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*Indexed
28 Oct 58*

Our Lady of
Lourdes



The **C**arolinian

★ There seems to be an incomprehensible situation obtaining in this country nowadays. The President announces austerity and hardly has he finished his words, the prices of prime commodities start spiralling beyond the reach of poor, if not unemployed, consumers. The people get panicky; unscrupulous businessmen quickly ply their trade. And confusion ensues. Then follows a pretty merry mix-up.

How NOT to arouse public anxiety and confusion should be studied every time the government gives birth to a new program which concerns the masses so much. The pronouncement should be so made as to reckon quick understanding from everyone.

* * *

★ Should Vice-President Diosdado Macapagal be given a cabinet position?

This is the question posed by our WHAT DO YOU THINK column of this issue. People, foreigners especially, may wonder thus: Why? What's the matter with this Vice-President? To them, the following facts are pertinent:

There's nothing wrong about our Vice-President. He is still Macapagal—the same good Macapagal. But also he is still a Liberal. The President is a Nacionalista; the Senate President and the Speaker too. The administration is of the Nacionalista. Only Macapagal is a Liberal.

Should a Liberal Vice-President be given a cabinet post by a Nacionalista President under a Nacionalista administration?

The question can be boiled down to read that way. The answer is another question: Should the President?

The President is not stupid, he said. Should the people insist that the Veep be given a cabinet portfolio, he is bound thereto otherwise, he is not. How will the people insist? Via public opinion.

Representative elements of the students of this University have expressed their views on the question in this issue. Turn to page 24. They're all there.

* * *

★ For the first time in **Carolinian** history, a Filipino Language section has been put up by the staff. We discovered Mr. Teodoro Bay; we pulled him out from his hideout and plugged the editorship of the section into his nose.

Contributions to this section from now on are welcome.

★ A writer fell in love; but he did not know it. When he came to know... he lost his love. This is what Boy Lipardo vividly portrayed in his "The Writer".

Good that the writer knew that he lost his love!

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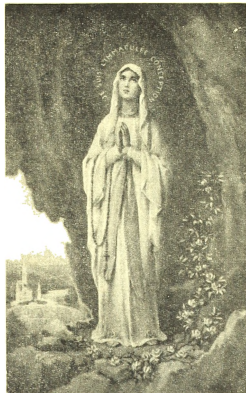
by Addy Sitoy

IT IS exactly one hundred years ago since Our Lady made Her first apparition at Lourdes. Today, in the convent chapel of the Sisters of Charity in Nevers, France, a visitor can see to the left of the main altar a reliquary of glass and gold containing the incorrupt body of a nun dead since 1879. Unlike certain other relics which have been preserved or reconstructed, the body of Sister Marie Bernard, baptized as Marie-Bernard Soubirous, and known familiarly to the world as Bernadette of Lourdes, has remained untouched by any such artifice.

Since December 8, 1933, she has been enrolled in the Church's calendar of Saints. This was she to whom Our Lady appeared 18 times in the grotto of Massabielle outside Lourdes from February to July 1858—exactly 100 years ago. It was to a small town in the French Pyrenees mountains that Our Lady came, asking that a shrine be erected to honor Her as "The Immaculate Conception," the dogma defined by Pius IXth four years earlier in Rome. The girl chosen to give Our Lady's message to the world, Bernadette

by the appearance of a beautiful young girl, about sixteen years of age, dressed in white with blue sash and cincture. On her arm she carried a Rosary. Frightened, Bernadette stepped back, but the beautiful young girl smiled, bowed graciously, and seemed to be inviting Bernadette to draw nearer. Bernadette took refuge in her Rosary and tried to make the sign of the Cross, but found she was unable to raise her right arm until the radiant Lady made a great gleaming sign of the Cross upon herself. Bernadette then began to say her Rosary and the Lady seemed to supervise the recitation, passing the beads of her own Rosary between the thumb and forefinger of her right hand but not joining in the prayers. At the conclusion of the Rosary, the Lady bowed, withdrew into the niche, and disappeared.

Crossing the stream (the water had surprisingly become warm), Bernadette rejoined her companions and told them of the resplendent Lady she had just seen, describing Her in the French-Spanish patois of the district as "uno petite damize-



Our Lady of Lourdes *by Marietta Alonso*

Soubirous, was fourteen years of age and still studying the catechism to make her First Communion, living with her father, mother, sister, and two brothers in abject poverty in a cell of an abandoned jail.

On February 11, Bernadette, her sister, Toinette, and a friend, Jeanne Abadie, were hunting firewood and had come to the grotto of Massabielle, a place of ill repute, where it was said devil worship had taken place in ancient pagan days. Toinette and Jeanne took off shoes and stockings and crossed the stream of water called the *Gave du Pau*, but the water was too cold for Bernadette. She was afraid of aggravating her asthma but which was in reality the forerunner of the tuberculosis which was later to cause her lingering and agonizing death.

Hearing a sound like that of a storm wind, but noticing that the trees were not moving, Bernadette turned to the grotto and saw a stirring of the bushes and branches there. Then from the upper part of the rock—where there was an opening like a niche or grotto—there issued forth a golden cloud, followed

lo—"a little maiden"—no taller than Bernadette herself, but bathed in light and of an other-worldly beauty. The narrative was repeated later at home but Bernadette was told she had either imagined the vision or that it was a trick of the devil.

Fearing this latter possibility, Bernadette returned to the grotto on Sunday, February 14, with a bottle of holy water, and as the Lady appeared (unseen by Bernadette's companions) the visionary said, "If you are from God, draw nearer." The Lady did so and as Bernadette began to sprinkle the holy water, she smiled as if pleased that the proper precautions were being taken. Bernadette then fell into an ecstasy contemplating the beauty of the heavenly visitor, but no words were exchanged, so that afterwards she was unable to answer questions as to who the Lady was.

Some of the villagers were of the opinion that a soul had come from Purgatory seeking prayers, so Bernadette was advised to bring pen and paper to the grotto and ask "the poor soul" to write out her

requests if she were unable to speak. On February 18, Bernadette returned to the grotto of Massabielle, and, when the Lady appeared, approached Her with the pen and paper, saying, "Please have the goodness to put your name and what you want in writing." The Lady laughed and spoke directly to Bernadette for the first time: "There is no need to write what I have to say," then, "Would you do me the kindness of coming here for fifteen days?" Bernadette said she would ask permission from her parents and the Lady concluded, "I do not promise to make you happy in this world, but in the other."

Bernadette's mother and father were slow to give their permission for the daily trips to the grotto, but finally agreed that if they were made in the early morning perhaps little attention would be attracted by

(Continued on page 3)

Cover Story

MUCH has been written about the apparition of Our Lady to Saint Bernadette a century ago. Much too has been heard about the miraculous cures which took and are taking place at the spring in Lourdes, France, till our days. But while much has been written and heard about that Heavenly Lady and that humble French maiden, less has been said that behind all those wonders and prodigies is the beautiful story of a Mother, who deigned to visit her children in times of fear and sorrow, bringing the sweet message of hope and salvation to a poverty-stricken world.

But why did Mary, the Mother of God, appear to man a century ago? What message did she leave for man to read and to ponder? What was her promise?

During the last part of the eighteen century a corrupt and over-ridden spirit invaded all classes of society. It was an age when Reason revolted against Faith. A general conspiracy under the toga of Enlightenment, was entered into against the Church. Science, eloquence and force were set in motion against Religion. The Encyclopedists reared up against the Gospel. While the naturalist Rousseau beguiled the imagination with all the charms of his seductive style, Voltaire, the prince of those rationalists and thinkers, poured out in his public writings the vitriol of

heart in a foreign land. The church's condition was very distressing. The enemies laughed. In the height of their triumph and pride they even thought that the church would die!

This revolt against God did not die with the exponents of Intellectualism and Rationalism of that epoch. The disciples of Voltaire and Diderot continued their campaign against religion. They caused their perfidious doctrines to percolate through the masses by presenting them under the guise of liberty and universal toleration. They proclaimed that all creeds are equally good. They preached that man has the right to say and publish whatever he pleased... even though it were false or pernicious. They taught that the State has no right to restrict the liberty of speech and obliged it to countenance good and evil, truth and error.

Liberalism enjoyed a great success during that epoch. Factions inscribed it on their banners. Educators proclaimed it from their chairs. Many had been poisoned. Indifferentism followed. Then slowly but surely many lost faith in God. It was an age when man forgot and abandoned God.

In the Old Dispensation God showed Himself quite severe towards the sinners. He sent a deluge to drown the entire sinning race of man except one family. He sent lightnings and thunders to extirpate the sinful cities of Sodom and Go-

LOVING AND KIND! That is why whenever that God tries to release the powers above to destroy the little worlds below because of sins, the Woman-Mother pleads for one more chance to spare man. That is why God who was once stern and unapproachable has become too considerate and understanding nowadays. And this softening of God's Heart for sinful man is what is known as the dynamics of Mary's intercession for the human race!

MARY CAME. AS THE WOMAN EVER BEAUTIFUL AND RADIANT! Because there was much corruption of morals, she told men to be pure in their thoughts, words and actions. She told men to be perfect as their Heavenly Father is perfect. She told men that nothing unbelief can enter into heaven. She told men that only the pure of hearts can see God. And so that men might have a model for being pure and holy she said: **I AM THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION!**

MARY CAME. AS THE MOTHER EVER LOVING AND KIND! Because there was much sinning and forgetfulness of man's eternal destiny, she pleaded men to turn their eyes to heaven. She pleaded men to abandon their evil ways because God was too offended already. She pleaded men to do penance in order to be saved, because unless they do penance they will all perish. And so that men might not forget she cried: **PENANCE! PEN-**

The **LADY OF LOURDES**... and

his sarcasm and ridicule of the Ancient Faith.

Moral and religious laws, the safeguards of civil society, were swept away. Godless laws were promulgated. Morality was abolished. Disorder and chaos spread everywhere. The Church, the only Guardian of Faith and Morals, was above all stricken. The civil constitution of the clergy was set up to wipe out the hierarchy and the church laws. Ministers of God were sent to the blocks and gallows, while prostitutes were enthroned on the altars. Divine worship and the priesthood were suppressed. The Vicar of Christ was dragged down to prison and expired with a broken

mortha. To his chosen people, the Israelites, He used to send them famine and pestilence in punishment for a sin. But it seems a paradox that God in the New Law has become more lenient and tolerant. He does not send those severe chastisements even if men in their pride and passion violate His Decalogue. He remains silent and always forgiving no matter how men in their perversion try to blaspheme Him and work to blot His name in the world.

The answer to all this is that somebody up there holds His wrath and anger. It is a **WOMAN... EVER BEAUTIFUL AND RADIANT.** It is a **MOTHER... EVER**

ANCE!

This message was not intended only for the French people nor was it intended only for that epoch. It was intended for all men in the world and for all future times. For as long as there is man there will be sinning against God. But as long as there is doing of penance there will always be salvation for the world.

That age has passed but all its errors and aberrations are still with us. The perversion of the minds in the present times is very alarming. From the philosophic systems of Kant, Fichte, Schelling and Hegel, who denied the objectivity of things; from the encyclopedists, who dis-

mantled and villified Christianity; from the rationalism of Renan and Straus, who reduced the Gospel records as myths, there rose up a generation of rationalists, materialists and atheists, whose warfare against Christianity finds no equal in the annals of history.

Nations today still laboring under the spell of those perverse ideas carry on this iconoclasm of all things religious and divine. They have suppressed God's Name in their governments and parliaments. The governors and rulers of the world infected by laicism, have denied the rights of the Catholic Church to teach the human race. In their hatred and odium, temples and churches had been destroyed. Catholic Schools had been closed. Children are taught to blaspheme God and do away with religion. In their modern schools secularism and crude materialism become the leaven. This is the most baneful crime committed by man in the modern era. This is the modern apostasy of man from God.

Another thing which characterizes the modern era is man's forgetfulness of his supernatural destiny. His great discoveries, the increase of industries and commerce, the hunger for riches and pleasures of life, the feverish rivalry for stock piles, the display of war weapons in terms of missiles, satellites and sputniks seem to deviate in a large extent men from the saving and sublime

Our Lady of Lourdes . . .

them. This precaution soon proved fruitless as the number of people interested increased daily almost from the start.

In the two weeks of daily apparitions that followed, the Lady who declined to give Her name spoke much of sinners and the need for repentance: "Pray for poor sinners. Pray for the world so troubled." And, on one occasion, "Kiss the ground for sinners." When Bernadette complied with this last request the faithful present joined with her in making this act of mortification and reparation.

On February 25, Bernadette was given the famous command to "Go, drink at the fountain and wash yourself there." Since Bernadette did not understand where to go to fulfill this instruction, the Lady pointed to the back of the grotto. Seeing a muddy spot on the ground, Bernadette began to scoop up the earth until a faint trickle of water was seen. This she drank and with it smeared face and hands. The credulity of even the most ardent in the crowd was strained at seeing this strange act and many thought the girl had taken leave of her reason.

However, in the days that follow-

comfort. Verily he is the king of Creation!

But while we concede and we can not deny that man has progressed much and conquered the material world he lives in today, we can not deny that he has failed to improve and conquer himself. In his relation with his fellow man he is a failure. His inventions have only made him cruel and proud. His luxuries made him unjust, indecent and murderer. These do not warrant then the illusion that Science can save him from being savage in a civilized world. That is why there will always be war, rivalries and bloodshed in the world... unless men heed the message, of the formula and the way shown by the Lady, who deigned to come to this sinful world of man. That simple message: PENANCE, can revolutionize families, societies and nations. It can change the world.

But if today the world is still the same or even worse than before, it is not because the Message of Lourdes has been tried and found wanting. It is because man has been tried and found wanting. ‡

(Continued from page 1)

ed, the trickle of water had increased to a stream and then to a veritable pool. The first to think it might have supernatural qualities was Louis Bouriette, a half-blind stone-cutter, who, on February 27, sent for some of the water, saying: "If it is the Blessed Virgin she has only to will it and I will be healed." After bathing his right eye (practically blinded from an accident) he cried out, "I can see! I am cured!" Later, in May, Croizine Bouhohorts plunged her baby, dying of fever, into the spring and found him restored to normal health. The miraculous powers associated with the water were then generally accepted.

On March 2 the Lady told Bernadette, "You will go and tell the priests to have a chapel built here and to let processions come." This was a far from pleasant task for the girl as she greatly feared her pastor, the Cure Peyramale, and knew full well the cool attitude he and the other clergy were maintaining towards the apparitions. Still she was obedient and went to the rectory where, coldly received, she was told that the cure could have no dealings with a strange lady who would not even give her name. (Father Peyramale would indeed have been astonished if he could have foreseen that in the near future there would be three churches for "the Lady" or near the site of the apparitions: a crypt built into the very rock of the grotto, the giant Basilica itself, and the Church of the Holy Rosary.)

When the two weeks of the apparitions had ended on March 4, and the Lady still had not revealed Her name (despite the numerous times Bernadette asked it) the crowds were sorely disappointed. However, on the eve of March 24 Bernadette felt a "call" to the grotto and hastened her steps there the following day, the Feast of the Annunciation. The Lady appeared and Bernadette felt an overwhelming desire to ask Her name again. Three times she put the question to Her: "Madam, will you have the goodness to tell me who you are?" After the question was asked the third time the Lady in a splendor of radiance looked Heavenwards, joined Her hands and then let them drop in a pose of Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal, and answered, "Que soy l'Immaculade Conception," "I AM THE IMMACULATE

(Continued on page 28)

the WORLD

by Amable Tuibeo

truths about God, soul, religion and eternal destiny. For the modern man Science alone matters. Science alone can solve the ills in the world today.

Man today stands on the apex of his inventions and progress. He can boast of his discoveries and improvements. On land, on sea and in air he can behold with pride and triumph his conquests. He has subjected everything for his use and

Major Anacleto Garcia,

The "Star" Collector

A HANDSOME man, 5 feet and 6 inches tall, sported in well-pressed fatigue uniform, makes a smart entrance before a platoon of stiff-necked cadets. "Eyes to the front! Look straight ahead! Never mind the people in front of you." His thunderous voice breaks through the ears of his "die-hards" as all their eyes start a nervous rehearsal of that ordeal of maintaining a 180-degree gaze ahead. Suddenly he disappears as stealthily as he had entered. It is only when his stentorian voice is heard from another platoon that the boys will know that their "master die-hard" has gone. But his exit will not make them more carefree, since they know him to possess those telescopic eyes which can detect lousy cadets at a distance.

The man is Maj. Anacleto S. Garcia, FA, commandant of the USC ROTC Corps, the only ROTC unit in Philippine history which has bagged three stars in three consecutive tactical inspections. The scene is typical in his weekly program of training ROTC cadets in the art of "collecting" stars.

Maj. Garcia was once a cadet himself. And he knows that skill could only be achieved through constant but wise training.

It was after his graduation from the ROTC basic course that he entered the school for reserved commission at Camp Del Pilar, Dao, Pampanga. In December, 1940, he was commissioned as 3rd Lieutenant in the Field Artillery, Philippine Army.

War broke out. He found himself attached to the 301st FA Regiment which handled the 155 mm. guns in the battlefields of Bataan. Upon Corregidor's fall, his unit surrendered. He was one of the thousands of Filipino and American soldiers who joined the Death March from Bataan to San Fernando, Pampanga. And from the latter, they were hauled by trains to Capas, Tarlac. He was imprisoned until August 5, 1942 when he became very sick. The Japanese, thinking that he would die, released him.

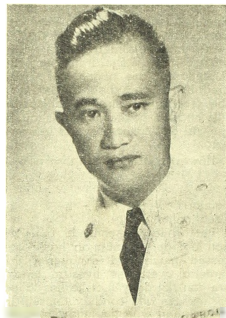
He went to Manila. He became well. And there he joined the guerrilla unit which handled intelligence work in the heart of the metropolis.

When the Americans liberated Manila he was one of those who

had offered commendable assistance. While the liberating forces were still in Bahintawak he already acted as their tank artillery observer until they had reached the Pasig River. And finally liberated the University of Santo Tomas concentration camp as well as Intramuros.

After his discharge, he returned to duty in 1945 at Camp Olivas, Pampanga. He was assigned as instructor in Pangasinan ECEGA Guerrilla unit. His mission was to prepare the unit for mopping up operation in those places where the Japanese still held out.

Upon Japan's surrender, he was sent to Oklahoma (Fort Sills) where



Major Anacleto S. Garcia (FA)

he took advanced courses in Field Artillery. He returned to the Philippines in 1946 and was designated head of the Artillery branch, ROTC Department, Far Eastern University. But he served only for six months. For he was then assigned as instructor in the department of gunnery in Floridablanca, Pampanga, until 1948 when he was sent to Cebu as Assistant G-3, Third Military Area.

Between 1950 and 1953, he was called to command the Heavy Weapons Company, later FA Battery, of the Pancy Task Force. The unit participated in the operation against Guillermo Capadocia, one of the top Huks in the country. The mission was successful; Capadocia was captured. Maj. Garcia was award-

ed the Military Merit Medal.

Thereafter he returned to Cebu as G-3, III MA, until he was designated commandant of the ROTC Corps, University of San Carlos.

His first year in San Carlos gave the University its first of a series of big catches. The USC ROTC Corps grabbed the first place in the tactical inspection from the University of the Visayas. The feat was repeated. Not only once. But twice.

By Adelino S. Sityey

And this was despite the tremendous odds the Corps had to face.

When asked about the secret of his technique in collecting "stars", Major Garcia simply replied:

"Put up a strong organization and cook the cadet and non-commissioned officers. That's why I coined the slogan **diehard** which should refer to every cadet and cadet officer in the Corps."

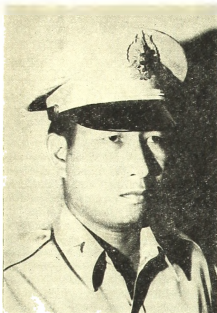
Regarding the chances of San Carlos in this year's tactical inspection, Maj. Garcia intimated that it depends upon the cooperation of the boys. "Our team is stronger than the last three years' because our cadet officers are stronger. They have been with me the last three years and have been acquainted with my methods of instruction," he said.

"Is it true, Major, that San Carlos only won because of your good connections?" this writer asked him.

"Absolutely no," he replied. "There are eight members of the inspecting team with ranks from colonel, down. These people cannot be influenced by anybody. Besides, 'connections' do not hold under Gen. Cornelio Bondad, the III MA commander."

In fact, according to the Major, the general sentiment among these inspecting officers is **not** to let any unit win more than once. Other units should be given a chance. But San Carlos led by fifty points in the general average, he continued. So, they could not do otherwise. Had the margin been slim, we would have lost.

By the next school year, this commandant extraordinary will no longer "make a smart entrance before a platoon of USC stiff-necked cadets." He will not be here anymore. He has received an advanced notice that in March he will be transferred to Fort McKinley where he will serve under the 1st Regular Division. But he will leave behind a story which can be told by every Carolinian **die-hard**. #



Cdt Col Conrado Ajero (Inf)

Cdt COL CONRADO AJERO

TO EVERY "die-hard" he is a very familiar figure—a well built man of slightly-taller-than-the-average-Filipino height clad in fatigues to the collars of which are pinned the insignia of a second lieutenant in the Armed Forces of the Philippines.

Conrado Ajero, the man who led the USC ROTC in winning its first of a series of stars, was born on December 20, 1928, in Santa Cruz, Manila. He spent most of his grade school years at the Magallanes Elementary School in Sorsogon and later at the Imus Elementary School in Cavite.

Circumstances brought him to Cebu in 1951 after he had completed his high school at the Mapua Institute of Technology where he was a PMT cadet officer for four consecutive years. He enrolled at the University of San Carlos, and the next four years saw him rise steadily from private to platoon leader, company commander, battalion commander, and ultimately, to corps commander for the school year 1954-'55. As the highest officer of the USC unit, he displayed his mettle as a military leader when he, under Major Garcia's supervision, rallied his men to the star.

Now residing in Sanicangko Street, he could be proud not only of his feat, his Marikoreo training, his loyalty and leadership medals, but also of his brother Melecio, who became the corps commander after him of another star-getting unit.

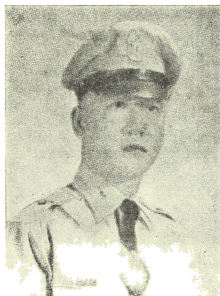
From such an experienced military leader, we receive these reassuring words: "We will win again if we really want to!"

Three Corps Commanders and Three Stars ★ ★ ★ by manuel s. go

Cdt COL MELECIO AJERO

SCHOOL year 1952-'53 was a witness to the meteoric rise of cadet Melecio Ajero, who, three years later, was to lead the corps to greater glory when it acquired its second consecutive star. He enlisted as private, but in the same year, rose to squad leader, then to platoon sergeant, and then again to company sergeant, the highest position open to first year basic cadets. Never has one cadet been promoted to so many positions in so short a time.

Impressed by Mely's showing,



Cdt Col Melecio Ajero (Inf)

Major A. Gonzales, then the commandant, gave him a commission the next year, and he handled the second platoon of "Charlie" company.

He was called for summer training (for COCS graduates) at Marikorea immediately after he was graduated from the basic course. There, he was attached to Company "A" of the 54th ROTC Regiment (Provisionary).

When he returned to USC the next year to further his studies and take up the advance ROTC course, he found a new commandant—Major (then Captain) Anacleto Garcia who gave him command of "Charlie" company. Incidentally, it is this company which produced the majority of the "third-star" cadet officers. (Continued on page 15)

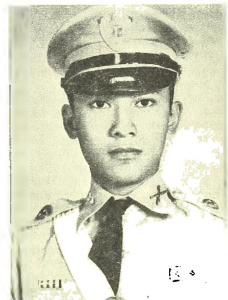
Cdt COL FELIPE LABUCAY

THERE would indeed be but a few officers who could come up to the standard of academic and military near-perfection set by the man who headed the USC ROTC unit at the time it won its third star. A brief academic and military biography of former Corps Commander Felipe Labucay should more than suffice to substantiate this statement.

Graduated as valedictorian from the Colegio de San Jose high school department, he took up mechanical engineering in the University of San Carlos in 1953. That same year, he enlisted as a first year basic cadet and topped the theoretical examinations given by the Third MA tactical inspectors. In recognition of this feat, he was given command of a platoon during his second year of ROTC training.

He decided to take up the advance course, and he was made company commander of "Charlie" company. His exemplary performance in this capacity earned him the trust and confidence of Major Anacleto Garcia who made him the corps commander during his fourth year of stay as a cadet. He did not betray the Major's trust, for he led the corps to victory and the third consecutive star in the tactical inspections.

He had already achieved the highest glory that any cadet could (Continued on page 31)



Cdt Col Felipe Labucay (FA) PAGE 5

The U.S.C. ROTC DEPARTMENT

by *Cdt. Col. Winifreda C. Geanson*
Corps Ex-O—1956-'57

THE ROTC Unit of the University of San Carlos is not a new organization. Like other outposts, it was organized four years before the outbreak of the last war by virtue of the provisions of the National Defense Act. While it is true that war as a national policy is renounced by the Philippines, ROTC training has been deemed essential in line with the principle that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. To this end, the ROTC has a two-fold mission: 1) To produce officers for the reserve compo-

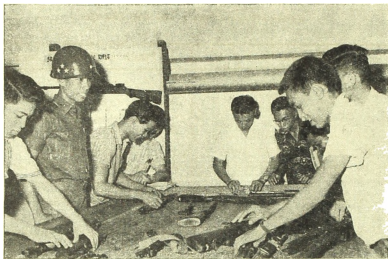
back to 1937 when the then Lt. Manuel T. Flores painstakingly organized the first ROTC unit of the Colegio de San Carlos. Under his sterling leadership, the San Carlos ROTC set the tradition of having its history with distinctions and achievements all its very own. With his two years' stay, Lt. Flores left something behind him worth so many times much more than the efforts he put into it—San Carlos copped the third place in the Inter-ROTC competition in Manila after winning over all ROTC units in

heroism there was, whatever honors achieved, "all of these can be summed up in the exhibition of fortitude, discipline and gallantry shown by its products in the final trial in the last global conflict."

Liberation Day found nothing but ashes and remains of those beautiful buildings we used to see and the progress we were enjoying. The wailing of orphans and the weeping of widows spoke in a language more eloquent than poets' lips could describe the horrors and miseries of the war. Realizing the necessity of preparedness, the government in 1946 ordered the reactivation of all ROTC units.

"We are not building an Army for aggression, it is true, but still we should have been wide awake all the time for any eventuality that might have averted the horrors and miseries of the men in Bataan and Corregidor. The last war really taught us a very grim lesson, not to be caught napping while other nations are gearing and drafting plans for conquests. Although while we can be mighty proud of Bataan, Corregidor and other battlefronts without the gallant defense of which would have spelled disaster to Australia, yet ultimately to the United States, yet we cannot deny that had we been very much prepared and brushed up, we could have done a far better job."

So in line with the purposes of the State, the USC ROTC, like the proverbial phoenix, sprang up



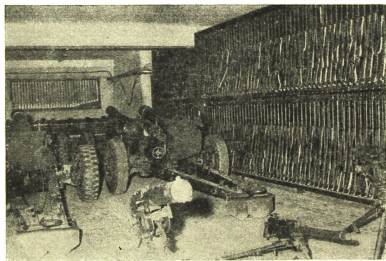
Cadets take time out to learn technique in dismantling light weapons.

nents of the Armed Forces of the Philippines; 2) To qualify students for positions of leadership in the Armed Forces of the Philippines in the event of an emergency.

Ordinarily when one speaks of ROTC, he pictures the flashing of an officer's sword, the bawling out and dressing down of lousy cadets, the glamour of a parade and review and, worst of all, the exhaustion that follows a whole day drill in Lahug. But if we consider the grim consequence of unpreparedness, as was the case in Bataan and Corregidor, we should admit that "ROTC is an indispensable element of our National Defense Program, which bears fruit in the form of those young and eager reserve officers and non-commissioned officers who are determined to give their lives to uphold an ideal."

By the end of 1958, the USC ROTC comes of age. Its history traces

Cebu. But what was more satisfying was the response made by its graduates to the call of Pearl Harbor and of freedom. Whatever



A part of USC's ROTC armory.

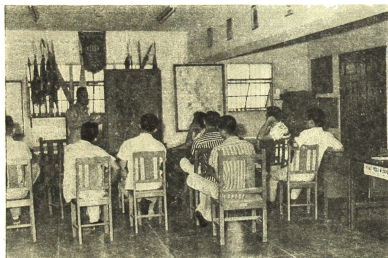
from the ashes to take its share in the task of training the youth. The training program was first emphasized in the Infantry until September 1947 when orders came from the Superintendent of the ROTC Units requiring San Carlos to include Field Artillery. Since then San Carlos has two branches of service making the training more complicated with more administrative details to be attended to. As of now, we are one of the only two units in the Visayas and Mindanao having two branches of service. To students on tactics, this dual branch of service gives them a vivid and concrete picture of how the infantry and the artillery actually operate in combat—not as single outfits but as a team.

As regards the progress then made, a glimpse at the table below will give us a more vivid picture:



Cadet officers man a 105 mm. howitzer.

Year	Commandants	Corps Commanders	Place in Tactical Inspection
1937-39	2d Lt Manuel T Flores	Cdt Maj Paterno Trinidad	3rd Place Inter-ROTC competition in Manila after winning over all ROTC units in Cebu
1939-41	2d Lt Enrique Campos	Cdt Maj Eulalio Causing Jr	—
1946-47	Capt Sofio Bayron	Cdt Maj Eulalio Causing Jr	—
1947-48	Capt Pedro M. Gonzalez	Cdt Col Eduardo Javelosa	1st Place—Visayas-Mindanao 2d Place—Philippines
1948-49	Capt Antonio N Conception	Cdt Col Eduardo Javelosa	2d Place—Philippines
1949-50	Capt Antonio N Conception	Cdt Col Alejandro Abatayo	—
1950-51	Major Victor M Juan Jr	Cdt Col Ciriaco Bongalos	4th Place—Visayas-Mindanao
1951-52	Capt Antonio M Gonzalez	Cdt Col Francisco Borromeo	3rd Place—Visayas-Mindanao
1952-53	Maj Antonio M Gonzalez	Cdt Col Cosme Mirabueno	1st Place—Visayas-Mindanao
1953-54	Maj Antonio M Gonzalez	Cdt Col Demosthenes Gumalo	4th Place—Visayas-Mindanao
1954-55	Maj Anacleto S Garcia	Cdt Col Conrado Ajero	1st Place—Visayas-Mindanao
1955-56	—ditto—	Cdt Col Melecio Ajero	1st Place—Visayas-Mindanao
1956-57	—ditto—	Cdt Col Felipe Labucay	1st Place—Visayas-Mindanao



Major Garcia lectures to a group of advanced Cadets.

That, in a nutshell, is the past of the USC ROTC. Unlike other posts which are buried with the dead, it serves as a constant challenge to our cadets to live up to the tradition our predecessors have set.

With the annual tactical inspection just around the corner, several observers have posed this question: "Will San Carlos make it again?" Paraphrasing Sobrah, all we can say is: "Only the event shall teach us in its hours."

This is not defeatism, though. In the language of accountants, this is conservatism: Anticipate no profits but provide for future possible losses. To the Diehards, this attitude should be maintained. **Humility not only breeds confidence in a man.**

(Continued on page 31)

An **INDON** Among Carolinians

INDONESIA can point out with pride to the students of international politics the Bandung Conference, her big contribution to the world's efforts for peace; to the fastidious in fashion, the batik; to tourists, the exotic Balinese beauties.

These are some of the things an Indonesian can proclaim to the world about his country, these are what she is noted for, but unfortunately not in the Philippines.

Indonesia, comparatively unpopular among Filipinos because of the dearth of literature about the country, has actually established close ties with the Philippines. Strong historical as well as linguistic ties can be traced back to the early stage of our nation's development and they continue to exist up to the present day.

Filipino students, Carolinians included, have much to learn about Indonesia and we are fortunate to have an Indonesian among us from whom to learn these important and interesting facts. If Carolinians want to know what life in that country is like, they can ask someone from Badjawa, Flores, Indonesia—Mr. Hubertus Wagolebo.

Enthusiastically, Mr. Hubertus Wagolebo, 20, will tell you that life

in Indonesia is more or less similar to that in the Philippines. Mr. Wagolebo holds the distinction of being the first Indonesian lay-student to study in the University of San Carlos. (Father Donatus Djagom, S.V.D., has been studying here for more than a year already.)

Mr. Wagolebo arrived in October, 1957. He is enrolled in the College of Liberal Arts and plans to specialize in Economics. Before coming to USC he taught in the school from which he was graduated, St. Michael (Kotolik) school, managed by S.V.D. Fathers.

Friendly and a good conversationalist, Bert Wagolebo has acquired many friends on the campus.

Hubertus Wagolebo is the fourth of 7 brothers and a sister. His father, Thomas Wagolebo, hails from Flores while his mother, Maria Atja, is from Java. From his father, he said, he got his height (5' 8") and, from his mother his complexion (lighter than most types of Indonesians, she being Javanese).

A lover of sports, Bert was an athlete in high school. He was a member of a football team that won laurels for their school when it capped the championship pennant.

(Football is popular in Indonesia.) He also loves volleyball and basketball.

In Flores, or "Flower Island", said Mr. Wagolebo, there are many Catholics although Indonesia is predominantly Mohammedan. There are Catholic priests but still not enough for the religious needs of the people.

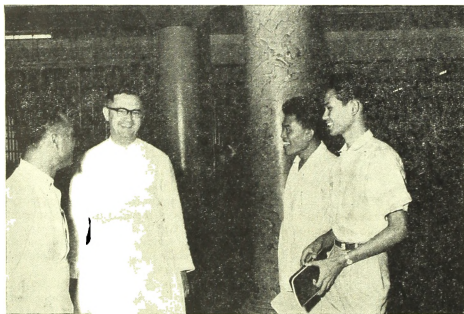
Flores island has different climates that divide the island into two. The western half of the island is very cold; snow comes during some parts of the year; while the eastern half is very hot, as hot as Cebu.

Points of interest in Flores are three colored lakes. These lakes, certainly a valuable item for Ripley's "Believe It or Not", are located near Ende; one lake appears green to the eyes, the other red, and the third whitish, according to Mr. Wagolebo.

The people say that red symbolizes hell; green purgatory; and white, heaven. It is the belief of the old folks that at the end of the world the green and red lakes will combine.

Just as Mindoro has the only animal of its kind in the world, the tamaraw, so has Flores the only crocodile of its kind. In Indonesian it is called *buaya darat*, or land crocodile, because it lives on land. To preserve this animal, the government prohibits its being hunted. American scientists, who attempted to ship one to the US were not allowed by the government to do so.

The educational system in Indonesia is very different from ours. In the high school, according to Mr. Wagolebo, they have a six-year academic term. Upon reaching the third year, students are required to take a government examination to qualify for the fourth year. Then in the sixth year they have to take another government exam before they can go to college. Subjects covered include history, accounting, chemistry, Dutch, physics, mathematics, etc. The medium of in-



Mr. Hubertus Wagolebo, (extreme right) by his looks alone can pass for a full-blooded Filipino. Snapped in lively conversation in the lobby of the administration building, Mr. Wagolebo is shown here with Fr. Donatus Djagom, S.V.D., Fr. John Vogelgesang, S.V.D., of the CAROLINIAN and the author. Both Fr. Djagom, S.V.D., and Mr. Wagolebo are from Flores, Indonesia; the latter from Ruteng and the former from Badjawa. (Photo by T. Uy)

by **BEN CABANATAN**

struction is Indonesian, except on the university level where it is English.

In their study of history, Mr. Wagolebo said, they came to know about the Philippines. They even

studied the life of our greatest hero, Dr. Jose Rizal.

Mr. Wagolebo revealed that he met some Filipinos in Indonesia. One was a priest and the others were teachers. In Manila he visited the home of a Filipino teacher who has returned from his country.

One thing Hubertus likes to tell his friends about is the popular batik fabric, a product of expert Indonesian weavers. Filipinos, even people in Western countries, it has been learned, wear batik. In fact, batik costumes modelled by the "Dewi Poerbasari" cultural delegation from Indonesia shown in Manila last year, evoked praises from fashion stylists.

While here to study, Mr. Wagolebo at the same time acts as an unofficial ambassador of goodwill of his country. The friendships he can forge with us are invaluable. He can bring to his country not only the learning he will acquire at San Carlos, but also first-hand information about Filipinos and things Philippines.

He is promoting closer ties with us by making frequent social contacts and by willingly answering questions about his country.

Students who happen to know Mr. Wagolebo bombard him with a battery of questions: How far Indonesia is in terms of lying time? Is there serious unemployment in his country? Has it not turned communist already? All these he answers willingly. In fact, Mr. Wagolebo has shown a real eagerness to discuss everything about his home country. To him it is the opportunity to let Filipinos know important facts about beautiful Indonesia.

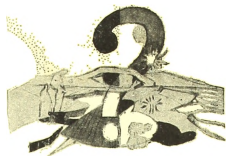
With his stay in San Carlos, Carolinians will have the opportunity to learn more about Indonesia.

Mr. Wagolebo expressed a desire to see interesting places in our country. The visits he has already paid to a few places, have afforded him a chance to see Philippine villages, their people and their religious celebrations. During the Carcar town fiesta, Mr. Wagolebo observed how fiestas in typical Philippine towns are celebrated. Last December, he also observed how Christmas is celebrated in our homes.

"I want to learn Cebuano," he said, "because I want to understand the Cebuano well." And he is willing to teach the Indonesian language to Filipinos in return. At present he is fond of translating his English into Indonesian. He also

(Continued on page 81)

... VIRUMQUE CANO



There was a little boy by a river
And an old man bent with age,
By the banks through which it flowed forever,
But the old man was a sage.

The little boy looked far beyond
Where gleamed the foaming sea;
The sea is wide, he thought, and deep —
As deep as nothing else could be!

Father, he asked,
What is deeper than the deepest sea?
The old man answered,
The heart of man, my boy.

The river flowed on murmuring
Down to the bosom of the sea
Where roared the sea-waves wild
and fierce—
Fierce as nothing else could be!

Father, the little boy queried,
What is wilder than the
wildest wave?
The old man answered,
The passions of man, my boy.

Father, he asked,
What is more stubborn than this stubborn river?
The old man answered,
The spirit of man, my boy.

He looked around him near and far,
He asked: what makes a river? Who made
The sky, the flower, the foaming sea?
Why do the lilies, the roses fade?

Father, he queried,
What is the greatest question?
The old man, softly answered,
Man, my boy!

And the little boy sat by the river,
And an old man bent with age,
By the banks through which it flowed forever;
But the old man was a sage!

by Demetria Maglalang

A SHORT STORY

ONE

HE SAT there on that crooked bench outside the nipa house with the same far-away look in his eyes. His gaze was always across the verdant fields, always toward the bald mountain.

The child was left alone to play with the sand. He was barely four years old. A cherubic child he was; his hair was the color of ripe corn-lusks. A playful smile danced on his lips, across his cheeks. Nature had been kind to him.

Today the tide had receded early in silence. The women-folk were digging for clams along the shore. A long-armed crab, hard, moist, dark, limped cripple-like across a foot-print in the sand. Now and then the wind swept over the sea, the sand dune and the nipa house.

The woman who came from behind the nipa house was in her 30's. Her hair was tidy and it smelt of coconut oil. "Ruben, look, how dirty the child is! You should not leave him alone like this. The lost time he nearly swallowed a stone."

The little one stopped playing and it held out its two small hands toward the woman. The woman responded by taking up the crawling child in her arms and hugged it to her breasts. "Poor thing," she said, "I hope you will not grow up to be like your father!"

The child mumbled unintelligently and began to play with the woman's ear.

"What if he grows up to be like me?" the man spoke. He was lean and lanky and rugged as the guava tree in the backyard.

"You are a dreamer, an impossible dreamer! The yield of the field is good; the granary is full—yet you are not satisfied..."

For a long, long time the man did not say another word. He could only hear his own thoughts: There is so little time... so little time left... And the man who tills the soil does not really love the soil. He is a man in bondage, a creature enslaved by the earth...

The woman had her own thoughts, too. She knew what the man was thinking of. It was mountain, that bald mountain... One of these days it would bring disaster into their lives.

The man stirred, not by the wind but by an urge stronger than him-

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

This is basically an attempt at symbolism. I chose the title *A Fairy Tale* because of the story's resemblance to a fairy tale. One point, however, is a complete departure from the conventional fairy stories, i.e., this story has no happy ending and the hero is a tragic hero. Consider, first, why fairy tales are written—why do people read them? To answer these questions successfully we have no need of many a garrulous, materialistic philosophy; we need only to understand ourselves better.—R. Y.

A Fairy Tale

self. He picked up a handful of earth, crushed it between his fingers and palm. And the very instance he scattered it to the ground, he had thrown discretion to the wind.

The woman held her breath. She tried to blink back her tears; but failing to do so she turned her face away. The child rebelled in her arms, clinging to the woman the more. By pure intuition it began to cry.

TWO

Memory was the man who crept to slumber under the cleft of the giant, grotesque boulder. It was more like a grotto than anything else. Memory buzzed; the mind transcended space and time. The ghostly figures of a hazy past approached in the distance, those of a small barefooted boy in worn-out knee-pants and two youth-lor-saken fishermen. The figures—sometimes receding, receding... like the tide... but never gone!

The fishermen spoke with the voices of chattering women.

The barefoot boy strained his ears to their whispers.

"Mauricio is a fool to go after that giant pearl. Now even his body will never be found. The mountain has swallowed him up. I tell you, the mountain is cursed! Cursed!" one declared.

And the barefoot boy looked toward the bald mountain with all the lury of a dream of a boy of eleven in his eyes. There was the fire of ardor—and a little selfishness and a big pride smoldering within the small, narrow breast. Thus the first seeds of disaster were sown.

He felt rather annoyed that the past could still disturb him so. He remembered his mother. It seemed as if she had reached out toward him from the grave and was alive once more for a part of her being

was merged in his. He saw himself squatting on the floor listening to her stories. She was a simple woman and a good story-teller. He had always idolized her. Dusk had fallen outside the house. It was then that she related to him the legend.

Eons of years ago, the island they were living on now had been submerged under the sea. One day the water receded and receded until a small island was formed. And on this island was a mountain. The land was habitable and green with life; but the mountain was dried-up, dead, a mass of dull brown. And on the summit of this bald mountain was a giant pearl—a pearl as big as a woman's fist.

She had spoken very slowly. He could still see her eyes upon him. It seemed as if he were trying with desperation to see the dream she had nurtured for many a hopeless year come true in him...

But it was such a long, long time ago.

However, does the past really matter? Is the important thing not that which lies ahead?

And here there was only the wind and the cold and the night without form and the dark without shape. He moved his hands and felt for the laden sack he had brought along with him. He turned round and stopped short. Here, before him, was a big, golden pearl! Frenzy seized him. His hands darted forward. It eluded his grasp. He gave out a wild laugh, empty and choking. Then he fell on his knees and terrible sobs shook his frame. Was this illusion the residue of a fever or the beginning of madness?

Again...

He saw two golden pearls. They were much smaller now and were

only a few feet away. His muscles tensed, he lunged forward viciously. Something scratched at him; his hands started to bleed. What sort of alien, night creature was this, creature half-light and half-shadow? He tore at it, felt for its throat, and heard its neck cracking under the strain. In a moment it was lifeless. He dug out the two pearls. They grew dimmer and dimmer and were finally a part of the surrounding blackness. Sweat poured from his scalp. In the distance thunder rolled and lightning flashed, its light striking with vividness the rich, warm, thick blood that was spreading over his palms. The singular chain of events appalled him. Fear crossed his heart for the first time and distorted the features of his face, but the dream was greater than the fear and the sound of cymbals in a human heart beats louder than all the clashes of lightning and thunder in a sombre sky.

It was the wee hour of the morning. Fatigue came over him. His eyes closed... and he dreamed a dream he could not remember.

And it was light again...

He straightened his limbs: Life and strength surged through his legs and body. He felt good. All numbness were gone. Only the pain in his lacerated hands remained. He looked around: saw at his side the carcass of an owl with a twisted neck, saw the mist hanging like a canopy. This was no time to give up now! From the narrow ridge he climbed up, up, up the precipice. It was a terrible thing to glance back. No eyes are accustomed to look down from such a horrible height. The world below had become a world of green and purple dots. Just a little more and the summit would be reached!...

THREE

The first gray of dawn was breaking in the East. The surl seethed on the white sand, and from the narrow strip of sea-shore the man in laded clothes surveyed the arid waste of land which had once been golden with rice stalks. He walked over to the nipa house. It looked cold and abandoned. He looked inside. The tinge of dawn had just

come into the room. Then he saw her there sitting by the window, gazing at the bald mountain.

"Ligaya," he cried out her name, "I have returned!"

She did not move. She must have thought she was hearing things again. Hers was a closed world.

"Ligaya," he called again.

This time she turned around to see where the voice came from. Her hair was gray and silver; her face thin and drawn. He could hardly recognize this woman whose aging face reminded him that she must have been a handsome woman once. So much had changed in so little a time.

Then the light went out of her. From eyes that were wide and swimming in tears, she looked at him across the length of the room. On her face was engraved an emo-

by REY YAP

tion indefinable by language.

She looked into his eyes, looked at the dark man from beneath whose sun-tanned skin radiated the paleness of an undernourished body. In a moment she had run to him and buried her face on his shoulder. She was so light and so small and fragile. Tears kept rolling down her cheeks. And when he started to speak to her he spoke very quietly: "Everything is all right now... Take it easy... here, let me wipe those silly tears away!"

She was emotional, this woman! He held her by the shoulders and drew her apart from him. "Where is our child?" he asked, "I want to see him—"

She looked beyond him with unseeing eyes. Then she lifted a hand and gestured flabbily, her finger pointing to where the villagers buried their dead. There stood a freshly-dug, small grave.

And he understood.

"Look," he said dryly, "I've brought you something! We don't have to worry anymore whether a storm will destroy all our crops or a typhoon is brewing in the sea. We can have everything we ever wanted! I have the giant pearl!"

The giant pearl bulged large in his pants-pocket, its brilliance seeping out like a divine light without successe. He fished it out with his hand to show it to her, but the very instant the rays of sunlight glowed on its sheen, it turned into dust. ¶



JUMP INTO MANILA

THE SHIP Bohol docked in Manila at three o'clock in the afternoon. Many truck and jeepney drivers rushed to the ship. "Aywan ko. Wala akong pupuntahan kahit saan." This was my answer in broken Tagalog when asked by a jeepney driver where I was going. I ignored him and bit my lips in an effort to hide my nervousness. The man sidled away, thinking that I was just one of those indifferent and arrogant millions he had met before, making life for him so grim and unbearable.

Actually I was at the height of my nervousness and at the ebb of

classes. This meant staying in the city; just which city, they did not know. I packed up my belongings (consisting only of all my denim and khaki pants and shirts) in a small old traveling bag and took a mat minus the pillow and blanket. A pillow and a blanket were extra baggage, so I thought. Good clothes... well I did not need them. I expected to land some manual work.

I had thought of my plan seriously, I considered all the possible things that might happen to me in Manila. I had prepared myself for the task I would engage in. I prayed to God and recited Holy Rosaries to the Blessed Virgin with the hope that she would guide and help me in my difficulties. I even begged God to exempt me from sin in not telling my parents that I was bound for the city of Manila. I took confession... just in case... Since the boat was leaving at night I spent my remaining hours in a show, "Hollywood or Bust". Perhaps for the last time I would see Marilyn, I thought.

The overpowering curiosity of how life would be without a home, away from parents and friends... my love of outdoor life... the desire to learn more practical things...

by Uldfonso Lagcao

my health. The three-days' sailing was rough and enduring. The sequence of a very hot day and a very cold night developed a terrible cold in me. I paid only half of the regular fare (I had no other money) and was therefore placed in a dark room together with pigs, goats, chickens, barrels and sacks. Oh! what an indescribable stinking smell all around me. Moreover, there were bad omens and dreams which I had during my scanty sleep and idle musings. One time I dreamed that I had returned home and saw our house covered with black cloth all over. On the ship's wall, which was greased with dirt and animal wastes, I saw either pictures of the swollen face of my mother, or of myself inside the Bilibid prison with Tondo vagrants, or of my body being hounded by Manila teen-agers and beaten beyond recognition.

Barely four days ago I was with my parents and friends in Cebu. It was Monday, April 22, 1957, the beginning of regular summer classes, a day which was also memorable because it marked the realization of a plan which I had been plotting since my childhood.

Early that morning I had awakened. I had already secured my parent's permission to take summer



the thought of new experiences... the boring class lessons... the fight against the monotonous way of living... an article in the Reader's Digest (Jean Walter's School of Adventure, Feb., 1957)... all these things prompted me to embark on my adventure. But since to obtain my parents' consent would spoil the fun and erase the thrill of it, I decided to sneak away without telling them. However, I left a letter and it read in part like this:

"Dear Ma and Pa,

I am going to one of the big cities in the Philippines, the name of which I will not disclose. You might go after me. My reason in going there is the same as that for which I had stayed in USC, i.e. to learn; to take summer classes in the school of experience with the city as my classroom and circumstances as my teachers.

I have with me only P15, a rosary, my identification card and Fr. Baumgartner's recommendation letter. (I told him about the plan; he favored it and gave me this recommendation note). These things, I believe, will sustain me while I am away.

Your loving son,
Baby"

It was Wednesday, April 24, when I arrived in Manila. I was almost dead. Where should I go? I knew nobody here? I felt my pocket to make sure I still had my P5.00, the money left after I paid the ten pesos for my fare. But what would I do with only five pesos? A certain feeling began to get hold of me. Was it remorse? I looked down; I saw the water so inviting. I almost yielded to its invitation when the boat whistled. Time for its departure for Davao. This got me on my feet and I descended the gangplank.

I was met by a husky jeepney driver who helped me carry all my things to his jeep. Manila must be a good place, I thought. Even car drivers are courteous. In Tagalog he inquired where was I going. The question struck me dumb. Where would I go? I knew by name many places in Manila but... then I remembered UST.

The minutes passed and soon I was right in front of the main entrance of UST. I asked the driver how much was my obligation. "Cinco pesos po," was the immediate reply. I knew I had been duped. He had been courteous in carrying my things to his car. And

(Continued on page 30)

A MANEUVER In The Transcendent...



Christmas
wienie
roast
party.

● they're a bunch of shy souls. too many of them are lost upon themselves. quite content to take the second place if not the lost place, they all stay in the background, handy props for their more gregarious classmates. university affairs come and go. dancers and actors traipse on the stage. the booths are set up... the parade passes by... but when the last finsel and chair has been dumped back to its usual position and the university settles down once more to plan for the next holiday, they are still standing around, wondering what it was all about. the celebration all over? the commerce boys are still gloating over their float... the architecture and law know-it-alls are still sporting smiles this wide... but what about them—the ph.b. group and the a.b.—the so called "brains of the university?" nowhere. where did they all hole up? the university rolled on its star-studded calendar but the ph.b. "geniuses" stuck to their battlements—their books. likewise from the ranks of the liberal arts dept.—not a squawk. not even a squeak. whenever any representation was made, only a handful had a hand in it. it was an old story...

● rev. fr. goertz, the dean of the liberal arts, encouraged his students to take the initiative... to organize... to unite... to plan... after all, one can do no more than guide... but the students didn't seem to care. it was a losing fight in the beginning. the pre-med, the pre-law, the pre-nursing organizations were isolated islands divided from the still more remote a.b. and ph.b. exiles. 1957 was notable from viewpoint of organization. the first and second year split up into small sections—into class and year divisions, but the third and fourth year fused into one under a chairman and a seven member committee. friendship is a fragile pattern of charmed associations that only a spider web of frequent and friendlier contacts, personalized by each one, can weave. sunday meetings for the third and fourth year a.b. and ph.b. students was a flanking technique employed by the committee to select the key student leaders who could take the lead in welding the organization into one body. the groundwork for the objective was first spaded up in miramar, talisay where they had a picnic on july 11. chaperoned by mrs. f. escasinas, mrs. caesar and Miss I. amigable who enjoyed it but de! a lot of surprises were uncovered there. rita palma (a.b. 4) who makes radio singing a hobby exhibited her diving and swimming acrobatics... eufemia fermin (a.b. 3) and Jesus sala (p.b. 3) who strummed their ukeleles never knew about rudy morales (a.b. 3)'s proficiency in it... you should've heard the rich baritone voice of antonio bernandez (a.b. 4) who never says a thing in class. guess who were the shyest? Juan Lopez (jr.?) and mr. manda (ph.b. 3)... they cooked up a unique setting for their second affair—on the feast of our lady's assumption—aug. 15. a mountain-climbing party in lahug. Jose po (ph.b. 3) who asked "what are we going to do there?" got more than he bargained for when the group started discussing philosophy, life, and reality with mr. d. maglalang, the lone chaperon.

(Continued on page 16)

STARTING *and* EXPANDING in ACCOUNTING PRACTICE

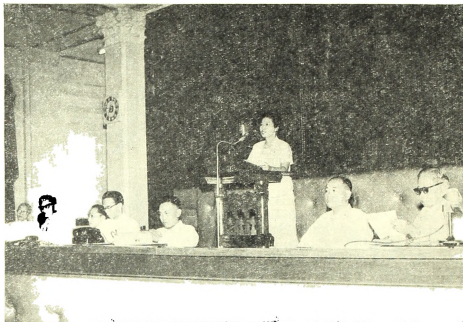
by miss amparo f. rodil

THE MOST immediate and baffling problem the young CPA encounters is how to translate his four-year college training and education in terms of clients and gainful business relationships. If daunted by keen competition and pressured by the immediate material needs of his family, most likely the young CPA will settle down employing the minimum of his talent and energies to a moderate-paying office job, or, to a teaching job at some university. In either case he is an employee, his native capacities and initiative limited and hampered by the objectives and purposes of the business and his employer. As he allows more years to come between himself and the time when he launches an independent enterprise and practice of his own, he loses more and more his courage, spirit of independence and that youthful zest necessary to get by the hard beginning years of practice.

The "time element" is a very powerful business associate of a young CPA. If he cooperates with it, it will yield him profitable returns. If, however, he allows it to pass by over his head without his cooperation, it will work against him, and no matter how much investments in effort or money he will put forth to make up, he can never quite regain what he lost. The most opportune time for a young CPA to start his own practice is the day right after he passes his board examination. This may be an overstatement, but it is to emphasize the fact that postponing one's practice for the time when one's services has been engaged by two or three big retainers or when one has sufficient capital to rent an office space and buy office equipment, is actually losing the rich opportunity of meeting new people, proving one's capacities, making one's services desired and invaluable—in short, entrenching one's self slowly but surely into the business and financial world for which he was painstakingly prepared and adequately trained. The first rule therefore is: **START SOONER THAN SOON ON YOUR OWN.** After having gotten a start, though it may be a hard and rough up-hill-climb, the young CPA will have won half the battle

and income for himself than another who took too much time before starting his practice to earn a Master of Arts degree.

It goes without saying that the young CPA who launches himself early into practice must be willing to work longer than eight hours a day. He should have intelligence



Miss Amparo F. Rodil, Head of the Accounting Department of the University of San Carlos and President of the Cebu Chapter, Philippine Institute of Accountants, speaking on "The Problems of Small Practitioners" at the Symposium during the First Far East Conference of Accountants and 11th Annual National Convention of the PIA held in Manila from Nov. 29 to Dec. 1.

for himself.

The young CPA should realize at the outset that his is a practice that is markedly different from that of other professions. It is characterized by a very enviable stability springing from the very nature of the practice. For instance, fees are based on regular and periodic retainers. These retainers seldom change, unless for a very extreme reason, their accountants for very understandable reasons. While this inherent stability of the practice provides stable earnings for the old-in-the-field practitioner and engenders a close relationship with the client, this very stability works disadvantageously against the young CPA whose practice without leaving much choice is necessarily narrowed down to small and new business firms. With these unalterable picture of the accounting profession, one comes to realize more and more the importance and decided advantage of priority in practice. The not so brilliant graduate in accounting with the "time element" on his side coupled with persistent efforts and charming personality may make a bigger name

and the stamina to divide his time between earning a living and starting a practice by making himself available regularly every day to people who may need his services. The present irreducible living costs of maintaining his family should not deter him from building his practice slowly and gradually, until the time comes when he has enough clientele to stand on his own.

Once firmly started, he encounters the second problem: expanding his practice. This problem calls for more than just knowledge and hard work. The practitioner must attract other clients by displaying a sound judgment, maturity, emotional stability, poise, tact, diplomacy, humor even under physical or emotional strain, and leadership without eliciting resentment for others. By taking time out of one's duties and practice to see friends and business acquaintances, joining a social club or civic group, the practitioner is giving himself sufficient and splendid opportunities to display these qualities. It develops a reputation and builds up his practice. One's reputation is also enhanced by speaking to groups and

writing articles for publication. A large group of people comes under the influence of his knowledge and charm every time he speaks or writes. No medium perhaps places him on a higher level of esteem at one time than speaking or writing.

Another way of keeping that reputation is by being a recognized authority on a certain field or subject. This, of course, calls for research and serious study, because the specialist's fee is incomparably higher than one who is not. In building his reputation, the practitioner materially decreases the time he has to attend personally to his clients. He should therefore hire the help of a competent staff properly oriented and trained to handle that phase of the work which could be delegated. In delegating this work he should not, however, lose close touch with his clients. He should have a ready answer to their question and should be able to anticipate their needs.

The practitioner should realize that his own practice, like other businesses can survive competition only if he constantly applies himself, his time, his staff to giving no less than the best service to his clients. At the bottom of starting and expanding one's practice is hard work, solid knowledge, and a very charming personality. ‡

Cdt Col Melecio Ajero...

(Continued from page 5)

But it was not Mely's destiny to be just one of those lesser officers who led a unit which won the star; it was his destiny to be the highest officer of such a unit. For it was during his second advance-course year, 1955-'56, when he was the corps commander, that the USC ROTC unit got its second consecutive star... and glory. It was at the zenith of triumph that he culminated his four years of military training.

Now in his last year in the College of Architecture, he has this to say about the three stars and what made it possible for USC to achieve them:

"Our victories—worthy of the immortal books—are the happy fruition of the untiring efforts of and close cooperation among the administration, the commandant, the officers, and the cadets. These are the factors that—if imbued with the qualities that are needed of them, as they have been imbued since the very beginning of three star-studded years—would always assure us of victory," ‡

Miscellany

GALEOS AND THE HEADLINES...

When a woman takes the Board examinations and merely passes it, that's news but certainly not newsworthy.

But, when a married woman, an expectant mother, with little time for review, takes the exams and then not only pass but lands among the "top ten", that certainly is not only news but really newsworthy.

And so when the results of the examination for Licensed Chemists held last May, 1957, were released, we got a good dose of newsworthy news.

Mrs. Rebecca L. Galeos copped the seventh place with a final rating of 83.45%. Out of the 112 examinees who took the Board examination only 4% made the mark.

To many of us who are not familiar with Mrs. Galeos' academic standing, her record seems rather unbelievable, considering the fact that the new chemist is not only a teacher, but a wife and a mother of six children.

It is, however, noteworthy to recall that the successful examinee was the same woman who hit the headlines in 1948 when she romped off with the No. 3 berth of the Pharmaceutical test. This is not too surprising for in her high school and college days, she was always at the top of her class. She finished her Pharmacy course at the National University in Manila, Summa Cum Laude, despite the fact that she was then working in one of Manila's business establishments.

While teaching in San Carlos whose Faculty she joined in 1948, she enrolled in the College of Liberal Arts and took subjects leading to B.S. Chemistry which she completed in March of last year.

The former Miss Longakit is happily married to Mr. Jesus Galeos, an employee of the Cebu Portland Cement Company, Naga, of this province.

Mrs. Galeos not only earned laurels for herself and her Alma Mater but, more important, she has disproved the wrong notion common among students today: that when one is working or busy with extra-curricular activities, one barely has time to study. Mrs. Galeos shows there is always time to study, if only you have a heart for it.

Her accomplishment does not only deserve a warm hand, or merit a mere recognition. It also serves as an example that ought to be emulated by all students, sleepyheads and otherwise. . . .

by Sixto Ll. Abao, Jr.

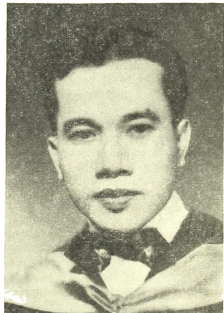


Mrs. Rebecca Longakit Galeos
... Seventh place

A "JUNKET" ABROAD...

Reliable sources revealed recently that Atty. Marcial L. Fernandez, USC Law '51, left for the States a few months ago as a NEC-ICA grantee to take courses in labor law at the famed Harvard and Cornell Universities. At the same time, he will observe the actual implementation of the different aspects of American labor laws by the National Labor Relations Board. Congratulations!

Included in his travel grant was a
(Turn to next page)



Atty. Marcial L. Fernandez
Commissioner, CIR

MISCELLANY

(Continued from page 15)

trip to Puerto Rico where he will study the nation's labor conditions and give some lectures on our own labor laws.

Atty. Fernandez is from Dimiao, Bohol. He completed his high school and law in San Carlos. After his graduation from college, he joined the government service as a commissioned officer in the Judge Advocate General Service. Later, he was assigned in the Department of Labor as a Public Defender. Some few years after, he became Commissioner in the Court of Industrial Relations in Manila, which position he holds at the present.

Carolians are on the go for bigger and better days. . . .

following among our men today. We thought chivalry belonged to the past. But we were ten seats wrong when Mr. Jumalon of the Paint and Brush Department stood up and, like a knight in shining armor, took the cudgels for the femmes. He alleged that applying this rule to our marms would lower the dignity of our teachers, since it is not uncommon that uniforms are being donned by salesgirls in bazaars and waitresses in restaurants. To which we cannot agree. Just as it would be most unfair to conclude that So-and-So is a non-compos mentis simply because there are so many baldheads in downtown Mandaluyong.

ON GARCIA'S AUSTERITY. . .

Pres. Garcia's "Austerity Program" is highly commendable if only to save the Philippines from total economic collapse. But, judging from the way life goes inside Malacañang (Incidental Intelligence supplied) we doubt if the President is all too sincere about this phase of economics that is now threatening the Philippines.

Austerity to be workable must be addressed not to the rural folk (they have been practising austerity even before Magellan and Legaspi waded into our shores), but to our shrewd businessmen and cunning officials who have always turned deaf ear to the cries of the masses for more food and more clothing. Pres. Garcia must practice austerity himself, including immediate members of his family.

FROM THE PIPELINE. . .

That lady-teachers should wear uniforms made a lovely topic of discussion among our mentors in one of the confabs presided over by Father Rector recently. An open debate developed when Atty. Garcia, in answer to Mrs. de Veyra's report that, despite the stringent rules issued by her Office, many students still do not wear the campus attire, suggested that lady-teachers themselves should wear uniforms if only to show that laws are made not for the students alone but for all, including teachers. This, according to him, would in effect curb or stop delinquency among our coeds. Bravo, maestro!

We thought chivalry has lost its

A Maneuver in the Transcendent

(Continued from page 12)

lively marietta alonso (a.b. 3) and laurdes rifareal (p.h.b. 4) who were enthusiastic about the scenery "contaminated" "contemplative" helen ong (a.b. 4) and felipe yap (p.h.b. 3) busy fighting his shyness. . . the year closed with a big bang with a christmas weenie roast party at the residence of mr. and mrs. j. marinez. pre-medites enrique gandiongco, eucharistia veloso, and estrella osano were among the new faces. a twilight drizzle that sent everybody running for cover, including fr. baumgartner and fr. goerts, enlivened the group who had to scramble, scooping up tablecloths, spilled food, drinks and all from the lawn. . . yet in their social affairs as in their more serious undertakings the group retained not only their sense of humor but that sober sense of responsibility in their welcome as their visitors from the first and the second year. . .

● . . . january 24. . . a meeting called by the committee was attended by all the dept. officers of the pre-med, pre-law, and pre-nursing. consolidation went into full gear as they unanimously voted for jesu estanislaos' (p.h.b. 3) plan for a liberal arts-sponsored program on march 7 for st. Thomas Aquinas' Day. . . it looks like they'll need the writing talents of rey yap (a.b. 3) manuel go (pre-law 2) and teresa abesamis (a.b. 4) if their weekly paper graduates into a regular publication. . . oh yes, they're hatching up a lot of things. you're going to hear a lot about this group. . . if you'd care to join them, you may hitch a ride with them for their last social affair—a picnic in kawit before classes disband. ‡



Soft Voices

by Junna Cañizares

i.
wave the hand, wave the hand
the boat is moving from the pier,
and see, see the pretty hand
with the flower: "o darling dear."

some sweet words he utters
to her he did not say before,
but the noise has powers—
it melts his poem on the shore.

now, he still waves his hand
though the boat has been lost from
sight—
searching the pretty hand
in the heart of the moonless night.

ii.
there are adieux which imply
TARRY or DO NOT GO.
yea, i often hear them
said in soft voices seemingly
remorseless.

there are adieux, too
tinged with dreams of coming
back.
and there are very sentimental
ones,

those that mean:
I SHALL WAIT FOR YOU, or
WE SHALL GO.

iii.
yes, we can make
sterling goodbye poems,
that shall remain. . .
even if we'd gone away for good.
no, we need not write them
for our footsteps are words
and cedulas, auto-biographies.

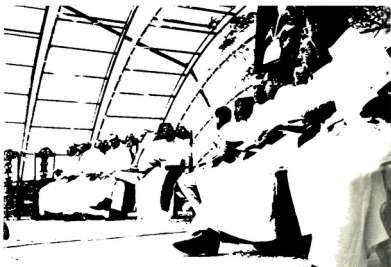


Photo
by P. T. UY

USC during POPE'S DAY Celebration



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photo
P. T. UY

Carolinians celebrate CHRISTMAS





Photo
by P. T. Uy

Christmas Break for Library Personnel (below)





EXCURSION! - College of Commerce and College of Lib. Arts

Photo
by P. T. UY



HOW IT CAME ABOUT

IT ALL began one afternoon last November when the Office of the Supreme Student Council received two invitations — one from the Conference Delegates Association (CONDA) and another from the National Union of Students (NUS)—to their "winter conference" in Baguio City, Dec. 26 to 31, 1957.

In no time we were faced with certain problems: Whether or not to accept the invitation. If so, to which organization, and the size of the delegation.

These seemingly vexatious questions were the subject of a series of discussions between Fr. Rector and myself—a problem which was terminated only when Fr. Rector decided: "I will send you to the NUS—alone!"

And so, after some whirlwind preparations, I found myself, together with two other companions from Cebu, (UV sent Mr. Manuel Oyson, Jr. and USP, Mr. Antonio Pahang) aboard the fast-going *Fernando Escario*—arriving in Manila in the evening of the twenty-fourth, barely four hours prior to Christmas day. We were met at the North Harbor by Congressman Osameña's car which immediately whisked us to his palatial residence on Fisher Avenue, Pasay City, where we were dinner guests at his Christmas eve party, the only ones outside of his family circle.

THE TRIP TO BAGUIO

Early in the morning of the twenty-sixth, we assembled at the BAL station on Quezon Blvd., where eight first class busses were waiting. After all the delegates were accounted for, the busses rolled on, convoy-style. In due time we found ourselves traversing the vast central plain of Luzon—through Bulacan, Pampanga, Tarlac and Pangasinan. Finally, after around six hours of travel, we reached the City of the Pines.

THE SIGHT-SEEING TOUR

After billeting ourselves at *Patricia de Baguio*, the foreign delegates went on a sight-seeing tour of Baguio. Mr. Oyson, Jr. of UV and myself were designated members to represent the Philippine panel during the tour. We were able to cover these places: *Jesuit Hill* (it's so high you have to climb something like 350 steps before you get to the top, to say nothing of the fairs and near-fairs on the way!), *Mines View Park*, *Executive Mansion* (one reason everyone likes to be President), *Wright Park*, *Burn-*



The heads of delegations during the Philippine Student Congress held at the Cañao room of the Pines Hotel last Dec. 30. May be seen in picture are Chairman *Fernando Laguna* (with back to camera) and President *Balbuena* (as indicated by arrow.)

SAN CARLOS goes to BAGUIO

by **Vicente G. Balbuena**

President, Supreme Student Council

ham Park, Cottages of the Supreme Court Justices, Camp Allen, Teachers' Camp, Senator de la Rosa's residence, and so many other scenic spots that go to make Baguio the "Mecca of Tourists".

THE CONFERENCE PROPER

The conference proper was set from Dec. 27 to 30, the first three days of which were held at the spacious auditorium of St. Louis College, and the last at the Cañao room of the Pines Hotel. Fourteen countries were represented, and more than 200 delegates from 23 institutions from a greater part of the Philippines participated.

The conference opened with an invocation by His Excellency, Most Rev. William Brasseur, D.D., Vicar Apostolic of the Vicariate of Mountain Province.

During the first two days we had occasion to hear the enlightening speeches of the following speakers: Dr. Albert Wilson of the Asian Foundation on "The Responsibility of Student Leaders"; Dr. Vidal Tan, adviser of the NUS and former president of UP, on "The Role of Advisers of Student Organizations"; Dr. Teodoro Evangelista, president of FEU, who urged the Filipino students to fight for their goals; Director Benigno Aldana of the Bureau of Public Schools, who challenged the youth to actively participate in civic affairs; and Ambassador H. E. Pir Ali Muhammad Rashdi of the Islamic Republic of Pakistan to the

Philippines, who emphasized the revival of spiritual values as a means to solve the ills of humanity. All their speeches were followed by open forums.

That the NUS is really bent on combatting any form of exploitation by vested interests, was apparent from the tenor of Adviser Tan's speech. In the open forum that followed his speech, I had the chance to ask Dr. Tan as to what he would do as adviser in case one of the top officers of the NUS should commit himself openly to any politician. His reply came quick and fast: "I will resign!"

In the afternoon of the 28th we were divided into ten discussion groups composing the various Commission Workshops. I was with CW No. VI and we had for our topic "The Student Leader's role in achieving unity and responsibility of national student organizations and his relation to student leaders of other schools."

The fourth day of the conference was the plenary session at the Pines Hotel. As expected, it was the most riotous and stormiest part of the whole conference—what with a few microphone-hungry delegates whose predilection for shouting was only equalled by their desire to impress everyone! A lingual free-for-all ensued, and many thought the conference was almost headed for the worst, were it not for the presiding chairman's ability to handle situations like those.

(Continued on page 80)



*He writes because
he loves writing
He writes because
he loves.
He writes.*

The Writer by Gerardo Lipardo Jr.

IT WAS sunset and he was sitting alone in the park, feeling lonely and tired and funny inside. He thought it funny to be sitting on so long a bench, alone—alone with loneliness.

An overwhelming weariness seeped into his being, and he looked about leisurely, seeking comfort in the silence of life around him. The sunset was very beautiful, and soon he was gazing at it, composing silent poems, singing sadly within, thinking, saying to himself: I'm alone, I'm alone—alone with loneliness; on Adam without an Eve; a lonely writer gazing—gaz-

ing far away, building castles of words in the vast kingdom of his thoughts. He smiled to himself. Building castles of words in the vast kingdom of his thoughts. He thought that was a beautiful line.

He was startled by the sound of laughter. He looked about. He never noticed that it was already twilight and that he was no longer alone in the park. He saw them: men, women and children; a man and a woman together on a bench, thinking that the world was all for themselves; children running around, never getting tired and lonely and sad; peanut vendors and ice cream peddlers and pop corn sellers...

He stopped thinking. He felt a little envious with their presence, people who never know the real pain of loneliness. But it is because they aren't writers, he thought. Ah, he said, I would make them cry. I would write something sad, something that would make people cry, so they might know what I know and feel what I feel. I would tell them of the mournful sighs of a dying mother, whispering her last goodbye to her only child; and of the tears of a wounded soldier, writing his last letter to his love; and of so many things sentimental, touching and sad. Then they would cry, he thought.

Inside, he was laughing. He thought it funny making people cry. He himself sometimes saw them, people reading his stories and crying. He did not really want them to cry. After all, they were just stories; he made them. He did not want them to cry because he

knew they would find reasons for laughing later. And then they would forget his stories, laughing.

The conversation of the man and woman next to his bench attracted his attention. They were talking in English. They were young as he was. They were happy. He envied them. He was young but sad; he was a writer. He liked to see their faces, but it was already dark. He was far and he could not make out their features. He waited for cars with headlights to pass by. The girl stood up for a moment, and a flash from a speeding car gave him a quick idea of her.

That girl, he thought. Very like Lanie. It is Lanie, he murmured to himself. But she could not be here, he said. Her mother is very strict and she is a good girl. He knew this place. She could not be here with a man at this time. Her mother would not permit her. That girl is not Lanie, he thought.

And then he remembered Lanie. He said. Her mother is very strict partly, and he even remembered the very words he heard and spoke that night.

"Lanie, this is Ben..." he had been introduced by his host. "A good student; a writer and a writer and a writer."

They had laughed together. Then they had been conversing with each other.

"You know," she said shyly, "I like poems and stories and novels."

"And writers too," he added trying to sound lively.

"And writers too," she said smiling.

He had wished to stop her. No, you should not, he should have said. Writers are queer people. They are not for you. They are really queer. They try to make people cry when they themselves laugh, or make people jump with joy when they themselves write in pain.

Lanie is pretty. He saw her himself. And they told him she is a good girl too, very kind and understanding. It is because she has a strict mother, they said. And she really has a golden character, somebody told him. An ideal girl, he thought.

After that party, he met her seldom. Sometimes they would meet in school but only sometimes. But everytime they would meet, she would not fail to smile at him. And he thought there was something very beautiful in her eyes, something he could only see but could not write. But then they would not meet for a long time again.

And he would write stories because that was his business; but sometimes, he would get tired writing stories and would feel lonely and sick. Then he would write letters. Writing letters was easier. He wrote them when he was lonely and had nothing to do. That was what he usually did. And he wrote Lanie some letters—letters that would have given him knowledge of that part in her thoughts that was secret to him. That was, if she had

A Short Story

THE CAROLINIAN

answered them. But he never had an answer because he never sent her any of his letters; he just filed them in between the pages of his ever thickening diary. So he never knew anything more about her, not even the meaning of her smiles she gave him everytime they met.

A parade of car headlights lighted his face for a moment, and for the first time, he noticed the man and the girl peering at him. The cars passed, but still she continued peering into the darkness trying to make something out of him. He felt ill. Maybe, he thought, they are just curious about my being alone—my utter loneliness. Why can't they leave me alone, he protested to himself.

He stared at them in the darkness. A sudden feeling of certainty excited him. That girl is really Lanie, he was talking to himself now. Her height, the parting of her hair, that tall nose, it is she, he thought. But it was dark and he could not be sure. He was going to find out; he must be sure. Lanie could not be here. Her mother would not permit her. That girl could not be Lanie.

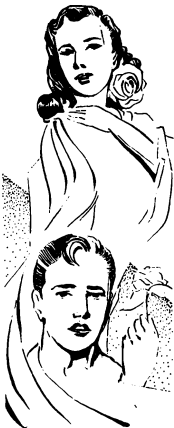
But what does it matter to me if the girl happens to be Lanie? he asked himself quite unexpectedly. The new thought startled him, putting out all his excitement. And what does it matter to me if the girl is Lanie? he was asking himself again, begging for an explanation. She has nothing to do with me and I have nothing to do with her, he said rather contemptuously. He seemed amused at his own stupidity: trying to know something which he did not want to know.

But he could not keep still. Sometimes the girl would glance at him in the darkness, annoying the man beside her and making him restless. He felt that somehow the girl recognized him in the darkness. As he was figuring them, he concluded that the man beside the girl was rich; the man's uniformed chauffeur was anxiously waiting for the two. But he was not interested who the man was. He could be anybody. All he wanted to know was the truth about the girl, whether she was Lanie or not. His thought was making a doubtful assertion: the girl is Lanie. But is it true? he was asking himself.

"Peanuts, mister!" A peanut vendor frightened him.

"Yes... ask your mother. We are engaged. Understand!" the man beside the girl said clearly in English. His voice was rather loud in the silence. The girl looked away.

(Continued on page 28)



3 Sonnets For Her

I

Your beauty, dear, no art has yet conceived,
Outshines the glory of the eastern skies;
I'm awed when'er I gaze but not deceived
Upon the beauty that beams within your eyes!
Beneath your smiles, which fast my sorrows heal
My spirit leaps in ecstasy of love.
And in your presence can I gladly feel
A rapture fairer than the bliss above!
With you, fair maiden of my sweetest song,
My toils are sweet amid a world of pain.
The very thoughts of you which now prolong
A canticle of bliss upon my brain
Assuage the living anguish of my life
Forever mix'd with tears, with pain and strife!

II

Sweet Maiden mine, you are the only queen
I've set upon the altar of my heart;
For ne'er in my life so happy have I been
As when you promised: we will never part!
Before this idol thought within my mind
I pause to smile, for like the saints above
I love you, dear! And so be good and kind
To me who breath for nothing but your love.
Yes, give me but the joy beneath your eyes
To live and drink the poison of its charms,
Then I shall ask no fairer paradise
Than this: to nestle in your tender arms!
But will you be a friend to me forever
Or can you pledge that you'll forget me never?

III

Yes dear, we know we will be far apart,
And for some years I will be far away,
But bright within the chapel of my heart
I'll keep your love to shine and cheer my way!
Yes, we are friends; this happy thought, oh never
Must we forget. And thus be always true
For now I swear that through the years forever
I'll have no one to cherish, love but you.
You're all to me. And I'll seek no fairer prize
Be it a kingly throne or golden crown,
With you I'm rich and it's my paradise
On earth the kingdom of your heart to own!

But now I'll leave, though in my heart the pain
Still throbs, for this I know: We'll meet again!

by amable taibee

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We received a lot of good material for this column—a healthy sign that our students are awake to the things that are of great moment to our nation. But we regret to announce that for lack of space, we could not publish all of them, much as we wanted to.

POTENCIANO DE LOS REYES JR. College of Law, says:

I fully disagree with the idea that Vice President Diosdado Macapagal be given a cabinet post, for to quote Senator Recto, "... that would just be like placing a square peg in a round hole.

The theory that his victory is tantamount to the people's wish that he be made a cabinet member is highly debatable. But it's clear that if anything should happen to President Garcia the people want Mac to succeed him.

That Macapagal is a politician is certain. Therefore, the possibility—though very remote—still exists that when given a cabinet position he will be in a position to sabotage the administration to further his own political interest for the next presidential elections. The ensuing squabbles will be more disastrous to the nation as a whole rather than to the ruling or the opposition parties.

Besides, his inclusion in a Nacionalista-dominated cabinet will be more disadvantageous to him and to his party. His success will be attributed to the administration, his failure to his part in the opposition. Since in a democracy there's need for an opposition, it would therefore be to the interest of both the NP and the LP and to the nation in general that "Honest Mac" should not be made a cabinet member. In fact, it would be proper to adopt



Fe P. Virtucio

Senator Recto's proposition that Macapagal be made a racket-buster, for he would then be in the capacity to perform his natural role as an oppositionist. Thus he will be able to prosecute those crooks whom he has denounced in the last election campaign.

SUNDAY LAVIN College of Commerce, says:

Our constitution does not provide that the President should appoint the Vice-President as a member of his cabinet. Although this is true, tradition will tell us that Vice-Presidents of previous administrations from Roxas to Magsaysay were always given important posts in the government.

The reason that Macapagal belongs to the minority does not justify his exclusion from Garcia's official family.

SHOULD VICE-PRES. MACAPAGAL BE GIVEN A CABINET POSITION?

FE VIRTUCIO College of Commerce, says:

Eligently, the people have spoken. The verdict rendered by them in the 1957 polls is incontrovertible evidence of the political maturity of our voting population. They voted according to the dictates of their conscience: no pressure, no party whip—a real vox populi!

Vice-President Macapagal, by education, training, and experience is a foreign affairs man. The people voted for him because they want him to translate into positive action what he has learned and experienced. In principle, he has differed from the foreign policy of the Nacionalista Party of which President Garcia is the titular head, but he is at home in foreign affairs.

President Garcia must forget party affiliation if only to show to the people that he is really serious about doing good for the Filipinos. Give "Honest Mac" a post in the cabinet; he more than deserves it.

GENEROSO J. GIL, JR. College of Liberal Arts, says:

The question was decided when a majority of the voting population catapulted Macapagal to the Vice-Presidency of the Philippines.

For what besides his belonging to the opposition are the objections



Sunday Lavin

to Macapagal? There may be some in power who are afraid that Macapagal, once included in the Cabinet might smell out some anomalies and, instead of hushing them up, as they would want him to do, proclaim the gruesome details from

the housetops. Or maybe they fear he might either block, or bare to the populace, what shady deals they have in mind to push through this year.

If all were clean and honest within the administration, there should be no objection to Macapagal's inclusion in that august assembly known as the Cabinet.

Mr. President, the people have manifested their trust in Macapagal as much, nay, even more than they have in you. To show yourself worthy of that trust, you must do the will of the people. As a public servant, you must do as the majority does and as the majority wills. As the majority of Filipinos



Generoso J. Gil, Jr.

have trusted him, Mr. President, trust Mr. Macapagal; give him an office of trust in your cabinet.

RICARDO CA. DAYAK

College of Commerce, says:

The Vice-President is only a heart-beat away from the Presidency. The former should therefore be given a position where he could train himself to meet responsibilities. Such a one is afforded by a cabinet portfolio.

VIRGINIA CABARON

Teachers' College, says:

President Garcia seeks to improve our economic situation. In an increasingly interdependent world such as we live in today, he could do this only by cultivating excellent relations with other countries, especially those from which

face of the people's insistence that he be given a cabinet post, of what consequence is that? The present party in power depicted itself as a servant of the people's mandate, and it is in this light that it was voted into office. Now, the people want Macapagal to serve them. But, as Vice-President, he has nothing to do, which is not service in any language. The administration then, must give him a cabinet post; it is the only way he can be useful, which is what the people want him to be.

SYLVIA ALINSUG

College of Law, says:

I don't believe in giving Macapagal a cabinet position. The ruling party now is the Nacionalista Party and Macapagal is a Liberal. The Nacionalistas are supposed to carry out their program of government

Mac can just stay where he is. Because, it is not only by being a member of Garcia's cabinet that he will become a good public servant.



Daniilo Gonzales

DANILO M. GONZALES

College of Liberal Arts, says:

If Macapagal should hold a cabinet position, whatever successes he may achieve would not be attributed to him. If, on the other hand there are blunders in the administration, he would be the most convenient scapegoat—he sabotaged the government, his detractors would say. It would therefore, not be wise for Macapagal to hold a cabinet post.

FILEMON L. FERNANDEZ

College of Law, says:

It has been a precedent under our governmental set-up to appoint the Vice-President to a cabinet post. I see no wisdom in the discontinuance of such a practice for the very reason that Mr. Macapagal belongs to the opposition and as such, he might pose a grave threat to the unity of the party in power. The standard of measure to be used in appointing public officials should be their capability to serve best the interest of the people, party affiliation notwithstanding. Putting their party interests over and above the national welfare bespeaks none too well of men who profess themselves to be public servants with the primary duty of promoting the welfare of the masses above all else.

Moreover, it can be said without fear of successful contradiction that Mr. Macapagal is a man of several talents. To have such talents lie idle would surely be exceeding the limits of wise austerity. Furthermore, the people certainly did not vote Mr. Macapagal to office merely

(Continued on page 26)

What Do YOU Think?

the Philippines could secure loans and assistance. To achieve such an end, we need a very good Secretary



Virginia Cabaron

of Foreign Affairs. Macapagal, with his prestige at home and abroad, with his unquestioned ability and experience, is the most logical man to fill the Secretaryship.

MILLARDO MAESTRADO MANSEGUIAO

College of Liberal Arts & Sciences, says:

It is my personal belief that the Vice-President should be made a cabinet member. It is true that he is not a Nacionalista; but in the

and uphold the principles for which the party fought tooth and nail. Now, if Liberal Macapagal is given a cabinet position, will he become a puppet of the Nacionalistas and work in support of policies which he and the Liberal Party fought before and even after the elections?

In our country, there is no bipartisan government. The winning party is held responsible for the success or failure of its administration. If Liberal Macapagal becomes a member of the Cabinet, who shall be the hero if he succeeds or the devil if he fails? Certainly, the Nacionalistas are not going to gamble on this. Macapagal, too, won't.



Sylvia Alinsug

What Do You Think?

(Continued from page 25)

ly to latten himself with the annual sum of fifteen thousand pesos (P15,000) just for waiting for Mr. Garcia to meet his demise. Mr. Garcia certainly will not feel comfortable about it either.

PANFILO IYOG

College of Liberal Arts, says:

Mr. Macapagal should be given a cabinet post. The people elected him because they believed that by doing so, they could derive an efficient and honest service from him through his active participation in governmental affairs. Now, his only duty as Vice-President is to



Panfilo Iyog

keep himself healthy... just in case the President dies, Macapagal can serve actively only by occupying a cabinet post.

It had been a tradition in previous administrations to give the Vice-President a cabinet post. When the sovereign people elected Macapagal to the Vice-Presidency, therefore, they also indirectly handed him a cabinet portfolio. The failure of the powers-that-be to grant Macapagal a cabinet post would be tantamount to suppressing the voice of the people—an act which is purely undemocratic and immoral.

PURA VILLALUZ

College of Law, says:

Vice-President Diosdado Macapagal should be given a cabinet position. His exemplary showing in the last elections showed that the Filipino people had trust and confidence in him. His high mental ca-

liver, honesty, integrity and industry can not be doubted.

The negotiations for the transfer of Turtle Islands from the British administration to our Republic was done through his diplomatic ability



Pura Villaluz

and tact and his knowledge of foreign policies. Why then, should he not be given a chance to serve his people as Secretary of Foreign Affairs?

The government needs Macapagal as an effective fiscalizer, a conscience of the party in power. Holding the second highest position in the country, he is expected to do what is good and best for his people.



Roque Cervantes

ROQUE CERVANTES

College of Engineering and Architecture, says:

In the last elections, voters crossed party lines to make use of the services of Mr. Diosdado Macapagal because they had, as they still have, an immeasurable faith in his integrity and ability. To deny "Mac" of the chance to do service which he could have only as a cabinet member, would be to ignore the people's mandate.

DELFIN DECIERDO

College of Liberal Arts & Sciences, says:

Why don't we forget politics and buckle down to honest-to-goodness administration of governmental affairs? Why fear sabotage from Macapagal simply because he belongs to the opposition? He is honest, isn't he? Macapagal should, by all means, be given a cabinet post.

ALFONSO LL. ALCUTIAS

College of Law, says:

Macapagal is an honest man. There is no question about his honesty. Because of this, he won by an overwhelming majority over his closest rival, Ex-Speaker Jose B. Laurel, Jr., during the last national elections. And in order to give him a chance to serve his country and people, President Garcia must discard party affiliation if he does not want the two million or so voters to blame him for not giving "Mac" that chance. If he (Garcia) is really sincere about his call for unity among our people, he must not hesitate to consider the appointment of tried-and-tested leaders of other parties to his cabinet, like Macapagal, a poor man with an unquestioned honesty and integrity who is making good as a public servant.

CARMELITA M. LUNA

College of Law, says:

Mac won with a decisive majority. Not to take his victory into account would be to make the decision of a sovereign people a mockery. What if he represents the minority? Was he not elected by both the Nacionalistas and the Liberals? If other Vice-Presidents in the past, who won only by small majorities were given cabinet positions, why not give Macapagal one, too? To have partisan affiliation as the only basis for cabinet appointments would be to disregard individual abilities and capabilities of the appointees. To disregard individual abilities is like putting mediocre officials in the top position in the government.

NEVA TAN

College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, says:

Cabinet members should be chosen on the strength of their merits—not party affiliations. Macapagal has all the necessary qualifications to be one: honesty and integrity, ability and experience. The people know this—otherwise, they wouldn't have disregarded party machinery to vote for him. #

by Manuel S. Go

paragraphs, incorporated

● Winning a star in 1955 was a great honor, but it was also a heavy burden on our shoulders because all ROTC units in the Third MA then took us for their common foe. And they went about their task of putting us down with the zeal and ardor of pugilists itching for a crack at the crown. They were on hand when we were inspected the next year and the year after that—always very generous with their boos and catcalls for the smallest boner we made. They took note of the way the tactical inspectors conducted the proceedings so they would know what to expect when their turns came. They took note of the mistakes we committed so they could profit from them. We were at a great disadvantage on this score because, being the "champions" we were always inspected first.

The tactical inspectors, too, it is said, were virtually prejudiced against us. They were keen about our flaws and shortcomings and tended to take our good points for granted. On the other hand, they were more lenient with the other units because they wanted these to "taste the win" which we were on the way to monopolizing. With this attitude of the inspectors, we would have lost if any unit were even ninety percent as good as we; but we were literally miles ahead of our nearest rivals, so they had to give us a second star and a third



A Few of USC's ROTC Officers
The weight of stars...



Students and a Building
What makes a University?

one the next year. We won in spite of all the odds against us.

Our unit has just been inspected for the year 1958. Were we good enough to win a fourth star?

● After a tourney way back during the CCAA cage test, one of my classmates said, "The loss of the USC Warriors to the UV Green Lancers is not mine." A remark of this kind is hardly flattering, but it sums up, quite unfortunately, the prevailing sentiment of the majority among us.

To the average Carolinian, school relations involve nothing more than his attendance of classes and compulsory activities. He does not consider school teams and representatives to be of any concern to him, and therefore, their triumphs and downfalls are not his and don't mean anything.

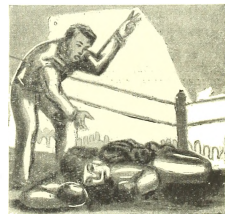
But his relations are actually more complex than that, and he should be made to realize their being so. He helps to make a great whole of something whose parts are interdependent to the extent that the loss of one is the loss of all others, and likewise, the triumph of one is the triumph of all. The predicament of the administration is as much the predicament of the faculty and the student populace. It is the same way around, too.

The student could perhaps comprehend this fact better if he were to look at the things, great or small, important or unimportant, that make his University as his own and were he to develop a feeling of special attachment to and concern for each of these. He may look at his University the way the author of this theme did:

"USC is many things rolled into one.

"It is the buildings—tall or short, big or small, concrete or wooden—and all their equipment and facilities. It is the library where I study, the chapel where I pray. It is the basketball court and the football field where I play, the armory where I learn my guns.

"It is the Father Rector and the Deans and their assistants who keep things going. It is Father John—the typical American, friendly and liberal—who chats with me and my buddies near the drug-store. It is Major Garcia who is



A Floored Boxer
People don't ask why.

hell-bent on making us win the fourth star. It is the account clerk with whom I had a heated argument over fees when I enrolled but who is now my good friend.

(Continued on page 30)

OUR LADY OF LOURDES

CONCEPTION," and immediately disappeared.

The words meant nothing to Bernadette and she kept repeating them on the way home so that she would not forget them. Pere Peyramale was stunned at the revelation of the Lady's name, and the crowds were overjoyed. What the people had thought from the start was true: it was Our Blessed Lady, and in what a title she had revealed Herself!

The crowds became increasingly greater at the Massabielle—especially as the curative powers of the spring water became better known, until finally the frightened civil authorities seized the grotto and boarded it up. (France was politically unstable at the time and all large gatherings were looked upon with foreboding.)

Consequently when Bernadette felt her last "call" to the grotto on July 16 (Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel), she had to take up her position on the other side of the Gave du Pau. However, when Our Lady appeared it seemed to Bernadette that She was just the normal distance away. It is not known what words (if any) were exchanged during this apparition, but when it was over Bernadette said that she had seen her Lady for the last time—at least in this life.

The grotto was soon thrown open to the public again when the people made direct appeal to the Emperor of France at that time, Louis Napoleon, who was then residing at a spot not very far from Lourdes.

The long period of examination and investigation by the Church was soon under way and on January 18, 1862, the apparitions of Lourdes were declared worthy of credence. Four years later, on July 21, the first crypt was dedicated and Bernadette herself was present at the procession and ceremony. She had been living these years with the Sisters of Charity at their convent in Lourdes so as to be better protected from the ever-increasing throngs who wished to see and touch her—all of which caused her the greatest embarrassment. Expressing a desire to join the Sisters, Bernadette left for their motherhouse at Nevers July 4, 1866, after a heart-breaking farewell to her family, whom she loved dearly.

At the convent Bernadette found neither peace nor happiness. There was a never-ending procession of

(Continued from page 3)

visitors, including prelates and distinguished persons, who wished to hear the story of the apparitions from her own lips. The Reverend Mother and Mistress of Novice, fearing for the humility of the young novice, and certain that the adulation of the crowds at Lourdes must have had some effect of vanity upon her, did all in their power to humble her in word and in treatment.

—As to the true state of Bernadette's humility we have only to consider her answer when asked why Our Lady had chosen to appear to her: "Why, because I am so stupid. If Our Lady could have found someone more ignorant she would have appeared to such a one."

Several times the girl was thought to be on the point of death, and it was after receiving the last sacraments on October 29, 1866 that she was received into the Order on what was thought to be her death bed. She however recovered, but the tuberculosis was now to attack her bones, and a large tumor formed on her knee, causing her great anguish and the most intense suffering, all of which she bore patiently and with resignation.

She suffered her martyrdom until April 16, 1879, when, with the crucifix strapped to her side because she was no longer able to hold it, she expired with the words, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for me, a poor sinner, a poor sinner."

Since her canonization her Feast has been kept on February 18, one week after the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes.

"I promise you happiness not in this world but in the other." "Penance, penance, penance." She spoke those words in a grotto once reputed to be an evil shrine, devoted to the worship of Her enemies.

Thus in the grotto of Massabielle Our Lady of Lourdes prefigured the end of the message of Fatima—"In the end my Immaculate Heart will triumph."

One hundred years ago, Our Lady, standing in a brilliance which replaced the former darkness of her enemies, was a radiant and shining reminder of the prophecy of the ages in which we are told this must always come to pass: "And I will place enmities between thee and the Woman, between thy seed and Her seed, she shall crush thy head and thou shalt lie in wait for Her heel." †

THE WRITER

(Continued from page 22)

passing a handkerchief over her cheeks.

An idea came to him. This peanut vendor, he thought. I'll buy peanuts, he planned to say. But first make a pass at that girl over there and tell me what she looks like. But he quickly realized that the idea was ridiculous; the vendor would never be able to give him a satisfactory description that would establish his certainty. And he wanted to be sure. And besides he would not waste money on peanuts. He had only enough money to buy stamps for his magazine stories.

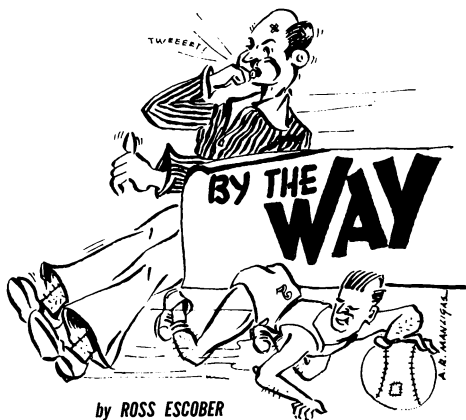
He decided to make the pass himself. But what if the girl is really Lamie, he said. What would she think of me, trying to get into her personal secrets. He knew he would be embarrassed. Very embarrassed. He knew he had nothing to do with her. But somehow the urge of finding the truth was in him already. It was irresistible. It was a passion. He felt that nothing much would matter after knowing the girl's identity, but somehow he felt that he must know whether the girl is Lamie or not. He must not doubt.

First, he planned to make the pass at their back. That was safer. But he thought it foolish to do so. He wanted to be sure. He was feeling brave and was very anxious of the truth. Why not right in front. He would anger the man, or even the girl; but he would not care. He wanted the truth. The truth and the truth alone.

He was amazed at his own bravery, never thinking he could do the feat again. He guessed right. The man got angry but he did not care about him. The girl glanced away because she was Lamie!

He knew the difference now, the thing that mattered after finding out the truth. In the first place, he was already sure, very sure; not a speck of doubt remained. Truth is light and everything became clear. But as he went down the dark and deserted street, alone, he felt a greater difference inside, one that came only after his knowing the truth. It was the very thing that mattered.

With hands in his trouser's pocket, he walked alone, lonely and tired, never minding his way in the darkness for he felt that darkness is the home of loneliness; and passing by a smoking garbage can, he paused. Wearily, he searched for his diary; and finding it, he tossed it into the garbage can and resumed his walk, into the darkness. †



by ROSS ESCOBAR

the prodigious output of the golden warrior spitfires adds a potent kick to the already acknowledged idea that when the warriors put their hearts in the game, the century mark falls far behind, to wit: manila, not one of the four top teams went over the 100 mark but the warriors did that three times.

doring cañizares deserves lots of kudos for consistent scoring will over sixteen points per. so does deen, cruz, reynes and the erratic performance of macoy who when hitting his stride is good for 25 points. republican max, in case you don't know, pizarras, is well on his way to being a seasoned teammate plus outside the court activities.

cebuanos never had it so good as when USC and UV, runner-up and champ of the ccaa took on their neaa counterparts and turned the tables on the bigtown boys. so much so that except for usc's single defeat at the hands of the mapua technicians the ccaa boys really put the clamp on the capital city's kingpin.

ten years is a long time for a prodigal crown to come back, even if not to the same school it once boarded at way back '46. all the same alcordero and his colleagues can be proud of producing nation-

al champions. some ccaa boys are doing great guns in the open meet like rosello and chambers practical-



Edgar Galdo

ly claiming victories for monserrat's cabmen.

peping rogado is one warrior whose stint is fraught with broken neck, thumbs, fingers and back. considering the points he made and the mad dashes he had, it is not surprising that the untimely departure of rogado from the games held in the big town was hailed as manna from heaven, at least until alter son carlos let off its one superb scoring machine.

fr. bernard wrocklage these days is swinging wide his pitching arms.

baseball and all that stuff. some say way back he had been a darn good player but we weren't able to check on that, besides cracking the bull whip now and then, fr. wrocklage is one athletic priest who isn't at a loss for words.

this column advocates that another sports great be added to the regular games. hogcalling, develops the lungs. makes men and supe?



Isidoro Cañizares

informant says it's great as caesar's ghost, that is, if you know caesar.

cebu's coach is the year's man of distinction. someone else around cebu may be a good one at that, but his players need more seasoning. nene ranudo once said a team fights on its pride, but then the boys, like the army, pride on its food, so there. although the comparison is ghastly, there is no offense meant to any of the parties.

dodong aquino for his recent entry is one coach who made his ccaa crown on the second year of tutoring and two time winding up in the finals of the intercollegiate hoopla, one as the tail-ender, fourth and recently landing third. climbing stairs is a hard job, especially when you have to sometime cuddle some ungodly athlete on the way. ♪



Boy de la Cruz

San Carlos Goes...

(Continued from page 21)

On the whole, though, everyone was one in the opinion that the conference was a resounding success.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS

San Carlos was greatly honored when it got a seat in the eleven-member Executive Board of the NUS, the most powerful governing body of the organization. Though I worked hard for it, I do not attribute it to pure maneuvering alone. On the contrary, I am most grateful for the votes of such girl schools as St. Scholastica's, Sta. Isabel's, St. Theresa's, St. Paul's, Holy Ghost, and others.

San Carlos was also privileged to edit one of the issues of the NUSette, the official publication of the conference, together with UV who was represented by Mr. Cyson, Jr. San Carlos was further honored when the members of the Executive Board thought it fit to appoint our university the organizer of the NUS Regional Committee for Eastern Visayas.

COMMENTS AND CONCLUSION

During the whole span of the conference, I felt how difficult it is to be alone in undertakings like the Baguio conference. Not because one head is less good than two, but because psychologically, there is strength in numbers.

While FEU sent 112 delegates, we had only one. Of course we can excuse ourselves—it was our first time. But the fact remains, there is need for adjustment.

It is my hope that in the future these defects will be remedied. ‡

JUMP INTO MANILA

What was the price of his courtesy? Five pesos? Well this is Manila, and perhaps this is the way they conduct business here, I soliloquized. Now I was penniless!

In UST, classes had just begun but enrollment was still going on. The entrance was jammed with many students and I elbowed my way through the crowd, with my mat (unwrapped) under my arm and my traveling bag in my hand.

Paragraphs, Incorporated

(Continued from page 27)

"It is my teacher in philosophy who makes an otherwise difficult subject a very simple one. It is my teachers in botany and math who teach me with the patience and concern of my mother. It is Mr. Espiritu who ever reminds me that I am in college to develop my leadership and therefore, must excel in scholarship. It is Mr. Bigornia who is very kind to me and my classmates, Mr. Vale whom I call "Aby" when we are not in the classroom. It is also the teachers whose names I do not know.

"It is the varsity basketball and football teams who make a lot of sacrifices so they could represent me well. It is the guy who almost broke his skull in his earnest pursuit of the leather. It is Julian McCoy who broke the post war scoring record in basketball.

"It is the cadet officer who almost made my sides burst from laughing when he said with all pomp and seriousness, "If the platoon leader cannot squat you, I will squat myself!" It is the editor of the school paper who never accepts my articles. It is the unknown fellow I bumped into at the corner, the librarian who was my classmate in high school. It is my buddies whom I call "jings," the guy from another province who always finds time to argue with teachers—even in such precise things as math. It is the beautiful girls I meet everywhere on the campus. But most of all, it is the girl in the next room who likes me. It is also the students whom I don't know and who don't know me either.

"It is... but, ah, who could make a list of it all? It is these and many

more. I have relations with them and they with me. I love them all!"

● When that all-time great fly-weight, Pancho Villa of the Philippines, fought the bout which cost him his life at San Francisco's Cow Palace, he did it so badly that he was easily licked by a neophyte. The people of the West Coast of the United States who saw him fight for the first and last time, hastily concluded that the pugilist, whom their countrymen on the East Coast were praising to the high heavens, was not a champ but a chump after all. The thought that Pancho could have done better never occurred to them. They only took him for what he was that night—a lousy fighter who must have been the same way all through his career, and they wondered how he ever became the world champion.

They didn't bother to ask why he performed so badly; but if they had, they would have known that Pancho was still undergoing treatment at that time, but against the will of his doctor, insisted in fighting as scheduled—just so he could please the thousands who paid to see him slug... and die.

The note behind this rather pathetic story is quite clear: people don't ask why you fumbled. They give you no leeway, no allowance, for your being human, and as such, subject to troubles and cares, either mental or physical, which affect your every performance to a large measure. They only take it into account the fact that you fumbled in the event where they happened to be witnesses, and therefore you are a failure,—and you must have been so all your life—the circumstances obtaining and your personal condition and disposition notwithstanding. The hasty conclusions that people make, warns the cautious and prudent that, as far as practicable, he should make attempts—especially those of competitive nature—only when he is at his best and the circumstances are unquestionably on his side; otherwise, he shouldn't make any at all. ‡

did I discover that there was no male around. Of course, there were the guard and myself, but really, I

(Continued on page 33)

The USC ROTC Department

(Continued from page 7)

An Indon among . . .

(Continued from page 9)

Flash!

JACINTO GADOR, a former cadet officer in the USC ROTC Corps, and a graduate of the Advanced Course passed the examinations given by the III MA to qualify him for direct commission in the regular force of the Philippine Army under the Finance Service. More than 30 took the exams. Only two passed.

Gador was also a USC Commerce graduate last March.

but also wins for him God's grace to reinforce that confidence.

As of this writing, this year's cadets have attained a degree of training more or less equal to that of previous years. How this 971-man corps will fair, we don't know. One thing is sure: The commandant and his staff and corps of officers are doing their best.

But this is not enough. The administration and the men in the ranks have to lay their cards on the table. This year, the four of them (commandant and his staff, officers, administration and men in ranks) have to exert an effort four times more than what they exerted four years ago—not individually but as a working team. Individually, the odds are against them. As a team, they stand with as good a chance as the other units. We leave the rest to luck.

Yes, San Carlos stands a good chance; perhaps a better one. Unlike other units whose commandants are new, we still have the experience of Major Anacleto S. Garcia. His staff is made up of the same old reliable who sweated and saw San Carlos romp away with the triple star. We still have T/Sgt Sofio Herrera who has been responsible for our high ratings in the theoretical examinations; he prepares all the poopsheets and tests for the infantry. Our ROTC records are complete. The credit goes to S/Sgt Pedro Carabana who has been keeping track of all records and statistics to enable San Carlos to be tops in administration since 1950.

As regards the corps of officers, the bunch should be better off than

the previous sets, they being the products of Major Garcia's system of training. Individually, the officers are good. But judging from the line-up, it seems that some of the right men are not in the right position. This year's corps commander, Cdt Col Louie Batongmalaque, could stand on equal grounds with his three predecessors. He may not have the brilliance of Labucay, but surely he has that exemplary leadership and discipline of Cdt Col Conrado Ajero. Although he has a commanding personality, yet it is his modesty and sense of humor that make him strikingly different from his group.

Another vital link in the chain of USC's training program is the role of the Chevron Fraternity, an association of all non-commissioned officers. Considering our size and the stiff competition, victory can only be attained if the phase of training is brought down the line and implemented by the men who directly control the squad.

That . . . is the strength of San Carlos this year. Like a chain, the unit is only as strong as its weakest link. How far this will withstand the stress of competition, is still a mathematical uncertainty. Whatever is the outcome of this year's tactical inspection, this must be borne in mind: ROTC training is not to win first place. If ever such honors come to a unit, it should be understood that it is nothing but due recognition to the superiority of training then maintained. In short, training should be or that forboding thought that as we train the battle is always the pay-off! :

gives language lessons to his house-mates.

This Indonesian student lives with the Mercado family in Pelaez Extension. Living with a Filipino family has further given him the opportunity to know the Filipino way of life.

Christmas of 1957 was memorable to Hubertus Wagolebo. It was his first in the Philippines. He not only spent an enjoyable Christmas vacation in Cebu; he also met fellow Indonesians who are studying in the State university; they were touring the South as part of their vacation then. He met a student from Flores who is taking up agriculture in Los Baños, Rizal. Most of all, Mr. Wagolebo has met our people and he likes them. :

Cdt Col Felipe Labucay

(Continued from page 5)

ever dream of, but he did not stop here. It would have been a waste if he did—he was too brilliant. Again he topped a theoretical examination. And this time it was of greater moment because he took it with graded officers of other units and PMA graduates.

On the strength of such a brilliant achievement, he was immediately offered a commission as a probationary second lieutenant in the Armed Forces of the Philippines. He accepted it, but stayed for only a few months so that he could pursue his academic studies.

He graduated last year after having been a consistent scholar right from his first year. :

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SWORN STATEMENT

(Required by Act 2580)

The undersigned, **ADELINO B. SITOY**, editor of **THE CAROLINIAN**, published six (6) times a year in English and Spanish, at P. del Rosario Street, Cebu City, after having been duly sworn in accordance with law, hereby submits the following statement of ownership, management, circulation, etc., which is required by Act 2580, as amended by Commonwealth Act No. 201:

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(Sgd.) **ADELINO B. SITOY**
Editor-in-Chief

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 20th day of November, 1957 at Cebu City, the applicant exhibiting his Residence Certificate No. A-1472010 issued at Cebu City on November 20, 1957.

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(Sgd.) **FULVIO C. PELAEZ**
Notary Public
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"I think of you my dearest as a distant promise of beauty untouched by the world. a promise that shall remain unstained despite the terror and the anguish around me... it was terrible losing you... but i fought for you and lost and yet i fought but finding you was such a miracle that everything i suffer is but a fragment in return."

ramblings in lower case

by Lourdes Jaramilla

wordy? arty? sure, it even sounds corny. reminiscent of a bygone era of elizabethan lyrics these lines from "love letters" smack of the glorious insanity of heathcliffe and st. elmo, the sugar knights in our salad days. what madness impels human beings to such heights! nowadays we don't have the time, the brains, the patience nor the heart to knock our heads composing sweet nothings like that. we bargain for love without preliminaries as though it was one of the commodities from an assembly line and move on to the next merchandise if the deal turns out to be a dud. sometimes it's incomprehensible why we lose our heads in its illusion when we have no idea of what we are getting into nor what we are facing. when a mere boy presses for an "answer" from a shywound, you can bet all the money you do not have—he hasn't a facsimile of what he is asking for! he isn't playing for keeps nor is he entirely out for fun either. all he really wants is a little love, a little real caring from someone who'd understand him. to him, his venture is a symbol of his independence, alienated as he is in his cactus-like barricade from a choking family life. the so called "valentino" is in search of a star too even as he consorts with the rest of the galaxy. could rex dilron's "you can't go around breaking hearts, and your own couldn't be too immune, could it? and hearts everywhere are still in the gold standard." hold any water? in a world of endless inconstancy we still know some people who still love and endlessly in the same story of mankind where everything telescopes into one eternal focus-point—love.

surely it's not wrong to want love. no one can live without love for long and still remain a person. suspicious of realities, we prefer our illusions intact, believing that with the comforting talisman of love, the world belongs to us in timelessness, where there is no today and no tomorrow. we look at a vast crowd

in a sea of neon lights downtown and stare at the strange faces that mask untold patterns of celebrated griefs and ecstasies and we wonder—what sort of dreams did they nourish when they were as young, as insecure and as lonely as we are? aren't we all looking for a little beauty in our lives? we hope for love to fill a gap in our lives. to alleviate the void of emptiness... for something to hold onto. we like this one because she has a gentle face... his mind is so beautiful... she alone is like me... we don't really know. sometimes the reason is beyond the grace of words. there are many things none of us will ever know.

a cornet love story we read once began: "does it ever really begin? was it not always there, a warmth, a knowing... a loneliness that only another's loneliness will still. it does not matter who is possessed or who the possessor nor where nor when the time... in a place not arranged... in a moment not prepared. ficked off by a clock private only to them... ask him if he remembers his first words. he cannot." when was the first emotional tie linked? look back into yesterday, a lifetime ago when you gave her jasmine blossoms for no reason at all little dreaming a reason would be found when they became a token... or the afternoon a stranger helped you gather sea-shells in a sandy speckled shore and you had found a starshell that isn't found on any beach... remember that evening you'd dropped in class with a strained face and a voice with the warmth of a dream came from out of nowhere—"are you sad?" such moments come only once. unique in each personal experience, unforgettable in its context. you are embarked on a "pilgrimage to an unknown country that is another's self, another's heart and mind and soul". here is where the poets go wild rhapsodizing on inanities about her eyes that surpass in glory all the stars in... never mind!

romeo goes on a binge with something silly like "if you have a sweet dream as i expect to indulge in tonight, tell me in the morning, will you? good night!" such nonsense are anything but—to a romantic kid who'd tag a gigantic significance to any careless word, a mere turn of the head or a tender look (he was sleepy really... men are fools to think they can get away with it and women even greater although they do not easily forgive or forget attempts to deceive them. but what if the feeling is not mutual? quite often the wrong people who're quite the opposite of what we want make life complicated while the one we're aiming at is as silent as a sphinx and as remote as the south pole. how does one kill with the breath of the angels? does one plunge the glory into his soul and still believe oneself incapable of a miracle? with this thought many girls often evade and hedge, playing for time as they desperately cast about for a gracious way to say the dreadful "no!" and in the same breath scheme a strategy to make "that indifferent dope" notice their existence. "these are the moments that try men's souls" when you wish you'd never seen her, or you ought to have both your heads examined, then brother, it's time for action! "it's unfair to the two of you. for all you know, she might be waiting for you too, but you'll never have a chance if you start by being defeated." coming from mrs. n. munasque, it certainly is encouraging. these days when a boy makes a shy advance, he's fresh, if a girl encourages him, tongues wag. what's a decent person to do? start pining like a dying swan, mumble a monologue or make a novena? heck, take a cue from pat boon's "technique" (don't ya ever listen to the records?) but if it's nothing doing just the same, why shift your objective or drop dead and stay dead!

love can transform people setting up milestones towards each other. it's like growing up or acquiring a new dimension. you get convinced that the beauty of life is not a lie. in the "still enchanted lands of tenderness". when he's made a landmark in your soul, you get to believe in a lot of empty words that no amount of instruction or reading could give a meaning to. abstractions like trust, constancy or understanding. suddenly you don't care who is there if he isn't! who cares about the blazing front-page when he's making a headline in your heart!

what strange chemistry divides, what forces spark the first quarrel? "when pride is done, dismissing who the (Continued on next page)

JUMP INTO MANILA

had not noticed it. Was I so much engrossed in getting a job? Another minute brought me to another entrance: the men's hall this time. The same curious looks. Some examined me in the manner an ancient customer did to a slave in an Athenian market. But I ignored them. I was interested only in holding my bag and seeing the Rector. But where was the Fr. Rector's office? A kind lad told me that it was up on the third floor. While climbing the stairs, I met a group of women who could not hold back their laughter. A negro in a Southern white school would have left far better than I did. I discovered later that the stairs were for women only.

I was informed that the Fr. Rector was in Baguio. I went back to the lad I had met before. This time he attempted to avoid me. But I got hold of him. Where could I apply for a job, I queried. To dispose of me immediately he said "Room 115". The room was on the first floor. Every time I passed a classroom I aroused the curiosity of students in the manner Fr. Aguilan's polar bears would do to ignorant Manilans. Before I knew it, I was in the presence of a stern, gray-haired person.

After learning that I was a poor **provinciano** who badly needed his help, he turned away like a husband from an adulterous wife. I could expect no help from him, he told me bluntly.

I went out of Santo Tomas, my pride shattered. But my determination grew stronger. It was getting dark. I was lumbering along España Street with my mat and bag. I dreamed the thought that if I could not find a shelter for the night, Manila teen-agers would make a feast out of me. I was beginning to get hungry but where could I get my food? I did not have a centavo in my pocket. With the spirit of a Japanese kamikaze squad, I made my final step to beg for food and shelter. I approached store-owners and applied for any kind of job. "I will not demand any payment. Just feed me, I told them. My faded old denim pant and shabby khaki shirt however, did not arouse curiosity among them as it had at UST. Some good people of

(Continued from page 30)

God understood me. "Kaawa awa naman." I overheard one housewife telling her neighbor.

But they could not really trust me. Robbers and thieves, pretending to be innocent houseboys and then running away with the family's cash, radios, television sets, kerosene stoves etc., are common in Manila. As a sign of their concern over me these people tendered me monetary aid ranging from ten to fifty centavos. I was not surprised then at the presence of so many beggars in Manila. Beggary there is more profitable than the lucrative 'balut' business. One housewife handed me a 'bulsita' of 'pan de sal' and ten-one-centavo pieces. Another offered me a bottle of coke which she opened herself. She bade me to come back to her store after I had landed a job and proved myself a good man.

At seven, after failing to find anybody who could offer me a shelter, I approached a Manila traffic policeman. I expected him to give me good advice where to stay during the night. When informed that I was a Cebuano who was attempting to make an Adventure in Manila, he did not utter a word. At once he beckoned to a jeepney driver and instructed him in Tagalog: "Dalhin mo ito sa Presinto 2". I understood him and thinking that a precinct was a decent place, I thanked the policeman for his kindness. He flashed a Masonic grin and why? I learned later from the driver who told me that the toll policeman typified the so-called "Guardian Of Manila."

As I was seated beside him, the driver asked what crime I had committed. I was aghast. "Why?" I retorted. "Precinct No. 2 is Bilibid and as everybody knows it is the place for Manila criminals," he replied. "But I am innocent!" And I narrated everything that had happened from Monday morning until the time when I came across the good policeman whom I gave profuse thanks for sending me to Bilibid without cause. The driver turned out to be a Visayan from Negros Oriental. And because he was a Visayan, it is needless to tell what followed: For one month I spent my vacation with his family in Kamuning, Quezon City! Their dwelling was a 'barong-barong' but for me it was more than a mansion. †

RAMBLINGS IN . . .

(Continued from page 32)

fault, how do we conjugate the verb to love: 'yt should have... he should have... wt should have... no sun has set so low as when he walks into tomorrow without her... how will I go through the days ahead? do you know the deserts in which they live, who love and are not together? the waiting, the wanting, the wordless longing...' with a queer sense of deadness, he asks dully why she is so unreasonable, the face of a beloved is often larger than the face of a book. drat it! split up by a chasm too wide for proud hands to reach across they feel they belong to different worlds, frightened by the punishing lash of his absence, she also thinks: i wish things didn't have to go and change the way they have to. but love is seasonal and reconciliation is often just a smile away. it is only when the hurt is locked deep inside us that we realize how impermanent, how evanescent is affection. saying goodbye to a memory is not easy, for pain does not go away very easily. saying goodbye to a dream does break something inside us especially if too much has been invested in that dream. fighting a memory is a never ending struggle as the will's dalliance to play with the past blocks the chill of waking. how does one forget? how does one rebuild the broken pieces of a dream together again? does one scissor the past—the persistent memories playing hide and seek in the imagination with new excitements when one can never wipe everything clean just like that? will going away and never seeing her again hasten the healing? how does one break free from a memory? how does one begin to live again? how does one go back to life?

there are disappointments that last as long as life, rather disappointing to romantics disillusioned as we—"who have to trust a lot to love a little" skeptics finished with the belief of any love that lasts. a "man called peter" and his philosophy of life tells us love like beauty cannot be rationalized. we certainly hope he is right—and he does say it so beautifully! "love like beauty is one of the many things that must be approached in faith. can you prove by any method of intellect why a sunset is beautiful or describe scientifically the wistful fragrance of violets or the strange phenomena of falling in love? there are mysteries all around us—stirring, wonderful, inexplicable, the great things by which we really live are not proven by logic, but by faith." ‡



Teodoro A. Bay, Editor

Ating Kuru-kuruin

Paalam...

● Sadyang mabilis ang panlalagas ng mga araw sa tangkay ng panahon! Mahiwaga, at hindi maaring matarok ng pag-isip. Kalilipas lamang ng taong 1957. Sa kanyang pagyao'y taglay niya ang isang libo't isang kaligayahan ng mga pusong sa taong yao'y nagtamasa ng mga makukulay na tagpo sa kanilang buhay. Sadyang kahinahinayang ang taong yaoon para sa kanila. Gayon man, sa mga pusong nangalugman, nangahapis, at nangardusa'y isang libo't isa ring tuwa ang pagyao ng taong yaoon, sapagka't taglay rin niya ang mga tagpong mapapait na pikit matang binalitak ng kanilang mga damdamin. Kung gayon nga'y maari nating sabihin na ang paglipas ng taó'y kahinahinayang at kalungkot-lungkot sa mga pusong malilikaya at sa mga puso namang nangardusa'y di masukat na kawwaan. Subali't hindi natin maitatatawa na paglipas ng isang taó'y isa na namang taon ang papasok. Maaring magdulot ito ng kaligayahan, bagong pagasa at maari din namang magdulot ng dusa, kalungkutan at masasaklap na dagok ng lathangan darating sa ating buhay ng hindi natin malalaman. Kaya nga ang kinakailangan'y humanda, mag-ingat at laging alalahaning ang baw't pangyayari sa buhay ng tao ay talos ng Poong Maykapal, sapagka't kailan ma'y hindi siya natutulog.

● Sa taon ring nakalipas napatunayan ang isa pang pag-unlad ng agham. Lumipad sa palihot ng daigdig ang una at pangalawang "sputnik" ng bansang Russia. Nananahin sa pagtatatag ng munting buwang luwad sa kalawakan ang bansang Amerika, samakatuwid baga kaya'y lalong maunlad ang mga bansang Komunista kaya mga bansang Demokrasya? Sa palagay ko'y hindi naman. Nananalig pa rin akong ang uri ng ating pamahalaan ang pinakamabuti sa lahat, at ang mga bansang Komunista'y busabas at magulo, walang

kalayaang tinatamasa ang mga mamamayan.

● Idinaos noong nakaraang Nobyembre ang halalang pambansa. Nagtugumpay si Pangulong Garcia at sa kasalukuya'y siya ang pinakamataas na pinuno ng ating bansa. "Pagtitipid" ang lagi niyang sigaw upang ang ating bansa'y mahango sa malaking pagkakautang sa bansang Amerika. Sa palagay ko'y may ipinangangakong kabutihan ang patakaranang ito. Kaya bihig tulong ay idalangin natin ang tagumpay ng kanyang mga simulain.

● Ang pagkakahalal ni Ginooing Diosdado Macapagal bilang pangalawang pangulo ng Pilipinas ay muli pang nagpatunay sa daigdig na sa puso ng mga mamamayang Pilipino'y nanumungod ang mga gintong simulain ng demokrasya. Kaunangmahag pagkakataon sa kasaysayan ng politika sa Pilipinas na ang pangulo at ang pangalawang pangulo ay magkaibang lapihan.

Bagama't maganda ang diwa ng pangyayaring ito ay nakapagdulot naman ng suliraning sa pangulo. Sapagka't sa unang pagkakataon pa lamang ito nangyari ay hindi ngayon malaman ng pangulong Garcia kung bibigyan ba o hindi ng upuan sa kanyang gabinete ang pangalawang pangulo. Kung sakaling bigyan niya ay mabuti naman sapagka't iyon ay pagsunod sa kaugaliang ginawa ng mga naunang pangulo, nguni't sa palagay ko'y lalong magiging mabuti kung hindi na lamang niya bibigyan. Ito naman ay hindi paghamak sa kakayahang ng pangalawang pangulo, nanihiwala lamang akong makabubuti ito sa ating pamahalaan. Ang ibig ng lahat ay isang matiwassy na pamamalalad ng pamahalaan, walang sigalutan. Kung magiging kalihim ni Ginooing Macapagal ay tiyak na magtakaroon ng di-pagkakaisa sa pagtataguyod ng mga patakaran sapagka't may kaibang ang mga patakaranang Liberal at patakaranang Nasionalista. Ang mga di-pagkakaisang ito ay maari ding humantong sa pagtivalag ng ibang matataas na pinuno ng Lapihang Nasionalista at sa gayon ay hindi maitataguyod ang matiwassy na pagtupad ng kanilang mga tungkulin. Malaki namang bagay ang maitutulong sa bayan ng Pangalawang Pangulong Macapagal. Magsisilbing tanod siya sa lahat ng mga kilusin ng Lapihang Nasionalista at sa ganito'y maari niyang isilwat sa mata ng madla ang mga di-makatarungang pamamalalad ng mga nasa kapangyarihan. ♪

Paalam na mahal di na ako —
m a g b a b a l i k . . .
Puso ko'y lugami salat sa ligaya nguni't . . .
Ang mga kundiman ng ating sumpaan . . .
limutin sa isip—
Upang di na manariva ang mga sugat ng ating . . .
nasipahayong mga dibdib.
At kung ako ay wala na sa iyang paningin—
Mga liham ng pag-ibig ko'y iyo nang sugingin
At sa abo nito ay iyong . . .
ilibing —
mabangong sampagita na iyong hinagkan at hinagkan ko rin.
Kung sa madilim na hating-gabi ng 'yong pagkaillip Ay may maring kang—
mapanlaw na mga daing pagas na mga tinig—
Sumandaling magbangon ka at mula sa durungawa'y tunguhyan ang langit
At may maaning kang ulilang bituin na andap-andap at waring—
humihibik . . .
ikaw pa rin hirang ang tangi sa dibdib.

Teodoro Amparo Bay

La Prensa Católica

Editor

El mes de febrero está dedicado a la prensa católica y por eso conviene pensar en lo que podemos hacer para fomentarla en nuestro país, la Iglesia propaga sus enseñanzas, pues la prensa católica ejerce una tremenda ayuda para la propagación de las enseñanzas de la Iglesia. Por medio de ella la Iglesia predica las verdades de la fe cristiana y refuta los muchos errores que hoy día tratan de envenenar la creencia y la religiosidad del pueblo filipino. Grande es entonces la influencia de la prensa católica en nuestro país teniendo en cuenta la escasez de sacerdotes y la abundancia de errores anti-católicos.

Mas nos duele decir que lo que publicamos para difundir el evangelio de Cristo no es suficiente para llegar al pueblo católico ni es fuerte para luchar y defender la causa de Dios y de la patria. Por doquier nacen ideas malas pervirtiendo la moralidad y parodiando la santidad de la religion. No hay duda de que el secularismo y materialismo han invadido ya nuestro ambiente. Y bajo su influjo letal muchos se hacen indiferentes y apáticos hacia lo espiritual y lo divino.

Debemos contrarrestar estas ideas perversas, con las ideas del evangelio. A nosotros nos incumbe la obligación de enseñar a los demás según la voluntad de Cristo. Pero como la prensa católica es el medio eficaz para hacerlo, esto es para difundir la fe, nos incumbe pues, la obligación de soportar y fomentar la prensa católica en nuestro país, moral espiritual y materialmente para acelerar la restauración de todas las cosas en Cristo.

El Centenario de la Aparición en Lourdes

El mundo católico celebra este año el Centenario de la aparición de la Virgen María a Santa Bernadeta en Lourdes, hace un siglo. Muy oportuna es esta celebración en nuestro tiempo. Pues hoy como en los tiempos de Bernadeta, el hombre moderno ya está en el abismo de materialismo. Para él la religion, la moralidad y todo lo que pertenece al espíritu no son mas que supersticiones atavísticas, que deben ser proscritas en el nombre de la razón y de la ciencia. Y con este triste olvido de su destino sobrenatural, el hombre de hoy no quiere mas levantar sus ojos al cielo. Nada le interesa, sino comer, beber y despues morir. Nada mas.

Para recordarle pues al hombre de hoy que no solo vivimos del pan sino también de las palabras de Dios; que no tenemos acá una ciudad eterna sino que esperamos a otra venidera; y que al fin, no nos aprovechará todo el goce y el oro del mundo si perdemos nuestra alma, la Iglesia Católica dirige nuestra atención a la Virgen de Lourdes. Pues en aquella aparición de la Virgen Santísima se puede leer todavía el mensaje consolador de esperanza para todo el mundo. Nos enseña este acontecimiento que no obstante nuestras culpas y pecados podemos todavía encontrar perdón en los brazos de Dios... si hacemos penitencia. Sea pues este Centenario de la aparición un suave llamamiento para el hombre de hoy y para nosotros un consuelo porque más allá... en las regiones de lo infinito tenemos una Madre benigna, solícita y compasiva para todos los que gimen de amargura y dolor en este valle de lágrimas.

Por primera vez se celebrará el Día de San Carlos con poca solemnidad. De hecho no habrá paradas ni otras ceremonias pomposas como solía haber en los tiempos pasados. Los que están ya acostumbrados a ver mucha solemnidad durante este día de San Carlos quizá sentirán nostálgicos por las celebraciones idas. Quizá preguntarán el por qué de todo esto, a saber por qué la administración ha cortado el hilo de las celebraciones pomposas. Y para ponerlo en breve, decimos que la administración quiere marcharse con el programa de la "Austeridad".

Gracias a la sugerencia de nuestro amigo, Manuel Valenzuela. Se ha revivido ya la sección tagala en nuestra revista. Esperamos que los que tienen ganas de escribir en tagalog ya en verso ya en prosa se animen. El campo ya está abierto. Rogamos pues que aumente el número de buenos escritores en este idioma para fomentar mas el amor hacia Balagtas y para que no muera por segunda vez esta sección tagala.

¿Lo cree de veras, amigo mío, que al filipino que sabe mucho de Cervantes pero que ignora a Balagtas no le aprovecha nada? Por que? Y acaso le aprovecha a usted el saber mucho a Balagtas pero que ignora a Cervantes? A mi no me interesa buscar si me responsabilice en el nombre del nacionalismo o en el nombre de razón práctica. Pues, si el nacionalismo es el que te ha motivado en decir que no le aprovecha al filipino saber mucho de Cervantes y ignorar a Balagtas concedo. Pero siempre le voy a decir que por razones practicas le aprovecha mucho, puesto que el mismo nacionalismo muy predicado hoy día tuvo su origen en los filipinos que, ignorando a Balagtas, escribieron en el idioma de Cervantes. Por consiguiente para estudiar el verdadero concepto de nuestro nacionalismo tenemos que leer Cervantes. He aquí, pues es el provecho de saberlo. ♪

Sección

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por: abe tuibeo

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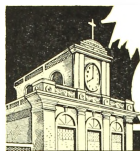
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The CAROLINIAN

Official Publication of the Students
of the University of San Carlos

Editorial

THE VICE OF MISSING SUNDAYS

You have but seven pesos in your pocket. You pass by a beggar. As expected, the beggar begs—humbly and religiously. He appears to be really in need of something he cannot have except by begging. You are touched. You easily feel his situation. You produce NOT one, nor two, nor three, nor four, nor five, but six bucks from your pocket! You know you could have given less than six. But to make him none the less happy and thankful, you prefer to retain just one and give out six.

But as you leave, the beggar stealthily seizes you. He knows that you still have one buck left. Without your knowing it, he picks the lone peso from your pocket! And runs away and disappears!

If you were the victim what would you feel?

Thus spoke a good retreat master.

God owns seven days in a week.

We sinned. We found ourselves beggars of happiness and subsistence. We started to be in dire want of everything with which to live; without working, we surely would die.

God pitied us. Of the seven days in a week, he doled out NOT one, nor two, nor three, nor four, nor five, but six. He left just one for Him. He could have given less than six. But to make us none the less happy and grateful, he gave out six. Use the six for earning your way, He said, and leave but one for Me.

But greed makes us crave for more. We do not want six only; we want seven—every day of God's seven. We choose; yet, we are just beggars. And because we want the whole of God's seven, we steal the lone day He reserved for Himself!

A Sunday comes; a Sunday goes. We know the day is not ours. It is left for God after we have consumed the six. But we rob Him of the day: We miss mass; we neglect our obligations; we continue our trade; and forget His message to us.

We, the beggar, live like kings, forgetting the Giver Who made us feel we are kings.

Could there be more thoughtless creatures than we are?

FLASH!!!

1958 Semper Fidelis Staff Formed

The staff for the 1958 Semper Fidelis (Annual) has been organized. The following were selected:

ADELINO B. SITOY
Editor

SIXTO LL. ABAO, JR.
Associate

MANUEL O. OCAMPO
Artist

Caroliniana . . .

(Continued from
front inside cover)

★ The history of USC's ROTC Department is well narrated by an ex-cadet officer, Winifredo Geonzon. To read his piece is to conclude that victory is not Greek to the University as far as ROTC is concerned.

★ Never did it occur to me that San Carlos has, in its midst, an Indonesian student until Ben Cabanatan tipped me off about it. Really, he is an Indonesian among Carolinians who, certainly, are not Indonesians. As Rizal said: To live is to be among men; and to be among men is to strive. Well, to study in San Carlos is to be among Carolinians; and to be among Carolinians is no joke.

★ Our poet laureate, Mr. Cornelio Faigoo, was once at the point of death. A special kind of medicine was needed to save him. And this could not be secured in Cebu. So, a telegram was sent to Malacañang requesting President Ramon Magsaysay (who was yet alive) to send the needed medicine to Cebu. President Magsaysay responded with a note that he would personally bring the medicine himself as he was scheduled to come on that day, March 16.

President Magsaysay came; he brought the medicine along; he delivered it personally to Atty. Faigoo; the poet was saved.

But in the morning of March 17th, the President and his party, while going back to Manila from Cebu, crashed at Mt. Morunggal, Asturias, Cebu. Never did Atty. Faigoo think that the man who saved him from death would die the following day.

Although we have gone far from my point, the fact remains that Atty. C. Faigoo was once at the very verge of death. Regarding this unusual personal experience of his, he has the "Sonnets in Mauve".

Sonnets In Mauve

I trembled at the brink, in the tall dark.
My tired eyes struggled, blinded with the light
That beat around me and oppressed me quite.
Helpless I tossed as in a delicate bark
Until a rift in the unconscious ark
Did force God in and burned me bright,
Burned in the fire of God's benedictite,
Of man's uncertainties the certain mark.

Thus standing at the very marge of death,
I felt there was plenty of God in me.
God fluttered like a frightened bird
Without egress above me and beneath.
The Self fragmented in humility,
Let blossom all the radiance of God's word.

I heard voices. Shapes moved around me.
Those whom I loved and those who called me friend,
Endeared ones who would see me to the end.
My kin, why should they come this far to see.
I grappled with the sudden mystery. . .
Something there was my weakening spirit bend,
Something that I could clearly comprehend,
That had the face of grim reality.

Now and then lapsing into dreamlike sleep,
Now and then waking to the world of touch,
Of sight and sound, of beating consciousness,
Only to fall again into the deep
Of unawareness. Within its clutch
For hours and hours I strove for swift release.

Then slowly God slipped out of heavy eyes.
I gasped: "Our Father! . . ." stopped there as though
The spirit could not take its burden through.
Moments oozed out, then upward to the skies,
"Our Father! . . . Thy Kingdom come! . . ." Once. Twice.
God went and stayed out. It was all I knew.
Melt in His Love was all that I could do.
He lives forever though the spirit dies.

Throughout the night time and throughout the day,
I stared into the very heart of God,
The weaker I was the more strength I had.
Wonderment, reverence, gratitude and praise,
As though my system mingled with His Blood,
Singing hallelujahs in accents myriad.

by Cornelio Faigoo

An Open letter to:

My dear young friend:

Nowadays our Lord doesn't say outright to a boy: "Come, follow me."

Nevertheless, Christ is still calling, quietly and compellingly. Perhaps He is even calling YOU. At the very least, He is surely calling you to help in the work of finding more Filipino priests.

Every Priest, every Brother, every Sister has been encouraged in that vocation by someone. Perhaps that "someone" was a father or mother, a brother or sister, a relative or a friend.

And every Priest, Brother, and Sister recalls with gratitude the person who offered the encouraging, inspiring word, the word that opened to them the ideal life, a life completely dedicated to God and His cause.

Never in this life can those spiritual benefactors realize what priceless gift they have given and what an amount of good they have done for them and others.

It is not a matter of force — but encouragement. We try to make young people see the advantages of certain occupations — yet we fear to "sell them" on the greatest of all occupations, to work completely for God and eternal treasures that shall never be lost in death or depression.

Our Lord encouraged and invited young men to "come and see" and to follow Him. St. Francis Xavier, the great apostle of India, was constantly tormented by St. Ignatius: "What will you profit if you gain wealth, honors, and pleasures, if you run the risk of losing your soul?" Ignatius prodded and prodded until Francis realized that he could use his talents for greater than mere secular education or executive position. He became one of the great "spiritual wonders" of the world.

The missions need financial help; they need prayers; but they also cry for Priests, Brothers, and Sisters, those who will be willing to go anywhere in the world to work for God and His great cause.

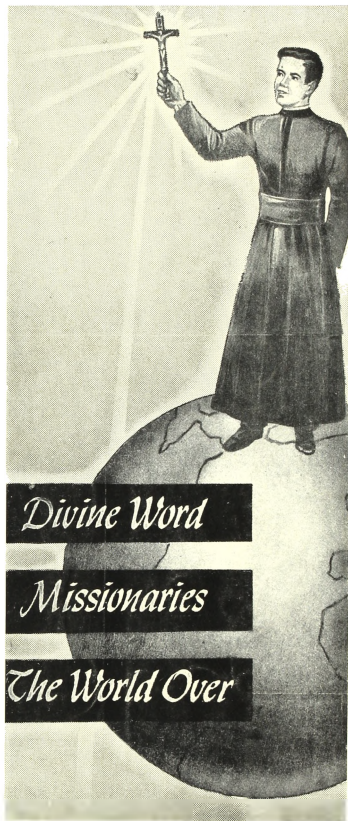
The greatest work you can do for the missions is to devote your life to it and to encourage others to give their all and everything to it, to be missionaries.

We are looking for missionaries-to-be. Perhaps you know of some lad who would be interested if he but knew. Tell him about it — encourage him to do and dare for God and souls. Write us about him that we can send him more information than you and he will find in this brief sketch.

Would you wish some Priest, Brother or Sister to remember you gratefully in prayer? Would you wish to share in their work?

You can — just encourage some lad to become a Priest or Brother — to join the Divine Word Missionaries, to whom Christ through the Holy Father, has entrusted 56 million souls. We need more missionaries to take care of them, to bring Christ and His sacraments to all of them. Help us help them! Please!

Send your friend, your nephew, the lad next door or down the street on the idea of the most worthwhile job of them all — to be a Priest or a Brother. And encourage them to join the Divine Word Missionaries.



for further information write to:

Rev. Vocational Director, S. V. D.

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