

September-October, 1960

The **Carolinian**

**TOWARDS
BLUER
SKIES**

(See pp. 2 & 3)



VOLUME XXIV

NUMBER 2

Very Rev. Harold Rigney, S.V.D.



by
R.
A.
J.

After The First . . .

The long delayed first issue finally showed its face on the USC newstands when our second issue "departed" for Manila. (We usually don't wait for the first issue to appear before starting the second. That certainly would again delay the coming out of this mag.) The sometimes unpleasant, if not laborious task of collecting some elusive manuscripts from more elusive stallers nearly frayed our nerves (FLF's and mine), especially FLF, who prepared the rather inscrutable dummy for the second issue. But we took things in stride.

Our second issue is not yet entirely following its own road and has to take some detours where our first issue had passed. There are still the same "turbid and muddy imprints" from where our first issue left off. We have no qualms about it—the first "C" this year was rather a bit murky, but not a morbid picture of things which we see very often, and just somehow refuse to believe with our stubborn "righteousness" that they happen. We sometimes evade reality, or rather as some of us are wont to do, we unknowingly let reality evade us. We want to feel smug, and hide in our own little dream world and live a life of fantasy. But what would beauty of life be if there were no beauty of ugliness? A kaleidoscope?

We humbly suggest that with our first issue we did a sort of first in student publications. We had the audacity to go where even "devils fear to tread" (to use FLF's expression). Yet it cannot be said of us,—that we embarked on a search for glory trampling whatever lies in our way, and like the victorious Romans of old returning from battles ask for laurels to be placed on our heads. No, we do not ask for laurels.

It just occurred to us to lay off "goody-goodies" for a change and face the hard facts of life. We can all find them in a street urchin scavenging for some not too valuable "valuables" in ill-smelling garbage cans; in all the squat and ugly-looking shanties in our own skid row; in some dimly-lighted street corners where the next man you meet will ask harmlessly for a stick of cigarettes and then in the wink of an eye punch you in the nose. All these we find in our city. So we wrote them, for you, and for us, not to close our eyes but to open them wide, so we may see what the state of things is.

The second issue found us struggling to make a go out of the thirty-two pages allotted us without abandoning the "ideals" of the first issue.

This Issue . . .

Our cover, needless to say, is familiar to all of us now, Carolinians. For in spite of Fr. Rigney's being a "newcomer" to our campus he has already earned for himself all a place in our hearts. With his charming and affable ways but not without stumping his foot when situation demands, Very Rev. Fr. Harold Rigney is definitely a Chicagoan and a typical American. And yet one who does not know much about him would never expect that he suffered four hellish years in Red China!

A "hot war" story by prolific short story writer Junne Cañizares, possibly to fan our memory of the early dark days of the forties, hugs the first pages of the literary lectures. It may also lead us to ponder of worse things to come, if ever the "cold war" gets hot and reaches its boiling point. A bitter yet tender story by Frank Robles, of a man's renewed faith, all because of "flower"? buoyed up our hopes after Junne's "Exodus". The lively and the overall campus appeal of B.V.Q.'s column, **What Do You Think?** continues, with a more "down to campus" topic—the college hero. Whoever he is, unlike most real heroes, he is surely alive.

Other regular features all but wrap this issue. For more information, see the table of contents and read the articles. I would feel like a heel if I revealed all that is in this issue. The other stallers might holler "we wuz robbed", if I'd give you all the inside dope.

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The CAROLINIAN

VOLUME XXIV
NUMBER 2

Editorial

Rebels with a Cause

THE RHEE administration of the Republic of South Korea met its untimely end at the hands of students. Japan's Premier Kishi's pro-American political career was cut short by students. The Menderes government of Turkey was toppled down by students. In still other countries, several Rhees, Kishis and Mendereses may yet encounter their demise, political or otherwise, because of the initiative of students.

Indeed, from the major roles that students have played in political upheavals all over the globe, it would seem that there is a common clamor among the youth to effect a change in this world.

There must be a reason.

Some quarters, dangerously bordering on Communist-phobia, have been wont to enshroud any concerted student movement for political reforms with veils of Communistic affectation. For every student revolutionary movement, the Communists get blamed for instigating the same.

And yet, the case of South Korea stands an incontrovertible refutation. The students have been victorious; the government has been changed. Korea is still free and democratic.

Apparently, therefore, Communism is not the reason. It must be something else in the world.

And just what is wrong with the world? Plenty.

Let's take the Philippines for a particular example.

We are supposed to live, so we are told, under the proposition that all men are created equal, under a regime of justice, liberty and democracy.

But what is actually happening?

Equality, even of opportunity and under the law, is a great farce. The disparity between the millionaires' row and the skid row is too glaring to mention. The rich wallow in silk and linens, the poor, in mud. The accusing finger of poverty and unemployment points at us from every corner. Philippine economy is a riot; Filipinos find themselves slaves to aliens even in their own land. And strange indeed, it is, that our government has turned deaf ears to the cry of the unfortunate.

The government has no money to ameliorate the living conditions of the poverty-stricken. But it is wonderful to note that almost daily, we are fed by newspapers with regular doses of accounts of governmental anomalies involving millions upon millions of pesos. There is no money for the poor, so it seems, but there's much for public officials to provide for their future security.

We have passed an anti-graft law penalizing grafting of political plums. But there's betting going heavy right now that only the small fry will get the axe. Big operators will continue to ply their nefarious trade with impunity. After all, what are they in power for?

Our elders surely seem to be retrogressing into their second childhood. They have lost memory of the fundamental norms of public morality. They have lost sight of the true purpose of public service. So much so, that they even brazenly justify graft and corruption as inherent in any government. Day in and day out, justice is shamelessly seduced, liberty and democracy, brutally assaulted and raped.

These things are all but gratifying to the idealistic youth. These maladies are everything but an approximation of his dream-world. The cancer is too painful to be tolerated.

The youth seeks, as everybody else does, remedies. He agitates for the laws that clamp their teeth on whoever strays beyond the bounds. But what does he get? Only frustration. For nowadays, laws are enforced according to the pleasures of the powers that be.

The youth, therefore, resorts to drastic measures. Not because Communists have told him to. But primarily in order to make this ugly, ugly world — made so by his elders — if not a dream, at least a better place to live in. — flf

● COVER STORY

FOR a very busy man like Very Reverend Father Harold Rigney S.V.D., Ph.D., Rector of the University of San Carlos, forty-five minutes is quite precious a time to lose. But Father Rector, busy as he is, "with no let-up whatsoever", to quote his secretary, Mrs. Herminia Batongmalaque, graciously took time out from his heavy schedule to accommodate this humble *Carolinian* writer who came to see him for an interview one afternoon early last month.

"Do not judge a book by its cover," so the saying goes. The veracity of this saying was once more proven by Father Rector himself. Learning that of all Rectors "he is the hardest to see", I had entertained fears that the interview would be conducted in the most informal fashion. (However, the phrase "hardest to see" should not be taken that he does not want to be pleased with visitors. It is simply impossible for him to receive all at the same time. In fact, one particular father who had failed to see him on a very urgent matter for nearly ten times became so indignant that he walked out of the office. Father Rector, informed of the incident, dismissed the whole thing by replying: "But what can I do? I can't drive the first visitor out just like that! They have to wait!" What makes him so busy? The fact is that he has converted his office into a sort of coordinating section so that he can keep abreast with every university going-on and to keep every activity through proper channels.)

After introducing myself, he led me to his well-furnished receiving room. He had "interviewed" me

first before I could start—the course and year I am in, the school and province I come from—all the more showing his friendly attitude and hospitality. This genuine act of kindness gave me courage and confidence as I fired my first shot—a challenging one at that.

"May I know of the progress USC has made in the short period that you have been Rector, modestly aside?" Father Rector grew soured at this, ushering a very serious question-and-answer parley.

"Not much my boy," he answered after some effort. I noticed he was a little lousy. I regretted having asked such a question. "You see," he continued gesturing, "not much can be done in the first year. It is usually a period of orientation—only studying the nature and gravity of the problems and devising means with which to go about solving them."



FR. HAROLD W. RIGNEY, SVD
"...not much can be done in the first year. It is usually a period of orientation..."

Towards Bluer

"But at least you already have plans—brilliant far-reaching plans, visions unlimited for USC," I held on, failing to change the uneasy atmosphere a bit.

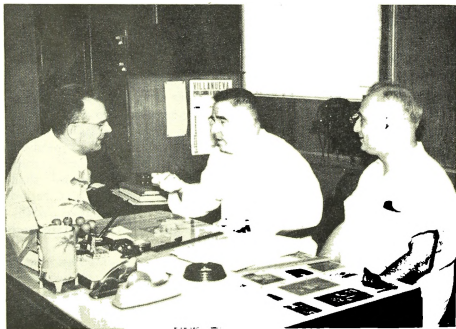
"Surely!" His face brightened. I gave a sigh of relief. "First we have the Chemical Pilot Plant project—supposed to be an industrial chemistry research center the pur-

pose of which is to find more uses for local materials and to develop methods of utilizing their excess products which have commercial values."

He cited the coconut for example. Only the meat is used for a better purpose—making copra—but the husk and the shell are utilized only to substitute for firewood. The husk and the shell, he pointed out, could be made into toys and sold, adding to one's income.

It will take years before this project can be realized. Arrangements between the German and the Philippine governments are well underway. The lot for the plant has been purchased. USC's chemical engineering employes and students have agreed to furnish the labor; foreign technicians will be hired. The only thing that causes the delay are certain technicalities in the Foreign Office in Manila. But the project is taking shape. We can only hope for the best; it will not be long.

Asked if he will push on with the College of Medicine which has been contemplated by many of the former Rectors including Rev. Father Albert van Ganswinkel, S.V.D. and Rev. Father Herman Kondring, S.V.D. aside from the chemical pilot plant, he confided, "I have nothing against a medical school; I'm all for it. It is even ironical that a university o:



FR. RECTOR in Conference with DR. BRUEL and FR. MEINERS, SVD
"... a very busy man ... with no let-up whatsoever ..."

the standard, prestige and reputation of San Carlos lacks one. All Catholic institutions in Manila — UST, La Salle College, Ateneo University—have medical schools. But the problem is this (making a round figure with his thumb and forefinger meaning *dough*):

Money seems to be the problem of all these days. People simply go broke; even schools run short of it. But not only USC's students and faculty members feel the imperative need for a medical school, Father Rector does, and he's not turning deaf ears to our proposal. We may have a medical school enrolling a meager 100 students (UST accepts 1000 annually.) but the hospital and the professors leave a problem. He hopes it is only a matter of time.

The writer related to Father Rector an incident during the CEG Summer Press Workshop and Con-

Skies

by

NELSON F. LAROSA

ference held here in May of this year. A Manila delegate, impatient and failing to see a gym among so many impressive buildings, sarcastically asked, "Where is your gym? Ridiculous!" He only shook his head.

Father Rector is even of the belief that USC needs not only a College of Medicine and a gym, but also an auditorium, more classrooms, a community building to house the present Fathers and other SVD missionaries who may study in this university sometime, (presently, they are crowded at the Fathers quarters), a student lounging room, a new girls high school to be located in Banawa, Guadalupe (the lot has been purchased), and a new convent for nuns. All these projects, gigantic as they are, cost a considerable amount of money.

Commenting on the faculty members and student body, Father Rector said, "The university is growing bigger. Some alterations in the organization of the faculty have to be effected to suit its needs. There should be an improvement in the staff. It is dedicated and cooper-

(Continued on page 24)

Chronology of Fr. Rigney's Life

- Born:** December 18, 1900 in Chicago, Illinois.
- 1918:** Joined the Divine Word Missionaries at Techy, Ill., in August.
- 1920:** Ordained a priest at Techy, Ill., on April 19, 1920 by Most Reverend George Weig, S.V.D., Bishop of Tsingtau, China.
- 1930-1939:** Taught at various Divine Word Missionaries' Institutions in U.S.A. and earned his Ph.D. in Geology at the University of Chicago.
- 1939-1942:** Served with the faculty of Achimot University College, Gold Coast (now Ghana), West Africa, a government school.
- 1942-1946:** Served for 39 months as chaplain in the U.S. Army Air Force, principally in Africa, reaching the rank of Captain.
- 1946:** Entered office on August 4 as Rector of Fu Jen University in Peiping, China.
- 1951:** Imprisoned on July 25 by Chinese communists in Peiping, China.
- 1954:** In April released prisoners brought word that Father Rigney was still alive.
- 1954:** In December Divine Word Missionaries launched a campaign to free Father Rigney through prayer and publicity.
- 1955:** On April 19 Father Rigney observed the 25th anniversary of his ordination in prison while 73,000 Catholic school children from Chicagoland wrote individual letters to President Eisenhower asking him to take action in Father Rigney's behalf.
- 1955:** September 11, Father Rigney was freed from prison.
- 1955:** September 15, Father Rigney reached the Hongkong border.
- 1955:** December 23, Father Rigney wrote his book, "Four Years in a Red Hell", in Hongkong.
- 1956:** He reached New York, first stop in U.S.A., on March 15.
- 1956:** On April 17, in Washington, D.C., Father Rigney launched the Freedom Crusade, a nation-wide petition-signing and letter-writing campaign to Chairman Mao Tse-Tung, head of the Red Chinese government, politely petitioning the release of 13 Americans still held prisoner by the Reds. To date 9 of the 13 have been released.
- 1957:** On July 5, Father Rigney entered office as Regional Superior (Provincial) of the Anglo-Irish region of the Divine Word Missionaries.
- 1960:** On February 27, Father Rigney entered office as Rector of the University of San Carlos, Cebu City, Philippines.

On His Book, "Four Years in a Red Hell"

After Father Rigney's release from communist hands in September 1955 he stayed in Hongkong for the first three months to write about his prison memoirs while they were still fresh in his mind. The complete story—"Four Years in a Red Hell"—published in hard-cover edition on March 15, 1956 by the Henry Regnery Company of Chicago, appeared in AMERICA'S list of ten best sellers for five months. An abbreviated version of the story was syndicated in serial form in 25 U.S. dailies with a combined circulation of 7,000,000. The serial also ran in French, German, Spanish, Portuguese, and Chinese in some fifteen foreign countries including the Philippines where it was run in the *Manila Times*. The book has already been translated into Spanish, Portuguese, German, Indonesian, Burmese, Japanese, Chinese, Arabic, Marathi, and Gujarati. The last two mentioned are both Indian dialects.

"Four Years in a Red Hell" might shock sensitive readers but its realistic narration should make people value their freedom and faith. g

Over a Philippine village one summer night the moon shone and the stars twinkled with fairy-like splendour. But its inhabitants stayed inside their respective nipa huts; some were asleep, and some talked to each other in the semi-darkness about things that had influence over their destiny. Then an intelligence arrived and they were obliged to immediately make an

E-X-O-D-U-S

by JUNNE CAÑIZARES

1

JOVEN and his old man, Nong Teban, alighted quickly from the tongue of the cart when this was tilted; seeing the carabao on its two front knees, they at once acted together to put it back on its feet. "Push the cart. It's already hilly and the carabao is broken," Nong Teban said. "No, it only missed its foothold," Joven said and spat. "Hyaaa, Hyaaa!" It was dawning now. The other riders, Ester and Nang Esid sat quietly among the trunks, bundles, rolled mats and clanging kitchen utensils. Nang Esid who was very nervous had been saying her prayers since they abandoned their last retreat.

Ester looked ahead of the long file of people fleeing from the conflict. She wanted to ease her mind, but the world would not allow her to live under the illusion of peace even for a moment. The band of evacuees moved on. Aside from the carts, they utilized other farm implements that could lighten their burden or afford them little convenience: wheelbarrows, bamboo sledges, *carroles*. Bicycles. Most of these were used to carry personal belongings. They walked on. Each one entertained his own fear, hugged his own hope and felt his own repugnance for war. While, not having any idea of what they were in, the children easily succumbed to the fatigue and hunger and cried.

Behind them, few miles away, an explosion could be heard. The old women uttered the name of God and pulled their tattered shawls about their shoulders. No one talked about what possibly had happened there now. There was in them a certain resignation born out of the remembrance of previous defeats and the guerrillas' lack of good arms and ammunition. The workings of one's imagination brought him nausea, especially if he had a weak stomach.

Ester closed her eyes again in her attempt at composing herself, for, although she was here on this shaky cart, she could not locate her thoughts.

2

She lighted the little lamp inside the kerosene can, and afterwards they stared at each other. He bowed down and combed his hair with the fingers of his hands. He had not shaved; he was pale and ugly, but she loved him. She had him to have and to hold, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, etc. Oh, what a promise! She touched his and he caught hers. She embraced him so tightly as if she wanted to fuse her being with his.

Outside there were stars and the moon, but no lovers walked to appreciate the beauty of the summer night. No one plucked a guitar, nor sang. A dog's growl or the footsteps of someone coming home late were enough to create alarm and dread.

"We will have a baby soon," she said very softly. "If it will be a boy, we will name him after you. He will be my little David. He will be a darling to us."

"Yes... Yes... I confess I'm scared," he said. "But don't you worry. We will survive. And the baby."

Then there was a commotion. A crier walked from house to house advising the people to leave the place. He peeped through the window and said, "My troop is here." He urged them, Ester, Joven, Nang Esid and Nong Teban to pack up their things and told them where to go. At 3:00 o'clock A.M. the place was cleared of the civilians, and men who were lanky and barefooted busily worked in the dark.

3

Someone sickly collapsed, and two old men picked her up from the dust and stones. Joven motioned to go help her also, but Nang Esid stopped him.

"That witch!" Nang Esid said. "Beware of her! See what she has brought us! Disgrace! Disgrace!"

"Valencia is very near already," Nong Teban said. "It's safer there."

"I feel like a coward," Joven said. "I turn my back." "Don't talk of that," Nang Esid said. "You don't understand what you're saying."

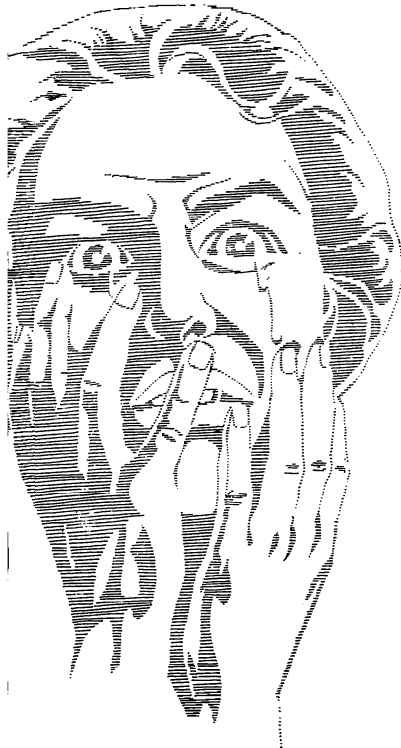
"I'm old enough, and I know how to handle a gun." "Why do you men ever want to handle guns," Ester said. "Are you glad to kill?"

"One fights for what he believes is right and his; fights with those to whom he belongs." Joven pushed the cart. "Don't be a *filosopo*, Joven," Nang Esid said.

The sun was a silvery disk rising very gradually against a prismatic sky. Then it blazed again. Children began to ask for food and they hushed when given "ginaling". It was corn popped, powdered and mixed with brown sugar to taste. One had to learn to eat it; sometimes it would clog in the throat and make one cough painfully.

Two by twos and three by threes, the evacuees, more or less five hundred in number, came to a vast deserted field, now bearing cogon grass and wild-flowering herbs. They, as if driven by the morning wind and sunlight, slowly dragged onward.

On one of the carts a demented man sat on his stock like an owl who had been awakened from a deep day-sleep.



He looked around and grinned as if he was tickled on the ribs. "Where are we going, ha?" he asked. Realizing that nobody paid attention to him, except some urchins who watched him curiously, he shouted the question repeatedly impatiently until a brawny man, probably a relation of his, who walked close to the cart, told him to shut his big mouth. "Answer me!" he demanded, "or else I call the devils upon you."

"Keep quiet," the brawny man said.

The madman burst into laughter. "I know," he said. "I know you're afraid of the slit-eyed. Let me out, free me, and I'll show you. War isn't horrible. It's only a game, a good game."

The muscular man got on the cart and wrestled with the madman, and gagged him.

4

The Japanese captain crossed the road and stood proudly beside his car with the hands akimbo. His boots, sabre and the other metal parts of his uniform were all well polished.

He, young and fresh from the military academy, just had his first campaign successfully. "I expected them to run back," he told himself. "I've heard about these mountain-people. They fight and fly. But great thunder! they held on to the last man!" For the life of him he swore he had not seen so much blood before. The shallow water beneath the bridge was still red with blood of his companions who went in the first truck. Whenever he turned he saw blood and men's bodies, twisted, some blasted by hand-grenades. Trees were torn to smithereens; fences laid in ruins by machine-gun bullets, and houses riddled and tottered to their fall.

At that very moment, he felt compassion for all of them, and thought that war was in vain. It was no solution to any problem at all. But upon remembering his country and the emperor, he rebuked himself never to go out his sphere again. He was patriotic; so far he had done very well. His handsome face beamed with arrogance. He observed his men lynx-eyedly.

A squad was gathering guns and piling them. Some collected their dead and put them in a truck. The rest reconnoitered the place, and ransacked the houses for objects of military importance. They were active. A lieutenant directly walked towards the captain, planted himself at a certain distance and executed smartly a hand salute. He reported as soon as he was acknowledged.

"We also found the leader," the lieutenant said.

"Where?", the captain raised his eyebrows. "Dead? Alive?"

"There in that wooden house near the bridge. He was dying. We finished him."

The captain angrily uttered a curse and slapped the lieutenant. The latter was thrown back by the force, but he quickly recovered his position, bowed and stood erect again. The captain ordered him to set the building, where the leader of the guerrillas was, on fire.

The wooden house was already burning rapidly when they started to move out. The Japanese captain took a last look at it. "Very brave fellow," he said to himself. "There I paid you my respect!"

5

Trepidation suddenly fell upon the refugees when they heard the faint sound of airplanes. Most of them looked up the skies shading their eyes with the palms of their hands. "Are they Americans?" they asked each other. They willed just to keep moving on... hesitantly now as if they had lost their direction.

Each second the roar of engines grew louder, yet nothing had appeared above. As could be presumed, there were three or five airplanes coming their way. Too frightened though they were, they did not stop to look for places to duck to in case of an air attack, for they took it that no one would harm them; they were civilians.

Presto! three zero-fighters came out of the coconut trees, flying very low, no wonder why they were not sighted. "Don't run," somebody gave warning. "Just calm down." Now the airplanes were only about a hundred yards from them, and their noise seemed to fill the entire space. Instantaneously machine guns rent the air. Very few of them were able to leap into the canal and lie flat.

Eternity was compressed to an instant. When the roar had completely faded in the north, the lucky ones stood up and ran here and there calling names of their beloved. The wounded groaned. Dogs roamed around sady; cats rubbed on masters and mistresses, not knowing they had gone away for good. One wailed over her dying husband. Another begged God's mercy. Joven looked at Nong Teban, Nang Esid and Ester, and wept on the wheel of the cart, punching it until his knuckles bled. g

SOMEWHERE A FLOWER GROWS

BEFORE he met Edith, his heart was burning with anger: He felt violet.

He sang blue-faced in a lonely night club at the waterfront with his guitar, and was beginning to poison his blood with alcohol because his birth, he complained vehemently, was a mistake. He always sought a cool dark corner whenever he was singing, afraid to be betrayed by the tenderness in him, fearing people would know he was really weeping and call him names.

In the Blue Gardenia, that was the night club, he was called "Prince of the Blues."

His mother died during the war and his father, who was a violinist, lost all inspiration to touch the strings, fell into debts, and died from ulcer. So now he was all by himself, padding, as the saying goes, his own canoe in the wide Pacific. What a hell of a way to go!

Goddamn you! he said to the sky, but it remained an indifferent blue.

His songs were strange. One was about a hostess who tried to stowaway among the apple boxes in the hold and was caught and was hurled down from the fro of a Norwegian steam boat. He dedicated it to Baby, a seventeen-year-

old hostess who was a confirmed lunatic. Another was about the suffering of horses for having been born animals and gave a description of a head-on collision between a tartanilla and a passenger jeepney. Of course, nobody understood them really, that he knew well enough. People clapped their hands out of a social instinct or a primitivist urge to be happy, happy, happy. He wasn't even sure some of them were listening. For how could they be listening and necking at the same time and enjoy both?

Let there be war! he prayed to the stars. Let the hydrogen bombs divide this world in two! Let the presidents and vice-presidents and premiers and salesmen and slots and me die and disintegrate forever!

But then there was no war, there would be no more, it seemed from the newspapers, because both Russians and Americans are now scared to face their own destruction.

From the window of the room he rented, he watched the children of the slums look for things in the dumping ground. What's the big idea creating people and making them live as miserable as that? he asked angrily. Why the sparrows are having a better time!

The stout widow who owned the night

club confessed to him she was always fascinated by his voice. He felt flattered and kissed her on the forehead. How stupid you are! the woman said with a smile. Don't you know how to kiss a lady? Yes, he said. No, you don't, she countered. Sure, he knew, he insisted. Go ahead, prove it young man, the woman said in a long dragging voice.

He kissed her on the lips and when he broke off he felt corrupted, caught in a stenching mess. Then the hostesses, who were either too large or too thin and anemic, too dark or too pale, started teasing him relentlessly till he slapped one of them because he could no longer bear the embarrassment.

Sometimes, in the evening, he walked in the streets aimlessly. He smoked and had coffee in the restaurant and slept on the grass. Many times he had been picked up for vagrancy, but he always managed to get out of the Police precinct to sleep on the grass again. This he enjoyed especially when there was the moon that said love, said remoteness, said sleep.

Not knowing what to do, he went with juvenile delinquents who drove cars without license, broke glass windows and stole girls' belongings. That for a time was fun. But one night



by

Frank A. Robles

What do you mean? he asked with an incredulous expression in his face.

Well, for one thing, think of this miracle that you and I met in this rain, she said glancing at him. There are many things like this one that happens every day. But you don't see them, because you are blind.

He saw the gardenia in her hand. Could I have it? I need its fragrance and tenderness for the anger that has been hurting me.

It's yours. May you never forget I gave it to you.

He had not seen Edith again ever since that evening. Yet now, he was no longer angry. For each morning he would watch the new dawn break above the dumping ground, say hello to the sky, look at flowers in the sunlight, and have faith in the stars. His eyes and his heart shall be the witnesses to the every day miracle of birth and growth.

And then, here was this hope now, the trembling hope that somehow, in the evening rain he would find Edith again; and when that happens he would give the song he wrote and dedicated to her name, the one he would sing to her only, to let her know he was grateful for everything she said and gave. He called it, *Somewhere, a Flower Grows.* ¶

they all got into trouble with another bunch of desperate adolescents in the dark corner of an avenue. One of them was stabbed and fell dead moaning on the pavement like a wounded dog. All the James Deans went running to their homes crying for fear.

So that was the end of it. He felt so sad to see youth bleeding in the darkness. He wrote an elogy and sang it in the night club at the waterfront. After hearing it, all the seamen clapped their hands and the hostesses giggled. He was surprised. You, my generation, are a monster, he told them through the microphone.

Just where he would end up he could not tell.

But then he met Edith. That, he remembered, was in the rain.

It was evening and the rain was falling like silver from heaven. He was going home from the waterfront and he was wet when he saw her with an umbrella in the street. They looked at each other in the rain, two young people in the cold. Come, her eyes said, share this umbrella with me. He approached her and said, could I? Alright, she answered.

They moved slowly in the street. Her name was Edith, she told him, age eighteen, a student, she was carrying books. What about you? she inquired. He was called "Prince of the Blues," he said, he was a singer, he was twenty, and he was lonely.

Everybody is lonely, Edith said in the rain. But we can have a damn good time if we really want to. It's a matter of looking at things, you see.

From a

PARABLE OF THE
ONLY-BEGOTTEN

*The fields are innumerable
And the seasons are many.
It is therefore explainable
Why it's always planting day.*

*The Sower all-persevering
Now goes out to sow his seed
He marches, fervently praying
They won't be outgrown by weed.*

*And as he does his noble job,
Some seed falls on the way side.
They are trodden down by the mob:
Peked by foels in winds that ride.*

*Upon a rock some other fall.
They spring up, then wither;
Stay for a while and vanish all
For lack of constant water.*

*And among thorns fall other some
With them they consent to grow.
Choked by them: faint they become.
Soon their leaves and stems hung low.*

*And some seed falls upon good ground,
And yield fruit a hundredfold.
On earth: Where else can it be found
A sight of joy untold?*

by Junne Cañizares

NIGHT . . .

*i shall mark this night alone
and for many nights on
because earlier in the afternoon
we said the last words.
tonight i shall number the stars
because there is nothing else
that i can do.*

*i do not want to think of you
and counting sheep won't help
so i will just number the stars
till they dance in my eyes.
and tonight, too, i'd rather watch
the silent silhouette of the trees
than study your picture
lying on the table among my books;
i'd rather listen to the night's
metallic stillness than hum the tune
of our favorite song.*

*then, maybe, i can sleep the rest of the
night away without any dreams of you.
no, i am not lonely for you.*

● by alfredo b. amoces ●

*i greet the day with the sun
burning in my eyes
and i try to go about the day's chore
with nary a thought of you.
(let's see. today is monday.)
well, it could be tuesday or friday —
it really doesn't matter — it's
just another schoolday.)
i shall hail a jeepney to school
and give a quick look at my watch
to see if i'm not late.
and maybe, by chance, you'd be
riding in it too, sitting
across from me.*

*i'd give you a smile and say nothing
hoping you'd do just the same —
a smile and nothing more
for if you would say just a word
or a "how are you?" for instance,
the pain would start all over again.
no, i don't care for you —
not anymore.*

. . . DAY

A Page of Harvest

three forms after summer²

1. plants

plants now are growing
after a summer heat languor
sprouting and waving heavenwards
triumphantly. roses are singing:
the rain is come, alleluia!

2. vehicles

the spinning car tires are
beating the rain and mud
to meet the students going
for a ride to school.
the jeepney drivers are shouting
for passengers. ah, happy rides,
happy fares — the rain is falling
everywhere.

3. woman with an umbrella

she roofs herself
with an umbrella
but the wind is strong
and she gets rain in her breast
and in soliloquy she utters:
damn rain!

by manuel satorre, jr.

rainfall

the autumnal rushing of winds
gathers the broken notes of the rain
and fills my parched being —
i thirst for you so much.
now, the rain has come.
its broken notes convey a message
which only hearts that beat with
the same rhythm can fully under-
stand —
come, my beloved:
what is life without you?

by daisy maté

overheard in the drugstore²

boy:

i think i have a crush on you
but something makes me feel so
blue
'cause someone else has a crush
on you
and i can feel you like him too.
my love for you i could not show
for everytime you're near
my tongue gets slippery like
an eel.

girl:

you think that i've a crush on
him
but you are very wrong, my dear.
a torch for him i might have
held,
but when you're near, my heart,
believe me, goes jet-propelled.
it is not just a crush on you i
have
no, it's that good old many
splendored
thing called love.

by drc ess

gardenias²

from thy petals come,
in mute language, praises
to our Creator
more noble, more innocent
than the hallelujahs
from the lips of men.

by agustin p. mendoza
philosophy III

solitud²

under the shade of the spreading
branch
i sat gazing at the wide bare plains
thinking of the happy days gone by
and collected the pieces
of my shattered dreams.
i traced every curve of the distant
mountain
i ruled the flowing zigzagged
streams
i counted every drop of the falling
rain
i built my broken dreams again.

by c. l. s. a. — arch. III



LINDA VILLANEVA
Liberal Arts

● My college hero is not a basketball player because the way I look at him, he is more in love with the ball than his study and even perhaps his lady. He is not an ROTC officer either, because more often than not, he is associated with bayonets, guns and even wars. I am afraid of these weapons, you know. He is not a politician either because he is usually inclined to belching all kinds of venom, vitriol, mudslinging and all sorts of unprintable invectives. Politics is a dirty game. And I am allergic to it, not because I am a woman, but because I have been reared since childhood "to love my neighbor as I love myself." I had been taught to live up to the tenets of Christianity.

A campus writer is my college hero, because he may have the ability to write reforms of something rotten. By his constructive expositions, he sustains the meritorious tradition of worthwhile campus leadership and prudent involvement in the collective task of resolving things that should be solved for the good and well-being of the community in which he lives.

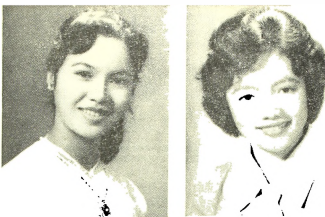
LINDA VILLANEVA
Liberal Arts

● I've always been fascinated by scholars. To me, they seem to have self-control and intellectual discipline. I often find a scholar very engaging in his dealings. Having read a lot, he can discuss a lot of things intelligently. That's why, it's profitable to be with him. No student can be a scholar unless he has a good character. Now is character not the most important thing to consider in a man?

Personally, I don't find scholars dry and unpleasant. Knowing what to do in a particular situation, they often do things well. Scholars are just a quiet lot, reticent and formal. I don't think there's anything wrong with that. Who likes juvenile delinquents anyway? Or "society cowboys?"

NATIVIDAD REDULLA
Liberal Arts

● In my brief stay at this University, I have met a thousand and one students who are quite "big shots" in their respective groups. Among them are scholars, athletes, ROTC officers, campus politicians and writers. However, the latter impressed me much with their literary wit. As writers, they can make things from gray to gay. They are good conversationalists. They don't make the group bored, tired and sleepy. They always talk of serious things in a lighter vein. They are really irresistible. I am not trying here to flatter the



ESTRELLITA SANCHEZ
Liberal Arts

staff of the *Carolonia*. If they are flattered, that is entirely incidental. They asked for honest opinions.

Campus writers, I believe are fiscalizers. They crystallize and clarify intelligent issues of the day for the readers to dissect. They mold students' opinions and assimilate the truth as well as the falsity of the principles and creeds that are cited in support of the most dangerous of issues facing the nation.

They are the defenders of those who cannot be heard because they don't have the courage and the voice to do so. In short, they take up the cudgels for those who have been oppressed by godless ideologists that tend to make slaves out of them. Writers are really powerful people.

ESTRELLITA SANCHEZ
Liberal Arts

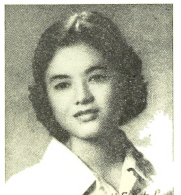
● My college hero is absolutely not a writer because he is a "dangerous" person. People cannot talk "freely" when he is around. He is not a scholar either because he always talks of serious things and I don't like serious persons. He is not a campus politician either because he seldom fulfills his promises after he wins the election. He is not a basketball player either, because he is more inclined to devote his time to the round things than to his studies. Who then is my college hero? Well, he is the guy wearing that well-pressed khaki uniform, with saber dangling on his hip... walking in brisk gait in the campus. He is the so called defender of our country in times of war. He is none other than the ROTC officer.

JOY QUIJANO
Commerce

● I have met different kinds of campus heroes here. I have talked with ROTC officers, basketball players, politicians, writers and scholars. But of all of them, writers fascinate me most. When they say something, they say it with beauty. They have tempers all right, but even with that, they're still delightful.

Writers are a wonderful people. They talk of things under the heat of the sun... love, courtship, marriage, graft and corruption in the government, the

NATIVIDAD REDULLA
Liberal Arts



● It has been our obsession to dish out interesting topics to be discussed by the students in this column. We are happy to say, that it seems we have not failed towards that goal, judging from the kudos we received from the readers hailing the topic we featured in the last issue on the subject of going steady in college. They say that it was irresistibly interesting indeed.

WHAT IS YOU OF A COLL

mysteries of women and all that in a lighter vein. They can make life more lively with their supply of jokes.

Without campus writers, we would be deprived of the news of different activities held within the confines of the university. They keep us well-posted.

But above all, there is something about writers that cannot be paid by gold... their services for public interests. Their only consolation is their glamorous profession are "reactions" from readers, favorable or otherwise. These "reactions" make them feel that at least they have not failed in their efforts. They have been read.

AZUCENA C. PARADIANG
Liberal Arts

● I have high regard for student leaders in the campus. Hence they are my idols, so to say. In them rests the future of the constituency of this university. They run the affairs of the student government which I believe is not as easy as cracking peanuts. To lead people is not a joke.

Student leaders are to me the most important figures in the campus. They carry the voice of the students and represent the school in and out of the school campus. In them lies the serious responsibility of breaking the age-old barriers that separate the students from the university authorities. They can make representation with the school administration about the needs of the students they represent.

IDA SERRATO
B.S. Physics

● Scholars talk like books and smell like *Filipiniana*; student leaders are bossy, suffering from that Napoleonic hallucination; ROTC officers remind me of the brutality of the Japs during the 2nd world war; writers are simply no good. They don't recognize friends.

But athletes are different. They are "game." It must be because they're players. They are friendly with their

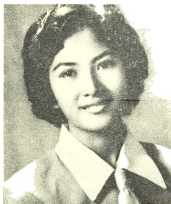
JOY QUIJANO
Commerce



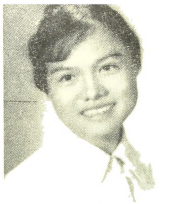
IDA SERRATO
B.S. Physics



In this issue, we hereby present another subject matter, which we believe, is just as equally interesting as that of the first. It's about college heroes. The opinions expressed by the students we have interviewed vary... from the sublime to the ridiculous. But at any rate, they're interesting. Entertaining. Amusing. And flattering.



PAZ A. LEANO
B.S.H.E. III



ANTONIETTA R. SANTOS
A.B. II



GENE R. RELAMPAGOS
Law

UR CONCEPT EGE HERO?

fans in the spheroid court, in the volleyball court, in the tennis court or in the swimming pool as the case may be.

They are also the ambassadors of goodwill. They travel abroad to sell the Philippines and prove to the world that PI is not lagging behind in sports. Have you been reading the papers lately? Have you come across the news about Pinays participating in the Olympic games in Rome? Well, this is but an instance of what I said above.

PAZ A. LEANO
B.S.H.E. III

• The most fascinating student I've ever met in the campus is the scholar. By nature he is introvert in the sense that you seldom find him in the corridors, in the lobbies or on the stairways ogling, yet he is an extraordinary guy.

True, you always find him in the library deeply engrossed in his books, unmoved like the profile of a weathering statue. But you can get plenty of wisdom from him. His words are always tempered with intelligence and seldom can you experience a foolishness from him.

A woman who has personal attachments with this kind of a campus hero will have more or less a feeling of security. He has the sincerity, the resourcefulness and all to live up to what he has promised. He does not fool around with her because he is not a *puñkero*.

CHITA SANCHEZ
A.B. II

• My college hero is just a normal, well-rounded student of the University of San Carlos. He's a very intelligent fellow. He was my classmate once in English 40. In class, he is very serious and attentive. He never attempts to take off his scholarly glasses for fear that he might not catch up with the lecture. In fact, I haven't seen him *crack* during exams despite the fact that he sits in a class

CHITA SANCHEZ
A.B.

ANASTACIA ALCUIZAR
B.S. Chemistry II

MELVA RODRIGUEZ
Architectural Engng

surrounded by a bevy of "busting" beauties. He never fails to have a perfect score in every test. He sometimes commits a mistake or two, but he still tops the class.

He is currently a member of the Student Catholic Action, of the Sodality of Mary, and of the Philippine Health Association. He is also a constant contributor to the *Rotari*, the Chemistry Club publication.

He is very accommodating. What attracts me most is his well-modulated voice, his good diction, his excellent pronunciation and above all his pleasant personality. If you haven't guessed his identity yet, take a hint: he's taking up Bachelor of Science in Chemistry in this University.

ANTONIETTA R. SANTOS
A.B. II

• Writing about my college hero is not an easy task for me, not because nothing could be written about him but because I believe he hates publicity. I am taking the risk of writing this, however, because I see the advisability of presenting his personal assets which might serve as a genuine source of inspiration to all.

Presently, he is the most active Catholic student leader in various religious organizations in the campus, especially the Sodality of Our Lady. He is a very religious guy. He loves things related to the Social Apostolate.

He is competent, clear in thought, rich in imagination, strong in action and lives a life without compromising Christlike ideals. Courtesy, reverence and loyalty both publicly and privately are his striking trademarks.

His talent and unflinching understanding of human nature won him a host of friends. He also possesses a literary talent combined with real love for newspaper work. As a matter of fact, he occupies an important position in the *Carabang* and the monthly publication of the Chemistry Club.

He does not freeze what he thinks in the recesses of his mind. He is a devout Catholic.

ANASTACIA ALCUIZAR
B.S. Chemistry II

• Our law has not set in black and white a standard for heroes nor has our tradition imposed metes and bounds on such a standard. However, the lacunae in both instances have not precluded me from a particular hero of my own.

I have "kissed goodbye" to the soldier, my hero long before I gave up rubber bands and marbles as my playthings; hence ROTC officers are absolutely not my heroes.

Neither is that bespectacled, emaciated *homo sapiens* called scholar my hero. They are introverts. They love their books more than their friends.

Who then is my college hero? Well, he or she is the servile, much maligned, but most feared individual called class monitor. He deserves worship because without him or her there will be a rampant cutting of classes by the fugitives of the class. He saves the latter from being scholastic paupers and school deportees through his diligent efforts to check their absences.

GENE R. RELAMPAGOS
Law

• My college hero is not the scholar, bookworm, killjoy, pessimist, ever-serious bore who sees and knows everything, except the people around him, nor is he the all-around athlete who has nothing in his head but the round things... You know... the ball, the goal, this includes curves and that round digit in mathematics representing nothing, (Zero).

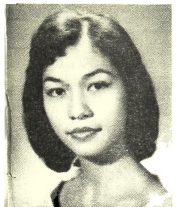
He is not the socialite either, who spends so much time attending to his appearance, coming to school in a flashy (though sometimes borrowed) jaguar; neither is he who has his "classes" in the lobby or in the corridors ogling women and swapping hamburgs with his colleagues.

My college hero is one who has the combination of brains, brawn, beauty and bank. He must be first of all, a devoted Catholic because the religious belief of a man takes care of what he is, what he has and what he will be.

He must be also studious, but not too serious. He should once in a while find an escape from the humdrums of that tedious drudgery called study. He should remember that "all study and no play make Jack a dull boy."

He must be a player and an able one, too. But he should not make games the end-all and the be-all of his student life, because "all play and no study make Joe an even duller boy."

(Continued on page 24)



... LET'S *Walk It Over* ...

HAILS AND HELLS FOR A CAMPUS NEWSPAPERMAN:

The life of a writer is indeed full of inexplicable contradictions. If it is a combination of both glamour and danger. The moment he exposes the truth of an anomalous thing with derisive nakedness into the open, he will most likely evoke two things: HAILS from broadminded readers whose range of conception is wide in scope and indubitably capable of taking the truth with a grain of salt, and HELLS from narrowminded ones whose intelligence quotients are as low as the price of rotten squashes at the Carbon market, and whose egos are more inflated than our Philippine peso. The latter kind is dangerous because they cannot take the truth as it hurts or swallow the pepper because it's too pungent. They are hard to deal with because they are slaves of their own passions and puppets of their own prejudices.

While it is true that a writer sometimes gets a bonus of HAILS... praises to high heavens, handshakes, backpatting and even invitations to *Jenny's* in recognition to his so-called fearless literary snafus, more often than not, he will incur a bulk of HELLS... threats of bodily harm, intimidations, rubeadas, mayhem and all that kind of stuff... from the human objects of his diatribes who cannot take constructive criticisms for the reason that they don't have brains inside their heads, but merely left-over from infancy. Instead of talking it over with the writer, they would display their irresponsibility and stupidity through brutal show of force...

And the irony of it all is that, instead of being terribly apprehensive over how his nose shall be punched or his neck shall be wrung, the writer not through his own fault, becomes terribly amused watching these very people arrogating unto themselves the role of strutting little gods with feet of clay and brains of mud.

A writer's life is really thrilling. It is even as thrilling as courting an unpredictable woman who changes her mind as fast as she changes her... He faces a lot of kinds of creatures... the saints and the sinners... whose personalities are separate and distinct from each other. He either gets HAILS from the former or HELLS from the latter. He cannot have both. This makes his life lively.

SIX STUDENTS JAILED FOR THREATENING A WRITER:

Selfless "dating" with hungry mosquitoes and blood-sucking bedbugs in jail, after they were found guilty by a municipal judge of the crime of threats.

It was reported that the six students in question had been allegedly enraged at an editorial written by a school editor which pointed out among other things the anomalous activities of the fraternity with which the sex were identified as bonafide members.

However, instead of taking the proper course of action, they took the law into their own hands, and threatened the school editor with bodily harm. The latter filed a complaint of threats, and the six were convicted after court trials.

The conviction of the six students "inspired" the authorities of the school they were enrolled in. They expelled the "notorious six" and dissolved their fraternity.

Well, this kind of case was considered point 1 for greater enjoyment of freedom of expression among campus newspapermen throughout the length and breadth of the country. This has yet happened here in Cebu but the possibility is not remote, especially since we have readers in our midst with feet of clay and brains of mud.

PROFESSORS HAVE NO RIGHT TO INSULT:

It is common knowledge that rights exist in favor of persons. Every right includes two persons, namely: the active subject who may demand enforcement of any prestations, and the passive subject who must suffer or obey such enforcement. In other words, the former has a right and the latter owes a duty to respect that right.

Applying the same principle in school, the students are the active subjects who may demand proper teaching methods while the professors are the passive subjects who owe a duty to teach the students properly.

Students come to school to study and learn. They don't come here to be lectured, insulted or obey such professors. The latter have no legal right to do that, except under very exceptional circumstances.

THESE MEASURES ARE NOT FLATTERING TO STUDENTS:

An act on traffic control and a resolution on anti-flattering on the corridors and lobbies were approved in the recent sessions of the SSC Congress. The spirit behind the act and the resolution are commendable. But the fact that they are addressed to college students who are supposed to possess intelligence and responsibility of high caliber, is not at all flattering. For the implication is clear that our so-called university students are ignoramuses in matters of social order.

The students of Saint Charles should not let this challenge pass without sufficient reaction. They can tackle the challenge only by following to the letter the provisions of the two measures. And any infringement should not be taken lightly without the corresponding punishment.

REP. LAROSA SHOULD NOT BE SHOT FOR HIS PATRIOTISM:

During the first regular "marathon" session of the 4th Supreme Student Council Congress, none among the women-lawmakers participated in the discussion of matters taken during the session. They were quite apprehensive that they might be ruled out of order, and blush later on.

His Honor, Nelson Larosa, Representative from the College of Liberal Arts who seemed to have inherited the patriotism of Rizal took the cudgels and said: "I am not a woman but I will speak in behalf of the women."

For this chivalric patriotism of Rep. Larosa, he should not be shot at *Plaza Independencia*.

THERE IS AN IMPERATIVE NEED FOR PARLIAMENTARY PRACTICE:

We believe there is an imperative need for the inclusion of parliamentary practice in the curricula of the University. It should be made a required subject in all courses.

Its neglect was obviously felt especially during the sessions of the SSC Congress. Only very few participated in the official deliberations lobbed for discussion on the session floor. Reason: They were not familiar with the rules of parliamentary practice. They were afraid they might be ruled out of order.

Now, this is tragic. Student-lawmakers who have worthwhile ideas are prone to relegate themselves to the background and keep their mouths shut. The result is dangerous. People who are quite conversant with the Robert's Rules of Order can kill right then and there sound bills and resolutions at their pleasures. And most likely we will have a student government "worth the garbage can."

The honorable members of the SSC Congress should do something about this not only for their own good but also for the benefit of those who are to succeed them in the near future. We hope they would make representations with the school administration to make parliamentary practice a required subject in this institutions.

COLLEGE EDITORS ARE ALSO POLITICIANS:

We are indeed proud that we have a lot of brothers in the *College Editors' Guild of the Philippines* who are now heads of the Supreme Student Council in their respective schools. For instance, we have Sixto Abao, Jr. who was former editor of the "C" Bayani Aparar, editor of *Uplink*, Jorge Agena, editor of the *CSJ's Forward* and apartheid Eric Aumentado, editor of *RPC's Rafael Palma Collegian* down there in Bohol.

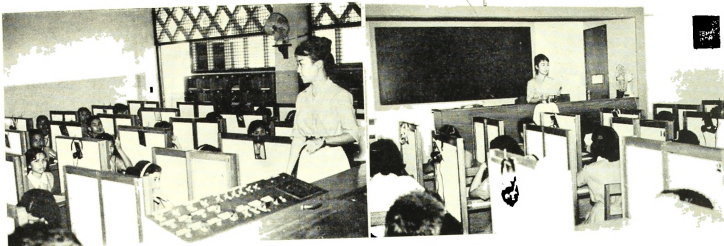
Some of our brothers in other schools unfortunately failed to capture the coveted posts. But college editors are a kind of politicians whose greatest glory is not in never falling but in rising every time they fall.

THE "INVITATION" WAS NOT PSYCHOLOGICALLY WRITTEN:

Somewhere in the campus we came across a poster which in effect said: "Do you want to be real men? Then join our religious group." We are not anti-Catholics. We believe the latent and purpose of the group is well and good.

But we believe that the "approach" in the invitation was not psychologically sound. It's defective. You see, men, instead will be hesitant to join the religious group for fear they might create an impression that they "have just started to be real men." Amor proprio, you know.

... by BALT V. QUINAIN ...



Something to
Crow About . . .

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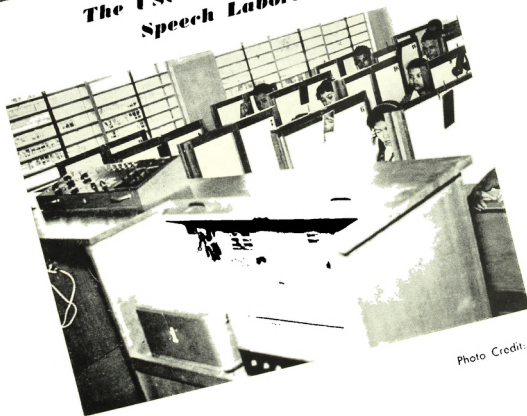


Photo Credit: P. T. UY

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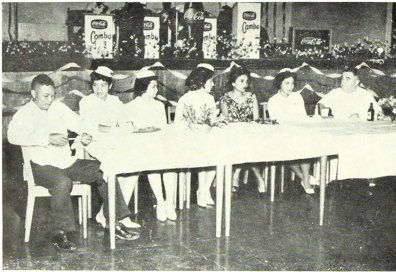


Legal Aid Bureau Induction

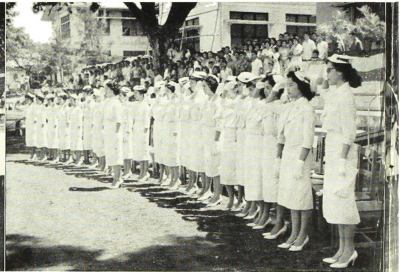


Portia Club Induction

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Sponsors' Ball



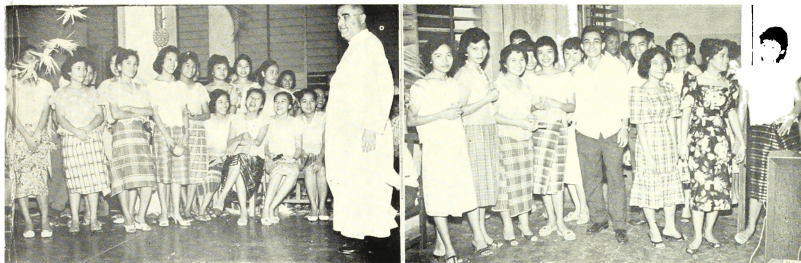
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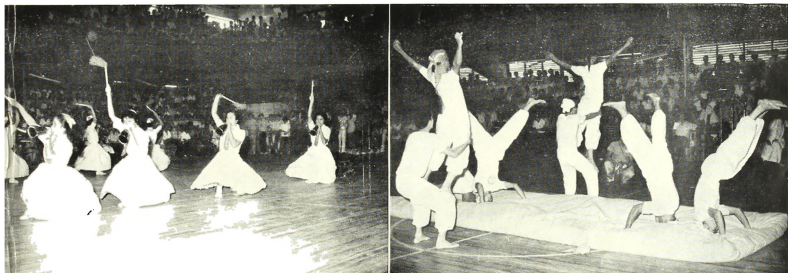
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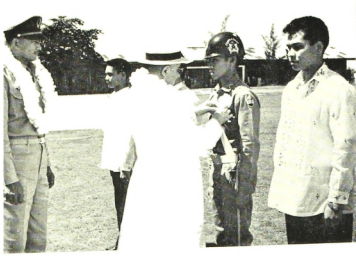


Pharmacy II and III in Liloan



Pharmacy IV and V in Pook, Talisay

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Rector-Faculty Day



Pre-Nursing Acquaintance Party



*H.E. Excursion
to Bohol*



*H.E.-USC
Cafeteria Personnel*



Al Mirante's

JUST DISHING IT OUT!

Intramural Games

Intramural games, we believe, aim, among other things, to promote the spirit of sportsmanship, and the feeling of fellowship and fraternity among the students of this University. But the practice can hardly achieve this noble aim. The games are now played in such a manner that the players seem to consider the members of the opposing team as their bitter enemies, so that to conquer them, they have to play like ferocious lions. Thus, the games leave a feeling of antagonism, enmity and discord among the different college groups.

We suggest that those charged with the conduct of the intramurals either remedy this sad state of affairs or abolish the games altogether! Or, if the suggestion is too harsh, we suggest that we modify the games and make, for instance, basketball a judo-boxing-wrestling-basketball game. In this way, there will be no more hard feelings; even among those who suffer black eyes and broken bones because "such are part of the game."

Migration

The places that enjoy a marked increase of "patrons" immediately before and during examination days in USC are the libraries and the chapel, while those that suffer the corresponding decrease are Jenny's, the drugstore, and other chattering places.

At no other time is the main library filled to capacity. Its commerce section "yellowed" with work sheets of the debit-credit conscious comerciantes; the engineering library bristled with students wielding slide-rules; the low library silent though filled to capacity by the usually talkative budding "abogodos."

And one cannot help but notice the increase in attendance in the chapel. This is due to students who, though they usually forget to attend mass even on Sundays during "normal" times—suddenly become godly. Indeed, there are many who remember God only when faced with some problem or other. Consider this: the increase of church-goers at the height of the end-of-the-world canon.

Armi's Visit to Cebu City

Except for short items written in some obscure corners of our local papers, there was not much publicity concerning Mrs. Armi Kusela-Hilaro's visit to this city while accompanying her husband who was attending the barrio lieutenants' conference weeks ago. There was no mobbing (or mashing) as done in the Manila International Airport in 1952 when the then unmarried Armi Kusela arrived in the Philippines shortly after she was crowned Miss Universe. Although there were still some curious onlookers, there was not much pushing and milling around, skipping of class and braving the heat of the noon-day sun which happened wherever Armi went when she was still single.—Oh, Hilaro, how you have changed the universe—I mean, Miss Universe!

Trivia

There were times during our review for the mid-term exams when we had to literally burn our mid-night candles. Reason: the YECO blackout... Because of the floods in Manila, this year's bar exam was perhaps the wettest in history. Many barristers went to the place of examination barefooted and wet... but not without their wits, we hope... By the way, there are two ways of passing the bar: over and below it... as long as we live we shall always try to forget the sight of a certain group of our students conspicuously leaving the quadrangle when the candidate who was not of their choice, went on stage to speak. We never imagined some Carolinians could be that rude and ill-behaved... The incidence of cheating which was discovered during the mechanical engineering examination here, should prompt our officials to extend the anti-smuggling drive to examination rooms...

Mila N. Ruiz

• Hi there! How do you feel after the ordeal of the mid-term exam. Tired and weary perhaps—so here's refreshing news about our beautiful and handsome campus figures to lift up your spirits.

Cute, petite and lovable—that is **Ester Lopez**. She had just arrived from a one week training for Girl Scouts in Talisay. Know what? She's a P.E. teacher in one of our local Universities here, but she studies how to compute figures in our school. She has also the figure to be studied by our dashing Romeo.

At the barn dance sponsored by the Sigma Sigma Phi Fraternity, **Monette San Agustin** (the Most Exalted Brother) was the center of attraction. He's a graceful dancer you know. I just can hear the sigh of admiration from the ladies and how they wish to(?) ... dance with him of course. I hope Monette will not get spoiled—otherwise...

Dainty and demure is **Erinda Talaid**. You can't help looking back to her the moment you'll see her. She's every inch a Filipina, especially with her black hair. That is what I call real beauty.

I have no intention of including **Manny Go** in this column for I am sure everybody knows him. But while I was making this write-up, he kept on singing a line from a very popular song. "You are my reason to live". Ooops... becoming romantic huh? Who's the lucky gal, Ed?

Speaking of announcers, we have lots of 'em. They are **Perry Albano**, **Geny Araneta**, (ladies first) **Tito Espiritu**, **Diegs Cabrera** and **Baby Camomot**. This column will be more of an ad column if I'll tell you what station they are connected with, so just ask them personally if you are interested, okay? (I'm referring to the dedication addicts.)

There's another beautiful lady who is also captivating. She is from the College of Law—**Elma Salvador**. Like Linda she is a ROTC sponsor. Boys watch out! Elma has a unique hobby—collecting beautiful eyes. What will you do with those beautiful eyes, El?

I have also another friend (she requests her name be withheld) who has that beauty men love. I asked her what age was right for a woman to marry. She said "23—that's the legal age to marry." Then she added "I mean without parents' consent." Oh! Baby, don't tell me you're going to get hitched without your Dad's blessing.

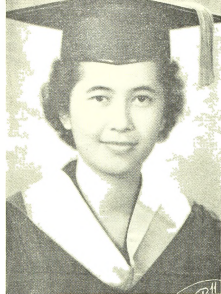
Marilyn Bajarinas from the College of Liberal Arts says, "I'd like to be a Doctora someday". I'll keep my fingers crossed for you dear.

Do you know **Romeo Jalosjos**? He's a Pre-Med student. I heard he has a misunderstanding with his gal. Never mind. Lover's quarrel is a renewal of their promises, so they say. But somebody said "Promises are made to be broken". Well, I will leave everything to you for comments.

I saw **Nonoy Agruda** one afternoon busy conversing with his friends. It must have been a very important story. Maybe politics. No doubt he is a future attorney. Nonoy really has a good public relations.

Oh boy! space is lacking. Though there are still many beautiful ladies and debonair gentlemen around to be included in this column, we will have to end this, much as I don't want to. So this is your **CAMPUS TATTLE** bidding you good-bye (but not a farewell, remember). Hasta la vista!

YOUR CAMPUS Tattler



TERESITA VERGARA

... warmth and unaffected cheerfulness.

● The cynosure of admiring eyes is Tess, when she walks along the corridors. A graceful, un-hurrying walk, a smile that continually lurks at the corners of her mouth ready to break out any moment, and the twinkle in her eyes hold a person's attention. Warmth and unaffected cheerfulness radiate from her. Was Wordsworth thinking of one like her when he wrote "She was a Phoebe of delight when first she gleamed upon my sight... A perfect woman nobly planned, to warm, to comfort and command?"

Sociable and adaptable, Teresita is a key figure in campus activities. She was elected Treasurer of the Supreme Student Council. She is the President of the Human Relations Club, USC chapter, which is affiliated with the nation-wide Philippine Mental Health Association. Despite her work as an officer in school organizations, she still finds time for more glamorous activities as being an ROTC sponsor, riding on a float, and dancing on the stage during school programs.

Befitting her temperament of quiet dignity and reserve Teresita has chosen to be a teacher. She now holds a job at our High School Department. Teaching Spanish and English, she fulfills her childhood dream of molding and helping the youth. Herself being young (just out of her teens), she wants to be ably equipped for "teaching forever." She is now taking a graduate course in Education, not being content with the BSE degree she got last year from this University, cum laude.

Forced maturity and a big burden of responsibility have been heaped upon her. She is stable temperamentally, rarely given to a display of anger. From a care-free, fun-loving ballet student whose teenage problems were solved by somebody else, a big transition came about when she lost her mother. A big sad blow. Things became hard for her. Deeply devoted, our daily communicant rallied. From the depths of a great sorrow, she has come out a lady with a heart.

At the mention of her heart, with eyes full of mischief, she pulls out before you a dream picture of her wedding. A military wedding tags her list. Laughing merrily, she pulls out another picture: home life, and this time an engineer takes preference. As with all girls, she is also full of fancies that easily change.

What will never change however, is her priceless regard for the real value of a man's sterling character. Thus our "personality" shows a character with the very feminine facade of a real lady, which we all would wish to emulate. —NMF



INSUBORDINATION CASE, 1960 VERSION

Some time last August, at the Abellana grounds, where the first battalion held their drill, the Corps Commander and his Staff together with the Second Battalion Commander conducted a tour of drill inspection. One particular platoon of the Charlie Company was discovered at "break" while all the other platoons were still at drill. Cdt. Col. Roque Cervantes then called the attention of Cdt. Lt. Col. Eulrocio Roffiñon, 1st Battalion Commander, who in turn asked the company commander if he had been given orders sanctioning the "break" of the said platoon without awaiting for the bugle call (a Corps SOP) signalling the usual "break" time. It was found out that the leader of the platoon in question gave his own orders without the knowledge of the company commander. He was reprimanded for the obvious blunder but he resented the act and, to the disbelief of those present, started taking off his paraphernalia and contended that he "should not be reprimanded for such a simple thing as that." As an expected consequence, he was dismissed from the drill grounds and recommended to the commandant for dismissal from the Cadet Officers Corps on the grounds of:

1. Insubordination, because military principles were trampled upon the cadet officership erroneously assumed, and
2. Absence of military courtesy and discipline which is a fundamental requirement of a cadet and an important qualification for cadet officership.

Immediately upon receipt of the recommendation, Capt. Jose M. Aquino, commandant, FA, created a Board of Investigators composed of advanced and basic cadet officers to try the case of the said cadet officer. Stenographic records of the proceedings were taken. The officer pleaded guilty to the charges. Verdict: DISHONORABLE DISMISSAL FROM THE CADET OFFICERS CORPS.

* * *

"Military strategy is kept secret." Cdt. Col. Roque Cervantes answered when asked to reveal some of the plans for the coming Tactical Inspections. "This is the privilege of the DMST."

At any rate we conclude from the way he said it that our ROTC unit is prepared for any eventuality—prepared enough to bag another star!

* * *

It was another beauties galore at the Abellana grounds last August 28 as the parade and review for the presentation of sponsors reeled off 9:14 in the morning.

The "top four" of the Corps of Sponsors under the joint advisiorship of Mesdames Leonore and Juliet Borromeo are: Cdtte. Col. Carmelita Rodriguez, Corps Sponsors; Cdtte. Lt. Col. Erlinda Talad, 1st Battalion Sponsor; Cdtte. Lt. Col. Elma Salvador, 2nd Battalion Sponsor, and Cdtte. Lt. Col. Betty Garcia, Corps Sweetheart.

The affair culminated in a sponsors' ball held at the Officers' Club, Camp Lapulapu, III Military Area, in the evening. It was the "biggest night" for the cadet officers especially. An induction of the USC Sword Fraternity officers and USC Supreme Sword Sorority officers took place simultaneously. The Sword Frat officers inducted were:

Commander, Cdt. Col. Roque Cervantes; 1st Vice Commander, Cdt. Lt. Col. Eulrocio Roffiñon; 2nd Vice Commander, Cdt. Capt. Adriano Ampong; 3rd Vice Commander, Cdt. Lt. Ramon Castillo, Jr.; Finance Officer, Cdt. Lt. Col. Romeo Mantua; Comptroller, Cdt. Maj. Armando Loresto; PROS, Cdt. Maj. Jose Sitoy and Cdt. Lt. Ernesto Estera; Provost Marshals, Cdt. Capt. Jose Alivio and Cdt. Capt. Rogelio Go.

SUPREME SWORD FRATERNITY

For the first time in many years, the Supreme Sword Commandership went to USC in an election-meeting held on

ON THIS SIDE

COLLEGE campus' "cinderella league," the basketball intramurals, unwrapped its new version in a colorful ceremony witnessed by U.S.C.'s sports hungry crowd. USC's roofless and seatless gym failed to dampen their high spirits.

The U.S.C. "hopefuls" in multi-colored shirts and gleaming satin pants paraded before a neck craning crowd all crumpled up in the now famous little gym of U.S.C. Dean Tecson's Accounting charges won the best (costliest) uniform award.

Engineering "A" Greenshirts first took the floor against the white shirted Arts, and in a running battle the "Engineers" scored their initial win by the skin of their teeth 30-29. Martinez of Arts using the now famous bicycle drives failed to turn the tide as "Eng." Labitan countered with a few bags of tricks, learned from coach Aquino's tutelage.

The Law "barriers" in their red-gleaming "togas" played the role of spoilers, upsetting the defending champs, Accounting in the stellar attraction of the intramural opening. Using the go-go style of play, the "barriers" made shambles of the Accountants alternating zone and man defense, as Skipper Duarte and set shooting "Gusto" Mediano conspired to edge the Accountants 32-24. It was the hardest blow received by the debit and credit team in their retention bid. Of 144 triumph over the Law "Redshirts". Both squads started with a man for man defense. Law had its off day as they committed numerous fumbles but were booked for traveling violations. Barria and Zaragoza caught fire to post a 29-22 lead at half-time. Skipper Duarte and Mediano fought hard to keep Law within shooting dis-

tance. However, their efforts were nullified at the third canto as Finance rallied to douse out whatever resistance the "barriers" could give as the yellow-jerred boys dropped in their shots to stretch their insurmountable lead to 18 points, 46-28. A last ditch counter rally by the "Redshirts" cut the lead to 10 points as "barriers" Azenas, substituting for Gene "The Boss" Relampagos went to town with fastbreaks at the final minute.

Finance scored its second straight success as it dealt its next opponent, the Science cagers, a 43-42 hairline victory after settling at 39 all regulation time. The game was close all the way as both teams matched shot for shot with Maglasang, Cosare, and Abellanosa trading blows against Handumon, Cabrera and Sta. Ana's combined efforts.

Cosare, a diminutive guard topped the individual scores for the victors with 10 points while Handumon, a shifty forward with a fluid style, registered a 15-point performance for the losers. Accounting caught fire as they dumped the losing Arts deeper into the cellar with a 42-33 score. Cool but deadly Manuabag, a fearsome manipulator in the shaded area was the chief gunner for the debit and credit team. "A la tona" Martinez' jumpshots from wayout and charity conversions upped his in-



The league-leading Engineering "A" Quint

dividual performance in the league. Except for a 12-7 lead by the Arts team, the Accountants were never headed again as they caught up with the white shirted Arts midway in the second canto. "Accountant" Rosales stood out as in previous games with his adroit feeding and rebounding.

Engineering "A" carded its third straight success in as many games at the expense of Science 65-54. Yap, a recruit from the Cebu Chinese High School starred for the victors as he weaved in and out of the "3" second area for sure double deekers. Handumon's jumpshots caught the "A's" flat footed at first as he stormed the hoops with accuracy. Science surprised the "A's" as they jump to a 16-4 lead at the first quarter. The "scientists" maintained the lead until buzzer time ending the half 36-22. A spirited rally at the third stanza cut Science's lead as Skipper Zaragoza, Labitan and Yap scored with side jumps, set shots and fast breaks 48-38. "Engineer" Yap kept on scoring with sneak-ins and foul throw conversions as they carted the game via an 11-point spread.

Spearheaded by set shooting Raul Mediano and his accomplice, the split-fire Azenas, Law spanked Arts 55-54 for the latter's fourth straight loss. Martinez proved a thorn to the victors' side as he spiced the cord for 29 points as Law guard Pons Alerte fouled out. The "Redshirts" started with a zone defense but switched to a man for man at the third quarter as "hot-rod" Martinez single handedly penetrated the lawyers' defenses with gusto. Barely five minutes to go, Arts levelled the count at 37 all on charity toss. The score changed hands 4 times before successive fastbreaks by speedy Azenas gave the Law cagers a comfortable margin. Arts edger nearer at the final 55-54.

A holiday crowd witnessed the Accounting quintet clobber Eng' "B" maroons 48-29 to keep its title retention bid alive. Regaña was the top point maker as the Accountants outgunned the "B's" from start to finish. The loss of the Comerciantes stamped out their title retention hopes. Yap posted a double figure with clutch shooting Labitan ably following him in the scoring parade.

Law displayed too much spirit and speed as they scored their third success at the expense of Science and (Continued on page 25)

BASKETBALL INTRAMURALS

by J. A. ECARMA

On another playing day, Science dumped half-brother Arts into the cellar with a 50-41 score at regulation time. High point man on the Science team was Handumon with his 20 points performance mostly on jump shots and under-goad incursions while the Arts quintet was sparked by "hot-rod" Martinez mostly on unstoppable drives and charity conversions.

Engineering "A's" victory trail stretched to two without a loss on a hair line 48-47 triumph over the Engineering "B" maroons. Halftime score was 30-22 for the "A's" as Moncupa and Labitan hit the basket consistently with drives and set-shots. Skipper Lucin and the Bugarin brothers combined efforts to grab the driver's seat at 36-35. The lead changed hands several times in a nip and tuck affair with the "A's" on top at buzzer time ending a spine tingling encounter.

On a week end game, the Accounting blues redeemed themselves by trouncing the Finance five, 46-35 on a magnificent display of heads up basketball. Finance with its vaunted man-to-man defense took the first quarter 19-13 as Skipper "Vic" Maglasang boomed with his over head jumps and elastic penetrations at the shaded area. Ace forward Barria joined the fray and gave the "jersey clad" boys a slim 2 point lead at half-

OF SPORTSDOM

the CCAA

By RUDY JUSTINIANI and VEN ECARMA

The CCAA cage tourney rolled off late last July with most eyes strained on the 17th modern Olympiad in Rome. And it was not because of the splendor that is Rome. The greatest sports show on earth was eagerly awaited, and CCAA cage habitués waxed sentimental over some members of the Philippine cage team, for among the best crop of basketballers hereabouts, were three "graduates" from the local cage mills. Burly and husky Bert Yburan, eagle-eyed Boy Marquez, and gangling 6' 3½" pivot-man Tobal Ramas, all former blue blooded CCAAns, were with the elite Asian cage king. Local hard court enthusiasts were pinning their hopes on these three to help restore glory to the Philippines which garnered fifth place in the 1936 Berlin cage wars and seventh place in the 1956 Melbourne cage games. But their hopes were thrown overboard when the Philippine team crumbled in "asphalted" Greece in practice games. Visibly goggle-eyed and their heads shaken, the cage fans just could not believe that the unranked Greeks bowled over the Philippine crew twice in a row. Later disappointments followed and all hopes were finally blasted when Uruguay ousted the Philippines from the magic circle of eight in a "you or bust" last ditch battle.

At this writing, the big talk in CCAA circles is not whether the U.V. Green Lancers will retain the crown, but it is the Philippine debacle in Rome. To most sports fans Philippine participation in Rome virtually ended with the elimination of our cage team.

This year's prospects in the CCAA for the big time is virtually nil. Not that we do not have any local talents. We have. The CCAA has always been a regular contributor to Philippine hoopsdom's cause. Mumar, Manulat, Flores, Yburan, Marquez, Ramas, del Pilar to name a few, were once CCAA greats. Wobbly and butterfingered cagers from the bush leagues become ivy leaguers after earning their spurs in the local cage circuit. What we lack in the local scene are stratospheric and giraffe-like cagers who can dump the spheroid into the ring without as much as tipping. Foreign behemoths like Russia's Kruminich, a seven-footer, U.S.A.'s 6' 11" center Bellamy or France's 6' 9" Beugnot would look like freaks in the local hardcourt. Our local cagers are only for local consumption and definitely not for foreign fare.

USC IN THE CCAA

USC Tames CIT, 102-87

The USC Green and Gold Warriors, the underdogs in this year's CCAA cage battle made an auspicious debut, making "sweet vendetta" over the CIT Wildcats, 102-87. The set-playing and slow breaking Warriors caught the Wildcats napping, and their fangs gnashing as warrior Macey time and again made deadly incursions into Wildcat territory. Exhibiting the old form which earned him wide accolades in the big city, his 34 point output was one for the books, having played sentimental. New skipper Bobby Reyes manned the crew with able backboard assistance from Eddie Montalban who was a revelation in his first "big time".

(Continued on page 24)



A pivot short amidst eagle-spread arms.

The USC GOLDEN SOX

Followers of the hickory will soon have their day. The USC Golden Sox, a powerful threat to last year's commercial swatters will be a stronger threat this year with the addition of new recruits. This year's followers of the big leagues are:

ILDEFONSO MANGILA

...team captain, a veteran of three year's campaign in the Cebu Baseball League, also the first sacker of the Golden Soxers;

ANGELINO COJA

...catcher, one time temporary coach of the team, a consistent hitter in the pinches, and can also ably play as first baseman;

ALFREDO DIGNOS

...a fleet-footed short stop, one of the most feared sluggers in the CBL, slammed homers during the 6th PRISAA meet, and the Cebu Baseball League;

ROBERTO IRATAGOTIA

...second basemen, a clutch hitter in tight spots, a tricky base stealer, also a veteran in the local baseball leagues;

CELSO BATUCAN

...plays center field, a member of last year's CVAAPS baseball squad which won the 6th PRISAA meet, serving his fourth year on the USC nine;

EMMANUEL MATA

...a prize rookie from A.V.H.S., plays the "hot corner" with as much equal facility as a moundsman;

ERASMO CABALLERO

...a left handed ball thrower, plays left field when off, is also a hard court player for the Accounting team in the Intrams;

CIRILO BUGTAI

...an acquisition from the U.V. Green Sox, can either be utilized as pitcher or catcher when situation demands, also a member of last year's CVAAPS selection while still playing for the Green Sox;

LUCAS NADELA

...plays right field, a slugger when on the plate, and another promising newcomer;

PETRONILO ABENDAN

...the third catcher of the USC nine, also plays right field when not sitting on the plate;

PORFIRIO ALVARADO

...a graduate from Boys' High, a promising pitcher and will show his wares in this year's CRL;

JOSE JUECO

...plays right field and center field alternately;

ALBERTO VILLARIN

...left fielder;

JOSE MONZON

...center fielder.

Utilities are Jose Coja, Ernesto Aguilar, Virgilio Rosel, Celestino Pasagan, and Ramon Cabrera.

The USC Golden Sox finally acquired a new coach. Coachless for the past years, they at last found a man to call the hits for them from the dugouts—FILOMENO CODINERA. A veteran of the days of "beisbol", he is definitely at home with our boys,—a son is with the UST Golden Sox slugging it out in the MRBL.



Fr. Rector receives lei on Rector-Faculty Day

SCIENCE SYMPOSIUM

The students of the University of San Carlos, particularly those inclined to science, were once more benefited a hundred-fold when six nationally renowned scientific experts obliged them with a four-hour long symposium on "Nation Building Through Science" held at the Audio-Visual Center last July 14 at 5 p.m.

The authorities who formed the panel of the symposium were Atty. Hugo Aguedo of the National Science Development Board, Dr. Rosalinda Valenzuela, eminent biologist, who spoke on "Research in Medicine and Public Health" Dr. Octavian Pascual, Ph.D. and physical organic chemist, who dwelt on "Nuclear Science" Mr. Roman Cruz, Jr. who expounded on "The NSDB and the Government in Research Promotion" Mr. Ricardo Cruz who discoursed on "Research in Physical Sciences" and Mr. Isidro Macasao who discussed "Research in Industry".

Atty. Aguedo told the audience that he is of the belief that "we can help better in nation building through science." Soft-spoken Dr. Valenzuela, said that "in our process of thinking we are scientists of some sort." The National Science Technology Week, according to her, was proclaimed to glorify scientists "whose only happiness is the thought of serving mankind". Incidentally, the mobilization of science in this country is one of the aims of the NSTW. Dr. Valenzuela enumerated guidelines indispensable to making our country lead in scientific progress among which are extensive scientific research, upgrading of exports, and supply of technological men.

The third speaker, Dr. Pascual, who is going back to Chicago to study radio-technology, told those present that the three main sources of energy are gasoline support, atomic energy, and solar technology. Dr. Pascual speaking on the "Promise of Nutrition to Mankind", said: "We are a superstitious people, and this fact adversely affects our nutrition." He concluded that the future of this country depended on how much knowledge on nutrition and diet we of the present generation applied to a better and happier living.

The National Science Development Board-sponsored symposium was one of the activities held in commemoration of the National Science Technology Week, July 11 through 17.

PATRIA ANNIVERSARY

The *Patria de Cebu* celebrated the fourth anniversary of its foundation, and the dogma of the Assumption its tenth simultaneously, last August 12 through 15. A civic and military parade participated in by the USC ROTC unit starting from this university and winding up at Patria at 4 p.m. of August 12 commenced the activities. The parade over, an opening program was held at the Patria stage. Guest speaker was Brig. Gen. Ricardo Papa. Multifarious exhibits on professional careers and religious vocations as well as on cultural subjects highlighted the four-day affair. Tournaments as bowling, table tennis, billiards, chess, and volleyball enlivened the festivities. Scouting, weight-lifting, and folk dancing contests added color to the occasion. The Catholic students of Cebu City rendered a special program in honor of the Lady of the Assumption that Sunday, August 14, at 8 p.m. The whole celebration terminated with a solemn mass 7 o'clock Monday morning August 15, officiated by His Excellency, Most Reverend Julio R. Rosales, D.D., Archbishop of Cebu.

1960-'61 SSC OFFICERS

Before an enthusiastic throng of party supporters and impartial citizens of the University, the officers and members of the Fourth Supreme Student Council took their oaths of office Saturday evening, July 30, at the Social Hall.

The officers at large inducted were Sixto Li Abao, Jr., president; Carmelita J. Rodriguez, vice-president; Lorna B. Rodriguez, secretary; Dalisay F. Salgado, treasurer; Fedelino Auto, auditor; and Rodolfo Justiniani, Press Relations Officer.

Guest speaker was Rev. Fr. Vincent Towers, Rector of Berchmans College who spoke on his concept of an ideal catholic university student. Inducting officer was Rev. Fr. Harold Rigney, USC rector.

Along with officers at large, sixty-six representatives to the Fourth Student Congress coming from the various colleges were installed into office. This year's Congress, like the executive branch of the Council, is predominantly CYP (Carolinian Youth Party).

SCA SYMPOSIUM AND FUNDS DRIVE

The USC Student Catholic Actionists sponsored a symposium last Sept. 4 at the Audio-Visual Center. Speakers were Rev. Fr. Harold Rigney, who talked on the *Role of the SCA Against Communism* and Rev. Fr. Ferriols of Berch-

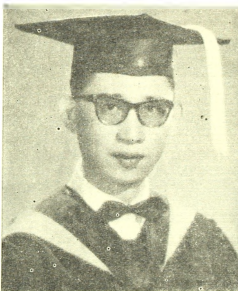
mans College, who spoke on *Student Leadership in the Catholic Action*. It might be remembered that Fr. Rigney languished in a Communist Chinese prison for four long years and was in the best position to expound on his subject.

The same religious organization undertook a university-wide drive for funds and clothing to dole out to the flood victims of Central Luzon. The undertaking was in cooperation with the nation-wide drive to bring relief to the suffering victims of the recent floods.

LECTURE ON DEMOCRACY

Miss Neville-Rolfe, respected authority on international relations, lectured on her favorite theme—"Democracy in Great Britain and U.S.A."—to the members of the faculty and student body of this university last August 3 in the evening.

A graduate of Oxford University, Miss Rolfe hails from Aylesbury, England and has travelled far and wide on speaking engagements. In her lecture she emphasized two important factors that threaten to disrupt the democratic way of life—mass production which is "a great danger to democracy", and utter lack of a strong solid opposition. She defined democracy as "an outlook and a way of life which values the individual in speech, in writing, and in thought." She added that respect for the individual and for constituted authority is a principle which all democracies have in common.



MR. LOUIS BAGAMAN
8th place, CPA Board Exams

Review

ATHLETIC AND RECREATION CENTER

The Dean of Student Affairs announced the opening of an Athletic and Recreation section of the University. This section caters to the needs for athletic and recreational activities of all bona-fide students, faculty, the fathers, and class organizations.

Athletic and recreational facilities may be loaned to students during their off-class periods upon presentation of their identification card. The A and R section, adjoining the Men's Physical Education room, is open for business everyday from 8:30-11:30 in the morning.

Equipments available are: basketball, volleyball, soft-ball, chess, table tennis, and horseshoe pitching.

H.E. DEPT. PLACE IN EXAMS

In the teachers' competitive test for home economics given in Cebu City, May 1960, the USC Home Economics Department graduates topped the first, third, and fourth places. They are:

Miss Catalina Espiritu, 1st place—75.37%; Miss Marina Gallarde, 3rd place—74.52%; Miss Clarita Casul, 4th place—73.80%.

The H.E. Department took the fourth berth in the overall standing among the thirty-two colleges with over the country represented.

In the competitive examinations for the selection of elementary school teachers given by the Bureau of Public Schools last April 25, 1959, the USC Normal Department again placed 23rd among the 78 colleges whose graduates took part in the over-all ranking and first among the private colleges in Cebu City. This was another feather added to the cap of reputation and prestige of USC.

REGISTRAR'S OFFICE EMPLOYEES

In a luncheon meeting held Monday, August 29, to honor Mr. Johnny Abo, Asst. Registrar of USC, on the occasion of his birthday and to elect a new set of officers, the employees of the Registrar's Office elected the following:

John Lopez, president; Marciano Aparte, Jr., vice-president; Catalino Ylanan, secretary; Gilacio Ito, treasurer; Roberto Baniel, auditor; Roy Yhale and Audrey Villanueva, liaison officers; Julian Macoy and Gerardo Perez, sgt.-at-arms.

HRC SYMPOSIUM

The Human Relations Club, USC chapter, held a symposium Saturday, August 27, at 4:00 p.m. at the Social Hall. Topics as behaviour in public, what to do on a date, and conduct in the street and within the University, were discussed.

The symposium was sponsored primarily for the benefit of first and second year college students. Speakers were: Rev. Fr. Lawrence Bunzel, *Etiquette for men and ladies to observe in public and in school*; Mrs. Rosario de Veyra, *How to act as a lady in parties and dates*; and Mr. Cesar Dakay, *How to act as a gentleman in parties and dates*.

A lively open forum followed after each talk, because the audience was interested in the subjects discussed.

USC IN CEAP CONFAB

Fr. Harold Rigney, rector; Fr. Edward Datig, vice-rector; Fr. Anthony Buchcik, Dean of the College of Education; Fr. Gregorio Pizarro, Boys' High School Director; Mother Pudentiana, Girls' High School Directress; and Miss Teopista Suico, H.D. head, represented the University of San Carlos at the conferece of Catholic Education Association of the Philippines which opened August 18-22, at the University of Santo Tomas. The main theme of the confab was "Standard of Excellence in Philippine Education."

NEW CAROLINIAN CPA'S

Nineteen Carolinians were among those who passed the CPA board examinations released last week. A candidate, Louie Bagaman, placed eighth with a rating of 82%.

Sergio Barot, Leopoldo Beoy, Ismael Carolino, Carmencita Corazo, Pio Yap Go, Rodolfo Godinez, Virginia Lao, Araceli Lasola, Nestor Mendoza, Isaac Moran, Loretta Opendo, Evelina Quijano, Annie Ratcliffe, Hermogina Santos, Cleofe Siao, Benjamin Tan, Silvestre de Vera, and Juanito Yap.

National Percentage — 18%

USC Percentage — 25%

BARRIO FIESTA

The students of the managerial and secretarial sciences held a "Barrio Fiesta" Sunday evening, Sept. 4, at the Social Hall. The celebration included native dances, games and song, and to top them all, a sumptuous dinner.

Very Rev. Fr. Harold Rigney, rector, expressed pessimism on the world's lack



The Secretarial "Barrio Fiesta"



The SSC Officers inducted into office by Dean Fulvio C. Palosz

of secretaries. Cracking a joke, he said that sometime in the past he had to do a lot of typing himself.

USC PRO ORGANIZATION

In a meeting held on Saturday, August 20, the following were elected officers of the USC PRO organization: Rodolfo Justiniano, president; Ricardo Go, vice-president; Serena Peñalosa, secretary; Ma. Ligaya Arriola, treasurer; Jose Sitoy, auditor; Romeo Jalosjos and Esmeraldo Sioso, PROs; Jaime Ordoña, Ramolfo Sanchez, and Delfin Decierdo, liaison officers. Adviser is Atty. Tommy L. Echivarre.

RECTOR-FACULTY DAY

A traditional event in the affairs of the University of San Carlos—the Rector-Faculty Day — was again held last September 8, the Feast of the Nativity of the Virgin. The College of Engineering, the college in charge this year, presented the following activities:

Mass and communion at 7:00 a.m. at the university chapel with Very Reverend Father Rector, celebrant. A breakfast at the Archbishop Reyes Social Hall followed. At 9:00 a.m., an ROTC parade and review in honor of the Rector and the Faculty as well as awarding of medals to deserving cadets took place at the ANVS grounds. In the evening a dinner at six and a literary musical program followed.

Father Rigney, present rector who replaced Father Kendrick only this year, is a Chicagoan, U.S.A. He is a holder of Ph.D. in Geology. At one time he served as chaplain in the United States Army, taught in the University of Achimota in the Gold Coast of Africa, and Rector of Fu Jen Catholic University of Peking until his arrest by the communists as an American spy. His "Four Years in Red Hell", might shock sensitive readers, but the realistic narration in the book should make people value their freedom and faith. He has, with the cooperation of the SVD father deans, and the laymen teachers some plans towards strengthening and improving the various academic and extra-curricular activities, and the lot of the faculty members. He is, by unanimous acceptance from the faculty club members, democratic and capable of dishing out and receiving healthy jokes, and a source of an abundance of humor on which he thrives, a palpable proof of a good heart. ■

— N. F. Larosa

SHAFTS OF

Light

by ISABEL BARRETTO

« you tell me it started with a glance. when? i wouldn't know. you would. i didn't see you then—not until the day when i mistook you for somebody else... how glad i was you were not that somebody else... how glad i was to know you were you.

« perhaps we crossed paths before. who knows how many times we brushed elbows somewhere, sometime? only we did not look at each other or if we did, we were thinking of something else. perhaps i had seen you before, but yours was just another face in the crowd then; another piece in a jigsaw puzzle of faces that didn't matter...

« sometime before, we met. God said: "not this time. not yet." it makes me curious how it would have been had we met earlier. when first we crossed paths, maybe both of us were busy thinking, yes, thinking of nobody in particular, searching for that one piece in the puzzle that would make everything whole. and when we crossed paths, who would think that the two pieces were right there—but cupid was biding his time?

« we met. i heard your name and attached it to your face. it was a face, still is, of a mischievous little boy. i like mischievous boys, i told myself, especially if they can be little boys in some ways, too.

« who would ever believe or suspect that behind that outwardly mischief-laden expression,—upward quirks of the brows, those mischief-laden eyes, something noble, something deep and something beautiful lurked and would someday be said aloud—in full blast like a bomb to change my entire world: to shatter my juvenile reserve and turn me into a woman?

« you said the words, three unspoken little words. you said them rather too soon, but not before i learned to like you, laugh with you, kid with you and enjoy doing things with you. all this, i learned in the brief span of seven days. seven days? how brief! those seven days were seven days but what days! how can one resist when the tide strikes upon the rock continuously from "sunrise to sunset?"

« so just as the sunflower turns up towards the sun, just as the sandy shore welcomes the caresses of the waves, my heart followed its natural course and found its alcove there safely within your own.

« i asked you: "perhaps this is just one of those summer loves?" you tried to explain—stopped, and became inarticulate. you apologized sadly: "i am not a writer or a poet to be able to say what i feel." didn't you know? you wouldn't say a thing, and yet i hear your voice clearly and resonantly, professing what only hearts can speak. i would have you silent—a little awkward—a little uneasy—a little nervous and speechless... oh, the thrill! to guess what you'd want to say and are not saying; to fathom the buried secrets and to decipher the words i long to hear, not in the spoken words but in the pauses, the stammers, the jolts and the silence... of unspoken thoughts? such is poetry in sincere love. you are a poet because you love... and are loved.

The CCAA ...

(Continued from page 21)

Coach Dodong Aquino's charges entered the ash smattered floor of the U. V. gym (from the day's opening ceremonies), a slight favorite, but not a few howling cage fans expected a reversal. Last year's CCAA championship round saw the Warriors' shields torn to shreds by the Wildcats' angry fangs.

The CIT Wildcats bared their fangs and clutched their claws only in the first half with USC on top by six points. Going into the second canto, the Wildcats, tamed by the Warriors' piercing and constant penetrations and a tight 2-1-2 zone defense, succumbed 102-87.

USC Slaughteres CNS, 110-69

The Cebu Normal School *maestros* expected a rout and they got it. Crossing the century mark for the second time, five Warriors scored double figures as the hapless *maestros* could only counter back in trickles. USC's shock troopers had a first day as the first stringers sat it out on the bench most of the time during the entire forty minutes scuffle.

Towards Blue Skies

(Continued from page 3)

live in any undertaking, but there is plenty of room for improvement."

Presently, USC elders doctorate degrees in Philosophy, Anthropology, and Education. It is Father Rector's dream to increase the number of doctorate degrees. Moreover, he is thinking of the possibility of increasing the number of units of theology to twenty-four. He argues that while it is true that there is an "oversupply" of political and scientific leaders, real, strong Catholic ones can be counted by the fingers. What is the use of six or eight years in college if the graduate is weak-kneed morally? Later on the outcome would be that he takes advantage of his supposed wisdom to do more harm than good. Instead of becoming an asset to the community, he becomes a public enemy—swindler, pilferer, or the like. The primary aim, therefore, of a Catholic university like ours is to produce good, really fearless Catholic leader.

It is interesting to note that Fr. Rigney, who incidentally teaches zoology is very much impressed by the appearance of the students. He has nice words for all students: "San Carlos has great potentialities because Filipinos are a good people—a product of Christian culture. They come from good homes, are ambitious to learn. It is edifying to see parents sacrifice much to give their children an education. On the other hand, the children, like those in the United States, are not too proud to work for it." The cooperation, initiative, and teamwork of the faculty have also drawn kudos from him.

It takes only these factors to translate into action the wonderful ideas Father Rector has in mind—cooperation of the faculty and student body, the ripeness of time, and his own initiative and industry. His are no small projects—not too easy to accomplish. In the meantime, we can only hope and wait.

Rome was not built in a day.

What is Your Concept...

(Continued from page 11)

He must be sociable, but he must not go to the extent of just having a good time all the time. (I hope you get what I mean.)

For his physical attributes, he must stand 5'10" tall, tip the scales at between 180 and 200, "ruggedly" handsome (preferably with a crew cut), dark, of medium build, neat, spic and span. He must be just perfect and well-bred gentleman on the campus. Of course, he must be a typical Filipino student not because I am a Filipino woman nor because I am a nationalistic, but because he is my choice. Period.

MELVA RODRIGUEZ
Architectural Eng'g

VEILS OF RAIN CLOUDS

"There are pages in life we wish to tear, thoughts we wish we'd never thought, deeds we wish we'd never done."

By **ERLINDA M. TALAI**

ON AN October afternoon, we met under strange circumstances. I was on my way to school when you boarded the *tartanilla* I was on at the corner of Manalili and Logarta streets. After a few moments of silence, you blurted out saying, "Say, aren't you . . . ?" With an amazed and asking look on my face, I retorted, "How did you know?" To this you replied, "Well, a person has way of knowing such an admirable lady as you are." Modestly, I made acknowledgment to your compliment. A few moments later, you unflatteringly introduced yourself to me after quite realizing that you could not prompt me to ask for your name.

So we knew each other. You delighted when the *tartanilla* reached a bookstore near the university. Offering to pay my fare, you fished out your wallet. I politely refused your request, but you insisted. Muttering a generous word of thanks, I saw you mingle and vanish with the crowd. It was the first and lost time I saw you, so I thought.

My afternoon in school was full of new meaning. Learning things at immediate confrontation, Math became less confusing. I wondered why, but to this I didn't give much heed nor did I attach a special meaning to our meeting. Movie actors and fashion trends fascinated me more.

The next day we met under closely identical circumstances. I flashed a smile at you, and made greetings, and you in turn did the same. Indulging ourselves in conversation, we talked and contributed at school and of school alone. It was then that I knew we were schooling in the same university and you were pursuing a Law course. However, a note of peculiarity struck me when we reached the same bookstore you delighted at before—you did not get down from the vehicle we were on. I now had an inkling of what you were up to but while comforting myself with the thought that you had some business to do elsewhere, we reached the university sooner than I expected. "Para, noy", I addressed the cochero. I took out a ten-centavo bill from my purse and motioned to give it to the cochero when your hand darted out, from your pocket, clasped my hands for awhile and said, "It's okay, I'll do it." After

a series of polite refusals and a barrage of insistencies, you made me tuck the bill back into place. Nervously, I hurried down the *tartanilla* and even forgot to utter a word of thanks.

There probably was some sleuthing you did, for you located our house and come to visit me after a week. Sensing that I was unable to cope with the situation, I requested my brother to tell you I had a "headache." So you went your way but I was to know later that you promised to be back.

The next time you came, I wanted to have as an excuse the coming final examinations and the preparations I had to make, but Mama egged me on to receive you for courtesy's sake.

Your visits became frequent and regular. I began to look forward to your visits as a sub-deb would to her big party. So lolly yet uncanny was the joy you gave me when you came visiting, so that extra attention was focused on how I dressed and looked. My younger brother, catching on to this, teased me for being vain and self-conscious. My parents too noticed the metamorphosis in me, but they dismissed it as a teenage fancy. They were all wrong and didn't know it. For in reality, I wanted to present my best, and be worthy of your admirations and compliments.

It was on a rainy afternoon when you told me I had become part of

your life, your dreams, hopes and ambitions. Pride never learned to mock my real feelings, for I accepted your proposal right then and there. You made me happy and my sole obsession was to make you equally so.

Days and months have passed since we last met. There was the time when you sailed for Manila to take the Bar Examinations. It was the night you promised to send letters by the day. It was the night you promised to come back to ask for my hand from my parents. But then, the letters never arrived nor did you come back to me. The days and months of waiting have been in vain. The pages of my diary have yellowed with time. Constant pleadings of Mama to forget you have yielded no fruit. Many striking incidents have occurred, but memories without you have ceased to be memories at all.

The future holds no promise for me and I suffer in this darkness, in this "emotional-blockout" without you. I thought I could hurl you into the pits of oblivion, but found to my dismay that I could not. For who could forget the memory of the once lovely, the once beautiful and blissful moments we shared together.

Through the years, I have kept a song and maintained silence. The gnawing loneliness is there and will remain until the song is sung and the silence understood. The song when sung alone will lose its essence, because I feel that you and I are one. . .

Basketball Intramurals

(Continued from page 20)

let 58-55. "First 12 points" Mediano burned the hoops in a running battle with "chief" Handumon for a 19-13 lead for the "barristers." Science fought back leveling the count 37 all on a charity conversion by Montecillo. Jump shots by curly-topped Caballero finally tilted the pendulum of decision in favor of the Redshirts.

A postponed meeting between the Finance five and Eng'g. "B" resulted in a 62-57 win by the jersey clad charges of Coach Manolo Bas. Skipper Maglasang and Barria posted double figures to lead the scoring honors for the victors.

Arts nearly turned the tables against the Finance quintet as the latter edged them 61-59 on a last second shot by Skipper Maglasang. The surprisingly rejuvenated Arts team furiously fought the Accountants on almost even terms throughout the game. The score stood

at 59 all with barely 21 seconds to go when Coach Peping Rogado sued for time out. The play resumed with Tinoy Martinez of the Arts team, badly hemmed on all sides, receiving a pass, faked, and tried to drive in for a lay-up, but was called out by the referee for illegal traveling. Finance got the ball and rushed to the front court. Skipper Maglasang received a neat pass, jumped, and the game was over, 61-59, Finance, the victory by a measty two points.

An over all tally of the score card shows Engineering "A" Green shirts on top with 4 victories, no loss. Finance followed suit with 4 victories and one loss. Third place is Law with 3 wins and one loss. A three cornered fight is being awaited by cage aficionados as Engineering "A" is scheduled to meet Law and Finance during the week end. ♪

CUANDO en agosto de 1519 partieron de Sevilla los bajeles de Carlos Quinto, a fin de empujar más al Oriente las fronteras de su dominio imperial, ninguno había de pensar que la semilla del hispanismo que sus huérfanos llevaban en los pliegos de su bandera, brotará un día en esta parte de la tierra nutrida por el calor vivificante de un amor oriental. El destino estaba hecho. En los divinos planes de la Providencia, la Cruz había de servir de cuna en este mundo de paganos, y la España, siempre hidalga, la escogió para realizar la gran obra de la conversión plantando en las virginidades del Oriente la semilla de la Fe, y bajo su sombra, la cultura y la lengua de Castilla.

gloria a la obra del Castellano. Nuestros héroes formularon en esta lengua sus ansias de libertad. Las obras de aquellos laborantes que llavaron su lucha desigual a la misma Madre España, estaban templadas en el yunque de esta lengua, y su verbo punzante vibró en las paginas de la prensa peninsular anunciando al Mundo la plenitud de nuestra madurez como pueblo y como nación. Rival, con sus dos novelas, inspiró el supremo ideal con la pulcritud de su estilo castellano. Del Pilar y Lopez Jaena, con sus plumas lacerantes, hicieron temblar en esta misma lengua a los negradores de nuestra libertad, y aquella pléyade de escritores anónimos que se lanzaron a la vanguardia de nuestras luchas, escribió en esta hermo-

EL HISPANISMO EN FILIPINAS

por la Sra. Rosario Tan de Suazo

De entonces acá, han pasado cuatro centurias, y cuatro centurias presenciaron la labor penosa de su desarrollo y de su expansión. Pero, después de estos cuatrocientos años contemplamos con orgullo la semilla convertida en una institución sólida y viril que, fiel a las tradiciones de la Madre-lengua, trazó el curso de nuestra historia y formuló con soberbia decisión el himno de nuestra emancipación nacional.

El papel desempeñado por el hispanismo en la lenta evolución de nuestra nacionalidad fué indudablemente vigoroso. Sacudiendo de su letargo tribal a nuestras islas, la Cruz y el Castellano fundieron en su solo haz los desperdigados elementos de la raza, a los múltiples grupos tribales que se diezaban con sus guerras fratricidas. La Cruz dispuso la niebla del paganismo, y la lengua de Castilla puso en los labios de nuestros padres la primera plegaria al verdadero Dios.

La historia de nuestros líderes por nuestra emancipación dan un tributo de

sa lengua el evangelio de nuestra emancipación.

Su fuerza guiadora no fué menguada con el cambio de Soberanía. España cesó de imperar cuando sus armas, lo mismo que las nuestras, fueron vencidas en la porfiada lucha con el nuevo régimen. Pero, aun después de esta derrota, la lengua castellana siguió impregnando en nuestros recintos legislativos cuando los representantes del pueblo, al querer hallar en la paz la libertad que la guerra nos había negado, continuaron en castellano el grito de emancipación, reiterando nuestras supremas ansias en una atmósfera nueva, pléyrica de paz y de tolerancia.

Hispanismo y lucha son dos palabras sinónimas en nuestra historia. Y al agregarnos al número de naciones que fueron nacidas en la cuna de Castilla, damos fe y testimonio de esta unidad de origen, de esta unidad de espíritu, de esta unidad de costumbres y tradiciones que nos preservarán eternamente en gloriosa comunión con la Madre España.

Quien eres?

SEGUN muchas filosofías, el hombre es un animal. Es un animal de alta categoría porque tiene el uso de la razón. La "animalidad" del hombre no tiene algo diferente de la del perro. El mono es de la misma especie del hombre y muchos le tratan mejor que al hombre. Luego, la existencia terrenal nuestra no vale para los que no se preocupan de lo celestial.

Que te parece a ti, hombre? Eres tu un polvo de la tierra creado por Dios Todopoderoso para un motivo ulterior? Acaso, fuiste creado para nada? Si el que hace una cosa, tiene un fin de su acción, tu propio ser, debería ser para algo. Pero, por que muchos no te estiman segun tu dignidad? Por que algunos opinan de ti como alguien destinado para caer en el borde del precipicio de la ruina espiritual? Por que quisieron que existieras solo en este valle de lagrimas sin preocuparte de aquello que es mas alla de ultratumba?

Venga lo que viniere, eres tu un hombre destinado para cosas mayores. Eres para el cielo. Naciste desde tiempo inmemorial segun la idea arquetipa del Ser Supremo para alcanzar la dicha eterna. Tu participas de la inteligencia divina y como una parte de ella tienes el deber de actuar con acción y dignidad. Eres de la esencia divina aunque parcialmente tu cuerpo sea material. De entre miles creados, fuiste escogido como el rey de todo lo creado en este mundo. Tienes un alma, el don preciososísimo que Dios te ha concedido, que esta unido esencialmente al cuerpo. En resumidas cuentas, vales muchos, no solo delante de los hombres sino mucho mas delante del Divino Legislador.

¿Por que?

Cuando

las sendas con yerbas
llena—
Y yo las limpié,
te gustó.
Ahora tus penas te
molestan,
te aparezco solo, te alivio.
Pues, los ondas de tristeza
ya volaron
y más, te gozos.

Oyeme

¿no te acuerdas?
¿Cuando te ayudaba a reir
al tiempo que no visité
tal modo de alentarle?
¿No te acuerdas?
Si no, dame aquel vino
benedictino para que pierda
mi todo, por tí.

(domingo p. lagne)

La Pobreza

El mundo por Dios fue creado
Por trascendental importancia,
Luego los que han nacido
Aceptarían todo su belleza.

La belleza, es un don.
La pobreza, es un crimen
Como los demas lo dicen
Que no tienen corazon.

Segun mi pobre parecer,
La pobreza es el bendiccion
Para su predilecto ser
Que piensa en su salvacion.

La filosofía del hombre
Hay día es diferente.—
Se hace poderoso el rico
Y siempre esta alabado.—

Mientras que al pobre se lo mira
Con ojos de vituperio,
Despreccio, e indignacion triste—
Porciendole a un malvado.

Delante de los ojos divinos
El pobre es juzgado rico
Salvo los ricos virtuosos
Siguiendo lo bueno, lo justo.

Se juzgan pobres a los ricos
Porque Dios solamente mira
Los bienes espirituales nuestros
Los temporales El rechaza.

La riqueza no nos vale nada
Si es vez de usarlo con razon
Le empleamos a la tenteria
Causando nuestra final perdición.

Mientras que, por lo contrario,
La pobreza es un motivo.
Una causa, una condición.
Del progreso y de la educación.

¡No te descomeres hombre!
Si has nacido tu pobre;
¡Espera, contra lo esperanza!
Por ser pasajero nuestra vida.

Por el Sr. Miguel Flores
A.B. IV

KUNG ang lahat nang taong isinilang sa daigdig ay nagkaroon ng pagkakataong tumuklas ng karunungan ay tiyak na ibayo na ang kaunlarang natamo ng saungkatauhan hanggang sa mga panahong ito. Ngunit' ang kapalaran ng tao ay hindi pantay-pantay. May isinilang na mayaman at may isinilang na maralita. Ang pagtuklas ng karunungan ay halos tiyak para sa isang mayaman. Sa isang maralita, ito'y isang pangarap, isang lunggating ang kaganapa'y hindi maaaring matiyak. Sa madaling salita, ang karalitaan ay isang mabigat na suliranin sa pagtuklas ng karunungan. Gayon pa man, ito'y hindi isang hadlang, sapagka't ang lahat nang tao'y may pantay-pantay na karapatan sa harap ng batas. Ang baw't adhikang batay sa karapatan ay maaaring isakatuparan ng sino man. Sa pagsasakatuparan ng mga adhikang ito nakalalamang ang mga mayaman. Sa pagtuklas ng karunungan ay isang adhika ng mayaman—ang matutuhan ang baw't bagay na pinag-aaralan. Maliban sa adhikang ito, para sa isang maralita, ay ang adhikang magkaroon ng pagkakataon upang makapag-aral. Alalaon baga'y ang pagkakataon upang makapag-aral ang higit na mabigat na suliranin ng isang maralita.

Gayon pa man, sa kabila ng karalitaan ay maari pa ring matamo ng isang tao ang karunungan nilalayo, sa pamamagitan ng pagsisikap, tiyaga, at matibay na kapasiyahan. Ang adhikang hindi pinagsumikap ay mahirap makatamo. Kailangan ang tiyaga sa pagbabata ng ano mang hirap. Ang alab ng isang matibay na kapasiyahan ay kailangan upang maging lagiing buhay sa damdamin ang lunggating magtagumpay ang layunin.

Hindi mapapawi sa mga dahon ng kasaysayan ang gumita ng mga taong isinilang sa karalitaan, ngunit' sa pamamagitan ng pagsisikap, tiyaga, at matibay na kapasiyahan ay nagtagumpay sa pagtuklas ng karunungan at tinaghal na mga dakila sa mata ng tao at sa mata ng Diyos.

Si Abraham Lincoln, halimbawa, ay ipinanganak na ubod ng dukha. Walang sapat na ikinalubuhay ang kanyang mga

Wikang PILIPINO

kanilang mga anak, ngunit' dahil na sa isang katayuang hulog ng kapalaran ay wala silang magawa lino sa ipagdalanhati nalamang ang pagkasipahay ng isang gintong pangarap. Ang pag-asang makiting dumunong ang isang anak ay natalalabangan ng madilim na ulap na kadalasa'y humabangton sa kabiguan.

Ang pagkakataong makapag-aral ay nasa anak na rin. Kung sadyang maalab ang kanyang adhikang tumuklas ng karunungan ay matatamo niya ito kahit walang kakayahan ang kanyang mga magulang, kung siya'y papasok sa isang gawaing pagkakakitaan niya ng sapat na salaping nakatutustos sa kanyang pag-aaral. Oo nga't ito'y isang suliraning may kabigatan, ngunit' ito lamang ang natalalabang paraan upang matupad ang isang marangal na adhika. Kung hindi siya magbabata ng karapatang hirap ay tiyak na mananatiling panaginip ang kanyang adhikang makapag-aral. Ang kapalaran ay hindi lalapit sa kanya, sapagka't ito ay dapat hanapin.

Gayon pa man, ang pagkatao ay hindi maituturing na hamak dahil lamang sa kawalan ng pinag-aralan, kung ang isang tao'y mabubuhay sa isang marangal na pamumuhay, kung tutupdin niya ang mga tungkolin ng isang ulirang namamayan, at kung ang pag-ibig sa Diyos at sa kapwa ay iikinalint niya sa kanyang puso at pag-iisip. Ang buhay ay isang malawak na dagat ng pakikipagpapalaran at ang namamayan'y ang may pusong marangang, maging mayaman, dukha, marunong, o mangmang. —T.A.B.

Ang Karalitaan At Ang Pagtuklas Ng Karunungan

magulang maliban sa pagsasaka. Dalawang taon lamang siyang tumuntong ng paaralan. Ang karunungan niya'y natamo sa pamamagitan ng pag-aaral-sarili. Magsisikap lamang siya ng kahoy sa simula, nang magla'o'y naging abogado at naging tagapagtanggol ng mga dukha at kapus-palad. Lumahok siya sa politika, at maraming pagkabigo at kasipahayan ang kanyang dinanas. Ngunit' sa katapusan, ay nanawanan siya ng mamamayan, namulat nila sa kadakilang ng kanyang mga simula, at siya'y inihalal bilang pangulo ng Estados Unidos. Ang pagkapapalaya niya sa mga alipin sa Estados Unidos ay isang kadakilang hiding-hindi mapapawi sa mga dahon ng kasaysayan.

Ipinanganak na alipin si Booker T. Washington (isang Negro) sa Katimugang Estados Unidos. Sa kabila ng kanyang pagka-alipin ay naging matibay ang kanyang pasiyang tumuklas ng karunungan. Dinanas niya ang mga paglilit at kabalintunaan ng kakaibang daigdig na kanyang similangapa. Sa daigdig na ito, ay ang kulay ng balat ang nakapagpapasiya ng kapalaran ng isang tao. Di-mabilang na pagkasipahay ang kanyang dinanas, ngunit' hindi napawi sa kanyang dib-dib ang alab ng paghahangad na magtagumpay. Pagkatapos ng lahat nang hirap ay nagtagumpay nga siya at naging magsisig sa patnubay ng kanyang aping lahi at ng kanyang bayan.

Ipinanganak rin sa karalitaan sina Apolinario Mabini at Andres Bonifacio, ngunit' sa pamamagitan ng sariling pagsumikap ay nakapag-aral sila at nakapagbigay ng malingkang tulugan sa pagkibaka alang-alang sa kalayaan ng ating minamutyang bayan.

"Ama, ina, magesasaka na lamang po ako. Alam kong wala kayong ipagpaparaal sa akin". Ang ganitong wika ng isang anak sa kanyang mga magulang ay tila mga palasong-tumitimo sa kanilang mga puso. Marubdob na nasa ng mga magulang na mabigyan ng pagkakataong makapag-aral ang

Mangmang

ni PATRICIO J. DOLORES

*Oo, ako'y di-pumasok sa aila mang paaralan,
Di-marunong na sumulat, pobrang mangmang kung tungon!
Ngunit' ako ay mayroong matatag na kaisipan,
Kaya't buwag akoleing maaaring paglaruan.*

*Hindi ako makabasa ng titik sa pahayagan,
Di-malawak yaring isip sa aral ng mga paham,
Datapwa't kilala ko ang ayaw at pag-asal
Ng mabuti o marangal at masamang pamamahay.*

*Sa mukha ko binabasa ang ugali ng mga tao
At hindi sa pananamit o pagkilos maginoo!
Pagka't diya'y nakakilala mga lilit na toto,oo,
Mga pitang malalawak o tapat na pagkatoto.*

*Kakasmehin kong tao'y nabahati sa delawa,
Karanawang nasa toob sa sinasabi ay iba.
Kaya't di ko pinapanisip pamamari't pammuna
Ng mababang mga dilu't malit na mga mata.*

*Bukang-bibig ay hindi ko binibigyan ng halego,
Karanawang nasa toob sa sinasabi ay iba.
Kaya't di ko pinapanisip pamamari't pammuna
Ng mababang mga dilu't malit na mga mata.*

*Hiwaga ng katauhan ay sa puso dala-dala
Diyon ko ibinahay ang paglipi ng kasama.
Kaya't kahit di-malawak sa pagsulat at pagbasa,
Katarungay'y kilalanin pagka't PUSO'Y MAHARLIKA.*

Mga Punto sa Paniid

ni Balt U. Quinain

NAKADAWAT kami ug mga taho nga pipila ka mga tinun-an ning atong tulungahaan nilampas sa pag-italad sa ilang mga kabus nga mga ginikanan. Ang sagad nilang *modus operandi* mao kini: Magpadala sa igit sulat sa ilang mga ginikanan, mangayo ug salapi kay ilang ibayad sa ilang "utang" sa *nomu, pronoun, adjectives, adverbs* ug ubang pang kataw-anang binuang nga mosantop sa ilang alim-patakuan.

Intawon and ilang Tatay ug Nanay miantarar ug dagan ngari o dagan ngadto sa pagpangita ug salapi aron ikabayad sa "utang" sa ilang mga *nodo* ug *indito*. Aduna ngani uban kanila nakawar: Pakga mahab ba sa bayra nan nining *nona? pronoun?* Bida sab no, pakga walay puangod sa ilang nga "pinangna." Gilad ba gayud sila.

Sa tinoray, kini dili nindot nga paminaon ilabi na nga ang mga mangingilad nga hitungdan mga tinun-an mismo. Sila gituhon nga narhupot na ug igong kaakohan pagkasyag sa mga maayo ug pagpadaplin sa mga dautan. Ang ilang panghunahuna dili na sama sa mga bata kay anaa na man sila konohay sa kolihyo diin ang taas-taas nga matang sa kinaadnan mao kaunay ang grisilal sa ilang utakon.

Apan mao kini and nahitabo. Nag-anam ka taas and ilang kinaadnan, nag-anam usab ka *episyo any sikwete* nga ilang hikatan-on. May kasing-kasing pa sila sa pagtonto sa ilang mga ginikanan nga maayo nag-agak kanila aron sila usma dantag matigayon ug, makapanikasyikay aron mahabi sa ilang kaugalingong kahago.

Apan nganong ili man ilaron ang ilang ginikanan? Nganong dili man tur-anan sa matuod? Nagtuo kami nga hungro ra kaayo and usa ka Amahan o Inahan nga magpakatula-bungol sa mga "parayag" sa ilang mga kabataan nga nagabay sa maayong pamatasan.

Hinon, tingali ilang gihimo kini aron pagpahibay sa panahon. Kay ngani pipila sa mga kadugkuan sa atong kaganuahan mo *sidelink* pa man ug pangilad sa ilang mga kadugo ginamit ang gahum nga ilang gihiutan.

—

Among namatikdan nga pipila sa atong mga maanyag nga tinun-an nag-uban-uban ug "date" sa ilang "kuan", simu-oh and uniforme sa tulungahaan. Usabay among silang makita sa plaza, sa sinchan o sa ubang dapit diin ang maong saput dili angay ipakita.

Hinon, dili kami motuo nga maoy ilang tuyo and pagpakaulaw sa kaduganahan sa tulungahaan maagi sa nag "manukna" ginamit ang ngalan ni *Uncle Charles*. Labi pang dili kami motuo nga maoy ilang tuyo and paghaling sa kasuko ni Mrs. De Veyra ilabi na kon sila nakadawat ug kasaba o multa. Tingali mapagarbohon lang sila nga

hiilhan nga mga tinun-an sa *San Carlos, Ay, amor propio*.

Dili pa kami andam sa pagbukom nga si P. T. Uy sa iyang pakga *photographer* kun pagka maghuhulagay ning atong tulungahaan walay igong kinasintang sa natad sa fotografiya. Labaw pang dili kami andam sa pag-ingon nga ang iyang kagamitan labut nianang iyang pangita mga dautan kay wala pa man kami igong kamatuoran nga kasukuran.

Hinon, among nahibawan nga kadaghanan sa mga tinun-an "nagmahay" kang P. T. Uy kay konod dili makamaong malo-oy. Matud pa nila, mao pay law-ay nang dan and ilang pagkaway, nisanot na hinon ketakotot sila mala sa ilang mga ngil-ad nga hitsura nga nahipatik sa ilang *Identification Card*.

Aron paghatag ug hustiya ni P.T., among siyang ipakikigitaan bahin nining mga gabulob sa mga tinun-an: Ania ang iyang pahayag:

"Ang tinuod Balt mao kini: Daghan kaayo and mga tinun-an ning atong tulungahaan. Kapin kun kulang, 6,300 tingali sila ka buok... Kon akong ripatukhon pag-ayo aron sila mo guwapo mo guwapa, tingali dili mahuman sa igong panahon nga gikinahanglan. Nahibalo ka nga dinalnan kaayo ang paghumaan sa ilang ID aron sila maka hupot ug katungod sa pagamit sa kahi-

manan sa atong pamasaohan kun *Library*. Ug tungod sa ka dinalnan dili na intawon nako maanman ang pag rituki sa ilang mga hulagway tungod sa ilang kadaghan. Kon ako kanang himoon, tingali matapas na lang ang *se-mestre* dili pa tingali nako mahuman," mipatin-aw si P.T. Uy.

Dili malalis nga ang mga tinun-an nga hitungdan "nagbangutan" tungod sa ilang hitsura nga "nabiktima" sa dili makapahimot nga kausaban. Apan nagtuo kami nga kon daw maka sila nian si P.T., kana wala tuyo-o. Tawo siya sama kanato nga may kahigayon sa paghimo ug kasaypanan. Gawas pa usab niana, buang ra kaayo siya sa pagtuyo sa paghuhat sa igong nga walay igong kataraman nga kinasikaran. Nahibalo siya nga ghyaran siya sa maong butang nga gikagubtan.

Ang sa *pagkatalunan* sa paghumaan sa nasoy nga ID igon na nga "katarungan" ni P.T. Unsaon man tuod pagamit sa mga tinun-an sa kahimanan sa *Library* kon wala sila ilang ID? Gawas pa usab niana, wala man tingali ing tagda nga kinahanglan gayud guwapo ug guwapa ang mga nawong sa mga tinun-an nga mahapatik sa ilang ID aron makagamit sa atong *Library*. Pangutan-an si Ginoo Asubar kon namakak ba kami.

Kami walay gitalipagan. Ang ama ra nga baruganan mao ang katারণan. *Period.*

Editoryal

MGA HUNAHUNA LAMANG NAMO KINI

Sa dayag sulat nome niini, natunog pa pag-ayo ang halita nga mikalay sa tibak nasod bahin sa mga *finas-ang hisakpan* nga *senitas* (cheating) sa ikasinasyon sa inhenyeriya nga gihatag sa kagamahaan.

Mopaleg usom ang mga magtutubo nga hisakpan; mopaleg usom ang pagtubagan sa hukmonan sa selang supak sa kolehod. Dili maipag ang kasulog nga nadawat sa mga *finas-ang "mamagpapas"* konohay sa maong ikasinasyon aron hibatag sa dautang pated. Dili mahubit sa pelong ang mga kontante ug tulok nga gibayab kanila sa ketillingan. Bisan tuod ang mga maobtik nga *reporter* wala magtutubo sa ilang mga ngalan, apam mo de gihapon—gihutaw ang ilang alimpatokhon (conscience) sa sola nga ilang nalimo.

Bahin niini, magpatakas kami sa pagpapatay sa among mga hanehona agadto sa mga kadugkuan sa atong tulungahaan nga ila utangon pan-an ug dyutayog kusog ang ilang pag-"implementar" sa mga tolanon ug politikang agadto sa mga *finas-ang hisakpan* magkadesig o magpapas sa ilang mga lekturiya. Kapihapan nga kami nahimot ug midayag sa paagi sa Administrasyon sa pagpatuman sa mga *finas-an*. Wala kami mahisapuk sa ilang pag-"imposar" ug disiplinla sa mga magtutubo hisakpan nga mosibat, maghugbothobog, ug labaw sa tanan kadang monikas sa pagpasor sa ilang mga kuro.

Kami sokosaksi man agod nga bisan ug ang atong tulungahaan istrisiko ug dyutay, aduna gihapon ing mga magtutubo nga "liberal" o matalayo-an agadto sa mga magtutubo hikit-on nga nagpaktimos ug hianbag sa ilang mga kabuag hinon ug kughan. Aduna gihapoy daghang "pasa" sa mga papel nga ilang sa mga hanehona sa atong tulungahaan nga maghanyo ug kasulog gikan sa ilang mga hialagat usab koayo. Bisan gani sa panahon sa "recitation" naklara pa hinon ang mga tubog nga diminito kay sa magtutubog walay atemang sa gil pagatona sa magtutubo.

Ug buot among ipadayag nga usab patas ang relasyon nga "binatagan" de kaayo tali sa magtutubo ug magtutuban dili lamang kay sa sulod da sa klasa kandili hasta usab sa gawas. Adunay mga magtutubo nga maghatagan ug mga pahaliyag ingon ponangit sa mga mahalang sigarilyo, lighter, uban pa, agadto sa mga magtutubo. Maayo man hinon hianag hianon hianon sa pagpangos sa maayong pangasanderot, apam naghilit ang dautang umabot. Panangalitan, kon ang maong magtutubo nga maghatagan, naglisid intawon sa iyang pagtuban, dili ba tulpas sa "kuluoy" ang gihatagan gumikan sa mga gogmayng hiphip? Ug usna man ang sangputanan niini?

Koro na lamang, ang maong magtutubo maglisid sa lamang sa iyang pagtubo nga basta hatagan ang magtutubo, sigurang makapapar siya. Ug kon malabo na siya siya sa ikasinasyon sa kagamahaan human makatapas sa iyang kuro sa paingon trempan, siya maipig gayud nianang paingon sinabolhis sa paglisid sa maong ikasinasyon. Ang pagpanikas anao gayod kaayo.

Paaghiutanon nome diabi ang maayong hukom sa maong mga hanehona.

— Rene M. Rances

OF CRITICS AND CRITICISMS

It has been said that criticism can make or unmake a person, build or destroy a community. A good criticism invigorates, while a bad one poisons. But, it seems that the way things are happening in our country, criticism has become a venom employed to eliminate a political enemy from the scene while it is at the same time used to enhance the interests of the critic. A good criticism is, as it appears today, lost in the jungle of political ambitions of our people.

* * *

Definitely, criticism always produces beneficial results when the purpose is to correct or to reform and not to destroy or to show off one's alleged superior mentality. No intelligent person will resent being criticized; on the contrary, he would gladly welcome criticism, because it gives him an opportunity to know his weaknesses, to re-evaluate his own personal worth, and induce him to strive further to remove completely or reduce his deficiencies to the minimum. This reaction is, of course, true only when the criticism is not tainted with bias and prejudice, when it is based on substantial grounds, arising out of an honest desire to help, and not born out by an intention to rise where the other man falls. In the Philippines, there is an oversupply of the latter kind of criticism. If a politician criticizes another politician, the objective sought there is not to bring about a reform in our governmental system, although this is what it would appear to be, but to bolster his own political stock is the primary goal. This motivation is what makes criticism a venom, designed to kill a man even in broad daylight. It is also what makes our country today a miserable, emaciated and troubled country of 22 million people.

In the USC campus, criticism takes on a different form, but it is essentially the same with the kind of criticism which poisons and kills a person. For example, a "noted" professor makes it his regular schedule to throw broadsides upon the Student Council of San Carlos, condemning it as an unmanageable group of students desiring more publicity and less interested in doing more service for the students and particularly the alumni. Ours being a democratic country, the professor certainly is free to express his own view on the work of the Council. But, considering the seriousness of his charges, he should have spoken with more intelligence and constructive sense by citing the inadequacies of the Council and formulating remedies therefor, instead of riding on his own personal grievances. The fact that he has traveled abroad and studied in European universities does not make his assumption authoritative. Nor is it in any way a justification that he has spoken correctly. On the other hand, his accusation only diminishes his achievements since it exposes his ignorance of the true facts and shows his narrow-mindedness unbecoming of a doctor of *correct thinking*.

* * *

We have nothing against critics. But if there be any criticism on anything, let that be constructive, because that is the way of sound thinking.

by Felix L. Alvar, Jr.

MUSIC
An harmonist is one who, sitting on a stone, gazing at
a long-stalk flower, himself becomes the talc
drunk by the laughing Hours.
What is the rain but the bearer of certain hearts' anthems,
and starglows, the ciphered sonnets of the zodiac.
Yet now its staccato on the roof is a repeated question:
Have you still my name in your mind?
And the coldness is either the smile unborn,
or the effort to swim back the days.
I do not see you step in the room, and when
I turn around, the downpour ceases and the Memories rise to sing.
You ask me, What's this? holding up something in your rosy palms;
your hands are empty, but it is there you swear;
And I answer: My love. I gave that to you personally.
Now I remember!
And then you disappear suddenly, as if for a moment I am blinded,
and some jealous power snatches you away from me.
And all at once all I behold is a long-stalk flower in the vase,
cordially, persistently offering its leaves as hands to me
And I become the words gradually multiplying on the paper
in the typewriter's roller, their eyes looking at myself.

MUSIC is fragrance permitted to speak of itself.

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a long-stalk flower, himself becomes the talc
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by JUNNE CAÑIZARES