

1963
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Summer Issue
1963

Vol. 26 No. 5

THE CAROLINIAN

Putnam

. . . FRAGMENTS . . .

● WE HOPE this page will be as welcome to our readers as it is to us. After all, this is only the second time it has appeared since July. We certainly missed it. Absence, as contends a tired old cliché, does make the heart grow fonder.

● The reader, on glancing at the staff box, might wonder why only three names appear therein, namely, the editor's, the adviser's, and the moderator's. Indeed, this is something mystifying to contemplate. Well, actually, there's nothing mysterious about it. Really. It's not because the other members from last year's roster are inactive. It's simply that they were inactivated for this summer, due to some reason or other. (If by chance anybody is curious as to the difference between *inactive* and *inactivated* as used in our context, he is welcome to inquire at the Publications Office.)

● IN THIS ISSUE, we have quite a few contributions from Graduate students. This is as it should be, considering that most of these lovely people are here only during summer. And if only for this reason they should be given a chance to be heard thru this organ.

● We have a lot of materials about this long hot season. This is understandable. Our aim is not to stress the obvious, mind. It's simply that it's summer, and people are prone to think or talk or write about their immediate environment. That's only human nature.

● Our news section serves to indicate the evergrowing prestige and fame of good old USC, particularly in the fields of science and research. With justifiable pride we point to the NSDB Summer Science Institute and its lofty aims. The marine biology station in Lilo-on is a giant step forward in marine biological research. In some forthcoming issue, we hope to introduce in full the technical and mechanical details of the Pilot Plant in Talamban and its tremendous advantage to the local coconut industry.

● WE KNOW that speeches are bore-some affair to many people, more so when they treat of ponderous pondera-

bles. This notwithstanding, we urge you take time out and read the noble speeches from outstanding personages as found in the pages of this issue.

● If you are interested in polemics, why not turn to Jun Aparte's exposition on the USC Debating Club? We guarantee satisfaction or you give your copy back. (With no refund, naturally . . .)

● Last March, we announced an opinion section for this issue about the reduction of the voting age, and quite naturally we expected an eager response from eighteen-year-olds. But it seems that the six we have in this edition do not represent the teenage element, except for one or two. Which just goes to show that teenagers are not interested in the issue, and therefore are not yet mature enough to vote. So there.

● What is a gentleman? If you're interested to know, Pete Mantoro gladly obliges to enlighten you via his *Portrait of a Gentleman*. (Incidentally, are our young men gentlemen? We hope they are. Gentlemen seem to belong to a disappearing breed nowadays.)

● If you would care to turn to the poetry page, you'll find Maning Satorre's love poems to someone named Teresita. We're sure you'll just love them. We wonder, though, if his Teresita is someone in truth and in fact. And in person. For all we know it

could be only a figment of our poet's vivid imagination. Or perhaps a poetic personification of an ideal enchanter which he keeps deep in the recesses of his heart.

● Ye ed states that she wrote her short story, *Summer Rain*, solely for the purpose of filling the pages she had hastily reserved for it in the layout. In other words, it is not as interesting or beguiling or thought-provoking as she wanted it to be in the first place. The poor little thing declares with a tired sigh that she simply doesn't have the time to do any fancy writing these days, what with being the only staff member left. She had to scribble this short episode with a hackneyed plot, intermittently between meals, between hurried coffee breaks, between classes, between homeworks, and between midnight and dawn, if we have to be unoriginal about it. She's as busy as a one-winged mother hen with ten chicks at the approach of a hawk. And that's putting it mildly.

● A writer who writes under the somewhat dubious monicker of C.P. Cáceres sends in his two cents' worth about men and women and their numerical imbalance in this day and age. This should make interesting reading. Our writer says the article may deserve censorious comments, but every word in it is the truth and nothing but. And we have to take his word for it.

● And so, considering the time limit on our work, considering the shortage of personnel, and considering the various impediments that curiously come to us when we are in a tearing hurry, we are glad and thankful to whoever deserves our thanks, for having been able to fill up this much number of pages. For a summer issue this we believe is really thick.

● We hope that through our efforts we have given our readers their money's worth in entertainment, in information, and in whatever else a campus publication is—or should be.

● Now, gentle reader, we entreat you—read on.

Our Cover . . .

. . . is an obvious indication of the season. Ramonito

Barbaso, our shy, baby-faced artist, attempts to capture the rather mournful aspect of leaves which start out green, now falling off as they turn yellow and sere in the summer sun.



the CAROLINIAN

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EDITORIAL

"Summertime . . .
An' da livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin'
An' da cotton is high
Yo' Daddy is rich
An' yo' Ma is good-lookin'
So hush li'l baby
Doan' yo' cry . . ."

THUS RUN SOME rather carefree, optimistic lines from "Porgy and Bess", which, in a way, sums up the essence of summer—which is, that summer is the season for rest and relaxation, not only from physical work but also from mental and emotional worries, of taking it easy.

Summer may also convey varied connotations to different individuals in different places. To the farmer, summer is the time when the once verdant fields are now miraculously transformed into a gracefully undulating sea of golden yellow. It is the time to reap what he had sown, the time of thanksgiving and satisfaction. To the little tots in grade school, summer is the season of joyous liberation from the drudgery of classroom primers and monotonous drills, into the wide, sunlit, open, carefree days of field, sea, and sky. It is the time of play and laughter. To college students and to certain professionals and schoolteachers, particularly from the public schools who either sincerely seek further knowledge and professional skill, or simply aspire for an increase in salary range via M.A. units (the WAPCO adjustments, you know), summertime is the season for further brainwork and study.

And (if we may digress), speaking of study, at no other time is the student population of any college or university more varied and heterogeneous — hence interesting — than in summer. Here in San Carlos one has but to walk along the corridors to witness a variety of faces representing various ages and modes of dress. One easily rubs elbows with serious-faced maestros and maestras in conventional wear, and farther on exchange smiles with pink-cheeked, carefree-looking teenagers in modern hairdos (teased, mind you) and skirts.

Whatever summer may mean to different people in different places, there is something about it which everyone shares and feels in common, and that's the heat — the torrid, humid, head-splitting heat. And with it the ubiquitous dust and water shortage. Ah, for the cool, clean, balmy summer breeze of Baguio! Or an airconditioned suite in the Hotel Magellan.

But like everything about nature and life, summertime is a passing phase in an endless cycle. It comes and it goes, only to come again. We have to live it, enjoy it, and love it as an integral part of life and living, for we never know when we shall be called to leave it—never to return.



THEOLOGY DEPT.

Afternoon Mass Scheduled For Summer Classes

Rev. Matthias Weber, S.V.D., University Chaplain, announces that during the summer session, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will be offered at the University Chapel at 4:00 o'clock every afternoon except Sundays and holidays. It may be noted that this is the first time that Holy Mass is offered in the afternoon, to give students an opportunity to participate in Christ's Oblation to the Heavenly Father.

Revamp of Theology Subjects Seen

Some details concerning the revamp of Theology subjects for the coming school year have been announced by the Theology Department. According to the plan, for the first semester, first year students will take Theology I-A, that is, a General Course in Catholic Doctrines and Morals. For the second semester, Theology I-B will be a requirement, which is a continuation of Theology I-A. Second year students will take up the Old Testament (Theology II-A) for the first semester and the New Testament (Theology II-B) for the second semester.

Further details concerning these changes will be announced later.

1963 NSDB Summer Science Institute

April 15 to May 25

I. General Objectives:

- a. To up-date the natural sciences and mathematics teachers on recent developments in their particular subject fields.
- b. To up-grade the teaching of the natural sciences and mathematics by reinforcing the academic background of teachers concerned and presenting new concepts in the teaching of these subjects.
- c. To teach and encourage the participants in the use of local ma-

terials and of locally made apparatus in their teaching since many of our secondary schools operate under very limited conditions.

2. The institute is divided into 4 sections: Biology, General Science, Mathematics and Physics.

3. Institute staff:

Director:

Very Rev. Harold W. Rigney, SVD
Rector, USC

Assistant Director:

Rev. Edgar T. Oehler, SVD
Secretary-General, USC

BIOLOGY SECTION

Chairman:

Dr. Bienvenido P. Marapao
Associate Professor, USC

SUMMER Enrolment Data

From the Registrar's Office, we present the following enrolment data for the Summer 1963 session of the University of San Carlos. The data shows an increase of 1,076 from last summer's enrolment of 2,268.

	TOTAL
I. Graduate School	233
II. Liberal Arts & Sciences	423
III. Teachers College	635
IV. College of Commerce & Business Adm.	832
V. College of Engineering & Architecture	355
VI. Pharmacy	63
VII. Special Students	47
TOTAL	3,009

SPECIAL COURSES

Law Review	40
Pharmacy Review	18
CPA Review	145
ME Review	8
ChE Review	21
Architecture Review	6
1963 NSDB Summer Science Institute	97
TOTAL	355
GRAND TOTAL	3,344

Staff:

Very Rev. Harold W. Rigney, SVD
Mrs. Araceli G. Almase
Mrs. Hilda D. Lastimoso
Miss Remedios F. Caballan
Mrs. Alma V. Cimafranca

GENERAL SCIENCE SECTION

Chairman:

Mrs. Rebecca L. Galeos
Acting Head, Chemistry Dept., USC

Staff:

Rev. Edgar T. Oehler, SVD
Very Rev. Harold W. Rigney, SVD
Mr. Alejandro Tantoco
Miss Gavina Bascon
Mrs. Hilda Lastimoso
Mrs. Araceli G. Almase
Mrs. Alma V. Cimafranca

MATHEMATICS SECTION

Chairman:

Rev. Michael Richartz, SVD
Head, Mathematics Department, USC

Staff:

Rev. Hubert Lorbach, SVD
Mrs. Lydia Ybáñez
Mrs. Concepcion Languido
Mr. Leonardo López

PHYSICS SECTION

Chairman:

Rev. Hubert Lorbach, SVD
Acting Head, Physics Department

Staff:

Miss Jane Kintanar
Miss Constanca Rosales

- a. The Screening Board selected 100 teacher participants from a total of 207 applicants.
 - b. Each section is composed of 25 participants.
 - c. These participants represent: 13 provinces, 9 cities and 80 different schools of the Visayas.
 - d. Of the 100 participants:
 - Public School Teachers ... 45
 - Private School Teachers ... 55
 - Women
 - Men
 - e. Each participant gets a stipend of P200.00 plus free tuition, books, teaching aids and materials.
5. Activities on 1st day: April 15
- Morning:
- 8:00—Opening Ceremony — Audio Visual Center
 - a. Welcome address by the Very Rev. Harold W. Rigney, SVD
 - b. Introduction of institute staff by Mrs. Rebecca L. Galeos
 - c. Introduction of participants to each other
 - d. Guided Tour around the university led by the different chairmen and staff.
- Afternoon:
- Classes started in full swing.

NSDB SSI ELECTION RESULTS:
held on Saturday, April 19, 1963

BIOLOGY SECTION:

President:

Mr. Tiburcio Zamora
*Negros Oriental Rural School
Bosaman, Negros Oriental*

Vice-President:

Mr. Santiago Denden
*Basay High School
Basay, Leyte*

Treasurer:

Miss Linal Chan
*West Negros College
Bacolod City*

Secretary:

Miss Lourdes Esmero
*St. Theresa's College
Cebu City*

PRO:

Mrs. Eugenia M. Chiong
*Naga Provincial High School
Naga, Cebu*

GENERAL SCIENCE SECTION:

President:

Mr. Mariano Cabrera
*Romblon National Agricultural School
Odiongan, Romblon*

Vice-President:

Mr. Oscar Núñez
*Iloilo City High School
Molo, Iloilo City*

Secretary:

Mrs. Carlolina Cruz
*Cebu Christian School
Cebu City*

Treasurer:

Mrs. Flora Rojas
*Tuburan National Vocational School
Tuburan, Cebu*

Auditor:

Mr. Hedefonso Katada
*Guthlupuan Vocational High School
Guthlupuan, Negros Oriental*

PRO:

Miss Ofelia L. Logarda
*Iloilo Vocational School
Lambunao, Iloilo*

Miss:

Miss Mounien Beldia
*Capiz High School
Korasan City*

MATHEMATICS SECTION:

President:

Mr. Anselmo Lacuesta
*Pototan Vocational School
Pototan, Iloilo*

Vice-President:

Mr. Aurelio Infante
*Don Basso Technical College
Vicenza, Victoria, Negros Occ.*

Secretary:

Mrs. Rosalina C. Tan
*East Visayan School of Arts and Trades
Dumaguete City*

Treasurer:

Sister Ma. Victoria Saleada
*St. Mary of Palo
Palo, Leyte*

PRO'S:

1. Mr. Lucio Galos
*Catibiran Academy
Catibiran, Biliran Sub-Prov., Legt.*
2. Miss Crescencia Montañal
*Luzon High School
Taalaban City*

PHYSICS SECTION:

President:

Mr. Fedrito Uy
*Cebu Institute of Technology
Cebu City*

Vice-President:

Mr. Claudio Sarga
*East Visayan School of Arts and Trades
Dumaguete City*

Secretary-Treasurer:

Miss Luz Legaspi
*Silay Institute
Silay City, Negros Occidental*

Auditor:

Mr. Urbistondo Renacia
*Immaculate Heart Academy
Tampay, Negros Oriental*

PRO'S:

Miss Elisa Lamzón
*Guimbal High School
Guimbal, Iloilo*

Mr. Andrés Rivas
*St. Anthony's Institute
Zamarrano, Samar*

NSDB SSI OFFICERS (General)

President:

Mr. Anselmo Lacuesta
Mathematics City

Vice-President:

Mr. Fedrito Uy
Physics

Secretary:

Miss Lourdes Esmero
Biology

Treasurer:

Mrs. Carlolina Cruz
General Science

PRO'S:

Miss Mounien Beldia
General Science
Mr. Andrés Rivas
Physics

GRADUATE SCHOOL

New M.A. Graduates

The Graduate School wishes to announce that the following graduate students graduated last semester after having successfully defended their theses in the oral examination conducted by the Board of Examiners, headed by the Dean of the Graduate School, Rev. Rudolf Rahmann, S.V.D.:

Mrs. Margarite B. Acedo
(summer graduate 1962)

Thesis: *A Survey of the Study Habits of Students in the Zamboanga City Regional School of Arts and Trades*

Degree: M.A. in Education

Mr. Tamas Aboppo

Thesis: *A Study of the Ability of Grades I and II Pupils in Oral Vernacular Reading in the District of Ubay, Bohol*

Degree: M.A. in Education

Mr. Martin Antepogosto

Thesis: *A Study of the Scholastic Achievements of the Students of the Sulong Agricultural School for the School Year 1961-62 in Relation to their Socio-Economic Background*

Degree: M.A. in Education

College of Commerce

Dean on Brief Vacation

Dean Jose G. Tescon of Commerce was granted upon request a brief vacation by the Secretary of Academic Affairs, Rev. Joseph Watzlawik, S.V.D., from March 30 through April 10. During this period, he made a whirlwind trip to several Mindanao provinces and cities. In Davao City, he visited with his aged and ailing father. Upon his return on April 10, Dean Tescon conspicuously showed the invigorating effects of a well deserved vacation and travel.

C.P.A. Review

This year's C.P.A. Review course, under the College of Commerce, has registered an all-time high, notwithstanding the recent adoption of an administration policy restricting the course to U.S.C. graduates only. As of April 17, the registered reviewees include 70 men and 85 women. These numbers include a few graduates from two S.V.D. operated schools—the Holy Name College of Tagbilaran, Bohol, and St. Paul's College of Tacloban City.

It may be mentioned that, under the new policy, the office of the Dean of Commerce has been constrained to deny admission to a great number of prospective reviewees who graduated from other schools. We wish it understood that, in resorting to this new policy, we have been prompted solely by our desire to give our own graduates preferential accommodation in all our facilities and facilities.

Mr. Victor Asubar

Thesis: *A Study of the Librarian-Training Program and the Library Service at the University of San Carlos, Cebu City*

Degree: M.A. in Education

Mrs. Sofia Cruz

Thesis: *Adjustment Problems of the Girls of the Torres High School: A Survey*

Degree: M.A. in Education

Mrs. Teodimira C. Maghoney

Thesis: *An Evaluation of the Poetry in the Cebuano-Visayan Alimyon Magazine*

Degree: M.A. in English

Rev. Gregorio Pinarro, S.V.D.

Thesis: *A Study on the Attitudes of the High School Students of the University of San Carlos for the School Year 1961-62*

Degree M.A. in Education

Mr. Julián Quiñones

Thesis: *A Critical Analysis of the Fundamental Principles Common to All Socialist Systems*

Degree: M.A. in Philosophy

Mrs. Ignacia Suaco

Thesis: *A Study of the Solar Salt Industry in Cebu*

Degree: M.A. in Economics

LIBERAL ARTS

A "Thomistic" Success

Success was the word of the academic program honoring St. Thomas Aquinas, patron saint of all Catholic schools. The affair, which drew a packed audience at the Audio-visual room, was held last Thursday, March 7, his feast day. The main feature of the occasion was the enlightening talk of Rev. Joseph Baumgartner on the real meaning of Thomism. This was followed by selected readings from St. Thomas' works given by Atty. Expedito Bugarin. The Liberal Arts choir, winner of the first annual choral festival, provided the much-applauded intermission numbers. The opening remarks was given by Mr. Juan Yap, Jr., a graduate student in Philosophy. The program was closed by the remarks of the Very Rev. Harold Rigney, Rector, USC.

The Philosophy department, headed by Rev. Joseph Watzlawik, thanks all those who in one way or another contributed to the program.

BIOLOGY

U.S.C. Marine Biological Station in Liloan

The University of San Carlos has once more shown her concern over community development by pushing forward the frontiers of research beyond the confines of the classroom. Recently a marine biological station has been set up in Liloan. The 3-room building which comprises the station is almost completed and will be ready for use by June. This represents an initial step towards marine research on which the USC Department of Biology has long been contemplating. In this connection, the Biology Department will soon offer a postgraduate course in Biology. The marine station will then be very handy to research students who might wish to avail themselves of the facilities while working on their thesis.

CHEMISTRY

New Carolinian Chemists

According to a report received from the Department of Chemistry six Carolinian candidates who took the civil service exams in Chemistry all passed the

test. National percentage—31%, USC—100%.

Congratulations to the following new Chemists: Felicidad Ababon, Emma Amores, Elizabeth Jajalla, Rosalia Lopez, and Josefino Tapia.

ALUMNI

USC Alumni Pick Officers

The 15-member Board of Directors of the University of San Carlos Alumni Association, Inc., during the alumni homecoming last February 24th, unanimously picked Atty. Mariano Zosa to lead the association for the year 1963-1964. The election took place at the law library of the university at 4 p.m. Sunday, March 10th, with outgoing President Jesus Gaboya presiding.

Along with Zosa the following were elected: Jose V. Arias—vice president for internal affairs; Atty. Sixto L. Abao, Jr.—vice president for external affairs; Miss Luz Catan—secretary; Jesus Martinez—treasurer; Louis Bazaman—auditor; and Atty. Filemon L. Fernandez—press relations officer.

The other members of the Board are Miss Amparo Rodil, Atty. Catalino Doronio, Dr. Felix Savellon, Mrs. Maria Gutierrez, Miss Fe Palacios, Atty. Jesus Gaboya, Vicente Gorve, Dr. Leon Casals and Miss Concepcion Dakay.

The newly-elected officers and members of the Board will pay a courtesy call on the Rector of the university at 4 p.m. Saturday, March 16th. Their induction into office has been slated for March 23rd to coincide with the commencement exercises.

PEOPLE

USC Confers Degree On German Envoy

The University of San Carlos, Cebu City, conferred upon the German Ambassador to the Philippines the degree of Doctor of Humanities, *Honoris causa*, in simple rites last Monday at the University's Archbishop Reyes Hall.

On his arrival at the Cebu airport, the Ambassador was given a warm grandiose welcome by the USC Administration, Faculty and student body.

The honoree is Dr. Friedrich Leopold Freiherr von Fürstenberg, Ambassador of the Federal Republic of Germany. Granting of the honorary degree was officiated by the Rector of the University, the Very Rev. Harold W. Rigney, S.V.D., while the reading of the citation was done by the Rev. Rudolf Rahmann, S.V.D., Dean of Graduate School.

Dr. von Fürstenberg, it may be recalled, has been instrumental in the donation by the German Government to the Philippines of a chemical Pilot Plant which will be operated by the University of San Carlos.

At the end of the program, Dr. von Fürstenberg delivered a speech wherein he expressed his most sincere thanks, not only for himself, but also in the name of the Federal Republic of Germany, for the honor conferred upon him. He declared that the Pilot Plant is meant to help develop and guide the country's coconut industry, and pointed



The investiture ceremony. From left: Father Moepfener, Father Watzlawik, Dr. von Fürstenberg, the German Ambassador, Very Rev. Harold Rigney, Rector, the Ambassador's Lady, and Father Rahmann.

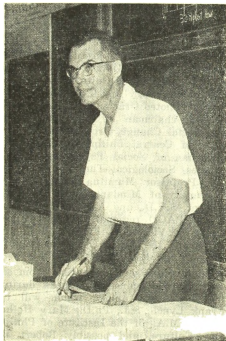
out that a gesture of this type will deepen and broaden mutual feelings between the two countries. He also stressed the motive for choosing San Carlos as the site of the Pilot Plant, which was "...not so much for economic reasons, but for the high reputation the University has as a place of teaching, learning and research."

Dr. Garcia, USC Commencement Speaker

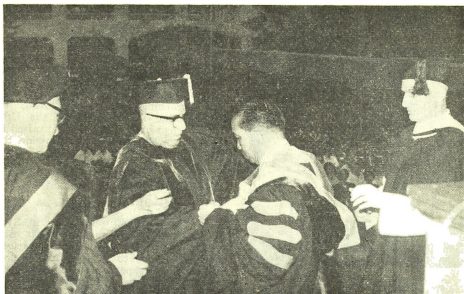
Dr. Paulino J. Garcia, Chairman of the National Science Development Board, was Guest Speaker at the commencement exercises of the University of San Carlos last March.

On the same occasion, the NSDB head was granted by the University the degree of Doctor of Science, *honoris causa* in recognition of his outstanding achievements in the field of science. It must be noted that Dr. Garcia was instrumental in the establishment of a Pilot Plant in Talamban under the administration of the University of San Carlos. He is also responsible for the holding of a Summer Science Institute in the University during the last two summers. It was for these magnanimous gestures that the honorary degree was conferred upon him.

In the course of his speech to the 500 graduates, Dr. Garcia stressed the need for a life of principle and integrity in our time. He exhorted the graduates to enter such a life, which, he said, was not an easy one. Commenting on the University, Dr. Garcia had this to say: "The University of San Carlos is, in a sense, a unique Catholic institution. Like all Catholic schools, it is strong in



PROF. JONES



Dr. Garcia receives honorary degree, Doctor of Science, from the University of San Carlos. Left to right: Father Röhmana, Very Rev. Father Rector Harold W. Rigney, S.V.D., and Vice Rector Father Hoopener.

its offering in the humanities and social sciences. But San Carlos has earned, in addition, a reputation for its very strong offerings in the natural and physical sciences. This is a most desirable balance that has yet to be earned by many institutions."

Prof. John Hugh Jones Conducts Highway Planning And Economic Course

In cooperation with the University of San Carlos, the SEATO Graduate School of Engineering is presently conducting an advanced course in Highway Planning and Economics. Instructor in the course is Professor John Hugh Jones, member of the faculty of the SEATO Graduate School in Bangkok. Twenty lecture hours during the course will be devoted to topics on highway planning studies, finance, economic principles of highway location, and programming procedures for advance planning.

Of particular interest to Philippine highway engineers will be advanced techniques to be presented in the course which relate to methods of conducting highway needs studies and the preparation of planning reports. Professor Jones' interest in engineering economics is evident in his selection of topics on the relationship of highway user benefits to the cost of providing adequate highway facilities, and on the economic impact upon a community of improved highways.

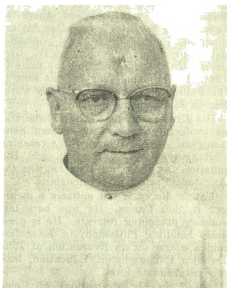
Professor Jones, a civil engineer and a graduate of the University of California, has been a member of the faculty at both Northwestern University in Illinois and the University of California. He was Visiting Professor of Highway Engineering and Traffic Stu-

dies at King's College, University of Durham in England during 1957 and 1958, and previously conducted research under the auspices of the U. K. Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation in London. He is the author of a number of technical papers and has published in London a book on Geometric Design of Modern Highways.

Fr. Richardtz Returns to USC

The Rev. Michael Richardtz, S.V.D., recently returned after a year's absence. Father Richardtz, the Head of the Department of Mathematics, left for Germany April 1962, and returned to USC in the middle of last March. The good Father spent his one-year vacation visiting his brothers and sisters, their children and other relatives.

(Continue next page)



FR. RICHARTZ, S.V.D.



FR. OSTER, S.V.D.

He also took long, interesting trips by car through the forests, mountains, and valleys of Germany, driving along the Rhine and Moselle. His leisurely tour, however, was somewhat marred by a severely cold and protracted winter. However, the cold proved to be a welcome change after having spent ten years in the tropics.

Father Richartz took time out not only for a rest but for studies as well. He made extensive visits to different universities, especially to physics laboratories. He also attended the International Congress for Optics which was held in Munich.

In the course of his travels, Father Richartz acquired much needed apparatus for research.

Welcome, Father Richartz!

Young Philosopher-Priest Lectures at USC

The University of San Carlos is proud to present a new name in its roster of brilliant young priests.

Father John M. Berry, S.V.D., is a native of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He studied for the priesthood in Techny, Illinois, and was ordained there in June, 1957. Sent to Rome after his ordination, Father Berry took postgraduate courses in Philosophy at the Gregorian University, finishing the same in 1961. In the same year he was sent to the Philippines. At present he is working on his doctoral thesis.

His first assignment after Rome was as professor at the Archdiocesan Seminary in Vigan, Ilocos Sur, teaching Philosophy, Physics, English, and Homiletics. At the same time he was the Assistant Prefect of Seminarians.

Father Berry is not entirely a stranger in San Carlos. He was here last summer preaching retreats. He is presently handling Philosophy of Education and a course on an Evaluation of John Dewey's Philosophy of Education, both on postgraduate level.

Asked on his impressions of Cebu, Father Berry says he is very much impressed, especially with San Carlos. He

is amazed at the calibre and efficiency of the University Staff, and is captivated by the Cebuano friendliness and cordiality. He expresses pride at being a part of "this outstanding center of learning in the Visayas and Mindanao." He concurs wholeheartedly with the opinions expressed by Dr. Paulino Garcia concerning San Carlos. "And," he added, "the high quality of the USC science department is lavishly praised in many knowledgeable circles outside the SVD fold."

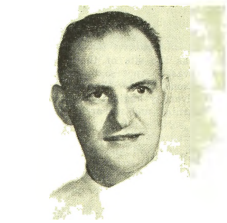
Departure of SVD Fathers

During the past weeks, several SVD Fathers of this University left and went on different routes to various countries, some to pursue further studies in their respective fields and others to take a well-deserved vacation.

The first to take off was Father Ludwig Lehmeier, of the Theology department, who left on April 1st for the United States of America. He will first of all spend a few months at the SVD novitiate at Conesus, N.Y., where he will be preparing himself for his perpetual vows. After this he will proceed to Washington, D.C., to enroll in the Catholic University to study for his doctorate in Sacred Theology.

The next to leave San Carlos, in the middle of May, was Father Francis Oster, head of the Department of Physics. Father Oster went first to Hong-kong, where he boarded a Lufthansa plane for Germany. There he will take a year's vacation to recuperate from the fatigue caused by his ten-year-stay in the tropics. Asked when he might return, he answered: "If next winter becomes too severe I may return before a year elapses." During Father Oster's leave of absence, Father Hubert Lorbach will be the acting head of the department of Physics.

Another one of those who pulled out of San Carlos during this summer sea-



FR. LEHMEIER, S.V.D.

son was Father Michael Beck, of the Theology department. He, like Father Oster, is going to his home country, Germany (specifically Bavaria) for a year's rest. He will officially be assigned to one of the SVD Mission Houses in that country, but will be most of the time on his way visiting different regions and places of his home country. Father Beck left by the middle of May.

We wish one and all Godspeed and a most pleasant sojourn in their respective destinations.

MISCELLANEOUS

Sociological Society To Hold Convention

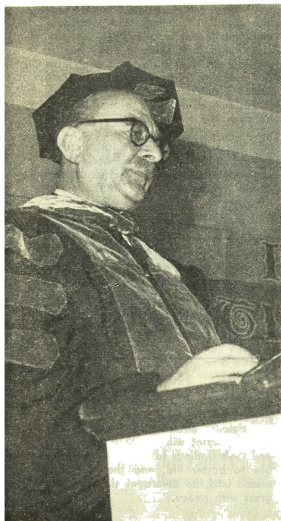
In preparation for the forthcoming Annual Convention of the Philippine Sociological Society to be held in Cagayan de Oro City on June 13, 14, and 15, 1963, the Continuation Committee, chaired by Rev. Francis Madigan, S.J., Dean of Graduate Studies, Xavier University, met at the Graduate School Office last week of March to discuss salient points relevant to the coming activity. Among those present were Rev. Rudolf Rahmann, S.V.D., who is also the section chairman of Cultural Anthropology, Archaeology and Linguistics; Professor Timoteo Oracion of Silliman University, chairman of Social Structure and Social Change; Professor Irene Ortigas of Central Philippine University, chairman of Social Psychology, Social Studies, Sociological Theory and Methods; Professor Mamitua Saber of the University of Mindanao; Rev. Wilhelm Pflieger, S.V.D., and Atty. Antonio Perpetua, PACD regional director of the Eastern Visayas. Father Madigan chairs the section on Demography, Ecology and Economics.

Outstanding social scientists from all over the Philippines will speak during the convention, among whom will be Frank Lynch, S.J., Ph.D., Mary Hollensteiner, M.A., of the Institute of Philippine Culture, and possibly Robert E. Fox, Ph.D. of the National Museum on the Palawan Skull Finds.



FR. BERRY, S.V.D.

. . . . Speeches



Dr. Friedrich von Fürstenberg

The Chemical Pilot Plant And Economic Progress

Speech delivered by

**DR. FRIEDRICH LEOPOLD FREIHERR
von FÜRSTENBERG**

Ambassador of the Republic of Germany to the Philippines,
in response to his reception of the
Degree of Doctor of Humanities, "honoris causa",
from the University of San Carlos.

**MOST REVEREND FATHER RECTOR
REVEREND FATHERS
MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY
DISTINGUISHED GUESTS**

I AM greatly honoured and very much pleased by the generous recognition you have bestowed on me in form of the outstanding degree of Doctor honoris causa of this noble place of learning. I want to thank you most sincerely from the bottom of my heart,—not only for myself, but also in the name of the Federal Republic of Germany, for I know that this honour was conferred to me mainly on account of the development assistance the German Government has extended to the Philippines.

So allow me to make a few remarks on the thoughts, ideas, and aims that motivate German development policies as demonstrated in particular by the chemical pilot plant entrusted to the University of San Carlos.

This pilot plant is meant to help develop and guide one of your country's most important industries, the coconut industry. It is, however, not meant to solve all the problems of the industry or of the people that derive their livelihood from it. It is only a small rather insignificant plant in comparison with all applicable standards, such as size or general requirements of industrialization. Its 3 units for oil extraction, hydrogenation and sulfation bring nothing particularly new, although new processes are being employed. The products turned out are not the most vitally important ones in the long list of the country's needs. The units are geared for processing only small quantities. The plant's commercial value amounts to only 1 1/2 mio P. In short: the basic idea is to help with a pilot or model-plant and not with a commercial plant.

Yet,—and this is a point that can be mentioned with pride—it is big enough to cover its running expenses:

thus eliminating one of the problems of model or experimental stations,—tending to fail sooner or later for lack of funds to keep them going. With good luck and a little skill, the plant should even be able to earn enough money for moderate expansion into further fields. Thus the plant, in contrast to many other development grants, tries to avoid being a burden to the recipient.

But that is not all. There are other aims. And by this I don't mean only the good will, which a gesture of this type creates in the relations between countries trying to deepen and broaden mutual understanding and to create friendly feelings in a general way. The plant is supposed to help not only on the technical and commercial side of development, but on a wider sphere.

Although the plant is a donation from one Government to another, it

(Continue next page)

is entrusted by the receiving Government to a non-governmental institute, to a center of Research, the University of San Carlos. By choosing this till now unusual channel of development efforts, exemplary coordination between the three parties concerned was employed: between the German side, the Philippine side and the University of San Carlos. For location the University of San Carlos in Cebu was chosen not so much for economic reasons but for the high reputation she has as a place of teaching, learning and research. The choice was most carefully arranged by all sides concerned. And I am convinced it was a good one.

The pilot plant is meant to perform certain processes furthering the econo-

Today we have a fundamentally different situation: old words and phrases may still be used for similar symptoms, but their meaning has changed. Since the end of the last war the issues of development limit themselves no longer to marginal activities. They have in a remarkable fast way—advanced to the foreground of general world policies, and destine the fate of the human race. The motives are no longer following on one-way lanes.

Modern development policy can be traced more or less to the so-called Marshall Plan. It was invented by a soldier. It was meant for the trader, the producer and any other actor in commerce and trade. Its aim was political: to gain ground in the controversy bet-

nation with training, teaching, learning and research,—not only in the fields of the natural sciences, more so in the fields of political and sociological sciences of humanities and morals.

The pilot plant, as I said, cannot supply all the technical and economic equipment necessary to provide surplus where lack exists; neither can it provide sufficient training to cope with the problems of the explosion; in research it might contribute a noticeable share; but in the field of harmonizing between the two developing problems of our era it can and may be of vital efficiency. Thus, although possibly considered insignificant in the perspective of needs and uses, the plant could and should act as a catalyst in the moral

The pilot plant is meant

- to perform certain processes furthering the economic expansion of the country;
 - to train and conduct research work;
 - to develop new processes and products for commercial purposes.
-

mic expansion of the country; and to train and conduct research work for any such sector; as well as to develop new processes and products for commercial purposes. Therefore it has been entrusted to the University of San Carlos as a non-governmental institution, renowned for its research task. This is the second point in its characteristics for which this pilot plant can be proud of.

Developing activities and their problems are nothing new in the history of men. There have been developing efforts going on for thousands of years and for hundreds of reasons. The politicians of expanding tribes, peoples and nations have from early times on tried to develop the territories which they conquered,—irrespective whether their expansion was caused by deficit or by surplus, by such symptoms, in either population, goods or trade. The militarists of humanity have established camps with accommodations to satisfy their material as well as cultural and amusement needs. The religious of mankind have gone out to preach their beliefs either by force or by persuasion, thus taking developing measures of some sort or other. The trader did the same on different grounds and with different reasons, but hitting on similar problems and similar tactics. All this went on predominantly with more or less one-sided motives. Developing was done alone as a one-way traffic with one-sided aims in mind.

ween communist thinking and humanitarian rights. Thus it acquired a philosophical note—a "Weltanschauung"—of nearly religious nature. Thereby it lost the trend of one-way traffic. The aim was no longer to develop one side. The aim was to bring together two sides between which disharmony of conditions existed. The aim became creating harmony.

So if in past centuries development efforts were more or less burdened by purely technical problems, the development policy of the 20th century is faced by many more problems. The technical aspects, difficult as they may be, are known. The other problems are new: the manifold aspects of gaining harmony in the field of disharmony, caused by need and deficiency or by surplus and suffocation, may that mean explosion in population or explosion in technical productivity. Thus a wide field of problems is presenting itself. Their most precarious type appears to me to lie on the moral side. The technical difficulties might be overcome; the political complications seem even in the perspective of North Borneo and Common Market troubles not over-frightening; the moral aspects, however, demand from human mind and character qualities, the training of which promises slim chance in the available time-period so inadequate. Therefore it seems to me important to concentrate development efforts in combi-

aspects, the sociological aspects and the political aspects of development in our time. I am sure the good fathers of San Carlos will use their knowledge and their findings to teach and contribute to better life, and thereby bring union into the divergent sides of progress with peace.

This to my mind is the third and most important characteristic of the development effort, which is to emanate from San Carlos. All the wealth of Germany,—it is over-estimated anyhow,—and all the generosity of the USA, could not furnish the equipment that would make the Philippine Islands as industrialized and rich as they want to be. But efforts of the type mentioned could open a vista into the harmony, which I think the world needs, and hope will get.

Therefore I would like to express my sincere thanks for the honour bestowed on me, also in the name of the Federal Republic of Germany, to all the parties that made it possible that between Germany and the Philippines efforts of mutual development assistance could have been launched. I trust this will continue to emanate from here for many years to come. In particular I wish to thank the Most Reverend Father Rector, the members of this University and S.V.D. Order for what they have done. Last not least for this so friendly welcome extended to me and my party here to-day.



DR. PAULINO J. GARCIA

Address delivered at the Commencement Exercises of the University of San Carlos, Collegiate Department, on March 23, 1963, during which he also received the degree of *Doctor of Science, honoris causa*, from the University.

What is a vocation, my friends? Doubtless, many of us think of vocation only as a vocation to a religious life—to be a priest or a nun. This is a very narrow definition of the term. A vocation is a calling. It is an assignment from God. It is the role God asks each of us to assume in life.

In a sense, as of now, you have of your own will, already initially chosen your role. Each of you is graduating from some unit of the University—as lawyer, chemist, business graduate, or education graduate. This is the first step to a lifelong vocation. By your own choice, you shall now embark upon your professions. This is clearly the direction your efforts will take. In a little while, you shall become professionals. And if through your honest, dedicated efforts you are able to find your place in your professional field, then indeed your role shall have been already clearly defined for you. From you then shall be expected, even more

the VOCATION to INTEGRITY

by Hon. PAULINO J. GARCIA
Chairman, National Science Board

REV. FATHERS, REV. MOTHERS,
HONORED MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY,
BELOVED PARENTS,
DEAR GRADUATES,
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN —

ALLOW ME to preface my talk tonight with a brief, deeply grateful acknowledgement of this signal honor which the University of San Carlos tonight has chosen to bestow upon my humble person. A famous poet had once described this inarticulateness I now feel before you. Edgar Lee Masters had said so memorably — "For the depths, of what use is language? In the presence of realities we cannot speak."

Gratitude is to me, always, a vast and deep emotion. Honor, to me, is always humbling and purifying. More than anything in life, an undeserved honor, such as the University of San Carlos has accorded me tonight, never fails to bring me to a naked realization of three supreme realities: the wisdom of God, the goodness of men, and my own minuscule but infinitesimal worth. Permit me to say, especially considering the more

recent events of my life, that I have gradually, if painfully, learned that the ways of God are truly majestically mysterious; He indeed directs man's path and orders events for him. I therefore take this honor bestowed upon me — and thereupon my family likewise — with a full awareness of the challenge to deserve it, although I know that this may be difficult to achieve.

Yet, this is how I feel tonight as I address you, graduating students. With this degree which the University of San Carlos has now granted to me, I feel more truly one with you. For now you have made me, likewise, a graduating student; and therefore tonight also becomes, like yours, my commencement.

Years from now when you try to live over the events of today, and specifically, tonight's exercises, we shall remember together that tonight we bind ourselves to a common and most rare commitment: our common vocation of truth and integrity.

For this is the burden of my message tonight.

abundantly, a dedication to excellence in your particular field. There is only one standard which integrity respects: the standard of personal excellence. And you must practice your profession, observing only this standard. For your profession shall then have become your vocation.

This is what I mean by vocation: a total consecration of one's talents, time, and effort in as excellent a service to God and country as one's own powers shall make possible.

And this way of life, demanding the highest of talent and virtue, is not easy, my dear friends. Considering the times we live in, considering the rabid selfishness of man in this modern age, considering the many and persistent temptations to a soft, easy and comfortable existence, considering the rule of expediency in the management of both private and public matters, considering that principles and ideals have become so adulterated and misdefined, considering that security, prestige and power have become the goals of the young and the ambitious, to ask you now to discharge the obligations of your professions with as much purity and dedication as a religious lives his vow, it is knowingly to ask you to go opposite to the ways of the world.

(Continue next page)

It is knowingly to ask you to go against the strong and rushing currents of materialism, selfishness, and corruption. This I fully know. And yet if you were my own sons and daughters — as indeed I have my own too, I would knowingly ask you, as I ask them, not to hesitate, not to fear to do exactly this—the difficult but the only honorable way; the way of truth and integrity.

For a vocation to a principled existence is a vocation to truth and integrity. The object of your efforts is truth: doing what is asked of you in the strictest honesty and justice. Honesty with one's self and doing all in your power to live the truth of the moment: of the assignment that is asked of you in the discharge of your obligations as a professional, at any and every moment.

Thus to perform your duties as best as you can—pursuing the truth of your reasoning and convictions, and remaining faithful to yourself in the duties you are called upon to perform—is to live a life of integrity, of truth.

And I say, and I repeat, and you must constantly remind yourself of the truth of this—that a life of principle is not an easy life. It is not the convenient way of living. It is not the ordinary, usual way. It is not the naturally-to-be-expected way. It is not the way of the clever and the ambitious and the opportunistic men of the world. No, this is not the practical way. It is not the world's way. Because it is the way that is so opposite to the materialistic, secularistic, opportunistic ways of the world.

And tonight, my friends, we commit ourselves to this very hard but honorable way of life. To talk at this challenge, to hesitate to recognize and accept it, to fear the demands it shall make on you, to refuse it is to betray your upbringing; it is to betray the fruits of your studies and your reasoning. It is to betray your years of education. It is to betray your manhood and your womanhood. Most of all, it is to betray the gifts of Providence that have been yours all these years. And my dear friends, it is a betrayal you shall find very hard to live down. It is a betrayal that shall cause you, for long, a searing pain and an anguish of spirit which shall be difficult to forget.

But while you enjoy this knowledge of a clear call to a principled existence, brace yourself to the call, and respond to it generously, nobly, magnificently. This is no exaggerated exhortation. I call upon you to make this commitment tonight knowing that your university training has prepared you for it. I ask this of you because I know that, while you may not fully realize it as yet, let me tell you that you have re-

ceived the type of education that can best guarantee for you the solid intellectual conviction that Christ's way is the way of rectitude, integrity and honor.

And because your parents are here with you tonight, let me pause awhile to congratulate your beloved parents who have perhaps through great sacri-

“A Life of Integrity is not an easy life . . .”

fice, chosen so very wisely to send you to this great University of San Carlos. Let me digress awhile to pay a most just and reasonable tribute to your university.

The University of San Carlos is, in a sense, a unique Catholic institution. Like all Catholic schools, it is strong in its offerings in the humanities and social sciences. But San Carlos has earned, in addition, a reputation also for its very strong offerings in the natural and physical sciences. This is a most desirable balance that has yet to be earned by many institutions. In passing, let me share a semi-historical problem with you. In several friendly jousts, Father Rector and my wife used to argue about which really the oldest university in the Philippines. Father Rigney contends that San Carlos even preceded the University of Santo Tomas, which we proudly tell our visitors was founded in 1611, even before Harvard was built. Whichever of the two institutions is finally historically established to be it, however, permit me to say that the University of San Carlos, despite its age, has indeed remained young and vibrant as an institution. I say this because it has retained its flexibility. This is so principally because it has wisely continued to be sensitive to the needs of the community, such that in the vigorous initiative it took in securing for the use of its faculty and students, the recently installed pilot plant for coconut and coconut by-products, it has thus earned the distinction of being the first Asian pioneering scientific research institute in this particular product. As such, it can now offer graduate courses in the chemistry of this product and can profitably direct research in this top dollar-earning commodity.

My dear parents, let me say that by giving your children the opportunity to study in a Catholic school, you have given them the best guarantee for a solid foundation of a principled life. For a Catholic education, my friends,

trains not only the intellect. A Catholic education trains likewise the will. To train merely the intellect without training the will to obey the intellect, is to bring up men and women who know what is right and wrong, what is good and not good, what is excellent and what is not, what is economical and what is not, what is just and what is not, and yet, knowing all these, they do not do what their intellects tell them. This is why we have men who know very much, whose knowledge of many things is encyclopedic, whose facts are all in their fingertips, who know the answers to many questions, but who are impotent and cannot or do not act as they should.

This is the main tragedy of our times. The ills that beset our society are caused principally by men whose astuteness and cleverness lie in outwitting others; whose intellectual powers have been used for questionable ends which they recognize as wrong but which they have little strength of will to resist.

Your Catholic education guarantees for you a clear knowledge of the purpose of creation, the meaning of human life, and the destiny of men. Towards these truths of the intellect, which you are in possession of through knowledge and faith, you have been helped by the dedicated Fathers of this University, by your beloved teachers and parents, to train your will to obey such truths of your intellect. And more than this, your Catholic education has assured you that you are never alone in the pursuit of this vocation of integrity: that you shall never fail in strength in fresh and renewed hopes, in courage and fortitude.

Allow me to close with just one simple note to render my challenge to you tonight less frightening and grave.

I have said that life of truth and integrity is a very difficult life. But let me say, also, that the joys of such a life are immeasurable. The joy of having a clear and sensitive conscience, the joy of being honest with one's self, one's fellowmen, and God; the joy of knowing and doing the truth as one is made to see the truth; the joy of defying falsehood, hypocrisy, cheap human respect, insincerity, and meanness; the joy of being able to understand and forgive the pettinesses and injustices of others; most of all, the joy of knowing that one has been doing God's will as he sees it, no matter what it personally costs him—this is magnificence itself. And opposite this—at its worst is perversity: which at the least is mediocrity.

Tonight, all of us, you and me—each of us here gathered—is asked the one crucial question: Shall we choose magnificence?

I thank you.

ON CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

by REV. LUIS E. SCHÖNFELD, S.V.D.

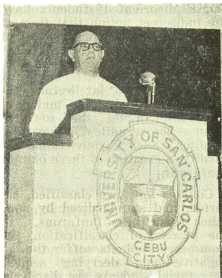
Speech delivered on March 24, 1963 at the Commencement Exercises of the High School Department of the University of San Carlos, Cebu City.

DEAR GRADUATES: You are bidding good-bye to the classrooms and setting out to climb the heights over thorny paths, strewn with difficulties. The University, your intellectual mother, has replenished your baggage, and she has tucked into it with affectionate solicitude whatever the lesson and the advice are able to give you what is truly useful for you. This she does to strengthen your spirit on the one hand, and on the other to smooth the sharp edges of the road you are to tread. Your University leads you now to the august portals of what used to be our common home, and there, stamping a warm kiss, as it were, on your forehead, and clasping your hands, she shows you the path to follow. Thus you depart!

Dear Graduates: There is not the slightest doubt that an education based on the wise and sound morality of Christ was and still is the most fruitful pedagogy in the realm of notions, virtues and social benefits. A Christian education cultivates the intellect as well as the spirit, and thus sets the young man and woman apart from the gross materialism which egotism generates, and, therefore, divorces youth from the dismal consequences we experience nowadays in all the social disturbances stirred up by a fictitious ideological evolutionism utterly devoid of a solid foundation.

What our youth stands in dire need of nowadays is a religious idealism, a Christian ideal. Only such an ideal is competent enough to lead our youth amidst the tenebrosity which our present moments of anxiety and uncertainty create. The air is, as it were, seething with interrogations. Diverse echoes permeate and saturate the atmosphere. Shielding himself behind the grandiloquent terms of *liberation*, of *justice*, of *honor* and of *liberty*, many a trader of ideas is hiding, a perfect exponent of that political fauna which liberalism has engendered, but which is destined to disappear sooner than it came about.

It so happens that all pretend to advance. But it so happens, too, that they get so confused and befuddled that they again and again clash with one another, and nobody makes any



Rev. Luis E. Schönfeld, S.V.D.

"Should Christian idealism succumb, life shall lose its meaning..."

headway. A cruel skepticism corrodes the conscience of many. Others, on the contrary—illuminated by loftier principles and reasons—cause the germination of generous ideas and ideals and impregnate with faith, enthusiasm and sound optimism the spiritual climate of these blessed Philippines Islands. It is a minority, yes, but a redemptive minority which shall eventually provoke the victorious reaction of the moral forces of this Nation, rooted so deeply in the genesis of the Philippine nationality.

Should, however, the Christian idealism succumb, life shall then have lost its true meaning. Christian idealism constitutes the very essence of the relative human happiness. It is the life of the spirit; it is the strength of the immaterial over the material.

Materialistic men are like reptiles. They live crawling on the ground; they clear distances and forge ahead; they may even reach their goal. But to achieve this they had to follow a road of curves, sinuosities and disrepute. An ideal is laid before us as something abiding in the heights, where reptiles cannot reach. In order to come up to

it, man, as it were, acquires wings that enable him to rise above the miseries of this world. It is being said, therefore, that the majestic flight of the eagle that is heading in a straight line towards the full light, is analogous to the road which a man with an ideal is clearing.

The Christian ideal has, on the other hand, such an extraordinary vitality, that it is able to realize the miracle of actuating even amongst those that don't believe in it.

Men of the past proudly prescinded from the religious ideal and have reduced life to a mere political ideal, if not to an outright economic or racial ideal. We may, perhaps, find in this profound error of pretending to do away with man's innate spirituality, the explanation of all the greed and sensualism, of all the discomposure and jumble, of all the great suffering and distress that saturate the horizons of this world and obscure the vision of the future.

In ages gone by, which were of a stronger faith and of a more general outlook on life, sins were committed, just the same as in our own age. There were then as now doctrinal aberrations and moral disorders. Evil existed then as now, and at times it came to an overflow. Times there were when this evil turned impetuous, and chopped off branches, as it were, and shook the very foundations of Christian society. This state of affairs reached such great proportions that it was feared that everything was lost. Fortunately, this dreaded catastrophe did not occur. Why not? Because man at that time had at his disposal a supreme recourse, the recourse to his faith, vigorous and respected! This strong sense of religion rose before his culpable conscience and accused it thus: "You have sinned, but don't fret; God is disposed to forgive you. He wants you free from the wretched consequences of sin. But sorry for it all!"

Remorse sprang forth at the conjunction of the word full of divine power just the same as in Biblical times
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water gushed out of the hard rock at the touch of Moses' mysterious rod.

Only Religion yields that great power, the power to delve into men's conscience and therein strike roots of auto-defense against evil. And this in any conscience: in the conscience of the ignorant and the savant; of the weak and the strong; of the rulers and the ruled; of the lowly and the great.

The present catastrophic prostration of humanity can only be remedied by amending human society through an all-out effort of salvaging our youth, our children. This pressing task starts indeed in the bosom of the very home of our children; but it has got to be complemented and completed in school, in a school that stands firmly and squarely on the unmovable and unshakable foundation of a Christian morality and teaching.

The University of San Carlos, the oldest school in the Philippines, is such a school. San Carlos has earned a well-justified renown down the lanes of a well-nigh four-hundred-year history. Yes, she has made a name for herself through her qualified teaching, particularly for her ability of forging the character and personal discipline in her thousands of students which facts are the cause that so many luminaries of the highest order have come from the halls and classrooms of this University, luminaries that are now outstanding figures in the different strata of society and who have become the leaders, the true corphaei of the democratic way of life this country is enjoying now, and of whom many are living examples of the charity of Christ.

Dear Graduates: You have been trained to lead the Christian way of life. As you step out of this school and face the world, you may find a cumulus of handicaps that besets you, threatening to thwart and frustrate you in the attainment of your high purposes. But, dear Graduates, convert all these liabilities of handicaps into assets of spiritual achievement. Don't face them in a rebellious, self-pitying manner, but calmly, realistically and courageously. In the midst of them all, remain undisturbed, your faith in God unshaken. Transform all these trials, deceptions and sorrows into a wellspring of power and a flywheel of activity. Visualize them rightly, changing them from obstacles into stepping stones, transforming them into sources of power, converting them into rungs of a ladder by which you may scale the heights of this and of the next world. I thank you!

CURRICULAR DISCRIMINATION *in this* UNIVERSITY

by VICTOR C. PAGUNSAN

SOME disoriented students have the indiscreet notion that they of a certain course are wiser than the others, or they are less dumb than the rest. These students believe that courses determine the intelligence and intellectual capability of an individual, and since they are taking the so-called "course of erudites", they are erudites. Such is convictional absurdity, a creation of these blatant fanfarons.

Courses now are classified, assorted, and standardized by none other than these fanfarons. In the process of classification, the Commerce students suffer the derogative and decrying sequel; Secretarial students are disparaged. Liberal Arts students get the paeans for obtaining the highest position.

Some students seem to have the lowest regard for Commerce students. Why? A few of their reasons are: (1) Morons and dumbbells are abundant among the Commerce students. (2) Commerce students do not possess the ability of speaking fluent and correct English. (3) Commerce students' field of learning is concentrated on numbers and nothing more. And finally, (4) Commerce subjects are easy compared to non-Commerce subjects. These are some of the fanfarons' seemingly sound but actually refutable reasons.

The verbose arrogants discourse about the presence of feeble-minded students in the Commerce population. This may be true; there may be morons among the Commerce students, but only to a small extent. This is corroborated by the past I.Q. tests, which showed a high rate of intellectual capacity among the "condemned students". Furthermore, even if most of the Commerce students are dumbbells, and I am sure most of them are not, they cannot validly conclude that all are.

Who said that Commerce students do not speak English with eloquence? Did he talk with them and observe them in their speech?

And as a diriment retort, does the critic himself speak flawless English?

Commerce students know not only numbers as others may think, but also knowledgeable facts that may someday prove to be of paramount importance for the betterment of the nation and disprove the delusions insinuated by the loquacious culpables.

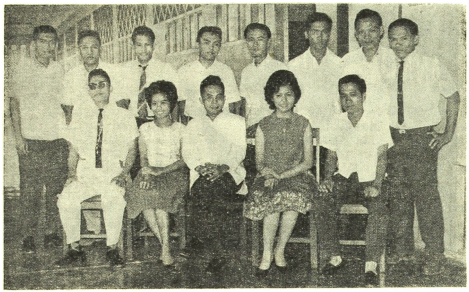
Commerce easy? Care to try? We dare our critics to take a taste of Accounting and we are willing to bet that he will give up after the first attempt and take back what he uttered before. As a bit of information, failing marks in Accounting is one of the reasons why Commerce students shift to other courses.

Some of the animadversions are esoteric; others are childish and amusing. One student said that commercial education is only for the poor. Another added that beauty is a rare quality among the lady Commerce students. He is utterly wrong! A lady commented that she does not like the color of the Commerce necktie. How childish can some people get!

Even faculty members are not exempt. Teachers are also engaged in this curricular discrimination. A Sociology teacher was heard to say: "Commerce students are only fit for vocational courses. Everybody knows how to count, so why take Commerce?" This teacher, I would say, is ignorant of what Commerce education is and needs to be taught the true meaning thereof.

The discrimination against certain courses in this university is mild compared to the racial discrimination in the United States. They are making a travesty of the principle of equality. Like racial discrimination, curricular discrimination is a disagreeable practice and should be stopped. If unabated, it might engender disunity and noncooperation among the students, and lack of mutual understanding between them. It ruins the amicable ties among students, and may create inter-collegiate antagonism inside the campus.

What is the USC DEBATING CLUB?



THE USC DEBATING CLUB
OFFICERS AND SOME MEMBERS

Sitting from left to right: Mr. Marciano Aparte Jr., Chairman; Miss Alma Albos, P.R.O.; Mr. Marcelo Bacalso, Club Adviser; Miss Adeline Ong, Secretary; Mr. Antonio Felipe, Treasurer.—Standing from left to right: Eugenio Diomangay, member; Rogelio Peñalosa, member; Jesus Pacuribot, member; Manolito Montecarlo, member; Edilberto Basco, Vice-Chairman; Porfirio Daclan, member; Romeo Alvizo, member; Antonio Rosario, member.

NOT ALL students of *Logic* are good logicians nor students of *Argumentation and Debate* good debaters. One may obtain a flat 1 in either or both courses, but may miserably fail to demonstrate and apply the principles of correct thinking and argumentation. To know the principles is one thing, to apply them is another.

It is to provide students with a means whereby they can put into practice what they have learned in class that the USC Debating Club has been formed. Teachers are not expected to give us everything. They teach us the principles of speech, logic, grammar and composition, but ours is the task of evaluating and applying these principles in our daily lives, of investigating, co-ordinating, analyzing and creating new ideas, opening new trails of thought on the basis of these principles.

Specifically, the USC Debating Club aims to help students develop their forensic abilities, the ability to speak in an intelligent and logical fashion, the ability to compose an argument in a coherent and convincing manner, and the ability to assimilate useful ideas. The Club also aims to awaken in the students the important role of argumentation and debate in a democracy; to foster in them the good traits of resourcefulness, cooperation and teamwork, sportsmanship and fairness.

How do we achieve these aims?

First, since the Club aims to help students apply the principles of logic and argumentation into practice, it insists that only students who have taken and passed *Logic* and *Argumentation and Debate* shall be accepted as members. There is, therefore, a sort of

selective admission. Any student, provided he meets the requirements can become a member of the Club, irrespective of the course he is pursuing.

Second, after admission the students are required to attend a lecture-meeting at which they are "refreshed" on the principles they have learned. The club Adviser, who conducts the lecture-meetings, gives the members a topic for discussion to be participated in by all members present. Discussions are initiated by the Adviser giving the members logical problems which they have to solve. Or, he may give them a pattern of argument and tells the students to discover the fallacy in it, if any, and to give its specific name. The reasoning power of the members are challenged by placing them in a dilemma or giving them an argument which they are required to refute.

The Club Chairman and Club Adviser assign a particular topic to be discussed the following meeting. It may be given to a set of speakers or it may be assigned to the whole group. In the case of a set of assigned speakers, the members are given, say, two weeks' time to gather their materials before they are required to speak before the group.

It is the duty of the Club Adviser to observe the speakers while they deliver their pieces. After which, errors in pronunciation, argument, manner of presentation and delivery are pointed out and corrected. The members are also taught to cross-examine their opponents. This has become necessary since at the University we are adopting the Oxford-Oregon type of debate. It is in the cross-examination where a debater can display his wit. The

by M. APARTE, JR.
Club Chairman

ability to trap an opponent by a series of incisive questions is one of the hallmarks of a good debater.

It is perhaps in the gathering of materials for a debate that resourcefulness, teamwork, cooperation and assimilation of ideas come into play. In order to be able to defend one's side and to anticipate an opponent's arguments, the members of a team have to do some extensive readings, ransack our library for materials, read current periodicals, books, etc., contact resource persons such as their own professors. Each has to share with the other what he knows concerning the pros and cons of the topic assigned. After the reading comes the assimilation of the ideas gathered and putting them into one's own words to form the pillars of an argument. Here, the student relies mainly upon his knowledge of the principles of grammar and composition, logic and argumentation and debate to be able to present a logical, convincing, and straightforward argument. Unlike the orator in most oratorical contests, the debater has to write his own piece aside from delivering it. It is only when he can write what he has to deliver that he can defend it effectively and thus lay claim to the title of a "campus debater."

Third, as a culmination of the practice they have undergone, an advanced group of members are assigned a particular topic for which they have to prepare in order to be staged in our Audio-Visual Room. Prizes are awarded to the winning team, the "First Best Debater" and the "Second Best Debater."

In barely two years of its existence, the USC Debating Club has been able to draw members from different colleges, including the Graduate School. The mental abilities of the members range from the average to the excellent. But all of them have one thing in common, the interest to improve their speech, the desire to know actual debating, to argue in public logically and coherently and most of all to get rid of their stage fright. In the debates we have sponsored, many of the members showed latent potentialities of good speakers and debaters, conscious of their diction, their grammar and most of all of their logic. Some of them become prizewinners in oratorical contests held in the University.

The Club has also been able to stage at least one debate a semester. The propositions presented were of a timely national or campus interest at the time the debates were held. Topics of national interest already debated were the abolition of the Spanish Law and the abolition of *Fiestas*. While subjects of campus interest were the propositions that the University of San Carlos Adopt Entrance Examinations, and the Abolition of Written Term Examinations.

It has been my observation that among the universities and colleges in the Visayas, there is an awakened interest in

(Continued on page 25)

First Annual Honoring of Working Student Graduates

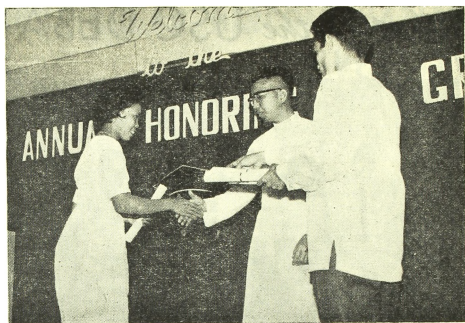
by JON GUANZON

DURING a monthly meeting of the Working Students Association of the University of San Carlos a few months back, a resolution was presented to the body, proposing an annual honoring of working student graduates. After a slightly stormy but brief discussion of the pros and cons on the resolution, a plebiscite was made, and the move was approved.

So it was that on March 23 last, the USC Working Students Association held its first yearly honoring of graduating members at the Archbishop Reyes Social Hall.

The day was a very significant and memorable one particularly to the honorees. This was the first time graduating Working Students were honored and given due recognition for their long and faithful service to the University. The officers were responsible for this move, for without their zealous efforts the affair would have been impossible. The affair would not have come to pass without the able and dynamic leadership of President Lucrecio T. Calo, Andres Arreza, the Secretary-Treasurer, and above all the competent and generous guidance of Father Margarito Alingasa, the Supervisor.

At exactly 12:00 noon, Father Alingasa ascended the stage and opened the program with a prayer. The first number on the agenda was Operation Lunch, with food supplied by the La Suerte



For a job well done, a certificate of merit. Father Alingasa, assisted by WSA President Calo, hands out certificates.

Restaurant. After the meal, Yolando Monton, last year's president and one of the honorees, gave the opening remarks. This was followed by a rendition by "The Partners", a promising group of young singers belonging to the Association. Then followed the main agenda, the handing of certificates of merit to the graduates. The honors were done by Father Alingasa, assisted by Calo. The honorees consisted of new professionals and new graduates, as well as the Ten Outstanding Working Students of the Year. Honored were Ernesto Dinopol, Delfin Decierdo, and Lope Lendio, Jr. who all passed the recent bar examinations, Eduardo Muyco, Certified Plant Mechanic, and Bienvenido Soberano, Certified Plant Mechanic, 59 new graduates, and ten outstanding members.

In the brief inspirational message that followed, Father Alingasa pointed out that each one of us has a mission to perform in this world. Whatever God wills for us to do, we must do it with the Christian spirit of humble resignation. Calo followed with his own presidential message he started in a light vein, giving everyone a laugh break.

The response in behalf of the graduates was given by Miss Zenaida Oli-

veros. The committee who chose her to speak chose rightly indeed, for Miss Oliveros graduated with a Degree of Bachelor of Arts in Commerce, *magna cum laude*, and has a lot of charm to boot.

Then followed the introduction of the guest speaker by Eddie Tautjo, Grand Akan of the Alpha Kappa Fraternity. The introduction was light, witty, and charming. We really hand it to Eddie, especially when he said that among the many good things he learned under the guest speaker's mentorship in accounting class was the intricacy of the "normal curve", this accompanied with a careless gesture of his hands, forming the coca-cola form.

Mr. Wenefredo Geonzon, the guest speaker, told the audience of his working student days. He recounted his first day in college as a sweeper, a job he preferred for it gave him extra time for other useful activities, as it was performed very early in the morning, or in late evening, thus giving him the rest of the day for extra-curricular doings. His efforts as a lowly sweeper were more than amply compensated when he graduated *summa cum laude* from the USC College of Commerce in 1967. At present Mr. Geonzon is employed in

FLASH !!

The WSA congratulates Arsenio Mesiona, erstwhile student worker at the Audio-Visual Department, for copying the third place of the Philippine Air Force Examinations given recently throughout the Philippines. Mesiona is now in Manila for training.

Is Youth Any Worse Today?

THAT IS a matter of opinion. Our views are that they are not. Here are points to support the negative side:

We admit that the young people of today have their faults, (who hasn't?) but after talking with our parents, we have discovered that their generation also had its bad points. Because they were without the modern communication devices, such as the radio, movies, and newspapers to broadcast their deeds, they have remained unknown to the general public. Such things as turning in false alarms and general misdemeanors were taken for granted.

Teenagers of a few years back were not continually told of their faults but were taught how to live a decent life, not only by words, but also by good examples. If their parents decided that such and such a person was not the proper companion for them, they

would explain why, so that the desire to accompany that person would never present itself again. When an unsuitable place should be shunned by young people, their elders would provide clean entertainment for them, and attempt to eliminate rowdy "hand-outs."

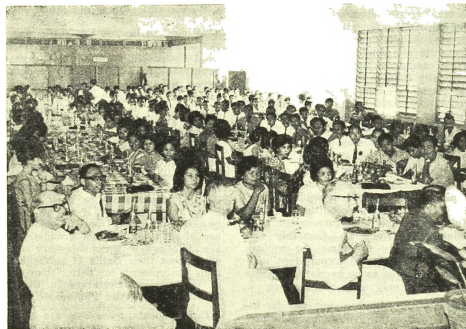
The great demand for the so-called "baby-sitters" today is one indication that parents are not assuming responsibilities as they should. Children should be trained by their parents, not by a neighborhood teenager, who does not care for the child, but for the few cents he collects at the end of the evening. Authorities say the modern youth is like an auto driver at a gas station. He comes home, toots a horn, fills up, and then goes on his way again. What about

By 17 Teenagers from the USC Boys' Quarters

our modern parents? Don't they hurriedly feed their child, kiss him lightly, then tuck him into bed, with an excuse about some important meeting, returning home in the wee hours of the morning?

Those who say that juvenile delinquency is increasing have taken as their example only the teenagers who have been guilty of crimes. They have completely forgotten about the great number of young people who are living upright lives.

Taking into consideration the modern hazards to a clean moral life, we feel that our efforts to avoid such dangers should at least be recognized. For this reason we think that the youth of today is more deserving of credit than of criticism.



Working Students and guests. In foreground, from left: Father Schönfeld, Mr. Geonzon, the Guest Speaker, Miss Addie Sarthou, Miss Perfecta Guanco, Mrs. Rene Baldoza, and Mr. Jose Arias.

a big American firm in Cebu, and teaches accounting at USC on the side.

After the speeches, songs and combo renditions, followed the surprise number, which was the giving of special award for the Ten Most Outstanding Working Students of the schoolyear 1962-63. It was a surprise for the

honorees were not notified of it. How were they chosen? A committee was created, composed of all officers of the association under the chairmanship of Father Alingasa, to screen the chosen candidates. The selection was based on honesty, academic excellence, cooperation, extra-curricular participation, and

respect to superiors, in that order. The primary purpose of the special awards was to give an incentive to members to make them exert their best.

Chosen for the outstanding awards were Miss Praxedes P. Bulabog, present editor of *THE CAROLINIAN* and the *SEMPER FIDELIS*, Miss Eleanor Lopez, Messrs. Anacleto Guanzon, Marciano Aparte, Romualdo Lendio, Manuel Delfino, Benjamin Cartilla, Philips Aguanta, Vicente Roble, and Leonardo Gasakit.

In behalf of Very Reverend Father Rector, Reverend Father Hoepfner, Vice-Rector, gave the closing remarks, in which he praised Father Alingasa for his admirable efforts in uniting and leading the student workers on the right path of student life.

The First Annual Honoring of Working Student Graduates was a resounding success. As the five new professionals, the 59 Bachelors, and the 10

Most Outstanding Working Students honored look back to the memorable day, they cannot help but feel grateful and extend their appreciation to Father Alingasa and the Association's officers for their initiative and generosity. Above all, they thank the S.V.D. Fathers of USC, who like the Good Samaritan, have helped hundreds of poor but deserving students obtain a college education, a good Catholic college education. To them we convey our heartfelt thanks. God bless them.

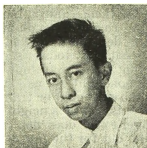
What is Your OPINION...

NOT long ago, we received a letter from Congressman Rodolfo Ganson of Iloilo, soliciting student opinion on the above issue, from which, he stated, he would base his stand when the matter comes under deliberation in the halls of Congress. Opinions for and against the present controversy are now rife in many circles. In this regard, we feel that it is college students who are best qualified to opine on the subject inasmuch as their



J. B. CORDOVEZ

(Miss) Josefina B. Cordovez
Graduate School



V. C. PAGUNSAN

Victor C. Pagunsan
Commerce II

In my four years' experience as Guidance Counselor of a public high school, I believe I have made enough observations and garnered sufficient data on which to base my opinion on the topic at hand.

To put it clearly, I am not in favor of the proposition. Experience has shown me that young people from ages sixteen to nineteen are generally not yet mature enough as to be capable of sound and reliable decisions on important matters. Their main concern at this period centers mostly on teenage romances, on relations with their peers, on family problems (mostly financial), and problems on studies and grades — in that order. Vital problems about the national economy and politics are still unimportant to them. Whatever pronouncements they make on national issues and politics are mostly parroted from those of their elders. Allowing them to vote at eighteen would be just like giving an exam in calculus to a high school class in algebra. It is simply too soon for them, something too difficult for them to grasp. The results could be disastrous. In their confused and emotionally-unsettled age, eighteen-year-olds could be easy targets for bribery and corruption — particularly in these times when it seems that most of our teenagers have become initiated into the smoking and drinking habits. Unworthy candidates might be put into public office at the cheap price of a pack of blue-seal Chesterfields or a bottle of rum.

Need we say anything more?

At present, with the dire economic poverty, graft, chronic unemployment, and industrial infancy plaguing the land, we need an intelligent and conscientious electorate who would pick and place into office candidates who are morally and politically capable of tackling and solving these pressing problems of our nation. We need voters who would not lose and ruin the hope and potentiality of a better Philippines through absurd and puerile bargaining of their rights of suffrage.

Today, we suffer in a form of catatonic stupor and stony apathy of the administration and the ignominious misery of our living condition. Why? Must we blame our government officials for our plight? Certainly not. We are mainly to blame for we are the ones who elected incompetent officials, unfit even to be barrio lieutenants and worthy only of public censure.

Should the eighteen-year-olds be included into the voting population? This would lead to a valley of questions. Are our 18-year-olds wise enough to judge and elect candidates? Would their votes not aggravate the existing economic and social problems? Are they not politically immature, the way our voters are now?

Some if not most of our 18-year-olds would in time bargain their votes and pursue the undeniable precedent set by the present voters, thus augmenting the present problems. Our youth who do not as yet understand the "sine qua non" of the right of suffrage, should not be allowed to vote. We should se-

lect only those whom we believe are able to elect capable officials, who can lead us to progress and not to misery. But who among the 18-year-olds of today are of this calibre?

My proposition is to select only eighteen-year-olds who are college students. Their knowledge should be sufficient to enable them to cope, understand, and ameliorate the present situation of our government. Let them have the privilege of raising this country into a soundly-governed and economically self-sufficient nation. Give them the right of suffrage, and with their high education they should make intelligent voters.

Jimmy Abrante
BSA

"Minor" in law, if I'm not wrong, is the term given to those who are below what is considered the legal age of twenty-one, and who are supposedly believed to be incapable of making sound decisions.

To answer, therefore, the question whether one who is 18 years of age should be allowed to vote or not is to contemplate the fact on whether 18-year-olds can make sound decisions on matters which require careful deliberation. Can they? I think they can. Another thing that we must consider is the fact that most, if not all, of our teens nowadays from 18 and above are already high school graduates and are in college, with the necessary knowledge about their rights of suffrage and their government, far better than many of our present electorate in the different parts of the Philippines.

Our students nowadays are trained not only in the courses they are enrolled but also in the right way of exercising their rights. They have been trained in government participation in their schools through the Student Government. This is the privilege enjoyed by our college and high school students today.

I believe that an honest and good government can be achieved and formed by electorates who know exactly what to do in exercising their rights of suffrage, as well as their role in the government, but not by those who can even hardly write their names, read, and understand what they are reading.

ages generally fall under the age bracket in question. We therefore take this opportunity to present here the views of six students picked out at random from the different departments to give you a general idea of what the typical student thinks about this vital issue which may well shape our future national political pattern.

THE EDITOR

... on the Reduction of the Voting Age from 21 to 18 years?

The latter are those who are often the victims of false propaganda by wily candidates, and are most likely responsible in putting into office wrong and dishonest persons.

In order to form an honest government, I believe it is wise to let our youth from 18 and above and who are at present fully aware of their rights and rules as citizens of the Philippines, to take active part in our elections.

The best voter is, in my opinion, an educated eighteen-year-old.

Remigio Cogodes
Graduate School

Pursuant to the requirements of a qualified voter only those reaching the age of 21 and above are allowed by law to vote, and to hear that Congressman Rodolfo Ganson of Iloilo is determined to reduce the voting age, is to me a very commendable gesture worthy of our support and recommendation.

The Philippines has the singular honor of having a great number of young citizens enrolled in institutions of learning. Most of our eighteen-year-olds are in this level. Based upon this premise, what reasons have we, therefore, to bar them from exercising the right to vote? It is clear that they are mentally prepared and morally capable of exercising the right of suffrage. They not only know how to read and write but are more responsible, educated and unbiased in the deliberation of political issues and in the election of candidates. They are more vigilant and less susceptible to the vote-buying tactics of politicians because they have not been exposed to unsavory political contracts. They are therefore in a position to elect men of integrity and honesty, men who have a sense of dedicated service. Their selection is not tainted with personal affections, nor can they easily be swayed by a pleasing personality or a string of "halaks" in discerning the real measures that will help alleviate the pitiful conditions of our people in particular and the manifold problems that beset the country in general.

If ever the present law on the qualification of voters will be amended, it can only be that our government has finally realized the great potentials that lay dormant in our youth of today which have remained untapped.



A. T. YABUT

Antonio T. Yabut
B.S. Physics III

I am of the opinion that the voting age must be reduced from twenty-one to eighteen years. At eighteen, one is mature enough to make responsible choices. One is capable of weighing and assimilating vital issues.

It is high time that we be realistic and responsive to the needs of changing times. Gone are the days when the youth were to be seen and not heard. Today we need to encourage among our youth greater participation in politics. This can be made possible by increasing the ratio of the intelligent voting populace. The majority of the electorate come from the masses, from people which are mostly of limited comprehension and possessed of partisan prejudice. Reduction of voting age then serves as a check and balance, for the youth cannot be easily corrupted or persuaded against their will and determination to elect men of their ideals — ideals that guide their ways of thinking. In addition, reduction of the voting age would make them conscious of their responsibilities as citizens of the State. In general, it is always advantageous to inculcate early in the mind of today's youth certain responsibilities to make them feel important, their potential good to society, and their being assets to the community.

I'm positive that the reduction of voting age, would tremendously help put into office persons worthy of the people's trust and confidence.



Z. LOFRANCO

Zosimo Lofranco

The right to vote, like the right to life, is an inalienable and an inviolable right. One cannot just assign this right to anybody, nor can one just violate this right. It is sacred. The sanctity of this right is such that the restless pendulum of the nation's destiny rests upon it. It being so, this right must be exercised properly.

I am not in favor with the issue of reducing the voting age from 21 to 18 years. There is no necessity for such a measure. The present bulk of voters is more than enough to select the best candidates that can ably run the local or national affairs of the country. In fact, it would seem that there is such an excess in the voting populace of our country that a huge segment refrains from voting as was shown in previous elections.

It would be a wanton and deliberate negligence on the part of the powers-that-be to reduce the voting age to 18 years. Although most of our young people today know how to read and write, still these are not enough qualifications for a good voter. He must also possess a firm conviction and an unassailable character. Generally, people from the ages of eighteen to twenty are very much limited in the exercise of right reason and free will. As such they can still be easily influenced, swayed, cajoled, and hoodwinked by unscrupulous politicians. The move therefore, instead of redounding to the benefit of our country and people, would only result in a colossal setback to our progress.

As the right of suffrage is a sacred one, it must be given only to responsible elements. I believe that the present voting age is mature enough to exercise such a right.

I'M HANDLING an almost gloomy, dangerous topic. In venturing an analysis of a gentleman, I run the risk of being either pedantic or patronizing. It reminds me of a dialogue in *The Modest Retort of Selleck Osborn*:

*My father's trade! why, blockhead art thou mad?
My father, sir, did never stoop so low;
He was a gentleman, I'd have you know."*

*"Excuse the liberty I take,"
Modestus said, with archness on his brow—
"Pray, why did not your father make
a gentleman of you?"*

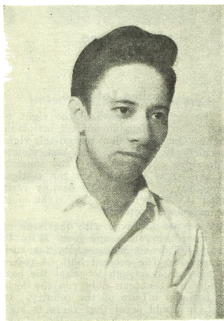
The word *gentleman* has many meanings and definitions, some coined, some scientific, mostly common sense. My aim is to describe the college gentleman, or the man who after college education manifests the civility expected of him.

Cardinal Newman in his outstanding work *The Idea of a University*, defined

ebbing sense of idealism among our young men. Oscar Wilde remarked: "To have been well brought up is a great drawback nowadays. It shuts one out from so much." And else I read: "A real gentleman is at a big disadvantage these days." To find out whether these are overstatements or understatements—this is the question.

One who observes society around him would almost say that these days the gentleman has disappeared or is disappearing. Let us consider.

To be civilized does not necessarily mean to be modern, up-to-date, or fashionable. Civility means good breeding and refinement and not all "modern" people are civilized in this sense. Modern youth, indeed, far from being the hope of a future generation of gentlemen, tend to be apathetic towards conservative norms in the political, religious, or civil institutions of our country, and



THE AUTHOR

the highest standards of perfection for a gentleman. So high indeed that any young man upon reading that work blushes to find out how far he is from Newman's ideals.

At the other extreme is the high school girl who remarked of her first date with that characteristic teenage swoon and sigh: "He was such a gentleman—every inch!" Perhaps, after all, a woman might offer a challenging description of a gentleman, since it takes a real lady to say what a real gentleman is. A lady's comments are certainly valuable, since a lady is often referred to as a woman who makes a gentleman of a man.

The modern world with its change and noise, is partly responsible for the

as to merely drift with a mob.

We can say without deliberate exaggeration that the behavior of our modern youth bespeaks a troubled generation. Young men seem to be subconsciously abiding by the ridiculous principle: *The good Indian is the dead Indian*; or, the gentleman is the dead man. The exceptions, of course, to this observation ought not to be overlooked.

The scarcity of idealistic young men who make serious efforts to polish their manners and ideas has led the mediocre to the common illusion that these cultured individuals are nothing more than members of a small group of obnoxious egotists. And such mediocrity is shown in remarks like *refinement is for the square; the gentleman is a sissy; We don't care for etiquette!* For a college man to say such a thing is unpardonable. Such hasty generalizations spring out of narrow-mindedness that bespeaks of a mind unfit for college discipline.

The aim in presenting these observations is not to chide the society around us. It is to make us aware that after all it takes a mature individual to become a gentleman, and not an impulsive adolescent who cannot be blamed for not being "grown-up" yet. I take for granted that college men and women are mature people.

In the Middle Ages "gentleman" referred to landowners, or to the people of the upper middle class. Earlier Plato said that education was for persons called "gentlemen," that is to say, landholders, living in idleness on the labor of

PORTRAIT

are obsessed by craze for "new experiences". The "beatniks", for instance, who complain that "the trouble with our world is that it contains too many Christians and not enough savages," are hardly to be called gentlemen. A devil-may-care attitude is a social threat. Idealism is utterly failing in our modern young men.

Ordinarily the "normal" young man belongs to the majority group; a small minority constitutes the "abnormal". Where do we find the gentleman? This is something for statisticians to worry about, for, shockingly, statistics testify for both sides! Young men who think they are "normal" (Whatever they mean by that!) just because they belong to a "gang", are living in a fool's paradise. A neat tragedy could occur if a young man of college level should be so passive

the slaves. Nowadays we call gentleman any respectable and well-behaved man.

But who is the respectable and well-behaved man? A wrong definition of gentleman is to say he is a man who is gente, especially when *gentle* carries the derisive meaning of faint-hearted, or easily moved, emotional, or "harmless". A gentleman is a well-behaved, honorable man, a man of education and high principles, a man capable of self-control, a man notable for courtesy, politeness, and inward ease and cheerfulness. He is characterized by his deep sense of self-respect which teaches him to suppress his feelings, control his temper and mitigate the severity and tone of his judgments. His outward behavior is characterized by refinement, civility and elegance. Indeed it is by the harm-

ony between the inner thoughts with his outward manners that a man precisely becomes a gentleman. He does not have two sets of manners—one for those he admires and another for those he does not. This amounts to hypocrisy—a vice of which every gentleman is incapable.

Many biographers refer to George Washington as a gentleman in the highest sense of the word; he was a man of honor and he carried into public life the severest standards of private morals.

At this point, we note that the socially skillful man is not always a gentleman. Some etiquette-conscious people spend energy trying to look, sound, and act "nice" in certain situations because to them it suddenly becomes a duty to be courteous. This affected show of forced manners reveals a shocking inconsistency between the inner man and the outer man. Poise and spontaneity in the gentleman arise from the trade marks which all gentlemen possess or strive to possess—regard for others, tact and elegance. The gentleman scorns notoriety and ridicule. He is an enemy of extravagance; he understands the absurdity of flattery and verbosity. He shrinks from scenes; he has no mercy on mock-herosics, pretense or egotism. Since not all men in his company are like him, his great concern is to put everyone at his ease. Newman speaks of him thus: "He has eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd..." An act of rudeness committed by a gentleman is inexcusable because a gentle-



because aware of the unpleasantness that bad manners incur, he always strives to restrain a lot of the so-called "natural feelings" by due sense of propriety.

Gentlemanliness must not be confused with popularity. A popular guy is he who is liked by many, no matter in what way he carries himself. To be liked here means to behave oneself the way the majority expects him to behave. The "handshaker," the "clubber," the "politician"—all these are useful specimens of popular personalities. The gentleman may not be popular. As a matter of fact, very often he is not. The reason might be that while to be "popular" means to change faces fairly often in order to be liked, to be well-bred means to stick to one and the same time-tested propriety of gracious behavior. Although we find interesting lines between them, there are still certain boundary lines to be drawn between Emily Post's *Book of Etiquette* and Dale Carnegie's *How to Win Friends and Influence People*.

Cardinal Newman says that it is the disciplined intellect that makes a man a gentleman. He considers college education a preparation for becoming a gentleman. I am willing to tone that down to a more practical viewpoint. I believe that if a man is a gentleman he knows quite enough and if he is not a gentleman whatever he knows is bad for him.

There are handicaps, however. To be polished in manners and in ideas is not

OF A GENTLEMAN

... by PETE C. MONTERO ...

man knows that rudeness is the weak man's imitation of strength.

In Rome, why not behave like the Roman? To behave properly in different situations is difficult but the gentleman knows how to master each of them. When it comes to the difficulty of handling uncivilized people, Benjamin Franklin gives us a piece of advice: "He is not well-bred who cannot bear ill-breeding in others." Good breeding consists in concealing how much we think of ourselves and how little we think of the other person.

The "gentleness" in the gentleman does not mean non-resistance or weakness. Freedom from roughness or harshness or violence does not mean that a gentleman lets anything go. As a matter of duty he may at times have to

use force in righting a wrong. The chivalrous desire to better his surroundings must be in the heart of every gentleman.

Perhaps one of the most outstanding characteristics of a gentleman is his un-failing courtesy to a lady. Graciousness and politeness, gentility in appearance and behavior before a lady are natural and instinctive to a gentleman.

It has become clear, I hope, that it remains an indispensable prerequisite to be a man first before one can be a gentleman. By being a man, I mean being responsible for every idea thought of, every word uttered, and every act done. A man is he who has full mastery over his powers and his instincts. It is this remarkable control over his impulses that makes a man a gentleman,

a result of a day's work or an overnight reading of a book on etiquette or a code of social graces. Etiquette means the good breeding we were supposed to have learned and practiced at home. Etiquette means behaving oneself a little better than is absolutely essential, and to do this demands a good amount of careful self-training, and this for quite some time. Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.

Michaelangelo, when he was asked how he could make so beautiful a figure out of a block of stone, answered that he could see the ideal form in the stone and all he did was to chisel out what did not belong to it. To become a gentleman is very much like that chiseling-off process from our obstinate selves the crude manners and ideas that hinder the extraction of the ideal man in us.

Personality and Research in U. S. C.

by MISS JULIA I. DOLALAS

WE oftentimes hear remarks like, "he has a strong personality... a magnetic personality" or a "dull personality." The personality of a person is something of a force, shall I say, an attracting or a repelling force which just unconsciously makes a person admire a certain individual or causes one to be indifferent towards another? Could I further say it is a personal charm or an "amulet" of an individual? If it is such, is it not worthwhile developing then? In a person, personality develops as soon as he starts using his reasoning power. Personality is dynamic; therefore, it changes, it develops as an individual's potentialities are actually done.

There has been a recent clamor for both young and old to submit to Personality Tests to find out their stand in personality development. In such an aspect, guidance plays a very important role in personality development wherein the person submitting to personality testing will and must be properly guided in the full sense of the word.

There have been so many personality tests put up to meet the needs; most of these are quite subjective. Several attempts were put forward to improve personality tests and as a result of this came out the *Sixteen Personality Factor*—a product of thirty long years of research by Dr. Raymond Cattell at the University of Illinois, where he standardized personality testing for American conditions.

By the process of elimination he brought down the number of personality factors to sixteen. Then he worked out a ten-point scale for Americans with corresponding tables for scaled scores for various classes of people.

The University of San Carlos guidance center is pioneering in setting up norms for personality testing of Filipinos. The *Sixteen Personality Factor* test was given



J. I. DOLALAS

to a hundred female Filipinos and showed that they are more conscientious, resourceful, controlled, tense, insecure, suspicious, and jealous than the female Americans; the test results showed furthermore that Filipinos are more emotionally unstable, silent, shy, conservative and of lower personality I. Q. This last one does not necessarily imply a poor mental capacity, but rather is an implication of a duller personality impression.

I think this could be accounted for by the fact that Miss Filipinos is timid, shy, silent, insecure and conservative. However, with the better standardized personality tests, and especially the *Sixteen Personality Factor* test, and with the guidance of competent counselors, we Filipinos can be sure that there will be a big improvement in personality development, so that some five years from now, the ten-point scale will give a different result from what it does now.



Am
Music



SERVANT and master am I; servant of those dead, and master of those living. Thru me spirits immortal speak the message that make the world weep, laugh, wonder, and worship. I tell the story of love, the story of hate, the story that saves, and the story that damns... I am close to the marriage altar, and when the graves open I stand nearby. I call the wanderer home; I rescue the soul from the depths; I open the lips of lovers....

One I serve as I serve all; and the king I make my slave as easily as I subject his slave. I speak thru the birds of the air, the insects of the field, the crash of waters on rock-ribbed shores, the sighing of wind in the trees, and I am even heard by the soul that knows me in the clatter of wheels on city streets... I AM THE INSTRUMENT OF GOD. I am music.

Collected by

EMETERIO E. CAINGLET
GRADUATE SCHOOL



THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN IN BONN, GERMANY last February 5, 1963. Left to right: FREDERINA TABANERA, Student Nurse, Stolberg, Germany; MRS. A. KROHM, Advisor to the Student Nurses in Stolberg; VICE PRES. EMMANUEL PELAEZ; REV. JOSEPH GOERTZ, SVD; MISS VIRGILIA ENTICA, Nurse, Stolberg.



PHARMACY EXCURSION



H. E. KITCHEN PARTY

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Photos
by
Pete Uy



*We can smile now... take it easy.
The struggle is over. We fought the
good fight, we have triumphed the course.
We can smile now...*

*(Left to right: Victoriana Malabay, Concepcion Ongking,
Florentina Cue, Ma. Perlercion Veloso.)*



*We view the future
from here. It
doesn't look too
clear... but it's
rosy. And so
we rejoice...*

*(Left to right:
Dulce Culango, Monina
Fernandez, Erlinda
Viovicente.)*

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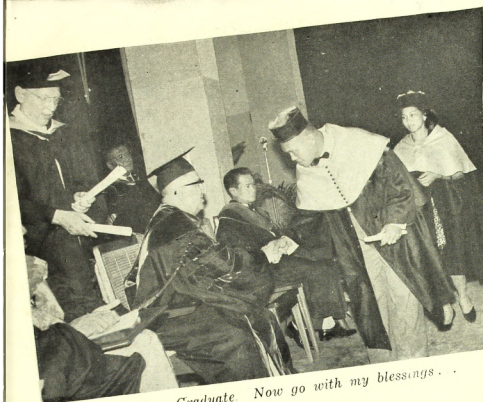


*We can't seem to believe it.
It seems only yesterday when,
innocent of truth, bereft of
wisdom, thirsty for knowledge,
we entered these august halls.
Today we leave it —
unser, fuller, eager to try the
world — alone.*



*Look up and forward, young man. The time of
challenge has come, the time to put
aside books and theories. Tomorrow you
leave these portals and face life.*

Photos
by
Peta III



Felicitations, Graduate. Now go with my blessings... and God's. Benedicamus Domino...

(Very Rev. Harold W. Rigney, USC Rector, congratulates USC Asst. Librarian Victor Asubar, who graduated with an M.A. in Education.)

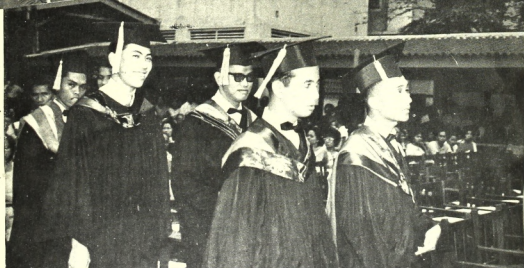


Pharmacy graduates pose with Regent and with lady Dean. At left foreground is Rev. Robert Hoepfener, SVD, Regent of the College of Pharmacy, and concurrently the USC Vice-Rector. At right is Dean Luz Catan.

The graduates, from top, left to right are: Imelda Gojar, Mansueta Cinco, Divina Khu, Clarita Escala, Cirila Po, Zenaida Malinas, Serenidad Ynelino, Fe Garcia, Matilde Baguio, Conchita Delfin, Buena Abellana, Cirila Consular, and Perla Dizon.



↑
Lest we forget... we could not have done it by ourselves. We struggled, yes. We fought and we have conquered... but not without His loving help and guidance. Not without His tender care. And now we come to offer thanks. Deo gratias...



←
Graduation is a study of faces. Looks there the apprehensive, the triumphant, the smug, the serious, and the hesitant. What does the future hold?

(Shown from left: Pepito Requimo, Robert Gotiong, Manuel Mercado, Cholito Bugarin, Rizalino Castañares.)

THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR'S VISIT



The German Ambassador is met at the airport by some USC Fathers and College Deans.

Shown from left to right: Dean Jose Teason, Father Krieger, Dean Jose Doronio, Father Fischer (partly hidden), Dean Pelaez, Father Jaschik, ROTC Commandant Pedro Hermeyo, Father Hoepfner, Vice-Rector, the German Ambassador, the Ambassador's Lady, Father Schonfeld, our Moderator, Dean Jose Rodriguez, and Mr. Jose Arias.

The Ambassador pulls the switch that sets the Pilot Plant into operation.

From left: Mr. Anacleto Caballero, an electrician expert, the Ambassador, and Father Hoepfner, Vice-Rector.

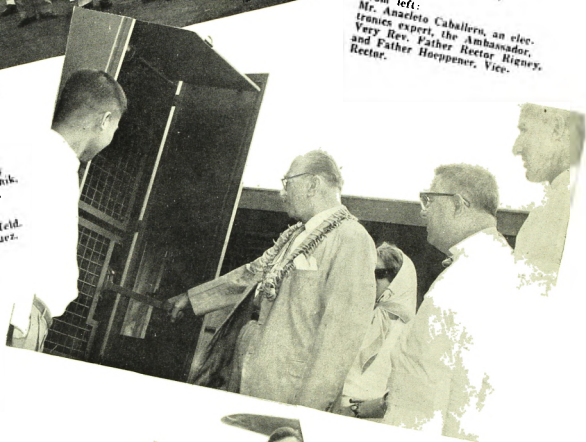
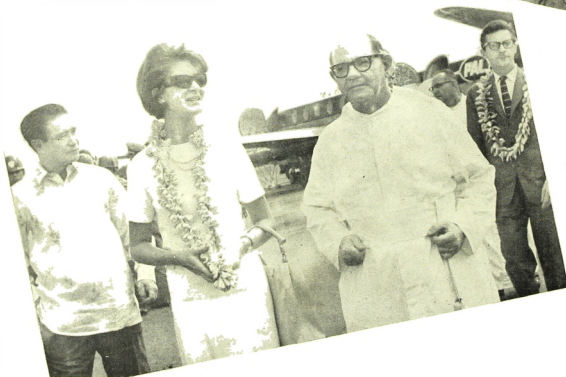


Photo shows from left: Dean Fulvio Pelaez, Honora Maria J. Scott-Oldfield, the Ambassador's daughter, Father Schonfeld, and Dr. Rudolf K. Engel, Director of the German Cultural Center (Goethe-House) Manila.



What is the USC Debating Club?

(Continued from page 13)

debating. As far as I know, Silliman University has a fine Forensic Society under the sponsorship of the Student Government which has on several occasions invited some Manila teams to hold debates at Silliman. The University of the Visayas has recently debated with the Colegio de San Jose-Recoletos and also with the University of Southern Philippines. Down in Bohol, I have been informed by a former classmate that they have an active debating club at Holy Name College as well as at Rafael Palma College.

Due to this awakened interest in student debating, it is not far-fetched to say, that a time will come when a challenge or an invitation to a debate from any of these schools will be hurled at our doorstep. (As a matter of fact, we received one last year from Silliman University. However, due to unavoidable circumstances the Silliman Forensic Society asked for a postponement.) There will come a time when the popular debating jousts of the 1920's in this City will be revived.

Are we ready to accept such invitations? Do we have a debating club worthy of the lofty stature of the University of San Carlos? Do we have enough members in the Club who reflect the high intellectual and academic standards pursued by our University? Are we prepared to represent the University fittingly in any future debate with another University?

Rather than answer these questions directly, I should like to cite to you what we need in order to maintain the present Club as a fitting intellectual agency of the University from year to year.

First, we need bright and interested students to join the Club. Although, we already have such students in the Club (some are honor students in their respective colleges) still the number is not enough to form a solid creditable organization. If only we could have a bigger group of bright and enthusiastic students as members, the Club would be assured of worthy material for intercollegiate debates.

Second, we need the help of our teachers, particularly from the English Department, to arouse in students, especially the English majors, interest in joining the Club.

Third and last, we need the support of the Student Government, especially in matters involving finance.

Only with the membership of bright and interested students with the co-operation of the English Department and with the financial support of the Student Government, can we hope to have in our campus a representative Debating Club befitting the high prestige of our University. Only then will the Debating Club be truly a training ground for future speakers and debaters.

I Like Summer Classes

by JOSEFINA FAMADOR

THE HEAT during summer is terrific and the thought of taking a nice vacation in some sort of Paradise is indeed tempting. In spite of this, hundreds, even thousands of students take classes during summer, and I'm one of them. Yes, it is a fact that the attention that I must give to my studies during this part of the year must be increased, and to do this requires much concentration. I have to face the choice of spending my time more profitably and giving up many days of relaxation and fun which I can only enjoy during summer. The nice siestas I longed for will have to be postponed. The parties and the dancing will have to be limited, and the painting and designing which I so fondly love to do will have to be set aside... all these for summer classes.

Oh, yes, summer classes are taxing. They require much of my time and energy. They force me out of bed earlier than usual. They make me walk everyday to school exposing myself to the heat and the dust—all these I could very well have avoided. They make me miss the nice movies in town, for then I must go to the library and bury myself in those thick volumes of references in the reserve section. Summer classes have made me sleep late all these past weeks in order to cope up with the next day's lessons. Yet in spite of all these, I like summer classes.

I consider summer classes a challenge to students because they are made to keep up constantly with the fast pace and to fight off the lethargic effect of the heat. Then there is the monotony of meeting daily in all the subjects. Long assignments have to be accomplished in a very short time. It is a breathtaking schedule. Only those who really have the will to sacrifice and the determination to search for more knowledge answers this call.

Again I say I like summer classes because in the enthusiastic faces of the students that I meet I find or read the same intention that I have for higher learning. Truly, everyday except Sunday is a school day for all subjects and to a student who takes his studies lightly during the regular school year this may be too much to bear. To a student who really loves to

study, this an opportunity not freely offered during the regular school year. This frequency is the very characteristic I like most in summer classes. It brings me closer to the subject matter, to my teacher, and to my classmates. On the other hand, it also makes my teacher know me better. In other words, the ties that bind my classmates, my teacher and me become so closely knit during summer that I find more joy rather than disgust at the thought of meeting and discussing the lessons with them everyday. The assignments are manifold and the corollary readings are extremely necessary if the results are to be effective. One thing I like in summer classes is that I become more independent and more responsible since not everything is done and given me by the teacher due to the time pressure. Thus I have to spend more hours in study than usual.

In summer classes I meet friends, old and new. I think they are the right kind of friends for they too have been willing to do a lot of sacrifices for the sake of knowledge. The bond that develops between my classmates and me during summer is closer because it is of a common voluntary enthusiasm to learn and work hard. During the regular school year, I doubt whether my seatmate is sitting there voluntarily or out of compulsion.

Summer classes are fun. It is the sort of Paradise I can fondly call my making—whether I make them a bothersome obligation or a happy time with pleasant unforgettable memories. They have their dark alleys and trying moments, yet I believe they will always come out right at the end if I make the necessary sacrifices to achieve my goals.

Summer classes have taken up my summer vacation for 1963, but when I come back to school in June, I shall have something worthwhile to look back to. I can then say that I had not wasted my summer in fleeting enjoyments that do not benefit me at all. After three gruelling months I know I shall have acquired and digested a little more knowledge about which I wouldn't have the least cause for regret. Instead, I would have so much to thank for!

Three Love Songs for Cita

ONE.

*because God begets darkness
because darkness begets light
because darkness and light beget me*

*in my mind's darkness
i beget you
and christened you
with a name magical
as one voiced by birds
by the doves sang
by my hand praised
by this pedestal sanctified:
i name you
Teresita.*

*and your name begets flowers
as your voice begets innocence
as you beget love.*

therefore, you exist.

*because i dare beget you
i shall now live with your name,
the tremble of your voice,
the glitter of your eyes —
perhaps forevermore. perhaps
forever until the flowers
in the garden bloom and burn in the sun.*

TWO.

*am here
Teresita Teresita
burn the candle
and slay the night
for the dark is absence —*

*make from your mocking dreams
and burn the night
with candlelight
stretch your arms
and you shall find me by the door*

*so move your feet
towards my weary limbs
and i shall serve you
a waiting kiss*

*and together
we shall slay the dark and night
and descend into worthwhile sleep.*

THREE.

*i have grown big
with poignant memories
memories that into this heart
surge like wildfire burning in woods
and this jungle of thoughts come seeking
new dimensions of love's mad rush
and my arms while accustomed to your absence
folds like a dream into solomon's house,
ah, Teresita, my solomon's sheba
i grow big with expectations
awaiting for a song in the rain
awaiting for summer rain to fall again
and all summer is nearly come my love
love's fabric now weaves within this heart'
and the birds sing for me the birth of hope
i cry i cry before i rise*

by MANUEL S. SATORRE JR.

T R Y

Summer's Lament

*The twirping of the sparrows
atop the sturdy oak tree,
The breeze
caressing falling leaves
Brought a message
"It's summer once again."*

*Tis' summer once again
The same sweet day between you and me,
When I entrusted my tender love
to be treasured in your heart forever.*

*Those precious moments
we once shared,
Now are darts that pierce my heart
and have fallen into a slumber
that numbs.*

*But, now you're gone
together with the wings of time
Leaving me sweet regrets
with a vestige that can't be forgotten.*

*I've tried so hard to forget you
to erase you from my memory
But tis' summer once again
And really dear, I can't forget you.*

by NORMA D. SEDORIOSA

Summer Wait

*sparkles in your glinting eyes
are telling on my trembling nerves
what with roseblue metallic lights
darting into this soft brown skin
i find your tender voice in the sun
once more searing, eating and surging
into this heart.*

*ah, now it is only a matter of time
Teresita: hours, minutes, seconds
and days perhaps before the rains
come falling in the balding hills again,
before these crystal springs
find their way to the resplendent sea
and i find this empty self
drowning in this neurotic force
that drives the madness of your songs
into the fibers of my brain*

*ah, summer is come again my love
and waits this arms for you,
seeks this hands for your palms
in the burning leaves
assailed by the sun.*

by MANUEL S. SATORRE JR.

Your Inspiring Word

(To a friend MAJR)

*When I unfurl my sail
and set a voyage upon
the billowing sea of life,
And all the waves, bitter
and cold, shall wreck my raft
and plunge me down the depths,*

*Only your inspiring word shall
buoy me up and make be bold,
and guide me safe toward the shore.
Whatever strand this wafj will find,
cruel again or kind, the memory of your
inspiring word shall be transformed
into a song by him.*

SCB

SUMMER RAIN

TODAY HE WOULD ask her. Today — this afternoon — at the drugstore over his usual bottle of coke and five-centavo muffin (which was all he could afford), and her usual glass of cold pineapple juice and hamburger sandwich. (Funny how different she was from some girls he knew, who avoided meat sandwiches to maintain their figures.) He would tell her that he had fallen hopelessly in love with her, and that he could not see how life could be the same without her. Trite, shabbily trite. But that was exactly how he felt, and he could do nothing more about it but tell her.

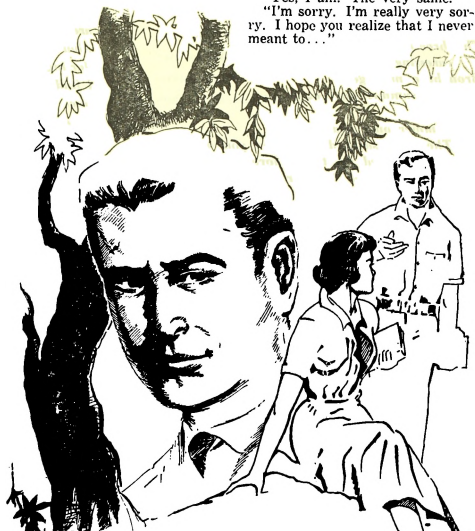
STRANGE HOW HE could not have noticed her that morning when in his haste and his anger he had violently bumped against her. And she would have fallen too, had he not caught her arm just in time. After a mumbled apology he had hastily left her. He must have been so blind, or so foolish or so angry that he had failed to notice her, for she was quite a lovely person, very easy on the eyes.

Looking back on the incident now, he realized that he was angry, very angry. Some nincompoop in the Accounts office had certainly no business being there. Not only did the fool overcharge him by fifteen pesos, but had been rudely insolent as well. So it was that he had left the counter hopping mad, and in his rage he had bumped smack into her.

That was their first encounter. To say later on that it was uniquely memorable was an understatement.

He thought no more about it. It did not register in his mind at all. He could not remember anything about her. And he never expected to have anything more to do with her.

That afternoon at four-thirty, he was sipping a bottle of coke in a corner table in the drugstore as was his wont, when this at-



tractive woman, no longer quite young but not old either, approached him, carrying a glass of pineapple juice and a sandwich.

"Mind if I join you? The counter and the tables are all full," the stranger said.

"Not at all," he replied.

By instinct he was shy of girls. He had never gone out with one, not because he didn't want to, but because he could not afford it. He had a preconceived notion that women were expensive creatures. His idea of them was a movie on weekends, and now and then a bottle of soft drink, with an occasional dance in some sorority shindig or other. It seemed to him too that they ex-

pected gifts and cards for every occasion. And these things he could not afford.

"I beg your pardon, but you don't seem to remember me," the woman was saying, cutting into his thoughts.

"Am I supposed to?"
"Well, I certainly expected you to, after that violent shove you gave me this morning."

"Oh. You mean you're..."

"Yes, I am. The very same."

"I'm sorry. I'm really very sorry. I hope you realize that I never meant to..."

"I know you didn't. Your face looked like a house on fire."

He did not reply to that.

"Tell me, what made you so mad? If you don't mind my curiosity..."

"It was nothing really. Nothing much that would interest you."

"Let me be the judge of that, young man. But I won't insist. You see, it's my business to be interested in young people and their problems."

"You know, when you say 'young man' and 'young people' like that you sound as if you were some ancient sage looking down with condescension on the petty silliness and the foibles of the youth of the world."

"H'm. I see that you're not only capable of violent anger, but you can be impudent as well."

"That, I think, sums up the youth of today. You know, we are angry and impudent. We are the despair of society. We are the beatniks, the juvenile delinquents. We are . . . but never mind. You said just now that your business is young people and their problems. What exactly did you mean by that?"

"I'm a guidance counselor. Right now I'm taking courses in guidance and counseling."

"How interesting. I suppose you get quite a big kick out of listening to 'young people' as you call it, who approach you with all sorts of childish problems."

"Well, I can't say that I'm that sadistic. Now let's talk about you. What course are you taking?"

"Physics."
"An interesting field."
"I agree with you one hundred per cent. I would not take any other course if it were handed to me free — on a silver plate."

"You have the right attitude. Young people — there I've said it again — today choose a course not because they are interested in it but because it's short, I mean it's easy and involves less work and study."

No comment from him. Again she broke the silence.

"Are you from the city?"
"Yes."

"You have a family, I take it?"
He turned his look on her suddenly, with contempt. Then belligerently, he answered, "No, I have no family. At least not what you might call a family. There's just my mother and myself. I never knew my father, and you can take that in anyway you like. There are no brothers and sisters. My mother makes a living for both of us by washing clothes. We live in a shack in the squatters' area beside the railroad tracks. I have been able to educate myself by emptying wastebaskets and sweeping classrooms at night. But all these will be over soon because by the end of this summer I shall have graduated. And that's the whole story of my life. Anything else you want to know?"

He was breathless, and his eyes blazed.

"Are you angry again?" She countered calmly, unmoved.

"Oh, no. I'm happy. Deliriously happy. I just don't like contented and prosperous-looking

people like you to pry into the private life of a struggling student like me, as if I were some kind of guinea pig to be used in your research for a thesis."

"You are an angry young man. I'm sorry if I have hurt your feelings. I only meant to be friendly."

"Oh, that's all right. I guess you have the right to make me squirm after the way I nearly knocked you down. But stop calling me *young man*, will you? It makes me sound like a troublesome little boy."

The situation was certainly getting embarrassingly complicated, and it was a relief to hear the bell ring for the next period.

It was funny to look back on that conversation now. It shamed him a little, the way he acted petulant, insolent and touchy. In contrast, he admired her equanimity, her composure. He was sure that her dignity and calmness were borne not only of maturity and experience, but by some inner serenity, rare in many people. All of a sudden, he found himself wishing to see her again, to apologize, to let her know how it pained him to be so rude.

AS FATE WOULD have it, and as if by some prearranged unspoken agreement, it developed that they both made a daily practice of the afternoon refreshment, until it became part of their daily routine. With each afternoon they gathered bits of knowledge about each other. He knew that she was Amelia Posadas, and that she was taught in a little private college in the West. He was too much of a gentleman to ask her her age, but he guessed that she must be in her early thirties.

In turn, she gathered, aside from his outburst at their second meeting, that his name was Renato Obenza, twenty-one, very intelligent, very lonely, and very ambitious. His magnificent obsession was to be a first-rate physicist, a rich one, and to build a palace for his mother. She got a good chuckle out of this preposterous plan.

And so, each day for them passed like a dainty little pearl in the silken string of that wonderful summer. There was not the slightest doubt that the relation-

ship that slowly developed between them was purely platonic. He addressed her as "Ma'am", and she called him by his formal name, Renato. She was a motherly and understanding confidante, and he was an impassioned idealist full of youthful zest and energy to set the world on fire. In short, they complemented each other's personalities perfectly.

But they did not reckon on the unpredictability of human emotions. They failed to see the consequences of daily proximity, of the intimate exchanges of little things that make life less burdensome. The inevitable took place. He fell in love. Completely. Desperately. Hopelessly. But she didn't know. Or pretended not to know. Or did not care to know. He could not tell the exact moment when it happened, for who can look into the intricate workings of the heart? It simply happened. Soft hair, lovely eyes which glowed with inner wisdom, soft voice, understanding manner, all conspired to cast their enchantment on him, creating a turbulence in his being which demanded release. He could no longer bear this burden alone. He must tell her and know for certain whether this strong current of emotion was mutual with her.

Thus it was that he decided to tell her.

It was the last week of summer and once again they found themselves facing each other across the table in their favorite corner of the drugstore. It was his chance to tell her now. But he could not bring himself to speak the words. It was difficult. He was speechless before his idol.

"A penny for your thoughts, Renato," she said at last, breaking the silence.

"Ma'am, I . . . I . . ."

But this was foolish. Preposterous. It was too bold a risk. She would laugh at him. Him, a young snip of a boy asking her, a dignified lady of means and experience to take a chance on life with him! It was unthinkable. Impossible. He had no right to do it. No right at all.

But no. She had a right to know. She has to know. This was a problem with him, and problems were her business. So out with it. There was no back-

(Continued next page)

by P. Peramide Bulabog

ing out now. Dare again before you falter.

"I... I... mean summer's about to end."

"Yes," she replied. "It seemed such a short summer, too. Time does fly. But it has been wonderful, Renato, having you for a friend all this time. You're a nice fellow. If I had a younger sister, I would certainly recommend you."

"Thank you. How about if... I mean... I want you to know that..."

It was sometime before he noticed that she was no longer listening to him. He looked up and saw that her eyes were now fixed on the doorway to the right behind him. Suddenly, her face underwent a transformation. Her eyes lit up and a smile burst forth from her lips — gloriously, triumphantly, as if Heaven itself suddenly opened before her. She gazed transfixed for a moment as if at some beatific vision not meant for any mortal eyes but hers.

Presently she rose and stretched out her hands as if offering them in sacrifice to whatever being it was that moved her.

"Why, Vic...! What a welcome surprise. You said you would arrive Wednesday, and it's only Monday."

Renato turned his head and saw a tall, husky man in his thirties heading in her direction. Immediately the stranger caught her hands and imprisoned them in his own. Fiercely. Tightly.

Renato felt a sharp, searing stab of jealousy. Who is the man? He shouldn't be doing that. He has no right. He should let go. He should. He must. Who is he? A cousin of hers? A friend? A townmate? A brother? That's it. A brother. He's got to be her brother. He's got to be. He simply has got to be her brother...

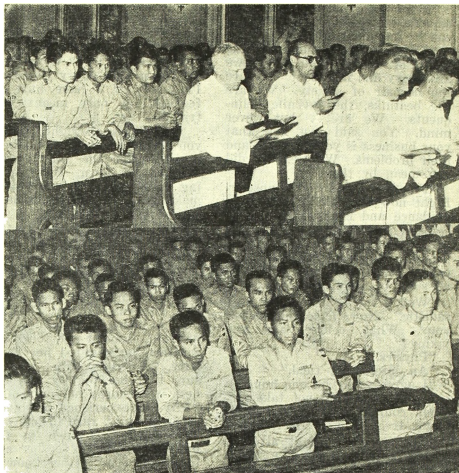
"Oh, Vic," she said finally. "I want you to meet a very nice young fellow here. He has been a good friend to me all during this summer... Vic, this is Renato Obenza. Renato, Victor Sanjorge. This is supposed to be a secret, but it doesn't matter. You are the first to know that Vic and I are getting married when we get home. Now congratulate us..."

Outside, towards the west, rain clouds started to gather.

Into each life some rain must fall...

Mountains and hills cover me... Oh, damn.

SUMMER, 1963



Top photo shows USC-ROTC cadets and SVD Fathers paying last homage to the late Lt. Ernie Batongmalaque during the Requiem Mass for the hero. The Fathers are, from left, Rev. Father Hoepfener, Vice-Rector, Father Vestraalen, Father Allagosa, (partly hidden), Father Pileger, and Father Manawal.

Lower picture shows ROTC cadets praying for the departed hero's eternal repose.

● Last March 2, 1963, a requiem mass was said at the University Chapel by Very Rev. Harold W. Rigney, S.V.D., Rector, in memory of 2nd Lt. Ernie Lorenzana Batongmalaque who, on February 23, 1963, was hacked to death by outlaws in Tandubas, Sulu. Members of the S.V.D. Community, the faculty and student body, especially the ROTC cadets, were present at the mass.

Ernie was honored by the University not only because he was a Carolinian or that his mother, Mrs. Herminia L. Batongmalaque, was the former secretary of Father Rector Rigney and a member of the teaching staff, or that his six brothers and sister were Carolinians but because he was, most of all, a soldier who gave his hopes, his dreams and even his life willingly, because he loved his country and ex-

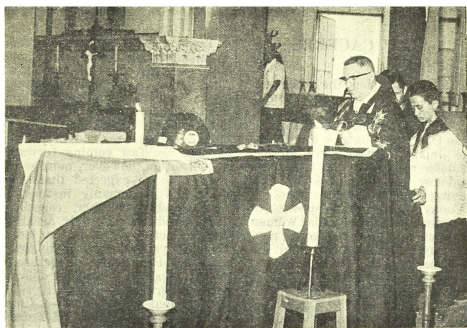
pressed his love for God by serving his country.

Ernie was born in Camp Keithley, Dansalan, Lanno. He graduated from the USC Boys High School, became editor of the *Junior Carolinian*, and was Battalion Commander of the PMT Cadet Corps.

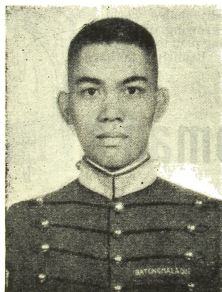
Prior to his admittance in the Philippine Military Academy in 1957, he was a Civil Engineering student at the University proper. He became President of the Student Catholic Action and was Associate Editor of *The Carolinian*.

Following his graduation from the Philippine Military Academy in 1961, he was asked to become the Aide of a Brigadier General, but he refused because he preferred a field assignment.

REQUIEM FOR A CAROLINIAN



Very Rev. HAROLD W. RIGNEY, S.V.D., USC Rector, officiating at the Requiem Mass for Lt. Ernie Batongmalaque, March 2, 1963, Cebu City.



The late
LT. ERNIE L. BATONGMALAQUE
"Death in the line of duty..."

His first assignment was as Junior Officer of the 82nd PC Company, Camp Asturias, Jolo.

On January 15, 1962, when his Commanding Officer of the 82nd PC Com-

pany was relieved, he was designated Acting Commanding Officer of the 82nd PC Company. A Company is usually headed by a Captain. Ernie was only 24 years old then and a Second Lieutenant. It would have taken him six more years of faithful service before he could have been a Captain. Yet he never complained that he was given a pair of shoes two sizes bigger. He would say, "This is the Military. This is my life. Like a stone I go where I am kicked," and in jest he would add, "For purposes of mental hygiene, I have to like my job."

In the course of his work, there were many attempts to bribe him. Of this, he jocularly remarked: "I turned them down. Think of the money and property I could have amassed! My refusal was based upon my inability to file my tax returns with ease."

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Ernie upheld the laws. At one time, he led his men and was able to apprehend smuggled blue seal cigarettes worth about P60,000. On one occasion, he led about 30 armed men and arrested about 300 men and women who were gambling openly in the Carnival grounds of a Jolo town. He was also very active in his campaigns against smugglers and other law breakers and

carried on many dangerous missions in the Pirate islands of Sulu. In view of his exemplary record as Company Commander, he was acclaimed as the best PC Company Commander of the year 1961-62 for the Mindanao-Sulu area.

In recognition of work well done, he was designated Company Commander of the PC Company in Mati, Davao. Later, he became Commandant of the PC ROTC of the Harvardian Colleges until his re-assignment to Jolo, where he met his death during an encounter against the Moro outlaws in Toptop, Banaran, Tandubas, Sulu. For this gallantry in action, he was awarded the Gold Cross Medal (Posthumous).

Today, Ernie rest in the *Lábingan ng mga Bayani* at Fort William McKinley. Indeed the life of man is dear and we know all about the price. Ernie was a good man and good men do not rot in forgotten graves. Ernie died at the age of 25. True, he did not live long, but he led a good life, and a good life is long enough. As an officer and a gentleman, Lt. Ernie Batongmalaque, during his lifetime, was indeed one of which the organization of the Khaki and Red could be well be proud of. We are just as proud that he was an alumnus of the University of San Carlos.—*addie*

by C. P. CACERES

TIME WAS when the aphorism "Woman's place is in the home" was a literal and virtual truth. In ancient times, especially in some Oriental countries like China and Japan, women were an expendable nonentity. All they were good for were childbearing and playing handmaid to the men.

Today the situation appears to be reversed. It seems that women are more and more replacing men in many aspects of life, and the men are taking the backseat. Furthermore, practically everywhere today women outnumber men. Why is this? Let us try a practical, non-scientific analysis of the situation.

First let us go back to the Second World War when countless young men the world over who had barely finished high school marched off to war and did not come back. It is significant to note that most of today's spinsters are of the same age group as the soldiers of that time. Then, barely ten years later, came the Korean War, to which we contributed a share of our manpower. That again decimated the number of men in the Philippines as in other member states of the United Nations. As a result, today, never before in the history of men and women are women

Look in on a typical classroom, from kindergarten to college, and notice the presence of more girls than boys. Even in such courses as agronomy, engineering, and law which ordinarily attract only men, women have gained a foothold. In business and in politics women are fast coming forward. In education, however, more women are to be expected than men for it is a womanly instinct to teach and to mother, especially little children. The only areas of human activity which the ladies have not yet invaded are the Army and the Presidency. (Picture a bunch of sturdy, hardboiled, war-tried generals quailing at the sight of a female Commander-in-Chief by the quixotic name of Señora Presidenta Marinela Chatchatera de Tacón! And wouldn't Malacanang then be an ideal place for mahjong sessions!) But don't expect the ladies to stop short of those goals, either. Already women have invaded both houses of Congress.

If you were to submit a vocational questionnaire to our senior high school girls right now, chances are that more of them would aim at varied careers in the arts and sciences than in courses that prepare them for a home and family. Why this trend for careers outside the home? Could it be that our young girls have realized that their chances for marriage in the

more women to choose from today, hence they are rather finicky in their choice. They show a preference for women who have that rare aggregate of beauty, brains, class, and money. Nowadays, men look for women who are an ideal combination of Madame Curie, Eleanor Roosevelt, Florence Nightingale, and Jayne Mansfield rolled into one. Woe, therefore, to the females who are not so endowed and blessed. Alas for the girls who lack that skin-deep something called sex-appeal and a little cash and brains thrown in.

A case comes to mind of a young man, a schoolteacher, who was assigned to a town quite distant from his own. Right from the first few weeks of his arrival, his pecuniary pursuits in marriage were apparent. When the parents of the first heiress he courted vehemently rejected his suit (perhaps sensing his true intentions), he forthwith pursued another heiress. Due to some circumstances too complicated to mention here, the girl accepted him in no time flat. Now they are living happily ever after. And you can guess at whose expense.

Another negative outcome of the emergence of women in a supposedly man's world is the growing discourtesy among men toward women. Realizing perhaps



Are We Living in a Woman's

more present and active in all spheres of human endeavor.

Another factor that has contributed to the greater number of females than males is the fact that in the last ten years or so, more girls have been born than boys. To cite a single case, in a newly-constructed maternity clinic in a certain town, of the twenty-five infants born within a month, twenty-one were girls and only four were boys. When the first harvest of fourteen produced no males, the hospital staff announced a prize for the mother who would have the next baby boy in that hospital. Now, if that's not an example of a desperate situation, I don't know what is.

next few generations are poorer than ever before? Have they instinctively turned to working careers other than marriage as a preparation for a self-sufficient, husbandless, albeit lonely, existence?

On the other hand, the situation is such that men today choose women who are financially stable. This is quite understandable in these days of speedily-rising prices when the husband's earnings are not enough. We know of a man, however, who insists that his better half work, not out of economic necessity but on the contention that marriage must be a 50-50 proposition in all aspects. Men seem to realize that there are far

that ladies are becoming their equal, our men are slowly losing the conventional gestures of respect which they once accorded the ladies. Let a woman enter a room where men are present and observe how many of them will rise. In mixed groups, count the men who stand up and offer their seats to women. You'll be frustrated.

One of the most unnerveing sights I have ever seen was that of a couple in one of the poorer districts of a big city. The husband stayed at home rocking the baby to sleep while the wife carried off a big basket of fish on her head to sell. It was a relief to see that he was not in skirts and she in pants.

Still another indication of the vanishing male is the present tendency among many a spinster to flirt and catch the first man that returns her provocative glance. It is no longer uncommon today for a woman in her thirties or forties to marry men (or is it boys?) in their teens and twenties. This is a clear case of marrying for the sake of marriage.

I have heard that in a certain place, they have coined a term for such a union — "*Alpine (Milk) Wedding*" — which is nothing but a variation of *cradle-snatching*. Or so they tell me.

Are we then to live in a world dominated by women? Will this uneven distribution of the sexes upset our living standards in the near future? Are we to see a future generation of Amazons, or will the matriarchal tribes of ancient times reappear?

We don't know. All we can do is hope that this will not come to pass. Let us not lose faith in the reasonableness of nature. Let us put our trust in the universal law of all things being equal.

Let us also hope that our young men and women will not lose their sense of direction in life. Husbands must work and support the family. Wives must raise the children and make a home. All else must be secondary.

All things considered, whatever

World?

innovations or revolutions in the ways of men and women may occur, the fact remains that women are the weaker sex, that men need them in attending to their manifold masculine responsibilities. There will always be a distaff side to everything. The fact remains that women will always be soft and motherly, sweet, tender and loving. Men will always be men — strong, dominant, egotistic. As the song goes, it's a woman's world, but only because it's man's.

And what, you might ask, about the numerical imbalance between the sexes? We reply with a counterquery: What is wrong with single blessedness which is spent in service to God and fellowman?

4 men

HE who knows not
and knows not
he knows not,
he is a fool: shun Him.



HE who knows not
and knows
he knows not,
he is simple: teach him.



HE who knows
and knows not
he knows,
he is asleep: wake him.



HE who knows
and knows
he knows,
he is wise: follow him.



**From an ARABIAN PROVERB.*

... by **AL DORONIO**



Random NOTES



by
**PRAXEDES
P. BULABOG**

(Author's note:
In its initial appearance in **THE CAROLINIAN** last March, this column dealt, as its title implies, on a variety of unrelated subjects. With this issue, I have chosen to copy at random some lines from my journal of a few years back, not with "... an attitude that connotes a trace of egotism, a feeling that one's private tastes and aversions will be of interest to the world at large," as David Pottinger aptly puts it, but only to make "... a legitimate use of the clear fact that we human beings are all interested in one another." I beg the reader's indulgence to take it in that light.)

New Year's Day

My desire to write has been rekindled anew and is burning bright again. I AM going to write if I have to die in the attempt. Just as Wordsworth believed that he was born to be a poet, so am I convinced that I was born into this world to write. Else why this inner tumult? Decidedly, my former attempts were haphazard and lifeless, insipid, uninspired and without depth, made so perhaps by an even flow of rejection slips. But I have decided not to let setbacks deter me. Did not Mark Twain get seventy-nine rejections or so before he sold a literary piece for the first time? From here on in I shall make rejection slips a spur to goad me on. I will be a writer. I will write things worth reading about, and please God, it will be soon.

March 3

If my father were alive today, he would have turned a venerable sixty-five. The fifteen years that have flown by since his passing have not quite dimmed my recollections of that mild, taciturn, retiring and emotionally complicated man who caused my material advent into the world. There are so many little things I remember

about Father, little remembrances that form a colorful, fresh, and vivid kaleidoscope in my memory, forming a part of my being. I can't recall them in infinite detail nor arrange them in correct chronological sequence. The ten years I had of him, though brief, was long enough to provide my childish world with notions, beliefs, and principles of value by which to live. Like any other mortal, my father had many shortcomings, but this I can say of him: He was a kind man, a good man who loved all of God's creatures — from ants to stray kittens to beggars and to other hard-up entities.

I quite distinctly remember one day when, overcome by childish curiosity about a sort of hobby of his, I followed him out after lunch. He headed for the backyard and went straight to a very ordinary-looking anthill, where he emptied some left-overs from a tin can and spread them around the mound where the hordes of red ants would not miss them. When I asked why he did it, he replied: "Ants get hungry too, don't they?" I understand now that he was only doing for those poor, hard-working little creatures what he would have done to a group of hungry human beings. Many were the times he

brought home strays—abandoned kittens, mangy puppies, a drunken sailor who missed his boat (and who remained with us through the years until my father's death), and beggars of all sorts and sizes. This caused my poor mother no end of desperation. Once when a beggar refused to partake of the staple corn on our table (it seems she was allergic or something to corn), Father himself went out to buy a liter of rice and cooked it himself for the miserable old lady. That I considered magnanimity of the highest order.

Father liked a lot of things — the poor, bits of scientific knowledge, languages, prayer, a good book, good native tobacco, sincere friends, and fish "kinilaw" style. When in an unusually good mood, he would dance a sort of Irish jig around his room, then laugh about it with us, something which he rarely did, for Father was not quite a laughing man. He taught us by actions and not by words. Stories he had by the score, and mostly of saints and heroes.

Father was stern but kind, passionate yet mild, humble but possessed of a rigid sense of dignity and honor. He loved the poor, got along with the rich though he avoided them, and completely abhorred all forms of vain ostentation.

tation, society "shams," and social climbers. And he had absolutely no patience with gossip, narrow-minded women.

Due to the manner of his passing, Father was unable to leave us something of worldly and material value. All he left us is a legacy of charity, integrity, and self-respect. And that is more than anybody can ask for.

I could go on and write a book about that long-departed first man in my life. Perhaps one of these days I will, because I love him, even now.

July 21

A man has to have a personal creed of his own to live by lest he get nowhere and arrive at confusion or frustration. This I realize as I start another year of life. My own credo is this: I believe in this present world as strongly as I do about the next. While it is true that this life is short and fleeting, nevertheless it has to be lived to the full in goodness and truth if a proper accounting of it is to be rendered in the next. I believe in the innate goodness of man, that somewhere deep within him is the presence of God.

September 20

It seems that I am not gaining much headway in my teaching of Religion (in a public school). One essential cause is lack of visual devices. So far I have been able to show my classes only one big colored religious picture. Little children's interest and attention need to be aroused with color as well as sound. Firing their imagination is not enough.

It really is a sad thing, this inadequacy of mine to buy needed materials. I'm not good at budgeting. What I earn go mostly to needy relatives and to some organization dues. Indeed there are times when it is very inconvenient to be poor. Even to teach God's word one must have money.

November 26

I thought there would be no more complications this year, no more emotional upheavals, no outbursts of temper. But there is no controlling one's inner nature, one's sense of righteousness. I am an idealist and a crusader at heart. I cannot tolerate wrongs and injustice just as I avoid doing wrongs and injustice to others. One of my many faults, if fault it is, is an extremely impulsive

nature. I cannot see an act of tyranny, especially if done to those I love, without exploding in protest. I know this isn't very Christian, which sometimes makes me doubt my fitness to teach Catholic doctrine.

Life is certainly not simple. Life is at times exasperatingly complicated. And what complicates it is people.

December 31

It has just come to me quite suddenly, that today passed peacefully. No world war occurred, no epidemic, no distresses, no atomic bomb explosion. Not even a tiny shower. If each day glided by as noiselessly and serenely as today did, then perhaps this tired old world would eventually approach its end not with a bang or a whimper but silently, unnoticed. No panic. No publicity. Just a quiet, peaceful exit into oblivion.

But then, if life were that simple and uncomplicated, there would be no spice and tang to living, no twist and variety to existence. We need an occasional storm in order to appreciate the calm that follows. Such is the essence of living. Before we reap we must sow. Before the Resurrection there was the Cross. If we never had to taste of suffering at all, then life would be just as interesting as watching grass grow.

And so, with the passing of an-

other day, another year closes.

There's something curiously peculiar about Time. Today comes, and before we know it, it is gone and has become yesterday. And today was yesterday's tomorrow.

Of an evening, with the day's work done and we sit on a favorite rocker puffing at a refreshing smoke, it is good to reflect: How did I fare today? What did I accomplish? Did I do a little kindness? Or did I cause another to suffer? Did I create or destroy? Did I praise or discredit? Did I cause laughter or pain?

We go on to rationalize: However good or bad I was today I can still count on tomorrow. Tomorrow. Ah, tomorrow. What uncertain dreams and hopes and resolutions are set on thee! For every little act of unkindness done today, there is tomorrow in which to make up for it. And for every bit of good, there's tomorrow to do it all over again, for such is God's goodness and wisdom that made this so.

And so we grow — or should grow — from day to day, with every passing moment. Ever advancing, ever learning, and becoming better with every passing second, preparing for our journey's end where we shall be judged on how we spent our yesterday, today, and tomorrow.

But aye, here's the rub: What if we should be called today and thereby lose our chance for tomorrow?

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ETHNOGRAP



Ready for the start into the interior; at the right Fr. Rohmann and Mr. López.



Crossing a river.



Father Rohmann and Dr. Maceda with Negritos and guide.

BETWEEN April 1 and 10, three members of the Department of Anthropology undertook a brief ethnographic field trip to the Negritos in the hinterland of the town of Calatrava (Negros Occidental). The research team consisted of Professor Marcelino Maceda, Mr. Rogelio López, Student and Research Assistant of the Department of Anthropology, and the writer. Their operational base was, during the first half of the field work, barrio Minapasok where Universal Lumber has a logging center.

The trip was a continuation of the field work undertaken by the Department of Anthropology during the years 1954 and 1955. The results of it were published in *Anthropos* in 1955.

Information obtained from various persons allowed the conclusion that at present about thirty of fifty Negrito families are living in the more or less remote vicinity of Minapasok. Exact data are difficult to obtain because the Negritos have not yet entirely given up their nomadic habits although they are now practically all tenants of Christian settlers.

Through the first Negritos that were met in Harby, a place about one hour's brisk hike from Minapasok, messengers were sent to the Negrito families in the neighborhood, and on April 3 about

by REV. RUDOLF RA

HIC Field Trip

50 to 60 Negritos including the children, came together in Harby.

The three field workers spent a busy day with these Negritos. Any information that could be obtained about their past and present life was recorded. The days during which they could roam freely as food-collectors in the forests of northern Negros are definitely gone, as large parts of the forests are also gone. They said that their present economic life is not easy. The children were extremely happy about the dresses given to them.

Father Rahmann returned to Cebu City on April 5. Professor Maceda and Mr. López hiked on April 7 to Alasiis, south of Minapasok, and visited some Negrito groups there in order to collect further data.

If the historical records are trustworthy, the Negritos once inhabited the whole Island of Negros. Today only tiny remnants of them are found in the interior of northern Negros. They, so to speak, conclude a chapter of Philippine history, that covers about 25,000 years, and the little that can be salvaged of this chapter should not be getting lost completely.

Truly admirable is the work that Christian pioneering farmers are doing in this part of Negros under difficult conditions.

HMANN, S.V.D., Ph.D.

SUMMER, 1963

to the Negritos in the North of the Island of Negros

Happy Negrito children in their new dresses. Standing in the center is the son of the Christian *teanente* del barrio.



Pioneering farmer, Mr. Santiago Padernal; married four times, has twenty children; 18 sons and 2 daughters.



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THE CAROLINIAN

ABRIL-MAYO

1963

A Una Estrella

Quería cantarte un poema sideral
que tú pudieras oír; quería ser tu
amante ruiseñor, y darte mi apas-
ionado ritornelo, mi etérea y rubia
soñadora. Y así desde la tierra
donde caminamos sobre el limo, en-
viarte mi ofrenda de armonía a tu
región en que destumba la apo-
teosis y reina sin cesar el prodigio.

Tu diadema asombra a los a-
lros y tu luz hace cantar a los
poetas, perla en el océano infini-
to, flor de lis del oriflamo inmenso
del gran Dios.

Te he visto una noche aparecer
en el horizonte sobre el mar, y el
gigantesco viejo, ebrio de sal, te
saludó con las salvas de sus olas
sonantes y roncás. Tú caminabas
con un manto tenue y dorado; tus
reflejos alegraban las vastas aguas
palpitantes.

Otra vez era una selva oscura,
donde poblaban el aire los grillos
monótonos, con las notas chillanas
de sus nocturnos y rudos violines.
A través de un ramaje te contemplé
en tu deleitable serenidad, y vi
sobre los árboles negros trémulos
hilos de luz, como si hubiese caído
de los alturos hebras de cabellera.

Te canta y vuela a ti la alondra
matinal en el alba de la primavera,
en que el viento lleva vibraciones
de liras egípcas, y el eco de los
timpanos de plata que suenan los
silfos. Desde tu región derramas
las perlas armónicas y cristallinas
de su buche, que caen y se juntan
a la universal y grandiosa sinfonía
que llena la despierta tierra.

¡Y en esa hora pienso en ti, por-
que es la hora de supremas citas
en el profundo cielo y de ocultos
y ardorosos oryxists en los tibios
parajes del bosque donde florece
el citiso que alegra la égloga!
¡Estrella mía, que estás tan lejos,
quién besara tus labios luminosos!

—DARIO

SECCION

*Castellana***Editorial***El Problema de la Juventud*

Cierto renombrado escritor escribió, no hace muchos años, "que el mundo vio aparecer, hace más de un siglo, y contempla sin asombro y sin recelo el fenómeno del joven irreligioso y ateo."

Esta realidad es el fenómeno de que aún la mayoría de la generación venidera, la que constituye la esperanza de la patria, de la sociedad y de la familia, se halla en estado de decadencia y de ruina moral y social por carecer de los cimientos morales de la fe, en aquella sanción eterna, única garantía de la estructura de la moral individual y colectiva de un pueblo.

¿Cómo explicar tan precoz caída en la juventud? — Es que la juventud de hoy, en su inmensa mayoría, se halla alejada de la doctrina de Cristo, enajenada por el falso espejismo de frases brillantes de sicarios subversivos, víctima de la gigantesca vorágine de errores y movimientos anticristianos, envuelta en esta gran desorientación en que se debaten las gentes, zaran-deadas por las ideas y los hechos más incoherentes.

No queremos vituperar a quienes deberíamos, pero esto sí es cierto, es decir, que sobre la conciencia de los padres y de las madres de familia prima y gravita la estrechísima obligación de procurar a sus hijos una esmeradísima educación cristiana que los capacite mantenerse firmes a los ataques y equilibrados en los vaivenes zozobrantes que traen consigo las contingencias y las vicisitudes de la vida mundana. No basta proporcionar al joven la instrucción del entendimiento por medio de la ciencia, sino que se ha de cuidar muy especialmente la educación de la voluntad por medio de los principios religiosos; o sea, no basta la formación intelectual. Es de absoluta necesidad la formación moral. Esta clase de instrucción sólo se puede adquirir en los colegios católicos donde la base fundamental de su formación científica, social y moral, es la religión, la doctrina cristiana, el santo temor de Dios.

Afortunadamente muchos padres de familia comprendieron esta tremenda responsabilidad, y es por eso que tantos estudiantes acuden a las aulas de la Universidad de San Carlos, como también a los demás colegios católicos de esta ciudad. Efectivamente, la Universidad de San Carlos da a sus miles de estudiantes el amparo de sus muros cual otro hogar; los recoge como una madre recoge a los hijos de su seno y rocía sus labios sedientos con la savia de la educación y de la ciencia. El claustro de profesores alumbrará a los estudiantes la senda y arrancará de ella las malezas y limará las puntas de las piedras para que no se hieran las plantas. Les dirigirá la mirada hacia la altura y les mostrará el cielo, les hará conocer las riquezas inestimables del bien y de la virtud.

La Universidad de San Carlos de la garantía de que sus estudiantes, sus hijos, senos de cuerpo y alma, de corazón y conciencia, — engendrados en todos conceptos, — entrarán en la vida con su temperamento intelectual y moral capaz de resistir a todas las pasiones y a desafiar todos los peligros.

— LUIS EUGENIO



MANUEL y NIRMALA

Jovencita,
 Tu
 Que
 Sueñas

Ama tu ideal y vívelo sinceramente, sin alardes, sin vanidad, sin orgullo...

Inmola en sus aras todos tus egoísmos, todas tus flaquezas, iluminando con su luz la variedad de tus actividades privadas y públicas.

No ocultes la nobleza de tus principios aunque tropieces con la oposición de los que te rodean.

Vive tu ideal sin pregonarlo con palabras; que tu vida sea la irradiación elocuente de lo que piensas, sueñas y amas...

Si no te comprenden, no importa. Tampoco se comprende la luz y sin em-

Vuestra Página, JÓVENES

bargo, no deja por eso de alumbrar todos los senderos.

Vive la grandeza de tu ideal, sin simulaciones de virtudes y de bondades.

No quieras engañarte a ti misma, simulando lo que no eres.

Esfuézate más bien en ser una viviente expresión de lo que anhelas ser, corrigiendo los defectos, adquiriendo las virtudes, llenándote de realidades y no de apariencias.

Sé sincera contigo misma y consecuente con los principios del ideal que debe inspirar toda tu vida.

No tengas en cuenta las alabanzas que puedan prodigarte, ni creas que ya está tu obra de elevación, ni tu obra de apostolado porque hayas conseguido algún éxito o porque te haya sonreído algún triunfo...

No constituyen un ideal, un éxito con frecuencia pasajero o un triunfo a veces discutible.

Un ideal es más que todo eso. Es la realización sublime de todo un programa y la inmolación silenciosa de toda una vida...

por LUIS ACTIS

Conformando Nuestro Derrotero

Cuando las radiodifusoras anuncian la hora exacta al ronco sonido de un gong, miles de personas industriosas confrontan sus relojes. Esta acción no es ni servil ni totalitaria. Todo hombre en sus cabales sabe que es una acción razonable, excepción hecha de aquellos a quienes no les importa un ardite que pierdan el tren o que queden cesantes.

En el mundo de los valores espirituales, empero, un semejante "gong monótono" sería motejado de dictatorial y tiránico. Precisión y exactitud estarán bien para la rutina diaria de la vida; pero cuando concierne a la práctica de la religión, el común de los hombres demanda elasticidad, variedad, amplitud de miras.

La discordancia y la variedad de declaraciones que emanan de muchas fuentes no católicas desconciertan a toda persona que realmente toma a pecho el destino de su alma inmortal. Es dolorosamente perturbador constatar tales disensiones y veffiegas aun en orden a asuntos de tal trascendencia como la existencia de Dios, la inmortalidad del alma, la divinidad de Cristo, la existencia de cielo e infierno.

Por otro lado no se puede menos de ver la contrastante diaphanidad, firmeza y continuidad de la voz de la Iglesia católica. En realidad de verdad, el mismo mensaje inalterable ha sido difundido con precisión de todos los pulpitos del Catolicismo, desde Pablo a Agustín, hasta Gregorio, Bernardo, Tomás, Newman y así, en incesante recorrido, hasta nuestros días. La razón es simple. El púlpito católico permanece fiel al plan y propósito por los cuales fue erigido, o sea, para servir de sistema difusor de la invariable voz de Cristo. Las opiniones expuestas allí no son las opiniones de los oradores mismos, sino los simples preceptos de fe y obediencia anunciados por el Hijo de Dios para tener que ser aceptados necesariamente a los efectos de salvación; para ser retransmitidos a generaciones verdaderas por los apóstoles y sus legítimos sucesores.

Acaso todo ello suene un tanto monótono para el común de los hombres. Pero, ¿dónde hallaremos al hombre que viva sólo para este mundo y pueda, al mismo tiempo, negar que no se halle

fastidiado y molesto dentro del molde forzado de su propia existencia diaria. No hay cosa más monótona que una onda de radio. Pero la obediencia y el acatamiento a esta onda le guiará al piloto a aterrizar sin riesgo.

Cosa análoga ha de sucedernos en nuestro viaje al cielo. Podremos, acaso, lisonjear a nuestra vanidad si tratamos de trazar o planear un derrotero elucubrado en nuestro propio cerebro — con Biblia o sin ella como libro de texto. Pero para nosotros, los católicos, el seguir la onda de la Verdad, es asunto de vida eterna. El derrotero por recorrer, ha sido trazado claramente para nosotros por Cristo mismo. Convencido de ello, prestaremos oído ansiosamente a toda declaración de la Iglesia, y confrontaremos, en conformidad, nuestro derrotero. Si quedamos fieles a esta práctica, nuestra alma se "posará" un día, salva y segura, en la amplia e iluminada "pista de aterrizaje" del cielo. La tensión y la monotonía del largo viaje serán pronto olvidados.

—LUIS E. SCHONFELD, S.V.D.

Como Pensamos

La virtud no es una conquista de la voluntad sobre la naturaleza, como pensaba Kant, sino más bien una fuerza del alma que resiste al mal y que realiza el bien. Tal la definió Lacordaire. La virtud es la dignidad del espíritu gobernada por la educación, por el conjunto de valores morales de los que no podemos desentendernos cuando realmente forman parte del alma racional, porque gravitan poderosamente sobre las deliberaciones, en toda decisión que implica una definición de esa índole. Cuando lucha contra la influencia o sugestión de círculos estrechos que ahogan y dominan, o contra ambientes o medios sociales que presionan hasta debilitar las resistencias que oponen la razón que analiza y la conciencia que juzga. La virtud es el triunfo de principios e ideales que son convicciones esenciales del ser, y en los que se escudan el vigor de ánimo y la bondad de vida.

El enemigo más despiadado que tiene la mujer común es la vecina de enfrente. Admirable personificación de una preocupación del sexo que se ha generalizado y convertido en pequeño problema social. Es el motivo obsesivo de tanto espíritu que, resignado con su destino, hubiera podido ser feliz a no mediar un estado de ánimo generador de hondas cavilaciones que concluyen por crear situaciones insostenibles de hostilidad y violencia. Quitemos del medio a esa vecina de enfrente, sujeto de referencia que se asoma inoportunamente toda vez que se debaten en la intimidad problemas económicos o de figuración social. Causa de enervamiento, acicate de todas las horas, que obra sobre el exagerado amor propio, sobre todo al exigir una mejor o mayor compensación de lo que denominamos sacrificio y que son deberes. ¿Añoraremos épocas de menor cultura y refinamiento, pero de más humedad cristiana y, sobre todo, de más amor?

Se puede ser inflexible con los demás cuando se es inflexible consigo mismo. Se puede ser exigente en el cumplimiento del deber cuando tenemos la firme convicción de que mantendremos la línea de conducta que la obligación nos ha trazado y que juzgaremos severamente hechos y actitudes que nos afectan, que exigen definición, dando así ejemplo de carácter y de afirmación de conceptos e ideales. Pero debemos ser tolerantes con los errores humanos, porque la intención dolosa es una causa de agravación o de atenuante de pena. La pequeñez de espíritu lleva infaliblemente a la intolerancia, y posiblemente la solución de las cuestiones sociales se podría alcanzar inculcando a las nuevas generaciones mucho amor a sus semejantes, y, sobre todo, predicando la tolerancia, que es un principio de ejecución de ese propósito de realización de una perfecta armonía social.

—LUIS DE LA CALZADA
Artes Liberales

LA SANTA SOMBRA

POR R. LESANGES

Había una vez un santo tan, pero tan bueno que los ángeles, asombrados, bajaban expresamente del cielo para ver cómo, sobre la tierra, alguien puede parecerse tanto al buen Dios.

Y él marchaba simplemente en la vida, expandiendo virtudes, así como las estrellas su luz, y las flores su perfume: sin darse cuenta jamás.

Los palabras resumían cada una de sus días: *daba* y *perdonaba*; y esas dos palabras jamás salían de su boca, sino que se traducían en su sonrisa, su amabilidad, su condescendencia y su caridad de todas las horas.

Los ángeles dijeron entonces al buen Dios:

—Señor, acordadle el don de los milagros.

Y Dios respondió:

—Bien lo quiero, pero preguntadle a él lo que quiere.

Los ángeles dijeron entonces al Santo:

—¿Quieres que tus manos, al tocar a los enfermos, los sanen?

—No, — contestó el Santo, — prefiero que el buen Dios lo haga el solo.

—¿Quieres que tu palabra convierta

a las almas culpables y vuelva a llevar al buen camino a los corazones que se pierden?

—No, — volvió a contestar el Santo, — esa es la misión de los ángeles y no la de una pobre criatura; yo rezo, no convierto.

—¿Quieres entonces convertirte en un modelo de paciencia, y de esa manera atraer hacia ti a la gente con el brillo de tus virtudes, haciendo glorificar de esa manera al buen Dios?

—No, — dijo el Santo, — si la gente se pegara a mí, se despegaría de Dios. El buen Dios, tiene otros medios para que se lo glorifique...

—Pero en fin, — exclamaron entonces los ángeles, — ¿Qué es lo que quieres?

El Santo, sonriendo, decía:

—¿Qué puedo querer? Que Dios me deje su gracia. ¿No está todo en eso?

Pero como los ángeles insistían:

—Sin embargo, es menester que pidas un milagro; de lo contrario, te impondremos uno a la fuerza...

—Bueno — contestó el Santo, — si es así, pido hacer mucho bien, pero no saber nunca el bien que hice.

Los ángeles, perplejos, se reunieron

en consejo. Estudiaron largamente y luego llegaron a esta situación: toda vez que la sombra del santo se proyectara a sus costados o detrás de él, en forma de que no pudiera darse cuenta, esa sombra tendría el privilegio de sanar a los enfermos, aliviar los dolores, consolar las tristezas.

Y así fue.

Cuando el Santo marchaba, su sombra, dibujándose detrás de él o a su costado, reverdecía los campos áridos, hacía florecer a las plantas ajadas, volvía límpida el agua de los arroyos secos, daba la salud a los niños, cambiaba en lágrimas de alegría las lágrimas de dolor de las madres.

Y el Santo marchaba simplemente en la vida, expandiendo la virtud, así como la estrella expande su luz y la flor su perfume: sin darse cuenta. Y los pueblos, respetando su modestia, le seguían silenciosos, sin hablarle jamás de sus milagros, olvidando poco a poco hasta su nombre, para llamarlo "La Santa Sombra".

El Estudiar es Saludable

Nos llamamos la atención de cómo nuestros superiores y profesores inculcan siempre de nuevo la necesidad que le asiste al estudiante de adquirir la verdadera ciencia y virtud.

Efectivamente, el objeto primordial de la vida del hombre, desde el punto de vista educativo, es el desarrollo de la mente y del corazón. El hombre fue hecho en primer término para pensar, y esta facultad típica de los seres racionales se activa y se desarrolla mediante el estudio.

El mucho estudiar no perjudica a nadie. Los hombres de grandes estudios

generalmente han vivido mucho y en buena salud. Además el mucho estudio contribuye al desarrollo integral del hombre. Se ha dicho con razón que es tan eficaz el estudio para entrar en los secretos de la geometría, como para la formación de la intrepidez del carácter.

El estudiante debe luchar con los problemas y resolverlos por sí mismo; esto le hace más tenaz, a la par que le inspira el sentimiento de superioridad e independencia.

— ISIDORO CUESTA
Artes Liberales



Rincón Poético

La Gioconda

Antaño se diría "Gioconda" a la sonrisa
que era la dulce ciencia de las claras doncellas.
Había en ese gesto la gracia quebradiza
que sonríe en las flores y guía en las estrellas.

Y era tan delicada, que para comprobarla
se requerían ojos de artista, cuando poco.
(La risotada enorme — perdón por mencionarla —
sí disculpaba apenas en sus trances al loco).

Hoy hacen las muchachas obsesora figura
con sus dientes pulidos de tanta mordedura,
(que aparentando mimo, roca dolosamente).

En su risa de ahora la que graciosa y pia
fue prez de los antiguos. "Gioconda" se diría...
Y el arte de pintarla, "Leonardo" ciertamente...

—CLEMENTE RUPPEL, S.V.D.

La Rosa

La rosa "innumerable" de Juan Ramón Jiménez,
es una andaluzada, si ingeniosa, atrevida,
pues hubo en lueñes años artistas para quienes
la rosa definía la gracia en la medida.

Esa rosa inicial, metódica y bonita,
ilustraba los parques de Góngora discreto;
en un soneto sabio nos la dejó descrita,
tan puntual que decimos: — La rosa es el soneto.

Por Góngora creada, por Rilke redimida,
un escuadrón de espinos, sable en mano, la cuida:
y a un tiempo dardo y mimo — familiar paradoja —

Es sangre en las heridas o caricia en las sienes,
como tu ardiente silva, ¿verdad, Francisco Rieja?
o tus cálidas rimas, ¿eh, Juan Ramón Jiménez?

—CLEMENTE RUPPEL, S.V.D.

Soneto de Hidalguía

El soneto de antaño lucía el porte regio
de la nación que al mundo dio normas de hidalguía:
la espada de Quevedo y la rosa de Góngora
hermanaban la épica con la cortesanía.

Le daban garbo y médula los hombres que domaban,
en Alemania, herejes, y reyes en Pavia;
o nautas, descubrían, tras asombrados piélagos,
un reino de quien Febo vasallo se decía.

Latía tras sus petos un corazón sonoro,
— tal en estricta vaina la espada tiembla, incómoda —
presto a lidiar por hembras, la religión o el oro...

Y cuando al fin la muerte se les ponía al paso,
concluían su jornada, cabal como el versículo
remate del soneto: testigo, Garcilaso.

—CLEMENTE RUPPEL, S.V.D.

WIKANG

P I L I P I N O

Dangulong Ludling

Siya'y "Educado"

Labing-apat na taon siya sa paaralan. Namalagi sa paaralan na kinapapalooban ng animo'y walang hanggang katalinuhan. Malao nang tapos siya sa kanyang napiling karera. Handa nang harapin ang buhay. Tinanggap na siya sa "bupete" ng kaibigan ng kanyang ama. Sumasahod ng P500.00, at may sarili na ring pamilya. Apat na sikmura ang kailangang paglalaanan ng kinikita. Masagana ang buhay at tila nakakainggit ngang tunay. Tingnan natin ang kanyang pang-araw-araw na buhay.

Sumapit ang pananghalion. Nasaan ang mga bata? — hindi pa nagigising. Inumaga sa "party." Ang asawa? — Lumabas at may "korum" ng madyong. Nag-iisa siya sa hapag. Mabuti na ngang di na siya umuwi kung minsan. Sumapit ang gabi — walang tao sa bahay. Mayroong katulong. Kaya aalis na rin siya.

Sumapit ang Linggo — wala ni isang nasok sa tahanan ng Diyos. Tuluyan nang nakalimot.

Nasaan ang napag-aralan niya sa loob ng labing-apat na taon; ang bunga ng dalawang libo't walong daang araw na ipinamalagi sa paaralan ay nowalang parang bula — wala ni katiting man lang. Ang salapi ay isang biyaya at tegumpoy na meituturing subalit ito ba ang hangganan ng pegiging "educado?"

— AURORA ORIG

Maikling Sanaysay . . .

Mga Hibik ng Puso

ni LEONA ABABON-BSE III

Ako'y dalaga na
Nang ako'y bata pa, napananginip ko
Ang isang dalagang mahinhini' mabangog
Sa sandaling yaon aking pinapangarap
Na maging katulad niyong aking hagap.

Lumakdi na ako gaya ng bulaklak
Aking mga mata kay bilis na kumislap
Natutawa akong magmasid sa ulap,
Dahil natupad na ang tangi kong balak.

Lipos nga ng galak ang buhay dalaga
Malayang—malaya saan man magpunta
Subalit tandaan, ang bilin ni ina
Huwag palalabis sa ano mang saya.

Ako ay magtampo
Malaon na kaming laging magkasama
Birthing kabigan kong ubod ng ganda
Maging sa kainan, maging sa kusina
Maging sa simbahan, katabi ko siya.

Kay tamis isipin, nakaraang araw
No'ng kaming dalawa ay nagpasamahan.
Kay ganda ngang tingnan kanyang
balinataw,
Lalo na kung ito'y sa silaw tamanan.

Buhay ko sa kanya ay bukas na aklat
Lalo na rin siyang sa aki'y matapat
Wala kaming lihim, kahit anong bagay
Sasabihing lahat, kahit na walang
halaga.

O kay sarap tingnan, aming paglalalaro
kami ang dalawa, sa lilim ng puso;
O kay tamis dingin kanyang mga biro
Nagdaragdag din sa aliw niyong puso.

Ngunit isang araw biglang di sumipot
Kaibigang tapat sa aki'y lumimot
Nakita ko siya, anong gandang suot
Doon na sa iba tuwa't dinudulot.

Kaya mula noon ako ay nagtampo
Sa ginawang iyon isip ko'y nagulo
Mga kasaysayan ay iniwanan ko,
Pagkat nawala na—halaga ng mundo.

SINO KA?

ni Jocelyn E. Escalona

Ikaw ay isang guro. Natanto mo
ba ang kahulugan niyan?

Ikaw ay isang guorong salamin sa
buhay ng mga batang paslit — sa pa-
ngungusap, sa kilos, at sa pag-uugali.
Hawak mo sa iyong dalawang palad
ang kinabukasan ng mga murang pag-
lilip ng iyong mga tinuturuan. Lumi-
nga-linga ka sa iyong mga paligid.
Masdan mo ang mga likha ng Poong
Maykapal na ulila sa biyaya ng Diyos
at ang mga paslit na ang unang tanda
ng buhay ay hindi pa namamanaag.

Ikaw ay mahalaga, sapagkat tung-
tulin mo ang magkaroon ng damdaming
makabayang at damdaming makadiyos —
damdaming kailangang walang maliit
at damdaming walang kupas. Isa kang
nilalang na may panata sa iyong bayan
at kay Bathala.

Panata mo kay Bathala na maakap
katulong at makapagsilbi sa pamamag-
itan ng paghubog ng mga mabuti at
dakilang mamamayan — mga mama-
mayang handang mamatay alang-alang
sa ating wika at bandila, at mga ma-
mamayang mabuhay na laging tangru-
lan ng ating pamahalaan.

Panata mo kay Bathala na maakap
mo ang kanyang mga nilalang sa do-
ang patungo sa kabutihan, kabaitan, at
kagitingan. Turuan mo ng mga da-
kilang asal ang mga musmus, ng pag-

ibig sa ating Poon.

Nasa iyong mapagpalang-kamay ang
masaring kahihinatnan ng bayan. Sa
iyong wagas at dalisay na pusong pag-
ka-guro magmumula ang mainam na
kinabukasan ng mga mamamayan, sa-
pagkat nasa iyo ang kopangyarihang
sumira o humubog ng kanilang magan-
dang kinabukasan.

Ang batang mayaman sa duhong
ay biyaya ng Diyos subalit pasiya rin
ng Diyos ang pagkakaroon ng mga
batang dahop sa karunungan. Sa pag-
kakatong ito dapat ipakilala mo ang
tunay mong lakas. Huwag mong ka-
labanin ang mga batang kulog sa pag-
lilip at mga batang gumugulo sa ka-
luwalhati-an. Layunin mo sa mundo
ang maakap sa kabutihan at matulu-
ngan ang mga nilalang ni Bathala sa
salat na landas ng buhay. Lahat ng
ito'y iyong magagawa kung sila'y pag-
ukulan mo ng tiyaga at pagsisikap,
lalong-lalo na yonga mga nangabulid
sa gitna ng dilim.

Sapagkat guro ka, isang tunay na
guro, hindi lamang sa pangalan, kundi
sa salita, sa gawa at sa damdamin; la-
yunin mong mialay ang iyong puso
at kaluluwa sa Diyos, para sa kapaka-
nan ng tao at ng bayan. Sapagkat
ikaw ay sinilang na isang guro, nawa'y
tunay kang guro ng mamamatay.

O! Pag-ibig na makapangyarihan —
pag ikaw ang nasok sa puso ninuman
— hahamakin ang lahat masunod ka
lamang.

Kung pag-ibig man ang naging
dahilan upang pangahasan ka Anna-
belle ay di ko tanto; kung ito nga ang
tumalak sa kanya upang gawin sa iyo
ang higit pa sa isang libo't-isang ka-
matayang ay hindi ko masabi. Lamang
— ang nais ko'y malaman mo na sa
kaibuturan ng aking puso (o pang-
ngahasan ko kayang sabihin — sa
uning mga puso) ay nakadambana ang
iyong katapangan at kagitingan. Sa
puso ko'y namamahay ang tuwa sapag-
kat ang inkala kong duwang na Anna-

belle ay marunong makipaglaban upang
pagbayarin ang salarin. Nagagalak
ako at nakikiisa sa pagtanggap mo sa
sinapit mong kasawian; sa kanya — na
yumurak sa iyong kapurihan ay kapi-
rasong habag at muhi. Hindi lamang
ikaw ang hinamak niya — ako rin —
sapagkat ako'y babae, dalagang katu-
lad mo.

Natitiyak ko na hindi lamang ikaw
ang nakaranas ng walang kasing-lupit
na kapahamakang iyan — subalit naili-
him ang lahat dahilan sa takot at sa
salapi. Subalit ikaw Annabelle ay ka-
hanga-hanga. Sa ginawa mo'y maram-
ing mata ang madidilat. Kaya — sa
iyo'y ssslamat.

Kay

ANNABELLE...

ni

AURORA ORIG

THE CHRISTIAN has the grave obligation of rejecting Materialism; but again he has the sacred right to love Matter and rejoice in it.

Matter is indeed good and sacred. As the angel in heaven and man's soul have come forth from the hands of the Holy and Triune God, so is Matter the handiwork of God. "And God saw 'all' that he made, and found it very good" (Genesis 1, 31). The Holy Bible underscores twice the word "all", that is, angel and man; heaven and earth; gold and silver; pearls and diamonds; spirit and matter.

If God takes delight in contemplating His creation, then the Christian, too, may do likewise. There is no reason why the Christian shouldn't enjoy the splendor of a starry sky, and leave the glitter of gold to be only the worldly man's delight. The rich fragrance of the flowers and the sweet smiles designed on pure and innocent lips belong with much greater right to the Christian than to the man of the world. The grandiose spectacle of nature, such as the rising of the sun and its setting, fall more rightly within a Christian's domain than anywhere else. Should, perhaps, the marvels of a

landscape covered with immaculate snow, and the valleys all wrapped up in springtime beauty, be the mundane man's exclusive possession? Or should, perhaps, all the glitter and the gaiety of a man's honest amusements be relinquished completely to the godless?

It would truly amount to outright absurdity if the use, usufruct, the management and fruition of matter were to be prohibited to the Christian. God's command to utilize, to subjugate, and to perfect Matter was given to the first man while he was still in the state of God's grace, His friend and child. The Christian, who is the friend and child of God *par excellence*, has, therefore, no less a right over matter.

The whole world admires and loves the great St. Francis of Assisi. He strikes us as one of the most appealing among all our saints, and at the same time he was the greatest lover of God and of nature. There's no poet who has sung more pathetically the beauty and marvels of nature. One has but to recall his odes to the Sun, to Death, to the Wolves, to the Fishes and little Birds. He was indeed a Saint full of admiration of God's nature, for he was completely enraptured with the beauty and holiness of God.

MATTER and Its Usefulness

by LUIS E. SCHONFELD, S.V.D.

GOD HIMSELF has been and still is glorifying Matter. In uniting Matter with the spirit in human nature, God gives it life. He joined Divinity itself with Matter in the personal unity of God made man. The Incarnation of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity is the most categorical affirmation of Matter, the unequivocal "Yes!" towards the value of material creation. If Divinity itself glorified Matter in the person of Christ, then the Christian certainly cannot be sullied through Matter. For if God elevated Matter to the heights of divinization, then it cannot debase man.

Matter alone does not turn a Christian into a sinner, but it is rather man who renders Matter "sinful". In abusing Matter, man sins "in" Matter but not "through" Matter.

To love gold for its own sake; to seek the pleasures against one's rights or duties; to serve Matter rather than to be served by it; to put up Matter as one's ultimate and definite object and not seeing in it the Creator; to get utterly lost in Matter, even to the extent of endangering the loss of one's soul; to sacrifice oneself for the cause of Matter, and forgetting God altogether, all this is actually debasing human dignity..... this really constitutes treason against

oneself.... this is materialism and slavery, atheism and perdition.

The attitude of the Church is an example that teaches us well along these lines. For it is the Church who condemns Materialism — though it is again the Church who with the works of Arts of her favorite children, the sculptors, the architects, and the painters, composed those magnificent and gigantic symphonies of God in her Cathedrals. It is She, who even unto our own days, gathers the finest gold and the most precious pearls in order to set up a most worthy abode for the sweet Guest of her churches. It is She who even up to the present ceases not to ask alms of her children so as to provide shelter and protection to the poor and the needy.

Matter is good. Matter will never turn into something bad as long as the spirit that animates it is good. All Matter is the handiwork of God and has as its end to give glory to God, and as its sublime mission, to spiritualize man.

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