

Caroliniana

by BUDDY QUITORIO

THIS off-beat, off-color role of editing a paper is some job. The deadline, that unforgiving deadline, which ordinarily does not form a part of a dreamer's repertoire, has hounded us so often that, as a subject matter for nightmares, it is vastly more dreadful than anything Hollywood can offer in its horror files. To paraphrase a campus wit, woman is only woman but a deadline's a good scare.

THE SUMMER DEADLINE

This issue, like most of the previous issues, suffered from acute literary shortage. We had to frisk our acquaintances for contributions at penpoint, post two-toned announcements to line up a few customers, and we personally tidied-up the *Carolinian* mailbox to snare unsuspecting manuscripts into print. But except for a few articles which were fairly printable, our first call was greeted by nothing but a few oddities in the form of two bent twigs and a really forlorn-looking butterfly. Naturally, we were not prepared to edit these materials because they were quite a new twist to the writing business. More articles tipped later, but the authors did not try hard enough to make them glow, literariously. Well, we were able to save a couple of manuscripts from the editorial wreckage and that was some relief because we were able to go on from there.

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THE March issue of this magazine, which capped off the eventful editorship of Tommy Echivarre, earned for us, and for Tom specially, several flattering praises. The letter to Tom from Hon. Solero B. Cabahug, who was featured in the March number, is about the most soothing and soul-lifting kind of praise to come in our direction. We are happy and proud to reproduce these lines:

"I have just read the March issue of the CAROLINIAN,

Thank you so much for the kind and charitable article you wrote about me. I enjoyed very much reading it, not because of egoistic sentiment but because of the fact that it was well-written and presented.

Permit me to compliment you on the way you have run the CAROLINIAN. Terry and Naring told me that it is now very much better than what

it used to be when they were still in San Carlos. And this March issue I have just received can certainly stand on its own compared to other school organs in Manila.

Please convey my sincere thanks to Mr. Verallo, who referred to me as "great" in his ROTC Briefs..."

Our jubilation stems not from the complimentary tone of the letter as from the fact that it came from Justice Cabahug, a man whose honesty made him great and whose penchant for straightforward, candid speech is known and admired in the high echelons of officialdom. Coming from a man of few words, the letter was, to be truthful, something of a windfall! Thank you, sir.

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OUR credit line for this issue begins with the delineation on "Catholic Education" by USC's Most Distinguished Son, Ex-President Sergio Osmeña, Sr. The discourse is simplicity itself and reflects the homespun philosophy of an eminent man whose Faith in God and man has given him the grace and gift that few men ever achieve: Peace. Ex-President Osmeña explains the merits of Catholic education and we are sure that after reading him, you will be proud of the name *Carolinian*. Another "heavy" on Philosophy totes the byline of Mr. Antonio Siyangco, who gives the once-over to Man's starry-eyed search for peace and the possibility of One World. The scholarly treatment of the subject is, as the first few lines will suggest, addressed to the heart and to the conscience, which fact makes the article proper literary fare for people who "can't see eye to eye" or who think that "the world is not enough for all of us." The staff's own Ross Escobar, the guy with the crew cut whose *bon mots* ought to be anthologized and whose romantic frustrations ought to be set out in chronological order, comes up with his "expurgated, hysterical account" of the *Carolinian*, from the time of now Moderator Atty. Fulvio C. Pelaez to the reign of "Tummy" Echivarre. The feature is not designed to malign anyone but treats the whole *Carolinian* saga in light vein. It is guaranteed to make the reader's summer temperature go down the chart. The maiden issue of *El Estudiante*, the original monicker of the "C", could have been mistaken for the first printed trivia of Johann Gutenberg. But then, those were the days.

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CAROLINIANA

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OUR CREDIT DEPARTMENT

THE "Triot" has worked big havoc on the student's funnybones. That probably explains why it has no many fans who keep asking for more of Narciso's and Tibur's misadventures. Narciso adopted a new angle after he realized that his boogie blooper nullified his chances of impressing Helynn. He has revised his strategy so he entered summer school and got himself a degree. Tibur has his own style of paying court. In this issue, he goes rural and serenades his ladylove but Helynn remains as cool as a cucumber in a frigidaire embedded in an iceberg. Apparently, the fighting will go on until one of the suitors finally slips the ring on Helynn's finger. Still on the lighter side, we have *Clomen Verallo's* "Autobiography of an Uncertified Public Accountant," a tragi-comic wail over the rough and tumble of student life. The article tends to emphasize vocational counselling on a laughing scale. Our offering in prose-poetry starts with Mrs. *Carolina Quibilan-San Luis*' "Intermezzo," a personified and, in sportswriters' alley, a play-by-play account of the cycle of night, dawn and day.

When dreams become shattered and we find only the shreds, ruins and fragments of what once a beautiful thing, we can always build ourselves, as *Violeta Dejaros* says, "A Second Rainbow." And when the blackbird calls at the threshold so that the forces that shape man may decide his fate as they sit in judgment upon him, there is, in the grim and forbidding lines of *Edith Ocante*, no alternative but "To Wait Forever."

"Lure of the City" (not to be confused with the pictorial *Tragedy of a City*), is the story of a farmhand who tendered his resignation to become some kind of a rebel without a plow. *Isidoro*, the main character, and we say *ch-a-r-a-c-t-e-r*, goes to the city and spies the ways of a Tondo slicker. He returns to his burg and . . . don't you think we ought to let Sityo do the explaining? "Heartbeat" is another short story on what-else-but. Points out the fact that girls will be always girls.

The rest of the staff deserve the glad hand, too, but they are usually very shy about taking credit for what they do. Our artist, *Dick Caballo* is one guy who knows his way around and that is often way out of the Kleig lights. He just isn't cut out for the spotlight although he has won public acclaim. He is the true artist whose best companion in life is the color of sunset or the flush of dawn. *Sommy Fabroz* is a fellow we frankly cannot do without. He is in many places at once, being the newscribe, handling other feature stories, hoofing it every which way for

write-ups on students and visiting greats and near-greats. The credit line ends with thanks to Tommy and Nene Ranudo for teaching us a few tricks of the editorial trade. Oh, by the way, the T-V creation called "Heartbeat" is something to harrumph about it is another variation on a theme which started when Adam found out the apple was an edible thing.

A newspaperman's work is supposed to be a respectable one. We cannot advertise too loudly how the dissemination of truth is a unique public service, how the press can be, and indeed it is, powerful enough to wipe out popular diseases by rousing public opinion. Newspapers can make presidents as quickly and efficiently as it can depose tyrants. The press is an institution, which society has long since respected for the power it wields and the good it can do. But it can also become an instrument of evil and destruction when its minions become vengeful and are minded only to ventilate their private grudges no matter who gets hurt in the process.

The reported closure of the University of San Carlos, carried by a PNS report which appeared in metropolitan dailies, is a case in point. The alleged padlocking was reported to be an offshoot of the babel of "yeahs" and "nays" over the controversial Rizal Bill. How the report ever came to be written and from what source the prevarication was extracted are two things which pass our understanding.

ABOUT OTHER THINGS
The reporter was probably, as he usually is, after hot copy; or, maybe, he had an axe to grind. Whatever he was after, he showed only too clearly that he was not above lying and hurting other people to have his report printed.

The University of San Carlos has survived more trying hardships than twisted news accounts and irresponsible reporters. It is one of the oldest schools in the Philippines today and it shall outlive many other newshounds who have no right to stay a minute longer in the field of journalism.

We have a blue-blooded Carolinian to thank for calling our attention to the utter lack of respect we display by stepping on the institutional seal on the floor of the main lobby. We hope something can be done to avoid a repetition of the unfortunate act.

The latest developments in the august halls of Congress make us more and more alive to the imperative need of electing officials who are sympathetic to the cause of the Catholics. We need public officials who can stand up to defend our Faith from attacks directed against it . . . men who love their religion better than their reelection.

Ah, summer . . . this is the season for fainting spells, heatwaves, crimewaves and permanent waves . . . this is the time for tempers to ascend the ladder and for the sweat glands to work overtime . . . this is also the time for us to fAdEoU. . .