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Miss Regina Terrenal

the CAROLINIAN

pensées

● by
carmen t. fernández
bsc 1



People come and people go, and like the shadow, they move unnoticed. People talk but most do not make sense.

There are people in whom you see nothing but silence, a deep silence, and a silence that speaks for itself. It is like a whisper in a crowded room. You can hardly hear it, but when you do, all else is noise and there is only the whisper.

Great minds move along the crowd. They do not speak. They only whisper.

They whisper about many things.

Some whisper about life.

Poe whispered from the grave in a gloomy, funereal voice, "the sickness, the nausea, the pitiless pain have ceased... with the fever called 'living' that burned in my brain..."

Sophocles has his own say about it. "Call no man fortunate that is not dead. The dead are free from pain."

"The dead are free from pain." But only the living experience joy!

There are people who live under a cloud of gloom, people who live through life in imagined and self-imposed sorrows. And to others, a gloomy past is as present to them as the present gloom. But for most, it is because they do not let the light in, they do not take the dark glasses off.

Speaking of dark glasses...they irritate me sometimes, especially when worn inside a building on a rainy day. Of course, there are some styles meant for certain ends. But I do not see any reason for them

except maybe for reasons of taste. Well, I must say that it's really a matter of taste.

Maybe even politics is as much of a matter of taste just as dancing is, or standing straight, or sitting erect. I know of some who believe that they have no reason to be sitting erect or walking straight when they feel a whole lot more comfortable doing otherwise. Others don't dance because they don't see any form of enjoyment in dancing. Maybe it's not really being a nonconformist. Maybe it's all a matter of personal or individual opinion. Individuality is a matter of taste and it can be interesting indeed.

But of course, tastes may not always be reasonable...most especially when they don't conform to yours.

Individuality is a concept worth contemplating about. But there are times when it is often threatened by a confusion of words and personalities, of formalities and procedures. And I must say that individuality preserved in any atmosphere of confusion is a form of conquest.

Individuality might be parallel to "making one's identity realizable." Students engage in a Movement which is of worldwide concern. Their cause? "More than anything else, I want a world where we're free to be human to each other." It is a noble ideal.

It is always edifying to know that there are people whose interests are those of charity, of spreading brotherly love and joy. Some even ascend from the level of brotherly love to the very love of Christ. Their bloodstream is one passage from the Gospels: "Love one another as I love you."

But it is such a pity that people get squeamish when one talks about these things. Perhaps it is because it constitutes one primal, underlying principle of life which demands a very high price — self-abandonment — which not everyone can afford to pay. There are people who prefer to be human when they can be divine.

But let's not approach the subject in such a negative way. After all everyone is good. Allowances should be made for mistakes, conscious or unconscious. It is said that the strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak.

But let's not talk about such delicate things.

Let's talk about the Filipino.

Maybe we have never conceived of the Filipino as a superior being. Maybe he's not, but he's different. And the difference indeed is unique. My friend when she was in the States said that European and American boys prefer the Filipina to others because she is very reserved. They love our songs. I, myself, find our own folk dances very beautiful. Maybe it's because I wasn't exposed to it before as I am now, and as all the rest are, to the tom-tom music of the Indians and the Africans. But there is such contrast. And it adds to the loveliness.

It seems that everything Philippine is lovely — except for politics maybe. Issues range from forgery to land-grabbing, the Meralco and integrity.

And what about campus politics? There's only one thing I can say about it. It's interesting, very interesting, indeed. For some, it is interesting to the point of being humorous.

At certain moments, things seem to us very interesting. Even the commonest object seem to us lovely, like seeing a rose in an old vase, or a tree against the night sky, or even the face of an old man. Some people call it "epiphanies."

But there are times, too, when moments can be boring, moments when you feel hollow inside for no reason at all, when you don't feel like doing anything.

Like now.

in reply to mr. mil

We have taken the trouble of answering Mr. Mil's article — Academic Freedom and Studentship (cf. page 11) because it does not represent the truth concerning academic freedom at the University of San Carlos. The article, if left unanswered, tends to put not only the University, not only her students, but also this magazine, in bad light before the eyes of the reading public here and abroad, however good Mr. Mil's intention may be.

Mr. Mil's article, insofar as it assumes as true, without valid proof, that academic freedom or, as he calls it, the exercise of the open mind, is limited at the university by the university authorities (who else?), is highly fallacious; he commits the fallacy of *assumptio non probata*, assuming as true something which is yet to be proved. On paragraph 3 of his article, he says:

"Much is observed regarding the limited academic freedom or limited exercise of the open mind in this university. Call it nix, but it's true."

He cites as proof, that (a) there has not been a single student rally in this university, (b) not a single dissenting voice in the school paper, (c) not a single organization yet formed strong enough to stand on its commitments, favorable or unfavorable to the administration. Let us take them one by one:

(a) Does Mr. Mil mean to say, that the presence of student rallies bespeak of the existence of academic freedom in the university, and that, as a logical consequence, their absence prove the contrary? Obviously, this is the necessary implication of Mr. Mil's statement. Analyzing it, we see that Mr. Mil is telling us: Academic freedom is limited or restricted at the University of San Carlos because there has not been a single student rally there. We have not heard of any student rally held at Ateneo de Manila University, or at the University of Santo Tomas, or in any of the universities in Cebu City. Can we rightfully and logically assert then that academic freedom is being restricted or limited in these universities? Following Mr. Mil's reasoning, this seems to be the conclusion. But what a conclusion! Ateneo? limiting academic freedom? University of Santo Tomas? This can't be! But it is, Mr. Mil seems to tell us. Clearly, this is a fallacy — quite often committed by many, and Mr. Mil has shown himself to be not an exception — the fallacy of *non-sequitur*. — "it does not follow" or of false cause — assigning a wrong cause to a certain effect.

(b) The same observation in the preceding paragraph applies to Mr. Mil's second proof of limited academic freedom at the University, namely that there has not been a single dissenting note in the school paper. He commits for the second time the fallacy of *non-sequitur*. We would like to add, however, that there has not been an instance — at least during our stewardship that THE CAROLINIAN has rejected any article for the mere reason of censorship in the sense that Mr. Mil would like to tell us.

(Continued on page 49)

USC NEWS

■ ADMINISTRATION

FR. PRESIDENT APPOINTED CURATOR OF THE ACADEMY FOR INTERCONTINENTAL CONTACTS

In St. Augustine's near Bonn, an Academy for Intercontinental Contacts has been established. Its main purpose is to create an understanding of the many problems affecting men of the different continents. The Academy is an international organization. Father President Rahmann has been appointed a Curator of the Academy. As such he represents its interest in the Philippines.

ARCHBISHOP ROSALES BLESSES USC CENTER FOR THE POOR

On Sunday, August 15, the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, Archbishop Julio Rosales blessed the San Carlos Center for the Poor. After the blessing, he celebrated Holy Mass in the Chapel of the Center. The efforts of apostolic souls and the gifts of generous benefactors made it possible to put up a quite beautiful Chapel.

After Holy Mass, the Archbishop gave an inspiring sermon to the good people present. They had indeed come in large numbers; including the children, there were 1,300 of them. Nobody had anticip-

ated that there would be so many; as a matter of fact, for the little treat given to them after the ceremonies, four hundred additional breakfast rations had to be bought hurriedly.

The Archbishop was received at the Center by the Father President and the Vice-President. Monsignor Tomas Maglasang, Pastor of the Cathedral to which the Center belongs, also came to greet the Archbishop. The ceremonies were further attended by Mrs. Luisa Pido, Treasurer of the Cebu Catholic Aid, and City Councilor John H. Osmeña. Likewise were present Sister Superior Charity, the Directress of our Girls High School, and Sister Bernadette who for some years already has taken care of the liturgical vestments of the Center. Father Fermin Dichoso, who is in charge of the services in this Center had, in coopera-

tion with Mrs. Amparo Dorotheo and her husband as well as a group of USC faculty members and students, prepared everything in a perfect way for the ceremonies. The Archbishop was deeply impressed by the active and devout way in which the simple folks participated in the celebration of the Holy Mass which was also attended by the SVD seminarians of the Boys' High School.

While the Archbishop, Councilor Osmeña, and Father Rahmann were taking breakfast in the Dorotheo residence, the ladies took care of the poor. (Monsignor Maglasang and Father John had to leave earlier because of their Sunday assignments).

Every Sunday morning, some physicians and nurses of the Cebu Velez Hospital render free services to the poor in the clinic of the Center. The Administration of the University of San Carlos expresses its profound gratitude to Dr. Jacinto Velez, the director of the Velez Hospital, as well as to the doctors and nurses who come to the clinic for this noble work of mercy. A cordial word of thanks goes also to all members of the USC family, who on Sunday mornings give catechetical instruction to the children coming to the Center.

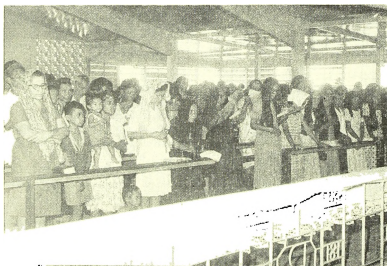
Councilor Osmeña brought Father Rahmann in his car back to San Carlos, and on the way and before they departed from each other, further plans concerning the development of the Center were discussed. Our distinguished alumnus, Councilor Osmeña, spontaneously offered his special support for the Center.

The Center was very dear to our former Rector, Father Harold Rigney, and he continues to have an active interest in it.

It will be recalled that His Eminence Ildebrando Cardinal Antonietti, the Papal Legate to the Fourth Centennial Ce-



The Newly Elected
USC FACULTY CLUB OFFICERS FOR 1965-66
(see pictorial section for details)



After the blessing the Archbishop celebrated Holy Mass in the Chapel of the Center. At extreme left Mrs. Amparo Dorotheo, the "good angel" of the Center.

lebrations, visited the Center on April 30, and made a substantial donation to it.

It may be also mentioned here that Joseph Cardinal Frings, the Archbishop of Cologne, gave Father Rahmann, when he visited His Eminence on December 7, 1964, nearly P3,000 for the Center as a Christmas gift.

With the interest and encouragement of the ecclesiastical as well as civil authorities and the cooperation of so many friends, it will certainly be possible to further develop the Center and achieve its ultimate goal, namely, to put as many families as possible economically on their own feet so that they themselves can provide for their material needs.

On a moderate scale, a kind of cottage industry has already been organized, and it is hoped that it can be expanded soon.

May Our Lord abundantly reward all those who in one way or other give their moral as well as material support, and their regular personal help and service to the Center.

FATHER BUSTOS IS NEW SECRETARY GENERAL

Rev. Anselmo Bustos, S.V.D., whose appointment as secretary-general of the University of San Carlos was announced last summer, arrived on August 3, 1965. He will take the place of Father Gregorio I. Pizarro, S.V.D., who is presently undergoing his tertianship at the Divine Word Missionaries House at Nemi, Italy.

Father Bustos, who hails from Pampanaga, was until his new appointment, the director of the Divine Word High School in Sorsogón. He is also the national chaplain of the Barangay sa Birhen. Father Bustos has also served as national director of the Propagation of the Faith in the Philippines. He has also been assigned as procurator to various SVD seminaries in the Philippines. For several years he was the parish priest of the Immaculate Conception Parish in Cubao, Quezon City.

NEW MENTORS ANNOUNCED

Owing to a marked increase in enrollment for the current semester, (600), the USC Administration found it necessary to take in additional members to the faculty. Following is the list of new teachers according to departments, as released by the respective deans or heads:

I. GRADUATE SCHOOL

1. Abayan, Perfecto — M.A. Econ. (UST)
2. Yap, Elsa — M.A. Educ. (USC) M.S. Ling. (UCLA)
3. Rosegrant, William — (Fulbright Professor)

II. COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS & SCIENCES

THEOLOGY

1. Cortés, Flora — A.B. (USC)
2. Pernia, Ernesto — A.B., Th.B. (UST)
3. Enerio, Ignacio — A.B. (USC)

ENGLISH

1. Bulabog, Praxedes — B.S.E. (USC)
2. Cañizares, Potenciano Jr. — Ll. B. (USC)
3. Enage, Thelma — A.B. (STC)
4. Matheu, Josefina — A.B. (USC)
5. Munro, Stanley — M.A. Chinese Lang. & Ling., (Univ. of Hawaii)
6. Rosegrant, William — (Fulbright Professor)
7. Teves, Angel — A.B., Ll.B. (UV)

SPANISH

1. Balbuena, Thelma — B.S.E. (USC)
2. Camacho, Carolina — A.B. (USC)
3. Lira, Arturo de — A.B. (Letran)
4. Sarthou, Pilar — B.S.E., MA (UV)

PSYCHOLOGY

1. Mendoza, Agustín — A.B., B.S.C. (USC)

SOCIAL SCIENCES

1. López, Rogelio — A.B. (USC)
2. Roa, Carmen — A.B. (UP)

BIOLOGY

1. Cariso, Emperatriz — B.S.E. (UP)
2. Espiritu, Trinidad — M.D. (CIT)
3. Jumalon, Humaida — B.S.E. B.S. Zool (USC)
4. Soco, Fe — M.D. (CIT)

CHEMISTRY

1. Chia, Rita — M.S. Chem (Univ. of California)

III. TEACHERS COLLEGE SECONDARY EDUCATION

1. Munro, Aileen — B.S.E. (USC) M.A. Guid. Univ. of Hawaii)
2. Tan, Erlinda — B.S.E. (USC)
3. Barba, Elena — B.S.E., M.A. Educ. (USC)

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION

1. Geronilla, Azucena — B.S.E.Ed. (USC)

2. Warque, Tevesita — R.N. (SPSN), B.S.E. (USC)

HOME ECONOMICS

1. Cedefa, Salustiana — B.S.E. (STC)

IV. COLLEGE OF COMMERCE

1. Revilles, Josefa — B.S.C. (STC)

V. COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING AND ARCHITECTURE

1. Dimagiba, Ely (USC)
2. Uy, Fedrito — B.S.C.E., B.S.E.E. (USC)

VI. PHARMACY

1. Meraado, Lolita — B.S. Pharm. (USC)

USC PUBLISHERS REPORT ON CEBUANO MARRIAGES

Current awareness of the need to know the Filipino better has prompted a study of marriage customs among rural Cebuano published in a 77-page monograph released this week by the University of San Carlos. This is said to be the most recent study on the subject. A previous report in Spanish was made in 1929.

Written by Dr. Lourdes R. Quisumbing, member of the USC Graduate School faculty, the new study, entitled "Marriage Customs in Rural Cebu," is the sixth faculty work published by San Carlos Publications and the third in the Humanities series.

"Marriage customs, beliefs, and practices form part of the mores of a society," Dr. Quisumbing states in her preface and adds that characteristic ways of thinking and doing reflect and influence a people's mentality. This study then assumes a historical and cultural significance, as it provides data valuable to social scientists and educators.

In compiling data for the study, Dr. Quisumbing employed the explorer method and the interview. Investigations were conducted in towns and barrios of Cebu province, which has the second largest population in the Philippines (1,535,000 in 1963) and is the center of the Visayan region. Reliable persons, parish priests, and town officials aided the author with their own inquiries. Interviews were made with older residents, barrio folks, friends, small landowners, and household helpers.

Earlier studies have also been made on Philippine marriage in general by Alip, Zaide, Blair and Robertson among others, as well as research on specific groups by Vanoverbergh, Lambrecht, E. G. Bielous and Cooper, dated between

the years 1910-1930. However, Dr. Quisumbing states, "much remains to be done about scientific investigations concerning marriage and family life situations which form an integral part of the character of the people."

(Correspondence about this recent monograph may be addressed to Editorial Office, San Carlos Publications, University of San Carlos, Cebu City. Foreign distribution is handled by The Collar Book Shop, 18090 Wyoming, Detroit, Mich., U.S.A.)

■ GRADUATE SCHOOL

NEW MASTERS OF ARTS

The recent summer term saw a new crop of successful masters of arts in various fields.

1. MR. JAISURIND JUMSUPANVAREE, a candidate for a Master of Science degree in business administration, successfully defended his thesis entitled "A Study of the Central Banking Systems in Thailand with Reference to Some Banking Practices in the Philippines," in an oral examination held recently.

2. Our congratulations go to MR. HERMAN JOSEPH SERAN, a candidate for an M.A. in English who defended his thesis, "Dialectic Elements of Panchatantra Origin in Indonesian Fables and Their Social Values." Mr. Seran passed *cum laude*.

3. Another graduate student, MISS VICTORIA YAU CHUA, passed her M.A. in Education when she successfully defended her thesis entitled "An Analytic Interpretation of the Personality Factors of 628 BSEED Women Students of the University of the Visayas as Compared to Those of 600 BSEED Women Students of the Divine Word College, Tagbilaran, Bohol."

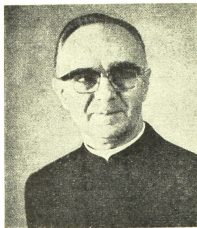
4. MRS. LEONISA L. RAMAS (see Scholarship Grantees, p. 6) is the last but not the least of our new masters.

USC extends warm congratulations to these new masters degree holders.

■ COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS & SCIENCES

FATHER LORBACH GOES ON HOME LEAVE

Rev. Father Hubert Lorbach, SVD, left Cebu last August 9, 1965, for a vacation in his home country, Germany.



REV. FR. HUBERT LORBACH
on home leave

Father Lorbach joined the teaching staff of USC four years ago after celebrating his silver jubilee in the priesthood. Of his twenty-five years as priest, he had spent one in Rome, twelve in China, three in the USA, six in Germany, and three in Dagupan City, Philippines, where he was director of the St. Therese's Chinese Academy, now the Divine Word High School. In San Carlos he has been teaching religion and physics; at present he is head of the Physics Department, college section. Fr. Lorbach hopes to catch a bit of a nice German summer. He is prepared for a real winter with ice and snow and long frosty nights. If things develop according to plans, he will return some time in March 1966, after having enjoyed one month's vacation for every year spent in the Philippines.

ALPHA SIGMA ELECTS OFFICERS

The Alpha Sigma Fraternity, an exclusive fraternity of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences elected its new officers during its first regular meeting recently under the advisement of Prof. Samson Lucero. The following were elected:

Francisco E. Legaspi *Grand Chancellor*
Manuel Juanillo ... *Prime Chancellor*
Jimmy Chan ... *Auxiliary Chancellor*
Seifredo Jalalon *Keeper of the Rolls*
Tito Orig ... *Guardian of the Treasury*
Jude Doblaz ... *Manager of the Coffers*
Antonio Baguio ... *Chronicler*
Norberto Cuizon ... *Business Manager*
Roman Sy ... *Wielder of the Sword*
Antonio Sapayan *Wielder of the Sword*

This Fraternity which was founded last January by a group of enterprising young men has sponsored the following major projects: helped in the collection of gifts in cooperation with the "Operation Bundle of Joy" for the indigents last X'mas, sponsored a USC Tourist Guide

during Centennial Celebration, and recently rendered an enrolment guide service for newcomers during the entire registration period.

Plans of sponsoring the following are underway.

1. To foster Christian brotherhood and unity among the men students of the College.
2. To represent the College as a symbol of unity and dynamism in university activities.
3. To provide academic incentives in any form not only among the members but also among the other students of the said College.
4. To serve as a training ground for leadership and gentlemanly conduct.

Presently, the Fraternity is preparing for their Annual symposium on "The Making of a Gentleman" which will be held on August 29 at A-V Center.

Last April, during its first annual honoring of graduates and outstanding members, the following members were awarded for excellence in their respective fields:

Roberto Velasco *Academic*
Frank Legaspi *oratory*
Lew Hortillosa *poetry*
Ben Bordaiba ... *devotedness to duty*
Jimmy Chan ... *devotedness to duty*

The Fraternity wishes also to congratulate the following successful members: Roberto Velasco — Pre-Med '65, *magna cum laude*, for passing the UP Medical Entrance exam; Arturo Tiu — AB '65, for passing the UP College of Law Entrance exam; and Lew Hortillosa — PM '65 for passing the UST Medical Entrance exam.

PROFESSOR JUMALON GOES ON FIELD TRIP

Professor Julian Jumalon of the biology department is once again blazing Nature's trail through a series of short field trips in connection with the Rhoploceera Cebuana research project currently in progress. A stint at Camp 7 resulted in new discoveries of heretofore unrecorded species of the altitude. This "limbering up" will prepare him for the 3-month expedition to Negros, Davao and Palawan with the micro-lepidoptera expert, Dr. Don Davis of the Smithsonian Institute of Washington. The pair will stay a full month in each province starting September 15 and return on December 15 this year. Dr. Davis will trap micros at night using black light, while Professor Jumalon will concentrate on diurnal lepidoptera, and at the same time act as guide and interpreter.

■ COLLEGE OF COMMERCE

NF-JPIA MEETS IN CEBÚ FOR 2ND NATIONAL QUARTERLY SESSION CAMPOS WINS

The two-day second quarterly session of the officers and Board of Directors of the National Federation of Junior Philippine Institute of Accountants was held in Cebu City in June. Eight delegates from various universities in Manila and two from Mindanao came to attend the session. Several other JPIAs of the Cebu Federation of JPIA, including Carolinian JPIAs took part in the activities.

The delegates had their first meeting at the University Audio-Visual Center during which legal problems connected with the affiliation of the NF-JPIA with the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) and the International Students Association (ISA) were discussed. The chairman of the meeting was the Leyteño NF-JPIA president, Ernesto Montejo of FEU. In the afternoon of the first day was a guided city tour.

The site of the next meeting was CSJ-R. The chairman this time was our own Frank Seno, External Vice-President of the USC-JPIA and Vice-Chairman of the Board of Directors. Discussions for the formation of the JPIA Secretariat and changes in the set-up of the officers took place. Evelyn Creencia, USC-JPIA Internal Vice-President, was appointed Asst. Executive Secretary while a JPIA from UV was appointed editor of the "Newsletter", NF-JPIA organ.

The Third National Convention of the NF-JPIA is fixed to be on November 25 to 28, 1965, during the last meeting at CIT. It will be held at Baguio City. Atty. Lara of FEATI, legal adviser of the NF-JPIA presided the meeting.

The session wound up with a joint PICPA-JPIA affair at the Casino Español.

The Manila delegates were so impressed of the Cebu JPIAs' warm cordiality and unequalled cooperation that made the session a success that they are to send us here a token of their appreciation—a plaque, they said.

CAMPOS WINS AKA SCHOLARSHIPS

The search for a scholar by the ALPHA KAPPA ALPHA fraternity ended with the selection of Reineria Matabalan Campos, an honor graduate of the USC Girls High School Department. Applicants were subjected to two sets of examinations. Only four passed the first set, including Miss Campos, who later topped the second set. Final selection was made

following the advice of Father Luis E. Schonfeld, SVD, dean of student affairs; Mrs. Juliana Ordon, psychologist; Mr. José Teeson, dean of the college of commerce, and asst. dean Vicente Gorre.

This scholarship grant is one of the projects of the ALPHA KAPPA ALPHA, an exclusive fraternity of the college of commerce.

Following are its officers:

Grand Akan	Rodolfo Salcedo
Deputy Grand Akan	Henrio Chan
Scroller	Morito Loy
Exchequer	Carlos Tapaít
Informant	Wilfredo Cardona
Comptroller	Rex Acosta
Business Manager	Roberto Lim
Chaser	Hiroose Delaven
	Pedro Balaba
Adviser	Mr. Rafael Mayol



REV. RAYMOND KOLK, S.V.D. Ph.D.
a scholar who came home

■ TEACHERS COLLEGE

FR. KOLK RETURNS — IS APPOINTED DEAN

The Rev. Raymond F. Kolk, S.V.D. returned to University of San Carlos after a five-year absence, on August 19, 1965. He had been away for further studies at the University of Notre Dame in the United States and recently received his doctoral degree in the field of education.

A whole new generation of students has since passed through the university: those who would remember him are now well up in their studies on the college level having graduated from the Boys' High School where he assisted for some years. While he may be a stranger to many students, he is not a stranger to Cebu, its schools, its sports, and its religious life.

Fr. Kolk spent six years up in Vigan, Ilocos Sur, when he first arrived in the Philippines shortly after the war. In 1952 he returned to the United States and earned an M.A. in Education at the De Paul University in Chicago. From 1954-56, upon his return, he assisted at Holy Name College in Tagbilaran, Bohol, when he was transferred to the University of San Carlos to devote his time to the Boys' High School.

He will be found on campus occupying the office of Fr. Buechik as the newly appointed dean of the College of Education. We hope that his association with the student body at the University will continue to be as warm as it was when he was here before.

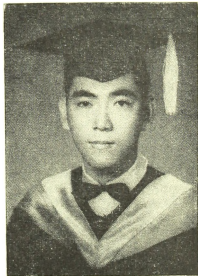
■ COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING & ARCHITECTURE

USC GRAD IS SECOND PLACE IN ENGINEER TEST

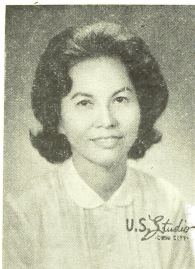
The University of San Carlos copped second place in the board examinations for civil engineers given last year, it was officially announced yesterday.

The board toponotcher was Engineer Napoleon G. Co, son of Mr. and Mrs. Co Tiong and assistant manager of the Cebu Oversea Hardware in Cebu City. Engineer Co had a rating of 83.75. Finishing his engineering course at USC in 1963, he took his pre-board review last year at the Cebu Professional Training Institute. He was one of the examinees representing only 38% of those who successfully passed the board.

Other USC Civil Engineering candidates who passed said board examinations are: Eddie Baño, Aproniano Estoque and Jorge Boco.



NAPOLEON G. CO
copped Second Place



MISS LUZ S. CATAN

■ MISCELLANEOUS

SCHOLARSHIP GRANTEES

Once again, USC is proud to announce that a number of its faculty members and graduates have been picked out for scholarships abroad. This is in line with the University's policy of encouraging worthy and talented students and instructors to specialize in their individual fields of study to their utmost capacity by accepting scholarship offers for abroad.

1. The British Embassy in Manila informed Miss LUZ CATAN, dean of the College of Pharmacy, that she has been awarded a one-year British Council scholarship. The award consists of studies in two or three different schools of phar-



MISS NORA PANGALO
For her a well-deserved scholarship.

macy and visits to a number of different hospitals in London and the provinces.

Miss Catan's programme starts with an attendance at the British Pharmaceutical Conference at Cardiff in Wales from September 6-10, 1965. She has already been accepted by the School of Pharmacy of London University for the autumn term, beginning in October, and by the School of Pharmacy of the University of Strathelyde in Scotland for the spring term, beginning in January 1966.

2. In a letter to the Father President of the University, MISS NORA PANGALO requests for a study leave for the school year 1965-1966. Miss Pangalo, who handles various English subjects, has been granted a graduate assistantship in the Department of English of the Catholic University of America. "I am deeply grateful for the opportunity to have served the University of San Carlos. My experience here has indeed been enriching and rewarding and I hope to return to my position in the Department of English after my study abroad."



MRS. LEONISA L. RAMAS
For her an M.A. and a grant.

3. MRS. LEONISA L. RAMAS has been the recipient of a Fulbright-Hays scholarship grant to the University of Colorado in Boulder, Colorado. She expects to stay there for a year and take postgraduate studies on a special aspect of anthropology.

Mrs. Ramas, an A.B. alumna, recently completed her M.A. in anthropology here at San Carlos with her recent successful defense of her thesis, "A Cultural Picture of the Visayans as Derived from the Philippine Islands Edited by Emma Blair and James Robertson." She rated a *magna cum laude*.

MISS BASILISA VILLACORTA, a faculty member of the Home Economics Department, has announced her intention to leave soon for the United States for a vacation trip. She plans to take some



MISS BASILISA HORWITZ VILLACORTA

postgraduate courses there before coming back to USC.

To each of these scholar travelers, our sincerest felicitations.

VISITORS & LECTURERS

DURING the past few months USC played host to a number of outstanding visitors.

1. DR. JUAN SALCEDO JR., chairman of the National Science Development Board (NSDB), paid a visit to the University of San Carlos in early June. On the eve of his visit, he inducted the first officers of the newly formed Cebu Association of Science and Technology (CAST) at the Casino Español. The next day he visited the new USC Technological Center at Talamban, which is under the supervision of Father Philip van Engelen, regent of the College of Engineering and a founding member of CAST. Next stop was the downtown campus of USC with Mrs. Amalia Rodriguez, the regional science promotions officer in Cebu of the NSDB. The party inspected the nuclear physics laboratory and the Department of Anthropology, where they examined the rare collections of prehistoric specimen of Philippine culture. The party was entertained by Very Rev. Father Rahmann, USC president, in his office. Dr. Salcedo expressed his intention to visit USC again in the future, after expressing the tremendous impression that he gathered from his visit.

2. MR. FRANCISCO SIONIL JOSE, noted short story writer and publisher of *Filipiniana*, paid a visit to USC some weeks ago. He conferred with Father Rahmann and Dr. Gertrudes Ang, acting dean of the Graduate School. He also discussed with Father John Vogelgesang, head of the English department, several projects concerning Philippine writing both in English and in the vernacular. Mr. Sionil, who until recently was connected with the ASIT MAGAZINE, is

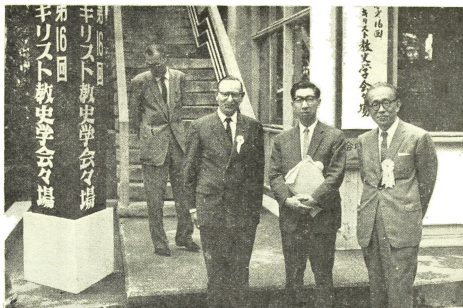
launching the publication of a new literary magazine to be called **SOLIDARITY MAGAZINE**. He urges college students who are interested in writing to send short stories, essays, poems or novels to him for possible publication. Mr. Sionil also asked the cooperation of San Carlos in conducting writing workshops and seminars in Cebu City.

3. **MR. DAVID L. LEAVITT**, assistant architect in the New York and Tokyo firm of Antonin Raymond and L.L. Rado, last week visited the University of San Carlos to make a preliminary survey of the future University site in Talamban. Mr. Leavitt, who has had years of experience in architectural planning, obtained his Master of Architecture degree from Princeton University and is a Fellow of the American Academy in Rome.

The firm of Raymond and Rado did the architectural work for Nanzan University in Nagoya, Japan, which is, as the USC, conducted by the S.V.D. Mr. Raymond, 78, who has designed many of Japan's outstanding structures, was honored by the architectural institute of Japan with its 1965 award for the excellent planning, layout and construction of Nanzan University. It is envisaged that the firm will do the same work for the University of San Carlos in Talamban. It is furthermore planned that Mr. Raymond himself will come to Cebu a few months from now to finalize the tentative layout just prepared by Mr. Leavitt.

4. **DR. CHARLES R. S. MANDERS**, scientific attaché (Counselor) at the British embassies in Tokyo and Manila, arrived at Lahug Airport on July 22. He was welcomed by Mrs. Amalia Rodriguez, Father Hubert Lorbach, and Fathers Philip and Herman van Engelen. The party directly proceeded to the USC Technological Center at Talamban. During his visit, Manders gave to a group of staff members an interesting conference on some recent developments in the coordination of research and education in Great Britain. A physicist himself, he had in previous years designed some apparatuses for the Philip Harris Ltd., a company that manufactures physics equipment for schools in England. The scientist-educator was a guest of the SVD Community during his stay in Cebu City. Before returning to Manila, he expressed the opinion that the USC is fulfilling a great mission in the Philippines.

5. **DR. GREGORIO ZARA**, vice chairman and executive director of the NSDB, spent several days in Cebu City last July with daughters Pacita, an M.D. also connected with the NSDB, and Josephine, an M.S. in business administration from Columbia University. The well-known scientist, who holds the degree of Doctor of Science from the Sorbonne University



Distinguished participants at annual meeting of the Association for the Study of History of Christianity in Japan. Standing in front, left to right: Father Van Zijl, Prince Mikasa, and Dr. Arimichi Ehisawa, President of the Association and professor of the history of early Christianity in Japan at Rikkyo University.

of Paris, was invited to be guest speaker during the commencement exercises at CIT. Dr. Zara's 4-day program of activities included visits to Cebu universities, starting with USC. He spent most of his USC visit in Talamban to see the Technological Center. Dr. Zara and his party were guests of the SVD community at lunch, after which they visited the Anthropology Department. The visit culminated in a dinner at the Cebu Country Club tendered in Dr. Zara's honor by the CAST.

In a letter dated July 2, 1965, Dr. Zara expressed appreciation for the "splendid cooperation extended to the NSDB by the University of San Carlos as host institution in the recently concluded conference on science and mathematics for school administrators."

6. **MR. DONALD CROSSON**, a member of the Catholic Relief Services, Philippine program in Manila, called on Father President Rahmann on Monday, August 16. Mr. Crosson was accompanied by Mrs. Luisa Pido, treasurer of the Cebu Catholic Aid. In the conference that was held, Father Matthias Weber and Mrs. Amparo Dorotheo also took part. Plans for the further development of the work in the USC Center for the Poor were discussed.

FATHER VAN ZIJL ATTENDS MEETING IN JAPAN

Rev. Dr. Theodore P. van Zijl, SVD, currently a professor of history at the

Divine Word University of Nanzan, Nagoya, Japan, attended the sixteenth annual meeting of the Association for the Study of the History of Christianity in Japan. The meeting was held at the Provincial Library of Nagasaki last July 2-5. Father van Zijl gave a talk on "Gerard Groote and the Unity of the Church." Gerard Groote was the great Dutch religious reformer who died in 1384. The brother of Emperor Hirohito, His Highness Prince Mikasa, who has been a faithful member of the Association for more than ten years, was also present at the meeting.

It will be recalled that the June 4 issue of THE UNIVERSITY BULLETIN carried the news item that Father van Zijl had recently been appointed by the Superior General of the Society of the Divine Word to the University of San Carlos. Father van Zijl is expected to arrive in Cebu early next year.

DIEHARDS ARRIVE FROM AUSTRALIA

After twelve months' training at the Australian Officers Cadet School in Portsea, Victoria which ended with their graduation last June 12, former Corps Commander of the Diehards Casimiro Nadela (1962-1963) and his companion, former Corps Ex-O and S3 (Operation and Training) Office Filomeno Garcia arrived here last June 14. Both were commissioned 2nd lieutenants in the Philippine Army upon their graduation.

Cover Story

THERE WERE two sisters, so the Scriptures tell us, and friends of The Master they were. There was that blessed day when The Master came to town and dropped in for a visit. He spoke to the sisters of the beauty and truth of His kingdom. His kingdom was not of this world, He was wont to say, but one could gain admission to it by living in this world in charitable service to one's fellowman. There was beauty in His words, there was inner music in His gentle accents that Mary, the younger, could not but leave all to listen to Him. Martha, left to the kitchen work, complained to the Divine Guest. Did He not see that Mary had left her with the serving? And He replied: "Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is necessary. Mary has chosen the best part which shall not be taken away from her." (Luke 10, 41-42).

Every legitimate occupation is good. Every vocation, every profession is God-given. Even the humble task of street cleaning is a mandate from God. This is so for each task is a form of service, and the only true joy in life can be found in service to others. And the greatness of a task depends not so much on its material returns, but rather on how well it is performed, and to a lesser extent, on how much good it has given to how many. This is a fundamental Christian concept to which the more worldly-inclined may tend to take the opposite view.

But of all worldly tasks, Christ said: one thing is necessary. Knowledgeable Christians need not ask what this one thing might be. To the salvation of our human souls, all other considerations are secondary. It is, according to the Divine Master again, *the best part*.

With this idea presumably in mind, ten women of diverse origins, backgrounds and inclinations left country, family, and the conveniences of modern living to give their time and effort to the poor and un-

Like Mary in the Bible, ten young ladies leave to heed Christ's call — all for love of God

THE BEST

By PRAXEDES P. BULABOG

lettered in the mountain villages of Latin America. Four of them are from Cebú. Regina Terrenal had been with the faculty staff of the University of San Carlos for several years. Nieves Barredo and Estrellita Peggy are graduates of St. Theresa's College, while Chita del Villar is from the Colegio de la Inmaculada Concepción. From Iloilo's Assumption College is Gliceria Mosquera. Another lass which we only know from recent letters as Ludmilla, is a trained nurse from Negros Occidental. Then there are the Maryknoll (Manila) alumnae, Irene Zobieta, Linda Valeriano and Nimfa Bello. An admirably unique case is that of Eleanor Napolitano, who left behind a first class secretarial position in New York to join this society of volunteer lay missionaries.

The Society of God for Humanity

It all started when Father Giuliano Ferrari came here a year ago. Father Ferrari, a handsome, soft-spoken young Swiss-Italian cleric, was sent by his superior, His Eminence Eugene Cardinal Tisserant, who is the head of the world aposto-

lic movement, to recruit lay volunteers for missionary work in South America. After going around the Catholic schools of the city, Father Ferrari came up with the four ladies who were more than willing to heed the call. Father Ferrari's missionary zeal has merited the approval of Cardinal Tisserant and of His Eminence Lawrence Cardinal Jaeger, archbishop of Paderborn, Germany, and a prominent figure in the ecumenical movement.

Although the main job of the volunteer is to teach religion, it is not all that they do. In the Peruvian center for instance, Chita del Villar serves as the Bishop's secretary. Ludmilla, the only trained nurse, couples her nursing duties with catechetical work. The others function as social workers, language teachers, census takers and just about any humanitarian task you can name. But all are by priority catechists, for catechism teaching is the heart and center of their stay in those foreign jungles.

Generous, Warmhearted Spirits

Members of the Society of God for Humanity (the official name

behind the womanly chores of Martha through service to man. Like Mary, they have chosen

PART

of the group) make no vows. The work they do is every kind of apostolic work that is not exclusive of the priesthood, and are under the disposition of the bishops under whom they work. There is an urgent need for doctors, nurses, teachers, social secretaries, and for other such tasks. The pay is roughly the equivalent of thirty Philippine centavos a day, which is a mere pittance. Here it would hardly be enough to pay for a tin of talcum powder. There is nothing by way of material compensation to entice the worldly ambitious. Unselfish sacrifice and a genuine love for people are the factors that drove the volunteers to this materially unrewarding endeavor.

Rough Terrain, Beautiful View

The lay apostles' description of the Latin American terrain and flora makes for an interesting and colorful armchair travelogue. From Quito to Guayaquil, which is the largest town in Ecuador and the biggest port between Los Angeles and Callao (Perú), the girls took an "autoferro" which is nothing but an ancient bus on rails. The picturesque sight of pastoral plains



MISS REGINA TERRENAL
USC's Lay Missionary

complete with sheep and shepherd reminded them of scenes from the Bible. Llama and alpaca abound in great numbers. For over an hour the awesome view of Chimborazo towering majestically over 20,000 feet in perpetual snow was a faithful landmark. A boat ride northwards brought them nearer the Peruvian border. Then followed a journey through a desert so vast that it seemed endless, stretching along the coast from Ecuador to Peru and on to Northern Chile. To the left was an intricate maze of oil pipes, while to the right the blue Pacific gleamed invitingly.

The Places, The Volunteers

In Latin America, the laity is only beginning to recognize its true position in the Church. It has only now become aware of its duties and responsibilities. Many excellently trained lay apostles abound but they waste precious time in discussions and conferences. What is needed is positive action. And this

is where the foreign lay volunteers come in.

Colombia. At the request of the laity, an English language kindergarten and a language academy have been started. Nieves Barredo takes care of kindergarten, while Gliceria Mosquera takes over the language academy. Linda Misa is secretary-treasurer and theologian-consultant. A census of the parish ushered in their activities. They listed 20,000 people. For this number the present group of volunteers is sadly insufficient. It therefore becomes part of their job to train native volunteers to be sent to other areas.

Perú. Since March three lay apostles have been residing in what used to be the parochial house and center of religious congregations. It has ample space for large gatherings and, for miles around, is the only house with running water. In spite of the torrid heat, the volunteers find their work enjoyably edifying.

Bolivia. From this country comes a letter written by Eleanor Napolitano, the New York secretary turned lay apostle. She flew to her Bolivian assignment with Irene Zobieta and Lindita Valeriano of Manila. Their breath-taking flight started when they took off from La Paz, the highest international airport, which rises 4,000 meters above sea level. This is 1,000 meters higher than the loftiest peak in the Philippines. From cold mountain glaciers which set them shivering even inside thick coats, they skinned over the tropical zone.

Everyday Irene wades knee-deep in a river to get to a *balsa* raft that would take her across. From there she walks a mile and a half to Charompampa, where she teaches religion, English, and everything else that she can impart. Her students express their appreciation via various kinds of fruit. At the opposite bank Eleanor has her own class.

The Carolinian Apostolate

Father Ferrari writes that the Filipino lay volunteers have proved themselves capable of their difficult mission. He makes special mention of Regina Terrenal of USC, who he says continues to win ad-

miration from all concerned for her saintly devotion to the apostolic work.

And who is Regina Terrenal?

No neophyte in the missionary field, Miss Terrenal served in the SVD missions of Flores, Indonesia from 1955 to 1958. She hails from Tayum, Abra and shows it by her gentle mien and earnest manner. Hardships there were in Indonesia, but she hardly mentions them. She does talk of the poor there and how badly they needed spiritual and material comforts. Many indeed are called but only a chosen few stick it out. Miss Terrenal easily shows herself to be one of the elect. Her forte, no doubt about it, is religion. Shortly before she left for South America, Miss Terrenal had successfully defended her thesis which earned for her the high academic degree, M.A. in education, *cum laude*. Instead of staying and expecting added privileges to which her new degree entitled her, she gladly left behind her scholastic laurels when Christ called for volunteers to tend to His poor. Many a doubting Thomas in her theology classes were enlightened by her. And little is known of the fact that she has been responsible for not a few conversions.

Miss Terrenal has written twice from her Latin American post where she warmly relates her experiences. *To my joy, I was among the group sent to . . . Our boss, the American prelate, has a big heart . . . the people are sympathetic. . .* are some of her phrases. Not a word of complaint, not one single gripe. Her accounts indicate a warm and generous nature, full of joy and goodwill and kind praises for her fellowman. Amid the freezing cold, the torrid heat, the fatigue and the discomfort, Miss Terrenal can still smile even in her letters.

But if she is sympathetic to individuals, she is rightly critical of a faculty system. Of the people and situations in her mission she writes: "Due to lack of priests, the population here has a very poor standing — morally and spiritually.

The census shows more than 50 per cent illegitimacy. Many men support several women and children on 15 *soles* (about P1.50) a day. Children run around with dirty faces and even dirtier clothing, while the rich wallow in money from vast pump-irrigated fruit and vegetable farms. A man here told me that if the status quo of too much Capitalism and too little charity prevails, Communism will surely invade Peru."

In some places over 80 per cent of baptized men and women live together without benefit of clergy. A large majority have no one to administer to them the Last Rites. The main problem is communications. Many parishes are larger than Cebu province, and most of them are separated by almost impassable rivers and mountains. It is not uncommon for a priest to ride 15 hours to say a second mass on Sundays. This puts him at a disadvantage, costing him much time in travel which he could have spent in actual missionary work.

In her latest letter, Miss Terrenal writes about her new assignment (her third) in La Paz, Bolivia. Her first was in Medellin, Columbia, and her second in Piura, Perú. Excerpts from her letter run: "Our loyalty to and admiration for San Carlos and for all the good principles and advice we got from our professors inspire us to do the best we can in our manifold duties amid the numerous difficulties here in Latin America. We pray that all Carolinians will also realize the precious value of the influence of a good faculty and an active student body, things which are possessed by our dear University of San Carlos."

Another paragraph tells about her new post:

"We were in La Paz from Thursday to Saturday last week. The place is beautiful and a more progressive and bigger version of our Baguio, and of course much colder, it being reputedly the highest capital city in the world (over 4,000 meters high). Were we to stay

here, we would not be able to survive the cold, but we are now in Coroico, a very lovely place where the climate is mild."

Those who wish to communicate with Miss Terrenal may write to her at this address:

c/o Padres Franciscanos
Casilla 2329
La Paz, Bolivia, S.A.

More Volunteers Needed

Father Ferrari is still in dire need of volunteers. He always will be. For as long as spiritual and material poverty remains in those areas the need for lay volunteers will continue to be felt. Monsignor Sheen's message during the Centennial celebration comes back to our mind: If all the unbaptized people in the world were to walk in single file past a given point continuously every second, it would take them 25 years. And if all the hungry people in the world were to walk in single file continuously around the globe, they would circle it six times. Ponder on this.

Should a kindly reader feel it in him to volunteer or to send volunteers, he is requested to write to this address:

Father Giuliano Ferrari
Calle 37 No. 66-A-55
Conquistadores
Medellin — Columbia

Monetary donations are to be sent to the account of Father Giuliano Ferrari, Bankers Trust Company, 750 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y., U.S.A.

AND SO, nine lady lay apostles from the Philippines have done the one thing that is necessary. They have chosen the best part which shall not be taken away from them. No less than Christ's guarantee is in this promise. It shall be with them here and now. It shall remain with them and sustain them one day when the call for a general accounting will be sounded.

Academic Freedom and Studentship

By EDWIN MIL

AB-I

THE ESSENCE of a sound studentship is not just the sheer compliance with university procedures; it is not a simple process of rule and obedience; nor is it the serving of the best interest of the administration in which students get credit for what they ought to learn instead of what they have actually learned. The said impressions reflect an orderly studentship but lack or if not are devoid of color (criticism) and movement (freedom).

Necessity requires the use of the free and exposed mind in any university. If a university is to enhance a well-rounded liberal education, then it should exist as a free market of ideas not of spoon-fed "ought-to-do-these" things. Limited academic freedom in a university would mean the protection of a common prejudice. This should not be so. Inasmuch as any university's existence can be justified only through its commitment to the task of serving the best principles of truth and service, then it should welcome any dissenting opinion, oral or written otherwise it cannot justify its existence.

Much is observed regarding the limited academic freedom or limited exercise of the open mind in this university. I think it is of common knowledge that there has not been a single student rally in this university, not a single dissenting voice in the school paper, not a single organization yet formed strong enough to stand on its commitments, favorable or unfavorable to the administration. This, of course, does not mean that I am expressing disregard to the university's accepted manual of ethics. To think as such would be committing a big mistake. These views do not in any manner advocate rebellion of any kind, the writer being fully aware that such a move would be detrimental to the interests, good image and over-all welfare of

this highly-esteemed university. Such attitude simply ask for a little respect for the free voice from any sector of the student body, in any aspect of university life.

I think every USC student can sense the deep sense of mutual respect among fellow students in this university, each one having a regard of the esteem and high moral values of USC. But as I said the emphasis is not on disrespect but the giving of credit where credit is due and proper, leaving no compromise between truth and error. If issues raised by some students, their opinions should be well-considered as long as their ideas are based on fairness and tempered with a sense of social responsibility.

A university's role is the integration of the human mind and the development of a student's personality. Its power is not dominion over students but as a guideline for every student in his search for "greener pastures". His desire to acquire the best from a college or a university like the USC should not further the interests of only the favored few, or it would be protecting a common prejudice.

The respect for the free voice would then include the lenient censorship in Carolinian contributions to ensure a free student press; an "it-takes-all-kinds" form of elections with emphasis on the open discussion of programs and platforms by the contending parties and a student-sponsored pre-election forum where every student gets the opportunity to hear the merits and demerits of the candidates; a student government purely

for students and by students or the total independence of the student government, meaning the non-interference of the university in student governmental affairs; a creation of a special panel to conduct a series of group discussions or inter-departmental debates touching on any topic from politics to religion; respect for criticism and freedom of in the formation of student organizations as long as these organizations can define its motives, justify its commitments and categorically state its stand. All these things when considered would keep the wheels of sound studentship turning. We the students would like to enjoy fervently these "luxuries" of university life.

There is an asserted combination of minds in this university. There are good students, brilliant students, pseudo-intellectuals and students who have the delusion that they are intellectuals, and the intellectual snobs. But good, brilliant, pseudo-intellectual, or intellectual snobs as they are, their minds have been "dormant", their ideas publicly unexpressed, their views unheard of and their drive and determination restrained. So, I believe it needs more or less another drive to trigger off these sleeping minds and still another drive to keep them going.

Once again I would like to reaffirm my faith in the university and my belief in its sincerity in carrying out its role of integrating the mind and molding the students' personalities. I look forward to that day when the proper offices of this university would welcome the mentioned "fundamentals of a sound studentship."

LITERATURE *and* GOOD BOOKS

By ARTURO V. ESCALONA
COMMERCE II

WHY DO PEOPLE READ BOOKS?

Why do libraries teem with volumes which thousands and thousands of people annually take home to read? Why do schools and colleges offer courses in the study of the masters of literature? Why do publishers vie with one another in issuing new books year after year? The answer lies in the heart and mind of man. We go to the printed page for amusement and pleasure in our leisure hours, for answers to perplexing problems, for solace to the spirit. Music, art, the theater make their contributions to the quest for uplift and enlightenment, but books still remain our chief heritage, the main support of our intellectual and spiritual life. A man who goes through life without the wide and deep culture which reading affords leaves it poorer than when he entered it.

No two persons are alike. Some prefer one type of literature, some another; and even in the same type, choices vary. One reader likes the fiction of romance and adventure; another is enthusiastic about history or biography; another finds greatest enjoyment and satisfaction in poetry. However, all of us love good stories. From the days when primitive man thrilled over some warrior's account of his prowess in battle to present-day gatherings in which the latest books are discussed, we see an eagerness to be carried away by the power of the word to other lands, other scenes, and an insatiable curiosity to know what man has thought, felt, and experienced in other times, in other lands. If we are seeking for information, we

will turn to books which give us true accounts of actual happenings. And other books can offer us a medium of escape into a land of beauty and heights of living which we are ever searching for out of the humdrum of daily existence. Then, too, apart from the subject matter, there is the enjoyment of the craftsmanship employed by the masters of style. A well chosen word, an expressive figure of speech, the rhythm of well-turned sentences, and the steady flow of paragraphs, loaded with stimulating ideas and charged with an emotional force that keeps one spellbound — these are some of the rewards of well selected reading. Most of all, literature recreates for each of us our best selves. Through the reading of books we find self-expression.

However, there is good literature and bad literature. How can one choose? In a vague way we all know that some books are uninteresting, unimportant, and even objectionable. Our personal taste and interest are a guide. We know, also, that certain books are regarded to be of permanent value by the critics, and are spoken of as classics. However, the word "Classics" should not be applied to all the books of the past written by geniuses and stored in libraries. Though many of them have eternal freshness and vie in sales with modern "best sellers". The plays of Shakespeare, the novels of Dickens, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Hugo's *Les Misérables*, the poetry of Tennyson, the prose of Carlyle and Macaulay — these works, and many others, are of present and

permanent reading value. It is their continued aliveness and fascination which make them classics. By the same token, any work of a modern author which has delved into the very heart of life and the soul of man, and has helped man understand something of the puzzle of life, as it pertains to his problems, reserves the name classic. Such books — new or old — will always be in demand. Emerson once said that one should wait a year before reading a new book to see if it still merited the approval which first readers gave it. That approval is likely to come if the author conveys a real understanding of life, brought forth from a thoughtful mind and soul, and out of rich human experiences.

There is another standard by which we may measure the permanent quality of a book, and that is, its style. Many writers may have something of value to say, but are cramped by an inexpressive style. On the other hand, some writers may be fluent, clear and even interesting, but have nothing of value to say.

A good book must therefore show artistry — expressive use of words, fluency, clarity and power, and must be able to sustain interest.

Even keeping the above criteria in mind, the choice of reading material rests with the individual. We each have our own tastes and needs, our own standards. We will gain much by knowing what books are generally admired, yet we will always find that we have our own preferences. ‡

SUFFERING *as a* WAY OF LIFE

By SAMUEL R. MACABINLAR, AB-II

ONLY YESTERDAY you were walking in laughter and vigor; suffering was a far-off shadow. Then suddenly suffering struck. It unhinged you, brought you to a world of sorrow. And now you are alone in agony, an unwilling initiate into the fellowship of pain.

Your reaction is to rail fretfully against fate, to resent bitterly such untimely interference with life's routine. Yet your sufferings can confer many substantial benefits. It sharpens your mental and spiritual perceptions, permits a much clearer perspective of your life.

Suffering should be regarded as an opportunity to think of our inner selves and to contemplate that mere laughter and happiness cannot possibly bestow what we seek for in life. I'm not speaking of those chronic sufferers whose sufferings doom them to a life of invalidism. The late President John F. Kennedy was a triumphant prototype of a conqueror of pain. During his presidential campaigns, Kennedy suffered physical pains so acutely that his health was made an issue by those who contested his candidacy. On top of that he was racked by a major issue; his being a Catholic. Yet despite these obstacles, he won and became the first Catholic president of the United States.

But our interest here centers on the ordinary mortals who are stricken less harshly. Some sufferers rarely learn to make the most of suffering, regarding it

only as a visit of bad luck. Like any other experience of life, pain and suffering change us. How? Well, one thing is that we are temporarily relieved from the pressure of happiness in the world of temptations. But suffering takes many forms. It may be physical, mental or emotional. Illness, for instance, knocks a lot of nonsense out of us. It enables us to throw a searchlight upon our inner selves and to discover how rarely we rationalize our failures and weaknesses. When we are sick, we realize that we are not of this world. We think of God, discover that eternal life cannot be attained here and that this is only a way to heaven. We enter into the realm of introspection and self-analysis. We think perhaps for the first time about our present and future. We discover secret depths of our own life-stream.

Pain and suffering confer spiritual insight, a beauty of outlook, a philosophy of life, an understanding — a quality of serenity — that can hardly be acquired when we are in normal conditions. Suffering is a cleansing fire that burns away triviality and restlessness. For every suffering there is always joy. Student life, for instance, is not easy. We have to burn midnight candles in order to pass. In this many students, especially the poor ones, encounter obstacles. We meet different types of instructors and professors. There are the hypocrites, who do not realize that

they themselves were students once. Then there are lousy ones, and the strict type. With this diversity of instruction we have to undergo different pains before we can succeed. There are also students, particularly the rich ones who do not realize labor and suffering, until they suffer failing grades.

When suffering comes in, it is time to think. We make plans and we definitely decide upon the things we still put into action to recover our failure, in short we regret our errors. Because of suffering, our concentration improves tremendously. We are astonished to find how easily we can think a difficult problem through to its solution. Why? Because our instincts have speeded up. Time becomes an unimagined luxury. Time to think, time to enjoy, time to build air castles, time at last to express the best and deepest part of human nature.

Suffering is one of the greatest privileges of life; it whispers that man's destiny is bound up with transcendental powers. It takes off the non-essential parts of life and leaves one with the essence of it. We should remind ourselves that suffering may teach us something valuable, something that we could not have learned otherwise. It may change us for the better course of life. Yes, suffering is a way of life, a pathway to success, a gateway to heaven. #

Remembering DON SERGIO OSM

By GERONIMO R. LLANTO

IN A NATIONWIDE BROADCAST on the occasion of then Vice-President Sergio Osmeña's 60th birthday in 1938, President Manuel L. Quezon in lauding the celebrant admonished the youth when he remarked:

"I am afraid that the majority of the young people now living have forgotten or have never known how much the Vice-President has done for them; how much of the freedom and advancement they enjoy today are due to the vision and unselfish statesmanship rendered by this man to our common country.

Among Filipino living nobody can say that he has rendered better service to the country than Sergio Osmeña. His history is made. His merits are recognized."

Today, almost thirty years since, this admonition, coming as it did from a great president, carries with it added meaning perhaps to remind 'the majority of the young people now living' to venerate the man who had done so much for them for so long.

The life of the late Don Sergio Osmeña is a study of a political genius, an insight into the complexities of statecraft and a retracing of the growth of Philippine nationalism and the manifold progress of a country and people.

Don Sergio's long, lofty and luminous career was filled with golden achievements dedicated to the betterment and ennoblement of Filipino life. When he first entered the portals of public service, the embryo of modern political, cultural, social and economic institutions in the Philippines was just taking shape and whatever impression it may have created in the course of its development is reflected in his life and times.

Like Dr. Jose Rizal, Don Sergio Osmeña believed in the pragmatic development of his country and, like Thomas Jefferson, he applied the concept of methodical government in a practical working democracy without losing sight of the inalienable rights of his fellowmen. With these altruistic ideals in his heart, he piloted the Philippine ship of state through the rough sea of political infancy and nascent nationalism.

To the service of his country, Don Sergio infused his own sterling character, his spotless integrity and unflinching devotion to duty. He saw his people through their joys and sorrows, through darkness and light, through defeat and victory. His was a career full of worthy examples. That it can be duplicated or surpassed stands little chance. No greater laurel

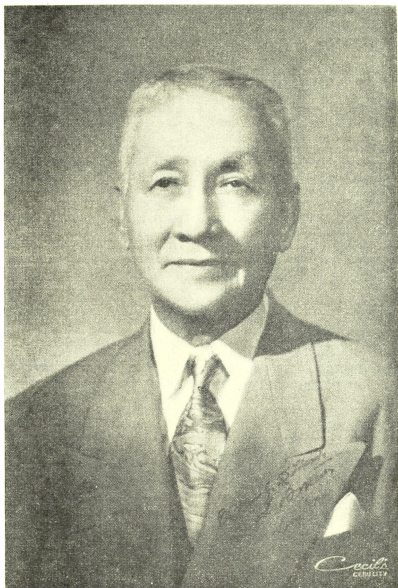
can be bestowed upon Don Sergio Osmeña than to have him enshrined in the hearts of all freedom-loving Filipinos everywhere and at all times.

Don Sergio was born on September 9, 1878 of humble and virtuous parents of moderate means, then residing at sitio Pangpango in Cebu. This sitio was the original site of the first Spanish settlement in the Philippines. As a child, he was raised in a tradition of plain and simple living. As a student, he was diligent, conscientious and scholarly. He first signs of brilliance when as an *interno* at the Seminario-Colegio de San Carlos he emerged at the top of the class which graduated in 1894. After graduating from the seminary, he went to Manila to take an oral examination at the Colegio de San Juan de Letran in order to earn the degree "Bachiller en Artes." He passed it with a rating of "sobresaliente" (*summa cum laude*). He was only sixteen then. For this feat of academic excellence he was further awarded a scholarship with free board and lodging at the University of Santo Tomas. At this pontifical university he pursued a course in philosophy and letters simultaneously with a formal study in law and jurisprudence. His studies were interrupted however, by the outbreak of the Philippine Revolution against Spain in 1896 and the war against the United States in 1899. Being young and underage, he remained inactive throughout the entire phase of the revolution against Spain. It was not until the second phase of the revolution in 1899 that he took active participation in the spirited resistance of his countrymen against the incursions of a new colonial master, the Americans. Taking on a singularly dangerous assignment as emissary of the Cebuano revolutionists to the revolutionary government in Luzon, Osmeña rendered service as liaison officer and staff worker in the cabinet of the insurgent Philippine Republic. From his own observations of the general conduct of hostilities however, he became convinced that while the people supported the ideals of the revolution the favorable outcome of the struggle was doomed to failure due to lack of arms, money and logistic support to the Filipino army. The American troops on the other hand were amply supplied and effectively equipped with modern war implements that further resistance against them would produce fatal consequences.

Later, with the capture of General Aguinaldo and the subsequent fall of the Republic, Osmeña returned to his native Cebu with a resolve to carry on the struggle this time through the pen and the newspaper. Together with Rafael Palma and Jaime de Veyra, he established the newspaper "El Nuevo Dia"

EÑA: *Most Illustrious Carolinian*

DON
SERGIO
OSMEÑA



Most
Outstanding
USC Alumnus
of 1953

at the turn of the last century. Because of its constant vigilance over the people's welfare, and its ultra-nationalistic leanings, "El Nuevo Día" earned the reputation as "organ of the revolution with white gloves." As journalist and editor, Osmeña viewed in perspective the depth and breadth of his country's problems and aspirations and ably projected them with vision and clarity before the minds of the American and Filipino reading public. His constructive editorials and persistent articles paved the way for a *modus vivendi* between his own people and the Americans based on mutual understanding and cooperation in the common task of nation building. It was not until this state of things was well on the way that "El Nuevo Día" finally bowed out of publication. Only then did Osmeña find time to delve deep into

his law studies in preparation for the bar examination. He took this examination in 1903 and emerged with a rating of 94%, the second highest obtained that year.

As a practicing attorney, he attracted the attention of American judges of the bench and other high government officials so much so that in 1904 he was recommended acting governor of his province in the absence of the regularly elected governor. The then Governor General Luke A. Wright appointed without hesitation Sergio Osmeña of Cebu in spite of the fact that he (Osmeña) was barely twenty-six years old. This auspicious act of Governor Wright wittingly or unwittingly launched the political career of perhaps the greatest Filipino statesman ever produced so far.

With the termination of his appointive term, Osmeña was prevailed upon to continue serving the country as provincial fiscal of Cebu and Negros Oriental. After a year in his post as provincial attorney, he was urged by the Cebuanos to run for governor of the province in 1905. He hesitated at first, knowing that the incumbent governor, Juan Climaco, his friend and former chief during revolutionary days, was running for reelection. But when the clamour for his candidacy could no longer be resisted, Osmeña finally consented but only upon the approval and good graces of Governor Climaco. The result of the election was decisive. Osmeña won handsily over his nearest rival, the incumbent governor.

As governor of Cebu, Osmeña was most energetic and progressive as well as promising. At the convention of provincial governors held in Manila in 1906, Osmeña was escalated to national fame when he was elected chairman of this body whose all-important task was to petition for more local autonomy from the United States government and to prepare the entire country for its first general election for representatives to the Philippine Assembly. The Assembly, first of its kind ever to be extended to the Filipinos, represented America's great experiment of self-government to a subject people. Because of the great significance attached to the establishment of the Philippine Assembly, Osmeña was again prevailed upon by his constituents to run for a seat in this national law-making body. Like a good soldier, he obeyed the mandate of his people and, like the man of the people, he was almost unanimously elected representative of the second district of Cebu. The Cebuanos did not err in electing him as their representative, for right on the first day's session of the Philippine Assembly on October 16, 1907, the 'gentleman from Cebu' was duly elected Speaker of that august body thus elevating Sergio Osmeña to a position of national leadership. Many names went up for nomination including those with revolutionary fame but none met with popular acclaim than Sergio Osmeña.

Commenting on the choice of Osmeña as Speaker of the assembly, the visiting Secretary of War William H. Taft, later to become President of the United States, remarked in his report:

"The assembly could have done nothing which indicates its good sense so strongly as the election of Señor Osmeña as its presiding officer. He is a young man not yet thirty, but of great ability, shrewdness, high ideals and yet very practical in his dealings with men and things."

The great President Quezon himself, who was one of the original members of the first Philippine Assembly in recalling his collaborations with Speaker Osmeña, had this to say:

"He (Osmeña) was practically the only man in that body who knew anything about legislative works, and the wonder of it all was that he had never been outside of his country, that he had never seen a legislative body at work; and yet, none of our assemblies from the first to the last has ever excelled the first assembly either in the ability of its members, in the char-

acter of the work accomplished, or in the patriotic spirit with which it served. It was all Sergio Osmeña. We were nothing but his collaborators."

Throughout the fifteen years of its existence, the Philippine Assembly was steered by no other Speaker but Sergio Osmeña. He guided the actions and deliberations of this body with maximum effort and efficiency in passing wise and timely legislations vital to the health of the nation. With his characteristic charm and consummate tact, he reconciled warring factions within its ranks, thereby maintaining decorum and sobriety at all times and uniting the people for a common aspiration — the eventual independence of the country from America.

So convinced were the American people of the capacity of the Filipinos to govern themselves that with the passage of the Jones Law in 1916 and the Tydings-McDuffie Law in 1934, complete control of the government by the Filipinos became an accomplished fact. In all of those years Sergio Osmeña played a determining role in guiding the destiny of his country in its journey towards political emancipation. True, he was not always the number one leader of his people from 1922 onward but this did not deter him from achieving the highest good for his country. As the Philippines top diplomat, he was largely responsible in gaining worldwide recognition of his country as a national entity separate from that of the United States long before the final proclamation of independence.

As President of the Commonwealth, Osmeña was instrumental in the early redemption of his country from the hands of the common enemy during the last war. He was responsible for laying down the mammoth task of relief and rehabilitation and the restoration of the normal processes of government once liberation was achieved, thus making possible the final proclamation of Philippine independence on July 4, 1946.

Down to the last day of his tenure as President of the Philippines, Sergio Osmeña was constantly vigilant of his country's welfare. His least official act was to rally and unite the people in common support of the administration of the incoming President, Manuel A. Roxas in the task of rebuilding a war-ravaged nation.

Even as he had already retired from public office, Filipino leaders of later years continued to consult him and seek his advice on vital matters affecting the country. Finally, when death caught up with him on October 19, 1961, Don Sergio Osmeña passed on to eternity and his name now belongs to the ages.

*The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells,
the book of life the sturring record tells.*

*Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes,
after its own like working. A child kiss
set on thy singing lips shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
of service which thou renderest.*

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

the CHArms

By MELINDA
BACOL, AB-II



AT FIRST, everything seemed all right. She was fourteen — immersed in writing pen-pal letters and collecting charms. Actually, she was not as interested in pen-pals as in charms; yet, both indispensably went hand-in-hand. She received charms in the form of an orange and a palm tree from a girl in California, a coin from a pal in Hongkong, and a Buddha from another in Thailand. In return, she sent out embroidered piña handkerchiefs, native placements, and necklaces of *beatilis* seeds.

Her keeping too much to herself worried her mother. Her mother thought she ought to be in Lina's despedida dinner or in Clara's birthday party instead of staying up late morning over zany letters. Her mother couldn't stand the thought of a Blanco growing up to be an introvert; or worse a misanthrope.

"Hush, mother," Doris would comfort her, "don't be too pessimistic. Remember, she is still a baby."

She was not a baby any more, her inner being would cry out in mute protest. She scorned everyone who classified her in any category of her contemporaries. Contemptuous of the seemingly dull school socials and of spineless girl friends who swooned over immature, equally spineless boys, she obstinately withdrew deeper and deeper into her shell, imprisoning herself within the walls of her fancies and created her own world, a labyrinth of sophisticated maturity and childishness.

Let them assume true what they think true, she thought bitterly. Let the whole human race call her anything it liked and she wouldn't care. After all, her real identity was safe within herself.

Everything outside of her self was really all right. Even David was okay. So was Doris, her only sister. Doris was twenty-two and David twenty-six. The

wedding was set for December, only six months away. She was to be the bridesmaid. That was all right too. She couldn't care less. Then David started noticing her and things ceased to be all right.

It all started one morning. It was mid-July and the day was unusually sunny and bright. She was in her favorite nook — a bench beneath the intertwining bougainvillea vines. The bower

was at right angles with the porch and parallel to the promenade. She was engrossed in a letter written by a boy from Turkey which she had received only that morning. The lacy pattern sunlight and shadow rippled on the letter and on her arms every time the bougainvillea quivered in the wind.

She was in such a position — a lone, somber figure with hair in a single queue dangling on her left breast, when Doris and David came along. David traipsed with a jaunty air, bringing himself forward effortlessly. Doris, who barely came up to David's shoulder, had to double her steps to catch up with his long strides.

"Good morning, my chamois. What have you got there?" It was more of a public announcement than a greeting, she thought.

David had started calling her chamois, the first time he saw her gracefully and fast her nimble feet could carry her when she ran.

She inwardly seethed with anger against such an intrusion to her privacy. She cringed in annoyance when David boldly reached forward for the letter.

"It must be from a boy friend, the way she conducts herself, Doris." David continued to tease. She sprang up as if to attack.

"It is not so . . . and it is absolutely none of your business!" Then, she took her leave, ignoring Doris protests.

"You got an eccentric for a sister, Doris. Pull the end of the tether in the right direction while she is still young and malleable." David's voice trailed after her.

That afternoon, the Blanco family was gathered in the veranda, enjoying the afternoon breeze and the iced tea with lemon, when David arrived. He was practically an accepted member of the family now, coming and going as he pleased. Surprisingly, he came up directly to her and gave her queue a playful tug, and said:

"Get into a pair of slacks. You are going bowling with me."

She only stared at him. The morning incident was still fresh in her mind. When she did not move, he swung her up on her feet with

one gesture, then gave her an explosive smack on the buttocks.

"Go on and be a good girl."

She was about to turn angrily upon him when she caught the disapproving glint in her father's eyes. She stood up and left the room, banging the front door shut to accentuate her displeasure.

David was a gay and adept bowler. He was affable and irresistibly piquant. She began to relax. She even beamed with pleasure when David pretended to be beaten. She went home sharing David's esprit.

Bowling was followed by other events. Her apathy towards David turned into eager expectancy. She was conscious of a warm feeling which was new to her.

David was also a graceful swimmer, lithe as a fish. He dove with form and finesse. He was, moreover, a star in tennis; a master in chess. David . . . redoubtable David. She enjoyed most of all the tete-a-tete dinners with him. Doris became an obscure figure in the background.

She became more fastidious and selective in her dresses. She grew fond of russet, apple-green, variable shades of blue, and pastel colors in place of the usual immaculate white and drab ash-gray ones. She was now an animated being easily provoked to laughter by good humored jokes. The charms lay forgotten in the huge jewelry box.

The night before the wedding came. Her dreams shattered like a fallen crystal ball. Her air castles crashed and fell noiselessly like withered petals. The stark reality that was going to unfold the next day came down upon her in a forceful shock. The brutal awakening made her weak that she had to lie down. She could feel her strength ebbing away.

She lay there for a long time, staring blankly at the ceiling; for a while, stunned, and for the moment, lost in thought.

"You are a quaint child, my chamois," she remembered David said once.

"I am not a child anymore, David. I am not," she had protested. That was the first time she had argued the point openly. The

whole world should know she had grown-up . . . most especially David!

"You will grow up far more chic than your sister," still rang in her ears.

"Wait David, wait . . . Just four years more," she wanted to say. Did not Grandma marry at eighteen? Then she turned prone and stifled a sob on the pillow.

Wait, this is all a mistake! She could almost hear David say. I realized that I don't love you enough, Doris. My chamois and I really belong to each other.

And what about her mother and father? Her parents would surely be on her side if only they can know how deeply in love she was.

But David was not even in love with her. She was going to be his sister-in-law after tomorrow, and that was all.

After a while, she crawled out of bed, headed for the ornate stand, and took the jewelry box. The charms glistened under the yellow light of the lampshade. Thirteen charms hung from a silver chain. They were lifeless cold metals in her fingers, nothing more. She was still musing over them when a soft knock sounded on the door. Doris came in, a beautiful bride-to-be.

"Dinner's ready sweetheart," she said.

She briefly contemplated the charms once more, then brought them forward before Doris, almost nonchalantly.

"This is my wedding gift for you," she whispered.

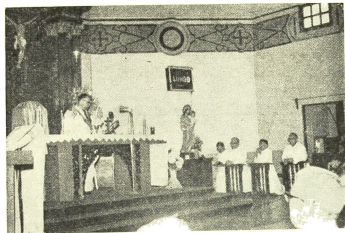
"A bracelet charms! It's beautiful. But truly, sweetheart, you can't be serious. You love it too much . . ."

"No. Keep it. I don't want it anymore."

Doris could not understand. She was about to say something but changed her mind, and smiled deferentially instead.

"Thank you, sweetheart. I'll take good care of it. I promise."

She put out the light and walked out with Doris, leaving behind her shell of letters and the empty jewelry box.



Rev. Father Beck during his jubilee thanksgiving Mass at the Santo Rosario Parish Church.

ON SUNDAY, August 15, Rev. Michael Beck, S.V.D., said a special mass at the Sto. Rosario Church at four-thirty in the afternoon. The occasion was his Sacerdotal Silver Jubilee and the many friends who came shared with him this joyful celebration.

At 7:00 in the evening, the S.V.D. community tendered a banquet in his honor on the roof garden of the Fathers' residence. Father Beck, a big man with stern looks, was unusually happy as he greeted one invited guest after another.

A native of Bavaria, Father Beck speaks English with a heavy, accented drawl. He is the fifth child in a family of nine. Two of his six sisters have joined the sisterhood, the rest are married. One brother is a judge, the other manages the parental farm.

Father Beck was born on October 10, 1910. Like any other child, he attended 7 years of elementary school and, for the next 3 years, once a week, a kind of vocational school, both of which were compulsory. During vocational school-days, and afterward for some time, he worked on the parental farm.

During the winter months of 1928-29, he attended one of the famous agricultural training centers run by the Benedictines, the sons of St. Benedict. He lived with the monks, watched them pray, contemplate and work; he felt, somehow, that he was one of them — an experience that was a rallying point in the choice of his lifework. But always life is not an easy matter of choice followed by instantaneous rosiness. For choice entails sacrifice and hardship, patience and a responsible will. In late spring of 1929 he announced to his unsuspecting family his decision to become a priest. This meant that Father Beck, as a candidate for the priesthood, had to undergo 9 years of high school and college work in the Gymnasium before he could study for priesthood proper, Philosophy and Theology. It was exhilarating, therefore,

REV. MICHAEL BECK: *A Silver Jubilee*

"Vere dignum et iustum est... nos tibi semper et ubique gratias agere..."

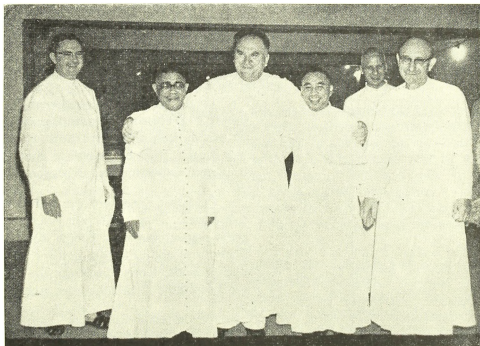
for him to persevere through a compressed program of 4 years' private instruction and one more year at the Gymnasium to finish the 9-year course. He passed the government exams in March, 1934, and upon graduation, entered in the same year the Society of the Divine Word at St. Augustine, Rhineland.

In 1935, he was sent to Marienberg, Switzerland, to continue his novitiate and to take up the study of philosophy. He finished his novitiate there in 1936 and completed his study of philosophy in St. Gabriel, Vienna, in June of 1937. Later in the year, he was sent to the United States to take up theological studies at Techny, Illinois (near Chicago), the S.V.D. headquarters then in that country. He was ordained on August 15, 1940, by His Eminence, the late Samuel Cardinal

Stritch, archbishop of Chicago. As soon as he finished his theological studies in 1941 he was appointed for missionary work in the Philippines but, on account of the war, was prevented from leaving the country. Meanwhile, he was stationed at St. Elizabeth, a colored parish, where he served 6 years. His reappointment came in 1947. After a memorable voyage across the Pacific, wondering what the Philippines was like, he arrived in January, 1948. He soon found out that the Filipino people were undergoing a painful process of post-war reconstruction.

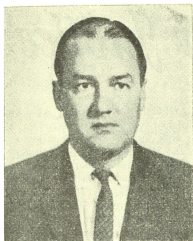
In Manila Father Beck studied Tagalog for about 3 months under the late Father Henry Demond. Then he had a 6-month stint in Mindoro before he was assigned to the University of San Carlos in November of the same year. Except for 1-year home leaves in 1953 and 1963, he has never left USC.

Father Beck was formerly Curator of the USC Audio-Visual Center. As Director of Athletics, he coordinates intramural sports. He handles religious classes and for many years now has been helping out in the Sto. Rosario Parish.



Who cracked the joke so as to cause such mirth? — From left to right: Father Rector John Vogelgesang, Msgr. Esteban Montecillo (Vicar General), Father Michael Beck (the jubilarian), Msgr. Manuel Salvador (Vicar General), Father Rudolf Rahmann, USC President. At the back Father Heppener (Head of the Chemistry Department).

Prof. Rosegrant . . .



"American Lit Re-lit"

AN AMERICAN HUMORIST who is by profession a professor of college English only recently published a book entitled "American Lit Re-lit." We at San Carlos hope that the assignment of Professor William R. Rosegrant to our English staff for the current school year will have the effect of re-lighting our students' interest in American Literature. Professor Rosegrant is an expert in American Literature and especially in modern American fiction.

Professor Rosegrant, whose home School is Western Michigan University in Kalamazoo, is the third Fulbright professor to be assigned to the English staff of the University of San Carlos. He will stay with us for two semesters. During the first semester he is handling three courses: **A Survey of American Literature, Major American Writers and Modern American Fiction.**

Professor Rosegrant was born in Glen Elder, Kansas, 46 years ago. He majored in English and Philosophy at Central College, Fayette, Missouri, where he obtained his B.A. His M.A. in English was obtained at the University of Chicago. He took part in the American Studies program of the University of Minnesota. He has taught at the University of Denver, Oklahoma, A. and M. College, the University of Minnesota and at Western Michigan University where he holds the rank of Associate Professor. For several years Professor Rosegrant has been in charge of the Educational T.V. program of his home university.

Local students who must work for their education can take inspiration from Professor Rosegrant's example. Throughout his college studies he was entirely self-supporting. He has worked in factories, in farms, in offices. Thus he brings to the teaching profession more than an academic understanding of American life and culture.

Professor Rosegrant comes highly recommended by his American colleagues. They stress not only his wide academic training but his great respect for other people and his admirable warmth. Because of his natural ability to mix well with peoples of other cultural and racial backgrounds, I am sure Professor Rosegrant will find his stay among the hospitable Cebuanos both rich and rewarding.

To Professor Rosegrant, to his wife Ruth and to his five lovely children — Ann, Mark, John, Susan and Jane — all Carolinians extend a warm welcome.

THE CASE AGAINST NATIONALIZATION OF SCHOOLS

By CONGRESSMAN MIGUEL CUENCO

*Speech delivered at the
Commencement Exercises at
FEATI University on May 23, 1965*

I WISH TO DISCUSS the nationalization of the ownership of schools in the Philippines as the subject of my commencement address. This nationalization is provided in a bill filed by Bulacán Congressman Rogaciano Mercado. It has the approval of the Philippine Association of Colleges and Universities. I opposed this bill in the Committee on Education and on the floor of the House of Representatives. I beg your indulgence to express my view:

The Bill is unwise and detrimental to public interest. If enacted into law, it will close many schools owned and operated by the Catholic and Protestant missionaries in the Mountain Province, in Manila, Mindoro and Mindanao, the Catholic University of San Carlos in Cebu and the Protestant universities in Dumaguete and Iloilo. Considering the present situation, we, Filipinos, are not in a position to replace these schools and universities with Filipino-owned universities and schools, even in the next twenty years.

It is very unwise to statesmanship to destroy foreign-owned institutions of learning without replacing them with equally good Filipino-owned schools.

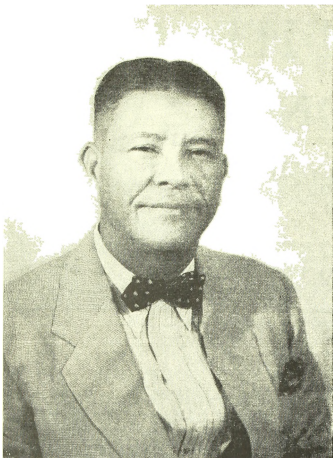
The nationalization of schools violates the Constitution. The freedom of worship carries with it the freedom to teach one's religion. And this freedom to teach religion implies also the right to own and operate schools. The word "school" includes school buildings, equipment, other physical establishments, and teachers. Certainly, any religion cannot teach its principles and beliefs in the streets and under a burning tropical sun.

The most glaring illustration of the injustice of the Bill is the University of San Carlos in Cebu. It

is run by the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word, which is an international organization composed of Germans, Americans, Polish, Dutch, Austrians, Argentinians, and Filipinos, with a German majority or with German priests occupying the most outstanding positions in the congregation. Precisely because of the influence of San Carlos, the German Government has made donations to the University in various amounts totalling about six million and a half pesos. According to data obtained by the Department of Education, San Carlos has the best or or second to the best school of physics. It has an excellent school of chemistry, and it is pioneering in the research and laboratory work for the industrial use of the coconut. If the Mercado Bill is approved, can the Government in conscience confiscate or seize the University of San Carlos?

The Mercado Bill does not provide for the ownership of the alien-owned schools once they become nationalized. There are other perplexing constitutional questions which are left unanswered by the Mercado Bill. For instance, who will own these schools after they are declared nationalized? Will they become state properties? Or will their ownership be transferred to Filipino nationals by a mere legislative fiat?

Besides the fact that the Mercado Bill is a transgression of the freedom of religion, it is also open to other serious constitutional objections. The State cannot expropriate any foreign-owned schools, for there are two constitutional requirements for the exercise of the power of eminent domain: First, that expropriation be for a public use; and second, that just compensation be awarded to the owner of the expropriated property. These two constitutional re-



CONGRESSMAN MIGUEL CUENCO

quirements are not complied with in the Mercado Bill.

President Thomas Jefferson, the author of the American Declaration of Independence, voiced his opposition to government seizure of a property owned by a Catholic congregation and devoted to charitable purposes. He wrote on May 15, 1804, to the Ursuline Sisters of New Orleans:

I have received, Holy Sisters, the letters you have written to me wherein you express anxiety for the property vested in your institution by the former Government of Louisiana. The principles of the Government and Constitution of the United States are a sure guarantee to you that it will be preserved to you sacred and inviolate, and that your constitution will be permitted to govern itself according to its own voluntary rules, without interference from the civil authorities. Whatever diversity of shade may appear in the religious opinions of our fellow-citizens, the charitable objects of your institution cannot be indifferent to any; and its furtherance of the wholesome purposes by training its young members in the way they should go, cannot fail to insure it the patronage of the Government it is under. Be assured it

will meet with all the protection my office can give it.

I salute you, Holy Sisters, with friendship and respect.

(Sgd.) THOMAS JEFFERSON
President

The nationalization of schools is a good objective, but it can be attained only through gradual evolution. In the last ten years, many Filipinos have been entering the Jesuit, Benedictine, Dominican, Franciscan, Recollect, Augustinian Orders. This does not mention the religious congregations for women. The time will come when the schools now being operated by foreign-regular clergy will be Filipinized. There are desirable goals that can be attained only after a process of many years. Bismarck's advice that government, or for that matter, any human endeavor, is the art of the possible, is very wise indeed. When our Lord Jesus Christ condemned slavery, two-thirds of the population of the countries which belonged to Graeco-Roman world were slaves. Millions of men and women were bought and sold and their labor was exploited by mere force. However, to avoid revolutions and wars, it took the Church more than four centuries to abolish slavery. Another illustration of the need to social evolution is ownership of the sugar centrals which were owned by Americans and Spaniards, but now most of them are owned by Filipinos.

I do not share the view that schools run by foreign religious orders or congregations cannot teach their students civic conscience and the duties of patriotism. After reading again and again Mabini's *Memorias de la Revolución Filipina, Filipinas y Su Glorioso Pasado*, and *Discursos de Malolos y Poesias Filipinas en Español*, the three textbooks in Spanish in our colleges and universities, I came to realize this significant fact: That Rizal, Felipe Calderón, and Claro M. Recto were educated by the Jesuits; Marcelo H. del Pilar, Mabini, Aguinaldo, Emilio Jacinto, Quezon, and Juan Sumulong were trained by the Dominicans; and Graciano López Jaena and President Sergio Osmeña, by the Paulés. Dr. Jorge Bocobo said that the American Government sent Filipino *pensionados* to study in the United States. However, Dr. Bocobo pointed out that the Filipino *pensionados* who taught at the University of the Philippines, were all advocates of our national independence.

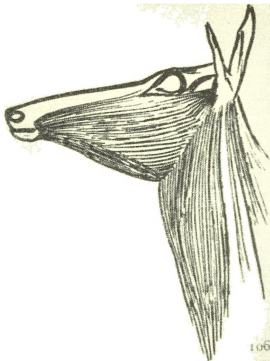
If during our colonial days, the Spanish and American-owned schools were not able to stifle the growth of Filipino nationalism, they cannot do today what they could not when our country was only a colony. Civilization and culture are universal. The schools and universities owned by foreign religious groups are contributing to the task of nation building. We must give them the protection our Constitution affords them and we must treat them with justice. We can do no less. I thank you.

THE PRIMITIVE HUNTING ART of the Ice Age had no precursors and could be traced as far back as approximately 50,000 years ago. In order to understand this primeval art we must learn to know, at least in outline, the geological background of its creators.

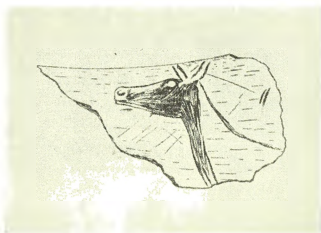
As a matter of convenience, geologists have divided up the long period of time through which the world has passed into a number of major divisions. These are the Archean, Primary, Secondary, Tertiary and Quaternary. Our Ice Age artists belonged to the last-mentioned division which is mainly characterized by cycles of glaciation, and therefore variously called the Pleistocene, Diluvium, or in plain terms, the Ice Age. The Pleistocene has been divided into prehistoric epochs called the Lower Palaeolithic or Early Old Stone Age, Middle Palaeolithic or Middle Old Stone Age, and Upper Palaeolithic or Late Old Stone Age. During the Pleistocene or Ice Age, vast areas of what is now the continents of Europe and the New World were buried under huge glaciers and ice-fields. Pronounced maxima of glaciation were four: called Guenz, Mindel, Riss and Wuerm, separated by periods of warm intervals. The Ice Age artists appeared in Europe and created their astonishing works when the last glaciation — Wuerm — had just passed its peak and a phase of melting had set in. This period belongs to the prehistoric epoch called Upper Palaeolithic which, in Western Europe, is divided into four cultural stages namely: Perogordian, Aurignacian, Solutrean and Magdalenian. The Abbe Henry Breuil, foremost specialist in Palaeolithic Art, was of the opinion that the major portion of the paintings in Lascaux, one of the famous decorated caves in France, might be assigned to the Aurignacian period. Three prehistoric artistic regions are distinguished in Europe, the most splendid of which is what is known as the Franco-Cantabrian province, comprising the northern Spanish and south-western French cave regions. Findings have shown that some seventy-one decorated caves had been discovered in France, most of them in the Dordogne, Ariège, and Lot departments, with thirty-four in Spain. According to the present situation of scientific research, the birthplace of Ice Age art is located within these areas. Here the Palaeolithic artists developed almost every technique of representational art with astonishing skill: engraving, executed on stone, bone, and ivory, and painting. Walls and ceilings of caves were covered with varied pictorial designs, ranging from simple color tracings on incised outlines to free painting in one or more colors. By the light of smoking grease lamps or flickering torches, the artists covered the shimmering crystalline surfaces of innumerable limestone cave walls with an abundance of animal representations. Incised with flint, painted in earth colors, modeled in clay or engraved on bone, antler, and stone, the whole animal world of those times were depicted — mammoth, rhinoceros, bison, reindeer, wild horse, and the first oxen.

TECHNOLOGY

Evidence has shown that the prehistoric artists sometimes worked with the aid of lamps deep in the recesses of the limestone caves. These stone "lamps" of concave stones and the palettes or saucers on which they prepared their colors have been excavated under the floors of many prehistoric galleries. Polychrome painting was achieved by the use of various ochres, oxide of manganese and carbon, ground on stone

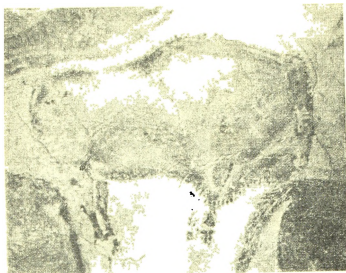


Cave painting in Castillo (above). Below is the "sketch sheet" of the hind engraved in bone excavated in Altamira miles away.



The Art of Prehistoric Man in the Ice Age

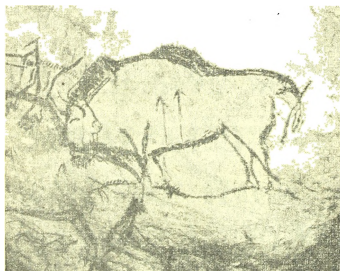
by ROSA C. P. TENAZAS



Natural irregularity of cave ceiling in Altamira, stimulated prehistoric imagination to improvise the shape of this animal. Natural boss, was utilized of form the hump of a bison.



Most of the painted Lascaux animals are pregnant — obviously related to fertility magic.



Cave painting at Niaux, France, shows arrows directed toward the animals — a form of sympathetic magic — to insure successful hunting.

palettes and either applied in powder form by being blown from the mouth or through a tube or mixed with animal grease and applied by means of brushes or soft stumps.

There is besides, strong indication of possible "Art Schools" during those times. "Sketch-sheets" of slabs of limestones, bones or horns have been discovered which contained engravings from which have been copied some of the masterpieces found in cave walls. In the cave of Altamira in north Spain, a stratum of the lower Magdalenian yielded a shoulder-blade with the finely engraved head of a hind. The same drawing recurs almost exactly to the last line but on a larger scale on the wall of Castillo several miles away. On the wall of Font-de-Gaume, in the Dordogne, is painted a gigantic old bison with powerful withers. More than two decades after the discovery of the cave of Font-de-Gaume, the sketch for that bison was found in the cave of Geniere, in the department Ain, about 200 miles away.

It has been suggested that the artist, before he began painting, used a stone knife-blade to trace outlines upon the rock surface. It is clear that these engraved lines were first marked out by means of a brush. The lines are so thin that it would have been impracticable to make them with any other instrument than a brush. Delicate feathers could be fixed into small bones and thus make very useful and handy brushes. The surface was first prepared with fat and oil and then the powdered colors were blown onto this background. The blow pipes of bones utilized for this purpose have been recovered in great numbers from the filling strata of many caves. Powdered fine in mortars, the ochre-crayons have been found in many caves, ranging in tint from quite light to very dark. During excavations such pigments have turned up, neatly arranged in a row, just as a modern painter will arrange his tubes.

THE PRESERVATION OF PREHISTORIC PAINTINGS

How have these works of art been preserved through the ages? According to experts, it is even temperature inside the caves that has kept prehistoric paintings throughout these thousands of years. Furthermore, the nature of the peculiarly hard limestone that make up these caves is such that it permits of the formation of small, thin, transparent particles of calcite which resemble tiny bits of glass. In this way the paintings have become covered, in part at least, with a delicate coating that has maintained them as fresh as when they were made. The brilliance of the colors is especially remarkable which is why it had taken years and a lot of heartache on the part of some discoverers before these works of art could be established as authentic beyond any doubt.

WHY THE CAVE PAINTINGS?

According to scholars, the basic drive behind the cave art was a sense of the hunter's dependence on game and on his ability to secure victims. This might be explained as an inclination towards sympathetic magic wherein scenes depicted are of animals struck by deadly missiles, or of animals with wounds oozing with blood from their sides, to insure success in the chase. Art in the Ice Age was essentially in the service of hunting magic, wherein the symbols signifying death spells or magical killing of the animals gave

(Continued on page 48)

pictorial

Front view of the
St. Joseph's chapel
of the
San Carlos Center
for the poor
blessed by
Archbishop Rosales
of Cebu
on August 15.



Photo News of

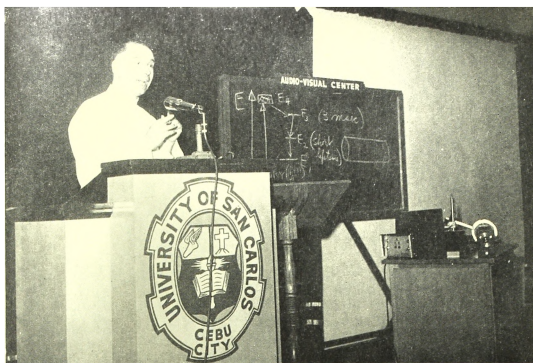
After the Holy Mass,
His Excellency
Archbishop Rosales
addressed the people
present.



USC's Doings

After the
religious rites,
His Excellency,
Archbishop Rosales
and Very Rev.
Rudolf Rahmann, SVD,
USC President,
mingle with the poor
and discuss
further plans of
improving the Center.





Current uses and interesting facts about the newly harnessed "laser" force were the subject of a lecture by Father Ruddick, an American Jesuit Physicist, at the University of San Carlos audio-visual center on August 7. On August 9, Father Ruddick spoke to science students on elementary particles, such as protons, electrons, neutrons and mesons, etc.

Partial view of the audience that followed with keen interest Fr. Ruddick's lecture. In front row (l to r) Dr. Bruell, Fr. Philip van Engelen, Fr. Herman van Engelen, Fr. Arsenio Muñoz, S.J. and Fr. Hubert Lorbach.



Photo shows Rev. Joseph Watzlawik, SVD, attending the ceremonies in connection with the 600th anniversary of the founding of the University of Vienna. Father Watzlawik attended the ceremonies as a representative of the University of San Carlos.

Photo shows Mr. & Mrs. Denis Nardin posing with the President, Dr. Rahmann, in the latter's office. Mr. Nardin is the Cultural Attache of the French Embassy in Manila who visited our University during the first part of August. Mr. & Mrs. Nardin tarried for quite a while in the Main Library, in the Biology department and at the USC Technological Center at Talamban.



Some Faculty members as they emerge from the annual faculty general meeting, held at the USC Technological Center. From l to r: Mrs. Mateo; Miss Padilla; Mr. Delfin; Miss Catan; Mr. Munro; Dra. Ang; Mrs. Munro; Miss Buenaventura.

FACULTY CLUB OFFICERS

The newly-elected officers of the Faculty Club for 1965-66, pose with Father President Rahmann. From left to right: Mrs. Aileen G. Munro, Treasurer; Engr. Francisco Pilapil, President; Father President Rahmann; Atty. Expedito Bugarin, Vice-Pres.; Miss Addie Sarthou, Social Sec.; Miss Perfecta Guango, Recording Secretary. Not in the picture are Atty. Mario Ortiz, PRO; and Mr. Vicente Gorre, Auditor.





Dean Luz Catan takes a last swing with one of her pharmacy students, Mr. Viencen Guevara, during the despedida party, given in her honor.

Dean Catan (X) amidst some fourth-year students of the college of pharmacy during the barrio-fiesta-style despedida given her by the pharmacy students on the occasion of her trip to London.



A delegation of six American university student leaders visited the University of San Carlos on August 17. After paying a visit to Father President Dr. Rahmann, SVD, they were entertained by Fr. J. Berry and USC student leaders. From 1 to 6: David Jonathan Banks (fourth from left), Ann Forrest Boland, Martha Darling, President Dr. Rahmann, John W. Owin, Richard Deering, Gary Charles Larsen.

POETRY

The Pool

The waters wear
The reflection of a leaf
like antique embroidery
fallen from the sun!

It is timeless
when nature indulges in a whim
a rare diversion:

What do you say
when the winds come
surreptitiously unfasten
the delicate threads
from the surface of the pool
and sew a frayed and
convulsed decor?

It is in silence
that I watch the waters
turbulent and mad near
the reflection,
sparse, diminutive, dying
and calm
at the edges of the pool.

GEMMA RACOMA

Nor Thou, O Glittering Star

The secret of the Metaphor
of Star-system. To rule:
being only man.
talent is sufficient.

No talent is always Star.
No hope always jar
nor go too far
to become a Star.

No Star is metaphor.

C. Y. ENGE

Summer Reachings (a sonnet)

think twice before reciting the spell of aural verse.
now is the perfect moment to think and to dwell
on the calligraphy of the wind, as raindrops beat
the million drums to a crescendo like an endless
litany of death sung by pilgrims on a far-off
promontory shore. what lies beyond the caprices of the
eye?

when one searches for mystery, it's like searching
for the end of eternity culminating into a febrile nightmare.
when the mind speaks of the senses' dioramic domain
encumbered. think though the mind never grapples
the summit of perfection 'cause in the mimeses of creation
lies a mystery within a mystery while in the ritual
of the mind the deaf must listen to an unspoken melody
and the blind must peruse its unwritten notes.

CHARITO VIDAL

VINTAGE FROM

CACTUS Land

by RICARDO I. PATALINJUG

*This is cactus land
Here the stone images
Are raised, here they receive
The supplication of a dead man's hand
Under the twinkle of a fading star.*

—T. S. ELIOT

I. THE SOLITARY MAN

The day has ended. Dry lawns
Strewn with dry leaves yawn
The hours away in silence. The
Winds groan and disseminate
The pungent odor of decay.
The waning moon whimpers
While the shrivelled bare
Branches of dying trees moan
Their dying complaints.

With weary footsteps and with
Dusty boots and with aching
Bones, the master drags himself
Home: to the home that is
Always waiting; to the same
Cell filled with the same
Disgusting hollowness. To the
Same wife that is always asking
Silly questions.

The dog wags its tail tiredly
The master taps its head lightly
Heaves a sigh and closes his eyes
Then settles down on a rocking chair
(Like a fallen scarecrow)
And waits for supper. The radio
Echoes in muffled screams
The stale news of the day
While in the drawer the revolver
Waits for the trembling hand
To press its cold trigger.

II. THE CONFUSED MAN

O what shall I do? What
Am I going to do? If the
Couch of a psychiatrist
And the theories of Freud
And Jung will not do, where
O where shall I go?

III. THE ROBOTS

The rhythm of hurrying feet
In dusty pavements
(Salubrious but graceless)
Is like the beating of
A desperate heart
Hurrying for the last hour.

Green light: like automotons
Abruptly they stop.
Red light: they flow like a waterfall
Frantically conscious of Time
For the Great Clock chimes
The hour of dusk.

O the battered composure of the soul . . .
O the great fissure of the great wall . . .
Why should I care? O why should I care?
I'll go to the meadows
Only to see the scarecrows
While in the city the robots
Come and go talking about Vietnam
And the dementia of Sukarno.

IV. INVITATION

Let us hum Gounod's Ave Maria
Let someone toll the bell
In the belfry tall
But don't ask me
For whom the bell tolls
For John Donne had given the answer
In rhythm macabre:
It tolls for thee.

Write your epitaph
And I will write mine too
Hurry up please its almost time
Wash your hands
And I will wash mine too
Hurry up please its almost time
The coffin is finished
Though the paint is still wet
But the hole has been dug
And the mourners are ready.

Bow down your head
And I will bow down mine too
One. Mea culpa
Two: Mea culpa
Three: Mea maxima culpa.

Ballad of the Melted Shadows

1. TIME RECONSIDERED

i have been told
you have scattered your name
in the wind and lost your heart
in the night:
for what angry arms devour now,
the sad laughter of my passage
the bottle taunts
my every day a perfect ritual
of fish and song conspiring
in the sanctity of one meeting
in a cafe by the park
where one haunting gaze
reciprocates the grammatical difference
between song and you
in this absence gnawing
into the quivering, dripping
consciousness of blood and letter
in a poem crucified in non-communication:

please, god be not sad!

2. SHALL WE, OVER THE SALLY GARDENS?

that historic narrow road
yells the inscrutable malice of god
and time moves in a silent rage of fingers
to what appears an indescribable end,
but what unreality unclothes the doubt
of the plot, the distance and the man
over a white of clouds clutches god's feet
when he was only laying a rainbow in her heart.

beyond the eternal magnificence of birds,
of a chinese rose, a woman in glass smiles
as a butterfly seeks to understand
the hidden mystery between cloud and mist,
nevertheless . . .

3. VIEW FROM DUMAGUETE

the centaurs converge with the gods:
an olympus of the demi-gods is dumaguete:
there are strange winds adrift in the sea
when venus is a girl named rebecca
and the god is ambisextious Nick:
all is love in peace and quiet
where the wind lashes over cocoons in the tree,
a new birth springs in the Tiempo lair:
the beaches are dark even in the rain,
all the men come, finding fireflies in the sea
and the young men yell and cry out:
"do i dare submit a manuscript?"

young girons sleep by the sea,
typhoon ebing quietly sweeps
past tall trees and the university,
the centaurs have come, zeus in a hotel,
the derelicts are here, beware!
dumaguete is a bonnet of white and gold
sleeps in the mist of rain and sun
and god Engle once sat here, by the boulevard
as Mrs. Casper read her story of the peninsulars
to the lovers sitting by the green of grass,
reading poems before the tall trees
while the acacia leaves clip their wings
in their winged and lonely flight
before complete sunset and dark:
o to be lonely and fearless here,
in dumaguete i will die in peace
and lie quietly with the birds
in their delicate nests
even as the idle sea tranquilizes
the literary wee in the evening of bottles
and the murmur of a singsong rumble of trees,

oh, it was a tragic dilemma of consciences!

A CANTICLE for a NIGHT OWL

By RICARDO I. PATALINJUG

THE ENORMOUS ROOM was lighted with a candle. Books, magazines, newspapers and dirty manuscripts were scattered all around. On the table were empty bottles of wine, unwashed glasses, cigarette butts and a battered typewriter. On one side of the room, between the door and the window, an easel stood mutely, holding patiently an unfinished surrealistic painting. Near the door a palette was hung, making a free motion to and fro, looking, doubtless, like a tired pendulum. Above it was a brooding old wall clock, killing the seconds away with monotonous ticking. The room, too, had a bed with a soiled mattress of many colors. It was painted black. Beside the bed was a rocking chair. Like the bed it was also painted black. On the other side of the room, facing the rocking chair, squat a dresser painted white. It had a long mirror. Sitting on the rocking chair or on the bed, one could see himself in the mirror.

I

There were three men in the room. One was a young man, probably 16 or 18 years old. He was sitting on a rocking chair facing the mirror. His unpledged face evoked a sombre dreamy-like expression or something to that effect. The other one was a middle-aged man with blue dreamy eyes. He was pacing up and down the room, crossing between the boy and the looming mirror. He was smoking furiously and every now and then he would drop cigarette butts into the ash-tray. The third one was an old man squatting pensively near a waste basket, muttering hush-hush to the murky night as if he were in delirium. And perhaps he was.

I hear voices walking around me, hovering above me, like the ghosts of ancient years. They are voices without faces, and my madness goes on. Moon of the centuries, I am here moaning, taming the night with my senile orisons. I am no longer a flower. I am the doom of young men, the curse of matured men, the wound of hope.

"There must be thrill in your life. Without it, life would be absurd and meaningless and you are nothing but a scarecrow. Do you know what a scarecrow is? You're a damn fool if you don't! I don't

care, though, if you don't. But I can't see any reason why you don't.

"You must understand this: Life is a search for meaning. But you can never find it — the meaning I mean — unless you know your complex self. And this goddam business of knowing oneself is not an easy thing. Oftentimes it ends with a bang or something like that. Do you get me?"

"Yes."
"No, you don't get me. But someday you will. Not now."

"I can wait."
"Of course you can! The young can wait. Only the old cannot. And you are still very young, aren't you?"

"No, I'm not young anymore."
"Yes, you are still very young."
"Are you crazy?"
"Yes."

Moonshape of a dream. Eyes of the night. Goddam eyes of the night — innumerable as the pearls of the Ionian Sea, if you must know. Blood flame. Conscience not so clear. A warm bed. But I have insomnia, you know. Poor ambitious soul, wide awake in the cool of a mad night, imposing self-torture. And to think that you are still very young! O! This is a world away from tomorrow.

"Are you mad?"
"Yes."

II

THE MIDDLE-AGED man fumbled his way to the window and peered into the night. He lifted his face as if to challenge the darkness, as if to curse the sleeping world. The night was cold; the wind angry. He swept back his uncombed hair with his long fingers and sighed. Suddenly he turned around and looked at his own reflection in the mirror. Then very softly, like the whisper of the night, he said:

"I'm here to whimper the lament of my blues!"

Then he turned around again, his sad dreamy eyes upon the young man who was now observing him with meticulous perplexed eyes. He stared at the boy for a long time. It was a sad and ghoulish look, potent with grief, probing, challenging.

"I have lived. I might as well die."

Then he paced up and down the room again and smoke furiously again and puffed blue smoke into the night again.

Awe-struck, the young man trembled like a flower.

And the middle-aged man mused.

This is the gift of maniacal ambition, the heritage of madness, eveningful of Prometheus affliction. Briar shadows—more hideous than cigarette smoke. Yeah, my blood is red. The melody is too brief. My flower has withered into trash. The aftermath of opus estoteric is not wada. It is a wound. Ill-fated dust with an ill-fated soul has grown into an angry beat generationist reaching for the stars in a pool of mud, sometimes in a pool of blood. I have haunted the sun with dreams undreamable, the moon with the rhapsody of a curse cructed from eternity. Man, moonbeams magnificent pigeonholed my flower, sick, if you must know. No more bold strides, no more oozing of flames. Pictures magnifique, things divine Divine? Adios. Yeah! My blood is red. No more!

III

THE OLD MAN propped himself up, stared at the boy, and walked towards the bed. In the mirror the boy could see the old man's ugly face, torn and tattered by monstrous years. He rose. His reflection in the mirror looked very miserable. At first he did not recognize it. But when it moved as he moved, he realized it was he. He could hardly believe it.

"Let me be a flower. A rose, and un-fading rose, to be exact," he chanted.

"Shut up!" the old man shouted.

"Let me be a flower. A rose, an un-fading rose, to be exact," the boy chanted again. "I am a poet, old man, and a short story writer too. I can write poems about a flower, a rose, an un-fading rose, to be exact. I can also write stories about old bastards like you!"

The old man tried to smile. But it was all a pose. The young man knew it. He was dead sure about it.

"Boy, you look very lonely and sad and pensive too."

"I'm not. I know I'm not."

"Yes, you are."

"How do you know?"

"I can tell — from your eyes."

"Perhaps it's because my eyes have seen more than what they ought to see."

"I see."

"No. You don't see."

He laughed. It was a hollow laughter, dry and painful. It was like the soft tolling of a mournful bell.

"Let me be a —" suddenly, in an hour that was only an instant, the room whirled and before him he saw a hooded phantom. He was laughing and his laughter was like the soft tolling of a mournful bell. The boy stood for a long frightened moment.

I was once a flower, a rose to be exact, in a garden by the sea. Man, my freshness was entombed in a graveyard by the sea.

* * * * *

The boy looked around, swept up the rocking chair by his back and walked towards the window, pushing the middle-aged man away. He looked out into the night. There was nothing there but the darkness. He couldn't see anything there but the black hood of the monstrous night. The outside world was a vast and terrifying expanse of black blood.

Suddenly the old man swung out of bed, stood before the mirror and cried. "No! No! No!" He lurched forward, swept the boy with his trembling arms, and closed the window furiously.

The middle-aged man opened a book. The boy stood before the mirror smiling a sinister smile.

"I don't want to die in the night!" a savage cry tore loose from the old man's throat.

The boy echoed a barbaric laughter. "I don't want to die in the night! I want to die under the burning sun!"

"You can afford to die in the night," the boy said tauntingly. "You're a brave man."

"No! Dying in the night is a tragedy. It is always a tragedy. Besides, I am no longer brave. I am all broken. I am just like a —"

"You're just like a useless old goat, that's all!"

I feel you stirring inside me, my boy, I know I'm just being nostalgic. I fashion you out of memory, out of a mind drunk with memory. Memory is an enemy more loathsome than death. Perhaps, it is because it stirs in me the desire of the impossible. There is no escape from memory just as there is no escape from death. You laugh at me because you are a fool. I know you know that you are

just laughing at yourself. You are a fool. You are young and you are armed with vision. I am old and I am tortured with memory. Lost and ancient days! They are the claws clawing at my very soul! But everything will be over soon. I am speaking in a language few would understand and fewer still would find sufficient. We are all fools!

IV

"WHY ARE you so useless? O why are you so useless?" the middle-aged said to the old man almost angrily. "I hate you only because I hate myself. Your weakness has triumphed over my strength. Yes, you have successfully planted the seed of fear in my still arable world. Your eyes! I should have plucked them out and get the hell out of them! They are haunting my nerves. You! You, old bastard, you! You are the antithesis of meaning."

The old man retreated to the bed, muttering: "Fool! Fool! Fool!"

The boy grabbed him by the arm and with the same sinister look in his face, he asked: "Do you want me to throw you out of the window, huh?"

"And kill yourself?" the old man said without looking at the boy. He freed himself from the boy's tightening grip, proceeded to the bed, and dropped wearily on the soiled mattress of many colors.

Ruefully, the boy sat on the rocking chair again. The middle-aged man was pacing up and down the room again, crossing between the boy and the mirror.

"Years ago I also had a room like this," he said. "I loved that room. It was in that room that I talked with God."

"Did he answer?"

Silence.

"Every man has his own god."

"And his own hell too," the boy said.

"There are as many gods as there are individuals."

And we are all disillusioned somnambulists, the boy thought. Yeah, disillusioned somnambulists. He rose. The middle-aged man stood transfixed. Now, more than half of the candle had melted. The light was dim, dying. The room looked very gloomy, dismal, and almost dream-like. Suddenly the mad rain came pattering everywhere with tremendous intensity. The wind moaning outside was rising slowly to a crescendo and violent gusts blew against the window panes. The darkness deepened; the rain wilder.

The body lurched up and down the room, lit a cigarette, opened the window, and thrust his head out as if to throw his thoughts away into the night. The wind and rain lashed at his face but he kept on standing there, transfixed, like a statue carved of antiquity. The middle-aged man grabbed him by the arm and

(Continued on page 49)



PANGULONG TUDLING

KAMAEKILAN LAMANG sinimulan ang pasukan. Napakaraming naghanged na makapag-aral. Ang ilan ay naging mapalad ngunit mayroon naman pang nakaitan ng kapalaran sa kanilang hangarin.

Maraming nagnanais na makamitan ang karunungan, subalit sila'y binabakikiran ng karukhaan. May mga taong may kakayahan ngunit higit napinahahalagahan nila ang paglilimayon at pag-aaksaya ng panahon at pagwawaldas ng salapi. Masasabi natin na ang lahat ng ito'y nababatay sa pagkakataon at kakayahan.

Ibaling natin ang ating mga pansin sa iba't-ibang panig ng ating paaralan. May mapagsumikap at mayroon namang nagwawalang bahala.

Tayo'y pinagkalooban ng isa't isang kakayahan sa pagpaunlad at pagtaguyod ng ating sariling buhay. Minsan lamang tayong magkakaroon ng pagkakataon sa pagpaunlad ng ating sariling katauhan. Kung bakit tayo nasa paaralan: ito'y dahil sa tayo'y mapalad, na ang dalawang salitang nabanggit na may ginintuang kahulugan ay di rairalpa sa atin. Di natin dapat iwasan ang magandang handog sa atin ng kapalaran na siyang kalooban ng Dakilang Lumikha. Pangalawa sa Kanya ay ang ating mga magulang na mapagsumikap. Sila'y nagmamalasakit sa sarili nating kapakanan. Imulat natin ang ating mga mata sa mga bagay na ito. Di kaya dapat tumbasan ang kanilang kakailaan? Nagmamalasakit sila upang mahango tayo sa daigdig ng kamangmangan. Kaya dapat ay magsumikap tayo hanggang sa makakaya. upang mabentaagan natin ang liwanag o karunungan na siyang lakas ng sangkatauhan.

VIRGINIA A. FLOREDES
B.S.E.Ed. III

Kasiyahan ng Pag-aaral

ni B. DUARTE, B.S.M.E. IV

ALAM 'NYO BA kung bakit na sa dinami-rami ng mga kasawian at kahirapang binalik natin sa nakaraang pasukan, ay nagkandaraja pa rin tayong bumalik? Huwag mo namang ikatwirang ginagawa mong "hunting ground" ng isang asawa itong paaralan natin, e lagot ka niyan kay kalihim Roces. Nantanto 'nyo ba ang tunay na kahulugan ng pag-aaral? Kung inakala ninyong sapat na ang magdala ng kuwaderno, isang tambak na libro at napakalaking "bag", at makiapid sa mga kabarkada upang magiging isang ulirang mag-aaral, nagkakamali kayo! Nagtatapon lang kayo ng salaping matagal nang pinagpawisan ng inyong mga magulang. Masasabi na-

man ninyong mahirap talaga ang "mag-sunog ng kilay" samantalang mas mainam yata ang maunod ng sine. Hindi naman kinakailangang maging isang "genius" upang tayo ay makapasa. Wala tayong gagawin kundi ang ibuhos lamang ang ating loob sa pag-aaral. Dapat nga'y magkaroon tayo ng isang pambihirang layunin sapagka't ito ang magiging ilaw sa pakikibaka sa kahirapang daranasin natin sa ating pag-aaral. Hindi tayo dapat mawalan ng pag-asa, at ang isang kasawian ay gagawin nating daan para sa isang pinakaminithing tagumpay. Ang pag-aaral naman ay hindi lamang sinusukat ng mga gradong makukuha natin kundi sa kasiyahanang malpagkaka-

loob natin sa ating sarili at sa Dakilang Lumikha. Matamis lasapin ang tagumpay na magmula sa malinis na paraan at puspusang pagsisikap.

Wika nga nila na ang pagtatagumpay ay nasa sa sariling patakaran. Ang isang matayog na pangarap na pagpapagurang abutin, lalagpak ma'y hindi lubusang maunsiyami. Bagkus ang pinapatungang bantayog ay siyang magiging inspirasyon natin upang muli na namang pagibayuhin ang ating pagsisikap. Kailanma'y huwag nating kaligtang hingin ang patnubay ng Diyos. Mahirap ba? Marahil nga, ngunit walang matigas na bato na hindi madudurog sa malimit at mapunyanging pagpatak ng ulan.

MAIKLING KUWENTO:

MANGYARI ANG KALOOBAN MO



ni VIRGINIA A. FLOREDES

AKMA NA SANANG LALABAS si Nena sa kanyang tinutulan na daladala ang isang kahon na maayos ang pagkakatuloy, ay may kumatok sa kanilang pintuan.

"Pahatid-kawad po para kay Miss Nena Mirasol."

Tinanggap kaagad ni Nena ang inabot sa kanya. Nanginginig ang kanyang mga kamay nang buksan niya iyon. Pagkatapos basahin iyon ay marahang nagsalita, "hindi, hindi...! kagagaling ko lamang sa amin kahapon, kausap ko po

siya kahapon, hiningan pa niya ako ng sapatos na siyang ipadadala ko sa kanya ngayon."

Humagulog si Nena, hindi niya nupigilan ang sarili at sumigaw.... "hindi.... hindi siya maaring mumatay...!" "Kalamayin mo ang iyong kalooban Nena," ang pahinahon sa kanya ng isang kaibigan.

Nang muling panumbalikin si Nena ng sarili ay lulan na siya sa sasakyang patungong lalawigan. Siya'y isang estudyante. Kadadalaw lamang niya sa kanila noong nakaraang araw, at sa araw na ito ay kaarawan ng kapatid niyang yumao. Mahal sa kanya ang kanyang kapatid 'pagkat siya na lamang ang nalalabing hiyas ng kanyang buhay. Utila na silang lubos at ang nagpapaaral sa kanya ay ang kanyang mabait at mayaman na amin. Hindi mapanatag ang diva ni Nena, ang kanyang mukha ay hindi matuyuan ng luha. Maya-maya'y humagulog. Napalinging ang matanda niyang katabi at nagwika:

"Bakit anak, ano ang iyong suliranin?"

Matagal na hindi nakakibo si Nena. "Namatay ho ang aking kapatid," ang sagot niya may halong hibki. Tinitigan siya ng matanda, matagal. Pagkaraan ng ilang sandali ay mahinahong nagsalita, "... di no dapat aksayahin ang iyong mga luha anak. Hindi nga natin magigil ang ating sarili ngunit dapat mong mabatid na siya'y buhay."

"Buhay? Paanong mabubuhay ang isang patay?" May halong pagtataka ang mga tanong ni Nena.

"OO anak, siya'y buhay. Buhay na buhay sa kaharian ng Diyos. Maaring siya'y yumao sa daigdig na ito ngunit siya'y maluwalathing namamahinga sa Kanyang kaharian. At dapat mong malaman na ang lahat ng bagay rito sa mundo ay ari ng Panginoon. Wala tayong karapatan upang pigilin ang kalooban Niya."

"Ngunit siya na lamang ho ang tanging nalalabi sa buhay ko," ang sagot ni Nena.

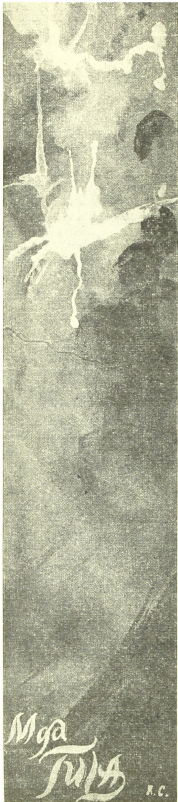
"Marami pang bagay na hindi mo naunawaan, bata ka pa. Ngunit ipinapayo ko sa iyo na sa iyong pagdarasal ng "Ama Namin" ay huminto ka sa bahaging "Mangyari ang Kalooban Mo." Isip-isipin mo kung kaninong kalooban ang nangyari sa kapatid mo."

Hindi kumibo si Nena, nasa loob niya na may katuwiran ang matanda, napatingin siya sa malayo. Naalala niya ang kanyang inang yumao na siyang tagapayo sa kanya kung siya'y may suliranin. Bigla siyang natigilan at marahang nagsalita, "si Inay, kamukha ng matanda." Luminging siya sa katabi ngunit wala na roon ang matanda.

"Saan kaya siya nagpunta, hindi pa huminto ang sasakyan," ang tanong ni Nena sa sarili.

"Si Inay kaya ang nakatabi ko?"

Hindi maubos-isip ni Nena ang mga pangyayari. Humilig siya sa kanyang kinauupuan, ipinikit ang mga luhaang mata, panatag na ang kanyang sarili, handa na ang kanyang katauhan sa pagtanggap ng walang pasubaling katotohanan; na ang nangyari sa kanyang kapatid ay kalooban ng Maykapal.



Sa Aming Nayon

DOLCEMINA ONG, B.S.E.-IV

dagting lumilitaw sa isipan
isang pangyayaring matagal nang nakaraan
may dalang tuwa at kasiglahan
may dala ring bakas ng kalungkutan

panahon noon ng bakasyon
sa aming nayon'y may pagpupulong
maraming tao sa plaza'y natipon
pati ang tatay at tatlo kong nroong

indang, siyang taong sa tatey ko
gorio, sa pagunang ninong ko
kikoy ang doon sa ikatlo
ang sa ikatwa nama'y mang kadyo

nang magsalita ang pinunong bayan
ang lahat ay walang imikan
maliban kay tatay at mang kadyo
i kikoy at si gorio

ang kari-kanilang maybahay ang pinag-
usapan

at silang lahat ay nagkakaunawaan
na parang tigre raw kung sa babakan
ang mga babaing walang isipan

kayo sila'y gumawa ng paraan
na sa makalawa'y manala sa babakan
at si mang kadyo ang nagmungkahi
na lalabas raw sa bahay ng pakunwari

ang apat na magkaibig'y nagkasunduan
at nang matapos ang kanilang usapan
tisa-isa't sa bahay nag-uwian
hendang-handa nang makilaban

nang umaga ring yaon
sa plaza rin ang apat humantong
kuwento nila'y di magkaiba
lahat sila'y may nalabing isang mata

ang bawat isa'y pinagsabihan
siyang sanhi ng kaguluhan
kaya nang sila'y nagkinitan
sila na rin ang nagbugbugan

nang dumating ang mga tanod ng bayan
lahat sila'y dinala sa himpilan
kaya sinabi ng mga taong bayan
silang apat ay magkasama hanggang kumata-
yan

Buhangin ng

Dalampasigan

V. A. FLORDELIZ

Oh, buhangin ng dalampasigan!
kay ganda mong pagmasdan!
Ang naghilitan mong anyo,
ay ganda at sining ng karagatan.

Napakapalad mo —, mga yepak at bakas
ng maging-ilog ay nakatatat sa dibdib mo.
At nasa mga kamay mo ang mga
kasaysayan

ng pag-ibig sa buong mundo.
Malaya kang nakikipagherot,
Sa mga alon ng dalampasigan.
Ang lungkot ng sawi ay ma-
hilumasan kang kayo'y masilayan.

Ngunit ikaw'y di palaging hangyan.
Pagkat ikaw'y saksi rin ng kalupitan ni
kamatayan.

Malalamig na bangkay na minasya sa
iyong nakahimlay.

Oh, buhangin ng dalampasigan
katulad mo ay isang dulaan.
Iba't-ibang anyo ng Buhay ay
nagaganap sa iyong kandingan.

Daigdig ng Karukhaan

V. A. FLORDELIZ

Lumisan kang may dahilan.
Sa akala ko ba'y ako'y pinagatnapan.
'yan pala'y napag-alaman mo,
na ako'y kasingsaba ng damo.

Ikaw'y bituin at bulaklak ng lipunan.
Kahit ako'y tumingala upang ikaw ay
mapagmasdan;
ay di maabot ng aba kong paningin,
Ang angkin mong kapagandaan.

Ikaw'y sa aktin umibig, guyon din ako.
Pagsamahan at paglalambingan nati'y
lumikha ng isang paraiso.
Paraisong punong-puno ng kaliyagaan,
ngunit nababalutan ng kahiwagaan.

Pagka't ang daigdig mo ay ginintuan,
samtalagang ang sa akly' huntian.
Nalilibutan ka ng kasaganaan,
Samantalang ang sa akly' kalungkutan
Na siyang sanhi at dahilan upang ako'y
iyong iwasan sa daigdig ng karukhaan...

Lagi mong Sinasaktan Ang sino pang Nagmamahal sa Iyo

NI SINFOROSO E. BUENVIJAE,
COM.-IV

MASAKIT AMININ ang katotohanang
may isang mahirap ipaliwanag na ugali
ng taong saktan ang damdamin ng nag-
mamahal sa kanya. Ang nilalang na nag-
mamahal sa lubos, na taos pusong umi-
big sa kanya ay siya pang naging bik-

tima ng kanyang walang karapatapat
na pagtutukin. Ngunit hindi niya nalaman
na siya'y tagasunod lamang sa isang ma-
tagal nang salawikaing "Lagi inong Si-
nasaktan ang sino pang nagmamahal sa
iyo."

Ang mga katagang ito'y winika ng mga
makata at sinambit ng mga manunulat,
inawit ng mga dayuhan at isinalin sa Wi-
kang Filipino. Ito'y naging bukambibig
ng balana ngunit hindi nila isinapuso at
inuawa ang angkop na kahulugan nito.
At naging sikat na awitin sa himig ng
isang masamang tugtugin at ang tamis
nito'y tumatagoe sa kaibuturan ng ating
puso.

"Ngunit bakit mo nga ba sinaktan ang
damdamin ng taong 'di mo dapat saktan,
bakit?"

Sa dalawang magkatipang malimit
mangyaring hindi isina-alang-alang ng
isa ang kabalanan ng pagmamahal ng
katipan datapuwa't naging taksil ite, sa
kanilang pag-ibigan hanggang sa isang
araw ay maging ito sa kanyang pagka-
kamali. Ngunit sa kanyang pagkakiagi-
sing ay naging huli na, sapagkat ito'y
nakasugat na ng malalim sa damdamin
ng minamahal at naging sanhi na ng
pag-agos ng masaganang luha sa kaawa-
awa. Nasanan ang katারণan at bakit
mo siya sinaktan, masasabi mo ba sa akin
ang dahilan? At tiyak na hindi mo ma-
sabi sapagkat hindi mo maintindihan ang
iyong damdamin. Hindi mo kayang ta-
rukin ang iyong damdamin...hinding-
hindi...

Ang kasabihang "Huwag mong gawin

Sumpaang at Dangako

LOURDES B. UNABIA, B.S.E.-II

Sariva pu niyaring di makakalimot kong isipan,
Yaong sumpaang wari'y ginto kung tularan,
Tanikalang nag-uugnay sa ating piusong
taos na nagmamahalan,
Bagama't nagkahiwalay at nagkalayo,
ay ndyok ng ating kapalaran.

Sumpaang nagbigay kahulugan sa bawat
pintig ng ating puso,
Nu sa mababagsik na alon ng kapalaran
kailanmay di maigupo,

Pangkong taglay ang bantayog ng pangarap
at pag-ibig,
Gumuhò man ang mundo'y palalo pa ring nakatindig.

Yao'y nangap sa isang sandaling kapanga-pangarap,
Damdamin nating tigib ni ligaya'y waring
nakahitang sa alapaap,
Makinang hampas ng alon sa dalampasigang
ating kinausapan,
Tila nakitiramay din sa ating paglisan.

Ang paglayo ko'y di dapat ipangamba
mahal ko,
Alaalà mo'y gabay ko sampi ang iyong pangako,
Sa isakatuparan ng tagumpay na aking pinangarap,
Maging katumbas man nilo'y matinding paghikrap.

Dalangin kong mananitili kang tapat, at iyon pag-iingatan
Ang pag-ibig kong wagas na sa kandungan mo'y nauwan,
At pagsikapan kong sa iyo'y di magbabago;
sa paglingap ay di magkukulang,
Maging kamatayan mo'y sa at'y di
makahahadlang.

Dalangin ko ring maabot at aking makamtan
Ang lungatini ng buhay na siya
kong inasam-asam,
Na maipagmamalaki ko't maihandog,
maialay,
Sa paanan ng mga nilikhang bahagi ng aking buhay.

Ayon Kay Rizal

RODULFO U. SANTOS

Noong araw bata pa si Rizal,
Lalaki lang daw ang nakapanatunay;
Ngunit ngayon hindi na raw,
Pati satirirya pangbabae na daw.

Si Maria ayon pa rin kay Rizal
Makinhin ang kilos at kahañhahina;
Walang kulay sa pisngi, buhok hanggang paa,
Kapilas at tulad ni Eba.

Bakit ngayon buhok hanggang batok,
Pati ang barberya ay pinapasok,
Ang mga pisngi kulay asul at pula,
Parang nakasot nga antipas ni "Drakula."

Kaya ngayon Adan magstika pa,
Baka pati titulo mo mapalitan pa;
Ang turing sa iyo noon Padre de pamilya,
Malaking kahihiyang pag naging madre de pamilya ka.

Labis na ang takbo ng kabihanaan,
Marami na ang kusaang nagpapaboya;
Darating ang araw pag sukulan na ang pagkasugapa,
Walang mintis ay madadapa ka.

Ang sa akin at sa iyo ay paalala,
Huwag masasaktan sa aking pamumuna
Sa hangad kong muli tayong magstimula,
Matisod man tayo hindi basta mararapa.

Asahan mong ako'y babalik upang ating tutuparin,
Yaong sumpa't pangakong bahagi na
ng bawat hangarin,
Katuparan ng katigayahan nais, sa at'y itinakda,
Ng Dakilang higit na makapangyarihan
sa lahat ng nilikha.

sa iyang kapuwa ang isang bagay na
ayaw mong gagawin sa iyo" ay iyong
sinuway. Ngunit papaano kung maging
tumbalik ang pangyayari, halimbawa...

Ikaw naman ngayon ang taos-pusong
umibig sa iyong kasintahan, minahal
mo siya ng buong katapatan, sinamba at
ig-nagalang. Naging matapat sa iyong
mga mataamis na pangako na sa dako
pa rong ay naghihintay ang isang lalo
pang magandang bukas na iyong pag-
hahatian. Iginalang mo ng lubusan ang
kanyang karangalan at pagkababae na
huwag madungislan. Sinunod mo ang kan-
yang bawat naisin sapagkat ayaw mong
masaktan ang kanyang damdamin. Sa-
pagkat ayaw mong siya'y luluha at mag-
tatampo, at gusto mong maging isang
uliran na kasintahan. Ganyan katamis

ang inyong pagmamahalan...hanggang
...isang araw...

Ang babaging minamahal mo ay big-
lang nagtaksil at nagtalusira at ikaw ay
kanyang iniwan... Biglang dumilim ang
langit sa iyo. Nasugatan ang iyong puso
ng isang sugat na napakalalim at sa
wari'y hindi na maghihiom. Napakasa-
kit pala ang mabigo. At ibig mo nang
magpakamatay at tapusin ang lahat, ngu-
nit naman ang iyong pagtatako sa
Diyos. Nalalaman mong ang pagpatiwa-
kal ay isang malaking kasalanan laban
sa kautusan ng Diyos. Kaya ang min-
buti mong ginawa ay ang pilit siyang
limutin, pinilit mong magpakabuti sa
iyong pag-saral, hangang sa nagtagal,
ay pinaghihilo ng panahon ang sugat ng
iyong puso, sapagkat ang FANAHOON

ay siyang mabisang lunas ng lahat.

At ngayon ay naitanong mo sa iyang
sarili. "Bakit ako sinaktan ng aking ma-
hal—akong siyang 'di niya dapat saktan?"
Bakit... O bakit... Ngunit kung iyong
naala-ala ang kabagpang nagsaan, kung
iyo pang naala-ala ang iyong ginawa sa
iyong unang kasintahan...naging mali-
mutin ka na be nang ikaw rin ay nag-
taksil? Nang saktan mo rin ang dam-
damin at puso ng babang tunay na umi-
big at nagmamahal sa iyo? Ano man ang
haldi at kirot na iyong ginawa ay siya
mo ring naramdaman." Hindi mo sana
sinaktan ang damdamin ng taong 'di mo
dapat saktan."

Uli-uli ay huwag gawin sa kapuwa ang
isang bagay na ayaw mong gagawin sa
iyo. Malibanag ba?

Salvia

Vamos pasando un campillo
como bañado de gracia,
aprentando sobre el pecho
como a tórtolas robadas,
el hábito de la menta
el ojo azul de la salvia,
el trascender del romero
y el pudor de la albahaca.

Corto con la mano de aire,
corto como desvariada
y, voleando el manejo,
les miento sus cuatro patrias:
La Castilla y la Vasconia,
La Provenza y la Campania.

Llegué al punto de su flor
y sus bodas azuladas.
Toda hierba amé, pero ésta
siempre fue mi ahijada.
Lento el hábito, ojos dulces
y este fervor que las alza.

Aquí estoy mirando cuatro
bultitos de encuelladas,
tan atentas con sus dulces
cuellos de niñas alzadas.

Matas de azul no engreidas,
en su hábito balanceadas,
así apresurando azules
y volando aligeradas.

Esta siesta se la doy
y ellas me la dan sobrada.
Aunque les vuelvo sin bulto,
mera señal, biceza fábula.

¡Qué bien que estamos así
por el encuentro arrobadas!
Sobran la ruta y las gentes
y el tiempo que antes volaba.

— GABRIELA MISTRAL

Editorial

Apostolado Seglar

"VOSOTROS sois la sal de la tierra... Vosotros sois la luz mundo" (Mateo 5, 13-14). Estas palabras las dirigió Jesús, en su mensaje de la montaña, no sólo a los apóstoles, sino a "todo este gentío" que veía ante Sí. "Brille así vuestra luz ante los hombres, de manera que vean vuestras buenas obras, y glorifique a vuestro Padre que está en los cielos" (Mateo 5, 16). En estas palabras finca el llamado de Cristo al apostolado seglar. Por este apostolado entendamos la cooperación apostólica de los seglares, sean hombres o mujeres, a la extensión del reino de Dios en la tierra.

Esta cooperación se deduce también, al decir de san Pedro, de la común "clase de sacerdotes reyes" (1 Pedro, 2-9), por la cual se condiciona no sólo el co-ofrendar el sacrificio en el altar y la inmolación de sí mismo, sino también la acción apostólica en la sacrosanta obra de divulgación del reino de Dios. El deber del trabajo apostólico también se hace patente en la solidaridad de la humanidad y en la íntima trabazón anímica que media de hombre a hombre. "Uno solo es vuestro Maestro, y todos vosotros sois hermanos" (Mateo 23, 8). "Comportad las cargas unos con otros, y con eso cumpliréis la ley de Cristo" (Gálatas 6, 2).

Esta trabazón entre almas se halla cimentada en el misterio de la más estrecha unión sobrenatural de los redimidos en "un solo cuerpo" del cual "Cristo es la cabeza." De él todo el cuerpo trabado y conexo entre sí, recibe por todos los vasos y conductos de comunicación, según la medida correspondiente a cada miembro, el aumento propio del cuerpo para su edificación mediante la caridad" (Efesios 4, 16).

Finalmente el deber del apostolado seglar se basa en la promesa que diera Jesucristo, promesa que encierra asimismo un mandato: "Todo aquel que me reconociere delante de los hombres, yo también le reconoceré delante de mi Padre, que está en los cielos" (Mateo 10, 32). Es cierto que la religión cristiana, más que cualquier otro asunto, es cosa del corazón, pero en modo alguno debe constituirse en asunto exclusivo del corazón que en él se agote y se consuma. Muy al contrario, ella debe abarcar la totalidad y la integralidad del hombre y transformarse en levadura que no cese de trabajar hasta que haya penetrado todo: individuo y familia, escuela y colectividad, estado y pueblo.

Este pensamiento ya alcanzó eclosión externa en el cristianismo primitivo, como lo atestiguan los Hechos de los Apóstoles y las cartas de san Pablo. "También te pido, oh fiel compañero, que asistas a éas que conmigo han trabajado por el Evangelio con Clemente y los demás coadjutores míos..." (Filipenses 4, 3). Aun en tiempos postapostólicos, la Iglesia constantemente admira y ponderaba la labor apostólica de los seglares.

El apostolado no es privilegio o una misión exclusiva de un grupo reducido dentro de la Iglesia, sino una vocación universal del cristiano, en virtud de su misma inserción en el Cuerpo Místico de Cristo, de su participación en la vida de Cristo.

El gran apostolado que el seglar, cualquier seglar, está llamado a ejercitar, es el de una vida cristiana consciente y fuerte, valiente y alegre, que informe todos sus actos y sea como una levadura en medio del mundo que le rodea; del mundo que observa sus obras para juzgar su fe;

(Continúa en la pag. 40)

VERDAD É INTEGRIDAD PERSONAL

Por

LUIS E. SCHÖNFELD, S.V.D.

"Y el fuego mostrará cuál sea la obra de cada uno" (1 Cor. 3, 13).

LLEGAR AL GRANO de la verdad es trabajo harto difícil, por lo menos por lo que a nosotros mismos hace. "¿Qué es la verdad?" preguntó Pilato a Cristo. Mas, se alejó antes de recibir la contestación.

Los filósofos aseveran que así como la voluntad propende hacia algo por su aspecto bueno y apetecible, así también la mente tiende, por su propia naturaleza, hacia lo que es verdadero. Ahondando poco más en ello, aprendemos que la verdad es la relación recíproca que guardan entre sí la mente y el objeto fuera de la mente; que la verdad de las cosas yace, en último término, en su relación recíproca con la mente de Dios, quien aprehende todas las cosas.

Peritos en teología dan un paso más allá, y explican la Personalidad distinta del Hijo divino como la eterna contemplación de la mente divina de su propia verdad. San Juan Evangelista lo comprendía así cuando se refería a Cristo, afirmando que era la expresión del pensamiento de Dios, o sea, el Verbo. "En el principio — escribió — era el Verbo, y el Verbo estaba en Dios, y el Verbo era Dios... Y el Verbo se hizo carne, y habló en medio de nosotros; y nosotros hemos visto su gloria, gloria cual del Unigénito del Padre lleno de gracia y VERDAD" (Juan 1, 1-14). Cristo se refirió también en este sentido a Sí mismo como "Camino, VERDAD y vida" (Juan 14, 6).

No obstante nuestro prototipo divino en la mente de Dios y la función natural de la mente humana, la genuina consecuencia y expresión de la verdad choca frecuentemente con serios obstáculos.

El poder creativo de la imaginación es de las posesiones más preciadas que poseemos; pero puede llegar a ser también una de las más peligrosas. El período de la infancia puede hallarse sumergido en un mundo encantador de hadas y creaciones fantásticas, heredado del folklore de edades pretéritas, y constantemente recordado en juegos infantiles y cuentos de ficción. Pero la ficción también puede llevar a fantásticas alucinaciones y complejos nocivos. La literatura, la música y la dramática en sus varias formas no sólo nos alientan y alivian en el tedio de la existencia, sino que al mismo tiempo sirven para elevar el espíritu humano y enriquecer nuestra capacidad para poder apreciar nuestra naturaleza espiritual y sus relaciones con Dios. Por otra parte, también pueden desarrollar un sentido de valores ecéntricos. El poder de imaginación es lo que conduce a descubrimientos científicos y a la dilatación de los horizontes del saber humano. Esta misma actividad, empero, como lo atestigua la historia del crimen y de la guerra, puede acarrear perjuicios extraños y dañinos, a menos que esté bien controlado.

¿Cómo podremos dar razón de estas aberraciones de tan noble facultad del hombre? No hemos de olvidar que la imaginación es una facultad orgánica, una función del cerebro, y como tal es distinta de la mente o del intelecto, que es una facultad espiritual del alma. Aun los animales inferiores poseen algo así como imaginación. Perros, por ejemplo, ladran mientras duermen, lo cual indica que tienen sueños ellos tam-

bién. El carácter fantástico de muchos de nuestros sueños es suficiente indicación de lo que es capaz la imaginación cuando no es regulada por el discernimiento y pleno conocimiento.

Hacer una investigación exhaustiva y un análisis de todos los impulsos y motivos que fundamentan esos caprichos humanos nos llevaría mucho más allá del fin de este artículo. Cada cual debe examinar sus propios problemas y tendencias personales si de ello ha de resultar algún bien práctico. Puede aseverarse, no obstante, que lo más de la falta de honradez y de la falsedad brota de la autoglorificación, autopromoción y autodefensa.

Este tipo general de ausencia de honradez intelectual se extiende por sobre diversos campos. Hay personas que se permiten vigorosas y categóricas declaraciones para las cuales carecen de toda base y razón. Todos nos sentimos inclinados a rotular a personas, ideas y corrientes del pensar humano, y en ese proceso nos hacemos culpables de inmenso daño, por lo menos de daño moral. "Cripte-fascista", "cripto-comunista", "movimientos subversivos y complets" y epítetos semejantes han sido arrojados últimamente sin discriminación alguna e injustificadamente, si no de mala fe.

Para corregir esta tendencia se requiere una sincera estima y consideración de la verdad y una positiva determinación de ser preciso y exacto en las aseveraciones. Si las personas adoptaran esta norma, es probable que se hablaría menos. El hablar, lo mismo que el pensar honradamente, demandan una rigurosa disciplina de sí mismo.

Hay personas que nunca expresan lo que biigan en su mente. Si se tratara tan sólo de observaciones piadosas, sin sustancia alguna; o de alabanzas acaso exageradas o de una mera verboria fútil, ningún mal podría producirse. Pero cuando se trata de una mentalidad taimada e intrigante, el problema asume contornos totalmente diferentes. Este tipo de mente nunca sale al descubierto. Nunca pone sus cartas sobre la mesa. Nunca sabráse a qué dar fe o de qué sospechar en ellos. La sustancia de sus actividades son la intriga y el disimulo, si no directamente la mentira y la falsedad. No se trata aquí de una conducta de "dos caras", sino de tantas caras cuantas esta mente entra en contacto.

No toda duplicidad, sin embargo, es producto de la malicia directa y consciente. Mucho de ella tiene su origen en la debilidad personal. La envidia y los celos son causa también de un razonamiento tortuoso.

La solución de estos problemas debe comenzar con saber dar la cara a la verdad sobre nosotros mismos, con coraje y determinación. Debe primar, en primer término, la buena voluntad para reconocer nuestras deficiencias y faltas, nuestros fracasos y nuestras culpas, tales como son en su realidad, y no entrar en razonamientos o tratar de buscar consuelo en lo que

podríamos llamar buenas excusas con respecto a nuestra mala conducta. Es igualmente erróneo sentir lástima por consigo mismo por el cúmulo de circunstancias que exigen rendición de cuentas. "Gnoethi Seauten!", dice el antiguo adagio griego — "Conócete a ti mismo". Si es de presentar al mundo una personalidad integral y positiva, hemos de comenzar por insistir en una transparencia y diáfandía de alma sin tacha en nosotros mismos.

Esto, empero, no significa que hemos de llegar a ser introvertidos al punto de dudar de la honradez del motivo de cada acto o decisión. Tampoco es la honradez del propósito garantía de que el mundo siempre nos dará crédito por el deseo que tengamos de hacer lo que es correcto. Lo que los demás puedan pensar de nosotros no es de primordial importancia.

Alguien, acaso, podría haberse preguntado en el curso de la lectura de estas líneas, por qué honradez y verdad han sido tratados bajo el mismo epígrafe. En alguna forma su competencia se desarrolla en esferas totalmente diferentes. Sin embargo, desde un punto de vista personal, las dos van constantemente unidas en un espíritu de abnegación y de valerosa convicción. Los santos han sido hombres y mujeres que despreciaban el medio personal en bienes de este mundo cuando ello implicaba superfluidad en cuanto a sus necesidades o corrupción de cualidad y motivo, y adhirió a la verdad tan apasionadamente que buscaban la íntima unión con Dios, aunque tal determinación les costara persecución y muerte. Cristo, el irreprochable líder, declaró que las aves tienen sus nidos y las raposas sus madrigueras, mientras Él no ha tenido donde reclinarse la cabeza (Mateo 8, 20). Como que para Él no existía acepción de personas, por lo que respecta a la verdad, fue conducido a la muerte en el madero de la cruz. Y no obstante es a Él, por su diáfana abnegación, a quien debemos las bendiciones de nuestra existencia y la esperanza de una vida eterna.

Lo que es verdadero, genuino y sincero siempre permanecerá en crédito de la personalidad humana. Lo que es falso y meretricio, simulado; lo que es ostentación y falta de honradez, todo esto arrastra necesariamente a la desintegración y quedará eventualmente desmascarado. La norma de desarrollo para la personalidad cristiana e integridad personal es clara. La mente humana no puede hallar descanso ni reconciliación a no ser en el hábito de una constitucional sinceridad para consigo mismo.

En último análisis, integridad personal significa más que self-respect. Finca esencialmente en un espíritu de desinterés. Tan sólo inquiriere por lo que es correcto y justo; busca de dar verdadero valor donde encuentra valor. Se interesa únicamente por lo que puede hacer prosperar toda causa digna, el bien común. El hombre que es una sola cosa consigo mismo, es, por la misma prueba, un benefactor de la humanidad, una legítima fuerza de progreso, una luz en la oscuridad de la confusión, una columna de fuerza para todos aquellos que titubean en la penumbra y que sin embargo se hallan destinados a arribar a la luz.

"Bienaventurados los que tienen hambre y sed de justicia, porque ellos serán saciados" (Mateo 5, 6). †

Mi Inspiración

¿Quién me arrullaba en medio de mi sueño?
¿Quién me llevó a la hermosura del mundo?
¿Quién me acarició con un amor sincero?
Por quien siempre anhelo aunque lejos de mí,
Es nadie más que tú, mamá.

Tú eres la luz de mi infancia,
la esperanza y consuelo de mi juventud;
y en tus tiernos abrazos y caricias
siento el amor ardiente
de un corazón noble y puro.

En los momentos de incertidumbre y desesperación
sólo tus palabras me alivian en mis penas;
eres mi consuelo en la soledad y tristeza,
como en aquellas noches frías
cuando me protegías.

Ahora que estoy lejos de ti,
tu hija que te busca, para satisfacer
un deseo ardiente.

Tú siempre me inspiras en esta
trabajosa vida;
Una inspiración me das para que
triunfe después.

¡Mamá! — ¡Qué palabra más hermosa!
¡la pronunciaré para siempre!
¡La mantendré grabada en mi corazón!
Doy gracias a Dios que tengo
una madre como la mía
el más precioso tesoro que poseo
en esta vida.

— LOURDES B. UNABIA
B.S.E. II

EDITORIAL

(Continuación de la pagina 38)

del mundo en busca de una verdad absoluta que dé firmeza a su vida y a su pensamiento en crisis.

Acción sobrenatural, desde luego, destinada a la conservación y edificación del Cuerpo Místico de Cristo; acción, por consiguiente, que debe estar vivificada por la gracia la oración. No deseñemos en modo alguno este apostolado, que es propio de todos los fieles cristianos por el hecho mismo de pertenecer a la Iglesia; y menos en estos tiempos en que el naturalismo ambiental nos seduce, y trata de inspirarnos excesivamente confianza en el poder de los simples medios naturales.

¡Acción se nos pide! Múltiples son las necesidades de la Iglesia, a las que no alcanza ella, con los ministros por ella ordenados para el ministerio sagrado. Este apostolado laico debe actuar tanto más cuanto arrancian las luchas con el Reino de Dios en su Iglesia, en colaboración con la sagrada Jerarquía, aprendida siempre con la urgencia de la caridad de Cristo, acción que debe alcanzar la parroquia, la vida familiar, la escuela, el campo industrial, el mundo de la cultura y los medios de difusión. ‡

— LUIS EUGENIO

Honor Grads Flock to USC

FROM A LIST submitted by the Bursar's Office it is now known that 127 honor graduates from high school in Cebu, Eastern and Western Visayas, and Mindanao, are now enrolled in the different colleges of the University of San Carlos.

Broken down to particulars, there are 57 valedictorians, 13 of whom are enrolled in the College of Commerce and the Secretarial Department, 27 in the College of Liberal Arts, 14 in Teachers Col-

lege, and 4 in the College of Engineering.

Of the 45 salutatorians, 12 are in Commerce, 17 in Liberal Arts, 9 in Teachers College, and 7 in Engineering.

Of the 24 who graduated with honorable mention, 6 are in Commerce and Secretarial, 8 in Liberal Arts, 7 in Teachers College, and 3 in Engineering.

The University welcomes them all to its fold and is proud and

eager to extend to these talented youngsters the best that it can offer in instruction and equipment. It is hoped that these honor graduates will, through conscientious work and honest, persevering study, maintain their scholarships and so not only do justice to the high academic standards of the University, but bring honor to their respective high school as well.

From USC to these freshmen whose names and high schools are listed here, congratulations and good luck.

VALEDICTORIANS

COLLEGE OF COMMERCE AND SECRETARIAL

Abáiz, Martiniano, Holy Child Academy, Ubay Bohol
Arreza, Rachel, Cantilan High School, Cantilan, Surigao del Sur
Asunto, Godofredo, Bohol Province Institute, Calape, Bohol
Clemens, Beverly, Mahinog High School, Hubangon, Mahinog, Camiguin Sub-Province
Cantal, Elnora, Naga Provincial High School, Naga, Cebu
Fajardo, Fernando, St. Joseph College, Maasin, Southern Leyte
Gitamonduc, Dolores, Holy Child Academy, Maritahag, Surigao del Sur
Guiñe, Filomila, Holy Ghost Academy, Laog, Ilocos Norte
Lim, Beatriz, Cebu Christian School, Pelaez, Ext., Cebu City
Mendoza, Nimfa, Tuburan Voc. High School, Tuburan Cebu
Rabaca, Editha, Holy Cross Academy, Tubigon, Bohol
Salas, Eduardo, Naval High School, Naval, Leyte
Sy Estelita, Baybay High School, Baybay, Leyte

COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS AND SCIENCES

Aguelo, Carlito, Don Bosco Tech. High School, Punta, Princessa, Cebu City
Alfeche, Marlene, Carcar Academy, Carcar, Cebu
Besings, Winifreda, Saint Mary Academy, Guindulman, Bohol
Cabalfin, Noreen, USC Girls High School, University of San Carlos, Cebu City
Cabili, Alice, Saint Michael College, Iligan City
Calonsag, Nieva, Saint Michael College, Tangub, Mis. Occ.
Chiu, Victor, Lanao Chinese High School, Iligan City
Colina, Amparo, Colegio del Santo Niño, Magallanes Street, Cebu City
Dy Justino, Santo Niño High School, Bacolod, Lanao del Norte
Estrada, Livenia, Santa Ana Academy, Barili, Cebu
Estrera, Nenita, Camotes, Visayan Institute, Puro, Cebu
Fierro, Leni del, Saint Theresa's College, Juana Osmeña, Cebu City
Gasataya, Judith, Stella Maris Academy, Aguisan, Himamaylan, Negros Occidental

Gica, Ernesto, San Agustín Tech. Inst., Valencia, Bukidnon
Hijastra, José Pérez, San José Academy, Dumingag, Zamboanga del Sur
Hortillas, Mamerta, Añaña Academy, Yagan St., San Carlos City
Lim, Marie Blanche, Cebu Eastern College, Leon Kilat Street, Cebu City
Luza, Celerina, Saint Augustine Institute, Gigaquit, Surigao del Norte
Malinao, Myrna, Holy Rosary Academy, Hununangan, Southern Leyte
Napoles, Norma, Franciscan College of the Immaculate Conception, Baybay, Leyte
Resuena, Rhea, Celia, Talisay Malayan Academy, Ormoc City
Tabid, Alfredo, Camiguin High School, Catarman, Camiguin Sub-Province
Taboada, Ildefonso, Badian Prov. High School, Badian, Cebu
Tan, Flora, Saint Peter's Academy, Ormoc City
Tompar, Aurora, Southwestern University, Cebu City
Villaruel, Eleanor, Bais, Negros Oriental

TEACHERS COLLEGE

Barola, Fe, St. Thomas Aquinas Academy, Sogod, Southern Leyte
Bas, Emma, St. Francis Academy, Balamban, Cebu
Chu, Suy Tin (Concepción) Sacred Heart School, Camia St., Cebu City
Durens' Carmelita, Saint Mary's Academy, Oslob, Cebu
Galón, José, Cebu College of Commerce, Juan Luna Street, Cebu City
Getes, Norma, San Juan National Voc. High School, San Juan, Southern Leyte
Jering, Nimfa, Gabriel Jurndo Foundation, Catmon, Cebu
Labra, Eleonora, St. Alphonsus Catholic School, Lapulapu City
Lambating, Juilita, Moalboal Provincial High School, Moalboal, Cebu
Lucháñez, Dulcefina, Camotes Provincial High School, San Francisco, Camotes
Patalingjug, Miguela, Norte Dame Academy, San Fernando, Cebu

Rosales, Virginia, Carmen Academy, Carmen, Agusan
Sabana, Virginia, St. Ignatius Loyola Academy, Lilo-an
Southern Leyte
Sánchez, Guillermo, Bohol School of Arts and Trade,
Tagbilaran, Bohol

COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING & ARCHITECTURE

Aguiar, Patricio, Jr., Colegio de San José Recoletos, Cebu City
Anzana, Mario, Saint Paul's Academy, Inabanga, Bohol
Cabrera, Rogelio, Cateel High School, Cateel, Davao
Suemith, Alfonso, University of San Carlos Boys High School,
General Maxilom St., Cebu City

SALUTATORIANs

COLLEGE OF COMMERCE & SECRETARIAL

Bontia, Carolina, Cebu Academy, Carmen, Cebu
Canada, Yolanda, Christ the King College, Gingoog City
Cañete, Nilda, Mandau Academy, Mandau, Cebu
Capiapin, Estela, Lanuza Institute, Lanuza, Surigao del Sur
Go, Dolly, Sacred Heart School, Camia St., Cebu City
Lus, Anita, Baybay High School, Baybay, Leyte
Montaner, Dee Eng, Our Lady of Peace High School, Malabang,
Lanao del Sur
Paden, Marcela, Talisay, Malayan Academy, Talisay, Cebu
Panandrasyon, Maynardo, Cebu College of Commerce, Juan Luna,
St., Cebu City
Saniel, Linda, Saint Michael Academy, Argao, Cebu
Villapaz, Consolacion, Saint Vincent Institute, Maribojoc, Bohol
Wong, Jesús, Fatima College of Camiguin of Mambajao,
Camiguin Sub-Province

COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS & SCIENCES

Alpuerto, Carmelina, Little Flower School, Dumanjug, Cebu
Aluman, Feji, Western Leyte College, Ormoc City
Ames, Irene, Pandán Bay Institute, Pandán, Antique
Añasco, Antonieta, Saint Paul's Academy, Inabangan, Bohol
Añasco, Esperanza, Saint Peter's Academy, San Vicente St.,
Ormoc City
Angos, Patria, University of Southern Philippines, Mabini St.,
Cebu City
Belciña, Leticia, Annunciation Academy, Dalaguete, Cebu
Bucado, Teresita, Masbate Southern Inst., Pio Corpus, Masbate
Descallar, Alejandro, Xavier High School, Rizal, Zamboanga
del Norte
Flores, Virgilio, Cebu South National High School, Argao, Cebu
Gabiana, Rosario, Gullas High School, Pardo, Cebu City
Kokseng, Chester, University of San Carlos Boys High School,
Gen. Maxilom Ave., Cebu City
Magsalay, Perla, Ave Maria Academy, Maria, Negros Oriental
Milán, Gloria, Saint Vincent Institute, Maribojoc, Bohol
Nuevas, Elizabeth, Visayas Agricultural College, Tacloban City
Santillán, Próspero, Madridejos Provincial High School
Madridejos, Cebu

TEACHERS COLLEGE

Amarilles, Avita, St. Joseph High School, El Salvador, Mis. Or.
Buling, Marceisa, San Juan National Vocational High School,
San Juan, Southern Leyte
Coquilla, Bernardita, Naval High School, Naval, Leyte
Erano, Primitivo, Sacred Heart School, Calamba, Mis. Occ.

Melitante, María, St. Francis Academy, Balamban, Cebu
Mirasol, Salud, Saint Mary's Academy, Oslob, Cebu
Piczon, Norma, St. Michael High School, Gandara, Samar
Prado, Gregorio, St. Thomas Aquinas Academy, Sogod,
Southern Leyte
Saliendra, Magdalena, University of San Carlos Girls High
School, P. del Rosario Ext., Cebu City

COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING & ARCHITECTURE

Antigua, Roberto, Northern Mindanao School of Arts & Trade,
Cabadbaran, Agusan
Berdin, Reynaldo, St. Alphonsus Catholic School, Lapulapu City
Gonzaga, Perla, St. James High School, Buenavista, Agusan
Gonzales, Corazón, Norte Dame Girls Department
Kidapawan, Cotabato
Manto, Arturo, Colegio de San José Recoletos, Cebu City
Tio William, Sacred Heart School, Peláez City
Yap, Leonor, Cebu Christian School, Peláez Ext., Cebu City

HONORABLE MENTION

COLLEGE OF COMMERCE AND SECRETARIAL

Calzada, Osear, Colegio de San José Recoletos, Cebu City
Campos, Reineria, University of San Carlos, Girls High School,
Cebu City
Dy, Rosario, Cebu Eastern College, León Kilat, Cebu City
Llerin, Conchita, Cebu South Nat. High School, Argao, Cebu
Yap, Gaudencia, Cebu Christian School, Peláez Ext., Cebu City
Yu, Lillian, Cebu Eastern College, León Kilat, Cebu City

COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS & SCIENCES

Aguelo, Carlito, Don Bosco Tech. High School, Punta Princesa,
Cebu City
Balbuena, Carmelita, Abellana National School, Jones Ave.,
Cebu City
Gabriel, Generoso, University of San Carlos, Cebu City
Ko, Ester, St. Michael's College, Iligan City
Lee, Carmelita, Abellana National School, Jones Avenue,
Cebu City
Pahilan, Abe, Abellana National School, Jones Avenue,
Cebu City
Saldarriaga, Ofelia, Zamboanga del Norte Prov. High School,
Zamboanga del Norte
Tee, Bernardo, Fatima College of Camiguin, Mambajao,
Camiguin
Vargas, Remedios, Bato Academy, Bato, Leyte

TEACHERS COLLEGE

Abenoja, Cloditha, St. Peter's Academy, Ormoc City
Colina, Lilia, St. Ursula's School, Banawa Hills, Cebu City
Diones, Melbalfa, Negros Oriental High School, Dumaguete City
Garot, Clarita, St. Ursula's School, Banawa Hills, Cebu City
Garot, Felicidad, St. Ursula's School, Banawa Hills, Cebu City
Oredina, Suzita, Abellana National School, Jones Avenue,
Cebu City
Quirog, Aurora, Holy Cross High School, Phillips, Bukidnon

COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING & ARCHITECTURE

Aranas, Jaime, Norte Dame Academy, San Fernando, Cebu
Dano, Teresita, St. Alphonsus Catholic School, Lapulapu City
Ramos, Porfirio, University of San Carlos, Cebu City



ROTC Reports

By MYRON PELÁEZ

A MONTH AGO, a batch of basic ROTC graduates had their rigid training conducted by the upper-class men. Having successfully passed the training, they are now members of the Corps of Officers. During the training moral character, academic standing, determination, physical and spiritual fitness were underscored for good military leadership.

At 12:30 PM, July 24, a week after classes began, the basic cadets were grouped into their respective companies covering the whole USC Quadrangle in front of the Archbishop Reyes Building. There, they met their superiors.

For the present schoolyear, the staff officers of the USC Department of Army Science and Tactics (DAST) assigned by the III MA are the following:

Capt. Oscar S. V. Aleonar. He is now serving his second term as Commandant of the USC ROTC.

He has gained the respect of everyone who has come to know him because of his excellent leadership.

Sgt. Jesús F. Largoza. He has been with the military service since 1950. He started out as a Pvt and stayed for 13 months with the L 10th BCT in Korea where he experienced the brutalities of war. When he returned, he underwent a rigid training in Fort Bonifacio, Rizal. This training was exclusively for officers only. He graduated with flying colors and immediately obtained his commission in the Reserve Force. He completed his annual active duty training last May. He is now designated by the Commandant as operation, training and intelligence NCO. This is his first year with the USC ROTC.

S/Sgt. Bonifacio Ando. He has retained his position as the Administrative and Supply NCO. Being

a reserve 1st Lt. he has been called to annual active duty training for 30 days, a prerequisite for his promotion to Captain in 1966.

The officers responsible for the conduct of training are the following:

Capt. Oscar S. V. Aleonar
S/Sgt. Jesús F. Largoza
S/Sgt. Bonifacio Ando
1st Class Cadet Col. Reynaldo C. Joaquin
1st Class Cadet Lt. Col. Winston Monzón
1st Class Cadet Lt. Col. Antonio Espiritu.

The top brass of the Cadet Corps:

1st Class Cadet Col. Reynaldo C. Joaquin. He was the former Company Commander of Charlie Co. A candidate for graduation this schoolyear in both Pre-Medicine and ROTC advance course, he is the new Corps Commander. His new Sponsor was one of the finalists of the Miss Philippines Beauty Contest for 1966 — Miss Purita Lajato.

Cdt. Lt. Col. Winston Monzón is the battalion commander of 1st



PURITA LAJATO
 Corps Sponsor

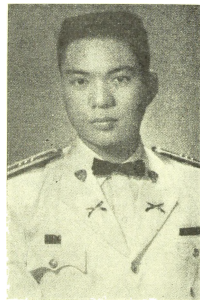
BCT which consists of Alfa, Bravo and Charlie companies. Delta, Echo and Foxtrot companies comprise the 2nd BCT, which is under the command of Cdt. Lt. Col. Antonio Espiritu.

Cdt. Majors Pimentel, Camilotes, Caro and Cdt. Capt. Hofer are members of the Corps Commander's staff who are charged with supervision and the performance of other duties that are from time to time assigned to them.

After all the introductions and other formalities had been made, the cadets went to the field for a short drill. They were later brought to the classrooms for orientation after two hours they were brought back to the field. The second year basic cadets helped the company commanders and the platoon leaders get the freshmen acquainted with basic military commands and their proper executions.

On August 7 rifles were issued for the first time. Greenhorns were cautioned on the do's and don'ts concerning their rifles. They were also given a brief outline of the course: dismantling and assembling of the garand, sub-machine gun, machine gun, the throwing of grenades, etc.

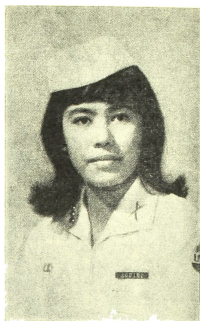
Cadette Capt. Sylvia Aquino heads the WATC unit, an organization for women interested in acquiring basic military knowledge.



REYNALDO C. JOAQUINO
1st Class Cadet Col.
New Corps Commander

The DAST Office announced the designations of the cadet officers as follows:

- Cdt Col REYNALDO C JOAQUINO
Corps Commander
- Cdt Lt Col WINSTON MONSON
1st BCT Commander
- Cdt Lt Col ANTONIO ESPIRITU
2nd BCT Commander
- Cdt Mej HERMENEGILDO PIMENTEL
Corps S1 & Adjutant
- Cdt Mej CAESAR CAMILOTES
Corps S2
- Cdt Mej VICTOR CARO
Corps S3
- Cdt Capt JAMES HOFER
Corps S4
- Cdt Capt FLORANTE EDER
Ajd & S1, 1st BCT
- Cdt 2nd Lt FREDERICK CASTRO
S2/3, 1st BCT
- Cdt 2nd Lt ALLAN LIBRANDO
S4, 2nd BCT
- Cdt Capt AUGUSTO LABITAN
S2/3, 2nd BCT
- Cdt 2nd Lt INOCENCIO TAMBIGA
S4, 2nd BCT
- Cdt Capt MARSENIO DIEZ
CO "A" CO.
- Cdt 1st Lt ABRAHAM WENCESLAO
1st Plat Ldr, "A" Co
- Cdt 1st Lt MAURICIO SANTIAGO
2nd Plat Ldr, "A" Co
- Cdt 1st Lt GAUDIOSO VILLAGONZALO
3rd Plat Ldr, "A" Co
- Cdt 1st Lt FRANCISCO PADILLA
4th Plat Ldr, "A" Co
- Cdt Capt MAXIMO ENCOMIENDA
CO, "B" CO
- Cdt 2nd Lt ROY ABELLANA
1st Plat Ldr, "B" Co
- Cdt 2nd Lt PRECILO LUMAPAS
2nd Plat Ldr, "B" Co
- Cdt 2nd Lt WILSON SOPOCADO
3rd Plat Ldr, "B" Co
- Cdt 2nd Lt ROY KYAMKO
4th Plat Ldr, "B" Co
- Cdt Capt FIDEL DACALOS JR.
CO, "C" CO
- Cdt 2nd Lt ROLANDO PASIGNAJEN
1st Plat Ldr, "C" Co
- Cdt 2nd Lt EMMANUEL ESPIRITU
2nd Plat Ldr, "C" Co
- Cdt 2nd Lt RAMON MANEJA
3rd Plat Ldr, "C" Co
- Cdt 2nd Lt VICTOR QUILJANO
4th Plat Ldr, "C" Co
- Cdt Capt FRANCIS ALVEZ
CO "D" CO



CDTTE CAPT. S. AQUINO
Head WATC Unit

- Cdt 2nd Lt ERLINDO GONZAGA
1st Plat Ldr, "D" Co
- Cdt 2nd Lt CECILIO RABUZA
2nd Plat Ldr, "D" Co
- Cdt 2nd Lt ROY RATCLIFFE
3rd Plat Ldr, "D" Co
- Cdt 2nd Lt FERDAMAL QUICO
4th Plat Ldr, "D" Co
- Cdt Capt JOSE WARLITO SUA
CO, "E" CO
- Cdt 2nd Lt BONIFACIO MILLANES
1st Plat Ldr, "E" Co
- Cdt 2nd Lt BENECIO PUENTES
2nd Plat Ldr, "E" Co
- Cdt 2nd Lt HENEDINO SABANDAL
3rd Plat Ldr, "E" Co
- Cdt 2nd Lt EDDY OCAMPO
4th Plat Ldr, "E" Co
- Cdt Capt EFREN SANCHEZ
CO, "F" CO
- Cdt 1st Lt SANTIAGO PREJIDA
1st Plat Ldr, "F" Co
- Cdt 2nd Lt EUGENIO DE LOS CIENTOS
2nd Plat Ldr, "F" Co
- Cdt Capt EDGAR SASO
Adj & S1, 2nd BCT, in addition,
designated as 3rd Plat Ldr, "F" Co
- Cdt 1st Lt GIL BLANCO
4th Plat Ldr, "F" Co

Last August 14 an acquaintance party was held for the ROTC officers and their sponsors. Keeping such preliminaries in the background, the DAST staff has now buckled down to serious work. †

The New Warriors

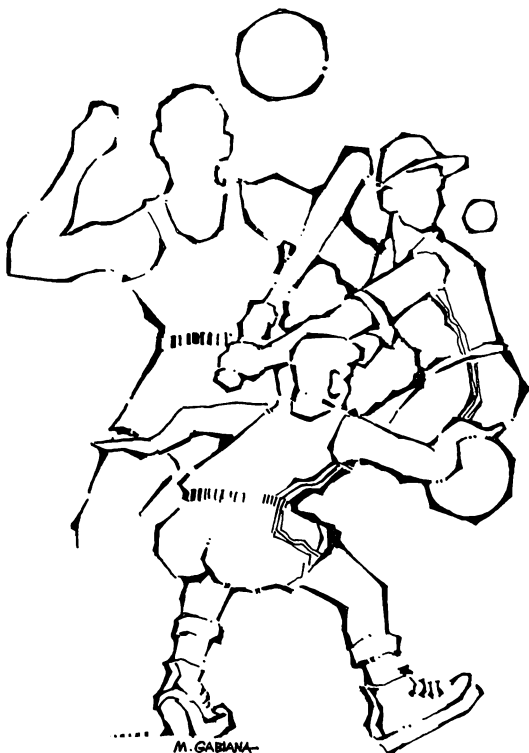
By

MANUEL RAMOS OCHOA

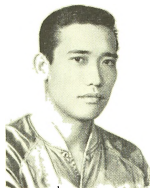
TEAM-CAPTAIN JOSE REYNES, a pint-sized court general; Ernesto Remidio, a fierce competitor and a former player to the Eleventh National PRISAA meet; Ernesto Magale, a deadly southpaw; burly Demy Jomvad, a husky rebounder; and Luis Ceniza, a barrel-chested veteran are the remnants of the stonewall built by the indispensable and incomparable Ernesto Morales. You see them here as battle-scarred veterans whose hands are calloused due to innumerable campaigns in the CCAA. Reflexes are sharpened to their peak, their pachydermal bodies, almost immune to flying elbows, and wandering knees, can sense and make plays in advance; cockiness gone out of them, this group are old hands — more are push overs.

Comprising more than half of the team are the rookies, a youthful bundle of guts and nerve and a bunch of untried "maybes". But are raring to go, to get a crack on the enemy and make them wish they never played ball.

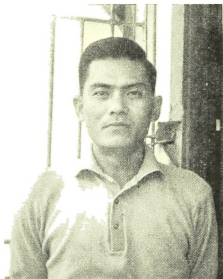
In baseball lingo, eager beavers usually say: "I've been itchin' to get a' hold of one".



SPORTS



ERNESTO MAGALE



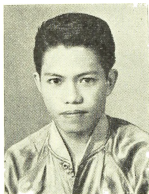
Atty. MARTIN L. ECHIVARRE, JR.



DEMY JOMUAD



LUIS CENIZA



JOSE REYNES



TONY BETUA



JIGGER VILLEGAS



ERNESTO REMIDIO



RUDOLFO MENALING



LUIS "Boy" MANSUETO

On the driver's seat is the new coach: Atty. Martin Echivarre Jr. To the ordinary man on the street he may look just skin and bones but actually his tough as nails and whose heart and mind is as big as a basketball court. A typical John McGraw* — a fiery leader and a drill master.

Training rookies is like breaking in a wild stallion.

It's a tough job. But it is a tough world, too. The tougher, the better.

THE COMPLETE LINE-UP OF THE USC WARRIORS

Joe Reynes — *Captain*
Luis Ceniza
Ernesto Remidio
Luis Mansueto
Ernesto Magale

Liberato Berbisada
Edwin Quiamco
Demy Jomud
Jigger Villegas
Tony Betua
William Yu
Rudolfo Menaling
Atty. Martin Echivarre — *Coach*

*John McGraw — the great manager of the New York Giants.

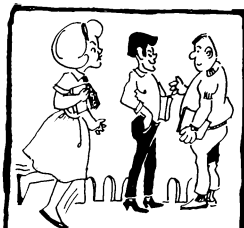
CAMPUS

LAUGHS

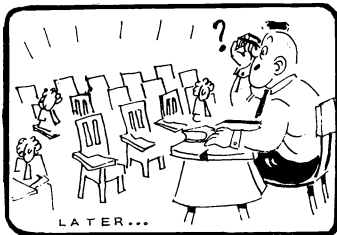
by:
r. cernine
and m. gabiana



FIRST DAY OF CLASS



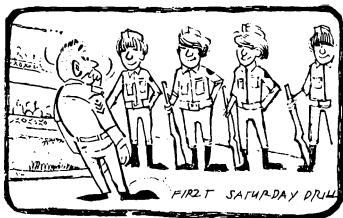
MONDAY TO FRIDAY



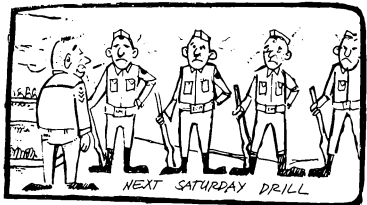
LATER...



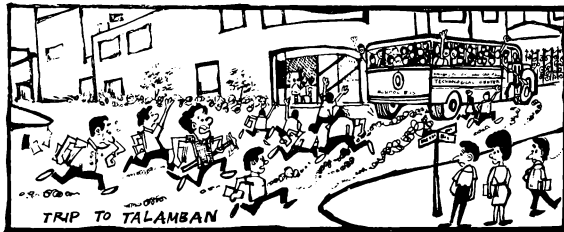
SATURDAY!



FIRST SATURDAY DRILL



NEXT SATURDAY DRILL



TRIP TO TALAMBAN

YOUNG DRIVERS

● By REUEL CARILLO

YOU WOULD SAY unhesitatingly that young drivers are in a precarious state. Many young men below the driving age have cars of their own already. They're prone to meet accidents headlong. It is a vicarious feeling nevertheless to fancy how comfortable and relaxing it would be to drive a car of your own. You can't help being envious of the fact that a friend has a car and you don't. It is a titillating feeling to imagine yourself in a cozy, dandy car all by yourself able to go anywhere. You'd say to yourself, "now that I have a car I'll really paint the town red!"

You fancy that, but think also of the dreadful accidents met by those reckless, speed-crazy drivers your age. Wouldn't you say, "It were better if I didn't have a car at all!"

So let us face reality and realize that juvenile delinquency has been increasing rapidly as the number of young drivers increase correspondingly. "Now, why should they act wantonly? How ungrateful can they get?" you wonder. Those young drivers take advantage of the love, care, and affection given them by their parents. They are too carefree, too desultory in their activities. The supposed hope of the Fatherland is becoming the problem of the country. They indulge in sensual pleasures, going from one party to another, crashing parties, and oftentimes figure in altercations, melees, and brawls.

Come to think of it, they live on allowances given by their parents, yet they spend money like nobody's business.

I had an Australian friend, and we once talked about college students. He showed me a magazine with a picture of two university students, a boy in short pants, slippers, and t-shirt, and a girl in faded jeans. I asked him why they appeared that way. He told me with dignity that they (Australians) are very particular about the importance of money. He said that their parents can't keep their children in lavish conditions. When I asked him for a souvenir photo he told me bluntly that they don't customarily give photos away to friends or acquaintances. He elaborated by saying that if he were to give photographs away, the expense would accumulate to a big amount! I said to myself, "My, what a difference compared to this country of mine. Here, the children are provided by the parents with the best, and yet see what the children give in return!"

Perhaps these youthful drivers possess a feeling of superiority and aristocracy. But when we contemplate on their distorted sense of values, we know they will end up worthless.

A friend of mine owns a car. He tells me what his father told him when he was given a car for his personal use. He said, "You know my father told me that if I were delinquent and truant in my academic life, I would forfeit the car." He later professed that it was not the admonition of his father that made him pursue academic excellence, but the

thrill of knowing a lot of things. He said it was the feeling that he was still inadequate to stand out as a bright student.

But you try to ask another student, a young one, leaning on his Thunderbird, "What are you going to do this weekend? Study for the exam? Be prepared for the reply that he's going to paint the town with his regular companions.

How will their attitude end? Doubtless they were encouraged with the quest for academic excellence. Despite this encouragement, they still strive for sensual excellence!

But driving young doesn't really matter. It depends on the kind of person a young driver is.

The next day, you read a column in a newspaper with a headline, "Boy meets accident, seriously hurt." Of course you think of your carefree friend. And there your imagination really hits the nail on the head. It was him all right!

If only he had been more sensible, you say to yourself, this terrible thing would not have happened.

So learn a lesson from this. #

The Art of Prehistoric . . .

(Continued from page 24)

the hunter a mysterious power over the animal portrayed. There is also strong evidence pointing to the fact that before starting out on an expedition, the hunters performed certain rites or a mock hunt in front of the pictures.

In addition to the death spells the hunters also performed fertility or procreation spells. This is shown by the numerous representations of pregnant animals. We see from this the anxiety of those hunters for the replenishment of the stock of game in their territory which was continually diminished by the chase, beasts of prey, and possibly extinction due to disease and other natural catastrophes.

Ice Age Art was rooted in a magical mentality or belief. Successful hunting and multiplication of the game constituted the chief concern and creative impulse of those hunter artists. Helpless as he was to cope with the powers of nature, and ill-equipped to confront the great beasts of his day, primitive man derived from his magical faith a mysterious power and a sense of security.

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Clark, Grahame. *World Prehistoric — an Outline*, Cambridge, Kuhn, Herbert. *On the Tracks of Prehistoric Man*. London, 1958. 1962.
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The Canticle for a Night Owl

(Continued from page 38)

shoved him away from where he stood. But his hand was too cold, like a ghost's, so that the young man screamed at the top of his voice: "Ghost, begone!"

"Are you mad?"

"Yes!"

He ran towards the mirror, stood before it and shouted at the reflections he saw there: "Leave me alone! Leave me alone! Demons of the night, leave me alone!"

He turned away from the mirror and looked around the room. The old man and the middle-aged man were nowhere to be found. But when he looked at the mirror again, he saw their reflections there, ghastly, ugly, sneering at him tauntingly. With a bottle of wine, he smashed the mirror into pieces. "I want now! I want the present! And the present only!" He shrieked.

He fell down in a swoon.

But angry voices sprung like vultures

from out the darkness and into the room:

"Fool! Fool! Fool!"

Then there was the jingling laughter of a happy child — innocent and care-free like the verdant grass of May. But it did not last long. It was followed suddenly by a cry of disillusionment of a young man, then by the fiery words of a matured man, defying the laws of the gods and the laws of man. His cogent voice, full of implacable anguish and heavy with wrath rent the stillness of the room and made the night tremble with fear. But again it did not last long. It was followed later by the whimper of defeat and the painful groan of a dying old man.

V

THE YOUNG man thought he was dreaming and perhaps he was. He didn't know.

THE END

EDITORIAL

in reply to mr. mil

(Continued from page 1)

The best proof is the mere fact that we are publishing Mr. Mil's article. Articles have been rejected, not in pursuance of censorship policies, to which we do not adhere, but in pursuance of maintaining the standards of a college magazine and keeping our sacred obligation to our readers.

(c) The same observation in the next preceding paragraph applies to Mr. Mil's proof of limited academic freedom at the university, namely, that there has not been a single organization yet formed strong enough to stand on its commitments, favorable or unfavorable to the administration. He commits for the third time the fallacy of *non-sequitur*. We would like, however, to ask a question, and this is with reference to the Supreme Student Council, regarding which Mr. Mil advocates for total non-interference of the USC Administration: Has there been any instance that the administration unreasonably or arbitrarily interfered with the activities of the Supreme Student Council? The policy seems to be that of harmonious co-operation between the two, not dominion nor interference.

It would have served the cause of clarity better, if Mr. Mil had given us his definition of academic freedom. For the benefit of Mr. Mil and our readers, we are quoting hereunder Morrison's definition (and we hope that any further discussion, oral or written, as to whether we enjoy academic freedom at the university should be taken in the light of this definition:

"1) The right of a teacher or researcher in a university of other institution of higher learning to search for the truth in his chosen field, and interpret his findings and communicate his conclusions to students and public, without being penalized or molested by authorities within or without the university.

"2) The right of a student in an institution of higher learning not only to be taught by unfettered instructors but to have access to all data pertinent to the subject of his study, and to be reasonably free from compulsive rules and regulations of a secondary-school nature.

"3) The right of a teacher or researcher to exercise the freedom of speech, writing and association that all other citizens enjoy, without being molested or discharged from his academic position."

M. L. L. APARTE, JR.

Society



PAUL EVANGELISTA

That was close! Just when there was nothing more to do, no more place to go to, no more new face to meet, and ennui was increasingly dampening the gusto, school opened.

Ah-h! Here's where we know no boredom. A new schoolyear and a countless number of new things to do.

Upon crossing the lobby of the university... guess what caught my eye. Seated at a table straight ahead were Grand Akan Rudolfo Salcedo and Deputy Grand Akan Henrie Chan of the Alpha Fraternity who selflessly assisted new students apply for scholarship.

Meanwhile, Grand Chancellor Frank Legaspi, Manager of the Coffers Norberto Fuzon and Roman Sy, to mention a few, of the Alpha Sigma Fraternity extended guiding hands to students who were unfamiliar to our system of enrollment. Why, oh, why didn't anybody think of it three years ago when we, the freshmen then, were left to ourselves to grope about the campus?

... what is college life like? The fresh high school graduate is 'all eyes and ears' — trying to get the fell of the university.

Nony Chiongbian seems to like it here. Why not, when such pals as Rene Fuentes, Ben Santa Ana, William Gonzales and Mario Soon make up for whatever he misses in the good, old high school days.

Likewise, Dolly Lozada, an arresting freshman, appears to have adapted too soon.

School.

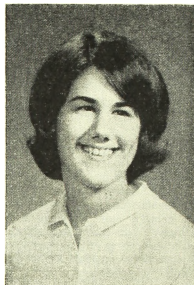
Alas, there are those who aren't gladdened by the idea. Vacation went by blissfully. And sad to say that school is a struggle against the memory of every relished minute of the vacation.

How would the holiday have turned out for the affable twosome Paul Evangelista and Tony Lozada, if they hadn't been to Ba-is? Boy, that was some adventure. Naturally, Rene Garcia was only too willing to have them in his hometown; huh, Ren?

Bz-z bz-z...oh! So the genteel, young Miss is the new English teacher, Miss Thelma Eaece. Welcome to USC, Ma'am.

Welcome! Amidst us is a transitory resident of Cebu, Ann Rosegrant. She is taking some courses concerning the Philippines and she hopes to speak the Cebuano dialect fairly well before she, together with her family, leaves the country sometime in June next year.

"I like to paint, play the piano, read, write (stories, poems, etc.), play tennis, swim, and I am greatly interested in the theater," Ann says of herself.



ANN ROSEGRANT

Shuttling back and forth through the corridors, to and from the classroom is a vivacious dynamo who goes by the name of Lillian Cui.

In the wake of her re-entry to this side of the world, Linda Kalayaan Faigao finds reflections of happenings she had witnessed and had been a part of for many months in a foreign land. The work is done. She has shown the people of the United States of America what the 'Pandango Sa Ilaw' and the 'Tinkling' are, among other things, which she assiduously endeavored to learn, so she could fulfill what was expected of her as an Ambassador of goodwill. I bet she did just fine.

Elizabeth Hermosissima has finally touched ground. Elette is back from a whole semester of island-hopping: Bohol, Zamboanga, Misamis; she did some research for the University of Hawaii Philippines Project.

Said she, "That way, I came to know my country by seeing it."

Thus, we have a whole year ahead of us, with so much to accomplish, and time's awasting... grameracy!

JPIA Holds Election

H. CHAN WINS PRESIDENCY



OFFICERS OF THE JPIA-USC CHAPTER

L to R (seated) Elena Chiongbian, Treasurer; Amelia Abenoja, PRO; Lourdes Hermias, Vice President - Internal Affairs; Erlinda Rizarri, Secretary; Carmelita Cabatingan, Assistant Treasurer. L to R (Standing) Henrio Chan, President; Chay Ching Uy, Vice President - External Affairs; Vicente Colina, Peace Officer; Vicente Gorre, Adviser; Paterno Sollano Jr., Executive Vice President; Honorato Uy, Auditor.

The two-day room-to-room campaign culminated on Friday, August 20 when the JPIAns went to the polls to do their vital role as members of a campus organization, next in strength to the SSC.

The election this year was not as hectic and as chaotic as the other year since there were only two opposing parties, the Junior Accountants Amalgamated which had its slate ready weeks before election day, and the Confederation of Junior Accountants.

Except for the auditorship which went to the candidate of the opposing party, the Junior Accountants Amalgamated had again made an almost complete victory. Henrio Chan, standard-bearer of the party, made a majority of 104 votes over that of Reynato Clavano, standard-bearer of the Confederation of Junior Accountants.

The elected officers of the JPIA, USC Chapter for the schoolyear 1965-66, as shown in the official election returns submitted by the Committee on Election, are as follows:

President	Henrio Chan
Executive Vice-President	Paterno Sollano, Jr.
Vice-President — Internal Affairs	Lourdes A. Hermias
Vice-President — External Affairs	Chay Ching Uy
Secretary	Erlinda B. Rizarri
Treasurer	Elena Chiongbian
Assistant Treasurer	Carmelita Cabatingan
Auditor	Honorato Uy
Press Relations Officer	Amelia Abenoja
Peace Officer	Vicente Colina

In a spirit of sportsmanship and camaraderie, all the candidates spent a wonderful night at Cavan's Resort right after the ballot boxes were sealed.

The JPIAns are looking forward to a well-coordinated, smooth-going, and successful JPIA with the leadership of the new set of officers this year.

To the newly elected officers, congratulations and good luck!

Odds and Ends

by nilda mildred m. castro
bsmath 3

MINDANAO: ON FOCUS

Mindanao is a beautiful island. It is there where sparkling rivers and brooks are tangible beauty. It is there where the reality of thick green foliage can be truly admired. Even soil fertility which most non-agriculturists take for granted calls for attention. And it is there, in that beautiful island, where the heritage of Mohammedanism can be fully understood — and appreciated.

The Mohammedan culture has closely united the Moslems of the hinterlands of Mindanao. It has come to serve as that unifying force which makes this particular group of people feel a class consciousness. But are they not Filipinos?

Christianity is that intangible something which has, for over four centuries now, bound together many independent states into one nation — the Filipino nation. Where do the Moslems come in?

Mindanao has been partly Christianized — well, at least quite a number have been baptized into the Catholic Church. If you go down there sometime and meet one of these converts, you can very well ask them: Do you pray to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit? And you would most probably encounter one who would say: Who are they?

Lay apostolate is necessary. The laity should participate in the apostolate of the hierarchy. There are not enough priests — at least, not in the mission areas of Mindanao.

Universities and colleges are vast missionary fields — more vast, perhaps, than the Moslem communities of Mindanao. At the rate things are going, what action have Catholic Action groups done for the re-Christianization of their school environment?

Mindanao is a beautiful island. It is also a vast apostolic field. So are universities and colleges. It is there where the mystery of the Divine Plan must be perceived and unfolded. It is there where souls must be saved for the Divine Creator. But where are the workers?



the CAROLINIAN

Official Publication of the Students of the University of San Carlos
Cebu City, Philippines
Re-entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Cebu City on June 22, 1962.

Letters to the Editor Column

The Carolinian
University of San Carlos
Cebu City

August 5, 1965

Dear Editor:

I have always thought that there's really no harm in trying. I know I cannot be a writer at once due to my ignorance in the art of writing. Though I am still not a born poet, I have the courage to send my contribution to "The Carolinian." As a Carolinian, it is well to contribute to the school's progress by taking part in campus activities, and by it we can be sure that we are really a true Carolinian.

If the poem does not follow certain rules of poetry, I'll still be happy to take it back and try my luck again and again.

Hail to the Carolinian Staff which has kept the ball rolling for years now.

Yours truly,
Jesús Wong
Com. 1

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Mr. Wong's poem "Walk With God" did not merit our approval; however we do admire him for his fine attitude and we encourage him to write again.

The same may be said of Messrs. D. G. Lobedica and Vicente Chu and the many students whose contributions have been rejected.

University of San Carlos
Cebu City
August 11, 1965

Mr. Editor,

I have read your "six little lines" reply to my "eight little comments." However, I am still not convinced and just can't believe that THE CAROLINIAN has lost its sense of humor.

My "article," humility aside, is supposed to be in the tradition of Manila Times Maximo Soliven or Manila Chronicles' Jose Balaín or Kistap Graphic's top of the week column. Now, I don't know whether I succeeded or not in spicing them, but I did try to aim my "Article" at satire and USC, with the belief that it would combine perfectly with our magazine's thought-provoking articles. But it looks like nobody wants to be tickled and informed anymore. Everyone has turned scholars and campus statesmen, or is there some other reason that you're terribly afraid of?

Of course, if my "article" is fluff, garbage or debris of the English language, then everything would be out of the question. But if not, then, I think you're making a big mistake. I'm not angry, Mr. Editor, just taken aback that's all.

From the same Carolinian
(Vicente Chu)

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We're wondering why Mr. Chu was taken aback upon receiving his rejected MS together with our note. The article is not garbage, "fluff" or whatnot. It was rejected because we have not found it suitable for our use. We're not angry, though. We still have our sense of humour. We're just taken aback. That's all!

... Editorial Staff ...

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Moderator

THE LADY ON THE COVER



IT IS DIFFICULT to be in this world and not be of it, for to be of this world is to be ambitious and sensual and pampered and grasping and recognized, or in a word, selfish. (We speak in generalities, mind.) In this world it is difficult to love one's neighbor as oneself, simply difficult but not impossible, as the lady on our cover has shown by her work. To live as Christian by the spirit as well as by the name is quite a rare accomplishment that those who do must certainly deserve notice.

Miss Regina Terrenal, whose humanitarian work in South America in this issue's piece de resistance, shows that living in this

world, one can also be humble and spiritual and thoughtful and generous and unassuming, or in a word, selfless. We write of her mission as a tribute to her generosity and nobility of spirit.

Credit goes to Mr. Rodolfo Cemine, Staff Artist, for his faithful reproduction in pencil of Miss Terrenal's portrait.

WANTED: *Lay Apostles*

● By LUIS E. SCHÖNFELD, S.V.D.

"You are the salt of the earth... You are the light of the world" (Matthew 5, 13-14). Christ addressed these words in His Sermon on the Mount — not only to the apostles, but to the large crowd before him. "Your light must shine so brightly before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven" (Matthew 5, 16). On these utterances anchors the call of Christ to get engaged in the lay apostolate. By lay apostolate we understand the apostolic cooperation of the laity — be they men or women — towards the spreading of the kingdom of God on earth.

This cooperation can also be gleaned — in the words of St. Peter — from the "royal priesthood" (1 Peter 2, 9), which enables man not only to co-offer, with Christ, the sacrifice of the altar and his self-immolation, but also his apostolic action in the sacred task of spreading the kingdom of God. The duty of apostolic work becomes furthermore evident in the spirit of solidarity that prevails amongst men and in the spiritual union that encompasses the whole of mankind. "You have but one Master... and you are all brethren alike." (Matthew 23, 9). "Bear the burden of one another's failings; then you will be fulfilling the law of Christ" (Galatians 6, 2).

This togetherness of souls is cemented in the mystery of the most intimate supernatural unity of the redeemed in the "one body" of which "Christ is the head". "On him all the body depends; it is organized and unified by each contact with the source which supplies it; and thus, each limb receiving the active power it needs, it achieves its natural growth, building itself up through charity" (Ephesians 4, 16).

Finally we must assert that the duty of the lay apostolate has its roots in the promise which Christ gave, a promise which entails at the same time a mandate: "Whoever acknowledges me before men, I too will acknowledge him before my Father who is in heaven" (Matthew 10, 32). There is no gainsaying the fact that the Christian religion, perhaps more than any other affair, is a matter of the heart. But it should never develop into a question exclusively of the heart wherein it may exhaust and consume itself. On the contrary, it must embrace the totality and wholeness of man, and transmute itself into a leaven that doesn't cease to operate until it has inoculated itself into everything: into the individual and family; into the school and society, into the state and people.

This thought of apostolate manifested itself already during the early pristine Christian era. The Acts of the Apostles, and the epistles of St. Paul as well, bear us out in this: "Yes, and I ask thee, who sharest the yoke so loyally, to take part with them; they have worked for the gospel at my side, as much as Clement and those fellow labourers of mine, whose names are recorded in the book of life" (Philippians 4, 3). Even in post-apostolic times, the Church constantly admitted and recognized the apostolic labour of the laity.

This apostolate is by no means an exclusive privilege or mission of a reduced number within the Church. It is a universal calling to all Christians by virtue of their insertion into the Mystical Body of Christ, by virtue of their sharing Christ's life.

This great apostolate which a layman — any layman — is called upon to exercise, is the apostolate of a conscious and strong, a valiant and happy life, a life that informs all his acts; a life which is, as it were, a leaven in the midst of the world that envelops him; of a world that scrutinizes his actions in order to judge his faith; of a world in search of an absolute truth that may consolidate his life and thought in crises.

Everyone is given the opportunity to render this collaboration with the Church through good works performed in grace and prayer. Let no one in any form, look down disdainfully on this apostolate which is natural to all Christians because of their belonging to the Church. Much less should we scorn it in our times in which an environmental naturalism endeavours to seduce us, and to imbue us with an excessive trust in the powers of simple natural means.

We are summoned to action! The needs of the Church are manifold, needs which the Church cannot reach through her ministers ordained by her for the sacred ministry. This apostolate has to act all the more so now as the onslaughts against the kingdom of God in the Church go on increasing. This must be done in close collaboration with the Hierarchy, always pressed by the exigence of the charity of Christ. This action must reach the parish, the familial life, the school, the industrial field, the realm of culture and the mass media of communications. ‡

MODERATOR'S
Corner

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