

COLLEGE of

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C  
Y



MISS ZINNIA CELESTIAL

1957

★ 2nd Place

★ 5th Place

★ 10th Place



MISS PUREZA PARARES



MISS GERARDA POLANCO



by  
Addy Sitoy

### MINUS THREE

● Buddy is out; the last time we saw him was last March. We miss him. He was versatile. A writer at heart. He made good in the wilderness of slang. He made friends; enemies as well. There were people who hated him because he hit them first. Or, because they simply could not see eye to eye with his *wary-wary*. Or, because the "C" issues were always tardy. Etcetera. But all things being considered, Buddy was good. He was Buddy.

Dick is out, too. He was a good artist. Imaginative. Modernist. His art was art. He told us he would be here—to help us. We did not see him again. We got lost scouting for him.

Felipe Verallo, Jr. has retired. A sincere friend and conversationalist, Ipe is now a **big man** in a certain political organization. He enters politics; he does not play one.

### PLUS ONE

● When Buddy disappeared Tommy appeared—last summer. Acting Editor, this was his contagious designation. He did act; he did edit; but he could not, forever. Already he had made his exit. He came back, no longer the humble cager, the frolicsome Tibur, but the full-fledged lawyer. The editorship is a burden to this **new man**. Being an editor is a property of his past; his present must tell of something new.

Well, he got it—the adviser's chair. From rags to riches, it seems. After suffering from a shortage of advice when he was yet wearing my shoes, he now stores plenty of it—the reason why he should give some to me. You know how this thing **experience** operates. It makes a man. And unmakes him too. Tommy is Tommy.

### OLD GUARD

● The presence of Father John makes me more confident of living up to the expectation of these people around here. The truth is, it was his staying as the usual old guard, *moderator*, of this paper that made me accept irrevocably the editorship. I know I am the busiest ant on earth. I room inside the City Hall the whole day—from Monday to Friday; I have radio broadcasts to tackle; I promise to campaign for a bunch of candidates; I attend classes every night except Sunday. All these are enough to make me cold over the editorship. But the *smilingest* Father gave me a glow of inspiration. So, whether I like it or not I come to like it.

### ANYTHING NEW?

● Three new faces now appear in the senior editors' line-up: Lourdes 'ramblings' Jaramilla, Sixto 'cross currents' Abao, Jr. and Ross 'by the way' Escobar. Samuel Fabraz is the only resident staffer in the rank. These are the **big three** of the present "C" staff.

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#### OUR COVER

We dedicate this issue to the College of Pharmacy on the tenth anniversary of its foundation. Its 1957 contribution to the glorious history of the University deserves more than a word of praise. It calls for a place in every Carolinian's memory; its story... a precious heritage!



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## ★ Editorials ★

### Our Voters Are Politicians Too

IF BY politicians we mean those who do a lot of politicking and blah-blahing, then our voters are politicians too. The Filipino voter is the number one politician; he is the manufacturer of politician-candidates and politician-public officials.

The Filipino voter calls a candidate a miser if he does not shower him with money and tips; he complains about the candidate's aloofness if the latter does not mingle with the *botayo* crowd—shake hands with the kids and grown-ups, men and women; he calls a candidate insincere if he does not make promises; he dubs him a liar if he breaks or forgets his pledges; he turns disgusted if the elected official does not give him work despite the absence of any vacancy; he calls him weak if he does not follow the spoils system; and he says he is ungrateful if he kicks him out of office because of his faults. In short, the Filipino voter expects everything from his candidate; he even wants him to do miracles. The Filipino voter thinks he is always right; his candidate or public official

the only one who can go wrong.

In the Philippines today, one must become a politician first before he can become an elected public official. It is a qualification which has remained unwritten yet indispensable. A candidate possessed with the sincerest of desires to serve his countrymen must play politics in order to get elected. He has to please his electors; he has to impress everybody. This is humanly impossible. Nevertheless, he tries to. By this, he becomes a politician.

The Filipino electorate must cease being politicians themselves if only to do away with politician-candidates and politician-public officials. Nothing must be expected of them except integrity, honesty, ability, and sincerity. Expenditures by candidates and public officials must be considered mere luxuries; those who can afford may spend; those who cannot must not be induced to; in either case, the electorate must not use this as a basis in deciding whom to vote for.

### True Greatness in Humility

WHEN the news that the USC ROTC Corps did it again in the tactical inspection of all ROTC units under the Third Military Area command came off the press, many people were expecting a big show, some sort of victory celebration, from the University. But the same people got disappointed when the University remained taciturn about it all. Not a single firecracker exploded. Everything was quiet on the San Carlos front.

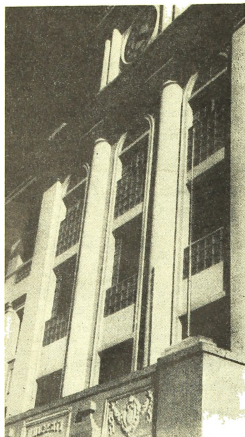
When the news that three USC Pharmacy graduates cap-

tured the second, fifth, and tenth places, respectively, in the Board Examination came out, no longer were the people predicting a happy festivity; already, they were 100% sure of it. But, as usual, the University was calm. Not even the clock of the University became egotistic in its tune as it rang the message of time. The people not only got embarrassed over their wrong speculation; they were shocked! Puzzled!

The answer:

To be humble is to be great!

*Adelino Sityo*



"The dream was rising... with the Christian spirit as base and the sky as the limit."

are still a daily sight on acacia-leafed Jones Avenue. In front of Aling Monay's improvised eatery still gather bunches of America's armed manhood and the yankee sergeant still guzzles bottles of Silver Cup with cucumber and fried chicken.

Japanese bombs, however, did not spare the San Carlos chapel at the back wing of the San Carlos building where Father Baumgartner now stores his 40-thousand volumes treasure trove.

The second floor of the wing is still intact, the rain seeping into the basement spaces which have been salvaged into classrooms to house the high school department. The upper concrete walls still stand straight and protesting, still hollowed by the bombed saintliness. Sawali has been used to make the partitions, lumber picked up from the surroundings has been lash-

ing shirt, taught geometry, Ining Medalle once more picked up the threads of his mission; Father Hoerdemann himself once more took the helm to guide the wild and the wayward. Into these classrooms I sauntered one morning and talked the good Father to taking me into the same task to which I had already given ten good years of my life teaching in Cebu Public high schools with a dedication that was to overpower the attractions of a legal practice.

Here I spent most trying days. Caught in the throes of a country's rebirth, I met the challenge of the maladjusted flotsam of the years, the moral orphans of the post-war period who had seen the breakdown of moral values, the morally undernourished brats of the early forties who must be rehabilitated and wrested from the inertia of decadence that had pulled at the un-

# RETREAT

by **C. Faigao**

**R**OLL back the years.  
Retreat into time.

It is January 1946. You are standing on the corner of Pelaez and P. del Rosario streets. Behind you is the charred, resisting concrete shell of the Colegio de San Carlos, bare, unroofed, grim reminder of the four-year holocaust. Above you the raw-boned skeleton threatens to fall. Scraggly weeds tear through the interstices.

Before you a few paces away stands Sto. Rosario church, resistant, spirit over substance, mind over matter. Silhouetted against it is the young duhat tree, pest-ridden, disconsolate. Nearer, where the engineering building now stands, is boggy grassland bisected by a footpath. The frogs still chorus there in the cold, rainy nights.

In the Sto. Rosario dormitory (now the Girls' High School) the Colegio de San Carlos had strained on its haunches, to rise again in the painful task of educational rehabilitation and the first collegiate classes were being held there.

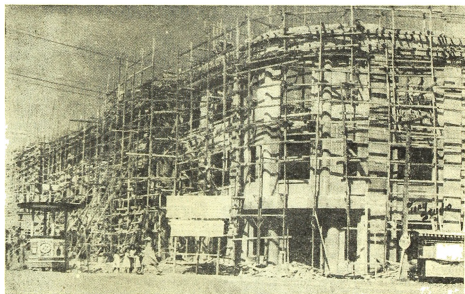
American GIs of the American Division in their prim olive drab

ioned to make chairs, and around this little domain walks Father Hoerdemann, much younger, more spry, already the human dynamo that he would always be in the succeeding years.

In these classrooms Pepe Rodriguez, in perennial khaki pants and

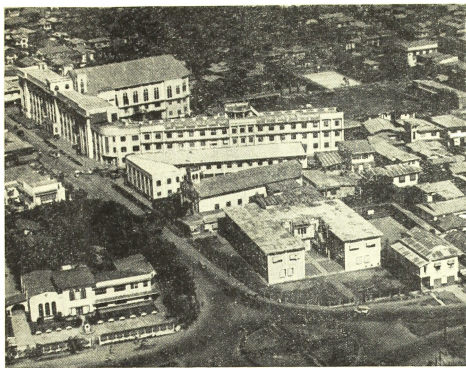
happy, war-torn country.

For the teachers it was a real ordeal. As the teacher comes in, the room is quiet as a graveyard. Then you know that something is



"And on the shards the spires will rise again — Triumphant ever as man's dearest dream..."





U.S.C. viewed from the air.

brewing. You plunge into the recitation, turn your back to write something on the board, and then Zzzzz!... a piece of paper crumpled into a balled pellet makes a bull's-eye of your ear or nose. You redden, that is your ears do and you ask, your voice sounding sepulchral, Who did that? Meanwhile, you feel your dignity slowly melting under you.

There was the typewriter trick. You are explaining the causes of the Crusades and you hear a tick... tick... tick... It is the sound of a typewriter. You try to ignore it. You notice that they are watching you and waiting for your reaction. Unless somebody come clean, you say, you will not dismiss the class. The class stays. The siege continues. The innocent ones complain, — they are hungry. One must eat and so must you, and you dismiss them except the hard-boiled ones to whom your suspicion has narrowed. The clock ticks and you surrender. The last straw has broken the camel's back.

What a pestiferous gang they were, hollering, swearing, ganging, the moral backwash of the years of war. The innocent ones, the smaller boys, went along with them like jelly-fish in the stream.

These were the wards that were thrust upon us for educational and moral rehabilitation. We were to remould them into good citizens, to break the spiritual inertia and reinforce the weakening structure with

whatever timber in us had not buckled in the adversities of the war.

The weary time wore on and it is with a feeling of guilt and a sense of inadequacy that I remember how one morning I knocked at the door of the office of Father Dingman to tell him that I was giving up. In the hallowed silence of what is now Room 8 of the Girls'

High School building, into the monastic retreat that reeked with the essence of Aquinas and the imperturbability that one associates with men of the cloth, I told him about my troubles and my decision to quit. What devious ways I would have taken after that, I cannot tell.

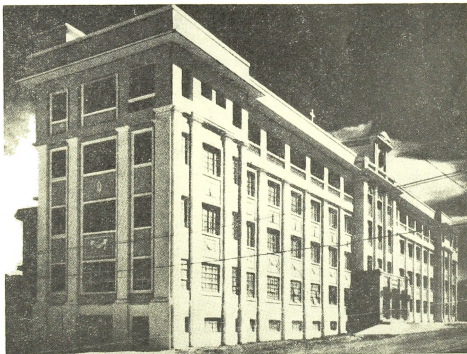
After I had told him of my humiliation, the man who must have known the significance of outraged dignity advised me to stay. Patience, he admonished, and forbearance, tolerance and understanding were the needs of the hour. How would I know then that behind these words of this quiet and intense man were the essence of the sufferings of St. Joan and Savonarola and later of Mindzenty?

I stayed.

As the sands seeped through the glass, and peace and order in the country was restored, things quieted down slowly at the Boys' High. Inting Medalle, Peping Rodriguez and I kept to our posts.

Modestly, we made a good job of it. Some of these boys whom we thought would have been the helpless jetsam of the war, made good and have become respectful members of their professions. One of them, I am proud to record, is now press attaché to the office of Ambassador Leon Ma. Guerrero in London.

There was a boy in my second year classes, a moon-faced, plump boy of about twelve who always



"A structure bright as the world's unborn dawn affording us a wider, surer view..."

came to class with his father's Scout hat on. It was with a feeling of triumph when twelve years later, while I was languishing in illness in a Cebu City hospital, I turned my head to see him jabbing a hypodermic needle into my left arm. My moon-faced student had become a doctor and was doing internship duty. He is now in the United States pursuing further studies. Much water had passed under the bridge and what lives, what vicissitudes, what quality of days and nights, of suffering or joy have passed since then, only the recording angel knew! Ah, how I felt very old then! As I write these lines and consider what little of the material and the tangible a teacher accumulates at the end of the journey, I would look at the silent evidence and with a sense of pride that comes of work well done, I feel I could say to all the world, "The defense rests!"

The years wore on to the late forties and the middle of the century was here. The graduates of the first years went out of San Carlos to spread the word of God, each in his own way, to make them better Filipinos, better human beings.

While the new buildings on both sides of Pelaez were assuming. To this building with its faculty room consisting of the long table in the basement came the members of the faculty some of whom are still with us for the sheer love of teaching.

These were the boom years of the war when the classrooms were literally bursting at the seams, when nobody seemed too old to pore over a college textbook. New teachers had to be employed. Here, as the memory can yield, came Angel Anden, the "flying professor," whose waking hours were at the editor's desk of the ill-fated Pioneer Press or on his scooter on which we chug-chugged to his classes in other schools; his wife Auring, who seemed eternally with child. Here came Leonor Borroneo, fresh from Sto. Tomas, lovely and still unhurt; the dominant Mrs. Emma Casals; Fred Osmeña, still recking with the public schools; and the angel-faced Mr. Casals, dripping with holiness and Catholicism, now a Jesuit priest, member of the faculty of Berchman's College.

Here were given the polishing and finishing touches to our first graduates some of whom are now in our faculty. Under the picture

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Zinnia Celestial  
2nd place

## COVER STORY

by Lourdes Jaramilla

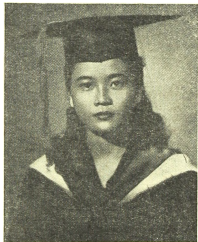
● June 9 was a red letter day not only for a young girl named Zinnia Celestial and her classmates and instructors in the University of San Carlos but also for her host of girlhood chums and pals in her adopted hometown in Tacloban City. June 9 among other world events carried a hot news release of the successful candidates in the January Pharmacy Board Examinations. Months of review in Centro Escolar University in Manila, and at last here it was ... "2nd Place — Celestial, Zinnia, 86.42% (practical), USC" ... the terse speck of a news item that was exclaimed

the oath-taking in pharmacy.

To the small circle who knew her in those early days of yesterday's charmed remembrance, during her high school years in St. Paul's College in Tacloban City, this honor was nothing new.

I remember Zinnia, the girlhood chum of my sister, Norma... Zinnia, dreadfully thin, so frail and painfully shy. Gentle and mild of heart, a daily Mass devotee, she was a confirmed introvert. Class pictures of those years show a timid Zinnia in a short dress and bobby socks undistinguished from the great body of students. She was undistinguished except for her extraordinary timidity and her consummate knack for giving the correct answer when the class was petrified. Sheer talent, and Houdini tricks about it, was responsible for her classroom excellence manifest in her twin gifts of a photographic memory and an astute skill for concentration.

Zinnia was born in Iloilo, her father's home province although she admits "I don't know anything about Iloilo except *timonto!*" We believe her talent is due in some measure to her father, Alfredo Celestial, a faculty member of St.

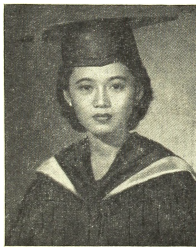


Ferusa Palares  
5th place

Paul's College and Math wizard in his own right. Zinnia completed her first three years of primary in one year via acceleration in Surigao, her mother's (Pilar Fortich) home province. Later on she transferred to the Holy Infant Academy, a school owned by the Benedictine Sisters in Tacloban City and here begins the faint thread of our earliest recollection of her. For some reasons she went back to Surigao and there she graduated from the elementary grades. She finished high school in three years by taking summer classes but they were three wonderful years. Her graduation in 1952, when she was barely 14 planted doubts in the minds of her parents, teachers and classmates who were unanimous in their decision that Zinnia was still too much of a baby to tackle serious college work.

By 1952, the "little girl" was on her way to USC to study pharmacy. Little did anybody realize then how eventful her coming would be. Asked if she remembers any outstanding event in the almost 4 years she wore off pounding the corridors of USC, she impishly said: "Gosh, the main highlight was my senior year when I was nearing the finish line — why, that meant I'd be home soon and could hibernate to my heart's content." A scholar through college, she was no bookworm, (although she graduated Cum laude.) Like all normal teenagers who'd much rather skip a class than miss a Rock Hudson movie or read the comics rather than her textbooks, she knew the latest top tunes and the newest magnolia ice cream. Miss Madge Martin, her guardian, often had to run after her to get her to study for the exams. To us il-

(Continued on page 16)



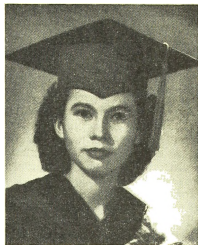
Gerarda Polanco  
10th place

JUNE - JULY, 1957

TEN YEARS ago, on June 8, 1947 to be exact, a group of students enrolled in the College of Liberal Arts of the University of San Carlos petitioned the administration to open a College of Pharmacy. The students' request was studied by Father Hoerdemann, S.V.D., who was then the Secretary-General of the University. He reported favorably on the matter and so Father Arthur Dingman, S.V.D., the Rector of San Carlos, gave the go-ahead signal.

The spade-work for the new college was actually done by Doctora Aranda, a pharmacist and physician, who had been recommended by Archbishop Reyes. She organized the college and made it one of the most active units in San Carlos. In fact, the spirit instilled into the College of Pharmacy from the very beginning has remained characteristic of it to the present day. The Pharmacy students are known for their close co-operation and active participation in all school affairs — excursions, college day celebrations, raffles, etc., — a credit always to the drive and energy of Dra. Aranda.

The blessing of heaven seemed to be upon the College of Pharmacy from the first, for in June of 1947 Father Robert Hoepfener, S.V.D., was assigned to San Carlos. Since he was a chemistry major, he was



Miss Luz S. Catan  
Acting Dean, College of Pharmacy

legere were simple, primitive and actually rather inadequate. The Chemistry Department consisted of one room built of galvanized iron sheets, chicken wire and a sawall ceiling. Equipment was incomplete and sufficient for only one or two groups of students. Chemicals were kept in one ounce bottles, alcohol lamps served as burners. The room that was the chemistry laboratory also doubled as the classroom for pharmaceutical subjects. The laboratory equipment for Botany, Zoology and Physics hardly filled the two small cabinets set aside

# The College of Pharmacy

by **MARIETTA ALONSO**

considered a natural for the position of Regent of the new college — a position he continues to fill with distinction to this day. Father Hoepfener found a competent staff of instructors already engaged in the College of Pharmacy — Miss Milagros Urgello for Botany; Dr. Protasio Solon for Zoology and allied subjects; Mr. German Embradura for Organic Chemistry Pharmacology.

When classes began in June, 1957, the facilities for the new col-

lege for it. Indeed, the path that has lead to the present prominent position of the College of Pharmacy was rugged and rough. But just because the beginning were so primitive, the courageous students who formed the nucleus of the new College were fired with the determination to achieve success in spite of every handicap. They also learned to appreciate more fully the improvements that were gradually made in their department.

(Continued on page 6)

That first year, 1957, only about seventy five students were enrolled in Pharmacy. Gradually that number has swelled until today there are more than three hundred.

Honors came early to the fledgling College of Pharmacy. In December, 1947, the Pharmaceutical Association of the Philippines held its annual convention in Cebu. The college building of San Carlos — the present Girls' High School — was used for the meetings of the convention. San Carlos' new College of Pharmacy was honored indeed and flattered to play host in this way to the Pharmaceutical Association but at the same time it made those in charge of the San Carlos College of Pharmacy realize how much still had to be done before their own colleges could measure up to the standards of long-established schools.

Perhaps it was this realization that was at least partially responsible for the improvements made during the following year. In 1948 a new two-story Science Building was constructed and ready for occupancy in June of 1948. (The same building has now grown to a four-story affair.) Equipment and supplies came from the States and this shipment constituted the largest single purchase ever made by San Carlos University in behalf of the sciences and the school in general.

Because of the huge increase in the enrolment in 1948 new teachers were added to the staff. These included Mrs. Rebecca Galeos who had topped second place in the board examination, and Mrs. Rosario Montecillo from UST.

As a necessary adjunct of the College of Pharmacy, the University Drug Store was opened in 1949. Miss Milagros Urgello became the first resident pharmacist. A typical Stateside affair, the San Carlos Drug Store with its soda fountain, soon became the favorite rendezvous of the students from all the different colleges.

The year 1949 brought sudden death to one of the pioneers of the College of Pharmacy — to Mr. Embradura. His place on the faculty was taken by over by Mr. Moises Soriaga who came from U.P. to handle Organic Chemistry. It was in this year that the College of Pharmacy joined the Philippines' Junior Pharmaceutical Organization.

In 1950 the first graduates of the College of Pharmacy passed the board examination and one of them, Miss Luz Catan, promptly joined the faculty. In 1953 Miss Catan was

sent as a scholar to Manila where she earned a Master's degree in Pharmacy, specializing in manufacturing. After Miss Catan rejoined the faculty San Carlos' College of Pharmacy began to specialize in pharmaceutical manufacturing.

During the year 1953 the College of Pharmacy began the publication of a weekly mimeographed paper called THE PHARMACIST. Its first editor was Miss Rosita Ty, now Mrs. Derecho. She is at present a scholar at the University of Michigan. Since its first time THE PHARMACIST has been a real harbinger of good will and fellowship and has done more than its share to bind the pharmacy students into the compact and united group that has so distinguished itself in University affairs.

The USC College of Pharmacy really came of age in 1954 when the valedictorian of that year's graduating class, Miss Rosita Ty, went on to top the board examination. Miss Ty established a precedent that subsequent students have attempted to follow. Since 1954 there have always been CAROLINIANS among the top ten candidates in the Pharmacy Board Examination. Here is the honor roll as far back as 1952:

1952—Estrella Veloso Najarro—2nd Place; 1954—Rosita Ty Derecho — 1st Place; 1955—Perla Yu—5th Place; Teresa Yu—8th Place; 1956—Remedios Redulla—5th Place; Ramona Dayak—7th Place; 1957—Zinnia Celestial—2nd Place; Puraiza Pafares—5th Place; Gerarda Polanco—10th Place.

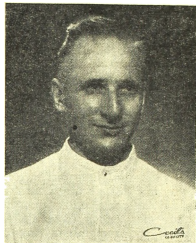
In 1956 the family of Dra. Aranda moved to Manila. It was hard to lose the Doctora who had worked so diligently to build up the College of Pharmacy but a worthy successor was found in the person of Miss Luz Catan who is currently the Acting Dean.

The school year 1957 also saw the introduction of the latest improvements in the College of Pharmacy. Three laboratory rooms for the exclusive use of the pharmacy students were opened — one room for prescriptions, galenical preparations and pharmaceutical manufacturing; a second for pharmaceutical chemistry and a third for pharmaceutical biology.

That in brief is the history of the College of Pharmacy of the University of San Carlos. As its Regent has said: "It is not our intention to produce toponoters and to neglect the average student. Therefore it

(Continued on page 7, Col. 3)

TO WRITE about a man who has devoted more than a quarter of his life to the propagation of the Faith, to the service of a university, and to the noble task of moulding the youth and shaping the destiny of a nation is not an ordinary assignment. On the contrary, it is one that requires energy and seriousness, far apart from being able to



Rev. Fr. Robert Hoepfner, S.V.D.  
Regent, College of Pharmacy

## The MA

make a distinction between truth and mere exaggeration or compliment, the writer must be factual in his reporting and sincere in praising this man for what he has already done.

True, I have known this man for a long while — for quite a number of years now. And indeed knowing him has been a pleasure. His gay and vibrant smile awakens the dull and flagging spirit. Every word he says speaks of the warmth of his sincerity and his thoughts measure the depth of his personality.

Humble as he always is, the humility of this man is natural. His philosophy of success is simple — "it is merely a transition from a dream to a realization."

About his own accomplishments which make him known and admired, esteemed and loved, he is silent and does not sell himself via the tongue like an ordinary but professional politician. "Let my

work speak for me." I heard him remark and that is just the right word for him. It is perhaps for this reason that the story of his life never broke into print before although his life is not insignificant. Rather it can be stated that he is truly **The Man Behind A Scene.**

This was my impression of the Reverend Father Robert Hoepfner after an intimate talk with him which began at sundown and ended just after the stomach called for reinforcement.

Father Robert, as many simply call him, is the Regent of the College of Pharmacy, while at the same time holding the positions of Assistant Procurator and Head of the Refreshment Parlor and Drug Store Department. Aside from this, he is also a professor in his own right. He is handling higher chemistries. Because of his work, his duties and obligations are manifold. His time, therefore, is so occupied that he could hardly be contacted for this interview.

Deeply concerned about his job, he has to go, every now and then, to his office at the Pharmacy Department where he sees to it that

for the fact that he is up-to-date in his recommendations and usually submits them personally to the University Council for implementation.

Despite the fact that he has not earned a single unit in Business Administration or Office Management, his department in the short span of ten years has become one of the most complete in the whole university, equipped with the most modern scientific facilities. Under his initiative and guidance, the pharmacy students can now be proud of having beautiful, new and separate laboratory rooms for Dispensing, Manufacturing, Pharmaceutical Chemistry and Pharmaceutical Biology which they did not have in the previous years. Really, his work speaks for him.

Every year is another ribbon in a man's career. Therefore, the school year 1957-58 is just another milestone in the career of Reverend Father Robert Hoepfner, devoted missionary and dedicated educator. This year also marks the tenth anniversary of his stay in the US and his Regency of the College of Pharmacy.

an honor and a privilege. But such an interview must surely be uninteresting since nothing extraordinary about me can be written for the present." A humble man spoke.

This tall and lanky priest hails from Stolberg, Germany, a small industrial town of 30,000 inhabitants. He saw the light of day on March 18, 1912 and entered St. Augustine Seminary in Rhineland, Germany, at the tender age of eleven. He was ordained priest in 1938 and came to the Philippines two years later. He took up Chemistry at Santo Tomas University and graduated in 1942 with the degree of Bachelor of Science in Chemistry.

While studying in the Dominican school, he took a special class in English which accounts for his fluency in the English language. Immediately after graduation, he taught sciences for a year at Binmaley Seminary in Pangasinan. Later on he was transferred to Vigan to teach for four years. His assignment to the post of Regent came in 1947. Three years later, he was sent abroad to take up Graduate studies at St. Louis University in St. Louis, Missouri, where he finished his Master of Science in Chemistry.

Kind-hearted, possessed of a willing heart and ready hand, you naturally feel at ease and comfortable whenever you come to speak with him. With a face always full of life and animation, he can look at anybody gaily without being indifferent or sarcastic.

Now a permanent resident of the Philippines, he could only say: "I will therefore be with you as long as the hand of time does not change the course of history." #

# N BEHIND A SCENE

by SIXTO LI. ABAO, Jr.

everything is in order and in its proper place. He has to sign everyday quite a number of communications affecting his position, not to mention a number of diplomas waiting daily at his table for his signature.

As Regent of a college with an average annual enrollment of 350 students, his responsibilities are great and varied. He sees to it that the welfare and interest of the students as well as the university are well looked into and taken care of. Any spare hours that he may have are profitably spent in regularly visiting the pharmacy classes "to observe the progress of the students and the faculty." Besides, he visits the laboratory rooms and never leaves without checking on whatever is still lacking and necessary to make the instruction smooth and efficient. This accounts

Now in his early forties, his only comment on the success of his students was, "I am proud of them."

Under his supervision, the College of Pharmacy has earned the distinction of being one of the top-notch colleges in the whole archipelago. The results of the Board Examinations can attest to this fact. Only recently, a young and good-looking bespectacled lass, whose story is printed elsewhere in this issue, and two of her classmates, swept the government exams by romping off with the second, fifth and tenth places, respectively. Certainly an outstanding feat. All these successes could be attributed in one way or another to the line and exemplary performance of Father Robert. Yet, notwithstanding the fruits of his exemplary service, he still exclaimed when I approached him for an interview: "This is

## THE COLLEGE OF PHARMACY

(Continued from page 6)

is gratifying to know that the percentage of students from San Carlos who pass the Board Examination has never been below the national average, but always from 80% to 100%. Furthermore, when one remembers that San Carlos usually contributes only 5% of the total number of candidates taking the Board Examination in any given year, the honor roll of San Carlos becomes all the more impressive. Still we do not intend to rest upon our past achievements. The success of former students is just so much inspiration for us to continue doing the best we can to produce competent Catholic pharmacists for the Philippines."





THE AUTHOR

## WANTED:

**F**OR YEARS, students have asked why the University has no supreme student government or Student Council. They need it. To them, it is a facility in their study and training in leadership, an aid to their understanding of the democratic principle and processes of government.

But we will have it soon. Our good Father Rector has interposed no objection against its establishment. He knows it to be unconscionable to deny the students the opportunity to learn the mechanics of government through it. Besides, to know about democracy is essential nowadays. Ignorance of its meaning is dangerous to our professed Faith and to the safety of the entire nation.

Our present diversified social structure seems to good us into saying: "The understandings and skills involved in the practice of good citizenship cannot be acquired from books alone." The abstract knowledge and theories gained in the classrooms must be applied within the school itself where democratic principles are taught. To adhere strictly to the theories of democracy without applying them is just one way of saying: "Follow what I say but don't follow what I do."

The late President Ramon Mag-saysay himself had urged the creation of student governments in the schools. He was convinced that student governments afford the students the opportunities to train

themselves in the art of governing. However, he held the view that student governments, like other human institutions, cannot be perfect; but since the governed are intelligent electorates and the advisers are scholars, they are expected to maintain a high standard of integrity and honesty.

Harry C. McKown, an authority on the subject, said: "The effective school in a democracy must give its students an intelligent understanding of the issues of democracy, make them well disposed toward democracy as a way of life, and make them skillful in the co-operative activities through democracy must function."

It is admitted, however, that most student organizations at present fail in the very objective for which they exist. They are going far from the true fundamental goal. They sprout in an election, then end in a party or a dance.

The Fourth Regional Student

in the fundamentals of good citizenship. It was discovered that little attention was paid to such an objective. For instance, members of a Student Council merely content themselves with being called members. They do not actively and intelligently participate in the activities of the Council.

Nevertheless, this problem is not entirely devoid of a solution. Efforts must be exerted to let every member know, understand, and realize that he is as important as any other member of the organization. If this can be attained, he will consider himself a part of the group. As a result, he will not hesitate to work religiously for the good of the organization.

The PACU conference hinted that membership in a Student Council should not be limited to a selected few. The youngest, the poorest, the least articulate, and the least influential deserves a share in the

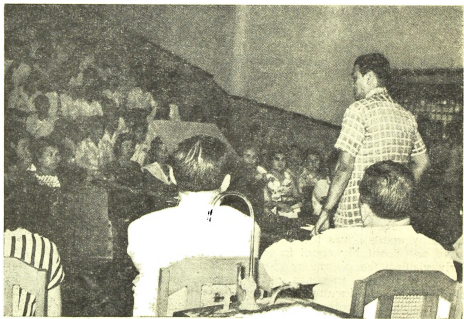
# A STUDENT COUNCIL

by **S. B. FABROZ**

Leadership Training Course, conducted by the Philippine Association of Colleges and Universities (PACU), which was held in Cebu last May 2-3, dealt principally with the true objective of student organizations which is to train students

Council's activities. And the PACU aptly warned: "Many have been so delighted for an opportunity to work with the 'cream' of the student body that they have tended to forget that the student council is not and

*(Continued on page 35)*



The PACU Convention of which the author was a delegate drafted the resolution urging all schools to establish Student Councils. The tall man giving an informal address is Presidential Aspirant Manuel P. Manahan.

**T**HE LAST prayer offered by eight hundred cadets on that historic Monday, March 11, 1957 was for a third star. Spic and span they stood against the blistering heat of a lenten high noon sun trying hard to conceal the fear that gripped their young hearts. This I knew for I was one of them.

What were we doing? Where were we? Why were we afraid?

We were not to die; nor were we to fight a prehistoric monster. Yet, ours was worse than facing a monster or death; for facing them, had we failed, eternal peace of mind at least would have been ours.

Most of us were a bunch of young and irresponsible boys. As a matter of fact, only the rifles

jective — that of winning the Star (first place) the second time.

Long before, it was held that it was as impossible to retain the Star as to win another first prize in the sweepstakes race. Because of the challenge posed, the year 1955-56 saw the Major and the cadet corps really rallying their forces and tightening their main line of defense. The Star came back to our folds and the "impossible" became a part of the shambles of past competition.

Then the year 1956-57 came into the pages of our story. Comparatively, this year the Major was the most confident commandant. Aside from the fact that he had a good line-up, he had a system of training which really "clicked." Being the good commander that he



Major Anacleto Garcia  
Gave USC Cadets a galaxy of  
stars on the breast.

# The Inside Story of The Triple Star

by WINIFREDO C. GEONZON, Corps Ex-O, 1956-57

made us look like men. And we really proved we were men, at least, for unto us the prize has fallen, the third STAR!

## THE SYSTEM

The story of the triple Star is not only the story of the USC Cadet Corps of 1956-57 but also that of the two years before. The first part began with the turn-over of the ROTC hot-seat to Major Anacleto S. Garcia.

I was in July of 1954 when I first met Major Garcia, then a captain. Though not a giant among the men in the service, his know-how and experience rated him as one. Admittedly, Class 1957 (second year advance last year) had a lot of "whippings" coming so that at the mere sight of Major Garcia, the cadets' knees turned to water. He really was a strict disciplinarian. Being the new commandant, the Major had to do a lot of experimenting with the type of training he would conduct. So many were his "tests" that Class 1957 can be proud of being called his "guinea pigs." I said proud for at the end of that year, San Carlos catapulted from the fourth to the first place.

The next year 1955-56, saw a new bunch of officers — hard boiled and in top shape. With these officers as his reinforcement, the Mayor trained his guns on his second ob-

ject, he concentrated his efforts and time on strengthening the ROTC's weakest point — Field Artillery. So determined was he that most of the time, the infantry battalion got used to not seeing him on Sundays.

## THE STRENGTH

Oftentimes this writer hears questions on what makes a unit strong. From experience, I would hazard the opinion that the strength of a unit is determined by the following factors:

Commandant and Staff	30%
School Administration	20%
Corps of Cadet Officers	25%
Type of Cadets	25%

The commandant and staff are rated that much because of the system of training they introduce and prescribe.

Major Garcia's system called for a rigid yet relaxed training. Soldiers would cadets stay under the heat of the sun. Nor would an observer see them always at attention. Most of the time, instructions were conducted in the shade or in the lobby of the main building. More often cadets marched at ease.

The system is very practical. While it sacrificed discipline, yet it drew the maximum cooperation from the men in the ranks. To top it all, the system bolstered the morale of the cadets to the end that

the pain of rigid training became pleasurable.

The school administration comes next. Their contribution is manifested by the facilities offered the cadets; such as poopsheds, office and armory, and rifle slings. In the end the school's interest always determines the morale of the unit. Hence, if the administration is vocal in giving incentives to the commandant, his staff, and the cadets, it always follows that the concerned will work hard to live up to the administration's expectations.

In the last two years of Tactical Inspection, before the cadets boarded the trucks, Father Rector had always given them parting inspiration. To the ordinary, the words are no different from any common encouragement. To us who were to undergo an ordeal, the words meant renewed confidence and spiritual strength. In that stiff competition, this made the difference.

The corps of cadet officers gets twenty-five percent rating for they implement the system.

To be an officer here in San Carlos is no joke. It requires the courage of a man and the creative and instructional abilities of a seasoned teacher. While military bearing and enthusiasm are requisites, an officer should have a carload of self-control.

(Continued on page 35)

## • Short Story •

**T**HUNDERCLAP. The old chico tree, which bends over the stone doorway of an old Spanish house, totters a little and stands pallidly before the dim light of the doorway lamp. Another thunderclap, which seems to rip the ghostly heaven in twain, fades in the dismal distance. The wind moans. Then the thunder-shower falls.

The old Spanish house looks like an ogre. It's stooping. Its fence, which is of stone blocks, is already full of holes and a portion of it has even tumbled down. Mosses thrive in the crevices of the fence and tall weeds make the place look very uncanny. The wayside near the gate is kept clean and is barred by two stone dogs. One has lost its head and the other half its body.

The gate has an L-shaped cemented baluster, but the balcony is wooden. Some rails of it are already broken. The wall has decayed except the parts near the windows, for these have been repaired. And with the cheerless watercolor that the thunder-shower has given it, it appears like the skin of a man in his nineties. What was once a tiza roof has turned to zinc and even this has eroded. The folded edge of a sheet is constantly bing-banging the rafter as the wind blows.

The white dog at the doorstep



A dog howls, the night wind moans,  
and under the chico tree awaits . . .

# The STRANGER

by Junne Cañizates

stands up, stretches his body and hops upstairs lazily, looms in the darkened balcony and lies down with its head touching the floor. He raises his head suddenly and

sniffs in the darkness. He growls. He wags his tail. Barks, barks and barks. The ears perk up as he smells something. He gives a last growl, shakes his body and lies

down again. A sinister figure is leaning on the old chico tree, almost invisible in the shadow.

Yesterday night he had seen this stranger for the first time. He just appeared there. It must have been past midnight since the dozen rustic twangs of the wallclock had long mingled with the hush of the evening, and the crescent moon had sailed far in the western sky. He just appeared there and stood there — silent, motionless, and waiting, waiting. . .

The dog stared at him and barked to scare the stranger away, but the stranger never moved. The wind whistled through the leaves of the chico tree. The dog rushed downstairs. As he touched the ground he lunged into the shadow. The stranger vanished!

Now, the dog stands up. He opens his mouth, shows his sharp

teeth. His tongue lolls. His body stiffens; his eyes are fixed somewhere beneath the chico tree.

At his back the old door squeaks. The dog looks back. Kolasa, the old maid, comes out from the half-open door.

"Zorro. Zorro!" She says absent-mindedly, while spreading her black umbrella. "Zorro!" She says again, this time with a tsu-tsu sound.

The dog wags his tail. The maid goes downstairs briskly. The dog doesn't know what to do. His eyes expectantly follow the maid who is already nearing the chico tree. The dog holds his breath for a moment. Suddenly a flood of fear rivers in his whole being. He sees snakes — many, many snakes. Nothing but snakes! Even the stranger has transformed itself into a very big snake. And they are all crawling towards him. . . Yet he is ready to jump downstairs at any minute to help Kolasa if something happens. The maid only passes by. The stranger is still there, unseen.

The rain slackens but the thunderclaps roar a crescendo. The wind is colder, and blasts into a climax. The baton of night beats and the wind gushes. A dead chico branch breaks and cracks on the ground.

The dog is panting now, insensate of the cold. The blood circulates faster and faster through his veins. His heart pounds and kicks as if wanting to get out of his ribs. Restless. It is torn by two storms — fright and curiosity. The stranger is still there like a sallow statue — silent, motionless, and waiting.

Tang! Tang! Tang! The dog feels like an anvil being frantically hammered. His bones loosen. His sinews give way. Somebody somewhere inside of him warns that nobody can defy this stranger. Then... the stranger approaches him... draws a shining sword... he is panic-stricken... he melts... the sword is raised... then whizzes down. The dog shrinks as small as possible. Suddenly he barks, and lulls. The pang of illusion hangs for a while.

Thunderclap! So the stranger is after him. Kill or be killed! The dog takes a gamble. He thinks it wise to count seven thunderclaps first, before he runs to the stranger and tear him to pieces. Who is he? What is he waiting for? Whom does he want? Why does he not stay in the light? A robber? A bandit? A prowler?

Thunderclap. One. Then the

faint hooting of an owl is heard and dies out. In this weather, an owl cares to hoot? No, never. It must not be an owl, but it sounds just like one. Yes, it is an owl.

Thunderclap. Two. The dog closes his mouth, gnashes his teeth. Then he hears a hair-raising, creeping noise. It is like the one made by the ugly mello-pink-and-green snake he saw once crawling through the pile of dried hay. Then, snakes, snakes, snakes, thousand of snakes appear again. They come from all directions. From above, all around.

Thunderclap — three, then four and five continuously, battering the roof of the old Spanish house. A trident of lightning flashes and in a split second, the dog sees the stranger clearly. The dog withdraws a little. Another lightning. Then another, another and another shear the dark. The dog opens his eyes wide!

The stranger is tall, taller than the post that supports the dooryard lamp. His habiliment is black all over. The dog is not sure whether the stranger is facing him or not. The raid is now falling in hogs-heads, making countless blurring lines that shelter the stranger from sight. The creeping noise ceases.

Thunderclaps — six! And the fear in the dog rises into devastating wrath clothed with boldness. The dog only waits for another thunderclap before the final spring. The rustic wall clock cling-clangs twelve times.

Then the seventh thunderclap comes rolling from the gloomy skies and the tempests of thunder explode again above the old Spanish house. Now! The dog cocks his head and —

"Zorro... Zorro..." Saturnina, the other maid calls his name. He does not know that she has slipped out of the decayed half-opened door standing at his back. He wags his tail in response.

Saturnina puts on the raincoat, presses it to straighten the wrinkles, examines and unfurls her umbrella and goes downstairs shivering. The eyes of the dog follow her again up to the old chico tree. Another lightning shears the darkness. To the astonishment of the dog, the stranger is no longer there. The dog growls in disgust.

But as the dark swallows up Saturnina, the stranger appears at the foot of the stairs. He motions to ascend. The dog waits in suspense, his heart throbbing and kicking faster than ever. Yes, it is better to wait so that the stranger cannot

escape his fangs. The winding cemented stairs of the old Spanish house this time act as a trap. But the stranger seems to step on the trap. He has already gained three steps. The dog expands his body. His claws are firm on the floor. The stranger stops and descends slowly. The dog feels like being mocked and leaps downstairs in pursuit to catch the stranger, but...

"Zorro! Zorro! Tsu-tsu, su, Zorro!" Out of the half-opened door the head of a woman comes and beckons and calls him. The dog ascends hurriedly and kisses the feet of his mistress whose face is livid as death.

The old mistress peers around the darkness for a while, pats the heads of Zorro and leaves the door.

The dog sits down with his head up. He casts a sweeping look before him and discovers that the stranger had returned beneath the old chico tree.

Two shafts of light strike the gate. Then fade out. A car makes a loud terminal roar. Moments make a little gap of silence. Three men in coats and hats, accompanied by Kolasa and Saturnina, are seen walking along the pebbled pathway. The dog feels happier, as if he has been isolated for so long and has not seen any familiar faces.

The fat man carries a handy khaki bag. The smart one has a thin portfolio tucked in his arm, while the tallest one is only holding a little black book.

The three men wipe their shoes hurriedly and go inside with the maids behind them. The dog recognizes the three men. They had been frequent visitors weeks ago. The dog yawns and lies down to take a wink of sleep.

Then he smells something unpleasant like the odor of newly-plowed land. Like some ashes or burnt wood; like some bones newly excavated from the canal; like some...

Maybe, the dog is already too tired to find out what it is, so he just makes some sleepy glances. The stranger has calmly, silently and unconcernedly passed by him from inside the old Spanish house. The dog closes his eyes again, unwillingly, to slumber.

The rain slowly stops, but the cold wind is still freezing. The impact of silence wakes the dog. He stands up and strolls to and from the porch, stretching his body

(Continued on page 29)

# What Do You Think ~ ~ ~

Conducted by SAMMY B. FABROZ

We are going to the polls this coming November to give a very important verdict. We are going to decide who should be the man to be our next President.

The matter is so important that we cannot just let it pass and take it for granted. This writer endeavored to gather at random personal opinions from the students, asking them what should be the kind of man that will make a good President of the Philippines.

The opinions expressed herein are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect those of this paper.



Miss Erlinda Sievert

## MISS ERLINDA SIEVERT Secretarial Dept., says:

"In general, all of them would want to be as great as the late President Magsaysay, or if they could, even much greater. Obviously, the present presidential aspirants are trying as much as they can to show to the people how close they were with the late president when he was yet alive. They are making their physical resemblance to Magsaysay as an effective appeal that another RM is around.

"It is not surprising therefore, that if the candidate who is claiming to be the RM type wins, he

will do marvels at the start of his term as he will always strive to equal the late president. And it will not be the least surprising either if in the end he will be corrupt after getting tired with his imitation or after failing to imitate. He will come out then as a poor imitator."

## MR. ALFONSO ALCUITAS College of Law, says:

"This year's national election is the first national election that has attracted so many ambitious as-

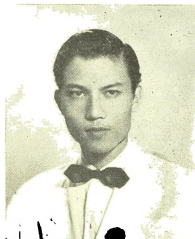
pirants. But though the candidates are many, we still must not be misled. We know what kind of man will make good as President of the Philippines.

## OF OUR PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES?

"He may not be too intelligent. So much the better if he is young, energetic, a truly good man, a lover of his country and a real friend of the masses. He must know how to mix with people from all walks of life in order to know and understand their problems. He must be a dedicated man who is ready to die for his country. Lastly, but not the least, he must be determined to conform to the policies and principles adhered to by late President Ramon Magsaysay."

all the same tomatoes with different peelings... one candidate billed himself the best, the mostest, the only, to save the nation. That's o.k. except that 5 others have exactly the same idea. If we have to swallow these gimmicks, heaven only knows where we'll end up. Each candidate no doubt has superior qualifications but that's no guarantee he'll make a good president. The presidency is the highest office in the land and is no joking matter; our candidates run for it by advertising themselves as public

commodities like a new brand of soap or aspirin and is all the more lamentable. Yulo appeals to the unemployed by his economic prowess... Garcia promises everything... Recto goes full blast on his intellectual appeal... and Manahan...? He's obviously a man with a Magsaysay heart... unquestionably honest and dynamic and thus captures the young people's interest and they join him on the assumption that they have everything to gain with a rising new party... but that is not enough. A good president must be a statesman, a politician, an economist as well as a person with the so called



Mr. Alfonso Alcuitas



Miss Hermie Pilpa

## MISS HERMIE PILPA College of Commerce, says:

"Manahan is my man... Yulo for the masses... Vote Recto, the man of destiny... Choose Puyat... blah... blah... presidential campaign slogans nowadays, if you'll pardon my saying so, are getting cornier than ever. Campaign strategy seems shopworn and boring from overuse; each campaigner boots his own choice in super glowing terms from 'the hope of the nation' to 'the man of the hour.' Judging from the hullabaloo, they're



'common touch... either he must combine them all or he's lost... our present crop seems to have either one or two and none of the rest... What's wrong?"

#### MISS ESTRATONICA TAN

**College of Commerce, says:**

"After the death of our beloved President Magsaysay, many would like to become President. Even the unheard ones think that they, too, could do good as President of the Philippines. They believe that their

seemed to have done nothing. Hospitals clogged with flu victims, prices of medicine went up, and yet the President did nothing. This is a glaring indication of his unwillingness to continue in his present position.

"Let's have Claro M. Recto. Recto is a genius. He speaks of abstract economic theories and principles which he himself can only understand. The people now want a man of action and not necessarily a genius.

"Or Jose Yulo. I believe that Mr. Yulo is unfit to be the President of our country because of his age. What we need now is a vigorous man. His claim to be an economic expert is yet to be tested. The country cannot afford to go through another trial-and-error method of choice.

"We want a man who can feel and understand the masses. And, certainly, we have him in Manuel P. Manahan."



Miss Estratonica Tan

academic accomplishments or political know-how are enough guaranty to make them an ideal President of the country.

We, the voters, know what to do. We need a man who has enough training in the government service, of good moral character and with unimpeachable integrity, whose interest and devotion is only for the good and welfare of the country."

#### MR. ARTURO RABOY

**College of Law, says:**

"I understand that to date there are four presidential candidates: Manuel P. Manahan, Senator Claro M. Recto, the incumbent President Carlos P. Garcia, and Jose Yulo.

"Take President Carlos P. Garcia. On the first day of the horrible outbreak of the "Flu" epidemic, he



Mr. Arturo Raboy



Miss Rita Palma

Country: He must have the intelligence and experience in public service to solve the economic problems of the country. He must be God-fearing and should not use the presidential power as a means to his selfish ends. He should not be the talkative type who lures the dead to rise from their graves because of political promises."

#### MR. MAXIMO E. MONTAYRE

**College of Commerce, says:**

"If we look at our political slant today and observe keenly the tides of political issues, one question would come into our mind: Who is the man best qualified to become President of the Philippines?"

"In my opinion, I prefer a man



Miss Delia Gador

#### MISS DELIA GADOR

**College of Education, says:**

"To mention the qualities of a man that will make a good President of the Philippines is quite difficult. But I must say that he should be a man who is morally and religiously upright. He must be one that can understand the common masses, in responding to their needs and solving their problems. That man must know how to uphold democracy, for upholding democracy is one way of protecting our Christian Faith. We must size him up on his standing as a man and on his religious Faith as a Christian."

#### MISS RITA PALMA

**College of Lib. Arts, says:**

"I am not an idealist but I say that our country cannot and can never have a kind of government we want if we go wrong in the qualities of the man that I think will make good as President of our



Mr. Maximo E. Montayre

who knows little about politics, but must be one who is honest and sincere. A President of the Philippines need not necessarily be one who is experienced in politics. We only need a kind of man like the late Pres. Magsaysay who is devoted to service and duty to his country. There is no reason why we should not choose today a man who is of the same specie as The Guy whom we treasured with love and confidence. Now is the time to champion a cause for a man who has little knowledge of the art of politics but who knows how to keep his words."

**A**RNOLD JANSSEN, the founder of the Society of the Divine Word, whose priests have contributed so much to the high standards of SAN CARLOS UNIVERSITY, acknowledged the importance of science in modern times. He himself, trained at the University of Bonn in natural science, insisted that the fostering of science should be one of the aims of the Society of the Divine Word. That San Carlos University has been recognized time and time again as outstanding in the natural sciences is therefore explained by the aims of the Society of the Divine Word.

As a natural outgrowth of the love for natural science, Arnold Janssen acknowledged also the importance of social science, especially of anthropology and ethnology for missionary activities, because he had founded primarily a Mission Society. Out of this vision and encouragement the international magazine *Anthropos* developed, whose editor today is the former Dean of the San Carlos Graduate School, Reverend Fr. Rudolf Rahmann. The *Anthropos* is the leading Catholic anthropological magazine with a yearly publication of 1000 pages. Contributions come from missionaries, anthropologists and folklorists the world over.

In 1932 the SVD priests who were holders of degrees in anthropology and ethnology, were formally organized as the ANTHROPOS INSTITUTE with headquarters first in Vienna (Austria) and later, since 1938, in Posieux-Froidelville, Switzerland. Only a small staff remained at the headquarters. The rest held professorships at leading universities in Vienna, Fribourg, Washington, Chicago, Peking, Tokyo, Nagoya and San Carlos University, Cebu City; others were engaged in field research on scientific expeditions.

San Carlos University had the privileges both to see and hear some of these leading anthropologists like the late, internationally famous Fr. W. Schmidt and Fr. M. Gusinde both members of the Society of the Divine Word. Fr. Rudolf Rahmann was for years head of the Graduate School of San Carlos; he laid down the pattern of research which has been highly praised by foreign anthropologists and ethnologists who have come in contact with Philippine Research Work.

The research done by Fr. Rahmann and his Graduate School stu-

dents might be termed "basic research" in Philippine customs and culture, a research which leads me direct to the topic: "SOCIAL SCIENTISTS POINT THE WAY TO RELIGIOUS ACCULTURATION IN THE PHILIPPINES."

The topic might at first sight be unfamiliar to you. Let me therefore explain what I mean by acculturation. The Social Science Research Council Committee states: "Acculturation comprehends those phenomena which result when groups of individual having different cultures come into continuous first-hand contact, with subsequent changes in the original cultural pat-

"For the Jews I became a Jew, for the Romans a Roman and for the Greeks a Greek." The Christian content or dogma was poured by St. Paul into new forms appropriate for the nation concerned.

We here in the Philippines have to do just that. The Philippines has often been called "the show-window of democracy" for the nations of the East, but much more the Philippines is the show-window of Christianity. Here Christian content, which is universal and the same for all mankind, has to be dressed in Asiatic forms, appealing to Eastern taste and tradition. Failure to do so, might lead to a

# Social Scientists Religious A

by

**Rev. Father  
Richard Arens  
S. V. D.**

failure of Christianity in the Far East. Therefore, my dear friends, the University of San Carlos takes an interest in this task of Religious Acculturation; and the research work of its social scientists points the way.

A few examples from the Philippines, where missionary work among the pagans and pastoral work among the Christian Filipinos is often combined, might illustrate the point. Social research studies among the Christian Filipinos showed that there are agricultural and social rituals widely in use which originated in animistic times. In barrios far away from the resident priests and therefore with only sporadic priestly contact, these customs and rituals are practically entirely animistic in form and content, whereas in barrios with steady priestly contact the rituals have been partly Christianized. A kind of folk-liturgiy is thus developing.

The agricultural and social rituals of the early Filipino, still preserved in distant barrios, express a great religious need and sentiment. They show a penetration of daily life with religious motives. The mis-

terms of either or both groups." Expressed in simpler terms it means, we borrow what is wholesome and salutary from others and amalgamate or blend them with the good in our own culture in order to form the best culture for our own advancement.

If this is applied to the field of Religion we speak of "Religious Acculturation". At the first this sounds heretical. Can we change the dogmas according to national desires and preferences? Impossible! But this is not the point. In religious acculturation we are dealing with the field of liturgy and religious practices. In the field of religious acculturation and accommodation the Catholic Church is an experienced hand, with St. Paul as leader, who said about himself:

siologists who emphasizes accommodation, acculturation and evaluation of the social research findings could point out to the missionary and parish priest that he has here an easy "avenue" to the soul of the Filipino, if this need is cultivated and educated in the Christian way.

It is precisely the aim of the Catholic religion to penetrate and sanctify secular life through the sacraments. The sacraments are the core of Christian living. When now the primitive mountain people, and even their highly civilized Christian brothers in the lowlands, have such a need and desire to motivate all their doings religiously, would not

Another contribution the social scientist makes is giving deeper insight into and understanding of some of the common religious practices. It is well known that the outward religious life of Filipino Christians in the barrios is widely "saint-centered". Novenas, processions, devotions, pilgrimages mostly have as their objective the veneration of the Blessed Mother Mary or one of the many saints of the Catholic Church. Some forms of worship seem strange. In barrio Tinambacan on Samar island, for example, the people have a Friday devotion to St. Vincent Ferrer. From all surrounding barrios people flock

the idea that God was re-incarnated in certain human beings—the so-called "Dios-Dios" idea which is still prevalent today in certain distant barrios. The *Tambalan* or medicine-man had, according to the Filipino, supernatural powers. For these powers he was esteemed and respected. Now the saint is believed to have similar powers. It is therefore easier for the ordinary Filipino mentally even of today to approach God through his saints who are not so abstract, but are God's special friends with great powers bestowed on them by God. This way to God, through His saints conforms more to centuries of old pagan tradition.

Another puzzle is the fact that certain religious organizations, devotions and practices are cherished, stay for decades, even centuries, without special effort from the priest, whereas others drag along, but need steady encouragement and special effort. The family rosary can be traced through three centuries of Christian history in the Philippines and it is still going strong today. The consecration of the Family to the Sacred Heart (enthronement) is a yearly celebrated affair and needs no encouragement. The Barangay movement is an organization which in a few years conquered the Philippine nation to the most distant barrios. It is too early to give final judgment about the future of this organization, but it is accepted so enthusiastically and keeps on actively without much priestly assistance is amazing. Other devotions and organizations have their difficulties, they come and die. How often do priest complain that it is so difficult to get the members to the weekly and monthly meetings? Parents make difficulties to send their grown-up children to Catholic action training course. Why this indifference? The sociologists point to the close family ties—all devotions and organizations which are based on family participation and are embedded in the family are a success if not there will be difficulties. Again to know this, to face this fact, to build or organizations around the family and to foster family devotions, might mean success or failure in the parish.

I could go on citing examples but space does not permit. It is clear that social scientists—also from the institution—have made considerable contributions to effective religious acculturation as the few examples I have amply shown. †

# Point The Way To acculturation

the sacramental approach be the most successful to make them happy and good Christians? There is already a natural foundation on which to build. This should lead the missionaries to emphasize the meaning of the Sacraments in their instructions to the newly converted Mangyans in Mindoro, Tingians in Abra and Igorots in the mountain province. The missionary should make them understand that the sacraments are the fulfillment of the agricultural and social rituals in a far higher form.

For some primitive mountain people the Sacraments might be the first bridge to Christianity. The history of Catholic liturgy shows that many of our present liturgical ceremonies were formerly pagan rituals. The Church in a wise accommodation and acculturation process gave the old forms a new Christian content. In the same way the Church should take the initiative in modern mission countries. In some instances the Christians have already taken the lead themselves, as for example in giving the Old Rice Ritual a Christian meaning and content.

*A Condensation of the  
Commencement Speech  
delivered at the  
Summer Commencement  
Exercises*

there on Fridays—although they do not come for the obligatory Sunday Mass—they offer a candle, they use a silver wing or silver sandal of St. Vincent they dip it in the water and strike it over head, arms and back (patamak). They take ordinary water home in which they have let down a candle which was offered to St. Vincent. Women, hard laboring at childbirth, drink this water, others use the water externally. Promises (sa-od) are made to St. Vincent which are sometimes strange, for example: to cut the hair in the Church; to let girls wear boys clothing up to the age of 14 to 15; not to let the child be baptized up to marriageable age, etc.

The social scientist points out, that only a few generations ago the Filipino was pagan, but he had

## COVER STORY

(Continued from page 5)

lusion of her "long years of toil and effort" she laughed. "Don't be ridiculous, in my time the pharmacy course was not yet 5 years and not yet cluttered up with those *que horror* math subjects like calculus, trigo etc. I hate Math but now I'm God-help-me immersed in the mess again."

Our first request for an interview met with a giggle. When we phoned her she was blissfully enjoying "Bundle of Joy" inside a down-town moviehouse. Catching up with her the next day in the chemistry laboratory, she was in flat shoes conducting an experiment, some sort of analysis of iron ore which she was watching in 3 glass beakers over a burner. If you think our interview was formal questions and answers, why nothing could be more silly... we had to vamoose quickly as we ended our interviewing each other... and that's Zinnia for you.

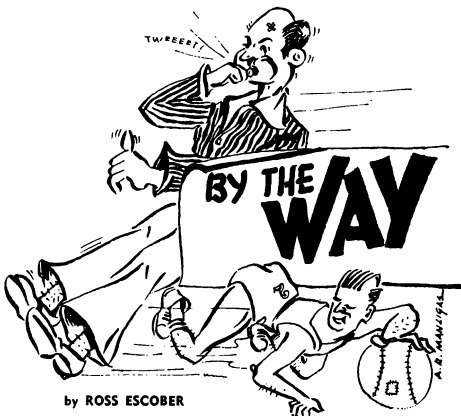
### PUREZA PAÑARES (5th Place)

● Eza finished her primary grades in Naga Elementary School, her intermediate schooling in Naga Intermediate School, Naga, Cebu. Her first and second years in high school were happily spent in the Notre Dame High School, San Fernando, Cebu. When she reached the third year of her secondary education, she transferred to the Naga Provincial High School. She stayed there until her graduation. She came out fourth in the honor list.

Pureza never expected to romp off with the fifth place during that "thrilling" board exam. "However, I did not forget to say my prayers," she said. "It is always safe to be with God at all times."

### GERARDA POLANCOS (10th Place)

● Gerarda was born on October 3, 1934 in Merida, Leyte. She finished her primary and intermediate grades in Merida Elementary School. Her first year high school was spent in Merida Junior High School. But she transferred to the University of San Carlos in the following year. She remained a Carolinian until her graduation from the high school. After her graduation from high school, she took up the Pharmacy course in this University and was fortunate enough to cop the tenth place.



by ROSS ESCOBER

The basketball aggregation of Dodong Aquino has taken on the queerest, fightingest congregation of assorted basketball personalities. They come from as far as the land of 'juramentados' to the musically tinkling voices of the Negrenses.

★ ★  
You'll find Cesar 'Tot' Frias, from the Don Felix Montinola Memorial College loopin' the basket for us these days. He formerly was a Gold Medalist from the college, an Athlete of the Year. On the court he is a cross between a leaping rubber man and a poet at loss for words.

★ ★  
Cenizo 'Casanova' (now lock, I didn't tag him with the monicker) Modequillo staged a comeback and is out there again in the heat of arms and ball. Ben-lut Reyes (lut as in balut) is an old hand at this game and a lot of others.

★ ★  
Michael 'Charlie Horse' also a "come-back-er". He joined the varsity way back a couple of years ago but then he dropped out to attend to his shipping biz. Julian 'Carmen Jones' Macey is deceptive for his size and looks; but he sizzles all right. Cesar 'Eskina' Manallil is Cebu's own product coming from Northern Ili. Jose 'Husky' Mejia is a gradee from the Engineers intramurals team.

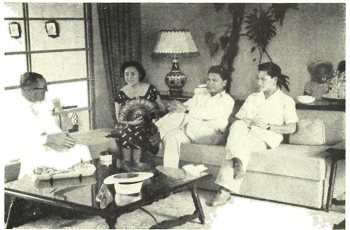
★ ★  
Esmeraldo 'Sabre Jet' Abejo, the guy who guided USC to a hustling victory over San Jose in an exhibition game is a perfect double for Boy 'Hotshot' de la Cruz.

★ ★  
Danny Deen is still the helmsman of the team. Beat Boy Cruz through the "skin of my teeth". Eight-six in the team's skipper election.

★ ★  
Has anybody heard of Coach Hil-Johnson lately? His hand work lives with Baring and all other coaches but he seems to have vanished from our view and news? Any volunteer informant? Tom Echivarre's set plays should not be called team plays, should be Tom-Plays. Echivarre's work is simply magnificent. How's me french there?

★ ★  
Varsity players are more social of late.... La Cruz (Boy) is a Tri E member and Peping Rogado with Modequillo and Galdo (last minute Galdo) are Akans. Baby Vargas is selling his racket (tennis boy). Giving up tennis boy for your soccer? "The shrinking Giant", mascot of the team is Roberto Rosales, Jr.

# UNIVERSITY AFFAIRS ... *in Pictures*



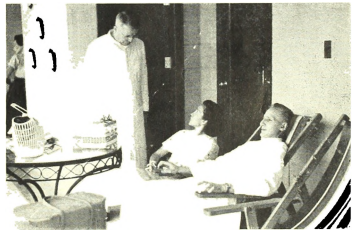
*Ride ...*

*Hike ...*

*Chat ... Relax!*

**THE FACULTY**

**EXCURSION**





# UNIVERSITY AFFAIRS ... *in Pictures*



## THE STUDENTS EXCURSION

*the beach . . .*

*the sea . . .*

*the waves . . .*



*vs.*

*the classroom . . .*

*the homework . . .*

*the tests!*





**July 4th Harvest:**  
**USC ROTC Is Best Marching Unit!**  
*The third Star... the trophy... the pride... the glory...*



*Father L. Bunzel And Father J. Jaschik Leave For Home*



# USC BASEBALL CHAMPIONS OF THE C.C.A.A. BASEBALL LEAGUE FOR 1956-57



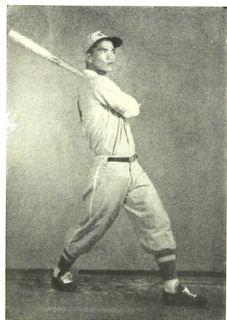
**USC BASEBALL TEAM ON THEIR FIRST VICTORY POSE.**

**Sitting from left to right: J. Danu, F. Caballero, A. Coja (Capt.), N. Tabada, E. Caballero. —**

**Standing (the same order): H. Mellado, C. Abendan, R. Iratagotia, A. Medallo, Coach M. Ruedas, R. Gimeno, B. Gacasan.**

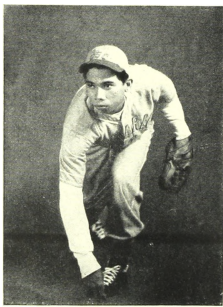
Diligent practice and a fighting heart brought the C.C.A.A. League Pennant into the hands of the USC Baseball Varsity Team. Since the league's organization, three years ago, this is the first time the USC Warriors won the baseball championship in a five-team league representing the different schools in Cebu.

The season's second round competition climaxed with a tie play between USC and CIT. After losing the first round, the Carolinians retaliated with a clean slate of victories in the second round. In the final game, the timely hits with a collaborated defense work in fielding and pitching, won the championship of USC over CIT by a score 6 to 1.



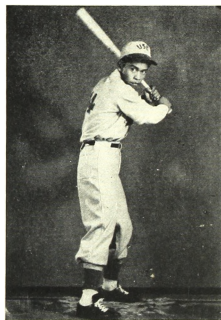
**Capt. Angelino Coja**

A power packed hitter whose consistent season's hitting average of .300 definitely helped USC to the Pennant. In addition to his unusual field versatility as Captain of the team.



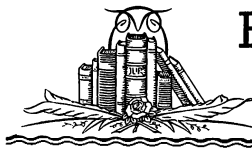
**Belmergaspar Gacasan**

A pitching talent, inducted within the Carolinian ranks, has become the most improved player in his position. With slight wane in one foot, the young hurler has 61 strike outs in 54 innings.



**Fermin Caballero**

A versatile player combining a timely hitting of .333 average with expert fielding judgment of the T. Cobb type, who can also think with his feet, is the only player on any Cebu Team to earn the candidacy for the National Philippine Team.



# BOOK Review

• by **George Guy** • Graduate School

## A MID-CENTURY LANDMARK

When commenting on the masterwork of an outstanding scientist, protocol dictates that one starts with a few words of self-effacement. If the reason for such a practice is merely a matter of form, and a subterfuge for possible limitations, then the reviewer will do better to eliminate altogether such discourtesy — even if clothed in words of utmost felicity.

One approaches (the choice of the word is intentional) Schumpeter's *History of Economic Analysis* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1955. Pp. xxv, 1260) feeling more like a questioning student than a cool impersonal critic. No scientific study, however, should be slavishly pursued along the lines of one or the other outstanding authority in the field — however truly they may be mental giants. To undertake serious study requires a questioning mind as well as an open mind. Only after this heady fortification dare one continue with the following remarks.

The *History* took Schumpeter nine years to write, and was not completed then in all respects. This book was intended by the author to be a revision of his earlier essay *Epochen der Dogmen — und Methodengeschichte*, which was published in 1914. At his death in early 1950, Schumpeter was in the midst of revising parts of the *History* and in completing other sections. However one may regret that the final revisions were not completed, careful editing present the *History* in the best conceivable final form, considering the situation. It is easy to perceive that Mrs. Elizabeth Schumpeter treated the MS with more than just scholarly competence of a very high degree — it was a work of love. The *History* actually was the last work for both writer and editor — sad, but also beautiful because there can be little

doubt that this book will be read with the same, if not more, keenness as Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, or Marshall's *Principles* — or, for that matter, any book on economics.

The profuse footnotes of supplementary material, though perhaps a little too profuse, should not be overlooked. When read diligently in conjunction with each section of the text, the footnotes are equivalent to the occasional digressions, or explanations of minor difficulties, which lecturers are prone to indulge in during the course of their elucidation. Thus the reader has the happy feeling of being a listener to some lively discourse — the footnotes transforming the book into an *ex professo* series of superb lectures. An example of the "too" profuse nature of the footnotes is the reference to Leibniz' metaphysical speculations on monadology (p. 28), further enriched with Joule's principles of thermodynamics and Leucippus' materialism. The encyclopedic treatment of the sciences in this chapter (the third) is to the credit of Schumpeter's wide interests, a mind that ranges comfortably from Jacques Bernoulli's *Ars conjectandi* to Aristotle's *Chrematistics* — certainly something that cannot be said of the present reviewer. The section on *Wissenssoziologie* and *Wissenschaftslehre*, though also a digression, proved beautiful reading.

The book comprise five parts, of which the first part of four chapters explains the scope and method of the study. Of particular importance is the differentiation between economic analysis and economic thought or systems of political economy: "... By a system of political economy I mean an exposition of a comprehensive set of economic policies that its author advocates on the strength of certain unifying (normative) principles such as the principles of economic liberalism,

of socialism, and so on. . . Economic thought (we define as) the sum total of all the opinions and desires concerning economic subjects, especially concerning public policy bearing upon these subjects that, at any given time and place, float in the public mind. . . The development of analytic work. . . displays a characteristic property which is completely absent from the historical succession of systems of political economy." And this characteristic property is the *progress* of the tools of analysis, or the analytic apparatus.

Part II traces the history of economic analysis from the beginnings to about 1790. This period covers the development of economics into the full status of an independent branch of human knowledge, and corresponds to the first and second chapters of the *Epochen*: "Die Entwicklung der Sozialökonomik zur Wissenschaft" and "Die Entdeckung des wirtschaftlichen Kreislaufs."

Part II covers the years 1790 to 1870, and Part IV from 1870 to 1914, and later. These two parts parallel parts three and four of the *Epochen*. The concluding part sketches contemporary endeavors.

In the presentation of the development of economics, a chronological sequence was generally followed. But starting with Part III the presentation is topical. This is a happy arrangement, and avoids the difficulty which some other histories fall into by following a strictly chronological arrangement.

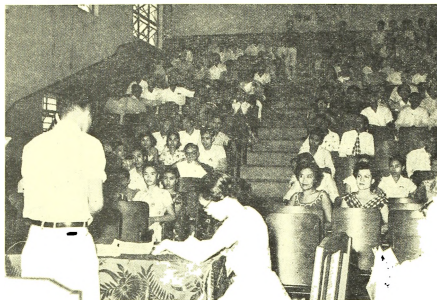
## The Faculty Excursion

(See page 17, Pictorial Section)

USC's Faculty Club held a frolicsome excursion Sunday, July 7, 1957, at the hacienda of Mayor Sergio Osmeña, Jr. From the Mayor's place, the group proceeded to the Atlas Consolidated Mining Company. Heading the excursion was energetic Atty. Mario D. Ortiz, the reelected president of the Club. Eight SVD Fathers, including Father Rector, joined the excursion.

Speaking in the meeting during the election of officers of the Faculty few days before the excursion the Father Rector promised to consider the regulations embodied in the Social Security Act as would give added benefits to the Faculty Members. Dean Pelaez of the College of Law heads a committee of six to study the law.





USC's Adelino Sitoy was elected student Chairman of the PACU Convention participated in by students from different schools in the Visayas.

## USC COPS THREE MAJOR PLACES IN PHARM BOARD EXAMS

The University of San Carlos romped away with the 2nd, 5th and 10th places in the Pharmacy Board Examinations given January of this year by the Board of Pharmaceutical Examiners. According to official reports, there were 426 candidates of the country who took the board exams; only 322 passed. USC topped three major places — 2nd, 5th, and 10th places. San Carlos' topnotchers in said exams were: Miss Zinnia F. Celestial (2nd place), Miss Puraiza Pañares (5th place) and Miss Gerarda Polanco (10th place). San Carlos' candidates got a passing percentage of 96%; 33 out of 35 passed successfully.



Miss Rosie Sanchez  
President, Perfile Club

## USC REPRESENTS STUDENTS TO PACU CONVENTION

The University of San Carlos was represented by six students at the Fourth Regional Student Leadership Training held in Cebu City May 2 to 5, 1957. The official delegates representing USC were Messrs. Adelino Sitoy, Samuel B. Fabroz, Willie Cabanilla, Estelito Alvia, Simeon Ancheta and Elsie Antonio. The training was sponsored by the Philippine Association of Colleges and Universities (PACU). USC's Adelino Sitoy was elected chairman of the convention during the final day. The Guest Speaker during the first day of the convention was Undersecretary of Defense Jose Crisol. Manny Manahan was the guest speaker of the last day of the convention.

## FORMER CAROLINIAN ED TEACHES

Thomas Echivarre, former Carolinian Editor, was taken in by the University as college instructor. He was also appointed Coach of the High School Basketball Team. "Tommy" passed the Bar Exams last year following his graduation. Before he took the Bar he was employed by the Catholic Trade School as Salesman. After taking the Bar, but before its result, he worked in the Law Office of late Congressman Pedro Lopez in Manila as Legal Researcher. The untimely death of



Cdt Lt Col Jacinto Gador, Jr.  
Corps Adjutant G S1, Class 1956-57

## USC ROTC ADJUDGED BEST MARCHING UNIT

The University of San Carlos ROTC Unit was adjudged the Best Marching Unit in the July Fourth parade. It might be remembered that it was also San Carlos that was recognized as such in last year's July Fourth parade marching competition. Many said that this showing is an indication of a possible capture of the Fourth Star during this coming Tactical Inspection. The Unit was awarded a trophy which was donated by the Shell Co. of the Philippines, Ltd. and was presented to Father Rector on behalf of the Cadet Corps.

## USC ROTC TOPS AGAIN

The USC ROTC Unit copped the first place in this year's Tactical Inspection. This is the third time in three years that San Carlos got away with the distinctive banner. The inspection was participated in by all ROTC Units of the different schools comprising the 3rd Military Area. San Carlos led the list in both Artillery and Infantry Units.

USC is the first school that has ever held the honor of topping the competition three times without interruption. For all these honors, Major Anacleto Garcia can claim the credit. Major Garcia is still with the USC ROTC Unit, and there is every possibility that the Fourth Star will be in the bag.

the Congressman brought him the opportunity to teach in San Carlos. He is now teaching Political Science subjects. At the same time he





Cdt Col Felipe Labucay  
Probationer 2nd Lt.

**MORE ON ROTC NEWS**  
By Geronimo Creer

Felipe Labucay topped the probationary training course recently held at Fort McKinley. His classmates included ROTC graduates (advance) all over the Philippines and graduates from the Philippine Military Academy.

JAGO USC unit had been organized under Major Garcia to try offenses made by cadets. Those composing the JAGO are: Cdt. Major Geronimo Creer; chairman, Cdt. Lt. Col. Cesar Ursal, Cdt. Major Flaviano Centino, Cdt. Capt. Andro Ochotorena and Cdt. Capt. Eduardo Rosello. Chief of Investigations Section is Humnabab Jacquez, chief of defense Cdt. Lt. Col. Angel.

The Sword Fraternity elected the following officers for this year: Commander Col. Louie Batongmalaque; 1st. vice-commander Capt. Roska Ramon, adjutant, Col. Antonio Angel, Finance Col. Teresito Escario, Comptroller Major Otello Yap, PRO, Major Geronimo Creer.

The following were elected officers of the Junior Sword Fraternity: Commander Capt. Ramon Roska, 1st. vice commander Capt. Anthony Sian, 2nd vice commander Lt. Romeo Solon, Adjutant Capt. Andro Ochotorena, finance Lt. Eugenio Bonsukan, provost marshal Capt. Emiliano Macapaz, Capt. Laurito Malinao & Leopoldo Mercado Sgt. at Arms. Lt. Julius Baugh and Dominador Teleron.

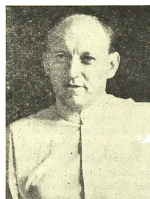
assumes the job of coaching the USC High School Basketball Team. He is also the Carolinian's faculty adviser.



Mr. Jose Lim, Jr.  
AKA Grand Akas

**LIM HEADS THIS YEAR'S AKA FRAT**

Jose Lim, Jr., a senior student of the College of Commerce, was unanimously elected Grand Akas of the USC Alpha Kappa Alpha (AKA) fraternity for the school year 1957-58 in an election held recently at the university campus. The following were other elected officers: Eufemio Darunday, deputy Grand Akas; Teresito Escario, Scroller; Leon Ra. Cahigas, Exchequer; Wilfredo Mendoza, Deputy Exchequer; Ernesto Geneston, Comptroller; Wenecy Gonzales, Business Manager; Edilberto Rivera, Informer; Joaquin Chua, Informer; Jose Oliva, Chaser, Rafael Alonso, Chaser; Juan Aquino, Jr., Adviser; Esteban L. Chua, Deputy Adviser; Dean Jose G. Tecson.



Rev. Fr. Lawrence Bunzel, S.V.D.

**FATHER BUNZEL LEAVES FOR U.S.**

Rev. Fr. Lawrence Bunzel, S.V.D., Vice-Rector of the University and Director of the Boys' High School Dept. left for the United States June 1957 for medical treatment and vacation. Fr. Bunzel will be coming back to USC but it is not known when. (From University Bulletin)



Mr. Franklin Clarin  
USC Baton Twirler

**B.S.E.Ed. FRESHMEN HOLD ELECTION**

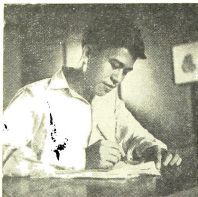
In a meeting held on Saturday, July 6, 1957, members of the B.S.E.Ed. first year class elected their officers for the current school year. The officers elected were: President, Maria Ferrater; Vice-President, Rizalinda Sotto; Sec-Treasurer, Rediliza Requite; PRO, Ma. Estrella Luna. The adviser is Mrs. Crispina Tan. (From University Bulletin)



Rev. Fr. Josef Jaschik, S.V.D.

**FATHER JASCHICK ON LEAVE...**

Rev. Fr. Josef Jaschik, S.V.D., former Director of the Girls' High School and Procurator of the University, left last summer for his native Germany. He is going to have vacation for one year. Father Jaschik had spent some nineteen years in the Philippines. (Cont'd on p. 38)



THE AUTHOR

There is no reason why people should not express pessimism over the success of the Carolinian this year. The staff is crippled by the absence of its three reliable stalwarts who "stowed away" for less strenuous pursuits. Last year's

on... no matter what mischances may happen." These thoughts have inspired us "to make the best out of the least" for the Carolinian. Glory comes after defeat; a poet said that after the night comes the morn. After a failure, is it not success? Speaking, therefore, of success, the JOSEPHENIAN, St. Joseph College says:

*"Success, a word which embraces all our dreams, our longings and our desires, does not come to us at our bidding nor in a silver platter. We cannot go in it in a limousine of carefreeness and good time. We have to sweat on our way to it, taste the bitterness of defeat, and experience the bludgeonings of sneers and gibes of our unreasoning and unsympathetic fellowmen."*

What is good in our world is that every man has the chance to

*to render service to others, service to your nation that has given you freedom and opportunity. You can repay your parents and your school only by giving what you can in service to others and in loyalty to the highest ideals with which you have been endowed. Yes, the measure of your success in life will depend upon your willingness to pay rather than in your trying to collect all you can for yourself, in living lives of service and in generous giving to others."*

The political pot is again boiling. All the political morsels -- sophisticated smiles, fake hand-waving, polished speeches, and all vote-getting tactics -- will be the main attractions of the day. It is barely three months to election time and every candidate appears to be in a mad rush for the highest: post of our land. There never was an election in the history of our country so hotly contested as the forthcoming one. It seems as though Magsaysay made everybody think he can be President. As of this writing, five protagonists are in the ring: Garcia, Puyat, Recto, Manahan, and Yulo. The issues are mixed and varied. Our voters are getting puzzled, confused and perplexed. One person says Manahan is good, because Magsaysay said he is. The Guy never told a lie. Another claims that in order to save our country from economic ruin we must vote for Yulo; still another maintains Puyat should be elected to unburden ourselves of heavy taxes. And a fellow cautions us not to vote for Recto to save the Philippines from a puppet regime of an imperialistic state, etcetera. The electorate must not turn panicky on what kind of leaders our country needs. Here are some tips from the POWER, St. Paul's College:

*"Our country needs people who are guided by industry in their daily activities, people who are willing to till the soil and know that to live by the sweat of their own brows is best."*

*"Our country needs people who fear God who look up to Him as their master; who implore Him for help and guidance and who can think, act and speak in accordance with His holy teachings characterized chiefly by love, goodwill and brotherhood to all."*

Now and then our library issues warnings against the stealing and mutilating of library materials. Now, no student is allowed to enter the library hall unless he presents his Identification Card. Students now-

(Continued on page 32)

# CROSS CURRENTS

by Sixto L. Abao, Jr.

Editor-in-Chief, Buddy "Triot" Quitorio decided to end up his quite amorous adventures with Helen of Malingin in Wonderland. A reliable source tipped us that B.Q. is now pursuing his Law studies very seriously in our Bustling Metropolis. Dick Cabaito, the master "Beat-the-Deadline Strategist," together with Ipeng Verallo, Jr. alias "ROTC BRIEF" also slipped away unnoticed. We were told that Ipeng has hitched his political future to a powerful bandwagon. And, therefore, he's too busy with the campaign plans.

It is said that a quitter never wins and a winner never quits. Notwithstanding all the foreseeable cobblestones that might block our way, we are fearlessly taking this challenge "to go and carry the torch burning." Perhaps, we might fail. Nevertheless, we must go on for as one author said in the midst of his troubled thoughts "tomorrow or today, there shall be defeat, disaster and death -- it matters but little. For we know life must move

rise and succeed despite his limitations or shortcomings. It is true failure may be inevitable but it can be overcome by meeting defeat with a smile. Every smile that you throw is a perfume to the heart of a receiver. And talking of smiles, the NIGHTINGALE'S ECHO, SIH School of Nursing, writes:

*"Smile costs nothing, but creates much. It enriches those who receive, without breaking those who give. It happens in a flash, but the memory of it, sometimes lasts forever. None are so rich that they can get along without it, and none so poor, but are richer for its benefits. It creates happiness in the home and fosters good will in business. Yet it cannot be good to anybody till it is given away."*

A good and bright idea. But how many of us think and ponder about the future? Of its roses and thorns? At any rate, this one from the SILLIMANIAN MAGAZINE, Silliman University, can help us:

*"Your future lives will be joyous and abundant only if you are willing*

our very own anniversary issue . . . one year ago **b.b.g.** christened this column with its present monicker. somebody asked us to substitute "scramblings in upper case" now but we're preserving our name for let's say . . . "sentimental reasons", speaking of our benefactor, grapevine hearsay, reports our erstwhile editor is now making his own way very well outside university doors—to our utter envy. for all our smugness we do miss that irrepressible "old goat."

it irritates our ears to hear all over again a recital of the timeworn woes of a freshman . . . the obscure lil' speck eclipsed by the size of everything and everybody who're too busy to notice his occupancy of a definite area of space . . . a solitary one bewildered at the formidable wall of indifference that blocks dead his fumbling efforts to cut the ice. strictly off the record, we'll pass on a random tip to the host of friendless souls: lay off those sophisticated nuts before you get contaminated with their object notoriety. one cold shoulder is one snob too many; later on you'll be shocked as we have been to discover that none of

make it. by a poetic twist you only accomplish this when you're totally unconscious of your gift.

to ramble on . . . there's this nasty business of being palmed the painful "i-don't-know-you" look . . . a la carte to the high and the mighty specie . . . actually it takes a lot of nerve to deliberately snob a person in *puris naturalibus*. for all you know the poor guy may not have recognized you at once or worse he didn't see you at all. or he may be unsure of himself. unable to think fast of a proper thing to say, he is rendered speechless when you have within greeting distance. my, you must be pretty important if he has to grope in the dark for a nice thing to say; that he's tongue-tied is the supreme tribute. there's nothing romantic about his "silence that speaks louder than words" . . . man, he feels like a fool at being caught with his defenses down, that's all.

# ramblings in lower case

• by *lourdes jaramilla* •

them is worth the trouble anyway. incidentally most people you mistake as stuffed shirts are in reality not so stuck up. the mutual fear of being rebuffed is why they are as timid to approach you as you are to touch them. but sometimes the reason for your classmates' lack of interest when they ignore you is your own fault. you may be a dull colorless sort of person and may repel people by your lack of life or any personality as gauged by your inability to stand shoulder to shoulder in witty repartee because you are bereft of any rapier wit, are sensitive or your mental sluggishness is simply too much. or you may be unconscious of your own general slovenliness in untridy clothes, disgusting giggles, or dirty jokes in which case people won't care a hoot for you and you call them snobbish! of course in some cases they are pre-occupied with big problems, they seem cold to your grievances, or they feel so big they can't see their feet anymore, but why bother a hang about them? there are a multitude of approachable people whose generosity and open heartedness will surprise you who're more or less inclined to overlook the inherent nobility of your fellow beings. experienced in

the school of hard knocks never to expect too much from other people, it comes like a whiff of summer air to meet nice people who haven't lost their charm of candid manners. . . .

**melinda borinaga**, (sect'1 1) who lent us her book without even asking our name . . . **linda layno** (civil engr' 4) who goes out of her way to tutor trigo to lazy dummies who capitalize on her brains and her amazing potience for nothing . . . **linda sievert** (sect'1 2) who was absolutely tickled at our weebegone wilted orchids on her birthday july 12 . . . **margarita bollozos** (pharm. 3) a redeeming feature in our pain-in-the-neck math class . . . sweet **ethel ratcliffe** (pre-nursing) one of our newest rotc sponsors so thrilled with college . . . it's one of the funniest tragedies in life how you who are innately weak in character advertise your achilles' heel by trying to make a big splash . . . if you're dynamic, if you've got "it", you'll rise or steal the show in whatever you do with no scheming from your own corner. free from the burden of proving to yourself how big you are, your personality will glow and emphasize you more sharply in the shadows of your other classmates who try too hard and never quite



THE AUTHOR

although it's quite beyond us how anyone could be so awkward that he couldn't possibly harness the vibrant semper idem "Hi."

**manuel ocampo** (mech. engr. 2) and **luis dy** (mech. engr. 2) are always spontaneous in their breezy "hi's" during brisk classroom trafics . . . pretty **teresita mabugat** (commerce 2) arches her roman eyebrows in recognition . . . it seems too much to expect our busy classmates to smile benignly to us during hectic room transfers . . . of course if you're one of these ladies who wouldn't be caught dead in an undignified scramble like

(Continued on page 22)

WHEN reading "Paradise Lost" we encounter words like Satan, dragon, devil, Beelzebub and Lucifer, words that remind us of the Bible. The purpose of this short paper is to point out the relationship of the usage of these words in the Bible and in "Paradise Lost", the immortal masterpiece of John Milton.

It is, of course, contrary to our Catholic Faith to believe that God created Satan in his present situation. The devil is a fallen angel and his satanic character is due to his own evil will. We know from the Bible the reasons for the damnation of the evil angels (Apoc. 12, 7-9). We shall hear more about the person of Satan. Let it suffice for the present, as mentioned above, that this evil character is a fallen angel, originally created in happiness and meant to share with many other angels, the eternal blessedness of heaven.

In "Paradise Lost", John Milton makes mention of a fallen Cherub (B. I, II, III, VI) and Seraph, Archangel and angels and the other orders of the angelic choirs. We may conclude from this that angels of all orders took part in the revolt against God and consequently were cast out into the everlasting fires of a hell especially created for their punishment. As we are supposed to know more about the angels and their orders, I will not go into further detail to describe them, their natures, their attributes. The Holy Bible, if consulted, will give the reader a deeper familiarity with the angels. (Cl. Hebr. 12, 22; I Thess. 4, 15; Eph. 1, 21; Coloss. 1, 16; Gen. 3, 24; Is. 6, 1-2).

Original sin had been instigated by a "moving spirit". This sin, which contaminated human nature, found its cause in the intrigues of a seducer. The lies which Holy Scripture narrates had a father in this evil spirit who proved to be an adversary of God. The entry of sin into the world, or better, into creation, took place in a heavenly setting among the spiritual powers that God had created. The evil spirits were in existence before the fall of man, and the seducer is

given a name, the name of Satan or devil. The word has its own particular meaning as "accuser of men" or "adversary of God."

After his revolt against the almighty Power that created him, this Satan, this devil, this evil spirit, was immediately driven from heaven together with his followers, to be damned in a hell of eternal torment. There is no recall for those confined to the fires of this infernal place, neither for the fallen angels nor for man. The beautiful name which the leader of the fallen angels once bore with honor and distinction he now bears with disgrace and damnation. Lucifer, the light bringer, the bearer of light, no longer brings the light of God's love and grace, but illumines the path, the wide path, that so many seek to follow on the road to perdition. Many names of contempt have since been heaped upon the head or the person of this evil spirit; he has been called dragon, Satan, devil, the old serpent, the slanderer and evil spirit. All these names denote the devil in his relation to God and to mankind in some way or other.

Satan, steeped in hatred for God, his Creator, makes constant effort to bring more creatures to express hatred for God. Knowing that man is destined to take over his place in heaven, the tempter seeks to prevent this by leading men to hate God and to bring about their perdition. Satan in every way attempts to mislead mankind. In the devil there is no place for thought or will of love for he can do nothing but hate God and work evil against Him.

markable it is that he was mentioned only three times in the Old Testament, namely in Zach. 3, 1-2; Job 1, 6; I Chron. 21, 1, wherein he made his appearance as accuser. In the pre-exilic period the figure of Satan was entirely unknown. The reason for it was the absolute monotheism of Judaism which held that there was only one divine power, one God. The explanation of this belief was to refute the dominant Persian dualism, a false religion of that day, that Satan was the creator of light and darkness, the source of evil as well as of Good (Isaiah 45, 6-7). The three above mentioned passages were written much later than 539 B.C., that is, after the exile. It is an evidence of the influence of Zoroastrian doctrine of dualism upon the Judaism of that period in history.

When Christ appeared in the world, Satan began to be riotous. All sorts of evils were visited upon the chosen people of Christ's time.

Recall the brazenness of the devils who asked not to be sent back to hell when driven from the possessed boy, but to be sent into a herd of swine, which they drove over a precipice. The satanic "legion" shouted aloud, "What have we to do with thee, Jesus of Nazareth? Art thou come to destroy us?" (Mark 1, 24; Luke 4, 34; Mark 5, 7; Matth. 8, 29). Jesus saw that Judas allowed Satan to enter his heart (Luke 22, 3). Jesus warned Peter of Satan (Luke 22, 31; Mark 4, 15; John 8, 44; Matth. 13, 39).

Satan is thus the adversary of God and man. He seeks to frustrate God's purposes of good and to seduce men to defy God, to do that

## SATAN IN THE BIBLE

### 1. SATAN

We encounter this name in every book of "Paradise Lost" except in Book 8. The poet shows us Satan as a chief of all spirits. He led the battle against God in heaven (Apocalypse), he undertook the daring enterprise and the temptation of Adam and Eve (Book 1, 2, 4, 9). In Hebrew this name means "adversary, accuser". It is just this role that Satan plays in the Old Testament and in the subsequent Jewish apocalyptic literature. Re-

which is evil and thus destroy their chances of eternal happiness with him. He accuses man before God and brings about their punishment as well as their destruction for eternity.

Both in Jewish thought as well as in legend, Satan was never more than a figure of secondary rank and power, always subordinate to God and subject to discipline by Him (e.g. Job). In Christianity, Satan is regarded as a powerful being, very hostile to God, yet dependent

upon Him, the malevolent worker of evil in the world and thus to be identified with the devil.

## 2. DEVIL

This word is not used very often by Milton. We find it mentioned only six times in Books 1, 2, 4 and 9, 10. The poet identifies this word with Satan. This statement is brought out more clearly by the singular form which is used and the descriptions in B. IV & IX. Only in Book I does he employ the plural form as opposed to the term deities. (Book I, line 373 "And Devils to adore for Deities"). In this text the author takes all devils and names them together. We can come to the conclusion that the devil in "Paradise Lost" is the chief of the evil demons, and in this sense, the same as Satan himself. (cf description B IV and B IX).

In later Jewish and early Christian usage he was identified with the deceiver, Satan. He was pointed out at great length as the source of all evil and was accused of being bent upon enslaving mankind to the service of evil. He tempted Jesus at the beginning of His public ministry; (Matt. 4, 1-10); he was at the head of the demonic powers in conflict with our Blessed Lord; he was the prince of the "power of the air" (Eph. 2, 2) to whom Paul would want no allegiance given; the inciter to immorality (I Cor. 5, 5) and the author of the bloody persecution feared by St. John in the Apocalypse. (Ap. c. 12, 1-18).

Although his power was broken and undetermined by Christ, we experience that he continues to do

## 3. BEEZEBUB

This name was employed by the poet only four times in Books I and II. Beelzebub probably means "Lord of flies", or "the God of Flies." This god was worshipped by the Philistines at Accaron. Ochozias, king of Israel, sent to consult this god when he was wounded.

In the New Testament the name of Beelzebub is used for the devil, though only in an applied sense. In Milton's "Paradise Lost" Beelzebub ranks just below Satan, is one of the fallen angels. This is shown by these lines:

One next himself in power, and  
next in crime,  
Long after known in Palestine  
and named Beelzebub. (Book  
I, 80)

And that Beelzebub is not the same as Satan, we can infer from these lines of "Paradise Lost":

So Satan spoke and him Beelzebub thus answered. (Book  
I, 271)

We shall come to the same conclusion when we read these lines in Book II:

*Which when Beelzebub perceived,  
than whom  
Satan except, none higher sat . . .  
. . . Thus Beelzebub . . .  
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first  
devised  
By Satan, and in part proposed . . .*

In the Old Testament Beelzebub (Baal Zebub) occurs only once (4 Kings 1, 2) as the name of the god of the Philistines as mentioned above. In the New Testament, Beelzebub is a name for the chief of the devils and is therefore synony-

wickedness, depravity. (Judges 19, 22; I Kings 2, 12). A new usage seems to have started in Nahum 1, 15, where Belial may be a personalized designation of the Assyrian conqueror.

In the New Testament, the word "belial" is found once (II Cor. 6, 15), where it probably is used as a name for Satan. More than likely it is used as referring to the prince of the devils and therefore a variant of the name Beelzebub. In pseudepigrapha, it is a name applied to Satan, the anti-Christ or an emissary of Rome.

Milton added to the figure mentioned above by describing him as the lowest of the spirits that fell from heaven. We find in Book I, Books 2 and 6 the following verses:

*Belial came last, them whom a  
spirit more lewd . . .  
Belial, but as was false and  
hollow . . .  
Thus Belial with words cloath'd  
in reason's garb . . .*

Belial is thus in A.L. one of the fallen angels, not the same as Satan as the descriptions in Bk. I, 490 and B. VI p 230 and 239 testify.

## 5. DRAGON

This name for the Prince of Evil is used the least by Milton in his work "Paradise Lost". Only once does it appear in Book 10. He meant by that name Satan based on his knowledge of the mythology, because dragon is the common designation for the mythological serpent that appears in various early cultures. Although all demons, as Satan himself, were transformed into serpents, the singular form of  
(Continued on page 34)

# LE AND IN 'PARADISE LOST'

his evil work, to catch and to drag the unwary into the pit of hell. St. Peter warned us, "Be sober and watch, because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, goes about seeking whom he may devour." (I Peter 5, 8). The same warning was preached by St. Paul in his letter to the Ephesians 6, 10-11. With the Church we pray: "St. Michael Archangel, defend us in the day of battle; be our safeguard against the wickedness and snares of the devil . . ."

mous with Satan. (Matt. 10, 25; 12, 24-27; Mark 3, 22; Luke 11, 15-19).

## 4. BELIAL

The word in Hebrew means worthless, hence, wicked. In the Old Testament it is used almost always in connection with such words as son, daughter, children, man, etc. and means a very wicked person. The term also refers to a base man and covers a variety of types of character as found among men, indicative of worthlessness.

by

Rev. Fr. Donatus Djagom  
S. V. D.



THE YOUNG girl stood facing the closed door. She was jittery; and when her fingers touched the doorknob, her hand shook perceptibly. She hesitated for a moment and then, with a final gesture, twisted the doorknob. The door creaked open. The room was in semi-darkness. The smell of liquor strong in the air.

"Ilay! Ilay! For heaven's sake... why, you are at it again!" she cried. "You promised... you promised that you would not touch a drop of that stuff again."

The passive personality leaning against the wall had no whitening hair, no coarsening skin, but only the stoop of age, the delused state of weariness -- that had become a part of him before their time. "Margie, I must have forgotten... I keep forgetting things and the promises I made!" came the banal remark. And when he had spoken, only his voice came to her, not his eyes.

Heaven knows when all this began, and why. A few months back? A year? Two years perhaps. It seemed like a thousand breakfasts ago. Ah, a wisp of time! And damn if he had not lost track of the hours. Yet he could still see her clearly now, with his mind's eyes, lying there in that low, leather couch with a covering over her body, her face as pale as ivory, her hands stiff and cold as an icicle. The doctor came. He felt her pulse and used his stethoscope on her, and listened for the beating of an atom of hope that might still have been lingering in her breast. Then the doctor went out of the room, and he heard Margie's voice hanging in mid-air:

"Doctor, my Ma... she is... she is all right, isn't she?"

The doctor looked down at the girl whose countenance was red with the rosy glow of youth. He placed his hand upon her shoulder, his face as grim as the Grim Reaper's, and said with exaggerated politeness and sympathy so common to his profession, "Child, your Ma, she is at peace with the world..."

And then a cry that turned into a world of sobs and a sea of tears.

His had been a life of action, not of introspection, but the mind of man is a strange and intricate mechanism, it cannot all at once accept and believe so great and sudden a loss. Heart attack -- the words seemed so alien. But it was the doctor's verdict. Cruel, this terrible essence of truth!

And the sun grew and waned and died, and new suns were born and still he sat there staring at the empty couch with unfocused and unblinking eyes. A week later, coming home from school, Margie looked into the room and saw it

empty. She found him later in the kitchen drunk as a sailor on liberty leave. It was then that he began to drink like mad, without restraint whatsoever. It seemed as if he had delivered himself into another mode of life, a queer new

world of strange laws and unknown demands. A world perhaps, in his morbid illusion, more real than reality.

That was the beginning.

Now the months and the array of days bore no name. They were insignificant. They were only measured by the empty bottles lying there mutely in the corners of the room. A labyrinth of bottles. A world made of glass.

And that's that.

"If Roberto should see you like this, he will be frightened! You will make him cry again. You know how he idolizes you --" she said. For months she could not help being aware of the anxiety in the household. For months she had held her peace which was no peace at all. She caught the fume of his rancid breath, its smell and the sight of his swollen cheeks shimmering like blisters had so revolted her that the curves in her lace froze into cold, pale angles. A stab of revulsion traversed her heart. If he could only realize! Oh, God --

"What does it matter?" he almost shouted at her; and for a moment, he was ashamed of himself. He said only that, but they were hard and bitter words. He seated himself across from her, and placed

# CRY, THE

*A short story*

his elbow on the table. "I'm sorry, Margie," he said, looking down at the floor, each note separate and painful, "I should not have said that --"

She sensed then that he was not really drunk.

Margie was only eighteen, while Roberto was nine. Margie -- how could she evaluate his subjective experience and intimate pains with her calm and serene objectivity? And how could he describe to her a subjective state, a feeling which pervaded his mind and soul? He was at a loss for words. Two sun-dared existences. No bridge to span the gaping abyss separating them. And yet if he had only



reached out his hands, he could have touched her. So near. So far.

Raising her face to his profile, she slowly unveiled in her eyes beneath their dropping lashes the eternally enigmatic nature of a feminine personality. The lids lifted like curtains over those dark eyes, moist and gentle, the depths of their eloquence was as deep as the pupil. It sought in his eyes the memory of a fugitive reverie. And for all she saw of him, he might have lived in another world. "I lay! You know what it did to your health. You cannot go on like this forever. You have got to understand. Mama would not want it to be this way."

There was a strange urgency in her voice. The languid and apathetic figure who had built a pattern of suppressed hostility could not help being stirred. The complex world — it demands of a complex man that he deal with it in an aggressive manner, but he was no longer young — he thought — and only youth is resilient. Only youth can endure. For him the more vigorous half of life was gone forever.

However, as a final contradiction, there remains the ever-persistent truth that a man grows old, not by years, but by his internal adjustment and emotional reaction to fiascos.

"I lay, you are being unfair to Roberto and to yourself! For the

on the walls.

He felt that he was the child and she the grown-up. However, his was but an obstinacy of a man, hard as stone, stiff as bent wire. He looked at her finely chiselled and eloquent little face, with its round forehead and little straight nose, fragile chin and cheeks framed in her soft, wavy and jet-black hair. She had spoken the truth. His was obviously an overt evidence of self-destructive trend. His was an outspoken wish to escape from reality. O God! Which is reality and which is nightmare? And what is reality? Is reality the inner experience or the objective sensory? Or is reality personified by the half-empty bottle which bridges the transition to an illusion? And for all there was to it, he had swam out too far, almost into the deep, uneven waters. The crucial moment had come to him. He would either be swallowed by its turbulently tempestuous torrents or swim against it and be himself.

"Margie, you can go to your room now. It is late," he said, and shot her a sideways glance from beneath the grayish tufts of his eyebrows. She tossed back the flood of her hair and went out without a word, and there was a heaviness in her movement. Her footsteps clicked in the unlit passage-way.

And she was gone.

Outside, the crescent moon poised like a scimitar veiled by

the endless sparkling canopy of the night, an infinitesimal atom in the eternal womb and order of nature. Perhaps — yes! — perhaps if he were to cease to live for himself and start to live for his posterity! For Margie. For Roberto. . . He stood there, that piece of stubborn clay, alone with himself, staring across a lifetime, considering.

Observe: drops of sweat hung from his temple and the pale, pendulous lips framed against a stony profile. A man wages but two wars, one against others and the other against himself.

Suddenly —

He raised the half-empty bottle, held it poised, and staring intently at it, he ran his fingers around its edge. This was his answer: He dashed it outside the window upon the gray asphalt pavement. The shattering impact. The long, loud silence.

The end of a delusion.

## THE STRANGER

(Continued from page 11)

now and then to gain spirit. He trembles to drive away the numbness and stands still.

He views his surroundings keenly. Through the dim light of the dooryard lamp he sees the grass drooping in the rainwater. The two rose plants at each side of the doorstep are tottering. The flowers have fallen on the ground. He shifts his sight toward the old chico tree that stands ghostly before him. And then he remembers the stranger.

He faces about and . . .

He sees the bony feet of the stranger and then the feet of his old master whom he hasn't seen for a long time now. The dog is petrified.

"I have waited for you since yesterday night. . ." The stranger says in a deep voice, while they descended. The voice sounds as if spoken through a large hollow tube.

"Oh . . . you know. . . I had to settle with my children first. Now, their shares are already arranged." His master lets out a hollow sigh.

The two blend with the darkness and suddenly, wailing, crying, and sobbing burst forth from the old Spanish house and hover in the darkness, cold, hair-raising! Neighbors come and huddle around the doorstep, each murmuring a question to the other.

In the garden, in the semi-darkness, the dog utters a loud, unbroken horrifying howl. †

# LAST ENEMY

• by **REY YAP** •

rest of his natural life he will have to burden himself with a tortured memory you arbitrarily impose upon him. For the rest of his life he will never be sure of himself. Why won't you give him a chance? — give yourself a chance? Running away from oneself won't do anyone any good. For one thing, you are killing yourself outright! Why? Why could you not face reality even only for once?" She spoke to him in the half-light. . . And here and there a myriad of shadows danced

patches of drifting clouds. From where the tall window looked out a lonely star pierced the world of darkness. And out of the west a gust of wind came surging into the room. The curtains fluttered, and he reached out to them with both hands, only to feel the wind drifting through his fingers, sensing with an overpowering scrow a life wasted away. Like a dream; like a thousand dreams! . . . As he surveyed the infinite space he found himself as another lonely spark in

## Answer Me, Apollo

You touched

the tender fibers of my need  
cooling the warmth  
of feverish tension  
raging in my heart.

And there I was,  
caught in the spell  
of your tender touch.

Your nearness—it drew out  
my despair . . . the will to love  
again, letting me stand  
in the mire which my  
bitterness had fashioned.

And here I am  
Wanting you for my own.

What made you bother to understand . . .  
could it be the same silent tide which  
prodded me on to you?

Or is it love that has made you  
understand  
and feel—the current in my heart. . . ?

Elsie Jane Veloso



i often wonder why a flower has to  
bloom

in the beautiful morning sun  
only to die some afternoon  
later on.

what must be the purpose of a rose?  
perhaps i will find the answer  
if only i can understand  
why a young leaf must  
sometimes

f  
a  
l  
even without a wind!

—emdiola—

## Peace

I search for you  
Amidst the turmoil  
of a guilty conscience;  
Amidst the pitter-patter  
of an April shower,

Amidst the angelic voices  
of midnight serenaders,  
Amidst the rolling waves  
of the vast blue ocean,  
I found you not.

I long to meet you  
When the sun shuts off  
its silvery hue;  
When the angelus bell sounds  
its melancholy call to prayers;  
When the dreadful night creeps in  
to rob the magic light of day;  
When the enchanting moon  
sends forth its dreamy rays,  
But I met you not.

I find you  
Amidst the current of flowing tears  
of deep repentance;  
Amidst the chilly winds  
of cold December nights  
that herald the birth of the Lord;  
Amidst the deep silence of the night  
when the fairies wave their magic  
wand  
drifting me to slumberland;  
Amidst the infinitesimal quietness  
of the grave . . . at last!

Sylvia A. Alinsug

## The End of Day

When gray crawls over the land and  
casts shadows

And deadens the bitter panting of day

And turns the world to a drowsy  
sleeping ball—

Then bitter memories speak from the  
silent past.

Has come and gone a day—  
an old day it

Will call itself: tomorrow's  
yesterday.

Its final waves of restrained,  
dying breath

Move eerie breeze from land  
to sea

Ends the day the morn had given  
birth to—

A day of life, of love, of joy, of death  
again;

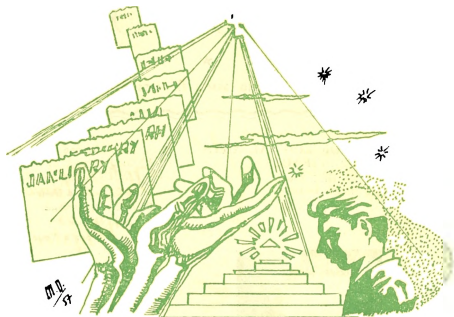
Sunset is eternal for those named this  
day to die—

A promise of another glorious morn  
for those who still must live. . . !

A. R. Manligas

processional

by Demetrio  
Maglalang



*Lord of our minds, Lord of these halls,  
The might and strength of yesteryears,  
Hear thou our prayers, our plaintive calls,  
Heed thou our childlike suppliant tears!*

*Behold we throb with thousand fears  
While eyes are raised anew on high;  
We march again these rushing years;  
What will be: is our dubious cry!*

*The months are looming dark ahead;  
False beacons rise alluringly;  
The path with trembling steps we tread,  
And Lo! we fall on pride-worn knee:*

*Be with us now, oh Lord on high,  
Lest failing thee we fall and die!*

*Our aspirations fade away  
On false foundations build we dreams,  
We learn not from our yesterday  
And stubborn sing on futile themes.*

*Oft times the learning of the ages  
Bedazzle dim our searching eyes,  
We know not far beyond the pages  
The truth of ageless wisdom lies!*

*While pride of kings and empire's might  
Relive once more these learned tongues,  
Unfold the earth's primeval night,  
We pray as march we countless throngs:*

*Oh Lord of Learning, be our guide,  
Lest we by thee do not abide!*

*We move our wills for empty fame  
And honors, gold and medalry;  
The war is keen for proud acclaim,  
Goals of a worn-out chivalry*

*With flaming passions dissipate  
Our hearts oft burn in hate-filled fire,  
For those we ought to love, we hate  
For futile, jealous, vain desire!*

*Behold us gropers of the night  
As hope we for yon downing day;  
We fear the year-long dubious fight  
We fear but yet we march and pray:*

*Be with us now, oh Lord on high  
Lest failing thee we fall and die!*



# HONOR

★ ★ ★ ★ ★  
SECOND SEMESTER, 1956-1957

# Roll

## COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS & SCIENCES

First Year	
1st ESTANISLAO, Jesus (Philosophy) .....	1.009
2nd DINOPOL, Ernesto (Pre-Law) .....	1.22



Miss Lourdes Ceniza  
1st place — Liberal Arts

Second Year	
1st CENIZA, Ma. Lourdes (Pre-Law) .....	1.0
2nd FERNANDEZ, Filemon (Pre-Law) .....	1.01

Third Year	
1st TALISAYSAY, Gil (General) .....	1.23
2nd LAGCAO, Ildefonso (Philosophy) .....	1.27

Fourth Year	
1st LIM, Betty (General) .....	1.08
2nd YAP, Elsa (General) .....	1.15

## COLLEGE OF COMMERCE

First Year	
1st TAN, Mary Glenda .....	1.14
2nd GO, Carlos .....	1.18



Mr. Bartolome Pozon  
1st place — Commerce III

Second Year	
1st ANG, Joaquina .....	1.1
2nd DEQUINA, Remedios .....	1.11

Third Year	
1st POZON, Bartolome .....	1.15
2nd KANG, Lourdes .....	1.16

Fourth Year	
1st ZAMORA, Jose .....	1.7

## SECRETARIAL DEPARTMENT

First Year	
1st NGO, Anita .....	1.1
2nd CANCEKO, Cora .....	1.5

Second Year	
1st LAO, Redempcion .....	1.2
2nd REGIS, Paz .....	1.23

## TEACHERS COLLEGE

First Year	
1st GORDUIZ, Juanita .....	1.17
2nd TAN, Dolores .....	1.26



Miss Lina Bacorta  
1st place — B.S.E.Ed. IV

Second Year	
1st FUENTES, Margarita .....	1.20
2nd YAP, Rosario .....	1.27

Third Year	
1st BACORTA, Lina .....	1.03
2nd CARBONILLA, Amparo .....	1.11

Fourth Year	
1st DAKAY, Venus .....	1.41
2nd VARQUEZ, Eden .....	1.45

## COLLEGE OF PHARMACY

First Year	
1st VILLALUZ, Perla .....	1.32
2nd YU, Rosita .....	1.42

Second Year	
1st MASCARINAS, Fe .....	1.30
2nd MARBELLA, Josephine .....	1.39
2nd PATALINGHUG, Carmen .....	1.39

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## Cross Currents

(Continued from page 24)

adays have forgotten the virtues that made their ancestors great and the Filipino traits that gained worldwide respect and admiration. That looting and vandalism of library materials are happening throughout the islands is borne out by the editorial of the Musuan Agricultural School's *MUSUAN TORCH* which said:

*"We are sent here at a tremendous cost of blood, sweat and money of our elders to become better and useful citizens but we have miserably overlooked our duties and responsibilities towards our school, our guardians, and our country. If, despite our attainment, we still are more of a liability than an asset to society, then we might just as well quit school and join those uneducated. It is more shameful and degrading to stay in school and then act as if we were not educated at all than to live among the ignorant and uncultured."*

The problem of unemployment is not so serious as that espoused by our so-called economists. For according to the *PHILIPPINE COLLEGIAN*, University of the Philippines:

*"If we look at the facts of our economic history and situation the high percentage of unemployment need not give rise to panic, need not be treated as an infallible sign of impending disaster. The changes in the material culture and ways of earning a living among Filipinos since the coming of Magellan have been uphill and not downward. Some people are in the habit of bringing up this problem as if we had suddenly fallen from some economic paradise where every one who wanted work got work and all who worked got paid. They speak as if our economy rested yesterday upon a soft-bed of roses but now lies in some barren ditch."*

You see, politicians are always politicians. Forever? ☿

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"You're a dirty shyster," snarled one of the lawyers to the other, "and before this case is through I'll show you up for the crooked ape that you are."

"Sez you," snapped the other. "You are a cheat and a liar."

"Come, come," broke in the Judge. "Let the case proceed now that learned counsels have identified each other."

of St. Therese, in what is now Room 9 of the Girls' High, Lourdes Varela chatted with Consuelo Escallos in their class in English 5 because they already knew the lesson too well. Here came Maria Gutierrez, tired from her classes in Cebu Normal School, her arms full of books and aids, to relate to an enraptured class the misadventures of Byron's Childe Harold. Here in the class in English 3 Andang Fernandez, of the Girls' High School, wrote her first disconsolate essays.

Here, too, on the second floor, in the early fifties Eric Rosales, Lelah Chew and Nap Rama split hairs in the class in English 4 while Señor Alfonso Dalope harrassed his fellow-loiterers in cadent Spanish which to the "12-unit possessors" must have seemed more sound than sense. What speeches they could write then, what oral themes compared with the tortured grammar of the present. Ah, them were the days!

These, too, were the days of Inting Frias, Esp. who would swoon at the sight of the legs of one of the Saguin girls — O dream come true! Of Jo Gaboya of the darling essays and the exquisite imitations of Charles Lamb; of the harrassed Jumito Abao, full of work; of Amparo Buenaventura, sweet and full of ambition; of Inday Vivera, young and very much girl and the charming, slender Anita Alquizola; of Gerry Llantó, Marina Diño, Aurora Aleonar, Lily Zosa and the writer Jo Lim of infinite variety!

This was also the minor age of campus dramatics, even if Father Hoerdemann, adviser, specialized in skits and the one-act plays of Guerrero. There were also minor stars of the stage, — Rufino Kho, Vicente Frias, Laling Causin of dear memory, Grace Silao and that master declaimer, Virginia Peralta, Trining Morelos and the incomparable Lita Logarta, — whatever happened to her?

Where on the basement, in the years of the educational boom, the Cebu Private School Teachers Association bargained four pesos an hour and lost.

In 1948 the Colegio became a full-pledged university, the first outside Manila, a landmark in the educational history of "La Ciudad del Santísimo Nombre de Jesús." "And on the shards the spires will rise again

marietta egay (law 3) and linda abais (sect 1 2) who'll spare you that opening-the-heart smile even if you don't rate it as long as it makes you happier . . . then you're just lucky . . . boys smile too, only they end up in confusion of shyness and embarrassment; at most they manage a wave of the hand, a lame "hi!" (more often than not the person being greeted has rounded the corner and is beyond ear-shot . . . or resort to a snappy salute like *amoroso manligas* (arch. 3) or a friendly wink like *tony sian* (mech. engr. 3) the stumbling greeting of *alfonso alcuitas* (law iv) the halting one of *romeo lavin* (a.b. 3) circa 1957 bon gre are amusing too. . . .

something's in the air . . . with the current wave of juvenile delinquency outbreaks our guess is—our professors are clamping down at last on our running wild half-baked students. library rules are specific in obligatory presentation of i.d.'s upon entering—in a precautionary measure to preserve the valuable books from being filched by non-carolinians not always easily recognized as such. last summer's inventory knocked the library staff cold—more than 1,000 books missing! and yet it's going too far to say our students are going to the dogs; that's a downright slur on the legions of conscientious students who swing in and out of the library doors, day in and day out, . . . enduring the boredom and headache in writing experiments, borrowing reserved books

overnight, poking around specialized reference sections for just the right book . . . among our serious students are *jose amador, jr.* (pre-med. 3) and *irineo clepato* (law 3), our idea of 2 young men who're going to go places; how could they miss with those long diligent hours crammed in their busy lives? and there is *benjamin alonte* (law 3), a dead rigger for actor "george nader"—who studies so hard and still remains happy-go-plucky with that gadawful howl of his, a big factor in making college "the best years of our lives" is the thrill of reckless non-conformism, the lure of rugged individualism in living extemporaneously, the danger of flunking ever eminent everytime we cut classes "for the heck of it" would be remote if we could keep our heads balanced to tip the scale evenly between study and horseplay.

some students shock instructors with audaciously stupid answers besides annoying them with a variety of shenanigans that includes wiggling movements in their chairs, whistling low under their breaths, sneezing, coughing, whistling psst . . . filing their claws, laughing over nothing, daydreaming, writing letters, doodling outrageous cartoons of his blah-blahing prof, tossing paper balls, watching the passing scenery, listening to the "see ya' later alligator" top tune across the street, staring fixedly at the walls, the floor, the windows, the ceiling, the fly hovering dan-

(Continued on page 34)

*Triumphant ever as man's dearest dream . . .*

*A structure bright as the world's unborn dawn, Affording us a wider, surer work, Best for the spirit, workshop for brain and brawn."*

Meanwhile, on the other side of Pelaez street, the dream was rising that was later to burgeon with the years, to increase rooms and laboratories and scientific equipment, with the Christian spirit as base and the sky as the limit. It was to raise its twin edifices so it would have the Sto. Rosario Church between, on the very heart of it, we might say. Of evenings from the spire of the main building glowed the Green Cross, visible like a jewel slipped into the crown of night, symbol of what San Carlos has stood for in the past, what it would

stand for in the years to come.

The years recede. Every year the graduates go out of its portals, each one radiant with a fire and intent with a sword. They are out there now, in various places of the country, engaged in various endeavors, making bridges, exploring in the laboratories the secrets of God's universe, making life easier, fighting diseases, guiding minds towards the light, and above all, spreading man's divine heritage without which man is only as a worm in the soil, only as a blade of grass.

The graduates are legion. Each name flashes its own little light, then is forgotten. The Fathers come and go. They too are forgotten. From element to element — except one thing that is, that will be ever, that is God. #

## Satan in the Bible . . .

(Continued from page 27)

"Dragon" and the description on p. 333 B X seem to convince me, that the poet meant by that "Satan", a name given to Satan.

### 6. LUCIFER

John Milton mentioned this name only three times, namely in Books 5, 7 and 10. In all three passages, the poet meant the rebel Archangel whom he identified with Satan before his fall.

*The place of great Lucifer . . . affecting all equality with God. (B. V)*

*Know then that after Lucifer from heaven's . . . fell with his flaming Legions through the deep. (B. VII)*  
*Of Lucifer, so by allusion called, of that bright Star to Satan paragon. (B. X)*

In the Old Testament (Job 11, 17; Job 38, 32), this word means the "light of the morning", the "aurora", the "daystar". In Isaiah 14, 12, it is applied metaphorically to the King of Babylon as pre-eminent among the princes of his time. In Ecclesi. 50, 6, to the high priest Simon, son of Onias, for his surpassing virtue. "He shone in his days as the morning star in the midst of a cloud and as the moon at the full." (Ecclesi. 50, 6).

In the New Testament (Apoc. 2, 28) this name refers to the glory of heaven for its excellency is referred to Jesus Christ Himself as we see in (II Peter 1, 19), because He is the true light of our Spiritual life.

St. Jerome tells us that Lucifer was the name of the principal fallen angel who must lament the loss of his original glory bright as the morning star. Hence it is that the great saint believes the word Lucifer (in Hebrew *helel*, coming from the word *yalal*, meaning to lament) has this reference of lamentation. Some hold that the word is applied symbolically to Satan, the prince of the devils, in that he was once an archangel of exceeding beauty, but now has fallen from his former glory (Luke 10, 18). Among Christians this meaning of Lucifer has prevailed. The fathers maintain that Lucifer is not the proper name of the devil, but it denotes only the state from which he has fallen.

### 7. SERPENT

The word "Serpent" was employed by the poet in the meaning of Satan. Firstly the singular form with the definite article "the", as "the infernal serpent" (Bk. I),

## Honor Roll . . .

(Continued from page 32)

### Third Year

1st LEBUMFACIL, Clara . . . . .	1.35
2nd GARCIA, Lourdes . . . . .	1.47

### COLLEGE OF LAW

### First Year

1st VALENZUELA, Manuel . . . . .	1.2
2nd SITOY, Adelino . . . . .	1.26

### Second Year

1st PAULIN, Antonio . . . . .	1.52
2nd CLAPANO, Ireneo . . . . .	1.62

### Third Year

1st ALVARADO, Eugenio . . . . .	1.781
2nd DRAPER, Feliz . . . . .	1.787

### Fourth Year

1st BACOL, Dario . . . . .	1.7
2nd CERELLES, Jose . . . . .	1.8
2nd VILLAMOR, Benito . . . . .	1.8



Eugenio J. Alvarado, Jr.  
1st place — Law IV

### COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING AND ARCHITECTURE

### First Year

1st AMORES, Alfredo (Ch E) . . . . .	1.59
2nd OPPUS, Oscar (Arch) . . . . .	1.76

### Second Year

1st ALVOR, Virgilio (EE) . . . . .	1.218
2nd MALICAY, Norberto (ME) . . . . .	1.47

### Third Year

1st LIPARDO, Gerardo, Jr. (ME) . . . . .	1.468
2nd CORAZO, Eugenio (EE) . . . . .	1.83

"the serpent subtlest beast of all the field" (Bk. IX), "proflaned first by the serpent" (Book IX), "Conviction to the serpent none belongs" (Bk. X), and in other places in Books X, XI, XII. Secondly, the preposition "in" is used in connection with the singular, as "So spoke the enemies Monking in serpent, inmate bod. . . enclosed." (Book IX), "Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spoke of Satan done in Paradise and how. . . In the serpent had perverted Eve." (Bk. X) Serpent — Satan, better satan in serpent.

"To serpents all as accessories" (Bk. X)

"Of ugly serpents" (Bk. X)

## ramblings in lower case

(Continued from page 33)

gerously close over the bald pate of the prof, or delightfully watching the antics of his classmates' histrionics. when called he often bolts out of his seat like an escaping jet stream, plops down like a ton of bricks or he may take ages to elevate his torso, you'd think he is sitting down on some pasted chewing gum or duco cement. these ill-mannered pirates are the same intelligent group who read avidly the news of the day, solve crossword puzzles, lead group discussions in seminars, win declamations, join radio contests, contribute to the school organ, take active part in the SCA, join a political youth club, besides being rot or class officers . . . in truth they're "normal" students; proving that our youth is the same incorrigible bunch of problem students with their characteristic appetite for adventure and thrills, open defiance of authority and convention but tempered and ennobled by that innate dash of the dynamic intellectual force which promises a healthy outlook for our citizens of tomorrow . . . could their versatility be a greater wisdom? ask yourself. . .

In Genesis Chapter 3, we read the role of the serpent in the fall of mankind. It was very clear that by that word, Serpent, is meant Satan. Christianity regards the serpent as satan on account of its aid for satan in performing his goal. In the Apocalypse there is no doubt about this meaning. "And that great dragon was cast out, that old Serpent who is called the devil and satan, who seduceth the whole world." (Apoc. 12, 9).

Conclusion: I divide these names into three groups and reach the following conclusions:

1st group: Satan, devil, Lucifer are synonymous terms. They refer to the chief of the rebel angels.

2nd group: dragon, serpent are names given to Satan.

3rd group: Belial and Beelzebub on the proper name of other fallen angels who are not equal in rank to Satan. The plural form of devils and serpent refer to all the fallen angels. These conclusions hold good for Milton's Paradise Lost, in the Sacred Scriptures all these names have the same meaning — that is, they all refer to Satan.



## WANTED: STUDENT . . .

(Continued from page 9)

never should be a super-group of only the outstanding students in school. The student council is for everybody in the school, including the youngest, poorest, least articulate, and least influential students. The student council should include the poor student, the unsocial and the anti-social, the one who is habitually late, the one who gives the teachers the most trouble, and the one who, according to some, 'cannot pass the wastebasket around the room without getting lost.'

"The council will have to admit all students of all ages, characteristics, abilities, attitudes, social standing, and with all kinds of records. We have to admit faith in the democratic process; we don't have to write all kinds of safeguards to make certain that only the select, the elite, can serve on the council; in fact, we will simply have to admit that if the Student Council is to teach the principles of good citizenship, we will have to operate the council along more democratic lines."

What activities on citizenship training may a Student Council indulge in? The PACU conference suggested a number of them namely, (1) to learn to share the responsibilities of a democracy, (2) to develop a proper attitude toward law and order and toward duly-constituted authority, (3) to live in a democratic way — not just read about it, (4) to evaluate candidates and their platforms, (5) to take part in election campaigns, (6) to exercise the right to vote, (7) to present issues to elected representatives, (8) to serve on a student council committee, (9) to discuss election issues, (10) to develop an awareness of conditions which need changing, (11) and to learn to abide by decisions of the majority.

But the school must cooperate with the student government in order to realize these ends. It must act as the promoter of all these things. The University, however, has not yet decided when to establish its Student Council. But here are pertinent questions: Who will make the first call to organize the body? The student leaders themselves or the school administration?

The author believes that the right party to call for the formation of the Student Council is the school itself. ¶

## THE INSIDE STORY . . .

(Continued from page 9)

**Self-control enables an officer to be demanding in discipline yet forgiving; industrious yet patient; competitive yet friendly; above all ambitious yet humble.**

These are the hallmarks of the USC Corps of Officers that copped the three Stars.

The type of cadets are allotted that rating because we have to account for the mentality, self-discipline, and sense of responsibility of the men in the line.

Based on the results of the theoretical examinations conducted by the Third Military Area, USC cadets ranked within the first three. Although mischievous in the field, they carry a deep sense of responsibility. The tangible proof of this is the fact that they took the whole limelight in all of the last three years of ROTC competitions.

### A TRIBUTE

Last year San Carlos barely edged Colegio de San Jose. The margin was 12 points! Most likely if San Carlos take it easy this year, San Jose will for sure beat us.

For one thing, the two units are not of the same size. While San Carlos has a corps of more than a thousand, San Jose has barely 200. So that in a competition where cadets are picked at random, San Carlos has a bare chance of winning. Actually one in a thousand.

In spite of the odds, the corps of cadets 1956-57 stood its own. Right on the top of their class! USC Cadets have made a lasting contribution to the history of their beloved Alma Mater; for what they have attained is itself an accomplishment, not a mere distinction. Above all, deep in their young hearts, the Cadet Corps 1956-57, cherish a fond memory of the man who spearheaded the system — Major Anacleto S. Garcia.

Last year marked the turn of another page in the story of one Star and the beginning of a new page yet unwritten. Whatever the future may bring, the three Stars remain; in our school's history and deep in our hearts; like the sweet refrain of a song that lingers on — Forever!

## USC NEWS

(Continued from page 23)

### CAROLINIANS TO THE STATES

Miss Silveria Sescon, chief of the USC Drugstore, enplaned for the United States sometime last June. Miss Sescon will specialize in medical technology in Providence Hospital in Kansas City, Kansas.

Mr. Manuel Isaac of the College of Engineering left June 12, 1957, for Pasadena, California, where he will specialize in the study of electronics.

Miss Sescon and Mr. Isaac will be away for a couple of years. (From University Bulletin).

### USC BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY ELECTS OFFICERS

The USC Biological Society held its annual election Friday, June 21, 1957. The following officers were elected: President, Mr. Saul Ochotorena; Vice-President, Mr. Ariel Jumalon; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Marina Estrella; Asst. Secretary, Miss Nenita Escalona; PRO, Miss Nieva Tan.

The association aims to sponsor series of familiarization field trips for the purpose of collecting specimens for the U.S.C. Biological collection. To date, two field trips were undertaken. The first trip was headed by Mr. Saul Ochotorena and the second was led by Mrs. Paulina Pages. (From University Bulletin)

### FIREBEE CHEVRON FRATERNITY ORGANIZED

The non-commissioned officers of the ROTC Unit of the University of San Carlos organized the Firebee Chevron Fraternity last July 7, 1957. The organization aims to promote closer ties among the members. After a hectic and hotly-contested election, the following NCO's were chosen as officers: Commander, Cdt. 1st Sgt. Manuel Villarosa; 1st Vice-Commander, Cdt. 1st Sgt. Vicente Espiritu, Jr.; 2nd Vice-Commander, Cdt. Sgt. Gilberto Ysmael; Adjutant, Cdt. Staff Sgt. Edilberto Rivera; Finance Officer, Cdt. 1st Sgt. Francisco Miranda; Comptroller, Cdt. Staff Sgt. Leandro Ocampo; PRO, Cdt. Staff Sgt. Delano Tecson; Sgt-at-Arms, Cdt. Sgt. Eugene Giberson and Cdt. Sgt. Archibald Crusio. Battalion Commander Cdt. Lt. Col. Vicente Bendañillo, Jr. was elected the adviser of the Fraternity. (From University Bulletin)

# Seccion

## CASTELLANA

**Amable Tuibeo**

\* Editor \*

### Comentarios del Editor:

#### MI INVITACION

Me place editar otra vez esta seccion castellana del *Carolinian* durante este año escolar. Pero me entristece decir que el año pasado muy pocos se preocupan de contribuir articulos para llenar esta pagina designada para el cultivo de la lengua cervantina. Si recuerdo bien solo mi compañero, el Sr. R. Artillaga, que por razones honestas no esta mas en la Universidad, se digno de vez en cuando escribir algo. En una palabra pues, se puede decir que esta seccion se manejaba por solo dos estudiantes. Ahora me queda solo y mas que nunca el labor sera muy grande. En el silencio pues de mi soledad literaria yo invito a todos a que escriban, recordandoles que esta seccion castellana no es solamente para pocos sino para todos quienes sienten anhelos de escribir en español. Con esta invitacion yo suplico tambien a los profesores e instructores que inspiren a los estudiantes a contribuir algo para esta seccion.

#### EL DESEO DEL PADRE RECTOR

En una junta de los miembros de la Facultad de esta Universidad, el Padre Rector siempre con su celo apostolico de mejor la administracion, dijo entre muchas cosas que algunos estudiantes no se portan bien en el modo de sentarse en las clases. Aunque esto parece muy trivial, sin embargo no se puede pasar en silencio porque tal actitud de los estudiantes implica algun desorden y por lo tanto contra la buena disciplina. Y otra cosa mas es que el, como el Buen Pastor, desea sobre todo que los estudiantes se eduquen muy bien como catolicos y productos de una universidad catolica. Por eso, a los profesores y demas instructores incumbe la grave responsi-

bilidad de inculcar los principios catolicos al lado de las asignaturas academicas. Pero como esto nunca se puede realizar sin la cooperacion de los estudiantes, es necesario pues que todos nosotros tanto estudiantes como maestros debemos poner mano a la obra. Solo en la mutua cooperacion se puede realizar este ardiente deseo del Padre Rector.

#### SALUS POPULI LEX ESTO

Aunque no queremos entrar en el campo politico, sin embargo no podemos menos de decir algo. La razon es que muchos son los que ya por razones honestas, ya por ambiciones materiales aspiran a la presidencia de Nuestra Republica. En esta turbulencia politica de la nacion la gente filipina esta muy agitada y dividida en diversas facciones. Y porque estamos muy divididos somos debiles aun ante la amenaza comunista. Todos sabemos muy bien que el "bonum publicum" debe procurarse ante todo. Mas como el procurar este "bonum" depende mucho de los gobernantes, que guian la nacion, y como los gobernantes dependen de los votos del pueblo, asi conviene que los que van a votar durante la eleccion verdadera debien estudiar bien a los candidatos elegibles. Quien es quien de los candidatos debe ser el Presidente de Filipinas no decimos. Cada uno elija bien a su candidato pero despues de estudiar sus cualidades tanto intelectuales como morales porque hoy mas que nunca nuestra Republica en medio de la crisis economica y moral necesita de Un Lider capaz de guiar la nacion a la felicidad.

#### AMOR CON AMOR SE PAGA

El verdadero amor es sacrificio. La administracion en haber

convertido el "Roof-Garden" donde solian recrearse los Padres S.V.D. en cuarto piso para que los estudiantes tengan mejor y amplio ambiente para los estudios proba literalmente la verdad de este dicho. En verdad no habia otro movil en el corazon de los Padres administradores para hacerlo, sino el amor para con los que buscan educacion cristiana bajo el manto de San Carlos. Pero otro dicho corre: Amor con amor se paga. Luego este amor de los padres debe pagarse. Y el mejor pago que nosotros podemos dar lo estudiantes sera el estudiar mucho y vivir los principios de esta Universidad Catolica. Debemos ser gratos.

#### LA OCIOSIDAD, MADRE DEL VICIO

Nos duele observar que muchos estudiantes no obstante los repetidos anuncios suelen estar todavia en los pasillos hablando en voz alta para distraer a los demas estudiantes en las clases. Tal situacion debe remediarse no solo por anuncios sino que debe usarse una disciplina positiva, porque esta ociosidad encarnada en conversaciones frivolas e inutiles pueden causar o crear mal habito aun mal vicio.

#### ¿QUIEN ES QUIEN?

Corren algunas quejas de los estudiantes sobre algunos instructores e instructoras. Dichos estudiantes alegan que el método de algunos y algunas no es tan bueno, que ellos pierden interes y atencion. Por consecuencia la asignatura que no es deficit se hacen complicada y algo repugnante a los estudiantes. Quien es quien de los instructores e instructoras no conviene mencionarlos aqui. Lo que importa es que los que tienen tales defectos sin bordar en el perfeccionismo deben mejorarse para el bien de la Universidad y estudiantes. †

# Caroliniana...

(Continued from front inside cover)



This year's "C" Staffers faced the camera with the Father Rector. From left to right (standing): Reynaldo Yap, Sixto Abao, Sammy Fabros, Amorsolo Mantigas, Junne Cañizares, Manuel Go. Aba, Talbao & Manuel Ocampo; (sitting): Lourdes Jaramilla, Tommy Echiverre (Adviser), Father Rector, Adelino Siboy and Marietta Alonso. Not in the picture: Ross Escobar, Israel Doronio, Ismael Sala and Father John.

Newcomers are Manuel Go. Benigno Cabanatan, and Israel Doronio. Amorsolo Mantigas is a new addition to our group of artists. He has the ability and diligence which he demonstrated during the preparation of this issue.

## THE STUFF

● In order to know how San Carlos looked in the past, it is imperative that we read Atty. Cornelio Faigao's "Retreat".

It is a lucid retrospect of San Carlos' humble beginning, of its resurrection amidst the debris left by the last war, and of its post-war rise skyward both in height and in fame.

● It is not much of a story if a promise is broken but if a broken promise is mended by a new one with a pledge never to break it again, then something can be told. This is Rey Yap's "Cry, The Last Enemy".

● An ideal Student Council run by ideal student leaders and membered by ideal student followers is what Sammy Fabros wants. Sammy feels the need for an inspired leadership in the school campus as a noble step toward a modern revolution in national leadership.

● What made the USC ROTC Corps click? Winifredo Geonzon's "The Inside Story of the Triple Star" will tell you the secrets of everything military.

## A POSE

● Somewhere under this column are two pictures of the staff. One reveals a pose with Father Rector. This was taken when the staffers paid a courtesy call on him. "We will try our best, Father," chorused the staffers.

The good Father smiled.

We responded.

Our smiles paused.

Mr. U, the photographer, pushed himself.

Everybody posed.



The same bunch posing for a better light.



P0.25; P0.30 pp.



P0.25; P0.30 pp.



P0.25; P0.30 pp.



P0.25; P0.30 pp.

## READ THESE INTERESTING TEENAGERS' SERIES!

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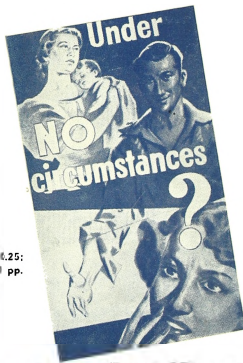
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