

# What Do You Think ABOUT THE GRADUATE SCHOOL?

**W**HAT YOU THINK of the Graduate School as an institution I do not know, and I should like to hear your ideas. But I know what great men of learning think about it. John Hopkins, talking on this topic: "Universities are refining. They are constantly, by labourious processes, by intricate systems of cooperation and by ingenious methods, engaged in eliminating human errors and in submitting all inherited possessions to those processes which remove the dross and bring out the gold." The author of the *Blueprint of a Catholic University* adds: "He was speaking of the university in the limited sense of the Graduate School." (op. cit. p. 13 Leo. R. Dard CSC).

If you would have been in other systems of universities you would have come to know that universities require an entrance examination which is identical often with the matriculation of the Gymnasium.

This classical institution requires in most countries at least the study of six years Latin and Greek, a few years of French, German, English, and sometimes even Hebrew. They teach six and in Germany even up to nine years History of the entire world, Geography and Mathematics, Chemistry, Biology and Botany, Zoology, Sociology, and the Principles of Economy. They require at least in all the years a thorough study of Religion. Only after the successful completion of these studies, under teachers that are all either Doctorandi or Doctors and after passing the final examinations before university professors in a written and oral examination, students at the age of eighteen years are admitted to the University.

Their formation and building up of their knowledge has reached by then the standard of our college at the level of AB or BSE and the like. The highly specialized studies like Law and Pharmacy do certainly differ herein. But do not forget that Law requires also a two year pre-law course and so does Medicine and some others.

Moreover, the professors of those colleges — gymnasia — are all, as I said before, doctores and doctorandi and therefore are of a higher standard and formation.

by

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Having completed these studies and examinations, the European student enters the University. He has learned how to work and work hard. He enters with the idea of becoming one of the best in science and in society. He knows he has to work for that, but he has been prepared by **days, and nights** of studies at home and by very strict tests wherein professors do not give any consideration. It is in their code of honor to pass only the best students.

After entering the University he has to study his course for three or more years before the student is able to take his examination for a Bachelor or its equivalent. The examinations are always administered orally but more often he is given a written test also. There is no idea of a diploma mill, as it is against the honour of the university. If such a thing would happen, the university-board would declare the examinations null and void and the professor would be discharged.

This is the beginning of his studies. The Bachelor's degree by European standards is not a finishing degree. It is just half way. After that he has to take some courses for at least two years more and after submitting a thesis and undergoing oral examinations, he is granted the degree of a Doctor. In Holland a student is required to do even more. After writing a thesis which is called a **doctoral script** in the minor and major subjects, he acquires only the title of doctorandus. After some years of independent research work and the editing

of a printed dissertation and a public defense of the same and some more (at least six) theses that have no connection with the dissertation but bridge the entire field of the doctorandus, the Doctor's degree is granted.

By now you can make the comparisons yourself. I think you will certainly agree that only the Graduate School is, to my idea, the stepping stone to the University. American authors write about their (and that is our) school system: "The children are not taught to work and discipline has long ago gone out of the window."

(Blueprint, p. 349) and elsewhere (p. 350) the same author states: "In a word our ills are mainly these: we are too activist, too narrowly and immediately practical, confused about the ends. We have done ourselves no great good by embracing a pragmatic infantilism."

So what should be our ideas of the Graduate School?

First of all I like to quote the same author again: "From the first the ideal of the Graduate School has been productive scholarship." The next page he states:

"The first product of Graduate School is the scholar, not merely or properly the person of liberal learning or the professional man, but the finished and consummate scholar, the man who is highly specialized and is thereby at or near the top in the field and is productive."

The precise task of the graduate student is to know, but in knowing must go beyond our present limits, at least in some degree and on some points.

I agree fully with this author, and here I want to express my own ideas: I do not think that any Graduate School (not even ours) really answers these ideals. Why not? I think that the prerequisites in the students have not been educated. I think a student of the Graduate School should be a hard-

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## *Cathedra*

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## *Sidelights*

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working man or woman, of the type "do it yourself." They should have a great interest in the field of their studies; something like: "My job is my Hobby." They should live for their study. Nothing should interest them more and deeper than their study. They should live for knowing and knowledge.

Moreover, they should have the longing for research and for finding out what nobody up to now has ever found and they should be encouraged by the idea that they could guide their fellowmen and even the church by their ideas. In them there should be the ideal of leadership, of cultural leadership, and bringing their own fellowmen nearer to Truth eternal.

Laurence Foster in the **Functions of a Graduate School in a Democratic Society** demands: "Only students who have fine ability, good undergraduate records and intellectual interest should be admitted. Students must have the capacity and the desire to do exacting work; the graduate school is not the place for mediocre students." Don't you think that it is only fair as the degrees we receive sound equal to the European degrees and the American one? Moreover, if you have a Master's degree you want to be treated and respected as a Master, don't you? But if they find out that we do not reach that standard, why should they take you up in their circles, where they only received a place after great pains and hard struggle? It would not be fair to them. The only way out is to reach their standards.

What about the professors? Bowman says, **In the Graduate School in American Democracy** that on Graduate School should exist and no advanced degree should be given except for work under men who are in some respects frontiersmen in their fields and who are provided with some opportunity to do research work."

I agree because only then the prerequisites of the Graduate School in furthering knowledge and also in conquering new fields will be realized. I think that it is our great pride that our Fathers in San Carlos, especially those who came from the Fu Jen University of Peking are the men cut from this sort of wood. They are men of great knowledge and I feel happy and humble to be in their company. They have conducted researches and have published the results.

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● now that you have finally bungled into this column, allow me. . . scant moments back, i was consorting with the happy, but happy, feeling that everything would be well and kosher with me. the enrolment war against the registrar and his cavalcade of clerks [look who's typing!] was declared over. there was nothing in the world for me to do except lie, kamlon-like, in wait for female invitation committees or curl up in my beat-up bunk with an overgrown and overaged lawbook for a spouse and, come recitation time, to blast away at my balding profs with a *literatim et ad verbum* talkathon on legal thingumbob (whatever that means). wrote my folks back home that i would not kindly take to the idea of solving crossword puzzles and cryptograms while an out-of-town dumbkopf was swindling the whole class and getting rewarded with a scholarship on the house. begolly, i wrote my folks, i would show to sundry, along with my sistren and brethren, that no power on earth could ever alienate me from the unblushing resolution to fashion a name for myself and my relatives. yesoyes, i was all-fired to become a genius, until. . . but enough of this introductory tripe. . .

● my predecessor, nestorius morelosky, the womaniac that got away, will not be around anymore to swivel his artillery versus usc's painted, coated and embalmed women. one reason for his out was probably the cold reception he suffered for persisting in his apostasy from the english language. there were a lot of haps that happened to nestor. when last i saw him, he was frantically making amorous overtures with the women he used to curve his dart at. the wimmin hereabout ought to be a jubilant horde this year. nestor's just a tame, friendly hellion!

● this department recommends:

1. the organization of the circa 360-years-overdue students' council in order that we may be able properly to underwrite the talents of our boopsie campus reformers and loudmouths. our locals are pitifully wanting in the art and science of horse-trading, fly-voting, alien-baiting, junketing, bolting, huddling, fusing and enriching. what they need is training and plenty of it.

2. the promotion of the former miss restituta genson to the rank of usc librarian benemeritus in recognition of her devotion to library duties and her devotions to her other virtues. an extremely irate gentleman by the name of florentino felisarta, jr., told me of an encounter in which he and the erstwhile miss genson figured more than somewhat. according to him, the once-upon-a-time miss allowed him to enter the bowels of the usc library on the strength of his identification card which she, the woman in question, received allegedly without ceremonies and formalities. but. . . lo

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**ON DA LEVEL***(Continued from page 8)*

tion never, inaugurate courses in technology, for another, it would give catholicism a tremendous boost in this bend of the mountains, and for still another, radio station all our own would make for improved english in the university. there are reasons abundant why we should favor the installation of a broadcasting outfit here. truth to reveal, some of the fathers are openly identified with the move. let's wait and see what happened next. . .

● these communist just can't be trusted. matter of fact, they don't even trust themselves. i don't give any percentage to a conference where one of the parties is commie. a red goes to peace conferences with the right hand signing a covenant while the left holds a revolver under the table.

● up, up there in the third floor where we write and recite, flunk or pass in law, a sizzling discovery by lady classmates has the class in a collective gawk. the invention was, of course, sired by the necessity of staving off the mounting mortality in prof villanueva's classes. we all of us wised up early to the fact that atty villanueva does not disturb the sequence of the class cards. so . . . the ladies started writing mnemonics (representing our names) to insure hiked marks in recitation. all we do is read the portion of the book where we think we will be hit and pfft! the recitation becomes one smooth, satin procedure. it's a cute racket. i tried it. . . and flunked.

● trouble with troublesome people is that whenever they come upon a slangy-twangy line, they proceed to protest in high C. slang, they cry long and loud, is verboten to their tastes. they don't buy slang, no sir.

i have frequently been accused of adulterating people's tastes by retailing too much slang. now, for once, i'd like to tone down tintured anti-slang feelings by offering literary asylum in this column to a typical filipino friendly letter minus slang. this one's pure aged-in-bamboo pinoy english. here she blows: dear friend. . . i receive your most-awaited billet in good condition and i understood all the content of what you means to say. on the other hand before i proceed to the main point of this humble epistle of mind may i interrogate you how do you do? as for me desame as usual. . . your friend.

if anyone among you, my civil readers, wants to sick that kind of english on me, start looking the other way but fast! i'd very much rather not be desame as usual.

● the usc band, with (maizetro) selerio on the podium, has gained quite a metronome of notoriety for overdoing its "funebre" series. we folks keep on protesting that we have no yen for dirge even if it is the last wailing note in modern spooky music. . . but the band simply goes on with its threnodic exercises as if the examinations are going on. last week, however, the band, in a moment of sheer heresy, played "stardust."

it's strange but the departure from funeral study transformed usc's denizens into a parliament of sighing, happy faces.

● we lift pertinent portions of a very interesting letter addressed to atty. catalino doronio. quote. . . good news!!! we supply ideal love to lonely hearts. if you are searching for an ideal partner, we offer love directories. . . compilations of names of negotiable young men and women with personal data. . . composed of name, address, age, civil status, body measurements, financial status, etc. . . if you have the directories, your destiny is just in the palm of your hands similar to the weather bureau which forecasts the weather. . . you overcome the barrier of distance, time, money and effort for it is safe and economical instead of spending much on personal acquaintance. you are sure of favorable results because the names stated are willing to be married or engaged at their discretion. close quote. atty doronio think it was addressed to the wrong guy, i don't think so.

● end item, folksies. . .

**AUGUST, 1955**

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**WHAT DO YOU THINK . . .***(Continued from page 7)*

What I see as a great needs is that San Carlos University should start a means of scientific publication wherein our priestly-and-lay colleagues will be able to publish their works.

That we are on the right way appears from the fact that the Graduate School has appointed Mr. Marcelino N. Maceda, M.A., as its first research assistant. In the meeting of the Graduate School faculty, Father Rector readily consented that more research-assistants may be appointed and that he will give them the possibility to visit foreign universities on U.S.C. scholarships for further studies.

We are on the right track. The faculty and its dean will do everything and will be ready to receive suggestions.

**But the response is up to you, students!**

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**ROTC BRIEFS***(Continued from page 13)*

handsome, tall guy he is. Cdt Capt **Amorito Cañete** is another dynamic leader with a slight twist of a politician. Humble, learned and aggressive. Cdt Capt **Winifredo Geonson** is an uncommon common fellow, friendly but firm with his cadets; intelligent but understanding; outspoken but sincere in his ideas.

Of late a Model Company has come to shape and everything of it is an example from the cadet officers to snappy actions of the men in the ranks. **Faddy Deen** is the groome Co. Cdt 1st Lt **Jose Ros**, handsome boy, amiable and helpful; Cdt 1st Lt **Louie Batomalaque** (really big and rock) is also the Adjutant-General; a real friend he makes to anybody. Cdt 1st Lt **Manuel Lim, Jr.** and Cdt 1st Lt **Dominador Turno, Jr.** are tall, brisk and lovable cadet officers, too.

Before the other units develop hysteria I better sign off. Another chapter of names will be written in the next issue. But here is a P. S. Cdt cpl **Adelino Sitoy** a warm-hearted co-staffer is a cadet of "G" Platoon. Meet him any time.

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