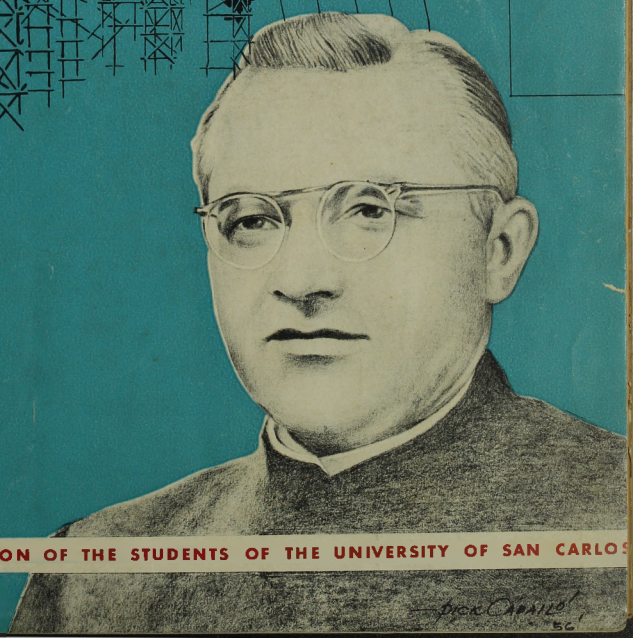
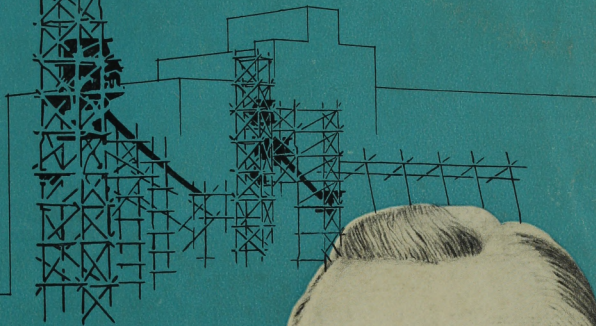


The Carolinian



OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS

VOLUME XX
NUMBER 1

August Issue

Proctor
56



BUDDY QUITORIO

● **Welcome home, Carolinian!**

We dedicate this issue and offer the tribute of an unending gratitude to him, who has performed the "miracle" that USC is today. The name of the man: Father Ernest Hoerdemann, S.V.D., Ph.D., architect and builder extraordinary. In speaking about him, we are certain but that we cannot praise him too much. Our words, however spoken, pale before what he has done for all of us "that we be great." For, as Law Dean Fulvio Peloez once said: "Without Father Hoerdemann, we would not be here at all." Again, our thanks.

● If only for the reason that we bested five deadlines to whip up an issue, we should deserve the glad hand. But that's not all. We also had to bear up with the bedlam created by USC's construction-happy squad which furnished the worst journalistic atmosphere we've had in many years. At the time we were pecking hesitantly at our typewriters, the carpenters were having a high and mighty holiday pounding the walls around us and hammering away at every conceivable thing in the vicinity. But no matter now. Even the staccato of hammer beats and the impersonal bites of chisels against stone proved no match for our underwoods. Here, then, is your copy of the *Carolinian* to show for all the aspirin pills that went down the drain.

● **New Names for Old**

The absence of three of last year's better-known byliners makes us

feel like unwanted orphans. Former Editor Tom Echivarre and associate editor Vic Ranudo, Jr., have decided, to the helplessness of Helynn and Tibur, to become lawyers, while the incomparable "Lady" Amigable, otherwise known as "The Ledi Philosopher," is in the big town on her first teaching stint. Even the most un-editor-like glance

Carolinian menagerie has about made up for its losses.

● This magazine's pictorial section, which has very often touched off wide interest among picture bugs, should be credited to Fr. Joseph Jashick, S.V.D., without whom the spread would not look as interesting as it is now. Every

BUDDY QUITORIO'S

Caroliniana

at our renovated cubbyhole serves only to make us miss them more... they who made last year's issues something to point a finger at. But of course, the revamp rewarded us with new names. Lourdes "Inday" Jaramilla, the power behind *The Power* of St. Paul's College in Tacloban City, is one of our prizest colleagues. Angelina Labucay, former editor of the *Blue and White*, the immaculadans' mouthpiece, avoided deadlines for three years (with fair success, too) before "talent scout" Felipe Verallo spotted her and signed her up. Inting "Herbie" Lim, the *capitis diminutio* punster whom we did not see for, these past years, is back in the fold and warns the readers to fortify their collective duodenum when he explodes all he's worth in mirth. It was he, by the way, who suggested that USC's denizens be provided with metal admission slips and that a saucer-eyed cop be hired to direct the snarled traffic on the corridors. You'll all get a chance to read him in the next issue. Mariano "Abay" Vale, former Spanish editor bolted from his rickety editorial work bench in favor of Amable Triubeo and Rommy Artillaga, two guys who, if you will not take umbrage at us for saying so, know their Spanish onions. Greg Andres, one-time sports editor of the *Reflector* and heavy-duty sports legman, comes in as Rousseau Escobar's *aide de sports*. Greg has vowed to wear out his moccasins at the Eladio Villa Gym. With Manuel Ocampo in the art department, the

once in a while, we get "outside" shots but those are rare moments because Fr. Jashick makes a pictorial coverage of almost all of USC's many festive events.

● We are glad to know that those in charge of the intramural sports-fest are serious about the whole thing this year. Cheering squads are back in business again. Prizes have been assured the winning teams. Another reassuring development hereabouts was the formation of the Liberal Arts Students Council. Is a move afoot to organize the USC Supreme Students Council?

● **USC's Business Is Progress**

We got to thinking that after the completion of the Boys' High School edifice and the construction of the Engineering shop, USC's expansion spree would stop right there. We found out we were five offices wrong because no sooner had the last nail been driven to the "Home of the Engineers" than a bunch of workmen swarmed at the end of the Deans' Offices to build the quarters of the Dean of the College of Law, the Dean of Women, the Dean of Religion, the Bindery Room and the USC SCAnS. USC never runs out of pleasant surprises.

● This being our starter, we shan't attempt to take you along our usual labyrinthine ways. We have our hearts fearfully set for the next deadline.



BUDDY B. QUITORIO
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1938.

Member, College Editors
Guild of the Philippines.



Anything You Say...

SPLITTING CLASSES: SPLITTING HEADACHES

Dear Editor:

I hope that through this magazine and with your help and kind consideration, this small questioning would be audible enough for the Administration to hear.

Can there be no other system whereby enrolling here can be simplified, in order to make it easy for the students, especially the new ones, to get enrolled?

Can the Administration not anticipate the number of students that should

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compose a section and the size of the room to accommodate them?

I have experienced that during the first week of classes, there was always what is called "standing room." The usual recourse to ease up the bottleneck was to split the class and this deprived us of our choice in time and teachers during the enrolment period.

Can a system not be formulated to solve the problems of congestion and splitting of classes?

Very respectfully,
MARIANO B. CAJOLES

AH, "DARLING" BASKETBALL!

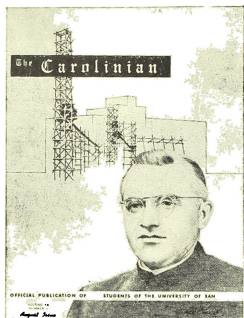
The Editor:

Are we not "babying" basketball too much? We hardly appreciate any other sport except basketball. How about



suggesting the formation of a Student Tennis Club in USC? This is only my two cents' worth but I am sure many of us would be right interested in it.

ROSS PAREDES



Rev. Ernest Hoerdemann, S.V.D., Ph.D.
A new "date" with USC

Fr. Hoerdemann has come home. The same Fate which took him away from us six years ago, in one of its happy moods, sent him back for a "second rendezvous" with the San Carlos University which he thought much about, blueprinted and built. The misty eyes he left six years ago "when even the heavens grieved" will recapture their happy twinkle and his numerous "fans" will smile again as they did when he walked and worked among them. His return is a Carolinian miracle.

The Second Rendezvous

by BUDDY QUITORIO

NOT MANY MEN have endeared themselves to others in the same way that Fr. Ernest Hoerdemann has warmed other people's hearts. It is not often, indeed, that one finds so many individuals, with temperament as diverse as their station in life, so perfectly willing to bare their hearts and take comfort from a man born of a different race. People of all walks of life turned to him for counsel and for assistance. Fr. Hoerdemann hobbled with everyone who sought his guidance. He was a just and kindly master of the "little men" who helped him rebuild the University of San Carlos from the debris left by the last War. He wielded the shovel and the hammer with a capability that amazed his fellow-builders. He was no easy chair academician; he translated his thoughts into actions that became at once an example to others. As a teacher of logic and Religion, he polished the edges of an otherwise rough-hewn Carolinian freshmen or a stuttering upstart in Philosophy. He was a man of God who practiced what he preached. His sermons were down-to-earth and were addressed to folks who understood his language; his actions were even better appreciated for he set an example which no missionary has ever

shown here.

During the reconstruction of this University, Fr. Hoerdemann faced odds which threatened his plans. The whole scheme of full-scale reconstruction teetered on a shoestring budget. Building a new institution from the ruins and rubble of the old Colegio was a venture that tried his soul and exacted from him the maximum of his talents, his grit and his tenacity of purpose. He had no materials at hand saving only a will to do things and do them fast. He stuck to his task and what he did with "so little" is a special chapter in the history of San Carlos. Every bit of stone and gravel which makes up the massive walls and pillars of this University carries the story of the sacrifice of a man and of his personal triumph over untold difficulties. Yet, in his last speech to the Faculty before he filled his position in the University of Nagoya, Japan, Fr. Hoerdemann spoke not of the "towering works" but of the simple, humble men who worked with him.

... for San Carlos, these halls, these towering works of man, will

be gone — out of existence — if you care to put it that way. But what will remain will be the greatness of the man. So take care — that you be great."

Fr. Hoerdemann was a young missionary with energy-plus and a Doctor's degree in Philosophy when he first passed through the door of the then Colegio de San Carlos in 1937. He was an inconspicuous classroom teacher who covered his "beat" in anonymous efficiency. From 1937 on, he spent a drab, routine life as a teacher. He trained his students to become Christian gentlemen and inspired them with the goodness of his heart. He was a practical man who had no fondness for much theorizing. He was always a busy man — busy, indeed, even to his own hurt. As a classroom *padre maestro*, he found nothing that could break the monotony of a cut-and-dried tight schedule except occasional athletic competitions and school programs. Yet he loved his work because he put his heart and mind into every task before him.

(Continued on page 21)

FR. PHILIP:

SIRE OF USC ENGINEERS

by

FELIPE M. VERALLO, JR.

● Reverend Father Philip van Engelen personifies the College of Engineering on the strength of his record as its Regent. In the eight years of his Regency, he shaped USC's Engineering Department from a veritable unknown common fraction to a neatly simplified ease of a whole number in the overall frame-up of the University today.

BEFORE A WRITE-UP could be finally composed for publication, the writer had to play merry chase with Father Philip, not on account of his desire to shy away from an interview but because every fragment of his being is so attached to work that had I waited for him to slow down, I would not have finished my assignment. He was too busy and unconcerned even for this interview; wherever he directed himself—along corridors or inside the modernized Engineering shop—a whole of work awaited him. It is hard to imagine Fr. Philip taking ease. He is restless and ever on the go. The rise of USC's College of Engineering is illustrative of Fr. Engelen's moving, restless spirit. This is a quality engineering students should have.

ON THE RECORD

Unlike their predecessors, engineering students can now single out the fact with pride that they have ceased to act like nomads hunting for their rooms in the lower deck of the main building. The old Boys' High School has paved the way for the manufactory of future engineers.

In 1948, when Father Engelen assumed the post which he now holds, his advent was greeted with something of a schism because at the time the former Dean and Company had just staged a walk-out. Fr. Philip had to roll up his sleeves to salvage and repair whatever was left in the wake of the incident. He accomplished his homework in due time.

The records of the Office of the Registrar reveal that way back in 1939 only thirty-nine students matriculated in the first three years of Civil Engineering. Prior to 1949, only a complete Civil Engineering was listed in the prospectus. With a small but steady crowd, the Administration added the Mechanical, Electrical Engineering and Architecture Departments in 1951. A year later, a powerhouse was constructed primarily to lower the budget for the items on electricity and water which had been draining the university treasury in thousands of pesos and at the same time to serve as center for the application of classrooms theories. Answering the needs of some students the Chemical Engineering department was in-



Rev. PHILIP van ENGELN, S.V.D.
Record Setter

serled in the bulletin of information issued by the Registrar. Today, upwards of six hundred students crowd the new College of Engineering edifice.

During the past years, fruitful results have illuminated the skies of the University of San Carlos. For instance, in 1950, Engineer *Victoria-no Gonzalez* topped the Board Exams for Civil Engineering, a record which was later made the basis for granting him a dual Fulbright and Smith-Mundt scholarship for Advanced Studies in Hydraulics at Stanford University. Mr. *Nicolas Lao Guico* notched off another "First" in the Board for Mechanical Engineering in 1954. Equaling the record the following year was Mr. *Eliseo Linog* who topped the 1955 Board Exams for Mechanical Plant Engineers. The slope of the curve describing the path of engineering progress in the University of San Carlos is big and positive. According to an unimpeachable source, no Engineering graduate of San Carlos has been in want of a job.

Today the College of Engineering has its exclusive library with volumes of books and periodicals, a drafting room provided with flashy drafting tables and five large electric fans, modern mechanical and electrical instruments, airy and spacious shops, complete Chemistry laboratory, up-to-date surveying devices, an electronic shop reputed to

(Continued on page 12)

● *Speech of Congressman Miguel Cuenco opposing the Amendment by Substitution to H. B. No. 5561 delivered in the House of Representatives on May 14, 1956*

shall be included in the curricula of schools, college and universities, public or private: **Provided**, That in the collegiate courses, the original or unexpurgated editions of the **Noli Me Tangere** and **El Filibusterismo** or their English translation shall be used as basic texts."

Section 3 provides that the Board of National Education shall cause the translation of the **Noli** and the **Fili** as well as other writings of Jose Rizal into English, Tagalog and

pritation—P300,000. The Bill, therefore, violates the constitutional mandate that "No bill which may be enacted into law shall embrace more than one subject which shall be expressed in the title of the bill."

With regard to the reading and teaching of Rizal's novels, the Amendment by Substitution is even worse than the original House Gonzalez Bill which was also a copy of the original Senate Bill. The original Bill merely provides for compulsory reading of Dr. Rizal's no-

The Issue on the Rizal Bill:

Mr. Speaker,

Ladies and Gentlemen of the House:

The constitutional liberties, the welfare and happiness of the Filipino People, are placed under the special safeguard of the patriotism, honor, faith and wisdom of this Congress, the policy-determining body of the Republic. Conscious of my grave responsibilities, I rise to oppose the Amendment by Substitution to H.B. No. 5561, which is an exact copy of amended Senate Bill No. 438 passed last Saturday, and which seeks to "include in the curricula of all public and private schools, colleges and universities, courses on the life, works and writings of Jose Rizal, particularly his novels **Noli Me Tangere** and **El Filibusterismo**, authorizing the printing and distribution thereof, and for other purposes." We contend that the said Amendment by Substitution is unconstitutional. We also challenge its wisdom. We do sincerely believe that it is prejudicial to public interest as it will undermine and even destroy our national unity.

The Amendment by Substitution to House Bill No. 5561 includes or covers two different matters. It provides:

"Section 1. Courses on the life, works and writings of Jose Rizal, particularly his novels **Noli Me Tangere** and **El Filibusterismo**,

State Autho INDIVIDUAL Co

other principal Philippine dialects, and cause them to be distributed, free of charge, to the people of the country, through the Purok organizations and barrio councils.

Section 5 of the Amendment by Substitution authorizes an appropriation of P300,000 for the printing and distribution of the English, Tagalog and other Filipino dialects versions of Dr. Rizal's novels and writings.

It is crystal clear, therefore, that the Amendment by Substitution covers two different subjects — the reading and teaching of Rizal's books and writings in our schools, and their printing and distribution, free of charge, to the public, for which purpose an appropriation of P300,000 is authorized.

Both subject-matters which are different and independent are not stated in the title of the Bill as amended. Nothing in its title indicates that it carries money appro-

vels. The Amendment by Substitution provides for both the reading and teaching thereof.

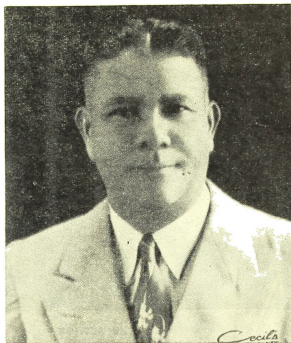
The language of the Amendment by Substitution has been purposely made dubious, ambiguous, and equivocal. It leaves everything to the Board of National Education, a body composed of persons appointed by the President of the Republic for a certain number of years. The Board, with a transient membership, is more vulnerable to pressure from the warring groups than the Congress of the Republic, composed of a House of Representatives of more than one hundred members and a Senate of twenty-four members. The decisions of the Board cannot be reviewed by another executive body and, as such, are administratively final.

A college student can ask for exemption, on ground of religious belief, from the course of the **Noli** and the **Fili**. However, under the broad, sweeping and undefined

Rizal, Like St. Joan of Arc, is a Symbol of National Unity . . .

powers of the Board, there is nothing that precludes the Board from making compulsory the reading and teaching of the unexpurgated Noli and Fili in the high schools. There is nothing also that precludes the Board from including the book of Dr. Rafael Palma on the life and writings of Dr. Jose Rizal in the curricula of secondary and elementary grades. Dr. Palma's book contains more attacks against the Catholic Church, its dogmas, and practices than Dr. Rizal's novels.

The Board is vested with the power to issue rules and regulations of a disciplinary nature. The



HON. MIGUEL CUENCO
Representative
5th District of Cebu

ity Against stitutional LIBERTIES

About the Author:

Hon. Miguel Cuenco, Congressman from the Fifth District of Cebu, is a firm and forceful champion of Catholicism. He has worn the badge of His Faith not only at home and in the Church but also in Congress. During the congressional wrangle on the Rizal Bill, he stood his ground against its passage.

Two years ago, Congressman Cuenco was unanimously elected as "The Most Distinguished Alumnus of the Year" by the Tower Committee of USC's Alumal Association. He was the first Dean of the USC College of Law, way back in 1937. He also obtained his A.B. degree in the University of San Carlos.

Board can, therefore, require a passing rating for the promotion of the student to a higher grade. It can also dismiss the teacher who refuses to teach Dr. Rizal's novels or Dr. Palma's book, for conscience sake, in violation of a constitutional provision that no religious test shall be required for the exercise of political or civil rights.

The issue, Mr. Speaker, on the present bill is not between the State and the Church, as alleged by the learned Majority Floor Leader, Congressman Tolentino. The issue as aptly stated by the Supreme Court of the United States in the controlling case of *West Virginia State Board of Education v. Barnett*, 319 U.S. 624, is a conflict between state authority and individual constitutional rights. It is, therefore, our inescapable duty as lawmakers to safeguard in this Bill the individual freedom of religion and God worship in the most clear and precise language, in black and white terms. We

should have stated in the Bill in the most unmistakable language that the student on all scholastic levels — not only the college student — can apply for exemption from any course on the life, works and writings of Dr. Jose Rizal, particularly his novels, on the ground of religious conscience. It is regrettable, Mr. Speaker, that the proponents of this measure are determined to reject on amendment along this line that this humble Member of the House will introduce. Every student on all scholastic levels — from the elementary to the university — is protected in his religious freedom by an iron clad and fool-proof provision in the Philippine Bill of Rights, Subsection 7, Section 1, Article 3 of the Constitution. Yet this Chamber, instead of facing the issue squarely, has clothed the Board of National Education with so broad powers that put the Board in a position to transgress individual

(Continued on page 14)



THE AUTHOR

THREE WEEKS AGO, at this writing, I had myself enrolled in the Postgraduate course leading to a Master's degree in Physics. On entering the Registrar's office, I was met by an exclamation from one of my teacher-colleagues.

"Oh... no... not you again? Are you taking this as a hobby... collecting degrees just like collecting old stamps? Now, look here, my dear girl. What you need now is a title before your name, not after it. You have titles enough to leave out the RIP in your *memoriam*," she laughingly concluded.

I teasingly retorted, "It is easier to get another degree than to get a husband nowadays. As for that *memoriam* piece, let it be. I will die busy."

Later on, I reflected on the outburst of my friend. Did I really need further study to improve my teaching? Could I not manage well enough without further headaches, tests and exams? I think that, perhaps, I could. But I have the ambition to grow with the growing science. Every teacher should keep up with the goings-on in the modern scientific world, not only for the sake of his students but also in the interest of the country.

My decision may be influenced by reason of personal interest. As long as the University of San Carlos is graced by two Physics teachers of distinction, Rev. Michael Richartz, Doctor in Physics, and Rev. Francis Oster, Master of Sci-

ence in Physics, I simply cannot let grass grow under my feet when there is still more to learn from these experts.

You may take it as a private opinion, too, when I say that the study of Physics is in itself an art.

Of What Use Is MS Physics To Me?

by

JANE KINTANAR

I am not an artist, nor a mathematical wizard who knows the answer to difficult problems by intuition. Once in an Advanced Physics class, Father Oster illustrated on the board a series of differential derivations arriving at a certain equation. When he saw our perplexed questioning faces trying to grasp the solution within our understanding, he remarked: "Oh, if you could only see the beauty of it." There and then did I know what he meant... the unfolding of the re-

physical science is not emphasized. There is so much truth in what Jose P. Laurel, in one of his Economic Series which appeared in the *Manila Times*, wrote: "... the knowledge especially of the technical kind possessed by aliens and foreigners about many of our natural resources is much ampler and more specific than that possessed even by an average Filipino college graduate." He further stated that a casual examination of the

(Continued on page 35)

Editor's Note:

JANE KINTANAR, the well-known teacher of Physics in the Girls' High School, recently joined the College Faculty in the Department of Physics. In 1949, she received the degree of B.S.E.; in 1962 that of M.A. in Education whereafter, in 1966, she added the degree of B.S. in Physics. Her next success will be the degree of Master of Science in Physics, for which she is preparing under the tutelage of Fr. M. Richartz, Head of Department of Physics in the Graduate Division.

* *Carolinian*
Science Feature

cesses of the mind in its process of reasoning from a complicated problem, paving the way to a clear and simple answer.

This training of the mind, so important in all respects, cannot be overemphasized. It is a deplorable fact that the study of Physics in high schools is made optional. Even in the elementary grades,



Taking issue against rabid followers of teener-tunes, this Rock 'n' Roll "againster" says—

it off as "strictly for the birds." Boy, we wouldn't be caught dead listening to Rachmaninoff's Concerto No. 2 in c minor (which is very beautiful)! But to mambo—boogie—chacha—addicts like us, being caught listening to Chopin, Debussy or Tchaikowsky is just about as unpardonable as finding ourselves wearing the much-maligned "high-waist" pants in a world of "low-waist" personality-plus hecklers.

The Gospel says something about a bad tree not being able to bring forth good fruit. There's nothing bad about these be-bop, hot, rock and roll or what-have-you ditties. Only thing is the day is so full of "Now here's a dedication to Inday, Titing & Monet from Deling... Folks, here's the current craze, 'The Great Pretender,'" that the great masters are pushed to oblivion... well, around

(Continued on page 37)

Let's Give the Masters A CHANCE

LET'S FACE IT. With respect to music we want to have our cake and eat it, too. We crab a lot about the world not having an idea of our kind of music. Foreign musicians get to play our compositions only when they are performing in Manila out of courtesy, of course, and nothing but. Then, our own musical geniuses go abroad. They play brilliantly in Spain, the United States and they get encores for those tinkling, refreshing pieces from our Philippine Islands (while some lorgnette-wearing lady whispers to her companion, "Maud, dear, where on earth is the Philippines?"). The audience likes our music; they ask for more and applaud so loud the player's heart gets to be that big.

But after that, does the foreign public, or for that matter, our own musical public, go to a concert because Juan Cruz's immortal composition Concerto No. 5 in E minor, Op. 27, is to be played at the Metropolitan Opera House under the baton of the world-renowned Leopold Stokowsky? Or that Lily Pons is singing Ricardo Mahilum's "The Maria Clara Opera?"

We talk big and loud about "C" sugar and power politics but when the tete-a-tete shifts, by the sheerest miracle, to music, a lot of us paim



by Angelina Labucay



IT WAS AN UNBENDING rule with me sometime ago never to pass up the chance of inquiring about the age of every woman to whom I was introduced. This was my formula for getting "solid" with her. I used to go on a gay and confident spiel with her after that, believing the while that I had applied one of Dale Carnegie's universal rules on human relationship. "Show your interest in others by asking questions."

I realize now that, especially with the "children of larger growth" (women to you), I was committing a colossal mistake. And all because I happened to take hold of a friend's directory. I was surprised to learn that several of my classmates wrote down their age as twenty. I have first-hand knowledge that in our senior year in high school, they were already seventeen. Whatever happened to their three years in college? The answer, obviously, is this: Women hate to reveal their true age. Five of my lady friends have confirmed this. As one of them puts it: "Women would have their age kept a secret with as much vigilance as the scientists in the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission use in guarding the

formula of the Atom Bomb." Another has this to say: "If you want to win the admiration of women never ask them about their age, for women always consider it an insult especially if they are over twenty. If you ever get an answer at all, it is about as reliable as a weather forecast. To get the right age of woman, consult her birthday certificate or a photostatic copy thereof. If it is not available, ask a woman her age and add four or five years to what she will tell you. Only then can you be sure that you are free from error." The other three showed me the same dog although with different collars. But all of them ended up with an od-

vice not much different from Lord Chesterfield's advice to his son: "Please keep this secret inviolable if you would not like Orpheus to be torn to pieces by the whole sex."

I suppose that women play this gimmick for the self-same reason that drives them to use eye-shades, twelve-inch-heeled shoes and many other retouching materials and such elements. To create illusions, that is. They want to appear and be believed much younger than they really are. That is why when a woman says goodbye to her twentieth birthday she begins to keep an air-tight secrecy of her age. Proof? Try to read society columns in any newspaper. Have you ever read of socialites celebrating their 25th or 23rd birthday? No self-respecting socialite celebrates that kind of birthday. But, mind you, these women do not stop celebrating birthdays. They just throw in a birthday party while the matter of age is lost in the tinkle of cocktail glasses.

The most tight-lipped women are those over twenty and especially those who are — alas! — still single. Even at the point of a gun they would still be tight-lipped. The reason of course is obvious. Can you blame them if they would like to make the impression that they have not "missed the boat?" How about the full-fledged spinster? How are we to determine the height they have attained in the chronological scale? Impossible! unless we are fortunate enough to hear them in their dreams muttering and counting the years of fruitless waiting.

It is really surprising and, frankly, quite amusing why women make a big hush-hush over their ages. They cannot cheat the elements even if they try all means at staying young. It is an impossible venture. The wrinkles will show, come high water or Max Factor!

WOMAN'S AGE... An Open Secret

by *Ildefonso V. Lagcao*

lourdes v. jaramilla's . . .

ramblings in lower case

a carolinian is a pretty spoiled baby. he gets the choice trappings of a formidable university prestige to fall back on when his dignity is ruffled. he may not be vocal about that secret pride over his impressive science and laboratory equipment, buildings, high-brow professors and all that stuff but there is no question that it sure hooks up his self to know he's a part of the whole tidy scheme . . . part of a world he wants so much to belong to . . . a world where he must fight to achieve a place of his own . . . yes, a "world in his corner", . . . a private paradise . . .

but an apple-pie set-up is too good to be true, or am i wrong here? the perfect centralized smooth-running machine that is us does not spell the whole story. underneath the march of campus activities so precise on the surface rise the bubbly domes of fear and the feeling of being helplessly, but helplessly, lost that mark little furrows on the newcomer's innocent brow . . . he is at once the picture of a small speck owed by the immensity of the university and its many, many students unconcernedly hurrying by . . . hurrying past him. lonely in anonymous crowds with strange faces. alone but for the winning smile of mrs. a. gil, the one reality in a sea of blank faces.

the first kindness. this is not lost.

221, g-24, 306 . . . teachers, instructors, professors . . . why are they? do i mean anything to them? anything at all? are they human? have they ever felt as lost as i am now . . . ? my classmates, why don't they talk to me? is something wrong with me or are they just plain shy? or dumb? or even sophisticated? the boy in the printed shirt before me looks bewildered by everything and miss what's-her-name on my left is plain unhappy. but why don't they say something? anything. a bunch of lost and lonely people tenaciously refusing to reach out to one another, preferring the tight security of their private little worlds . . . we're all delirious!! and afraid. but so is everybody at one time or another . . .

july. the "long gray line", "the gray ladies." how smart-appearing, how right the figure it fetches . . . my i.d. picture, what a dope i look like! . . . the card shuffling is automatic now. who is that nameless lanky priest with the purposeful stride? what a thrill to be on hand when he opens his mouth (or his heart, maybe) and words, oh words such as you and i would never dream could possibly come from him . . . pouring like torrents of rushing waters to tease, weaken and inspire a sluggish mind of life. to wonder and think, as he mounts in eloquence, his eyes light up, hands gesticulate and sweep, his very countenance taut with the poignancy of an emotion or idea he wants conveyed . . . he portrays all emotions, the gamut, the nuances . . . oblivious of everybody else watching and listening, entranced and bewitched . . . completely obsessed in his thesis . . . alien to us. he looks at me as though he knows me, fathoming me by my face (awrrrk!) a psychologist here. also a rock in philosophy, the longer i stay in his class, the more i realize that i do not know anything at all! i have not yet learned his name (fr. wrocklage? --- ed.) . . .

(Continued on page 12)

* two poems *

Elisio Jane Veloso

I

April

Wind currents break into my heart
Translating themselves mercilessly
into frustrated agonies
Filling my dark hours with
stringless kites of belated
remorse

Floating whispers . . . flying sighs
Penetrating the silent unmoving air
Disturbing resting molecules
To fill a moment of regret
. . . this is my April.



II

May

Cold hands clasp the golden
months —

now
turned
to dust
Setting down on damped floors—
to
rise

again.
New clouds appear on mountain
peaks
to

disappear
again.
New storms arise from silent hills
to

break
again.
A heart cries out: My love, my love!
As hands reach out to hold—my
own . . .

While heaven smiles and angels glow

Two
doves
hover
to
start — anew!

FATHER PHILIP: Sire of USC Engineers

(Continued from page 5)

be more furnished than any school in Manila according to the recent observations of Engineers Cavan and Laspinas of the Bureau, tools in quantity for the use of students who do not exceed twenty in each laboratory class, instruments ranging from a simple screw to a geiger

to studying the trade of his neighbors in their sprawling shops; in winter, he was lost in the cloister of his shop, tinkering with wires and tubes and old machines. Because of the unavoidable call of religion, he registered in Saint Willibrod Seminary at Uden. Later he bolstered his knowledge with the rudiments of Philosophy at Saint Lambert Seminary in Helvoirt. Not satisfied with all these, he plugged

padre had to be interned in the Los Baños Concentration Camp. Immediately after liberation, he was sent abroad to renew advanced studies in Modern Physics at Tulane University, New Orleans, Louisiana.

THE CHANGE

It is not surprising to make Father Engelen spearhead the timely shift of projecting the College of Engineering to the forefront in the shaping of the mind and mettle of young people. The Society of the Divine Word realizes the necessity of attuning Catholic education to the temper of this age of atoms and cosmic rays. This marked change is heartening to note especially because our country is still in its kindergarten stage of industrialization and has to go a long way towards mechanized production.

MISCELLANY

Father Engelen is a rabid hi-fi fan. When our talk shifted to the subject of radios, he intimated to me in his shop located in the second floor of the Engineering building that "we could have our own radio station because we have the apparatus for the matter." However, as of this date, he strongly doubts the possibility because "aliens cannot put up a radio station" although like Santo Tomas University, we could establish one in the name of the San Carlos Corporation. The finances on management and maintenance are still serious thorns in carrying out this ambitious plan.

Before I left his shop, he advanced the observation that "the Filipinos are serious students but are too conscious of prefixes to their names." Pointing to a magazine and opening it before me, he continued, "Doctors of engineering studies in Europe seldom annex their titles to their names although dignitaries of the land sport kilometric descriptions." This is a harsh fact which is too true to deny.

This six-foot Dutch missionary with the lock of hair carelessly dangling on his forehead, his big German dog trailing him dutifully, this humble master with a restless appetite for work, is a constant reminder that we need more men of his caliber to light up the USC's skyline.

ramblings in lower case

(Continued from page 11)

who was it who punned scathingly that there are more people in the limited space of the drugstore tile for tile than in our spacious chapel? did it ever occur to her that there are more hungry people than there are holy people? or does she not know that the drugstore is the most convenient and nearest point of contact for students shuttling from the main lobby to the girls' high? but no matter, believe it or not there are more people now in the chapel since the university bulletin carried a notice of the daily 5:00-5:30 confessions, with "counseling and guidance" implied, or why would so many boys, that disappearing rare species, also toe the line? arched eyebrows greet him who stays too long in the box. too many sins? that's unkind . . . he's looking for a pal . . . or a weeping wall . . .

day classes . . . night classes. a charm all their own. a carolinian now . . . wool-dyed, true-blue . . . rrrriinnnggg! a shuffle of feet. by the time the buzzer ends, it's a case of the survival of the fittest and the exasperation of the fittest in the hour-to-hour rush for the stairways . . . one united movement of pushing, jostling, "excuse me's" and, "god! can't you ever move?" and why can't a carolinian have wings? strain an inch, slither out of the jam and . . . hurra! . . . i'm out. why, oh why, are so many epithets born daily during the height of the traffic mess? "gangway . . . scat . . . blow . . . evaporate, my foot!"

keep right, keep right, oh yeah, keep right. ah, but why complain? it's a lot of fun, too. like window-shopping or milling with July 4th celebrants or being just plain carolinian-like. we are young and alive and anyway sliding down bannisters is like old times . . .

shove off, wiseguy, i'm in a hurry!

counter, radios, almost all kinds of meters and precision devices.

UNWRITTEN HISTORY

For the early tracing of Father Engelen, let us turn in retrospect to Ulrich, Holland, on February 28, 1910. In a family of six boys and two girls, Philip was the eldest. While a Filipino of his age would be pasturing a carabao in the grasslands, Philip was already tinkering with wires, circuits and machines, so much so that at a tender age he could already assemble a radio by himself. He devoted his summers

himself on an M.S. degree in Saint Francis Saviour Seminary at Teteringen.

In his early twenties he began his long excursion to the Philippines, and his first stop was at Claveria, Cagayan. It was the Cagayan climate that disturbed him most. He came here only to find out that Cebu was a lot hotter than Cagayan. His tour of duty in Abra, Cagayan and Pangasinan as a parish priest was stopped when the last World War exploded. Since the Dutch at that time were teamed with the Allied powers, the amiable

UNITAS AND USC

by REV. M. RICHARTZ, S.V.D.

Alumnus of the Unitas-Frisia, Muenster

IN THE CAROLINIAN of February 1956 you have read a brief remark on the "Pact of Friendship" of our University with the Unitas-Verband. Here is the English translation of the German letter Very Rev. Father Rector wrote accepting the invitation to the Pact of Friendship.

University of San Carlos
Cebu City, Philippines
October 10, 1955

Dear Mr. Rademacher,

Your kind letter was a very pleasant surprise. One opens every letter from home with special interest. Usually such letters are from relatives and friends, with an occasional letter of an official nature. Your missive belongs in a class all its own.

In the first place, then, permit me to thank you most heartily for your kind letter. It is a pleasant reminder that we are still remembered in our homeland. But your letter tells much more besides. I rejoiced to learn of the active interest in the missions — which is, indeed, one of the great concerns of Holy Church. It therefore affords us special satisfaction that you and the W. K. V. Hathumar, Paderborn should invite us to join with you in a close bond of friendship. Thanks be to God that since the end of the war we in the Philippines have once more been able to resume full-scale operations without let or hindrance. To the glory of our Catholic Philippines it must be admitted that even during the war we German missionaries were allowed to continue our work in every mission post and school.

So we enter with pleasure into this proffered pact of friendship. We will gladly acquaint you with our work here and will inform you of the modest accomplishments we can point to. After all, much is still in the process of development.

The possibility of eventually exchanging students is especially attractive. The majority of the Filipino students who continue or further their studies abroad go to the United States. For this purpose many study grants have been set up and the whole programme is greatly facilitated by the oneness of language in the two countries. The official medium of instruction in the Philippines is English. Here at San Carlos we offer German and so the language-problem for our students would be made somewhat easier.

Sincerely yours,

FATHER HERMAN KONDRING, S.V.D.
Rector

WHAT IS THE "UNITAS"? The Unitas-Verband is a federation of student organizations of German Catholic university students (Verband der wissenschaftlichen katholischen Studentenvereine). It counts with some 55 organizations (corporations, clubs) about 2500 students, and 5000 alumni (Alte Herren). Founded in 1847, it is the senior of all Catholic federations of German university students.

The aim has always been to help develop in its members a high academic standard of thinking and

living. It upholds the principle that the supreme aim of a university is not just search for knowledge, but the making of the mind, not the memorizing of an entire encyclopedia, but the forming of a personality.

Virtus, scientia, amicitia — virtue, knowledge, friendship, all are

important. The motto is: unity in principles, liberty in choice, charity in everything! The patrons of the Federation are the Blessed Virgin Mary; St. Boniface, the apostle of the Germans; and St. Thomas Aquinas, the prince of philosophy.

Each member club holds a scientific convocation weekly. The main event of the Federation's activities are the festivals, the so-called "Vereinsteste", on which days besides scientific lectures and social entertainment, the religious element is given great attention; all attend holy mass and receive holy communion.

Prerequisite for admission into the Federation is a truly Christian conduct and thorough scientific work.

The more than 100-year history of the Unitas-Verband testifies to the great activity of the Federation and the ardent fervor of its members. In every branch of natural and social science you may find some outstanding personalities who are members such as professors, Congressmen, famous leaders in church and state.

Ludwig Windthorst, the genius and leader of the German Catholics during the years 1871-87, became the first honorable member of the Unitas. The outbreak of the Kulturkampf in Prussia gave him a splendid opportunity to show himself the Champion of the Church in Parliament. During this struggle of the Church with the Prussian state Windthorst stated: "The Unitas is the artillery of the Catholic student's corporation."

Franz Hitze, the outstanding leader of the Catholic social reform movement in the 19th century wrote in 1892: "The Unitas has been suggesting and directing the course of my life. It has given me life's contents and happiness."

In a letter recently received from Unitas-Hathumar we proudly read the following passage:

"A few days ago we received THE CAROLINIAN, No. 4. This publication stimulated much interest among us; the variety in text and pictures especially pleased us. Rarely does one read such a student publication that reflects so vividly and convincingly both the life of a foreign people and life at a university."

... hearts across the oceans...

State Authority Against Individual Constitutional Liberties

(Continued from page 7)

conscience and constitutional liberties. Congress in passing this Bill has committed a dereliction of duty. It ignored this wise counsel of the United States Supreme Court in the aforementioned case of *West Virginia State Board of Education, v. Barnett*:

"The very purpose of a Bill of Rights was to withdraw certain subjects from the vicissitudes of political controversy, to place them beyond the reach of majorities and officials and to establish them as legal principles to be applied by the courts. One's right to life, liberty, and property, to free speech, a free press, freedom of worship and assembly, and other fundamental rights may not be submitted to vote; they depend on the outcome of no elections."

Before we enter into a fuller discussion of the merits of the Amendment by Substitution, we should have a broad idea of Dr. Rizal's novels. They contain teachings on patriotism, and nationalism as well as views, opinions and theories, attacking dogmas, beliefs and practices of the Church. The assertion that Rizal limited himself to castigating undeserving priests and refrained from criticizing, ridiculing or putting in doubt dogmas of the Church, is absolutely gratuitous and misleading. The best evidence are the two novels themselves. It is an elementary rule of law that there is no better evidence of the terms of a document than the writing itself. In simple, clear and unmistakable language, Dr. Rizal made several attacks against religion, although in justice to Dr. Rizal himself shortly before his execution at Bagumbayan, let me say that he solemnly retracted and withdrew "whatever in his works, writings, publications, and conduct had been contrary to his status as a son of the Catholic Church." It is not within the limited scope of my speech to make a comprehensive and all-inclusive list of his opinions that run counter to religion.

To sum up, in *Noli* and *Fili* we find passages against Catholic dogmas and morals, where repeated attacks are made against the Catholic Religion, against the possibility of miracle, against the doc-

trine of Purgatory, against the Sacrament of Baptism, against Confession, Communion, Holy Mass, against the doctrine of Indulgences, Church prayers, the Catechism of Christian Doctrine, sermons, sacramentals and books of piety.

It is, therefore, crystal clear that there are portions of the two novels of Dr. Rizal which are against the teachings and laws of the Catholic Church but which the Government may, nevertheless, under the Amendment by Substitution, compel and coerce the Catholic student to read, and in so doing, the Government violates his religious conscience. The Government is even discriminatory against the Catholic Church in the sense that it coerces the students to read Rizal's attacks against his Religion but it does not coerce the student to read the defense of the Church against the said attacks. In the face of this, I wish to invite attention to subsection 7, section 1, Article III of the Constitution which solemnly proclaims that "the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination of preference, shall forever be allowed." Yet under the Amendment by Substitution, the Government gives preference to Dr. Rizal's attacks against religious profession and worship. In forcing the students to read those attacks, the Government impliedly vouches for the validity of Rizal's religious opinion on the dogmas, teachings and practices of the Church. The Government, therefore, is expressing preference for Rizal's religious opinions over the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church.

The proponents of the Amendment by Substitution support the compulsory reading of the two novels of Rizal, including their attacks against the Catholic faith, as a means of inculcating patriotism and nationalism in our youth. The argument does not save the Bill from the fatal defect of unconstitutionality. The case of *Board of Education v. Barnett*, 319 U.S. 624, is in point. The Supreme Court of the United States, reversing its previous decision in *Minersville School District v. Gobitis* (310 U.S. 586 1940), held in *Board of Education v. Barnett* that a student in a public school cannot be expelled for refusal to salute the American flag, if such a refusal is based on conscientious

grounds and specially on the belief that the salute would violate the Commandment against graven images or idols.

Before concluding, I wish to answer the stirring appeal for national unity of the distinguished Majority Floor Leader in his able sponsorship of the Amendment by Substitution.

The issue, I repeat, Mr. Speaker, is between state authority and individual constitutional liberties. The issue, therefore, is essentially of the nature of an interpretation of the Constitution. Everybody in our country has the right to favor or oppose this Bill, but he should do so with calmness, with less passion, with less heat. We should discuss the merits of the Bill in the realm of principles and ideas, with sobriety and moderation, and without any acrimony and ill-feeling.

Our hearts, Mr. Speaker, bleed at the sad spectacle of Rizal's lowering and dominant historical personality being used to divide our unfortunate country into warring camps of nationalists and anti-nationalists, Rizalists and anti-Rizalists, Catholics and anti-Catholics. The religious strife engulfing the country and revolving around Rizal's name has no reason to exist. It resembles the sterile controversy in France about the French national heroine, St. Joan of Arc. The French conservatives claim the Maid of Orleans as their standard bearer because without military strength she succeeded in defeating the English in many battles in France during the Hundred Years War, paving the way for the expulsion of the English from French soil and to French national unity. Joan of Arc, the daughter of poor peasants, a shepherd girl of 15 years old, was ordered by God to liberate France from the English and to convince the Dauphin, Charles VII, to be crowned as a king at the famous Cathedral of Rheims and to assume national leadership. The English, and even Napoleon, the Great, himself a military genius who cannot be accused of being a religious fanatic, consider Joan of Arc's military victories as miracles. St. Joan of Arc was condemned to the flames and burned alive at the City of Rouen at the age of 17, by an ecclesiastical court which was receiving orders from the English invaders.

(Continued on page 37)



was informed that the freshie (I was just like him then) had stepped on the Seal of the University of Oregon, which was inlaid, like the Seal of the University of San Carlos, directly in front of the steps of the Ad building. Either the greenhorn was not properly orientated or he did it purposely to find out the consequences of stepping on the University

The Seal of the University of San Carlos bears significant symbols inside the circling letters — UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS, CEBU CITY—. The coat of arms, that of a shield, is divided into three parts. The first at the bottom, contains a book and a torch. These two figures symbolize the knowledge and the wisdom of the ages to be handed down to succeeding Carolinians. As Truth shall set men free so shall knowledge and light free men from

THE USC SEAL and a Tradition

THE SEAL of the University of San Carlos is conspicuously inlaid on the floor of the lobby of the Administration Building, just a few feet from the steps of the middle door of the main entrance and directly in front of the statue of St. Charles Borromeo. Not very many, perhaps, wonder what the eye-catching circle signifies. In my long stay in the University, I know of no one who has bothered to ask anything about that circle and the different figures in it. Or, perhaps, it is just being taken for granted, not being worth bothering about.

Such an attitude would be strange among students in the universities in the United States where university seals are not only respected but also revered. There, the seal of a university is esteemed as the university itself, just as the flag of a country is taken to stand for the country itself.

One of my most memorable experiences took place during my first year at the University of Oregon. I was passing by the Administration building one day after the Orientation Week. I noticed a dozen lettermen watching one of their companions beating the buttocks of a frosh for three times (though not so hard) with a small paddle made for the purpose. This incident took place on the steps of the building before a crowd of students. Curiosity got the better of me and so I edged my way into the crowd and asked from a student the cause of this violation of human dignity. I

seal. No one ever found out why he did so. Now, why was this seemingly unsocial practice of public beating tolerated by the University?

Seals have been used by ecclesiastical authorities, government functionaries, and persons of noble birth as early as the day of St. Augustine. A seal was used for authenticating or certifying documents, letters or other important papers. During the early period of

ignorance and darkness. Both the book and the torch are emblematic of Truth, the hierarchical summit of all wisdom and learning.

The Cross above the book and torch, and right side of the shield, stands for death and life, suffering and happiness. It is symbolic of the trials, the agonies, sacrifices and death of the only One who loved us that we miserable mortals may find immortality. Were it not for

by MR. VICENTE ESPIRITU

its usage, the seal was first attached to the letter; later, it was stamped or impressed on the document. Thus, in general, a seal is representative of the authority, authenticity and genuineness of a person, institution or a body. Throughout the years, the seal gradually came to be understood as an emblem, a badge or symbol representative of authority and as such, it demanded respect, devotion, loyalty and even reverence for those that the seal represented.

At present, the seal is popularly used by lawyers, educational institutions and the government. For example, a diploma granted to a graduate of the University of San Carlos, is not official unless it bears the official seal of the University.

the Cross, we may have to undergo eternal punishment, and be shut off from eternal life. The Cross is the mark of Christian Faith and the promise of eternal life.

The winged foot stands for the Missionaries of all nationalities who belong to the Society of Divine Word—they who gladly and willingly deprived themselves of the ease and comforts of home for the sake of those lonely souls crying in the wilderness for deliverance and light. Members of the Society come from diverse nationalities because it is international in scope. They bring with them the torch, the book and the Cross — knowledge, light, and life.

The foot, as shown, is unprotected and devoid of any covering which
(Continued on page 38)

So You're A Filipino...

We do not expect other people to know what part of the world's longitudinal intestine is dissected by the Palawan shoreline or when it would be profitable for an Aztec to plant corn in Tabunok. That would be ridiculous. But a Filipino should know where the Philippines is, or, at least, which province on this side of the meridian produces the most rice. It is not necessary, for cultural effect or otherwise, to memorize the birthdays of local movie stars. But honestly, how much does a Filipino know about his own country? Many of us talk about Manhattan and The Bronx or The Stork and Tiffany's as though we were descended from the refugees aboard the "Mayflower." Let somebody mention Ambulao or Maria Cristina and a lot of us would be plain stultified. We are strangers in our own country.

Certainly, other nationals are not to blame if they know next to nothing about the Philippines. Apparently, they do not find anything worth knowing about us. To quote our own "Cone" Faigao, 1954 Smith-Mundt grantee: "I have come to accept the belief that the Philippines is not so well known in the United States as it should be. Whenever I scanned the pages of U.S. dailies for home news, I was always disappointed..." Perhaps, in the U.S., we rate only a filler in the "Help Wanted" pages.

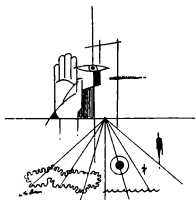
There is no doubt that foreigners have queer notions about us. It was current thinking among foreigners, half a century ago, and maybe this still holds true today, that we are good only as taxi drivers, gardeners, apple-pickers, fishermen and domestics and nothing more except, of course, that we get ample notice as biological exhibits. Most white people often mistake us for wild, barbarous, wandering people who wear G-strings and who do not deserve the graces of civilization and who, like wild boars, subsist on wild fruits and raw meat. This is an extreme case, I am sure, but not an improbable one. For a fact, the true Filipino, one who has had no pint of Spanish or Chinese blood in his veins, is not much different from the conception just mentioned. In comparison with the Arabs, the Filipino is a poor third fiddler. While we have only excuses for noses, the Arabs have noses that can serve conveniently as hat racks. The workings of evolution or creation must have been very unfair to us.

Personally, I believe this is past history. The fact that we are recognized as a power in the concert of free nations, the fact alone that we are a free Republic, has more or less served to give us our right as a people. In international diplomatic relations, we stand on equal footing with other nations in respect of our national aspirations and ideals. If I have sounded somewhat apologetic at the start, blame it on inferiority or persecution complex or what you will. Everytime I think about how we have progressed, certain instances in the United States, the very bastion of Democracy, make me squirm. In Topeka, Kansas, Faigao (again) succumbed to a very unpleasant, because embarrassing experience. As he entered a coffee shop for a snack, he was stopped courteously but firmly by these words: "I'm sorry but we don't serve colored people." The color slip was showing.

The color line should have disappeared when the Filipinos fought side by side with the Americans in defense of Democracy; it should have thinned out when the internationally-known, good-natured, English-speaking, pure-blooded Filipino, Carlos P. Romulo, banged the gavel of the United Nations; it should have disappeared completely when the suave debonair and handsome Filipino, Virgilio Hilario, middle-aided with the most beautiful creature on earth, vintage '54. But the line is still drawn and the Philippines has not yet measured up to the ethnic average imposed by long-entrenched prejudices. It must have to go a long and lonely way. Common is the plaint among the consulates we have in other countries that we are still an unknown people. . . that what we must do is to wage an information campaign on an international scale.

Indeed, many an Occidental brow will perforce be lifted to know that a brown man like me writes his primitive thoughts in the language that gave Shakespeare his immortality.

My Lonely Innocence



*In life . . . in laughter
in pain . . . in death . . .*

*I walk alone,
For I cannot tell you . . .
the thoughts of a little lamb
the meaning of gentle means
of friendship lost
between smiles
or of a feeling, vague,
of "hunger", "yellow", "Aug. 4"
or how a flower opens . . .
the helplessness of being hurt
the reason for a million
other "why's."*

*How can I tell you,
for instance, of . . .
the vast world . . .
the deep sea . . .
the cry of millions . . .
.. or of . . .
the melody risen,
intangible, from the
memory of a face
long since gone?
How to explain the meaning
of life . . . laughter
pain . . . or death?
I walk alone.*

• Angelina Labucay

BY

Samuel B. Fabroz

Resurrection

*For thirty years he was dead.
Today he will live—
for the first time...
to prepare for death.*

*A chance to live
and a chance to break
peace with the gods.
Mother, my fingers do
not point to you!*

*Yes, father, my first time
in thirty years...*

*No, father, she did not
do it... she would not!*

*I'm innocent and I have never
left your church... for I
have never arrived.*

*For thirty years he was dead.
Today, he lives, for the first
time... with immaculate
beads of salt in his mouth
to die forever.*

● Adelino Sitoy

Gloria

*i write with trembling fingers
as i break into the aura
... of your peace and your silence
while the fibers of my being
are strummed in heightened
repetition*

... of your name

*my heart has built a thousand
dreams since the loveliness
... of your face
has cushioned the wanting in my
eyes*

*and love has tiptoed with the
tenderness of a kiss*

*i beg of you then not
to kindle the flames of
... hatred in your heart.*

● A. B. Mirer

My Fight Against Rejection SLIPS

"WORDS CAN BE A POWER for good and a power for evil," declares James Keller, M.M., in his book, *You Can Change the World*.

All my attempts at writing have consistently been prefaced by the thought of this phrase... to write for good.

Bringing forth something good out of writing is an entirely different thing from the act of writing itself. Out of the struggle to make some-



thing worthy of my writing, difficulties, disappointment and humiliation have been met. To me it is a sort of ordeal.

In transmitting ideas to others through the printed word mere knowledge of sentence construction is inadequate. My rough and tumble experience has taught me that zealous, persistent effort must be given to the study of writing for publication as a whole, to marketing the manuscript to the editor and conducting interviews.

In high school, although we had no campus paper, the grades of my written themes somehow gave me the idea that I had a little knack for English. If the making of a writer is shown in his themes,—it is not—then I must say, the price of my humility, that I have what it takes. Although I do not entertain the idea, I still hope I can write even on simple subjects.

My hope of a future in writing was bolstered when a short item found space in a popular national weekly. I was so elated that I read it over and over to notice later, to my dismay, that my original copy, upon comparing it with the published item, was mutilated, changed.

From my classmates who read the short item came the praises and encouragements which nerved my ambition to study writing. I decided firmly and in no time to take up writing. This, I thought, would bring me popularity. And so I moved over from my classroom beat and wrote about the administration of our town mayor. Although I won the appreciation of my classmates and the critical public, I regretted later that I incurred the ire of the mayor. It was published, yes, but my joy was not satisfactory, assessing the painful effort in teaching myself how to write before the piece was published.

Teaching myself was the hardest self-discipline. I was both the teacher and the learner. The classroom lesson in English was so inadequate that I purchased, aside from the textbook, other books on modern news reporting and grammar and enrolled in a correspondence course on journalism. I also acquired some inexpensive teach-yourself books on

BY

Benigno Cabanatan

journalism. Teaching myself and studying classroom lessons occupied my last two years in high school.

If people said that I bit off more than I could chew, they were right because school work and my self-imposed study did not go along well. The latter played havoc with my grades in class work and my standing in extracurricular activities.

Interviewing potential sources of materials made me tense and nervous. On one occasion, when I interviewed a former governor who now runs a mining business, I staggered to a chair beside his table. I was afraid of him! It is a

(Continued on page 11)

TRIO

Dramatis Personae:

HELYNN OF MALINGIN
NARCISO BACUR
CAGER TIBUR

Narciso faced his wide cracked mirror
And viewed himself with wide-eyed horror
His frame, he saw, was getting thin
His jaws were hanging from his chin

He touched the dark sacs, neth his eyes
He pined his tight and pallid lips
He felt the frail bones on his hip
And broke down in hiccupps and sighs

All things he tried somehow backfired
His tricks only made Helynn tired
In his heart there was little hope
He was near the end of his rope

That morning he did something bold
Something his patience couldn't hold
He saw a knife on Helynn's table
A knife to end his earthly trouble

Helynn, he said, with flaming passion
You have one chance to think it over
Pick Tibur's heart or my devotion
You must decide the lucky lover

Cute Helynn could not well decide
Between Narciso and Tibur
Her acceptance was plain suicide
For they were just a bore to her

Helynn espied Narciso's glances
And she wasn't quite taking chances
To rebuff him at that stage
Would throw him in an awful rage

Narciso please listen to me
If you don't want to be this way
Just give me three minutes to choose
Who stands to win and stands to lose

(Continued on page 46)

Narciso Bacur's

Ultimatum

My dear Narciso and Tibur:
I have not written you before
For I thought there was nothing much
To this triangular love match.

But many things have happened now
And I have noticed you somehow
As your emotions get torrid
Your faces also get horrid.

Tiburico doesn't make me sleep
Because of his loud serenade
Every night I am counting sheep
While holding an old hand grenade.

I can't sleep during the day
For Ioy's visits bother me
Sometimes I think it would be good
To conk him with a piece of wood.

Why can't you just leave me alone
So I can have my peace of mind?
Forget the number of my phone
And leave all thoughts of me behind!

If you are really so in love
When you call me your queen, your dove
You ought to care lest I be sad
For being sad, I might get mad.

But not you never understand
That as a girl I have my feeling
While you talk of my heart and hand
You forget I'm a human being.

Why can't you act like gentlemen
Who act with proper decorum
When can you give your hearts their rain
Instead of swapping fire and venom?

(Continued on page 47)

Helynn's

Peace Overture

Gone was that riot in Malingin
Past was that serenade in vain
Vacation's last days found sweet Helynn
Back to school with Tibur chain'.

Speak not of Tibur of yesterday
For he swore he would change today
His role as cager, he'd cast away
And in its stead he'd take oratory.

Tibur would change his method of reciting
Which shook the classroom and the building
He swore to top all classroom tests
And pass his test papers with haste

Helynn was wont to hide her answer sheet
Much, oh much, to Tiburcio's regret
She used to laugh when scores were read
For Tibur's rating was lower than the low-waisted

He'd show her his pure genius' brain
His grades would be a hundred percent
He would recite chapters verbatim
And win his classmates wide acclaim.

Helynn frowned at his tricks in court
She didn't cheer him when he hit the ring
She wasn't thrilled when he dribbled and ran about
But now she'd love him for his loud debating.

So, in school came the testing day
Tibur, proud, told her not to worry
He'd fill his paper so Helynn could copy
He had the set-up viewed perfectly

(Continued on page 47)

Tibur Goes

Back to School

DEATH

by DEMETRIO MAGLALANG

of a ★ Lover

★

I SEE THE purple haze beyond the mountains,
The flaming glow of fleeing day!
The streaks of fire, like spouts of rushing fountains,
Are lighting now my weary way.

Beloved — Beloved,
Stretch thy lovely hands and hold me close
And oh caress these wounds of yesteryears
Dash the mound of futile dreams and hold the rose
That bloomed and blossomed from nocturnal tears!

Press me to thy heart
And whisper,
Ah, whisper to this aching breast
The healing words!

And yet I die!
Oh hold me nigh,
And hear my sigh,
My aching cry!

I close my eyes and come the fleeting phantoms,
Fabric of a dying heart,
I open my ears and come the wailing anthems,
That flood my way as I depart!

Phantoms, Anthems!
I see thy form a haze in the meadows
Phantoms, Anthems!
I hear thy voice a sigh in the shadows!

I shall scream and defy the stars in the dead of the night,
You shall hear my cry above the din of death's shattering night
Come, rush to my arms, to my arms! and together we'll rise
Far away, to the Kingdoms beyond the dark clouds and the sea,
The spectre is coming! The spectre is coming, oh haste,
His shrouded figure looms dim o'er the desolate waste
With the rush of the wind and the might of the ocean
It sweeps me afar... its relentless motion!

I am weary and tired
My limbs are weak
My voice is hoarse
My eyes are dim.....

Still I clearly remember
The day when first we met
That far-gone dusk of November
Just after the sun had set!

And then I looked into your eyes
And probed their depths of ebony,
I felt my heart of a sudden arise,
Was it a lover's ecstasy?

Ever since then I have loved you
And I shall love you forever,
Forever!

But I cried away my tortured nights
And tried to shape the formless dreams
With futile tears to tangible lights,
To grasp with sighs the ephemeral streams
Of earthly love!

I gazed and gazed but you never knew....
Now that you know
Alas!...the day is done!

And now he comes, I hear his solemn tread
His sounding footfalls, footfalls of the dead
I whisper... my breast I grasp,
Thy name... my dying gasp!

And now beloved rise, oh rise!
Come with me beyond the skies!
Rise, my Elsa, rise!

* *Short Story*

One Man's DARKNESS



THE BUS screeched to a stop in front of a dilapidated nipa shack that the elements had almost claimed. "This is your place, Mister," the bus conductor said without emotion. It was showering then so I put on my jacket, held my collapsible bag firmly and unsteadily stepped off the bus. I was struck by the awareness that I was not in the right place. I gazed at the surroundings but, for the life of me, I could not see a familiar sight. This must be a big mistake, I said more to strengthen my doubt, than erase it. The bus conductor must have mistaken me for our tenant. This hut would shame anyone even remotely connected with the Estrellas. Everybody here knows our family — one of the most respectable families in the province. The conductor must be a new hireling; otherwise he would not have committed such an egregious blunder. I stood there bewildered and shivered with the rattling of leaves. Of a sudden, the door of the shanty fronting me swung wide open and out came a silver-haired woman with a flickering oil lamp held by her left hand above her head. We stared at each other. I studied her features closely while the question



by Ribomapil E. Holganza

of her identity kept stabbing me at the back of my mind. She sized me up, too. She wanted to be sure. I was a broken-down figure, weak and seized by coughing fits. "Is that you Pepito?" the woman spoke. I recognized the voice at once. She was calling our man-servant. With unchecked impulse, I run toward her, threw myself weakly at her feet, and the whole world went black.

* * * * *

That was all I remember of my homecoming. For when I opened my eyes the next day, I was at the emergency charity ward of the hospital. From the entrance of the small room, a poster marked "contagious!" hung lifelessly. I overheard the nurses repeating, with professional indifference, the doctor's pronouncement. My condition was critical.

Were all things around me not so hopelessly grim, I could have laughed. Or even shouted. I wanted to know why I was fenced-in by straggling walls, with the smell of drugs and the rustle of starched clothing beating upon my snatches at consciousness.

* * * * *

"Danny, your leaving pains me but the thought of your future happiness makes me want to forget my own sorrows. I will not stand in the way of your success. The city awaits you. It is yours for all the good it can do to you. There you will get all the things to complete yourself. All the accoutrements of culture and art are yours for the asking..." It was my mother's heart speaking. Tender. Like all mothers. She was even dotting. "What is it, son?" She always used to inquire after my wants. "Oh, that..." she used to say and I had what I wanted. I still remember the earnest, almost hopeful, advice she gave me before the boat pulled away from the shore. I knew I was committing a betrayal of faith but I had my mind set upon the gaudier things of life. For did I not always show my small-town friends that the city's smarty-pants had nothing on me? That I was at heart a cosmopolitan and that going to the city was just like going to familiar surroundings? Did my parents not teach me, or at least, acquiesce in my city-bred ways? Alone in the boat, I started building air castles. I busied myself with fanciful dreams about the metropolis. I entertained my youthful fancy with the hope that, upon my return, I would be a com-

THE SECOND RENDEZVOUS

(Continued from page 4)

Then, the War broke out and brought with it mass hysteria and desperation. Unlike others who fled in the night, Fr. Hoerdemann stayed behind. He became the parish priest of the Santo Rosario Church and carried with him the responsibilities of a man who had to reassure people suffering under an atmosphere of pure despair; who had to comfort souls caught in the cruelty of a war they had nothing to do with, or so they thought at first. Father Ernest had to stay behind and administer the sacraments at a time when they needed them as they never did before. He went about his duties and fulfilled his wartime mission without the thought of personal safety.

It is not hard to imagine, therefore, why he was well loved by the people he met. He had done something good for them and they were not slow to appreciate the services that he had rendered.

Fr. Ernest Hoerdemann got his rewards in terms of the gratitude, love and respect, he earned from his flock. Carolinians and non-Carolinians who had known him, and that is to say admired him, bade him godspeed in 1950. The same happy people and others eager to cultivate his friendship welcome him home.

He is here with us now — to teach us, to lead us on... "that we be great."

pletely changed man, with all the sophistications of the twentieth century.

* * * * *

Ellen was young, tender, beautiful, and nineteen. As young and tender as an early-morning dew-drop. My acquaintance with her started when she requested me to accompany her on an excursion. Both of us knew from that moment, that love was playing footsie somewhere in our hearts — that it was going to change her life and mine. The taxicab stopped in front of a white house. I made the motions of going up but I stopped in my tracks when I saw Ellen descending the stairs. We greeted each other warmly. We talked about old times. I told her about her folks and her friends, about the hometown. Oh, everything.

"Say, Dan, how about going with me to church to say thanks on your arrival?" Ellen suggested. "No objection," I said happily. From her I got a rough idea of how Bert and Fred were faring in the city. Bert was doing well, she said, but Fred was, as usual, the mysterious, elusive guy. Happy-go-lucky, daredevil, Freddy-boy.

The silence of the church gave me a chance to rearrange my perspectives but I did not take it. We came out of that silent asylum with my mind leaping from one wild thought to another. I was going to be like Fred. Only better, or worse. I had money and my looks were farm ladies' talk at home. I was a regular, custom-built Don Juan.

I did not have difficulty collecting a bunch of friends upon whom I lavished everything I had. I got into their own circle of intimates, had my indiscretions and my private wrongs. And always, after the madcap things I did, I asked for more and more money from home. Ellen and I soon became estranged. The feeling, whatever it was, was still there. But it was cold and remote.

* * * * *

I was in a beer joint. It was like all the rest of the city's numerous dives. Fred and I were whooping it up. At the back of my mind, an uneasiness kept lurking. It was a new feeling — a strange thing. I always felt at home in noisy places. Like this one. But this time, something kept gnawing at the pit of my stomach which, for all of Fred's hilarity and basso profound witticisms, did not seem to desert me.

"Come on, upside-down, rock and roll!" Fred egged me on, pointing at my glass which I promptly grabbed. We spent the whole night there, laughing at our own stories and dishing out snide remarks at the barkeep whom Fred said would have been a perfect undertaker because of his weepy eyes and his forlorn lips.

It was like that with us. Nightly. I used to talk about what the folks were thinking of me but when Fred started deriding me for it and calling me "Danny Grassroots," I stopped even thinking about my folks unless I needed another roll of money. But soon, even that had to stop. For after that night, no money ever came from home. What I did not know was that our little possessions were dwindling;

(Continued on page 47)

What Do You Think

Conducted by SAM B. FABROZ



Gloria Jatico

GLORIA JATICO, College of Commerce says: "Married women should work. What kind of work? In my opinion, office work is preferable because a working wife can help the family financially.

We cannot be sure of a husband's health. Suppose he becomes incapacitated to work? The wife must pick up where the husband fails as the bread-earner. A wife who has work will surely save the family from sudden financial breakdown. She, too, will have the means to spend for the husband's recovery.

The working wife can help maintain a stable family income. And this results in a happier life, nicer home, and less problems.

Moreover, a working wife automatically levels herself with her husband in every phase of life. Socially, she cannot be left behind; she has her office friends. Physically, she is on the level for she knows that she should always be in good health because of her work. She strives to appear neat everyday to maintain her dignity. Mentally, she is better off. Her work conditions her to mental exertion and urges her to improve her knowledge in the work in which she is engaged. And morally, she is safe. She will not be inclined to engage in gossip-broadcasting, gambling, and other vices because she is absorbed in her work. Whatever free

time was when the wife was a mere chattel in the home, subject to the control and mercy of the husband. She had no idea about what she could do aside from being a wife.

Then a transition took place. She became conscious of the fact that what a man could do in any field could be done by her equally as well. She simply saw no reason why she had to remain homebound forever.

With the coming of the Atomic Age, women could no longer be restrained in their desire to be level with men. They demanded to be free from the clutches of restraints and taboos. Buoying their spirits was the recognition of the right of women's suffrage. That was the beginning.

Now we see women engaged side by side with men in every kind of human endeavor. Here and there women rub elbows with men in business, in the professions or anywhere. This is due to the fact that they have succeeded in their campaign for women's rights and, consequently, for freeing themselves from control by their husbands.

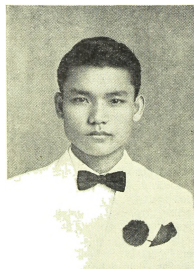
While it is true that a wife should work for financial reason, it is not true to say that a wife should stay at home because she has already enough. If we say and admit that the ideal wife is she who switches her primary attention to "home business," there's likely to be an inconsistency if a wife is allowed to work outside the confines of the home.

Thus, the query is posed: WHAT DO YOU THINK.....

IS THE PROPER PLACE

time she has can surely be devoted to her children and husband.

So I say, married women should work for a better living and for a happier life."



Romulo Artillaga

ROMULO ARTILLAGA, College of Liberal Arts & Sciences says: "After God created the first man He found out that he was lonely. Pitying him, He created woman to complete man but never to compete with him. Therefore, wherever man is, wherever he lives and works, woman should be there, not to teach or nag him but to continue where he leaves off because 'the work of the woman begins where man's work ends.'

Generally, women are affectionate, devoted, tender, sympathetic and kind-hearted — qualities which most men lack. Women could be and are, in fact, ideal teachers, nurses but they never can be ideal lawyers and Senators."

GENORA ALIGUAY, College of Pharmacy, says: "In the light of modern ways of life, married women today are found actively participating in all forms of activities in the fields of business, politics,



Genera Aliquay

social work and other professions where their qualifications and training are best availed of.

Confining married women to the home is, however, more expedient. It makes use of her affectionate and tender nature and gives her the opportunity to teach her children the

LEONARDO RIVERA, College of Liberal Arts & Sciences, says: "It is not objectionable for married women, young or old, to engage in the professions or business. But at the same time they should not lose their motherly virtues. After all, there is nowadays an intense competition between men and women in almost every profession. The question is: Would it be beneficial to the general society if mothers do jobs which fathers are supposed to do and have usually been doing? Would it not be considered negligence of duty on the mother's part to be away from home and thus allow her children to be denied the motherly care which every child ought to have?"

We usually conceptualize marriage as a basic starting point of family organization. Home goes hand in hand with the family. Each is useless without the other. The home is like the state; it is a perfect society. Almost everything seems to begin at home. Why? Because it's complete in itself.



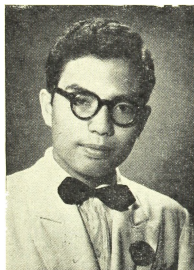
Emma Egay

the home would deprive her children of due care of which they stand very much in need. It goes without saying, therefore, that the proper place for a married woman is the home.

I say, therefore, that the proper

FOR A MARRIED WOMAN?

good things in life. In the first place, she has that sole responsibility of rearing her children and attending to other household chores, leaving other tasks to her husband."



Leonardo Rivera

I don't think a married woman engaged in a profession or career can be as good a housekeeper as a wife who stays at home almost all the time. It does not mean that if a young married woman happens to be engaged in a profession she would not be equipped with a working knowledge of housekeeping principles and practices. Knowledge of housekeeping will come to a girl most naturally when she gets married. She will be forced to learn, anyway."

EMMA EGAY, College of Engineering, says: "A married woman has more important things to do in the home than in any other place no matter where she may be likely to gravitate. Married women are expected to have children. It's not enough, however, that they have them. Their offspring must be worth calling the "fair hope of the fatherland." Mothers have the duty to give their children moral training and good physical development. A mother engaging in affairs outside

place for a married woman is the home because national solidarity springs from the solidarity of "home sweet home."

ESTRELLA DATOR, College of Education, says: "I believe that the proper place for married women (Continued on page 18)"



Estrella Dator

BEHIND THE "HIGH" LINES

by

Sisto L. Abao, Jr.

THE END OF TOM Echivarre's two-year stint with *Carolinian* paper work opened the door to so much speculation that even those familiar with the inner workings of this magazine could not say with cer-

A man who can bear all things with composure, who can speak of his mistakes as happily as he thinks of the good things he has done, deserves his day. And it has arrived with this issue of the *Carolinian*.



SAMUEL FABROZ

tainty who was to follow in the editorial succession. The "C" editorship remained, until mid-July, a lively topic among student circles; in fact, even staff writers of other college magazine in Cebu joined in the guessing game. This, to be sure, is indicative of the dignity and importance which attaches to the editorial chair of the *Carolinian*, which is altogether surprising because the *Carolinian* is one of the country's most popular college publications. There had to be an end to the *potpourri* of choices, suggestions and surmises. And end it did with the appointment of **BUDDY**



BUDDY QUITORIO

QUITORIO as the incoming editor-in-chief of the *Carolinian*.

The decision made by the Reverend Father Rector could not have been wiser. It was based on justice and fair-play for it took into account the elements of seniority and capability. Having rounded off five years of prolific, even if controversial, ablation in printer's ink in college papers and street-sold dailies, Buddy has the kind of seniority that is not to be sneezed at. It would be thoroughly trite for us to say that he is capable. He writes with a will and, in the fashion of the late hero-villain H. W. Mencken, he writes without disguise. He has been attacked, praised and even snubbed but he has taken all these in stride.

Buddy has a sense of humor that devastates the funnybone. His comic verse in the "Triol," as he chronicles the miss-adventures of Narciso Bacur, is proof of his capacity for provoking laughter. His "slanguage" has marked him more often for the pillory (because he treaded on grammatical corns), than for a place of distinction but the small circle of friends who stuck to his side always made the moments light even when the chips were down.



FELIPE YERALLO

SAMUEL FABROZ... if there's a man with a silent song on his lips and magic in his smiles, he's Samuel. Sammy as we call him here (he's Toto at home), has made himself a glamorized moral crusader because of his somewhat captious yet, interesting, column, "Spot Comments." In this column, Sammy has unmasked himself. Here, he has shown evidence of the type of man he is. He has the heart of a tiger, yet, he is capable of much tenderness and sympathy. This promising, handsome, fair-complexioned guy, with a scintillating personality, hails

(Continued on page 45)



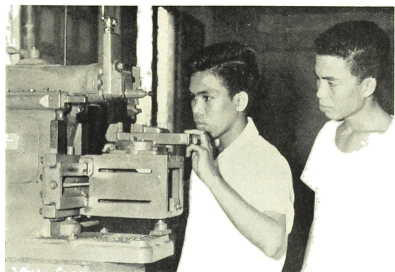
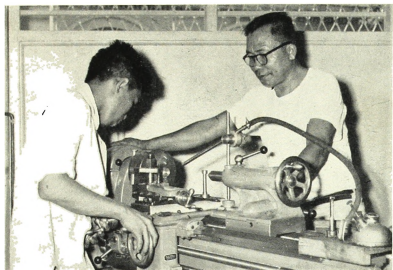
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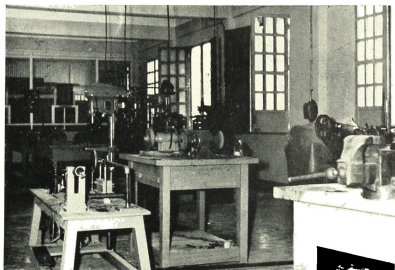
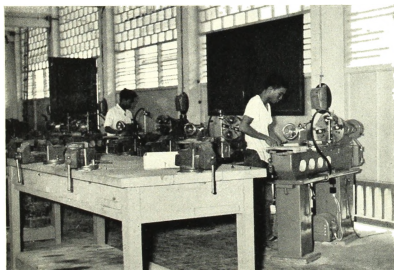
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THE CAROLINIAN

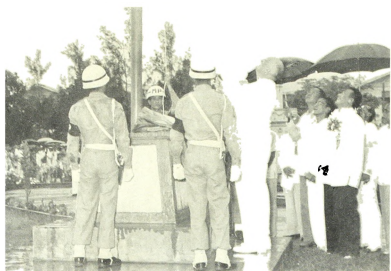
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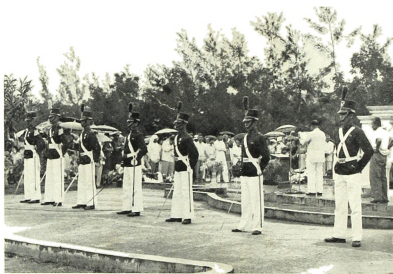
*For the
USC Engineers—
A New Home
New Gadgets
New Innovations.*



The Glorious Fourth...



A Nation Rejoices...



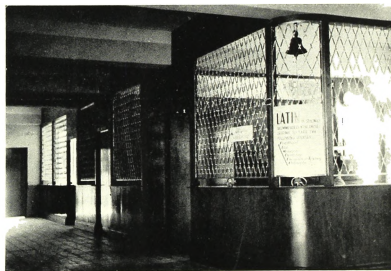
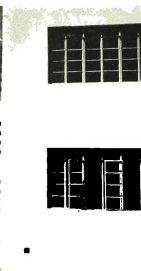
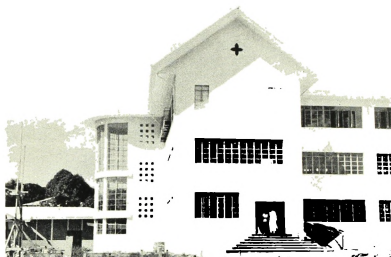
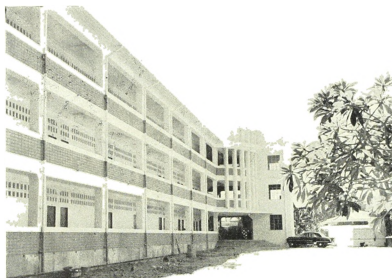
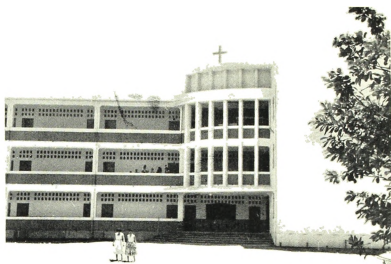
...and Honors Her Heroes





*Strictly
Use*

New Boys' High Building...



... the Camera's Version

Major Anacleto S. Garcia, FA

The "Man" Behind the "Stars"

FEW MEN GET a taste of the distinction that goes to a gifted military trainer. There are, indeed, few officers who can be classed as the foot soldier's guardian and mentor, partly because the rise in rank removes a good man from his buddies and also because there are few who can hobnob with rookies and carry the dignity of a commission. The University can be proud of the fact that it counts with the talent of Major Anacleto S. Garcia, the man who, without question, made a high mark in USC ROTC annals by winning the "Star" twice in a row. This is an unduplicated feat and it reflects the competence of the man directing the Corps.

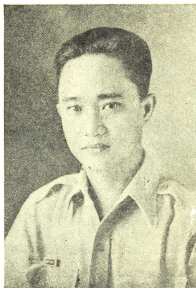
Like any other man who has had his chance of directing a unit, Major Garcia has his grueling moments and his moments of ease. The writer can only imagine that this harry mentor found life more of a grueling match because he has to maintain an unprecedented honor. And he has two "Stars" to prove that he can do it again.

In a training ground overrun by freshies and tenderfeet, it takes a man to command respect and to transform these neophytes into the regular conception of a soldier. The

old army discipline has to be imposed. The methodical lectures, practices and tongue-lashings have to be repeated. A good military man must know how to inspire his men, impose his authority upon thousands of independent minds. It is a difficult thing, for those who have no familiarity with army methods, to exact unquestioned obedience and be loved. But the good Major has done both with rewards.

Sundays find him on the drill ground, directing, correcting postures and positions, hugging the microphone, talking to his units, sometimes disconcerting his new team of cadet officers. The whole Corps feel what it is to be a Carolinian and they pay tribute to another of their kind when they say of Major Garcia: "a man is here with us today."

Major Garcia laughingly side-stepped the question on his secret of making the men and officers click together. "Reveal a secret?" He was incredulous. "That would be giving away a military secret." He intimated, more or less, that co-operation and ample knowledge in military training were two ingredients that spelled out the S-T-A-R. His responsibility is even greater



Major GARCIA
He Collects "Stars"

now. Two years of uncontested military superiority over colleges and universities comprising the Third Military Area are enough to become an article of pride. Unit pride is stronger and the men owe their undivided faith to their superior officers and to the binding spirit of a man, a tactician and a drill master... Major Anacleto S. Garcia.

ROSS ESCOBER

Lt. Edmundo Gandiongco, INF

"Good Luck, Warrior"

The laughter was hollow that day; the "au revoir" sad and pathetic. Every one was straining to present a brave face by bearing up with manly grins and sadly smiling. The lines etched on everyone's face were bare and grave. Then Fr. Rector proffered a toast of "bon voyage" to the man who came to stay awhile.

For us who had had the luck of being an observer during the one year that Lt. Edmundo Gandiongco was here we can say that the things he accomplished in that period were many and well done — a credit to the army for picking off-ferent and loyal man.

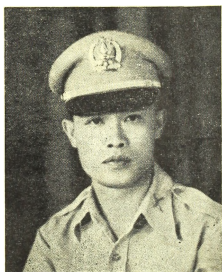
Most of the cadets remember the tall, erect man who came to sit one day on the Assistant Commandant's seat. And most of them will tell you that the best possession they ever had, taken from the heart of an army man, was the souvenir of friendship that existed between the commander and the commanded. Reasonable with just the right touch for

easy-going camaraderie with cadets, gentle yet firm, his personality was a cheerful sight on the campus.

Although never vocal about it, his claim to merit is high. During his ROTC days, he capped two medals of the highest order in this province. One was Ex-Governor Cuenco's Medal of Honor and the other was the Board of Trustee's Trophy given by the USP Association.

We can be proud of the fact that the retention of the "Star", Lt. Gandiongco joined in the formulation of the drive that clinched the honor for us. His claim to this merit is one that can never be lightly shrugged off. His task of linking the administrative personnel with the cadets and imparting to them the importance of sound basic training was one job he did with the grace and savoir-faire of a born diplomat.

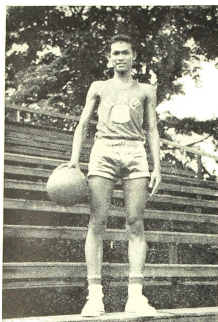
All of us know that every military man is subject to call and recall at a moment's notice. And though the person concerned may not like these inconve-



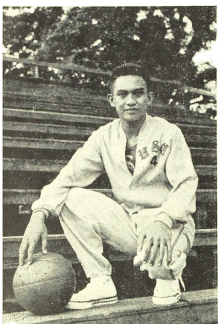
Adj. EDMUNDO GANDIONGCO
now Comdt., Atlan College

niences, he is, nevertheless, powerless to do anything about them. The parting may come as a sharp stab of pain — an excruciating, painful thing. Nevertheless, orders are orders and are meant to be obeyed. We who have been fortunate to have him for a year thank the Army for lending us the services of an able officer. Yet, the sadness is in our heart. We can only wish Lt. Gandiongco, as we wish him now, the best of luck.

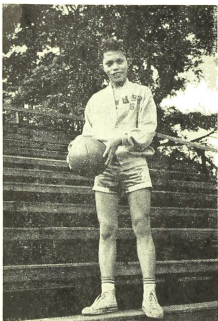
ROSS ESCOBER



AGAPITO ROGADO
"The Jumpshot Hotshot"



REYNALDO DE LA CRUZ
co-captain
"Two hands on fire..."



ROBERTO REYNES
"The befuddling feint..."

THE UNIVERSITY'S STAKES in Hoopbet's gambling tables are high and helly; her winnings and deficits are locked upon the kind of performance her cassabo boys show in: defending or capturing the crowns which the sportsworld puts on the auctioning block. This is a truth which, to the men given the responsibility of giving USC her emblem of cage superiority, necessitates no retelling. The bystanders and coin-customers are interested in caliber play for their money. They offer their love to a team which promptly gets mudslung when it loses.

A team composed of bumsteeds usually takes two to three years to mature before it can do any good. And the grades of coaches are not measured in terms of the number of games they lose. The very fact that this school was for years champ, nobody was quite

The Lowdown on THE VAR

by ROUSSEAU ESCOBER

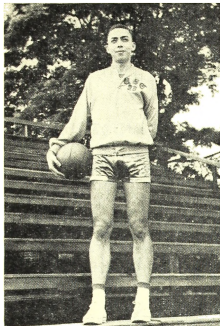
willing to take the idea that one day we would be like this. And when it came to pass, it hurt.

This is our re-assessment of the USC team and we think we have been, in so many paragraphs, rather very stingy with our praise.

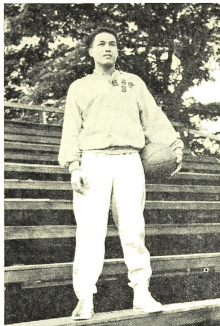
On the staff of the first stringers are last year's stars. **DANNY "Slim" DEEN**, effective as guard last year, now deadlier with his foul-baiting technique and shooting eye. **BOY "Bombsight" DE LA CRUZ**, whose Norden bombsight sometimes gets so crossed, the ball he delivers jumps out of the goal, shoots into midair and dives over again. **"Old Reliable" AGAPITO ROGADO**, the highest CCAA scoring individual, promises to do better this year with his jumpshots performed with the agility of a moongoose. **EDDIE "Lofty" GALDO** and **BOBBY "Baby" REYNES**, the smiling sweet problem of the team. The **"Mogambo"** guy of the team, **GERARDO DEL ROSARIO**, takes you back to the subject of Abe Supertein's Harlems.

The first fodderers are composed mostly of last year's meat. These fraternizing boys are a team within themselves. How they behave is an open question. The practices which they did on the court showed the erratic defense of a crumbling team. They need more teamwork and this has been stressed more than often enough though nobody seems to mind. There are guys who think they are the savior of the whole caboodle of the University. They carry the ball alone and sink it alone which is not in line with the canons of team play.

The game of basketball is a highly organized game of skill in defense and offense. The game crumbles the moment one shows



ISIDORO CARIZARES
"Man Mountain"



DANILO DEEN, Captain
"Dig that carazzy hook shot..."

SITY TEAM

a streak of egotism. The game requires ability to knit closely and yet not to let the individual player's identity get lost. The whole team clicks under the baton of its Maestro: Dodong Aquino. On practice rallies, the boys are good-natured men, yet ready to pounce upon their victim. Their penetration of defenses is good. The set plays are admirable. All things considered, they are well above the point of mediocrity. One thing woefully lacking in them is the ability to shoot. Some boys have to pass the net three times below the basket before they can put the ball right through the net.

(Continued on page 45)

WARRIORS ON THE WARPATH

Standing, left to right: Emerald Abejo, Gerardo del Rosario, Epimaco Borrero, Jr., Agapito Rogado, Isidoro Cañizares, Dionisio Jakosalem, Maximo Pizarras, Raul Yaldebuesa, and Manuel Suson.

Seated, left to right: Edgardo Guido, Reynaldo de la Cruz (co-Capt.), Danilo Deen (Capt.), Father Raymond Kolk, SVD, Juan Aquino, Jr. (Coach), Roberto Reyes, and Manuel Bas.



● The pairings of combatants are over with, the trumpets have sounded... the CCAA is in town!! The University warriors will flash the green and gold in a rather crucial game with the Colegio de San Jose Jaguars. Crucial because the outcome of the game will be the basis upon which people will place the team's ability. Whether the pronouncement be favorable or otherwise, Carolinians have nothing to worry about.

SHOOT AND SHOUT

WITH ROSS

We always have been lucky people. From the outbreak of the war, USC has romped away with numerous trophies including the National Collegiate. How the team will fare with the people outside is anybody's guess. But one thing is sure: whatever the outcome, the game will be a "good fight."

Judging from the showing our team has made during exhibition matches and team practices, ours is a team to reckon with. The boys have sting in the initial rounds and they have as much deadlines as a fistful of arsenic. The boys, though, have to build up stamina and that power never to get discouraged or demoralized when they are on the losing side. From the way I look at it, lots of things do crack up during the crucial period of the game. Some members commit foul so erratically that after taking the full total they are ready to retire for life. The boys may be hasty in their decisions, eager to win at any cost, but there is no reason why the leading man should foul his temper up.

USC COPPED 5th AND 7th PLACES IN JANUARY PHARM BOARD EXAMS

Another banner for the USC Pharmacy Department was added when **Remedios Redulla** and **Romana Dayak** copped the 5th and 7th places, respectively, in the Pharmacist Examinations given by the Board of Pharmaceutical Examiners last January, 1956. All of

Lucia R. Jayme	- -	79.25,79.5
Aniceta G. Llanas	- -	73.92.80
Crispina C. Maamo	- -	78.33.82
Areolagita T. Mirabueno	- -	79.83.80.5
Consolacion T. Ngo	- -	75.08.77
Lucia P. Tiu	- - - -	77.33.81

USC ROTC CORPS FETED

The Very Rev. Father Herman Kondring, SVD, USC Rector, feted the USC ROTC Corps with a ban-

ENROLMENT SHOOTS UP

Enrolment this year indicate a sizeable increase compared to last year's. Posting the greatest number of students enrolled is the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences with a total of 1,512 registered students. The College of Commerce ranks second, having a total of 1,227 students. Following the College of Commerce is the College of Pharmacy with 376 students. The Elementary Department including the Kindergarten sum up a total of 101. In spite of the transfer of the Boys' High School to its new building, San Carlos' secondary department still got a gratifying total enrolment of 1,434. This is to include the Girls' High School. The grand total is 6,867.

FR. RECTOR'S SUCCESSOR PASSES AWAY

Very Rev. Jose Klekamp, S.V.D., Father Kondring's successor as Provincial Superior of the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word, died in Manila on Wednesday night, July 25, 1956, after a lingering illness.

Father Klekamp was born in Germany in 1900. He entered the Society of the Divine Word in 1912 and immediately after his ordination to the Holy Priesthood in 1926, he was sent to the Philippines. Like Rev. Father Kondring, he was a naturalized Filipino citizen.

Before his election as Provincial Superior, he held various responsible positions in the Society of the Divine Word. He was appointed Rector of the Baguio and Binalay Seminaries. He held the position of Provincial Procurator of the Society. Finally, in 1955, he was elected Provincial Superior to succeed Very Rev. Herman Kondring, S.V.D. who is now the Rector of this University.

A solemn Requiem High Mass was offered for the deceased in the University Chapel, July 30, 1956.

NEW DIVINE WORD SEMINARY OPENS

The Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word, who are in charge of the University of San Carlos, opened a new Minor Seminary in Cebu City recently. The new Sem-



FR. RECTOR PLAYS HOST TO USC ROTC AWARDEES
Shown above with Rev. Fr. Herman Kondring, SVD, USC Rector, Rev. Fr. Bernard Wrocklage, SVD, and Major Anacleto Garcia, FA, ROTC Commandant are the Cadet Officers who were recipients of medals and awards at special ceremonies.

the USC candidates for the Board exams scored a hundred per cent passing average. USC's successful candidates and their respective ratings follow:

Remedios Redulla	- -	87.67,84
Romana Dayak	- -	86.92,83
Elsa B. Regis	- -	84.67,87
Rogaciama D. Balance	- -	84.92,77.5
Adelaida M. Tan	- -	81.08,79
Helen R. Cue	- -	81.87
Carmelita U. Orcullo	- -	80.08,80.5
Manuela Q. Lantuka	- -	80.5,84
Adelaida A. Valloces	- -	
Flores	- - - -	80.63,73.5
Clarita C. Diana	- -	79.17,70
Fedelina A. Tura	- -	79.17,82.5
Luz R. Esmas	- -	79.5,82.5
Harris V. Gimarino	- -	79.83,76
Enrique Alcaraz	- -	81.86
Guadalupe A. Bacatan	- -	80.92,70
Lucila M. Baguio	- -	81.58,77

quet at the Capitol Hotel last June 8, 1956. The affair was in recognition and appreciation of the singular honor won by the University of San Carlos ROTC Unit when it topped this year's Tactical Inspection (topping it for two consecutive years) conducted by the Third Military Area. The USC ROTC Corps is the first unit in the whole Visayas and Mindanao area to win the "STAR."

Among those present were: Rev. Fr. Herman Kondring, SVD; Rev. Fr. Bernard Wrocklage, SVD; Fr. Philip van Engelen, SVD; Major Anacleto Garcia; Lt. Edmund Gandionko; Sgt. Solito Herrera; Sgt. Pedro Carabana; Conrado Ajeo; Felipe Labucayo; Louise Batongmalaque; Dominador Turno, Jr.; Manuel Lim, Jr.; Erasmo Diola; Gavino Palacio, Jr. and Joel Trinidad.

inary will train future priests and missionaries for the Society of the Divine Word. Temporarily located on the third floor of the new Boys' High School building, the Seminary will eventually move to its own spacious site at Talamban.

CORRESPONDENTS WANTED

UNITAS, an association of German University students, which has recently concluded a pact of friendship with San Carlos, requests to be informed of students who would like to enter into correspondence with students in Germany. The correspondence may be carried on either in English or in German. Interested parties should contact Father Richartz who will give them the names and addresses of students in Germany to whom letters may be sent.

It is worth remarking here that the UNITAS hopes that eventually an exchange can take place between German students and some representatives from San Carlos. Students who are interested in going abroad to continue their studies should take advantage of this opportunity.

LIB. ARTS DEAN APPROVES COUNCIL FORMATION

The Dean of the College of Liberal Arts & Sciences stamped his approval on the proposed plan of creating a Student Council for the whole College of Liberal Arts and Sciences.

Said plan is to replace the practice of electing officers for the various departments and, instead, to give equal representation for each department in the Council. Council officers and members are to be elected through the Secret Ballot System.

This plan is the result of the steps taken recently by a group of student leaders who considered it more advantageous to solidify the interest of all students in the College of Liberal Arts & Sciences into one governing body rather than to scatter them in petty organizations, which in the end fail to serve effectively the welfare of the students.

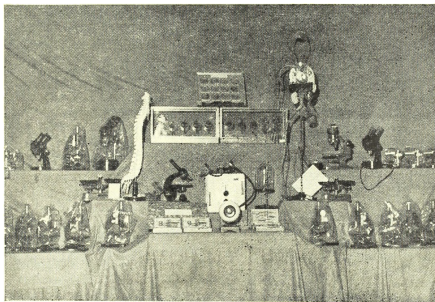
JULY-AUGUST, 1956

MORE EQUIPMENT FOR THE ZOOLOGY & BOTANY DEPT.

The Zoology and Botany Departments showed immediate response to the increase of enrolment this year. New scientific equipment for Botany and Zoology classes have been purchased abroad and have just arrived recently. They are now being used in the Science Department. The shipment consisted of twenty-four Magnifying

signal light now installed on the center island of Lions Square at the intersection of Juan Luna, Colon and Carmelo streets.

The donation was made possible after representations were made with the Very Rev. Fr. Herman Kondring, S.V.D., Rector of the University of San Carlos, by Capt. N. R. Villamor and Mr. Francis Lim, President and Vice President respectively of the Cebu Lions Club, and



They're getting better and bigger....

Apparatus and a number of Models. The magnifying apparatus include Microscopes, Stereoscopes and Dissectoscopes. Under the group of Models are the Human Circulatory System, Nerve System, Meiosis or Reduction Division or Germ Cell and Bacteria. Said Magnifying Apparatus and Models are in addition to those which the departments already possessed.

The Botany Department has a big collection of medical plants (Hortarium) which were acquired after a number of field trips sponsored yearly by the Science Department and from collections of students taking higher Botany subjects.

USC RECTOR PLAYS VITAL ROLE IN CINCINNATI GIFT

The city of Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A., has donated, through the University of San Carlos, a traffic

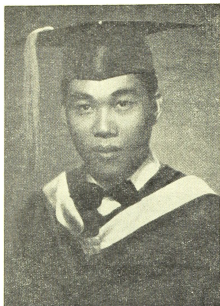
by Assistant Traffic Chief Lt. Cipriano Babao of the city police department.

Installation was made by Rev. Fr. Philip van Engelen, S.V.D. engineering wizard of San Carlos and the university's Regent of the College of Engineering.

USC ROTC CORPS TAKE COMMAND ANEW FROM MAJOR GARCIA

The University of the San Carlos ROTC Corps takes its command again from "the best Visayan starhunter," Major Anacleto Garcia. His assistants are Sgt. Sofia Herrera and Sgt. Pedro Carabaña. Major Garcia was the Commandant of the ROTC Corps of the University of San Carlos last year and the year before last. He raised the USC ROTC record by maintaining the "Star" for two consecutive years.

PAGE 33



Mr. Bienvenido Marapao

**USC LADIES SPORT
NEW UNIFORMS**

The lady students of the University of San Carlos appear this year in new uniforms. While the uniform is basically the same for all departments, the students of the different departments can be identified by the ties they wear. The colors and the College or Department they represent are as follows:

- Law - - - - - Red
- Commerce - - - Dark Green
- Education - - - Light Blue
- Home Economics - Dark Pink
- B.S.E.Ed. - - - Light Pink
- Pharmacy - - - Violet
- Eng'g & Arch. - Maroon
- Liberal Arts - - Light Green
- Secretarial - - - Gold

The following regulations regarding the wearing of the uniform are to be followed: (1) Uniforms should be worn the whole week. (2) All students except those issued exemption cards should be in uniform within the premises of the school. (3) Penalties will be imposed on: a) Those wearing any belt not of the same material as the uniform. b) Those with no neckties. (c) Those with uniforms not of the same shade as the prescribed cloth.

**FOUR USC FACULTY
MEMBERS TO U.S.**

Reports have it that the University of San Carlos will send three faculty members to the United States to take up advanced studies in their specialized lines. They are Mr. Bienvenido Marapao of the Zoology Department, Mr. Gervasio Riconalla of the Chemistry Department and Miss Gertrudes Ang of the English Department.

Mr. Marapao will take up Post-graduate studies in Zoology at the Catholic University of America in Washington, D.C. The course will lead to the degree of Doctorate in Philosophy.

Mr. Riconalla will work for a Master's degree in Chemistry at the Notre Dame University, Indiana.

Miss Ang will pursue studies towards a Doctorate degree in English at the Catholic University of America in Washington, D.C.

On the other hand, Atty. Augusto Derecho, faculty member of the Commerce Department, is also leaving for the U.S. on a Fulbright travel grant.

At press time, the four are still preparing for the trip—waiting for their passport and other pertinent papers.

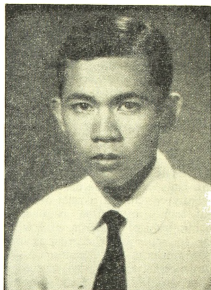


Miss Gertrudes R. Ang

**GRADUATE SCHOOL
OFFICERS ELECTED**

The Graduate School students got off to a fine start when, at 8:30 p.m. last Sunday, they elected their officers and immediately planned the schedule of activities for this school year.

Atty. Catalino Doronio, a practicing lawyer and USC faculty



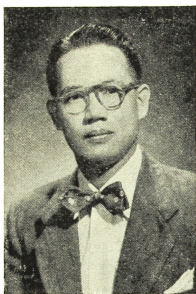
Mr. Gervasio Riconalla

member, was unanimously elected Praeses, while Mr. Lindy Morell was chosen Gerens. Both are taking M.A. in English.

Miss Amparo Buenaventura, another faculty member and likewise pursuing her M.A. in English degree, was elected Ab Actis. A faculty member of the Cebu Normal School who is at present finishing her M.A. in Education degree, Mrs. Amelia Oraz, was chosen Fiscus. To complete his working team, Praeses Doronio appointed Mr. Benjamin L. Carredo (Manila Bulletin correspondent and Cebu Press Club Director), who is working for his M.A. in Philosophy degree, press relations officer. Mr. Teodoro Madamba (M.S.B.A.), Miss Jane Kintanar (M.S. in Physics), Mr. Gerardo Lacaba (M.A. in Education), and Miss Azucena Derecho (M.A. in Philosophy) compose the Board of Directors.

The election was graced by the presence of Rev. Fr. Dr. Cornelius van der Linden, Dean of the Graduate School. The next affair of the organization has been scheduled for July 22. This will be followed by a series of seminars, meetings and discussions on current and world problems aimed at enriching the cultural and scholastic background of the graduate students.

Praeses Doronio appealed to all members to gear themselves for the projected activities of the Graduate School.



MR. LOLITO GOZUM
Ex-Dean, College of Commerce
See "The Endless Search", (page 45)

USC PORTIA CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS

Members of the Portia Club of the University of San Carlos held an annual election on July 13, 1956. The following officers were elected: President, Miss Esperanza Abellanos; Vice-President, Miss Catalina Borromeo; Secretary, Miss Glenda Sia; Treasurer, Miss Bellie Dolalas and Press Relations Officer, Miss Elsie Jane Veloso.

USC EDUC. SENIORS ELECTS OFFICERS

The Seniors of the College of Education of the University of San Carlos held a meeting on July 10, 1956. The following officers were elected: Miss Aleli Alifanban, President; Miss Estrella Dator, Vice-President; Miss Josefina Lumain, Secretary; Miss Teresita Alcares, Treasurer; Miss Virginia Aparte, PRO. The adviser is Mr. Alfredo Ordoña.

The organization is going to sponsor the 10th Annual Declamation Contest to be held sometime in the latter part of September. All college departments are invited to participate in the contest. Medals will be awarded to prize-winners.

B.S.E.ED. AND B.S.E.ED.-H.E. SENIORS ELECT OFFICERS

The B.S.E.ED. and B.S.E.ED.-H.E. Senior students of the Normal De-

OF WHAT USE IS MS PHYSICS TO ME?

(Continued from page 8)

textbooks and contents of our courses in our schools, from the elementary, through the secondary, and to the college levels shows that they fail to inculcate in the minds of the young a genuine and realistic comprehension of the nature of the modern world in which perforce all of us, the educated as well as the illiterate, must live. The nature of this world is one of rapid changes, brought about as well as dominated by the developments, discoveries, and inventions of technology and science.

A suggestion made by Lewis L. Strauss, chairman of the Atomic Commission, is of greater use for our country than for the States; namely, that colleges raise their minimum entrance requirements in Physics and Chemistry, thus forcing secondary schools to correct what he terms the "sad" level of scientific study in the high schools.

It may not be an easy task, especially if we Physics teachers do not see the need, do not correct ourselves to set up a higher standard. We are so easily discouraged because we know Physics is tough. But the reward of our effort should be clear in our mind: those who can master the physical science will get the best jobs in tomorrow's world. Do you see the bright future for physicists in our country? With the establishment of the nuclear research center in the Philippines as a center for studies in the peaceful uses of atomic energy in all Asia (to be completed by the end of 1960), I cannot be far from right by saying "It's in the bag."

partment, University of San Carlos held a meeting last July 3rd for the purpose of electing officers. Officers elected follow: President, Mr. Benjamin E. Santos; Vice-President, Mr. Maximilian A. Cempron; Treasurer, Miss Bella Bello; Assistant Treasurer, Miss Daylinda Gonzaga; Press Relations Officer, Miss Kintanar and Liaison Officer and Social Manager, Miss Beatriz Calungsod.

USC BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL HAS NEW EDIFICE

The University of San Carlos Boys' High School boasts of its new ideal location and modern facilities. The new building which is another of the expansion program of the

greater San Carlos University, is situated on a 2.6 hectare lot, ideally located in the residential area of the city and accommodating conveniently more than eight hundred students.

The architect of the new building is an S.V.D. Father, the Rev. Fred Lynn, a graduate of the architectural college of the Catholic University in Washington, D.C.

Engineer Jose A. Rodriguez is the builder of the new edifice. To him goes the credit for erecting the beautiful building in record time and with great efficiency.

The new structure is composed of two parts: the main wing for classrooms and a side wing for offices, library and chapel.

The faculty of the school is headed by Rev. Lawrence Bunzel, SVD, M.A., Vice Rector and former Dean of Education. His assistant is Rev. Raymond Kolk, SVD, M.A. from the Holy Name College, Tagbilaran, Bohol. The principal is Atty. Aurelio Fernandez. Experienced instructors make up the teaching staff.

COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING EXPANDS

The old Boys' High School was completely renovated during the summer and transformed into impressive quarters for the College of Engineering and Architecture. A vast quantity of new equipment arrived from Italy and is now being installed in the new home of the Engineers. Present plans call for the blessing of the renovated building towards the end of June or the beginning of July.

USC EXPEDITION TO MINDANAO RETURNS

The recent four-man expedition by faculty members of the University of San Carlos has returned after a month and a half of exploration and field work in central, northern and southern Mindanao.

A rich haul of exotic ethnological and ethnic specimens were collected by the team, headed by Fr. Enrique Shoeng, SVD, Head of the USC Biology Department.

(Continued on page 41)

C C R O S S C U R R E N T S

by
• SIXTO ABAO, JR. •

From the PAULINIAN, Manila:
"Ours is an age of placid conformity. Ours is an age when sweeping rhetoric can plunge the blinded masses into the furnace of passions unbridled. Ours is an age when to be principled is to be silly and Don Quixotic, for the glitter of gold, and the gauntlet of power have become the measuring stick of human greatness."

● *The editorial comes to us like a thunderbolt and strikes us right between the eyes.*

Dean Garcia, of the UM College of Liberal Arts (CAMPUS LEADER): "We unconsciously put more premium on LIES than on TRUTHS. We discourage lies, it is true, but we do not encourage telling truth sufficiently, and perhaps, we do not even bother about it. We punish the liars but we fail very often to reward those who tell the truth. The most that they can get is NOTHING — just a passing silence. If we do something when someone tells a lie, why won't we do something when someone tells the truth. The only thing we often do is DO NOTHING. This confuses even the person who tells the truth. RESULT: Telling a lie becomes a prosperous and paying enterprise."

● *Every so often, we hear people say: "sometimes, it takes a lie to tell the truth." Dean Garcia's commentary carries a lot of ruthless truth: In fact, many liars have been rewarded. Take the case of these "blah-blah" politicians. Many of them were catapulted to victory because of lies. Those who tell the truth are often forgotten and neglected.*

"A. O. Ancheta" ON the Role of the Student Council (CAMPUS LEADER):

"It provides a medium through which student opinion may be heard

and a forum for the consideration of common school problems. It is a training ground for leaders and followers. It provides students with an opportunity to act in a real situation, not one which is "made up" just for practice. The Student Council is involved in the real problems of the school and it can certainly offer many suggestions for improvement.

"The Student Council teaches good citizenship. It encourages students to become interested in civic matters and to take significant steps to alleviate situation or to suggest ways and means of improvement. It provides a clearing house for many school activities."

● *Yet, how many of us realize the importance of the student council. Student participation in campus politics, if properly guided, is a potent force in real citizenship training and in the social, spiritual and mental uplift of the youth.*

Fr. Leen (LA SALLITE) On Uniforms and Emblems: "Uniforms and emblems stand for something more sublime than a comedian's jest or cynic's gripe. They are the outward symbol of a devotedness to certain ideals. They manifest a loyalty to the institution whose emblems they are. They are honored because generations of wearers have proved worthy of the way of life they so profess, and the student who proves careless about the school regulations governing them betrays an attitude that is indicative of disloyalty."

● *There are still many of us, particularly among the lady students, who entertain the idea that uniform is nothing but a distraction to their personality. Father Leen is subjectively right in telling us that a uniform or an emblem is an outward sign of our loyalty to the institution, our unselfish dedication to the ideals of the University.*

Alice Guerrero (ACTION): "A woman's life is properly one of dedication—in the home, to attend to her family's temporal and spiritual needs; in the world, to teach her



THE ROVING EYE

fellowmen the lessons of love and truth."

● *Many of our petticoats still refuse to concede the idea that their greatest fault is the desire to compete with men; and, because of this prevailing desire, they often lose themselves in an avalanche of ultra-modernistic ideals which are impractical.*

G. Sibayan (CAMPUS LEADER): "Encouragement of campus writers to submit articles that move with life and warmth is one of the perennial headaches of college editors. For, most often literary materials submitted by a few contributors could not keep up with the standard writing of a college student. More often than not, the contributor sends in an article half-baked and without finesse, just to feel how much chances he has of getting into print. The Editors do not have time to rehash the articles, for to them time is gold; and time is a fast runner from deadline to deadline."

● *This is also the headache of our Ed and his staff. Most often, contributions wait one by one, then, fall one by one. How to help resurrect these unresurrectible sen-*

(Continued on page 46)

(Continued from page 14)

The English thought that by burning Joan of Arc as a witch, she would be discredited before the eyes of the pious French. The French Leftists also claimed St. Joan of Arc as their standard bearer because she was a daughter of the common people. The controversy in France over St. Joan of Arc is being repeated now in the Philippines. There are Filipinos who claim that Rizal was anti-Catholic because of his two novels. There are also Filipinos who exploit Rizal's Catholicism because he was a product of the Ateneo de Manila, the famous Jesuit school, and especially because he died as a Catholic, reconciled with the Church and after receiving the holy sacraments. And there is, Mr. Speaker, a striking similarity between the martyrdom of St. Joan of Arc and the martyrdom of Dr. Rizal. The English put St. Joan of Arc to death in the belief that French resistance to foreign rule could be definitely suppressed. It is a distortion, Mr. Speaker, of history to say that the Church had killed Rizal. According to President Quezon in his book *My Good Fight*, Rizal was killed by a narrow colonial government, represented by a cruel Spanish Governor General, Polavieja, in the vain hope that the Philippine Revolution that had already been started by Bonifacio

LET'S GIVE THE MASTERS A CHANCE

(Continued from page 9)

10:00 at night. Can't we request Debussy's "Arabesque" or "Nuages" or Chopin's "Etudes" and "Ballades" for our friends? Or can't we have two record drawers in our radio-phonos... one containing current hits (we have to dance, too) and the other, records of Concertos, classical pieces, et al? Fifty-fifty, you know.

How can we possibly bring forth into this world great composers who will put the Philippines on the world map of music? We hum and sing top tunes. We entertain with top tunes. We gab about top tunes.

No, we can't dance to the music of Mendelssohn, Mozart, Beethoven & Co. because, in the first place, it's impossible and, in the second, it would be a form of blasphemy. Their music is designed for relaxation, for studying with and even eating with.

We are no champions of "long hair" music even if we feel that it deserves a better break than it is getting now. The way things are, we have a lot to learn before we get riled at the world for not sitting up and listening to Philippine airs. It has nothing to sit up to.

tyrdom, without which men have established nothing great or useful in the world. Cities, empires, republics, rest upon sacrifice. Thus it was not unreasonable or unjust that Joan should have become the symbol of the fatherland in arms."

Religious strife, internecine struggles, internal hatreds are fatal to the Philippines. They put our beloved country at the mercy of our true enemies. Our enemies are not the so-called Filipino Rizalists or Filipino anti-Rizalists. Our enemies are those powerful interests that are bent on perpetuating in our country a colonial type of economy. We consider also our enemies those elements who are fighting for the perpetuation of restrictions to our national territorial integrity and those that hamper the free exercise of our political independence.

Let us put an end to the religious strife that is raging throughout the length and breadth of this country. Rizal himself will bless all efforts at conciliation and good will, for unity was one of the tenets of his sublime patriotism. To achieve unity, he voluntarily gave way to Marcelo H. Del Pilar as the leader of the Filipino community in Madrid.

The first redemption — political and economic — of our country was the everlasting message of Rizal before he shed his blood for the Fatherland. At the hour of his su-

State Authority Against Individual Constitutional Liberties

several months earlier, could be put to an end. In this, the Spaniards, like the English, were sadly mistaken. Rizal's execution gave a new impetus to the Philippine Revolution against Spain, which practically was also the cause of the Philippine Revolution against America. Our present political independence is nothing but the glorious crowning achievement of the martyrdom of Rizal and of our Revolutions against Spain and against America.

Rizal's martyrdom at Bagumbayan is a symbol of Filipino patriotism and national unity. The tribute that Anatole France, an anti-Catholic French freethinker, rendered to St. Joan of Arc is also applicable to Rizal. All Filipinos, Catholics or anti-Catholics, the partisans of compulsory reading of Rizal's books as well as those who advocate their optional reading, can properly pay homage to Dr. Rizal, by making their own this eloquent tribute of

Anatole France to St. Joan of Arc:

"The thought came to her to restore the Dauphin to his Heritage. For this thought she gave her life. Thus it was that she survived her cause and that her devotion remains an everlasting example. Here was a mar-

tyrdom, without which men have established nothing great or useful in the world. Cities, empires, republics, rest upon sacrifice. Thus it was not unreasonable or unjust that Joan should have become the symbol of the fatherland in arms."

*"Deja que el sol ardiendo las lluvias evapore,
y al cielo tornen puras con mi clamor en pos;
deja que un ser amigo mi fin temprano llore,
y en las serenas tardes, cuando por mi alguien ore,
ora tambien, ¡oh patria! por mi deseano a Dios.
"Ora por todos cuantos murieron sin ventura,
por cuantos padecieron tormentos sin igual,
por nuestros pobres madres que gimen su amargura,
por huérfanos y viudas, por presos en tortura,
y ora por ti, que veas tu rendicion final.*

*"Entonces nada importa me pongas en olvido.
Tu atmosfera, tu espacio, tus valles cruzare.
Vibrante y limpia nota sere para tu oido;
Aroma, luz, colores, rumor, canto, gemido,
constante repitiendo la esencia de mi fe."*

I THANK YOU.

The USC Seal and a Tradition

(Continued from page 15)

shows that the missionary is always ready to suffer, obedient to all constituted authority, chaste and unspoil by worldly affairs. The members of the Society may as well be taken figuratively and literally as fleeing from one pagan world to another bringing the Word of God to those who are in dire need. The desire to bring more souls to Him who gave His life that we may live is the primary motive of those missionaries who are found in our Philippine shores. For more reasons than one, the members of this Congregation have made it easier for us teachers to live, but more important is the fact that they have offered greater and more expansive opportunities for students and others to learn and embrace the Catholic Faith.

Finally, the shield, on which the group of symbolical figures is embossed, represents the sterling and genuine quality of a true Catholic institution of learning. It is emblematic of her power, of her solid foundation, always ready to defend the Cross. The University is the exponent of Christian ideals, defender of Christian virtues, propagator of the Christian way of life.

It is, perhaps, clear by now why the punishment was meted out to the freshee at the University of Oregon. For to step on the seal and trample upon the name which it represents is a gross violation of all that the University stands for.

The Seal of the University of San Carlos is a history of noble ideals, the triumph of a Christian way of life. These ideals, this Christian way of life, must be handed down to succeeding Carolinians. It would be something of a noble tradition also, to show our respect and devotion to the Seal, not so much for the figure itself but for all that the Seal signifies, and for all that it means to us.

My consternation was, therefore, not mild when I noticed for the first time, that on the seal itself is a chair and a table used as information desk. While the information table is ideally located for its purpose, yet, in my humble estimate, to sit or step on the seal would not only be improper but also highly disrespectful to the institution it represents.

I wish to suggest, then, that some-

thing be done to show or indicate a sign of respect and even reverence for the Seal. As the students of the University of Oregon were made to go around the seal instead of passing or stepping over it, Carolinians would be practicing a noble tradition if they do likewise.

Perhaps, some would laugh at the suggestion. I will even grant that others would simply smile in a sarcastic manner. To some, the idea would seem funny because they would say: "Why was it not observed soon after the seal was placed on its present site? Now it would be difficult to observe it. It is too late." Let us give it a little thought. Is it worth the bother?

I know that every Carolinian worthy of his name would think twice about the idea before discarding it. I am certain that all those who love San Carlos University, all her loyal and faithful sons and daughters, would be glad and willing to show their respect and devotion for their Alma Mater. I am also positive, that all of us belonging to this great institution are all for a greater San Carlos.

We can start now. I will not take a few seconds to go around the seal when passing through. To make it easier for us to remember, I would even suggest that a chain, half a foot or less in height, be placed around it. It would then always remind us that we should not trample on the name of the University of San Carlos.

To start the practice is admittedly difficult for most of us who have been accustomed to step on it when passing through. But, once the habit of going around it has been rooted in us, it will become second nature for us.

Then a noble tradition will have been begun, observed and practiced. I can even foresee the significant effects of this symbolical tradition. We shall have developed in us a sense of belongingness to this great institution, a sense of pride. We shall always be conscious of the imprint of San Carlos in us... the Carolinian spirit. And then, we shall so act that wherever we go people will readily single us out from the crowd and exclaim with respectful admiration — "There goes a CAROLINIAN".

***** The ***** MONKEY

A doctor smiled fondly at his patient and remarked: "You look much better today."

"Yes, doc, I followed your directions."

"What were they?"

"Keep this bottle tightly corked."

I started with the idea that the world has an opening for me. I found it rather true because I am in a hole now.

A puppy love is the beginning of a dog's life.

A clock is like a vain lady's face. It's all face and figure with no face to speak of, very hard to stop after it's wound up, and has a striking way of calling attention to itself every hour of the day.

Man is a funny creature. Tell him the number of stars there are and he will believe you. But if a sign says "fresh paint" that same jerk will make a personal investigation.

"Your dog howled all night."

"That's a sign of death. Whose? I wonder!"

"Your dog if it howls again tonight."

A tennis player once lamented over his poor sort of play.

"Dear, dear, there cannot be a worse player than myself."

"Well, there may be a worse player than yourself, old boy, but he did not play."

It's a sin to play golf during Sundays but the way some play, it is a crime.

"Have you the firmness of character that enables a person to go on and do his duty in the face of ingratitude, criticism and ridicule?"

"I ought to. I looked for a camping trip last summer."

"Hello old man. Any luck hunting?"

"Quite. I shot thirteen ducks in one day."

"Were they wild?"

WRENCH

"No, not exactly, but the farmer who owned them certainly was."

The heavyweight aspirant recoiled dazedly as his opponent hammered him mercilessly. His second entreated the aspirant to hit back but in the process the latter was punched in the jaw with the result that the aspirant had to cling to the ring post.

"Not with that you fool!" cried the second. "You'll be disqualified!"

Drunk (looking down at the moon's reflection on the water): "Wash dat I seesh down there?"

Cop: "It's the moon."

Drunk: "Well, how did I get up there?"

A cop figuring to be helpful went on to inquire if the man needed some help to enter his house.

Cop: "Need any help?"

Drunk: "Thash alrigh of man jus hol the house still and I can manage."

Curious ideas about the anatomy exist in the press. It was stated the other day that a man had been shot "in the ticket office." Another paper said a man had been shot "in the suburbs". He kissed her passionately "upon her reappearance." He kissed "her back." Mr. Jones walked in "upon her invitation." She seated herself upon "his entering." We thought she sat down upon "her being asked". She fainted upon "his departure."

Man reading statistics: "Do you know that everytime I breathe someone dies?"

Bystander: "Why don't you sterilize your mouth?"

"What do you take for your insomnia?"

"A glass of wine."

"Does that make you sleep?"

"No, but it keeps me satisfied to stay awake."

"It must have taken a lot of courage to rescue me as you did."

"Yeah, I had to knock down three other guys to do it."

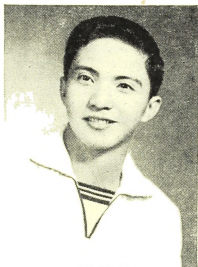
Compiled by ROSS ESCOBAR

What Do You Think Should Be . . .

(Continued from page 23)

is not merely the home but places outside the home. Women should engage in activities outside the home. Since married women generally have children, I say that teaching is one of the appropriate fields for them to be in. If married women teach in school, they impart knowledge and skills, not only to the youth in whom they have great concern because it's where the purpose of the profession ends, but also to their own children. This is so because what they teach in school can also be taught to their own children at home.

With this view, I should say that the proper place for married women should not only be the home. They should, if possible, engage in the profession they have selected and studied."



Potenciano de los Reyes

POTENCIANO DE LOS REYES, College of Law, says: "In our country, where tradition has appointed the woman as the core of family unity and the queen of the home, it is her first duty to keep that love-nest which she and her husband have established intact, solid and firm against the onslaught of vice and gossips.

She's the moulder of her children who are the fair hope of the fatherland. From her, the children of her race are expected to imbibe culture, education and fine charac-

ter. Upon her shoulders lies the responsibility of making them assets rather than liabilities to society, God-fearing rather than secularistic, law-abiding rather than rebellious. To make them such, an education based on the laws of God is what they need, and since education always begins at home, it, therefore, has to make a good start in the home where she, as the mother and directress, guides and thoroughly directs.

God made her the inspiration of her husband while tradition has appointed her the custodian of his beloved's wallet. Thus, while he earns the family bread, she, on the other hand, tends the flowers and keeps the home pleasant for him.

With the breakdown of morality slowly creeping into our civilized society today, without even exempting from its grasp the most educated married women in public life, the home is her only refuge to keep faithfully her vow of loyalty which she promised to him before the altar. It's only in the home where she can prove to him that she's worthy of his love.

Politics, therefore, and public life are not her proper desserts; not even the learned profession themselves at the pretext of adding to the family income, for the first and the most important thing that counts is not money or wealth, but harmony, peace, and love in that very home where she, together with her husband, reigns."

HERMINIO F. MANONGAS, College of Commerce, says: "Married women today have strayed too far from the home. During elections, they go out and make campaign speeches for their candidates. If, instead of going out, they were to stay at home and take care of their children, and teach them the proper ways of life, they would be more useful to the home and, therefore, to the country.

Married women must see to it, therefore, that they manage the home. God gave them the responsibility of motherhood not to pay attention to affairs outside the home, but to give the home the utmost attention, if possible, as real mothers."

(Continued on page 44)

ALUMNI CHIMES

Joe P. de la Riarie

• • To keep all Carolinians intact and well-informed of the whereabouts of USC's old faithfuls, we are marking off, via the Alumni Chimes, the activities of our Alumni. This medium is a poor substitute for the personal touch but if we can minimize our nostalgic feelings, this will be good enough for the nonce. It cannot be denied that the alumni, especially those who, during their student days, enjoyed St. Charles' friendly air, look back with misty eyes at those happy days. Let us start the count. . .

First tip we received comes from MISS RUSSIE CHAGAS of Dipolog, Zamboanga del Norte. According to her report, Carolinian alumni in her province are very successful because of USC's popularity. Mrs. ARACELI BAEI, the former Miss Araceli Kuan, BSE '51, now holds a big stick in the Katipunan High School as its principal. A writer and a declaimer in her student days, Mrs. Baei certainly deserves the honor. We remember her touching story, *Even the Trees*. . . which appeared in this mag five years ago. It was one of the best short stories to appear in the *Carolinian*. Toeing the same pedagogic line is the former PURIFICACION L. CHAGAS, BSE '51, now teaching the Spanish lingo at the Andres Bonifacio Institute in Dipolog, Zamboanga. An old reliable of the USC Spanish department, she now hands down her lore to college and high school students of the AB. Purie's hobby is Mr. Julian Legara.

The numerous fans of OFELIA GARROVILLO, also of class '51, will be happy to know that she is a faculty member of St. Vincent's College in Dipolog, Zamboanga.

Our Home Economics Dept. also contributes a lot of its graduates to different institutions all over the Philippines. Those assigned to mould future housekeepers are AMPARO TAN and RUSSIE CHAGAS, class '54. Amparing is imparting the intricacies of housekeeping to the pupils of Katipunan Elementary School while Russie is busy demonstrating the art of cooking and sewing to her wards at Manukan Central Elementary School, down in Manukan, Zamboanga. Last item

from Zamboanga province states that two pleasing *comerciantes* are making use of their know-how in facts and figures. They are GLO-RIFICACION SUMA, BSC '55 and ANGELITA MAUSISA BSC '54. These two damsels were the belles of the campus during their student days. Both figured in ROTC circles as sponsors and in student social circles as well. Lita is connected with the local chapter of the Red Cross in that province. She is also teaching Commerce subjects at St. Vincent's College. Glory is managing their store in Dipolog. With her arranging things around, we bet the shekels keep ringing the till. To Glory and Lita we doff our hats!

We swivel the periscope now to the land that flies the old Glory. We have BEN DONA and INOCENCIO GABUNILAS, both serving in Uncle Sam's Navy at Key West, Florida. USC is the password between them in their quarter for the reason that they left their hearts and some other girls' hearts behind. They confided that they are more than proud to be Carolinians. In their cruise to Mexico, they realized the privilege of being a Carolinian and of having been taught the twists of the Spanish tongue. To their Spanish professors in USC, they convey their thanks.

If you happen to set foot in Perth Amboy, New Jersey, you'll most likely bump into a Carolinian. In a certain hospital of that city, a Carolinian couple are happily employed. They are Dr. & Mrs. JORGE DOSDOS (nee Erminia Reyes). Both are graduates of our College of Liberal Arts. DELING DIOLA is also in that big wonderful country called the United States, as a nurse

of a certain hospital. Deling was a ward nurse of the SIH and was an active student in the USC College of Liberal Arts. Last foreign tip we received was on the Camara family, true-blue descendants of USC. *Mameng* and a sister are still taking postgraduate work in Home Economics in one of the famous universities of USA; while their brother Doctors, JESUS and PRUDENCIO, are intensifying their medical know-how in one of the progressive hospitals.

From Manila comes the heartening news that LEDNILA AMIGABLE, former "C" Associate editor, is a faculty member of the Immaculate Heart of Mary College. We are not in the least surprised at her performance. She was a versatile lady in her college days here. Aside from Miss Amigable, a group of alumni are also making their own adventures. News via the alumni grapevine reveals that Miss JOSEFINA SANCHEZ is serving as ward nurse of the V. Luna Hospital after having been commissioned a Second Lieutenant. Before she left Cebu, she was connected with the Southern Islands Hospital as social service nurse. Another Carolinian Nightingale in Manila is ELIZABETH GIL, now connected with the Veterans' Memorial Hospital as Head Nurse. Although shy and unassuming, Betty has proved her mettle more than once in USC and the SIH. NICK LIMBACO, BSE '51, did USC proud when he was signed up as a History teacher of the Ateneo de Manila. He is one proof we have of USC's fine and capable products. A tree can be known by its fruits, so the saying goes! Before we put the clamp on this issue's personalia,

★ A L U M N O T E S ★

Wedding bells, full-toned and melodious, rang for Mr. CRISPIN CASTILLO and Miss EDITHA SENO when they tied the knot last July 29, 1956. The Sto. Rosario Church was the scene of the rites officiated by Msgr. Esteban Montecillo. Both of them marked their last fling at bachelor days when these words were intoned: "May this ring be the sign between you of the mutual vows you have made . . . the symbol of an endless love." The little golden band slipped on the bride's finger after which, some moments later, friends and acquaintances hurried on to offer their wishes of good luck.

With the wedding entourage were Mr. Conrado Castanilla and Mrs. Jovita P. Alidon, sponsors for the bridegroom and bride respectively; Billy Castillo and Peling Seno, veil sponsors; Lasco Famador and Berte Vidal, Cord sponsors; Loding Rodriguez, bride of honor and Ben Castillo, best man. Bride's maids and escorts were Bebing Castillo and Manuel Azcona, and Tita Pardillo and Terry Ursal. Tita Alidon was the flower girl and Ely Briones was the ring bearer.

After the wedding ceremony a catch-as-catch-can dinner was served in the groom's residence.

Two Carolinians who also treaded the middle aisle two months ago were ATTY. AUGUSTO DERECHO and



Mr. & Mrs. Crispin Castillo

ROSITA S. TY. They became husband and wife on May 12th at the Archbishop's Palace with Msgr. Julio Rosales officiating. The groom was, until very recently, a faculty member of the College of Commerce while the bride is a Pharmacist who made honors for her Alma Mater by topping the Pharmacy Board exam last year.

let us mention the latest alumni to be tracked down. First on the list is Miss PACITA GENERALAO, BSHE '54, who has cast her lot with St. Michael's College in Iligan City. Her task is to train young ladies to become good housekeepers. We are betting our Saturday lunch for any old thing that in a year or two Pacing will be walking down the aisle. And not as a bridesmaid, either! Wanna bet? Other Home Economists who prefer to be in the field rather than in the classrooms are WILHELMINA DE LA RIASTE, LYDIA MORAN, and CAROLINA ORBE. Instead of sampling cookies and bunny rolls, these alumnae are

assigned to special cases. *Mina* and *Eddie* are connected with the Dept. of Agriculture and Natural Resources as Home Economics demonstrators in Agusan province while *Carol* is with the Davao sector.

Our last item swings the focus on *MARIA NAPISA* and *AHLILI ARIAS*, both BSE grads. *Mary* is taking charge of the Library of the Agusan Institute. She's hard to beat at it! Library paraphernalia have been her playthings here and she knows the ALZ's of Library work. *Ahlili* is a mentor at one of the Schools of Toboso, Negros Occidental. To those we have mentioned, we extend our sincerest kudos!

USC NEWS (Continued from page 35)

Julian N. Jumalon was the artist and butterfly collector of the group aided by Samuel Ochotorena. Marcelino Maceda, who concentrated on ethnological studies involving the life of Mongyans, said that the expedition aimed at paving the way for more detailed study next year by world-famed ethnologist and anthropologist, Rev. Dr. Martin Gusinde.

OLD FACES BACK AND NEW FACES IN

The campus has been brightened by the return of some well-known faces. Father Edgar Oehler, SVD, is back from the United States after a year's leave of absence. He has resumed his duties in the Chemistry Department.

Fresh from a vacation is genial Dr. Bruell, also of the Chemistry Department.

New additions to the Carolinian faculty include Father Raymond Kolk, SVD, of Chicago, and Father John Voegelgesang, SVD, of St. Paul, Minnesota. Father Kolk is the assistant of Father Buznel in the new Boys' High School, while Fr. John is the acting Dean of Religion and Head of the English Department.

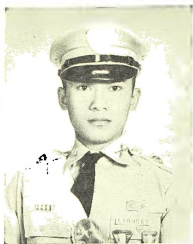
MY FIGHT AGAINST REJECTION SLIPS

(Continued from page 17)

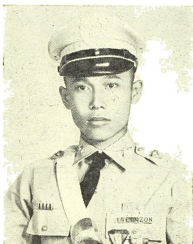
familiar practice for the interviewer to tell the purpose of the visit, but as I could not begin the conversation, the businessman asked me what my purpose was. I mumbled guttural monosyllables to the effect that I was in to ask for information about his business, the forthcoming opening of which had news value. I asked him questions and took down what he said. The interview was intended to be a question-and-answer affair but I could not put in a word edgewise because I could hardly speak save when reading the notes I had prepared. All the time I was thinking about what my books on journalism said: a good interview must be carried on in the way of a conversation. In another interview with our town executive, I had the same tense feeling. All I could show for my efforts were a pale and sweating face, a clamped mouth and an illegible handwriting because of nervousness and fright.

In my visit with the son-in-law of the recipient of the papal Pro Eccle-

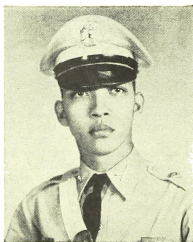
(Continued on page 44)



Cdt. Col. Felipe Labucay, F.A.
Corps Commander



Cdt. Lt. Col. Winifredo Geonzon, Inf.
Corps Ex-O, 1st Bn. Inst.



Cdt. Lt. Col. Jacinto Gador, Jr., F.A.
Corps Adjutant and S-1



★
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THE ARMY

An ordinary layman looks at the army with a mischievous eye. This stems from the fact that in the average man's point of view the army is nothing more than a bunch of misfits put together end to end to outdo each other. The man who holds that view cannot be convinced otherwise. The newspaper articles, jokes and cracks attributed to the army have as their butt the Armed Forces.

Actually, the army is an efficient group of organized men run by leaders with great capacities for making a thousand-man organization tick. Moreover, the foibles attributed to the army are spoken of as reverently as a mother cooing her babe to sleep. The duds that write-up men do for the army are a sign that the Armed Forces rank in popularity with other organizations.

THE SARGES

We have with us T/Sgt. Sofio Herrera a sarge with a pronounced clerical look. He is broad of stature and has the pugnacity of a football lineman. His smiles are sunshine that erase the cadets' smiles as fast as they come to the cadets faces. Some bloke of a cadet was one day trying to absorb the detailed explanation of the sarge on an MG cal. 30. After detailed what-nots of the weapon, the sarge assembled the parts again and pulled

the trigger back to see if his assembly was right. The gun bucked. He wanly grinned. "The gun won't just cooperate with us today, I know," he said by way of a parting shot.

Sgt. Pedro Carabaña is another member of the hardworking staff assigned by the regular army to this school to help explain the intricacies of modern warfare. His office is a haven for cadets who are delinquents, who have been absent, demerited or wish to be absent because of some acute bundle of curves.

THE CORPS STAFF

The Corps of Cadets in this University has a new lineup composed of men chosen for their outstanding



Sgt. P. Carabaña



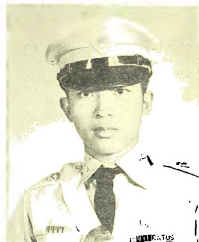
Cdt. Lt. Col. Jose Deen, Inf.
Corps S-2

performances during the last years. Taking a bow on the ROTC front is CDT. COL. FELIPE LABUCAY, FA, the Corps Commander. He is a man you simply don't make mistakes about. To see him is to know him always. CDT. LT. COL. WINIFREDO GEONZON, INF, is the quietest among the cadets. His silence drowns the wail of an air-raid siren gone berserk. CDT. LT. JACINTO GADOR, JR., FA, the Corps Adj. and S-1, is handy as the man to teach the manipulation of the aiming circle. He twirls a knob here, closes a clamp there, moves the thingamajig there, and the first thing you know he has located the only blond in town. He is as equally handy with his finger as with his tongue. CDT. LT. COL. JOSE DEEN, INF, gets his premiere in this column. Straight as a ramrod, serious of mien though punctuated occasionally by laughs. CDT. LT. COL. FRANCISCO LITERATUS, FA, the Corps S-3 is the man about the field during Sundays. CDT. LT. COL. VICENTE BELARMINO, FA, Corps S-4, is the man you'd take to if you ever met him. Personable and easy to get along with, he attaches himself easily with the privates. The only distinguishing mark between him and the privates is his ever present sword. CDT. LT. COL. ROLAND LEYSON, FA, Second Battalion instructor, about completes the line-up of the Corps Staff. These men, who have taken unto themselves the task of shaping the Cadet Corps, are themselves soldiers in their own rights while some got their bearing through inheritance (some are sons of Cols.). Few cadets are ever bracketed with this order. The choice is made only after a man is recognized for his

talent and tenacity... his capacity for learning in his formative years.

THE 1ST BN. STAFF

The command of the First Battalion falls upon LT. COL. LOUIE BANTONGMALAQUE, INF. His staff is composed of CDT. MAJOR DOMINADOR TURNO, JR., INF Bn. Adjutant and S-1; CDT. MAJOR MANUEL LIM, JR., INF, S-1 and S-3; CDT. MAJOR RUFINO CRUZ, Inf. Bn. S-4; CDT. MAJOR JOSE LOIS ROS, FA, Bn. Executive Officer. This Battalion chalked up the biggest attendance and showed the best cooperative spirit during the Fourth of July parade mainly because of the men who led it... men who are dedicated to their task and who stick to the time-tested army code of loyalty, integrity and *esprit de corps*.

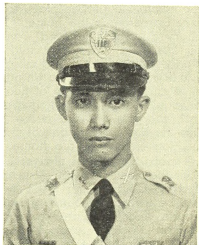


Cdt. Lt. Col. Francisco Literatus, F.A.
Corps S-3



WITH THE 2ND BATTALION

High on the Second Battalion Roster is CDT. LT. COL. CESAR URSAL, FA, the Battalion Commander. CDT. MAJOR CESAR LUMAPAS, FA, Bn. Adjutant and S-1; CDT. MAJOR TERESITO ESCARIO, FA, Bn. Executive Officer; CDT. MAJOR GAVINO PALACIO FA, Bn. S-2 and S-3 and CDT. MAJOR ANTONIO ANGEL, FA, Bn. S-4, follow in order. The second battalion is made up of the locally-termed "diehards". The cadets in this unit have given up some of their best Sundays but the officers have seen to it that ROTC should not be a poor substitute for a dip in Tali-sroy.



Cdt. Lt. Col. Vicente Belarmino, F.A.
Corps S-4

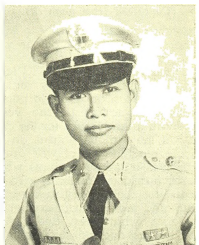


ABOUT THE OFFICERS

There is some glamour connected with being an ROTC officer. Maybe there are ambitious few who got theirs because they are motivated by the bright future reserved for them by the government or because they believe the world situation is still shaky. An officer and an easy life do not go together because of the fact that nothing is rosy in the reality of soldiering. The facts do not tally with the expectation. It is not to be denied that the army takes care of its men but only the good can claim his place.

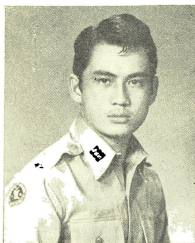
Viewed in a purely practical way, the officers of the ROTC Corps are men who laid aside the easy way and followed the line of most resistance. Not all of us can be officers. For officers are a class of men by themselves. The motive of heroism is far from their minds.

(Continued on page 44)



Cdt. Lt. Col. Rolando Leyson, F.A.
2nd Bn. Instructor

WHAT DO YOU THINK (Continued from page 39)



Manuel Villarosa

MANUEL VILLAROSA, College of Liberal Arts & Sciences, says: "In my opinion, the proper place for a married woman is the home. The primary duty of a married woman is to take good care of her children, not only physically but also morally. Aside from giving her children attention regarding their state of health, she should develop her children's moral character in the home because the basic foundation of moral education begins in the home.

A married woman also sees to it that the home is kept clean and orderly. On her part, she must try to be tidy all the time. A tired husband finds pleasure and comfort upon reaching home when he is met by his wife who is dressed in proper and habitual neatness with her happy children at her side. A husband is always proud when he sees that everything runs smoothly and orderly in his home."

ROTC BRIEFS

(Continued from page 43)

Leadership comes naturally to some of them. Woe to the officer who lacks a commanding presence, voice and personality! ROTC leadership in this University entails more study than an average person usually takes to mind. The weeks of preparing the lessons for the dry study of the various phases on the delicate machineries of war are in themselves a separate course which can drive a lazy man batty. To the officers, for their unselfish devotion in bringing more men of caliber for upholding what they deem right and virtuous and passing them on to their ranks, and for the sacrifice they made in formulating upon the minds of the cadets the techniques they have to learn, we, who are being taught, doff our hats!

My Fight Against Rejection Slips

(Continued from page 41)

sia et Pontifice award (I could not meet the awardee personally since he is bedridden). I was a searching reporter equipped with insistence to see for myself the medal and the certificate from Pope Pius XII. It was only after I had fought an uphill battle against fright that I developed my natural way of acting.

What do publicity seekers, and even your friends, think of you when your piece ends its life in the editor's wastebasket? They look at you with scorn. They become suspicious. It is as disheartening to an inexperienced writer to lose his friends' confidence as it is to receive his manuscript with a rejection slip attached.

When a manuscript is mailed to the editor, the writer thinks of seeing it appear in print, never of having it rejected. Thus the writer keeps in touch with every issue to see if it appears. If it does not, he assures

himself that it will be printed in the next issue. But before the next issue comes out the manuscript returns with a note: "We are sorry we could not make use of the article as the English used is below standard," or "We are sorry the item does not fit editorial needs. Please send us something we could use in the future issues." Apparently there is hope in the latter and you send other manuscripts only to have them sent back to you. If you still have hope you ask your self: "What does the editor need?"

On one occasion when I submitted to a student-editor a set of questions from which to get the materials, he bluntly humiliated me by calling my writing "redundant" and "senseless."

These are the results, I said to myself... rejection slips, humiliation and disappointment.

Despite all these, I still have that irresponsible urge to write.

from the flourishing sugar cane region, Negros Occidental.

He is enrolled in the College of Law. Politically inclined, he dreams to be a thousand-peso-lawyer — a profession he will eventually use as a springboard to political wonders.

ADOLFO (Dick) CABAJO... To Dick, no devotion, no love is too much for art. Art is Dick's bedfellow and they have gone places together.

This man, who loves painting more than, I say without fear, bread itself, rose to public notice during the Marican Congress, two years ago, when, among the architectural entries submitted by different students in the city, his glowing letter "M" design was accepted and displayed in front of the Cebu Capitol building. Our famed V. Ranudo, Jr., has this to say of Dick: "Few in the islands can match Cabajo's subtle artistry with the etching pen. But what makes one marvel is the way a conception of an image is born in him. For whatever escapes the eyes of a writer, is always caught in the miracle of his hands." Truly a great artist in the Carolinian Family, his hands spell might and wonder.

Dick's pencil sketches of the portraits of Osmeña Sr., Cabahug, and Baring, which appeared on

Behind The

(Continued from

front covers of the previous issues of the "Carolinian" and his various imaginative illustrations which, also, appeared in the same magazine, have always met with popular approbation and acclaim.

FELIPE VERALLO, JR.... this swell guy with an effervescent countenance, hails from Bogo, Cebu.

As a man, he is silent. He seldom speaks. His being taciturn, but sensible, has earned for him the love and respect of his friends and his fellow Carolinians. He once headed USC's Debating Club. He has always consistently participated in various tilts in oratory and debate. He is an active member of the YOL (Youth for Osmeña Leadership). In the recent election campaigns, Verallo, Jr., proved that he could, equally with others, speak with power and fire. One of the proud recipients of the Osmeña, Jr., Scholarship grant for deserving YOL students, he is taking up Law to equip himself with ample legal know-how and to prepare himself for future political battles. He intends to throw his hat into the political arena.

THE ENDLESS SEARCH

THE LETTER carried nothing on its face to make itself conspicuous. Because it partook of the simplicity of its author, it did not mean much at first blush. It was simply a "leave of absence," nothing more. The motive that lay behind the "leave" of our former Commerce Dean Lolito Gil Gozum was what prompted us to write about him. It is to be confessed here that Mr. Gozum himself was most vehement against playing him up in any way. Yes, we know how his enthusiasm for further study can buoy up other people's spirits, how it can infect others with a desire to learn and learn seriously.

This is an age, truth to tell, when most of us do not think much about formal education. How frequently do we see people who "finished only sixth grade" occupying high and influential positions in the government service and in private businesses? The unemployment howl is loudest today when diplomas are a common commodity, when

sheepskins are more and more becoming a badge of frustration than a token of achievement. Mr. Gozum, however, does not think along this line.

"The professions are crowded, it is true," he says, "but culture and the broadening of knowledge know no crowd. I have chosen to take up Law because it goes hand in hand with Commerce. It will give me one of the richest cultural backgrounds that a man can have. I had to give up my Deanship for this devotion. I do not want to do it half way... either I take up the study of Law seriously, devote my time and effort to it, or I should not think of it at all. I aim to further my studies with the weapons I have: my heart, my will and my determination."

If all of us could have the same attitude, what benefits we would derive from the wisdom of the present and the past! What happiness we would get if we would but join, like our well-liked Mr. Gozum, the "endless search!"

High" Lines

(e 24)

ADELINO B. SITOY... One of the *Carolinian's* versatile writers, he has already made a name on and off the campus.

Last year's best Actor in the University Day celebration, Addy has won quite a number of prizes. While yet a freshman in the high school, he won first prize in an Essay Contest sponsored by the local USIS center. And again, he romped off with four prizes in four different essay contests during his Senior year. He won first prize in an Essay tilt with "Aviation Week" as the theme, sponsored by the National Aviation Week Committee, and was awarded a free PAL roundtrip ticket to any place in the Philippines. He copped third place in the contest sponsored by the local Aviation Committee, with a Webster International Dictionary as his prize. Then, he ran off with the top prize in the essay contest on "What America Means to Me", to become the first Carolinian whose essay was included in a compilation intended for American high school reading. And in the same year, he won again in another essay contest on the biography of a successful businessman

in the Philippines. He was given a one-year scholarship in any college or university in the Philippines as his prize. In the same year, he was designated as Editor of the *LIGHT OF LAPULAPU*, official publication of the students of the *ABELLANA HIGH SCHOOL*.

Sitoy was adjudged the Best Debater among Pre-Law students last year. He was last year's Editor of the *SCA NEWSLETTER*, the *SCANS* mouthpiece and was also the Editor of the *LOWER CASE*, a publication among Journalism students in the University. He was one of the Senior Editors of the *Carolinian* last year.

At 19, this reserved and unassuming man intends to finish Law as his profession.

A thousand-and-one things about them we have intentionally left unsaid. We are only singling out the salient ones — the details that typify them. Other staff-members deserve to be mentioned but the rather disconcerting limitation of space stands in the way. One thing, however that can be said about the whole *Carolinian* kit and caboodle is this: They're a great team!

Our new Moderator, **Fr. John Vogelsang**, rates a collective tip of the hat for his sincere interest and his... oh, but this is getting ahead of Addy Sitoy's interview with him!

THE LOWDOWN ON THE VARSITY TEAM

(Continued from page 31)

This year's acquisitions come from various sources. Two were redeemed from the intramurals: **MANOLET "Tubby" SUSON** and **EPIMACO "Hercules" BORRAMEO**. From way down under the Promised Land, **RAUL "Raulistic" (Flavor of the Month) VALDEHUESA** directed his magnetic compass over here. The guy's a slimdown version of a Moro about to go to heaven. The "**Republican Max**" coming from Bohol is a descendant of a society hawk. **MAXIMO PEZARAS** is the name. Nice meetin' ya!

Roman numerals come after the name of **DIONISIO "Pee Wee" JAKOSALEM**, the university edition of a bantam-sized banter. His style of play is clumsy and there is yet some doubt on his ability to handle the ball during tense moments but we are banking on the coach to give him more seasoning to make him more effective on offensive and defensive stabs.

ISIDORO "Shorty" CAÑIZARES is a picture of pure struggle in the spheroid world. Slim and tall he comes in handy as triggerman. But on the rebound, he is entirely useless. **MANUEL "Bashful" BAS** has no claims to the fame of the Bas' in Cebu but he will yet make a niche for himself.

Jakosalem and Cañizares are men-mountain who can be depended upon to carry the game were they but seasoned players. As it is, the University has to train them in every conceivable art of basketball wizardry.

The team also maintains reserved materials for the next tourney. On the line are **ESMERO ABEJO**, lately of the Sta. Rita H.S., playing as the college captain ball; **EVARISTO SAGARDUL** 1954 skipper of the USC Team; **BENIGNO REYES** from Santo Tomas U and **ERNEST MICHAEL** an old standby.

Here is your team and its set-up. It has defects because it is all too human. Also, it has strength and the possibility of its coronation as CCAA champs cannot be discounted. Its triumphs and defeats will be yours, too. But whether it sinks or swims, you will be proud of USC's boys. If they lose, they'll go down fighting; and if they win, can anything be sweeter?

HONOR



STUDENTS

COLLEGE OF LAW

FIRST YEAR	Average	Units Taken
Vicente Balbuena	1.44	15
Erasmio Diola	1.90	16.5

SECOND YEAR

Felix Draper	1.57	15
Cesar Dakay	1.58	15
Eugenio Alvarado	1.62	15

THIRD YEAR

Anka Du	1.93	16
Faustina Llesis	1.97	16

FOURTH YEAR

Jose Perez	1.58	17
Noli Cortel	1.68	17
Gerardo Galenzoga	1.84	17
Sefronio Capae	1.97	17

COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING

Course—Yr.

Course—Yr.	Average
Raul Espina, Ch.E.-I	1.88
Daniilo Cabatingan, Ch.E.-I	1.97
Vicente Beadaniilo Ch.E.-II	1.31
Lydia Mayof, Ch.E.-II	1.6
Elsa Pilapil, Ch.E.-II	1.627
Iluminado Limbago, Ch.E.-III	1.48
Calisto Castro, Ch.E.-III	1.58
Natalia Mondilla, CE-I	1.75
Ligaya Salgado, CE-I	1.83
Camilo Camiling, CE-II	1.68
Hipolito Mella, CE-II	1.80
Virgilio Alver, EE-I	1.50
Eugenio Corazo, EE-II	1.447
Isidro Cadera, ME-I	1.60
Narberto Malicay, ME-I	1.835
Matco Tapao, ME-I	1.91
Gerardo Lipardo, ME-II	1.29
Ildelfonso Mar, ME-II	1.70
Cayetano Intang, ME-III	1.673
Felipe Labucay, ME-III	1.735
Ray Floredo, ME-III	1.764

COLLEGE OF COMMERCE

FIRST YEAR	Average	Units Taken
Angeline Uy	1.02	22
Clavel Quijada	1.04	22
Cleofe Siao	1.04	22
Catalina Cambonga	1.08	25

SECOND YEAR

Bartolome Pazon	1.03	22.5
Benedicto Alcantara	1.15	19.5
Luz Yee	1.19	22

THIRD YEAR

Norma Fradejas	1.01	18
Annie Ratcliffe	1.18	15
Cecilio Paz	1.20	21

FOURTH YEAR

Definn Campos, Jr.	1.14	15
Otello Clutario	1.22	17
Erasto Alinsonorin	1.28	15

COLLEGE OF PHARMACY

FIRST YEAR	Average	Units Taken
Josephine Marbella	1.60	21
Fe Mascariñas	1.675	20
Carmen Patalinghug	1.70	21

SECOND YEAR

Lourdes Garcia	1.20	16
Clara Lebumfacil	1.33	16
Monica Gerona	1.45	16

THIRD YEAR

Remedios Lawe	1.583	18
Eleodora Lasosa	1.595	21
Engracia Lu	1.62	20

HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT

FIRST YEAR	Average	Units Taken
Felicilda Cruz	1.30	20

SECOND YEAR

Milagros Villamar	1.32	22
Engracia Felicidad	1.38	21
Manuela Trinidad	1.520	24

COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

FIRST YEAR	Average	Units Taken
Rosario Yap	1.44	19
Julieta Ongtawco	1.68	21

SECOND YEAR

Ma. Salvacion Saludo	1.37	21
Concepcion Dakay	1.38	23
Magdalena Vergara	1.56	22

THIRD YEAR

Teresito Alcares	1.36	18
Rosario Toladuo	1.55	15
Venus Dakay	1.64	19

NORMAL COLLEGE

FIRST YEAR	Average	Units Taken
Emilio Ilago	1.37	26
Margarita Fuentes	1.38	23
Luciano Fernandez	1.41	23

SECOND YEAR

Bella Belle	1.18	21
Priscilla Mayol	1.21	20
Lina Becorta	1.31	18

THIRD YEAR

Maximiliano Cembron	1.36	16
Daylinda Gonzaga	1.56	24
Aniceta Vasquez	1.58	15

SECRETARIAL COURSE

	Average	Units Taken
Joaquino Ang	1.17	20
Celina Zapanta	1.37	26
Myrna de los Reyes	1.48	18

NARCISO BACUR'S
ULTIMATUM

(Continued from page 18)

For three minutes the lovers sat there
Looking intently at each other
Then from her seat pert Helynn bunched
The winner would now be announced

I have come now to my decision
Based on the norms of time and reason
To him who cannot pick the winnings
Accept defeat without hard feelings

Narciso I think you are good
When you are in a dancing mood
And Tibur is not bad at all
When he is playing basketball

I have weighed both your qualities
Your opposite abilities
I'm Tibur's fan in basketball
While I'm your date in Rock 'n' Roll
Since you must know who between you
Can claim me as his sweetie pie
I'll tell you now straight and true
I choose neither, I'd rather die

Narciso knew it was the time
To forget love and think of crime
After himself he'd kill Helynn
And hope they'd still meet in heaven

He dived across sweet Helynn's table
As though to imitate Clark Gable
He held the dark and deadly weapon
To do a crime much worse than treason

He drove it into Helynn's heart
And hacked himself so they would part
What amazed him was Helynn laughing
And him standing 'stead of dying

He realized he was not wounded
And Helynn... by gad! ... didn't bleed
At last he knew what saved her life
He'd used a choc'late CANDY KNIFE!!!
—bbq

CROSS CURRENTS

(Continued from page 36)

tences is the principal problem
that confronts Editors of any student
publication today.

Elizabeth Porter (ACTION): "Modern society faces a crisis. Our time is a period of stress and strain where men try to overpower one another. Chaos is everywhere. In this state of unrest it becomes the task of education to form women who can come to bring relief and to quiet the tenseness.

"Woman was made by God as the pacifier of man in his passionate outbursts, the strength of man in his weakness, the hope of man in his despair."

● This could have been a very wonderful idea if women acted this way. Because women have acted otherwise, many homes and kingdoms have been broken. Ah! but women will be women!

HELNN'S PEACE

OVERTURE

(Continued from page 18)

You simply just have to reform
Your ways of paying court to me
Your modes need not be uniform
As long as they appeal to me.

And just in case at last I know
The better man between you two
It does not mean I don't love both
It only means I can't have both.

I hope from now on I shan't hear
Threats of suicide or of murder
Tiburcio of course still can play
And Isoy can dance the boogie.

After you learn to be sports
In competitions of all sorts
I shall decide come guns or mortar
Who shall take me right to the altar.

So until then my lover boys
Shake hands and don't make any noise
I'll close this letter right away
I might be seen by my landlady.

Your ever-lovin'

HELNN of MALINGIN

—bbq

TIBUR GOES

BACK TO SCHOOL

(Continued from page 18)

When their bald prof read the results
Tibur and Helnn were aglow
They knew their papers had no faults
So both of them would not get low

Then suddenly Tiburcio was afire
Helnn blamed him with all her ire
For cute Helnn and Tiburcio
Chalked up a big and flat ZERO! —abs

ONE MAN'S DARKNESS

(Continued from page 21)

that mother had sold our lands and she had long left the comfort of our home. When I was taken ill in the city, I wrote harsh, bitter letters blaming my mother for her heartlessness. My landlady had to ship me home like unwanted rubbish. And in those moments of torment, I was alone. Fred and the rest of the wise-cracking friends I had did not bother to see me. Not even to berate me, laugh at me. Sadness is a one-man affair.

I felt a sharp, indefinable twinge of pain in my breast and I struggled in my bed to drive it away. Something warm came over my hand and my forehead. There was a voice, calculated to soothe me, to give me the peace I wanted.

"Through this holy anointing and His own most tender mercy, may the Lord forgive you...."



★ Filipino Folklore

Conducted by REV. CORNELIUS van der LINDEN, S. V. D.
Dean, Graduate School

MANTICAW, a town of Misamis Oriental, was formerly a small settlement surrounded by wilderness when the Spanish missionaries, accompanied by the *guardias civiles*, came. They (the missionaries) began to preach Christianity. At first the inhabitants were suspicious, but later on they were converted to Catholicism. Then, the missionaries left, leaving the *guardias civiles* to supervise the natives.

The people had a chapel where they said their prayers and lighted candles for their dead. At the door of the chapel, candles were sold by a very beautiful maiden named Maria. She was the belle of the place. Every afternoon some of the

frightening look that could not be hidden by their beauty. Yet the people still continued to buy candles from her.

One day, while the *guardias civiles* were hunting, they shot Maria's bird. A sad and terrible sound came from the dying bird. The sky became dark and a heavy rain began to fall. A Christian convert, who was present when the bird was shot, told the hunters that the bird belonged to a sorceress, the beautiful Maria. He further asserted that its owner would surely seek revenge. The native advised the hunters to burn the bird and bury the ashes. His instructions were followed immediately, since the hunters

The Witch of Manticaw

by ROSARIO TEVES

guardias civiles, who were off duty, used to go to her house and pay court to her. Expectant mothers would gaze at her intently and at the same time hope that their unborn baby would be as beautiful as she was. Young men looked up to her as their ideal of womanhood. The people were so engrossed in their admiration of her unusual beauty that they did not even care to find out who she was and where she came from.

The appearance of the beautiful maiden of Manticaw also ushered in an odd-looking blue-black bird, which was often seen alighting on the trees near the settlement. Most of the people regarded it as the pet of a witch. The shrill and mournful cries of the bird could always be heard in the middle of the night. The inhabitants were both frightened and puzzled by the presence of the bird. And one day, they were even more surprised to see the bird perched on the right shoulder of Maria, while she was selling candles. When the bird was with her, she had a mysterious, gloomy and

did not want to be the victim of the witch.

That same day, when the bird was killed, Maria fell violently ill. She kept asking for her bird but nobody paid attention to her. Finally, after two days of delirium she died. Even on her death bed, the people still praised her unsurpassed beauty.

Old people of Manticaw say that Maria died because she could not contact her pet which carried her soul. Today the mournful cry of the bird can still be heard and the younger generation say that it is Maria's pet calling its mistress.

GRADUATE SCHOOL ANNOUNCEMENT

The research assistant of the Graduate School, Marcelino N. Maceda, has been awarded a scholarship by the University of San Carlos. He is going to take up further studies in Anthropology in Fribourg University Switzerland; and later on in the University of Vienna, Austria. He is scheduled to leave for Europe in the early part of September in time for the fall enrollment.

+ SECCION

La Educación Católica de la Juventud

por Romulo Artillaga

El Amor

*Esperanza da al alma la música,
Saña el rocío a la rosa sedienta;
Al horizonte, el sol con oro pinta,
Del Creador pinta el amor la cara.*

*El sol se pone en el horizonte,
Se marchitará la rosa fragante;
El pájaro cesa su canto alegre,
Pero el amor dura para siempre.*

*No en los palacios y castillos grandes,
No en el vistumbre del oro y diamantes,
No en las alas de famas y honores,
Sino reposa el amor en la sencillez.*

*Algunos tienen muchas alhajas,
Pocos aprenden lenguajes extranjeras;
Otros reciben el don de los genios
Solo el amor anhelan todos.*

*Gran conquistador de Peru, Pizarro,
Colón, descubridor del nuevo mundo;
Marconi, inventor de la radio,
Amor, conquistador del corazón humano.*

*La riqueza construye muchas ciudades,
Los héroes ganan muchas victorias,
Los genios descubren muchas invenciones
Al mundo creó el Amor de los amores.*

*Bálsamo para el corazón herido,
Medicina de un ser dolorido,
Consuelo en el momento oscuro,
Antorcha de la vida en el camino.*

*Del estudio saca conocimiento,
Del esfuerzo, el premio merecido;
La práctica le hace un maestro,
Solo el amor le lleva al cielo.*

por Romulo Artillaga

EL HOMBRE SE compone de cuerpo y alma: un cuerpo material y un alma espiritual. Un bruto ó animal inferior se compone también de cuerpo y alma pero su alma es solamente material como su cuerpo y no espiritual. Por lo tanto, cuando su cuerpo muere, su alma muere con el cuerpo. En cambio, cuando el cuerpo del hombre muere su alma vive porque es espiritual. Por eso, no debemos procurar solamente el bienestar del cuerpo sino también el bienestar del alma inmortal. Como dice la Sagrada Escritura. "No solo de pan vive el hombre sino de toda palabra que viene de Dios." Por eso, a la par que ejercitamos el cuerpo debemos ejercitar también el alma por medio de una educación perfecta para tener "Mens sana in corpore sano."

La hombría consiste no solamente en tener brazos de "hierro" ó fuerzas de elefante sino también en tener fuerzas morales. El hombre es el más débil de todos los animales. No tiene los ojos agudos del águila, ni la fuerza del elefante ni los dientes del león ni la rapidez de los caballos ni las alas de los pájaros, etc. Sin embargo, el hombre es rey de los animales por su racionalidad, por su fuerza moral. La verdadera hombría consiste en cultivar las fuerzas morales del hombre.

La cultura de las fuerzas morales del hombre se encuentra en una educación buena, en una educación cristiana, especialmente, en una educación católica. La educación que no desarrolla las facultades morales del hombre, no es educación. El hombre cuya potencia mental o intelectual está desarrollada pero no su fuerza moral, no es un hombre educado sino solamente instruido. La educación supone el desarrollo de las fuerzas tanto morales como intelectuales. La mejor educación es la educación católica porque en la religión católica, la mente puede descansar porque esta religión está bien fundada histórica, científica y lógicamente.

Historicamente, la religión católica sobrepasa a otras religiones en su antigüedad. Si la religión católica no fuera la única religión verdadera, no podría existir hasta ahora después de los muchos y fuertes ataques de sus enemigos.

Científicamente, la religión católica es verdadera porque no es contra la ciencia como dicen los científicos ateístas sino que es la guardiana de la ciencia. De hecho, los gigantes de la ciencia, como San Agustín, Sto. Tomas, Mercier, y otros muchos. No hay filósofos que puedan sobrepasar a estos dos. No hay argumentos de los científicos ateístas contra la iglesia católica que no estén refutados por la misma. La base fundamental en que se esta religión es más firme que "La Roca de Gibraltar."

Lógicamente, la religión católica es la verdadera porque, como hay solamente un Dios, así también hay una sola y verdadera religión. De todas las religiones que hoy existen, fuera de la religión católica, ninguna puede decirse que este unida. La religión portestante por ejemplo, está dividida en muchas sectas y cada una de ellas distinta de la otra y por lo tanto sus doctrinas son también distintas lo que hace dudar de la veracidad de sus enseñanzas que están sujetas a cambios según el

La Evolucion de la Filosofia

por a. tuibeo

NO HAY tema mas digno de nuestra investigación que le filosofía. Desde los albores de la historia, el hombre filosofaba ya para explicar las cosas, que le rodeaban y sondear los ocultos misterios del universo. Pero la mente humana debilitada por el pecado original, se extravió de la senda de la verdad y cayó en el abismo de la duda y del error. Cual enfermo que no puede levantarse solo, la razon humana se sentia impotente para salir de este estado tenebroso. Por siglos estuvo el hombre andando a tientas buscando luz. A su lado el escepticismo y el dogmatismo habian arraigado en pos de si las mejores inteligencias de la antieuidad. Sin embargo el hombre no se resignaba para siempre vivir en este estado de duda y error. Por fin volvio sus ojos en busca de una chispa luminosa de verdad.

En este naufragio universal del entendimiento humano, Jesucristo vino, cual sol matutino para alumbrar a quienes gemian por la verdad y rescatar al mundo entero. El era la misma verdad, que habia buscado los helenos en la cumbre de sus excelsos visiones. Y por eso sobre El gira el conocimiento humano. Con su venida pues nacia una epoca, en la que los hombres a traves de los siglos filosofaran bajo la luz de la revelacion divina. Durante este ciclo las doctrinas filosoficas poseian un tinte religioso de suerte que se ha compondiado en la famosa frase: "Crede ut intelligas".

Pero la filosofia no podia quedarse para siempre confundida con la teologia, y asi logro purificarse y al mismo tiempo elevarse al cenit de su esplendor por las lumbreras del periodo esclastico. Desde entonces la filosofia se cultivaba independiente de la sagrada teologia para explicar el "por que" de las cosas con sus propias fuerzas. Mas como no todas las cosas estan al alcance de la intelccion humana, la filosofia, cual niño que acude a su madre porque no puede explicar todo, necesita la ayuda de la llamo: "Ancilla est Philosophia Theologia".

Hoy dia el mundo esta lleno de diversas opiniones. Bajo la toga de sabiduria muchos hay que predicar que el hombre vino del mono; que la religion es una ilusion fantastica; que Dios es un mito. Estas son las nuevas ideas filosoficas que pervierten hoy la moralidad, que trastornan la verdad y afligen a la humanidad.

En esta babel de confusion de ideas, sola la Iglesia se mantiene firme, cual roca contra la que baten las olas, pero batiran en vano. Como Ella fue la que salvo la civilizacion antigua de la invasion de los barbaros, asi hoy dia sola ella tiene la filosofia inquebrantable para luchar contra la agudeza y contra las alas de los nefandas ideologias, que buscan la ruina de nuestra civilizacion cristiana.

juicio o interpretacion de cada uno. En cambio, la religion catolica puede llamarse la unica verdadera sin temor porque puede ser probada. La religion catolica es universal: tiene una Cabeza, y un fin. Cuando ensena a sus fieles, esta segura de su ensenanza y puede probarla desde varios puntos de vista y el hombre puede creerlo sin resarva y sin temor de ser engañado.

Por lo tanto, la ensenanza catolica o educacion catolica, es la mejor educacion para la juventud.

CASTELLANA

Que No Muera Cervantes

UNA DE las mejores, que nos legaron nuestros antepasados además de la religion catolica, es el idioma castellano. Pues, como la religion era la que nos libró de las tinieblas del paganismo y supersticion, asi el idioma castellano era el factor principal, que contribuyó mucho a nuestra formacion cultural. Esto se prueba por el hecho de que muchos de nuestros hombres en toda clase de profesion tuvieron su educacion en esta lengua de Cervantes. También nuestras producciones literarias, que hoy dia se leen y se usan en nuestras escuelas tanto obras en prosa como en poesia, debieron su éxito bajo la inspiracion castellana.

Pero hoy dia causa verdadero dolor oir por doquier los suspiros de muchos lamentando el estado actual del idioma civilizador en nuestro suelo. Lo cual arguye que nosotros, los herederos de nuestros padres, hemos descuidado de preservar este tesoro. Pero como un moribundo que puede salvarse todavia de su muerte, asi el castellano ahora en su estado decadente puede salvarse y hacerse rescatar su vigor primitivo. Conviene pues, que hagamos algo, que levantémonos de nuestra apatia y tibiaza, poniendo nuestras manos a la obra para que no sean tardios nuestros esfuerzos para hacer resuscitar el idioma castellano de las cinizas del olvido.

Nuestro intento pues, es llamar a todos los estudiantes de esta venerable Universidad no solamente a balbucear algunas palabras sino también a poderlas escribir. Porque, como dice un adagio, "verba volant, scripta enim manent" así es preciso que aprendan nuestros estudiantes a escribir para que sus escritos sean una piedra para el porvenir. Y de esta manera se conservará la música, la melodia del castellano en nuestra patria oriental.

Por eso, no obstante la dificultad en transmitir en escritos nuestros pensamientos, es nuestro ruego que no se desanimen los demás sino que deban aprovecharse de la ocasion que se les presenta en nuestra revista: La Caroliniana. Además se les asegura que sus articulos de cualquier género literario sean considerados con toda imparcialidad como benéfica contribucion al feliz éxito de nuestra simpática revista.

Realicese pues éste ardiente deseo, que los profesores en general se animen y trabajen bien para hacer el castellano en Nuestra Universidad; que los estudiantes en particular se dediquen al cultivo de este idioma español; y en fin, que todos hagan algo para que no muera Cervantes en esta Perla del Oriente.

por amable tuibeo

They Do Not Tally . . .

Editorial

TOO MANY BAD EGGS?

No society should fear or be ashamed of its own children. Unless, of course, there is something with it, or its children. Society's normal and natural obligation is to treat its young with love and tenderness, not to hound them with sirens and all and then clap them into reformatories and welfare institutions.

The home, the Church and the school are, and should be, designed to train the young in the ways of goodness. And Godliness. They should strive to give what, in the end, will be of benefit to society. Surely, these three agencies can do a great deal of good for our present bumper crop of low-waisted delinquents; also, it can let youth suffer much by its inaction and indifference. Let us look at some stray facts:

Cases of teen-age vandalism and outlawry have often eclipsed the capers of older, hard-bitten criminals in point of daring and cleverness. Instances of stonings, mutilations, even killings, have been reported in certain sections of the press. These, of course, do not include such sundry forms of vandalism as writing on walls, breaking glass windows and other types of rowdyism. Frequently, the leaders of these juvenile gangs are scions of prominent families who can afford to give the best education and training to their children. Why, for instance, should a young man with the means to acquire a decent education, prefer the life of a rough-neck or a goon? Why?

Has the Church been remiss in its mission? Have the schools so deviated from their noble purpose that they have now become a laboratory of vandals? Or have our homes become unfit for the purpose of character training? The Church, for one, has never been found wanting in its desire to do good. The schools, for another, have consistently aimed at training the youth for good citizenship, among others . . . And our homes . . . could the rub be here?

The blaming finger, it has been suggested, should be pointed at all of them and at the teen-ager himself.

We are aware of the solutions offered to stop what has been termed euphemistically as "the teen-age menace." But apparently, as we see by the papers, eruptions of teensters' violence are still a common episode. Until something concrete is done, we cannot but expect more distasteful things to come.

Buddy Quitoria

59 children awaiting parents to claim them at Welfareville

Fifty-nine children ranging from six to 18 are waiting for their parents to claim them at Welfareville.

Dr. Jose J. Vergara, Administration division of parents or relatives of them get in touch with him.

Vergara said many of children were picked up back as 1949 by the public health bureau and turned over to the Welfare office. They were taken from the streets of the city.

Hunt 3 Youths Who Stoned Party

The San Juan (Riala) police launched a hunt yesterday for three youngsters who were among a group of six youths involved in the stoning and wounding of a party.

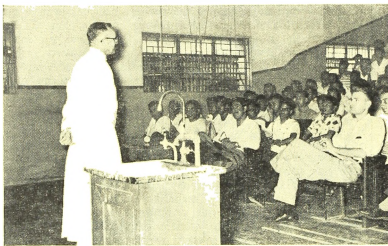
Groups band to stop teenage menace, but proposals clash

This is the third and last article on the problem of juvenile delinquency which had developed seriously in Madison City and surrounding areas. This article describes the plans of various organizations and individuals on how to curb teenage lawlessness, and what they may do when in conflict with each other, they indicate a start toward some solution.

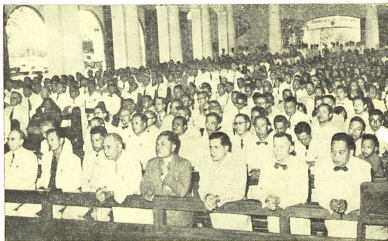
By RODRIGO L. VILLA, Jr.

Assisted by the "teenage menace," the nation's law-enforcement agencies, sociologists, psychiatrists and religious organizations are banding together to

THE HEADLINES



THE SCHOOL



THE CHURCH



REV. JOHN VOGELGESANG, S.V.D.
Moderation with a smile

Carolínians and outsiders alike will notice that the **Carolínian** has a new moderator in the person of our very likeable Fr. John Vogelgesang, S.V.D. whose coming prefaces a new and sturdy chain of developments in the University.

As moderator, he is the staff's guardian and policy-maker. He directs the course which the **Carolínian** takes and, so directing, whatever accomplishment the magazine will achieve cannot but be a reflection on his directorial ability.

Incidentally, Fr. John is our new Dean of Religion, as well as the new head of the English Department. He also edits the **University Bulletin**, a weekly publication of the University which is distributed free to all Carolínians.

He came to USC just this year, last year, he was the Director of the Holy Name College at Tagbilaran, Bohol.

Born on June 8, 1915, at St. Paul,

Minnesota, USA, Fr. John hails from a family of six boys. His early ambition was to become a teaching brother. But as God would have it — "You have not chosen Me but I have chosen you!" — he entered a mission seminary after his eighth grade in the elementary. That was in 1929.

In 1939, with four more years towards ordination he came to the Philippines as a Seminarian. He stayed at Christ the King Mission Seminary until 1942 when finally, he was ordained priest in the Chapel of the Carmelite Monastery.

When the last war broke out, he was in the Catholic Trade School doing editorial work. Later on, the Japs sent him to Los Baños internment camp where he was confined for eight months.

After the war, he went to the United States. His return to the Philippines, a year later, brought him to Laoag, Ilocos Norte. There he was designated procurator, then Dean of the College of Liberal Arts, later, principal of the high school, and finally the Director of St. William College.

In 1952, he was sent to the U.S. to take up graduate studies in English at a Jesuit University, St. Louis. Two years later, he returned to St. William.

Fr. John has contributed several articles to various U.S. magazines. He wrote a booklet about the Catholic Missions in Indonesia. He also wrote articles on the Catholic School system in the Philippines.

Writing is not Fr. John's only forte. He can hold his own in sports, particularly tennis. His second love is baseball. He has only a spectator's interest in basketball.

"As Dean of Religion, Head of the English Department, and Moderator of the **Carolínian**, what plans do you have in mind?" this writer asked him.

Fr. John answered that he would try to stimulate religious and spiritual activities among the students after the manner of his predecessors and that he would strive to improve the English standard of the University. Finally, he said he would try to equal, the standard set by former moderators of the **Carolínian** so that the paper would continue to be truly representative of student opinion and thought. As a preliminary step, a University English Club will be organized with membership open to all interested students, especially those who have English as their major or minor subject. This club will discuss various aspects of English literature along with original compositions of students during its periodic meetings.

When asked about his impression of USC students and faculty members, Fr. John replied:

"The students are friendly; the faculty members are sincere and interested in their work."

Our impression of the subject of this interview is:

Fr. John is the **smilingest** and the most fatherly Father we have ever met!

by Adelino B. Sitoy

What Every Family
Should Possess To Keep
The Records Straight . . .

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