

March, 1963 Vol 26 #4

# the CAROLINIAN

March, 1963

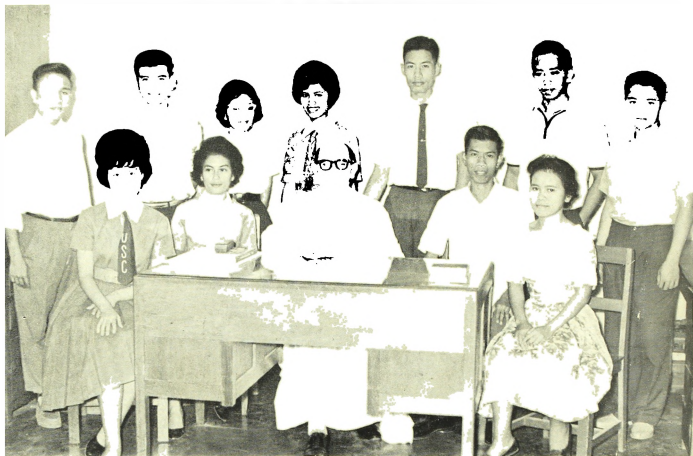
March, 1963

Vol 26 No 4



NICK VERGARA

# THE *Carolinian Staff* POSE FOR POSTERITY



In one of their rare breathing spells recently, The Carolinian penpushers came together for a souvenir picture. Sitting from left are Jo Famador, News; Praxedes P. Bulabog, The Editor; Father Luis E. Schonfeld, Moderator; Vilfredo Chica, Literary; and Aurora Orig, Pilipino. Standing at rear, from left: Roger Peñalosa, Sports; Dodong elaez, ROTC; Emily Ratcliffe, typist; Lydia Ybañez, typist; Daniel Hernandez, Staff Writer; Joe Mabugat, and oy Barbaso, Artists. Not in photo are Vivien Ordoña, Assistant Editor; Nick Vergara, Jess Pacuribot, and Lindy Chica, Staff Writers.

## Our Cover

Nick Vergara comes up with an encore in THE CAROLINIAN cover design. This time he leans toward the impressionistic. The design is a subjective concept of the college student's life from the time he registers for enrollment to the day he graduates—and up to the most possible and natural aftermath—career, marriage, and family life. We have given out the central idea. For detailed interpretations of the maze of curves, lines, points, and shades, the reader's imaginative creativeness is as good as ours.

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## *Editorial Staff*



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*Moderator.*

REV. LUIS E. SCHONFELD,  
S.V.D.

**MARCH, 1963**

...presents...

## MISS AMPARO RODIL



## MOST OUTSTANDING ALUMNUS OF 1962

The USC Most Outstanding Alumnus Award for 1962 was conferred upon Miss Amparo F. Rodil, B.S.C., M.A., C.P.A., by the USC Administration. (By the way, **alumnus** is the accepted term, regardless of the honoree's sex. So, dear readers, you can erase that crease on your brow.) The presentation ceremony took place on Saturday, February 23, 1963, at the culmination program of the University Week celebration.

To be chosen as an outstanding alumnus, one has to come up to the following criteria as set up by the University of San Carlos Administration:

1. **One must be an alumnus.**
2. **He must be of good moral character.**
3. **He must have rendered outstanding service to the University, the community, and the country.**
4. **He must be outstanding in his profession:**

To show how perfectly Miss Rodil has come up to these standards, we present here her remarkable achievements and qualifications.

Miss Rodil received scholastic honors from the elementary level up to the university level. She graduated valedictorian from the San Nicolas Elementary School and

from the Colegio de la Inmaculada Concepcion for high school. She finished the degree of Bachelor of Science in Commerce, major in accounting, **summa cum laude**, from the University of San Carlos in 1949. She successfully passed the board examinations for Certified Public Accountants in the same year. In 1955, she obtained her Master of Arts in Business Administration degree from the Far Eastern University in Manila. She taught in USC from 1951 to 1961, and was Head of the Accounting Department of the College of Commerce. At the same time she was the University's Auditor from 1954 to 1961. She left these posts when she was appointed member of the Board of Accountancy in 1961.

At present, Miss Rodil distinguishes herself as the first lady member of the Board of Accountancy, and the first San Carlos alumnus to be so honored. She is also at present a Director of the Philippine Institute of Certified Public Accountants (PIC-PA), and member of the Philippine Institute of Auditors. In addition to the many important positions she is holding at present, Miss Rodil is likewise an active and successful practitioner in the various fields of accounting.

Miss Rodil excels not only in academic and professional endeavors, but also in socio-civic-cultural areas. She is the current regional Vice-President of the Young Ladies Association of Charity (YLAC), and is a member of the Femina Club of Cebu. She held the presidency of the PIC-PA, the presidency of the YLAC, and was a member of the Daughters of Isabella in the city of Cebu.

In spite of a tight schedule of professional, cultural, and civic activities, Miss Rodil effectively finds time to enjoy golf, tinkle the piano keys, have a martini and a hateaubrand and at Hotel Magellan, buy a concert ticket, see Aiee Guinness on the screen, and enjoy the sea breeze in Talisay. Although her various professional and social duties take her out of the house most of the time, she feels most happy when at home in her comfortable jeans, listening to Litz or Bach, reading short essays

(Continued on page 56)



# NEWS

JOSEFINA FAMADOR  
News Editor

## ADMINISTRATION

### 1963 NSDB SCIENCE INSTITUTE

The University of San Carlos enjoys a well-earned reputation for excellency in teaching natural sciences and mathematics. This reputation is based on the proficiency of its staff, its up-to-date equipment, and especially on the good performances of our students who have studied the natural sciences and mathematics here either as pre-medical students, pre-nursing students, or Bachelors or Masters majoring in one of these fields.

In the later half of 1961 when the National Science Development Board was looking for a suitable University to conduct Summer Science Institutes in physics, chemistry, biology, and mathematics in the Visayas in April and May of 1962, the Board selected the University of San Carlos.

Last April and May, 120 teachers in physics from the Visayas and Mindanao attended the Institute as a means of upgrading themselves professionally.

In the later half of 1962, the National Science Development Board decided to sponsor another Summer Science Institute for the Visayas and again selected the University of San Carlos to conduct it this coming April and May. The Board made this selection because it was fully satisfied with the successful accomplishments of the University of San Carlos in the first Institute.

On January 22, 1962, an agreement to conduct the Institute this summer was signed in the office of Dr. Pauline Garcia, Chairman of the National Science Development Board. The signatories were Dr. Garcia and Father Rector. The Institute this year will be conducted in four fields, namely, physics, biology, general science, and mathematics. One hundred teachers from public and private schools throughout the Visayas will be invited to attend; 25 teachers in each discipline. Each teacher selected to attend the Institute will receive P200.00 for travel, board, and room expenses as well as P45.00 to purchase teaching materials. These

expenses as well as tuition fees will be defrayed by the National Science Development Board.

The teachers will be selected from scattered localities throughout the Visayas and on the basis of fulfilling the maximum need of a particular locality. The teachers should have some training in the discipline they apply for in the Institute.

### SAN CARLOS SOCIAL CENTER BUILDS CHAPEL

The "San Carlos Social Center," a social welfare project of the University of San Carlos, is constructing a chapel for the residents of Ponce Compound, near Martires Street of this city. The center is one of the numerous charitable projects started by the Very Rev. Harold W. Rigney, Rector of San Carlos. It originally served the people of the Murio-Murio District, until this area was devastated by a great fire in September

1961, and the majority of its inhabitants were transferred to the Ponce off-shore land. The operation of the center is made possible through gifts contributed by the USC faculty and student body, as well as charitable people in the United States and Germany. The work of the center, however, is not limited to material welfare alone, but it sees as its main task the spiritual uplifting of its people under its care. The central figure of the project is Mrs. Amparo Dorotheo, of the Spanish Department of this University, who, with the help of her family and a number of unselfish student-volunteers is practically on a 24-hour call to serve the needs of the poor.

The work performed by the center is not simply an outlet for personal charity, but has great importance for society, since the help it renders serve in many instances as the first step toward rehabilitation of the destitutes in the community.



Signing of the Memorandum of Agreement between the National Science Development Board and the University of San Carlos to conduct a Summer Science Institute this coming April and May, 1963, at the University of San Carlos. Signatories are Dr. Pauline Garcia, Chairman of the National Science Development Board (NSDB) and Very Rev. Harold W. Rigney, SVD, Rector of the University of San Carlos. (Seated from left to right): Very Rev. Harold W. Rigney, USC Rector; Dr. Pauline Garcia, NSDB Chairman; Gregorio Y. Zara, NSDB Vice Chairman. Standing: Florencio Soliven, NSDB Chief Scientist and an unidentified person

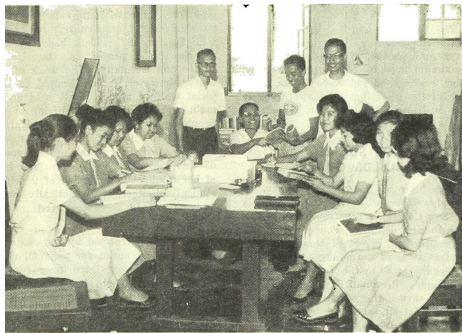
## STANDARD UNFURLED

At last, after an abortive issue way back in September, the Standard, official publication of the Carolinian SCA, it now come out regularly. In an agreement with the University Bulletin, this paper will appear together in the Bulletin once a month. Edited by Ray Cabigon, USC-SCA

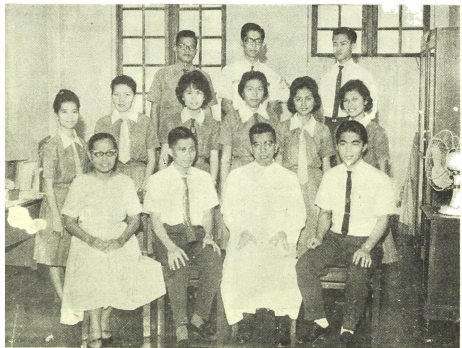
PRO, the Standard came off the press last January 28, 1963. Its maiden issue was a big and welcome surprise for the campus population.

## PAX ROMANA SURVEY

San Carlos was host last January 21-23 to a two-man survey team of the Pax Romana. The team met SCA leaders and advisers of this city and discussed with them the activities and problems of this Catholic Action group, the only affiliate here of the International Movement of Catholic Students (IMCS) which is the student arm of the Pax Romana.



SCAN's and catechists buckle down to work on Mission Mass League business. Miss Guillerma Villoria directs.



### THE STUDENT CATHOLIC ACTION CENTRAL COUNCIL:—

Seated from left are: Miss Guillerma Villoria, Adviser; Dionisio Sy, President; Father Argarito Allingasa, Moderator; and Mariano Lerin, Vice-President. Standing, second row: Cecilia Motus, Treasurer; Elizabeth Yap, member; Josefina Bamador, Secretary; Estorita Lim, Teresita Gabayon, and Mirelaine Montecillo, Signat-Arms. Third row: Ray obigon, PRO; Roy Gayo and Lucio Sanchez, Members.

Composing the team were: Rev. Harry Haas, a Dutch missionary from Ceylon; and Rev. Robert Davenport, SM, an American priest assigned in Tokyo. They met SCA leaders from the different school of this city.

They are compiling a systematic and detailed report of their survey and investigation to the Asian federation of the Pax Romana. This report will serve as guide for the Pax Romana authorities in their approach to problems concerning Catholic Action in Asia.

## SYMPOSIUM

The missionary task was better understood and its nature promoted after the USC-SCAs sponsored a symposium on it last January 24th. The speakers included: Mr. Marciano Namocatcat, theology instructor, who spoke on "The Nature of the Lay Apostolate;" Miss Cecilia Motus, SCA leader, who dealt Mr. Jose Teano, another SCA leader, whose topic was "Understanding the Missionary's Task."

## AID TO INDON MISSIONS

Five Filipino SVD missionaries in Indonesia were recipients recently of a cash donation from the SCA. An amount of P200.00, part of the proceeds realized by this unit's caroling group, was sent.

The aid was a response to the call of Rev. Manuel Villaruz, SVD, who came here a few months ago to solicit help from the Cebuano laity for the Indon missions.

## NEW BLOOD, OLD DREAM

The Carolinian SCA is now 72 members more strong. This influx was the result of a rigid, two-month-long membership training course conducted by the original 43 leaders who had earlier passed the leadership training course at the beginning of the year.

Distribution of the new members is as follows: Liberal Arts — 17; Commerce — 22; Education — 8; Pharmacy — 8; Secretarial — 6; Engineering — 10; and Law — 2.

(Solidarity Activities see page 36)

# GRADUATE SCHOOL

## PAGE CONVENTION

The First National Convention of the Philippine Association for Graduate Education (PAGE) was held in Manila on December 28-29, 1962 attended by about 250 delegates, 148 observers, and 90 guests.

The convention was highlighted by the presence of well-known educators from all over the country, headed by Secretary of Education Alejandro R. Roces, the keynote speaker at the opening plenary session, who expressed gratification over the timeliness and propriety of the convention's theme, "Pressing Problems of Graduate Education". Father Rahmann offered the invocation.

Through the foresight of the Director of Private Schools, Dr. Jesus E. Perpiñan, a meeting was called of all the Deans of the seventy-eight Graduate Schools of the different private Colleges and Universities of the country to discuss pressing problems concerning the improvement of graduate education. This was on May 30, 1962. Father Watzlawik represented the University



Oath-Taking of the officers of the PAGE administered by Dr. Jesús Perpiñán, Director of the Bureau of Private Schools.

of San Carlos. An offshoot of this meeting was the feeling among a number of those present for the need of a national organization for graduate education. Shortly after, another meeting was called by Atty. Pablo T. Mateo, Jr., of the Bureau of Private Schools. Twenty-six graduate educators, mostly from Manila and its vicinity, attended the meeting.

During the First National Convention, the University of San Carlos was represented by Rev. Robert Hoepfener, now Vice Rector of the University, Rev. Rudolf Rahmann, Dean of the Graduate School, and Mr. Alfredo Ordoña, Assistant Dean of the Teachers College. Father Rahmann was elected second Vice President, representing as such the Visayas.

It was decided that PAGE will publish a periodical. The first issue will contain a detailed report on the Convention.

With a stronghold backed by the superior quality of its membership the place of PAGE in the educational fir-

ment of the Philippines is promising. Specifically the task of PAGE should be to face the manifold challenges on matters related to the general improvement of the different phases of graduate education. The University of San Carlos being an institutional member takes unto herself the task of sharing in the responsibility of bringing into fruition the aims for which PAGE has been organized.

A. S. BUENAVENTURA

#### MRS. TENAZAS, FIRST M.A. IN ANTHROPOLOGY

Mrs. Rosa P. Tenazas, who is now studying anthropology and archeology at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, received her Special Order from the Bureau of Private Schools. Mrs. Tenazas is thereby the first fully recognized Master of Arts in Anthropology of the University of San Carlos. Her thesis was on "The Santo Niño of Cebu in History and Legend in the

Devotion of the People." This folkloristic study comes in very timely a in 1965 it will be the 400th year since the statue of the Santo Niño was rediscovered by soldiers of Legaspi.

#### ARCHAEOLOGICAL FINDS

Last year in the month of November one of the members of the staff of the Dept. of Anthropology was reported missing. Actually Dr. M. N. Macedo explained with a smile, he was only delayed due to inclement weather and the great distance he and his party had to negotiate. However, his efforts were rewarded for he brought back with him to the University significant and valuable archaeological finds from a cave in Cotabato. Among the specimens he brought with him are a stone burial-urn and two stone heads, one of which is complete. All of these are on display in the Graduate School office. Preliminary studies reveal that these specimens probably belong to the neolithic age. Although no definite pronouncements can be made as yet due to the lack of specimens for more detailed studies, Fr. Rudolf Rahmann, Dean of the Graduate School, believes that this discovery may yet prove to be another milestone in southern Philippine archaeology. This type of stone burial-urns, as far as can be ascertained, not yet been reported in any archaeological literature on the Philippines. In order to gather more specimens as well as to excavate the cave in which the specimens mentioned above were found, plans have already been made to send a larger expedition to Cotabato this coming summer.

#### NEW MASTERS OF ARTS

Heartiest congratulations to Mrs. Lydia M. Ybañez, a faculty member of the Department of Physics who received her Special Order No. 6-0009 s. 1963 on January 22, 1963 from the Bureau of Private Schools, Manila.

Likewise to Miss Constanca Rosales, also of the Department of Physics who received her S.O. (B) No. 6-0009 s. 1963 dated January 9, 1963.

Mrs. Ybañez and Miss Rosales are holders of Masters of Science degree in Physics.

We wish them Godspeed sa teachers and educators.



Mrs. Rosa P. Tenazas



Mrs. Lydia M. Ybañez



Miss Constanca Rosales



**OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE SIGMA SIGMA PHI FRATERNITY OF THE COLLEGE OF LAW.**

From left to right: Sergio Vendero, Manuel Go, Francisco Robles, Hedefonso Ioberto Palmares, Teodoro Bay, Rodolfo Morelos, Gil Santos, and Proceso Jr. Sitting is Atty. Arsenio Villanueva, Adviser.

## LEGE OF LAW

### IFUL BARRISTERS

1e Administration, Faculty, and body, congratulations to the new lawyers:

Alonte, Ramon Blanco, Bien-entilao, Delfin Decierdo, Er-opol, Monico Gabales, Panfilo ctuoso Lagunzad, Lope Lendio, rido Rosello, Aldrico Melicor, ubia, Nicasio Balaga, Tirso

Ferrer, Pablo Lucero, Prosperidad Lu- mayag, Pedro Mendoza, Monina San- chez, Prudencio Almagro, Jr., and Do- minador Almirante.

### PORTIA CLUB INDUCTS OFFICERS

Last September 1, 1962 the Portia Club of the College of Law of this University had their Induction of Of- ficers together with the Delta Etha Phi Fraternity and the Sigma Phi Frater- nity of the same department at the Audio-Visual Center. Opening remarks were given by Miss Visminda Villaver



**PORTIA CLUB OFFICERS, COLLEGE OF LAW**

From left to right: Miss Carmea Aguirre, Vice-President; Atty. Adelaida Pala- ero; and Miss Lourdes Tiro, President. Standing same order: Miss Carolina s, PRO; Miss Elma Salvador, Secretary; Miss Josefina Seno, Rep. to SSC; and S. Ybañez, Treasurer; and Miss Nenita Bullecer; Rep. to SSC — not in

also acted as emcee. A piano se- lection was rendered by Miss Carolina T. Ocampo. Club members Misses Nor- ma Bajo and Helderith Rubico sang a special duet, which added to the suc- cess of the program.

Rev. Fr. Joseph Watzlawik, S.V.D., Regent of the College of Law who in- duced and administered the pinning ceremony of the new members, gave the closing remarks which ended the short but enjoyable program.

After the induction, everyone pro- ceeded to the Law Library for refresh- ments.

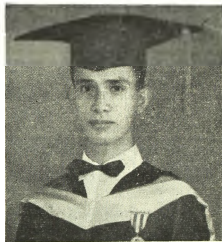
Two of the officers of the Portia Club, Miss Lourdes Tiro and Miss Ni- cetas Ybañez, represented the club in the ISA Leadership Training Course held last August in this university.

## LIBERAL ARTS

### USC CHEMISTRY GRAD TOPS NSDB EXAM

Josefino Tapia, 21, a chemistry gra- duate, *magna cum laude*, from the University of San Carlos, successfully topped the examination for Graduate study in Chemistry at the University of the Philippines as given by the National Science Development Board.

Tapia is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Germano Tapia, Don Pedro Cui, Cebu City. He recently suspended his scholarship with the intention of work- ing in the Pilot Plant of the University of San Carlos at Talamban. According to the Chemistry Head at U.P., he can continue his scholarship if he so desires.



**JOSEFINO TAPIA**

### ATTY. BUGARIN RETURNS

Atty. Expedito Bugarin recently re- turned after a stay of one year and four months in the United States where he took up Master of Arts in Interna- tional Relations at the Georgetown Uni- versity in Washington, D.C. on a Ful- bright/Smith-Mundt grant. He left the Philippines last August, 1961, and first underwent an orientation course for grantees at Minneapolis, Minnesota, be- fore he proceeded to Washington, D.C. Atty. Bugarin graduated from the USC College of Law in 1958, and started teaching here in 1958. He also holds an M.A. in Philosophy. He is married to the former Victoria Abad, a Com- merce alumna from USC, and former faculty member in the Secretarial De- partment.



## BSE CHORISTERS TOP CHORAL CONTEST

In a semi-final choral contest sponsored by the Office of Student Affairs, the BSE group won hands down with their rendition of "Cielito Lindo" and "Pandanguhan," under the direction of Miss Balbuena of the same college. Second place went to the BSHE group under the direction of Miss Adelaida Luague. BSEED copped the third place. The Board of Judges was composed of Mrs. Corazon Pernea-Rodis, Chairman, and Father Baumgartner and Father Lehmejer, members.

## RICAFORT TRIUMPHS IN ORATORICAL TILT

Thelma Ricafort of Teachers College romped away with the Gold Medal at the 10th Annual Oratorical Contest sponsored by the AB-Ph.B. IV Organization. The contest was held on Sunday, December 2, 1962, at the Reyes Social Hall. The Silver Medal was won by Rogelio Peñalosa of the College of Commerce, while the Bronze Medal went to Filipinas Tirad of the College of Liberal Arts. The theme of the contest was *The Role of the Press in a Democracy*. Chairman of the Board of Judges was the Rev. Walter Aherne, S.J., of the Sacred Heart School, and members were Mr. Jose Logarta, Editor of *The Republic News*, and Mrs. Maria Gutierrez, Head of the USC English Department.

Donors of prizes were Mayor Carlos Cuizon for the Gold Medal, Very Rev. Harold W. Rigney, SVD, Rector of San Carlos, for the Silver Medal, and the Bronze Medal was from Nick Vergara.



Photo shows the ten nursing students from Bethlehem Hospital in Stolberg, Ger. Left to right, front row: Loreta Bardos Tacmo, Fr. Hoepfener, Frederine Tubo. Back row: Fe Macacador, Milagres Plei



Thelma Ricafort



BSE girls... and a few boys... who won the choral contest held before Christmas sponsored by the Office of Student Affairs.

## MANAGEMENT EDUCATION SEMINAR

A seminar on "The Development of Management Education" was conducted by the Management Training Forum Services of the Industrial Development Center, in cooperation with the Cebu Jaycees, at the USC Audio-Visual Center on January 12, 1963, at which were in attendance the deans and heads of local schools of commerce and business administration, business executives, teachers, and students of management. The seminar speakers were Dean Santiago F. de la Cruz of the University of the East, Dean Belen Enrile-Gutiérrez of the Far Eastern University, and Prof. Ricardo C. Galang of the University of the East. Dean de la Cruz and Dean Gutierrez were two members of the Philippine Schools of Management and Business Administration Study Team (Project 492-10138) who toured American universities, Corporations, and philanthropic foundations for the purpose of observing recent trends in management education.

At noontime, the seminar participants tendered a complimentary luncheon in honor of the speakers at the Celebrity Steakhouse. In this affair, Rev. Lawrence W. Bunzel, SVD, Secretary of Public Relations, was in attendance to represent the USC administration, while Dean Teeson, Asst. Prof. Gorre, and other teachers represented the USC College of Commerce. Asst. Prof. Ben Borromeo, representing the Cebu Jaycees, was master of ceremonies.

## College of Engineering & Architecture

### CAROLINIAN CANDIDATES HURDLE ENGINEERING BOARD EXAMS

USC did it again!

According to a report from the chemical engineering Board of Examiners, fourteen candidates from the University of San Carlos passed the recent board exams. The national passing percentage is 78.8%, while that of USC is 100%. This is a reaffirmation of the high academic standards of USC.

To the successful new chemical engineers we heartily extend our congratulations. They are the following: Antonio S. Cañon, Protasio A. Cavales, Lucita B. Estrera, Betty L. Garcia, Elisa L. Isip, Emma A. Justo, Julius P. Ordoña, Emilio S. Paylado, Rolando T. Plaza, Eufrocino G. Raffinan, Alicia L. Rodriguez, Marietta G. Tan, Dominador B. Turno, and Eulalia B. Ytem.

CONGRATULATIONS also to USC's new civil engineers, Clemencia Sarmiento and Vicente Rosales.

MORE KUDOS — this time to the five USC candidates who recently passed the board examination for architects. National percentage for passing is 45%, while that of USC is 38%. Tough course, this architecture. The new ar-

chitects are: Rodolfo Cortez, Servillano Mapezo, Melva Rodriguez, Elena Sabillano and Romeo Salgado.

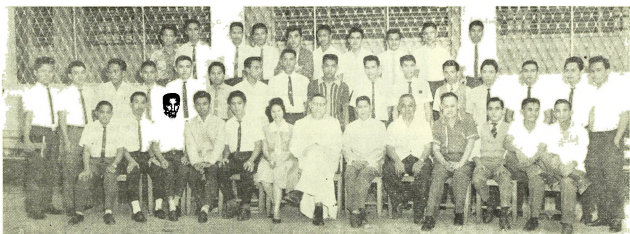
### FROM THE USCChES

The USC Chemical Eng'g. Society (USCChES) held its elections last January 28 for the set of officers for the schoolyear 1963-64. Elected in secretballoting were: Roque Cervantes, president; Napoleon Tumulog, vice-president; Erlinda Garcia, secretary; Jasmin Daclan, treasurer; Fidelino Pilapil, auditor; and Pacifico Manalastas, treasurer.

Immediately after the elections, by appointments to the different bodies of the Planning Board, the Rule, and the Gear were issued out by the new set of officers.

The USCChES, composed of a fraternity and a sorority combined into one Society, plans to launch a series of activities for the next schoolyear. Among them are biweekly seminars, technical convocations, supplementary classes in Chemistry and Engineering, and others which would increase the efficiency of its members. On the human arts side, the USCChES plans to sponsor an annual Speech Festival which will be open to all colleges in the University.

The Society congratulates all the new Chemical Engineers who made a 100% hurdle of the last board exams. The successful examinees were active former members of the USCChES.



### KAPPA MU TRI-EPSILON FRATERNITY OFFICERS

Most Exalted Brother .....	Camilo Cañete	Junior Bro. Herald .....	Romualdo Acado
Senior Exalted Brother .....	Rolando Durano	Senior Bros. Keeper of	Domingo Manikids, Jr.
Junior Exalted Brother .....	Casimiro Nadejo	Peace .....	Samuel Purisima
Senior Bros. Keeper of		Junior Bros. Keeper of	
Records .....	Manuel Cruz	Peace .....	Simon Noel
	Eugenio Villacarta, Jr.		Mars Pastor
Junior Bro. Keeper of		Fraternity Sweetheart .....	Miss Maria Paz Rodriguez
Records .....	Lyle Paras	Regent, College of	
Senior Bro. Exchequer .....	Antonia Dag	Engineering .....	Rev. Fr. Philip Van Engelen
Junior Bro. Exchequer .....	Evacueto S. Anfone	Dean, College of	
Senior Bros. Herald .....	Alfredo Catarina, Jr.	Engineering .....	Engr. Jose Rodriguez
	Celso Nuñez		

### BOARD OF ADVISERS

Engr. Eugenio Corazo  
Engr. Esperio Yap

Engr. Lorenzo Sabillano  
Engr. Cayetano Intang, Jr.

Engr. Alejandro Tantoco  
Engr. Arturo Rusiano



**RAMONA BIBERA**  
11th Placer, Pharmacy Exams

## PHARMACY

### 13 USC CANDIDATES PASS PHARMACY BOARD EXAMS

Thirteen out of seventeen USC candidates to the Pharmacy Board Examinations given last July, 1962, successfully passed. All seventeen exam-

MARCH, 1963



### "I DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR..."

New USC pharmacists take their oath before Atty. Erasmus Diola. Left to right are Marietta Micabalo, Aniceta Yu, Lorna Deleste, Prospera Bucayo, Iluminada Ema, Ramona Bibera, Filomena Go, Rosario Ceniza, Sandra Cabigon, Estrella Gesulga, an Belen Uyuangco. Not in picture were Aurora Cristino, Anaceta Raldan Carone and Fe Wong.

inees passed the theoretical exam with high ratings, but four failed in the practical portion.

Miss Ramona Bibera got the 11th place. The national passing percentage of successful candidates is 43%. The percentage for USC is 76%.

The new pharmacists are: Prospera Bucayo, Ramona Bibera, Sandra Cab-

igon, Anaceta Roldan Coronel, Aurora Cristino, Lorna Deleste, Iluminada Ema, Estrella Gesulga, Filomena G Marietta Micabalo, Belen Uychange-Fe Wong, and Aniceta Yu.

The new pharmacists took their oath before Atty. Erasmus Diola last January 27, 1963, at the residence of D and Mrs. Protacio Solon at Banawa.



Dior was never like this. Nevertheless, these Pharmacy coeds could have cause European designers to make a run for their money at the Fashion Show during their Christmas get-together.

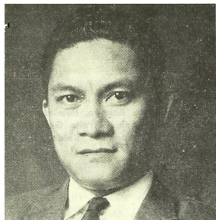
From left to right: Rosario Borrero, Leticia Puray, Rosalito Ocsio, Mansueta Cincostrellito Sanchez, Ma. Luisa Scriba, and Cirila Consular.

# FACULTY CLUB

## DRONIO HEADS CATHOLIC LAWYERS ANEW

Atty. Catalino Dornio, assistant Dean USC's College of Liberal Arts, and faculty Club President, was unanimously re-elected president of the Catholic Lawyers Guild in a meeting held Sunday evening January 27, 1963, at the Law Library of the University San Carlos.

Dornio's re-election was preceded by annual report to the body for the year 1962 regarding various activities which covered the guild's participation



ATTY. DORNIO

the fund drives for the Boys' Club, Friendship Home, and aid for the indiano flood victims.

Reverend Joseph Watzlawik, S.V.D., regent of the College of Law and concurrently acting Dean of the College of Liberal Arts of USC, was the guest speaker of the evening. He emphasized



"Lovely to look at... enchanting to know..." aptly describes Miss Leticia Puray, of the College of Pharmacy, who was one of the models of the Fashion Show presented by Pharmacy students during their Christmas program last December. Miss Puray, charming youngest daughter of the Mayor of San Juan, Southern Leyte, is sweet and unspooled. Letty has been a Carolinian since high school.

sized the duties of the Catholic lawyer in society.

As its first project for the incoming year, the guild plans to sponsor either a debate or an open forum on constitutional amendments.

Upon the suggestion of Atty. Eddy Deen, law dean of the Colegio de San Jose, it was agreed that all law deans of the five law schools in the city be invited in a symposium on constitutional amendments. Each dean will be requested to recommend two or three topics.

The officers elected are: President, Atty. Catalino Dornio (USC); Vice-President, Atty. Expedito Bugarin (USC); Secretary-Treasurer, Atty. Adelaida Palomar (USC); PRG, Atty. Tomas Echivarre (USC); Adviser, former Justice Fortunato Borromeo (USC); spiritual adviser, Rev. Joseph Watzlawik, S.V.D., and members of the Board of Directors: Atty. Mariano Najarro, Bella Sison, Caridad Trocino, Alma Deiparine, John Borromeo, Mauro Honoridez, Vicente Miranda (Clerk of Court), Eddy Deen and Judge Elena Causing.

## ORGANIZATIONS

### HUMAN RELATIONS CLUB HOLDS CONVOCATION

The USC Human Relations Club sponsored a convocation in connection with the National Mental Health Week last Jan. 26, 1963 in the Social Hall at 4:00 p.m. The guest speaker was Dr. George Neri, Jr., a plastic surgeon.



DR. G. NERI, JR.

He was briefly introduced by the HRC president, Nicetas S. Ybanez. Dr. Neri stressed the importance of plastic surgery not only for the physical improvement of one's personality but also for the mental well-being of the individual. Among those who attended the affair were Rev. Fr. Lawrence Buzuel, SVD, the club adviser; heads of different departments, teachers, and students.

### WORKING STUDENTS GO CRUISING OVER THE BOUNDING MAIN

Fun and laughter were the orders of the day for the officers and members of the USC Working Students Association.



Anchors aweigh and off we go sailing, sailing over the bounding main. Picture shows a portion of the USC Working Students Association. Supervisor Father Alingase is shown at center, in white.

tion last Sunday, January 20, 1963.

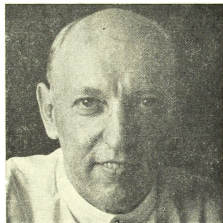
Through arrangements made by Father Alingasa, WSA supervisor, with the management of the MV "Tagbilaran", the student workers momentarily forgot typewriters, IBM calculators, bookshelves, and brooms. It was anchors awigh and all aboard for crew and passengers at exactly 2:00 o'clock. The little voyage took them around Mactan Island, passing the shorelines of Lapulapu City, Mandawe, and Naga. An amateur singing and modern dance contests provided fun for everyone, while snacks and soft drinks were passed around. The twist, watusi, and limbo rock gyrations reminded one of the "sinulog," and since the occasion coincided with the Sto. Niño fiesta, the onlookers happily shouted "Pit Señor!" at the dancers, to the amusement of all.

### FR. BUNZEL, SANDIEGO RECEIVE PMHA AWARDS

The Philippine Mental Health Association, Cebu Chapter, awarded certificates of merit to two USC faculty



VEEP PELAEZ surrounded by bright young faces. Center of interest and cynosure of masculine eyes is Miss Lydia Ybanez of the Publications Office.



FR. BUNZEL, S.V.D.



VICE-PRESIDENT PELAEZ: "We are not out to colonize North Borneo..."

## PEOPLE

### PELAEZ CONVOCATION SPEAKER AT USC

Vice-President Emmanuel Pelaez was guest speaker at a convocation held on Saturday, January 12, 1963. The Vice-President was in Cebu at the special invitation of the Oriental Misamis Students Association, who requested the Veep to induct their officers into office later that same evening.

Pelaez was, to use his own word, "ambushed" at the Cebu airport by a welcoming delegation from San Carlos, with no less than Very Reverend Father Rigney as chief "ambusher", again, to quote Pelaez.

The convocation, sponsored by the Supreme Student Council, was not the usual run of stiff, serious talks and pompous exhortations. Contrary to usual convocations, the program was made lively by a witty exchange of cracks and *bon mots* between the distinguished guest, Father Rector, and the

smart, young vice-president of the Student Council, that tall, bespectacled ar dilettante — Bataan Faigao. His introduction of Pelaez was an introduction to end all introductions. Calling the vice-presidency a useless post in Pelaez his "fellow useless official", Bat additionally declared that he was as signed the "useless task" of introducing the Vice-President, whose enormous popularity and prestige needed no in troduction.

After a rather lengthy preliminary of jokes and wise-cracks, Pelaez gradually but surely dug into the core of his speech — the Philippine claim to North Borneo. He stated that the Administration's aim in the claim to North Borneo was not for colonization as ir timated by Senator Arturo Tolentino but for purposes of national security. The Philippines, said Pelaez, is guarded only from the north, while the south is very wide open to attack or infiltration. Should the Philippines be successful in its claim, then North Borneo would serve as a strategic buffer against aggression or Communist infiltration.

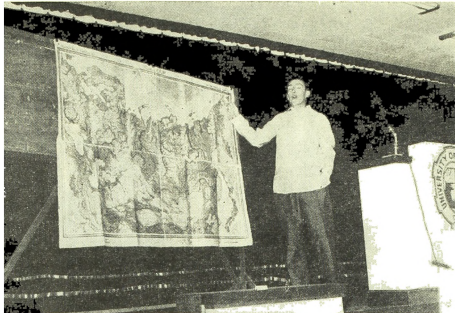
The week following the convocation Pelaez left for London to confer wit Lord Home.

members last Sunday, January 20. The awardees were the Rev. Lawrence W. Bunzel, SVD, Secretary of Public Relations and concurrently University Guidance Counselor, and Mrs. Luz M. Sandiego, of the Physical Education Department. Father Bunzel was given the award in recognition of his perfect attendance in the PMHA Board of Directors' monthly meetings. Mrs. Sandiego was honored for having successfully headed a fund-raising campaign for the mentally ill.

The awarding ceremony was televised at the ABS Roof Garden, during which occasion the USC Rondalla was also featured. Emcee for the evening was Dr. Raoul Alonzo, PMHA psychiatrist, and Chairman, PMHA Management Board.



MRS. LUZ M. SANDIEGO



he Soviet Union is so big and yet so little..." Dr. Huke emphasizes the geographical immensity of the USSR.

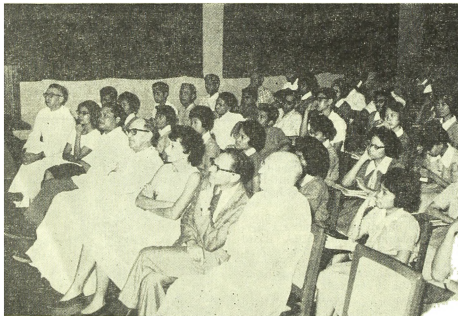
### DR. HUKES LECTURES ON VIET UNION GEOGRAPHY

Dr. Robert E. Huke, visiting Fulbright professor in geography at the University of the Philippines, gave a lecture at the University of San Carlos on Friday, September 14, 1962, on the geographical significance of the Soviet Union.

The American professor's trip to the Philippines is in connection with his research for a college textbook on the economic geography of the Philippines which will soon be published. He lectured at USC at the invitation of the Rev. Harold W. Rigney, USC rector.

Dr. Huke is chairman of the Department of Geography of Dartmouth College in Hanover, New Hampshire. He received his Ph.D. (Geography of Asia, China) from Syracuse University in 1953.

The visiting geographer has written a number of articles on the Philippines which have appeared in scholarly publications. Among these are "Ifugao Rice Terraces" in *Annals of the Association of American Geographers*; "A Challenge to Philippine Agriculture" in *Philippine Geography Journal*; "Malococ: A Representative Aklan Barrio" in the *Philippine Sociological Review*. He also contributed the article on "The



Dr. Huke's audience shown in rapt attention. It was that interesting. Sitting in front row from left: Father Baumgartner; Miss Adelina Sarthou, Father Rector's secretary; Mr. Doroño; Father Schonfeld; Mrs. Huke; Mr. Irving Sablowsky of the USIS; and Father Bunsel.

Philippines" in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and the article on "Manuel Quezon" in the *Oxford Junior Encyclopedia*.

Dr. Huke speaks French and Burmese and can read Russian.

## MISCELLANEOUS

### LIBRARY NEWS

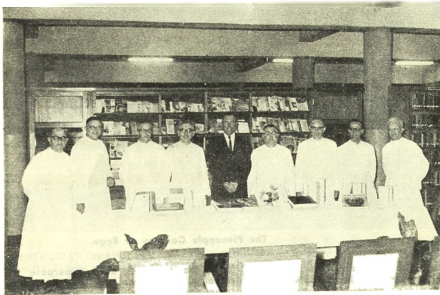
Attentive clients of the library must have noticed the accelerated growth of its book collection in the course of the last three years. From January 1960



Father Baumgartner, USC Library Meed, looks through some of the books donated by the Dutch Government, with Mr. T. W. Jurika, then Acting Vice-Consul for the Dutch Government.

to December 1962, the library registered an increase of about twenty-thousand volumes. While the greater part of this growth was brought about at the expense of the university, an appreciable number of volumes reached the library through the generosity of various donors.

For several years past, it was the Austrian government which, through the S. V. D. Missionhouse of St. Gabriel's, Vienna (Austria), has contributed a constant flow of books and magazines. For yet unexplained reasons, the flow dried up entirely with the end of 1961. Fortunately, other donors appeared on the scene to continue the good work begun so auspiciously by the Austrian government. The first to



**USC top brass and guest pose during book donation ceremony. From left are: Father Schonfeld, Father van Engelen, Father Ruets, Father Baumgartner, Mr. T. W. Jurko, then Acting Dutch Vice-Consul, Very Reverend Father Rigney, USC Rector, Father Rahmann, Father Vestraelen, and Father Watzlawik.**

be mentioned, because of the size and value of its donation, is the Deutsche Forschungsgemeinschaft (German Research Society), which is a corporation of semi-official standing, mainly supported by funds contributed by German Industry (West Germany). They contributed books and maps to the value of about P8,000.00. Moreover, this society has agreed to continue to supply, on a regular basis, a number of scientific magazines. There is good hope that further donations from this source will eventually reach the library. The man to whom the library primarily owes these gifts is the German ambassador to the Philippines, Freiherr Friedrich von Fürstenberg, who has proved a very good friend of our university.

Another sizable donation came from the Royal Netherlands government through the kindness of its Secretary of Education. Books worth about 500 guilders (about P600.00) were turned over to the library sometime in December 1962.

The USIS, as is well known to all library clients, has been sending with great regularity a number of magazines, such as the FREE WORLD, the NEWS DIGEST, and the AMERICAN JOURNAL, not to mention the numerous pamphlets on matters of public interest. On top of this, they presented the library with a fine new set of the ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA — a most welcome addition to our reference shelves.

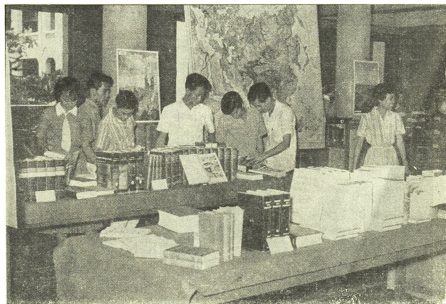
Meanwhile many smaller donors, too numerous to mention, have been steadily

supplying both books and magazines to the library. But there is at least on group, the Theta Chapter of the Delta Kappa Gamma Society International in Orange, Texas, USA, which deserves to have its name recorded. After having previously supplied a considerable lot of back issues of magazines and some books, they have recently informed the librarian that they intend both to subscribe outright to a number of magazines for the library, and to supply used books that might be found useful.

Here is a heartfelt "thank you" to each and everyone of these benefactors great and small.



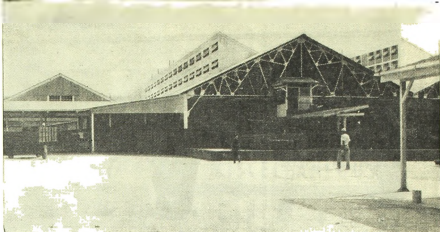
**A brand-new set and latest edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica was recently donated by the U.S. Government to the San Carlos Library, through Mr. Irving Sablowsky of the USIS, Cebu City. In picture are Very Reverend Father Rigney, USC Rector; Mr. Sablowsky; Father Baumgartner, Librarian; and Mr. Charles William Bray, U.S. Vice Consul of Cebu.**



**More book donations, this time from the German government. Knowledge-hungry students examine titles.**

# A VISIT TO EL MONTE PLANTATION

by DR. M. N. MACEDA



The Pineapple Cannery at Bogo.

1st year, in November. Fr. Rudolf Mann, Dean of Graduate Studies, Fr. Flieger and the writer were invited on. Manuel Manahan to tour Mindanao rder to study and look into the con-ns surrounding some of the cultural rities found there. At the same time were to serve as unofficial consult-concerning problems of acculturation ur less fortunate brothers. During the party stopped for a few days at Del Monte plantation in Bukidnon. ce, they had the opportunity to see themselves this vast complex that is of the biggest dollar earning indust- in southern Philippines. Furthermore

they were able to see an actual example of scientific farming in large scale.

A guided tour of the Del Monte farm was arranged for the party by Mr. Charles Hall, the plantation manager. The plantation is about 8,000 hectares in area and excepting the steep sides and

some portions left out on purpose for other uses, the whole area is planted to pineapple. The variety that grows well in this farm is the Smooth Cayenne type which has been imported from Hawaii but has its original home in the Amazon Valley. It takes a period of twenty months before the pineapple fruits are ready for harvest. According to Mr. Hall, the first pioneering efforts to prepare the site for planting were made in 1920; and six years later the first crop was planted. Another four years elapsed before the first pack was produced at the cannery located in Bogo. There are 3,500 workers employed in both the plantation and the cannery. We were told that these workers enjoy liberal benefits of which among other things are hospitalization, insurance, retirement, annuity, transportation, housing and procuring food stuff from non-profit retail stores run by the company.

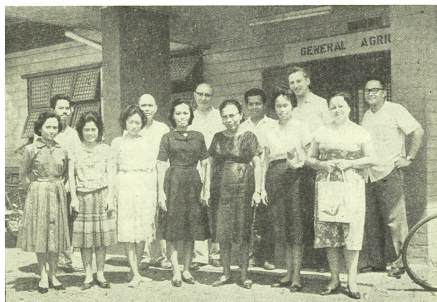
Besides the different pineapple fields, the party was also able to see the other parts of the farm that were being utilized for other purposes. Lately, we were told, the company has been exploring the possibilities of related industries that would utilize the by-products of the pineapple canning process. Also they are trying to look for other possibilities in canning. For instance, we were brought to and shown a fifty-hectare tomato farm; this area, according to our guide, was rented by the company in order to be able to conduct experiments in the mass production of first class tomatoes. If successful, the Del Monte Company may be able to offer the public in the future different kinds of canned tomato products.

The tour, furthermore, included a visit to the other divisions of the company. We saw, for instance, the laboratory where every day soil samples coming from different parts of the farm are tested and analyzed in order to find ways and means to improve their yield. Studies were also being conducted on the environmental factors as well as the diseases that affect the pineapple crop. Breeding of pineapple plants is being carried out in an effort to produce better yielding and hardier varieties. The party also saw a milking station that supplies the company's employes with milk, and also a feeding silo where cattle were being fattened on pineapple pulp. The company is also considering the possibility of meat packing. Finally, they visited the cannery at Bogo. However, all the canning machineries were shut down; they were either being cleaned or being repaired. However, the can and cardboard making units were in operation. Practically all the work in these divisions was done by machines—automation.

In the evening prior to their departure the party was invited by Mr. and Mrs. (Continued on page 55)



Senator Manahan, Fr. Rahmann and party look around in the plant breeding station.



Senator Carlos alumni who are new teachers in the Mindanao Agricultural College. At the back may be seen Fathers Rahmann and Flieger, and Dr. Maceda.





KENTUCKIAN DRAWL PLUS A LOT MORE. Jesse Stuart, Amerl can author, relates the background and make-up of his short stories before an enrapt Cebuano audience which gathered to hear him at the USC Audio-Visual room early last January.

*Jesse Stuart says —*

## "Ah'm Gonna Write Till Ah Die"

by FRED CHICA

WE DO not know if all native Kentuckians speak that way, but it seems a good guess that those who live in Greenup County where Jesse Stuart has his farm do drawl as he did when he spoke these words. Jesse, whose build personifies the land he has plowed and the hills he has lived in, was speaking to a group of college students which gathered at the USIS little theatre.

For Jesse, writing is as natural an enterprise as farming and teaching; the three are his loves and adventures, the expressions and outlets of his dreams. Yet, while Jesse the writer is academically distinct from Jesse the farmer, and Jesse the teacher, it is with the pen that he is best known and perhaps be best remembered.

This was how he impressed us; first, when he lectured on the short story to a sizeable but rapt audience last January 4th, at the

USC Audio-Visual Room, and later, at a bull session with student writers at the USIS the following day. His visit to Cebu was part of a six-month tour of the Near East and Southeast Asia. Immediately before it, he had attended the Asian Writers Conference in Manila.

The queries which characterized these two gatherings brought out things which his somewhat unexpected looks (he appeared more like a business tycoon, six feet and over, well-stocked — than a writer) almost hid. This was his "sense of story," his aliveness to potential story materials. Real incidents, whether they happened to him or to others, are the stuff out of which he weaves his stories. To him, one need not go far or innovate often to find materials for a story. One need only be aware of the things that happen around him, of people he has known or met. In fact, he told, us, since he came to this

country, he had collected some 13 ideas for short stories.

Though he already had some push in the writing direction, Jesse, it seems, got the biggest shove forward when his professor in writing class told him once, and rather smugly, that he would never make out in the writing business. Now Jesse was not one to be discouraged by such talk. He promptly set out to disprove the professor's remark with an output of 26 books, some 300 short stories, 200 hundred articles and essays, and over 1,600 poems.

This voluminous achievement shows Jesse's get-up'n-go drive. He is one who looks for opportunity rather than wait for it to come his way. Some call it his pioneer spirit, and they are right. From an obscure plowboy in a one-room log cabin, he has made giant strides. And nothing so symbolizes and embodies this drive and energy than his pledge in deep Kentucky drawl: "Ah'm gonna write till Ah die."



A good look at the pattern collection. Left to right: Fr. van Engelen (back to camera), Dr. Quarles, Dr. Johnson (face partly seen), Fr. Oster.

SOMETIME in December, 1962, a letter came to Father Rector from the Philippine Atomic Energy Commission. It read in part:

*"As you may already know, our Commission is presently constructing the first nuclear research reactor in the country which will be the principal facility of the atomic research center being built at the U.P. campus in Diliman, Quezon City. We expect this reactor to achieve criticality before the middle of 1963, and within a few months of testing thereafter, to be brought to full power. This event will represent the attainment of a goal much sought after by the Commission, but more important, it will also mark an important phase in our efforts to utilize science and technology as an*

**"Do you know where the best-equipped physics department in the whole country is?... Your neighbor, the University of San Carlos..."**

**DR. PAUL KIRKPATRICK**  
in a conversation at Silliman University.

*instrument for our country's progress, and in particular, to advance our knowledge and promote the use of atomic energy for peaceful ends.*

*We have secured the services of Dr. Lawrence R. Quarles, Dean of the School*

spected the laboratories and equipment of the Physics Department. They got what they asked for — our pledge of cooperation, and more. For they liked what they saw, and it was more than they had expected to find. Focus of interest was the radiation labora-

## "ATOMIC" VISITORS

*of Engineering and Applied Sciences, University of Virginia, to assist us in the development of a scheme of co-operation with educational research and industrial organizations in the field of atomic energy, principally in the use of our reactor."*

The letter went on to state that Dr. Quarles and companions were visiting the University of San Carlos on the third of January. They came as scheduled. Members of the visiting party were Mr. Cesar P. Nuguid, Chief, Division of Training, Plans and Policies, PAEC; Dr. Lawrence R. Quarles; and Dr. W. Reed Johnson, Project Director, PAEC — University of Virginia Atomic Energy Training Project.

The visitors were taken around the campus. They saw the Engineering Department, and in-

tory. The reader might be surprised to know that we have a radiation lab right here in San Carlos, as he sees no signs any-



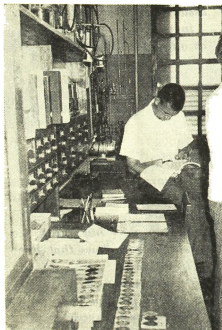
Left to right: Dr. Johnson, Mr. Nuguid, Dr. Quarles, Fr. Oster, observe the radiation counting equipment at work.

where about it. Our radiation laboratory is Room 127, right along the corridor that leads from the drugstore to the bookstore. Is anybody curious? Just walk right in. Here lights blink from an instrument on the table called the scaler, and everytime a light comes up, it signals a pulse received and transmitted by a Geiger tube. We are continually counting background radiation, a routine procedure since the onset of atomic testings in the Pacific. This little room serves the government. A monitoring team of the National Defense Department is at work here everyday testing rain water, dust and grass samples, for evidence of fallout. There are only

# IN U.S.C.

*by*

**Brigida Koppin**



**Dr. Johnson peruses Hi-Vacuum liters**

**MARCH, 1963**

*Oblation*"

by Gemma Racoma

I

*What arms are more delightful  
than these  
that welcome the falling leaves,  
dregs of decay amass,  
these that are poised aloft  
with the strongest impregnable  
strength  
born of sleepless days and nights*

*this brazen mute standing  
in eternal vigil  
to the silence of the moving  
spheres?*

II

*What eyes are more delectable  
than these  
wearing no nameless rancor,  
pique,  
passion or spite,  
but only the desire to flesh alive  
only the longings that spring  
and are immured in a lifeless  
breast.  
from chlorophyll seeds, the  
deepest green  
assuaging fear and fright  
inevitable  
as one loses  
the glory of form  
the luster of the eyes?*

III

*This spiritless monument  
its upturned face  
holds daily communion with sky  
and sea.  
it has no voice but one  
to still the shadows that flee  
from clay  
no voice but one  
to utter a passion poesy of love  
that waits.*

# Father SCHONFELD:

The name of that profound man of science escapes me at the moment, who declared that the ultimate objective of all human endeavor is comfort. By this it is presumed that he meant physical and material ease and convenience. Doubtless that many would agree with him, for many are those who place comfort and ease above all. Yet, there was a time in history when those who subscribed to this philosophy were the pagans who had not yet known of Christ. At that time anyone who differed with the comfort and pleasure-seeking majority were considered rebels and were put to a martyr's death. Even today the hedonistic cult is in the ascendancy. Not only unbelievers but believers as well indulge in the pursuit of comfort.

Some two thousand years ago, a Man appeared among men to give the lie to this sensual, materialistic concept. In the midst of the bacchanalian orgies and debauchery of pagan Rome, Christ came to show mankind an example of a comfortless existence in this world in order to merit a life of lasting comfort and happiness in the next. The change He brought about was slow



"...HOC EST ENIM CORPUS MEUM..."  
Father Schonfeld offers thanksgiving in his Jubilee Mass.

but sure. The silent revolution was complete.

Since that time many have followed Christ's example. From the twelve that He started, the number grew to hundreds, to thousands, until today, we find men and women who gladly leave the comforts of country, home, and

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● by PRAXEDES P. BULABOG ●



**THE HONOREE, THE ADMISIS**  
The honoree, the Administrative Staff, the Faculty, and guests partake of the Jubilee Banquet.

Miss Milagros Borromeo hands her gift to the honoree.

Sam  
Sch  
Brar  
Lilli

Father Schenfeld, and that seventh of thirteen children, and that seventh of those thirteen have dedicated their lives to the service of God. Like him, three of his brothers entered the S.V.D. Order, although unfortunately one died in the midst of his religious studies. Four of his sisters entered religious orders.

How many big Filipino families can boast of having offered more than half of their children to God? Or even half. Ever since her Christianization by Spain, the Philippines has always been in need of priests. Today, with the high increase in population, the need is even more pressing. Yet, not Filipinos are recruiting for more seminarians from among our youth, but foreign missionaries. It is well for us to ponder on the matter.

As a priest, Father Schenfeld is intensely loyal. He shows his loyalty to his home country in his pride of its natural beauty, natural resources, and wealth. He is loyal to his Order and to the University in his zeal to keep both in the limelight of spiritual and academic excellence. Above all, he shows loyalty to God by offering the best that his mind can produce through missionary zeal and his religious writings.

As a man, Father Schenfeld is totally honest and devoid of all false pretenses. He is honest in admitting that he likes himself and takes justifiable pride in his writings, not out of conceit or egotism, but as a sincere acknowledgment of his Creator's deep love and goodness that gave him these. And such is not pride but humility. For true humility lies in knowing and accepting what you have, be it great or small, and thanking Him who gave it.

Thus it was only quite proper and fitting that on the day of his Silver Jubilee, Father Schenfeld was accorded great honor in a special High Mass which he himself offered, assisted by his esteemed friends in the S.V.D. Order, attended by his colleagues and the USC faculty and student body, to the sound of magnificent music as sung by a creditable choir.

The occasion culminated in a sumptuous banquet and a literary-musical program, in which the honoree enjoyed himself thoroughly.

For Father Schenfeld we offer our prayers that the years ahead may be as satisfying and fruitful in spiritual achievements as the years that had gone before. And may the Lord grant him more years in the sacred ministry and grant him another happy jubilee.

*Food chie's*  
**KEYNOTES**

**FOR A COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS**, we suggest that the honorable guest speaker read from the rostrum, with as stentorian a voice as he can manage, a comprehensive list of job opportunities presently obtaining in the professional world. Let him compile such a list to suit the various fields the graduates have chosen so that each toga-clad candidate will really begin a new life by receiving not only a diploma but an employment offer as well.

This way, graduation will no longer be a mere ceremony, however meaningful or impressive or memorable. It will become a practical transition from the world of study to that of application, from preparation to living it out. It will answer the cynic notion that graduation is but a mass transfer of sheep from one herd to another. Above all, it will rid the post-graduation period of the usual floating and dislocation which plague graduates who cannot find their places in the new milieu.

**POETS DIE BETTER** when they are old, not that age gives them better wisdom nor that time polishes their art. It is better that they be around much so that we can witness what their poetry means to them, what imprint it has on their lives and person.

Also, they are people we can turn to for meaning and beauty in our rapidly depersonalized world. To them we can look for human breath amid today's mechanized air. They, among others, can teach us to feel, to awaken to the throbs of the adventure which is life.

**NOBODY AS YET CAN GUESS** when the tartanilla will go. Anyone who dares to might do well to recall that way back in 1938 they were saying that in ten years this rig would disappear. Now, 25 years later, the cochero and his contraption are still very much around like an old habit.

We care little when or how it will go, if ever. We are rather interested in the peculiar manner with which it has stayed, managing to rub wheels with such modern cousins as the Taunus, the Yamaha and the Volkswagen. Of course, people here would adapt to any vehicle, riding being largely a thing of fashion as it is of need. Jeeps or buses could have quickly

replaced the tartanilla. They might eventually do so in the future but the fact is, why hasn't the tartanilla been changed?

Economic considerations aside, we think it is because the tartanilla peculiarly suits the mood and pace of Cebu City, the place, as many say, where the country meets the city. The tartanilla, whose speed is ordinarily between the fast and the leisurely but which can do one or the other with efficiency or grace, embodies the tempo of this conservative place. Its gait is the horse trot, moving with a pace which conserves tradition while at the same time acquainting itself with the new.

Unless the Cebuanos of this city change their mood, habits and outlook overnight, we can expect the tartanilla to be around, trotting our streets like a familiar friend. **PEOPLE SHY FROM** morals as if it were a world of limits. Little do we realize that the hard fact of oughtness in morality not only curbs and redirects the will wildly rushing to nowhere but also—and this is its richer meaning—opens us to a world of opportunity and choice, one which has definitely been rid of the caprice of blind desire.

**CHESTERTON, WHO SEEMS ALWAYS** to turn things upside down (downside up, if you choose) first before he sees them right (by which he meant being seen originally), says somewhere that life is too serious to be taken seriously. Whatever did he mean by that?

Are we to be frivolous and take life in a twirl?

Or, with a better ignorance, shall we float and let the current take us where it may?

Neither, we believe.

What then?

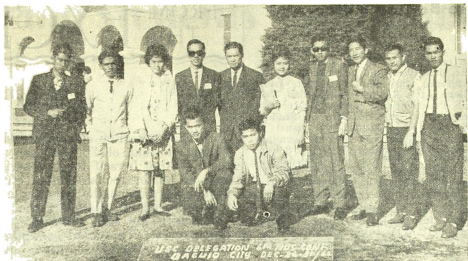
Well, there's one way you can find out. You go and ask a little boy why he likes to live. Then you go and see an old uncle what he thinks of the little one's philosophy.

(If you aren't satisfied with your findings, come to us. We'll invite you to Jenny's and talk about them old times.) **IT MAY SURPRISE SOME** to know that most of the things they think can't be done are already being accomplished or, at least, being planned to be accomplished.

(Continued on page 56)

When we received the invitation from Ever Macatulad, President of the National Union of Students (NUS), asking for a USC delegation to the NUS conference in Baguio, SSC President Victor Dumon immediately listed down possible choices for members of the delegation. Chosen were Bataan Faigao, Council Vice-President; Lery Palermo, Treasurer; Yolando Monton, Auditor; Roque Cervantes, Majority Floor Leader; Nicolas Vergara, Representative from the College of Engineering and Architecture; Antonio Escario, Representative, College of Commerce; Lucrecio Calo, Teachers College Representative; Proceso Bonotan from the College of Law; Jesus Osmeña, Jr., College of Commerce; this writer, as Council Secretary, and as Representative of THE CAROLINIAN; and of course, Vic Dumon, as Head of the delegation.

The sixth NUS Conference was scheduled from December 26 to 30, 1962. Those of us who had never been to



USC delegates to NUS Conference at Baguio. Standing from left to right: Roque Cervantes; Lucrecio Calo; Jo Famador; Vic Dumon, USC-SSC President; Atty. Catalino Doraldo, Adviser; Lery Palermo; Bataan Faigao; Nick Vergara; Alfonso Loo; and Proceso Bonotan. Kneeling are: Antonio Escario and Yolando Monton.

City. Six enormous buses conveyed the delegates to their destination. It was fun meeting new faces from unfamiliar places. The delegates were all very friendly, quick to smile and to give a warm hello. What would otherwise have been a dull trip was made merry and

fun when given a separate place. Lery Palermo and myself shared a very cozy room with two very enchanting ladies from St. Joseph's College.

An acquaintance party ushered in the NUS activities. The party was held at

## The Baguio NUS Conference of 1962

by Josefina C. Famador

Baguio considered this an opportunity to see the well-known City of the Pines, aside from the serious task of representing the University of San Carlos in this important conference of student leaders.

### The Ascent

The USC delegates left for Manila in two batches. Most of the boys left before the 26th by boat, while Atty. Doraldo, Bataan Faigao, and myself left by plane.

December 26. At exactly 9:15 a.m. all the delegates were assembled beneath the broad facade of the Far Eastern University main building. Campus figures from 30 different schools from all over the country were now on the what might be called "winning friends and influencing people" level. I never saw such a mixed group of varied personalities. There were small and cute types, the silent types behind scholarly-looking glasses, the extroverts, the book worms, the scholars, and what have you, all coming together to constitute one solid unit of student leaders eager to share their knowledge, their ideas, and solutions to student problems.

At 9:35 the trek to Baguio started from the Pantranco terminal in Quezon

jolly by singing campus songs and playing games.

Brr-r-r-r. Could we be nearing Baguio? It certainly was beginning to get cold. The delegates started reaching inside their bags for thick coats and sweaters. Did I say coats and sweaters? You bet. By golly, you should have seen the styles. And the colors. They were chic, they were smart, and they were eye-catching.

Gradually the trucks started the tortuous ascent through the hairpin-like curves. The temperature? Well, it was only one degree below zero. We went higher and higher, each time seeing beautiful brooks and magnificent waterfalls cascading down gigantic rocks, with here and there a bunch of everlasting flowers. Then all of a sudden we found ourselves in a world of green. We were surrounded by pine trees, and everything about us were green. Pine branches swayed rhythmically and gracefully in the mountain breeze. Finally a sign met our eyes. WELCOME TO BAGUIO. I'll never quite forget the thrill of it all.

Baguio is simply magnificent, cool and beautiful and blue against the mountain sky. We arrived at 5:00 p.m., and were immediately shown to our respective quarters. The ladies were assigned to the Patria de Baguio, while the gentle-

men were given a separate place. Lery Palermo and myself shared a very cozy room with two very enchanting ladies from St. Joseph's College.

### The Conference Proper

December 27. The conference was formally opened by the NUS President, Ever Macatulad of the Far Eastern University, with a speech on *The Student Council—A Dynamic Force in the Educational Community*. The plenary sessions opened with an explanation on the different workshop topics by four writers of the conference materials. This was followed by a grouping of the delegates into several workshops.

After supper that night the delegates had a free time till lights out at 10 o'clock. Many of them took the opportunity to see more of Baguio. A group of editors worked till the wee hours on the NUSETTE, official NUS organ.

December 28. The NUS organizers conducted a 3-hour-long panel discuss-  
(Continued on next page)

sion on what the NUS stands for, its aims, principles, and achievements. The conference was held at the St. Louis College. Atty. Artemio Panganiban, 1959 NUS President and currently Executive Secretary of the Institute of Student Affairs (ISA), headed the panel of speakers. Other speakers were Leonardo Tancuan, Jr., member of the NUS Constitutional Committee, and President of the SCA Alumni Association; and Alfonso Aguirre, who had just arrived from Switzerland.

After the discussion the delegates assembled into workshop groups to discuss vital matters and to crystallize plans relative to topics presented in their workbooks.

December 29. This day was set aside for workshop sessions. Tension filled the auditorium as resolutions were presented by the chairmen of the different workshops. Overall the chairman of the session was Raul Roco, Acting Secretary-General of the NUS.

We understood that in previous sessions, this part of the conference was the stormiest and the most riotous. This time, however, it was conducted in a peaceful and orderly manner. Ten minutes were allotted to the deliberation on resolutions before they could be passed and approved by the body. However, the time had to be extended as questions were asked one after another by the delegates. The session ended after having 80% of the resolutions presented.

December 30. Today being Sunday was a free time for delegates. We spent most of the day touring around the city, admiring its exquisite beauty, and breathing in its cool, balmy air. We visited Mines View Park, Wright Park, Burnham Park, the Italian gardens, and the lovely residence of Vice-President Emmanuel Pelaez, which faced the Executive Mansion.

**The Descent**

December 31. As the Law of Gravity decrees, what goes up must come down again. So it was with us. Once more, the delegates assembled, this time for the descent. Although we enjoyed the beauty of Baguio, in spite of the warm feeling of meeting new friends, and notwithstanding the experience of meeting and exchanging ideas with distinguished student leaders, there is still no place like home. Just as we were eager to get to Baguio, now we were just as eager to get back home. The happy prospect of being home with the family for the New Year was just as thrilling as the expectation of going to Baguio a few days before.

All things considered, the NUS conference was a success. We would like to express our gratitude to the people of St. Louis College for their kindness to us, for the warm reception, and for making our stay pleasant and memorable. The same go to all those lovely people who made us feel at home with their pleasant friendliness.

I end this report with a quotation from one of our fellow delegates who said: "You think that you are the brightest in your school, but after attending this conference you find others who are even better."

**FROM THE EXCHANGES**

by Lindy Chica

What my alter ego once told me reveals this generation's youth: "I feel old, old, old!" She's 20 years old. Today's young adult is, in truth, taking herself too, too seriously. She no longer feels light and gay, no longer foolish and carefree sometimes, no longer young. She should learn from the laughter and frivolity of rain. Whoever wrote that editorial on "Rain" in the Sept. 11, 1962 issue of the *Philippine Collegian* is not old. He said: "In man's lexicon, it's just another inconvenience. *Heady and precipitate, the rain thwarts our little schemes and turns away our best laid out plans. And yet it persists as an example of the way nature can laugh off the triflings of men.*"

Ricardo Diño writes in the same issue of the same paper: "Research refers to the function of actively advancing knowledge: Whether it concerns the use of tested conclusions or the formulation of new ones by new findings. The dedicated man of arts and sciences does not stop whenever he arrives at a theory or law — he goes on, pitting his new-found knowledge against new proofs, new evidences. For knowledge is not a static business, it is dynamic." That's why term papers were invented.

By youthful frivolity I don't mean the absurdity of those 50 college boys who spent 504 long hours talking continuously over the phone, taking turns to provide "vital information" about the coeds in a neighboring dormitory, as reported in *The Asian Student*, dated Oct. 13, 1962.

The *Notre-damer*, Oct., 1962, quotes what one Father Louis McCue calls "the substitute for leadership." He calls it "followships — the lazy art of doing what everybody else is doing, instead of doing what is right. Followship is the building up of important decisions and policies on the flabby shoulders of public opinion." This is what leadership is not. What is leadership, then? It certainly is not doing everything your way. Your own shoulders may be just as flabby.

Congratulations go to *The Technician* of the Cebu Institute of Technology for giving a lot of space to an important issue — the College Editors Guild. The same goes to *The Quill* of Southwestern University, Cebu City, for giving a lot of space to local and national contemporary events — items that have yet to be noticed by many school publications.

From the editorial of the *Atenews*, organ of the Ateneo de Davao, dated November 30, 1962, comes the loud voice of angry youth: "We, the youth, who are filled with the hope and enthusiasm, can change the present state of the world we live in. We can still mold ourselves into men of principles — responsible and morally upright, not men who will lose the reason for being. And we must! . . . we should put up a revolution of our own. Let us go against these worldly trends. Let us revolt against the evils of the present generation and lay down a groundwork for the coming of a new era wherein the world will blossom into a new bud, a new spring and a new life."

This voice is not a "voice in the wilderness," such as to be heard only from the mingled shouts of two from the *Atenews*, and the *Guidon*. It has its echo from the student leaders of Chile who confronted the 10th International Student Conference held in Quebec, Canada last year with the painful realization "that the world such as it is today is not a fit place for man, that the world such as we find it today is not the sort of world to which we students and young men can conform."

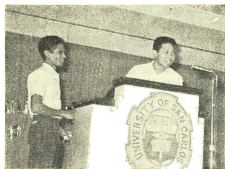
Yet, where in our midst is this echo? The four walls of the classroom are silent.



# The USC Working Students Association

A well-known Polack once said with candor that a man is a worker. He's either that or he's nothing. A funny-man called Jerome claims that he likes work. It is very fascinating, he adds, so much so that he can sit down and look at work for hours.

Somebody, presumably in a moment of aberration, requested me to do this — that is, write something about the USC Working Students Association, to



Turning over the key of responsibility from Mr. Yolando Monton the outgoing president of the Working Students Association to Mr. Lucrecio T. Calo. Shown before the microphone is the outgoing president while the incoming president receives the handshake of responsibility.

be presented as a maiden venture to **THE CAROLINIAN**. At first I was reluctant to accept the job — perhaps because I am bit of an anti-worker myself. But I do not intend to give that Polack sufficient cause to declare that I am nothing. So I started pounding the typewriter, scanning the surfaces of my intellect and my imagination (the latter, I fear, is infertile) in order to produce something readable. So now I can sit down and work (instead of look at work) for hours.

Meanwhile a slogan comes into my mind — Workers of the University — Unite! You have nothing to lose but your sanity. (I think this has been said before, but never mind.)

Groups and clubs are borne out of a sense of having something in common with the next guy. It could be ideas or interests. In our case it is both, plus a common aim — to acquire a college degree the hard way.

There have been working students in San Carlos in years past, but there was no formal and compact organization there of until two years ago when Father Margarito Alingasa took over as supervisor. At the time of its establishment, the membership was so large that the Very Reverend Father

by T. D. Baire

Rector once commented that the whole Ateneo de Manila population would get lost among us.

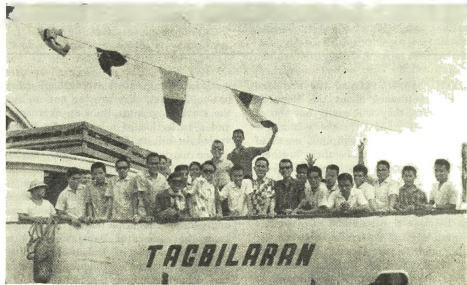
The early birds who do the sweeping of classrooms; the young fellow who operates an abominable gizmo called the IBM machine, the guy who handles specimens in the science laboratories, the ladies who count the cash during tuition-paying time — these comprise the Working Students Association.

And what are the qualifications for membership in the WSA?

First, an aspirant must have at least one semester's residence at the University of San Carlos. Second, his grades must range from above average to excellent (if possible). Third, but most important, he must not depend solely and completely upon his earnings as a

budgeted to the last second, to work and study and a little recreation, thus making his existence as rigidly regulated as the ticking of a grand-father clock. From these conditions arose the need for an organization that could give him a voice, develop his social and intellectual capacities, and foster harmonious relations with his peers and with the oftentimes aristocratic and aloof professional students, and finally break the monotony of his perfunctory world.

The Association, 250 strong at present, first felt the pulse of active leadership during the incumbency as president of Mr. Yolando Monton, now auditor of the Supreme Student Council, with Mariano Aparte, the great debater, as Vice-President, and winsome Lucrecio Oliveros as Secretary-Treasurer. They



Sea Voyage around Mactan Island. Working students' fun and frolic at sea.

working student to cover all his expenses — that is, from board and lodging to clothes to tuition fees. The University can only extend partial aid to hard-up but deserving students. A working student can be assured of free tuition at least. Grades are periodically examined, and in the event of failure in two subjects, a member automatically loses his working status.

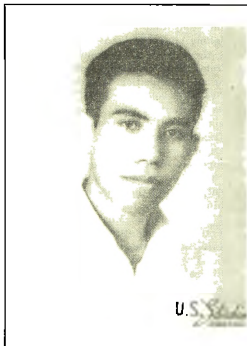
The working student is a busy student. He not only works but he studies as well. He is not just a student. He must be a responsible student. His life entails a certain degree of ennui, considering the same routine he has to do day in and day out. His time is

were the first officers of the Association. In the second year of the group's existence the Association gained added strength with the (present) dynamic leadership of Lucrecio Calo as President, Gerardo Perez as Vice-President, and Andres Arreza as Secretary-Treasurer. The members hold monthly meetings during which Father Alingasa gives inspirational and spiritual pep talks. Under Monton, the Association held its first annual social activity in Miramar. This year under Calo, the group launched a unique form of relaxation — a boat cruise along the beautiful shoreline of Cebu. The As-

(Continued on page 55)

# PANTJASILA: OF STATE OF THE REPUBLIC OF INDONESIA

by **Herman Joseph Seran**



## About the Author

*Herman Joseph Seran is a young Indonesian student, presently here at USC on a four-year scholarship granted by the SVD Fathers in Indonesia. He took his first year college in his home country, taking courses in political science at the University of Indonesia, a state university. He is now taking AB, major in English. Mr. Seran hopes to graduate this March.*

*We deem it only fitting that we be informed on the political, social, and economic conditions of Indonesia, not only because the Philippines and Indonesia are geographical neighbors and should know each other closely, but also because of the historical link that binds the two countries, a link that the passage of time has not severed. As Mr. Seran says, and as recorded history bears him out, Filipinos and Indonesians are "brothers from some common ancestors."*

*The views and opinions expressed in the article are entirely those of the author, and do not necessarily reflect those of the staff.*

EDITOR

IF YOU happen to read the standard books of reference about the Republic of Indonesia, they will easily tell you of one hundred million people whom the golden-brown-skinned Filipinos north of the equator believe to be their brothers from some common ancestors. The books will tell you that these 100,000,000 people, who are mostly Mohammedans, live in hundreds of islands scattered over the area between the mainland of Asia and the mainland of Australia, between the Indian and Pacific Ocean. These books will tell you further, that some of these islands are very big, while others are very small. Some are highly developed, while some are still untouched by human hands. Some of these islands are highly populated, while others are hardly habited at all. Furthermore, you learn of the products, natural resources, and the wealth of the country both tapped and untapped.

However, these books cannot explain a nation. They cannot tell you, for instance, of the spirit of the Indonesian people. They cannot explain the aims, the ambitions, the hopes, the desires, the dreams, and the visions of these 100,000,000 people.

As President Sukarno stated in a speech before the Council of World Affairs in Los Angeles, California on April 21, 1961, "A nation consists of human beings; these human beings are the greatest wealth, the greatest raw

material, the greatest strength of every nation. In fact, they are the nation, and the state is no more than an expression and a reflection of a nation. To be revealed in all its strength and glory, a nation needs a vision, an ideal, a philosophy."

For Indonesians this philosophy is called PANTJASILA (pronounced *Panchasila*), or the Five Pillars. Nobody can understand Indonesia fully if he does not know the essence of Pantjasila because it is the nucleus of Indonesian philosophy, the outcome of Indonesian foreign and domestic policy, the basis of Indonesian socialism and guided democracy. These five principles or Pantjasila are incorporated in the preamble of our constitution where they are generally arranged in this order: Belief in God, Nationalism, Internationalism, Democracy, and Social Justice.

### 1. Belief in God

Indonesians are composed of people who embrace many different religions. Among them there are Mohammedans, Catholics, Protestants, Buddhists, and people of no religion at all. The Moslems compose 85% of the whole population. Considering the different beliefs and the unity of the people despite this difference, this first principle is placed in the first and highest rank. Even those who believe in no God, in their innate tolerance recognize that the belief in the

Almighty is characteristic of their nation, so they accept this First Pillar. There is, therefore, religious tolerance. Since this first principle is accepted as a national philosophy, a department of religion has been established. The function of this department is to provide for the needs and the support necessary for the development of spiritual values. It subsidizes the establishment of some mosques, churches, and seminaries. Religious instructors are paid by this department.

### 2. Nationalism

Nationalism is a force which inspires the Indonesians to fight for freedom from slavery and oppression. Until today this force still inflames the Indonesian spirit. But this nationalism is not chauvinistic. Indonesians never consider themselves superior over other nations. They do not impose their ideology nor their desires upon other nations.

"The term nationalism is something suspicious in the western world. That is because the West has prostituted and abused true nationalism. And yet, true nationalism still burns bright in the West. If it did not, then the West would not have used arms against the aggressive chauvinism of Hitler. Does not nationalism sustain all nations? Who dares to deny his own country, the nation that bore him? Nationalism is the main source

and the mighty inspiration to freedom. There is a great difference between the nationalism in Asia, Africa, and Latin America and the nationalism in the West. Nationalism in the West means an aggressive force seeking national economic expansion and advantage. It is the grandparent of imperialism whose father was capitalism. In Asia, Africa, and possibly in Latin America, Nationalism is a protest against Imperialism, colonialism, and oppression.

Mahatma Gandhi once said: "I am a nationalist, but my nationalism is humanistic." Indonesian nationalism has the same meaning. Again we quote President Sukarno: "We are nationalists because we are convinced that all nations are essential to the world in this age and we will continue to be so as far as the eye can see into the future."

Based upon this true nationalism, Indonesia strives to establish a just and prosperous society where everybody will have enough food to eat daily, enough clothes to cover his body, enough shelter wherein he can rest, and a little money to support and educate his children. To establish a just and prosperous society is the domestic policy of Indonesia.

### 3. Internationalism

Internationalism for Indonesians means coexistence among all nations, not the exploitation of one nation by another. Internationalism means equality among nations where every nation respects and preserves the rights of another. Enlightened by this concept of equality and harmonious coexistence among nations, Indonesia has no intention of siding with any of the present opposing blocs. Indonesia calls her foreign policy active and independent or a policy of non-alignment. There are people who call Indonesians opportunists and neutralists. This statement is a misconception. Indonesians are neither opportunists nor neutralists because they have their own principles and they are not mere spectators with regard to the problems which threaten mankind today. For further clarification of Indonesian foreign policy, let me refer you again to the speech of President Sukarno:

"We call our foreign policy independent and active. Others call us neutralists. Others call us uncommitted. Who can be neutral in this world today when the very future of mankind is threatened? Who can be uncommitted when colonialism and imperialism still flourish and are still aggressive in the world? Who can be uncommitted when international Democracy is still just a dream and a vision?"

"We are not neutral, and we will never be neutral so long as colonialism and imperialism continue to exist in any manifestation anywhere in this world of ours. We will not be uncommitted so long as certain states are unwilling to accept the demand for inter-

national social justice and international democracy."

"Indeed, we are independent in our foreign policy. We do not belong to either of the two great blocs in the world. We do not believe that total truth or total justice permanently resides in either bloc. More than this, we believe that the division of the world into blocs is itself a great danger, and one which this world cannot countenance. We work for international humanism, and that means that man is the brother of man the world over. We do not accept the idea that ideological considerations should divide man from man. We do not accept the idea that military pacts and military alliances and military blocs can assist in maintaining, stabilizing, and perpetuating peace."

### 4. Democracy

Democracy is not the invention of any one nation. It is inherent in the very nature of man. Since it is inherent, nobody can change this reality.

But we know that politics is an art of possibilities. Therefore the government is an art of recognizing the possible. A possibility is something which can be changed and altered. On this premise, Indonesia changed her pattern of government and substituted it with the framework of those national realities, national forces and potentialities which can lead her towards the realization of her aims. We have done away with parliamentary democracy and liberal economy because they failed to lead our nation to progress. They did not fulfill the needs of our people. We have established in their stead a new type of democracy which is fitting to our national traditions and ideals. From our experiences we have learned that an imported democracy is not sufficiently democratic for our needs. Parliamentary democracy produced only dissension, it resulted in political partisanship, rebellion, corruption, and exploitation of the people's votes by selfish politicians who sought only self-aggrandizement.

For us Indonesians, the idea of an opposition does not quite fit our traditional society or traditional ideas because the essence of our government from time immemorial has been agreement, not disagreement. For us the essence of government has been the effort to reach a consensus of opinion and to act upon that opinion in a manner agreeable to all.

We have practiced democracy for centuries. In practicing democracy our forefathers philosophized about it. We have developed a type of democracy which fits our particular needs and our national pattern. Our form of democracy consists of the application of two principles which we term *Musawarah* and *Mufakat*. *Musawarak* means *consultation* and *Mufakat* means *reaching unanimous agreement*. In application, the method of democratic procedure means

deliberating upon a question into such time as it is resolved by unanimous agreement, with all views, opinions, and interests considered. The ideas, views, and opinions can give guidance in such deliberations, and the result is unanimous.

Another device used in the application of our democracy is known as *Gotong-Rojong*, which means *common effort for a common goal*. This form of Indonesian democracy is one that we call *guided democracy*. It is so-called because it conducts and directs our people towards their aim under the enlightenment of Pancasila.

The term *guided democracy* is much misunderstood outside Indonesia. There are people who misinterpret it and immediately conclude that there is no freedom in Indonesia. It seems that they are scared by the term itself. Guided democracy and guided economy, to explain further, are a denial of liberal doctrines and an affirmation of our own ideology. Our democracy and our economy are not guided by Sukarno nor by any other politician. These ideologies and their procedures are guided by *Pancasila* towards a certain goal, which is a just and prosperous society, both in the material and spiritual sense.

### 5. Social Justice

Indonesian aim is socialism. But such must be based on our own realities and our own strength. Our aim is a just and prosperous society. To realize this we have rejected liberal economy and replaced it with guided economy. We rejected liberal economy because it made a bad situation worse. Liberal economy is an unfit system for our economic life. By it the rich grew richer, and poor grew poorer. How could we have reached our aim in such a situation?

Under our present guided economy all goods and materials or enterprises which govern the fundamental life of the people are controlled or supervised by the government and the rest are controlled by private firms, corporations, and enterprises. Those controlled by the government are utilized for the improvement of the public. A just and prosperous society cannot be realized if the government does not have the means. The plight of suffering people cannot be solved if the authorities do not have the proper and necessary means and materials.

Our socialism is not European socialism. It is consciously designed to meet our own national demands. We call this *Indonesian Socialism* or *Socialism à la Indonesia*. This is a natural development and projection of Indonesian characteristics and national identity. These characteristics are *Kerakjatan*, *Gotong-Rojong*, *Musawarah*, and *Mufakat* — with the people as the source of collective effort for the attainment of a common goal (through discussion, deliberation,

(Continued on page 56)

**A VISION OF EMILY ON A COLD JANUARY DAWN**

*I stood before the campfires of a forgotten  
dawn: dream, dream, die a mournful death  
— said a dama de noche in the breeze.  
And the traffic in my heart rioted.  
I flung eager arms to the wind. There was  
You. You. You. Wind echoing — You.  
Five feet in a gown of stars, so young, so young,  
so lovely. I told myself: should I?  
She's eighteen, she's lively.  
I fell on my knees, seeking wordlessly a thread  
of moonbeam for a carpet.  
In the silence, in the gloom, in the dawn  
— there the dream grew.  
I love you. I love you. Do not let  
unmerciful day steal you away from me.*

**VALENTINE'S DAY AND ME**

*Waking up on a loveless day is  
a definition of agony.  
No warmth from birdsong, no greeting from you.  
I've sought you in the trailless night,  
in the trellis of choking vine, in the careless  
haze of fog and rain. But I found you  
unseeing; I choked on  
the song that never came.  
My heart has defined what agony is, for  
it is waking up on a loveless  
day without you.*

**EMILY**

*Ride the rough wind on a cold  
February dawn: it is like seeking you  
in the brambles.  
My heart I bared; myself I abandoned  
to a fate I only hope is fed on loving.  
I shall ride the rough wind today.  
Pluck me tomorrow for your bouquet.*

**A SAMPAGUITA FOR EMILY**

*Loving you is like deep dawn  
dripping dew on the world's aluminum:  
I fall; I feel; I touch with careful  
tendrils. You lie, oblivious of my  
delirium.  
Dream, then, a little dream  
of bluebells. Black beetles shall not harm  
you, nor centipedes  
afright you.  
I shall pluck a flower  
at daybreak. At daybreak, a sampaguita  
and a sad refrain.  
And in the hue of day,  
remember the dawn with its dew — and  
the love the stillness brought you.*

## SENSES 3

by Amparito Rusiana

## 1. SEEING . . .

*I see you in the brilliance  
of city lights,  
And I see you in the greenness  
of country meadows.*

## 2. HEARING . . .

*I hear your voice in the stillness  
of the empty night —  
And I hear your laughter  
mocking life's bitterness.*

## 3. TOUCH . . .

*I feel your gentle touch  
daring inner madness in me —  
And I feel magic when  
you're beside me.*

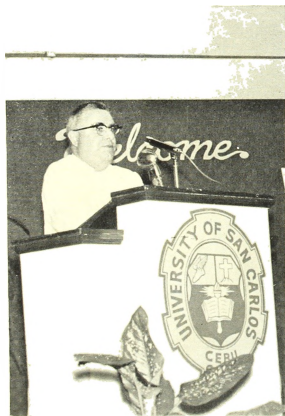


v. Superior General, JOHN SCHUTTE, S.V.D., greets Mr. UEL PELAEZ, Vice-President of the Philippines, when he visited the University of San Carlos on January 12, 1963. On the right is Atty. Fulvio Pelaez, Dean of the College of Law of the University of San Carlos.



Very Rev. Visitor ROBERT PUNG, S.V.D., greets Mr. EMMANUEL PELAEZ, Vice-President of the Philippines.

Very Rev. HAROLD W. RIGNEY, S.V.D., Rector of the University of San Carlos giving the Welcome Address



The Vice-President of the Philippines, EMMANUEL PELAEZ, speaks at a convocation held at the University of San Carlos in his honor last Jan. 12, 1963.

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TERESITA ALONTE



VIVIEN ALIX



MARIPE GON

# ity Week Pictures

in and King Roberto Carvajal reigned during the University Week festivities held from February. The reigning beauties and their escorts. From left: Miss Nirmala Mukhi of the Secretarial set-up to Miss Lino; Their Majesties Queen and King, and Miss Nonila Kempis of the College Governor Remotigue assists Miss Leny Palermo, last year's Queen, place the crown on Queen 6, 8, and 9 show the lovely fashion models who figuratively brought over the KARILAGAN C to USC on Fashion Show night (7) Miss Amparo F. Rodil, Most Outstanding USC Alumnae honor with profound gratitude. (10) At the symposium on CEBU CULTURE, which was the USC Week celebrations. From left are speakers Mr. Manuel E. de la Calzada, Dr. Mar-Manuel Gloria, O.S.A., Mr. Vicente Ryamko, on rostrum, Atty. Catalino Doronio, and Prof. ) The symposium audience. (12) The Liberal Arts choristers, winners of the choral contest, led by Pete Montero. (13) Contestants in the extemporaneous speech contest. At the microphone of the H.E. Dept. Miss Lourdes Abapo, BSE, won first prize. Miss Abapo is seated

Feb. 21-24, 196

Phot



10



8

ROSARIO BORRONEO



11



9

DELIA CHUTEN



12



13



Shown during the Students Ball, from left, are ROTC Commandant Pete Bermejo, Miss Leonor Borromeo, Mrs. Getrudeo Doronio, and Atty. Doronio.



THE TORCH PARADE



PART OF THE BIOLOGY EXHIBITS



# LOVE LETTERS IN MAY . . . by Daniel J. Hernandez

May, the church bells were ringing, then when your eyes met, the flame of love was born but Diana refused to heed its call, but still you wouldn't accept defeat until you wrote her... "Love letters in May."

You have enchanted and held my heart in captivity, you now hold my heart, my dreams, my fate—my love.

You can destroy my unyielding heart, that unyielding love for you.

You shall still be my inspiration but in dreams alone, for we are miles apart and I can dream, to heal the longing of my heart. I'll be longing for you every second, every minute, every hour, every beat of my heart 'till eternity.

Time, they say, is the greatest of healers, time, work and prayer, will help me forget you, for a little while, forgetting for my own sake, not forever but temporarily for I shall not forget that beautiful face.

A beautiful creation of my Master, a sparkling beauty,—a masterpiece.

You are a rose surrounded by thorns, remove those thorns, that I may hold it in my hands. You refuse me until now, why? Am I unworthy before thine eyes? If not, what then? — I love you but it seems that your heart lingers, it hesitates. Fear me not, my dear, for boldness is my mark, without it I'll flounder in this uncertainty.

The tune of the music is so melancholic. Why prick my heart with utter silence? O how could I express these poignant feelings except by the might of the pen. The pirouette of time increases my love, but Mother Time mocks me for being a devoted lover.

Perchance this is all a dream—dreams they say are unpredictable, come now my love and consummate your trust in me. I could desecrate what you now feel—Pity? yes it's pity. Vanish the thought forever, for love cannot be born out of pity. The light begins to flicker, it unravels the image

now, Bacchus comes, his wine so great, your fragile face begins to disappear amidst the clanging bells of hypotism—slowly, silently, the music disappears like a light in a room.

And there in the murkiness of the hour I knelt to offer my humble prayers to thank the Lord, to thank Diana for letting me see the right path of glory—and now the bells begin to ring... to signify sweet moments of yesteryears.

You now crumple the paper because you have vowed to love only one... God. Yes, after twelve years you are now in a priest's white robe, but still you couldn't figure it out how that poem which you wrote under the inspiration of Diana's beauty is now in your possession. Yes that's the girl who broke your heart, you loved her greatly then, you even dreamt of her as your future wife but she knew before hand that you were intending to be a priest, and that is what you are now,—a priest! Fr. Dennis J. Warren, S.V.D. (Societas Verbi Divini). It seems that Diana opened your eyes to reality, she knew

that serving God is something noble, something great, so with blearing eyes she told you: to forget everything. Your situation was hopeless. As the years went by, your broken heart was nurtured by God and finally you heard His heavenly call, that kept ringing in your ears. This time you found your true love—God. For God is love.

In your deep reverie, a knock on your door broke those memorable thoughts, but still you seemed to have frozen on your seat until you heard the authoritative voice of the law:

"Father Warren, open up, this is the police!" As you open the door you find a familiar face. A face of a shrewd sleuth Lieutenant Jack Silvestre, Chief of the Homicide Division.

"Good evening, my dear Father," he greeted the priest mockingly.

"Correction, good morning it is already 2:36 in the morning Lieutenant, and I think you have picked the right time."

"Well, you see Father, we have a big surprise for you. I am afraid you'll have to go down to headquarters to have a nice chat with us."

"O-O-h, and just what kind of a nice chat do you mean?" Fr. Warren asked suspiciously.

"I am not a Hitchcock, Father but I like to leave that to your imagination, call it..."

"Suspense?" Fr. Warren added.

"Yes, that's the right word, Father, but come, let us hurry. Your friends are now waiting for you." As Fr. Warren got inside the police patrol car, two husky uniformed police officers followed him, with guns drawn.

"Say, what is the meaning of this, Lieutenant? I demand an explanation."

"Patience Father, you'll get it when we arrive at headquarters. Meanwhile enjoy yourself. Relax, Father. Just relax."

"How could I when two guns are being pointed in my direction? This is an outrage!"

The Lieutenant signaled his men to put down their service pistols. The police car was now in full speed with its siren echoing, rousing many people from their deep slumber. The police car halted in front of the Manila Cathedral, a lot of people were surrounding the cathedral. Police officers were busy enforcing order.

"You lied to me Lieutenant, this is not the police headquarters, this is the cathedral!"

"There is an insane man inside that church Father, he has killed five of my men and three Catholic priests. I want you to talk to him. Put some sense into that damned brain of his."

"And you picked me as a human sacrifice, when you already knew that he has killed three Catholic priests. My, my, it is you who needs an overhauling."

"To whom should I turn to? You are a renowned defender of the Church, and it is just fitting that we should turn to the most deserving man, please, Father, for the love of God, this is not the time to argue."

The priest gave him a sizing up and with a smile he said:

"Yes, for the love of God I'll do it."

At least he was gaining ground on a non-believer, a feared lawman who for many years he tried to convert to the Catholic faith, utter a striking phrase: "for the love of God." So with fingers crossed, holding his rosary as if in prayer the tall American priest entered the cathedral, with Lieutenant Silvestre following him furtively. Father Warren continued to walk, head high undaunted of what may happen to him, then, suddenly the roar of a thundering 45 broke the utter silence inside the cathedral.

"That's far enough Father, one more step and you will be a dead duck." The priest tried to trace where the firing and the squeaky voice came from, but he didn't need to bother; the trigger-happy desperado came out from his hiding place. He now stood in front of the tabernacle disregarding the Holy presence of our Lord. Father Warren finally spoke up:

"Son, you have brought a lot of blood into the house of God, doesn't your conscience bother you? —Come, I am here as a friend, to help you in your troubles. Tell me what it is, that made you do these things?"

"Uh-uh, no dice Father, you would not understand it. Do you know what it is to be in love and to lose that love, do you? Ha! what do priests like you know about love, you would not even know what it is, and besides that is none of your business. Do you hear me? —IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!"

"It is, my son, because to save souls for God is my business. It seems that you made a slight mistake, when you said that priests like me don't understand the wonder word called love. You are all wrong, my son. St. John writes: 'Beloved, let us love one another, for love is from God. And everyone who loves is born of God, and knows God. He who does not love does not know God; for God is love.' Those verses reveal then that the source of all love is God, and everything we have comes from Him. Come now, my son, God does not want you to suffer. He wants you to come down from that altar and repent while you still can. I promise you that they won't hurt you. I am a friend, remember?"

Fr. Warren was waiting for his reply, hoping that this man would end his fight with the law, with sorrowful eyes and pity encompassing his heart for this lost soul he remembered the words of Christ: "Father, if it be possible let this chalice pass from Me. Nevertheless, not as I will but as Thou wilt." So with patience and love for a lost sheep, the good priest waited with hopeful eyes, hoping for Divine intercession. The man was wearing a stetson hat making it hard for the priest to scrutinize him well.

"I think I know you." The man finally spoke, in a squeaky voice. The years haven't changed you, ... but I am glad you have finally made it ... Dennis Warren. Come Dennis ..."

"Fr. Dennis Warren," corrected the priest.

"Yes, ... Dennis ... I mean Fr. Dennis Warren." He gave the priest a sardonic smile. "I have two more bullets, Father, one for me and of course one for YOU! Tsk-tsk-too bad, now I'll have to pull this trigger. As the desperado rushed to Fr. Warren, the sharp-shooting Lieutenant Silvestre, shot him. He fell into the arms of the priest, his hat falling, revealing the real identity.

"Hey, it is a woman, Father!" The Lieutenant exclaimed in amazement.

"Father ...?" the dying woman whispered silently.

"I am here," replied the priest.

"I am sorry ... for all the things ... I have done ... I did this for you ..." with these last words she died. Fr. Warren prayed for her, placing his rosary around her neck and with a last look he laid her gently on the floor, blessing her as he stood up saying audibly: "Benedictio te omnipotens Deus; Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus, Amen." (May God almighty bless thee: the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen.) After this he left the cathedral, with mournful and measured steps, and as he was about to board the waiting patrol car, Lt. Silvestre called him.

"Father, you seem to know that woman?"

"She is Diana, my high school sweetheart, I heard that she got insane when I entered the seminary. It broke her heart. Her parents went even to the extent of begging me to abandon my vocation, just for her sake, but my heart yearns and throbs for God alone. In this world, Lieutenant, every person must cross the inevitable vast ocean, wherein the waves of uncertainty awaits you, we are the pilots of our own destiny."

"I understand now, what life really is, I would like to be converted to your faith Father ... baptize me." With mixed emotions, the priest answered:

"You have uttered the words of salvation, come follow me." As you walk back to the waiting patrol car the immortal poem of Carbonell begins to ring once more in your ears: "You went away because you mistake my silence for indifference. But silence, my dear, is the language of my heart. How could I essay the intensity of my love when silence speaks a more eloquent tone? But perhaps you didn't understand ... Remember, I came, because the gnawing loneliness is there and will not be lost until the music is sung, until the poem is heard, until the silence is understood ... until you come to me again. For you alone can blend music and memory into one consuming ecstasy ... you alone!" But now Diana rests forever, the song of her heart had been sung. The conflagration of love has now been buried. It is now a part of the past, wherein tomorrow lies awaiting, offering you the torch of life—God. (Gloria tibi Domini (Glory be to Thee O Lord.)

# THE WORLD TODAY: *Sane or Not?*

by LINDY CHICA

"In the last 100 years we, in the Western world, have created a greater material wealth than any other society of the human race. Yet we have managed to kill off millions of our population in an arrangement which we call "war"....

... "In these outbursts of destructiveness and paranoid suspicion, however, we are not behaving differently from what the civilized part of mankind has done in the last 3,000 years of history. According to Cherbulliez, from 1500 B.C. to 1860 A.D. no less than about 8,000 peace treaties were signed, each one supposed to secure permanent peace, and each one lasting on an average of 2 years."

"Statistics in 1946 shows that the rate of homicide (whether suicide or fratricide) and alcoholism are highest in such highly developed countries like Denmark, Switzerland, Finland, Sweden, and the U.S."

In his book, *The Sane Society*, Euch Fromm asks the question, "Can a Society Be Sick?" He analyzes contemporary Western Society with a view to tracing out a possible unadjustment of the culture itself or its inability to satisfy the needs of man.

Such an investigation he calls the "pathology of normalcy." The idea is not new. Freud in his *Civilization and its Discontents* contends that human nature and society can have conflicting demands, and that a whole society can be sick. This, he calls the "pathology of civilized communities."

The study is based on the idea that society functions for man's welfare and not man for society. It must fulfill man's needs as they arise from his nature. A society which fails to satisfy these objective needs of man cannot be said to be functioning the way it should be, sanely. It can only be sick, in the same way that a body is sick when its parts do not function harmoniously to make a person healthy.

What is man and what are his needs which society must fulfill?

Fromm calls man an "anomaly," the "freak of the universe." Although part of nature, and subject to her laws which he cannot change, man transcends nature by his self-awareness, reason, and imagination. His birth marks that "unique break in animal evolution" comparable only to the first emergence of matter. When life became aware of itself, man was born...

Because of the peculiarity of his birth, man is faced with a problem peculiar to him—that of living a life that is partly animal and partly divine, partly finite and

partly infinite. He has been evicted from his prehuman state of harmony with nature; he cannot go back to his original home. He can never return to nature, can never become an animal again.

"There is only one way he can take: to emerge fully from his natural home to find a new home—one which he creates, by making the world a truly human one and by becoming truly human himself." Yet, he must forever find solutions to the ever-pressing contradictions in his existence.

This is Man, born with the problem of Being Born—Human. He cannot run away from this problem, in the same way that he cannot deny the fact of his existence. He must look for the answers to his questions in that way of life which he has in common with others, in his culture. And the success or failure of his search can drive him to reach the heights of sanity or the depths of insanity or despair.

How can man keep himself from insanity? This would depend not primarily upon the individual person, but also upon the structure of his society, of its adjustment to his needs.

"A healthy society furthers man's capacity to love his fellow men, to work creatively, to develop his reason and objectivity, to have a sense of self which is based on the experience of his own productive powers... An unhealthy society is one which creates mutual hostility, distrust, which transforms man into an instrument of use and exploitation for others, which deprives him of a sense of self, except inasmuch as he submits to others or becomes an automaton."

The structure of every society is dependent upon several objective conditions which include methods of production and distribution. This is because man is primarily concerned with the task of survival, which means that he must work and produce in order to provide for himself food and shelter and other minimum necessities of his life.

The method of production influences the relationships of people. In the capitalist system of production, the market forms the basis for this relationship. The worker sells his labor to the owner of the capital who buys it as if it were a commodity just like any other sold on the market. And since it has been paid its proper price, the employer has no obligation towards his employee other than that of paying his wages. So much human labor is equal to so much amount of money. The laborer in 20th century

Capitalism, is an abstract entity, a figure on the balance sheet. His knowledge, training, education, his entire person is the embodiment of a certain exchange value on the personality market. In an advertisement published in the New York Times was placed:

BSc. + Ph.D. = \$40,000

The laborer works "in a machine-like fashion in activities for which no machine has yet been devised or which would be costlier than human work." He manipulates machines and people with great speed in order to fulfill the consumer's demand to consume, consume, and consume things which he does not need and for which he has no money to pay. He labors for the machine which will even think for him. How true what Adlai Stevenson said: "Indeed, we are no longer in danger of becoming slaves, but of becoming robots."

"Men work together. Thousands stream into the industrial plants and the offices... The evening stream flows back: they read the same newspaper, they listen to the radio, they see the movies, the same for those on the top and for those at the bottom of the ladder, for the intelligent and the stupid, for the educated. Produce, consume, enjoy together, in step, without asking questions. That is the rhythm of their lives."

The profit-motive and competition on the market makes man in capitalist society confused and helpless before the very forces he was made to govern. He believes that as long as everybody strives for himself on the market, the common good will be insured. He considers his life an investment, his body, mind, and soul his capital that are intended to make a profit for himself. He no longer feels himself a man apart from the social machine, with love, fear, convictions, doubts. He is alienated from his real nature, like Ibsen's Peer Gynt, a man who, chasing after material gain, discovers eventually that he has lost his self, that he is like an onion with layer after layer, but without a kernel.

This discovery of the loss of self-identity can lead man to insanity and can make him desire to "land in hell, rather than, to be thrown back into the casting ladle of nothingness."

The fundamental choice of mankind today is not between Capitalism and Communism, but between robotism, present in both systems, or Humanistic Communication Socialism. The decision is his alone to make whether to choose life or death, blessing or curse.

# NOTHING BUT THE NIGHT

Short  
Story

by BATAAN  
FAIGAO

(AUTHOR'S NOTE: The story is a drama in modern baroque exploring the existential theme of man and his world. In order to understand the story, one must bear in mind the use of profuse symbols and the mechanical pattern of development. The writer is writing about absolutes and about a general concept mesmerized by a surrealist atmosphere into a singular perfunctory situation. The reader should adjust himself to the surrealexistential mood in order to feel the story — BGF)

O never fear, lad, naught's dread,  
Look not left nor right;  
In all the endless roads you tread  
There's nothing but the night.

"What are you looking at?"

"The night."

"The night?"

"Yes."

"What do you see?"

"Nothing."

"Then, why do you keep on  
looking?"

"I don't know."

He walked from the green grilled window patterns across the darkness. He was old. Walking with a limp, he struggled towards the bed and sat down on the edge. The young man who before made his inquiry threw him a match for him to light his pipe. He accepted it without saying a thing and with unsteady hands lit the tobacco and began puffing blue smoke across the dim space. The young one watched, apathetically. In his old age he still had a strong build. The creases in his face were heavy and deep. He dropped slowly on the white sheets and puffed away his pipe. He wondered why he asked the questions and how, almost mechanically, he came up with an answer to meet his inquiry. It was rather strange, as if his questions were a master calling for his pet doves dwelling in the inner recesses of my mind. It was strange indeed, for it seems as if any answers were actually waiting for his questions. Instantly, without any potency to resist with thought, they came out like doves flying through an open door. Why? And why does he squat there without saying something? Why doesn't he say something. Poor young one. His eyes spell a blankness that says something. We are one; yet we are complete strangers. In our strangeness we say something actually, only we do not understand it. He doesn't even wink his eyes, and By God, why does he not say something?

The old man stood up, proceeded to the window, knocked his pipe on the grill, cleaned it and placed it in his breast pocket. He sat down on the edge of his bed again and then, as before, fell back on the white sheets. The bells will ring soon and will call me back. My memory fails me terribly. Eva, she was such a sweet child. Only she failed me terribly, in more ways than one. I could have been happy with her here, sharing each other on lights like this.

Now, the thought of her does not evoke anything in me as it used to. But come to think of it—What if I had her? What if she were here with me now what difference would that make? I would have to go through the same storms to finally end up like this—assaying the damn past. Even if she did not want to marry me, she was still such a sweet little child.

The young one grabbed him by his coat and lifted him a little. His face was red but it showed no feeling. He let go the old man who was surprised by such sudden strange behaviour. On the mattress he sighed and looked at the young rough-tawed man recede back to his corner. He was gazing at the darkness out of the window. Strange yellow. What did he do that for? But he did not bother to think much about it. He dismissed the matter and wondered again. But he could not pick up from where he stopped.

The church bells willed sharply, its clanging sound stretched across the darkness outside. Between intervals silence was the anticipation of the next biting pitch. The old man wanted it over. After the twelfth stroke, silence was no longer anticipation. The old man left the match on the table and walked out of the room.

2.

"What are you looking at?"  
"The night."  
"The night."  
"Yes."  
"What do you see?"  
"Nothing."  
"Then why do you keep on looking?"  
"I don't know."

He squatted in the corner and wondered why he asked the questions. By habit perhaps, not maybe just some automatic response to the strange way the old man looked at the night. He is an old one, I wouldn't like to be of his age. What could a guy like that do? All he does perhaps is sit in this room and look out of the window.

He took the match from his pocket and threw it to the old man. His reflex is still quick. But still, I wouldn't like to be an old man. His tobacco stinks like hell. Why doesn't he say something? He looks like a corpse lying down still. What could he be thinking of? Perhaps he thinks of his girl when he was young, the nights they spent together. Poor old man. He doesn't look like he's breathing. Why doesn't he move around, or say something? He is really dead and his eyes come this way like two penny-knife points gleaming with the light. And his face is so pale. Old man, why don't you speak to me? Or God, why don't you speak?

He followed the old man to the window with his eyes. The old man knocked his pipe on the iron grill and the young man twisted his face. Stop it old man, stop it! I do not like the sound. And the way he does it with his hands dimmed by the incapacity of light, moving slowly, ending with a thud that echoes across the iron grill. Stop it old man, would you please stop it! You old jerk! He wondered about the sound; the thud; the rough, pale, withered and unsteady hands of the old man; the grilled windows; and back to the sound again. That sound accompanies a cry, a scream, and the hands accompany bloody wounds. The iron grill pierces through the turgid flesh that oozes blood ending in a dying groan. He looked at the old man, his eyes travelled slowly towards him flat on the bed. The old man, his eyes travelled slowly

towards him flat on the bed. The man smiled. What are you thinking of old man? You are dead, why don't you move around, why?

Blinded with rage he rushed to the bed and grabbed the old man by his coat and lifted him up, the old man quivered with fear and struggled from the grip of the young one. You won't play no dirty tricks on me, you old goat. He dropped him and realized his exceedingly unseemly gesture. He looked at the eyes of the old man. It had a fear and it questioned him. He retreated back to his corner and looked at the green grilled window. His eyes were glazed and tears trickled down his cheeks. His glazed eyes met the force of the night. He wondered about the night. Suddenly he felt as if his strength had failed him. He felt very weak thing about the night, questioning, wondering, dreaming. The church bells began to ring. He counted each sharp tone, waiting for the next one. After the twelfth he felt so empty in him. He did not notice the old man leave the match on the table and walk away. He looked out of the window, placed a cigarette between his lips, reached for a match lit the cigarette and blew smoke trails out of the room. The darkness swallowed the smoke and he began to get dizzy. A new voice was heard and he did not bother to know who it was.

"What are you looking at?"  
"The night."  
"The night!"  
"Yes."  
"What do you see?"  
"Nothing."  
"Then why do you keep on looking?"  
"I don't know."

3.

It was a long long night for them.

Pontius Pilate, a man who was fortunate enough to have faced the Light and yet he saw mostly darkness, once asked: "What is truth?"

If Pilate were alive today and he would throw his question at the inhabitants of the "pragmatic world," he would surely get the following answers:

"Truth is the workability of things. Things are true if they are workable. Beliefs are true if they would engender the practical consequences expected to follow from them. Because truth depends upon the workability of things, it necessarily follows that it is changeable, relative. Truth changes as situations change. What is true today may not be true tomorrow, for the situations of the former may not always be the circumstances of the latter. Truth, therefore, is only relative. There is no absolute truth, for things always change. Truth does not transcend experience but it is of the very nature of experience."

The foregoing replies to Pilate's question are really true — true that they are false. They are false because they do not conform to what truth really is. But insofar as their falsity is concerned, they are true. And their truth lies solely in being false! Nothing more. Beyond the truth of their falsity, nests the bird of falsehood.

Truth is not rooted in the workability of things. But it is the workability of things that is rooted in truth. Something works because it is true rather than something is true because it works. The pragmatic claim that something is true because it works implies experimentation as their only method of obtaining truth. But there are realities which cannot be experimented, for they transcend the realm of matter. And yet these entities are true because they are. Experimentalists deny the being of these beings just because they lie outside their method of finding the truth of things. Hence, they will never find the truth of the existence of the human soul. Never will they discover the truth of God's being. Never! Not even to the threshold of these truths will they be near! For the knowledge of these truths is attained not through the experimental procedure but via the inferential process.

And to hold that truth is changeable, relative, is just untenable. Truth can never change! If it is true that we are what we are today, it will forever remain true regardless of varying situations. What was true yesterday is true today and will still be true tomorrow. Things alter — they change — but the truth about them is immutable. If truth were relative, then the truth of the statement that truth is relative is likewise relative! To accept the relativity of truth is a sign of immaturity — of lack of reflective thinking.

If the answers of the populace of

# WHAT IS TRUTH?

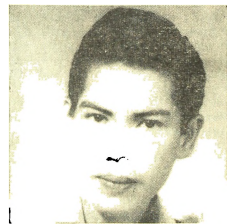
by **MERVYN G. ZAMUDIO**  
*Graduate School*

pragmatism to Pilate's inquiry did not truly meet the "whatness" of truth, what then is truth?

Perennial philosophy, the one and true philosophy, the "philosophical town," where I was born, teaches that truth is the agreement of mind and reality. Truth is an attribute of the known, and the faculty that knows is the mind. Truth, therefore, can only be when mind and thing are present. That truth would not be if one or both are absent is obvious. This need not be stated. This is clear. But the mere presence of mind and thing would not beget truth! Truth depends upon the agreement of the two. Whether the mind conforms to the thing, or the thing accedes to the mind, truth is still possessed. In this instance, however, comes the distinction between truth and truth.

In his "The Domain of Being," Fr. Bittle, my initiator in metaphysics, enumerates three kinds of truth: logical, moral, and ontological truth.

When the mind concurs with the reality, logical truth is born. Thus, when I judge: "The cat is thin," and this judgment of mine will coincide with what the cat really is, my judgment is logically true. Logical truth is the true knowledge of things.



THE AUTHOR

The union of the thing with the intellect results to ontological truth. In this case, there is an idea in the mind which serves as the norm, the standard, the type to which the thing must conform in order to be true. I, for example, would like to buy a diamond ring. If I know what it is, I can form an idea of it. My idea is then becomes the model, the pattern with which the ring I desire to buy must agree. If the ring I wish to buy corresponds to my ideal pattern, it is ontologically true. Here, truth dwells in the ring and is a property of it.

When speech harmonizes with thought, moral truth is effected. Moral truth is just the correspondence of the verbal expression to the mental judgment. It is not concerned with the objective reality about which the mind judges. So long as there is an accordance of the statement with the mental judgment, there is moral truth even though the judgment does not suit the objective reality. Somebody, for instance, would ask where Pedro is. And I would reply that he is in his room. If my answer agreed with my thought, there was moral truth even if Pedro was not really in his room.

Moral truth can also be categorized as metaphysical truth. The preceding discussion on ontological or metaphysical truth showed that a thing, in order to be ontologically true, must conform to the mind's type-idea — to the mind's knowledge. Similarly, the mind's knowledge in the case of moral truth is the norm with which the verbal expression, as a reality, must agree in order that such a statement may be true.

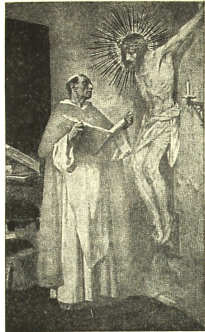
Whatever is, is true; and whatever is true, is. This simply means that truth and being are convertible, that they are one. Each thing is true, and every truth is a thing. Even the false is true in so far as it is. The false tooth is only false in relation to the real tooth. But it is true that it is a false tooth! As an entity, therefore, it is true.

Things are what they are independent of any human mind. But things would not have been what they are had there been no mind at all. There would have been no truth at all if a mind did not exist. This mind is not the human mind, for it only knows truth but cannot create it. This mind is the Divine Mind — God Himself. Beings are true because God created them to be true. They are true because they correspond to God's eternal type-ideas of them. And their truth is unchangeable and eternal, for God's knowledge of them transcends time and mutability. Things which now are would not have been what they are had God not created them. Because they are God's creation, they are necessarily true. For is not God truth Himself? The ultimate foundation of truth is He who is truth Himself. When He became man, He said: "I am the Way; I am Truth and Life."

# ST. THOMAS

## The Teacher

By REV. JOSEPH WATZLAWIK, S.V.D.



In June 29, 1923, in the Encyclical "Stu-um Duem", Pius XI decreed that the it of St. Thomas should be celebrated a way worthy of the Patron of all Ca-lic Schools. The Holy Father wished t this day be school free, that it fur- be distinguished by a solemn high ss and an academic program, a dispu-on in philosophical matters or in some er important scientific field.

Thomas had been declared Patron of Catholic schools by Pope Leo XIII, on gust 4, 1880, the first anniversary of the lication of his encyclical "Aeterni Pa-on" on the restoration of Scholastic Phi-ophy. In raising St. Thomas to the dig-ity of Patron of all Catholic Schools, the e said in his brief, he acceded to the ilions of many bishops, Academies, and ured societies. And so for the glory God almighty, in honor of the Angelic ctor, to promote the progress of sci- ce, and the common good of human ciety Leo XIII, by power of his supreme thority, declared St. Thomas Aquinas, e Angelic Doctor, Patron of Universities, oademies, Lyceums, and all Catholic hoals.

A year before this event Leo published s Encyclical "Aeterni Patris" on the re-oration of Scholastic, especially Thomis-; Philosophy "in an effort to turn the man mind from the errors of pantheism, tionalism, ontologism, and extreme tra-itionalism against which the Vatican ouncil had already taken action". To chieve that purpose the Pope thought here was no better remedy than to de-ote all his powers to restore, nurture, rescribe, and urged the doctrine of the ngelic Master" (Santiago Ramirez, O.P., The Authority of St. Thomas Aquinas," he Thomist, 15: 1-2, Jan., 1952).

Pius X did the same when Modernism ecame strong: He insistently urged to re-urn to the doctrine of St. Thomas.

The late Pope Pius XII, in the Encyclical "Humani Generis" of August 12, 1950 and in an allocution delivered September 17 of the same year and directed to the members of the Third International Thomistic Congress held in Rome seriously and repeatedly warned against the vago-ries of novel theology and philosophy in- fected with materialism, historicism, im-manentism, and existentialism. He, too, saw the remedy against those evils "in the safe and sound doctrine of St. Thomas Aquinas in which salvation and truth can be found" (loc. cit.)

These few documents among many others bring out one fact: St. Thomas, by his life and teachings, his personality and profession, is a model teacher and hence a safe guide to follow.

### DOCTRINAL AUTHORITY OF ST. THOMAS

The authority and influence and, consequently, worth of a teacher is derive from his conviction which is revealed in his teachings; from his appreciation of, and interest in, the teaching profession which is shown by the attention, conscientiousness, and devotion employed by him in the exercise of the profession or discharge of duties; from his ability to impart knowledge and induce others to strive after the ends of all education; from the consistency of his practical life with his theoretical convictions.

Which was the doctrinal field of St. Thomas and what is his doctrinal authority in that field?

St. Thomas was philosopher and theologian; his interest, therefore, comprised both the order of truths which can be known by reason, and the order of truths exceeding the natural powers of reason.

The authority in a science is twofold: one is intrinsic or scientific and is measured by the internal mental stature of the writer or teacher and the intrinsic doctrinal value of his works. The other is extrinsic, depends on, and is measured by, the evaluation of learned men. In the field of philosophy and theology there is the additional factor of the approbation and commendation by the Teaching Church; in this case the extrinsic authority is called canonical. Cf. The Thomist, 15:3, Jan., 1952.

### SCIENTIFIC AUTHORITY

Two elements compose the intrinsic or scientific authority of any philosopher: his personal qualities which are partly natural endowment and partly acquired by his

efforts; secondly his works, fruits of his talent and diligent effort, which explore, present, and explain the different fields of reality in such a way as to give insight and therefore constitute "perennially true and assailable valid teaching".

### PERSONAL QUALITIES

Now Thomas possessed an abundance of all the personal qualities requisite for, and making, a good philosopher: A razor-keen mind, "a spirit of once humble and swift . . . and lover of truth for its own sake"; a vivid, ready and tenacious memory, "a surpassing genius"; tireless, purposeful, and unwearied diligence which readily paid the "cost of long labors and vigils" for the acquisition of new insight; a "life spotless throughout," full of reverence for the ancient doctors of the Church and respectful toward any contributor to the treasury of truth so that "he... in a certain way seems to have inherited the intellect of all. The doctrines of those illustrious men, like the scattered members of a body, Thomas collected together a cemented, distributed in wonderful order, and increased with important additions;" (Leo XIII, "Aeterni Patris"). Or as Pius XII phrased the same truth: "The angelic and universal doctor gathered all the rivulets of wisdom flowing down from the previous centuries and absorbed them like a sea; whatever the human mind, in toilsome philosophical searched had reached and collected he, under the guiding light of revelation, has arranged into a wonderful order with splendid clearness." Like the sun he illumined the world "with the splendor of his teachings" and "healed it with the ardor of his virtues."

### TRUTH SUPREME

Because truth was the great passion and dominating idea of his life he sought for it incessantly and accepted it wherever it offered itself. He studied all philosophical schools known at that time and fully acquainted himself with their philosophy. It was providential that precisely at that time the Greek texts of Greek philosophy came via Constantinople, to the West of which Thomas received accurate translation through his confrere William of Moerbeke and Robert Grosseteste. So he had at his disposal the Greek, the Latin, the Jewish, and the Arabic texts of Aristotle's works and the commentaries on them. It was not in a polemic spirit that he studied

other authors but the unprejudiced mind of the seeker of truth. He himself laid down the principle for such study: In accepting or rejecting an opinion one should not be guided by his love or hatred for its author but rather by the certitude of truth, for it does not matter by whom something is said but what is said. The truth alone perfects the intellect. Its scope is as wide as reality itself. Therefore, in the words of Leo XIII, "philosophy has no part which it does not touch finely and thoroughly; on the laws of reasoning, on God and incorporeal substances, on man and other sensible things, on human action and their principles, he reasoned in such a manner that in him there is wanting neither a full array of questions, nor an apt disposal of the varying parts, nor the best method of proceeding, nor soundness of principles or strength of argument, nor clearness and elegance of style, nor a facility for explaining what is obtruse," (*Aeterni Patris*).

He had a lofty conception of the teaching profession to which he devoted himself with complete thoroughness. Originality, progressiveness, and independence of old patterns distinguish his lectures. William of Tocco, one of his early students relates: "In his lectures he has new articles, a new and a clear method of scientific inquiry and decisions; in his reasonings he developed new arguments. No student, hearing him thus teach new doctrine and solve doubts and objections with new reason, was left in doubt that God illumined this thinker with new light."

Because he had such a high idea of, and clung with his whole soul and a generous predilection to, academic teaching he declined repeatedly the archbishopric of Naples offered to him by Clement IV. Growth of spiritual life kept pace with his growth in knowledge. We find in him a wonderful balance and proportion between "learning and research, reading and meditation, experimentation and abstraction, inductive and deductive reasoning, speculative and practical activity, as well as in the use of analyzing and synthesizing." (*The Thomist*, 15, Jan., 1952).

#### WORKS

The works of St. Thomas are astonishingly extensive and comprehensive, especially if we keep in mind that he lived scarcely fifty years, and much of this time was given to teaching and the exercises of religious life. His attitude of mind toward his literary work is well expressed by Leo XIII who writes: He "never gave himself to reading or writing without first begging the blessing of God," and "modestly confessed that whatever he knew he had acquired not so much by his own study and labor as by the divine gift."

The aim of his academic-scientific life and endeavor Thomas saw in a deepest possible insight into the supersensuous and supernatural truths, a comprehensive

knowledge of the causes and principles, the forces and laws, and the interdependence of phenomena in the natural and supernatural cosmos. The order of the universe is in some way to reflect itself in the soul. Referring to Aristotle's third book on the soul, Thomas says in his *De veritate*, II, 2 c: "the human soul is, in a way, all things, for it is naturally able to know all things. So, this is the ultimate perfection achievable by the soul, according to the philosophers, the order of the entire universe and its causes may be inscribed within it." For "the slenderest knowledge that may be obtained of the highest things is more desirable than the most certain knowledge obtained of the lowest things" (St. Th., I, 1, 5, and 1.). "Even the most imperfect knowledge about the most noble realities brings the greatest



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perfection to the soul" (S.c.g., I, 5). Leo XIII says: "The angelic doctor pushed his philosophical conclusions into the reasons and principles of the things which are most comprehensive and contain in their bosom, so to say, the seeds of almost infinite truths to be unfolded in good time by later masters and with a goodly yield."

#### METHOD

In order to reach his aim Thomas combined the historico-positive method with independent speculation whereby also ethico-religious viewpoints had some influence. The scientific individuality and originality of Thomas is, therefore, characterized by an independently speculative, logico-metaphysical trait, blended with historico-positive view points and a mystico-religious touch.

Thomas gave preference to logico-methodical, metaphysico-speculative thinking. His scientific activity is guided by strictly objective view points, and exclusively determined by the idea and criterion of truth. He weighs WHAT is said, not by WHOM it is said. The study of philosophy does not consist in the effort to know what other men have thought but what is true of things. Thomas, the researcher, follows the straight path of truth and tries to shed on the proposed

problems as much light and clearness as possible. He accepts the achievements of previous thinkers, adds argument to argument, observation to observation, until the desired solution is found. He conscientiously separates true from sham knowledge, certainties from probabilities, definite results from hypotheses.

His love, we might even say, obsession for truth was accompanied by an invisible courage of conviction. Whatever, according to his conviction, was true, this he voiced and defended against any other position. No human authority, not even that of Aristotle, who was for him "The Philosopher", or Augustine, could deflect him.

In his search for truth and clearness he evaded no difficulty. The scholastic method of arraying all pros and cons, then taking a definite decision and position, and solving the objections was for Thomas not a means of hairsplitting and quibbles, but a means of objective methodical doubt. In his *Summa contra gentiles* and in the *opuscula* he puts the harness of scholastic method aside and proceeds according to entirely free movements of thought and argument. Due to his disciplined thinking Thomas avoided all exaggeration. Hence his views are so moderate and sober.

His love for truth and clearness made Thomas expend "the greatest effort and care upon his work, subjecting his manuscript to the most exacting criticism three or four times. He used to revise words, phrases, arguments and whole chapters. He made corrections and changes and polished his work to produce it in the most accurate style and order." When on account of new researches and deeper reflection he found his previous views to be inadequate or even erroneous, he corrected, completed or retracted them.

In his scientific research Thomas masterly combined observation and speculation, analysis and synthesis, thus happily keeping the middle way between one-sided emphasis on positive facts, at the expense of the idea, and one-sided stress on the idea, at the expense of actual experience: between positivist empiricism and exaggerated idealism. A great amount of excellent psychological observation is laid down in his exposition of the human passions. It was the positive facts of experience that made him, in his epistemology, follow Aristotle rather than the Franciscan school with the Augustinian views. His cosmological observations are less perfect and accurate than those of Albert the Great. But precious are his observations in his ethical, sociological, and political inquiries. Thomas never stops with observation and its facts. On the contrary, they are only the starting point for his investigation of the nature, causes, laws, and aims of the order of actual existence. Experience and observation serve metaphysical speculation. On his road of strictly logical and scientific thinking Thomas proceeds unswervingly,



and consistently keeps his method; but he also excellently knows to propose his thoughts and arguments in a lucid and transparent form. His didactic skill is beautifully indicated in the prologue to his *Summa Theologica* which itself is a gem of didactic ability.

#### STYLE

His language corresponds to the sober objectivity of his method. His style is simple, precise, accurate, and distinct, without rhetorical pomp and poetical color, although warmth and depth of sentiment are not wanting in him as the office of the Holy Eucharist testifies. But he is not after brilliant pictures, impressive, and colorful expressions and phrases; he is after clear and distinct concepts.

Thomas not only did independent speculation, developed the full energy of the logician and metaphysician, but also judiciously utilized the scientific achievements of previous ages. The universal character of St. Thomas' intellectual work can be compared, says Otto Willmann, to a vast sea that absorbs all streams, affluent from all sides, and lets sink whatever rubble they may carry along, and thus effects the calm, clear surface in which the serene blue of the sky is mirrored. Whenever Thomas consults the past, he completely absorbs and assimilates the borrowed materials, arranges them in a new setting and incorporates them into an independent and original structure so that his philosophical doctrine, that is, the spirit of his system and its major propositions, cannot be called Platonic or Aristotelian or the offshoot of any other school. Rather it is thoroughly Christian and human in that it gives evidence of an organization of truths and principles towards which the human mind, naturally Christian, is inclined by nature. There is no system of philosophy which is so much part of, and conformable to, nature and at the same time so capable of perfecting the human mind as the philosophical system of Aquinas.

To sum up: Simplicity, soundness, clearness, objectivity, sobriety, succinctness, vastness of extension, depth of comprehension, systematic arrangement, compact unity, harmony of the philosophical doctrines with the divinely revealed truths which gives the guaranty of truth, energetic manner of exposition and explanation, and consistency of method of investigation give the philosophical system of St. Thomas the greatest worth and efficacy and thus the highest scientific authority.

It would take too far to elaborate still on the canonical and extrinsic authority of St. Thomas which derives from the approbation and commendation of the Teaching Church and from the valuation and esteem of learned men.

But I wish to add still a few remarks which shed some more light on the attitude of St. Thomas toward the teaching profession.

#### VIEW ON, AND DEVOTION TO, THE TEACHING PROFESSION

The first source for the remarks is the prologue with which St. Thomas prefaces his matured work, the *Summa Theologica*. It sets forth the purpose of the work, together with the ways and means whereby St. Thomas sought to realize his aim. Likewise the prologue takes into account the methodical faults and obstacles in the scientific life and work of that time.

The *Summa Theologica* did not constitute the subject of lectures in the classroom, yet it was written for students of theology, for school.

The aim of the *Summa* is didactic and as such it reveals the love of St. Thomas for students. The didactic aim is clearly

#### About the Author

Father Joseph Watzlawik is one man who can truly be considered outstanding in the field of Philosophy. He is a holder of a Ph.D. degree. At present he is holding several important posts. He is, first of all, the Secretary of Academic Affairs, Head of the Department of Philosophy, and Regent of the College of Law. At the same time, he is also the Acting Dean of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences. All these posts serve to indicate the mental and intellectual calibre of Father Watzlawik. The present article is a by-product of his numerous scholastic achievements.

pointed out in the first paragraph of the prologue: "Because the master of Catholic Truth ought not only to teach the proficient, but also to instruct beginners [according to the Apostle: As unto little ones in Christ. I gave you milk to drink, not meat; 1 Cor. 3, 1-2], we purpose in this book to treat of whatever belongs to the Christian religion in such a way as may tend to the instruction of beginners."

These words breathe the devoted love of St. Thomas for his students which urges him to take up his pen and write a manual for the novices of Sacred Theology. Thomas had, indeed, a high idea of the dignity of a professor of theology, and for the teaching profession as a whole. In his work on Truth, he devotes a whole question to "The Teacher" (De Veritate, qu. XI). With fine psychological insight he has investigated the laws of the influence exerted by the teacher on the unfoldment of the mental life of the student. Personal remarks in his opuscula evince his devotion to the professional calling in his own amiable manner. Peter Calo, O.P., one of the earliest biographers of Thomas, portrays his activity as a professor as follows: "When Thomas had entered upon his duties as teacher and had begun his disputations and lectures, stu-

dents flocked to his school in such numbers that the lecture-hall could hardly accommodate all who were attracted and spurred on to progress in the pursuit of learning by the teaching of such an eminent master. Under the light of his instruction many masters flourished, both the regular and the secular clergy. The reason of this success was the terse, clear, and readily intelligible style of his lectures." A similar remark is made by William da Tocco, one of his students: "Such was the learning imparted from his lips, that he seemed to outstrip all, even the masters themselves, and the lucidity of his teaching more than that of any other incited the students to a love of learning."

His devotion to the mission of teaching and to his students was not confined to the chair and the lecture-hall; it followed the Saint to his desk in his silent cell. From his attachment to his students, particularly to the newcomers who were wrestling with manifold difficulties, sprang his resolution to write the *Summa Theologica*. The works of his immediate and remote students, in and outside his order, reveal their attachment to, and enthusiasm for, Thomas and what St. Thomas meant for them. St. Thomas devoted to his students not only his deep and clear intellect, but also his pure and noble heart. It is this mental attitude that sheds light on the words of the prologue: the teacher of advanced students, but also on beginners. Solicitude and effort are contained in the definition of teaching which Thomas gives: "To teach is nothing else than to cause knowledge in another in some way." (De Veritate, XI, a.4). Knowledge can be acquired in two ways, just as health can be acquired in two ways. A sick person can be restored to health by the natural power within him, by the activity of unaided nature, or by nature with the aid of medicine. The doctor assists nature, which is the principal agent, by strengthening nature and prescribing medicine which nature uses as instruments for healing. So also there are two ways of acquiring knowledge. In one way, natural reason by itself reaches knowledge of unknown things, and this way is called discovery; in the other way, when some one else aids the learner's natural reason, and this is called learning by instruction. It is the teacher's role to aid the learner, and the teacher's effort to aid should not be less than the doctor's effort to heal.

In article two he adds: The teacher or master must have the knowledge, which he causes in another, explicitly and perfectly. Therefore in another passage, S.Th. II-II, 181, 3 ad 3, he says that teaching is the outward expression of inward contemplation.

Thomas practised what he taught. He took his professional appointment very seriously. From the time he was appointed baccalarius at Paris in 1252—he was then (Continued on page 56)

# Summer Message or — Gossamer?

by JULIAN N. JUMALON

YOU ARE a wonderful child, if in summer, or vacation time, you can loaf the hours away in useful pursuit which can contribute to your intellectual growth, sow seeds 'neath the soil of memory, which will be ready for harvest in the an years of the aging mind. Or, are you that one whose mind is laden with eternal plans, each of which outcries to others in importance, such that other than spoil some in the lot, leave them all viable for more favorable time? If you are not willing to sacrifice some of your great plans such that only one could shuffle through, then consider the reservation of a poet who puts it in his way: "One for the blackbird, And

one for the crow; One for the cutworm, and one to GROW".

At any rate, don't spoil your vacation. Have a good time and plenty of funds. That's your precious heritage from mankind. Yet, as part inheritor of the abundant blessings of creation which you find scattered in every countryside, you are expected to sort them out carefully and pick one at a time those which you would like to make good use of, with the aim of benefiting mankind. As a college student, your level of intellect is expected in your community to transcend the trivial concoctions of other teen-agers from the high schools. Yet you are not in a competition, rather, you are bound

for a comparison. A judicious apportionment, therefore, of your precious bundle of long, sunny days may yet end up in a rich harvest of experiences which no ordinary classroom can ever offer.

Fortunate are those students who are close to nature . . . wild nature where harvesting the unbridled secrets heretofore unfolded to man will help us understand our environment and incidentally fill the numerous gaps of science. Since country people are observant and know many quaint things about nature, harvesting and recording these unwritten knowledge will culminate in mastery of a particular subject. In every countryside there is always a local "philosopher", a "walking encyclopedia" and an "herbolario". Moments spent with these persons by a resourceful Carolinian vacationist may surpass in educational importance what he or she had half-heartedly gleaned from the whole term. Little suspecting that he is breaking the soil to claw at an untapped mine, later days may reveal to his unsuspecting self that he had added another authority on a particular subject, thus bringing to a climax his long search for a definite career.

Don't ever think that a scholar is an exclusive specimen cased in a glass case and whose brain is constantly fed with golden thoughts by the Muses. You may be a dullard in subjects repulsive to your taste or nature, yet in the outdoors, meeting odd people and making good use of pad and pencil may be your undisclosed forte. Each person, in some way, is born a genius in some particular interest in life. God is Fair, Generous and Equitable. Success has never been the monopoly of a blessed few by predestination. Don't fear your English. Your field note-



Dr. Marcelino Maceda, USC Ethnologist, and his party of escorts and porters, in the wilds of Cotabato. Many persons are often involved in the effort to dig a few bits of information from the mate past.



Prof. J. N. Jumalon and Biluan friends and helpers at Inabalan Plateau deep in southern Davao. To chart the Mindanao range of the *Graphium idocoides*, the researcher has to invade the territories of colorful ethnic groups.

book is your bank, and such time to come when you'll master the technical language of your particular field of interest. What is important here is the habit of digging information and jotting these down. Readings in allied fields which will naturally come along, will polish your English.

Summer (vacation time) in the woods, meadows and marshes is nesting time for many species of birds familiar to you. Observe and record their courtship, mating, nesting, feeding and other habits. Try to describe their nests, favorite vegetation, materials usually used in building nests, and such other things which help make a particular bird unique. Naturalists are not born. As long as you have ears for the carols of birds, or eyes of the many interesting moving forms evorting under the brassy glare of an April sun, you are a naturalist and poet, and wherever you go to employ your eyes and pencil, you are wearing the golden mantle of Bryant and Linnaeus.

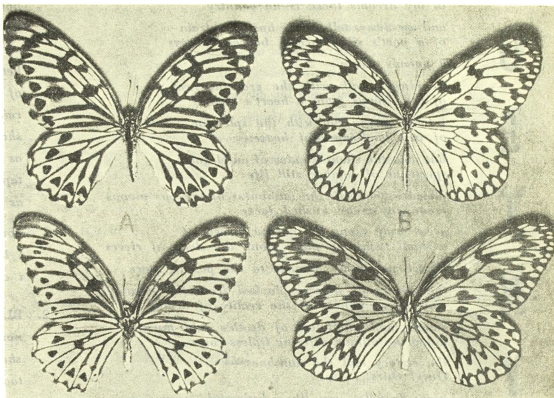
If you have no taste for birds, perhaps you'll enjoy listing down the common edible seashells in your area. The scores of generations of your ancestors have used many species of mollusks as food, yet it's a cinch that not a single person in your town knows the life history of the humble "mahong", or "aninikad" or "susu". Your town surely has professionals with two or three diplomas, or someone who had been abroad, yet search as you may, you'll find it distressingly hard to find one who knows a dozen seashells by common names, even if these are littering the beaches where week-end picnics are held. Time will come when you too, as a university graduate, will be expected by an audience to know a bit about a barnacle, our cyprases and conuses, our crabs and edible seaweeds. Learn these things now before that frightful moment of embarrassment comes. Vacation is a good filler-in. It is the best time to fill that gap which our ancestors have left yawning to blue heavens. Simple as these things are, they have much to do with a university education and our cultural upliftment.

Luckier are those students in whose hometowns are present one or more non-Christian tribes. Seeing them everyday is not knowing them. Not until one starts digging into their culture will he realize that he is misjudging his ethnic neighbors and what he thinks they are is superficial. Listing all their handicrafts or artifacts, their beliefs, social life, jungle tricks, and in fact anything which to you is unchristian and uncivilized, may end up in your turning into an authority of that particular ethnic group. Did it ever occur to you that some foreigners cross oceans loaded with funds and special equipments just to be able to have a peek at your non-christian neighbors?

Did you ever use your advantages in form of proximity, command of local dialect, economy in food and many others which a foreign researcher has to overcome? All these colorful tribes, their beautiful traditions, customs and costumes will be swallowed in the maelstrom of progress and modernism, perhaps without even a waft of regret from the breasts of twenty thousand Carolinians, but such cultural studies form the vital ingredients which went into the formation of each diploma.

So many returning vacationists often appear in college with blank, staring,

nothing on earth that would escape the vigilance and interest of man. God has created all and every single atom, microbe and grain of sand, as well as every living form. Each and all fit into His Great Scheme. No man however great can ridicule His gifts. Don't inhibit yourself from focusing your attention upon a mud puddle because it is undignified in the eyes of your fellow-men as long as your interest dwells there. Study of the mud native Africans apply to their gaping wounds led to the study of two microbes which are now saving millions of lives. It is the study, not the "dirty"



The *Graphium idaeoides* (A), a mimetic papilionid and its model, *Hestia leuconoe* (B), a danoid which the former allegedly mimics because the latter enjoys immunity from the attacks by predators. Its study caused the writer four expeditions to Mindanao.

dreamy eyes, just like a moonstruck cat. And for those who are not returning, two months may not be enough in trying to make out the significance of the diploma just earned. At least, that degree does not make an expert out of its holder. It only helps him realize the great possibilities now open to him in a particular course or field. He can start making an expert out of himself through persistent, honest endeavor.

One who pokes nose into the affairs and nature of even a humble mite, shall in the long run, end up a master of the subject. Some educators and professionals, and especially most students, belittle such humble concentration of one's interest, thinking that importance lies only in "big" things. The fast-shrinking world and the steady advancement of science has proven that

work that matters. Your friends and neighbors may not understand what you are doing with your summer vacation. Years may pass before the usefulness of what you are doing will receive public applause. At any rate, do with religious zeal what has already appealed to you, especially if it involves research.

Picture to yourself the proverbial vacationist who returns home to plant camote, then leaves it to race upward and outward against the *Imperata cylindrica* and *amor seco*, a feat which may not need a college education. There is one Dayanan in Carcar who conquered this trait and profited by it. There's a challenge in doing what others don't do because they believe it can't be done. But don't try the impossible. Begin humbly with what fascinates you. Try it this vacation.

to silvana—  
a star in the  
neapolitan sky

*i have seen your shadow in the  
immense structures of my dreams  
the women dressed in tunics of sunlight  
came marching with dancer's soiled shoes  
and their bodies were ravished like two  
daring fencers beside the river rhine  
in my dreams there is no country  
and we always talk in the hushed refrain  
of a poet's silver breath between always  
a poem's pause*

*we always walk with the graceful sway  
of little songs from a heart's melody*

*i look at you not with the splendor  
of vast landscapes of heaven*

*but with the silent wonder of an elegant  
spectrum of somber still life*

*pleiades bequeath the numbness of envious moons  
moons of many hushed faces*

*as we walk along the narrow streets of  
a small twinkling place along the sleep of rivers*

*i have payed my homage to the passing stars*

*the ecstasy of flowers plucked from the stream  
and the numbness of the reality of death*

*ecstasy and numbness of death's cold muzzle  
doing the minuet offering tiplless roses*

*the ecstasy and the numbness—  
Ours! Ours!*

*night dwindles away like a little child  
alone now*

*i feel the emptiness of blind skies  
(pleiades puckered on the cheek)*

*how many dreams have i made this day  
fluttering like gay little butterflies*

*and yet i could not grasp the scheme  
of love's fruitless escapades*

*and my heart would struggle  
with an immense sadness*

*and the languages of being alone  
shall ravish me and make me feel  
the ignominy of a thousand rain-soaked  
butterflies*

*O earth*

*earth—i sleep now upon your warmth  
with the shadow of a rose*

*falling upon my face*

*and a dream of a kiss falling like dew  
upon my lips*

1 TO THE ANCIENT WOMAN:

*there was a time when  
we blended in the silent rage  
of spellbound lovers;  
flamed forth in the faith-fury  
of full fire-flowers.*

*now you come in sunday clothes  
with a sunday face a sunday soul  
as closets heavy with mothballs  
betray the whisper whispering  
of eve-ghosts eating fleshy apples.  
rain's broken hysterics  
shatter cathedrals of sleep  
as winds of seasons ripe with need  
tap a dirge with dead fingers  
as haunted hunger screams deep.*

*you asked me for love:  
i laughed so hard in silence  
i cried.*

2. BLACK JERUSALEM:

*now  
shattered:  
too soon  
my world lies behind me:  
scorched by a season of suns:  
a city black as jerusalem  
the day the sun burned black  
and wept on a flowering cross  
old as the heart of hungry poets  
counting cigarette butts  
among the bloodless roses.  
then  
the heart becomes a graveyard  
blooming in the pain  
quickenning with the remembrances  
of scattered bones weeping  
in open graves  
and the moon mourning  
for a nameless lover  
on a slab of stone.*

BATAAN FAIGAO

RESIL B. MOJARES

*sea view snack: to carlos angeles*

hands full of rum  
white glasses danced at my fingertips  
  
i waited, waited, waited  
and the sea roared  
  
the rum afraid of the sea  
slid into my mouth, my throat  
  
i became full of salt  
because the sea entered my feet  
  
i float, i float  
  
damn this stupid sea  
doesn't know i'm a sea-horse  
  
waves rumbling in my heart  
goodbye to the safety of shores.

ROGER V. LACTAO

*the old man's faith*

the bell tolls  
to herald the early dusk  
and leaves the dormant day in  
doubt;  
while hunters haste home from the  
hills  
to take shelter  
from the hands of cold december.  
shouts  
now it is dark:  
a night when no stars are out  
and no shadows cast  
in the dark devouring the night.  
but the old man never yields  
he stands firm and defiant —  
restless and relentless as a fire  
though he stands in the nadir.

EDITO ENEMECIO

*am here because . . .*

Hearsay — ?  
Yes, could be  
That love loves.  
So am here, because . . .  
I want to prove such hearsay.  
And I say that I have loved love  
Isn't this proof enough?  
  
Am here, because . . .  
It makes a world of difference  
when I'm beside you . . .  
Am here, because . . .  
That difference  
urges me  
compels me  
to utter — I love you,  
Love.  
  
Thus, Love,  
Am here to refute —  
That love loves  
is no hearsay.

ALLEN MORAN

*green world*

each hand i touch  
is a leaf of my green world  
the trees are semblances  
of my own kind of tree  
  
i sing the greensong  
with the winds playing on my hair  
and each touch that pools with living  
prolongs my song  
  
the roots of my forest  
are aliens to the ground  
they rise and penetrate in space  
inverted in the sky  
  
in my dancing, i touch  
the green with tender fingers  
i dress in green and all around me  
are comforting birdsongs  
from lovely birdmouths  
  
there is no sun in this world  
there is only love, only love  
and from its twin lakes looks out  
my soul writing green poems.

ROGER V. LACTAO

# SPORTS

By ROGELIO A. PENALOSA

THE USC WARRIORS, the team voted most unlikely to finish among the top three finally romped away with the Runner-Up trophy after a hotly-contested battle against the UV Lancers at the Aznar Coliseum on December 16, 1962.

So surprising was the P. del Rosario quintets' triumph that basketball prophets couldn't believe it, considering that this year's Warriors are a bunch of rookies.

## MAGNIFICENT YOUNGSTERS

It must be accepted by all that last Year's Squad was stronger than the current one. With the exception of Morales, Lock, Ocaba, and skipper Montalban, some are wild-eyed newcomers. So untenable was our team's position before the start of the cagefest that even the new Coach did not expect any

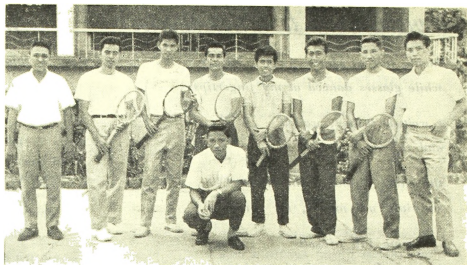


Bobby Daniel gives with a backhand, while Nick Warque looks on.

miracle. Compared to the players of SWU, CIT, and UV, our boys look like a Junior team. They do not have the height and the shooting power of SWU's Villaflo, nor a rebound like Bacold, nor a scoring machine like Paran and Cao of the CIT Wildcats. Neither do we have a veteran like Rojas of the UV Lancers. Indeed we all lack these assets.

What then was the Warriors' weapon for such a marvelous triumph? It was neither luck nor miracle that defeated CIT and SWU — the two combos which could have made the two-three finish this season, but rather it was the working combination of teamwork and tenacity among the highly-spirited Warriors that beat their opponents.

"It was teamwork and unity of the players that bolstered our boys to victory," Coach Danny Deen declared during an interview. "Individually our team is not composed of very talented players, but taken as a whole, they are well-knit and well-disciplined inside the



Have racket, will tennis. USC racket wielders, from left to right: Rogelio Penalosa, (sports writer) Nick Warque, Edgar Axcono, Bobby Daniel, Jr., Pete Robles, Totoy Daigan, Ruben Paca, Eddie Tautji, and kneeling, Max Paca, referee.

## USC WARRIORS— 1962 CCAA CAGE PRINCE

court. Our defense and offense techniques were not as devastating compared to the others. Our main weapon was teamwork and the fighting spirit of true Carolinians. Everybody just played equally well."

It was rather a tough grind for the new Coach as routine drilling and teaching his men the great value of teamwork and unity inside the court. With six holdovers from the old reliable as nucleus of his new collection, Danny began scouting for talents who could replace some veterans who are due to graduate. Among the tryouts, he picked up Cortez who is undoubtedly the Warriors' leading asset; Libre Colina, a one-time Captain of the Warriors; and Gonzales who is doing good as forward. Estenzo, Barria, Reyes,

Renes and Cafete, who are only in their second year in the CCAA, are now among the list of the scoring machines that contributed much to our victory.

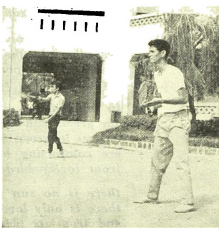
### TEAMWORK

Danny Deen was aware of our team's deficiencies. Aside from lack of height (Average is 5' 7") our boys are young and are not seasoned enough to face veterans in the hardcourt. So Danny capitalized on teamwork. The practice scrimmages were supplemented by lectures on set plays and on teamwork. In every game, our boys were not fast but moved gracefully and scientifically, each counting on another. It was never "to each his own". During the first encounter against CIT, the opponent suffered a 13-point deficit 84-71, and smashed the CSJR Jaguars to qualify for the final round, although we lost to SWU by 3 points.

The second time our boys faced the Urgello Commandos, they lost the game, but later re-conquered them by a 2-point margin 94-92, during the last 30 seconds of the tourney to set the stage for the pennant. Then came the most dramatic climax of our Warriors' trial when they defeated the CIT Sluggers during their second title bout. This cleared the way for the championship diadem between the SVD boys and the Gullas men.

On the day of the tussle, Dec. 16, 1962 before 2,000 spectators, the young unseasoned Warriors met the hardened Lancers — and naturally, the old was crowned King, while the young came out the Prince of the 1962 CCAA Basketball Tournament.

Someday they might .... well .... you know.



Ready for the first volley, in fore-ground is Edgar Axcono, with Pete Robles at far left.

# from the GALLERY

● After 3 years of apprenticeship with the magnificent Warriors, Eduardo Montalban was awarded the top promotion of 1962, — that of Captain of the team.

Eddie, as a former football star of the Southwestern University Junior Varsity, had the tough job of goalkeeper. Aside from football, however, he plays basketball with much skill. So that, feeling perhaps that Football is not as glamorous as basketball, he decided to join the Mighty Warriors after his graduation from high school. The team was then hunting for fresh talent. After a heavy screening of sixteen



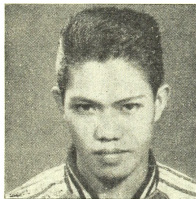
EDUARDO MONTALBAN

tryouts, Eddie was the only candidate who passed. His life as a basketballer started as a bench warmer. But after Dodong Aquino's splendid tutoring, he became one of the most promising among the SVD dribblers, that eventually won the most coveted CCAA tiara in 1958 and finished second in the Intercollegiate Basketball Tournament of the same year. A few years later some old reliables had to say goodbye. During the early months of 1962, the Warriors underwent a complete reorganization. This time ex-Warrior Danny Deen handled the team. It must be noted also that Deen was Eddie's former chief during his rookie days. After a thorough study Eddie was selected to lead our young quintet.

The 1962 CCAA Basketball Tournament opened and Eddie and the boys fought like Spartan Warriors of old against Cebu's leading teams. His dream was to preserve the Warriors' tradition in the field of sports, if not as champion but at least the second place. Needless to say, our players are proud to have Eddie as their Captain.

As a student in the College of Engineering, he will soon receive a diploma in Surveying "if things all go right", is his humble comment. He reads magazines and detective stories and occasionally goes to movies.

To Eduardo Montalban our congratulations for leading our boys to another remarkable achievement in basketball.



JOSE REYNES

● Jose "Joe" Reynes is a handsome diminutive daredevil, a slick thief in the mahogany and a terrific ballhandler. Standing 5 feet and 5 inches and weighing 125 pounds, he can stand 6 feet tall under the goal.

This amazing athlete from T. Padilla played guard under Tommy Echivarre's Warriorites. After his graduation from high school, the Warriors took him as a reserve and nourished him with all the fundamentals of basketball. A year after, he became a full-pledged member of the team. Coach Danny Deen considers him one of our best players. He can penetrate a phalanx of six footers in spite of his small build, and is terrific in the rebound even against giants. When he poses to shoot, you can count it as a 2-point certainty.

Joe is a contribution from the College of Engineering. A good-looking shy-guy with a small dimple on the right cheek, Joe hopes to graduate in 1965.

# ALL IN FUN



*Hold-up man:* "Hands up! Money or life?"

*Victim (a celebrity):* "No comment."

\*\*\*\*\*

*Romeo:* "Dr. Quack is an eye specialist."

*Julie:* "Which eye?"

\*\*\*\*\*

*Little boy tourist on seeing G-stringed Igorots in Baguio:* "Mommy, why do they wear their neckties down so low?"

\*\*\*\*\*

*Heard during a kindergarten school graduation:*

*Mother:* "And how did my little Bobby fare in your class?"

*Teacher:* "Oh, he's graduating summa cum laudest."

\*\*\*\*\*

Two men, one speaking with a lisp, found themselves on a sinking boat during a storm.

*Man with a lisp:* "Friend, I'm afraid we'll either have to think or thwim."

*Second man:* Well, friend, you can do all the thinking you like. Me, I'm swimming."

\*\*\*\*\*

*Sign in a local restaurant:*

THIS PLACE OFF LIMITS TO:

BEGGARS

VENDORS

TICKET SELLERS

THE MANAGEMENT.





men cadets face the weapons-dismantling ordeal under the eagle eye of inspector.

miro Nadela and his staff, waiting the crucial test to begin,

exactly 2:00 p.m., from a distance, sound of a lone trumpet sounded the call for the Battalion to stand at attention. Five seconds later, the band of Sousa's popular martial piece, Inf Bn, Alfa, Bravo and Charlie companies, under the command of Cdt Lt Ernesto Estrera, marched down the assembly area to the line of troops. Leading behind were the Alfa, Bravo and Charlie Batteries under the command of a Commander Cdt. Lt. Col. Benjamin Ito. Thunderous applause echoed in the parade grounds, as the "Diehards" and spars in their uniforms marched with beautiful precision. Superb was the drill for the parade and review ceremonies, that no one could resist but clap and cry out with admiration. Of this we are proud, while all the time, deep in hearts, the constant and fervent aim to obtain the Star always prevailed.

But the second phase of the practical and the theoretical test had yet to begin. Directly after the Corps inspection, the tactical Officers headed by Capt. Chavez proceeded immediately to the different tests.

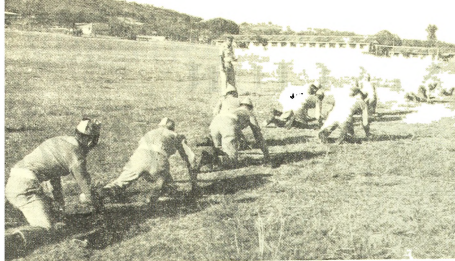
Taken for Company drill was Alfa Battery under the command of Cdt. Capt. Rock Dixon with Platoon Leader Cdt. 1st Lt. Jun Garcia and Cdt. 1st Lt. Max Alesna. Although the problems were quite tough, still our boys did all right. In the Platoon drill the MP Platoon under Cdt. Capt. Lyle Paraz displayed excellent performance, making the test seem like a child's game.

First to get a perfect score in the practical military side was the machine gun crew drill commanded by Cdt. 1st Lt. Rodolfo S. Pelaez. Composing the crew were Cdt. Capt. Michael Villagonzalo, Gunner; Cdt. 1st Lt. Benefredo Samson, assistant gunner; Cdt. Capt. Da-



USC-ROTC Ranger Team. From left are: Ruben Paca, Rolando Samson, Antonio Jimonte, Romeo Delarmente, Alexis Tan, Ramiro Cadag, Gideon Villafior, Dianisio Isiera, Raymundo Rabosa, Jesus Trocino, and Julieto Villanueva.





The Search ... for crickets?) First Year basic cadets undergoing one phase of the tactical inspection.

ilo Lao, Ammo bearer and Cdt. 1st Lt. Sergio Mantiza, Ammo bearer.

The team which was selected the best in the 1st year advance infantry cadet officers displayed such excellent maneuvers and tactics that won thunderous applause from the audience.

Cdt. Capt. E. Pascua and Cdt. 1st Lt. Tampus were tested in dismantling and assembling the US Cal 45 pistols. First year advance cadets took up compass course tests while the second year basic cadets from Alfa Company under Cdt. apt. Billy Baylisis were engaged in the theoretical and practical tests for the machine gun.

The pride of the Corps "The ROTC Ranger Team" under the command of dt. Major Ruben Paca impressed the tactical inspectors with their correct solution of all the practical and theoretical questions. Pressed for the reasons of

their success. Mr. Paca replied, "We simply did our best." Truly, Mr. Paca is a good potential for Army officership. The ROTC Ranger team consists of Cdt. Major Ruben Paca, team leader; Cdt. Lt. Ralanda Samson, guide; Cdt. Lt. Antonio Trasmonte, lead scout; Cdt. Lt. Renee Relarmente, pacer; Cdt. Lt. Alexis Tan, Medical aid man; Cdt. Lt. Ramiro Cadag, signal man; Cdt. Lt. Gideon Villaflo, asst. signal man; Cdt. Lt. Dionisio Mancera, asst. demolition man; Cdt. Lt. Jesus Trecino Jr., contact man; and Cdt. Lt. Julio Villanueva, asst. team leader.

Representing the test for informal guard mounting was "C" Btry., headed by the new OD Cdt. Capt. Lao and Cdt. Lt. Ybanez.

Crouching low, crawling and running fast in combat formation in the midst of popping machine-gun like firecrackers, the CTIS squad under Cdt. Sinughaban of

## BERMEJO GETS PROMOTION

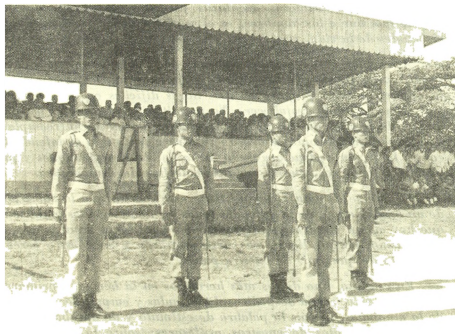


COL. BERMEJO

Major Pedro Bermejo, Commandant of the USC-ROTC, was promoted recently to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. It was under the able command of Lt. Col. Bermejo last semester when the USC-ROTC won the Star. Warm congratulations, from the DMST in particular, and from the whole University in general, to our active and popular Commandant.

## DUNQUE TO AUSTRALIA

The USC ROTC Unit proudly announces Cdt. Lt. Col. SAMUEL DUNQUE's selection as one of two Philippine representatives to the Australian Cadet Officers' Course. Together with the DMST, we wish him good luck and bon voyage.



he Corps Commander and Staff in action... Shown at center is Commander Casiro Nadeia. Behind him from left to right are Lyle Parax, Danilo Lao, Ramiro adag, and Michael Villagonzalo.

Alfa Company almost got a perfect score in the test for combat training for individual soldiers. Our firing headed by dashing Cdt. 1st Lt. Jun Garcia sweated it out in the blistering noontday sun and finished out with also a nearly perfect score.

As a whole our boys showed the best that their ability and training allowed. All these can be attributed to the earnest efforts of Lt. Col. Pedro Bermejo, inf commandant; 1st Lt. Cacanana, asst. commandant; Master Sgt. Fetellaga; and Staff Sgt. Ando. All these officers gave to the cadets the best in their ability and training. Credit also goes to the Dynamic cadet officers, for without their unselfish effort and cooperation, the Corps would not have been as good as it was. Above all the "Diehards" deserve the highest praises, for without their tenacious spirit, their valiant effort and determination, the task might certainly have been a failure.

MARZO

1963

Torjemos

## Nuestro Carácter

¡El esclavo de la conciencia!

¡Será el título de alguna estupenda novela policiaca! — piensas tú, Te equivocas. El elogio más hermoso que puede hacerse de un joven es decir de él: Es dueño de su voluntad, es esclavo de su conciencia. Permanecer inquebrantablemente fiel a todo cuanto manda la conciencia! Si eres capaz de eso eres un joven de carácter.

En el carro hay un pequeño clavo; casi no se ve; pero de gran importancia: el clavo del eje. Si se pierde, el carro sigue andando un momento; pero de pronto se cae la rueda y el carro vuela.

También por la senda del carácter encontrarás un diminuto instrumento; insignificante al parecer. Es la sumisión sin reserva a la voz de tu conciencia. Sé, pues, siervo sumiso, manso cordero de tu conciencia.

Hay dos enemigos que luchan contra ella. En primer término la denigra a tu alrededor el mundo entero; después te instigan a la rebeldía tus inclinaciones desordenadas, tus instintos que despiertan.

Acaso tienes momentos de tantos entusiasmo que abandonas casi la tierra y te lanzas.

(Continúa en la página 30)

## SECCION

## Castellana

## Editorial

## Día de Graduación

Jóvenes graduandos, termináis vuestra carrera de estudiantes y vais a entrar en la vida activa del hombre. Os halláis en toda la plenitud de la esperanza y de la ilusión. Os despedís de estas aulas para emprender el camino de la montaña. La Universidad, vuestra madre intelectual, ha provisto vuestro bagaje, y con cariñoso cuidado ha puesto en él todo lo que la lección y el consejo pueden dar de útil, para fortalecer el espíritu y salvar las asperezas del camino. Ella os conduce hasta la puerta del hogar común, y allí, besándoos la frente, y estrechándoos la mano, os indica la senda; y partís.

La amistad nacida en la vida común de las aulas, entre jóvenes que compartieron los primeros afanes y las primeras ilusiones, que juntos velaron en las horas dedicadas al estudio, y que unidos se lanzaron en las primeras aventuras juveniles, es el vínculo más grande que une a los hombres; es el sentimiento más resistente a las vicisitudes de la vida.

A medida que los años avancen, ese sentimiento fraternal os servirá para salvar muchos abismos, suavisar muchas asperezas, y os ofrecerá aliento y apoyo en esas horas difíciles en que el ánimo más firme se siente desfallecer. No permitáis jamás que las pasiones de la vida pública destruyan esas amistades, que no serán reemplazadas; conservadlas como tesoro de vuestra vida íntima y defendedlas contra la acción destructora de la lucha de ideas, aspiraciones y propósitos antagónicos, que es condición de la vida democrática.

Lo que se os deja dicho no tiene otro mérito que la sinceridad de un deseo de que veáis colmadas todas las nobles y altas ambiciones que hoy agitan vuestra alma; nuestro porvenir es el gran anhelo del patriotismo, porque lleváis en vuestro corazón y en vuestro cerebro el secreto del porvenir de vuestra patria.

En este día, uno de los más hermosos en la hermana primavera de vuestra vida, vais a despediros de las aulas y emprender el camino de la montaña. Lleváis la palabra de estímulo y de aprobación y las plegarias fervientes de vuestros profesores; sobre la frente, como bendición divina, el beso de la madre que ve colmados todos sus afanes. Entonad el himno de todas las alegrías. Adelante y sed felices. La sociedad y la patria os esperan.

## *Jovencita, Tú Que Sueñas . . .*

El corazón es el motor de la vida y el papel tan importante que desempeña en la vida física, lo desempeña también en cierto modo, en la vida moral.

El corazón es el centro, o al menos el símbolo de afectos y odios; en él se desarrollan las luchas, se engendran los esfuerzos y las actividades buenas o malas.

Es el factor de las emociones que nos elevan a las cimas más bellas o nos impulsan a las peores decaencias.

Hablar del corazón es hablar del amor.

Jesucristo, así lo afirma, cuando abriendo su pecho descubre su corazón— a la vez humano y divino — y nos dice: "*Hé aquí este corazón que tanto amó a los hombres.*"

Sin embargo, ni el corazón, ni el amor, deben confundirse con el instinto, la pasión, el egoísmo la sensualidad.

Del corazón salen los celos y los adulterios, así como en él se consuman las traiciones y las angustias.

Seremos juzgados sobre el amor de nuestro corazón y nuestra vida se apreciará según lo que valga ésta.

Vida humana y temporal, vida eterna y sobrenatural, ambas están encerradas en el frágil vaso del corazón.

El corazón es, pues, algo sublime y no puede divertirse uno con él, ya que del corazón dependen tantas dichas o desgracias presentes y futuras, es menester que, desde tus más tiernos años, prepares tu corazón y lo formes para su noble misión en la vida.

—MIRTO

## *Estoy Hecha Para Amar*

El clamor de Antígona en la antigua Grecia "*estoy hecha para amar*", es el clamor eterno del ser humano, clamor más vibrante en la juventud.

Es la natural respuesta de la ley de la vida impuesta por el Creador; el co-



EDMUNDO Y CAROLINA

razón, fuente de amor, es fuente de vida.

Pero esta ansia de amor corresponde quizá a otra más fuerte y más exigente que sale también del corazón: "*necesito ser amada*"... y en tus pupilas luminosas, que miran a todas partes, en busca de emociones se lee este intenso deseo *¡quieredme!*, que bien pronto se particularizará en *¡quiereme!*

Amar y ser amada es el deseo universal y supremo del corazón humano, ya se trate de amores humanos o de amores divinos, y el Creador así lo quiso.

Cuando, pues, en tus ensueños juveniles, en tus ilusiones doradas, escurriñas el horizonte en busca del pájaro azul de la felicidad, entra en tu corazón y verás que en él debes preparar esa felicidad a que aspiras...

Mas, ¿qué es el amor?

Amor es don y entrega; amor es sacrificio, amor es belleza, es pasión, es emoción, embriaguez de ilusiones y de ensueños.

Pero en el amor, el corazón no debe lanzarse a una aventura, a primera vista y bajo la primera impresión...

El amor se basa sobre la estima y

para estimar hay que conocer... El amor no debe ser sólo una atracción de sexos, sino también una atracción de almas. Cuando en el amor no intervienen la razón y el alma, cuando el amor es sólo un instinto, no puede vivir mucho tiempo y se marchita como una flor.

No confundas, pues, el verdadero amor con el instinto, ni siquiera con la emoción sentimental en el amor debe haber algo de espiritual, mucho de ideal y un poquito de ilusión.

MIRTO

## *Llegat . . .*

Ruskin, el escritor que creara "*Sésamo y lirios*", dijo cierta vez: "*Educar a un joven no es hacerle aprender algo que no sabía, sino hacer de él alguien que no existía.*"

Se llega a la meta de la juventud no cuando se termina una carrera o cuando se adquiere cierta autonomía familiar, sino en el momento en el cual el chico inconsistente y egoísta da lugar a un nuevo ser, social, equilibrado, responsable, lleno aún de la frescura y la simplicidad esenciales de los primeros años.

La meta está distante, el camino es largo, pero las horas se hacen minutos durante la marcha. Por ello, no podemos perder tiempo. Nuestra formación debe empezar ya mismo. Somos sensibles a la verdad y hemos de buscarla denodadamente; anhelamos la justicia y, por lo tanto, debemos formentarla; como el bien y la belleza nos atraen, para encontrarlos nada mejor que marchar en su búsqueda; nuestro corazón está sediento de amor y hay hermanos, amigos y parientes que lo reclaman.

Nuestra "educación" es tarea para toda la vida y no podemos malgastarla.

Verdad, Justicia, Bien, Belleza, Amor tienen una fuente infinita: Dios.

A él, pues, dirigiremos nuestros pasos para realizarnos plenamente en una vida simple, que se hará infinita porque infinito es el manantial que alimenta.

MARIELLA Y DANIEL

zas a las alturas. Haces el firme propósito de seguir siempre la voz de tu conciencia, de jamás desviarte del camino del honor. No dirás, no pensarás, no harás nada que sea pecado. ¡Te sientas tan feliz en esos momentos!

Pero, ¿qué ves en el momento inmediato? Que ni éste ni aquél de tus compañeros cumple los mandamientos de Dios. Aquel libro, aquella pieza de teatro, o sea cinta, son escarnios de tus nobles principios. Y ahora te llega la prueba ardua: aunque todo el mundo sea malo, ¿sabrás conservarte tú en el deber?

Si en la escuela los muchachos fuesen sin carácter, ¿podrías tú mantenerte firme en tus nobles ideales?

Si todos mienten, ¡tú jamás!

Si los demás son groseros en el hablar, ¡tú permaneces reservado!

Si los demás infringen el precepto grave de la misa dominical, ¡tú no los imites!

Después viene otra prueba. Tu constancia no tiene sólo enemigos exteriores; también los tiene interiores, en tu propio corazón.

La conciencia suele llamarse voz de Dios, y con razón. ¿Quién no ha oído alguna vez en su interior esta palabra? Cuando el muchacho ya estaba a punto de pecar, oyó en su interior una voz que le amonestaba, como campanita argentina que hubiese empezado su repiqueteo: "¡No hagas eso, no lo hagas!"

Cuando puso la mano en cosa ajena, la campanilla empezó a repicar de nuevo. Y cuando se sentía presa de una tentación más seria, pareciale que hasta varias campanas tocaban a rebato: tan fuerte gritaba en su alma la conciencia: "¡No hagas eso, no lo hagas!"

Te repito, joven mía, acostúmbrate en la juventud a seguir incondicionalmente la voz de tu conciencia. Ahora es cuando se decide si más tarde serás o no un hombre escrupuloso en el cumplimiento del deber. Y ten en cuenta que el hombre de conciencia tiene idéntico valor para la sociedad que una columna, en que descansa todo el edificio.

—LUIS EUGENIO

## ORGANIZACION DE LA SOCIEDAD

Por LUIS DE LA CALZADA

Gravitan sobre nuestra economía las consecuencias de un excesivo y a veces abusivo concepto de la libertad, derivado del clásico liberalismo económico, que ha creído encontrar la solución para la convivencia de factores de aparente oposición, en dejarlos librados a sus propias determinaciones, de todo lo cual ha resultado en definitiva una lucha de intereses particulares que no pocas veces adquirió caracteres alarmantes, pero por cuya lucha el bien común quedó siempre relegado, en razón de los egoísmos propios de esta parte.

A este respecto cabe recordar que es principio fundamental de la doctrina social de la Iglesia proclamada, para no citar sino uno de los más importantes documentos oficiales que la condensan, en la "Cuadragésimo Año," el de la organización de la sociedad, sobre la cual dice textualmente:

"Como la unidad del cuerpo social no puede basarse en la lucha de clases "de, tampoco la recta organización "del mundo económico puede entregarse al libre juego de la competencia. "De este punto, como de fuente empozoñada, nacieron todos los errores "de la ciencia económica individualista: la cual, suprimido por olvido

"o ignorancia el carácter social y "moral del mundo económico, sostuvo que éste debíase juzgado y "tratado como totalmente independiente de la autoridad pública, por "la razón de que su principio directivo se hallaba en el mercado o libre competencia, y con este principio habría de regirse mejor que con "cualquier entendimiento creado. Pero la libre competencia aun cuando, "encerrada dentro de ciertos límites, es justa y sin duda útil, no puede "ser en modo alguno la norma reguladora de la vida económica; y lo "probó demasiado la experiencia cuando se llevó a la práctica la orientación del viciado espíritu individualista." (Pío XI, *Quadragésimo Año*, "Nro. 36).

Surge claramente de las transcritas enseñanzas del Papa Pío XI la necesidad de organizar la sociedad de tal suerte y manera que el bien común sea la resultante de este ordenamiento. Por esto ha de empeñarse su acción el Estado mediante una función reguladora que, si no debe crear una economía dirigida en el sentido integral del concepto, tampoco puede desentenderse de su fundamental carácter y finalidad de agente y defensor de su necesario bien común de la

colectividad, que nace del equilibrio de las partes.

Tanto el trabajo como el capital, en la diversidad de sus representaciones, deben organizarse. Sindicatos, asociaciones profesionales, cámaras gremiales y demás formas organizativas, que, partiendo de unidades básicas, lleguen a la cúspide representando la totalidad de las actividades en juego, constituyen la meta a alcanzar en materia de que se trata.

No omitimos, para colocarnos en nuestro propio terreno doctrinario, la necesidad de hacer concordar esa reforma con la valoración de los factores morales de la solidaridad cristiana, que hacen más conducente a su finalidad eminente la organización que se propugna. Y debe ser así, atendida la realidad del hombre quien ha de ser el factor primero de toda organización social.

Sin esa organización se tendrán Estados capitalistas o comunistas sin estabilidad que la razón de la fuerza que los sostiene, o sea, por el poder de la riqueza o por el imperio de la masa, y siempre, siéndole tal Estado de su función específica para transformarse en un poder avasallador de la justicia y de la libertad. g

## *Ano nga Kaya?*

Maaaring magtaka kayo kung bakit muli na naman akong nasakit sa pagsulat ukol sa ating wikang pambansa — ang ating wikang Pilipino. Kung naging madalas ang pagsubaybay ninyo sa mga lathalain ngayong mga nakaraang araw, ay hindi maikakaila sa inyo ang pagkakaroon ng gulo ukol sa mga wikang ginagamit nating mga Pilipino. Sa dami ay tila nga naman hindi katakataang maguluhan ang lahat kung alin nga ang tunay na wikang dapat angkinging pag-aari at minamahal ng lahat.

Ano nga ba ang ating wikang pambansa? Mayroon tayong Ingles, may Castillano, may Cebuano, may Ilocano, may Tagalog, may Hiligaynon at marami pang iba. Mahaba-haba na ring panahon mula nang magkaroon ang Pilipinas ng Surian ng Wikang Pambansa. Nabuo ito matapos matanto ang kahalagahan ng wika sa isang bansang malaya. Halos kasabay ng pagkabuo ng suriang ito ay ipinahayag ang pagpili ng wikang Pilipino bilang wika ng lahat ng mamamayang Pilipino. Dalawangampung taong mahigit na ang nakaraan nang maganap ang mahalagang pangyayaring ito. Ang paghahanda upang maging laganap ang pagpapalal ng wikang Pilipino sa buong bansa ay sinikap ng Suriang maging matagumpay. Pospusang pananaliksik ang ginawa, nagpalathala ng mga aklat na magagamit, mga talatinagan at mga tatasalitaan at lahat ng mga kagamitang mahalaga sa pagtuturo ng wika. Subalit...

Kung gaano katagal ang ginawang pagpupunyagi ng Surian at gayundin naman ng pamahalaan sa pagpapalaganap nito ay siya namang tindi ng pagkabungong tinamo. Bigo, sapagkat sila na rin ang gumagawa ng dahilan upang hindi makamit ang tagumpay sa hakbang na kanila nang simulan. Oo, sinabi kong bigo pagkat iyan ang katotohanang nababakas. Ngayon ay patuloy pa rin ang pagtulot ng iba riyang hindi Tagalog; hanggang ngayon ay patuloy pa rin ang kakulangan at maling mga kagamitang mahalaga sa pagpapalaganap ng wika; hanggang ngayon ay Ingles pa rin ang ginagamit sa lahat ng mahalagang pagpupulong na dinadaluhan ng mga Pilipino sa bansang Pilipinas, sa lahat ng aralin at lahat ng pangyayaring nagpapatunay ng buhay Pilipino.

Hindi ko ipagkakailang mahalaga ang Ingles pagkat ito ang susi ng tagumpay ng isang bansa sa kasalukuyan subalit ang isa pang wikang banyaga na iginigigit sa atin upang pagaralan at mahal in ay kalabisan na. Maaaring ito'y naging mahalaga sa atin noon subalit ang buhay at pangangailangan ngayon at ibang-iba na. Kung kailan pa ito matatanto ng nakatataas ng namumuno ay hindi ko batid — subalit hindi pa nga kaya nila batid ang katotohanang nakadilat sa kanilang harapan.

Ang isa pang mabisang kaaway ng kilusang ito ng Surian ay ang mga Tagalog na rin. Nadadala sila sa maling paniniwala na ang wikang Tagalog ang siya ring wikang pambansa. Dahil dito'y nilalag nila ang batas. Hindi Tagalog ang wikang pambansa kundi ang wikang Pilipino. Ang Tagalog ay ginagamit lamang na saligan ng ating napiling wika. Ang wikang Pilipino ay yaong wikang nabubuo ng iba't ibang wikang palasak at gamit ng nakararami.

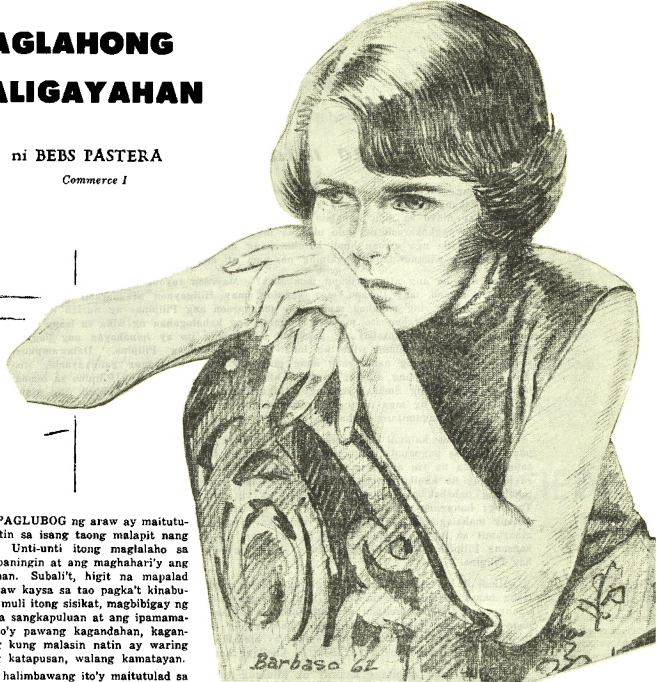
Sa pitak na ito, ay sasamantalain ko ang pagkakataong makahingi ng despensa. Dinaramdam ko ng labis ang pagkukulang ko noong nakaraang mga labas ng ating babasahin. Nasabi kong Tagalog ang napiling wikang pambansa. Ngayo'y binabawi ko ito. Katunayan ay ngayon lamang ako naliwanagan sa kaguluhang ito. Ang wikang pambansa ay hindi kailanman naging Tagalog pagkat ang wikang Pilipino ay yaong para sa ating lahat — nating mga mamamayang Pilipino. Ngayo'y wala ng dahilan upang magmalaki ang mga Tagalog; wala ng dahilan upang maghinanakit ang mga Bisaya, Pampango, Ilokano, Bicolano at mga Hiligaynon kaya. Inuulit kong ang wikang Pilipino'y para sa ating lahat. Kaya, kung anuman sana ang pagkukulang natin ay hayaang matumbasan ng pagsisikap at pagpupunyaging makatulong ng kahit papaano sa pagpapalaganap ng ating napiling wika. Bilang samo sa ating mga namumuno, kaunting katinuan ng paghisap at kaunting pagpapakasakit. Batid na natin ang kahalagahan ng wika. Sana'y maging sinilwanag ng araw ang katotohanang ito sa lahat — sana'y makamit ko ang pagsang-ayon ng ilan pa riyang Pilipino na naging mistulang "KANO" na at sa ilan pa riyang nalalabuan ng isip dahil sa inggit at pagkukunwari.

— Aurora L. Orig

# NAGLAHONG KALIGAYAHAN

ni BEBS PASTERA

Commerce I



ANG PAGLUBOG ng araw ay maitutulad natin sa isang taong malapit nang buhay. Unti-unti itong maglaho sa ating paningin at ang maghahari'y ang kadiliman. Subali't, higit na mapalad ang araw kaysa sa tao pagka't kinabukasan nito'y muli itong sisikat, magbibigay ng sigla sa sangkapuluan at ang ipamamalas nito'y pawang kagandahan, kagandahang kung malasin natin ay waring walang katapusan, walang kamatayan.

Ang halimbawang ito'y maitutulad sa buhay ni Gina, ang babang nararap at nagtanggap naman, subali't sa dakong huli'y naglaho ring lahat. Siya ngayon ay nakaratay dahil sa isang karamdamang wala nang lutas. Dapit-hapon na'y nasa tabi pa rin siya ng bintana. Pinagmasdan niya ang unti-unting paglubog ng araw. Para sa kanya'y maganda ang tanawing ito subali't kung minsan nama'y kinatindanan niya pagka't ito'y waring nagpapahiwatig ng isang pangyayaring naging sanhi ng kanyang kasawian.

Sa kanyang gunita'y nanumbalik ang napakasyang kahapon na sa buong akala niya ay wala nang katapusan.

Isa siya sa matatalinong mag-aaral ng isang tanyag na pamantasan kaya di kataka-taka kung siya ma'y kilala ng karamihan. Hinangaan siya, di lamang sa angkin niyang talino, kundi pati na

rin ang kanyang pagkatao pagka't siya'y isang babang mabait, di mapagmataas at mahinhin. Dahil dito ay nagkaroon siya ng maraming talisuyo. Subali't di niya pinansin ang mga ito pagka't ang pawang nasa-isip niya'y ang kanyang pag-aaral. Nais niyang matapos muna ito bago ang pansariling kaligayahan. Ang makatapos ng pag-aaral ang siyang magiging pinakamasayang sandali sa kanyang buhay. Sa puspusan niyang pagsisikap ay di siya nabigo pagka't laging siya ang nanguna sa mga pagsusulit.

Isang araw, nagmamadaling lumabas ng silid-aklatan ang dalaga. Halos di na niya tiningnan ang kanyang dinaraan. Di sinasadya'y nabangga niya ang isang binata.

"Ipagpaumanhin ninyo binibini. Di

ko kayo sinasadya," ang pagpaun ng binata.

"Di bale na, ako pa nga ang humingi ng pagpaumanhin pagka't di ako nakatingin sa aking dinara nang dalaga.

Pagkatapos ay naghiwalay na a lawa. Habang nasa klase si Gina unan pa rin ng kanyang isipan a nata. Wari bagang nadarama niy isang damdaming noon lamang ni ranasan. Inasam-asam niya ang sandaling makatagpong muli ang ta.

Gayon na lamang ang pagkam ni Gina nang sa sumunod na klase eskuwela niya ito. Ang binata' mangha rin nang makita niya sa laga. Nang maglabasan sila'y di aksaya ng panahon ang binata.

pagkaila siya sa dalaga. "Freddie Teves ang aking pangalan," anang binata.

"Ako namsa'y si Gina Roldan," sukli ng dalaga.

Ang pangyayaring iyon ang naging simula ng kanilang pagiging magkaibigan. Sa pagdaraan ng mga araw ay lalong nagpatuloy ang paghihirap ng kaaloban ni Freddie. Naisipan niyang ipagpatap na ang lahat sa dalaga. Kaya, isang araw nang sila'y magkaniay ay sapilitang naipagpatap ng binata ang kanyang nilolob sa dalaga. Nabigla si Gina nang marinig niya ang mga pangungusap ni Freddie.

"Nais ko munang matiyak kung ano ang damdamin ko para sa 'yo, Freddie."  
"Ako'y nakalagan maghintay, Gina, at nawa'y di mo ako bibiguin."  
"Titingnan ko Freddie, titingnan ko." At nagkahiwalay ang dalawa.

Malapit na ang panghuling eksamin nila kaya walang tigil sila sa pagbabalik-aral. Wari bagang nakalimutan na ng dalawa ang tungkol sa pag-ibig. Lalong nagsumikap si Freddie pagka't ayaw niyang mapintasan siya ni Gina. Si Gina namsa'y ganon din.

Isang araw sa kanilang pagkasama...  
"Bakit, Gin, anong nangyari? namumutla ka?" tanong ng binata.

"Walang anumang ito. Bigla na lang sumakit ng ulo ko eh, pero pagkaraan ng ilang saglit ay mawawala rin ito."

Habang nagdaraan ang mga araw ay lagi itong nararamdaman ni Gina at di naman niya nakuhang magpatingin sa manggagamot pagka't abalang-abala siya sa pagbabalik-aral.

Dumating ang araw ng eksamin at di na nakuha ng dalawang magkatagpo pa pagka't abalang-abala sila. Nang matapos ang eksamin ay nagkita sila. Dito muling hinanggit ni Freddie ang tungkol sa pag-ibig.

"Marahil naman ay di mo na ako bibiguin sa pagkakaatong ito, Gina, pagka't tapos na ang mga problema natin."

"Di ko pa rin matiyak ang aking sarili pagka't..."

"Pagka't ano, Gin?"  
"Maari bang huwag muna nating pag-usapan ang bagay na ito? Maari bang umuwi na tayo?"

"Eh, tayo na."

Habang tumatagal ay lalong lumubha ang karamdaman ni Gina. Kaya isang araw ay sinamahan siya ng kanyang Mama sa isang dalubhasang manggagamot. At...

"Ikinalalungkot kong sabihin ito sa inyo subali't ang totoo'y kanser ang sakit ng inyong anak, Ginang."

"Doktor!!"

"Opo, Missis at ito'y malubha na. Ayaw kong magsinungaling sa inyo. Sa maulo't madali ay mababati din ninyo

ang katotohanang nasa pangangitan ay inyong anak."

Namutla si Gina nang marinig niya ang mga pangungusap ng manggagamot. Diyata't siya'y di na magtatagal sa mundong ito? Sa piangi ng dalaga'y lumaloy ang mga luhat. Anhin man siya'y tiyak na wala na siyang pag-usap mamalagi sa mundong ito. Wala na! Kinagabihan ay lungkot ang naghari na! Kinagabihan ay namang matatapos na niya ang kanyang pag-aaral. Kinabukasa'y dinalaw siya ni Freddie. Ang lungkot niya'y ayaw niyang ipabati sa binata kaya pinili niya ang kanyang sariling ngumiti. Subali't sadyang ang katotohana'y di kailanman maikukubli.

"Bakit ka malungkot, Gin?" tanong ng binata.

"Malungkot ba ako, maligaya ako ah," pabiglang sagot ng dalaga. Subali't luhan ang kanyang mga mata.

"May problema ka ba?"

"Wala, napuwing lang ako eh."

Magtatanong pa sana si Freddie subali't pinigil na niya ang kanyang sarili. Iniba niya ang usapan.

"Alam mo, Gin, bukas na pala natin malalaman kung sino-sino ang may matatas na antas sa ating eksamin."

"Mabuti naman, pakitingnan mo lang ang akin ha? Kasi di ako makapapunta bukas, masakit pa ang ulo ko."

Nang makaalis ang binata'y nasok ang dalaga sa kanyang silid at napahagulgol siya ng iyak.

"Sayang ang lahat Freddie, ngayon pa namang natitiyak ko na sa aking sariling inibig kita."

Pagkaraan ng mga ilang araw ay dinalaw uli siya ng binata.

"Alam mo, Gin, ilaw pala ang nakakuha ng mataas na marka. Binabati kita."

"Salamat, subali't para sa akily' wala nang kabuluhan ang lahat pagka't... pagka't..." at napahagulgol ang dalaga.

"Alam kong may bumabagabag sa iyong damdamin Gina, ayaw mo lamang ipagpatap sa akin, bakit?"

"Sapagka't ito'y pansarili ko lamang. Ayaw kong may maging karamay ako sa aking kalungkutan."

Iyon na ang huling pagkikita nilang dalawa pagka't si Gina'y umuwi sa kanilang probinsiya. Nais niyang doon na niya hintayin ang huling sandali ng kanyang buhay. Ni ang pagpaparangal ng mga nakakuha ng mataas na marka'y binali-wala na niya.

Dito naputol ang paggugunita ni Gina. Ngayon ay dilim na ang naghahari sa magandang tanawing kang-i kangina lamang ay napakaganda. Wala na si Freddie, wala na ang tangi niyang kaligayahan. Ang nalalabi sa kanya'y buhay na kung kailan man babawin hindi niya tiyak subali't batid ni hindi na magtataga!... hindi na tatagal.

# NANGARAP NA NAMAN!

Tahimik ang gabi, lahat ay tulog na, Sa bahay sa pawid ako'y nag-lisa; Hindi malilihim ang pagdaralita, Kahit itego mo'y malilit ring dampo.

Makha'y napaangat, taminin sa langit, Kay ganda ng buwan sa ulap sumilip; Kay serap tumala kay serap umawit, Lalo na't ang puso'y puno ng pag-ibig.

Naglimpelakon rin ang mga bituin, Sa ilwagang nilang kay ganda metasin; Kaya itong pusong mapangarapin, Kahit piglit'y may nangangarap sa rin.

Dito nagsimulang lumpad ang diwa, Ilaian kong sukot hirap at pagluha; Di ko popensihin aking mapapala, Lahat na paglibak sa aking paglayo.

"Kung ako'y yeyaman," aking nalilip, "Ako'y maglibat sa buong daigdig, Makakamta ko na ang lahat kong ibig, Mapalit na buhay di na magbabalik."

Di na magtititis itong abang buhay, Pagka't mayaman na't wala nang kapantay; Ang dusa't libali na aking karamay, Di na matitlimin hanggang sa mamatay.

Lahat ng yaman ko'y aking guguhit, Sa nais kong kamtan poti na par; Di ko nalilip dapat ring surin, Kung magdadulat ba sa buhe:

Ang sikat ng araw sa silid Marite pa ako matatag in Yaong pangarap ko habang Nangangambang baka hin!

Itong pangarap ko di m Ako'y natatwa sa nal Buhay may mahirap : Walang kailangan kun

Ngayon matatoto kr Ang makadedulo kr Pagka't ang silik! Katalad ng hlyo

## ALA-!

Alale ko Ang kimi Habang Bamall!

Di kr Hiyu Na Kr

pa maganda, mag agiting, mabumabang sa isip ko pr

malilimat ar! di magtatukali alwala naman iyo nagdereg

Ang kalungkot Hindi magag Laging ako! Kahit semi- Inlawan r Mga ar Kaligay Hangr

sa m amon a yaman g may puso  
di lang kay ang kaligayahan ang walang hang galing sa pu'

## ALA KR



by PRAXEDES P. BULABOG

● **Memo for March.** This month, on the 25th, we celebrate the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It would seem that in our preoccupation with daily affairs, in our day-to-day struggle for existence, we have forgotten the significance of that moment in Nazareth, when man's salvation hung by the slender thread of a maiden's answer. Picture to yourself that tension-filled scene when the Angel accorded Mary the highest praises ever given to any mortal: "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women..." (Luke 1.28-29). And then the crucial message, the Divine request whose answer would determine man's eternal fate. Was Mary willing to shoulder the enormous responsibility of bearing and rearing the Savior of mankind? Would she take the risk and all the pain, the anguish and suffering that it involved? True, God had preserved her for this great purpose and for this precise moment. But He had left intact her freedom of will. The decision must be hers to make, and hers alone. Except for one vital practical question — "How shall this be done because I know not man?" (V. 34), Mary did not hesitate. Her reply of acceptance has gone down the centuries as the acme of humility, faith, and love. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to thy word..." (V. 38). And with these words, God's promise of redemption began to take actual and definite shape in Mary's womb.

Very few would stop to ponder: What if Mary had more of pride and less of humility and obedience? What if she had told the Angel that she "needed time to think it over" as seems to be the trend today when requests for help are made? Of course, thanks to Our Lady, these queries are out of the question... now. Still, would it not have been simply terrible for us had Mary said no?

\* \* \* \* \*

● **Have you ever stopped to consider** that life with its purpose and meaning is a perennial dilemma? Not that we discredited or even doubt what we learned in our pre-school catechetics on why we were created. We can still rattle off the answer as easily as water gliding off a gabi leaf's top-side, and with our conviction remaining as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar. It's simply that a stray thought now and then steals into our consciousness and starts us off on a tangent of baffled questions.

A case in point: In the parable of the talents (Matt. 25. 14-30), it is implied that we must develop and put to profitable use whatever gift or talent the Creator gave us. To do otherwise would be displeasing to Him, as witness the conclusion (V. 30): "And the unprofitable servant, cast ye into the exterior darkness. There, shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

On the other hand, here's Thomas Gray, a mortal to whom the Almighty richly endowed the gift of letters. In Gray's famous "Elegy," he expresses the idea that from among the departed poor there must have been potential greats whose talents poverty brought to naught...

*"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."*

Gray's message is clear. Whatever talents and geniuses are found among the poor are quenched by penury, by lack of money, of connections. How then can such God-given gifts be nurtured into glorious fulfillment and application? How relate the two schools of thought, one divine, the other human? Are we then to conclude that the gifted but unaccomplished poor die in the Lord's disfavor?

It is conflicting questions like these which now and then come unbidden to our mind and awaken us to curious seeking, furnishing us with food for thought, the digesting of which would be a mental challenge. But we have to caution ourselves. (Remember St. Augustine and the mysterious child digging in the sand?) It is said that the more you learn the more you know, and the more you know the more you know that you know very little. So you strive to learn more, and the more you learn, the more you... So there you are, right back to where you started. Meandering into profundities of thought almost always creates a vicious circle in itself.



We can only hope that in this random reflection of ours, we are not trespassing into forbidden philosophical or theological territory.

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● **Now and then in our** random readings, we come across some gem of thought, some jewel of an idea, and at once welcome it like a long-lost friend or a hometown acquaintance who has made good abroad and come home for a visit. We read, reread, or even commit it to memory. With sudden clarity we realize that it is wisdom and truth. And beauty. Yet, the irony of it is that we encounter and practice such bits of wisdom in our daily lives, only we fail to crystallize them into a definite philosophy for want of the innate gift of expression perhaps, or from just plain laziness. So regretfully we bewail: why, I could have said this myself, had I known it would look so thought-provoking in print . . .

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● **Are we Filipinos dirty?** Provocative query, isn't it? An American lady who once lived in this Pearl of the Orient but who has since moved to another southeast Asian country (we shall deliberately omit this country's identity for obvious reasons), wrote to a compatriot of hers in Manila to this effect: "The people here in X are even dirtier than the Filipinos." Well. At least it's a comfort to know that some people are dirtier than we are, granting that we are dirty, which to many Westerners is a fact. Let's face it: Whether we like it or not, we Filipinos are dirty. Proof: Some of our people still choose to discharge their private obligations behind a post or at the back of buildings or even on roadsides. Even in this august university of ours, we still have to develop the habit of flushing the W.C. after each use, in spite of the notice on the door. We still leave wet and smelly seats and floors, and spit on them, too. And dirty writings on the walls. Which just goes to prove how deplorably ignorant some of us still are, even after ten years or so of formal education.

It beats us, for instance, how some of our girls can get so emo-

nationally involved over the Susan Roces-Amalia Fuentes popularity rivalry. Right now, we can find on the walls of our ladies' rooms such entries as: "Amalia is the most beautiful girl in Philippine movies." Below this someone counters with: "No! Susan is the one!" Then follows a rapid exchange of acrid diatribes for and against both actresses, figuratively ranging from the quality of their ancestry down to the size and shape of their little toes. Further on it is the writers themselves who claw at each other via written insults and calumnies. Some neutral observer, in the self-styled role of arbitrator, writes on the opposite wall: "What are your relations to these actresses, anyway? They are both beautiful, so what? You are just being foolish as they are good friends, . . . etc. . . . etc. . . ." This third person's intentions may be noble, but her means only smear the wall further.

These wall-scribbles among our young ladies are not confined to the Susan-Amalia popularity tussle. Some unkind wall-writer occasionally puts in a catty item maliciously designed to discredit and malign some particular student or other. You can be sure that the person attacked is a popular and gifted personality and well-known in the campus. Even a certain teacher was not spared. It might be safe to say that the scribbler was motivated by envy or inferiority complex. Or both. Perhaps some psychiatrist might diagnose these childish scribbles as outlet for emotional insecurity. You know, just unstable personalities giving vent to pent-up perverse emotions.

But personality maladjustment does not give anyone sanction to smear our university's private walls with malicious writings. We might expect such behavior from street urchins or slum dwellers or waterfront habitues, but certainly not from university students. It would be a futile waste of time, money, and energy to enter a university in order to be intellectually, socially, morally, and spiritually refined, only to spend the time being "unrefined." Proposed solution: Why not convert these useless scribbles into well-

**The USC Working . . .**

*(Continued from page 23)*

sociation has sponsored a symposium on two aspects of leadership — entitled respectively — Unity and Cooperation in Student Organizations, and Structures of Organizational Techniques. The speakers were SSC Vice-President Bataan Faigao, and SSC President Victor Dumon, respectively. The symposium was designed to inject into the members the basic elements of leadership and organizational concepts, directed towards the awakening of members towards the many aspects of student life. On the whole, the symposium was a success.

A happy event marked this year's Administration of the WSA. All four of its members from the College of Law hurdled the recent bar examinations, which was considered the toughest in bar history. Also, the Association has spawned worthy scholars and student leaders. Since its establishment, the WSA of San Carlos has graduated 56 members in the various colleges, 13 of them with honors.

Unlike many an organization, the Association has no money problem. Under the able and diligent supervision of Father Alingasa, with the help of its dynamic leaders, the WSA has proved, and will continue to prove itself worthy of the expectations placed upon them by the Administration, their parents, and their beloved supervisor.

And according to our crystal ball, visibility to future progress is perfect.

**A Visit to del Monte . . .**

*(Continued from page 14)*

Charles Hall to dinner. Next day the party left Del Monte for Malaybalay where their minds filled with first hand knowledge of how science can help in large scale farming. From Malaybalay they proceeded to Cotabato. On the way, they stopped at the Mindanao Agricultural College where they were warmly welcomed by the faculty members, Fr. Rahmann, Fr. Hieger and the writer were given special attention by their former students now teaching in that particular school. From Cotabato City the party proceeded to General Santos, and thence the writer himself went into the interior of southwestern Cotabato.

organized, constructive, and readable essays and send them to national publications? Chances are they'll pay — in cash and/or in emotional and mental satisfaction.

## PANTJASILA . . .

(Continued from page 25)

and consensus of opinion. This is our philosophy. To this basic ingredient we add all other useful ideas as culled from other countries. We have drawn our concept of the equality of men from the Declaration of Independence of Thomas Jefferson, our spiritual socialism from Islam and Christianity, and our scientific socialism from Karl Marx. The mixture of the basic ingredients or national identities and the useful ideas of all kinds of *isms* make a national ideology which binds our people together and free their energies for the tremendous task of construction.

To establish Indonesian socialism, that is, a just and prosperous society based on Pantjasila, and overcome the long suffering of the people, the government has adopted an 8-year plan known as the Overall Development Plan since 1960. In the execution of this plan Indonesia needs foreign aid or foreign credit. Although the country needs foreign currency for its development, Indonesia will not allow foreign capital investment. She prefers loans and technical as well as economic cooperation with other countries without any strings attached. Indonesia wants cooperation in mutual respect, because she needs the help of foreign countries just as foreign countries need the help of Indonesia. Because of this mutual need for respect and cooperation with other nations, Indonesia has received loans and technical cooperation from the United States of America, Russia, Japan, West Germany, Great Britain, Australia, Poland, Canada, and others, in the execution of this Overall Development Plan.

This is **PANTJASILA**, the five principles of the philosophy of state of Indonesia. It is a national philosophy which serves as a guide in political, economic, and social activities of the Republic of Indonesia. It is our firm belief that in Pantjasila lies the salvation and national progress of Indonesia.

## ST. THOMAS THE . . .

(Continued from page 39)

took his professorial appointment very serious. From the time he was appointed baccalarius at Paris in 1252—he was then 27 years old—he so arranged his life that his entire energy was devoted to his public lectures. By his astounding application to the work at hand, by the profundity of his thought, and the clarity of his exposition he showed himself a model of the university lecturer. Exemplary life and profound learning, extraordinary clarity of insight and brilliant ability to impart, wonderful personal conviction and devotion in the matter of truth, a lofty conception of the mission of teaching and perfect unsparring dedication to the calling make St. Thomas the perfect teacher and worthy of being Patron of all Catholic Schools.



The USC Sodality performing apostolic work for children in the slums. The pictures show Father Flieger giving First Communion to little tots, while Miss Nellie Patalinghug, Sodality Adviser, (lady in white dress at center of pictures), directs proceedings.

## KEYNOTES . . .

(Continued from page 20)

plished. When you say it can't be done, you'd probably be interrupted by someone doing it, so goes a wit.

Which only shows that a thing's impossible because I won't do it.

**TO FATHER VILLALONGA**, late Cebu chaplain, we dedicate these lines:

*Warrior of the Lord dies he,  
Mighty in youth he came  
To empty his vessel of rage  
And place therein a flame  
Which burnt in this our age  
To heal the lesions of the maim.  
Happy lies he  
Lepor no more as we.*

## ONE ENTERPRISING CHEMIST

among us should concoct a mixture, a sort of cream which would prove handy to our politicians of today. This is one cream which they need for its will make their faces shine with one color at an instance and with another color at another. That way they wouldn't worry about face-saving when they throw party labels "when they have to" or "when the national welfare demands it."

## MISS AMPARO RODIL

(Continued from page 2)

or accounting journals, admiring the daisies and banana blossoms in the garden, and sampling home-made cooking.

Looking at Miss Rodil so favored academically, financially, culturally, spiritually, and socially, one cannot help but say, "She is a perfect justification of the state of single blessedness."

Miss Rodil is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugenio Rodil of Cebu City, and is one of the brilliant Rodil sisters who have shown distinction in their respective fields.

The Administration, the Faculty Staff, and the student body of the University of San Carlos, take their hats off to Miss Amparo F. Rodil, alumna par excellence. We hope that her lofty achievements may serve as an inspiration and example to the many gifted students of this University.

## Salamisim ng Inang "Dalaga"

**Tuwag maganita yaong kamusmusag;  
Ako'y maotawa di ko mapigilag;  
Kay sarap maglaro ng bahay-bahayan,  
Magsaing-saing'ta magkakarawan.**

**Akin mang ibigin di na magbabalik,  
Yaang mga eraw parang pangalip;  
Kahit sa pagtulog lagang inilip,  
Naging aleale airang ating dibdil.**

**Ang bahay dalaga waring kasin-sarap,  
Kung lagang masaya't walong paghithrap;  
Lalo na kung lahat ay may paglingap,  
Parang nasa Edang besog sa pangarap.**

**Di ko malilinet ang puyo ni lao,  
Na'ng sa akang silid ako'y nag-liso;  
Sa ligaya't aliw huwag padadalo;  
Nang hindi kumpas ang tangi moag ganda.**

**Lahat na ibigin ating nakakamtan,  
Nguni't ito aamo'y pawang kabutihan;  
Laging inilip sa ang karangalan,  
Tausag kayamananag dapat pag-ligatan.**

## *Graduation . . . Commencement . . .*

Dear Graduates: You have reached the end of your student life. You are now stepping into man's active life. You have reached the plenitude of all your fond hopes, of all your illusions. You are bidding good-bye to the classrooms and setting out to climb the heights over thorny paths, strewn with difficulties. The University, your intellectual mother, has replenished your baggage, and she has tucked into it with affectionate solicitude whatever the lesson and the advice are able to give you in what is truly useful for you. This she does to strengthen your spirit on the one hand, and on the other to smooth the sharp edges of the road you are to tread. Your University leads you now to the august portals of what used to be our common home, and there, stamping a kiss on your forehead, and clasping your hands, she shows you the path to follow. Thus you depart!

The friendship hewed out of the common life in the classrooms, between teacher and student; among classmates who shared the first toils and illusions; who together kept vigil during hours, seriously dedicated to study; who together launched into the first juvenile adventures — constitutes the greatest nexus that links men. This is the most effective sentiment to enable you to face the realities and all the vicissitudes of life.

As the years pass by, this fraternal sentiment will help you to overcome many an abyss, to mellow many a ruggedness, and will offer you encouragement and give you support in the trying hours during which even the stoutest spirit is liable to succumb. There may be a world of handicaps that besets you, threatening to thwart and frustrate you in the attainment of your high purposes. But, dear Graduates, convert all the liabilities of handicaps into assets of spiritual achievement. Don't face them in a rebellious or self-pitying manner, but calmly, realistically and courageously. In the midst of them all remain undisturbed, your faith in God unshaken. Transform all these trials, deceptions and sorrows into a wellspring of power and fly-wheel of activity. Visualize them rightly, changing them from obstacles into stepping stones, transforming them into sources of power, converting them into rungs of a ladder by which you may scale the heights.

Would to God that you never allowed the passions of public life to destroy that friendship, which once lost, can never be reconstituted. Preserve that friendship as a real treasure of your intimate life, and defend it against the destructive action of the daily struggle of ideas, of aspirations and antagonistic purposes — all of which are part and parcel of a democratic life.

What I endeavor to convey to you bears no other merit than the sincerity of a wish that you may see filled to the brim all your noble and lofty ambitions which stir your spirit and soul today. Behold, you bear in your heart and mind the secret of the future of your young nation.

On this day, certainly one of the prettiest in the springtime of your life, you bid adieu to your Alma Mater. You start today the uphill road in your professional life. Don't falter! You carry with you the word of stimulus and approval, and the fervent prayers of your professors. You feel on your forehead, as a divine blessing, the warmth of the Mother's kiss who sees, finally, her toils richly compensated. Therefore, burst forth into a hymn of joy! Sally forth and be happy! The nation and society are awaiting you!

LUIS E. SCHÖNFELD, S.V.D.

# the CAROLINIAN

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