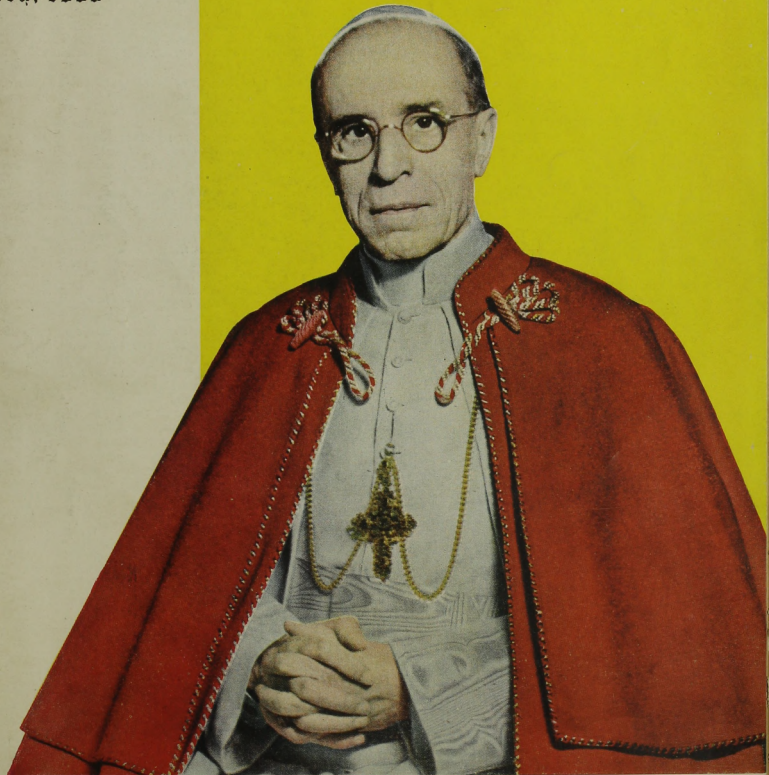


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# The Carolinian

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*Our Supreme Pontiff, His Holiness Pope Pius XII*

# A Letter to President Magsaysay

Gabi, Cordora, Cebu  
March 17, 1958

Dear President Magsaysay:

Forgive me for pricking your peaceful grave in an effort to thrust this short letter at your side. I know I will be disturbing you in your tranquil eternity and I am terribly sorry for that. But I honestly believe that a true lover of his people as you were, you would be more disturbed were I to remain silent over things which worry us a lot. When you were alive you established the PCAC which made the poor and the unheard talk; that was enough proof of your desire to have your people voice their sentiments rather than cancel them. So, I hasten to



scribble down these things expecting to receive a silent appreciation from you.

Beloved President, when you came to Cebu on that fateful eve of your death, you did not feel very happy to see the Cebuanos in the midst of an acute corn shortage. You had been told of the situation though, days before. And acting with your characteristic speed, you immediately ordered the importation from America of tons of corn for Cebu and the Cebuanos. But when you came you still had to face the fact: the shortage was not yet cured. Nevertheless, you made the Cebuanos very happy; you informed them that additional tons were forthcoming.

"I prefer to see the government go bankrupt than make the people suffer from high prices." These were your words as you reacted to the news of our corn shortage. To prove your sincerity you ordered the NARIC to sell its corn

to the people at P.40 a ganta regardless of whether the NARIC purchased it for more or not.

Oh! how sensitive you were to the people's needs. That made us love you very much.

But hardly had your words returned to the shores of my barrio after they had been tossed about by the waves of the Cebuano sea which rejoiced at your soothing message, then you crashed at Mt. Manungal. And died! How we mourned your death, you need not be told. For words cannot express the infiniteness of our grief.

Now that you are gone our problem has come to be not only that of corn; the sufferers not only the Cebuanos. Today the price of corn, rice, and everything has skyrocketed; and the whole country is the victim. On the eve of your death there was but a threatening rise of the price of corn; threatened was merely a portion of your people. Yet, you almost got sick worrying over the situation. I can just imagine the pain you would feel were you alive today.

But why write to you who are dead and who can do nothing to solve the matter? Because I believe that even in death you are still more responsive to the sufferings of your people than the living self-proclaimed leaders. This is the bitter truth which I regret to realize. Besides, I find no other contentment. One cannot seek refuge in hearing speeches of gawky leaders when he knows that these people are speaking just the opposite of what they are doing. One cannot find consolation in the papers and radio, either; what he reads and hears are but news of the scandal and the rackets of the day. And this will only make him angry. And hungry. And when he turns to the kitchen, he finds nothing to eat: a ganta of rice costs P1.20 and he has been jobless for months already.

If I can forget my anger and hunger and the soaring prices of prime commodities and I can find happiness in writing you, why should I not write you? After all, you are more alive to me than those whom you left behind to handle the intricacies of this government. So, why not?

Beloved President, I shall be writing you again. I shall be telling you again the problems of your people until these dead figures at the helm of this government will rise from their grave and will see the blindness of their own eyes.

Sincerely yours,

ADELINO B. SITOY

caroliniana.....

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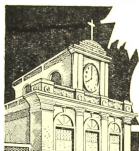
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ON A BAMBOO SLATE

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The  
CAROLINIAN

Official Publication of the Students  
of the University of San Carlos

Editorial

THE MAN OF HIS PEOPLE

March 17th!

The Filipino nation awoke from a deep and peaceful slumber baffled at the whereabouts of its leader. The man of the people did not go to sleep that evening; he was with his people in Cebu — hearing their problems and lending them his helping hand. But the next day he had to be with his people in Manila; so, he left Cebu an hour after midnight braving the risk of night travel.

But the people's leader had not showed up in Manila. He was expected to arrive there three hours after his take-off; it was already sun-up; still he had not come.

The President was delayed! The news flashed throughout the country pregnant with hope and desolation. His people were fearful of his fate. Yet, they refused to despair. They had hope to cling to — hope which is the last refuge of prodigal thoughts and misgivings.

For hours the people waited — anxious, uneasy, terrified. But still hopeful — gambling with chance. Destiny. Who knows?

No one would say he had perished. He was just delayed; he would show up soon. No, he could not be dead; he was good — too good to die. A good man always lives. Yes, his people were drowning with their hope for his appearance. But "drowning men seek momentary footing even on sliding stones."

Suddenly, news came of a lone survivor. He was *not* the President! But no, he was not the only survivor; another or others had escaped death. The President was one! He could not die — much less such a gruesome death, the people insisted.

But Mt. Manungal could not spare more than one life. The bitter truth was known: the lone survivor *was* the only survivor!

Sobs and tears overcame his people. The millions he had left behind made billions of sighs: could such a man die?

I believe that he who has less in life should have more in law.

I believe that the pulse of government should be strong and steady, and the men at the helm imbued with missionary zeal.

I believe in the majesty of constitutional and legal processes, in the inviolability of human rights.

I believe that the free world is collectively strong, and that there is neither need nor reason to compromise the dignity of man.

This was the creed he followed to the letter. This was he. Could he die?

March 17th!

Dust he was; to dust he must return. But neither death nor time can make him die in the memory of his people.

President Ramon Magsaysay is alive! His death made him live — forever!

Adelino B. Sityo



To the Memory  
of

## **RAMON MAGSAYSAY**

*Third President of the Republic of the Philippines*

*-- March 17, 1957*

### **To The Fair Hope Of The Fatherland — From Magsaysay**

*"There is a certain impatience in youth which is really nothing more than their energy eager to be put to use."*

*"Young people want action and if they would listen to words, they must be words that lead to action."*

*"Poverty and unemployment are not the causes of Communism, but they are the conditions which make it easy for that ideology to thrive."*

*"I have been advocating a nationalism that will not lead itself as a tool of the forces that will destroy our democratic way of life: a nationalism that preserves not only our own native traditions and aspirations, but also a nationalism that remains open to the good, positive influences of other cultures."*

## **THE LEGACY OF MAGSAYSAY**

Dedicated  
to the late  
Pres. Magsaysay  
on the first  
anniversary  
of his death on  
March 17, 1958.



Above photo shows from left to right: Cebu Governor Jose Briones, Father Rector, the late President and Cebu City Mayor, Sergio Osmeña, Jr.



The camera catches the late President Magsaysay swamped by an enthusiastic reception committee.

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*"You do not have to be anti-American or anti-foreign in order to be resoundingly pro-Filipino."*

*"You are the battlefield on which future wars will be won or lost."*

*"You cannot remain neutral — you will have to take a stand"*

*"Keep your faith and your faith will keep you."*

#### AND TO THE GRADUATES OF SAN CARLOS —

*"When you go out and take your places as leaders of the nation, when you assume positions of responsibility and contribute to the progress of our country, you will owe to some extent, your proficiency, your civic-mindedness, your social consciousness, your courage to stand on your principles, your devotion to duty, to these foreign missionaries who taught you, who have lived in the Philippines for many years, and who love this country almost like their own."*

---

**T**HE CHURCH bell tolled the hour of nine in the evening. I was comfortably tucked in bed but was not asleep. The events of the whole day impressed me so much that I could not refrain from recalling them all over again.

His visit scheduled for that day was big news in our town. People from the remote barrios and sitios came to the poblacion to see and meet him. Some had donned their Sunday best. Others were barefooted and poorly dressed. Nevertheless, their faces showed the same signs of eager and watchful waiting.

In the churches, markets, stores and shops, the people spoke highly of him. Children in groups paraded the streets shouting his name every now and then. On street corners the men engaged themselves in hearty conversations about him. Decorated trucks buzzed around. Tartanillas wheeled along the streets with his name printed in bold letters on white cloths waving in the air.

Why did he not come? What will the people think of him? How can he be so callous as to disappoint them! And the big banquet prepared in honor of him, what... what...

"He's here! He has come!" My brother broke the news at the top of his voice while coming up the steps of the house. Immediately thereafter, I heard exchanges of words of excitement followed by the slamming of doors and the sound of running feet on the stairway.

He has come! I jumped from my bed, put on my slippers, smoothed over my dishevelled hair with my fingers, hurried out of my room and rushed into the street with my cousin.

The tennis court was jam-packed

## by Ofelia L. Torrejos

with people of all walks of life. We had a hard time finding our way inside. There was a lot of pushing all around. I stood on my toes and craned my neck. Still I was not able to get even a fleeting glance of him. He was heavily surrounded by a big crowd which trailed him wherever he went.

"Please make way for him!" somebody shouted before the microphone. His companions were already seated on the stage, waiting for him to come up so the program could begin.

The crowd later paved a way for him. I saw him! Tall, body well-built and with a smile for everybody, what an appeal he has to the common mass! They were drawn to his side by his unassuming sincerity and simplicity and by the force of his dynamic personality. I fixed my gaze on him as if he was all alone in the crowd.

My breathing grew deeper as I noticed him only a few meters away from us. He was making a tour around the tennis court, shaking hands and conversing with the people. I stepped a few paces backward and stayed behind my cousin. Unconsciously, I kept wringing my hands. Will he also shake hands with us? With ME?

He stopped in front of us. He offered his left hand to my cousin... extended his right hand to me! I stared at him. I pursed my lips, swallowed my saliva with difficulty. There was a slight tremor over my body. Reluctantly, bashfully, I extended my right hand.

I felt the blood run through my veins. I flushed with excitement. His hand was strong and his grasp was firm. It was too good to be true! I shook hands with Pres. Magsaysay, the Man of the Masses, the Brave Defender of Democracy, whose tragic and unexpected death on March 17, 1957 caused many hearts to bleed and brought a void to our country, that only time can fill.

Yes, Pres. Magsaysay is dead, but I can never forget the excitement and experience of meeting him barely four hours before he passed away to meet his Creator. ♪

## He Came. I Saw and was Conquered.

**Excerpts from the  
speech of  
Congressman  
MIGUEL CUENCO  
on Pope's Day  
January 18, 1958  
at St. Theresa's College,  
Cebu City**

Mr. Toastmaster,  
Your Excellency,  
Archbishop Rosales,

My Friends:

The Papacy is not a mere office, as we understand a public office in the Philippines where politics is largely a battle for government positions, where elections are to a very great extent nothing but a struggle between those who are in the government and those that are out of the government.

The Papacy is a living national and international institution which powerfully influences the life and destinies of our country as well as of humanity. Our present laws of eight hour daily work, minimum wage, social security system, the Workmen's Compensation Act originally championed in the Philippine Legislature by the late Cebu Senator Briones, and the Cuenco Blue Sunday Law, were reforms introduced by Leo XIII when he was a bishop of Perugia more than one hundred years ago. Leo XIII's *Rerum Novarum* encyclical and Pius XI's *Quadragesimo Anno* are the true *Magna Charta* of labor for all nations, but their postulates are based on justice and charity. The Popes, like the Philippine Constitution, advocate social justice for all classes of people, not exclusively

for labor nor exclusively for capital. They condemn the use of violence or slander in strikes. They abhor class struggle, which has proved to be a convenient device of dictators, apprentice dictators, demagogues and cheap politicians. They teach labor and capital their respective rights and duties. Nowadays labor and capital usually think only of their rights but never consider their duties and responsibilities to each other and to society at large. In Padre Astete's *Doctrina Cristiana* and in all texts of catechism we are taught that God is present everywhere. Verily, God is in economics, in labor, in the home, in the family, in the school, and in the government. The disregard of this simple truth is the root cause of our sins, of the reigning injustices and abuses in business, in labor and in the government.

Pius X, now a Saint, sought to strengthen the inner life of the Church. He also sought to support the spiritual life of the individual with the frequent reception of Holy Communion. The present Pope, again and again, has stressed our daily need to pray. Without the reception of the sacraments and without prayer, our learning and all kinds of human endeavor, and the high sounding pronouncements on religion and morality are sterile.

of speeches and so-called doings and activities of powerful men in the government.

Amidst the maelstrom of rivalries and conflicting interests and hatred among nations there stands the steadfast policy of the Vatican for peace among nations and individuals, a peace based on justice and truth. Like that of his illustrious predecessor, Benedict XV, Pius XII's diplomacy is epitomized in two words, *Justitia et Pax*. Today, as it was in 1914, the causes of war are the same causes pointed out by Benedict XV: Lack of love in mankind, contempt of authority, iniquitous struggle of tanks and classes, injustice, and greed for wealth and other transitory and perishable possessions.

There are some misgivings even among Catholics about the nationalist movement in the Philippines. The Church suffers nothing from this movement. Its objectives are lofty and commendable. They are aimed at the promotion of more trade with Europe and other countries in Asia thus minimizing our overwhelming dependence upon the American market. They intend to open factories, to increase local production and so relax alien monopoly. The world trade that is carried on in dollar currency is

## FILIPINO NATIONAL

They can be boiled down to what is called in Spanish *musica celestial*. He who does not receive the sacraments or does not pray can be compared to a soldier who makes no military and physical exercises. The Papal encyclicals on human freedom, marriage, education and prayer are full of moralizing concepts. They should be read by everybody. Unfortunately, they are given very little publicity in the Philippines. We cannot read the encyclicals in our newspapers of general circulation because they do not pay. Much of the space of newspapers is devoted to paid advertisements and to the publication

only a minor percentage compared with the trade that is carried on either in sterling, or German mark or Swiss franc. Filipino economics among whom are included devout Catholics, are advocating trade with the non-dollar areas by using strong currencies that are not the U.S. dollar.

*The bill filed with the Senate to prohibit a foreign priest to teach in our schools is not within the concept of present Filipino nationalism. It is even anti-nationalist, for nationalism means culture and progress. We want a cultured and progressive, a Christian Philippines. We need*

... any form of government is immaterial to the Church provided that it accords the Church and its inhabitants justice.

priests and nuns to propagate our faith and spread civilization in the Mountain Province and in Mindanao. We need competent teachers in our schools and universities. The Filipino clergy is not even enough for the spiritual and religious needs of our cities, towns and barrios. As long as we have not enough Filipino priests and teachers, so long we have to open our country to foreign missionaries and teachers. Religion and civilization and culture are not circumscribed by race or geography. Even the Japanese, who are the most patriotic among all Asian peoples, have solicited the collaboration of foreign teachers and technicians in those fields of human science and endeavor where they believe that they are behind the foreigners. It is significant to note that the daughters of the most distinguished Japanese families are educated at Catholic schools run by Spaniards, Italians, and French nuns. Finally, the bill

loyal to their Republic. Through Leo XIII's efforts, the German Kulturkampf was ended. He also taught that any form of government is immaterial to the Church provided that it accords the Church and its inhabitants justice. Before his election as Pope, Pius XI was sent by the Vatican to Poland on a very delicate diplomatic mission. He performed his task with strict impartiality and an uncompromising sense of justice. The present Pope was a Papal Nuncio in Germany for more than ten years. He had always shown a balanced attitude to all political parties in Germany. In the light of these facts and teachings of the Church and the Popes, it is absurd to think that the Church opposes the Filipino nationalist movement as outlined in this speech. On the contrary, we can rest assured that the movement finds inspiration and support in the history of the Church and the teachings and policies of the Holy See.

## SM and the Church

in question runs counter to the encyclicals of His Holiness, Pius XII, condemning anti-Semitism and the narrow race policies of the Fascist Governments of Mussolini and Hitler.

There is no conflict between love of God and love of country, between religion and patriotism, for as Leo XIII observed, religion and country are created by Almighty God Himself. Prudence and conciliation guided the aforementioned Popes in their dealings with different states. Thus, Leo XIII and his Secretary of State, Rampolla, supported the French Republic and exhorted the French people to be

On this solemn occasion when we celebrate the Pope's Day, we dedicate ourselves to God, to our Religion, and to the Holy Father, the Head of the Universal Church and the Vicar of Christ. As citizens of our country, we must always bear in mind that the existence and program of the Philippines as well as of mankind rest on religion. As the English statesman, William Gladstone, had aptly remarked in 1889 in a speech before the students of Oxford University, "When the mind, the guardian of humanity, is divorced from the vital principles of Christianity, then will commence the rapid decline of civilization." §

For Women of Distinction . . .

## Wear Mary's Robe of Modesty!

WHEN a woman casts aside her modesty, she is discarding the priceless robe of her Christian profession. If later she laments that she is treated like an animal, she has only herself to blame. For modesty is the shield of a woman's integrity. It bespeaks her virtue. Without that virtue, a woman can expect little from a man's better nature. To flaunt her body before

by Bishop John King Mussio

the lust that is in man is but to invite the violence that springs from unrestrained, unleashed human passion.

If in pagan times the woman was a mere chattel and treated like an animal, it was because man knew her as nothing more. Christianity raised womanhood to her rightful place in the society of God's children. The woman now had Mary as her companion, the Lady most pure as her model.

It was Christian teaching that robbed woman in her mantle of modesty. This set her apart, and made her the object of the best that is in man. The virtuous woman won from man his respect, his high devotion, his dedicated love, restrained in its passionate expression by the higher law of Christian order.

There are indications today that many women are trying to strip themselves of the modesty which has been their robe of distinction. The cheapening process has been going on steadily in our time with the vulgar beauty contests, the crude, semi-nude fashions, the common talk, and the no-limit of those who consider virtue dull.

What lies beyond the cheapening of womanhood is wantonness. What a woman wears, how she walks, the places she frequents, the attitudes she adopts, the talk she makes her own, the desires she entertains and strives to satisfy, all mark her for what she is!

In many instances, as we will (Continued on page 9)

# the LANGUAGE BARRIER on the Campus

**W**HY has the English situation on the campus deteriorated? In a previous article in this magazine the author referred obliquely to the present situation when he wrote: "What speeches they could write then, what oral themes compared with the tortured grammar of the present. Ah, them were the days!"

Those who have been in the United States since 1948, the bystanders or official guardians of the spoken language, can attest to the truth of several observations on the language situation. We may now admit with a certain uneasiness that the written English composition of Freshmen has deteriorated in both quality and quantity; that students now speak the vernacular on the campus with careless freedom; that some of them have the unashamed boldness to speak in the vernacular even to their teachers so that, in spite of what their teachers may think, the language, official or not, on or off the college campus, is Cebuano.

Teachers, educational philosophers, and legislators with or without knowledge of educational science as the Cebu street-cleaver has of Sputnik mechanics have placed the blame for the deterioration on several factors:

The abolition of the seventh grade.

The variegation of the language requirement in the college curriculum.

The growing spirit of freedom among college students.

The inadequacy of terms in English.

The upsurging wave of nationalism.

The lack of supervision among teachers.

Plain mental laziness on the part of students.

This brief article will dwell on unqualified mental laziness and on the paucity of the vocabulary terms in English. The others will merely be given a passing comment.

Educational authorities have often jumped to conclusions. Philippine research has nothing definite to offer as proof of the deleterious effect of the one grade shortening. The truth or what is near the truth is the gain or loss in one year of schooling is not sufficient to explain the resultant weaknesses.

The variegation of the language requirement may absorb much of the blame. The load of learning English as a required language, of Spanish and of the National language as languages by statute, plus the burden of vernacular "spy," let alone a halo-halo language formed by a mixture of two or more than two languages, results in a multilingual merry-mixup. The net result is the Filipino graduate who speaks ungrammatical English, who lip-tees on monosyllabic Castilian, who murders Tagalog, who starts English and ends up with the communicant in and adulterated vernacular. Result: the Filipino graduate who dabbles in many languages and masters none.

The growing spirit of freedom among students, together with the growing spirit of nationalism, is nothing but a lot of nationalistic hokey. The requirements are enforced only on the college campus and in the classroom.

The lack of supervision is partly to blame as students generally follow their teachers. "If golde rustie what can iron do," is still good individualism.

In this brief article we shall dwell mainly on two causes of the prevalence of the use of the vernacular in the class and on the campus. We refer to the inadequacy of terminology in English and sheer laziness on the part of the student.

Regarding the first, we know that the Filipino student is dealing with two widely different languages. Cebuano is better given to the description of moods and nuances of feeling. Add to these the emotional idiosyncracies of the people who use this language and you will know that the student is up against a situation he had not any hand in bringing about.

The second is sheer mental laziness. When a student says, *Ka cute!* or *Guirepet niya!* when without much mental effort he could just as easily say *How cute she is!* or *He repeated it*, it is not that equivalent terms do not exist in English, nor because they do not carry the right shade of meaning. It is simply because he is being mentally lazy; he does not think long enough for the right term. Practice can make it a habit which will soon make the act automatic.

For the benefit of the students, the author has prepared a partial list of expressions which are often used either because there seems to be no synonym for them in English, or because the one which exists does not quite express the right shade of meaning. This, I believe, is in the very nature of the language themselves. A life-long use and acquaintance with the vernacular puts it at an advantage in its practical use.

by C. FAIGAO

Many of the expressions are monosyllabic and are used to express moods. Some defy translation.

Most of the translations, like their originals, are colloquialism and are seldom used in formal conversation. It should be remembered also that in the rendering of the meaning of a word or expression, much depends on the pronunciation and enunciation of the language.

I believe it is needless to repeat that the translations are at best approximations and are not meant to be definitive.

To remedy the problems that this article pointed out at the beginning in order to encourage students to use more English and less vernacular, the rules may now be restated. **DO NOT MIX THE LANGUAGES.** If you start in Cebuano, do not finish the sentence in English. If you start in English, do not taper off into Cebuano. Stated differ-



ently, do not insert into an English sentence a vernacular word or expression which has a translation or an equivalent for it in English.

DO NOT SAY	SAY
Abi no mo no?	You know....
Ambut lang!	I don't know really
Asa gud?	Where to this time?
Bilaw!	That's true!
Kaanindo't no?	Nice! Isn't it?
Nindo't no?	It is beautiful, isn't?
Ku-an	...er....er
Kaanugon!	How wasteful! What a waste!
Kono	Then say, It's said. That's what they say.
Dali!	Hurry up! on the double.
Dili ba?	Isn't it? Is it true?
Grabehal?	That's serious!
Guisayonan	You think it's easy.
Intawon!	What a pity!
Lagil	Sure. It's a cinch.
Malas lang!	It's too bad! Well, that's just too bad.
May'ra!	It's just as well. He'd it coming to him!
Pastelan sabi!	What a pity!
Sigue na!	Go on! Go ahead! Carry on!
Unsay ako?	I wonder, What's it to me? What do I care. So what?
Unsa-on ta man	Sorry, but what can we do?
Unsa na do?	What's up? What's cooking?
Camusta ka?	How are you?
Unsa na karon	How now? \$

## The Moderator Says —

This is the last issue of THE CAROLINIAN for the current school year. I hope that all of you — faculty, students and stray readers — have enjoyed each number as it came from the press. If this year our magazine was neither as large nor as colorful as formerly, this was NOT because the staff members were stinting in their efforts to make THE CAROLINIAN always presentable, readable and enjoyable. The explanation must be sought elsewhere.

A word of thanks is due our contributors of the past year. Their contributions, for the most part, were unsolicited. This voluntary and spontaneous interest in THE CAROLINIAN was duly noted and always appreciated. However, if sometimes one or the other literary effort of a would-be contributor was still-born and failed to appear in print, the fault was mainly the Moderator's. He only hopes — and that sincerely — that because of his censorship no incipient literary talent was ruthlessly nipped in the bud.

To the staff I would say, quite simply, "Thank you." You were a capable and a hard-working staff. If at times I found it necessary to prod you, you can be proud that nonetheless you never missed a deadline — except once. And your patience under my prodding was exemplary. Now that the work and the worry are over may your reward be the keen satisfaction that comes from a job well done.

The staff and I look forward to the pleasure of serving you again in the next school year.

Father John

It is a comfort that the medal has two sides. There are much vice and misery in the world I know; but more virtue and happiness, I believe.

—Thomas Jefferson

## CHEMISTRY?—

### *Why Not?*

IN THE OLDEN times chemistry was thought of in the same vein as alchemy and the chemist was pictured as a Mr. Hyde character forever concocting a witch's brew or an infernal mixture of some sort. The modern layman's view of the chemist is not quite so dramatic. Still, he entertains a number of wrong notions about chemistry which we must correct if we are to attract more students into the field.

When people learn that I am taking a course in chemistry their reaction is invariably one of three. The first reaction is something similar to awe and this is almost always registered by young people newly initiated into the ways of college life. They take a long look at me and say, "Chemistry! You must be awfully bright to be able to cope with all the mathematics involved and to memorize those millions of symbols and formulae." If the reaction is not one of awe then it will be one of perplexity. This one would give me a perplexed look, say an inaudible "oh" and raise one's eyebrow just a little bit, as if to ask, "Now what would a sensible looking girl like you be taking chemistry for, with all its horrible fumes and dangerous explosions." The third reaction is always given by people who have business as their main interest. "Chemistry? Good, then you can manufacture soap or pomade or discover something which will bring a lot of money." These reactions are sufficient to show what little our students know of the field of chemistry.

One need not be a genius to finish a course in chemistry. He need not be very bright either. I am most certainly not a genius and neither am I very bright but I have managed to reach this far. I admit that one must have to study just a

bit more than usual but nobody ever died for having studied just a bit more than others. The first year is always the hardest because the chemistry student must have to go through a subject entirely new to him. He has a spattering knowledge of biology, economics or algebra from lessons in the high school but chemistry is something out of the blue and, to use an old cliché, Greek to him. I should like to quote at this point one professor who said, "The Philippines is the only country in the world which pretends to be civilized and yet does not teach chemistry in the high school." Girl students, particularly, shy away from chemistry because of the mathematics courses required. To complete the course a student must earn 22 units of mathematics, which includes algebra, analytical geometry, trigonometry and calculus. Although this is enough to stagger the fainthearted at first, one consolation is the fact that once they pass these subjects and earn their units mathematics does not creep up in any big way in the course, for chemistry involves only basic knowledge of algebra and calculus.

However mathematics is im-

### *by Remedios Tradejas*

portant to the student who plans on going on to advanced courses in chemistry. As for the millions of symbols, there are actually only 102 elements known to chemistry, each one with a symbol. But of these 102, more than one third are very rarely met in every day chemistry classes or work so that even chemistry teachers cannot name them offhand. Probably the millions referred to are the numerous compounds developed by chemistry. Here again we have the familiar ones whose names are met so often that they get into the memory and the unfamiliar ones we have to look up in a book to know what they are.

Chemistry certainly holds very

little appeal to the college freshmen. Consider this. In the college of commerce, for instance, a 2-unit subject means 2 one-hour classes a week. A chemistry laboratory class, usually a 2-unit subject, means 6 hours a week or three 2-hour laboratory periods working on one's feet.

Since in USC a standing laboratory class is a rule, one must have good legs to survive the course. Non-chemistry students find laboratory smells disturbing and they have the erroneous idea that chemistry produces nothing but smelly compounds. Nothing can be farther from the truth. Perfumes and cosmetics are two products of chemistry that disprove this. I have yet to meet someone who complains that perfumes smell in any way other than perfumes are supposed to smell. Explosions occur occasionally but usually nothing more serious than a cork popping off from a tubeful of gas. In my four years of laboratory work only one serious explosion occurred, and it happened as a result of an innocent error of one classmate. Fear of explosion will not be detrimental to a student contemplating chemistry for a career because he will be the more careful for it. Chemistry may have its frustrating moments but it also has rewarding ones. When one sees in the laboratory the things his teacher has been telling him in the classroom, as one listens to his teacher explain why alcohol evaporates faster than water, as one watches with wonder the play of colors as he adds one reagent to another, then one understands why he does not shift to another course.

Chemistry is involved in making soap and cosmetics but chemistry is certainly wider in its application. Chemistry is the science that studies the structure and composition of matter, the changes that matter undergoes, and the forces and energy required to bring about these changes. In short chemistry studies matter. And since almost everything in this world is matter, you can imagine how big the field of chemistry is. The human body is a

compact, efficient chemical laboratory with the liver as the chief chemist. Digestion converts proteins, the eggs you had for breakfast this morning, into amino acids. This process also releases cyanide ions which are highly poisonous. However a substance from the liver converts them into the harmless thiocyanate ions. Chemistry is responsible for a lot of things in our daily lives that we are not aware of. The medicine you take for that persistent cough is the product of a chemist's efforts. The nylon garment you have on now was produced by chemistry from a substance you would never relate to it. If chemistry had not developed the dyes now used in the textile industry, our fabrics would not be as varicolored as they are. The paper we write on. The ink we use. The paint in our houses. The rubber tires on our cars. The list would be endless. Would you ever guess that the glass you are drinking from was once sand? Or that there are elements so rare that there is not a kilogram of each of them in the whole of the earth's crust?

The field of chemistry is so wide and so varied, yet very few enter it. In the U. S. big industrial companies spend millions in scholarships every year to lure students into the field of chemistry. Medicine needs chemistry to develop drugs to combat the ills of the world.

National defense needs chemistry. Only recently the U.S. air force doffed its hat in thanks to a chemist for developing a fuel for jet planes more potent than the one now in use, a fuel developed from mild boric acid. Boric acid is a very popular eyewash and can be had at any drugstore. A nation's economy demands chemists. There is no economy worth talking about without industry and there is no major industry that does not need the technical knowledge that chemists offer.

Chemistry beckons to every student with a stout heart and eager curiosity for knowledge. With the right combination of talent, zest for work, and luck, one may, in chemistry, find fame and or fortune. §

MARCH, 1958

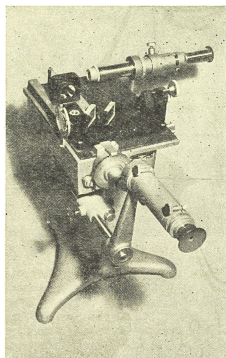
## From FATHER RALPH, S.V.D.

### A Gift to USC

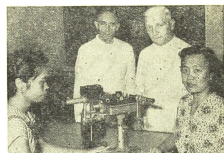
The Department of Physics recently received a celebrated instrument for advanced studies, the well-known Michelson Interferometer. Three types of measurement

can be made with this instrument: accurate measurements of distance in terms of the wavelength of light, determination of refractive indices, and resolution of complex radiations.

The most important measurement made with Michelson's Interferometer was the determination of the length of standard meter in Paris in wavelength of the monochromatic radiations of cadmium.



The Michelson Interferometer



Seen in the picture are Father Oster, S.V.D., Head of the Department of Physics, and Father Richartz, S.V.D., expert in optics. With them are two students of S.S. Physics, Miss Gavina Bascon and Mrs. Lydia Yeates, both graduating this month. They are the first two to work with the newly-acquired wavelength instrument.

## Wear Mary's Robe . . .

(Continued from page 5)

know, the indications are that women are surrendering themselves to the blandishments of pampered self-pleasure. This means inevitable degradation. And for a woman degradation means brutality, disrespect, and harsh usage.

Why do we fight so tremulously against the immodesty in dress and habits today? It is because womanhood in adopting these modes is removing herself from Mary. And without Mary there is no hope for a woman.

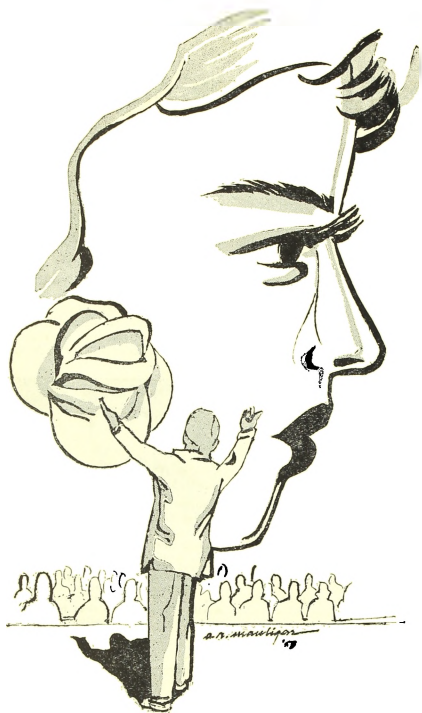
When Mary ceases to be an influence in the life of a woman, then her Son ceases to be the life of that woman. And, without Christ, womanhood loses its true meaning, and the lot of the woman is little better than that of the brute beast.

We must strive with all of our spiritual power to stem the tide

which would engulf womanhood in the vortex of carnal abandon. Those who have known self-effacing mothers, constant wives, pure and faithful sweethearts—those who have found their own lives immeasurably better because of the pure influence of good women—should fight with all the vitality of their Christian being against the inroads of immodesty.

God help us all to preserve in ourselves the stamp of our Christian profession. God grant, in a special way, that womanhood may enshrine for us all the holiness of a mother's sacrifice, the devoted service of a constant wife, the understanding gentleness of the fair maiden, and, above all, the purity of that love which steadies man on his way to God.

(Reprinted)



## At Last, Hilda! by manuel s. go

**R**IGHT from the first moment I could play outside our house to the time I left town in my second grade to study in the city, Hilda was my constant companion and playmate. There were many other children, of course, but I couldn't play with them very often because they lived far from our house. There were only three children who lived near by—Mario, Danilo and Hilda. But as all boys do, I fought with Mario and Danilo quite frequently, so there remained no one else to play with but Hilda because she usually managed to avoid trouble with me.

We lived near the sea, and whenever it was low tide and the sun wasn't shining so fiercely, we would go to the seashore. Hilda would gather shells of different forms and colors and round stones of white or black shade. I would catch fiddler crabs which I would release in our sala; I loved to see them running around.

It was only when the crimson in the sky had greatly deepened that we would go home, and Hilda would always say something about the sky's being beautiful at sunset. I thought she was very funny to say so. (But now that I am old enough

to understand and glory in Nature, I realize that it was I who was funny—even foolish!)

We played many childish games together. We caught grasshoppers in the patches of grass between the coconut palms near her home. We shook the little *cainito* trees in our garden so that the beetles in them would fall. These we would tie with strings and whirl until they opened their wings and made the buzzing sounds we wanted to hear. We cooked rice in her little pot. We built "houses" of coconut fronds and bamboo sticks. We were typical playful children indeed.

Of course, things did not always run smoothly. There were rare occasions when we quarreled—and always I was at fault. I would strike her, shout at her, but she would only cry and run home. She was always ready to forgive me, though, and after I could no longer stand the few days of playing alone, I would go to her, and we would be playmates again.

There were times when we went out with Mario and Danilo when I was on good terms with the two boys. On one such occasion we went to the plaza which we found teeming with people. From a group of men who sat on the stage at the west end of the plaza, a young man stood up and walked towards the microphone. He surveyed the crowd and waited for them to quiet down. Then he began to speak very slowly, but his voice was firm and powerful. A few minutes later, he was shouting as if in anger. His face became very red, and his eyes gleamed, and locks of hair fell on his forehead. Then he calmed down again and spoke in a sad, sad voice that could search a man's heart. I was too young to understand him, but I felt something sad too.

The only words I could make out quite well were candidates and freedom and oppression and blood and common (ao and public) welfare. But that meant, I did not know. What I realized that he said things that touched the very hearts and souls of his hearers, and because he could say them, he was someone worth emulating. He made everyone seethe with anger when he shouted... and cry unashamedly when he spoke in that sad and pathetic tone. The man next to me was the town bully, but he also cried.

"Maybe you'll be able to do that too, Noling, someday," Hilda said.

"Maybe." And that moment a life-long ambition was born.

(Continued on page 30)

# God's Grandeur

A Commentary on the Sonnet of Father Hopkins, S.J.

by

Rev. John D. Vogelgesang, S.V.D.

*The world is charged with the grandeur of God.  
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;  
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil  
Crushed. Why do men then now not reek like god?  
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;  
And all is seared with trade; bleared with toil;  
And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil  
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.*

*And for all this, nature is never spent;  
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;  
And though the last lights off the black West went  
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs—  
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent  
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.*

WHEN Gerard Manley Hopkins entered the Society of Jesus in 1866 he was prepared to immolate if necessary, as a symbol of his complete renunciation of the world, the marvellous poetic faculty with which God had endowed him. For seven years that faculty lay, as Gardner remarks, fallow. Then in 1875, upon the chance remark of his Rector that he "wished someone would write a poem" on the tragic wreck of the German vessel *Deutschland*, Hopkins—the obedient religious for whom a Superior's mere wish was a command—returned to the serious composition of poetry. The first result of this renewed activity was *The Wreck of the Deutschland*, a poem that reveals how thoroughly the Ignatian ideals had permeated Hopkins' habit of thought. In fact, most of the poetry written by Hopkins after 1875 is similarly charged with the loftiest religious convictions. A case in point is the exquisite sonnet *God's Grandeur* which was written in 1877.

The theme of the poem is a paradox. The world is charged with the grandeur of God and in spite of man's persistent efforts to deface the earth and render it ugly, Nature is never spent. Nature remains always an inexhaustible source of God's grandeur. This is so because the Holy Ghost, the fecundating Spirit, the Spiritus Vivificans, broods over the bent world with warm

breast just as once He moved over the waters of chaos and brought forth creation.

In the octet of the sonnet the poet sets up a sharp antinomy that is finally resolved in the sestet. The first line of the poem affirms the fact that "the world is charged with the grandeur of God." That such an all-inclusive statement is not unwarranted the poet proves by means of two illustrations. The first—"it will flame out, like shining from shook foil"—connotes, on the poet's own testimony, the more awesome aspects of God's grandeur as revealed in electrical storms with their lavish display of brilliant lightning. The second image—"it gathers to a greatness like the ooze of oil crushed"—refers to the manifestations of God's grandeur in, apparently, smaller things, like the slow ooze of oil crushed in a press. In these two figures the whole world is caught up. The reader's attention shifts from the distant heavens to a particular spot of the earth but it is always focussed on a power that reveals itself equally in things great and small.

The first illustration — "it will flame out like shining from shook foil"—has been called a technical blemish because the exact meaning of the word *foil* is not clear until the poet explains it. In this connection Hopkins wrote:

*I mean foil in its sense of leaf or tinsel . . .*

*Shaken gold-foil gives off broad glazes like sheet lightning and also, and this is true of nothing else, owing to its zigzag dints and creases and network of small many cornered facets, a sort of fork lightning too.*

It is true, of course, that the poet's explanation renders the image more readily understandable. But a hint, at least, of the poet's intended meaning is contained in the word *world*. For if the word *foil* were here to have the meaning of sword, then the image would in no way illustrate the original assertion that "the world is charged with the grandeur of God." And even the force of the second image would be considerably weakened since it would no longer involve a contrast between the greater and the smaller manifestations of God's grandeur. The two images, therefore, are not simply two random illustrations of God's grandeur, but proofs from two different planes that the entire world is, indeed, "charged with the grandeur of God."

Hopkins seems to have been especially fond of the image of God's grandeur as a kind of electrical charge running through the world. In the course of a retreat, years after the poem had been written, he jotted down this observation:

*(Continued on page 12)*

*All things therefore are charged with love, are charged with God  
and if we know how to touch them give off sparks and take fire,  
yield drops and flow, ring out and tell of him.*

The manner in which the first illustration—"it will flame out, like shining from shook foil"—is dependent upon and flows from the opening assertion is noteworthy. It is a continuation of the metaphor from the field of electricity implied in the word "charged." Noteworthy too is the tone-quality of the first three lines. The pitch of the first line is high and solemn and appropriate to the lofty notions expressed. This high pitch continues in the first half of the second line but drops to medium or low in the second half—a variation that is in keeping, one might say, with the image Hopkins asserts he is trying to create—the zigzag effect of lighting.

The poet's second image requires some comment. Hopkins was probably thinking of something he may have seen in the course of his travels on the continent—the pressing of olives to extract their oil. He had seen how, after the first lush flow of oil, the residue in the narrow wooden troughs would gather slowly into droplets that grew larger and larger until their own weight caused them to fall into the receptacles prepared to catch them. The idea is the same as that expressed in "yields drops, and flow" in the above quotation. In this image Hopkins refers to the smaller manifestations of God's grandeur which do not overpower us at one stroke but which must be observed over and over again until suddenly the grandeur of God latent in them is revealed.

The transition from the first half of the octet to the antithesis of the second half is strikingly effected by the staccato-line "Why do men then now not reek his rod?" The line powerfully suggests not only the poet's agitation, exasperation, almost, but also his deep hurt at man's reckless and wanton destruction of nature. For the astounding paradox is this: although the world is everywhere charged with the grandeur of God, man has consistently sought to destroy every vestige of that grandeur. In the eyes of the poet this is a crime which deserves punishment—"Why do men then now not reek his rod?" The rod of God's avenging anger is raised and poised, ready to strike. And the crime of which man is guilty is not simply the devastation of nature but its prostitution to

ends contrary to those intended by God. All nature was meant by God to be a help to man on his way to God. From the visible things of the world man should learn to know and to love God, the invisible Creator. Instead, man has debased nature and made it a means of self-aggrandizement by turning it to the ends and aims of commerce. This is a crime that God must punish and the rod of his justice is already raised to strike.

But the image of this transitional line is ambivalent. It evokes the thought not only of God's avenging anger and justice but also, and, I think, primarily, of God the Sovereign Lord and King whose rights have been usurped by unscrupulous men. The force of the question would then be quite different. Why do men then not acknowledge the sovereignty of God and honor His rights as Lord of Nature instead of acting as if they themselves were the lords and masters of creation?

The transition from the solemn and impressive majesty of the first three lines—a majesty that is achieved both by the tone-quality of the lines and the alternation of monosyllabic and dissyllabic words—is effected not only by the staccato line: "Why do men then now not reek his rod?" It is also secured by a complete change of pitch and imagery. The fifth line begins on a high, but descends immediately to a low pitch, the depressive quality of which is further intensified by the triple repetition of "have trud."

At the same time the repetition helps to bring out more graphically the sense of the word "generations."

In his efforts to show how completely man has defiled nature, the poet uses all the devices at his command. His disgust finds eloquent expression in such words as "seared," "bleared," "smeared," "smudge," and "smell." The strident quality of the high pitch of the verse, achieved by a mixture of plosives, dentals and the hissing alliteration of the consonant "s" is evocative of the hissing sounds that emanate from factories and the jangled, jarring noises of the marts of trade.

It is significant that man's touch has blighted nature. All is seared—withered and burnt and branded. And the brand man has succeeded in imposing on nature is his

own dirty smudge and the nauseating soil of an unwashed laborer. The soil is bare now, not only because the shod feet of generations of laborers have trampled out the life of all vegetation, but also because the men of trade have raised their factories and shops where once grew the grass and the flowers and the trees. The completeness of man's isolation from nature is expressed in the powerful image "nor can foot feel, being shod." A factory laborer, his feet protected by leather boots, will never feel the lushness of dew-wet grass in the open fields. No doubt Hopkins was here pointing what he had seen in the factory towns of Glasgow and Liverpool, where the poor laborer was the unhappy victim of man's lust for wealth.

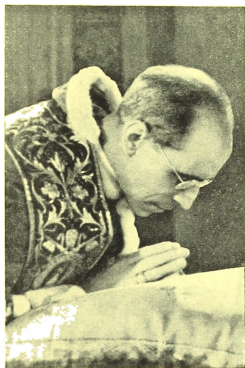
The four lines of the octave that describe what man has done to nature convey very effectively the mood the poet wishes to create. It is a mood of aimless, meaningless monotony and is produced here by the prolific use of monosyllables. After the word "generation" at the beginning of line five, the next four verses are composed entirely of monosyllables save for one or two exceptions.

The transition to the sestet is simple, smooth and effective. The use of the conjunction "and" where one would almost expect the adversative "but" is appropriate. In this way the sestet is linked to the positive assertion of the first half of the octave and the reader is prepared for the solution of the problem interpolated in the second half of the sestet. In spite of man's wastefulness and desecration, nature is never spent, never exhausted. Always there "lives the dearest freshness deep down things." Here the words "lives" and "dearest" are significant because of the manner in which they are associated with the Holy Ghost in Whom the imagery of the poem is unified.

Each new day supplies a fresh proof that nature is never spent. When the last lights blink out in the west and darkness covers the earth, morning is already crouched at the brown brink eastward ready to spring—to burst into brightness and put darkness to flight. Each new day is a rebirth, a return to life, because the Holy Ghost broods over the bent world—bent beneath the burden of man's acts of desecration and deilement—with warm breast and out bright wings. For the poet, at least, and for all men

(Continued on page 26)

This special section of the March CAROLINIAN is reverently dedicated to His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, the 19th anniversary of whose election and coronation as Visible Head of the Catholic Church occurs on March 2 and 12 respectively. In recent years a number of timely pronouncements have come from the lips of Pius XII concerning almost every profession men and women engage in throughout the world. We are proud to quote pertinent passages from those statements in the hope that the wise and fatherly counsel of His Holiness will serve as a source of inspiration to the students of the University of San Carlos now preparing themselves for those various professions.



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## “THE POPE *and the* PROFESSIONS”

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### ON THE SCHOOL

The school indeed has an indispensable role to play in the achievement of world peace. It is time to broaden the view of youth and open their minds to a breath of catholicity. Let them drink in the invigorating air of universal charity, purified by a faith that teaches that in God's plan every man is his neighbor's brother, every people a member of the family of nations, which forms a single community destined for a common end and with solemn social obligations resting on all.

(Pope Pius XII, to the 3rd Annual Assembly of the Atlantic Treaty Organization, June 27, 1957)

**ON LAW** — Law "is a great art, woven of rigor and finesse, logic and eloquence, an art which must not neglect any detail, must emphasize the subtlest nuances, must speak to the mind and heart, and enlarge the discussion or restrict it to a precise point. All of this presupposes a great mastery of language and of elocution, a vast and profound general culture, and a considerable capacity for work and the gift to improvisation."

(Pope Pius XII to the Members of the Paris Bar, April 23, 1957)

## The LAW and I by Atty. Cesar A. Kintanar

THERE are still many things I used to dream about which I failed to



The Author

realize after three decades of practicing law. But if I were to live all over again, I would still choose law as a life career. Why? Because I love the study and the practice of law.

To be sure, the profession has not made a rich man out of me as I had once dreamed when as a young hopeful I proudly hung my signboard in what I was pleased to call a law office but which in truth was nothing but a little room with a cheap table, a couple of chairs, a few school text books, . . . and plenty of ambition and hopes. Half a century of living, and struggling, and praying has convinced me that some people are born to be rich and others are simply not. Wealth will come if it comes, and that is all there is to it. So why cry over things you cannot help?

I can truthfully say, however, that the years of difficulties in the law practice have not been entirely without compensating rewards: not

in money perhaps but in the deeper values of life. The most abiding satisfaction for a lawyer is not the fees he gets from his client but the inward satisfaction of having helped someone in trouble through the use of his professional skill. This can be a very exhilarating feeling which money cannot buy.

There is now a hue and cry that the country is being flooded with lawyers some of whom must necessarily, by the law of supply and demand, find it rather difficult to sell their services. I'll admit that there is some point to this lamentation. Withal, I would not stop a young man who would like to study law—if he really has the aptitude and love for this fascinating mental discipline. (Continued on page 16)

**Atty. Cesar A. Kintanar, USC professor of law, has carved himself a niche in the hall of fame. A Bar topnotcher in 1926, he was one of the delegates to the Constitutional Convention in 1934 that formally drafted the present constitution. Formerly Dean of the College of Law of the University of the Visayas, he joined the USC Faculty in 1956. In this article, he tells us of the rewards he has reaped from the law profession.**

## The LAW CAREER by an Outsider Looking In

### ERASMO M. DIOLA

USC College of Law

A STORY is told of a dotting father who found it rather difficult to determine the appropriate profession his only child should take, for it seemed that the latter did not show any inclination at all. An uncle of the child came up with this novel idea and offered the formula to his brother. **Lock the child in a room alone, with a Bible, a hammer, a knife and an apple.** The general idea was that if he would pick out the Bible, his inclination was to the priesthood; the hammer, he was to be an engineer; the knife, he would probably become a criminal; but if he would use the knife to peel off or cut the apple, then the

medicine course would be right for him.

So said so done. But once the child was locked up in the room, he sat upon the Bible, picked up the hammer only to throw it into a far corner, took hold of the knife and cut the apple with it nonchalantly. Confused, the poor father nudged his brother and asked: "What's that profession?" The uncle batting an eye, exclaimed: "He will become a lawyer!"

In my case, there was no such ritual. Well at any rate, if I had been subjected to the same test, I would have probably torn some of the pages of the Bible and made them into toy kites or hidden the apple in my pocket, and most likely my uncle, flabbergasted, would have shouted his lungs out that I would become the ambassador plenipo-

tentiary to Siberia—but I would still be studying law today.

A lot of people have expressed surprise why I eventually took up law when first my inclination was to become a journalist and later on to become an industrial engineer. They are uniform in the opinion that in law there is a no more money and its pastures are no longer green. Of course, this opinion is as wrong as it is fallacious. For one thing, there is always room at the top—and although I do not pretend, at this stage of my metamorphosis, so to say, to be in that bracket, my only consolation is that for every case there needs to be at least two lawyers! Besides, the figures are not what they appear to be. It is true that every year there is a bumper crop of lawyers turned out

(Continued on page 26)



# A Doctor's Impression of Life and Work

Dr. Felix Savellon obtained his medicine diploma at the Pontifical University of Santo Tomas in 1934. A publisher himself, he contributed, while still a medical student, articles, essays and poems to their college paper and to various Manila magazines and periodicals. It was during his third year in the College of Medicine when two of his poems were selected by Poet Jose Garcia Villa for inclusion to his anthology published in 1931.

A law graduate of USC, he was once the energetic editor of the *Carolinian*.

In the following article, Dr. Savellon answers enlighteningly the question most often raised by his students as to which profession, Medicine or Law, gives him a bigger income.

ON MANY occasions I have been asked by some of my students as to which of the two most popular professions, medicine and law, is the most profitable by way of income. I believe this is a wrong way of asking a question about a profession. For one choosing a career, a life's work, the most important question to ask is: "Will the

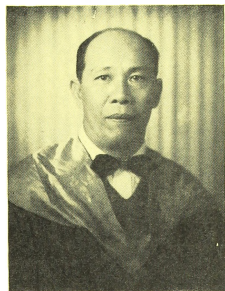
profession I choose make me happy?"

This question is of tremendous importance as a factor which determines later on the success or failure of one's life. This is so because one's work is one's happiness. Stated otherwise, one's work is one's life. And life is happiness. A life that is not happy is a lost life. A man should be happy in his work. If he is not, he had better leave it. Whatever man does, he does it unto himself because his work is his life.

You say, you are paid for your work, and so you give out only so much effort in proportion to your pay. In that case you are not doing justice to yourself, and in the end you are the loser and not the employer. The employer is interested only in his money. But you, you must interest yourself in your work for that is your life. Living is not only earning money for our

(Continued on page 16)

by F. A. Savellon



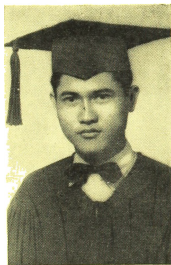
The Author

**ON MEDICINE** — You are dedicated men, who in a spirit of admirable self-sacrifice have devoted your energies of mind and heart and body to that essential good of the individual and the community, which is life; and as that dedication carries with it the grave obligation, of which you are so conscious, to profit by and to contribute to the constant development of the forces that may relieve man of the ills that beset him, and to enlarge the frontiers of life, so too it raises you to a level of activity unencumbered by the barriers of race or nationality.

(Pope Pius XII to a Group of American Surgeons, June 4, 1957)

## MEDICINE and the Student

by maria s. baguio



The Author

humanity—the noblest calling of them all—medicine.

As a pre-medical student, I realize the importance of my preparation, for it is said that "a preparation begun in pure science may end in correct practice and the early habits of students may follow the professional man throughout his career; but a profession begun in practice may end there." (Philip H. Austin)

The choice lies open. It is for me to take it or leave it. I take it, because I know I want it—not that I am conforming to the will of my parents—but I am impelled towards a medical career.

No other profession has attracted so many of our youth as medicine. There is a great chance for service and opportunity awaiting me. From an economic point of view the medical profession seems promising indeed. Once a full-fledged physician, you are free, you are the

boss in your own clinic; but you are the servant of people in whose service you are dedicated, you have a high social prestige and you have greater chances for an assured and relatively high income. For altruistic reasons of course, it is for the sheer love of medicine—the miracle of saving a life, the glory of healing. My hands and brains will unite to conserve human life. The ecstasy of such an achievement can be glorious and soul-lifting. It is like finding myself or learning to live. To find the cost of human life so dear indeed—how can my sense of values not deepen and be strengthened?

People have an almost child-like faith in the man in white. Measuring up to the trust and confidence in their eyes requires almost everything a man can offer—if he is to call himself a man.

How do I know that I am qualified?  
(Continued on page 32)

THE CHOICE for service lies open and a whole array of professions lies before me. I choose service to

**ON NURSING** — You must display maternal tenderness in the presence of a thousand ailments that look to you for comfort and aid; you will need a gentle firmness in the face of intemperate or indiscreet requests on the part of your patients; you must possess a dynamic rhythm in your lives and a constant calmness which will enable you to remain in control of any situation; you will stand in need of a willing spirit that will never find you unprepared, even in cases the most unforeseen and unprovided for. You must exercise a serene and joyful patience, an ability to foresee and provide.

(Pope Pius XII to the Italian National Convention of Nursing Sisters, April 25, 1957)

## NURSE TALK

by Capt. Sta. Iglesia

**T**HIS is not a sales talk nor a plug for the Nursing Profession. It would be useless to do so these days. In fact, the profession is so popular today that many young and hopeful girls, and some boys too, are disappointed because they cannot be accommodated by overcrowded schools and colleges of Nursing in the country.

I remember when I had my heart set on taking up Nursing, all my folks were against it. They said that "a Nurse is a servant of the doctor." Did this make me waver a bit? No, sir! Instead it made me rebellious and deep down I was shouting, "I'll show them, I'll show them."

Indeed Nursing is hard work; but when the will guides you, the heart follows and nothing is insurmountable. The most trying period is the first year in training, the first month especially. If one is able to tide this over, everything is going to be fine. One does not feel the tired and aching back from sponging the seemingly endless row of bed patients anymore. Every bone, every muscle, every feeling and emotion seems to be attuned to becoming a nurse later on. Ah, what joy to sleep on the thought of that patient who always has a rose for you. Then a tear or two slides down your cheek when your thoughts shift to that stranger who died without anyone to see him but you. A bit later still, you learn to control your tears. Your face soon enough acquires a mask that does not betray any emotion. This has to be because a nurse is expected to be brave when all others are afraid.

After graduation and the Board

Capt. Sta. Iglesia, a third year student in the College of Liberal Arts, has been an army nurse in the Armed Forces of the Philippines for eight years now. Once called to active duty in the Nurse Corps, A. F. P., she was assigned as Nurse General in the V. Luna General Hospital, Mandaluyong, Rizal. Later on she was transferred to the 4th Station Hospital, Cebu City, as a surgical nurse, and is still connected with it.

Examinations, a new world opens up. It's not much different from the one within the walls of the training school, though, only now one has to be on her own pretty much of the time. There are many opportunities where a nurse can serve and put in her bit in making this country a much, much healthier place to live in.

Regrets? Oh, no! If I had to do it all over again, I would still be a Nurse and in the Army too. ♪



The Author

## The LAW and I

(Continued from page 14)

Yes, there are too many lawyers in this country. But then there are also too many doctors who have no patients, accountants who have nothing to account, teachers who have no classes to teach, engineers who are jobless, and so on down the line. I have read somewhere that the priesthood is the only calling which is undermanned but the great majority of young men the world over simply cannot be or will not be priests.

So what can our young people do? There is the time-honored saying among college students that when you are in doubt as to what course to take, why just take up law and you cannot be much mistaken. Besides, there is always room at the top or near the top of any profession. In good logic therefore the problem of would-be lawyers is how to reach near the top; and educators assure us that in order to succeed in any line of

## A Doctor's Impressions of ...

(Continued from page 15)

bodily needs but also growing and adding to the stature of the soul to make life manifest the beauty of living from the joy and success of accomplishment.

I came across a gem by Helen Wright in the August, 1947, issue of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING. I have been keeping this all these many years. I believe it is handy for the purpose of this little article. "We are not against money, really. It's just that money isn't what makes you rich. More important is riches in spirit, of knowledge, of health. You can build your fortune of these and never envy the ones who have only money. Read all the books, listen to all the music, know what is happening in the world, love the simple things like the way a puppy plays, guard your health. And that's about all there is to it. You will be rich! You will have a living, lively brain full of ideas instead of that cotton wool."

Alternately, I have poked my nose into two important professions. I am happy in both. They give me the opportunity to love my neighbors the way I love myself. Now, I often repeat a prayer I read a year ago: "Lord, you have given us many things. Please, give us one more: A grateful heart." ♪

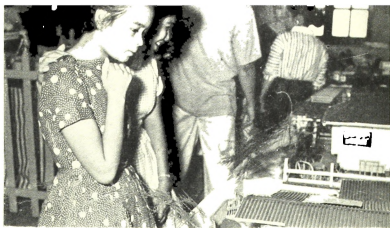
human endeavor all you need to do is to study hard, work hard, and pray hard, and wait. I've been doing exactly this for the last thirty years but I am still waiting for the breaks to come. Will they ever come? Heaven alone knows the answer.

I do not mind the long wait, though, because somehow I have managed to pick up along the way some moments of real satisfaction. Anyway, only the young think they can change the world. The old like me simply wait and sit at the feet of God. I am really grateful to the law profession. It has given me a permanent job, an honest living, self-respect, sincere friends, and a loving family. What else can a man need?

Yes, if I were to live all over again I would still study law at the University of San Carlos. ♪



Food for thought ...



Geet ...

**THIS CHORAL NUMBER ... a prelude to programs**



Father Buchick in action



The light is more important than the steps

P  
I  
C  
T  
O  
R  
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A  
L  
S  
E  
C  
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N



The eyes follow the swaying hands



The hips float with the music

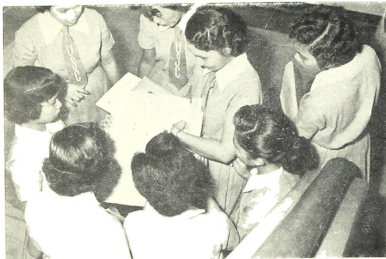


Tuba tastes better if mixed with ... (guess what?)



Never ... come rain!

Photo  
By  
Mer-  
R. Sierra  
and  
P. T.



Discussing the day's assignment



"Paper work" in Chemistry



The keys go with the rythm of the music



Laboratory subject is not hard

★ ★ ★ **Classroom Life in USC** ★ ★ ★

Franklin D. Roosevelt



H.E. gik'—the frying-pans—the fried



Take this timing, ladies!



The long wait for one's turn...



Meanwhile, watch and laugh...



At last! the beginning...



Then, the shuffle...

## P. E. Demonstration

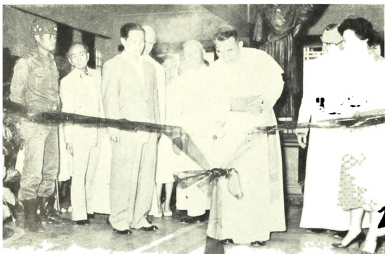
Photos by T. C. Lee



And all's well that ends well...



But wait! can you see ~~the~~ thorn?



Archbishop Resales opens the "Big Day"...



Must be something interesting!...

## USC COLLEGE DAY ... austerity version

For the first time there were no floats and no parades in keeping with the austere spirit of the times.

But despite the absence of all lavishness everything was as lively as the previous celebrations.

As usual, the rooms were swelling with educational exhibits that held the viewers spellbound. Athletic games, dramas, dances and musical numbers,

even in the midst of an austerity of sunshine and fair weather (it rained periodically throughout the celebration) were there to meet the crowd's demand.

Spread across the pages in this issue are some memorable moments of that three-day affair "frozen" forever by the magic of the camera.

And we can end this vignette right now and still have said enough.

For isn't a world of meaning compressed in the smallest of pictures? m.s.g.



And some more, says Father Rector



Wonderful!...



Tempting!...

**ON PHARMACY** — Certainly you rank among the most deserving of the citizenry; for you spend your time, your talents, and your powers alleviating every kind of human misery, dispelling bodily ills with healing power, and removing, as much as possible, the threat of disease by counselling proper hygienic measures. Heavy is the burden on your shoulders. Endless is the anxiety which weighs upon you. Formidable is the account that is continually demanded of you. Yet your tireless and careful work is wrapped in silence, far from public view and popular acclaim; your sequestered corner is the silent witness of the great work you carry on.

(Pope Pius XII to the International Congress of the History of Pharmacy, September 11, 1964)

**P**HARMACY is as old as any civilization on earth, because when man first gathered roots, leaves and barks of trees, and concocted there-of a remedial preparation for bodily ailments — Pharmacy was born. [After all, pharmacy in its broadest sense means the extraction, preparation, compounding, and dispensing of medicinal substances.] What started as a crude art gradually evolved into that of higher form, as man gained more knowledge through experience in his search for a better life; if possible a life free from pain supplied with panaceas of whatever kind, eventually improving and broadening the pharmaceutical art, and other arts that form his civilization. Long before the Egyptian civilization flourished man had made use of the three kingdoms of nature, vegetable, animal, and mineral as sources of his medicines. By experimentation and observation, by trial and error, he successfully used one kind or the other, or a combination of all, to produce the desired effect in ridding himself of illness.

Early records show that in Egypt in the time of Cheops about 3700 B.C. medical prescriptions were already used. And papyrus of later date listed such pharmaceutical preparations as pills, plasters, salves, tonics, and injections made from different substances as opium, peppermint, goose grease, milk, wine, copper sulphate, magnesia, yeast, and many others. Precious stones were also used as medicine, and in this light human nature reveals its queer side—emeralds were prescribed for the aristocracy, and an imitation or green porcelain for the proletariat.

As the Egyptians progressed they attained higher skills as in mathematics, in systems of weights and measures, and an attempt in the classification of plants, animals, minerals, and precious stones which they developed or borrowed from other peoples like the Babylonians and Sumerians. This varied knowledge greatly enhanced the art of pharmacy even though Egyptian influence declined in the face of rising Greek culture.

The Greeks utilized their vast knowledge and unusual powers of reasoning for developing their culture, laying the foundation of present science and other branches of knowledge. To the civilized world they gave some of the most famous scholars and philosophers: Thales, who predicted the first eclipse and recorded some of the fundamental geometric truths. He also believed that water was the primary and essential element of all nature. Archimedes, a mathematician who discovered the principle of specific gravity, and displayed a rare mechanical ability by inventing about 40 engines. Leucippus, and his pupil Democritus, who first used the word "atom", and presented the theory that "the union of different sized atoms in the multiplicity of possible combinations produces the diverse substances." Had the pursuit of knowledge not been interrupted by wars, and valuable records not lost or destroyed, the atomic era would have been ushered in, centuries ago. But then mankind would have used the terrible power of atomic energy to wipe out its opponents, thereby destroying life on earth, and not giving the present generation a chance to see the light of the world. Other Greek luminaries: Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Theophrastus, Eratosthenes,

as the first to recognize scientific medicine based upon diagnosis and prognosis as apart from the supernatural, but history, too, deems Chiron, the centaur, as the originator of pharmaceutical art, his pupil Aesculapius (the emblem of medicine), and children of the latter, Hygiea (health) and Panacea (medicine), as dominant figures of medicine and pharmacy.

Medicine and pharmacy marched through the centuries hand in hand, until specialization in each profession separated them into two distinct callings. However, as in most separations, it was not unaccompanied by tensions and bitter feelings, leading to denunciations and court fights all over the ancient kingdoms of Europe.

But, while pharmacy was still a part of the medical profession the Roman conquerors recognized the value of physicians for their military hospitals, in their wars of conquests, and offered inducements even to the vanquished Greeks, in form of Roman citizenship and exemption from taxes, for Greek physicians to reside and practise in Rome. One of those who accepted the offer was Claudius Galenus who became famous for his pharmaceutical writings rather than his medical practice, known in history

(Continued on page 30)

# PHARMACY through the Ages

by **milagros urgello**

Hippocrates, illuminated both the fields of speculative inquiry and natural sciences with light that still shines brightly today.

Greek culture had beautifully and delicately woven together the real and unreal, truth with myth, in such a fashion that one could not tell where one ends and the other begins. History crowns Hippocrates

Miss Milagros Urgello began teaching in San Carlos in 1940, one year after she graduated from the Pharmacy course at the University of Santo Tomas. In her article, she gives us a short history of Pharmacy from the time of the Egyptian Pharaohs to the present day.

**ON TEACHERS**—A society that is really interested in intellectual and moral values, a society that does not want to slip and slide toward that materialism to which it is being drawn by the weight of the ever more mechanical life of technical civilization, must show the esteem it has for the profession of the teacher, assuring him a return which corresponds to his social position.

(Pope Pius XII to the National Congress of the Italian Union of Middle-School Teachers, January 4, 1954)

LIKE wives, teachers are expected to be jacks of all trades, but only a teacher is expected to be a master in all. He is, of course, an expert in his field of teaching, but humility (and a disconcerting honesty) bid me admit that many of us teachers have not made any such extravagant claims. We do, however, agree that a teacher has to be a psychologist who must deal with half a hundred personalities in an hour—coax the most from a would-be genius, tame the loose-tongued smart-aleck, elicit more than a blank stare from the uncomprehending—all these while discussing the lesson, lecturing, exhorting, seldom listening, always talking.

## THE TEACHER — By A Teacher

Mrs. Avelina J. Gil

Not only must a teacher be an expert or a psychologist, he must also be an up-to-date social being. He must have read the latest news and hold an opinion on our governmental capers, on the sack dress, on Cardoso's opening gambit, on the Vanguard and Daisy Mae. He cannot admit to missing the current first-run movies, and while he can be forgiven for not knowing Demetillo, he must know Lydia Dean.

On top of all these, a teacher must be a juggler of the fourth dimension. He must, within twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, spend so many hours teaching, more for preparing his lessons and tests; untold hours correcting themes, tests, laboratory reports, term papers, accounting problems; mornings attending faculty meetings and student consultations; evenings filling out forms and innumerable list of students. If he is a family man, he must take time off to be a family man; oh yes, he has to sleep too—what a waste of precious hours!

And what does he get in return? Ah, that is why teachers are the objects of envy and flamboyant prose. The material reward is not,

for the average teacher, a munificent sum; it is negligible to both donor and donee. The real reward is the satisfaction and personal triumph that a teacher feels when his students learn, the kinship that springs between teacher and student, the knowledge that he can—that he can be mentor, psychologist, magician, family man and still remain sane!

What prospects does a teacher have? Two paths are open to him: he may look with envy on others who earn more money as their experience grows; and looking, he sadly realizes that in his profession, one's worth decreases with age. He has nothing in store for him but

discontent and unhappiness.

Or he may turn his back on visions of a hi-fi, push-button service, and a two-car garage and look forward with anticipation, for the whole world of knowledge, even power, lies before him. He can learn more in order to teach more; he can love his students and mold them to

Mrs. Avelina J. Gil graduated cum laude from the University of the Philippines in 1936. That same year, she took the senior teachers' examination and capped the fifth place. A little later, she came out as one of the top three in a government-sponsored examination for pensionados to the United States. Mrs. Gil taught from 1936 to 1941 when the war broke out. She resumed teaching in 1949 and was designated assistant professor in the University of San Carlos after finishing her Master's degree of the same institution in 1955.

be the future occupants of City Hall and Congress and Malacañang. Verily, he shall have power then, for who can refuse the gentle request of an old, beloved, sincere teacher?

Perhaps, after all, it is best to be a teacher! ‡

## THE TEACHING PROFESSION from a STUDENT'S POINT OF VIEW

by Lolita Gonzales, B. S. E. IV

MY FATHER told me once of a story that happened at the gate of heaven. It runs thus:

There was a boat which was full of passengers from the different walks of life. This boat was caught in a storm and was wrecked. Nobody survived. The souls of these people went up to face their maker. At the gate they saw Saint Peter doing sentry duty. He asked each one what he had done on earth. One was an engineer who said he had made several beautiful churches, buildings and strong bridges. Another was a doctor who had saved thousands of lives. Still another was a coffin maker who had helped people get buried. A lawyer came next, then a farmer, a nurse, and so on. It went on and on until the last person came. He was a teacher. When Saint Peter asked him what he had made, he said, "I made them all", indicating the other professionals.

This anecdote shows how big a role the teacher plays in this world. It is so great that one B. S. E. student repented he chose this profession. He said that the responsibility of trying to bring children morally upright was beyond his capabilities.

A teacher has to be a parent to his pupils. This is one tremendous task we future teachers fully realize. But "we are sticking to this profession because we feel that we should not be stingy. We should help our brothers by imparting to them what we have learned."

Teaching, to quote an oft-repeated phrase, is a dignified profession. But the teacher's pay takes out every vestige of dignity for the teachers and for the job. Human as he is, the teacher glories in the adulation, honor and respect the pupils have for him. People admire a confident man. The teachers can only have this confidence if he has

(Continued on page 31)



## The SCIENTIST and the ENGINEER

by Eusperio Yap

SCIENCE is never static. What seems to be doldrums in between wonderful accomplishments, are really periods of intense activity, research, endless and timeless experiments, accumulation of data upon data, then details, something concrete, something specific, something of value.

Science is dynamic, always on the march, as recent as today, as new as tomorrow. Civilization lurches onward. Today, this very hour, this very minute, in the muted silence of deep night and high noon, inside the labyrinth caverns of vast, extensive, yet cramped laboratories, where even the ticking of a second, the pulse of a heartbeat, may the very quaking of breath, stand still

for the overwhelmingly engulfing joy, if glorious triumph, the breaking of the barrier of the unknown, the unraveling of the blinding beauty of truth, of principle dawning upon man who is bewildered in the full realization of discovery, goes on. Yes discovery. Whatever Science has established as truths, theories, and laws are nothing but the discovery of what has been laid down by inexhaustible science of Eternal Truth—God.

Now comes Mr. Engineer and to him the Scientist hands a brochure of papers, theorems, and hypotheses.

"I have done my job. It is now up to you to give something useful to the people. Whatever the case, keep this in your file."

"My task," replies the engineer, "in all modesty and humbleness, is to improve the general welfare and happiness of my fellowmen. Machines and structures to produce goods to add comfort, efficiency, and convenience in the design for living but most of all to alleviate the misery of the common people. Yes, power and industry must go hand in hand. Produce, create, not destroy; secure freedom for ourselves and posterity."

"Nice speech, my friend. Come let us have a cup of coffee. Relax... music... lest we forget our duties to ourselves."

And going to the city the two were soon lost in the unmindful crowd. ♪

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**ON SCIENCE AND SCIENTISTS**—We must recognize this God, for He is the Truth outside of which nothing has any real meaning. We must serve Him, for a science cut off from the rest of life becomes useless and even harmful. The scientist remains before all else a man faced with a destiny, and he, more than others, will be asked to render account of the good and the evil that he has done.

*(Pope Pius XII to the 10th General Assembly of the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics, September 24, 1954)*

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## The FILIPINO YOUTH and the ENGINEERING PROFESSION

by Gerardo R. Lipardo, Jr.

THE RECENT program of building an industrialized Philippines calls for the training of more young Filipino engineers. Nations industrialize not by plunging directly into the building of factories and manufacturing plants but by first producing men who are fit and capable of running them. Hence the bright opportunity for the Filipino youth who wishes to engage in the engineering profession.

Though the engineering profession in the Philippines is still in its infancy, the present growth of our nation's industry augurs well for its rapid development. The slowly mushrooming industrial plants and factories in our country today are a sure indication of the future boom in the field of engineering. Oil refineries, mines, steel mills, textile mills, sawmills, sugar refining plants, rubber processing plants, chemical plants and all manufacturing establishments call for the services of young engineering specialists, mechanical, civil, electrical and chemical engineers.

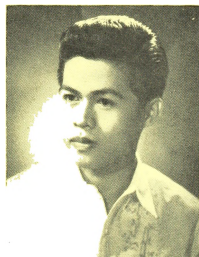
Industrial plants need power plants. Power supply is another promising field in the engineering

profession. All over the Philippines today, huge hydroelectric power plants and steam power plants are being built to answer the urgent need for electric power. Building these power plants and running them will again entail the services of engineers. Thus the engineering profession provides limitless opportunity for ambitious youths.

A young man does not have to be extraordinarily talented to become an engineer. Contrary to popular belief, neither interest in machinery nor aptness in mathematics alone can make an engineer out of a man. Ingenuity, creative instinct, interest in the working of natural laws, accuracy of thought and a little imagination are what he needs to start an engineering career. Ingenuity, which includes resourcefulness, goes hand in hand with inventiveness. The modern engineer often meets the problem of designing new machines or of building a type of bridge or of remodeling a certain processing machinery, all of which need his inexhaustible engineering ingenuity. Moreover, he should also be accurate in his thinking in such a way that the

very mechanism or building that he imagined in his thought will actually materialize. To top all these, he must have a strong creative desire. By instinct he must want to produce and construct, to create something where nothing was before, to watch it grow under his hands, to take pride in it as originating within himself. Like the poet or artist

*(Continued on page 26)*



The Author

**ON COMMERCE**—Sound moral qualities are no less indispensable to the businessman. He must have courage in a period of crisis; he must be courageous in overcoming public apathy and misunderstanding; he must possess a spirit of optimism in revising his formulas and methods of action; and in estimating and making the best use of the probabilities of a successful outcome. These are the qualities which will enable you to be of service to the nation; with them you are entitled to the esteem and good opinion of the whole community.

(Pope Pius XII to the Italian Federation of Commerce, February 17, 1956)

**MONEY**, a good job, a home, and security are only a few of the factors that make a student come to school to pursue a career. The situation in the world such as it is these days, when the standard of living has risen tremendously, demands that tools and mechanisms of a prospective job-seeker must be of a better quality and his technique be of a higher grade. Gone are the days when a seventh grade graduate could qualify as an elementary school teacher, or a high school graduate could get a responsible position in any office or enterprise. Nowadays, one has to be a college graduate or must, at least, have two years of college level to be able to qualify for any good-paying and decent job. Apparently, this is one reason why I, despite my age and position at home, enrolled in the Secretarial course.

The Secretarial course is one of the shortest and most-looked-down upon courses so that students of the four-year or five-year courses cannot help but dubiously look askance at it. Their looks range from a mild surprise to that of derision, when they hear that so-and-so is taking Secretarial. Many a teacher—not belonging to the Secretarial group, of course—usually has that "Oh!-so-you-are-taking-Secretarial" look which has quite some meaning. Yet, surprisingly enough, the Secretarial course is quite a crowded one.

Why, then, do most lady students choose the Secretarial course?

Every student must have a different reason, but I will mention a few plausible ones. First: there is that time element. Most students want to finish a course as fast as they can, and land a job right away. The two-year courses before the War have been changed to four years, and the four-year courses to live or six. These long courses seem to be more tedious and more expensive for those students who want to finish early. The Secretarial course is only for one year, although, if a student wants to polish further his capabilities in Typing and Shorthand, he may take the two-year course.

Second important reason is financial. As a rule, Filipino students are ambitious and persevering; but not many can finish the four-year or the five-year courses. Supporting a son or a daughter in college is usually a heavy grind for the already over-burdened parents; hence, a compromise for a much shorter course. Here, the Secretarial course again fills the need.

Fortunately, what seems to be an easy way out, becomes a blessing in disguise. First of all, a mediocre student who makes the pretense of pecking the keys of the typewriter, cannot pass the course unless she (I say "she" because the Secretarial course is predominantly female) can type an average of 55 words per minute without any error; and neither can she make the grade of a good Stenographer if her speed in taking down shorthand is less than 100 words per minute. If you think this is easier than eating pea-

sent out to different offices to practice actually what she has learned only in theory. Although the first day is a day of nervousness, but what she learns by doing is worth all the lectures and the training that she receives in the classroom. This prepares her thoroughly for the actual work that she will do when she gets her first job.

What is more, from a timid and introvert person, she becomes a very highly conversant personality, on alert, not only of her surroundings, but also of the world in general. She can talk about fluctuation of prices and balance of trade without batting an eyelash; she can add some helpful hints on How to Win Friends and Influence People; she learns to talk through the telephone with a smile in her voice; she learns the importance of neatness and good grooming, and the necessity of being impeccable, not only on her outward appearance, but also in her behavior.

*If you want to look for opportunities,  
unlimited . . . then*

## **GO and TAKE SECRETARIAL**

*by Mrs. Herminia L. Batongmalaque*

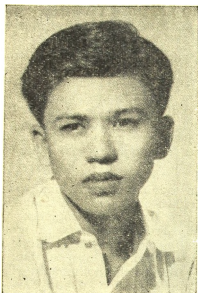
nuts, I invite you to try your ability.

Not only does a Secretarial student become proficient in the mechanics of typing and shorthand, she must also develop really good English; she must be good in Spelling, and must know exactly when to dot her "i's" and when to cross her "t's". She has to master all these factors which seem to be sadly lacking even in those many-year courses.

Then there is that delightful phase of Apprenticeship. The student is

With a pad on one hand, and a pencil on the other, she must be the picture of efficiency, confident that she can deliver the goods because she had been trained rigidly and that she has passed the acid test. Like a piece of clay that has been kneaded, and molded, and baked, she comes out a finished product with a well-rounded personality. The reward? All that she has wished for, and a good job, too.

Is it any wonder, then, why more and more students take the Secretarial course? ‡



The Author

# CROSS CURRENTS

by Sixto L. Abao, Jr.

lication would have to understand that only when they (the students and the rest of the mass of unemployed are given jobs can they help President Garcia in the implementation of his present economic program. Writes, the *FC Gazette*:

*"Do not tell the students to do something, anything. Give them something to do and their minds would meet it. Create the opportunities. Provide the jobs. And then, let us see how things shall have changed. Then, there would be no need for austerity which, after all, is but a negative approach to the problem, but abundance and prosperity."*

In which the *Guilder*, College Editors Guild of the Philippines, seems to concur when it says:

*"It is not enough that he should be made aware of the state of the nation's economy, nor would it suffice if he should be told that the little amount of frugality he may practise will contribute to the nation's economic recovery. It must be made known to him that in an economy like ours, precise distribution of expenses has to be maintained carefully; that parsimony is not necessarily virtuous nor necessary in order to achieve the nation's aim at economic stability. A true and promising economy does not thrive on cash-keeping but on a rational distribution of funds so as to encourage new and growing industries and to clamp down the importation of non-essential goods and items which could be produced locally."*

*"The call for austerity . . . should be faken as a move to curtail further unnecessary expenses that the nation's funds may be well distributed to worthwhile projects and to small, growing industries which would contribute to the nation's self-sufficiency."*

These are times that try men's souls, so to speak. These are times when every patriotic Filipino should come to the aid of his country's tubercular economy. Practice austerity, so we are told. Yes, austerity is the word!

Because of this pressing need for economic stability, we must as the most logical presumption, make

some sort of sacrifice. Spend less and earn more!

To a social butterfly, austerity means a denial of so many things she hates to be without. She will have none, for instance of the high-priced luxuries, like gold-plated earrings and jewelry, for Mr. Garcia banned the importation of these non-essential items. To a man engaged in international trade, in the import and export business, it means a big slash in his dollar allocations. There will therefore follow a decline in business activity and apparently he will also experience a fall in his net income or profits.

A little patience, perseverance and sacrifice and we will be back to normal. Anyway, life is not just a bed of roses. In this regard, the *White and Blue*, St. Louis College, Baguio City, consoles us:

*"Life is a continuous struggle for greater heights. A struggle that requires unrelenting firmness and dogged courage. There is much to endure, so much fighting to do. The humdrum sameness of it all should only serve to remind us of our enormous task to see to it that tomorrow should bring more salutary effects than today. And as we plod on day after day, each sunrise assuring a greater promise, never should the sunset find us, flinching and bemoaning our fate. Every today, stout-heartedly lived, . . . every tomorrow undauntedly welcomed — there's where the joy, the glory and the beauty of living lies."*

Yes, and true it is, that life is a long, long walk but it will always find its end.

And from the *Assumpta*, Assumption College, Manila, here is something to remember:

*"A man does not become great because he happens to have been born intelligent or because of his high position. Rather, he becomes great when in spite of these factors, he attributes them to God and not to himself."*

Such, indeed, is the real essence of greatness. Not the honor before man is the greatest good, but the honor before God, what God thinks of us. †

**B**EFORE a big group of students, whom he termed "the cream of the youth", at the Luneta last January 18 President Garcia made an impassioned appeal to his audience and exhorted them to rally wholeheartedly behind him and his administration in the fight against dollar deflation.

For sometime now the reports were that our dollar reserves had reached such alarmingly low proportions and, unless our government acted fast to stop this drain, we would wake up one morning to find ourselves plunged into a serious economic depression. There is therefore no other solution, according to President Garcia, than to observe "austerity" if we are to survive as a free and politically independent nation.

The *Francisco College Gazette*, Francisco College, Manila, scoffed at the President's proposal about what the students should do during this austerity era because until opportunities for livelihood are created by the government for the students, the word "austerity" has no meaning at all for them. Students do not have bulging waists. Almost everything that they need has to be paid via Daday's over-burdened pockets.

A bold and realistic approach to the problem that is threatening to wreck the foundation of our political independence is not found in merely telling the student groups what to do and what not to do under the circumstances. The pub-

## Gods' Grandeur

(Continued from page 12)

who are sensitively attuned to the recurrent display of God's grandeur, each new day is full of new surprises. The awe and wonderment of the poet are expressed in the tiny exclamation "ah!" placed so strategically before "bright wings." The lone quality of these lines is remarkable, especially in "there lives the dearest freshness deep down things" and "Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs."

A significant feature of the poem is the way in which the thought of the Holy Spirit has influenced the selection of the imagery and the very words used throughout the poem. In religious art the Holy Spirit is variously depicted as flaming tongues of fire or as a dove. He is named the Spiritus Vivificans, fons vivus, ignis, spiritus unctio. Oil is intimately associated with the Holy Spirit because oil is a symbol of strength and God the Holy Spirit imparts fortitude and

strength to the followers of Christ. Because He is the Creator Spirit God's grandeur can be attributed to Him by appropriation.

What Hopkins does in the poem is to contrast the different effects produced in the world by the Holy Spirit's activity and by man's. From the former comes God's grandeur in all its various aspects, but always things of great beauty and loveliness. From the latter comes all that is foul and deliling—the smudge, the smell, the blurring and the searing of nature. The effects attributed to man are directly opposed to those attributed to the Holy Spirit. But as long as the Holy Spirit broods over the bent world there is no need to despair. He will cleanse what is deliled, refresh with dew that which is parched, heal what is wounded, and correct what is wrong. The final lines of the poem are like a paraphrase of the Church's prayer:

*Emitte Spiritum tuum et creabuntur,  
et renovabis faciem terrae.*

*Send forth thy Spirit and they shall be created,  
and thou shalt renew the face of the earth.*

## The Law Career

(Continued on page 14)

by colleges and universities that mushroom throughout the archipelago. But it is likewise true that only one out of a hundred actively practice. Some venture into business where their knowledge of law surely comes in handy, that is, if they were not businessmen already before taking up law; and some still, if there's any truth in this joke, marry rich matrons and become retired gentlemen; many join the government and others seek employment elsewhere.

But the over-crowdedness of the profession should not appal the law student. For as one law student has written on the fly-leaf page of his book which I later bought, "I study law because... it is a very rare instance that the poor is the plaintiff in a case. This can chiefly be attributed to the fact that they are more ignorant of their rights and the remedies that the law affords than to any other cause. Yet the law presumes everyone to know

what his rights are. There is, therefore, a very wide gap existing between these rights and the remedies to seek redress—a chasm that can be bridged not by more laws but by more lawyers. (bold mine.)

Seriously speaking, the law profession has captured my imagination. For one thing, I delight in matching wits; and for another, I hate cruelty of any color and injustice of any form—two elements that go into the making of a good lawyer. I feel that in law I can fulfill my desire; it is by becoming one that I can give unto Caesar what is Caesar's and to God what is God's.

It is a truism though, that the road ahead is not rosy for a young lawyer, for there's simply too many of them already, so much so that it is even being joked about that if you flick a cigarette out a window, nine chances out of ten, it is going to hit the head of a lawyer. Yes, there may not be much money in it for me, but I am sure that what I will derive from

## The Filipino Youth and ...

(Continued on page 23)

he must be an accurate dreamer and must have the power of seeing things before they exist. But more than the poet, he must also be a doer. With the use of his technical knowledge and practical experience, he must be able to turn what is imaginary into a tangible object.

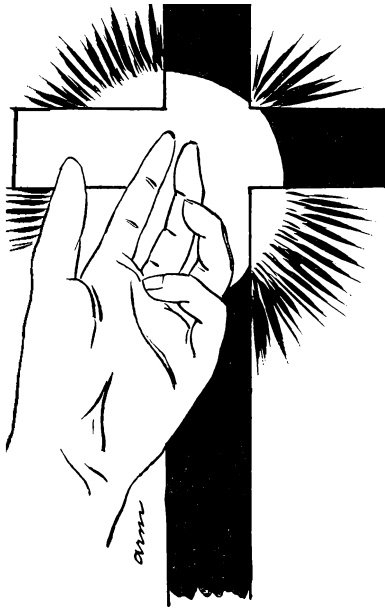
In addition to the fundamental qualities of an engineer mentioned above, the young engineer must also gradually acquire a natural love for planning, building and applying scientific laws so that his capacity for original thought will be sharpened when already in the field. Success in an engineering career, just like in any other profession, comes only after years of experience and devotion to a certain line of work.

Young men who dream of becoming engineers someday do not have to fear they will find themselves in an overcrowded profession after graduation. The demand for engineers triples with the multiplication of plants and factories and goes on to an infinite series. Thus even the most thickly populated industrial countries of today are in dire need of engineering talent. So long as the industry of the nation is growing, there will always be a place for the Filipino youth who is willing to use the strength of both his body and mind to further his ambitions in the engineering field. ♯

law cannot be measured in terms of money or riches, for human rights and liberties for which lawyers are vanguards cannot be bought or bartered away for silver or gold. I know for I have had occasion to feel it.

Last year, my father was maulled and suffered physical injuries. The man who did it to him was the very same man who had been doing it to others, but because the police force in our town employ the *tayo-tayo* system, the latter could not be brought before the bar of justice. He was known also for his judo skill, a reason which scared his victims stiff. When I prosecuted him in court, it was therefore much awaited by many town-folk. During the day of the trial,

(Continued on page 27)



### Moments of Peace

As I kneel alone, in deep supplication  
 my heart full of compassion  
 in the silent darkness of the night  
 with my eyes closed tight  
 I pray to you, dear Jesus and whisp'or. . .  
 grant some moments of peace.

One by one, solemnly,  
 one bead after another  
 in mind the scenes clear  
 A soul breathes, weary, lonely. . .  
 Then, when I reach the cross. . .  
 my heart in utter anguish  
 reaches out for Thee, desperately,  
 as I remember Thee on Calvary.

In mock humility, I grope  
 in anxious faith, I hope  
 for your pity and charity  
 oh, Lord, for my sins, forgive me.  
 Yet, soon, my soul rejoices in thankful concern  
 because in the warmth of Thy affection  
 Thou dost welcome me back in happy reunion.  
 Ah, but it is wonderful to be sad and weary  
 to suffer in every human journey  
 so that in the end and only  
 To Christ, a voice we raise, and pray. . .  
 grant some moments of peace.

ANGELA TEVES

## Poetry...

### Three Sonnets

#### The Lamp of the Sanctuary

From dawn to twilight dim throughout the hushed  
 Retreating hours of night, with purple tongue  
 It fed the gloom. The vaulted rafters blushed  
 In crimson glow; the leaping shadows sang  
 A silent hymn. From dawn to hushed morn  
 Midst dark cathedral dimness like a lyre  
 Whose music soft on wings of stillness borne  
 Pervades the aisle of twilight, flamed this fire!

As watchers of this earthling night, lay prostrate  
 Beneath the cobwebbed vaults of life, unbored  
 In utter nakedness, the hirelings frustrate  
 Of fiery passions, deeds no spirit dares,  
 You tell us: Men, with flaming hearts arise,  
 On light this darkling temple of the skies!

#### To A Fool

He sees the sky the myriad stars of fire,  
 The rolling worlds of dim immensity;  
 He sees the sunrise splashed in bright attire,  
 The flaming sunset flaming down the sea.  
 The songs of day and night, the ceaseless din  
 Of birds and brooks a-gliding from the hill,  
 The breezes' hum, the murmur of the wind  
 Strike his ear and yet his heart is still!  
 Who made them, he durst not, durst not ask,  
 Perhaps 'twere chance, he says within his soul,  
 Perhaps e'en somewhere in the past did bask  
 These changeless things of dubious source and goal;  
 But surges up a cry from sky and sad:  
 The fool says in his heart, There is no God!

#### To A Dream

Shall I compare thee, ..... to a flower  
 That blossoms sweet now kissed by morning dew,  
 Now touched by lovers in a blissful hour  
 That soars afar beyond the vaulted blue?  
 Shall I compare thy kiss to yonder touch  
 Of sky and sea, so pure and lovely, dear,  
 Or still perhaps to the gleam of loving much  
 That which like diamond flaws: a drop of tear?  
 To naught shall I compare thee and thy kiss;  
 A flower fades, the seas do melt away,  
 For me thy love and wandrous touch is bliss  
 That far surpasses morn and radiant day;  
 Thy love, thy kiss and all this ecstasy  
 To naught else shall I liken but to thee!

DEMETRIO MAGALANG



### *Yesterday's Passing* By RENATO M. RANCES

— I —

I may now say good-bye  
for you can see me no  
more. My shadows you used to see  
may now be white.

And I shall close the door  
before I'll leave. I shall  
close it tightly  
so that no one, not even  
Time may open it.

— II —

And tears do not dedicate  
my parting. A teardrop  
is like a heart. It sobs but  
impotent to replenish scintillations  
seen by mortal eyes.

— III —

Look at the moon with its  
celestial effluence... —  
the minute-million stars —  
their eternal, showy lusters.  
Then you can see me  
fresh as a flower... —  
For remembering is  
seeing my life. I'm Yesterday,  
Gardenia... —

## *Dedications in Sonnets:*

by ANABLE TUIGEO

### *To My Late Father:*

Your sudden passing I shall ever feel  
Through all my life to be the heaviest cross:  
No human tears or medicine can heal  
This bleeding sear deep in my heart... your loss!  
Forever I'll weep to think that you are dead,  
You're all to me, my life, my dreams, my love.  
In vain I'll sigh, but may those tears I shed  
Be wuffed pray'rs to lift your soul above.  
Your name shall be my breath where'er I pray  
That all your mistakes may be all forgiven,  
And let God's angels sing their mystic lay  
To soothe your pain and raise your soul to heav'n.  
But now... although I have no life but you  
Farewell, my father dear... my all... adieu!

### *To My Very Critic*

Awake O Muse! Now breaks the beautiful morn,  
To drive the dismal phantoms of your fears!  
Arise! and leave the shades of dreams forlorn,  
For ended is your exile... those nights of fears!  
Rejoice with me and sweep the silver string,  
Whose heav'nly music long was mute and fled;  
For now in triumphs this your bard must sing  
A mournful anthem to his critics dead.  
Now fill the cup! while rotting are their forms  
Beneath the sod where once they scorn'd my song.  
Now toss the cup! they are gone with all the worms.  
They are gone. And may Obolva's tempest strong  
Scatter fast their bones, and may this verse  
Upon their graves forever be a Curse!

### *To My Beloved*

Beloved mine, I love you very much  
With all the passion of angelic love;  
Kept in my heart no one shall dare to touch  
This flame I have enkindl'd from above.  
Although those smiles, that glory in your face  
Should fade but I will be forever true;  
So true indeed that age can ne'er efface  
The thoughts I have, the prayers I wait for you.  
For sure within the sanctuary of my heart  
Your lovely image I've enshrin'd forever,  
Thus days may come, nay, weeks and years may part  
My love for you shall live... to perish never!  
For there's no fairer bliss that heav'n can give  
To me than 'neath your smiles and cares to live!  
(more Poems on pages 31 & 32)

## by Lourdes Jaramilla

contemplate a flower in bloom, a motion picture or a novel. finished products—processed thoroughly by hands that conceive, stir and "create." by minds—human and divine. the american beauty that was a rosebud for many sunsets. the war picture filmed on location for one year. the best-seller novel written in 20 chapters for two years. like a seed sprouting upward to greet the sun's radiant rays. or like the intricate pattern of lace, each thread was sewed successively into place following the basic design intended for its fulfillment. but the long period of waiting, the trial of having to watch it progress by inches. . . . or the boredom of having to sit back and await results that are much too slow in coming. . . . spices the glow of achievement with the kind of feeling one experiences after a driving grind—sheer exhaustion. too often, one is bowled over by the wonderful tonic of pure liberty that the end of the road comes almost as an anticlimax. like a graduation.

most people look forward to graduation. we don't. because we don't like farewells and just wish there weren't any real good-byes. wishful thinking. four years. . . . six years of campus life. the student. like a dream. was it only yesterday? good riddance to that rotting old goat. . . . and that unpalatable battle-axe of a math warden! believe it or not you never thought the day would come when you would miss her staccato nagging to hand in those "rotten" term papers. . . . or his sweet threat to "stop grinning at me like a cheshire cat when i ask where you were yesterday or i'll crown you with this here textbook!" ah! dem were the days! and yet a strange sadness dogs the retreating figure. . . . unsayable. . . . the stuff of which a colorful student life is made of. you'll carry out a lot of things after graduation and we don't mean the diploma or the reams of accumulated term papers. it's your memories of your campus years. nostalgic. wishful. embarrassing. dreadful. everything will come back in a rush, vivid and alive just when you'll start to forget.

you'll be homesick for a hundred faces, a thousand floating voices and countless scenes and incidents punctuating a four year college stretch that can hardly be called dull. "it's good to be able to say: do you remember? and not have it hurt you too much." one day you'll come back to look around but it won't ever be the same again. you'll never be as closely welded nor on as lavishly good terms with your classmates and instructors again. your memories, far more than your diploma is the most priceless legacy your alma mater can bestow on you. you never really say good-bye, do you?

what now? that brief question staring you in the face shouts with all the fury of a frenzied riddle that must have an answer or drive you mad. after graduation, what? take a master's degree. no puede ser if thou knowest

that thou art so dumb. take another course. back to the mental inquisition, the torture of cramming for the finals—nah! besides we can't afford it. get married, god! if i could only lend a job. . . . listening to your general tone of doubts and listlessness. . . . your fear of facing the future. . . . your keen regrets at not having made the most of your stay in college. . . . and that one paralyzing question of "what am i going to do?" poised like a veritable sword of damocles over your heads destroyed any illusions we had left about graduation being the be-all of existence. . . . small wonder you all graduate without much enthusiasm.

you don't know what to do or where to go. the experts analyze your position as "all dressed up but nowhere to go". they rant on your lack of values and sense of personal responsibility. mediocre, technically well-trained. . . . but as a. t. morales said, we are a bunch of graduates not "sufficiently trained to voice our



The Author

sweeping all asia. another point is the choice of crowded professions. but what's the point of harping about the same complaint? we join the ranks of the graduates — the side of the unhappy young whose voices never rise above the righteousness of the experts. Let's speak for ourselves.

we take up commerce, law and engineering because it pays more. we know that there are more chances of getting ahead in a business deal than a whole week's research in the library or a day's blah-blahing from a teacher's desk. . . . materialistic. oh no! we don't give up our dreams but we have to eat first! we resent slurs about possessing "synthetic emotions and beliefs in place of lost inner values" but it's a question of pure economics. intellectual pursuits are okay but not while you're competing with a million others who have the same idea as we have—keep our job and advance up the rung while keeping off the rest who're interested in filling up their shoes

## ramblings in lower case

opinions. . . . poor in judging character and discriminating values. can't penetrate through sham, noise, propaganda and hypocrisy to the disguised inferiority and evil underneath or to perceive hidden goodness and strength" such a corroding picture of our youth but we can't be altogether innocent! still its downright not the over-all picture! the new crop of graduates are very young but they are not stupid. they react to contemporary history — to "vanguards," the indonesian rebellion and the rising nationalism

the minute we're pitched out. wising up to hard facts of life is hard on the sensitive dreamers who're so sold on the goodness of their fellow-beings they imagine such words as theft, forgery, double deals or nepotism are found only in the newspapers. "the gross materialism of those who dream of an extra glass of milk is not adoration of matter but merely a recognition of the practicality of it as a vital prop to the ideal. . . ."

rather than drone about what's wrong with the graduates why don't (Continued on page 30)

## Pharmacy Through the Ages

(Continued from page 21)

as Roman rather than Greek. His name is a byword in pharmacy as "Galenic Preparations". To him the feminine world is indebted for inventing the indispensable "Galenic cold cream."

While the whole of Europe was groping in the dark after the destruction of the Roman empire, the Arabs kept the flame of learning unextinguished for several centuries in their exotic land, until Europe came into its own, and rekindled the torch that was to light the whole civilized world to the present time.

### ramblings in lower case

(Continued from page 29)

they say something encouraging once in a while. We know the graduates are sick of goody-goody advice and "I-told-you-so's", getting started is bad enough without having to endure the miasma of such uprightness. its sheer cruelty!

listening to so many of you graduating convinces us that your fear bordering on near terror of the unknown and its attendant sufferings is very real, but we're surprised at the lack of cheer and bright hopes that surely anyone starting out in life is entitled to. there is much opportunity and still more of hope to go around. it isn't as though we could expect nothing from the future we're so scared of. 1958's "austerity" said nothing about cutting down on such an indispensable item, so graduate and graduate at least with dignity! whether you graduate summa cum lausy or summa cum laude, the point is — you graduate and be glad you'll never see a pink "finals" slip ever again!

a footnote to graduation: "most graduation speakers are a bad disease . . . inflicting themselves upon a group of polite people who are tied to their seats to suffer an hour of slow agony. if the graduation orator would only . . . say his piece in 15 minutes then sit down, he would contribute immensely to the cause of higher education." (g. river)

we'll miss you all. very much. the end of the line for us too. intellectual bankruptcy, mental austerity and just being plain down in the dumps nearly cost us a mental breakdown but why gripe when we've had so much fun too. . . we're also graduating into the last period of the last sentence of the last deadline and gooly, such heaven! §

Haroun Al Raschid, caliph of Baghdad, made the capital of the Arabian empire the center of learning by inviting scholars from different parts of the world, to teach in Arabian universities. At the same time he founded libraries and hospitals. The Arabians were the first to establish pharmacies as separate from hospitals, and made remarkable progress in both. However, the mystic nature of the Arabian did not exclude superstition from the art of healing, and the practice of wearing amulets containing the magic word ABRACADABRA to ward off diseases was originated by the Arabians. But, it was not mysticism that marked Arabian influence on medicine and pharmacy; it was the high concept of this calling expressed by Maimonides in his beautiful and noble "Oath and Prayer." His high ideals and aspirations are embodied in the ethics of medicine and pharmacy.

As the light in the East gradually led the western powers assumed the leadership by developing all fields of arts and sciences. More scientific truths were discovered, inventions of all kinds to aid the progress in civilization were made, new lands explored, and their products introduced into Europe, among them drugs and medicines. New laws were promulgated to guide and control the various activities of modern man, for instance, the poison laws affecting Pharmacy which were to discourage too ardent heirs to high and noble positions by dispatching the present occupants with quick acting substances known at that time as the "powder of succession."

Pharmacy was now definitely established as a separate profession from medicine and great strides were made in the pharmaceutical profession, in its organization, legislation, and education. The European apothecaries or pharmacists were the first to isolate and extract alkaloids from plants giving stimulus to the development of plant chemistry. More sciences were added to the course to cope with the wide extent of pharmacy.

In the new world accent was placed on manufacturing to keep up with the industrial growth of America. Large scale production spurred commercial pharmacy and in the atmosphere of free enterprise and business competition pharmaceutical firms engaged in manufacturing, set up research laboratories

to discover and develop better and more effective medicines. So after the discovery of the first antibiotic Penicillin by Alexander Fleming, Parke and Davis Laboratories discovered Chloromycetin and Lederle Laboratories, the Aureomycin.

Never had mankind enjoyed such public service in restoring and maintaining good health, through products prepared after years of testing and research in pharmaceutical laboratories, and made available to all from all walks of life. It is a far cry from the ancient times when the genuine stuff was prescribed for the rich and the imitation for the poor.

The panacea or cure-all which man had been looking for, since the beginning of time to assure him of a life free from pain, might be possible in the near future through—Modern Pharmacy.

### At Last Hilda

(Continued from page 10)

When I had recited a poem in a program in which my first grade class participated, I ran down the stage towards Hilda who was with her mother among the crowd.

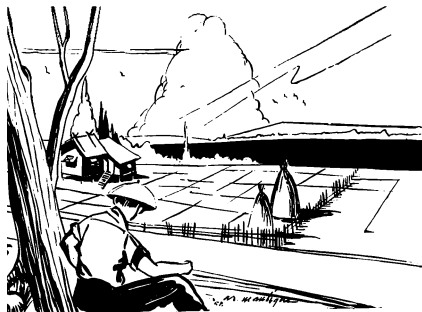
With eyes gleaming proudly I exclaimed, "I did it, Hilda! I did it!"

I was disappointed when she answered, "No, Noling, you didn't do as the man did." But I know she was right. "Someday," I swore, "I'll really do it!"

The next year, I left town to study in the city. I didn't come back for ten long years, but all through its span, I was working hard, learning the rudiments of speech-making, reading one book after another, attending countless lectures and seminars, hearing all the polished speakers who came to the city. I did all this just so that one day I could go to Hilda, my childhood playmate who lived by the sea, and tell her, "I did it, Hilda! I did it!" There were many triumphs and downfalls as I went my way.

Yesterday, I came back to my town to speak in a rally. And even as the young man did on the same stage eleven years ago, I gave all that I had, and I moved my crowd to contempt or tears. *After the speech, as I descended the stage, I kept saying as if it were a ritual, "I did it, Hilda! I did it. . . At last, Hilda!"* But Hilda did not hear me—for Hilda was already in her grave.





## Where Dwells the Song of Nature

Where the lilacs bloom in the sunlight  
Where the trees chant with wind  
Where the seeds begin to sprout  
There dwells the song of nature. . .

Where the wild birds flutter gayly  
Where the beasts roam for prey  
Where the insects chirp at midnight  
There dwells the song of nature. . .

Where the west wind hums so sweetly  
Where the brook fondly murmurs  
Where the bamboo hushly whispers  
There dwells the song of nature. . .

Where the rain falls so gently  
Where the magic rainbow loops  
Where the clouds forever sail  
There dwells the song of nature. . .

Where the rivers run down the valley  
Where its freshness mingles with the sea  
Where the fishes among the corals linger  
There dwells the song of nature. . .

Where the green hills stand so proudly  
With the vales below their feet  
Where the blue lakes smile so coyly  
There dwells the song of nature. . .

Where the bold waves break on the rocky shore  
Where the icebergs fill the sea  
Where the thunder roars like giants  
There dwells the song of nature. . .

Where the stars in heaven twinkle  
Where the moon's soft light shines  
Where the sun at dawn begins a day  
There dwells the song of nature. . .

In the fields and in the valleys  
In the mountains and in the hills  
In the ocean and in the skies  
There dwells the song of nature. . .

by TEOFILO AMPARO BAY

## The Teaching Profession . . .

(Continued from page 22)

enough to live on, enough with which to study further and grow professionally. And thus being honored and respected, the teacher can only respond by giving the best that is in him. This is all the materialistic side of teaching. It is secondary but certainly not to be ignored.

The best reward for teaching, however, can not be measured. We can say here, with the fear of sounding trite, that teaching is reward enough in itself. It is the best example of giving out of pure love. The teacher can feel smug and complacent in the thought of having helped others; of having accomplished the duty that his creator has given him, namely: to teach children for the kingdom of heaven.

Glamorous as the privileges of this profession are, the way is not all "butter." As a student, one has to do much reading, studying, homework, work on projects, term papers and other such activities that go

with the training. In spite of all these, it is said of us that we are still not doing enough.

A teacher doesn't stop studying with graduation and say with a sigh: "At last I'm through. No more studying, no more reading and no more work. I can relax and catch up on the enjoyment I missed." No he can't. His work has just begun. He has to study the lessons he is going to teach, he must think of ways of capturing his pupils' interest and holding it, he has to do more reading to be abreast with the current trends of education. He must read and study like he never did before as a student.

It is not all grind; there are the amusing little incidents with the pupils, the respect of the people in the community and the trust they will give the teacher because he is such and therefore knows more than the barrio lieutenant. The fiesta can not go on without "ma'am". They won't undertake any new social ac-

tivities if the "maestra" does not say that it is worthwhile. He might even become a judge.

There are many kinds of teachers; the priests, sisters, laymen and librarians. A librarian is a person in charge of the administration of a library. She carries out the teaching function of the library, the heart of the school. She is the pivotal factor around which the school and the library rotates. She is as indispensable to the library as the library is to the school. A librarian has to have natural qualifications. She must like both books and people. Her work is to bring people to books and books to people. These are in addition to her professional qualifications which are more rigid and formal.

All of them the priest, sisters, laymen and librarian are in the teaching profession because they are imbued with the urge to give what they have for the sake of Christ. Their's is a missionary work. ♪

## MEDICINE AND THE STUDENT

(Continued from page 15)

fied for a medical career? From this question follows the inevitable stress on the value of pre-medical education and training and its importance to our future career. In pre-medicine (Lib. Arts) we are provided with a broad cultural background with the idea that the best preparation for any future job is a liberal education. It is at this stage that we should begin to look into ourselves and try to evaluate personally our assets, inclinations and convictions. Self-cultivated and inborn traits such as "integrity, sterling character, sound health, fine motivation, broad liberal and balanced education, fitness for continued intellectual growth, capacity for hard work, the gift of leadership, adaptability, tolerance, social consciousness, a lively sense of values"—these are the qualities of an ideal candidate for professional training. (Preparation for Medical Education in the Liberal Arts College, by Severinghaus and Carman).

Dr. Natividad Corrales Toboada, M.D., Lady Physician of the University of San Carlos says:

"I don't claim to be an authority on all I talk about. But to the best of my knowledge, these are what you need.

a. Conscientiousness—an influencing, governing or conforming factor for extra diligence in your studies and the willingness to exert efforts in research for more medical facts outside the prescribed course.

b. Health—an outstanding factor that should be a first concern. Otherwise you are the one who

needs a doctor. In my first year we were more than 400 medical students. Unfortunately, many dropped out because of failing health.

c. Sufficient intelligence—I don't claim to be a genius; but one has to possess enough mental strength and maturity to grasp the various complicated scientific terms and their meanings. Your mind must not be static. The whole course is an unending search for truth.

d. Interest—Your interest in your study is a half guarantee for your practice. Interest, be it personal or social, must be all-pervading. Knowledge learned without interest is no knowledge at all. "Practice without knowledge is a crime."

Dr. Fernando Santos, M.D., of the Cebu General Hospital says:

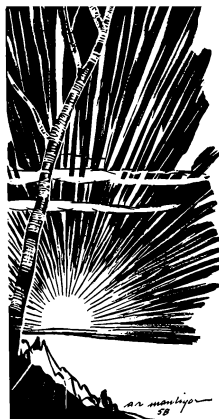
"In your medical course, you meet the following pitfalls:

a. Poor health—failing health hinders your study. You either quit or go crazy.

b. Lack of intelligence—by intelligence we mean good cultivation of the ability to reason. Since medicine is an ever-changing and advancing science, one's reason is needed to bridge former experiences to the present ones and to understand and predict the results.

c. Mental Immaturity—mere mental attraction for a glamorous career eventually disqualifies the student who cannot stomach the sight of a corpse.

d. Spoon-fed Education—this happens usually during the pre-medical years when instructors just pour on facts, volumes of facts while students fail to grasp the



### Sunrise

The golden tongue of the morning sun  
Tangent to the grim eastern horizon  
Gleams triumphant with  
emerald-toned light

And goes on shining...

It comes to me from the rim  
of a rooftop

Sprouting like a seed  
pushing  
its golden arms  
upward...

It seems to bring yesterday's memory  
The sublime  
paradox of un forgotten  
dreams...

The panicked tangle of reddish rays  
Now fade on the horizon westward,  
Gleaming still to the bitter end  
But tomorrow they will  
shine again...

JONAS R. MANLIGAS, JR.

subject matter.

Medicine is a never-ending education, just like all the other professions, which every year revises outmoded systems and discovers new frontiers in the fight against death and diseases. The medical student, the physician, the laboratory researcher—everyone in the field of medicine remains a student all his life. Perfection not only of techniques and skills but the search for new methods and means of alleviating the ills of mankind requires more than the lifetime job of any student. Medicine is a light for the future." †

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**Kalayaan—Wika**

● "Kalayaan, kalayaan," iyan ang dakilang sigaw na dumagundong sa lahat ng panig ng kapulung Pilipinas nang tayoy nagagapos pa ng tanikalang bakal ng pagkaalipin. At nangyari, na sa pamamagitan ng walang putnat na pagbububo ng dugo at walang takot na paghahandog ng buhay, ay nakamit natin ang marangal na mithing yaon. Malaya na tayoy, tulad ng ibong lumilipad sa papawirin, hilom na ang sugat ng ating mga pusong dinusta ng mga dayuhan, may isang pamahalaan, isang watawat, isang wika, at may sariling paninindigan na tayoy ngayon sa daigdig na ito.

Tayoy may isang wikang pambansa, nguni't isang wikang hindi pa ganap na napapalampok sa puso ng lahat, alipin pa rin ito ng isang wikang bangyag na ngayo'y siya pang naghahari sa damdamin ng marami. Hindi narapat mangyari ito sa habang panahon, pagkat kung magkakaganya'y kukuyain tayoy ng sendigidigan—isang bansang naturang maibigin sa kalayaan, nguni't ni sariling wikay di makuhang pagyamanin! Kaye magkitaloy, imulat natin ang ating mga mata sa katutuhan-ang isang wikay deluyan ng pagkaunawaan, kapatiran, at pagkakaissa ng isang bansang malaya, tulad ng Pilipinas. Sa pamamagitan ng ating masigisig na pagtutulong-tulong ay sikatad din yeong araw na ang wikang itoy mapapatangi sa puso ng sangka-pilipinuhan.

Kaya, mga kapatid sa pamantasang ito, kayong mga nagmahal ng wika, halina kayo't taluntunan natin ang mga yapak ni Balagtas, ilantad niyong ang inyong mga katayahan sa pagkatha sa wikang sarili, mag-abuloy kayo ng mga kathain sa lahat ng sangay ng panitikan upang malimab ang inyong mga ngalan sa pitak na ito bilang mga masusugid na kawal ng wika.

**Pasalamat At Pagbati**

● Taos-pusong pasalamat ang ipinararating sa mga namamahala ng pamantasang ito sa kanilang pagbibigay-pahintulot na maglahale ng Wikang Pilipino dito sa C. Ang bagay na itoy makapagbibigay-kabutihan hindi lamang sa mga nagdedelubhasa sa larangan ng pagtuturo lundit sa lahat ng mag-aaral, lalong-lalo na sa mga mapagmahal sa wikang ito. Labis na pasalamat rin ang pinararating kay Kagalang-galang na Padre John Vogelgesang sa pagkaaloob niya ng dalawang pahinang mapaglibabagan ng ating mga kathain.

Bumabati rin ang pitak na ito kay Ginoong Manuel Valenzuela sa pagkatutop ng kanyang mungkahing malalahala ang wikang pambansa dito sa C.



**BIRONG NAGING KATOTOHANAN**

(Isang Talaarawan)  
ni JULIETA ONGTAUCO

Ika 1 ng Hulyo, 1952

Mahal kong Talaarawan,  
Naku, talagang nakainis. Kumu-kulong talaga ang dugo ko kapag nakikita ko ang pasikaterong iyon. Sus! Akala mo kung sino. Akalain mo, bago pa lamang kaming nagkakalilala ay kung anu-ano na ang sinasabi. Talaga palang ang mga Tagalog ay pulos na bohemyo. At nakakatawa kung minsan, piilit ba namang magbibisaya ay talaga namang hindi marunong. Aha! lahat ng salita'y paluko-luko, kaya nga nasabi ko pati sa kanya na marunong ako ng Tagalog. Sayang naman ang pagmemedyor ko sa Tagalog kung hindi ko magaramit ang aking natutuhan.

Ika 4 ng Hulyo, 1952

Mahal kong Talaarawan,  
Wala kaming klase ngayon. Nandoon kami ng parada. Akalain mo ba namang magkita kami ng hambag na iyon! ay naku, talagang nakakasuya. Ito'y atin-atin lamang, hane. Nguni't huwag ka't magandang lalaki, at lubhang kaakit-akit kung ngumiti... aha! At ang mga mata, naku! matang-mata ni Rock Hudson. Ang buhok ay kulot na tulad ng buhok ni Sal Mineo at may tinig na paris ng kay Pat Boone. Suya naman, parating nakalowyest, nguni't bagay naman. A...talagang inis ako sa kanya.

Ika 11 ng Hulyo, 1952

Mahal kong Talaarawan,  
Dinalaw ako ni Cris at ipinatagpat niya ang kanyang kwan sa akin. Alam

Maganda at kapuri-puri ang diwa ng kanyang panukala, negpapakilala ng kanyang pagmamahal at pagkabahala sa ikalalaganap ng ating wika. Binabati rin ang lahat ng neg-aabuloy ng mga kathain na ngayo'y nalilimaba sa pitak na ito. Magpatuloy sena sila sa kanilang magedandang halimbawa upang umalingawngaw sa buong sambayanang Pilipino na ang ating pamantasang ay isa sa mga masisigisig na itagapagalaganap ng WIKANG PILIPINO.

no na. Hindi ako nakapagsalita, e, sasabihin ko sanang sinunpaling siya nguni't nakapagpipit pa rin ako. Lingid sa kanyang pagkualam ay natuklasan kong hindi tunay ang kanyang pagbig sa akin sa pamamagitan ni Ding na aking pinsan at kanyang matalik na kaibigan. At saka alam mo, galit na galit si Papa at si Mama kay Cris, pagkat patikero daw. Aywan ko nga ba.

Ika 20 ng Hulyo, 1952

Mahal kong Talaarawan,  
Naku! tinukso ako ng aking mga kaibigan. Baka raw ako mahulog sa patiketerong iyon. Hindi naman ako sumuko, bagkus pa nga akong lumaban ng bituan. Baka akala nila'y malaleko ako ni Cris. Ay... hindi po.

Ika 1 ng Agosto, 1952

Mahal kong Talaarawan,  
Patuloy pa rin sa paghibik si Cris, at minsan ngayo'y munitik na akong mawala, e. Akalain mo, parang namalik-mata ako nang minsang magkita kami samantalang nanood ako ng "Magnificent Obsession". Akala ko'y si Rock Hudson na e, mabuti na lamang at napukurap ako. Iniranpan ko nga a, nang makita kong tumitig...

Ika 7 ng Nobyembre, 1952

Mahal kong Talaarawan,  
Hindi ko pa sinasagot si Cris, nguni't naninibago ako sa kanya. Tila iyang nag-iisip at parating nakatitig sa akin. Pagkalis niya ay nagalamin nga tuloy ako. Hindi naman nag-iiba ang aking mukha. Baka 'ika ko'y nagkakamali lamang siya ng tingin sa akin at akala niya'y si Elizabeth Taylor ang kanyang nakaharap. Subali't sadya yatang nag-iiba siya ngayon, baka kayang... a aywan ko lang.

Ika 5 ng Disyembre, 1952

Mahal kong Talaarawan,  
Hindi ako nakatulong, mahal kong Talaarawan, kaya minarapat kong ipalabas sa iyo ang bumabagabag sa akin. Hindi ko maatim na pahiraan pa si Cris... sapagkat siya'y natutuhan ko nang mahalin. Ang pagkasuya ko palay dahil sa siya'y minamahal ko. Datapwa't sa kabila ng aking pagkasawa sa kanya ay nagtutuminag sa aking ka-looban na baka nga pagkukunwari la-  
(nasa p. 34 ang karugtong)

mang ang kanyang pag-ibig. Aywan ko, subalit hindi ko lubos na maunawaan ang kanyang mga ikinikilos nitong mga nagdang araw.

Ika 15 ng Disyembre, 1952  
Mahal kong Talaarawan,

Napansin ni Mama ang aking pag-uuyat kaya, pilit niyang inuisa ang dahilan. Ngunit masasabi ko bang si Cris ang sanhi ng aking kalungkutan? Galit sila sa kanya, ano kaya ang garawin ko.

Ika 24 ng Disyembre, 1952  
Mahal kong Talaarawan,

Bisperas ng pasko. Si Cris ay dumalaw at ipinatapat niyang ako lamang ang babaing kanyang iniibig. Noong una raw ipinaris niya ako sa isang laruan upang maging tagaalib lamang niya, ngunit sa mga araw na nagdang ay nagpakilala niyang ako nga pala ang tunay niyang iniibig. Napay-iyak ako sa matinding kaligayahan. Ito na ang pinakamaligayang araw sa aking buhay.

Ika 20 ng Enero, 1953  
Mahal kong Talaarawan,

Maligaya na sana ang aming pag-ibigan at hinihintay na lamang namin ang aming pagtatapos ngunit ang masaliwalas naming langit ay nalambungan ng kalungkutan. Hayagang ipinakilala ni Papa at ni Mama ang kanilang pagtanggap kay Cris. Nagawalang kibo na lamang ako, ngunit iyon ang naging sanhi ng aking kalungkutan.

Ika 24 ng Enero, 1953  
Mahal kong Talaarawan,

Nabalitaan ko kay Ding na galit na galit daw ang mga magulang ni Cris nang matuklasan ang aming pag-ibigan. Alam ko, na sa una na lamang, na may napupusan silang dalaga upang maging asawa ni Cris datapwa't sa kakalihan ng aking pag-ibig ay nakalimutan ko na ang lahat. Alam ko sa pagpakat nalarama ng aking puso na akong tagala ang minamahal ni Cris.

Ika 28 ng Marso, 1953  
Mahal kong Talaarawan,

Magdama'ng akong nag-iyak pagkat natakag nang hindi dumadalaw si Cris. Ano kaya ang nangyayari sa kanya? Bakang kaya nakalimot na siya? O mahal kong Talaarawan, tulungan mo ako. Hindi ko masatim na mabigo ang aking pag-ibig.

Ika 30 ng Marso, 1953  
Mahal kong Talaarawan,

Tumanggap ako ng liham kay Cris. Sa kanyang liham ay nadama kong may bumabagabag sa kanya. Tinipan niya ako sa dati naming tagpuan. Alami kong may mahalaga siyang sasabihin kaya ang araw ng aming tipanan ang siyang lagting laman ng aking isipan. Halos hilahin ko na ang mga araw upang sumapit na ang takda ng aming pagkikita.

## KALIKASAN

ni ISABEL LOY

*Banying kalikasan, tila ka isang diyosa  
Na hinahangnan, sinasamba ng labanan  
Tunang mga pinto, makatang lahat sa  
Sa 'yo'y amingro at malabalina.*

*Panukuh-sigla ko ng pusong may hirap  
Alindog mo'y daluyan ng gintong pangarap.*

*Sinoy ng amihon'y naghibigay lenas  
Sa pusong lugaw't sa liyaga'y salit.*

*Ang dulong ng tubig sa mga batisan  
Ang palak ng ulan, silahis ng araw  
Ang awit ng ibon, lawiswis-kawayan  
Pawang mahiwaga, di matarok ng isipan.*

*Ang pa't kung ikaw'y mawawala sa paninigay*

*Liyaga siyaring dibid, mawawala na rin  
Pagkat ang rikit mo't alindog na angkin  
Ay awitin ng puso kong sa pagtina'y baliw.*

Ika 2 ng Abril, 1953

Mahal kong Talaarawan,

Nauna akong dumating sa aming pook-tagpuan. Ang malamig na simoy ng hangin at ang magagandang tanawin ay muling nagpagunita sa akin ng aming makulay na kahapon. Ang mga sumpa niya, ang maalab niyang pag-ibig sa akin, at ang matamis naming pagsusunuran ay minsan pang nanaririba sa aking gumiguni. Nang dumating si Cris ay matagal na mamagitan sa amin ang katahimikan. Sa hapis siyang mukha'y nababakas ang pag-ibihirap ng kanyang kalooan. Ipinatapat niya sa aking itinakilil siya ng kanyang mga magulang sapagkat tumanggi siyang pakasal sa babang napupusan nila. Napahaguhul ako ang iyak pagkat nalalaman kong ako ang tangting dahilan ng lahat ng iyon. At palibhasa'y kapwa tapat kami sa aming pagmamahal ay napakasal kami, mapos naming sumanguni sa isang paring kaibigan namin.

Ika 5 ng Abril, 1953

Mahal kong Talaarawan,

Pumunta kami kina Papa at Mama upang humingi ng tawad subalit kami'y kamulang ipinagtubayan. Halos pag-takubian ako ng langit at lupa sa tindi ng pagdaramdam. Ang tangting na-kaaalit sa akin ay ang katotohanang ako'y mahal ni Cris at siya naman ay mahal ko rin.

Ika 24 ng Disyembre, 1953

Mahal kong Talaarawan,

Amibersaryo ng aming pagkakaunawaan. Naghanda ako ng aming pagsasaluhon. Maligayang-maligaya kami ni Cris sapagkat naglaro sa aming alalain ang guniting sa suunod na pasko'y tawad na kami. Nagulat kami

ng biglang dumating si Mama. Panabay kaming lumuhod at kami'y kanyang binabasaan. Maya-maya'y dumating din si Inay (ina ni Cris) at sila ni Mama ay nagkaunawaan. Naidalangin kong nagpatatwad na rin sana sa aming ang aming mga ama.

Ika 2 ng Hunyo, 1954

Mahal kong Talaarawan,

Sumilang si Cristina, isang sanggol na malugos at napakaganda! Alam mo, kamukhang-kamukha ko raw siya bagamat ang mata ay kuba kay Cris. Maligayang-maligay, si Cris at lagi akong lilibrong maganda raw ang ina kaya maganda rin ang anak. Ang pagdaral ni Mama at ni Inay ay lalong napadatas. Si Cristina ay naging bulaklak ng aming masayang tanahan.

Ika 4 ng Oktubre, 1954

Mahal kong Talaarawan,

Alam mo ba mahal kong Talaarawan, na inuisa ni Papa kay Mama kung talagang malugos, malikot at maganda si Cristina? Alam pala ni Papa na si Mama ay madalas sa amin ngunit hindi lamang niya ipinahalata. Tila nasasabi si Papa sa kanyang apog. Nang malaman ito ni Cris ay gayon na lamang ang kanyang katuwanan. Sana'y huwag kaming mabigo sa aming inasasahang kapatawaran.

Ika 24 ng Disyembre, 1954

Mahal kong Talaarawan,

Pitong buwan na si Cristina at siya'y malikot na. Lalong sumasaya ang aming pagsasama. Dumating si Mama at ipinakiusap na dadalhin niya si Baby sa may tindahan, ngunit hanggang sa sumapit ang gab'y hindi sila dumating. Ang Inay ay nabalisin rin kaya umuwi upang ipagbigay alam kay Itay ang nangyari. Nakaabot kami kina Mama sa paghahanap. Nagatubili pa sana kami sa pagpanhik ngunit nakita namin ang Mama na nakangiti at hinudytan kaming pumasko. At alam mo mahal kong Talaarawan ang aming nakita! — ang maglolo ay naglaro at naku!! tigas ng tawa ni Baby. Lumuhod kami at hindi naitangg ni Papa ang kanyang kamay.

Ika 25 ng Disyembre, 1954

Mahal kong Talaarawan,

Pasko, at anong sayang pasko! Sa bahay nina Papa at Mama kami natulog. Sinadya palang dalhin ni Mama ang bata sa Papa upang kami'y magkaroon ng pagkakatong makahingi ng tawad. At ang pinakamaligayang bagay ay ito: Dumating si Itay at Inay at sinisi pa kami sa aming kapabayaan. Pinatawad kami at ang delawang matandang lalaki ay nag-agawan pa kay Cristina. Sa araw na ito'y nag-umapaw sa aming mga puso ang di masukat na kaligayahan. Siyanga pala, bago ako makalimot, "maligayang pasko sa iyo mahal kong Talaarawan".

— W A K A S —

## INGRID, AKING KAPATID

ni LILIAN SUN

*Kita ay minahal mula ng paslit ka,  
Ang kapilyahan mo'y hindi alintana,  
Sa gabi't araw ka'y taging ulala  
Yaring aking pusong uhaw sa pagsinta.*

*Laging pangarap ko ang iyong larawan,  
Hindi mawawaglit magpakitan pa man,  
Mukha mong mamno, tanging kagandahan  
Babaunin sa gunita, hanggang sa  
libingan.*

*Noong wala ka pa sa aming pangingin,  
Buong patigil ay paru bang maditim;  
Dating mga pook na walang halaga  
Ngayon ay nalipos ng karkita't gaudu.*

*Kung ikaw'y maysakit ako'y nabalungkot,  
Magdamag na ako'y hindi makatulog;  
Sa mahal na birhe'y idinaraasal ko,  
Pawain na sana ang paghiktrap mo.*

*Inilalantad ko nang iyong mabattid,  
Laman yaring puso bunso kong kapatid,  
Laging naginiingning ang buong patigil,  
Kung kapiling kita, O mahal kong  
INGRID.*

## HULING PAHIMAKAS

NI T'VERLO

*Sinta, bago ako tulugang sa daigdig  
pumanaw,*

*Ipagako munang ikaw'y di lilinot  
magpakailan man,  
Tanang mga sumpca'y pag-ingatang di  
maparam...*

*Hanggang sapitin mo ang labi ng iyong  
mapanglaw na hukay...*

*Iwan sa paraiso, sa kabilang buhay,  
Kita'y hihintayin sa gabi at araw,  
Sa lumayos ng tugtugin at mga awitan  
Gugunitain ka, O kasunyong mahal...*

*Ngayon sinta'y pawain na, patak ng  
'yong mga lula,  
At idalang malaintim, kaluluwa  
kong aba,  
Hanggang libing ay sikapang di maparam  
sa gunita,  
Ang ating pag-ibig, mga habilin ko...  
at iniwang mga sumpca...*

## MY MOST UNIQUE LAWYER - FRIEND

by Danilo M. Gonzales

**M**Y MOST unique friend is a lawyer. He passed the bar examination just recently.

His grade was good.

This lawyer-friend of mine is emaciated but strong. His height is average for a Filipino. He likes to grow his hair long. He frequently sports a short-sleeved shirt paired with white pants. He is all smiles when he meets his friends—close friends especially.

His personal appearance does not make him, though. It is his behavior. To watch him act is to mistake him for what he really is. It is to disbelieve his age and profession.

As a lawyer he is supposed to act the way his profession demands. He is expected to be mature and responsible. He is supposed to do things which are typical among lawyers. But he does not.

This full-fledged lawyer-friend of mine still plays with rubber bands! And he does not play anywhere else but in the middle of the street. Among small kids, to make it worse! This is unbelievable but true.

Yet, that is not all. He also plays marbles like a small boy, amidst the dirt and dust. Also in the middle of the street. Lucky that he lives

in a less populated district. Only a few people see him do this.

He has a toy pistol too. He plays with it like one of those western cowboys. No wonder, he is fast in drawing his toy pistol from the holster. Of course, he has been doing this since he was a child. But he still has the hobby of those days.

Among the serious games he engages in are chess and pingpong. He is a good chess-player. And he is tops in table-tennis too. His nephew, whom he tutored well, won the championship in a table-tennis tournament, Juniors Division.

This unique lawyer is far from being emotional. To him the opposite sex is nothing to look after. Not that he does not go out with women. He does. But just for the heck of it. Nothing more.

To him love is never an affair to remember. "Why fall in love early?" he is fond of asking.

Until now this lawyer is staying at home and not making use of his profession. He does not practice. His reason: he likes to have peace of mind.

When will he stop his childishness? That is the \$64 question. Meanwhile, this lawyer-friend of mine remains most unique. ♪

## The Law Career

(Continued from page 26)

many people came to see the proceedings. The defense was handled by another law student. I won the case. And when the decision was read, a certain smile flashed on the face of my father—a smile which spoke what words would have failed. I knew he was happy to have a son who had decided to become a lawyer. And I would like to believe that there will be many other such smiles. As Thomas Jefferson has said, "The glow of one warm thought is worth more to me than money."

Clarence Darrow, one of the great if not the greatest trial lawyers, America has ever produced, is said to have given up his position as counsel for a big railroad corporation which netted him twenty thousand dollars a year in order to de-

lend three common laborers of said corporation against them whom an injunction was issued through the machination of the corporation. When the president of the corporation told Darrow that he was throwing away the chance of becoming a governor of Illinois, or of becoming a senator, or a cabinet member, and that these men could not even pay him, Darrow retorted: "I guess those are not the things I'm asking for. I believe in the right of people to better themselves, and I am going to throw in my ten cents' worth to help them."

I do not possess the ability of Darrow and I may not be able to come up to his stature as a lawyer—but a man can dream. Can't he? And besides, I can always try. ♪

**BREVES COMENTARIOS  
DEL EDITOR**

Este año al terminar el semestre saldrán de las umbrales de la Universidad muchos graduados en diferentes cursos. A nosotros, que estamos todavía trabajando para terminar nuestros estudios causara este exodo, nostalgia y envidia. Nostalgia, porque hay siempre verdad en lo que dicen los poetas: "toda separación es amarga." Envidia, porque ellos han alcanzado o han llegado ya a la meta de sus estudios escolares. Pero no por eso debemos desmayar, al contrario esta salida de los demas debe inspirarnos mas y mas en nuestros trabajos. De ellos y de su graduación debemos aprender la lección de que solamente trabajando mucho se llega a la meta.

**UN "RECUERDO" DURANTE  
"ST. VALENTINE DAY"  
Por BIENVENIDO ORLIANS**

Los corazones, frescas flores, amigas y amigos—esas son muy importantes cuando el día de San Valentin viene. Durante esta día cada uno empieza a pensar en su especial amiga y generalmente le da una bonita tarjeta como un símbolo de su sincera, íntima y pura amistad. Este es también el tiempo para las reuniones y fiestas de los enamorados con animados bailes. Y cada rincón del mundo durante esta fecha esta saturado de romances de amor.

Sin embargo, cada uno tiene su propio modo de celebrar este gran día del año. Los jóvenes que no pueden celebrar "Valentine's Day" con pompa y fama como algunos hacen, pasan esta noche en un parque con sus amigos. Allí bajo la sombra de un arbol iluminado solamente por la luz de la luna los dos con el murmullo de la nocturna brisa renuevan sus votos de amor. Para los dos aquel momento es el más feliz de su vida pero, esa felicidad sera duradera?... solo Dios lo sabe—quizá ese momento sea la causa de futuros pesares.

Voy a sugerir un modo mas Cristiano de celebrar ese día. Por la mañana temprano, oír misa pidiendo a la Virgen que proteja y bendiga nuestros amores si acaso los tenemos, con

**Adios Amigos Lectores!**

Por fin ha llegado ya el tiempo de despedirme por medio de esta columna de mis amigos lectores. La razón es que el cansancio tanto mental como corporal me obliga a descansar por algún tiempo. Son tantas mis actividades ya fuera, ya dentro de la clase, que mi cuerpo clama! ¡piedad! Por eso, cual buen soldado, que, después de haber luchado en la guerra pone su espada en la vaina para volver a la patria; o cual buen trabajador que, después de haber sembrado la semilla en el campo, busca la dulce sombra del hogar, así yo, después de haber editado esta sección castellana por dos años, me veo obligado a dejar mi pluma, con el fin de descansar en paz y silencio.

Pero antes de decir... adios... quisiera hacer constar como dulce recuerdo, que el escribir para esta página ha sido siempre para mí, un honor y un gran placer, ya que por esta columna he podido contribuir en algo al apostolado de la prensa, y dar a conocer a otros mis observaciones personales sobre los estudiantes y sobre algunos miembros de la Facultad. Algunos me han criticado por excesiva vejería en los giros al escribir; otros me han recomendado y alabado por la religiosidad de mis artículos, y pensando que siempre he procurado infundir ideas religiosas en mis escritos, y que he encomiado siempre la administración del Muy Rev. Padre Rector, a quien tanto debo, dejo me puesto como redactor de esta sección castellana, con gratitud para los que me dieron el cargo, y con una sonrisa para todos los lectores del "Carolinian".

Al partir ruego a mis sucesores que mantengan el prestigio de esta sección castellana. Pues no cabe duda que dicha sección ha vivido en su larga existencia con honor y prestigio ante las demas revistas y periodicos escolares, y por lo tanto espero que mis sucesores la hagan subir a la cumbre de la perfección.

Antes de dejar mi puesto como editor me permito la libertad de hacer constar que son muy pocos los estudiantes que se preocupan de escribir para esta sección. De hecho me entristece decir que mis inclinaciones y ruegos pidiendo artículos para esta sección fueron por decirlo así en vano. No sé a que se debe esa cobardía e indiferencia de muchos. Quizá el remedio yace en las manos de los instructores y profesores, yo creo que si ellos animan a los estudiantes, estos venceran su timidez y la sección castellana, llegará a ser una de las mejores de nuestro "Carolinian".

Adios pues, amigos lectores, gracias tanto por sus criticas como por sus alabanzas porque muy bien sabe este pobre amigo, que la vida del escritor está llena de contradicción.

el fin de que no sea la celebración de ese día causa de soroujo y pasar.

Diviértanse pero tal como debe divertirse la juventud Católica, en un ambiente alegre pero puro. Y para lograr esto nada mejor que comenzar el día oyendo misa y conulgando en honor de San Valentin.

Aunque siempre parecen estas sugerencias buenas para las jóvenes. No deben olvidar los caballeros que tambien ellos deben portarse como tales, y bailar, reir y disfrutar dentro de los limites de la discusion y respeto a la que en ese día, se permiten considerar como la dueña de corazones. g

# The Butterfly

\* \* \* \*

A butterfly  
learned from his Mother  
to touch not more than  
one flower.

But when he grew,  
envious of his brother,  
he flew from one to  
another.

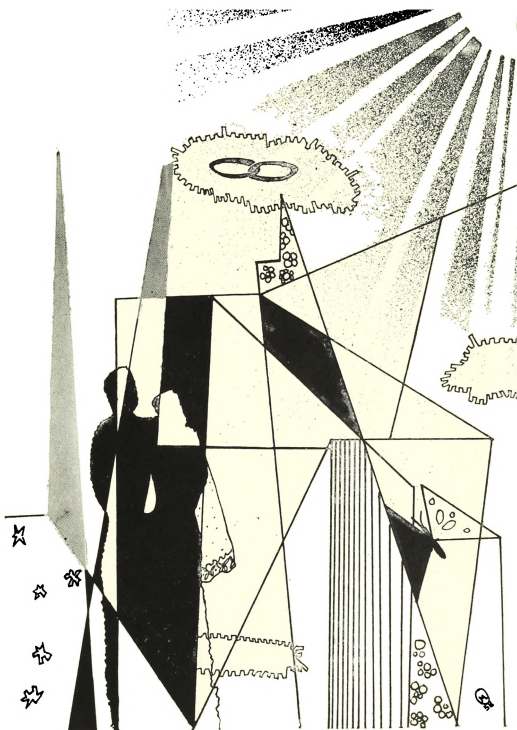
Suddenly

he recalled the lesson  
he knew while still  
a cocoon.

For there were tears  
that knew no season;  
and those were tears  
he caused to flow soon.

So, he went

to one flower:  
"Believe me, I'll  
breathe my last here!"



He proved his words  
with the answer:  
"I do!" before God  
and His leader.

Many a mumble  
called him silly;  
scores asked him  
why so early?

Why content  
to one and only  
when flowers  
abound a-plenty?

But there are thoughts  
that make man crazy  
before his follow-  
being —

Yet, those are gems  
that make him worthy  
of His eternal  
dwelling!

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