vain!

Editoryal:

KINI ATO GAYUD

Alang kanako ang tanang pinulongan bilhion kay sagad sila man ang mga paagi sa pagpadayag sa hunahuna ug pagbati. Alang kanako sila angay sa sama nga pagtagad. Pag-ingon nga "kini" labaw "niana" mao lamay pagpakita sa pagmahal. Unta ang pagmahal dili makapabuta, dili makapabangis. Kinsa ba ang dili mangilabut sa dangatan sa ubang mga tawo tungod kay siya may usa ka binuhat nga gihigugma?

Ang Binisaya nga Sinugboanon usab naghupot sa katungod nga mabuhi sa malinis nga panimuyo samtang aduna pay linalang nga Sugboanon. Apan karon ato kining matan-aw nga intawon nagkagidlay.

Kining tagsulat wala magpakabayani ni mohilak ibabaw sa karon timaveang kahintang sa dilang Binisaya; apan kon ugaling may kaikag pang nahabilin kanato, siya moanghat sa pag-atiman ta usab niini. Siya dili mosinggit nga ang pagtadikod sa Sinugboanon maoy pagbudhi o pagpanamastamas sa usa ka kabilin; hinoot, siya moingon nga ang pagicani sa atong KAUGALINGON nga pinulongan maoy pagpaila sa kahuyang sa kalitac nga kayha 'abing makanaulac.

Ang pagminaot maoy ginikanan sa kamatayon sa kapid-an ka mga matahom bu-tang nga unta atong ikamatuod nga kita diay may tempo sa buhilaman. Pipila sa atong mga palarang igsoon nakahigayon paglangyac ug pagtuon sa nagkclainlaing dapit sa kalibutan, ug sa ilang pagbalik dili na moawit sa atong awit, mosyayaw sa atong sayaw, ni molitok sa atong pinulongan. Ang "pagpaila" o bisan "pagpalahi" angay usahay sa mga may katakus, apan kon kini baya palab-angan na o pandayonan mahi-las. (Sid-ingon ta ang atong pangwacay sa salamin.)

Kami nagatno nga ang mga nanagtuon sa Unibersidad San Carlos dili ingon niana kahigpit ug koisipan. Busa among gipaabut nga kining pagpagula ug bahing Binisaya sa CAROLINIAN makulawat sa pagtando sa kadaghanan, ug ang mga tinun-an dili magpanuko sa pagpadala sa ilang mga sinulat alang niining pahina.

J. C.

DUHA KA BALAK

ni Renato M. Rances

(1)

IKAW
Sa Akong Kinabuhi

Sa kabuntagon . . .
ikaw ang malab-as nga uhot
sa banagbanag sa akong mga
damgo, tingusbawan sa kaugmaong
may matahom hulagway.

Sa kaudtohon . . .
Malulot kang huyuhoy nga moparayeg
alindanga sa katahap nga magatukbil
kanako aron kahinginan ang mga
ning galamhan.

Sa kahaponon . . .
Ikaw ang mabulotong kilumkilom nga

magpeantaw kanako sa tagumong baybayon.

Ikaw ang kahingpitan, ang dulungon
ning paraw sa gugma nga atong gibugsayan.

(2)

KAHIMATNGON!

Kay sa tamboanan sa dekong
kaamgo ug kahimatngon iyang
nakita ang kahumayan nga nagbawod
sa kabus-ok ug katambok, usa ka
dekong kamot sa kaular misakmit-
mituok kenya kay ang mga binhi
niini iya man diayng kinawat —
kinawat niadtong taguren sa usa ka
mag-uuma!

Mga Punto sa Paniid

ni BALT V. QUIMAIN

SUGOD ning gulaa, mabasa na ninyo sa paniid ning *Carolinn* ang mga sinulat nga tinagik sa kaugalingon nang pinulongan — Binisaya. Kininang maong lindog nahimugso tungod sa makiyutawhanong hunahuna sa mga tingnganang ning organo sa paghatag sa maka-usa pa ug kahinungdanon sa pinulongan sa mga Sugboanon.

Matuod, ang Unibersidad sa San Carlos gidumala sa mga Pari nga langyaw. Apan ang ilang pagka sila wala mahimong babag alang sa kutumanan sa pagpalakaw sa naasoy nga laraw. Hinono-a, tungod sa ilang pagka masinabtanon ug pagka makiangayon, wala sila magpanuko sa pagtando sa hangyo labut nining bulaw-anong sugyot.

Tungod niana, mahimo tingali nga makapasi-garbo kita sa dakung pagpaubos sa pag-ingon nga kon adunay mga tinun-an dinhi sa lalawigan sa Sugbo nga gihatagan sa tim-os nga kagawasan sa pagsulat ug pagsulti sa ilang mga hunahuna ginamit ang kaugalingon nilang "dila", sila dili lain kon dili kita.

Ang pagkatawo sa maog laraw mao lamang ang sinugdanan sa atong kaikag sa pagsagakay sa nasyonalismo nga sa pagka karon mikaylap sama sa kalayo hapit sa tanang suok sa tibuk kapupud-an. Gawas pa usab niana, kon si Cervantes nga usa ka Katsila ug si Balagtas nga usa ka Tagalog gipasideungan ug mga panid sa *Carolinn*, walay boanon dili kahatagan sa samang kapalaran.

* * *

Ang pulong "kahilas" nalibkas sa dila sa usa ka tinun-an sa dihang iyang nasayran nga adunay bahing Binisaya ang *Carolinn*. Ang among ika-sulti sa iyang pagka "langyaw" mao kini: Naloo kaayo kami kaniya. Karon na lang siya abuta ug kahilas sa Binisaya nga maoy iyang namat-an ug kahayang. Intawon sab.

* * *

Ang kinaiya sa tawo maisud sabton ug tugkaron. Tanawa ra gud. Kon ana pa ngani siya sa "ubos", pagkayano ug pagka ordinaryo sa iyang pagka tawo, pagka pino sa iyang lihohikon ug pagka mapahiubsanon sa iyang sinulihon. Apan kon atua na gani siya sa "itaas", takulawah lamang magpakita siya ug dakung kausaban. Kon dili siya mahambugero, mapahias-on, maburikento O matigpagawal, dili gayud mosipat nga siya matigpasikat. Kining matanga sa tawo wala pa tingali makaamgo sa mapait nga pagtulun-an nga hiagian nadtong garboson bukid nga sa hinay-hinay nagpangaliki ug nagpangatumpag ug nahatipon sa yuta nga patag. Kay ngano ba ugod, dili ba matam-is ang pagpaubos?

* * *

Daw makatuo kita nga kadaghanan sa mga gradwado ning atong panahon walay kabangkaagan. Katarongan: Nagtibi kanila walay kasinatian un-saon pagsugod sa sinugdanan. Bisan na lang gani sa pagpangita sa *Help Wanted Ads* sa mga panid ning mantalaan, nagkinahanglan pa gayud nga ayudahan sa ilang tatay ug nanay. Maayo tingali nga ang mga tulungaan motanyag ug pinugos nga saring, nangangit sa: Unsaon paghigot sa saya sa usa ka nanay ug magpakabuhi sa kaugalingong kahago.

Unsa Ka Pilipino Ikaw?

ni ADELINO B. SITUY

DILI Pilipino, dili Amerikano. Mao kana ang kahimtang sa kadaghanan nato karon. Pasulaton o pasulihon sa Tinagalog, sa Binisaya ba, o sa bisan unsang pinulongan ning yutang tabunon. Dili mosulat, dili mosulti. Katarungan: dili makaamgo mogamit sa gihisgutang pinulongan. Sa dakung pagpagarbo, mopasiatib nga wala mabansay niana.

Kay dili man makasulat, dili man makasulti sa bisan unsang pinulongan ning kapupud-an kay wala konohay malutas sa dilang tabunon, mapugos kita pagbasa, pagpaminaw nining mga tawhana diha sa ilang langyaw nga pinulongan — ang Ininglis. Mga graduwado na kono sila sa mga kolehiyo ug umbersidad; hanas na kono sila sa pinulongang Ininglis sa mga graduwado, Ininglis sa mga eduga tudling sa ilang kalawat. Kay kono sila nga mga edukado na; kay kono ang banikanhong pangitok alang lamang sa kabaryohan, sa kabukiran — sa mga walay alamag, sa mga nagbakya. Katarungang mabaybiayon! Apan usa ka pagtulisk, pag-ayad sa kaugalingon.

Nan kay Ininglis man gayud ang isulat, ang isulti — mobasa, maminaw kita sa ilang Ininglis. Ininglis sa mga graduwado, Ininglis sa mga edukado, Ininglis sa mga siyudadnon—konohay! Apan, ay! pagka-daku sa atong kahubos sa ilang kahaniti nga mo-Ininglis. Ania basaha, paminawa ang ilang Ininglis: *Place excuse me from being absence because I am seek!!! Ininglis???*

Makapakuyat! (Dili nato tuyoon, makapanghupaw kita: Mga katigulangan, pasayloa sila kay wala masayud sa ilang gibuhati!)

Kon ikaw kini ang hitungdan, unsa man ikaw karon? Pilipino? Apan dili gani ikaw makasulti sa imong dila, labaw pang dili ikaw makakudlit pila ka pulong sa imong pinulongan. Amerikano? Mao kini ang buot mung itawag sa imong kaugalingon. Apan (pagka-dakung apan) — gawas pa sa imong pagka-ulingon ug panit, sa imong kapislat, pagka-inano — ang imong Ininglis dili gani hisabtan sa mga Amerikano! Dili tungod kay ang mga Amerikano minos kanimo ug Ininglis kondili tungod kay wala sa ilang kalibutan ang imong gisulat, giyayaw! Paasasiiiiiiiiiaaannnn!

Dili dungog ang pagka-walay alamag sa imong pinulongan. Mosugot ka ug dili, tawo ikaw nga tabunon — nabuhi ubos sa lardong sa Pilipinhong langit, nagtunob sa mga lugas sa tabunong yuta. Mahimo ka kalimtan mo ang tanang matang sa pinulongan ning kalibutan apan ayaw kalimti ang imong dila. Kay sa higayon nga malimot ka nilini, gikalimtan mo na ang imong kaugalingon. Gisalikway mo ang imong pagka-ikaw; gitamay mo ang imong kalawat.

Hinoon, labi pang maayo kon masayud usab ikaw sa laing mga pinulongan. Apil kana sa buhilaman sa tawo. Apan ang pagtuon sa laing pinulongan wala magkinahanglan sa paghikalimot sa imong kaugalingong pangitok. Nga ikaw maantigo sa Ininglis, kini dili pasangil sa imong pagka-walay alamag sa Tinagalog, sa Binisaya, o sa bisan unsang pinulongan ning kapupud-an. Tun-i ang langyawng dila apan unaha ang imong kaugalingon. †

Ang Tao At Ang Kanyang Katalinuhan

● DAHIL SA KATALINUHAN, ang tao ay nauiba at nabubukod sa ibang nilikha ng Diyos. Sa pamamagitan nito ay tolos niya ang mabuti at ang magaling, ang nararapat at ang hindi. Sa pamamagitan ng katalinuhan ay pinangarap ng tao ang umunlad mula pa noong siya'y palabasin ng Diyos sa hardin ng paraiso upang mamuhay sa daigdig sa pamamagitan ng pagpapatalo ng sariling pawis. Naging matagumpay naman ang tao sa kanyang mga pagpupunyagi. Umunlad siya at umunlad pa.

Ang mga yungib na siyang unang tahanan ay nilisan at sa pagkakabuklod ng lukas at talino ay sumupling ang mga lunsod; nabawasan ang pagtitigis ng pawis sa pag-unlad ng pagsasaka, paggawa, at pangangalakal; ang pagtalakbay ay naging madaling maging sa kalupaan, karagatan, o sa papawirin. Ano pa't ang daigdig ay uni-untong lumiliti para sa tao. Ang katalinuhan ay hindi naparam. Patuloy ang tao sa pagtuklas ng mga katotohanang bumabalot sa kanyang daigdig. Noong una ay ang kalupaan lamang ang kanyang daigdig, ngayon ay pangarap niyang marating ang iba pang daigdig, mga daigdig na hindi itinalaga ng Diyos para sa kanya. Ang buwan at ang mga ita-ling nagningning sa karimlan ng gabi ay nasa niyang marating sa loob ng madaling panahon.

Kahindik-hindik ang malagim na katotohanang ang tao, sa pagtatamo ng kaunlaran, ay lumikha rin ng mga sandatang hindi lamang sisira sa kaunlarang kanyang natamo, kundi pupuli rin sa kanyang buhay at gugunaw sa kanyang daigdig. Kailangan kaya ang Bomba Atomika sa pag-unlad ng Daigdig? Nakalimot ang tao sa paglikha ng sandatang ito. Nalimutan niyang ang buhay niya'y bigay ng Dios at Siya lamang ang maring bumawi nito.

Sa pamamagitan ng katalinuhan ay ninaa ng taong lakbayin ang kalawakan at sa pamamagitan rin nito'y nagbabanta siyang gunawin ang kanyang daigdig. Kung eaan hahantung ang kahibangang ito ng tao ay Diyos lamang ang nakababati. Samantalay kinakailangan ng lahat ng taong kumikala sa kapangyarihan ng Dios na dagagan ang kanilang panalangin upang maging mabuti ang kahihinatnan ng lahat nang bagay na bunga ng katalinuhan ng tao.

T.A.B.

ANG MAKABAGC

Nang tanungin ni Yousuf Karsh ang bantog na manggagot at Protestante ng misyonero na si Albert Schweitzer kung paano tatanggap ng mga makabagag ang ating Panginoong Hesukristo, sakaling Siya ay lumitaw ngayon, ang sagot ni Schweitzer ay ganito: "Hindi Siya ma-unawaan ng makabagong tao."

Si Albert Schweitzer ay isang batang batang manunugot at kumpesidor ng musika na napatanyag sa Europa noong mga panahong 1930. Ang kaalaman niya sa musika ay isa lamang sa kanyang mga kasanayan. Hindi lamang siya mahusay tumugot ng biyolin at piyano, kundi may kinalaman din sa mga siyensya. Isa pa rin siyang paham na misyonero at teologo ng mga panahong yaon. Dahilan sa isang napakadakilang hungarino, si Schweitzer ay nag-aral ng medisina upang maging duktor—misyonerong duktor—sa kadawagan ng paganonng Aprika. Sa loob ng mahigit-kumulang na tatimpong taon siya at ang kanyang asawa ay naglingkod nang walang humay sa mga taong nilalang din ng Diyos, subalit mayroon nakalilitaan ng makabagong kabihanan sa kanluran ng Aprika.

Ang tanong ni Yousuf Karsh ay tila nakabagabag sa puso: "Sakaling si Hesukristo'y lumitaw ngayon, paano Siya tatanggap ng mga makabagag?" Subalit lale pang nakaturlob ang sagot ni Albert Schweitzer, na dahil sa kanyang pinagdaananang hirap ay kusang-loob na tumikim ng sakripisyo ng ating mahal na Panginoon. Ang sagot na:

"Hindi Siya ma-unawaan ng makabagong tao!"

Bagaman isang Protestante, si Albert Schweitzer ay isa sa mangilar-angilar manamyan ng ating makabagong daigdig na naka-unawa sa kaunaunahan at kahuli-hulihang aral ng Kristiyanismo: ang aral ng Pag-ibig! Isa siya sa mga nakatuklas ng tunay na kahulugan at ibig sabihin ng Mananakop, nang sabihin Nito na "ibigin mo ang iyong kapawa, gaya ng pagmamahal mo sa iyong sarili" at "mahalin mo ang iyong mga kaaway". Isa siya sa mga nakaliling sa palatuntunan ng Ebanghelyo, at nagpatunay na iyon ay nanatiling buhay sa puso ng ilan. Subalit, isa rin siya sa mga nakababati na ang tunay na kahulugan ng Ebanghelyo ay malayo sa pamumuhay at kuro-kuro ng maranging tao!"

Oo, nakabagabag ang tanong at lalong nakaturlob ang sagot, subalit tunay na hindi na-unawaan ng makabagong tao ang ating Mananakop, at hindi nila nalilingin ang kahulugan ng aral ng pag-ibig! Gaya ng Herusalem noong unang panahon, ang daigdig natini ngayon, ang Makabagong Herusalem, ay magtataksil at itatakwil ang Panginoon.

Ngang si Kristo ay manaog sa lupa at mamuhay ulad ng isang kinapal sa

kalagitnaan ng mga Hudyo, na siyang pinili ng Dios sa lahat ng mga bansa upang tumanggap sa Kanya, Siya'y hindi kinilala! Dahil sa kanilang makamundong pagkukuro, hintay nila ang isang bayaning magiging tagapagligtas ng bayang Israel sa kalupitan at karabangan ng mga kamay ng mga Romanong sa kanila ay sumakop. Ang kanilang mga pinuno na sa kasakiman ay nangabulagan ng pag-isisip, ang siyang nagpap-udyok na ipako ang walang kasalaran Mananakop, sa pagka-ang Kanyang mga aral ay labag di-umano sa mga batas ng Hustyisya at Katarungan ng Moses. Bagaman ang ibig sabihin ay laban sa kanilang sariling kapakanan.

Kailan pa kaya ma-unawaan ng tao na ang batas ng Pag-ibig ay lalong mahalaga sa mata ng Diyos kaysa sa batas ng Hustyisya? Kailan pa malinging ng mga anak ni Eba na ang pagmamahal sa kapawa ay ang ma-unawaan ng ating Panginoon at siya ring kahuli-hulihang?

Hindi nakapagtataka ang sagot ni Schweitzer, sa pagkatat nito ay kanyang napatunayan sa pamamagitan ng kanyang sariling pagsasakripisyo. Nais lamang niyang ipabatid sa sangkatuhanang katotohanan. Nakaligtan ng daigdig ang hiwaga ng pag-ibig!

Sa aking guah'to'y laging nagbabalik
Ang ating kahapon lipos ng pagbigi
Ang mga salitang ako'y lilibig
At pagmamahalin magpakasagang
lengit.

Alaalala ko pa nang tayo'y maglita.
Sa isang sayawan tayo nagkita
May isang damdamin na akong
nadama
Na nagbabuluan na ibigin kita.

Magmula na noon ay nagag masaya
Ang buhay ko'y parang lipos ng
pagasa
Ang kapalaran ko ay tila nag-iiba:
Ang daigdig pala'y magsandang ma-
ganda.

Nagbuo na noon ng isang pangarap.
Ang bata kong peseng apapano ng
galek
Idiwaladlang malupad na lahat
Ang Hinayo kong kastilyo sa ulap.

Noon ko nadama hirap ng suminta:
Kung nalalayo ka't ako'y naglisa
Ngunit kung palaging ikaw'y nakikita
Ang katauhan ko'y masayang ma-
saya.

Ang ating pagbigi ay hindi nawalan
Ng pagkakaigili, mga bismapaba
Mga munting bagay, walang kabu-
lutan
At nagbobati na so kinabukasan.

Minsan aking gilwi, sobi mo sa akin:
Niinans mo nang tayo'y pagtatilin
Pag-iisahing puso ang ating danda-
min
Sa isang simbahan tayo'y pagkub-
lurin.

Aking nililimi, aking nililip:
Ang kahinatnan ng ating pagbigi
Mamalagi kayo itong sekala't feni
At di mabahiran ang iyong
lehat?

Sa Kabilang Buhay Na, Gilwi

Tulang kasaysayan ni MILAGROS E. CAMILON

Ngunit ang puso ko'y nag-aga-
ngam
At minabuti kong tayo'y maghi-
tayan
Yayamang bata pa't di husto sa
gulang
Anong mangyayari sa kinabukasan?
Niinans ko mang tayo ay paka-
sal...

Ako nanay'y musmos, walang kara-
nasanag
Maglits ng dusa't mga kahirapan
Kaya ang isip ko'y nag-uulirangan.
Nagalit ka't ako'y di nauunawan
Nagpaparating ka pang ako'y sele-
wahan

Manayri, wika mo, ikaw'y walang
yaman
Walang idadulet kandi kabirapan.
Kahit na anong mang pagpapali-
wanag
Ang aking gawain ay di nakatingin
Sa pang-awawa mo; at ang iyong
taad,

"Kung gayo'y tapusin na natin ang
lehat."
Ang daigdig noon ay tila nagdilim
At ang aking puso ay nagkapapa-
dim

Ngeyon ko nalaman mahal ko sa
akin
Ikaw'meterya kong di ka kapiling.
Ikaw ay lamaya, malyeang-malya;
Naghiniinakit, puso'y nagduruga.
Di mo nalalaman, di mo natatanto;
Labis kong diinamang ang iyong
paglayo.

Marami ng araw, matuling lumipas:
Ang aking pagbigi ay di kumapok
Natutuhan kong tilin ang lehat
At unawa din sa iyong pangingsap.

Sa pag-iisa ko'ng aking nililimi
Tama ang kaya ang aking giawit?
Napakabata pa sa aking pangwari
Iyong sa isip ko ang hindi mapawit.

Ngunit para namang ako'y nagsi-
liti
Sa paglayo ko ba'y ako'y nagkamali
Napakatamis kasal ng iyong ugali
Nais kong magbalik ang lehat sa
dati.

Mga limang taon na ang nakakaraan
Nang aking mababid sa iyong kai-
ligan;
Ako man pala'y di nalilimutan
Ngunit sa atin ay nauunawan.

Ikaw mo'y malya, nasa ibang pag-
Nagkaunawan din pusong nagka-
durug
Ang mga sulat mo'y puno na ng
legad
At ipinagangatang di makalilimot.

"Hinatya mo ako," nangeko ko
Magtitipid ako't magimpok-impok
Nais kong pagbalik, sa bu'y ibangon
Ang pinagpaparating luyo sa 'king
lehat.

Sa sulat ko naman: "halika na irog:
Ideas na natin ating pagbabalik,
Tama na ang iyong mga pagimpok,
Magpapanga ka na't alisin ang pa-
ged."

Nakaraan lamang ang may walang
bawan
Sa lehi ng tuwa'y wala ng pagdidian
Durahing ka na nang mapag-urapan
Ang kasal nating inatam-aram.

Gayon na lamang ang pagsasalamin:
Sa lehi ng tuwa'y nalalala sa galek:
Of kung magawaga kong balakin
ang araw;
Ako'y nasesebik makita ko liyag.

Ngunit anong pit sinapit mo, hi-
rang
Bakit sa atin pa nangyari ang
gawen?
Bakit nabangge pa ang iyong slaak-
yong?
Ne ikinapatil ng buhay mong hirap.

Ang lehat ay lukso sa aking pan-
giti
Pati kalangitna'y may siglap na itim
Ang mga mata ko'y biglang nagka-
pirang
Sa mga bilata'y walang ibigiti.

Sa pangangailan, ang tangiang alihyan
Ay malas-malasin ang iyong larawan
Ang hangdog mong kwintans na'ong
pakong nagdaan
Hininihas-bimas, hinagkagan hagkan.

At sa iyo gilwi, ang tangi kong lay
Ay mga dilagitan, pagbigi na unay
At kung mayroon pang ikawagang
buhay
Doon mo na ako hinatyan,
O mahal...

NG HERUSALEM

ni PATRICIO J. DOLORES

Hindi na tayo kailangan lumayo pa
upang patunayan ang nakalulungkot na
katotohanang ito. Nasa ating pangka-
raniwang paligid at lipunan ang mga
taong hindi makatigang sa pagkakaala-
ng iba, nang hindi magpapahayag ng
kasuklamang sa nagkasala. Ang ibig
nating sabihin ay lalong mahalaga sa
familia na ang iba ay hugit na makasa-
lanan kay sa sa kanilang napakamahal
na pagkatalo. Nasa ating paligid ang
mga taong walang hinahanap sa kapuwa
kundi ang pagkatalo. Hindi na tayo dapat
Sa pang-araw-araw nating panumuhay
ay nakakahalubilo natin sa bawat san-
dali ang mga mabubuting Kristiyano
sa palagay, subalit walang tigil sa pag-
puna at paglita sa mga inaakala nilang
may pagkakaamaling naggawa, pagkaka-
malang pingsagawak sa pamamagitan
ng dilang magdulas. Hindi na tayo dapat
lumayo upang magsaad ang mga Pa-
riseo ng Makabagong Herusalem, na
kapag nakakita ng butas sa kapuwa ay
niniinans, sa pag-akalang sa gayo'y
matatapkan ang sariling rawak.

Hindi nila natatanto o nakalimutan
na nila, na ang pagkatalo ng ating
kapuwa ay lalong mahalaga sa natin
ng Diyos kay sa mga pagkukulang at
pagkakaalang nagawa. Kailan pa kaya
ma-ununawan ng tao na ang isang ma-
kasalanan ay hindi kinapuputan, kundi

labis na minamahal ng Panginoon? Kai-
lan pa uuliginig ng tao ang leklayan na
itinuro ni Kristo sa mga Hudyo noong
unang panahon nang Kanyang sabihin:
"Kung sino sa inyo ang walang kasa-
lanan ay siyang mapupukol ng unang
bata." Nakalimutan ng tao na si
Magdalena ay makasalanang bininyan
ng biyaya upang gawing banal.

Mayroong nagsabi na kapag ang isang
babae ay nagkatala minsan laban sa
kalinisan, may sampung-libong kasala-
ng makailan laban sa pagmamaha-
hal at kapatawaran. Tutoong-tutoo
ang kasabihang, ito sa panahon na-
tin. Ilang ma-linit na mga mata at
matatabal na mga dila ang gagalaw at
mangangalunya, manlalait at manlala-
pastangan, kapag ang isang dilag ay
nabuhog dahil sa kahinaan?

Ito ang makabagong Herusalem,
isang daigdig na hinubog ng tao ayon sa
kanyang kagustuhan. Magtataka kaya
tayo kung sa Herusalem na ito ay nul-
ling manog ang Diyos, at hindi kilalan-
an ng mga manaynan? At dapat kaya
tayoong magalit kung sa Herusalem na
ito ay muling magsitong ang silahis ng
araw at gumuhog ang templo ng kawa-
lang pagbigi ng tao, upang maghirang
minsan pa ang Aral ng Diyos?

Sección CASTELLANA

Rompiendo Lanzas por el Idioma Español

Por REV. P. PEDRO KRANEWITTER, S.V.D.

CON CUÁNTO acierto y maestría describe el mago de la lira, el gran vate filipino, Fernando María Guerrero, las excelencias de la lengua española, cuando en su inspiradísima poesía "A HISPANIA" dice:

*¡oh dulce lengua, que irradias
tu latina irrisación
y enciertras la amplia eufonía
de toda una selva en flor,
pues eres susurro de agua,
gorjeo de ave, canción
de brisa leve en las hojas
en mañanitas de sol...!*

Hubo una época en la historia en que con toda razón podía decirse que el sol nunca se ponía en el vasto dominio español; pero, en nuestros tiempos, la hidalgua y gloriosa España ha quedado reducida a la península ibérica, a las islas Baleares y Canarias y a unas cuantas posesiones en el continente africano. Sus hijas, una tras otra, después de haber llegado a mayor edad, resolvieron emanciparse y regir sus propios destinos, como en efecto lo hicieron. Pero, a pesar de todo esto, podemos afirmar y probar que aún en nuestros días el sol no se pone en el vasto dominio español, a saber: en el dominio espiritual, en el dominio del idioma español. Ahí están las numerosas y jóvenes repúblicas hispano-americanas que, al separarse definitivamente de

España, mantuvieron sin embargo su lengua, su cultura y su religión, de manera que el idioma oficial de todos aquellos países es el español. Efectivamente, desde el estrecho de Magallanes, o mejor dicho desde el Cabo de Hornos hasta el Golfo de California, desde el Océano Atlántico hasta el Pacífico; en las fértiles y dilatadas pampas de la Argentina como en las extensas mesetas de Bolivia, en las ricas minas del Perú como en los inmensos llanos de Venezuela resuena el dulce y sonoro idioma español.

Pero ya es hora que nos pidamos de los países hispano-americanos y que surquemos las encrespadas olas del Océano Pacífico para desembarcar en las hermosas y pintorescas playas de Filipinas, baluarte del idioma español en el Oriente y eslabón muy importante en la áurea cadena española que circunda el globo terráqueo. Un testimonio elocuentísimo del arraigo y de la vitalidad de la lengua española en estas islas mimadas por el Natuleza, lo constituye aquella pléyade de ilustres literatos filipinos que pueden parangonarse con los mejores escritores hispano-americanos y españoles. Y como prueba de mi aserto, ahí están Fernando María Guerrero, Cecilio Apóstol, Manuel Bernabé y Claro Recto para señalar solamente unos cuan-

(Continúa en la pág. 87)

Mi Saludo

(A los Padres del Verbo Divino en su Boda de Plata en San Carlos, Cebú.)

M. VALE

Os saludo Padres del Verbo Divino, En vuestra Boda de Plata en San Carlos; Aquí habéis pasado los veinticinco años, En continuo servicio al Filipino.

Aquí levanta San Carlos orgullosa, Bajo vuestra magnífica administración; Lo que era un sueño después de la guerra, Es ahora una concreta realización.

Muchos han bebido de su fuente clara, La educación verdadera católica; Leyte, Samar, Mindanao y otras provincias Envían estudiantes a estudiar ciencias.

¡Qué progresos ha alcanzado San Carlos! Dentro de este corto tiempo de su misión; Pues agradecidos somos a Vosotros Con laureles, alabanzas, nuestra canción.

Regamos que vuestros esfuerzos celestos De combatir comunismo en el Oriente Sean coronados con los lirios vivos Con un corazón agradecido y prudente.

Gretemos a los cuatro vientos del mundo El Adelanto de San Carlos de Cebú. Bajo vuestros manos hábiles de educar El pueblo cebuano nunca puede olvidar.

Vuestra será la Corona de la Gloria, Y aquí en esta tierra nuestra "ENHORABUENA"; Que vivan los Padres del Verbo Divino, En esta isla de Humabon y Lapulapu.

Finalmente, digo esto a los ex-alumnos: BIENVENIDOS seáis, todos vosotros; Que vuelan a la memoria los recuerdos, De aquellos tiempos idos de los estudios.

Aquí repetimos nuestro juramento De lealtad y amor a nuestra Alma Mater; A ella brindamos nuestro corazón devoto, Por ser el moldeador de nuestro carácter.

Compañeros ex-alumnos mirad, mirad Como va adelantando la Universidad; En su vuelo de progreso hacia el cielo, Vosotros sois partes de su triunfo eterno.

—He dicho.

El Vagabundo

(dedicada al poeta, Lope de Vega)

por RENE ESTELLA AMPER

a. andando... andando... andando...

andando sin cesar

un pobre vagabundo

por unca mino caminando,

por un camino de pesar.

¿que buscas, vagabundo...?

mira, ya esta cansado

el dia ha pasado:

el sol sus rayos han perdido,

las sombras de noche han venido —

quedate con nosotros.

¿no temas a la oscura

sin estrellas a guiarlo?

la via, ay! que dura...

¡Madre mia... Virgen pura!

b. pero el vagabundo,

andando sin cesar,

me mira fatigado

con ojos tan humildes —

tan negros,

tan serenos,

tan bellos,

tan hermosos,

tan llenos de dulzura,

tan llenos de amagura,

y

sonriente, dije: No,

gracias a tu bondad!

Quedate con nosotros,

por piedad suplico yo,

solitaria vagabundo,

oh, quedate en mi fundo,

alojate en mi casa,

la noche tenebrosa,

la noche peligrosa

en mi morada pasa!

Rompiendo...

(Continuación de la pág. su)

tos; ahí está sobre todo el gran héroe nacional, el Dr. José Rizal, cuyas poesías tituladas "MI RETIRO" y "ÚLTIMO ADIÓS" son verdaderas joyas literarias.

Según el libro "LANGUAGE FOR EVERYBODY" del Dr. Mario Pei, profesor de la Columbia University, los idiomas principales o más hablados del mundo se distribuyen como sigue:

| | |
|------------------|-------------|
| 1. Chino | 500,000,000 |
| 2. Inglés | 250,000,000 |
| 3. Indostaní (?) | 160,000,000 |
| 4. Ruso | 150,000,000 |
| 5. Español | 120,000,000 |
| 6. Alemán | 100,000,000 |
| 7. Japonés | 100,000,000 |
| 8. Francés | 80,000,000 |
| 9. Indonesio | 80,000,000 |
| 10. Portugués | 60,000,000 |
| 11. Bengali | 60,000,000 |
| 12. Italiano | 60,000,000 |
| 13. Árabe | 50,000,000 |

Es cierto que varios de los idiomas mundiales mencionados no forman una lengua uniforme, sino que se dividen en various grupos a dialectos como, por ejemplo el chino. Ahora bien, considerando

el pobre peregrino

contesta, sonriente —

con corazon paciente:

Quedarme no puedo yo,

enfermas almas a buscar,

enfermas almas a hallar.

— oh,

me

cabeza inclino,

al pobre vagabundo,

andando sin cesar,

por un camino caminando,

por un camino de pesar

enfermas almas

a hallar,

con ojos tan humildes,

tan negros, tan hermosos,

pacientes, fatigosos,

la situación política y geográfica de los países donde se habla el español, podemos decir con toda seguridad que es uno de los idiomas de más porvenir entre las llamadas lenguas mundiales.

Jóvenes filipinos: si queréis, pues, saborear las obras literarias de vuestros ilustres escritores en lengua española: estudiad la sonora lengua cervantina; si queréis inspiraros en las grandes enseñanzas de patriotismo y valor cívico de Rizal, Mabini, López Jaena, etc...: dedicaos al estudio de la lengua española; si queréis que nunca jamás se rompan los lazos que, juntamente con los pueblos hispano-americanos, os unen a España, que os legó su religión y cultura: consagraos al estudio del español; si queréis fomentar relaciones culturales y comerciales con las numerosas y jóvenes repúblicas hispano-americanas: cultivad el idioma español, porque su cultivo os hermanará más con todas aquellas repúblicas donde otrora ondeaba el pabellón español. Si, además del inglés, queréis aprender otra lengua mundial de gran porvenir: aprended la lengua española.

tan llenos de dulzura,

tan llenos de amargura.

c. pregunto yo miedo:

Señor, como, se llama?

mi corazón pecaminoso

Usted ha visitado,

mi corazón pecaminoso

¡Ay! Señor, Usted ama!

el pobre vagabundo

con voz de terna

mi dije con dulzura:

Alma,

para Dios nacida,

mira a mis ojoscansados,

Y...

mira a mis

PIES CLAVADOS!

The Moderator

S
a
y
S

The editors of the *Carolinian* have done themselves proud by bringing out this double issue with its varied fare to honor the silver jubilee of the S.V.D.-administration of the U.S.C. The only thing entirely absent is the usual run of "messages", which seem to be de rigueur for such occasions; but then it is doubtful whether anybody pays much attention to them. Anyway, you will find the sufficient number of them in the souvenir program for the College Week activities, so we may dispense with them here. What we must not dispense with, however, is at least one word of humble and sincere thanks to God for whatever good may have been accomplished by the Society of the Divine Word during the last twenty-five years in the administration of this university. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of Lights." (James 1,17)

The hope expressed elsewhere in this issue that our ROTC would regain its place of honor at the top of the other corps of the Third Military Area seems to have come true. Congratulations are in order to all who labored so assiduously for this success, from the Commandant to the last cadet. If ever success was deserved, it was this time, by cadets and officers, who displayed an almost fanatical devotion to the task. Those still unconsolable over the failure of our different varsity teams to regain or retain their championship standing, may now dry their tears. What does it matter that a handful of picked athletes failed in their endeavors? It would matter if varsity sports were a true gauge of the physical fitness and the sportsmanship of our young men in college, which they are not. But the signal success won by the whole male population of our freshmen and sophomore years does indeed matter because it proves a great deal about these young men, mostly to the good.

Now if these same young men (and this goes as well for our young women) were to go after their books and studies with the same unflagging energy and dedication, if they were to strive as much for academic excellence, there is no saying how far we would go in gathering the honors of bar and board, and what is much more of real leadership in the public life of our nation. We are not doing badly in these fields right now, but we could do much, much better. With God's help, let's try to do it.

REV. JOSEPH BAUMGARTNER, S.V.D.



Sitting, left to right: Adelfino B. Sitoy, Sixto Li. Abao, Jr., Manuel S. Go, Lorne B. Rodriguez, Miss Alejandra Fernandez, Nelly McFarland, George Barcenilla, Amorsolo R. Manligas. — Standing, left to right: Beit Y. Quinain (columnist), Frank A. Robles, Filomon L. Fernandez, Janne Cuillanes, Rodolfo A. Justiniani, Alfredo B. Amores, Teodoro A. Bay, Truce Ordole, Nelson F. Lerosa, Dominador Almirante, and Renato Rances.

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Chant of Departure

A Missionary's Prayer

WOMAN who walked home on the arm of John
Another way from that your Son had gone,

Woman who walked

And talked,

Unwavering, of what must yet be done—

Woman, behold your son!

Behold

Him who in boyhood haunts will not grow old;

Who goes predestined to an alien grave

In clay or sand or wave—

Yet sails enamoured of one hope: to see,

As John from his dawn-lit boat on Galilee,

Christ in the haze-dim faces on the shore

At Shantung or the coast of Travancore.

Woman who walked home on the arms of John,

When on

Some night of tears I hear the palm trees toss,

Stand by my side beneath the Southern Cross.

Alfred Barrett, S. J.