



The CAROLINIAN

Don Sergio Osmeña, Sr.

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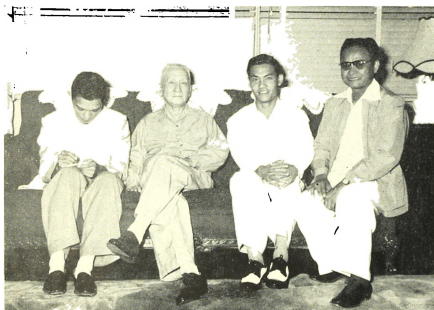


The Grand Old Man interviewed at his residence by Editor Echivarre and Associate editor, B. Quitorio.

Don Sergio Osmeña

Carolinian Extraordinary

by
BUDDY QUITORIO



CAROLINIANS ALL. The man with glasses is Resendo Siervo, USC Cashier and former classmate of Ramon Osmeña, the only lawyer-son of the ex-President.

Writing about the life and times of a great man, like the recording of an historical event, is a task met with much difficulty. No formula has been perfected to cleanse both history and the copybooks of personal bias which stains an otherwise sternly impersonal account. And, perhaps, it is just as well that chroniclers nurture their prejudices, for, after all, history must also be made to suffer from personal evaluation. The scrivener of necessity must write to mirror his own loyalties. It is upon this premise that we make bold to portray the life of **Don Sergio Osmeña**, the Grand Old Man and the Carolinian.

Certainly the most refreshing facet of the Sergio Osmeña story is its welcome departure from the common run of rags-to-riches biographies which are not unfamiliar in political brochures. His story is no saga of preternatural daring or wisdom. Indeed, it is a relief that his every actuation both in public and private life bears the stamp of his humanity: his struggles, his moments of decision, his triumphs... all these, being somewhat common to all men, present genuine sources of inspiration to the ordinary individual who seeks or may hereinafter seek to follow in his footsteps. There is nothing legendary about him saving only his integrity and honesty. But his life is a sustained record of virtue, humility and tranquility. His open profession of peace is a matter of which the nation is well aware. Even though it has been recorded of

him that he once subdued a bully with his fists, the incident does not in the least subtract anything from his pacific nature. The incident serves, on the contrary, to illustrate his capacity for physical strength. To say that Don Sergio is an example of the proverbial "boys who made good" is to misunderstand him, if not entirely, at any rate insofar as his innate goodness is concerned. It would be more in keeping with his nature to say that he met his years only to infect them with his kindly philosophy and his devotion to the cause of peace and freedom.

As a child, he learned his alphabet from his mother. Twice in his youth he was the frail but impressionable ward of two private tutors. But it was at the age of eleven (1889) when he matriculated at the old Colegio-Seminario de San Carlos (now the University of San Carlos) that according to him "the real foundation of my career began." It was here where he completed his secondary course and would have finished his studies towards a *Bachiller en Artes* degree but for the fact that the school was not then authorized to confer the degree. His talent and his unflinching understanding of human nature promptly won for him a host of friends. He was a student of human nature, his classroom, in this respect, was the heart of man.

Early in life Don Sergio displayed admirable traits of leadership. He led his class in curricular and extra-curricular activities. He was a votary of the early *dramas* and possessed of no mean his-

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TL's
★

Caroliniana

EX-PRESIDENT SERGIO OSMEÑA, CAROLINIAN

Featured in this issue is USC's most distinguished son, Don Sergio Osmeña, former President of the Philippines. He was easily our choice as this month's cover personality in view of his being USC's proudest possession and the country's greatest living example of an honest, efficient and humble public servant. Among the living greats of Philippine history, Don Sergio's name stands greatest. What Churchill is to England, what Roosevelt was to America, Don Sergio is to the Philippines. The Filipinos revere him as if he were a living god... as if he were a miracle. Foreigners visiting the Islands almost always find their visits incomplete, should they fail to pay a call on the Grand Old Man before leaving the country. Shown therefore on our cover is our artist's portrayal of the Carolinian Extraordinary: the serenity, humility and wisdom of one who has given a good forty-one

years of his life to the best interests of his country.

When we interviewed him at his residence in Jones Avenue, Cebu City, we expected to meet an aging man of seventy-seven... a tired man indeed. But there was no such thing. The man that met us in his sala was as hale as a newly-poured beer in a glass. From a comfortable-looking chair he stood erect and sturdy as the marble pillars in USC. He looked fresh as a newly-hatched egg in his plain long-sleeved shirt. Why, he is still capable of three more presidential terms, we thought. The only traces... if one should call it that... of age in him were his greying hair and the hearing aid he used. When he talked, it was like hearing him drive home a point in the halls of the Philippine Assembly. When he led us to a sofa across his portrait-filled guestroom, his steps were still springy and full of life. The interview lasted for twenty minutes (our appointment was at 11:30 in the morning and we left his residence at ten minutes before

twelve.

On our way back, all of us seemed to have this in mind: That we belong to the same school that made him. We have every reason therefore, to be proud not only of the man but also of the school which played an important role in putting his name... where it now belongs... in history. We have every reason to be proud of him not only because he is our brother Filipino, but most of all, he is our fellow Carolinian. Indeed, enrolling in this University becomes a rare privilege; and the privilege of being a Carolinian, a rare distinction.

ON OTHER PAGES

We have, for this month, two short stories. The Quiet Town is a powerful story about a powerful man who "owned" a town... at least, his influence made him practically "owner" of the place. The story, in itself, is worthwhile reading. The town, Mahilum, is really not as quiet as it sounds (**mahilum**)

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Don SERGIO OSMEÑA, Carolinian Extraordinary

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trionic ability. His grades, notable (very good) at the start, soon rose to sobresaliente (excellent) during his last year (1894) in San Carlos. "I spent very happy days there," he recalled wistfully during a recent interview. In the Colegio de San Juan de Letran, Manila, he got his Bachillerato and later on enrolled in the University of Sto. Tomas where he also took up Philosophy and Letters. He was a student-teacher in Sto. Tomas, this employment having been offered him after he bagged his Letran Bachillerato with the rating of sobresaliente. Apart from the fact that he finished his Law courses, the record of his further scholastic pursuits is somewhat involved in obscurity but it is safe to say by inference from his

cast upon his patriotism. He spoke, in the patriotic fervor of his time, about the nation's faith in democracy and freedom. And when a grateful people catapulted him to the Presidency of the First Philippine Assembly he reiterated his belief in the capacity of his people for independent life. In his closing speech of June 19, 1908, he made the official and solemn declaration, before God and before the world, under his responsibility as the Assembly President that "the Filipino nation aspired for its independence and was capable of living an orderly and efficient life for itself and for the rest, in the concert of free and civilized nations." The quest for independence was an enterprise which shaped his political philoso-

TO MRS. RESTITUTA GENSON-YCONG AND OUR READERS:

The Carolinian staff makes public their apologies for the unkind remarks which appeared in the now defunct "On Da Level" column of this paper.

later utterances and writings that he had much of the culture proffered by his day. His resourcefulness as a young law student is recounted by a writer who wrote about the times Don Sergio had to ask for his allowance in foodstuff and sell them to market vendors with a tidy profit for himself. The young Osmeña continued his studies until the advent of the revolution which saw the rise of many of our national heroes.

But wherever he was, Don Sergio displayed a brand of leadership that was, in the light of his troublous youth, unique: the agitation for deliverance from Spanish rule was just the right time for breeding jingoists; it was a perfect alibi for libertinage. But Osmeña, the Carolinian, elected to fight his battles without the fanfare of nationalistic trumpets. And yet, even as these lines are being written, not the slightest doubt has been

phy and earned for him the ample gratification of his fellowmen.

Sergio Osmeña was a sturdy architect of Philippine Independence. "Immediate Independence" was his watchword, his rallying cry in the field of political battle.

That nation benefited, in no small measure, from the invaluable services that Osmeña rendered as a public official. His rise in the gamut of public office came in April of 1904 when he was appointed Interim Governor for the province of Cebu. He was designated provincial fiscal of Cebu and later also of Negros Oriental until the 5th of February, 1906, when his election as Governor of Cebu was confirmed by the Governor-General of the Islands. He was elected President of the Assembly of provincial governors on October 1906. On June 24, 1907, he resigned from the Cebu governorship and launched his candidacy for a seat in the

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CAROLINIANA MOUTHFULS

Compiled by:

JUNE SALGADO

CLASSROOM CLASSICS

Mr. Rodriguez: "Unabia, why were you absent yesterday?"

Unabia (looking pale): "I was sick sir."

Mr. Rodriguez: "And you, Evangelista, why were you absent also?"

Evangelista: "I visited Unabia sir."

OVERHEARD FROM THE DRILL-GROUNDS:

Cadet Officer (Fuming at unruly cadets): "You are given to relax, you are abuse, at the end of the semester, you are complain!"

Army instructor: "Suppose an enemy aircraft attacks while you are crossing a river, what will you do?"

Cadet (from behind the ranks): "Take a bath!"

Army instructor (a non-Visayan): "What do most of you people here eat?"

Cadet (in chorus): "Corn, sir!"

Army instructor: "No wonder, you are corny!" (silence)

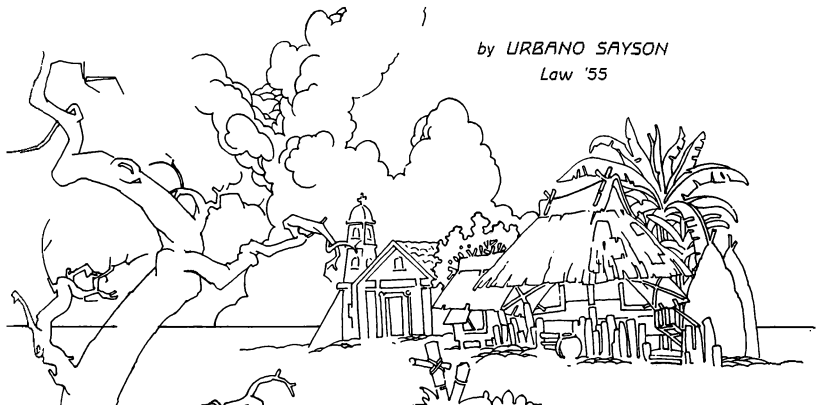
A woman candidate for vice-mayor of Cebu once remarked to Atty. Faigao, aspirant for a post in the city council, thus: "If elected, I'll be the most glamorous person in the city hall."

Faigao: "We should be together. If you can lend the glamour, I can also lend the color."

Overheard by Atty. Ortiz: "The 89 aspirants for councilors of the city just goes to prove that there is really an acute problem of unemployment."

by URBANO SAYSON

Law '55



Illustrated by
DICK CABALO

FICTION

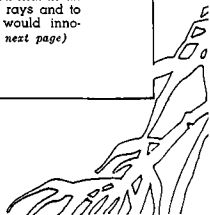
A

QUIET TOWN

BY TWO O'CLOCK in the afternoon, the small, coastal town of Mahilum was as quiet as the land beneath its deep sea. It had been an unusually balmy day that started growing humid by the time the sun was well above the horizon. The pale beaches had grown wider and wider as the water receded farther and farther away, leaving adventurous and enterprising fishes that had been caught unaware of the thinning water around them, furtively searching for equally tardy wavelets to take them back to the sea. Other days, hardy winds would sweep from the lagoons and the streets would be half-covered with the sands from the beach. Mahilum, with its abundant array of green trees, would look like an unkempt sea of grass. But now there were no hissing winds that would rustle the trees; that would howl through sandy streets and play like a tireless child over rooftops. Today was a quiet and peaceful day in the quiet and peaceful town of Mahilum.

The 1:30 truck had already left for the city, the winds had not come since the break of day and the air grew pungent with the smell from the sea. The streets had suddenly become deserted and not a live thing was left wandering over its smoldering, strip. Heat rose from its asphalt layers and converged among the grass and stagnant waters left by the rain the night before. The hot fingers of the sun were stamped markedly on each house, . . . most of which were half-shut in an effort to shield their dwellers from the rays and to capture any sign of a breeze that would inno-

(Turn to next page)



cently saunter by in this windless afternoon. The dogs that always gathered to rummage bones in the market place, had now ended their playful discourse and sought comfort in the coolness of the cement floor, swatting flies with their tails and ears. At the old town-convent, the young and fidgety Padre Ruiz nibbled at the thought of the mass he was to give in the later part of the afternoon. This was going to be his first mass ever since he arrived three or some odd days before; and though the people seemed friendly enough, the silence and the quiet of this town had already begun to exact its toll from his already-frazzled nerves. He was resting on his inclined chair and this were his last thoughts as he fell asleep.

—x—

In the sandlot behind the church, where the shadows were taller and preserved a certain cucumberish freshness, two boys defied the sacrilege of the daily siesta. One was a tall, pale youngster of about nine years or so. His hair was tousled and reddened from too much hours spent by playing with the waters in the beach. His dirty, torn clothes clung to his bony frame like worn-out flesh, giving him a general appearance of one long neglected. He had been sent for tobacco by Gorio (the big and burly meat vendor who had adopted him ever since his parents were brutally murdered by the ravaging Nipponese soldiers) when he saw, a clean-cut boy playing all alone in the sandlot.

This boy was Raul Mendoza, the grandson of Don Domingo Mendoza, the wealthy, old Castilian who owned most of whatever business thrived in Mahilum and the coal mines of its rich and distant mountains. In his youth, Don Domingo, acquired most of his lands (as was reputed of him) either by brute force or sheer shrewdness. It is said that he had more than a hundred offspring from different women. But a generation later, such mute testimonies were lost in the tumult of racial predominance. Don Domingo had only one son, therefore... born to him by his legal wife who had long since died with grief of his escapades. The son, Delfin, was a weak, bleary-eyed individual who, as Don Domingo would have it, was not even fit to stand in his own shadow. How he (Don Domingo) came to bear such a fruit as Delfin and how Delfin came to have a child as vigorous

as Raul, was still beyond the analytical mind of the old man. Whatever process brought such a series of consequences (and he had really waited breathtakingly) had all the old Don's gratefulness. For the boy, Raul, had all the alchemy, or whatever that was that went into the formula that created the old man.

Schooldays had ended for Raul. It was May, and how he came to be in the sandlot in such an unholy hour, could be explained by his mother's own will that he spent sometime with the local catechists to learn his rudiments in the faith he was born to. Having come too early, he got out his marbles that had been temptingly juggling in his pocket and started a game all by himself. When he saw a pauperish, sickly-looking boy walking toward him, he was neither bothered nor overjoyed at the prospect of the afternoon. The other boy said his name was Tirso and did he want to play? He too had marbles on the palm of his soily hand. Raul could not deny the opportunity to find out how keen he was. He thought of himself keen enough but just how keen, he had yet to find out. Soon, a good game was in progress and as all games between boys end, a controversy arose.

Gradually, their shrill voices woke up the people whose houses bordered the streets that embraced the church. One by one, the occupants appeared in their doors and windows, holding their hands over their squinted eyes to see what devilish outrage was going on that so boldly interrupted their sacred siesta.

—Why, why isn't that Tirso?

(A woman's voice inquired)

—Tirso?

—Why, of course it's him.

Why don't you stop talking to yourself, woman and tell me what Tirso are you talking about?

—Don't you recognize the boy?

Do you remember Gorio? Our suki who brings us our daily half-kilo of meat? Surely...

—And the boy?

—That's his son. Well... not really... that is... I mean, that's his adopted son, Tirso.

—Oh?

—I wonder who the other boy is?

I seem to recognize him... but I can't quite place... wait a minute... why, of course... that's the grandson of Don Domingo.

—Don Domingo? Now what has Tirso got himself into? Quarreling with a Mendoza, of all the peo... oh, Holy Mother!

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CAROLINIANA

(Continued from page 1)

in the Visayan dialect mean "quiet"... but as far as one character was concerned, it was perhaps the quietest town he had ever seen. **Wolf, Fatat & Five Years** is a typical dragster scene. For the teen-agers, it is strictly one for the ribs. Ramude's prose about poetry sounds convincing; and if you'll pardon the expression, will taste like Lil Abner's "kickapoo" to certain disbelievers of modern poets.

Because this issue's deadline was set a week before the final exams (this accounts for the delay) we were simply excited when we received Mr. Andres Bigornia's formula on **How to Study Effectively**. But if we have to follow closely his advice on how to pass examinations (without even half-trying), we had to have a memory that should be as retentive as Mnemosyne's... if we must remember all the things he said. And when the finals came, we were still holding the empty bab. Which means... But in all reality, Mr. Bigornia's gimmick is a sure-fire if and when one has the zeal to go on with it... even if the lesson bores him to no end. Save this technique, we will always pray for miracles to happen during the tests.

Fred C. Albani reports on the student response to the call of knowledge. What he heard or observed from the students he met: **Education? No, Thank You!** And in a similar vein, Mr. Benigno Cabanatan asks: **Are We Losing Our Campaign Against Immorality?** Aye, there's the rub!

An interesting topic for our **What Do You Think?** section came to us after the August issue flooded the campus with the Rector's face on its cover. (All right, if you think that the delay we incurred when we had the copies released in September was a felony, then you may murder us... but please, don't forget the printer too.) Staffer Diola (the Moose) solicited comments from you, the readers, about what you sincerely think of **Our Campus Writers**. He had able assistance from **Samary Fabres** and **Bernado Bacal**. Well, just turn to the following pages and see for yourself how we are rated by the readers. With our modesty tucked somewhere in our sides, we seem to like the idea of being talked about... especially

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Short Story

WOLF... PAINT... and FIVE YEARS

by DICK BAYLO



RESTO GARDOY, is a slim, good-looking fellow with a radical nose, a conventional chin, thin-cruel-lovable lips, romantic eyes and an eccentric pair of eyebrows that he uses for a tongue to lure unwary, innocent girls into the devastating "wham" of his charm. It also seems that that is not all he has. He has the best shooting arm in the basketball team, (he was made a team captain last year in tribute to this) the most prolific mind and voted by all and sundry to be the "Wolf most likely to succeed." For he is a "Wolf" (whatever that means) and it must be in every sense of the word, for so unnumerable are his ardent tales of woe, that summing it all up now would make Don Juan look like a pitcher without a catcher. So, the island of Cebu, aside from being the land where the illustrious Magellan meet his eventual death, is also the land where the O.A.O. (one and only) Resto Gardoy was born. Sing, Hal-lelujah!

In this heck of a story, Resto Gardoy is the wolf... who else could be hecker.

Now, five years, mysterious and intriguing (?) as it sounds is actually what it is. Three hundred and sixty-five days added five times. This is really a very complicated story, considering that now we've run into a mathematical problem.

How about the "paint?" well, to be more lucid, what is meant is the make-up that our girls make topographical errors with their faces. This is a highly-valued tactical move invented by the women of China, or Japan, or Europe when the men started leaving their homes for a cool swim in the lake or a good snort? of smorgasborg (tuba?

in the Phil.). It's a sort of "Come back little Sheba" technic... it has yet to fail. As this story may prove an explosive powder... We better go on with the story before something explodes.

"Are you sure you're not overdoing this, Celia?" Myrna inquired tremulously, as she stared at herself practically metamorphosing before her wide dresser.

"Huh?"

"I mean, aren't you painting me a little too much? I seem to feel my whole face sagging and those things leaking."

"Relax. I can't change your face with just a dash of lipstick here, a wisp of powder there. This is a highly delicate operation and it won't work if we give that delinquent b.f.—pack leader—ten-timing Casanova of yours a chance to peek behind this make-up."

"Don't forget, he hasn't seen me in five years."

"And don't you forget either that a wolf has an ante-dated sense of smell."

"Celia, you make him sound so... soo..."

"That's what he is."

"Why even Mom won't know me now."

"So much the better... so much the better my dear sister." Then that... that fancy-pants Resto of yours will really have something to howl about."

* * *

At nine o'clock in the morning, Resto Gardoy, W. E. (wolf extraordinary) elbowed himself between old and new enrollees and having

done this with great care to be obvious, placed himself in the big post by the lobby of the school and let the girls have a good sigh of him. After all, having two crushes over his handsome face was no double jeopardy. He twiddled his thumbs, rolled his eyes to give him a distant effect and left a million female eyes admiring his whole self. He was elated. "Good old charm, never fails... never fails," he thought. Students were now overflowing the main entrance, and as the heat began to converge, Resto felt sorry for he was now leaving and it seemed unfair to the rest of the girls who had not yet come and could not see him. "Oh, well, early birds..." With that, he maneuvered himself out of the mob and directed himself to the drugstore.

Along the corridors, the crowd was thinner. He straightened his shirt and walked briskly. He had seen someone a trifle too attractive from afar sitting on one of the stools and it was a shame to let her waste her sense of sight on someone else beside himself.

The moment he slid beside her stool, he knew there was something different about the girl. Oh, perhaps she was the most pretty girl he ever saw... but it just wasn't what made her stand from the rest. What actually was the matter was that she defied the law of attraction.

She Was Actually Able To Exist Without Even Bothering To Get A Snipe Of A Glance At Him. She ignored his arresting face and kept on talking to Celia... what

(Continued on page 43)

A PERSON looks at a rectangular house and thinks of its colors as a little too drab, a trifle too dreary. A second one looks at the same house and thinks of it as black and dreadful. Its rectangular shape reminds him of a coffin. He shudders at the thought of living in such a place. Still another person sees the house and thinks of the family living in it. The glow of warmth that each unit of family must have to tolerate and live with each other.

A PROSE of POETRY

Editor's Note:

The following article was written in explanation to some of our readers who complained about the author's "bizarre" style of writing poems. Not a few have been vocal enough in their criticisms about the man behind the "lines" that appeared in the previous issue of this paper. One of his poems (The Blue Room, not, however, appearing in this issue) was branded by a lady English professor as "generally unintelligible for the average college students." His previous article (Sanity's Last Stand), too, was bitterly criticized by the same lady professor who inferred that the gist of the article clearly came from the "mouthing of a goddess man." Here, the author, Vicente Ranudo, Jr. (son of the late Vicente Ranudo, Visayan vernacular poet) ventures out his say on the points touched upon by critics which are also appearing in the "What Do You Think?" section. (See pages 30-31)

He sees the son, coming home from school or the mother and the daughter just out of church in a fine Sunday morning.

Should the last person write about the impression that the house had upon him, would the "color-concerned" observer or the other with the "coffin look," understand? Try to work the position of the writer around and you'd get the same blunt answer.

In such simple principles does the "elusive depth" of poetry lie. We don't have the same concept of the things. A poet, as soon as an event or a simple object hits him with a series of impressions... takes a paper and pen and starts to write. Into the paper, he pours out his personality and his own concepts of things. When he is through, what used to be a useless piece of paper, now litters with moving life. Thus a poem is created and born. But this is only half of the way. The reader too, must penetrate the hazy film by completely subjecting his thoughts to that of the writer. Somewhere a space of contact bridges them together, understanding is born and thus the reader is compensated and rewarded for his efforts. No two persons have so complete a similarity in their conception, that immediate understanding can be expected. It is true that in olden times, most poems were easy to grasp, but it is even more true that more than fifty percent of our teachers and students today still find the lines of Shakespeare or The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam truly hazardous and strange. That is be-

by VICENTE RANUDO, Jr.

cause intelligence and talent are now mixed with each impression and the reader cannot follow by merely reading them. You can read a poem a hundred times and still not know what the author is talking about. A poem must be studied and analyzed, not altogether criticized and engulfed like a piece of bread you have to smell before you swallow. A poem is an object that glitters and gleams, not only from richness of words, but more by the living emotion that the writer wishes to convey to the reader. I have been told that a teacher said that some of my poems were too "deep" for college students. I must say that if some things are too deep for the college today, it won't get shallow tomorrow. Our ancestors have afforded us the base and framework of our mental advancement, and to expect ourselves to be in the same mental level with them would be admitting that there is no longer any room for advancement. Poetry, like the rest of its educational branches such as mathematics and physics, has gone eternally curious. A poem too seeks to reason out the things that people never used to understand. Like Picasso once said, "There are painters who transform the sun into a yellow spot, but there are others who, with intelligence transforms the yellow spot into a sun." To quote Edith Stillwell in her Reader's Digest articles, "Of what use is Poetry," as to this comment, "Which is the greater or more important

work? Yet many are angered when the yellow spot is transformed into a sun. It is deception, we are told. The artist is not using a great subject. Why ennoble the commonplace? Why show our common life if it has some purpose beyond the grave?"

Poetry is the light of the Great Morning, wherein the beings whom we see passing in the street are transformed for us into the epitome of all beauty, or of all joy, or of all sorrow."

I am aware that I have set up a rigid example of poetry for our paper. But that a person would expect to understand a poem immediately just by reading it, without even taking the pains to analyze the theme of a specific poem, the process and treatment used by the writer is near to impossible. No man is a genius when it comes to the emotion and concept of another man... God has seen to that.

Oh laie, I was drastically disappointed. Teachers and students alike have voiced out that they could not make anything of what I write about and if understanding ever came to them at all, it did not come in my own concept of things. Which means...

If they only knew that beyond what seems to be a jigsaw puzzle of words, is a land so unusually rich and beautiful that criticism becomes the very ground it lives on.

For the sake of every poem that
(Continued on pages 30-31)



SOMETHING of a man's character is revealed in his smile. It may announce his goodness and sweetness; or betray his sarcasm, bitterness or disagreement. For young people in love, a smile can be a show-window of each other's sincerity. It can also be a mask worn to deceive the other. To a woman, a beautiful smile can embellish an inferior face and redeem an ugly one. Painters have tried to fathom the meaning of the smile in a woman's face and reproduce it on canvases—only to find themselves in the death-grip of its enigma by each movement of the palette. Poets have found an inexhaustible source in all the formation in a face that makes a smile. Said one: "It's full of worth and goodness too, with monly kindness blent. It's worth a million dollars and it doesn't cost a cent."

by

T. L. ECHIVARRE



In contests, almost anyone can see the difference between a victor's smile from that of the vanquished's. The former always carries beneath his smile, the feeling of superiority; the latter's, always tainted with the pangs of defeat.

In politics, a charming smile can be a great campaign instrument for

the world was in a tension so taut that a blunder or a faux pas, no matter how insignificant, would have touched off a global war. Somehow, by the staging of the 'summit' talks in Switzerland, a change of international temperature came about when Krushchev and gang started "throwing" Soviet smiles around. And this change(?) of heart, impressive as it was, nevertheless brought the Western world on its feet to guard against any deceptive move the Communists' smiles were capable of. Said Scripps-Howard Foreign Editor Meritrus William Philip Simus:

...Everybody is saying: "Russia has changed." And so she has. Until a few weeks ago her face wore a perpetual scowl. Today it is all smiles.

But why? Nobody outside the Kremlin can say for sure. But there is every reason to believe her real, ultimate objective remains the same as always... to set up a universal Communist dictatorship run from Moscow. She thinks she can make better progress by concealing her bloodstained bludgeon under a pile of olive branches and trying the more subtle art of poison.

That the Kremlin has really something up in their sleeves may be seen clearly from Krushchev's own evaluations of their recent manifestations of sweetness:

"It is said that the Soviet leaders smile. This is a real smile. It is not false. We want to live in

There Are Smiles...

a candidate. A frown from him might easily be misunderstood for aloofness. And aloofness in a candidate is one blackeye he unconsciously wears... and dark enough to put him down before the electorate. He is even lucky if he gets a second thought from a voter who scratches his head in the voting booth, obviously trying to make a choice.

Even in international politics, a smile can be of great significance... it may even change the political histories of nations. Before the Big Four conference in Geneva,

peace, in tranquillity. But if anyone thinks that our smiles mean the abandonment of the teachings of Marx, Engels and Lenin, he is deceiving himself cruelly. Those who expect this to happen might just as well wait for a shrimp to learn how to whistle."

How does one, therefore, evaluate a Communist's smile? If it should mean anything, we who are well acquainted with Communist tactics, should bear this in mind: that the teachings of Marx, Engels and Lenin are not exactly similar to the
(Continued on page 37)

CAVEAT EMPTOR

or simply:
"Buyer, Beware!"

He was tall and pale and slightly nervous
With look-outs slinky and so callous;
I looked like a squirt
Not as big as his shirt . . .
And he looked upon me
As if I were a flea.

He drove a fist . . .
(An unwelcomed guest)
I tried to duck
(To let the thing go by)
But it caught me smack
(And I thought I'd simply die!)

. . . .and I was down
With a top-heavy crown.
He tried to let me stand,
But terribly, gravity made its demand.
(I liked the ground
But he wouldn't let me down.)

[What manner of man was he,
To laugh at my audacity?
What manner of man was he,
To sneer at my pugnacity?
But most of all
What manner of man was he,
To aid and comfort the enemy?
My arm was no longer restless
As still as two useless matches.
At last I found my height . . .
Though still I couldn't make a bite.

He handed me back my purchased goods,
And helped me find my happier moods.
He said to me: "Young man,
Let me shake your hand,
We know you have the right to gripe
About your purchase of this pipe,
But we also have the right to roar
At people barging at our door.

We're sorry you tasted our floor,
But it doesn't mean we're sore.
We think your store is just next door,
If you insist on evening up the score."

The SQUARE

I must tell you that today I am not an outsider trying to peep into the workings of the Catholic religion. I am a Catholic . . . not because I know no other religion . . . but solely on the fact that I believe firmly in its doctrines. I find other religions inconsistent with many things which the Catholic religion had advocated. I know too that the question of the square-circle has already been settled by philosophers and theologians who were more competent than I am. St. Augustine would tell us that it does not imply any limitation of the power of God that he cannot make a square-circle. A square-circle simply cannot be made because it involves an intrinsic contradiction. Yet in spite of this I thought that it would do no harm, to explain how I sought for myself a justification that God can really make such a thing as a square-circle and upon what a solution I stumbled upon.

Can God make a square-circle?

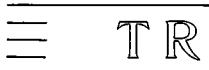
If God is perfect, if God is all-powerful, if there isn't anything God couldn't do . . . can He make a square-circle?

I was born a Catholic because my forbears were Catholics. I believed in God because there were some people older and better than me who believed in Him. But like many people today, my faith quivered more than an arrow's bow.

The proverbial "last straw that breaks the camel's back" came when in my first year in college, the good and bustling Rev. Fr. Ernest Hoerdemann, suddenly demanded: "Can God make a square-circle?" I did not hear the rest of whatever lesson we had that day. I must confess, its very impossibility shook the fragile "Catholicism" I had in my pocket.

Well, can He? I asked myself. Can your God make a square-circle? I must admit now that in those days, "My God" could not make a square-circle. One cannot help thinking of God . . . and whenever I thought of Him and the square-circle, I felt that if I couldn't reconcile my mind with the answer to the question, I will be no worthy subject for Him.

I had to believe that He can make one . . . but I also had to have a reason for believing in my belief . . . and as long as I did not have a reason to this, I was an artificial, pretentious be-



by VICENTÉ

-CIRCLE

liever who believed because others believed.

I am not proud to say that I was not only one who could not answer this. I tried it on several persons, old and young alike... I always left them with stumped faces.

Can God make a square-circle?

My answer was: sure, He can. I know He can.

The road to my answer was a long and treacherous one but finally I came upon an answer.

In the beginning, I thought of a light in the shape of a square. Then I would ask myself: what do you see? I would start to say "square"... but before I could get the word thru my lips, a circle would appear and I would end up saying "...cle". It was a crude defense... but who could have said "square" or "circle" with finality? Wasn't it a little unfair to my own logic? After all, the square-circle that my youthful mind created was not a still figure. There were two figures, shifting alternately. I broke down completely; nothing, no one can make a square-circle! But out of the dizzying knot of questions and answers, I stumbled upon solution. Perhaps it was my time to know...

perhaps He thought I deserved to know. It came this way.

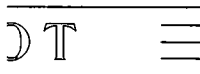
If I was created in the beginning together with the earth the sky and sea, and God gave me a bicycle or a plane... would I know how to use them? I was not supposed to be equipped with the knowledge of electricity or propulsion or motion.

And not knowing how to use them, would they then be of use to me? Those things are only of use now because the human race had been made to understand the things that He placed on earth, gradually. Even electricity alone would have wielded a power so great among my then primitive sapiens that I could wielded unlimited power among them... and I could have been another god to them.

Of what use is a square-circle now? To prove that there is a God? Must I put such a silly, useless thing in ration with the things God has made?

The Day of the Square-Circle will come, if and when we will need it; if and when we will know how to use it.

God can make a square-circle... I know He can; if He can make me, He can also make a square-circle anytime of the day.



ANJUDO, Jr.

OCTOBER, 1955

Buddy B. Zuitoria

THE COURTSHIP OF NARCISO BACUR

with some kind of painful care
he meandered to a chair
to a point where he could dare
take one shy look at her hair

after having cleared his throat
he kept staring at her coat
he kept twiddling with his thumb
until it was quite so numb

in that thick and silent spell
he just sat there stiffly still
but he knew that in the meeting
he would soon start the proceeding

the shy daffodil meanwhile
never wore off her smile
as though to speak she oped her mouth
but no word or encouragement came out

now the young man with a grin
started massaging his chin
resolving and deciding: "By jove,
soon i shall tell her my love."

he had chosen well-turned phrases
that would sweeten up his tongue
he would use nom'native cases
both colloquial and slang

soon the fateful moment struck
for the young man to attack
with both heart and soul on fire
he would tell her his desire

(all the long sleepless nights
he had suffered just for her
all his shyness and his FRIGID
they would haunt him nevermore).

he turned to her quite proudly
like a knight courageous, bold...
with his shoulders squared manfully
this romantic tale to her he told:

"...helynn... my - er - ah - darling
after two hours of rehearsing
the thought has come to me somehow
that i really must go... now..."

PAGE 9

LOVE

by FRED SISON

in F Major

Dreams, now, are concentric ripples
lost in the slumber of a distancing
rose,

when the waves of broken
mandolins temper the
sting, the sadness, and
the ring of the searching
wind.

... to love you
is to cut the
tender lanes of
reaching stars.

... to own you
is to skin the
rose with iron
blade of tears.

For, love is without
the within and
all sting,
all sadness,
all ring of
the searching wind.

But ...
the mocking rose
shall find me in
the within
and without:

singing
the notes of
broken mandolins
undaunted
by the sword of
the searching
wind ...

in F Minor

Had I not only tread
on the meadow green, oceans
could have been dried by a
thousand cacti growing beside
the lemonade of your eyes.

But, young—very silly, then —
we saw purple cows
chasing starlights everything our
hands interlocked with the thump-
ing and jumping of beans—that
once were our hearts?

And —
We found them in the
gentle, gentleness of
a wild, wilder rose.

A PRAYER

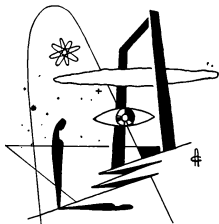
ALICE S. CURADA

Lord ...

Give me health
For everything I do;
Give me joy
In doing simple things for you.

An eye for beauty,
A tongue for truth,
A mind that reasons,

A soul for understanding,
A noble, common sense;
And, most of all,
A heart that loves.
And as each day closes,
Give me a book
A friend with whom
I can be silent.



Are We Losing Our Campaign AGAINST IMMORALITY?

“... There is the rising generation high spirited and over-confident of itself. We must pray earnestly... that it may not be blighted by the corrupt atmosphere of the world to whither away prematurely in vice; that it may learn to submit its headlong ardour and impulsiveness to reasonable control, and eluding the snares set to deprave it, direct its course to the higher things, to what is beautiful, holy, worthy and noble.”

— POPE PIUS XII

by BENIGNO CABANATAN

Commerce I

STUDENTS in a parochial college located in a capital city were drawn to a motion picture that was well-advertised and believed to be a hit in one of the theaters. The picture was actually one of the many films condemned by the Legion of Decency. The bishop, who was residing in the city, knew of the sweeping event. Days after the opening of the picture, the bishop, shocked to know that most of the people who viewed the picture were Catholic students, repaired to the campus, with the director's permission, to talk before the students. The bishop's finding was this: Eighty per cent of more than 800 students from 13 classes viewed the condemned, objectionable film. Queried as to whether they found any thing injurious to morals and the Church or not, the students were wordless. As disclosed by a Catholic weekly, the school principal of a non-sectarian school discovered that obscene literature in the form of pamphlets were purloined in to the school premises and sold to students.

Teen-age boys and girls find themselves in a confused age of blaring sounds of radios, of cinemascope and 3-dimensions, of poodle, ducktail, Italian hairdos, of rumbas and tangos, of H-lines, and of indecent literature laid open before their eyes.

What is decency? This has been the subject of discussion in conferences, forums, rallies and editorials launched by the Catholic press, civic and political clubs, and heads of Catholic schools aimed to bring to light the facts and its aftermath; and this subject has been defined at those occasions in various ways.

His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, famed fighter against immorality and indecency pressed the bishops down to the lay masses to avert dresses suggestive of sex. It goes without saying that he is for the Mary-like fashions recently introduced and approved by a Catholic newspaper.

A retrospection to con over how women were dressed and to consider the present era's fashions stuffed in our bazaars by dress designers Balenciaga, Schiaparelli, and Dior, would present a total contrast.

The Rev. Honorio Muñoz, O.P., in a radio talk "The Rosary and Modesty," asserts: "Whether such dresses

be strapless, backless, low-cut neck and sleeveless seems immaterial, they will sell their conscience, their modesty for the sake of the 'latest' in fashions."

To condemn fashions is a backward conception that shifts from this modern life to the primitive, outdated past. Modern man should exhort modern fashion trends. Indeed, to practice modesty in dress is not to keep away with those of the present day.

Bernard Kunkel, Catholic pastor of Bartleso, Illinois, for the past years, engaged in a one-man campaign on modesty and purity of dresses. In that obscure crusade in his parish he was against all odds that he hardly succeeded in the early part. An influential American weekly news-magazine, aware of his triumph in his parish and the surrounding communities, ran an account of the priest's stand against indecency.

(Continued on page 30)

High Marks are really easy to get—if you know how



**Vigorous determination — one factor for progressive learning.
(Posed by a Secretarial student)**

About the Author

Mr. Andres Bigornia is a professor of Psychology and Sociology of this university. A firm believer in impressionism, he confines his writing to philosophy and psychology. He finished high school at the San Magno College (run by Dominican Fathers) in Dagupan, Pangasinan. In 1929 he enrolled at the University of Idaho; finished his A.B. in 1933 and his M.A. in the same school. Not satisfied perhaps with these scholastic achievements, he pursued his Doctorate's degree at the University of Idaho but illness kept him from completing his thesis. He came home in 1937.

Armed with his writing experience while yet in high school, Mr. Bigornia tried his hand in writing for school magazines and publications in the U.S. He was awarded a scholarship in Idaho after bagging the 2nd prize in an essay title.

Mr. Bigornia hails from Bangued, Abra but grew up in La Union. During the war he was in Negros Oriental and got married there. Unassuming, amiable, and cooperative, his personality assures itself of an air of confidence to one who speaks with him. It was through our insistence that he share with us some sparks of his literary ability.—*Wilfredo L. Filomeno, Staff member.*

How to Study Effectively

By *ANDRES BIGORNIA*

STUDY is such an important factor in educational achievement that every student should learn how to study. Yet it is the universal opinion of teachers in college that their students do not know how to study.

A great deal of attention, research, and study has been given to the problem of learning. Drs. Gannon, Withering, Garrett, Father Goertz, and others examined hundreds of articles bearing on this problem. A good many books have been written with the object of helping students with the problem of how to study.

General rules for studying effectively have been stated and fairly well verified. Yet learning is always a specific, individual problem. Each individual must be taken into account, his capacity, his

background, his vocabulary, his interests, drives, sensory defects, handicaps, disabilities, special talents, etc. This emphasizes strongly the need for individualized instruction.

MEANING AND NATURE OF LEARNING PROCESS

There is considerable diversity of opinion as to the nature of the learning process. There is little agreement even as to the conditions which favor the learning process.

In the scores of definitions of learning which have been proposed one element is either expressed or implied in all: that learning in-

volves some kind of change in the person who learns. Any given individual is said to have changed when he has acquired new skills, new knowledge, new habits, new attitudes; or when these have been modified into different patterns; when he has reduced his errors; when he reasons better; when his judgment has improved; when he is able to get on better with other people; when he knows better how to care for his health or to promote the common good; when he is able to speak or write more effectively; when he can play a musical instrument; or perform a surgical operation. In each case the person is not the same as he was before the learning. After the learning, a person may be happier, more agreeable, socially adjusted,

or have increased in his ability to solve both individual and social problems.

Learning always implies that a change has been produced in the behaviour and conduct of the learner. Hence, learning may be defined as the mental activity by means of which knowledge and skills are acquired, resulting in the modification of behaviour and in gaining appreciation of and control over the values of life. The learning process consists of all capacities and activities by means of which knowledge is acquired. It involves also a thorough understanding and application of the facts already learned concerning the nature and operation of the mental process.

Learning is now regarded as an essentially active process; it is not a passive absorption of knowledge, not the mere reading of books or listening to lectures with the object of reproducing what has been read or heard. True learning is the enrichment and the improvement of human personality. Learning takes place only in proportion to the activity of the individual. The student in college learns, that is, acquires his knowledge by participating in such activities as careful reading of textbooks, writing themes, solving problems, writing examination papers, preparing experiments in the laboratory, looking up reference materials, discussing questions orally, taking notes on the lectures, attending programs and convocations, and the like. His knowledge is acquired progressively and is the result of the activity of both mind and body. Learning is self-development of the individual's capacities. It's the actualization of all his inherent potentialities. This means that learning cannot be accounted for only in terms of the mental or wholly in terms of the physical; both are necessary; learning is an aspect of the behaviour of the total personality.

CONDITIONS WHICH FAVOR LEARNING

The conditions affecting the rate and progress of learning consist of factors which are favorable to the acquisition of knowledge and skill. These conditions include the following factors:

1. **Getting the Proper Start:** This means that the student has to focus his attention upon the skill to be attained, or the knowledge to be acquired. It means also the use of

(Continued on page 29)

DO YOU KNOW...

.....that during school days the most congested part of the University is the drugstore and the least, the chapel? Drop in anytime at the drugstore and you'll find (for sure) the place bobbing up with an assortment of the male and female species.... one trying to look as important and fabulous as the other; the others, who supposed themselves as being bracketed among people belonging to higher society, flutter about the center like professional barflies... doing nothing but indulge in silly conversation. But pay a visit anytime to the chapel and you'll find a few faces which rarely, if at all, can be found loitering the lobby or "hanging around" the drugstore. This shows just how lost to some students is the significance of having a chapel in a university... much more in a Catholic University. The chapel wasn't placed there just to complete an architectural design; nor was it built solely as a place of worship during Sundays and Holidays of Obligation. The chapel was built for the students... for them, so that they can commune daily with God. A minute spent daily in front of the Blessed Sacrament wouldn't do us any harm. On the contrary, it can be a very profitable investment. Just think: whenever you are troubled by something, or feel that something is bothering you, instead of telling them to your friends, why not go directly to the chapel and tell them to your best friend, God? Or, if you have some examinations coming, and you're afraid you might not make the grade, instead of biting your nails in anticipation of what is to come, why not get inside the chapel and pray? You will find that your troubles are not really as bad as you think they are: and you'll meet those examinations with greater confidence in yourself.

If you have nothing in particular to pray for, it does not necessarily constitute a good excuse for you to loiter around the lobby, or postpone your visits this week until another wave of examinations come along. Just kneel there for a minute or sit if you feel like sitting, and look at the Blessed Sacrament; then think how wonderful God is... and you're praying! For, isn't prayer the lifting up of our hearts and minds to God? Some student (and non-students, too) think that praying is merely a recitation of those ready-made prayers taught in Religion classes. It is not. If you can talk with God in your own words, do it. If you find it hard, then you may use those in the prayerbook or those you memorized during your Religion classes.

I would like to pass on to you a story about a man who didn't know any of the "standard" prayers. Suddenly, on his way home one day, there was an earthquake. So violent was it that he thought he'd surely die. Thinking that his end was near, he knelt down. He wanted to pray but he knew no prayer. All he knew was the alphabets A, B and C his child used to recite at home. He kept on repeating these letters so fervently that in a moment's time, the earth was no longer shaking. Undoubtedly, his prayers... or whatever it was... were answered. Funny as this may seem, yet it illustrates a point: sincerity in praying. No matter how beautiful the words of your prayer might be if you say them half-heartedly, or mechanically, the results or effects are practically nil: You can't fool God. And there is no way of fooling Him. He knows... or didn't you know?

—by A B R

THE PENDULUM IN THE CHURCH

(Continued from page 34)

17th centuries mathematics made considerable progress. But a man like Galileo had to rely on older mathematical methods than the calculus. He tried to express the foundations of physics and the observed regularities of Nature in terms of mathematical propositions, so far as this was possible... Galileo, who considered that the application of mathematics to the world is objectively ensured, believed that it was ensured by God's creation of the world as a mathematically intelligible system. It was divine creation which guaranteed the parallelism between mathematical deduction and the actual system of Nature."

Let us sum up Galileo's greatness with Sir David Brewster's words: "The scientific character of Galileo, and his method of investigating truth, demand our warmest admiration. The number and ingenuity of his inventions, the brilliant discoveries which he made in the heavens, and the depth and beauty of his researches respecting the laws of motion, have gained him the admiration of every succeeding age, and have placed him next to Newton and Kepler in the lists of original and inventive genius."

Education? No, Thank You!

MUCH INK has been spilled and countless words uttered in condemnation of some of our students today. Rarely is there a kind word thrown at their direction. I used to be a sucker for the underdog; hated to see it cover and squirm under a whip-and-tongue lashing. I used to be my second nature to take up the cudgels for the under-rated; blow the trumpets for the weaker team. I liked it that way because, I always develop a soft spot in my heart for people who are looked upon.

But this time the tune will be different: I'll sing the sad songs and the laments of the old towards the young. I'll spill some more ink in the large vat of protests made by the elders to its young. I'll spill more of it even if in my spilling you'll call me an old fashion goat or an obsolete, old fool. This time I'm joining the majority party. But a word of caution: I'm not an "Osias" . . . rather, if you chose to call me a "Recto", pocket edition, I would indeed be flattered.

But don't get us . . . or me . . . wrong. I'm not condemning them *in persona*, i.e. saying that this guy's no good because I happen not to like his face. No! That is not my point. I condemn the student because of the way he has condemned himself, his country and his God. I condemn him because he has allowed himself to be misled, deceived or tempted by the pleasures money could bring; his philosophy that the Peso must be adored and God, merely tolerated. I condemn him because in his efforts to satiate himself of material pleasures, he completely ignored his education. I once heard a student said: "What is education but a simple case of the blind man leading another blind man?" Before I jump to any conclusion, allow me to ask this: Just what are some of our students doing in college?

There is no definite answer. I'd rather tell you what they have

not bothered to do. In all my associations with college students, I tried to capture the correct mood or attitude each one had for his college. Here are some: I heard a student in Commerce once airing his opinion about the course thus: "Commerce? . . . that's the shortest distance between a student and a Cadillac. That's for me! Another Commerce student, upon being asked as to why he took the course: "Personally, I don't like it. But it is what my parents had wished me to take . . . and, thinking that it was the only way I could excuse myself from house-work and collect an obese allowance, I decided to play ball with them."

A student of Law . . . a good friend of mine . . . says that "If one's looking for glamour, you'll find it in the College of Law. To avoid suspicions from my parents, I make it a point to look at . . . er, read the fat books once in a while at home." Aboard a jeepney on my way to school one morning, I happened to sit beside an Engineering student who turned out later to be a party acquaintance. After the amenities, I inevitably shot the question: Why do you like Engineering? His answer: "Frankly, I don't. Figures bore me. But what can I do? . . . I stammer when I talk and with this as a handicap, how could I think of taking up Law? Business today seems to be a monopoly of foreigners, particularly, the Chinese . . . and worse: in business, one has to have capital . . . me? The only capital I have is the letter L . . . and this won't get me in business! . . . and don't ask me why I did not take Education or Home Economics!" I don't.

One can see that these students are unhappy. I believe they're in on something called "regret". Their sense of values are horribly distorted. Some of them go to college simply because it is there. Period.

In the classrooms, they seldom lend a keen ear to the lecturer. They do not take lessons seriously . . . at least, not as seriously as they do when they write home for money. The only ones who seem so interested about their future are those who are reviewing for the bar exams and the upperclass students taking postgraduate work. The rest . . . well, they are just simply simple.

Dime novels and pulp magazines are heavy favorites among the young. They don't read . . . they devour them. They like to read about how a girl went hurly-gool over a "big hunk of muscle", their subsequent escapades and finally, their Hold-you-so-locks-and-regrets "for having been so blind, so stupid, so . . ." They like this sort of drama.

by
FRED ALBANI

This could be the reason why there are so many of this dime novels and "love-lorn" magazines and the executor of this kind. This kind of literature sell like hot cakes and pop drinks. Who would care about Mark Anthony's lament over the "bleeding piece of earth" that was Caesar's carcass? Who would care to read about the epics of Homer or India's Mahabharata?

One thing is laudable, though, from them . . . they seldom miss their classes. What they'll do once inside the classroom is another interesting feature worthy of observation. But, as of now, I prefer to leave this matter entirely in your imagination. That they attend classes is the point I'm more interested in. I'm sure of this: that they attend in pursuance of something . . . not necessarily their studies. I had a conversation once with a student who, I observed, had the habit of going out of the classroom every ten minutes after the roll call and comes back five minutes before the bell rings. My curiosity urged me to ask him: "How important is business outside at this particular time?" He wanted to dismiss me with a grin but found out that I was serious. "Oh well," he countered, matter-of-factly, "There's nothing important at all. You see, this class stinks. If it were
(Continued on page 30)

(Continued from page 2)

Asamblea. Then, on October 16, 1907, as a stirring tribute to his statesmanship, he was, by unanimous vote of his colleagues, elected President of the First Philippine Assembly. From then on, Don Sergio's political star soared to even greater heights. He became the Speaker of the House of Representatives, Senate President Pro-Tempore, Secretary of Public Instruction, member of the Missions sent to the United States to work for Philippine Independence.

During the Second World War, Don Sergio, with the late President Quezon, stayed in the United States where the government was then in exile. Quezon, on account of his failing health, entrusted much of the presidential duties to Osmeña, aside from having appointed him Chairman of the Post-War Planning Board. Then, on August 1, 1944, death, like a thief in the night, had a rendezvous with the fiery Quezon. Osmeña assumed the Presidency after taking his oath before U.S. Supreme Court Justice Robert H. Jackson.

When Osmeña returned to the

★ *Don Sergio Osmeña* ★

Philippines, (Providence could not have sent a more capable man to head the nation) he found the Filipinos in a pitiable state of panic and confusion. Restoring a state of normalcy to national affairs was a task that would have staggered a man of lesser capabilities than the keen Osmeña. It was an era in our country's history which demanded that the man to account all the talent and resources at his command. He was doubtless appalled by the havoc that rushed his eyes when he came back. But coming home was, in itself, another occasion for him to serve and break bread with a people from whose ranks he rose to fame. Osmeña had an unerring grasp of the problem at hand. He knew and stuck to his job. He set about his duties in typical Osmeña anonymity but he was the spark that started the machinery towards full-scale national rehabilitation. It was, to be sure, a rehabilitation that had for its objects not only shattered landmarks but also shattered minds. But Don Sergio, with his rich and

(Continued on page 31)

Are You Helping The PATRIA?

The PATRIA is a recreational and educational center for the youth, complete with reading room, social hall, tennis-basketball court, swimming pool, bowling alleys, pingpong tables, billiard hall, coop store, snack bar, men and women's lounge. It is sponsored by the Student Catholic Action (SCA) and to be run in a non-profit basis. Cebu has been selected to be the PATRIA'S SITE.

WE STILL well remember your fury whenever you spoke of vices indulged in by our young people today. Your tone went desperate when you mentioned those passive time activities of our youth: gambling, stealing, begging, fighting, and murdering... all attributed to their unguided activities during their leisure hours. You almost broke into tears when you came across the list of accidents that befall on the young because of their lack of recreational facilities. And you mercifully appealed for remedy after you stressed that that situation was an easy prey for communism.

But you need not worry now. We have stepped forward to the rescue. The PATRIA is specifically designed to end all these and encourage the development of our youth's hidden talents. Its amphitheatre encourages play-acting among the young and at the same time draws the attention of others who can then pass their time looking at the play instead of doing unwholesome activities; its music hall and school provides melodies for all to appreciate; its bowling alleys, billiard hall and pingpong tables can surely thwart the attention of the young from vices to desirable exercises; its library can give lovers of books a kind of satisfaction never before enjoyed by them. In short, the PATRIA, which is patterned after the best recreation centers abroad, can well promise for a change for the better in all the phases of our youth's life.

And what has the Student Catholic Action, a part of the whole Filipino youth, done so far to finish the PATRIA? If you only observe the efforts the Actionists have exerted to realize their project, your heart will surely be moved. Every-

day, youthful students from all schools in Cebu (students who come from the Visayas and Mindanao, mostly) gather in the SCA office, then spread out to make hollow blocks for the PATRIA, to sell tickets for its benefit concert, to solicit more contributions, to recruit more workers, to write letters to friends inside and outside the country... asking their aid, while all pray for the success of the project. Laziness is discarded; self-promotion, forgotten; cooperation, the theme song; all hearts point to God; one is for all, all for one. Result: "Thousands of hollow blocks, finished; a few thousand pesos from philanthropists; scores of checks from abroad; promises from within to build this and that part of the PATRIA, etc., etc..." all spell success, all so inspiring, indeed.

Thanks that a portion of the youth's population has now learned to accept responsibility, moving without demanding your initiative and personal leadership, all for the betterment of the whole youthful populace. But theirs is a task that cannot be left for themselves alone. Although the rest of the youth will surely follow and join the working group, it is unwise to leave them alone in the middle of the sea. This is their first daring attempt; you must be prepared to answer their call for help.

Now that we have come out in the open and have shouted: "Here we are, the youth, the students, penniless. Lend us your aid for we now act!" You seem not to hear a bit. Your noise ends where our actions begin. We only pray that your silence is not muteness in perpetuity. A gentleman is true to his words; we will see what kind of a gentleman you are! §

• by ADELINO B. SITOY •



★ B R I E F S

By FELIPE VERALLO, Jr.

Medal, pinned by Dean Fulvio Pe-
laez; Cdt 1st Lts Louie Batongmala-
que, Inf, Leadership Medal, pinned
by Rev. Fr. Rector, Ramon Roska,
Inf, Leadership Medal, pinned by
Rev. Fr. Lawrence Buzel; Cdt 1st
Lts Jose Ros, FA, Loyalty Medal,
pinned by Mr. Luis Garcia, Manuel
Lim, Jr., Inf, Loyalty Medal, pinned
by Dean Jose Rodriguez, Domina-
dor Turno, Jr., Inf, Loyalty Medal,
pinned by Dean Lolito Gozum, Cdt
2nd Lt Jose Trinidad, Inf, pinned by
Dra. Consuelo Aranda, and Cdt Cpl
Felito Gotardo, Inf, pinned by Mr.
Rosendo Siervo. Streamers were
also given to various units by Capt
Hernando Costa, Inf, Adjutant Gen-
eral, II MA.

BEER, BANQUET, 'BYE

Five days after the parade and
review in honor of the Father Rector
and faculty a sumptuous ban-
quet was spread at the Avenue
Restaurant wherein the medalists,
ROTC brain trusts, Sponsors,
Advisers, priests, with Father Rector
as host, seeped beer, dined, and
ate ice cream. More medals, more
means! But things did not remain
delicious throughout later Carmen
"MAMENG" Camara oft for U.S.A.,
followed by Narcisca "INDAY" Vi-
vera, same objective. Golly, we
really will be missing you. As
Sponsors' advisers everything used
to click smoothly.

PRESENTATION OF SPONSORS

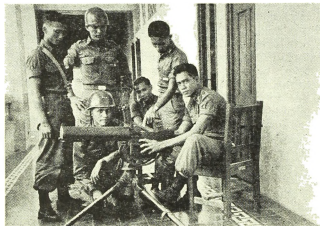
A thing of beauty especially of
the opposite sex inspires men, that
is why there is such stuff as spon-
sors: to warm, to comfort, to do
desirable deeds. For work and
work is fatigue, but work plus in-
spiration is glory. Mameng and
Inday left us. Mrs. Maria Gutierrez
takes over the office. The sponsors
and the sponsored are: Corps Com-
mander Cdt Col Melecio Ajero,
Cadette Col Alili Alinabon, Escort,
Sweetheart of the Corps, Cdt Maj
Felipe M Verallo, Jr., Cadette Col
Annie Ratcliffe, Corps EX-O, Cdt
Col Antonio Aquino, Cadette Lt
Col Consuelo Galindo, Corps Adj
and S-1, Cdt Lt Col Arturo Ralota,
Cadette Lt Col Paz Dimataga;
Corps S-2, Cdt Lt Col Dominador
Deocampo, Cadette Lt Col Loida
Dusigan; Corps S-4, Cdt Lt Col
Sergio Pangandoyon, Cadette Lt
Col Rosie Sanchez; Corps S-2, Cdt

(Continued on page 34)

A PRIEST, a crowd, and a group
of khaki-clad boys had a date last
August 14, 1955, 4:00 P.M. at the
Abellana High School Grounds.
Reason: to honor the new Father
Rector, Rev. Fr. Herman Kondring,
S.V.D. and faculty members, and
more: an initial appearance of
USC's Model Company, the first of
its kind in Eastern Visayas, some

an extra feeling of elation, that the
affair was successful, that the Uni-
versity of San Carlos will have
added cordial atmosphere between
the tutored and tutors. Now.

The medalists and those who
pinned them were: Cdt Col Melecio
Ajero, Inf, Leadership Medal, pin-
ned by Rev. Fr. Rector; Cdt Lt Col
Guernsindo Ybanez, Leadership



Cadet Officers
trying to make
something
out of a
deadly weapon.

more, awarding of medals to deserv-
ing cadet officers and to one cadet
of the Corps. Results: the new rec-
tor, happy, hopeful; the faculty,
pleased, proud, the Commandant
and Company, all smiles; and the
crowd enjoyed the program all
right. Everybody went home with

and Honor Medals, pinned by his
mother; Cdt Maj Felipe M Verallo,
Jr., FA, Honor Medal, pinned by Lt
Col Estanislao Baltazar, CAC,
Chief G-3, III MA; Cdt Maj Felipe
Tajoda, FA, Efficiency Medal, pin-
ned by Rev. Fr. Joseph Goertz; Cdt
Capt Felipe Labucay, FA, Honor

The GRADUATE SCHOOL DEAN... On Research I & II

ELEMENTS OF RESEARCH is a compulsory subject for all students taking up post graduate studies. The prescribed textbook: Campbell's "Handbook of thesis writing". Much has been complained about and with some reason. Campbell is dry, though very practical. Campbell is very useful though very technical. But there is one thing to be said: we have to write a thesis and therefore we have to know the technique and technique is always very positive and practical. Thus, it cannot be helped: one has to study this awful element of research.

In my article on the graduate school in the August issue of the *Carolinian* I brought up the idea that the Graduate School is sup-

like to stress a few points and give a few clear ideas.

Research is an attitude of mind. Research is your way of studying. Too often students think that studying in a University is the munching and digesting of a prepared scientific dinner. I beg your pardon. Study in a university should be quite different from that. Our lectures should be directives for your way of studying and the study you should do yourself. You see what I mean, in a lecture the professor should give you the right direction and the newest information on the subject and the literature so that you will be acquainted with the printed knowledge in books and articles increased by the study notes of your professors. He will and

Graduate School Section

posed to be — in the American system of a University—the university section. University stands for and has to stand for "Scientific work." Scientific work demands research. But this very topic has not been very well understood. Graduate school students often think that to write a thesis is to give a book of quotations. It may be a book, but it is no thesis. It may be a book but it is no research and it does not add a thing to our already acquired scientific knowledge. This is generally understood by professors all over the world that a thesis or a doctoral script or a dissertation must be a proof of independent and scientific thinking and must add somehow to the field of knowledge.

I noticed too that our students often think that research is just a subject. Research is not a subject, it is an attitude of mind. I discovered that our Graduates think research to be an undertaking to be done after finishing your "academic requirements" for the masters degree. It is against these false and incorrect notions that I would

should give you the right insight in the reigning ideas whether they can be adhered to still or whether they have been refuted by other authors or by himself of the literature as against facts and against truth. But the studying... that means the use of the library "day and night" so to say is your own job. There you should make yourself acquainted with the theories and knowledge in the literature for your branch of studies.

I called research an attitude of mind and I shall explain that now. Research is the essence of a man of knowledge. His mentality is that of finding something out. He is an explorer and a discoverer. Now discoverers and explorers find the already existing facts but not known to others. In this case you have to have the attitude of an adventurer wanting to find what was discovered already by others (stocked in the ten thousands of books in our library). This research mentality is not that of emotions in which you can write

(Continued on page 31)

Father Linden Explains

The article written by me on the Graduate School, was titled: What do you think of the Graduate School? and the ending was: "The response is to the students."

The response from the students I have not received, but the response from the board of Administration of our Alma Mater I have. San Carlos Graduate School will be extended with three more courses and the existing courses will be extended as well.

I'll explain. I. Next school year the Graduate School will open courses in Master of Philosophy, wherein different fathers and laymen will teach. Father Dr. Goertz will head this course. The Master of Science will be offered in Physics and another course will be offered in Pharmacy under Regent Father R. Hoppener, M.S. and Dean Mrs. C. Aranda, M.D.

2. There is another plan under study, I may say "careful study" to extend the existing courses for Master of Arts and Education and Master of Science in Business Administration. The number of required units will be enlarged. Santo Tomas being easily one of the best universities of the Philippines requires 48 units of which 10 are reckoned for research (for thesis writing) and 38 for formal courses. Twenty four units have to be in the field of specialization and 14 more in cultural subjects and units for general knowledge.

The Graduate School has placed itself on the standpoint that it is the true university section of our Alma Mater. The title Master should offer also a fair degree of mastery and specialization so that Masters of U.S.C. deserve the title concerned and so that the San Carlos Master's title will be an asset to the country and a sure means of success in life. Thus we contemplate to follow the routine of Santo Tomas for the best interests of the University of San Carlos, i.e. the students of this Alma Mater.

Fr. Dr. C. van der Linden, S.V.D.
Dean, Graduate School

Filipino Folklore



The Wrath of Lilo

by

LUNA JOSEFINA RANARIO

MANABA is the principal river of the town of Garcia-Hernandez, Bohol. This river springs from Cebuayo the farthest barrio of the town. The river winds its way down the valleys passing the barrios along its banks, until it reaches the poblacion eighteen kilometers away and thence to the sea. Form-

Conducted by

Rev. Cornelius van der Linden,
S.V.D.
Dean, Graduate School

erly this river was deep and fish, shrimps, and shells were abundant. At present these conditions no longer exist.

It is said that the Manaba river has a dweller named Lilo. He was kind and helpful before the villagers had angered him. He even taught the people to make use of the river for irrigating their fields, washing their clothes, and for bathing. He also allowed the people to catch fish, shrimps, and gather shells for food. However, he gave a stern warning that no one must get near Calilo, the most dangerous bend of the river. In this part the water changed its color from blue to green as it cascaded over the big and irregularly shaped stones. The place was very beautiful but here the current was strong and the turbulent water dropped into a huge whirlpool.

The people believed that Lilo lived in a magnificent palace down in the center of the whirlpool. Here they said Lilo kept all his precious stones. Many people wanted these stones, but they were afraid of Li-

(Continued on page 35)



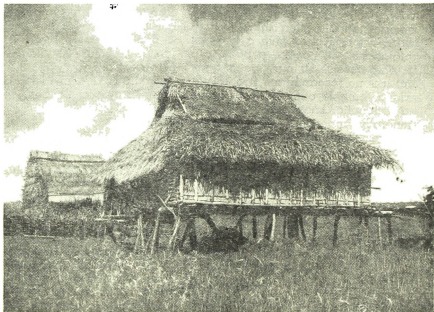
The king (?) with the members of his family. On his right hand is his "sceptre."

A VISIT TO THE ATIS

LAST JUNE the writer made a visit to the Atis of Janiucy in the interest of science. These people (the Atis) are of great interest to anthropologists because they belong to the primitive cultures; and besides they are a member of the vanishing race of the Philippines... the Negritos. From the results of the studies of the oldest living specimens of mankind in the Philippines,

the Negritos (Atis are Negritos), anthropologists hope to reconstruct the earliest Filipino culture. And besides the results of such studies may offer more evidences to prove that man is man, not a descendant of higher apes, as some authorities claim. *Infra* is a brief description of the Atis of Janiucy.

The Atis live in the outlying territory of the town of Janiucy. It is



A Christian type of dwelling in Siana

a big and peaceful town located thirty three kilometers towards the center of the island of Panay. Formerly it had the largest church in the whole province of Iloilo, but the church was totally demolished in the last war. The census of 1948 puts the town population at 44,348 souls. Since there are no municipal districts in January, the writer is of the opinion that the Atis may have been included in the census as Christians.

The Atis found in January live in two settlements—Balud and Sitanon—near the town proper. The former is composed of two smaller settlements located on the east and west banks of the Suage river, to the east of the town. The latter forms an integral part of a barrio of the same name.

These settlements are under an Ati leader, Victoriano Gamarsa.



An Ati group from the settlement of Sitanon

OF JANUJAY, ILOILO

by MARCELINO N. MACEDA

He is called the Ati "presidente" by the Christians but his own people call him their king. Victoriano also claims to be king of all the Negritos of Iloilo province. He showed me his papers, signed by the authorities of Januway, attesting to his claim. He lives in a simple hut. By profession he is a yoke maker, but later on I learned that he knew much regarding medicinal plants. The way he lives is not fit for his rank, yet he is contented. He supports his own family from his meager income. Members of the settlements told me that they use to give food to their king in the form of gifts. The peaceful existence of the Atis in their settlements is the responsibility of Victoriano. In this work he is assisted by his relatives who serve as his assistants.

One of these relatives is a woman, called Taling, who serves as the Ati judge or **huwes**. She is in charge of performing marriage ceremonies, approving separations, and settling differences between members of the settlements. Taling's influence carries much weight among her own people. The last time I was there (it was my second) in the company of Father Gusinde, S.V.D., I

had to obtain Taling's approval before her people consented to have their pictures taken. Father Doctor Gusinde took pictures of typical Ati individuals.

The Ati individual is short, with a chocolate brown complexion, and with a kinky hair that clings close

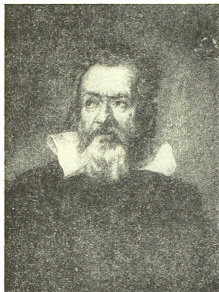
to the scalp. The nose is broad or flat and usually the face is oval in shape. The body is slender and well proportioned. Biologically they mature and marry early, yet almost all of them have a happy married life.

Divorce or separation is uncommon among these people. If there is a couple who wants to separate from each other, their case is submitted for approval to their **huwes**. However, as of now, according to the nephew of Taling, Jesus, there has been no separations. A man who separates from his wife must

(Continued on page 35)



A modified windscreen house



•
GALILEO GALILEI
•

The PENDULUM IN THE CHURCH

By REV. M. RICHARTZ, S. V. D.

GALILEO GALILEI, when he was a youth of nineteen, saw a lamp in the cathedral of Pisa swinging regularly, and he by intuition realized that a pendulum swinging to and fro could be used to measure time. And so the pendulum in the church became the prototype of our modern clock. This simple event showed the keen observer and the promising scientist.

Galileo's Life.

Galileo Galilei, known by his Christian name, Galileo, was born in Pisa, Italy, February 15, 1564. He studied at the university of that city, exchanging the study of medicine, with which he started, for the study of mathematics. He was a brilliant scholar with a quick and penetrating mind. After lecturing at Florence, the original home of his family, he became professor of mathematics first at Pisa (1589) and then at Padua (1592), occupying the latter place for eighteen years. He was an able and convincing lecturer and demonstrator, and attracted to his lecture students from all over Europe. His facility of illustration, his wit and his humor in the presentation of his themes made him the most popular teacher of his age.

In 1610 he went to Florence as mathematician and philosopher to the Grand Duke of Tuscany and as *mathematicus primarius* in the university. Here he lived most of his remaining years. In 1616 began the famed affair of the Inquisition about his astronomical views, which ended with Galileo's formal recantation in 1633. (The present article is confined to his scientific work; his trial and condemnation will be discussed in a later article.)

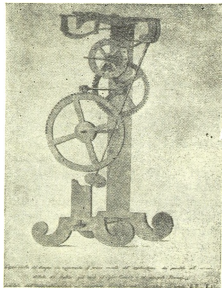
During his last eight years Galileo lived in retirement near Florence, but his interest in science never waned. His most admired book 'Discourses on Two New Sciences' was published during this

period. Only when blindness overtook him in 1637 did Galileo lay aside his telescope. Still continuing his scientific meditations, he dictated notes and correspondence almost up to the day of his death, January 8, 1642, the year in which Isaac Newton was born.

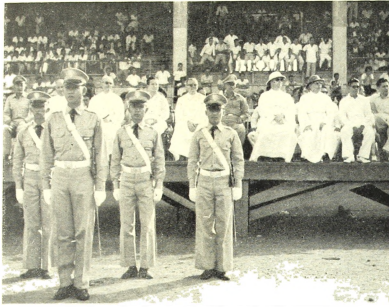
He was buried at Florence in the cathedral of Santa Croce, where an impressive monument commemorates his brilliant researches.

Galileo's Contributions to Science

Galileo was a physicist, an astronomer and a mathematician. His first contribution to physics was the above-mentioned discovery of the isochronism of the pendulum. He proceeded to time the oscillations of the swinging lamp by the only watch in his possession, namely, his own pulse. He found the times of oscillation constant, even after the motion had greatly diminished. He was at that time studying medicine, and he applied the pendulum to pulse measurements at the sick-bed. He also proposed its use in astronomical observations. More careful experiments, described in his 'Discourses', showed that the time of oscillation was independent of mass and material of the pendulum and varied as the square root of its length. In 1588, a treatise on the center of gravity in solids obtained for him the title of "the Archimedes of his time", and secured him a lectureship in the University of Pisa. He gave the first direct and satisfactory demonstration. (See pp. 32-33)

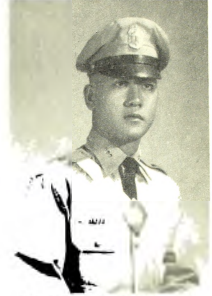


Sketch of
Galileo's
proposed
pendulum
clock.



The Brass — an Two Strofas

The
CADETS
pay their
RESPECTS
to

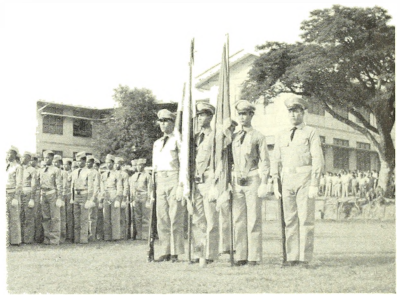


Cdt Col MELECIO AJERO, Inf.
Corps Commander

THE NEW RECTOR AND FACULTY



Some things gotta give



The Long Wait



Trooping the Line



The Model Company — in the mood

THE NINTH ANNUAL DECLAMATION CONTEST . . .

Sponsors:

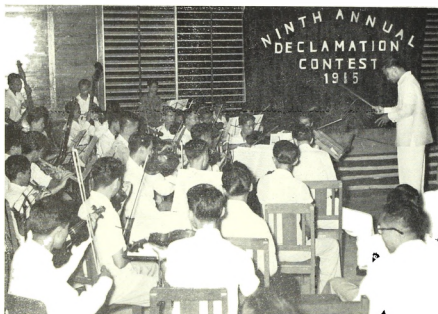


THE BOARD OF JUDGES TOGETHER WITH SOME OF THE CONTESTANTS. Sitting from left to right: Dr. Elbert Mates, Chairman; Miss Teodoro Miñazo, (IUSP) member; Rev. Fr. L. Bunzel, Dean, College of Education; Miss Jovita Padilla, (Abeliana H.) member; and Mr. Alfredo Ordano, Asst. Dean, College of Education. The contestants: Standing from left to right: Misses Pier Dolacano, Erlinda Alfarque, Crescencia Villarino (3rd prize), Aelli Alimban, (1st prize), Norma Baylis, (2nd prize). Lefty Orsulic and Betty Antonio. (Not in the picture are: Misses Milagros Yason and Erlinda Layne).



"Let's see! who have we next?
Ah, Franklin Benjamin Franklin!
He was one of the old original pioneers, I think . . ."
Lines from "The Book of the Dead" by Aldous Huxley, delivered by Miss Aelli Alimban, first prize winner, College of Education.

Gold medalist AELLI ALIMBAN, in tribute to whose beauty we rattled our brains for superlatives, is the type of girl who has an infinite capacity for smiling. She was a smiling delight when we first saw her. Gold medals are not a novelty to this Zamboanguela belle. At Maragusanub Academy, where she finished high school, she plucked two gold medals for her excellent performance in oratory and declamation. And last October 1955, she was adjudged first-prize winner in the Inter-University Oratorical contest sponsored by the College of Education.



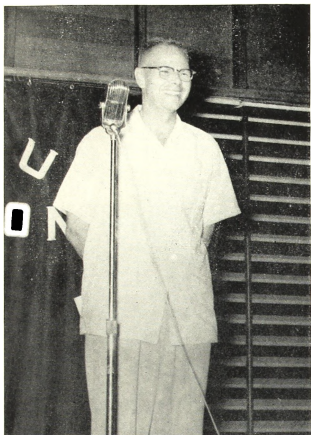
INTERMISSION MUSIC COURTESY OF THE USC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.



"No, I won't forgive our parson not down in my dying day.
He ought to have waited, waited a minute . . ."
Lines from "The Christening" and prize-winning piece delivered by Miss Norma Baylis, Secretarial Department.



THE JUDGES-AT-LARGE.



"They all won, but we have only three prizes . . ."

Miss **NORMA BOYLES** is a Spanish mestiza who looks like a Hollywood star donning a uniform of the USC's Secretariat Department. She claims to have no previous experience in big-time declamation contests; but she attributes much of her success in capturing the second berth of the recent declamation contest to the training she received from the Girls' High School of USC during class declamations.

Miss **CRESCENCIA VILLARINO** is a modest and diminutive girl of sixteen who hails from San Isidro, Leyte. She placed third despite the nine other contestants who were almost equally as good.



"Penny flew to his arms to express her content and he kissed her and said: 'I'm so glad my dear Pan that you like your Papa.'"
Lines from "Let Mama" by Miss Crescencia Villarino, Normal Department. She rained away with the 3rd prize.



Blessing the statue of the Immaculate Conception.

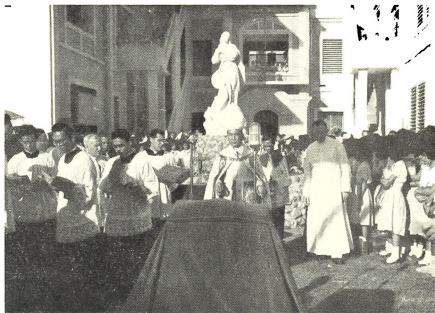
The Blessing of Our Lady's Statue

IN THE FRONT LAWN OF THE GIRL'S HIGH SCHOOL

(See News Section page 27)



His Excellency, the Archbishop officiating at the rites . . .



The Archbishop steps forward to the microphone to deliver his address to the students on the occasion of the inauguration.

A Fraternity is Born . . .



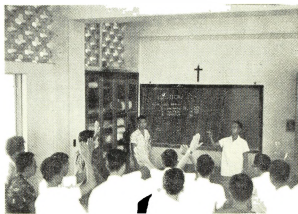
Proposal to Friends



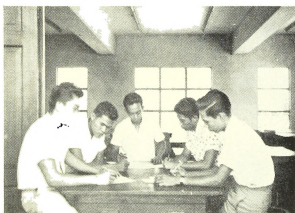
Adaptation of Idea by Dean



Qualification



Election of Officers



Drafting of Constitution



Ratification of the Constitution



Effectivity of By-Laws



Induction of Members

The BUILDER'S FRAT

COLLEGE OF ARCH.

Fraternities are born in almost every minute of the day in the campus. The common tie by which the students bind themselves together is the essence of the Carolinian spirit. The pictures shown here are typical of scenes relative to the birth of any organization. The *Builder* is an exclusive organization of the College of Architecture. Its officers are:

Most illustrious brother—Adolfo Caballo.

1st Vice illustrious brother— I. Salgado, Jr.

2nd Vice illustrious brother— M. Ybañez.

Brother Keeper of the Roll — S. Estrada, Jr.

Brother Keeper of the Chest—L. Ladera.

Brother Herald R. Mapeso.

Brother Whips M. Co-la, I. Sala, V. Yuliongsiu

USC Cops 9th Place In C.P.A. Exams

The University of San Carlos has hoisted another banner when it placed 9th in the Certified Public Accountants examinations given by the Board of Accountancy in December last year.

USC's *Febes B. Tan* heralded herself to prominence with an average rating of 84.5%. She was



Miss **FEBES B. TAN**
Among the first ten...

among the first ten list of candidates who topped the exams. Of the 1,503 examinees representing the different schools throughout the Philippines who took the tests only 120 hurdled successfully and San Carlos got a satisfactory share of four.

Miss Tan completed her elementary grades in a public school in her home place, Virac, Cotabanduan, and finished high school in La Consolacion College, Manila. Before she went to San Carlos she had her first year of college studies in Manila, National University. The rest of her college years was here in the University of San Carlos where she graduated last 2nd semester, school-year 1953-54, the degree of the Bachelor of Science in Commerce, Magna Cum Laude. She was also an active member of the Sigma Phi Rho Sorority in San Carlos for two years since the organization was organized in the University. Miss Tan recently left for the United States to take up postgraduate studies there.

Other USC candidates together with her who passed the hard-tough examinations: *Rene T. Lague, 83; Juanito A. Saagar, 81.5 and Jose T. Ramirez, 79.5.*

For a Greater San Carlos

The University of San Carlos is proud to mention its new improvements recently made. Among these are: the concrete sidewalk extend-

NEWS

ing from the door of the main building at P. del Rosario down to Junquera Streets, the impressive holy fountain in the Girls' High School, and the expansion of the Resthouse at Talisay for new additional rooms. It is rumored that the school administration is planning to construct a new Boys' High School and College of Medicine buildings in the near future.

Prize-Winners Declamation Contest

The College of Education takes pleasure in announcing the results of its annual declamation contest held last September 18, 1955. The first prize went to Miss Aleli Aliñabon of the College of Education on a piece *The Book Canvasser* by Adeler. The Secretarial Dept. got away with the 2nd prize represented by Miss Norma Boyles on a piece, *The Christening*. Miss Crescencia Villarino of the Normal Dept. got the 3rd prize of Bell's "Ask Mama." The winners of the first and 2nd prizes were trained by Mrs. Esperanza Manuel and the third prize-winner was trained by Mrs. Maria Gutierrez, both USC English instructors.

The contest was judged on: quality of selection (20%), delivery (30%), diction (20%), and interpretation (30%). The Board of Judges were composed of Dr. Elbert Moses, Jr., a Fulbright professor who was the chairman, Teodora Miñoza and Jesusa Padilla.

Valuable prizes were rewarded to the best three declaimers: First Prize—Gold Medal donated by Mai Jose Moran, Rotary Club President; 2nd Prize—Silver Medal donated by Mr. Francis Lim, Cebu Council Grand Knight of Columbus and 3rd Prize—Bronze Medal donated by Mrs. Corazon A. Ceniza.

Previous Gold-Medalists: Grace Silao (College of Educ.), 1947; Candida Mercader (College of Educ.), 1948; Florentina Borromeo (College of Liberal Arts), 1949; Dellin Penazon (College of Commerce), 1950; Teresita Blanch (Secretarial), 1951; Annie Batcliffe (Secretarial Dept.), 1952; Delia Saguan (College of Liberal Arts), 1953 and Vermen

Verallo (College of Liberal Arts), 1954.

USC Chooses Miss Vivera For Scholarship Grant

San Carlos has for this year Miss *Narcissa B. Vivera*, a faculty member and chief of the USC library classification department, its choice for a scholarship grant in the University of Columbia. She left for U.S. last September 13 to take up advance courses in library science. In Hongkong she joined with Miss *Carmen Camara*, another USC faculty member who was also scheduled to take up graduate studies in the United States.

Temporarily taking Miss Vivera's post in USC is Miss Amparo Mariño, a graduate of P.W.U.

Normal Dept. Holds Field Trip and Seminar

The students taking "Community Block" course of the B.S.E.Ed. Department, USC, made a field trip to the Labanagon Farm School, Tisa Filler Beds and Sudion Agricultural High School last September 9 and conducted a seminar on the following day with the theme: "Community Improvement Through Community Education." The aspects were discussed:

The Community School by Miss Concepcion Iakosalem; *Rural* by Miss Virginia Demetria; *Techniques of Community Survey* by Mr. Francisco Morino; *Public School Relations* by Mrs. Consorcia Dapitan; *Emergence of the Community School* by Miss Bella Bello; *The Organization and Operation of the Community School* by Mrs. Amparo Quijano; *Cooperatives for the Rural*



Miss **NARCISSA VIVERA**
For her: a free ride to the United States

Areas by Miss Beatriz Calungod. lively open forum followed. Miss Teopista Suico, Dean of the Normal Dept., Mrs. Casilda Peña and Mr. Jesus M. Roa were the instructors present.

H. E. Girls Put One Over Newsmen

The Home Economics Department, (the seedbox of all domestic ingenuity) presented a very novel show last August on the heart of the USC quadrangle. They put on a "Newspaper" show where each student-participant wore newspaper leaves tailored in different styles. Contests were had to determine the most artistic, authentic, neat, funny, and original costumes. Almost every participant was a winner.

USC Biological Club Organized

The USC Biological Club was recently organized. Mr. Cristobal Plateras was elected president; Consegunda Paras, vice-president; E. Sevilla, secretary; E. Cosca, treasurer and B. Cabra, press relations officer.

Its first activity was a scientific excursion to Buhisan Dam last August 28, 1955. Biological specimens were being collected. The officers of the Club plan to hold future periodic field trips to collect more specimens which will be donated to the Zoology Department. They con-



Hey, there's Popeye!



So, this is what they call a "news-hen party!"



Classified Ads

template on conducting monthly seminars on scientific matters.

San Carlos Offers Advanced Zoology Subjects

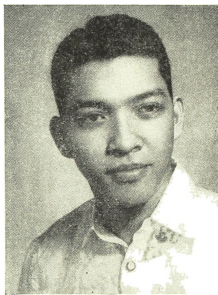
The university has announced that advanced zoology subjects namely: Embriology, Parasitology, Genetics and Eugenics will be offered next semester to accommodate interested students. According to Mrs. Paulina Pages, a USC botany instructress, these subjects are not regularly offered every school year due to the fluctuating interests of the students. Mr. Marapao, Mrs. Lastimosa and Mrs. Pages are the probable instructors who will teach these subjects.

USC A.K.A. Fraternity Elects Officers

For this school-year 1955-56 new set of officers of the USC Alpha Kappa Alpha Fraternity were elected. Jacinto Gador, Jr. was elected Grand Akan; Dominador Deocampo, Deputy Grand Akan; Norvell Saa, Scroller; Jose Lim, Exchequer; Virgilio Songio, Deputy Exchequer; Nectasio Ilago, Comptroller; Julian Villar, Business Manager; Antonio Aquino, Informer and Boy Rubi and Rafael Codina, Chasers. Miss Consolacion Garcia was chosen Fraternity Sweetheart, Juan Aquino, Jr. and Esteban Chua are the Adviser and Deputy Adviser respectively.

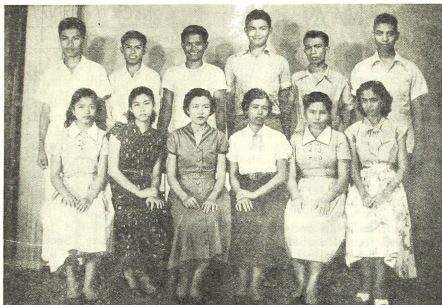
USC-SCA Inducts Officers

Last October 1, 1955, an induction ceremony was held by the



Mr. JACINTO GADOR, JR.
Grand Akan, Alpha Kappa Alpha Fraternity

Republic of the Philippines Department of Public Works and Communications BUREAU OF POSTS Manila		
SWORN STATEMENT (Required by Act 2580)		
The undersigned, TOMAS L. L. ECHIVARE , editor of THE CAROLINIAN , published Six (6) times a year in English and Spanish, at P. del Rosario St., Cebu City, after having been duly sworn in accordance with law, hereby submits the following statement of ownership, management, circulation, etc., which is required by Act 2580, as amended by Commonwealth Act No. 201:		
Name	Post-Office Address	
Editor, TOMAS L. L. ECHIVARE	Cebu City	
Owner, UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS	Cebu City	
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In case of publication other than daily, total number of copies printed and circulated of the last issue dated 1st August, 1955:		
1. Sent to paid subscribers	4,686	
2. Sent to others than paid subscribers	300	
T o t a l		
4,986		
Subscribed and swears to before me this 11th day of October, 1955, at Cebu City, the affiant exhibiting his Residence Certificate No. A-152587 issued at Mandawa, Cebu, on October 11, 1955.		
FULVIO C. PELAEZ Notary Public Until December 31, 1955		
NOTE:—This form is exempt from the payment of documentary stamp tax.		



Officers of the USC-SCA Unit

USC-SCA at the GHSD Social Hall after a Dialogue Mass in the USC chapel officiated by Fr. Bernard Wrocklage. After the induction ceremony, Fr. Van der Linden, Dean of the Graduate School, gave a short speech. Over 100 members were inducted into the SCA fold. The unit officers inducted.

Agustin Tan, Jr.—President; Oscar N. Abella—1st Vice-president; Ireneo Clapano, Jr.—2nd Vice-pres.; Rebecca Guco—Secretary; Remedios Fradejas—Treasurer; Ernie Batongmalaque and Josefina Lumain PRO.

The following USC-SCA cell leaders also inducted were:

Glee Club—Alto—Elsa Bonsubre; Soprano—Betty Antonio; Bass—Romeo Gantuangco; Tenor—Tony Dakay.

Special Cells—St. Rose of Lima—Stella Dayanan; Stella Maris—Oscar Abella; St. John Bosco—Romarico Trinidad.

Law Cell—Ireneo Clapano, Jr.; Posters' Committee—Ernie Batongmalaque; Charity Club—Mrs. Neonita Sy; Sentinel Group—Norma malaque; Charity Club—Mrs. Neofradejas; String Band—Crisostomo Torres; Apostolic League—Josefina Lumain.

New Display Room For Biology Dept.

The Biology Department plans to put up a Biology Display and Work Room in room 304 by the next semester. Collections of insects, shells, and other Biological specimens will be displayed. The school's collection of different species of but-

terflies will be the cynosure of the biological showcase. This project is undertaken by Fr. Enrique Schoenig, S.V.D., Head of the Biology Department with the assistance of the Biology Department staff.

Pages Chosen Prxy of Cebu Biological Society

Mrs. Paulina Pages, a USC botany instructress, was chosen president of the newly-organized Cebu Biological Society. The Society is Cebu's exclusive organization for biology instructors, amateur naturalists, and hobbyists with Fr. Enrique Schoenig, Head of the USC Biology Department, as one of the Society's advisers.

Its aim is to promote and foster the growth of the biological sciences of life. The Society regularly takes scientific field trips and monthly seminars not only here in Cebu but also in the neighboring islands.

Arch-Eng'g Sees Copper Mines

The Architecture and Engineering Departments recently visited the Atlas Copper Mines in Asturias, Cebu. The excursionists observed closely the work done in the mining and refining of copper. From Asturias, they proceeded to the farm of Ex-Governor Sergio Osmeña, Jr. where the students played games and dipper in the luxurious swimming pool. Instructors who went with the frolicsome trip: Engr. J. Rodriguez, Engr. P. Yap, Engr. E. Yap, Arch. P. Beltran, Arch. I. Salgado, Sr. and Mr. L. Garcia.

Oratorical Contest Set Nov. 30

The Pre-Law Class Organization takes pleasure in announcing its third annual oratorical contest this coming November 30, 1955 to coincide with the commemoration of Bonifacio's Day. The contest is open to all college departments, each limited only to one contestant. The contestants will be judged as follows: Contents—40%; Delivery—30%; Personality—30%. Medals will be awarded to the three best orators.

GHS Virgin Statue Blessed

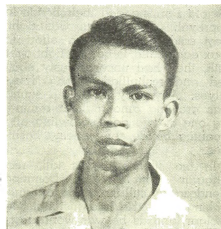
The newly-constructed statue of the Immaculate Conception on the front lawn of the Girls' High School building was blessed last September 16 by His Excellency, Mons. Julio Rosales, Archbishop of Cebu. At the foot of the life-sized statue of the Blessed Virgin is a fountain and the pool of water surrounding it reaches a depth of an approximate three feet. This improvement of the newly re-modelled building of the Girls' High School is only one of the other features that now have been added, namely: the new site of the coop and the completion of work on its third floor.

117 Grads March in Commencement Exercises Last October

Completing the final phase of academic work in college were 117 candidates for graduation who stepped up to the stage last October 15 to receive their diplomas.

The biggest number of graduates (41) come from the College of Com-

(Continued on page 36)



Mr. AGUSTIN TAN, JR.
President, USC-SCA Chapter

A QUIET TOWN

(Continued from page 4)

—Hoy! Compadre . . . Compadre . . . Do you know who that boy is? That's the "apo" of Don Domingo. I think we better stop that fight.

Slowly, people gathered about the boys who had remained unmindful, being in the midst of a heated argument. Others who were content to view the whole scene from their houses, soon took to the stairs. Sleep had flown away like a fleeing ghost. Almost reluctantly, they rose from their beds and strode hastily toward the queue of people that was now gathered in the sandlot.

—C'mon a play. (Tirso was saying)

—Why should I?

—Are you scared?

—Who isn't scared to play with a cheat?

A dark, slobby woman who was standing nearby, clamped Tirso's shoulder and pulled him roughly, saying,

—Phweel! As if we didn't know how they came about their money. Phweel! (she repeated) Don't fight with him Tirso. . . it is below us to fight grandsons of thieves and adulterers!

—Be careful woman, (spoke one of the men) Do you want Don Domingo to hear you?

—Be careful, be careful (she answered mimically) . . . look where's it got us. Don Rafael is a thief and I don't care who hears me.

Needless to say, among them were some who did not feel the way the woman did about the Castilian. Weaker ones usually cling to the strong and people with money are strong. But those who still thought or clung to the belief that their ignorant parents had been cheated by the old Don, nodded their heads in approval. The woman was right, they said. Now, in an effort to coax each child to get the fight over with, they had unconsciously shuffled and reshuffled among themselves. Any ugly kind of a sound was growing among them reminding one of two dogs, growling and moaning before commencing hostilities.

—x—
In the silence of his tall, rectangular room . . . Don Domingo Mendoza lay still in a wide, antique-looking bed. He had just finished a cigar, and as he was wont to do, he lay soundlessly on his bed, eyes closed, but his senses keenly open. His white head settled in the bosom

of a big, fluffy pillow and his slim, aquiline nose stood out from the rest of his face like a pink light-house. He had bushy eyebrows that were as white as his head and his face was thin. One did not have to look deep and long to see that it was a face that could have melted the heart of many a woman in his youth. But now, the skin was crossed by the deepening lines of the years.

The couple, Delfin and his wife Imelda, had retired earlier in their room across the hall just after dinner. Despite of their difference in culture and breeding from the rest of the population, the Mendozas, too, fell prey to the sleep-inducing oil of Mahilum. And so, in the regal place of the Mendozas, like anywhere else in Mahilum at this hour, there was quiet and peace.

Suddenly, a man came dashing through the maze of grass in front of the facade of the enormous house, waving his hand over his head. He was shouting at the top of his voice, gasping and panting frantically.

—Don Domingo, Don Domingo! (The old man appeared in the window. He had boiled from his bed at the sound of his name and now he grew red. . . his face seething with unexpended anger)

—What is the matter with you, you son of the "Diablo"? You better have a good reason for coming in here like this, or I'll have you tied to a tree and have my dogs take care of the rest!

—It's Raul. . .

—Well? Speak up, you blabbering idiot.

—He. . . he got himself in a fight.

—And you ran here and tell me that? Didn't you have enough sense to help him out of it?

—But they are very plenty, Señor. . . they. . . they were surrounding him.

—They? Who? Tell me at once!

—I. . . I don't know, Señor. . .

—Very well. . . have all the men assembled at once!

—Yes, Señor. . . at once.

So they dare, Don Domingo thought. They dare lay their filthy hands on his grandson knowing that eventually they would have to answer to him for their darings. Perhaps they have forgotten the whip in his hand. His name had always been held in reverence and fear. . . now, they dare. He was not as old as they think. Not old

(Continued on page 32)

CAROLINIANA

(Continued from page 4)

if the topic is about how bad and corny writers we are. Well, we never announced to the four winds that we can write cornless articles. . . we just write. And if you don't like the way we write, it is just too bad. For, what are we against so many? Now, what we like is this: why don't you point to us our mistakes. . . if there were any? Precisely, we put up in the previous issues of this paper the **Anything You Say** Section, just for this purpose. We like to be corrected. . . as a matter of fact, we need your corrections. Now, we ask: where do we stand? Where do you think do we, as campus writers, fit in the literary world? Or do we fit at all? But let us be Christians. . . even if we, (the staffers) and our articles deserve to be thrown into a pit of snakes. And as Christians, let us put our gripes or whatever they are in the proper order. What we mean is that whenever there is something you would like to say that involves the integrity of the staffers, let's say those things to the staffers first before allowing it to leak to third parties. Only, do not come around throwing your weight at our faces if you think you are miserably in *pari delicto*. If you do, you lose your case. . . and if Themis feels like doing it, will require you to pay the costs of his proceedings.

YOUR VOTE

By the time copies of this edition hit the streets, November 8 will have passed. You will have then made your decision. You will have participated in the most sacred rite necessary in the proper workings of a democratic form of government. You will have chosen the men whom you think are best tailored for active service in the governmental machine. If you think you have done your job as required of every citizen, then you have done your part. You can go home and meet your family with a good and clean conscience. You can sleep well and tight without being bothered by a nagging conscience. You have made your choice freely. And, between you and a clean conscience is a wide and wonderful road to better and wonderful road to better living.

and knowing by now the trend of our writers' thoughts, I wonder whether "Mu Cue" is as innocent as it sounds.

I am afraid I have not been complimentary in what I think about our college writers in the *Carolinian*. Fortunately, these writers do not represent the USC; it is to be deplored, however, that they write as representatives of this university. Perhaps the next issue of the *Carolinian* will feature a more respectful attitude toward English grammar, a more decent collection of creative articles and poems, and a fairer and more judicious representation of the USC's morals, activities, and writers.

(Mrs.) RUPERTA LUMAPAS:

A good college paper is indispensable to a good school. The University of San Carlos has the *Carolinian*. In it are written all kinds of writing ranging from Formal essays and short stories down to mere "bla-blahs" (Campuscrats). This is a healthy sign that the students apply the knowledge that they have of the different forms of writing with their peculiarities. However, it is to be regretted to find a few expressions, better left unsaid, much less written. These bold suggestive vulgar expressions are so glaring that they get into the nerves of a sane decent educated reader. Delicate things are not to be exhibited merely to humiliate somebody. This can mean an uncultured emotion. Yes, it illustrates and proves that "youth really is on fire."

Busy persons like me, may not be very accommodating. They read only what they think are salutary, those that catch their attention or perhaps their fancy. Such headings like "Youth on Fire," "On da level," etc., may arouse one curiosity and are therefore read. When they come to indecent expressions, they certainly will lessen their estimation of the *Carolinian* and eventually the school. In the effect to teach formal English in class, it is most likely that students try hard to learn slang expressions with a wrong interpretation for smartness. If this will go on, the high prestige of the University of San Carlos with its 360 years of sound existence (will) crumble to pieces in no time. It should also not be

(Continued on page 37)

How to Study Effectively

(from page 13)

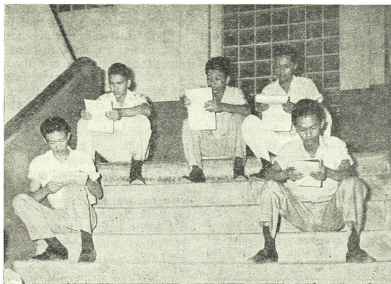
the best available materials and methods of directing learning, and learning only that which is within the limit of the learner's capacity.

2. **Specific Practice.** The involves two important factors; namely, the length of the period of specific practice; frequency of practice in order that the student makes the maximum progress in the skill to be attained, and in the knowledge to be acquired. Psychologists generally agree that distributed practice produces better results than concentrated practice. Periods of prac-

under which learning takes place. Physical conditions include temperature, humidity, noise, disturbances in the room, and the like.

6. **Knowledge of Goals.** Efficient and rapid learning necessitates definite, clearly conceived goals. A goal is the locus in the stimulus situation to which the organism is reacting. Therefore learning cannot take place unless the goal is set up. The more definite the goal, the more rapid and adequate the solution of the problem.

7. **Proper Study Habit.** This fac-



Intensive Reading — "Assume the feeling of digging deep into the lesson" (By the way, how was the party last night, boys?)

tice should be followed by intervals of rest, the maximum being one day.

3. **The Attitude of Success.** The attitude of success on the part of the student toward his work determines his progress. Poor work and unfavorable attitude go hand in hand. Nothing succeeds like success. While failure usually paralyzes effort, success generally stimulates to great effort. Consequently, the learner must believe that he really can succeed.

4. **Mental fatigue is a great obstacle to learning.** Fatigue results in temporary decrease of mental capacity. The physical effects of fatigue are well known. The mental effect of this factor includes loss of interest, prevalence of distraction, the slackening of mental process, the lessening of the will, and reduction of general efficiency. It is a condition to be avoided in school work.

5. **Good Order.** This factor implies the control of the conditions

for implies time, place, and isolation, note-taking, illustration, clear objectives, reviews, and general thoroughness.

8. **Timing.** This is important to effective study. The student should make out a daily study program, arranging a definite time for each subject.

9. **Vigorous Determination.** This means that the student should not lose time in getting ready for study. He should sit down and begin at once. He should concentrate on his work. He should cultivate the will to learn. He should cultivate a proper attitude toward his work. He should have a purpose.

10. **Frequent Review.** Review leads to successful mastery. In his study the student should briefly review the work of the preceding day. Each period of study should close with a summary of the work just completed. At the end of each week the materials covered in that time should be reviewed and a for-

(Continued on page 39)

Are We Losing Our Campaign Against Immorality?

(Continued from page 11)

In a Catholic school exclusive for girls in the United States the students took the fashion crusade by themselves when they established a rule in their student government constitution that any student wearing an immodest dress was punishable, and, when they carried out a positive program outside the campus to the whole community.

The most recent step by heads of Catholic schools against indecency was the banning of ballet for practice by Catholic students. Editorials and columns laid open their adverse criticisms and one-sided opinions against the move.

A student writer has this comment on the practice of the art in the Islands: "Ballet, nowadays, is no longer the original, classic ballet which was artistic. Ballet has ceased to be a medium of education, of progress and culture." It has "degenerated into a modified form of burlesque that shields itself with classical dancing." This writer, however, disavows total banning of ballet from being practised by students. We want to keep abreast of civilization and to practise this art is to enjoy life in this modern society. The suggestion is for a sort

of positive renaissance.

There's that Sunday evening movie. Today, the motion picture is considered the major form of recreation. People are correct to say that motion pictures give renewed vigor to the spirits, soothe the overworked nerves and have that quality to refresh the mind and infuse new ideas.

The movie purveys the best information on what to see.

The Holy Father says that the "ideal" picture is one that is "light, profound, imaginative and real."

"It is a battle that contends for the mind of the modern man. Newspapers and books are the battlegrounds, and the printed word is the medium of the conflict. There is before us a forbidding mass of bad literature... The press does not have the explosiveness of the atom bomb, but... it reveals a dynamic effect on the souls and mind of men. The newspaper can shatter a man's faith in mankind..." declares a school paper editorial on the problem of pornography.

A large part of the campaign for decency hits the written page that goes off the rollers of poisonous printing presses. The outgrowth on the mind of the youth by the obscene, filthy, pornographic books, comics, newspapers, and magazines, according to scientific survey, the *Sentinel* reveals, is immensely horrible. Hundreds of books, written for profit and to excite passion, treat on the sexual relations of men and women, and illustrated pictures of the most indecent sort. In these we read of stories disturbing to the emotions.

The Holy Ghost Crusaders, an association of students of Holy Ghost College, Manila, stepped up their campaign on decency when they gathered obscene reading materials and set them on fire.

The *Sentinel*, Catholic weekly, carried this news item in its column: "Thousands of pornographic magazines were burned in a public bonfire staged here (Mexico city) to highlight the morality crusade by the hierarchy and Mexican Catholic Action."

The crusade for decency, whether in fashions, motion pictures, or in printed pages, is the concern of modern youth in order, above all, to restore things for Christ and to stem the tide of unchastity. #

I have written and for the sake of the students who read them, I dedicate my answers to their questions.

At the outset, to read a poem one must have imagination. What is imagination?

Somewhere in the pages of the Book of Knowledge, imagination is portrayed when it worked, "A boy picks up a twig and call it a King." What manner of magic has transformed a single, twisted twig into a wondrous King to the eyes of the lad? A twig, a King? But yes, it can be a King or a precious jewel or a golden stallion to take him to high adventures to rescue a maiden fair guarded by mean, man-eating dragons.

A PROSE

(Continued)

From the very heart of the pages of the book of life, a boy who woke up to the shadows of a lamp-lighted world... imagined another world glimmering with incandescent light. From this very dream, the boy who was now a man, made his imagination come true when he set the whole world blazing with his incandescent lamp. Yet, as a boy, people branded him a foolish, dream-struck boy. Young Tom Edison, they called him. He was a harmless enough lad, but they just couldn't understand why he couldn't understand why he couldn't stop from fooling around with Ben Franklin's useless electricity.

It is a sad thing that most of us, as we grow older, lose its value and can no longer think of a twig as anything else but a twig. We refuse to make beautiful an awkward and ugly thing—we refuse to decorate the world we live in with costless imagination and continue to live in a drab and colorless existence... forgetting, that imagination is the magic carpet on which the greatest thinkers of the human race rode on their way to reality.

Here are the questions:

(a) Are you a Modern Poet?

I am not even trying to be a modern poet nor am I a poet in every sense of the word. I do not make poems—I release poems if poems are what is imprisoned inside my personality.

Very Rev. Fr. Gansewinkel said I write good poems. Take it from him. I'm only a Carolinian stoffer. It is your sorry lot that I prize his opinion.

Education?

No, Thank You!

(Continued from page 14)

not only for Jo...er, I mean that girl in the front row. I wouldn't have taken this subject... and it seems that I'm stuck with it. I hope they'll call a class meeting sometimes this month so that I can...

Well, he wanted a class excursion to some place he thought would be very educational... and; quite possibly, a fine chance for him to offer a leg of a fried chick to the "girl in the front row." (O temporal)

Religion, too, has taken a back seat among our young... students or otherwise. In spite of what the priests say in the pulpits about man's obligation towards his Creator, this group of young people still persists in adopting the attitude that "God knows that we're too young to be serious" and that since He is all-good and all-knowing they think that maybe He will give them a second chance. (Frankly, I hope He does.) #

(b) **Do you like modern poetry?**

Let's put it this way. Some like to ride in an ancient ox-drawn cart and the rest like to take a car. I don't see why I have to ride in a cart when I still have a long way to go. I suppose that if my destination or my thoughts were just around the corner...

Look, some thousand years ago, people used to eat with bare hands. Nowadays we have spoons and forks to do that. Must I use my bare hands to prove I know a little about convention too? I suppose that in those days, if I did use a spoon and fork they'd think I was in cahoots with some evil thing or something.

OF POETRY

rom page 6)

(c) **Most readers get a wrong slant of your work. Does this affect you in any way?**

I am neither here nor there about the whole matter. But I do not need to be understood since I have never endeavored to dedicate my work to anything vulgar or unholly. On the contrary, I am rather glad that I am misunderstood. The progress of the world have and always will thrive on the things that cannot be comprehended and taken as evil in the beginning. Of course what I write is very small and should not run on that scale. But it runs on the same level.

(d) **How about being called Godless?**

I'm really being called Godless since it is in dedication to God that I write. I can face all criticisms since I do not heed people to understand me, knowing that those who understand, know that my themes are mostly the relation of God and man. But I will not stand being called a Godless person for that would be underestimating the very heart and love of God. No man is Godless for God does not belong to one alone or to a special group. Everyone may claim godliness, but no one has a claim on Him. It is not for us to talk about God as if He were a chair. I can be chairless, yes, but I cannot be Godless because He is part of everything and everyone. No one on earth has a right to take the place of God and call his fellowmen, Godless. It is for God to call me or you, Godless because it is

(Continued on page 32-33)

The Graduate School Dean On Research I and II

(Continued from page 17)

down one or the other beautiful or obscene poem. It is not based primarily on brainwaves not even on intuitive thinking. The mentality for research is that of an army reconnaissance officer or patrolman who is set to creep even into the pockets of a general but to come out alive to report his findings. Research is based on curiosity, that funny feeling and urge, that passion for knowing things and the pleasure of having Something found out! I often doubt whether my students know the pleasure and the curiosity of studying!

Another element of research is interest in the factors of life and life's circumstances. That steady and sturdy will to find out what is behind something not only for the fun of knowing but because we have got into our veins that thirst for what is what.

By that it may slowly turn into an eagerness for knowledge. Materialistic gains and even practical sides of the matter concerned are not so much our ideal as well the knowledge itself. Student, do you feel in your bones the happiness of knowing much and knowing deeply? Do you feel the great joy of really comprehending something that is important in life or in science? Did you ever taste the pleasure and the high spirited joy of finding the solution to a problem... may it be practical or speculative...? Because as soon as you have acquired this longing for spiritual joy and for the happiness of study you are on the right path to become a searcher for Truth. Even this search for truth is a double-sided affair. First of all it means to dig deeper and deeper to find the foundations of our knowledge and to base our science on heavier and more serious reasons. It means testing your acquired knowing at its tenableness and finding out what you thought was true is really true and is based on reality.

It is the testing of your own knowledge as well as the testing and probing of the knowledge of others.

Secondly there is the last factor in research at its highest stage: not only we desire and long for the *veritas logica*—the logical truth—whether my ideas are based on the Reality outside my thinking but

also the longing and desiring to find the absolute Truth... the *Veritas Ontologica*... which is ultimately God himself or as the Indian philosophers call it: the Ultimate Reality. Usually Man Oriental is horrified by the transitoriness of his existence and he is haunted by the idea of Death waiting for him. It is this horror of contingency that made the Indian a philosopher in a speculative and practical way. It made him a searcher for Truth.

This is the attitude of any scientific man to long for the Truth and the Ultimate Reality and this should bring you... student of the Graduate School... to the eagerness to study everything that has connection with your field of specialization and the craving for being a man or woman of profession and the longing of being an authority in your study.

That is research and thus research is part and parcel of student's and professor's life. This is his happiness and great joy because he is living for nothing less than Truth and Reality. †

Don Sergio Osmeña

(Continued from page 15)

varied background in astute leadership was the best man for that singularly difficult proposition. And, in the end, he discharged his responsibilities with honor to himself and to the people amid circumstances that were, for the most part, extremely, critical.

Now, even in retirement, Sergio Osmeña is a name that is not lost to contemporary affairs of the state. The counsel of the Grand Old Man is still very eagerly sought by people from all stations of life. He is an idol whose appointed place, even in his lifetime, is a warm, intimate page in Philippine history.

Of him, it is to be owned that we, Carolinians, cannot speak otherwise than with reverence and respect. To pay him our homage however humble, to reverence him, is an opportunity, an honor even, which we cannot neglect. He was once a Carolinian. We are proud of him, and to sustain this pride, we have to reassure ourselves that because he was "Once A Carolinian, Always..." †

(Continued from page 28)

enough to giving them a good, unforgettable lesson.

He grunted and drove his legs down the corridor toward the couple's room. He smashed his fist against the door.

—Dellin, Dellin... Imelda, wake up... wake up both of you!

Imelda, the boy's mother, appeared in the door at once.

—What is it Papa, has something happened?

—Is the boy here?

—No, Papa. I sent him to church to study with the catechists.

—Then it's so.

A QUIET TOWN

—Has something happened to Raul, Papa?

—The boy's got himself in a fight.

—What? Where?

—What does it matter where?

(Don Domingo bombarded the already terrified young woman) Rouse up that anemic husband of yours and get into some decent dress. We're going to get my grandson and if he's hurt, I'm going to tear the heart out of everyone who laid a hand on him.

Imelda disappeared from the door immediately. Don Domingo, still quivering with rage, went down the wide stairs and negotiated the spacious and over-decorated living room. Twenty or more hands had assembled in the driveway by the garage. They grew stiff and watchful as they saw the old man fuming and snorting like a mad bull. Something gruesome was afoot. They had not seen the old man as angry as this for a long time and they waited with fear and anticipation of what was to come.

—Where are the rest of you? (Don Domingo roared.)

—They are coming, Señor... they...

—I don't have enough time for explanations, (the old man said) arm yourselves and follow the car!

Now, Don Domingo was a strange and confusing man. In his youth (as of now) he was hard and aloof. Still clinging to the idea that the islands discovered by his ancestors still belonged to them, he grabbed lands, fought his way into national prominence and crushed those who were fools enough to stand in his way and defy him. But he was also a warm-hearted man. He had never clung to his money desperately. The wages that his employees received were more than ample. In their per-

He who knows when I or you will be without Him.

I'd like to see anyone who'll come out in the open and say that God is nearer to Him than me. Simmer or Saint, God knows who belongs in His Kingdom.

(e) I'd like an explanation of your last poem. "Polinaise." Some readers think it is out of bounds.

Must, "pollination," God's way of spreading his nature, always mean something dark and evil; when by its very process the human race and the wonder of the smoldering magnificence of nature around him be

A PROSE

(Continued)

shameful?

I love carnations. I love my Mother—together they weave a magic inside me that makes me surrender my whole being to this vast Cathedral of God. If that is bad... then, is there a way to be good by paving a way, away from the ways of God?

Does the union of the BLOOM of the flowers and the BEAT of the heart that results in the harmony

alone, held them both at bay. But so much had been said already. Words that had been sealed tight in the lips of grudge-filled hearts had poured out freely; naked emotions had been bared unknowingly and now, there were reasons that men should fight.

—x—

The marketplace was the scene of a swelling bedlam. Words had reached its inhabitants that Tirso had been badly mutilated by the grandson of Don Domingo. And, like a raging flame, the rumor grew and grew into a devouring monster and fired the heart of even the most peaceable man among them. Tirso being beaten to lifelessness by the grandson of a thief? It would have been reasonable, had the grandson been all alone when the injury was inflicted; but using henchmen in a fight between boys? How much abuse should they stand from that Spanish adulterer? Days have changed. Their eyes were not closed... their minds not empty as their fathers and grandfathers had been. Did Don Domingo Mendocza think that he could do this sort of things to them forever?

There was a sudden uproar. Gorio was standing on one of the stools, waving a mean-looking knife.

—Listen, (he pleaded) listen, my friends. You all know Tirso. My dral of God. I that is bad... then.

(Continued on page 42)

THE PENDULUM IN THE CHURCH

(Continued from page 30)

tion of the laws of equilibrium and the principle of virtual velocities.

Galileo was the first to show that the path of a projectile is a parabola. His emphasis on momentum as a fundamental quantity in dynamics is of prime importance. His explanation of the path of projectiles indicates that he had grasped the first law and the second law of motion. He did not generalize them so as to make them applicable to bodies not subject to the earth's gravitation. That step was taken by Newton. Galileo also did not fully grasp the third law of motion, though he corrected some errors of Aristotle.

Galileo's first significant contribution to astronomy occurred in 1604 while he was a professor in Padua. The occasion was a new star seen

OF POETRY

(page 31)

of Nature and Man, two of God's masterpieces, deserve such a man-made song as "Polinaise"? Or could it only be accomplished by the hand of God as He luses one into the other by pollination and encompasses the whole earth by its very cadence and Holy perpetuity?

It's really a simple matter of trying to understand, trying to misunderstand... or not trying at all.

To quote Edith Stowell again, "My ardent hope is that readers will go out and find poetry for themselves, and will not be dismayed by certain critics who tell the reader he must not ask for delight in poetry, but for instruction and who read into every poem something what is not there. A good deal of clean, healthy fun without the slightest trace of vulgarity can be gained, however, from reading these critics if we do not take them seriously, or allow their self-complacency to irritate us beyond endurance." ‡

(Continued from page 29)

mal review should take place just before examination.

11. **The Whole Method.** Much stress has been placed on the value of the whole method of learning because it enables the learner to acquire continuity of thought and to see the problem as a whole. It gives advantage of causing the learner to work larger units, seeing the inter-relationship of parts and obtaining their logical sequence.

12. **Intensive Reading.** This means not to hurry. Nobody can study in haste. Assume the feeling of digging deep into the lesson. If the student makes through the lesson quickly, his attitude is sure to render his learning ineffective. There is a complete incompatibility between hurried studying and obtaining the thought presented on a printed page.

13. **Understanding the Assignment.** The student should know the problems, experiments, topics or units assigned to him what preparation is required for his written work; the points and difficulties emphasized by the teacher; the scope, content, and form of the assignment.

14. **Independent Work.** The student should learn to form his own judgment, to solve his own problems. It means that the student

in the heavens, a nova, which had aroused great interest among scientists, students and laymen everywhere. In a public lecture Galileo demonstrated, on the basis of careful observation, that the new star was truly a star. In 1610, Galileo described his introduction to the telescope, in his great book "The Siderial Messenger". There are several independent claimants to its invention, but there is no doubt that Galileo was the first to turn the telescope to observation of the heavenly bodies. It was an experience unique in the history of man.

He showed that the moon was not a plane reflector, as it was generally supposed to be, but an orb with a rough surface of mountain and valley, precisely like our earth. He showed, too, that the sun was not a simple globe of light, but that he had immense dark spots upon the face,

(Continued on page 34)

student should understand the purpose of such devices as index, appendix, footnotes, maps, tables, illustrations, vocabulary and use them frequently.

17. **Application of Knowledge.** The student should try to put into practical use the facts and information which he has acquired. This he should do as soon as possible by thinking, talking, and writing about subjects and things which he has learned.

18. **Use of Available Materials.** The student should learn how to use available material aids in the library such as maps, references,

magazines, encyclopedias, dictionaries, atlases, digests, annual reports, statistical reports, etc.

19. **Systematizing the Lesson.** Acquiring the habit of systematizing the lesson is of particular importance to learning. The student should learn to take notes of the direction and suggestions given by the teacher in order to understand the assignment. To a large extent, notes are cues to the content of the

How to Study Effectively

should learn to cultivate self-reliance, determination, and independence in his work. He should seek help only after he has exhausted his own resources.

15. **Preparing The Lesson.** Preparing the lesson everyday is particularly important because adherence to it develops habits of regularity and punctuality.

16. **Proper Use of Textbooks.** In the proper use of textbooks the

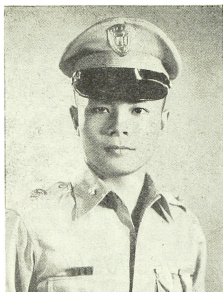


Attention and Concentration — the greatest role in the learning process. (Posed by Liberal Arts students)

material that has been studied. They may also serve as a brief record of difficult portions of the lesson. They are especially helpful when the student wishes to refer to previous lessons.

20. **Developing Interest.** Interest accelerates learning primarily on account of the attention which it conditions. Interest too, heightens the effort of the learner.

(To be continued)



Cdt Lt Col G. S. YBAÑEZ, Inf
1st Bn Commander

Born: City of Cebu

"Gumer", as he is known to intimate friends, or Mr. Battalion Commander, to many of the first year Basic cadets, is a personality wrapped in Napoleonic traits: aggressive, determined, careful.

A Colegio de San Jose product from elementary, high school, up to Pre-Law, he is. The blend of leadership and social habits is noticeable in his dealings with people. Thus, as a Boy Scout he was awarded the Leadership Medal, an Evening News Food Production Campaign Medal. As a Senior Patrol Leader he represented Cebu Council in the Joined Boy Scout 1st National Encampment at Baguio City. More: Capt of the CSJ Liberal Arts Team, President of the Liberal Arts Organization, News Editor of the CSJ school Organ. A platoon Sergeant, platoon leader, Company Commander, now, 1st

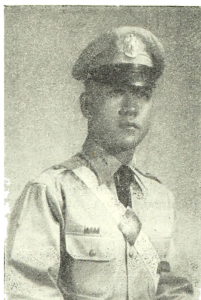
ROTC Briefs

(Continued from page 16)

Maj Florencio Villarín, Cadette Major Agnes Sian; 1st Bn Cmdr, Cdt Lt Col Gumersindo Ibañez, Cadette Lt Col Heien Hautea; 2nd Bn Commander, Cdt Lt Col Francisco Miolo, Cadette Lt Col Teresita Mabugat, Cdt Maj Ben Gonzalez, Cadette Maj Imelda Loquillano; Cdt Maj Penito Rosell, Cadette Maj Marietta Egay; Cdt Maj Jesus Medallin, Cadette Maj Jesus Silacan; Cdt Maj Antonio Ybañez, Cadette Maj Edith Ocamte; Cdt Maj Felipe Tajada, Cadette Maj Eleonor Morgan; Cdt Capt Jose Deen, Cadette Capt Marilyn Vallejo; Cdt Capt Amorito Cañete, Cadette Capt Lorna Delute; Cdt Capt Winifredo Geonzon, Cadette Capt Catalina Cambongga; Cdt Capt Felipe Labucay, Cadette Capt Carolina Canaya; Cdt Capt Rolando Leyson, Cadette Capt Daphne Quinto; Cdt Capt Gregorio Alenton, Cadette Capt Pura Cantingub; Cdt Capt Vicente Belarmino, Cadette Capt Julie Mercado; Cdt Capt Manuel Tomboc, Cadette Capt Carmencita Sa-a; Cdt Capt Eduardo Quirante, Cadette Capt Angela Bendigo; Cdt 1st Lt Jose Ros, Cadette 1st Lt Luella Lacson; Cdt 1st Lt Louie Batongmalaque, Cadette 1st Lt Milagros Evangelista, Cdt 2nd Lt Dominador Turno, Jr., Cadette 2nd Lt, Natividad Ilao; and Cdt 2nd Lt Manuel Lim, Jr., Cadette 2nd Lt Antonietta Gaboya.

Battalion Commander.

Parents: Judge Filomeno Ybañez, Assistant Fiscal Catalina S. Ybañez. Sir, mission accomplished.



Cdt Col MELECIO AJERO, Inf
Corps Commander

Born: Santa Cruz, Manila

Friends, meet the Corps Commander. As a leader, firm. As a man, desirable. In conversation, soft-spoken, sincere. Above all, a gentleman.

Completed the Secondary course in the University of San Carlos Boys' Hi Dept. Presently, an Architecture student. A 1st Sergeant, platoon leader, Company Commander, finally, Corps Commander. He is a medalist in ROTC, Supreme Commander of the USC Sword Fraternity. The above portrait, to some extent, portrays the external profile of him, though a reservoir of manliness, friendship, is abundantly present, waiting to be explored. Meet him, if you haven't done so, for you'll never meet a finer pal.

The Pendulum in the Church

(Continued from page 33)

and that these mathematicians mark the transition from the Middle Ages to the era of spots had motion, in other words, that the sun himself had motion about an axis. Furthermore, Galileo discovered the largest four satellites of the planet, Jupiter, and was able to prove that these moons revolve around the planet just as our moon revolves around the earth. He found that the planet Venus had phases like those of the moon, a fact which Copernicus was able to predict, but which he could not demonstrate because he had only his own natural vision to make observations with.

According to I. B. Cohen ("Galileo" in Scientific American, August 1949), "the massive achievements of the Italian physicist, astronomer and modern science... Galileo's greatest general contribution was the idea that mathematics was the language of mo-

tion, and that change was to be described mathematically, in a way that would express both its complete generality and necessity, as well as its universality and applicability to the real world of experience... The most important influence on Galileo's thinking undoubtedly was Archimedes, but whereas the latter had constructed a geometry of rest, Galileo built a geometry of motion."

Frederick Copleston, in his "History of Philosophy," Vol. 3, writes: "It is clear that in the astronomy of the Renaissance hypothesis as well as observation played an indispensable role. But the fruitful combination of hypothesis and verification (both in astronomy and in mechanics, would not have been possible without the aid of mathematics. In the 16th and

(Continued on page 13)

A Visit to the Atis of Janiuay, Iloilo

(Continued from page 19)

continue to support his children who must stay with their mother. All men (family heads) said that to separate from a wife is very difficult and they continued by saying that to practice polygamy is strictly against their customs and traditions.

The honor of women among these people is highly respected. The case of a young man who failed to fulfill his promise to marry a woman was cited to me. The young man paid seven pesos in cash and he forfeited the house he built for his bride to be in favor of the woman's parents. Rape is a serious crime. The offender is mauled or may be killed by the relatives of the girl; and besides he is ostracized by the whole settlement.

It is not a cheap affair to get married. A prospective groom must be able to pay for the services of the *huwes* (about two to five pesos), for the ceremonies, for the dance, and feast that follow after the marriage. Marriage feasts and dances are attended by all the Negritos from the neighboring settlements. Christians are also invited to the affair. The *huwes* who officiates in the marriage instructs the young couple on their responsibilities towards marital life. Blood relatives, even if distant ones, are not allowed to get married. Usually the married couple go to live in their own house.

Their houses are of varied forms. Some of them still use the wind-screen or a modification of it. Others have adopted the Christian type of dwellings. Usually seen in their houses are their tools and weapons.

The Atis still use the bow and arrow for hunting and protection of the home. (I bought two bows and several arrows for our future anthropological and historical museum in the university.) They use the *sumbring*, a short small spear, for killing *hala* and *bid* (two kinds of large lizards) and also *milo* (a kind of wildcat). Occasionally they go to the forests to hunt monkeys, deer, and wild pigs. For agricultural purposes they have their *sundang* (bolo) and the ever present digging stick. The latter is used for planting corn, rice, etc., and for digging up roots.

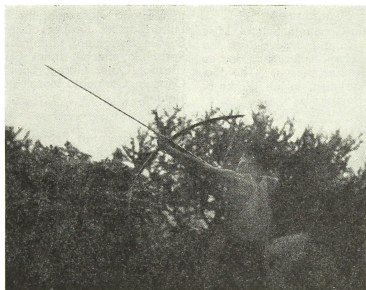
Economically these people are poor. They sorely lack clothes. But

as of now they no longer use G-strings and bark cloth skirts. In general, however, they are scantily dressed. They are undernourished. In fact in Simon I saw two women sick with lung disease and one old woman in Balud had an enlarged neck, probably goiter.

Childbirth is taken care of by the native *mananabang* ("midwife"). In emergencies almost all Ati women know how to perform the task of a "midwife." Two days after giving birth the women resume their chore. Children are educated through imitation from their parents. The boys are taught how to hunt, trap, and work in the *kaingin* (clearing). The girls are trained

by the mothers to do the house-keeping and how to gather different kinds of roots—medicinal or roots to be used for food. Some Ati children have gone to school but none of them have finished the primary grades. The teachers say that when these children feel the urge to roam in the forests, they would be absent from the classes for weeks. One of the teachers said that the Atis learn easily.

A closer study of these people is important. A study of the Ati racial problem, customs, language, religion, and their knowledge of plants is a challenge to researchers. A challenge to us... youth of our mother-land. ‡



Another Ati draws a bow.

The Wrath of Lilo

(Continued from page 18)

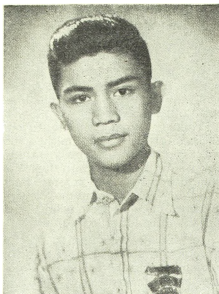
lo's warning. Nobody dared go against Lilo's warning.

However, in one of the villages along the banks of the Manaba river dwelt a beautiful maiden by the name of Balid. She had many suitors. Among her suitors was Toriano whom she favored a little. But in doing so she asked him to obtain one of the stones from Lilo's hoard. Toriano who loved Balid better than his life agreed to get one. He went to the forbidden river bend, Calilo. Dutifully he dove for the stone but he never came up.

He was drowned and his body was never found.

As a result of the infraction of Lilo's warning, the water level of the river receded. The fish, shrimps, and shells that used to be plentiful disappeared. And due to the low water level the villagers could no longer irrigate their fields. As a further punishment every year the Manaba river claims a human life.

Today when a person drowns in the river, the old folks say that Lilo is mad again. ‡



R. LUGAY

merce. The College of Education hauled out 24 graduates.

From the Graduate School, Miss Remedios Galang solved up the stage to receive her Master's degree in English. Her thesis: "The Elements of Patriotism in the Works of Carlos P. Romulo."

Lugay to Represent USC In UN Oratorical Tilts In Manila

Rafael Lugay copped the first prize in the UN Oratorical contest sponsored by the Dept. of Education Central Visayas region, which was held at the gymnasium of the University of the Visayas. The participating colleges were: The University of San Carlos; University of the Visayas, Southern Colleges, Colegio de la Inmaculada Concepcion and Rafael Palma Colleges (Bohol).

The second and third prizes went to Miss Clara Principe of the Rafael Palma Colleges and to Mr. Bienvenido Amora, of the U.V.

Mr. Lugay will be USC's representative in the semi-finals that will be held on Oct. 15 in Manila. USC will be well represented by him. He has already won three gold medals and one cup out of his oratorical prowess. He received the 1st prize cup of the UN till donated by Very Rev. Fr. Herman Kondring, SVD, Rector of this University. Principe and Amora got the gold and silver medals respectively.

Mr. Bernard Lavin, chief of the USIS (Cebu), Atty. N. Alifio, and Atty. Alfred Deen composed the board of judges.

USC News

(Continued from page 27)

Sigma Phi Rhoans Organized

USC's spotlight sorority, The Sigma Phi Rho, started their 1955-56 school-year activity with a new set of officers. After the new members were introduced to the organization, the Very Reverend Father Rector delivered a brief address. Mr. Lolito Gozum, Dean of the College of Commerce, inducted the new officers elected. The affair culminated with a Dinner at the swanky Capitol Hotel where the Rector, the Commerce Dean and the advisers were guests.

The new officers of the sorority are: Most Exalted Sister, Tita Perez; Exalted Sister, Natty Villahermosa; Most Trusted Exchequer, Carmen Borromeo; Trusted Exchequer, Carmen Leano; Keeper of the Records, Lilia Kiamco; Keeper of the Keys, Sophie Borromeo; (Informer) PRO, Perla Goyeneche; Inner Guard, Fe Hirang; Outer Guard, Lourdes Dy; Chasers, Carmelita Morales and Lily Delima.

Famed German Professor Joins USC Faculty

A most welcome addition to the Chemistry faculty is the eminent Dr. Wilhelm Bruell. He arrived in Cebu last August 19th while the nation was celebrating the anniversary of Quezon's birthday.

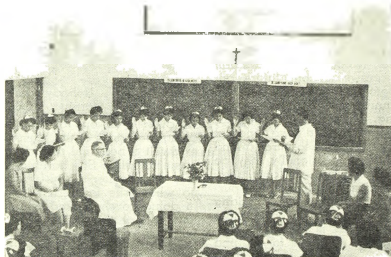
Dr. Wilhelm Bruell is a German chemist by profession, a scientist by inclination, and a Catholic by religion. He was born 53 years

ago in the northern part of Germany. He obtained his Ph.D. degree in Chemistry in the University of Goettingen in 1926. After graduation, he served as head of a section in the Chemical Institute of the same university. From this institute came great men who distinguished themselves in the field of science.

In the Chemical Institute, Dr. Bruell devoted his time in pure research, mostly on antimony compounds, phase diagrams, and other related things. From his works, came about half a dozen publications which appeared in leading German chemistry journals.

In 1934, Dr. Bruell was invited by the SVD Fathers to organize and direct the Chemistry Department of the Catholic University of Peking (Fu Jen). His department through his lectures became very famous and well-liked, so that many students from other universities went to Fu Jen only to attend his Chemistry lectures. He was arrested by the communists in 1951, underwent (but resisted) brain-washing and in 1954, he was finally released. He came to the Philippines and spent ten days in USC out of the three-week spell in this country. Then he went back to Hamburg, Germany to join his wife and two children.

Last August 19th he came back. He is now in the University of San Carlos doing his scientific work and making some researches. We hope that Dr. Bruell will stay with us permanently. —*Exter Villanueva*



Induction of new sorority officers held in USC's spacious lecture and projection room.

There Are Smiles . . .

(Continued from page 7)

Sermon on the Mount. A Nova Scotian humorist, Thomas C. Haliburton, once said about a smile: "It changes like a chameleon. There is a vacant smile, a cold smile, a smile of hate, a satiric smile, and affected smile; but above all, a smile of love." But Haliburton failed to say that once a chameleon, always a chameleon. So that if Krushchev's campaign of smiles had for its source, the Marx-Engels-Lenin doctrines, we can truly see that these smiles are nothing but a stable of Trojan horses. The question again arises: how should one treat a Krushchev smile? Well, treat it as if Lucifer himself was asking you a personal favor to shoot a Saint with a water pistol.

If what you think of Communists are similar to what we have in mind, then we believe we meet in this common ground: that the Red smile is cold, vacant, hateful, satiric, cunning and, most of all, dirty. ‡

What Do You Think?

(Continued from page 29)

forgotten that a copy of the *Carolinian* is sent to the General. What will be his concept of the San Carlos community?

Since the writers of this paper are a select representative of the group they are expected to have a strong and high moral fiber; they should dispense with all ideas that are very cheapening and never disseminate suggestive indecent thoughts that are never palatable to a morally grounded sensible educated being. If a school organ typifies the school it represents, then we shall hope to have really educated writers who can make the renown of San Carlos live and continue to live among the millions who have heard the Name!

(Miss) LEONOR S. BORROMEIO:

The bulk of *Carolinian* "literature" reflects the average campus attitude: a lack of that elusive depth, that seriousness which makes literature inspirational instead of being merely informative and amusing.

(Mrs.) ROSARIO A. DE VEYRA:

Some sections are too smart sleeky and should be tamed down.



● our critics need not live in fear of the reactions that may be evoked by their "uncomplimentary" and, for the matter of that, unsavory comments on the *carolinian* college writers. if their conclusions are sound and acceptable to their fans and clientele, they should enjoy their sleep, personally, if for their efforts alone, they should be idolized for their defense of the anglo-saxon language against the slur that has been cast upon it by college writers of our type.

● we do not seek to question the enthronement of our eminent english nabobs in the literary hierarchy of the university, but we are, nevertheless, bewitched, bothered and bewildered by their unfair pronouncement on our literary competence. it is true that we have incurred their ire. it is all right by us if their philippics are aimed at exorcising us from the coterie of the literati of which they must imagine themselves as lifetime members, but we are loathe to think that in consequence of this design, they would have us admit to their idolators that we believe "the baser the subject matter, the higher the level of thought." we are mortified no end to say that we never had the brilliant idea in mind. indeed, it is a pity that we have neglected to pursue the thought in order to accommodate our critics and thereby give them cause to hit us harder, but we own it as one of our many foibles that we have seen fit not to adopt the idea because . . . so help us . . . we cannot find any excuse to agree with them on this point.

● then, among their assignment of errors, they claim that we mistake "crudity and vulgarity for wit." now, rollo, isn't that witty! for one thing, we never pretend to any degree of witticism. for another, if our critics have stumbled in some mysterious way upon this conclusion [because they have perhaps discerned some wit in the writings], the readers are assured that the observation has been made without our assistance.

● further, according to the esteemed reviewers, we "feel that a bizarre style which shatters the elementary rules of grammar stands for literary superiority." this is a case of putting the words into our mouth. how do they know what we feel? have they, just for fun, overstepped the pale of literature to ply their trade in clairvoyance?

● "our english teachers need not shed one tear over the loss of delicacy in "make mine madnes": it has none to speak of, madnes: is it delicate, fragile, tender? is it indelicate, coarse or brusque? we hold that madnes yields to no cut-and-dried cataloguing. madnes is not governed by canons and rules of conduct or usage. . . to the same extent that a dangling modifier or split infinitive is subject to various grammatical impositions.

● as for the dear departed "on da level," we maintain that the genesis of the hottentots or the principles of hydrodynamics, written in the fashion of a research fellow, would be ridiculous and would certainly appear incongruous in the column. "on da level" was intended for madame la gimp, mike hammer, hoppy uniatz and their "famby," but definitely, it had no ambition to be a prescribed textbook for freshman english.

● some of our critics deride us for our fondness of slang while still others attack us on the ground that what we write is not slang at all but is something which cannot afford to pay its bills for a night's lodging in the dictionary. we confess that this is getting to be confusing, and then again, a lady teacher indignantly branded our style as "workin'gman's english." now, what's wrong with that? does she prefer english in a strait jacket? o tempora, o mores!!

Buddy Linton

...What Do You Think..

Conducted

Editorial Comment:

Commentaries about the August issue came in sooner than we had expected notwithstanding the fact that not all of the six thousand copies were immediately distributed in a week's time. We received reports that some of our English professors were not exactly happy over the issue. Sources close to us reported that some of them de-valued in the classrooms every article, poem or column they happened not to like. Our informers told us that one teacher in the classroom, described the kind of English used in that edition as that of a "workingman's" English and even went further to decry the lavish use of slang expressions by B. Quitorio in his column, "On da Level". She admitted however, that Buddy was once-upon-a-time her student just for one month... too short a time, of course, for her to curb Buddy's "slanguage." Our concern however is her concept of a "workingman's" English. Are we to understand that all workingmen do not use, talk, or write good English? Are we to understand that dockhands, carpenters, or even office boys do not know good English?

Another teacher asked her composition class to write something about the columns, poems and articles appearing in that edition (We are able to read some selected opinions written in that class. Of course, they were complimentary — What with the teacher around!)

Most of our teacher-critics trained their guns at Quitorio's column and also, at the author of one poem entitled, "Polinaise(?)". We have requested them to put their opinions in writing. And write, they did. And print them, we did too. The reader should note that, in this issue, we are printing their comments in toto: not a word less, not a word more.

But this discussion is not limited only to the handful few who were then ruthless in their protests. We have also solicited comments from the students — mostly composed of newcomers to this University. We have Sammy Fabroz to thank for that.

The reader should also note well that any commentary made by one faculty member is strictly her own and not necessarily belonging to the department she happens to be in. As regards their views, Mr. Erasmus Diola was not able to get all of them. According to him, some gave flimsy excuse such as "I'm too busy" or "I am not a writer." Nevertheless he was able to get a short comment from Mr. Fioreto. We quote him: "I agree with Mrs. Gil's observations although I must admit that the Carolinian is very popular among the students."

Now, here. What do you think.....

.....About Our Campus Writers?

THE FACULTY:



(Miss) GERTRUDES R. ANG:

Only a few points need be mentioned here. The Carolinian should be regarded as a challenge to the ability of every student writer. He does not have to wait for a nationally-circulated magazine to make him write something really big, imposing and difficult. Our college paper is intended to be the seedbox of the writing talent in school. Hence, it will be here that the rough edges will be hewn off slowly, even painfully. But that is because no writer can underestimate the importance of the stern discipline which is the lot of every aspiring artist. The student writer does not write for money; his is a labor of love.

Among other things, let every Carolinian contributor strive after these qualities: good taste, which is good manners in writing; not only a promising but a growing technical skill; persistence and a steady determination to give every reader his time's worth; enough imagination to enable him to write a plausible tall tale if he has a mind to. Then, he must not yield to the temptation to dash off just something about anything which ends up very often as a space filler. Let us also have more collegiate-sound-

About Our CAMPUS WRITERS?

ERASMUS DIOLA

ing titles for our columns and feature articles.

For writers such as these, the *Carolinian* extends her arms in welcome. This is an invitation to better writing.

(Mrs.) AVELINA J. GIL

What do I think of the *Carolinian* college writers? I think they can be very much better than they now are. For informative articles or straight reporting, our writers are dependable and interesting. In the latest issue of the *Carolinian*, for example, Miss Amigable's article on Fr. Kondring was sympathetic, her analysis keen and systematic, her language straightforward. "ROTC Briefs" and the pictorial section writeups were lightly written, certainly in keeping with the subject being discussed.

But for creative writing our college writers show, on the whole, a wrong set of values. They mistake crudity and vulgarity in expression for wit; they believe that the baser the subject matter, the higher the level of thought; they feel that a bizarre style which shatters the elementary rules of grammar stands, for literary superiority. . .

"Sanity's Last Stand," written while the author "was yet in high school," shows a marked resemblance to the mouthings of a godless man. . . fit material perhaps for a publication of literary experiments, but assuredly not for the official publication of the students of a Catholic university.

"Triol" is a group of six compositions made up to look like modern poetry. I cannot evaluate their literary excellence since to my old-fashioned taste, "Triol" plays havoc with my concepts of poetry. But I can express a revision for "Polinaise (?)" with its tortured and uncalculated—for inclusion of apes and pollination; I question the delicacy of "Make Mine Madness" with its reference to lingerie and nylons and sin in the darkness of the church; (Continued on page 29)

THE STUDENTS:

AMPARO S. BUENAVENTURA,
Graduate School says:

If my pen is given freedom to give vent to its overflowing generosity, superlative phrases will undoubtedly ooze out incessantly in praise of *The Carolinian*. And decidedly it deserves such lavish commendations! Not that I am saying this simply because I am a *Carolinian*. The fact is, having an individuality all its own, the *Carolinian* can well compare with the other school papers published by other leading universities throughout the Philippines. For this reason, it does not have a hard time scaling the heights of popularity and standing out among the other school papers.

Judging from the various literary contributions gracing its pages, the students if given enough encouragement could really bring forth those "precious little gems" of literary talent hidden in their unexplored minds. Time and encouragement alone are needed to bring into full display the same latent ability to write.

In its entirety, *The Carolinian* virtually shows the unmistakable signs of the students' interest to write and the indelible spirit of the staffers in their effort to bring out the best of their genius. Orphans to them! And may *The Carolinian* forever have its hold in the heart of every ardent reader!



Miss BUENAVENTURA



Miss SANCHEZ

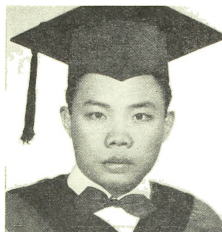
ROSIE SANCHEZ,
College of Law says:

The "*Carolinian*" in general is an interesting school organ. Its poems and short stories interest not only students of San Carlos but also students of other schools and even those who are already out of school. In spite of this fact, however, I may give some criticisms. As I see it, the "*Carolinian*" seems to contain the same faces of students every issue. "Would it not let other people believe that there are not enough students in USC?"

The "Campuscrats" column is the one which I noticed practicing sectionalism or what we call "barrio-barrio system." When a student from, let's say Bohol or Mindanao, is assigned to chat or write for the "Campuscrats" she usually talks only of students from that place although those students might not have done anything worth talking about. Just because they come from the same place, they become the subject matter of the chats or blabberings. This, I say, should not be the case. I believe the "Campuscrats" is not a column only for students who are friends of the author but is a column for students from the different colleges and departments who have achieved something worth praising.

CARLOS A. CLIMACO,
College of Education says:

The "*Carolinian*," as I have observed, is a school organ that de- (Turn to next page)



Mr. CLIMACO

serves the appreciation of the students of the University of San Carlos. I've found it to be a magazine worthy of praise. It deals principally with interesting upright issues based on its noble aim. Its informative contents and its treatment on the core of humor is a distinction of a wide range on the field of writing.

So to say, the "Carolinian" is a valuable magazine to possess. It is of great value to the student-reading public. In one way, it could be of great help to the formation of moral character and literary mental behaviour.

ERLINDA LAYNO.

College of Engineering says:

The student body of this university have every reason to be proud of the "Carolinian." For many reasons I'm proud of it. However, there is one defect which I believe should be given due attention. That is, the use of that so-called "invented slang." Slang, correct slang, is good if in a moderate and right manner. For instance in humorous essays, gossips, and some other forms of chatters, slang is an effective



Miss LAYNO

medium. But even then, I still insist to the use of ordinary English. We don't study slang anyway, we study the correct, standard and formal English.

VILMA CHAVARRIA.

Secretarial Dept. says:

It is not meant to be a compliment or flattery if I say that I am very proud of our school organ "The Carolinian." It is not because of the fact that I am now a Carolinian but because the magazine itself is really good, praise-worthy.

I enjoy reading every issue of the "Carolinian." It's an interesting magazine. The "Campuscrats," most especially, interests and fascinates me much. I also appraise the value of some other articles published. Like those which deal on subjects that make students feel



Miss CHAVARRIA

conscious of their civic as well as their moral obligations to society. In whole or in part, I sincerely admire the "Carolinian" as a school organ.

GLORIA FERRAREN.

College of Pharmacy says:

The hardest task on earth is the giving of a decision. At this particular instance, I am bound to give one. What do I think of the "Carolinian"? Allow me to give my opinion, although I do not belong to the class of writers.

I may begin by saying that our campus writers have the devotion and love for writing. I can glean through their works the product of their literary abilities put in print which, as a whole, is presentable to the reading public. Our campus writers can compare favorably with any other school penpushers. But although it is very pleasant to know that our writers are not lagging behind in this kind of art, it is regrettable to note that some merely write just for the sake of



Miss FERRAREN

writing. Little attempt has been made to polish their write-ups. Half-baked stories, essays, and poems still find their way to our school organ, resulting to a gross discontent on the readers.

Then we must do something to remedy the situation. How? Writers and readers should cooperate. The writers should see to it that they are submitting manuscripts worthy of publication. No reader should be made to suffer a case of mental indigestion from the pens of these budding writers.

There is every hope for a brighter future of our campus writers. Patience and perseverance should be maintained so that our young writers will reach the acme of their success.

LEONARDO G. LOPEZ.

College of Liberal Arts says:

Putting modesty aside, I believe the University of San Carlos has a high standard, insofar as the system of Education is concerned. Then along, it follows that its school organ, "The Carolinian", is something its students can be proud of and brag about. No doubt, I can support this claim before anyone calls

(Continued on page 42)



Mr. LOPEZ

NOTICIAS UNIVERSITARIAS

FCA

Recientemente la Acción Católica vino a ser una organización activa entre los miembros de la facultad de la universidad, la cual fué organizada por el Rdo. Padre Van der Linden, decano del "Graduate School". Dicha organización comenzó su actuación con unos diez maestros. Ahora cuenta unos quince miembros con sus diferentes grupos.

El Padre Van der Linden preside los conferencias semanales. La conferencia se abre con una oración seguida de la lectura de los evangelios explicados y discutidos

greso de la universidad tanto en lo material y en lo espiritual.

COLEGIO DE EDUCACIÓN

El 18 de septiembre por la noche, se celebró el concurso anual de declamación en el salón de actos de la escuela secundaria para chicas. Dicho concurso fué patrocinado por los estudiantes de cuarto año de educación cuyo consejero, Sr. D. Alfredo Ordoña es vice decano de dicho departamento. Esta actividad resultó un éxito. Participaron en el concurso todos los colegios de la universidad. Obtuvo el pri-

legio de Artes Liberales y Ciencias representado por los estudiantes del Colegio de Preparatorio de Derecho bajo su consejero el abogado Sr. D. Catalino Doronio serán responsables del éxito o del fracaso de dicho programa—concurso de oratoria. Participarán en dicho concurso todos los colegios. Según la regla el inglés debe ser el idioma oficial usado en este concurso de oratoria, y como éste coincidirá con el Día de Bonifacio, uno de los héroes nacionales de Filipinas (anteriormente este día era conocido por el Día de los Heroes Nacionales), el tema de los discursos debe ser sobre alguno de estos: nacionalis-

* SPANISH SECTION *

por los miembros. Se delibera también en dichas conferencias sobre el bienestar de los estudiantes y de los maestros. Uno de los puntos que ha logrado interés con éxito es el poner un prefecto de disciplina para los estudiantes, y como la educación aquí es Co-educational, se ha propuesto que haya uno para los caballeros y otra para las damisitas. Otro punto que es digno de mención es el propuesto por el abogado Doronio de que se ponga una luz eléctrica entre el edificio de escuela secundaria de los muchachos y la Iglesia de Santo Rosario para iluminar ese lugar por la noche por el bien de los estudiantes que pasan por allí a su casa, esto se ha completado ya. Hay todavía la mar de beneficios obtenidos por la organización para probar lo que he dicho es la pura verdad y no lo que suponen los que critican la FCA.

En conexión con la propagación de la fe, se ha llegado al acuerdo de que la facultad tenga su misa mensual la cual se celebrará el primer sábado de cada mes; Se ha probado también que los diferentes colegios tengan sus misas respectivas para reavivar en los estudiantes la práctica de la asistencia al Santo Sacrificio de la Misa como ya se hacía antes de la guerra. Se espera que otros miembros de la facultad participen en esta actividad, para el mayor pro-

mo, heroísmo, patriotismo y otros que se relacionan con ellos.

mer lugar y por lo tanto le fué adjudicada la medalla de oro a la Srta. Aleli Aliñabon del Colegio de Educación. El segundo puesto fué adjudicado a la Srta. Norma Boyles del Colegio de Comercio, departamento de Secretariado que recibió la medalla de plata. La Srta. Da Esperanza de Manuel, profesora de inglés del Colegio de Educación preparó a las citadas señoritas. ENHORABUENA! El tercer puesto se adjudicó al Departamento de Normal representado por la Srta. Cresencia Villarino, preparada por la profesora de inglés del departamento citado. Además de los concursantes tomaron parte en el programa de dicha actividad declamando una poesía en español el Sr. Alfredo Ordoña Junior, y una poesía en Tagalog. Sin embargo, estas dos declamaciones fueron incluidas en el programa para demostrar la co-importancia de estos lenguajes con el inglés en la curricula escolar. El Doctor Elbert Moses, un profesor Fullbright que está al presente en Escuela Normal de Cebú fué el presidente del tribunal que debía juzgar y adjudicar los premios.

COLEGIO DE ARTES LIBERALES Y CIENCIAS.

Para el 30 de noviembre proximo por la noche está anunciado un nuevo programa. Esta vez el Co-

COLEGIO DE COMERCIO

Tres graduados de este colegio pasaron el examen del Board para el título de CPA. La Srta. Febes Tan obtuvo el noveno lugar en toda filipinas y los Sres. Juanito Sagara y Rene Loque sacaron promedios satisfactorios. ENHORA-BUENA a los tres.

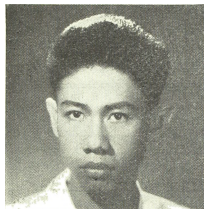
SALIDAS A ESPAÑA Y ESTADOS UNIDOS

La Srta. Rebecca Martin, profesora de lengua española, salió a noche 26 de septiembre para Manila y de allí saldrá para España donde ampliará sus estudios en dicha lengua. La Srta. Mameng Camara, profesora de Economía Doméstica, salió también hace tres semanas para los Estados Unidos con el fin de continuar los estudios de su línea, en aquel país. Las tarde la Srta. Inday Vivera de nuestra biblioteca también profesora de esta universidad en ciencia de biblioteca quiso también mejorar en su línea, por eso tomó la ruta para Estados Unidos. Según la información recibida las últimas dos profesoras se encontraron en Tokyo. ¡Qué afortunadas son estas chicas jóvenes y distinguidas profesoras!

(Continued from page 40)

me a liar or as one blowing his own horn. One may read its essays, short stories, poems, etc. and you will know what I precisely mean.

Although I am appreciative of the magazine in general, however, I felt somehow the need to raise a suggestion. I would like to suggest a change, as little change as not at all, about the column, "Laugh and the World . . ." In this column, cracks printed were simply taken from other magazines by the one in-charge of it. How about writing our own?



Mr. CAINGHUG

CELSO S. CAINGHUG,
College of Liberal Arts says:

As a source of information about the USC campus life, nothing is more reliable than the "Carolinian". If you open its pages you will see that it unfolds before you everything it has in black and white.

I admire the organ's systematic way of gathering information from the campus. It operates in the same manner as the external senses of man do when conveying facts to

A QUIET TOWN

(Continued from page 32)

little Tirso. You all know what they have done to him; you all know who did it. You all know that they did it because we are poor like the rest of you . . . because, (he hesitated) . . . because Don Domingo still thinks that he can crush us like a bunch of flies anytime he pleases. What are we going to do about it? Are we going to keep on complaining and swearing like a crowd of yellow-livered goats?

There was a slow, sinister noise from the crowd. Their pride had been touched . . . nothing short of now. Like wild thunder their answer filled the air.

—No, no! Let us fight!

—Then, let's go! (Gorio commanded as he jumped from the stool)

From the marketplace, they surged out into the streets. Old men, young men, boys and girls and young women and old women with angry faces, marching like still-eyed lunatics . . . no longer a crowd, but a mob bent on disaster. On the unfriendly streets, the rest of the townfolks had gathered about the line of sari-sari stores. Not knowing what it was all about, they followed the mass out of curiosity. Not in any advent of the history of Mahilum, had such a gigantic crowd turned out at one instance. In the dying heat of the descending sun, tempers rose and rose to dizzying heights.

From the main street, came Don Domingo's black limousine prowling a huge, droning beetle. In an instant, silence fell upon the crying mob lead by Gorio that had gathered beneath the growing shadow of the church. Soon, silence invaded every partisan and non-partisan alike. Who could be sure who was with the old man and who was not?

Among them, were no markers to show the brand of the next man. To be sure, the men behind the car were armed heavily . . . that was something to think about.

When Don Domingo alighted from the car, anxiety hung over the people like a cloud darkening their expectations. Those who had so violently swore his name before, were forced to make second-thought surveillances by the calculated coldness of his complete disregard for their number. There was absolutely nothing in his stance, as he lowered over most of them, that showed any sign of fear. His face was rigid and adamant even as he surveyed their eyes. The assault on his person that they had so uncalculatedly planned, toppled down like a house of cards, as the old Castilian deliberately placed himself in peril by shouldering his way by their shoulder blades toward the sandlot.

—Where is my grandson? (Don Domingo asked sternly)

—I am here, Lolo. (The voice of the boy rose from among them)

Frantically, the surrounding people hoisted the boy up their shoulders and passed him over their heads. The boy was just as unperturbed as his grandfather. Truly, he was something to be proud of. Relief flooded through the old man's eyes . . . the boy was unhurt. They placed the boy gently before him and the boy looked at his grandfather.

—What's happened to you, boy?

—Nothing Lolo, not a thing.

From out of the car, the mother floundered breathlessly through the throng of people and embraced her child tenderly. Her smarting face was bathed in tears and her creamy skin showed through her thin dress. Don Domingo boomed!

(Continued on page 43)

What Do You Think?

the brain. Through its active staff members, where-abouts of the school campus are gathered and relayed to the central office for the press. And so we say that the goings-on of the campus can't leak out without being strained by the Mag. It serves as a record-book. What has been printed in it underlies a corresponding history of Carolinian life of the time.

LILIAN LAGAPA,
College of Education says:

For me, the "Carolinian" is good enough as a school organ. But there are some portions which should not have been there at all. The "Campuscrats" and the "On da Level" columns are the ones I'm referring. I've been reading these columns, and wow! I don't know what kind of language they're

using. It could not be slang, neither could it be comic-english. Maybe they're using a different kind of dictionary. But I'm sure it's not Webster's.

WINIFREDO GEONZON,
College of Commerce says:

Generally speaking, the "Carolinian" can be rated as a superior organ despite some articles and regularly-run columns that are not, shall we say, worthy of pub-

Wolf, Paint and Five Years

(Continued from page 5)

was her name now? Oh yes, Mercado. It was a good thing that she knew him. On second thought, was it so good? Celia was the sister of Myrna, a gawky kid he used to know way back in his horrible days as a novice. Wouldn't Celia be prejudiced now... after all, by mere pity on his part, he had kept on writing to Myrna who was in Manila. But true to tradition, the wolf began, "Oh it's you Celia, for a moment I..."

"Oh, it's you Resto," she said dryly.

"What's the matter Celia? Aren't you glad to see an old friend?"

"Old is right, as for being glad, I see you often enough."

Resto felt the weight of the sledge-hammer remark and it made him wish he was out taking pot shots at the basketball ring. Somehow, however, he understood why Celia felt that way about him and felt his confidence coming back to him. After all, a wolf is a wolf. He cleared his throat and soon he heard himself saying, "Er... ah..."

... by the by Celia, have you heard from Myrna lately?"

"Myrna? Who's she? Why Resto, don't tell me you still like that skinny, short-sighted sister of mine you met somewhere six or seven years ago?"

"Well... er... why, why not? Although in a brotherly way of course," Resto expounded, his eyes turning to Myrna.

Celia suppressed a giggle masterfully. She noticed that Myrna, contrary to her expectation, was composed and as siren as a lighthouse. "I don't suppose you'll want to meet a friend of mine," she said, pointing to Myrna, "after all, I can imagine how busy you must be with enrollment going and..."

"Why not?" Resto boomed. "A friend of yours is always a friend of mine... you know that."

"Oh, thank you," Celia beamed, "please meet a cousin, Lorna. Lorna, this is Resto... H.G.T.W."

Resto jumped, "What's that supposed to be?"

Celia grinned. "Don't get it?"

Heaven's gift to women."

Resto turned red. Right now he was a blushing wolf. Lorna turned to her and all at once he grew rigid. He felt his heart beat faster, his pulse racing like mad. But suddenly as it came, a smile appeared on his face. He said very slowly, "How long was it Myrna, six, five years? How thick is your paint? Had you remembered to wear dark glasses and hide your eyes you could have fooled me... perhaps you did fool me, and my mask as a wolf... but you can never fool my heart. It has always been you... true, they call me a wolf, but what is a wolf, but a fellow with a ton of ego and self-worship mania. A wolf doesn't love anybody... he loves only himself... and that is right, I love only myself and you."

* * *

His story is a legend today. True to everybody's prediction, he was the "Wolf most likely to succeed." §

lication. Though some articles are incomprehensible to the average students, the essays, short stories, and some poems are among the best this reader has come across. Aside from the timely and very well expressed editorials, the layout, the pictorial section, and the materials used really live up to the standards that San Carlos as a university possesses.

But what is lamentable and sad to note is the Column, "On da Level" by Mr. Buddy Quitonio. I believe it is not worthy of publication even in a low-down high school paper.

"On da Level" is nothing but a bedlam of slang, out-of-the-way expressions. To an intelligent reader it is more of an insult to, and a liability of the school publication rather than an asset to boast and be proud of. It treats its subject in too a sarcastic manner and employs a language which not only slights the subject under consideration but also projects a tint of immorality out of purely moral act.

A Quiet Town

(Continued from page 42)

—Let him alone woman. Can't you see that I'm talking to my grandson? (The mother trembled and retreated silently)

—Now boy, (the old man remarked) was there a fight?

—We were not fighting, Lolo. We were only arguing over one marble.

—And?

—And I did not want to continue to play because the other boy tried to cheat me.

—Did you let him?

—Of course, not Lolo.

—Good... good. And then what happened?

—As I said, we did not fight. They pushed us toward each other.

Don Domingo Mendoza felt his temper tampering with his patience. He turned to the crowd of gapping men and women and shouted.

—Stupid, irresponsible fools!

Are you not ashamed of yourselves? You, you, you (he pointed them out sporadically) do you want to get killed because of one, tiny marble?

Turning to the boy again, he said.

—You stay and attend mass as you intended to, Raul. You came here alone, you shall go home alone! Come on Imelda, back to the car.

The mother pleaded with her eyes. She wanted to stay, but already the old man had gone to the car where her frail husband waited voicelessly. When the car was out of sight, the crowd began to thin... spreading out like licked lambs. No one talked about the incident. Shame had silenced them mercilessly. When the bells for the coming mass rang from the tower of the church, the sandlot was deserted.

—X—

In the convent, the young Padre woke up with a start and stared momentarily at the face of the clock in front of him. The mass was about to start. He had to ready himself. He felt a wave of hesitation again.

—Oh well, as they say, the first bath is always the coldest. (He murmured to himself)

He lifted himself from the chair, flexed his muscles and strode to the window. From where he was, he could see the side of the church and the empty sandlot. If only it wasn't such a quiet town. §

EDITORIALS

Mr. Crew-cut, Clean Your Nose!

We are not slow to recognize the merits of active student participation in national politics. In this country, where the threat of Communism is an object of constant fear, nothing can perhaps more effectively conduce to the survival of our free institutions than the actual exercise and enjoyment of the freedoms granted to us by the Constitution and the laws of the land. To preserve these liberties, enlightened leadership must be asserted; but this type of leadership must come . . . as it can come only . . . from intelligent leaders, not from the pseudo-intelligent professional breast-beaters, of which the country seems to have a liberal supply these days.

To make Democracy a living thing, the elements which constitute its essence must of necessity be kept alive through constant, judicious application. The ballot is one of Democracy's features or . . . yes . . . ingredients. It is a potent weapon of the popular will. Well known is the fact that the exercise of suffrage is as much an obligation as it is a right and privilege enjoyed only by the free. Being thus a condition sine qua non to democratic rule, the right to vote should neither be abused nor left unused.

Consequently, it is not hard to see why the student should assume a vital role in national political affairs. Leadership, especially youth leadership, is a necessity which cannot be overstressed. The student, as a member of the nation's intelligentsia, stands charged with the responsibility not only of teaching but also of simplifying the rudiments of democracy to the country's less-informed audience. This responsibility should be discharged little to the whims of hard-bitten, propaganda-wise politicians who make of politics a toy for demagoguery out to an end consistent with the interest of the entire citizenry. And thereby hangs a narrative.

Do student leaders conduct themselves with proper decorum? Do they act in a manner that could well pass as examples of youth at its best? Because of what we usually hear or see of these student leaders, we prefer to cast a negative vote.

We read of student leaders or student groups hurling oral javelins at each other and generally swapping a lot of explosives . . . all designed to fulfill a mission of destruction. The exchange of verbal fire invariably attains its purpose of "character assassination" but that is just the whole thing we would like to avoid. The youngsters should leave that phase of the business to their elders who, after all, have spent countless hours perfecting the technique. The tenderfoot student-politician would do very well to keep his nostrils clean by avoiding hectic partisanship and the bitterness that goes with it. Nevertheless, he can have his loyalties; he need not hide them. He can be very pro-Somebody without making others feel that he is anti-Everybody Else. There can be bigness of heart and magnanimity of individual feeling even in politics.

Student participation in national politics is not shy of merits; the student himself is the big factor and he make the decision in November.—B.D.Q.

When You Vote . . .

There is much that our politicians could learn if they took time out to read . . . maybe for the first time . . . Edmond Rostand's play "Cyrano de Bergerac."

*" . . . Scratch the back of any swine
That roots up gold for me? Tickle the horns
Of Mammon with my left hand, while my right
Too proud to know his partner's business,
Takes in the fee? No, thank you. . . ."*

CYRANO DE LE BRET

If there is today too much swine scratching and incense burning before pragmatic gods in public life, it is due to this divorce between the right hand of religion and the left hand of daily life. Some call it the double moral standard: one set of norms for private life, usually impeccable; another set for public life, invariably unprintable. People of this sort will never miss Sunday Mass but they will wear out their bellies groveling in the dust if it will mean gold in their tills.

There has been, of course, reaction to this trend. The numerous Catholic lay leaders in the various public fields attest to this. Yet, we also have to admit, in the same breath, that Catholic leadership is still deficient; that too

often, in our public affairs, men who reserve God for Sunday use still set the tune to which the Catholic majority must dance.

We hold with the Christophers that the main job today is not one of getting the bad men out; rather, it is the task of seeing to it that the good men get in. That is why we are glad, and proud, to swing our support, for whatever that is worth, behind "Soc" Rodrigo in his bid for a senate seat. We believe that Soc's main issue that religious truths must permeate all spheres of the government, is the very antithesis of the vicious double moral standard.

There is today a slowly crystallizing unity among Catholics. Gradually, we have come to realize that since we have failed to run our government, the government has been running often against our Catholic consciences. This, we think, explains the enthusiastic support that Soc has been getting.

It is our belief, that Soc is needed in Congress. Since it is the job of citizens to make private sentiment public opinion, we wish to say: cast your votes well and that means, Soc's name should lead the rest.—J.L.M.

INTERVIEW

Q—What events or incidents during your student days in the old Colegio-Seminario de San Carlos do you remember most?

A—That was very long ago. I can't remember any particular event but I spent very happy days there. My first year there was in 1889 and I was only eleven years old at that time.

Q—Would you kindly tell us who among your professors in the Colegio-Seminario influenced your life in some way?

A—My professor friends, two of whom were Fr. Narciso Vila, then Vice-Rector, and Fr. Villa.

Q—How much credit can you give to the University of San Carlos for the training that you had as a young man?

A—Oh, very much. The real foundation of my career started there. I profited very much; my preparation there made easy my entrance to the University of Sto. Tomas where I was esteemed very highly.

Q—To what factors do you attribute the success that you have attained?

A—To the fact that I stuck to my job.

Q—In what, do you think, does success consist?

A—In carefulness, adherence to duty, loyalty to country and to friends.

Q—What impression do you get from the youth of today?

A—They are greatly improving. They answer questions intelligently. I have great hope that they will succeed.

Q—What advice or message can you give to the youth in order that they may be able to prepare for the future?

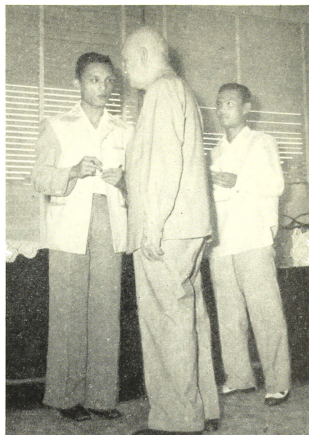
A—Work hard, study hard, be faithful to and believe in your country and fellowmen.

Q—What is your idea of a well-rounded education?

A—Well-rounded education involves knowledge of duties and usefulness to country.

Q—Do you personally consider yourself a success?

A—That is not for me to say; that is for the people. I did my best.



"Just one more question, Don Sergio...."

9 QUESTIONS AND THE GRAND OLD MAN



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