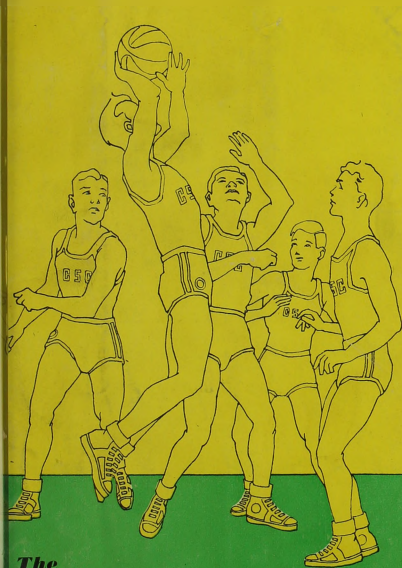


# The Carolinian



**The  
Immortal  
Quintet . . .**

(See page 2)

*Manuel Baring, Coach*



*Letter From an Old Friend of USC*

The following is a reproduction in part of a letter written by Very Reverend A. van Gansewinkel, S.V.D., present Rector of St. Paul's College, Tacloban City:

Nov. 24, 1955

Dear Mr. Echivarra,

... That must have been quite an excitement about style and poetry among the Faculty. Though I would rather see such discussions handled within the four walls of the school, eventually on mimeographed sheets, than to have them brought before the ununderstanding public, still I like Mr. Ransado's self-defense. Give him my regards and compliments. And I maintain that he writes good poetry. I can see no godlessness in his *Santay's Last Stand*. That should not mean that I approve of every line he wrote; for that I had to go over past issues and read carefully for which I have no time. But I consider it even a good sign on your part that you recognized him not only as a friend but also as a gifted writer or even genuine poet....

Yours sincerely,

(Sgd.) A. van GANSEWINKEL

We are simply overwhelmed! and it is our guess that Mr. Ranudo today feels like writing another poem! Through this column, we would like to express our sincerest thanks to our former Rector and friend for this very encouraging compliment and such kind words.... even if our acknowledgment is kinda' late!

*About This Issue*

We have dedicated this issue to the magnificent showings of our basketball varsity teams for the last ten years. It would be unfair for us to discuss the articles written by our staff writers since all that need be explained have been written by them. But of course we have not entirely forgotten the sports non-lovers. For those who are lovers... sports or non-sports... and specially to the gentlemen, Ester Villanueva shows them how to say, "Signorina, Will You Be My Valentine?" Her re-telling of Cupid and Psyche's legendary love story will likely invite you to think about the "plight" of romance and adventure in present-day concepts. If we recall our Greek Mythology rightly (this reminds us of Mrs. Gutierrez) Cupid's reason why he scolded and left Psyche when the latter disobeyed him could be boiled down to this: Cupid asked Psyche this question... "Don't you trust me?" By this question, Cupid points to us the moral of the story. Love between two persons is based on trust and confidence. Psyche

typified the role which is being played today by most of our women. They love their men but cannot be at ease whenever they go out alone... they simply cannot resist asking him when he reaches home, this: "Where did you go, dearie?" And of course, if you skim through the letters of Tiburcio and Helynn... and even observing Narciso Bacur's latest reversal's... you will find out how far this love-me-or-leave-me business has gone. And incidentally, the TRIOT personalities certainly have grouped their funny bones in this issue into one big literary ha-ha. And in our poems, Dick Caballo weaves his love in a beautiful and modern basket of terms and high-brow thinking and calls that love, "My Flower." Whereas Ranudo (yeah, he's always there when it comes to poetry!) calls love a RED DOLORES... and what is it all about, only his heart can know exactly. But Addy Sitoy, (the politician's poet) is more frank. He calls a spade a spade but afterwards confuse it with a microphone and croons, "My Valentine"... which implies his strong spirit of nationalism (Yeah, Asia

for the Asians!) but of course, attached some strings to it. (We wonder where all those strings will end up!)

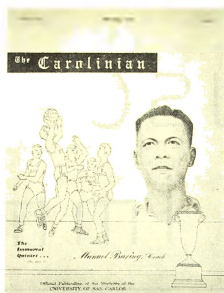
But again, love is not all there is to this issue. If you like to know something about CHEMICAL ENGINEERING, ask Mr. Prudencio Campos. He knows his way around that department more than we do. This is something we would like to pass around to you and it's Mr. A. V. Siyangco's (whew!) article, *The Constitution: a retrospect*. Again, it's highbrow... but it's enlightening. Well, if you want to be more practical about these things, you can take a peek at what's cookin' now in THE GRADUATE SCHOOL SECTION. Do you want some roots for dinner? Mr. Marcelino Maceda has some to spare... and poisonous, too... ala Mamanua. Yummy, yummy! Reverend Father Linden's attention was caught by ABR's DO YOU KNOW? (October, 1955) and he thought that the owner of the initials was a he. Well, he was justified in thinking so. Everything in this world should be presumed to be a HE creation unless there is proof to the contrary.

*Our Pictorial Story*

Reverend Father Jaschik deserves a big, big hand for his fine pictures. We never had them so good! And our pictorial section always have the best there is in pictures. So that when he handed to us some pictures taken during our 1955 Christmas celebration (it sure brings back memories, doesn't it?) we couldn't help but compose a simple, touching story of a hungry little girl who wanted to cry on Christmas because her father was broke and she wanted so much candies and a beautiful lantern. Well, to make the story short, she lived happily ever after... and she got her lantern, too, from one of the Sigma Phi Rhoans who can better be seen on the last page of the PICTORIAL SECTION. (She's one of the lieutenant colonels.)

Well, this is far as we go for the moment (according to Tiburcio) See you next month!

# Our Cover



The reader is inclined to be a little bit surprised about Manuel Baring's portrait appearing on this month's cover. There are a lot of things that can be said of him as a Carolinian and a coach. He enrolled in this institution in 1938 as a Law student and skipped the basketball varsity team for three consecutive years. He became coach in 1946. In 1948, he received his degree of Bachelor of Laws (L.I.B.). From 1946 he served as Coach of the University's basketball team until his resignation in 1955. Between 1946 and 1955, he was mainly responsible for the University's copping five basketball championship honors (one of them the National Intercollegiate Championship), twice made the team runners-up to the same big-time basketball leagues and brought USC to Manila six times. Baring was born in Bagumbayan, Cebu City on June 17, 1919 and is married to the former Miss Oliva V. Zagales. They have seven children.

## The Editorial Staff

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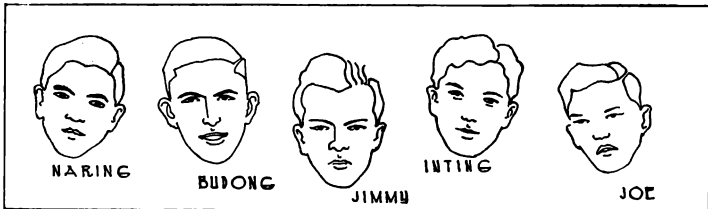
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## Cover Story

**D**ON'T TURN this page. Until you have read this story, you will never know (as a Carolinian), how much you owe... how much it takes to be one. You are enrolled, yes; and you are evidently paying your tuition fees or bustling about the school campus... or perhaps, you are one of those enviable student leaders who is obviously the leader in every mentionable activity... or more, you may be one of those oratorical prodigies who has

# USC's Immorta

funds. What we needed to build then, was reputation or popularity, (as it is more accepted). People in Manila had to know us and the only and most effective way, was to send a team there and grab their precious basketball cup they valued as a symbol of honor. It was the only way to make them stand up and notice and then with a lit-



adorned the library with gold and silver trophies. But I repeat, don't dare call yourself a Carolinian... don't dare turn this page, for this story will make you one.

On the other hand, if you are not part of the school, and out of curiosity found your way here — come along in an adventure and drama of real life, as colorful and exciting as fiction itself.

*This is the story of an old, forgotten Cup I saw hidden, and gathering dust in a lonely corner on the topmost shelf of a cabinet in the library. The USC library has a place where all trophies and cups are lined up with other symbols of achievement or performance that should be remembered by every Carolinian. But this one, the oldest it seemed, looked more of and was treated more like a freak or a shameful object. It had a dull glint; surely, no one can blame the librarians for shoving it in a dark corner.*

A kindly fellow took it down for me and I read the inscription... "National Intercollegiate Basketball Championship, 1946"

In the solemn silence of the library I felt the impact of a million

voices bellowing in unison beneath the dazzling lights of the Rizal Memorial Stadium where five boys from the then Colegio de San Carlos were making history that was never to repeat itself.

This Cup stood there.

In 1946, we have buildings eaten by War. The rooms were partitioned by sawali and big blocks of rocks lay along every passage-way in the High School building. The college students were better off... but they too, were packed like sardines. In the middle of these tragedies, we had the best school band, the finest ROTC cadets, we had just wiggled out all our Bar Examinees from the Bar Examinations and we had a promising group of basketball players.

Basketball, as it was, had paralyzed all other sports activities by its tremendous appeal to the masses. It is obvious that, even with the celebration of other sports, it is still doing that now. We needed funds for the school. We needed a good, solid building pretty badly and it was a pity to see Fr. Hoerdemann shoveling rocks with the laborers or going around on his dilapidated bicycle, soliciting for

the prayer... we hoped somebody would see that lending us that fund wasn't such a big risk after all.

This grim task fell on five boys. Handpicked by the good Rev. Fr. Bunzel for their extraordinary individual abilities, they were soon undergoing a training so rigid, that even recent coaches for Olympic teams of today would find it too harsh. Whether they were conscious of the big job they had on their shoulders or not, here are their names and here is their story.

### Antonio "Jimmy" Bas

(Captain)

Labelled by "THE FILIPINO ATHLETE" as the fightingest little guard. He was truly little in contrast with the guards of today who are human inundations. Standing five feet seven inches in his stockinged feet, he indeed typified the mighty atom. Here was a guard superb—the likes of which has yet to be seen. Swift and silent as a swallow, calculating and deliberate as a tiger. Poised as a sea gull in actual battle, as devastating as a live ammunition with his double handers. He asked for nary an

inch, he gave none. Basketball is a serious business to him, it was a dedication and those who found it otherwise, found it otherwise under his severe command.

He bickered, he fought, he got in his teammates' hair, he was the supreme martinet... yet he loved each so much that he made himself part of their everyday life. He

by

VICENTE RANUDO  
JR.

# Quintet...

sought for an impossible standard, he got it. He sought for accomplishments, he got it. But never, never did he sought for glory, yet he got that too.

He was the best of the lot. Versatile, ingenious; he was a God-send gift for every coach. Destructive in sneak-in plays, in those days, he was someone to reckon with under the basket. Truly, he was the Captain of that team.

## Genaro "Naring" Fernandez (guard)

Of the five, the latest was Fernandez, whom, I maintain, was at his peak in USC and not at UST where he was later to become the team captain.

Manilans may never have noticed and UST was never benefited by Fernandez' strange ferocity to have the ball in his hands. There was an untamed and almost savage drive in him as he dribbled the ball down the court, snorting like a young and powerful bull. He was built for such aggressiveness. Tall, robust and good-looking, the youth reminded everyone of the unforgettable Primitivo Martinez in his prime.

Naring was flashy, brilliant, with perfect reflexes. So rigorous were his maneuvers that many were the times that coaches found it necessary to change his guards twice or thrice in a single game.

He was forever breaking up lays of the opponent, forever taming his man, forever on the backboard... and the marvel of it all, he often outpointed the forwards.

He was quicksilver, outrageous and confident... and he soon was to write his own basketball fame.

## Vicente "Inting" Cortes

(Center)

Unlike his famed brother, "Duke" Cortes of Ateneo pre-war fame (who was awarded an individual cup by the late President Quezon for his court wizardry), V. Cortes was a product of the modern style of basketball. He did not rely on smart and snappy ballhandling alone, he pioneered the two-handed, overhead jumpshot, of late, popularized by diminutive Luis Tabuena of PAL. He was a backboard artist of the finest class, a general in keyhole strategy and a fearful one-hand center.

Early in 1947, he was nominated by the Philippines Free Press as a candidate for the 1948 Olympic Delegation to London. His position: center. A recognition for his inimitable center plays.

Meriting mainly on his stellar performance with the USC team, by the time the chance to qualify rolled around—he had gone into obscurity. Why? Nobody was ever to know.

To watch Cortes in a keyhole maneuver, was like watching the fascinating motions of a timepiece. Each tiny movement, each little deception so effective that defenses were often established around him. He was a whirling, pirouetting action of grace and he damaged score-books like a cyclone.

Here was a center, Cebu fans were never destined to watch again. And that in itself, is tragic.

## Lauro "Lord" Mumar

(forward)

Mumar, today, is widely known for his foxiness, foul-baits, his su-  
(Continued on page 4)

## The 1946 NATIONAL CHAMPIONS

### ... And What They Are Now

#### ANTONIO BAS (Captain)

BSC graduate (USC), Basketball Coach, Cebu Institute of Technology.

#### LAURO MUMAR

Twice skipper of the Philippine Basketball delegation to the Second East Asian Olympics and Brazil.

#### VICENTE CORTES

BSC graduate (USC), present basketball coach of the Colegio del Santo Niño and Commerce Instructor of USC.

#### MARCELINO ABELLA

BSC graduate (USC), presently employed in Caltex, Cebu branch.

#### GENARO FERNANDEZ

BSC graduate (UST), presently skipper of the San Miguel Brewery in Manila.

#### JUAN AQUINO, JR.

BSBA graduate (USC) present USC Coach and Commerce Instructor.

#### EUSTACIO CHIONG VELOSO

Practising Attorney and CPA.

#### AMADO DU

C.E. (USC) 1st Lieutenant, Armed Forces of the Phil.

#### RICARDO ABELLA

Legal Counsel of Lu Du and Lu Ym Enterprise.

#### GAVINO MIOLE

Supervisor, San Miguel Brewery, Davao Branch.

# USC's IMMORTAL QUINTET

(Continued from page 4)



## THE 1946 CSC NATIONAL CHAMPIONS

Standing from left to right: Atty. Fulvio C. Peltaz, (team Manager); Juan Aquino, Jr., Jesus Solon, Reverend Lawrence Bunsel, Athletic Director; Amado Du, Eustacio Chiong Veloso, Manuel Baring (Coach); Sitting, in the same order: Gaspario Fernandez, Lauro Mumar, Antonio Bas (Captains), Vicente Cortes, Marcelino Abotín. Kneeling are Ricardo Abella and Gervino Mleto. Not in the picture is Anthony Taylor.

perulative penetrations, his regale dribbling and most of all, for his uncontested instrumentality in bringing home the proverbial 'bacon' from the recently-concluded basketball carnival in Brazil.

Few, very few, if at all, knew Mumar the humble, the butterfingers, the quivering knees, the eager-beaver—and finally, Mumar, the lux-eyed one-hand flipper.

Your writer has known him to sit it out in the bench in countless games, known him to practice with bootblacks no taller than his waistline in view of people who thought of him as a feeble-minded mestizo, never knowing that someday, his unorthodox acts would bring him everlasting fame. He rose literally, from the earth to the skies. His is a story, unparalleled in the annals of basketball. For Mumar, unlike the common belief of early learning, learned basketball when he was already long, in long pants.

(For more of him, read Escobar's article on next page)

## Marcelino (Joe) Abella

(forward)

Basketball is a fast-changing game. Although embodied in the same "mad scramble for the ball" theory-recent series have overgrown simpler, much more sensational execution of garnering a twinpoint. It isn't unusual to see a player squirming in mid-air, with the same purpose (and that is) to sink that ball in. But more adept artists, operate at a convenient distance.

Here, Abella, definitely, but definitely, excels — (and to the defense) like a sore thumb. Smallest of the quintet, he hauled the biggest score of them all. So perfect were his attempts, that scorers were known to have jotted down a score even while he was still aiming. He was the bread-and-butter man of the team who defied such basketball "greats" as the two Fajardos of UST, Manolet Araneta, Tabuena and Gochangco. Unlike the small, underheight fellows of today who have to die from exhaustion before making a score—the marvelous fake passes and feints of Abella

spent no more than ten calories a game. He was more than just the last straw that breaks the enemy's back... so many were the times when he contributed almost all the straws.

He was a lightweight with the punch of a heavy killer. A self-mentored player, the secrets of his imperceptible tactics have today remained a secret. Even as of now, he packs a series of hoof-burning wallop in his hands, in his times... he met no peer.

## Manuel (Maning) Baring

(the coach)

When a team wins (or loses, for that matter), it wins two victories. One, inside the court, which is accountable to the players and the other, in the bench, which is accountable to that bundle of nerves, known as the Coach.

Our particular coach, is Manuel Baring. After having served as a skipper for the pre-war Colegio de San Carlos team, Baring, whose sole

(Continued on page 25)

DEVOUT followers of his calling have spun a web of facts and fancies around him that merges Lauro Mumar with myth. Dodong, however turned up the veil of mystery and Mumar came out a man and an ambitious athlete crowded in many sides.

The year is 1945. The Go Occo team is playing in Tabonok, Talisay. A star player wrenches his knees. A call for substitution is sounded. A tall, lanky man fills in for his fallen comrade. As the



Sporting a sprained wrist, Mumar poses with other spheroid stars of the Seven-Up (Manila) at USC drugstore. From left to right, Napoleon Flores, Everisto Segardui (erstwhile USC captain), the "Fox", Cady Nunguintic, Honesto Meyoraligo and Francisco Bato.

# MUMAR

## THE WARRIOR & THE FOX

by ROSS ESCOBER

game ends he has for himself twenty-one points. This personal feat earned Mumar a spot in the first five of the defunct Go Occo team. A barrier had been turned aside for his entry into his colorful career. The Go Occo team then was invited to Carcar, where they played against a highly rated local commercial team composed of L. Panada, Kiamco, Vic Cortes and the Alcudia brothers. The first half ended with twenty five points in favor of the Go Occo team and a big zero on the opposite team. The twenty-five points were made mainly upon the shooting arms of Mumar.

*This happens everytime when a man is destined to become somebody. A telling incident precedes their rise and nothing can hold them back. Sometimes poverty and neglect acts as retarding paths, but there are men who act as though failures were prizes to be worn upon their crown. Mumar thought so, and still does. The untalented among them*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Yesterday begun just like any other day. I approached my assignment with routine enthusiasm, meaning none. But fate had it the other way when I dropped in a smoky parlor and heard Dodong Aquino mumbling quaint lores of his yesterdays. In this sloughed drop and drown inn, a man came to live upon the imagination of the boozed. I always lose both my perspective and aplomb when I meet a celebrity. But today I am safe. Though I've been trading insults with all kinds of animals, I know just one look of this man and I'd be in the mud. So I sat and listened to a classic borne out of a man's determination to have himself a spot in a very popular game. To you he may be the "Fox", to many he is the devil incarnate of a foulbaiter. But this man who strides at the court with the dignity of potentates is LAURO MUMAR, rightly named—"El Presidente".*

\* \* \* \* \*

*perishes, those with shining courage comes up. And today—Lauro Mumar shines upon the sports firmament of the country.*

Tabonok, Talisay was the beginning of Mumar's long climb to fame. Coming out of the game as (Continued on next page)

a man possessed of some dream, he must have envisioned for himself a career made out of ball-plays. The country has never denied Mumar of the opportunity to ply his trade, and he gladly gave back all he could to justify the country's faith in him.

*San Carlos first saw the vision of the greatness of the man. A father nurtured it. A coach saw the fitness of his acts. Perhaps of a dream come true, more than in those moments of the making one man acted for Mumar's rise, but certainly it was San Carlos acting as one. All that can be said now is in history. San Carlos can be proud of the fact that a man's man was once with her. A man who did all he could. A man who brought a big trophy from Manila, The 1946 National Open Championship Trophy.*

An inspiration never ends with the realization of the fancied end. Nor does it stop when a summit is reached. The Philippines had a lot to offer Mumar. There was the London Olympics. And Mumar was with the plan. The Philippines was in need of men who would take up the burnt its basketball world could offer. Mumar was a sick man when he went to Manila to qualify for the London Olympics. But he was a determined man. In spite of his failing health, he scored a 100% in spot shooting. Chit Calvo told him to tighten his belt and hiked him to the 1948 London Olympics.

San Juan de Letron once had the distinction of being the national champion. In the prewar days Hilarion Vestil piloted the Letron boys to the National Cup. This was in 1936. Twelve years later, Lauro Mumar, now a figure in Philippine sports joined the Letron College and begged for the school the NCAA Trophy. Another year was in the making. And Letron was preparing for her retention drive of the NCAA Cup. All her hopes of ever holding fast to the Cup rested upon Mumar. Sometimes a man will do all he can and no more. Mumar did what he could and flopped. Letron went down, a runner-up in the NCAA Competition. Dirty words were mentioned. Accusations were made. Selling the game by its captain was even said. In all this hubbub Mumar suffered in silence. He knew he did all he could, but things just louted up with him.

(Continued on page 28)

## SIGNORINA . . .



## Will You Be My VALENTINE?

**FEBRUARY 14** — What does it ring in your head? Oh, yes. . . St. Valentine's Day! It's a red-letter day for lovers and teenagers all over the world. St. Valentine's Day is as festive an occasion as Christmas Day with cards, flowers, and candies. Truly, St. Valentine's Day stands out as the most symbolic of the month of February. But how did St. Valentine's get mixed up with our young lovers? The custom of celebrating St. Valentine's Day on February 14 originated in Europe during the medieval times. Young people in England, Scotland, and France used to assemble on St. Valentine's eve and drew names by chance from an urn. Each person then became the "Valentine" or special friend of the one whose name he drew. From such countries, the spirit and fun of such a tradition caught the hearts of other young people of other countries and "spread like wild fire" over the whole continent of Europe. Later, it crossed the east Atlantic ocean and found its way among millions of American teenagers and lovers alike. From there, it spread to other parts of the world like South America and the Philippines.

Exchanging of gifts and sending of cards are the most important features on this happy and romantic occasion. The cards are usually heart-shaped and with cute and mischievous Cupid lurking somewhere with his inseparable bow and arrow. Cupid plays a most important role in the affairs of young lovers and is always associated with

Psyche was the youngest daughter of a king and so lovely was she that Venus, the goddess of love and beauty got jealous of her. Venus sent her son Cupid the god of love and friendship (he was Eros to the Greeks!) to the maiden to inspire her with love for some base love. But Cupid (mischievous as always) was so impressed with her charms that he waffled her away to his palace. There he visited her every night, earnestly requesting her not to know who he was. But her jealous sisters working upon her fears and her curiosity, induced her to light a lamp while Cupid was asleep and gaze upon him. When she saw that her lover was the handsomest of the gods, in her excitement she let hot oil fall on his shoulder. He awoke, reproached her and later abandoned her. Psyche then wandered from temple to temple of Venus, the goddess of love and beauty who had only jealousy for the maiden, made her perform many difficult tasks. Cupid eventually heard her hard plight and rescued her from Venus. The gods after a grand council made her an immortal and so ends happily the story of Cupid and Psyche.

Their beautiful love story may have ended a long, long time ago, but the symbol of their love, separation and eventual reconciliation will live in the hearts of men and women as long as the heart keeps going "rub-dub-dub".

The feast of St. Valentine on February 14 does not only center on the

by ESTER VILLANUEVA

love. His arrows, aimed at living creatures, arouse either love or hate in the persons hit.

The story of Cupid and Psyche is one of the most charming myths of the Greeks and Romans. The story has its setting in a time when civilization was but a toddler where gods and goddesses roamed the earth like fawns chasing the birth of dawn.

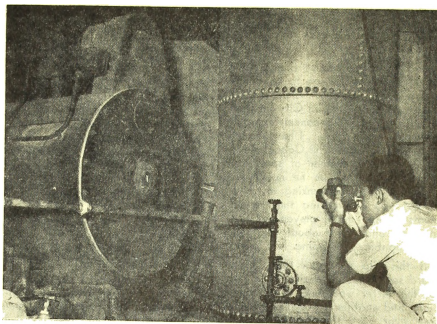
sending of Valentine cards with the inscriptions "Signorina, will you be my Valentine?" but goes deeper in its meaning or significance. It is a day of reconciliation of long lost lovers (like that of Cupid and Psyche) and the mutual pledge of affection, loyalty and respect. Who shall be my Valentine will be the question of the day. And

(Continued on page 38)

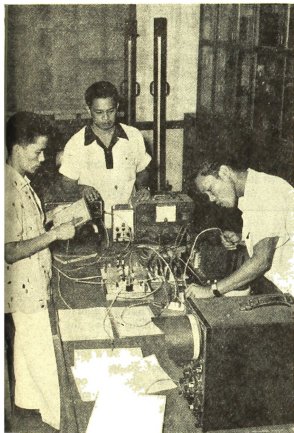


**T**HE CHEMICAL industry may be said to have started during the Napoleonic war with the discovery, by LeBlanc, of making soda from common salt which Napoleon offered a prize of 100,000 francs. The greatest development of the industry occurred within the last 60 years in the United States.

The building of chemical plants, the designing of equipments and its operation in a chemical process created engineering problems which were difficult and often unsolved by mechanical engineers. The solution of these problems were left either to chemists who had experience elsewhere in mechanical engineering, or to mechanical engineers who had acquired excellent



Using a new pyrometer to measure the temperature (ME)



Electronics lab studies on audio-amplifying apparatus. (EE)

knowledge in chemistry. There was therefore a need for technical men specializing in the solution of such problems. Thus, chemical engineering emerged as a distinct branch.

One might ask: "How does he differ from the mechanical engineer or from the chemist?" As a sepa-

# WHAT IS CHEMICAL ENGINEERING?

by PRUDENCIO CAMPOS, JR., Ch. E. IV

rate branch of engineering, the basis of his work is unit operations which are physical in nature, rather than chemical, and would serve as a platform for the raw materials on which their reactions are staged. The nature of the material in process, the size of the operation and the temperature, pressure and other factors involved in the process itself determine the character of unit operation to be used. Hence the necessity of every chemical engineer, to possess a fundamental knowledge of the chemical and physical properties of the materials in treatment. And here is where his chemistry lessons come in.

While the chemist stays in the laboratory with his test tubes and beakers, the chemical engineer

works in the plant using bigger quantities in big chemical machines.

Some of the common unit operations encountered by the chemical engineer in the field will be mentioned here and explained in part to give more light on the subject matter.

The reader may have come across such work as filtration, drying, evaporation, mixing, crushing, or he may have heard of transportation of fluids like pumping water, or flow of heat, distillation, air conditioning, crystallization and conveying. The performance of this work in a large scale and the design of the equipments necessary to bring about this function is the chemical  
(Continued on page 34)

● My dear Helynn,

This letter should reach you on St. Valentine's Day.

I had to write because things have made it impossible for me to be home in Malingin on that day. Our team is scheduled to play in Iligan City on that date and it is utterly inconceivable for me to write this in verse. I have to go with the team because the Coach needs me . . . and in a manner of speaking, he needs me terribly as he needs his pants. I hate to be honking my own horns but you see, during the critical moments of any game played by our team, God and I are about the only persons capable of keeping him alive.

But this trip to Iligan City, in an awkward sense, has its merits. For one thing, this letter would not have been possible; and another, I wonder whether I could ever have the chance to talk

## TIBURCIO *Writes a Letter...*

(OH! WHAT A LETTER)

this matter over with you since I am not your only suitor. But the last time we met you didn't give me a chance to open my mouth (not because I had bad breath . . . I was chewing a Wrigley that time) but because you kept asking me about the names of Number 5, 6, 7, 7, (I know I'm number 7 too, but we don't have trouble because . . . ) 8 and 9 and our Coach . . . as if I were a scorebook. I was never able to get in touch with you since then. So that I have always wanted you to know . . . which is this: I love you

You may say that I developed cold feet during my last visit. But the truth is; I was not sure whether the man in me can utter an immortal love which

God made me feel for you. I was not sure whether or not I was capable of saying an immortal thing without destroying its immortality.

You might wonder why I was not thoughtful enough to put the precise date of this letter. You can rest assured that I did not overlook this detail . . . I was just unable to find a point not to overlook the "My dear" part of the salutation. I just wanted you to know that my love for you is simply dateless.

This is as far as I go for the moment, my dear.

Sincerely yours,  
Tibie (as my coach, says)

## NARCISO BACUR'S VALENTINE GIFT

"Narciso Bacur! Are you here?" The postman yelled in accents clear  
"Narciso Bacur! Do you hear?  
You've a letter from someone dear!"

Narciso Bacur with trembling hand  
He with the big lachrymal gland  
Scooped the letter from the floor  
And thanked the mailerker at the door.

His mind aflame, his heart a-patter  
Caressingly he ope'd the letter

by: *BUDDY QUITORIO*

And when he recognized the sender  
He gaped in reverential wonder

"Helynn," he cried, "my pretty princess

You have at last come to your senses

I'm overwhelmed to know, my dove  
That I'm the object of your love."

"Oh Helynn dear, Helynn divine  
My sweet, my only Valentine. . ."

Narciso read from the beginning  
The letter sent to him by Helynn  
And since his mind was yet  
careening

He knew not what in fact was  
written.

(Continued on page 20)

## HELYNN'S ANSWER . . .

(AND OH! WHAT AN ANSWER!)

● Dear Tibur,

How very considerate of you to call your love, "dateless." It's such a consolation for I never could make anything out of those new-fangled calendars. Besides, you are truly dateless for I can't imagine anyone, "dating" you. Not that you're offensive and all that . . . as a matter of fact, I think you look just as dashing and tall as Gary Cooper, but you're so thin . . . don't you eat your supper?

I remember quite clearly when your team played here. On second thought, why was it that only your team played and not you? Was it because your coach drank too much water and you had to fetch it all the time? Or are you a cheerleader? I don't know which is which. Narciso Bacur, your rival, admires you very much. He said that you're a "Benchwarmer." What a cute position. I knew you had forwards and

guards and centers, . . . but a "Benchwarmer," how simply thrilling to be the only one in the team with such name.

Narciso also said that it was a sorry thing that you could not come for the valentine dance because then, I could see for myself how you do the mambo. He said you looked like a broken toothpick tied to a string. Don't you think it's simply "super" the way he admires all the things you do? Narciso is really a nice fellow. The only thing that I hate in him is his bashfulness. He's been around for 10 years now and he hasn't said a word about his own emotional upheavals. Don't you think he's bashful too?

Anyway, don't worry about the dance because when he'll be dancing with me, I'll be thinking about you just I think about him when I dance with you.

thank you  
Helynn

# TRIO



It WAS ONLY a drizzle at first. Just a slow, unpretentious, little drizzle filtering through the late afternoon sunlight. And Loloy did not seem to mind it a bit. He went on walking slowly down the streets just as though nothing had happened.

But if Loloy did not notice the tiny drops tapping down on him, he did

# W O M A N I N T H E D A R K

## Short Story

by LEDINILA AMIGABLE

not notice the people either. People hurrying past him with a pack-  
age or two tucked under their arms. People with curious-eyed youngsters tugging along behind them. People scrambling for shelter in the glittering Turkish bazaars that lined the streets. No, Loloy did not notice them. Or maybe he didn't care to.

Perhaps it was because his muscles ached all over that he was too tired to notice anything. Or, perhaps, it was because of a certain nagging hopelessness he felt, an aching, dull, emptiness which, try as he would, he could never get rid of. It kept on gnawing at his insides, making him dead and unfeeling to the mule poetry in the beaming faces of children he passed by, flattening their noses against the show-glass of a store window; to the curious stares of people who took shelter inside the bazaars; to the ceaseless click-clack of high-heels on the pavement; to the suppressed giggles of teen-aged girls inside a shoe store; or even to the blare of a juke-box hit tune that rose, defiantly, above the din of horns, traffic whistles, and all.

Loloy made quite a peculiar sight walking thus in the rain. . . hands in his hip pockets, eyes glued to the cement side-walk, and a crumpled cigarette dangling from his mouth. . . seemingly oblivious of all the clatter and hustle-bustle that went on around him, as if making it plain to all and sundry he wouldn't "give a damn" if the world itself turned upside-down; much

less care whether it was drizzling or not.

This world can rot, for all I care, Loloy could almost feel the thought squirm its way between his teeth. No, he wouldn't give a single plugged nickel for it. That's for sure. And who could blame him? What with that painful, maddening emptiness gnawing incessantly inside him, gnawing like so many slimy,

"I said Mr. Forbes wants you at his office, sir. Right now."

"Right now?" Then somewhat impatiently, he asked, "What for?" Lydia shrugged. "Search me if I know," she said, smiling.

Mr. Forbes was standing by the window when Loloy went. He was standing with his back turned, his huge hulk clearly framed against the window, his big brown hands

**"... Then something inside him snapped. Like a shining steel cord that had been stretched taut for so long . . .**

**And in a sudden wild rush of anger, he stomped out of the house . . ."**

shrieking worms, draining every last illusion he had, leaving his senses half-dead. . . sapless. . . unfeeling. . .

"Mr. Forbes wants to see you, sir," said a voice, crisp and business-like. Loloy looked up. He was a little startled to find Lydia, the office secretary, standing before his desk. Funny, but he didn't hear her come in. Oh, well, he was busy, of course. Very busy. To think that he had been poring over those papers the whole morning! Still he wasn't even half-way through.

"Yes Lydia? What's up?"

clasped behind him. He knew Loloy was already there for he had heard the door give a little scraping sound. Presently, he turned, walked over to his desk, and sat down.

Mr. Forbes was a big man. Yet he had surprisingly small eyes that a mischievous glint in them whenever he felt particularly grand inside. But now, as he looked at Loloy, there was not even a faint trace of a sparkle in them.

"I don't know how to say it, Loloy," he began, awkwardly. "You see I. . . I mean we. . . that is, the

(Continued on page 11)

# The Constitution: A RETROSPECT

by

A. V. SIAYNGCO

**T**HE CONSTITUTION has its roots in the great and heroic past of the English-speaking race. No idea is more fanciful although it has the authority of a complimentary expression by Gladstone — than that which suggests that it was fashioned as a "tour de force" by about fifty colonial statesmen by a single effort and at a given time. It cannot be understood without an appreciation of the history of that "gens aeterna," the English race. Without its genius for constructive government, it could never have been.

The Constitution of the United States was an adaptation of the British Constitution, the framers of which were the privileged heirs of the great political traditions of England. The Constitution of the Philippines, though possessing elements of novelty, is not a new creation. It is not, properly speaking, the original handiwork of one body of men. It does not stand in historical isolation for it rests upon old principles gradually evolved by continuous and unceasing constitutional struggle, made almost sacred by the "blood, brain and backbone of the men who stood at Runnymede against King John in 1215, and their descendants down to the men who met in Philadelphia in 1787" and by the valiant and illustrious labours of those who assembled in Batavia in 1898.

The framers of our constitution were students of history; and, profiting from the mistakes of others, they selected the great workable principles of government from the beginning of written history to their own times and incorporated them into this marvelous simple and concise document. An eminent historian says: "They drew their inspiration from the history of their own time, from the experience of themselves, and their mother country, and from their reading of the political theorists from Aristotle and Plato to Harrington and Locke."

Governments may be built upon different models. This fact is equally true of many other things. Thus, one house may have two stories, and another house three, or ones. The architect has drawn a plan to fit the object in mind. Again, one automobile may use gasoline as its motive power, another one electricity, and another one steam. The engineer has devised a plan to use the motive power desired. So, the form of a government depends upon its plan, or set of principles, called a "constitution." Constitutions state what are to be the powers and duties of the government, and, what rights and privileges are guaranteed to the people who are to live under the government.

The average citizen has rather a hazy idea about the Constitution. Many people think it long and involved, when as a matter of fact it is one of the simplest and clearest documents ever written, and is far easier to group than ninety per cent of the legal papers of to-day. We cannot understand Philippine government unless we keep the Constitution in mind. Nor can we read the news columns of the daily papers intelligently without this know-

ledge, to say nothing of the editorial page. What can be more futile than to wrestle with any phase of the social studies without a clear understanding of the principles which underlie the document upon which our political, economic, and social structure rests? As a "just's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it," similarly the strength of any political institution must lie in the capacity of a people to bring it into being and to perpetuate in practice its existence.

Why, then, would the people, generally ignorant of the text of the Constitution and even more of its fundamental philosophy, show such preponderating sentiment in favor of a document which few ever read and still fewer understand?

It is because the Constitution means to the average man the unity of the Republic. He knows that in some mysterious way, which he does not seek to fathom, it holds together a people who inhabit a broken rosary of islands in the heaving bosom of the Pacific. Few, if any, Filipinos would willingly see that unity shattered. It means not only the perpetuation of valiant memories but also an endless struggle for independence, of which the citizens are always conscious. Having in mind the pitiable state of China under present day conditions, we would look with horror upon the possibility of being under a regime of the proud, powerful, and self-conscious hordes of Mao Tse Tung.

No student of our institutions can question that the Constitution is in graver danger today than at any other time in our history. This is due, not to any conscious hostility to its spirit or letter, but to the indifference and apathy with which the masses regard the increasing assaults upon its basic principles.

Unless the Filipino people awaken to the necessity of defending their

(Continued on page 22)

## Editor's Note:

February 8 is Constitution Day. We deem this article timely.

# THE IMPERFECT SQUELCH

(Gathered by Ross Escobar)

"If the boy is a lad and he has a stepfather, is the boy a steppladder?"

Teacher: If I stop a man beating a donkey, what virtue would I be showing?

Student: Brotherly love.

Prof: (pointing his finger at one of his students)

"There is a great rogue at the end of this finger, men!" he announced.

Student pointed at: "Which end sir?"

(Continued from page 9)

Board and I... we..."

"I'm afraid I don't understand what you're talking about, sir," Loloy put in, trying to be helpful. The big man was silent. The

Bachelor: Poor Rene, he will be in the hospital for a long time.

Other bachelor: Why? Have you seen the doctor?

Bachelor: No, but I saw the nurses.

## The Booze and I

(A parody)

by

ROSS ESCOBAR

once upon a midnight dreary  
when I returned weak and weary  
my feet begun to totter  
so I lay me down the gutter  
to drink or not to drink, that is the  
question

whether it is nobler for a man to  
suffer  
the remorse of a three day hangover  
or toss upon the bed and dream  
of other fellows drinking.

we can pay. And much as we hate it, we can't do anything else. You only have until Saturday this

In fraternity meeting the masters were interrogating the neophytes.

Here's what went on:

Dya drink?

No.

Dya smoke?

No.

Dya eat grass?

No.

"Good god," replied the master, "you are not fit to live with man or beast."

In a daze, Loloy could only half-remember how he managed to drag himself out of that room. Countless things were churning madly in his mind: *Until Saturday, eh? Fine! Just line!* So now it has come to this. *Why, after all those years*

## WOMAN IN THE DARK

young man before him could plainly see he was having quite a hard time with it. He lighted a fat cigar before he spoke again.

"Well, Loloy, I think I had better give it to you straight. You see, we have decided to lay you off, for a while at least. It is ruthlessly unfair, I know, considering the number of years you've been working for us, your honesty, efficiency, and all that. But you know how it is. Business getting worse and worse everyday... Money getting more scarce than ever... We just can't afford to have more people than

week." Here he paused, as if waiting for Loloy to answer. Then, hearing nothing, he continued, "You understand, Loloy, don't you?"

Loloy did not answer. He could not answer, even if he wanted to. He felt a sickening, acried sensation in his throat. He choked. Mr. Forbes must have felt it, too, for he quickly added, "It will only be for a while, of course. We'll call you up later as soon as things run smooth again".

Loloy would have protested; he would have argued. But he knew Mr. Forbes. Arguments would have been useless.

I've worked for them, those... those stinking louts! How could they do this to me? How could they? he groaned as he slumped down dejectedly on his chair.

It was not just the loss of his job that made him feel that dull ache inside him. Nay, it was something more. Much more. There was little Pepito, for instance. Then there was Nita, his wife. Poor thing! Who ever thought she would become ill so suddenly? She has been in the hospital for weeks now. And everyday there were endless medicine prescriptions, hospital bills, bills, and bills.

(Continued on page 20)

# My Flower

by

DICK CABAILO

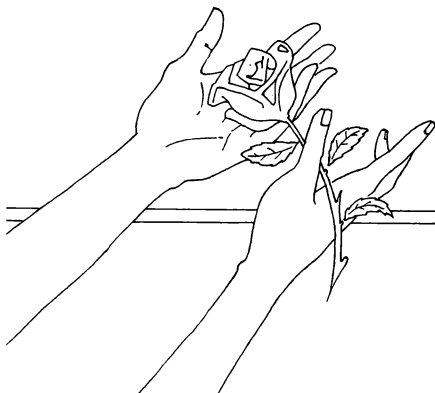
Love is dead . . .  
the tree welcomes the warm  
love of the Sun, yet yields  
and surrender at the first kiss  
of Summer Rain

The sweeping arms of  
music embrace the girlish  
sea, yet fettering notes tap  
the flowers in the valleys  
in the palm of my hand

a whole rhapsody of  
color dances with every  
rainbow, yet hides the  
blue of the clouds beneath  
a hostile deep

But . . .  
the fierce talons of the  
eagle fight the unfeathered  
foe, yet build the tender  
nest

everyone listens to your  
face  
Is love dead?  
Answer me, before I throw this  
flower into the river  
of green fire.



• *A Legend* •

Emulate the priggish notion  
to bite the  
heart of the apple without  
the skin... find red Dolores  
in all her  
Arena, burning her clothes  
with eyes of love

Have you watched  
her barefooted, bareheaded  
without her red..... Red  
Dolores without her  
red.....

Ha! Ha! Redless  
Dolores tossing pebbles  
in the sky, Redless  
Dolores.... white  
as  
plaster  
of Paris.... her waxen  
face, her waxen  
face begs the equilibrium  
of bird and sky

No one loves like  
me..... like a thousand  
roses slung in the  
neat breath of a  
single moon, owned  
by red Dolores, hanging —  
hanging her voice  
from the ceiling of the  
sky.... wearing the  
shadeless hat of  
love and oh! the careening  
eyes of red Dolores

Only red Dolores could  
love me more than mere  
upheaval of round metals  
pounded to temptation in  
the stove where love  
derives its warmth

Red, Red Dolores with  
the white collar and the  
shadeless hat of love

by

VICENTE RANUDO  
JR.

---

*Red DOLORES*

#### EDITOR'S NOTE

The article, "DO YOU KNOW" referred to in this article was written by a lady. ABR stands for Annie B. Ratcliffe, a staff member of this organ.

# Your "MOST OWN" Chapel

by Father CORNELIUS van der LINDEN, S.V.D.

THESE LINES have been inspired by ABR's article "Do You Know" in the Carolinian issue of October 1955. The writer complains to himself and to all of us that the chapel is less crowded than the drugstore; or, in other words, that we like a visit to the drugstore better and appraise it higher than to frequent our chapel. The author tackles our Catholic mind and our Catholic way of living. That is his good right. But what is unpleasant is that he has to state that we either do not live up to our Christian principles or we do not have them. It is unpleasant because there is some sound logic in it, and we have to admit that he is right. Of late I discovered that students dodge religious classes, that our college-masses are not attended by the majority and that the working of Catholic Action is not fertile on account of lack of cooperation, etc.

All these points brought me to this little article: "Your Most Own named after a certain area, but a Chapel." In England the regiments or divisions are grouped and named after a certain area, but a few regiments are called after members of the royal house and so one regiment has the title of the "Queen's most own Hussards." This is a special honor, very special indeed.

Our chapel has been dedicated to the service of God and at the same time to serve your religious needs. You are the royal and exalted highness whom this chapel is going to serve. This special part of the building is "your most own"!

Studying at the Royal university of Utrecht in Holland which was not at all a Catholic university but a state institution we Catholics enjoyed the privilege of being a parish of our own. In Canon Law this is called a "parocchia personalis"; "personal parish" not defined by a circumscribed area but defined by certain persons who enjoy a certain status.

We had our chaplain, who has the title of "Pastor". He has a cu-

rate. The Pastor has the right to marry students, all the duties of a parish priest, and this church has all the rights of a parish church. Consequently we had our Catholic-religious organizations like Catholic Action, Legion of Mary, and Sodality, but we had also our religious services of low masses and high masses served by the students (without any remuneration!). The students' parish had its own choir which sang the benedictions and high masses or whatever they were needed for.

The Chaplain was always on the go to visit students in their "Cub-boards" (students' term for lodgings) and to keep track of the parishioners." Consequently we, Catholic students of Utrecht university had an *esprit de corps*, a feeling that we belonged together. Students

safeguarded students on their way to heaven, student-pastor and student-curate were dedicating their priestly life to religious formation of the students. The center of that

## The Graduate

life and those feelings were not the outings and excursions but the church we as Catholic students belonged to.

We had the strong feeling that being Catholic students at this university we had to set an example for our surroundings; we had the feeling of responsibility for the morals and mentality of our environment.

At the same time I studied at the Catholic university at Nymegen where Prof. Dr. Bernard Vrochlage, SVD lectured on Anthropology. There again I noticed the same practice and the same mentality. The pastor and his curate, had next to their teaching load the beautiful task of Pastor animarum, or "shepherd of the souls" of the students. The students had their own services their own organizations, their own church and the religious care or cura animarum followed them wherever they lived.

In Utrecht and in Nymegen that pastor was the religious advisor and father confessor of the students; he cared for regular conferences and religious convocations to imbue students AND professors with the spirit of Catholic activity and the feeling of responsibility of restoring the environment in the spirit of Christ.

(Continued on page 28)

## THE LEGEND of Maria Cacao

By

VIOLETA SALVADOR GENIZA.

IF YOU WERE to live in the town of Dalaguete, you will probably hear of fantastic legends of the place. Dalaguete, is a southern town, eighty-four kilometer from the city of Cebu and like any other place; the people, mostly the old folks, would only too gladly transport you to the lands of the "engkantos" and their counterparts. These, they have heard from their old folks, too. One such legend, which Dalagueteños love to tell, is about a young beautiful maiden, called Maria, who made good.

Twelve kilometers from the town is a mountain place they call Obo, supposedly the place where Maria lived. Passing through this place is a river that winds its way to this town below. Now, so they say, Maria loved to stroll along the river-

(Continued on page 35)





Peeling the koyot roots.

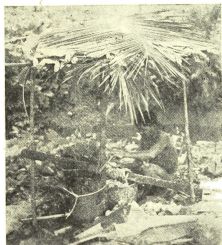
# Utilization of a Poisonous Root by The Mamanuas

## School

**T**HE MAMANUAS of northeastern Mindanao are still primitive people. Although some of them have farms of their own, many still depend upon roots of wild plants for their daily existence specially during the rainy season. Below is a short description of how a Mamanua family gathers and cures the poisonous roots of the *koyot* (*Dioscorea daemon* Roxb.). In fact, many Visayans have been victims of this plant and so were many Japanese soldiers who cooked and



Digging a hole for the koyot silvers.



Banhaw slicing the koyot.

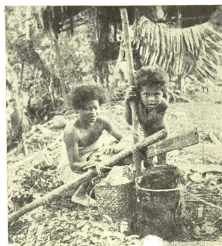
ate the roots of the *koyot* without any proper preparation. These soldiers never woke up to tell their tale. The family who prepared the *koyot*, which I observed, lives presently in the mountains of Jabonga, Agusan. The preparation of these roots, to render them edible, took two days of hard and constant work for the family referred to.

Banhaw (the head of the family) told me that formerly a certain ritual was observed after the curing of the *koyot* has been completed. He said that a part of the cured is offered to the dead ancestors as a sacrifice. But as of now, according to Banhaw, this rite is no longer observed by the younger generation.

Usually the family marks the place where several *koyot* plants are growing. As soon as the leaves have fallen off (this takes place during the later part of the rainy season — December) the roots are dug out. The gathering of the roots

is done by the women. The roots that have been gathered are piled near the house. Later they are peeled. Meanwhile, the man of the house has erected a shed over the place where the work is being done. Then he makes out of a piece of dried bamboo, (about three inches wide and one foot long), the slicing apparatus. The roots are later mounted on two pieces of wood letting the slicing apparatus form the base of a triangle.

The whole family pitches in the peeling of the roots. One person alone cannot finish peeling a whole pile because the *koyot* contains a



Watching mother slicing the koyot.

certain substance that eats up the skin of the palm. A person who continuously peels the *koyot* for one whole day will find his hands bleeding at the end of his work.

After the roots have been peeled they are sliced in the slicing apparatus. (Continued on page 35)

• by MARCELINO M. MACEDA •  
RESEARCH ASSISTANT

## Science Corner

**N**ICHOLAS OF CUSA (1401-64), the son of a German tradesman, the distinguished scientist, and great Cardinal of the 15th century, is best characterized by his own words: "To know and to think, to see the truth with the eye of the mind, is always a joy. The older a man grows, the greater is the pleasure which it affords him; and the more he devotes himself to the search after truth, the stronger grows his desire of possessing it. As love is the life of the heart, so is the endeavor after knowledge and truth the life of the mind."

The story of the life of Nicholas of Cusa is interesting not only for his personality, but also because he was one of the great men of a great time in close touch with his distinguished contemporaries. He was a special friend of the well-known physician and scientist Toscanelli, who introduced him into the study of mathematics and astronomy. But Nicholas was not a narrow student of physical science; on the contrary, he was rather famous as a scholar in a scholarly time, knowing Latin and Greek and Hebrew well. He became an intimate friend of **Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini**, that distinguished pioneer in the New Learning who afterwards became Pope Pius II.

### THE SCHOLAR

Nicholas was born in an obscure little town of the Rhineland, called Cues. His father, probably a boatman by the name of Krebs, seems to have provided for Nicholas' early education with the Brothers of the Common Life at Deventer. The schools of the Brothers of the Common Life afford the most striking evidence in contradiction to the often-asserted neglect of education in Germany before the Reformation. All through the Rhineland and in the Low Countries these simple, devoted scholars gave themselves to the education of the middle and lower classes of the population with wonderful success. Many another distinguished thinker of the 15th and 16th centuries received his introduction into the

intellectual life from these good Brothers of the Common Life. Among them were such men as the immortal Thomas a Kempis, the great classic scholar Erasmus, and Jacob Wimpheling, hailed as the schoolmaster of Germany, and many others.

After his studies with the Brethren of the Common Life, at about sixteen years of age Nicholas was matriculated in the University of

him the Doctorate in Civil Law. He seems to have thought of practising law as a profession, but turned away from that idea because of an experience in an actual lawsuit. Under the patronage of the Archbishop of Trier he matriculated in the University of Cologne for the degree of Divinity. He received the doctorate, and the Archbishop recognizing his ability commissioned him for different kinds of work

*To SEE the TRUTH  
is ALWAYS a JOY*

Heidelberg. In the following year, 1417, he transferred his university work to Padua and graduated as Doctor of Canon Law in 1423. His life seemed to be much influenced by the meeting at Padua with Paolo Toscanelli who was afterward to become so well known as a physician and a scientist, and whose influence over Columbus made him famous in the modern time. Nicholas had studied Civil Law as well as Canon Law, and his knowledge of civics was so well known that some years later Bologna gave

at various places in Germany. His public career began in 1431, at the Council of Basle, which opened under the presidency of his former teacher, Giuliano Cesarini, the celebrated Italian authority of the time on jurisprudence. Nicholas' main efforts at the council were for the reform of the calendar and for the unity of all Christendom.

### THE CARDINAL

Nicholas had attracted wide attention by his scholarship and



**NICHOLAS CUSANUS' CONCEPTION OF THE WORLD**  
after a contemporary, unknown painter.  
The investigator, represented as a wanderer, breaks through the heavenly sphere, and finds new spaces filled with rotatory, cosmic systems.

legal ability at Basle. That led to his selection as papal legate at the diets of several German cities. He was selected as the person to whom the reforms of various abuses in German dioceses should be committed. The reform of abuses in any institution composed of human beings must always be made. They had crept in many places in Europe, and needed correction. Nicholas was entrusted

•  
by

REV. M. RICHARTZ  
S. V. D.

•

with this delicate mission of reformation. He was a man of gentle and kindly character, diplomatic in his relation with others, firm in his correction of abuses, but with an endless fund of sympathy for human nature. He made many enemies, almost necessarily, but the friends he made far outnumbered these. Everywhere he appeared as "an angel of light and peace."

As a reward Eugene IV nominated him Cardinal, but Nicholas declined the dignity. He lived up to his word: "In humility lies true greatness". A command of the next pope, Nicholas V, was needed to bring him to Rome for the acceptance of this honor. In 1449 he was proclaimed cardinal-priest. His new dignity was fraught with labors and crosses. The Diocese of Brixen, which See was vacant, needed a reformer. The Cardinal of Cusa was appointed (1450) Bishop of Brixen, but, owing to the opposition of the chapter and of Sigmund, Duke of Austria and Count of Tyrol, could not take possession of the See until two years later. A firm hand and yet a diplomatic heart and a sympathetic humanity were needed to bring about the obliteration of abuses that had been allowed to creep into the diocesan institutions.

#### THE SCIENTIST

While Nicholas was in the midst of his busy life as a high ecclesiastic most of his scientific works were written. His writings may be classified under four heads: juri-



NICHOLAS OF CUSA  
Monument in San Pietro in Vincelli, Rome.

dical, philosophical, theological, and scientific treatises. The best known book of his philosophical writings is called "De Docta Ignorantia", that is, "On Learned Ignorance". Therein we find his characteristic mode of thinking, of a thorough-going independence of thought, his power to think for himself. These are his own words, words that could only emanate from a profound scholar: "In the midst of the movements of time, of the daily work of life, of its perplexities and contradictions, we should lift our gaze fearlessly to the clear vault of heaven, and seek ever to obtain a firmer grasp of and a keener insight into the origin of all goodness and beauty, the capacities of our own hearts and minds, the intellectual fruits of mankind throughout the centuries, and the wondrous works of nature around us; at the same time remembering

always that in humility alone lies true greatness, and that knowledge and wisdom are alone profitable in so far as our lives are governed by them."

The scientific writings consist of a dozen treatises, of which the "Reparatio Calendarii" (1436), with a correction of the Alphonsine Tables, is the most important. In a dialogue "On Static Experiments", which he wrote in 1450, one of the earliest valuable suggestions is given for the application of a scientific method to medicine.

His astronomical views are scattered through the philosophical treatises. In the Catholic Encyclopedia these ideas are summed up as follows: "They (his views) evince complete independence of traditional doctrines, though they are based on symbolism of numbers, on combinations of letters, (Continued on page 39)



by FELIPE M. VERRALLO, Jr.

**A** COMMUNIQUE from the III MA served upon this Department revealed that the ROTC Unit of the University of San Carlos is tentatively booked as the number one curtain-raiser in the timetable of the big guns of the same Area in the coming annual Tactical Inspection of the different ROTC Units in the Visayas.

True to the green and gold *esprit de corps*, the boys are again ready to put up a strong front in the coming showdown which is calculated to retain the Star for this year. Thus the great number of cadets whose names find their way in the ROTC bulletin board is a living proof to do away with the lousy minority so as to avoid the contamination of the efficient majority.

#### BETWEEN THE SPONSORS AND YOU

To be an ROTC sponsor is a sign of distinction for a woman in the university because it is by itself an institution which stands for more virtues of the head and heart. Their business is to be generous with their smiles, friendly especially if things go wrong, but above all to set a standard by which the cadet officers concerned and the unit spon-

sored must climb to sustain the dignity she possesses.

To avoid naughty incidents the Sponsors' adviser in collaboration with the administration has fixed a rule that good grades with neat profiles plus a clean character can qualify for the post which is often recommended by the Deans of the different colleges of the institution.

#### WHY BASIC COURSE

Fundamentally, the Basic Course which consists of two years of "Sunday hard labor" is the effect of the desire expressed in the Declaration of Principles of our constitution coupled with an existing law which requires the youth to defend the Fatherland in times of crisis. Subjectively, therefore, the dividend of drill and study in the ROTC is knowledge; but objectively and beyond all—service to country. How? A basic graduate or one undergoing the course is not only exempt from cadre training (which can disturb one's academic studies a lot) but also becomes potential reserve for the Army.

Your training on Sundays then is that serious and the next time the germ of "evading" pops up into

your system, you better think twice!

## ★ B R I E F S ★

Usually, if the government has enough fund to spare the Army's needs, a priority list in making a budget, a selected bunch of dough-boys undergo summer camp training at Fort W. McKinley. There, as reliable sources confidentially speak, water and food are said to be inversely proportional to the number of cadets. At least, after the end of the course these trainees will learn how to go hungry and still like it. In another way, small and heavy weapons are their daily military menu served at the drill grounds.

#### WITH THE ADVANCED CADETS

The theory is: the majority who push on their basic to the upper crust of the Advanced Course intends to make the military a career. However, some take it as "added learning" or to satisfy somebody's wish.

But there are more sensible "benefits" a cadet officer may receive (aside from the glamour of being an "officer" and the sponsors) that are worthwhile discussing. For instance, an Advanced graduate becomes automatically a reserve 2nd lieutenant after he finishes the course and having undergone summer camp training in Fort McKinley; whereas, a basic graduate can in his maximum best wear only a 1st sergeant's chevron unless of course he is a degree holder. The Advanced cadets are supposed to get a clothing allowance of twenty five pesos per semester (making a total of one hundred pesos for the two years). As of this writing, however, the Advanced guys have not receive the sum yet.

#### OFF THE BEAT

As always expected from our khaki-clad boys, they figured a great help during the last Christmas program celebrated in this school. They assisted in the maintenance of order which contributed to the success of the celebration.

Next, last Rizal Day, though the Christmas vacation was still very much in progress and most of the cadets were out in the provinces, a handful of diehards answered the call of the Rector to participate in the floral offering to our greatest hero at the Normal Grounds. The cadet officers were: ROS, BA-

(Continued on page 36)

Dear Mr. Editor:

*My voice is just that of a Commerce student and as such, it may be very weak. But with you behind it, I am sure many will listen to it. And after this I hope that you may also pause and say, "Is that really so? Are there...?"*

*Sometimes I cannot help wondering whether all of us know what place and institution we are in. To me this institution is a Catholic University of the South, the only University of its kind in the City of Cebu... a place of culture and not a jungle university. Before I came here three years ago I always thought of it as the institution that upholds not only a high degree of educational and moral standard, and which must be reckoned as a factor that shapes and molds students of stirring personalities; but over and above all, an institution that forms or rather transforms men of character into worthy disciples of Christ.*

*But this honor and high regard for the University seem to be neglected by many of us. They seem to be taken for granted by some students.*

*They think of the University as a place where they could freely do what they please regardless of which laws they violate. Above all, these students are making of the university nothing but a Fuente Osmeña, a social meeting place. Girls exhibit their modern-cut-sleeveless and low-neck-lined dresses, nay, they rehearse their unorthodox way of walking, and all the while proudly proclaiming to their friends and parents, nay, even to the world, that "I am a Carolinian".*

*Admittedly they are, but the point is, what kind? What caliber of a Carolinian? These are the questions that compelled me, Mr. Editor, to write you. I am not claiming nor advocating here that I am a Carolinian "Simplificiter", as philosophers say, but at least I am striving to be.*

LYNA JABANA  
College of Commerce

**There are good Carolinians and bad Carolinians. Miss — just as there are good eggs and bad ones. Our advice: do not confuse the good with the bad ones. It will invite trouble. — ED.**

by SAMUEL B. FABROZ

## THE MONTH OF THE YEAR

● If I have my say, I'd gladly choose February as the most wonderful month of the year. It gives me an extraordinary feeling of belonging — belonging to my friends, to my parents and, most especially, to my God. February is also referred to as a "month of love." Legend has it that at the time St. Valentine was beheaded, birds began to couple and hence arose the custom of young persons of both sexes — choosing each other as "Valentines." I still am in the dark as to why such custom ever came about.

## THE BOOKS, ITS READERS AND NON-READERS

● It is interesting, as one goes to the Library, to see books which have lain idly for half a century or more. The comment of our Chief Librarian, Rev. Josef Baumgartner, SVD, is a true shot right in the eye. And I'm with him in saying, "Students scan over the pages of books and see whether those books have been borrowed and read by many. And their inclinations to read are made to depend upon the number of students who read those books. So that, books—unread—re-

main—unread until someone initials to read them first."

There are books in the library that need some sort of advertisement. It is a custom, or so it seems, of some students to read only those that have been read by others. It is a depressing thing to note that these students do not know their way around the library notwithstanding the signs. They do not know their way around the they need. They do not know what those signs stand for. But of course this is no longer the fault of the Librarian.

## UNIVERSITY DAYS

● One of the most corny things that has of late become a tradition of most colleges and universities during the celebration of their college or university days is the putting up of booths by each department. These booths are supposed to be for recreational and entertainment purposes. But it seems that these have lost exactly their purposes. We are no longer entertained, but taxed; no longer do we enjoy, but bored....

Well, somebody must do something quick and fast!

## HORSE TRADE

Lincoln and a judge were having a friendly contest of wits on the subject of horses, when Lincoln said:

"Well, look here, Judge! I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make a horse trade with you, only it must be upon these stipulations: Neither party shall see the other's horse until it is produced here in the courtyard of the hotel and both parties must trade horses. If either party backs out of the agreement, he does so under a forfeiture of twenty-five dollars."

It was agreed, and Lincoln and the judge each left to find a horse for the joking trade, while a crowd collected to watch the fun. When the judge reappeared there was a great laugh at the incredibly skinny, dejected-looking animal, blind in both eyes, that he led. But the uproar came when Lincoln strode upon the scene with a carpenter's saw-horse on his shoulder. Relieving himself of his burden, Lincoln with a disgusted air scrutinized the judge's animal.

"Well, Judge," he said, "this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade."

# WOMAN IN THE DARK

(Continued from page 11)

God! How am I going to foot those bills now? Nita, my darling, what would happen to you now? The questions hung in mid air. But wait. Didn't Mr. Forbes say something about calling him up later? "Call you up later." Hah! As if I didn't know better. That big but-fool was only trying to be pleasant about it. Oh! How could they do this to me? A groan escaped his lips again. Until Saturday! Until Saturday? Say, what day is today? Friday? Tuesday??

Little Pepito was there waiting for him. He was sitting on the bamboo rungs as usual. The boy's eyes lit up as soon as he saw him coming.

Pepito had the bad habit of running his fingers through his father's pockets every time his father comes home. All the while he would excitedly yelp like a pup. But now he was pointing.

"You didn't bring any sweets today, Pa," he said, still pointing. Then, noticing the troubled look on Loloy's face, anxiously asked, "Is Mama still sick, Pa? Is she coming home soon? When is she coming home, huh?"

Loloy squirmed. "Very soon, Pepito. Very soon."

Loloy had scarcely sat down when presently, there was a loud knock on the door. It was Dr. Gil! The moment Loloy saw him he knew something was wrong. He could read it in the doctor's face.

"What is it, doctor?" he blurt out. "Is anything wrong?"

Dr. Gil swallowed hard, avoiding the look in Loloy's eyes.

"For heaven's sake, man! Speak up!" cried Loloy, shaking the doctor by the shoulders. Still the doctor remained silent. Then, after what seemed an eternity, he said, "I'm sorry Loloy, but she didn't make it."

"Y-You mean she is... she is..." "Dead." Dr. Gil finished it for him.

"Dead? Dead?" he gasped, almost afraid of the sound of his own voice. "But you said she'd pull through! That she'd be all right!" he bellowed.

"You must understand it was a delicate major operation, Loloy."

Loloy opened his mouth. No words came. He wanted to cry. No tears came out. For a long, long time he just stood there stupidly, his mouth agape like an idiot's, his senses reeling under the impact.

Then something inside him snapped. Like a shining steel cord that had been stretched taut for so long. Suddenly he stoop up. And in a sudden wild rush of anger, he stomped out of the house, leaving the door shut with a sickening crash behind him, and with Pepito's cries tingling in his ears.

He had been trudging aimlessly down the streets for quite a while now, not caring where his joints lead him to. Then, with such jolting suddenness, the drizzle gave way to a downpour. And God! What a downpour! This time Lo-

loy didn't walk. Or trudge. He ran! But where? He looked around. All he could see were big acacia trees lining the street. Good Lord! he had not realized how far off he had wandered from the city's main thoroughfares. He looked around once more. There were some houses, yes. But they were strange-looking houses. They didn't look so friendly, either. A few yards off, the twin white spires of a tiny chapel rose. Ah, yes! that chapel! And Loloy scurried towards it like some mountain goat caught in the rain.

He was soaked to the skin when he reached it. "Drat this rain," he cursed under his breath as he seated himself on one of the pews. While he sat, shivering, he could feel the cold rain water trickle slowly down his back, down his legs, forming into little pools at his feet.

He glanced about him. It was dark. And so quiet, save for the hushed murmur of the rain outside. A solitary candle flickered feebly on the altar. And in the flickering hall-light, Loloy could make the outlines of several figures kneeling or sitting on the pews. They were mostly women. Old women. The kind one sees in churches at twilight, with lips twitching in prayer, scented beads dangling from their qarled hands. Loloy didn't even look at them.

Outside, he could hear the rain lashing against the chapel roof. Loloy listened to it for a while, letting his thoughts slowly drift away and lose themselves in its crazy, pelted rhythm. Somehow, as he sat there, unmoving, in the flickering hall-light, killed by those incessant, monotonous, tapping sounds on the chapel roof, the tears started unbidden. Where before they refused, they now flowed freely. Strange. They felt hot on his cheeks. Nita! Nita! Why did it have to be you? Why Why?? Loloy sobbed, burying his face in his hands.

Loloy didn't know how long he sat there with his face in his hands. But it must have been awfully long, for now, as he looked around, there were only two or three people left inside the chapel. The others had gone.

He started to go. And then, he saw her. There in the shadowed (Continued on page 12)

## Narciso Bacur's Valentine Gift

(Continued from page 8)

Dear Narciso, the note began  
I'm tired of your shenanigan  
If I see you and you don't run  
I'll kill you with Papa's gun.

Narciso B., well, blow me down!  
Tee hee... you are a silly clown  
Your actions when you court and woo  
Are proper only in a zoo

You talk to me as if you're dizzy  
In fact I think you're somewhat crazy  
Are you a man, are you a mouse  
Or just a plain and simple louse?

With what madness are you afflicted  
To think with me you stand a chance  
Why was I... of all people... selected  
To squelch your amorous advance?

For just this once I shall be nice  
And give you a bit of sound advice  
For some time now I've realized  
You should be

PSYCHOANALYZED! ! !

# THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WANTED TO CRY ON CHRISTMAS

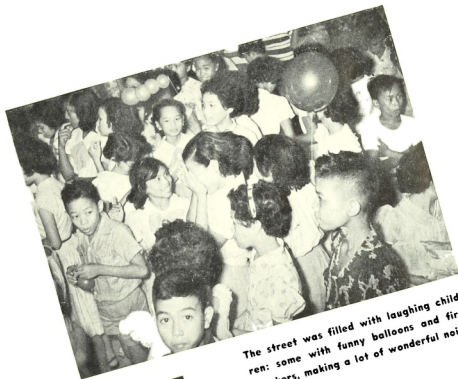
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One Christmas Eve, before the clock struck eight, I went out into the streets. Early in the evening, my father said that we couldn't have "Christmas" because he was out of a job . . . and, my little brother and I had to go to sleep. I wanted to cry so much. We had no apples and candies and cracking nuts. We didn't even have a lantern in our little bamboo house.

So, when father and brother had fallen asleep, I sneaked out of the house as silently as I could. . . .

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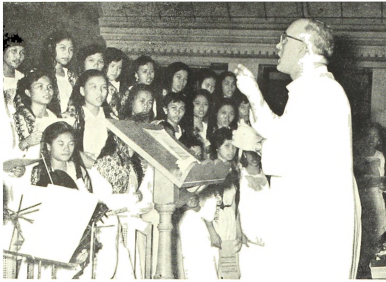


The street was filled with laughing children: some with funny balloons and firecrackers, making a lot of wonderful noise.



. . . There were girls with smiling faces — looking very happy. But I was not feeling that way at all.

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There were girls in uniform too, with a beautiful Christmas Tree behind them.



Suddenly, I came upon a large school. Its windows were lighted and voices of young girls rose from the windows. I went up its stairs and saw a priest leading the voices of the young girls with his hand.



There were also big boys and girls with bright, shining colors in their hands.



There were all kinds of lanterns. Some very exquisite and some very funny. I wanted to laugh, but I couldn't. . . . .

## *Pictoria* (Conti

The good father saw me and gave  
candies and biscuits and all kinds of  
gave me her lantern too.

When I was home, my father  
ate all the things I brought and after

That night I was happy. I felt

In the center of the big room, there  
Trec. There were chairs too, w





I went to a group of boys who were having their pictures taken and the camera caught me with my fingers in my mouth. I was awfully hungry.



Suddenly a group of beautiful girls streamed from the door. They had lanterns in their hands. I thought the third from the first, most beautiful.

## *il Story* (nued)

gave me a big, big paper bag full of things to eat. The beautiful girl

and brother were very happy. We afterwards, we all went to sleep.

as if a star was shining in my heart.



A young Miss offered me something to eat. I said, "No" and she made faces at me.

I missed a tall and bright Christmas with people in them, set in rows.



In the end, I saw the good father go up to the girls again and soon, they began to sing, "Christ The Saviour is Born." It was midnight.



Cadette Col Aleli Allinobon  
Corps Commander Sponsor

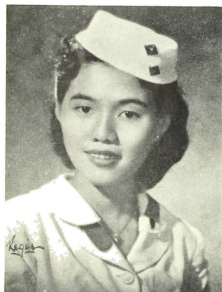


Cadette Col Annie Ratcliffe  
Sweetheart of the Corps

C  
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STAFF

SPONSORS



Cadette Lt Col Paz Dimataga  
Corps Adjutant & S1



Cadette Lt Col Loida Dusaban  
Corps S2



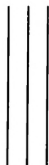
Mrs. Maria C. Gutierrez  
Adviser



Cadette Lt Col Consuelo Galindo  
Corps S3



Cadette Lt Col Rosie Sanchez  
Corps S4



# USC'S IMMORTAL QUINTET

(Continued from page 3)

interest is "Court Technic," became a coach.

Today, he is recognized as one of the outstanding coaches in the Philippines. But in 1946—all the "players" that kept dancing in his head were not even in blueprint yet. Just how good they were, he was yet to find out. He was young then—as excitable as a young man who was about to be a father. But, as of now, he was indefatigable. Aside from his natural talents—he had priceless intuition and guts... and that meant a lot. But what meant more (and this is something we don't have today) was his utter confidence in his players; and *the players in him*. When you have that — you have a team as unbreakable as granite.... what's more, he knew it.

## Rev. Fr. L. Bunzel

(the heart)

The Heart of the team, seemed heartless. I remember quite well that he kept a blackboard for the players where he used to note down the practice schedules. As always, they were from 8 to 11 in the morning, which would always last until a little over twelve and in the afternoon, he would erase it and changed it to 3 to 5, which would last until it was impossible to see the ball.

But, as I said, he was the heart. He was the courage, the dreamer, the Father of the team. I would see him, with a pitcher of cold water in one hand, lumbering under the heat of the noonday sun—shielding his eyes with his hands. Over our former basketball court, he would stand—a solemn, undaunted figure with a smile on his face—solitary in his prayer.

## The Second Stringers

The second stringers were something else again. A powerhouse in itself the fact was known here and widely, that it only stood second to the quintet itself. Membered by such shooting aces as slim and slippery Jesus Solon, tricky Gabino Miele, Anastacio Ch. Veloso, cool and heady, pivot man Amado Du, Ricardo Padilla and Juan Aquino (your present coach), who in his days were out as many nets as Abella himself—it was not half as important as the quintet themselves

being the polishing stone that sharpened the immortal five. In that sense, it was immortal too.

(Let us deviate for a moment and talk about a man....) There have been talks about the competency of Juan Aquino as a coach. I offer this testimony. He had been drilled together with the rest. Under the heat of the noonday sun, under the corrective measures of Mr. Baring, under the pressure of Bas' exploration for perfection—he passed. He knows what basketball means... he knows what it is. I

offer in evidence, his award as the best referee in the year before he coached. He knows the rules.

Some say that he needs seasoning. Well, he had that last year. I say, he needs good boys. Boys who do not think they know more than he does. Boys who will appreciate his genuine desire for camaraderie. Boys who can respect him and trust him... boys who will give to him as much as he has given them. Boys who know that they are Carolinians and they cannot afford to stand second to anybody else.

Let us wait and see.

## "FOX CANNONEER'S DISCOURSE"

by: Patricio R. Roble

Now end then a voice will blare  
For us "Foxers" to prepare  
For Sunday then is our drill  
With the Howitzers with greatest  
thrill

"Prepare for action!" the officer says  
Shell "He" for us to sway  
Till "Cease Fire" rent the air  
"Cannon #4 two rounds completed  
Sir!"

To be gunner, we all covet  
But only four are assigned  
For the panoramic sight to  
manipulate  
A blissful thing of modern design

To be Chief of Section, we adore  
the "handsome platoon" fervently  
clamor  
for, to work hard is our motto  
in retaining the STAR with gusto

So then "Diehards" are born  
to carry the fight we are sworn  
with the infantry practising the BAR  
hoping to hitch our wagon to a STAR

## The Conquest

The team started practicing full-blast under the hopeful hands of Rev. Fr. Bunzel, then Athletic Director of the school. All ten of them, burning under the heat of the noonday sun. There were practices from morning till noon, and from mid-afternoon to dusk. Day in and day out, until the ball became a poignant part of their hands. Some, weeped from exhaustion — some wanted to quit. Emotions played a part too—loyed with their tempers—but, always, it drove their legs until they were too numbed to feel anything.

The effect? Every practice game was based on the condition that as long as the ball of the second team would hit the ring of the goal, a point was called against the quintet and yet, the quintet whipped them again and again. Imagine then the level of perfection that the shooting power of the quintet had unknowingly attained. The second stringers were a mean lot, but the quintet never failed to roll them back and put them in their right place.

Baring entered the scene at the start of the series. He was necessary. The boys were in the right shape but a single game in a series, no matter how good the players are, needs a coach with a lot of ideas.... and Baring fitted the order to a "T". Now, the boys were undergoing not just physical discipline, but also mental education. By the time the series begun, they were ready as they could ever be.

(Continued on page 37)



# ALUMNI CHIMES!

By I. P. R.

IN FAR distant Moroland, a good number of ex-Carolinians may be seen showing their wares in different capacities. In St. Peter's College at Iligan City, one of our erstwhile campus celebrities is now engaged in the task of making future leaders out of the youth of the land. Not only is she teaching the cultural side, but also the physical side of culture. Her handle? CAROLINA C. ORBE, BSE '55. By the by Carol was chosen the Queen of Beauty of Iligan City recently. This must be something for her admirers to grow over. In the Accounting department of same school, CERVINO ALMADEN plays also a leading role. He's engaged in the debit and credit processes. He finds enjoyment in teaching accounting. In the Chinese High School of said city, we can count on the name of amiable BONIFACIA NUNEZ, BSE '54 whose talent and beauty has caught the admiration of Chinese students there. While in Lanao Hi at Dansalan City, another savant is displaying her Education wares to mostly Moslem students. She was a member of class '52 of our Education department. Name: PURITA PENAFLO. We've tracked down a lone ranger happily employed in one of the government projects in Iligan City. He's PASCUAL ONG. And as a Commerce graduate you don't have to ask us... he can do the job.

In our local colleges USC's Alumni "invasion" is inevitable. This indeed is one proud proof that USC's standard of learning is really selling. Before we extend our kudos to some of the *beneficiaries* we deem it proper to give our regards first to the Education Staff, most particularly to Dean Rev. L. Bunsel, and Assistant Dean, Mr. Alfredo Ordoña. To begin with, the *Colegio de la Inmaculada Concepcion* has Miss VICTORIA LIAO LAMCO, Miss LEONILA LLENOS both paraphrasing the Shakespearean tongue. These two erudites

were frequent *Carolinian* literary contributors during their student days. While SOCORRO CERILLES, our home economist who graduated with flying colors (*Magna Cum Laude*) is assigned as the *Colegialas'* household chore demonstrator. *Coring* is one girl who knows her salt and teaching Home Economics should be a natural to her. Another pedagogue who was seen last year somewhere in far Zamboanga can now be located at the *Inmaculada*. She teaches the solutions to mathematical eye-openers. She answers to the name of VENERANDA SABALONES.

"Where there's a will, there's a way," Miss BIENVENIDA YNCLINO happily commented when she landed the job she dreamed of. Miss Ynclino left the USC portals with a BSE suffix to her credit. She now enjoys resuscitating the Castellan tongue for the benefit of a bunch of students of SWC. Following suit is Mrs. EDWINA RIVERA-GARRIDO, also a Spanish major who now tackles her Castellan assignment at the USP. Another Filipina-Castellana bucking down to the same job is Frau LILY MORALES (nee Lily Germano). She propagates the Spanish lingo at UV. With her in the same roster is BEATRIZ CADAG teaching 'lenses and agreement of subject and number in the same school.

Department of the unbelievable but true: ALBERTO MORALES, is currently wielding a big stick in the History department of the University of the Philippines. To land a teaching job nowadays is often due to sheer luck, qualifications notwithstanding. But to be appointed as an instructor in the State U is, well... UNBELIEVABLE! Bert, we recall, was once connected with our Boys' Hi as History and National mentor. In USC, he got his A.B. and B.S.E. degrees on a *Magna Cum Laude* platter. Before he left his Alma Mater he created and sized

the now defunct *Roving Eye* and the Alumni Chimes columns. Happy handshake from the "C" stoif, Bert!

Another alumna who was drifted to the Big Town to look for greener pastures is SALUSTIANA CEDENO, one of the most active home economists in her USC days. She's teaching Home Economics in one of the colleges in Manila.

FLORA CHUA, acting as one of my tipster for this issue, gave out newbits about her sister PAZ (Pacing to you) who is now connected with one of the big business establishments in the city. Pacing is currently doing great as canvasser-demonstrator in said firm. Pacing was once connected with the USC Girls' Hi as Mathematics instructor.

Speaking of mathematicians, it is a pleasure to present a friend of ours who worked her way through College and romped away with the degree of BSE, Math major. She is now a big name in the faculty roster of the St. Anthony Academy, Anawawan, Leyte. The name is Miss URSULA CERUJALES.

We thought for a moment that our alumni are good only in the classroom. Which, of course, is way off the truth. They can also tackle office jobs. For instance: beauteous and amiable ANNIE VILLALUZ is now with one of the ship broker companies of this city. Her Secretarial apprenticeship is over. She's now in the big time!

Another alumna who stashed her BSE sheepskin in favor of office work is ASUNCION PENALES. She's connected with the D.E. Office, this city. With her in the same line is IMELDA LOQUELLANO. Wait a minute! Before I forget, this source of information must be attributed to the inseparable trio, Misses TERRIE ARANAS, TALING ESPIRITU and ROSE TALADUA

# Alumnotes

Keeping track with ex-Carolinians is our business. But it is not always as easy as it sounds . . . we have turned out plenty of true-blue Carolinians and this makes it tough for us. We've got to have feelers, agents and self-appointed reporters . . . and they're kinda scarce these days.

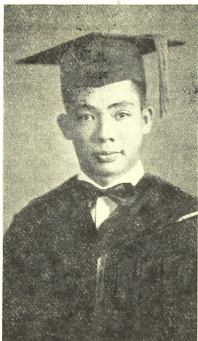
But in this case, we've got to hand it to some appeal this column has towards some people. You see, a belated envelope tenanted our mailbox just before we mailed the manuscripts of this rag to the Catholic Trade School.

The photo we found in that envelope was pretty familiar and in the next second we came upon remembering Dodong Vivera, Jr. erstwhile valedictorian of the USC High School Training Department (Class '48). Yes, he's the same Dodong who is the brother of two popular Carolinians: (Narcissa, who is presently enjoying a travel grant abroad and Nena, second placer of the '54 board exams in Pharmacy)

He finished his pre-med in the Cebu College in 1950 and earned his Doctorate of Medicine honors in the University of the Philippines, Class '55. He took immediately the May Medical Board examinations and passed with an average of 82.41%.

without whose resourcefulness in tracking down alumni this column would have groaned for lack of piece-de-resistance. To the trio goes my profound gratitude. My acknowledgement likewise goes to LILY VISABELLA for doing the same job.

To forget is human, to print desired. We have the case of Mrs. MARINA PODIOSAY whose name had been inadvertently omitted in the last issue. Her sis, Nits, informed me long before that Maring is already a favorite among the students of SACs in Opon, Cebu. With the aid of the microscope Maring leads her student in unraveling the mysteries of cells and microbes. What, no new discoveries?



Dr. ARSENIO B. VIVERA, Jr.

Dr. Arsenio B. Vivera, Jr. (Dodong) left for the United States last June and is at present an assistant-resident physician in Downtown-Beekman Hospital, New York City. He is at the same time learning the XYZ's of Internal Medicine and intends to return to his native land at the latter part of 1960. (Isn't he smart?)

From the province of Negros comes this sizzling news: BERNARDINO DAHILDAHIL, A.B. '54, was recently designated as Chief of Police of his home town, Calatrava, Neg. Occ. Mr. Dahildahil, it may be recalled, was connected with our Registrar's Office a year ago. Before he left his Alma Mater, he was a Law freshman. With his knowledge in Criminal Law, we are confident that he can tackle his job.

In the same town PAT CASTELLANO made a long stride when his appointment as Secretary to the Mayor was okayed. He was one of the reliable "C" staffers before his recent designation. Cheerio from the staff, Pat, and keep it blowing!

My realm is civilization  
From Stone age to superjets  
Where humanity's, every  
motion

Is chronicled in crumpled  
sheets

You can peruse the oldest  
Bible

If religion is within your ken

You can scan the Command-  
ments Table

And read volumes by Fulton  
Sheen

## Repository

The bards who long ago  
Serenaded their maidens fair  
The pirates and their wild ado  
Are prized mementos in my  
lair

There is no branch of  
knowledge

Neglected in my home

Both peace and human  
carnage

Are tingling in every tome

Talk of war, of love and  
politics

Sing of Shakespeare or of  
Whitman

Speak of saints, heroes and  
heretics

Think of anything divine or  
human

All the episodes of history

Are re-enacted in the library

by

Catalina A. Espiritu

# ROSS COVERS . . an . GAME

the gifted husk who conceived the "all star game" has now bamboozled out of town. Such melodramas, as the all star gimmick, belong to a freak show. a star player is placed into the arena just to please the score-happy crowd. some mugs are playing because some big gun in the game requests: please mister have my boy play on that round! come to think of it. they are now handing out favors inside the court. shades of noismith.

basketball rules are thrown to the dogs when the all-star hustles starts. this gimmick violates all the principles of winning. they put in a guy for three minutes then take him out to make way for other mugs who got voted into the all star game. yeah. they have an election, sort of. it's a contrived nonsense that only a carnival gifter can plan. it rightly belongs to the trivia of a fair.

they got big names and routine themselves into playing. hucks play their names with millions of superlatives though the bum can't even spot a fly in his eye. that's what an all star is. until the officials change the rule of the all star i think i'd better take my business elsewhere. it's really a beauty contest. a dance contest has more athletic proportion compared with an all star game.

some absent minded coach must have planned the all \* in one moment of his idiocy. the all star was a howling success, with everybody yelling for the blood of santo tomas, referees and the all-stars who couldn't find their way in the well-lighted gym.

the all-star game was a magnificent flop. a manila team tramped upon. the all star was all stars. nothing. you yell for a good shot and some stupid jerk hits the board. you can see stars in front of your eyes. the local stars didn't even show water, though the local write-up men did their best to hail their names to the seventh heaven.

but hell, think of a soft evening filled with subdued music or a mean afternoon. then you, obeying the rules of the game, sit on a park bench besides some broad; talks sweet nothing over a shared cigaret or a bagful of popcorn. you fliplop because she is demure or you are shy and oh heck it beats the all star game. just try it and you'll be seeing stars through all your life.

## THE CONSTITUTION: A RETROSPECT

(Continued from page 10)

the masses regard the increasing assaults upon its basic principles, unless the Filipino people awaken to the necessity of defending their most precious heritage, there is manifest danger that within the lives of those now living, only the form will survive the substance of the faith.

Again the solemn warning of the wise man of old suggests itself:

"Where there is no vision, the people perish; but he that keepeth the law, happy is he."

Again Mr. Webster's solemn injunction comes to the present generation, which is fast wasting its treasured legacy:

"Remove not the ancient Landmark, which thy Fathers have set."

## YOUR "MOST OWN" CHAPEL

(Continued from page 14)

San Carlos is THE Catholic university of the Southern Philippines. We are responsible for the spirit of Christ in this part of our country. We have to find our "power-plant" of religious life around our own pastor and parish priest and "our most own" church. We have to organize our lives as Catholics around the Christian way of living and to realize that we have a duty and a task to fulfill as Catholic students. We student of San Carlos just a bit more cultured and educated and refined than any other student-body because we are students of the Catholic University. The Chapel is truly "our most own". There we receive the Catholic coaching for the "play of life" and there we receive the teaching and the graces for a true student life.

(Continued from page 6)

The Helsinki Olympics was held. But he never saw the Finnish snow. He was not even nominated for the qualification rounds by the basketball committee because of the future he created when Letran went down. The PAAF however didn't take any action upon the recommendation of barring Mumar from basketball, made by the Letran fathers.

The First Asian Olympics in New Delhi saw Mumar as the keyman of the P. I. defense. Pacholo Martinez was the team captain. The P. I. boys had an easy time getting the championship cup from their Oriental brothers. The Koreans and

## MUMAR:

the Chinese Nationalists loomed as darkhorses for the championship crown. But as all darkhorses they were just dark. The Philippines showed that she was the master of the hardcourt in the Orient.

Manila prepared a welcome mat for the Asian Champion. Honors and praises were paid upon the team members. The Universal had other plans. In its retention drive of the MCAA cup Mumar fitted into their folds. Mumar played for a year with the Universal team, then went to the camp of the Terminal. The Terminal was for years champion of the MCAA League. Had it not disbanded, the Terminal would still have been lordling it over the court.

When the Terminal disbanded, PRISCO got Mumar. PRISCO was a comparatively weak team. All its hopes of being a champ rested upon the hands and head of its wily skipper Mumar. The team clicked under Mumar's baton while Coach Chito Calvo polished up the play. The PRISCO team paved the way to Mumar's fame as a foul-baiter. Because the team was weak, its chances of winning depended upon strategy and brainwork. Mumar's style of play fitted so well into the PRISCOs that she ended up as the 1953 MCAA Champion.

In the Second Asian Olympics Mumar was co-captain of the P.I.

team with teammate Carlos Loyzaga as the skipper. Herr Silva, coach of the PI team needed a pushman who could handle players equally well, pass the ball to good hands and serve as a steadying factor in the rapidly changing pace of the game. Mumar was the man around whom the whole PI team revolved. His cool playing contributed much to his team's victory. The Chinese aggregation gave the PI boys a rough time. The score at the end of the play, which was knotted twice was 28-32, in favor of the Philippines. Coach Silva has been heard to say that when the PI boys win by a slight margin, usually Mumar was behind it.

case, the Game Officials allowed Mumar to leave the country and join the PI team. He caught up with the team in Houston, Texas. Mumar showed wares the first time after his stormy session in the session in the country with the Cubanos. The game was spiritedly fought but the gallant Cubanos gave way to a new set of bantering arms — a man newly cleared off his private crimes, out to regain his name.

As we look back to the old sports pages, we can be proud that, at one time, we hobnobbed with the lankiest, the best, the smoothest, ball-handler there is. The Philippines shared in the spotlight as

## The Warrior and The Fox

On Oct. 7, 1954 Jorge Vargas was a picture of gloom as he and other team members were leaving Seattle to start the rounds that would take them to Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo for the World Basketball Tourney. The NWA plane was held up for a full twelve minutes before the order to take up was given. The *Evening News* said, "the quintet set for world tourney in Brazil will lose the stellar service of Lauro Mumar, one of the stand out hoopsters in the Philippines today." The PAAF took drastic action for Mumar's failure to join the team saying, "he be suspended from amateur competition for one year effective Oct. 7, and be no longer eligible for any basketball team in the future." The PAAF didn't know the reason why Mumar was unable to join the plane. Neither did they know that Mumar is a family man. Mumar knew his family could never live upon the shade of his fame. He needed money for his family, and it was hard for him to get the money. The PAAF accused him of placing personal needs and interest over and above his obligation and commitments with the PAAF.

Amidst the mounting public opinion and sportswriters' censure of the stand taken by the PAAF, the Executive Committee decided to reopen Mumar's case and as new lights were shade upon the

the world champions received their trophy. We placed third among the best in the world. True a team is composed of equally good men. Some of our PI boys were selected as members of the world mythical team. As sports comments tickled back into our local dailies — one U.P. dispatch said "the PI team victory was largely due to the court generalship of the team leader Lauro Mumar". One leading sports commentator agreed that "there is no use contending the fact that Mumar is . . . . . the best ever produced."

*Mumar in his long climb to fame have had received plaques, citations, trophies and a lot more of mush. Perhaps other men who had reached the stature Mumar has reached would rest easy. Mumar can rest upon the laurels he gained because of his deeds, he cannot be forgotten, because of the sensations he created and because the near defeats he turned into victory. Here is the life of a Carolinian in retrospect. In the flashes of his life perhaps he did something wrong. But like all men, he has had his private crimes. All that we can say is that Mumar dreamed big and he pursued his dream in a big way.*

I drunk my beer and staggered out. Someday I may yet meet Mumar.

## My VALENTINE



She thirst for my crimson water. The brown land where my brown race dwells. She names my name, a Filipino, to work for the freedom of the unfree.

I must be happy

My valentine owns my childhood,  
my youth. She is the woman who gives life and makes me live. My person, my home, my knowledge,  
my vision . . . all gifts for Valentine from my Valentine.

My Valentine is my love whom I love so madly. She, the reason to dream from here to reality. She; my light, inspirer, console my despairing moments. We are one.

by

Addy B. Sitoy

# What Do You Think...

Almost every year, at the closing of any sports contest held here in Cebu, coaches and "talent scouts" from Manila vie for every local boy. The object is, of course, that lanky, young lad who starred for his own team. The most common method: "buy the boy out of his own team." And they really have something to offer: scholarships, allowances, free board and lodgings, free laundry, free textbooks... etc." The offers are fabulous and since Manila is the Mecca of Philippine Athletics, all kinds of opportunities for the local boy are his for the grabbing... National fame is his to tag by the collar.

This may constitute one good reason why we cannot raise champions anymore.

Are they justified?

Conducted by:

Wilfredo Filomeno

Samuel Fabroz

Romulo Bacol

## About Our Amateur Athletes?

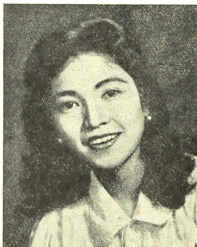
### The Faculty

#### JUAN AQUINO, JR.

Philippine colleges and universities had been paying recently all the expenses an athlete incurs during his studies. This practice has made a lot of ambitious youngsters excel in a particular game. I think the idea of an institution paying her athlete's expenses is sound, insofar as the tuition is concerned. However, should the alma mater outdo herself and begin paying for her athletes' board and lodging and giving them pocket money, the school doing this destroys the ideals upon which collegiate sports have been built.

Commercialization of players, like basketball players, gives the school which has the highest bid the greatest chances of winning a tournament. This makes it difficult for other institutions to win the Cup. Because one school has the monopoly of the best players, those rising stars have looked for better chances on some field where the competition is not keen. This hinders the development of local talents. Those whose names are bywords can rest assured of their long life in play, but those up and coming talents are snuffed out of existence because of the greater in-

(Continued on page 31, col. 3)



MARIETTA ALONSO

#### MARIETTA ALONSO College of Education, says:

I'd like to form my judgment on this subject from two different aspects: as a student and as a Catholic.

As a student I realize the importance of commercialized sports to campus life since it is one of the most interesting and highly educational forms of diversion. I can hardly see a problem at all as to whether the granting of scholarships to deserving athletes be eliminated or maintained. In the first place, before one is admitted as an official school player, he is subjected to the careful study, consideration and approval of the school authorities who, I expect, know the best situation and whose judgment is sound and re-

### The Students

spectable. Once a player is admitted, he not only deserves the scholarship but he is also entitled to it as well. When the athlete, however, turns out to be otherwise he can always be disqualified.

To say that scholarship elimination would lash the ego and motives of the athlete into shape, I still think the granting of scholarship is better—it is more inspirational. Every player has one obsession—to win. And to win or at least to try to (since it takes a man to admit to defeat) without compensation is drudgery. Besides, is it not a sacrifice to miss classes just to be able to reap honors for the school or to take the skip of defeat in the uncertain battlefields of sports? Of course, I'm not saying that a concentrated athlete is a good athlete; I think that the all-around student is still the best student.

Looking into the problem from the Christian standpoint, I believe that no powerful consideration, not even justice itself, can question the uncompromising liberality of the school in granting scholarships to its athletes.

#### CAMILO BALAQUIT College of Liberal Arts, says:

I am against commercialized athletics. It will horde the best athletes



## The Faculty

(Continued from page 30)

under one banner without actual competition. The real competition rests in the giving of the moral alluring privileges to the best athletes for the school team. A good athlete would then sell himself out to the highest bidder and naturally the latter has a decided advantage over any other group in the sports world. This will enable the fans to predict fairly well the results of a tournament. The game, then, will be dull; many would not witness the event.

Commercialized athletics will bar the opportunities of promising players from hugging the sports limelight. A team of fresh-picked athletes has the chance of the chicken's teeth of ever winning against a team of seeded players that have been offered extraordinary privileges. Behind these privileges, professional players can easily hide. Amateur sportsmanship is then violated.

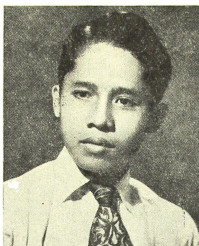
### M. LIM, JR. Zoology Department, says:

I am in favor of giving scholarships and other privileges to student-athletes. I think it is about the only way the school can achieve efficiently its athletic program. This will make the athletes realize that they have a job to do aside from just playing. Anybody who gets a sort of compensation for what he does feels that he has an obligation to the school. An athlete feels honored to compete for and represent his school in sports and feels unworthy if he fails to live up to the expectations of his friends and superiors. That is why he is bound to do his best in his chosen job.

But, of course, there should be scholastic restrictions. What I mean is a standard for them to live up to (like scholastic ratings, character, etc.) By this method, schools will eliminate the undesirables and only those fitted to the job will be taken in.

### WASHINGTON F. SARIO says:

Commercialized sports, in my viewpoint, contribute something to the attainment of a wholesome personality. The players will come to the realization of the principles underlying the elements of sportsman-



WASHINGTON F. SARIO

ship. It will certainly develop the skill that is required of an athlete. A player will not play in any game just for the heck of it. In this atomic age, the tendency is toward materialism. And if the players are given the right reward, whether monetary or in the form of scholarship, this is but proper. These privileges are the very stimulus which will goad the players to do his best to win a game and henceforth bring glory and laurels to their schools.

### NORBERTO MALAKAY, JR. College of Engineering, says:

Sports nowadays are being offered by colleges and universities on commercial basis. They are used to attract students by giving privileges to those endowed with special abilities in the field of athletics. Free scholarship is the most common compensation granted to athletes. This offer gives chances to those endowed with special abilities; it also gives opportunities for those financially hard-up but who would like to pursue higher education. An athlete can lessen his expenses during the duration of his study.

As a student-player, he has the disadvantages on his side. Constant practice wastes valuable time which he could have devoted to his studies. There can be cutting of classes to prepare himself for a forthcoming game; he is forced to do it to be worthy of his privilege.

(Continued on page 37)

fluence wielded by the institution and by the star players themselves who want no competition.

For a coach, this makes him feel kind of unwanted. We make players out of bums. Mister they call you. You are like some rich uncle to them. They even run out for coffee or buy cigarettes for you. Then they win a few games. This is where the fun starts. Suddenly they are somebodies. Some agents are already coining them. And those people are convinced. Here in the opposite camp, the agents would say, is your greater chance of rising up. Plenty of privileges. Then the players start acting like college professors. You are no longer their uncle, but some jerk who wants to build his own reputation upon their lungs. You can't go through their brains because by the time the agents get through them they become conceited jacksasses.

Personally, it's a putrid practice.

### ROQUE A. RAMONEDA B.H.S.D., Faculty Member and Coach of the High School Basketball Team, says:

The query, is indeed a very ticklish one. In the absence of a clear-cut definition of commercialized sports, I would say the following:

If by commercialized sports is meant the granting of a reasonable amount for board and lodging to a student player who, in spite of a scholarship, cannot continue his studies by reason of utter poverty and especially if the student so granted is a good and diligent one, then I see no reason whatsoever to condemn such practice.

But if by commercialized sports is meant the doling out to any student-player, regardless of his financial capacity, a staggering amount such that it becomes the primordial motive to his playing in that school team or the sole inducement of his donning the school's uniform, the practice is worthy of condemnation. If it means "doctoring" or granting a passing mark to a student player not deserving such grade in an effort to enable him to play in the next season, it is highly contemptible. If it means giving a player material reward or gift for having starred in a game instead

(Continued on page 30)

# USC in the News

## BUGARIN TOPS ORATORIAL TILTS

A fourth year student of Law annexed more honors to himself and to the University last December 29, 1955 by copping first place in the Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest held on said date.

Mr. Expedito Bugarin, USC's representative to the oratorical tilts sponsored by the "Tocayos de Rizal," received a Gold Medal for his excellent delivery of the prize-winning piece, "Rizal, the Pioneer Economist."

The University of San Carlos is one of the five schools that were represented in the contest. In recognition of the University's years of uninterrupted triumphs in the Intercollegiate Oratorical Contests, a separate award (a Trophy) was given by the Tocayos to Very Reverend Herman Kondring, USC Rector, who accepted it in behalf of the University. It might be recalled that last year, Mr. Rafael Luyay represented USC in the same contest and won first place.

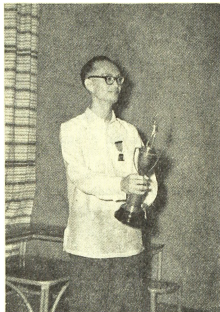


Father Rector beams with pride as he receives the prize trophy from a representative of the Tocayo's de Rizal.

Mr. Bugarin has been a consistent winner of oratorical contests in the past. He was also a first placer in the previous Oratorical Contest held exclusively for Law students in USC which had then for its quest speaker His Excellency, Ramon Magsaysay, then Secretary of National Defense.

Bugarin is a popular campus figure. Aside from influencing people through his oratorical prowess, he can also win friends with his fine sense of humor. To attest to his

popularity, he has been elected President of the USC Lex Circle while yet a Sophomore notwithstanding the calibre of his oppo-



USC's Demosthenes grins satisfactorily as he holds symbol of oratorical achievement. He copped first place.

nents who were Seniors in the same college. At present, he is a deejay (Disc Jockey) of the Cebu Broadcasting Company.

## USC CADETS TOP SEMI-TACTICAL TILT ANEW

The University of San Carlos ROTC Unit topped the semi-tactical inspection held sometime in the first and second week of October, 1955, as revealed from the III MA recently.

The semi-tactical inspection which was participated in by all ROTC units under the III MA Command was the first of its kind to be held in the area.

Results of the semi-final competition, III MA sources said, would be included in the final computation of points that would determine the winner of this year's tactical inspection scheduled to get underway by February.

The USC ROTC unit, it might be recalled, got away with the coveted highest berth of last year's in-

spection among the competing 24 ROTC units in the Visayas.

## USC STUDENT WINS LIMERICK CONTEST

Miss Quirina B. Vidal a BSC graduate of the University of San Carlos, won a Sheaffer's "Valliant" Snorkel Fountain Pen, 3rd prize in the 1955 SKRIP Limerick Contest, sponsored by Taylor Pacific (Phil.) Ltd. Her entry was adjudged 3rd best from the many other entries submitted by students and non-students alike from the Visayan region to which the Contest was confined.

Earlier, the University of San Carlos was awarded the additional prize of an office model Remington-Rand typewriter for being the school having the greatest number of contestants.

## STEP UP CAMPAIGN VERSUS DELINQUENT STUDENTS

In conformity with the regulations of the school, the Dean of Liberal Arts and Sciences, Rev. Fr. Josef Goertz, S.V.D., recently ordered the rigid check up of students who, not having completed the number of units supposed to be earned in Religion as a prerequisite for graduation to any course in USC, failed to enroll in the subject this semester. As noticed, many students are trying to evade this requirement. The Reverend Father vehemently suggested that, being a Catholic School, Religion must be made compulsory to all students studying in the University of San Carlos. To put more teeth to this requirement, he effectuated a rigid check up of the students' records. Irregularities to this effect will be referred to the Dean of Religion and, if circumstances demand, be subjected to the discretion of the Father Rector.

## "UNITAS" UNITE WITH USC

Very Rev. Father Rector recently accepted an invitation to a "Pact of Friendship" with the "UNITAS", an association of German Catholic students. Some of the aims of the German students are as follows:

first, every member of the Unitas should be reminded that a Catholic has a social responsibility, a worldwide mission to fulfill; second, an effective help to the University of San Carlos should be given by sending German scientific magazines, by exchanging of scholarships, by maintaining correspondence between USC students and Unitas members, etc. "Unitas", the monthly publication for the members of the Unitas association, will be regularly sent to USC as a token of friendship.

#### ANTHROPOLOGICAL RESEARCH EXPEDITION

Last November, the Graduate School sent out its research assistant, Marcelino N. Maceda, on an anthropological research expedition at Northeastern Mindanao (Surigao and Agusan provinces). This scientific tour will last for five months (from November 1955 - March 1956). The main purpose of the expedition is to collect more materials on the economic, social, and religious conditions of the Mamanuas of northeastern Mindanao. The materials collected will be utilized for a monograph to be made concerning the Mamanuas.

#### CAROLINIANS PASS IN JULY PHARM EXAM

Eighteen Pharmacy students joined the long gray line of USC professionals after breezing through the board examination for Pharmacy last July, 1955. Out of the 976 examinees that took the exams, only 408 passed and 18 of which came from USC. Miss Fe Centiza led the successful Carolinians with an average of 82.25 in theory and 80 in practice.

The new professionals are: *Milagros Alcorido, Gregoria Bacanza, Lolita Buot, Melchora Cabrera, Fe Centiza, Eleanor Mababay, Odita Marcon, Carmen Oliber, Luviminda Pagusara, Anectia Quijano, Juana Relampagos, Gloria E. Rivamonte, Remedios Sol, Carmen Sun, Hilaria Tantengco, Flora Tombo, Arcadia de la Torre, and Milagros Pernia.*

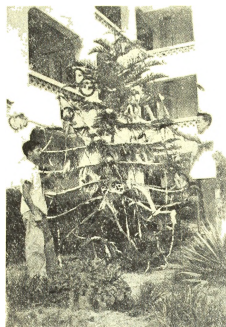
#### LAW STUDENTS ENJOY TEXTBOOK CREDIT

The University offers a helping hand to Law Students recently by affording them to buy high-priced textbooks on Law by installments.

Through the kind solicitations of Dean Fulvio C. Pelaez of the Col-

lege of Law, students hard-pressed with cash can now afford to own expensive textbooks through this credit system.

The account is payable anytime within the period of a student's stay in San Carlos.



Priming up the pine tree for the Christmas Season, as accomplished under the Christmas instruction of Mr. Jesus Ros.

#### FORMER CAROLINIAN HEADS WAVE CLASS

Miss Dolores Toledo O'keefe, early last month, topped her class 30-54 in the United States Naval Hospital Corps School in Bainbridge, Maryland during its graduation exercises.

Miss O'keefe joined the WAVE corps of the United States Navy on August 28, 1954 where she is presently detailed during the full period of her enlistment.

Her younger sister, Corazon (a pre-nursing student) also received last month her Special Order for enlistment in the same unit of the US Navy. She will undergo processing prior to her enlistment. She was scheduled to leave last January 11 for the aforesaid processing.

Their father is a retired U.S. soldier and is an American citizen. They have another brother, Joseph, who is now with the U.S. Navy assigned in Florida.

#### NEWS FROM THE BIOLOGY DEPT.

On Dec. 9, Friday, the *Genetics* class under Mrs. P. D. Pages went to the Cebu breeding station where exhibits, lectures and demonstra-

tions were held in connection with the Philippine Farmers Week. Mr. Pedro Bautista, in charge of the station, lead the group around, giving lectures and demonstrations on practical applications of the principles of Genetics.

The students of *Botany 2*, plant classification, under Mrs. Pages, on Dec. 12, visited the "Garden Festival" in Banawa which was put up by the "Cebu Garden Club." About 400 different specimens of Cacti and Succulents in fitting and beautiful containers were on display besides other ornamental plants. The Botanists were able to classify about 60 species of plants which may not possibly be found in any other place at one time.

The group proceeded to the interior of Banawa to collect specimens of wild plants for the University Herbarium (collection of dried plants).

Two U.S.C. Zoology instructors, Mr. B. Marapao and Mr. S. Ochotoren, spent their Christmas vacation in the majestic mountains and primeval forests of Zamboanga Prov. There's was not a pleasure trip, but they were chasing butterflies and moths, shooting birds, bats and monkeys for the budding University museum.

On January 1st, an exceptional low-tide invited another group of



More Christmas decorations courtesy of instructor JR.

Zoologists and Nature lovers to search for marine specimens on the exposed coral reefs and sand banks between Sibul and Mactan islands. Rev. Fr. Schoening, Dr. and Mrs. Scavillon and Dr. Bruell composed this group.

The new year increased the population of the Zool. Dept. Live rats, Guinea-pigs and a pair of rabbits settled down for good. They will be used esp. by the Pharmacists in their experiments with drugs, etc.

The monthly seminar for the month of January of the Cebu Biological Society was held in the Botany Laboratory of the University of San Carlos last January 8th, Sun.

(Continued on page 38)

# WHAT IS CHEMICAL ENGINEERING?

(Continued from page 7)

engineer's concern. He is charged with the operation to give the maximum output at a minimum cost. Consequently, his education includes economics in addition to his chemistry, mathematics, physics and engineering subjects.

One may view filtration as an ordinary operation whereby the solution is passed through the filter paper in a funnel. In the laboratory, yes, but in an industry where

set the common practice of direct fire heating where heat losses are great and uncontrolled. To the manufacturer, heat lost is money lost. Due to the untiring researches of different investigators and designers, the steam method of evaporation was developed.

The principle of operation is simple. High-temperature-high-pressure steam is passed through a coil of pipes dipped into the thick solu-



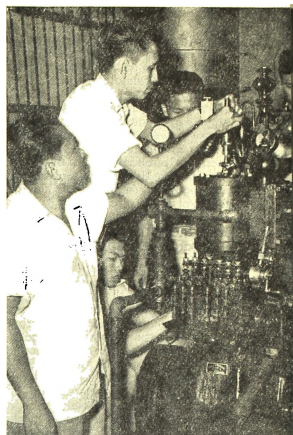
Boiler Studies (ME)

several hundreds of gallons of slurry are filtered daily and continuously, it would be impractical to construct the largest funnel or set up a series of thousands of small funnels to perform the desired operation. This is where chemical engineering skill comes in and this is shown by the construction of filter presses, centrifuges, sand filters and other filtering equipments.

Evaporation on the other hand, is not as simple as cooking rice or boiling water. Industrial evaporators are not big kettles with balls of fire below. Economics has up-

tion to be evaporated and heats the liquid to the boiling point. An ingenious heat balance is utilized by which the steam evaporated in the first "effect" (each evaporator is called an effect when there are two or three connected in a series) is used as the heating medium for the second "effect" and the steam formed here heats the third "effect."

From the discussion above, it can be seen that the chemical engineer's job is the operation in a large scale of chemical and physical processes.



Adjusting the engine-indicator on the steam-engine. (ME)

Dr. Arthur D. Little says: "New chemical processes are commonly conceived by chemists and have their initial demonstration on the laboratory scale. The many and difficult problems involved in the steps leading from the demonstration in the laboratory to operation in the commercial plant fall within the province of chemical engineering."

Chemical engineering is the practice, using chemistry as one of his tools, of engineering in unit operations that is no less important and necessary in a chemical plant.

## QUICK OF TONGUE, SLOW OF HAND

"I am no hand at public speaking," said Wilbur Wright at a banquet in Paris in honor of the Wright Brothers' first demonstration of a successful airplane flight in France, "and on this occasion I must content myself with a few words. As I sat here listening to the speaker who preceded me, I have heard comparisons made to the eagle, to the swallow and to the hawk, as typifying skill and speed in the mastery of the air; but somehow or other I could not keep from thinking of another bird which, of all the ornithological kingdom, is the poorest flier and the best talker. I refer to the parrot."

THE CAROLINIAN

# THE LEGEND OF MARIA CACAO

(Continued from page 14)

side alone admiring the beauties that surrounded her, usually before nightfall. One afternoon while she playfully felt the cool water against her white legs, an unusually big crab ambled to her. And wonders of wonder, the crab spoke to her. At first she was afraid but when it seemed such a harmless thing, she was her former gay self again. The crab then invited her to go to a certain place. Just to humor it or maybe because of the woman's curiosity in her, whatever reason it might be, she agreed to go with the crab. It then led her into a cave. Before long she found herself before a breath-taking and unbelievable sight — an underwater city! She was surprised and more so when she saw the crab transformed into a man, who turned out to be the master of the city. He showed her the sights and once more extended another invitation, this time, that she live with them in that underwater city. What more could a girl ask? She was given the right to man-

age the city's big-time business, cacao selling and a golden ship as big and luxurious as a transoceanic liner was put at her disposal. Maria's beauty was greatly enhanced by the glittering diamonds and silken dresses she wore. But because she came from the outside world, she would, at times, long for the wide open air above her. She would sometimes sail down the river aboard her golden ship, invisible to some people who might happen to be nearby. They say that they sense a ship passing by but could not see a single thing.

Many varied stories of her selling cacao are the most popular hence the name, Maria Cacao. The old folks would tell you that she would periodically go to big cities to conduct her business and before her ships could sail in the sea it must have to pass Dalaguete's two bridges, some distance away from each other. To attest this point, these same people would probably tell you of how Dalaguete awoke

one morning a few years back to find one of the bridges gone. It had been washed out into the open sea. They believed that while passing under the bridge, her ship had scraped and carried it off.

Another incident also happened, years ago. One day, the fishermen brought to shore an unusually big "kubutan." Some who saw it supposed that it belonged to the "engkantos." A few days later, words spread out that a "mesiza" was seen walking along the Tawi-tawi beach, seeming to look for something. The people then thought of the big "kubutan." Most of them believed it was Maria Cacao looking for her lost "pet."

Fact or fancy, it does not matter to the Dalagueteños. One thing we can almost be sure of, is that when something a little bit unusual pops up, say the bridge will again be found floating as it did once, some would possibly point out that Maria Cacao is at it again.

## UTILIZATION OF A POISONOUS ROOT BY THE MAMANUAS

(Continued from page 15)



Boiling water for curing the koyof.

paratus. The slivers are caught in a container (bokap). As the pile becomes bigger, the content of the container is poured into a hole dug in the ground about a foot deep. It is lined with banana leaves to make it water-tight. Later, boiling water is poured over the slivers. This process extracts the poison and takes a long time. In fact in this specific instance it started from eleven o'clock in the morning and ended at twelve o'clock in the evening of

the same day. As soon as the slivers float in the hot water the hole is covered up, to be opened the next day.

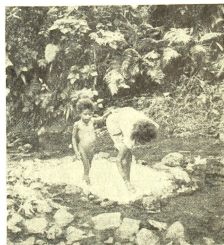
Next morning the hole was uncovered. The mixture was still hot but by then the slivers were already wilted and therefore considered dead (patay), meaning cured. Then the content of the hole was transferred into a blanket submerged in running water (usually in a running stream) for the washing

away of the extracted poison. The edges of the blanket were stretched by stones laid along the sides of the blanket thus forming a container. The slivers were left in the container for the whole day; and the slivers were stirred constantly. In the evening of that day the koyof was taken out and placed in a container (bangkil).

The cured root is either toasted (kinaboy) or cooked in coconut milk and sugar. ‡



Pouring the boiling water.



The koyof being washed.

## SIGNORINA, WILL YOU BE MY VALENTINE?

(Continued from page 6)

to the lucky girl who receives her Valentine card, it is her day of days and will surely be written in big bold letters in a diary to be cherished and remembered in years to come as one of the priceless treasures of life which no amount of money can buy. To the gray-haired men and women, it is a day of recollections of many St. Valentine's Day gone by. Treasure-chests of beautiful and romantic memoirs are opened and viewed once more like classical cinemas whose appeal to the general public is not affected by any generation, be it in the atomic, hydrogen or cobalt age. To the married couple, St. Valentine's Day is the day of renewals of vows of eternal love, affections and respect for one another. Petty quarrels are forgotten and relinquished to the past and buried deep in the sands of time. In this way, the bonds of marriage are strengthened and made to last longer.

Indeed, St. Valentine's feast day is well-loved and remembered by all Christian countries in the world. We, Filipinos, however, being Catholics, should spend such a day not only in receiving cards, gifts and flowers or going to parties but also in going to church and thanking St. Valentine for helping us find a "valentine". St. Valentine is truly a wonderful patron saint of lovers.

## ROTC BRIEFS

(Continued from page 18)

TONGMALAGUE, TURNO, LIM.  
Kudos to you model people.

Although I was hibernating down in my hometown last Christmas vacation I came to know that the Commandment acted as Battalion Commander in the January 1st parade in honor of the incoming officials of the province and city. Golly, it would have been my chance to see how a critic marches. Three cheers, boys.

Before this write-up was handed over to the Editor the assistant commandant, 1st Lieutenant EDMUNDO GANDIONKO, inf. has been all his own because the commandant is on leave. Though the boss is away the one left can't play because the burden of responsibility is something not to be joked about.

## THE ATLAS MOTH

by MRS. PAULINA D. PAGES, M. S.



Photo above was taken in Room 304, Biology Work Room, where specimens of world's largest lepidoptera, the Atlas Moth [*Aitacus Allos L.*] are being "harvested" daily this season. Improvised insectaries (left) show larvae being fed with proper host plants and cocoons being strung loosely (right) to give ample space for adults to expand their mammoth wings (an adult at times attains a wingspread of 11 inches across). Spread moths and folded ones on the cabinet and on shelves of the bigger insectary represent partial "harvest" since December 20, 1955. Up to the time of writing (Jan. 16), emerged moths are 59. Cocoons from Mindanao, Bohol, and Cebu have been collected and comparative studies are being made on visible differences that exist on emerged adults. For instance, it is interesting to note that the forewings of Bohol and Mindanao Atlas Moths always have 3 windows (transparent areas) and that the Cebu moths only have one on each forewing. Color variations also exist and these are observed to depend on the type of host plant fed on by the caterpillar. Some of the moths collected are spread and become part of the University Entomological Collection and the rest are reserved for exchange with entomologists all over the world. Recently an offer of \$25 was made for a pair of Mindanao atlas moths. Ordinarily, however, Biological Supply Houses in the States buy them at one dollar each.

The Atlas moth is indigenous to Southern Asia and Malaysia. Its eggs are laid on a number of familiar host plants which the caterpillar feeds on, such as guava, atis, guayabano, santol, avocado, and dap-dap, and perhaps others which have not been noted by us. The caterpillars are enormous, but harmless to the touch. They undergo as many as 5 ecdyses (moltings) before the pupal stage. Brown silken cocoons with a camouflaged door at one end house the pupa which emerges into an adult after about a month of quiet but physiologically active existence. During this helpless period, some pupae become parasitized by the Tachinid Fly which eat up the entire pupa and only big flies emerge from the cocoon to the disappointment of the collector. The adult emerges between 7:30 to 10:00 in the evening and if a female is left untouched in the open, surely in the morning two or more males become attracted to it. However not all of the visitors are accepted by the collector as the wings of this moth are easily damaged.

The almost only sure way to get perfect specimens is that of rearing the larvae or of collecting the cocoons.

## USC's IMMORTAL . . .

(Continued from page 25)

Ten years from today, these boys unsheathed themselves from their scabbard and, like shining knives, began the greatest onslaught in basketball history. Here was a team that overwhelmed even its highest speculations. Warming up to the tune of rapid, prancing feet they would wind up a game in such inconceivable momentum that their audience all but jumped in frenzy. Their stamina were defying the limits of human endurance and their shooting defying the laws of averages. The local roster of basketball luminaries blinked their eyes . . . each one of the quintet were like the fingers of a hand boiled into a fist, rammed into their midst. They simply were too much for them.

From here to Manila, they blazed on in an unprecedented rampage, topping their opponents like houses of cards.

To a staffer of "The Filipino Athlete," it looked this way.

"The Cebuanoes were small but fast on their feet. Their man-to-man guarding in defensive territory, their ability to jump high to retrieve the ball from the board plus their ball control and effective passing proved to be San Carlos' strength. The Cebu technique did not coil for prolonged dribbling. (notice that after ten years, Manila teams are still adopting this strategy) one of their main assets in the offense. Their one-hand shooting proved most effective against any set defense or man-to-man guarding. Outstanding man of the team was Vic Cortes who like his brother 'Dado' would rather pass to a team mate than shoot himself. Smallest but fightingest guard is Captain A. Bos. Tallest man in the team is L. Mumar.

Vic Cortes' one-handed recoveries thrilled local fans time and again. Fernandez was the leading scorer."

Because of this, Cortes gained a berth in Willy Hernandez' nomination for the best players of 1947. Published in the Free Press, he was the only local boy who made the grade.

Manila teams offered passive resistance. And on the night of the championship, Manila fans saw two teams vying for the cup. The Cebu Institute of Technology and the Colegio de San Carlos.

(Continued on page 40)

## WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT OUR AMATEUR ATHLETES?

(Continued from page 31)

As a result, he turns out to be a flop in his class.

Sports in school offer an advantage. They encourage more enrollment, but the athletes, generally, turn out to be poor products and they go out of College half-baked.

### AGNES SIAN College of Commerce, says:

I would rather say that there is nothing objectionable in commercialized athletics. It is but practical to expect some reward as a sort of an incentive to win a game. But if to extend privileges to athletes tends to pamper their fighting spirit, then the picture is reversed.

The real aim of athletics should be to develop physical skills, the physique, and to inculcate the virtues of true sportsmanship. The athletes should be made to understand that in a game, there are always losers. But the thing that real-



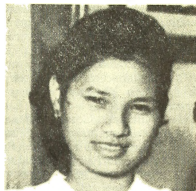
AGNES SIAN

ly counts is how the game is played. To impress the athletes that victory is the supreme thing above all, will destroy the objectives for which athletics are being done.

Fame, honor and glory should not be the goal of players and institutions. The primary thing is the promotion of friendship and well being among Filipinos.

### BILLIE A. DALALAO Pre-Law II, says:

I think that our amateur athletes should be given a break. I mean that they should be entitled to some



BILLIE A. DALALAO

privileges that are tangible. The job of an athlete is not a soft one. They are subjected to a continuous and strenuous practice. For this reason, their health will easily fail if they are not given enough nourishment. Now, if an athlete is a son or daughter of a poor family, his diet cannot well supply his physical needs. It is therefore necessary that schools should give ample allowances to the athletes, especially the poor ones. This practice will help lessen the burden of school expenses.

Successful players will also add a name to their school. Besides, they improve and develop their physical strength.

### AL. B. BLANCO College of Commerce, says:

The value of athletics lies in the promotion of sportsmanship which is the very essence of a democratic way of life. There is no need of emphasizing how indispensable it is.

It is, however, regrettable to note that in some of our colleges and universities this idea of "fair play" is not given importance. Instead,

(Continued on page 38, col. 3)

## WOMAN IN THE DARK

(Continued from page 20)

corner of the room, kneeling, her lips twitching in prayer. Loloy saw she wasn't fingering some beads or anything in her hands. For she had only stumps where her hands had been. Neither could she have seen that lovely graven image of Mother and Child on the altar before her, as it was lit up by that one shivering candle. For she was stoneblinded. One could easily tell that. Save for these, he looked just like any other old woman kneeling in prayer. But in her faded, wrinkled face there glowed the sweetest smile Loloy ever saw!

Strange, he thought. How could one so wretched and withered afford to smile like that? Or even to smile at all?

Loloy blinked. Could that woman be actually smiling? He blinked again. Why, she is smiling! Smiling as if she had every reason on

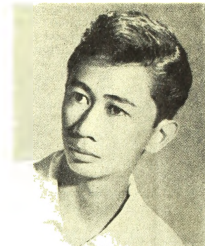
the world to smile. The whole wrinkled face glowed all over.

For a long time Loloy looked at her, fascinated. He looked long and hard. How could she smile like that? How? How? His mind groped in agony for the answer that stubbornly refused his grasp. And as he watched her there kneeling, her smiling face lifted up in prayer, a sudden, thundering rush of shame and sorrow gripped him. It gripped him hard till he thought he would burst. And he choked. Then, slowly, he felt the rancour inside him melting away; the soul-searing bitterness silently stealing away like a thief in the night.

The rain had already stopped when Mario walked home. One or two stars glimmered in the distance. And in the cool evening air there was a sweet smell of fresh brown earth after a rain. ¶

## WHAT DO YOU THINK...

(Continued from page 37)



AL B. BLANCO

## USC News

(Continued from page 34)

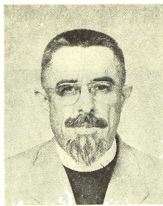
day morning, with Dr. Nestor Alonso, City Veterinarian and owner of the Alonso Dairy Farm, as speaker. He spoke on Meat and Milk Hygiene, illustrating his lecture with the help of charts, compiled records and actual specimens. Biology and Home Economics Teachers from various schools of the City, B.S. Zoology students constituted the crowd. The USC Faculty was represented by: Rev. Fr. Schoenig, Mr. Buot, Mrs. Lastimoso, Dr. Savellon, Mr. Marapao, Mrs. Pages, Mr. J. Roca, Mr. Ligulom, Misses R. Cabalan, R. Fernandez, F. Ouano, and C. Bri-gaudin.

### FU JEN U RECTOR FORMER RED CAPTIVE VISITS SAN CARLOS FATHERS

Very Reverend Harold Rigney, S.V.D., former Rector of the Catholic University of Peking, arrived in Cebu City last January 19, 1956 for a short visit to San Carlos University.

Several of the Divine Word Fathers, now teaching in San Carlos, formerly were under Father Rigney as Rector of Fu Jen University in Peking, China.

The former Rector spent more than four years in the Communist prison in Peking, suffering intense torments at the hands of the Reds. He was released from prison last September at the persistent request of the



Rev. HAROLD RIGNEY, S.V.D.

American Government. Father Rigney says he knows "what it means to be in hell" after he was asked for a statement after his release from the Communist folds.

Father Rigney was born in Chicago, Illinois of Irish parents. He made his priestly studies at St. Mary's Seminary, Techy, Illinois and took his graduate and post-graduate studies at the University of Chicago. He was an Army Air Force chaplain in World War II.

He spent four months in Hong Kong recuperating his lost health and writing his experiences of the past four years. Father Rigney remained in San Carlos for a few days before returning to the United States via Rome.

the practice is making athletics more a business-like affair. A certain college, for instance, advertises that athletes are given so many forms of privileges in that institution—just to attract athletic-minded students to enroll there. Then, these athletes, just to retain them in that college, aside from the free scholarship, are also given higher ratings in their subjects even if many of them do not know anything of their lessons and most of them are "professional absentees."

Such practice or adopted "policy" for the athletes by some of our colleges and universities of making sports commercialized, is contrary to the very substance of democracy. It is really a sad fact that "fair play," honesty, decency, self-respect and dignity in the field of sports are not given impetus by some of our institutions of learning.

### MISS CORA YPIL Chemistry Department, says:

Sports should be clean insofar as schools and individual players are concerned. An athlete must enter a team with the ambition to succeed not for private personal reasons but he should be motivated by the desire to excel in that particular field of play. These days amateur athletes are granted by



## About Our Amateur Athletes?



CORA YPI

the school some concessions. It is just fair that an individual effort is rewarded. Schools make up by giving a free four-year scholarship to deserving student-athletes.

However, a player who receives compensation for his participation in a game loses his amateur status. Thank God there are no athletes who receive mannas from heaven in a discreet way and would come out in the open.

Local institutions have fine attractions for good ball players such as scholarship, free board and lodging and pocket money. I think this stinks. But, then, who ever had the courage to look into these things? Nobody. Unscrupulous schools will go on buying athletes. The indifferent will just open their eyes and close their mouths. It's about time somebody break the ice.

### FE ROBILLOS College of Pharmacy, says:

I should say I'm not really "in the know" about this subject. What little knowledge I have, regarding this topic I shall try to express with all sincerity.

If an athlete were trained chiefly for the amusement of a sports-loving crowd, then I would find more advantages than disadvantages. Not only does a person learn to develop a well-built physique

(Continued on page 10)

## To See the Truth is Always a Joy

(Continued from page 17)

and on abstract speculations rather than observation. The earth is a star like other stars, is not the center of the universe, is not at rest, nor are its poles fixed. The celestial bodies are not strictly spherical, nor are their orbits circular. The difference between theory and appearance is explained by relative motion. Had Copernicus been aware of these assertions, he would probably have been encouraged by them to publish his own monumental work."

### THE MAN

When Cardinal Cusanus died in 1464 his body was buried in his titular church in Rome beneath an effigy of him sculptured in relief. But he had arranged that his heart should be deposited before the altar in the hospital of Cues. He wanted his heart to be where his treasure was, and in life he had often exhibited the feeling that the real treasure of the Church is the poor. At that time the word hospital meant a guest house. The hospital of Cues was the Cardinal's own foundation. On the death of his father considerable property reverted to Cardinal Nicholas. This entire inheritance was made the basis of the foundation for the be-

nefit of the poor. During the five years, from 1451 to 1456, extensive buildings were erected with chapel, cloister, and refectory attached. These were to serve as the home for thirty-three old men in honor of the thirty-three years of Christ's earthly life. And the Cardinal's last will left his altar service, his manuscript library, and his scientific instruments to this hospital.

Another foundation of the Cardinal was a residence at Deventer, called the "Bursa Cusana", where twenty poor clerical students were to be supported. Such were the charitable works by which Nicholas tried to solve social problems, especially the needs of his native town and first school. Even more significant for our appreciation of the Cardinal's interest in the life of the poor is the fact that he did not wait till after his death to make the foundations, but arranged for them during his life time and prepared their organization according to his plans.

When our Divine Lord was on earth, He went about doing good to all people, but showed an especial love for the poor. They were His favorites. It was this example of Christ that was so well imitated in the life of Cardinal Cusanus.

## The Moving Finger

(Continued from page 43)

bor. sez inday, "you don't act like your column" which means she wasn't looking close enough. chat was a positively pleasant thing with **ammie ratcliffe**.

salamed to the infant year at the sto. nifo church with "the girl i met one summer" . . . couldn't be a happier new year. hand-flailing, leg-throwing session with the "g" club was terrific but i arrived at the scene too late for the dance part. hi-fi music, too. met a looker in the person of **rosie superable** who was super but quite unable to stay around a little longer. wonderful's the term for **inday montilla** who believes i have one of the sleepest couple of peepers in local latitudes. combed the town for a seldom-seen guy called **nick aniano**, carolinian '51, but failed to contact him while **eddie sultan**, a former

aide d'amour, raked the town searching for me. **cora aguilo**, "pointer" delegate to the 1953 ceg summer powwow, still looked as unruiled as ever.

thanks and top of the new year to **lor rombawa**, **bellie castanares**, **nita napetas** and **lourdes estolano** for sundry favors.

§ added shorts:

@ **ross** says he knows a guy who has no relatives left in the world because they have died in his excuse slips.

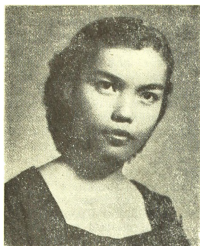
@ **editor tom echivarr**: (introducing **charlie "courier" adlawan** to **ledinila "schopenhauer" amigable**): "miss amigable, please meet mr. adlawan . . ."

charlie: "abhhhhhh . . ."

ledi: "abhhhhhh . . ."

§further allicant sayeth nertz.

# What Do You Think About Our Amateur Athletes?



FE ROBILLOS

## The Students

(Continued from page 39)

thru athletics but also develops agility of both the mind and the body.

School athletes are said to be exempted from school fees. That is only natural, hence, they strive hard to play well in order to bring honor to their school and to themselves, too. An athlete who plays for money, or, properly, the commercialized athlete, does not belong to the business of sports. This kind of athlete will intentionally bring defect to his team in consideration of the money given by one of the gamblers who bet for the other team. This is not a rare anomaly.

Inebriate was leaning on the bar with his hands clasped together. Frequently he would peek in between his thumbs, first with one eye, then with the other.

"Watcha got there?" demanded his friend.

"Guess!" said the drunk with a knowing smile.

"Butterfly!"

"Nope"—this after another cautious peek.

"Hummingbird?"

Another look into his fist—"Nope."

"Well, I dunno—an elephant, maybe?"

The drunk took another long look and demanded: "What color?"

## The Faculty

(Continued from page 31)

of just a simple praise for a job well done, it is utterly disgusting.

If it means toleration of any bad and atrocious act of a player in an attempt to hold him over, it is revolting. Such practice is repugnant to the very essence of sportsmanship, and undoubtedly conducive to the gradual but persistent declivity of sports. More than that, it will make a player feel like a king and will make himself appear bigger than his breaches. Allowed to exist, it would subject the school to childish and unreasonable caprice of the student and will defeat the very purpose for which games are held among schools — that of fostering closer understanding and cohesive relationship. It is a practice which nullifies the aims of the students' participation in sports: to secure inner satisfaction out of playing games, to prepare for life, to try as best they can to add lustre to the good name of their school, and above all, that of coming out of the friendly struggles with such fiber and finesse that are the glowing trademarks of a real man.

The above opinions are mine alone and no malicious imputation to any person or institution is intended.



FLORA BANZON

## FLORA BANZON

College of Pharmacy, says:

To be a player in a school's varsity team is not an easy task. A good varsity team is one of the factors that give a school a name. Players strive hard to win in order to get a credit for the school that they represent and not so much to keep that honor for themselves. The administration, in turn, to show their appreciation and gratitude, offers scholarships to the deserving.

To be qualified in any athletic game, one should be physically strong and mentally alert. He must have brains. He should find time with his books in order not to be behind in his lessons. §

## USC's Immortal Quintet

(Continued from page 37)

### The Cup

This is how much it took to win that Cup... the only cup that a team outside of Manila had ever won. From the looks of things, it will take quite a lot of doing to win one again.

But more than any cup of do, is the moral and spiritual accomplishments the team had done. It taught us the meaning of cooperation, the value for the love of school and the importance of work. It taught us what a few can do to promote the name of the school if we

all but try more than we think we owe.

In the words of Baring himself, is summed up the real achievement, "I will be a coach for sometime. But I don't have any hopes of having a bunch of boys like that. Who all felt the shamé of losing and the humility of winning. It wasn't only their skills that was unusual... it was their character."

That is what it takes to be a real Carolinian.

I hope this story has done something for you... it has done something for a lot of people—earnest people. §

## NOTICIAS UNIVERSITARIAS

**CERTAMEN DE ORATORIA.—**

En el concurso de oratoria en inglés que tuvo lugar en el Salón de Actos de la escuela secundaria para niñas el 30 de noviembre último pasado, el primer premio — Medalla de oro — donada por el Sr. D. Sergio Osmeña, Sr. ex-presidente de Filipinas fué adjudicado al Sr. Alfredo Messa, del colegio de Ingenieros. El discurso pronunciado por el Sr. Messa llevaba por título "The Spirit of the Cry". El segundo premio — medalla de plata — donada por el Alcalde interino de la ciudad de Cebu, Sr. D. Pedro B. Clavano, fué obtenido por el Sr. Serafín Osabel del Colegio de Artes Liberales. Su tema fué "Bonifacio, Pioneer of Democracy". La Srta. Aleli Alinabon del Colegio de Educación obtuvo el tercer lugar con medalla de bronce donada por el Sr. D. Gil García, el jefe de VECCO. El tema de su discurso fué "A Plea for Unity". El muy Rdo. Padre Rector de la universidad entregó las medallas a cada uno.

En el Certamen Literario — 1953 — El departamento de Secretariado representado por la Srta. Violeta Dejoras obtuvo el primer premio. En el 2º Certamen Literario — 1954 el Colegio de Artes Liberales y Ciencias representado por el Sr. Rafael Luyag obtuvo el primer premio. Y como ya hemos dicho al comienzo de nuestras noticias en el tercer certamen 1955 el Colegio de Ingenieros representado por el Sr. Alfredo Messa obtuvo el 1º premio. ¿Qué colegio, ganará en el 4º certamen literario? El acto terminó con la entrega de una Medalla de Bronce al Sr. Rafael Luyag que representó a U.S.C. en el Certamen Nacional de oratoria patrocinado por la UNO y obtuvo el cuarto lugar, si bien el público le aclamó y vitoreó reconociéndole como el primero.

**VALENTINE.—**

El 14 de febrero es el día llamado "Valentine Day." Unos creen que solo es el día de los

enamorados otros dan la significación más amplia incluyendo la verdadera amistad, el amor filial, y la simpatía. Por esto las niñas entregan tarjetas de "Valentine" a sus amiguitos, los hijos mandan estas tarjetas a sus padres ausen-

tes, los amigos a sus amiguitas y viceversa. Mientras otros mandan cartas o tarjetas por razón emocional. En fin podemos considerar ese día como el día que se recuerda a las personas que uno ama.

**CARTA DE AMERICA LATINA.—**

Recientemente llegó una carta de la América Latina a la oficina del Rev. P. Rector. Esta carta viene del Uruguay. Para el bien e interés de todos que quieran saber lo que contiene la carta y de quien viene la reproducimos aquí. Está dirigida al Padre Rector por un maestro de Montevideo, Uruguay

expresando su deseo de comunicarse con algun estudiante o profesor de San Carlos. Esperamos que esta carta interese a los estudiantes de modo que por medio de nuestra revista cultivemos una relación amistosa con los estudiantes de habla española residentes en otras partes del mundo. La carta dice así—

Montevideo, 30 de noviembre de 1955.

*Alabado sea Jesucristo.*

Muy Rdo. Padre Rector:

Su reverencia perdonará que moleste su atención, pero resulta que siendo un admirador del pueblo filipino, carezco de muchos datos sobre el mismo por no tener aquí representante diplomático y porque a pesar de ser pueblos hermanos vivimos separados no solo por gran distancia física sino también en relaciones amistosas.

Yo soy maestro en una escuela católica y he estudiado y leído varias cosas sobre Filipinas, como su descubrimiento por Magallanes, la conquista por Legaspi, los siglos de dominación española, la obra de los misioneros, los revolucionarios Aquinaldo y Rizal y la dominación norteamericana a partir de 1898. Pero con todo carezco de muchos detalles y datos actuales. Especialmente quisiera saber si aun queda la imprenta hispánica en el pueblo, pues creo que el idioma español es hablado por un grupo muy reducido.

Como creo que a S.R. le será difícil contestarme, le sugiero la idea de que me ponga en relación con algun estudiante o profesor de la universidad que sepa o hable castellano.

Perdone mi molestia, pero como no tengo a ningún conocido por ahí, me pareció que lo mejor sería dirigirme a su persona para tener así una seguridad de buena relación. De la Universidad de San Carlos he tenido datos por la revista católica "LATINOAMERICA", o más bien fué allí que supe el nombre de la misa.

Reciba un cristiano saludo de S. S.

(Fdo.) ENRIQUE CAVADA CARARTE

Mi dirección:

Calle Cerro Largo 1268 Apto. 1  
Montevideo, Uruguay

Me duele saber que nuestra universidad no se conozca bien fuera de Filipinas. Pero me place saber que en otros países hay extranjeros que nos admiran no por nuestra valentía y otras cosas sino porque, como creo, la historia de nuestro país y la de Uruguay siguen la misma senda. En estos dos países la cultura española tiene algo de que enorgullirse. Es posible decir que somos diferentes en raza pero iguales en cultura. Por estas líneas como carolinian estoy muy agradecido a la revista católica llamada "LATIN-AMERICA" por incluir en sus páginas a la Universidad de San Carlos. Le aseguro a Sr. D. Enrique Cavada Cañarte que dentro de poco él tendrá carta nuestra y le contaremos todo lo que sabemos de nuestra patria y otras cosas más que, no dudo, le interesarán.

#### LA CEREMONIA DE LA BANDERA:—

Se nota que la ceremonia de la bandera en nuestra universidad, ceremonia civil, ha pasado a ser una ceremonia religiosa. Religiosa porque algo de nuestra religión entra en la ceremonia. Sin duda preguntaráis en que aspecto lo considero así. Pues bien, yo que asisto tanto a la ceremonia de la mañana como a la de la tarde noto que hay estudiantes, que, sin darse cuenta, inmediatamente después de la ceremonia ya sea por la mañana o por la tarde al arriar la misma, hacen la señal de la cruz. ¿Qué podemos llamar esa reacción, reflejo o costumbre? Creo que cualquiera que sea la causa de esa reacción, es el efecto de la enseñanza de la religión puesta en práctica. Por que sirviendo a Dios servimos a nuestra patria religiosamente, y la bandera del país vuelve de nuevo a ser considerada como una cosa sagrada.

#### P. E. HOERDEMANN, S.V.D.

Antes de la guerra si mal no recuerdo desde el año 1936 el R. P. Hoerdemann, S.V.D. estaba en Cebu, durante la ocupación japonesa siguió en nuestra ciudad y también durante la liberación empujando a trabajar con celo inflatible para el progreso de reconstrucción de lo que entonces eran ruinas debido a la guerra. Nosotros hemos visto crecer como de la nada estos edificios que hoy

## ADIVINANZAS

Adivina los siguientes. Las respuestas saldrán en el siguiente número del Carolinian.

1. En un cuarto hay cuatro gatos, cada uno en un rincón, cada uno ve tres gatos a la vez, ¿divina cuantos son.
2. Si tú me permites vivir, yo no viviré largo, pero si tú me matas una vez, yo viviré mas largo tiempo.
3. El agua santa no puede cogerse salvo por un niño.
4. Cinco personas ocupan solamente un cuarto.
5. Blanco como la nieve, sabe mi secreto.
6. No es agua del cielo, ni el de la tierra, pero es agua potable.
7. Las frutas son como espadas, las hojas como barajas.
8. Se va por allá se va por acá, pero no llega a la destinación.
9. Cuando es pequeño es un submarino, cuando grande es un avión.
10. Tú te lo traes, se te trae a tí.
11. Vuela como un pájaro, se posa en las ramas como un niño.
12. Yo soy cobarde contra uno, pero bravo contra muchos.
13. Mato la madre pero como la hija.
14. Está aquí pero no lo vemos al contrario lo sentimos.
15. Tiene un cuerpo pero no tiene cara, no tiene ojos pero vierte lágrimas.

admira todo Cebú y la mayoría de ellos se debieron a su gran actividad. Este padre solió de Cebú destinado por sus superiores a Japón a la Universidad de Nanzan, Nagoya en Julio del año 1950 y a pesar del tiempo transcurrido no se olvidó de San Carlos y todas los años al llegar las Navidades manda una felicitación general a todos los miembros de la facultad y también algunos particulares a aquellos que particularmente siguen comunicándose con él escrito. El corazón de P. Hoerdemann está en Cebu y también nosotros le recordamos y desde esta columna le damos las gracias por su recuerdo, dándole testimonio de que tampoco nos hemos olvidado de él.

#### PARADA Y CONCURSO DE LINTERNAS (FAROLES):—

El día 21 de Diciembre a las seis de la tarde el cuerpo estudiantil de la universidad se agrupó en el cuadrángulo, preparándose para la parada de linternas, que ya es una costumbre establecida para cerrar las clases y recordar a los estudiantes que las pascuas son una realidad. En esta parada todos los colegios o departamentos de la universidad estuvieron representados excepto la escuela primaria. El departamento que presentase el farol mas simbolico o mas artistico, o un gran numero de estudiantes

ganaría un premio. Había muchos faroles bonitos llevados por los estudiantes como entrantes en el concurso. El colegio de Educación ganó el premio adjudicado al farol mas simbolico. El colegio de Ingeniería presentó un gran farol que era un angel suspendido en el aire por medio de globos aerostáticos. Este colegio ganó el premio adjudicado al farol mas artistico. El colegio de Farmacia en que cada estudiante llevaba una linterna en forma de tubo de ensayo tenía el mayor número de faroles, y por lo tanto ganó el premio adjudicado al colegio mejor representado. La parada pasó por las calles de Pelaez, Sananciangto, Junquera, P. del Rosario volviendo al cuadrángulo, donde los jueces esperaban. Después de la parada cuando todos los participantes estaban ya en el cuadrángulo, los maestros que acababan de terminar su reunion de antes de Pascuas en la que hicieron intercambio de regalos y una rifa arrojaron caramelitos a los estudiantes, dando así color y vida a la festividad. En la reunion de la facultad los padres del verbo divino participaron en el intercambio de regalos y también en la rifa. Había también "Holchit" costeados por los maestros. La reunion estuvo muy animada por los cantos de villancicos y con la presencia de la banda de música de la universidad.

§ it's not funny anymore but this heap here was written 43 pages too late. after the fifth deadline, the editor (alias tiburcio of the "triot") began asking me to pony up with my contribution for this issue. fact to tell, i had none at the time so i wildcatted for ideas to whip up a column but — so help me, Rebecca! — everytime i got the correct writing posture, my mind declared a strike. i tried rearranging the furniture in my thinking cabin but the whole thing was a flop. until finally, when i sensed that i was being groomed for the doghouse, i deposited the seat of

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# THE

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# MOVING

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my pants upon an old beat-up chair and started the construction of this literary monument. (Yawn!!).

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§ this issue's theme is sports, yeah, and we've been just grand this year. when i predicted that our team would beat the bygones out of their opponents, i laid me an aig. and it was a bad egg, too. i saw the guys play during the series and i laugh to say that they **just played**. that was the whole danged trouble. the warriors played for the sake of good clean fun. oh, they were so gracious in defeat. but to us carolinian fans, it was getting to be a nasty habit. everytime the other hoopings put the tweezers on, dodang's gochildren were a thoroughly routed squad. they were pitiful matter, our boys. gone were the old, fury and razzle-dazzle which even the metropolitan ballyhoop boys praised, via the newsprint whenever the varsity yokels scored, which was a seldom enough hap-penstance, we did the indian whoop but the boys made points as though they were handpunching for them. the sight of them was torture.

i don't know but they were sharp during their maiden appearance. they had about everything with them — shooting arms, go-hit, a little razzle-dazzle, a good coach and even a brace of loyal women yodelers. nothing was missing ex-

cept the cup and a nationwide televized hoop-up. yet our players got nowhere. after their first collision with usp, where they won in fluent fashion, the warriors got bullied around. they kept staying in the dark and their kind of play was outrageous; it was touch and go all the way. they lost the crown because they had no respect for the doctrine which rules the basketball roost — teamwork!

\*\*\*\*\*

§ in the sports department, usc is a down-and-outer this year. the private schools athletic association (prisaac) hostilities which are billed for feb the 18th will not include baseball — an event where we have a reliable team. the prisaac bigbottoms have politely omitted the

tramural affairs, has set the play-off sked for the college festivities. i stake a few shekels in favor of the commerce team. bet?

\*\*\*\*\*

§ the college day, usc's junior edition of pit senior and the conness festival, will pop its top on the same day the prisaac declares the outbreak of war. this year's fiesta promises to be a whing-ding. the libarts department is expected to waltz away with most of the prizes because as early as mid-january they had their plans mapped out already. the law sect could pull surprises and so can the high school dept. i have a feeling it's going to be great fun just like the old days.

\*\*\*\*\*

by

BUDDY QUITORIO

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# FINGER

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event so i figure that our sluggers will have to confine their activities to the university lot backstage. we have no track team to harumph about and our basketball lalapa-loozas deserve old age pensions. the only contingent upon which i pin both my hope and my frat pin is the volleyball team. which isn't much, either.

\*\*\*\*\*

§ a lot of basketball aficionados and dilettantes have been asking me when the play-off betwixt the law and commerce teams will get underway and by authority in me vested as a benchwarmer of the law five, i saith to them: "i have no idea." the prospect of a rematch appears as far-off possibility because the law basketbarons insist on an official referee who can tell a basketball game from a free-for-all and apparently no ref wants to preside over a game for practice lessons, no... he wants movie money or something. and the protagonists want the assurance that whoever comes out winner will be honored — if not with a torch parade — at least with a loving cup. atty. do-ronio, usc's prime minister of in-

§ **travailogue: tacloban city**

first contact with paulinians came by chance... got into a hand-pumping request by the members of the **gallean club**, naughty name for a sect whose members are real hospitable. then the x'mas holidays simply went rip-roaring with the town the rousing act. madame tacloban was dolled-up and spruced-up for the gala days. guys i met like **nits montilla**, **celing asturias**, **methodio brua**, **gabby sta. maria**, and the rest of the pack. i've got a word for all of them: they're folk!

barged into **tony young**, varsity ex... made whoopee with **dodo formilleza** who threw in a couple of tales about his misadventures in town. x'mas cocked a shy eye at us in **toleng jaramilla's** flat after a heartsoul request for "the girl" to play "laura"... item special: **inday jaramilla**, the "power" feature ed-ress who writes about people and places with a zing, is one girl i'd rather forget some other people but... had a camerapage with her and **peping cantos** at the har-

(Continued on page 39)

# ... EDITORIAL ...

## *When You Meet A Commie, Don't Freeze!*

Last year, two Chinese students, enrolled in this University, were arrested by agents of the Military Intelligence Service (MIS). The two were allegedly suspects of a Communist spy ring believed to be organized in this city.

For most of the students, the arrests were very surprising... and hope even now that both girls are innocent. Certainly, they did not do any active propaganda within the University.

On the other hand the Communistic threat is a real one. Communist infiltration is no longer hushed subject among intellectuals... or even among the average citizenry. Communism has become a real threat... no longer abstract as a Picasso painting or as far-fetched as a Third World War; it is no longer the "inexhaustible" subject of countless editorials or the butt of most jokes.

How do Communist students operate?

Allow us to quote a few portions of Walter Eels' report about their stealth and strategy. He was Adviser on Higher Education on the Staff of the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers (SCAP).

"... In many of the universities, student cells are... organized and work effectively. Even though a minority of the student body belongs to the Communist cell, Communist students have often succeeded in gaining control of student organizations and activities. They have learned all the tricks of parliamentary organizations and use them effectively. They secure control by planning carefully, acting as a unit, delaying decisive votes until the opposition is worn out, and finally securing the important decisions. It is a Soviet axiom that an organized minority can always control an apothetic majority.

Typical Communist strategy is to seize upon a popular issue that represents some cause for legitimate discontent. Communists feed on grievances and strife. In every country where they have achieved power they were astute enough to attach themselves to some popular cause such as land reform, labor reform, overpopulation, rural poverty, or social legislation. Student support to cure these obvious ills was whipped..."

In short, the Communist cell is the fightingest group of intelligence ever assembled by the Kremlin, purposely designed to create confusion, discontent and social unrest. They prey on student groups posing as "champions of better student living conditions." They promise intellectual "utopias" and most often, the confused students follow like meek lambs; or eager rats dancing to the tune of a Communist-inspired Pied Piper.

Ours therefore is not to stand agog as the newsboys holler about communist infiltration and arrested suspects. We should instead do more on hollering about our democratic system to the unenlightened masses... for illiteracy and unemployment are ideal seed-boxes of Communism. You know that.

*Thomas L. L. Schivarrre*



(Mrs. ROSARIO E. DE VEYRA

## THE LADIES' MARTINET

by SAMUEL FABROZ

● To a charming social leader goes the distinction of being the first Dean of Women in the University of San Carlos—an office recently created to meet the long-felt need of a moral guardian whose primary duty is to look after the welfare of the University's lady students. The designation of Mrs. Rosario de Veyra, (see picture) to a major office is a tribute to her competence as a counsellor, directress and disciplinarian. On December 1, 1955, when Father Rector inked the office order appointing her to USC's newest position, the news of her appointment evoked little surprise. It became apparent at once that she was the right choice for the ticklish job.

The idea behind the creation of the Deanship was originally conceived by Rev. Fr. Cornelius van der Linden, S.V.D., Dean of the Graduate School, who presented it to the USC Faculty Catholic Actionists for proper consideration. The actionists took up the idea enthusiastically and made the corresponding recommendation to Father Rector. And so, a Lady Martinet came upon the scene.

Mrs. de Veyra has a solid educational background and a firm grounding in the ways of discipline. She finished her secondary course under the Belgian sisters of St. Theresa's College. In 1939, she was graduated from the University of Sto. Tomas with a bachelor's degree in Fine Arts. A year later, in the same school, she got her BSE sheepskin. For the last seven years she has been a Directress of the YLAC School.

Among the first official acts of the Dean of Women was the issuance of questionnaires to all Carolinians in regard to the condition of their board and lodging, means of financial support, parental status and condition, participation in social affairs and other matters directly affecting student actuations. This was done with the view of determining who among the students stand in need of counselling and guidance. At regular times, the Dean of Women will convoke the lady teachers in such numbers as she deems necessary to assist her in the supervision of student behavior. The duty falls upon her to see to it that, in harmony with Christian teachings and practices, politeness and etiquette is observed and that lady students treat the boys with reserve. Vulgar conduct should never be countenanced.

Her duties are manifold and cover the following fields: (1) Private counselling of lady students, (2) Control of discipline. Serious offenses against discipline will be recommended to the respective deans for appropriate action and, if the nature of the offense is grave, the case may be brought to the Rector. (3) Promotion of

religious activities among lady students in cooperation with the Dean of Religion. (4) Supervision of all social and civic activities of lady students. (5) Supervision of the housing of lady students in dormitories and boarding houses.

There is every indication that the creation of the Deanship will bring salutary effects in the future. The promptness with which all infractions against good behavior can be dealt with serves as an effective deterrent against repeated misdemeanors. The University will thus thrive under an atmosphere fit for the intellectual and moral training of Catholic students. When the effects are finally weighed, the recipient of the benefits is the student himself who can step out of the premises of his alma mater proud in the thought that he is a Catholic and a Carolinian, steeped in the goodness which his school has generously endowed upon him.

And this welcome transition came about because of the tender, patience, sweat and sincerity of a smooth-browed, light-complexioned lady martinet: Mrs. Rosario de Veyra.

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