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CAROLINIAN

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## THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE.

especially a school organ, becomes at once a difficult and trying experience. The (ideal) publication that would appeal to all levels of intelligence does not exist. For that matter, it has never been the aspiration of the editorial staff of this paper to put try to.

A generally positive response was felt with the first issue of the *Carolinnian* and we pride ourselves in having received warm remarks concerning the admittedly revolutionary changes done with the paper. And we never know how much a few words can boost up an ego

until a letter of congratulations comes in from no less than Father Rector himself.

Also, we are conscious that displeasure and discontent are always in order with each. An instructor criticized it for using "quotations from different authors"; another, not quite finding the issue a "prayer-book," decried it as being materialistic. These are naive of the first order. We are not against adverse criticism but let us have more sensible ones. Please.

Likewise, a student said it would take some three hours for a college freshman to understand the editorial. We do not wish to believe

that the colleges of this progressive university are merely an extension of the high school department. Ach, Himmel!

If we tried pleasing all three at once, we would go crazy. We don't want to. And then pleasing everybody is an absurd absurdity. We have no other subterfuge but to let it go at that that the first issue of the *Carolinnian* was controversial; it stepped on many uncovered toes (probably suffering from athlete's foot) but had also impressed on the moral liberal readers the possibility of achieving not only something "new" but also something the organ was apparently in need of.

At first glance, the reader will notice this issue is a far cry from the first volume. It is much thinner. And thumbing through the pages, he will find some items have been pulled out and new ones thrown in.

## BUT HOW'S THIS FOR A HAPPY FILL-IN:

Delano Tecson, avid basketball fan and the Student Council's very own dynamo, has thought over and come up with the happiest compromise the staff and the readers can possibly get to — him doing the items for the sports section. Also, Manuel Satorre for having obliged us so and by that we hope everybody feels better.

It seems it is the nearest approach we can go about to please people but it brings us to thinking twice when we have to solve problems as:

Whatever-Happened-to-Photography Dept.

Yes, whatever happened to the photographic ven-

ture so enthusiastically received in the first issue?

Well, here at Publications all we do isn't just get hold pen and paper and go to press. Finances, unluckily, have also to be considered, bringing about our having to settle for a measly 32 pages sans the photographic section and the elaborate illustrations but for which we are trying to make up by an even more careful layout and selection of types. Unaware of it, the reader is much affected by letters used in reading matter. He may experience unusual pleasure in reading an article or otherwise but will hardly be conscious that the type and its arrangement have been responsible for much of the feeling. We believe this fact has been used to just such an advantage.

A photographic venture similar to the "Lonely Vision" is being planned for the next issue. The ed informs the readers that, though still in the research-stage yet, the item will come up with something newer and fresher as far as photographic subjects are concerned.

## USC ENTERS THE AGE OF THE BUILD

—New feature in the Cebuano skyline will be the 8-story Faculty Building slowly taking shape in the form of steel rods that rise into the air and hulks of concrete encasing metal. The swank building, at completion, will house the SVD Fathers whose present fourth floor quarters will be made available as additional classrooms. Another purpose: recreational rooms for the faculty. Special features: air-conditioning throughout and a basement to boot.

Oh, dem faculty members, de lucky group!

—The engineering people will soon have to change stations too when talk of another ten-story building, (am I right Tatay Engelen?) spanning the present site, the Sto. Rosario Church and the present girls' high school, will materialize. The building will offer air-conditioned laboratories, lectures via closed-circuit television, and a gymnasium-cafeteria. Or so we are told. Whether the talk is fact or fancy, it would, indeed, be an experience

to really have our home once and for all. (This fellow is from there, too, you know.)

## MISCELLANY:

Wilfredo Chica decided poems like Visit, Proem etc. weren't getting him any better with Mario. Is busy doing Edna St. Vincent Millay.

And Rey Yap, missing the photographic section, settles down to give you a little short of a lowdown on pornography, Lady Chatterly's Lover, Vladimir Nabokov, etc.

## THE COVER . . .

No. It is not a connotation of anything Hitchcockish in nature. Only, the reader should be a little more aware of the things around, and how they influence him like pornography, Nabokov, P. H. Lawrence, etc. In other words, the things that are. Emphasis on the last word. And there was no better way we could designate the implication than an eye so overwhelmingly possessing, we have yet to see the public's reception when we start bringing it around.

Every now and then we have a dearth of articles

to print. Some do come in that are fit to be used but have to be shelved for later use. Their themes are not the ones we need quite yet.

There are those among the readers who do know how to write and we hope, for once they would stop to think their "can't care less" attitude will get them and us nowhere. And don't they think the magazine could be a little better off with them pitching in? I'm sure we wouldn't be caught dead showing around a 50-page mag with only one by-line to some 12 or 15 pages. So please, huh?

# FRAGMENTS

..... by ELIAS ANDO

# editorial

THE QUESTION whether a fictive work is pornographic or not should be of interest to any person who claim to be literate.

Today we are witnessing, as a corollary to the material progress of the modern world, the production of a considerably large number of novels — in the hardbound and paperback editions — which is flooding the reading market. Conspicuous among these books, notably by a great bulk of American writers, is the celebration of the cult of the bedroom scene, presumably as an exploration of the erotic life. There is nothing wrong for a writer, I believe, to dwell on the aspect of sex, inasmuch as it has been and should be a legitimate subject matter that admits of sober treatment. For that matter, no sensible mind should contend that he is for or against sex. But when vulgarity is confounded with passion, when a work tends only to sensationalize, through a monotonous repetition, the act, and not to contribute to any new insight, experience, or evaluation, its value to man becomes extremely subject to doubt.

The modern mind's response to life is a complex one. Decidedly, contemporary writers, in their confrontation with the complex of experience arising out of sexuality, either illuminate or create a warp in this sphere. If some writers have distorted the image of life through their exploitation, and incursion into the realm of sex, there are indisputably many young men among us who have eagerly taken to it. While John O'Hara's "From the Terrace" is read ravenously because it has more than forty bedroom scenes, Henry Miller's books are a great demand because they are objectionable and had to be published privately. Vladimir Nabokov's "Lolita," essentially a satire on American women, is very saleable probably because of the fact that it is thought to be pornographic, which it is not. D. H. Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover," a book in which some (you know what) specific passages are sought out diligently, and then heavily underlined, with the spirit of scholarship, has become a byword among readers because it had once been banned.

By no means do I imply here that the viewpoints of certain writers which we don't share should be suppressed, inasmuch as we can leave it at that that the writers concerned had written out of a personal conviction, but it is a part of our social anxiety that we must be painfully conscious of the fact that there is something basically wrong and devastating in the attitude with which a large section of our reading public has delved into the fantasies of these writers. The sexual obsession of these "cultured" individuals, which is the motivating reality in their approach to these writings, deplorably bespeaks of their immaturity.

The answer to this crisis lies in the readers' abandoning this mediocre posture to sustain and justify their intellectuality. In other words, this calls for the need to relegate to the background this degenerative attitude from our cultural life.

*rey yap*

# THE POIGNANT MILLAY

by WILFREDO M. CHICA

SALIENT among the qualities of Edna St. Vincent Millay's poetry, one all her readers will agree on, is the articulate poignancy of her lyricism of pain, sadness and loss. It is so prominent the reader inescapably notices — and is carried away by — it.

We find it early in her work. In INTERIM where she mourns the death of a beloved, this poignant strain begins:

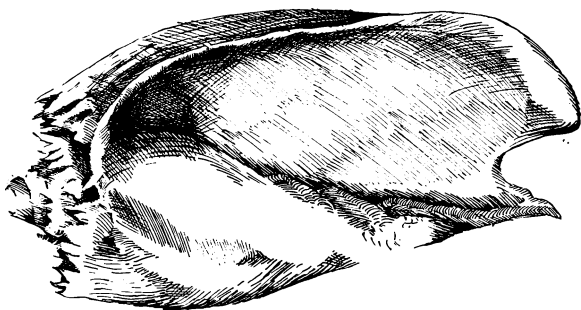
*... part of your heart  
Aches in my breast; part of my heart  
lies chilled  
In the damp earth with you.*

The note is heard again in SORROW,  
*Sorrow like a ceaseless rain  
Beats upon my heart.*

*People twist and scream in pain, —  
Down will find them still again;*

in EBB,

*I know what my heart is like  
Since your love died:  
... a hollow ledge  
Holding a little pool ...  
A little tepid pool,  
Dying inward from the edge.*



and in such poems as PASSER MORTUUS EST, HYACINTH and MORITURUS. It appears more and more often so that we discover a familiarity growing in us, feeding an expectation to encounter and to hear this note of keen feeling. And we are not disappointed. The regularity continues; in fact, the succeeding lyrics are almost always keyed to this strain.

One may ask: over what things is she so poignant? what moves her to such swift, piercing emotions? As we mentioned above, this particular gift of Millay she devoted to expressing, describing pain, sadness and loss. Now there are things and things in this world the experience of which sometimes bring grief, disappointment and disenchantment. Every man knows that — and every woman, especially a woman and an artist like Millay who had an abounding love of life, an almost ecstatic joy in experience and who felt a sense of miracle in life and death.

We will mention only a few significant themes. At one instance we find her grieving over the death of a dear friend:

*But your voice . . .  
 . . . the beauty of that sound  
 . . . in no way at all  
 Ever will be heard again.*

*On and on eternally  
 Shall your altered fluid run  
 Bud and bloom and go to seed:  
 But your singing days are done;  
 But the music of your talk  
 Never shall the chemistry  
 Of the secret earth restore.  
 All your lovely words are spoken.  
 Once the ivory box is broken,  
 Beats the golden bird no more.*

—ELBLY

At another, love estranged from a cold and selfish world pains her:

*How far from home in a world of  
 mortal burdens  
 Is Love, that may not die . . .*

—THE HARDY GARDEN

*O early love unfortunate and hard,  
 Time has estranged you into a jewel  
 cold and pure!*

—THE CAMEO

Life, hard and demanding, weighs heavy on her, disenchanting her to wish for grim death:

*Life, were thy pains as are the pains  
 of hell,  
 So hardly to be borne, yet to be borne,  
 And all thy boughs more grim with  
 wasp and thorn  
 Than armoured bough stood ever;  
 too chill to spell  
 With the warm tongue, and sharp with  
 broken shell  
 Thy ways, whereby in wincing haste  
 forlorn  
 The desperate fool must travel, bilged  
 and torn,  
 Yet must I cry:*

— a Sonnet from

THE BUCK IN THE SNOW

With this poignant note streaming in and through Millay's lyrics one may justifiably fear that the poetess' works are depressing. It is true her poems are often sad but they are never maudlin nor over-sentimental. Her poignancy does not stem only from pain or sadness for its own sake. Rather it is the result of poetic contemplation realizing not only the exquisite beauty of life, nature and this world but also the accompanying pain that grips the artist's soul finding the insufficiency of all he beholds.

This poignant note is not something new, not something Millay has innovated. The reader of poetry is familiar with it. He has heard it in the immortal lines of Yeats,

*I am haunted by numberless islands,  
 and many a Danaan shore. . .*

—THE WHITE BIRDS

of Arnold,

*Sophocles long ago  
 Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought  
 Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow  
 Of human misery:*

*But now I only hear  
 Its melancholy, long, withdrawn roar,  
 Retreating, to the breath  
 Of the night-wind, down the vast edges  
 drear  
 And naked shingles of the world.*

—DOVER BEACH

and Rossetti:

*Remember me when I am gone away,  
 Gone far away into the silent land;  
 When you can no more hold me by  
 the hand,  
 Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.*

—REMEMBER

Edna St. Vincent Millay's gift is that she has made the feeling so moving and keen, so personal and intimate that it has been identified with her. Also, what distinguishes her from other poets in this matter is her attitude towards it. To her, this poignancy in experience is not shocking nor a cause for despair. It is a reality that is woven into the strands of life, something which he who would be initiated into, participate, enjoy, understand and perhaps change life has to accept and work with:

*I am not resigned to the shutting away  
 of loving hearts in the hard ground.  
 So it is, and so it will be, for so it  
 has been, time out of mind:*

*Into the darkness they go, the wise  
 and the lovely.*

*Crowned with lilies and with laurel  
 they go; but I am not resigned.*

*Down, down, down into the darkness  
 of the grave*

*Gently they go, the beautiful, the  
 tender, the kind;*

*Quietly they go, the intelligent, the  
 witty, the brave.*

*I know. But I do not approve. And  
 I am not resigned.*

—DIRGE WITHOUT MUSIC

# "A FIND"



*by*  
**M. TROSDAL**

**D**ON PEDRO OTEYZA rich, fat, and pompous said: "Lena, my wife wants Rosie to take music lessons. I want the best for my daughter. I shall send her to you."

"How old is she?"

"Sixteen. She will not be a musician and she will be rough but my wife insists and... you will earn good money. Well?"

I smiled and nodded. One more dull student did not matter after all.

My friend Carmen, who knew the girl, was much amused by this arrangement.

"Who knows?" she said, "you may turn out something yet. She is giddy enough to try anything."

My expectations could well be imagined.

She came — a girl thin, ill-dressed, and shy. She listened attentively to my explanations and timidly squeaked through the scales. She drove me to distraction.

She never missed her lessons and although she worried me I had to admit that she was doing well — astonishingly well. Still, I was not enthusiastic. Then one day I came suddenly upon her singing a simple little air with exquisite tones and grace. Could this millionaire's daughter be an artist? She fired my imagination and ambition. I drove her relentlessly. I had to produce an artist, the artist I could never be.

One evening I went to see Don Pedro at his house to talk about Rosie's progress. He was flattered and he said with a smile:

"So, my daughter will soon be ready to sing anything."

"Not everything" I answered, "but rather ready to be sent abroad for further studies."

"Ho, ho! A singer? Rosie? That's a joke. She has a better future, I think."

"FUTURE?"

"Yes. Between you and me, Tony Lado is around and — in a year or two Tony will manage his father's business, so..."

My heart bled. Could this dull millionaire think of anything else but money? I looked around.

"Where is your piano?" I asked. "In the playroom above the garage." He said with an air of sardonic surprise. "It is too bulky for this living room and

Rosie's racket would have bothered us. My wife does not like noise."

These were Rosie's parents! How could a jewel emerge from such gross surroundings?

My disappointment was great but my pupil's lessons continued. It was a crime to neglect the gift she possessed — a voice rich, smooth, and true.

The final blow came when Mrs. Oteyza called, and a few hours before the students' concert, to say that her daughter was hoarse from a bad cold.

"In a way I am glad." She said. "Rosie was very nervous about her first appearance on the stage. Now her father wants her lessons stopped."

I thought it best not to argue but I was desolate.

A few minutes before the concert, Rosie rushed in!

"Ma'am, may I sing?" She asked excitedly.

"How is your cold? Let me see — go in there and sing. Sing as you have never sang before." I commanded.

"My find" I breathed, as her marvelous voice reached me.

After the concert, Carmen and Dr. Jenner, the music critic, congratulated me.

"Lena, the girl is wonderful" he said. "Send her to me and I will help her."

"Nothing can be done for her", I sadly answered. "Her parents are rich. They do not want her to finish her studies."

I heard Carmen laugh.

"What's funny?" I demanded furiously.

"You, silly," and turning to Rosie she said:

"Tell her, go on, tell her who you really are."

"I am not Rosie," the girl confessed, looking at me contritely. I am Nelda Rada, Mrs. Oteyza's seamstress. I like music, and when Rosie offered me two pesos a lesson to take her place, well I... It was good business," she finished lamely.


I should have been furious but I was happy, very happy. I frowned heavily and said serenely: "I will punish you with more lessons and you will then know what is to study." I was to have my artist after all!

# THE EXE- CU- TION



by ROGELIO ALFEREZ





**ELEVEN IN THE MORNING, July 17**  
**23 hours before the execution**

**O**NCE MORE, like a still and empty hall visited rarely by a wind, Death Row fell silent. One could not believe that for a minute or two it had a touch of life. Gone was the sight of guards escorting Luis back to his cell. One could no longer hear the sound their heels made on the cement floor, nor the rattle of keys and the clang of bolts as they opened the steel-barred door nor the final, suppressive swing of the cell door as they closed it again. Even the echo of the guards' steps retreating down the hall had died out. Nothing but quiet, a quiet which hid a voiceless turmoil.

In his cell, Luis, with a long, blank look stared at the harsh near-noon light that streaked through the window bars before him. It looked at first the same as that hot glare his eyes had long been used to in his stay there. At his protracted gaze, however, the light seemed to glow a little more bright and scorching with each breath he took. He noticed now that he was breathing quickly, rapidly and couldn't help himself. Something was pressing on him, something seemed to pin him to the cold, steel bars he was leaning on. It was coming. It was certain. It was approaching with the stealth of a preying leopard, nimble but ready to spring upon him like a swift, sharp lightning swishing invisibly in the air. The light glared more and Luis gasped before it.

With an effort, he turned from the light. A calendar hung on the left wall. To it he swerved. He could see the columns of dates, the upper two already crossed out and at the end of the crosses a date encircled red. What day was it? As if curious, Luis approached. The eighteenth of July. Tomorrow! A surge of images, trapped in the whirlpool of his mind by a riot of feelings, broke over him again. The world of past and present floated around him crazily disjointed. He could see the days of hiding, of flight; the clutch of arrest; the labyrinthine cross-examination and his cold evasions; the harsh unfolding of his deed; the waiting of

*(Continued on next page)*

verdict, the sentence, the ignominy; he relived for a moment the long, tired days in jail. The pleas for a reprieve. The bribes attempted. The whole process had been arduous and as each failure reach him (as another had a half hour ago) a part had been cancelled on his shortening lease on life. And still morning came the now disgusting phrase: "They are still following it up."

Luis slumped on his bed. Dinner would come in a few minutes. But he would not eat. Food and drink would remind him cruelly that the body he fed with life would soon die in the "chair". No, he had no appetite.

#### **SIX IN THE EVENING of the same day; 16 hours before the execution**

He opened his eyes to a darkening cell. He had slept. For how long? It was best to forget time. It was best to impress himself that the world was still and never moved; he would not think of any sequence, any change of long into short. Luis got up and looked out of the window. The sun was setting now, soft and slow. Over the rooftops he could see the last traces of day and above, thin clouds making way for the golden, orange-turning sun.

Peaceful, that's what it was. Serene and smooth. He would like to die like that, unhindered, unforced. But he knew he would not. It would be swift, his death, with only a moment's violence. It would not be smooth as the sunset, violent and not long drawn out as the brute blows he had dealt to his victim.

It will be night soon, Luis thought with a little wry sigh.

#### **EIGHT IN THE MORNING, July 18 2 hours before the execution**

For the last three hours he had been awake, lying on his cot pressed down by a burdensome silence. He had watched with faint curiosity the first morning light struggling through the barred window into his cell. He rubbed his eyes with the back of a hand, and jerk-

ed himself up with an effort. There was a persistent pain in his loins. He put a hand on his thigh and felt the coarse texture of his pants. He thought, "I have killed a man... have taken a life... and now I must pay for it." His thoughts moved forward with a certain alertness that seemed to fill up the room at once, a room that was made for a minimum of physical activity.

For his last meal he had only a cup of black coffee, which he took without cream or sugar. The bitter taste still stuck to his mouth. He thought impulsively: "What is the use of stuffing oneself with food when in a little while they will snuff out his life forever?" Forever. There would not even be enough time for the food to be assimilated into his spongy body. No time. They had condemned him, had relegated his body to perdition: face, hands, torso, nails, and the rest of him. The idea that it was a sort of a ritual struck him. Everything was plain enough: his clean-shaven pate, the drab uniform, and the last meal which he had generously asked his jailer to share. As though he were the host. As though he were free, were still in his own house.

"What time is it?" Luis asked.

The jailer looked at his watch and said without a trace of emotion: "Eight twenty." He placed his hands on the bars of the cell, and he looked questioningly at Luis. "Would you like to play chess again?"

"Not now!"

The man shrugged his shoulders and went back to his chair.

Luis covered his eyes with the palms of his hands with a feeling of nausea. And he reflected with remorse: "Not now! It's a farce—I still believe that there is another time for us to play chess. The reprieve must come. There is still time. But how much time? Eight twenty. Only one hour and forty minutes left in my whole life. At ten this morning my life will end, and it will end. Then they will cart my body to a room which I have never seen and which I shall

never see. They will cover me up with a sheet of white cloth, and they will be satisfied.

"Tomorrow? Tomorrow the people outside this place will live their lives. For them nothing is going to change. A little over an hour from now, everything is going to be different only for me. I have killed a man. My whole life... they have made a judgment on my whole life. There is going to be no tomorrow.

"I can see them leading me to that room, which they always keep under lock with a key. But today they have opened it. They have made sure that nothing will go wrong. They will see to it that at exactly ten something will pass through me and my whole body with the sting of a whip. Faces will be leering at me. They want to see how a man dies, but they will not change their place with me.

"Afterwards the prison doctor will feel my pulse, then he will look up solemnly at those around him and say: 'He is dead.' Just that. And everything will be over. And of course, they will put the story in the newspapers. They will talk about it for a day or two. I can see everything happening: I have seen it over and over in my mind: my own death. But there is still time..."

The door opened noisily. The priest sat down beside him and said: "Did you sleep last night, my son?" He took hold of Luis' hand, and his words bore a sad and pleading tone. "You must make your peace with Him!"

Luis turned around and, without saying a word, stared at the pink face of the priest.

#### **THE TIME of the execution**

Now it was happening again, but for the last time.

He passed through the long narrow hall that led into a chamber where strange faces for the last half hour had been waiting patiently for him to appear. Faces with blank looks which knew what was going to happen at exactly ten

*(Continued on page 29)*

# POETRY

## *Time Treasures* *The Sacred Hours*

by: ROGER V. LACTAO

*Time treasures the sacred hours  
Of whoever cleanses his brain  
Though gospels often shine unseen.  
Truth is sunrise, it is one  
Meaningless now as has been,  
Like fragrance from blooming flowers:  
They're magnets to minds awakening.  
Enroll now in this free school  
Sling your books of tarnished aims  
Leave nothing, bring them all!  
Stand for sentence, its your claim  
Swallow everything, sweet or sour  
This moment is your sacred hour.*

## *Love could be You* by DAISY MATE

*love could be you in a scent of blue-grass,  
playing tricks on memory, like a tune*

*love could be in your voice whispering  
like pain or melody.*

*love could be in the promise of autumn,  
beautiful to memory*

*love could be in the long look you gave me  
that went with words*

*love could be in the influence of sweet summer  
winds  
love could be in every hurried weather.*

*it could be you somewhere  
in the tumbings of white balloon clouds on blue  
sky.*

*it could be you in the mood of June: bird-song  
around  
love could be you . . .*

# 2 VERSES

# on the Lighter Side

by PRAXEDES P. BULABOG

## *Age of Reason*

(during Lent)

*How young are you today,  
my lad?*

*Sir, I've reached the age  
of reason.*

*But why, my boy, look you  
so sad?*

*Sir, it is the season.*

## *Unbudding Poet*

*He sighs, he mutters and moans;*

*He tears his hair for inspiration;*

*Then lo! comes that haunting line*

*Which he scribbles long and fine*

*But heck, how can I be a poet*

*When I ape ditties from a song hit?*

## *Embolden*

by WILFREDO M. CHICA

*if i can utter you and sigh  
to find my breath so fondly heard  
and whispered soft to homing breeze  
as that sweet answer my heart craves,  
then i will dare what distant cliffs  
to mute these lips and songs they lay.*

*if i can warm my soul to bear  
the cool, lambent morning's spray  
with nascent hope your sight will fill  
those silk-empty chambers of my sleep,  
then i will dread no dear dream lost,  
no silence, no darkness, no waiting on the lee*

*the soul of fire must rise and reach  
so will my love climb yon Darien peak.*

## *Call*

by: LAMBERTO G. CEBALLOS

*let what winds hear:  
this world wears ugly,  
the air sick —  
come, death.*

*let what flesh bear witness:  
mail-fisted hands of pain,  
my body writhing mute —  
come, death.*

*let tortured minds tell:  
birds seeking nirvana,  
up where space dwells —  
come, death.*



# TO BE ALONE

TO BE ALONE, away from the superficial cobwebs of life, is often a more satisfying experience than any other way in which one seeks solace from the anxieties, worries and cares of daily living.

When alone one's troubled mind rests. It casts off its veils and seeks the light of true perspective. It then resorts to meditation by which it transcends the pettiness and triviality of everyday activity. Through meditation, one's mind acquires serenity and insight into the meaning of things. Thus, the mind is cleansed and refreshed so that the result is an exhilarating feeling of ease.

In solitude, one's visions and ideals are cemented to attainment as the heart whispers aspirations to the mind which it molds with dreams. In this process, the mind needs inspiration to keep it working. This need is readily supplied by the privacy of thoughts that one finds in solitude.

When alone and in harmony with nature, one inherits peace of mind and a unity of thought and spirit. Free from disturbances, one unburdens himself and sheds his fretting, vexations and griefs to seek comfort in the embracing arms of beautiful nature.

Whether it be by the quiet spread of sea and sand or by the soothing shade of palms or by the seclusion of a study or by grandma's rocking chair on the porch or on a park bench or in the mellow, freshening lustre of green fields or by the wharf on a Sunday afternoon— or in any of a thousand and one solitary haunts, one enjoys to his heart's content the blessings of solitude.

by JUAN DEL NUEVO

A  
YOUNG  
MAN  
SPEAKS

THE OLD do not understand us. And we are surprised. They used to be like us. They should know how it is to be young. But they don't understand us just the same.

They think we have an easier time than they had and for that they expect too much from us. However, it is not so. Youth is more difficult than old age. Adults have already formed their opinions, their views, their judgments. They have set themselves. They do not waver when they act. They have matured.

With the young it is different. It is hard for us to be firm, to maintain what we think is right, to believe in the justness of God. We are pliant. We bend to and fro, trying to find our way in this wilderness.

Each day brings a challenge. Our ideals face the constant test of the inconsistencies of the times. The dreams and hopes we cherish are sometimes shattered. The world is a maze to us and we are always groping our way.

We want to be understood and to be taken for what we are not, for what we should be. If we are guided, if we are shown the way — we will tread it. We will prove to our elders that there is hope in us. Even the high, noble and demanding trust Rizal placed on us we will fulfill.

But, first and above all, we beg to be understood.

by JUAN DEL NUEVO

by Mrs. PAZ R. DOROTHEO

**D**EFICIENCY in both spoken and written English among our college students is as self-evident as the fact that I am not breathing. It calls for no illustration. You have only to hear students recite in class or to pick at random any short written paragraph to understand fully the lament of teachers, English and non-English. Want examples anyway? Listen:

"Pedro is always escape his classes because he was accompany his gang."

And for this you'll need a chair to fall back on:

"In the stillness of the night seven years ago I was agonizing—why? Because my mother was died."

Multiply these blunders dozen of times and you'll get a picture of what teachers put up with in their daily grammar classes. But is this only a deficiency or has there been a real deterioration in English in the Philippines? Aren't these examples more convincing than statistical conclusions? An objective proof to support the assertion of deterioration cannot be had. There has been no large scale testing to compare pre-war proficiency with post-war deficiency.

Proficiency? Did I hear myself say that? How much English need a Filipino have to be called proficient in that language? Perfection is impossible; approximation is the best we can hope for, approximation to the language habits of educated native speakers. To communicate ideas is the primary aim of language and so long as we can carry on social and business intercourse on both the national and then international scale, the aim is at least partially attained. Not to be overlooked though is the necessity of English skills with which to seek truth to broaden horizons in the academic world.

It is generally agreed there has been a deterioration. But why the decline now? Why in this generation in particular? To claim authority on the causes of degeneration is presumptuous. But a cursory look into our general educational problems reveal a good many of them. First is the decrease in the length of the daily school sessions. It should be borne in mind that our present day college students include for the most part those public school children who started school with the full imple-

mentation of the Educational Act of 1940. Among other changes, this ill-considered Act provided for the not-too-well loved "double single sessions" which reduced considerably the time for learning and using English from an average of "1600 minutes per week to 800 minutes in Grades I, II, and III; and from 1975 minutes to 1425 minutes in the intermediate level." Pupils since then have had to attend classes only in the afternoon. To complete this tragedy-comedy of educational errors "since the year 1945 the weekly 75 minutes of the precious time left for using English has been given over to the National Language course in Grades I to IV; 150 minutes in Grades V and VI." In short a Filipino child now enters high school after having studied English less than half the time his brother did before the war. This decrease in the number of class hours each day answers the question why graduation from elementary school now is roughly equivalent to completion of the pre-war third grade. And since his total experience with English is limited to the hours spent in class, you can see why the poor student now, the sacrificial lamb, deserves more sympathy than antagonism.

A very close second in point of time among the causes of present day inadequacy in English are the school problems concomitant to the last World War. Devastations intensified Philippine educational problems: razed school buildings, limited reading materials and lack of adequately trained teachers to cope with the unprecedented increase the school population. As a result, most if not all of our college students today, at one time or another, during their pre-high and high school studies were unwilling victims of these failing circumstances. The need of the day is not just a full rehabilitation of war damaged school buildings but the construction of additional ones to absorb all Filipino children of school age. Even today our educational finances seem helpless in the face of a tremendous backlog of school children awaiting admission in our public primary schools. Regardless of official limitations our schools have to resort to overcrowding or else turn away not just 300,000 children of school

(Continued on page 29)



Delano A. Tecson does not have the name of the late President Delano Roosevelt for nothing. He too has greatness in his own right. This future attorney was born on May 10, 1939 in this Queen City of the South to Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Tecson, a well-known radio commentator of a local airline.

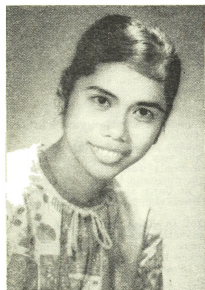
Delano's first love is politics and to prove this, he has been in the University Student Congress for three consecutive terms. During the council sessions, he never fails to draw the rest of congressmen's attention when he speaks. He goes for Shakespearean play and once acted in a USC Dramatics Club play. An avid basketball enthusiast, he is captain of the College of Law Intramural Team. He is an orator and, he can mimic famous orators. Delano has been winning oratorical contests since high school days. He was only six years old when he recited his first declamation piece, Walt Whitman's "O Captain! My Captain!"

His favorite actor and actress are Marlon Brando and Rosanna Podesta. Paul Anka and Joni James are his favorite singers. Delano can also boast of a singing voice.

Girls who have a know-how on the fundamentals of good cooking captivate his heart. Going steady is of course alright, depending on the parties. In the near future, "if fate would not be too unkind," Delano hopes to travel all over the world and then look for a companion for his life. Perhaps.



DELANO A. TECSON



DALISAY P. SALGADO

Already a member of the College of Commerce Faculty at twenty-one, Dalisay enjoys teaching. But if made to choose between home and career, she would gladly give up the latter. "But the best would be to mix both without neglecting either of them," she said.

# profiles

by ERLINDA M. TALAID

Dalisay is the fifth in the family of seven children of Architect and Mrs. Ignacio Salgado. She was born in Manila but lived in Cebu city all her life. She has been active in extra-curricular activities without neglecting her studies. She graduated last March with the degree of Bachelor of Science in Commerce majoring in Banking and Finance, Magna Cum Laude. In college she found time to be an ROTC sponsor for two years, SCA officer for four years, treasurer of the SCA and Supreme Student Council in her senior year and vice president of the Finance

Club. A lover of children, she taught catechism to children in public schools.

Fiction and a little philosophy and poetry sum up her reading tastes. Movies; native delicacies; songs of Mathis, Sinatra, and Day; they are among her likes.

Dalisay is at present taking Master of Arts in Economics. That is why she still graces the Council sessions of which she is a representative. Her students say she's strict. Actually she's not, she just can't stand students who sit in class the whole hour only to say, "I don't know Ma'am," when called.

# Mga Hinagdawan

ni Solomon Muñasque

Editoryal . . .

## Ang Katungdanan sa Pumiipili

(Pinasidungang editoryal)  
Elmo B. Sitoy

Sa Nobyembre 14 ning tuiga, ang kapalaran sa nasod nga Pilipinhon mahimutang na usab sa mga kamot sa mga pumiipili. Unsa ang kaugmaon sa mga 27 milyones molupyo sa Pilipinas karon, kini nahisandig sa katarung ug katakus sa mga mobotar kerong piniliay, mga 6 milyones silang tanan.

Gikan karon hangtud sa adlaw sa piniliay atong mabati ang mga kandidato nga mobutyag sa ilang mga saad kon sila mapili: ang ilang pagtuman sa ilang mga katungdanan sa dakung katakus, ang pagsilbi sa lungsdog, ang pagdala sa atong kagamhanan ngadto sa kabulahanan. Ato silang madingdog sa tanang suok sa kapupud-an nga mo-ataki sa ilang isig ka kaatbang aron ilang maangkon ang pagbulig sa mga pumiipili. Sa laing higayon, makita nato sila nga makihigugoy sa mga tawo sa kabaryohan ug kadalanan, makiglamanoahay, mosabwag ug salapi, moubat kutob sa ilang mahimo alang sa mga tawo. Mao kini ang kanunayng lansis sa mga politiko sa panahon sa eleksiyon.

Magpatonto ba ang mga pumiipili niining mga lansis?

Usa sa mga katungdanan sa mga tawo sa nasod nga gawas mao ang pagpili. Way labing dakung butang nga ika-alagad sa usa ka pumiipili sa atong kagamhanan gawas sa paggamit sa iyang kagawasan sa pagpili sa matarung nga paagi. Unsang matang sa kagamhanan ang matagamtam sa mga lungsdoran mag-agad sa matang sa mga pumiipili. Ang pagbotar sa usa ka kandidato iis sa salapi nga nadawat mao ang pagbaligya sa kagawasan ug katungdod. Ug ang pagbuhat sa ingon maoy pagtonto ug pag-ulipon sa kaugalingon.

Unsa ang angayang buhatan sa pumiipili?

Kinahanglan nga maminaw ug mobasa siya sa isyo, sutoon niya pag-ayo ang pagkatawo sa kandidato, timbang-timbangan niya kon kinsa ang labing maayong tugyanan sa katungdanan sa pagdala sa bansalan sa nasod. Kinsa ang labing may katakus sa pangagamhanan, ang tinuod nga sulugon sa lungsdog, ang moolagad sa mga tawo ngadto sa kauswagan ug kedaugan — kini mao ang angayang hatagan sa iyang pagbulig.

Pili-on ang pili-onon kansang mithi ug diwa maoy ginadamo sa kaliwat nga Pilipinhon; kansang katarung ug kalinis maoy kalauman ning dapit sa mga fabunon.

TAUPTAUD na kaming nakamutikod nga ang mga pahinangno alang sa mga estudyante nga gipakanag sa mga tagdumala niining atong tulonghaan balit-aron pag-sabot sa naha-usa. Ang usa sa mga labing hinagdawanong pahinangno nga among hisgutan karon mao ang "SILENCE", nga gipatik sa gangha-an ug sa bonghona sa "library" alang sa kasayuran sa tanan ug pahinangno sa mga mamalitanon. Apan walay kahino-an ang maong pahinangno kay lagi balit-aron man pag-sabot sa mga hitungulan. Tungod sa karahub ug kalangas, ang ubang estudyanteng nangtuton sa "library" aron makat-on sa ilang leksiyon mabalda ug madisturbo lang hinoon.

Dili nato sila maingon nga wa-

lay batasan kay matud pa sa mga titisaton, sila sinay batasan apun wala lang gamita.

SA LAING bahin adunay mga estudyante nga inikgahaman ug basa sa mga mantalana, biya-an lang nila ang maong mga basahan sa talad tan-anan. Pangian kon dili pa lamang unta mopatigbabaw ang kalimot nga tinuyon, ang mga uudo ug inday makatultol unta gihapon sa pag-uli sa mga mantalana sa ilang butanganan. Pagkasi-aw ug pagkabadlongon lang gayud niining mga bata! Kanyahar pa nga tanugan sa mga "librarian" ug taga-ka adlaw ang mga mantalana ya-

(See next page)

# BAHING Binisaya

## Ang Magtutuo ug ang Lugaynan

ni LAMBERTO G. CEBALLOS

POLITIKA! Kining pulunga dugay nang nahasilis sa panudoman natong mga Pilipinhon, ug dili gayud tingali mapapas dinhi sa Inahan tang. Yuta hanatog ang Komunismo dili pa modag ug moapas sa Demokrasya kansang mga katungdod ato nang natagamtam sa dugay nang panahon. Ug kita dili usab tingali buot nga kining mga katungdod kansang mga ato nang naakon dagiton sa talinis nga kuko sa Komunismo. Mao man gani tingali nga si anhing Manuel L. Quezon nangsuog ug nangayo rayod sa atong kaugalingan gikan sa mga Amerikanoon kay dili niya buot nga kita ulipon sa mga langyaw. Kita mabuhi na ubos sa atong kaugalingong paningkawat.

Ang dagan sa tiil nga lugaynan miabot na sa mga tulonghaan; ubay-ubay na usab nga tuig nga ang mga magtutuo nasibot sa bag-o nilang katungdod. Apan ang uban kanila wala lamang maninagad nng katungdanan. Kon suknon gani nimo sila kon nakabotar na ba sila, igo lamang sila sa pagpakiwi sa ilang abaga ug moingon: "Binuang na nang botar-botar, tsay. Unsa man atong mapaabot sa kandidatong modag?"

Apan wala la kaha sila makasuok sa ilang kaugalingon diin gikan ug kang kinsang paningkawat nga natigayon man sila sa kauswagan nga nahimo sa "Student Supreme Council" ngadto kanila? Wala ba usab kaha sila makapangutana kon kinsang pangtulo sa ilang sigot aron lamang sila makatitaw ug kaharuhay samtang ani-a pa sila suloit sa tulonghaan?

Aduna usay uban nga moingon, "Nag-usik-usik lang sa anong salapi ang 'Student Supreme Council.'" Kon tinuod man kini o dili, ila ba lang kahang piyongon ang ilang mga mata kon modimidin na sila sa mabugnaw nga tubig nga nagagikan sa mga "water coolers"? Dili ba lang kaha nila basahan kinsang panguloa ang naghatag kanila niining butanga? Kon aduna silay hinungdanon magtuyon tsay ngadto sa ila o sa ila ba hinong mga higala, ila ba lang kahang paksan ug gapas ang ilang mga daluganan aron lamang pagdesmolar nga ang awditibo nga ilang rigunitanon dili gikan sa paningkawat sa mga "magbabalaod" sa SSC?

Apan dili kita motubay pagteki niini. Apan dili usab nato palabyon kining higayona sa pagpahinangnon kanato sa dakong kaokohan nga nahasabay sa abaga sa "Student Supreme Council".

Nakita na nato ang kaayohan nga nahimo sa mga miaring opisyal sa SSC. Ang ato karon mao ang paglalang nga itina ang kaokohan nga ilang gitisa ngadto sa bag-o ngul-ong sa atong mga magbabalaod, sal-on sa nauhi-bay na hugot ug timgas nga pasaliq nga ilang ipalamay sa katugan nga umaabot ang kaayohan nga ato karong natagamtam. Ato usab nga katungdanan ang pagbulig kanila taman sa atong maabot.

# Mga Pangindahay

ni BOY ESPINA

Kon akong panan-aw silaw pa unta sa adlaw,  
Tunawon kong mga tumbaga ug mga puthaw,  
Gunawon kong mga bato nga naggatan-aw,  
Aron kuliton ang lamaton nimong bayhon.

Kon akong gininhawa sa hangin sama pa,  
Huypon kong napunpon nga mga gabon sa bungtod,  
Himoon kong usa ka masalimong nga panganod,  
Aron ipandong sa fuman mong kamadanihon.

Kon akong mga ngabil sa kuldaw pay motukbil,  
Mamingawng honi akong pagakablitan,  
Walay kamatayong saloma akong tugtugon,  
Aron ang tanan sa katahom nimo sumbongan.

Kon unta may limbo pa lang nga mamahimo,  
Ang matawo sa daklit nga mga lunsayng damgo,  
Sa bisan asang dapita pagataakon ko,  
Aron gayod maakò ka, O! maamong nga Musa!

# Pasagdi

ni JOVEN MONDIGO

Pasagdi akong mag-inusara pinangga  
Sa paglangoy ning bi-awan sa mga luhe;  
Kay king kinabuhi ugod 'tawon kabus man  
Magpabaling yano hangtud sa kahangturan.

Gisubay ko ang tunokong dalan sa pag-antos  
Aron pagkaplag sa gidamgo kong kaugmaon;  
Apan napakyas ug gidagit sa dakong unos  
Kay imo akong giyam-iran ug gitakaw-an.

Bisan pa'g lumsan sa baha sa luha king kalag  
Bisan pa'g watas-watson akò's kagul-anan.  
Tuho-i nga ako kamimo walay kasilag  
Kay kining tanan pagbuot man sa kahitas-an.

Pasagdi akong magpadayon sa pagbakho  
Pasagding i-anud ako sa kawala-an;  
Aron king kinabuhi sa dayon mabugto  
Kay alang kenako natun-as na ang tanan.

# Ang Tawo ug ang Kinaiyahan

ni ERLINDO L. CARPIO

Taudtaud na nga misaop ang adlaw.  
Mibanos na 'sab ang tumang kangitngit.  
Hilun na ang kalibutan sa matam-isong katulogon.  
"Bangon na kamot!" ang Adlaw sa subangan misinggit.

Sa unahan may nagbutaog nga bukid  
Naglagiti sa kainit, napagba sa adlaw  
Sa kalit nilandong sa ulan gihagit  
Apan gipadpad ni Hangin ang dag-um sa langit.

Nituybo ang kasuba-an, lubog ang tubig,  
Di maisip nga kinabuhi gibanlas sa hunasan.  
Ang kanhing berdeang kaumahan sa kapatagan nawagtang  
Kay ni Buhawi buot gun-obon ang tanan.

Wa'y kalainan ang tawo'g kinaiyahan,  
Karon kalipay'g katawa ugma panghayhay,  
Sa luha sa mga mate na lamang magpadaligid  
Sanglit sa dughan may gihambing kagul-anan.

Ang gahum malumpag, ang mga bahandi  
Mawagtang sama sa hangin lumalabay.  
Ang pegkatimawa tima-an sa bahandi nakawang  
Sa gubat sa pagpanlimbasog wa moguwang mananauag.

Daw nahisulat na sa tagsa-tagsang kapalaran  
Kay ni Bathala gimbut-an ang tanan,  
Apan di takos ang paglaum pagbiya-an  
Luyo sa maifum panganud nagasiga ang adlaw.

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## Mga Hinagdawan ... (Continued from preceding page)

wat na lang nga madaandan aron  
kadatong mga badlongon dili ma-  
kapatayang sa paghakat sa mga  
kara-ang balita ngadto sa ilang  
tagasataga ka talad aron biyan  
na usab didto, kay dili naman ga-  
nahang mobasa sa mga balita nga  
nahimong "kagahapon pa lang".  
Dili ba mao?

KADAGHANAN sa mga estu-  
dyanteng himultahan sa ilang hinu-  
lamang libro nga wala ikauti da-  
yon, nagbagolbol, kay kono nag-  
sangkiig sila sa multa nga gipa-  
pas-an nila ni Manong Asubar ug  
Manang Palomar. Apan dili kini  
sala nila ni Manong ug Manang  
kay igo man lang silang nagtu-  
ma sa ilang katungdanan. Busa  
aron dili na magsangkiig sa pag-

mahay ang mga himultahan ingon  
man kadatong wala pa makasulay,  
amo silang awhagon sa dili pag-  
tan-ug sa maong mga libro lapas  
sa panahon nga gihahin kay agup-  
upan sa multa.

NIADTONG miaging tuig ang  
"Glee Club" sa San Carlos, nagpa-  
kita ug masaarong kalampunan,  
ilabi na sa panahon sa pasko, kay  
hapi tanang dapit ug kasuokan  
sa dakbayan sa Sugbo, gidalitan  
niini sa mga mahinalangpong awit  
sa pasko. Apan bisan pa niini,  
ang maong "Glee Club" nabung-  
kag sama sa putyokan nga gipuh-  
ag sa tungang gabii nga walay  
nasayud sa hinungdan kay wala  
man magkasinabtanang ang tag-

tungod. Apan karon nahibalik sa  
maayong baruganan ang maong  
"Glee Club" ug hinaut pa unta  
nga wala nay wilga.

AMONG hipanid-an nga sa sulod  
nining tulunggaan, adunay mga  
kiriwan ug kamot, kay dili pa du-  
gay kaming nakamatikod nga usa  
sa among mga higalang babaye,  
naghiak nga nagtaho sa makau-  
ulawng balita ngadto sa "regis-  
trar", Ginoong Jose Arias, nga  
ang inyang kapin sa kawhaan ka  
pesos nga salapi, gikawat sa su-  
lod sa P.E. Room, samtang nali-  
ngaw siyang dula sa atbang dili  
layo sa maong lawak. Mahimo  
kaha nga usa sa iyang kauban  
sa P.E. ang kawatan?

# Wikang PILIPINO

PANGULONG TUDLING:

## Ang Kahalagahan ng Sariling Wika

Mga gilid naming mambabasa, hindi namin kayo pinipili na magbigay ng kahit kaunti man lamang na pansin ukol sa mga pitak na ito. Alam kong hindi kayo marunong magpapahalaga sa sarili ninyong wika. Lalo pa ninyong itinalaguyod ang mga wikang dayuhan sa halip na pagyamanin ninyo ang alin mang bagay na may kaugnayan sa ating bayan na maaring ikaunlad nito. Wika nga ng isang Kasabihan: "Dapat kayong magwalang muna sa sariling bakuran bago sa iba," ngunit' pangaw kabaligtaran ang ginagawa ninyong mga mamamayan... pangaw pakitang-tao lamang ang namumugad sa inyong ka-taunan. Ang sumisikat na mga panat- la sa panitikan ngayon ay pawang nakalathala sa mga wikang hindi atin tulad ng Ingles, Kastila, atb. pa. Ngunit ang mga sinasabi kong ito ay hindi pagkuty sa panitikang dayuhan o di kaya'y sa salitang dayuhan. Ang akin ay isang paalala lamang sa inyo mga kaibigan, kung natutulog pa ang inyong mga damdamin! Ang mga salita at panitikang dayuhan ay mayaman at punung-puno ng katotohanan, ngunit ito'y dayuhan at kailan man ay hindi magiging atin. Halos araw-araw ay nababasa ninyo sa pahayagan ang, "FILIPINO FIRST POLICY". Ito ba'y naitaguyod ng ating mga mamayan?

Noong naging pangulo ng ating bayan ang yumaong Manuel L. Quezon, nadama kayong karapat-dapat sa isang malayang bayan ang magkaroon at gumamit ng sariling wika kaya niya ipinairal ang isang batas upang gumawa ng isang "Pambansang Wika." Hindi nagkakamali ang ating yumaong pangulo. Tayong mga mamamayan lamang ang lumikha ng isang malaking kamalian. Ang paggamit ng sariling wika ay isang paraan upang mabigyan natin ng lunas ang mga suliraning makabayan sa pamamagitan ng isang wika na maaring maintindihan ng bawat mamamayan. Kaya ipinairal ang batas na

(Nasa pahina 21 ang karugtong)

GAYA ng mga nakaraang araw, muli ko na namang namalayan ang aking sarili na nanonong kay Lina sa pagpipiyano. Labis ang aking paghanga sa kahusayan ni Lina gaya ng aking paghanga sa mga tugtuging kanyang ipinairirin.

Kaya mo ba ito? Ang tanong niya sa akin at parang mga daliri ng di-watang naghahabulan ang kanyang pagtugtog. Ngumiti lamang ako at naisalob ko kung kailan pa kaya ako matututo.

Kaibigan kong matalik si Lina mula pa sa pagkabata. Lagi kaming magkasama hanggang sa maglilaki kami. Sa aking lugar, siya lamang ang narunong magpiyano. Nagkaroon din ako ng pagnanais na matuto kahit kaunti.

Kailan pa kaya ako matututo, ha Lina? Ang tanong ko.

Kung mayroon kayong piyano ay madali na—ang tugon niya. Kasi ayaw ka pa magpabili kahit segunda mano lamang.

Sina itay kasi eh, maliutog kong ungitin ang bagay na iyan, ngunit ipinagwawalang-bahala nila — ang pahimutok ko namang nasabi.

Bakit hindi mo ungitatin ulit at baka sakaling pagbigyan ka eh, di hindi ka na nang-istoboban ang babiro niyang sabi ngunit' nakasugot din sa aking damdamin.

Hayaan mo't susubukin kong muli—at naapaalam na ako sa kanya.

Iti—ayun ng gayon ang nangyayaring tagpo sa aming magkabitigan. Alam kong nakakaistorbo ako, ngunit' talagang malaki ang pagnanais kong matuto ng pagpipiyano kung kaya't kinakapan ko na ang aking mukha. Sina tatay naman ay kung bakit naititiis ako. Alam ko namang kaya nilang bumili ng kahit isang segunda manong piyano.

Kinababahan, pagkakin namin ng hapunan, maaga akong natuloy sa aking bigaan. Doon ay nag-iisip ako ng paraan upang mapapayak kong bumili ang aking mga magulang. Hatinggabi na ng ako'y makatulog.

Kinamagahan, gaya ng dapat asahan ay tinanghali ako ng zising. Pagkayos ko ng aking katawan ay lumabas na ako. Ngunit' gayon na lamang ang aking pagkagitla sa aking makita. Ang mga kasangkapan namin ay pinagtutulung-tulongang iba-ba ng ilang mga lalaki. Akala ko'y nambargo na ang aming bahay at kasangkapan. Ngunit' hindi! Ang mga maleta ay punung-puno rin. Gulung-gulo ang aking isipan kung kaya't ng makita ko si Inay ay madali akong nagtanong.

Ano po ang ibig sabihin nito? Mabuti' nagising ka na Auring—ang sagot ni Inay. Alam mo'y lilipat na tayo ng tirahan.

Ano po? Bakit po naman biglang-bigia? Ni hindi n'yo man lamang nabanggit iyan sa akin. Ang sunud-sunod kong sabi. At halos mapatay akong.

Ikinalulugkot namin anak—ang wika ni Inay. Ako man ay nabigla rin. At isinalaysay niya ang lahat.

Sa matagal na pagtratrabaho ng tatay mo at kasigasigan, nataas siya ng tungkulin at naragdagan ang kanyang suweldo. Nang magkagayon, bumili siya ng bahay sa pamamagitan ng pagtuhulog buwan-buwan. Ang lahat ng iyan ay inilihim daw niya upang dimano'y bigyan tayo ng sorpresa. At ngayon nga ang araw ng ating pag-alis. Ang tatay mo niyang sabi.

## PIYANO

ni ANITA SUSION

Naging malonkot ang aming pagpapalamanan ni Lina. Yakap-yakap ko siya at iyak ako sa iyang. Siya man ay gayun din sa akin.

Dadalaw ka namang pamansaminan sa akin. Baka ngayong nasa malayo ka na eh hindi mo na ako maalala. Ang wika niya.

Hinding-hindi kita makakalimutan at gayun din ang ating magandang pagkasamahang—at hindi ko na nasabi pa ang iba kong nais na sabihin ng marine ko ang tawag ni Inay na hudyat na aalis na kami.

Diyan ka na Lina at humahagulgol akong nagtatatko sa aming sasakyang. Talagang hindi ko yata maliwan ang aming lugar na lubhang napamahal na sa akin.

Marami ring oras kaming naglakbay hanggang sa marating namin ang aming patunguhanan. Gayon na lamang ang aking paghanga ng tumigil ang aming sasakyang sa tapod ng isang makabagong bahay. Ito ay napipintahan ng mga murang kulay. Napaliligiran ito ng pantay-balik na rehas na bakod at sa harapan ng bahay ay magandang halamang nahihitisk sa baluktak at sa likuran naman ay mga puno ng bungang-kahoy. Napakagandang pagmalasin. Tila talagang inihanda sa aming pagdating.

Pagbunod namin sa loob ng bahay ay halos tumigil ang aking paghanga. Isang bagay ang nakatawag ng aking pansin. Napaiyak na naman ako at halos mawalan ako ng may hindi dahil sa kalungkutan kundi dahil sa kaligayahan.

Ang malonkot ko ng pinangarap ay natupad din—ang nawika ko at nagtatatko ako sa lugar na kinalalagan ng aking pangarap—ang piyano. Buong kasabihan akong tumipa nang tumipa kahit na hindi ako gaanong marunong.

Iyan ang sorpresa namin sa iyo ng iyong ama at naramdaman ko ang magpapahal na pagbunod sa aking buhok ni Inay. Alam naming nahihirapan ang iyong kalooan kung napansin mo ang aming pagwawalang-bahala kung inuungkat mo ang mga bagay na iyan. Ngayon ay natupad na ang pangarap mo—ang mahabang sabi ni Inay.

(Nasa pahina 21 ang karugtong)

# Nang Kita'y Makita

ni BEN NAPOLES, JR.

Puso ko'y laging kumakaba  
Tuwing kita'y makita  
Na sa iba'y kasama  
Ngumingit'i maligaya...  
Hindi mo pa yata alam  
Nilisan kitang walang paalam  
'Pagkat ayaw kong magasandin  
Nakakainggit'yong pag-iibigan...  
Bakit ikaw pa ang napili?  
Ibigin upang masawi?  
Buti pa kaya'y magbiti,  
At buhay sa Diyos isasauli...

## Tula sa Dalawang Puso

ni RUSTICO PADERANGA

Ako ang alingawngaw ng iyong tinig,  
Ang anino ng iyong anino...  
Ang yabag ng iyong nandidindig paa...  
Gayon man, ita'y hindi akin, ako naman  
ay di iyo ngunit ako ay ikaw rin...  
Iisa ba ang ating puso?  
Ang puso'y nagiging isa lamang  
Kung ang pag-ibig ay nagbahari...

## Rosas

ni DEMOCRITO CRISOSTOMO

O ROSAS kay ganda-ganda mo!  
Kay bango ng iyong singaw,  
Kumukislap pa ang iyong dahon.  
O ROSAS ita'y mahihinig,  
Mabait, at walang kibot...  
Kung ang mga babae lang  
Ay tutulad sa iyo... ang buhay  
Ay malayo sa gulo...

## Babae

ni BRUNO PALER JR.

May luha ang mata mo!  
Bakit? Bakit mo inaaksaya  
Ang kapirason tubig...  
Tubig na nagbuhay sa pag-ibig?  
Ang luha'y di dapat aksayahan!  
Ang luha'y puhunan ng babae  
Sa pagpapahinto ng galit  
Ng binatang malapit sa kanyang puso.

## Muling Nabubuhay

ni LAMBERTO G. CEBALLOS

NOON:  
Yaring puso'y humagutgot,  
sumigaw sa mga luhang kumikinang  
na sa mga mata ko'y nagtakbuhan —  
Pag-ibig ko'y patay na.  
NGAYON:  
Nang ita'y aking nararamdaman,  
puso ko'y pumimpitig at  
muling naliliwanagan ang  
karimlan ng aking kahapon —  
Bagong pag-ibig sa  
puso ko'y sumisibol.

# KARIMLAN

Maikling Kuwento ni

MANUEL S. SATORRE, JR.

HINDI mapagkatulog si David.  
Halos hindi niya maiipkit ang  
kanyang mga mata... baliang-  
balisa siya at ang kanyang katawan  
ay nakababot sa pawis,—bunga ng  
suntiding kirot na sumisil sa kanyang  
mga mata... Bigla na lamang  
may pumahid sa kanyang noo... iyon  
ay si Leny na kanyang maybahay.  
*Leny! Ikaw ba iyon? ang takbo  
ng isip ni David sa mga katagang  
halos hindi niya mabigkas.*  
"Oo, David, si Leny ito. Hindi ki-  
ta iwanan," sagot ng babae.

"Leny, hindi ko na matititis ang  
paghihirap kong ito. Nais ko nang  
mamatay," ang naghihirap na sagot  
ni David.  
"Huwag itay! Huwag ninyo akong  
iwan. Mahal ka namin ng Nanay,"  
bigla na lamang ang pagsalita ng  
bata nang marinig ang sabi ng ama.  
Siya pala'y kasama ng kanyang ina  
sa pagamutan.

"Leny! Utang na loob! Ilayo mo  
sa Boy!" nasigaw na sabi ni David.  
Marahang nilisan ni Leny at ng  
kanyang anak ang silid ng pagamu-  
tan. Bigla na lamang nagkaroon ng  
katahimikan ang madilim na silid ni  
David. At sa pagkakahiga niya'y  
untituntong nagbukal sa kanyang  
munita ang pakikihamak niya sa Ko-  
rea... kung papano siya nasugatan  
at dinala sa pagamutan... at nka-  
yon... naririto na naman siya sa  
pagmamamantala ng mga sili kung  
ano talaga ang kanyang sakit.

Naulaki ang mga mata ni David  
nang bigla niyang nakita ang untit-  
untong pagbukas ng pintuan kasabay  
ng nakakaislaw na liwat at ang mga  
katagang narinig niya sa pag-usap  
sa labas... *KANSER! KANSER!  
ang sakit niya!* Hindi makapani-  
wala si David. *DIYOS KO tulungan  
po ninyo ako!* ang gunita ni David.  
Dahan-dahan siyang pumanaog sa  
kanyang kama upang... *HINDI ma-  
aring dito ako mamatay sa Ospital,  
wika ni David. Katilagan kong...*  
*Salamat, salamat sa iyo.*  
Ngayon ay maari mong ibalita  
inyan kay Lina at tuloy yayain mo  
silang mag-ina upang pumunta rito.  
Si Itay ang nagsalita. Opo Itay—  
ang tugon ko.

Ngayon, narito na naman ako sa  
harap ng piyano, nguni't hindi ang  
dating tanawin ang makikita. Sa  
halip na mga sanay na daliri ni Lina  
ang makikita, mga mababagal na pa-  
tina ng bago pa lamang na tutoto  
ang mamamalas. At iyan ay walang  
iba kundi ako...

wala na siyang paparoonan. Nang  
bigyan niya ng kahuli-buhang tinig  
ang paggamutan, naulingnan niyang  
nagkagulo na ang mga tao  
doon... *Nawala ang pasyente!* ang  
mga salabog sinambot ng kanyang  
panding. Napatawa lang si David.  
At patuloy pa rin siyang naglakad  
sa madilim na lansangan... walang  
tutunghanan kundi ang karimlan ng  
kanyang mga gunita... *KANSER!  
KANSER! KANSER! ang kanyang  
sakit!*

Sa kanyang paglalakad, nagunita  
niya ang mga matatamis niyang mga  
araw, bago sila kinasal ni Leny.  
Natandaan pa niya ang malabang  
nilang pag-susuyuan sa Baguio... at  
natandaan din niya ang paghihirap  
nito ng isilang ni Boy... ang mga  
araw nang si Boy ay lumaki na at  
kung papano niya ito nilalaro...  
Ngunit, ang mga matatamis na mga  
gunitang ito ay parang lason na kay  
David, sapagka't ang runitang siya'y  
may kanser ay ang pumapatay nito.

Patuloy ang takbo ng mga gunita  
ni David, patuloy ang kanyang paglak-  
kad hanggang sa narating niya ang  
malalim na tulay ng *Quezon*. Siya'y  
tumigil ito, sumandal sa tabi ng tu-  
lay at tinanaw ang malalim na tubig.  
Natanaw niya sa tulay ng isang  
karimlan na magiging lunas sa kanyang  
paghihirap. Bigla niyang itinaas  
ang kanyang paa upang tumalon  
sa tubig at magpakamatay...  
nguni't bigla niyang nagunita si  
Boy... *Hindi! Hindi! Hindi ko ma-  
gagawa ito!* *Hindi ako nababalili!*

Nilisan ni David ang tulay at tu-  
mallo ng walang tutunghanan hang-  
gang sa naabutan siya ng sakuna.  
Sa kanyang pagtakbo... siya'y na-  
sagasaan... Naglaho na siya sa Ku-  
rimlan... patay na siya.

Hanggang ngayon ay hindi pa na-  
babatid ng kanyang asawa o di ka-  
ya'y ng kanyang doctor kung siya  
ba'y may Kanser... doctong hindi pa  
pala nasusuri si David. Ang narinig  
niyang pinag-usapan ng doctor sa  
labas ng kanyang silid ay hindi siya  
kundi ibang pasyente. Pati ang ating  
mga isip mga kaibigan ay nababalot  
na rin sa karimlan. *May kanser  
nga kaya si David?*

## Piyano

(Karugtong ng pahina 20)

Hindi ko malaman kung ano ang  
dapat kong gawin ng mga sandaling  
iyang kaya ginagap ko na lamang  
ang mga kamay ni Itay at ni Inay at  
pinupug ko ng halik sabay sabing—  
Salamat, salamat sa iyo.  
Ngayon ay maari mong ibalita  
inyan kay Lina at tuloy yayain mo  
silang mag-ina upang pumunta rito.  
Si Itay ang nagsalita. Opo Itay—  
ang tugon ko.

Ngayon, narito na naman ako sa  
harap ng piyano, nguni't hindi ang  
dating tanawin ang makikita. Sa  
halip na mga sanay na daliri ni Lina  
ang makikita, mga mababagal na pa-  
tina ng bago pa lamang na tutoto  
ang mamamalas. At iyan ay walang  
iba kundi ako...

## Ang Kahalagahan . . .

(Karugtong ng pahina 20)

ito ay upang sa darating na panahong  
tatanghalin na sa buong daigdig ang  
ating bayan bilang dakila, hindi ito  
mapapahiyang ipagbabi sa apat na su-  
lok ng daigdig na tay'o'y may sariling  
wika at isang panitikang nakasulat sa  
sariling wika.

Hindi ba kayo nasisiyahan sa ating  
wikang "TAGALOG", bilang pamban-  
sang wika? Bakit gayon na lamang  
ang paglalipusta ninyo sa wikang ito,  
gayong para na ring kinukutya ninyo  
ang inyong sarili?

M. SS. JR. (Patnugot)



THE TOURISTS

### HEFTA TOURISTS

Thirty-two women, including five teachers, from the Home Economics Department went on a four-day educational tour of Negros during the second week of August.

Visiting Dumaguete, Bacolod, San Carlos, Toboso, Fabrica, Calatrava, and Victorias, the touring HEFTA (Home

Heading the list of sponsors were: Cdtte. Col. Teresita Lastrilla, corps sponsor; Cdtte. Lt. Col. Lina Abalon, corps sweetheart; and Cdttes. Lt. Col. Luz Relanpagos and Belen Napules, battalion sponsors.

A sponsors' ball was also held on the same day, in the evening, at the III MA Officers' Club.



PRESENTATION OF SPONSORS

Economics Future Teachers' Association) members and their instructors were met and feted like visiting dignitaries by municipal and school officials, student associations, USC alumni, and friends there.

But greeted by a barrage of mid-term exams as soon as they arrived, they found no time to reminisce on their happy trip and probably wished education consisted entirely of educational tours.

### PRESENTATION OF SPONSORS

A parade and review for the presentation of sponsors for 1961 was held by the USC ROTC at the Abellana High School grounds in the morning of September 27.

### PLACEMENT BUREAU

The newly enlarged Student Services Office under Rev. Lawrence Bunzel has plunged into several ambitious projects, among which the opening of a Placement Bureau is by far the most ambitious and most promising.

The Bureau's aim is to make it easier for our students and alumni to find jobs outside the University.

Already a comprehensive survey to gather data concerning the working potentiality of the student body has begun. Students have been asked to fill out the requisite forms in their classes.

On the work opportunity side, the Student Services Office has made contacts with some business establishments in the city.

All this augurs well for better and increased student services.

### MAJOR FELIX SAVELLON

Dr. Felix Savellon has been called back to the Army for an eight-month tour of duty. He is a Major in the Medical Corps.

Father Rector, in a letter to Dr. Savellon, said: "Although you... would be difficult to replace, the University willingly releases you... In these days filled with communist threats of war, we must give priority to such order as this calling you back to active service..."

*A. S. C.*

I wish I also would be called back to service in the American Army." (Fr. Rector has been an Air Force Chaplain with the rank of Captain.)

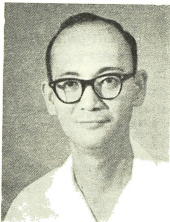
### THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SENSIBILITY

Intent on awakening the "photographic sensibility" of the University's population, Editor Rey Yap organized a Camera club whose avowed aim is "to promote photography as an art."

Starting with about fifteen enthusiasts, the club hopes to enlarge membership as soon as it undertakes enough projects to catch the attention of the lethargic and the photographically insensible.

### RECTOR-FACULTY DAY

Friday, September 8 (which is the Foundation Day of the Society of the Divine Word), the University again celebrated the traditional Rector-Faculty Day.



ATTY. BUGARIN

*Fulbright-  
Smith Mundt*

The schedule for the Day was:  
6:30 a.m.—Mass, USC Chapel  
7:00 a.m.—Breakfast, Archbishop Reyes Hall

9:00 a.m.—Pass-in-Review, Abellana National School Grounds

7:00 p.m.—Reception and Dinner Dance (native costumes were strictly required), Chinese Chamber of Commerce.

## ORGANIZATION HEADS

When the final returns were in, the following found themselves heading the University's major organizations:

# NEWS

Dr. Concepcion Rodil, Faculty Club President; Dr. Jesus Yap, Alumni Association President; Reynaldo Yap, *Carolinian* Editor; Manuel Go, Student Council President; Arnulfo King, ROTC Corps Commander; Roberto Fruto, SCA President.

## FACULTY-STUDENT ACQUAINTANCE PARTY

The first faculty-student acquaintance celebration opened with a bang Sunday, August 20, at 3:00 p.m. and ended at 7:00 p.m.

The celebration consisted of a program, games, contests, a bonfire, a merienda-cena, all of which took place on the USC grounds gaily decorated with nipa huts and bunches of sugar cane at the sides, hundreds of fluttering little flags and "puso" hung on ropes that traversed the grounds, and two pigs roasting on a pit in the center.

Many of the participants themselves lent the local color: they came in local

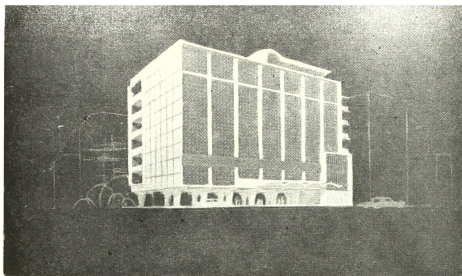


MISS VARELA

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## Scholars

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THE ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF THE FACULTY BUILDING

costumes, the men in barong tagalog, the women in patadyong.

Proposed by the faculty club, and jointly undertaken with the Student Council, it was designed to forge closer ties between students and teachers by bringing them together on a social basis. During the celebration, the minimum of formalities and distinctions between

## RUSH WORK ON FACULTY BUILDING

As of this writing, work on the faculty building is going on day and night, in two shifts. Work starts at seven a.m. and end at twelve p.m.

Night work, however, will stop upon completion of the basement, the first of nine stores, when the technical pro-



A SMALL SECTION OF THE CROWD AT THE FACULTY-STUDENT ACQUAINTANCE PARTY

teacher and student were observed, and conduct was guided only by considerations of mutual respect and friendship. Though confessedly the celebration fell a little short of the goal, it was nevertheless a giant step in the right direction.

Atty. Catalino Doronio and Miss Juliet Villaluz were the chairmen of the faculty and student panels, respectively.

## FATHERS AND FACULTY MEMBERS ABROAD

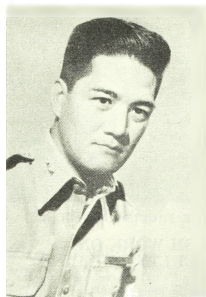
Fr. Rudolf Rahman is in Honolulu, attending the Tenth Pacific Science Congress. He left in the last week of August by Pan-Am jet for a three-week round of conferences with the Science Congress and the East-West Center,

blems that make it necessary shall have been eliminated.

which sponsored his travel.

Atty. Expedito Bugarin and Miss Lourdes Varela have left for the United States on Fulbright-Smith Mundt scholarships. Atty. Bugarin will study international relations at Georgetown U; Miss Varela will study the teaching of English as a second language at Michigan U.

Dr. Wilhelm Bruehl is expected to leave anytime now for Germany. He will advise the German government on local conditions which must be taken into account in the setting up of the million-peso chemical pilot plant to be entrusted to the University by the German government.



1st Lt. ANTONIO R. SAMONTE  
ASSISTANT COMMANDANT

## ROTC

# DMST Personality

by NICOLAS VERGARA

Within the whole chain of commands of the whole USC-ROTC unit, there exists an additional sparkplug chain that links the P. del Rosario diehards in their quest for the laurel wreath—the star.

Behind the cadet corps are the cadet officers, behind the cadet officers is the administration, and behind one of the tables of the Dept. of Military Science and Tactics office looms a figure that hails from the Philippine Military Academy—1st Lt. Antonio R. Samonte, INF. Although a hardboiled PMA product, he is still unassumingly reserved, friendly, with a proconsular look and leadership that asserts coolness under fire with tactical and tactful command over the cadet corps. He topped the examination given by the PMA for would-be scholars to the U.S. Naval Academy in Annapolis. However, after his papers were arranged, he declined the scholarship grant because he loved the PMA more. He was also a member of the PMA Corps Squad.

As all of us know, he is now the

gallant soldier beside Mrs. Julieta Samonte, one of the Borromeo sisters who at present is the adviser of the Cadette Sponsors. As a man, he is naturally proud of this victory and as a soldier, he is equally proud of an impressive and busy military career serving in different military engineering installations after being commissioned in the Army.

When Maj. Jose M. Aquino was elevated to the Superintendency of all ROTC and PMT Units, he certainly needed a trusted and reliable Assistant Commandant to help insure a strategic blueprint in regaining the star, to formulate a compact, workable system that makes a cadet corps click, and to promote a knot of kinship between cadets and officers as well as to act as filler between the DMST and the Administration. This job falls on the shoulders of our DMST personality and there is no doubt that with his qualities he will render a great deal of decisive points in this coming Tactical Inspections.

With this new link in the chain we expect the "OPERATION

Maj. Aquino-1st Lt. Samonte" to hit a surefire formula in gaining the prestige of being A-1 ROTC contingent in the whole III MA.

"When you wish upon a star, it makes no difference where you are..." With this fragment from an old song the USC "diehards" just buckled their fatigue and khaki uniforms for this year's training in "hitching their wagon to the star" under soaking rain and blistering sun on the regular Saturday and Sunday drills. In spite of this the Warriors come out of it still with that green and gold *esprit de corps*.

The USC ROTC contingent this year again levels its gun against the coveted crown. Last year the unit missed that crown in a hair-line competition with the different ROTC units of the III MA. Central Philippine University emerged victorious through the underground warfare for that emblazon prestige. Last year's tactical inspections was indeed a match with the hotly contested US presidential fight between Senator JFK and then Vice-President Nixon.

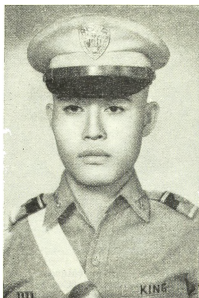


# THE NEW ECHELON

The new line-up is composed of men chosen for their outstanding leadership and performance in the theoretical and tactical military sciences. And for having proved to be men dedicated to their task, who stick to the time-tested army code of loyalty, integrity and "esprit de corps".

The job of heading a thousand-man organization and making them a crack corps is no job for a sad-sack. It takes a lot of grit to make a bunch of freshies click. Taking a box on the ROTC armored front is Cdt. Col. ARNULFO KING. True to his name, he has sweated it out as a cadet private to become the "King" of the cadets of the star-studded USC ROTC after a keen competition with his colleagues in the roll of cadet officers. He is a sturdy though unassuming man who at present is a 4th year Mechanical Engineering student. Like the previous Corps Commanders he has quite an impressive record as a cadet behind him. With enthusiasm, zeal, and good public relations with the officers and the DMST he fought it out in a run silent-run deep fashion which has earned him the commandship. He ably handled the ALPHA Company and mentored his cadets to an impressive finish by accumulating record-high points in the Theoretical Tactical exams. His staff is composed of Cdt. Capt. Pete Bacus, Cdt. Lt. Al Encomienda, Cdt. Lt. Blanco, and Cdt. Lt. Bernardo Teo.

The present Corps Commander knows that it is a challenging job to be the repository of a glorious past, to uphold that past although he will not carry a half-hearted effort but will strive on with the diehards behind him.



**Cdt. Col. Arnulfo D. King**  
CORPS COMMANDER

## DIEHARDS ARE MADE, NOT BORN:

To transform freshies and tenderfeet into diehard warriors, that inspires and imposes his authority with a determined leadership. The first battalion is proud to present Cdt. Lt. Col. Addy Ampong. A Napoleon, one way or other — short and rugged, brisk and snappy, determined and intelligent, fits this 4th year Mechanical Engineering student. Barely three months of training thru constant hammering have just popped the freshies out of their nut-shells and showed their young vigor in a close competition of military phases with the over-confident second year basic cadets. This showing was ably supported by Addy's energetic company commanders.

First on the line is Cdt. Capt. Casimiro Nadela, a corps commander in the making who is efficiently supported by his platoon leaders Cdt. Lt. Jose Pritchard; Cdt. Lt. Roberto Ybañez; Cdt. Lt. Ramon Montinola; and Cdt. Lt. Danilo Lao; Cdt. Lt. Tampus. A bravo to Cdt. Ernesto Estrera for commanding the "B" Company. Cdt. Lt. Cotiamco, Cdt. Lt. Villagonzalo, Cdt. Lt. Evangelista, Cdt. Lt. Alve and Cdt. Lt. Leyson composed his company staff.

The unpredictable Charlie Company is spearheaded by Cdt. Capt. Benjamin Delute and the rest are Cdt. Lieuts. serving as Platoon Leaders namely: Mi-

chael Villagonzalo, Reynaldo Desquitado, Leo Villaceruis, Victor Orullo and the battalion staff is composed of Cdt. Maj. Romarate, S-1; Cdt. Capt. Cabrera, S-2; Cdt. Lt. Cruz, S-3; and Cdt. Lt. Chiong-bian as S-4.

## DIEHARDS NEVER DIE:

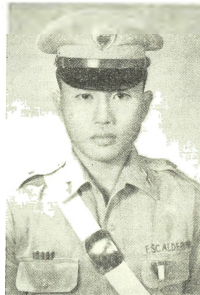
To brighten the spirits of the second year basic cadets a solid, muscle-packed, knuckle-bent, and well-gear'd hunk of a man was assigned to the second battalion. He is no other than Cdt. Lt. Col. Romeo Escalderon. He is just "that" man to hammer out the second year basic cadets to a spic 'n span battalion. His staff is composed of Cdt. Major Barredo, S-1; Cdt. Capt. Rock Dixon, S-2; Cdt. Capt. Barba as S-3; and Cdt. Lt. Wilfredo Yu, S-1.

The old reliable Foxtrot Company is commanded by Cdt. Maj. Victor Cajoles who *fozes* his way out through his men. Under him are platoon leaders Cdt. Capt. Ruben Paca, Cdt. Capt. Samuel Dunque, and Cdt. Capt. Baylosis. Cdt. Maj. Jose Alivio tops the Btry. with Cdt. Capts. Ramonito Jabagat, and Salvador Valenzona. The DELTA Btry. is headed by Cdt. Maj. Minoza.

The new top brass will fill the shoes vacated by the old reliables moulded by Roque Cervantes, Eufroenco Raffifan, Romeo Mantua, and Baltazar Marques. The regaining of the star and the glory that would be the officers and cadets' rest to a considerable degree on the 1961-1962 ROTC DIEHARDS!



**Cdt. Lt. Col. Adriano M. Ampong**  
1ST. BN. COMMANDER



**Cdt. Lt. Col. Romeo M. Escalderon**  
2N. BN. COMMANDER



# S P O R T S S E C T I O N

Sitting, 1st Row, Left to Right: Arsenio Solon, Ruben Aquino (Mascot), Jose Reyes. — 2nd Row: Christopher Lock, Juan Aquino Jr. (Coach), Dionisio Jakosalem II (Captain), Fr. Valentino Darunday (Athletic Moderator), Ernesto Morales.  
Standing Left to Right: Florencio Oeaba, Baldomero Estenzo, Ulysses Cabrer0s, Raul Reyes, Primitivo Calixtro, Anselmo Briones, Bobby Barria, Victorino Maglasang, Fulgencio Valer.

## THE USC *Warriors* 'LINE-UP

by RENATO M. RANCES

This year's line-up of the cage team is not as strong and power-packed as last year's. That to covet the CCAA diadem affirmatively appears dim and almost, it seems, nothing to represent or face any basketball tussle.

The sad spectacle of Dodang Aquino's erstwhile former cage hitkil is attributed mainly to the defection of almost all his helmsmen on the hard court. The "panic" came as a result of the graduation slum of almost all warriors preferably Julian "Century Kid" Macey, skipper Isidoro "shorty" Canizares, diminutive Manolo Baz, befuddling Roberto "Ball-Feint" Reyes (cage captain), brilliant dribblers Patricio Palmares, Maximo Pizarras, and others.

It is worthwhile mentioning that in the last four years in their search for glory, the Warriors have been consistent finalists in the intercollegiate tourney, a high record for provincial teams. Though local followers attributed the luck as "soft bracketing," a very flimsy reason considering that last year's CCAA runner-up were against champion teams from Manila's various tourneys, the USC Warriors have manifested splendid showing which gained "popular prestige" and fame not only from the local fans but from the national basketball aficionados as well.

"This year's stand-in of the Warriors is indeed poor since most of them are 'immigrants' from the various intramural and interscholastic games, hence not so highly trained neophytes," to quote Fr. Darunday, the athletic moderator.

The warriors, fielding a better line-up than they did last year, lacked, at first, coordination and proper teamwork among themselves and coach Dodang Aquino must have to play heroine in "piloting" big boys.

They, however, have promising dribblers to build up their title hopes such as Christopher Lock, Ernesto Morales, Florencio Oeaba, Ulysses Cabrer0s, Anselmo Briones, Baldomero Estenzo, Arsenio Solon, and others.

(Continued on page 29)

## Focus on the BB Cage Hostilities

by ROGER PERALOSA

The 1961 intramural cage tournament got underway on July 27 with ten teams vying for the much-coveted intramural basketball crown.

A colorful parade of competing teams, the USC band's sounding, the BB player's outbasking and Fr. Rector's tossing of the ball to start the opening games, ushered in the highlights of the occasion. Finance and Engineering Alpha raised the curtain and fought a nip and tuck duel. The Alpha Engineers who were favored to bag the game bowed to the Commercialites who eeked out a hairline triumph, 42-41, thanks to Cellan of Finance who played a hero's role after a twinner during the last 5 seconds of play.

The other opening games winner were the Law Barristers who fashioned out its first victory by overwhelming the slow-foot Scientists of the Liberal Arts team to the tune of 45-37. From the opening salvo up to the homestretch, the future attorneys spliced the cords with deadly accuracy that left no doubt as to the outcome of the game.

To date, here are the standing of the competing teams:

	W	L
ALPHA (Engineering) ..	4	1
GAMMA (Architecture) ..	4	1
BETA (Surveying) .....	3	1
MANAGEMENT (Commerce) .....	3	2
FINANCE (Commerce) .....	2	2
ACCOUNTING (Commerce) .....	2	2
LAW .....	1	2
ARTS .....	2	3
SCIENCE .....	1	3
EDUCATION .....	0	4

Who will be crowned champion... that we do not know yet. But at this writing, Alpha, Beta, and Gamma are picked by cage experts as "dark-horses" of the loop. However, Finance, Law, Accounting and Management may spring a lot of surprises in the course of the tourney.

## From the GALLERY

by DELANO TECSON

● With this issue this column makes its first appearance. From this day on, it shall act as a sentinel, ever watching from near and afar how our representatives in the Sportlandia display their athletic prowess and to give an account whether they have acted in the highest spirit of sportsmanship. With this in mind, this column shall not hesitate to give laurel to whomsoever deserves it nor shall it be reluctant to castigate those who might drift away from the standard rules of Sports, without fear of persecutions and reprisals.

● This column has seen the Carolinian Five display their wares in the local cageodrom. In fact, seldom has it failed to see and observe them during their practice sessions. If it were to appraise the present Warriors' chances of copping the 1961 CCAA Cage diadem, it won't give the Warriors even a Chinaman's chance to snatch the much coveted cage gonfalon and proclaim themselves as virtual monarchs of the cage mahogany. To bring the bacon home will be a high and mighty task for Coach Dodong Aquino, perhaps a task harder than Berlin crisis for John Fitzgerald Kennedy to solve.

● There is no doubt why many cage experts concede that the present Warriors' line-up constitutes merely a shadow of the previous year's roster. The loss of the impeccable shooting power of Julian Macoy, the seldom-opposed rebounding prowess of Doring Cañizares, the tricky and almost "impossible" snipings of Bobby Reyes, the dare-devil plays of Eddy Galdo and a deep bench that decided many a tense and nerve-quivering game cast doubt upon the ability of our present Warriors to finish the cage season as CCAA champions.

● The way Rev. Fr. Valentino Darunday handles the inter-departmental Intramural Series is worthy of praise. The addition of three more teams in the cage series, sure generates a livelier scramble for the Intramural cage tiara. Practically all the departments are represented in the volleyball games. All these and many more make you worthy of kudos Rev. Fr.

# Warriors Enter CCAA Cage Finals

by MANUEL S. SATORRE, Jr.

## Redshirts Upset Warrior

The USC Green and Gold Warriors entered the hardcourt in the opening games of the CCAA scramble only to be shocked by the Cebu Technical School Redshirts who gave them a hairline, 70-69 surprise blow.

## Warriors Avenge Setback

Coach "Dodong" Aquino's contingent were undismayed after that upset from the CTS Redshirts. The Warriors blazed to their first success by smashing the Universal Radio Institute Goldies with basketball mastery wonderfully displayed by the dribbling skills of shotmaker "Ansyong" Ocaba and the furious under-the-basket shootings of unstoppable "Ansing" Briones and Morales.

The Warriors erupted their first points when first-stringer Ernesto Morales made two for charity, followed by a hook shot from towering skipper "Isyong" Jakosalem. But the URI Goldies didn't stand numb. They retaliated when Villaflo and Diola tallied for the equalizer.

Formidable as they are, the Warriors broke away when the Goldies ran short of ammunition. With the combined scoring potentials of Briones, Magtansang, Lock and Cabreros who headed for the basket with four straight holes, the score catapulted USC to an insured 39-33 lead with ten minutes left to play at halftime.

URI Goldies, losing no hope, rallied from behind when Diola, Capoy and Villaflo broke loose to narrow the Warriors lead to 35-45. But coach "Dodong" Aquino, who showed signs to avenge the Warriors unpredictable setback from the Redshirts, dug deep into his bag of tricks and sued for time to renew offenses. He employed a close-in weaving set play to break the Goldies

defenses eventually carried by the flurries and drive-in shots of Briones, Morales, Reyes and Ocaba that gave the Warriors a 14-point lead.

The Goldies were never able to recover after the outburst of USC point-makers and fell back by as many as 26 points to end the game with 107-89 margin.

## Warriors Trump CTI

### For Second Win

San Carlos U Green and Gold Warriors moved up to their second triumph by trimming the Concord Technical Institute quintet, 95-81, with shotmaker Ocaba splurging 21 points to clinch an easy conquest over the highly-vaunted five.

Witty coach "Dodong" Aquino's Warriors paced by playmaker Ernesto Morales, sparking Tupey Lock and stately handed Beb Cabreros gave the CTI quintet the headache after their screeching bicycle lay-ups and the quintet was behind by six points with five minutes left to play at lemontime.

But there was a point in the game at the homestretch when the Warriors lost their shooting touch with a weakening defense as Conge, Longakit and Racalzo of the quintet spearheaded a late rally which gave the Warriors a scare with 1:30 seconds left that was hipped at 95-81 at gunbar.

## Cobras Stop Warriors

Taking on the hard-boiled and well-oiled SWU Cobras during the second round of the CCAA Cagefest, the Warriors suffered a setback that was a blessing in disguise. The SWU victory over the Warriors elevated other teams to equal footing with the highly-touted teams.

(Continued on page 30)

## USC FOOTBALL TEAM

### DEFENDING CHAMPION ZONE VII AND CCAA

Standing (left to right): Tito Rubi, Quinn Ubaco, Celsy So-a, Bugs Unchuen, Gerry Liento (Coach); Father Darunday (Athletic Moderator); Lina Abela (Sponsor); Joe Alzas, Camilo Go, Dodong Loreto, Willie Trinidad, Nilo Alzas.

Kneeling (left to right): Lany Rubi, Nap Elizondo, Bill Martin, Al Nunez, Nito Trinidad (Captain).

Not in Picture: Buddy Salo (Goalie), Alo Tolok, Pepe Pajutrac, Pito Ravina, Neling Cadine.



Una Novela Comentada

*"Amparo"*

Por MIGUEL FLORES

**E**RNESTO, joven pintor, pensionado por el gobierno español en Roma, es sorprendido en su estudio por la visita de un viejo amigo de su padre, de Don Ventura, acompañado de su bellísima hija Amparo.

La presencia de la joven impresionó al artista que desde aquel momento grabó en su imaginación el bellissimo rostro de la graciosa madrileña.

Y al partir sus visitantes, Ernesto pudo reproducir con toda fidelidad en el lienzo el retrato de la joven.

Por su parte Amparo tenía la convicción de la buena impresión que había causado en el artista. Al día siguiente, Ernesto fué al hotel a visitar a sus amigos y llevo el lienzo del retrato de Amparo. Amparo preguntó a Ernesto que era el vello que Ernesto llevaba en la mano y el Artista con gran alegría desarrolló el lienzo y se lo mostró a Don Ventura y a su hija, esta quedó admirada y se sentía feliz al saber la buena impresión que había causado en Ernesto. — Estaba convencida de que el pintor la amaba...

Don Ventura, Amparo y Ernesto siguiendo los deseos de la joven visitando el coliseo. Ernesto feliz é inspirado por la joven a quien amaba y por las ruinas del coloso iba explicando, cuanto sabia y la joven admiraba la artística manera de describir de Ernesto. Don Ventura exclamaba por decir algo — MAGNIFICO pero los dos jóvenes pasaron una noche deliciosa a la luz de la luna.

Al día siguiente, para complacer a Amparo decidieron salir para Florencia y allí los dos jóvenes se sentían cada vez más enamorados, y el tiempo pasaba sin sentir. Sin embargo, una nube de preocupaciones invadió de pronto la imaginación de Ernesto en la visita que hicieron a palacio de los Médici, un joven saludó afectuosamente a Amparo, y más tarde Ernesto supo que era vecino de su amada y también artista que había cautivado el interés de Amparo por lo buen que tocaba el órgano.

Don Ventura había decidido emprender el regreso a España pasando antes por París. La noticia alarmó a Ernesto y su alarma le llevó a pedir una cita especial a Amparo para pedirle que no le olvidara. Los dos jóvenes se prometieron amarse.

El día de partir llegó a Ernesto a la estación de Florencia a despedir a Don Ventura y a su hija.

El joven con todo el tormento de su

corazón vió que el joven Corde de Loreto. Subía en el mismo tren y se acomodaba en el mismo coche de primera que Don Ventura. Amparo se despidió de Ernesto con grandísima pena.

Durante el viaje a París, supieron que el conde de Loreto iba a París para asistir a unas carreras de caballos en las que corría un caballo del Conde. Amparo, felicitó al joven aristócrata por lo bien que tocaba el órgano y este le ofreció darle lecciones en París. Contestó que se estableció una gran carrera de simpatía entre la joven y el Conde.

Llegado el día de las carreras, el prueba que debía montar la yegua del Conde se puso enfermo y el mismo Conde corrió la yegua. Amparo y su padre

*Rev. Padre Anthony Buchcik, STD  
Decano del Colegio de Educación  
Universidad de San Carlos  
Ciudad de Cebu*

*Mi Muy Reverendo Padre:*

*Ruego de su Reverencia que se digne dispensar mi ausencia de mis clases porque tuve que guardar cama por haberme enfermado de trancazo.*

*En espera de su atenta consideración, me quedo su Reverencia, muy respetuoso servidor, q. p. m. b.*

*Corazón Villacruis  
BSHE IV*

esperaban en el coche el resultado de la carrera y con gran emoción y alegría observaron que el Conde obtuvo el primer premio concedido por la emperatriz Eugenia y que le fué entregado por ella misma. Apenas recibida la preciosa yegua encerrada en un magnífico estuche. Corrió el vencedor a donde se hallaban Don Ventura y su hijo para entregar el trofeo a Amparo.

Este triunfo le ocasionó al Conde de Loreto un serio disgusto pues creyéndose insultado y teniendo un temperamento violento, provocó un duelo y mató a su joven adversario. Amparo se sintió muy apenada y el conde que se había enamorado de ella — le contó su vida azorosa y le dijo que ella podría ser su ángel de la guarda. Amparo sensible joven se creyó en el debía de ayudar al conde y este convencido del amor de la joven pidió su mano a Don Ventura y cuando regresaron a Madrid, se casaron.

Ernesto terminó el cuadro que pre-

## María Paz

María Paz, María Paz,  
te lucas muy hermosa,  
te portas muy graciosa,  
a ti mi alma se desliza  
si te anhelo con la briza.

María Paz, María Paz,  
Por que no me miras?  
Por que andas tu sin parar?  
A mi no señalas las manos,  
a mi no vuelven tus ojos.

María Paz, María Paz,  
que linda te reflejas,  
que frescas tus sonrisas,  
si bien esta, a mi aprecias,  
te doy siempre mis mil caricias.

María Paz, María Paz,  
Ya sabes que te quiero,  
De veras, te espire.

A mi no señalas las manos,  
a mi no vuelves los ojos.

Por JOSE M. VELOSO  
Liberal Arts

*Ciudad de Cebu  
3 de septiembre de 1961*

paró en Florencia para una exposición en Madrid y volvió a España donde le esperaban sus dos íntimos amigos, Marcia, un poeta y Andres, pintor como Ernesto. Los tres amigos se alegraron a verse de nuevo y mientras Ernesto descansaba, desarrollaron el lienzo y se quedaron admirados de la obra de su amigo Murcier que se llevaría el primer premio y una fama mejor tal. Al fijarse en una de las cabezas que representaba a la reina Ester reconoció a Amparo. Ernesto negó que fuese una realidad y sus amigos respetaron su secreto pues verán al artista triste y preocupado y el nombre y el motivo no era otro que el silencio de Amparo aunque el ignoraba que estuviese ya casada con otro pero pronto tuvo la noticia que le hizo de muerte.

Después de tal acontecimiento, se quebrantó la salud de Ernesto hasta que llegó el día que murió él. Antes de su muerte pintó la imagen de Amparo para probarle su amor tierno y sincero.

# The USC *Warriors'* LINE-UP

(Continued from page 26)

## THE LINE-UP:

### DIONISIO JAKOSALEM —

Captain — passboard hookshot specialty.

### CHRISTOPHER LOCK —

The "mighty mite" of the Warriors; shoot-ingest forward of them all; his left-handed jumpshot and occasional lay-up shots are steady.

### ANSELMO BRIONES —

Interscholastic player; a deadly manipulator under the shaded area, an ex-Diamond Gloves beware.

### ERNESTO MORALES —

In spite of his size he is the top recovery man in the scuffles from under fire.

### OCABA —

A former mainstay of the Cebu Technical School. When playing he is as cool as a cucumber.

### CABREROS —

A ballhandler who can see from outside. (A magnificent stint from CTS)

### MAGLASANG —

The plastic man. He should learn more variety of shots.

### ESTENZO —

A little poundage in his frame may put him in the limelight two years hence.

### SOLO —

A playmaker too cool on a fast game.

### REYNES —

A jumpshot artist. A valuable man against a zone formation.

### REYES —

Know-how on pivot shots may place him on the level of Roehl Nardura of UAAP fame.

### BARRIA —

A fighting heart and more playing time is what he needs. How about giving him a chance, Coach?

### VALER —

A promising deadly shooter but needs a know-how in meeting a proper distribution of ball.

This, in a capsule, is a short pace of the Warriors' formation this year.

Unless "they weep too much overspilled milk, they would wind up in meeting places." Whether they will eventually succeed is still a subject for conjectures. Good luck, Boys!

## THE EXECUTION

(Continued from page 10)

o'clock; eyes that from time to time glanced at watches and at the clock on the wall on the death chamber. Everything was happening as planned. No reprieve. God, how does it feel to be without hope?

Without hope. The walls moved towards him, wavering before him. His body froze, his legs hesitated to take another step: as though they already knew their future. The guards held his shoulders; their faces were blank. How many times had they escorted condemned criminals through this hall into the death chamber? Tomorrow, they will talk about it to their wives or friends.

Blank looks. People moving about carefully, as though afraid of breaking something. The priest was there; he looked at him kindly and put his hand on his shoulder. He whispered something. He had an ashen look on his face. How many times had he seen death but had never experienced it himself?

Now they strapped him to the huge iron chair. Cold. "I am cold," he thought. The doctor felt his pulse; the priest stood beside him. Now they left him alone. Faces were staring at him; they were thinking: "He is not going to outlast this moment." Someone looked at his watch, looked at the man at the electric switch. Luis' vision began to blur, a fog gathered in his mind. An ominous silence, except for the ticking of the clock on the wall and the undefined, unheard sound of running watches spelling out the passing of time, hovered in the room.

The Phone rang. The Director of Prisons took it up and listened in. At last he looked around and said: "Gentlemen, there is a reprieve," and, turning to the two

(Continued on page 30)

## Deterioration (Continued from page 16)

age every year but more. The choice seems to be between "half-bake" students and "illiterates". Common sense picks the former.

The third cause is the deterioration of language models. Before the war, many Filipino teachers learned their English at least partly from American models. Since the last of the noble Thomasites has long since left our shores, to content ourselves with our own models was the only re-

course. But an imitator like a carbon copy is never quite as good as his model, his followers are less precise than he, and so on down the line unless something big is done to halt the inevitable decline. Nothing big has been done so far and now we face the expected decline.

Is it any small wonder, then, why our college students consider reading or writing in English an uphill climb?

# Letters to the Editors

(Editor's note: All letters published in this column are quoted verbatim.)

University of San Carlos  
Cebu City  
August 31, 1961



J. CAÑIZARES

Mr. Rey Yap  
Editor, The Carolinian  
University of San Carlos

Sir:

This is in connection with the first issue of the university publication, THE CAROLINIAN. All other things being equal, the issue is a superb one, the theme having been Art and its importance to the individual person. The articles were just enlightening; the photography was a departure from the record photographs put out before. This, Sir, is my honest opinion of the work the editorial staff this year has done.

Accept, therefore, my heartfelt congratulations! More power to you and the rest of the members.

Sincerely,  
(Sgd.) JAIME CAÑIZARES

University of San Carlos  
Cebu City  
August 29, 1961

Dear Mr. Yap,

Last 25th of August, (Friday) I was able to glance at your new publication of the U.S.C. school organ which is of course the "Carolinian". Wow! It's really a unique school organ. Imagine with such a unique writings especially about your "Photographic Sensibility". But I was a little bit embarrassed (in my mind only) when my Latin teacher criticized about the latest publication of the Carolinian. He told us that some of the writings are not original, i.e. the writings are mostly quoted from those different authors.

You know, I was able to secure a school organ from U.S.P. which is "The Southern Scholar". I found out that most of the writings are original, even the writings of Mr. Graciano T. Sing, (staff editor) in the editorial page. Same opinion goes also to Mr. Russo C. Fernan (editor-in-chief of the official school organ in Colegio de San Jose—Recoletos).

I found out that most of the writings of these people especially in the editorial page, are so simple compared with your writings. If I were to judge, a first year college student will surely find a difficulty in reading about your writings. Maybe it will take him three (3) hours to understand the thought of your writings by looking every word (I mean unique words) in the dictionary.

Mr. Yap, I did not mean to touch your ego, for this is just an opinion. How about putting a "Just an Opinion" corner in your next publication?

Yours truly,  
(Sgd.) ROSELDO COLETO  
Pre-Med. III

Office of the Rector  
August 25, 1961

Reverend James Skerry, S.V.D.  
University of San Carlos  
Cebu City, Philippines

Dear Father Skerry,

I wish to congratulate you, Mr. Rey Yap, Editor, and the editorial staff for the fine work you did on the first issue of the CAROLINIAN.

Yours in Christ,  
(Sgd.) Very Rev. HAROLD W. RIGNEY, S.V.D.  
Rector

## Warriors Enter . . .

(Continued from page 27)

In the skirmish between the Warriors and the Cobras at the UV Guilas Gymnasium held last August 27, the Cobras consigned the Warriors to the gutters, 87-82.

Scores in the first canto seesawed when Cobras and Warriors equalled fire with fire before 2,000 basketball spectators. The unpredictable Warriors spilt-fired by Ocaña, Reyes, Lock, Morales and Solon splurged separate tallying marks for a Warrior lead five minutes before the first half.

A fumble caused by Beb Cabrereros of the Warriors became the turning point of the game and gave the Cobras the possession of the ball with a towering Cobra player making two after a dazzling loop below the basket to give the Warriors a five-point deficit at whistle time.

## Warriors Qualify For The Final Round

Although the Warriors were held at bay in their skirmish against the Cobras, they had already qualified in the final round before this rumble. Their loss to CTS was adjudged a no-count game since the Redshirts fielded three inept players. That gave them a three-win-one-loss standing in the loop, and tying URI and SWU who had similar records. The qualifier came in the Warriors' topping the tie through the quotient system.

Carolinians have high hopes for the formidable Warriors who were once a bunch of undisciplined rookies will wrest the CCAA crown from the ancient and seasoned UV Green Lancers. So far, minus Warrior veterans like Masoy, Fizaras, Palmares, Rogado, Cañizares, Galdo, the Warriors are still making good-hopping, dribbling and shooting with craft and cunning that is worthy of our praise.

## Execution

(Continued from page 28)

guards beside him, added, "Untie the prisoner please."

The guards started to unstrap Luis. Then one stalked apprehensively to the prison doctor and whispered, "Something is wrong! I think he has fainted." The doctor moved quietly and very quickly. He bent down and put his stethoscope to the chest of the prisoner, and for a full minute he examined him. Then he raised his face, took a deep breath, and announced complacently in a voice big enough for those in the chamber to hear:

"The prisoner has died of heart attack."

— the end —

## Moderator's Page

LANGUAGE teaching schemes sometimes sound like round-singing "Three Blind Mice." In round singing, one group of singers begins with the first stanza while other groups remain silent. When group one begins the second stanza, group two begins the first stanza; when group one starts the third stanza, group two starts the second stanza, and group three starts the first stanza. Success in such round-singing depends on each group's being able to ignore completely the words being sung by all the other groups; at the first falter the whole structure breaks down and dissolves in gales of laughter.

"...the local vernacular (should) be used as the medium of instruction in Grades I and II; English introduced as a subject in Grade I and become the language of instruction starting in Grade III with the aid of the vernacular as far as Grade IV; Pilipino (Tagalog) taught as a subject beginning in Grade IV..." Add a course of Spanish in high school and a semester of Spanish for every semester in college for most students. Or "inasmuch as English is later going to be the medium of instruction, whereas Pilipino is to remain a subject, the pupils should learn enough English in the early grades to be able to use it as the medium of instruction in the later grades. It is obvious therefore that the better combination is to teach the vernacular and English in the early grades and, when English becomes the medium of instruction, introduce Pilipino as a subject."

And then it is piously asserted that some such schemes will "maintain the desirable language-teaching situation of one foreign language at a time."

Which is a pious fraud. The student starts learning one language at a time; he continues by trying to learn two or three or four at a time. He cannot keep them apart and the whole scheme breaks down. Sometimes the results are hilarious but never funny: "magbasketball kami", "bebél na", it's "two man" not three, and "my idea is died."

These schemes pretend besides, that all or most of the children who enter Grade I are going to stay in school and so need all these languages; that there are enough materials and teachers to teach adequately. As a matter of fact, there is a woeful lack of materials; of those who enter first grade, more than 60 percent do not complete the elementary grades and only 10 percent finish high school; 75 percent of the children between the ages of 14 and 17 are out of school; and a presumed 40 percent of the population is illiterate because they did not learn to read and write even their own dialect in the few confused years they spent in school; the handful who do survive descend in a swarm on a handful of city-univer-

sities with tremendous enrollments which must then cope with the results of a dozen different schemes on a mass basis; and college teachers spend most of their time explaining the meaning of words and the literal sense of textbooks which are only half understood, rather than the subject matter of the course.

It's really the old story of the donkey who starved to death between two bales of hay because he could not make up his mind which to eat. It is a wonderful thing to be able to speak and write several languages fluently. It is good to teach a vernacular to have a literate populace; a national language to encourage a national spirit; English to share in the development of the outside world; and Spanish to seize a cultural heritage. But no ordinary student can learn all these languages in his school days. Such an achievement would require an extraordinary flair for language and a willingness to devote a lifetime to them.

The first principle in the sane management of desires is that not all desires can be satisfied, even if they are all good. Some desires must go unfulfilled if others are to be achieved. A hierarchy of values must be established. The very fact that one good is aimed at means that another must be abandoned. If a musician decides to become a concert pianist, he cannot expect to be an expert on the violin and the trap drums and the piccolo; if a person wishes to be a scholar he cannot be president of the Student Council and social secretary of three different fraternities. And if a student is to master English, he cannot be expected to be proficient in Spanish and Cebuano and the National Language unless he has an extraordinary flair for languages and is prepared to devote his life to learning them.

So, which language should be cultivated and which suppressed in the school curriculum? Some say "the ascendancy of Pilipino... is almost accomplished and, obviously, inevitable." The spreading popularity of Tagalog movies and radio plays and magazines in non-Tagalog speaking areas is the favorite argument for this. But this is not true. The Tagalog of the movie and radio play is not Pilipino; some would say it is not even Tagalog. Pilipino, the National Language, by definition is a new language, based on Tagalog, with a strong interlocking of the other dialects of the country. It is a hybrid; something not actually spoken by

anyone outside the classroom. This distinction between Tagalog and Pilipino is not just quibbling, not just a semantic distinction. Any firm boy who wants to, can pick up enough Tagalog to follow a movie; the unschooled maid who goes to Manila can find her way around the market in Tagalog after a few months; and one of the irritating things about students on vacation is their self-conscious chatter in Tagalog — though they may be flunking the courses in the National Language in school.

The establishment of a National Language is certainly an estimable goal. "A national language is a bond of national unity," chorused Noah Webster (dictionary man) with the leaders of his time. But his dictionary shows that he realized that a national language must come naturally, from the people, by slow growth.

Spanish is a cultural heritage, a very beautiful language and the storehouse of the ideas and ideals of many Philippine patriots. But to casually compound the language requirements of most college students by insisting on governmental fiat on a course in Spanish for every semester in college — far more Spanish than English, so imperfectly mastered — is a dubious benefit at best. Most students never come to read and appreciate the classics in that language anyway.

The students who fare best in language learning are generally those who attend a single school from the elementary grades through college. Very often, their instruction is better all along the line, not only in languages. But their obvious superiority in languages, especially the English language, is no doubt also due to a great extent to a consistent policy, a deliberate choice of goals, a subservience of other goals to this one, pursued even in the face of fluctuating general policy and practice. Students who move from school to school are like a man who mounts his horse and rides madly in all directions. He is at the mercy of changing opinions and regulations and methods of instruction. There are many techniques abroad which are intended to improve language instruction. None of them will work until there is a sane general agreement that students' abilities are limited; that while all four languages now taught are good they cannot all be learned by everyone, that a choice must be made and a firm and consistent adherence given to that choice over a prolonged period of time. — REV. JAMES SKERRY, S.V.D.

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