

Caroliniana

By: Leo Bello

● It had taken much effort to make this issue. The mid-term exams were in the offing; and we had to see to it that the materials were all in, polished according to standards and made ready for the printer before we actually could start reviewing for the semester's lemon-time brain-twisters. Yes, time was running out on us; and figuratively speaking, we had to fly to be ahead of it. However, with the brand-new staff we have, we were able to whip up this much of an issue, but not before undergoing more than the usual ordeal.

We got through with it, sure, but had to put into the bargain whatever we could do to accomplish it under uncompromising circumstances, old and new, which had strange ways of harrassing us when least expected. But the important and gratifying fact is that the job is done. You can bear us out on this because you are even reading a copy now. The aim we sought which is to serve those who are gullible enough to read us is won. That much we are consoled.

But you may wonder why we should be so extraordinarily excited about getting up an issue. You may think that our alarming concern over going to press on schedule is artificial and exaggerated. You will not understand if we should tell you why; because you must have thought, perhaps that the whole job is a picnic. Thus, to make you understand will entail explanation covering a lot of pages, unless you could be with us throughout the tedious grind necessary to make an issue. And yet, if you should like to have an inkling of the whole ordeal which we have to go through for any issue, we have these to say:

Have you ever tried holding your breath for a moment? Try to hold it as long as you can and you will find that you hardly can hold out without the feeling that your lungs are likely to get busted. Why, you could make of it as some kind of death by suffocation. In the process of doing up an issue, the first thing we do is hold our breath. While doing so, we wish and pray for the right materials to come in sooner. They come in quantities but chances are that most of them are rubbish and trash. Still holding our breath, we sweat it out with our gray-matter while doing the collection of materials, evaluation of contributions, selection of choice morsels, correction of chosen pieces, copy-reading, layouting and dummy-making and more copy-reading. We are blessed this year to be exempted from proof-reading. The printer has obliged us on this. When everything is packed and sent to the printer, only then can we breath again. It must just be a miracle that we did not suffocate in not breathing that long. But that much is sacrifice. And while we undergo the process explained above, the neighbors are liable to remark: **The dope, he is too studious!** Ah, if only he could divine the truth! Why, the thing which forces us

to burn the midnight candle is not studying our lessons. It is not curricular either, and has nothing to do with passing the standards set by our professors in evaluating how much we are worth in the subjects we take in our course! Proof: we will barely make it, if at all, in our mid-term report card. **Merese to you, you brought it upon yourselves,** you would say and end up with a horse-laugh. And yet we still assure you that we will do it again as habitual delinquents for the good of old USC.

THIS ISSUE

● "**Southern California, Playground of the West,**" so says **Bill Bowler** in the inside front cover. Bill must be yearning for the old familiar places which he used to frequent while he was a student of the St. Ignatius de Loyola High School somewhere in California. He vividly describes the beautiful places he must have visited in that wonderful state which faces the Pacific.

● "**From USC to the United Nations**" is quite a great big stride for **Atty. Pedro L. Yap** who used to be Professor of the USC College of Law. But he made it all right, and currently he is an Associate Officer of the Human Rights Division of United Nations. The man's capabilities and potentialities make him worthy of the honor to serve with the UN.

● "**That's My Business**" is a one-act play which has a strictly USC background. It portrays a beautiful picture of student-life on our campus, written by no less a personage than **Mrs. Esperanza V. Manuel** who teaches English at USC. The writing of this play proves that Ma'am can write as well and as effectively as she can teach.

● "**Herbie Enters Fool-itics,**" Alex is informed. **VNL** himself, was actually elected as Press Relations Officer for the Freshman Class Organization of the College of Law. And ditto in the USC Lex Circle. In Passing Thru, **VNL** relates to us with childish gusto that rollicking despedida party' the lawyers-not-yet had in honor of Atty. Pedro L. Yap. "**Capitis Diminutio**" will plaster you with side-splitting. The pen of **VNL** is that effective. You cannot help agreeing that the guy is prolific and intellectual humor is his forte.

● The Dean of the USC College Engineering obliges us for the first time with his "**Electrical Engineering as a Career**". This scientific article expressed in a layman's language is an eye-opener. This is the kind of article which ought to be written for popular consumption. It is so informative and bares the great role which electrical engineering plays in all fields of endeavor. And we are made to realize that there may come a

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ON DA LEVEL

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red like pretending to ask a light from a friend's bag. And chances are that before I can pick my stick of cigarette, the sucker would offer me one of his which may be a Camel or a Chesterfield.

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The CCAA opening cage tournament which turned out in a hoopla at a downtown gym was ably represented by teams and sympathizers of each college participating. What got my goat was neither the major upset of the evening nor the band-less ceremony but the sight of, paradox of paradoxes, two prominent feminine bundles of Carolinian pulchritude rooting for the opposing team as our high school warriors locked horns with their opponents. Can you beat the deuce? I'm suspecting those dame; have some kind of "vested interest" on some of the players. Get what I mean?

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A friend from Davao City who has stayed barely three months in USC has observed this: Most of our female students, if not all, are having a fashion competition. Everyone wants to out-dress the other so much so that it looks as if a fashion show is in the offing. I don't want to commit myself to his observation, after all it's not my dough they spend to buy them. Anyway, what do you say girls...er I mean ladies?

My gibberish has got to end. Why, I also have to beat the deadline. See you next semester, G'by!

HERBIE ENTERS FOOL-ITICS

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Well, there you are, Alex, or should I say there they are. I'm sorry I haven't the complete list of the officers yet. Our pretty secretary hasn't issued press releases at this writing. You'll probably find that somewhere in the News section of this issue, anyway.

Already, the grapevine is rumbling with the rumor that Expedito Bugarin and someone-or-other will be groomed for nomination to secondary and minor posts in the Lex Circle. An acquaintance party... a barn dance... the usual first activities of any class organization, is planned... class spirit and the fever of enthusiasm is very strong (for the first few days, at least).

Say, I guess by the time this comes out in print the issue will be stale, forgotten, passé and obsolete. Too bad this can't come out tomorrow, while the matter is still fresh. But, Alex, it was an exciting and pulse-pounding class election. Now it's all over but the... work!

That's all, Alex. Auf weidersee-you-in-class,

h e r b i e.

WOMAN, GUARDIAN . . .

(Continued from front inside cover)

Where do we go to in times of sorrow and of pain? To whom do we open our hearts when doubts assail us? On whose bosom do we lay our whirling heads when misfortune overtakes us? When in pain, whose hands caress us? When we suffer, who comforts us? And when we fall, who cries for us?

Woman! Still it is woman! From the beginning of our life woman is already with us. And, in death, her tears are shed for us. We cannot, though try we may, we can never escape the influence of woman.

To her, then, is due most of the good that mankind has ever achieved. Oftentimes reviled, sometimes spoken of in contempt, but always adored and revered... woman is silent. She receives in silence whatever it is man offers her in gratitude. But no matter whatever it be, she will forever be beside us, guiding our DESTINY.

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time when everything in science will be controlled by the impulses engendered by the electrons. **Dean Rodríguez** should be congratulated for this enlightening article. We wish that some more of the kind will be contributed in the future issues.

● **Manuel Trinidad, Jr.**, a stranger to our pages, philosophizes. In his "Democracy — A Fact or an Ideal?" he wounds up finally with a logical conclusion that democracy can only be achieved by the aid of the legitimate freedoms, religion and autonomy, religious education, development of good leaders, and the cooperation of a civic-minded citizenry endowed with love for what is right and good.

● "What Do You Think... about the restoration of the Seventh Grade in our elementary schools?" Buddy this time asks. The answers are varied. They are food for thought.

● **Expedito Bugarin** breaks into our pages for the first time with a short story, "The Trader." It tells of

the adventure of a man who thought he could be very smart during the dark days of the occupation. You will do well to find out how smart he could be at the end. The author is a man of varied activities. Besides studying as a Freshman in Law, he announces every morning in the Milkman's Matinee hour of station DYBU.

● Another new-comer into our pages is **Néstor-M. Morelos**, who calls out, "Look Here, Junior!" and tells you many things about Carolinian boys and girls as only a real connoisseur can. This attempt as satire shows to any budding writer what interesting subjects one can write about basking under their very noses.

● The neophytes to the pages of this mag seem to make a Roman Holiday of this issue. Another freshie, **Rolando Espina**, maintains that "Woman (is) Guardian of Our Destiny," in the inside front cover. He uses women of history as examples supporting his contention. We want more of the kind, Rolando, although we would like you to come down to earth next time. Anyway, thanks for obliging us.