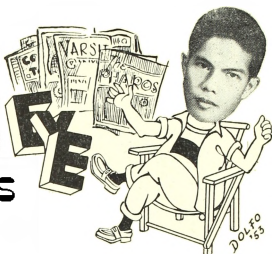


# The ROVING

## ALBERTO C. MORALES



**A**FTER all the hustle and bustle, the hurry and scurry of a hectic University Day, we were just about ready to junk this column in favor of a nice, long restful sleep. (He... hum...) But no... Come what may, the CAROLINIAN "must go on". And so, a-rovin' we must go.

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First to catch our eye is Manuel G. Gogola's editorial in the "WESNECO TORCH" (Bacolod City) on celebrating College Day.

*A fat or lean celebration is beside the point; the spirit counts more. Clearly evidenced by more than the tongue, the infusion of the College Day's spirit is what we expect, what the College demands.... We find no reason for indifference, but all for a cheerful cooperation.*

That what really counts is the spirit, we agree. Although, more often than not, the spirit is ever willing but the flesh may be weak.

Talking of USC Day festivities, we have yet to hear of a lean celebration. It is no exaggeration to state that whenever San Carlos U shows off, she gives all she's got... colorful floats that could vie with those of the famous Tournament of Roses, classy programs for your delectation plus educational exhibits to feast your eyes on, not to mention the several amusement booths which offer you a run for your money.

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In the light of the recent exposé on the alleged conspiracy to alienate religious instruction from our public schools, a very vocal article bearing a direct relation to this issue appears in the St. Theresa's College "ORION" (Mcnlia) and is well worth one's reading time. The author, obviously a militant Catholic parent, swears that

*...Not until the University of the Philippines gives a thoroughly Catholic education would I consider sending my child there.*

His reasons:

*Everything that has been built up all these years (referring to four years of H.S. Christian education) will be undermined. Man is not made of steel; man is plastic; reading can influence him, so can environment.*

True, Father Delaney is out there in Diliman, pitching for our Faith. Yet, the wonderful work he is doing leaves much more to be done.

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"Rodriguez Resigns CEG Post" — thus screamed the headlines of the CODS "ORAL REFLECTOR'S" New Section. The details:

*Atty. Ernesto R. Rodriguez, Jr., CEG moderator for seven terms resigned his post following a furious controversy over the recent election of the Inter-Collegiate Girl... The nation-wide popular rift in the Guild started when CEG officers in an unprecedented move revolted against what they termed dictatorial and impartial power exercised by Rodriguez.*

Come to think of it, several editorial staffers of the different school mags in this city banded themselves last month into a penpushers' club baptized as the College Editors' Guild of the South. Could this be an offshoot of the CEG shakedown in Manila? If it is, let's hope it doesn't follow the tottering footsteps of the mother Guild from whence it sprung.

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A. D. Cobuma of the MCU "PHAROS" sounds an appeal to those of us:

*... who are more fortunate, who are untouched by misery, who stand pat with luck and squeamish luxury, who squander with three square meals while those (the destitutes) barely exist on a single to share them some of these graces that had fallen a little too much on our lap and so little on theirs... These little joys and helps we shared then reflect the true heart beat that are not found in bold headlines, yet depict human interest, so they are still encouraging, for 'inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' Amen.*

Thus ends his prayer — one that will fall into the deaf ears of the society matron whose mahogany losses may run to 3 or 4 figures but couldn't spare a buck or two for charity, the government official whose junkets abroad entails expenses which could have swelled the scanty coffers of our charitable agencies, the unscrupulous businessman who doesn't hesitate to bleed the poor white in his mad scramble for profit.

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From the De La Salle College "LA SALLITE" comes an editorial titled "What Price Courage."

*In this materialistic world of ours where success is measured in terms of wealth, power and prestige, it seems out of place to discuss of privileges, heroes and men who died for an ideal.*

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... If we place the corridors of the first, second, and third floors end to end and begin walking from one end, we would have to walk 585 meters to reach the other end. That's more than half a kilometer! You'd walk a mile going back and forth and you wouldn't know it! (we wonder why some "sigh-seers" never get tired. Maybe "Campus-crats" here could give us the answer.)

... Of the whole student population, only a daily average of 11% make real use of the library, that is, 11 students out of every 100. The would-be lawyers have the highest rate of daily attendance with a record of 42% of its enrollment. Then it goes down to the Commerce department with a record of 3%, as the lowest. Of course, it would be unfair to include the Secretarial department with its one year course... it counts with 2%. Going inside the library? Yep, to read news-



by IGNACIO SALGADO, JR.

papers! (that's the biggest unrecorded percentage!)

... It costs a lot to be mischievous! That is what is costing the University on repairs, repointings, and replacements on damages done by the students. You should see Fr. Engelen blow his top when he catches a student red-handed—with shoes on the railings or with pencil in hand busy on a make-believe "canvas" (Ops... Engineers and Architects—look out!) It's a good thing his bodyguard... er... rather, his police dog does not blow its top too! ... Now, don't be surprised if you hear about the King of England

reading about our "Herbie" here—with a giggle at the corner of his royal moustache! You see, our "Carolinians" do not circulate around this part of the world only, they are sent to Universities and Royal Families in Europe. So if they ever hear about the Philippines, they could also see about us thru the University of San Carlos. "Frauleins" could be writing us in the Carolinian fan mail.

... Just in case—ROTC second year basics, you better get ready. A summer training is in the offing! Gosh, it sounds like a severe and heavy thunderstorm brewing on the horizon! Brace up, boys, it's going to be rough and tough sailing ahead! Hey, ain't our sponsors going along? Uh, uh... guess seein' us off will be good enough, how about it, cuties?

Well, so long! Who knows, our paths may cross on top of the Marikina hills around Fort McKinley!!

## THE ROVING EYE

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*Rizal was such a man. Rizal believed in principles. Rizal died for such principles.*

Such a man also was our own Dioscoro Nacua. May he rest in peace! He "knew his law too much" and died for it! This is on election year, and if we are to believe the political dopsters, blood will once more flow freely in November. It is for us; therefore, to stand up for our rights, to fight for our ideals and die for them if need be—or else, Rizal and Dioscoro will have died in vain.

In the common tao's limited dictionary, a *filosolo* is a brass, outspoken person who reasons without Reasons. To correct the misconception, Dr. L. Enriquez, Dean of the St. Paul's College Graduate School in Dumaguete City, writes in the "PAULINIAN ECHOES":

*Philosophy is seeing things things whole, seeing them as if the eye of the mind could see through them and beyond them and know what it was in the past before things were. It is placing values on things, labeling them as it were, writing the price tags of ultimate values and making a mental of them—what to hanker for, even die for, and what to leave out as bagatelle though the rest of the world should break its neck on the rush for it.*

Ergo, to be called a *filosolo* in the true sense of the word is more of a compliment than an insult.

With the 1952 Yuletide season over, the Rizal Memorial Colleges "RIZALIAN" editor-in-chief, Jose T. Amacio, looks back to tell us of certain Christmas absurdities...

*Noteworthy among the Christmas celebrants are those who passed the day in debauchery, profligacy and some kind of contumelious and licen-*

*tious acts without delving into the real significance of that magnificent event. Still many absorbed by the mundane lustre, did not even spare a time to pause and meditate what is Christ here for.*

Indeed, the ends for which Christmas is observed have been overshadowed by the less important means. It has become a question of the "tail wagging the dog."

On the lighter side, Peemayer RBM (R. Maryugas?) of the "CORPS" up in the Pines City allays the ladies' suspicions that

*... accepting an invitation to the Ring Hop is tantamount to accepting a marriage proposal. They do not know that an invitation offered to a girl is merely an act or an expression of a cadet's simple desire to have her as a drag, just like an invitation to an ordinary dance...*

Some women, though, would rather have such an acceptance mean what it should not really mean. Do you follow us?

Among the leaves of the AU "ARELLANO STANDARD" in an article by Melecio Molina, Jr., explaining why students leave school. Major causes are:

1. poverty owing to the typhoons
2. instructors' indifference to the individual pupils and students
3. lack of consideration toward the students and pupils.

If we might add a fourth cause, it's wedlock (it really "locks"). You'd be surprised to learn how many have quit school to devote more time to raising "a boy for you and a girl for me."

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"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," said Dorothy Dix. But I know better than that. I believe that the way or the shortest way, rather, is by way of the kitchen. It is in the kitchen that a housewife concocts the food that caters to the gastronomic whims and caprices of the lord of the house.

Webster defines the kitchen as a room set apart for the preparation of food. To me it is more than that. To me it is the stage where the marital drama starts. It is the room where the young husband recites his famous speech, "You do not know how to cook the way my

*You'll perk up  
when you scent*

mother does." It is also the place where young husbands discover to their dismay that what their wives have really studied is not home economics but home extravagance. Now-a-days wives cannot be contented with a kitchen without an American stove. "Why in heaven's name can't they cook with the old native stove, when just a short time ago Nancy could do wonders with one?" is the common complaint of many husbands.

The kitchen is sometimes the barometer of one's financial status. One can always be sure of something broiling if he sees smoke emanating from the kitchen of a house. Or have you been once invited to a town or barrio fiesta and approached a house with misgivings and fear? What if the host has given you the vanishing act? But you felt relieved when actually you noticed culinary activities with spiced smoke coming out from the kitchen.

But alas! most kitchens today are no more than a showroom where the housewife displays her smart kitchenware, up-to-date imported American stove (most probably bought on the installment plan), and the newest thing in gadgets, for the people of the house mostly sit it out in fashionable restaurants and the well-appointed kitchen is used only once in a blue moon.

by Purificacion N. Lim



## The Smell that Fills

It is in the kitchen that the male of the little woman as a cook rests. It is the place where the anxious young wife sweats it out either to dish out a masterpiece or bring out a burnt offering.

This part of the house is not so romantic as others have thought it to be. On the contrary it is the place where the romance of the kitchen maid and the handy man around the house begins. It is where the Jack-of-all-work whisper sweet nothings to his kitchen love, and presto! the next thing you know your home will be minus a maid and handy man when the romantic pair so decide to take French leave.

So many people think of the kitchen as a lowly room, unworthy of their notice and attention, where nothing ever happens. On the contrary it is from this very room where exciting things happen, where the thrill of the party is first felt. "What if the soup is not right? What if they won't like the way this studded chicken is cooked?" are some of the questions the lady of the house will ask. In fact many people want to be near the kitchen when a party is going on just to be on hand in

case something turns up from that direction. Who says that a kitchen is not glamorous? It is and I think that many will agree with me that as a culinary objective, it is as glamorous and as exciting as Hollywood itself.

### THE ROVING EYE

(Continued from page 19)

Here's something for the professors' books:

Some instructors disregard the individual rights of pupils and treat the students as inferiors. Many instructors even hate to be asked questions by their students regarding their lessons. They consider the asking of questions as an insult to their abilities as instructors.

We wonder if instructors refuse to be questioned not because it is insulting but because they themselves do not know the subject matter well enough — blind leading the blind.

The Roving Eye is but an eye and can rove only so much. The strain is getting us and so, we take time out to inform you that, God willing, we shall be seeing you again in print some school year 1953-54. In the meantime, our eyes will continue to rove or, to quote our Ed, eyes were not made for seeing.