



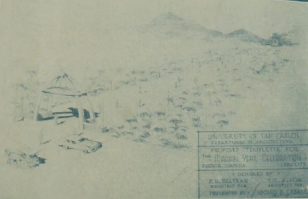
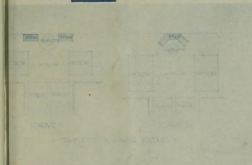
The

# Carolinian

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS

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1954

No. 3



## Keeping Christmas



**I**T IS A GOOD THING to observe Christmas Day. The mere marking of times and seasons, when men agree to stop work and make merry together, is a wise and wholesome custom.

It helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life. It reminds a man to set his own little watch, now and then, by the great clock of humanity which runs on sun time.

But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas day, and that is keeping Christmas.

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you, and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellowmen are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe, and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness . . . are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you, and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear on their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts, and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open . . . are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world . . . stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death . . . and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas.

And if you keep it for a day, why not always?

But you can never keep it alone.



*Henry Van Dyke*



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*The*  
**CAROLINIAN**

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*Our Cover*

An artist's conception of the approved main entrance design of the "Templette" used during the celebration of the Marian Congress at Cebu City last November. Designed by Mr. Paulo H. Beltran, P.I.A., and Mr. Santos R. Alfon, P.I.A., both instructors of the USC Department of Architecture. Presentation drawings by Mr. Adolfo B. Caballo, student of Architecture and staff member of this magazine.



**editorial**

TOMAS L. L. ECHIVARRE

*The Marian Dogma*

The celebration of the Marian Congress this November climaxes the 100th anniversary of the Definition of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

In connection with this religious festival, it is important to recall a few significant facts that happened in the year 431.

History records that in that year, the Council of Ephesus condemned Nestorius, a patriarch of Constantinople who maintained that there are in Jesus Christ a divine person and a human person joined in perfect harmony of action but not in the unity of the single individual. Nestorius had assailed the dogma of the true Divinity of the Man conceived and born by the Blessed Virgin Mary. St. Cyril, who took up the defense of Christ's Divine nobility and of Our Lady's honor, was spontaneously hailed by the people of Ephesus as their "Great Defender." The decision of the Council and its clear-cut definition of the dogma are now a milestone in the history of Mariology.

As Catholics, we should therefore rejoice, together with the people of Ephesus centuries ago, at the historic decision.

It is an admirable mystery to take into one's head the fact that it was a woman who handed death and misery to man and yet, it was also a woman who restored life and happiness to him.

*Christmas, 1954*

Two thousand years ago, Jesus Christ said:

"Blessed are the poor in spirit:  
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.  
Blessed are they that mourn:  
For they shall be comforted.  
Blessed are the meek:  
For they shall inherit the earth.  
Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst for righteousness:  
For they shall be filled.  
Blessed are the merciful:  
For they shall obtain mercy.  
Blessed are the pure in heart:  
For they shall see God."

Today, Christmas, we pause to remember Him Who said those words. Our celebration of the day signifies the renewal of our love for Him, the strengthening of our faith and trust in His Divine Goodness. We remember His Sermon on the Mount, too. Not only because of the moral lessons it taught us; but also because of the love He bore for us. He gave us Love when He preached; and promised more of it when He died. Such was His Goodness; such is His love for us.

Today is Christmas. His birthday. A day of good cheer and rejoicing. Its essence is Charity. Its quintessence, Love. This is the spirit behind the gift; the meaning behind the phrase, "Merry Christmas;" and the philosophy of Love.

### Editor's Note

The following is a letter written by Frederick Kriekenbeck to his father, Mr. Denzil Clive Kriekenbeck. As some Carolinians will recall, Fred is a USC alumnus who graduated valedictorian from the High School Training Department in 1950. He appeared in the front cover of the September issue of the CAROLINIAN (1950) the cover story of which was entitled, *Frederick Kriekenbeck: Model Carolinian, Harvard Scholar*. He took the Harvard tests in May at the US consulate in Cebu City. Finished the elementary grades in two years before he enrolled in USC as a freshman.

During his high school days in USC, he was the model student; became the editor of the Green and Gold and business manager of the Jr. Carolinian. He particularly excelled in Scouting where he received a special award as a Life Scout — the first recipient of such a merit in Cebu. After a few weeks in the preparatory law course, he left for Harvard University having qualified for an under graduate scholarship awarded by that University.

In Harvard he maintained his scholarship, graduating Bachelor of Arts in 1953. He was in the second year regular Law when he arrived at a decision to enter the priesthood, (Society of Jesus) a decision unanimously approved by his family, and opposed especially by his sister Florence.

blunt language. As her letter puts it, "You have just as good as forsaken us." Florence undoubtedly felt considerably disappointed at my change of plans, and she has written me a bitter letter stating why. There are slight traces of resentment in it, but, charitably understood, they all amount to the natural reaction of a loving sister sorely let down in her expectations by an equally loving brother.

If this be Florence's attitude about my decision, I do not know exactly what to expect from you. But I am sure of a few things. In her letter, Florence made arguments against the course I have adopted which you yourself would probably make. Her reasoning centered on the ideas of loss and of waste; my entry to the priesthood would be a loss to the family and a waste



THE PRIEST

is another Christ — respect him. He is God's Representative — trust him. He is your Benefactor — be thankful to him.

# "You Have Not Chosen Me, But I Have Chosen You..."

418 Beacon Street  
Boston, Mass., USA  
October 11, 1954

Dear Dad,

A lady friend of mine whom I met last week was surprised to hear about my decision to enter the priesthood. She said, "That is all very nice, but it is like losing a son." She could have easily added, "And I cannot bear to lose mine." A letter that I have here from Florence expresses almost the same sentiment, but in stronger and more

of my talents. Here, I would like to argue to the contrary, and if I will fail to convince you, I will not be surprised. I will not be surprised because I realize that the difference between your position and mine lies not in the facts about a career in the priesthood but in the standpoints we take in viewing these facts and the scales we use in evaluating them; and this is a fundamental difference. All I ask is that you give me a fair hearing.

I had not read far into Florence's letter when I realized what a gulf

there was between the thinking that underlay her reasoning and my own thinking. The gulf lay at two points: the point of vision and the point of value. For there are two ways of viewing the world and all history: according as Man sees them and according as God sees them; and Florence adopted the first and I the second. Florence concluded in her letter that my action fell below — far below — the standard that Man has set up. In medicine we call the sub-standard "pathologic"; in law, "il-

(Continued on page 33)

The author was one-time editor of the CAROLINIAN, and the USC year-book, SEMPER FIDELIS. Currently he edits a Catholic weekly, LUNGSURANON and the Cebu Jayces Herald. He is now on temporary assignment on the USC faculty. He was the Editors Association of Philippines pool correspondent to the SEATO conference, board member of EDAP, appointed by Mrs. Paoa Warns member of the Cebu SWA Advisory Council.

Despite his job, he still finds time to write guest editorials for a local daily, and do two columns daily for the local papers and the EDAP newspapers in Visayas and Mindanao. One of his columns written under the pen-name Leon Genson has been quoted 4 times by the Philippines Free Press in 7 issues. He finished his law at USC and is now practising his profession in this city.

# BLUE RAYS of HOPE OVER the HORIZON

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by

Napoleon G. Rama

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**I**T HAS BEEN the favorite pastime of world affairs experts and editorialists to bite their nails in anxiety and weep over the terrible impending fate coming our way. Out of their profound analysis of the movement of events and cast of mind of the current statesmen they foresee the rocks to which the world is going, head first.

They predict the deluge, the fire and the brimstone. It is a safe, sure-fire formula for forecasting. Every now and then a war breaks out — vindicating our prognosticators of doom. The world has always been that way since Cain murdered his brother. The descendants of Cain could never seem to escape the blood-stained chromosomes of heredity.

Yet there are signs today that may yet make our "mislortune-tellers" eat back their words. The present world is perceptibly moving into an era of faith and religious-consciousness. And this may spare us from another war for a long, long time.

There is for sure a great effort in the world today to cut itself loose from the doctrines of materialism and atheism which not long ago it wore on its breast as a badge of culture and fashionableness.

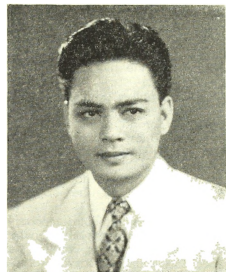
Postwar Europe swept into power a political party that is frankly religious — the Christian-democrats. It is an astonishing phenomenon. A political party of the same name, holding to the same principles and professing the same faith rose in power in the same period in three different countries in Europe. The Christian-democrats are in the saddle in Italy, Germany and in France. Despite the fall of the Christian-democrat premier in France, lately, his party still holds a mighty sway in the French political arena. The heads of state of Western Germany and Italy are Christian-democrats.

In other years, a political party in Europe with a hint of religious affiliations never stood a chinaman's chance of getting into power. Religion was considered a plague to keep away from in political circles.

But today the most respected and, according to world affairs pundits, the greatest political leader in Europe since Charlemagne, is West Germany Chancellor Konrad Adenauer. He is a devout Catholic, a man of integrity and wisdom with a stout heart and a great understanding of the ways of men.

Altho Germany is not, as Italy and France, predominantly Catho-

lic, she chose to thrust into the hands of a frankly Catholic leader her delicate and perilous fate after her defeat in World War II. Chancellor Adenauer does not wear his Catholicism as our politicians are wont to exhibit their Faith at election-times but renounce it in their everyday comportment. Adenauer is Catholic both in words and in practice, he hears Mass and takes



THE AUTHOR

Holy Communion very often. On the morning of the German elections last year, he walked to church, his hand clasping a worn-out prayer book, heard the early Mass and took Holy Communion.

He won the elections by a tremendous landslide. The triumph of Chancellor Adenauer is not merely the victory of his party in Germany. It was the triumph of the forces of decency and freedom over those of evil and tyranny, of religion over Atheism, of united Europe over the men who would seek to break it into pieces, of the forces of peace over the men who live by the sword, of Democracy over Communism.

The events in Germany are of  
(Continued on page 28)

# THE ADMINISTRATION

**D**EMOCRACY is the most abused word in the Philippines today. Yet, the administration in a democracy is not a quixotic phrase. It is that total arrangement of human relationships in specific institutional group which alone can satisfy the equation here posed for consideration. It is at once the setting, the plot, and the acting out of a drama which we are imperatively required to perform in order to give actuality to the basic values and ends of the human enterprise.

Brooke Adams defines administration as "the capacity to coordinate many, and often conflicting, social energies in a single organism so adroitly that they shall operate as a unity." Again he says: "Administration or generalization is not only the faculty upon which social stability rests, but it is, possibly, the highest faculty of the mind."<sup>1</sup>

Operationally, administration is the process and agency which lay down the broad object for which an organization and its management are to strive, and which give general oversight, in the continuing effectiveness, to the total organization in pursuing the objective sought.

In American political democracy, and growing in part out of what was in the eighteenth century believed to be a necessary corollary of it, we have proceeded on the assumption of the need for "checks and balances." The executive branch of public power was to be checked by the legislative and both were to be checked by the judicial arm. Today a vast new fourth function has developed — that of bodies of public administration. These have been found necessary to carry on the business of the public.

The conditions of good administration — in quality and meaning of purpose, in human attitudes, in powers of communication opportunities for criticism, in the inward-

ness of leadership responsibilities entailed, in the distribution of responsibility and of knowledge — these conditions are democratic conditions.

Democracy has high in its constituent elements the aim of conserving and enhancing the personality of all individuals—the idea of respect for the integrity of the human person and of the primary value of developing persons as ends in themselves. Yet this proposition depends for its acceptance upon the meaning which is read into the word "personality." I take it that this includes the discovery and use of unique talents, the fullest possible expression of creative powers, the responsible assumption of a share in shaping the conditions which are found to

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By

*Antonio V. Siazngo*

Academic and Research Assistant to  
the Dean, Graduate School

•  
make growth in the quality of personal living possible. The idea of personality, also includes the acquiring of sufficient knowledge and understanding, the sense of having enough status with one's peers, the sentiment of friendly attachment to one's fellows, the possession of enough voice and power in one's society, so that one feels that he is in fact helping to shape the conditions which make possible the achievement of individual, creative release. It has to do with a continuing re-examination of self and society to assure that the dignity of the human person is being maintained under changing conditions.

In this democratic process the

persons or selves involved explicitly themselves in a relation of reciprocal obligation to their fellows. And they do this, at least ideally, in an absolute and unequivocal way. It is true that they want some things for themselves and their constituents out of democratic group action. Certain self-interests have to be served and these basically relate to certain phases of personality fulfillment. But also constituency comes to agreements upon matters other than closely personal which affect and advance a more general welfare. Devotion to self-fulfillment and to social helpfulness does thus in some measure attain practical reconciliation. A certain reciprocal benefit usually arises out of this shared effort to handle common problems. The process is not perfect, but it is educational in the sense that the vision of each participant as to what is the good for self and for society is widened. An operating interest is made which is educational, and which is also subject to correction if a proposal is tried and found wanting.

What we are thus in process of achieving is a necessary, prudent, and productive sharing of power, of knowledge, and of respect.<sup>2</sup> Irrespective of methods conventional thought to be "democratic" such as voting and the like, wherever sharing on all these fronts goes forward, where creative release of persons is taking place, where responsibility for achieving this aims are being equally shared — there is democracy. The methods which eventuate in accomplishing all this successfully are democratic.

The administration in a democracy should cover the over-all direction of the governmental or  
(Continued on page 18)

<sup>1</sup> *The Theory of Revolution*, pp. 207-208.

<sup>2</sup> See H. D. Lasswell and M. S. McDougall, "Legal Education and Public Policy: Professional Training in Public Interest," *Yale Law Journal*, March, 1914, p. 217.

# I N A D E M O C R A C Y



**W**HEN ADAM and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden, they went away to face the rest of the world whatever good and evil, joy and sorrow, pain and suffering was in store for them. From that every moment they were hounded by plagues, diseases and sicknesses which they were formerly immuned to. To combat these, the art of alleviating human suffering was born for the very reason that it became a necessity if one has to live. The early peoples resorted to the use of the materials found around them to defy human suffering and sickness and with the aid they asked for from their early gods. The art therefore was a mixture of mysticism and science.

By

*Flora Tomboc*

conquests were being made by Omar the Great. In the conquered cities were established medical schools, and pharmacy was studied as a branch of medicine. This was the time Pharmacy made its great strides. This was also the time Moïmodes casted his influence on the subject and from which had been

ment of pharmacy during the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries. It was the age of alchemistic frenzy, where almost everybody was engaged in searching the "philosopher's stone" by which one could transmute base metals into gold. However, due to the researches made, different metals were found which were used later in medicine.

The 16th century was characterized by many reformations regarding the practices of pharmacy. It was the age of Paracelsus who was then considered the brightest luminary in the field. "Theriac" a cure-all preparations was compounded from fifty to seventy ingredients. The first official pharmacopeia also appeared and the other countries followed suit.

# PHARMACY PAST *and* PRESENT

Pharmacy was more of a mystic art rather than a scientific one when it started. It savored more of science only during the Eryptian period attested to by the records dating as early as 3700 B.C. found in the tombs of the ancient. These records showed that plasters ointments, collyria, inhalations and suppositories were already of use by the early peoples. With the coming of the Greeks, the practice of Pharmacy was improved highly by the influence of Democritus, Celsus and Hippocrates. They reduced to writing what they discovered in their scientific researches. When the Greek empire declined, the Romans rose into power and in order to encourage pharmacy together with medicine, a law was passed exempting anybody in the practice of Pharmacy from taxations. The empire spread all over Europe, Northern Africa and Asia only to be stopped by the Germanic tribes who conquered them and almost extinguished the civilization they brought along with them.

In another part of the world,

patterned, the ethics of Pharmacy.

In Europe, monasteries became healing-centers during the middle ages. The monks cultivated medicinal plants to aid them in their much needed medications. But years later, the Pope prohibited them from further practice and medicine-compounding in order not to antagonize the licensed physicians. Here Pharmacy and Medicine suffered a great set-back. There were not enough physicians to minister the sick people and so these sick people had to fall into the hands of the quacks. But it was also in this period that Pharmacy as an independent science took a definite form.

The word PHARMACY comes from a Greek word meaning "drug" or medicine although it has been linked with various meanings as; *pharmakon*, poison or sorcery; *pharmakie*, witch; *pharmacipeus*, poison; *pharmacopoloi*, quack doctor; and *pharmakoi*, condemned criminals. The origin of the word might seem weird and querulous but its import is grave.

There was no marked develop-

ment of Pharmacy during the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries. It was the age of alchemistic frenzy, where almost everybody was engaged in searching the "philosopher's stone" by which one could transmute base metals into gold. However, due to the researches made, different metals were found which were used later in medicine.

From the 17th century came many brilliant men. Different metals were introduced, many chemicals discovered, alkaloids from plants extracted, identified and from every corner of Europe many advances were made not only in medicine but also in botany, zoology, natural history and chemistry.

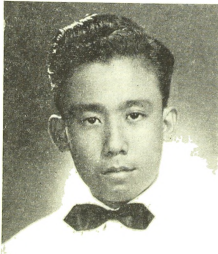
Now Pharmacy is a very dynamic science. Not only has it convinced the world that it is very different from witchery, sorcery or voodooism but it has been able to prove the nobility of its calling and its necessity as a profession. Today, one can only practice it after long study, apprenticeship and after hurdling over the examinations required by law. To be a pharmacist, one must study botany, zoology and chemistry in addition to its professional and ethical aspects. To give those desirous to practice the art adequate preparation, the Philippine course on Pharmacy today has been lengthened to five years.

As I have said, Pharmacy is a  
(Continued on page 37)



THE AUTHOR

**I**N ITS terminology, the words "ALPHA KAPPA ALPHA" are Greek words which mean **MEN AND LEADER**. The members are called "AKANS". We doff our cap to its founder, *Dean Lolito Gil Gozum of the USC College of Commerce*, who emphasized to us the need of a fraternity so that in the full bloom of our youth it becomes not only necessary but also imperative, to cultivate and develop enduring friendship and *esprit de corps* among ourselves which may be of much use to us in the future. This fraternity was formed a year ago with only seven chartered members. Its first Grand Akan was *Alfredo Vega*, a young Certified Public Accountant who is currently practicing his profession in Manila. But that was only the sowing of the seed; recently we saw it sprouting when a good number of USC Commerce instructors joined the Fraternity as honorary members.



GRAND AKAN

With *Esteban Chua* piloting the Fraternity as the incumbent Grand Akan, *Benito Yu* and *Florentino Pascual* as Deputy Grand Akan and Scroller respectively, and a host of equally competent officers—we are now having projects which have gone past the blue-printing stage. One of these projects is the *Scholarship Drive*. It extends a helping hand to students enrolled in the College of Commerce who might be future savants if given the chance. If a freshman meets the requirements set up by the *Alpha Kappa Alpha Scholarship Committee*, a two-year free scholarship will be his to enjoy. Another project recently launched: awarding a gold medals to outstanding graduates of the College of Commerce. The first recipients of these awards were: *Misses*

of our time when social progress is likewise met with social decadence, when storms of discord and moral decay are seemingly brewing in the Philippine horizon, when a number of educated men instead of being good members of society, instead of using their acquired knowledge for a good purpose, turn useless and become enemies of society the Fraternity plays a vital role in making us embrace, once and for all, the principles of Christian morals, so that we may, as a body of professionals, be bound together by a code of fearless honesty and integrity. It instills among the members a feeling of oneness and belonging, and the virtues of understanding and tolerance. Conceivably, our future depends on our willingness and determination

# Hail, Akans!

By **Necisio Z. Ilago**

Former

*Justina Tan, Summa Cum Laude* and *Consuelo Go, Magna Cum Laude*.

In the light of the disquieting fact that fraternities and sororities were subjected to heavy criticism a couple of months ago when the UP Fraternity case was brought into the limelight, the **ALPHA KAPPA ALPHA Fraternity** stood its ground and defied those who would try to throw cold water on it. Some spewed forth hazardous opinions alleging that the way the initiation rites were conducted was a deliberate affront to their dignity. We would like to cool off their heads by saying that there was no physical hazing; there was none that would make normal boys take the color of sadistic ruffians. The neophytes felt secure for such rites were conducted in the presence of the adviser and honorary members. Others say that by sporting pins on our lapels, we have elevated ourselves from ordinary mortals making ourselves distinguished members of an elite class. A good number still thinks that the Fraternity is nothing but a constant drain on our pocket.

To this maze of diverging opinions, we can say on the contrary that the Fraternity was founded not for making monkeys out of men. Not for foolishness. It underscores heavily the idea that in this segment

to lay the important foundation of friendship. We should be aware of the big fact that college education is not merely an accretion of academic knowledge but also concerns cultural up-building. There's a story about a Commerce graduate who, in spite of his aptitudes, was not able to land a job for the cold reason that he had no friends to help him get it. Another applicant got the job because he had friends to back him up.

Membership in the **AKAN FRAT** is a life-time privilege. It ceases only after death, resignation, or expulsion. To serve its ends, the Fraternity has in itself good men, men of sound and moral principles, and men who know how to handle situations with marked efficiency and tact. It is encouraging to see *Dean Gozum* has sparked and sustained this spirit in spite of his heavy chores in and outside of *San Carlos U*. In all candor, we can say that he is the richest vein in the raw materials of the Fraternity. We also give a big hand to *Mr. Juan Aquino, Jr.* As **AKAN** adviser, he has made the Fraternity's diet more palatable and profitable. With the cooperation of the members, it would be safe to say that the Fraternity could sail safely to its manifest destiny.



# Upon Seeing The World

## AMERICA UNLIMITED

**D**OU ask me about America. I can be tongue-tied. Because I am still overwhelmed by what I have learned about America and the American people. It seems that there is too much to be told; I am at a quandary how to justify my desire to give a faithful portrayal of my thoughts and impressions of the most powerful and richest country there is on earth today, and a comparatively much more educated and cultured people that inhabit this "land of the free and the home of the brave."

But wait awhile. The last time I was interviewed, it was an interview by Editor Echivarre himself.



At the famed New York La Guardia Airport on the eve of departure for Washington, D.C., former editor Aller was bidden *Bon Voyage* by Atty. Pedro Yap.

And, I told him about how I was getting set for a real cross-country tour after receiving a complete itinerary of places and persons I was supposed to see and meet. It was goodbye to the busiest city of the world, at least for awhile. I took a final glance at the towering skyscrapers, man-made giants that seek to rival the lofty skies. I know then that for the nonce, I won't any longer be looking at the glimmer and the glamour of Broadway, its fun and its haste, its dazzle and its glitter.

One of my tiny desires since boyhood which I thought would run out on me was to ride in a Pullman Berth. I realized that whim. I took one in a train which left New York, destination: Columbus, Ohio. Enroute I had a chance to see the countryside in-between

(Continued Interview of a former "C" Editor, otherwise known as Leo Bello, Portraying interesting features and lasting impressions of his recent travel around the world while enjoying a U.S. Dept. of State Smith-Mundt Grant.)

**By Emilio B. Aller**  
as told to Pat. L. Castellano

cities and big towns which sprout on the way like multilarious mushrooms. The dust and the smoke and the soot of Pittsburg got into my nose and it smelt, er, spelt, industry and progress; the steel and the iron which practically serve as a few of the varied props which have built up America into what it is now. But if I must state in detail the varied cities I passed on the way, it will occupy so much space. Let it suffice that I saw, I passed them, and I was convinced at the sight of undeniable signs of the ever-present industrial grind of the American people.

Columbus, Ohio, came into my view when I got down the Pullman car. A sprawling university town it is, the site of the Ohio State University.

At the Ohio State U, I interviewed the Student Senate, the editorial board of its official student publication, and its journalism and law departments. The people who have anything to do with them were very kind and courteous, and the professors and students I met there were very helpful and hospitable, I quite felt at home with them. I was interviewed on the radio and was introduced and made to speak before youth organizations in neighboring cities and counties while I was observing on the work and activities of the 4-H Clubs, the Farm Bureau and other youth clubs of the State of Ohio. They also invited me to parties and dances and was made to participate in some square-dancing practice. In this connection, I have the impression that there is a visible effort to revive native dances in the United States today which bolsters their love of country. A note for

ourselves: Why should not we Filipinos familiarize ourselves with our native dances, instead of aping foreign new-fangled step? (Take note, Notorious, er, Nestorians, Inc.)

It is also worthwhile noting here that in my contacts with Americans, be they professionals, students, jaywalkers or shopkeepers, I have noticed a distinct mark in them: they are courteous. It seems that courtesy is their second nature. Wherever you find yourself, you can't help hearing kind words spoken by one person to another. For whatever teeny-weeny thing one may do for another, you will never fail hearing a very gracious "Thank you." Even if one who meets another on the streets is not acquainted with the other, they greet each other with a pleasant "Hello" or "Good morning." Thus strangers to each other seem to be as convivial as friend. **Note:** How many of us Filipinos are gracious enough to say a non-begrudging "Thank you" when offered a seat in a bus by another? How many of our so-called gentlemen will offer his seat to a lady in a crowded bus or a crowded public place? But how many of our ladies who usually are offered seats can graciously sing out a pleasant "Thank you," in appreciation for a favor given or for a gentlemanly act?

And yet, I am afraid that I might now be sounding like a preacher. So we'll go ahead with the journey.

I took a bus at Columbus, Ohio, for Ann Arbor, Michigan. The tour northward was pleasant.

I sat by the side of one American gentleman and we had a very interesting exchange of ideas. He told me it was not often for him

(Continued on page 37)

The

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by

V. Ranudo, Jr.

**A** PAGE of April is here and I may grow pale with things I must recall. Yesterdays were big and wide and solid and furiously tender and deliriously so . . . todays are blades, making scars and wounds on my growth and tendency and fortitude and bizarre scenarios. Not rapture: but whim. Not ecstasy: but zing, quivering zing. Rolling and squirming and shouting "fr instances" into the unyielding column of night. There is even beyond whose moments scatters in logs and stones . . . for we built, oh yes we did . . . but the lonely stranger said, "This is my temple." Love therefore curves the slanting rays of the bewildered Sun?

---

**W**ITH us, no torture screaming the veins nor afternoons among sand dunes and patted castles nor cascading silver-wet upon our heads nor lungs of trade winds and beach winds and tall-mountain winds . . . no laughing angel stalking the trees of the blessed, sacred holy-halo of the blue, the black and the yellow.

With us, no wormless apples nor ropeless trends . . . no shadeless breath that was young in our faces and virgin wishes, no treasured strings or pressured yearnings wallowing in the face of the moon.

Not God stroking our hair with jewels and pearls nor songs, sung from a bleeding throat.

There was blood, yes, but the lonely stranger said, "That is mine."

---

**S**UDDENLY, there must be nothing to know . . . hands that touch the strains of a melody that runs on the velvet glossiness of my bare emotions . . . . . die at twenty seven.

Call me clay. (the guiding hand of your love has shaped me from grotesque shapelessness of trodden earth and soaked me with cold, imagined tears)

Call me thief. (I steal hungry gazes at the land beyond the moon and the Sun to kiss you in my sleep, never telling as I wake)

**U**LL me now, now while my heart is not yet done and my eyes but mounted stones. Do not be afraid . . . I still see you in rain-soaked streets where harrowed dandelions look up weeping sparrows basking in the golden fluid of the moon. Even in ageless debris and capricious churches where imageless mirrors hung spawned promises on silent catwalks, I hear your name. In torrid heat there is your name . . . convulsing in the pulsating throat of the March winds.

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**I**CANNOT recreate emotions from a night horn nor retouch the smokes of the fallen ember. I cannot recreate the silence that rose out of the rumbles of that dying carnival by the wharf. Night should always be slain by reckless stars that runs amuck among the slender lanes of heaven with knives of thunder and golden whips.

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**I**NEED no laughter, I need no pain, I need no desolate piano overtures . . . I need not sob nor sigh . . . I need no Decembers, no Septembers or a million Summers to shim-sham-shammy before me with its green cloak and dizzy hair and relishing breath and airy folds to kiss me . . . I need no eyes nor hands to find it.

Here I find it among rocks and graves and light fashioned boiling life . . . even in marching feet and toiling hands and rust and lust and dust . . . in goodbyes and lullabies . . . in mish-mash and plink-plank and riff-raff I find it.

In silence and pandemonium I find it . . . I find it in tongues and lips and hips and aesophagus and brain and nails and dirt and sleep and death . . . in narrow mountain footpaths and overlighted city ways . . . in pots and cans and food and trash, I find . . . breathing the growing name of God.

---

**H**ES, I have it still, but the lonely stranger said, "That is my tenderness, that is my love."





After that, it wouldn't give a d...  
You're on your own.

Ring out the old, ring in the new; ring, happy, bells across the snow.

Okay then, I'll walk. Walk to nowhere. Home is somewhere. There's no hurry anyway. The night's mine. I'll spend the rest of 1953 — there are barely five more days left — dusting old thoughts and memories of things I did or failed to do within the year. (This would be fun!) Besides, there's nothing like a good walk on Christmas day ringing out and in the old and new thoughts spinning inside my head like noon-day muscae volitantes. But wait — look who's here! Mr. Moon. Just the starter I need for the right inspira-

## RECLUSE

by H. C. Barrett

**T**HE ding-dong-dinging of the churchbells found me walking on the streets. The midnight mass was just over. People were deserting the streets perhaps to catch on sleep or spend the rest of dawn on a nightclub or still perhaps hurry off to a *media noche* party. A jeepney, half-full of passengers, stopped in front of me. I shook my head at the driver and almost instantly, the jeepney was lost in the night.

The harsh wind was cold when it penetrated the cotton texture of my jacket. It was the same jacket Father Smith, our spiritual adviser and sports director, gave to me when I joined the school's basketball varsity. Its green and gold color had shown signs of fading but still it was one of my priceless possessions. I won't trade it for a king's robe. It helps me recollect the happy-go-easy life I once had when I was still a member of the team. It is an indelible relic of the thrills we used to feel after a game is won; our long, long faces when a game is lost and the soft, soothing words of Father Smith that used to ease us up when our chips were down — all these, trussed up in one laded piece of cloth: this jacket.

● *"In solitude the mind gains strengths, and learns to lean upon itself; in the world it seeks or accepts of a few treacherous supports — the feigned compassions of one, the flattery of a second, the civilities of a third, the friendship of a fourth; they all deceive, and bring the mind back to retirement, reflection..."*

But it's all over now. Three months ago. I've stuck with the team for four years and the school considers it the maximum period an athlete could stay and much less enjoy privileges. One has to make way for the young; give them a chance, too. But I can't forget the day I met Father Boez, our Athletic Moderator, and asked him about my scholarship. I asked him why should an athlete lose his privileges after the expiration of four years? Why not let the privileges continue to run until after such an athlete finishes his course? His answer made me sick. Four years means exactly what it meant.

One thing I like about moons: they always look happy when full. Why, when I was still a kid that high I used to get a kick out of the expression, "...as happy as the man in the moon." Happiness, I think, is like a butterfly. When pursued, it is always beyond our grasp; but if we just sit quietly, it alights upon us.

... Now there was a game I never forget... yeah, it was grudge fight between our school and a rival. A bitter rival. Man for man, they were a better team; but as a whole, ours worked like one big machine. During the whole forty

(Continued on page 34)

## Stories ★

**T**WILIGHT was beginning to change the fiery red of sunset when they started out to sea. Ingko Tasyo gazed at the deepening blue of the sky to look for signs of a sudden squall. A few lengths ahead, Tonio, the old man's son, sat sulking as he stirred toward the heart of the wide open sea, making the appearance of one who was so tired even to lift his own hands. He was a sturdy, young man heavily built in the salty healthiness of the sea which he loved more than anything else: its golden wond in the glowing sunset and its shimmering sheen in the moonlight. He loved, too, the challenge it offered during *duhar*-black nights because finding his way out of the enveloping dark always filled him with a warmth of triumph.

But not now, tonight—it was Christmas eve. He hated the idea of wasting away the beautiful night alone in the vast expanse of the ocean, with an old, aging father who talked and tattled about nothing but debts and bad weather. Tonight... but it was no use. He was here in the wide lonely sala of the ocean, and when he looked back he saw the town vaguely outlined in the distance with flickering little lights that came from windows bedizened with lanterns. Over Nasarok, a thin slice of the moon was beginning to illumine the town, lending it a touch of magic and grandeur. It worsened things: made him more resentful, bordering on anger, at the man on his left with the lined, leathery face, slowly rowing his way to the open sea.

At length, they stayed put and stationed themselves in line with the tip of the massive Pangoon mountain in the west. Ingko Tasyo gingerly placed the squid into the curve of the hook and tied the sinker to it. A few meters away, Tonio was also baiting his hook lifelessly. Somehow, he still could not reconcile the eccentricity of his father and the abandoned joy of Christmas.

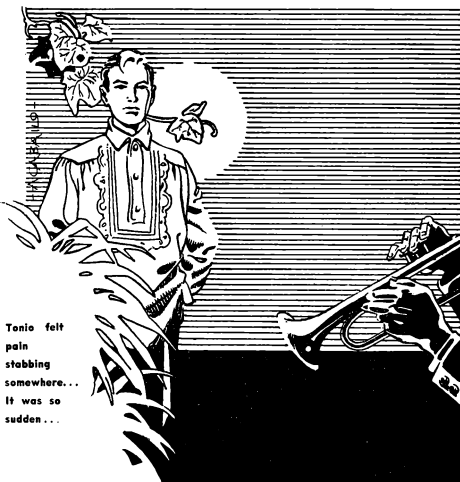
Ingko Tasyo could see that the young man did not like the idea of fishing tonight; he sensed it the way Tonio and his small barote was easily carried away by the high tide current. He threw his line and profoundly, wearily, sighed. He waited for the tug on the line. It did not come yet but he held his

line firmly in his gnarled, grubby hands because one did not know when it would come. "Oh, Lord," he prayed silently, "let it be the *tangigi* now." And once in a while, he looked at his son with sidelong, furtive glances. The young man was slowly drifted away toward Badiang with the tide. The old man sighed again, a sigh which seemed to carry with it the weight of sixty years expended in his sequestered, windswept little town of Pintuyan. The sigh opened a floodgate somewhere in his heart, hastening the onrush of memories which had been quite forgotten in the passing of years and which all came now with devastating clarity. He saw

a young man on a night — many nights, painting the town red with happy-go-lucky friends, throwing fire-crackers at strangers and children because it was fun to see them jerk with alarm, whiling the hours away in drinking sprees and culminating the affair in the plaza where all the town lasses were perpetually present in the traditional ball given every Christmas eve.

● TONIO had forgotten all about the line tied around the smallest toe of his right foot. He tried to concentrate on it for a while, but somehow it escaped him, slipped off as the thought of Christmas

(Continued on page 39)



Tonio felt  
pain  
stabbing  
somewhere...  
It was so  
sudden...

# Interlude

by Erasmus M. Diola

## CATHEDRA *Sidelights*

**I**F YOU don't know what "conditioned reflexes" are you better brush up on your education because since the Nobel prize discovery of Ivan Pavlov half century ago this term has found its way into scientific glossaries and even into the vocabularies of popular science.

When a hungry dog is given a piece of meat immediately after a bell is rung and when this associa-

physiological textbook.

If you tune the strings of an instrument to definite tones, each of them will resonate with its proper tone as soon as it is set into vibration no matter how this vibration is brought about, whether by striking it with a piano key or by plucking it with the finger or even by singing the corresponding tone into the instrument. Nobody knowing something about sounding and resonating bodies is surprised about that. Now the brain can be conceived as if it were such an instrument. Each sensory center is "tuned" either directly, by the direct nervous excitation coming from the sense organ or, indirectly, by associative connections with other centers. Thus the centers which controls the salivary

which are conditioned after the same pattern as the dog's salivary process by the bell experiment. The answers to the questions in your examinations and tests are not a matter of how far you understand or eventually remember the problems but just simply a question of conditioning the vocal (word) or motor (writing) reflexes by the catch words of the questions.

It is really surprising that after Pavlov students are still laboring hard in their studies to acquire a knowledge which makes them fit and useful members of society instead of simply mechanically conditioning their inborn reflexes. And it is still more astounding that individuals as well as whole nations and even the world at large are

# "Conditioned" REFLEXES

tion of meat and bell is repeated often enough, before long the bell alone will produce a flow of saliva. The secretion of a specific saliva corresponding to food placed in the mouth of a dog is an "absolute" or "unconditioned reflex". Naturally the sound of the bell will not produce salivation; but if it is acting as the meat after being associated with it, the salivary reaction to hearing the bell is a "conditioned reflex." When the bell rings the dog will even do more than salivate; he will pick up his ears, turn his head toward the place where the food used to be, and make anticipatory chewing movements. Pavlov, however, centered his work on the study of the salivary responses because they could be measured by the amount of saliva produced.

The discovery of Pavlov was not new. Ever since dog holders domesticated their pets they had observed the same thing. It was the elaborate experimental arrangement and, last but not least, the theoretical make-up that earned a Nobel prize for the pre-Soviet Russian and entered his name into all

process and which are "unconditionally" excited by the natural stimulus-food-will also set into vibration by the sound of a bell if it has been associated with salivation by experience or by "conditioning."

These facts were not first discovered by Pavlov. Aristotle of old established already certain laws of association which aptly explained the release or renewal of a reaction by a stimulus which had been connected with such a response in a former experience.

But the "tidings" which Pavlov brought to ignorant mankind was that man has only a few original— inborn reflexes and that everything else is accomplished by "conditioning" these original reflexes. Thus you over-estimated yourself by attributing the development of your personality to your own efforts. You were wrong in believing in thinking, will, and even consciousness. Man is pure automaton once the conditioned reflex is trained into the subject. All learning is nothing else but establishing conditioned reflexes and your personality is nothing but the complex mechanism of reflexes

still troubled with ethical questions, with problems of peace and atom weapons when it would be so easy to "condition" the willingless and therefore mechanically manageable reflexes. According to Pavlov no consciousness is involved in the whole process and therefore also no inner inhibition which otherwise trouble men so much. Learning is not a question of interest, of inner participation and personal development is not a matter of noble ambitions and lofty appreciation of ideal and values, but just a mechanical conditioning of inborn reflexes. And mind: reflexes are processes which simply run off, without conscious participation, if only the conditioning stimulus situation is produced.

But finally nobody can complain

*(Continued on page 39)*

By  
**Rev. Joseph Goertz**  
S.V.D.



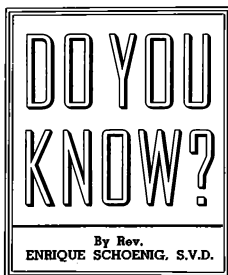
**T**HE enemies of religion, Materialists and Atheists, have succeeded in spreading the erroneous belief that science and religion have very little in common, nay, are even opposed to one another. They dare ask us to junk religion if ever we desire to be scientific and progressive.

More than any other field of science, Biology and its various branches bear the stigma of being at variance with the principle of religion especially of Catholic religion.

It is a fact that materialism has been, and still is, supported and spread by Biologists of great repute. However deeply rooted this popular opinion and these sad facts may be, they are not the result of fundamental, so to say, necessary, differences. Such differences do not exist. They may claim their existence to misunderstanding of the teaching either side, incomplete scientific research and knowledge, or they may — at times — be fabricated on purpose viz. to disguise organized resistance and fight against the little-liked high moral principles of the Church.

According to the express command of the Creator, man has to subdue nature, use it, and rule over it. But how can he do so without studying and understanding it? Thus scientific research is included in this mandate of the Creator. Consequently the Catholic Church, which has been established to carry out the commands of the Creator, teaches that science and religion are made for one another. Both are supposed to support and inspire each other. In fact through the study of Nature the greatness and beauty of God has been, and always will be, discovered, not only by religious people, by Saints, but by eminent scientists as well. On the other hand religion always considers nature, its laws and wonders, the most eloquent and colorful example for the abstract teaching of God and Divine laws. No less a man than the scholarly St. Bernard wrote: "Believe one who has tried! The trees and the rocks will teach you that which you cannot hear from masters". And this is not just the opinion of one man; it has been the accepted and practised truth even long before the coming of Christ.

From the very cradle of mankind this union of religion and science can be found. Adam, the father of all mankind, could rightly be called the first Biologist. Holy Scripture says: "And Adam called the beasts by their names, and all



the fowls of the air, and all the cattle of the field." (Gen. 2, 20) Giving their proper names presupposes a thorough understanding of their nature. Zoology, thus, appears to be the oldest branch of science. It had been "studied" before original sin had been committed, it is an inheritance from Paradise.

Moses (about 1,400 B.C.) the "friend of God" and great leader of the Israelites had been educated in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. Only by these means could he serve God as an instrument in building up the social and religious order of the chosen people. Moses seems to have been quite interested in Zoology. He classified the animal kingdom with regard to human consumption, enumerating many and diverse animals and giving short but keen morphological and physiological descriptions. (Deut. 14ff)

Throughout the entire Holy Scripture the fact appears that those who study the Universe will find God in it and through it. Thus sings the great David, king and poet, about 1,000 B.C. in Psalm 18: "The heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of His hands." — David's successor, king Solomon, is described as highly favored by God and wise beyond comparison. As a proof Holy Scripture refers to his interest in and his thorough understanding of Biological matters. "He treated about trees from the cedar that is in Libanus, unto the hyssop that cometh out of the wall, and he discoursed of beasts, and of fowls, and of creeping things, and of fishes." (3 Kings 4, 33.)

Aristotle (384-322) the greatest pagan philosopher, is called "the fa-

ther of Biological sciences." He had a clear understanding not only of nature but of the author of nature, of God, as well. He calls God "the cause and goal of everything existing, the highest good and exquisite beauty." He found the essence of God expressed and demonstrated in nature and natural laws. He investigated and analyzed the work of the Creator, especially the animal world so much that he has to be considered the first one to describe and classify animals and plants scientifically and explain biological and physiological functions logically. In all his studies and writings he not only did not find a conflict between religion and science but, on the contrary, he drew his most convincing arguments for the existence and the nature of God, His wisdom and power, from his knowledge of creation. And who dares compare himself with Aristotle?

The so called "dark Middle-ages" produced some of the greatest men who ever tried to shed light on and to bring order into our foggy and confused environment. St. Albert the Great, O.P. (1206-1280) was one of them. He surpassed all his contemporaries not only in Theology and Philosophy but in his knowledge of worldly sciences, especially Biology, as well. He has been called "the miracle of his age." So vast was his knowledge and so penetrating his ideas that people suspected him of having a contract with the devil who supplied him with superhuman powers. But as he lived the life of a Saint he once again proved that those who draw close to God will also penetrate deeply into the mysteries of His handiwork.

St. Albert was busy as a professor in Theology and Philosophy. He was made provincial in his order, delegate to the Pope and Emperor, and Bishop of the Catholic Church. Still he found time to assiduously cultivate natural sciences. He was an authority on Astronomy, Geography and Mineralogy, on Physics and Chemistry, and especially on Biology. In his books he crystalized and systematized the entire Knowledge of Botany and more still of Zoology of his time, adding to it deep and accurate research of his own. Limited space does not permit to list even the titles of his books on these subjects. There are seven books on plants and twenty six treatises on animals. All of these writings bear the brand of genuine scientific thinking. His scientific

(Continued on page 37)

# Sink It In

by  
Bartolome de Castro



## ON GIVING

You say you gave  
But only to the deserving;  
The trees in your orchard say not so,  
Nor the flocks in your pasture;  
They give so they may live  
For to withhold is to perish.

Kahlel Gibram

## CEBU CHALLENGE:

Betty Sy, a confessed communist sympathizer, recently spilled the beans on the powder being we are sitting on. The sensational exposé unveiled how she allegedly learned the dialectics of Marx right near the water tanks of Talisay and among her fellow-students.

A full-dress investigation is in order. Yet we venture to look deeper into the heart of the problem and we come up with the disturbing observation that young people in Cebu are not adequately provided with decent, clean outlets for recreation. The tie-up between this observation and the problem on hand isn't far-fetched if we consider the fact that communists build up prestige and influence in sectors of social living neglected by the community.

Is there a positive answer to communist infiltration among the students? Nothing concrete.

Does Betty's confession sound strange to the complacent ears of Cebuanos? Exactly, yes. But communists, you know, have strange ways, too.

Does it sound impossible? Yes, indeed, but possible to the crafty Reds.

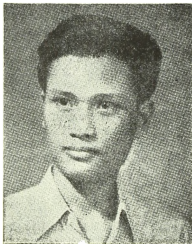
We aren't raising a mountain of hysteria out of a mere confession by an alleged communist traveler. If we do so, we are just attempting to gild the rose and paint the lily. It may well serve our purpose to know that any city in the world is in the timetable of communist infiltration.

## THE YOUNG BRIGADE:

The slow creep of communists into our student world meets a deterring force from the young brigade of Christ-inspired student leaders in the Student Catholic Action. It is incontrovertible truism that if young people wished, they have in their hands to make a bigger, more beautiful and better world, if they channel their potentialities to constructive action.

A plan, hatched by the young leaders of the SCA envisages the construction of a 120,000 peso Catholic Recreation Center. The plan is premised on the rule that if young folks weaken their moral virtues thru indecent recreational doings, communism would be thumping its breast for an easy job.

(Continued on page 37)



THE AUTHOR

★  
FRED  
SANDOVAL  
SISON

## Tomorrow

These unredeemed thoughts voicelessly  
grieving beneath the dimension of a  
shriveled

rose, shall sluggishly march under the  
discordant blare of broken trumpets:  
weakly

heralding the unobtrusive coming of a  
ghost from the lattices of irisless eyes. . .

Grievingly grieving, these unredeemed  
thoughts

achingly ache to anticipate its mystic  
rendezvous with the lost ghost like the  
aching

of starved cacti on dried lily ponds  
where

broken tears consigned their truces to  
immobility. . .

Clandestinely, the feeble march shall  
begin in surreptitious harmony with the  
cleaving

veins onward to the ends where  
travellers

return no more. And my tomorrow shall  
be walking

feetless on the lattices of irisless eyes.  
And these aching shall tremble into  
brevities of

achless void desired:

shall grieve  
no more the  
silent death  
of a shriveled  
rose . . .

I KNOW that athletes have a very deep respect towards sportswriters. I don't blame them. I am not athlete however — or fortunately, so that I can, with an open mind, freely discuss something about these writers without endangering myself to their venomous pens. From the preceding sentences I can foreshadow in your minds now the suspicion that I am injecting a little sarcasm to

the other. The gentleman on the press table is bound to report that fact also — if he must be fair to the readers and to the teams concerned. How will he say it? Must he state that that team is less stupid than the other? In a cute way, yes, he must. He might say that Team A is unpredictable though statistics say that it is predictable. And that Team B is stronger than Team A because the former is

could be harmful. This reader will begin to notice the reporter's style or manner of reporting. He'll want new words, smart expressions and coherence. Of course he won't kick when he sees an adjective used again and again in the same report; but he will have the impression that this reporter seems to be on a word diet — having this impression, he'll loathe the reporter.

Speaking of words, it is universally known that a sportswriter is licensed to use any kind of language in his report. And I don't mean turkey. So long as such language delivers the blow with equal sleeping effects, it's okay. Slang is perfectly welcomed. We know this. But there is one hitch: if sports stories have to be interest-

## I LIKE

wards these scribes. Well frankly, I intended them to sound sarcastic. However, I reserve my opinion as to whether I have a deep respect to them or not.

The sports reporter is supposed to be audacious, virile, and unbiased in his reports. Supposed to be, that is. He is the gentleman who makes star players out of a bag of bones and who, later, junks those bag of bones who were once star players in a nice, quiet cemetery for athletes. The reporter is a man-about-town; he dashes from here to there trying to make something out of nothing and nothing out of something. He makes predictions as inaccurate as the latest weather reports. He sizes up two contending teams like an apprentice tailor making his measurements fit the body because he could not make the body fit his measurements. He is the only gentleman who can never afford to offer his seat to a lady because to do so would inconvenience him in making his reports. Did you ever try writing an article while standing? Well, take my advice: don't try it. In sizing up the two contending teams, he will have these in mind: the individual players or player outstanding in each team, the capabilities of the coaches, the characteristics of each team, previous records and statistics, etcetera etcetera. Comparing the two, he would have then a vague, repeat, vague idea of which team has the edge or which team is bound to the doghouse. A simple case of two plus two. But let us suppose that he finds out that one team is much stronger than the other or, (let me put it this way) the other team is less stupid than

composed of former weightlifting champions. That maybe a little bit exaggerated but it does sound cute, doesn't it?

The sportswriter has two kinds of readers. One who saw the game and the one who did not. He must satisfy both of these readers if he doesn't mind being kicked out of his job the next day. Readers of sports stories are avid readers. They want suspense, climax and the final result jotted down on paper as if they were reading a mystery thriller. And they want it straight. Now the reader who actually saw the game doesn't care for the results — he knows it. What he wants is the story written on paper as it was played on the floor. Now if he reads a story different from what he saw on the floor, he'll say (naturally) that this reporter is talking through his hat. He'll yell to the four horizons that the report is unfair, biased, lousy as a louse, and that the reporter should go to blazes if the blazes doesn't get him first!

The reader who didn't see the game will have to see first the headlines to give him an eye-view of what he's going to read. He'll believe the report from word to word because he wasn't there and the reporter was. From this kind of reader, the reporter can't have much to worry about. But still he

ing, then the reporter must constantly be on the look-out for his choice of words, usage of smart phrases and the like. To use "sock-dollager" five times in a write-up or once in every write-up will make the report as corny as corn.

Certain sports stories sound prejudiced. Maybe they were written by a prejudiced reporter. There is no other explanation. An unprejudiced reporter cannot write a prejudiced report. You see, personal sentiments, apathies or antipathies, should be entirely discarded by the reporter if he wants to attract readers and win them to his side. The pen-pusher cannot hide his sentiments in his work. This is true. But a good writer can display his feelings openly without being subject to damnations and brickbats from his readers. He only has to render a true, fair and accurate report.

I'll give you a very interesting example of a biased report. A certain school once had a very strong basketball team. So strong that it was idolized by almost all the sportswriters in that locality. The players were treated like demigods. It was an established fact that this team had a collection of trophies and awards as their spoils from various barrio fiestas. A rival

(Continued on page 2.)

## Sportswriters!

By Leo Liao Lamco

# The Role of a Mother

**I**N DECEMBER of each year a day is set aside to honor our dear parents who are the source of our life and the fountain of love and affection in our family.

When we talk of the family, we usually think of the home. A home is like a plant. It must grow and blossom; it must draw its life from those within. But how can it grow, how can it blossom, if those within give nothing to promote its growth and only stand and wait to pick the fruit which cannot ripen? The home is the center and source of all family interest and activity, the place in which our joys and our sorrows are shared with us by our family.

Home is where there are ones whom we love; home is where there are ones who love us. By these ones, whom we love and who love us, I mean the fathers and mothers who are the protectors of their children and the very essence of their life.

In this article, I shall essay to analyze and show the role of a mother — to expound on what the mother expects of her.

Personally, I would consider that a mother has four tasks to perform: first, towards her husband; second, towards her children; third, towards her community; and fourth, towards her God.

When a girl decides to leave the home of her childhood; when she walks down the aisle some Sunday morning; when she says, "Yes, I do," then in that very moment should she consider as having embarked on life's great voyage: Motherhood. On the day of her Marriage, she solemnly promises before God to take her husband into life, for better or for worse, till God doth them part. Thus would begin the first task of a mother — of that towards her husband.

It is our mother who expectantly waits for our father to come home from work, who smiles at him and kisses him upon arrival to while away his worries of the day's toil, who serves him on the table the most delicious of food she has cooked, and who shares her husband in all his sorrows and problems in life; she who nurses him when he gets

sick; she who comforts him in his moments of despondency and perplexity.

The second task a mother has to perform is that towards her children. Hers is the difficult undertaking of childbirth and the care of her young ones. She knows not what a sleepy night is, just so she could sing a sweet lullaby while tenderly rocking her loved ones to sleep. She knows not what hunger is, just so her children could be amply provided for with food. She knows not what luxuries for herself are, just so she could clothe her children well and send them to school. She knows not even death, just so her children will have life.

With the father, a mother is the protection and strength of the children as they try to learn about living with other people. In her desire to keep the children safe from the troubles of this world, the mother gets together with her husband and becomes his helpmate.

A mother should know that one of her great tasks is keeping alive the interest of her children in constant study and self-improvement. She has to pinch every centavo and stretch every peso of her savings in order to educate her children. It is for this reason that our mothers have developed a genuine interest in our studies by sending us to school although we could be of help to them if we had simply stayed at home. Have you, my friend, ever known that many a time your mother had to cry silently in her heart when there was not any peso in her purse and you wrote her that the next week would be your examinations and that you had to pay your tuition fees? Have you ever paused to think that your mother had, at times, to forego any thought

of buying something for herself, just so you could rent a book, or buy a pen, or give to your school contribution or class excursion? A mother does these things — silently, heroically, for the sake of her children.

In fact, no sacrifice is too great for a mother if it is for her loved one's good. It need be, a mother makes the supreme sacrifice, that of giving up her very life, in order that their children will live; of this a thousand true stories have been told, and a thousand more will have to be told.

Besides her obligation to her family, a mother has her duties in the community. She has to be a good neighbor: kind, unselfish, friendly, and helpful. She has to be an integral part in any communal undertaking, a factor in the community's progress. Every mother need not be a social leader, but each can be a good follower of whatever movement, good for the society of which her family is a parcel. It is my opinion that, by serving well her community, a mother helps promote friendliness and peace in the place she lives in. If there is peace in her community, most likely there will be peace in her home, because in a peaceful community there would be no backbiting and gossip, no evil schemes and intrigues among the dwellers, no fights and quarrels which would lead to the ruin of homes.

A mother's fourth task — and one of primordial importance — is that towards her God. She sees to it that she pays Him due homage; she asks for His guidance; she thanks Him for His graces and bounties bestowed on her family. She rears up her children in the Light of God and in His path of righteousness. It is not surprising of a mother when, in the stillness of the night and all her loved ones are in bed, she goes to the altar, lights a candle, kneels down and prays: "Oh, God! I give Thee thanks for all Thy graces; I pray You look upon Thy children and give them Thy guidance and blessing, that

(Continued on page 27)

By  
Don Alvarado  
College of Law

**I**T IS a tragic thing that in a tournament between two champions one has to win and the other . . . . Champions are tall people, they look down at their opponent like a bunch of Gullivers. They need not be tall physically but they are rangy and towering by sheer mental necessity. Only tall people win and in a battle between two groups membered by tall people they don't often come out victorious by their tallness.

The U.S. Plans are tall people. They are blueblooded and they come from a breed of champions. When you fight against those kind, you must not only be as tall as they are, you must be as strong, as determined, as inspired, . . . as courageous and as willing to profit from defeat if it must come.

The Carolinians are tall people too. They have not only descended from a line of champions . . . . they are champions. In their veins, runs the blood of Mumar (Capt. of the Philippine Basketball Delegation to the Brazil world tournament) the speed of Genaro Fernandez (one time skipper of the University of Santo Tomas Senior Varsity) the versatility of Vicente Cortes (first candidate as center of the Philippine Olympic Team of 1948) the fighting spirit of Antonio Bas (Capt. of the U.S.C. that copped the N.I.C.A. trophy).

After winning in the first encounter against the U.S.P., the Carolinians lost. After coming out champion in the first round in a clean slate and downing most in the second, the Carolinians lost. They lost to people who were just as much of a champion as they were. . . . I know, I was there. . . . I saw it happen.

Funny how you can watch a ball game and feel that a team was going to lose because it showed in their faces, because you can sense within you that they were as puzzled as a twelve-year old fellow under a mistletoe with a pretty lass beside him. I have played with these boys and because I once did, I saw the lading

By

V. Ranudo, Jr.

### THE U.S.P. — U.S.C. GAME

lustre, the dying sparkle in their eyes.

There will be other games for them. . . . there will be other victories, but never like the victory they won when the U.S.P. "put 'em in a box, tie 'em with a ribbon and throw 'em in the deep blue sea." They have never really won that victory because they only lost against themselves . . . . but they will.

But why did they lose the game? After staging an unparalleled winning streak for two years, why did they suddenly bow to the weight of the U.S.P. onslaught? The same kind of onslaught that they had so easily weathered in the past and counter-attacked like avenging angels, leaving a trail of gaping mouths and stupid expressions. . . . "they never knew what hit 'em."

Where were Evaristo Sagardui's inimitable pivot plays? Oh he was there, grappling for the ball for the rebounds . . . . checking his man efficiently as always. A good guard . . . . a good backboard man never loses his touch . . . . but his pivot plays, where he twisted and squirmed with incomparable ease for an easy hook shot from either hand . . . . where were they? Why the sudden, silly desire to hold the ball tightly like it was dear life

● **Note from the Sports Editor:** The game humanized herein meant as much to USC. Had USC won, it would have established a clean-slate record (again as they did last year) as CCAA champions. Up to the time of writing, USC encountered with USP twice, winning the first which earned them the honor as first-round Champions, and losing the next which is the subject of this write-up.

itself and jumping right in front of his guard's happy face? Why the extra-ordinary misses in the foul throw?

Brilliant Martin Echivarre . . . the speed maniac who zooms and whizzes inside the court like nobody's business . . . who always leaves a string of scores behind him. . . . losing his grip on his temper, losing a grip on himself, losing a grip on the game itself.

Nori Morilla, perhaps the most tragic of the lot. An imported player whose score could tell a lot of tales. Last year's wonder boy . . . last game's, wondering boy.

This year's miracle man, Reynaldo de la Cruz . . . . infallible in his long-distance shots, everything but that against the U.S.P.

Danilo Deen, top scholar in the Mumar foul-baiting technique. . . . looking lost and stumped in places where he used to look so able.

Why? Why? Why?

The determination was there, the effort was more than needed to crush the other team and the skill was there . . . . in their feet, in their hands . . . . in their minds? But the intention, the imagination, the desire that used to go with every ball that flew from their hands. . . . now it's my turn to ask, where was it?

It was lost, lost in the automatic execution, in the automatic result they used to get from each set of play . . . . lost because they had always expected to see the ball sink in the basket each time they executed a play perfectly. Forgetting that a good set of play is only an aid, a guide . . . . not an altar to lay down all their faith upon. And when they saw the U.S.P. breaking it in some areas . . . . when they saw some misses in angles they never missed before. . .

It happened to Vicente Donaldo so much earlier. At the start of the series, after a few misses, Vicente Donaldo, scoring machine superb, buckled down and gradually dwindled into childish obscurity . . . . contented himself with passing the ball around. In the past games,

(Continued on page 46)

**CASEY**

*At the Bat*

## Cover Theme:

# "Ave Maria"

An altar wouldn't find reason for being if it were a mere heap of concrete and wood, embellished by architectural designs. In the same way, the Marian Congress altar would have been as empty as a heathen's stone altar were it not for the present object of its offering — Mary, Our Lord's Mother.

Inevitably, we wonder why Mary commands centuries of continued Christian piety. This is nothing short of miraculous, but part of the answer can be found in the little story of Juan Diego, a fifty-year old Indian of Mexico.

One morning, he was hurrying down the Tepeyac hills in time to catch the Mass at Mexico City. But he was in unusual haste, for he brought the message of the Blessed Lady to the Franciscan Bishop Zumarraga that a church be built on the spot she made her apparition.

When the Bishop prudently demanded a sign to prove her identity, the Lady told Juan to gather roses. This he did, though it was winter. With the flowers, the Virgin arranged the roses in his mantle and bade him keep them undisturbed till he reached the Bishop. Upon reaching the Bishop, the roses from the mantle fell out.

The Bishop and later, the whole world knelt in adoration. A life-size figure of the Virgin, just as Juan had described her, had miraculously been painted on his mantle.

It seems improbable why the Blessed Virgin didn't make her coveted appearance before the grand and beautiful basilicas of the world. Why did she choose to shower with the grace of her apparition a lowly, aged Indian? This invariably demonstrates the solicitous hand of Mary, extended to young and old, to poor and rich alike, bearing on her fragile fingers the blessings of justice and charity to the oppressed and downtrodden, the light of hope to those shackled with despair, the spark of inspiration to the lost sheep, and the quittance of joy to those who hold the Rosary prayerfully.

Centuries past Mary had always been adored. Today, in these critical times demanding the utmost of Christian piety to bring peace back to our shattered world, we find greater reason and added fervor in dedicating a whole-year round of activities and a whole week of fervent devotions to glorify and bring to climax man's petitions for a peaceful world.

The Marian Trilon forming the Marian Congress Altar located in front of the Capitol Site seem to speak varied meanings. Like fingers stretched forth in supplication, the tall lean arches form the big letter M — for Mary. It shoots up the sky in a breadth and height which conveys the universal prayers of mankind. It braves the expanse of sky and winds, as if reaching out for an unattainable something which would find fulfillment only upon the blessed feet of Mary. It stands as a testimonial of man's faith in the mercy of Mary, a faith borne by centuries of continued adoration and ingrained in a love that would find no equal. Notwithstanding its varied meanings, the altar and its slender posts finds its universality reposed on one point: the edifying worship of God thru Mary.

From the time the churchbells tolled in the morning of November 23 up to the closing refrains of the choir in the afternoon of November 27, the closing day, Catholic Cebu saw the unprecedented demonstration of Marian devotion. Activities included the pontifical masses, the midnight mass for men, the colorful coronation of the Virgin de Regla, the spectacular fluvial procession, the mass marriage of one thousand couples, art exhibition, tableaux, Sacred Music Concerts, Children's Day with ten thousand children singing "Missa de Angelis."

The cover that gazes at you wouldn't be complete without the glorious words of the Archangel Gabriel, "AVE MARIA," when he announced to the Blessed Virgin, that she, who was "full of grace" was to be the Mother of Our Saviour. It recalls the moment when God took on a human nature in the womb of a humble virgin.

That virgin was the object of 400,000 hands clasped in prayer during the Marian Congress. She will continue to be so adored, time notwithstanding.

## THE ADMINISTRATION IN . . .

(Continued from page 4)

organization of the state which assures that purposes and policies are shared in the making, that methods are understood and agreed to, that individual potentialities are being enhanced, that corporate or group ends are being realized with a minimum or release of shared creative power and a minimum of human friction. It implies further, a periodic, orderly, co-operative review of total performance, of leadership in action, of effectiveness of methods at every point. It brings to pass collaboration as will, co-ordination as informed, and continuing, personality growth as an actuality and a promise. Much should be added to fill out the implications of such a description.

The infusion of administration in a democracy, does not necessarily mean adherence to the present notions of checks and balances. It does not mean the inevitable growth of a bi-party or multi-party system to aggregate alignments on issues of administrative policy. The administration of a democracy does not mean a clear distinction between policy making and policy execution. It means that the process of determining purpose, policy, and method is advisedly seen as shared, and the process of oversight and direction is seen as unified and as single. It means, also, that in practice, by shared responsibility and explicit common participation in defining aims and processes and in appraising outcomes, we reconcile freedom and organization, personality and corporate loyalty. It means that personal creativity flows into group achievement; and personal enlargement and security in election are obtained in co-operative labors where the full capacities of individuals are called forth and rewarded.

How human nature is known and stirred, how individuals and groups are led, how scientific advances are utilized, how personality values are strengthened, how institutional structures are built as democratic, how an enlightened, loving attitude can permeate human relations without weakening the fabric of group discipline — it is this complex of human realities that we have been probing and is the acid test as to whether democracy, this great doctrine, shall survive or totally be effaced.



# The Legend of the Two O'clock Flower

By ROSARIO REYNES

**D**EEP in the province of Surigao, there are big, wild, flower-bearing trees. The flowers are bell-shaped and yellow in color while the center is blood-red. The leaves are big and dark green. The Manobos, the pagan natives of Surigao, tell a story about the origin of this flower-bearing tree which they call *lisagadwa*, meaning "two o'clock."

It is said that centuries ago, the Manobos were one of the most powerful and richest tribes in Mindanao. In the inter-tribal wars, they always emerged as victors and usually reaped a rich war booty. These loots were then presented to their chief as gifts and kept in a cave which was well guarded. There were ten Manobo soldiers especially detailed to keep in groups of five an alternate close watch of the cave. Their only work was to watch the valuable treasures and to sound the alarm by ringing a bell as a warning when an enemy approached.

At first they were very diligent in doing their duty, but as time went on, they began to neglect it. Without the knowledge of their chief, they finally all slept during the afternoons.

One afternoon, their fiercest enemy raided their camp. They were completely caught unawares so that no light was put up. The raiders stole most of the treasures. None of the guards would confess who of them were to stand watch that afternoon.

To determine the guilty persons, the chief ordered that the treasure guards fight between themselves. Those defeated were to be adjudged the guilty.

The ten men received the usual weapons: the spear and the shield. In the fight that ensued, the five guilty men were slain.

Nine days after the burial, a big tree sprang from the graves. Its flowers were shaped like a big bell. It was composed of five petals which the Manobos say stand for the five unlucky men. The red color at the center represents their blood shed in the fight. The leaves are shaped like their shields and

Graduate  
School Project:

## Filipino Folklore

Conducted by REV. FR. RUDOLPH RAHMANN, S.V.D., Dean

### BINGAG CAVE

By Nilda Destano

**B**INGAG CAVE is located between Martires Street and the Ponce Island Shipyards in Cebu City. The existence of fairies in this cave was discovered allegedly by a young man who was about to commit suicide. This lad was driven to desperation with his failure to produce the dowry asked of him by his prospective father-in-law. The result was the cancellation of his marriage.

To end everything, the young man thought it romantic to die in a cold, dark, and lonely cave. No sooner had he entered its mossy mouth than he heard the sound of footfalls from within.

"I must be dreaming," he muttered to himself. From then on fear crept within him. A door opened and through it he saw a well-lighted, richly furnished room. There he beheld an extremely beautiful lass, standing.

"Young man," the lady said, "you seem to be in trouble. Is there anything I can do to help you? Snap out of it, my friend. Whatever it is that is eating you cannot be so bad as to make you end your life. You are young and the world is a beau-

tiful place after all. Come in and tell me all your troubles." The next thing he knew was that he was inside the room telling the lady about his predicament.

With a swift stroke she waved her magic wand and lo! there appeared before him two carabocs and a ganta of gold. There was some talk between them until he was ready to go. A fairy servant ushered him on his way.

The young man was able to marry the woman he loved. But this discovery caused quite a stir and sent almost everybody running to Bingag Cave. For several months everyone in the community enjoyed a life of ease, thanks to the generosity of the fairies. But like the owner of the goose that laid the golden eggs, one man conceived the idea of marrying the fairy lady so that he could have anything or perhaps everything all his own.

One night he went to the cave and proposed to the fairy lady. The latter politely but firmly told him that he was asking for the impossible. The man gathered the fairy in his arms and ran as fast as he could. When he reached halfway between his home and the cave, he paused to rest. When he tried to kiss the maiden in his arms, he saw that all of a sudden she turned into a big black cat with fangs bared. He immediately threw the animal to the ground with a curse, and ran wildly all the way home.

After that incident Bingag became just another cave: cold, dark, and lonely. Where the fairies went nobody knows.

# U.S.C. News

**CESARIO A. MELLA**  
*News Editor*

**ADELINO SITOU**  
**ALFREDO SUBIAVENTURA**  
*Associates*

## BHSD TOPS IN ESSAY TILT

The Boys' High School Department of the University of San Carlos copped the first, second, and third prizes in an anti-Communism essay contest sponsored by the local Knights of Columbus for the high school division.

The contest which was opened to all public and private schools in the city and province of Cebu had all its prizes won by the three Carolinian pen-adventurers, namely: *Cecilio Sanchez*, *Gabriel Sanchez*, and *Celedonio Sitou*—first, second, and third respectively.

His Grace, Monsignor Julio R. Rosales, the Archbishop of Cebu, distributed the awards after delivering a speech before the members of the Knights of Columbus, last October 12, in the Avenue Hotel. The prizes consisted of P50.00 for the first, P30.00 for the second, and P20.00 for the third.

Fr. Joseph Graisy, director of the BHSD, was the recipient of the banner given to the school for that outstanding achievement.

## RM'S CONSULTATIVE COUNCIL OF STUDENTS

Ignacio Debuque, Jr., Chairman of the Council and concurrently technical assistant to the President on Youth and Student Affairs, presented the CCSS plans of sending out this coming summer several student teams to the barrios to work in connection with the President's social-economic rural amelioration program. The team will be composed of students specializing in various lines of studies like medicine, social work, surveying, engineering, law and social studies.

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President Ramon Magsaysay rallied his support behind the CCSS summer projects and expressed his admiration for the civic consciousness of the youth today.

(Press release).

## USC DRAMATIC GUILD STAGED PLAY

The USC Dramatic Guild, under the direction and advisorship of Mrs. Bernardita B. Valenzuela, presented "The World Is An Apple" during the USC Faculty Day program last November 15.

The one-act play which won the P500.00 Palanca Award for the Best One-Act Play of 1954 was participated in by *Noli Cortel* who acted as Mario, the leading man, *Amparo Maricao* as Asiana, the leading woman, and *Marcial Sanson* as Nardo.

It was the first time the USC Dramatic Guild presented a drama for this school year.

## ERRATUM

In the last issue (October) it was Mr. Esteban Chua who was elected President and Grand Acan of the Alpha Kappa Alpha Frat. Miss Micubo, is the frat's sweetheart, currently. Our apologies to the readers and to all those concerned. —(News Ed.)

## PAGES RETURNS FROM U.P.

Mrs. Paulina D. Pages arrived here last Nov. 9 and joined once more the USC Faculty after a year long absence when she pursued her studies in Master of Science in Botany, a postgraduate course, in the University of the Philippines.

Mrs. Pages was a university scholar in the State U. Her thesis,

"Studies on Germination and Germination Inhibitors" won admiration from her professors. Her minor subject was Entomology (study of insects). She brought along with her many specimens for botanical purposes.

## VERALLO COPS FIRST IN DECLAMATION TILT

Miss Vermen Verallo of the Liberal Arts Department copped the first prize in the eighth annual Declamation Contest sponsored by the Junior Class Organization of the College of Education last September 12 at the University Campus.

Miss Verallo, with her "My Financial Career" piece by S. Leacock, came out first among the eleven contestants. The second and third prize winners were Miss Amparo Mariloo and Miss Lillian Lagapa, both of the College of Education, with their pieces "A Man After Her Own Heart" by H. L. Williams and "It's Easy To Act" by F. Weddle, respectively.

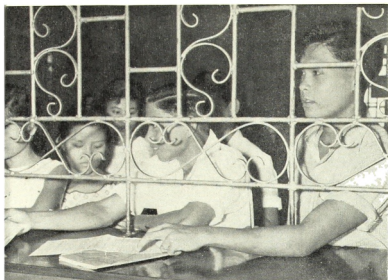
A Gold Medal, donated by Atty. Salvador Sala, was awarded to Miss Verallo; a Silver Medal, donated by Mr. Francis Lim, to Miss Mariloo; and a Bronze Medal of Dr. Fortunato Rodil to Miss Lagapa. The Board of Judges was composed of Mr. Anthony Steinhauser (chairman), Rev. Edgar Oehler and Mr. Valente Cruz (members). Master of Ceremonies was Mr. Demosthenes Gumalo, th: Senior Class President.

## AKANNEWS

The Alpha Kappa Alpha fraternity of the College of Commerce awarded two gold medals to the two most outstanding graduates of the  
(Continued on page 25)

THE CAROLINIAN

# USC

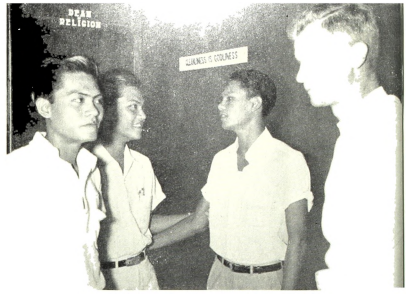


## ENROLMENT



***Get your forms  
and see  
your advisers***

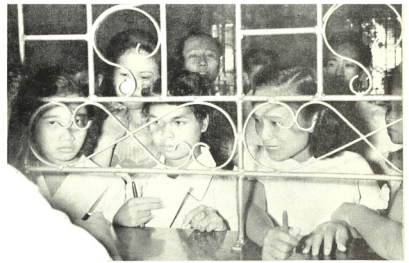
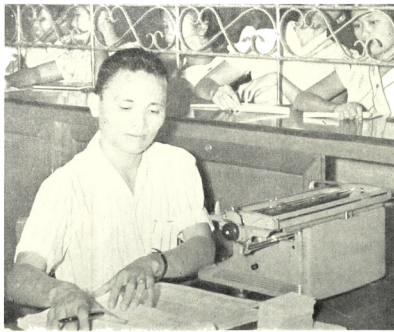




*While  
Waiting  
Meet  
Friends*







REGISTRATION

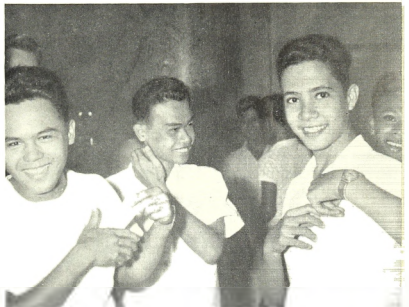


R E G I S T R A T I O N



FINAL CHECK

ALL IS OVER





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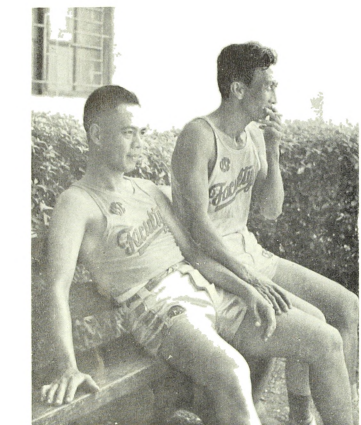
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**GAME**





## USC NEWS

(Continued from page 20)

last semester. The awardees were Miss Justina Tan and Miss Consuelo Go, who graduated *summa cum laude* and *magna cum laude*, respectively. They were the first recipients of such an award from the Alpha Kappa Alpha fraternity.

The medals were presented by the Grand Akan, Esteban Chua, to the Rev. Father Rector, Albert van Ganswinkel, who pinned them to the awardees.

Mr. Esteban L. Chua, senior student of the College of Commerce, was elected president (Grand Akan) of the Alpha Kappa Alpha Fraternity. Other officers elected were: Benito Yu, Deputy Grand Akan; Florentino Pascual, Scroller; Antonio Aquino, Amador Ceniza-Exchequers; Domingo Deocampo, Norvell Saa, Informers; Necisio Ilago, Deputy Informer; Jacinto Gador, Comptroller; Francisco Yap, Business Manager; Cedric Tan and Amado Rubi, Chosers. The adviser is Mr. Juan Aquino, Jr.

To add more substance and vigor to the association, ten USC Commerce instructors joined the Alpha Kappa Alpha Fraternity as honorary members. They have also undergone slight initiation proceedings before they were finally inducted.

The honorary members are: Juanito Aboo, Jose Arias, Juan Aquino, Jr., Beniamin Borromeo, Vicente Cortez, Mauro Tobes, Hermingildo Cabinian, Vicente Relampagos, Jose Tecson, and Sergio Mendoza.

### USC IN A NUTSHELL

● The second semester of the school year 1954-1955 is best remembered by the announcement of Dr. Solon that beginning last Nov. 9, USC has the services of Dr. Jesus Paras, the university's first dentist. His office hours are from 8:00 to 11:00 in the morning and 4:00 to 6:00 in the afternoon, daily.

● A Museum for the university has been planned by Fr. Schoenig a few days ago. He is now looking for a suitable room for the project.

● Rector's and Faculty Day was celebrated last Nov. 14-15 highlighted by Mass and Communion, Breakfast, Field Demonstration, ROTC Parade and Review and a Literary-Musical Program.

● USC contributes this year to the accounting profession three Certified Public Accountants, namely, Felix Lubor, Jesusa Phua, and Rosita Visitation.

## Newscope



Hon. Wenceslao Fernan

Atty. Wenceslao Fernan, member of the USC Law Faculty, was recently appointed judge of the Court of First Instance of Davao. Atty. Fernan has been teaching in this university since 1949 in the College of Law on the following subjects: Civil Law Review, Criminal Law Review, Remedial Law Review, Succession, Obligations and Contracts, Property, Trial Technique and Practice Court. He took his oath of office before Judge Diez of the Court of First Instance of this province on November 13. Immediately thereafter, he bade "goodbye" to USC to take his new assignment in Davao after the countless felicitations of friends and acquaintances who wished him good luck and bon voyage.

Judge Fernan's legal talent was first noticed when he was appointed Deputy Provincial Fiscal for the province of Cebu from 1928 to 1934. In recognition of his splendid work for the Philippine Government, the then Governor-General Stimson and the Director of Forestry Fisher sent him messages of congratulation on his legal works in connection with the acquisition of the different parcels of land to be used for government's charity projects and the different lots adjudicated in favor of the Government.

An outstanding product of the Philippines (Continued on page 27)

USC has the distinct honor of having a share in turning out yearly Certified Public Accountants.

● The first semester of the school year 1954-1955 turned out six successful candidates for the Master of Arts Degree in English and Education.

MA in English with their respective thesis are: Mr. Marcelo Bacalso—"The Religious Element in the Cebuano-vernacular Literature", Miss Leonita Lenos—"A Study and Evolution of the Works in Drama of Florentino E. Borromeo" and Mrs. Maria C. Pajo—"Bohol Folklore".

MA in Education are: Mrs. Ruperia I. Lumapas—"A Study of the Socio-economic Status of the High School Students of the University of San Carlos in Relation to their Mental Ability", Miss Tomasoa Ramirez—"A Study of the Effectiveness of Teaching Reading in Grades One, Two, and Three of the Seven Elementary Schools in the City of Cebu for the School Year 1951-1952", and Sor Paz San Buenaventura—"Developing Personality in Secondary Schools Through Purposeful Teaching and a Greater Emphasis on Committed Learning".

### ALUMNOTES

(Continued from page 32)

GARCIA, one-time cover man of this mag and an alumnus of the College of Law. The groom it might be recalled, acquitted honors for his Alma Mater more particularly to the College of Law when he placed third in the 1951 Bar examinations and is now a successful practising lawyer. The bride is until recently a junior law student.

But topping everybody else is MARIANO NAJARRO and ESTRELLA VELOSO both active alumni members who preferred "to love, cherish and honor" by their recent wedlock. With Archbishop Rosales officiating, the ritual took place at the Archbishop's Palace last October 30th.

The benedict is a member of the Philippine Bar who belonged also to the famous Class '51 and now a practising attorney; the bride is an alumna of the College of Pharmacy, who also gained laurels when she got the second place in the Pharmaceutical Board examinations. She was also the cover girl of the 1952 August issue of this mag.

# SPORTS

by REX GRUPO & A. DELUTE

## for the record ...

The Myth of . . .

### The Warriors' Venom

THE gods have smiled on the Warriors again. Jupiter must have shared a drink or two with the Green and Gold basketeers before the 1954 CCAA tug-o-war started. Yes, he must have. For, not even the forces of nature could dent the armor of the Warriors who stood, defied, and defended valiantly the honor, the prestige and the grand name that was theirs as Cobu's slickest, snappiest, and smartest monarchs of basketballdom. There is no hint of an hyperbole here. The local sportswriters' write-ups about them contained adjectives loosely describing the Carolinians as a seemingly "omni-potent" team. We are merely reiterating them. But actually, the team is as vulnerable as a red ant compared with the Olympic team, and even as weak as a newborn puppy when compared with the Republic Supermarket Greyhounds.

When we say "forces of nature" we mean: the USP Panthers whose claws were not sharp enough, the CIT Wildcats, whose snarls were reduced to a mere rumble; the CSI Jaguars, whose charges slackened into a fox trot; the SWC Typhoons, whose force and fury subsided into a calm breeze . . . and there were even "creatures from outer space" — the CCC Flying Saucers — and they, too, piled back into their cupboards. And even the "beginner's luck" spell wove by the CNS team around the Warrior camp was of no use. Prayer took care of the voodoo drum-beats.

#### THE FACTS

Four teams qualified for the Championship round. They were:

USP, CIT, CSI and USC. The Carolinians were proclaimed first round champions after they walloped all the teams that came their way. It was during the Championship round that things started to happen. CSI made an early exit after Reynaldo de la Cruz, USC's prized rookie, delivered the coup de grace in the last five seconds of the five-minute extension period of the USC-CSI tussle. And meanwhile the CIT Wildcats had chased the USP Panthers giving the latter a nice scratching in a give-and-take game. USC's second assignment was CIT. The Green and Gold banner waved happily after that game. The game against USP would have clinched the title for the Carolinians had the latter won. But Jupiter must have been too drunk to notice what happened that time. (The USP-USC game was a tear-jerker. Read Ranudo's article about this game printed somewhere on the preceding pages.) A tripletie was created among CIT, USP, and USC. Jupiter must have been thinking of Venus when the CIT-USC showdown reeled off, USC's banner hung at half-mast after the Wildcats clawed the hides off the Warriors' backs. (It was on that same night when Skipper Sagardui's old man gave up his ghost.) USP automatically became the Champion of the second round. Now, it is a CCAA ruling that the winner of the first round should knock horns with the winner of the second round to truly determine the champion. So then, the bookings read: University of San Carlos versus University of Southern Philippines — CCAA Championship Contenders for 1954.

#### THE GAME

The odds were even. USP had only one advantage: they owned the basketball court. They, then, should be as familiar to it as their janitor is. On November 28, the stage was set. At six o'clock that night, the acting began. What Coach Silva is to the Olympic team, Maning Baring is to the Carolinians. Exactly thirty minutes before the game started, he drilled his players on a new and different team play. It was a calculated risk Baring took. But he had faith in his boys. And he had faith that they would do it well for him, for the team, and for the school. He utilized only five players on that game though he sent in occasionally de la Cruz, Zamora and Navales, dependable second stringers, to replenish the five at turns for instructions. The five who made names for themselves on the next day's paper were: Evaristo Sagardui, skipper and backboard baron; Danilo Deem, who snagged fouls from USP's best sentinels; Vicente Dionaldo, pointmaker; Terino Morilla, whose main errand that night was to facilitate teamplays through screenings; and Martin Echivarre.

(Continued on page 27)

### Sportscope

#### ● INTRAMURAL RESULTS:

CHAMPION: COMMERCE  
Prize: basketball trophy; Donated by:

San Miguel Brewery  
RUNNER-UP: ENGINEERING-ARCHITECTURE

Prize: Silver plaque; donated by: White Gold

● INDIVIDUAL PRIZES:  
BEST CHEERING SQUAD:  
LIBERAL ARTS

Prize: Banner; donated by Ho Tong Hardware

BEST UNIFORMED TEAM:  
COMMERCE

Prize: Banner; donated by Mateo's Lettering Shop

BEST GUARD: ROYRINO MORALES (Commerce)

Donor: Insular Life Corporation  
BEST FORWARD: RUDOLFO

JAKOSALEM (Commerce)  
Donor: Cathy Hardware

MOST VALUABLE PLAYER:  
TOMAS ECHIVARRE (Law)  
Donor: Lim Tong Press

## THE WARRIORS' VENOM

(Continued from page 26)

Jr., the man who holds the key to Baring's set plays. The Carolinians played a slow game. On the offensive, they were cautious, careful and scientific. The USPIans, on the other hand, never knew what hit them for the Carolinians were always ready with a bag of variations in their set plays. And it paid off dividends. Handsomely, too. And they played a clean game. A personal foul was seldom called on the Carolinians while the Panthers pawed a total of nineteen, seventeen of which were converted by the Warriors.

To summarize the game in one phrase: USP was slaughtered methodically by the Warriors to the tune of 55-46. USC was champion!

USC fans "roared the praises of her warriors" while the gods smiled and drank a toast to the 1954 CCAA cage lords. — **TLE**

## CAROLINIANA . . .

(Continued from page 36)

of our Spanish section. He queried as to who is handling the said section to which our answer is: if no name was placed in the masthead taking charge of said section, is it not a valid presumption that der editor is responsible? But nevertheless, we bumped into *Atty. Nap. Rama* who was very kind indeed to offer his services as to the handling of said section. We were just simply overwhelmed by this gracious act from no less than the *quondam* editor of this mag — and a *prestige* one of that. But for the meantime, *señor Mariano Vale* is our big boss and *Nap chips* in a literary lulu entitled, *Blue Rays Of Hope Over The Horizon*. To all these wonderful people, we were able to sing between our teeth a word of thanks and our eyes told them what our hearts really wanted to say.

● By the way, *Mr. Antonio Siayngco* has obliged us again with another of his scholarly article: *The Administration in a Democracy*. His brains are really working in top spin. We envy him.

. . . That does it! Now, we can kiss this machine good-bye and jump off to the seasonal forrago of *Yuletide jambalaya*. (Oop, what we're getting sharper with our adjectives every minute.) *Mr. Pork* and *Mrs. Turkey*, here we come!

## I LIKE SPORTSWRITERS

(Continued from page 15)

school in a nearby island invited this team once for their dual meet that was held annually. The local team was composed of not only the basketball team, but also of all departments of athletics such as track and field, baseball, etc. The host school's basketball team was particularly weaker if compared to that of the local team. The sportswriters took it from there and wrote that the local team is sure to blast the bottoms out of the host team. But they spoke too soon. The underdog team had his day — or night — and licked the system out of the favored visiting team. This information was secured from the team itself when it came back. But the peculiar thing was that the newspapers did not ever make mention of that defeat although they published that the basketball team played two games and won once. This triumph (probably won at the first night) was very thoroughly discussed in such a way that one could even hear the bouncing of the ball or the magniferous way the ball slid into the ring. But, the results of the second game played on the second night, alas! it was never reported. Well, there you are. A perfect specimen of biased reporting.

Well, I did not intend to belittle sportswriters if I did sound like belittling them — as a matter of fact this was written to show that I, for one, am interested in them although I still reserve my opinion as to whether or not I have a deep respect for them.

## THE ROLE OF A MOTHER

(Continued from page 16)

with You, they shall live happily in this world and forever in heaven."

Such, my friends, is the role of a mother — the woman with an understanding heart; the kind, unselfish, courageous, and loving creature; the one who bears every cross patiently, devotedly, and faithfully; the person whose sweet name we always call, be it in joy or in sorrow, at work or at play, at home or abroad, in war or in peace; the theme of many a poem and song and story; and the object of Lincoln's tribute when he said, "All that I am and all that I shall be — I owe it to my mother!"

## BLUE RAYS OF HOPE . . .

(Continued from page 29)

humanity from a human's point of view. For sure she who once touched the depths of sorrow while on earth, has a profound understanding of our problems.

And it has been said that there was not a single favor that Mary asked of the Lord that He denied to his Mother.

Even typically "human" favors were granted her. In *Caná*, Mary asked a frivolous favor from her Son — wine for the marriage guests. Jesus was surprised of the trivialness of the request: "What is it to you, woman?" But then He turned the water into wine, to please His mother.

That same woman will ask for peace for this world, and she will get it.

## HON. W. FERNAN . . .

(Continued from page 25)

ippine Law School, Judge Fernan finished his LL.B. degree one of the ten in his class despite his being a working student. In 1945, the Cebu members of the Philippine Law School Alumni Association elected him their first president. After he became a member of the Philippine Bar, he worked as a partner of ex-senator Celestino Rodriguez in the latter's law office.

In 1946, he was appointed Cadas-tral Judge with assignments in Misamis Occidental, Agusan, Surigao, and Negros Occidental.

In 1945, he was appointed attorney of the Philippine National Bank (Cebu branch) and later, of the Bank of the Philippine Islands.

Judge Wenceslao Fernan has always shared his legal talents by teaching law subjects in some of our local colleges and universities even before the war. He first taught in the Visayan Institute (VI), then at the Southern College (USP). In 1949 he joined the USC law faculty up to the present time. Even while this writer was interviewing him, Judge Fernan received a telegram from ex-mayor Bernardo Teves of Davao City offering him to teach in the Law Dept. of the Harvardian Law School of that city.

While in Cebu, he was an active member of the Knights of Columbus and the Cebu Lawyer's League.

# THE ROVING Eye

**C** ALL IT pleasant. Call it relaxing. Call it what you will. But doing nothing is quite a delightful pastime, don't you think so, readers? (Oops! Our Roving Eye sees a frown somewhere. All right! All right! Let's not make an issue of it, huh? I'm not stubborn, so you don't have to agree with me. But you must admit I'm right.) At least, that's what we did his past couple of weeks or so — doing nothing just snoozing our worries away when, all too soon, the word "classes" (who, the heck, ever invented that word?) jolted us back to good 'ole reality. Oh, well, that two-week vacation was too good to last, anyway. Those unforgettable picnics at the beach, those barn-dances, jam-sessions, and a thousand-and-one other unforgettables are now a thing of the past. So we might just as well face it and get down to business, shall we?

Talking of business, serious or otherwise, it seems that the "C" office is doing quite all right these days. In the exchange business, that is. Why, our none-too-large "C" office is literally flooded with exchange mags and student publications coming in a variety of shapes and sizes. There are oh! so many of them, really, that our Roving Eye is jigsawed to a puzzle, so to speak, as to where to start roving! But then, we have to start somewhere, somehow, someway, so..... here we go!

\* \* \*

● Ours is an age seething with the turmoil and unrest brought about by conflicting world ideologies — a state of affairs which, much as we hate to say it, may result in the total extinction of the human race. Man is thus beset with the constant fear of being blown up any moment. Yet, sad as the picture

looks, man must not give way to despair. He has only to turn his eyes upward to Our Lady. And this being the Marian Year, Man must pray and with renewed vigor, hope for a better tomorrow. Here the *Assumpta* (Assumption College) editorial runs in part:

*"Again, as in the days of St. Dominic, Our Lady's rosary is the chain holding the crumbling world together. Where the forces of evil would bring destruction, her Rosary offers salvation; where they would bring spiritual death, her Rosary offers faith. Where they would sow despair, it plants hope. It is our link to Mary; our lifeline to heaven.... It is the era of the H-bomb, but it is also Mary's era."*

\* \* \*

● There's not much left to be said about music and its charms that has not been already immortalized in glowing lines by others. Still, Miss Edith Legaspi of the *Paulinian* (St. Paul College) finds something more to say on the subject:

*"Music," she says, "is a synonym for happiness. Wherever music is, there is fun and frolic, laughter and gaiety. Yes, it is the balsam that soothes the miseries of mankind. One has only to listen to old but sweet refrains, or to gentle and lively strains of modern hits, and all his worries and cares in life vanish."*

Sounds altogether very nice. But if that author can only hear the crazy mambo music blasting from that jukebox across the street during chemistry class, she will "change her tune", pronto. No doubt about it.

\* \* \*

(Continued on page 38)

(Continue)

far-reaching significance. Learned historians and news analysts have to admit that the health of Europe is conditioned by the state of affairs in Germany. A close study of the shape of things in Germany can furnish us a glimpse of the whole Europe.

U. S. Secretary John Foster Dulles, England's Anthony Eden and even the shrewd, hard-to-please French Premier Mendes-France acknowledged the fact that Germany is the key to the defense and the economic health of Europe. A crippled Germany means a defenseless, hungry Europe. What is worst, a Communist Europe. That is why the death of EDC which would put Germany on solid military and economic footing touched off tremendous repercussions all over the free world. And they found no other substitute than the Act of London which would grant Germany sovereignty and military might.

The significance that bulges out here is that the man whom the Western World has looked up to and placed its trust and all its hopes in this perilous times is a dedicated man of God. It seems to be a universal trend. Pres. Eisenhower is known to be a deeply religious man. He was about the only U.S. President whose inaugural speech as the U.S. president started with a prayer for Divine guidance. At the hour of crisis in Vietnam, a Catholic premier was picked to steer the country away from the mortal perils. Pres. Mag-saysay is a lot more religious than most of the officials in the last administration. The people in the world today is looking up to leaders who believe in spiritual values, God, conscience and the old-fashioned virtues of honesty and religiosity. The world has learned a hard, bitter lesson from the anti-religious, self-sufficient, conscience-proof leaders of the pre-war days, like Hitler, Mussolini, Tojo and Stalin.

Apart from the change of face and heart in the political picture, there are other formidable portents that brighten the edges of our horizon. An unprecedented religious revival is going on among the masses all over the globe.

## Over the Horizon

from page 3)

In the U.S. and Europe more people are going to church than at any time in history. Fr. Rector Albert van Gensewinkel, reported that in a town church in Germany where he said Mass during his recent visit there, almost the entire congregation received Holy Communion. Monsignor Fulton Sheen stepped before a TV camera and talked about God, the Blessed Virgin, Love and Marriage, and became a smash-hit in a month's time. He has a massive audience of millions. He ran out of business a top TV comedian that put on a show on the same TV time.

The Holy Father has never been listened to and heeded with more reverence by the statesmen and the press. His influence has spread even in non-Catholic countries.

While we look with loorbearance on the recent convention of churches — so far the biggest — at Evanston, Ill., yet we cannot miss the signs that speak aloud of the general hankering for faith and spiritual anchorage.

Add to these signs the H-bomb stalemate. Before the ash-clouded spectre of an H-bomb explosion, man seems to have for the first time really gathered his wits about him. It is an accepted fact now that in our atomic age, another war would end man's sojourn on earth and probably crack up the globe. Man has realized that he cannot afford another war. The realization of this fact is a mighty deterrent to World War III.

But probably the brightest light on the horizon heralding the new dawn of peace for this world is the sweet, blue rays generated by the Catholics' increasingly fervent devotion to Mary, the Mother of God.

It has been predicted that the Blessed Virgin, who once crushed the head of Eve's serpent, will hck the new monster — Communism. It is not without great reason that the Holy Father urged the renewed fervor for her and sparked the celebration of the Marian Year.

The Blessed Virgin is a peculiarly felicitous position to plead the case of mankind before the Almighty. As a human being, still in flesh and blood in God's court, she sees the frailties and needs of

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by Nestor Morelos

● This here papyrus parcel being the x'mas sacrificial lamb snarls optical traffic as it saddles on a new look? (?) for a new year. This mat should railroad students into excited stereophonic blurbles and pecadillos and give other school puns an excursion for its ficals, or the high and the mighty nestorov morelosky, omnipotent-omnipresent superextraordinary plenipotentiary ambassador to siquijor will start parting his blasted hair in the midcourt preparatory to dramatize an unauthorized swan dive from the roof garden.

● All rayet, so our ikad curled the nanny of our pollyannas and harvested a crop of acute cases of heebee-jeebees, bursitis, peritonitis, fisis, etc. Nunca was cognizant of the dolorous fact that the preternatural instinct of self-preservation of our coeds [that accounts for the paint] were as puzzling as poking into the lugubrious portions of the holy scriptures. And boy, were they mad! although I am a pacific factotum, I am not so craven or umbrageous nor feral enough to make the ladies fall kerplunk under the mesmerisms of my semi-ridiculous taradiddles. I have always that stratospheric desire to live in a welter of highly historic domesticity. My shennannings might still instill me a niche in the sun forever always, and beyond all barriers. This is the result of eating rice mixed with corn. It makes your corn grow faster and healthier.

● Them goils pour in our hideway in various shades and sizes like relatives for a will-reading rite. There was a lady wearing a pharm uniform packing enough pork and fat in her to end the famine in India and Pakistan. There was an animated footplick with the profile and sideview of a praying mantis. Even cockeyed coeds who can run a race bowlegged invaded our dump. And they barged in with murder in their bras attempting to confiscate my false teeth at the same time calling me all the fouziest names thame even palm off. The best of which was c. quirino. One tank-torsoed dame even dared us to meet her in a no-holds-barred wrestling contest. Look amon, the only thing we can wrestle is our pillow. Besides, with the war coming, the only contest that could possibly interest me now is an eating contest. For your info, I am the present intercollegiate eating champ. If you doubt me, you can ask Joe here. He's supposed to be the runner-up. Other ladies palavered that my so-called aspersions were as authentic as moro sun-glasses, and as futile as extracting homogenized milk from rocks. Truth is, we cannot afford to indite literary snafus in this racket or we'll diet on papaw and tamale the whole semester. I don't want to croak halfway, my emotional jiggery-pokery at its lowest ebb notwithstanding. Savvy? besides can we not tickle our own ribs?

● But I will give a prize to a lady psychologist from the educ department for hitting the jackpot as far as advancing deductions are concerned. [lady, here's your flyswatter, a stainless can opener and a blowtorch.] She says I am a dr. jekyll-mr. hyde specie. I may hate women in writing but in actualite, nein, bingo! she's right, the dear cherie. All those girls who wrote me cute caritas didn't know me personally or they would have salameo to the idea that I am a cross between chris jorgensen and der jer lewis. I advise these particular ladies to cross-examine any goil who intimately dissected me from aparti to jolo of my biography, be they past, present, future girl friends of mine. Of course these aggrieved parties can puke and yelp their

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# Compuscrats

By  
Rosario Tued

## First Born

by  
A. B. Libron



Hello, hello, hello!!! Howdy teachers and school mates? One can't help being gay when it's the second semester. It seems shorter and there are loads of red, red letter days and weekly vacations to anticipate — the Marian Congress, Christmas, and the University Fiesta. We already had a sprinkling fore-taste of the holidays.

Hey, let's brush away that gloomy look, pocket that frown and do some chum-chatting. Home-works? — pshaw! forget it and let's concentrate on the compuscrats on parade. Don't be a kill-joy!

Eye-catchers during the flurry of enrollment were the pretty misses: BELEN GALVEZ, NORAH LEGASPI, JULIET MOLDE, and FRUNNIE ALERRE in a fashionable dress. Notable basketball player, NORY MORILLA, enrolled late "Because, well, I'm late," sez he.

Came upon DULCE KINTANAR who didn't see me. She was engrossed in reading a letter. Never mind the contents, I'm not curious. Wonder if it concerns some Romeo. Look ye hard on this, PABLO ABAO, PET ALCANTARA, Jr. and PASCUAL DILEGERO. You dared me to mention your names. But they are here, see?

With Sabrina showing in one of the theatres, it would only be a matter of week when the girls will be displaying an a la Sabrina coiffure. The sensitive sex (meaning the male of course) would again be as usual annoyed. [What fun!] Frankly I think it will suit LILY ALI-NABON, a beauty from Zamboanga with a musical husky voice. That goes also for TERESITA ONG YU who is taking home economics.

LUCITA SALAZAR is back after a short spin at the U.V. Nothing better than the U.S.C., she said. It certainly goes into one's heart. CONCEPCION JAKOSALEM and MONCHING JUMAMOY are also back after just graduating from their courses. They have a new hobby: diploma collecting.

In spite of this boogie-crazy and jazz-loving age, the other arts and long-haired music by Rachmaninoff, Beethoven, Chopin, etc., is still appealing. There's HELEN TABLA who "trips the light fantastic" with a graceful pirouette and some arabesque. She's studying ballet. I mistook ALEJO ESCOBAL for Menuhin. The way he plays the violin can stir one's heart deeply. And you just don't know it that my dear friend, FE LOZADA, is an accomplished pianist. She took her recital recently. Want to hear the Warsaw Concierto?

Met PEPE VERALLO who asked me whom I was looking for. Told him I was in search of great, great personalities to feature in the Compuscrats. He promptly introduced me to the witty JOSE ROS. The good-looking SILVERIO MOHAL jestfully scampered away. I'm passing them on to you. They are swell persons to know.

The graceful palm tree, that's the simile that tall, chem-engineer to-be LORNA CONCEPCION conveys to me... Silent waters runs deep. That adage hold true for AMPARO MARILAO. So don't under-

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Gleams of peace, joy and happiness,  
Gloriously motivate His Sacrifices;  
That our Lord did with all His might,  
For us to manifest a strong love and  
faith.

Sizzles here and lizzles there,  
Christmas makes everywhere;  
Its panorama is sparkling,  
That goes with the melodious  
rhythm.

The boundless sound that enters  
Tiptoeingly, into the engulfing ears,  
Makes us bend our knees to adore  
Thee.  
And sing to the world the truth from  
Thee.

For you the madrigals gloriously  
sing,  
The hymn of peace they're revealing;  
Come all ye faithful come,  
Is the theme of what they sang.

A skylark flew above Thee,  
Revealing that you're His Son;  
"In Whom well pleased is He!"  
That You're a Child First Born.

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The longer you read the Bible, the more you will like it; it will grow sweeter and sweeter; and the more you get into the spirit of it, the more you will get into the spirit of Christ.

—Romaine

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If all the year were playing holi-days, to sport would be as tedious as to work; but when they seldom come, the wished for come.

—Shakepeare



# The Baby's First Cry

by

F. A. Tihume

College of Commerce

*On Mother's breast He gasped so  
breaths,  
On Mother's laps He was lulled to  
sleep,  
On manger's hay He gave His first  
cry  
That thundered all to love to die.*

*Deep in the hearts that cry  
resounded,  
All melodious notes it had inscribed,  
In lovely flows of a tiny bower,  
In every thing it came to shower.*

*Deep in the mountains 'twas im-  
planted,  
All of its strength it had transmitted,  
In sturdy oak of low'ring Mayon,  
In grasses thriving all alone.*

*Deep in all things we've to re-  
member,  
All loveliness they have in De-  
cember,  
King is that Child Who came to  
conquer!  
With sweetest smile and pleasing  
palaver.*

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A bachelor is a man who considers marriage from every angle but the rite one.

When a bachelor marries, his mother usually thinks he is making a mistake and his sister thinks the girl is.

—Dan Bennett

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This is a year in which political boat rockers are willing to change horses in mid-stream, and vice versa. (Your Life)

DECEMBER, 1954

# From Space

by G. ENAD TANUDTANOD

## World Peace . . . AN ENIGMA?

**T**O ATTAIN world peace, the Nobel Prize-philosopher Bertrand Russell believes in the necessity of organizing an international government. The reasons for the necessity exist now, according to him. But first Russia and the United States should stop suspecting each other. Germany should be unified to be conceded by Russia, and the Government of Red China should be recognized by the United States. The West should acquiesce to the continued existence of Communism and the Communists should stop spreading Communism throughout the world.

David Lawrence, a noted American editor, has recently argued that only a peaceful conversion by means of moral force could prevent World War III. "Peaceful co-existence" would discourage the Communist subject peoples and have them remain in bondage.

The Russell prescription appears more practical than Lawrence's, because it looks on fair compromise. But it is unreliable. The Communist gods are selfish people. Their ambition is world Communism; attested to by their own papers, and their encroachments in many parts of the world today.

Furthermore, the Russell proposal is, indeed, disheartening to the peoples within the Soviet sphere. David Lawrence understands the truth of his policy. Eugene Lyons, a famous American lecturer, in his latest book, *Our Secret Allies: The Peoples of Russia*, reveals the epic agony of the Russian peoples against the Bolshevik oppression and their smouldering hatred towards their government, but, caged behind

an Iron Curtain, with such largest, most relentless police system in the world, they could not do otherwise. Like Lawrence, Eugene Lyons is after the decent survival of these "unhappy" peoples.

"Must the collapse of Bolshevism be preceded by a terrific global war?" Eugene Lyons wrote. "Yes, — unless we head it off in the only way it can be headed off, which is by winning the cold war." What he means, of course, by winning the cold war is Lawrence's peaceful conversion.

If we are to attain world peace, the views of these two authorities are available. If ever bloodshed is necessary, let it be confined in Russia itself. The preservation of mankind from world-wide Communist tyranny behooves that Russian revolution. If World War III breaks up, the free world can't help it. The long story of human violence has proven that no amount of kind words can stop an obsessed tyrant from his madness but the guillotine. True, the recent discoveries of science made both Atomic and bacteriological warfares possible; that War may mean human annihilation. But, we are destined to live with our human rights, therefore should die nobly for them. We are to destroy a monster: Communism; and only by its downfall can we hope for world peace, probably, human unity, in our time. "Liberty or death" is the catch phrase.

Today is Christmas, let all Christian peoples of the earth pray together once again that there will be "Glory be to the Highest,

Peace on earth and goodwill to men."

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# ALUMNI CHIMES!

By J. P. R.

## Have You Heard . . .

... that Mr. EUGENIO I. ALVARADO, Jr., alumnus of the College of Education, recently received a notification from the Bureau of Civil Service that he passed the Senior Teacher Regular Examination held in Cebu City on June 16, 1951? Mr. Alvarado is presently an interpreter in the Court of First Instance of Cebu, a scholar in the first year class of the College of Law of U.S.C., and is also the class president. He also finished his A.B. and M.A. in U.S.C.

... that convivial and stoical LYDIA MORAN, BSE '54 is presently showing her ropes to the students of Agusan Institute? A little birdie told me that Eddie is hammering the Shakespearean tongue in that institution. During her student days her name always laid up in lavender because of the haunting melodies she used to render on the stage. Yes, Eddie was fondly called the songbird of USC. A news from grapevine said that a dashing Romeo is chirping at this ingenious songbird. Is the long table ready, Eddie? Keep your chin up!

... who is holding the reins of the Bisaya Shipping Arastroe service? Former "C" editor EMILIO B. ALLER is carrying on the execution as the Arastroe's general manager. With 300 men to look upon, Dodong is burning the candle at both ends forcing him to give up his teaching load in the Boys' Hi Dept. Father Rector offered him. It might be remembered that Mr. Aller is a recipient of the Smith-Mundt travel grant who has recently returned from abroad after observing the cultural shade of the American youth. His experiences are being serialized in this mag.

... that a bunch of alumni down at Zamboanga City are performing a job well done? Kudos are in line for ROSAURO CLIMACO, BSC '48 who's reshuffling the records of Zamboanga A. E. Colleges. His modus

operandi: Registrar of that school. Recounting his student days, Mr. Climaco was one of the livewires of the Commerce Department. He proved himself to be a man of guts! I can hastily say without hesitation that the AE authorities has chosen the right man to the right position. CESAR A. CLIMACO, BSE '52 is also imparting his knowledge in History and Retail Merchandizing to the same institution. He fits the job as fish takes to water. Another "Caesar" who's knocking his gumption is CESAR JAMIRO. He's connected with the local branch of the Bank of the P. I. in that city. While Messrs. MANUEL NATIVIDAD and BRAULIO SERNA are pouring their acquired "inheritance" at the Ateneo de Zamboanga as faculty members; and Miss AURORA USMAN's name is attached in the Zamboanga School of Arts and Trades Faculty staff.

... that Attorneys JOSE AZCARRAGA, Jr. and PEDRO ALFARO are hanging their shingles at Zamboanga City. Words seeped in that both are acquitting honors for themselves. Boys! Hitch your wagon to a star!

... that ALBERTO C. MORALES was the lucky recipient of the free scholarship sponsored by the Aguinaldo Enterprises? Two months back, his name appeared in all Cosmopolitan papers for the enviable grant he captured. He's now pursuing his Graduate Studies at the State University. Until recently he's connected with the FEATI Institute of Technology, high school department. It might be remembered that Bert finished his A.B. and B.S.E. in USC with flying colors — Magna cum Laude all! Before he marched out he was a faculty member of our Boys' High Dept. and used to run this section. For *Berting* our bouquet of orchids!

... that RAFAEL ILAGO, BSE '53 is now imparting the science of quantity to the students of Misamis Or. (Continued on page 35)

## ALUMNOTES

### ALUMNI SIGNED UP

To solve the problems of some alumni and to follow its paternalistic policy whenever possible, the USC administration once again gave a nod to the applications of Miss Catalina Villanueva, who's now teaching the tongue of Cervantes, High School Dept.; Miss Juanita Ruelo and Mr. Samuel Ochotorena, assigned in the Zoology Dept.; Miss Cesaria Macey, teaching the three R's; Mr. Edgardo Severino and Mr. Vicente Cortes, Commerce Dept.; Misses Concepcion Jakosalem, Paz Chua and Adoracion Lucas, High School Dept.; Atty. Napoleon Rama and Miss Dolores de los Santos substituting Mrs. Erlinda Gandiongco and Mrs. Ruperta Lumapas who are on maternity leave respectively; and Mr. Emilio B. Aller assigned in the Boys' Hi Dept. but later resigned because of pressing job outside.

### WEDDING BELLS RING FOR CAROLINIANS

At the rate Carolinians are treading the middle aisle, to settle for better or for worse, it seems that a serialized number in this column is necessary. First on the list of Carolinians who said their "I do's" recently is JOSEFA YULINGSIU who became Mrs. Jose Colina in a ceremony held last Oct. 19th at the Metropolitan Pro-Cathedral. The benedict is a BSE and BSC alumnus; the bride-elect, is a commerce coed and a faculty member of the Secretarial department.

Two other alumni followed suit when Engr. EDUARDO TAN, Jr. got hitched to REBECCA BUCAG a lovely Portia, on October 18th which was solemnized at the Sto. Rosario Church. A sumptuous dinner followed the nuptial after the ceremony.

Another Portia who tread the aisle was ESPERANZA FIEL who was just tied to ATTY. PABLO P. (Continued on page 25)

# You Have Not Chosen Me . . .

(Continued from page 2)

gal", in Man's customary ways, "foolish." My decision, then, was "foolish." But the standard which Florence used and the perspective through which she saw practically ignored the whole reality of God and a man's obligation to serve Him. Man's measure of things is, to be sure, business-like and hard-boiled, but for all that, it cannot afford to count God a liability and service to Him a loss. A businessman cannot appraise God as he appraises his own property; he cannot scale God down to the level of man and measure His infinitude according to his own whims and fancies; he cannot record the mysterious ways of Divine Providence in his own accounting books as he records his gains and losses. He must not. On the contrary, it is not he that measures but God, and it is not he that weighs but God. Man's valuation of the things pertaining to God is an inversion of the order of things and is, hence, all wrong.

And so is his vision of the things proper to God. A man sees only a fraction of reality if he considers serving God as a waste of time and talent. In all respect and in all affection for a beloved sister, I think that Florence could not have made a more unfortunate remark than when she said, "As far as God is concerned, we are probably being selfish." Actually, she ought to have said "blind" instead of "selfish." For one can be selfish only if one sees all the majesty and glory of God and His creation and then refuses God the gratitude of service. In fact, the gravity of Florence's remarks can be understood and forgiven only if one realizes that she made a slip when she made them. The slip was that she omitted the center of all reality — the God "in Whom we live and move and have our being." Now, this is not mere talk or "living up in the clouds" as you would put it. The fact of God is the first practicality, and Man has suffered grievously for relegating God to the unused crevices in his mind. If you think this doubtful, take a look at past history and read the testimony of Hitler's Germany, and Mussolini's Italy. Today's example is even worse. Today, as never

before in all history, a monstrous state has arisen whose leaders are dedicated to blotting out the very idea of God the minds of their youth and ultimately of their people. Communism wants the total loyalty of Man or none of it, and the superseding loyalty to God is an obstacle that must be eliminated at all cost. But the point I am trying to make need not be labored. The implications of an outlook that ignores God are terrible, and no man can hold rigidly to it and at the same time keep his senses. The remedy is to live with reality in its totality. This means to see man as a creature of God, made to know Him, to love Him, to serve Him, and to live with Him in the eternity of the Divine Life. This is the purpose of man's existence, and all his activities are subordinate to this. It must be with these considerations in mind that one ought to judge about the things of the spirit, and it must be in this context that my decision to serve God is to be judged. Was that decision foolish? To the man in the street it may be, but as St. Paul says, "The foolishness of God is wiser than the wisdom of men, and the weakness of God is stronger than the strength of men." The first point I am trying to make, then, is that you cannot fail to be reconciled to change of plans if you see that change in its true light and weigh it in its own scales.

The second point I would like to make here is that the decision is not really mine but God's and that if I had added anything to the matter it has been in the way of inventing all sorts of excuses and putting up all sorts of obstacles to God's Will. The simple truth is that I did not possess the strength to break off from the common ways of the world I used to like and to enter a mode of life I was accustomed to distrust. I had to be given strength, and what Our Lord said to His Apostle: "You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you," could have been said to me. This fact of my having been coiled to serve is as much a fact as the fact of my being a Kriekenbeck by blood is a fact, and you will just

... (Continued on page 35) ...

# A Christmas Carol

let this christmas be to me  
a rebirth . . . let live in me . . .  
a nobler zeal . . . a more honest  
a more fervent desire to cleanse  
myself, of furtive thoughts.

a deeper kind of faith . . .  
faith in Him, and my fellow-men  
a freer smile on my lips . . .  
when hurts drown me in hate,  
let it bring to me.

let it let me strive . . .  
for a better attempt, to  
labor and toil in gratitude  
and silence, and live the grace  
and patience of an honest man.

let me sit and watch —  
the close of another tomorrow,  
with honest sweat to wipe from  
my brow and greet each dawn . . .  
with greater relish and hope.

let it let me work . . .  
it's entire breath and length  
in content and peace  
Then sprinkle once in a while  
my life with tearless laughter.

I'd not ask for more . . .  
If you could bring her closer  
teach her the peace of the Lord,  
I'd have tasted then all . . .  
the plums and grapes of life . . .

and suffice to end it even  
before its wanted close . . .  
take one last look at what  
I leave behind . . . and say . . .  
I'd have been a MAN . . .



On our Educational Tour of Bihar Central  
Element School - Aug. 21, 1954

**BSEED INTERNS** in Teghilaran, Behal make use of brief respite during their educational tour.

## RECLUSE

(Continued from page 10)

minutes of play, the spectators squirmed, heckled, twisted and cheered lustily as both teams refused to give way... not until the last two minutes of play after I made good a long-distance attempt putting our team within winning distance, the score being deadlocked at 60-all before my shot went in. Everybody was thrown into frenzy and pandemonium. The rest was history. The team, the school — they were a bundle of joy; Father Smith, especially. A one-day celebration was given in our honor which was climaxed by an evening motorcade. We felt like demi-gods being treated like demi-gods. But this did not last for a longer time than four years. Yesterday I was a god; today, nothing. Nobody. Uncared, uncheered, and unwanted.

—oO—

"Merry Christmas, Lord!" The voice sounded familiar. I looked around and saw two figures coming out from the dark splashes thrown by the huge acacia tree standing by the road.

"Hi there Ben! Who's with you — Sheila? Well, whaddya know! Say, are you two planning to get married or something? Mass has just been over." The moonbeams piercing through the sleeping leaves of the acacia tree helped reveal the sheepish smile registered in Sheila's face. I even noticed

that they were still holding each other's hand.

"Danny's throwing a party. Care to come along?" Ben's friendly voice almost tempted me to say yes.

"Thanks Ben. But really, Pearl's waiting for me at Ciony's place. They're also having a party there."

"You must have wings in your feet, Lord. Ciony's place is still a mile off!" Sheila butted in, "and besides, why are you walking alone by yourself?"

"I have the moon for company." I laughed mechanically. "Merry Christmas to both of you." I saw them waved their hands.

In three seconds, the two were quickly swallowed by the evanescent night. The truth was, there was no Pearl waiting for me. Well, she might be at Ciony's place but certainly, not expecting me — a worm like me! Pearl's a nice girl — too nice for me. I hate parties anyway. The guy who invented parties must have been a crockpot. Why, all that lousy, lazy dragging music — those pretentious, vain-glorious, fine-talking "men" — they make a party stink to high hell! I've been in all kinds of parties. And they're all the same. Boys out-talking each other; girls, out-flirting each other and the chaperons, outstaring at each other!

Sheila. She used to drag me to parties. Hadn't she been a loyal

fan of the team, I wouldn't have shot a foot at the doorstep of a place where a party was held. I used to like her a lot. Loved her, I guess. I liked her face too. Cute, smooth and well-carved. "She looked like a million bucks." But it didn't take me long to find out that she was just using me as something to increase her popularity. Varsity players were popular around the campus. And girls going with them... I didn't like it. I hated girls who think only of their popularity.

Well, I became a cynic after that. One who had a peculiar distrust for women. But I didn't become one by choice but rather, by adoption. All around me were women of the same features Sheila had. You see, circumstances can make cynics out of ordinary people just as trees could also make monkeys out of men. They are queer, too. To admire nothing gets to be their motto. They are human owls — vigilant in darkness but blind to light. Only circumstance could make them open their eyes again. I was that.

—oO—

Say, where am I? Heck this place isn't unfamiliar. It's just the Slapsie Maxie's. I thought this was a deserted place. Really, it is deserted during daytime. Night business, eh. Well, well, well. There must be a party going on. The place's lighted like the devil's birthday cake. ... Just as I thought — women! decanter women laughing like fallen angels. And those men — drinking like hell! Wonder who keeps this place. ... there ought to be a law against people running a joint like this. I wonder what kind of punishment God has reserved for this kind of sinners. ...

... reminds me of Lina. Pious as a pope and brainy as a pundit. Still her kind has to be punished somehow, someway. Somebody said that the first and worst of all frouds is to cheat one's self. This is one open violation which, the laws of man have not reach or have not dared to reach. But there is always a God who can punish those which man did not dare to punish. Pious yes, she was. But all her piety was focused on the wrong spot. She prayed for a man to make her happy. But she was as choosy as a beggar. She wished for a mestizo, Spanish or Ame-  
(Continued on page 38)

## HAVE YOU HEARD ...

(Continued from page 32)

Provincial High School at Cagayan de Oro City? Before he was catapulted to the coveted position as public high school mentor, he passed the competitive examination for high school teachers copying the sixth place. Being an E.T.C. holder he also took occasion in participating in the competitive examination for classroom teachers and copped the second berth! Paeng received all these sheepskins with sweat in his brow as working student of his Alma Mater, USC. Keep the home fires burning El ...!

... that TEOPISTA SY, BSE '53 (still at it) is running the library of Foundation College in Dumaguete City? Miss Sy must be busy cataloging and reshuffling that packed library by now ... Word was also received from Balingoan, Misamis Oriental that for the first time a Drugstore stand in that town. Inhabitants in that community must be thankful to TROADIA HUGO SY, Pharmacy '53 for answering their vital needs. She's the proprietor and licensed pharmacist of that infant drugstore.

... that a piece of good news was received from the Notre Dame of Jolo that the faculty roster of that institution contains the names of bonafide alumni from USC? First on the list is Mrs. ELIZABETH NANQUIL, (nee Elizabeth Albaracin) who enjoys imparting the importance of vocational courses nowadays to the NDJ students. In the Biology department, her younger sis, Miss CARMELINA ALBARACIN is also sharing her knowledge of Biological sciences and antiquities with the students; while Miss JOVENA LAYSON, BSE '54 is taking charge of the legs department. And in their Commerce Department another active alumnus ROMEO COLINARES, BSC '53 finds enjoyment in introducing his know-how of the debit and credit business while being fagged out in his work at the Jolo Power Company as book-keeper. Keep that Carolinian spirit burning, pals!

... that JUANITA SY VILLANUEVA, BSE '54 is one of the school mams of St. Nicholas High School of Pla-

## From the Lips of THE WISE

Music is the mediator between the spiritual and the sensual life. Although the spirit be not master of that which it creates through music, yet it is blessed in this creation, which, like every creation of art, is mightier than the artist.

—Beethoven

Philosophy is a bully that talks very loud, when the danger is at a distance; but the moment she is hard pressed by the enemy, she is not to be found at her post, but leaves the brunt of the battle to be borne by her humbler but steadier comrade, religion.

—Colton

I have learned to thank God that all my prayers have not been answered.

—Jean Ingelow

In prayer it is better to have a heart without words, than words without a heart.

—Bunyan

ridel, Misamis Occidental? She is tutoring the Filipino Language and Mathematics subjects respectively. Is this the realization of your childhood dream Nits?

... that Hard-hitting EMILIANA D. PALMA is assigned as Librarian of Holy Rosary School down at Oroquieta, Misamis Occidental? Shy and unassuming, Mely successfully landed the position despite the onrush of applicants. Though born with the silver spoon in her mouth, she managed herself to be "on da level". "He who exalted himself shall be abased and he who is humbled shall be exalted." If people were only like of her kind, no doubt peace will always triumph.

... that ingenious PAZ CHUA is the contact dame of USC? Pacing, as she's fondly called by her intimates, is operating the USC switchboard.

## YOU HAVE NOT CHOSEN ME ...

(Continued from page 33)

have to accept it if you want to understand what I will be doing in the coming years. Otherwise, there will only be sadness, disappointment, and even disgust at the seeming folly of a hard-headed son. I had a dream last night that I was returning to the Philippines and that when I arrived nobody seemed to care. I sat at table for supper and found every one quiet. I felt like a castaway who was treated as a castaway and I thought that the Prodigal Son returning home received better treatment than I. This is a fantastic dream, of course, but if there be any semblance of reality in it that reality must be erased and done away with. The absolute truth is that I feel closer to you now than when I left the Philippines, and the same goes for all. If this is incredible to you, that is too bad, for it is very true, and God is my witness. But if you can believe it, that is a good sign, for it shows that you are beginning to understand me and my future as well. But in any case, you must try to understand and be reconciled because in the last analysis you cannot really ignore or be separated from a son who is continually thinking and praying for you.

Faithfully,  
FREDERICK

Yes, she also finds time teaching the X square in the Girls' Hi Dept. Atta girl! ...

... that ROBERTA BANO, BSE '52 is teaching the 3 R's at Kapatagan Elementary School? She enjoys moulding the youth minus the wolves! And GLORIA CARDONA, BSE '53 is also buckling down her mental ingenuity at the Kapatagan Institute, Kapatagan, Lanao.

... that the faculty roster of Sacred Family Academy, Bogo, Cebu, includes the name of NUNCIA A. SY, BSE '54? Applying her cooking know-how, she teaches the intricacies of Home Economics. Is this a preparation for the future, Nuncia? Have patience!

## CAMPUSCRATS

(Continued from page 30)

estimate her. She and LILLIAN LAGAPA took our breaths away when they easily copped the second and third places in the annual declamation contest. VERMEN VERALLO topped the first place. She eloquently delivered a humorous piece about depositing something in the bank — guess the title was "My Financial Career."

HYDA MORAN and JOSEFITA ALVIZO are two of the lucky few with both beauty and brains. Josefita is in the honor roll, you know. AGUSTIN LIBRON and that engaging young chap, JESUS LUSPO are their counterparts.

The sound of male voices dominate the corridors. There are several "towerettes" of Babel around the campus. I thought boys are not talkative but RUDY GONZALES, POMPEY LABARIA, BALTAZAR PADILLA and NICK ACOPIADO made me see how wrong I was. Only the boyish MANUEL VALENZUELA and Architecture stude LEONIDAS ORBETA were rather quiet. Athletic CHRISTOPHER DURANO seemed shy. Well, perhaps they were acting.

Female law studes are better than the males. They don't acquire that loud special boisterous laughter lawyers are supposed to emit. At least not the lady-like ESPERANZA ABELLONOSA and ROSARIO ALOJIPIN. They are nice, nice girls. Wish I'd taken law! Girls being few, they are being pampered lest they shift to a different course.

Pharmacy attracts a crowd of beauties. Demure ROSARIO BELTRAN is mighty serious with it. Hazel-eyed MOLLY CABANAS, who has a streak of white blood in her is determined to go through the course. Good luck, gal!

Very active in the Student Catholic Action is FRANCIS ZOSA. His opposite is lanky engineering stude DAVID JOAQUIN who is always standing by a doorway. Any reason, David? Just like GREG ARRIOLA. The way he talks, one would think he's in college to study the nature of beautiful girls. That won't make your stamp collection increase, GREG. He's not even paying attention! He's eyeing JOSEFINA SALAMIDA and cude ALMIRA SIA.

Got me some new friends. The dark beauty, VIOLETA MENDOZA, from St. Theresa's College, and ROTC sponsor, LIDA BARING. Sighted MILAGROS ESCARIO enjoying her own company, prettily dressed in a cool yellow blouse and a gayly printed dress. Farther on was sophisticated TERESITA VISAYA. She's always in a lively mood. What's the secret, Tit?

Very busy at the library were RESTITUTA GENSON and DADING CAYONGCONG, very unconscious of the boys who were making a bee-line to borrow books from them. DELING MARQUEZ was already thinking of Christmas, sez JOE.

Time does fly so fast. Christmas is again just around the corner. Hope Santa Claus treats you nicely and heaps you with gifts. Got no dough? It will be a real "silent night" for you at Christmas!

I'll end my column with that old, old, greeting "superlativized": Wishing you the merriest Christmas and the happiest, bestiest new year!!!

## CAROLINIANA

(Continued from page 44)

Filipinos are. But, what can we do? The best stories could be found in love stories. And even if the contributed materials were not the best, still we could not convert them to a detective story a la Ellery Queen even if Jack Webb was our Moderator. We picked RECLUSE, written by a certain Barrett (this could be a pen-name) and E. Diol's INTERLUDE. Both have Christmas as a backdrop.

## Gracias, Lecter

The October issue, we found out from many observers, was a lot better than the first. We were surprised to be flattered. But still it was no exempt from a barrage of nasty words. Take for example the news write-up of Miss Micubo. Much as we wanted to wash our hands from the glaring error, we thought it good for our system to absorb and let them list fly to the printer's nose. Another interesting bit of criticism as about the plight of our Seccion Castellana.

## CASEY AT THE BAT

(Continued from page 17)

Dionaldo intercepted, passed the ball around, stood by for the rebound . . . but never an attempt . . . not one sensible one.

In this particular game, Dionaldo knew the rest beginning to miss, knew what was happening . . . it happened to him before . . . perhaps was still happening. But he had to do something or see the team he loved, shoe'd out of the court by the unbelievable display of shots from U.S. Pians Agas, Espanada and Araneta. Meekly, he began leinting sneak ins and bobbing like a single piston over his completely bewildered guard . . . and if the situation demanded, he went in for some lay up shots. With a steady barrage of merciless points from all five of the U.S.P. Dionaldo alone, injected life blood to his team . . . kept it in the race with shots that overshadowed his best known record. Being built like a slim missile, Dionaldo cut U.S.P.'s supply line by intercepting whatever passes came his way . . . dunking balls all by himself. It is a sad thing to note that the referee expelled him from all the activities and damages he was doing . . . with him still in the game he may have had written a different ending.

The mentor, Coach Manuel Baring was a tormented thing. Perhaps one of the best coaches in the Philippine courts today, he was just as lost. Things like these are inevitable . . . when the boys were out in the court he knew it was all up to them.

The big heart behind the whole team, Fr. Wrocklage, proved he was also that he is the big moral behind it. He knew he had champions in his stead . . . what was happening now?

Nothing was happening. The boys were undergoing an inevitable stage of all champions . . . if they win like Dionaldo in his personal battle, if they will not weep and lick their wounds like "Casey at the Bat" they will never know another defeat again. For champions is as champions does.

This time the criticism was written in Spanish by a local columnist. We thank him for his very constructive essay about our reproduction of *El Idioma Prohibido* and, much more about his interest in the vegetation

(Continued on page 27)

## PHARMACY . . .

(Continued from page 5)

dynamic science. Day by day, new discoveries come to light. Millions of dollars are spent in researches and countless men are engaged in constant experimentations. Drugs now include a great number of materials such as: alkaloids and other derivatives from plants, animals, chemicals, minerals, bacteriologicals, synthetics and the so-called peace-time use of atomic energy.

In the quieting of pain, it is the doctor who prescribes for the medicine; but it is the pharmacist who prepares it for the desired curative measure—chipping in a contributory responsibility in the soothing of man's ailments. Therefore, his prompt, efficient handling and preparing of the medicinal preparations in the drugstore counts much in the promotion of man's well-being. To save a life, the filling of prescriptions must not be delayed and once made, utmost care should be observed to avoid pharmaceutical errors.

Having appraised the dignity and necessity of the profession, the ultimate task of the pharmacist is to uphold the ideals and aspirations his predecessors have struggled for and dreamt of in their wakeful hours.

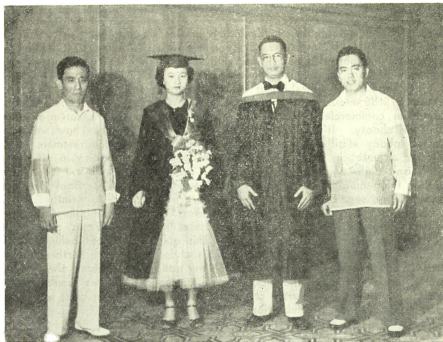
While other pharmacists are engaged in the discovery and manufacture of new remedies and while suffering, pain and illness are still the order of the day—pharmacy will always come from behind to show that it is the real force that have preserved and will preserve the health of the nation.

## DO YOU KNOW?

(Continued from page 13)

attitude is best expressed in his own words: "The aim of natural science," he wrote, "is not simply to accept the statements of others but to investigate the causes that are at work in nature. When studying nature we have . . . to inquire what Nature with its immanent causes can naturally bring to pass." Following these principles, St. Albert became the "Immortal" he is and a Saint at the same time. Thus any scientist who who is not a Saint will at best reach half of the stature of St. Albert.

These few considerations ought to convince us that science and religion are not at odds as long as the principles, especially the moral principles, of the scientist in question agree with the principles and standards set by God, the author of nature and natural order.



**AKAN GOLD MEDAL AWARD** goes to Miss Justina Yan who graduated *sua cum laude* last semester from the College of Commerce. From l to r: Grand Akan Esteban Chua, the awardee, Dean Lolito Gozum, and Mr. Juan Aquino Jr. frat adviser.

## UPON SEEING THE . . .

(Continued from page 7)

to see a Filipino, and that I was the first one he ever talked with. He asked me so many things about the Philippines and our people. I was only too glad to give him all the information I could give to enlighten him about our country and ourselves. I felt at the moment, as I was made to feel deeply inside of me during my travel, that I had a duty to perform: to inform foreigners the truth about ourselves and our country, our aspirations and our efforts to improve ourselves. I think that if they are only able to see a true picture about

us, they will be able to understand us better. If different peoples of different nations could only know each other very well, there could be no misunderstanding. And if there could be none of the latter, world peace could be enhanced. There could still be peace not attained by wars, but by common sense and understanding.

(Continuation of this serialized article will be printed next issue of the *Carolinian*. Former Editor Aller said: "There's much to be said in so very little space, I'm sorry if this has to be serialized." Next is "America Unlimited" continued.—Ed.)

## SINK IT IN

(Continued from page 14)

The Papal Nuncio has taken cognizance of the project. The Archbishop has pledged the resources at his command. School heads and prominent persons here and abroad have joined cause with the Student Catholic Action in a crusade which calls for the maximum of effort and the minimum of weakness.

The Protestants, a minority, afforded themselves a magnificent "Y". The Catholics, potentially powerful, rehabilitated a ruined Cathedral, a project which didn't seem to appeal to the popular mind. Baguio and Bacolod have successfully built their centers. The conclusion follows that the good people of Cebu will inevitably repeat a SUCCESS.

May be it's sheer idealism that's driving the young folks to make cement blocks, dig foundations, and raise funds for the Center. Maybe it's their realism. Whatever it is, we badly need it.

Ask us for the cost, and we'll tell you it's just your spirit. The task is admittedly gigantic, but as one has aptly put it, nothing is too gigantic for gigantic hearts.

heads off into desuetude. I think my lucky stars the coeds did not influence fr. engelen to sic his k-9 corps on my carcass. Begorra, I shudder at the creepy thought of seeing those dogorillas run amok a la huramentado. Especially if I am the zombie those dogs are after.

● Guys 'ngals, this x'mas I can afford to send you cards. Although it's burned a little around the corners. We poked around the embers of a burn-down commercial store last nov. and we managed to salvage some. Don't be choosy. It's not a question of what we give but how we give. [blasted phony alibi] my new year resolution: to be a congressman. This calls for a junket in hongkong with 400 doubloons to wigwag in nitspots. If this isn't highway robbery, then I don't know what piracy is. Yeah, and another thingamajig: where or what happened to that yearbook of ours. Long time no see. Don't tell me our mugs are that hard to print.

We want our money back, plus interest and the danglarsted necks of the printers! To our harassed coedelas here's my x'mas gift: I am quitting this syndicate of pennywrestlers. This quidnunc is mothballing all his diatribes, slang, scrolls of papyrus and his stylus indef until further notice. With a college degree pinioned between my armpits, I figured t'was about time we gave our mind and ticker sweet music. Besides we would like to give other promising penses a chance in this racket. Go on girls, whoop up a hephory of a clear celebration.

From now on I will start saving all the gold yuans, rupees, cruzeiros, escudos, soles, guilders, yens, liras, rupials, drachmas I can lay my paws on . . . no, not . . . not for junkets but for a rainy doy. Yeah, the day when radioactive dusts will be making kaining out of our most respected, individual, honorable scalps. No reparations, and don't pass the malarkey that I am crawling into a seminary. Me a bible-preaching hoodlum? miracles happen man, but not this kind. catchem?

## THE ROVING EYE

(Continued from page 28)

● People with long faces and looking as though they had lost their best friend are not an uncommon sight after exam days. However, Mr. Rafael Agtarap of the *Feati Tech News* (Feati Institute of Technology) takes time out to remind us that "Human lives are beset with trials and tribulations. But these are what enrich the soul. Alteration of tears and laughter, characterize the rosary of life. If we have our joys, we must also have our sorrows and crosses.

Console yourselves, then, ye flunkers! Remember that your 4's and 5's are but one of the beads in your "rosary of life." (Tee hee!)

● Nothing starts the school-days right than by cultivating new friendships to add to our collection of old ones. But, chimes an old, old verse, "New friends maybe silver but old friends are gold." And if we are to keep the "gold" and, at the same time, gain some "silver", too, we must remember that "Friendship," according to Ma. Paraulum Duque of the *Journal* (Jose Rizal College),

*"is a plant that has to be cultivated. It must be watered if it has to produce wholesome fruits. Real friendship is endur-*

*ing. If not, then it is not real and it has not yet found its way, from the far-flung fields of acquaintance, to the inner circle of devotion."*

Well, well. That should help us to regard this thing called friendship under a new light. Friends are awfully nice "things" to have around. Or, are they? Miss Antopina Santos of the *Light* (Holy Name College) seems to take an entirely opposite view on the matter. She writes:

*"I'm sure all of you have felt the burden of too many friendships. Friends require attention; demand self-sacrifice; encroach on our precious time; and disturb our solemn moments when we would prefer to be left to ourselves. But you can't depend on luck or natural aptitude to lose your friends; use guaranteed methods. And soon you will find you don't have your friends hanging around, taking up your time."*

Hmmm! Seems like there's a wide, wide difference of opinion here. To have or have no friends . . . that is the question. Which side do you take, readers?

Ye gods! There's the Ed now, and with Murder in his eyes! (Tsk!

tsk! Isn't that unromantic? Maybe we had better stop roving around and hand this dingbusted write-up in to him before he lays his hands on us. He is fuming all over now like nobody's business. (Can't say we blame him. The deadline sneaked in on us five lousy days ago.) Quick! He'll be giving our Roving Eye a black eye if he catches us. And good heavens! Who wants that for a Christmas present???

## RECLUSE . . .

(Continued from page 34)

rican — these breed she preferred. At the outset I forgave her for having to feel that way. She was only seventeen — an age where Youth is at its best. But I tell you she was brainy. Thinks like a judge and read books like an antiquated professor. But what I can't figure out is the fact that she refused to admit that wishful thinking is vain thinking. To have ambitions is a noble virtue, I must admit. But I think most people will succeed in small things if they were not troubled by great ambitions. I have read a line from an author named Hillard that goes like this: "Ambition is not a weakness unless it be disproportioned to the capacity . . ." I still think she owes me an explanation.

—oOo—

I feel lunny. At my age, I feel like a man who never was a man. I tried to pursue happiness but, like the butterfly, it is always beyond my grasp. I think I was not so lucky enough to have left its invisibility as other people have. Lina, Sheila, Father Boez . . . they are just mist.

The year is going, let him go: ring out the false, ring in the true.

The smell of the place was now familiar to me. A tired creak threw its eerie cry at the defying stillness of dawn. The bells were mute once again. I felt our door knob as cold as the December wind. The door creaked and I went straight to my room. Turning on the lights, I looked at my watch and it said two-thirty. I took off my jacket and sank into my bed feeling refreshed and tried to recall my thoughts again. They were now old, misty and lost. They were no longer alive. I holl-closed my eyes and thought of Pearl.



## "CONDITIONED" REFLEXES

(Continued from page 12)

about his chances nor can anybody be blamed for poor work or even failure, since reflexes work automatically. And nothing can even be done about it, nobody can change a mechanical development which excludes all conscious participation and purposeful effort; there can be no responsibility since everything is beyond personal control. You simply have to yield to your fate!

It is true, the Soviet believe in the pre-Soviet theories of a Russian who was professor at the imperial university and their ill-famed "brainwashing" is nothing else but the faithful and systematic application of the theory and practice of a materialistic reflexology.

But the fact is that men are still inspired by lofty ideals and bothered by failures and shortcomings. And the present trouble is that peace and justice among individuals and nations are still based on the "understanding" one another and that this "conscious" evaluation of one's neighbor is still grounded in such an antiquated thing called "love", according to St. Augustine: *Nemo cognoscitur nisi per amicitiam*—There is no understanding except in friendship—.

A scientific or philosophic system has a right to fight its opponents on the grounds of its findings and by the facts it can supply; but it is dangerous to bar the way to truth by methodological biases and especially to ignore the conviction of common sense which is so consistent in its insistence on the psychological, personal, ethical, in general, on the immaterial and non-mechanical factors that build up a personality.

---

A beauty parlor may make a woman look younger but it doesn't help her remember where she put her glasses.  
(Dan Bennett)

---

There is no brotherhood of man without the fatherhood of God.

—H. M. Field

---

There are two perfectly good men; one dead, and the other unborn.

—Chinese proverb



Nice view, nice bridge!

## Interlude

(Continued from page 11)

mas dominated him. He was thinking now of Benny, Moring, Claro and Greg and the whole bunch of ne'er-do-wells (he smiled at the word), going about the town for drinks and jokes. And Beling... always, she was here — and there. Everywhere. Somehow, he could not escape from her... in his dreams... in his mental imaginings... in every street that he walked. She would be lovely now, he thought, in his evening taffeta dress which his Manang Bening made. He would just love to put his arms around her waist tonight and dance under the light shed by the Christmas tree to the slow drag of Christmas songs that Nene's orchestra would dish out. He could even use it for effect. Nothing could compare the warmth that he would feel as their cheeks would touch tonight, a warmth which is more than that of a near fire. Beling seldom danced, if at all, only on special occasions like this because of her too eccentric father, the town ex-President. No, he thought, I shall not miss it tonight, and all the while he was seeing the girl

with the flashing eyes and smooth black hair and handsome face. He resolved to tell his father about it. He prepared himself not to budge no matter what he would say. He propelled his boat alongside the old man's. Inako Tasyo jolted with a start.

"What is it, son," he said softly without looking up.

"I'm going home, Itay," he said sullenly, and hastily stirred the small baroto toward the shore without even waiting for a reply.

"Suit yourself, son," he said in an afterthought that was not even intended to be heard. But what he wanted to say was: Don't waste your time drinking and roaming about the town. It is not good. And please, do not leave me alone. But he did not say that. He could not say that. It would be tinging with authority and that was what he tried not to wound with. He was thinking, my son will follow in my footsteps, walking on the sand, as it were, where there are no sharp blades along the way to hurt the  
(Continued on next page)



**SMILING VACATIONISTS** in Iligan City: From l to r — Pharmacists Adria Casalis, Helen Cas, Erlinda Laborio and Consolacion Ngo. On the foreground is Mr. Romeo Litch, a Law student.

## INTERLUDE

(from p. 39)

*skin, and there is the odd sensation that one feels at the touch of the sand in the feet, where one forgets all about time and knowing not whither one is going, only to find at the end that there are crags and oppressive cliffs and abatis that will make up for an impenetrable wall; and one will be like a fly beating its wings against the pane of glass that could never be passed through, Tonio has to find that out for herself.*

He followed Tonio with his eyes but presently he could not make him out in the distance. He was swallowed in the backdrop of the tall Nasarak mountain that cast its huge shadow despite the crescent moon. But there was the whole town, sleeping softly, tenderly, unmoving, in the moonlight. It seemed to him that for the first time in many years the whole town settled quietly in some deep slumber. Maybe it was because of its nakedness now of the palm trees that once freckled its hills and fringed its shore line. The memory leaped into his mind: how majestic they stood in the sun barely two months ago, and now, they were lying across each other like dead giants

before an onslaught of storm and earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. That was November first when it happened; it was as if all the saints in heaven turned against the town that he had come to love so much for so long. It almost spelled the end of the town and its hardy people; their only means of livelihood had been sawed off by some terrific force. That was why he was there in the brisk chill of December night and that was why he, in one way or other, compelled Tonio, much as he disliked, to go with him tonight because it was still part of today and there was tomorrow to reckon about. But Tonio did not understand, he had no way to understand — he was young and the young take so many things for granted. Tonio was too young to understand the contrast of the typhoon that mercilessly humbled down the majestic palms to the inescapable recurrence of some strong storm that once in a while rock the tranquillity and eventless flow of life.

Presently, he could hear the orchestra baying frenzied music and sometimes, in-between numbers, it would play a beautiful piece that would remind him of his youth and Pacina who was part of yesterday, now helplessly lying in bed, dying

slowly. The music came to him vaguely and in snatches borne in by the breeze, music that was filled with some kind of wildness and barbaric beat. He did not know what pictures to draw in his mind where he could fit his son tonight. He never went to their dances, he had no time for it anyway. But he had heard that they dance in a fleshy way, in a weird fashion, so much the opposite of his day when the whole arm-length separated amply the dancing pair. He looked away with an effort; it is with an effort that one removes something that is transixed and unrelenting. Like his eyes. The moon was now forming grotesque patches of silvery wisps in the unruflled sea. Inoko Tasyo was waiting, waiting for the familiar tug on the line but it did not come... it did not come.

●TONIO dragged the boat with a light heart. He went home directly to undress and the crickety stairs sagged under his weight and hurrying steps. In no time, he found himself in the town plaza with the usual cluster of friends who were now half-drunk. The orchestra was tirelessly making noisy music.

"Where you been Tony", shouted Benny across, his teathy smile cutting the corners of his mouth.

Before he could answer, Greg bulted in: "Oh, he has been with Seding, you know, along the shore this afternoon."

"Where was that?" joined Claro with a mischievous twinkle of his eye.

"Where else but in Son-ok!" Greg said jeeringly.

They laughed boisterously. It was all laughter with Claro, Benny, Greg and these bunch of ne'er-dowells.

"Hey," Tonio broke in, "who's that guy over there?"

"In coat and suicidal knot?"

"Yes."

"That's Beling's lover. An engineer, they say, he is. He's surveying the possibility of building a dam in the Saksak river."

"He's overlapping," someone in the group said.

"How?"

"He's surveying our girls, stupid!" Greg tweaked Tonio's ears, and again the laughter of the group rent the air, competing with the noise made by the orchestra.

Tonio felt a stabbing pain somewhere beneath his skin. It was so sudden, this affair of Beling and the engineer. He did not ask how the

romance began. Beling was so fond of pen-pals. But he was not one to surrender easily — maybe this is just another piece of petty gossip, he told himself.

"Got the stuff?" Tonio asked.

"What stuff?" retorted Claro.

"The usual stuff."

Greg fished out from his back pocket a slender bottle of local-made rum. He mechanically uncorked the bottle and drank. Tonio grabbed it with hungry hands. He sat down behind Greg and gulped the whole thing down. It sent a hot shiver down through his veins. When he handed the bottle back, it was empty. Greg threw the bottle hard into the canal swearing under his breath.

"C'mon, you skunks, let's get our money's worth."

The group dispersed and ran to where the girls were seated. It was customary in the town to run across the dance floor and grab while the grabbing was good. Tonio picked Beling. The orchestra was playing a soft, lazy number.

He was getting warm about the ears and the engineer simply faded away. He held Beling firmly as if he were afraid she might slip off from his arms forever.

"You're happy," Tonio said, trying to sound matter-of-factly.

"Am I?"

"Uh-huh."

They fell silent. The music was still going on.

"I guess, I'm a hopeless case."

"You're impatient," she said.

"Am I rushing things? Well, I have competition, you know. The engineer, for one," he said, his face screwed up in an expression of jealousy.

Tonio's face was already red like one exposed to extreme sunlight.

"Bels," Tonio whispered: "if you'd only accept me..."

"But I can't decide now," the girl cut in, making an effort not to betray herself.

"That's easy. Just say yes and everything will be settled." He said almost seriously.

"I'll think about that," she begged, "later."

The music stopped. He told her secretly while he led her to her seat that he would dance again with her and that he would like to know her answer by then. She nodded, and he was overcome with a sense of warmth, a bursting out of some bundled desires, gushing

forth like water from a shattered dam, filling his heart to overflowing. There was much hope and it would only be a matter of minutes.

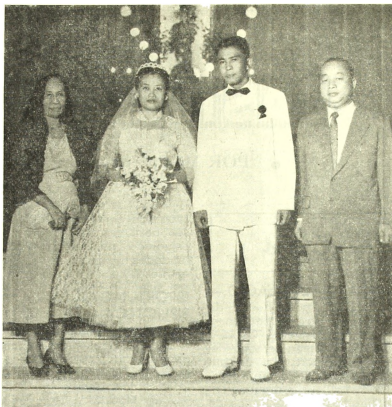
He went back to the group, now busily talking about nonsense. He joined in for a short while but excused himself for a minute. He went upstairs to where the old, slit-eyed policeman sat watching the dance with sleepy eyes. In an impulse, he looked in the direction of the sea, beyond the rooftops, glittering in the shimmer of the moon which was now about to drop its light behind the solitary Limasawa island. There was no mistaking it. He was seized with alarm. The little inconspicuous light that he saw, flickering now and then weakly and in the next moment would vanish from his sight... something is wrong! It was like the eyes of a drowning man struggling, fighting desperately for life from the clutches of a whirling current, bobbing up and down, with the rise and fall of the waves. There was no time to waste. He ran down the stairs with agile feet, passed the surprised group leaving them dumbfounded.

The orchestra was still playing sweet and passionate music when Tonio dragged the small boat with all his might to the water and

climbed aboard it, all the time, fixing his gaze at the weak, shuttling light in the heart of the wide expanse of the lonely sea farther away. He did not hear the music now—not because it was muffled by the noise his oar made but more because he did not care about now. All that he wanted was to get alongside the old man as quickly as he could.

He was only a few meters away when a big, reddish beautiful *tanagi* jumped out of the water, leaping high into the air, struggling, fighting for its freedom. The old man was near exhausted; he felt his bones creaking and the pain of reached down his marrow. But he held on—the fisherman in him did not relent. He closed his eyes as if by it he could accelerate his weakening strength.

Tonio could tell that the old man was nearly giving up, and sensing it, he shouted at the top of his voice: "Ilay, hold on to it. I'm taking over," and he redoubled his rowing rate towards the old man with the lined, leathery face, forgetting the pair of flashing eyes searching for him somewhere under the light shed by the Christmas tree... and no longer fascinated by the fleshy music grooving in the town that seemed so far away.



**KNOT-TIED:** Carolinians Jose P. Collao and Josefa Yalongsio pose after marriage rituals. Mr. Collao is a BSE and BSC graduate. The bride is a member of the Faculty, Sec 1 Dept. Sponsors: Mr. Ngo Ning and Mrs. Lim Tian Ting.

## Noticias

### LA CABEZA EN EL PALACIO:—

El Muy Rdo. Padre Rector de esta Universidad se encontró en el Palacio del Arzobispo de Cebu a principios de la última semana del mes de octubre para dar un alimento del espíritu — a retiro espiritual mensual — a algunos sacerdotes filipinos. Según unos de aquellos que asistieron a dicha conferencia, tal era muy animada y interesante en punto de vista del asunto discutido.

### COLEGIO DE ARTES

#### LIBERALES:—

El 26 del octubre por la noche en el Club de Medicos situado en la Fuente de Osmeña, el Decano del Colegio de Artes Liberales, el Muy Rdo. Padre Joseph Goertz pronunció la Invocación para las ceremonias llamadas "Capping & Candle Lighting" (Poniendo la gorra y encendiendo la vela) de las estudiantes enfermeras del Hospital General de Cebu anteriormente conocido "Valez Clinic". El Decano cerró las mencionadas ceremonias con una hermosa plegaria a la Majestad del genero humano.

### COLEGIO DE DERECHO:—

No es una cosa rara hoy día oír que un gran interés colectivo de poder hablar el lenguaje español está penetrando en las filas de los abogadillos del Colegio de Derecho de esta universidad. Muchos de estos estudiantes de ley, arrependiéndose de haber pasado el estudio del español en sus años de preparatoria inútilmente sin aprovecharlo, ahora realizan la importancia de la lengua en conexión con su profesión de abogacia. Este interés despertado a tan punto hasta que pidieron a unos instructores de español que les permitieran a asistir a sus clases como vi-

sitas con el único objeto de repasar otra vez la lengua una vez estudiada para sacar nada mas unidades. Chico, no es tarde la empresa!

### OPORTUNIDAD EN LA BIBLIOTECA:—

Nuestra biblioteca ofrece ahora a los estudiantes de español una oportunidad enorme nunca vista en el pasado. De vez en cuando la biblioteca recibe muchas revistas de Madrid y otros países de América del Sur de habla español, ¿Para qué son estas revistas? No para decorar la biblioteca sino para ser usadas y leídas por los alumnos de español. Pues abraza esta oportunidad y no pierdas el tiempo porque el tiempo pasado inútilmente es oro perdido. Además, muchas de estas revistas llegan aquí "Gratis et amore". No tienes algo que pagar por leer estas revistas al contrario las revistas en tus manos te pagan mucho.

### FACULTAD:—

El día del Padre Rector y la Facultad tendrá lugar el 15 de no viembre. Como se ha planeado será celebrado tanto por los miembros de la facultad como el cuerpo estudiantil. Según el programa tentativo habrá una musa entre los miembros de la facultad. ¡Ojala! que sea un día inolvidable para todos!

El profesor Cornelio Faigao salió para Estados Unidos al terminar el primer semestre. Está en viaje bajo una beca de prensa pero viajará por los estados de América no solamente como un periodista sino también como un educador. Rogamos por su feliz viaje y que vuelva con las modernas tendencias educativas!

### COLEGIO DE ARTES

#### LIBERALES:—

Para recordar mejor el héroe filipino cuyo día se celebrará el 30 (Continúa en la pagina 43)

"... todo se acaba ahora, la esperanza y el temor y la tristeza; todo doliente del corazón, el inconstante anhelo descontento; toda la profunda pena oscura, y la constante angustia de paciencia," así Rizal pareció haber murmurado estas líneas en la cumbre de sus padecimientos. Si, todo lo padeció por ti; tú que no quieres hacer algo "In Memoriam Suam."

Dentro de poco tiempo celebraremos este año el día de Rizal, aquel héroe nacional que es el símbolo de amor patrio. Pero, ¿cómo celebráremos ese día? ¿Se repetirá, tal vez, el no observarlo! Algunas veces se omite la observación del día voluntariamente bajo el pretexto de que no hay fondo para los gastos. Yo creo que esta excusa no es suficiente de olvidar completamente la celebración. Que haya o no dinero, podemos hacer el día un día de gozo y no un día de insulto a nuestro amado héroe. Me parece, el mejor culto que podremos rendir al héroe es darle nuestro amor sin meta, ese amor que es propio de los amantes de la libertad por la cual Rizal murió, ese amor que llega hasta los pies de Dios a pedirle perdón, ese amor que sabe derramar lágrimas por la pérdida causada por la injusticia humana, ese amor que sabe repetir: "Señor, perdónadles porque no saben lo que hacen." UNASE conmigo en decir también a Dios: "Señor, abre la puerta de tu sagrado corazón y admítele a nuestro héroe porque él murió por nosotros tus hijos en Filipinas." Si así lo hacemos, Rizal, sin duda, nos aboragará ante Dios para que nuestra patria viva bajo la continua felicidad nacional que ahora goza.

Pero, qué dice Rizal a los juvenes, a ti, a él, a nosotros todos? "Alza tu tersa frente juventud filipina en este día, luce resplandeciente tu rica gallardía bella esperanza de la patria mía."

Es un hecho indiscutible que Rizal merramó su sangre en Bagobayan para defender nuestros derechos humanos. ¿Qué será, entonces, nuestra situación, si los días en que Rizal vivía volverán a amanecerse? Eso lo queremos. "Mas vale vivir bajo un gobierno de infierno dirigido por los filipinos que vivir bajo uno del cielo dirigido por los extranjeros." dice el defunto Quezon.

Preguntamos, ¿qué conexión tiene el día de nuestro héroe con nuestros estudios? No hay, pero si no fuera

(Continúa en la pagina 43)

## La Enfermera

Dedicada a las alumnas  
de dicho curso  
por  
MEVABRILLANTES

El mundo mejora mucho año tras año,  
Porque alguna enfermera en su globo  
pequeño,

Se pone en el delantal y gesticula y canta,  
Persevera haciendo la misma cosa vieja.

Tomando temperaturas, dando píldoras,  
A curar muchas de enfermedades  
humanas;

Nutriendo al niño, atendiendo a las  
llamadas,

Ser cortés con corazón lleno de dulzuras.

De vez en cuando, ella anhela para el  
hogar,

Llevando la misma sonrisita profesional,  
Bendiciendo el aliento de un niño  
nacido,

Cerrando los ojos de aquellos que han  
pasado.

Aceptando la culpa el médico se  
equivocó,

Oh Dios, cuánto mar de paciencia  
necesite!

Estando libre del servicio a las siete,  
Cansada, desanimada y lista, repite.

Pues, vuelve al deber especial 'las siete  
y cuarto,

Con dolor en su corazón está escondido,

De mañana y tarde, de medio-día y  
noche,

Cumpliendo mucho y esperando sea  
suficiente.

Cuando pongamos las gorras, cruzamos  
la barra,

Oh Señor! darás a nosotras una sola  
estrella pequeña

Para las coronas, con el uniforme tal,  
Abrenos dónde ERES EL ENFERMERO  
PRINCIPAL

DECEMBER, 1954

## Anything You Say

MR. EDITOR:

*Instructors, professors and deans have often demanded courtesy from us, students. Well and good! But what about these illustrious instructors, professors and deans who behave discourteously and much less treat us students in a high-handed manner? As far as I am concerned, these demagogues do not know courtesy at all. Some of them act as if we students are their hired hands. Worst, I can mention a few who act like intellectual aristocrats and/or supermen. Can't we do something about this?*

C. DAWLEON

College of Liberal Arts

*Just keep it under your hat, chum. We can't do nothing but turn the other cheek if the other is smitten. Intellectual aristocrats are supposed to know more Christian virtues.—Ed.*

MR. EDITOR:

*The law library has turned into a social hall despite reprimands made by the law librarian, Mr. Macalido, towards these loud-mouthed, top-heavy lawyers-to-be, and despite the big "SILENCE" sign posted. And this shabby behaviour of our honorable law students isn't even confined in their library—just try asking the lady librarians in the main library upstairs about this fact.*

—FLORENTINO FELISARTA, JR.

*Okay Denn Pelaez, here's your cue. Sic 'em.—Ed.*

MR. EDITOR:

*Much have been said about our women today: Good praises, down-right criticisms, and all that. If you still remember, I was one of those persons who looked at them with a critical eye. I haven't lost my touch in criticizing them if the situation demands it.*

*However, I am not isolating my criticisms on these skirts alone. There is something I have just found in men that has got me riled up all the time when I see one. It's about this new slant on men's pants today: introducing, the "Low-Waist" style. There should be a law against this kind of scandal.*

*You are not (I presume) a "low-waist" minded fellow, Mr. Editor, but may I have the privilege to hear what you can say about it?*

FRED C. ALBANI

*One can't argue with taste, Fred. Some people like it; others don't. Our young men today seem to like it. However, here's our say on this: It doesn't look good on people whose skeletal system are inadequately covered by their muscular system. It was good of you to presume that der editor is not a "low-waist" minded fellow. You deserve a coke bottle for that.—Ed.*

### NOTICIAS

(Continuación de la página 42)

de diciembre, saldrá del Colegio de Artes Liberales una compilación del Último Adiós de Dr. Jose Rizal en cuatro lenguas, a saber: Español, Inglés, Tagalog y Visaya. Esta es una compilación por uno de los instructores de español, el cual viene de este colegio. Aunque sea roñado, pero sirve el fin de venerar al héroe, porque por esta manera cada uno podrá tener su propia copia.

### CAPILLA:—

El 31 del mes pasado habian reunido todos los miembros de la facultad en la capilla de la universidad en que tuvieron una "Hora Santa" desde las once hasta las

### EDITORIAL

(Continuación de la página 42)

empezada la libertad que gozamos hoy por Rizal, no estuvieramos aquí ahora. Piense un poco, no vaciles, el triunfo de nuestro héroe es tu triunfo. La vida que vives hoy fué empezada por Rizal; la gloria que tú tienes hoy fué obtenida por él; la libertad que tú gozas ahora en los campos de esta universidad fué comprada y pagada por la sangre de Rizal.

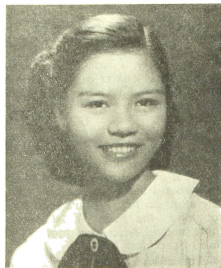
doce por el medio día. Encabezado por el Padre Rector el grupo que se comprendió de todos los padres y algunos profesores e instructores rogaba y cantaba durante la entera hora. Después de esto meditaba por unos veinte minutos. Se terminó esta adoración al Santísimo Sacramento por una Bendición.

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# ROUGE *Caroliniana*

GALLERY

by TLE



Miss Elsa Pilapil

We have always been quick in admiring women whose ambitions tend to dethrone the men from their place in the sun. Now we don't know whether Elsa has that ambition but certainly, she is one of those neophytes who are trying (or have tried) to overthrow the fact that this world was built by men and women were just innocent bystanders. She wants to be a lady chemical engineer. At the rate she's going in the Engineering department, we think she will be one.

As a sports fan, she is ever-present at the bleachers shrieking with the rest of the shrieker sex for the Arch-Engineering basketball squad. Perhaps Elsa is one reason why the AE team, third-seeded in the last cage intram, disprove statistics and predictions and knocked aside crystal balls to capture the second berth of the tourney.

Emilie Loring's novels seem to have gotten a stronghold on Elsa's reading tastes, as much as Father Wrocklage's lectures have. Here's a word from her about our beef-cakes today: "Our young men are very educated; but sometimes they forget chivalry." Take it from there, boys. Listen to what she thinks about today's skirlime: "Our young women today try to compete with men!" She took the words right from our mouths! Nice going, sister.

● Don't be surprised. We thought that this set-up would give variety to our pages. If you don't like the way this column is sequestered, well, perhaps we'll change our minds if you call our attention. (We hope you do, chum.)

After a week of pounding the obdurate keys of our office-typewriters with Beethovenian temper, piano lessons became easy after that. Our fingerings improved highly. We have to cancany our tempo in finding the right food for your Christmas thoughts and after that, this office was converted into a veritable facsimile of Tin Pan Alley. When we were still cutting this rag, the wicked typhoons of November had already given its by-products to the curie winds of December. All we had to do was to sniff the air and imagine that it's the Christmas frost we're smelling. It wasn't easy, mon cher ami, to find printed pabulum to add magic in your Christmas dreams. We have to think of suckling, rosy-cheeked pigs and stuffed turkeys and inhaled paper lanterns and media noches — and more of these, three months ahead of schedule. We didn't think of mid-term exams, professors and test tubes... heck, who wants to? Plus the brief one-week spell brought about by the golly-be celebration of the Marian Congress, who could have thought of those things? (Ugh!)

And so, finally, it's Christmas. Pass the bottle, pal — let's celebrate!

## OUR MENU

Now for the brass tacks. When Ronald Kriekenbeck handed a copy of his brod's letter to us, it was like receiving a surprise package with literary dynamite in it. It was a surprise to most of us who knew Fred — considering the fact that he had two more years left to finish his law course. But read his letter and try not to be convinced by the Harvardian reasoning used by a one-time Carolinian student.

When *Nes Ilaro* approached us and handed in a picture to go with the article, *Hail Akansi!*, we thought he was joking when he said, "Here's

a trapezoidal picture of me." Maybe he was truthfully joking.

## THE LAST TOY

Here's a word of advice: If you want to appreciate *Nene Ramudo's* prose-poetry, read it again and again 'til your eyes say nit on you. If you know Carl Sandburg and his poems, then you'll notice that Nene is using a similar treatment in his poem, *The Last Toy*. When we saw him scribbling "The Last Toy" in a downtown café we got rid of our curiosity by asking him what is the last toy. His answer:

*"We, you and I, and the next fellow you'll meet, have always played around with Love... like a toy. When it really is a rare privilege — a priceless emotion... a gift from God, I say it is the last toy because, after Adam and Eve, God has never given us another to equal its versatility."*

We egged him on to explain why he chose to approach the subject in that manner. He said:

*"I've been trying to approach this subject for more than two years and actually, unbending and uncompromising as it may seem, it's pretty delicate to handle. Love is suppose to be there, but isn't... and although it is very real, it would be very silly to argue in an ordinary channel of words about it. It's odorless, dimensionless, immaterial and even impractical... most of all, it is illogical. Who ever heard of a sane person in love?"*

He emphasized further that Love is the last gift God gave to man. But man, a mortal that he is, lost sight of its deeper meaning and used it with careless abandon like a child getting hold of a plaything. God is referred to in the poem as the "lonely stranger."

## RESUMÉ

The onrush of short-story contributions flooded our desks like a stray tidal wave all carrying the same substance: love. This just goes to show how emotional we (Continued on page 36)



The Physical Education Department presented en masse a field demonstration: *Gavotte Maypole Dance, Pizzicage Polka, a gay Hungarian Dance, Modern Calisthenics, Rope Symphony, Sword Drill and Rhythmic Gymnastics.*

At 3:00 P.M. the elite ROTC Cadets snapped into formation for a grand parade and review as a token of their esteem towards the Reverend Father Rector and the members of the Faculty.

Subsequently that afternoon a Literary-Musical program again carried into execution by the thankful students, precluded the presentation of leis to the very Reverend Father Rector and Department Heads by the student representatives. The quadrangle served as the best fitting place of the program replete with the smart-playing school band and its Symphony Orchestra. The program was divided into four parts: the musical numbers, the literary

HOW  
NOT TO EAT  
THE APPLE...

Apple Eating Contest



## Gangway for... THE mentors' DAY!

The first day (November 14, Sunday) broke off to early start at eight A.M. ushering in games and tournaments played exclusively among the faculty line-up. Depositing their professorial mien somewhere, the *maestros* and the *maestras* jumped into their T-shirts and teen-age blouses to revive their reclused, hermited school-day spirits. Contests such as apple-eating, balloon dance, musical chair, sack race and dodgeball became the order of the day. The games and tournaments on this day was climaxed by the invitational basketball game between the pulling and blowing ex-Wildcats of the Cebu Institute of Technology Faculty team and the "retired, exhausted" and ready-to-drop USC Faculty Warriors. Results: The USC Faculty fatsoes reduced the CIT Wildcats into inactivity. (See pictures in the Pictorial Section).

At exactly six A.M. Monday morning, the Faculty and Student representatives went to a general mass and communion said by the Rector-celebrant, Very Rev. Albert von Gansewinkel. Breakfast at the USC library followed. At 7:00 the ROTC and PMT units filled the chapel for another high Mass to pray for their tutors.

canto, the dance numbers and finally, the presentation of leis.

Culminating the affair was the Faculty Dance at the PC Recreation Hall where the highlights of the fiesta, the balloting for the Faculty Muse and Mouse and the coronation of the Muse, were eagerly awaited. Miss *Rosario Rodil* and Mr. *Edgardo Severino* romped away with the prizes as Faculty Muse and Mouse, respectively.

For a better appraisal of the occasion, we quote Father Rector's message in full:

"Years ago the idea of a Faculty Day was hailed as a novelty. It pleased the teachers. Its implementation, however, sometimes met with difficulties. This year it seems the students caught on better than in former years. For this I am grateful. It gives them indeed, an opportunity to show their appreciation for what their teachers do for them. Let them sing their youthful songs—for all the hours the teachers tire their voices for them; let them march in parade and dance on the stage—for all the steps their teachers walk for them! Thus the Rector's Day becomes a Faculty Day, and its significance and importance will become manifest more clearly with every year to come."



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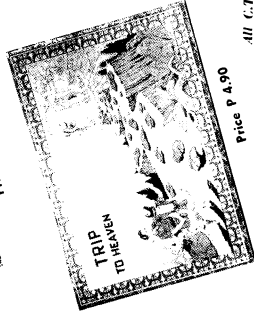


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