

Entirely Personal

● This business of beating deadlines is trying. It keeps you awfully busy until the whole stuff is mailed to Manila for printing. Lack of sleep, loss of weight, doctor's prescription and a few zeros in recitations — these are some of the things you get while beating a deadline. But despite the inconveniences, student editors still find it a pleasure to work on a publication. Editing is no mean assignment but the satisfaction of having accomplished something more than compensates for much of the unpleasantness encountered during the hectic days of the preparation.

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● No sight is more interesting to an editor of the Carolinian than a mailbox being deluged with contributions. That would save the staff the trouble of hounding people, begging them to share their literary creations with the Carolinian. Editor Go was overjoyed one morning to see that the Carolinian mailbox which use to be empty was filled to capacity with envelopes a few days before the deadline. He thought his announcements has finally paid off. So in his eagerness to discover what the student had prepared for him, he immediately opened the mailbox, forgetting that students were using his mailbox as a replacement for Mr. Alvear's. Except for five forlorn prayers beseeching the Carolinian to recognize for once their "journalistic talents", the rest were not his.

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● There are three kinds of egoists: those who advertise it, those who admit it and the rest of us. But being Entirely Personal sounds more egoistic. If it does, then the editor should get the blame. He christened it.

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● Why are there more women than men in San Carlos? This question was posed before the Academic Council in one of their meetings recently. A girl said that they feel safer here than in other institutions.

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● The ROTC Unit of San Carlos
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by essel a. j. r.



Paulo H. Beltran

by C. J. RODRIGUEZ

"There is something greater than the gift of immortality; to be born and to die, and in between to live as a man." Here we have an attempt to tell the story of a man, the late architect Paulo H. Beltran.

He was pointed out to us, a quiet figure against the background of chaos and activity of enrollment days. He was of medium height, his features showing traces of Malayan lineage and about him was that quiet, unobtrusive dignity; dignity that was not stiff; that didn't seem starched. It was in the way he passed through the corridors in that slow gait of his; it was in the way he used to take the corner drafting table during our laboratory periods, spread his work, and become completely oblivious to everything but his pencil lines, ripping across the white paper, emerging as an ordered pattern of black streaks, bringing to life new forms.

Throughout his childhood, and the years to follow, a strong love persisted which decided his career, a love for that "living creative Spirit", a love for architecture. He received his B.S. Architecture degree from the University of Santo Tomas in 1941. Even though he was working as a government employee while he was studying, he finished his course in the regular four-year span and after passing the government board examination for architects in 1948, he went into private practice.

Among his latest works is the U.S.C. Archbishop Reyes Building. It is said that a poem mirrors the soul of the poet. Even more so does the building show the architect. It does not just mirror his thought; it is his thoughts come to life; the building becoming one with the architect. At a time when bizarre designs spring up like mushrooms after a storm, his building emerges functional, conservative, and quiet and in its own way beautiful; an eloquent witness of the spirit that brought it into form.

He joined the U.S.C. faculty in the year 1947, and when the Department of Architecture was opened, he was appointed its head. To us, he was not just an architect; he was our teacher, fatherly, approachable and understanding. Perhaps it was because he always had a love for children (he has seven of his own, five girls, and two boys) or perhaps he saw in us the continuation of his dreams. Maybe, he wanted to be part of the chisel that would bring forth tomorrow's architects from whatever marble stood to be sculptured.

Laboratory periods were often relieved by the sense of humor he had, and just as quickly as the class broke into laughter, it would again lapse into silence, busy with the Ionic, Corinthian, and Doric orders of architecture.

There were three women with whom he was in love; his mother Lucilla, his wife, Ana, whom he married seven years after they had first met, and our Lady to whom he always had a special devotion. It was not seldom that we see him at the Santo Rosario church for our Lady's Wednesday novena. Oftentimes too, we see him snatching a few hours from his full schedule to pay an afternoon visit.

Then vacation came and he took his family to Asturias for a few weeks. That was the last time we heard of him until that first May morning when a bus accident took away his mortal life.

Unheralded, the inevitable call had come; the answer instant. We do not question the Divine Wisdom that took him away. Still we wonder at that incomprehensible law that rules all life.

"We who are his friends can hardly say how much we miss his kindness and his love, his help to us, his gentle way. Perhaps he is needed more where he has gone. The ways of God are strange. God bless his soul, we pray, until we meet him on the golden shores, his memory will live with us forever more." ‡