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THE PROBLEM AROUND US

The modern way of tackling problems is supposedly to employ the scientific method of investigation and analysis. With the use of the computer which facilitates the data processing and analysis, the so-called "systems approach" is made feasible and convenient. However, this is still a very expensive and not even a sure way of solving problems and finding the best solutions to them.

No matter how we may need modern ways of getting our problems solved, the human brain with its capacity to out-think any computer is still superior and immensely flexible tool for surmounting any human crises. Why is it, therefore, that mistakes and problems besetting the family, the community, the nation and the world seem to defy human ingenuity? One can answer this question in many ways, but there are, to my mind, two basic factors. They are that, first, the human mind can be subject to the psychological influence of an ideology, and, second, the consequent acceptance of values according to the dominant ideology steers the mind's assent to the direction of aroused passions. In common language, the mind becomes blind.

What all that come to is the need for the discipline of the mind and the heart according to truth, justice and charity. Well, that surely is easier said than done. But, that is the only way we can take if we do not want our hope for a peaceful world to be futile.

Let us look at the problem occasioned by politics. The present crisis of peace and order in Ilocandia and elsewhere in the Philippines is basically a crisis of truth for no one can be trusted to tell the truth or the real story. Of justice, likewise, because truth being made impossible to attain, the victims especially of the rivalry do not any more believe that they can have justice done to them.

The problems that exist between the rich and the poor, between labor and capital can all be traced back to the need for more honesty to oneself and the sense of justice in relationship with others. And those values are largely engendered by the ideology that dominates the person and not necessarily by what one professes. Such is the scandal of those who are Christian in name but not in conduct. However, there are those who are true to their ideological color. Of course, we can always wonder at this, but as said before "the children of darkness are much wiser than the children of light." It can be added that there are radicals who apparently are more Christian in their dedication in championing the fight for justice for the exploited and the oppressed.

Education is becoming a monster of the problem in this country. The matter of economics may be an important factor in this problem -- the need to educate more children with less means -- but this is even compounded far more by a lack of consistent implementation of the national policy of education. Now, with the incursion of an ideological influence in schools and campuses that would consider "the university as part of the state machinery, a piece of capitalist society," the prospect of more radical protest to change our basic educational philosophy and system looks even grimmer.

Even more immediately disastrous for us if not checked in time is the baneful attitude to pursuing an education. Getting a college degree is the thing. How one goes about obtaining it seems a very minor consideration. So we have a legion of "cultured unemployed." To encourage by so many words that our young people should undertake more effort in science and technology to meet the needs of modern development is futile, if science and mathematics are considered of secondary importance in the primary and secondary levels of instruction. It is true we are waking up to the folly of some years ago of making science and mathematics optional before college. The National Science Development Board is spearheading a doubletime effort to recover from the set-back we suffered.

Yes, we can talk about our problems. They are many and their burden is overwhelming us. But, at least, we should not give up our ability to reason, to judge and to act. In this is the key to our survival.

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THE CAROLINIAN STAFF SUMMER 1970

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Editorial

THE REAL NEED

Almost everyone believes that a non-partisan constitutional convention is by all measures the best way to ensure a genuine, progressive and humane constitution. It seems obvious to them, too, that such a meet is highly possible within the next year.

Firstly, the myth that a truly non-partisan election for the convention delegates can ever be held should be done away with. In the present socio-economic-political structure, not one can prevent modern-day politicians, the vested powers, from running in and dominating the coming election. Dreams of non-political intervention will remain illusions - as quixotic as hoping for the profligate rich to abandon their excesses for the use of society.

Yet even if the convention elections were to be really non-partisan, it is still necessary to examine whether such mode is practical and beneficial.

Arguments, based on the very constitution itself, have been propounded that no one can be barred from political activity. But there is a deeper reason why the holding of a non-partisan convention is not the best answer.

With parties banned, it can then be expected that individuals, faking leadership with meager organizational support, will throw in their hats in the derby. In the face of the quite chaotic situation, it will not come as a surprise if, the electorate reacts equally confused; and not the envisioned representative will eventually be chosen.

However, with political parties truly expressive of their people's aspirations, true leaders will undoubtedly emerge - not as demagogues, nor vain opportunists, not even disguised exploiters. They will be of their people, articulators of the people's desires and wishes. These leaders will possess the fine, purified image and inspiration of the hopeful masses.

Thus only through a truly partisan constitutional convention can these awaited leaders be realized and be sent to power - truly partisan in the sense that there is real representation of the different sectors of the Philippine society. Such partisanship shall no longer be the same old ideologically-bankrupt political parties whose interests are never of the people but only of the power elite.

Until then, we can never speak of "a people's voice" or "a people's mandate"; we, as now, will only continue to fool ourselves by recognizing and acknowledging that "the people have spoken."

Sadly, though, such truly partisan elections cannot be held within the next few years. Massive organization, rigorous self-education and politicalization of the masses and the peasants shall have to be undertaken first. More agitation from the youth and more sincerity from the emerging professionals will still be needed. And yet a lot more are required before such envisioned progressive mass organizations can be achieved.

Unless such organizations are formed, nothing can be expected of the constitutional convention and nothing will be done with a new constitution. Social organizations will not only guarantee a people's constitution, it will also preserve and protect it: We know Russia has one of the world's best constitutions, but we also know how life there is.

The summers that are stuck in one's mind are the days which nobody would think would be gone with an eye's wink. Those were the days when the sun fell with fury on our scalding skin that no small amount of fanning could relieve. Fanning eventually exhausts one to the point of perspiring. And the cycle goes on.

Those (or these) are also the days when everything is dry: the river, the pavement, the reservoir and, worst of all, the faucet. The coming of such a season also burdens the icemakers' pockets with bills and coins, at which time they sigh, "Never had it so good." To writers, summer days bring about the bitter and sweet memories of the bygone days of the past summers.

Summertime memories are made to linger in the walls of our mind and left to remain there as abstract realities - forever, however long forever is. Summertime may also serve as the panacea for the wounds either physical or otherwise; or it may be sharp dagger which slashes wider the wounds of one's heart. And all these mysteries belong exclusively to summer. Ahhh, summer.

Yes, it is summer when one would go back to the town where he belongs. And if that hometown is the same as this writer's, one may feel the feeling of isolation the moment he takes his first step. But still it is home, where every house seems to be a home away from homes, where darkness and an uneasy stillness hover everywhere, where merriment comes only when the "tubaan" attracts enough customers to drain the coconut wine which is supplied fresh from the barrios daily. These drunkards usually come to drain away all their hearts' sorrows, and when drunk, form an all-male choir. The senseless yet nostalgic strain breaks the stillness of the night and creeps into the deepest part of every inhabitant's heart.

Summer also brings the thought of the sea which lies at the back of the house - the biggest backyard in the place (imagine: hectares of sea with rolling waves abounding). Lots of fresh sea breeze naturally - and before long, one's skin turns gloomy. And it takes another long stay in the city - with polluted air abounding - to remake the skin.

At night it is heartening to hear the gentle rushing of the waves against the shore; and sometimes it is frightening - when big waves thunder their way to slap the shore.

During moonlit nights, lights flicker sleepily in almost everybody's house and the MacAdamized road comes alive with the innocent laughter of small children playing under the ambient glow of the moon. One listens to their laughter, which, though lively, rings with a tone of loneliness in the still of the night, with the thought that time surely flies quickly. It seems only yesterday when one's voice was one of those that would break the golden silence of the mountain once in a while. The saying that goes "Every step leads us closer to death" hasn't had a

more appropriate time of application.

Summer is also a time of tragic happenings. It was summer when a bullet and a "moment of insanity" snipped away the life of the man who could have been today's U.S. President Robert Kennedy. It was also summer when the Arabs and the Israelites began trading hot lead, and raised once more the clouds of fear that the end of the world was quite near. (So, repent). Some years back summer brought about an unexpected flood in Manila. Earthquakes, riots in demonstrations, an explosion in the Apollo 13 which nearly condemned the three men inside to a drifting existence in space, the harsh deportation of the Yuyitungs which raised cries for lost human rights in the country - these are but some sad happenings which have earmarked the dawn of summer this year.

Those are in the larger scene. The greatest tragedy for a student is to see a glowing red mark on his card so that he has to sacrifice his vacation and spend those golden days rereading those boring and hated books and memorizing facts however trivial the facts agonizing the process. But the main consolation of summer classes is that one could enjoy beauty at its best - though artificial. Miniskirts all around, and before long one may be nursing a stiff neck. But the beauty of the legs is nothing compared to the beauty of the face. They are a refreshing sight after all those one and a half hours or even three hours of poring over the faces of the books or staring at the sleepy face of the teacher.

It is quite amusing to ogle at the girls especially in the afternoon, when the heat becomes extremely unbearable that the Max Factor, the Kokuryus or what-have-you facial creams drip down their faces. Poor girls, they have to wipe their sweat desperately with "stronger when wet" tissues so they might not be a sorry sight after the class. And one can't help but chuckle when one of those canto boys asks sarcastically, "Lady, what have you got there - your face or a mask?" Blame the summer sun.

But this is looking at the dark side of beauty. But a thing of real beauty is joy forever. That is the Keatsian belief. And there may be some truth behind it. In fact many successful men had women behind their successes, and these women were beautiful (to those men at least). One teacher has always emphasized that for a student to succeed in his studies he must have an inspiration (he meant a girl) in every class that he attends. But, he says, they must be inspirations, and one hundred and one per cent perspiration

Those are but random notes on summer. And it is exclusive to summer. When this article comes out these things would be things of the past, would become "footprints in the sands of time" and "pressed between the pages of the mind." They would continue to linger there - even when summer is gone.

WHEN SUMMER IS GONE

By Fermin Chio

I am young; but my youth is a passing thing. It is now that I feel my dreams are rosiest but their beauty and allure will soon be gone. I dream of castles today, and wish them true tomorrow. The restlessness of a dawning challenge sits upon me, and I am eager with a trembling to be off.

But I am not made free to realize my goals because you, my father, will not let me. Having made a place in this your world and secured fast to the niches so painstakingly won, you would bequeath these to me. But I feel that your sensitivity to life and the changes that engulf me have been blunted and sucked in by those walls. I feel upon me stifling, shackling cloak of restraint and unreason. I feel a paralysis at a dare from life.

TO THE OLD FROM THE YOUNG

You pose as guide and see not why the guided finds you cumbersome. You try to solve my problems for me, be brave even, for me, and dare the challenges that I would take on by myself. But can't you see? Just as you have built your world out of your dreams so too would I like to build this world according to my dreams. I do not say your life is spent and worthless; but it is not my life while you live it. I do not say your dreams are old and useless, belonging to an age long past - but it is not my world for I have not helped to create it. It has no place for me; why should I care for it?

Yet show me the way, guide me just as you held my little hand in your own when I was yet too young to know or care. But now pass the torch to me, let me scale the peaks and sweep the downhill. Let me fight my battles and share with you my victories. You feel perhaps that my strength will not suffice and so would spare me the agonies you have known. But I shall also nurse my wounds to health alone; and in defeat weep no tears but my own. This is what you want to save me from. You are not selfish then; you merely love too much.

But if this love be true, it must not stifle. It must liberate. It must not destroy; it must create. Love is not love if it drains the strength of the beloved by its possessiveness. You must see in me a young little bird whom you must teach to fly and then leave free to wing my chosen ways, to build my nest where I love, to fly high and relish the feel of the atmosphere whose calmness I disturb, to feel forlorn and free and sing my songs from memories of your own.

But if you teach a bird to fly, you must risk its flying from you. If you teach a child to run, you must risk his running from you. If you teach your child what true love must be like then you must be prepared to face someday that his true love is not where he first found it. Yet though the bird be flown, the boy away, the man in love, your son is never lost, in me, you poorer for my absence. You live on, in me. You love on,

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by Frt. Dionisio Miranda, SVD

TOWARD A NAT'L CONSCIOUSNESS

The pivot of emphasis today is the individual: his dignity, his worth, his personality. But identity and individuality are not the monopolies of rational beings. They belong to the world of things and to the group of which man himself is a part - the nation.

To describe the Filipino today as without identity is not to say anything new; yet it would not be absolutely true to say in the same breath and tone that his nationalism is mere

sentiment. Why? Because identity is not synonymous with consciousness although it can and oftentimes is molded by it. Nationalism is an idea, and it grows in consciousness, so every nation has a self even when it cannot define it. Man is always a person, even if he dies without having meaningfully asked the question: "Who am I?"

If Filipino nationalism today is such a nebulous concept it is only because we find it hard to categorize, contain and label its elements although we feel with unerring instinct where nationalism is genuine and where it is not. We find ourselves describing in terms of qualifications fill in the end we feel with some misgiving that what we have is much ado about nothing. At this stage it might be more accurate to say that we experience the Filipino and his sense of identity better than we can capture person and identity in a neat semantic definition.

We always belonged to the East before, in outlook, color and value-scales. But that was long ago. Now we are red and white, and yellow and black and brown. We hold our pug noses high, melancholia and passion are companion cells in our blood, and our pride has been "persuaded" into obsequiousness by the white man to yield to what he calls "democracy" as though we never knew what it was to be free and to be rulers of the little that we had. Strange, is it not, that they affected us deeply, helped us, destroyed us, because they stole us from ourselves and forced us out of the stream of our history, uprooting us from our earth, kidnapping us from our people? Strange, is it not, they say, that the very structures which had

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A LITTLE BIT OF PARADISE

— by Fr. Henry Schumacher, SVD —

Limasawa is a very small island lying just north of Surigao at the southern tip of Leyte. It lies directly in the path of some of the worst typhoons of the South Pacific. Banana and coconut trees blanket the mountain slopes in such a way as to make it almost a tropical paradise. There are as yet no roads, there is no electricity and there are no motor vehicles except small "pump-boats" that are also handy for fishing.

As can be imagined, life is very simple for the nearly 2,000 inhabitants who live on this island on four separate barrios. Many of the younger people have never been to the mainland. They have yet to see a car or a television set. However, airplanes fly over daily to land at Surigao. There are now public elementary schools in each barrio and a high school in the centermost village for those who can afford eight pesos a month. But young people still have to look elsewhere for educational help. They can get a little on their island but hardly enough, to prepare them for jobs in Manila, Cebu City or Surigao. Very few can pursue college studies.

For several years now the Legion of Mary has sent a work team to the island to assist the Catholic inhabitants to hold onto their faith by teaching Catechism and doing house-to-house visitation. This year the group consisted of 15 legionnaires, two social action workers and a priest, chaplain or chaperson. I was with the group on the first week and Father Jim Skerry on the second. The time set aside for this year's expedition was April 20 until May 2nd. It proved to be a very good time. School had just ended, fishing was not too good, so that many men were home and the people were in the festive mood because of the approaching fiesta on May 15th.

The special emphasis of this year's effort was to encourage the people to set up and operate a Credit Union and Cooperative to better their economic status and allow for the very great difficulty of financial loan sources when there is no harvest or when they cannot market what they have because of the rough sea. The mainland parish priests who visit the island regularly promised to follow up the promotion of the legionnaires' social action efforts. Two barrios seemed very favorable while the other two, where the Catholic population is in a

minority, seemed quite suspicious. By next year we will have a good idea whether the effort took root.

The spirit of these people can well be judged by listening to the story of their 1965 catastrophe. They were in the direct path of the worst typhoon ever to hit the islands in recent years. Typhoon 'Ining' swept down onto the island and took with it their houses, their schools, and even their churches. In one barrio, San Bernardo, the people for more than 24 hours huddled together in the only open place available to them - the yard around where the church had been. Here for the remaining time of the typhoon they stayed without water, food, dry clothing or possibility of sleep. With old people and new babies alike in the violent storm, they had but one hope: that it would pass as quickly as possible.

Coconut trees were uprooted by the hundreds. Banana trees fell with the first gust of the strong wind. Only three houses remained standing when it was all over. But it would be seven years before the coconut trees could be replaced to yield a harvest, almost two years for the banana trees. Remarkably no one died. No one was killed by the falling trees or raging seas. The memory five years later is still vivid, the hunger they bore for many days is written in the faces of the older people and a touch of fear pervades the majority of those who experienced nature's wrath.

As a result, the people have been exceptionally poor for the past five years but they are beginning to see the silver lining of a better day. They have rebuilt their simple churches and schools. In one barrio, they were constructing a new basketball court. Volunteers worked early in the morning and in the evening to have it ready for May 15th. It was a joy to offer Mass in the partially completed churches and see the faith of the people as they partook of this luxury of daily mass. Most of the time they see a priest once a month. There were baptisms to perform and a few marriages to fix up but this time I was not prepared for such a ministry. Next year I can do a great deal more.

The reaction to the work of the legionnaires was very encouraging. Catechism classes for the children were spontaneous. They flocked together simply because this was the most exciting thing of the morning and afternoon. The house-to-house calls were not needed to inspire parents to send their children. After simple tasks each day the children were free to play much of the day. They had only the responsibility of younger brothers and sisters who, more often than not, are brought along. Very tiny children are seldom exposed to the tropical sun both for fear of sickness and the ever present worry of an overly darkened skin. The home visitation crew were welcomed throughout the island but especially in San Bernardo and Tawis where the Legion of Mary has three active units among the people.

Graduation for elementary school took place in San Bernardo while we were there. There were 9 boys and 13 girls from the area and they were dressed as they will be a few times in their lives. The girls wore white and the boys wore trousers complete with white shirt and tie. For the occasion, a generator were borrowed to provide light, and sound system for the nearly 4-hour program that was readied for that night. It worked well as the children of all ages performed their dances, songs, and skits while the adults gave speeches about success and hopes for the future. There was no doubt about the spirit pervading such a gathering—all wanted a better world for the young boys and girls who were graduating that evening.

There is hardly any doubt now that someday they will have a better life. Nature has been both bountiful and cruel to them. The sea provides wealth with its fish but at times hinders its procurement by making it impossible to reach the mainland.

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FOOT NOTES FOR THE CHRISTIAN

by Emma Porio

Ours is an anguished age. Everywhere we are met with sights of dead men, dying men, hungry men, on the streets dancing to the tunes of mendicancy and vice. There are those in the slums, squeezed into the mud, poverty and put-refaction. There are those living along the seashore, prying into the muddled ocean that breeds no fish. There are those at the foot of the hills who have planted bare trees and thin stalks of corn which are as unproductive as themselves, as castigated, intimidated and harassed.

Indeed, this is a sorry age for these hungry, dying souls. Today we cannot speak of names or of identities. We can only distinguish dark faces, haggard, hollow faces that trace lines of oppression and slavery. We cannot speak of nice and beautiful things; there is no such thing as luxury for dying souls. Nor can we boast of peace, harmony and understanding among ourselves.

But we must understand anguished men. For them love is a myth, charity a usurped reality. We must understand them even if they speak of blood and revolution. We must be able to answer them when they ask us these questions: "Where is the Redeemer you have been preaching to us about? Come, tell us, can he save us and our dying souls? Can he save us from those greedy Christians who are depriving us of our rights to live as we should live?" We, Christians, must be able to answer them.

Merely preaching Vatican slogans is of no use. Slogans will not save dying men; it will only hasten their disenchantment. And it would be illusory to expect these dissipated souls to be saved by miracles. The hard realities of our times have outmoded the miraculous and relegated them to the archives. The hunger of these hordes of men must be relinquished with tangible bread and butter. Otherwise we have to give up the beliefs we have borne for centuries to embrace the more practical maxims of Karl Marx and Mao Tse Tung.

We must not battle against those who sincerely advocate the elimination of hunger and poverty hordes of men suffer. It is certainly unChristian to fight against salvation, whether that salvation be material or spiritual. On the contrary we must be able to provide clothing to the naked, food to the hungry, medicine for those who are ill, material salvation to those in dire need. And we cannot leave these tasks to the public servant who is just as corrupted and abused by his political structures, nor to the economist himself, a poor victim of an irrelevant economic system.

We must be able to provide our own economic and political system in order to assimilate creatively these problems. We must be able to come up with methods which are concretely applicable to tackle scientifically these social obstacles. And we must be able to assemble our own forces to implement our plans and carry them to fruition.

Until such requisites are met and fulfilled, the hungry soul will always turn towards those who can satisfy his hunger. Until then all efforts spent in witchhunting will be of no avail. All efforts designed to pacify his cries will always be met with rebuff and ill premonition. The regiments sent to settle peasant unrest will always meet disappointment and defeat. And the threat of blood and revolution will ever come to haunt us in our dreams, magnifying our fears.

In our anguished times, to be peaceful is not to breed peace at all. If we have to plant the seeds of hope in the hearts of those hungry souls, we must first plow the soil and disturb the fundamental strata in order to prepare them for the seed. Unfavorable weeds which have taken root in our social order, causing all this hunger, poverty and despair, have to be uprooted. Our final test is in this: that we are able to face these obstacles squarely and without fear.

FROM A FILE

*A curious blend
of school children
and bananas -
a curious photograph.
There must have been a hill
(Now, the bananas all -
appear flying).*

*Taken, you know,
years ago
by a school teacher
for his annual report,
a simple one that said
"everything as it is,
to make the story short."*

*Not that they in the barrio
would not put stress on show.*

Myrna P. Dumdum
AB 4

THE RESTLESS YOUTH

by Mrs. Filomena R. Escasinas

Student unrest is rocking the world. The college campus is in an uproar. Why are these students restless? Many are seeking the answers. Some justify and explain them, others condemn them, still others have found it necessary to legislate against them. No one has found the absolute answer.

Two of the Philippines' best minds, one a career educator, and the other a woman psychologist, give explanations and offer possible solutions for today's restless youth. The former is Carlos P. Romulo, an experienced educator and diplomat who was Secretary of Education not so long ago and is now the Secretary of Foreign Affairs. The latter is Estefania Aldaba-Lim, one of the foremost psychologists of the Philippines, a member of the UNESCO and an adviser at Malacañang.

Both are similar in justifying and understanding student activism. Aldaba-Lim, however, takes the psychological viewpoint, while Romulo takes the historical one.

Romulo gives his readers two parallel explanations of the causes of the students' unrest today. These we find in his article, "Understanding Our Youth: They Are More Receptive to Changes Than We Were." To understand the present generation he says, we must understand the past, for the present is a continuation of the past; but each generation differs from the preceding one. To quote him: "Each generation is a continuation of another - it is a new aggroupment around new values and ideas which have been generated by the one that preceded it. We must always anticipate the discovery of the past in the present."

The other extreme of thought is that each generation differs from the preceding one. How does the present differ from the past? Are they radicals? Why are they restless? Quoting Romulo again: "That the element of newness is there in today's radicalism of the youth, I do not deny. But it would be strange, indeed, if we discover nothing new that is of this age, the unprecedented advance of science and technology, the violent changes, the confrontation with new poli-

tical experiences - it would really be strange if there were nothing added to the radicalism that we have come to know in the current ideas and actions of our youth." We observe in the contemporary manners of the Filipino youth a general sense of lack of inhibition and a propensity for experiment. Why? It is because, and here he underscores his subtitle; they are MORE RECEPTIVE TO CHANGES THAN WE WERE. They are now less sentimental than the old. They can discard tomorrow what they cried for so much today. The old generation kept old clothes, old friends, old things until they were worn out - they did not discard them as worthless but regarded them with profound loyalty. The young now want to be involved in new experiences and worse, the old generation believe, they want to be fascinated by danger. The new join demonstrations, sometimes, just for the newness of it. Romulo in these ideas compares the old and the young very succinctly.

The virtuous youth of yesterday was a model of conformism; today's youth is vociferous in the articulation of his conviction and nonconformism. But this is not new; didn't Rizal exhort the women of *hilotos* to fight for what they considered were their rights? Quezon fought his good fight for Philippine independence. Thus Romulo supports his second thought that the present is a continuation of the past. We seem to miss the fact that the unsettling and sometimes frustrating events in the day to day, perhaps even in the hourly, or moment to moment, pull of these tensions, are what produce what we now call "the angry young man."

So as educators what must we do? Let the students feel that if he condemns the present system, he must not forget that the system, for all its imperfections, has succeeded in developing in him the power of thought, of criticism, of self-analysis; and that this, certainly, is what education has been trying to achieve, in the first place. The youth, Romulo shows, could be wrong. When? Our youth tends to account for what is observed from only their side - the radical side. What they show their elders is the angry posture.

What they want to be heard is the shouting and the tumult. He is wrong when he falls prey to propaganda, becomes responsible to demagoguery, or refuse to heed the advice of maturity and experience because he believes he knows everything.

Estefania Aldaba-Lim states that the root of student unrest in the Philippines is the sharp disjunction between the values and expectation embodied in the traditional families in a society, and the values and expectations prevailing in that society. This disjunction of values is clearly evident in many dimensions in our society. Her article, "The Roots of Student Protests," focuses on this most recent issue of today - the restless youth. She also explains with mirror-like clarity why our youth is protesting. She is however unlike Romulo in that she is scientific and very objective in her justification and explanation. Hers is the psychological approach. She raises the question on what kind of students join the protest movements. She states: "The image of the stereotyped dissenter as down-trodden, rowdy, dirty, beatnik, disaffected from his society, radical in his ideas, maladjusted and neurotic - are on the whole incorrect.

The genuine activist is goal-directed. He has legitimate causes for his disenchantment. The Sampson study and the Flacks study on the student activists of California, Japan, Russia, and Latin America point out the following psychological characteristics: They come from the advantage members of the middle and upper classes. They protest not only because their own interests are threatened but even more so because they see others as the unwilling victims of social, political, and ethical injustices.

Now, what is the cause of this generation gap? The direct relationship between student activism and status, according to Aldaba-Lim, may be readily understood if we examine closely the value themes which characterize this new wave of disenchantment and radicalism.

High in the list is the revolt against authoritarianism which has long characterized Philippine society. Too long, many administrators and professors operated

on the divine rights of kings principle in the classrooms. I agree heartily with the author who says that the root of this revolt is a particular important criticism students make of the older generation, their teachers in the campus, and the leaders in government which is that they have failed to live up to their professed ideals. Students are taught in their growing up to be "moral," to be honest, not corrupt, only to find out that these same elders "sold out" the very values they espouse. In general, it is typical to look upon the student's radicalism, restlessness, and impulsiveness as being characteristic of their adolescent immaturity. We also passed this stage of growing up once upon a time. And here Romulo and Aldaba-Lim have the same idea of how the older generation differs from the younger generation. However, the difference between the past generation and today's young college student lies in the latter's more active quest for self-expression, often articulated in terms of leading a freer and less conventional restriction on their feelings and expressions. The college student aspires to know and experience "anything once." Activism in the campus is just another avenue for knowing and experiencing.

Aldaba-Lim then goes back to the first targets of student protests like exorbitant tuition fees, inadequate libraries, poor teaching, sub-standard facilities and curtailment of academic freedom. From the campus they will eventually battle with the social, moral and political problems of the country which up to now has been the sole preserve of their elders.

Her conceptual framework is that she hopes that youth will change from the stereotyped quiet, docile, dependent, irresponsible Filipino student who faithfully reproduces memorized and sometimes meaningless words, to students who will challenge the validity of their professors' pronouncements and be genuinely community-and action-oriented.

So what is the solution? It is not enough that university administrators institute reforms to answer the legitimate demands of the students. An equally important need of the times is a program of education for positive student activism. If we cannot lick them, let us join them but only to lead maturity and direction to the movement.

I firmly believe, like these two excellent writers, that if we cut away the ugly, outer layer - the radicalism, the cry for black vengeance, the noise, the angry shouts and all the rest - then we will find that what is left, fundamentally, is the desire for a decent world. I believe in

(Continued on page 17)

Dear Susan,

Summer has parched the ground dry but it has brought a trickle of the high school gang back. It has been such a long time since the gang got together that when four of us - yes, that's how thin the ranks have become - met this afternoon, we became high school kids all over again.

I guess we all had a lovely lively time visiting the old "battlefields," singing the old battle songs, laughing at the old absurdities we could then afford to indulge in.

We went to the old school, shuffled lazily along the old walks and lanes, laughed at how our voices echoed and re-echoed along the long empty corridors. We stood in the middle of the playground, happily gulping the clean wind, our heads thrown back in revelry over the vastness of a sky. (You see, in the university, people start building covered walks whenever there is a bit of sky over your head.)

Anyway, we did the old things: sat beneath the flameless flame tree in nasty gossip; chased the little birds you once wanted so much to capture; sipped colas straight from the bottle without the demure little straws one had to use in the big world outside. For one slow yet swift afternoon, we frolicked in a world all our own. Remember?

It was your world, too. Remember our idle walks from the school to the church where we watched the church vomit out the people on Wednesday afternoons, or on ordinary days, watched the people ooze out after the Mass? Remember how we always walked back in silence because the sunset unflinchingly stifled our high school inanities? We were all too shy to admit we could be squares and worship a sunset.

This was home to you, wasn't it, 'San? Don't you want to come back to it, to the sights, sounds and smells that have been a part of you? The Redeemptorist spires still pierce the skies; the hushed afternoon voices can still be heard; the smell of the arid earth after a few drops of rain still rises to tickle the nostrils. It's still a lovely life here, 'San. Come back.

No. Who am I trying to kid?

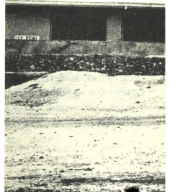
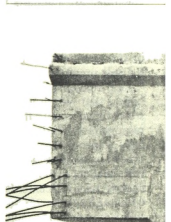
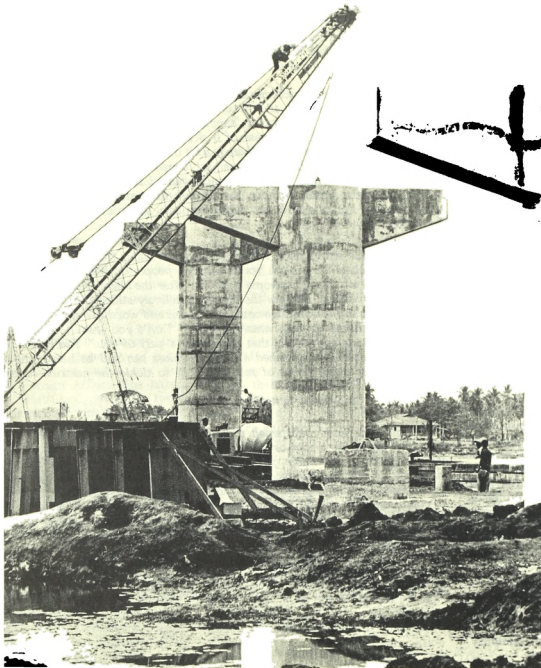
Come back and you'll smell the stench of the place the moment you step down from the plane. In a day or two you'll start stinking like the rest of us. No. Don't come back to a city where garbage is spilt all over its face; where shanties, pitifully made out of election campaign billboards stand beside a large fancy mansion; where day laborers, sweating profusely in the sweltering heat, drown in the swirl of dust an air-conditioned car creates. Do not come back to where the moans and groans of poverty and squalor are no longer inaudible unless you turn on the stereo too loudly. Even the smell of the earth after the rain is no longer pure because the faint smell of dried blood rises to assail the nostrils and the conscience.

Go out of your house now and look at the neighborhood there. Klamath Falls, Oregon is a lovely place, is it not? No, you would not want to come back. You could not. You will not.

Love,
Becky

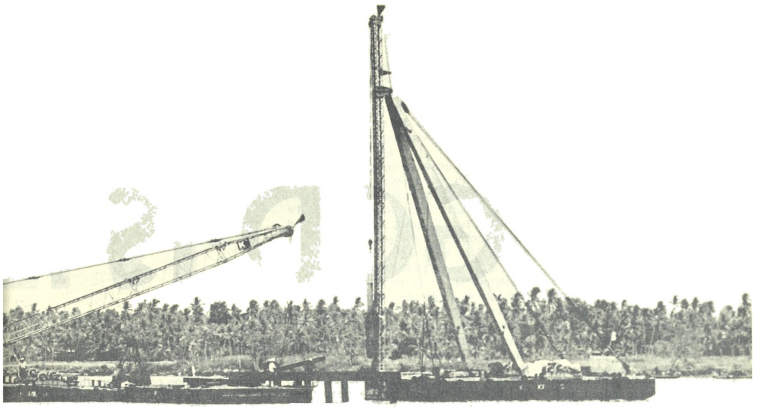
WHO WANTS MY WORLD?

by Rebecca P. Soriaga



MACTAN BRIDGE

MANY HAVE EXPRESSED THEIR DOUBTS ABOUT THE CHANNEL BRIDGE BEING FINISHED BY 1971. HOWEVER WORK ON IT IS GOING ON. SHOWN HERE ARE THE WORKS DONE FOR THE FOOTING AND PIERS TO SUPPORT THE STEEL SPAND.



OUR GOD IS A

(SORRY ABOUT YOURS)

When Nietzsche formally announced the death of God, there were indeed, and quite expectedly, several varied reactions and troubling repercussions, but the world itself did not shake and suddenly disintegrate back into nothingness from which it is believed to have originally come. The stars remained in their celestial stations and continued to entice poets with their twinkling in the night. The sun continued to shine generously on the good and the evil, and the rain to fall in like manner. Everything continued to be. Except God.

It must have been a Sunday when God was said to have died. Perhaps, some sermons preached that Sunday consisted of long eulogies for the fallen Almighty. And perhaps also, some pious monk, overhearing about it all, must have retreated in grief to the woods near the abbey to meditate but only to run back to his most reverend abbot and report to him what he just saw there: a mysterious, dark phantom gathering a great pile of cut wood. Whether this was an apparition of the long since banned spectre of the Inquisition come back to haunt heretics again or that of the Prince of Darkness himself in urgent need for more firewood, the horrified monk could not quite tell.

There must have been many other strange and unusual incidents that occurred that mournful day. Suffice it to talk about the general reactions of people to the shocking obituary: "God is dead. (Please send no flowers.)"

Most people simply did not seem to know what to do at the first moment - whether to burst instantly into tears or into laughter, to believe or to disbelieve. Since time immemorial, there have always been people who have openly and cate-

gorically denied the existence of God. And believers of God have somehow become used to this sad reality. But the case of now is quite different and quite more serious. For to say that God is dead is more polemical and in a sense more heretical than to deny that God exists. One would therefore expect all believers, especially the Christians, to almost instinctively decry such a preposterous and utterly absurd pronouncement of God's death and to violently discredit its validity and truthfulness, adding that it could only come from a mischievous but rather witty prankster or from a despondent person who had finally gone off his rocker, unable anymore to bear the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

The Christians were confident that such a heresy would die a natural death no sooner than condemned. But to their shock and disbelief, echoes of it were reported heard within the Christian circle itself, and from no less than some prominent persons who called themselves theologians, proclaiming the death of God. And from this "new theological revelation," a new school of thought was born, very unique of its kind and perhaps most fashionable in its name: "the death of God" theological movement.

"Theology itself is coming to confess that ours is a time in which God is dead," says one of its foremost spokesmen, Thomas J. Altizer, a prominent protestant theologian. The demise of God is too bad but it is timely. The world has come of age, and "it is becoming evident," writes another protestant theologian, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, "that everything gets along without God, and just as well as before." But the most striking and im-

pressive revelation comes from the mouth of William Hamilton, also a protestant theologian: "I insist that the time of the death of God is also the time of obedience to Jesus." The new religious slogan runs: "God is dead. Long live Jesus, the only Son of God."

The value of such thought-provoking statements about the death of God seems to lie merely on their boldness and paradoxical language more than on anything else. However, this "new theological movement," if indeed can be called such, may in fact have some significance in our modern world and to the contemporary mind. No doubt, it is a consequence, a sort of a synthesis, of some trends of thoughts and attitudes. Many alarmed Christians brand it as a destructive element that attempts to tear down the whole structure of Christianity itself. One critic, John C. Bennett, who is himself also a prominent protestant theologian, observes that the new outspoken movement is a dramatized presentation of a crisis in belief present both inside and outside the church.

Several reasons have been presented to explain this atheistic position and the temptation to it, most especially in this modern age. One reason given by modern atheists is that we do not need God anymore. We can stand on our own two feet. We have come of age. Today's fantastic strides in science and technology, man's crowning glory, prove it. The natural forces themselves are self-dependent agents. They possess their powers intrinsically. They do not need God anymore, too. There is no need to speculate on who first started the show of this vast and marvelous universe. Because, for all we know, everything might have

LIVE

by Eleuterio Ong Faño

happened by chance. But even if an infinite Creator does exist, let us not waste time defining and admiring all His perfections and powers. It would rather do us more good to concentrate solely on what we ourselves can do, without the help of God, or of any other god or goddess, for that matter, whether from Olympus or from the Hades. For only then can we really drink a toast to our victory and pat one another's back for our every achievement and say: "See? We can do great, great things indeed even without the help of God."

Another factor that may lead one to atheism is the excessively pessimistic attitude towards the state of man and his world. Humanity is terribly beset by awful tragedies, gnawing destitution, shameful illiteracy, hideous wars and crimes. The horror of the concentration camps and gas chambers still haunts man to this day. The possibility of a nuclear warfare gets on his nerves. And if he tries to repress this fear and confines it in a cell somewhere at the back of his brain, he is liable to get some kind of a neurosis. The conclusion can only be that there is no Provident, All-kind and All-Just God. People who have this kind of attitude blame God for all the human misfortunes. Perhaps at the beginning, they blamed them on a sick human society. But then later after having been probably told by psychiatrists that self-pity is unhealthy and detrimental to the proper development of the human personality, they started looking for a scapegoat, and they found a sick God. God, they say, does not seem to do anything about the present misery of man. He just keeps still and quiet. He has been silent

for a long time now, and this prolonged silence of God can only mean that He has already been dead after a lingering illness. Perhaps what these discontented pessimists need is the advice of Cassius: that the fault is not in our stars but in ourselves. But what they need most is the persevering patience and the unflinching faith of Job.

Some other people assume another kind of attitude or philosophy of life. One which is very humanistic, they say, and which is also downright atheistic. They begin with a bold principle that to believe in God is to deny man's freedom. There is therefore no such thing as God. No such thing as a divine or natural law. Man did not come to be as something created by some God, who endowed him with a spiritual soul and a definite essence or nature. Rather, man just exists, without any essence yet. Human existence is to be just there ("Da-sein," in the language of existentialists). It is man himself who creates his own essence, at will and in whatever way he wants. He is entirely free — free from any laws, free from any determination whatsoever, from any purpose. Free from any destiny. Free to do and to be whatever his "pur-soi" or consciousness wills. It does not matter at all if man finds his existence futile, meaningless and absurd, as long as he retains his freedom. The notion of God therefore is a non-sense. But even if He does exist, some of these people would say, let's get rid of him because He infringes on our freedom.

There are other reasons why some people take an atheistic position or become atheists. And we also have the skeptic attitude: that man cannot really know anything about God. Whether God exists or not, it does not give a damn to man's life. A skeptic doubts everything. For him, the most sublime and significant act of man is to doubt. Somehow to doubt is better than to know. Doubting even has become a sort of a "status symbol" of modern "intellectuals." That's the subtle way a skeptic escapes from trouble or from reality. And that's also the way he can belong to the "mod" or "in" group, by being a non-conformist. To the question: "Is God dead?," his answer is: "I don't know. Perhaps."

But is God really dead? A story is told of a scientist who consulted a highly developed and "intelligent" computer about this question. After feeding the computer with all that he heard people had said about God together with all that he thought about Him, he slipped into it a question card asking: "Is God dead?" The computer promptly came up with and honest reply: "Yes, God is dead - in your soul!" But what do we give for

an answer? - yes, we who have been brought up and educated as Catholics. Perhaps, our first impulse is to review our catechism book, or if we're bespectacled-looking, to rush to the library and plunge ourselves into huge tomes in search for God. And if we are successful in our scholarly research, we would shout in victory and grab God, as if He were a fish, and exclaim: "Here, I've got Him. He's still alive."

Surely, we can do that. But we will not do that. We will not even propose a definition of God, lest in its vastness God gets loose and escapes us. Or perhaps we can be more frank, and confess that we are not able to formulate arguments for God's existence as brilliantly and as scholarly as did the great St. Thomas Aquinas. Nor much less are we able to propound on a theology of a "dead God," for this would probably need some special "charisma" and more violent winds and fiery tongues of a Holy Spirit that come from no one knows where.

We will only say this: We are the ordinary Christians, not naive and credulous Christians, but reasonable and spiritually convinced Christians. Our Christianity is not an offspring of our human mind. It is a gift from God. And therefore our main argument for God's existence is our Christian life. We will not declare a holy war against the leading atheists and their cohorts. We will not grab an existentialist skeptic or an escapist by his beard and mophead and all and smash him bang against a hollow-block wall, in order to convince him that there exist not only his damned subjective ideas but also the solid and very concrete realities. We will not exile a "superhuman" atheist to Siberia, nor force him to fight in Vietnam, nor give him a free plane-ticket to Central Africa, nor invite him to live among the squatters of Manila, in order to show off the human miseries and backwardness in his "modern world come of age." No, we will not do any of these. There is only one thing we will do precisely to prove the existence of God. And it is to live not merely as if God exists, but to live in the very presence of God. Our Christianity must be a living Christianity, an active participation of God's life, an active involvement with His plans and designs.

If by this living Christian testimony we will not still be able to convince die-hard atheists of God's existence, that God is here and now existing in us, that God is very alive and not dead, we may yet scare the wits out of them, so much so that they will finally be forced to hide, perhaps in fear and trembling, and at least concede that the ghost of God is mighty yet.

"The present Philippine condition," observed one who had been in mainland China before the overthrow of Chiang Kai Shek's government, "is similar to the condition in Mainland China immediately before the revolution."

These are those who say that it is maybe because of our character as a people, geographical location and, the most significant one, our religion, that until now no bloody and armed revolution has taken place. Whether or not their observations are reliable, just the same, their analysis of the significant absence of bloody revolution in our country deserves a critical and careful attention. A most probable reason why our countrymen have not taken up arms to avenge their sufferings brought about by the injustices and abuses of the powerful few is the fact that majority of them are accustomed to hardships. Much more, they have still faith in their hearts - the faith that for several generations has served as the last hope to cling to.

They have borne hardships long before the Social Actionists penetrated the interior of slums and the squatter districts. They were used to believe that fate wills it and they can do nothing about it. All their daily activities are completely surrendered to fate. The fisherman does not aspire to possess more, expect a banca of his own for fishing. He considers it a lucky day for

him if he can catch fish enough to buy food for a day and perhaps a meager amount for cock-fighting. When he goes home from the day's work empty-handed, their neighbor's sari-sari store has to supply almost everything for the day's need. That is the daily life of the ordinary fisherman in the barrio.

Who will take up arms when a "kargador" still has 2 pieces of "pan de sal" and a glass of chocolate? Or broiled fish and "tinuhong" to cure the hunger that has been disturbing him after sleeping on a cold and matless cement sidewalk before the dawn came, before he again indulges in his daily activity in the wharf - an activity which requires tremendous physical strength and stamina to load and unload baggage from the ship to the port and to pile sacks of flours and corn as high as they can? But he is contented as long as he has a little time for playing cards.

Who will rise in arms when nobody envies those who are in government offices not because the people need their services but because some of them labored hard for the election of a congressman and a senator?

Who will rise in arms when the policeman only asks a part of their meager income and guaranteed them that nothing will happen to their driver's license?

Now, the question is, for how long will this situation prevail? Is there a guarantee that the poor "kargador" in wharf will forever have his 2 pieces of pan de sal? Will the policeman remain to ask only a part of the driver's meager income when at this time prices of almost all commodities surge high?

Another question will be: Is there no limit to everything especially the repeated abuses and injustices committed which we can see even at our doorstep?

Only Christianity gives hope to our people, to sustain hardship for a few more years in the hope that the oligarchs will reform themselves.

But recently I began to shudder at the upsurge of violent demonstrations which later on demonstrated contradicting ideas on obtaining the best change in the society. The people appear confused as to which group to affiliate with. I consider this confusion a very vital one because it is a soul - searching activity to be wise in your choice. But please bear in mind that it is Christianity which holds our people to keep calm, and solve the problem without the use of force. Thus any organization which does not permeate their demands and issues with Christian charity is a farcical organization. They are not for reforms but for subjugation, they do not concern themselves with improving but degrading, to treat man as a machine - a cold, heartless and soulless plaything for their own interest.

But, as of now, who dares to rise?

WHO WILL RISE IN ARMS?

by Francisco A. Seville, Jr.
BSE 3

TOWARD A NATIONAL . . .

(Continued from page 5)

helped us become conscious of ourselves are now the very same targets of accusation from that emerging consciousness? Who now is lost and confused? And who is to feel hurt with righteousness?

When he had finally laid down his resentment at the strangers' rule, the kayumanggi grudgingly adopted his speech, his way, only to be stunned with the realization that even when he had surpassed them at their cultural pretense he was always made to feel much like an upstart rather than equal and one with them. Without a word a social ceiling was designed as effective barrier to this social climber. Still worse, they fixed upon his race a name and assigned him a role within whose surroundings he should, they thought, feel satisfied. But no.

(Continued on page 22)

TO THE OLD . . .

(Continued from page 5)

in me. You are not lost, and I cannot lose you. You will always linger in my motions, in my thinking, in my loving, and in my dying. And you now will be greater for my fight, for you will have created and given to this world a beautiful thing. Your life will be lived anew in me and your name continued through one who will deserve to bear it.

Give me a world and it will die with me for I will not know what it is to build my own. But help me build as I would build, and life need not become the soulless existence it threatens to become. Then you will have given me a gift beyond all ordinary giving, for you will be giving me a chance to make a new world as fresh for me as for you when you first stood out upon a limb and made the first of countless flights into the blue. You will be giving me indeed the very challenge of life itself.

1970 is not a very promising year for the Philippines. Human disorders and natural calamities have given it an ominous image. Riots and demonstrations have stained it with blood. Earthquakes never experienced before have shaken it and left it with monstrous crevices and shattered buildings. Airplane and vehicular accidents followed one after another casting more horrors to its already tragic beginning. These do not augur pleasant things for us.

More and graver troubles are expected this year. A foreign source has said that the fate of the present administration will be decided this year. Concerned individuals in our country express - openly or secretly - similar predictions. There is a cause for worry certainly, because if the present administration collapses, there is every possibility that the entire nation will be dragged into the bottom with it. This ubiquitously felt prediction which many believe will cause the downfall of the present administration is the possible eruption of a revolution. This prediction is already shaking the nerves of the people.

This can be gleaned from many observable facts. As reported by the papers, many people from places in Luzon where ferment is most deeply felt are evacuating to unagitated provinces in the Archipelago. Several students from Manila - the hotbed and keypoint of unrest today - are transferring here in Cebu. Clearly, they are apprehensive over the threatening situation

unelected representatives of the people. This set is more than enough to raise havoc in the government the minute it begins to be remiss in its duties and obligations. It is more than enough to ignite a revolution that can devour the whole country.

Whatever happens in Manila affects the entire nation whether it be political, economic, social or cultural. A presidential candidate who wins there is assured of the presidency. If an economic change takes place there the rest of the country follows. The fierce retaliation the government is facing today for its sins of omissions and commissions began in Manila. Indeed, everything begins in Manila.

How bad is the situation in Manila at present? Or how desperate are the people there? A lawyer who had gone a week or two to Manila described the situation there with just one word - "terrible." According to him one could sense trouble everywhere. Everyone is tense as if always on the verge of a violent outburst. Stores are closed earlier than usual and on their display windows one could see broken glasses or plywood covers. We can read these in the papers. What we don't read are far worse. According to the same lawyer, during one of the latest transportation strikes there, he saw men lying on the streets, one on top of the other to form human barricades. The reason need not be mentioned. Things like this are not printed in the papers. Surely, they are not done for fun.

THE APOCALYPTIC ALTERNATIVE

By Heracleo E. Repollo

there. Even househelpers employed in Manila are one by one packing up to return to their homes in the Visayas or in Mindanao. These and many other similar reactions to the present condition of the country evince a dark and grim future for the Philippines.

Undeniably, there is a revolutionary situation in the country. And the key to it is Manila. The reason behind this is obvious.

Manila is the heart and brain of the Philippines. It is the most vital place in the country. The seats of the three main branches of the government are found there. Most of the intellectual, militant and concerned elements of the country are found there also. This situation puts Manila in a fearsome and very delicate position. This very proximity of the government or more precisely those in it with the most active members of the people make the most sensitive organ of the country. One slip by the men in the government and a spontaneous and oftentimes deadly reaction from the people - follows.

What constitutes this active set found in Manila? Of what importance is it to the rest of the nation? What can it do?

This active set we are speaking of consists of the hundreds and thousands of laborers in Manila, the militant students, and the intellectual vanguard of the rest of the people. This set makes possible the checks and balances between the government and the people. Those constituting it are more or less the

What do these frightful scenes mean? Only one thing. The people in Manila are desperate enough to start a revolution. The slightest aggravating stimulus can make them do it. When they do the whole country can go up in flames and be reduced to ashes. How we can rebuild our country from those ashes is beyond imagination.

Ironically, from the look of things, the government is not, it seems, interested in rectifying its errors and mending its ways. It is not doing anything to remedy the unholly situation it is floundering in. All it is doing is waiver, and look at other directions where blame - that points to it - can be heaped on. With this attitude, the government is playing a very dangerous game. The people have had enough of its vacillation, and its thinly-disguised rationalization for its mistakes. It is playing with fire. It is courting a revolution. A revolution it will have, unless it wakes up and stops playing the fool.

The government and its apologists cannot go on deceiving themselves that a revolution is impossible in the Philippines. They cannot go on relying on the apparent tranquility of the people, or convince themselves that it still exists. There is a revolutionary situation in the country. Proofs of it are glaring everywhere. The radicals in the student ranks and in the labor

(Continued on page 16)

POEM FOR THE CHANSONNAIRES

By Jim Falar

*I have dreamed how I shall live longing for
young songs: an inch of ash on a sad palm,
fat loneliness feasting on my thinning flesh,
after God shall have whipped me with the biting sun-
light in the summer noon. And, broken sunlight
clinging to my skin, I would repent; but,
summer gone, God would stuff His ears with His thumbs:
no more summer, no more sudden summer rain.*

*I should have sang like you in the rain,
blessed God for it; but was myself as am sometimes:
thinking there is nothing I can sing about,
counting the hours of night, a cigarette between my
fingers, a lot of empty talk and having
more than a decent man could take of what makes it
a small world.*

*I have walked in the middle of the city streets
at one o'clock a.m., mindless of the angry taxi drivers
calling me names, cursing me, mindless of
the frightened looks of a couple unwillingly freed from
each other's arms when their taxi jolted with
a sudden screech.*

*"Thrice tonight you almost got killed."
Guy told me when we reached the boarding house.
"You've interrupted that couple."
Doing nothing in the second taxi."
We laughed with malice. The landlady came.
"You had a call about five minutes after you left."
"Who? Edgar Allan Poe?" Guy said.
"Who's Edgar Allan Poe?" she said.
Guy laid his hands on my head and said,
"You're Edgar Allan Poe, I baptize thee."
We laughed, and in a sense of silly pride I waxed
my seventh bit of dirty poetry on a dirty palm
that night.*

*In my bed, before I slept, I heard you singing
"God didn't make little green apples in
the summertime..." God heard you too. He sent
Michael with a sprinkling can
full of holy water to bless you*

*But He also caught sight of me, saw me
curled in my bed in shame because I had not offered Him
a song, had not been cleansed in gleeful tune
and innocent rejoicing in His lovely summer rain.
When God sends His next rain
I shall not be found unmindful of this again:
He shall be waiting for my song.*

Sing, I shall sing along!

THE APOCALYPTIC

(Continued from page 15)

front are advocating it as the solution to everything. The HUK threat is becoming more menacing. Manila is on the brink of breakdown and the people in general are in ferment as if waiting only for the go signal. Everything seems to indicate that we are "ripe" for a revolution as the communists would triumphantly say.

The sacadas, the peasants and the farmers, in Central Luzon, the laborers in our factories, all of whom are fettered and oppressed by their masters - feudal and capitalist - are just too willing to go with the tide of revolution-whoever leads them. They will because they know they will not lose anything if they do, but their chains. They might lose it temporarily, even then it won't matter to them. An enslaved man in the words of a Joseph Conrad character, "would take liberty from any hand as a hungry man would snatch a piece of bread." The sacadas, the peasants, and the laborers certainly are living today like slaves. Why should they refuse to join a revolution? They will revolt. All they need is for others to start it for them. Those "others" could come from Manila.

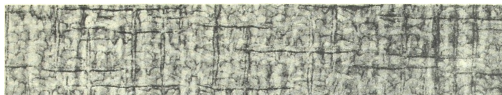
The same is true with the Muslims in Mindanao. Ostensibly, the secession movement they had started has died down. It hasn't. One who comes from one of the predominantly Muslim provinces of Mindanao could feel it. The sly harassment some Muslims are doing to Christians in those provinces are not done simply out of prejudice or discrimination. A deeper reason underlies it. The Muslim leaders spearheading the secession movement are itching for a revolution. Presently, they are assuming the "wait and see" attitude while at the same time building up strength and cunningly getting rid of Christians who can be in their way when they move for the "kill." If a revolution breaks loose, they will also make their own revolution and make their dream of Mindanao Republic come true. In the event of national disorder, who can prevent them?

There are revolutionary signs in the country and there are several grounds for them. Whether the revolution will be communist-inspired, whether it happens tomorrow, next month or sometime later, its grim possibility cannot be ignored. It could be detonated anytime. Certainly we—and that includes those in the government—cannot allow that to happen. Unless we look at the situation straight in the face and do something to prevent it, we will find ourselves, sooner or later, burning with it. Martial law will not prevent it. Instead, it may just hasten its explosion.

The current Philippine situation calls for change. Many believe that a violent revolution is the shortest and surest route to it. Perhaps it is. But where will it lead to? Will it be for the better or for something that will lead us to the perdition? It seems that those who advocate a revolution as a means for much needed reforms in the country are not very concerned with this. Let us have a revolution, let us end everything once and for all, never mind the consequences. Everything is hopeless. Drastic measures for drastic times. This obviously is the line of reasoning of the advocates. What kind of reasoning is that? It is nothing but the reasoning of the desperate. Does despair ever bring anything good? A violent revolution as a means for change would be tantamount to giving a sick patient with a dose of poison.

A revolution, indeed, as a means for change is extremely undesirable. It does not lead to anything good. A revolution begets nothing but chaos, anarchy and more revolutions eventually. A group of students from a prestigious and very expensive

(Continued on page 23)



OF STUDENTS AND DEMOS

by Roberto C. Canton

Today's youths have been described as rebellious, restless, militant. Obviously, the youth's dynamism and militancy are emerging rapidly amidst the chaos and disorder in almost all parts of the world.

Needless to say, demonstrations, strikes, and rallies are becoming a fad and fashion in this so-called Age of Aquarius. The students can no longer afford to sit back in lethargy and act as fence-sitters in this sick society. The students are now flaunting their powers, undertaking what they call the parliament of the streets, the people's congresses, and the politicalization of the masses. Endowed with the sense of patriotism and nationalism, they demand reforms and change in various sectors of our society and clamor for a government that is truly representative of the people. They harangue the status-quo, the power-hungry politicians, the grafters, the American imperialists, the fascists, and the profligate landlords whom they accuse of causing the present conditions of our country to further deteriorate. Moreover, they denounce the policies of our government officials which they deem irrelevant and not responsive to the needs and aspirations of the populace.

Indeed, the students nowadays are no longer mere followers and observers of their superiors and national leaders but they also act as fiscalizers of their government officials and partners of the people in shaping and deciding national issues. The resolute desire to help solve the ills which beset our society today and to get involved in the affairs of the government is, undoubtedly, the impetus that spark the student activism and militancy in our country. Nevertheless, the students find no alternative except to seek redress for their grievances through forceful rallies and demonstrations.

Needless to say, the pang of bitterness of the student's dynamism is being felt in many countries throughout the world. In our country, the students have wrought havoc and destruction. Riots, violence, and brutality are becoming the rules rather than the exceptions in many demonstrations. As a matter of fact, everytime the students demonstrate in Manila and in other provinces, the nearby business establishments have to close shop and the bystanders scamper for cover for fear that a melee between the violent demonstrators and the truncheon-bearing policemen might ensue. The riots which erupted in front of Congress and Malacañang last January 26 and 30, created furor and shock among the masses. It is the consensus that the students could have won more public support and sympathy and achieved more if they had voiced out their sentiments imperturbably and with sobriety.

But while riots and violence should be censored and condemned, the students can not be blamed for being militant and restless. Doubtless, their message to the establishment is unmistakable and clear. Unless the establishment will undergo the necessary changes and reforms, rallies and demonstrations are here to stay.



THE DAWNBREAKERS DAWN

*Wake, man! from thy temptuous place for
the long-borne task is at its pace
calling by the songs of crickets,
crowing of cocks and the misty creeping
of the haunting dawn*

*Arise, man! from thy creaky bed
a structure of wood with mat as spread.
Splash of water, to cleanse thy face,
moisten thy hair combing it with
thy hand so hard, so thin, so bare....*

*Through the cold lonely corridors
alone, walks this man, a dawningbreaker.
Walk, walk, oh patient toiler,
to your tedious task in the cold,
dusty room.*

*Through years this task is his
but after this
laurels for every endeavour sown
award him the awaited dawningbreakers
golden
DAWN*

Mel B. Bibera

THE RESTLESS . . .

(Continued from page 9)

guiding them intelligently.

But guiding this student activism and restlessness, we may still see a better world than our conservative one. For consistency interwoven with realistic goals, warmth, and understanding abets growth, fosters continuous personality development, and generates a balanced self-concept. The youth, unsure of his identity, possessed sometimes of distorted perspectives and poorly conceived goals shies away from interpersonal intimacy. Groping for a place in society, he often shows a readiness to repudiate and if necessary to destroy the institutions and the people who seem to threaten him. He is consequently alienated from the society of teachers. Peer groups usually provide him then with a psychological refuge amidst what he feels is hostile environment. The student demonstration constitutes his vehicle for his misunderstood personality.



(L-R) Mission Procurator, Fr. Adolf Sprei, SVD reading the citation, Msgr. Klaus Mund, Fr. Asst. General Karl Mueller, SVD, Fr. A. Burgmann, SVD, Rector of St. Augustin Mission Seminary.

THANK YOU AND CONGRATULATIONS

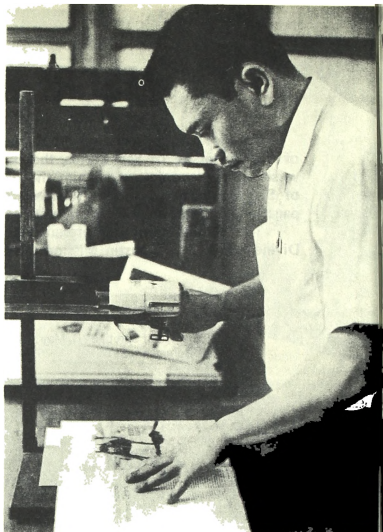
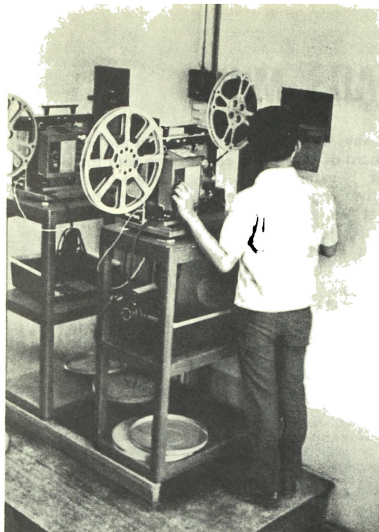
MSGR. KLAUS MUND

To show its appreciation for the many ways Msgr. Mund contributed to the progress of the University of San Carlos, the USC Board of Trustees in concurrence with the University Senate conferred on him the title of "Senator Honoris Causa" of the University of San Carlos in December 1969. He was then about to retire as President of the Propagation of the Faith in Germany with office at Aachen.

The ceremony of the presentation of the diploma was held at the Society of the Divine Word, St. Augustin Mission Office near Bonn.

(L-R) Fr. Adolf Sprei, SVD, Msgr. Klaus Mund, Fr. Karl Mueller, SVD, unidentified person, Fr. A. Burgmann, SVD.





NEW SKILLS EMPLOYED TO IMPROVE INSTRUCTION

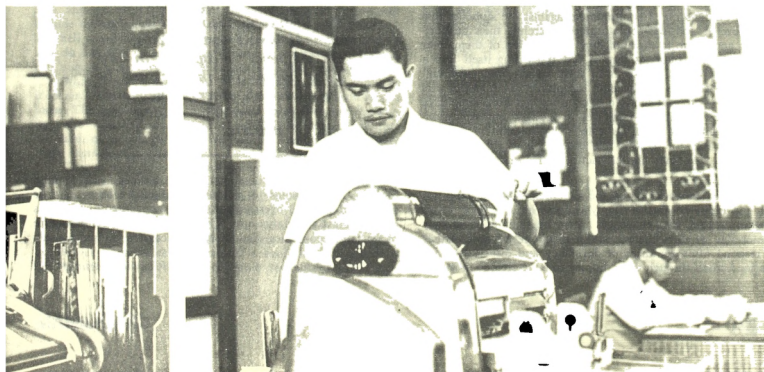
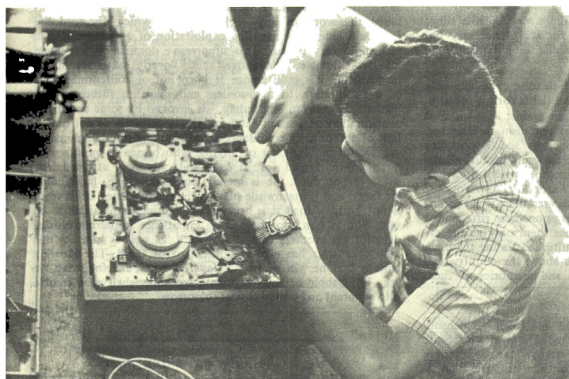
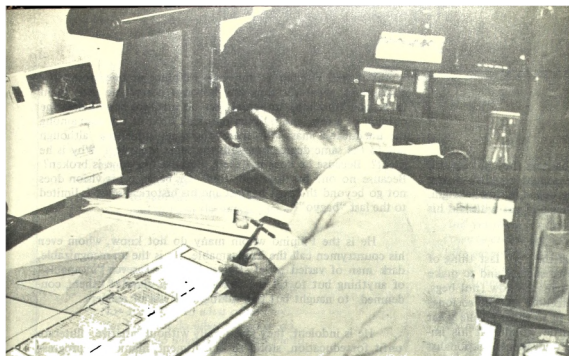
An attempt to introduce innovation and new concept of instructional system for effective instruction has resulted in the expansion of facilities and services of Instructional Media Center.

The original services of Instructional Media Center in the form of projection service, graphic illustration, sound reinforcement system, and recording, are now enlarged with the addition of new facilities under construction. These facilities when completed will provide a multi-purpose room, educational media class laboratory with combination projection system and magnetic board, application and research room, individual study laboratory, coordinating office, audio control room, and production area for slide making, graphic materials, photography and motion picture production. It is possible that new courses in audiovisual communications will likely be offered when these new facilities will be completed.

The primary purpose of this development is to improve instruction throughout the University and other levels of education by providing instructional media and curriculum integration of educational media both in the undergraduate and graduate levels.

The University of San Carlos is faced with the national challenge to convince others that this neglected area of education can no longer be construed as narrow specialty, consisting of teaching aids (old concept), motion picture, and little else. By the same token, educational technology must first become an integrated part of our total educational process and not merely an incidental part of the educational system.





TOWARD A NATIONAL ...

(Continued from page 14)

He grasped at many things despite the barriers they put up, till desperate and thirsty for acceptance he sought equality in the power frame - only to find that they begrudged his lowly origin. They conceded much to his importunities and yet withheld his complete emancipation.

His vision clearer now, he demands the very last thing of his masters. To design for himself his own society and to make real his political self-determination, he demands now (not begs, the ungrateful wretch!) his economic freedom. Asleep so long, awakened so late, he seeks to telescope in so short a time what others had taken centuries to gain. Little wonder at his impatience. Little wonder that every newly awakened nationalist chafes so pitifully like a dying father, seeking between so few and precious gaps to tell his son what he had known only this late, desperate to give so much when there was so little time, hoping that their forefather's instinct for acceptance may become today a drive for self-determination and self-government.

The shocks run and cut deep and clearing eyes bare only yet more heartbreaking facts. Even as he fights for his country, the Filipino finds that he also has to fight against it -- against the deepseated rifts among his people: pluralism in language, diffusion in geography, political hypocrisy, social inequity as a result of economic imbalance, increasing intellectual alienation among the young, split-levels in religion, irresolution between the law and a persistent primitive morality. As across the face of the nation so in the heart of this man there was a gaping and smarting wound. Stunned, he looks upon these rifts among his people; stunned much more, he sees them only as the extensions of the rifts within his own, multiplied among them all. The damp of the centuries still hovers above the country, old resentments a never fully cast away and memories of them are only salt upon a festering sore.

Those rifts have become stratified and fossilized because they have so long been there unchallenged. Those who suffocate and choke under them could not overthrow their oppressive weight along ... and wonder if even all of them can. The Filipino still bears these rifts so consciously effected out of the principles and structures of the past. His patience does not make them less burdensome. His resentment against the stubbornness of the foreign and self-perpetuating oligarchy, their authoritarianism and desire to make of him an extension of themselves and promoters of their interests is fast translating itself into a dangerous restiveness. He seeks to shed off the West, nay, embarrass it, so that he can become acceptable to his neighbours and fellows -- to feel shocked once more that his people have become "brown whites" themselves in thought and aspiration. Bitterly and bitterest of all, he realizes that he himself has worn too many masks for so long, the others fail to recognize him without one. He finds himself victim of his undoing.

Unnerved he seeks to be the Filipino he has so long not been, and fights all battles simply because he sees them as his struggles, creating new challenges where he finds none, if only to determine whether there is still a manhood left in him that will respond after centuries of dormancy and disuse, thinking to define himself through them, hoping to be re-created in them.

Yet this Filipino is only one Filipino, or one group. His convictions, whatever they are, however correct he feels them to be and they may in actual fact be that, are nonetheless the opinion of a few, and only an opinion. What of the man among the uneducated mass who shares the same influences although not to the same degree nor with the same intensity? Why is he silent? Because he does not feel? Because his spine is broken? Because no one has told him this? Or because his vision does not go beyond the next harvest and his historical sense is limited to the last "bagyo"?

He is the Filipino whom many do not know, whom even his countrymen call the irredeemable. He is the un-recognizable, dark man of varied racial strains, "inept", forever "incapable" of anything but to till the soil and be the slave of others, condemned to naught but the bidding and will of masters.

He is indolent, they say; totally without initiative, illiterate unfit for education, stolid to enlightenment, inimical to progress, a drag to the population. He is characterized as the unhappy amalgam of East and West in a tone that implies he has imbibed the worst of each - clichés all of which disregard the facts and hide the enervating exploitation of an extended colonialism in easy phrase. This suppressive domination has made him so "flexible," "adaptive" and "overly generous in his hospitality." His indifference is born not of contentment but of a habituation to a visionless and shapeless future, whose "Bahala na, ganyan ang buhay," is invoked by some as further confirmation of peasant fatalism. His uncertainty is not out of lack of ambition or confidence in self but the tremblingly eager yet fearful ambivalence of anyone who begins to venture out on a course hoped for so long and only now attained. His spirit is not dead. He is merely biding his time, husbanding his force, and is meanwhile playing the rulers' games. If his voice is not heard abroad it is because other things are waiting to be said. Within him too there is an impatience bordering on disdain for his brothers turned Westward, as well as hate for this interloper who has estranged the two of them. The growing wish is that he will be free at last. Of what, and for what, we ask. The tangle of answers today, we hope, shall soon resolve into a vibrant and united chorus tomorrow.

He is the Filipino whom many do not know, whom even his countrymen call the irredeemable. He is the un-recognizable, dark man of varied racial strains, "inept", forever "incapable" of anything but to till the soil and be the slave of others, condemned to naught but the bidding and will of masters.

He reaches for a democratic ideal although its promise is vague. He hearkens to call for social justice because of its subtle and inspired overtones. But what appeals to him most is revolt against the status quo, which is an imbalanced structure of society, economics, and dirty politics. The Filipino wants

(Continued on page 31)

I AM A CONFUSED MAN

*I am a confused man.
The things I want, I do not have.
The things I have do not last.
What must I do
to gain the things I want
and to keep the things I have?*

II

*I am a confused man.
I believe I am a free man
Who should live life his way
Not according to what others say.
Yet I cannot do what I want to do.
I have to do what others want me to.
What is freedom?
Where is freedom?
I am a confused man.
I see rules and regulations all around me.
They tie me down, they crush me down.
Obey! obey! and you will be happy.
But how can that be
When they never agree with me.
I am a confused man.
Life is a set of traffic signs for me
Telling men where to go
And where not to go.
No left turn here nor right turn there.
No U-turn here nor crossing there.
I am a confused man.
And also a very tired and unhappy man.
I have enough of rules, I have enough of threats.
I have enough of everything that dictates me.
Where must I go to escape
all these dictations suffocating me?*

III

*I am the more confused man
When I fly and take a trip outside me.
I see a lot of wealth sprawled before me
And wasted away like a one-centavo candy.
And yet there is so much misery.
Poverty crawls around men
Like germs in a diseased body.
Why is there so much misery
when there is so much money
to make everyone happy?
I am a confused man.
My brothers' bravery is a treasure to me.
I saw them fight courageously
On the isle of Corrigidor
And in the mountains of Bataan.
But as I walk the sidewalks of the city
I see them, burly and tall, small and thin,
with arms linked together
and hands clasped forever.*

IV

*I will, it seems, always be a confused man.
The years have rolled but nothing has changed.
Time is closing in on me.
The gloomy grave will soon be at hand.
And I will die a confused man.*

by Heracleo E. Repollo

THE APOCALYPTIC . . .
(Continued from page 16)

university in Manila has a very "groovy" plan the moment a revolution breaks loose. There ingenious plan is to go to Forbes Park and get everything they want there which of course will include the sexy girls who the group plans will be their "slaves." The hell with the revolution, one of them said to the writer, we will do anything we want the minute it occurs. Revolution is fun, man. It's free love and free service, he added exultantly.

What these students have in mind is not as ridiculous as it seems. They can and will do it the moment a revolution breaks loose. The revolution will just be ideal for them - and for anyone else who has anarchic proclivities. How many anarchists we have, no one knows. But we have. A revolution will surely make them have a lot of fun.

That is not the worst that could happen in the event of a revolution. A revolution in our case would mean a Filipino against another Filipino, brother against brother, father against son, etc.... It could mean the possible death of a mother, a father, a brother, a sister, a loved one. It would mean also the reduction of properties to ashes. Death and destruction, these are the very dreadful consequences of a revolution. These horrors rise to astronomical heights, as more revolutions occur as a

result of the first revolution. Such a consequence is very often inevitable.

That a revolution foments more revolution is proven in many parts of the world. We can take a look at those countries in South and Latin America and other countries in other parts of the globe that had been smitten by a revolution. These countries are rarely in peace. Revolutions occur there one after another. They are entangled in what appears to be an eternal strife. Do we want that to happen to us?

Why is this so? Why do more revolutions occur after one is started? The answer is not difficult. In every revolution there are always ambitious and power-hungry men. These men will jump at every opportunity that will enthrone them to power. The disorder following a revolution will be that opportunity. There is nothing that can stop them from grabbing it once they see an occasion for it. These very dangerous men are the ones who cause more revolutions.

We have only touched the surface. What takes place in between revolutions is very much worse. Purging, arbitrary executions, full-scale fascism, the reign of fear and terror, these ensue after a revolution. Who will be purged and who will be executed are not always the enemies of the people but usually the enemies of the revolutionists—whether they be imaginary or

(Continued on page 24)

THE APOCALYPTIC . . .

(Continued from page 23)

real. We know what that would amount to—mass murder of innocent people.

Do we want change so badly? We still have our basic rights today. Our newspapermen and columnists can still criticize the government. The demos can still assemble and students can still protest against the government. Why don't we use these rights we are still enjoying to the hilt if we have to gain the reforms we want instead of resorting to an alternative that could very well bring us apocalyptic consequences?

Undoubtedly, a violent revolution is very undesirable. It does not lead to anything good. The people will suffer from it consequently. Only the unscrupulous, the power-hungry and the opportunists will profit from it. A revolution may be started for a noble purpose by noble-hearted men, but the evils it precipitates will strangle it. In the words of Joseph Conrad:

"In a real revolution the best characters do not come to the front. A violent revolution falls in to the hands of narrow-minded fanatics and of tyrannical hypocrites at first. Afterwards comes the turn of all the pretentious intellectual failures of the time The scrupulous and the just, the noble and the humane and devoted natures; the unselfish and the intelligent may begin a movement but it passes away from them. They are not the leaders of a revolution. They are its victims; the victims of disgust, of disenchantment—often of remorse. Hopes grotesquely betrayed, ideals caricatured—that is the definition of revolutionary success. There have been hearts broken by such successes."

A violent revolution has to be prevented from occurring. To do this, there has to be a mutual and sincere desire for change between the government and the people. The latter have shown that they want. In fact they are very impatient to have it. What is left now is for the government to reciprocate the gesture.

There are many ways through which the government can abort a revolution without arousing the people's wrath. Congress is aware of this. It knows what it has to do. Why it is dilly-dallying on its job is something that can be readily explained. There are, as we all know, businessmen among our Congressmen who delay or block measures beneficial to the people but not for their vested interest. An example was the slow action on the minimum wage bills and the reason here is very obvious. Wage increases affect their interests adversely. They certainly do not want that to happen, thus they strongly blocked the measure.

The government should also look into the plight of the sacadas. It should do something sincere to ameliorate their wretched condition. It can do that by prosecuting oppressive hacienaderos. That is not a very hard task. The government knows them very well.

Another task of the government is to see to it that the land reform law is properly implemented. Knowledgeable individuals have pinpointed mistakes in it which hinder its complete success. Congress should look into them and remedy them.

Congress again should pass the Pelaez bill which bans among other things, politicians from interfering with the forthcoming election of delegates to the 1971 constitutional Convention. The people do not wish their interference. The 1967 plebiscite has shown it. Congress can prove to the people that it works for them by obeying what they command.

(Continued on page 31)

THREE SHORT POEMS

1. white
 are mounds
 growing
 pallid
 on mountains
 now
 a hill
 loud as still waters
 salt for the eye.
 ; - appalling as a vacant room
 lifeless and still
 soulless
 where the soul has fled.
2. for hope -
 i ride the tides
 and blow the breath
 - life
 in a distant land
 someone makes the fire
 and i plod the now deserts
 to seek my god
 in the mind
 of a friend.
3. for roger -
 friend?
 there are lines
 that cross and cross again
 till they are a mess
 of white cotton bowers.

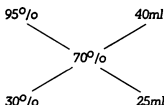
by Angela G. Kho
BS Physics 4

ALLEGATIONS ON ALIGATION

by M. S. SORIAGA

I heard of allegation for the first time in 1934 from one of my chemistry professors. This was at the old UP, Manila. We were at the time trying to prepare 70°/o alcohol by mixing 95°/o and 30°/o alcohol by volume, and were in the throes of computing how much of each to use.

"Easy," my professor said. He did not call it allegation. Apparently, "easy" was his name for it. He then proceeded to scribble the now familiar:

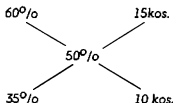


In no time he came out with the answers shown on the right side of the diagram: 40 ml of 95°/o and 25 ml of 30°/o alcohol. Almost as promptly I dismissed the whole thing as unnecessary.

In 1949 I had the good fortune to join the College of Pharmacy of this great University, the USC. The College was about to bloom then, its students were alligating full steam ahead wherever possible, and were enjoying the process too. Stories flew thick and fast of some pharmacy students alligating in math class problems on mixtures, and getting correct answers with phenomenal speed.

I thought I was not sufficiently impressed, but continued exposure to such a performance must have worn my indifference out. Then it happened. A client, for whom I had been analyzing fish meal for protein content, one day confronted me with a little problem. What he wanted to market was a 50°/o-protein fish meal. He had two kinds of meal, one had 35°/o, and the other 60°/o protein by weight. How much of one should be mixed with the other?

Very casually I alligated the data in my mind thus:



My client's eyeballs almost fell from their sockets when I gave him the answer before he had finished: 15 kilos of the 60°/o and 10 kilos of the 35°/o-protein variety; and without benefit of pencil nor paper at that. (When I tell my students about this I usually omit that part about my having made a purely mental alligation, to bolster credibility.) This incident had happened long before we USC teachers got classified, but my astounded client has been respectfully and awesomely calling me 'professor' since then. Little did he know that this believe-it-or-not performance has to be credited to the alligation method, not to the 'professor'.

The irony of it all, though, is that at present I hardly know anybody in the USC who alligates. Perhaps this is because the applicability of alligation is limited to binary mixtures with "averaging" properties. Algebraic methods would serve just as well for most situations appertaining thereto. There is however one particular situation where alligation is vastly superior to algebra and all, in speed, ease and simplicity. When the composition is to be determined, but the average property of the binary mixture and the pertinent property of each component is known.....that is it!

Alligation has served me well in my teaching. I have used it to solve with dispatch a variety of problems on binary mixtures ranging from: alpha-beta anomer ratio in aqueous solutions; dissociation effects on gas densities and average molecular weights; monomer-dimer equilibria; analytical constants, butter-fat and binary adulterant oils and/or fats; refractive index measurements and percentage composition; mass conservation in purely dilution effects; and others. There is fun in alligation. The fun resides, I think, in one's being able to recognize instinctively problem situations where the alligation method finds no peer.

I would like to close in style by getting involved however tangentially with the rice situation. If a merchant has two varieties of rice, one that sells at 2.50 and another at 1.70 per ganta, how does one compose a mixture of the two varieties to sell at exactly 2.00 per ganta?

Dear reader, would you care to do some alligating yourself?



BOYS ON THE WAY GIRLS DRESS

by Godfrey S. Teves

In some issues of our University Bulletin we read a lot about the mini-skirt. Now let's take a look at it from the boys' point of view.

What do boys really think of the way girls dress? What types of dresses are for them a source of temptation and "moral danger"? Of course, boys have different opinions concerning this matter, but the majority, I think, will rally behind me.

All girls are created beautiful. But many beautiful girls do not think of this; instead they still need some artificial "attachments" that make them appear beautiful. Girls should realize that the way they dress has a very serious effect on others, whether they be strangers, friends or dates. Even if they have no intention of being immodest, they should realize that

a boy is aroused very easily. Frankly speaking, a boy usually does not consider such made-up girls the bring-home-to-mother type but rather as "pick-ups". For me, the way a girl dresses means almost everything; I think sloppy, sexy clothes make one think the girl as cheap and "trampish." I know that every girl dreams of looking romantic whenever she goes to a party, but the trouble is that parties now have become so revealing that they tend to awaken not romance but lust in the male. It is said that the higher the cut of a girl's dress, the greater the temptation. Surely, a girl does not want to show off half of her body to please a man. But if anybody does, she had better ask the advice of her confessor or she will sooner or later see her date cross-eyed.

Why then do girls wear such dresses? It is because all too often they do not think of the effect on boys. Girls are emotional; but boys are passionate. Girls are romantic; boys are strongly attracted to the body-physique. By nature, the male is aggressive, and his passions are more quickly aroused. Girls simply look for attention - a natural feminine instinct; yet they become outraged if the boys get fresh.

Actually, although many of today's girls do not seem to realize this, modesty is a woman's most attractive charm. On the other hand, the lack of modesty cheapens a girl before a man's eye. Many a man will be tempted to take advantage of a girl whose dress and manners proclaim her an "easy one." But man will marry only a girl whom he can respect and admire.

Catholic women and girls, conscious of their dignity as daughters of God, must stand together against the tide of pagan immodesty and moral bankruptcy that threatens to engulf the modern world. Mindful of the value of every immortal soul, they should make sure that never by their dresses or actions do they become an occasion of sin to others.

USC OFFERS GRADUATE PROGRAM IN LIBRARY SCIENCE

The University of San Carlos will start to offer in July, 1970 a graduate program in library science leading to the degree Master of Science in Library Science.

The decision to open a graduate program in library science at USC was in response to the need of librarians, especially those from the Visayas and Mindanao for higher studies in library science. Such need was expressed in resolutions passed in the First Regional Seminar of College and University Librarians held at Silliman University in November 1968 and in the National Biennial Convention of the Philippine Library Association in April, 1969.

The librarians of leading universities in the Visayas and Mindanao, Xavier University, Silliman University and Central Philippine University have agreed to cooperate in the development of a graduate program in library science at the University of San Carlos.

The end in view to be achieved by such cooperation is eventually to establish for the southern Philippines a regional center for the training of librarians. No school outside Manila offers a graduate degree in Library Science. It is hoped that with the cooperation of guest professors and visiting lecturers San Carlos University can help fill the demand of academic, special, and research libraries in the country for highly competent librarians.

A SIMPLE POEM FOR ESTRADA

*Oh Estrada ! oh Estrada !
when others long to be more than what they are,
by spending more than what they should,
when others long to be rich and high-class,
by spending more than what they could,
you remain what you are,
and you are poor.*

*when others long to taste the royal wine and food
of fabulous Kings and fanciful Queens,
when others appear in royal gowns and shoes,
you remain what you are,
and you are poor.*

*when others try with smiles and stories
to make you join with them and be a Queen,
at least for a night, even if
it is only a junior-senior prom,
you never budge.
you never budge.
you remain what you are,
and you are poor.*

*in spite of the winds and waves,
you have stood still -
so with my deepest admiration,
let me call you:
my beautiful Maria Clara.*

- Gonzalo Go

He wears controversy well. Now goateed Ho Chi Minh style, he has the spare look of an ascetic but, as Quijano de Manila writes, "the manner is amused as though the reverend were always about to break into a smile." Branded as "communist" by the right and 'CIA' agent by the left, he still evokes the impression of untouchability one usually associates with the visionary.

Fr. Blanco's method is to sow discontent. He relates incidents which have occurred in Batanes, Vigan, Isabela, Masbate and other parts of the country to illustrate the complete reversal and denial of the Philippine democratic process. There is injustice, underdevelopment, and indifference. The situation is urgent and if we allow the exploitation to remain unchecked, the spirit of our people will one day be barren as our mountains and hills will be.

Clearly, there must be change - but not from the established orders. There has been a breakdown of confidence in the government. The church, by failing to take a definite stand on injustice, immorality and corruption has shown that it cannot provide the leadership to effect transformation. Our schools have only succeeded in alienating the studentry from the concrete problems of society. The press, concerned merely with exposes and analysis, has lost its viability.

The greatest impetus for change has come from nationalistic groups, especially those with Marxist leanings. Armed with a clearcut ideology and vision, and financed by money flowing in from Peking through Tokyo, they have been most vital in awakening awareness to our social and economic problems. They have been very effective in drawing attention to the dichotomies between the rich and the poor, the educated and the uneducated, the privileged and the deprived. They further maintain that the "irreconcilable antagonism between the alienated and the exploiter" can only lead to violent revolution.

It was his alleged espousal of a violent revolution that first focused national attention on Fr. Blanco. Rumor has held him responsible for toppling the Sukarno regime in Indonesia. He is now supposedly working for the downfall of the government here. He did organize students in Indonesia, he admits. But the purpose of this organization was to acquire badly-needed information on the actual situation of particular areas. It was certainly not to foment revolution. Neither is he doing that here. "I still believe I am a good Christian," Fr. Blanco asserts. There is tension between the alienated and the exploiter, but each has the right to existence and human development. Once you decide that one group is expendable and seek to destroy it, you corrupt your own humanity. Besides, there are many factors which must be considered if you intend to bring about a revolution, he says. Although revolution is initiated by the ideology of the few, it is sustained by the support of the masses. You have first to make the people want a revolution, and want it consistently. Second, there must be arms and a constant supply of munitions. Third, food to keep the people going. No, he does not see a revolution in the near future.

Fr. Blanco's solution is organization of the alienated for power. The greater majority of our people, he notes, is controlled by the life style of a small percentage - the malakas, who make decisions that drastically affect our economy and our lives. It



Special Interview : Fr. BLANCO

By Ma. Erlinda Fernandez

is only just that we share in the decision-making of the nation. Never in the history of the world, however, have the powerful ever surrendered their privileges willingly. We should therefore exert pressure on them. In any confrontation, the alienated should argue from a position of power. It is risky but, as Fr. Blanco says, we cannot choose our own battle field. Once we commit ourselves, we have to be prepared for the shedding of blood.

(Continued on page 30)





THE SEA: A SUMMER REFUGE

SUMMER AND YOU

Summer is here to stay
But not for long, I know
I'll watch the golden sun
Rise and set each day,
I'll hear the birds sing,
And watch the lovely flowers grow.

I'll watch stars on a lovely night
As I've done all summer through -
The moon will still give its radiant light
And I, too,
Will keep waiting
For summer and you . . .

Hurry, 'cause summer will soon go,
Let's ride with the wind,
And sail the ocean blue.
We'll listen to the song of the sea,
And the whisper of the trees
Stirred by Summer's breeze.

Let's laugh with lovers and share the magic
that summer has brought.
We shall be dreaming, You and I,
Under a summer sky -
It will be wonderful I know,
'Cause Summer's here
And so are YOU . . .

Sue Marie Brigauidt

SUMMER SONG

I am lost in the endless spread of desert sand
and the unreachable blanket of a cloudy sky
Yearsdistance....memories....put end to end
the living cell that man in his imperfection calls life.
Never ending time....I stroll by the roadside
pen in hand, till a gust of wind blows
and stirs up the dust
brushing away the footprints and the dreams.
I am alone once more.

Glide, little creatures of the air, glide once again
Let me catch just the silhouette of your freedom
as from my lonely cell I stretch out my hands
to clutch at the nothingness within my reach.
I hear the echo of the ocean's song....music....
a fading symphony of heartbeats. Empty hands fall,
and feet fall into a step, two steps....and more
Years....distance....memories....fleet by.
Once more I am alone.

Elvira Fuentes

ME

Times I've spent, hammering my breast, trying to uproot
the sprouts that grow within. Indeed, I did resist them
while denser they became.

How I loathe music which rhymes with
the scales of my sentiments! Or even
poetry that cools my summers!
I would rather bathe my skin with fire
or clothe my soul with Satan's...just to grasp the
embryo of my desires.

Lucilo Boyles Jr.
E.E. 4

SPECIAL INTERVIEW . . . (Continued from page 27)

Fr. Blanco organizes, but he is not identified with any organization. He has been conducting teach-ins and seminars since 1967, and is available to any organization that calls on him. His seminars are of two types: the social awareness seminar which discusses Marxism, the theology of revolution, nationalism the economic and political situation, and means of getting ideas absorbed by the people; the organizational seminar which has at its goal community organization. In the latter, the arousal of anger and discontent precedes the discussions on the theory of conflict.

These last days, he has been giving talks to business groups, organizations, and schools in the South. In one conference conducted by educators, he made this suggestion. Morning sessions should discuss national and local problems touching on economic and social aspects. The afternoons should be reserved for field work as investigation of government offices, hospitals, and courts of justice, the formation of vigilante groups, following-up of corruption charges, even reforestation. Unless we learn to value the freedom and dignity of each and every Filipino, unless we awaken ourselves to social awareness and social responsibility, unless we make the university less academically and more politically oriented thus bridging the gap between classroom and street, we have no business running and supporting our schools.

Fr. Blanco's message is optimistic. The dynamism of a segment of our society can "buck the system." This force should filter down to the rest. The Filipino value that sees only those who are close to us as worthy of our sacrifice should be destroyed. The problems of the alienated and the oppressed are our problems. And if, despite our efforts, they will still be denied their basic rights, it is one's Christian duty to rise in revolution.

TOWARD A NATIONAL . . .

(Continued from page 22)

to be free of all these so that he can live life like a man, be accepted as a man and exercise the right of self-determination that makes man what he is. For a man must first of all be able to live like a man before he can belong to himself and to his nation.

Meanwhile let us look at that image and think of us and study ourselves for what we shall be and should be. Let men arise to ask whether the questions we are here the right and relevant ones. Let our thinkers crystallize for us an ideology, for we must build a bridge with our past and establish the broken lines of communication with our different generations if we are not to become as empty and directionless as we have always hitherto been. Let the nation move, and build itself, and earn its name, be worthy of its dignity, that it may stand among the giants of the world without need to adulate to gain their favor.

We need everyone in this task today. But we need especially you. If you are Filipino, tell us what you feel, reveal to us your thoughts, your visions and your dreams. Share us your name, give us yourself, lend us your identity; you speak to us. Yes, we mean you. And we mean all of you.

A LITTLE BIT OF . . .

(Continued from page 6)

Their houses and building are built stronger now with money from children working elsewhere. The churches will be built for shelter and for worship in this time. They hope to build them strong enough for the future perils. For you see they have a strong faith and an almost too strong trust in God's providence. It is the reason perhaps why they do not invest in the greater security of larger boats and an island shelter. They are a people of cooperation. Their Legion of Mary groups help to keep the faith strong when priestly ministry is as infrequent as it is. Their hardships produce character and a strong, healthy people (they have no doctors on the island). Their bond of fellowship goes beyond family ties to a necessary cooperation that someday will mean success and perhaps even wealth. It could happen to no more beautiful people.

THE APOCALYPTIC . . .

(Continued from page 24)

And lastly, the government should make sure not to drag the Philippines into the Cambodian war. For if it does, it will be courting a war of its own.

If the government does what is has to do, there will no revolution either from the people of Manila, from the sacadas, from the farmers or from anyone. No one really wants it except those who are insane. Everyone still wants to eat "bugas," as a Cebuano would say.

Let us not wish for a revolution. Let us ask for:

Patriotism not Despotism
Sobriety not Inebriety
Sincerity not Duplicity
Service not Avarice
Prudence not Rashness
Liberty not Servitude
Generosity not Oppression
Reforms not Revolution

LOOR A VOS

(Soneto al Nuevo Presidente de U.S.C.)

Rindo mi homenaje al nuevo Presidente de la Universidad de San Carlos de Cebu; El primer indio que sube al puesto importante, Debido a la marcha de Nacionalismo.

Tu elevacion al puesto nos da fortaleza contra la inquietud de la edad moderna e insegura; Tu eres el castillo de la presente raza que nos fortifica de la injusticia humana.

Loor a vos que venitis in nomine Domini, Vos el simbolo del triunfo del Filipinismo; Amparados con vuestro manto sacerdotal.

Sois la sal del mundo:- Vos estis sal mundi; Nos alegramos de vuestra venida triunfal; Tu nombre es la inspiracion del hombre moderno.

MI COMAESTRO

Por muchisimos años, No me encuentre con Francis; En Velez nos encontramos, Un inolvidable lunes.

Fue once de este mes mayo, El que vi fue militante; Fue mi colega intimo, Y mi colaborante.

No recuerdo su cara, Despues de muchos años de ausencia forzada; Alfin nos conocimos.

Me llamo por mi nombre; Yo le grite "Militante" Pues recordamos todo, de lo que ha pasado

Conversamos un poco; Revivimos el pasado; Eramos escogidos Por Smith como maestros.

Aceptamos la oferta de enseñar en primaria; Trabajamos con ahinco El logro ser abogado Y yo porbre maestro.

Le deje con mi amor; Me envio sus recuerdos; Nos partimos con dolor, Llenos de sueños vivos; Pues me despido Adios

mevale

ODE TO SUMMER

*Summer! Summer!
Across thy flowered meadows
I watch butterflies roam
While blue-birds twit a song
in their making of a home.*

*And along brooks flowing
Melodies lost on the shore,
My heart is drifted and there
I am lost once more.*

*Summer! do you come
to bring another song to me
and then just leave me again
another stardust melody?*

*Summer! Summer!
Come with thy songs and flowers
Come with thy sunshine and showers
But please do not break my heart
When someday you suddenly depart.*

Pepe Suarez
M.A. Phil. 2

LIFE LIKE THE SEASONS

*I want to cry.
I want to hide
and flee from this
endless strain of sadness*

*If i could only paint my loneliness!
If i could only print my memories!
I should have done these
To ease my anguished heart,*

*A pull on my hair, a fond embrace --
and then everything just proved short-lived
like the autumn wind that blows cold
after the warmth of a summer. . .*

*Now you are gone.
Must i start grieving?
. . . weeping?
. . . yearning?*

*I had to face the truth
that life changes like the seasons.*

Minda Caballes



Wikang Pilipino

ANG GURO KUNG MINSAN...

ni Lydia Abapo Rivera

Ang guro kung minsan ay isang kawal na nakikipaglaban sa isang kasindak-sindak na kaaway. Ang kalabang ito ay di-gaanong mapanganib o naninira kung ihahambing sa mga bomba atomika. Nguni't kung hindi kaagad maipitipol ay magiging dahilan ng masasabing kapinsalaan. Ang pandadaya ng mga estudyante kung panahon ng pagsusulit ay ang unang kaaway ng guro.

Tungkulin ng guro ang humanap ng mga paraang magpapahinto o makapagpigil sa pandadayang ito upang maisakatuparan ang mga dakilang layunin ng edukasyon - ang pagbubuo ng isip, paghuhubog ng ugali, at pagliinis ng kaluluwa ng kabataan, na siyang magiging gabay nila sa tuwid na landasin.

Hindi sa lahat ng pagkakataon dapat na sishun ang mga estudyante sapagka't kung napilitan silang mandaya ay sapagka't talagang hindi nila maunawaan ang leksiyon. Marahil ang leksiyon o takdang ibinigay ng guro ay napakahirap sa kanila upang unawain.

Ang mga sumusunod na mungkahì ay makababawas o makapagpapahinto ng pandadaya.

1. Ang mga mag-aaral ay nandadaya sapagkat hindi nila naunawaan ang leksiyon. Kusang papag-aralin sila at nang laging handa sa klase.
2. Huwag magbigay ng mga araling magiging mahirap sa kanila sapagkat ang ganito'y humahantong sa kanilang pangangopya. Sa mga ginawang pagsisiyasat ang kalimitang dahilan ng pandadaya ng mga estudyante ay ang pagbibigay ng mga araling mahihirap.
3. Laging ipakitala ang katapatan sa loob ng klase sa pamamagitan ng mga halimbawa at ang unang halimbawa nito ay ang katapatan ng guro.

Ang tungkuling ito ay hindi lamang dapat na gampanan ng mga guro ngunit maging ng tahanan at ibang sangay ng lipunan. Ang mga ito ay dapat na tulongan. Isipin nating ang pandadaya sa paaralan ay unang hakbang lamang sa pagbubuo ng ugaling hahantong sa pagnanakaw at kawalang-dangal.

PANGULONG TUDLING

Tunay Na Kalayaan

"Kalayaan": ano ang tunay na kahulugang nakapaloob sa katagang ito? Kailan natin masasabing tayong ay malaya? Saan natin matatagpuan ang tunay na kalayaan?

Ang mga katanungang ito ay dapat muna nating isalang-alang bago tayong dumako sa lalong malinaw na pang-unawa sa salitang ito. Unang-una ang salitang "Kalayaan" ay nageanyaya ng isang makahulugang paksa ng usapan. Malimit na napag-uusapan ang kalayaan nguni't sa palagay ko ay hindi pa rin ganap ang ating pang-unawa sa bagay na ito. Ating suriin ang kahulugan nito. Kalayaan kapag sumasag sa ating isipan ay ang pagiging malaya sa lahat ng bagay na ating ginagawa, malaya sa pagkilos, sa pananalita, sa panulat, at pagbuo ng sariling pasiya. Kailan natin masasabing ganap na nating nakamtan ang tunay na kalayaan? Ganap lamang ang ating kalayaan kung sa lahat ng ating mga ikinihilos ay walang sinumang humahadlang at nag-uutos; sapagka't alam naman natin kung alin ang tama at alin ang mali. Buong at ating paniniwalang tayong ay malaya sa bawat kilos natin, nguni't bakit mayroong mga taong mapagmasid at ang ibig ay sila ang magpasiya sa kung ano ang dapat nating ikilos sa isang pagkakataon pagka't para sa kanila ang mahalaga ay ang kanilang hatol hindi na baleng mali o wasto ba ito basta nakikita nilang ang mga kilos natin ay sang-ayon sa kanilang mga paniniwala.

Gayon din sa pananalita, ibig nating maging malaya sa ating mga pananalita, ang maging malaya sa pagpapahayag ng ating damdamin o ng ating naisasaloob, nang sa gayon ay napag-uukulan natin ng pansin ang mga mali at tamang nangyayari dito sa ating paligid. Nais nating pakinggan din ng mga kinauukulan ang ating mga hinaing nang sa gayon ay malutas naman ang suliraning umiiral sa ating pali-paligid. Nguni't tila yata bingi ang mga kinauukulan sa ating mga hinaing sapagka't sa ganang kanila ay wala tayong karapatang dumaing at humingi ng kanilang tulong.

Kahit idean pa natin sa pagsulat ay gayon din ang mangyayari. Libu-libong mamamayan ang nagpapadala ng liham sa mga pahayagan at sa mga himpilan ng radyo, nguni't palagi na lamang silang bigo sa kanilang mga hangarin, sapagka't wala ring mangyari, mangilan-ngilang liham lamang ang binibigyan pansin at ang iba naman ay ipinagwawalang bahala na lamang at malaking malas na lang natin kung isa tayong roon sa mga ipinagwawalang bahala. Masasabi ba natin itong ganap na kalayaan? Marahil ang ating sulat ay nagsasagad ng panunuligsa laban sa pangasiwaan ng pamahalaan at sa mga kagawaran nito. Kailangan ang kalayaan sa pagbuo ng sariling pasiya. Paano natin mawawasto ang ating kilos, kung hindi tayong makapagpasiya

sa ating sarili, kung ano ang dapat ikilos sapagka't naalangan tayong sa sasabihin ng mga tao? Hindi sila ang dapat nating pag-uukulan ng pansin sapagka't tayong ay malaya, at dito lamang natin matatagpuan ang tunay na kalayaan. Tayong ay nakatira sa isang malayang bansa at dapat lamang na tayong mga mamamayan ay maging malaya sa bawat kilos natin tulad ng mga ibong malayang nakalilipad sa himpapawid na masasaya kapag nakalabas sa kanilang haula nguni't nalulungkot kapag pinanataling nakakulong.

Ganyan din tayong mga tao, nanghihimagsik ang ating kalooban kapag hindi tayong makakilos nang ayon sa ating gustong kilos. Kaya saan pa natin ganap na matatagpuan ang tunay na kalayaan kundi sa atin na ring sarili? Gawin natin kung alin ang inaakalang wasto para sa isa't-isa at iwasan ang inaakalang makakasira sa ating sariling panuntunan sa buhay.

c.g. granados

SA IYO MAHAL KO

I

Sa iyo mahal ko...
aking iadala,
Wagas na pag-ibig
at pagsintang tunay,
Sa mga pasakit...
nakalaang magparaya
Mapagtanto lamang
na ikaw ang mahal ko.

II

Sa pagdidili-dili...
lugi kang pangitain
Binibigyang alin,
Kaya nga aking hirang
Pagtuyo ko sa iyo'y
walang kamatayan.

III

Damdamin ko ba'y babalaw
kapag di na nasilayan...
Mga pisnging kulay rosas
at may anghing mga biloy
Mga matang nagningning...
nangungusap kung warin,
Dulot nito'y kagalakan
sa puso kong nagdurusa.

IV

Kaluluwag alipin mo...
ngayon nama'y sumasamo,
Huwag sanang maglilito
sa sumpang binitiwang,
Pagka't itong abang lingkod...
sa iyo ay nahumaling,
Magpahanggang hukay...
ikaw pa rin ang ubiginn.

Bungang-isip ni:
c. g. granados

one -
dust and dirt sticks to your body
you'd scream for a bath
but what bath can you take when the faucet
spews out nothing but thin air - and if ever -
thirteen drops of water lazily seep out,
but all you get is two drops because all the kids
are also eager to take a bath even at early morning.

you wish you had an umbrella
but remember this isn't London
and would you not turn red if all those killjoys
see you daintily walking down the street,
your head crowned by a man-sized black umbrella,
and they all in unison would hoot and call you - sister.

what you need is a refreshing drink
and you discover, to your dismay, that you have but
ten centavos and a drink costs fifteen and a ride
too is fifteen and you would rather
ride going home and die of starvation than have a drink
and make your sexy legs turn like that of Tarzan's.

two-
but summer too is beautiful.
remember Baybay where thick rain clouds distort
the color of green rice fields and green mountains
and make you always on the run for some shelter.
and remember Tagbilaran where the morning sun
strikes the sea bouncing off its rays as diamond
sparkles hurting your eyes - which reminds
you to buy a pair of sunglasses if ever you have some money.

summer too is inspiring.
they tell you that a lot more beautiful girls

have enrolled in the university
and these girls have come from Manila -
which makes you wish you had earned more credits
in Pilipino and learned to speak it as fluently as a Manileño.
there is a lot of time to go visiting
and paying your respects to sweet dearie
who insists that you stay the whole day -
her mother begins to mildly suggest
you'd better transfer to their house na lang.

three-
yes, this summer reminds me of . . .
the plans we made-
about going to Baguio for a whole month
but we had to spend all that we saved
on the down payment for our refrigerator
because we needed cold water all the time;
about going to kilometer 47 every Saturday
but one Saturday you had your hair fixed
and on another you had your nails trimmed
and on another you went window shopping and
"I couldn't resist the temptation, dear"
so there goes our km. trip;
about buying a small air conditioner but
you wanted one colored avocado and I wanted
one colored sky blue so we instead thought
of getting an electric fan but most of the
time they cut our electric current
so we finally got buri fans from manang for twenty centavos.

this summer, last year's too
and this coming year's also -
will I be reminded of
water, air conditioners, fans
and what have you.

SUMMER REMINDS ME OF . . .

by Ruben Lumagbas Jr.

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1st Semester

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Classes Begin..... July 7, 1970

