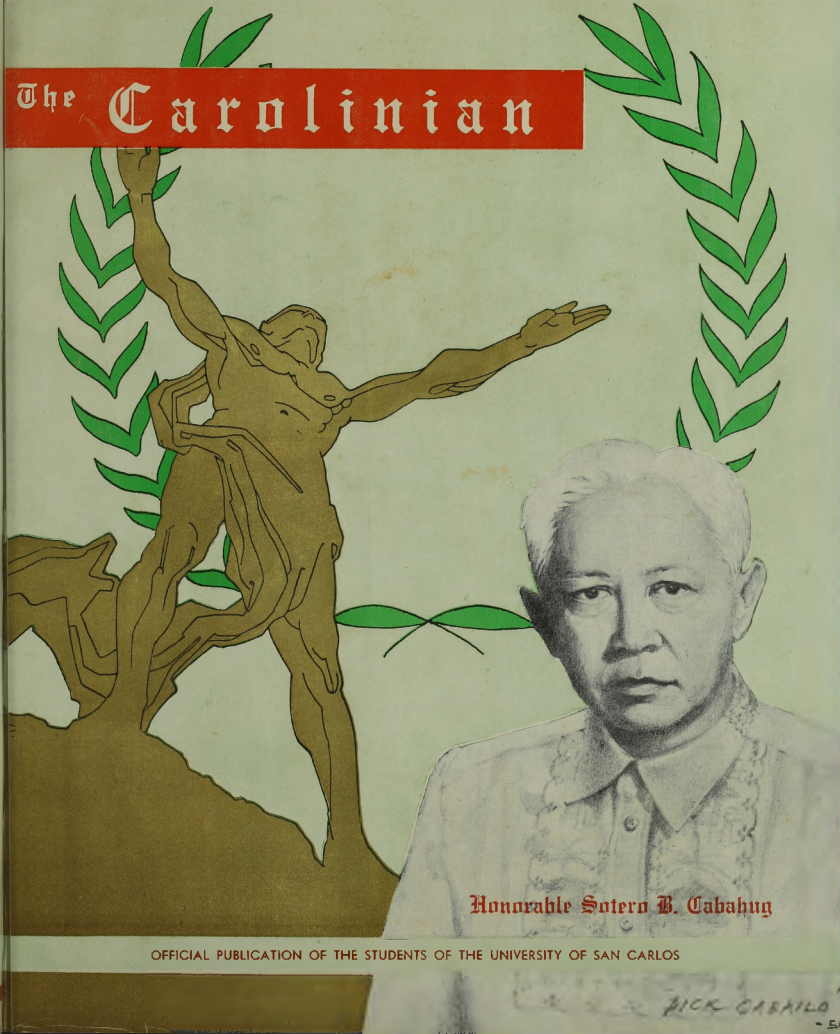


The Carolinian



Honorable Sotero B. Cabahug

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS

RICK CABALLO



Secretary Cabahug dining with Papal Nuncio and Cardinal Spellman.
(For more pictures, see PICTORIAL SECTION. Story on page 2)

● The fourth distinguished personality to appear on our cover is the Honorable Sotero B. Cabahug, Associate Justice of the Court of Appeals. Having been chosen as the "Most Distinguished Alumnus of 1955" the University of San Carlos awarded Justice Cabahug a *diploma of merit* "in recognition of his service to the nation in general and services to USC in particular." Receiving the diploma in behalf of his father, Mr. Sotero Cabahug, Jr. also read his father's message of thanks to the eight hundred khaki-clad ROTC cadets and to the five thousand or more spectators who witnessed the solemn occasion. Mr. Sotero Cabahug, Jr. is himself a USC alumnus, having graduated Valedictorian in the Boys' High School Department in 1948.

● The citation was read by **Atty. Mario Ortiz** at the Cebu Normal grounds where the formal parade and review took place during the last day of the University Day celebrations.

● Four days after the ceremony, Attorney Ortiz, re-elected President of the San Carlos Alumni Associa-

tion, received the following letter "from the desk of" Honorable Cabahug. We will quote some pertinent portions, to wit:

February 23, 1956

Dear Mario:

Terry showed to me the citation you read during the parade and review in my honor last Sunday. I do not doubt your sincerity, but I must tell you frankly that you pay me tributes too lavish to be true. Thank you very much.

Congratulations on your very well deserved reelection as President of the Alumni. I wish you more success. And I express the hope that one electoral victory leads to another.....

*Cordially,
(Sgd) SOTERO B. CABAHUG*

The humble tone of the letter, scribbled in long-hand, is indeed reflective of the character and personality of the 56-year-old jurist.

(Continued on page 34)

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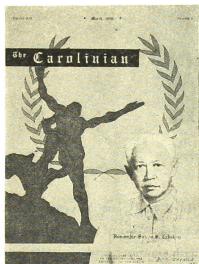
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O U R C O V E R



Our main theme for this, the final issue of the CAROLINIAN, is woven around one of USC's greats, JUSTICE SOTERO B. CARAHUG, who was chosen by the Watchtower Committee of the Alumni Association as the Most Distinguished Alumnus of 1955. His appearance on the cover is quite providential, for the graduating student can derive much inspiration from the life of this eminent public figure who rose to national prominence because of his brilliance, integrity and, more than anything else, his humility. For the feature article on his life and times, turn to pages 2-3.

The reader will notice that the hopeful hands shown at background are stretched in an oblatory pose. The pose itself yields to various interpretations. It can be taken to mean an offering to God of the knowledge which the graduate has acquired after long years of room-to-room rendezvous with isosecles or Emmanuel Kant, which is what Artist Dick Cabailo probably wants conveyed. Or, it could mean that the graduate, weary of business managers, congressmen and "no vacancy" signs, has thrown up his hands in electoral disgust. We are inclined to the latter interpretation.

The encircling laurel leaves indicate sundry things... perhaps a gold medal for fiery oratory, a SUMMA CUM LAUDE citation, an award for athletic skill or even a special mention for exemplary deportment and many such things. These details must never, never be forgotten for they will soon appear in letters of application as the graduate fends for himself and pounds the streets of a work-a-day world which has often shown little need, if at all, for his talents. — bbq.

BETWEEN COVERS

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President Magsaysay swears Cabahug in as Justice of the Court of Appeals.

The HON. SOTERO

In Brief, A

THESE WORDS leaped from the talented tongue of Attorney Mario Ortiz as clearly as they were said, holding the thousands of spectators spellbound and ringing deep into the hearts of the ROTC Cadets at parade rest.

For those in the know about the life of Honorable Sotero B. Cabahug, it was like hearing the summary of his life being told in terms of poetry and song. But like Jose Garcia Villa's "Centipede" poems, the summary does not end with a period but with a comma . . . indicating that, by all means, Honorable Cabahug's recent appointment to the Bench has more to it, in the future, than meets the eye.

Because Justice Cabahug is not as press-agented as other public servants are, there were a considerable number, among the many that witnessed the solemnities, who did not know or had only a morsel of information about the "humble Cebuano who rose from justice of the peace to Associate Justice of the Court of Appeals." His private secretary, Oscar V. Trinidad, wrote once about the former Secretary's attitude towards publicity.

"I remember the great debate we had in February or March of this year. I drafted a proposed press release and his son, Terry, expressed doubt whether the old man would

For the third consecutive year, the Watchtower Committee of the San Carlos Alumni Association has scanned the heights of Alumni achievements and gave its verdict to one whom it considers most deserving of the yearly award.

The Committee has unanimously chosen as the "Most Distinguished Alumnus for the year 1955," a man who has earned the lasting regard of the nation: a humble Cebuano who attributes his success in large measure to his early training in good old San Carlos who rose from town councilor to Cabinet Secretary; from Carolinian cadet to Secretary of National Defense; from justice of the peace to Associate Justice of the Court of Appeals. . . .

approve it. True enough, when Secretary Cabahug read it, he expressed disfavor. He was one of the opinion that too much publicity was not good. He pointed out the case of some politicians whose names had hit the headlines that dogged them as a result. Then he recalled that since he served as a member of the old Philippine Legislature, he had never cared about press releases."

THE CAROLINIAN

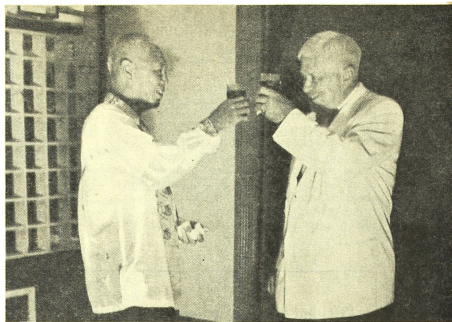
Attorney Mario Ortiz was merely reiterating the truth when he cited

that the "Most Distinguished Alumnus" attributes his success in large measure to his early training in "good old San Carlos." As Justice Cabahug had repeatedly said:..

"San Carlos gave me two very important things, two things which in the final analysis, are the only things that count in life . . . religion and conscience. These two have made me strong in times of stress and trial, rich even while I lacked material possessions, proud even in defeat and disappointment, and hum-

B. CABAHUG

CAROLINIAN



Sec. Cabahug drinks toast with US Defense Secretary Wilson.

ble and properly grateful in moments of triumph and victory."

"Mano Terong", as he is often called by his brother Mandawehahans, was born April 22, 1891, the fifth son of Narciso Cabahug and Cirila Barte of Mandawe. After finishing grade school in Mandawe, he matriculated at the Colegio de San Carlos in 1905 and in 1909, he obtained his Bachelor of Arts degree

to pursue superior studies in the University of Sto. Tomas and later to meet the problems of life as they came to me...."

And jokingly added:

"The only failure my tutors had was in the field of mathematics. Today, even at this age, I still use my fingers in adding figures. But then, I am naturally dull in mathematics and my former tutors, rest

Miss Labucay began receiving love-letters from the "enterprising young lawyer." They were married at the Cebu Cathedral with Fiscal (now Judge) Geniza as one of their sponsors. On May 10 this year, the Cabahugs will celebrate their 35th wedding anniversary. They have nine children six of whom are living: Milagros, married to Lt. Col. Vicente N. Noble of Batangas (nephew of ex-Governor Vicente Noble); Jesus, married to Coronacion Muñasque and at present Overseer of the Cabahug farm in Leyte; Soltero Jr.; (present Secretary to Senate President Rodriguez); Narciso; Ramon; and Guadalupe.

by TOMAS L. L. ECHIVARRE

with high honors. In Spencerian style, his academic ratings (found at the Registrar's office today) rose from notable to sobresaliente. Commenting about his education in the CSC, he said:

"... Here in this school, I learned my basic principles in Ethics. In a manner of speaking, here my conscience was moulded and steeped with the ways of Catholicism and Christianity. ... I learned the arts and sciences ... philosophy and letters, languages, culture, mathematics, and others. I entered the portals of San Carlos a young boy eager to learn, and emerged a young man adequately prepared

their souls, should not be blamed."

He completed his law studies at the University of Santo Tomas where he earned the degree of "Licenciado en Jurisprudencia" in 1915 ... with a grade of "Meritissimus." The next year, he was admitted to the Philippine bar.

He became a junior partner in the law offices of Dionisio Jakosalem, Paulino Gullas and Manuel Briones and it was also during that year, 1920, when he met Vicenta Labucay, a pious 18-year-old student at the Inmaculada Concepcion College in Cebu. They were introduced by Assistant Provincial Fiscal Patrocinio Geniza during a town fiesta. And it was not long when

In 1918-1919, Cabahug served as assistant provincial fiscal of Cebu after he served as Justice of the Peace in Surigao. He was also able to serve for three months in the position of acting provincial fiscal when the then provincial fiscal, now Supreme Court Justice Horilleno, was appointed judge of the court of first instance of Zamboanga.

But he resigned from the government to devote his time to practice, joining with the aforesaid law firm of Jakosalem, Gullas and Briones. While thus practicing law, he shared some of his time to serve as humble municipal councilor and later as acting municipal president of his native town. Divorcing himself from
(Continued on page 10)

THE AUTHOR of the Tower Clock in the October issue of the JOURNAL has observed that the College appears to be entering upon an era of reawakening from the sluggish indifference of the past few years and that this is due primarily to the awakening of the students to the intellectual riches which Georgetown has placed within their grasp. Being of one mind with that writer in his observation of at least a minor renaissance, I am nevertheless skeptical of his reason for its welcome arrival. It seems to me that the purely mechanical factors of

THE CASE FOR A

"Behind the confusion of conflicting ideas at Harvard lies the essential subjectivism which is its cause. No standards are even taught as having permanent or universal value. Thus classes in philosophy, political theory and social relations, for example, are taught with an almost equal emphasis on the most contradictory theories . . ."

an almost entirely new administration, a vigorous student government, extensive improvements to the campus and a successful football team are sufficient to account for the new optimism which one finds at every turn, and that the so-called re-awakening of the average College student to the intellectual and spiritual wealth of Georgetown has been at best an only partially effective disturbance of a complacent nap which has been going on for entirely too long. I do not arrive at this conclusion with a feeling of superiority. But as one who came to Georgetown from Harvard only last year and was consequently outside the Christian Tradition for over two years, I have observed that the students here are not as conscious of the spiritual and intellectual power of Georgetown as they have a right to be. Realizing that Truth is at their fingertips, they are content to know that it is available when they want it. Realizing that the Christian Tradition is a bastion of Truth, they are content merely to reside within its protecting walls, unashamed to leave them

unguarded against the incessant attacks of a pagan world, and, what is worst, unmindful of the crying need for a counter-attack which could extend that tradition to the entire civilized world. Perhaps my years at Harvard have left me unduly alarmed at the power and effectiveness of modern paganism in our secular universities, but I do not think so. It is in the hope that the statement of the reasons for my alarm will make the students of Georgetown more aware of their Christian inheritance and the inroads of those false teachers who would destroy it, that I submit this brief description of the intellectual atmosphere of a school which many in the world, with astonishing ignorance, regards as a truly great university.

It is not to the physical entity of Harvard that criticism is due, since its equal in facilities to aid scholarship would be hard to find; its libraries are enormous, containing extensive collections on almost every subject, and, what is more important, these books are avail-

able to every student when he needs them; there are adequate lecture halls, laboratories, and the like; the houses in which students live provide ample space and facilities for comfortable living and quiet study; the faculty is outstanding in America, composed of men who know their own subject as well as or better than any in the world; the endowment is nearing two hundred million dollars; and yet the total effect of this monument to scholarship and technical genius is to take the finest young minds in the country and twist them into tight little knots of cynicism, disillusionment and frustration. This may surprise many to whom the name of Harvard has always seemed as sacrosanct as it did to me when I entered there five years ago. After studying under its noted men, talking with them after class, discussing the problems of life with many of its students and, in general, imbibing the doctrines which pervade the intellectual atmosphere, I reached a different conclusion.

This intellectual atmosphere is primarily one of Pragmatism, with overtones of Relativism, Materialism, Determinism, Utilitarianism and Solipsism; but amid the confusion certain negative articles of faith emerge as the fountain-head of Harvardian thought; certitude about anything is impossible; the best we can have is high probability. If God exists, He is not important. There are no standards of truth since man continually searches for truth with the understanding that he can never attain it. Only sense knowledge has any validity. Anyone who claims possession of the truth is termed a bigot. There is no such thing as a universal idea, human nature, morality or a soul; religion is permissible but it is a leap of faith with no intellectual

CATHOLIC COLLEGE

foundation. Scholasticism is a medieval curiosity and the Catholic Church is a citadel of reaction which enslaves men's minds. These ideas are not those of all Harvard, of course, but they constitute the dominant creed of the university as a whole, insofar as an institute which denies the possibility of certitude can be said to have a creed.

Behind the confusion of conflicting ideas at Harvard lies the essential subjectivism which is its cause. No standards are ever taught as having permanent or universal value. Thus classes in philosophy, political theory and social relations, for example, are taught with an almost equal emphasis on the most contradictory theories. This can be

own in what counts supported by the "experts" of his choice. A phrase which I remember particularly well describes the aim of a Harvard education at producing in the student a "broad general outlook," in other words, a man who has a piecemeal knowledge of many theories and certitude none. The defense of this practice consists in defending the right of the student to make up his own mind, the function of the university being merely to present him in eclectic style with a suitable selection of "truths" from which he is allowed to make that choice most consonant with his current whim.

Implications and innuendo are the technique of the teachers and

in Principles of Biological Science which I took, given by Doctors Castle and Edmondson, leaves the student with the impression that "life" is incapable of definition and that man is a bundle of physiological components whose uniquely complicated arrangement alone is responsible for his preeminence among living beings. One professor told me in all sincerity that there is a little bit of truth in all religions and that the best philosophy of life is to just go ahead picking up some of these little bits along the way. The course in His-

"It is easy to criticize a system of thought which one knows to be evil and false, but hard to be angry with a person who had been infected by it."

A Reprint from the MONTHLY REPORT, February, 1956

(Official Bulletin issued by District 15, Knights of Columbus)

by

JACK LUCAL

a salutary practice if there is room for disagreement in a framework of substantial truth but, when all fundamental propositions receive equal emphasis and no attempt is made to discover any enduring values whatsoever, then the individual student soon learns that his

professors who are most anti-Christian, which makes it difficult to give concrete examples. Professor Hooton in anthropology teaches as a scientific fact the descent of man from lower anthropoid forms, Professor Karl Sax openly advocates birth control, the course

of Religions teaches that the Gospels were not written until at least the third century, an opinion held by most students and teachers at the Divinity School. But even more effective is the negative aspect of Harvard teaching: God is never mentioned, religious practices never considered necessary to human nature, the ultimate source of anything always left undiscussed. The immense concentration on proximate causes has isolated the students from the most primitive metaphysical concepts, and the idea of causality itself is not taught as a principle, simply because the existence of any principle is a subjective, not an objective problem.

As a result of this frustration of man's natural search for ultimate truth, the mind of the average Harvard student is a maze of contradiction, susceptible to every irrational theory which intrigues it. I discussed epistemology in the dining hall for over an hour with a student who finally admitted that he existed. The effect of such confu-

(Continued on page 6)

"Will the revolt from the Church in the sixteenth century, the rejection of Christ in the eighteenth, and of God in the next, be followed by the loss of all sanity in our own time?"

sion on the average student's personal code of morality is, of course, more tragic than the temporary eclipse of the principle of sufficient reason. Unguided by his teachers, the student is expected to work out for himself the entire science of ethics, or to gather what little intellectual conviction is available to protect his already shaken high school ideas on the subjects. His adolescent notions of religion can afford little direction, unless he is either uniquely stubborn or able to perform the almost impossible feat of finding an intellectual basis for them in a context which denies that religion is founded on any such thing.

In a school which regards morality as a device most conducive to the maintenance of order in society, individual pleasure cannot in itself be made the object of legislation, and this tenet is reflected in the parietal rules and regulations at Harvard, which are open to the most fantastic abuses. The rules provide no check system and allow liquor in the students' rooms. But it is not these articles which are abused; rather they are quite rationally observed and are conducive to study and good fellowship. When one examines the enforcement of the rules regarding women in the rooms, a cursory glance reveals the glaring weakness in the practice of having the student sign a card for each visitor and place it in a box on the wall, and from personal observation during an occasional midnight walk I can say that not only are the entrances to the building usually unwatched, but that they are frequently used for female visitors. But after all, human nature is a nebulous term and how can anyone decide for others in what their chief good shall consist? To say that human nature demands or forbids a certain kind of activity would be absurd to a group which to a large extent cannot even agree than man can know anything, much less arrive at a consensus which would bind him to a code of morality. Promiscuity is not advocated at Harvard, but the sum total of the implications which

the student hears in class makes it the only logical thing to do. Fortunately the majority of students have been conditioned by what remains of the Christian outlook in America today, to obey the natural law to a certain degree.

The confused outlook on life which one sees in so many inspire pity rather than contempt, but this confusion is protected from the barbs of truth by the unshakable conviction that Harvard is the finest university in the New World. So strong is this pride, that when I explain to a former classmate why I left Harvard I cannot avoid insulting him personally, and giving the impression that I have become slightly unhinged. Does not Harvard produce the leaders of America in politics, teaching, business and research?

It is easy to criticize a system of thought which one knows to be evil and false, but hard to be angry with a person who has been infected by it. Those men whom I know definitely to have lost their Catholic Faith at Harvard are to me a challenge to fight with every resource at my command the malignant cancer of the mind which has destroyed their most priceless possession. Only with difficulty did I resist the temptation on many occasions to throw a large heavy brick at the professor whose philosophy class was the cause of their defection, or at the apostate priest (and such a man is now teaching at Harvard) whose lectures led them astray. Approximately one third of the students at Harvard are at least nominal Catholics and of these over ten percent have no faith whatsoever by the time they graduate. In justice, I must say that a militant band of Catholic students is fighting hard to save their own Faith and that of the many who weaken, but it is a losing battle on a purely statistical basis.

Because it has the reputation of being the greatest university in the United States, Harvard continues not only to attract the most brilliant men in the country, but also to set the standard for the other secular universities of the na-

tion. Yet the intellectual suicide of such a giant is rather a symptom of the sickness of the modern world than its cause. Since the Protestant Revolt the life blood of Western Thought has flowed through an ever smaller portion of our civilization, until the pulse can be felt only at its heart, the Catholic university. Small wonder that the rest of the body has been the prey of corruption. Will the revolt from the Church in the sixteenth century, the rejection of Christ in the eighteenth, and of God in the next, be followed by the loss of all sanity in our own time? Do not forget that it is in schools like Harvard that many leaders of the world are educated, and are now putting into practice the ideas which can wipe out Western Thought. Recent events indicate a substantial amount of progress along this line; human life has become the toy of scientific research, crime is on the upgrade, promiscuity receives the sanction of the law, material prosperity has become the heaven on earth beyond which men are afraid to seek. The weakness of the West insures the success of Communism and this weakness can be overcome only if we first wipe out the internal enemies gnawing at the foundation of Christianity, our last stronghold. That is why you and I must reject the intellectual standards of the secular world. We cannot adore at the altar of materialism and servile Truth. You cannot look to Harvard for leadership in the world of thought if you are seriously concerned about thought at all. What the world needs is a band of scholars and teachers who know their Scholasticism and know it well, who do not regard it as a fossilized body of petrified doctrine, and who will not compromise with the world for material success. A Georgetown degree may not be worth as much as a Harvard degree in terms of dollars and cents, but it represents a Christian scholar who is worth more to the world than the literary output of tens of thousands of Harvard professors. If the students of Georgetown can grasp the Truth which is at their fingertips, and go out into the world and tell men that there is such a thing as certitude, that man has an immortal soul, that he is ordered immediately and directly to God, that the teaching of a Man Who spoke in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago can raise man from the slough of frustration and despair by ennobling

(Continued on page 33)

SO MANY of us have heard of the Black Nazarene of Quiapo, Manila. Yet, it is doubted whether something has been known about the Black Virgin of Loboc.

In the town of Loboc, Bohol, a human-size statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary is conspicuous in the middle of the main altar of the Catholic church. This statue is unique for its shining black color. It is otherwise called the Black Virgin of Guadalupe.

Some old folks say that this statue came from South America.

The BLACK VIRGIN OF LOBOC, BOHOL

by

SERAPIO DOMPOR, JR.

Others contend that it came from Africa possibly because of its color. One thing however, is certain, that this statue was brought to the town of Loboc by the early Spanish Jesuit Fathers, who built the church which is one of the oldest in the entire province.

The feast of the Virgin of Guadalupe is celebrated on the twenty-fourth of May. This day is one of the most expected days of the year. The good people of Loboc from all walks of life, and even those living in other provinces usually go home to witness the celebration. A nine-day novena precedes the feast and the said novena is significant for its liveliness. Unlike other novenas, that of the Virgin of Guadalupe is of unusual solemnity and is made more colorful by the presence of the church orchestra which accompanies the singing of the "gozos."

The people of Loboc and the neighboring towns have looked

upon this Black Virgin as miraculous. Many accounts of miracles wrought by Her have been told by the old folks, some of which are the following:

On November 25, 1876, the town of Loboc witnessed the biggest flood ever recorded till the present day. The river which divides the town into two overflowed its banks and the water rose to a height of about seven meters above the ordinary water level. Many houses were washed away by the swift current and several lives were lost.



secos." This was observed on several occasions. The people had no other possible reason but that the Virgin must have walked around the town. After consultation with the town priest, it was deemed wise to hold a procession of the Blessed Virgin. This was subsequently done with much devotion and it is said that the epidemic stopped soon after.

It is likewise told by one of the helpers of a Jesuit Friar, a living centenarian, that there was once a Friar who was of an impulsive character, who often got mad and furious even at the insignificant faults of the kitchen boys. One day, this Friar mercilessly punished a servant, subjecting the latter to severe lashing and blows. The servant fell to the floor and was pronounced dead. This made the Friar nervous and he thought of no other recourse than to take the body of the servant at the feet of the Black Virgin. The Friar knelt in fervent prayers before the statue of the Virgin. The helper of the Friar referred to above says that he was an eyewitness to the incident, and to his surprise and awe, he saw the servant revived in an hour or two.

There are still several accounts of miraculous incidents linked to the Black Virgin of Guadalupe which are known to the people of Loboc. §

An American once wrote to Kipling, saying: "I hear that you are retailing literature at one dollar a word. I enclose one dollar for which please send me a sample."

Kipling kept the dollar and wrote, "Thanks."

Two weeks later the American wrote, "Sold the 'Thanks' anecdote for two dollars. Enclosed please find forty-five cents in stamps, that being half the profits on the transaction, less the postage."

NARCISO BACUR STEALS THE SHOW

scene one: usc quadrangle

.....presentation of the french minuet dance by the college of law and graduate school during the celebration of the university day.....

narciso bacur fumed and raged while the french minuet was staged when he espied the stiff-necked dancers he felt sick of a thousand cancers

helyn, she with the flowing hair his queen, his darling lady fair was swaying on the polished floor holding hands with his foe, tibur

the dancers swayed and turned and bowed

their shoes brushed one-two-one-two

loud

they danced before a nodding crowd but n. bacur was never cowed

narciso saw with jaundiced eyes helyn, tibur and other guys bow to the audience's clapping thunder while his mind planned a double-murder

scene two: graduation ball at the club filipino

"now is the time!" narciso swore "to show them i'm a terpsichore i'll make tibur extremely groggy seeing my fast style of boogie..."

up on the dais the orchestra was having hysteria with cha-cha the graduation ball was on and the announcer came anon:

"ladies and gents!" the emcee barked and narciso instantly harked "we feature now the boogie contest and pay him well who dances best!"

the emcee got a wild avallan from boogie maniacs in the house narciso cheered with much emotion to taunt tibur, his foe arouse

then from the drums a pulsing beat removed narciso from his seat he grabbed a girl in petticoat and stepped on tibur's athlete's foot

"look where you're going, fancypants!" tiburic shouted between pants "if i should ever my nerves lose i punch you smack dab in the nose...!"

our hero heard not what was said of others he was not aware for soon he would display his ware and his exhibit would be paid

forthwith he swung his bouncy partner into the ballroom's well-lit center his first preparatory steps were quickened by his shaking hips

the pair now warmed up to their task their eagerness they did not mask narciso spilt, the girl spat while helyn and tibur just sat

narciso knew he would evoke more attention than the coke and those who meanwhile were just sipping

at him would pretty soon be looking

the dancers flailed their arms about while they kept looking at the ceiling the dance was like a fistie beat especially when they were shuffling

his pair went spinning like a top until narciso roared: "stop!" they danced the latest twist in boogie while tibur was consumed with envy

the guys and dolls there at the ball turned their attention to the hall and to the pair whose mad gyration was acclaimed as a new sensation

the bandmaster then gave the cue the boogie ending would be due narciso decided he would show every boogie trick he knew

he shuffled, spilt and beat out taps his partner he paddled with slaps he kicked about and turned around like some man-eating, hungry hound

obsorbed in his wild exhibition narciso doubled up his motion he kicked again till his right shoe flew off to reveal his right toe!

narciso felt it was alarming that his socks were in need of darning and what he heard a moment after was a wave of convulsing laughter

and what was more, my reader dear, narciso was cringing in fear because his right shoe, oh HORROR OF HORROR!! smacked the bald head of the GUEST OF HONOR!!

TIBURIC FRENCH

There was a night
When dancers ruled the light
And the seats filled
With people thrilled.

College Day was the occasion
A three-day syncopation
Of campus revelry
With bulbs a-merry.

The trumpets call
And the curtains roll
. . . . Gentlemen,

The French Minuet!
Helyn threw some smiles
(Her teeth made of tiles)
Tibur managed to grin

T. R. I.

UGS THE LINE

... like Hitler

Chewin' tamarind.

Tibur, on one side,

Was all set to glide . . .

'lynn was his guide,

But her store made him slide.

The pair was doing fine

Like termites in a glass of wine . . .

Misses Martin, Villamor,

Clapped and said: encore!

(Only one was sulky

He gnawed his hat in envy

He wanted to get sore . . .

His name? **Narciso Bacur.**)

DT

THE MAIDEN of MALINGIN Goes To a Graduation Ball

*Helynn alighted from the car like a gleaming star
And stared at the glittering Club Fillipino, "By gar."
She swept her terno of Red, White and Blue
And pushed her buckteeth towards Its glue*

*Tibur and Bacur, all speck and span
Came rushing to the door to hold her hand
Bacur came first while Tibur was still in the homestretch
And a delightful tug 'o war fore her to bits*

*Now tender Helynn is one impatient lass
They were mauling her over, fearing her sash
One flex of her muscles and Tibur went flying to the roof
While Bacur went running like a stallion without hoof*

*But after a few repairs of broken ribs and bones
The Trio entered the dancehall looking like goons
Tibur was limping and weeping and crying
While Bacur stared at his shoes that were
sagging and sighing*

*Suddenly the loudspeakers were blaring
A Rhumba contest was in the offing
Tibur felt his face glow with excitement
He had had Rhumba lessons from his Father as an
endowment*

*His hips begun to wiggle
His throat begun to giggle
And thus in such appearance he came to Helynn
Who but said, "where do you think you're goin' with that
busted skin?"*

*Alas! Tibur could not listen to her plea
The Rhumba was in his blood, swaying him to and fro
And so Helynn (much to Bacur's disgust!) stood
swaying her way
As Tibur contorted from feet to brow*

*Tibur threw his hips a little bit here
He threw his arms a bit there
He made a little scratch here
A little pinch there
But Helynn, not knowing what to do
Went into spasms and ecstatic hulloballoo*

*The people screamed, the people went wild
From the top of voices they cheered and cried
They were winning, they were winning, he knew
And thus he wiggled until his pants went askew*

*'Twas in the middle of the dance
That Tibur detected the accident by chance
He felt his body grew hot and his buttocks cooler
And so he stood still, everything was clear*

*With trembling hand he reached for the back of his pants
And followed the seams with agh's and grunts
And that was how he knew and discovered
A tear so wide even his hand could not have covered.*



Secretary Cabahug decorating soldier in the field.

THE HONORABLE SOTERO B. CABAHUG . . .

(Continued from page 3)

the law firm, he opened the Cabahug and Cabahug law offices with his younger brother, Fructuoso who, in his own time, also served as a Mandawe Councilor and then as Member of the Cebu Provincial Board, and lately as governor of Cebu.

Present-day biographers of Cabahug record with pride his first major political victory in 1924. His friends had urged him to run for Congress representing Cebu's second district. Much as he wanted to, he learned that Osmeña, his friend and tutor, had already groomed Paulino Gullas for the Congressional berth. A "gentleman's agreement" made him step aside and gave Gullas priority with the condition that the latter would then give way to the former in the next Congressional election.

Gullas, brilliant as he was, made a terrific showing in Congress that, again, he was drafted despite the agreement. Cabahug, sensing a "raw deal," rolled his sleeves and threw his hat into the congressional fight against Gullas.

According to the words of one of his biographers, Mr. Felix Bautista, "To this day, the echoes of that monumental election battle are still heard. It was a hard fight, but Cabahug won by 1,000 votes. He justified his constituents by establishing a record of fully equal to, if not sur-

passing that of Gullas as an orator, debater and parliamentarian."

In 1931, he was reelected to another term. And in 1934, when the country was astrir over the historical Osmeña-Quezon conflict of opinion over the Hare-Hawes-Cutting Law, Cabahug identified himself with Osmeña in the Pro Camp.

In another gigantic political battle, he was pitted against Quezon's sidekick, then Gov. Mariano Jesus Cuenco, and although Quezon's proteeges practically swept through the country with tremendous landslides, Cabahug upheld Osmeña's leadership in Cebu by swamping Cuenco with a convincing 3,000 majority. During the incursion of the Commonwealth, the young Cabahug sat as Governor of Cebu. His term expired in 1937 and shortly thereafter, he was appointed judge of the Court of First Instance of Negros and Siquior. He held this position until the Japanese Occupation.

During the Liberation days, President Osmeña asked him to reorganize the JP courts of Leyte. A few months later, he was reappointed judge of the Court of First Instance of Leyte which position he held only for three months because Osmeña wanted him to serve as his Secretary of Public Works and Communications.

In 1947, the fascination of politics caught him again and he, in time,

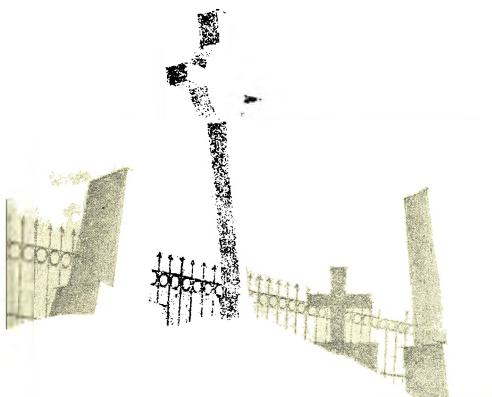
was slated in the Nacionalista senatorial line-up. But the Liberal timetable prophesied that the Nacionalista will lose. And lose, they did. The Liberals won in a clean slate. This was to be the only political defeat of white-haired Cabahug would suffer in his long and impressive public career.

Undaunted, he became a member of the Provincial Board of Cebu and on February 8, 1954, President Mag-saysay made him Economic Coordinator. At first he declined the offer, telling both the President and former President Osmeña that "The post calls for an economist and a business man. I am neither." But he was finally persuaded by the Grand Old Man with this simple statement: "The public interest demands your services; how can you refuse?"

On May 14, 1954 he was made the "civilian link" to the Armed

Forces by the President when he was appointed to the vital position of Secretary of National Defense. What he has accomplished as Defense Secretary can fill a book. His recent appointment as Associate Justice of the Court of Appeals is an additional marker to his kilometer line of public service. Indeed, what Attorney Ortiz read in that citation was far from a summary of a lifetime, but only markers of his achievements which serve as an invitation to many more.

"...an exemplary public servant, a model executive; an expolitician who played the game according to the rules, who knew how to win with grace and lose with dignity; a courageous leader who helped shape the destiny of his people in the best democratic tradition; a soldier with a heart; an advocate of the law where one obsession was to champion justice; a magistrate both wise and just whose judgments knew no friendships and brooked no favors. A man, indeed who "can walk with kings nor lose the common touch"; a religious family man; a Catholic gentleman, whose life is as simple as his faith. In brief, a Carolinian, whose very life mirrors the essence of the Carolinian creed. . ."



MOON DUST

A CAROLINIAN
SHORT STORY

I WENT BACK to my hometown yesterday. I was away for four years and I was eager to see the old place again.

It was already mid-night when I arrived in town. The bus had a breakdown and the passengers were delayed for about five hours on the way.

The town was already in slumber when I arrived. The houses had no more lights, except for the few bars and hotels which were scattered in one street. There was a little shower. It was a dark and chilly night. I shivered even in my leather jacket.

This has been my town, always. Always cold at night and more so at dawn. The climate is cold the whole year but it is much colder during December and in the summer months. In the afternoon during rainy days, the town would be enveloped by fog, like a baby asleep, wrapped in a white blanket.

(Continued on page 30)

by JOAQUIN MURILLO



A FEW WEEKS after the final examinations, the teachers submit to their respective department heads the ratings of the individual students under them. The grades are compiled. However, in the process of compilation, one cannot fail to discern that a number of names bear grades opposite them encircled with red marks.

on my failing students, fortunately enough!

"Of the two most stupid girls I had, one was a sponsor and the other a dowdy, and of my stupid boys, one was a tax assessor working in the Capitol and the other was a good-for-nothing Romeo!"

Remarked Mrs. Bernardia Valenzuela, or teacher of philosophy:

"Students fail because they do not and cannot meet the standards of the university.

"More boys fail than girls.

"Those who were more orderly, well-behaved, courteous, respectful, cooperative and properly dressed were generally more interested in their studies. Consequently, they were more successful than those of their opposites.

"It has been my practice to call on those students who are failing after the mid-term grades are given and have a short talk with them, giving them encouragement, advising them to study harder, and helping solve their difficulties. Thus, morale is bolstered among them."

Opined Mr. Andres Bigornia, a professor of Psychology, Ethics, and Sociology:

"Students fail for one of several reasons: They lack the intellectual ability to do the work required; they lack the foundation and background of knowledge required; they do not exert sufficient effort of will to achieve results; their surrounding environment is not suitable for study; they have special disabilities in reading; they take the wrong course which is unsuitable to their aptitude and interest; they are mentally and emotionally immature for the subjects they are taking; they are heavily loaded while working full-time outside the school; they lack a knowledge of the proper method of study; they lack proper incentives and motivation; they are victims of a defective marking system from their teachers; they suffer mental conflict; or they lack proper guidance.

"All things being equal, the boys contribute more failures than the girls in most of my classes. It is because the girls adhere to more carefully to the principles of effective study than the boys. Casual observation of students of both sexes in their study habit in the dormitories and boarding houses will bear this out.

"All things being equal, Cebu has the least number of failures as compared with other provinces. The reason is obviously due to lesser problems of adjustment met by Cebu students. Students from other provinces who come to Cebu City for the first time are often handicapped by many problems of adjustments such as getting acclimated to the place, with teachers, fellow students, new friends, clubs and societies."

WHY DO OUR STUDENTS FAIL?

by ADDY B. SITOY

Why do students fail?
And...

Who have more failures, boys or girls? Where do most of these students who fail come from, Cebu or other provinces? Are most of these students who fail rich, poor, ugly, beautiful, handsome, well-dressed, well-fixed, or not? What usually are the problems of these students who fail?

Said Mrs. Avelina Gil, an English teacher:

"The students I have failed were those who showed that they did not know what had been taught in class either because they actually failed to understand the lectures or because they could not express adequately what they knew. For example, if the answer to an objective-type question was 'will go,' yet the answer of the student on the paper is 'well go,' I mark the answer wrong. After all, I grade a student on what he writes on his paper, not on what he intends to write.

"Boys have made up more of my failing students than girls, probably because boys are less meticulous in writing themes and preparing homework or term papers, and, in written work, in spelling and grammar.

"Cebu does not have a monopoly

"Students fail because of lack of diligence, of interest, poor memory, and poor English. No matter what the subject may be, the medium of communicating ideas is the English language. The student recites and writes his examination answers in English. Unless a student can express his thoughts accurately and fluently, how is the teacher to know that the student knows his lesson?"

"In most of my classes since I began teaching, more boys have failed than girls. This is so not because boys are less intelligent than girls but because the former are less diligent than the latter.

"Students who have failed in my classes do not belong to one type only; some are plain looking, others, pleasing to look at. But I have never had any ugly students.

"That the test was very hard is the usual complaint of those who have failed."

Answered Miss Lourdes Varela, another English teacher:

"Students fail because they do not study enough. That is the reason why I fail students."

"One young man who failed told me he was not interested in his studies because his father forced him to take a course he disliked."

Commented Mr. Vicente Espiritu, an instructor in Economics:

I SUPPOSE that to each man whose body is wracked with pain from certain diseases must come a gift from God . . . and I believe it comes from the intense belief that whatever he is suffering now, came with the exact, incalculable will of God. It is in this point, that something more than mercy comes pouring out to them making their heart firm with the thought that "Pain" no matter how unbearable, is beautiful as long as it comes as a part of God. It is as if He was actually down with them, saying, "Fear not; a part of you is with me."

Many of you may already have heard the story of a student named Plaridel Estorco. His story may happen to you.

I first met Eddie three years ago loitering in the lobby of the university with that free and reckless stride significant of a man full of zest and hilarity. He was then, giving some invitations for a weekend dance to some fair co-eds who'd be interested to join the fun. Like nearly every other man this would serve as a ticket to make new acquaintance with new and beautiful women. Eddie was certainly no exception, and he made the most out of it.

A good and frequent dancer, he

DRAMA IN REAL LIFE

by

FELIPE M. VERALLO, JR.

could preface an answer only to be tempered down by his seat by a cutting remark: "Law cannot be studied that easy. There is no practical provision, remember that."

There was nothing innately wrong about Eddie concerning his studies. He was just impatient, always on the go, arriving nowhere. His yeasty impotence found satisfaction in clubs, outdoors excursions especially with frolicking chums. Many times he rode with them, and twice

sity of Santo Tomas clinic, specialists of the bones in unison diagnosed: cancer of the bones. Prognosis: uncertain.

"Why didn't you have it cut, Eddie?" I was no longer able to contain my curiosity during the course of our conversation at Chung Hua hospital where he is temporarily confined. "If it will be cut at the upper right thigh the doctors guaranteed that it could be done. But there was no hope that the germs

*By some trick of fate . . . by some slip of Nature . . .
by the hand of God — the destiny of a man turns turtle.*

could easily be spotted in any big or informal teen-agers' party. His unrestrained optimism was an asset to his jolly personality, a virtue which would be handy later on. Perhaps he would be a better joker, his enemies in campus politics would kid him for his voice was low, rumbling and with a humorous twist.

Before Eddie left for Silliman University, the third floor of the Science building was his domain and his classmates were heirs to his cracks. The classroom was no exception either; here, his run on pragmatic answers made him the most-liked "guy" in the campus, but a pain in the neck for most of the time to his law professors. "I'd like to answer it practically, sir." Estor-

met an accident, all falling in December 1953 and the other in 1954.

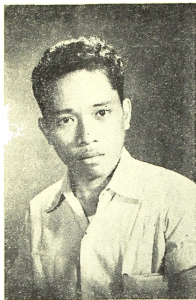
Time passed swiftly after his transfer to Silliman University. Until one day I learned that he dropped by Cebu pilared with a pair of crutches.

"It's only rheumatism. You see, it runs in the family," Eddie would excuse himself. Even after he was bed-ridden in Mission hospital at Dumaguete he never entertained the idea that he was down with a crippling disease. The wave of friends that constantly visited to succour him could not take away the spot of doubt inside the excruciating pain in the bones. So, a Medic brother, told him to have a series of X-rays. From the National Orthopedic Hospital to the Univer-

wouldn't come back." There was no use, really. After all if one is to die it would be comforting to die a complete man.

By some trick of fate; by some slip of nature; by the hand of God, the destiny of man turns turtle. It is not a punishment to be wished for. Apparently it is a hell of a situation to be in. These signs or rather omens are given by God usually to test the fidelity and faith of man towards Him, but in its deepest meaning it has come to be proven in so many instances that it is only for the salvation of man from the destruction of Satan.

At first Eddie couldn't absorb the cruel shock of the terrible truth. Confinement in bed, confinement in
(Continued on page 23)



Mr. ADELINO SITÓY
Best Actor

WE COVERED the USC FESTIVAL

MARKING its birthday last February 17, 18 and 19, it took thousands of Carolinians three days to blow out all the 442 candles of the USC birthday cake.

Before these days, the University-Day fever had hit the school campus like a vengeful storm... and barely a week before classes ended (because of the PRISSA week) paper flowers of all colors and shapes blossomed along the USC corridors and lobbies. All hands were on "deck" so that even the most he-man among us became artists... in the art of flower-making. The longitudinal section of the gigantic float of the College of Liberal Arts lay sprawled across the wide corridor of the administrative section of the main building. Traffic was jammed by co-eds and co-actors laboring over decorations and swamping themselves with papers and pastes and empty bottles of cokes. (Now we know where all the back-issues of our newspapers and magazines went to and for what purpose... they make the floats float, if you see what we mean.)

We happened to drop by the booths of the Boys' High School and saw Attorney-Principal teacher Mr.

Aurelio Fernandez busily making the finishing touches of their exhibits. If anybody of you feels like cheering for the lushest exhibits you ever saw in that booths, spare some for Mr. Fernandez who really managed the show with an expert hand.

Passing by the stage during those days was quite a dangerous trip. Misses Martin and Villamor were always on the look-out for prospective Gene Kellys and Leslie Carons to fill in disinterested try-outs. They nearly got us there, were it not for the timely intervention of fortuitous events. (Whew!) When we observed the dance numbers during the festivities, the dances created and choreographed by Miss Martin for the different departments

were, as usual, tied to a rack of inhibitions... which means: kudos and orchids to her since she was able to make the boys from the College of Law look like a part of the dance... especially Messrs. Quitorio, Sison and *Inting Donaldo*. The blithely instructress, Miss Carmencita Villamor, did the most legwork of them all and came through it all with shining colors in spite of the rules she had to lay down for those legs and hips which simply would not budge or wiggle when she gasps: "Move!" But we think she didn't have a hard time with Misses Josephine Manuaba or Julie Mercado or Marieta Alonso... they were most graceful, if you allow us to have our say.

The stage plays were entertaining. The only flaw was the acoustics. For one who would like to throw darts in the booths and at the same time hear the "Deceivers" outsmart each other, a hearing aid would be necessary.

The Book Exhibits were superb. And when we heard Rev. Father Baumgartner say that "No person should call himself educated unless he has read these books," we could

not help chuckling silently over those who flocked in to see the book displays. Most of them looked flabbergasted. We heard a law student say "How could I be educated and be studying law at the same time?"

The grand parade made us scramble back to the library to look for words to fit the description of the floats that crawled along the streets like giant beetles and over-grown turtles. Rogert's Thesaurus was not of much help. Most of the synonyms for "exquisite" sounded corny and we decided to content ourselves with that word, until a better one comes along. If you think our choice of words is somewhat faulty just take a look at our PICTORIAL section and you'll know what we mean. Thinking about having Miss A. Ratcliffe in the staff of this paper and thinking about having to put in a good bundle of superlatives for her would not sound convincing to a few of you readers who haven't seen or met her personally. But if you saw the parade there is no reason why you shouldn't concur with us... and the judges who gave the first prize to the Commerce float. There was also Miss Carmen Leaño who sat side by side with Miss Ratcliffe to wipe all the judges' doubts. The float really had beautiful fenders that time. "Can the Philippines progress with its present Economic Ills?" So ran the main theme of the Comerciantes' float. And it clicked superbly. The Boys' Hi float looked like a pocket edition of a barrio. President Maqasayon should have seen it.

The exhibits at the Biology department were highly inspiring. If you love nature (who doesn't) you can give yourself a real treat "by means of a fantasy built upon the substance of reality." The "Kingdom of Poseidon" reminded us of our mythology books. Depicting the "Undersea Kingdom" in its full majesty, the Biology department did not have to worry much about getting a prize for all their troubles. Then you enter its "hall of reality." Beetles, bugs, birds, rabbits... the flora and fauna of the world make you feel like imitating Ernest Hemingway going on a safari. Mr. Marapao, and Mr. N. Alcutas together with Mr. Araneta deserves a whoop and a holler for their supervision over the general lay-out of the "Kingdom." Dr. P. Solon, Mrs. H. Lastimoso, Miss Saluitillo, Mrs. Ocholorena, Montecillo, Pages and Miss Urgello joined hands in the magnificent production of the Un-
(Continued on page 30)

CONTEST RESULTS

Educational and Scientific Exhibits

1ST. BIOLOGY DEPARTMENT

2ND. ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

3RD. BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

BOARD OF JUDGES (Float)

Dr. W. Bruell
Dr. M. de Veyra
Dr. Lough
Rev. A. van Gansewinkel, SVD
Rev. J. Baumgartner, Chairman

TOTAL SCORES OF THE WINNING FLOATS

Commerce	438
Boys' High	421
Girls' High	420
Law and Liberal Arts	411

} tied at . . .

BASIS FOR JUDGING:

- There are four points to be considered — each of which carried a maximum of 25 points.
- Underlying idea, if any.** Is it worthwhile, timely, appropriate?
 - Expression given to the idea.** Is the idea expressed clearly, convincingly, forcefully?
 - Artistic Merit.** The beauty of the float. Overall impression, handling of details balancing of elements.
 - Workmanship.** Does the float show diligence, workmanlike qualities in execution, or does it betray sloppiness, lack of interest of the College it represents?

FOREIGN DANCES

1st "SPANISH DANCE"	Educ., H.E. & Normal
2nd "HIGHLAND FLING"	Liberal Arts & Sciences
3rd "TARANTELLA"	Pharmacy, Arch., & Engineering

JUDGES:

- Miss De Asis
- Dr. Jesus Paras

NATIVE DANCES

1st "TINKLING"	Eng'g, Arch., & Pharmacy
2nd "LA JOTA MONCADEÑA"	Commerce & Secretarial
3rd "SUBLI"	Liberal Arts & Sciences

JUDGES:

- Mrs. Conrada Pinggol
- Dr. Jesus Paras

ONE-ACT PLAYS

FIRST PRIZES

"DUST OF THE ROAD"	Law & Graduate School
"THE LITTLE FLAW OF ERNESTO LIPPI"	Liberal Arts & Sciences

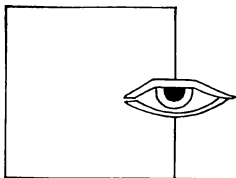
SECOND PRIZES

"DECEIVERS"	Educ., H.E., & Normal
"A QUESTION OF SEX"	Commerce & Secretarial

JUDGES:

- Fr. Baumgartner
Dr. Jesus Paras

Best Actress	Miss Aleli Aliñabon (Education)
Best Actor	Mr. Adelino Sitoy (Liberal Arts)



HAND ON

by VICENTE

*Yours shall be the hand on the
host that links to the mouth the
Body, the Ache of The Man Who Left
No Skull... let yours be the chosen
hand to dig the buried Cross... and
there where no bones lie — only a
certain reason to a Star.*

*They will call you a
doctor of the bruised
soul. Teach them that the
shame does not belong to
the snake alone... let them
fear the explosion of silence
withal, The Man Who Left
No Skull.*

**GOD THE DURABLE. OLDER THAN
SEASON, YOUNGER THAN BIRTH**

*It should be man too. Yet there
the line from the finest pen is
drawn and the fertile mantle of
danger, flowers exultantly as
hibiscus cupped with snow. Yes...
and the robe, white or black, forever
deeper than the skin.*

**... AND ON THE THIRD DAY, HE ROSE FROM
THE DEAD**

*"Where life is lost... you must
begin the building of the
Shining Altar and speak to Him of
me because my wheels were quite
broken along the way of the roses. Speak
of how I dubbed, waywardly, His skies. How
I made his birds cry with my knife pampered
by the sight of His blood. Speak to Him the
dimension and the mission of my sins.*

*I fear no coffin. The terror rises because
a child is born and someone born
before has to die.*

*I have no gail. I have no
gail withal. to face The Man
Who Left No Skull"*



ILLUSTRATED B

THE HOST

RANUDO, Jr.

*Speak to Him of how I
smashed the foibles of His
Forbidden Atom, blatant and bloated
with pandemonium. How I unbrothered
the plighting people of China, unbrothered
too the Darker Skinned, the Lighter
Skinned... how I hated the taming
of the Cobra and the Tigris and
Cleopatra. How I used His rivers
filled with diamonds from the Sun and
flooded his seas with blood — speak
all.*

*I fear no coffin. The terror rises because
a child is born and someone born
before has to die.*

**I have no gall, I have no
gall withal, to face The Man
Who Left No Skull**

**AND THOSE WHO KNOW HIM NOT SHALL
SEE NO LIGHT WHEN LIFE IS DARK**

*Let it be then, let there
be no Man Who Left No Skull. Let
nothing differ between big and
small. Let night be a procedure — let
the spider have its day and refuse
maturity. Let there be no Golden
Giant of Capernaum and Galilee. Let
it be then. Let there be no wisdom
brought with rain, let cripples fall
once more and hand him a crutch
of gold (and laugh him bend his
head with turbulent laughter) —
let every hand hold a pencil to
write its own irascible destiny — let
Heaven be on earth and Paradise
roam the streets — let there be
no Man who left righteousness
on a slab of stone.*

**Throw the host, throw the
host... all is lost, My Father. For
none shall have a tear to
wash the spid from His feet.**

DICK CABAILO





by FELIPE M. VERALLO, Jr.

★
B
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F
S
★

earned, mindful that those failures were uneasy steps in the ladder of life but with a steady gaze and pace pushed on and on until the objective at long last was reached.

March there was because before was a January... a December. All these times those who will join the caravans of graduates have a fragment in their school life that Heaven allowed, but most often it was a hell of work, study, scolding, test. In the Department of Military Science and Tactics a score or more will take their sheepskin in the Advance and hundreds will graduate in the basic course. For them, a new period of relaxation. This writer will fade away. My task is done.

THE ROTC MISNOMER

Sometime in January a local paper took to task the system of ROTC training in Cebu which, to all intent and purpose was in good faith, to curb the off-and-on so-called abuses of military personnel. However, all the allegations directed against the Commandants were wanting as gleaned from the recent findings of the probe body especially created to ferret the guilty party, if any, and to vindicate those with clean hands. Verdict: no evidence.

UNIVERSITY FIESTA

Last February 19 was the last day of the university fiesta and multiple kinds of exhibits were displayed in the booths. In the Cebu Normal grounds a living specimen was honored as the Alumnus of the year chosen by the watchtower committee of the University of San Carlos Alumni. He is Justice Sotero B. Cabahug. Unfortunately, due to pressure of work he was not able to be present to witness the parade and review in his honor. Sotero B. Cabahug, Jr., however, was there to step into the shoes of his great father temporarily.

The affair was put up through the merged efforts of Major A. S. Garcia, Commandant, Atty. Mario Ortiz, President of the USC Alumni Association, and Rev. Fr. Rector who, being a naturalized Filipino subscribe to the Filipino way of life. #

BEFORE 1:30 p.m. last February 23 at Camp Lapu-lapu the boys were restless being packed in the assembly area, the crowd anxiously waiting for the tactical inspection to start. The yeasty impatience of the people in the grandstand was not that they were eager to go home because of an important engagement or that they were just in for the sake of seeing a son, perhaps. No. It was far more than that, for those who were sitting in the grandstand were tactical inspectors, the upper crusts of the university administration, outsiders and others whose presence was a personal devotion to somebody in the field. But the biggest issue was: could our Corps retain the **STAR**?

When the impeccably dressed band members sounded-off an elaborate magic of harmony, precision and beauty wrapped the parade grounds like the colored rays of the setting sun bathing the splashing waves running amuck against the shorelines of Manila Bay. Never before was the spirit of the men exceedingly high and not only did they execute the parade and review superbly but each phase of the inspection could not escape the clappings even of the most conservative guests. Deep down in the

heart of each cadet was the hidden message of their comrades to buckle in earnest and retain the **STAR** once again. They will.

Now it can be told that hard work with prayer is the best formula of training. In the stretch of time Major Anacleto "1st place", Garcia, FA, Commandant, 1st Lieut E. V. Gandionko, inf, Sgt Sofio Herrera, Inf and Sgt Pedro Carabana, FA were all in one big powerhouse ever correcting, training, guiding the men. The doughboys, of course, did their share with honor. There was never a spirited bunch of men in the past who sweated out under the soaking rain and blistering noon-day sun and still liked it. For them, words were not enough. While it is true that the cadet officers possess dynamic personalities, it does not mean that they are dynamites. Time has proven that if given a chance to do something they'll make a hit every time, anywhere.

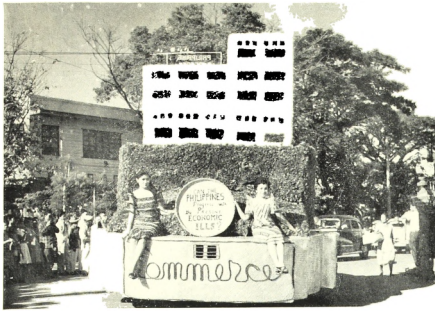
GRADUATION

March is like the last page of a book -- memorable -- with the flashback of memories fondly recalled giving accent to the laurels

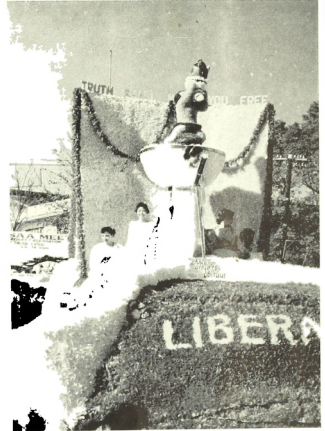
PICTORIAL SECTION

U S C DAY

COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS



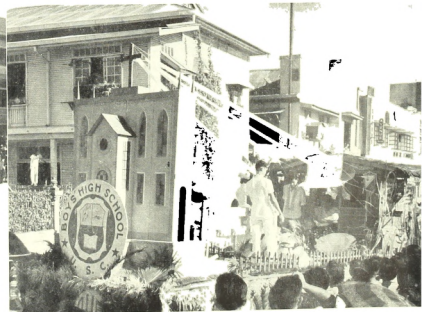
COLLEGE OF
COMMERCE
(First Prize)



Lower (left): GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL
Lower (right): BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL



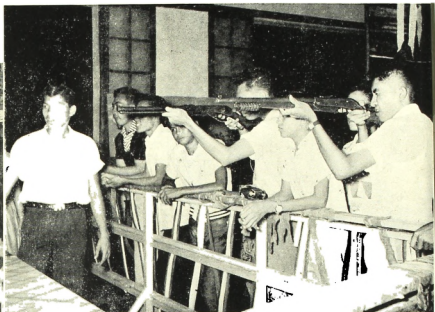
COLLEGE
OF LAW



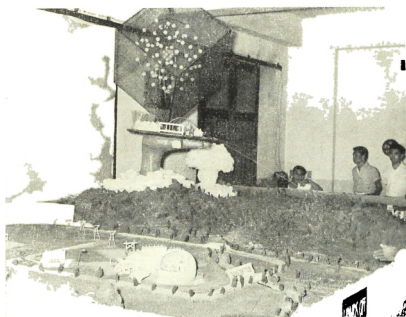
MORE VIEWS



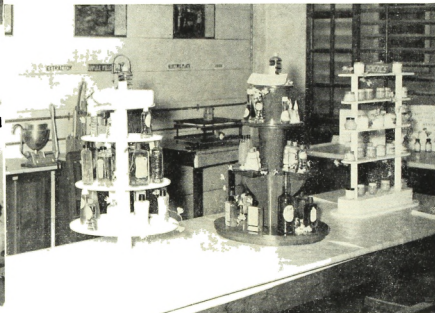
Enter the fair...



And the shooting starts!!!



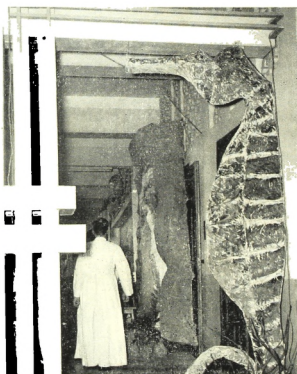
The peaceful atom... (Engineering Exhibit)



... the war-like lotions (Pharmacy Exhibit)



Totem Pole repair shop....?
(Boys' High Exhibit)

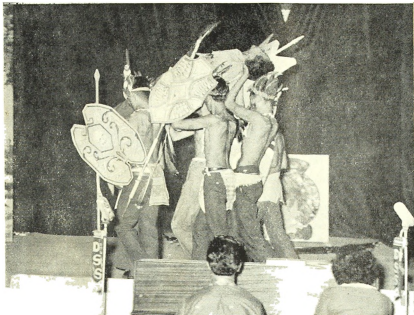


Anderson kingdom, third floor...
(First Prize Winning Biology Exhibit)

of
U
S
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Y



Four little girls on a joy-ride...



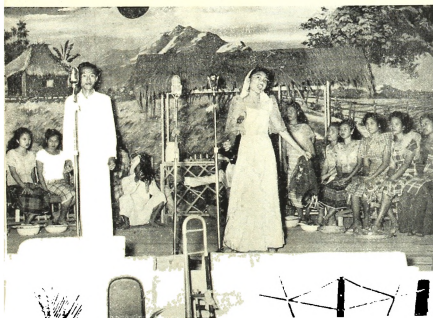
Lepalapa's ROTC's



Stomp, Stomp, and point...



Remote cause of the French Revolution...

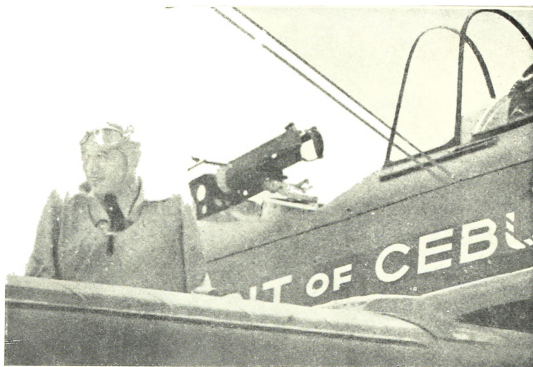


You can't out-talk a woman...

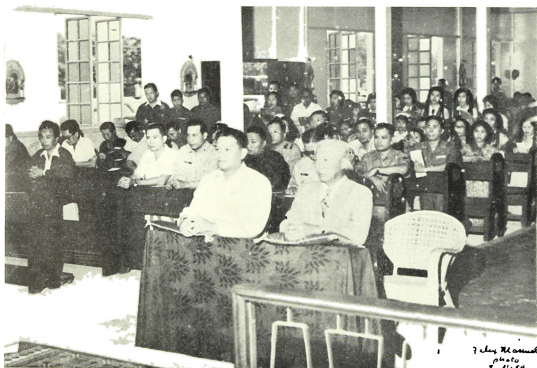


"Gala" España...

“A
Soldier
With a
Heart...”



Gov. Cabahug prepares to board pre-war "Spirit of Cebu" on maiden flight.



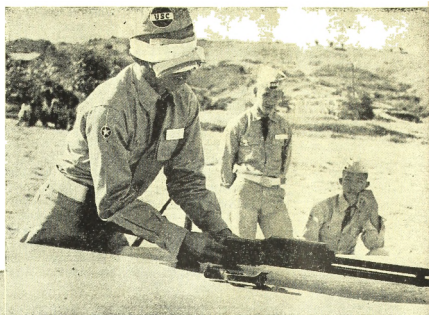
7 Aug. 1944
Photo
9/1/44

President Magsaysay and Sec. Cabahug hear mass during former's birthday.



Sec. Cabahug relaxing on horseback, escorted by Cavalry Squadron Officers.

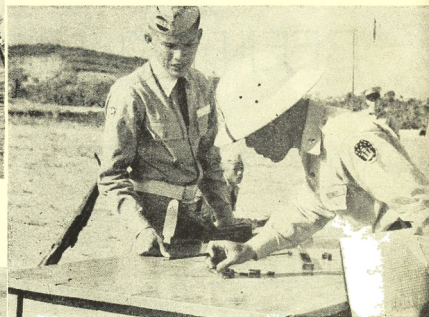
The Tactical Inspection



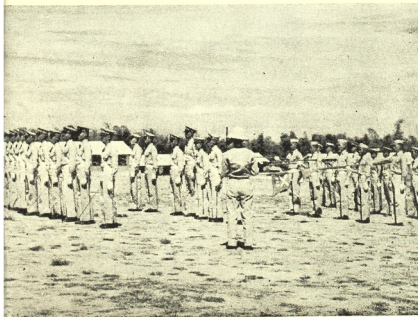
Blind obedience...



Tactical officer tickles...



Tactical Tactical Officer Stuck...



The end of the tactical inspection...

in
Pictures

ROGER BACON, the English monk and scientist, a scholar of the 13th century, the "Doctor Mirabilis", as he has been called, "the wonderful teacher", could say about himself, "I have always been studious". Indeed, he must have been studious and zealous, must have been a genius, otherwise modern scientific world would not go back seven hundred years to celebrate his

either at Oxford or at Paris for the next forty years, where his university life was passed between study and lecturing. He attracted great attention, and made many favorite pupils. He wrote a number of elementary treatises for students. Probably no one in his time in the west of Europe knew so many languages and knew them so well; he was the greatest mathematical thinker of his time; he was a tireless experimenter in physics and chemistry; he was a writer on many subjects, including philosophy and theology, as well as Hebrew and Greek grammar. Above all, he was a professor whose students valued him highly. All this intense occu-

were largely of his own making. Roger was typically one of those who in religious orders, where individuality must to a great extent be submerged in the community, is likely to make himself and others uncomfortable. As James J. Walsh in "Catholic Churchmen in Science" put it: "He (Bacon) never for a moment hesitated to criticize severely Franciscans with whom he disagreed, and occasionally even his own superiors came in for a thrust

"I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN STUDIOUS"

by

REV. M. RICHARTZ, S.V.D.

birthday. The famous Royal Society of England arranged the celebration of the Bacon centenary at Oxford University in June, 1914. It attracted the attention of almost all the scientists of the world. Why? Because Roger Bacon anticipated many things which we like to call modern physical science.

BACON'S CAREER

Roger Bacon was born probably near Ilchester, England. He entered the University of Oxford about 1226, when he was twelve years of age, and afterwards went to the University of Paris, where he seems to have distinguished himself much by successful study and teaching, and received the degree of doctor of theology. He continued to live

in the west of Europe knew so many languages and knew them so well; he was the greatest mathematical thinker of his time; he was a tireless experimenter in physics and chemistry; he was a writer on many subjects, including philosophy and theology, as well as Hebrew and Greek grammar. Above all, he was a professor whose students valued him highly. All this intense occu-

ration of mind, far from shortening his life, left him vigorous mentally and physically until the very end. After great success as teacher, Bacon at a rather mature age of thirty-five, joined the Franciscans. Modern writers have expressed surprise that Bacon should thus bury himself in a religious order. But surely, if anyone knew what he was doing, it was this university man who for twenty years had been in contact with all the great scholars of the time.

The entrance into the Franciscan friary seems not to have interfered with Bacon's university life, and apparently he was afforded abundant opportunities for the pursuit of knowledge. The difficulties that came to him at the end of his life



FRIAR ROGER BACON

from his biting tongue... It is no wonder that when a reaction came in the Franciscan Order, Bacon was put in enforced retirement. It is doubtful whether anything more than this can be said of what has been called his "imprisonment". He was imprisoned, not by the command of the Church, but by the Minister General of the Order. As a matter of fact, the records show that it was only on the advice of many

of the Franciscan brethren that the doctrines of the English Brother Roger Bacon were condemned and rejected."

DOCTOR MIRABILIS The Wonderful Teacher

Roger's thinking and teaching have been disclosed in his writings which amount to about eighty. The most important of all his writings are the "Opus Majus", the "Opus Minus", and the "Opus Tertium". In 1266 Pope Clement IV asked Bacon to send him his work. In this work, the Opus Majus, Roger put together in general lines all his leading ideas and proposals. It deals in seven parts with (1) the obstacles to real wisdom and truth, (2) the relation between theology and philosophy, taken in its widest sense as comprising all sciences not strictly philosophical, (3) the necessity of studying zealously the Biblical languages, (4) mathematics and their relation and application to the sacred sciences, (5) optics or perspective, (6) the experimental sciences, (7) moral philosophy or ethics.

In 1267 he finished his Opus Minus much of which has been lost. The Opus Tertium must be considered, in the author's own opinion, as the most perfect of all the compositions sent to the Pope; therefore, it is a real misfortune that half of it is lost. Therein he treats in a still more extensive manner the whole material he had spoken of in his preceding works. He openly exposes the "sins" of his time in the study of theology. Among them one sin is ignorance of the sciences most suitable and necessary to theologians: foreign languages, mathematics, experimental sciences the study of which is absolutely necessary for every priest. He takes special pains in applying these sciences to Holy Scripture and the dogma of faith. It is in these treatises that Bacon speaks of the reflection of light, mirages, and burning-mirrors, of the diameters of the celestial bodies and their distances from one another, of their conjunction and eclipses; that he explains the laws of ebb and flow, proves the Julian Calendar to be wrong; he explains the composition and effects of gunpowder, discusses and affirms the possibility of steam-vessels and aerostats, of microscopes and telescopes, and some other inventions made many centuries later.

It is interesting to see the number of things which Friar Roger succeeded in discovering by the application of the principle of testing everything by personal observation. He laid down very distinctly the principle, that only by careful observation and experimental demonstration could any real knowledge with regard to natural phenomena be obtained. In the chapter of the Opus Majus, entitled "Scientia Experimentalis", Bacon insists that "without experiment nothing can be adequately known. An argument proves theoretically, but it does not give the certitude necessary to remove all doubt; nor

so far as to insist on the value of mathematics as a subject for education eminently developmental of the mind. He insists that no educated man ought to be unfamiliar with the basic principles of mathematical science, in order that he might be able to understand the accuracy of scientific work. Even though there might be no particular use of it in life, the subject ought to be studied.

In the end, all we can say is that here was a great man of genius, a man with his faults, but a genius. Bacon is sometimes not very correct in his expressions. But

WHY

*does the echo of a voice long gone
still wake a half-forgotten lyre
into strains throbbing
with the memory
and the fragrance
of Camias in the rain,
and the fairy tale of twinkling moon-dust;
only to steal silently away
leaving me thus
hopelessly
grasping for a star?*

—Ledinila Amigable

will the mind repose in the clear view of truth unless it finds it by way of experiment."

In our time it has come to be realized more and more that Bacon's expressions are quite literally true. Yet his opinion with regard to mathematics should be still more appreciated in our schools. Bacon extolls mathematics as the key to all the other sciences. He does not hesitate to say in the Opus Majus: "For he who knows not mathematics cannot know any other sciences; what is more, he cannot discover his own ignorance or find its proper remedies." He even went

there is no real error in matters of faith. He submitted with all willingness his writings to the judgment of the Church. He showed always the highest veneration towards the Fathers of the Church. Whilst his criticism often became violent when he blamed the most eminent of his contemporaries, he never manifested any disrespect for the early Church Fathers, even when not approving their opinion. Bacon was a faithful scholar of open character who frankly uttered what he thought, a scholar who was in advance of his age by centuries. ‡

WAN A PHILO

by
LEDINILA

I HAVE often watched a beetle crawling upon a blade of grass; or a dead leaf drifting aimlessly in the wind. And each time, I cannot help wondering: What could that tiny creature be "thinking" as it crawls along? Does it ever pause to admire the lush freshness of the blade it crawls on? Does it ever marvel at the mystery beneath the dewy greenness growing from within? No. That beetle was too busy nibbling at the blade of grass to notice anything. And that leaf. Poor little thing. Why, it doesn't even know where it's going!

Some people are like that. Always too busy. Always running after something. Never have time to pause and look around. Not even to stop long enough to appreciate what they have accomplished. Caught in the whirl of social activities and acquiring diplomas, or carried along in the hectic scramble to keep abreast with the increasing tempo of modern-day living, they barely have time to reflect on the finer things in life, to grab a moment and admire "the myriad beauties and wonders which surround us."

There are people, however, who seem to have all the time in the world. Others may be up to their neck in work, but they simply sit around taking it easy. These are the ones who just let things as they

day.

In times such as these, we need men whom the soul-stifling influences of a materialistic age have left untouched; men who can draw a line between the shadow and the substance; men who have not forgotten how to think for themselves. In a word, we need—a philosopher. A great one.

But why a philosopher? You ask. How can one who indulges in empty intangibles and airy notions cope with the world's ills which are real and concrete? He's practically useless!

Indeed the prevailing attitude people in general, and Filipinos in particular, seem to indicate that in a world of concrete, obdurate realities the philosopher has no place.

I remember having visited an old friend sometime ago. The assistant head of a local university, a relative of hers, was there, too. I can still see that funny smile on the face of the elderly gentleman. He had asked me what course I was taking. Philosophy, I told him.

"Philosophy"? There was a note of disdain in his voice. "I thought only priests study philosophy. Philosophy is good only for priests. I don't see why you're taking such a course. You must like priests very much!"

Imagine that, coming from the vice-president of a university!! To

"Things have come to a point that man now goes through life without knowing what Life is . . . he has almost forgotten to be a man!"

are, who never trouble themselves with life-goals, aims, and what-have-you. They are just content to drift along, rudderless, skimming lightly over the surface of life, not caring where they are or where they are going — like dead leaves drifting aimlessly in the wind.

Things have come to such a point that man now goes through life without knowing what life is. He exists; but he doesn't live. In the daily struggle to stay alive in a world gone mad, his sense of values have become distorted. What's worse, he has almost forgotten to be a man!

No wonder there is so much chaos and unrest in our world to-

day that it shocked me is only putting it mildly.

His remark is not too uncommon. In fact it was somewhat milder compared to others. Luther, for instance, went even so far as to brand philosophy as "the wet-nurse of the devil!" In the schools, students regard philosophy subjects merely as so many units to be passed. To the man-in-the-street, it is nothing but so much hodge-podge, mere conjectures of the idle mind, a *jeir des mots*. Tell him you're studying philosophy and he's likely to look you up and down carelessly, and say, "Oh? Oh, you must be one of those **People**."

Not very flattering, to be sure.

But, well, let's face it: Of what use is philosophy anyway? Can it be of any good for anyone or anything?

When a philosopher picks up a pebble from the seashore and gazes at the shining round thing in his hand, he sees not just a pebble.

When he plucks a blossom and fingers its fragile petals for a moment, he sees not just a blossom. He notices not just its fragrance. He feels not just its crimson softness. He sees something more. That is, he tries to see something more.

A philosopher, you see, is incurably curious. A creature obsessed with the hunger to know. A creature whose faculty of wonder remains fresh and young long after the rest of us have outgrown which goads him on to look for beneath the crust of phenomena; to search for the quivering mystery behind all things. It urges him on to seek an answer to "the questioning glimmer of a star"; to find "a world in a grain of sand; a heaven in a wild flower." As he looks for that "hidden something" which lies undereath the face of creation — from the tiniest electron to the giant galaxies spinning in the vast stretches of space — the seeker of truth strips reality of all external trappings. He discards surmises. Mere phenomena leave him unsatisfied. He wants nothing less than the core.

Thus, in philosophy we ponder upon the riddle of existence. We reflect on what we are here for, what our purpose in living really is, and not just go through life without really living it — like stupid beetles crawling upon a blade of grass or dead leaves fluttering in the wind.

However, in his quest for ultimate realities, the philosopher frequently runs into all sorts of thorns. In trying to slake his unquenchable

TED: SOPHER

RMIGABLE

thirst for truth, the lover of wisdom finds himself in a bewildering maze of doubts, difficulties, and errors. And all too often he comes out with many absurd, nay, fantastic, philosophical doctrines about man, the world, and God.

This is understandable. The road to truth is difficult and the finiteness of the human mind can never be too secure from the pitfalls that lies on the way.

Still, these are not sufficient grounds to call philosophy a useless, if not hopeless, undertaking. Just because philosophy commits blunders is no reason why so-called sophisticated people should scoff at it, saying it's "a path leading from nowhere to nothing." All the other sciences make mistakes. What human science doesn't? Besides, error should never be considered in itself alone. It may be a stumbling block. But it can also be a stepping-stone. For error can lead us to the right path sometimes. Sounds illogical, no doubt. Perhaps the following remark which the great Edison once made will clarify what we mean. "In all my experiments," he said, "I have made around nine hundred and ninety-nine mistakes. That means I have learned around nine hundred and ninety-nine things not to do."

Though error may stand in the way of truth, yet at the same time it whets the intellect, making it ever alert and nimble until it learns to avoid the pitfalls, and seek the by-ways. And it is in this that the intellect is thereby sharpened, in the same way that gold is purified in the crucible. It would grow sluggish and lazy were the path always clear, the going always easy. Precisely because we realize that the human mind cannot be anything else but human, and therefore liable to err, we become broad-minded. We learn to be tolerant of human

frailties, of human faults. Because we love and search for the truth, we dare not "bear false witness" against another. We dare not cheat, say, in examinations for we would realize that it's not only a question of passing; that what matters most is not the diploma but the knowledge; not "the bridge but the city."

For what is the use of seeking the truth if we cannot be honest even to ourselves? And because in our quest for ultimate realities we are not satisfied with surfaces and appearances we learn to toss off the shackles of materialism, to discard the glitter of cold cash for the true intrinsic worth in a man.

Those who charge that philosophy is just a lot of rigmarole and empty verbiage do so either because they have only vague ideas about it or because they have not taken the pains to grasp its full significance. Or, they may be just talking through their hats. Then, again, they may simply want to evade the hair-splitting task of thinking which philosophy demands. But there is no evading it. We are not non-thinking brutes. We are men.

God intended us to think, to philosophize. We have to philosophize. As Aristotle puts it, "Either you philosophize or not. If you reason that you do not philosophize, then you philosophize. In either case, you philosophize."

"Either you philosophize or not. If you reason that you do not philosophize, then you philosophize. In either case, you philosophize."

Fuerbach's "man" is only half man, being nothing else than what he eats. Of course, "man cannot live without bread," writes Lyon Phelps, "but he cannot live by bread alone. His physical existence depends upon food, but his spiritual life depends upon the things that keep the soul alive: poetry, fiction drama, music, sculpture, painting, and all the fine arts." And most important of all — religion and philosophy. These are the treasures that make men rich. These are the things that make us fit to be called men. These are what makes man a man.

Man is not great because he has millions of tanks, airplanes, and

machine-guns; nor because he can summon mighty armies and navies at the flick of a hand. But man is great because he can soar aloft and rhapsodize on the splendor of God's handiworks, as did Keats, Browning, Beethoven, Raphael, Michelangelo, etc. Or, he can delve deep into the recesses of his own heart and immortalize what he finds there in forms of truth and beauty, as did Shakespeare, Goethe, Moliere, Racine, and countless others. Man, again, is not great because he has the control of the gigantic forces of the world within his grip to bring destruction upon himself; nor because he has harnessed the deadly power of the atom to blow up the very planet he lives on. But man is great because he, small as he is, dares to hold the infinite reaches of the universe and all its secrets in the palm of his hand, as did St. Thomas Aquinas, Aristotle, Plato, St. Augustine, John Dun Scotus, Leibnitz, Kant, et al.

By now, we shall have gathered a fairly good idea what a philosopher is like. We may now discard the wrong notion that anyone who takes up the study of philosophy is a philosopher. That would be assuming too much. Just as one can be a writer without being a literary artist, or be a builder without being an architect, so one can hold a doctor's degree in philosophy and

still not be a philosopher.

But as long as man hasn't forgotten to think for himself, he can be a philosopher. As long as a man doesn't employ his thinking power wholly in acquiring worldly goods or in filling his belly, but in the pursuit of things which are fixed and unchanging — the food for the human soul, he can be a philosopher. The man of the world occupies himself with politics, social questions, and such things that seem for a time supremely important, yet transitory and ephemeral. But the lover of wisdom loses himself completely in his soul-uplifting search for the eternal: the true, the good, and the beautiful.

USC in the News

USC TOPS IN TEACHERS' EXAMS

The University of San Carlos topped all Cebu schools in passing percentage in the teachers' examinations given April last year.

The announcement was contained in Bulletin No. 3, series of 1956, issued by the Director of Schools entitled "Relative Standing Schools, Colleges and Universities in the Competitive Examination for Elimination for Elementary School Teachers."

USC obtained an average of 76.78 followed by SWC with 74.69. The general mean for the entire country was placed at 73.43.

The following are the ratings of different Cebu schools. Only schools whose candidates reached or exceeded 50 in number are included in the list: USC-76.78, SWC-74.69, CSAT-70.6, UV-68.3, USP-65.1, CRMC-63.4.

USC TOPS ENGINEERING EXAMS

The University of San Carlos topped the government examinations for Mechanical Plant Engineers given recently. The topnotcher was Eliseo Linog whose name was not identified by Malacañang due to his failure to comply with some requirements of the board. Ac-

ording to report and announcement made showed that Linog copped the first place.

Eliseo Linog, worked his way through college. For six years he was a working student in USC. He worked as a shop-man in the USC Power House and later served as an operator and mechanic in the USC Plant Department. After he finished 2nd year college, he took the Certified Plant Mechanic examinations. In this exam, he placed 3rd. In the recent Mechanical Plant Engineering examinations he copped first place.

Engr. Linog is presently holding a key-position in the Philippine Packing Corporation, Bogu, Misamis Oriental.

Another successful candidate for the Mechanical Plant Engineers examinations is Rodrigo P. Tumalak.

In the Professional Electrical Engineering examinations, San Carlos copped 2nd place represented by Anastacio Toralba. In the Electrical Engineering exam USC got a group average of 100%. Those who passed follow: Alejandro Tamoco, Perseverando Araña and Magdalena Maghanoy.

Constantino K. Chan and Manuel Z. Tomboc also passed the Junior Mechanical and Certified Plant Mechanic examinations respectively.

USC BARRISTERS TOP CEBU EXAMINERS

The Dean of the College of Law, Fulvio C. Pelaez, proudly announced that the USC's successful barristers represent 43 per cent of the school's 1955 candidates to the bar examinations, a group average which is the highest in Cebu and much more than the bar's passing percentage (27.8%). Bonifacio G. Alvizo and Fabian de los Santos copped the highest individual rating for all law colleges in the city with a rating of 83.65.

The successful USC candidates follow: Bonifacio G. Alvizo, 83.65; Andronico Alvizo, 77.2; Johnny T. Borromeo, 74.85; Policarpio Candia, 73.5; Bonifacio Cruz, 75.7; Arturo Largo, 73.5; Miguel C. Relampagos, 73.5; Fabian de los Santos, 83.65 and Antonio A. Villalor, 73.5.

Arturo Largo and Miguel C. Relampagos were graduates of 1954 but for some reasons failed to take the bar examinations that year.

USC RECTOR RECEIVES GERMAN AWARD

Rev. Father Herman Kondring, SVD, Rector of the University of San Carlos, was recently awarded the Great Cross of Merit by the German Federal Republic.

The award was made through the foreign office of the Philippines, which permitted him to accept the decoration. The USC rector is a naturalized Filipino citizen.

The award was given in recognition of Father Kondring's religious and cultural work among the German missions in the Philippines.

The USC Rector was Father Provincial of the SVD for nine years before he came to Cebu last year.

USC LIBRARY ACQUIRES MORE BOOKS

The University of San Carlos Library is one of the known Philippine School Libraries having the biggest and best collections of books. As of February 1956, it has for its Collegiate Department a total of 34,929 volumes of books. 3,489 of these are for the Law Library which has a separate room and 31,440 for the main Reading Room and Stacks. The High School Department has 6,737 volumes, 3,866 for Boys' High School Library and 2,871 for Girls' High School Library. For the Elementary Library it has 3,296 volumes.

The University of San Carlos has a total of 44,964 volumes of books. Books acquired as of 1955 to February 1956 are 4,212 volumes.

The USC Library also bared recently its data of periodicals, national and foreign publications excluding local and foreign school organs. Broken down according to subjects, the Library receives regularly 60 copies of cultural and recreational magazines and 197 copies of professional and scientific ones.

A total of 35 copies of newspapers are received every issue, 15 copies of Manila English dailies and 20 copies of other newspapers.



Engr. Eliseo Linog, 1st place, Mech. Plant Engineering exam.

The USC Library is also receiving regularly valuable books, periodicals, and other kinds of indexes.

'55-'56 GRADUATES, ET. AL

The University of San Carlos will turn out approximately more than 350 graduates from different courses this 2nd semester 1955-56. The College of Commerce has the most number of graduates. The College of Liberal Arts and Sciences will rank 2nd and the Secretarial Department 3rd.

USC CELEBRATES 442nd ANNIVERSARY

The University of San Carlos celebrated its 442nd anniversary with a 3-day festival last February 17, 18 and 19. It was characterized by a grand parade, educational and scientific exhibits, and a two-part literary-musical program. The first day, February 17, opened with a band concert followed by a literary-musical program sponsored by the High School and Elementary Departments. A Holy Mass at the USC Chapel was held on the last day and was attended by faculty, alumni and students. Mons. Julio Rosales was the celebrant. A parade and review in honor of the "Alumnus of the Year," Hon. Sotero Cabahug, alumni and faculty was tendered at the Normal School grounds.

JESUITS LECTURE ON LOVE, COURTSHIP & MARRIAGE AT USC

Two of the most outstanding marriage-counsellors, Most Rev. Mariano A. Madriaga, D.D. and Rev. Hilario A. Lim, S.J. reeled recently a series of conferences to married couples and unmarried ladies and gentlemen on separate subjects of love, courtship and marriage at USC.

Important varied points were discussed. It was stressed that there is no such thing as love at first sight. "If a man is in love at first sight, he is telling a lie. True love has to undergo a degree of sacrifice, endurance and tears. Tears are salty and are good preservatives of lasting love." In the discussion about marriage it was emphasized that marriage is not just a mere contract between the spouses but is a status which each one of them is expected to assume with great care their social and marital duties.

MARCH, 1956

USC OFFERS NEW COURSES

In addition to USC's thirty different recognized courses at present, twelve has been recently added. Nine courses has been applied for permit and three for recognition. For Permit: M.A. in Philosophy, M.S. in Physics, M.S. in Pharmacy, B.S. in Commercial Education, B.S. Chemistry, Bachelor of Philosophy, B.S. in Nursing, 2-year Collegiate Secretarial Course and Classical High School. For Government Recognition: B.S. in Chemical Engineering, B.S.Ed. (General), and 3-year combined (General and H.E.) course. All these courses are to be offered next school year 1956-1957.

COLLEGE OF LAW SETS PACE IN BLOOD DRIVE

The College of Law of the University set the pace recently among colleges in the current Red Cross campaign for blood donations when USC law students submitted themselves to the mercy of local blood bank "vampires."

The bleeding team that invaded USC was led by Dr. Marina T. Osmeña, local Red Cross administrator, and Dr. Teofilo Ramos, physician in-charge of the local Blood Bank.

Fr. Herman Kondring, USC Rector, made possible the mass blood donation by the carolinian lawyers-to-be, Red Cross men said.

Red Cross sources expressed hopes that other universities or colleges in the city will take the cue from the USC law students and follow suit in order to bolster the dwindling stock of the vital fluid in the local bank.

ENG'G AND MATH DEPTS. EXHIBITS GLARES USC DAY

What promised to be a unique treatment in Engineering exhibits was seen in USC during its 442nd anniversary on February 17, 18 and 19 of this year.

Novelty was the word when the Department of Engineering, considered to be the University's most-equipped department, presented its exhibits to the public.

The Mathematics Department, on the other hand, showed its wares on those days by reducing to its lowest common denominator, the intricacies of math in relation with other sciences, namely: Surveying, Astronomy, Natural Sciences, etc.

Its theme: "Mathematics — The Queen of the Sciences."

Its main theme: "We Give You the Uses of the PEACEFUL ATOM."

USC YEARBOOK EDITORS NAMED

The Editors of the *Semper Fidelis*, Yearbook of the University of San Carlos, were appointed recently by Very Rev. Father Rector Herman Kondring, S.V.D.

Heading the staff are Buddy B. Quitaro and Lednina Amigable who were named co-editors while Adolfo Cabalo, Jose de la Riera and Samuel Fabroz were designated associate editors.

The yearbook staffers are also associate editors of *The Carolinian*, official publication of the USC student body.

SCIENCE ON THE MARCH

A world-renowned Ethnologist, Rev. Dr. Martin Gusinde, S.V.D., visited San Carlos a few months ago and laid down his plans for a systematic study of the so-called primitives of the various islands. This work was started by Rev. Fr. Rodolfo Rahmann, former Dean of the USC Graduate School. After his transfer to the center of Anthropological studies, in Switzerland, Mr. Marcelino Maceda carried on his work.

Fr. Gusinde, Professor at the Catholic University, Washington, U. S. A., received an invitation from the Australian Government to initiate research work in the territory of a newly discovered tribe in New Guinea. For this reason he will not be able to come to the Philippines this year. However, his directives will be carried out and the ground-work for his future scientific research will be laid.

Mr. Maceda, the USC Ethnologist, in cooperation with the staff of the Biology Department will begin the work in the island of Mindoro during the coming summer months. The group received an invitation from the Most Rev. W. J. Duschak, S.V.D. Bishop of Mindoro, and has been assured of the cooperation of the many missionary priests who work under His Excellency.

Several places are viewed for the research work such as Soklog near San Teodoro, or Arangin, at the foot of Mount Halcon. Another plan is to begin the study among the Bukid-Mangyans near Bongac.

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USC IN THE NEWS

(Continued from page 25)

bon, or the Balangan-Mangyans in the territory of Sablayan.

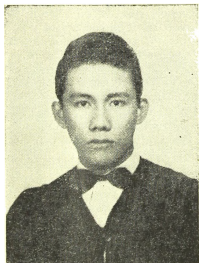
The group will be composed of the following scientists: Rev. Fr. Enrique Schoenig, SVD, Head of the Biology Dept. of the University of San Carlos. He will concentrate his studies on the Ecology of the places, the life of vertebrate animals, and on the social and religious life of the people. Mr. Marcelino Maceda, Ethnologist, will study the material life, (housing etc.) and Mr. Julian Jumalon, who is an expert in Entomology and Art will study their language. Mr. Albert Lico will be the Ornithologist and Herpelotologist of the group. Mrs. Paulina D. Paes will be in charge of Botany, the collection of medicinal plants and their role in the life of the people. Mr. Samuel Ochotorena, a general Zoologist, will assist the group.

A valuable addition is expected in the person of Rev. Brother Alfred, F.S.C., of De la Salle, Manila, a Biologist of keen observation and quick evaluation of facts and conditions.

This scientific expedition is a most promising beginning of the long-range plan of field research to be carried out by the University of San Carlos.

TWO USC LAW STUDES STRICKEN

Two students of the College of Law were stricken ill recently, Cresencio Tajoda, a third year Law



Mr. Plaridel Estorco
He needs your prayers...

student of USC, was afflicted with a disease which affects the brain.

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The Cream... The Elite...

The SIGMA PHI RHO SORORITY

Two years ago we saw the birth of a new organization, an organization that was destined to be a shining star in the ever star-studded San Carlos skies. She was to be known as the Sigma Phi Rho Sorority, a Grecian word which has for its meaning "Balanced Judgment". An exclusive sorority in the College of Commerce, she started with but a handful of members; yet an undaunted perseverance, diligent planning, real *esprit de corps* among its officers, members, and specially its founder and adviser, Miss Amparo Rodil, have moulded her into her present state: a sorority that is easily the pride of the College of Commerce. To develop goodwill and the spirit of sisterhood, to foster leadership, to mold character for a good destiny and to promote scholarship are her basic goals. It is a great honor to be within her fold and quite an achievement too, for though membership is open to all lady students of the College of Commerce, an applicant must have established one semester's residence in the University of San Carlos, receiving for her last semester's academic work an average of at least 2 with no grade lower than 3 before she can qualify for membership. Her application must also be approved by all members of the Sorority present in a meeting called for the purpose and she must pass successfully the initiation rites. Then and only then can she be called a member. The student is a **resident member** when she is currently enrolled and becomes an **alumni member** when she shall have graduated or obtained an honorable discharge from this University.

Admittance may be a trifle hard, but active membership is an even harder task; for the Sorority exercises strict supervision over its members, never fearing to suspend or expel an erring sister. A sorority member is expected to strive and live up to the expectation of her elders, always guided by principles of Christian morals, a fearless honesty, and an unwavering loyalty to our institution. She is expected to encourage pure scholarship and broaden her own intellectual horizon that she may be a professional and cultured seeker after truth, desirous of self-advancement and self-betterment. She must be a model of good manners, of social grace and social poise. A fearless leader, she must endeavor to be so where others falter; and, whenever circumstance demands, unselfishly offer herself to others as an instrument of right or as a weapon against evil. A regular monthly meeting featuring important lectures such as good manners, table etiquette, health, social graces and sometimes actual cooking demonstration by prominent women of Cebu and house visiting are being held to enable a sister to better perform her duties of citizenship and motherhood.

The Sigma Phi Rho sorority is aware of the sorry plight of some of her fellowmen and wherever possible, she does the best she can to remedy that. So every year, she undertakes various campaigns to help her more unfortunate brothers and sisters, the most recent of which was the "Old-Clothes Drive." With the cooperation that was extended her by the different departments, she was able to bring the joy of Christmas to many a home.

That the Sorority is doing marvelous well is no wonder for she always had the best of leaders. The first Most Exalted Sister was Miss Febes Tan, who as you might recall, copped the ninth place in the last CPA examination. The next was Miss Victoria Abad who was succeeded by Miss Teresita Perez, currently the Most Exalted Sister, ably assisted by Miss Nely Villalermosa as Exalted Sister; Miss Carmen Borromeo, Most Trusted Exchequer; Carmen Leaño, Trusted Exchequer; Lilia Kiamco, Keeper of the Records; Miss Sophie Borromeo, Keeper of the Keys; Miss Annie Ratcliffe, Informer; Carmelita Morales, First Chaser; Lily Delima, Second Chaser; Fa Hirang, Inner Guard; Lourdes Dy, Outer Guard. Miss Amparo Rodil, our adviser, has always been the moving spirit behind the sorority with the help of all the female teachers of the College of Commerce.

The Sorority can only have as many as thirty resident members. But whether three or thirty, you will always know the Sigma Phi Rhos by their white pleated skirts and white shirts with the name—Sigma Phi Rho embroidered in red on the left breast, and sporting red and white skull caps, white shoes, which have recently earned them the distinction of being the "cream of the College of Commerce." And that's putting it mildly.

What Do You Think...

The development of a college spirit is one bed-rock concern of the school. When fully achieved, the school becomes worthy of praise and respect by the community. However, to effectuate school loyalty from the students, it is an unwritten mandate that the latter must complement the school's efforts to achieve that aim. The obligation is reciprocal. College spirit is not something to be worn like a hat and taken off anytime one wants to. It is not blind adherence to or fanaticism in everything his alma mater proposes to do or adopt. The touchstone here is faith, loyalty and a little of charity. A graduate, especially, is often confronted, tried and tested by things and situations which are meant to establish or reveal his true colors and attitude towards his alma mater. This crisis comes to him in many forms. If for example a person says something dirty about your alma mater, would you slug him? This, of course, may be an extreme case. There are other milder forms. But in either case, how would you take it?..... You may take the floor now.

—THE EDITORS

JULIE MERCADO Secretarial Dept., says:

Despite the derogatory notion of many that college students today



Julie Mercado

have "degenerated", it is still a truism that they are on the whole more cultured and refined than the ordinary layman. Their culture and refinement presuppose a commendable educational background and by putting them into actual practice, the college student, in effect, is said to be exercising the proper college spirit.

Culture and refinement are things that are not hard to learn. One doesn't have to force himself or labor to achieve it. All one has to do is to feel that he is a responsible person because by feeling that way, he becomes mindful of his acts and takes care lest he dishonor himself.

College education prepares us for a better life; it serves as a pat-

tern for life. In society, one needs the ability to deal with one's fellow-men fairly, for the true measure of a successful man does not depend solely on his intellectual capacity or creative capabilities but rests in the quality of being agreeable.

In College we need an ever-burning spirit of kindness and love — that which the soul radiates to the heart, that spirit to be felt, to be treasured, to take pride in even when college life becomes only a faint memory or a page in an old album.

GERONIMO CREER, JR. Pre-Law Dept., says:

I believe that the proper college consists not merely in decorating



Geronimo Creer, Jr.

floats on college days, going to Mass at 7:05 in the USC Chapel, or cheering a team to victory. What matters is the feeling of oneness among the student body, the faculty members and the school administrators.

•
SHOULD
BE THE
PROPER
COLLEGE
SPIRIT?
•

Shouting and making unnecessary noise in the corridor is an expression of the absence of the true college spirit which consists in the proper ways of thinking, feeling and acting.

A student should develop the ideal of service; for in life, the highest satisfaction is giving, not getting. A student who thinks of his institution first and sacrifices time and personal satisfaction for the welfare of the school has the best college spirit.

FRANCISCA P. BILIRAN College of Pharmacy, says:

Being a neophyte in College, the term "college spirit" does not come easy to me. Be that as it may, however, my opinion on the subject underscores the responsibilities that college life imposes, or
(Turn to next page)



Francisca P. Biliran

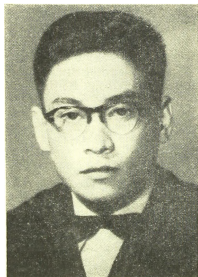
seeks to impose, upon those who enter higher learning. The fact is well known that every student who enters college takes upon himself a greater share of responsibility than he has had before. Although college education is but a continuation of high school studies, it teaches him to behave like a responsible individual. Every college student should feel it a duty to inculcate in himself an active interest in his school. And to this end, with a view of instilling the college spirit in his heart, the college student must see that he obeys the rules of the school, acts with proper decorum and so behave that his actions will be a credit to him and his school.

As far as I am concerned, in order to have the right perspective of the college spirit, I shall begin by observing proper decorum. Through self-discipline, I shall direct my energies to attain that wisdom and culture expected of me as a college student. What is needed only is an effective presentation and inculcation of the principles of our instructors and professors so that all of us will be motivated to the right direction of that college spirit so badly needed in us.

ALEXANDER AN. ACAS

College of Law, says:

The moment a student enrolls in an institution a vinculum is created



Alexander An. Acas

between him and his school. What has been created imposes an obligation; in which case, the dual effect of the law arises — that of a right and a duty. By virtue of this



Violeta Woo Cuenco

relation, a student is obligated to render respect, obedience and loyalty to his school.

While I do not question any student's loyalty, respect and obedience to his school, I vehemently protest the manner in which such virtues are shown. The fact is irrefutable that such loyalty foments hatred against students of other schools. I have no sympathy for this attitude.

Whenever the spirit of undivided loyalty to the school, respect to fellow students and obedience to superiors pervade a university atmosphere, a student somehow cooperates with the school in the attainment of a common objective. I, therefore, advocate their immediate cultivation. We are Catholics. Hence, the spirit that we must develop is that which animates Christian vitality.

VIOLETA WOO CUENCO

College of Education, says:

It takes time for a new student to adjust himself to the new environment around him. He experiences, at the start, a mixture of strange feelings and most often finds himself at sea in the presence of new faces. He feels lonesome and this cuts against the grain of his gregarious nature. He craves for the company of friends without whom he is a lost soul, if I may say so. In this state, the student can hardly be expected to develop any loyalty to the school; it would be almost insane to say he can develop the proper college spirit. But finding himself being isolated from others, without any wish to be so kept apart, the student starts to cultivate new habits, strike up new

acquaintances and enter into student circles which can best mould him into a likable, desirable individual.

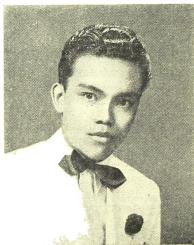
A friendly atmosphere is a tonic, as it were, which actuates the student to mingle with the crowd, engages them in friendly competition. This atmosphere offers an opportunity for his talents to come into play. And in the end, having learned the value of friendliness, initiative and cooperation, he learns, too, the right college spirit.

REINERIO QUISIDO

College of Liberal Arts, says:

The proper college spirit concerns itself with the task of preparing us to meet the future with respectability. It so steepens us in the ways of a true Christian that our actions at once become a pattern for others to follow. We do not come by this quality by chance but by the teachings of Christ as imparted to us in school. The true college spirit makes us fit to live among men, even to influence them and lead them. This we cannot do unless we are possessed by the qualities which make others look up to us. The proper spirit is that of kindness, brotherhood and love — if it is not all these, at least it strives that we develop and practice these traits.

Life in college is no different



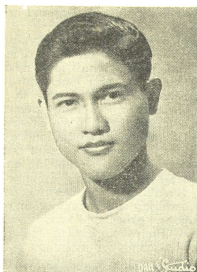
Reinerio Quisido

from life without. What we do here is invariably what our actions will be when we step out of school. The probing ground, so to speak, is college education. And whether we succeed or fail in life, we can attribute to a large measure upon how much of the college spirit we have cultivated.

MARIO S. BAGUIO

College of Liberal Arts, says:

I think there is no proper spirit here, although probably all of us know that a college student is



Mario S. Baguio

given more latitude in his actions than he enjoyed in high school. Just what the proper college spirit is, I cannot tell in exact terms but one thing I can say about it is this:

College spirit consists in cooperation and unity. With these elements properly instilled in the mind, happiness and success become a natural consequence. The college spirit, as I perceive it now, is not what it should be. Guilds, associations and fraternities are formed without any sincere desire to promote harmony. Secessions and boycotts characterize even the smallest of groups. Things are getting so that the whole spectacle can be summed up as a sort of "dog-eat-dog" rivalry. The college spirit, whatever it may really be, should concern itself with the cultivation of friendly relations among the student body, the faculty and the administration — the Big Three of college life.

LUZMINDA BUENAGUA
Pre-Med Dept., says:

A group, whose members have the same aims and ideals, has what may be termed a "spirit" that serves as an inner guide for the accomplishment of a common goal. This group spirit attaches to the heart of each member and constantly urges him to fight.

The Collegiate Department of the University of San Carlos is a conglomeration of thousands of col-

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The Big Hit

by Vicente Ranudo, Jr.

In the late November Fulgencio Dayo came back to his hometown from the big city in a tight and wild-colored pants that evaded his waist and gripped his legs desperately. What he wore for his shirt was immaterial. Any more wished that he could have had to show traces of the city where he came from, were quite obvious and very evident.

But he looked haggard and pale. His eyes red and yellowish. His belly protruded awkwardly and he had acquired a new, outlandish swagger in his walk that made him look more stoop and bent than ever.

Dismounting from the truck, he surveyed the town with an eye of a critic, sniffing snobbishly as if he had just plunged himself into a pigpen. He had a dog-eared, collapsible bag in one hand which he would swing over his shoulder now and then as he made his way to his home near the church.

It was Sunday, and the people who came to the late mass, filled the street, talking jovially, thoroughly neglecting him. This was an unexpected occurrence. All through the nights in the big city, where he had worked as a "massador" in a big bakery, he had dreamed of the day he had surreptitiously left it. There had been reasons... but most of all, his love for Thelma stood out like a sore thumb. That was the main reason. And the fact that showed some sign of love for the son of the principal teacher, pushed him even more to take a truck for the big city. In the city he had learn much about girls. Not by himself of course, but by the rest of the "massadors" in the bakery who had their fling at women. He had changed then. Changed by listening attentively to their stories.

His eyes were secretly sorting out all the young girls. He kept hoping Thelma would see him in his new outfit. But he obviously couldn't stand there all day. He had walked as slowly as he could, but even that had consumed the distance to their house. Gruntingly, he boarded its stairs. He had to wait for another time. For a moment, he wondered how he was going to greet her should they meet unexpectedly. He knew only too well that to show that he was still her slave would be foolish. That had been his mistake before. He smiled...

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the very same day, Fulgencio was on the street once more. He felt sapped of strength. Those sleepless nights in the city lifting bales of sticky flour, sitting by those hot, giant ovens had done something to him. But, as he rounded the road to the plaza, his spirits took wings at the thought of seeing Thelma again.

And it was Thelma he saw first. Talking seriously with a girl in one of the steps of the fountain. All at once something rattled inside him. All the plans for the first meeting went askew. He did not know what to do. Slowly, however, he took hold of himself bit by bit, until he was as composed as ever. He made his way among the different people, most of them he knew, but who right now, disregarded him with complacent serenity.

Thelma had grown bigger somehow... a little fatter on the side of the face. But she was as pretty as ever. She had her back to him, when all of a sudden she whirled around.

He saw all of her. He grew paler. His body was numbed and paralyzed by a strange, unpredicted emotion. He stood there unknowing where he was, not knowing what to do.

He turned suddenly and walked as briskly as he could. Gone was the swaggering gait he took home from the city. He was the same Fulgencio Dayo, nervous and uninitiated. Some people begun to call him back, but he did not hear them.

Early in the morning, before the sun was up, he boarded the first trip to the city. He would never come back... not when he can forget the pain of her marriage, and mostly when she will have been delivered of the baby.

— al fin —

MOON DUST

(Continued from page 11)

Visitors would pass through zigzag highways. The first to greet the eyes are the tulips and the pines.

Peace is proverbial. The inhabitants are simple, contented people. Most of them are government employees, merchants and farmers. There are no terrorists during elections and there are no kidnapers who ask for ransom. There are no beggars and pickpockets.

This is my hometown: Malaya-baly.

That night I retired in one of the hotels. Despite my strenuous journey I was not able to sleep well. Many things kept me awake. Memories of my boyhood and high school days, of my dear mother and a girl named Luz.

My boyhood was a hard fight and a bitter struggle. I saw light without knowing what my father looked like. Without knowing what kind of man he was. Every time I asked Nency about him she would only answer me with tears. So my only recourse was to console her and to ask her for forgiveness. To me hurting her feelings was a sacrilege. One of the things that I hated most was looking at my mother cry.

When Totay died he did not leave us property. Except debts. According to our neighbors he was a good drinker and a great gambler.

May he rest in peace.

To support the two of us, Nency did some laundry jobs. She was a hard worker. She worked harder when I began schooling in the primary grades. I knew she was working hard so as to have a little savings for my future.

I was different from the boys of my age. While the other boys played, I went around the town and shined shoes. I also peddled newspapers. At home I had a vegetable garden and a little poultry.

It was in my garden that I first met Luz. I was transplanting some pechay seedlings when my eyes were attracted by a beautiful white thing. It was a kitten playing in one of my plots which was newly transplanted with pechay seedlings.

I immediately ran after it and a short lapse of time the poor thing was helpless in my hands.

"Don't hurt her!" It was a voice of a girl. I looked up. In front of me, just outside the gate a girl of my age was standing. She wore a green dress. She was in pigtails. Her eyes were like two ripe durians.

I smiled at her but her only response was an angry look.

"Is it yours?" I asked.

"Yes", she replied.

"Here get it", I told her.

She did not make a move. So I went to her and handed her the kitten. She went away without saying a word. She was the daughter of the new occupants of the big, white house in front of our cogan hut.

The next morning I was surprised to find her in my classroom. Miss Flores, our grade-four teacher introduced her to us.

"Class, this morning you will have a new classmate. Her name is Luz. She is the daughter of Mr. Fernandez, our new principal. I hope all of you will be friendly and kind to her."

Luz was made to sit in front of me.

On the way home after class I walked with Luz. She was ahead of me but it was a short time when I overtook her.

"Luz" I called when I was about five feet away from her.

She glanced back and recognize me.

"I like to talk to you," I said.

She was silent.

"About what happened yesterday," I continued. "I like to ask your apology. I did not mean to hurt your little kitten yesterday."

It was there that I first saw her smile. She had very white teeth. Her eyes sparkled while she smiled.

Since that time we went to school together. I carried her books in going to and coming back from school. During recess we would sit under the avocado trees. While we told stories we ate ripe guavas and macopas.

During Saturdays and Sundays, the pupils of the grade-four class were made to work in beautifying the school campus. We would get bamboos to be used for fencing our school yard. We got stones from the river nearby to be used for making paths.

(Continued on page 31)

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WE COVERED THE USC FESTIVAL

dersea Kingdom. You should have seen it.

Behind all this spectacle, pomp, pageantry and people, was a man who didn't know what "rest" means until the last choir and the last paper-flower was returned to its former place or was finally dumped into a garbage can. We observed Law Dean Fulvio C. Pelaez and were convinced that no other man could have managed the whole USC affair masterfully as he did. Flashes of his versatility were most conspicuous during all the stages of preparations, executions and conclusions. He rolled himself into one great machine of stamina, determination and was fully equipped with the ability to make split-second decisions off-hand. He was judge, director, engineer, traffic cop and host to USC's prominent guests. We won't want the job even if it were handed to us on a silver platter. But Dean Pelaez rolled his sleeves and worked and acquitted himself of the tremendous task as easily as a lawyer could say "Habeas Corpus." He is a natural-born leader. Just take our word for it.

The past USC day was something for the memory of die-hard Carolinian. What was most surprising was the unusual display and expression of the Carolinian spirit... even among the freshmen.

(EDITORIAL TEAM: Tomas Echivarre and Vicente Rando Jr.)

Rachmaninoff told this story about his boyhood.

"When I was a very little fellow," he said, "I played at a reception at a Russian count's, and for an urchin of seven, I flatter myself that I swung through Beethoven's 'Kreutzer Sonata' pretty successfully."

"The 'Kreutzer,' you know, has in it several long and impressive rests. Well, in one of these rests the count's wife, a motherly old lady, leaned forward, patted me on the shoulders, and said:

"Play us something you know, dear."

(Continued from page 28)

WHAT DO YOU THINK

lege students. In the everyday dealings between the students and the professors and in every activity of the university participated in by the collegiate department, a college spirit always plays an important part in its smoothness and success. The success of any college affair and the harmonious dealings between the students and the professors or among the students themselves depend to a large extent on the kind of college spirit that is manifested by the students.

What kind of college spirit, therefore, should we adopt? I think the proper college spirit that we should adopt is that which is founded on



Luzmina Buenaque

mutual love, cooperation, and understanding. If the students cooperate in the accomplishment of every good plan of their mentors, if the mentors understand the problems of their students and help them in the effective solution of those problems; if any difference that may arise in the inter-relations of students among themselves or among their professors are settled through the process of brotherly love and understanding; in short, if the spirit of love, cooperation, and understanding pervades the minds and hearts of every student and professor in the university, greater achievements would of course follow that would redound to the glory and added prestige of our school.

(Continued on page 36)

(Continued from page 30)

MOON DUST

We believe that it was not right for the principal to make us work during those two days.

So we had a strike. I was the leader. I explained to my classmates that it was not fair for the principal to make us work during those two days.

"Saturday is the day to help our parents at home. Sunday is the day devoted for God." I explained.

All the boys were behind me. So all the boys did not appear in school the next Saturday and also on Sunday.

When Monday came I was called to the principal's office. The principal found out that I was the leader of the strike. For my punishment I was suspended for one week.

I was sad when I went back to school again. Luz was angry at me. She would not talk to me. I was alone in going and coming from school.

One month after that incident, Nanay died. My hopes were shattered. Our neighbors tried their best in comforting me. I did not know how long I stopped crying.

The Fernandez family came to our house to give their condolence. Luz was there. She was sad. She even cried.

After the funeral our parish priest brought me to his convent and gave me a new home. I already knew how to serve mass. I became one of the trusted sacristans in the convent.

God really helps those who help themselves. I prayed, worked and studied hard. I was always in the honor roll when I was already in the high school. It was a Catholic high school managed by our parish priests.

One week before our graduation, we were asked by our teacher in-charge what courses we would take when we go to college.

Everybody had their choices. Enrique said, he would like to be an engineer. Paquito wanted to be a doctor. Ernesto wanted to be a lawyer. We called him the "Philosopher." Lilia, the girl with short hair and who was one of the most charming girls in the class wanted to go to Manila and become a star in the movies. She liked to

be called "Audrey Hepburn." There was Pedro who wanted to enter the seminary. Magdalena wanted to enter the convent.

In our class practically all professions were selected.

On our way home Luz confided to me that she wanted to become a nurse.

"Fred, what would you take up when you go to college?" she asked me.

"To me going to college is just a dream. I place my destiny in the hands of God." I said.

During the rest of our way she was silent. She was sad. I knew what she felt.

One week later I found myself in the stage delivering the Valedictory Address.

After graduation Luz and her family moved to Manila. Her father was given a new post in the central office.

That year I passed the entrance examinations for admission in the Philippine Military Academy. Life in the academy was tough. But Luz encouraged me by her letters.

Yes, yesterday I went back to my hometown to see the old place again. But what was more important was the chance to visit the grave of my mother. To place a wreath. To let her spirit know that I was a success.

While standing in front of her grave, I shed tears. Then I began talking.

"Nanay I am here to let you know that I am a success. To let you know that your sacrifices were not in vain. Last week I graduated first in my class. I was given the Presidential Sword, the highest award given to a graduating cadet in the Philippine Military Academy."

"Look at me Nanay. See me in the peck of my youth. See how I changed. How tall, erect and strong I am now."

"I am here also to let you know that I will be marrying a girl named Luz. You know her well. Do you approve of her Nanay?" I concluded.

But nobody answered me. I only heard the chirping of the crickets and the croaking of the frogs. Evening had come. ♪

THE MOVING FINGER

(Continued from
page 36)

a truthful observation because, for one thing, his objet d'amour is a far different "dame" from ours. We have never for a moment dreamt of Red Red Dolores with the white collar and the shadeless hat of love, even if we have heard of Little Red Riding Hood. If Ranudo is at times ambiguous, it is because of his profundity; because his feelings have more dimensions than ours have. His is not the studied confusion which a Villa inflicts with relish upon the readers.

His poetry has not been spared severe criticism. His Polinaise was branded as dripping with sex and his prose-poem Sanity's Last Stand promptly booked him among the goddess. Yes, his Via Crucis was, in the opinion of no less a national literary figure than Faigao, a masterpiece. This apparent antithesis indicates one thing: that Ranudo is capable of traversing the whole gamut of human feelings, vice and virtue, and of writing about them in a language that is beautiful and in a style that is singularly his own.

ECHIVARRE, who chides man and praises God in his pungent prose, often lashed at the conspiracy of time and place because they took away precious things that were never to return. We can lash at Time, yes, but we do not even trust ourselves to think that we will equal the fire of his pen. Echivarre's literary efforts were and still are, actuated by a secret crusade. He was not one to advertize his motives yet the reader cannot help but suspect, from the tenacity of his subjects, that he wanted, more than anything else, to put something across. He seemed always to be addressing an importunate petition which betrayed itself even when his humor was most flagrant. He was one writer whose lines were an art that did not hide behind word-play. His digs at Communism, a subject as generally disserted upon as it is misunderstood, would have been dull and passe had they dared issue from another pen. But with Tom things are fresh because he caudes a freshness in his every touch. His attempt at poetry was no less successful. In a way, he was more wonderfully bold and direct in this discipline. Consider, for instance, these lines:

*i do not believe in laughing faces,
hats and cravats, dots and dashes . . .
for hats could be bought, cravats
could be borrowed, and laughing faces
retouched, re-made or rebuilt . . .
i will have nothing of them . . .*

His commentaries, if this is the right term, on the things of this life, a preoccupation which has caused popular confusion among us, are so simply stated in this confession:

*I live in a world of dreamers
Visioners and demigods.
I live in an atmosphere of thought . . .
A floating society of ideas . . .
A place where thorns are defenses;
And roses the reasons.*

His parting is a thorn; but where the roses?

USC NEWS

(Continued from page 26)

In a letter which Tajoada personally wrote to the College of Law Dean, Fulvio C. Pelaez, he kindly asked help from his classmates to provide him blood badly needed for his surgical operation of the brain. At press time, he is confined in the Santo Tomas Hospital, Manila, where he will undergo the operation.

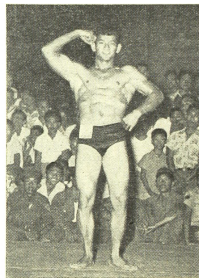
Plaridel Estorco, 2nd year student of Law in USC, was reported to be suffering from a cancer of the bones found in his right thigh.

USC WARRIORS LASH SMC KNIGHTS

On a recent invited tour of Iligan City by the USC Varsity team, the USC Warriors lashed twice the St. Michael's College Team.

On the first day of their meeting the Warriors edge the SMC Knights, 79-61, and again on the next day, 84-74.

The occasion was the initial plug-up of a chapel being built in Iligan City sponsored by the St. Michael's College.



MR. JULIAN EVANGELISTA, Engineering student, won 2nd prize during Mr. Vlasov's title in Cebu in connection with the Zone VII Weight-lifting contests.

USC CDT. OFFICERS TOP THEORETICAL EXAMS

Cdt. Lt. Col. Dominador Deogampo and Cdt. Capt. Winifredo Gonzon, INF, topped the theoretical examinations for second year and first year advanced cadets, respectively, during the last semi-tactical inspection.

The two cadet officers of the USC ROTC Corps were tops in the whole Third Military Area. The two consequently received medals of honor for their outstanding records.

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Drama In Real Life

pain which he could feel gnawing the marrow of his bones inch by inch, with only memories to live on, yearnings that could not be confined for the remainder of his life.

"How do you view life now that you are bogged down, Ed?" I queried with reservation. For a moment he was composed and, looking at the window where a small bird was basking in the late afternoon sun in the garden, chirping as if nothing was harder than singing, spoke. "For one thing I am certain that you will be far ahead of me in our studies. And I don't think I'm really down. There are many prominent men who are sicker than I in society and I am still going strong." Once again that brown face beamed with greater optimism even in the brim of doubt, like a candle lighted to light the way. To God, he completely put his trust and his illness as a gift from Someone.

The sun was descending in the other side of the distant bald mountains and I was to end my visit. Before I left he requested me to do a special favor. "Tell my friends to pray for me, will you?"

(Continued from page 35)

Alumni Chimes

why your Alma Mater is always the news of the town. Her popularity is amazing! Even in the remotest barrio the name San Carlos is part of the vocabulary of school children. You ask why? Let NENING JAJALLA give you the answer. She is one of the ranking mentors of Mahinog High School, Mahinog, Mis. Or. Miss Jajalla has two suffixes to her name: BSEED & BSE.

Sizzling news from Davao City, says that our former campus queen is tilting test tubes in the Chemistry Dept. of the Harvardian Colleges. Name: ROSITA SERRA-TY. She is the daughter of the first lady mayor of Surigao province.

Last item comes from Ormoc City. Successful Carolinians making a name for themselves are ILLUMINADA CASTANEDA who champions and teaches the Shakespearean tongue in one of the colleges of Davao. In the same stratum is CASILDA FLORES also wielding a big stick at Western Leyte Colleges.

MARCH, 1956

USC NEWS

(Continued from page 32)

AN INSPIRING ACHIEVEMENT

As if to follow the irrevocable trend in nature, that is, Growth, the Biology department which deals with natural history and all its multitudinous aspects, have steadily inched itself upward.

This year's exhibit is notably an improvement from those of previous years. The undersea illusion was richly supported by enough materials both stuffed and living, which drew huge crowds. In the other hall of the Biology exhibit was a well-arranged sectionalized display representing Entomology, Conchology, Botany, Taxonomy, Embryology and Physiology. Finally, toward the exit, were live animals. The last-mentioned caused the exit to be clogged, since visitors with children have perforce to delay there much to please the little ones.

A recitation of all the interesting features and angles of said exhibit will fill many pages. Whoever are responsible for this upward and onward trend in the department deserve excessive praises.

Now, the cinch is, we do this sort of stuff year after year, expending tremendous efforts in its preparation, then after the fiesta, we dump most of these into the limbo of oblivion. There seems to be a

(Continued from page 6)

The Case For A...

his every step towards an eternal goal, that Christianity can and should be the vital principle of human endeavor in political, cultural and social affairs as well as religious, then perhaps we can hope for the restoration of Christendom, a world in which it will no longer be necessary for man to fight his environment, but where he may progress to his ultimate end in the sweet company of Truth. For Christian Truth and Christian Love alone can save the world, and until we become aware of the intellectual and spiritual wealth of the Christian Tradition, and use it for the glory of God, we shall continue to be betrayed from within by the subverters of truth. We must wrest control from these false prophets if we are to teach all nations and give to men the Truth which will make them free. †

growing need for a permanent display and safe-keeping of all these worthy treasures which represent the collective efforts of students and instructors. Perhaps time has come when we should have our own museum, no matter how humble at the beginning, for the valuable things which we cannot afford to destroy or throw away.

USC TOPS NURSING EXAM

The results of the recent Entrance Examinations for the Nursing School at the Cebu (Velez) General Hospital and Southern Island Hospital has brought to USC another distinctive banner. In separate examinations given by the two mentioned hospitals, San Carlos copped the first two places and the majority of the first 10 places.

In the Cebu (Velez) General Hospital, USC students took the 1st, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 9th and 10 places. Out of the 51 students admitted 18 are from San Carlos U.

In the Southern Islands Hospital, candidates from USC copped the 1st, 4th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th places. The total number of students admitted has not been announced yet.

USC TO OFFER ADVANCED COURSE IN NURSING

The University of San Carlos shall open by June a two-year Advanced Course in Nursing leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Nursing (B.S.N.). This course requires Observation and Field work in some hospitals requiring about 6 to 9 semester hours, spread over three semesters. The Director of the Cebu (Velez) General Hospital, Dr. Jacinto Velez, offered his cooperation by placing the facilities of his hospital at USC's disposal. Selected holders of the Bachelor's Degree in Nursing shall compose the staff to teach in their mastered subjects. The course is open to all graduates nurse.

PASSES ACCFA TEST

Crispin Castillo, BSC '53 knocks his accounting guts in one of the business firms of this city. Pious and unassuming, Cris easily wins the confidence of his boss. Last August he made a name for himself by passing the test in ACCFA, a government exam. He confided that only prayer conquers all! By the by Cris is one of the livewires in the Legion of Mary.

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● The honoree could not present "due to . . . pressure of work . . . brought about by a backlog of undecided cases which necessitate study and consideration . . ." in his message, as read by his son, Terry, he "begged to be differentiated from Mr. Alfred Austin who was selected poet laureate of England because, in the word of Lord Salisbury, "no one applied for the position." He would rather imitate the famed jurist, Mr. Justice Benjamin Nathan Cardozo, who, speaking at a dinner in his honor, tendered by the New York County Lawyers Association, expressed the desire to think that the honor came to him purely through luck. With characteristic humility, Mr. Justice Cabahug explained that there were "others" more deserving than he, and did not believe that he had achieved "any triumph which could be considered extraordinary." "True it is that I have tried to bring honor to our Alma Mater but true it is also that I have not done any better than most of my distinguished fellow alumni."

—oO—

● ABOUT THIS ISSUE

The month is March and since "graduation" is often linked with it, our ever-dependable Dick Cabailo added both to the greater link that is Justice Cabahug as a Carolinian alumnus. The expressive oblation could be taken to mean that, at last, we have reached the final lap of the school year 1955-56. Of the many graduates that will receive the sheepskin this month, we are moved to ask: how many of them or who, among them, would be the Most Distinguished Alumnus of USC in the years to come? Oh sure, they will repair to their respective homes after the Grand March taking along with them good words of advice from the commencement speakers who usually are not frank enough in their speeches. All of them, of course, are sincere. But the kind of sincerity which we fear will only amount to distaste, are those expressed by the politician-commencement speaker. Because even in their sincerity, they exaggerate. The graduates, on the one hand, will also make their response. Usually it is the summa cum laude who is made the scapegoat. But his or hers is one sincerity that should be put down in the books. His or her response takes-off from a thankful heart, and it is not everyday that an occurrence such as this would happen to them. They will seal their pledges with tears and some will wax sentimental in their eagerness in bridging the gap between "a mere thank you and a thank you very much."

—oO—

● APPRECIATION, THANKS

Although we could not print the speech of Reverend Harold Rigney delivered at the USC campus last January due to space limitations, we would like to

express our thanks and appreciation to Mr. Bernard Lavin, Head of the United States Information Service (USIS) in Cebu and to Mr. Greg Ayo, for having helped us secure a copy of Fr. Rigney's speech. Special acknowledgement is likewise extended to Miss Perfecta Guanco, Head of USC's Secretarial department and her students, Misses Julie Mercado, Josefina Manubag and Teresita Cui for their kind assistance and cooperation.

—oO—

● OUR SPORTS ISSUE

The Sports edition we dished out last month made some old Carolinians reminisce about "dem good ole days" and this expression made us feel comfortable indeed. However, we would like to add something to Ramudo's article. Mr. Jose Tecson was among those mainly responsible for the formation of the team. As a matter of fact, we came to know that it was Mr. Tecson who personally hand-picked the players and recommended them to Fr. Bunzel for approval. Through this column, we would like to express our deepest appreciation of his fine role during that time.

—oO—

● JACK LUCAL'S ARTICLE

We would like our readers to read the article written by Jack Lucal, a product of a Catholic institution in Georgetown, U.S.A. The article itself has the blessings of the Catholic Action of the Philippines. We hope that Mr. Lucal's criticism and vitriolic opinion against Harvard University will serve a great deal to correct some serious misconception of some people towards America's "greatest" University. We are printing the article as it appeared in the February issue of the *Monthly Post*, the official bulletin of the Knights of Columbus, District 15.

● Our past issues have been testimonials of our ambitions to achieve something that could possibly acquit us from the accusations that the youth of today is a "lost generation." At times, we confess, we have sounded quixotic or romantic or rashly cynical. But if we have been "quixotic" or "romantic" in a pleasing way or cynical, in a quasi-serious vein, then we believe we can stand trial for that with proofs to support our side. The least strain of editing and typing must have also played important roles when we applied the finishing touches of our copies. But then, that is pardonable. If what came out was silly or imperfect or vulgar, then don't jake it on us. Take it from life itself which is vulgar, silly and imperfect. Fiction is not all imagination . . . some parts of it has got to cling to some paragraph of reality or even to a comma of actuality. But of course, you be the judge. ♪

**THE CAROLINIAN STAFF EXPRESSES THEIR WARMEST FELICITATIONS TO
THE 1955-56 GRADUATES AND TO ALL OF THEM, GOD-SPEED!**

Alumni CHIMES

by JOE P. DE LA RIARTE

NOW that the school year is about to ring its curtain down, we are somehow constrained to drop a few lines with the hope that they will serve as a living memento for those who are to step out of the portals of our dear Alma Mater.

All the magic of youth and joy of life may be suspended temporarily when we bid USC goodbye. A melancholy monotone may beat in our hearts but the intense and insatiable hunger for light and truth will always be felt because USC has taught us to love knowledge and truth.

Across the gulf of years a painful thought may haunt our minds and perhaps a beautiful panorama may unfold before our eyes. All these, and many other things of beauty, will move us; they will make us look back over the years that were spent in USC's august halls, in her campus, and among people we cannot forget because we love them. Many will seek her portals, others will march out into a world where the prescription for success is hard knocks.

Heading the list of successful alumni is NICOLAS LAOQUICO, BSME '54 now connected with the local branch of the Good Year Tires Inc., as overall incharge of the Compressor and Boiling Dept. Engineer Laoquico, it might be recalled, made a big splash in the papers when he topped the board exams for Mechanical Engineers. His feat has earned a name for him and an added honor to USC. Mr. Laoquico hails from Numanacia, Surigao.

USC's "specialty" of topping national examinations was upheld again when ELISEO LINOG, BSME '55, copped the highest place in the Mechanical Plant Engineers' Examinations. Engineer Linog is a big man in the Philippine Packing Corporation of Bogo, Mis. Or. Eliseo Linog's story is a story of sweat and tears. He was a working student here, being an operator of the University's huge power plant. While

still in his sophomore year, the City Safety Engineer required of him to produce the necessary license in operating said power plant, so that he had to take the exam for Certified Plant Mechanic. He took the exam and did something else besides. He placed third! Until he finished his BSME course, he continued working in USC. Eli, in spite of his unusual achievement, looks and acts humbly. Success has not turned his head. It is safe bet that a few years from now, we will hear again from him. And will not be about marriage, either. Or will it be? Mr. Linog hails from Misamis Oriental.

Another Misorienian who came out with banners of-lying is Engineer ZOSIMO Y. TAN-GAN, USC's first licensed electrical engineer. Simo, as we fondly call him, is the production manager of the Adelphi Pictures, a movie company. And, of course, we recommend him highly for that line. Especially if his talent scouts make a peak-a-boo call at the CAROLINIAN Office where thespians, terpsichores and an unclassified mass of characters have made their diggings. That includes your reporter.

News from Bohol seeped in that vivacious and pretty LILIAN LAGAPA, BSE '55, is engaged in cataloguing books of St. Joseph Academy down at Tagbilaran, Bohol. Lilian was one of the live wires in our spacious library. Her knowledge in library science, acquired because of rigid training, was the open-sesame which brought her the "jackpot". Lilian says she owes a debt of gratitude to Fr. Beaumgartner, Chief Librarian, Mr. Vicente Espiritu, Mrs. Benita Po-Sy and Miss Annie Marilao, the eyes and ears of the Librarian. Priscillano Juanich, who, incidentally, is a very eligible bachelor, gets some share of the credit for having taught Miss Lagapa the technique of binding USC's numerous tomes.

With GULLING JUANICH and LOLOY BONGATO collaborating,

we were able to track 'down these names. The limelight now falls on the happy couple, Mr. & Mrs. TIBURCIO BULICATIN. Wiley is the former Miss GUADALUPE PARAGUYA. The couple are in the faculty roll of the Holy Cross Academy in Tubigon, Bohol. Both are dyed-in-the-wool Carolinians, having graduated from the BSE course. In his college days, Dosoy was dubbed as the "poet-laureat" of the bookstore on account of his glib tongue. Incidentally, he was the star storekeeper of said department.

The scuttlebutt has it that LOURDES ANIANA has long kissed the Feminine Club goodbye! She is now Mrs. Lourdes Gonzaga and she is teaching at the St. Paul's Academy, Inabanga, Bohol. With her in the same roster is ILLUMINADA LOFRANCO doing the same job.

Literary promoter wanted: Inspired with the belief that teaching the 3 R's is one way of promoting the literacy rate of our nation, PET ILLIE tackles the burden of moulding the youth of Tubigon, Bohol as one of the classroom teachers of said town. Following him is FELICIANO APSAY who's having an adventure in the land of promise. Should we call teaching a missionary work? If you ask us, the answer is an emphatic "Yes". So, another "missionary" in the teaching field is DELING MASCARINAS who left her hometown (Tubigon) for Palo, Leyte.

Another hard-hitting savant, NENITA MONGAYA, who graduated two years back from the College of Education, knacks her education "inheritance" at the Assumption College, Daloague, Cebu. Shy and unassuming, Nita successfully landed the position despite the onrush of applicants. Keep the USC banners waving Ma'am!

If you happen to set foot on Camiguin Island, you'll be surprised

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(Continued from page 31)

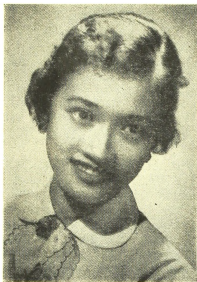
WHAT DO YOU THINK...

SUSAN BLANCO

College of Liberal Arts, says:

The proper college spirit should inculcate into the minds of the youths the attainment of a humble, simple and virtuous life.

In most of our colleges and universities, there is a general deficiency of a true college spirit. Our USC is no exception. We do not have a graphic, intense, pulsating "Carolinian Spirit". A lamentable



Susan Blanco

fact, that is. But it is true. Most of us know it; we feel it.

One has just to look at our college girls (the boys included) and see how they dress, how they act, etc. Take a glance at them when they walk in the campus — majority of them dress beyond their means. They always keep up a show of what they are not... When our college señóritas and señóritas seek for employment, they aim their arrow at white collar jobs, and, if possible, those offices where they will sit on revolving chairs. They hold humble employment in contempt. Many strive to be "somebodies" in the not-too-far-distant future. And the sad picture is that these young souls are frustrated if they fail in their high aims. They rashly count their lives a failure.

The proper college spirit should be imbued in the youths of our colleges and universities if we want our young men and women to occupy a respectable place in the community and live a happy life.

The Moving Fingers

of

Buddy Quitoric



Parting is a tragedy that descends upon the heart and inflicts pain no matter how short the journey or how sweet and tender the "goodbyes." And the absence of Tom and Nene comes as a shock which we, who are left behind, are not ready nor ever willing to bear. We shall wait long... and in vain, it is true... for the birth of another Ranudo who shall breathe, in the neat breath of a single moon, the golden dust of life and love into the pages of the Carolinian. Even much longer, perhaps, shall we await the coming of another full-blown Echivarre whose pen enjoyed its ablation in a cocktail-bowl of acid and ladies' lotion. We will miss them, and miss them terribly, because we will be the much poorer by the absence of their literary touch. This, in itself, is sufficient grief and, as Ranudo would himself have said:

**A page of April is here and I may grow
Pale with the things I must recall.
Yesterdays were big and wide and solid
And furiously tender and deliriously so...
Todays are blades...**

RANUDO has woven miracles with his pen. His better-known poems have found their intimate way into women's wallets while the opening lines of "This Grave I Dig" have been etched on the tomb of a departed friend. His ability to capture every shade of feeling and garb them with the vesture of an imagery that is both moving and beautiful, ranks him very high above the many fledgelings who usually infest the "poetry pages" of college magazines.

Reading him is like stepping into a world where even sadness is beautiful. That is his world which regards death as clean and desirable because there is beautiful music even in the graveyard and, instead of a cross, a rainbow stands over a mound of pearly earth. Death does not appear horrifying to him. To be sure, he is happy and laughing when, in This Grave I Dig, he writes:

**I want to die
Because so many want to live
Because so many beautiful things are dead
And life is a long long walk.**

Although Ranudo is a serious artist who is "madly" in love with his art, he has not altogether forgotten how to smile. He is not, in fact, above a little horseplay every now and then. When he takes to the impersonation of Helynn, the Maiden of Malingin, in The Triot, he deliberately flirts with flippancy. But perhaps Ranudo excels himself when he writes of love. In Ranudo's opinion and that is to say, in ours, nobody loves like Ranudo. This is

(Continued on page 32)

Guest Editorial •

THE YEARNING of human nature is the yearning of Ecclesiasticus: "In all these things I sought peace" (Eccl. 24:11). God intended human souls for peace. He would not have given them that basic and ever constant longing for peace, did He not mean it to be fulfilled.

It was Christ whom God sent to rectify man's perverted notion of "the things that are to his peace". Christ was called the "Prince of Peace" by those who foretold his coming. Christ's coming was heralded by heaven's messengers as that of the expected prince of peace who would bring "glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will". During His stay among men Christ taught them the way of contentment and peace. He instructed His apostles that theirs was a mission of peace: "Into whatsoever house you enter first say, 'Peace be to this house.'" In weeping over Jerusalem He wept over the blindness of His many creatures who cannot appreciate anything else than the things of earth: "Oh if thou hadst known . . . the things which are to thy peace". We shall learn "the ways of peace" from Him who tells us at the end of His life with men: "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you . . .". Peace is our Lord's token of love; it is His greeting, His good wishes to those He loves. "Peace be with you" was His ordinary salutation to the apostles. "Peace be with you" was His glorious message after His resurrection. While this message of peace falls from the lips of Jesus, He also shows the apostles the guaranty of everlasting peace, namely, the triumphant marks of salvation upon His hands and His feet, and above all in His sacred side.

It is Christ who is to give peace to the world, but "not as the world giveth do I give unto you". How the modern world yearns for true peace. But how little does the modern world understand what true peace really is. Men think that peace is the result of concord among men; they think that peace is found when men cease to fight with one another. They forget that there is no true peace among men until there is peace in the individual man. When Holy Writ speaks of peace, it does not commonly mean a cessation of conflict with other men or nations; it usually means the peace of the soul with its God, absence of conflict between His Will and ours, peace of heart, happiness. Precisely because Christ brought man to align his life with the purpose of God. The perfect concordance of His Will with the Will of His Father was the **PAX CHRISTI**, and this must be the peace of every "other Christ".

The many paradoxes of Christ's life and of His program, which He proclaimed in the opening speech of His public life — of might in meekness, of happiness in suffering, of wealth in poverty — were all founded on the paradox of perfect content and peace in not seeking the fulfillment of one's own will. Under God's rule alone will men have peace. This heavenly harmony of the creature's will in perfect tune with the Infinite Will was the plan for His creation. It was the ideal of the redemption by which the concord of all things should be restored in Christ. Man, made to the image and likeness of God, must draw his peace from the peace of God and find all his happiness in the union of his will with the Will of God. For nations it must be the first article in their constitution, the first paragraph in their treaties of peace. For individuals it is the foundation and climax of happiness, the tree and fruit of sanctity: "May the God of peace himself sanctify you in all things."

Pax Christi

by

Rev. M. Richartz, S.V.D.

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