



by

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We had a pretty hard time adjusting to some changes in the set-up, but we finally made it and you've got your copy of the mag. We hope you will find it as enjoyable and interesting as we wanted it to be when we were preparing it.

Fr. John Is Out

Fr. John was transferred to a new assignment in Manila early this school year.

We cannot help missing Fr. John. He was the Moderator of this magazine for the past three years, and we knew even then that he loved the *Carolyniana* as much as we did, and was proud of it as much as we were; he even promised, on the eve of his departure, that he would read the proofs for the *Carolyniana* if his new "home" would be the Catholic Trade School. More than that, he was a good friend to all of us on the staff, and he was considerate and understanding.

Long after we shall have left this institution, we shall still remember Fr. John.

Fr. Baumgartner Is In

Fr. Baum, as we call him, was chosen to step into Father John's shoes. We're only getting to know him. But we do hope our partnership will turn out all right.

We Get an Office

Former Editors Quitonio, Sitoy, and Abao, Jr. all started their tenures with a common wail: "We ain't got no office!" Their staffs had to do their work wherever it was possible

—at the Registrar's Office, at the Cashier's Office, or in the Visiting Room.

Our Father Builder, the Rev. Ernest Hoerdemann, gave us a room early this year, and equipped it fully. To him goes our most heartfelt gratitude. We have found a home at last!

The Cover

Artist Amorsolo Manligas was commissioned by the staff to make a cover lay-out "that is neither too conventional nor too modern." The cover, as you see it now, is his interpretation of the golden mean.

This issue is a memorial to the late Cornelio Faigao. Thus, Artist Manligas depicts a poet and the things that are popularly associated with the latter.

The cover is an experiment. Comments on it are welcome.

The Issue

We are making an attempt at sectioning. You will therefore find that the materials are classified and that there is an index on the free top corner of every page. Aside from this, however, you will find very few departures from our usual format.

Demetrio Maglalang, who was asked by the staff to do a book review, comes up with a bold and frank assessment of Villa, in his *Villa's Footnote to Youth, A Study*. The reader may venture into it at his own peril.

Junne Cañizares gives us his version of the stream-of-consciousness story in his *The Apprehension of Things*, which is a delicately restrained, yet powerful and moving, story of a deserted lover. Here there are only very faint traces of the dialectal, which characterizes many of Cañizares' stories.

Three of the four poetry pages are devoted to poems for the dead poet. We have indeed taken a very sober—nay, even morbid—tone in this issue. Our writers run true to form. One laments in his accustomed modern verse, while another weeps in his classical pattern with great verbal melody and intensity of emotion.

B.C. "Before Christ" Cabanatan turned holier-than-thou and decided to feature a pictorial on **churches**. Our feature writer has now become a photo-artist besides. We count that on our credit side.

We have revived the news section. Associate Editor Filemon Fernandez is in charge of it. We call him **The Historian**.

Junior Abao, last year's Editor, has turned columnist. He intends to run a regular column called **Entirely Personal**. Hmmm, must be interesting stuff!

Pal Joey has just got back from his proposed mining venture. He was a resounding failure in it, and in this issue, he tells you why. Somebody told us that when Pal Joey was yet a child, his mother thought him to be a budding genius, but he turned out to be a blooming idiot.

For a summary of what we offer you in this issue, please refer to the adjoining table of contents. §