

SAN CARLOS would not have existed were it not for Magallanes. Probably, some Chinese educator would have established a school in Cebu (the name would not be Cebu, I hate to think of it) and in time would have made the school a university. But some daring European crossed the ocean smack right into this land, stomped his foot and planted his colors, crying some, "I hereby name this land *ladrones*" — thing to that effect. Anyway, Magallanes crossed Lapu-lapu's bolo and remained in Opon forever. San Carlos, after emerging from stages such as Colegio de San Ildefonso, Seminario de San Carlos, Seminario Real de San Carlos, Colegio de San Carlos, and finally Universidad de San Carlos, came to own a magazine. The magazine itself had to decoconize itself from **El Estudiante** (the ill student) to **Carolinian** (a name thought of by some editor with a hypersensitive brain). So the paper came to be. The first issue of the **El Estudiante** was in tabloid form, the size of which had to be measured through an electron microscope. The typesetter must have been cross-eyed (linotype being a madman's dream then) for the paper looked like an edition of a local song hit kit. San Carlos had no College of Law yet and, naturally, no barristers. So the editorship went to a Pre-Law prodigy who played football and dismantled syllogisms. He handled the organ until the school, tired of his tirade against everything, graduated him. But the Ed did some lipflop, somersaulted through the bar with a grade of 92.5% staged a comeback and landed as the Dean of the College of Law. Atty. Fulvio C. Pelaez still looks much alter the paper's welfare. A pretty serious guy he is now, guiding lawyers-not-yet and smartening up the neophytes of his profession. A law office, his name on the phone book (Pelaez, Pelaez & Pelaez, more coming) a nice house and family and the USC directory are some of the things that now carry his name. Luis Ladonga, who for years did a kibitzer's job with the **Carolinian**, waggled into the editorial chair and got himself entangled in a mess of writing about the current topics of the day. Like that day between July and August, 1940, when he wrote on the dignity of having arms (killing Japs was unknown then, Pearl Harbor not having been bombed). Perhaps, the Ed that time had funny ideas about ROTC and got himself a medal for lugging

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around the city a seventy-five millimeter-piece. Anyway, **Carolinian** work, vintage '40, was pretty full of soldiers. The Commandant that time was "Loeey" Campos, a handsome guy with the sideview of the great sidewise. Looking back at the pictures of those soldiers, one would readily assume that something was terribly wrong with the sartorial makeup of those years. The waists of the **sondalos** were up to the bust, making them look like a bunch of tied potato sacks. But this is straying from the purpose of this article.

Julie Severino, a cute pert chick in Ladonga's time, had an excursion for "a day in Paradise," though the paradise she talked about was the contentment of the simple people. Jose Local, the Bennet Cerf of those days, had a fine time explaining to his comical chemical professor why he wrote Mr. Manganes instead of Managase. They had a fine time laughing the episode over a bottle of rice wine. The years up to forty-one were pretty much wrapped up in training soldiers, tying the knee breeches. Work on the **Carolinian** was confined to making the magazine look less repelling to ad-takers. The Barba Press did the tinkering with the paper and the glass-eyed editors did the proof reading.

The **Carolinian** is the only paper whose editors come and go with the regularity of a bill collector's visit. Recently, I contemplated on writing about the take-off of former editor Tom Echivarre, '56. He is a guy who thinks nothing of placing a comma here and there or changing the manuscript outright, making the neophytes' invention read like Robert Nathan's, and still keeps

num on the downright incompetence of his staff. The **Carolinian** under his direction, however, often lost much of its murky deep literary sound by coming to the students' level. The school organ under him was subjected to a lot of literary confusion by the local talents of the English **langvich**, but though the furor they raised was like the recent Cebu fire, Tommy still keeps on writing much in the same old way. Nene Ramado, Tommy's contemporary in the school paper is one man who can write deep moving poetry. He never believes in the word inspiration; desperation is a word more likely to appeal to his senses. His "Christmas Tear", one of the best of his poems to come out in the paper, won acclaim even from his critics. Ramado's world is a poet's world, one of beatified suffering, where pain and sorrow have more depth and love soars heavenward to joyous dimensions.

After the Japanese made mincemeat of our national defense and after they, in turn, got keelhauled by the returning American liberators, the **Carolinian** went into business again. There was Virgilio Kintamar, the paper's ed of 1941, who thought nothing of the beauties that surrounded him, (those faces of Julie Severino, Trinidad Alvarez, to name two of them), but kept on doggedly digging his brain for thoughts that he hoped would affect the changing world of 1941. There were quiet epigrams of Bernardina Tabada: "meandering in the quiet spell of the moonlight.... dreams of wandering delight.... memories when evening falls.... too bad she wasn't born during Juliet's time. She would have been a great love

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poetess. She is still great. Then there was a man who loved to sleep in his class and came up with a defense of the royal art of daydreaming. Most have been a regular siesta maniac. "Well... uh... perferer, I didn't get your question. Mind if we go over it again?" Nice guy, if he was still around. Should be teamed with our present Ed, who possess the two sleepest creepers this side of the hemisphere. Roberto Garcia used to sing in the KZRC "CSC Commerce Hour" but the years have changed things a bit. Now, he is singing for the whole caboodle of the Cebu Broadcasting Company.

Fortunato Borromeo, who used to handle the Spanish section of this magazine, featured Don Vicente Quibilan in one of his regular presentations of the CSC faculty "El Sr. Quibilan nos hace recordar aquello lo que dijo Napoleon de que la estatura baja no es ninguna remora a las actividades de uno."

"Whatever that means, it certainly sounds like a tribute. Mr. Quibilan, one of USC's truest pioneers, was a victim of Nipponese atrocities. The local Kempetai killed him when his guerrilla activities were detected. His death was mourned by many Carolinians who found in him a friend and a teacher. The war years brought a halt to the operation of the school magazine. The Colegio was used by the Japanese as a garrison and, therefore, was used by the American pilots and shipmen as a practice target sight. As a result, there wasn't much left of the old building. After the hostilities ceased and the school professors came out of their hiding places, the institution went into a flurry of re-

habilitation. After feverish activities on the part of the good fathers, a new institution, complete with a roof garden, arose from the dust and that started that.

Francis Militante was handed the responsibility of jerking the press of the school. As the headman of the mag, he came across such sentimental pieces as "goodby mother America, we are free but not yet" and things like those which brought good tears to the guerrilleros who were sorry to be separated from the US Army.

Ginnie Peralta got moony over her "Moonway," lamenting upon the loss of someone dear and understanding. When she thought she finally could unburden herself, the only word that shaped her mouth was "goodbye!" No more good-byes now. Not today. Not with a boy to take care of and a radio to wrestle with.

And then Nap Rama came with lit-tling fanlore, through the courtesy of typhoon "Jean" in 1949. Faigao, in his "Canto Voice" creaked: "who has seen the wind, neither I nor you; but when the science garden sheds its roof, the wind is passing through." Nap Rama is an old gentleman who is dark but not too much, slightly turned but not so, hugging the lines of the tape measure between five and six feet. NGR wielded his pen with the

stance of d'Artagnan at bay, could compose notes which could make Cyrano 'Long Nose' Bergerac squirm in envy. He was a mean man with his pen, soft in his heart with the ladies and generous with his cigarettes. The drugstore people missed him much and so suffered his loss that the solesdadies became quite hesitant to allow other editors to draw any account with them. Nap Rama, like any other editor of this magazine, went around the campus with ears cocked, nose tilted, and pencil in his ears. The ladies were no nuisance; yes, to him they were god-send. And his staff were just as talented as their faces. One made the front page of a national daily. The others were frequently seen among the bigshots of the campus, making faces at the cameramen. And the written pieces they dished out were just the right kind for that romantic period.

Emilio B. Aller, the man who prides himself with, of all things, a bone-breaking handshake, shook hands with Rama, tried the editorial hot-chair, found it fitted him like a camel with the straw and launched his campaign. To him belongs the distinction of having made four deadlines of the school paper before the manuscripts finally sailed in, in slow motion. With him were irrepresible Delia Saguin, her written campus oddities lively as her personality; gay and vivacious Rosita Ty, Leonie Lianza, with eyes that launched a thousand sighs, Rosario Teves and Annie Ratcliff of the snow teetle family. Finally there was Ben Cabailo whose hands were talented beings distinct from him-

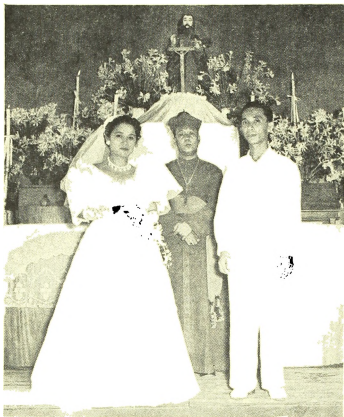
by ROSS ESCOBER

sell. His battlecry "siopao!!!" is still well remembered.

Emilio stayed for a while in the editorial desk, tangled up with the editors of the local dailies for writing a controversial piece on politics (always a hot issue 'round here), got advised by Father Schonleld to stay out of politics until he wore long pants (the never got to, he now is wearing bahama shorts), finally lit out for the United States on a

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ALUMNOTES



Newlyweds **PETRONILO CHAVEZ** and **JULIETA CORNIESTA**
 "... till death do us part."

THE LAST MILE . . .

Calm, reserved and thoughtful **GUILLERMO JUANICH** has finally delivered his valedictory address to bachelorhood. He committed matrimony!!! Or, in another way of describing the act, he threw his hat into the matrimonial arena. Perhaps the happiest men on earth last April 19th were Prince Rainer III of Monaco and **GUILLERMO JUANICH** of Bohol. If the Monacans witnessed a grand wedding that date, the people of Tubigon, Bohol, had their share, too, in the touching, simple and impressive rites which took place in the town's Ca-

tholic Church where **Guillermo** slipped the little golden band of his bride, the former Miss **NORBERTA LIBARIOS**. Members of the wedding entourage were: Mr. Apolinario Ceñer and Mrs. Florencia Abulac, as sponsors; **TERESITA ARANAS** and **FLORENTINO ZOZOBRADO**, chord sponsors; **ROSARIO TALADUA** and **GREGORIO YNCIERTO**, veil sponsors; **KATTY ESPIRITU** and **PAULINO BONGATO**, candle sponsors; **NENA ARABIA**, **ROSALIND VILLALUZ**, **DELIA GADOR**, and **ROSARIO HERMOSA**, bridesmaid; **SAMUEL**

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The Expurgated History of THE CAROLINIAN

Smith-Mundt travel grant. He has wonderful stories about big buildings, small people and tall thin men with pockets full of mazuma. Hear him talk but don't make the mistake of shaking hands with him.

He packs a mean, crippling grip. He says the US is a land where honey and money flow as sweat pours from your body. **The Carolinian** under his management bagged first prize in editorial writing.

Under him the "C" was harassed by slanghappy yokel Nestor Morales, and surrounded by the sweat boys. Through all these hazards, he managed to live.

After Aller unceremoniously left his hotseat, white, big-eyed, eloquent Vestil acted as the supremo. His posture, stern eyes and polished writings undoubtedly made him successor to Leo Bello which is Aller's *nome de plume*. The Editor that time had a lunny idea about reporters. He thought they were the most glamorous souls operating on earth. But about the time he got led up with the job of correcting all the manuscripts, he changed his mind in favor of script writing. Vestil is now an established name in local cinema. The editorial "office" that time was the community boarding house of the Dean of the Liberal Arts and the staff members. So, the scramble for seats during press days was a sight trying to the Dean, who finally exiled the "boys" to the basement floor. Anyway, here was Jess Vestil, smoking his cigars, handing out his favorite brand of cigarettes to the yokels who were now bending their backs rattling their brains and stretching their eyes to make the magazine more readable. There was VNL and his "Herbie" series, Buddy Quitaro, Agustin Jamiro, and the guys who thought they could do a neat fadeaway during d-lines. The act is always repeated every time there is a deadline to beat. There were hecklers, and an assortment of characters which could have driven a sociologist crazy.

Right now, I am wondering how I ever came across you. But that will be far some other fellow to write about. Anyway, this is the paper and its rip-snorting history. Those poor souls who will come behind the desk of this paper will have to thank the administration, those fa-