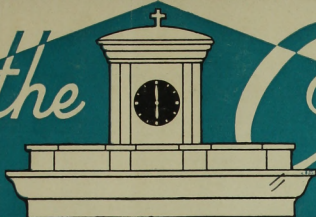


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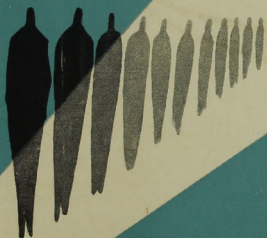
OCT 27 1959

the



Carolinian

Official Publication of the Students
of the University of San Carlos



★ SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER ISSUE ★

1959

Volume XXIII • No. 2

THE STAFF

The staff is a closely-knit group this year. The relations among its members are more personal than they were a few years back when Essel A.J.R. was still Sixto, Frank A. Robles still Francisco, and so forth.

The staffers often converge in the almost austere-looking room they call their office, discuss new brainstorm, criticize each other's work, insult each other deliberately (sample dialogue: "Frankie, you're memorizing a lot of useless things"; "That's right, June: I memorize your poems") and wind up greater buddies for all that. Sometimes, they go out together, eat at a downtown restaurant (the rule: when the editor eats, everybody eats; when the editor pays, everybody pays), and then take a promenade as they trade barbs and insults and discuss sundry subjects, ranging all the way from the poetry of Homer to the lipstick shades their latest girls use. Etc.

This, finally, we hope, will be for the good of the "C". The staffers will work with more willingness and more life, happy in each other's company while they serve their audience.

There were some interesting incidents to remember the first issue by. FLF, our irrepressible "funnyboner," created a riot with his "joey returns." The offended parties seethed with indignation (some of them wrote angry letters of protest to the Fr. Rector; others tore their copies of the "C"), while the general reading audience roared with laughter. In the words of J. C., FLF's cry for recognition had at last been heard. Of course, no malice was intended in the piece. It was written in the spirit of clean fun; it was written as a spoof. We are glad that the riot is all over now, and we can have a sigh of peace.

Our good Father John wrote us about the first issue. He had some kind words for it, and we were flattered. Among other things, he said that the sectioning and the general lay-out were a success and that the cover was a real eye-catcher. Credit goes to Artist Manligas. He has come a long, long way since he drew his "boy scout" cover for Editor Sitey (Christmas Issue, 1957).

Other features of the magazine also got their share of paeans and philippics. For one, the editor got edited. A letter praised his editorial in superlatives in the first paragraph but slyly concluded with: "For truly, *deserts* are given only after dinner." What he meant, of course, was that the use of the word "dessert" in the editorial was wrong. Indeed it was, for instead of "*desserts* will be given where they are due," as was printed, "*deserts* will be given where they are due" should have appeared. That was we assure our readers, a typographical error. While we are not great grammarians, yet we do not usually commit fundamental errors in grammar. Incidentally, we would like to take this occasion to draw your attention to the fact that typographical errors are unavoidable. May you look upon them with tolerance.

All things said and done, the first issue gave us something to remember. The staff is grateful to Fr. Baumgartner and Miss Fernandez for their help and inspiration.

THE FIRST ISSUE

The regular number of pages for this mag is forty, pictorials and covers included in the count. We had forty-eight pages in the first issue. This one, therefore, had to be pegged down to its present size.

Our choice of theme for this issue is by way of paying tribute to the Teachers' College. Fr. Buchick and Mr. Alfredo Ordoña did us proud by helping us gather materials about certain aspects of Catholic Education which you will find in the "In Tribute" section. Our deepest gratitude is theirs.

The cover, which is ARM's interpretation of the theme, shows his present obsession with symbolism and semi-abstraction. Here's a prayer that it may appeal to you.

The Stuff:

Two stories about the internal conflicts of two lonely men are presented in this issue by J. C. and Frank. Beyond a community of loneliness of the heroes, however, no similarity is discernible in the stories. "Comma" ends with a serene note of triumph when the hero finds his true self again; "Period" concludes with a horrible shriek of terror and pain when Miguel kills himself "in the moonlit and deserted streets of Misericordia."

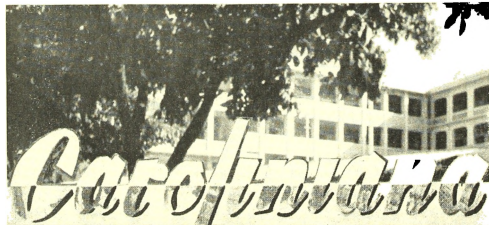
Memorabilia, vignettes on sundry matters, introduces what its author calls prose-poetry. There might be differences of opinion as to whether Memorabilia should be classified as poetry. We do not take side with Memorabilia as a whole. We only want to point out the fact that in "Heartburning" there cannot be any denial of the poetic intensity of the situation (a lover suffers the pain of being jilted while the world around nonchalantly rejoices, pausing not even for a second to offer the littlest sympathies) and the fine restraint with which the writer handles it. Al Amores' poems, which, in this issue, are replete with the imagery that is alternately his weakness and his strength, show the author at some of his finest.

D. M. Maglalang writes on Joaquin's "Guardia de Honor." Here, he no longer burns with the fire and the vitriol that he directed at Villa. Rather, he is like a meek worshipper who bows at the feet of his god, burning rare in cense in adoration.

FLF comes up with another spoof — this time on politicians. We hope he does not tread on sensitive toes. We are peaceful men. We do not want to get into trouble with people over imagined wrongs.

Dr. Maceda, our newly returned ethnologist, points up certain aspects of a study that has long been neglected in the Philippines. Would that he awaken interest in it.

by
Manuel S. Go



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The CAROLINIAN

Official Publication of the Students
of the University of San Carlos

Cebu City, Philippines

Editorial

CORRUPT YOUTH LEADERS

BRAWLING, hustling, mudslinging, right in the heart of the present political turmoil; horse-trading, scheming, right in the melee of conference halls are young people. Youth leaders, they call themselves.

Oh, yes, indeed, youth leaders, but corrupt ones!

Ask them why they are in the midst of the struggle, and they will brazenly tell you that they are there for the money and the power they derive from the racket. Ask them if they are willing to make the littlest sacrifice for some common good, and they will tell you to go to hell.

This frankness, of course, they very easily cast aside for expediency's sake. Listen to young campaigners, in real or in campus politics, and you will hear nothing but junior versions of dirty politics: promising, misrepresenting their identities, telling audiences of their altruism and selflessness — in short, lying.

No, there are no longer any starry-eyed idealists among these youth leaders. There are only hardened schemers with feet of clay.

And yet, these youths should have been the fair hopes of the fatherland, the promise of salvation. For when the men at the helm of government today will fade away, even as all men must, they will come to take their places. And they will give all their youthful dreams and devotion and vigor to the service of the country. They will wash away the stains of dishonesty and opportunism that their predecessors, calloused by practical politics, had left upon the face of the nation.

But will our youth leaders do this? Will they really revitalize the government? Will they really rid it of graft and corruption? The indications, as seen from the actions of our youth leaders today, point to the contrary. They will carry on the same kind of dirty politics, the same kind of heartlessness and opportunism, the same kind of public-be-damned attitude, that their "models" are displaying now, and which they are learning with surprising facility. The difference between them and the old politicians they will succeed will only be that they will carry on the racket with the vigor and earnestness that the latter may have lost.

The problem posed by our corrupt youth leaders may not be so ostensible as that posed by juvenile delinquents who maul each other in the streets, but it is actually a thousand times greater. For these youth leaders will, in due time, steer the Ship of State and will be in a position to wreck the whole nation.

We cannot now present solutions to the problem in this editorial. That is beyond our scope. We are only voicing out a sentiment whose intensity compels us to express it. We can only conclude with a sigh,

May God deliver us all!

M. S. G.

SEPT. - OCT., 1959

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IF I WERE asked to describe as briefly and popularly as I could, what a University was, I should draw my answer from its ancient designation of a *Studium Generale*, or "School of Universal Learning." This description implies the assemblage of strangers from all parts in one spot:—*from all parts*, else, how will you find professors and students for every department of knowledge? and in *one spot*, else, how can there be any school at all? Accordingly, in its simple and rudimental form, it is a school of knowledge of every kind, consisting of teachers and learners from every quarter. Many things are requisite to complete and satisfy the idea embodied in this description; but such as this a University seems to be in its essence, a place for the communication and circulation of thought, by means of personal intercourse, through a wide extent of country.

There is nothing far-fetched or unreasonable in the idea thus presented to us; and if this be a University, then a University does contemplate a necessity of our nature, and is but one specimen in a particular medium, out of which might be adduced in others, of a provision for that necessity. Mutual education, in a large sense of the word, is one of the great and incessant occupations of human society, carried on partly with set purpose, and partly not. One generation forms another; and the

gation of all kinds of knowledge. Why, you will ask, need we go up to knowledge, when knowledge comes down to us? The Sibyl wrote her prophecies upon the leaves of the forest, and wasted them, but here such careless profusion might be prudently indulged, for it can be afforded without loss, in consequence of the almost fabulous fecundity of the instrument which these latter ages have invented. We have sermons in stones, and books in the running brooks; works larger and more comprehensive than those which have gained for ancients an immortality, issue forth every morning, and are projected onwards to the ends of the earth at the rate of hundreds of miles a day. Our seats are strewn, our pavements are powdered, with swarms of little tracts; and the very bricks of our city walls preach wisdom, by informing us by their placards where we can at once cheaply purchase it.

I allow all this, and much more; such certainly is our popular education, and its effects are remarkable. Nevertheless, after all, even in this age, whenever men are really serious about getting what, in the language of trade is called "a good article," when they aim at something precise, something refined, something really luminous, something really large, something choice, they go to another market; they avail themselves, in some shape or other, of the

WHAT IS A

by JOHN HENRY

existing generation is ever acting and reacting upon itself the persons of its individual members. Now, in this process, books, I need scarcely say, that is, the *litera scripta*, are one special instrument. It is true; and emphatically so in this age. Considering the prodigious powers of the press, and how they are developed at this time in the never-intermitting issue of periodicals, tracts, pamphlets, works in series, and light literature, we must allow there never was a time which promised fairer for dispensing with every other means of information and instruction. What can we want more, you will say, for the intellectual education of the whole man, and for every man, than so exuberant and diversified and persistent a promul-

gation of all kinds of knowledge. Why, you will ask, need we go up to knowledge, when knowledge comes down to us? The Sibyl wrote her prophecies upon the leaves of the forest, and wasted them, but here such careless profusion might be prudently indulged, for it can be afforded without loss, in consequence of the almost fabulous fecundity of the instrument which these latter ages have invented. We have sermons in stones, and books in the running brooks; works larger and more comprehensive than those which have gained for ancients an immortality, issue forth every morning, and are projected onwards to the ends of the earth at the rate of hundreds of miles a day. Our seats are strewn, our pavements are powdered, with swarms of little tracts; and the very bricks of our city walls preach wisdom, by informing us by their placards where we can at once cheaply purchase it.

If the actions of men may be taken as any test of their convictions, then we

have reason for saying this, viz.:—that the province and the inestimable benefit of the *libera scripta* is that of being a record of truth, and an authority of appeal, and an instrument of teaching in the hands of a teacher; but that, if we wish to become exact and fully furnished in any branch of knowledge which is diversified and complicated, we must consult the living man and listen to his living voice. I am not bound to investigate the cause of this, and anything I may say will, I am conscious, be short of its full analysis;—perhaps we may suggest, that no books can get through the number of minute questions which it is possible to ask on any extended subject, or can hit upon the very difficulties which are severally felt by each reader in succession. Or again, that no book can convey the special spirit and delicate peculiarities of its subject with that rapidity and certainty which attend on the sympathy of mind with mind, through the eyes, the look, the accent, the manner, in casual expressions thrown off at the moment, and the unstudied turns of familiar conversation. But I am already dwelling too long on what is but an incidental portion of my main subject. Whatever be the cause, the fact is undeniable. The general principles of any study you may learn by books at home; but the detail, the colour, the tone, the air, the life which makes it live in us, you must catch all these

assemblages and congregations of intellect that books themselves, the masterpieces of human genius, are written, or at least originated.

The principle on which I have been insisting is so obvious, and instances in point are so ready, that I should think it tiresome to proceed with the subject, except that one or two illustrations may serve to explain my own language about it, which may not have done justice to the doctrine which it has been intended to enforce.

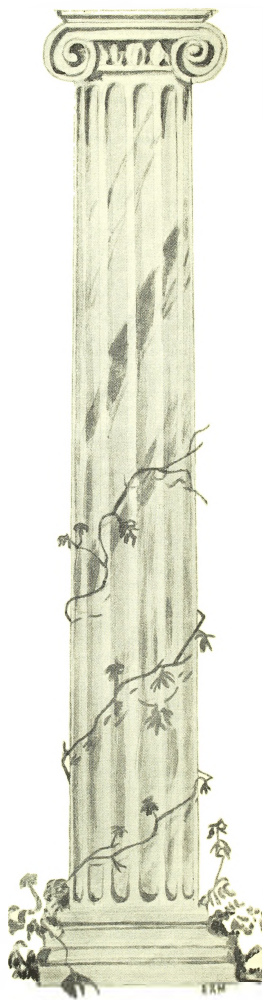
For instance, the polished manners and high-bred bearing which are so difficult of attainment, and so strictly personal when attained,—which are so much admired in society, from society are acquired. All that goes to constitute a gentleman,—the carriage, gait, address, gestures, voice; the ease, the self-possession, the courtesy, the power of conversing, the talent of not offending; the lofty principle, the delicacy of thought, the happiness of expression, the taste and propriety, the generosity and forbearance, the candour and consideration, the openness of hand;—these qualities, some of them come by nature, some of them may be found in any rank, some of them are a direct precept of Christianity; but the full assemblage of them, bound up in the unity of an individual character, do we expect they can be learned from books? are they not necessarily acquired, where

UNIVERSITY?

CARDINAL NEWMAN

from those in whom it lives already. You must imitate the student in French or German, who is not content with his grammar, but goes to Paris or Dresden; you must take example from the young artist, who aspires to visit the great Masters in Florence and in Rome. Till we have discovered some intellectual daguerreotype, which takes off the course of thought, and the form, lineaments, and features of truth, as completely and minutely, as the optical instrument reproduces the sensible object, we must come to the teachers of wisdom to learn wisdom, and we must repair to the fountain and drink there. Portions of it may go from thence to the ends of the earth by means of books; but the fulness is in one place alone. It is in such

they are to be found, in high society? The very nature of the case leads us to say so; you cannot fence without an antagonist, nor challenge all comers in disputation before you have supported a thesis; and in like manner, it stands to reason, you cannot learn to converse till you have the world to converse with; you cannot unlearn your natural bashfulness, or awkwardness, or stiffness, or other besetting deformity, till you serve your time in some school of manners. Well, and is it not so in matter of fact? The metropolis, the court, the great houses of the land, are the centres to which at stated times the country comes up, as to shrines of refinement and good taste; and then in due time the country goes back again home, enriched





AT
GRADUATION

with a portion of the social accomplishments, which those very visits serve to call out and heighten in the gracious dispensers of them. We are unable to conceive how the "gentleman-like" can otherwise be maintained; and maintained in this way it is.

And now a second instance: and here too I am going to speak without personal experience of the subject I am introducing. I admit I have not been in Parliament, any more than I figured in the *beau monde*; yet I cannot but think that statesmanship, as well as high breeding, is learned, not by books, but in certain centres of education. If it be not presumption to say so, Parliament puts a clever man *au courant* with politics and affairs of state in a way surprising to himself. A member of the legislature, if tolerably observant, begins to see things with new eyes, even though his views undergo no change. Words have a meaning now, and ideas a reality, such as they had not before. He hears a vast deal in public speeches and private conversation, which is never put into print. The bearings of measures and events, the actions of parties, and the persons of friends and enemies, are brought out to the man who is in the midst of them with a distinctness, which the most diligent perusal of newspapers will fail to impart to them. It is access to the fountain-heads of political wisdom and experience, it is daily intercourse, of one kind or another, with the multitude who go up to them, it is familiarity with business, it is access to the contributions of fact and opinion thrown together by many witnesses from many quarters, which does this for him. However, I need not account for a fact, to which it is sufficient to appeal: that the Houses of Par-

liament and the atmosphere around them are a sort of University of politics.

As regards the world of science, we find a remarkable instance of the principle which I am illustrating, in the periodical meetings for its advance, which have arisen in the course of the last twenty years, such as the British Association. Such gatherings would to many persons appear at first sight simply preposterous. Above all subjects of study, Science is conveyed, is propagated, by books, or by private teaching; experiments and investigations are conducted in silence; discoveries are made in solitude. What have philosophers to do with festive celebrities, and panegyric solemnities with mathematics and physical truth? Yet on a closer attention to the subject, it is found that not even scientific thought can dispense with the suggestions, the instruction, the stimulus, the sympathy, the intercourse with mankind on a large scale, which such meetings secure. A fine time of year is chosen, when days are long, skies are bright, the earth smiles, and all nature rejoices; a city or town is taken by turns, of ancient name or modern opulence, where buildings are spacious and hospitality hearty. The novelty of place and circumstance, the excitement of strange, or the refreshment of well-known faces, the majesty of rank or genius, the amiable charities of men pleased both with themselves and with each other; the elevated spirits, the circulation of thought, the curiosity; the morning sections, the outdoor exercise, the well-furnished, well-earned board, the not ungraceful hilarity, the evening circle; the brilliant lecture, the discussions or collisions or guesses of great men one with another, the narratives of scientific processes, of hopes,

disappointments, conflicts, and successes, the splendid eulogistic orations; these and the like constituents of the annual celebration, are considered to do something real and substantial for the advance of knowledge which can be done in no other way. Of course they can but be occasional; they answer to the annual Act, or Commencement, or Commemoration of a University, not to its ordinary condition; but they are of a University nature; and I can well believe in their utility. They issue in the promotion of a certain living and, as it were, bodily communication of knowledge from one to another, of a general interchange of ideas, and a comparison and adjustment of science with science, of an enlargement of mind, intellectual and social, of an ardent love of the particular study, which may be chosen by each individual, and a noble devotion to its interests.

Such meetings, I repeat, are but periodical, and only partially represent the idea of a University. The bustle and whirl which are their usual concomitants, are in ill keeping with the order and gravity of earnest intellectual education. We desiderate means of instruction which involve no interruption of our ordinary habits; nor need we seek it long, for the natural course of things brings it about, while we debate over it. In every great country, the metropolis itself becomes a sort of necessary University, whether we will or no. As the chief city is the seat of the court, of high society, of politics, and of law, so as a matter of course is it the seat of letters also; and at this time, for a long term of years, London and Paris are in fact in operation Universities, though in Paris its famous University is no more, (Continued on page 10)

Religious Instruction in the Philippines

ABOUT the important task of religious principles in the life of a country, Washington, in his "Farewell Address", says the following:

"Of all dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, Religion and Morality are indispensable supports. . . And whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

This is true because, as Washington continues, without "these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of Men and Citizens" there would be "no security for property, for reputation, for life. . ."

Experience teaches us about the far-reaching consequences of these statements. And yet, what is the status of religious instruction in our country — in a predominantly Catholic country, at that? Over 3,000,000 Filipino children are attending elementary schools. But Section 928 of the Revised Administration Code allows only "to teach religion for one half hour three times a week. . . to those public school pupils whose parents or guardians desire it. . ." Thus practically all Filipino children between 7 and 13 years of age are deprived of a thorough religious instruction, for indeed, nearly all elementary schools are government-controlled. True, religion is permitted to be taught; in practice, however, because of the lack of professional teachers of religion, only a very small portion of public elementary school children are reached. Teachers of religion are usually volunteer students of Catholic colleges who, without remuneration, are engaged in this highly important task.

Thus out of 36 weeks of the school year only 30 minutes three times a week are taken out for optional religious instruction! What do teachers do with the rest of the time? They discuss the wonderful things of God's creation. They admire the order, plan, harmonies, symmetries, gradations and progressions of the natural world which was created by the good God. They search for laws and truths hidden in the marvelous world around them. They read the book of nature whose Author is God. In other words, whatever any curriculum anywhere discusses, it is effect of the First Cause. Now, is it not unscientific to speak about the effects and not to mention or even to forbid to mention their

by JULIET VILLALUZ

Cause? Does not such a schooling create a certain vacuum in the minds and hearts of the youth? Does it not destroy the spiritual balance of the child? Does it not disorient the child's conception of values? Does it not lead to pessimism? . . .

The thirty minutes three times a week of optional instruction in religion are just a drop of water in the ocean of adverse influences our youth is exposed to. The daily press pounds day in day out upon the minds of the people. It brings daily pages of different crimes—murders, robberies, stabbings, fights, cheating, unfaithfulness, etc. etc. The radio, the cinema, the advertisements, the street life create an unhealthy atmosphere in which the child must live. Thus says Pius XI religion must be

"in very truth the foundation and crown of the youth's entire training . . . If this is wanting, if this sacred atmosphere does not pervade and warm the hearts of masters and scholars, little good can be expected from any kind of learning, and considerable harm will often be the consequence."

More and more cries are being heard about juvenile delinquency, broken homes, social injustice, corruption in politics, etc. Pres. Quizon observed about the youths of his time: "Social decorum is fast becoming prostituted by a mistaken conception of so-called modernity." And the social virtues will continue to vanish if the education of children and

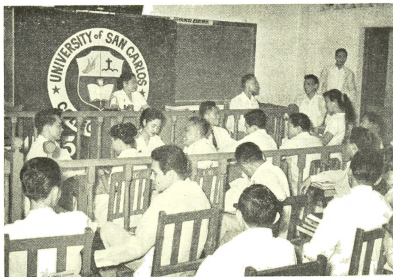
youth will not be based upon the immutable and eternal truths of religion and morality. If God is taken out from the hearts and lives of the citizens then even the best provisions of the law will not save the present dangerous situation.

The high school youth receives a little better religious training as compared with the child in the elementary school. High schools in our country are mostly under Catholic tutelage. But even here let us not forget the words of Pope Pius XI that to make a school

"a fit place for Catholic students. . . it is necessary that all the teaching and the whole organization of the school, and its teachers, syllabus and textbooks in every branch, be regulated by the Christian spirit. . . For the mere fact that the school gives some religious instruction (often extremely diluted) does not make such an institution truly Catholic. . ."

Colleges in the Philippines are much better taken care of. Mention here will be made of some of the Catholic institutions which are the envy of many a college student who cannot attend one of them. Four universities: the Pontifical University of Santo Tomas in Manila established in 1611, a quarter of a century older than Harvard University; the venerable University of San Carlos founded in 1595 in Cebu City; University of San Agustin in Iloilo City; and Xavier University in Cagayan de Oro City are some of the best among the nation's 23 universities. Then such names as Ateneo de Manila, San Juan de Letran, De la Salle, San Beda, Sta. Isabel, St. Scholastica, St. Theresa, Holy Ghost—all of Manila, are stand-outs in the

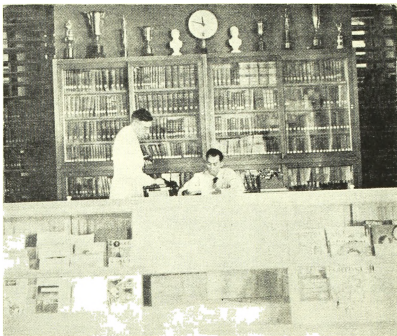
(Continued on page 22)



At the Classroom

The GOOD CATHOLIC TEACHER

by THELMA M. MAYO
BSE IV



A Part of a Catholic Library.

WE HAVE always taken pride in the distinction that ours is the only Catholic country in the Orient. We have cherished the privilege of being called the diehard defenders of the Catholic Faith in Asia, not only because of our superiority in numbers as compared to members of other religions, but also because our country was the first in this part of the world to embrace as a whole Christianity.

To really live up to this distinction that other nations have given us, to be able to maintain this open tribute that other countries have held high for us, it is necessary that our youths who are "the fair hope of the fatherland" be given a truly Catholic education. A good Catholic education, however, can come only from good Catholic teachers, who, as Pope Pius XI has said, "are those with clear, professional Catholic conscience, a soul burning with apostolic zeal, and an exact idea of doctrine, which must penetrate all their teaching." With this ecclesiastical pronouncement as our main basis, let us make a clear dissertation of what a good Catholic teacher is.

First of all, a good Catholic teacher has foremost in her mind the intention to serve the noblest cause. She must possess the insatiable desire to serve God, her fellowmen, and her country. She must take joy in giving such services with the thought of contributing her God-given talents to the propagation of her Faith as her compensation. She is the teacher of truth and virtue. She must "cherish a pure and holy love for the youths" who are under her guidance and care. A good Catholic teacher understands the youths for what they are: the likenesses of God and the living temples of the Holy Spirit; she regards

them as persons whose individualities are as distinct as their fingerprints, and with such awareness, gives each individual student proper consideration and tries to reproduce in his soul the living image of Jesus Christ. Knowing that a child is in the delicate stage of physical and spiritual growth, she inspires him through her sound advice and good example and gives him hope, confidence and self-respect. Thus she becomes the children's guardian angel on their way to heaven.

Secondly, a good Catholic teacher realizes her enormous responsibility to society in her duty of molding the moral character of the youth. In conjunction with this awareness of the importance of her task, she prepares herself thoroughly in the subject matter she teaches. She varies her teaching methods and aids with the aim of stimulating and challenging the students' thinking power and for the purpose of meeting the needs of the individual pupil. She knows that the balanced diet a dietician prepares for the dining table differs largely from the intellectual fare which she has to offer her students. For a child, as a developing individual, improves his reasoning power as he grows with the years. Being aware that an intellectual diet must be changed every day, she gives interesting and challenging motivations in her daily classwork in such a manner that enthusiasm and sincerity are manifested in her cheerful disposition. Her subject matter, methods, motivations and enthusiasm are permeated with Christian piety.

Thirdly, a good Catholic teacher is a practical Catholic. She realizes that the measure of her own personal perfection depends upon her nearness to God. She is not only a preceptor but also an ex-

emplar of what she preaches. She knows that the principles she implants in the minds of the distinct personalities in her classroom are null if she does not practice them herself; she believes that the effectiveness of her teaching lies in making herself a good example to follow and to emulate. Her "personal life, her hopes, beliefs and loves, her attitudes toward God and fellowmen, toward victories and defeats, toward joy and sufferings" are reflected in her teaching. Thus, she conducts herself in a manner beyond reproach with the firm consciousness that what she teaches can only be truly effective if she herself practices it in her everyday undertakings. She uses, therefore, all available natural means but above all she draws upon the rich supernatural sources of grace which she and her pupils "can obtain abundantly from the floodwaters of the sacraments and prayers." (Pius XII)

Fourthly, conspicuous in a good Catholic teacher is her humility and self-sacrifice: humility, because of the loftiness of her vocation; self-sacrifice, because of the example of Christ, the Teacher Himself. She must not be heard to complain of the late hours she must spend in preparing the next day's lesson, checking themes and examination papers, writing anecdotal records of students with problems and in performing the many other tedious chores incident to the exercise of her profession. She must be apt to recognize her innate talents and to use them to the fullest extent and at the same time keen in considering her limitations. She must keep abreast of the progress of science, economics and the arts. She must have within her reach materials for improv-

(Continued on page 22)

DURING the last few years the author of this paper was lecturing on "Professional Ethics for Teachers". On several occasions, toward the end of the course, he asked his students to write, without giving their names, on what they thought they had profited from the course. Here are but a few statements the students made.

One of them writes: "I know that teaching is the most dignified and the noblest profession, but before I took the course, I was told that teaching is the lowest among all the professions."

Another student expresses similar

ideas in the following words: "I had little regard for teaching. In fact, I must confess that I was even ashamed to become a teacher some day. I don't really know why I thought that way. But it must have been caused by the talks going around of what teaching is. Yet, now I know that all the ugly words I heard concerning teaching are trash, coming from people who talked about things they were ignorant of."

Still another student expresses her joy and satisfaction that, although she was for several years in service, "it is only now that I realize and understand the

dignity of the teaching profession."

Thus think some of the student-teachers about teaching. These are the more active ones. Others swallow "ugly words" concerning teaching; they feel hurt but go on. Still others have no ideas of their own. They cannot enjoy teaching.

What do renowned educators and statesmen think about us, teachers, and about the teachers' work?

TEACHING: *The Noblest Profession?*

by A. B.

The teacher's far-reaching influence.

"Teaching is the most honorable occupation in which one can engage. It is the most self-respecting business on earth. In it... the teacher is justifying his existence among men; he is doing his bit for the State, and he is serving the Lord. No profession offers such constant inducement to be honest, truthful, and intelligent. The teacher has the most admirable of all opportunities for the development of higher character. The teacher's influence I reckon to be the most far-reaching of all." (Dr. Frank Crane)

The teacher's lasting influence.

"If we work upon marble, it will perish; upon brass, time will efface it; but if we work upon immortal souls, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellowmen, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity." (Daniel Webster)

The teacher's most valuable object.

"The teacher is working with the child, who is at once the most complex, the most plastic, the most beautiful, the most wonderful of all God's creation. It is a wonderful thing to be a teacher; it is a great thing to teach school." (Frank W. Simonds)

The teacher's patriotism.

"The teachers make the whole world their debtor; of them can be said as it can be said of no other profession save the profession of the ministers of the Gospel themselves, if they did not do their work well, this Republic would not outlast the span of a generation." (Theodore Roosevelt)

There is no work in which men and women engage which more directly and fundamentally serves society and the State. Teaching is the biggest and the best profession in the State because it creates and moulds the nation's citizenship. It is the very foundation and mainstay of the national life." (John Dixon)

The teacher and the world civilization.

"I say that a teacher is the greatest man in the world, and I say so advisedly. Whoever is a teacher is doing greater work than the statesman or the soldier. Teachers make the world go on and grow better and better. All that there is in civilization, the world owes to its teachers." (A Governor)

The teacher's earthly reward.

"For twenty-five years I have been giving light to the blind; I have given understanding to some thousands of boys. My boys have learned the history of mankind so that the world is again their possession. I have taught languages to make the past live in their minds and to be windows upon the souls of alien people. I have had dull boys and intractable boys, but nearly all have gone into the world gentlemen, broad-minded, good-mannered, and understanding, and unselfish, masters of self, servants of men, because the whole scheme of their education has been to release them from base and narrow things." (H. G. Wells)

"Because I was amazed to see many young men, of no settled religious convictions, leading decent—yes, noble—lives in the midst of grievous temptations, I was moved to make a quiet investigation of the reason for this. Every time I found that a woman was at the bottom of it. And in many cases, when that woman was not the mother, she was a teacher. Is it not the better part of our reward to make impressions on souls like that—even, in a lifetime, on one soul like that?" (An Army Chaplain during World War I)

The teacher—God's helper.

"The true teacher is, and may well be, proud of the title, for his work is akin to that of the Master Builder, the creator of a temple not made with hands." (John Dixon)

"There is no painter, there is no sculptor nor artist that can be compared to the man who knows how to form the minds and hearts of the young. This is a work far surpassing the finest creations of human art to reproduce in souls the living image of Jesus Christ." (St. John Chrysostom)

Teachers remember!

"Here is your material to work with. Each and everyone of these children is a prospective citizen of heaven, and it is (Continued on page 22)



An Adult Education Class.

THERE were three judges. Jack Yemen Bryan of the American Embassy had very little praise for it.

But cried Loesin with his usual literary flamboyance: It is a cry of ecstasy, a shriek of pain, a sigh of peace.

It is written with great brilliance, done with masterly craftsmanship, said Villa.

And he of the intense piercing eyes, full expressive mouth, he who was voted six years later the most outstanding young man in Philippine literature—Nick Joaquin—won the first prize in the *Free Press* Short Story Contest for 1949.

The story was *Guardia de Honor*.

Never perhaps was a short story more deserving of a prize, never perhaps will another be. Joaquin has written a masterpiece that can hardly be equalled, and as the perusal of his volume *Prose and Poems* proves, not even by the author himself perhaps.

It was said of Thomas Wolfe that his was a fierce energy that could not be beaten into form—but it can be said of Joaquin that he has both the fierceness and the form.

Reading and rereading the story, one gets the unmistakable impression that he is in the presence of a structure that has in the words of Loesin "the very fur of creation—attended by perfect control." The architectural unity of the different parts, all the more remarkable because they are divergent, reminds one of a Gothic monument built in matchless symmetry. The unique fusion of the past, the present and the future through the mirror device captures, as it were, the timeless dimensions of eternity and focuses to a sharper perspective the puny aspirations and the apparently insignificant despairs of men. The two plots or the two generations, though years apart, meet through a thin thread of illusion (is life not one?) each independent yet complementing one another running like themes in a sonata point-counterpoint yet meeting at the end in a splendid burst of harmony. The past is fused with the present (Natalia meeting Josie), the present is fused with the future (Josie seeing through the mirror the forecast of what is to come) and the past in the end "closes the ring and completes the circle." (Natalia married to Andong).

Artificial, unrealistic, so would cry many a critic. But is art not a synthesis of life's shifting kaleidoscope, a scheme of the ideal transcending the real?

Perhaps, were it not for the theme of the story which plays on man's primal emotions and dark instinctive drives, one might well be tempted to think of a prim well-kept classical garden to



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which naturally a wild forest park would be preferred. But it is the content that gives the story a kind of fierceness and rugged power and, hence, a shade of elemental grandeur.

Be all these as they may, the author is however more interested, as far as this study is concerned, in Joaquin's handling of a difficult theme—the eternal problem of evil and human responsibility.

Therefore, Providence is more concerned to preserve the liberty of the will than to establish necessity over all active efficiencies. Further, if free will were taken away many good things would be withdrawn. The praise of human virtue is nullified when good is not done freely; and justice would be a mockery.

Joaquin captures this very spirit of Aquinas and like faint echoes of the

NICK JOAQUIN'S "G"

There is a very striking passage in the story, which I believe strikes the keynote of the narrative. The mother says to her erring daughter: I would prefer you to sin, being free, than not to sin because I had tied your hands.

Hers might just as well have been the voice of God speaking through the ages who though knowing that human freedom could be abused nevertheless kept it free and always the object of divine respect.

"God made man from the beginning and left him in the hand of his own counsel," so Ecclesiastes writes, "Before man is life and death, whatever he shall please shall be given him."

In this respect Joaquin's attempt at reconciling evil and human freedom with divine Providence is in perfect consonance with reason—and revelation.

For implicitly Providence is in no way inconsistent with the evils born of human freedom. Aquinas, with whom I believe Joaquin is well acquainted, gives a parallel exposition of the same problem in his *Contra Gentiles, de Creaturis*. He writes:

"An element of perfection is more worthy of being preserved by Providence than an element of imperfection; but freedom of the will is a perfection and acting through necessity is an im-

perfecting. Therefore, Providence is more concerned to preserve the liberty of the will than to establish necessity over all active efficiencies. Further, if free will were taken away many good things would be withdrawn. The praise of human virtue is nullified when good is not done freely; and justice would be a mockery.

"What makes the life of a Christian so hard is that he must choose at every step, he must choose, choose, choose, at every moment; for good and evil have such confusing faces — evil may look good, good may look evil—until the most sincere Christian may be deceived, unless he chooses. But that is one of his greatest glories too — that he chooses and he knows he can choose. I placed those emeralds in your hands knowing the crucial temptations that afflict you, because I wanted you to be free to choose and thus show how deeply I still trust you."

Because he sounded the profound depths of Catholic principles in his creative writing, it is no wonder that Joaquin is described by some critics as the most Catholic of Filipino writers, one whose faith is the underlying moving principle of his art.

It must be kept in mind here, however, that I do not mean that Joaquin intended in any way to deliver a sermon in writing the *Guardia de Honor*, nor did he intend to array his artistic powers in defense of a definite set of values. That would be prostitution. He

merely incorporated into his art the timeless facts of human emotions intimately related to the conduct of life, facts which are definitely of higher rank than those which are not.

Literature must not necessarily be didactic; it should be merely ethical. For if it does not move our sympathy with the deepest things of life or if it does not make us cognizant of the eternal truths, then it is not great literature.

Joaquin stands squarely before life, before the fact of good and evil, time and eternity, freedom and fate, and his artistic vision undimmed by the confusion around him is keenly aware of the unchanging truths underlying them.

Jack Bryan wrote that the "treatment of *Guardia de Honor* borders upon a merely commonplace awe at the mysterious workings of fate." Did he actually understand the story? What is fate?

A determining principle by which things are to come to be as they are or events to come to happen as they do, so it is defined. It is in short a principle of necessity inherent in the nature of things to which men are subject.

Joaquin's *Guardia de Honor*.

To illustrate.

Natalia of the first generation foresees through the mirror that Esteban the man she does not love would die in the carriage accident. Frantically she goes down to meet Mario the man she really loves to tell him that she would ride with him instead. But they quarrel and Natalia blinded by unreasonable anger stumps out of the room and rides instead with Esteban. The carriage races through the cobbled streets. Mario in another carriage follows in hot pursuit. Natalia's carriage is flung against the wall and Esteban is killed.

With fire and spirit Natalia had struggled against what she thought was to happen. But her final decision to ride with Esteban was precipitated by a quarrel she could have prevented, had she been more patient and by an anger she could have controlled, had she tried enough.

Josie of the second generation foresees the future too. Then at the threshold of the crisis forecast by the mirror she cries out with empty bravado: I can! I will! Face to face with the

turns his face to the past and at the same time points an accusing finger at the moral decadence of the present.

Natalia stands for the old order; Josie stands for the new. In the former's strength and passion is typified the strength and the passion of the past, the very things that make life what it should be, says Joaquin: a brilliant panorama of men living and dying like gods.

In Josie is the fatalism of the present, a defeatist attitude in the face of suffering, there is no turning back now and no use struggling, she cries, the pressure is terrific. When was life a question of one's wanting and not wanting? Life is just one pressure after another. Whatever one does one was always bound to do, like it or not!

Luxury, comfort, security have made this age a spineless age, Joaquin seems to say.

Again the past, in the person of Natalia, saw below the surface the deeper realities of life. The giving of the emerald earrings "was more than a lending; it was an entrusting." They were a symbol, an emblem, a trophy of battle, a fact Josie refused to face. I accept only their market value. I will squeeze you and wring you out of them and everything else they mean, she says to Natalia. Nothing must be left except their price tag.

It is quite evident that Joaquin intended Josie to stand as an indictment of today's materialism, the kind that destroys every thing in its wake, transforming past glories into mere dreams, he says somewhere in his play, presaging the return of the jungle—the modern jungle, the slum jungle — demolishing man's moments of history and devouring his monuments.

Indeed Joaquin's sense of the past brings the past alive again to remind us of what we have lost and what we must therefore retrieve.

A romanticist, he bids us go back to the age of the lamplight and the gaslight, of harns and whiskers and carriages; the age of manners and melodrama, of Religion and Revolution, when men were valiant warriors who could be scarred but not conquered, and from whom the fates could win nothing save earrings.

The present generation is flying further and further from what it should possess, but perhaps there is still hope somewhere. Is the "unhurrying chase" not relentless?

With this hope lipped by Andong, Joaquin ends the story of *Guardia de Honor* and with its restatement, I also end this study:

"God is a cunning hunter!" §

Guardia de Honor — A STUDY

Is there at all a vindication of such an idea in *Guardia de Honor*? Is there really in the story a blind awe at the mysterious workings of fate in the lives of men like the awe perhaps a man of the street feels as he beholds the interplay of lightning and thunder awesome because unintelligible, fearful because uncontrollable?

A closer analysis would prove that the author does not believe in fate at all. Much less does he dramatize its inexorability, as Loesin wants us to think Joaquin does. If indeed Joaquin believes in inexorable fate and at the same time stands on the principle of human freedom, he obviously involves himself in a contradiction. If he talks of fate, it is not because he thinks there is one but because we think there is one. What is to happen, no doubt will, as sure as the sun will rise tomorrow, happen. In much the same way as a dot cannot be erased from the scroll of the past, can a dot be erased from the scroll of the future? But this does not in any way imply that foreknowledge is a determining element in human action. For if things happen or will happen, it is not because they have to happen but because we make them happen.

And this is the underlying thought of

crisis, she sinks down and whimpers: Oh, it's no use—no use at all! It just happens! It is happening right now!

Hers is a surrender—utter surrender and at a moment when a struggle is most needed. And it brings on the catastrophe.

The first generation was destroyed by excess of passion; the second, by a lack of it.

Obviously fate does not fit into the picture at all, as Joaquin really intended

by

D. M. MAGLALANG

ed it should not. If there is such a thing as fate, it is not in the stars, Joaquin seems to imply, nor in any inherent principle of necessity. It is in each one of us.

Incidentally, the foregoing analysis brings us to another point in our study of *Guardia de Honor*: Joaquin's perennial obsession with the past.

In this story as in all his other stories and, too, in his only drama: *The Portrait*, he persistently and resolutely

What is a University?

(Continued from page 1)

and in London a University scarcely exists except as a board of administration. The newspapers, magazines, reviews, journals, and periodicals of all kinds, the publishing trade, the libraries, museums, and academies there found, the learned and scientific societies, necessarily invest it with the functions of a University; and that atmosphere of intellect, which in a former age hung over Oxford or Bologna or Salamanca, has, with the change of times, moved away to the centre of civil government. Thither come up youths from all parts of the country; the students of law, medicine, and fine arts, and *employés* and *attachés* of literature. There they live, as chance determines; and they are satisfied with their temporary home, for they find in it all that was promised to them there. They have not come in vain, as far as their own object in coming is concerned. They have not learned any particular religion, but they have learned their own particular profession well. They have, moreover, become acquainted with the habits, manners, and opinions of their place of sojourn, and done their part in maintaining the tradition of them. We cannot then be without virtual Universities; a metropolis is such: the simple question is, whether the education sought and given should be based on principle, formed upon rule, directed to the highest ends, or left to the random succession of masters and schools, one after another, with a melancholy waste of thought and an extreme hazard of truth.

Religious teaching itself affords us an illustration of our subject to a certain point. It does not indeed set itself merely in centres of the world; it is impossible from the nature of the case. It is intended for many, not the few; its subject matter is truth necessary for us, not truth recondit and rare; but it concurs in the principle of a University so far as this, that its great instrument, or rather organ, has ever been that which nature prescribes in all education, the personal presence of a teacher, or, in theological language, Oral Tradition. It is the living voice, the breathing form, the expressive countenance, which preaches, which catechizes. Truth, a subtle, invisible manifold spirit, is poured into the mind of the scholar by his eyes and ears, through his affections, imagination and reason; it is poured into his mind and is sealed up there in perpetuity, by propounding and repeating it, by questioning and re-questioning, by correcting and explaining, by progressing and then recurring to first principles, by all those ways which are implied in the word "catechizing." In the first ages, it was work of

(Continued on page 25)

IMPRESSIONS ON
Hopkins

• by MARIA ELENA RUIZ

HOPKINS has been accused, time and again, because of his Catholic faith, of voicing the sentiment of the Church. He has been dubbed "a Catholic poet", just as Graham Greene has been called "a Catholic novelist"; and many of his critics who did not share his belief took up arms against him for this reason alone. Perhaps they would not admit it openly, for critics are a proud people and they themselves shun the idea of being criticized like plague—especially for a gross error in their inferences. Nevertheless, they committed this short-sightedness, even considering that it was done unconsciously. Hopkins' religion does not make him more or less of a poet. The measure of a poet is his poetry. To be true to Hopkins we should affirm, like what a critic has said of Graham Greene, that his religion is not only a creed but also a way of life.

Hopkins believed that purely artistic judgment can be imposed on poetry, that a poet's work can be considered for its art value alone. This, however, does not make him a disciple of the art-for-art's-sake theory. He was very far away from it, for he considered purely artistic judgment inadequate when there is no moral effect, and that a work of art is also to educate and to be "standard". "It is by being known it works, it influences, it does its duty, it does good." Since a work of art is also to educate the public and "contribute to the glory of the State and the Church," it must naturally have an audience. To have an audience is what all poets ask for. The audience is essential to the art-work—and to the development of a poet.

Hopkins thought very highly of poetry. He knew its potentialities and its functions. Poetry, he said, must be of the highest quality. The form in poetry must be fully developed and exploited. There must be masterly execution to guarantee great poetry. The idea may be a great matter of poetry, but to make it lasting there must be full knowledge of the technique of the art. Only great ideas together with the most skillful execution produce great poetry; this is the blending of the form with the meaning.

Everything must be realized and the possibilities of form fully exploited. However, as Hopkins believed, a demand for absolute perfection is absurd, for perfection in a work of art can never be achieved but can only be approached. Truth can only be suggested, not stated nor proven.

Hopkins was very much influenced by Scotus, the great medieval thinker. Scotus believed that each individual has a distinctive "form": a *haecceitas*, or thiness, as well as a generic *quidditas*, or whateness. It was from Scotus that Hopkins got his "inescape". Every work of art has its own "inescape", or its own individuality and uniqueness. The working together of all the parts in a poem—the diction, the stanza, the meter, the sounds of the words, etc.—make up the "inescape". It is this unity in a poem that makes up the wholeness, and this wholeness makes the poem exist as it can exist in no other way. Because every poem has its own "inescape", and the characteristic of "inescape" is uniqueness, some poems are very obscure and very difficult to understand. Immediate clarity cannot be achieved at once. But Hopkins, despite this, never believed in sacrificing the "inescape" for intelligibility. To quote Louis Untermeyer speaking of Hopkins: "Behind the tortured construction and heaped-up epithets there is magnificence. In spite of the verbal excesses and idiomatic oddities, there is an originality of vision which is nothing less than startling." The oddities in a poem may make the poem unintelligible and ungraspable at once, but they do not lacerate and destroy it. Instead by its own uniqueness and oddness it has an originality, a particular perspective, which can exist in no other way except by being unique.

Since a work of art with emphasis on form cannot achieve immediate clarity, only the comprehension of the total idea and rhythmic pattern, the all sound pattern, rhyme, assonance, alliteration, i.e., the grasping of the work of art in its totality, grasped not gradually as part by part, but in its wholeness, can make the poem clear. Hopkins believed in the existence and reality of "explosive" poetry. The quality of "explosive" poetry is an exact combination of sound and meaning.

In Hopkins' poetry there are series of musical dissonances. He worked out a scheme of prosody. He is considered an innovator in poetic structure. His poems are sometimes very obscure. But behind this obscurity and series of musical dissonances and scheme of prosody in his poetry is the marked consciousness of a very meticulous artist who saw that in a work of art there is a plan and an execution which must fit into the whole work of art. §

3 POEMS

by
GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

Heaven-Haven

A nun takes the veil

I HAVE desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided
hail
And a few lilies blow.
And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the havens
dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

* * *

Spring and Fall

to a young child

MARGARET, are you grieving
O'er Goldengrove unlaving?
Leaves, like the things of man, you
With your fresh thoughts care for, can
you?
Ah! as the heart grows older
It will come to such sights colder
By and by, nor spare a sigh
Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal
lie;
And yet you will weep and know why.
Now no matter, child, the name:
Sorrow's springs are the same.
Nor mouth had, nor mind, expressed
What heart heard of, ghost guessed;
It is the blight man was born for,
It is Margaret you mourn for.

* * *

Peace

When will you ever, Peace, wild wood-
dove, shy wings shut,
Your round me roaming end, and under
be my boughs?
When, when Peace, will you, Peace? I'll
not play hypocrite
To own my heart; I yield you do come
sometimes; but
That piecemeal peace is poor peace.
What pure peace allows
Alarms of wars, the daunting wars, the
death of it?
O surely, reaving Peace, my Lord should
leave in lieu
Some good! And so he does leave
Patience exquisite,
That plumes to Peace thereafter. And
when Peace here does house
He comes with work to do, he does not
come to coo,
He comes to brood and sit.

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1959

Al
Amores'

LOVE

1. love is a rainbow

love is a rainbow arching
the firmament of the heart
and this is the meaning
of tears:

if there must be a rainbow
there must be a curtain of rain
with sun shining through.

2. love is a red rose

i saw you once
a red rose in your hair
and my heart wondered
whether love is born
in every red-rosed moment.



WHEN

when i can think of yesterday
without whispering your name
when i can see a crowd
without searching for your face
when i can hear music
without reaching for your hand
when i can walk alone
without longing for you
then i shall have forgotten you

but then i shall be
without a heart,
without a memory,
without life.

A POEM
FOR OCTOBER

when the last centimeter of beige
september, shall have been
consumed,
shall have been woven into a robe
clothing an aching flesh
sunburnt by a merciless sun
october will come
rainbows will arch the skies
bowing a prelude to the rain.
the grasses will grow and wave their
blades defiant to the skies.
the pools will fill again
and frogs will once more sing
their stereotyped staccato
thanking their gods for an
answered prayer. but no, not i —
the raylings of a star
ricocheting from the puddles
blind my eyes
though rains will come to hide
the merciless sun and ease
sunburnt flesh
the same will wash away
my castles of sand erected
on rocks of river banks
while my cerebrum vainly
tries to grasp the meaning of
the ouvertures of rains,
the prelude of rainbows
and grasses growing blades.

1. A FEELING OF WHITE

Roque was a machine-gunner, the best; he received medals. Upon learning that he had steady fingers, the captain sent for him; later, the former discovered that the latter had a weak stomach. He could not stand the sight of blood, of bones broken, of helpless men carried on stretchers. When the captain would say "Fire," Roque would falter, so that the former had to slap the latter's shoulder.

Roque grasped his Baby. Baby was a misnomer. The right term was Devil. What a noise it could make! And while his captain was murmuring "Good, Good," he watched his victims fall down. He thought of their sweethearts—they'd never meet their mothers who bore the pains of birth; had faces of fathers; their wives; their little loved ones, all asking aloud why he did it. He never had an answer. To say he had to was unreasonable. He knew. To know was easy; one had only to be in their places. So when nobody was looking at him, he cried. Roque has promised not to touch a machine-gun again, even if a Napoleon should blow out his brain.

2. FIRST ZERO-AIRPLANE ZOOMED

We were then gathering firewood by the river bank when suddenly the first zero-airplane zoomed and bombed the sugar central nearby. Chaos followed. Parents were calling their children, and running here and there in search of shelter. Let's go to Mandi Anas' concrete staircase, it's safer there!" One did not lose his mind. The old women began praying the rosary, while we, boys, surmised how destroyed the sugar mill must have been. When the airplanes had gone away, we went home to eat dinner. The food seemed to be without grace, spiced and flavored thought it was. However, at the table we all tried to smile and look gay. That night, the young men gathered around in the moonlight, each one bragging that he was not afraid of the war, and that he was going to be in it. Only the old men remembered the harvest which was, at that very time, arriving.

by Junne Cañizares

3. AN UNIDENTIFIED IMPRESSION TO AN UNKNOWN

Here was the auditorium. And there, the Ferris wheel; the circus and the fruit vendors. I haven't forgotten yet those sidelong glances, and the nice words I would have spoken to her. I watched her get inside the car, and even followed it along the street blocked up by holiday-celebrants. Then, the car gained speed, and vanished in the distance. In the moonlight, as well as in the sunshine, I still go keep those moments alive and meet with remembering.

4. HEARTBURNING

And now, the *dey* and the lover faced each other while out from the jukebox nigh, Frank Sinatra was crooning about a girl named Laura, and her only being a dream. I received your letter, the lover said. You kid me, it's quite ridiculous. Have you written your sports report? Making asked. When is the deadline?

George said.

Then, the lover said: I'm not joking. I'm sorry. Things so some time just don't go. But, I love you, the lover said. Perhaps, you boys realize how much I adore you.

Darling,

Darling, nobody, nobody could be more serious than I. Conrad and Rudy, Rudy said to the waitress.

Hi! Ben! Hi! Hello, Frankie! there were hailing each

other. It's not reasonable, the loved said. When a thing

dies— You see, when a thing dies, it ceases to live.

I mean. O I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Don't kill yourself,

the lover said. I understand: what is no longer mine,

well, can't be mine! It's funny, isn't it? He chuckled

and tapped his fingers on the table and walked out.

On the road, he kicked an empty can of milk; it went, clattering, clattering.

5. SENTIMENTALISM: THE QUALITY OF BEING SO TENDER

Sometime he has lost track of Time. All is, for him, a fixed single occasion. And growth is stayed. And there is an immobility, that which we often see in canvases of birds flying. And he is still there, asking her; the answer is: No.

To

by D. M.

drain the seas beloved drop by drop
 of their gleaming waters
 and strip all the skies of their countless
 stars
 and when you do
 then i will wait no longer.
 ah time is but a plaything
 we can toss away the days
 and the minutes to yesterday's winds
 but isn't there a tomorrow?
 tomorrow will always be
 the now is ever now
 and my waiting shall fly on their
 unmoving wings
 can you ask for more?
 but the seas shall never dry
 so shall my voice ride on their waves
 singing with the waves
 the song of the endless wait
 nor the skies be ever dim
 so shall I cling to the light of their stars
 tasting of their fire
 warming ever the cold of the endless
 wait!



An After-Song

by R. M. ACAPULCO

Summer past
 And soon the rains will come.
 Fruits I can no longer gather,
 For birds I can no longer hunt.
 I still remember: the hut aslant,
 The guitar and country songs,
 The stream and seldom trodden lanes,
 And the peace.
 Summer is past
 And soon the rains will come.

A
Page
of
Harvest

To Love You

by WILLIAM GONZALES

I love you, I love you
 because you are my Reason.
 Yet I do not love you enough
 because I am me and you are you
 and I am not you
 and you are not me.
 But when I will be no more,
 and you will be no more;
 and the million me
 and the million you
 become only us,
 then I will have loved you
 enough.

Tell Me

by RENATO M. RANCES

In this hour I wonder why
 I still can see you with the moon;
 Why I still suffer the pinch
 Of one dead moment.
 That was long ago, but ah
 You still exist amidst
 The whiz and crash and sssh of time.
 Wounded desire.



Interrupted

by A. R. M.

Blame me for having said
 What is to be said as much as
 I blame myself for having seen
 What is there to see.
 Hate me for confessing what is true
 As much as I hate myself
 For telling it to you.
 If the stars are not with us
 Forgive me, Melvita
 And forget. . . .



A Stanza

by DEMOCRITO BRIONES, JR.

With a handful of sand in the hollow
 Of my hand, with frantic trumpet tones
 And smell of ashes in the air,
 I beg the memories to live again
 And let me die with them.

COMMA



I TOLD the invisible fellow to cease following me, he didn't, now I let my hair down. He would be an idiot if he'd permit me to touch him. I'd choke him to death. No, he couldn't be shapeless or bodiless; he couldn't be a mere sound. The earth's full of secrets and mysteries; he must be one of the hidden and enigmatic ones. He stopped at the door and when I turned around, I still saw nothing except the moving shadow of the pendulum of the big clock encased in glass and plastic.

His *Find me Find me Find me* were pistons painfully punching my consciousness. It seemed that I couldn't concentrate my mind anymore on my work. Yesterday, I signed a piece of paper and the next thing I knew, I had let go ₱500 for a simple thank you. I scolded my secretary and spat invectives to the winds. Through the window, I watch angrily the two women in black clothes and white wide caps walk along the pavement slowly but lightly as if they had won something or cheated somebody.

Darling, you're late, I heard someone say when I entered the office. I thought it was the invisible fellow again, but when I sat down I detected that it was a feminine voice; and I saw her on the lounge scanning an art magazine.

You're early, I said.

Darling...

Switch on the air-conditioner.

Darling...

What's the matter with you?

Kiss me.

No moon above us. This is my office. Don't forget that. Switch on the air-conditioner.

In my hands I held success and even some men's future. I had only to press a button and I could have whatever I desired: a drink, record books and reports, or the presence of someone whom I could talk to or shout at. And even this girl who called me Darling, because we were sweethearts and were supposed to be married soon, I knew, was in my power. I could brush her aside anytime I liked to and forget her

altogether. There were many others who wanted very much to take her place.

I made a god of myself, and I was glad to discover that some people were crawling on the ground, I stood for mercy. I lifted my face and said, Can't you stop pestering me, wise men? I've given you enough, and you cry for more. You talk of profit and labor as if you knew more than I know. Return to your business, and keep quiet and wait for what you deserve: it shall be given you. I didn't even glance at them when they went out of my office. Let them strike and starve.

She lighted a cigarette and handed it to me. I received it, and she lighted another one for herself.

★ ★ ★

by Junne Canizares

★ ★

She said, I've finished reading *Home & The Family* by Rev.

Very good, very good, I interrupted her. I'm busy.

You're sulky, darling.

You can describe me as a monster.

Darling, I've been observing you all these days. You're putting a fence between us. If you don't love me anymore, for goodness' sake, tell me. Darling.

Your imagination is wild; be a short story writer. If you really love me—

You doubt it, darling. . .

Then you sit there till I'm through with all these papers.

Okay, though it's aching not to be spoken to.

Not to be spoken to Not to be spoken to I was impoverished totally crushed and myself was naked to the gnawing teeth of hunger *Not to be spoken to* I knocked at doors of houses where I opined I would be welcome and came out of doors in search for people who could give me a piece of mind people that suddenly would not be there or a while ago had gone to some places no one could surely tell me where In those nights I lay on bed with hunger and strong aversion and loathing and despair Then I stood up and started my fight And now that I emerged with pearls in my hands many ran to my sides Ha I had been hungry for years Try to be hungry too Try I'm looking I hadn't the time to look carefully at myself before Recommendations Applications I'd make public through the Ads if there's a vacancy Where's that waste-basket.

Where's the waste-basket? I said.

There, she said, and crossed her beautiful legs.

The secretary opened the door and walked in (her shoes barely created any noise on the floor) and softly informed me that the Chief Hired-Hand wanted to see me. I rubbed the back of my palm against my nose and commanded her to send him away, but she said that he had pleaded. I sighed heavily and gestured to let him in. The telephone rang when he showed himself; I picked up the receiver and had a conversation with the woman on the telephone. Afterwards, I banged it down and faced him with impatience. His hands were trembling. He was tongue-tied. This was what I hated most; I valued my seconds.

They made you come here? I asked.

Yes, sir, he said. We believe you'll give it further consideration if you know all the facts, sir.

What do you mean know all the facts?

Our financial condition, sir.

You live near the slum, don't you?

★

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In those nights I lay on bed with hunger and strong aversion and loathing and despair.

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Yes, sir. I live there, sir.

Do all your neighbors have jobs? Do they always eat the usual meals? regularly? Do they earn as much as you do? Don't I pay you the minimum wage? Don't I give you privileges? Think it over! Now, don't waste my time.

He was silent for a long moment; his eyes were watery and blinking rapidly. Then, he apologized.

Bravo! You broke him to pieces, she uttered and stood up. Darling, I feel very ugly inside. I fell very ugly inside. You make me sick.

What happened to you? I said.

If you can't grant them their wish; if you can't raise their salary—give them understanding. Darling, come down from your ivory tower.

I warn you. Don't interfere—.

All right. I'm not needed here. I'll never see you again. Never. I'll never come back to you, you hear? I feel very ugly inside. You make me sick.

She went away hurriedly, crying. She really loved me, that girl. She was only foreswearing, I know. But.

Something like smoke of dearest cigars enwrapped me, and I was little by little weakened. The minutes were marching soldiers passing through the room. I was the last one to leave the big, tall building that was my empire.

The invisible fellow hailed me, and I offered him the same hostility. I got in my car and gunned the motor. Somehow, I could sense his presence; probably, he sat beside me—exactly where, I didn't know, for he was smart; he could throw his voice here and there. I drove straight, and I wondered why I did so. I

wanted to go home; I would have split-arc'd to the right. Was I perhaps under hypnotic spell? Where was this stranger taking me? I was terrified.

Take it easy, partner, the invisible fellow said. We might hit some electric post.

Appear, appear, I said.

Find me. Find me.

You're crazy. Bother me no more.

You require me.

What? How could it be? I don't know who you are; I haven't seen you either!

We are familiar with each other. Isn't it possible for one to require something he doesn't see perfectly?

I've no taste for arguments. Say, why should I require you?

You miss me.

Funny. Very funny. Ring-around-a-rosey! Ring-around-a-rosey!

We were now in the country. There were many children on the street and I had to slacken speed. I parked the car beside a bantam restaurant, and got out.

Your car, partner, the invisible fellow said.

I studied my car, and I saw what he was pointing out. It was very dusty. Hell, I didn't mind it. I eased into the restaurant and ordered one whole fried chicken and beer. As usual, the invisible fellow remained outside.

There was a wealthy-looking man inside; he was wearing a light green Hawaiian shirt. He talked lively with the bartender; he was always smiling.

The trip back was leisurely, and somehow I didn't feel disturbed or offended by the invisible fellow. He was more talkative and I listened to him as attentively as a curious child. He spoke of the pursuit of richness, and automobiles and dust, of hard thick glass walls, of the urgency for destruction and nostalgia for smiles. I kept silent; my hands were glowing red.

It was already 9:00 P.M. when we arrived in the city. The gate was locked, and my building loomed in the dark. I picked up a stone and hurled it at the glass wall. There was a violent clatter.

What about that? I said.

Excellent, excellent, the invisible fellow said. At last, you've found me. <<

— The End —

I REMEMBER. When I saw the dead body of Miguel, bent, bloody, and mangled, lying in the dirt on the asphalted Misericordia Street not far from his house, where he came out running and fell in the evening under the moonlight, I said to myself in a dry whisper: "This is a useless thing..." and to Miguel: "You really didn't have to do this..." Yes, I remember that now, when September appears dry and old and dull before my eyes, with the warm wind blowing the arid dust from the roofs and Misericordia Street almost bare.

A few days before he killed himself, Miguel asked me to go to his house, if I could. I went to his place at night. I was renting an apartment room on Misericordia Street, just a few steps from his house. I knew he was a lonely man; his wife he said had deserted him for a very odd reason; he would like to have somebody to talk with; he smiled wearily and asked me, with a coy invitation in his eyes. I said yes. Yes, I was lonely, too.

"I thought you would not come," he said when he opened the door and saw me, "Please come in." Again he managed to smile, to show humor on his saturnine face, angular and brown complexioned. "I seldom break my promise," I answered pertly, "Not if I can help it."

We sat in the rattan chairs in the reception room of the house, facing each other across a squat table with a decorative glass flower vase atop, where a bright red rose stood erect, and we started conversing. A robust brown dog approached me, sniffing my smell.

"Brown! Come here!" Miguel made a castanet-like sound with his fingers. The dog gracefully wig-wagged its body with animal delight and went to his side. Miguel brushed the dog on the head with his palm, and the dog seemed pleased. "This is my only companion in the house, since Celia left," he said smiling, stroking the dog with his hand. "When I leave in the morning, I just lock it up inside. Quite a reliable guard."

"Celia? Ah, yes, you told me about her already." I thought it was foolish for me to have made

that remark at all. It would hurt naturally.

"Yes, you're right. Celia is my wife, I told you that. Or was. Past tense," he said with a dry laughter. "It's a beautiful name, isn't it? Yes, it's beautiful. Beautiful..." his voice slendened slowly into silence.

"I guess it will be better if we talk of something else," I suggested.

"It's all right. I assure you, you don't have to worry about me. I always take things as they are, as facts, get what I mean." Miguel tried to sound objective and impersonal, perhaps to impress upon me the belief that he was unbreakable and brave.

"I guess so," I replied.

"Anyway it's all over," he went on saying in a detached manner. "I loved her very much, but Celia could not be satisfied with just being loved. She craved for big things which I could not give her. Maybe because she was still young really. I don't know where she is now." He leaned backward and waited for me to say something.

I thought it wise not to commit myself to anything which I might regret afterwards. I could sense how serious the matter was, what harm it could inflict on the man, and I would rather not have a share in it, the responsibility that it imposed. I merely looked at the red rose.

"Celia was very fond of flowers, this flower," he said, watching me, "That's why I always get one every morning and place it there. It makes the illusion that my wife is still here. Sometimes when I am lonely I just look at this and I remember things about Celia. Our dates. The love letters I wrote her. It's fun, you know."

He stopped and stood up. He said he would get us something to drink. He asked me what I would like to have and I said whatever there was. He walked into the kitchen with his brown dog following him. Shortly, he came back with two glasses of cold orange juice on a wooden tray which he sat down on the squat table. "Help yourself," he said. "You like music?"

"Sure," I said. Somewhere in the reception room I saw a phonograph, Miguel turned it on and a melancholy jazz sounded from the machine. Miguel settled back in his chair and started sipping the cold orange juice from his glass. I like the music with its iambic rhythm and I listened to it quietly. Somehow I could perceive a shadow of sadness as I sat there looking at Miguel, his stout brown dog looking meaninglessly up toward him, the music and the machine.

(Continued on page 21)

PERIOD

by

Frank A. Robles

You see, I am all alone in this world

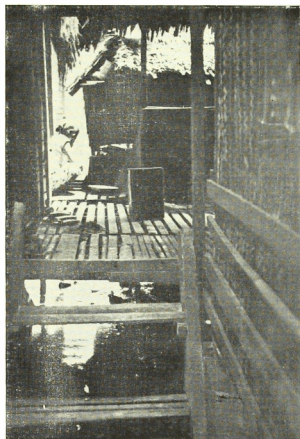


Unprettied Face of Life

*And though in the
sight of men they
suffered torments,
their hope is
full of immortality.*

(Wisdom 2:17)

- *Photography: R. C. CARANATAN*
- *Text: JUNNE CASIBARES*



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*Life is a prompting voice
in the slum. The slum is an
unprettied face of life.*



*Here, one experiences
even the passing of a second:
a prick.*



*Many "barong-barongs" squat on such
a limited place. Many souls occupy such
a small house.*





... a painting in the god.



... a joy.



*Dirty children play
cop-and-thieves.
The bigger brothers are
on the streets
brushing men's shoes.*

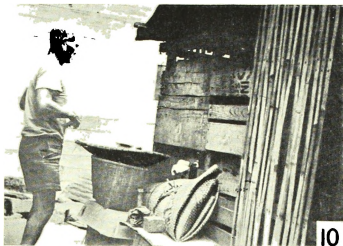
*An ear of corn is already lunch.
What else can he have?*



*In the attendance of neglect
and faintest chance*



*...where poverty
is a bull-whip.*



*Early morning is
the time
for re-cooking
yesterday's left-over.*



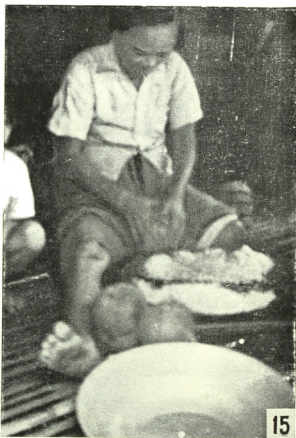
... and spirits resigned.



*youth picks up the book,
believing it is their
liberator.*



High noon is a vexatious hunger:



*... young night, a looking forward to tomorrow
or a sad thought, and
an unfinished work.*

PERIOD

(Continued from page 16)

"I find this phonograph a very useful thing to have around," Miguel remarked, glancing at the machine sideward. "Just think of it. I switch it on and there goes Sinatra singing." He laughed dryly and senselessly. "I bought this phonograph for Celia. I would not have bought it, but that girl insisted. We had a sort of a quarrel and I had to buy this finally. Women have their way of persuading you. Imagine your wife whimpering around, my God!" He sighed, and his eyes glistened; he levellied them at me and lowered them again.

I left at ten o'clock in the evening and went home, thanking him for the pleasurable reception I had in his house. I assured him I would come as often as I could, and he said he would be glad of that. We shook hands and I left. I was still thinking of Miguel, the brown dog, the flower and the machine as I lay in my bed in the darkness. For it was altogether tragic: a lonely man seeking happiness in a brown dog, a phonograph, and a red rose, and missing completely what he sought.

When I went to his house again, he asked me to do something for him. "I'm going to die soon," he said flatly, matter-of-factly, "and I would like to ask you a big favor."

It gave me a gentle shock. "That's foolishness," I tried to quip jovially. "Why, you have enough flesh on you to knock out a horse!"

Miguel smiled. "No. It's true. You know when you've had it, when you're done for good. So I would like you to do something for me."

I thought it was some joke. "Well, then say it," I said.

"You see, I am all alone in this world. Got no relative. Got nobody to look after me when I die." He was grave. "I thought I would ask you to handle my funeral, if you're not too busy to do it. I'll leave some money that should cover all the expenses. Is that all right with you?"

I could not answer at once.

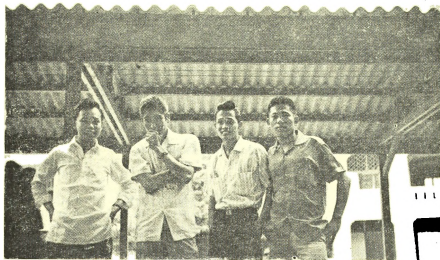
"Are you going to do it for me?" he repeated.

"Of course I will," I replied. "But you're not really going to die?"

"I am. That's why I'm asking you this."

(Continued on page 29)

A Ride TO REALISM by J. C.



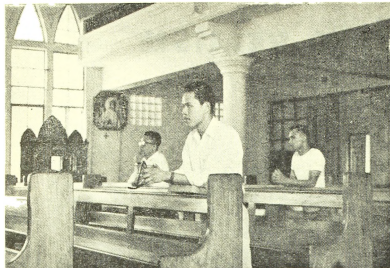
Jenne Coñitares (second from left) and B. C. Cobanatan (extreme right), as shown with friends after "slumming".

I FOUND OUT that there's a whole lot more to photography than posing the camera and clicking the shutter when I went shooting slum pictures with fast-learning photo-artist Ben Cabanatan. Before we entered the dirty district, I had this in mind: Go about the place, and seek in the corners thereof, if you find things peculiar, take them. Anyway, I had already drafted my text in anticipation.

But, shucks, kid! Ben proved me wrong. No, it was not as simple as that. While I was dishing up a yarn on our supposed objects and was being peppy, Ben was silent and seemed passing through pressure. I soon realized that all he was trying to do was to take a picture that in itself would communicate an emotion, a thought, or an observation: he took so many medium close-ups of an old woman as if she was Sandra Dee; he breathed life into the disordered walling of a "barong-barong."

We wanted true realism, but not the exaggerated and overwrought and egregious kind most photographers occupy themselves with; we did not like to make the slum-people appear happier or sadder than they actually are; we did not desire to portray them as the most contented nor as the miserablest. We roamed around surprising children at their play, and men at their work. A husky man confronted us and asked us a tirade of questions. I stayed at Ben's side ready to protect, if something happened to his Voigtländer. We took a double of a man standing, and the ungrateful fellow chased us around the block. But we also had friendly talks with many people there; they even confided to us their hardships, as if we were some visiting arm wavers or politicians.

The pictures you have seen (Pictorial Section) reveal Ben's selectivity of mind and eye. They convey movement as well as rigidity. Some of them are vividly self-explanatory; they tell you about neediness, the innocent felicity of children, the melancholy of an old woman, the resoluteness of a working man, etc. Some of them look motionless, expressionless; but it doesn't mean that they do not have life or power. Don't we, living beings, sometimes feel flat; don't we sometimes mistake life for mere existence? These photographs push Ben to the threshold of photo-journalism; they may not be faultless, but they spell a good start. I shall not endeavor to interpret them; for, I think they possess both the "thought" and the "feel". The "thought" can be transcribed by language, but not the "feel". Readers: if you have eyes, see; if you have hearts, feel. ☉



A Pause from Strife.

The persons whose ideas about teaching were just quoted, meant what they said: Teaching is the noblest profession.

The foundation upon which the dignity of teaching rests is the truth that God's greatest work is man and that man's master art is leading man to God. Since the teacher's endeavor is to develop the intellectual and spiritual powers of man; his vocation is that of repro-

ducing, to some extent, the creative power of God Himself. The enthusiastic teacher discovers and observes the native abilities in his pupils, watches over the development and growth of the inborn powers of the human soul, regulates the child's ambitions, enriches his imagination. In short, the teacher fashions the child's ideals, molds his character, and helps him in the formation of the new man, "reborn in baptism, unto the

stature of a perfect Christian."

— (Pius XII)

Teaching, according to St. John Chrysostom, is the most excellent art. Says he: "To form the minds and mold the characters of youth, is the art of all arts." It is the art of helping and guiding man in his ascent to God. And "teachers have the assurance of receiving this mission from God" Himself.

— (Pius XII)

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN THE PHILIPPINES

(Continued from page 5)

educational world. So are such schools as Holy Name College in Bohol, Alkian College in Alkian, St. Theresa's College and Colegio de la Inmaculada Concepcion in Cebu, Ateneo de Davao and Immaculate Conception College in Davao, St. William's College in Ilocos Norte, Colegio del Sagrado Corazon de Jesus in Iloilo, St. Paul's College in Leyte, Lourdes College in Misamis Oriental, St. Louis College in Baguio, La Consolacion College and Don Bosco Technical Institute in Negros Occidental, St. Paul's College in Negros Oriental, San Nicolas College in Surigao, Ateneo de Zamboanga in Zamboanga del Sur, and, of course, the four universities just mentioned maintain standards of instruction and offer educational facilities comparable with the best in the country.

It is unfortunate that the masses of our elementary school children do not receive a solid foundation in the "two great pillars of human happiness"— religion and morality. It is true, though, that many high schools and colleges are conducted by different religious groups. Religion is implemented in these educa-

The GOOD CATHOLIC TEACHER

(Continued from page 6)

ing her knowledge of current events, educational legislation and history. Moreover, she pursues studies, joins professional organizations, attends seminars for the purpose of broadening her cultural outlook and deepening her professional interest with the end in view of improving her teaching competence.

Lastly, the good Catholic teacher must possess a deep psychological insight. Youths have high hopes, ambitions and ideals. They are in general optimistic. A good Catholic teacher sustains their optimism by her charm, cheerfulness and scholarship. Students cannot help but admire a teacher who has a cheerful face and possesses profound human understanding of the deficiencies and limitations of others. She does not point

out the students' shortcomings bluntly devoid of any suggestion for improvements, for this attitude will surely thwart their eagerness to learn. On the contrary, she tries to discover the good things the students can do and help them further to improve themselves. She commends whatever little achievement a student accomplishes. In other words, a good Catholic teacher builds up her teaching upon the facts of Original Sin and grace. She knows, therefore, that in every child there are disorderly inclinations which must be corrected and good tendencies which must be encouraged and regulated from tender childhood. And Pius XI continues: "Above all the mind must be enlightened and the will strengthened by supernatural truth and the means of grace." The good Catholic teacher has something of the goodness of Christ Himself.

A good Catholic teacher loves the profession more than the material compensation she gets from it. And she recognizes the fact that hers is the highest and the most dignified profession, for Jesus Christ, the Greatest Teacher of all time, in His Last Will made teaching the noblest of all the professions when He said: "Go and teach..."

tional institutions. But it also remains true that the high schools and colleges can only improve what the homes and the elementary schools present to them. The high school and the college seldom, if ever, can build up a character the foundation of which was not laid in the earlier formative years of the child.

TEACHING: The Noblest Profession

(Continued from page 7)

for you to make them all worthy of that high destiny. This boy has talents that should enable him to do great things for God and for the Philippines. His talents are entrusted to your keeping, and must be developed by you. That other boy is less gifted intellectually but has in him the making of a real man, and the material to inspire thousands with the example of his struggle against odds. This girl has the marks of a religious vocation and it is for you to develop, by example and precept, her character, into one worthy of her sublime calling. Those other girls may some day be nurses, teachers, or mothers of families; and one and all should be trained by you for the best that they are capable of."

The Catholic teacher.

"The Catholic teacher has been called to a sublime office. She is... the teacher of truth and virtue, the representative of the parents and a spiritual mother, the guardian in the parish nursery, the visible guardian angel of the children, the custodian of the likenesses of God, the guardian of the living temples of the Holy Spirit, and the guide and companion of the pilgrims on their way to heaven."

i was seeing windy hill again after a year of absence. one year ago or was it a lifetime ago? windy hill, my home for two years. have i been away too long? it looks the same yet something is missing, or perhaps i have also changed; it seems so long ago, a year ago, another world, another time...

mariano, all of a bubbling four-year-old runs down the driveway with a loud yelp and a shout. did you bring me candy? children never forget, one year ago to them is only yesterday or last night and his expectation of my gifts binds me like an old promise. i bring candies and love, mariano, you've grown taller where is lita? dirty and lovably fat, she was scolding like a queen, binging, for drowning her dolly in the duckpond, her eyes widened in disbelief, she thinks i'm not real this is tess, lita, remember her? we used to sing you to sleep, lita, my niece has the clear eyes of one who has never known disaster. in their vivid and strikingly clear depths, i see the wonder and tenderness of a baby growing up.

the house has grown lovelier---the bright rattan furniture, the open french windows opening into well-loved and familiar landmarks, the airport below and open

all of them have taken their places in the world but right now they are all here. . . i see glimpses of their faces, like moving water, receding and returning like an ebb tide, the waves echoing behind it. or like tendrils of seaweeds in crystalline waters, forming patterns of different but familiar shadows at varying lights, i hear their voices distant yet near. is it true what they say that there is no going back from life?

memory is a long avenue curved into the past, bringing us beauty and pain. it is a one-way highway with all gates closed yet open to remembrance alone, coming back, a transient guest, to see and review two years of the past in its mute but eloquent landscape, was like seeing scattered pieces of myself, in every tree and furniture i know so well.

why does this place claim so strong an allegiance from me? is it because this place speaks the language i know, or because she unthinkingly ransoms me from disappointments, fear and sadness? i do not know.

reflections by lourdes v. jaramilla

glistening like a jewel across the sea, undulating valleys of cornfields spread out like a carpet of green from below the terrace. "how utterly! strength and depth!", with a waving gesture, tess summed up the impact of the whole scene, unchangingly beautiful and growing dearer with the passage of time, seeing it again was like seeing it for the first time all over again.

hundreds of daisies in all colors and in full bloom lined the driveway, yellowbells, adella trees and the row of violet and orchid plants stood there in the blue arching sky, along the footpaths exactly where i had remembered them. only the massive and riotous red, pink and blue clusters of bougainville were stripped from the winding walls, the green lawn, silent and serene in the cool afternoon light thudded with our footfalls. here was the setting of so much fun, this playground beloved to my college friends, it's still here waiting, untouched and unchanged, awaking me to remember christmas and class parties on the soft summer grass. memories of rain, spilled cokes, a blazing bonfire, barbecue and snapshots at night.

where are the windy hill dreamers now? since then the old gang has disbanded. helen and chito are teaching. . . boy is playing in the world olympics in foreign lands. . . rey, gerry and susan are in UP. i can still hear marietta quoting tegore's poems from "gitanjali" and jess singing "one alone" to us seated in a semi-circle with the wind and skies all around us. one beautiful legacy of girlhood gone and enshrined forever in windy hill's spiraling memories. if i shut my eyes now, the scene would come back, as fresh, as though everyone were present and talking at the same time.

it has its own climate of instilling courage and security when i feel the ground slipping beneath my feet.

perhaps i needed to go away to love it, to soak its warmth, breathe its soul and snatch its haunting beauty. windy hill is part of me; i have loved, valued and written so much about its many faces that i feel it is mine. and love is a greater badge of ownership than realms of titles or deeds and i know it belongs to the one who loves it most.

i remember afternoons we'd spend killing time by watching the clouds' formations shape into monsters and angels and drift away across the blue petal of a sky, wider, bluer, deeper than anywhere else! . . . watching the papaya moon rise from the emerald sea and sunrise in the same spot from the very same window. . . the slow spread of gold and magenta streaks of brilliant light filling the skies like an outspread umbrella at sunset. . . and that special bench under the iba tree where we used to sit on lazy afternoons studying for the midterms. here one could sit and remember and really be done.

lahug was moving to a world of soft darkness and lights, pinpointing the inky distance like a chain of twinkling fairy lamps linking horizons of earth and sky and sea, when we left at dusk. here is where i grew up, and like growing up, this is where i leave off, closing the door to a life buried in a dream, to yesterday asleep in its altarred tombs. this will remain as i leave it, strangers may live here but that wouldn't alter things grown timeless, not to us, secure in the credulity of the young whose private worlds are imperishable. »

Entirely Personal

PRE-ELECTION MESSAGE:

Barely thirty days after this issue comes out of the pressroom the Philippines will be treated to another political extravaganza, expected by many observers to be the most colorful, the most expensive, the most notorious (pardon the word) election this country will ever witness. Judging from the tense atmosphere that has been building up during the past few months, the November electoral contest promises to be a grand "Roman Holiday" where the electorate will be dined, wined and perhaps, though we hope not, womaned. If reports are true, money will flood the streets like water during the election day as a sure-fire formula to guarantee the victory of some weak-kneed candidates whose chances of winning are contingent upon how much they can dole out to the voting public.

Since the temptation attached to a fat ten-peso bill is very great, it is incumbent upon the electorate to stand guard with the greatest vigilance against the deception of vote-buying. Vote-buying has brought us an abundance of graft and corruption in high places, and it is about time to start weeding it out seriously before it completely saps our economic strength. While politicians are busy building up vast business empires at the expense of Juan de la Cruz, the people are starving, and unemployment takes a menacing rise at every turn of the year.

The election could open a new world of hope for a better Philippines — for more able and more honest men to run its governmental affairs, but only if the voting public, by the most conscientious use of the power of his ballot will ferret out from government service the men who do not deserve to be there. The country has been harassed by opportunism of all kinds. Unless the electorate wages a determined battle to preserve the sanctity of his ballot, there will be no end to his sufferings. Must the voter do what his conscience dictates? We hope, he will.

A CENTER INDEED:

The new air-conditioned Audio-Visual Center is a thing to crow about in USC today. The only one of its kind in the Visayas and Mindanao, Carolinians are immensely proud of this novel acquisition. Father Hoerdemann is doubtless a Father Builder. After this, what next?

Because of the comfort and convenience that one feels inside the theatre, it has easily become the hub of intellectual activity. Lectures, meetings, film showing and even induction ceremonies are held there more often than not. An "intellectual awakening" in the campus is readily noticeable, and recent observations seem to point out the fact that the center will really live up to its name. In fact, if there were more centers than one, what would happen to our classes? FLF, MSG, BC, JC, DM and ARM would be soundly sleeping while MADAM was driving home a point.

SMASH-HIT:

This first issue of the Carolinian this semester was a smash-hit on the campus. Students and teachers, outsiders included, have had nice words for the issue. While

In Memoriam won the plaudits of the local press, Pal Joey caused commotion among the Boholano population for his "unwarranted intrusion" into the land that Dagohoy once claimed as his own. No sooner had the issue reached the nearest street than FLF was flooded with letters chastising him for belittling the cause of the patient and generous Boholano. Well... we take no sides in the issue. But one thing is certain: FLF had not meant to offend the people of Bohol. Only his overfertile imagination had run away with him, making him believe that the *tubi boom* would make him a millionaire just like that.

INCIDENTALS:

The Law Debating Class is gasping for life... A lady teacher still beams with reserved optimism as she watches the years roll by... Mrs. Maria C. Gutierrez, a Smith-Mundt scholar, is back in the folds of USC again — this time with more exams about the great USA... The library is filled to capacity only during stories... The USC Band needs some blood transfusion... Maglalang's literary contest turned out to be *late-rare* despite enticing offers of prizes to winners. The deadline had to be postponed for a week because very few responded to his appeal for "literary unity", whatever that means... It's vacation time again... and so to one and all... HAPPY HUNTING!... essel A.J.R. ♪

MERRY MIX-UP

THE bell rings. Our teacher comes in. We stand and we pray the "Our Father." Then, as we take our seats, the lady remains standing and smiling. She says: "Get one whole sheet—."

"No ma'am, no ma'am, we're not prepared ma'am," we chorus.

She remains standing as usual. The smile disappears, however. "I said get one whole sheet and write a theme on any subject you like, but mark well: be careful about your grammar and spelling, and avoid the use of trite expressions and hackneyed phrases."

Pens, pencils, ball, pens begin to scratch and race their way across the sheets—except mine. My teeth instead are leaving their marks on my poor pen.

"What's t'rite? What's hackneyed?" I whisper to the nearest gentleman (or so I think).

"Keep your mouth shut and keep your sputnik rolling," he retorts in not so low a voice as mine.

"If there are any questions, ask me," cuts in the teacher. "If you can't think of any topic, write about yourself. Start writing, Mr. Cruz."

"Yes, ma'am," meekly says I. Thus I write:

It is said, ma'am, that where there's a well there's a way. While I was in

• by R. CORDERO •

high school I sure did have the well—the school, and the way—the teacher—but my misfortune was that I didn't have the bucket—the books. I misplaced them or lost them, or lent them to my classmates and in return my classmates gave me their homework to copy from. So, of course, I didn't graduate valedictorian in that class of forty as my parents expected. However, since I was a good listener, words came easy to me. You don't have to worry over my spelling.

I am good in grammar, too. I ain't stupid like other students are. I've got a retentive memory, as well. So retentive indeed, that I have still my cocoon shell such beautiful passages as "Come live with me and be my cash," by Kitts, and Johnson's

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I will drink the wine."

Wonderful! isn't? Nevertheless, History is my favorite. I know "I shall return" was promised by President Quezon. Only it was MacArthur who returned.

I am a humble man.... In spite of my scholarly ability I do not boast
(Continued on page 34)

What is A UNIVERSITY?

(Continued from page 10)

long time; months, sometimes years, were devoted to the arduous task of disabusing the mind of the impatient Christian of its pagan errors, and of moulding it upon the Christian faith. The Scriptures indeed were at hand for the study of those who could avail themselves of them; but St. Irenaeus does not hesitate to speak of whole races, who had been converted to Christianity, without being able to read them. To be unable to read and write was in those times no evidence of want of learning: the hermits of the deserts were, in this sense of the word, illiterate; yet the great St. Anthony, though he knew not letters, was a match in disputation for the learned philosophers who came to try him. Didymus again, the great Alexandrian theologian, was blind. The ancient discipline, called the *Disciplina Arcaica*, involved the same principle. The more sacred doctrines of Revelation were not committed to books but passed on by successive tradition. The teaching on the Blessed Trinity and the Eucharist appears to have been so handed down from some hundred years; and when at length reduced to writing, it has filled many folios, yet has not been exhausted.

But I have said more than enough in illustration; I end as I began;... a University is a place of concourse, whither students come from every quarter for every kind of knowledge. You cannot have the best of every kind everywhere; you must to some city or emporium for it. There you have all choicest productions of nature and art together, which you find each in its separate place elsewhere. All the riches of the land, and of the earth, are carried up thither; there are the best markets, and there are the best workmen. It is the centre of trade, the supreme court of fashion, the umpire of rival talents, and the standard of things rare and precious. It is the place for seeing galleries of first-rate pictures, performers of transcendent skill. It is the place for great preachers, great orators, nobles and great statesmen. In the nature of things, greatness and unity go together; excellence implies a centre. And such, for the third or fourth time, is a University; I hope I do not weary out the reader by repeating it. It is the place to which a thousand schools make contributions; in which the intellect may safely range and speculate, sure to find its equal in some antagonist activity, and its judge in the tribunal of truth. It is a place where inquiry is pushed forward, and discoveries verified and perfected, and rashness rendered innocuous, and error exposed, by the collision of mind with mind, and knowledge with knowledge. It is the place where the professors become

fl's...
CREATION

illection!

whaddaya know, jerry....

there is something in the october wind which tells me election is nigh. i smell money! i hope it's the real maccoby (not julian, please!), not just something made at home. you know, especially at a time like this, there are lots of people who make money at home. and they do get away with it.

let's forget the people for a while and talk about myself, me, joey. the ghosts of the people... er, i mean a host of people from the cemet... i mean, from my town—damn this big mouth of mine—are urging me to run for town mayor. i had a heck of a time making up my mind, jerry. running for town mayor in my hometown is no joke. our incumbent mayor is a veteran olympicker who has a stack of medals and trophies for being the fastest runner in the racetracks of olympia, wherever that is. in the last war, for instance, the japanese could not beat him in running. he was always farther than ten miles ahead! he was captain of the guerrilla force.

nevertheless, jerry, despite the dangers and risks of the suggested undertaking, i finally decided to run for town mayor. you know, can say with pride that i am a man whose only law is the voice of the people. it is said, vox populi, vox dei. the voice of the people is the voice of god. besides, i think i'm getting bigger around the waist. running for town mayor would be a good exercise.

every seasoned politician has a plan of strategy, jerry. well, here's mine.

i'll make a grand tour of france... er, i mean our town, distribute hand-bills left and right, shake hands with everybody, kiss babies, especially 18 year-olds and above, have drinking sprees, and make great speeches, something to run like this:

"your interests shall be my beacon light. to serve you, i will willingly climb the highest mountains and cross the seven seas. and if need be, i will gladly shed the last drop of my blood, that you my people, may see the beautiful dawn of a bright tomorrow."

it's all baloney of course, jerry. you very well know, i don't even visit my wife if it rains. and when it comes to a showdown regarding my shedding the last drop of my blood, i'll tell them i'm willing to shed it on condition that i do not have to shed the first, second, third, fourth, etc., drops of my blood.

i'll tell them too, to vote for me, the man whom gold can never buy. at any rate jerry, they don't buy with gold nowadays. they use paper bills!

come election day, i'll be sitting pretty. victory will be as certain as the rising of the sun in the east and its setting in the north.

then, after my installation at the office of mayor, i hope they won't make it inflexible, i'm going to junket to mt. olympus and start practicing at the racetracks.

cute?

so long jerry.

your politicking pal,

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eloquent, and it is a missionary and a preacher; displaying his science in its most complete and most winning form, pouring it forth with the zeal of enthusiasm, and lighting up his own love of it in the breasts of his hearers. It is the place where the catechist makes good his ground as he goes, treading in the truth day by day into the ready memory, and wedging and tightening it into the expanding reason. It is a place which wins the admiration of the young by its celebrity, kindles the affections of the middle-aged by its beauty, and rivets

the fidelity of the old by its associations. It is a seat of wisdom, a light of the world, a minister of faith, an Alma Mater of the rising generation. It is this and a great deal more, and demands a somewhat better head and hand than mine to describe it well.

Such is a University in its idea and its purpose; such in good measure has it before now been in fact. Shall it be ever again? We are going forward in the strength of the Cross, under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, in the name of St. Patrick, to attempt it. ♁

What Do You Think

Conducted by NELSON

W

ITH the USC election hullabaloo now over, the question that is uppermost in our minds is: Of what benefit is the campus election to the college students? As an answer, I have this to say: The election is not just another ordinary affair when high-flown language is being displayed by glib-tongued candidates to sway the perplexed student-electors to his side. Speaking matter-of-factly, election time offers the student ample opportunity in which to exercise the priceless gift bestowed by the democratic form of society—the inalienable right of suffrage. That every Carolinian did his share in enabling the election to fulfill its aims is a definite and proven fact.

—RENE PERA, *Liberal Arts*

● In my opinion, the campus election affords the best training for the students who, three or four or five years hence, will take their places as citizen-leaders of the country, to gear themselves to the delicate and vital art of self-government. It has become a matter of common knowledge that the government is but the constitution of the will of the people. If there is anybody to blame for the failure of the government, it is the people. A rotten and vice-ridden government represents, ten to one, a rotten and vicious people. With its failure or success, we either sink or swim. One should not, therefore, lose sight of the oft-times belittled fact that his single vote will, in one way or another, ultimately determine the kind of men who are going to run the government.

—AMPARO YAP, *Education*

The organization of a student government body deserves not just a fleeting thought but the topmost berth in the list of the student's extra-curricular activities. Reason: Under pressing circumstances the student finds it the last recourse where to air his gripes and grievances characteristic of the more complicated government on the national level. It serves as a vigilant mouthpiece of the student populace—it is their voice itself. The job of the intelligent student-electors, therefore, is to cast his vote only for the men most capable and unselfish in channeling the student body's energies to serve this end.

—PETRONILO SEVILLA, *Commerce*

● The good college student regards active participation in campus political affairs

not only profitable but also worth his while. He makes it a point to make such participation a part and parcel of himself because he wants to possess a liberal and well-rounded education the moment he steps out of the university's fold. This is not being prophetic or exaggerating, but in the final count, the stupendous efforts exerted by the college professors down to the student's very first teachers in the development and cultivation of his mind will have been altogether futile if he doesn't make the most of his inherent right to vote.

—ELIZABETH JAZJALA, *Liberal Arts*

Politics is defined as the science of government. If the real essence of the definition finds expression in its practice, its respectability as a profession, science and art will not fade. However, if its aims, the most important of which is to install a government free from graft and corruption and to be of service to the people, shift to the mercenary, it becomes intolerable in the eyes of the people.

This is where our knowledge of campus politics comes in. This activity inculcates in our minds that it is not so much the question of who wins but what he can do in case he wins, that we are personally concerned with. The people cannot take chances as more than they can sacrifice efficiency for men. If we take an active part in campus political affairs, we have good reason to expect a better government when our time comes.

—FREDSUENDO ONG, *Commerce*

● In a young, struggling republic such as ours, where becoming rich overnight has become the chief obsession of crooked, money-mad politicians, there is an imperative need of replacing them with new incorruptible ones. But where to find them? In this quest for talents, the campus election plays a very significant role.

We can find them in the persons of student leaders, not so much in scholars. For scholastic brilliance is not a substitute for tact and leadership. The Student Council gives them the chance to display their wares. Whether they prove competent or incompetent makes little or no difference at all to know that experience is the best teacher. By assuming key positions in the Council, they lay the blueprint of what they can do in case they step in public office. With the one-year incumbency as officers and representatives of the body, they have plenty of time to introspect and

evaluate their merits and shortcomings. The organization of the Supreme Student Council therefore is just a step in the right direction.

—FLORA JUMAPAO, *Architecture*

Nothing exists without a purpose; the Student Council is not formed for no reason at all. It is formed to do good and the good always. It resolves to give the "big" to college life. But no matter of what caliber the officers and representatives are, it would be of no avail without the wholehearted cooperation of the individual members. The head cannot stand by itself without the body, just as the body cannot without the head. Both need the support of each other in the same way that the Student Council needs our cooperation and we, their guidance and attention to an orderly and well-coordinated college life in the course of our short stint in this University.

—AMELIA CABRERA, *Commerce*

● The conducting of the USC election reflected much of the attitude we have towards politics. The enormous enthusiasms with which we attended the "grand" rally and the big smile that played on our lips the moment we shook hands with well-meaning campus "politicians" only showed our fuller and more mature understanding of what campus politics can do for us.

In the first place, what interest we have in campus politics, sooner or later, broadens and sprouts into love for politics on the local and national scale. This love, however, should not go to the extent of prejudicing other things of equal importance as moral and spiritual obligations.

In the second place, it makes us feel we are a part of the government and no matter how small we are, we contribute a little something to its success or failure.

And finally because real service is all there is to the Council, it makes us realize that politics is not intended as an opportunity of making our pockets bulge with ill-gotten gains as some politicians are thinking.

—EMMA LYNNA VALENZUELA, *Secretarial*

There is a lot to think about in school elections and I thought the pervasive spirit of the last USC Student Council elections would live on. But now that the din and fury has died away, I doubt if anyone still finds it worthwhile to think about it, considering



QUINAIN

PERA

YAP

SEVILLA

JAZJALA

ABOUT THE LAST USC-SSC ELECTIONS?

LAROSA

that, in most cases, the spirit of such activities usually appears with compelling force at the beginning of the school year, only to sputter to an end and vanish after the induction of the newly-elected officers. Then peace reigns once more in the campus in the form of absolute silence.

At any rate, the last USC elections had left something which we would remember for a long time to come. Firstly, our student leaders here have given us the impression that they, too, are not stupid in applying the political trades they have learned from our 20th century politicians. Secondly, the student electorate, who constitute the greater bulk of the intellectuals on this side of heaven, have shown their capacity to render mature judgment, to act as a people with a high sense of values as evidenced by the attitude they had manifested in the exercise of their right of suffrage.

But it is also a sad commentary on the conduct of Student Council elections in general that in the midst of the last bitter political wranglings here, there were campus politicians who did not conduct their campaign on a higher plane. It is indeed lamentable that some of them followed the unsavory pattern set by the modern crop of undisciplined politicians, unprincipled propagandists, who resort to cheap political facades such as those we now witness over our local airwaves. Viewed against the finer points for which student councils are organized, we may say without fear of contradiction that the candidates who indulged in such stunts were unknowingly training themselves for a kind of leadership alien to the common, accepted norms of conduct in our Catholic community.

To advocate a "STUDENT COUNCIL THAT IS ABSOLUTELY INDEPENDENT OF THE SCHOOL ADMINISTRATION" is to declare "war" against the University. The claim that our Student Council here is only independent in name but a puppet in fact, on the ground that until now it is still tied to the apron strings of the USC administration, is not a valid defense for the cause of student self-government. While it is true that Student Councils are training grounds for students in the art of self-government, it does not necessarily follow that students who cherish that idea are automatically free to establish their own institution inside the school campus. The University is a State in itself with the students as its subjects. That being the case, the former is but exercising

a legitimate prerogative in demanding obedience from the latter. For the students to "live" independently inside the campus without giving the school authorities the benefit of intervention in their affairs may be a beautiful idea (at least that's democracy in action) but it cannot be carried that far because once students assert absolute freedom of control from the school administration, that's an express renunciation of their status as subjects. In short, they cease to be students. That issue, therefore, was at preposterous as it was hollow.

Another thing which did not fail to invite the attention of the school population was the game of "hide and seek" played by candidates who campaigned even inside the polling places, in gross violation of the election laws promulgated by the Election Committee chairmanned by Atty. German Mayo, Jr. The committee did its best to enforce the election laws but it being a one-man committee (it was only Atty. Mayo whom I saw in action) the "mice" played inside the precincts when the "cat" was away. We can say this much for Atty. Mayo who was alone and who worked it out to make the elections free. It's hard to imagine how he managed to pull these candidates out of the polling places.

After all has been said and done, however, we can take consolation in the fact that there has been no trouble as an offshoot of the last elections. So far no election protests have been filed by this or that candidate. That means, the election was free.

—BALTAZAR V. QUINAIN, College of Law



VALENZUELA



CABRERA



ONG

JUMAPAO

SCA by TRUCE ORDOÑA

SCANS really were bug-eyed searching for their regular "Corner" in the first issue. Miss Betty Antonio had to give way to us due to pressure of work at the office, hence this appearance in the second issue.

Graduation thinned the ranks of the officers of the SCA and a revamp had to be undertaken to continue a job well done by past officers. An election of the Central Council officers was held together with a despedida party for Father John who left for Manila on a new assignment. Jesus Alcarde, a Chemical engineering scholar took over the reins of the SCA government vacated by another scholar, Jesus Quintana, who was promoted into the ranks of the employed, he being now one of the instructors of this university. The latter officers elected are: Josefine Topia and Josefine Donalde, vice-presidents; Susda Mata, secretary; Filomena Vilamor, treasurer; Juan Manera II, PIO; Gerardo Sacrista and Truce Ordoña, contact lady and contact man respectively. Fr. Pedro Kronewitter is the new chaplain and Miss Guillermo Villoria is the lay adviser.

In order to give more impetus to the ever growing membership of this silent but potent lay organization, new units and cells were added. The effectivity of adding new units and cells was evidently shown during the induction ceremonies of the Central Council Officers and the Officers of the Catholic Action officers. Very Rev. Father Rector inducted the officers and gave a most heart-warming and inspiring speech.

Last July of this year, we had a leadership-training and orientation program. The training course, which lasted the whole day, offered a series on the SCA by Catholic actionists from this and other schools in the city. Practical lessons, forums, and impromptu programs were the other parts of the well-attended leadership training and orientation program.

As an incentive to the cells and in order to reward the most efficient cell in the SCA, we are now sponsoring a contest among the different cells of the SCANS. This contest, unlike most contests which cater to the "get rich quick mentality" so prevalent among people today, has for its aim the enrichment of the spiritual rather than the material being of the SCANS. The contest, which features regular mass and communion attendance, cooperation and mustering of recruits, had its start on the first day of August. At the end of the month, the winning cell will be posted on the SCA bulletin board as the model cell of the month.

At this writing, the Radio-Dramatics cell is preparing for its part in "The Rosary Hour", a weekly radio-dramatic program sponsored by SCA units in different schools. The half-hour program will have the USC SCA as its sponsor on August 23.

August 30 this year's batch of new members were inducted into the SCA. The solemn ceremonies were followed by a program. §

IT IS INDEED a rare privilege to write on the importance of the study of *Filipino Culture*. For, as has been said, the last thing a fish will discover is the water that surrounds it; and in this line of writing we would like to bring out the fact, that although there is presently a very strong wave of Filipino nationalism, and sometimes a strong blind nationalism, yet many of us may not know, or not even admit, or are ashamed, or simply ignore the fact that there exists such a thing as a *Filipino Culture*.

The word *Filipino* includes all the ethnical groups, the members of which enjoy Filipino citizenship; as our Negritos, the Mohammedans of the south, the old Malays (the tribes of Mt. Province, etc.), the Proto-Malays (Manobos, Mangyans, etc.), the young Malays, and the naturalized citizens composed of different nationalities. The culture of these aforementioned groups varies from the most primitive, i.e., the Negritos to the highly civilized ethnical group—the young Malays, etc. Hence, in speaking of the Filipino we should not think only of the ruling class (the young Malays) but all the other abovementioned ethnical groups.

The word *culture* is a more complicated thing to define. Defined in its narrow sense it is used to mean the arts—painting, literature, etc., and in its broader definition, an anthropological one, which will be the sense I will use, I will quote some well known definitions.

E. B. Tylor, an English anthropologist, defined culture as that "complex whole which includes knowledge, belief, art, morals, law, custom, and any other capabilities and habits acquired by man as a member of society."

Another definition is put up by Sieber who defines culture in the ethnological sense as "the inner formation of the human mind, and the external formation of the body and nature in so far as the latter process is directed by the mind. Culture, therefore, is immanent and observable only in its external manifestations."

From these definitions, it is implied that culture of a people will embrace all the aspects of human life, of which we recognize three: sociological, material, and spiritual.

In the European countries which I visited in the course of my travels, so much money and efforts are spent in order to know more about themselves, besides indulging in doing cultural research in the culture of other countries. In Muenster, folkloristic studies are conducted by the Volkskunde Institute, for a certain region of Germany. At the same time this institute publishes a scientific magazine on the latest results obtained. This institute is a part of the University of Muenster where one may study for a doctor's degree. For this purpose the institute has its own library of 10,000 volumes or so. Besides, there is a museum which functions as a repository for its scientific artifacts collected by the workers of the Institute and its collaborators. The other big German universities where ethnology is taught, and which have also their own ethnological, archaeological, and linguistic institutes are Cologne, Goettingen, Bonn, Frankfurt, Hamburg, etc. Hamburg is noted for its specialization in Linguistics (African especially); and its products is Professor Cecilio Lopez of the University of the

Philippines, probably the only trained Filipino linguist with a doctor's degree. The Swiss universities also have their own institutes and the cantons have their own museums. The same may be said of Austria, Sweden, Belgium, etc. In Rome one of the famous museums which I visited is the Lateran Museum. In its collection, as in all other European museums, there is but a small collection of objects from the Philippines. This shows how much more we need to study our own culture and present it to the outside world, that it may understand and be able to help us.

Now let us consider our neighboring countries that have just recently gained their independence. Our nearest neighbor in the southerly direction is the Indonesians; through their past masters, the Dutch, they have been able to retain much of their cultural heritage,

own languages have been thoroughly studied by Filipino scholars? The answer to all these would be, but a few.

I remember once somebody asked me whether the Mamanua of N. E. Mindanao were Malays, and whether they were Filipinos. This ignorance of the ethnical classification of our Negrito brothers cannot be totally blamed upon the inquirer, for it is a fact that very little has been written about the Mamanua—the Negritos of N. E. Mindanao and to top it all my students and intellectuals simply do not care if these people exist or not, much more exert their efforts in the study of their culture, one of the most primitive in our cultural milieu.

Since I have mentioned the Negritos, many of you would be curious and therefore would ask: what is the importance of studying these people's culture? Fr.



The Author with some of his Mangyan friends in Barrio Arangin in Or. Mindoro.

in the form of the non-destruction of their old sociological structures, written accounts of their history, etc., and the museums: of the latter there are two, one in Batavia and one in Bandung which put our own to shame. The Philippine peninsula, which was under the British colonials for a while, and is now free, has four museums; the Straits Settlement has the Raffles Museum; Indo-China has four museums; its largest is located at Hanoi; Borneo has also a museum at Sarawak. These museums are still kept up by the native scientists of these places mentioned.

Now we have already seen briefly how in other countries there is a conscious effort to study their own culture. Let us turn our searching eyes to the picture in our own land. First, let us ask a few questions which have to do with the study of *Filipino Culture*.

Of our younger generation today how many of us really know that the Filipino culture is not just one stratum, but that it is a variegated and a stratified one? How many of us know that there are about 85 or more languages and dialects taken together spoken in our country? And how many of us, especially our generation, know that we find in the Philippines all kinds of cultures, from the simplest, viz. to a certain extent hunting and gathering culture, to the highly civilized culture of the agriculturists, our brothers in the Mountain Province? And up to the present how many of the grammars of our

Rahmann (now professor of ethnology at Fribourg University in Switzerland) in an article states that "these little remnants of the Negrito race in the central Philippines are in many respects heralds and living documents of remote antiquity. From their beliefs and customs we can read as from a historic source, as it were, elements that must have been part of a very early human civilization..." And it was for this same reason that the late Fr. W. Schmidt, the founder of the Anthropost Institute initiated, organized, and inspired an extensive field work among a good number of the different pygmy races of the world. These investigations, largely carried out by competent missionaries, viz. Vanoverberg, Scheelesta, etc., brought to light facts that are of momentous importance in retracing man's development. Take for instance such facts as the existence of monotheism, monogamy, and private property among those oldest living representatives of mankind. Ruth Benedict says that primitive people are a living laboratory.

As a science, cultural anthropology (cultural studies) in the Philippines is relatively young and not well developed. To be considered as the Nestor of modern Philippine ethnology is Prof. Beyer, who for the last several decades of his stay in the Philippines has been collecting anthropological, folkloristic, and prehistoric materials. Much of the materials on hand are still waiting for

The
of

publication. At present Beyer has turned more and more to archaeology, and to him goes the credit of discovery of the existence of a Stone Age in the Philippines. His main work is entitled *Philippine and East Asian Archaeology, and its Relation to the Origin of Man, and the Island Population*. Probably the most outstanding field worked in cultural anthropology and linguistics is Fr. Morice Vanoverbergh, C.S.C. His studies on the Negritos, and of the Lepanto-Igorot or Kakanay are well known, and have served to give more information regarding these primitive brothers of ours. Still another missionary explorer of the Scheut missionaries, Fr. Francis Lambrecht did extensive field work among the Mayayaw, a sub-group of the Iugao. Another priest scholar, Fr. Alfonso Claerhoudt is an authority on the language of the Benguet Igorots; Fr. Leon Lindemann is collecting oral lore of the Iugao. Still another outstanding field worker among the peoples of Mt. Province was the late K. F. Barton. However, due to the misfor-

daughter frequently publish Filipino folk customs in a local magazine. In prehistory and archaeology, W. C. Solheim II has joined Beyer in this work and consequently has published several papers in the *Journal of E.A. Studies*. Fox and his assistants have also gone into this field, having reported several excavation expeditions.

In the field of scientific linguistics Cecilio Lopez of the U.P. is working on a "Comparative Phil. Syntax," a project supported by a Guggenheim grant. There are also other linguistic studies being done by him. An American, Blake, is cooperating with Prof. Lopez in studying accents in Tagalog. Another Filipino, Arsenio Manuel, wrote a book on *Chinese Elements in the Tagalog Language*. Furthermore, systematic linguistic field work is being conducted by the Summer Institute of Linguistics in the Philippines which is an organization of Oklahoma and Dakota; its director is Richard Pittman. They issue grammars and vocabularies of languages they have studied. They have

Importance of the Study PHILIPPINE CULTURE

by DR. MARCELINO N. MACEDA

tures of war most of the manuscripts have disappeared. Another American, Conklin, did recently extensive field work among the Mangyans of southern Mindoro. Robert Fox of the National Museum has shown us a new approach to the further research on the cultures of some of the natives of the Philippines, namely the ethnobotanical approach. He wrote a monograph, a very excellent one, on the material culture of the Pinatubo Negritos of Zambales. A very indispensable work, even for our pharmacy students, is the comprehensive work of Eduardo Quisumbing entitled *Medicinal Plants of the Philippines*. Timoteo Oracion of Silliman University is doing research work on the Islands of Negros. He has already published his results in the *Silliman Journal* on the Nagabats, a pagan tribe in south-west Negros.

Fr. Rahmann, who is now in Fribourg University, and this writer as his assistant conducted studies among the Negritos of the southern Philippines and folkloristic studies at the same time before the former left for Europe. Fr. Lynch, S.J., is specializing in research on the Tagalog and Bicol regions. And also to be credited with the gathering of materials of our primitive tribes are some of the Americans who were assigned to work in the ethnological division of the Defunct Bureau of Science; viz. Reed, Jones, Worcester, et al. It should be noted that the materials are still good for comparative studies. A great need for new monographs of our ethnological groups today exists.

Philippe Fagnano is working in the same field. There is much effort being exerted but they are much scattered. The collection made by Dean S. Fansler of a Filipino Topical Triptych represents only a minor part of the material gathered by him. Armando Malay and his

colleague published several works concerning their activities in *Notes on the Biologic Geography of the Philippines; An Intensive Language Course*, etc.

These are some of the few people who are engaged in the study of Filipino culture; worth noticing is the fact that there are very few Filipino names involved in such a great task of studying our own culture. This is a challenge to our youth and us intellectuals.

There are institutions which also conduct studies in Philippine culture, viz. the University of Manila, which edits *Journal of E.A. Studies*; the University of Chicago which has a Philippine Studies Program; Silliman University, and some other schools in Manila. Last but not least is our own university, where a further cultural anthropological study program is envisaged, and perhaps a scientific magazine for publication of the latest results of work done by members of its faculty.

After having duly exposed the conditions regarding cultural research work of our own culture I hope that we accept it as a challenge. As natives we have advantages in the matters of language and understanding the mentality of the people under which we may be working. Of course we would not be blind to the fact that research work can also be done in cooperation with foreign scholars, for then better research results would be forthcoming.

The danger of what is still Filipino from the mess of foreign cultural elements is a job which we the younger generation still have to accomplish. Then only then will we be able to understand our ourselves instead of staying under the illusion that we are either Hispanized or Americanized, for in spite of the "Hispanized" superficial trappings we wear, underneath these trappings still lurks the Filipino heritage. ♪

PERIOD

(Continued from page 21)

"Of course I will," I replied. "But you're not really going to die?"

"I am. That's why I'm asking you this."

"But you're not sick. How come you're going to die. By accident, you mean?"

"No, not by accident. You see it's like this. There are many ways of dying. By disease. By accident. Then a man can kill himself. I mean, a man can choose not to live any more, and he is free to end his life." He fell into a lethargic silence.

I was looking at the red rose as I listened to him. I was rather confused, because I could see clearly the implication of his words. "You're not going to do such a thing, are you?"

Miguel looked at me. "Of course I won't," he muttered. "I'll get us something to drink—like the night before, we sat there listening to melancholy jazz from the phonograph."

It was the last time I saw him. For as he had said, he died. I was on my way to his house when I saw him lying on the asphalt road, dead under the pale moonlight. I knew he had thought of it all, and heard the phonograph playing. I saw the brown dog snuffing at the fallen man and whining mournfully in the darkness.

I remember that when I saw it I said it was a useless thing and Miguel did not have to do it. I still believe that life is worth living...

Oh, yes, there is a love letter I will write this day... ♪

The CCAA (Cont'd from p. 32)

baskeas while the Maestros were limited to four! The longest lead came at 1:07-41. 4:46 to go for the final half. At about this time, USC started applying the brakes and let the Maestros catch up for a final 111-71, one of the season's highest scoring games. Victory number 2 for the Warriors!

The INTRAMURALS

(Continued from page 32)

Despite the yeoman work of the "Mutt and Jeff" team, Martinez who scored 31 points as Lucas who tallied 16 pts, the Artsmen found themselves at the short end of the bargain at the final whistle.

The Barristers, suffering from elephantiasis in the legs, lost to the underdogs Business-Finance combine 40-36 for the last game before the mid-term exams. After leading by as much as ten points in the first half, still holding on to their lead in the lower half, they were overtaken by the Businessmen in the last closing minutes. Businessmen Copahl and Rodriguez noticing the break given them by the "lawyers" made short work of the seemingly insurmountable lead put up by the Barristers' first stringers for a well-deserved victory. Half-time score was 18-9 for the Barristers.

TEAM STANDING*	W	L
Law	5	1
Accounting	3	1
C.S.	4	2
Business-Finance	2	2
Arts	1	3
Sciences	1	4
CEM	1	4

*As of September 12.



Miss Remedios Fradejas

USC BOARD TOPNOTCHER OFF TO U. S.

Miss Remedios Fradejas, who placed fifth in the government board examination for chemists last year, left for Manila last August 15 on the first leg of her trip to the United States.

She will take up studies for a master's degree in chemistry at the University of Texas, where she will join Miss Jane Kintanar, another USC scholar, who is presently studying for a doctorate in physics. Miss Fradejas' travel is backed up by a Fulbright grant, while her stay and study at the University of Texas will be financed by the University.

USC SCHOLAR RETURNS AS ONLY ETHNOLOGIST IN CEBU

USC scholar Marcelino Maceda returned last July from Europe to be the first and only doctor of ethnology here in Cebu.

Now back with the teaching staff of the Graduate School of the University, Mr. Maceda was in Europe for three academic years on a USC scholarship grant.

He obtained his Ph.D. in Ethnology from Fribourg University in Switzerland and studied a few subjects in Vienna University in Austria and in Lund University in Sweden. He minored in English Literature and theoretical Economics.

Aside from the scholarship grant, Mr. Maceda got the following scholarships: Fonds Suisse National de la Recherche Scientifique, which was granted to special students in Fribourg; International Student Course in Lund University; and a travel scholarship to big German universities where ethnology is taught as a course. (Among them were: Frobenius Institute, Frankfurt, Bonn, Cologne, Hamburg, and Muenster universities). He travelled with Father Rahmann, S.V.D., former Dean of USC's Graduate School, presently a faculty member of Fribourg University and a well known anthropologist in Europe.

Dr. Maceda graduated from Fribourg U with honors. His doctorate thesis dealt on a comparison of the culture of the Mamanua Negritos of Northeastern Mindanao with the cultures of other Southeast Asian Negritos.

Before he left for Europe, Mr. Maceda had already done extensive field work

among the primitives of Mindanao, Mindoro, Negros and Panay. He was also research assistant in the USC Graduate School.

At present, Dr. Maceda is writing a monograph on the Mamanuas, which he hopes to publish in a European scientific magazine under joint authorship with Father Rahmann.

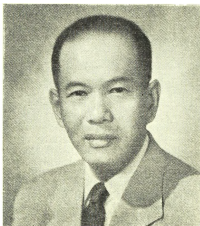
Incidentally, USC is the only school in Cebu that is doing work in the field of ethnology.

AUSTRIAN BOY SCOUTS INTERVIEWED AT USC

Two Austrian boy scouts, Harold Rumpel and Peter Schlogel, who hitchhiked their way through Africa and Asia to the World Jamboree at Mt. Makiling, were interviewed at the Audio-Visual Center of the University last August 6.

Fr. Richard Arens, S.V.D., Director of the Boys' High School, introduced the two boy scouts before the big audience that jampacked the Audio-Visual Center.

The boys, who had many interesting experiences to tell about their hitchhiking adventure, which they had planned a year before, "to relieve us of the boredom of our office work", hail from the city of Graz in Austria. They started hitchhiking in October, 1958, arriving in Manila during the first week of July, 1959.



Atty. Arsenio Villanueva

LAW PROFESSOR LAUNCHES BID FOR LOCAL POST

Atty. Arsenio C. Villanueva submitted his name to, and was nominated in, the Loyalist Blue convention held last July 26 at the UV Coliseum as candidate for Provincial Board Member.

Atty. Villanueva was formerly Examiner of the Bureau of Civil Service in Manila, Assistant City Fiscal of Cebu, Assistant and later acting Provincial Fiscal of Cebu and First Vice-Mayor of the City of Cebu. He has been teaching in the University of San Carlos since 1939 when it was yet called Colegio de San Carlos.

USC WRITERS CLUB REORGANIZED

In a luncheon-meeting at the Avenue Restaurant last July 26, the USC Writers' Guild, branchchild of the late Cornelio Fajardo, was reactivated by the remaining members.

Among the activities which the Guild has decided to undertake are the publication of a magazine, the holding of convocations on literature and journalism, which will be open to the general public, and regular

sessions in which the latest works of the members will be discussed and criticized.

The club is exclusive and its membership is limited. Presently, the members are Sixto Ll. Atao, Jr., B.C. Cabanatan, Junne Cañizares, Manuel S. Go, Nelson Larosa, Demetrio Maglalang, Amorsolo Manligas and Francisco Robles.

GENERAL STUDENTS SLATE LITERARY TILT

The second year General students sponsored last September a university-wide literary contest. The contest featured three divisions: short story, essay and poetry. Cash prizes amounting to P300.00 were at stake.

Mr. Demetrio Maglalang, adviser of the class, received the kudos of everybody for the novel undertaking.

USC BLUE ARMY MOBILIZED

The Legion of Mary of the University of San Carlos is recruiting members for the Blue Army of Our Lady, which has been organized to proclaim and fulfill the message of the Blessed Virgin at Fatima.

The Blue Army's precise objective is the conversion of the people of the USSR and thus the removal of the danger of war.

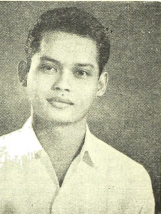
The members of the Blue Army pledge to fulfill the Blessed Virgin's conditions for peace, namely, the daily saying of the rosary, the wearing of the brown scapular, and the offering of sacrifices which consist in the fulfillment of their daily duties in reparation for sins.

The signatures of those who take this pledge will be microfilmed and sent to the shrine of Fatima in Portugal.

A LAW FRATERNITY IS BORN

As a sort of crystallization and materialization of the long pent-up desire of most of the College of Law people to create a strongly cohesive and homogeneous organization, the SIGMA SIGMA PHI (Sword and Scale Fraternity) was born. The place was Jenny's. The time, 7:30 on a Saturday evening. The occasion was marked by seriousness and solemnity.

The Fraternity elected the following officers: Most Exalted Brother, Froilan Quijano; Exalted Brother, Enrique Alvarez; Brother Keeper of the Records, Macario Balansag; Brother Keeper of the Purse, Augusto Go; Compitroller, Steve Padullon; and Brother Herald, Marcial Rubia.



Froilan Quijano

VIEW

The fraternity then proceeded to draft its constitution for its first project. A committee was formed. On the evening of August 22nd, the body formally ratified the constitution after a most enlightening exchange of ideas.

Truly the constitution is an outstanding piece of intellectual creation expressing the sentiments of a truly democratic group.

FOREIGN LUMINARIES FIGURE IN USC'S FORTNIGHTLY LECTURES

A French professor and a member of the American Consulate in Cebu were recently guests of the University of San Carlos in separate convocations on educational and scientific subjects held fortnightly.

Professor Charles Moraze, a SEATO lecturer, spoke at USC's Audio-Visual Hall on "The Influence of the Far East in the History of European Cultures". Professor Moraze hails from Paris.

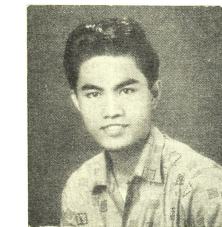
After studies in Germany and England, Professor Moraze obtained his doctorate at the University of Paris. From 1938 to 1942, he was a pensionado of the Thiers Foundation. After receiving the "Croix de Guerre" (a military award) in 1944, he became Director of Studies at the School of Higher Studies.

Glen H. Fisher of the American Consulate in Cebu spoke on "Understanding a Foreign Culture".

Fisher is a sociologist and cultural anthropologist. He took his doctorate at the University of North Carolina in 1952. He spent three years in Mexico to write about community development in that country. He was then a professor at the State Department, Foreign Service Institute, after which he entered the Foreign Service and was first assigned to Venezuela and of late to Cebu City.

USC ART ASSOCIATION FORMED

An art association designed to promote art consciousness in the university campus was organized last August 22, 1959. Prof. Julian Jumalon of the Dept. of Architecture and Dr. Felix Savellon, president of the Cebu Art Association, supervised the meeting. Amoroso Manligas, a senior architecture student and currently staff member of the *Carolinian*, was picked president of the newly-formed association. Other officers elected are: Teodoro L. Alcutias, Vice President; Melva Rodriguez, Secretary; Amelia Cabrera, Treasurer; Flora Ju-



Amoroso Manligas

mapao and Ismael Sala, Auditors.

In its effort to promote art consciousness on the campus, the association will sponsor convocations and art exhibits in the very near future. Regular field trips for outdoor sketching is being planned as a means of developing the talents of its members. Prof. Jumalon and Dr. Savellon will serve as advisers of the association.

USC LEGAL AID BUREAU SPONSORS CONVOCATION

As part of its public service program, the USC Legal Aid Bureau, an exclusive organization of the College of Law, designed to aid students of the University in resolving their legal problems, sponsored a series of convocations on the various legal provisions on matters of general interest, to which the general public was welcome.

The first convocation dealt on the law provisions on marriage; the second, on paternity and filiation; and the third, on election laws.

An open forum was held after each lecture, during which the different speakers were practically roasted by a keenly interested audience, which jam-packed the Audio-Visual Center to its full capacity.

Atty. Cesar Kintana, adviser of the Bureau, and Dean Fulvio C. Pelaez of the College of Law, were congratulated for an auspicious feat that the bureau has to its credit.



Adelino B. Sitoy

SITOW WINS COUNCIL PRESIDENCY

Adelino B. Sitoy, standard bearer of the Carolinian Youth Party, led his team to a smashing victory over the Student Youth and the United Students parties in the Supreme Student Council elections held last August 1.

Sitoy practically swept the polls, beating his two opponents in the persons of Anthony Sian of the United Students Party and Roberto Rosales of the Student Youth Party, 1996-211-483, respectively.

Except for the College of Engineering, bailiwick of Tony Sian, where he lost by 61 votes, Sitoy carried all colleges.

In the College of Commerce, where Bob Rosales was expected to garner a comfortable majority, being a student of that college and Grand Akan of the reputedly powerful Alpha Kappa fraternity, Sitoy won by a margin of 131 votes.

Elected along with Mr. Sitoy were Jesus Alcorido, vice president; Miss Lorna Rodriguez, secretary; Miss Teresita Vergara, treasurer; B. C. Cabanatan, auditor; and Filemon Fernandez, press relations officer.

Except for Miss Vergara, who belongs to the Student Youth Party, all the officers-elect belong to the CYP.

In the congressional race, mostly CYPers came out victorious.

USC GRADUATES PASS CHEMISTRY BOARD EXAMS 100%

The University of San Carlos recently added another feather to its feathered cap when it made a 100% passing record in the latest board examinations for chemists. The successful examinees are as follows:

Mr. Gervasio Riconalla . . . 80.37%
Mr. Temistocles Bontuyan 78.95%
Miss Pacita Teves 76%

ELEVATOR FOR USC

Another novel addition to USC's facilities is the new passenger elevator installed at the left wing of the Administration building.

Acquired from the States, the elevator arrived here in the middle of August. It took six weeks to install it in the concrete shaft. †

Atty. Mario D. Ortiz

ORTIZ RUNS FOR COUNCILOR

Atty. Mario Ortiz, Faculty member of the College of Commerce and adviser of the Law Debating club, has definitely decided to enter the local political arena by running for councilor of the City of Cebu under the Osmeña-Cuenco fusion.

Atty. Ortiz hails from Sibonga, Cebu. He finished his Elementary course in only 5 years having been accelerated twice. He spent his high school and early college days at the then Colegio de San Carlos.

Even in his student days, Atty. Ortiz displayed remarkable leadership. He was an actor, military man, orator, debater, scholar and writer.

Atty. Ortiz finished his law course at UST in 1947 and passed the BAR given in the same year with an average of 80.05%. Thereafter, he worked as newspaperman, radio announcer and instructor of the College of Law of the University.

Ever since he was connected with the University, Atty. Ortiz has been producing prize-winning orators and debaters.

Presently, Atty. Ortiz is Secretary to the Mayor of Cebu City. Married to the former Miss Jolita Villacorta, UP Scholar and beauty, they have 3 sons yet, Reynaldo, Danilo and Perome. †

The Intramurals

● by GEORGE BARCENILLA

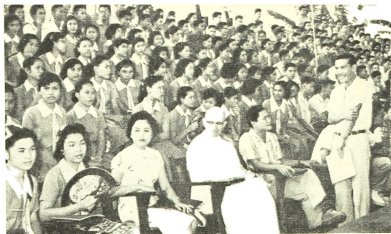
THE 1959 USC Intramural Basketball series reeled off last July 17, at the University basketball court with Very Reverend Father Rector tossing the first ball. Seven teams, three more than at last year's intrams participated: Civil-Architecture-Surveying, Chemical-Electrical-Mechanical of the College of Engineering; Accounting, Business-Finance-Management of the College of Commerce; Arts, Sciences of the College of Liberal Arts; and the defending champion, the College of Law.

In the opening encounter the CEM "Engineers" ripped the hapless "Barristers" who were suffering from inaugural day jitters, 46-37. The lead changed hands several times during the first canto. But with the taller "Engineers" controlling the backboards and diminutive Jakosalem making deadly incursions inside the keyhole area, Coach Jess Bertullo's "Lawyers" finally succumbed to the CEM combine. Half-time score was 20-17 for the Engineers. However, it was later discovered that an ineligible student had played with the CEM team and the Law team was proclaimed winner by the Athletic Moderator.

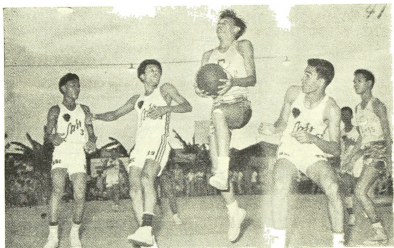
The luckless CEM "Engineers" suffered their "second" setback at the hands of Business-Finance by a close call 45-47. Despite "Tiny" Jakosalem's 34 point binge, the highest for the season so far, the CEM cause came to naught when "Businessmen" F. Rodriguez, Rama and Causing joined hands in saving the day for the Business-Finance combo. Jakosalem with the able assistance of Tiro stegged it out with second Commerce team in the last half with a rally but timely sallies of Rodriguez and Rama kept the "Businessmen" on top by two for win number one.

Law, in their second appearance, shaking off their inaugural day jitters, finally made its first "win" noising out Arts, 47-45, after trailing by 5 points in the first half. After the second canto, Barristers Veloso, Mediano and Alerre, finally finding their bearing turned on the heat in the final period and carried the Law team to safety. Lucas and Martinez starred for the lasers registering double figures 20 and 13 respectively.

The Accounting team, with skipper Roberto "Tatoy" Rosales directing the assault, made an impressive debut by drubbing the CAS contingent, 61-57. The "Accountants" started slow but finished fast with plenty of room to spare. The former intramural champions, revealing the form which made them the lord during past intramurals, served notice to the Barristers that they are the team to reckon



The Rooters



Moran lays up, Martinez ducks...

On this S

with, Sharp-eyed Chito Trinidad with able assistance from Cesar Moran and skipper Rosales tallied 17 points for the day's high scoring honor.

The second Liberal Arts team, the Science combo made a good start, locking horns with Business-Finance, 48-44 for the Sciences' first win. Sciencemen Señido, Alve and Cunanan were good for 33 points between them. Business-Finance long shooting ace, Rodriguez, muzzled by Sciences' sentinels was good only for 9 points.

The Arts team finally reaching their peak after sluggish past performances, steamrollered the CEM "Engineers", 63-47. Artsmen Martinez and the shifty Lucas took turns in puncturing CEM's basket despite the man-to-man guarding of the "Engineers". The CEM, this time, switched to the zone with two men sticking on Lucas and Martinez. Artsman Longakit, free from the Engineer's shackles, made it mere for the CEMs, taking the show from teammates Martinez and Lucas, for a 16 pt. bubble, 63-47. "Engineer" Tan salvaged the CEM crew by posting 12 points while CEM ace Jaka-

salem bottled by bulky Martinez was limited to a measty 5 points.

The CAS aggregation, the "hair apparent" to the intramural throne, made basketball history in USC's "little league", scoring 69 points against Business-Finance's 42. The bamboozled "Businessmen" who never recovered right from the start tried to match the fast pace of the Builders to no avail. With Builders Kuizon, Mansing and Magallanes almost scoring at will, the "Businessmen" all but gave up for a final 69-42 count. Half-time score was 34-19 for the Builders.

After three consecutive losses, the CEM team finally hugged the win column by turning back a stubborn pack of Sciencemen 61-56. Tiny Jakosalem literally went to town with his sneak-ins and long toms posting 18 points. When Jakosalem had a respite, "Engineer" Tiro took the cudgels for a restive Jakosalem with his undergoal series.

The high scoring CAS cagers again did it this time against the outfit Arts. The Builders running loose with fast breaks turned the cards of the Artsmen 67-61.

(Continued on page 29)

The CCAA

● by RODOLFO JUSTINIANI

THE 11th postwar version of Cebu's premier cage loop—the CCAA finally got underway July 19, 1959 at the UV gym. A new cage team, the Cebu Technical School, replaced the University of Southern Philippines Panthers who could not put up and form a basketball crew. Eight teams—USC, UV, CIT, CSJ, SWC, CTS, CNS and CSAT were divided into brackets with USC, CIT, CTS, & CNS on group A and UV, CSJ, SWC, & CSAT on group B. USC, the defending champions, as expected came out unscathed in their group with a 3-0 card, taming CIT Wildcats, 89-68, slaughtering the CNS Maestros, 111-71, turning back the CTS Electrons, 102-70.

After so-so inaugural ceremonies which did not augur well for Cebu's cage cognoscenti, the loop got to a slam-bang start with favorites ruling the day's hostilities. Without fanfare, minus the gimmicks used by CCAA's counterparts in the big city and without any "Mutt and Jeff" combination to speak of, the USC Warriors received a rousing welcome roar when they took the floor against a formidable pack of CIT Wildcats for the night's stellar attraction.

USC TAMES CIT, 89-68

The squad entered the floor a favorite to knock the daylight out of the Wildcats. Some CIT cage fanatics hollered for an upset especially in view of the absence of court tactician Danny Deen and power rebounder Peping Rogado, last year's two standouts. But the USC Warriors just didn't give way.

Right from the start, the USC squad, powered by the one-two punch of Julian "The Hands" Macey and fireball Esmer Abejo, knocked the props off the Wildcats for an easy coasting 35-26.

At the start of the second canto, the change of uniform of the Wildcats to all-maroon didn't help any as the USC juggernaut continued to roll like a well-oiled machine. Macey jumping, a Reyes feat, an Abejo feed, a Palmares hook, with dela Cruz controlling the backboards the Wildcat were buried for good, 79-61, time down to 3'30".

Two successive thrusts by Macey on a Palmares assist and an Abella infraction widened the gap to 83-61. Sentinel Abella countered with a heave from quarter-court, for 83-63. Second stringer Tomas Aguirre entered the fray and he and Pal-

mares handled the show with feeble opposition from Wildcats Escario and Fernandez for a final 89-68 count. Victory number one for USC!

USC SLAUGHTERED CNS, 111-71

For their second encounter, the USC Warriors traded court savvy with CNS Maestros, slaughtering them 111-71.

If it was not Galdo, it was Macey, if it was not Macey, it was Reyes! Like the ubiquitous mushrooms after a day's rain the USC quintet were all over the floor running rings around the helpless Maestros who were glued to the floor. Using the "go-go" brand of court acrobatics reminiscent of the famous Blue Eagles of Loyola Heights, the USC Warriors never fogged out until buzzer time. Bench menter Dodang Aquino applying the "platoon style" in order to have a fresh crew in every minute of the fracas continued piling up an insurmountable lead. The hill ended 57-31 for USC.

After three minutes of the second period, USC was up by thirty points, 67-37. Nine minutes later it was by thirty-four points, 85-51. Substituting the "short fast fives" of Reyes, Galdo, Bas, Abejo and dela Cruz for the taller but slower Pizarras and Cañizares, the lead the USC Warriors gobbled up eighteen

(Continued on page 29)

ide of Sportsdom

by Rudy Justiniani and George Barcenilla

USC WARRIORS 1959-60 Left to right, kneeling: Manuel Bas, Reynaldo de la Cruz (Captain), Roberto Reyes, Esmeraldo Abejo Aguirre, Dionisio Jakosalem II, Carmelita Rodriguez (Muse of the Team), Rev. Fr. Lawrence Bunzel, SVD (Athletic Moderator), Juan Aquino, Jr. (Coach), Isidoro Cañizares, Maximo Pizarras, Julian Macey. Not in the picture were Patricio Palmares, Ben Reyes and Honore Rama.



ROTC Reports

THE THREE STARS have been lost. Unconsciously. Ignominiously. They were lost not because we no longer had Anacleto "Star" Garcia, nor because we no longer had "diehards" in the Corps. They were lost because we had men at the helm of the Corps whose passion for glamour by far surpassed their desire to learn anything to such an extent that it almost became an incurable mania.

Now it can be told. "How could the Corps learn anything when the officers were more concerned about rehearsing and rehearsing the parade and review than about anything else? It seemed as if parades were all ROTC was for!" Captain Aquino, fumingly explained.

Three stars, which many had sweated it out to retain, were lost because a few had the "magnificent obsession" of glorifying their egos through constant parades and reviews.

But if we lost the three stars last year, this year they are going to be buried. "The officers this year are not only glamour-seeking. Most of them are irreparably irresponsible. You tell them to do anything. They'll bungle it." Captain Aquino added.

"That's why we have decided to screen our officers. Anybody found by the screening committee to be inefficient, will be dropped from the Corps."

"They have complained I don't back them up in implementing discipline on the cadets. It is because I personally do not like it means of implementing discipline."

"My theory has always been that man as a rational animal knows his duties and responsibilities. My policy has always been in favor of persuasive rather than coercive discipline. I have faith in the sense of honor of man."

"I admit the Corps is lousy. Its size and the limited three hours of Saturday drill cannot enable the three of us, Sgt. Moduruillo, Sgt. Papelleiro and myself to supervise everybody. To remedy this, we are planning to hold Sunday drill for one battalion by rotation. That way, all three of us can concentrate all our attention on everybody. I cannot count on my cadet officers for assistance. We hope Father Rector approves of the plan."

"But, Sir," we dared to raise a protest, "aren't the officers briefed every Saturday morning to prepare them for the afternoon drill?"

"Saturday briefing? Ha! That's a joke. All the officers do have is second drill. The Corps Commander and the Battalion Commanders do not even prepare a schedule of instruction for these Saturday briefing. That's why all they do is conduct sword drills."

"How about the tactical officers?"

"We cannot rely much on them. They do not come here often."

"How about the cadets, Sir? We heard they're getting onionskinned nowadays."

"Yeah, they have become wise and sensitive. You pat them on the back

and you get sued for physical injuries. We don't really mind facing court action. But then, it will cause a lot of adverse publicity for the school. We do not like that. Besides, politics is bound to come in too. There are just too many politicians in the Philippines today for our comfort."

With that, we ended the discussion on the darker side of the DMST. It would seem now that everybody is partly to blame. The cadet officers, or at least most of them, just do not know their responsibilities. On the other hand, the cadets do not seem to realize that in military life the rule is: Obeys first, before you complain.

Everybody must realize that in any organization, each and every member has a share to perform; that to the good of the body as a whole, individual interest must be subordinate.

* * *

The Bingo bug has got into the USC ROTC Corps. Last August 16, the cadets spent half of their supposed whole drill day marking Bingo cards, hoping that the number would turn into P250.

Meanwhile, rumors were rife that there is a move to abolish the Field Artillery Unit in every ROTC Corps. The rumors have so far been unconfirmed.

* * *

It was beautiful galore at the parade grounds at Camp Lapulapu, Lahug last August 30, 1959. The occasion was the presentation of sponsors of the USC ROTC Unit at 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon, followed by an evening parade and culminated by a cocktail party.

The following are some of the cadette sponsors: Miss Melinda Rubi, Corps Sponsor; Miss Carina Dorotheo, Corps Sweetheart; Miss Emma Valenzuela, Supreme Sword Fraternity Sweetheart; Miss Teresita Vergara, 1st Battalion Sponsor; Miss Ruthilda Mendoza, 2nd Battalion Sponsor; Miss Delia Honrado, 3rd Battalion Sponsor; Miss Papeolina Borja, 1st Battalion Sweetheart; Miss Lydia Mangel, 2nd Battalion Sweetheart; Miss Sonia Galan, Senior Sword Fraternity Sweetheart; Miss Elma Salvador, Junior Sword Fraternity Sweetheart; Miss Conception Cabatnguan, 1st Bn. Adj. S-3; Miss Salvacion Abella, 2nd Bn. Adj. S-3; and Miss Eva Regis, 3rd Bn. Adj. S-3. ♀

MERRY MIX-UP

(Continued from page 24)

of it, because I learned that man, since the fall of Adam, has been subject to commission of errors and omissions. I am kind and forgiving too. I always apply the golden rule. If I commit any mistakes, I am ready and willing to forgive my parents or my teachers (as the case may be). For, after all "to err is human; to forgive is the vine" as Saksphere, the great historian, says. ♀

★ INSIDE ★ DMST ★ by C. L. SALERA

The Sword Fraternity under the command of Cdt. Col. Bendañillo decided to raise funds by sponsoring a Bingo game, the proceeds of which went for expenses like sponsors' meals, officers' balls and other social affairs.

1500 hour, 16 August 1959, was the D-day. The officers' Clubhouse at Camp Lapulapu was crowded with cadets.

The game was highlighted by the presence of our beloved Commandant, his wife, his daughter, Miss Leonor Borromeo, Corps Sponsor Matron, and her "Fair Maidens".

Congratulations to the lucky winners, particularly to Miss Eva Regis for winning fifty pesos in the "Junior Black-Out Bingo".

The affair was a success. We are deeply indebted to our Commandant who gave us the permission to use the Officers' Clubhouse and to Mrs. Aquino for her management of the distribution of prizes. We extend our heartfelt thanks to you, Sir, and we hope we will have more of your benevolence.

Orders are orders, so, we've got to follow them. The DMST office received a "love letter" from the Third Military Area Headquarters ordering that cadets must not be allowed to fraternize.

There's a rumor that the Field Artillery unit in this University will be dissolved. The FA advanced cadets are still hopeful that their branch of service will not be dropped. The truth is that it is exceedingly hard for these people to change their minds from howitzers to Mi's.

1500 hours, 9 August 1959, the "big four", Cdt. Col. Bendañillo, Cdt. Lt. Col. Breañola, Salera and Escobar, represented the USC ROTC unit in the Supreme Sword Fraternity election of officers held at the CIT skyroom. The Supreme Commandership went to USP while USC got the parse.

The cadet non-commissioned officers of the three battalions formed their respective Chevrolet Fraternities and elected their officers. The purpose: unity, teamwork and esprit de corps.

The presentation of sponsors took place on 30 August 1959. An evening parade and review was held at the Camp Lapulapu drill grounds. After the ceremonies, the invited guests were treated to a cocktail party.

Cdtte. Col. Melinda Rubi is the Corps Sponsor this year. Cdtte. Lt. Col. Teresita Vergara was designated 1st "Spearhead" Battalion sponsor; Cdtte. Lt. Col. Ruthilda Mendoza, 2nd "Spearhead" Battalion sponsor; Cdtte. Lt. Col. Delia Honrado, 3rd "Leathernecks" Battalion sponsor. Cdtte. Lt. Col. Carina Dorotheo is the Corps Sweetheart.

One of the problems of the cadets corps this year is the lack of materials for instructional purposes. Everybody needs pocketpens. The second year advanced cadets would like to take something with them as souvenirs of cadet life, not only for sentimental reasons but also for purposes of the probability training. The cadets corps hopes, therefore, that the people concerned will take note of this. ♀

Cultura Española En Filipinas

• por ABRAHAM LUCERO

ESPARA es quizás la única nación que de la mezcla de su cultura primitiva con la de otras naciones o pueblos que se establecieron en la península Ibérica consiguió crear una cultura peculiar, que más tarde derramó a mones llenas en las nuevas tierras descubiertas por sus grandes navegantes y colonizadores por sus valientes capitanes. La civilización occidental, mezcla de las civilizaciones mismas de Grecia, Roma y Cártago, se originó en España y esta nación creó otras naciones a las que enseñó las artes del comercio y la industria de los fealcos, las ciencias y las artes plásticas de los griegos, las artes de la guerra de los cartagineses, y las de organización y gobierno de los romanos. Y por sí este fuera poco, España fue cristianizada por el Apostol Santiago el Mayor que propagó la doctrina de Cristo en muy buen terreno haciendo de España una nación cristiana antes que a otros pueblos de su época, y a ella cupo también el gran honor de instruir en la doctrina de Cristo a los habitantes de las nuevas tierras descubiertas.

A Filipinas llegaron los españoles en la época de mayor esplendor de la civilización española, y su establecimiento y dominación en el archipiélago nos trajeron gran beneficio. Primero con su idea de unidad nacional procuraron la paz entre los pequeños estados del país, que vivían separados e independientes, cada uno de ellos gobernado por un jefe o "datu". Conquistados estos pequeños estados por las armas a por tratados y compromisos los pusieron bajo un sistema ordenado de gobierno, cuya maquinaria administrativa estaba centralizada y manejada por un gobernador general, representante del rey y su gobierno, que se llamó primero "Adelantado", luego "Virrey" y más tarde Gobernador.

Los primeros colonizadores españoles de Filipinas encontraron una civilización incipiente con base material como era la que conocían en la península de "Los Secosces de los Islas Filipinas" (México 1609) por Morga, probando con la mención del "Código de Kalantaw" cuyo promulgación se fija en el año 1433, en el cual se podía en gran estima a la mujer y crímenes contra ella eran castigados con la pena de muerte o esclavitud. Debido a esta base moral los misioneros españoles no encontraron gran dificultad en cristianizar a las Filipinas, y al mismo tiempo que la doctrina de Cristo les enseñaron los más adelantados métodos de cultivo y aprovechamiento de los recursos naturales del país, de acuerdo con la mejor de aquella época. Con la ayuda de inteligentes filipinos y de artesanos españoles la cultura española se fue extendiendo y rápidamente se dilataron nuevos métodos de construcción para sus viviendas, cubrir con decencia y con mejores telas sus cuerpos, y a construir caminos mejores que facilitaban los viajes y el intercambio comercial. La cultura española nos trajo el conocimiento del alfabeto latino, el idioma español como lenguaje oficial y unificador, en lugar de los numerosos dialectos de las diferentes regiones de Filipinas, sin destruirlos, al contrario, fomentándolos y beneficiándolos con nuevas palabras y ordeandolos en elementales formas de gramática. Construyeron iglesias, hospitales y asilos; establecieron escuelas, colegios y universidades, poniendo al frente de las mismas personas de gran cultura y honradez; en la organización administrativa fueron creando nuevas alcaldías y fundaron los audiencias construyendo nuevas ciudades y pueblos. La administración de justicia fue basada en los Códigos Españoles y hoy día el sistema judicial de Filipinas está firmemente apoyado en aquellos.

Todo esto es el legado cultural que recibió Filipinas de España, y con él nos dejó la obligación de extender la cultura occidental en Oriente y el honor de ser la primera y única nación cristiana en esta remotas regiones del Pacífico, cuya fe cristiana debemos propagar imitando a los colonizadores españoles cuyo primer acto al descubrir un nuevo territorio era ponerlo bajo el signo de la Cruz e inmediatamente predicar la doctrina de Cristo. ¶

La Enseñanza de los Párvulos

• por Mo. LUZ MESSA

“ENSEÑAD a las Naciones”, nos dice el Divino Maestro. Si: enseñar, no a los que ya están instruidos sino a los desocados de aprender. ¿Quiénes son los que tienen deseos de aprender? En mi concepto del deseo de aprender, creo que los que más lo demuestran son los niños pequeños, esos chiquitines envoltorios de carne llenos de alegría y de afán de aprender desde que empiezan a mirar sorprendidos sus pequeñas manitas, y poco a poco van descubriendo el pequeño mundo de su cunita.

Ante tan manifiesto deseo de aprender de los pequeños no puede uno de-

jarles seguir sus instintos solamente, hay que pensar en enseñarlos, hacerles comprender la significación de las cosas, pensando que estos *peques* de hoy han de ser los hombres de mañana, los que quizás estén al frente de los destinos de una nación o del mundo; de ahí, mi opinión de que “Enseñad a las Naciones” como el Divino Maestro nos dice, equivale a “Enseñad a los niños”. Ellos son los fundadores de pueblos y naciones y el Divino Maestro los declaró sus preferidos “¡Hejad que los niños vengan a mí!”. Consecuente con mi manera de pensar, pero no pudiendo esperar a que los niños vengan a mí, me decidí a ir yo

hacia los niños y aquí me tenéis metida entre un estudio que me requiere repetidos, avidos de aprender y además poseídos del vértigo de la velocidad, no solo en el movimiento, sino también en preguntar.

No es cosa fácil satisfacer la curiosidad de un niño, porque el enseñarle no sería difícil, lo difícil es como hacerlo de manera que el niño no pierda su interés en aprender, o para despertar ese interés en los que no lo tienen, o mejor dicho, que lo tienen en reposo. En mi primer día de enseñar a los párvulos que me fueron asignados, este problema de ¿Cómo hacerlo?, y ¿qué hacer? me tenía muy preocupada, no tanto el ¿qué hacer?, que equivale a que enseñar puesto que la maestra encargada tenía que solucionarlo; el cómo hacerlo, era mi gran dificultad. Viendo que había que tomar una decisión, me encomendé mentalmente al Espíritu Santo mientras pasaba mi mirada por la variadísima colección de inocentes caritas, con los ojos muy abiertos mirandome, como esperando algo de mí. Solo la vista de aquellas caritas erio

La Gota de Agua

Una gota de agua cae.

Salpica en la cantanina

que te da luz al altar.

Tente siquiera un ratito,

aunque para descansar.

¿ *Es que tienes mucha prisa*

¿ *y no puedes esperar?*

¿ *Es que te aguarda la tierra*

para poder vida dar

a las plantas que te aguardan?

Pues vete, apresura ya

que no muy lejos están,

ahí, debajo de esta cantana

te espera un lindo rosal.

MA. LUZ MESSA

que fue lo que el Espíritu Santo me aconsejó, y me creí culpada hacia la solución de mi problema; sin titubeo y sin miedo de las lecciones señaladas por la encargada, y al final de las clases, a la salida, cuando de mis pequeños discípulos me dijeron “Adios” iluminando los expresión con sus sonrisas de angelitos revoltosos.

Después del primer día, los demás pasaron uno tras otro como hojas de un calendario que se arrancan y los niños siguen viniendo a las clases, con sus libros acuestas y en sus caritas la expresión del deseo de saber, por medio de las enseñanzas de sus maestras o maestros.

Algunos maestros pensaban que esto de enseñar a niños pequeños es tedioso, pero yo por mi experiencia puedo decir que cuando se consigue que un discípulo lea o escriba de corrido una palabra de tres sílabas, se experimenta una alegría tal, que no era la tregua mayor un astrónomo cuando descubre una nueva estrella. ¶

BUKANG-LIWAYWAY

● Maikling kuwento ni DALISAY SALGADO

A BALANG-ARALA si Luz sa pagharap sa kanyang mga panauhin. Mababakas sa kanyang mukha na siya'y malayag-maligaya. Matatamis na ngiti ang kanyang isinasalubong sa mga dumarating. Ang salu-salo ay isang "Shower party" na handog sa kanya ng kanyang mga kaibigan silang-silang sa kanyang malapala na pakikipag-ang dibdib kay Tony de Leon, batang-bata at maksikis na tagapamahala ng isang katamtaman ngunit matatag na samahan.

Gabi na nang magsiwi ang mga panauhin. Ang pagod ni Luz ay hindi alintana. Ibang-iba siya ngayon kaysa noong mga nakaraang buwan. Siya noon ay isang mangkutin, bihirang ngunit, at kung nguniti man, ay walang islap ang kanyang mga mata. Si Luz ay likas na masayahin, ngunit pinalungkot siya ng isang pangyayari....

Noong una, siya ay napakumasayahin, palabro at mahiligin sa mga kasayahin. Hindi siya gaanong matalino at pangkaraniwan lamang ang kanyang kagandahan. Hindi siya gaanong maputi, ang ilong niya ay digaganong matangos, ngunit ang kanyang mga mata ay parang nakakissap na hiyas, mapunggay at punong-puno ng damdamin. Nasa huling taon na siya sa kolehiyo nang makilala niya si Eddie. Ipinakilala ito sa kanya ng isang kaibigan, habang sila ay kumakain sa "cafe" nang nabigyan ng kumain si Eddie sa kanila, at dito nagsimula ang mabuting pagtitingnan nila ni Luz. Bawa't labasan, hinilitan ni Eddie si Luz, at naging linguhang panauhin niya si Eddie sa kaniyang tabanan.

Si Eddie ay isang maipag at matalino ng mag-aaral. Ang katatunuhan niya ay hindi pangkaraniwan. Madalas siyang maging pangulo ng iba't ibang samahan sa paaralan dahil sa kanyang mahusay na pangungulo at panamahala. Lubhang ikinararangal ni Luz si Eddie. Gayon na lamang ang kanyang kagalakan nang ito'y magtapat sa kanya. Napagkayarian nilang lumagay sa tabimik pagkatapos nila ng pag-aaral. Si Eddie noon ay kumikita na, bagama't kaunti nga lamang. Si Luz namam ay may inaasahang gawain pagkatapos ng kanyang paaral.

Madaling lumipag ang mga araw. Dumating ang araw ng pagtatapos. Lahat ay abala sa pagbahanda. Sa kanilang "graduation ball" ipinagtapat ni Eddie na siya ay nahirang na "scholar" ng kaniyang paaralan at ipadala sa Amerika nang magdaldalohan. Magkaibang saya at lungkot ang nadama ni Luz. Saya, sapagka't isang karangalan kay Eddie ang mahirang na "scholar", at lungkot, sapagka't sila ay magkakaralo at maantala ang kanilang mga balak. Falihaba sa'y ayaw ni Luz na maging halagang sa pagtatamo ni Eddie ng tagumpay kaya hindi siya tumoto.

Habang nasa Amerika si Eddie ay nagpatuloy si Luz ng pag-aaral. Madalas silang magusulan, ngunit dumating ang panahon na padalang ng padalang ang mga sulat ni Eddie. Naistip ni Luz na baka kaya maraming gawain si Eddie kaya hindi ito'y magdaldalohan. Isang araw, tumanggap siya ng isang liham mula kay Eddie. Hindi siya nagkamtutulo sa pagbubukas niyon. Isang larawan at isang "clipping" ang bumungag sa kanyang paningin. Nakalathala ang pakikipag-iskang-dibdib ni Eddie sa isa ring "scholar" na Pilipino. Hindi niya nakubang basabaso pa ang kalatip na liham. Masaganan liha ang dunuloy sa kanyang mga mata.

Yaong pangyayariyang yaon ang naging simula ng pagbabago ni Luz. Inuwisan na niya ang mga kasayahin at mga pagtitipon. Pati ang kanyang mga kaibigan ay inuwisan na rin niya. Datapwa't sa kaniyang mga pagbabagong ito ay isang kalibigan ang naging matiyaga sa pakikitungo sa kanya. Kahit na kalimita'y tinatanghan ni Luz ang kanyang mga tulog at paanyaya, si Tony ay hindi nawalan ng pag-asa. Hindi mga nagdon at nahimok ni Tony si Luz na magsayangyang mag-isa. Kahit na kalimita'y tinatanghan ni Luz ang kanyang mga araw ay nagbahari ang dilim ng zabi, ngunit pagkalipas ng gabi'y muling sumisikat ang araw. Gayon din ang lihay ng tao, may araw at may gabi, may kalungkutan at may kaligayahan.

Lumipas ang maraming araw. Numanalibit si Luz sa dating araw. Masaya, palabro at punong-puno ng buhay. Ang pagbabagong ito ay naganap sa tulog ni Tony.

Tulad ng maasahan ni Luz ay nagtapat ng nilulob sa Tony. Ratid niya ang kadakilaan sa puso ng lalaking ito kaya hindi siya natakot na umibig pang muli.

Maagang-maagang nagising si Luz. Kay ganda ng bukanng-liwayway na bumungag sa kanyang paningin! Sa kaunaunahang packakataon ay natatag niya ang lihas na kasayahan, isang madaming himang-miyag kayang mapalwanag. Ang gabi ng kanyang buhay ay lumipas na at isang matunginig na bukanng-liwayway at bagong buhay ang kanyang haharapin. Isang bagong buhay sa piling ni Tony.

— u k a s —



Bantayog ng Kadakilaan

● Tawing ginugunita natin ang kadakilaan ng ating mga bayani ay nagunita rin natin ang kalupitan at kabagsitan ng mga dayuhang lumupig at bumihag sa ating inang bayan, kalupitang at kabagsik naging batayan ng madugong paghimag-sik upang matamo ang kalayaang ngayo'y ating tinatamasa na. Datapwa't sa kabla ng kalupitan at kabagsikang yaon ay may buslak na kabutihang naidulot ang mga dayuhan, kabutihang natatamin sa puso ng baw'a't isang Pilipinong marunong-tunawan ng utang na loob. Kung hindi napadpad sa ating mga pagitan ang mga dayuhan, ay hindi sana nabuo ang bayang Pilipinas sa ilim ng isang bandila. At lalo pang mahalaga, hindi sana na ipunla sa puso't diwa ng sambayanang Pilipino ang kawagasan ng isang banal na pananampalataya — ang pananampalatayang Katoliko.

Maaring hindi kaagad matatanggap ng balana na napakalaking bahagi ang naitulong ng Simbahang Katoliko sa natamong kaunlaran ng Pilipinas. Sa pamamagitan ng mga paaralang itinatag nito sa iba't ibang panig ng kapuluan sapul pa noong sakupin tayo ng mga Kastila, ay nabihisan ang Pilipinas ng isang bago at maunlad na kabihasan. Hinubog tayo sa larangan ng paggawa, agham, paghahalaman at paggasa, pangangalakal at pagtuturo. Ipinunla sa ating mga puso ang kadalisaan ng kagandahang asal, pag-ibig at pagkilala sa isang Diyos, pagmamahal sa kapwa, at pag-ibig sa inang bayan. Sa pamamagitan ng mga kabutihang ito ay namlat tayo, tumibay ang ating damdamin at nag-akalang humakbang ng sariling kabang. At sa ilim ng ating bughaw na langit at malalim na sikat ng araw ay isa-isang hinilang ang ating mga bayani. Sila ang nanguna sa pagtatak sa gabi ng siwa upang kalagin ang tanikalang gumagapos sa kamay ng inang bayan. Sa wakas ay nakalaya ang inang bayan, nahawi ang siwa, at nagbukang liwayway.

Ngayong malaya na tayo ay tingnalan natin ang Simbahang Katoliko bilang pagtanaw ng utang na loob. Tandaan niyo balana, na sina Rizal, Mabini, Del Pilar, Bonifacio, Quezon atbp., ay pawang tumanggap ng karunungan sa mga paaralang Katoliko. Mula't sapul noong una, hanggang sa kasalukuyan ay patuloy sa paghubog sa kaisipan ng maraming Pilipino ang mga paaralang Katoliko sa iba't ibang panig ng kapuluan. Ang bahaging ginapanan ng mga paaralang Katoliko sa pagpapalanda ng Pilipinas ay isang bantayog ng kadakilaan, na naukit sa dibdib — Teodoro Atupuro Bay

THE MODERATOR

... says ...

Not so long ago somebody, whose name shall go unmentioned, wrote (it would seem, right here on this page too): "It can't be that amongst so many thousands of students there aren't a few dozen who want to write and know how to write". If Mr. Screwtape was around at the time those words were being written, his face must have split all across in a grin of pure malicious joy. Because, truth to tell: It not only can be, it is so! There are neither a few, nor two, nor even one dozen — apart from the *Carolinian* staff — who want to write. Witness the literary contest, reported on elsewhere in this issue, which turned out a dismal flop. Witness the fact that in order to give a not too inadequate coverage on the subject of education, the staff had to fall back on one of Cardinal Newman's discourses on the "Idea of a University".

Is it that our students just do not want to write! I am afraid the truth is worse: they do not know how to write. On the few, all too few, few, occasions where they try or are forced to do so, they helplessly flounder about in a morass of grammatical, may even orthographic, blunders, they trip over the intricacies of English syntax, and get lost completely in the bewitched forest of English and American idiom. Many a student can see only one way out of this quandary: Some more or less skillful "editing" job on the work of another writer or writers, which may or may not be plagiarizing, but certainly is next kin to it.

The complaint about the students' inability to write is not a new one. It has been ventilated many times; various remedies have been prescribed and tried, with no marked success. If I may venture an opinion, I believe there will be no lasting improvement until one of the root causes be effectively removed. This will call for a painful operation for some people, whose pet ideas will have to go by the board. No doubt, it would be a wonderful thing to have our college graduates write and speak not only very good English, but also equally good Spanish and Filipino language. But can it be done? If we allow the facts to speak for themselves, the answer turns out to be a resounding "no." And no wonder. With the limited time available for language learning — after all, the student has to pick up quite a few other pieces of knowledge besides — we are left with these alternatives: Either we spread our students' time and energy over three languages and let him achieve active literacy in none, or we concentrate on one and give him thereby an honest chance to become proficient in it. Proficiency, if not outright mastery, in the use of at least one language seems to me an essential goal of higher education. Right now it is the exceptional student, who leaves his Alma Mater with such proficiency, while the big crowd of graduates that pours from our colleges and universities every year do not know enough of any of the languages they had to study to write a presentable letter, let alone an article or a book.

Is my picture of the situation too black? Maybe it is. I am ready to pull in my horns if and when I am effectively refuted. Yet I warn you fairly: No flood of arguments will do it, but a flood of well-written contributions to the *Carolinian* that will swamp the Editor's mailbox for the forthcoming issues might induce me to revise my opinion, at least as far as the USC is concerned. Until that happens, I will stand my ground.

Fr. Joseph Baumgartner, S.V.D.

PRAYER FOR CATHOLIC TEACHERS

O WORD INCARNATE, Teacher of teachers, our most amiable Jesus, You who deigned to come into the world to show men the way to heaven with Your infinite wisdom and inexhaustible goodness, in Your kindness hear the humble supplications of those who, following in Your footsteps, would be Catholic teachers worthy of the name, showing to souls the sure paths that lead to You and through You to eternal happiness:

Give us light, not only to avoid the snares and pitfalls of error, but also that we may penetrate truth, especially in those things where Your divine simplicity is reflected, so that we may acquire that light of clarity in which that which is the most essential becomes the most simple, and therefore the most adapted to the intelligence even of children. Visit us with the help of Your creative spirit, so that we may be able to teach the doctrines of the faith properly, as we have received the mandate to do.

Give us virtue, that we may adapt ourselves to the yet immature minds of those who follow us, to encourage their fresh and beautiful energies, to understand their defects and to support their restlessness, Give us the grace to make ourselves small without abandoning our position of duty, in imitation of You, O Lord, who made Yourself as one of us without leaving the most high throne of Your Divinity.

But above all, fill us with Your spirit of love: Love for You, only and good Master, that we may immolate ourselves in Your holy service; love for our profession, that we may see it as a most noble vocation and not as a common employment; love for our sanctification, as the principal source of our labor and our apostolate; love for truth, so that we may never deliberately depart from it; love for souls, which we must mold and model to the true and the good; love for our students, to make them exemplary citizens and faithful sons of the Church; love for our beloved youth and children, with true paternal feeling, more elevated, more conscious, and more pure in its natural simplicity.

And you, Most Holy Mother, under whose loving care the young Jesus grew in wisdom and grace, be our intercessor before your Divine Son, and obtain for us the abundance of heavenly graces, to the end that our work may redound to His honor and glory, who with the Father and the Holy Spirit, lives and reigns for ever and ever. Amen.

by
POPE PIUS XII