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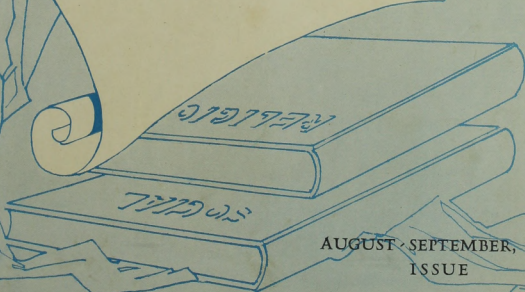
VOLUME XXI

NUMBER 2

The Carolinian

*A great library
contains the
diary of the
human race.*

G. Dawson



AUGUST - SEPTEMBER, 1957
ISSUE

Don't Read This!

Why has the number of pages of our *Carolinian* decreased?

Why is the *Carolinian* getting thinner every issue?

Is it not because the editor is *lazy*?

Is it not because the editor merely wants to save his neck... that he wants to reduce the number of pages to mitigate his headache?

Our reply... which you need not read:

See Rev. Fr. Ernest Hoerdemann!

He can give you the reasons to your heart's content.

It is absolutely NOT because the editor is LAZY. Nor is it because he himself wants it that the number of pages of the *Carolinian* be reduced. The decrease and increase of the number of pages of your *Carolinian* are beyond the commerce of the editor. These powers are not within his traditional jurisdiction.

The editor edits. What is editing? Use your head. If you are headless, see the dictionary. If you don't have any, the library has. This is one way of urging you to visit the library even once in a blue moon. And this issue is dedicated to the library, remember?

Really, the truth is, we had prepared a 40-page dummy for our first issue. We sent it to Manila for printing. But Rev. Fr. Hoerdemann wrote the printer to cut the number of pages down to 36. The printer was given the discretion to eliminate any of the articles. As a result, some articles were killed. The editor did not see them die.

Nevertheless, he is trying to revive them in this issue.

Meanwhile, several ponderables cropped up to force this issue down still to 32 pages only. Beyond the cd's control.

Printing is costly, Fr. Hoerdemann said. We are saving every centavo for the expansion of the University. And so on; and so on. Well, to be short, see the Reverend Father.

Please don't point at me!

Why This Insistence on ID's

Library personnel now insist on the showing of identification cards to them before students are allowed to go inside the library? Why this insistence?

The Chief Librarian explains:

Question: Am I considered a suspect or what? Why am I not allowed to enter the library just because I forgot to bring my ID?

Answer: You are not personally suspected of anything, but we must be sure that you are a bona-fide student of USC.

Question: But why should you doubt my being a student of San Carlos?

Answer: We have positive proofs that outsiders—some of them former Carolinians, some outright strangers—have been coming to our library.

Question: Is there any objection against their doing so?

Answer: There certainly is. They have no right, like a bona-fide Carolinian has, to the use of our facilities since they do not pay any fees. Even if we wanted to be unduly generous, we could not do it, because we can hardly accommodate our own 5,000 plus college students.

Question: But I have been studying in San Carlos for two (or three) years, and the librarians know me.

Answer: They may know you all right, but that is not enough. They must also be sure that you are presently enrolled in USC. There is only one unmistakable way of establishing this fact: Producing a valid ID. (For the time being a temporary ID will do for all new students).

This is not a new regulation, said the Chief Librarian. We are merely trying to enforce an established library rule (See rules and regulations III). You had five weeks during which to provide yourself with an ID, according to the library rules and regulations.

Well, this is it, fellows. No mumblings, please.

(Continued on back
inside cover).

by

Addy
Sitoy



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The CAROLINIAN

Official Publication of the Students
of the University of San Carlos

VOL. XXI

• Entered as Second Class mail matter in the Cebu Post Office on June 19, 1936.

• Member, College Editors Guild of the Philippines.

No. 2

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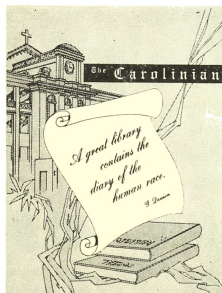
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Our Cover



Welcome to our library, the home of knowledge-thirsty homo sapiens. This library is yours because to this institution you belong. A harm to its property is a harm to you; a little non-observance of its rules is a trespass to your right. Prize your library in the manner that you love your home.

AUG.-SEPT., 1957

Editorial—

VOTE!

Qualified voters, you vote!

On November 12, the destiny of the nation will be placed once more in the hands of the sovereign people. The future of this country depends upon the wisdom of the people's choice; the fate of more than 21 million Filipinos lies in the prudence of the electorate—around six millions of them.

Qualified voters, you vote!

The essence of democracy is the ability of the governed to choose their governors. The choice must be free from the cloak of influence; the voter must act not because another wants him to do so, but wholly because he himself wills it. Let conscience be his lone guiding star; let no one impede the exercise of his right.

Qualified voters, you vote!

The freedom is not—to vote or not to vote. The freedom is to vote... for him or her, for that candidate or this aspirant. At any rate, it must be to vote. For not to vote is to become a slave... a slave of one's own laziness, a slave of the others who voted, a slave of the candidate whom the others voted into power. Not to vote is to lose that God-given freedom... which is always to vote.

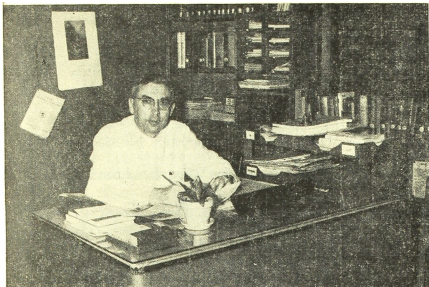
Qualified voters, you vote!

"Vote for the man whom gold can never buy.

The man who, for the right, will stand and die!"

Vote!

A. B. Situy



Rev. Joseph Baumgartner, S.V.D.
USC Chief Librarian

A MAN who does a number of valuable things a day in spite of meager time is quite an unusual one. But to Father Joseph Baumgartner, the man with the baritone voice and a thinly-chiselled nose, doing many things with so little time is not surprising. For as he said: "A man can do many things if he really makes use of his time." This may be the reason why the Library of the University of San Carlos is a success. Father Baumgartner's untiring energy and enthusiasm has transformed it from a cubbyhole to one of the most valuable assets of the University. He gave it a new color and a new shape.

Father Baumgartner is a busy man; aside from attending to the spiritual needs of the students and the people, he has to prepare daily his lessons in Philosophy and Religion and again sees to it that the Library runs smoothly. But busy as he is, and true to his words, he still can make time a work, a pleasure, a duty, and fun all rolled into one.

HIS ASSIGNMENT AND IMPROVEMENTS

Life is indeed ironic. While those who have enough time often do less, those who have less do more. Except for a little and haphazard knowledge that he earned in a Research Library of the Catholic University of Peking, where he served for two years as Editorial Secretary of the *Monumenta Serica*, a journal of Sino-logical Studies, he had no other experience in library work when he took over the library

of U.S.C. But he has a lot of what we may term "practical" ideas.

When he came to the University of San Carlos in August, 1949, he was assigned to the Library because "I asked for it" he humbly confessed, after a few months of teaching Religion and Sociology. Under his management and with the solid backing of the administration, the USC Library is now something that our students and the University can boast about. From about 30,000 volumes of books eight years ago, we have in circu-

**A man who does not live a single hour
of his life "without doing what is to be
done in it and going straight through
it from start to finish" is what simply
characterizes**

lation 45,000 to 50,000 good books now. (This includes also the two high school libraries). This is not to mention the periodicals and magazines which the Library acquires regularly as part of its collection.

We have now in our Library a well-equipped bookbinding depart-

ment furnished with modern book-binding tools. Father Baumgartner made it a point to send one of its key personnel to Manila during summer to take up special studies in bookbinding and engraving work with the expenses being shouldered by the University.

Biograph

Father Joseph Baumgartner, S.V.D. was born in Rammersweier, a small village in Germany, on March 13, 1913. The only son in the family, he has two sisters. His father was a harnessmaker and upholsterer; Father Baumgartner's mother died when he was one and a half years old. When he was five, his father died of TB which he contracted during the first World War. After the death of his parents, Father Baumgartner was raised by his aunt (father's sister).

His decision to study was like lightning that flashed in an autumn sky. "I did not then like to go in for higher studies and I still can remember how my Religion teacher kept on urging me to become a priest," he recalled. And when he finally decided, it took him almost half a year to persuade his aunt to enroll him in a so-called humanistic gymnasium where he entered in 1925. Studies at the Gymnasium were both a preparation for university or higher studies and priesthood. Aside from the help that he received from his aunt, he was also given a pension by the German government with which to support his studies and his living. As a war orphan (his father having died during the first World

The **USC**

Sketch

War) he further received financial help. In addition to these sources of support, he also had a scholarship for having excelled in his classes. He therefore did not have to worry much about his school fees.

Father Baumgartner entered St. Augustine Mission Seminary in 1933. Two years later he made his first profession of vows as a member of the Society of the Divine Word. He finished his philosophical studies at St. Augustine in 1936 and was sent to Rome for his theological studies. In 1939 he was ordained a priest there. Early in 1940 he received his appointment for China. And at the Catholic University of Peking he became both a student and a teacher. Ten years later, he came to the Philippines. He spent a few weeks at the Colegio de la Inmaculada Concepcion in Vigan, Ilocos Sur, and then came to San Carlos.

Though an orphan at five, he braved the dangers and inexperience of life to become what he is now. His life is an inspiration to young people; his story, an evidence that honor and glory can be attained not only through the glitter of coins but also through hard work and patience.

He believes that the potentialities of an ideal library depend much on how well the staff works so that frequent seminars and briefings have to be conducted in order to broaden the knowledge of the library personnel in their respective work. Although this is an extra burden, nevertheless Father Baum-

by Sixto Ll. Abao, Jr.

gartner first, the Service Department, which handles public service, and the other, the Technical, which is responsible for the acquisition of books, magazines, periodicals and other library materials, checking and accessioning them, classifying and cataloguing and shelving books thereafter. These departments are manned by regular employees and student-assistants who work either on a salary basis or for a scholarship depending upon the nature of their jobs.

The Library acquires books and improves its facilities through the aid of P20,000 which the University annually allots for this purpose. Another P30,000 are spent for salaries and so-called running expenses. Sometimes, this amount has to be reduced and the burden and responsibility on how to fill the needs of a growing library naturally falls on the shoulders of the Head of the Library Department. How to cover up any financial deficiency is quite a problem for Father Baumgartner. With the assistance of the personnel,

which we lack in our Library. A constant, but tiny stream of materials, is being sent to an Exchange Agency in the United States which in return sends needed books and magazines to us. The Library also receives donations from the United States, Germany and Austria and from friends elsewhere.

All these things are possible to Father Baumgartner who believes that "one can acquire a working knowledge of library work by practical experience, provided one likes this sort of work—which I do." And surely his industry pays and the students, the library patrons, as well as the administration, are the beneficiaries of his efforts.

OBSERVATIONS AND PROBLEMS

In most libraries in the United States and in Europe, students or library users need not be told to be quiet or to push the chairs back silently or return the books to their shelves properly. Everything is done with proper decorum and with consideration for the interests of others. "The students are well-behaved and serious and the atmosphere is conducive to good reading," he recalled. In our library, like many others in the Philippines, this is just one of the important problems that beset Father Baumgartner. "If students would only exercise more personal discipline, we would not have much trouble in the Library," he said. From time to time rules and regulations are issued but these again can never be effective unless the students and the teachers wholeheartedly cooperate with the Lib-

(Continued on page 29)

CHIEF LIBRARIAN

gartner found it to be one of the most important things an executive must do to increase the efficiency of the office.

To render effective and maximum service to the students and to all library patrons, he divided the library staff into two general classes:

he collects the duplicate copies of books for which there may be no use in our library. These will be sent to schools in the Philippines, like Santo Tomas University and Siliman University, that are interested in exchanging them with duplicate copies of their books

"An Innocent ABROAD"

I WAS Alice in Wonderland... in a beautiful dream of a thousand and one sights—oh, the world is so beautiful! And I am so lucky to be alive and realize it!"—Miss Narcissa "Inday" Vivera, our very own lovely associate librarian all but breathed when we asked her about her almost two years stay abroad. To one who has seen geography come alive, a vivid reality as beholding the Paris Eiffel Tower or the ceremonial changing of the guards at the London Tower... it was no less unforgettable as it was memorable. "One can dig up all the superlatives in Webster and still come out adjective-less for that once-in-a-lifetime experience of seeing the world for the very first time!" The impact of the original vision of things and places we only see in the magazines or the movies is like a dose of icewater and yet with the quality of a dream. "While I stood at Stokes Poges, the setting of Gray's famous "Elegy" in England,

wordless and grateful, I became conscious of the lingering spirit of a by-gone era in English literature in this relic and my alien presence in it. The possibility that I would never see it again made the event more precious and rich in human values."

Almost two years ago San Carlos University offered Miss Vivera a

by

Lourdes Jaramilla

partial scholarship for a master in library science in Columbia University in New York. In August, 1955 she was already on the way to the United States. During her first year in Columbia she majored in library

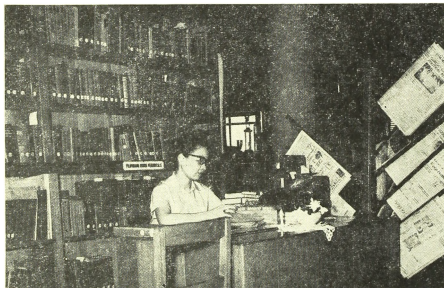


Miss N. Vivera posing at the National Library of Japan (formerly the Royal Imperial Palace.)

administration and education for librarianship. The following year she worked as assistant librarian in the Jesuits' Fordham University sponsored by Columbia. This valuable practical training in more ways than one benefited USC for the appearance of those unique innovations we've often commented upon, right in our library. For instance the show-window-like artistic display of the newest books acquired advertised strategically where none of us could possibly miss it... right in the display board that you run smack into as you swing open the library doors. In America, she says, the library public relations is well organized. In an age of advertisement even the how and the where of enjoying the beauty of good books is emphasized in the consciousness of its role of promoting only the best in man's guidance.

Two library congresses highlighted her training there. The first was held in Pittsburgh for the Special Library Association where International students of library science were specially invited and the second was the Catholic Library Convention in Louisville, Kentucky where she was a delegate of Fordham. Incidentally she told us Louisville University Library is the most modern library she has seen. Air-conditioned reading rooms, special seminar rooms, winding staircases to stockrooms, elevators and "book lifts" at strategic places, in short the last word in artistic functionalism.

Among College and University the libraries she especially remembers are those of Yale, Princeton, Rutgers, Pennsylvania U, Vassar and Smith's College. Even the pub-



Miss Narcissa Vivera, M.S.L.S.

lic libraries in the United States have highly systematic organizations which are "really something to crow about". For instance the New York Public Library has about 150 branches in Manhattan. Queensborough tops them all with 200 branches.

An outstanding event in her library tour was the visit to the most famous of them all... the Library of Congress and to her "a dream come true." Right in the U.S. capital it has the most complete and the finest East Asiatic collection. Even our Filipino scholars go there especially for research like Fr. Horacio de la Costa, S.J. who went there to look up rare history books on the development of the Jesuit Catholic Schools in the Philippines. In this library they have the unique "book conveyor" a chute where a reader may simply place a call slip and after a few minutes the book pops up. Actually it isn't as simple as that. There is a superintendent who directs the slips to their respective chutes as it travels along the rows of books. Something of the organization and efficiency of the Library of Congress is badly needed in the Philippines. In America legislators depend on it for the technical aspects of lawmaking. It has a legislative reference service handled by experts on every subject under the sun. Another highlight was a visit to the Smithsonian Institute to see their world famous Zoological and Botanical collection.

College life in the States is not so much different from what it is here, she assured us. Except for a few basic disparities, of course, like the case of the libraries and the reading habits of the students. Their libraries are better equipped even though the school population is about the same. College students there decidedly read more and better. In their homes, the average family subscribes to 5 magazines and 2 dailies. So in the libraries they usually ask only for the professional magazines. Library consultants are in attendance for their individual needs. In this connection she plans to activate in San Carlos a Faculty Library Committee to develop better understanding and cooperation between the faculty and library and a friends of the library club as a students' auxiliary to foster a better appreciation for our library facilities and love for the hidden beauty waiting so patiently between the pages of thousands of volumes lining our shelves.

We followed her trip home with

stopover in Ireland and all the major European cities in her collection snapshots to record the travelogue. Leafing idly thru her snapshot albums we saw her posing in bobby socks and a flaired skirt which brings out the interesting news that college students even graduate students wear bobby socks or long woolen socks in spring. We saw pictures of her in Central Park with Annie and Carmelita Osmeña, her roommates in New York and skiing in Vermont... "I stayed only in the kid's area!"

"Europe is so quaint" I went to Paris in summer with its sweltering heatwave then alternated with the "London fog". Rural England is so picturesque. I saw Anne Hathaway's story-book cottage and Shakespeare's country. To our queries if she saw the queen or any personage in her travels, she mused, "Well, I saw Queen Elizabeth leaving for the Ascot races, Gen. MacArthur in an embassy dinner, Ingrid Bergman receiving an award for "Anastasia" and Pope Pius XII giving his papal blessing to the pilgrims in St. Peter's Square, Rome... (it was so... so... stirring...)" "Of the places

that lingers in her memory the Escorial Monastery in Madrid with the gleaming marble burial shrines of Spain's royalty and the seacoast of Switzerland ("the most beautiful country I ever saw!) stand out as actually breathtaking.

Miss Vivera was still in the States when the news of President Mag-saysay's death reached her. The terrible news was received in the continent with sadness. "I attended the requiem mass in his honor at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. It was well attended by former residents of the Philippines, Filipino students in the U.S. and Filipino cadets from Annapolis and West Point in full gala uniform. General Romulo was there and there were T.V. cameras recording the event. After the mass the Philippine National Anthem was played. Many eyes misted when the well beloved music of our people was played. Home never seemed so near or so far or meant so much as remembering it across an ocean in a bad case of loneliness and homesickness. Perhaps I needed to get out of the country to realize how proud I am of our own Philippines." †



His Holiness
Pope Pius XII,
born on the
"Sedio Gestatoria",
blesses the
multitude in St.
Peter's Square.

Speech delivered at the Seminar
of Faculty Advisers held
in Cebu City in May, 1957 under
the auspices of the Philippine
Association of Colleges and Universities.

THE TOPIC assigned to me is "The Role of Faculty Advisers." The topic is conveniently subdivided into five parts, e.g.: (1) How should faculty advisers be chosen? (2) How long should a faculty adviser hold office? (3) What would you consider to be the main duties of a faculty adviser? (4) What help may a faculty adviser extend to the students? (5) How could a faculty adviser promote creative and self-help activities among the students?

I understand that my remarks are supposed to be introductory in nature designed to open up the discussion on the role of faculty advisers. My talk therefore will necessarily be theoretical and brief.

The discussion of my topic presupposes that the school administration has an enlightened policy on extracurricular activities... athletic as well as non-athletic; that it shares the generally accepted values of these activities and that it realizes that emphasis on the curriculum to the exclusion of the extracurriculum promotes not a harmonious development of all the God-given powers of the students but a lop-sided one.

The first question I propose to answer is: "How should faculty advisers be chosen?" One general practice is for the college deans to appoint the faculty advisers for the organization in their respective colleges and for university presidents to name advisers for all-school or all-university organizations, and another is for the students forming an organization designed to fulfill definite objectives to choose a faculty member for sponsor subject to the approval of either the dean of the college to which the organization belongs or that of the school had if the organization is all-school. The first procedure has the merit of equalizing the load of teachers and

the assignment of the most competent advisers while the second has the advantage of being more democratic and the additional virtue of getting advisers that the students want.

However, the selection of a faculty adviser may begin at the hiring of new or additional faculty members. For example, the college wants to publish a school paper. A journalist is needed but the institution finds no journalist on its roster of English teachers. It is then clear that in engaging new members of the faculty at least one of them must meet the new demand.

The second problem is: "How long should a faculty adviser hold office?" A faculty adviser should hold office as long as no other faculty member can do the job better. The best faculty writer continues guiding the school paper staff as long as no other member of the faculty can write better. Also, a ranking member of the faculty should continue as sponsor for the student council as long as he discharges his duties to the increasing satisfaction of the student body and the administration.

However, there are school organizations engaged in activities that do not call for exceptional abilities or talents from advisers. Simple class organizations such as the freshman class organization and the sophomore class organization of a college are cases in point. In this type of organizations faculty members teaching first year and second year subjects may, by appointment or by student votes, be rotated for advisers for the purpose of equalizing the load of teachers. This practice is recommended in view of the fact that advisership, except coaching in competitive athletics, is usual-

ly an unremunerated additional load for teachers. This method has another merit: several teachers are developed for advisership.

The third point is: "What would you consider to be the main duties of a faculty adviser?" As a liaison between the administration and the student organization, he is responsible for the organization, administration, and promotion of his activity. As an organizer, he looks after the initiation of an activity or organization by seeing to it that pertinent information about it is publicized among the students. The students sign up voluntarily for the activity because they believe in its objectives and requirements. Those who do not sign up but stand to benefit should be invited. On the other hand those who participate excessively should be refused in order not to sacrifice their curriculum work. He sees to it that the activity operates under official recognition and if possible also under a constitution approved by proper authority. Too, he must make sure that only properly qualified *bona fide* students are accepted. In choosing officers, as in all other deliberations of the group, democratic processes are employed.

As an administrator, he looks after the necessary facilities, the scheduling of activities, and the finances. Since groups must come

The **ROLE** o

together to deliberate—plan together, discuss freely, and decide matters, a room and some equipment and supplies are needed. He sees to it that his charges schedule their projects at times when all members are free to attend; that no conflicts with other activities occur; and that they be generally held during times that do not interfere with curricular work and preferably on the campus. It is also his duty to make sure the financial contributions are

reduced to a minimum so that no one who stands to profit from participation in the activity is deprived on account of poverty. In addition, he sees to it that the funds are properly managed to protect himself, his members, and the school.

As a promoter, he has a two-fold function: planning activities and securing maximum benefits for each participant. Early in the year the group members meet to plan the activities for the entire school term designed to achieve the declared purposes of the group. Through tactful suggestions the adviser manages, without curtailing freedom of expression and action, to steer away from activities of doubtful value. As a promoter, it is his bounden duty to exercise maximum ingenuity so that every member participates actively to secure maximum returns.

The fourth question is: "What help may a faculty adviser extend to the students?" Since an adequate extra-curricular or co-curricular program must include a variety of activities in order to satisfy the various interests of the students, it is obvious that the specific help a faculty adviser may extend to the students will depend much on the activity of which he is adviser, but in general he may do for the students all that his superior attainments, experience, judgment, and

2. To decide which specific activities he should encourage the students with him to undertake and which ones he should discourage, for some activities need too much time, effort, and money; some are too ambitious; still others do not contribute to the purposes of the group or to those of the institution.

3. To give individual personal attention to members who have problems. If he cannot help them, he should refer them to the agency that can; it may be spiritual counsellor, the vocational guidance expert, the dean of women, the dean

by **ALFREDO ORDOÑA**
Dean, College of Education

of men, the school dentist, the school physician, or a local civic, charitable, religious, or service organization.

The fifth and last problem is: "How could a faculty adviser promote creative and self-help activities among the students?" Some means will be mentioned. (1) Student Councils and Their Possibilities.

The student councils can be encouraged to conduct surveys of student opinion on major matters in-

The student council members can be interested in planning assembly programs, selecting convocation speakers, forming vigorous school spirit, maintaining of a lost and found department, supervising elections. (2) Hobby Clubs and Their Possibilities.

Hobby clubs contribute to the social life of students, help in the enrichment of their leisure time, contribute therapeutic value to all students, extend their value in developing satisfying adult hobbies and meet the needs for successful endeavor on the part of the less academically-minded students.

Strang of Columbia (*Strang, Group Activities in College and Secondary School*, p. 114) relates that hobbies have been successfully encouraged in various ingenious ways. One school set aside a special room, designated as "Hobby Hall," in which there were permanent exhibits of different hobbies. Some schools have held "Hobby Fairs" and "Hobby Shows," the aim of which was to demonstrate profitable ways of using leisure time. In other schools the school shops serve as the center of hobby activities.

In line with this the adviser's group can invite successful collectors of stamps, of old coins, of butterflies, of shells, of rare-edition books; harmonica players, mountain climbers, amateur painters, flower gardeners, adventurers, and writers to come to the campus to give illustrated lectures. (3) Religious Societies and Their Possibilities.

Religious groups can be provided with means of expressing themselves by serving as religious teachers in non-sectarian institutions and public schools, by collecting old but still serviceable clothes, shoes, slippers, toys, books, magazines, and athletic equipment for the poor. They can also visit the sick in the charity wards of hospitals to cheer them up with inexpensive gifts and with their music—vocal or instrumental.

Since the members of extra-curricular groups join voluntarily, they have the necessary motivations. Therefore very little is needed to start them on creative or self-help activities.

Such then is a general exposition of the role of faculty advisers in our colleges. ‡

FACULTY ADVISERS

enthusiasm will permit. Some obvious forms of help that he may extend are:

1. To determine who should be encouraged to join his group and to indicate to those refused which other group or groups to join profitably. In other words he should guide students in selecting appropriate activities that can tap and challenge their abilities and interests.

volving students, student housing conditions, policy making with respect to athletics, control pertaining to student conduct, and the development of a program for freshmen orientation. After the survey and with the data gathered, the students can redirect student opinion, work for better student housing conditions, modify policies with respect to athletics, and recommend some regulations aimed at improving student conduct.

REPORT

on the Preliminary Survey of Library Use and Study Habits of the Students of San Carlos

THE FIRST sample survey of the study habits of our college students and their use of the library was conducted sometime in the month of August. Miss N. Vivera of the library was kind enough in helping with the gathering of field data, in the tabulation and analysis of returns, and in general in being a most efficient co-worker.

The questionnaire. A set of questions was formulated, grouped into three sections, aside from an introductory section for classification data, i.e., address, course, occupation of parents, etc., (but no name.) The first section of the questionnaire concerns the library use of our students; the second section is about study habits; and the last section is devoted to a test of the students' general and cultural knowledge. Due to the pressure of time, it was not possible to organize a more detailed and comprehensive set of questions.

Some of the readers of this report may wish to see how they stand in comparison to the other students. It may be interesting to try to answer the questions, allowing yourself a similar length of time (one hour) to complete the set—and a word of advice crosswise: be honest. A sample of the questionnaire is the following:

I. LIBRARY USE:

1. How many times each week do you visit the library?
2. On the average how many hours or minutes do you stay in the library each time?
3. On the average how many hours do you spend in the library each week?
4. How many books have you borrowed for home use since the start of the semester?
5. Why do you go to the library? [Check your reasons] a. Read magazines or browse. b. Use library as study hall. c. Borrow reserve books. d. Use reference books. e. Meeting friends.
6. Do you refer to the books in the library for class assignments?
7. Where is the reserve section?
8. Where are the encyclopedias placed?
9. What magazines do you want to be added to our present subscription?
10. What do you like most about the library?
11. What do you dislike most about the library?
12. What improvements have you noticed in the library?
13. What other improvements would you suggest?
14. Are the library facilities, services and collection worth your P4.00 library fee?
15. Do your teachers send you to the library?

II. STUDY HABITS:

1. How long have you been in San Carlos?
2. How many hours or minutes each day do you spend in studying curricular subjects at home?
3. How many hours or minutes each day do you spend for such magazines as: a. Movie stories. b. Love stories and novels. c. Comics. d. Detective magazines.
4. What do you read in the newspapers: (Check the items below) a. Society & Home. b. News, Foreign. c. Editorial. d. Movie advertisements. e. Comics. f. News, local.
5. How many textbooks do you own?
6. How many general reading books, novels, etc. do you personally own (approximately)?
7. How many magazines, newspapers do you subscribe to at home?
8. Do you read the preface in books? Are prefaces necessary? Why?
9. Do you prefer studying alone or in group?
10. What kind of books have you read during the present (or past) school year (exclusive of reserve books)? For example, religion, history, education, economics, biography, marketing, management, drama, science, fiction, detective, English literature, etc.

III. CULTURAL:

1. Who do you think are the ten greatest contemporary intellectuals, and give your reasons.
2. Name your favorite writers in any field (as many as you wish) and their field.
3. Name your favorite painters, composers, singers, or actors.
4. Define culture.
5. Define education.
6. Why do you want college training?
7. Why did you choose San Carlos?
8. Identify these people by giving their nationality and period they belong to: a. St. Thomas Aquinas. b. Tschaitovsky. c. Adam Smith. d. John Dewey. e. Hammerskjold. f. Goethe. g. Elvis Presley. h. Louis Pasteur. i. Isaac Newton. j. Michelangelo. k. Socrates.
9. Name the capitals of the following countries, the continent where they are located, and the form of government of each: a. Iran. b. Chile. c. Liberia. d. India. e. U.S.A. f. Australia. g. Switzerland. h. Denmark. i. Greece. j. New Zealand.

(For those who are answering these questions, and would like to score their results, here is the guide: III.—1, stands for a possible score of 20 points. III.—2, & 3, is graded one point each for every answer. III.—4, and 5, two points each. III.—6, and 7, no weight. III.—8, is graded three points each. III.—9, is also graded with three points each for complete answers.)

THE SAMPLE

The classes chosen as samples of the survey included the following: in the graduate level, the "Philosophy of Education" class of Fr. Rector, and the class in "History of the Development of Economic Theories" of Guy; in the undergra-

duate level the following classes were included: Miss Varela's English I class, Professor Ordoña's class in Education 7, Mrs. Cesar's English 8 and English 5 classes, and Guy's Finance 15 class. A break down of the years and courses of the respondents is as follows:

	Male	Female	Total
Graduate Students	10	14	24
Lib. Arts I	14	23	37
Lib. Arts II	13	17	30
Lib. Arts III	17	12	29
Ed. II	1	11	12
Ed. IV	1	17	18
Com. III	5	4	9
Com. IV	31	21	52
TOTAL	92	119	211

THE ANSWERS

The students were given on the average one hour to complete the questionnaire. The returns showed, however, that over 85% of the respondents were unable to finish the answers within the time allocated. This may account for the low scores obtained in part III of the questionnaire—although it is to be doubted if the scores would have been improved to any appreciable degree even if the time allocated were much longer.

Some answers would have infuriated a grade school teacher. But

all of them [the questions]. My cultural knowledge is exhausted." He scored 41 points in part III (among the upper third).

Some of the more significant conclusions are summarized below:

I.—1. The library is well patronized by the students. This reflects the efficiency and attractiveness of the library.

I.—2. Quite a large percentage of the students have not borrowed books for home use. (Among these, Commerce students are largely guilty.)

I.—3. The Library is much used as a study hall.

I.—4. Students showed confusion in locating materials. Many do not know where to locate the encyclopedias.

I.—5. These magazines are in much demand: *Time*, *Life*, *Free Press*, *Women's Weekly*, *Companion*, and *Movie Screen*. Of all students surveyed, only three asked for "Sign" or Catholic magazines.

The is equal to the request for comics, and only half the requests for "Movie Screen".

I.—6. There were 40 complaints about student misbehavior, such as constant chatting with neighbours.

I.—7. The physical facilities and the collection of books and magazines received much praise from the students. Many complained about the ventilation, and some requested for air conditioners!

I.—8. Remarks about the library were preponderantly favourable.

I.—9. (Attention, instructors.) One out of five respondents wrote that their teachers did not send them to the library.

II.—Concerning study habits, these observations were made:

II.—1. Students devote too much time to the reading of such publications as comics and detective stories. In using newspapers, society section, home page, comics and movie advertisements received more attention than the editorial page.

II.—2. A very large number of the students own either just one textbook and one other volume. The number of those who own more than 15 textbooks was 42, while the number who own more than 20 volumes of other reading books was only 29. This represents 19.9% and 13.7%, respectively.

III.—Concerning part III, the general conclusion is that city-born students, or those who are city residents, score much higher than country residents.

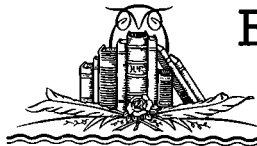
III.—1. A regrettable observation was the fact that geographical knowledge of our college students was unbelievably confused, e.g., "Greenland is the capital of Switzerland, and the latter is found in the continent of England." This indeed is a classic.

III.—2. Though answers to question III.—8. were few and grossly erroneous, yet there was not a single mistake in identifying Elvis Presley.

This short study should give us much to ponder about. †

... by G. GUY ...

those in charge of the survey took the answers with a few grains of salt and *tried hard* to laugh them off. Items: "Ireland is the capital of Australia, and Australia is located in the continent of South America." (This answer came from a fourth year student. Try to laugh that off.) "Goethe, a navigator of the olden times, a co-discoverer of North America with Columbus." One respondent appended this note: "I'm sorry I cannot answer



BOOK Review

• by **George Guy** • Graduate School

LOVE THAT RESEARCH

AT THE mention of the word "research", graduate students are likely to register an unconcealed revolt; while for undergraduates many simply manifest the symptoms of apoplexy. True, there are the few who cherish that term and roll out the syllables with special relish. The latter type is composed of those with normal intelligence and more than normal curiosity, or with more than normal intelligence and normal curiosity. Any of these two combination will do, though the ones with better-than-normal intelligence are preferred.

Research in literature, or "literary research", if you wish, is usually forced upon graduate students studying literature or language. Yet this need not be so. There are quite a few bibliophiles to be found among the followers of other sciences—even such die-hard materialists as economists, or even among "inhumane" businessmen.

From the love of books to the love of manuscripts is but another aspect of the same interest. Nothing is more energizing to such a one than to breathe the musty air of some long-closed attic, and rampage through the dusty collections of letters, diaries, and manuscripts. And when we are after letters, we are after letters, not the little pieces of print that one sticks on envelopes. The true researcher hates all the destructive elements—among the chief and foremost of which is that animal called *homo sapiens*, the special sub-species *homo sapiens philatelicus* being most abhorrent. What's in a little piece of colored stamp? But what *can't* be in some long forgotten letter—oh-la-la!

Attics and manuscripts then. That's all very fine. But what of those who have never seen an

attic, much less aged MSS. Well, one can dream, and read Alick's *The Scholar Adventurers* (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1951. Pp. viii, 338.) The chapters "The Case of the Curious Bibliographers" and "Hunting for Manuscripts" read better, a thousand and one times better, than the case of the curious bride, or the hunting for the maniac.

How neatly, too, Alick unwinds sagas of minor misconquests on the literary front into a tall tale, by following the mental wanderings of a groggy, and at the same time insomniac, scholar who tosses in his bed thinking about the seventeenth-century letters Meredith (burned because they took up too much space); or the hateful fire at Ashburnham House in the morning of October 23, 1731 (in which a large part of the Cottonian collection was destroyed, among them possibly other codices of Beowulf); or the irreparable loss of eighteenth and nineteenth-century journals in a British Museum warehouse (bombed out by swastika-bearing planes.) One may well add, that for the sinologist that bonfire of books ordered by the First Universal Emperor of Ch'in in the third century B.C. shall forever remain a sad event—the first emperor, indeed; one could only wish that he had been the last of his kind.

In conclusion, then: for an English major to read *The Scholar Adventurers* is a must. If, upon reaching page 50 he is still rebellious, his condition is to be considered chronic. If, upon finishing the book the student is still left cold, then it is my considered judgment that he do something drastic, like changing course and taking up grave-digging.

MANKIND'S greatest single experiment in acculturation is right before our eyes. Evidence of this cultural process can be found in the purr of outboard motors among the tropical swamps of Northern Borneo, or in the hot jazz booming out of an Alaskan bar overcrowded with Eskimos. The gloriously drunk Kalinga, with a bottle of cheap rum in one hand and a vicious spear on the other, is another evidence. He may not have replaced his spear with a civilized six-shooter yet, but he has already found that cheap rum, freely flowing out of the ultra-20th-century cone mills, is just as intoxicating as his boss. It is not too much to hope that not only will the spear disappear, but in time, it may be replaced by a walking stick—the kind J. P. Morgan used. To the anthropologist, such "civilizing influence" is death to his science.

So he laments the ominous threat to his private domain. (Each native tribe is considered his private realm.) If a tribe becomes too "civilized" the anthropologist packs up and treks off in the general direction of what, in the latest map, is a great white blank, beautifully decorated with the single word "unexplored." That happy word, however, is unfortunately lost reaching extinction.

John Skolle, in his *Azalai* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1956, p. 272) may not have contributed to the obliteration of another "Unexplored", but he has certainly more clearly inked the caravan trail from Taoudeni to Timbuctoo, in the heart of the Sahara.

Whatever degree of respect, or otherwise, the terms *orientalist*, *american* and *foe illuminae* may connote, and in spite of its intentionally blatant reference to such common source, as the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, Skolle has mixed scholarship and adventure with an expert hand (e.g. the caps, "People and Cities of the Desert", "Caravan Routes and the Slave Trade", and "Early Explorers").

There are sprinkled a few spicy comments here and there about the native tribes. These depreciating remarks may appear on second thought to reflect a degree of Chauvinism. However, because of the apparent interest the writer had for the native tribes, these remarks should be taken at their face value for what they appear to be at first

(Continued on page 29)

Short Story

by: Junne Canizates

HE ALWAYS looked at the *kamansitis* tree near the bank of the river every morning when he opened the windows of his nipa hut. Then he would sigh the yearning that was never spoken again. Wontedly he would linger by the window as if waiting someone who would never come. Sometimes he would hear voices, one, ripe with a promise; another, loaded with gratefulness. Yet, they were his own. Occasionally, he would whistle a tune of regret until his old mother, his lone companion in the house, would call him to breakfast.

Subsequent morning witnessed him looking at the tree no

the strength of love . . .

the power of forgetfulness . . .

The **FLAME** and the **FLOOD**



"Oh, no, no, don't eat your sugar cane here!" He was driving away a group of children one summer afternoon.

"But *Manoy* we've no other place to go to," a boy complained. "Please allow us to stay here."

"Okay," he consented, "but don't forget to clean the place."

After the children nodded in unison, he went away. He doubted the children's memory. No, they won't forget, they won't forget. He consoled himself. Turning back, he viewed the tree.

It was tall and sturdy. The branches were long, bent with thick leaves. The tree never showed signs of limited growth. Not even during the time when the leaves were falling. To watch it was to forget time . . . as if a day was standing still.

The fruit season would draw children into its premises.

He remembered a day in summer. The children gathered themselves beneath the *kamansitis* tree. Some of them had slingshots, others had bamboo poles. They were disputing: who would climb the tree? He approached them, and told them to keep quiet, he volunteered; he picked the fruits for them.

"Never mind, *Noy Andres*," small Nick held him as he rolled up his trousers.

(Continued on page 29)

FRIBOURG UNIVERSITY

by MARCELINO N. MACEDA

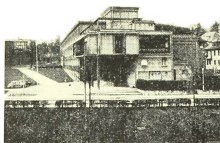
in comparison to our cities. As a university town it is an ideal one and consequently many students from various countries come to study here.

As an institution of higher learning the University of Fribourg is not an old one. It was founded in the later part of the nineteenth century by the illustrious Fribourg statesman, George Python. There are four faculties of study: Theology (Roman Catholic), Natural Science, Law and Economics, and Philosophy. The University grants doctor and licentiate degrees. The former is granted after four years and the latter after three years; and of course to obtain these degrees one must have a bachelor's degree prior to his entrance to the university. Those who have passed their examinations in the University can at once practice their professions without any further exams. But examinations here are not easy to pass.



Members of the German student association "Carolinia" with their flag taking part in the Corpus Christi procession

For example this semester (summer semester, April-June), in the Law and Economics Faculty there were seven students who took their first certificate examinations and only



The Seminar Building

I WROTE this short article because I know that many of our young students and also members of the faculty would like to know the conditions regarding student life in a university in Switzerland; and in my

[The author was the former research assistant of two deans of the Graduate School: Rev. Frs. Rahmann and Van Linden. Last year, the University sent him to Switzerland where he is now finishing a doctorate degree in Anthropology.—Ed.]

particular case in the University of Fribourg.

Fribourg University is located in the city of Fribourg itself, the capital of the canton (equivalent to our province) of Fribourg. It is one of the seven universities of the confederacy of twenty-five cantons, collectively known as Switzerland or the playground of Europe. It should be noted, however, that each canton is totally independent, although it has some obligations to the confederal government. The city of Fribourg is 800 years old this year and she celebrated her founding last June 16-23 consisting of a week of festivity. The city has a population of about 30,000 which is small



The grounds of the University of Fribourg as seen during winter

one passed. Of the three economics students who took their second certificate exams only two passed the tests. And I know that those who took the tests were well prepared.

Fribourg University is a state institution. So the fees are much lower as compared to any university in the Philippines, be it private or public. The administration, however, of the University is left to the Dominicans. Every two years a new rector is elected. The deans are also elected but they hold their offices for only a year. Next school year 1957-58 Rev. Rudolf Rahmann, S.V.D., will be the dean of the Philosophy Faculty. Here indeed is a good ex-

(Continued on page 31)

THOUSANDS of years ago man was still a wandering savage in the great wilderness that the earth once was. His house was the dark and hollow caves of the mountains. For light he used the languid flicker of the firewood, the wax and the resins. For clothing, the skins of animals and the bark of trees. His weapons were sticks and stones.

From this rude state of barbarism man inched up higher to civilization.

in all lines of human endeavors proclaim how far he surpassed the man of the ages gone by. From the darkness of barbarism that was his in the beginning, he slowly emerged into the light and the culture called civilization.

But there is still one thing in which man has not yet improved or progressed. It is the thing without which the civilization he has painfully built cannot long endure.

Sursum Corda

From the lessons of the past and with the vision of the future he slowly learned to improve himself, his ways of living. From the trail of yesterday he advanced further. Every day found him making strides towards his utopian goal, nearer to his dream for improvement. One day after an age-long struggle his lowly house under the caves rose up to a decent home, to golden palaces rising heavenward. The dim and sleepy light of the stove turned to gas-fed lamps. Not many years later to electric bulbs. The hard and rugged skins of animals which once covered him from the fury of the winds and snows became softer, warmer. For man discovered the use of cotton and silk. His weapons always a part of his struggle for existence, he made better, stronger, more powerful. From the stick and stone they passed to iron in terms of swords; then to powder in terms of bombs!

Man has not only made progress in the realm of science, economics and industry. In the field of arts, literature and music he made great improvements. The noble thoughts he drank from the inexhaustible beauty of nature became woven in the prose and in the poetry of his world.

Indeed man has gone a long way since the day he first began dreaming about a better and happier world to live in. Compared to what he was yesterday, he is much superior today. At least the vestiges of his wonderful achievements

is the art of building peace.

For together with the building of this civilization there has always been endless destruction followed by endless reconstruction because of wars. This is the greatest calamity that has afflicted and weakened humanity ever since. In fact through the smoke and the ruins of the two recent wars can be seen the evils that wars had wrought on mankind. The homes which once united the father, the mother and children; the cities which radiated with purple light and splendor; the verdant plains which teemed with golden harvest, all these, were burned to ashes and leveled to the ground.

But that is not the end of it. Today there is talk of another war more destructive than any of the wars already waged in history. The weapons that will be used will no longer be the stick or the stone or the sword. They will be what man in his search for power has lately formulated... the atom and the hydrogen bombs. According to scientists, this modern means of warfare will not only destroy homes, or level cities. It will destroy and wipe out humanity. It will render the whole world lifeless and desolate as the mountains and valleys of the moon!

Man's future is getting dim in the thick of the rumors of wars. He sees nothing but the spectre of total destruction. The horror of his inventions continues to haunt him. As the tension grows tighter he be-

comes restless. In his heart nothing is left but the gloom of despair. Where can man find refuge for peace? Will the present civilization, the pride of mankind, be destroyed? To whom can he look for help to avoid this tragedy? Above and over the fears of the world stands a unique institution of changeless peace. It is the City of God. Over two thousand years ago a young Galilean established it to guide man in his search for a true and lasting peace. She has been commissioned to teach a heavenly doctrine, which alone can unite all men in peaceful understanding, into living together as blood brothers. For her doctrine is not other than love. Indeed this Institution has already proven to be the only sanctuary for the world's order. Through her popes and priests she has done much in pre-

by *Abe Guibea*

erving the medieval world when kings and emperors were in lust and gamble for power. The first is that Institution called Christianity is the proverbial ark of peace and order amid a world of strife.

But rational man has presumed too much. He believed that by himself alone he could settle the disorder and the fears of the world. He abandoned this Institution despite its influence upon civilization. Instead he appealed to the use of force as the only solvent factor for establishing peace he badly needs. But history has to repeat the lesson over and over again in letters of blood that peace solely built upon force does not last forever. Indeed a weaker nation can be brought to her knees by a more powerful one but its nationalism can never be extinguished. A moral factor other than material force must be used. Such moral factor cannot but be a philosophy which teaches equality and justice for all; a doctrine which considers all men as blood brothers under one God; or a religion which transcends the boundaries of colors, creeds and collings.

These are self-evident truths. For man is free and guided by the principles of justice and bound by the ties of common brotherhood only when he is aware that he came from God. Let him deny these truths

(Continued on page 30)

Too Many LAWYERS

THE FIELD of law is not, and can never be, overcrowded in spite of what people think. Even if everybody takes up law. To know the law is the concern of lawyers and non-lawyers alike. The fact that almost 3,000 new lawyers are added to the field is an encouraging sign. It is an indication of our nation's progress.

The focal point of attraction to the law profession is difficult to find. But one fact remains: that lawyers come and come. Why?

Is it for pecuniary benefits?

No. Pecuniary benefits, while incidental to the law profession, cannot be expected. The few who, by stroke of good luck, amass wealth in the exercise of the profession are outnumbered by those

by

Manuel E. Valenzuela

who can hardly live on the profession. Besides, although lawyers indisputably enjoy a high reputation and prestige in the community, they are not the richest.

Is it for political ambition?

Even less. Though it may be a stepping stone to a political position, the profession is not a prerequisite in the assumption of leadership in the country. The late President Ramon Magsaysay was not a lawyer. Yet, he caught the fancy of the masses and was catapulted to the highest magistracy of the nation. Dr. Jose Rizal was a doctor. It was his love for his country, heightened by the blessings of time, that made him the idol of his people.

In other words, there is really no concrete bridge between the legal profession and political fame.

Law for law's sake!

If it cannot be anything political or pecuniary what is it in law that draws yearly a caravan of the youth toward the law schools? It is the charm of working for a dignified cause!



The Author

Information, knowledge, culture and order — the basic elements of beautiful and bountiful—are the embodiments of the legal profession. Consequently, it is only logical to think of the lawyer as an informed, a learned, a cultured and orderly individual. For this reason, many who vest immeasurable interests in law, make it a point to be lawyers at all costs without sacrificing decency.

Lawyers must prove their worth!

The charge that "lawyers, like coconuts, are worth five centavos per head" is indeed a mockery, a funny tell-tale, an absolutely false presumption. Every lawyer is worth no less than an honorable man whose dignity cannot be measured in terms of silver or gold. Associate Justice Roberto Concepcion said: "You are members of the bar—not traders or merchants. You are officers of the court—not brokers or peddlers nor commodities for sale to the highest bidder. You are champions of truth and fair play — not tools of the crafty and unscrupulous. You are constituent elements of the law and the courts as instrumentalities of the people's welfare — not lackeys of private interest."

Nowadays competition in every phase of endeavor is very keen. Today every lawyer must prove his individual worth. ‡

de profundis



*they say i didn't love you
enough to care for sobbing
for while the band was playing
elegy and your friends were crying,
i simply stood there, tearless, with
hands,
full of remembering, locked
behind. they stared at each
other with self-answering eyes—
they didn't know how hard i
prayed you would rise. they
asked behind my back and called
me names your now silent lips
never would call me even for
graver crimes. . . .
i knew they didn't know—and
how could they,
for instance, know?—that tears of
deepest sorrow
are tears that never*

! !
! !
! !
! !

— emdiola

(See Picture at right)

The USC Libraries

(left to right and top to bottom)

1. The Bindery
2. The Main Reading Room
3. The Law Librarian
4. Reading Room College of Architecture and Engineering Library
5. Technical Services Staff
6. Chief, Technical Services
7. Librarian, Architecture and Engineering Library
8. The Main Reading Room



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Mr. P. T. Uy

The USC Library in Pictures



Excursion! **PHARMACY STUDENTS**

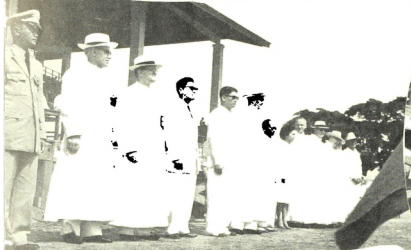
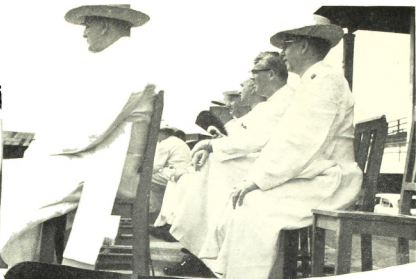
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**LIBERAL ARTS AND
EDUCATION STUDENTS**

Excursion!



★ ★ ★ *Rector's and Faculty Day* ★ ★ ★

Diana

i

*from now and forever
i shall garnish my world
with a thousand, infinite prayers.
i shall stay. i shall watch my
candle burning.*

ii

*i shall play my 'alpha'...
i shall rend my taciturnity
with the old but sweet songs
of yesterdays. but i'm at your
side. i'm with you, Diana...*

iii

*yesterday. Oh, it's yesterday.
you were with me, Diana...
i saw your beauty. your smile.
your laughter.
i now hear your songs.
i understand their meaning but
to forecast their future
is to see a chasm of darkness...*

iv

*life between us, Diana was a vision
of hopes and joys
bright as the round moon.
love between us was the effulgence
of the sun radiating without end...*

v

*but oh, Diana, i was wrong. now a
rotten leaf of pain remains.
now a dark cloud covers.
my world will surely end.
my hope will soon die. and my
love oh, it will be buried soon by
Time.*

vi

*you are gone, Diana, you are now
dust. death is so cruel! so cruel
is death, Diana!!!*

vii

*but now and forever, i shall
emblazon my world with a
thousand songs, prayers,
serenades in memory of you,
Diana.....*

—renato m. rances

ADVENTURES IN

Handwriting

by **ILDEFONSO LAGCAO**

THE WORD "unique" exactly describes my penmanship. It is a medley of the original 78 Filipino characters. Hence, it has a greater claim to nationalism. Its multifarious nature won't make another Champollion. It laughs at any handwriting analyst. Its disorder and topsy-turvy appearance lends to it a touch of modernism.

My handwriting has heaped on me the scorn of my friends. It has earned me a treasury of prized comments. One girl whom I courted answered my letter thus, "I could have loved you had I not seen your handwriting." A friend who misread my letter gave me a battered eye.

It has earned me several 4's and 5's in my written examinations. My theme notebooks and experiment papers never escape my instructors' hand without the following comments: "Repeat! Very poor penmanship!" These have made me allergic to anything red. My poor penmanship has given me an inferiority complex and has earned me countless derogatory nicknames such as "Mr. Congressman or Mr. Syakoy." Yet, despite the troubles it showers on me, my penmanship has remained one of my cherished possessions.

In the first place, it has taught me a lesson which has revolutionized my life. Before, I used to be irritable. Slight words easily provoked me to a fit of temper. But the stinging comments my handwriting brings me have erased my self-concealed, pride-packed ego. They have steel-

ed my will and have developed in me an impregnable "I don't care attitude."

In the second place, it has freed me from troubles. Students 'blessed' with good penmanship can never get rid of note borrowers. Cases of stolen notes are common among them. I am proud that I never fall prey to this class of bores. Whenever I lose my notes I need not worry. I always find them in the "Lost and Found Department" or just in the place where I left them. My handwriting renders them valueless. Nobody cares for them. Hence, I feel convinced that it is also worthwhile to be a nobody.

No one except me can claim strict privacy in his own handwriting. The Constitution affirms the inviolability of correspondence, but you cannot afford to sue your parents who violate this Constitutional mandate. Not even your friends who merely intend to put one over on you. But my love and other confidential letters have eluded the scrutinizing eyes of my parents and the ridicule of my unruly co-boarders. They cannot read them.

If I can handle the typewriter with amazing speed and precision it is because of my bad penmanship. I have taken the pains of learning to type because of my poor penmanship.

I feel free to claim that my penmanship stands side by side with current arts. What we call "modernism" condemns any interpretation other than that of the artist himself. My penmanship partakes of that nature. Nobody can read it. Not even myself at times. That is a part of modern art. I am a modernist. My handwriting bears me out. #

**"Man has places in his heart which do not yet exist,
and into them enters suffering, in order that
they may have existence."**

RIDAY, 18 January, 1957

Night. Long before dusk, the first drops of rain had already drizzled down to embrace the warmth of the earth. As darkness deepened the drizzle grew in intensity. The winds were raging. The knocks on the door were hardly audible. I opened it and the keen wind blew the rain upon my face. Two men with grim faces were standing outside. Their clothes were dripping wet and they looked ill and anxious. I asked them at once: "What do you want?"

"Your Father — we must see him..." one of them retorted.

Papa must have heard the answer for he came down the stairs and bade them to come in. The man who had spoken to me at the doorway broke out in a stream of garrulous sounds and gestures what he did made cold sweat re-place the rainwater on his forehead. Only a vague idea of what he was saying took shape in my mind. At length, Papa turned toward me and said, "Lin-na, bring me my raincoat..." and was suddenly seized with a terrible fit of coughing.

"Papa, must you go out, it is raining. Outside—everything is wet and you have a cold."

"A life is at stake!" With that he walked out of the house, into the rain and into the dark.

Sitting there in the rattan chair waiting for him to return, I wondered for whose life he had braved the rain, the puddle and the mud.

Barely an hour passed by when the door opened again. They brought a man with them and they had to support him. He was barely conscious. His arms were bruised and his shirt was torn and dirty and there were traces of blood on his face.

"Put him in the guest room gently," Papa said. "He is in a state of shock."

The soft lamplight cast a red glow over his face. I saw that he was young. I wrung a hot towel and wiped out the clots of blood and dirt from his face. He gave an expression of pain. Beads of perspiration gathered on his forehead.

"Papa, who is he," I asked. He shrugged. "I don't know!" Those two villagers found his car smashed in a ditch. They thought him dead...

"He is not going to die, is he? He is too young to die,"

"No. He will pull through all right if luck is with him. Here, give him this tablet, it is a tranquilizer and will calm him down."

SATURDAY, 19 January, 1957

Morning. There was a clear and tranquil sky. The sun was bright but the earth was still moist and wet because of the previous rain. The room was darkened against the bright day. I sat down near the window in a sunny corner and looked at the nameless young man whom fate had whimsically brought to us in the dead of the night. He was lying still in bed, seemingly lifeless; and only at times would his lips quiver nervously and his hands would become restless moving senselessly.

Then his eyes opened. Papa held

lating the circumstances which brought him to us, the young man spoke at last: "I really do not know how to repay you for all you have done for me! You gave me back my life, took me into your lodging..." And before he could continue Papa cut him short, bidding him not to think of it. It was God's will, he explained. In a few days he would be well again, but in the meantime he must stay with us. And I added: "You don't have to worry. When Papa said that you would get well in a few days, he meant it. Although Papa is a retired physician he knows what he says."

He looked at me and our eyes met and a shadow of a smile hung over his face.

Then he told us that his name was Mau-too. His family lived in the city. He was going to a town some thirteen miles away from our place. And there was in him none of the shabby gentleness so common to people living in the metropolis. That night when I went out to the garden and saw the light

The **CHRYSANTHEMUM**

him up and I fixed a glass of hot milk for him. He drank it very slowly. I could feel his struggle to get the milk down the sandy desert of his throat. After he had finished he looked at us and stuttered, his voice low and weak:

"Where... where am I?"

And Papa told him everything: the rain, the two men who came to knock at our door, and my washing his wounds. He listened without saying a word. And when Papa had finally exhausted himself in re-

still shining in his room and the shadow of his figure framed against the silk curtain, I felt a sense of sober responsibility toward him.

WEDNESDAY, 23 January, 1957

Today I was peaceful and quiet. The last few days I saw him grow stronger.

We took a walk outdoors. The beautiful countryside with its green foliage, tall grasses and chirping birds became again the magic land which I used to know in my child-

hood days. We were like two children basking in the sun.

"I like this place," he said, "It is so calm and yet so full of life! The city is a great contrast to a place like this. The tall buildings, the neon lights, the narrow commercialism, the false value of society are but lures of a city!"

I caught the dreamy expression in his eyes, the message more eloquent than any spoken language.

"You see," he added, "I was born in the country. We lived once in a place like this. When I was fourteen my Old Man decided to move to the city."

He was unduly sentimental. I could have laughed at his simplicity, but I did not. Men are strange and simple creatures. They are slaves to impulses. In a moment of exuberance of spirit and well-being he forgot himself and had unveiled his innermost hope to recapture a childish happiness he had long lost.

When he turned his face westward the slanting sunlight fell upon his sensitive features, and I saw that his face was almost as white as mine. It was no longer gaunt and pale. The short trips outdoors must have brightened the natural glow of his complexion. Toward the west a sea of evanescent reddish clouds, lined with gold and silver, drifted slowly across the horizon.

We trudged home.
Sunset.
Full starlight.

and the WIND

SATURDAY, 26 January, 1957

Day. We took to the garden. While the Chrysanthemums were in the shade, the broad countryside with its purple slopes and green hills were glimmering in the sunshine. We sat down under a tree. I had taken my work basket with me and was doing my needlework. A leaf fell. Another followed. Then I became aware that he was looking at me and I tried to avoid his glance. He pointed a finger at the pots of flowers and asked me:

"Are they not Chrysanthemums?"

"Yes," I replied.

"I once tried to plant this kind of flowers in a pot at the back porch of our house in the city but they did not love. Maybe the sun was too hot. Or, I was just not a gardener." He shrugged his shoulders. "Once I read a poem dedicated to the Chrysanthemum. It was something like this:

'It is not that you are dearer to me than many another flower. But only that when you have faded, there will be no more flowers.'

by **Rey Yap**

"It is a beautiful poem," I said.
"Yes." He smiled. He looked so happy.

A gentle wind blew and disheveled his hair across my forehead. I smoothed it over; but the wind came again and again and it brought with it the raw smell of green vegetation and the wild fragrance of the fields and the forests and the tall waving grasses.

"Lin-na dear," he said, his voice vibrant and intoning, "Two days from now I will be going away, far away, and I do not want you to be only a memory to me. I want you to go with me. I want you to marry me."

There was something in his voice and face, something wholehearted and soft and wordless. Through those gloriously captured moments I spent with him in the sunshine, I have never seen life more clearly. I felt that an understanding was already reached between us in silence but I replied:

"Mau-roo, I cannot do it..."

He looked into my eyes and said: "we will live in the country. We will find a place like this if it will make you happier!..."

"It is not that, Mau-roo!"

He touched my hand. The gentle pressure of his fingers moved me and I felt the movement of his blood in his veins.

"What is it, Lin-na?"

"You would not understand!"

"It is about my Father."

"He does not like me, is that it?"

"No! He likes you very much.

• Short Story •

But he is getting old and I cannot leave him alone. You heard him coughing at night, and when it rains he complains about his limbs. I cannot bear to think of him suffering alone. There is no one to take care of him if I go away. He has been good to me all my life. He said that I am the only treasure left for him and he wants me to be near him always. This is his last dream of happiness in this life and I dare not deny him of it..."

His vision was focused beyond the green foliage, beyond the tall grasses, staring and yet unseeing. I saw the sad thoughtfulness in his eyes. He was still holding my hand. He must have forgotten to take it away. He understood my words more than the meaning I wanted to convey.

Overhead the clouds were drifting in a turbulent mass. From the distance came the roaring voice of a hundred forests.

We went home.

I look myself in my room. I threw myself in bed. Nothing of all the storm in me could be heard outside.

MONDAY, 28 January, 1957

Night. Now that he was gone I felt an emptiness I could not explain. A strange pain and a stranger melancholy gnawed at my soul. Just this noon Papa and I saw him off the bus; and he gave us his address, saying that in case we should be in the city we must look him up. He was most polite and grateful and Papa was deeply touched. I smiled at him and the smile almost choked me.

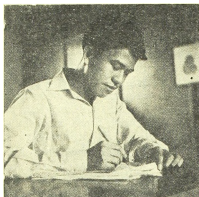
Somehow, for a moment, I stood staring at the place where the bus was once located. Then I looked away for I could not bear to continue looking one.

Perhaps if I had said just one word to make him stay, he would have stayed. Perhaps I would have gone with him if he had insisted a little further, saying one word more. But he never said his word and I never said mine. There was a strange sadness in my thoughts. From knowing him came understanding. He knew what was in my heart. No man is blind to emotions. Papa had saved his life. From an innate sense of gratitude he must have realized the grief of Papa's loss and loneliness if he were to take me away from him.

(Continued on page 30)

CROSS CURRENTS

by **Sixto L. Abao, Jr.**



THE AUTHOR

OUR ENROLLMENT data since this school acquired the status of a university show that the male population has been always outnumbered by the female. According to the records now on file in the Registrar's Office, there were 1,800 and 2,380 male and female students, respectively, during the second semester of the school year 1955-1956, and 2,144 and 2,988, respectively, during the first semester of 1956-1957 and 1,916 and 2,768 for the following semester. The enrollment data again shows that there are 2,223 and 3,096 male and female students, respectively, who are enrolled in this university for the current semester, thus outnumbering, as in previous semesters, the "unfair sex" (to quote a Law professor) by over a thousand and a hundred. The growing female population in colleges and universities, in this particular case, the University of San Carlos, greatly shocked Mr. Willie E. Abraham of the University College of Ghana, Africa, who said that university education does positive harm to women and only made them crosses between the sexes. In the *Student*, an international magazine for students, he writes:

"A university education does positive harm to women. It unfits them for the work which is theirs in after-school life. A university education diminishes their femininity. It unsexes them, unfitting them for married life, a state to which their most important contribution is their femininity. A university woman is a cross between the sexes, like an angel, but entirely divested of an angel's virtue. Too clever, too scholarly, too free-minded, too opinionated, she spends, at great expense, her girlhood acquiring something she calls a liberal mind, carefully cultivating in the process all those elegant and expensive habits, smoking and beer-drinking included, which break the heart of every breadwinner. She substitutes everything studied and affected for everything natural and ingrained, and begins at the twilight of her youth to lay snares for excitable young men on the strength of her dilapidated charms... brings home all the ills of delayed motherhood... robbed the family coffers, never to replenish them, and has been a continual source of distraction and mental agony to serious male students."

Mr. Abraham further lambasts the women now in universities and colleges by saying that to them a university education is a "most extravagant qualification for housewifery, and it so much of other people's money is spent on a woman only to enable her to chatter in a high lallutin' strain with her husband," then that education "is a crime."

For the manner in which Mr. Abraham brought out his arguments, he deserves more than a word of praise. . . though to us and other sympathetic men, and to the women, his article will sound preposterous. Filipinos do not, by nature, only give their women university education but also all the precious things that they can possibly get in this world just to show that with our women go the glory of Filipino men.

It is said that the personality of a person is often revealed through his speech. And for that matter, our English teachers more often than not always give full emphasis to the fundamentals of public speaking. Pointers on this subject are often printed and distributed just to avail us of the opportunity to learn to speak English with power and fire. From the *Wesneco Torch*, Western Negros College, comes these practical suggestions:

"To correct ourselves, we need to practice and practice correctly. Read aloud some English selections and let down our mistakes. Then go over the same selection, this time correcting our errors. Take to heart what our teachers are teaching us. Listen to the educated speakers of the language speak and learn from them. Just as the only way to learn to swim is to swim, so is the only way to speak English is to speak it."

From the *Scholastican* (St. Scholastica's College) comes this definition of a lady:

"A lady respects authority, does not attract attention, most of all is very considerate of others. She follows regulations such as keeping right in corridors so as not to block the traffic; throws her scrap of paper in the waste basket instead of littering them around; puts the coke bottles in their proper places and keeps silent where silence should be kept. A lady is also modest at all times, is not snobbish, does not talk aloud in public places and is always dignified and charitable. She never makes a show of her emotions in public."

That is it.

Putting up this column in regular shape was a hard one. What with the elections of officers to the USC Supreme Student Council, the first in 500 years? Everybody in the staff is politicking — Fabroz, Alonso, Cabanatan and company all are in the field save the Ed and the only female Senior Editor. But despite the heavy political schedule (yips!) and the shellacking that the staffers got from the Moderator, we were still able to hold on our toes and comes out in this mag.

The semester is about to close and by the time this reaches you, everything is ready for home. To you, Carolinians, go our profoundest thanks. See you again. . . †

"look here, i'm not a candidate running for anything or anywhere. politically i'm a dead duck, socially i'm an orphan. personally i'm. . . . that's none of your business. besides your party is lousy!" — an irate student being collared to run as a senator in one of the mushrooming student political parties on the campus snapped at a campaign manager, one of his own classmates. that one incident stands out in our minds as one of the funniest incidents in the most hilarious slam-bang student elections we've ever witnessed. tempers shot up to dangerously explosive degrees as campus issues became at once a matter of personal contention between the ambitious candidate and the "look-they-are-



THE AUTHOR

ramblings in lower case

salooming-to-us" darn-difficult-to-convince voters. no matter what anyone says, **amable tuibeo**, one of the presidential aspirants for the supreme council, rates our salute. although he knew we were not on the same bandwagon he took pains never to carry the tussle to private level. this wouldn't rate this space except for the fact that in many instances sportsmanship took an awful beating during the scramblings for choice positions. many successful winners are dismal failures in our eyes in the light of their personal grievances against those who didn't see eye to eye with them. they winched at the idea that "this person does not like me." so what? even Christ was hated. do they imagine themselves more privileged? about the hardest thing in the world is trying to force somebody to like you especially when you're "working" on someone who has already made up his mind to have nothing to do with the likes of you. try to please everybody and the devil will be first to congratulate you.

with close to five student parties using every campaign know-how to brainwash the students to root for them, the neck-to-neck competition was more than thrilling to us

—the sideline "political observers" from the benches. we never had it so good—for once somebody was paying attention to us. like **chita carson** (edu. 3) and **fe peccasales** (h.e. 4) we were more than amused at the heights of eloquence and depths of idiocy the candidates gave us a ring-side view of. certainly we were all for the supreme council elections! everybody was ambitious. c'mon be honest about it, you dopes! at one time or another all of you hoped to be included in at least the representatives line-up but fortunately that isn't possible. looking over the line-up our eyebrows lifted to see **jesus estanislao's** (p.h.b. 3) name in off all places, the commerce corner but it turned out to be a mistrust. . . **carlota sevilla** (com. 4) nearly convinced us to vote for the United party for the enthusiasm of **maria celsa briones** (sect'l 1) the secretary of another party. . . **tony dakey** (law 1) running for the senator's berth? we'd enjoy it more

if it were his fingers running over the keyboard. as a fan i find his piano playing more interesting. . . naughty naughty **agnes sian** (com. 4) will win anything on the strength of her unmatchable sense of humor alone. . . **gerardo lipardo jr.** (mech. engr. 4) a whiz at math surprisingly run as pro. its quite a novelty for anyone to juggle words and numbers successfully, somewhere in the mess we saw **rudolfo morelos'** (a.b. 3) name as a representative. knowing rudy's 10 carats worth of thoughtfulness and good manners he wins at least on good will what he lost in votes. . . student politics is only a stepping stone for a name you'll be seeing years from now—**elsie jane veloso** (law 4). . . dynamic **tina miranda** (arch. 2) found the campaign a breather from the endless drawing sketches that are her daily bread. . . on the other side of the fence—the voting public like **linda marquez** (pharm. 2) was just bewildered by it all and got befuddled like the legions of freedom about the political issues at stake from the conflicting boners of efficient campaign mismanagement.

extemporaneous sugarcoated blah blah was launched on small groups or a lone passerby by the candidates who hailed the passing students the way one hails a taxicab. dark-eyed **linda novales** (sectl. 1) san carlos' genuine "filipina" (Continued on page 30)

by lourdes jaramilla

by Geronimo Creer, Jr.

THERE'S been a lot of talking lately about the USC Elite Corps. It's because of the three stars. Well, nobody can deny it, we have won the tactical inspection three times. A splendid repeat performance and it's going to be another star. Other ROTC units will have a hard time ripping off from us the "constellation", especially with the same standard of training and with the same commandant, Major Anacleto "Star" Garcia.

We have quite a strong administration again. With former Corps Commander Lt. Conrado Ajero as assistant commandant, Capt. Liberrato Romero, as Liaison Officer and assistant to the commandant, Pfc. 2nd Lt. Felipe Labucay, and that cigarette-pocking debonair, 1st Lt. Greg Ayo who musters a sweet and tantalizing voice, it won't be easy to reduce the USC ROTC Corps to nothingness this coming Tactical Inspection.

CORPS OFFICERS

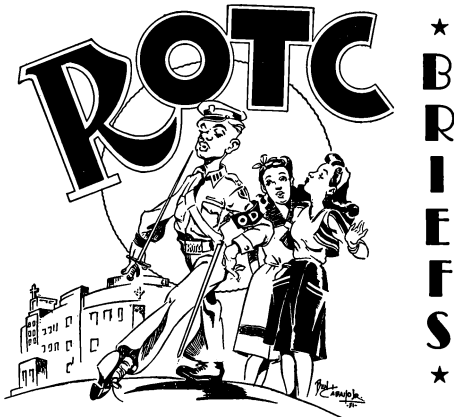
Bearing, talking prowess, voice and brains are qualifications required of an officer. The following cadet officers have them: Cdt. Col. Louie Batongmatague, Corps Commander, a big and rocky fellow with a punctuated smile; Cdt. Lt. Col. Manuel Lim, Jr., Corps Ex-O, Adj. & S1, a diehard by profession; Cdt. Lt. Col. Cesar Ursol, Corps S2, a giant by birth; Cdt. Lt. Col. Rufino Cruz, Corps S3; and Cdt. Lt. Col. Teresio Escario, Corps S4.

FIRST "STARFIRE" BATTALION

In the First Battalion, we have right on top a perfectionist in the person of Cdt. Lt. Col. Dominador Turno, Jr., Battalion Commander. He is assisted by his staff composed of perennial diehards. They are Cdt. Major Geronimo Creer, Jr., Bn Ex-O; Cdt. Capt. Manuel Mabugat Adj & S1; Cdt. Capt. Wilfredo Mabugat S2 & S3; and Cdt. 1st Lt. Rogelio Comacho, Jr., the Bn S4. They directly supervise the training of neophyte cadets.

SECOND "FIREBEE" BATTALION

Way on top is Cdt. Lt. Col. Vicente Bendanillo, Jr., Bn Commander, followed by his staff: Cdt. Major Otelio Yap, Bn Ex-O; Cdt. Capt. Andro Ochotona, Bn Adj & S1; Cdt. Capt. Hector Zosa S2 & S3; and Cdt. 1st Lt. Emmanuel Santillan,



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Bn S4. They handle the How 105 mm.

executed their rhythmic manual of arms.

THE COMPANIES

Commanding the Alpha Company is handsome Cdt. Capt. Ramon Roska. Bravo Company owns a liery Commander, Cdt. Capt. Domer Teleron. Cdt. Capt. Emiliano Macopaz commands the Charlie Company, and Cdt. Capt. Arnulfo Palero is handling the Delta Company. These companies compose the first battalion.

Echo Company has a small-but-terrible commander, Cdt. Capt. Laurito Malinao. Foxtrot is under Cdt. Capt. Anthony Sian. Golf Company's boss is Cdt. Capt. Leopoldo Mercado. These companies compose the second battalion.

A big headache for Cdt. Capt. Solfronio Camacho is his Band Company. He is having a hard time curbing those old reliables.

FIRST PARADE AND REVIEW

The USC Elite Corps, for the first time showed its wares last August 18, when it held its first parade and review in honor of Archbishop Julio Rosales and visiting Bishops from Leyte, Samar and Negros. The occasion was the commemoration of the Catholic School Week.

The cadets in their spic and span uniform were tremendously applauded by the crowd as they

PRESENTATION OF SPONSORS

Last August 25th the cadet officers in their magnetic gala uniform presented the sponsors to the cadets and the public as well. The khaki-clad doughboys briskly marched before the grandstand in mass formation. The sponsors, too, in their glittering attire swayed like Valentinas in front of the Count of Peru.

The occasion was also highlighted by the awarding of medals to deserving cadet officers of 1956-57. The affair ended in a banquet at the residence of Miss Narcissa Vivera.

BEAT IT

- The new Corps Commander of CCC was formerly a cadet officer of the University of San Carlos.

- Cdt. Lt. Adriano Medillin, a hijilipution of the 1st Platoon, Delta Company heads the Knights of the Altar. Students say he is too small to become a cadet officer but he has the "guts."

Men of talents compose the Instructors Group: Cdt. Cols. Joel Trinidad, a medalist; Nilo Alazas, also a football prodigy of the William Lines Team; Ireneo Tupaz, a loyalist; and Max Montayre, a diehard. †

ANYTHING

You say . . .

THE
Story

On Editorials

"I never read editorials!" Do you say this? If so, it is fairly good proof that the editor is writing hackneyed ones in a preaching mood.

The best school editorials are based upon school events that need interpretation — issues in a school election, a new student body regulation, or a shortened vacation.

The successful editorial writer possesses good judgment, clear style, and sound reasoning processes. He chooses a timely event from the news columns and forms an opinion on that topic. His purpose is to inform, interpret, convince, or amuse his readers.

An editorial, like a good debate speech, is constructed in three parts. The beginning states clearly the news topic upon which the editorial is based. The argument gives in logical and convincing sequence the specific points for or against that statements. The summary clinches the arguments and states the conclusion to which the editorial is led.

So, don't miss to read the editorials of our Carolinian.

— Juanito Borromeo

The Rector
University of San Carlos
Cebu City

Dear Rev. Father Rector:

Although I am nobody here to make suggestions I make myself brave enough to write you this letter so that you will know our needs and problems and find appropriate solutions for them.

I would like to suggest that only a department or two should occupy the Girls' High School building. The student of such department or departments should have all their evening classes there. This is to stop the inconvenience of crossing from one building to another which is a disadvantage to us students and teachers alike especially during rainy days.

If the above suggestion cannot be made possible, how about giving us students in the College of Commerce top priority to occupy the rooms of the main building. Since we compose the main bulk of the student population of this University, as we number more than a thousand, I believe that we are entitled to such priority.

The little comfort that you can give will mean a lot to us students concerned.

Very respectfully,

Mariano B. Cajoles

Mommy, tell me a beautiful story

Not about Jack or Jill or

The Three Little Bears

For I know them all by heart

Tell me a beautiful big story, oh,
tell me, Mommy.

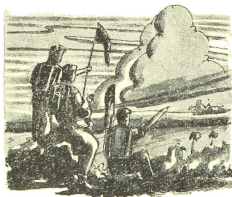
My dearest little child, just grow
up and live

For life is the greatest story one
can ever tell.

This story you will learn by
heart

This story you will remember.

Angelina R. Labucay



We Relaxed IN

A VAST number of people exhibit with venerate joy at the approach of vacation because, to them, it means rest—a complete rest from all worldly cares and an escape from the boring monotony of the daily routine. What one likes to do during vacation is a matter of personal preference. Yet, if we, during our whole lifetime, always link vacation with loathing or that space of time when one purposely lets the mind atrophy, then we shall be led finally to think of vacation as a horrible waste of time. It is indeed everyone's privilege to loaf once in a while during his lifetime, otherwise he will burn out too soon.

For certain, the most enjoyable thing about vacation is that, one can be finally free for a few precious weeks, and be able to do with pleasure, what he had for a long time planned in his mind. The change is cheerily welcomed. He feels relaxed and is delirious with joy at finding himself at last doing what he was not able to do in the past many boring months. The writer had this feeling when, with the capricious suddenness of magic, in a matter of hours, he found himself suddenly transported into a jungle surrounding, to be occupied with an entirely different work from that lifeless school job left behind.

Deep in that boundless ocean of greeneries of the Leytean jungle, three of us from the USC settled down to our summer assignment sans that feeling of guilt for having left behind scores of our colleagues to swelter in the suffocating steam of summer classrooms, because we went away not to rest but to work. The change of environment however is a balm to any busy man, and the change of

work, from teaching a crowd of inattentive dreamy-eyed co-eds and low-waist gallery, to applying one's civilized tricks to the wily denizens of the forest, is an experience everyone should enjoy in his lifetime.

Last 1956, it was Mindoro which was the choice of the USC for its summer field team. The taxing, yet enjoyable exploration of the various Mangyan territories, and the chase of its exotic butterflies, took the party of four under Fr. Henry Schoening of the Biology Department, across the rough, merciless terrain of the strange island of high mountains and awesome jungle expanses. After one year, those forbidding mountain ranges and treacherous streams, still loom menacingly in our memories, yet one cannot but cherish its recollection because it is always linked with the splendor

missed something desirable, some adventures and a date with a new kind of experience. But this summer, out in the wilderness of Western Leyte, we finally had our fill of lake beauty and all the excitements and thrills possible to encounter in jungle lakes.

This field group, composed of Messrs. Samuel Ochotorena and Cristobal Plateros, both of the Biology Department, and the writer, worked for over a month on the eastern and western slopes of the densely forested Tangnan mountain near Ormoc City. The daily field work, especially along the upper reaches of the Tigabawan and Kantakbal streams, and the forest trails from 1,500 feet upward, was highly profitable. A good number of new materials for the college collection was harvested thereabout, and many of these are now in the process of relaxing and being mounted in the collection room on the third floor. A generous portion of this lot will go into the Bishop Museum in Hawaii, and foreign researchers in Germany and other countries. The USC shoulders the expenses of all such field activities, but it does not charge the recipients for the specific materials sent them.

Around Lake Danao, the daily forays yielded many interesting forms of insects. Most of these were taken in caingins, cultivated patches and even along the dim, narrow trails in the forest. Night-foraging insects were included in the desiderata, but their acquisition was made possible only at the risk of encountering snakes, exposure to the vicious attacks of gnats and mosquitoes and the torture of biting cold when one is drenched with dew. The lake is 1,450 feet above sea level. Except for the few caingins, the forest around the lake showed that it is lightly, if at all, touched by the devastating hands of man. Even in mid-summer rains

by—

Julian N. Jumalon

of wild beauty, quaint custom of jungle pigmies and the rich entomological materials which the group carted back to this institution. In that Mindoro trek our party failed to touch even the fringes of Lake Nauian which is indeed a dangerous venture on account of the presence there of crocodiles. The lake basked invitingly in the distance, and we felt safe enjoying its beauty from the gentle slopes of the hills at Victoria. Of course we left Mindoro with that feeling of having

A JUNGLE

were frequent. We had never seen such a rapid change from brilliant sunshine to sheets of rain as we did in Leyte. In that unpredictable situation, we had our ponchos in our slinbags everyday and at any hour we were in the field. At night, double sweaters and thick blankets seemed inadequate to make sleep comfortable. There was indeed a nightly grapple with the cold hands of the forest zephyr.

Lush vegetation all around burgeoned with prodigal richness, and in some sections of the forest, when viewed from the outigger at the middle of the lake, the tops of great stands of trees were ablaze with colors. Darting giant dragon-flies and feathered beauties on the bank vegetation added indescribable charm to the magnificent beauty of the placid water. Out there we were constantly reminded of the Botany class, and were rather intrigued why such a group should not hold sessions in that romantic surrounding where the imparting of botanical knowledge might be more effective and pleasurable. And, in saying this, the writer is immediately reminded of the Silliman University group under Professor D.S. Rabor, which the USC party met at Lemon Hill on their way to Ormoc City. Under-graduates of both sexes in Zoology, were among the rather large party. All were considerably darkened by the two month's exposure in the wilderness of central Samar. The men wore long hair and sported many weeks' crop of beard and mustache. It was gathered that those students earned units during the field work aside from enjoying immensely the outdoor fun in that broad classroom under a summer sky.

Nothing is comparable to the joy of working in the jungle where one may exult with savage joy at bagging something new or simpler at an accursed luck in having missed a rare specimen. Under that speak-

less Leytean sky, one may plunge into his work without as much as thinking of his personal appearance. The hours sped fast while the sun shone and so much remained to be pursued. There were many instances when techniques gleaned from textbooks became absurd when brought into action in the field. Conditions and situations and a lot of other circumstances are sometimes so upsetting that experience gathered in actual field work, is about the best and most reliable guide to the student of nature. Field work, besides, has a sobering effect upon persons indulging in it, more especially upon those who, armed with masticated principles and book-worm knowledge, dive into such work with a certain cockyness of self-assured savants. It teaches patience, correct appraisal of situations and problems, and makes one approach his work with humility and reverence. This is perhaps true, because, out in the great outdoors, one comes face to face with grim realities and he becomes more and more conscious of his total dependence upon God's guidance and protection.

There will be many summers to come, and there are many regions in this rich archipelago which remain to be worked over by Biologists and Naturalists. Research work in many branches of Natural History in this country is still in its infancy. This virgin field and the rich, endless array, of interesting subjects abounding in almost all parts of the Philippines should serve as an enticement to many people, especially to the vigorous young ones of college age. In promoting such summer activities the university is doing a great deal by way of encouraging both the faculty and student body to dedicate their leisure time to a kind of research work, thus enabling them, as true university apostles of learning, to contribute, even in a humble way, something to general and specific science. There seems to be an impelling force from outside which tells us that we must implement classroom experience with something else if we do not want our type of education to remain forever branded and suspected of being the canned and capsuled level. Yes, there will be many summers to come, and yours is the sheer joy of planning for a profitable intellectual position. †

QUIPS * *



A bald-headed father was complaining about the way his 17-year old son's hair was cut.

"I hate that Elvis Presley haircut," the angry father said. "Why, it's almost like you have had no haircut at all."

The boy looked at his father's head and smiled.

"Papa, why can't my hair look like Elvis Presley's," he said smartly, "when yours looks like Pugo's?" (Light)

Candidate—"We must grow more rice and—"

Heckler in Crowd—"Yes, but what about hay?"

Candidate—"I'm discussing human food now, but I'll come to your specialty in a moment." * * *

An influential politician was approached by a young lawyer, eager for advancement. Being rather doubtful about the lawyer's integrity, the older man said:

"Young man, if you promise me solemnly that you will not steal when you get to Congress, I'll do what I can to help you go there."

"Sir," replied the young lawyer, with dignity, "I go to Congress absolutely unpledged, or I don't go at all." * * *

Starting with a wonderful burst of oratory, the candidate had, after two hours' steady speaking, become rather hoarse.

A little boy's father in the audience whispered to his son, "Isn't it wonderful, son? What do you think of him?"

"He needs a new needle," returned the boy sleepily. * * *

Professor—Use the word OIR in a sentence.

Student—You no punde oir porque ang mga bata ay maingay in the room.

Professor—Correct. But next time, I warn you, I will not accept a 3-D answer. (Light)

The YOUTH and the PATRIA

by **Benigno Cabanatan**

A FEW YEARS ago a group of determined students set out to discuss plans for a project. Their dream was a youth center where the talents of the young people would find an outlet and where their leisure hours could be profitably spent. They agreed on this unanimously and a few months later, they took to the field with wheelbarrows, shovels and crowbars. These SCAnS were to clear the lot where the popular Patria now stands. They were out to show that not all teen-agers were hoodlums, vandals and gangsters.

Today, to quote my article in the MANILA TIMES, DAILY MAGAZINE section, "the Community Service Center, or Patria... stands as a monument to the labor of enthusiastic and civic-minded young people."

"The men behind its success were the members of the Student Catholic Action from different colleges and universities in Cebu City, all of whom deserve more than a word of praise. The financial support, of course, came from Cebu's civic-minded populace and people abroad.

"The realization of the SCAnS' dream belies the present charge that today's young people can do nothing except from teen-age gangs and dance the rock.

"Far from being the much maligned group, the Cebu SCAnS have shown themselves capable of responding to a challenge posed before them.

"And when the late President Magsaysay visited the Patria on the night of March 16, two hours before he died, he told a large crowd that the people would profit much from the Patria's facilities and that was what he wanted to see: people enjoying themselves.

Lauding the men behind the Patria, the President said that they had helped his administration, for the Patria provides a better and happier life for the people."

When the Patria held a charity fair this year, it did not only observe its first anniversary but it also honored the men who in one way or the other, had made the Center possible. It gave recognition to the young men who dedicated themselves to a good cause... the Patria cause.

And one of them was Bartolome de Castro who was the president of the Archdiocesan Student Catholic Action when the early stages of the Patria construction were undertaken. Mr. de Castro, assisted by a handful of fellow SCAnS possessed with missionary zeal, spent

(Continued on page 31)

+ + + + +
CATHOLIC ACTION *front*
by Lourdes Ceniza
+ + + + +

A CHALLENGE:

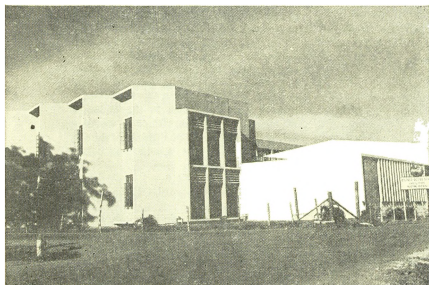
About one of the most unwelcome persons in the world is the critic. As the young call him, he is the frustrated one with loose windings in his brains and an overdeveloped sense of know-it-all righteousness. If the critic pokes his nose into others' business, they say he's meddling; if he keeps his hands off, they complain that he is scared for. Assessing the debit and credit of the question, we'd say, it's more challenging to be on the former's position.

But wait a minute! don't look at that way. We have no intention of going on a soapbox and start preaching.

We'd like you to listen to what your reason tells you about one of the most debatable questions of today's youth. You don't have to look far. Look at yourself or the people around you. You stare blankly. There isn't anything interesting about her or him. Look again. There's one girl over there in the drugstore. She's giggling. Nothing wrong with that. If you're more sensitive, you'll see what I'm driving at. She's wearing the wrong clothes in the wrong place at the wrong time. No, she hasn't got on her dress inside out but it's so ridiculously funny. Low cut, sleeveless, collarless and such a loud loud color. That's no dress to wear to school. Granted she may look fetching in it while relaxing at home. . . then why hasn't she any common sense not to advertise her poor taste needlessly? Why doesn't she wear her uniform? She not only earns Mrs. de Veyra's censure but ours as well.

The boy talking to her is no better. An all pink outfit and a canary pair of yellow shoes! The guy must be nuts or he doesn't know any better. All he needs is an easter banner and a french poodle. Surely there wasn't a costume party going. If he imagined his "low waist" style was smart, at least we can't say the same for him! In the name of common sense we'd like to know why he doesn't wise up to the glaring spectacle that he's making a fool of himself. For our money that fancy trapping is a dud.

We hope you'll wake up to your
(Continued on page 30)



PATRIA DE CEBU... "a monument to the labor of enthusiastic and civic-minded young people."

The USC Chief Librarian

(Continued from page 3)

rary staff. Petty thievery of library materials, the tearing of books and periodicals further complicate matters.

How to get intelligent and judicious readers is another of the many problems that face our Library today. He keeps emphasizing that the faculty members must arouse in the students a deep interest in the opportunities for self-improvement that the Library as "a vast storehouse of knowledge" offers them. "If I were a student," said Fr. Baumgartner, "I should seriously feel that the Library is an indispensable part and parcel of my university education. Without judicious use of the Library, education is hollow mockery," he commented.

Fr. Baumgartner observed that too many students confuse education with a sheepskin after two or four years of study in college. He explained the fact that receiving a diploma during commencement exercises does not necessarily mean that one is already an educated man or woman. Unless one has acquired the right attitudes and ideas and has become mentally and morally mature, he does not deserve that name. Here is where the Library plays an important role.

PLANS

He plans to recommend to the administration the construction of a separate and bigger room as a study hall. As it is, students have to come to the Library to study, which situation interferes with the proper functions of a library. Once such a study hall is available, the Library would serve mainly as a real library. He also dreams about opening a separate Science Library, which would absorb all the cubbyhole libraries, like the Physics, Chemistry, and Biology reference rooms. But all this will depend on how well off are the finances of the university.

So, with Father Baumgartner at the helm of the Library Department, many things by way of improvements may still happen. §

The Flame and the Flood

(Continued from page 11)

"Yes, we can climb better than you," another boy attempted to show his worth.

"But you are not good climbers," he answered. "You'll break the branches."

"Why do you care about the branches, *Moy Andres?* If we break them, they'll grow again," the first boy countered.

He was silent. He could not answer the question. He managed to smile, and aired a clumsy reply: "Well, I simply don't like to see them broken." And he started up nervously. The children cautioned him to be very careful.

Up there, he was crying. He was grateful the children were busy picking up the fruits he dropped down. They did not see him cry.

THAT NIGHT he looked at the tree from his window. There was not a single star to light the place. Nevertheless, he identified the tree in the depth of darkness through its bulging blackness. He could point out where it was. For the tree looked like her who was omnipresent since the time she went far, far away, to the place of no return.

"I had cried... again," he blamed himself. "But I promise, never again. I shall be happy. Believe me... believe me."

Each statement, a memory.

IT HAD rained hard that midnight, and the downpour continued early in the morning. He attempted to open the window, but the rain fell in. So he shut it back. Peeping through the crevice, he saw the hazy *kamansilis* tree swaying to and fro in the wind. He felt something. He became uneasy.

"Andres," he heard the tremulous voice of his *Inay*. "I am feeling very cold. Is Ramona cooking breakfast now?"

He bit his lip, and kept mum. It happened again, once again. After a while...

"Oh, I'm sorry, my son," his *Inay* said. "You know, it's just like yesterday."

"That's all right, *Inay*," he said and went out into the kitchen.

"Andres! Andres!" Dikong's voice broke through the kitchen door.

"What's the matter?" he asked Dikong, pushing open the *panawalan* door.

"The flood is rising! Come. Let's go and see the river."

Andres caught two farmers talking about the *kamansilis* tree when he and Dikong arrived at the place.

"The river banks are caving in, *compadre*. If the water continues to rise it will uproot the tree. What a great waste," said one.

"Yes, what a waste!" joined the other.

The flood had risen. The rain continued to fall heavily. The water had reached the tree. It ate up its roots until it fell splashing into the flowing water.

Andres wanted to cry aloud, but he could not. He who truly loves must love in silent, he advised himself. And he was cut short by a lady's shout:

"The tree! the tree has gone away!"

Andres clenched his fists. His memory spoke:

"Mona, as long as this tree stands..."

"I don't ask that of you, Andres." Her voice was soft and strengthless. "I only ask you to be happy."

Andres bit his lips. No! No! Even if the tree no longer stands..."

His eyes were wet. §

Book Review

(Continued from page 10)

glance: merely efforts at dry wit.

Living with hardly any elbow room in our cities, it's healthy to think that there are still wide spaces traversed only by the cry of the *azala*. And that there are still people who live without mixing rock-and-roll with their breakfast. May it last a while longer. *Inshallah* (by the will of Allah). Let's hope that such "civilizing" influence as the *filles de joie* who crowd the Casbah of Algiers will remain far away from the Sahara. Yet, perhaps, it's a losing battle, for the Sahara is becoming French—slowly. So is Skolle Frenchy enough. What with his beautiful English girl who shares his enthusiasm, his champagne and *pate de foie gras*, and his barren hills. The still more Frenchy paragraphs could stand some blue-penciling. §

Sursum Corda

(Continued from page 13)

and man is forever driven to ambition, to rivalry and hate. Without the notion of God man reduces himself to a mere mechanized robot. Hence, any prospect for world peace without God, the Author of justice, equality, and love, is doomed to failure. Nay, it becomes an empty delusion, a broken dream!

This philosophy, this doctrine, this religion is no other than what Christianity teaches. She alone teaches those self-evident truths of freedom, justice and brotherhood. In this City of God man is taught to free himself from the passion of pride, to render everyone his due, to love his fellowman as himself for the sake of God.

If the modern and rational man hopes to solve the ills and the fears of the world today, he must now seek refuge in Christianity. This is the Corner-Stone which was rejected by our peace-builders. Without this civilization of man cannot long endure. To his grim realization man is becoming more convinced that human efforts are not enough. The League of Nations failed. The United Nations Organization is faltering! And the world is drifting slowly but surely to another war, chaos and ultimate destruction. Alarming as it seems, the situation of the world today is not a hopeless one. It can still be remedied if rational man only lifts up his heart to heaven for help, nay, even to that Eternal Man, who said: "Without Me you can do Nothing". #

The Chrysanthemum . . .

(Continued from page 21)

Is love true only when there is a tinge of misery in it?

Is love capable of greatness only when there is the element of tragedy in it?

O, there are so many a silent storm even in the most quiet and ordinary life; so many a pain, intimate, unknown, unrevealing to the outside world!

I remember the afternoon in the garden, a time of soulful stillness when only the wind blew and dishevelled some of my hair across my forehead. I remember the Chrysanthemums stirring in the wind, proud, defiant, unyielding, and I had wondered: Will the very same wind come again to ruffle its golden petals? #

ramblings in lower case

(Continued from page 23)

beauty that reminds us of moro-
vitas and tarhata. . . smiled graciously but promised her vote to none. people are enigmatic. it is unfair to brand as "fencesitters" those who refused to be committed to any party or as "double crossers" those whom they had badgered and wheedled to vote for them when they actually had no intention of fulfilling those "shot-gun" promises. democracy just doesn't work that way. the story of mankind is "a history of the miserable flesh endowed with the dangerous privilege of freedom. nothing is more important than the events which occur within that invisible universe which is the mind of man". thus it was with wonder that we observed one student party's intelligent technique, a fundamental communist indoctrination policy — the importance of the individual. "every man is a personal responsibility, his conversion a personal struggle". the reds recognized this over the mass appeal and used it to their advantage. students are really picking up fast.

politics is the no. 1 hobby of the students today. that's what we call an early breaking in of those who will have political careers like **rudolfo justiniani** (law 2) who's working as a student coordinator for cebu in manahan's banner. he has a lot of boosting from another manahan rooster in **wilfredo "willy" mabugat** (mech. engr. 3). incidentally he's one of cebu's best ballet dancers like his cousin **esther mabugat** (comm. 3) who's also a danseuse. **linda baluyo** (a.b. 3) a first rate piano artist is also a manahan diehard. we don't know why these "dainty cultured creatures" are immersed in the political gray but there seems to be a general awakening force that is invading the university campuses everywhere. this generation wants a "star" in the firmament, in their idealism for inner values. the young take pride in their skepticism and are smart enough to be

contemptuous of hackneyed political cliches. It wasn't so much raul manglapus' brilliant oratory when he came to cebu as his youth and his personal appeal and drive, staking his future for something new and clean and decent, that won our respect. the youth will follow anyone who talks their language and shares their impossible dreams. this explains the foolhardy venture of the many who took the risk to share in the movement of a party that had only the slimmest thread to win at all, spoiling for a fight, the political youth clubs were tailor-made to funnel their energies. while our parents inured to the hard prose of life are solid only for anyone who can guarantee them a better life, better food, a job and security from want, the young are still soft enough to want the poetry of life. their efforts were all the more heroic and pathetic when their elders did not understand and scored them for their wild gamble. if a person believes in a man or a cause, his belief becomes at once a creed, an article of faith. "there is a specific value in belief over and above the value of truth which it must have in common with knowledge. this value is that confidence and steadiness without which no consecrated endeavor is possible." #

Catholic Action Front

(Continued from page 28)

responsibility and quit tolerating your friends making asses of themselves. Please don't give our elders a chance to justify their conception of us, the young people, as delinquents. Or give them the satisfaction to confirm their suspicion that we, the young are heading for the dogs. Let's show them we've got something more sensible between our ears than the rock and the calypso. #

Fribourg University

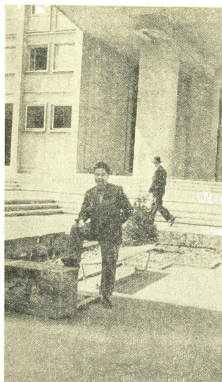
(Continued from page 12)

ample of close cooperation between the church and the state in the education of the future leaders of the state. In so doing the University is able to get the best professors. The institution does not draw its professors only from the religious orders but there are also lay professors who probably out-number the former. The faculty like its student body is international in character.

Since Fribourg is on the linguistic border there are two official languages of instruction in the school—German and French. So it is not unusual for an average university student here to speak these two languages plus a third or perhaps a fourth foreign language such as English, Italian, Spanish, etc. The professors themselves speak these two languages; and sometimes more than the two official languages. A professor may give his lecture in German in the first hour and in the next lecture he will give it in French.

For those who want to study purely languages such as French and English, there are the institutes for the two languages. Other languages such as Arabic, Italian, Latin, German, Chinese, Russian, Spanish, etc. are offered under separate courses.

A student here is never forced always to attend his lectures. In fact he may come as he wishes. However, at the beginning of the semester we are given a list of books to be read and studied regarding the course we are taking. Such list may contain thirty or more books; and in the subsequent lectures one or more is added to the list. The student is held responsible for what he is supposed to know regarding the lecture of the courses he is attending. The professors do not use a definite textbook instead the lectures delivered are a synthesis of his readings. When a professor enters or leaves the classroom we drum on our desks. Of course it is noisy, but here it is not an offence to drum on the desks. On the contrary it is an honor accorded to the professor. Classes start at eight o'clock in the morning up to twelve. In the afternoon classes begin at two o'clock up to seven in the evening. There are no evening academic classes, except for the students taking phys-



The writer standing just under the administrative part of the university building.

col education who must report at eight o'clock in the evening to the gymnasium to follow their gymnastic courses. Each subject, in most cases, is offered only one hour per week.

There are no midterm exams nor are there semestral ones. Examinations for certificates, for teacher's diploma, licentiate, and doctorate are usually conducted every end of the school year. And if a student is not prepared by then, he may request for another date of examination. The exams are always announced one semester in advance. The tests consist of the oral and written parts. Seminar reports are a part of the student's work; and every semester reports are written on his major and minor subjects treating of a particular problem the student is interested in. The report is given in the form of a lecture given by the writer in the seminar hall. After the report has been made there is an open discussion among the members of the seminar.

The university library, it is also the Cantonal Library, offers more

than 560,000 volumes. Each canton has its own library, so that the total collection of books in Switzerland is vast. A student may borrow a book from the other libraries by forwarding a request through his local library. And besides, for those who are interested in Anthropology, Ethnology, Linguistics, etc., the library of the Anthropol Institute offers its own special collection of books regarding the above mentioned line of studies. In addition there is also the St. Paul Library which is also opened to the public.

A student enrolled in one of the Swiss universities can attend other lectures in the other universities in Switzerland and his credits are counted. And if the student takes another minor from another university then the professor with whom he has taken his course will be invited to his final examinations.

Like the universities in the Philippines we have also here in Fribourg University student organizations. There is no hazing of its new members. These organizations take part in all activities of the city and of the university. Last month, for instance, a Swiss-German fraternity conducted a sort of bazar. The profit would be used to support a summer camp for the children of the poor in the older part of the city. So the student organizations here find use in the complex of the city and university life.

Well, at least, I have told you briefly of life here in the University of Fribourg. I hope next year there will be another Filipino student here. As of now I am the only one.

So long folks! §

The Youth and the . . .

(Continued from page 28)

sleepless nights in making the fund campaign effective. He led the group of young workers who sweated out the first phase of the Patria construction.

But while Mr. de Castro and company had already done their part, the rest of the youth are still faced with a challenge. The Patria is not yet finished. It calls for another set of young people imbued with the same leadership, courage, and zeal as Mr. de Castro and his men to continue the good work they had begun. §

Seccion

CASTELLANA

Editorial

El Apostolado de la Prensa

● Hoy más que nunca se oyen por todas partes los suspiros lamentando el estado actual del mundo moderno. Según dicen, la presente era se caracteriza por excesivo materialismo en el modo de vivir del hombre. Prueba de esto, basta observar al hombre de hoy con su pasión perversa para y soledad de las cosas del cuerpo y con el abandono de las cosas del espíritu. Para el hombre moderno la noción de otra vida más allá de la tumba y de Dios se ha hecho ya en una teoría o creencia atavística de tal suerte que la práctica de la religión hoy día se considera supersticiosa y anticuada.

Más estas lamentaciones no valdrán nada si no se hace algo positivo para remediar esta situación triste del mundo moderno. El inculcar la religión y la moralidad en los corazones y mente del hombre de hoy, que esta naufragado en el oscuro abismo del materialismo es una necesidad urgente. Pues sin la religión nunca habrá en este mundo tranquilidad sino guerra y por fin destrucción completa. El Dr. Cristobal Dawson, dijo con mucho verdad y lógica al pronunciar su juicio profético de este mundo apóstata: "La nación que niega a Dios, niega a sí misma, porque el hombre no es más que una sombra oscura de Dios. Y cuando Dios se aborrece el hombre perece".

El redactor del "Catholic World," Rev. Padre J. Gillis, dijo entre muchas cosas que la civilización moderna se parece a un edificio de mucha arquitectura y ramificaciones. Pero así como un edificio no puede resistir los vientos y las lluvias sin fundamento firme, así la civilización presente no puede durar sin fundamento en una piedra firme, que es Dios. Dicho Padre dijo que hoy día hay muchas fuerzas subterráneas, que tratan de socavar ese fundamento destruyendo todo lo verdadero, lo recto y lo amable porque Dios es La Verdad, La Justicia, La Belleza y El Amor!

De estos testimonios se puede deducir que el mundo moderno por haber abandonado a Dios, que es el fundamento de su existencia y conservación, no puede durar por mucho tiempo. La verdad de esta conclusión se puede ver en el mismo estado actual del mundo, que esta en perpetua lucha e inseguridad.

Que vuelva pues el hombre al culto de Dios cada uno debe trabajar. A cada uno de los que todavía guardan fe en sus corazones encumbe la obligación de restaurar a Dios en este mundo moderno. El mere hecho de que hay siempre necesidad de establecer paz entre las naciones, sociedades, familias y individuos y que esta paz anhelada no se puede realizar sin Dios, quita toda excusa porque no debemos trabajar para hacer al hombre de hoy levantar sus ojos al cielo.

He aquí pues, el apostolado de la prensa, a saber, que sea un medio para luchar por la gloria de Dios y patria. En sus artículos tiene que hacer también mención de las cosas religiosas no solamente de lo político, económico y cultural. El hombre lector no solo vive de pan y vino. Hay detrás de su cuerpo caduco un espíritu que necesita nutrición espiritual. Pasar esto en silencio es decir hacer al público leer solamente cosas materiales sin lo espiritual y divino es educar al hombre de un modo incompleto. Pues no hay verdadera educación sin religión.

¡Ojala, pues, que incluyendo cosas de religión en nuestra prensa contribuyamos algo significativo para curar la herida del materialismo moderno y el hombre de hoy tenga tiempo para levantar sus ojos al cielo! †



Abe Tuibeo

La Política Intramural

ES NECESARIO que exista Un Consejo Supremo de Estudiantes en una Universidad. Nadie puede dudar de las muchas ventajas y mejoras que esta organización trae tanto para los estudiantes como para la administración y miembros de la Facultad. Luego el consentimiento de nuestro amble Rector al proposito de tener desde este año Un Consejo

Amable Tuibeo

★ Editor ★

Supremo de Estudiantes en la Universidad de San Carlos no puede menos de merecer nuestra gratitud y aplauso.

Para realizar este proposito surgieron en el campo varios partidos de caracter politico. Encabezados por lideres capaces, estos partidos estan ya en plena campaña. Dentro y fuera de la Universidad los diferentes candidatos andan con sus folletos de propaganda para ganar la simpatía y voluntad de los demas estudiantes. Por esta razon el campo esta ya dividido en facciones contrarias, en pro y en contra de cada uno. Este entusiasmo muy bien demuestra que en esta Universidad Católica hay democracia.

Mas nos apena observar que algunos candidatos se olvidan muchas veces en sus campañas la ley del amor cristiano. Pues, cegados por demasiada ambición politica muchas veces atacan personalmente a los demas. Esto no debe ser, puesto que cada uno de nosotros, aun los mediocres candidatos, para el Supreme Consejo de Estudiantes somos ante todo católicos y por consiguiente esta politica intramural no sería razon suficiente para violar la hermosa ley de la caridad! †

Caroliniana

(Continued from front inside cover)

What's Inside?

Junne Cañizares left us a note to remember in his "The Flame and the Flood" . . . that there is a flame which can never be extinguished even by the worst of floods.

* * *

Do we have true peace? A lasting one? Why don't we have it? Abe Tuibeo supplies the answer in his "Sursum Corda".

* * *

Now that we have again a Supreme Student Council, what can the teachers and professors do for our student governors? Dean Ordoña answers this in his "The Role of Faculty Advisers".

* * *

Rey Yap is back with another short story. I forgot the title but it's all about Chrysanthemums. Well, this is your assignment: look for the story somewhere in this issue and read it!

* * *

To be or not to be is Macbeth's question. But to be in the jungle is no longer a questionable experience to Mr. Jumalcn. He tasted it.

Dear Buddy

From Foyer St. Justin, Fribourg, Switzerland, we received this letter addressed to Buddy. Mr. Marcelino N. Maceda, the addressor, must have been thinking that Buddy is still around. Well, Mr. Maceda is not in a position to know what's happening around here; the distance between here and Switzerland is no joke. He is excused. Here's his letter:

"Dear Buddy,

Inclosed you will find a short article entitled, "Fribourg University," and some pictures.

Excuse me for not being able to write this article sooner. I have been very busy lately in my studies; and even as of now that I am supposed to be on vacation, I cannot say I have a vacation for I must do research work for my thesis. So I hope you understand my position.

I shall write another article when I shall be in Lund University in Sweden to attend a summer course in Economics. You see, I have been granted a scholarship in the same university for the summer. So expect a short report from me before the end of the semester.

Your friend,

(Sgd.) Marcelino N. Maceda

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Mr. Maceda, wait for your copy. Thanks for the article. Buddy is out. I am in. ‡

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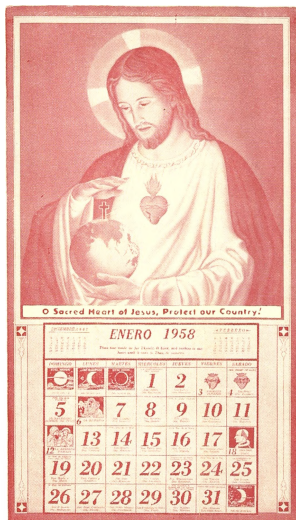
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