



The Carolinian

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS



"Tota Pulchra
es Maria:
et macula originalis
non est in te."



Elsa Valmonte, Rosario Teves and Ledínila Amigable.
Beauty, Brains. And buy yourself a peanut.



Seated from left: Bartolome de Castro, Ariston P. Awitan Jr., Tomas Echivarre
and Nestor Morales.
...pass the cracks and try going home in one piece.



Jesse Vestil, Joe de la Riente and Adolfo Caballo.
...how can we make this thing click?



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The CAROLINIAN

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Anything
YOU SAY

Dear Mr. Editor:

I have been in San Carlos 31 only a year. I'm impressed. But I've been doing some inquiring about past USC years. I still think something is direly lacking in our campus: a weekly convocation program featuring personalities or to pics of general interest. This is also an effective culture medium. And at once, we can speculate on a more sturdy, enduring and active esprit de corps among the students in that the same would grant opportunity for them to convene regularly and be advised and influenced on important subjects. Like for instance, religion, recent scientific developments, international clinches, or even on the latest in student participation in government activities. This, I believe, would be conducive to student awareness of the world around them, thus—student action!

Our sound system will serve beautifully without asking the students to come down before the stage.

MANUEL PAGES
Law '56

Great idea! We could refer this to the school officials concerned.

— Editor

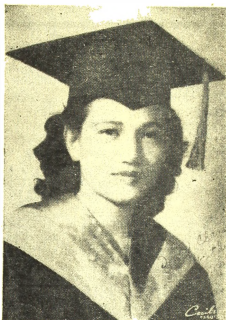
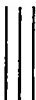
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MARCH, 1954

USC SALUTES...

Miss Carolina del Mar



After a year and a half of advance mathematical studies at the University of St. Louis, Missouri, USC's Miss Carolina del Mar, a USC pensionada, will rejoin the college faculty next semester.

Miss del Mar is scheduled to arrive at Manila on March 17. She will immediately fly to Cebu to render her report to USC and tackle her first assignment—probably teaching higher mathematics to a group of slightly giddy engineering students.

A BSE graduate from USC, Miss del Mar taught mathematics at the Girls' High School for a year. Bolstered considerably by her *magna cum laude*, Miss del Mar proceeded to take up engineering and was a third year student when granted an SVD scholarship.

At St. Louis, Miss del Mar distinguished herself by winning honors at her class. She took second honor in her MA class and was named member to the Association of Mathematicians of America.

In between classes, Miss del Mar spent her time seeing places and visiting—guess who—an old pen pal. In a trip to New York, Miss del Mar was able to confer with Fr. Rector when the latter was there in the course of a vacation trip.

Along with a huge class, Miss del Mar graduated last January 31 with an MS in Mathematics. Immediately, she packed her bags and took the long way home in order to be able to stop at various places.—A.R.

Our Cover:

We chose a picture of the Blessed Virgin for our cover this issue for the current observance of the Marian Year. We hope that a glance at it would enlighten an inspiring glow at your piety and devotion.

PAGE 1

Caroliniana

Editorials

THE ROAD THEY TAKE

THERE was never a conquest without a fight; no glory won at an instant.

The student who is now to graduate has ridden along these heavy years meeting the lash of crises with a fortitude of his own design; interlocking assiduity with ambition, proficiency with vigil. Yet, as an element of naughty youth, he has weakened in some moments past, perhaps shot a wrong foot forward. But that is a necessary incident to which all are prone. The important thing is that he made it: he strove and he got what he was there for. Now, he is happy; so are the ones for whom he has dedicated his toil—increased green years. The prize is his now to take home, to cherish, to install as a powerful beam in his life's theatre.

San Carlos U sends him on his way not just proudly or hopefully, but with a prayer for his continued betterment through the days to come. This school has done her job on his behalf, did it well, we trust. His parents in their own way has also performed their part; they met the sun and defied the weathers to sew a button on his shirt and hone the blade of his tool. The task is now lettered in his book, defined and, yes, expected, that he prove himself able to serve those to whom his service is due, effectively and God-consciously.

LET THE CLASP ENDURE

A GROUP of young men, students all, from different schools in this city, have just knotted a tie concordant with the cry for brotherhood of men every-



The
Editor-in-Chief
J. P. VESTIL

where. The Students' Catholic Action was conceived for laudable ends. It was born so much like the valiant swinging the old sword as if meeting the challenge wrought by manifold miasmatic intrusions into the ideologies of the youth. It is. And in its fight it must survive. We need it. We clamor for its endurance. So grievously few are the institutions around us existent for the protection of the interests of this growing generation outside of the classrooms.

The SCA is adequate for such defense. It shall continue to be so long as it abides by the strength of the Faith for which it stands and is honestly concerned in the welfare of the next man in the street.

Welcome! and pray.

(See SCA story on page 16, this issue of the "C".)

PUNCH WITHHELD

WE ARE reminded of a fighter who refused to use his knuckles. He would not want to see a man standing at the unhealthy end of his fist. He was a kindly pugilist who knew what he can do to a face and, therefore, kept his hands from getting near one.

Some did not understand this attitude. So they egged him on. And when he remained silent they riled him, called him a coward and despised him. He was only human and had to yield. He went into the ring and that was the last of his adversary.

Now, our own San Carlos U seems to find herself in this fighter's boots. Her attitude? The same. But not up to the end of that story. She is not stepping into the ring. She is contented in her silence; at peace. She only knows that she has a public duty to perform. She has in the past and is continuing to accomplish that task with all due accord. Yes, by a religious observance of the rules and policies which are strictly reactive to the demands of faithful service and so-called justice justify themselves.

If people refuse to appreciate her merits, must she have to exculpate herself?

For the editor of the local daily whose editorial carousal is swung to our direction, we have no ire. We have only sympathy.

... and Notes

The last we heard from Emilio B. Alier he was at Hongkong; next stop Tokyo. Then, to the States. On his return we plan to have him sequestered in a room where we can talk with him for one whole day. A lot of things he can tell us about students in foreign lands, a lot of lessons to learn which we might apply here for ends that will certainly astound the conservative. Hold it! we only mean that kind of student wakefulness that is directed toward the performance of civic responsibilities, the

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THE GREATEST task which Jesus Christ while here on earth as the Teacher of the True Religion had to perform was the revelation of his Divinity. He prepared his disciples slowly and carefully so that at the end of his life they grasped the truth and be-

came clearly discernable: Mary's greatest prerogative, her Divine Motherhood, and its supernatural prerequisite, her stainless virginity. St. Ignatius of Antioch calls her simply Mary, but clearly hints at her Virginity and Divine Motherhood. St. Justin teaches that she was a virgin before and in the miraculous birth of Christ. He stresses her role in the redemption of mankind as another Eve. St. Irenaeus develops these same thoughts, adding that she remained a virgin all her life. The disciple of Irenaeus, Hippolytus

of the people and stirred them when it became a point of discussion. When the Council of Ephesus condemned Nestorius and solemnly defined the divinity of Christ, the people saw in both these declarations a vindication of the Divine Motherhood of Our Lady. And it was in her praise and honor that they in glowing enthusiasm carried St. Cyril, the great Defender of Mary, and the other bishops on their shoulders through the streets of Ephesus. This love for Mary which triumphed at Ephesus was not like a fire

MARY

IN THE FIRST CHRISTIAN CENTURIES

heved it: Jesus Christ was both, man and God! As the Kingdom of Christ slowly spread over the earth, mankind being confronted with this basic truth struggled, indeed, especially during the first three centuries, before the full meaning of Christ the man being God was sufficiently understood and securely held. The struggle culminated in two hectic battles, the first against Arius in 325, the second against Nestorius in 431. The trophy of the first was the dogma of the absolute equality of the three persons in God; the trophy of the latter was the dogma of the true Divinity of the man born by the Blessed Virgin Mary. While on this occasion the primary concern of Christianity was the Divine nobility of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior, another great truth, implied in the former, held on at least equally great interest in the hearts of perhaps the majority of the people, the truth of the Divine Motherhood of the Blessed Virgin.

The question whether there are two distinct natures in the one person of Christ, one perfectly human and the other truly Divine was and is of the utmost importance; but being quite speculative and abstract it seemed to be beyond the comprehension of most of the people, whereas the other question whether Mary of Nazareth had given birth to a boy who was the son of God, so that in full truth she was the mother of God, touched the hearts

of straw which flares up and dies out—it was rather like the waves of the ocean, powerful and irresistible, born in the unfathomable depth of the sea, never to quiet down within time.

The devotion to the Blessed Virgin began while she was still living on earth. The Acts of the Apostles (Acts 1, 14) when speaking of the first gathering of the young Church before and on Pentecost, mention of the about one hundred persons present only one by name: Mary, the mother of Jesus. It seems, indeed, that this first meeting recorded in the annals of Christianity was presided over by her!

The dying Saviour had entrusted his mother to his favorite Apostle, and there is no doubt that St. John loved her most dearly. This love he instilled into his disciples, and they handed it down through the generations of their disciples as a most precious heirloom. John's influence through Polycarp, his im-

mediate disciple, on Ignatius, Justin, Irenaeus, Tertullian and Hippolytus seems to be certain. These were the leading men in the second century. In the writings and statements of these men two "leitmotives"

of Rome (+235) seems to have coined the title "Theotokos"—Mother of God. From this time on this is the most used title and one that goes to the core, indicating the pivotal point of all of Mary's honors and merits.

One may think that these were the thoughts and views of just a few men, but the contrary is proven by several outstanding facts: (1) at this time people began to give expression to their piety and devotion by painting the Blessed Virgin on the walls of their houses and gathering places; (2) before the end of the century, at about 190 A.D. Victor I solemnly excommunicated as a heretic Theodotus of Byzantium who while admitting Mary's Virginity denied her Divine Motherhood. This excommunication seems to be the first in history, a sign that and how in early times the Roman pontiffs realized their rights and responsibilities, and it is significant that they used them in defense of Mary! (3) Tertullian testifies to it at the end of

by Rev. Albert van Gansewinkel, S.V.D.

the second century that the faithful in the already widespread baptismal vows professed their belief in Christ as God and son of Mary. Though later on he erred, his numbers

(Continued on page 4)



The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

erous orthodox writings re-echo time and again the faith of the century-old Church. He emphasized that his teaching was but the traditional one, although he was probably more fully aware than any theologian before him of God's profoundest self-humiliation in becoming the child of a woman.

In the third century we find the same doctrine proposed and further developed by St. Cyprian of Carthage, Drigen, Peter and Alexander of Alexandria, Pope Callixtus, Pope Felix I, and others. With the Roman Novatianus Catholic Theology began to speak in the Latin Language, and in clear-cut terms to

determine the exact doctrine against the Gnostics on one side who denied the full reality of the Virgin-born body of Jesus Christ and against Jewish heretics on the other side who saw in him but a mere ordinary man. Of greatest interest for us is the fact that in the canon of Holy Mass of the year 223 (this is the earliest canon known to historical research) mention is made of the Blessed Virgin. This shows that the early Christians associated her with the sacrifice of her Divine Son on Calvary and the Altar in much the same way as advanced Theology does it now-a-days. Right before the solemn moment of con-

secration we "venerate in holy assembly the memory, first, of the glorious ever-Virgin Mary, Mother of our God and Lord Jesus Christ." This wording (communicantes) goes back to the fifth century. Another precious gem of great historical and devotional value is the early origin and wide spread of the Antiphon "Sub tuum praesidium", towards the end of the third or beginning of the fourth century. The name of the author is not known, but all the more clear it is that this prayer of praise and confidence was on the lips and in the hearts of the faithful throughout the centuries.

The fourth century Popes and Theologians of great renown were all anxious to protect and to promote the honor of Mary. They combined highest theological speculative thought with child-like devotion; besides razor-sharp definitions and condemning anathemas they offered tender omissions of genuinely lyric poetry.

The classical height of Mariology was reached in the second half of the 4th century by Saints Ambrose, Jerome, and Augustine. For St. Ambrose, Mary was first of all the Mother of God and the immaculate Virgin. He warned that she must not be given divine adoration: she was the temple of God, not God in His temple. But she was the model of all perfection. Like another St. Luke, pondering on the inspired chapters of the Gospel, he succeeded in depicting the life and virtue of Mary in such a way that his influence was felt through the Middle Ages, nay, even in our times. Thus he wrote for instance: "From Mary you can take an example of right living. She is the model of uprightness, she shows you what you ought to correct, what you ought to avoid, and what you ought to hold fast. The nobility of a teacher kindles our first love for learning. But who is more noble than the mother of God? Who is more resplendent than she whom Divine Splendour itself has chosen? Who is more chaste than she who gave birth without being defiled by man? She was a virgin not only in body, but also in mind; she would not vitiate by any deceit the unspoiled disposition of her soul. She was humble of heart, dignified

(Continued on page 8)

by Rev. Fr. Michael Richartz, S. V. D.

WHAT does it mean to say, "Physics on the way to religion?" Does it say that in the past, all famous physicists were unbelievers because religion and science were contraries? Or because natural science and religion have nothing in common? -- And do we expect that all scientists will become believers in God in the future? There have lived and will live scientists like Descartes who were thoroughly convinced that natural processes are determined purely mechanically and that beyond nature nothing exists. Other physicists again imitate Faraday who used to close the door of the chapel before entering the

laboratory. But the harmony between science and religion, reason and faith, was the ideal of the greatest scientists as well as of the most famous philosophers, e.g. Plato, Augustine, Albertus Magnus, Copernicus, Newton, Planck, to mention only few. None of the great Catholic theologians of the Middle Ages has so precisely and clearly drawn the distinction between the natural and supernatural, between faith and reason, between philosophy and theology, as St. Thomas Aquinas. The distinction as well as the harmony between science and religion rest, according to him, upon the rock foundation of metaphysical conviction. God, the Absolute Being, is the First Principle and First Cause of all finite natural beings. The two rays of natural and supernatural truth flow from the bosom of God, the Absolute Eternal Truth.

As a rational being man is made for truth. It is natural for him to want to know and understand all things. In the Middle Ages christian philosophy included all knowledge within the scope of natural science. The scientists were interest-

ed to find God's manifestation of Himself in the universe. "The heavens are telling the glory of God." God has made the whole world and governs it by His providence. Every single thing in the universe plainly bears the imprint of the divine Artist, and each thing has a distinct truth to tell about its Maker. Through reason man recognizes God's dominion over men and over the universe. Through free will man voluntarily submits

himself to God's sovereign dominion. Through religion man becomes the voice of the whole world, the high priest of all creation, honoring and praising God as the Creator and goal of all creation. St. Augustine wrote: "To know about nature is to know God the Creator." How did it happen that this harmony between science and religion could be destroyed? During the renaissance, with the beginning of the modern experimental science, we find the gap opening between reason and faith. Galileo Galilei first recognized the laws of the motion of freely falling bodies and he gave us the experimental method of physical investigation. Newton then discovered the laws which control the fall of bodies. Before the days of Galilei and Newton, thousands of brilliant men had lived their whole lives through without even recognizing that the fall of an apple presented a problem. Under Newton's influence the science of mechanics gained perfection; other branches or physics became parts of mechanics. Industrial science built up through mechanics made rapid and great progresses. Mechanical forces and dynamical states

were considered the only "real" causes, *causae officientes*, the "natural" forces. All supermechanical forces were declared to be "super-natural." The human mind inclines to simplify and to unify. Why not include organic phenomena and living things? De LaMettrie described the man in his book "L'homme machine": The human heart is only a pump, the human arm only a system of levers, and so on. Helmholtz believed the statement that the final aim of all natural science is to be merged in mechanics. The greatest exponent of this materialism was Laplace. According to him, the whole universe, including the hu-

man being, appears to be an immense system of points of matter with attracting and repulsing forces; its explanation can be reduced to the differential equations of mechanics. There is no place for freedom of thinking and doing, no place for God.

These distinguished scientists overlooked the problem: "why" mathematics is applicable to natural phenomena. While science is based on the observation of nature, the scientific expert must never lose sight of the broader aspects of nature as pointing to a designer. Created things are governed by natural laws. Religion, however, tells us that although God has endowed nature with active properties which operate according to certain laws, yet these activities are not independent of the Creator. God takes care that the laws of nature act normally with regularity and constancy, and at the same time He so regulates their action that He is free to direct them in the manner which may best promote the end for which they were created.

In consequence of the godless attitude of natural science, not so
(Continued on page 6)

PHYSICS... ON THE WAY TO RELIGION

many decades ago, it was considered bad form to mention the word "God" or "creation" in any scientific context. But serious thinkers of the present time have come to the conclusion that it is impossible to arrive at any intelligent concept of nature without going back to the fundamental principles.

Scientists of the present day admit that their knowledge of the physical properties of matter is most imperfect, and far from final. Almost every day brings to light new facts which have to be fitted in with previous knowledge, often apparently contradictory. As an illustration the following may be mentioned. The phenomena of diffraction, interference, and polarization had convinced physicists at one time that light, X-rays and gamma rays are definitely of wave character. Now came Planck's interpretation of the energy distribution of the radiation from a black body, Einstein's interpretation of the photo-electric effect, Bohr's interpretation of the emission and absorption of line spectra, Compton's interpretation of the scattering of X-rays, etc. The successes of these interpretations convinced everyone that those rays behave as photons, or "particles", of energy.

Furthermore de Broglie and Schroedinger pointed out that the strange facts about light have their counterpart in the beam of electrons. While we can look on each individual electron as a compact entity, it seems that we must associate some kind of wave motion with a beam of electrons. And the same dual character is peculiar to atoms and molecules too.

Finally Heisenberg's principle of uncertainty may be added. It states that whatever accuracy we may achieve in one measurement it is at the expense of a corresponding accuracy in the other. While we may determine either the location or the velocity at any instant with a high degree of accuracy, we cannot measure both simultaneously with anything like the same degree of accuracy.

The logical consequence of these and many other scientific results is expressed in the wave-mechanical view that there exist primarily no masses and no energies, but "effects" only. The circumstance that the "effects" exist in quanta only, is the cause that the matter appears as

atoms, the electricity as electrons, the radiant energy as photons.

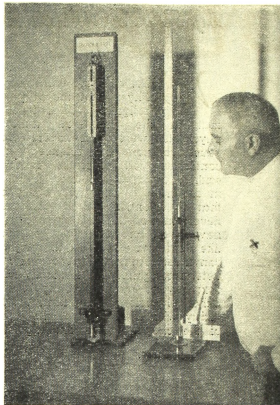
A vague concept of natural things! As a matter of fact, scientists cannot form anything but the vaguest concept of the fundamental nature of matter. And it is absurd to imagine that even when we shall have analyzed an electron or a proton, and know all about their shape and movements, we shall be in close touch with the ultimate reality of material things. It is, therefore, not surprising that eminent modern scientists have, as a result of their life-work, become dissatisfied with a merely materialistic outlook on the universe. Science is once more becoming insistent in her demand for the recognition of a spiritual element in nature.

Speaking of the omniscient science of the last century, Sir Arthur Eddington said, "Materialism, and determinism, those household gods of nineteenth century science, which believed that the world could be explained in mechanical or biological conceptions as a well-run machine, . . . must be discarded by modern science."

Sir James Jean, the famous English astrophysicist, compares the reality of the material world with a deep river. What we observe is the surface of the water only. The unobservables, however, are the depths of the river which cause the waves on the surface. And he holds that the objectivity of things "arises from their subsisting in the mind of some Eternal Spirit."

R. A. Millikan, one of America's leading scientists, postulates a God "who is the God of law and order", and proclaims "the new duty to know that order, and to get into harmony with it, to learn how to make the world a better place for mankind to live in." (Millikan died December 19, 1953.)

Max Planck, the famous discoverer of the natural constant h , the quantum of action, states in his essay "Religion and Naturwissenschaft" that the lawfulness of nature in the sense of being full of laws represents a reasonable order in the universe, to which man and nature are subjected. He concludes with a fine remark about the role of natural science and of religion for human life: Man is in need of science for knowing, of religion for doing. Religion and natural science



The Mercury Barometer

do not exclude each other, they complete one another. Nowhere do we find a contradiction, on the contrary, in the final analysis we find only harmony.

To summarize: Modern science tells us that a full and complete knowledge of the material universe can only be possessed by a being who is everywhere at once, and who sees everything in the same instant, who is omnipresent both in what we call space and time. That there is such a Being both reason and revelation assure us: we call Him God.

About

Fr. Michael Richartz studied Physics and Mathematics at Wilhelm's University, Muenster, Germany. In 1928, he became a Doctor of Philosophy. In Muenster, Germany, he wrote his dissertation on "Ueber die magnetische Doppelbrechung von Fluessigkeitsgemischen" (The Magnetic Birefringence of Mixtures of Liquids) (Double Refraction). In Peking China, he wrote: In 1940: "Einfache Halbschattengerichtungen fuer den Viertelwellenlangenkompensator" (A Half-shade Plate for the Quarter-wave Compensator); in 1941: "Zum abgeanderten Viertelwellenlangenkompensator" (Theory of the modified Quarter-wave Compensator), and A New Quarter-wave Com-

DO YOU KNOW...?

44

Rev. Fr. Richartz, S.V.D.

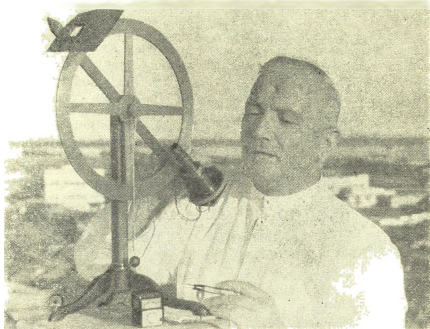
ROGER BACON (1214-1294), a Franciscan monk, professor in Oxford, England, was called "Doctor mirabilis" because of his wonderful knowledge in natural science. He is supposed to have been the most progressive scientist of his generation, the founder of optics, and perhaps the first experimenter in physics.

EVANGELISTA TORRICELLI (1608-1647) began his mathematical studies in a Jesuit school, and continued them under Abbot Benedict Castelli at Rome. He became Galilei's successor as professor of mathematics at the Accademia in Florence. As a physicist he is known best for his invention of the mercury barometer and his law of the flow of liquids from small openings. The smallest unit of atmospheric pressure, "Torr", is called after him.

WILHELM K. ROENTGEN (1845-1923), a Catholic, born in Rhineland, Germany, received the first Nobel Prize for physics in 1901 because of his discovery of the so-called X-rays in 1895. These rays lie between light rays and gamma rays in the electromagnetic spectrum. Their discovery opened the way to a revolutionary revision of the theories of the constitution of matter; their applications in medicine and industry have greatly improved the welfare of mankind.

Author

...pensor"; In 1947: "A Generalized Intensity Formula for a System of Retardation Plates"; In 1948: "An Improvement of Savart's Polariscopes"; and in 1949: "Analysis of Elliptical Polarization". In 1929, he passed the "Staatsexamen" (government examination) for High School teachers. He then taught Physics and Mathematics at St. Michael High School, Steyl Motherhouse of the Society of the Divine Word. Between 1937 and 1950, Fr. Richartz continued his scientific researches and taught as well at the Catholic University of Peking, China. And in 1952 we welcomed him to San Carlos University.

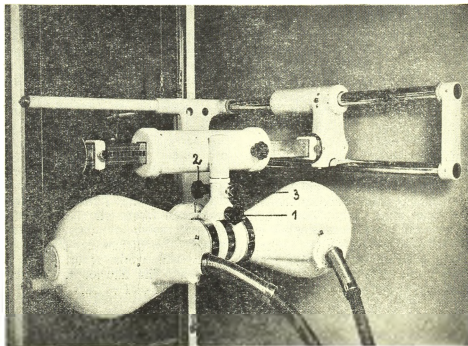


A priest on research... The Author

DR. ROBERT ANDREWS MILLIKAN (1868-1953), one of the leaders in sub-atomic physics in America, died recently December 19, 1953. His Oil Drop experiment in 1909 gave conclusive proof of the atomic character of electricity and won him the Nobel Prize (1923). He investigated the character and origin of cosmic rays. Not a Catholic, but deeply religious, he declared: "Everyone who reflects at all believes, in one way or another, in God... To me it is unthinkable that

a real atheist should exist at all. It seems to be as obvious as breathing that every man who is sufficiently in his senses to recognize his own inability to comprehend the problem of existence, to understand whence he came and whither he is going, must recognize the existence of a Something, a Power, and in whom and because of whom he himself lives and moves and has his being'. That power, that something, that existence, we call God."

The Roentgen-Tube in Working Position



in words, prudent in thought, sparing in speech, and zealous in reading. She did not place her hope in the uncertainty of riches, but in the prayers of the poor. Intent on her work and modest in speech, she was accustomed to seek not man but God as the judge of her interior disposition.

She did not harm anybody, she wished everybody well. She was courteous to her elders, and not envious of her equals; she avoided all boastfulness, followed reason and loved virtue. When did she ever offend her parents even by looks? When did she disagree with her kinsmen? When did she despise the lowly? When did she deride the weak? When did she shun the needy?

There was nothing bold in her looks, nothing insolent in her words, nothing audacious in her actions. She was not too soft in her manners; she was neither too free in her gait, nor too wanton in her talk, but the very bearing of her body was the mirror of her mind, the picture of her uprightness.

She was the maiden found by the Angel, such was the handmaid chosen by the Holy Ghost.

Her parents loved her, strangers praised her, and God deemed her worthy to become the mother of His Son." ("Mary, the Model of Perfection.")

When at about 380 one Helvidius attacked the enduring virginity of Mary, the people of Rome, in great excitement, asked St. Jerome to take up his sharp pen in her defense. The learned man did more than oblige. He became one of the great expositors of patristic Mariology. The greatest of them was St. Augustine. He, too, expounded the traditional doctrine, but he made it personally his own; by struggling with Manichean and rationalistic ideas before he obtained perfect clarity. His sermons and writings had an immense influence for centuries to come: what he thought and said of Mary was accepted and repeated by the whole Catholic world, even in our days. His specific contribution is the dogmatic clarification of Mary's relation to the

Church. As Virgin-Mother she is the "type", the image, or model of the Church, for the Church imitates Mary by always bringing forth children while always remaining a virgin. Like Mary the Church is the bride of Christ, mother of the faithful. Mary is also our mother; in love she contributed to our salvation, she gave us the Supernatural life of grace, she is the mother of all that are truly living. It was through a woman, Eve, that death came to us, and through a woman, Mary, life was restored. To enable her to be and to do all this St. Augustine considered it necessary that Mary was the all-pure, immaculate adversary of Satan. In all probability, St. Augustine already believed in her Immaculate Conception.

Such was the doctrine of the great Theologians, the faith of the people, the tenet of Rome. It is highly significant that a Roman Creed of the year 400 declared: "We believe in Jesus Christ who came down from heaven and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost from Mary, the ever-Virgin and glorious mother of God." The Popes sent this creed to all the bishops in the whole world; from it, St. Cyril got dogmatic clarity for his fight with Nestorius. Before the Council of Ephesus in 431 Pope Coelestin held a synod in Rome in 430, stating once more the Catholic doctrine and paving the way for the decisive victory of "Brother Cyril" at Ephesus.

Side by side with the elaboration and safeguarding of the dogma we find in the first centuries various forms of popular devotion. As there is now-a-days hardly any church or chapel without a picture of the Blessed Virgin so were the walls of the catacombs, the sepulchres, and even the coffins (sarcophagi) of the early Christians adorned with her image. In the oldest mural painting still extant—from the second century — the prophet Isaias stretches out his right hand over the Virgin Mary who is represented as if about to nurse the Infant Jesus. The picture compares favorably with works of art found in Pompeii. The allusion to the pro-

(Continued on page 39)

SO YOU To Be A

IT IS HELD as an article of belief that most of the big names which grace the fine, exquisite listings of the social register also adorn the frayed, dog-eared enrolment sheets of local dancing academies. From this observation, I must be allowed to imagine that a prosperous man's billfold often carries an enrolment card as an accessory to calling cards and memorandum tablets. And the Massive Madame Jitterbug must have something else in her leather bag besides a clip of safety pins and nail files. It could most probably be a rectangular card bearing the announcement that the bearer is a legitimate, bonafide and prompt-paying student of such-and-such dancing college. The old, rich folks are beginning to admit that it doesn't pay to sit back and much cracked ice or bite at a pipe while the youngsters are having the time of their lives with Xavier Cugat, Iggy de Guzman or Tirso Cruz.

I was within earshot of a college dean when he said that another school official was egging him on to enroll in a dancing school. On credit. But this dean didn't like the idea and I am glad for him.

I have completed many dancing hours to my credit and I want to state here (with polite fear of contradiction) that the hack who alluded to dancing as the "light fantastic" either had holes in his head or was a paperweight carnival freak. If he had openings in his head, there is no sense in believing his mythology on dancing. If he were a paperweight, then he was light all right. And fantastic. But I never heard or read of Shakespeare squatting on the marquee of a freak show. The allusion couldn't have been his. Because dancing is never light as far as I can throw a tin can. And you might agree after you have read this sheet.

There are women who, to utilize a quip from a radio comedian, are never on their toes but are on yours. They like to anchor their monstrous lower appendages on

U WANT DANCER

your corns even in such simple dance steps as are required in the slow drag. The slow drag, don't get me wrong, is no joke. The dance means what it says. **Drag.** It is not a very profitable social function for a man to be lugging 209 lbs. worth of avoidupois across the dance floor and imagining Jerome Kern playing "All The Things You Are." For all the things she is is fat. And a man can be all that too.

By Buddy Quitorio

But let us come to the livelier dances. Since my ligaments are civil enough and are in no visible way disconcerted by a 4-hour bout with hysterical boogie beats and apoplectic mambo pieces, I have been able to plow across many dancing halls in the twenty-one years I have outlived. I can say that the boogie and the variations of the mambo such as the Porto Rican, Barranco, and Cha Cha Cha carries a very definite amount of supersonic tempo. These fast, hip-slapping items in the terpsichorean realm completes, so it seems, a madman's routine of push-ups, dog-trots, pantomime and an eerie species of meticulously-studied contortions. I don't mean burlesque or taxi-dancing, vaudeville or belly-dancing.

To give a fair account of the trials which the dancing upstart must face, I shall begin with the declaration that a couple of years ago, I masticulated in a dancing academy and was, in a hurry, taken into the custody of a hulking ogre whom I suspected correctly of being a retired prizefighter. His name was Bing I Forgot. After depositing me among a group of gum-chewing, sleepy-eyed Chinese "scholars", my tutor promptly rustled up a female partner who had the dimensions of hippopotamus taking a weight-lifting course. In the brief, stirring flourish that followed, I had the heart of the Congo right before me. I recall that at the



squeak of the first false note, my instructor began massaging his huge breast, throwing his arms in front of him and strangling an imaginary mother-in-law with the wanton brutality that would have shamed a Liberal Party goon. He then lit up with a bright smile of triumph and started gazing at the ceiling, gritting his teeth and wagging his tongue like the werewolf of Paris. Then he took a boxing stance, doing a one-two count

hips in a sinuous interpretation of a snake dance. She was not exactly the carbon copy of Salome, although, as a nostalgic view of the whole thing, she had a very liberal supply of carbon in her hide... uh... skin. And what her pachydermal hips couldn't achieve in finesse was adequately compensated by the lever which seized her upper story.

For the next piece, I submitted to a road test. I was a complete

**There are women who . . .
are never on their toes but are on yours . . .**

and cracking his knuckles. His overgrown feet were making a tattoo on the dance floor. The girl, meanwhile was apparently enjoying every minute of the ritual. She was slapping her thighs shaking the bedbugs from her shaggy raiments and generally making a memorable, if not monumental, spectacle of herself. From the way she flailed her arms, I gathered that she did not like them. She kept whirling and spinning like a top in a Christmas toyshop and later deliberately dislocating her

dud. I couldn't move my legs in a wide enough arc to hit anybody in the skin. So I made a run for a dump corner where I could view the shaking battalion. There was a Chinese who wasn't doing any too good. He looked scared than a mouse on halloween and he kept backpedalling like he had seen Genghis Khan. There was another man who was so starved-looking and so danged cadaverous that he couldn't have killed a mosquito even if he were paid for it. A big

(Continued on page 40)

• Alicia V. Trinidad

Squalor at Playtime



Wisps desert the touselled nipa roots
And over rivulets of muck and grime
Howls of the stum play on tiptoe.
Cardboard flaps dance in the rain
Upon grey, unminding nipa thatches
And where the leashing raindrops fall

A dented, borrowed basin on the
floor

Sings a series of inspired staccato,
Yet, beyond the gum squatting
shacks

Young bloated stomachs heave in
glee

As grimy hands scoop up oddities
Sailing with the thick, brown current.

One night a soldier yelled at Bob
Hope: "Why aren't you in the ser-
vice?"

"Don't you know?" asked Hope.
"I'm 4-X."

"What's 4-X?"

"Coward," said Hope.

From the Post-Hall Synagogue
When you live with your mind,
it makes little difference where your
body is.

— Stuart Sherman

FROM THE GREEN FIELDS

..... by
Ariston P. Avitan, Jr.

My dear Cityboy,

I am here sitting on this old, huge tree stump surrounded with green weeds still wet with fresh showers and dewdrops. Around me is the green field adorned with proud, erect, fat and unthirsting plants with outspread leaves waiting for the Sunday morning sunbeams.

I have long wished to write you a letter. But here in the farm, we don't have any pen. Not even a pencil. We could have utilized the sap of some trees as ink. I have been thinking of this and it was only last night that I found the solution in my dreams. I crept slowly out of my bamboo bed early this morning, with the closest care not to awaken **Tatay**, **Sebio**, my father, and **Nanay** **Meniana**, my mother. I glided to our **bataian** and pulled out a leather from the wing of **Tatay's** tamed rooster. At last, I was able to solve my problem! I have made a rural pen out of it just by sharpening one end.

But **amigo**, just as I was doing this, **Nanay** **Meniana** told me to feed our hogs inasmuch as **Tatay** **Sebio** left the hut very early in the morning to confer with **Tiyo** **Osting** regarding the cockfight this afternoon. **Tiyo** **Osting**, she said, has as much as ten pesos after selling his pig, just to be able to bet in favor of my father's tamed cock.... but, how about this leather I'd removed from its wings? It's a big one at that!

Nanay **Meniana** told me they would take me along to the cockfight, but I didn't listen to her. I was terribly afraid of what I did I ran out of our nipa hut, still with the sharpened leather in hand.

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Down Below

A Short Story

SAME corridor. Same studios. Same technicians. Same announcer's booth. Six years. That's a lot of time—and I lasted that long here.

"Waddya say, Max!" What did I tell you. Same face.

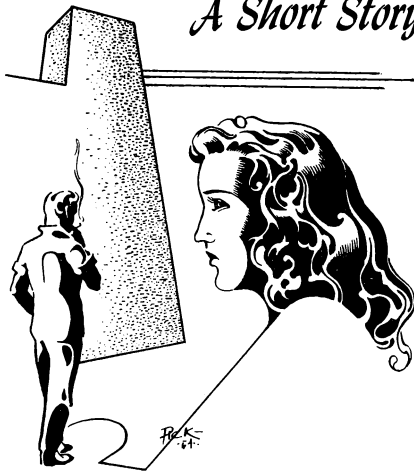
"You're on the air in two minutes."

"I'm on my way."

by *Isabelo*

On my way to get all radio sets in town aching all over with a lot of blabbering from this particular disc jockey who (they think) can turn out some fancy talk and get any day started right. Well, that's what I'm paid for. Get some glamour on the air. Say the right things. Make people feel the right way about the world. And the fan mail really start coming in... "Oh, Don! I don't tire hearing you talk..."

"You're wonderful, Don!"... "You certainly know how to mend things for people gone astray..." "Remember what you said in your Hour For Reflection? Find someone to



... *To find yourself, you don't need a Mirror* ...

love and love strongly; complete it with a backbone of real understanding and you'll be happy' Well, I did just that and I am"... "Don, you're a clever one, tell me how to get going with this girl I have in mind"...

If they only knew I lifted those straight from a book.

I must be a real actor. I can get my surface all colored up for the audience and nobody knows the rotten dump I've got inside of me.

"Say, Don!" There's Max again. "Lory called a while ago. It's been her eighteenth time this week. She didn't have to say it but her voice sounded like she's ready to break apart unless you go home to her at once."

What can you say to a line like that?

"Well, I... just told her what you said - that haven't got time for it."

"That's the boy, Max! You're doing all right."

Only two years a married man and I already feel like a subject for a study on senility.

Just won't work! The whole thing has been wrong from the beginning. She refuses to understand me. She doesn't find the reason for the things I do. Thinks my screws are loose all over. What about that house she wants me to build? Why didn't she marry a millionaire instead? All right, so she talks about saving... saving keeping a budget and all that. Can't she see I've got a popularity to keep up? And that means money. Perhaps my future doesn't mean a thing to her at all. Man

alive! Who wants to go home to a wife like that!

Ah, well. Got a job to attend to. This microphone's a germ on my nose.

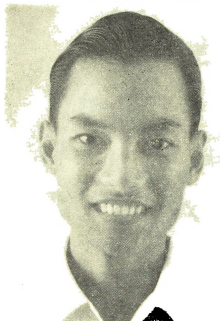
"Hello and good morning, everyone, everywhere, how-do-you-do! This is Don Cortel again bringing you the spice and joy of life this side of the country, all dished out with music and musing in this show designed for you, you and you, our Moments with the Angels! We now start out with Frankie Laine doing..." "Answer Me, Oh Lord." She's all yours, Frankie m'boy!"

Ah, that's the orchestration that really sets me rocking. Fine lyrics, too, this song.

"Answer me, Lord above
"Just what sin have I been guilty of
(Continued on page 19)

NAIL IT by DOWN

Nestorius Morelos



The Author

Cha-cha-cha customers, this is it! The HOMESTRETCH for this mag. We were nearly pooped when we pen-valuated this deadline (from boning up for the mid exams to pentrotting for this chronicle) but as true Carolinians the San Carlos espíritu... spirit of ammonia for the staffers still staggers on. It could have been a happy ending but for a shebang of critizers and gripers who gave us a bowling bow-bow about how we slapped this column together. These guys don't know it but our columns are insured. No, not this column... this... yeah, ribs, that's what. Just like in 3-D they reach out to you. I could feel the cold bleak look of my co-staffers (leading the ED) in my back. You know, almost all of the pen jockeys are in the pinweight division... shhh-shh! The silence is so thick you could hear a fly sneeze.

As they say in Latin, "Il y a fagots et fagots quot homines tot sententiae" or in otras palabras, "One man's food maybe another man's poison." Jettisoning humility aside, we could say that more students read our hijacked, gangrenous columns like they were grabbing pictures of Marilyn Monroe exhibiting a pair of sandpapered legs. Sure, sure, we funnel to studes bogus English that could only come from either Bugs Bunny or Lil Abner, but the studes like it. And the customers are always right except when they take things without paying. So to our doubling Thomases (they say we couldn't write high-priced English) we will not only perform a program of Shakespearean stuff but also put up an impromptu calisthenics of Latin be-bops, and it's not music either.

The president is working like a carabao. The only difference is that one is not as hard-listed as the other. And...ehem...speaking of carabaos, I suppose the province most hard-hit by the "Guys" Carabao ban is good ole Leyte. The Law of Supply and Demand. Pure economics. Any Carabao kicks? Now-how if you think my grey matter's pushed back so far to produce such a theory, kindly smile. This is with malice towards none and charity tickets to all. As Mararary said, "In Leyte only carabaos are...ow, shucks!" Anybody interested to see me, can't see me... Want to join the Symphony orchestra? Nobody's handling the kettle-drum. A young honor student is preferred. Must be a little deaf. Not necessarily blind.

A certain fraternity Most Insulted....er....Exulted Brother (Is there such an animal?) said, "We don't allow dopes to enter our org. Only A-1 studes. But since this department locks talented dopes, we have to allow mentally-indigested scholars to penetrate our fraternity." So now if you want to see how a dope looks like, just ask for a member of this certain frat.... Why Grandmaw, what big eyes you have!!

I just couldn't savvy it. Just because local fraulein wear plunging, submerging necklines and creep-climbing hemlines doesn't mean that boys also have to wear those economizing tagalog pants. The belt-line is so below the 38th parallel. Yeah, I know, the girls are also excited at the prospect of letting their plunging necklines

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• *Quitoria*

Invitation to Leave

melt a torrid pulp
and run into
my rattling spine—
my flesh is ill
with pox and you.

but go on. just thro' there
until every bone of me
screams. then tease me
with manicured coquetry
yet aware that i
desire me as myself as me,
alone.

• *B. U. Dahildahil*

I Talked with The Lord

I stood up lonely unto myself
My mind as still as stars unseen
My thoughts of God: of Wisdom
serene
I cherished, I claimed not as pelf.

Each prayerful moment never a loss
Each yearning granted, won
I learned all these all too soon
I served USC and her Southern
Cross.

It is not hard to find the truth:
what is hard is not to run away
from it once you have found it.

- Etienne Gilson

On Cincinnati's WLW, an announcer plugging Viceroy cigarettes concluded: "Viceroy—if you want a good choke."

Harold S. Gross

What Actually Happened To Our Boys....?

WHEN the San Carlos basketball team returned from Manila — after a gallant but sadly unsuccessful bid for the National inter-Collegiate championship honors — they had to do some tall explaining to the people they met in the streets. And, mind you, they were hard to convince. After knowing the facts, they began to say things about the team, the coach . . . some nice, most of them bad . . . Others who were kind enough sympathized with the vanquished Carolinians. The cynic threw a contemptuous look. The brute condemned. The gentleman offered his hand.



All these yakity were just offshoots of what good — or bad, showing the Carolinians put all in that good fight. It was always a good, juicy topic for discussion. Others who had read the papers that day based their arguments on the writer's view and version of the games. There were some who broke into pieces when they saw the headlines. Others leaned back and sighed. Then they began to wonder. Then asked questions . . .

What actually happened? Papers do not always write the complete story. They only report what took place in the game — how and what happened. So, I guess, it is up to us to render the human part of the story — not how and what happened — but why it happened.

As a sportsman, it is bad ethics to offer or even attempt to offer

excuses for any defeat no matter how tempting. He is supposed to receive defeat as handed to him, with a gracious curtsy without bitterness and rancor eating up his heart . . . then exeunt. If he must suffer, then he must. But inwardly, that is mastery of one's self — the object of Sports.

But as a reporter, we have to be fair and as much as possible, report things without the flair of personal opinion.

The Sports page of the Manila Times in its December 11, 1953 issue chronicled the USC-San Beda tiff this way:

"Cebu's San Carlos U Carolinians well-drilled precisionists of speed, almost booby-trapped

the Bedans with a confounding margin: 6-13 (USC); 20-31 (USC); 26-39 (USC); and 47-42 (San Beda).

The write-up continued: "Over-confidence, more than anything else, cost the Carolinians what could have been a grand debut."

This was the line that made our blood corpuscles revolt. That was an overstatement. A hell of a statement. This was the statement we were often asked to explain — and we dried up our throats in doing so. The fact is, this one word threw a monkey wrench to the whole set-up: OVER-CONFIDENCE. It isn't the appropriate word — if you'll pardon the expression. We sat with the boys all through the whole route and never was there a feeling of OVER-confidence. Take our word for it. The boys were even fidgety. Too excited about the big fish they had on their hook. They could have been confident, yes, but not OVER-confident. After all when a fish is hooked, that feeling of confidence comes natural into one's self trusting that half the fight is

Where Credit Is Due

San Beda yesterday . . . San Beda's victory . . . the product of a crushing rally that blasted a neat 16-point third quarter advantage . . . was the thriller of yesterday's offering."

Nice, heart-rending words somehow, aren't they? That was USC's only consolation after the debacle. It should be of record that Father Wrocklage, the spirit behind the team, played his part as the healer of wounds so magnificently. He cheered the boys' spirits during and

won . . . but not too confident to let it slip through his fingers. That sportswriter could have mentioned the dynamic gusto of the Carolinians in the last quarter to swamp the Bedans with an avalanche of twin-pointers. He could have been just-

• by J. L. Echivarre •

after the game trying now and then to fiscalize the anguish of defeat. To quote him: "You can't always expect your wife to smile every morning!"

Notice that in the first three quarters of the game, USC bested

lied in doing so, instead of yelling to high heaven about OVER-CONFIDENCE.

So, we hope we have straightened that out once and for all. The rest of the games played by the
(Continued on page 39)

The ROVING



by
Ariston P. Cuvitan Jr.

This may be the last time we shall meet. Next time, perhaps in some other media, but not in this particular two-column corner of this mag. I hope I can work things to be able to continue roving around in this kingdom by the "C", and share you the thrills of my roving adventure.

You see, many of us staffers, who might have been familiar to you—



The Author

who might have made you laugh or cause you to get red in the face sometimes—will be missing you a lot next semester. Well, every ending is a start of a new beginning—and that's graduation.

Another roving eye may wink at you next issue. Ours which you have been familiar with shall be out—not from its socket, but from the campus it has learned much to love. It shall continue its roving hobby, however, but perhaps in another campus or in the green fields of golden and heavy grains.

With the Nacionalista Victory, we begin to see clearly more light of Philippine Democracy. We have witnessed for the first time in the history of the Philippine Republic that congress opened with an invocation to Almighty God, delivered by Most Rev. Vicente P. Reyes, D.D., Auxiliary bishop of Manila. The "Filipino people triumphs!" This has become a favorite slogan.

"But what kind of victory did we win? The Varsitarian (UST) editorial asks. Did we escape the rubble only to get into rubbish? Will the incoming administration be just another Liberal in Nacionalista's clothing? Of the President-elect and those next of kin to him in his official clan, we have no misgivings. Our fear tests in what opportunists (every party has its own opportunists) may do, those fair-weather supporters, those leeches that stick only as long as they can bleed.

It is but fair, therefore, for the incoming administration to adopt a policy banning the exploitation of the Jacksonian theory of 'to the victor goes the spoils'. On the other hand it would be wholly unfair to adhere to the Quezonian principle of 'my loyalty to my party ends where my loyalty to my country begins'. Rath-

(Continued on page 19)

The JITTERS BURG Address

(With apologies to Abraham Lincoln)

NOTE:—This was a speech of a repentant (air) conditioned student before he took the test.

Four minutes, and four seconds ago, our professor brought forth in this room a new exam conceived in brutality and dedicated to the proposition that students are stupidly equal.

Now we are engaged in a great removal examinations, testing whether this student or any student so lazy and so idiotic can long endure.

We have met in this room. We have to dedicate a portion of this room as a final resting place for those who here are struggling with double-breasted 4's so that their units might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense, we cannot convert, we cannot accommodate, we cannot liquidate those 5's. The brainless students, living and dead who struggled here have consecrated it far beyond the professor's power to stretch or contract.

The professor will little note nor long remember how we study here, but he can never forget how morose we were. It is for us the students, rather, to sweat it out here with the exams which they who fought here have thus far so sourly debunked. It is for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us that from this tough quiz we take increased devotion to the books for which we gave the least full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that our lecture notes should not sleep again, that this school, under the Fr. Rector shall have a new bunch of reformed students and that these students of this university, by this university, and for this university shall not perish from this earth.

TORIUS MORELOS

THE CAROLINIAN

The Bow Wasn't Great . . . The Cheers Came Later

NO BRASSBAND, no wild hurrahs heralded our advent. We did not need them. For ours is a great cause. It has snowballed into a great movement, sweeping the sixteen leading campuses of Cebu, and catching the fire and imagination of prominent student leaders.

Not a few campus skeptics raised their eyebrows at us. May be, they thought, this was just another flash in the pan, opening up with a grand saloom and ending up in a similarly great fade-out

pass around leelers to influential campus personalities. Cebu's public trade school became the first target. To our surprise, stocky Nick Dayondon, Intercollegiate 'Y' Clubs President, vowed his all-out support. Nick's open assurance sent tremors to the opposite fence. He later said, "My name shall be in bolder lines in the SCA than in any other association."

The college editors far from shunned the movement. Elmo Fador, president of the College Editor's Guild of the South, needed

of Mary.

The University of Southern Philippines group was made up of Jose Logarta, executive editor of the Daily News, Ben Veloso, USP student council president, and Eduardo Gandonaco, USP law council veep. An SMPM livewire, Pedro Carranza, pulled the strings for Southern Colleges, together with Eustoquio Dairo, liberal arts prexy, and Diosdado Dodos, a regular go-getter. A phone call to Colegio de Santo Niño brought in Enrique Alvarez, lanky promoter of the Propagation of Faith.

San Carlos U. had a powerhouse of leading bellwethers. Former FEU fraternity boss, Alfredo Vega, and Cristiano Abasolo, Jr., pre-law president, headed the list which included USC's topflight politicians

Student Catholic Action Takes to the High Road!

Whether we have given the lie or not to this hell-shall-come bias is for you to find out here.

This is our story--of a band of determined pioneers, of their hopes and ideals, their projects, and out of this all, the biggest student movement Cebu ever saw!

THE TRAILBLAZERS

When the last bell pealed on the evening of January the 25th, fourteen odd student leaders gathered at the USC Drugstore. The flurry of introductions, not to say of cokes and cookies passed around, set the congenial atmosphere. It virtually tore down all barriers between schools.

After we were seated at USC's plush receiving parlor, an observer commented: "See, if RM wants Cebu's student council, this conference is our answer."

Indeed, nothing could be a bigger truth. The group was made up of 5 student council presidents, two vice-presidents, five school editors, and heads of two of the biggest intercollegiate organizations in Cebu.

Let's go back a bit at this point. Before we even thought of beating a tattoo on the speaker's table, it took three weeks to meet and

no further prodding. He looses a great movement in the making, and he was not one to pass this one up. Before long he enlisted the support of an important cog in the administration, and the big wheels in the campus among whom are Cresencio Evangelio, junior class prexy, Benj. Alino, bespectacled CEGS stalwart, Romy Senising, a promising find, and Gerry Mayo, our trusted friend and co-vice-president of the 'Y' conference held last December.

Not to be outdone, Colegio de

Florentino Pascual, Legion of Mary president, Ariston Awitan, Jr., campus scholar, and Johnny Mercado of Southern Star headline fame. We had to defer our invitation to such female mainstays as, Miss Rosita Ty, Miss Febes Tan, and Miss Alma Valencia, all heads of exclusive feminine societies, because of the late hour we held the conference.

THE CONFERENCE

Back now to the conference proceedings.

The ice-breaker was a talk on

by Bart de Castro, President S.C.A.

San Jose pitched in with one of her popular student leaders in the person of Flaviano Yenko, grand brother of the CSJ fraternity and school paper editor. Cebu's Institute of Technology turned in a very prominent personality, Dionisio Lacaon. Besides his beat as school paper editor, he heads the powerful CIT student council and the Legion

of the SCA rudimentary principles by Rev. Fr. Anselmo Bustos, National SCA Director, who purposely flew in from Manila to attend the conference. A question-and-answer period followed his talk.

Editor Logarta's scoop says in part:

"Last night, a big student move-
(Continued on page 36)

Sink It In

by

Bartolome de Castro



Letter TO A GRADUATE

Dear Eddie,

I am writing this letter with the acute awareness that you are tossing in bed opposite mine. I should curse myself for deriving amusement from your plight—you are hunched up there in your cot, hugging your knees and muttering a bizarre alphabet of grunts—but I

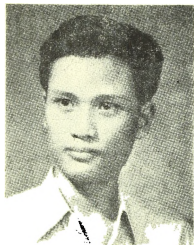
A COLUMN IN THREE ACTS

Act I With USC:

from a newsmen's notes: The U-Day festivities prove one thing. We have school spirit. When and how far that spirit went is for us to find out here.

A fraternity boss has aired his misgiving over the way U-Day plans were laid out without the mere courtesy of the students' nod. The rap, of course, should not go to the school authorities, but to the planning committee and the student leaders themselves.

The planning committee missed to see student participation in the planning stage as vital to the school spirit. The student leaders, on the other hand, have miserably failed to earn a respect for their opinions. For their neglect, the whole university has to contend with a barely sustained school spirit. Indeed, there never was a time as this when a Student Council becomes an acute need.



The Author

teachers' bane? The way some columnists are doing injustice to King's grammar is very revealing. It has only straightened the belief that some CAROLINIAN features are anathema to the tastes of English majors, says faculty critic. Of course, when a columnist goes crazy with his English, he needs every sympathy. He is a case. Specifically, mental.

Certainly genius deserves recognition. But to type this columnist a mental giant because he can inconsistently metamorphose from a revered Buddha to a foul-mouthed Western cowpoke is the \$64 question. We're sure of one thing, though. The mental quirks of these chameleon personalities are purely for psychiatric study, not for public reading.

editor Allers' last beat: "On the evening of Editor Emilio Aller's departure for the United States, a crafty thief, presumably learning of Aller's goods fortune by reading the CAROLINIAN, lifted some precious cash from the poor editor's pocketbook.

"The next morning, at six, our good friend Emilio took a PAL plane on the first league of his Stateside fling. In Uncle Sam's domain, he will be proudly bearing the glorious emblem of our school. Yet, though I hate to mention this, the Carolinians gave him nothing but a cold send-off. Was it more worthy to give ten centavos last December for a giant Christmas tree than to contribute a few centavos to the Carolinian editor's thin wallet?

"When I mentioned the thief's guilty by commission, and the Carolinians' guilt by omission, the departing editor broadly smiled, and patted my back, saying, 'Oh, gosh, skip it. Just keep the home fires burning and that'll worm my cockles in the cold North.'

distant notes: An American youth expert recently pointed out that those Who carry the ball aren't always on the ball. While he realized the skill and headwork that goes in ball games, he wondered what the school administrators and student bodies have about lining up a hard-hitting program of training in leadership for students.

(Continued on page 48)



cannot falsely share a grief I do not feel. I have grown hard as nails because, once imagining that meekness and complaisance would deliver me from my misery. I now love to think that this is a world of savage people, of greedy, self-seeking people waiting for the chance to spring at each other's necks. Eddie, I have had, it strikes me, more than my share of grief and it has gotten to be that I view the imposture of mankind with almost apathetic indifference.

I cannot help being bitter. Not necessarily aggrieved but oppressed. I cannot be happy. I do not even so much as wish to try—knowing so many others like you and me who believe that life is an extravagant homage to tyranny.

There was a time when I was sick and on the verge of death. I should have exulted in the thought of my seeming liberation but I found out I was a delectable, cringing coward. I did not want to die. No, I wanted to be as much a part of this world as the riant circles of
(Continued on page 18)

• by *Cornelio Faigao* •

IN A PREVIOUS article this writer had occasion to write of Villa:

"Reading Villa's book (*Have Come, Am Here*) is like entering a strange and beautiful house that frightens with bizarre architecture and attracts with radiance and magic. One enters -- as unto Coleridge's *Xanadu* -- and he sees nudes, lonely giraffes, radios made of sea water, God with three eyes, melancholy apricots, Chagall angels, roses racing with rabbits, and pink monks eating blue raisins. One is frightened until he meets the people.

VILLA — AND — GOD*

*Yet eluded He me as through a sieve.
Till He loosed again His Blood
And over my soul It ruby-spilled.
And wove it into lovely mercy's Hive.*
—Have Come, Am Here,
Poem 125

Life could not give. It seems, enough of this God moment. Because God reveals Himself only to an elect few, the poet did not have more than "God could give." So the poet betook himself to Calvary, made it the sole object of his study in order that he might truly live. **I am the way and the life.** Although God put him to the severest test,

... Where Poet finds Himself Distilled to the Maximum of Spirituality ...

"And between one hundred fifty pages of clean-cut, fierce poetry, there are only two people. One is Villa, the other is God."

God is the beginning and the end. The belief in God has been the inspiration of art through the ages. It is the ultimate source of inspiration. "Caedmon, sing some song to me," and he became one on whom the grace of God had fallen.

Villa tells of his first preoccupation with the Supreme Being.

*I was not young long; I met the soul
early:*

*Who took me to God at once: and
seeing
God the Incomparable Sight, I knelt
my body*

*Humbly: whereupon God saw the star
upon*

*My brow: stopped to kiss it: O then the
Blinding radiance there! the explosion
of all*

*My eartheness: sparks flying till I
was all*

*Embers: long, long did God hold me:
till*

*He arose and bade me to rise saying:
Now*

*Go back. Now go back from where
came.*

*Go back: Understanding is yours now.
Only*

*Beware: beware! since you and God
have lovers.*

—Have Come, Am Here,
Poem 57

An early asceticism and devotion to art caused the early meeting between God and Villa. The confrontation must have been cataclysmal. Disintegration of worldliness was followed by complete annihilation of the self. Possessed of final understanding and the ultimate wisdom, he is asked by God not to pollute his life with earthliness because he had become part and partner of divinity.

It was Voltaire who intimated that if God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent Him. This necessity for God arises from the hunger of the spirit; it is the miraculous little flower that springs from life's dung and despair. It is a very nice thing to speak of God's omnipresence, but life in this troubled planet often raises so many questions to which man's little mind cannot find the right answers. Then man gropes for an explanation. This interrogative moment may never come to a man. To Villa the moment of essential and urgent interrogation came early:

*Always I did want more God
Then life could yield.*

*More God than God could give.
I betook me to His Road.*

Made it my chosen Field.

That I might truly live.

I bled in direst blood.

And by Him twi-distilled.

the spirit eluded him as through a sieve. Finally convinced by the sincerity of his sacrifice, God at last redeemed him, spilled over his soul His blood red as ruby. Thus the poet is redeemed by God's infinite mercy.

The hunger for God is the sign of God's presence in every man. Man may fall into the depths of Hell and this hunger for God may shrivel into a thin thread. On this same thread man may still rise even as on the ladder of Jacob. The idea is not new. It is the buttress of Hugo's story of Jean Valjean, who had fallen so low that he had not wept for nineteen years. It is found in John Donne and in George Herbert. In Villa it finds expression again couched in a newer vein, cauterizing with mordant monosyllables.

*The ache that in the soul riseth
is the sign of the inner god:
Its first want*

Is love: Its last cry will be love.

This is the ache I speak of:

The ache of the unfaund love:

This is the ache

Of God.

—Testamental Poem, IV, Poems,
P. 26

It will be noticed that in this earlier poetry from the second of (*Continued on page 21*)

*Excerpt from the thesis, "The Element of Religion in the Poetry of Jose Garcia Villa," (unpublished manuscript, Cebu City, 1951) by C. Faigao.

Composure of

by
Elsa P. Valmonte



Elsa P. Valmonte

Too marvelous for words... accepting the Ed's request to run this column was more like being cooped in a doghouse... funny, how I've changed my attitude. Obliterating my past misgivings, I learned to enjoy the pains of extreme neck-craining, eye-straining ritual... yeah, man... what could be more fun?... than going on a wild rampage (behave yourself, Ju-ju) playing gendarmes and thieves with the big boss!

...add another feather for the cap of our unfiring Mrs. Valenzuela... ever responsible for new and splendid ideas... her new achievement: The Dramatic Guild... latest school org of dramatic possibilities... prexied by the one and only... JAKE VERLE... minus the corpus delicti... Mrs. Valenzuela is rather optimistic re undercurrents... Only hidden talent cannot be hidden, sooo... at least be present when the meeting is called and justify the presence of those who come to

see you... and hear you, of course. We can dream, can't we? Speaking of dreams... the most likely to ramp away with the Dream-Come-True title in the campus is sweet DELIA APARIS, a senior educator and currently ROTC sponsor... the genteel damsel has the darkest pair of orbs we've ever seen... ditto on Billy "villy" DIAZ (she's a gal mind you) and ARMI (forgot the first name) GOYENECHÉ... we'd like to see that dainty damsel SHIRLEY FLORIDA come out of her shell once in a while... she's so soft-spoken and has the most unassuming quiet ways. LYDIA MORAN, sez N. Bacur, has the invitingest pair of eyes hereabouts. Plus the fact that she's a classroom standout... plus another fact that she's graduating and a lot of other plusses... we understand why F. SUICO, JR., that happy-go-lucky Lothario, should be overwhelmed by you-guess-what. Or has he forgotten the Mandowe trip on a sunny Valentine morn...? Definitely up-and-coming as a dancer is SALUD MANONGAS... [we are going to be called down for this revelation] but... who'd think of it!-- she prefers to dance alone! GLENDA CANGA and LUNINGNING CRUZ, a gorgeous twosome from the secretarial cubbyhole are unquestionably a very welcome sight for tired eyes. And that's nothing yet... I mean, you ought to see them where the platters are. Them you gotta see and see last!! ...PET PEEVES... Jocks are whistlin'...and Jills are fumm'n'...there are girls we know who'd appreciate it so much if these Whistling Romeos would stop this annoying habit and not indulge in it right here in the university... It won't harm some people to remember they have feet of clay and not to forget that their heads should be right over their shoulders... not raised on marbled pedestals installed in B-B courts... they treat themselves like Privileged Characters... and what big classroom YAWNS they have!

For want of a game... a skirt was lost... poor EDITH BELARMINO... went home in her denum jeans... without her skirt which somebody had intentionally scaramouched (must be a rabid souvenir hunter)...when Edith was practicing in the softball diamond... incidentally, the Girl's softballes

(Continued on page 30)

the rich. I begged to live. I fell on my knees and craved for life but when a new lease was given me, I was suddenly lost. Like a beggar suddenly grown prosperous because of eleemosynary indiscretion. What business had I living? What is life for? Among the hungry like you and me?

Came the time when I also hit upon the consoling thought that if I cannot serve reality, I can at least capture it with a pen. And out of my disciplined sense of honesty, I tried to write a poem thus:

i beg to live
because i thought
there would be
so much to live for
in the here and now
and in the morrow.

I should have gloated
sucked prideful
bolls
of air into the pit of
my slumbering stomach.

but why, why should i
laugh
or sing
when life is a joke
at my expense. when i
had no
business being here
in the first place...?

True, you have graduated and it shall not be far when I, too, shall be like you. But what is a diploma for? Is it a ticket to a better life? Is it a covenant divorcing you from the life you were wont to live among walls who slept on sidewalks, among beggars who couldn't afford the extravagance of protecting their dirtied stomachs from the stings of heat and cold? You are of us, Eddie, and the stigma is there.

What I learn in school, I may not be able to use between the handles of a plow or over a powdery mound of earth with camote leaves on top, but all these thoughts will, I hope, conspire to carve out a happy conclusion for all of us. For a good book says that "as long as you have life, God has some use for you." At least my friend, Eddie Sultan, there is Someone I can give my life to.

Your friend always,
Narciso Bacur

ED. NOTE: The author is a member of the Catholic Truth Society, Metropolitan Cathedral Section; a faculty member of a local college; and is unusually concerned in the defense of his creed that he often publicly answers charges against the Catholic Church.

THE GREATEST religious confusion ever known to the world is that of Martin Luther and his followers.

The great tide of Protestantism rose when Martin Luther definitely

ly and even change the teachings of the Catholic Church.

His teaching that the Bible and the Bible alone is the only rule of faith is an open defiance of Christ Himself who established the Infallible Teaching Body, the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church. His belief in this as God's institution should have necessitated him to believe Christ who promised the infallibility of that body. "...the gates of hell shall not prevail against it... beheld I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world (Matt. 16:18-19; 28:20)." the Lord emphasized.

not by the holy Scriptures only." (Rev. Ap. Disc.)

Luther's rejection of the Pope as the infallible head finds many varying fruits in terms of the different Protestant sects all disagreeing in the interpretation of the Bible. Hence, Puffendorf, an outstanding Protestant leader, intimates in the minds of his followers:

"The suppression of the authority of the Pope has sowed endless germs of discord in the world; as there is no longer any sovereign authority to determine the disputes which arise on all sides, we have seen the Protestants split among

MARTIN LUTHER and HIS FOLLOWERS

established his church in 1520. The world seemed to turn off balance upon that great apostate's teaching that the "Bible and the Bible alone is the rule of faith." Millions seemed to follow Luther and cried to the "four corners of the world" the private interpretation of the Sacred Book. But, the apostate founder, Martin Luther, lived only to witness his followers in a very disheartening confusion. Year by year a member of the parent Lutheranism went out of the group and established his own church. This confusion has been so severe that today the world witnesses more than three hundred Protestant "religious", fighting one another in matters of faith and morals. Thus Philip Melancthon, the most brilliant follower of Luther, bewailed "The Elbe, with all its waters, could not furnish tears enough to weep over the miseries of the distracted (protestant) Reformation." (Liber 11, Epis. 202).

It is consoling to note that Luther believed in the Catholic Church to have been founded by Christ Himself, but a pity to say that he stumbled on his movement to modify

Calvin, a great Protestant leader, admitted there is on earth only one infallible head who preserves unity of faith. He writes:

"God has placed the seat of His worship in the center of the earth, and has placed there only the Pon-

themselvcs, and tear their bowels with their own hands" (Puffendorf, de Monarch, Pont. Roman.)

If the Protestants now belonging to different sects — they who advocate the private interpretation of the Bible and reject the authority of

by Marcelo Bacalso, Graduate School

till, whom all may regard, the better to preserve unity." (Calvin, Inst. 6, par. 11.)

The Bible is not the sole rule of faith; it is not intended for one's private interpretation. On this fact Grotius, another Protestant leader, stresses: "The dogma of faith should be decided by tradition and the authority of the Church, and

Rome — only study and reflect on the commentaries of many a great Protestant leader; if they only cast out prejudices and have hearts unstained with indifference to the Catholic Church, they will come back to the Fold of Christ and be worthy of St. Paul's address to the Romans: "To all that be in Rome, beloved of God... your faith is spoken through the whole world." (Rome. 1: 7-8).

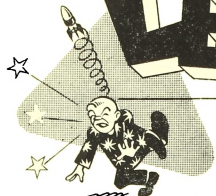
THE ROVING EYE . . .

(Continued from page 14)

er we advocate a principle somewhat along the lines of the tenets laid by Cardinal Mindzentsy and for them to say: I do not have to choose between my country; I find it quite simple: Love the one without betraying the other."

The Philippines has often been referred to as a small but terrible nation. The first to startle the whole world was the election of Carlos P. Romulo as President of the United Nations' Organization. Next was

(Continued on page 20)



LEVEL

with
BUDDY QUITORIO

The Open

Take to the open air and spaces
Where God exhales
And disperses His forces among
The wild flowers—

Denude yourself of material
falseness

And go hiking... thumping with
happy feet

And train your vision to
The higher powers.

The blue, the gray, the yellow,
And all the colors of earth and sky
Deepen the senses

And anchor the mind
To the world of thought—

Where the hiker is drawn
to the Eternal.

Yes, to the open, often go!

THE ROVING EYE . . .

(Continued from page 19)

the wedding of Miss Universe, Armi Kuusela to a Filipino, Gil Hilario.

Just a few months ago, it has become the meeting ground of the world's leading scientists. It was reported in the Collegian (UP) that about 300 delegates from 25 countries attended the 12-day science congress, which started last November 16, 1953. Among the countries represented were the United States, Australia, China, United Kingdom, Hawaii, Canada, Germany, Indonesia, Japan, Netherlands, Denmark, France, Sweden, Italy, New Zealand, Thailand, India, and Indochina. Dr. Vidal Tan, in his inaugural address as president of the congress, reminded the scientists that they are the custodian of the great body of human knowledge with its two edges: one to destroy, the other to construct. The congress aimed to initiate and promote cooperation in the study of scientific problems that affect the prosperity of the Pacific peoples.

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● oh folks folks, o lola... for a while, we were fattening ourselves on a post-holiday sit-down strike and taking everything as easy as nothing else could be. we had salad time, too... not using our scalp except as a hatrack and as a dumping ground for low-priced cosmetics while the females were using theirs as pin cushions or as a rotund grandstand for bangs, horseails, shingles and sculptured looks... the ed kind of begrudged this kind of bourgeois comfort so he hooked our collarbone and coerced us into writing this valedictory. if we don't get the nomination for the nobel prize, it isn't our sin, and it ain't their crime either if c-readers storm us with peashooters and all other kinds of ordnance...

● the x'mas number of this mag arrived from the printers when the new year wasn't any too new because it had grown its first tooth. as if i weren't bad enough, the cis printmen capped it off with a bally lot of boners which had fr. carda wincing like anything. g. sison's versified brainchild "the man... the tree" didn't tote his handle and then tummy ache's "man to man" figured in a mild case of oberrotic ictus whatever the term is worth.

● a lady friend repines that she cannot, for the life of her, understand men. she bemoans the fact that men act like sanctified tin gods with fluorescent halos over their heads only in their rehearsed moments. leave them to their devices, she sez, and men are really prize barbarians. now, this lady is a friend of ours and we certainly are in no frame of mind to spoil for a fight but since we have gone this far, we might just as well tell you that one of our waddies complains that he just can't encompass the female standard of thinking. women so he tells us always yammer about clothes but they seem to wear less and less everyday. to this we can add exactly zero except that we here would like to quote humph bogie who jubilantly exclaimed that "when the rising hemline and the plunging neckline findly meet, we husbands won't have to pay for the belt anymore."

● ben carredo, contributor and erstwhile libarts proxy, gave the bachelors' circle a slight tremor when he made straight for the sto. rosario middle aisle last day of last year. could be that he wanted to honor the old year that way, the knot-tying was shrouded in complete secrecy like it was an icc deal, although ben assures us that we woulda been given the invite if he knew we were around.

● well, that's okeh by us but next time you do it, ben, have us in mind. now who: did we say!

● folks, do you hug your crooked knees and toss like mad in bed? are you an incorrigible insomniac? in other words, are you as goggle-eyed as an owl when you should be snoring half to death? then begorra, kiss your worries g'bye. go do yourself a big favor and arrange for a medical palaver with jpr who has just the real honest-to-goodness sleep-inducing gizmo. i don't mind palming it off to you but one sure way of insuring enough sleep to out-rip rip-v-winkle himself is to read your lessons. think of it. have you ever noticed how sleepy you can get by just peering at your lectures? it's easy as that and it doesn't cost a plugged cent. howbeit, if your abnormality is far worse than i wish it were, then go drink yourself blotto! and if you hate to sleep late at night, sleep early at dawn. or don't sleep at all. like me.

● boothblacks, like any other segment of humanity, do not like adverse publicity. it should evoke no surprise, therefore, that when they got gratuitous display in the pictorials as 'some of the things not wanted,' they cultivated a juvenile howl.

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VILLA AND GOD

(Continued from page 17)

Villa's book of verse, the language is less abstruse, younger, more fluid, but already the fire is there.

Prayer it has been said, is the highest type of mental activity that man is capable of. Communion with the Divine exacts strong demands on the human spirit. One must divest himself of all kinds of earthliness, make his soul and his body ready for the ultimate surrender. One does not simply press a button, and presto! His Divine Highness peeps behind a cumulus ready to hearken to the complaints of the sinning worm that is Man. In this prodigious undertaking, mental preparation is not enough. Thus, the guilty Claudius in Hamlet, lull of remorse form a crime that smelted to high heaven says:

*Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will;
... Help, angels! make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees, and heart with
strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born
babe!
One must look deep into his heart
and pray:
Does a mirror forget?
I believe it does not.
I believe a mirror will not forget
If you come to it superb.
Clear gaze of mirrors
Towards the gaze of God:
As the waters of Galilee
Upholding the superb feet.*

—Have Come, Am Here,
P. 121

The communicant must be clean and spotless as a mirror before he can gaze into the eyes of God. One must come to God superbly. Just as the waters of Galilee would uphold the Feet of Christ, so only the heart that is clear of all human baseness can mirror the image of God. ... the inexact, Eyes, of Soul, see, more; piercingly.

—Volume Two,
Poem 48.

The qualifications are limned in better detail in Poem 51:

*Whose, God, will, enchant,
Must, in, his, lamest, grain,
A, Luminance, contain: —
An, imperishable, Constant:
Not, a, vegrant, visitant
Not, a, residue, of, pain,
Not, a, promptee, of, gain:
But, a, leaf Resident.*

The final preparation is told in Poem 16, Have Come, Am Here. In my desire to be Nude I clothed myself in fire:—

*Burned down my walls, my roof,
Burned all these down.
Emerged myself supremely lean
Unsheathed like a holy knife,
With only His Hand to find
To Hold me beyond annul.
And found Him found Him found Him
Found the Hand to hold me up!
He held me like a burning poem
And waved me all over the world.*

In the poet's desire to be utterly himself, he casts away all attachments of the flesh. ("Burned down my walls, my roof...!") He finds himself distilled to the maximum of spirituality, with only God to prevent him. Having found God at last, God holds him up like a burning poem to wave all over the world.

Speaking of technique, this lyric proves the effectiveness of the principle of reverse rhyming: **Nude with down, fire with roof, lean with annual, knife with find.** Except for the noticeable straining of me up with poem, the effect is surprisingly beautiful making the uninitiate wonder whence the particular charm. That simile in the last stanza is reminiscent of Shelley's

*...dome of many-colored glass
Stains the white radiance of eternity,*
—Shelley, "Adonais"

The moment of the first meeting is taut with suspense. Time itself seems to cease to move as the actors confront each other on the stage. Villa describes this convulsive moment:

*When I shall the first time seek my
Life
O God's three eyes shall burnen me,
Till my clothes begin to fall
And I His beginning nude am made.
That first time shall burnen me
His three eyes shall piercen me!
Till at last my eyes in shreds
I my beginning Life shall see.
Yet perished this by His eyes three,
I a nude and He my eyes!
Deft my spiritual fingers weave
Love the incomparable Life.*

—Have Come, Am Here,
Poem 11

On God's omnipresence, symbolized by His three eyes, Villa also thematizes in Poem 10, **Have Come, Am Here.** The beginning of understanding of Life with the understanding of God is expressed in the eyes' being torn to shreds. God finally conquers man in his spiritual nakedness. It is only after this conquest that man begins to understand, to love, and to live.

(Continued on page 47)



Take my advice: Go see the other columns first... preferably Buddy's *On La Devel... er, ON DA LEVEL*. G'wan, move. Don't rust. About that guy BQ, he has the gimmick to increase... or decrease, your power. And if you're lucky to have survived his logomachy, then drop in on this corner sometime and help us twiddle our thumbs about....

The next intramural games. What could we possibly get out of it... if we are to base that quizzier on yesterday's rock-a-bye monology that was the "intra-boring" basketball games? Well if you have, don't tell it to the marines. Meanwhile, if you care, let's hear mine. I wouldn't guarantee its ingenuity (I was never that much, anyway) but I can assure you of its being an idea. Take it or ditch it. I won't holler.

Wouldn't it be a zowie of an idea to hand out prizes to the deserving teams? For example: A toothpick party for the champions, or, a couple of shiny bricks for the dirtiest playing team. It would even be a cute idea to give kewpie dolls to the cleanest playing team. *En otras palabras*, let's give them something worth their scraped knees. That ought to stimulate something.

Another thing. Prizes should not be given only to the teams if we can afford to flatter the individual players with prizes as a token of our appreciation of their abilities. What I mean is this: Let's give something to the individual stars of the game. It will encourage them to do more... to develop what hidden ability they might have. For example, the most valuable player of each team gets a medal; and the roughest player, well, brass knuckles. The bench-warmer deserves a sofa.

Or something like that. Just to inject life into the games. For the sake of spirit. It's fun I tell you.

Of course these are all suggestions. If you don't like it, don't. I won't bolt our party.

• C. Faigas

Fingers

(To a girl at the piano)

These are lovely, little white doves flitting sprightly,
tripping, tripping

On the song-enchanted keyboard, on the black
and ivory keys.

Oh, what ecstasy has wakened from these fingers,
ripping, ripping

The deep silence of this chamber with its multi-
melodies.

Are they singing of the flowers in their gaytime in
the Maytime.

Flowers happy with young sunshine, heavy with
soft April rain?

Are they flinging notes of songbirds in their playtime
in the daytime?

Do they dream of love returning or the forgetting
of pain?

Now they slide along the keyboard like brookwater
on the pebbles;

Do they sing of joys forbidden, do they tell of loves
unsaid?

What thing haunts them as they glide on with
pianissimos and trebles?

Is the heart within the fingers, are the keys alive
or dead?

I forget that you are playing and I hear your fingers
only.

Skipping lightly on the keyboard like so many
happy birds!

And I listen rapt in wonder, and my heart though sad
and lonely,

Smiles and steps with your bird-fingers, and my
lips are reft of words!

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FROM A STUDENT'S DIARY

by
Reis P. Awitan, Jr.



THE CONSTITUTIONAL GUARANTEE
OF FREEDOM OF RELIGION
(Ten cents to my name. How about that
date tomorrow?) THE BILL OF RIGHTS . . .

JANUARY 1, 1954 —

It's New Year today. Time for some resolutions. I resolve to be a good and conscientious student. I'll show my old man that I've got the worth of his money tucked up in my head. I'll work hard to impress my prof — that stuffed shirt! I'll make that skirt-clad pompolool in our class sit up and take notice that I'm decidedly better equipped mentally than she is. (That'll cause . . . or might coax her to be romantically bunkered in my favor after all these weeks.)

I shall abstain from the pleasures of the world. I'll desert the night clubs and nevermore touch a bottle of rum.

I'll start studying today. And when I study, I'll leave no word undigested.

(Just a second, the phone's ringing. . . Hello? . . . Oh, yes, Johnny? . . . Outing party? . . . Well, sorry, old boy! I've got lessons to attend. . . . Sorry, I . . . So . . . Who? . . . Elma? You mean the gal with the inch-long lashes? . . . The cute number with the hair you'd refuse stardusts to trade for? The single creation you might call a divine masterpiece? . . . Johnny, Old boy, you've got yourself a party goer!)

JANUARY 2, 1954 —

What a party! What a party! Broke up at three A.M. . . . Time in the Philippines now, ten minutes before lunch hour. What a sleep! Ah, well, I've got all afternoon to study anyhow. That book on Criminal Procedure we'll go through tonight is a danged good piece of legislative gymnastics. But I'll get it all straightened out so good that professor would wish he were out planting potatoes somewhere!

(Continued on page 36)

THE CAROLINIAN



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Desiderio L. Ando
R. O. T. C. Editor

Demosthenes Gumalo ... The Star For Him

When the plaudits of a proud university were heaped upon the 1953 USC Corps of Cadets, a minor furor was raised among top-level ROTC brass and near-greats who were spoiling to take a crack at the high chair. It was decidedly a tough situation for a while, marked by sharp but friendly competition among aspirants whose names were bandied around by supporters and boosters.

It occasioned little surprise, if at all, when, in the face of rivalry, Demosthenes Gumalo was elevated to the highest post of the Corps. The ROTC brass as well as the officer's circle knew that here was a man who invited notice and whose talents, if recognized and given sanction, would bring USC fruitful results in terms of the reputation which was set at its peak by former Corps Commander Cosme Mirabueno.

The present commander knows it's a knotty job to be the repository of a glorious past and to uphold that past. He knows that, because of the responsibility entrusted upon him, there should be no half-hearted efforts to get another star for San Carlos.

And a star he's going to get. Keep watching! - bq

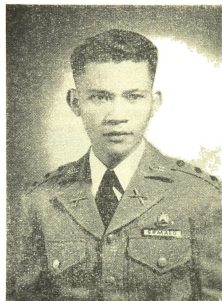
COMMANDING OFFICER FIRST FA BATTALION

Commanding the 1st FA Bn of the Corps this year is a lanky, knuckle-bent, well geared gentleman with a tall commanding personality. Harsh voiced but kind hearted, Cdt Lt Col Zosimo Y Tangnan, FA reflects a military bearing so fitting and proper for an effective Bn Commander. A native of Medina, Misamis Oriental, Cdt Lt Col Tangnan graduated from Mt. Carmel High School as Cdt 2nd Lt in the PMT organization of that school. Because of his exceptionally tall bearing and ability to command respect from the men in the ranks he was issued immediate promotion to Cdt T Sgt FA in his first days in the school-year 1950-1951. Having shown much enthusiasm and esprit de corps he was on the next year made Cdt 2d Lt and ably commanded the 2nd platoon of "Baker" Btry. Having maintained and shown greater prestige and honor in their-

(Continued on page 42)



Cdt. Major Desiderio L. Ando



Cdt. Col. Demosthenes Gumalo,
Corps Commander

Charlie's CORN

+ • Rosario Teves



The Author

...er

with
**NACHI
SALCEDO**



They're sick and tired of it. We're sick and tired of it. I'm sick and tired of it. **NON-COOPERATION!** That's the word. In hifallutin lingo: lack of esprit de corps or non-Carolinianism.

It happens all the time. They ride on your neck and stay there whenever a job has to be done and done in a hurry. It happens when there's a stage to be done over for a show, or booths to be fixed for a campus fiesta, or a meeting to be held for important student matters, or a cheering to be performed when our best team is doing the high-ground; it happens whenever student participation is required for any activity that involves anything outside of the classroom schedule.

We're just stubborn, indifferent. We prefer to feel that we come to school on our own steam and for our own glory, independently of the rest. And for so long as our grades are sailing high, let the rest of them go buy a peanut.

Isn't that an utterly great mistake? It's a mistaken notion to think we come to school to learn by ourselves, for the benefit of ourselves alone. Students in school are supposed to work as a body, dependently of each other when it comes to keeping the *alma mater* always a step ahead of the rest of them.

We are destined to serve our God, our country and our people, ultimately, in whatever vocation we choose — and we can never achieve that end without first getting acquainted with the ways by which we can ably do so; the ability to follow instructions, to say Yes and really bend down to it; the courage to perform any task assigned as if it were a challenge; the consistency in grinding on and on till the completion of the work; the patience, the perseverance and the ambition to keep that load of responsibility on our shoulders all the way through for as long as it is expected to be there and to make of it a tool with which to carve out an achievement that shall bear glory for those around us and for ourselves.

The Shreds I Claim

*You wonder at my thoughts and I must grope for words,
Which are thoughts no more, nor like the musicmaker's chords;
The mind denies phrases with their animation,
The days are nights deserted by imagination.*

*And even erstwhile dream faces that, smiling in the night,
Still smiles but smiles unhonored, its beauty lost to sight.
Yet there was a time when I could have grasped a star,
And like a dreamer sealed it in a jar.*

*But that was long ago when sailing with child thoughts
On ocean vessels, while launching paper boats
Down a street canal after the rain. And the patter
Of bare feet are gone. Ah, what is the matter.*

*With allegations that reproach the mind
For its practicality which denies some kind
of comfort. But let me tell you one thought not
unknown—
That the star that long ago from me has flown.*

*Is within my grasp, if only out of dreams were born
Poems, and were I the poet—even one forlorn.*

Well, those may be lines picked from a book somewhere, but they've got weight. A lot of it that we need. They spell guts — and these we generally are badly wanting of. Without which we are a football player out in the field in a bathing suit — no gears to lessen the bumps, no helmet to keep our skulls from getting battered when the heat of the fight is on.

That's the point I want to get across. Look at it from either side and you'll find the same shoooma on the spirit in working as a team, esprit de corps, cooperation, Carolinianism, pure and simple. Like what that smart guy said: "No man is an island unto himself..." Someways, somehow, you'll need help from your neighbors and your neighbors will need yours. That's how to get along. That's how to click with the flair and finesse of this world of men.

In conclusion, let's get together now, from here on in, let's knuckle down and keep things moving, get things done — one holds a hammer, the other a saw, or a chisel or a plane, and let's all put in our share of the job in building up that spirit of unity to keep our San Carlos U safe on the pedestal of distinction which she deserves. That way, the Wisdom up there will certainly look upon us and sort of say That's because you remember that I only help you when you help yourselves.

University Day



Parade ...

GRANDIOSE

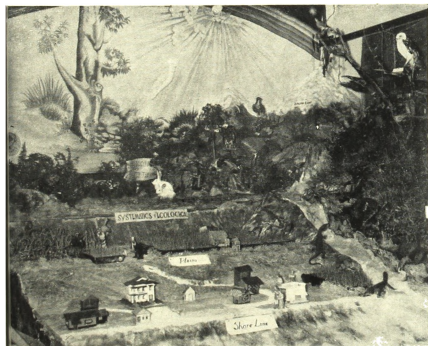
Pictorial Section

Exhibits ...

LIBERAL ARTS
TOPS

Booths ...

NORMAL COLLEGE
TOPS



February 19-21





THEY'RE ALL HERE: *Front row, left to right:* Vicky Manguera, Anita Maabong, Fronie Alerre, Miss Carmen Camara (Adviser), Fely Manzano, Caring Arpon, Remedias Fiel. *Rear, same order:* Nilda Pestaña, Perla Goyeneche, Araceli Gonzales, Josie Marcon, Fidela Marquez, Conching Lim, Delia Aparis, Helen Hautea, Asuncion Mallare and Clony Perez.



Now, the kind of film used in this particular picture...

Our CAI



Notice the banana and the tricky



ARACELI GONZALES
Corps Adjutant Sponsor



STELLA PENALES
Corps Sponsor

ETTES



In the background...
native driftwood...



"Id quod visum placet"... and you know what we mean.



Floats . . .

ALL DEPARTMENTS — Marvelous

LIBERAL ARTS — Most Artistic

COMMERCE — Most Symbolic

Games . . .

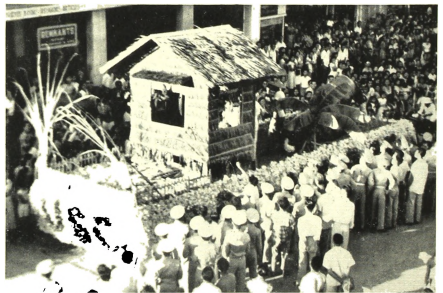
LIBERAL ARTS WINS

Programs . . .

SPLENDID

Visitors . . .

THRILLED



WHEN I was in the grade school we had a teacher who because she was unmarried occupied herself constantly with the How To and How Not To bring up her school children to be good and worthy citizens. She put a lot of parental gymnastics to it that it soon became a pain in my neck. But this con-

I can pass this to you now. It's not good business to be president—of the Philippines, maybe, yes. There you don't need much qualifications. Just be a popular Knock on the Seventh Wall and the elector's heart will turn out a double flip for you. Then you can buy yourself a lot of things: beds. . . .

But a schoolroom president! Look,

lucky. But most often than not, you'll have to ask for a three month's allowance in advance from Papa in order to cover the deficiency. When the affair comes at last, you're all in, washed out, plunkered, bashed in, tapossed! But that's not the end. You'll have to stand on the stage yet and be Master of Ceremonies. You'll hear applause in your ears for you and your instincts somehow maneuvers your jaw into giving way for a grin, your weas kneeken, that is, your knees weaken, you feel your stomach, the intestines inside suddenly get pasted together. But you hear

Mr. Chairman,

clusion I couldn't realize until she reversed her gears and went to work on me.

She made me say "Nnnh" in the morning to see if I'd brushed my teeth; she looked at my hands, my fingernails, behind my ears, the seat of my pants, my shoelaces and even searched among my hair for foreign objects which would evidence my failure to take a bath. But she did not teach me to say "Good morning, teacher!" She preferred that I'd intone: "Good morning, my dear professor; a very fine day, isn't it, if I may say?" Now there was a reason behind this which transformed that chapter of my boyhood days into one which I would want my biographer to delete. She wanted me to become a president.

Now, to become a president, one has to start from the bottom—as a small-size president. That was to be my ambition then. And she was pretty meticulous about it. Pretty patient for her age. Age? She was beginning to have a lot of it. If she were honest about her age her birthday cake would be a fire hazard. Which perhaps coaxed the little man at the back of my head to say Give her a break; if people knew she was partly responsible for your astounding success in life she will have a pedestal all to herself; you know, her fishing is bound to be easier then.

So that was it. I became president of the Sixth Grade Class.

When I passed on to First Year High she was no longer there. But she knew where I lived and lost no time in reminding me about my presidency. Consequently, I was elected president of my class. So again in the next year's class. And so on, and so on, it became a bad habit.

I DECLINE...

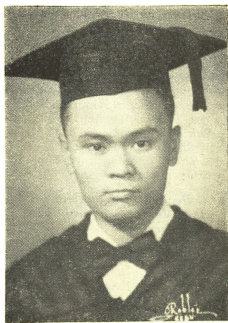
it goes like this. First, the teacher calls a meeting of all her students. Then she delivers a speech about leadership, cooperation, and class funds. While she's at it, everybody's aching to prove himself—even willing to pass cokes around for you know what. Somebody

by

Cesar A. Mella

gives you a pat on the back, your name is called out, it gets written on the blackboard and you are nominated. Before you know it, hands are in the air for you and you get elected. Then you find yourself in front of the class for a speech. But you're shaking like an African in the North Pole, your tongue refuses to budge at first until you manage to cough out one word, and then another, and your speech is done—impromptu! So then your name is printed in the school paper.

Now comes the humdinger. You've got a program in your hands. The teacher fixes a date and you fix your cranial region on how to get cooperation. Cooperation? Who invented that word, anyway? You'll wind up being a Stage Committee, Ushers Committee, Refreshments Committee, Invitations Committee—all by yourself. A one-man working outfit. And when the coffers are flung open for contributions, don't think they'll pour in. They'll trickle in if you're



The Author

the little man at the back of your head say Go on, stupid! And then you hear yourself blurt out the first few lines of the speech you memorized and the rest becomes a subject for Campusrats.

You, then, conclude you've had a day. So you go home. You sit down to supper, try to eat, fail. You stand up, go to bed, try to sleep, fail. You walk around until its morning and it's time to go to school. You dress up, proceed to hobbledybang out of the room and trudge to school where you go see a clerk about your school status. He hands you a piece of card. You

(Continued on page 52)

● **USC Successful Barristers**
(Class of 1953-1954)

Jose Azcarraga, Jr., Francisco Borromeo, Francisco Cortes, Vicente Dellin, Augusto Derecho, Temistocles Diez, Ethelbert Kintanar, Jose Lucero, Bienvenido Mabanto, Ramon Malixi, Isidro Mondragon, Timoteo Omay, Cesar Sol, Sabiniano Vasquez, Romula de la Victoria and Jose Villasin.

● **Previous Year's Graduates Successful Barristers**

Crescenciano Cañete, Agustin Cimarfana, Mrs. Catalina Montenegro, Bartolome Ochabillo, Vicente Peñaz, Jr., Tomas Taboada, Iluminado Tale.

● **Successful Board Examinees (College of Pharmacy)**

Caridad Aboo, Teresita Almoce-
ra, Julieta Bermudez, Linda Cinco,
Adina Decentececo, Natividad Cum-
boc, Loreta Macasero, Gaudiosa
Mangubat, Ampara Montecillo, Mi-
lagros Pareja, Leonora Penseraga,
Natividad Ramon, Editha Roxas,
Dionisia Sira, Indalecia Tio, Ter-
esita Ybud, Crescenciana Lim, and
Maxima Pung.

● **College of Engineering Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering:**

Angel Burgos, Antonio Jaronilla,
and Miss Remedios Satazar.

Bachelor of Science in Mechanical Engineering:

Sotero Cadongog.

Certified Plant Mechanic:

Eliose Linog.

● **First Regional Congress of the Legion of Mary**

For the first time in this part of the country, various legionaries from within the Archdiocese of Cebu united themselves together in a five-day regional congress held in Cebu City from the 26th to the 30th of December, last.

The University of San Carlos acting as host, welcomed these men and women devoted to the Blessed Mother with a profound sense of brotherhood as evidenced by the untiring efforts of the legionaries of the various praesidia in the Univer-

Honor Roll

COLLEGE OF LAW
(LL.B.)

1. Heber Catalan, 1.69 (Cum Laude)

COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS
General Course
(A.B.)

1. Terese Edo 1.33 (Cum Laude)

PREPARATORY LAW COURSE
(A.A.)

1. Cristino Abesola, Jr. 1.24
(With highest honors)
2. Cromwell Rabaya 1.34
(With high honors)

COLLEGE OF EDUCATION
(B.S.E.)

1. Consuelo Bawasanta 1.36
(Magna Cum Laude)
2. Concepcion Jakasalem 1.38
(Magna Cum Laude)
3. Gloria Jayme 1.53
(Cum Laude)
4. Secorra Carilles 1.55
(Cum Laude)

COLLEGE OF COMMERCE
(B.S.C.)

1. Febes Tan 1.24
(Magna Cum Laude)
2. Alejandro Tabo 1.34
(Magna Cum Laude)

CERTIFICATE OF SECRETARIAL SCIENCE
(C.S.S.)

1. Florencia Balocanog 1.16
(With high honors)
2. Mrs. Margarita 1.47
(With high honors)

COLLEGE OF PHARMACY
(B.S.Pharm.)

- (Midterm Grades)
1. Rasita Ty 1.05
2. Maria Milagros Lee 1.18
3. Fe Caniza 1.64
4. Floresita Gucor 1.69

Guided by their bishops and spiritual directors, men and women of different walks of life — mostly coming from the islands of Leyte, Bohol, Samar, Cebu, Manila, and other provinces of the Philippines instrumented the success of the congress by mapping out a general policy of the activities that the le-



VIOLETA DEJORAS
... The lady eloquent
(See story on page 39)

gionaries were to carry out in honor of the Blessed Mother.

On December 26, the registration of the official delegates began at the University of San Carlos which lasted until noon of the following day. In the afternoon of December 27, the formal opening of the congress was marked by the blessing of the legion exhibits consisting in pictures and paintings which portrayed the different works of legionaries displayed at the third floor of the USC main building. The blessing was performed by His Excellency, Most Rev. Julio R. Rosales, D.D., Archbishop of Cebu.

The general features carried on by the congress were:

1. Opening prayers which were recited at the start of every meeting.

2. Address by Most Rev. Julio R. Rosales, D.D., remarks by: Rev. Fr. Manuel Garcia, C.M. Laureate Member and Spiritual Director, Senatus of the Philippines, Most Rev. Teopisto V. Alberto, D.D., Bishop of Sorsogon, Rt. Rev. Lesmes Ricalde, Protonotary Apostolic, V.G. Diocese of Palo; and sermon of Most Rev. Manuel Yap, D.D., Bishop of Bacolod.

3. General Sessions, where discussions were conducted regarding the purpose of the legion, the legion and the parish, legionary loyalty, the apostolate of the dejected po-

pulation, and subjects on legion extension and visitation.

4. Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament at the USC Chapel and at the Redemptorist Church.

5. Masses and General Communion at the Cebu Metropolitan Cathedral and at the San Nicolas Parish Church.

6. Curia Executive Meetings which were attended by Senatus Officers, Comitium Officers, Senior and Junior Officers with their Spiritual Directors.

7. Junior Officers' Meeting of the Junior praesidia.

8. Banquet for Legionaries at the Archbishop Grounds.

9. Executive luncheon offered by the Cebu Curia for the Senatus, Comitium and Curia Officers.

At the adjournment of the Congress, a Pontifical Mass was held at the Cebu Metropolitan Cathedral officiated by His Excellency, Most Rev. Julio R. Rosales, D.D., Archbishop of Cebu, followed by the procession of the Blessed Sacrament inside the Cathedral — a.p.a.j.r.

● Graduate School Commended by Public Library Head

In an official correspondence received by Rev. Fr. R. Rahmann, S.V.D., Dean, Graduate School, he was congratulated by Dr. Luis Montilla, Director of the Bureau of Public Libraries, Manila, for the four master's theses which he sent as donation of the authors to the National Library (Bureau of Public Libraries) in Manila. These theses were written by the following former students of the Graduate School: Catalina Bucad, Matilde Garcia, Carmen Rodil and Eustacia Savellon.

Dr. Montilla expressed his appreciation for "the untiring efforts you have shown in encouraging your students to write on Philippine problems..."

The Secretary of the Graduate School of U. P., Dr. Cecilio Lopez, stated in a letter which he wrote to Fr. Rahmann that the subjects "sound first rate to me as master's theses."

Interviewed by this reporter, Rev. Fr. Rahmann stressed that the research activities and projects of the Graduate School of the University of San Carlos has been extended so far to the following fields:

University of San Carlos

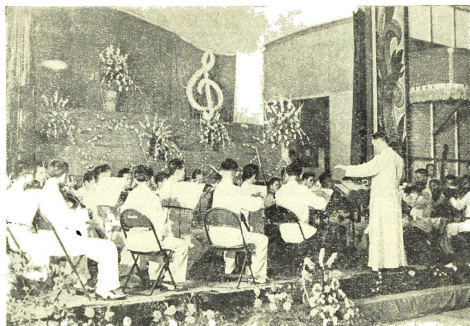
CEBU CITY

Offers the following Courses:

1. **POST GRADUATE COURSES** in Education and English (M.A.), and Business Administration (M.S.B.A.)
2. **LAW (LL.B.)**
3. **LIBERAL ARTS AND SCIENCES**
Pre-Medicine (A.A.), Pre-Law & General (A.A.)
(Two years)
Pre-Dentistry (two years)
Pre-Nursing (One year)
General four-year courses:
Arts & Philosophy type (A.B.) with any of the following fields of Specialization: English, Spanish, History or any Social Science, Philosophy.
Science type (B.S.) with fields of specialization in Chemistry, Physics, Zoology and Mathematics.
4. **COMMERCE (B.S.C.)** with Accounting, Management, Economics, General Business and Banking and Finance, as major fields.
5. **EDUCATION (B.S.E.)** with the following majors: English, Spanish, National Language, Biology, General Science, Physics, Mathematics, Economics, History, Library Science, Retail Merchandising, Home Economics, Physical Education.
6. **ENGINEERING**
Civil Engineering (B.S.C.E.)
Mechanical Engineering (B.S.M.E.)
Electrical Engineering (B.S.E.E.)
Chemical Engineering (B.S.Ch.E.)
Architecture (B.S. Arch.)
7. **PHARMACY (B.S.Pharm.)**
8. **HOME ECONOMICS (B.S.H.E.): (E.T.C.-H.E.)**
9. **NORMAL COLLEGE (B.S.E.Ed.)**
10. **SECRETARIAL SCIENCE (C.S.S.)**, one year course, collegiate level.
11. **HIGH SCHOOL: Academic, General and Home Economics Type.**
High School exclusively for boys
High School exclusively for girls
High School for night students
12. **INTERMEDIATE, PRIMARY, and KINDERGARTEN.**

Official Enrolment for the 1954 Summer Quarter
Begins March 29, 1954

Classes Commence April 1, 1954



The USC Symphony Orchestra
... "to soothe the savage breast" ...

1. Literature. Besides the conducting of studies in the Philippine Literature in English, special stress is laid on the study of the Cebu-Visayan language and its literature. It is hoped also that the vernacular literature of other Visayan Islands will be studied.

2. Folklore. The Graduate School is trying to specialize more in the study of Visayan folklore and of the preliterate population groups of the Southern Philippines.

3. Educational Problems. The Province and City of Cebu are given special consideration.

(In all three fields a number of studies have been completed.)

4. The Graduate School will soon conduct studies of socio-economic nature, especially for Cebu and other islands in the Visayas in general as well as for Mindanao.

● First USC Debating Club Organized

The long dream of U.S.C. students to form a debating club was at last realized when the U.S.C. Audio-Visual Hall was jam-packed by students taking English 4 and by other interested students taking different courses who formed the first U.S.C. Debating Club. This has been made possible through the efforts of Mrs. Bernardita Valenzuela.

Considered to be the most hotly contested since November 10 — complete with charges and counter-charges, bombastic speeches and walk outs — the election resulted to the choice of Mr. Primitivo V. Lara, Jr. as President with a comfortable margin over his closest rival, Mr. Orlando Fua.

Other officers elected were: Felipe Verallo, Jr., vice-president; Ledinila Amigable, secretary; Helen Tabla, treasurer; Cesario A. Mella, PRO; B. Esmas and D. Gumato, Set-at-arms.

Under the advisanship of Atty. Cornelio Faigoo, Mrs. Bernardita Valenzuela and Atty. Mario Ortiz, the USC Debating Club made its debut by holding a symposium on "The Role of Youth in a Democracy" recently. Five speakers gave the audience the proper answers to their questions. This well-attended affair was the first of its kind ever held in the USC campus.

Miss Mercedes Gantuangko, speaking on education and representing the English 4 students copped the prize as first best speaker. The second prize went to Mr. Felipe Verallo, Jr. of Atty. Ortiz's class, who discussed the role of youth in religion. The third best speaker was Mr. Cesario A. Mella representative of Mrs. Valenzuela's class, who spoke on Politics. Other speakers were Miss Ledinila Amigable,

on Social Welfare and Mr. Matias Cabiling, Jr. on Labor.

The success of the symposium was greatly implemented by Mr. Primitivo V. Lara, Jr., president of the club.

Miss Lucita Salazar's beautiful voice and the classic songs of Eddie Pascual were well appreciated by the audience. Both singers were accompanied on the piano by Vic Zosa.

The board of judges was composed of Mrs. Avelina Gil, chairman, Miss Lourdes Varela and Atty. Catalino Doronio, members. Prizes for the three best speakers were donated by the three advisers of the club.

● USC Symphony Orchestra in Christmas Concert

The select voices of the 150 — voice mixed chorus presented by the USC Symphony Orchestra made a big hit at the Eladio Villa Stadium during a Christmas concert held there at 8:00 o'clock P.M. last December 13. Rev. Fr. Joseph Graisy, S.V.D., Director of Music, conducted.

In the Inanovici "Waves of the Danube" and Strauss "Blue Danube" performed by the orchestra and chorus, the public went "wild." The Schubert Unfinished Symphony and the Boildue Overture were also well applauded. The vocal renditions by Mimi Trosdal of "Echo Song" and "Carnival of Venice" received prolonged applause from the house. Other soloists who deserve commendations for their exceptional performances are Willie Fermin, Enrique Diola, Vicente Abellon, as well as Expedito Bugarin and Felicisimo Guerrero, who were members of the string ensemble and Patrocino Perez and Lourdes Saia, piano accompanists.

The affair was sponsored by the Kappa Lambda Sigma and Sigma Phi Rho Sororities. Mrs. Bernardita B. Valenzuela and Miss Amparo Rodil, respectively, are the advisers of these U.S.C. Sororities.

● Former Girls HF Head to Finish Ph.D. in Education

Rev. Fr. Edward Norton, former director of the USC Girls High School, will finish his Ph.D. in Education on June, 1955 at the Chicago University in the United States. He hopes to return to the Philip-

piners to be with the Carolinians again after he finishes his Doctorate's degree.

Rev. Fr. Norton obtained his M.A. in Education degree at the Catholic University in Washington D.C.

● **Another Grade-Maker**

Crispin G. Castillo, former graduate of the University of San Carlos with a degree of B.S.C. was commissioned to 2nd Lieutenant in the Armed Forces of the Philippines. His name was finally released in Gen. Order No. 376, GHQ, dated December 10, 1953.

● **404 Graduates to Participate in March Commencement Exercises**

A total of 404 students will participate at the commencement exercises to be held on March 26, 1954, the Registrar's office announced.

The official list of candidates for graduation shows the following number of students who are to receive their degrees, titles and certificates: LL.B., 22; Liberal Arts, 55 (Pre-Law, 20; Pre-Med, 18; A.B., 13; and B.S. Zoology, 4); B.S.E., 80; B.S.H.E., 23; E.T.C.-H.E., 12; One Year Special H.E., 1; B.S. Pharmacy, 39; B.S.C., 76; A.C.S., 1; C.S.C., 83; B.S.C.E., 6; B.S.M.E., 5 and B.S.E., 1.

Preparation for the series of activities of the graduating class is in full swing. The traditional Baccalaureate Mass at the USC Chapel will mark the opening of the graduation ceremonies.

● **USC Engineering Students Pass PAF Exams**

Three second year Engineering students passed the PAF written entrance examinations given last November. Is. Jacobo Asuncion (CE), Rudy Ratcliffe (ME), and Wilfredo A. Campos (ME) were informed by telegram that they passed the written entrance examination and were requested to report to the PAF Hqs. at Nichols Air Base, Rizal, for final physical examinations and interview by the Board on Admission. Only two, however, were admitted to the flying school. Campos was disqualified after going thru the rigid physical and medical examinations.

Incidentally, the newly formed (Continued on page 39)



Officers and advisers of the USC Debating Club make a pose after their symposium. Left to right: seated: Felipe Yerralto, Jr., vice-president; Primitiva Lara, Jr., president; Cesario Mella, PRO. Standing, same order: Ledinia Amigable, secretary; Atty. Mario Ortiz, Mrs. Bernardita Valenzuela, Atty. Cornelio Paigao, advisers; Mercedes Gantuangko, selected Best Speaker.



Officers of the NOSA, an organization of youth from Negro Oriental, who are students in the different schools in the city. Photo shows the elected officers, all Carolinians. Sitting, left to right: Gil Vergara, adviser; Alma Valencia, secretary; Jose Villanueva, president; Natividad So, treasurer; Gersonia Gamala, vice-president. Standing, same order: Orlando Pua, PRO; Andres Gayo, peace officer; B. Bayawa, coordinator and Honorio Aranas, peace officer.

ALUMNI CHIMES

Congressman Miguel Cuenco was unanimously elected as the "Most Distinguished Alumnus of the Year" by the Tower Committee of USC's Alumni Association. His election was based on personal merits and on the following points: (1) He championed the cause of clean and honest government; (2) he has an outstanding record in Congress; (3) he has always been faithful to USC as shown by his constant attendance in the affairs of the USC Alumni Association and his having spoken in many instances before the student body of USC; and (4) he champions the cause of Religion by constantly defending the rights of the Church in Congress.

Records show that Hon. Miguel Cuenco was the first Dean of the University of San Carlos' College of Law when the law college was founded in 1937. He also obtained his A.B. degree here.

This Congressman from the Fifth



Hon. MIGUEL CUENCO
...public service in good faith.

liability of any individual without having to secure any authority from the President. He defended the Catholic Church and fought for her rights during the controversy of the Church with some of our self-concerned public officials. Congressman Cuenco has been fighting and is continuing his crusade for the welfare and progress of the country but never once for his own personal benefits nor that of his family as was evidenced when he supported a measure which resulted to the disadvantage of his family's transportation business.

As a student, Congressman Miguel Cuenco has an irrefutable record. He took his bar before he was 21 years old. While yet unqualified for entry to the Philippine Bar, on account of his age, he continued his Master's Degree in Law at Harvard University in the United States.

In recognition of his educational background, travel, age and wide

Congressman Miguel Cuenco, Picked As USC's Most Distinguished Alumnus

by *Cesario A. Mella*

District of Cebu is one of the most outstanding personalities and successful alumni of the University. In the practice of law, in business and in Congress he has always distinguished himself proficiently. In Congress, he presented laudatory

bills, like the one authorizing Congress to investigate the income tax

and sufficient experience, the USC's "Most Distinguished Alumnus" was selected chairman of the Committee of Foreign Affairs upon the start of our new Congress.

Librarian-Clerks Middle-Aisle It

First wedding news for the month of December was the CASTILLO-SEVERINO nuptials solemnized at the Sto. Rosario Church last December 26th.

The bride-groom is presently enrolled in the Department of Commerce, while

the bride-elect is employed as librarian-clerk in the auspicious USC Library.

Another librarian-clerk followed suit when ROMAN MAGALLON got hitched to EPIFANIA LABRADO, a USC employee, whose marriage was solemnized at the Sto. Rosario Church on January 16. After the ceremonies, breakfast and luncheon were served at the bride's residence.

December 29 saw another active Carolinian, BEN CARREDO exchange marriage

(Continued on next page column 3)

Bulicatin, Paraguya Walk The Aisle

GUADALUPE PARAGUYA of Tubigon, Bohol, exchanged marriage vows with TIBURCIO BULICATIN of the same town at 7:00 o'clock Saturday morning, January 9, at the Tubigon Catholic Church.

The bride and groom are graduates of the College of Education of the University of San Carlos. They are presently teaching in the Holy Cross Academy in Tubigon, Bohol.

Officiating the nuptial rites were: Fr. Matthias M. Weber, S.V.D., director of Holy Cross Academy, as officiating priest; Fr. Alphonse M. Milder, S.V.D., rector of Immaculate Heart Seminary in Tagbilaran, Bohol, as acting deacon; Fr. William Neuhofer, S.V.D., director of Saint Paul's Academy of Inabanga, Bohol, acting as subdeacon.

High Mass after the nuptial rites followed.

Cesarea Paraguya acted as maid of honor and Hilarion Flores, best man.

Sponsors were Judge Teofilo Mascariñas, Felix Algodon, Mrs. Paternal Duval and Mrs. Epifania Lao.

The bridesmaids and their escorts were: Salvacion Mison, Jovita and Jesusa Paraguya, Antonio, Pedrito and Juanito Paraguya. Flower girls were Neclora and Flora Paraguya. And Santos Paraguya, the youngest in the family, acted as ring bearer. He received also his first holy Communion.

After the ceremonies breakfast was served at the residence of Mr. Hipolito Paraguya, the bride's uncle.



Mr. and Mrs. **TIBURCIO BULICATIN**
... the tie shall be secure.

LIBRARIAN-CLERKS . . .

(Continued from page 25)

riage vows with Miss CLARITA VELEZ of Cebu City, at the Sto. Rosario Church. Ben Carredo is the Executive Editor of Cebu's Morning Times, a newspaper.

Before he was graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts in Philosophy last semester, Ben was the president of the Liberal Arts organization.

The month of February saw again Sir Stark visit the nurseries of two assistant-librarian, Mrs. NENITA SY (Nee Nenita Pa). Ditto on RICARDA SANCHEZ who was blessed with a seven-pound bouncing baby boy. Mr. & Mrs. Sanchez will name their "little dividend" Gil.

Have You Heard . . . ?

By ipr

Sir Stark visited the nursery of our beloved Registrar. For the first time since their marriage thirteen years ago, Mr. & Mrs. Jose V. Arias leaned on a crib, their welcoming eyes transfixed at their brand new bouncing baby boy. Joe confided that only faith and prayer made this "miracle" possible.

Emilio B. Aller our erstwhile "C" Ed left last February 1st for the U.S. as
(Continued on page 32)



Marie Arias and Mommy.
"It's a miracle!"

Student Catholic Action Takes To The High Road!

(Continued from page 15)

ment, the Student Catholic Action, was formally launched by prominent student leaders from Cebu's leading campuses. The following were elected: Bartolome de Castro, president; Elmo Farnador, Jose Logarta, vice-presidents; Benj. Aliño, treasurer; Eduardo Gandiongco and Dionisio Lacaron, press relations officers. . . .

The election over, a discussion on the cooperation of school administrations cropped up. Fr. Bustos took hand in this matter, and agreed to see some heads of educational institutions to drum up their interest.

After a very revealing exchange of verbal fireworks, the conferees buckled down to the last item in the agenda. Rev. Fr. Enrique Schooning, S.V.D. USC's dean of religion, delivered a "sizzling" talk on the need of personal holiness for leaders if they desire to radiate the same virtue in the student environment.

The evening's inspirational came from Rev. Fr. Bernard Wrocklage, S.V.D. whose personality has given inspiration and substance to the heretofore empty talk on SCA. Delivered in his characteristic American punch, Fr. Wrocklage's spell-binder began:

"I did not come here to influence you, but to be influenced by you. . . . There is no clerical invasion in the SCA. For while we hold respect for the goodness of authority, we hold a higher regard for the authority of goodness."

Everybody sat at the edge of his seat, as the eloquent father continued:

THE ARCHBISHOP'S WORD

"You can rest assured of the full support of the Church hierarchy. The Archbishop has lathered the SCA idea, and he has personally pledged his support to the full hit."

A wave of enthusiasm swept the conferees as they lustily applauded Fr. Wrocklage, the man, and Fr.

Wrocklage, the speaker. A visible feeling of absolute unanimity of aims descended upon the conference. That much was enough.

We banged the last gavel at 11:30 P.M. Each went home, warming his cockles for being a necessary cog in a great movement. And a great cause.

That was only the beginning, and the next day saw student leaders whipping up enthusiasm for the SCA cause, putting up announcements, securing precious pledges of cooperation from school heads, while many hands were clasped in prayer.

Up to now, the organization of chapters is going on in full blast under the coordination of the Inter-collegiate Central Directorate. A plan to construct an SCA recreation center near the Cathedral is being mulled over, and plans are being prepared to achieve this end. This has been decided upon in a 90-man meeting of leaders participated in by thirteen educational institutions.

ON DA LEVEL . . .

(Continued from page 20)

their protestations must have been given a sympathetic audience and the ban must have been relaxed because the s-boys are still doing commerce at the univ entrance.

● our varsity gamestars who have matured on the ccaa hardcourt will retire into somnolent obscurity but we won't forget the yeoman service they did by hanging onto the season's gonfalion which they won by the skin of teeth. even if they didn't exactly have halcyon time fighting for the title, they nevertheless plugged away as best they could and were crowned champs. coach boring is one man who doesn't score easy, as a basketball strategist, he can count his peers on the fingers of his left hand, but as manuel boring, the man, he stands alone.

● doteline taclaban city:

sl. paul's fimmelandia. . . the teeny side of it anyway, had the varsity boys in a two-day tailsip. baby abasolo, an acquaintance of ours since time out of mind, was real chic and go-getty for a law junior who should be lugging tomes on legal balderdash. she had us lined up at the city plaza for a shutter-clicking spree with fr. wrocklage and other paulinian wimmin. we are still wondering how our mugs soloayed to the noonday heatwave.

ruth raynaldo hosted with a leg-throwing session in her flat but the boys were as timid as filipino yokelery ever gets to be. except for a minute or infraction, everything was so-so in the evening's doncedate. nory marilla was the night's bounce king while skip roy morales dominated the drag numbers. roy squired a temptress whom we cannot identify for the moment. inting dianaldo was high, wide and handsome in the sidelines but danny was outta breath. talyo reynes put two feet down when requested to holler "eufemio" but he assisted fr. wrocklage in the choral job of "the bulldog."

gamest among the paulinian coo-eds was ching loceros who set most of our pulses racing. fely monte (that's her!) . . . look out for the guy with the amazing memory. go see your p.o. box right! number two, first sheet. . . usc hooplo princetings numbers three, six, seven and thirteen were much in demand but the hayride couldn't go through on occaveno the games. lummy oché is hurting to have a fling at a teacher's college penster. st. paul's housekeepers are the best in the business but they are careless where they put the eggs 'n' sauce. . . run, brothers!!

● this is our swan song for the semester but we are laithe to attach any sentimentality to this issue because we believe that those who flunked will come back for more punishment. peping zamboongo says, writers never die. . . they just go astray. violá touf!

THE URGENCY

In addressing a Manila audience last year, His Eminence Cardinal Gilroy commented that the Communists are not afraid of thousands that fill the church everyday. But, he added, they begin to worry when Catholics leave awhile their pulpits and Summos, and turn their attention to the people, to the campuses, and to the marketplace, just as our Lord Himself sought out the peoples of Judea and Samaria in their homes and their farms and their little fishing villoges.

It is with this spirit that the SCA shall act. It shall bring about a Christian renewal of the student environment by contact, influence, and conquest. But is there a need of a change in the student world? The answer is definitely "yes."

The students' case is like that of a person collared and pushed into a chamber of horror. He is born in a ready-made world where the progressive exclusion of remarkable discoveries in technology, have produced a profound impact upon him, visibly weakening his disposition to assimilate Christian virtues.

The Philippine campus is a troubled world. It has lost its idyllic
(Continued on page 49)

Post Graduate
School Project:

Filipino Folklore

Conducted by REV. FR. RUDOLPH RAHMANN, S.V.D., Dean

FAR out across the waters of Madredijos, Cebu, looms a mysterious little island known as Isla de Gato. I say mysterious because no one has yet ventured to explore the innermost fastnesses of this uninhabited island, tiny as it is, and seek out the secrets which the inhabitants of Madredijos usually associate it with. Its shark-infested waters reflect the foreboding atmosphere that hovers over the island, giving it an air of mystery.

Some superstitious folks say that the island is haunted by other-world beings who wouldn't allow anyone to set foot on it and disturb their peaceful habitation. Others who have been more enlightened by the rumors that are passed around contend that there is only a single passage through which a person could gain entrance into the island's interior. And that is, through a cave guarded by murderous giant bats, ready to tear at any intruder without notice. Only when one dons a special "bite-proof" suit and arms himself with a suitable weapon can he ever hope to get through this cave safely.

The LEGEND OF CAT ISLAND

by
Ledinila Amigable

Apart from this particular cave entrance, the rest of the island is surrounded by craggy cliffs and jagged rocks which render it practically inaccessible. But whatever the reasons may be, Isla de Gato certainly has caught the lively imagination of the inhabitants of Madredijos. And over its craggy cliffs and moss-covered rocks is woven a most charming legend.

(Continued on page 38)

The FAIRIES OF MT. TIGAYON

by
Mrs. Dolores G. Advincula
Aklan College, Kalibo, Capiz

A few kilometers from the town of Kalibo, Capiz, rises the mountain of Tigayon. The story goes, that good fairies once dwelt here who were believed to have helped the folks living in the prosperous valley near the mountain.

The village people were industrious but at times were also fun-loving and frivolous. Because of their prosperity they often held parties, especially after harvest.

The fairies were kind to the people. They watched the villagers' happiness and fun with benevolence. They even lent them their golden and silver ware for their feast, and the folks easily became accustomed to borrow them from the fairies on all possible occasions. No baptismal or wedding party was complete without them.

Thus the folks took the fairies' kindness and tolerance for granted and slowly even became dishonest. They greedily looked upon the things that the fairies had lent them and gradually became more and more forgetful to return them faithfully. Sometimes the fairies only got back half of their lent out goods; sometimes even nothing at all. But the fairies remained kind and patient. They did not betray any annoyance over the behavior of the village folks. They continued to give away their treasures as if nothing had happened. The villagers mistook this kindness and abused it even more. But finally they became afraid, and in order to hide their stolen treasures they held less festivals and parties, and failed to invite the fairies to them. Soon, the fairies were entirely forgotten.

(Continued on page 38)

A Poet? Not I

*I'm no Shakespeare nor Keats
Neither Burns, Byron nor Shelley ...
who sheathed lines with
immortal strains that
stir intangibles in the
hearts of their women ...
My lines do not swoon, shriek, nor
weep the dirge of love to surge the
sharp blades of crushed emotions
thrilled by your proud entity ...*

*My thoughts are no better than
the sapless foliage that tails
to cleave
to rot
to freeze
beneath the lifeless sod.
So, better tuck my quill unmoved
than portray rugged peaks of
withered weeds.*

THE FAIRIES OF MT. TIGAYON

(Continued from page 32)

But one day one of the villagers rushed to his neighbor and shouted, "My silver dishes are gone!" Then came another telling that his spoons had turned to ashes. Finally everybody discovered that the same fate had befallen his stolen things. From that time on the fairies were not heard from any more. Those who ventured to visit the cave where the fairies were believed to have stayed, found tables changed to rock. Hunters avoided the place. The villagers were gradually reduced to poverty, and parents would warn their children not to play near the foot of Mt. Tigayon lest the fairies take them away and hide them.

THE LEGEND OF CAT ISLAND

(Continued from page 37)

It seems that long, long ago, two huge giants lived somewhere in the northern part of Cebu. They were giants in the unfunny sense of the word for they towered as high as coconut trees. These giants had a pet cat which they loved very much. Now this cat was no ordinary creature. It was a gigantic one, too, almost half the size of the giants themselves.

Things went along smoothly as usual when the wife took it upon herself to cook a special savory meal for dinner. The delicious odor of the food waited to the welcoming nostrils of the cat, who, thereupon, uncoiled itself from its corner and proceeded to the source of this beckoning aroma. The giant's wife had gone out to call her mate who was laboring in the fields. The cat took this opportunity well in hand and lost no time in devouring all the food there was on the table.

Upon arriving, the two giants saw to their dismay nothing but the left-overs of what would otherwise have been a sumptuous meal. The wife flared up in anger. Grabbing the culprit by the tail, she took it to the yard and whammed it repeatedly against the rocks until the meowing protestations died out and the enormous animal dangled limply and was dropped to the ground. But anger still churned up inside the female giant. She swung back a heavy foot and let go such a terrific kick that sent the doomed cat flying out into space and landing with a splash into the water.

However, the huge body of the cat was not submerged because of its size. From the hump, therefore, that showed out in the surface, grass and vegetation began to grow along the years and an island was formed. Cat Island, Isla de Gato.

During the destructive typhoon in November, the old folks in Madredijos claim having heard a thunderous meowing above the roar of wind and waves and rain. That must have been the giant cat protesting because its eternal sleep had been disturbed.

Is this fact or fancy? One thing is certain: Cat Island still remains a challenge to those with daring in their hearts and adventure in their blood.

ANYTHING YOU SAY

(Continued from page 1)

What dries me up is the fact that, a couple of years ago our school administration took good care of us—answered not only our thirst for knowledge but also our Arab's thirst for water! ... during class hours. Hence, the H₂O station at the second floor of the main building. Now they think of us as grown up camels, sort of.

Now, sirs, let's have that water fountain back, ice-cold—I'm thirsty!

TOMAS KATLAKATOL
Liberal Arts

We've got a Drug Store downstairs—with a snack bar—take all the water you need. ... On the other hand, maybe we can get that ice-cold water fountain back somehow.

—Editor
(Continued on page 50)

phoeby of the Virgin-birth is clear. In an epigraph of the same catacomb from the third century the Mari are shown adoring the Divine Child. Pictures belonging to the 4th century are found in the cemetery of Sts. Peter and Marcellinus. The most numerously represented is that of a figure with extended arms known as the "Orans", one who prays. One of the most remarkable figures of Orans cycle is interpreted by experts as the Blessed Virgin interceding for the friends of the deceased.

Of greater importance and significance are the churches dedicated to Mary. At the beginning of the 5th century St. Cyrill wrote: "Hail to thee, Mary, Mother of God, to whom in towns and villages and in islands churches were built by true believers!" Over the traditional spot of the Nativity stands a church, St. Mary of the Nativity, which is substantially the work of Constantine, the Great (330). The Church of Ephesus, in which in 431 the Oecumenical Council assembled, was itself dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Three churches were founded in her honor in or near Constantinople by the Empress Pulcheria in the course of the 5th century. In Rome, the Churches

of Sta. Maria antiqua and Sta. Maria in Trastevere are certainly older than the year 500. The basilica Sta. Maria Maggiore, built by Pope Liberius, dates from the 4th century.

The first Marian Hymns probably were composed by St. Ephraem, a Deacon in Syria, who died in 373 A.D. The first Greek Hymns in honor of Mary are attributed to St. Gregory of Nazianzen at the end of the 4th century. The "Ave Maria" combined with the salutation of Elizabeth (Lc 1, 28-42) was sung during holy Mass after the consecration in the second century already (in the so-called Liturgy of St. James). Since Gregory the Great in the 6th century it is the offertory song of the 4th Sunday of Advent. The glory of Mary secured by Sts. Cyril and Augustine was carried to Spain and North-Italy by (such) enthusiastic and gifted men (as Gregory of Elvira, Pacianus of Barcelona, Prudentius (the greatest Spanish poet in the 5th century), Leander of Sevilla, Ildephonus of Toledo, Gaudentius of Brescia, Maximus of Turin, and especially Petrus Chrysologus, a contemporary of Pope Leo, the Great (450). At this time Sedulius sang the first and oldest Latin Marian Hymn which the Church has never forgotten. It is

used in our Breviary in the Lauds of Christmas, and in the Introit of the Mass of the Blessed Virgin. Solve Santa Parens, emixa puerpera Regem: Hail, holy mother, thou hast brought forth the King who rules over heaven and earth! From Spain and the Lombardy the Faith spread to France and Germany, and in either of these regions, either by Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitiers (350) or by a German nobleman Paulus Diakonus the most beautiful of all Marian Hymns was written "Ave, Maria stella!" This song of praise and petition has all the depth of thought and love that makes great and immortal poetry. It is frequently used in holy Liturgy and it will never become obsolete in times to come. It links our piety and devotion of the 20th century with the Middle Ages and the very earliest Christian Centuries.

The humble maid of Nazareth was right when she prophesied, "All generations will count me blessed!" The generations passed are a challenge for us in the Marian Year. The Mother of God will look at all of us Christians throughout the ages, and she will see whose faith is stronger, whose love is deeper.

WHERE CREDIT IS DUE . . .

(Continued from page 13)

Warriors do not need elaboration. In the San Agustin-USC clash, one noteworthy point should also be accounted for: Terino Morilla was out of killer because of a sprained ankle sustained during the San Bada game. Valuable and versatile Evaristo Sagardui suffered contusions on his right elbow. But still somehow they managed to eke out a 46-49 victory over the Golden Eagles. In the USC-FEU imbroglio we were good only up to the last three minutes of the game. They needed stamina more than anything else to maintain the three-point lead they had acquired in the last two minutes and a half of the final quarter. But a faltering endurance had to give way to the Tamoraw's superiority in the backboards. Final score: 51-58. That was also a game where, had we won, it could have more or less atoned for our debacle on the San Bada game.

If we have to criticize the games fought by the Carolinians in Manila then, for Pete's sake, let us

STUDENT CATHOLIC ACTION . . .

(Cont'd from page 49)

all students, the SCA acts as the common spokesman of students before the government, before welfare agencies, and before civic organizations to secure their cooperation in the solution of the problems in the student world.

Truly, the SCA is for, of, and by the students. It groups. It trains. It assists and represents the students so that they may re-Christianize the whole of their own lives, the whole of their student environment, and the whole mass of their companions.

Yes, we, the young, have often been guilty of sowing wild oats. But this time it's different. We're sowing noble oats! We've got a Farmer up there: He will see us through.

make our criticism constructive! Let us give them credit for what they have done -- little may it be. One may ask: After knowing the results, what merits could we shower to them? (Continued on page 42)

USC NEWS

(Continued from page 32)

Sigma Mu Epsilon Sigma of the College of Engineering tendered an impromptu program and party in their honor at the Majestic Restaurant last December 20.

The officers of the fraternity are Salvador Labro, president, Eduardo Solis, vice-president, Francisco Ho, secretary, Willie Campos and Mike Mendoza, PRO's; and Natalio Ynzon, peace officer.

● USC Orator Cops Silver Medal

Miss Violeta Dejaros, U.S.C. oratorical contestant, copped the 2nd prize and was awarded a silver medal during the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest sponsored by the Tacayos de Rizal in connection with the celebration of Rizal Day last December 29 held at the Boy Scouts Headquarters. A bare thin line stood between her and the coveted first prize. Her piece was "Rizal and the Filipino Youth of Today."

(Continued on page 50)

Assets of our own come from . . .



The Author

LITTLE EFFORTS ON SIMPLE THINGS

by

Catalina P. Micuba

It is sweet to live by the present, forgetting the past and letting the future speak for itself. But what is fifty, eighty or a hundred years in this world compared to the everlasting life awaiting man in the next? What is man's destiny after all? Lazcome Du Nouy, a French author deserves to be remembered when he writes: "Let every man remember that the destiny of mankind is incomparable and that it depends greatly on his will to collaborate in transcendent task... And let him above all never forget that the divine spark is in him alone, and that he is free to disregard, to kill it, or to come closer to God by showing his eagerness to work with Him and for Him."

I don't mean to preach for I am no preacher, nor do I mean that man should not enjoy life on earth, because, as he enjoys life, he works and makes the most of it, consequently fulfilling the mission God has sent him for. But we know that we are only mortals. Yet, we excel in intelligence from all other creatures. We can think. We reason. We also live in a world where everything has its own limit. We should therefore limit our acts, our dreams, our hopes.

Too much of everything is destructive. Medicine, when taken too much will poison the patient. Similarly as self-love. When it is moderate, it begets respect and honor. Otherwise, it becomes sinful pride. The fact is, it is not easy to overcome our lust for power... at times going to the extent of causing misery to others, yet, it is possible. To quench this greed will lead to happiness.

A little thought of our very nature, to think that we are finite... that we live today and know not when the end shall come; to be contented of what we have; to realize that every little harshness directed to someone would terminate in him the feeling of fear which may develop into a bud of disappointments; to lend a hand to others at the time of their need without a murmur; to assuage the pain of those in suffering with an open heart; to be aware that hurt feelings can be cured by honest apologies; to solve our problem or ask others' help without cursing ourselves and blaming others for what fault we have done; to befriend others not because we can take something out of them but because we possess that sense of brotherhood, to be able to smile through poverty; to think of our friends as we think of ourselves; to keep in mind that tomorrow is another day... all of these do not require a herculean task... and the more we do these, the more we get from them assets of our own direct from God.

SO YOU WANT . . .

(Continued from page 3)

man was jumping like a trout on a fishhook and the house was rocking like a Singapore schooner in a tropical storm.

The women were enjoying the dance like anything. One heavily mascoared girl who was probably a beautician in the daytime was convulsing like an Oriental dervish and the rest of the female line were prancing and pirouetting as if their lives depended on the success of their discomfiture. One weather-beaten housewife who was 66 years old and who looked every minute of it was having a hard job at it. Her middle heaved and fell at rugged intervals and she was panting like a well, like a panther.

My mentor was working up a sweat. Beads of brownish perspiration were falling from his chin and temples in an unsuccessful imitation of a mild April shower. Even if at times he came to landing trenchant jobs at his mate, he was very liberal at the clinches. He was a good dancing stylist but as I said before, he was essentially a pugilist turned hooper.

When the Chinese contingents took the floor to learn what Confucius failed to teach them, my tutor was often barricaded from his partner by a larrago of voluptuous hipartists. He had to duck, dodge, weave and look for an opening. When the opportunity thus presented itself, he usually took a tidy exit for the barrroom to down a slug of rum and return to the madhouse in time to snatch his abandoned spouse from the stampede.

There were a number of happenings in the dancing school which so short a memory as mine cannot retain. If the lush society barons insist, it ain't my moolah. But I warn them that it's a tough and tiresome job. This dancing.

Bing, my instructor, has quit dancing altogether. Last time I saw him, he was smashing down boxing opponents as fast as they were fed to him. He's made a grand comeback to Fistonaa.

"Easier than dancing", he winked at me, wiping blood from the corner of his mouth with the back of his gloved hand.

Sección Castellana

La Importancia de mi Vocación

por *Bautista Antonia*
Colegio de Educación

CUAL es mi vocación? Mi Vocación es el "Magisterio", (B.S.E.) y por eso considero mi Vocación de gran importancia; ¿por qué considero esta mi Vocación importante? Por varias razones—

1° Porque ella nos hace participar de una manera activa e influyente en la educación de los niños y adolescentes.

2° Porque siendo católica y recibiendo mi formación intelectual y moral en una universidad católica, como lo es mi "Alma Mater" la universidad de San Carlos, podré por medio del ejercicio de mi profesión en un futuro no lejano guiar a los niños y adolescentes en su educación moral para que sepan y comprendan sus deberes y obligaciones.

3° Porque tengo un vivo deseo de cooperar al congrandecimiento y progreso de mi amada Filipinas contribuyendo a la formación de ciudadanos buenos e instruidos; y añadiendo a todo eso la oportunidad que tengo de poder especializarme en español podré enseñar más adelante la lengua de Cervantes en el colegio y de eso modo contribuir a que el idioma de Cervantes no muera en Filipinas. Por qué dirán algunos he elegido el español como mi asignatura de especialización? Porque no puedo olvidar que a España debemos nuestra Fe, esa Fe, que como decimos en uno de nuestros cantos religiosos, "es como el Faro ardiente,—como la roca firme,—e inmensa como el mar" y por lo tanto a España debemos el ser la única nación Católica-yeso es también de gran importancia para mi Vocación.

Algunos miran con cierta indeliberancia por no decir otra cosa a aquellos que eligen el "Magisterio" pero eso no impide yo siga creyendo en la importancia de mi vocación. ¿Por qué? Voy a contestar a esa

(Continúa en la página 46)

De Todo Un Poco

por *Braulia G. de Morales*
Colegio de Artes Liberales

HAN PASADO ya las Navidades y el recuerdo de las actividades de la escuela, poniendo de relieve la unión y cooperación entre la Administración de la Universidad, los miembros de la Facultad, y el cuerpo estudiantil, vive en nuestros corazones, ya que antes de partir para nuestros respectivos pueblos para celebrar las fiestas de Pascua, estaban los pasillos de San Carlos, en los que resonaban los ecos de las canciones de Navidad, llenos de vida y entusiasmo. Y eso, ¿por qué? Porque en la Universidad de San Carlos el espíritu de unión entre los tres elementos que componen este Centro Docente Católico es verdaderamente admirable.

Terminadas las vacaciones volvimos a la escuela y después de los días de preocupación para preparar nuestros exámenes (preocupación que nace puede evitar, pues cuando no es por cuestión de estudios es por cuestiones financieras), volvemos a sentir la efervescencia de esas actividades, hijas todas del amor hacia nuestra "Alma Mater".

La fiesta de la Universidad se acerca. Hay que prepararse para que sea un éxito y aquí otra vez se pone de relieve la unión y buena armonía que reina entre todos los miembros de la Universidad. Hay que trabajar para que la fiesta sea un éxito que nos permita, no solo gozar a nosotros, sino que las diversiones han de atraer al público, no menos que las exposiciones científicas y artísticas que serán una demostración palpable de lo que se hace en San Carlos, para el progreso cultural y científico de nuestra juventud. Todavía no ha llegado el día y ya parece que nos sentimos gozando de ella por el primer chispazo de su anuncio, las consabidas rifas, en las que todos y cada uno de nosotros esperamos ser agraciados con alguno de sus valiosos premios.

Todos los departamentos y los diferentes Colegios de la Universidad están trabajando por vender billetes, pues para despertar el interés se concederá un premio al Colegio o departamento que haya vendido mayor número de billetes. Y así pasamos los días de nuestra vida estudiantil, llenos de preocupaciones intelectuales, actividades espirituales y sociales que teniendo ocupado nuestro espíritu nos evitan la "OCIOSIDAD", que tan mala consejera es para la juventud.

¿Que resultara de nuestra fiesta? Seguramente un éxito que no permitira gozar, olvidando por un momento la parte difícil del estudiante, "sus estudios".

They Ought to Go to The Woods

I HAVE come to the point where I wonder what classes are for, and who should attend them. Is it to learn, or simply to be annoyed by classroom bores? Or are we supposed to be influenced by them and be another classroom bore? Not endowed with a genius mind does not seem enough, one has to be distributed. There have to be classroom bores too!

For instance, there is the earthquake-producer. Almost all the male students belong to this group. They put their foot on the beam of your seat and make their leg quiver, from the toes up, as if mechanically operated, what's more, the movement gets faster and faster, particularly when a hard question is asked. No wonder their brains can't work for an answer!

Another is the temperamental, sensitive student. He gets angry whenever the class laughs at his mistakes as he recites. All right, it's wrong to laugh at others' mistakes. But can you blame the class for always bursting into laughter when he says for the fiftieth time "phelle" for people, "pavor" for favor, "your humble pupil" instead of simply I, and ceremoniously saying "as to my humble opinion" whenever asked a question?

Here's another classroom bore. Believe it or not, he makes love even during classes. Take your English class with me. I'll show you. A literary exercise for "better English", I suppose.

Everyone must be acquainted with the time-watcher. After every minute or two, his eyes are strangely magnetized by his wristwatch or by the seatmate's. When he sees there's just a matter of five minutes

before the bell rings, he gathers his books and prepares to rush out. You ought to watch him a few seconds before the time with his ears cocked like a dog's.

The most annoying are the giant cicadas. Never heard of them? That's funny. They are generally everywhere. Zoologists agree that it is a hundred times easier to find these giant cicadas. Their natural and favorite habitats are the classroom, the library, and places where

by

Rosario Teves

big "SILENCE" signs are placed. It is easy to identify them. They are distinguished by the various sounds "sometimes shrill and sometimes hoarse" produced by the motion of their lips and the internal wagging of their tongue. Their tongues are most active during classes when conversation is prohibited. This is because giant cicadas become uneasy and a bit weak when they shut their mouths. There is something unusual in the matter of their vocal activities though. You seldom hear them answer a teachers' question. Queer, aren't they?

Even when silenced, they still chatter.

Yet when asked, never a word they utter.

Classroom bores, will you please reform? Try to be—I give up! There's two of those earthquake-producers again chinking each end of the table. I can't write anymore. See what I mean?

• WHERE CREDIT IS DUE . . .

(Continued from page 39)

First, the players deserve a big hand who, small as they look, were able to show and impress Manila that what they lack in height, they made up with speed. Because of this bulletlike speed, the Manila sportswriters coined phrases descriptive of them. The Manila Times spoke of the Carolinians as "...precisionists of speed..." and as "...last little things from Cebu..." The Manila Daily Bulletin, after the FEU-USC game described the latter as "...stubborn little cagers..."

Second, the way the boys larded over their emotions mastering themselves as ideal sportmen do. They accepted defeat bravely and shook the hands of the victors with square shoulders. These are the kind of men we want our children to be.

Third, They found friendship among the FEU people who, right after the game, tendered a banquet for USC's "ambassadors of basketball." The FEU vice-president spoke of the Carolinians as "the best shooting team in the Philippines."

Before we forget, let it also be of record that Coach Manuel Baring, who was the object of so many bitter words by so many, proved himself to be a fine specimen of a sportsman. If ever he committed errors in his maneuvers, he took it squarely on the chin. No qualms. No alibis. After all, a man can't be perfect all the time, if at all. In defense of Coach Baring, we have this to say: He did his best. And if you doubt his loyalty to the team or USC, then you do not know him well enough. He is as pure a Carolinian as anybody here in San Carlos. Father Bunzel can certify to that.

So, before we forget our manners and right conduct, let us not be too hasty in our conclusions or too flattering in our praises . . . both are dangerous. Halfbaked conclusions can come only from halfbaked minds. Flattery is never good. A praise undeserved is always satire in disguise, said somebody. Let us then be fair Solomon in giving credit to whom credit is due.

ROTC Briefs

(Continued from page 23)

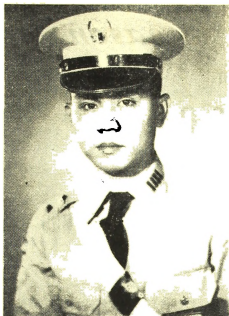
etical examinations and in the field he earned a captaincy in the FA Bn Staff and was designated Bn S-1 in 1952-53. Came the call to duty for summer camp training in Ft Wm McKinley and like a good soldier Cdt Officer Tangan went with the boys and was there given the command of the first platoon of "Charlie" Btry and held the rank of Sgt. He specialized in FA Survey and for excellence in solving technical problems he was appointed Chief Surveyor in the ATU. He graduated from the Fort with the rank of M/Sgt. in the Reserved Force. Cdt. Lt Col Zosimo Y. Tangan is a Fourth year student in the Electrical Engineering Course of this University. He will graduate this year both as an FA 2nd Lt in the Reserved Force of the AFP and as an Electrical Engineer.

ELEVATION . . . RANK

Fellow cadets, I wonder if you have heard the rumor that next year, our highly respected and dearly beloved ROTC personnel, viz, Major Antonio Gonzales, Commandant, Lt. Filomeno Gonzales, Adjutant and S-3, Technical Sgt. Solio Herrera and Staff Sgt. Pedro Carabaña, will not be with us anymore. According to talks bruited around, they will all be promoted. Major Gonzales will probably be sent to the GHQ in Camp Murphy as G-2 while our approachable, all-round adjutant, Lt. Gonzales, will be the junior aide to Vice-President Carlos P. Garcia. Well, that's a heart-warming news. They really deserve recognition by the higher-ups being the men who piloted the USC wagon that captured the much-coveted "twinkling, twinkling little STAR" in last year's tactical inspection. But to think that they will be snatched from us is a very sad thing. We have learned to love them. They have most efficiently trained us with an understanding and fatherly heart. Oh, well, although this is still a mere rumor, we better give them now our best wishes and prayers. And advanced congratulations, too. For all we know, we might not see them again next school year. Good luck to you, Sirs, and please be assured that we'll always reserve for you one warm corner of our heart.

—C. Abasolo, Jr.

MARCH, 1954



Cdt. Lt. Col. Marcelo Bernardo, FA
Corps Adj. and Ex-O

COMMANDANT PROMOTED

The GHQ of the AFP issued General Orders Number 286 promoting the Commandant of Cadets, Cpt Antonio M. Gonzalez, FA, to the permanent rank of Major in the Field Artillery Branch of service of the armed forces of this country effective 1st Oct., 1953. This makes him the only Commandant in the province of Cebu who holds the rank of Major, the distinction of which only two of them hold in the whole III Military Area, the other one being Major Gaudencio P. Sakay, Inf, of the University of San Agustin in Iloilo City.

The officers and men of this Corps of Cadets extend their congratulations and hopes for better guidance on the way to another glorious bright "STAR" on the forthcoming tactical inspection.

JUNIOR SWORD FRATERNITY ELECTS OFFICERS

The USC Junior Sword Fraternity which is composed of first year advanced and second year basic officers held an organizational meeting recently. The following were elected: Cdt. Lt. Col. Conrado Ajero, president; Cdt. Capt. Segundo Gonzaga, Jr., vice-president; Cdt. Capt. Braulio Arriola, secretary; Cdt. Capt. Pablo Herrera, treasurer; Cdt. Lt. Cristino Abasolo, Jr. and Cdt. Lt. Jesus Medellin, PROS; Cdt. Lt. Bul-

The Battalion Sponsors

NILDA PESTANO, 1st Inf. Bn.

Battalion Commander Pep Dequimo called it a lucky day when good winds blew him to the direction of Miss Pestano. Nilda is 19 years young, second year L. A., is a whiz at the piano, goes for reading and dancing and, oh, yes... chatting, too. It is always a true maxim that a beautiful lady can do wonders to a man; as a sponsor, she's an inspiration to the cadets—and that's Nilda. There couldn't have been a better choice. Here's a sizzling tip for the First Bn. boys: She hasn't made up her mind on a boyfriend yet. Hold your horses!—she doesn't want one yet... oh heck!

CONSOLACION PEREZ, 1st FA Bn.

Commander Tangan is tingling with joy. The red strippers have won someone over who could make a canoneer lift a 105 mm like yumpin' yimminy. Sloppy shoulders and banged-up peepers disappear when Cioney Perez appears. A slim, dark-eyed beauty, she hails from you-know-where., Leyte. Cioney's appealing height gives her kaydette uniform a snappy look. She's on her way to being a pharmacist. Anybody needs drugs? But who does? She cooks excellently, too. That and books are her forte. Not neglecting to mention, of course, the fact that among all others she's a devout Catholic in the kneeling sense of the word. She prefers friends of tested character. All right, canoneers... Elevation x 3... and don't rush the works!

VICKY MANGUERA, "D" Company

Cdt. Capt. Braulio Arriola, Jr. deserves a medal for the kind of approach he effected on socialite Vicky Manguera. And another certificate of distinction for succeeding in making her say Yes for the sponsorship of "D" Company. The Doggies know it from the glitter in her eyes that she's out to boost the morale of the Company. Well, every dog has his day, I suppose. Happy sniffing, boys! And just keep your tails low, your ears a-perkin' and you'll be oaaaaa right. Vicky's A-1 in understanding and, besides, the commandant... Oh, no! He's her uncle or something!

sedame Dumon, auditor; and Pro-voct Marshalls: Cdt. Capt. Dionisio Abellar and Cdt. Lt. Melecio Ajero.

Plans are underway to give a fitting send-off party to the outgoing ROTC Staff and the graduating second year advanced officers.

PAGE 43

Rime and Reason

with
G. SISON

The night gently unfurls her
ebon shawl over the hills forlorn,
now
lost in the eternity
of darkness...

An augury of departing flesh
vainly clutching the bones
with its marrow congealing
within, groaning
beneath the sod...

Once proud flesh wrapped in
satin and silk and nylon,

As Darkness Deepens

now
cleaving into
stinking pieces
harassed by
plodding worms
unknowing of her
ranks...

ED. NOTE: The poet, Godofredo Sison, is a Second Year Law Student and is one to be sought out for the talent he possesses. Something moved him this issue and we are happy to get three pieces from him. He authored the poem, "The Man, The Tree" appearing in our December issue under which unfortunately his name did not appear.

No more shall her veins be royal
blue. This is the end of something,
the close...

As darkness deepens, the shawl
reaching the deep unknown,
the cross and I
stand alone and
forlorn amidst
the muffled sneers...
of mouths not mine
but minds knowing me.

is a frustrated song without melody,
nor lyrics to synchronize its tone
beneath the flesh, the furrows so
eloquently etched on rusty chords
long unfelt by insentient hands that
once played the unbroken song...

is an abator where words are slain
cruelly by ignorance: abstruse idea
of a demented fool probing the rhetoricless
language of pent-up passions locked in
the gossamer of rum and gin as
Bacchus swells the veins...

is devoid of rime to deafened heavens
with its answerless cry, only soundless
rhythm wavering from some unchartered

My Poem

coves where bare-breasted mermaids
strike the discordant lyres of long ago...

has no logic, is irrationally rational.
is consistently inconsistent, is stirring
but unmoving—swept by past and present.
an amalgam of contradictions nurtured
and sustained by distorted mind:

springs run upward,
heights run downward;
lightning spurts sans
thunder, thunder roars
without lightning..

has no meter of words, nor eloquence of
thoughts, only egress of flowing empty
rivulets borne by the shade of aberration
as bottles grow more and more:

i choke you, word,
and hurl you into
the cup; mix you,
rime and reason
with yesterdays'
wine...

hence, is no poem at all. no music to
stir the torpid flesh from its lethargic
repose. only desiccated words searing
my throat, scorching my veins, lost and
found in the flux and influx of wine...

Adieu to My Woman

NAIL IT DOWN

(Continued from page 12)

No more. The bells are broken like a lone of stilled mandolins lost in a weeping dirge of yesterdays' refrain. Shall peel no more; the music aloft the wings of love which you and I have known the meaning of....

Is like this:

so early the moon
purloins the sun its
light and her ebon
shawl darkens the
dying light forevermore.

No more.

No more.

No more.

Do not pull the ropes, let the lengthening shadows augur the knell of a parting day. The day is gone like a famished leaf arrested in its falling flight carried on and on by the sighs of wilder winds.

No more shall the dying illumine the day, nor shall ancient bells peal the song of yesterday's refrain. This is the beginning of nothing and the end of something.

This, to you, farewell!

THE ROVING EYE...

(Continued from page 20)

How shall we fight Communism in this country? Asks Mr. Juan Soliven of the Blue and Gold (Quezon College, Manila). It is not enough to offer lands to the dissidents. It is not enough to extend them amnesty. It is not enough to unite and join ranks to fight them carnally. I admit that in unity there is strength. However, unity to oppose a goddess aggressor must be founded on the teaching of Christianity. Faith in God and divine love for mankind are more powerful than bullets or ballots or even the marching army of men clothed and armed with destructive weapons of modern warfare. THE CROSS FIRST THEN THE SWORD policy of Spain was found to be instrumental and effective in the colonization and pacification of this country. Therefore, I believe that SPIRITUAL AWAKENING is the demand of the hour to help us fight this common enemy that may ultimately result to the

(Continued on page 51)

collide with the rising hemlines to such an extent that you can't draw a line on her without it being called a dress. On the Panoramac screen: The Naked Spur. Ohh-lala.

Students are really mystifying. They couldn't memorize a page of their lecture notes; but they can memorize 150 song titles of a howling jukebox plus their respective numbers. Now ain't that a dandy! Or during the exams they buy an extra copy of a bluebook, rip its pages, write down the notes and insert these "lifebuoys" inside the bluebook handed to them by the prof. This system really works although once, it snafued. The goof forgot to junk the "damaging evidence" from his bluebook when he whistlingly handed it back to the prof. The prof nearly forgot the nostril operation when his blood vessel sprung a leak! Of the Lex Circle. It became squared when the Big Billy Goats put up a kerplunking Fifth-column jam session. They told the Little Billy Goats to go to hell and look up the Big Billy Goats' residence. These future attorneys-at-law ought to know that united-we-stand-divided-we-fall stuff still sells in this university. For men do not live by bread alone, they also gulp coffee!

.... Or the acting ability of the studes when it comes to answering questions. It can give Hollywood a run for its academy awards. A stude is called upon to recite. He stands up dozed and bewildered, scratches his jughead, puts on an eccentric look, shifts to an epileptic trance, smiles like Widmark in the role of Cochise, stammers a few undecoded words, then to a deep coma, and, the final routine, a bad case of polsy accompanied by sliding slowly to the seat to avoid raising the temperature of the prof.... Reminds me to mention here that the Ed is good at bargaining when he's in an Indian (Turko) store. He bought a fountain pen for sixteen rusted cents plus a slug of goatsmilk and two calendars.... Imitating the way Fr. Wrocklsted mounds his words can only bring you lockjaw. Is it true Father, that lawyers don't have any soul? Heh-heh.... How about wearing Barongs and Soyars for graduation, studes. And please don't put rum in halo-halos again, Eufemia. It tastes like shu-milk.

Graduation and vacation equals relaxation. You still not graduating, Istanbul! After four scores and seven years ago, your poor father put forth a thousand smackeros.... at least you can take a hint, Bul. Something's rotten somewhere and it isn't in Constantinople. For the graduating studes comes the terrifying ordeal. Frantic calls for additional funds. Renting moth-eaten, spider-webby gowns and battered, cockroach-smelling caps. Picture taking in broken-down studios; and square dancing with the register and clerks. All right; there's music, your monicker is called, you go up the stage, smile, fondle your sheepskin, shake hands, bow, scramble downstairs amidst popping flashbulbs, congrats, kisses, then you go home, take your suppa, frame your diploma, hang it somewhere, go to sleep, wake up in the morning and start your Tilapia fishpond, pronto.

For those doubting Thomases, we promised these proofs.

Precious Virgine,

The time has come for me to divulge the sickening emotional intensity of my amorous inclinations. (Ugh!) From the unlatmoted and unreachably depths of my melancholic heart recalls the tripbeet of a transparent love, so clear and unshakable, glittering and glimmering like a pebble carried by the river into the ocean and washed ashore by the friendly lullaby of a timid wave.

This simple, ecstatic love of mine is carefully moulded to fit all your lingering odors and priggish woes that keep me in constant bewilderment. I cherish your every action, every smile, every thought, every time you insist to pay our way into a movie.

(The ice-pack, please)

When I first saw your resplendent, dazzling, atomic smile, your sparkling, glowing eyes, your comely exquisite nose and the cherry-pink smoothness of your cheek, I had the feeling of resuscitation, enrancement, fascination; a feeling which never before had possessed my soul with propensity, longing, yearning, impetuosity, and exigency. (If this won't kill her, I don't know what will.)

I was struck with debauchery, amazement, and stupefaction in finding such a pulchritude pickpocketing my desire to eat, swindling the soundness of my sleep, and crippling my thinking power to such a degree that my senses were temporarily shifted to a state of semi-permanent dazedness, insomnia, bewitchery and psychological sensationalism. (Who stole my rum?)

(Continued on page 52)

3:30 P.M.! Whoosh, that was some siesto. Not a noise to stir me. Didn't realize it was this late until that flabbergasted mosquito irreligiously punctured my nose with his filthy hypos.

Still got about an hour to study. That's more than is necessary for me.

Where are those notes? That maid! She certainly messes up my things. Helluva way to keep things in order! Jeppers! How can one study in such annoying surroundings? I'll march to school, sit on a bench all by myself, and really read. Just read on until I ache all over.

JANUARY 6, 1954 —

What did I tell you about that professor? The old hunkalaboozh called me to recite when I wasn't ready. You see when I got to school the boys sort of crowded in on me and I couldn't turn them down. What? And risk my popularity for an academic lore that's uninteresting anyway? Not me, brother. Of course, now, it's different. I've got all the time to myself. I'll go on studying now. I've got the book here and notes I borrowed from some sap.

Lemme see... Civil Code... Constitutional Law... Criminal Procedure... Impressive, huh? Where do I start? Carripes! I didn't even write down the pages assigned!... It was that girl again! The way she looked at me! Thought she could soften me that way. I'll go see her right now! This minute! If she won't come across with the short-hand notes she took last night... I'll do something...

JANUARY 7, 1954 —

I've just come from that muscle-training jam session... That Ted fellow... wouldn't let go of me. Quite a fellow. Knows a lot of the fancy mambo he can pass on to me. Well, he certainly showed me the works in that dancing spree. I certainly got steeped in with wine, women and as—Studies! Lordamercy! We got exams tonight. I heard that from Maxy... Well, it's only four o'clock. Bell rings at five-thirty. Got time yet. Where's that Civil Code... Ahhh — what a line I scripted on this page: "Nihil est in intellectu quod non erat prius in sensibus." Betcha nobody else knows what it means.

Civil Code... Articles on Obligations and Contracts... Tsk. Tsk. Tough, huh? Pretty tough... One, two, three, four... eighty-four pages to read! Well, should have been only seven had I been reading the assignments as they came. But let the dead past bury its dead. Why can't this author be brief, concise in his stuff. Ayyoyoi! Look at these enumerations, definitions, distinctions... I haven't got the eyes for 'em! What do they think I've got — an indefatigable optic devise. They're crazy... I'm going to the movies!

JANUARY 8, 1954 —

Got in class in time for the exams last night... but didn't make out all right. That professor was unfair. He gave difficult problems... We've got another exam tonight. It's ten in the morning now. I set that alarm clock at three, down, but it certainly is chilly that time of the night. Besides, I needed toothpicks to keep my eyelids open. Wouldn't work either. Just had to go right back to sleep. I'm just human, that's all. I'll do my studying this afternoon.

MARCH 30, 1954 —

Dear Diary, sorry I haven't written here for some time. I'm sorry I haven't got anything to write that

enhancement of leadership traits, the firing of the spirit of subservience to the laws and of respect for the hopes and dreams of this country. E. B. Aller, the Carolinian, has some advices coming to his fellow Carolinians. A class for public speaking will be started next school year. Another for dramatics. It seems the USC Dramatic Guild is making sparks fly. Already there is a dream in the Fr. Rector's eye. Something about a large-scale dramatic production. Don't be surprised to see (one of these days) a duplex stage, one over the other, occupying the first and second floors of the main USC building. That size is necessary for a play that will take four or five hours to enact. Like "Faust". Now, this is professional business. Full-blooded art at its height! And the folks this part of the country will hear it. Talents? We have them in the campus. They need only be worked over. They'll be fine.

Happy vacationing, everyone!

LA IMPORTANCIA DE... (Cont. de la pág. 41)

pregunta que adivino en muchos de los que leen estas líneas.

Porque todos aquellos que sienten esa vocación al magisterio deben seguir y amarla con entusiasmo y pensar que tienen un modelo que no es humano sino divino. La "Jesus Maestro" es el modelo de todos aquellos que perteneciendo a su Iglesia siguen la carrera del magisterio en sus diferentes clasificaciones.

Jesús se llamó así mismo maestro y así la llamaban sus discípulos y por eso al seguir como católica que soy el Magisterio considero mi vocación como un apostolado y por lo tanto como apostolado debe llevar a las inteligencias, de los niños y adolescentes la verdad quitándolos por el Camino del bien para que comprendan el valor de un buen gobierno democrático que sepa respetar todos y cada uno de los derechos de sus ciudadanos y contribuya al progreso de nuestra Nación.

would give these pages color. Dirt, yes. A lot of it. First, I've got dark rings around my eyes for lack of sleep... been to a lot of night sprees lately. Then, the doctor says there are stones in my stomach. Rum didn't do me any good after all. Also, my last girl gave me the shoo-shoo and pronounced me a hopeless case of irresponsibility, spoiledness, wildness... I don't know; she practically exhausted her vocabulary describing my reputation. To top it all, I flunked... You heard me. I flunked! 'Red fives stationed themselves patronizingly in my report card... In all subjects, what did you think?

I'm sunk. Washed out. I need to carpenter myself back to normal. My old man is liable to cut off my allowance... entirely, perhaps; I deserve to starve, die in complete misery and total resignation.

But, then again... I'm still young; I've just turned 29. And being a Second Year Law student isn't what you would honestly ascribe to as lethargy.

Ah! I resolve, resolve... resolve. Yes, starting tomorrow. Amen.

VILLA AND GOD . . .

(Continued from page 21)

It is interesting to compare these lines with the last quatrain in George Herbert's poem, "The Collocation":

*But as I rave, and grow more fierce
and wild*

At every word

*Methought I heard one calling, "Child!"
And I replied, "My Lord!"*

Of the form of Villa's poem it remains to be stated that the use of the archaisms in diction serves to give the poem a perfume of oldness like the scent of scapulary long kept in some old trunk.

Where may a man find God and how? Searching for God "in the forests of his mind," he finally finds Him unabashed and unangered, perhaps much amused by the pointless quest. God pats Man tenderly on the shoulders, saying "Not by the Mind, O Blind!"

Villa expresses this in the following lyric:

*I made myself to burn
Brightly to seek and learn
The unknowable temperature
Of God's calature.*

*My mind I pitched to
Direst fever, as few
Or none ever may know:
I reached that glow!*

*Favored to the bright, grand
Temperature, lo! His princely hand
Smote the lance of my mind:
"Not by the mind, O Blind!"*

—Have Come, Am Here,
Poem 105.

The way to God is love. That is a platitude. But in an age of international hatred when divisive forces threaten to split mankind into two camps, it is still the greatest platitude on earth. Villa is very fond of repeating this message:

*I will pound against His skull,
I will crack it by my force of love:
I've a cyclone gale and spill
Me out of His bounding groove.*

—Have Come, Am Here,
Poem 6

*In this house without death I break
His skull*

I ache, I ache to love.

—Ibid, Poem 7

No! I, will, not, speak, softly.

*—I, am, Thy, Lover, Lord!
So, I meet, Thee, with, the sword—
Of, my, utter, Love.*

—Volume Two, Poem 4

The maggot, of, Thy, chastity,

Must, perish, by, my knife:

Because, Thee, I so closely, love,

O, almost perfect, Deity.

—Ibid, Poem 12

(Continued on page 48)

FROM THE GREEN FIELDS . . .

(Continued from page 10)

and that's why I'm here now, sitting on this grass-covered rock, writing this letter. I'm still shivering with fear. **Tatay** Sebio's loud voice . . . a rattam wup on his hand . . . big penetrating eyes . . . Oh, no! Not that, please!

I cannot think of anything to answer him, I know he would discover it. It's only now that I realized. He's an expert. He is used to inspecting the cock's wings, tail, etc. . . . and . . . oh . . . skip it! I hate to think of it. I think, I will not go home for dinner. Not even for breakfast. I won't be hungry anyway. We have fruit trees around. I have a little knife with me. I can use this for cutting jackfruits. Or I can use this for sharpening bamboo pieces and by rubbing them together, I can produce fire. Then, I can roast this young corn I have. This is one advantage here in the farm. We have many things to eat all around, yet, we don't need to tax our pocket empty.

I remember fully well that moment we were hungry after our final examinations but could not take a snack in the coop because we were all broke! You even said you were starving, remember? That's how it goes with an empty purse in the city. Of course, I also miss many things. I miss our ROTC drill where we sweated it out the whole day every Sunday before that fatiguing Tactical Inspection. That was some exercise! Here in the farm, we don't handle those darned greased, seven-pound rifles, but we handle plows and bolos. Just the same, we sweat it out under the heat of the sun, but we don't double-time under the command of sergeants, lieutenants or commanders. We work freely and go to the shade any time we want. Usually after our work in the field, we climb up our **sanggutan** and sip the sweet-tasting **tuba**, our rural wine, which is usually referred to as **Dipsy doddle**, **Coco Cola**, or **Banda Cola** there in the city.

We don't have the Fuente Osmeña here, but we still meet people. We have our **buangan**, our cockpit, where people meet every Sunday. Beside our small nipa hut, I made bamboo benches where my friends and I enjoy the ting-ki-ling of the **yukillin**, a cut guitar, after sunset.

I miss the Sunday concert of the III MA band, yet, here, we have a natural music of our own. We have the trickling rhapsody of idling brooks, the whistling of the wind, the songs of the birds and the naughty protestations of the crickets in the afternoon.

Those technicolor motion pictures are nowhere around. What we have here is the multi-colored sky just before the sun rises and a few minutes after the sun sets.

Do you remember the USC roof-garden where we used to cram a few minutes before the examinations . . . where we used to listen to the melodious sound of the USC tower clock, the brush of the city breeze, the prolonged whistle of the **Bombero** . . . from where we saw the slums, the towering buildings, the coupes, the wagons, the **tartamillas**, the busy men on the crowded streets, the Redemptorist Church where we used to hear the novena of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor during Wednesdays — can you still picture all of these?

USC roof-garden. Here, none of that. We only have the hills and the mountains where I am used to stay just before sunset. By this time, the steep and lofty cliffs where wild pigeons build their nests, are yet visible. The dewdrops on the lips of the wind-shaken weeds begin to form. Unfortunately, I don't possess the power of Wordsworth's pen. I could have composed lines similar to his "Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey."

(Continued on page 51)

"He urged that as a means of balancing the scales, there should be an intensive extra-curricular program for leadership training that has one to four special coaches—like the football team; that has a few thousand dollars to spend—like the football team; that has a few hours every week from the best students—like the football team.

"Singling out the females, the youth expects them to esteem their masculine counterparts based on ability at real Christian leadership rather than on the shooting averages in the basket.

"The foregoing has been culled from a newspaper clipping sent by a USC alumnus. He expects the same to reach the ears of the proper authorities."

Act II With the Daily News:

"hot" scoop: "Daily News" pictorial dossier on USC's sidewalks is a landmark in Cebu journalism. Its excellence has brought the impression that the stuff might have been purloined straight from Ad-Arts' bag of famed advertising tricks. And before anybody brings an ax to my seat, let me suggest strongly its inclusion in 1954's contest for the best advertising lay-out.

"It draws its winning points from three things: a) its perfection in making mountains out of molehills; b) its unique presentation of absurdities clothed by legalities; c) and the countless tears it has unwittingly elicited for itself.

"I scorn those who disturb these nosy hounds in pursuit of sensational scoops. After all, everybody must pay his meal tickets, and there's nothing more fattening to the purse than, say, a "hot" picture story, replete with a homespun exposition of big-time civic inaction.

"For example. How about making a fall guy out of someone who fences "a garden of weeds" and pin him down for civic callousness of heart in his failure to provide the "cleanest city in the Philippines" with adequate sidewalks? The bogey wouldn't hurt so much. Let us deny he cemented the sidewalks on Pelaez and P. del Rosario streets. That'll hurt our side. . . . For our story must end with this punch: the public is damned!

"The scoop must have been explained like that. But perhaps our critics forgot one thing. Nobody has a monopoly of truth, and when the citizenry sees an underdog wronged, John Q. Public feels offended. Public condemnation will be quick, unbending, and firm. Curse on the deceivers!"

suggestion for a newspaper picture story: "Pictures of jeepneys and cars roaring and blowing wildly their horns inside the school zone. . . . And put in a whole-page spread of the City Hall, captioned in bold letters: 'Without saying a word, the City Hall here shouts: "The public be damned."'

Act III With the Plowman:

his letter reads: "I have found my simple delights in a small roughly-hewn cabin where a sweet little girl waits (anxiously, I suppose) for the weary tick-tack of my footsteps when I return on sunset. Yes, there's going to be a big harvest. Every stalk in the field are bowed with the weight of grain.

"Last night, I thought of you when I read Chesterton, that spectacular medieval knight who lowered his lance at Big Monopoly. He and Hilaire Belloc, took up the gauntlet for the establishment of an Utopia that shall give every man this much—three acres and a cow!

"You see, I know how you in the city are living in ruts. Why don't you rush out from your dingy office and join us in the broad field and meadows? Here you find security. Security from hunger, fear, and the loss of a bread-winning job. It is here, far from the clutches of routine and Big Business, that you shall find an outlet for harnessing to good your creative talents, of developing your mind and soul as you soil your hand, near as you are to the heart of things, the sacred sod. Here awaits freedom and—God.

"Last time you wrote that you feared an attack of 'fever' and in vague terms, you confessed your fear of being cast like a flameless cinder. I know your fears will end as soon as you go with me to the green fields.

"On my cabin's wall is written a fitting reminder: 'Earth is so kind that you just tickle her with a hoe, and she laughs with a harvest.'

"That's our living byword in Manliling, our village. Nobody rammed it down our throats. We live it."

Not even by religion is God built, he says— if by religion is meant lip service, or the false increase that the sycophants of this world offer at God's altars.

Not, by geometry, not, by literature,

Nor, by religion is God,

Built — His, Architecture,

Is, firm, and, splendid: spelled,

Infact: Yawel, and Cossonat,

Caeval, is, unity. His, Grandeur,

Is, beyond, anatomic, labour!

O, No, will, Fiare, forth, triumphant,

Sum, Sum, ideal, of Identity:

Word, Terrible, unuttered,

Yet, which, is splendor, is, bored,

Silent, upon, a kneeling, city,

—Ibid, Poem 62

Here is another Villa idea that is merely the refurbishing of an old concept first given utterance by the patriarchs of old. It is the way these old ideas are expressed that makes us wonder if we had heard them before. We gather the petals one by one and we discover that the old concept is laid before us in its central core. Specially is this true in religion, in which to be of value, to merit approval, an idea must not depart from what humanity has held sacred during the last two thousand years. The poet's achievement here is greater, for he has given us a new vision, a new insight.

When the poet says that God's "Grandeur is beyond anatomic labor," he would laugh at the religionists and the geometricians who would explain God by slide rule and reason; he would reserve the first laugh for those who would deny Dogma simply because if the Virgin Mary went up through the atmosphere, she would have died "from irrespirable gases the moment she got up far above the earth and if she went up very fast, she would have burned like a meteor." (Dr. Anton Charlston of the National Society for Medical Research in a news story in the *Evening News*, Manila, November 11, 1950).

Villa, has the knack of imbraving on many a revered phrase in poetry and getting away with it. Not the up-gathering, climactic last verse in this poem, Keats envisioning the enraptured Cortes (Balboa), "silent, upon a peak in Darien," gives us a synthesis of awe and wonder. Villa noticing how the earth praises God with a thousand voices, gives us a picture of power and submission, when he imagines God looking, "silent, upon, a kneeling city."

state, and the students are faced with the grim problem of adapting themselves to the realities of modern life, and at the same time, to strip the present times of the "holy" cow of materialism, substituting it with an environment ideal for Christians.

But how can this be done? One word is the answer: **Action!** Action on the part of the students, Action that shall take a concrete form, brought about by an organized student force. This force is the Student Catholic Action.

How successful we will be gauged from recent precedents in Europe. Young European priests, with papal approval, have left their convents, doffed their cassocks, and worked in the factories as common laborers. Down into the grimy depths of the mines, these dynamic Christian torchbearers toil in perpetual twilight side by side with other laborers. This set-up has brought the mikieu close to the Church by contact, by knowledge of their problems, and by the exertion of influence.

WILD OATS

Similarly, youthful enthusiasm, coupled with a great cause, may be siphoned to constructive action. Here the SCA finds pride because it affords youth that opportunity for **ACTION!**

The SCA is an apostolic movement to meet the challenge of present conditions in the Filipino student environment. It brings the Christian atmosphere to the classrooms, sidewalks, social halls and homes. Such activities as the promotion of personal holiness, the formation of Catholic book and movie clubs, checking evil literature, youth meetings, social inquiries, retreats, and student rallies constitute apostolic action.

The SCA is a student's movement for the welfare, orientation, and guidance of youth. When students themselves feel responsible for these things, this sense of responsibility is transformed to action. Such projects like the putting up of a recreation center, study clubs, leadership seminars, cultural revivals, and the boycott of evil places, will go a long way towards the Christian face-lifting of the campus front.

"Tell me how I came to lose my love
"Please answer me. Oh Lord . . ."

Lord in heaven . . . what has He got to do with a singer? And, yet, this record is selling like a chip off a king's crown.

"Let her know I've been true

"Send her back so we can start anew

"In my sorrow may I turn to You

"Please answer me . . ."

Funny. I've been spinning this record a dozen times, it's only now I feel like an elephant is sitting on me.

"If she's happier without me

"Don't tell her I care

"But if she still thinks about me

"Please let her hear my prayer . . ."

Huh! That guy thinks he's talking with somebody big. But I guess he's got his heart up on his lips, at that. The way they feel themselves out is something I certainly wish I can do. No shaming. No pretense. Just the honest-to-God person that one is.

I remember, once, I was still in College, there was a priest there, our spiritual counsellor, with whom I had a long talk. Quite a guy, that Father. I was ready to knife a dirty spiker over a girl and all he did was grin at me. Of course, I saw him in his office after that. There were things he said I can't remember now but they did a lot to me. In fact, they sort of gave me the ideas for my show in Hour For Reflection.

What was that he said . . . ? "The quality of mercy is not strained . . ." "No, No. Something else. "You see your face in a mirror, but not your soul. It takes a Higher Power to judge it." Yes, something to that effect. Well, he only said that because he knew I wouldn't kneel in any church for anything in the bible . . . But the way he said it . . . certainly struck a note in me. Now, what's his name again . . . ? Maybe I can get him to give me some pointers for my show. Can't remember his name. Who does, anyhow . . . ?

The SCA is **not** a closed shop of "pious respectables." It is for the mass of the students. It endeavors to instill in every member an apostolic fervor to "seek that which is gone astray."

The SCA is a service. It does not only help those in distress, but

"In my sorrow may I turn to You
"Please answer me, oh Lord."

That's right. Lory knows. That was the same priest who introduced me to her. I think I'll call her and find out.

"Hey, Max! . . . Max, will you take over on board for me. I've got some telephoning to do . . ."

That operator's sleeping on her switchboard!

"Hello, Lory? . . . Don . . . Listen, I . . ."

"It's been a week and you haven't come home, Don . . ."

"Yeah, I know. Listen . . . Who was that . . ."

"I was going to tell you that we . . ."

"Later on, Lory. I'm in a hurry . . ."

"I just thought I ought to tell you."

"That'll have to wait, whatever it is . . . Now, who was that Father back in school who . . ."

Don . . . the doctor says I'm . . ."

"Will you stop interrupting me . . . for once! I've got a show on the air!"

"And I'm going to have a baby . . ."

"All right! So you're going to have a baby! All I want to know is . . ."

"Hello . . . Don? . . . Don!"

"Y-y-yes, L-L-Lory?"

"Don . . . it's two months on the way . . ."

"A-A-baby . . . ?"

"Yes."

"I'm going to be a . . . father?"

"What do you think?"

I've got to be getting out of here. Fast!

"Hey, Max! Tell the boss I sud deny got a stomach ache . . . No, no. Tell him I need a haircut pretty badly . . . Tell him anything . . . I'm going home!"

It also provides for such services as the preparation for marriage, recreational facilities, sports competition, savings system, retreats and recollections, cooperative stores, guidance service.

Being a representative body for
(Continued on page 39)

● Zoological Society Cears for University Day

George Baladhay of U.S.F., who spoke on Rizal, a Magic Name" won the first prize. The bronze medal awardee was Tomas Revilles, C.S.J.'s representative.

In an oratorical tilt sponsored by the Pre-Law Class Organization during the National Heroes Day last December 30, which was held in the USC quadrangle, Miss De-joras romped away with the coveted Ex-President Osmeña's gold medal as first placer. She represented the Secretarial Department.

Other winners in the Pre-Law Oratorical Contest were: Miss Concepcion Jakosalem, 2nd place, College of Education and Mr. Primitivo Lara, Jr. of the Liberal Arts, third.

● Two USC Scholars Top in PNC

Mr. Jesus Roa and Miss Teopista Suico, U.S.C. instructors who are taking their B.S.E.Ed. in the Philip-

pine Normal College in Manila, were reported to have ranked first and second respectively in their classes during the first semester of the school year 1953-54.

The U.S.C. scholars will finish their B.S.E.Ed. course this summer at the P.N.C. and are expected to return to this university for the next school year.

A Master's degree holder, Miss Teopista Suico was the former head of the Normal College of U.S.C. and Mr. Roa, B.S.E. was a science instructor.

The former position of the Normal College head is at present occupied by Mrs. Encarnacion Marcelo. Mrs. Caridad Dris tentatively took the place of Mr. Jesus Roa.

Mrs. Marcelo graduated from P.N.S. (now Philippine Normal College), magna cum laude. Mrs. Dris graduated from the same school, also a cum laude.

The intention of the Biology Department to display more varieties of specimens for the University Day resulted in two consecutive field trips to Batasan and Hilotangan islands last January 8 and January 30, respectively. The field trips made by the members of the USC Zoological Society were headed by their advisers, Mrs. Hilda Diones Lastimosa, Mr. Bienvenido Marapao and an invited enthusiast Miss Pat Abellana, a biology teacher of Colegio de San Jose.

In Batasan island, a few minutes trip by boat from Tubigon Bohol, the group split into three teams with definite assignments as to what to collect. These various teams found the things they wanted: Archasters, brittle stars, blue crabs, sea anemone, jelly fish, corals and many others. The Lastimosa team came across various kinds of sponges; the Aleguio team busied themselves with a candy-colored family of Molluscs and Echinoderms; while the Marapao group finally waded on the knee-deep water for deeper sea-shore inhabitants.

Not contented with what they got in Batasan, they planned another trip to Hilotangan — this time with more enthusiastic members. The trip was made possible by the generosity of Mr. Manuel Ponce who offered his motor boat to the Society which carried them to the island. Hilotangan is a richer source for marine animals than Batasan. There were more of algae, and Molluscs.

The members of the USC Biology Dept. are often encouraged by their Department Head, Rev. Enri-
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CAMPUSCRATS . . .

(Continued from page 18)

are bent on making the Basketball team appear like plugged cents... they really can play... even if they are yearling in this game... the battered calloused softball brick-bracks notwithstanding... and a coach who doubles up for a mean one-man cheering squad! Softabelle pitcher BABY HIFE... can really throw sizzling curves in or out... excluding her curves, natchery... while Amazon-like backstop CARLOTA MEJIA... is great in her ball swallowing... with the gloves (of course)... these two are the standouts in the team.

You must have noticed folks, that in this issue are pictures of people who made the publication of this mag possible. These are the guys and gals who skipped classes, missed dinner, and sizzled tons of sweat for dear ole us... to make this publication really worthwhile reading.

On the rollcall is the Ed JESSE (James) VESTIL who has a sweet... sour disposition... depending on the climate... and who talks to the staffers just by rubbing his gums... kerrect, Ed?... We have also two dashing Brooklyn Bums who make the staffers' work more enlighteningly when the going gets rough... NESTOR MORELOS and BUDDY QUITORIO... two guys who could crack jokes and put up a unique interpretation of a Lewis-Martin routine at a drop of a Buri hat... at a drop of a cap also... they could make a snappy retreat... especially when there's too much work in the office... and pretty girls are trying to attract their attention... they are great dancers, mind you... but while Buddy is utilizing his dancing prowess in creating ballrooms... Nestor is dishing it out in the basketball court... sharpening and perfecting his jump and pivot shots... before joining the USC Varsity team... hmp! Then there's a duo who put heart and soul into their work... REIS AWITAN, JR. and BART DE CASTRO... there's Joe DE LA RIARTE... who do wonders with the typekeys... there's TOMMY "ITCHY-VARRE" with an aching tummy... CESAR MELLA, the busy-bee... INDAY TEVES, charming as her articles... NAZI SALGADO, with a funny bone... DICK CABAILO, whose illustrations really illustrates... all great self-sacrificing people... keep it up, folks... and may your worries depart!

Before reaching the end of the line, I'd like to extend my heart-felt congratulations to our grads... for these sweet and gentle people, I have nothing but a resounding applause for a job well done. Till then... may you (and I) have a wonderful vocation... ADIOS for now...

ANYTHING YOU SAY

(Continued from page 38)

Dear Sir:

Here's a dig: Do we have an alma mater song? If we do, why keep it from the campus? I'd like to hear myself whistle the stult—or even sing it if I get the courage.

—LUKAS BAKANG.

Engineering.

We have that song: "Mighty Son Carolan"... had it ever since. You don't need singing lessons to get in tune. Just feel like a real Carolinian and learn that beautiful piece of music. Ask for a copy from any USC old-timer.

—Editor

The post came, went, gone. Now, the environment around me is a different one. Yet, we still associate with people — simple people but happy people, contented of the little things they have. The plow, the carabao, and the field are their means of livelihood. They live not in mansions, but in small huts, strong enough to resist the west wind, **habagat**, during the months of July and August. After the planting season which usually lalis in the months of November and October, we only wait for harvest time. So long as we can pull out the weeds that hinder the growth of our plants, we have much time for fun — meeting people. Here, we even know our neighbors at the other side of the hill. That's because we are not as busy as you are out there in the city. Do you remember the persons living in the apartment next to ours? We noticed how they used to leave their apartment very early in the morning to catch their bus and be on time for the office . . . then, come home late. Here, in the farm, so long as we have something for dinner — perhaps a bunch of bananas — we can already sleep peacefully the whole day.

We scarcely need any police force. Nor any courthouse. The **Teniente del Barrio**, in most cases is capable enough to settle petty disputes among ourselves. Though we go shooting, yet, it's different from that which we had witnessed in Cebu during the 1949 elections. We don't shoot people. We don't hunt for men as did the killers of Monroy and Scarface. We only hunt for wild animals and wild birds. And, mind you **amigo**, a roasted wild pigeon tastes ten times better than the crabs we used to purchase at Carbon Market!

Cadillac, Packard, Fords and jeeps are out of place here. We have only **kadlakad** as means of transportation. Me? I have my **non-convertible**. It can climb hills and trace very narrow paths. I don't have to tax my pocket for gasoline nor use my hands shifting the gear in a proper tempo. Not even use my feet for the accelerator, brake or clutch. I can even have my afternoon nap over it while in motion. It has a tail, two horns and four feet, not to mention the other parts. In short, — my car . . . er . . . carabao.

We have a "piano" of our own brand. Unfortunately however, it gives no music, but enables us to roast young corn, cook **bibingka**, **bisignit**, **suman** and other delicacies. It's our wooden stove, around which we gather in the evening.

This is life here in **Minglayumang**.

There are times when I crave for your company again. The streets we used to sort out, to walk on while we tell stories about our friends . . . Dading, Panching, Jefe, Fe . . . remember? I thought those days would go on forever.

But everything has an end. The day ends when the glimmering landscape fades out of sight . . . when the plowman plods his way homeward and leaves the world to darkness; the night ends when the morning star treks its way on the quiet sky . . . when the shrilling of the cock breaks the dawn's solemn stillness; and . . . university life ends when students, after several years of sacrifices, tribulations and happiness, find their way from the stage with caps and gowns and ribboned diplomas in hands. God wills all these, and that is a consolation.

The sun over me is getting hotter now . . . and . . . there! That's **Tatay Sebiso's** voice! He must have discovered the feather I removed from one of the wings of his tamed rooster. What if he holds a whip in his hands? Ah . . . ! Thy will be done, Oh Lord!

'till then.

DODONG

early solution of our agrarian problems and social unrest. NOT BY BREAD ALONE DOES MAN LIVE BUT BY EVERY WORD FROM GOD is the divine saying. If man is negligent of this spiritual food, then he eventually forgets his Creator and becomes swayed and receptive to Communism.

It has been obvious that this is a part of the solution to social problems of the present administration. More power to our "Guy"!

How many of us are hypocrites? Or can anyone of us be classified as one? Have we known what we really are? It pays to know what Boboy in his essay on hypocrites printed in the Corps (PMA).

A hypocrite, he says, if may define it—is a dishonest man who tells baseless truths and sweet lies here or abroad for his own good. And what a trade this hypocrisy is!

A liar lies, a humbug boasts, an orator acts, a traitor betrays, and an actor speaks, but a hypocrite does all these—and efficiently at that! He is what you call a versatile man—a more intelligent genius than was Benjamin Franklin who was lack of all trades and almost master of all. Well, a hypocrite isn't of most a master—he is!

Many of our old folks said that it's hard to understand today's modern people. Even the youngsters oftentimes fail to understand themselves. According to S. Romero in the Scholar (Centro Escolar U), *some women are queer people. They eat vitaminic food to grow stout and when they succeed, they start reducing. Ask them their oge and they feel insulted.*

It is funny to find men going to beauty parlors for their hairdo. While some of them want their hair curled and set, our women have them trimmed and shaved. It makes us feel that the world is going topsy-turvy.

Well, like the setting sun that gradually sinks behind the horizon, then leaving this part of the earth to darkness in order to light the other side of the globe, our roving eye gradually hides itself behind its weary eyelids to least on other sights in the dream world. Bye . . .

The buoyant optimistic airy hopes of my heart coupled with sanguine expectations will cling to a promise of an inextinguishable desire that comes only from a love that carries benignity, piquancy, and a vaulting ambition. (Who says we can't write English!)

This letter of mine does not offer blandiloquence nor obsequiousness, flunkynism, hummerly or euphemism. (Make a bee-line for the dic.) rather it is a nod of approbation, a laudation, encomium and a tribute to your angelic face and imposing stature, which fugged at my hearstrings and gave me a tantalizing shock far more powerful than Rocky Marciano doing business with his right hook. (Ho-hum!)

Adding more beauty to injury:

Non semper erit aestas; Eheu! Fugaces labuntur anni, sic transit gloria mundi. Cherches la femme. Probation est. Cedit questio. Currente calamo nous avons change tout cela. Salva res est. Labitur et labetur, truditur dies die, fugaces labuntur anni. Averbis ad verbera, ad actum est.

Gom-bye. Happy vacationizing. Amen.

USC NEWS . . .

(Continued from page 50)

que Schoenig, S.V.D., to undertake similar field trips.

● USC Zoological Society Held a Biological Seminar

With the aim in view of discussing scientific problems, the USC ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY held a Biological Seminar at the Projection room last Sunday, February 21.

Different speakers spoke on different subjects. Rev. Rudolph Rohmann, S.V.D., Dean of the Graduate School, discussed on "Cultural Strata of the Philippines." The Dean of the College of Liberal Arts and Head of Biology Dept., Rev. Enrique Schoenig made a short remark on "Classification." Dr. Prolesio Solon, Head of USC Clinic and a Faculty member, spoke on "Filterable Viruses" and Mr. Julian Jamoran, a Faculty member, on "Butterflies." The active adviser of the Biological Society, Mrs. Hilda Lermiosa closed the program by a short remark.

The success of the affair was greatly due to its president, Mr. Samuel Ocholorona.

● Secretary-General on Way to Vienna

Rev. Fr. Francis Carda, S.V.D., Secretary-General, bade goodbye to all USC instructors and students when he left for Vienna, Austria on a vacation leave last January 21.

Our beloved Secretary-General is taking that trip on his physician's advice. He will stay in Europe for about a year and will return to USC on time for the opening of the first semester of school year 1955.

MR. CHAIRMAN, I DECLINE . . .

(Continued from page 29)

look up and down at the figures opposite your subjects. You find that you've failed.

All because being a president you had been a busybody with only a table to knock on when nobody's looking and one body to hustle about performing the task of two dozen men.

That's the kind of president I was, and will never be again.

Five-thousand-peso beds? You can have it, brother!

And when I find myself in any other meeting where an election is underway . . . Well, I've got it all lined up, what I am going to say. And that spinteacher of mine back in the grades didn't pass this on to me either. I hatched it up myself, that is, I authored it.

I'm going to say, "Mr. Chairman: If . . . comma . . . when . . . comma . . . in the course of human events, . . . comma . . . a man shall have come to an occasion, . . . comma . . . when he shall be called upon to offer his knowledge and ability in the threshold of a mighty government of men, . . . colon . . . then, . . . comma . . . and only then, . . . comma . . . shall I say to you, . . . comma . . . and I shall say it without fear of untoward repercussions . . . comma . . . that I, . . . comma . . . Mr. Chairman, . . . do respectfully say here and now, . . . comma . . . that I decline the nomination, . . . period.

HAVE YOU HEARD? . . .

(Continued from page 35)

Smith-Mundt grantee. He will stay there for 90 days to observe the cultural shade American Youth.

Atty. Prudencio Densing Law '51 is still at it, I mean a bachelor. Besides, he is now wielding his "know-how" in Lugait, Misamis Oriental.

Dodo Lactao and Dodo Barrameo consolidated their Lex "inheritance" into the Barrameo & Lactao Law Office. So if you've "external trouble" in Cagayan de Oro City, these two dashing and handsome abogadoes are ever-ready to extend you their legal ingenuities. I remember Serg Lactao way back in 1948 when he copped the second berth in Feature writing. He was the feature ed of the "C" at that time.

The Teaching Force roster of Mambajao Central School contains the names of several U.S.C. alumnae. Among those teaching the 3 R's are Pacita Wao, Pacing Lusbo, Elsa Paderanga and Purisima Balite.

If you happen to pass through Guilan, Samar, you've got an ex-Carolinian who's ever ready to settle your "troubles." He is Atty. Jose Lucero, Jr. who was newly appointed Chief of Police at that place. Atty. Lucero successfully hurdled the recent Bar Examinations. Kudos, Joe.

Baltazar Calumba, our former chief clerk at the Registrar's Office, now knacks his Accounting guts in Tagbilaran, Bohol. He enjoys teaching facts and figures at Holy Name College. It might be recalled that Bal passed the CPA Board Examinations without taking review classes.

A USC commerce graduate heads one of the biggest companies of New York. Vicente Dy, one of the successful comerciantes who acquired his skill in that field from USC is presently a broker of the Columbia Rope Company, Cebu Branch, with its head office in New York. He champions the master-dealing of the principal Philippine products, abaca and copra.

Eldipio Fontanil, BSE '52 now heads the Camvill Academy. In his capacity as principal teacher of the said institution, we believe he is capable for the job as he is a holder of an A.B. degree. He handles Biology and Sciences, the subjects which he liked best during his student days.

Speaking of principals, we proudly presents our junior Cervantes, Jose S. Ruiz, BSE '52. Joe now tackles his job as principal of San Carlos Private High, San Carlos, Neg. Occ. As Spanish major he enjoys teaching the Cervantes tongue.



Mrs. Encarnacion Marcelo

MRS. ENCARNACION MARCELO (acting Head of the Junior Normal College), in her one year stay in USC, has done her work commendably well. Our Rev. Fr. Rector has good words to say of her.

She is one of the most experienced and well-informed instructors of this university. She graduated from the Philippine Normal College with a degree of B.S.E.Ed., **magna cum laude**. A junior and senior teacher eligible, she devoted 14 of her most fruitful years as an elementary teacher at the Gregorio del Pilar Elementary School in Manila.

She is quiet, dignified in her ways and very sympathetic. No wonder USC has only respect and affection for her.—CAM

Speaking of the Faculty . . .

MRS. CARIDAD DRIS is one of the newest additions to the USC Faculty, yet in her short stay here she has won the hearts of her students who adore her as a real mother. True enough, USC extends her special good wishes and thanks to this outstanding teacher.

She obtained her B.S.E.Ed. degree in the Philippine Normal College, **cum laude**. She had been a private tutor in Manila for 12 years.

A woman with a humble ambition, her only aim in life is to be a good mother, a loving wife, and an efficient teacher. All these, she has successfully attained.

Although she professes respect and inner attachment for USC and like to stay here permanently, she may be forced to leave us soon for a higher and nobler duty. She has to rejoin her family in Manila who is missing her a lot. We regret that her association with us should be short-lived. To her, we say, Good luck and God-speed.—CAM



Mrs. Caridad Dris



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