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The Carolinian

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Buddy Quitorio's



Future historians, if nuclear weapons will take kindly to a few survivors, are going to get a big shock out of the kind of history we are making. They will

THE COMING YEARS

eventually know, for instance, that amongst all true Communists, Stalin was a divinity when he was still living in a world which he tried so hard to destroy by force of arms and propaganda. But when he died, he was repudiated, defiled, and burned in effigy by the very zealots who spun the Stalinist myth. Again, chroniclers of the future will shake their heads over the amazing inability of the democracies to put an end to Russia's massacre of liberty-bound Hungarians. While statesmen of the world huddle like old ladies in peace councils, the Russians are whooping it up with tanks and machine guns. Diplomacy must be addressed to the conscience. Russian violence in Hungary will only sneer at warnings and it is very ready to laugh off all attempts to handle it with kid gloves. Oh, well... there are a lot of cynical apostrophes which future history will slap on our age and time but then again we can always seek asylum in the thought that our generation had its Bob Hope and Anita Ekberg.

We are quite nonplussed why, when President Magsaysay led the consecration of the Filipino people to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, his act of devotion cultivated angry howls in some quarters. Those who protested the act claimed that it was improper for the President to participate in the ceremonies of a particular religion. They argued that, being the head of a State which, by constitutional mandate, does not play favorite with any denomination, the President was in error when he publicly identified himself with the Catholic religion during the celebration of the Second Eucharistic Congress of the Philippines. They hinted obliquely that Magsaysay's public profession of Faith was tantamount to his acquiescence to being used as a "tool" with the view of propagating the Catholic religion.

SOME PEOPLE SAW RED

We are in no frame of mind to enter into another controversy. But we are sure that Mr. Magsaysay was only being honest with himself and his God when he did what he did. And we, who are Catholics, derive no little joy in finding a man whose eminence does not work

against his belief in God. President Magsaysay did right by the country when he led the "Consecration" at such a time as ours when we stand so much in need of spiritual help. He did right morally and legally. Apropos of the President's action, the *Manila Times* editorially said:

There can certainly be no question of his right, even his duty, to perform a religious act in which he sincerely believes, and which in his faith will redound to the good of the people.

To those who, in all good faith, may object to his action on the grounds of 'democracy' it may be pointed out that an act of consecration is not in any way an act of coercion. There is nothing in it which calls for unquestioning obedience by those of the people whose religious beliefs incline them otherwise. In this free nation the right to believe or to question is valid and unalienable. And the President is as much a beneficiary of this right as any other citizen . . .

The USC Warriors, who put the angry gods of hoopdom to shame and earned the praises of Manila sportscribes, did not win the Intercollegiate plum but their showing in the tournament is an item for the books. They smashed through the finals by a brand of play that preyed upon seeded teams and they emerged as the only team outside of Manila to enter the final round. It was an underdog's day and it had the makings of a carnival when the Warriors almost put the tweezers on U.E., the Intercollegiate champion.

FROM WHERE WE SIT

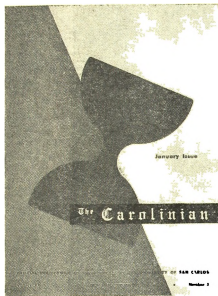
The boys did wonders in their campaign and they got the glad hand. We can give them no greater tribute than to say as Father Wrocklage did, that the Warriors were the cleanest players on the floor.

The story of the USC team is a story of grit and go-git. Few teams can match our boys, pound for pound. And we don't mean maybe!

● We swiped this from Rees Escobar who says: "A friend of mine suggested that we should adopt a new method of reading novels. All mystery fans should read the climax first so they will be kept in suspense as to how the story began."

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Our Cover



The Carolinian

Editorial Staff



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• Destitute of so many dots and so many dashes, our cover is a "still" of that thing called TIME — that will-o'-the-wisp we cannot lay our hands on or shake our fingers at but which, nevertheless, we speak about very often. So much of the elements of joy and pain or success and failure are associated with the passage of time, which explains why such phrases as "remember when" and "call me anytime" have been enjoying currency not only among sentimentalists but also among the dollar-wise.

The figure above is an hourglass; not, and this is where we bet you are wrong, that of an excited photographer's take of Jayne Mansfield. If the figure is tilted, as indeed it is, and you do not know the why and wherefore of the peculiar slant it assumes, Dick Caballo stands charged with the task of explaining. The modest observation may be advanced, however, that the way it tilts, it looks more indicative of the uncertainty this young earth faces.

The old year having been tossed out on its ears, we all have a long stretch ahead of us. It certainly ill becomes us to express pessimism over the future. After all, humanity is still capable of doing a little good and, after all, as they say in Freshman English classes, this is getting out of the topic.—bq

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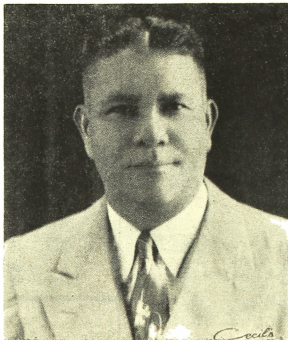
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About the Author:

The author, Don Miguel Cuenco, graduated from San Carlos in the year 1919, at the age of 14, with the degree of Bachiller de Artes. He obtained a prize in Philosophy.

At the age of 13, he wrote a paper called "El Papedo Ante la Historia" on the occasion of the anniversary of the coronation of Benedict XV.

He took the bar at the age of 18 in 1923. He obtained a degree in Commercial Law.



THERE IS a basic cause for the present Russian hegemony in Central Europe, particularly Hungary, and the uprising in that country against Soviet rule. Following the thesis of the Italian Count Camillo Cavour, who considered the existence of the Austro-Hungarian Empire as a danger to Italian unity and national independence and for that reason advocated the dissolution of that Empire, the Allied leaders in the First World War, Wilson, Clemenceau, Lloyd George,

and Orlando, decided the dismemberment of the Empire of the Hapsburgs. Cavour is considered as a ranking statesman and diplomat of the last century, second only to the German Iron Chancellor, Count Otto Bismarck. British and American diplomats now consider this settlement as a fatal error. With the partition of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, a great counterpoise to German and Russian Powers was removed. Thus, in 1936, the independent state of Austria was forcibly

absorbed into the German Reich. Two years ago, the Allied military occupation of Austria by the four Allied Powers in the last World War, including the Russian occupation, was put to an end.

After the last World War, Hungary, the other partner in the former Austro-Hungarian Empire, became a Soviet satellite state. It is now about two weeks that a revolution in Hungary against Russia has been taking place. Hungary has an area of about 35,000 square miles, with a population of more than 9 million. Austria has more than 83,000 square kilometers and its population is 7 million. Had the union of both countries been allowed to continue by the Allied countries in the First World War, a united Austria-Hungary could have better resisted Russian domination. Paraphrasing Simoun in his confession to a Catholic priest, Padre Florentino, in Dr. Jose Rizal's *Filibusterismo* wherein Simoun expressed anxiety over the redemption of our country, the Philippines, one is led to ask this question concerning Hungary: Does this mean that the heroic light of the Hungarians for freedom is hopeless? Our answer is NO.

About 70% of the Hungarians are Catholics. They are fighting

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CATHOLICISM and the Hungarian Revolt

By

Hon. MIGUEL CUENCO
Chairman, House Committee on
Foreign Affairs

YOUTH SOCIAL ACTION: The Answer to Age-Old Distrust

by MARIETTA ALONSO

GOD must love the common people, remarked Lincoln in an often-quoted utterance, because He made so many of them. The democratic hypothesis is simply that, if given a chance, the common man may be a high, not low, common denominator. For what we call the needs of the average man are the needs of everyone. He desires to eat, to sleep, to love — to live. He seeks, though unconsciously perhaps, to regain the mastery of his own destiny. He seeks to be able to solve his difficulties by his own latent energies and build up his own human resourcefulness. He wants no ready-made solutions handed to him on a platter — for indeed, a poor man can still feel the pain of shame even when he is hungry.

Today, struggling alone in the quicksand of poverty and want, he seems to be forgotten, or, at least, he thinks he is. Poverty has become beautiful only in the pulpit — but ugly in the slums. We remember him well in our Gospels, but we forget him when he is just beside us — starving. Back in his crumbling shack, his heart bleeds for his sick wife and his hungry children. Not infrequently, we meet his dirty little boys in our streets — begging or being thrown out of restaurants. Rice and salt once a day, that's all. What goes on within himself, we'll never fully know. A poor man is not an angel. But he is not a devil, either. He's just a poor man. And do you think that a man who has been in the grindstone, who has been an underdog all his life, could still look up to God, to ask for help or to give thanks? Lazy, yes, that's what we call him. But what else could he do when even the waterfront could not hire him? Where else could he go when there is not a room for him — not even in the breeding place of rotten politicians? He has always wanted to be honest. Deep in his heart, he longs for a clean, decent life.

While we — we in our comfortable homes — hardly even bother to think about him. We think that everything is all right in the world as long as it will just leave us in peace. We think that all we needed was a catechism to memorize, for

lear we would forget Catholicism. We forget the unconscious creed that is always gaining in impetus — the creed that takes one step backward only to advance two steps forward until it becomes a community creed long before its tentacles are felt. And this is always a welcome change for those who are discontented, for those who have lost all hopes for a better future, for those who actually sell their blood for the rich to suck. They no longer know the difference between communism and democracy, between paganism and Christianity. All they know is that they are poor and miserable.

The foregoing observations, practical rather than prolonged, are not mere abstractions. These are not mere "causes" but living realities that vitally affect the temporal as well as the eternal welfare of human beings. And human beings mean flesh and blood, members of the Mystical Body of Christ. Too many "radicals" brood over the wrongs committed by the so-called modern capitalistic enterprise. Too many of them focus their attention upon social reforms and revolutions as mechanisms and neglect the dignity and welfare of human beings who should be helped by the social mechanism. Harmful institutions must be thought of in terms of their victims. Better systems and institutions must be worked out in terms

of the people to be benefited, a system patterned after the Christian ideal. The papal encyclicals must be exhumed from the pages and be made the rice and salt of daily life.

Today, only organized efforts can vie with organized evil. We need social action groups, a strong and dynamic group of dedicated lay apostles sufficiently informed in religion, economics, philosophy and sociology to tackle any problem of modern society. Hence they must be fully trained to think hard and clearly and to act at the fullest possible freedom within the framework of Divine Law. This group, known as the Institute of Social Action is composed of members who have freely chosen the lay apostolate as their lifetime vocation. It seeks to ameliorate specific areas of society, to learn how to govern themselves and their affairs together as a community in Christ. The reform of the individual and the reform of society are actualized in the group dedicated to Christian reformation: it takes place in the group because the group is the effective point of contact between the individual and society. Social action groups, let me remind you, are concerned with specific social reforms such as starting co-ops, credit and labor unions, community councils, home industries, free workers' union, recreational centers, etc., etc.

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Catholicism and the Hungarian Revolt

(Continued from page 2)

the Russians with Religion, the deadliest of all weapons. If my memory serves me right, the present Pope, His Holiness Pius XII, then Cardinal Eugenio Pacelli, was the representative of the Holy Father to the International Eucharistic Congress held in Budapest before the last war. In his speech before the Congress, the then Cardinal Pacelli discoursed on the indestructibility of the Catholic Church, which is a divine institution, and made reference to Julian, the Apostate, and other oppressors of the Church, who had long gone and whose memory mankind has cast into oblivion. The present Pope spoke with prophetic vision. After the last War, the Soviet-dominated government of Hungary dissolved 59 Catholic religious corporations or orders with more than 10,000 monks and nuns and their monasteries were taken over by the State. Cardinal Josef Mindszenty, Primate of the Catholic Church, was sentenced, on false charges of espionage and treason, to life imprisonment. Many obstacles were placed to the opening of Catholic schools. But Catholicism, as usual, survived the ruthless persecution. Nor has the soul of the Hungarian nation perished.

Youth Social Action: The Answer to Age-old Distrust

(Continued from page 3)

Through these institutions, headed by fully-trained lay apostles, the spirit of Christ can penetrate in all phases of modern life — in the shop, the school, the home, the farm, in our recreational centers and in our government. It is a social force that seeks to bring the masses back to Christ, or rather, to bring Christ back to the masses. Selfish political interests, in the humanitarian garb of social service have not really succeeded in ameliorating the conditions of the common too. Material aid have not made them less dependent, and they are as poor as ever. For theirs is no mere economic problem. There are human and spiritual factors involved which the poor man alone understands.

So far we have been dealing with the urgent problems of the present social order. Equally important, if not more, are the problems that will inevitably come up in the future. Our present form of socio-economic civilization will certainly subside and a new form will

Religion is more important than armies, military alliances, military bases in the survival of nations. We, Catholics, believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ, in the Sacred Eucharist, and in the immortality of the soul. Life does not end in death and there is an eternal life beyond the grave. Sustained by faith, the Hungarian people are not afraid to fight their Russian oppressors. In the beautiful phrase of St. Francis Assisi, we die to be born into eternity to receive the reward of perpetual blessed happiness to which we are entitled if we have lived in this world obeying God's commandments. Speaking through Padre Florentino, Dr. Rizal commented on the influence of religion in the fight for freedom of our country as follows:

"Yo no quiero decir que nuestra libertad se conquistó a filo de espada; la espada entra por muy poco ya en los destinos modernos, pero, sí, la hemos de conquistar mereciéndola, elevando la razón y la dignidad del individuo, amando lo justo, lo bueno, lo grande hasta morir por él, y cuando un pueblo llega a esa altura, Dios suministra el arma, y caen los ídolos, caen los tira-

nos como castillo de naipes, y brilla la libertad con la primera aurora." (El Filibusterismo, p. 291)

Rizal's words are as pertinently applicable to Hungary. Russian tanks and jet planes and hundreds of thousands of soldiers are reported to have defeated the Hungarian rebels, but sooner or later Russia has to recognize and respect Hungarian independence. She will be forced to do so by the pressure of international public opinion, which Soviet brutalities has outraged. She cannot do it now because Russia may have to cross Hungarian territory and that of neighboring Yugoslavia to send her army to the Mediterranean in case a world war breaks out in the Middle East. At any rate, even without arms, the Hungarians cannot be subdued if it is their unyielding determination to be free. By not doing business with the Russians, by not cooperating with them, the Hungarians will compel the Russians to quit. There is already a growing conviction in the Soviet Government that the puppet government that replaced Nagy's nationalist government is useless and has not accomplished anything to pacify Hungary.

replace it. Here, a new question arises: What form will take its place?

Let us turn to our youth for the answer. They are the future. Now is the time to build a more dynamic apostolate and a better world for tomorrow. The raw material is available in our young people. But it must be guided, formed and trained, and this task can only be done by young, energetic priests who can understand them and who can meet them on their level in bringing about a profound transformation in the environment.

An objection, however, readily confronts us here. This task of training our youth for the apostolate calls for a large expenditure of time and effort on the part of our priests. Already we have a shortage of priests who can hardly cope with the work of their ministry. But is this responsibility of training our youth not expounded by Pope Pius XI and Pope Pius XII in the encyclicals? And just think of what it would mean if in every parish there is a group of strong and dynamic apostles! Just think of its far-

reaching effects: the apostolate of like-upon-like not only increases the priest's apostolic influence but also adds new domains to it and strengthens the link that binds the community to the priesthood.

The discouragement of our elders and of the priests of the older generation upon our young people is one of the most tragic setbacks of our apostolate. This is a disease that could even paralyze the spirit of our youth for life. "Kids and young people in general are imprudent and irresponsible. Catholic action is at the same time a risk and an impossibility. We must stop them before they get into mischief, and let us instead try to get them to frequent the sacraments and avoid serious sin." Such is an attitude of fatality and a counsel of despair which must be followed if we are to expect communism to sprout under our noses. Why are we always afraid to make a mistake? Can we not hope to make good? Condemned for imprudence before they even had the chance

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... A Tribute to Monsignor Anthony H. Thijssen ...

IN THE UNITED STATES, when a bishop goes out of his residence to administer the sacrament of confirmation in a certain district, he has only to ring for his driver in order to bring a sleek limousine up the driveway, give short notice to his ecclesiastical assistants and off he starts on a safe, smooth-travelling excursion — as correctly and as impeccably dressed as any meticulous couturier could wish. Not so in Flores, Indonesia. Here, when the bishop prepares to go out to perform the same function to his widely scattered flock, one always gets the

ing after Moss. The air was humid — the barometer indicating low pressure somewhere. Dark clouds frowned at our party with ominous threat. But we were not to be daunted. Our spirits were high and hopeful — so was that of our Ford, aptly named *Old Faithful* who, that morning, sported the newly-scrubbed look of a Sunday schoolboy. Our driver, a hardy, gentle native looked every inch a veteran of the road. As I clambered up *Old Faithful* along with my co-passengers, he stood at attention for the Monsignor who was giving last minute instruc-

tion. It lies over a hundred miles from Ndona. If mileage alone were to be considered, Poma seems just a whistling distance away. But the important thing is the road... ah, the road. Out here, the word does not exist in a legitimate dictionary. I was to discover afterwards that it is an abused thin thread of a yarn that goes snaking up between towering mountains... plunging down labyrinthine crawls in the valleys... running at a kissing distance from the shore and groping, staggering along miles and miles of horseshoe bends... climb-

Three Heroes and A Story

by AN S.V.D. MISSIONARY

inevitable impression that His Excellency is bound for an extended expedition or exploration — the kind that one often reads about between the pages of a *National Geographic Magazine*, where the paraphernalia ranges from pit helmet to sunglasses, thermos bottles, flashlights, toolbox, etc.

Shortly before Christmas, I received orders to accompany the Most Reverend Monsignor Anthony H. Thijssen on a trip to the northern part of his Vicariate, where he was expected to administer confirmation to hundreds of his Christians. Having, myself, just arrived in this picturesque island, the news was received by me with the feverish anticipation and burning curiosity of a tourist. Don't get me wrong, I am an SVD missionary priest myself — though somewhat fresh from the seminary grind and still quite wet behind the ears. Whence all this overflowing enthusiasm? Don't ask me. If you were a newcomer yourself and you were asked to keep your bishop company — well, probably, you'd know all the answers. Let's start from there.

We started from Ndona, the Bishop's residence, on a misty morn-

ing after Moss. The air was humid — the barometer indicating low pressure somewhere. Dark clouds frowned at our party with ominous threat. But we were not to be daunted. Our spirits were high and hopeful — so was that of our Ford, aptly named *Old Faithful* who, that morning, sported the newly-scrubbed look of a Sunday schoolboy. Our driver, a hardy, gentle native looked every inch a veteran of the road. As I clambered up *Old Faithful* along with my co-passengers, he stood at attention for the Monsignor who was giving last minute instructions to the remaining members of his household. We presented a colorful, interesting spectacle up in the second story, scrambling for coveted space atop a rich conglomeration of bundles and baskets and boxes. I succeeded in getting me a wicker basket full of vegetables for a lone seat, and I perched on it, waxing the huge smile of a bum who has triumphantly emerged from a free-for-all. Monsignor surveyed the truck and its cargo. Above the din, he said something inaudible. Beg your pardon, Monsignor, I asked, and he replied... Is everything all right?... it was solicitous. I nodded... Good, he remarked and climbed to his seat beside the driver. Then the engine burred... carbon monoxide lumigated the air... smoke enveloped men and cargo for a brief moment... from a distance a man was shouting in shrill notes... "kampong" people on their way to market ogled at truck and cargo with a wonderment that can only be described mentally. One desperate, goodbye kick from *Old Faithful*, a shrug and bang, and off she went zigzagging down the muddy dirt road that was to be the death of us all.

Poma, I was told was our des-

ing at almost perpendicular inclines that would scare any engineer newly emancipated from college.

The first miles of the journey were relatively pleasant... no one appeared to be seriously minding the road. From my wicker basket tower, the scenery that lent its charm to me was one from a picture book. It was one unadulterated by skyscrapers skyline: there was Ende Island across the bay, stone-gray, majestic... floating on a deep-blue, angry sea... a man-of-war steeped with a rich history. The coconut palms hanging and salaaming above us swayed to and fro in perfect unison, dancing to the fierce melodies of a Western monsoon... their evergreen headdresses rustling, tunefully, like dainty swishing frocks on a gay, summer evening. The sweet symphony of sounds tortured the poet of a lost childhood... the washing of surf on the shore... the whispering palms... the crunching of gravel under the wheels... the plaintive choocoo-choocooii of a warbler somewhere among the trees... a nostalgic quietness, a nameless longing seeped in and gripped you... the beauty one was capable of seeing

(Turn to next page)

saddened you as one came lace to face with Nature in the raw... pure prayer ascending to Him as one remembered Kilmer's... "poems are made by fools like me, but only God can make a tree."

Cccrrruunhchch. **Old Faithful** grated, then stopped short without ceremony. The man on my left jackknifed at the impact. The sudden jolt took the wind out of me and alas, shook my reverie to pieces. I jumped down along with the others — to investigate. Two meters farther away was a stream that was swelled by mountain brooks. Not deep, two or three feet. But the bottom was stony. The ground, loose. We removed the fan-belt to prevent water from spraying the distributor. Then we cut into the river. Water entered the truck. The carban struck a big stone and remained there. The sullen driver tried to bring **Old Faithful** up the bank but the wheels only churned the water. No grip. Broken ejaculations filled the air... a battle of saliva ensued. A chronic clown quipped: Who is Who in midstream — that is the \$64 dollar question. Someone laughed his sides out, another grunted. Monsignor took the driver's seat and ordered all hands to push the Ford while he, himself, steadied her to high ground. No more breath was wasted. Everybody lent a hand. Satu, dua, tiga!! (one, two, three) **Old Faithful** burred like a freezing denizen. Again. Satu, dua, tiga!!! Keep smiling, I whispered in a conspiratorial tone to the man at my right. I have here an affidavit assuring us that guardian angels are standing by. He snickered, his eyebrows went up. Satu, dua, tiga!!! His Excellency pressed on the starter... coaxed the steering wheel to position and up, up, up went **Old Faithful**. People from a nearby "kampong" saw the Bishop inside the truck. They broke into smiles. Some whooped like Apaches and swarmed around **Old Faithful** where we were drying her. It took the better half of an hour to rescue her from a prolonged bath.

Once abroad again, spirits seemed more buoyant. Ten miles up the road, we were swallowed by the woods. Coming out finally, we found ourselves looking at rolling hills. Farther away in the east, giant mountains stretched, their unimaginable grandeur rising out of the plains. On our left, the Keo volcano emerged high, sharp and rugged against a lonely sky, smoke

trailing towards the heavens as often seen in watercolor landscapes. His Excellency pointed the volcano to me as we rounded a bend. Father, do you see that volcano? That at least, is one item the communists cannot claim to duplicate. I looked at Monsignor, then at the volcano. They dare not, Monsignor, I bantered. His Excellency smiled back and nodded — his eyes doing an ellin dance. Desultory talk... punctuated now and then with staccato laughers... the man on my right, wearing denim pants was whistling "St. Louis Blues". Good heavens, where in tarntard did he pick up that tune — not in this neck of the woods!

As we rolled along, people by the roadside, more often than not, recognized Monsignor and always, they gave him a sweeping bow. Most of them knelt, making the sign of the cross. Young and old, women and children... walking or astride a horse... his christians knew him and they knelt down in awesome reverence and respect and love. His Excellency inclined his head to them in fatherly greeting and raised his hand in blessing. We passed lots of children — many of them looking sickly, undernourished. They were dressed in a manner that makes one conclude they are miniature facsimiles of old father Adam and old mother Eve. They would stop their games whenever they saw the truck coming. And when they spotted His Excellency, they flew into dizzy delights, shouting their greetings: **Bapak Ukup! Bapak Ukup!** (Father Bishop! Father Bishop!) You'd think His Excellency was some Royalty visiting poor relatives... or a playmate of theirs gone truant, purposely absenting himself from play. They looked so, so infinitely precious in their articulate display of pure devotion. Ah life, how sweet is thy morning!

Whenever we came to children groups I always prayed that the Bishop would not have the mind and the mood to stop. You see, I had been told by people that His Excellency has the bad habit of extending a three-hour trip to a five-hour one, that is when he, himself, goes a-driving in his jeep. He would stop at every inhabited place along the line to converse with village folks, christians and pagans alike — on subjects even more trite than the weather... or he would assume the role of examining board by taking to task the school children on their subjects,

TWO

1. Beats

*Stars are bottom-views of stalactites
clinging to your sky
(like needle-points in my brain)
taciturn above the nocturnal concert
of frogs*

*Unlike rainclouds showering applause
to stoic roofs of a city goined
by sleep,
Was it yesterday? Last June?*

*(My fingers were once breeze through
your perfumed hair... once trembling
twanged to color contours of your
cheeks)*

Yet who cares for tenses... or tears?

*Our hearts were metronomes beating
time
to animate a lump of flesh.*

by ALFREDO AMORES

cajoling them, rewarding them with religious pictures... or would give a housewife bound for the market a lift in his jeep. On this trip, I was awfully glad because Monsignor "behaved" and caused us no unnecessary delays. I always breathed a sigh of relief when the truck slowed down and he only waved his hand vigorously to them, his children. Loud resounding cheers went up... these kids, they reminded me one of the bobby-soxers, the bleacher-teenagers back home who shout themselves hoarse rather than for their basketball or football idols. Children will be the same everywhere. With the hand of their Father Bishop poised in the air, their cheers were loud and solid, reverberating on the mountainsides, until **Old Faithful**, Father Bishop and cargo moved to a definite past tense.

Two hours of pilgrim's progress... the sun staring down on us with merciless complacency. **Old Faithful** pulled... snorted as it kept up a perpetual jig, up now, down now, up now, down now till traffic came to an abrupt stop once more. A huge waraging tree, uprooted by

POEMS

2. Signposts

*Rose stems rotting in a flower vase
are signposts for heart dew-fresh
as unsummer'd blades of grass
for it can neither decipher hieroglyphics
of a smile nor interpolate obscure
muntissas of the eye (not till it can
define sharp points of tangency where
eyes meet sun and heart meets loneliness).*

*Feeling sheer sharpness of rose thorns
retires
to some pink cathedral of a dream where
vapor trails of a smile wisp about
its spires. But wake up brother!
Dreams in the harsh impoliteness of
reality are
tinsels and cotton-snows on a month-old
Christmas tree.*

by ALFREDO AMORES

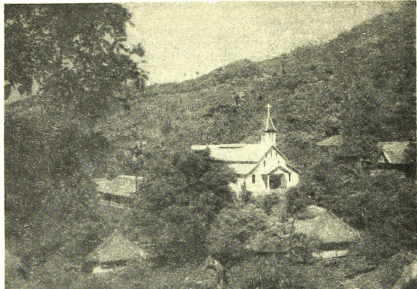
strong winds and torrential rains, draped itself shamelessly ahead on the road. It meant just one word: Detour. We took one look at it then decided to defy conventional driving rules. We cut through the woods, all heads 'lo, in adoration falling'. Branches broke, brittle twigs snapped. We felt like the American pioneers of old, blazing a new trail — only, ours was a much more abbreviated one. In less than five minutes, we were on the right road again. The only casualty was a torn shirtsleeve. A little farther up the mountainside, we spotted herds and herds of fat cattle. The man who had entertained me hours before with his "St. Louis Blues" solo started off with "Home on the Range" in a lilting tempo. At this time, Monsignor called my distracted attention to the grazing herds. Those are ours, Father, he said. There must be 150 of them. We are now approaching Toda-Belu. Why, of course, I had already heard voluminous stories about the place from other Fathers. Toda-Belu. My blood stirred lazily from its sleep. I flexed my limbs. This now is the place I have especially longed to see for myself. I had been in-

formed that it is the sand-table exhibit of His Excellency. All drowsiness vanished. Everyone came to life. We were on a mountain ledge more than three thousand feet above sea level. The air was soothingly cool and invigorating — there was an exquisite stillness in this God's country. Down below us, nestling in the heart of a fertile valley, was Toda-Belu; Seminary buildings, red-roofed... lush plantations... peaceful pastures smiling under the serene skies. Farming this land of little water would have been impossible without the careful planning and community cooperation and technical skill of the Brothers and Fathers. Fearing no task, they had created a fertile paradise in a region other men thought God had forsaken. Here was a dream community in a dream garden.

About three miles before we reached the Seminary compounds, at the outskirts of the wide, corn and coffee plantations, another obstacle presented a trying ordeal. A farmhand had volunteered to us the information that there was a ford our Ford would not be able to cross. The mud, he commented, was deep. We would surely get stuck if we attempted a crossing. Period. Monsignor caught sight of a John Deere tractor ploughing its way at a nearby field some eighty yards away. He signalled the driver who limbered down immediately from the machine and came to where we were. I recognized him for one of the Brothers... his khaki shirt soaked in perspiration, his blonde hair gleamed in the sun. Except for the reverent kneeling down to kiss the Bishop's ring, the farmer hailed the latter in the style of one who remembered well a fox-hole "buddy". It was the most intimate stunt only a Brother and his Bishop can put up with impromptu on an outdoor stage, nature providing a true locale. The three of us joined in consultation concerning Old Faithful... get some ropes, suggested the Brother... those stout vines will do, he pointed to some coiled around the trunks of trees. Well, he remarked, you're going to Henry Ford's funeral today if John Deere does not cooperate and run true to form. His eyes glinted in mischief. His Excellency chuckled. I grinned, congratulating John Deere mentally. We hurriedly repaired back to the place where we left the Ford. The Bishop climbed the driver's seat for the third time that day. Brother backed the tractor to

the ford and vines were tied to the Ford's bumper. Deere was at the fore and the Ford at the rear. Tension was great as Deere strained at the taut vines. Monsignor steadied the Ford — his delt hands on the steer. Old Faithful felt abused. She coughed strenuously, provoked at Deere's audacity and persistent bullying and pulling. After long, tortuous minutes however, she began to kick dirt and mud until she finally chugged to the embankment on the other side, close to the trail of Deere. Once there, we hastened into the frantic business of repairing her make-up, reassembling her hurt dignity and pride... restoring her bearings and our wind. Within a quarter of an hour, we entered the Seminary compounds — trim lawns, immaculate white houses... vegetable and flower gardens... the place was simply bustling with activity. So, this was Toda-Belu! Here we took time out for rest, to refresh ourselves, stretch the limbs. It was no stop-over for His Excellency in the real sense of the word. As soon as people got wind of his presence they fell over each other in their eagerness to have a few words with him. Fathers, Brothers — a medley of them. Two, tall, important-looking Fathers approached him on problems concerning administration. By their serious mien and tenor, their problems must have been urgent with a capital U... a long-bearded one holding what appeared like parchment dropped by... would His Excellency please take a look at the blueprint of the building that would soon go up and kindly, give specifications as to materials and procurement? An old pleasant nun ambled towards Monsignor. Hers was the feminine approach... Has Monsignor had coffee... why, Monsignor was looking fine!... how about those badly-needed medicines His Excellency promised. Between gulps of hot, black coffee, I watched the Monsignor with the intensity of one who had had the aspirations for an exalted position such as his. (You upstart, I ridiculed I) marvelled at his poise, his coolness... I left so rundown, it irked me somewhat. Made mental note to suggest to him later that, maybe, it would be best if he would bring along next time a tape recorder to register all the wails and woes of his flock. While he went on dispensing with advice and suggestions and solutions and smiles, an old-timer on whose white head perched gingerly a cute, straw

(Turn to next page)



A Village Church in Flores, Indonesia, nesting among lush forests and underbrush.

hat, jaywalked through the crowd to me. Hi, there! he sang by way of greeting, then commenced into a bubbling one-sided conversation... rattled through the statistics of Toda-Belu and went on to dissect the place and its organs the way an m.d. would a minor surgery... an m.d. who has given the best thirty years of his life to Surgery and mankind. Learned that thirty years ago, Toda-Belu was a wilderness... that before the Faith had reached those parts, tribal wars was the order for generations and generations. Now, the valley was completely transformed into a life-giving, productive land. The Seminary has 250 students... 500 more in the other middle schools. The Vicariate owns 630 acres: 270 make up the Seminary compounds and 360 acres are farmed by the Brothers and Indonesian helpers trained by them. They use four tractors. The Seminary is self-sufficient due to this big-scale farming. Most of the farm equipment are of American brands. Ten thousand hoes and spades had been distributed by the Vicariate to native small-time farmers to substitute sharpened poles as farm equipment. Diversification of crops is no new practice in this place... corn is the chief product, big, big ears. There is no irrigation system in Toda-Belu. However, lorty to sixty inches of rainfall annually make up for the lack of it. Well, I said to the oldtimer, farming here may not be carried in as nearly big a scale as in the Great Plains, but if one considers the fact that here in Flores anyone can become

a mountain or volcano magnate overnight, what has been accomplished is an agricultural miracle. Coffee... more black coffee... no, thanks, really have to go... we're still a long way to Poma. We took leave of the place and climbed Old Faithful, settled back on my wicker basket log seat. I glanced back on time to see three people shaking their heads dolefully... maybe, they felt they had been robbed of the opportunity of an "audience"... tsk... tsk... tsk.

The sun shot forth its last glorious rays as forewarning of the twilight that was almost descending upon us. Poma was still far off. True, we were all refreshed, yet we nursed some misgivings. It peeved me to purgatory, therefore, when having covered only some miles. Old Faithful chortled in indecision then stopped with a terrible finality. Monsignor stepped down from behind the wheel immediately to get a look at the engine. Light was waning fast. His Excellency rolled his sleeves as we crowded near him. He peered at the engine. Seconds, minutes ticked away, and at every tick I grew obsessed with the fear that the damage might be so that it would come to a point where Monsignor might disrobe himself and go under the truck to survey on his back the Ford's complex "victuals". Oh, he is so known for his unorthodox way of doing things at times; his simplicity is written all over his face. Moments passed, then he straightened. Fuel pump is empty, he said. The membrane is torn. That sounded so much Greek

to me. My companions and I exchanged worried looks. The bladder of a pig will do, he continued in a matter-of-fact tone. Somebody took the cue and started for the bush. Before I could even repeat Jack Robinson twenty times, the man was back carrying a small wild pig which had met death from a well-directed stone. His Excellency and two officious-looking assistants undertook the repair job. Feeling utterly useless and eclipsed, I hunched by the roadside... smitten... mortified... lingering the pages of my Breviary. I let my conscience ride me... give me a sound beating. Look, wise guy, if you had guts enough you should be able to tell a clutch from a spark plug. Watch your Bishop doing the dirty work for you... you feel like a saturated tourist, don't you? I stole a glance at the Bishop who was bent in deep concentration on his job under the hood, a dark oily smudge gracing his right cheek. My littleness smarted me... stilled me. I got up, inched my way to his side. His head came up from his work and he smiled. Don't you worry, come his quick reassurance. We'll get to Poma yet. I wanted to say I wanted to help. I opened my trap, thought twice, then closed them slowly. I kicked a piece of stone and it went hurtling down the precipice. Ignoramus. Incomplete fool, I addressed myself... wiped my beady perspiration then lumbered for my rosary. I needed company.

Thundering hoofbeats broke the stillness of the late afternoon. As we looked in the direction of the riders, horsemen in tired, sinking horses hailed us. They relayed the information to Monsignor that the whole village had been waiting for their **Bapak Uskup** since that morning. Fortunately, a man passing their "kampong" had informed them that he had seen the truck of Monsignor break down in the middle of the road. Whereupon, they were ordered by the village elders to bring horses to **Bapak Uskup**. He was in great need of them. They did not waste time to communicate to their Father Bishop they were awaiting him. They must love him very much, I mused, hugging the thought like a new precious possession. We grabbed our few personal belongings, mounted the steeds, Monsignor taking everything in his stride like a veteran polo-player whose pro-playing years were showing off to advantage... then we cantered in the direction of Poma. We left the clearly re-

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The INTRUDER

by CAESAR V. VILLA

THE MAID opened the kitchen service door in response to a knocking, but before she could find out who was there, a fist rammed against her jaw and she fell asleep. The attacker tied her and proceeded to the sala.

In the darkness that engulfed him, he surveyed the room. Presently, he had a better view of his surroundings. He found, to his satisfaction that he was in the right place. The sala was a five-by-five affair, not too lavish in decoration, but even in the darkness he could see that the owner, Mr. Roa, was a man of exquisite taste. The diner was about one half the size of the sala. He made straight for the kitchen.

He grimaced as he looked at the maid, gagged and hogtied, squirming to break loose. There, he saw a neat perfection stove and a refrigerator. He opened the latter, but seeing nothing that interested him,

settled for a beer. He pried the cork off and brought the foaming bottle to the sala.

He picked the most comfortable upholstered chair in the sala set and dragged it to the diner, placing it in such a position that when he sat on it, he faced the front door with the dining table to his right. He took the half-cocked automatic forty-five from under his belt and placed it on the table where he could reach it at a moment's notice. Then, he gulped the beer.

Willfredo Russel, appeared to be relaxed and at home but a long stare at his boyish and sensitive face revealed uneasiness and impatience. He just sat there, his hate-filled eyes staring blankly into the darkness. Willie was the type bobby-soxers considered as a Tony Curtis or a Rock Hudson or something of the sort. He appeared to be four or five years younger than his twenty-five. He had fair skin,

a straight nose, wavy black hair and a pair of dimples that appeared at the slightest hint of a smile. This wide-eyed, tall and husky Apollo had on a dirty white T-shirt and blue denim pants which were just about as dirty as his shirt.

The night was cold but endless beads of sweat streamed down his neck and soaked his shirt. His impatience mounted. He took another long gulp at the beer and lit a crooked cigarette. He took three full drags at it, then he stamped it out. The beer, cold as it was, tasted flat in his mouth and the cigarette only made it worse. He wiped his sweat-soaked face with the back of his hand and unconsciously started to bite it until the pain forced him to stop. He held the aching hand before his eyes and after feeling a warm trickle from the part he bit,

concluded that he had cut his hand. A litany of long curses escaped his lips. He glanced at his watch. It was exactly ten-forty in the evening when . . . the door before him opened.

"Grace Kelly was just great, wasn't she, Pa? I wish she'd appear in another picture, she's just superb!" commented Andres Roa, Jr.

"She can't appear in pictures anymore," remarked Andy Roa.

"But why?" asked Junior.

"Because she's now the princess of Monaco, that's why," said Mr. Roa, playfully messing the hair of his eight-year old son.

"But why can't a princess be a movie star?"

"You'll find out when you grow older. Now go to bed."

"Anybody care for a sandwich? I'm hungry," complained Mrs. Roa, simultaneously switching on the light. (Turn to next page)

The lights flickered, then blazed on. They saw him. He was right there in front of them, lounging in a chair with a cynical smile on his face and the gun in his hand. It was a moment of tenseness... as though something snapped... and all the little family could do was stare at this intruder inquiringly and fearfully. Obviously, they knew the man.

"Hello, folks!" greeted Willie, the smile still on his lips but the hatred even more permanent in his eyes. "Well, don't just stand there. Say something! Something like 'How are you or how do you feel!'" he yelled.

"Willie, I've paid for what I did. What more do you want?" blurted Andres nervously.

"Oh-h-h- I sentence you to two years and one day in the State Prison for homicide through reckless imprudence. That's cute. But that ain't enough, hear me?" shouted Willie.

Willie got up, walked slowly towards Andres, held his collar and whispered. "It was my son you ran over with your flashy new car, old boy, and the punishment you got just wasn't enough. You owe

at the three. Andres lay on the floor with the boy embracing his prostrate body, sobbing.

"You beast! You filthy murderer!" said Mrs. Roa.

"Don't say that, Ma'am, because I haven't murdered anybody. Not yet, that is," Willie answered, the smile still on his lips.

"If you ever touch Andy again, so help me because that gun isn't going to keep me away from you! I'll kill you!" Mrs. Roa glared at him with tears in her eyes.

"I shouldn't worry about your husband if I were you, Ma'am. That's about all I'm going to do to him," he said. "If he behaves."

Andres regained consciousness. Aided by his wife, he got up. His left cheek was swollen from the blow and his mouth was still bleeding. He got out a handkerchief and put it over his mouth.

"As I said, Andres, you owe me a life," he paused to puff at his cigarette, then stamped it out. "I think, Junior should start paying now because he's just as good as dead," he said.

The effect was slow. Then the Roas looked at each other, realiz-

Willie. "Take my life but not my little boy's!"

"No! No!" shouted Mrs. Roa. "Please, for having accidentally killed your son, we have suffered enough already. Please, please, Mr. Russel, if you go now, we'll just forget about the whole thing."

The unmoved Willie only stared at them. Then, he said, "It's too late. I've made up my mind. I will kill your son... definitely."

Knowing the situation to be hopeless, Andres ran to the phone and desperately began to call the operator. Central didn't seem to answer so he clicked the phone repeatedly. He heard Willie laughed. He turned to Willie inquiringly. Yes, Willie cut the wires. He rushed to the door but again Willie cut him short with a smashing straight right to the mouth and he fell to the floor. Andres Roa would be needing loose teeth from that moment on.

Mrs. Roa didn't rush to help her husband this time because she knew her husband was in no particular danger anymore but she clung to the boy.

"Mr. Russel, where is your sense of decency? Where is your conscience? You're a brute, you're no better than an animal! Yes, an animal! And what's worse, you haven't got a heart! You'll never get away with this. You'll hang! Yes, I'll see you hang!" She screamed then burst into an agonized cry.

"Ma'am, do you think I enjoy killing your son? Sure it's easy for you to say 'forget it... let bygones be bygones!' Yes, easy... for you. But do you know how it feels to live without a heart? When my son died, I buried my heart with him. But now, there you are condemning me for not having one. Is it my fault? Tell me, is it my fault that I lost my heart?" Willie shouted at the top of his lungs, then continued calmly, "you know why I want to take your son? I want you to feel the misery that I'm feeling, the feeling that it's easier to die than live without a heart. So, stand aside or you'll get hurt!" he commanded.

Mrs. Roa clung to the boy desperately. She placed her body in such a position that it shielded the boy from Willie's gun. Both mother and son raked the room with sobs. She knew Willie meant everything he said but still she clung to him.

Realizing that Mrs. Roa had no intention of parting with her son easily, Willie grabbed her by the hair and flung her away. Both mother and son sailed and landed in such a way that Mrs. Roa's head

Any Other Suggestion?

The suggestion that the professors in this University use more humor in their ways of teaching is meeting favorable response from the cracker-barrel students. The mortality rate of studes dropping asleep during lectures is great and the teachers should liven things up a bit. Very recently, for instance, when a felon had a happy meeting with Morpheus, we were saddened to see that the professor wanted him wakened. It was unjust for the professor to order someone to shake the napping culprit since it was he who placed sleephead in such a comfortable position in the first place.

From Escobar's "Monkey Wrench"

me a life, Andres, and you're going to pay for it with somebody's life. Or yours."

He hit Andres' jaw with the barrel of the automatic. There was a dull thud as Andres slumped on the floor and a simultaneous scream came from Mrs. Antonia Roa. She rushed to her husband's side and wiped the blood from his mouth. He was unconscious.

While suppressed sobs filled the room, Willie walked slowly to his chair and lit a cigarette. He looked

ing what was coming, grabbed the boy and shielded him instinctively with their bodies, crying unashamedly like children.

Then Andres calmed down and got up.

"It is true, Willie, I owe you a life. I was responsible for the death of your son. If it's a life for a life, then it shall be my own life you're going to take. Besides, what has my little boy ever done to hurt you that you should ask his blood? Please, I beg of you," he knelt before

bumped against the wall. She fell senseless to the sofa with the boy still in her embrace. Willie got the boy out of it and put him in the center of the sala while he withdrew to his seat.

He sat there staring at the boy. Junior laced him squarely. He stifled any sob or tear that attempted to escape. Junior wanted to be a man and he decided that this was as good a time as any. He stared at Willie not pleadingly but with bravery and defiance and courage. He showed no fear. He put his hands on his hips and said, "Go ahead."

This amazed Willie. Then he began to wonder if he really wanted the boy dead. His son would be just about Junior's age if he had lived and he would have wanted him to be like Junior now.

Nevertheless, he pulled the hammer of the gun from the half-cocked position to full. Slowly, he raised the gun and took aim. The sights were now leveled and he knew that what mattered now was that little squeeze on the trigger. He knew that the little squeeze would send a bullet plummeting into the boy's belly. He summoned all his strength for that little squeeze, but his finger wouldn't move. He then realized that he couldn't kill this little Mr. Defiance. He lowered the gun, placed the hammer to half cocked, and placed it back under his belt.

"I guess you get me beat, kid," he sighed. He took the half-filled bottle of beer and downed it all. Then he looked at the boy again, still glued to the spot.

"Well, what are you staring at? G'wan, get lost!" Willie said, and the kid ran to help his parents.

"Willie," someone called out as he was just about to leave. He stopped in his tracks, hesitated and turned. Then their eyes met.

"You! What are you doing here? Where have you been hiding?" he asked.

"Oh, I followed you and hid in the bedroom when you went to the kitchen. Willie, I'm glad you're not a murderer. I'm so glad. Besides, you couldn't kill anybody with that gun. I emptied it before you left the house!"

"Women, women, when will I ever learn to understand your species," Willie sighed, "and since when did you start following me around?"

"I'm your wife, am I not? And I got a right to know where my husband is going and what he's doing. Aw, let's go home." §

Three Heroes and A Story

(Continued from page 8)

sentful **Old Faithful** with the guilty feeling of "deserters".

Our grand entry into Poma had all the drama and fanfare that simple folks can alone concoct for the beloved. The only missing touch was a brass band. But that even was fairly made up for by the wonderful singing and rhythmic thumping each one seemed to be so expert in. The evening was still young when we broke into camp. The whole village was reception committee headed by the Missionary who stood in a cleanly swept clearing... expectant. **Bapak Uskup! Bapak Uskup sudah datang!!** (Father Bishop has come!) the litany was endless. The Missionary, elbowed and surrounded by a "mobby" crowd of people who were so eloquent, they were all talking animatedly at the same time in their native tongue, fell on his knees in reverential greeting to his Superior. Above the hustle and the bustle... the jostling... the foul, unwholesome smell of sweating bodies... the sore scurrying... the mad fighting for grandstand seats near His Excellency, all three: Monsignor, the Missionary, and my dust-laden self experienced a warm and deep kinship that only brothers in a religious community can feel.

Close to midnight, after hearth fires had burned low, the three of us retired... grimy, exhausted. On the morrow another drama was forthcoming. I was up at 5:00 o'clock the following morning, washed myself hurriedly and hid me to a dilapidated structure which is a strange, incongruous definition of a church. I wanted to hear confessions, only to find that my Bishop had beat me to it again. Half an hour ago, I was told, he had entered the improvised confessional — a tin box set by the wall. Now the b-line was five meters long.

Solemn ceremonies started promptly at seven. Even here in Flores. Time can be a dictator. When His Excellency walked down the aisle to the thundering rendition of the impressive **Ecce Sacerdos**, ten altar boys in full regalia as regal as their Father they were ushering, all eyes flew to **Bapak Uskup. Ecce Sacerdos** shook the rattlers as school children sang spiritedly from memory, each note precise and pure and sweet. Their lilting hearts, their surprisingly wonderful talent for music showed beneath the seams

— a gift that compensates for a lot of things they miss and which civilized society takes excessive pride in. During sermon time, the motley congregation was attention personified. One could hear a pin drop... their quietness was breathless, punctuated only sometimes by mischievous giggles from sprightly, dark-skinned cherubs who could not detach their wondering, caressing eyes from Monsignor's golden Crozier. Among the Catholic audience were elderly pagans... why, they would not for the life of them miss the **pengadilan** (sermon) of Father Bishop... they sat not stolidly, listening with the intensity and seriousness and rapt attention of the child learner. Mass finished, confirmation was administered to children and adults alike. That, indeed, was a most beautiful spectacle inside the house of the Lord. Some 500 souls were made stronger knights of Christ. Many of them were children of pagans who gave the impression that they got more kick out of the solemn rite than most christian parents get.

Festivities followed the rites — that was the "adat" in all the villages: pigs and "kerbau" (water buffaloes) were slaughtered for the gala occasion. His Excellency was lavished upon with gifts that ran from horses to gaily colored, hand-woven fabrics. The blessed cherubs made a show to their Father Bishop of their graceful, supple bodies in several dance rhythms. Our loud applause after their dance never failed to evoke big, wide smiles. A nod of approval, a complimentary word from Monsignor was a rare gem to them. The angels!

On the other hand, Father Bishop interpreted to them, not in vague terms, the essence of the word LOVE. I came to realize during that trip with him that it is this powerful force that makes the Monsignor more than a name — more than an ecclesiastical figure to be revered by those whose lives he has touched. He possesses the capacity of looking deeply into the human heart and, of understanding fully, with infinite sympathy, what he sees therein. His everyday way of living, his inexhaustible patience and kindness — his habit of dumping Charity into everybody's lap, regardless of color and creed: this is

(Continued on page 16)

An Explanation of the Sonnet of Gerard Manley Hopkins . . .

*How these two shame
this shallow and frail town!
How ring right out
our sordid turbid time,
Being pure!*

IN THESE verses Hopkins states as explicitly as any poet possibly can without being stuffily moralistic the theme of his sonnet. The sea and the skylark — inanimate and animate-irrational creatures — because they are pure, retain the cheer and charm that, noon, "life's pride and cared-for crown," have lost because they are no longer pure. The adjective pure cannot be applied to the sea and the skylark in its usual moral meaning of innocent and chaste. Obviously the word is used here more in the scriptural sense of simple. The sea and the skylark are said to be simple in so far as they always fulfill the sole purpose of their existence — to glorify God by their necessary obedience to the laws of nature and nature's God. Man alone of all the visible creation is no longer simple because the aim of his life is simple no longer. Sin has clouded his vision of life and its purpose and made him disobedient to God. As a result he has lost "the cheer and charm of earth's past prime", both the grace of God which made man's soul a lovely paradise and the earthly paradise in which he lived and which symbolized the paradise within his soul. When grace was lost man was cursed and the earth together with him. To man when he had sinned God said: "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return." In this curse even the handiwork of man must share.

*Our make and making break,
are breaking, down
To man's last dust, drain fast
towards man's first slime.*

In these two lines the history not only of each individual man but of the entire human race is succinctly told.

However, the poem need not be read principally on this spiritual

plane. A clue to another interpretation is contained in these lines from a letter of Hopkins.

*My Liverpool and Glasgow
experience laid upon
my mind a conviction,
a truly crushing conviction,
of the misery of the poor,
in general of the
degradation even of the race,
of the hollowness
of this century's civilization.*

In this interpretation the poet would contrast "the cheer and charm" as exemplified in the sea and the skylark with the drabness, misery and utter joylessness of the poor in "this shallow and frail town." (Shallow, because the only concern of its inhabitants would seem to be for what is earthly and material, and frail, because like all the other works of man's hands it is fast "breaking down to man's last dust, draining fast towards man's first slime.") But Hopkins was never able, as a priest, to view any phenomenon of nature merely in terms of nature. Everything in nature was for him both a revelation and a constant reminder of deep spiritual truths. In his poetry the two are always intertwined, and that is the case here. The very structure of the sonnet emphasizes this fact.

Thought-wise the poem is divided into two major sections, each of which is subdivided again into two equal parts. Two quatrains form the first major section, and two tercets the second. In each of the quatrains the poet describes one element at the double experience that gave rise to the profound reflection contained in the two tercets. Almost perfect balance is obtained by making the first tercet correspond to the first quatrain and the second tercet to the second quatrain. And the entire sonnet is still more neatly tied together by the artistic use of two poetic technical devices. The poem begins and ends on a variation of the same idea. Thus the words of the first

line "too old to end," in one of their associated meanings, carry the mind back to the day of creation since the two noises thus described have been going on ever since "the tuneful voice was heard from high" and will continue until "Music shall untune the sky." The final line of the sonnet returns to the day of creation in the words "drain fast towards man's first slime."

The second technical device employed to bind the sonnet together into a perfect unity is the recurrence in every section of one or another variation of the sea-image. Thus in the first quatrain the sea is mentioned explicitly; in the second, the image used to describe the flight

The SEA

and song of the lark is taken from fishing — the rod and reel of the fisherman; in the first tercet the town is said to be "shallow" and "frail" in contrast to the deep and sturdy sea; our time is called "sordid" and "turbid" while the sea is "pure;" in the final tercet the words "break" and "drain fast towards man's first slime" are connotative of the sea. The word "break" recalls "ramps" of the first quatrain, while drain . . . towards . . . slime" makes all life — whether of individuals or of the race as such — streams draining towards or into some vast primordial sea of slime.

The experience that called forth the poet's deeply spiritual reflections is common enough but one that few of us could express half so exquisitely as Hopkins has done. While strolling along the sea-shore, the poet is suddenly aware that "on ear and ear two noises too old to end trench," that is, cut their way or penetrate to his inner consciousness. That he is actually strolling along the shore and not standing gazing out to sea is obvious from the fine phrase "on ear and ear," which is further explained in the lines that follow. To the right ear, principally, comes the sound of the

John Pick, A Hopkins Reader (New York and London: Oxford University Press, 1952), p. xxvii.

sea; to the left, the glad music of the lark. But both sounds cut to his inner consciousness simultaneously, as if communicated along a single trench. And only gradually do the sounds penetrate to the inner ear. They are noises that entrench themselves, dig their way into the ear. The paradox of "too old to end" is striking. One would naturally expect old things to end but the poet here is emphasizing the everbright freshness of these familiar sounds.

Hopkins probably derived the metaphor implied in the verb "ramps" from the field of heraldry. The sea is likened to a beast rampant, rearing up on its hind-legs

and cend." The flight is so rapid that it is heard not seen. We follow the bird in its entire flight from the earth to the blue depths of the sky. The image used to describe the bird's song is, on Hopkins' own testimony, rather difficult, not because it is so vague but because it is so rich. He pictures the bird's glad song stringing out like a fisherman plays out his line on a reel. The swooping and soaring of the bird, to the accompaniment of recurrent song, is like the casting, rewinding and casting again of the line. Or the song is like a silken skein at the end of which the songster sinks and swells. In its swift flight, dipping and soaring, the bird

nounce, but also sound the knell of — our sordid turbid time. The contrast between the bright clear joyousness and charm of the sea and the skylark, and the drab, dismal squalor and cheerlessness of "this shallow and frail town" is very effective. But the squalor and the misery are of man's making. He who is the pride of life, the crown of all visible creatures — the crown God has cared for with tender and fatherly solicitude, — has lost the cheer and charm that once characterized the whole of creation and is now retained only by the lower creatures, the inanimate and the animate-irrational. And why has man lost this cheer and charm? Because he has turned his gaze away from heaven, God's home and his, to concern himself with what is earthly and material.

It seems to me that Hopkins sets "this shallow and frail town" against the depth and power of the sea. The city is man's citadel, a symbol of his strength (and of his weakness, too), but the sea, as it ramps against the shore is breaking down that city into dust. And the joyous carefree lark is opposed to the misery and cheerlessness of man. And man must be unhappy and miserable because he has left the heaven of God's grace and the ocean of His love. Until he returns to both he can never regain "the cheer and the charm of man's past prime."

Throughout the poem there is apparent Hopkins' usual successful accommodation of pitch to sound and sense. This is evident especially in such lines as "With a flood or a fall, low lull-off or all roar" which is a description almost onomatopoeic in quality of the ebb and flow of the tide; and "Left hand, off hand, I hear the lark ascend" and the lines that depict the bird's soaring into the heavens. The pitch in these lines, while generally high, rises to a climax in "till none's to spill or spend." The first tercet again has an onomatopoeic quality as it expresses the poet's deep shame and revulsion at the hollowness of civilization and the end towards which the shallowness of men will ultimately lead — "drain last towards man's first slime." The buoyancy of the octave and the disgust and revulsion of the sestet have been achieved principally by this appropriate adaptation of pitch to sense. †

AND THE SKYLARK

by Fr. John Vogelgesang, S.V.D.

with its forelegs extended—a very apt illustration of the ebb and flow of the tide clawing away at the shore-line. The description of the tide in the third line of the first quatrain is truly picturesque. Two senses are appealed to, — the sense of sight in the words "with a flood or a fall," and the sense of hearing in the words "low lull-off or all roar," another example of Hopkins' attention to accuracy of detail. In the last line the reference to the scientific explanation of the cause of the tides — the influence of the moon — is not a vain display of knowledge on Hopkins' part. The line is functional. It prepares for the second quatrain in which the reader's attention will be directed away from the earth to the sky into which the lark ascends singing.

While the reader's attention is momentarily fixed on the moon and the sky, Hopkins quickly brings it back to earth so that the entire length of the lark's melodious flight might be followed. This is effected by the abrupt transition from the calm "while moon shall wear and wend," to the rapid, jerky "left hand, off hand, I hear the lark as-

bursts forth in song, is silent again, and again pours forth a flood of melody or, as Shelley says, "singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest." And like gentle rain the music of its song pours down and pelts the earth "until there is none to spill or spend." — Shelley's "—" showers a rain of melody. While Hopkins' description of the lark and its melodious flight thus recalls certain passages of Shelley's ode "To A Skylark," it seems to me Hopkins gives a better and more vivid impression of the rash, impetuous flight of the bird and its almost uncontrollable joyous song.

The transition to the sestet and its serious reflections is artistically effected by a complete change of pitch. In the final line of the second quatrain "till none's to spill and spend" we are left high in the heaven with the singing lark. Abruptly we are brought back to earth in the first line of the sestet with its low pitch and harsh sound achieved by the alliteration of the letter 's' at the beginning of the words "shame" and "shallow." These two the sea and the skylark — ring right out — boldly and openly proclaim, an-

Letter From Melbourne

December 20, 1956

Helynn, my angel,

Before I extend the wishes of the day, accept the apologies from this most humble admirer of yours. Doubtless, you must have wondered why I did not write you since I left for this beautiful country, Down Under. I know what you think of my silence but you're wrong. I have not forgotten you and never will. While I was in the thick of the Olympic fights, I always thought about you and pictured you rooting for me, calling my name, everytime I attempted a hook shot. I have not made passes at those beauti — I mean, girl athletes whom I suspect you are, heh, jealous of. You know I have always been good to you.

No need for you to ask me for an explanation of my extended stay here. I am very ready to explain. You see, when our team fought Chile, I was fielded at once by our coach. I was the "fair hope" of the team and I had to measure up to expectations. I was running here and there spilling- er, intercepting, passes and shooting the pail, I mean, the ball, for much-needed Philippine points. I was on the go all the time. Our coach had so much faith in me that he did not want me to be relieved of my yeoman job. I did not want to break that faith, Helynn. I had to stand up to it and defend it from being violated.

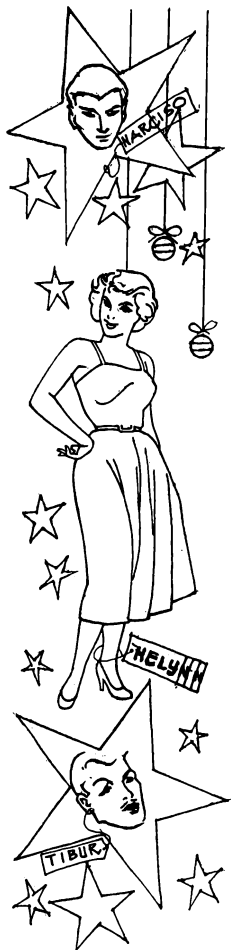
The Chileans were a strong team. They had tricky plays and their players were a lot of smart cookies. Yet, we did not get fazed any. I carried the fight from start to finish and was so... uh... spectacular that I gained the raves from the bleachers. Someone even went to the extent of shouting at me for a glass... I wanted to say, for my autograph, because he said he was seated far from fount- er, from the PI athletes' dressing room. Well, I acceded to his wishes and gave him my container, that is, my autograph.

The rest of the players were very thankful to me for what I did to make the Philippines a big word in basketball. Coach Odi rumbled my hair in a gesture of affection and showered me with a lot of nice words. He even said I was like "Aquaman." Honest, Helynn darling, I was so overwhelmed by the praises that my head was in a daze. My arms were so stiff from opening the faucets... oops! from shaking hands that I could hardly stretch them the following morning. I earned a lot of nicknames aside from "Aquaman" and "Firefighter". They called me "Extinguisher" when I shaved off the lead of France and they joyfully christened me "The Flood" in our encounter with Thailand. I was a big hero in all the games we played. I was pitted against the world's best players and the world's best players and the world's worst weather but I came out with flying pitchers — I should say, colors. I was the "Distributor" in our game against the US and even Bill Russell recognized me as a potential threat to many country's medal aspirations. They called me "Distributor" because, according to Coach Odi, I was just terrific in distributing the bottles, I mean, the ball to Lozoga and Tolentino. Gosh, I was a whiz at the bench- rather, at the rebounds.

Well, to make a very long story very short, I got it in our last game with Chile. I was running at full speed when suddenly, I bumped into a popcorn set — when I got my foot on a seat, er, when I got fouled out on a hotdog, gosh, when I sprained my ankle on my pail — er, Helynn, my angel, I have to sign off now. I'm not feeling well...

The Prevaricator,
Tibur

THE CAROLINIAN



Helynn's

PRE-VALENTINE SHOPPING

With dabs of powder on her nose
 She put her feet into her shoes
 With flicks of lipstick on her lips
 She coiled a red belt 'round her hips

After she had perfumed her hair
 She sprayed santan into the air
 Complete with her paraphernalia
 She was set for her saturnalia

She snatched her bag with one clean lift
 And slammed the dormitory door
 She'd buy a nice Valentine gift
 For Narciso Bacur, the boor

Before long she was on the street
 Smiling at all folks she met
 Pure thoughts of love entered her mind
 Of Narciso her thoughts were kind

She went into a big bazaar
 Filled with toys, bracelets, candy bar
 But she looked elsewhere for her need
 Since Narciso was not a kid

She entered a department store
 Where she saw things and things galore
 But due to her wandering gaze
 She did not know which to purchase

As her cheeks now began to puff
 She left in a provincial huff
 And like all confused women shoppers
 She bought nothing from the shopkeepers

She refused to buy a tie clip
 As a present she thought it cheap
 She didn't buy a jacket, either
 As a present she thought it dear

In her muddled shopping spree
 She couldn't get the right perspective
 She wouldn't ask for something free
 She wouldn't buy something expensive

She was quite tired of bargain barkers
 Who tried to pass off bogus "Parkers"
 She hated meeting sidewalk vendors
 Exuding indefinable strange odors

Yet by all means she had to buy
 Something to remember her by
 Even if it cost only one centavo
 A present had to be given Narciso

It came to pass that in one shop
 She ground her heels to a stop
 To her it was just the saloon
 For five minutes to be alone

(Continued on page 47)

Narciso Bacur's

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

I cannot understand just why
 Whether I'm bold or I am shy
 Or why whatever be the case
 I never get to reach first base

Is it because I am not handsome,
 Or that I am not very rich?
 Are my features really so gruesome,
 That she should stay far from my reach?

What has Tibur I haven't double
 What does he own I haven't more
 What must I go to all this trouble
 And still get beaten by Tibur?

I have tried being diplomatic
 Being chivalrous and romantic
 But Helynn brands my every antic
 As the mad cap of a lunatic!

I have also tried to be serious
 To be grave and to be delirious
 When I tried to be sentimental
 She laughed and said my case was mental

I asked her once to be my date
 To be my pretty dancing mate
 Before I had opened her gate
 She told me I had asked too late

I brought her to a restaurant
 To order something we both want
 When I asked for tutti-frutti
 She ordered...brrr... spaghetti

When I asked her to a concerto
 She dropped me like a hot potato
 And when I followed her to school
 She told me I was like a fool

One time I attended a party
 In time to witness her arrival
 I was so pleased my laugh was hearty
 Only to find her with my rival

I don't know why it is my lot
 To love Helynn who loves me not
 I don't know why I cannot win
 Helynn, the belle of Malingin

Is my fault one of character
 Or because I don't look like Gable
 Does she detest a barrister
 And worships someone who can dribble?

Does Tibur mean much to her life
 That she should want to be his wife
 What is the use of basketball
 It can't plead a case after all

(Continued on page 47)

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UNCLE AMBO'S TRIP FIZZLES OUT

YESTERDAY, Uncle Ambo tried to depart for Egypt where he wanted to spend his Yuletide season and meet President Nasser. He had planned to confer with General Burns of the United Nations Peace Force and to visit the Anglo-French soldiers somewhere in the Suez Canal zone after which he wanted to proceed to Israel and visit President Ben-Gurion. But the globe-trotting did not pan out.

Not that he had any financial difficulty. Uncle Ambo has money to spend. That made us believe he would reach his destination. He is old, though. Sweet 60, never been touched by a house-wife's *bakya*, but slightly wrinkled. In short, he is a bachelor. It took him only three weeks to complete his preparation

vileges of the writ of *habeas corpus* or to effect his perpetual release without bail.

Since the announcement of his projected trip, he had increased his fees for all these things. He had to because, according to him, his journey would entail heavy expenses. My uncle had been very tight with his money since the idea of travel seized him. He decided not to repair the roof of his house (which, he says, "leaks only when it rains...") and salt away his cash.

Equally discernible was the fact that Uncle Ambo had practically abandoned the wearing of shoes. His six pairs of GI shoes which he bought during the liberation are still as new as his three old socks.

● by ADELINO B. SITOY ●

for his ambitious journey. It was just a fortnight and a week ago when he triumphantly announced to all the people of our barrio his plan to spend Christmas in Egypt. At first, we laughed off his proposed trip. Nobody believed him; everybody thought he was crazy. But we later realized that my uncle was serious; he was truly preparing for a journey that, judging from his preparations, would last for seven years.

Uncle Ambo is the *tambalan* of our barrio. He is known to possess such extraordinary power as to see the spirits and the *engkantos*, to be able to talk with them, too, and to cure a person from whatever sickness he suffers. Hence, all the barrio folk paid homage to his healing power and to his diplomatic connections with the invisible beings. And every time a person was bedridden, it was my uncle who was called to give treatment; whenever a fellow in the barrio was lost, that is, kidnapped by the *engkantos*, it was Uncle Ambo again who would be requested to make the necessary representations with the high invisible authorities to extend to the person kidnapped the pri-

He only wears one sock at a time because he says a pair should be worn only by those who have crooked feet. As a matter of fact, my uncle often wears a shoe on one leg and a sandal on the other. He is quite a card.

In the past weeks, my uncle was the earliest man in church and the last to leave it. Never before was he seen to be so fervently religious as when he was preparing for his travels.

When he was finally set to sail for the town where he was to board a bus for Manila, the barrio folk turned out *en masse* to see him off. They brought all kinds of gifts, especially foodstuffs. There were native cakes, *bibingkas*, *putong-tingkahoy*, *bobod*, cooked camotes, roasted bananas, *binignit*, *tilaob*, *inang*, *bukhayo*, *biko*, *maruya*, *siyakoy*, and others. The presents made Uncle Ambo happy. His sailboat was weighted down by the token of affection given by the ruralites.

When Uncle Ambo weighed anchor, there was a flurry of waving and jostling. From his sailboat, Uncle waved so strongly, so strongly — his boat capsized! ‡

(Continued from page 11)
the unwritten sermon that he preaches outside the confines of a church. One feels good in his presence because he radiates his own goodness.

As I watched him listening intently, patiently to the one hundred and one requests and appeals of his shabby, poor christians, he did not fend... he did not attempt to put across a bargain... he did not shoot them away through their petitions or demands required a Foundation to do the blueprints. The elders wanted a concrete church for 3000 members of his flock. They were willing to contribute free labor... collect the necessary wood and accumulate sand and gravel... they must have a permanent House of Worship... please, would **Bapak**

Three Heroes!

Uskup help them? The "intellectuals" of the village needed more schools for their children... most of the kids were forced to trek miles and miles of rough, primitive country to avail themselves of an education, would **Bapak Uskup** please, help them? There is sickness and death — people, especially the older ones were coughing... malaria and dysentery are taking tolls; they were too poor to afford the medicines sold at the *rumah sakit* (hospital) far away... would **Bapak Uskup** please pity them and give them some? Politics to them is still a remote subject. Their only desire is to live contentedly, following their great tribal customs and traditions, conforming to the teachings of Christ. Monsignor remained miraculously unfruffled throughout the seemingly endless interviews and earnest overtures... That baffled me. Children of all sizes and age squatted, noisily at his feet — looking at him with unspeakable idolatry that would have felled anybody but the Monsignor. No museum piece in an art gallery — not even at the Louvre — was ever that nakedly, minutely sized up and scrutinized as His Excellency and his gold cross. I was nonplussed but amused. The picture was interesting study. His Excellency, I'm sure, had made mental notes of all their need — he knows

only too well that they depend on him as though their lives hinge on his ability to meet their wants — simple wants. Monsignor has the longest memory on this side of the rainbow when it concerns the needs of his people.

When we finally took leave in order to proceed to other "kampongs", the same spectacular, over-dressed drama was given a repeat performance: the village on *masse* mobbed His Excellency for the kissing of his ring; I dared not do M.P. duty... several complained in straight terms why he could not stay a day or two longer... babies cried in mothers' arms, dogs howled in a gallant gesture of farewell... scantily-clad angels with "dirty faces" danced around in circles, interpreting their "piece de resistance" for the final show...

And A Story

heavily wrinkled elders with bared, white heads, wistful, stood beside His Excellency steeped with the dignity and reverence of an age that has long passed. A sturdy steed named "Wungu Pau", a gift to Monsignor, was saddled. Others were also readied for the rest of us, members of the retinue. His Excellency motioned everyone he was about to give his blessing. We all dropped to our knees on the hard, bare ground... his voice had the quality of a father's love at its profoundest degree as it fell upon us in benediction: "In nomine Patris, et Filii..."

A goodbye cheer rocked the little village as Monsignor mounted "Wungu Pau"... one last handshake with our brother Missionary whose life was burning away in the fire of his apostolic zeal... a wave of the hand... then ten stalwart, worthy horsemen holding multi-colored streamers, Indonesian and papal banners preceded His Excellency as we followed slowly the narrow mountain trails leading to the next "kampong".

Everywhere we went, Poma-type reception was evidently commonplace. Hospitality was stereotype. Afterwards, when we got back to our waiting Ford, dear **Old Faithful**,

(Continued on page 30)

Be Glad You Are An INTROVERT

DO YOU often stay alone? Do you prefer to be with, say, your books or with things of nature and shun the company of people around you? Have you ever locked yourself up alone in a room while a party or jam session was going on? Do you find difficulty in dealing with people because the business requires much talking and do you prefer to keep your mouth shut while a hot discussion is going on? If you do, you are an introvert. If you have spent a good deal of time fretting about your unhappy lot and wishing you were a member of a social set, stop pitying your-

self and have manifested sheer excellence in the different fields of specialization were deep-rooted introverts. The great bulk of novelists, poets, composers, philosophers, scientists and even stage actors are positive introverts. The immortal Angelic Doctor was so silent while still a student that he was called the "Dumb Ox". The world's greatest scientist, Albert Einstein, was often so lost in contemplation that he used to mistake his cat for his wife, kissed it and called it "my darling". Greta Garbo, America's most beautiful and talented actress, is dubbed as "the Myth" for she

by ILDEFONSO VELEZ LAGCAO

self. Otherwise you might find yourself playing lull guy for two evils — loneliness and pride. Loneliness because self-pity breeds contempt for association with others; pride because you refuse to admit your limitations. If you are an introvert, you are a lucky guy.

I know of a certain fellow who typifies the run-of-the-mill "play-boys". He is handsome and was born into a rich family. He goes to school in a flashy car, wears smart clothing, speaks different languages, always frequents the drug store and the nearby soda fountains, catches up easily with the latest steps and is very popular among the younger sets. But he flunked in three college courses and is starting his fourth in an unlimited series. This is not an isolated case. This runs through the entire species of so-called "regular guys" who flunk as often as they enrol and who become mediocre when they take up the greater responsibilities of life.

It is to be noted with great significance that many of those who

lives alone and shuns publicity, James Dean and Marlon Brando are no exceptions. Thoreau, Swift, Byron, Carlyle, De Quincy, Poe, our own Nick Joaquin and Jose Garcia Villa, compose a magnificent coterie of introverts.

Because most shy people have little needs, their lives are happier, if simpler. They have less needs and, therefore, less worries. The introvert "gets a big kick" out of being alone — sitting beside a brook and indulging in what appears to him as pleasurable contemplation. For the extroverts, it is a pity to be a "drip" or a "wet blanket". They get their share of joy in boisterous laughter and noisy company. They cannot resist the urge to do the town or show off their social liens. Every time they go out, everything they wear must be new and "class". Since they have more needs, they also have more worries. And very often, despair contaminates their souls while the shy, lingers in biting introvert is at peace with the world and with God. §

PERCHANCE no more eloquent and concrete gesture of belief in man's capability and worth has ever been made than the setting up of the Arnold and Robert Founda-

tion, Inc., by the Hoffmans, American philanthropist brothers. The endowment fund, a project of the American brothers in a big university which aims to provide aid to needy students "who cannot qualify for scholarship", is perhaps the first of its kind in student-aid programs.

The AVERAGE STUDENTS

GET A BREAK

tion, Inc., by the Hoffmans, American philanthropist brothers. The endowment fund, a project of the American brothers in a big university which aims to provide aid to needy students "who cannot qualify for scholarship", is perhaps the first of its kind in student-aid programs.

In the first place, it is unusual as it is significant since unlike typical scholarship programs where the students of high academic standing receive scholarship privileges and aids, it lays emphasis on students of allegedly average rating.

In the second place, it disproves the disparaging misconception that students who are "weak in the upper story" have no bright future. The philanthropists are exactly opposed to this view. Explained one of the brothers: "We felt that very often a student who is not too outstanding in college may make good in later life."

One unfamiliar with the motive of the philanthropists is apt to criticize the program. A critic may point out that it does not give impetus to improve oneself; instead, it encourages students to remain at the bottom of the academic yardstick. But the Hoffmans believe that a man undergoes a change in himself and improves as he advances in age;

that every man has a capacity for success. Their belief rests on the fact that the bulk of Americans who keep their country's prosperity and military might are neither geniuses nor scholars who were "big fishes" in the campuses of American colleges and universities, but students who possess average intelligence, some who did not even attend schools who made their way to success all by themselves. The men and women of average intelligence are part of the strong backbone of

the youngsters were doing in class but on what they could probably do to contribute to the welfare of the community years after they were out of school.

This is not to be misconstrued, however, as appealing indirectly to "relax" the system of grading students so as to give favorable grades to those who are on the brink of failure. "Relaxation" would result in the degeneration of the University's high standard of instruction

every nation and this, too, can be true to the Filipinos.

The same idea expressed by a famous author is shared by the philanthropists.

In the biography of a renowned author, the biographer tells that when the school authorities in the community where the author lived were soliciting contributions from private citizens to be given as awards to well-behaved, obedient youngsters, he denied having anything to give. He explained the awards were reasonable, but if he

and in the turnout of intellectual weaklings.

History has a host of important figures who were never expected to make good.

One novelist, the *Saturday Evening Post* editorial cited, who was practically obscure in his college days attended the reunion to tell his colleagues how obscure he was and how the "big fishes" in the campus vanished into obscurity.

The biography of a living English statesman recounts that he had

by **BENIGNO CABANATAN**

were allowed, he would give awards to the most rebellious and mischievous youngsters on condition that the school authorities keep personal records of both the naughty youngsters and the pupils whom the schoolmasters decided to cite for deportment and when they were already of age that their accomplishments be compared.

He did not keep an eye on what

to take entrance exams for the military academy for the second time because he did not come off successfully the first time. Which is evidence that he did not look promising then.

The average student has reason for added hope and confidence that he will succeed. And that increased hope can eventually drive him on to success. #

don't look now but...

The Perfect Hostess

IT'S A PITY that when God gave the Filipino that beautiful trait of hospitality He also administered doses of extreme humility to him. Hospitality and extreme humility just don't mix. When they do, the result isn't too appetizing and that's saying it literally. Just take, for example, You. Let's say that you are on one of your visits to a friend's house. You are there because you probably need help with your homework or you just want to talk. That's all. But what happens next makes you wonder sometimes whether you are being mistaken for a starving nomad or one of those Home Inspectors (if there ever was one) who look over other people's houses from roof to floor and who are perfectly willing to hang homeowners for a speck of dirt on the divan. That's saying it too bluntly, I guess, but what really gets your goat is the way the people you visit almost always apologize for most things in the house like how Junior's toys are lying around and why they haven't been able to put them away yet, what with big sister being sick and father staying overtime in the office and the maids home for fiesta etc., etc., which are probably true and which all amount to just one idea: the house is topsyturvy. So what? You probably would not have noticed it at all had they not mentioned it first. Or, if you did, that's nothing to get riled up about. After all, you went there to have your homework fixed. That's not all yet. The way they try to stuff you up with pop drinks and cookies and fruits 'N' nuts, makes you wonder: Do I look this thin? The way mother goes back and forth to the kitchen, preparing all those drinks and eats makes you want to shout: "Wait a minute! Wait a minute! The coke ain't the thing, is it?"

—"Have a seat, please. Junior,

entertain your friend while I prepare something. Boy! Boy! Here, buy some cokes at Pantlong's and hurry. . . . Where in heaven's name did Trining put that (1 \$%) tray. T-r-i-n-g-g-g-g-g-g! . . ."

That is the way it is and it happens everytime. Everybody is uncomfortable. The host is uncomfortable making all that fuss and the visitor is uncomfortable, too, for being the cause of all the rumpus. The hardest part is nobody ever gets around to telling one another how much they do not enjoy the whole show. Each party is playing its role perfectly. The hostess is just perfect: she is hospitality come to life. The visitor is just as perfect with his well-timed smiles and his innocuous ah's and hmms . . . appearing to be pleased while all the time wishing he were in a kinder hell.

The Criticism Phobia

Criticism is like castor oil. Some people take it despite its terrible taste knowing that it will do them good eventually while others don't take it at all because they can't suffer its terrible taste despite the fact that it will do them good eventually. In the latter case, allusion must be made to people who can't relax the moment they hear something unfavorable said of them, no matter how small. Of course, they are few in number but they do exist. Your first thought would be that you don't usually find this kind among poor people who are too busy thinking about when and where the next meal will come from, peo-

ple with a lot of kids running around, making a mess of everything, people with too much homework to do, people who are too darned busy to give a darn about what other people think of them. But, come to think of it, everybody has time enough to indulge in self-pity and petty recriminations. And that doesn't exclude you. As a matter of fact, people from all walks of life suffer from this, one way or another, and trying to avoid it is often as hopeless as throwing a sheet of paper against a strong gust of wind.

These criticism-shy unfortunates get nothing but headaches because they not only can't relax when they are actually criticized but they go over every detail long after the

critic has consigned his smashing utterances to the four winds. "Do you know what that drip said just the other day about my nose? She said God could have done better if He weren't too busy about a lot more important things. What do you think hers looks like? I'll take flattened drums anytime!" Etc., etc.

There's another version of this sensitivity which is not so rampant but which you can discover if you try hard enough. This sensitivity is present in that kind of person who tries to scour the minds of her acquaintances and analyze their contents in relation to herself, always. Take this girl Lindy. You and she are walking one day in the corridors and you meet Mrs. Cruz, your instructor in Biology, who is frowning at that time. The moment the instructor is out of hearing, Lindy goes in to one of her common vindictive tirades: "Imagine, she didn't even smile at us. What does she think of us, sheets of transparent glass that she can just see through? Remember the time she wanted that orchid plant from me and how sweet she was to me then? Why, I never. . ." Lindy, sweet-sour Lindy, perhaps she just had a quarrel with her husband or maybe one of her kids is sick. Hurting you is probably farthest from her thoughts, believe me.

There are a lot of people who try to make mountains out of molehills or molehills out of mountains. For all you know you might be one of them. Take care lest you outrace your age or have a nervous breakdown. §

By ANGELINA LABUCAY

DRA. TABOADA REJOINS USC

When Dra. Aranda, former Dean of the College of Pharmacy, left San Carlos to join her husband at his new station in Luzon, Father Rector sounded out our lady faculty for a worthy successor at the USC clinic. It didn't take long for our lady teachers to recall the name of a former colleague in the faculty who had also served as Lady Physician here. The name is Dra. Natividad Corrales Taboada.

Dra. Taboada is a native of Mambajao who married a Cebuano. She graduated in medicine at UST in 1939 and joined the staff at the Cebu Maternity House. Sometime after the war, she was employed as Dispensary Physician in the Cebu City Health Department. Afterwards she taught Zoology at the USC College of Pharmacy, while at the same time served as Dr. Solon's counterpart at the USC clinic. Meanwhile, she established her own hospital, the San Vicente Clinic, behind the Abellana Vocational High School, which specializes on maternity cases.

She was due to leave this year for the United States to specialize in obstetrics and pediatrics. But her increasing patronage at the San Vicente Clinic prevented her from leaving for the time being. Which is just as well for USC, as we need her expert care and advice for the health of USC coeds.

Dra. Taboada is married to Mr. Jose Taboada of Badian, Cebu. They have six children.

USC ALUMNI CELEBRATE HOMECOMING

The San Carlos Alumni Association celebrated its annual homecoming on the feast of San Carlos Borromeo, Patron Saint of the University. A special Low Mass was offered at six-thirty in the morning, November 4, 1956, by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Esteban Montecillo, V.G., a San Carlos Alumnus. After the Mass, the San Carlos lay faculty met the CIT faculty in a laugh-filled basketball game that ended in a tie due, reportedly, to Dr. Solon who refereed the game. At noon the USC faculty was host at lunch to the CIT faculty. The Annual Dinner and Dance of the Alumni Association was held Sunday evening at the Garden Room of the Capitol Hotel.



Dra. Natividad Taboada
"Encore ..."

ENGG' JOURNALS DONATED TO USC LIBRARY

The College of Engineering of the University of San Carlos received two big cartons containing 206 assorted engineering journals. The donors of the journals were Attorneys Ramon Binamira and Fernando de los Santos. The donation was made possible through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. William Donnelly.

In his letter announcing the shipping of the cartons, Atty. de los Santos expressed the hope that "the magazines would come up to the high standard set by your library for the benefit of the students."

Reverend Fr. Joseph Baumgartner, S.V.D., chief librarian of the University of San Carlos, said that he considered the gift a worthwhile addition to the Engineering Library, which half a year ago had been set up as a separate department.

CAROLINIANS CONTRIBUTE TO FUND FOR HUNGARY

Freshmen in the English classes of Mrs. Avelina J. Gil contributed part of their Christmas allowances to the FUND FOR HUNGARY. The modest sum collected was forwarded to the Manila Times which organized and sponsored the FUND FOR HUNGARY Drive. To all CAROLINIANS concerned, God reward you for your charity!

USC WARRIORS CLEANEST PLAYERS IN MANILA

The champions of the CCAA basketball league, USC Warriors, returned from Manila where they distinguished themselves as the cleanest players in the Rizal Memorial Stadium during the Inter-collegiate Series. The team successfully fought its way to the semi-final games. Four teams were rated for the final event and San Carlos was one among them, the only contender outside Manila. Seeing it having fought for the final event was good enough, considering the number of teams from different schools of the islands that participated.

A convocation in honor of the USC Warriors was conducted at the USC Quadrangle. All members of the basketball team were introduced to the students by Rev. Fr. Wrocklage, (program moderator) after Rev. Fr. Rector, Mr. Juan Aquino (coach) and Mr. Danilo Deen (captain) gave their respective short remarks.

USC LIBRARY SCIENCE CLUB HOLDS PROGRAM

In connection with the celebration of National Book Week, the USC Library Science Club held a lively program at the Main Library Hall, November 27, 1956. The program was highlighted by the presentation of books by Mr. Bernard Lavin, USIS Public Relations Officer, to the USC Library through Rev. Fr. Joseph Baumgartner, S.V.D., USC Chief Librarian. The musical numbers were the most lively and added life to the program. A One-Act Play by Fanny Magallon tickled the crowd and drew the attention of Library borrowers and urged them to check their library behaviors. A native dance was also presented. Mr. Restituto Bacalos was the Master of Ceremonies.

A HOLY HOUR FOR THE PEOPLE OF HUNGARY—

The University of San Carlos recently sponsored a Holy Hour for the afflicted people of Hungary. It was held in the University Chapel, November 11, 1956, with Rev. Fr. Enrique Schoenig, S.V.D. conducting the service. The general public was invited and a fair crowd attended the service.

STRICT POLICY FOR STUDENT-EMPLOYEES IMPOSED

Check up of final grades of students working in the University of San Carlos has been effected this semester. Student-employees who got final grades of four or five during the first semester are advised to give up the work they are assigned. The Library Department, as of this date, is the only department that has lost some of its student-employees who received failing grades. New faces have been taken in to take the place of those who have resigned and to fill up vacancies created by the addition of new sections.

COLLEGE OF LAW ENROLMENT INCREASES

Despite the rigid screening of students in the College of Law during the previous semesters, a notable increase in enrolment is warming up a call for more rooms this 2nd semester. Indications are that a great need for more rooms will arise next year as a result of the upsurge in enrolment. Considerable increases have been noted in all the sections representing the College of Law.

LIBRARY CHANGE

A change has been effected in the USC Library by the shifting of assignments for Librarians assigned in their respective posts. Mr. Vicente Espiritu who was formerly assigned in the main Library doing supervisory work in the issuance of books to the students is now assigned in the separate Library of the Engineering Department. Taking his place is Mr. Victor Asubar who was with the Occidental Negros Institute in Bacolod City as a Librarian and who was then working in the USC Library prior to his employment in Bacolod City. Miss Adelaida Palomar, a graduate in Education, Library Science minor and a Law graduate is employed and assigned as a Librarian in the College of Law Library. Mrs. Ricarda Sanchez, also a Library Science major, is assigned as in-charge of the USC Girls' High School Library. The change was ordered by the Chief Librarian, Rev. Josef Baumgartner, SVD.

USC WINS CCAA CHAMPIONSHIP

The 1956 championship banner of the CCAA basketball league was recaptured by the USC Warriors during the title fight between USC and CIT. The cage fiesta saw a record crowd of over five thousand fanatics from contending sides. This year's CCAA basketball victory marks San Carlos' return to supremacy. The close fight ended with 55 points for San Carlos and 54 for CIT. A warm salute is given to Coach Dodong Aquino, to team captain Danny Deen, to Father Wrocklage, Father Kolk and the cheerers of the San Carlos team.

DEAN OF RELIGION INVITES YOU

The Dean of Religion, Rev. Fr. John Vogelgesang, SVD, is stepping up the checking of individual records of students enrolled in Religion but who are not actually attending classes. Through the *University Bulletin*, he served notice to all concerned that they will soon receive call slips ordering them to report to the Dean's Office and explain why, although they have enrolled in religion, they are not attending classes. Record of each student now enrolled in the University is on file with complete data regarding the kind and number of religion courses already taken with their corresponding grades and the number of religion subjects currently enrolled in.

USC PARTICIPATION IN THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

The University's initiative in urging Carolinians to join the Second National Eucharistic Congress celebration brought warm response from a large number of faculty members and students who went in group to Manila where the celebration was held. Cardinal Spellman of New York, who was appointed Papal Legate to the Congress, led the Holy Affair. The Eucharistic Congress was the Nation's tribute to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus for all the graces generously given us during the years. Officially representing the SVD Fathers of the University at the Congress was Rev. Fr. Joseph Goertz, SVD, USC Dean of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences.

LIB. ARTS STUDES JOIN SCA

In response to a wide call for membership in the SCA, about 300 Liberal Arts and Sciences students "acted in the service of a great cause" to form the Liberal Arts SCA unit. The volunteers were grouped according to their respective courses in order to facilitate cooperation among them. With Miss Betty B. Antonio as coordinator, the said unit is planning to hold its induction ceremonies sometime in December before the Christmas vacation.

1957 SEMPER FIDELIS

The 1957 *Semper Fidelis* (USC Yearbook) was ordered by the Father Rector to be ready in due time. He appointed Mr. Tomas Echivarre and Mr. Vicente Ranudo, formerly editor-in-chief and senior associate editor of the *Carolinian* respectively, as Editors of the said annual. Pictures for the second semester graduates of this year are now being collected and before Christmas vacation they will be ready to be sent to Manila for printing. It is expected that this year's annual will be better both in format and content.

NEW GUINEA MISSIONARY VISITS SAN CARLOS

A missionary from New Guinea visited the University of San Carlos during the first week of November. He is Rev. Fr. William Saido, SVD, currently Procurator of one of the SVD Missions in New Guinea. His visit here was partly inspired by his interest in the study of the local copra industry. Fr. Saido was ordained priest in 1942 and two years after his ordination he was assigned as a missionary in New Guinea.

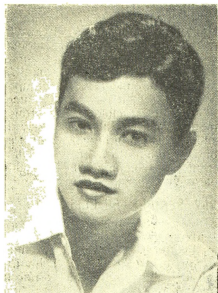
CAMPAIGN FOR CORRIDOR SILENCE

The campaign for corridor silence by the Reverend Father Secretary General was a success, according to a report released through the *University Bulletin*. In line with the campaign, students in the library, social hall and other places were enjoined to wait for the bell before going to their respective classrooms. Teachers were requested not to start prayers five minutes before the bell signal.

(Continued on page 35)

USC'S ROLL of HONOR

• FIRST SEMESTER, 1956-1957 •



Mr. Manuel Valenzuela
Law I

COLLEGE OF LAW First Year

Name	Grade	Credits
1. Valenzuela, Manuel	1.48	15
2. Creer, Geronimo Jr.	1.527	15
Sañido, Roberto	1.527	15
3. Sitoy, Adelino	1.560	15

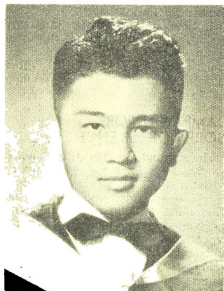
Second Year

1. Ciapano, Ireneo Jr.	1.65	15
2. Balbuena, Vicente	1.66	15
3. Alorro, Jose	1.8	15

Third Year

1. Alvarado, Eugenio	1.125	16
2. Drapac, Felix	1.675	16

NOTE: Fourth Year studies are still incomplete.



Mr. Ireneo R. Ciapano, Jr.
Law II

COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS AND SCIENCES ARTS-PHILOSOPHY TYPE

First Year

Estanislao, Jesus (Ph.B.)	1.16
Real, Margarita (Pre-Law)	1.18
Dinopol, Ernesto (Pre-Law)	1.22

Second Year

Fernandez, Filemon (Pre-Law)	1.08
Ma-ambong, Regalado (Pre-Med.)	1.15
Ceniza, Maria (Pre-Law)	1.15

Third Year

Talisaysay, Gil (Ph.B.)	1.18
Lacdao, Hedefonso (Ph.B.)	1.40
Rifareal, Lourdes (Ph.B.)	1.51

Fourth Year

Lim, Betty (General)	1.08
Yap, Elsa (General)	1.13
Sala, Lourdes (Ph.B.)	1.54

SCIENCE TYPE

First Year

Medalle, Evangeline (Pre-Med.)	1.30
Labaña, Bernardette (Pre-Med.)	1.33
Nacar, Carolina (Pre-Med.)	1.40
Lim, Lolita (BS Chem.)	1.40

Second Year

Azcona, Amparo (Pre-Med.)	1.43
Ordona, Alfredo, Jr. (Pre-Med.)	1.44
Yap, Leticia (Pre-Med.)	1.45

Third Year

Verullo, Vernon, (Pre-Med.)	1.12
Mayol, Socorro (Pre-Med.)	1.33
Y, Guat Kiao (Pre-Med.)	1.44

Fourth Year

Huang, Bessie (BS Chem.)	1.51
Estrella, Marina (BS Zool.)	1.76

COLLEGE OF COMMERCE

FIRST YEAR

Tan, Mary Glenda	1.144
Peña, Guadalupe de la	1.228
Gely, Benjamin	1.272

SECOND YEAR

Uy, Angelina	1.040
Anz, Joaquina	1.042
Siao, Cleofe	1.190

THIRD YEAR

Accounting Majors

Yee, Luz	1.083
Pozon, Bartolome	1.283
Rubio, Fedrito	1.300



(Miss) Evangeline Medalle
Pre-Med. I

All Others

Cala, Tomas	1.216
Zamorra, Jose	1.300
Aquino, Francisco C.	1.400

FOURTH YEAR

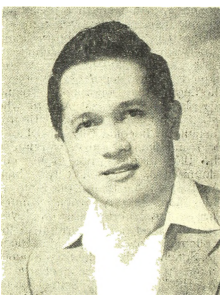
Accounting Majors

Ratcliffe, Annie	1.234
Yap, Angelita	1.366
Paz, Cecilia	1.416

All Others

Fradejas, Norma	1.200
Manaili, Solomon	1.252
Marcon, Josefina	1.683

(Continued on page 44)



Mr. Eugenio J. Alvarado, Jr.
Law III

★ OFF-SEASON HARVEST ★



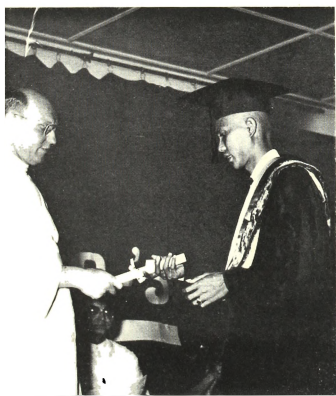
1st Semester



Graduation



... RITES ...

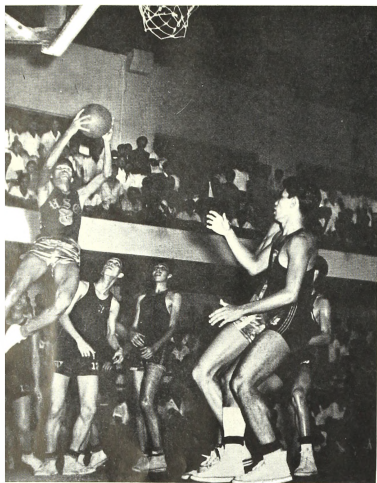


PICTORIAL
★ SECTION ★

(Photo Credits: E. ALONSO)

★ *Pictorial Story...*

FOOTNOTE to



NET PROFIT. Rogado sweeps past CIT's Roselle (13) and Chambers (12) to perforate the ring with a twin-marker.



THE WINNERS. Photo taken after the championship game shot (captain), Epimaco Borrero, Reynaldo de la Cruz, (co-captain) are: Angelo Delute, (scorer), Gerardo del Rosario, Max Pizarra; Wrocklage, Roberto Reyes, Isidoro Cañizares, Manolo Suster

THE SPOILS. CCAA Prexy Amancio Alcaro (extreme right) hands the while Ally; Mario Ortiz and Sr. Bernard Wrocklage, SVD, look on approvingly.



The gloom which enveloped the school when the Cup slipped from its grips last year instantly vanished when the Warriors once more inducted the crown it lost to a more daring team. Fanning a four-man-offense rally, the Warriors went on a free-scoring hayride that ran over their opponents. This year, as a rejuvenated Green and Gold team takes on the high bumps in Manila's championship rounds, Carolinian hopes are centered on the shooting abilities of Rogado, Cañizares, Borrero, tricky Deen, fleet-footed Galdo, team master Reyes and the arms of Pizarra.

Reyes, the darling doll of the team, is expected to duplicate his performance last year when he earned his "Rookie of the Year" title. Cañizares is one guy to lean on for points when the game gets tight as witnessed by USC-CIT skirmish which handed the defense

by **ROSSEAU**

... a "TROPHY"



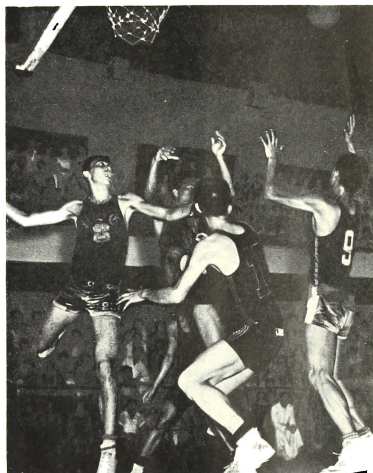
...s, from left to right, sitting: Edgardo Galdo, Danilo Deen, Agapito Rogado, Manuel Bas and Esmeraldo Abejo. Standing: Dionisio Jakusalem, Jr., Father Rector, (coach) Juan Aquino, Fr. and Zosimo Jumawan.

ing Wilacis their first taste of defeat. With the court generalship of *Boy de la Cruz*, some fireworks can be expected. And, to a very large measure, the team's mechanism will depend upon the tactical skill of its brain trust, *Dodong Aquino*.

Without question, the Warriors have deadly scoring sock. The team is a smart combination of men with plenty of grit and staying power... men who can take it and dish it out, too.

These are the hardy men who have come home triumphant from the wars. They have met the toughest teams that local caqueton could pit against them on the hardwood. In the end, no one stood up to huri defiance at them. They and they alone rose from the ruins of the CCAA tournament. And, having survived, Dame Luck gave them the Crown!

■ ESCOBER

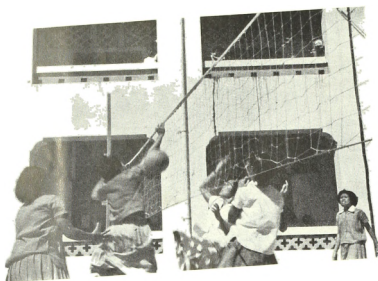


THAR SHE BLOWS. All arms are outstretched to receive the spheroid.

UP, UP THERE. It's up there at the top where victorious mentor Aquino belongs.



from the classrooms . . .



to play . . .

*they
fan
out*



to sit pretty . . .



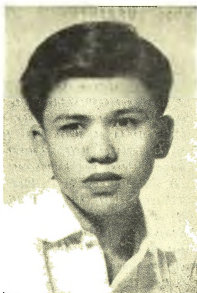
*to enjoy the company of
close friends . . .*



or to enjoy nature's privacy.

School life is not all conjugation or math; there is, after all, education outside the classroom . . .

by SIXTO LI. ABAO, JR.



of his education it is not always necessary to ask how long he has stayed in school, or how much knowledge he has earned. For the true measure of man's education is only revealed by the purity of his heart, the godliness of his conscience, the nobleness of his actions, and the usefulness of his life."

Perhaps, many will agree with Miss Soquefia in theory. But I doubt if people will still have the same point of view when they're in a store of coins. For the truth is: a man today is to be sized up not in terms of his education or his knowledge of things. What matters now is the "round thing". No matter who you are or what you are as long as you have it, you are always a "sweet-smiling baby."

We talk of real happiness but too often we do not really know what it is or what it consists of and what we ought to do to attain it. From the *Caritas* (Immaculate Heart of Mary College):

"In this world real happiness consists in the peace and joy of a peaceful conscience and in the hope of an eternal reward which springs from a well-spent life... How to attain it? Let us try to live a holier and more christian-like life. Let's try the best that we can and be faithful to the resolutions that we made. Let us learn to look for and to get the best in life and not to find misery and discomfort in it, but to find goodness and beauty, even through the ugly and the grim."

I hope that the New Year will show us how to elevate ourselves to the kingdom of Christ by becoming good people. And the New Year to sublimate the passions of men to noble ideals. But are ideals necessary? If so, what does it provide us? From the *Sillimanian* (Silliman University):

"Ideals are vitally necessary if we are to live like men and not dogs. Ideals point the way: they give us direction and provide us incentive. They sustain us in moments of trial. Ideals are to a man as the lighthouse is to a ship tossed by a tempestuous sea in a dark, dark night."

OURS is said to be an age of crass materialism. So that one's outward appearances become the yardstick of man. Today, a person's worth is gauged by the size of his bank-roll, the grandeur of the house in which he lives, the quality of the clothes that he wears, and the number of costly shoes that he owns.

We most often forget that beneath an ordinary or lowly exterior so many great and holy things may be hidden. We have forgotten that Christ identifies Himself with the meek and the humble, the lowly and the poor.

These are facts too sad to be true. But that is truth. Mr. Libarios of the *Power* (Saint Paul's College, Tacloban City) has this to say:

"Whatever may be one's profession in life, let us not forget that man's success during his lifetime is not measured in the eyes of God by the amount of money he might have amassed for himself and family. Neither is it gauged by the size or grandeur of the residential mansion nor by the number or the vastness of his plantations. The criterion of real success is a positive evidence of a mere enduring value of man's actual service rendered in the name and to the honor of his God and country, to his community and fellow human beings."

Similar sentiment is expressed by Miss Lucy Soquefia of the *Augustinian Mirror* (San Agustin University). We quote:

"Educational attainment or degree is not the ultimate criterion to judge a man's education. It is not the amount of knowledge that he has amassed that makes it; neither a number of books that he has read or possessed. But his dealings and deeds. To judge men

There are some of us who claim to have no ideal. This is not true. The naked truth is: any man, no matter if he denies it, perhaps because of defeat and frustration, has always an ideal, be it small or big. Man, being what he is, cannot just live for nothing; otherwise, he would be reducing himself to an automaton whose category is much lower than the brutes.

Students, as well as teachers, are limited beings. Their comprehensive powers differ but both have their own limits. A teacher may have greater power to understand things while a student may have less or vice versa.

To a student in a classroom, the easiest way of clarifying his doubt about certain subject matters is to raise a question, so that as a result, questions after questions may be raised to reach a point of agreement. On the part of a teacher, it may be boring but the student must be enlightened. Teachers are teachers and should understand the shortcomings of their students. They should, therefore, answer the questions point by point not in anger but in sober explanation.

Unfortunately, some teachers do not allow their students to ask questions because they consider them as a personal challenge or reproach to their teaching capacities. Let us give a listen to *The ICC Star* (Iloilo City Colleges):

"No student can ever hope to learn when he cannot understand what his instructors are talking about. What can be more natural and proper than to ask a question when one wants to be clarified? It is distressing to note, however, that some instructors have a

(Turn to next page)

CROSS CURRENTS

(Continued from page 27)

wrong conception of questions asked inside the classroom that they consider it as a personal challenge to their capacity and know-how. They, therefore, instead of giving light to the matter, present their argument, prejudiced, biased and belligerent. How can a student then be clarified if the instructor starts his clarification by trying to prove that the student is wrong and confuse all the issues? Others will not permit questions not directly connected with the subject matter, though logical and practical. They have perhaps forgotten that college education is but a small part of our lives. What will be the use of theories and lectures, if after all, one does not apply them practically to his daily life? Perhaps these instructors should be students in practical living."

Among students and teachers, as among nations, mutual friendship should be indispensable. Commenting on a special degree of symbiotic relationship between instructors and students, the Rizalian (Rizal Memorial Colleges) says:

"Classroom studies require a special degree of symbiotic cooperation, especially between professors and the students. The former guide the latter to discover and achieve something better. The learning process will be impossible if this harmonious interrelation doesn't operate. For instance if a professor gives an assignment, but the students do not care to work on it, what will happen? Conversely, think of the students who are eager and willing to learn, but unfortunately, the professor concerned is inactive what will follow? In the absence of this sort of persons and family relationship between these two groups of people inside the class, school life will be as dry as the deserts of Africa."

Bright idea but this is enough to beat the deadline. ♪

THE WOMEN PILGRIMS USC GRADUATE in SCHOOL Chaucer's Canterbury Tales

INTRODUCTION

I see all the pilgrims, their humours, their features and their very dress, as distinctly as if I had supped with them at the Tabard in Southwark.

— DRYDEN —

IF CHAUCER had written only the "Canterbury Tales" and nothing more, he would still occupy a unique place in English literature. Like Spencer's "Faery Queen" or Bacon's "Instauratio", Chaucer's masterpiece was never completed, but he, nevertheless, achieved his magnificent purpose: to paint a picture of the varied aspects of social life in contemporary England. So vividly does Chaucer present his motley pilgrims that the reader feels they are personal acquaintances with whom he shares the joy of living, its dreams and its failings. Though only twenty-four tales were written, they cover an unusually wide range of narratives, including satires, fables, exempla, romances of chivalry and love, and the vulgar comedy of low life.

The stories are extraordinary in their variety, particularly in their digressive tendency characteristic of medieval story-telling. With casual informality, Chaucer interrupts his narratives to indulge in philosophical or moral commentaries. Here and there he repeats himself without embarrassment, throwing in words or lines without sense, promising to bring a story to a close quickly but dragging on tediously. This deliberate carelessness contributes to the holiday mood of the pilgrimage.

The portraits of the pilgrims shift from the attire, to a facet of character, then back with an apparent lack of organization. Yet each pilgrim stands out distinctly as a type of medieval character and also as an individual personality.

In the light of the usual predominance of women—in number, at least—in matters of religious practices or demonstrations, especially today, it seems rather odd that of the thirty or so pilgrims only three are women, two of whom are religious and the third, a coarse though good-hearted libertine. Certainly, they must have been conspicuous by their number and, in all probability, must have received more than the usual share of attention from the rest of the company.

Section

THE STUDENT of literature who reads the character portrait of the Prioress is most likely to single her out as the pilgrim most deserving of respect and awe. For one reason, she was one of the three women who formed a notable minority in the group of men. For another, she easily stood out in the feminine group with her courtly ways and stately dignity and her

world, she grew up "ful simple and coy" and never had a chance to deal much with such vulgar characters as the Summoner or the Miller. Otherwise, the coths that escaped her lips would have been worse than the mild "St. Loy". Eglyentyne was "of greet disport" but took her lessons with such seriousness that in no time "French she spok ful faire and fetisly."

She found no difficulty in accepting the stringent discipline of the novitiate since at home a strict-laced mother had taught her the graceful table etiquette that forbade her to "wette hir fingres in his sauce depe". Indeed,

was relieved by a variety of occupations.

Eglyentyne's mild disposition and very pleasant manners, her aristocratic bearing, and physical attraction made her very popular with the nuns. They saw a woman of good background and breeding so that it was no surprise at all that, after some years they chose her for the office of prioress. The new position, while giving her a number of convenient privileges a simple nun could not enjoy, entailed many responsibilities, among which were looking after the discipline of the convent and taking care of money matters.

Madame EGLENTYNE: THE NUN PRIORESS

by LEONOR S. BORROMELO

religious gorb.

One imagines how she must have caught the pilgrims' eyes and given rise to unspoken admiration with

*Her nose tretys;
hir eyes gray as glas;
Hir mouth ful smal,
and ther-to softe and reed;
But sikerly she hadde
a fair forehead;
It was almost a spanne;
brood, I trowe.*

Such patrician beauty must have awed even the Miller and the Summoner and ignited sparks of womanly envy in the Wife of Bath to whom nature had not been very generous.

But that is all that meets the eye. With characteristic good sense and mellow humor, Chaucer presents Madame Eglyentyne as a blameless little nun "ful plesaunt, and amiable of port."

In all likelihood, the girl Eglyentyne entered the Benedictine nunnery in London when she was barely in her teens, so that un-schooled in the ways of the outside

*Wel coude she carie a
morsel and wel kepe,
That no drope ne fille
upon hir brest.*

She took such delight in these niceties that she impressed many a clumsy nun who could not drink without leaving traces of grease on her cup or who reached out for her food unbecomingly.

Eglyentyne showed marked aptitude for singing. Very often her voice would rise above the voice of the choir in the convent chapel as . . . she song the sevice diuynne,
Entuned in hir nose ful semely.

In the afternoons in summer, Eglyentyne and her sisters would either do brain work or spin and embroider altar vestments; at times they would do garden work or go out haymaking. These activities were followed by periods of relaxation. Of course, the religious services formed an important part of the monastic schedule. Thus, the monotonous regularity of the offices

The responsibilities were too head-breaking to suit her, but the privileges more than made up for the ordeal of having to solve the various problems inherent in the office. As head of the convent she did not have to account to anybody for her actions except the bishop who came around only on visitations. She could go out of the convent to see how the estates were getting along, and whenever she did there was one nun who was with her as companion and assisted her in every little way. Then, too, a couple of priests came along, for a nun was not allowed to go out of convent walls alone. Thus, in this Canterbury pilgrimage she was in the company of her chaplain and three priests.

As prioress Madame Eglyentyne had to entertain visitors, especially paying guests in the convent, like wives of crusaders who were away in heathen lands or pilgrims on their way to some distant shrine. Quite naturally, these boarders with their

(Continued on page 45)

The USC BUCKLE STARTS A TALE

MUCH has been told about how owners of amulets and other good luck charms are invulnerable to the effects of bullets, blades, explosives, and even to malignant curses and wishes of hard luck. The explanation of Kamlon's numerous successful escapes from the clutches of our armed forces was believed by some to be due to an "amling-ating" which protected the wily chieftain from bullets and in instances gave him the cloak of invisibility.

Favorite bed-time stories include such tales, also, of how a rabbit's foot, the egg of a heron or a stone from the mouth of a snake could bestow good luck and happiness on its possessor. There is not much to be said about the truth of these incidents, though.

But one experience which stands out from the rest of similar yarns because of its truth and authenticity is about how a buckle — a USC buckle, to be precise — carved for

Three Heroes and a Story

(Continued from page 17)

bound for home, a Brother sauntered to where I sat in a reminiscent mood. He cross-examined me, intimately, regarding how I felt about the trip... the people... the places... oh, he inquired, especially the trip — the arduous trip. Did it do me some good, he queried, with particular interest. At that, I looked at him squarely, almost indulgently, and with deliberate candor answered: Yes, indeed. I enjoyed it more than you can ever know, Brother. You see, I came to brush elbows with three great, outstanding heroes — GOD, the Bishop, and Old Faithful. ‡

me a certain degree of recognition. May in our island, aside from being the month when flowers bloom, is also the Month of Fiestas.

It was during one of these fiestas that I came up with a very amusing albeit embarrassing, incident. I was attending a fiesta celebra-

tion in a certain barrio. Together with my two friends, we went to a celebrant's house. At the outset, I was reluctant to go. I did not know the celebrant and I did not want to be rebuffed. Moved, however, by their brotherly persuasion, I acceded on condition that they be responsible for everything. We were ushered into the reception room — a spacious one where almost all corners were adorned with fresh and lovely sampaguitas. The room was painted white with costly wall

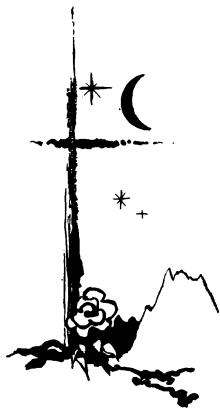
bases banging on the sides. There were pictures of Filipino heroes framed so well that they looked stimulating to the eyes. At one corner there was a wash-drawing of Maria Clara, Rizal's typical Filipina, and on another, an oil painting of Amorsolo's Sunset over Manila Bay. As my eyes continued to feast on the beautiful and historical murals hanging on the walls, my friend suddenly poked me on my floating ribs and whispered: "It's chow time. Be ready." The visitors were then beginning to go to their places at the table. I was hardly seated at the table when suddenly a tender hand patted me. Then I saw her in pigtails and I felt a sudden commotion within my breast. My heart began to palpitate hard. In a soft and modulated voice, she invited me to sit at the head of the table. I wanted to refuse the invitation knowing that there were others older than I, but

her insistence made me accept. Deep inside me, as I began to eat, was a strange uneasiness which I concealed from the others. The importance given me by the host was tormenting not because I was new to it but because, on an occasion like that, a man of higher rank ought to have been given more preference than I. I began to suspect that there was something responsible for the extra-kind treatment. The host was known as an advocate of the "select-the-select" system during fiestas. The term is applied to a custom of accommodating only those people who stand on even keel with the host. Select-the-select, therefore, meant the rich-with-the-rich and the poor-with-the-poor.

After the meal, we were ushered again into the sala where we sat with beautiful teen-agers from the mainland (Mindanao). What followed was convivial and warm fellowship among us. They talked of many things about their schools, of their friends in the city where they were studying. The conversation included boring tales; nevertheless, I tried to be attentive. I thought my attentiveness would spare me from the task of gabbing but I was wrong for somebody asked me: "How about telling us about The University of San Carlos? You

by SIXTO LLACUNA ABAO, Jr.

know, we are very much interested about this well-known institution and we would be glad to hear about your campus activities." I became aware then that I was wearing a USC buckle which I had borrowed from my brother. I had no idea the buckle would place me in a fix. I was torn between telling them I was not studying in USC and going on with a fictitious tale of the school. The first alternative would have embarrassed me and the second would have made me open to suspicion since I knew next to nothing about San Carlos. I decided to take the latter alternative. I told them of the imposing facade of the University of San Carlos, of its learned professors, of its active students and the fine campus spirit. I told them a lot from out of the blue. I thought I was fibbing then but now that I have come to San Carlos, I realize how truthful I was all the time. ‡



Why must a rose bloom only to
fade and die?
Why must the sun set only to rise
again?
Why must a wave dash upon a rock
only to become silver coins
scattered on the shore?
Why must we love only to cry
and
Sleep only to awake and end those
happy dreams?

A Poem To Pacita

• ANGELINA R. LABUCAY

Take a smile
Add a little mischief.
Take a barrel-full of happiness
Add a drop of sorrow.
Take a lot of courage
Add a little fear.
For that's what you are
A dear, dear little girl
Who loves the world
And whom the world loves.

JANUARY, 1957

Two Poems

• by ABE TUIBEO

encouragement

*o christian soul despair not in that state
wherein you weep mid shades of nights forlorn
for just beyond this weary world of hate
behind the veil of your tears there beams a morn
forever fair and so just lift your eyes
and wait for only those that hope and fight
against the odds shall merit in the skies
a crown of bliss in heaven's eternal light
yes only trust for though you are wont to stray
among stygian worlds of sins and errors
within God's heart you'll find a sanctuary
not shrouded by the ghosts of death and terrors
now rise! ascend ethereal heights again
wherc beckons you life's golden crown to gain!*

dedication

*o dearest maid although those gracious charms
which i was wont in days gone by to love
would wither like a flower yet in my arms
i'll hold you still and in my prayers above
your name i'll always speak; true love is shown
not only by your nearness to me
but also when its color is tried and known,
when it can bleed and seal a calvary,
and so never say when we are far apart
i forget you or turn my heart from you
for even now i swear deep in my heart
that till the grave i'll be forever true
because my love is not a passing one
which burns but coals when summer days are gone!*

PAGE 31

Anything

YOU SAY...

REQUIRED SUBJECT?

Much has been said by "free-swinging students" against Religion as a required subject. Quite a number of them complain about its being an additional task, a burden, a load that requires the useless expenditure of energy and time. To my way of thinking, the kindest that can be said of this view is that it is insane because it emphasizes too strongly and quite too wrongly the material, temporal side of life. I have nothing against professional subjects in the arts and sciences. They are necessary and useful. Emphasis should be given them but only so much emphasis! Since these are all transitory, a counterbalance must be provided to deepen the mind and to enable it to see things that escape the senses. The importance of Religion is thus apparent here.

Besides, Religion ought to be studied if for no other reason than as a token of gratitude of love and thanksgiving to God for making man the "masterpiece of His creation," endowed with a will and intellect. Let this be the norm: "What will it profit a man if he possesses all the transient knowledge the world can offer but neglects and casts aside the knowledge of all knowledge and the master of all arts?"

ESTRELLA DATOR
Education IV

3rd Provisional Company
7th Inf Regt, 3rd Inf Div. PA
Fort William McKinley, Rizal
24 September, 1956

Dear Editor:

I missed Cebu City very much and for quite sometime now but many times more for a good man who, I learned only very recently, is there at the USC as a member of the greatly growing school faculty.

I came across the name of my former mentor, Mr. VICENTE ESPIRITU, in an issue of THE CAROLINIAN which was shown to me by a former USC student now here in Manila. He was my principal of the Notre Dame College in San Fernando, Cebu, which previously was a branch of the CSC (then USC).

Here I express my happiness in meeting once again my good mentor though only through the school organ's pages and extend him the best of regards.

Very sincerely,
(Sgd.) FELIXBERTO E. CANOY
2nd Lieut. Infantry, Ex-O

Japan Correspondence Club
c/o Mrs. Osamu Takemura,
10, 2-Cheme, Choda,
Fuse-City, Osaka, Japan
November 30, 1956

Dear Sir,

I hope you will not be embarrassed to receive a letter from a stranger. We, young people of Japan, are very repentant of the causeless war, and have borne sufferings and exerted all efforts to rebuild Japan on the devastated land.

We learn a great deal from democracy, the spirit of which we want to spread all over Japan to make her a peaceful and democratic country. We boys and girls of High Schools, Colleges and members of Pen Pals Club (11-30) numbering about 5,000 consider it the best and shortest way for learning democracy that we correspond with them and have formed a group for the purpose.

We do hope you will kindly forward our wishes to the students of your school, so that we can receive letters from your boys and girls who are willing to correspond with Japanese students.

We shall be very much obliged if you could write something about us on your school paper, or send us letters, collected without cover, of them who desire to correspond with Japan.

Please write about sex, age, hobbies, desires and etc., of an individual of the students.

We shall never fail to answer. Looking forward to your kind assistance.

Yours very sincerely,
MRS. OSAMU TAKEMURA

P.S. If possible, please send us picture/s of you.

"NATIONALISM is the genuine feeling of unity between the citizens of a country." It is both good and bad. It is good when it is moderated and bad, when abused. Moderation is best learned with education; abuse is mostly due to ignorance. The primary seat of education is the school while ignorance thrives in the school's backyards. Well-moderated nationalism is the springboard to national progress; abused nationalism is the gangway to national ruin. In the moderation of nationalism, the school plays an important part.

If one walks in a complete darkness, he may reach home but with much difficulty and perhaps with lumps on his head after bumping

The Role of the

against one object after another. If he uses a torch, he will reach home without difficulty, seeing even the holes in his path. The torch is not a limitation but his guide. It does not make him pass this way or that, but it helps him see where he is going. It does not forbid him to jump into a ditch, but it only shows him that there is a ditch. In the dark pathways of life, we need a guide. A nation needs a guide, a torch to light its way and this torch is the school, a good school where there is a well-grounded education.

The school, like religion, is not a limitation to the mind in its ascent into the heights of knowledge. It does not chip the mind's wings but on the contrary, it is not only an emporium of knowledge but also adds something important into it: something which enables the mind to see far beyond; something which makes the mind beware of soaring so high that it strikes the ceiling of pride and excess and falls down crushed and broken. This "something" is the sense of moderation.

Sense of moderation is best known and taught in school. In the school are offered different subjects. In all these, we learn the destructive effect of excess and the gratifying result of moderation. In economics and sociology, for example, we

learn that too much liberalism in industry results in monopoly and destructive competition. In philosophy, we are taught that an overdose of pessimism is fatal; an overdose of optimism is foolish. In history, we learn that too much nationalism is as destructive to a nation as too much wine is harmful to a man. Nationalistic intoxication clouds the nation's mind and makes it blind to the gaping precipice of national ruin ahead. The excessive nationalism of Germany, for example, led to its own disintegration. Germany now is a divided nation, a miserable tribute to and a sad reminder of, unbridled nationalism. Egypt, too, may taste its bitter fruit unless it puts a little foresight and reason

Al in Nationalism

by ROMULO ARTILLAGA

to its nationalism in the present Suez Canal problem.

All these, we can learn in school. They give a lesson to guide us in the future. The school's role, therefore, in the nationalism of a country is like a driver's role in a running automobile. It is a lighthouse to the destiny of a nation. It is the torch that lights the way towards national progress. It is a guide.

USC'S HONOR ROLL

(Continued from page 22)

NORMAL COLLEGE

FIRST YEAR

Batiforra, Leonora	1.31
Gantuango, Felicidad	1.73
Rosario Virgencita	1.77

SECOND YEAR

Fernandez, Luciana	1.27
Fuentes, Margarita	1.34
Pen, Lamberta	1.42

THIRD YEAR

Bacorta, Lina	1.04
Carbonilla, Amparo	1.10
Camenforte, Zenaida	1.45

FOURTH YEAR

Santos, Benjamin	1.35
Garcia, Anania	1.67
Vasquez, Aniceta	1.74

(Continued on page 42)

Alumni * * CHIMES

By Joe P. de la Riera

A BOOK, they say, can be judged by its cover, but it is judged best by its contents. And by little analogy, the standard of a school can also be determined by its alumni or vice-versa. The record of USC's alumni who are in the field speak very well of the University. For many of her sons and daughters hold respectable positions in the public service and in well-known commercial establishments. This department keeps track of their achievements in the hope that they will serve as an inspiration for those who are to follow. Let us roll off names now . . .

From Ormoc City, our tipster, Miss NORMA VALMORES, A.B. '56, informed us that the PAZ sisters, CORAZON and EPIFANIA are going great guns where they are now. Corazon, a BSE grad of class '53, is now showing her know-how in one of the schools of Montebello, Kananga, Leyte; while Epifania, BSC '56, is a Demonstrator of the Philippine Refining Company. This must be some sort of a community service, Fanny, carry on the banner.

From the very lips of WILLIE CABANILLA, we have been informed that ADELINE GUIBONE who, a year ago, sported a graduation dress to receive her B.S.E.D. sheepskin, is now busy moulding the youth of Camiguin Island. She is assigned as classroom mentor of Hubangon Central School, Hubangon, Mahinog, Mis. Or. Willie also passed on the news that Deling hurdled the recent Junior Teachers' exams. Our belated kudos Ma'am. If you set foot on Hinundayan, Leyte, you'll find out that Mrs. JOSEFINA L. PETILLA and Mrs. CONCORDIA L. ALPUERTO, both Education graduates, are imparting the 3 R's to the children of said town. With their enthusiasm for work, we are confident that they'll be successes in their own quiet ways.

This column would be incomplete without the mention of our successful legal practitioners. So we are

reeling them off to you. Among the younger set are Attorneys EMILIO LUMONTAD, JR., whose legal tongue catapulted him to high esteem, and BIENVENIDO JABAN, who successfully defended his Thesis for the degree of Master of Laws in the University of the Philippines. Ben belongs to Law Class '52. Here, he was tops in oratory and excelled in his practice, thanks to his golden tongue. That's the kind of man we picture him to be. Attorneys MARIANO NAJARRO and RAFAEL BELARMINO are connected with the International Harvester Co. as legal counsels. Designated as Justices of the Peace were Attorneys VICENTE REQUILME, of Barili; NUMERIANO CARREON, of Ronda; TEODORO LIM, of Bantayan, all of Cebu province; and GIL VERGARA, of Kanaon, Negros Oriental. *Fiat justitia, ruat coelum.*

On the business side, our graduates come out on top of the heap. Our genial and unassuming EUGENIO (Iti) TAN is juggling facts and figures in the Caltex Phil. His scholastic records speak for himself. ROMEO BISON, BSC '56, is also with the same firm as personnel clerk. Because of his mastery in office technique, coupled with his adaptability, Romy has more than proved his mettle.

On the other side of the fence, we have TRIUMFO MAITIM and Atty. MAXIMINO G. VILLARIN who are connected with the Shell Co. Triumfo, one-time clerk of the Registrar's Office, proved once and for all that his is some kind of Horatio Alger story. JOSE MAYOL, FLORA MANLOSA and AGUSTIN B. JAMIRO are making full use of their debit-credit lore in a shipping business in this city. Smooth sailing, comrades!

If you take time out at the USIS, you'll notice that it has much of the Carolinian atmosphere due to the presence of Mr. TEODORO MADAMBA and Mr. CRES BATIQUIN. These fellows are two USC alumni who can be relied upon. Cres is a frequent contributor to the Philip-

pires Free Press; while Teddy was once a correspondent of the Manila Bulletin.

From SISOY RUIZ, we got this interesting news: ELISEO PIEDAD, a BSE grad, is with the Assessor's office, this city. Am I right in hinting at a decrease of assessment problems for Carolinians? Another alumnus who jettisoned his BSE sheepskin in favor of an office job is LINDY ORNOPIA. He's with the CEPOC in Tina-an, Cebu. Engr. TEODORO RUIZ is with the D.E.'s office as highway engineer. A hard-hitting and diligent Engineer, he is well-loved by his men. Speaking of Engineers, we were able to track down an independent-minded Engineer from Bohol. He has several constructions all over the Visayas and Mindanao. An ex-Army man, he knows how to handle men of different category which is probably one of the assets of his success. His handle: Engr. JESUS D. ESCOBAL, a civil engineer.

Hanging around is sometimes profitable, especially if it is done in the Library. It is not only a knowledge but is also a source of well-being. So that RESTITUTO BACALSO had very valid reasons when he turned down a teaching position in Mindanao and signed

up for a stint in the Cebu City Public Library where he works as one of the assistant librarians. With him in the same boat is NENITA COLINA. Another active Carolinian who loves library work is Mrs. RICARDA SANCHEZ, in charge of our Girls' High School Library. Jolly and convivial, she is the girl students' favorite Ma'am...

RUFO RUSIANA is with the faculty staff of the Girls' High. Intelligent and energetic, Mr. Rusiana's first love is teaching. And he's happily at it!

Last item comes from lovable and congenial VIRGINIA APARTE. She gave us quite a lift by telling us the whereabouts of some Carolinians. She reports that her friends are happily employed in different firms in the city. They are TRANQUILINO ODEVILAS who works with the Cebu Cartage; BOB ABAO, DAHLIA CADELL, DICK APARTE and MARCOS ESCOBER who are with the International Harvester.

LYDIA ANCGOG is with the del Rosario Bros., and FLOR DALOCANOG aside from being the secretary of Fr. Rector, is also handling some subjects in the Commerce Department. Congrats, Flor... Credit also goes to TERET ARANAS without whose assistance this column would have had less personalities.

* A L U M N O T E S *

CONGRATULATIONS

For the past seven years, we've been keeping tab on the success of alumni who left USC's portals to face a happy, waiting world. These fortunate individuals succeeded because of three things they are armed with, namely: courage, patience and perseverance. If you want names, they are: DR. TITA VELAYO, DR. FLOR BORROMEO and DR. LOURDES OMOLON, who hurdled the May exam for Medical practitioners. They were active in USC during their Pre-Med days. Tita and Flor are now working in the Southern Islands Hospital while Dr. Omolon is with the San Nicolas Hospital Staff. Cheerio!

Congratulations are also in line for Miss AURORA B. LABITAN and Mr. PRUDENCIO CAMPOS for having successfully hurdled the board exam for Chemists. Both were signed up as laboratory instructors in Chemistry.

CONDOLENCE

The Carolinian staff requests all Carolinians to say a word of prayer for our alumni who passed away recently. They are MRS. NECISIA POQUITA, who met instantaneous death in a highway accident on her trip to Cotabato; the late MISS ROSARIO TAJUDA, who finished her Pre-Nursing course in USC three years ago and MR. PLARDEL ESTORCO a former law student. MAY THEIR SOULS REST IN PEACE!

The JPIA and USC's Commerce Department

by CLOMEN M. VERALLO

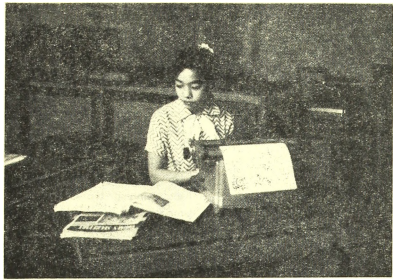
THE JPIA means the Junior Philippine Institute of Accountants. It was a pet project of Miss A. Rodil, (herself a member of the Philippine Institute of Accountants, Cebu Chapter,) long conceived, and now formed into a breathing reality. It is formed to make accounting students more conscious of their academic responsibilities and to help bring down the high mortality among the aspirants to the sublime profession of Certified Public Accountancy. It is formed to act as a guiding hand in terms of lectures given now and then, pamphlets containing new tax regulations affecting accountancy in general, books of the latest edition to compete with the library of the examiner.

The school library has an extensive collection of rare books. It contains numerous books on Law, Engineering, Philosophy, Literature, etc., of the latest editions; but, it is lamentable to say that, as regards Accounting, what it has are only a few antiquated editions. Maybe this is primarily because, according to the recent census conducted by library personnel, the Commerce department, which supposedly has the highest number of enrolment, has the latest number of students who enter the library. The Junior JPIA enters here. The club proposes to petition the administration to consider the idea of buying more books of the latest editions to help the needy Accounting students, especially the C.P.A. reviews, in their review.

The Accounting Majors have various qualms as regards the actual practice of Accounting. They are meeting more theory than practice in school life. Unlike Pharmacy which requires actual apprenticeship, or Engineering for that matter, which gives students the opportunity to tinker with machines and motors, Accounting offers no more than theories to students. There are of course a handful of exceptions. The

(Continued on page 49)

ramblings in lower case



by Lourdes v. Jaramilla

like an indian serenade that rises softly to awakening the deep slumber of a memory to remembrance, the arrival of the new year into this world, old yet ever new, steals silently to surprise us with the consciousness that the year we've been so used to calling "now" is gone. we rub our eyes but we see the calendar bears the unquestionable concreteness of a tangible date that was never there before. where has yesterday fled? today is just the same day before. but once is a forgotten time. each day is a part of eternity... as much a milestone in the infinite timelessness as creation itself... one day... today... 24 precious hours more to live... alive among the world of the living... one more chance to plan my destiny... another opportunity to breathe again under the wide arch of God's blue sky... who can ask for more when so many have less than that?

in everyone of us lies a veil of no-man's land, the illusion that obscures the real we. there is in each of us a dual we. one is our impersonal calm, that day-to-day exterior we seem to meet each day as though it was nothing but simply another day to get over with. another is the soul behind the face... the living heart stripped of that thin veneer of civilized nonchalance. this is we in our sober moments, our creative spirit, our responsive side. and no man ever really penetrates the soul of a kindred spirit unless one loves — the platonic love of empathy that rises above all selfishness of ego, to enter the secret world of a fellow being. but this is so alien in our times where we see nothing beyond our noses...

in all of us there is the hidden mystery of true personality and if we could only "reach" the soul, we can read in it the same elemental human aspirations that have remained ever changeless from history's beginning... there is a little of a poet in each of us; only its romance is never appreciated because it lies too deep in us that so very few succeed in ever really giving it concrete expression. all of us have an affinity with the world's poets in the sense that we have had the same ideas and feelings, only that they say them better and clearer!

students sit before a teacher day in and day out, semester after semester, but that is no guarantee they know each other pretty well by now. every mentor knows the secret blankness of his students' faces... knowing them so much and so little! what's in a name anyway? what lies beneath the surface and the show, the human

(Continued on page 44)

Youth Social Action:

The Answer To Age-Old Distrust

(Continued from page 43)

to be. Is this what we call prudence? Or is prudence a mere armchair that easily degenerates into weakness and lethargy? Our youth does not seek to fight for emancipation. They want to do something more positive than that. They look up to you, not for your distrust and cynicism, but for guidance, for wisdom and, above all, for inspiration. Young communists are trained, through hard work and study, to become leaders in the movement. Are we to believe that it is impossible to find young Catholics with equal capabilities and with equal spirit of dedication? State universities prepare their students for career life. When shall our Catholic schools prepare their students for lifetime opportunities THROUGH their chosen careers?

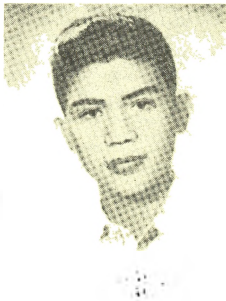
USC NEWS

(Continued from page 26)

LUGAY HEADS ARCHDIOCESAN CENTRAL COUNCIL

Mr. Rafael Lugay, Jr., president of the USC SCA and concurrently vice-president of the Archdiocesan Central Council recently assumed the presidential post vacated by the incumbent president who resigned. Mr. Lugay proceeded to reorganize the said council and patch up several loopholes left by the outgoing administrator.

Meanwhile, Miss Betty B. Antonio took over the presidency of the USC SCA unit. (Cont'd on page 47)



Mr. RAFAEL LUGAY
President, Cebu Archdiocesan
Central Council

The Warriors'

FOLLOWING

Eladio Villa is perhaps the smallest gym to accommodate a major league tournament. Its absolute capacity is slightly less than three thousand. When 7,000 determined fans try to get in a 2,500-capacity stadium, the temperature hits the ceiling. And so do the prices and the tempers. Plus the fact that an ordinary Carolinian rooler makes more noise than other spectators, the actual capacity of the gym is raised to the nth degree. But the discomfort is ignored to the annoyance of the management.

The exploits of the Warriors are even more incredible than those of their partisan crowd. Good, bad and fantastic, they have become a part of the U's colorful background.

The muddled idiosyncracies of the crowd are forgotten as soon as the team takes the hardwood. The team is managed and coached by Juan "Dodong" Aquino and has been, in his honor, named "DUDS". In the years before Dodong's hands louched the team, he played with the Warriors, vinlage 1948, the National Champions then. The fans cater to Dodong and, in some instances, there have been signs that the feeling is mutual. But to the ordinary student, the team is a beloved Dud when it wins and then a plain unadulterated D.u.d. when it throws a game.

Carolinians who have the screwy instinct of a bird-dog have followed the Warriors as religiously as a salmon fights its way up-river. Champion in the wacky dealings is a Warrior named Max "Republican" Pizarra who, when asked by the father confessor of the team, Rev. Fr. Bernard Wrocklage, "How are you? hurled the challenge with, "Still single, Father." During the CCAA championship game with CIT, where San Carlos won by a one-point dent, someone upstairs carelessly hinged his shirt over the railing with the result that during the hottest part of the game, the shirt plummeted down to someone else's lap. The victim simply looked up and inquired, "where are the pants?" USC's devotees of La Noopla had some moments of ecstasy when the team won the Cup. Last year, when some wayward wind blew it across to some other school, USC's bleachers were as deserted as a cemetery without graves. The school organ did its best by giving out a sports issue, reminiscent of better days. There's only one way to describe the state the Green and Gold fans are in now... they're not here; they are up there floating lazily over some cloud, pinching their ears in disbelief. "Where's Charley?" Point to that stone symbol; its there, but its rooler's wares are off somewhere.

The reason for the Warriors' mounting number of followers is not hard to find. People like them even harder they don't do things lightly. They lose hard but they win even harder. This year San Carlos was second fiddle to the defending champ from start to finish and then the final gun announced the result that was the talk of the town for many days.

Danny Deen, the team's captain is a class by himself. A smooth foul-baiting gent, he also is a superlative hustle-dazzle kid. Doring "Shorty" Cañazares is another man with spectacular marks on his rebounds and shooting. When he gets in the game, nobody knows, including himself, what he will do, but always comes out as busy as a cash register on Christmas.

(Continued on page 45)

SHOOT & SHOUT

with Ross

The constant stream of players thrown into the game during its crucial periods belies the fact that one man can be depended on. Much can be said of boys becoming men and vice-versa and, consequently, of nervous athletes developing into fine court buddies. The University's team, an old hand at losing and winning the CCAA pennant, demonstrated to the public that rating by press ballyhoos are to be ignored and the standard of men and plays are a sure bet to count on. Some hold that the whole works are done by the sweat guys on the court, the coaching not having anything to do with victory or loss. This assertion, after all that has been said and done, crumbles on its face.

¶ The basketeurs started finely by beating three rated teams to submission, much to the disgust of everyone who took side bets. With the strength of the team up every second, it became widely accepted that if there was a team to beat, the reigning lord San Carlos was "H"!

¶ During the Cebu stint of the Olympic-bound team, the Warriors had the first taste of scalping its closest rival, the CIT Wildcats, defending champs. They slaughtered the Wildcats as an offering to the god of sport. Yeah, the Wildcats, with hides on the floor crying for thirty stitches. They demonstrated again their ability to beat that team by licking it to a frazzle thrice in a row.

¶ Everyone now had the chance to see the spunk of the much under-rated team climb an up-hill battle. It was a noseholding affair when coaches and referees met to ease the tension created after every game. The rival teams took on new color with their respective coaches as the keenest competitors.

(Continued on page 39)

(Continued from page 35)

CAROLINIANS FROM NEGROS
AND PANAY ORGANIZED

The Negros Occidental and Panay Carolinians Association, better known as the NOPACA, was formally organized during the first meeting held at the projection room of the University of San Carlos recently.

Mr. Samuel B. Fabroz of Calatrava, Negros Occidental, was elect-



Mr. Samuel B. Fabroz
President, NOPACA

ed president, vice Mr. Jose V. Arias (USC Registrar) who was last year's president. He is a sophomore in the College of Law, and a senior associate editor of the CAROLINIAN. He is being boasted as a candidate for the presidency of the association composed of students from Negros Occidental and Panay representing different universities and college here.

Other officers elected follow: Gregorio R. Andres, 1st vice-president; Eliseo Montinola, 2nd vice-president; Rita Palma and Thelma Bedonia, secretaries; Erlinda Cosco and Mary Lou Lopez, treasurers; Joaquin Ledesma and Filomena Sodevilla, auditors; Juan Suñer and Juan Lopez, press relations officers; Benjamin Dumdam and Ramon San Agustin, Jr., business managers; Rogelio Soleto, Rodney Lopez, Solico Lame-la, Jr., Leopoldo Tuberos, and Benny Agravante, sgt.-at-arms. — G.R.A.

COUP DE GRACE

by ADELINO B. SITOY

● At the outset, the world honestly thought that savages had already disappeared with the vanishing **age of beasts**. But the world was unfortunately wrong. Entirely wrong. Russia, just recently, uncloaked herself out of her civilized veneer, unmasked herself for what she really is and more than proved that **beastliness** is not a property of the past alone but of the present, too.

Over a million liberty-loving Hungarians merely **asked** for freedom. Russia butchered more than 20,000 of them; children, women, daughters, mothers, sons, fathers, and all! Their only crime: they dared ask for freedom!

Nevertheless, the Hungarians were not scared. The strong fought with arms; the workers staged a country-wide strike; the weak led to take refuge in some other land. But Russian brutalities did not end. The Russians continued to **kill and kill**... harassing the fighters, deporting what they called "reactionaries" into Siberia, shooting the refugees, chasing them even beyond the borders of the neighboring nations.

The Russians are eating the Hungarian people; the Russians are **drinking** their blood. The Russians are **beasts! brutes! savages!** They must be stopped; the barbarians must pay. Those who died for freedom must be avenged.

● Newspaper headlines:

Teachers' Exam Set Today
BARE LEAKAGE IN YESTERDAY'S EXAM
CPA Test Held Today
CPA TEST QUESTIONS LEAK OUT
10,000 Take General Clerical Exam Today
LEAKAGE IN GENERAL CLERICAL EXAM CONFIRMED

The country seems to be suffering from a **leakage fever** nowadays. It is really a great shame on the part of Juan de la Cruz **reluctantly** but **necessarily** to **admit** before our foreign visitors that this government is **crook-infested**. Dishonesty is already an everyday parlance, honesty is news.

● Speaking of jaywalking, I believe this University should adopt its own anti-jaywalking ordinance. Not just a few students **jaywalk** themselves, with that ease and unconcern unparalleled in the annals of this school's history, on their way to and from the classrooms. Consequently, traffic in the corridors and lobby are always snarled. The already noisy atmosphere worsens when the glib talkers (loose-tongued women, especially) declare their holiday... blocking the way while laughing and scratching each other... amidst the jam brought about by the lazy flow of the crowd.

Ergo: a law against jaywalking should be enforced inside the school; a special traffic policeman should be assigned to solve the traffic mess.

● This seems to be the **age of gangs**. The walls here are gang-infested. Very often, these **gangs** beat the wrong **gang** at night as witness the recent stoning of USC's glass windows.

Next time, fellows, please use bread not stones!

● Every law student here knows that the law library faces the sun morning and afternoon. Further, that because of the library's peculiar location, both librarians and library browsers are at the mercy of the sweltering heat inside it. One student who could not hold his feelings any longer heaved a very long sigh of hope that the administration, somehow and someday, may come to realize how badly this library needs at least **one electric fan** of a **ventilator** of any sort.

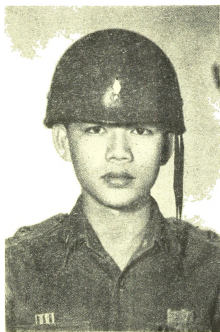
Another, however, was quick to remark: "Que será, será!"



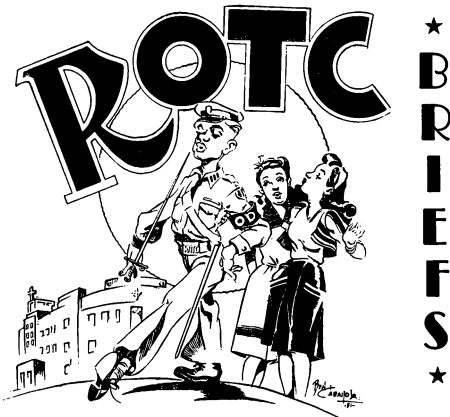
Cdt. Lt. Col. Cesar Ursal



Cdt. Major Antonio Angel



Cdt. Major Teresito Escario



by Ross Escobar

SEMI-TACTICAL INSPECTION

Military minds of this school are once more jockeying the best men to fill responsible positions for the inspection tentatively schedule for December the 12th. The names of cadets concerned have already been posted in the bulletin board to apprise them of their coming load. With two STARS already in tow, the boys face heavy responsibilities occasioned by the retention drive.

FAMILIARIZATION TRIP

The footloose attitude of our doughboys came to the fore on the last month of the first semester with a ten-mile trek to the south. A bunch of weary men came back with foot-blisters, sun-burned and generally in a fatigued condition but otherwise happy. Some amateur soldier advanced the opinion that the hike was good for his health. Of course, he was lying. I saw him!

AN OUTSIDE ACT OF THE ROTC DEPARTMENT

The YLAC festival had its day up with ROTC Sponsor Cdtte. Col. Annie Ratcliffe as its dream girl. She was escorted by equally dreamy cadets from this school. The snickers heard around was that some guy from that department contributed heavily to the vote that decided something.

OF MEN AND MUSIC

Cdt. Capt. Ireneo Tupaz is one man who likes his music soft but otherwise confesses that he'd rather do the rock 'n' roll than tag a band around some plaza. There is also Cdt. Major Teresito Escario who heartily confesses that where music is concerned, some skirts are just dreamy, right for the maestro's music. Such un military thoughts!

THE OFFICERS' BOOTS

Some men are filled with brains while others are filled with just a

THE CAROLINIAN

lot of enthusiasm and brawns. The difference here is that while the brain has to sit down and smoke in some cool shade, the determined enthusiastic individual drums up his breast with pontifical gestures to make his instructions sensible to his dunderheads even though he knows next to nothing about what he's saying. Talks are around that some instructors just mumble a lot of gibberish memorized from cook books to make it appear that they are talking sense. Of course these cadets may be prejudiced.

THE RE-ORGANIZATION

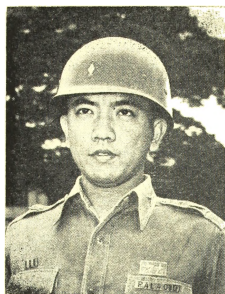
The back-to-school sojourn of the more eager beavers was not easy. Just after writing down their intention to join the amateur army, some lame officers began shoving them about, taking their liberties from them by transferring them to some other units. But that's what they call re-organization. Just to have something more palatable than sword drills.

THE WHITE SKIRTS

The pulchritudinal section of the long toms are getting easy rest this year, with the tactical inspection as the only sitting operation they have to undergo. The boys expect the ladies to be present with them in their hours of trial. The white-bereted ladies of the corps will again present some cheerful sight to the public when they take to the inspection stand during the tactical period.

SEASON'S SPIRIT

The idea that this Christmas feeling should be with us throughout the year is the best that can be suggested through this brief. Forgive and forget mistakes, shake and smile and rattle your teeth privately at your own shadows. Guys who have encountered fisticuffs during training days should hope that when things go wrong, some cool head with a big heart will be there to ease the tempers up.



Cdt. Major Gavino Palacio



Cdt. Major Cesar Lumapas



Cdt. 1st Lt. Emiliano Mecapaz, Jr.

SHOOT AND SHOUT

(Continued from page 16)

All is gone now. The sporting public has conceded the fact that ours is a team to beat, to bet on, and above all a superlative combination of men.

I had the chance of seeing three most valuable players grow up with the team. If there were any nomination for the three hottest players this semester, undoubtedly the names of "Republican Max" Pizarros, "Hercules" Balodoy Borromeo and Doring "Shorty" Cañizares would be high on my list. Their contribution to the game cannot be rated by what the scorebook shows. Their court abilities contributed much to the success of this team. Counting out names in all fairness, last year's men did themselves better this year. There is Rogedo, Deen, Reynes, and Galdo; but in my notes, the first three Warriors named achieved a near perfect harmony with the rest of the team.

With this goes a whispered gratitude to Dame Luck for giving us the Crown. There is Manila yet for the boys to conquer. But counting everything else, win or lose, the team will uphold its traditional emblem: WARRIORS. And there is a bit of promise that this crown with us will be boarding our frat house for a long... long time.

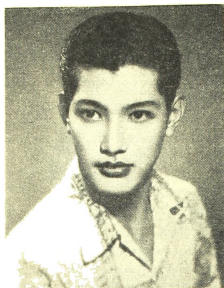
THE JPJA AND USC'S...

(Continued from page 14)

Junior PIA proposes to have a Placement and Apprenticeship Bureau wherein deserving students will have an opportunity (with favorable reference from the Junior PIA) to apply their classroom know-how.

In a recent election, Miss A. Rodil set aside the traditional quietude of Commerce Department elections when she kindled the minds of some politically-conscious Accounting Majors to put up a fight between the Seniors and the Juniors. Surprisingly enough, more than was expected did answer. The balloting for nominations ensued and the first three highest voted for nominations of the respective offices were considered as official candidates. This was conducted by the Committee on

(Continued on page 12)



Mr. Gregorio R. Andres

● Mr. GREGORIO R. ANDRES, College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, says: "The hope for peace of the teeming millions of freedom-loving peoples was bolstered when free nations of the world created an able-bodied organization known as the United Nations Organization. Its main purpose of existence is dedicated to the maintenance of world peace and security by promoting friendly relations among nations.

We should be thankful that the U.N. never lost its hope and never failed to show what it could do to uphold the doctrine of world peace. Instead, it has lettered out impending threats which could have been another cause for the start of a global War. The hostilities that clogged the peace of Palestine, Indonesia, and Greece were all pacified by the endeavor of the United Nations through cease-fire and armistice agreements. In the case of Hungary, a logical step for the attainment of peace is being undertaken so that the Hungarians may once again regain their shackled freedom. So to say, the United Nations Organization really deserves the name: an instrument for international peace and security."

● Mr. PETRONIO ROA, College of Commerce, says: "As far as maintenance of international peace and security is concerned, the United

According to Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, there are two extreme views concerning the United Nations: bigotry against it and fanaticism for it. He wrote that there are those who can see nothing but evil in the United Nations, who believe that it ought to be abolished since it is used only as a sounding board for Russian propaganda and because it has not established peace in the world. He minimized this view by saying that these men forget the good that the U.N. has accomplished, such as the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Iran, the support and help it gave to Greece to rid itself of Communist aggression, and also the financial aid that it gave to the distressed peoples of the world.

The War in the Middle East triggered by the Suez Canal conflict confronts the integrity of the United Nations. These questions are often asked: Would the integrity of the United Nations be doomed if such War continues without the U.N. having settled it? Is the United Nations, at this stage, a failure? How much faith have its members, especially small nations like the Philippines, on the assurance that they will enjoy security against foreign aggression? Should the U.N. pack up or stay?

What Do You

Conducted by SAMUEL B. FABROZ

Nations Organization is a failure. This is due to the fact that major powers who are so-called members of the U.N. don't cooperate in giving effect to the authority of the Organization in achieving peaceful settlement or adjusting disputes. Small member nations seem to be deprived of the security they had hoped to achieve through it because of the U.N.'s inability to put an end to wranglings or to prevent the use of force.

It is true that in Palestine, Indonesia and Kashmir, the U.N. played a significant role in bringing fighting to an end. But on the Korean question, which is supposed to be more dangerous, the United Nations Organization was practically unable to take positive and advantageous steps to end the War. This failure could be attributed to the fact that the U.N. is adopting systems which are ineffective, so to say. Control by the Organization over its member, especially the big powers, is loose. By the system it has adopted and is still adopting, member states seem to be placed under no legal obligation

to respect agreements and proposals mutually contracted.

Therefore, it is but necessary that there be a complete revision of the Charter of the United Nations, particularly the provisions on collective defense."



Mr. Petronio Roa

THE CAROLINIAN



(Miss) Marietta Egay

Think

● Miss **MARIETTA EGAY**, College of Law, says: "When we speak of world peace, we must of necessity speak of United Nations Organization. World peace is the organization's chief reason for being. Since its formative years of existence, it cannot be denied that the U.N. has done its part in promoting friendly relations among nations all over the world. International disputes have been minimized through the measures undertaken by the U.N. just for and in the name of the great cause, international peace.

The present chaos on the rivalry over the use of the Suez Canal is another problem which the United Nations is seriously trying to tackle. It is for that reason that it is exerting every effort to deliberate how to put an end to the conflict in due time.

Many countries the world over have benefited from the assistance rendered by the U.N. since it was created. That's why membership in it is sought by nations all over the world. Every year member states are growing in number. It can be said that nothing can be lost through membership of this noble organiza-

tion; there is, instead, everything to gain."

● Miss **NORMA N. SAZON**, Normal College, says: "I believe that the United Nations Organization is half-failure and half-successful as an instrument for international peace and security. It seems that the UNO has no power at all to use its collective force to deter or suppress encroachments. The reason could be partly that mutual agreements among members impose no legal obligation for each country to respect each other. If there is such an imposition, it has been voided by repeated acts of aggression. Settlement of disputes are not primarily directed toward encouraging parties to the conflict to agree to cessation of hostilities and to refrain from provocative acts. They are merely appeased. This may be one of the many reasons why the U.N. was a failure in all its attempt to accomplish the very purpose of its existence. What is needed, therefore, is an increase in the U.N.'s



(Miss) Norma Sazon

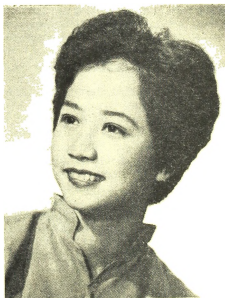
ganda. The United Nations Organization as an instrument for peace is, therefore, a flop."

(Continued on page 30)

About The United Nations As An Instrument For Peace?

armed force to cope with the threats of recalcitrant member-nations."

● Miss **PETAL AMODIA**, College of Pharmacy, says: "The atmosphere which prevailed from the time the United Nations Organization was created up to the present time is indicative of the inability of the Organization to wipe out conflicts between countries. As of today, I think it erroneous to say that the U.N. is successful in maintaining peace and security all over the world. The United Nations' attempt to contain communist aggression against free countries of the world does not get the best results. A number of countries have already been eaten up and are now under communist control. The United Nations Organization, instead, is used by Russia as the main target of attack for communist propa-



(Miss) Petal Amodia

The MONKEY wrench

by Ross Escobar



We were entertaining happy thoughts in our office when the telephone rang. Somebody was asking if there was any shooting war afoot. We told the man to calm down as to the best of our knowledge a ceasefire of some sort had been worked out in Egypt. A little later, the phone jangled again and this time the man at the other end asked us to better come home or else there'd be

Duelling has come to the Philippines with some refinement. The weapon used is of recent age and its effectiveness depends much on the skillful handling of its master. The foil, pistol and other conventional weapons of yore are now spoken of in the past tense. And just because some Filipinos have come up with the idea that workhorse of PI progress, the "JEEP", is some weapon. In Manila recently, some irate drivers tried to take each other's lives by ramming their jeeps into each other, till one was hauled up to a hospital, and the other was hied to the police station.

There is within our staff a man who

fancies himself a philosopher. He leans heavily on logic and spends hours rationalizing anything that comes within his purview. I wouldn't have divulged this but that guy actually has come to look at me as though I were a laboratory specimen of some sort.

A well known soap and perfume manufacturer once had a slogan contest run thru this country and smart aleck suggested that the appropriate slogan would be "If you don't use our soap, for goodness sake, use our perfume."

Students now-a-days show much independent thinking as evidenced by this terse sentence written as the afterthought of a library browser. "Views expressed herein are my own and not necessarily those of the text-book." Some studies are just hard to beat.

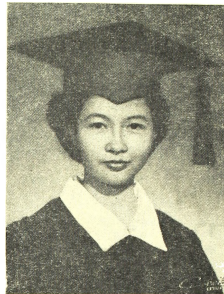
A friend of mine says he had a hilarious experience during his last bus ride when a lady across him, after he had been chewing gum a long time, said: "You must speak more clearly, man, I am quite deaf."

USC's HONOR ROLL...

(Continued from page 32)

SECRETARIAL DEPARTMENT

Crisolого, Myrna	1.218
Abao, Luzpura	1.31
Canceko, Cora	1.32
Regis, Paz	1.319



(Miss) Myrna Crisolого
Secretarial

HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT FIRST YEAR

Tan, Dolores	1.30
Cabucos, Victoria	1.48
Pañares, Leticia	1.56

SECOND YEAR

Cruz, Felicia	1.34
Bonsubre, Elsa	1.34
Pung, Lydia	1.37

THIRD YEAR

Villamor, Milagros	1.10
Lambo, Jocelyn	1.50
Gonzales, Teresita	1.54

Carolyniana . . . (Continued from front inside cover)

● We think that the partisan crowds at the Eladio Villa Gym are responsible for some of the dirty games during the CCAA basketball season. If teams could only play in the same friendly spirit that the USC and CIT faculty teams "scalp" each other, there would be less calories wasted at the Gym. And, if the spectators were more civil.

● It is our hope that the ROTC top hats be more just to their press relations officer. After what he has done for the organization, well. . .

Work on this issue was just about as frenzied as a typical four o'clock rush. The deadline caught us with our editorial denims down and so we had to make the most out of the pittance that came to us in the guise of contributions. But of course, we were also lucky to receive some materials which, happily

enough, were well written. Cesar Villa's "The Intruder" is a dilly of a story which begins with a bottle of beer and ends with a shuteye. Believe you us but it is a very interesting piece

of prose. Congressman Miguel Cuenco honors us with his article on "Catholicism and the Hungarian Revolt." His piece rings with the authority of one who has the master's grasp on historical events. A vigorously impassioned appeal to the youth is the gist of Marietta Alonso's fine masterful piece. In her "Youth Social Action," she displays a kind of youth leadership that would be well for us to have and to hold. "Three Heroes and a Story" is so vividly written that when we read it, we imagined we were riding on Old Faithful in spite of her inarticulate protests. The other articles are good reading, too, and we hope you'll feel the same way about them.

CIVIL ENGINEERING	
FIRST YEAR	
Lim, Antonio	1.683
SECOND YEAR	
Salgado, Ligaya	1.445
Briiones, Democrito	1.81

ARCHITECTURE	
FIRST YEAR	
Oppus, Oscar	1.600
Ouano, Cecilia	1.89



Mr. Vicente Bendenillo, Jr.
Chem. Eng.

CHEMICAL ENGINEERING	
FIRST YEAR	
Plaza, Rolando	1.701
Amores, Alfredo	1.747
SECOND YEAR	

Serrato, Jesus	1.38
Espina, Raul	1.675
Cabatingan, Danilo	1.695
THIRD YEAR	
Bendenillo, Vicente	1.675
Mayol, Lydia	1.75
FOURTH YEAR	

Castro, Calisto	1.715
Limbaga, Iluminado	1.780
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING	
Alvor, Virgilio	1.311
Odul, Edmundo	1.733

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING	
FIRST YEAR	
Jomasad, Agerico	1.577
Lim, Manuel	1.746
Quejada, Rodolfo	1.795
SECOND YEAR	

Malicay, Norberto	1.313
Coderia, Isidro	1.53
Tapao, Mateo	1.63
THIRD YEAR	
Lipardo, Gerardo	1.38
Corazo, Eugenio	1.55
Mar, Ildefonso	1.904
FOURTH YEAR	

Intong, Cayetano	1.457
Jorgio, Emmanuel	1.607
Floreto, Ray	1.723

(Continued on page 44)

ramblings in lower case

(Cont'd from page 35)

personalities behind the glamour? ... viva san carlos! ... champion in basketball... one more trophy, an inanimate artistry of bronze that hints remotely of the spirit that won an intercollegiate championship under the liegship of a man who had faith in his co-players. another pennant which is enough cause for chest expansion could turn the head of an athlete less enriched with the security of such human accidents as the **beaux yeux**, background and talent of **danilo deen**, captain of the san carlos winning varsity team... the 21-guns salute may never boom for a student cadet even if he's a lieutenant colonel in the ascendancy of rank but the man behind the insignia rates a round or two of snappy hand salutes to this winning soldier, **felipe "pepe" labucay**, corps commander of the san carlos rotc corps... nothing we say or do is ever really lost for we are all involved in humanity and become more or less the persons we were meant to be by every human contact no matter how briefly, distantly or disinterestedly... how little we know the people who cross our paths daily, how easily forgotten the fleeting chance acquaintances who slide in and out of our lives... how but for the curious workings of chance we would have completely missed the challenge of a whole new personality... have we a right to like or dislike a complete stranger we hardly know from adam at the first instance of knowing nothing more than his name and that he is alive and going to share our private little world for a brief time? ... to a new student from heaven-only-knows-what obscure school in a still more obscure province, his first days in the crowded university are his loneliest and any casual word from a classmate is nothing short of a beatitude. why should you then wonder why the moments of recognition at chance collisions in the labyrinths of san carlos, the friendly smile from across the room, the quick sympathy—"are you sad?" in blue moods are so terribly important to a bewildered and lost newcomer? these are the scattered unobtrusive pollens of felicity that will take lasting roots in the wayside soil where they have fallen.

such is the personality dynamism translated by **oscar abella**, president of the liberal arts supreme council... what does anyone of us know of the persons who sit behind or in front of us in our different classes? she sat beside me all through english 7 but she was so quiet we never dreamed even remotely that we had been rubbing elbows with a golden-voiced singer—**lourdes navidad** who thrilled us with her spanish lyrics in the pre-law oratorical tilt... or the big surprise of **asuncion caseños** who ran away with the gold medal in declamation... we have a classmate not much different from everybody else except by the pure possession of his own name. we knew nothing about him except that he speaks very beautiful english and that he never omits that "thank you" when he asks for ink or paper. he has a very shy smile and the curious mannerism of lapsing into silence at odd moments. we will like him for what he is simply because he is nobody else but himself. later we learned he had studied abroad for some years to thaw his mind from the shock of seeing his father killed before his eyes by the japanese. the horror had blasted his young mind and his family had fallen all over themselves to grant his every wish in compensation. an only son and an heir to a fortune he is studying music—devoting his whole life to beauty because he had seen so much ugliness while so young... and yet we would have preferred not to know this part of his life just yet because it somehow, whether one admits it or not, tips the scales of our interest favorably to his side, coloring our first impression of him with an undeserved romantic angle which he has no hand in now that he is merely a student. after all, we are always glad to accept people for themselves alone. that is why it is so disappointing when we meet a new friend who gives us his vital statistics, accomplishments, ambitions as well as family background at the first introduction when all we are interested in is the person as he is. with this kind of set-up it is very hard to evaluate him for what we find in him—to form an initial judgment subject to revision as the person begins to reveal himself as he really is—pure and unadulterated. we can't help the

(Continued on page 44)

ramblings in lower case (Continued from page 42)

uncharitable idea that students who rush information that his father owns a hospital in the south or that her mother is a cousin thrice removed of a senator or that he had been president of this and that are dogged by a persistent inferiority complex and unconsciously base their importance on past successes or worse—on his family's prestige which he had nothing to do with in the first place.

sooner or later we can draw a more or less accurate sketch of a person's character in small dribbles—fragments of a conversation, unexpected bursts of confidence, mannerisms, attitudes and opinions in those unguarded moments when we are free to be ourselves—mere strangers of diverse backgrounds who meet in a classroom with nothing in common but the same purpose of earning three units in a subject. a classroom is a battlefield where we all stand along—sink or die—strictly on our merits. here where we're simply just one of the crowd, we can rise from anonymity, out of the ranks by sheer guts.

hand in gloves with every student's desire to get ahead is also his innate longing to be accepted by the right people... or anybody! there is great loneliness prevailing, none of the flippancy of intellectual pride or pseudo-college jargon disguised as smart slang or in witty parlance "highbrow-ism", the standard equipment of every college of these days, can refute that. actually it takes so very little to win a friend and yet none of us bothers to take the initiative to scale the defensive barriers set up by a lonely classmate who is only too willing to strip it down if only you'd let him! does anyone know the trying position of being accepted and yet not quite... of being part of it and yet outside it... to stay on the fringes of a crowd suffering the crushing disappointment of being unloved and unwanted? we'll never know how nice a person is unless we give him a chance. people are wonderful, if you only know them! **darie turigaga's** tilting "hi" is enough encouragement for us to keep going the rest of the day, in much the same vein that **eddie tojong** lifts our spirit with a gay wave... or **marina cayan** and **cecilia paz's** infectious good humor... or **ben alanto's** everlasting bag of jokes... the never failing smile of **paz montallona** and **lindy malimas**... the politeness of **loita echivarre**... the out-of-this-world adjectives of lively **peggy webb velarde**... and **nana butalid's** concern for her friends is so sweet... there is no substitute for thoughtfulness! a bit of interest in someone else other than ourselves goes a very long way. a book we share... a movie we both like... a pen we borrow... all are potential touchstones for the beginning of an enduring relationship—that "eternal breathless dead and undying moment" of mind meeting the mind, heart meeting heart, and personality meeting personality. out of a communion of spirit is born that fresh new discovery that although we've known each other for ages, we're just beginning to know each other... **jose "lito" basa**, at first glance a true study of a child of our times—easygoing and bored... but we know another "lito" looking for a star... **ramon "monette" san agustin jr.**, another typical cowboy... but we know he always gives the best he has (himself) to the cause of the pre-law organization, the SCA... and "anything i can do" to **The Grail**, the liberal arts student paper... **cesar villa's** portrait of a young man looking for his identity, delirium-care, footlose and fancy-free, drifting from day to day for the heck of it... admits a deeper need for a philosophy of life—telling us "i am not so much looking for happiness as seeking for what it is"... isn't this the same fundamental pursuit of every man upon this earth where confusion and bewilderment follow like shadows upon his footsteps? much of our unhappiness stems from our fruitless chasing for happiness instead of the search for what happiness is. the dual approach to the same quest spells the difference between heaven or earth or a private hell. happiness means to each one where he has found it. for it is always a personalized fulfillment, a reality we find, whether it be a rosebud, the laughter of a child, the

(Continued on page 43)

USC's HONOR ROLL

(Continued from page 42)

COLLEGE OF PHARMACY

FIRST YEAR

Villalaz, Perla	1.24
Kuizon, Leticia	1.39
Conol, Lilia	1.40
Yu, Rosita	1.46

SECOND YEAR

Mascariñas, Fe	1.22
Marbella, Josephine	1.41
Patalinghug, Carmen	1.53

THIRD YEAR

Garcia, Lourdes	1.32
Lebunfacil, Clara	1.38
Almodad, Virginia	1.76

FOURTH YEAR

Chew, Remedios	1.39
Gador, Shirley	1.67
Lu, Engracia	1.70

COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

FIRST YEAR

Quirol, Estrella	1.09
Gorduz, Juanita	1.32
Revita, Aurelia	1.81

SECOND YEAR

Yap, Rosario	1.34
Ongtawco, Julieta	1.65
Alinurung, Celerina	1.78

THIRD YEAR

Dakay, Concepcion	1.21
Daludo, Ma. Salvacion	1.33
Varquez, Eden	1.60



(Miss) Rosario Taladua
BSE IV

FOURTH YEAR

Taladua, Rosario	1.23
Dator, Estrella	1.32
Alcares, Teresita	1.33

MADAME EGLENTINE...

(Continued from page 29)

worldly trappings and pet animals gave the cloistered women frivolous ideas. The bishops raised eyebrows at these incursions into the convents, but no ban could be enforced since the nunneries needed the money badly.

Madame Eglentyne and her nuns did not exactly close their eyes or turn deaf ears to the influence of their worldly boarders. Thus, our prioress diverted a part of the congregation's money to entertainment at New Year or Christmas, to games, and contests which must have included dancing.

For the womanly vanities of clothing and jewelry Madame Eglentyne had a soft spot in her heart, for

*Ful semely hir wimple
pinched veas;
and
Ful fetis was hir cloke,
as I was war.*

Of course, these lines could only mean she was a fastidious lady who insisted on being meticulously prim. But then,

*Of smal coral aboute
hir arm she bar
A paire of bedes,
gawded al with grene;
And there — on heng a
broche of gold ful shene.*

These definitely run counter to monastic rules. A nun was not supposed to wear jewelled brooches nor reveal her broad forehead.

Contrary to the bishop's injunction on pet animals, Madame Eglentyne lavished maternal care on her small dog which

*... she fedde
With roasted flesh, or milk
and vained — breed,
But sore weep she if
oon of hem were deed,
Or if men smoot it with
a yerde smerte.*

If small dogs could move her tender heart, what was to keep her from showering as much tenderness on a snow-white rabbit or a twittering little bird (or birds) in a cage in some shady nook of the nunnery bowser?

Madame Eglentyne's presence at this pilgrimage shows very little discretion on her part, considering the vehement objections of the Church to wanderings of nuns, except in very exceptional cases. A papal bull had made it quite clear that pilgrimages for nuns did not

ramblings in lower case (Cont'd from page 44)

stars in her eyes or the offbeat tempo of a rhythm. whatever it is, if it answers a restless need of finding yourself, you've found it and you'll never really lose it for its possession is an eternal answer.

‡

there is an old old gem of wisdom in the age-old saying that "you must take people for what you find them and not for what other people say" that makes up our little song of life. this is one rung up to help us grow in understanding even with the sceptre of our fallible human nature hanging like a sword over us, pulsating clay.

The Warriors' Following (Cont'd from page 36)

Agapito Rogado, the old reliable of the team is an artist in his own way. His body twists when making sneak-in shots, much like a clypeo dancer. Often, he bumps into someone's back, with the result that he does a one-point bottom landing. In one game he did this stance so many times that the groans of the sympathetic audience could be heard for miles. Balodoy Borromeo, the magic ball-hawking skeleton, teamed up with Rogado is something to see with his outside shooting, the happiest shooter of the team.

The strange behavior of the men around the court in shorts can only be understood by the few followers who sit and watch them cavort dally and gaily.

Carolinian rooters are few with the result that what they lack in number they make up for in noise. The school's population just doesn't cater to the idea of being seen whopping it up. Some students do not just give a hoot about moral support.

But let us, if for one moment, talk about a man. Let us pick him who turned the tables on a highly-touted team. Dodong is a genial man with a hearty relish for lusty cracks. Some of his more colorful "shorts" has put him in not-so-good standing with his fellow tutors. He has that easy touch of comradeship that makes his boys give back all he has taught. The boys now present to their mentor... the 1956 Loving Cup! The laughter now is on our side, our coach has shown to the public his worth, the prediction of our honored sports hacks have gone to the mud, but then, the writers' consolation is: "When good predictions are made, they do not come from sportswriters or, for that matter, a weatherman."

SPECIAL TREAT . . .

Three members of the 1946 National Champion Warriors who have gone into mentorship have each bagged a championship prize. First is our Juan "Dodong" Aquino who took the CCAA crown; next is Jimmy Bas of the CIT Wildcats who tamed UV to grab the zone VII Championship and last but by no means least is Lauro "The Lord" Mumar, coach of the FEATI Hi-Flyers, CALM champions in Manila.

fall under the category of exceptional cases.

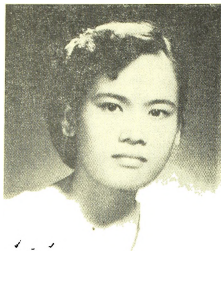
One is inclined to believe that the prioress must have used some amount from the convent coffers to cover the expenses of the pilgrimage, an amount which could have filled more pressing needs. She was

really more human than the average reader would think. Nevertheless, the host of the Tabard Inn, not being wise to her share of imperfections, regarded her with much more consideration than the other pilgrims.

(To be continued)

What Do You Think - About the United Nations As An Instrument For Peace ?

(Continued from page 41)



(Miss) Azucena Albino

● Miss AZUCENA ALBINO, College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, says: "The United Nations is the biggest existing world organization today. It is composed of free nations all over the world. It is created for the primary purpose of maintaining international peace and security. It has provided a system for the adjustment of disputes and the use of collective measures against threats or breaches of the peace and has prescribed obligations for the adoption of procedures to be strictly followed in dealing with disputes that might arise. The Security Council



(Miss) Gregoria Turiaga

of the U.N. enforces measures without delay and to the full extent required by the circumstance. Any country which is a member of the United Nations Organization is therefore, assured of immediate protection and security in case of sudden War danger. That's why the U.N., as a promoter of world peace, is a resounding success."

● Miss LILIA R. UY, Secretarial Dept., says: "The United Nations Organization is the world's instrument for international peace and security. Thus, the United Nations work against War for peace. This peaceful mission must, however, be effected not by the use of force against force but by negotiations and mutual agreements between countries to the disputes through U.N. mediation. In this respect, the U.N. has shown its competence to suppress hostilities and to effect peaceful agreements between warring states.

If for this reason alone, the U.N. is the answer to the cry for world peace."

● Miss SONYA SOLON, College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, says: "The records that the United Nations has racked up in settling conflicts that could have exploded into another World War constitutes an admirable achievement. Had there been no effort on the part of the United Nations to mediate in grave crises, some hot-headed nations could have plunged our world into a catastrophic war.

I think that the best way to insure peace among nations is to keep that organization, working with everyone pitching his share of faith in humankind. I am aware, of course, that some harbingers of doom have lashed at the U.N. because they think that it caters to the whims of the Soviets. The pacification, however, of some trouble-makers by the U.N. hits back at the statement issued by these irresponsible critics.

I think it would be best for the United Nations to stay."

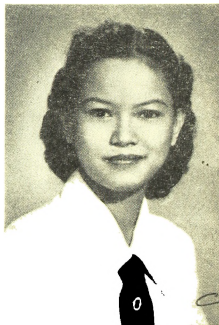
● Miss GREGORIA TURIAGA, College of Commerce, says: "In spite of the tremendous odds now barring the way to a peaceful negotiation on the current question of world affairs, the United Nations is, I think, doing a superb job of heading off



(Miss) Lilia R. Uy

the globe from another world crisis. The success of the world organization will ultimately depend upon the cooperation of the family of nations who must come to the fore with their problems bared frankly and honestly. As it is today, although the pace of progress towards the goal of United Nations is slow, it surely is getting some attention for itself because more and more people begin to realize its value as an agency of peace.

What seems important to note is that for the last ten years, it has successfully snapped off whatever might have been a cause for worldwide friction.



(Miss) Sonya Salon

Narciso Bacur's

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

(Continued from page 13)

Oh, well, I guess I must revise
My tricks and have to play them wise
I'll start with my new resolutions
To boost my romantic petitions

From now on I'll not go to dances
At co-eds I will not take chances
No matter how I think it's right
I'll never go out late at night

To Helynn, I'll be most respectful
And to Tibur I'll be a sport
If by chance I'll be Helynn's escort
Compared to me Rainier'd be awful

I'll steep myself in taste and culture
To tell a turkey from a vulture
I will now bone up on my Law
So my diction will have no flaw

What's more, I will never touch wine
Even if my friends say it's fine
I will not...no! I'll never, never
Gee, thanks! I've got my Alka Seltzer!!!

Helynn's

PRE-VALENTINE SHOPPING

(Continued from page 13)

While thus rapt in her meditation
An impish thought caught her attention
A naughty glint lit up her eyes
A glint that carried some surprise

She shook the man who owned the store
And pointed to a whitish thing
She badgered him till he was sore
Till he gave her the wanted thing

To make a long story short
I'll give you now the full report
Believe you me because I say so
The gift was given to Narciso

With joy Narciso was intoxicated
Upon finding Helynn so dedicated
The gift was a complete surprise
It was a piece of Paradise

But when Bacur opened the package
His heart became a mournful wreckage
For he found that his Helynn sweet
Gave him an old set of FALSE TEETH!!!

THE JPIA AND USC's COMMERCE DEPARTMENT

(Continued from page 29)

Elections headed by Mr. Ben. Borromeo, Accounting professor who saw to it that there was no fraud and that all ballots were meticulously accounted for. The nominees were given 25 minutes for nomination speeches. Unfortunately, the less famous were not able to speak because of the time limit. Only the presidential candidates were able to speak their hearts out, the others having only what we call "personal appearances".

When the pre-election campaigns were getting to be hotter and hotter, the head of the Accounting department, Miss A. Rodil, invited all the nominees to a luncheon at the Avenue Restaurant and to get into an agreement that no matter what the issues, no personalities must be involved. All the nominees were introduced to each other.

Between Wednesday, October 24, to Friday at 8:30 p.m. of Oct. 26,

all ballots were cast by all students having passed or were still taking Accounting 5. By Saturday, at exactly 2:30 p.m., the ballots were canvassed. Each party had two representatives with the member of the Committee on Election reading the return. A close fight was shown by the three presidential candidates, one of whom was a woman. Because of the plurality of the Juniors and because they were supporting a single party, they won an overwhelming victory over the Seniors.

The officers elected are:

- President Joaquin Ledesma
- Vice-President, Internal Affairs Rosa Quijano
- Vice-President, External Affairs Bartolome Pazon
- Secretary Lut Yee
- Treasurer Natividad Ilo
- Auditor Daniel Daloacan, Jr.
- PRO Benedicto Alcantara

The committees formed were:

1. Committee on Education and Research
Chairman — Mr. Elizer Gerre
2. Committee on Membership
Chairman—Miss Glomen M. Verello
3. Committee on Public Relations
Chairman—Miss Angelina Lobucey
4. Committee on Awards
Chairman — Miss Cecilia Paz
5. Committee on Scholarship
Chairman — Miss Annia Ratacliff
6. Placement, Employment and Apprenticeship Bureau
Chairman—Miss Amparo F. Rodil,
CPA. Head, Accounting Department, Adviser, Jr. PIA

The members of the Junior PIA may have conflicting opinions regarding certain matters but, "likened unto the fingers of different heights, we still belong to the same hand." The Junior PIA is your organization. It needs you.

Sección Castellana

AMABLE TUIBEO
ROMULO ARTILLAGA
EDITORS

P
O
R
Q
U
E
?

Porqué estudiamos el idioma español? Esta es la pregunta que hacen no pocos estudiantes. Dicen: "Es inutil porque no viajaremos por España. Con inglés, basta porque uno ya se entiende dondequiera que vaya." Pongo abajo las "Porques" del "porqué" de los estudiantes.

PORQUE ES UN IDIOMA BONITA

El lenguaje español es melodioso, ritmico, y sonoro que agrada al oido. Alguien me dijo: "Si quiere platicar efectivamente, habla alemán; si quiere ser diplomatico, habla francés, pero si quiere galantear a una mujer, habla español." Este solo demuestra la belleza y lo romántico lo que es el lenguaje español.

PORQUE SE HABLA EN LA MAYOR PARTE DEL MUNDO

El lenguaje español es casi internacional. Se habla en muchas naciones: en America Latina, Columbia, Peru, Chile, Argentina, Mexico, Puerto Rico, Filipinas y otros paises. También muchos de los libros de literatura, Filosofia, y otras ciencias humanas son escritos en español. La ignorancia de esta lengua limita el conocimiento; al contrario, el conocimiento de esta, ayuda mucho en ampliar su horizonte en las ciencias.

PORQUE NUESTRA HISTORIA ES INSEPARABLE DE ELLA

Filipinas nunca puede separarse de lo español como el edificio nunca puede separarse de su fundamento sin peligro de derrum-

barse. La cultura y mentalidad de Filipinas se basan en la cultura y mentalidad española. Las primeras páginas de nuestra historia es español. Nuestros grandes heroes, poetas, pintores, líderes, hombres de letras, y revolucionarios fueron frutos de la cultura española. El idioma español encontró por primera vez, el fuego de la nacionalidad filipina y despertó a los filipinos a la realizacion de que son una nacion. La literatura española es la cuna de los colosos que dieron a luz el sueño dorado de la independencia filipina. Y finalmente —

PORQUE TODO EL MUNDO DEBE A ESPAÑA UNA DEUDA

Dios escogió a España para ser la sembradora del germen mas pre-

cioso del mundo, el don de la fe católica. En los momentos mas oscuros del Catolicismo, España permaneció la guardiana mas firme de la fe. Los misioneros, penetraron los rincones del mundo haciendo frente a muchos peligros, dificultades, muertes para que otros también compartieran y gustarian de la dulzura y recibirían los beneficios de este inapreciable don.

Estas son algunas de las respuestas de la pregunta de los estudiantes, "Porque estudiamos español?" que procuro dar. Hay otras mas fuertes pero que solo los más hábiles pueden dar.

Cantos a mi Madre

O dulce madre querida mia
Mi todo: mi amor, sosten, y guia
Perla mas preciosa de mi alma,
A ti ofrezco este poema
Pobre prenda de mi amor filial.

Como las estrellas derretidas,
Fluye la ternura de tus ojos;
Brota cual primavera de tus labios
Las sonrisas;
Esas manos que me encarecen,
Ese corazón que sufre por mi-bien,
Ese pecho hinchado del amor,
Son tesoros que a mi mas
enriquecen.

Dotes personales no tengo yo
Me faltan riquezas de la tierra
Pero yo soy el mas rico hijo
Porque tengo una madre buena.

Por Romulo Artillaga

THE CAROLINIAN



New Year . . . New Uncertainties . . .

WILL THE NEW YEAR be better than the one we tossed out by its ears? That, to borrow a beat-up quotation, is the question. It does appear that people everywhere are making all sorts of predictions. Starry-eyed optimists associate the incoming year with increased hopes for the survival of mankind. They foresee bright things, increased prosperity and a less hectic struggle for existence. They paint a very pretty picture. On the other side of the coin, the prognosticators of destruction, some of them honest-to-goodness pessimists and most of them war-mongering opportunists, conjure dark terrors and drum up war scares that make people jittery. They present a dire programme of what's to come.

We do not, most assuredly, feel any attachment for either view because we are neither too optimistic nor too downright nervous. We find the middle road to be the safer one. Naturally, there will be, as long as men are men, reasons for the rise of one enmity or the other among individuals but we ought not neglect the fact that other considerations might incline others to the belief that this is still a pleasant world in spite of the Malenkovs, the Mao Tse Tungs and the Kadars who are making life on this planet tense.

We like to think that, because many people have not lost their faith in God and in the innate goodness of man, there is every reason for us to hope for a new era of brotherhood and peace. There must surely be a ray of hope behind the atrocities and inhumanities which we find so commonplace wherever the Reds direct their macabre scheme of world conquest.

The uncertainties we do not overlook but it is always good for the nerves to convert fear into hope and to meet uncertainties with prayers.

For there is a Just God who presides over our fates and rewards goodness with eternal salvation.

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