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# *Carolinian*

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of the University of San Carlos



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by

Manuel S. Go

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We had a pretty hard time adjusting to some changes in the set-up, but we finally made it and you've got your copy of the mag. We hope you will find it as enjoyable and interesting as we wanted it to be when we were preparing it.

#### **Fr. John Is Out**

Fr. John was transferred to a new assignment in Manila early this school year.

We cannot help missing Fr. John. He was the Moderator of this magazine for the past three years, and we knew even then that he loved the *Carolynian* as much as we did, and was proud of it as much as we were; he even promised, on the eve of his departure, that he would read the proofs for the *Carolynian* if his new "home" would be the Catholic Trade School. More than that, he was a good friend to all of us on the staff, and he was considerate and understanding.

Long after we shall have left this institution, we shall still remember Fr. John.

#### **Fr. Baumgartner Is In**

Fr. Baum, as we call him, was chosen to step into Father John's shoes. We're only getting to know him. But we do hope our partnership will turn out all right.

#### **We Get an Office**

Former Editors Quitarro, Sitoy, and Abao, Jr. all started their tenures with a common wail: "We ain't got no office!" Their staffs had to do their work wherever it was possible

—at the Registrar's Office, at the Cashier's Office, or in the Visiting Room.

Our Father Builder, the Rev. Ernest Hoerdemann, gave us a room early this year, and equipped it fully. To him goes our most heartfelt gratitude. We have found a home at last!

#### **The Cover**

Artist Amorsolo Manligas was commissioned by the staff to make a cover lay-out "that is neither too conventional nor too modern." The cover, as you see it now, is his interpretation of the golden mean.

This issue is a memorial to the late Cornelio Faigao. Thus, Artist Manligas depicts a poet and the things that are popularly associated with the latter.

The cover is an experiment. Comments on it are welcome.

#### **The Issue**

We are making an attempt at sectioning. You will therefore find that the materials are classified and that there is an index on the free top corner of every page. Aside from

this, however, you will find very few departures from our usual format.

Demetrio Maglalang, who was asked by the staff to do a book review, comes up with a bold and frank assessment of Villa, in his *Villa's Footnote to Youth, A Study*. The reader may venture into it at his own peril.

Junne Cafiarez gives us his version of the stream-of-consciousness story in his *The Apprehension of Things*, which is a delicately restrained, yet powerful and moving, story of a deserted lover. Here there are only very faint traces of the dialectal, which characterizes many of Cafiarez's stories.

Three of the four poetry pages are devoted to poems for the dead poet. We have indeed taken a very sober—no, even morbid—tone in this issue. Our writers run true to form. One laments in his accustomed modern verse, while another weeps in his classical pattern with great verbal melody and intensity of emotion.

B.C. "Before Christ" Cabanatan turned holier-than-thou and decided to feature a pictorial on churches. Our feature writer has now become a photo-artist besides. We count that on our credit side.

We have revived the news section. Associate Editor Filemon Fernandez is in charge of it. We call him **The Historian**.

Junior Abao, last year's Editor, has turned columnist. He intends to run a regular column called **Entirely Personal**. Hmmm, must be interesting stuff!

Pal Joey has just got back from his proposed mining venture. He was a resounding failure in it, and in this issue, he tells you why. Somebody told us that when Pal Joey was yet a child, his mother thought him to be a budding genius, but he turned out to be a blooming idiot.

For a summary of what we offer you in this issue, please refer to the adjoining table of contents. #

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# The CAROLINIAN

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## Editorial

### ATHLETICISM IN PHILIPPINE COLLEGES

*Varsity cagers on the hardwood, sluggers on the diamond, sprinters on the track, and other men of bronze, are all spectacular college heroes. They make big names for their schools—big advertisement.*

*College athletics is all very well—if it is kept within sane limits. But many Philippine colleges are making professionals out of their athletes. They do not set academic standards for the continuance of their players on their terms. So long as a player is good, nothing else matters. Let him flunk in all his subjects, let him learn nothing from the classroom, let him do all this and more, so long as he plays well. The point is not the education that he gets. It is the kind of play that he gives.*

*The spirit of the amateur is gone. Our Philippine college teams do not now generally differ from the teams of soft drinks and steamship and wax companies.*

*And the spirit of athleticism, which has replaced the spirit of the amateur, becomes readily apparent when one compares the treatment of athletes to that of people with intellectual gifts. See if there is any sense of proportion in it—find out if there is any reason. Take the case of scholarships, for instance. What is the score in it? It is: In a class of 500, in most cases, only two get scholarships—and only free tuition for the first, and half free tuition for the second. Under this set-up, a stupid athlete has infinitely better chances to continue in college than has a financially handicapped genius.*

*We hold no brief against athletics—amateur athletics. But we do hold a brief for justice and reason and fairness, which all point against athleticism.*

*Schools, we are told, are supposed to encourage and turn out intellectuals—people with plenty of brains. But what are they doing towards this end? Nothing much. In extreme cases, nothing at all.*

*If schools believe that good athletic teams deserve support and encouragement (we do not here pass judgment upon the wisdom or unwisdom of this belief), should they not also believe that intellectual achievements merit the same—if not more—attention? Do not topnotchers and big name writers and artists mean anything to a school, a center of learning and culture? (we are told) If the answer to these questions be negative, may God save us all!*

*We do not pretend to be powerful. You know we are not. We cannot implement changes by our own volition. This editorial therefore is only a statement of facts. Take it or leave it.*

*But we do hope that someday, when Philippine colleges shall have ceased to be cheap circuses and become real colleges, academic standards will prevail, and deserts will be given where they are due.*

M. S. G.

JULY - AUGUST, 1959

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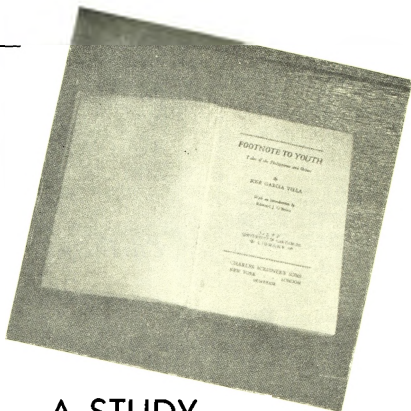
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# VILLA'S footnote to youth — A STUDY



FA ME often tends to blur the true worth of an individual. Let's take Villa for instance. The continental acclaim he won in the United States might perhaps so dazzle some critics as to render a just and fair estimate of his achievement almost impossible. There is an aura of sacredness about him, artificially created, such as would scare away timid critics, from making adverse observations, lest unless he bows with the herd he be branded either as someone behind the times or even a literary ignoramus. The present writer however is making a gamble — with this study of Villa's volume, *Footnote to Youth*.

Whatever Villa may say about this book (he called it once puerile) I would still perhaps consider it as very much representative of him. Many in fact may even consider it as the summit of his literary career, his poetry and American critics notwithstanding. Yet reading through it, one is inevitably confronted with a painful conclusion: Villa is a literary freak. It is quite difficult to agree with Mr. O'Brien's observation in the Introduction that "the book places Villa among the half-dozen short-story writers in America who count." A typical jacket criticism no doubt. One however has to doff his hat to

Villa's mastery of technique, to the evocative sensuousness of his language, to the smooth lyrical quality of his prose, classically reticent and restrained in form — in short, to his perfect mastery of all the external features that make up great short stories.

The first story in the volume would easily stand out as an example. *Footnote to Youth* is presented in starkly naked prose, limpid nonetheless, and with a pained objectivity worthy of even a French master. Or what, for another instance, could be more hauntingly beautiful than *Kamyu*. In flowing ecstatic language Villa has woven a tale of love, jealousy and death.

Gifted with sensitive descriptive powers, he harnesses all the reader's sense faculties and leads them with sensuous details. In the opening paragraphs of *Footnote* he writes: "The ground was broken up into many fresh wounds and fragrant with a sweetish earthy smell. Many slender soft worms emerged from the furrows and then burrowed again deeper into the soil. A short colorless worm marched blindly to Dodong's foot and crawled clamantly over it." The reader sees the ground, smells the earth, feels the clammy touch of the worm. More

can hardly be said.

Too, the flow of the story is smooth as the style, natural, almost to the point of naive, devoid of the strain so much a part of many a story of recent vintage. Despite, of course, the fact that the story covers three generations. Like a passing scene, the story presents no beginning and no end, but nevertheless it impresses the reader with a sense of finality effected not so much by the slice of experience it purports to present as by the meaning the author attaches to it and the form with which he conveys it to the reader. Death into Manhood is much of the same pattern though there is a shift of point of view from that of a man's to that of a woman's.

The settings of the stories vary, the Philippines in some, America in others, though this hardly makes any difference at all, considering the universal themes of love, hatred, jealousy and human loneliness on which Villa constantly played; and he played on them to such a degree that setting has become a secondary consideration and hence practically of no moment whatsoever. For the stories could possibly happen anywhere to anybody, today yesterday or tomorrow.

One is almost tempted to wish

literature were mere form or style or a mere presentation of reality. For indeed it is very regrettable to have to exclude a man of Villa's talent from the roster. Literature however is not a mere presentation, it is also an interpretation of reality. For much as a writer would aspire to objectivity, the subjective element, and of consequence, his vision of life, is ever unavoidable.

And here is where Villa fails short of the mark. In one sense it is not his fault, for Villa is as much a child of his age as any. With hardly a trace of the Filipino soul in him, was born of the birth-pangs of the modern spirit as individualized in the American spirit. The Filipino soul as such is still in its virginal stage, here and there succumbing

We live no doubt in an age of perplexity, an age perhaps more restless and harassed than any other. The old sign-posts (thanks to Science and its discoveries) have been torn down, and the modern man, rootless and lost, travels in a trackless waste. . . . But still there are, despite all this timeless patterns of experience, elemental realities at the center of all lives. The most outstanding discoveries of science have not altered the basic physiological and psychological processes of human experience. The artist has but to recognize this and with it the basis, to synthesize the conflicting patterns of his time to a meaningful and intelligible harmony. If the artist has no other function but to give expression to the confusion of

lone man trying to find solace only within himself and his puffed-up genius. His fellowmen are the Ariels of his mind, his God is his ego. One cannot expect much of such a one. His poetry however is not our main concern. It is the *Footnote to Youth* on which the author wants to focus the reader's attention.

In this volume, Villa as in his poetry, created a world of unrelieved gloom where men are barred from one another by fences of their own making, living their lonely separate lives within the shells of their hatreds and jealousies and inner frustrations. He presents men, as in the story *The Fence* as "separate worlds, opposing planets so near together that their repulsion . . . become stifled and in its repres-

★ ★ ★ ★ by D. M. Maglalang ★ ★ ★ ★

to the modern temper, spasmodically, if not insincerely, Villa is an expatriate, from the spiritual point of view as well.

Having called Villa in the first paragraphs a freak, I would be much more just perhaps, were I to add that Villa is as much 'freak' as any of the so-called greats in American literature though not perhaps as voluminous or as outspoken, but nevertheless as astray. They all are of the same feather. I would not wonder very much therefore if many of the critics in American letters were to give him ovations and applause considering the many other writers to whom they have given the very same ovations. Faulkner, who as yet has not proven himself worthy of the Nobel prize, continues to wallow in a riot of violence and horror for its own sake. Hemingway, but for his *Old Man and the Sea*, continues to study the mean struggles of mean souls. Caldwell of *Tobacco Road* and *God's Little Acre* notoriously continues to gloat over the meaninglessness and sordidness of life. If these be the prophets, the artists of whom American critics tell, then God pity us. Then indeed to Villa with his neurotics and themes of loneliness and futility finally belongs.

his age and to immortalize its chaos, then he may just as well rot in his grave.

Villa and company have been miserable failures in this respect. And yet we acclaim them. It is perhaps because we confuse their material with meaning, their technique with value, their eccentricity with originality. For they are not merely sensitive but neurotic, not merely troubled but jittery, not somber but morose. One must finally get sick of them as they bask in despicable self-pity, parading before men their private aches and woes.

In what specific sense then did Villa fail in his mission as an artist? If one were to peruse his poetry, one is confronted with a metaphysics as strange as it is absurd, with strange notions of God bordering at times on the tasteless and (forgive the word) even on the blasphemous. His poetry suffers from an undue straining for effects: a fault of the metaphysical poets. Occasionally however, like the latter, he strikes gold nuggets of brilliant images. On our part, however, we mix up his often silly excursions into the empyrean and incursions into the inner life of man as bold flights of imagination and his unintelligibility as poetic depth. His is the voice of a

son become more envenomed."

His characters speak for his disenchantment. They ask questions and get no answers. "Why did life not fulfill all of youth's dreams?" so Dodong asks of himself. "Why must it be so? Why must one be forsaken after—Love?" Youth and love are not of the stuff of life. Youth is an illusion, life is a disillusionment, so Villa seems to imply. As once upon a time Dodong, young and loving, with no thought of the life after marriage, had asked his father's permission to marry, so was his own son young son asking him too the very same thing. "But he was helpless," so Villa writes. "He could not do anything. Youth must triumph . . . now. Love must triumph . . . now. Afterwards it will be life. Dodong looked wistfully at his young son in the moonlight. He felt extremely sad and sorry for him."

This in essence is Villa's vision of reality. For him it is something oppressive, a dreary spectacle of pain and suffering without surcease. It is a monster with destructive fingers. "Teang loved Dodong. . . . Dodong whom life had made ugly."

Must life indeed be ever the scapegoat of man's tumbling and blundering? Must life be held up always  
(Continued on page 10)

# THE PLAYS of Three

by ESPERANZA

## The Plays of Tan

DR. VIDAL A. TAN is a man of many interests. Although he is a mathematician by training and profession he wields some literary skill which expresses itself not only in articles of current interest but also in short plays. The four plays studied here attest to his literary ability.

The play "The Meeting in the Town Hall" is an episode from the *Social Cancer*. The said meeting discusses the plans for a coming fiesta and the young men, the liberal group, desire a more sensible approach to the celebration. Fiestas have always played an important part in the social life of the Filipinos. The usual way of celebrating fiestas in the Philippines, down to the present day, is the noisy and extravagant way — fireworks, rockets, banquets, dances, etc., and families think nothing of debts staring them in the eye the whole year so long as they can splurge for a week at fiesta time. The young liberals in the play propose simple amusements and games, prizes for the best farm producers, and a tidy sum set aside for the construction of a schoolhouse. But the gobernadorcillo throws a monkey wrench into their plans. He brings the news that he has acceded to the curate's wishes — an extravagant affair with all the trimmings, or else!

The same playwright takes another episode from the same book

for another play, "Souls in Torment" — the famous story of the tragic Sisa. Her two sons, Basilio and Crispin, are accused of stealing some valuables from the convent and are held in custody. When the two boys escape from the convent, the mother is arrested. The poor mother is tormented with the thought of the cruel accusation and the uncertainty of the whereabouts of her sons. Her grief overcomes her, and nature, many times kinder than man, takes over. Sisa becomes insane.

"The Husband of Mrs. Cruz" is a comedy about elections, in three acts. Rodullo is a promising young lawyer who is married to a rich girl. In the first act, he decides on two things—to run for Congress and to live apart from his in-laws for the sake of his self-respect. The wife is torn between a life of luxury and love for her husband. She finally decides on the latter and goes after her spouse. In their new life, love smoothes out the bumps. Cheerfully the wife adjusts to her new home while Rodullo is busy with his election campaign. Still, they are so deep in debt that they resort to the ruse of evading bill collectors by pretending to be servants of the house. This is the turn of events when Rodullo's father comes to help him in his campaign and is horrified to see his son appa-

rently insane because Rodullo fails to recognize him. Then Rodullo is arrested on a false charge filed by his political rival, the two fathers arrive on time and arrange a payment for the bond. The usual flurry of elections — free rides, bands, eats and drinks, lies and promises, — are all portrayed. After a thrilling suspense, a recount of the ballots declares Rodullo the winner.

"A Daughter of Destiny" is a historical comedy in three acts depicting the fortunes of a family against the thrilling background of the Philippine Revolution. The love triangle is represented by two brothers in love with the same girl, the ward of their father. The father proposes to decide the matter by lot, the fortunate one to be given the first chance to court the girl. Luck falls on the elder brother, and the younger is constrained to be silent. The elder's luck still holds out, although the girl is secretly in love with the other brother. Thus preparations for the wedding are under way when the revolution breaks out with the "Cry of Balintawak." Everything else is forgotten and the two brothers march to the front. Returning to the house one night in disguise, the younger brother brings news of his brother's death. Reeling from the shock, the old father puts up a brave front and is given a little happiness when he learns that his remaining son and the girl are in love. All of a sudden, Spanish civil guards enter the house before the son can escape. Pretending to be a sick servant, he lies down on the floor, covered by a tablecloth. The trick is discovered and the three are made prisoners. Just as their captors are drinking to celebrate their good luck, Filipino insurgents enter the town and rescue the family. †

## The Plays of Remulo (SEE PAGE 36)

# Filipino Playwrights

A. V. MANUEL

## The Plays of Montano

**S**EVERINO MONTANO has done some creditable work in the drama, particularly the arena stage. What the arena stage is, is explained in the "Foreword" to Montano's book **Three One-Act Plays**:

This is a revival of the ancient classic arena theatre in which the players and the audience are one, forming a unity, as the spectators sit in circles around the space left for the performers, while the actors walk on and off the scene through a lane left open in the midst of the audience.

Realizing that the arena stage was becoming very popular in the United States and seeing its practical possibilities here in the Philippines, Montano initiated and popularized the movement here in the Philippines after his return from the United States towards the end of 1952. It may be mentioned in passing that the arena stage was the stage used in the presentation of early Philippine dramas in the vernacular and Spanish, however, it gradually lost its appeal with the coming of the more formal stage platform erected for the purpose. It is still in use in many parts of the Orient, most particularly in Southeast Asia.

While in the United States, Montano spent his time studying in the Graduate Department of Drama at Yale where he got his Master of Fine Arts degree and studied later the economic side of theatrical production. A grant from the Rockefeller Foundation gave him the opportunity to study the different centers of art and drama in most countries of Europe and the countries of India,

Indonesia, Thailand, and Malaya in the East.

Severino Montano launched his career in playwriting after his return to the Philippines with the publication of his book **Three One-Act Plays**. The three plays are summarized as follows:

"**The Ladies and the Senator**" is an amusing comedy which takes a dig at Filipino officials who junket to America. The ladies in the story, members of a women's club, are preparing a party for a visiting senator. They belong to a "class of artificial, over-sophisticated women who are full of pretentious ostentation." As usual, while waiting for the guest-of-honor's arrival, the women gossip. Their favorite topic is the conduct of our officials abroad and of some Filipino women as well. When the senator arrives with his gallantry and flattery, the ladies forget themselves and are all ears to the old gallivanting adventurer. They hang on his every word and are so pleased with his extravagant praises that they forget their party. Instead they rush out with the senator to his hotel for a gay time. The writer of the play slyly takes potshots at our lawmakers who go abroad supposedly in the interest of the Filipino nation, but who really travel in order to take a fling, intent only on adventure and a good time. There may be some truth to this accusation as our newsmen comment with raised eyebrows on the qualifications of some of our officials who are sent on missions.

"**Sabina**" represents "a tragedy of simple barrio life." Life deals harshly with a simple lass of a barrio who

is trusting and naive in her love for a traveling American trader. Hence, she suffers the shame of the betrayal when she finds out that the foreigner is married. Too frail to cope with her cruel fate, she ends her life. When it comes to the affairs of the heart, the barrio maid is still the innocent one. She gives her confidence so easily that many times she nurses a broken heart and a ruined reputation. More often than not, such a girl exists in many a village.

Our foremost national hero, Dr. Jose Rizal, is the principal character in the third play, "**Parting at Calamba**." The action takes place a few months before the hero's martyrdom; the scene is the living room of the doctor's family in Calamba, Laguna. Visiting the poor and treating the sick, Dr. Jose Rizal is closely watched by the civil guards. His brothers and his father have all been taken away and, except for himself, all the adult members of the family present are women. Laughter is a stranger in the house, for the abuses and cruelty of the Spaniards have left their mark on the family. At the start of the play, a niece is stonied at the window as a lookout for Rizal's book the "**Reign of Greed**" which has been banned is in the house. The mother pleads with her son to meet the Spaniards halfway but Saturnina, one of the daughters, sides with the hero. Father Dalmacio arrives from Manila to see Jose about the banned book. The priest offers a bribe in return for a retraction of the hero's statements against the Spaniards. When the visitor realizes his remonstrations are in vain, he is enraged. He threatens the family before he leaves. It is then that Jose decides to go away that evening; he feels he can serve his countrymen better if he can work unmolested.

# A Portrait of FAIGAO... *Simply as Man*

by Mrs. Esperanza Velez-Manuel



Faigao Taking a Degree

THE LATE Atty. Cornelio Faigao, whom I shall always remember with fond affection, was one man for whom I had a very great respect. I admired his intelligence; I envied him for his literary style; I relished his humor and wit; but above all, I depended on his integrity.

He was a kind man who would not willingly hurt people. Though he issued his broadsides of wit and satire to men and institutions, even at himself, always his kindly tolerance smiled benignly on the loibles and caprices of his race. There was a smile that never left his face — a smile that was warm and generous, never cold nor sardonic nor cruel. He was one of his fellow-men and he laughed with them. But never at them.

This explained, of course, his generosity. He gave, though he could ill afford it at times. Yet this sharing was embarrassing to him; he did not wish people to dwell on their gratitude. I shall mention here only one of the many incidents of this endearing trait — to the surprise of a friend a fifty-peso bill dropped out of a bon-voyage card from him. Wasn't it just like him to find a way?

The wonderful spirit of resignation also possessed him, which made him accept the things that came his way, the good and the bad, the bitter and the sweet. Refusing to stoop down and bicker with his colleagues over assignments, he received his

measure without a murmur and went his way. Political storms assailed him, sickness weakened him, the envious maligned him, but his feet were planted firmly on the ground. Disappointments, frustrations, and adversities stormed his fortress but he faced them all with the same unruffled poise, the same confident gaze.

His humor was one of his most outstanding traits. In fact his friends looked to it when they asked him his opinions concerning the political circus or consulted him about their own problems. And they were not disappointed. He was Sir Oracle, who, when he opened his lips for a sparkling witicism or a scholarly thought, had to garnish it with a casual jest or sly banter. It was this inexhaustible fund of comic superiority that made life not merely bearable but pleasant to him and his friends. No wonder many came and came again to partake of it, and went away — mulling over a bit of compounded wisdom and wit, to be stored with the other Faigao-isms.

I, for one, never ceased to marvel at his output. Often I would ask him how he ever managed to accomplish his newspaper work, and still produce poems and essays, aside from his teaching duties. How many times did I gently chide him for his deception: the unhurried pace and the slow, careful speech hiding from view the remarkable source of energy that found expression in the

printed word, while the rest of us harassed, frantic mortals who exude vitality and business, have nothing to show for our much ado! Yes, he made us ashamed of ourselves, especially for our inadequacy and helplessness.

And so this was my friend, on whose shoulders hung lightly the mantle of fame and national respect, who belittled himself and made light of his achievements so that often the mantle was invisible to us, who stood square on principles without any blast from the trumpet.

It was my good fortune to visit him the Sunday before he finally left us. One last privilege was given me: to bask in his company. I found him still sharp and witty and cheerful. The atmosphere was pleasant, the conversation congenial. Not one of us guessed the lost curtain would soon fall.

The next time I saw him, peace had settled on his brow, never, to desert it again — as it often does frequently in a lifetime.

A little while we would fain have him linger yet. Or was it time for him to receive his award of merit?

Now I do not think of him as teacher, journalist, poet, or home-spun philosopher. He is simply man whose presence I once enjoyed, in whose goodness the earth rejoiced. His memory I shall always cherish with prayers. And with hope — for you and me. ‡



# Never Say Goodbye

by Lourdes V. Jaramilla



Falcao and Bride

Now that Connie is dead I realize that he exerted a stronger influence over my classmates and me than I did realize when he was alive. My mind can telescope back into a spiral of two and a half years, and I can remember details of many campus conversations which have played a part on the rocky road of my "growing up" (or "wising up" as he'd call it). One of his fondest hopes was to unite the literary-inclined students into a compact group, which he could guide and set alone with his enthusiasm and ideas. The short-lived "writers' club" can attest to his efforts. The members, Junior Abao, Marietta Alonzo, Tess Abezamis, Demetrio Maglalang, Amorsolo Manligas, Junne Cahizares, Manuel Go, Jess Estanislao, etc., were willing, but after two meetings, the whole thing quietly folded up, because none of them had the same free time to attend the meeting. So he had to meet each one wherever he found them -- in the drugstore, in the lobby or those happy chance meetings in the library or in the campus. Intellectually keen, he was never afflicted by intellectual snobbery, the malady of most of our university "brains". It was fun to exchange those memorable bars that were his speciality.

We can't help being interested reciprocally in someone who shows a personal interest in us, our failings and little triumphs. Twenty years from now, I'll still remember him saying, "You're young... I'm old... Make the most of your youth." And the casual lessons of life tossed over bottles of coke at the drugstore... to work hard at achieving only the best or cheat ourselves for-

ever... never to be petty about small things or to feel big about great things because everything is big and small at the same time, dimensionless as they say... to open our heart and eyes to all the beauty in the world, to wider worlds that will open if we have the sensitivity to be aware of the smallest movements: the fall of a leaf, the change of colors in the sky, the flicker of an eyelash, the deepening of emotion and the slight shift of mood in voice and expression of the eyes... the forgotten little miracles that are the many faces of one whole that we call life-one pattern of joy and loss, defeat and hope... but above all to love life... not only to face it but accept it too. Living on borrowed time, he must have loved life desperately, achingly-marvelous existence being measured out to him, hour by hour, as the days receded into months... marking time before the blue sky and the soft sheen of sunlight would be eclipsed forever in the eternal timelessness of an endless sleep.

"All men live forever and die forever... that death is the sweet

asylum of nothingness, is the cruel sick dream of the criminal and the suicide: of those who deny reality... of those who are afraid to live... of those who are often fugitives... of those who steal from consciousness... of those who are terrified by love..." He, who had to stand on the edge of eternity for months could have been referring to all these escapists. Life is the most precious thing on earth. What is death but only a transition from here to the hereafter. The pain of death is one of lawless, one of division but not finality. Not a conclusion. Death is but an interlude; it is only life that is endless.

That is why it was so important to him to concentrate on the young which he called the "seeds" and the "promises". He loved the young not only because he was young at heart but also because he realized how important it was to invest them with worthwhile ideals. He pitched in his own brand of "sales-talk", breaking down lonely kingdoms with humorless quips like: "you're bored and fine... well, I'm bored and not

(Continued on page 10)



Falcao in a Filmed Interview

# FAIGAO *Oniana*

by **AVELINA J. GIL**

I FIRST met Mr. Faigao in 1949; he was one of the half dozen teachers I met all at once, but it was he alone I remembered of the lot. He was not an easy man to forget, more especially because his disarming friendliness and dry humor cropped up every time I encountered him.

How aptly that word "encountered" identifies our every discussion! He had a witty tongue, which was, however, tempered by his depressing smile — somehow, he gave me the feeling that if he cracked the quip with me, I felt complimented to have him think I could take it.

Once, for instance, a lady teacher came to school with her long hair cut and waved into a mass of short curls. Wailed Cone with mock sorrow, "Oh, her clowning glory!"

But he was not always poking fun at others. He also had his serious hours when his ideals would gleam through his facetious comments. Once at the beginning of the semester, years ago when teachers could teach any number of classes and increase their income thereby, I knew that one of Mr. Faigao's classes had been literally grabbed by another. He made no move to claim the class back from that teacher, much less to report the matter to the dean, and when I asked him why, he was so passive about the "theft," he explained with no histrionics or oratory, "You know, it does something to a man's soul if he fights over money." He did not explain further. I did not ask any more. I felt chided that I should have thought him the kind that fights over money; I felt abashed to have him think that I should be that kind.

Then when Mr. Faigao was appointed Head of the English Department, I went over to congratulate him. Laughing, he replied, "I feel as though I am more the foot than the head!" I too laughed, never dreaming that I would make the same remark five years later.

As head of the department, he worked without fanfare. Only now do I know that he had prepared a detailed outline of a textbook for

English I with plans for a joint authorship with two other teachers of English; he helped prepare the descriptions of the English subjects in the prospectus. He humbly declared himself not any better than the other teachers of English; why, therefore, should he hold faculty meetings? What he would say in a meeting he simply told the individual teachers, there being only half a dozen of us then.

He was humble for the rest of the teachers too. A couple of years ago, I once held forth on the frivolity of the Faculty Club — existing solely to hold dinners, parties, and picnics, each one an informal fashion show for the ladies. Like a passionate reformer, I was enthusiastic over organizing games like charades and vocabulary quizzes with, probably, memory games for relaxation in between. Cone heard me through and then gently dampened my ardor by saying, "Don't overestimate my intelligence. If the Faculty Club parties had those for entertainment, I would not appear at all." And I held my peace after that.

If he knew that I have written this much about him, he would perhaps squirm in embarrassment and say with his eyes glinting with amusement, "You are dissecting me to honor me. Please let me rest in one piece!" ☿

Bury me?  
Bury my body?  
My body is not I.  
You will not succeed  
in burying me!

(SOCRATES)

## Anecdotes

I OFTEN wondered, with whimsical curiosity, whether I would ever get a chance to see Mr. Faigao lose his temper. He seemed to me unusually calm and collected even in the face of trying provocations.

I was seated at the faculty table with him one day when somebody tactlessly dropped a scathing remark that made us, faculty members, seem like mercenary, miserable beggars. I felt the blood rise to my face, but I was too stunned to hit back. I shot a glance at Mr. Faigao expecting him to take up the fight. His lips quivering with suppressed anger, he stood up abruptly and with that characteristic shuffling gait walked out of the room.

A few minutes after the offender had left, he came back visibly pacified. Before I could tease him about his retreat, he offered an explanation: "I had to walk out, Inday. I was afraid I could not contain myself."

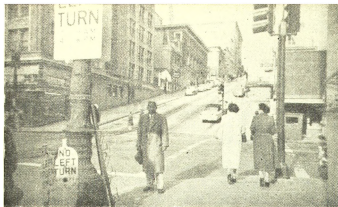
That magnificent self-control! I was reminded of Newman's definition of a gentleman.

\* \* \*

I will always remember Mr. Faigao's quiet, refreshing humor. Commenting on the strong nationalistic

Faigao Taking a Siesta





Faigao in New York

## In Memoriam

not good enough. And I still remember how so determined I was to get a better grade that, the night before another themewriting day (he used to give us the topics to mull over for a day or so). I sat up half of the night thinking about how I would write my theme. No other teacher had made me do that.

sentiment in his works, I asked him, "Are you really as nationalistic as your works sound?"

"Definitely," he answered readily, "You can see that even in my compilation."

Leonor Borromeo

# Once I Had A Teacher

by **LOURDES VARELA**

**T**HERE was a short program before the traditional dinner given by San Carlos for the Faculty to celebrate **THREE KINGS**. We had group singing among the faculty and even the Fathers contributed a chorus on the significance of Christmas. Most of the songs were sung in English and the Fathers sang some songs in German. While the Fathers were still singing the late Faigao ambled from one group to another among the Faculty. "What, no Christmas song in the dialect or in the Filipino language? We ought to put up a number in the vernacular."

In one of his classes in Philippine literature he showed his dislike of the practice of Filipino parents in giving their children American names: "Why should we name our boys Bobby, or John, or Bill? Why not call them Lapu-Lapu, Bataan, or Sikaluno? They are just as stylish as American names, and shall I say more meaningful?"

He readily meant what he told the class. In fact two of his children are named Bataan and Mabuhay.

d. Floreto

**HIS NAME** was Cornelio F. Faigao.

I first saw him on a July morning some ten years ago. I was one of the forty or so students in his English I class at the old college building which now houses the Girls' High School.

He came into the room, his felt hat in his hand and a Woolley and Scott English handbook under his arm. He walked without hurrying until he reached the teacher's platform. Then he gently laid his hat on a corner of the table, opened his book, and quietly began to explain nouns.

That was the beginning of a long and rewarding association with a teacher who turned out to be one of the finest I have ever had.

He was not exactly a slave-driver, but he unflinchingly taught us to do our best. I still remember how he found fault with my first themes I had thought they were carefully written but to him, they simply were

But if he was relentless in ferretting out our mistakes, he was most assiduous in praising us for work well done. He would, after correcting them, set aside the best themes and ask their writers to read them to the class. Very often, the reading would be punctuated by "There! that's what I call a striking adjective!" or "I like that very much" or "Don't you think of the writer as a vibrant, fully alive person?" How the writers' faces glowed!

He was a real educator. He brought out the best in his students by using a special brand of magic common to all great teachers—he believed in their worth. To the point of almost embarrassing his students, he would sing their praises whenever he had a chance. He saw in his young boys and girls potential short story writers, essayists, and poets. If faith can move mountains, then he certainly did. A classmate, after getting a few dreary 3's for her themes, began to work in earnest (after gentle prodding from Mr. Faigao) and finally received a 1. Another wrote her first short-short story (an almost flawless one, too) because Mr. Faigao had talked her into believing that she could. There was an essay writing contest he asked me to participate in. Before the contest began, I lost my nerve and wanted to back out. In walked Mr. Faigao, looking stern. "Young lady," he said, "I know you can do it. Now go out there and do your best." Because he refused to believe that his students were mediocre, they gratefully set out to prove him right. If that is not the sound educational psychology, I don't know what is.

Above all, I shall be always grateful to Mr. Faigao for opening our

(Continued on page 10)

### CHRONOLOGY OF FAIGAO'S LIFE

- 1908. Mar. 31. Born at Jones, Romblon
- 1922. Graduated valedictorian from Banton Elementary School
- 1925. Graduated salutatorian from Romblon High School
- 1929. Graduated from the University of the Philippines, Bachelor of Science in Education
- 1930. Recognized as a short-story writer with the publication of his "Violins with Broken Strings"
- 1940. Passed the bar examinations
- 1949. Appointed Head of the English Department, University of San Carlos
- 1951. Awarded First Prize in the Literary Contests in connection with the Golden Jubilee of the Educational System in the Philippines for his poem "The Brown Child"
- 1952. Mar. 13. Founded the "Daily News"
- 1954. Awarded a Foreign Leadership Grant to observe rural newspapering and teaching college English
- 1959. May 8. Died of liver ailment at the Cebu Velez General Hospital

## NEVER SAY GOODBYE

(Continued from page 7)

line." He was funny when he wasn't being funny and serious when he meant to be funny. Once, while we were writing a news report on the visit of a director of a mental institution, he pointed out the irony of launching a drive to help those unfortunate, when all the "mental cases" were right in the audience. Funny or not, we got the message all right. He was an exponent of the personal touch. He knew that no preaching can penetrate the proud shell of the blasé eighteen-year-old who can never be approached effectively except from his own level and by someone near to him. They say "in its innermost depths, youth is lonelier than old age." Perhaps that is why he succeeded where the others failed, because they have little sympathy for the twisting roads, the searching journey of many a pilgrim youth.

Whenever I met any of my classmates who knew him, we still talk about him as though he never really went away. If people really understand each other, they never say "goodbye" but that is hard to explain. We remember the things he said, the subtle humor uniquely his

own and our writings which he'd estimate for their mediocrity or hypocrisy. Good writing always stirred him yet stumbling undisciplined writing still interested him like nothing else could, for he was optimistic about the latent promise and inherent beauty in a piece of writing, in a confusion of seemingly sensible words strung together illogically but poignantly. The world of writing was his great passion, and it was in us, the young, that he hoped to fulfill many of his hopes.

We are still young and alive... still unsettled in our shaky ideals... with the years stretching out before us, awaiting the harvest of our gleanings, our contributions to life that will stamp us with our truest identity. He is gone, Connie, our friend, our confidante, our teacher. We are left... the promises still left to be seen... the seeds groping for life and purpose and their own souls. We are still here, we are not dead and we are the promises, the seeds. He left us a very big order to finish... and it staggers our minds knowing how important it must be to him that we must carry on... §

## ONCE I HAD A TEACHER

(Continued from page 9)

eyes to beauty. He had special talent for uncovering to us the beauty of nature and the beauty of the printed word. He rhapsodized over the incomparable colors of the sunset, the matchless brilliance of the moonlight. We learned that beauty was everywhere but that it was the reward of the man who painstakingly searched for it. He recounted to us how once he woke up at dawn to step himself in the beauty of a sleeping city as he walked through the empty streets. The poet in him occasionally had to burst out in exclamations of undisguised admiration of some new beauty or some rediscovered old one. He read poems in our literature class without the afflicted pose of the reader aware of the effect he is producing on his

audience, but with the easy naturalness of a true lover of poetry. He encourage us to commit beautiful lines to memory by quoting them himself. "Ah," he would say, "I know not what soft incense hangs upon the boughs" when some delightful fragrance filled the air.

Such was the teacher Faigao.

With his characteristic humility, he told me, two months before he died, "I'm afraid, when I have to go, my hands will be empty."

What I would have given just to have seen the look on his face when another Teacher bade him welcome with the words, "For he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." §

## VILLA'S FOOTNOTE . . .

(Continued from page 3)

as an impersonal force, relentless and powerful to which men are but as pawns? Must one feel extremely sad and sorry for him who wants to be young, who wants to love and to live? Life is ceaseless suffering, Villa warns. Or else a terribly grim joke. In the story *The Fence*, the notes of the girl's guitar floated in the moonlight... too late. And when Aling Biang announced "The Lord is born" on Christmas midnight to her son Iking, Iking died.

While Villa glories in the songs of the wind, the songs of the young lush moon, the songs of the tall strong trees, he nevertheless opens his story *Malakau* with a sigh "Hai!". And in the same breath he says: "What is alive, hurts."

*Kanya*, for all its sensuous beauty, *Given Woman*, *Resurrection* harp on the same theme of futility. The symbols are empty. The characters are either draped in black or wrapped in mists — but still one can see right through them. They are all sick with neurosis.

Reading the volume is no doubt an experience, though hardly enriching. The experience pulls, almost harrows. One seems to live in a vague misty world where reality though as hazy as a dream is nevertheless as overpowering as the heavy smell of faded or fading flowers, a chill comfortless world pervaded with a withering sense of solitariness where one meets lonely people of only two dimensions, disillusioned searchers, desolate figures wrapped in uncertain light like faces in some impressionistic painting.

As one closes the book it is inevitably with a sigh and with regret. Villa is not what he ought to be or what he might be, so we think. His rebellion is too obvious, his anger too made up, and one immediately thinks of a poseur. His pride is arrogance. His obsession with impotence and frustration chorused by heavenly mockery and keyed by human loneliness indubitably "harrows" his art. If he could but bend his will... now. If he could but grasp the essence of the Christian spirit... now. And not just the veneer. But he glories in his loneliness. So he writes in *Walk at Midnight*, "I had no playmates. I swam no river. I climbed no trees. I was alone."

Where are the playmates of him who is alive only to himself? Deserts have no rivers and trees.

Villa is indeed alone. §

Entirely Personal



Paulo H. Beltran

by C. J. RODRIGUEZ

● This business of beating deadlines is trying. It keeps you awfully busy until the whole stuff is mailed to Manila for printing. Lack of sleep, loss of weight, doctor's prescription and a few zeros in recitations — these are some of the things you get while beating a deadline. But despite the inconveniences, student editors still find it a pleasure to work on a publication. Editing is no mean assignment but the satisfaction of having accomplished something more than compensates for much of the unpleasantness encountered during the hectic days of the preparation.

● No sight is more interesting to an editor of the Carolinian than a mailbox being deluged with contributions. That would save the staff the trouble of hounding people, begging them to share their literary creations with the Carolinian. Editor Go was overjoyed one morning to see that the Carolinian mailbox which use to be empty was filled to capacity with envelopes a few days before the deadline. He thought his announcements he finally paid off. So in his eagerness to discover what the student had prepared for him, he immediately opened the mailbox, forgetting that students were using his mailbox as a replacement for Mr. Alvear's. Except for five forlorn prayers beseeching the Carolinian to recognize for once their "journalistic talents", the rest were not his.

● There are three kinds of egoists: those who advertise it, those who admit it and the rest of us. But being Entirely Personal sounds more egoistic. If it does, then the editor should get the blame. He christened it.

● Why are there more women than men in San Carlos? This question was posed before the Academic Council in one of their meetings recently. A girl said that they feel safer here than in other institutions.

● The ROTC Unit of San Carlos  
(Continued on page 34)

by *essel a. j. r.*

"There is something greater than the gift of immortality; to be born and to die, and in between to live as a man." Here we have an attempt to tell the story of a man, the late architect Paulo H. Beltran.

He was pointed out to us, a quiet figure against the background of chaos and activity of enrollment days. He was of medium height, his features showing traces of Malayan lineage and about him was that quiet, unobtrusive dignity; dignity that was not stiff; that didn't seem starched. It was in the way he passed through the corridors in that slow gait of his; it was in the way he used to take the corner drafting table during our laboratory periods, spread his work, and become completely oblivious to everything but his pencil lines, ripping across the white paper, emerging as an ordered pattern of black streaks, bringing to life new forms.

Throughout his childhood, and the years to follow, a strong love persisted which decided his career, a love for that "living creative Spirit", a love for architecture. He received his B.S. Architecture degree from the University of Santo Tomas in 1941. Even though he was working as a government employee while he was studying, he finished his course in the regular four-year span and after passing the government board examination for architects in 1948, he went into private practice.

Among his latest works is the U.S.C. Archbishop Reyes Building. It is said that a poem mirrors the soul of the poet. Even more so does the building show the architect. It does not just mirror his thought; it is his thoughts come to life; the building becoming one with the architect. At a time when bizarre designs spring up like mushrooms after a storm, his building emerges functional, conservative, and quiet and in its own way beautiful; an eloquent witness of the spirit that brought it into form.

He joined the U.S.C. faculty in the year 1947, and when the Department of Architecture was opened, he was appointed its head. To us, he was not just an architect; he was our teacher, fatherly, approachable and understanding. Perhaps it was because he always had a love for children (he has seven of his own, five girls, and two boys) or perhaps he saw in us the continuation of his dreams. Maybe, he wanted to be part of the chisel that would bring forth tomorrow's architects from whatever marble stood to be sculptured.

Laboratory periods were often relieved by the sense of humor he had, and just as quickly as the class broke into laughter, it would again lapse into silence, busy with the Ionic, Corinthian, and Doric orders of architecture.

There were three women with whom he was in love; his mother Lucilla, his wife, Ana, whom he married seven years after they had first met, and our Lady to whom he always had a special devotion. It was not seldom that we see him at the Santo Rosario church for our Lady's Wednesday novena. Oftentimes too, we see him snatching a few hours from his full schedule to pay an afternoon visit.

Then vacation came and he took his family to Asturias for a few weeks. That was the last time we heard of him until that first May morning when a bus accident took away his mortal life.

Unheralded, the inevitable call had come; the answer instant. We do not question the Divine Wisdom that took him away. Still we wonder at that incomprehensible law that rules all life.

"We who are his friends can hardly say how much we miss his kindness and his love, his help to us, his gentle way. Perhaps he is needed more where he has gone. The ways of God are strange. God bless his soul, we pray, until we meet him on the golden shores, his memory will live with us forever more." §

IN MEMORY OF

*Cornelio Faigao*

by JUNNE CAÑIZARES

*(Number of  
world's poets being unknown,  
we say: X minus Cornelio Faigao.  
Is death determinant of man's mark?  
critic of his fabric! Age!  
we never fully accept a leaf's gold,  
unless it itself is blown.  
O when's a man  
sainted alive?)*

*Of; for him. The one went up.  
We hold memories; sing In  
Te Domine. Here's a cup  
To the lustre of his pen.*

*He left appellations for  
Us to remember him by:  
Was journalist, professor,  
Poet. These refuse to die.*

*Was lawyer, but carved a part  
Of alliance with art, part-  
ing from the codes & suits, act-  
ing kind, faithful to his heart.*

*Nature uncovered her breast  
To the gaze of his genius.  
He walked an adoring guest  
Along life's blest avenues.*

*Whatever loveliness he  
Saw, he had expressed in words  
Equally true: painless, free  
Like flushed, twittering churchbirds.*

*Sometimes, was absent-minded,  
Thinking of the beautiful.  
I at times caught him red-handed,  
Brewing poems for the soul.*

*Has gone to where it is  
Ever: what we exploit:  
Where Meeting is face to face  
And everyone's a poet.*



## Dark

by A. R. M.

*I want to live. But others  
more fit to live have died.  
Worthless-I, so, wait  
the visit of my Maker.  
I seek for my function, meantime.  
What am I here for.  
Or am I here? Am-here should  
signify work-done. Here  
I stand in a darkened corner.*

---

## Tempus Fugit

by ISABELO DE LOS SANTOS

*Night black, brief, be dilatory  
or extinct, or stay where  
you are now and forever, for  
your arrival always  
means a day's departure. See  
what destructions you've done:  
rose fallen, ugly woman, faded  
picture,  
ambition reached but lost.  
Before, they used to be  
so sweet  
so pretty  
so clear, so  
high...*

## A Case of Sightlessness

by EPIMACO DENNING, JR.

*Lost in a wild of darkness,  
The seeming dungeon doom,  
We grasp for safety, escape;  
Feverishly cry:  
Light! Light! Light!  
And are frightened by the panicky  
Flying of winged creatures.*  
  
*Let's be still!  
And remake the dawn.  
Have we not been  
Ransomed?*

---

## Loneliness

by A. B. AMOREN

*loneliness is petals floating  
rotten in a vase proving  
the sharp reality of parting,  
the sporadic sorties of silence  
probing the length and breadth  
of time and space for answers  
to the why's and how's.  
it is the gnawing hunger for your  
return,  
for the solace in your perfumed  
hair,  
for your soft fingers.*

## Dream Vision

by ISRAEL Q. DORONIO

### HEAVEN

*shower....  
shower....  
a million stardusts, in silver, in  
gold...  
waltzing, dazzling, in open space,  
till they fall... softly fall  
on beds of lilies, and roses,  
and lovely flowers.*

---

## Students

by RENATO M. RANCES

*They run after  
knowledge, they are  
power conscious.  
They, like ants, file off  
in the corridors,  
making cha-chus  
with their shoes.*  
  
*Where's it?  
In the book, in  
the professor's heart.  
Also in the leaf falling,  
flower blooming,  
ocean murmuring, etc.  
Knowledge, know.*

## Poetry

# THE DEATH

*fling the clouds across the heaven,  
oh sweep them with the breath  
of the night-wind and let them wind-lashed riven  
in lightning cry the tears of death!*

*fall, rain of tears,  
fall on the dusky plain  
and on a lonely hill,  
cry the tears the bitter tears  
on a heart that is sad and still!*

*for the brown child is dead!*

*for the soft voice of the brown child is gone,  
the face of the brown child  
has vanished with the vanished sun!*

*sing on, sing your fearful song of triumph,  
fearful monster of death,  
wave the trophy of his breath  
to the four winds! fly  
it with the dread  
and fearful cry  
the brown child is dead!*

*while a desolate mound of earth  
is swirling with the leaves and the wind  
and the heaving quiet of twilight  
is shaken in the thunder's din,  
i clutch a phantom cross  
i clutch it bleak against the sky  
sobbing crying within me  
a lone and tearful cry!*

*yet i stand and ask:  
why must these terrors be?  
why bask  
in abandon these mighty powers,  
these powers wild and free?*

*i loved him: now he is gone,  
he loved life: now it is done,  
is love a curse, a phantom blight  
in the heart of things?  
whither, tell me, powers of heaven,  
whither fled its vantage night?*

*what do i remember?  
ah, drive me, shrieking winds and streaks of fire,  
drive me on the wings of memory  
let me feel the searing embers  
of the brown child's agony!*

*sweep them across the earth  
to scorch earth's frozen den  
awaken with their living warmth  
the frozen chilling hearts of men!  
so his finger wrought in fiery strokes  
streaking through the breadth and length of the land  
a masterwork of prophetic light  
mightier than sword or fairy's wand!*

*reached there a heart farther than his  
embracing all that is far and near it,  
farther than all the shores of oceans and seas:  
the shoreless realms of the human spirit!  
love is all embracing  
and rules no one alone  
it goes beyond itself  
and calls all things its own!*

*the brown child loved this world of god  
the brown child loved each little bird and cried for  
each falling tree  
he cried for each bleeding breast  
he cried for all humanity!  
let them live, his heart cried out,  
let them dauntless trace  
their lives in timeless patterns  
for i have seen death's face!*

*go you, young man, cried he pointing to the earth,  
this be the heritage of your birth!  
life beckons, live it!  
fight time and death for what they are worth!*

*he saw in the youth life's bursting seed  
to sprout one day and bloom,  
the youth by noble word and nobler deed  
shall conquer the darkness and pierce the gloom!*



# OF THE BROWN CHILD

*this was his mighty faith  
this was his deathless dream  
with a mightier love  
he led us  
taught us  
to follow, oh follow the gleam!*

*ah gentle voice,  
we still are far,  
what cause have we to rise and rejoice  
we have not touched as yet a star!  
give us but a spark of your fire  
and a string of your fallen lyre  
and we shall soar, oh soar  
to the stars on the wings of your desire!*

*yea, let me rise  
and face the desolate night,  
i shall chant to the east a vibrant hymn  
to tell of the approaching flight  
of darkness and brooding phantoms dim!*

*the clouds are flung across the sky  
the lightnings in maddened fury flare  
i hear the thunder's echoing cry  
smite full high the smitten air!  
but yet i stand —*

*the hymn now ceaseless beating rises  
from the depths of the sodden earth  
a hymn of triumph  
of love and life and a soul's rebirth!*

*he is dead! he is dead!  
sing still this mad refrain,  
fearful monster of death,  
though hold you now in thrall the brown child's breath  
and you shall sing it but in vain!  
turn his bones to mud and mire,  
and turn to dust his soundless lyre  
but touch not, touch not  
his spirit's immortal fire!*

*so yet the brown child lives  
and all is said*

## • An Elegy •

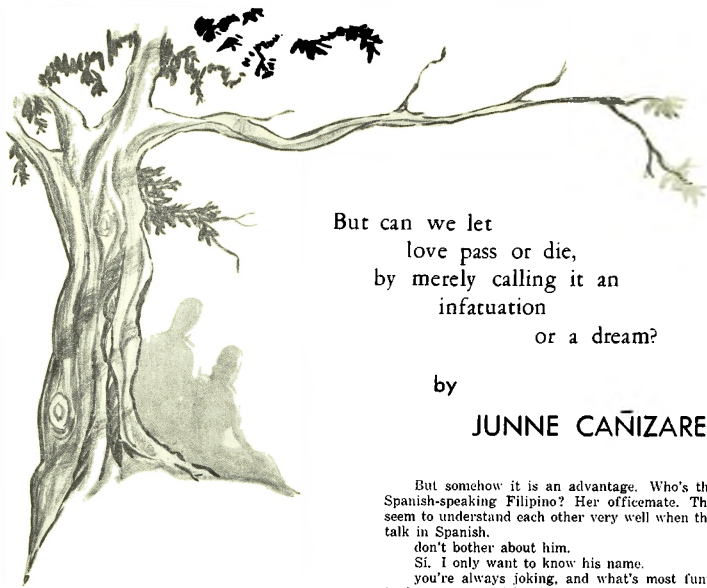
*but why cry yet a lonely heart  
the brown child is not dead!  
but still fall on, fall, rain of tears  
fall on the dusky hill  
oh moisten with your cooling drops  
the grave of him that is dead and still  
so a seed shall bloom  
one far-off twilight hour  
and 'neath the twilight sky  
shall grow a lonely flower!  
the fragrant scent shall fill the hills  
and fields and all the earth,  
and all the seas and lakes and plains  
shall sing triumphant love's rebirth!  
bursting  
the petals shall chant a song  
and all the skies shall hear it,  
and all the far-flung starry throng:  
the flower is the brown child's spirit!*

*the storm is past, the night is come  
the night-birds circling above the tree-tops fly  
and swing and sail in gentle motion  
then twitter shrill their evening cry!*

*i stand by the lonely cross  
i keep a vigil by the lonely hill,  
my passions spent, i watch  
serene the grave, i watch it calm and still!*

*i whisper with the night-wind,  
stay yet, child of the earth, oh stay,  
stay through the dreary watches of the night  
till the shadows' flight  
shall usher in the day!*

by D M Maglalang



But can we let  
love pass or die,  
by merely calling it an  
infatuation  
or a dream?

by

JUNNE CAÑIZARES

But somehow it is an advantage. Who's that Spanish-speaking Filipino? Her officemate. They seem to understand each other very well when they talk in Spanish.

don't bother about him.

Si. I only want to know his name.

you're always joking, and what's most funny is that your own jokes hurt you.

Stop it! Goodness, let's not talk any more!

The boy at the middle of the river is now through bathing his carabao, and is dragging the beast towards the tree where I am.

What's that colored spot there? I ask him when they get close enough that I can smell the odor of the carabao. The boy follows my finger's direction. They're wild flowers, he says. Wild flowers? I say. Yes, he says. I thought they're some people's wash in the sun, I say. The boy asks to be excused and goes away.

The afternoon was like the morning one could see through goggles. There was color. There was light. And freshness.

This is extremely beautiful! Now I think that those settings in the fairy tales are possible, she said and turned around.

I was born here; I grew up here, I said. I can't abandon this place.



**WHY ARE** doctors sometimes secretive?

"It's all right, Ted." "What's it, Doc?"

"Nothing big." But big is indefinite. "Tell

me, Doc. C'mon." "Let's call it a very small matter.

Take this. Soon you shall rest, and get some sleep."

The treatment was finished. "May I try the stetho-

scope?" "Sure. Here. What do you hear?" "It's fun-

ny." "No. It's life, Ted. Big life." The word big

again; how loose it is. "Come again, Doc." "No.

Never say come again to a doctor." We laughed.

Now I take a walk along the river. The bordering trees are very leafy, and their shades are cool. There is pleasure in walking. It makes one feel his strength, and vow to keep it.

life is for the strong and the happy. get it, ted?

Siempre.

no, don't say it in spanish. it makes you sound insincere.

Wildflowers abundantly flourish here, she said with discovery.

Yes, I said. Remember? Once I compared my love to them.

In the city there is no wildflower.

That's why I take you here.

Ted! Ted! I stepped on a wildflower.

We examined it. It was badly crushed.

Never mind it. It will recover. You know, wildflowers never die.

So, the wildflowers are now back. Wait a minute, when did I wish they would never come

again? Oh, but that was only a wish, and I know that I am forgiven for it. Wishes do not change the course of things. Wishes are mere inventions of idle men. Do they care to wish for a thing at all, if they can reach it? Don't tell me yes.

I go near the beds of wildflowers.

What now, ted?

Don't bother me. Please. I only come to look at them.

don't make it long.

If I look at them long or not, why, does it matter? What difference does it make?

calm down, ted. whatever I say is for your own good.

What good? Leave me alone.

Of course, I am always alone.

The flowers are very lovely to look at; perhaps,

# The

# APPREHENSION OF THINGS



they never have a single care in the world. They only quiver when the wind blows. I say, My love! My dear!

Dear Ted. Do you have the nerve to call me that? It's allowable for me to call these wildflowers dear, because I mean it. Yes. But do you? Dear Ted. The company has transferred me to the main office in Manila. This is permanent. Some people confuse what-is with what-they-believe-to-be. They call a thing this or that when it is not, and what is actually this or that, not. Is one's job permanent? Never, never. I hope that people who say it would realize the futility of that statement. How could it be? Only love lasts, lingers, yes. . . . And so, let's be brave. This is the only thing we can do wisely. Let's be practical; let's not deprive ourselves of the better chances in life. We are never alone, Ted. There are many people; we can easily associate with them. Don't jumble things before me, and call one wise and another not, because I have my own cognition of relation and of fact. Nothing can take your place; no, not even the whole world. It is you that I want. It is you, can't you see?

I walked along the streets with no place in my mind to go to. I just walked and walked with that linen paper crumpled in my side pocket. I walked and walked because I was trying to prove that there was no distance of time or space. That there was only nearness. I was lonely; I was delicious. I passed by a show window, and stopped. I thought I saw her, so I came back. She smiled. What's this letter? I asked her. She did not quit smiling. What's this?

(Continued on page 23)

## Short Stories

**N**OBODY in the town of San Quintin could forget that once there was an American nun who came and lived there for ten years, as the brothers Esteban and Miguel could not. Her name was Sister Margaret of the religious order of the Servants of the Holy Ghost and the elder of the two brothers, Miguel, could remember her very well: well-spaced blue eyes, sparse eyebrows, thin lips, and the beautiful nose like the Virgin's in the town church. Years ago an American nun was here, remember? the towns folk would say in reminiscence, but now she has gone.

The American nun was staying by the little chapel, a short distance from the center of the town, a semi-concrete structure painted grey on the sides, and ivory white in front, with some trees and a green front yard, and a flowering garden bordering the short wood fence that enclosed the rectangular lot. Nothing disrupted the quiet of the place, save the birds twittering and the leaves rustling in the wind.

Most of the people in the town of San Quintin were indifferent about her presence for the first two years.

Even the two brothers, Esteban and Miguel, had the same attitude as the town had for the American nun in the beginning. Esteban had heard

of his mouth, giving the young man a grave look through his eye-glasses. "Why, Miguel, you ought to know that two hundred pesos is two hundred pesos. In words, that doesn't mean anything, but in cash that can buy even your soul! Hombre, no!"

Miguel left the villa quietly, not showing to Don Sebastian that he was hurt, but on the way to their hut he felt so alone and miserable that he started to cry. Esteban was the family he had, he was thinking, and without him he could not imagine how lonely life would be. But in the town of San Quintin, who would really care if his brother would die any day? he thought angrily.

When he passed by the chapel, Sister Margaret was there outside, watering the plants with a sprinkler. She stopped, and asked Miguel, "Why do you look so sad, young man?" Then she noticed the tears that glistened in Miguel's eyes, and all of a sudden she turned serious. "Why, you're crying!" she said with a warm concern and eagerness.

Miguel halted abruptly, feeling very awkward inside as he faced the American nun. He brushed his eyes with his sleeve, to make it seem he was not, not hurt at all, but he couldn't look straight at her, and was rather confused. "No, ma'am," he said, "I am not crying." Miguel remembered the old school rule, and he added, "Good afternoon, ma-

# The AMERICAN

by FRANK A. ROBLES

about the history of her country, and talks about nuns and nunnery. Miguel was eighteen years old and was a farmhand in the big hacienda of Don Sebastian, and to his young mind only the farm was worth anything nothing else, not even heaven. He would not mind Sister Margaret, no matter how pretty she was, or how different.

But one day Esteban, who had been suffering from consumption of the lungs, was very ill, and all their savings had been washed up. Miguel went to the villa of Don Sebastian, and appealed for a loan. Two hundred pesos only, Don Sebastian, the young man said to the fat-bellied mestizo, cold and shaking slightly before the stocky figure of the hacienda owner.

"Only!" Don Sebastian growled, coughing from the smoke of the cigar he was holding in the corner of his mouth. "He was a high school boy then, but he could

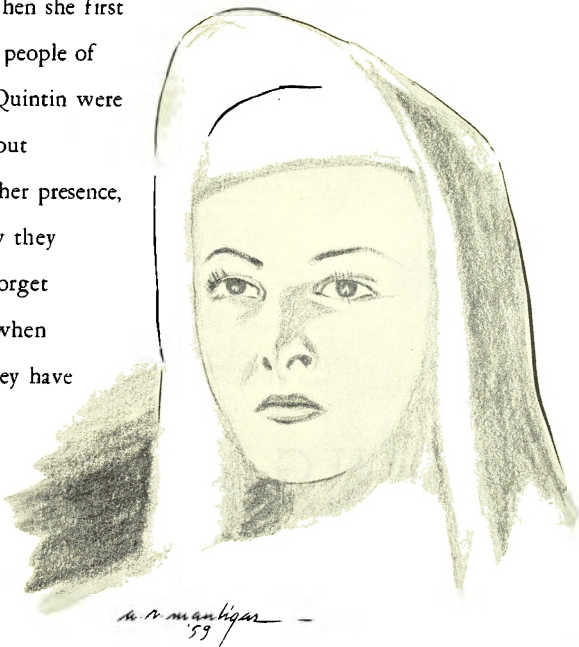
hardly understand the language of the American nun, and he stammered every time he wanted to say something.

Somehow, Sister Margaret had the young man talking about his great problem. She inquired whether nobody in the town could give him a hand, and to this, the young man's answer was eloquent silence. Miguel told the American nun what happened at the villa of Don Sebastian. Sister Margaret looked baffled.

Suddenly, her face brightened up. "You wait here, please," she said to Miguel. She turned and went into her room, and took a silver box from her wardrobe, where there was an expensive diamond ring, about the size of two grains of corn, and

When she first  
came, the people of  
San Quintin were  
indifferent about  
her presence,  
but now they  
could not forget  
her . . . even when  
they have  
turned old  
and gray . . .

# NUN



while looking at it she longingly whispered to herself: Mother, Mother.

Together the two went back to the villa of Don Sebastian, Miguel leading the way. It was nearly dusk, and the place was lighted by a three-horsepower generator. Only Sister Margaret went upstairs, for she figured it would be better if the young man would not be seen by Don Sebastian.

"Why, Sister Margaret, how are you?" Don Sebastian said boisterously, laughing and puffing a cigar. "Oh, it's so nice to see you. Please sit down. Este, Mameng, Sister Margaret is here." The old man settled himself in one of the rattan chairs in the spacious sala of the huge villa. Mameng was his wife, and in the town of San Quintin she was known as Doña Carmen; it was very dignified and aristocratic to be called "Doña."

After a short while, Sister Margaret left the

villa, together with Miguel. With her were the two hundred pesos which the old man had given her, refusing the diamond ring, which she had brought as security, shaking his balding head good humoredly, and saying, "No, no, never mind, it's nothing, it's really nothing at all." Before she and Miguel parted in the evening she gave the money to the young man. "Go to the doctor in the town, and buy whatever medicine he'll prescribe for your brother. I'll see Esteban tomorrow, and I'll pray for him tonight."

Miguel remembered that day, and ever since then he had frequently gone to the chapel to talk with the American nun, for which he soon became the laughing stock among the boys in the town, who clucked their tongues and wagged their heads roughly. It was a terrific pleasure to be with Sister

(Continued on page 21)



"... She is popular, what with her beauty and brains coupled together..."

"Who cares for that," he demanded.

"Who indeed!" (Me, me you fool, can't you see.) I was beside myself.

"Help me, Liza, you have to help." He was pleading.

"Is there a chance she'll care for me."

Phooey! It was too much. I left. I avoided him. I avoided everybody. For me, Good Friday had come, too soon. It was noticed at home. My sub-teen sister asked if I was in love. I had the symptoms you see, couldn't eat, couldn't sleep, wasn't merry. I'd have died at her tirade if mother hadn't stopped her. It was all true you know. Did I say died? I was dead.

I ran to find comfort in Fr. Delaney's book. "Love" he says, "is giving, the wanting to make a person happy." Neat, here I'm in love and have to make Romy happy by giving him to someone else. Thanks, Father, but... thanks.

"Liza, Liza," Romy was calling me. "Wait. I tried to talk to you again but you disappeared. This

sions we were together and in parties we became a *barrio*. Our assignments and homework we did together. How I suffered thinking that all he did wasn't for me. He, he was always in the best of spirits, with help from me. He had my unrelenting faith that he was going to win.

I was wondering how much progress he'd made. I kept constantly asking him about it. He had to follow instructions to the letter if he wanted to succeed. He was using much of my time for instructions, and my nerves were frayed.

He was certainly inexperienced. He didn't know how to be popular with other people aside from his classmates and my friends. My friends in fact had become his friends. They kept talking about him. Teasing him in front of me saying he's good, bright and all the things I knew him to be and more. A day didn't pass when his name was not mentioned within my hearing. This had to happen when I meant to forget him after his "happiness".

"Romy," I demanded, after just

# FEELING Special

**I**T HAPPENED. I had been thinking, planning and imagining it ever since the first year and now it has happened. I'll never forget it. He told me he is in love. Perfect, except for one thing: He is in love with someone else.

"Tell me," I barely managed to speak, "all about it."

"She doesn't even know it." He was getting red around the ears. "Liza, tell me, would I have a chance? She is popular, what with her beauty and brains coupled together and dozens of guys trailing her. She..."

This was bad. "She can't be a scholar like you are," I coldly interrupted. Or is she? Heck — it's just the musings of a lovesick boy, I consoled myself.

"Books, twenty years, and that's all I have to show. No basketball, no baseball, no nothing. I lack experience. Girls, I didn't even notice them." He was beginning to raise his voice.

"You're the intellectual type." She can't be so good, I hoped wildly.

is important," he seriously explained. "I've got to pass in this and you have to help me. You won't know what it's like wanting to make somebody want you as I want her."

Well, Fr. Delaney, you are right, he might as well be happy if I can never, never, ever be.

"Yes, Romy, I will. With my little experience in teaching Ca-

denying to Mr. Ybafiez, the school clerk, that he was my 'steady', "how is it coming along? Don't you know in this phase of your education you've cost me a lot of free book carriers."

"Liza," he was laughing, "don't worry, I'm beginning to see signs of hope. You are my best friend and if you should want anything, here I am ready, willing and able."

by NELLY McFARLAND

techism," I said, "we will win your fight."

Rule 1: Make her think you are interested in someone else.

Rule 2: Get into her gang. Get talked about in front of her.

Rule 3: Make her feel special.

Since then Romy, walked me home from classes and he even carried my books, just like an eager pupil wanting to learn more from an adored teacher. In excur-

"Thanks a lot," I countered dryly.

"About Rule two," he continued, "it's progressing along fine."

He had a knowing smile on his face.

For a dream man, he had a poor sense of humor.

The pinning ceremony of his fraternity was approaching. I didn't have an invitation, I was considered off-limits among his



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# Pictorial Section

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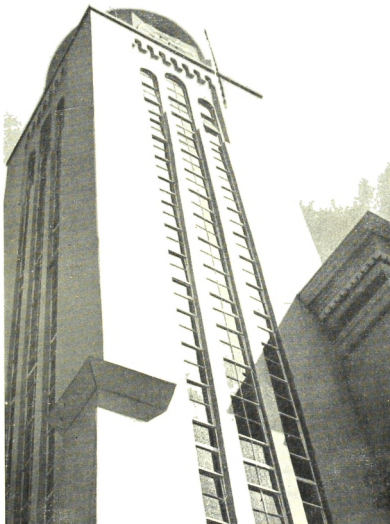
Churches,  
churches,  
waiting temples,  
in all places: urban,  
suburban, rural,  
by busy streets...  
Hands in the aspersorium,  
hands making  
signs of the cross,  
hands folded...

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\*

For bread, wine  
we labor hard, but isn't  
satiety only for a  
flash?  
There's a longing  
for holy silences,  
unquenchable.  
The soul's after  
the inconsumable.

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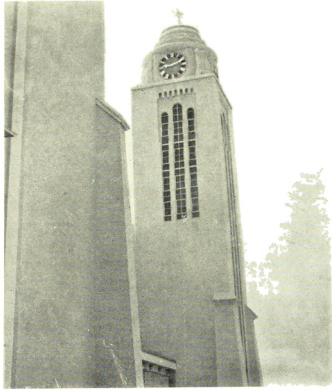


Not as costly  
as the Taj Mahal  
of Agra though, this building  
is the Lord's; its bedrock  
is faith.  
It stands, aye!  
through rains,  
through hurricanes.

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The construction  
of churches is  
the consciousness of this  
that which  
should be real what.





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The harsher  
Time goes:  
stronger some nations rise,  
profane Bathala,  
frequent there will be  
bell ringing  
candle burning  
and going  
to churches.

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## The American Nun (Continued from page 19)

Margaret listen to her smooth American English. His brother Esteban got well in time, and soon the two of them were often there at the chapel in conversation with Sister Margaret, which made her very happy.

The following year was a year of hunger for the town of San Quintin. Rain did not come for months, and the sun baked the earth with intense heat, till even the weeds were withering from thirst, the farms became barren and nearly lifeless. During that time, Don Sebastian was busy playing his usurious trade and expanding his property with greedy shrewdness. The people in the town made frantic appeals to their patron saint, San Isidro, for rain, making processions and rituals each day. But the heat of the sun did not abate, and in desperation and fatigue the men started to grind their bolos and knives quietly, sullenly, as warriors would in anticipation of war.

Sister Margaret was terribly alarmed. She knew how serious things would get if hunger didn't stop. She mailed a letter at once, addressed to the head of their religious order in the city, asking for relief goods in great amounts. She could not figure out how long hunger would stay, and she was quite surprised that the government in the town would not do anything to avert the danger from rebellion out of discontent and frustration among the masses. "Why has the government not taken any step yet?" she asked Miguel. The young man merely shrugged his shoulder, and spat on the ground contemptuously, muttering under his breath. "The government, damn the government!"

The relief goods came quickly. Sister Margaret requested Miguel to go to the town to tell the people that there was food in the chapel, and soon enough the town folks came rushing noisily. Some men volunteered to assist the American nun distribute the corn flakes, sardines, corned beef, powdered milk, coffee and sugar, which took them the whole morning, and nearly every one got a share. Sister Margaret, then, sent another requisition for clothes and some more food, and the goods that were delivered to her again lasted for a good six weeks. Then rain poured down from the sky one day, and the farmers

plowed merrily. The once starving town of San Quintin held a big fiesta in honor of the patron saint, and in gratitude to Sister Margaret. To her, the people in the town gave a nice banquet at which the key men in the government and important figures in the civic organizations were present. "Oh, I'm so happy, Miguel," Sister sighed to the young man after the affair was over.

Five years later, the American nun died. A bullet from a tommy gun bored through the left side of her body, and wounds were found on the palms of her hands. She dropped by the roadside in the pitch dark evening when the rebels swooped down upon the town of San Quintin; she had come out of the chapel, having got word that Miguel was in town, under the alias of "Commander Lucifer."

Miguel had disappeared from the place two years before that raid. He had got into trouble with Don Sebastian, and through political influence Don Sebastian had him jailed in the municipio. Miguel thought he was being cheated by the Don in his wages. Bitterly he vowed to the prison and get even by all means. He did, and that evening he was back hunting for the head of Don Sebastian with a .45 caliber pistol, and with his raiding band he had the policemen slaughtered like pigs.

After she got shot, Sister Margaret, however, did not die instantly. Before she died, she felt two strong arms cradle her limp body, and she thought it was Miguel. "Is that you, Miguel?" she asked faintly and panting; She felt droplets touch her face. She knew that was Miguel holding her. "Where have you been, Miguel?" she said again, her voice thinning out, and slowly her head drooped against the arms. Half-consciously she murmured: "Ring the bell and tell the town that God is here," as if she had memorized that line when she was in the grades; then her hands slid to her side, and she was dead.

Nobody in the town of San Quintin could forget that once there was an American nun who came and lived there, as the brothers Esteban and Miguel could not even when their hair had turned grey. #

friends. Romy was without a girl yet.

He was walking me home from my evening class. I was in a nasty mood. I saw him for a while back there talking to the "Madame Curie" in class, and an intimate conversation it looked like, too. My work all wasted on the four-eyed monster. Was she the girl?

"Liza, will you come to the dance with me? We'll go together with Tita and her escort."

My pulse quickened. "The special girl—", I had to be sure.

"You are the special girl and more if you will wear this brooch for me. It was grandma's brooch and she was our special girl."

My! I was the girl! #

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(Required by Act 2580)

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(SGD.) MANUEL S. GO  
Editor-in-Chief

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th July, 1959, at Cebu City, the affiant exhibiting his Residence Certificate No. 1709826, issued at Cebu City, on January 16, 1959.

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Notary Public until Dec. 31, 1959

(NOTE): This form is exempt from the payment of documentary stamp tax.

# FACULTY-ALUMNI *Glee Club*

• by ELSA YAP •



**B**Y A HANDFUL of music enthusiasts was conceived the idea of the Faculty-Alumni Glee Club. Like most organizations of this sort, it too had an impetuous beginning, before it finally attained its present status of a genuine, active organization.

It was two weeks before College Day when Dr. Paras, being the treasurer of the USC Alumni Organization, was asked to present a number in the College Day Program. The idea of organizing a chorus struck him, with faculty members as chorists. The faculty grape-vine spread this startling news to all the faculty members. Without much ado, nineteen energetic, teachers ardent lovers of music presented themselves. The rehearsals were held daily, either in the Audio-Visual Room or way out in the Music Room, depending on which room was empty. The catch tunes of the native lyrics which Dr. Paras himself had composed were eagerly learned by the members who drifted in to rehearse, half a dozen at a time, a different group each day.

Came the much-awaited day. The members, dressed up in ternos and barongs, sang with dignity and seriousness. The spontaneous reaction and loud applause of the audience struck a responsive chord in the hearts of the members.

Why not create a faculty glee club with the small group of trail blazers as the nucleus? This idea, born in the head of Mr. Cesar Dakay of the Chemistry Department, when given voice was enthusiastically seconded by Mrs. Avelina Gil of the English Department and Mrs. Crispina Tan of the Normal College. Two weeks later, the club was formally organized at the home of Dr. Paras, who had invited the members to a "little" supper.

The elections were held in due time. Dr. Paras was unanimously elected president; Mr. Dakay, vice-president; Miss Villoria, treasurer; Miss Guanco, secretary; and Mrs. Gil, PRO. A provisional constitution was drawn up, to be worked out later by Mr. Doronio.

The club was to be composed of faculty members and alumni of the University of San Carlos; annual and monthly fees are levied to build up a fund that will cover the cost of the snacks served during every rehearsal. Rehearsals are held weekly, although when the club is due to sing in a program, rehearsals may be called for daily.

Throughout the summer months the club met dutifully for weekly rehearsals. Dr. Paras, the conductor and director, sweated out his weekly vigil of waiting for members to come to rehearse, for the club was to present a musical program in honor of the Rector, Very Rev. Fr. Kondring on his birthday, June 8. The plan was ambitious. With six songs for the chorus, rehearsals had to be held oftener than once a week, and as soon as enrollment started, Dr. Paras called for daily rehearsals. The club members sensed the urgency and appeared more regularly; and participation being pointed in most alluring hues, new recruits who fell for the high pressure sales-talk swelled the membership to thirty. Each rehearsal became a frenzied discussion of *crecendo* versus *fortissimo*, of holds and slurs and staccatos, also of the *terno* versus the *balintawak*, of cottons and silks and tulle.

On June 10, the program was held. Dramatically, the curtain opened on a darkened stage, lighted only by the flickering candles held by the chorists, impressive in their gala attire. The opening notes trembled in the hushed atmosphere; then the members sang the Invocation. The singing was so inspiring that everybody, the members included, was amazed. Before the last notes faded, the audience applauded. Ticked pink by the thunderous applause, the members felt amply rewarded for the sacrifices and frustrations during the gruelling rehearsals. A piano selection, a dance number and some thought-provoking remarks from Father Rector capped the program. The performance was a tremendous success, beyond the

(Continued on page 34)

## THE APPREHENSION . . .

(Continued from page 17)

letter, et? What is this? I would have broken the glass of the show window with my bare hands if the chinaman had not come out and invited me to get inside and see something and buy it. Do you have more of this inside? I asked him, and pointed at her. The chinaman scratched his head and grinned, and told me that they were not selling mannequins. She's pretty, I said and went away hurriedly, leaving the chinaman astonished.

The meanings of love are as sundry as the inhabitants of this world. People differ in their interpretations of love, because sameness is hard to attain. If it were otherwise, perhaps there would be no need for reason why, and there would be no tears and parting.

There is a foolishness which some people in love usually commit upon having been rejected. Yes, the jilted called love just an infatuation or a dream. Infatuations must pass and dreams must die. Correct. But can we let love pass or die, by merely calling it an infatuation or a dream? "Forget her, Ted." I shook my head. "Okay, Ted. You love her. But she doesn't love you. It won't work." "Doc, I still have my hope, or else I am now as good as dead. Why, is reciprocity a condition precedent to love? Doc, let me tell you this: My love is a sun; it will shine for both of us Forever."

But, of course, air-castles are called true and substantial only when they do not yet crumble. Now I need not be led to realize that my attempts at golden dreams have all been split upon a rock. I just have to stop acting like an April fool; the curtain has long fallen down, and the audience gone home. I have gone beyond the vertex of suffering where the pains must bite hard and be no more. What can one, who has deeply loved someone, do when that someone's heart does not beat for him? To feel nothing or happy is to become foolish, but to go on crying forever is neither proper nor affording help. ‡

JULY-AUGUST, 1959

## Miscellanea

### A NEWCOMER IN USC...

## Linguistics

by REV. EUGENE VERSTRAELEN, S.V.D.

**A NEW COURSE** is offered in the Graduate School. It is perhaps useful to introduce this new subject to the Carolinians, because many might have a wrong, or at least an inaccurate, idea about linguistics and linguists.

Who is a linguist?

In former times he who knew many languages was called a linguist. In this sense the national hero Rizal was a linguist.

But in recent years the word "linguist" has acquired a slightly different meaning. Especially since the marvellous development of the so-called structural linguistics, it is no longer necessary for a linguist to know many languages, a few languages will do, the attention being directed more to the essence of language and to its general principles and problems. For this study, knowledge of only a few languages is sufficient. Oftentimes somebody with the knowledge of only two or three languages may be more of a linguist than another who knows many.

But why study linguistics, and especially Philippine linguistics?

The reasons are many.

When you study the modern structural linguistics, you will discover many fascinating and often revolutionary ideas. After such a study you will have a more thorough knowledge about the intricate mechanism of language, and about the general laws of its development and growth. It is very regrettable that here in the Philippines we have hardly any structural linguist. Prof. Cecilio Lopez of UP, himself a structural linguist, also complained about this fact. And there is indeed much reason for complaint. Many of our scholars work hard at writing articles about languages and dialects, but since they do not approach their subject systematically and scientifically, the results are poor and in many aspects even wrong. And, to quote Prof. Cecilio Lopez, "We, structural linguists, do not even react, simply because we would not be understood; in silence we regret their blunders." This is then the first

reason: structural linguistics will give us quite new, fascinating and often revolutionary concepts about language.

Further, very little is done scientifically about the Philippine languages. This makes the study of Philippine linguistics doubly interesting, even thrilling and exciting. We are still in a virginial field. With not too many difficulties we can do remarkable work, set up original theses, discover the dark history of languages. Once you master the general principles, it will not be too difficult to write a thesis that tells us something really new. In other fields of study much has already been explored, not much is left for original work. But in the field of Philippine linguistics almost everything is new, each step we make leads to the discovery of something yet unknown.

To study Philippine linguistics means to study only that which can further our knowledge about Philippine languages. From this viewpoint it would be practically useless to learn Russian. Useful are such languages as Old Javanese, Sanskrit, etc.

Old Javanese is a language (this term is scientifically not correct, but it would take too long to explain here exactly what Old Javanese is) very closely related to Tagalog and Bisaya. It can give us better knowledge about the history of the Philippine languages. Besides, its study introduces us to a very interesting civilization of the Malay people in former times, and to the acculturation-problems of Indian and Indonesian cultures. We shall meet several great men of the Malayan race. To mention only one: Dharmakirti of Sumatra, the most learned man of his time (about 1150 AD). Even Atisa, the great professor of the Nalanda University in India, was for a long time his pupil. Also learned Chinese came to Indonesia to study there, v.g. I-tsing in the seventh century.

In many Old Javanese texts mention is made of customs and habits

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## MISSION YEAR

(The year 1959 has been declared Mission Year by the Catholic Hierarchy of the Philippines. Published hereunder are excerpts of the declaration. —Ed.)

This Catholic Philippines, of which we are so justly proud, was once mission territory. Missionaries from Spain converted our forefathers to the true faith, and for many years, at the cost of incessant labor and heroic sacrifice, schooled them in that faith. Then missionaries from other lands came to help us organize and maintain all the varied works — the seminaries, schools, hospitals, orphanages, centers of Catholic Action — which go to make up a mature and self-perpetuating Christian community. Today, in the greater part of our national territory, the Church can truly be said to be securely established.

We are therefore ready . . . to perform for others that same service that we ourselves have received in such generous measure from the Universal Church. It is to call attention to this fact that we dedicate 1959 as Mission Year . . . . .

If we are to look about us, we will see that there are parts of our own country which are still mission territory. It is in these missions that most of the priests and religious from other lands who have made the Philippines their adopted country are laboring. . . These missions are generally quite poor. The missionaries directing them often have to forego the conveniences and even the necessities of life. They have been for many years dependent on the generosity of European and American Catholics. We Filipino Catholics ought to make it a point of honor to take a greater share, an ever increasing share, in their financial support. . . Beyond our shores lie the new nations of Southeast Asia, with their teeming populations ready for the word and grace of God, if someone will only bring it to them in a spirit of humility and peace. We can come to them not as strangers but as brothers. . . And if we cannot send as many priests and religious as we would like, because of our own needs, nevertheless we should help all we can, both financially and by our prayers.

From those whom God has blessed with a sufficiency or an abundance of this world's goods, we ask financial assistance for the missions. . . From you, fathers and mothers, we ask generosity in placing no obstacles in the way of your beloved children if God should deign to give them that noblest of vocations, a vocation to the missions. . . From our beloved brothers and the priesthood, and our sons and daughters in the religious life, we ask a lively interest in every phase of mission work, and a readiness at all times to answer the mission call themselves if this would be given them.

Let the observance of this Mission Year make us all mission-minded and let it be said of the Filipino nation in after years that they gave freely what they freely received, and that they took their full share in the work of bringing the joy and peace, the justice and mercy of Christ to the peoples of Asia.

*For the Philippine Hierarchy:*

(Sgd.) JUAN C. SISON, D.D.  
*Coadjutor-Archbishop of Nueva Segovia  
President, CWO Administrative Council*

flf's CREATION . . . . .

joey returns

back again jerry. . . . .  
i had no other alternative but to come back. there was no other place to go. the air got so hot in **bohol**. they threw me out even before my feet got a good feel of **bohol** soil.

now, don't get excited. the story goes this way: right after graduation last march, i started for the land of **dagohoy**. wait a minute! there was a hitch here. when i arrived at the pier, the boat had already pulled away. so, i did the best to meet the situation — i swam all the way across. **esther williams** couldn't have done it, you bet. but i did it! oh, boy, was i smart!

well, when i got there, all wet of course as i am not waterproof, i immediately proceeded to carry out what i want there for. i had decided to engage in the mining business. an **ubi boom**, like the **california gold boom** way back in 1849, i was set to create!

but alas! when i tried to obtain a mining concession, i was flatly refused by the director of the bureau of mines. reason: i was an alien! something in their constitution provides that the exploitation, development and utilization of their natural resources shall be limited to citizens of **bohol**, or to associations or corporations at least sixty per centum of the capital of which is owned by such citizens. there is no parity rights amendment, jerry, no matter how i tried to insert one. we, filipinos, are not given the privileges that americans enjoy under our constitution. too bad.

the fees too, jerry, are very much higher than what we charge here in the philippines. there is a discrepancy of 50%. this stands for 40% marginal tax on dollars, and 10% commission for the bureau director for granting you what you ask. just imagine what that amounts to! and all i had at that particular moment was ten bucks representing everything i possessed in this whole dang world.

i hated the whole set-up. so, i tried to raise **cain**. i delivered speeches left and right, wrote articles here and there, filed petitions in court, all assailing the constitutionality of their constitution and the legality of their laws. i became a national figure overnight. congress began to buzz with activity like a disturbed beehive. investigations followed. they found out that i had entered the **republic** illegally. i had no visa, no passport, no nothing. the immigration commissioner kicked me out that ended my mining venture.

and now, here i am, jerry, more joey than ever. somebody took pity on me and designated me assistant to the assistant to the assistant of the assistant to the assistant moderator of this mag, whatever that is.

at any rate the editor treats me more than just fairly well. he's taken me a lot of times already to jenny's. you know, there's a standing policy of his which in effect amounts to this: whenever he eats, everybody eats; when he pays, well, you know what — he's a very generous guy — everybody pays! he's such a nice fellow to associate with.

really, jerry, times have become a bit harder now. there's an economic crisis, although there's a lot of money. the poor who constitute the majority of our country's populace, have practically nothing, while a few rich people have more than plenty. in fact they are wallowing in wealth like pigs. prices are going up. there's political crisis too. talks of war over **berin** and war in the **philippines**. it is rumored that the **boholanos** are planning an invasion of **cebu**. the worst thing is they've got **lapu-lapu** on their side!

verily, the future of the **philippines** is as dark as . . . well, midnight. it can surely use a lot of whitewashing.

you can do that jerry, can't you? i may also lend a hand.

your pal,  
joey

Sliderule

ASIDE

by ALFREDO AMORES

● This column, as the title suggests, will deal with persons, events and other things of interest pertaining to the College of Engineering. To start with, we have here a brief dossier on the college.

● The college, with an enrolment of about 950, is offering chemical, mechanical and electrical engineering, architecture and a two-year surveying course.

● A familiar scene of the Engineering building is the group of Engineering boys that gathers every afternoon from 5:00 to 5:30 in front of the main entrance to the building. Actually, they're just there to get a breath of fresh air and "to watch the world roll by".

● The college is known (aside from its scholastic achievements) for the close and informal relationship between the students and the faculty. This closeness and informality should not, however, be equated with laxity. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The college is now adopting a rigorous policy designed to weed out the unfit.

● The teaching staff has been re-enforced with ten new instructors. Prominent among them are Mrs. Guadelupe Mansueto, Mr. Calixto Castro and Mr. Rudolfo Ferrer.

● Mrs. Mansueto is an experienced mathematics teacher. She is a registered civil and sanitary engineer and a holder of the education degree, with a major in mathematics.

● Mr. Castro holds degrees in chemical, mechanical and electrical engineering. Last year, he took up graduate studies on plastics in West Germany. This year, he hopes to add a bachelor's degree in chemistry to his name.

● Mr. Rudolfo Ferrer, a licensed electrical engineer, finished his course magna cum laude in the University of the Philippines. Until last year, he was teaching electronics and electrical transients in UP. At present, he is teaching electronics and doing research work on television here.

● The other new instructors are Miss Louella Lucson and Messrs. Anacleto Cabellero, Camilo Comiling, Victor Le-

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Rev. Fr. Watzlawick, S.F.D.

## ENROLMENT STATISTICS

Reports released from the Registrar's Office last June 13th revealed an aggregate of 5,700 students enrolled in the various departments of the University (college level) for this semester.

The College of Commerce and Secretarial leads the roll with total of 1,822, beating the College of Liberal Arts by a wide margin of 422 students. The Teachers' College landed in the third berth with an enrolment of 1000 flat, while the College of Engineering and Architecture placed a close fourth with 950 on its rosters. The College of Pharmacy and the College of Law barely made the race as each registered 258 and 251 respectively. The Graduate School hugged the tail with 59 enrollees.

## THE ADMINISTRATION

### Fr. John

Fr. John Vogelgesang left recently for his new assignment in Manila where he will handle the publication of a mission magazine, the SVD to be put out by the Fathers.

We never realized how busy a man Fr. John was until he went away leaving a lot of vacancies.

The administration had a hard time looking for somebody to assume the moderatorship of the *Carolinian* which he had so ably

handled for the last three years. Nobody, it seemed, was willing to shoulder the responsibility. Fr. Joseph Baumgartner had to be convinced that he would only be acting moderator. Fr. Baum, as he is fondly called by those close to him, is concurrently Chief Librarian.

The Headship of the English Department was temporarily adjudicated to Mrs. Avelina J. Gil.

The Editorship of the *University Bulletin*, the weekly publication of the University, was dumped on the lap of Fr. Lawrence Bunzel, the new Dean of Student Affairs. Fr. Bunzel has recently returned from the Catholic University of America



Rev. Fr. Pedro Kranewitter, S.F.D.

where he specialized in Guidance and Counseling.

Fr. Pedro Kranewitter, a new addition to the USC force, was appointed acting Dean of Religion. Fr. Pedro, an Argentine, has taken higher studies in Spanish Literature at the Catholic University in Washington, D.C. He is presently the Head of the Spanish Department and Adviser to the Student Catholic Action.

### New Philosophy Head

Fr. Joseph Watzlawik, a recent arrival from Manila, has been appointed Head of the Department of Philosophy and Regent of the College of Law.

## PEOPLE

### One Plus One Equals One ...

June 28th, Sunday, was a red-letter day for Miss Miguela Estrella Martin. It marked the termination of her blessed bachelorhood and the commencement of a more blessed married life. The fortunate groom is Mr. Jose Amorado Descallar.

The couple went on their honeymoon to Lanao, the home province of the bride and later to Baguio. They have decided to establish their home in the City of Cebu.

## SEATO SCHOLARS

Two Carolinians, Miss Nela Delima of the College of Education and Mr. Filemon Fernandez of the College of Law, were each recently the recipients of one-year SEATO scholarships.

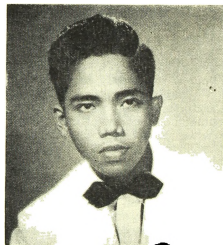
The scholarship is a sort of aid to financially handicapped students who are leading in their academic classes and who possess qualities of leadership.

## ACHIEVEMENT

The University of San Carlos boasts of:

A hundred per cent passing record in the Board Examinations for Pharmacists.

A hundred per cent passing record in the Board Examinations for Architects. San Carlos' candidates were Messrs. Melecio Ajero and Ignacio Salgado.



Mr. Benedicto Alcantara



A twenty-five per cent passing record in the CPA Board Examinations, with Mr. Benedicto Alcantara copping 8th place. The other successful examinees are: Jesus Canon, Luz Yee, Pedrito Rubio, Maximo Veloso, Aristedes Merida, Bartolome Pozon, Tomas Calala, Leonito Garciano, Pablita Palangan, Resurreccion Veloso, Lucionito Aliño, Alito Despi, Carlos Talisaysay, Jesusa Maskarino, Emeterio Cagara, Pacianito Paraguya and Francisco Mendoza.

Also: An air-conditioned audio-visual room.

**DONATION**

The West German government through the cultural attaché of its embassy in the Philippines, Count Detlev Rantzau, donated sixteen pup-tents to the University of San Carlos last June 30, 1959 for the use of the USC boy scouts.

Reverend Richard Arens, High School Director, accepted the donation on behalf of the University.

The pup-tents feature inner and outer tents; the outer, to keep the inner tents cool; and the inner, to protect the occupants from getting wet when it rains. The inner tents have rubber bottoms and built-in mosquito nets.

Attending the turn-over ceremonies were prominent officials of the Bureau of Private Schools in this city. They were: Mr. Julian Yballe, Superintendent In Charge of the



*Count Rantzau with a USC Boy Scout*

Central Visayas District, and Mr. Damaso Morales. Others present were Atty. Pedro Son, Atty. Santos Migallos, Judge Dominador Veloso, Don Gil Garcia, Mr. Nicanor Santos, Mr. Sevilla, Mr. Streegan and Mr. Edmundo Velasco, all belonging to the Cebu Boy Scouts Council.

**ORGANIZATIONS**

**USC Legal Aid Bureau Reorganized**

On June 19, 1959, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the USC Legal Aid Bureau started its second year of existence with the following new set of officers:

- Mr. Adelino Sitoy  
Chief Legal Consultant
- Mr. Froilan Quijano  
Asst. Chief Legal Consultant
- Miss Carmelita Lana  
Record Custodian
- Mr. Filenon Fernandez  
Chief, Criminal Law Division and  
Liaison Officer
- Mr. D. Barenas  
Asst., Criminal Law Division
- Miss Lourdes Ceniza  
Chief, Civil Law Division
- Mr. Manuel Valenzuela  
Asst., Civil Law Division
- Mr. Valerio Salazar  
Chief, General Research Division
- Atty. Cesar Kintanar  
Advisor

A brainchild of Dean Fulvio C. Pelaez, the Legal Aid Bureau is designed to offer legal advice to Carolinians on legal problems that confront them, render aid and assistance to them on legal matters, encourage scholarship and uphold the honor and reputation of the University.

The Bureau is composed of third and fourth year students with at least one-semester residence, having a general average of not less than 2.0 and of good moral character. Membership is limited to not less than twelve nor more than eighteen.

**Debating, Speech and Drama Clubs to be Formed**

Realizing the importance of the ability to express oneself clearly, Atty. Fulvio C. Pelaez and Miss Leonor Borromeo are planning to form a debating club, and a speech and drama club respectively.

The move is apparently motivated by the desire of the two crusading professors to develop hidden talents among the student population of the University. ♪



*Nela Delima*

### "I'm Taking IT Step by Step"

by **GEORGE BARCENILLA**



The Author

HERE was the scuffle of feet rushing forward to greet the victors and then there was a silent measured one-two drum of soft-heeled shoes.



**FR. LAWRENCE BUNZEL, S.V.D.**  
Athletic Moderator

dignified, striding unobtrusively but in a different direction. With hands extended forward, I heard him say: "Congratulations for a job well done."

I saw the man take the offered hand. It was a composed face that looked straight at the well-wisher and said: "Thank you, Father Rector, I'm taking it step by step."

It was the more remarkable that Father Kondring offered his hands to Coach Juan Aquino, Jr. because USC on that night lost to UE at the UV Coliseum the National Inter-Collegiate crown.

It was a bold promise. No man could say more at that time when we were looking at a team so tenacious with a lot of grit, cheated by Fate in its campaign for college basketball's most coveted prize. Power was there. Offensive thrusts were superb. Combinations and set plays were executed with ease to near perfection. What they lacked in height was made up for by their outside shooting power. This was the team that lost. Losing only thru a strange quirk of Fate. (that maybe some forces combined to destroy.)

It was easy to believe the Coach at that time. Barring possible loss of men, we would have trodden an easy way to the crown this year. Considerations were not taken then of possible decline on the Warrior's manpower through graduation, commercial offers to outstanding players and physical injuries.

In winning the inter-collegiate crown, the CCAA is the first obstacle the USC Golden Warriors have to pass. And although the other schools in Cebu have what we consider less than average teams, it always has been my observation that a David can still slay a Goliath.

Quite a few Manila college teams revitalized, super-enforced, in a sense that their past years' showing caused many heartburns to USC fans are further barriers the Golden Warriors

have overcome before capturing for themselves the pennant.

Danny Deen's graduation caused a vacuum hard to fill in the court strategy of Juan Aquino. His services as a ball-handler, will be sorely missed. Without his tricky foul-bait vital points needed for marginal victories will be sadly missing. And his greatest asset, his superb command over his men around the hard-court, is a force hard to replace. Being the skipper for three years, his leadership had been tested, his calibre known and no one questioned his authority around the hard-court.

Another warrior stalwart whose services are needed but who now is out is Agapito Rogado. A prized forward whose production usually exceeded two digits. Sometimes converted to guard or center, Rogado is a versatile player, equally able in all his positions. I remember Rogado, he always tried to give his best. He was a bystander hero. A sort of self-made player, giving vent to all his ball-handling ability. He ruled the backboard as though it were the palms of his hands. Quick on his feet, light on body, Rogado will be a name until another one like him comes up.

The spirit that made the USC team a fighting force has been of men willing to make sacrifices for her honor. The tragedy of Reynaldo dela Cruz is a measure of that honor. He was great in his own way. As a stabilizing force of the team, he had no equal. But now, sidelined due to physical injury, dela Cruz' two-handed push-shot will be a spectacle remembered only by those who saw him in his heyday.

It will take some real effort before a team can be whipped up as strong and as determined as that of last year. Talents and materials as those are rare indeed.

The gap left by those who went on  
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**JUAN AQUINO, JR.**  
Coach

## ★ SPORTSDOM

by RODOLFO JUSTINIANI  
&  
GEORGE BARCENILLA

Abejo



Jakosalem



Bas



Macoy



Cañizares



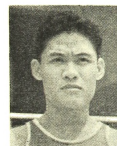
Pizarros



De la Cruz



Reyes



Galdo



Aguirre



Moncada



Palmaros



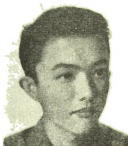
Reyes



Palma

## The CCAA

by RODOLFO JUSTINIANI



The Author

THE "god Hoopnet" after lying low in this part of the cage world is again reawakened to witness once more hostilities among local cage greats in this number-one sports in the Philippines: USC, UV, CIT, USP, CSJ, and SWC will be out there to lampoon each other, not forgetting of course to cry hosanna to the highest god on "Mount Hoopdom". Who will be given the nod by the gods is still the big riddle. Whoever want to sit on the throne will have to do a lot of muscle flexing.

USC, the defending champs, will have a lot to say about who will again sit on the throne. Uneasy may be the head that wears a crown but the Warriors are not showing that they are weary and uneasy of the crown on their heads. The USC Warriors, still under the same bench mentor, "Coach of the Year" Juan Aquino, Jr. after last year's fruitful harvest aim to do it again this year. The Warriors with their shields mended and polished and their double-edged swords sharpened for the big light are ready to meet the best of whatever the Lancers, Wildcats, Panthers can throw at them. Whether the Lancers are as sharp and pointed as their namesake in India, not so long ago who made the "untouchables" fear even the mention of their name, is still harassing UV followers. The CIT Wildcats are not quite as wild as they used to be. Staying long in the CCAA "jungle" has made them quite

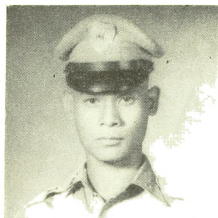
lame. The USP Panthers' claws were dull last year. This year, what do you say, Panthers? The CSJ Jaguars may bite hard and growl louder this year but they rather prefer to do so where the light is the thickest. The SWC Typhoons have not hit the barometer mark right yet, and as usual are still as cool as a sea breeze. Better blow harder this year. Some of these teams may really have some surprises up their sleeves and meanwhile, ye gods will just have to wait.

## THE WARRIORS

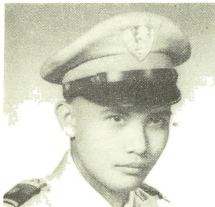
The USC Warriors aiming again to wrap up this year's CCAA crown will miss the stewardship of skipper Danny Deen and the services of gangling Agapito Rogado. Ertswale skipper Deen is now sweating it out not on the hard court this year but on the word "court". He's taking the bar exams. Peping Rogado, the terror of the rebound in last year's inter-collegiate tourney, is not playing anymore for the Warriors this year.

Coach Dodong Aquino's chargers, despite the loss of their two old reliable mainstays, are not showing any cold feet to their rivals. With three six-footers on the team, Isidoro Cañizares who's the tallest at 6'3", Dionisio Jakosalem 6'2", and Honore Rama just right at 6', the USC Warriors have quite a high ceiling among local teams.

(Continued on page 36)



CDT COL EULALIO BENDANILLO



CDT LT COL ANGELITO BROROLA



CDT LT COL CESAR SALERA



CDT LT COL GUIDO ESCOBAR

Once again, we find ourselves immersed neck-deep in the tasks of piecing together little bits of information we squeezed out of the DMST to present a more or less recognizable picture of the actual military aspect of student life. We find the task not too gratifying, what with all the red tape — censorship, approvals, military secrets and all that — we have to go through. We have the presentiment that if this set-up is to continue, this page will inevitably metamorphose into a personality column.

**CHANGES:** The school year opens with at least two notable changes in the ROTC set-up. The first is the cessation of the practice of hazing incoming officers of the Corps. Time was when the USC quadrangle was an arena wherein monkeys were made out of applicants for officer-ship by avenging senior officers every first week of classes and the lobby always jampacked with eager spectators especially members of our skirted populace who consider themselves available any time for sponsorship.

The second is the holding of drills on Saturday afternoons instead of on Sunday mornings. This was obviously the outcome of Council President Osmeña's efforts to limit the drills to the rock-bottom minimum of three hours and give Sundays to the cadets free.

### REORGANIZATION

**Strength:** The USC ROTC Corps for the school year 1959-60 took its shape formally last June 13th, Saturday, with a record strength of one thousand and one hundred and fifteen men, forming three battalions of three companies each. There was a marked increase of over three hundred over last year's Corps strength.

**Office Personnel:** The DMST boosted its own strength too, with the addition of four tactical officers to the original Aquino-Modequillo-Papellero combine, namely, Lt. Ramon Bataclan, Regimental TO, Lt. Louie Batongmalaque, 1st battalion TO, Lt.

Rodolfo Gustilo, 2nd battalion TO, and Lt. Geronimo Creer, 3rd battalion TO. These tactical officers are in charge of the instruction and discipline of cadets.

**Corps Officers:** The selection of the major officers of the Corps followed closely the time-honored principle of the survival of the fittest.

The designation for instance, of Cdt. Col. Eulalio Bendanillo as Corps Commander was premised mainly on his having topped the theoretical examination for advanced cadets in the whole third military area comprising twelve provinces.

Cdt. Lt. Col. Angelito Brorola enthroned himself at the top of the 1st battalion by placing second to Bendanillo in the same examination with Cdt. Maj. Agustin Escano who got for himself the Commandership of F Infantry.

Cdt. Lt. Col. Cesar Salera's designation to 2nd Battalion commandership was a recognition of his love for and devotion to duty.

For a splendid showing in company drill during the last tactical inspection, Cdt. Lt. Col. Guido Escobar was awarded the Commandership of the 3rd battalion.

On the same basis, the following were commissioned adjutants and S3 of their respective staffs: Cdt. Maj. Edilberto Ludovica, Corps; Cdt. Maj. Jesus Mercado, Jr., 1st battalion; Cdt. Maj. Rolando Eborlos, 2nd battalion; and Cdt. Maj. Carlos Tonelete, 3rd battalion.

"All other members of the different staffs are second year basic officers," says Sgt. Papellero. "This is in consonance with the pentomic concept of organization." It would seem therefore, that this pentomic set-up is nothing but a mixing of good and rotten eggs in one basket. Sometimes the set-up comes out good, sometimes it doesn't. It all depends on the proportion of the mixture.

Incidentally, the USC ROTC Corps, (already "pentomicked") through the last tactical inspection, took a

# Reports

by Filemon L. Fernandez

"big jump" from its star-studded sky to the purgatory of thirteenth.

## PEOPLE OF THE PHILIPPINES VS. ANDRES ORAIS.

An incident which took place last June 20th, injected a little sensation into the drudgery of drilling under the heat of the sun. An officer and a cadet tried to convert the drill grounds at the BHSD at Mango Avenue into a boxing arena. This incident would have been passed as ordinary and trivial had not one of the adversaries brought his case to the attention of no less than the people of the Philippines.

**A Case of Insubordination:** Cdt. Capt. Andres Orais, platoon leader of the first platoon of Hotel Co., calls it a clear case of insubordination.

He was drilling his platoon when he noticed that Cdt. Palaña was out of step. Desiring to imprint into the minds of his men the idea of uniformity and precision in every phase of military life, he called the attention of Palaña. It so happened that at that particular moment, Palaña was in no mood for appreciating corrections. (His appendicitis was giving him trouble, if he is to be believed.) He hurled epithets at Orais, who of course, resented the action. But his patience and leadership took the better part of him and the episode ended with a friendly handshake with Palaña after a more or less spirited verbal tussle.

But Palaña, according to Orais, probably misunderstood his gesture of friendship as a mark of cowardice. And lost no time in telling the other cadets about it. One Cdt. Rosaroso reported to Orais, and together, they confronted Palaña, who, according to Orais, exhibited overt acts of fighting. His patience, already on edge, altogether evaporated. He forgot himself and the next thing he knew, he was raining blows on Palaña, who ultimately landed at the Southern Islands hospital with several injuries despite the intervention of cooler heads. While there, he filled out a complaint for physical injuries.

**Victim of Malicious Fabrication:** Palaña vehemently denied having told anybody anything to the effect that Orais was a coward. That was a purely malicious fabrication, he said. Neither did he display overt acts of fighting when confronted by Orais and Rosaroso. On the contrary, he was completely amazed at the charge Rosaroso made. But before he could make any explanation to Orais, the latter rained blows on him.

**After effects:** The controversy, therefore, hinges on two important questions of fact, namely, whether or not Palaña did actually say what Rosaroso claimed he said, and whether or not Palaña did what Orais claimed he did when confronted by him and Rosaroso.

When this matter was brought to the attention of the DMST, Capt. Jose M. Aquino immediately ordered Lt. Gustilo and later, Lt. Creer, to conduct a full-dress investigation of the case and submit their findings to him. But before the investigators could act, the parties to the controversy were summoned by the police for preliminary investigation.

At the time of this writing, Orais and Palaña were already on friendly terms. Palaña withdrew his complaint, and the controversy, having been settled amicably between them, was relegated to oblivion before anybody could render a decision on the merits.

**July 4th:** With peace restored, the Corps was in high spirits when came the time for the celebration of the glorious fourth.

The ever-ready third battalion of Cdt. Lt. Col. Guido Escobar, with the band and the Corps staff, represented San Carlos in the grand military parade at two o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday.

The USC guns too, manned by our artillery boys with Capt. Aquino acting as Convoy Commander, added glamour to the unit.

The parade started from the Fuente Osmena-Capitol road and ended up at Plaza Independencia, where a literary-musical program with intermissions of political speeches, culminated the day's affair. †

## INSIDE

by  
GUIDO P.  
ESCOBER

# DMST

Commandant Jose M. Aquino has shown greater initiative this year in trying to turn out better trained ROTC cadets by implementing, through his cadet officers, a new set of rules designed to revolutionize military training in San Carlos.

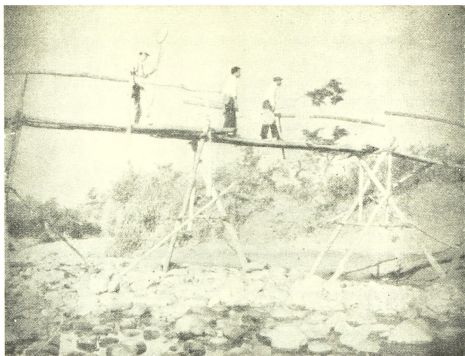
Hitherto, ROTC cadets knew only gunnery and the nomenclature of weapons upon graduation. Through field lectures given under the commandant's directive, San Carlos hopes to turn out more intelligent and well-rounded army officers.

It is not uncommon to find, even among officers, physically-present-but-mentally-absent elements during briefings. The idea of checking on how much an individual officer has absorbed from the lecture after every session, will undoubtedly separate the dreamers and glamour boys from the earnest ones.

The appointment of Lt. Ramon Bataclan as Regimental Tactical Officer will immensely benefit the Corps. Lt. Bataclan was, prior to his attachment to San Carlos, instructor of the 4.2 mortar section of the Heavy Artillery Unit of the Philippine Army for six months.

Capt. Aquino, recognizing the fact that his men are responsible enough to know their obligations and human enough to feel the sense of shame and humiliation that goes with every offense committed against the military rules, has done away with the practice of punishing erring cadets in front of their units, and instead has made full use of the demerit system under which any cadet who has reached his full quota of 50 demerits or 3 absences is automatically dropped from the roster and has relied mainly on the honor system for the maintenance of discipline. †

**WE** HAD tried several provinces in our collecting and exploring expeditions and found each of them interesting in different ways. Last summer, however, we finally had the long-awaited chance to try that most interesting strip of land called Palawan. Because of its isolation, scientists consider its fauna well worth studying. It has been honored with many scientific expeditions from foreign countries, ever since the days of Spanish occupation. Strange forms of animals and insects not found elsewhere in this country exist in Palawan, especially on the small island of Balabac to the south. Aside from its interesting fauna, Palawan is inhabited by three ethnic groups which add to the wealth of scientific subjects upon which interested researchers may draw their beads. There are the Batak of northern Palawan, the Tagbanuas and the Palawans, whom



Across the bridge toward Aboabo for new PRIZE CATCHES! and back again, with 2 kilos of wild pigs meat instead!

(Last summer vacation, three faculty members of the USC biology department — Messrs. Julian Jumalon, Samuel Ochotorena, and Cristobal Plateros — teamed up with Mr. Saul Ochotorena, a USC zoology graduate who is now teaching at the San Isidro High in Malaybalay, explored the wilds of Palawan, and came back with pretty interesting scientific gains. Mr. Jumalon here makes some observations on their trip. The reader will pardon his partiality for butterflies: he is a lepidopterist. — Ed.)

# LISTEN, PALAWAN IS C

we encountered in central Palawan, and whose territory extends to the far south in Coral Bay. The last two groups seem rather identical. Our ethnologist, Dr. M. Maceda, may, in the near future, shed more light on the main differences between these groups. The presence of these Non-Christians makes a scientific assignment to Palawan doubly interesting.

In the fields of Palawan, one is likely to cross the paths of other scientific parties which are simultaneously working at various points. There are a number of such places on earth that are the favorite rendezvous of scientists and explorers. One of the rarer joys of field-workers, aside from bagging rare specimens, is meeting fellow-scientists on the trail, at which time one involuntarily lifts his hat and greets. "Dr. Livingstone I presume." Strange enough, in some places you'll come

across traces of recent occupation of clearings or inland sitios by explorers or naturalists, as there are always fresh "Kilroy-was-here" sorts of evidence left behind.

Our party was stationed most of the time at Irawan, a barrio only fourteen kilometers from Puerto Princesa along the south road, and only about a mile from the foothills of the Stavelly Mountain. Incidentally, Irawan is the gateway to the Iwahig Penal Colony, which stretches over forty kilometers. We were therefore making our daily forays in the danger zone infested by escaped convicts. This we later verified; it was not unusual to encounter patrols composed of trusted prisoners sent out to get the escapees, dead

or alive. Eventually we got used to the situation, which, at first, filled us with considerable trepidation and discomfort, and went about our business with less ado. People were simply puzzled why we stuck to that place to which cautious residents gave a wide berth. What made us stick in the fact that it is rich in lepidoptera; we were reluctant to leave it in favor of untried areas because of limited time.

Our daily activities were mostly along the fourteen-kilometer stretch of the gradually ascending mountain road leading to the chromite mine. This is a well vegetated winding road, crossing streams a dozen times. Most of our butterfly treasures from Palawan were taken in this

by *Julian M. Jumalon*



A *Pepillo palawanicus* soars overhead, while the Lady Veil waterfall cascades down the rocks at Kalatigas, to meander shoreward and mix with the Sulu Sea.

rich area. Even in mid-summer this region is rich in species belonging to the Papilionidae, Pieridae, Danaidae and Nymphalidae families. To deal with each interesting species taken here would demand a lengthy discourse. Most of the forms occurring in Palawan are quite different from corresponding species found

its vast array of materials in its comparative collection of insects, is extending its investigation in this field of study. In its ceaseless quest for more evidence from nature to substantiate the theory of MIMICRY, Yale University will find Palawan a rich area for abundant examples of this strange behavior of certain butterflies.

Working in central Palawan for about five weeks is hardly enough to enable a researcher to establish all the pertinent facts on its butterfly fauna. However, even from this short space of time, it is feasible to

advance some pertinent statements regarding some external features of lepidopterology. This will be dealt with in several articles, as a report on our expedition, intended for publication in the Journal of the Lepidopterists' Society, a scientific quarterly published in the United States. This will help give foreign scientists a glance at our butterfly fauna and help promote the much desired exchange of ideas and techniques. Our country is well known for its rich insect fauna, but only a trickle of information and even materials has  
(Continued on page 34)

## ALLING

in other parts of the Islands. One is indeed tempted to claim that most of these insects have their origin in Borneo and other parts of the Indonesian Islands. The isolation of Palawan no doubt, has developed these geographical forms through long adaptation to a different type of environment and climate.

Another peculiarity of Palawan butterflies is the presence of a good number of mimetic forms. Many of these are Papilionids (swallowtails) which are supposed to mimic the members of the Danaid family (relatives of the Monarch), in order to enjoy immunity from the attacks by birds, reptiles and other known enemies of butterflies. In this case, the similarity of external structures and habits is striking. In this particular phase of lepidopterology alone, a never-ending fascination and interest is in store for the student of nature. Yale University, thru



With two weeks crop of beard and mustache, they thought they could terrorize and corner the Kalatigas *Daedalus*...

## Listen, Palawan is Calling (Cont'd from page 33)

so far reached the outside world because of the rarity of researchers or lepidopterists in the Islands.

Palawan is so rich in butterflies that even the moistureless summer days failed to affect their abundance in the lowland jungles and the mountainous areas. Our party encountered them along watercourses and in the woods bordering streams and creeks. The daily hunt by the four members of the expedition resulted in a rich haul of exotic species, adding about one hundred new species to the steadily expanding USC collection. In past expeditions to other islands, the field team invariably found themselves in a mood for celebration whenever they could return with even twenty new species. One can then imagine the significance of this venture into Palawan, considering the wealth of knowledge and information it will add to the present record of local lepidopterists. The party left Palawan just when the May rains began, and fresh and lovely, newly emerged butterflies were just commencing to stir. You can imagine with what reluctance our party packed up for the return journey, unwilling to leave behind them flower buds ready to burst under the blessed showers and mild sunshine of early June, which will, naturally, send forth legions of multicolored wings to dance and romance in the atmosphere while food for the imaginal and immature stages are in abundance. Hence the title of this article.

I indeed Palawan is calling... calling those who have the means and time to continue the hunt, the observation and study of the seasonal forms of all the stirring life in its jungles and mountains. It is calling for virile young men and women to swerve from popular but overcrowded vocations and turn to the fertile fields of science where much pioneering work awaits them. Bright young minds are needed to fill the many gaps left by earlier researchers whose missions did not warrant their staying in the Islands long enough to complete what they had begun. What little inconvenience one suffers in the field is amply compensated by the endless fascination of the work, meeting friendly and charming people, the contact with variform customs of different ethnic groups, the constant reunion with one's true self without the artificial mask is often won in the city, and the realization how generous in lavishly filling this little world with so many beautiful and interesting creatures. Not having tried it, no one can justifiably say that a life dedicated to science is not for him or her. A genius may lurk in an unsuspected crevice in your cranium, which the song of a bird, the sight of misty mountains or the aroma of sighing forests may jerk suddenly from its lethargy and perhaps give us a Filipino naturalist of the brilliance and enthusiasm of a Henri Fabre or a Karl von Linné. §

## Faculty-Alumni . . . (Cont'd from page 22)

fondest dreams of Dr. Paras, whose happiness, incidentally, spilled over to the HE kitchen where a sumptuous dinner was served.

News of that success must have reached the ears of some city officials, for the club was invited to take part in the Independence Day Celebration. Once again, the choristers buckled down to rehearse the songs.

At present the club is again busy rehearsing for the Rector-Faculty Day in September. Now that the club has proved its worth, it has justified its reason for being and others, among others, a channel for promoting brotherly understanding and closer friendships among faculty members and alumni of the university. With the wholehearted cooperation of its members and with the vigorous moral support of the university administration, the organization looks forward to success in carrying out its multilaneous plans, which are kept in cold storage in the mind of Dr. Paras, the Brains of the Club. §

## Entirely Personal

(Continued from page 11)

made a big jump from three stars to 13th place, as the results of the last tactical inspection showed. The glamour that was the USC ROTC died an instantaneous death with that extraordinary "feat." No explanation is needed, but something should be done about the instruction the cadets are now getting.

● The Registration Procedure, as conceived by the "brains" of the Office of the Secretary-General, worked out quite successfully during the last enrollment season. Only a few troubles cropped up, although the system can stand some improvement. A suggestion was made that those in charge of the enrollment, especially those assigned in the issuance of classcards, should be properly briefed on their duties so that they will know how to advise the students. Another, a sort of liaison section should be created. New students found it very difficult to enroll without the help of one familiar with the registration procedure. No major complaints were heard, except that many students said our public relations were questionable. How some people managed their offices led some student to think they were facing a lion. A number wanted to enroll here but for one reason or another found it safer not to.

\* \* \*

● Of the total enrollment this semester, 62 per cent are women. A bystander said that it is no wonder there is so much noise in the campus ever since the classes have started in full swing. But that is entirely personal.

\* \* \*

● The organization of debating, dramatic and speech clubs is a healthy sign of an intellectual awakening on the campus. For years, this aspect of university training has been neglected either because there was no interest on the part of the students or there was no encouragement from the faculty. It is about time to give the organization a shot in the arm by way of joining it or giving it the facilities that it needs.

\* \* \*

● One of the most convincing proofs of our partiality for basketball is the fact that cagers get more applause, more privileges than writers do . . . §



## I'M TAKING IT . . .

(Continued from page 28)

their separate ways will indeed be hard to fill. Sure there are replacements, eager ones trying to fill up the void. But determination or eagerness is not enough. There is something indefinable needed on a fighting team to carry on a tradition of boldness. "go-get" and power.

How the USC team will fare on the regular tourney is still an open question. For sure, it has its weak points but there are its strong points too. Its real production has only been seen by few of hoopster's so-called intellectuals and few could judge them as of now. But one thing I know: Wherever they go, where USC's banner is flying, there always will be excitement together with the boys.

Queried on his drive of bagging the National Inter-Collegiate crown, Dodong 'Cardinal' Aquino said: "I'm taking it step by step. I finished fourth in 1956, third in 1957, and runner-up in 1958. I aim to top them in 1959."

If I know Dodong Aquino, I have to say this, his job of making a cohesive force out of the team will be a monumental one. And although time is his greatest ally it also is working for the other teams. He has the men, true. His coaching talent is tops. But how his chargers will receive and take them into their heart is a big question. I know the boys are loyal and are willing to give all they have. So it's an open question. Boys receiving instructions, 'Cardinal' Aquino giving them. Somewhere along the way, problems are bound to crop up with no immediate solution. This precisely is what the coach will have to watch for. So until the day, I am not saying anything. But it would be nice indeed if again within our halls will rest another National Inter-Collegiate crown. — gpb. ‡

## Sliderulos Aside . . .

(Continued from page 25)

yes Jr., Hilarion Lim Jr., Gerardo Lipardo, Jr., and Arturo Russana.

Comiling was the Most Exalted Brother of the Builders' Fraternity of the CE and ARCH departments last year. Lipardo of the ME department graduated magna cum laude last March.

From the upper echelon we have news of the recent appointment of Mr. Santos Alfon as head of the Architecture department and of Mr. Benito Bunagan as head of the Surveying Department. ‡

# The Science Library

Two years ago, the various libraries in the science department were not coalesced. Although most books and periodicals were kept in the main library, still there were many essential ones which were found in the respective bookrooms of the different branches of the science department. One had to shuttle back and forth from one room or floor to another, if he was in search of some important scientific items. Research work, always a tough job, was made more difficult through the existing dispersion of the materials.

But only a year ago, there has been a marked progress in the USC library. According to plans worked out by Fr. J. Baumgartner, SVD, Fr. John Vogelgesang, SVD, then Acting Librarian, had the science library installed. It was Fr. John who made a round-up of the different libraries in the science department, and put up what is now the favorite haunt of men and women with common scientific interest. Today, research work is no longer as arduous as it used to be.

## ITS CONTENTS

The science library has been provided with its own card catalog, stacks, tables, chairs, bookstands and everything needed in a library. Furthermore, it boasts of extensive collections of such well-known periodicals as the Chemical Abstracts, Journal of the American Chemical Society of America, and numerous other scientific publications of world renown. Latest issues of the periodicals are found on the magazine stand, while books, handbooks, encyclopedias, manuals, bound journals and other printed matter indispensable to science students and instructors are neatly arranged on the shelves in the reading room. Whatever cannot be accommodated in the reading room, finds its place in the two-story stack-room.

## HOW IT OPERATES

Like the main library, the science library also employs the Dewey Decimal System in the classification of



its books. Most books with numbers ranging from 500-700, inclusive, have their place in this segment of "the library with the biggest collection outside Manila."

## IMPROVEMENTS FORESEEN

One complaint, however, that most students have as regards the science library, is its poor ventilation. Perhaps one can stand the traffic noise, at times the jukebox, and oftentimes the people outside, but the heat one will find unbearable. From Mrs. Victor Asubor, Librarian-in-Charge of this library, this writer learned that plans are now being undertaken to improve the ventilation of the place. Fresh air is a stimulating factor to a library user, and most likely, Fr. Joseph Baumgartner, SVD, the University Librarian, must have contemplated on this matter. Perhaps, sooner or later, there will be some additions to the science library. What they are, however, this writer is not in a position to disclose. But the truth is that improvements are in the offing.

## A GREAT HELP

If there is anything that Carolinian science students and instructors of today should thank the Administration for, it is this one-year-old special concession that they have just acquired — the science library service. Today, if one wishes to refer to certain scientific books and periodicals, he only goes to the science library, consults the card catalog if necessary, and gets the reference he needs. The science library offers him the service and privacy that is his to enjoy. ‡

(Continued from page 5)

## The Plays of Romulo

POSSIBLY, Dr. Carlos P. Romulo is the most widely known Filipino abroad. He has carried with distinction the name of our country in the halls of international councils and conferences. He is an international diplomat. Not only many articles of national and international import have come from his pen, but novels and plays also have caught his interest. Romulo wrote a few plays when he was a faculty member of the State University. These plays were not intended for publication but were written for the UP dramatic club. Since he abandoned playwriting before he perfected or mastered the technique, his plays are not ideal, as he himself has admitted.

Romulo is represented by two dramas in this study — "The Hidden Symbol" and "Daughters for Sale." The first is a play in two acts with patriotism as the theme. A veteran of the Philippine Revolution and hacendero, Don Emilio is harassed by an unscrupulous but influential leader of the town who has come from nowhere. The stranger is aided by his son, a lawyer and labor leader, who is courting Don Emilio's daughter. As head of a society he has organized, "The Fighters of '96" this man derides Don Emilio for his apparent lack of patriotism. Furthermore, his son stirs up the mill laborers of Don Emilio's farm. As a consequence, the mill is burned down and the old man and his farm manager are accused of arson and consequently imprisoned. When he is bailed out, the manager gathers enough evidence to convict the real culprits, Don Felipe and his son. All's well that ends well. The manager also wins Don Emilio's

daughter.

In "Daughters for Sale," an old widower, Don Pelayo, is a "sabungero," meaning a cockpit addict, who would like to marry off his three daughters to rich husbands and thus have enough money to indulge in his vice. Amparo, his youngest daughter, entertains the same thought for her sisters. She manages to convince Don Juan, a wealthy landowner, that Maria, her man-hating sister, is in love with him. Flattered, the rich man comes to call on Maria, who insults him. The second sister, Rosario, is annoyed over her sweetheart's failure to answer her letters and in retaliation puts a husband-wanted advertisement in a newspaper. Meanwhile Amparo breaks off her engagement to an ambitious young man to "give him a shock that will awaken all his latent potentialities," in her own words. Two men answer Rosario's advertisement — the town barber and a Chinaman, both of whom are dismissed in no time. Don Juan again pays a visit and makes known his intentions of marriage to the father. Overcome by his sincerity, Maria at last gives in. On the other hand, Miguel, Rosario's lover, arrives and angrily confronts the woman with the advertisement. When reminded about the letters he did not answer, he explains they were all received in a batch just a few days before because there is no mail in the hacienda where he is working. And now he has come to take her with him, after they are properly married. Fortune does not forget to smile on Amparo too. Her lover also comes back to claim her after having landed a lucrative position as assistant manager. †

### A Newcomer in USC

(Continued from page 21)

on Java. This may give us a better understanding about Philippine life in pre-Spanish times. We know from linguistic data that there was rather much contact between Indonesia and the Philippines. All this is mate-

rial which can throw much light not only on many dark spots of Philippine linguistics, but also on the vague and dim areas of Philippine history and civilization in pre-Spanish times.

Sanskrit is not an Indonesian language. Nevertheless its study is very useful in many respects. For

### The CCAA

(Continued from page 20)

Right on the heels of the three tall men are old reliables Maximo "Republican" Pizarros, Julian "Killer" Macoy, Edgar Galdo, who made Chile veteran 'Emong' Bas look cheap in an exhibition game, Bobby "the beluddling feint" Reynes, Reynaldo dela Cruz the two-handed set shooter, Esmer Abejo, the fireball and ball hawk of the Warriors and the "little coach" of the team, Manuel Bas. To add able support there are jumpshot artist Ben Reyes, sentinel Gerard del Rosario and new acquisitions Patricio Palmara, a former Panther who's a whiz at jumpshots, Narciso Monceda, a Boby Jaguar in his prep days, and newcomer Tomas Aguirre.

### SPORTS SHORTS

Fr. Lawrence Bunzel, SVD, is the newly-appointed Athletic Moderator. Being an "old hand" in San Carlos, Carolinian sports fans expect smooth sailing ahead.

The CCAA prep circuit opened last Sunday, July 12 and the Senior Circuit followed suit, Sunday, July 19, 1959 with a loud bang.

USC Sluggers, runner-up in last year's CBL, are still in the process of building up. Will be up next issue.

On the soccer football front, it's so quiet that you can hear a pin drop. Wake up, fellows! †

one thing, we have many loanwords from Sanskrit. This is the case with even the most common words. DALA in Bisaya and Tagalog, a very common word, is a Sanskrit loanword. The same is true of the Tagalog SALITA, etc. These loanwords can teach us very much about the development of Philippine languages.

The study of Sanskrit also affords us the advantages mentioned before in connection with Old Javanese: we meet again another highly interesting civilization. And we can study the rather strong Indian influences here in the Philippines.

The study of Old Javanese and Sanskrit, while interesting and useful, is, however, by no means necessary for research work in Philippine linguistics. With a thorough knowledge of only structural linguistics we shall be able to make remarkable progress. A wide, original field lies open for exploration and new, fascinating discoveries. †

## El Rev. Fr. PEDRO KRANEWITTER, S.V.D.

El Departamento de Español de U.S.C. está de enhorabuena por la llegada del Rv. Fr. Pedro Kranewitter, S.V.D. argentino, y por lo tanto de habla española y espíritu verdaderamente hispano.

El citado padre, lleva muchos años en Filipinas. Habiendo sido enviado a estas islas por sus superiores en el año 1931; llegó a la ciudad de Manila el 22 de Junio del citado año, y de allí fué a su destino, Seminario de Vigan, en donde permaneció hasta 1939, en que fué trasladado al Seminario de Binmaley, residiendo allí hasta el año 1945, en cuyo año recibió órdenes de sus superiores de trasladarse al Seminario de Tausan, en Leyte, donde estuvo siete años.

En año 1952 le fué anunciado su traslado al Seminario de "Christ the King" en Manila y al año siguiente le concedieron vacaciones de un año para visitar a su familia en la Argentina. Regresó Fr. Kranewitter a Manila al Seminario de "Christ the King" el año 1954 y allí celebró en el año 1955 las Bodas de Plata de su ordenación sacerdotal. En 1958 fué a Estados Unidos en viaje de estudios, regresando a Filipinas asignado a esta Universidad en Junio de este año.

El Rv. Fr. Pedro Kranewitter, S.V.D. está actuando como Decano de Religión y es el Director de la S.C.A. de esta Universidad. Estamos seguros de que la presencia de este nuevo Padre en U.S.C. dará mayor impulso al espíritu hispano de nuestro departamento.

Bienvenido sea el Rv. Fr. Kranewitter, S.V.D. en quien la facultad del Departamento de Español, tiene grandes esperanzas para mayores éxitos. †

## Después De La Lluvia

por René Estella Amper

### I

**E**L ORGULLOSO Arco Iris; las aberturas de las nubes cual alegres sonrisas; la susurrante brisa, las suspirantes árboles; las mojaditas florecillas dando vueltas a sus coloreadas faldas de sutiles pétalos en el perfumado y humedo ambiente; el césped ondulante y bailarín al impulso del vagamundo venticello... Todo ello... todo; refleja la alegría de la naturaleza después del benéfico influjo de la lluvia primaveral. Y hay más, hay... un corazón enamorado que sueña... y llora...

### II

Pamela!... Pamela! ¿Dónde vas? ¿Porqué has dejado pesares en mi corazón inocente? ¿Porqué te has marchado?

Tu ausencia entristece mi ánimo como la fronda oscura de un árbol. Entre esa fronda y como solitario pajarillo arrullo mi añoranza en lastimero canto. ¡Cantarlo!... ¡llorarlo!... ¿Qué puedo hacer más? Canto para aliviar mi soledad en espera de que vuelvas a mí; canto porque el recuerdo de tu cariño pulso las cuerdas de mi corazón arrancándole música; sones nostálgicos. Y cada vez que

mi pensamiento vuela hacia ti, recuerdo la fragante primavera de nuestros mutuos alegrías; tu sonrisa dulce iluminaba las colinas besadas por el frinje de las nubes ¿Recuerdas aquellas colinas? bien delineadas, de color azulado en la lejanía, querían rivalizar sin conseguirlo con los radiantes encantos de tu hermosura cuando paseábamos por los verdeantes campos después de la lluvia. ¿Te acuerdas cuando sentadas a reposar bajo un árbol contemplábamos el magnífico espectáculo del Arco Iris bordado en las alturas con brillantes aunque pasajeros colores?

"¿Será tu amor como los pasajeros colores del Arco Iris?" me preguntaste.

Alcé los ojos y la vista de un frondoso y vetusto árbol, un corpulento roble, me inspiró la respuesta: Pamela, te dije señalando el roble; mientras aquel árbol viva, mientras sus ramas frondosas se extiendan para enmarcar el grandioso escenario del ocaso, mi amor será tuyo. Tuyo ahora... y siempre. ¡Te amo Pamela! y a nuestros corazones ponga por testigos de ello. Te amo y te amaré siempre!

Me regalaste con una sonrisa, una de esas sonrisas tuyas, tan tuyas, y dijiste: "Yo también te amo y deseo que el árbol de nuestro amor no conozca el otoño... que en nuestros corazones nunca hayas hojas secas del otoño de nuestras ilusiones."

Callamos, la felicidad que sentí en aquellos momentos hizo que me imaginase a la naturaleza en derredor nuestro danzando de alegría. Los latidos de mi corazón enchido de gozo sonaban mas fuertes que el murmullo de los serpenteantes arroyos que cruzaban la campiña. Eramos jóvenes en aquel tiempo, y como jóvenes qué mejor placer que amar y ser amado? ese singular placer que hace reír y llorar al mismo tiempo sin saber por que.

### III

Han pasado los años y ahora ¿Qué queda de aquellas quimeras y promesas? Tu me abandonaste sin una palabra de despedida, sin dejarme mi una esperanza... nada. ¿Porqué lo hiciste así? ¿Porqué dejaste al otoño secar las hojas del árbol frondoso de nuestro amor de aquellos tiempos? ¿Porqué...?

Pamela! Pamela!... Mira las bellas florecillas que solías festejar acercándolas a tus labios. Escucha el susurro de la dulce brisa que rozaba tus sonrosadas mejillas como un casto beso. Mira los claros arroyos que envidiaban el brillo de tus ojos cuando en ellos te contemplabas. Las flores, la brisa y los arroyos, han conocido y sentido el perfume de tu amor como yo lo he sentido y conocido, y estan esperando tu vuelta, y tu esperanza vive en ellos como también vive en mí. Yo espero... espero como tu vuelvas a mí.

### IV

Es por eso que al contemplar después de la lluvia el orgulloso Arco Iris; las sonrientes nubes; escuchar la brisa susurrante, los suspiros de los árboles; al contemplar las coloreadas faldas de sutiles pétalos de las mojaditas florecillas, girando en el humedo y perfumado ambiente; al sentir el vagamundo venticello que hace bailar al ondulante césped... Todo ello... todo hace revivir en mí tu recuerdo. Y has más... hay un corazón enamorado que sueña, llora y... espera. †

## Un Pánico En La Noche

por

Redención H. Alcántara

**A** CERCABASE ya la medianoche. Paz y sosiego reinaba por doquiera. La pálida luna se paseaba sonriente y majestuosa en el alto firmamento tachonado de titilantes estrellas. Súbitamente la profunda tranquilidad de la noche fué inter-

# Sección Castellana

rrumpida por un cuadro trágico y aterrador.

En la casa de huéspedes donde me alojé muchas de mis compañeras ya se habían acostado, pero unas cuantas estábamos todavía ocupadas en preparar las lecciones para el día siguiente. De repente sonaban a la puerta de nuestra habitación unos golpes muy rícos que nos llenaban de pavor.

Temblorosas nos acercamos a la puerta para averiguar quiénes se alreían a turbar nuestro reposo a hora tan intempesiva de la noche. Pronto supimos que eran unos cuantos estudiantes universitarios que habían venido a librarnos de un gran peligro, a saber: de una conflagración que comenzaba a devorar la manzana vecina. Despertamos en seguida a nuestras compañeras que todavía descansaban en brazos de Morfeo y comenzamos precipitadamente a liar los bártulos. Con la ayuda de aquellos jóvenes bajamos presurosos a la calle en busca de vehículos para conducirnos sanas y salvas a otro distrito de la ciudad. Pronto todas las chicas nos hallamos acomodadas en unos cuantos taxis mientras que los tres jóvenes nos seguían en un

automóvil separado. Desde el coche contemplamos el enorme gentío que llenaba las calles; y nos escapaban del voraz incendio con sus enseres, otros se dirigían al lugar del siniestro. La algarabía era tremenda, el ruido de las bocinas y campanillas ensordecedor; todo era un cuadro de tragedia y pánico causado por las lenguas infernales del incendio que eclipsaba la nitida luz de la luna y las estrellas.

Finalmente llegamos a la casa de unos parientes míos donde hallamos albergue y solaz. Los conductores de los taxis en que viajábamos querían aprovecharse de la oportunidad y cobrarnos diez pesos por cada vehículo. Pero no salieron con la suya, porque los jóvenes universitarios que nos acompañaban salieron en nuestra defensa. El valor y la figura atlética de nuestros jóvenes protectores los infundía tanto respeto y miedo que optaron por contentarse con el pago reglamentario.

Acomodadas ya en la espaciosa casa de mis parientes echamos una última mirada en dirección del siniestro y divisamos en el cielo la roja y densa humareda de la conflagración. ♪

## A La Memoria Del Llorado Poeta Nacional D. CORNELIO FAIGAO

por Vicente R. Pilapil

(Traducción del artículo escrito y publicado en inglés, bajo diferente epígrafe, en el "REPUBLIC DAILY" por el mismo autor.)

QUE este humilde tributo escrito por uno de sus muchos y agradecidos estudiantes sea una lágrima derramada a su memoria, una flor ante su tumba, y una plegaria para su reposo eterno en Dios.

Veáse a menudo la silueta de un hombre arrodillado en el centro de la capilla en la oscuridad de la noche. Allí procuraba desahogar su corazón en comunicación íntima con su Dios, porque no creía que la pluma y el papel fuesen instrumentos eficaces para ello. Estos iban a ser sus últimos días. Su intuición poética se lo había predicho.

Aquel hombre era Cornelio Faigao, el conocido poeta nacional, escritor, abogado y profesor. Como la mayoría de los grandes hombres, su vida fue corta pero fecunda.

Siendo un genio tenía una sed insaciable de saber, por lo que probaban sus tres diplomas. Primero obtuvo el título de B.S.E. en la Universidad de Filipinas; luego, en 1935, se recibió de abogado (LL.B.) en la Universidad de Visayas; fi-

nalmente, en 1950, se graduó en la Universidad de San Carlos con el título de M.A.

Como buen patriota que era, quiso dedicarse a la enseñanza de la juventud para ilustrar las inteligencias de los jóvenes depositando en sus corazones las semillas del genuino nacionalismo en los tiempos de luchas verdaderas. Su amor a la enseñanza era tan grande que hasta en sus últimos años de vida, y a pesar de su debilidad física, se dedicaba a ella con gran ahínco y carifia. Debido a su espíritu indomable tuvimos la gran oportunidad de estudiar dos semestres bajo su dirección. Varios veces tuvo que dejar sus clases para ser hospitalizado, pero siempre con la firme esperanza de volver de nuevo a las aulas. Versado como pocos en nuestra literatura, la explicaba con tal maestría que nos dejaba muy impresionados, sobre todo cuando como profesor y patriota se lamentaba de que muchos filipinos conocen a "Wordsworth" o a "Shakespeare" pero

no saben nada de Villa o Joaquín.

Por sus vastos conocimientos, sus varias publicaciones y su gran devoción a la enseñanza obtuvo en 1956 el rango de profesor en la Universidad de San Carlos, distinción que hasta ahora fue otorgada solamente a tres de los miembros de la facultad seglar.

Su vida como periodista empezó cuando editó "THE COURIER", el primer periódico de la postguerra en Cebú; después colaboró en el "CEBU BLADE", otro periódico cebuano. Su columna, "Canto Voice" en el "PIONEER PRESS" obtuvo muchos admiradores por sus vigorosas, sorprendentes y chistosas líneas. Fue también el editor del "DAILY NEWS" y del "STAR", y contribuyó por algún tiempo con sus artículos en el "REPUBLIC DAILY." Además de estas publicaciones locales publicó artículos en revistas y periódicos de circulación nacional.

Todos aquellos que consideran a Faigao como periodista, aprecian su talento de escritor; su ardiente nacionalismo, por cuyo éxito tanto se sacrificó. Al fin el reconocimiento de sus dotes periodísticos llegó en la forma de una subvención "Smith Mundi" para viajar por los Estados Unidos con el fin de observar y estudiar las tendencias más recientes del periodismo. Gracias a la subvención mencionada, obtuvo el raro privilegio de visitar y hablar a los conocidos poeta Carl Sandburg y nuestro José García Villa, siendo la obra poética de éste el tema de la Tesis presentada por Faigao para su Licenciatura en Artes Liberales en la Universidad de San Carlos. Más tarde fue elegido presidente del "Cebu Press Club."

En el campo literario sobresalió como poeta. Compuso y escribió muchos y buenos poemas, y en 1951 se confirmó su fama como Vate Filipino el serle adjudicado el primer premio en el certamen literario celebrado con motivo del Quincuagésimo Aniversario del Sistema Educativo de Filipinas, por su poema "The Brown Child" que le elevó a la altura de poeta nacional. Faigao, el poeta, pertenecía a la escuela clásica: trató de escribir versos modernos, pero no hallando en ello satisfacción lo dejó.

Hasta en los oscuros y lóbregos días de la prisión, cuando su patriotismo le exigió un gran sacrificio, no perdía la esperanza en sus compatriotas. Creyendo siempre en la grandeza de sus paisanos, escribió así en su premiado poema:

"¡El hombre moreno no morirá  
sino persistirá!"

La silueta del poeta nacional, D. Cornelio Faigao, se ha desvanecido. Su alma ha vuelto a Dios. Su memoria, empero, permanecerá con nosotros para siempre. ♪



## Ang Tunay na Layon ng Pag-aaral

**K**UNG kayo'y nag-iisa at pinagbubulay-bulayan ang iba't ibang bagay na sumasag sa inyong lipon, ay subukin ninyong tanungin ang inyong sariling buhi: "Bakit ako nag-aaral?" Ano ang tunay na layon ng pag-aaral? Bawa't isa sa atin ay may kanya-kanyang layonin sa buhay, kaya't ang katunayang ito ay tatanggap ng iba't ibang ketugunan.

Sa aking palagay ang layon ng lahat o kung hindi man ng lahat ay ng karamihan ang magtama ng isang maaliwalas na kinabukasan. Isang kinabukasang pinamamahuhunan ng pagod at pagtiyaga upang lumagap ng tamis ng buhay. Maaliwalas na kinabukasan... Anu-ano ang katangian ng isang maaliwalas na kinabukasan? Kayamanan? Korangalan? Katulinhang? Kung kayo'y yumaman at ang buhay ninyo'y lipos ng kaginhawahan, masabi kaya ninyong ang kaginhawahan iyan ang kinabukasang tunay na layon ng inyong pag-aaral? Kung kayo'y umamang sa sambuhay na korangalan, bantog at pinagpipitagan kaya sa lipunan at walang sino mang nag-iisip ng masama leban sa inyo, masabi kaya ninyong iyan na ang kinabukasang layon ng inyong pag-aaral? Kung kaya nana'y tanghalang pinakamatalino o isa sa pinakamatalinhang tao sa inyong nayon, lalawigan, o bansa, masabi rin kaya ninyong ang katulinhang iyan ang layon ng inyong pag-aaral sapagkat sa pamamagitan ng katulinhang ay matibay ang inyong paninindigan sa buhay? So ganang ahin, kung magtama kayo ng kayamanan, korangalan, o katulinhang ay hindi na rin natatama ang kinabukasang layon ng pag-aaral sapagkat hindi pa tapos ang ating paglalakbay. May bukas pang darating. Ang kinabukasang... (Katingnan sa pahina 40)

## Naglahong Liwanag

Maikling kuwento ni  
DOROTHEO MAR ABAPEO

**N**AGDUDUMALI si Honesto sa kanyang paglakad. Sa kanyang mukha'y mababakas ang ligaya at pananabik na nag-uumpaw sa kanyang katauhan. May pagmamalaking kimkim ang kanyang dibdib. Tagumpay ang naging bunga ng kanyang paglisan.

May limang taon nang nakali-lipas mula nang lisanin niya ang kanyang nayong tinubuan. Lumisan siya upang makipagsapalaran, sa kabila ng pagtutol ng kanyang salantang ina. Inamuki siya ng kanyang ina na sakalin na lamang ang kapirasong lupang naiwan ng kanyang yumaong ama. Nguni't naging matibay ang kanyang pasiya, kaya walang sino mang nakapigil sa kanya. Dahilan sa kanyang likas na katalinuhan ay madali siyang nakakita ng gawain at tuloy nakapag-aral. Nang matanghal siyang isang bantog na inhenyero'y saka lamang niya nantantong ulila siya sa daigdig. Nakaligtan niya ang kanyang matanda nang ina. Ni isang sulat ay hindi niya ito pinadalhan, sapagkat, matindi ang kanyang hinanakit. Ngayong nagtagumpay siya'y

saka lamang nagbago ang kanyang pagkatao. Napagpasiyahan niyang magbalik sa kanyang ina upang dito ihandog ang kanyang tagumpay.

"Inay," ang bulong niya sa sarili, "nagbabalik ako upang kita'y di na muling lisanin pa, upang pagbayaran ko ng pagmamahal at paglingap ang aking nagawang pagkukulang, at handugan ka ng aking natamong tagumpay. Inay, nalalaman kong sa lahat nang sandali'y bukas ang iyong puso sa aking pagbabalik-loob. Inay, kaipalaya mapiit ang mangulila".

Hindi pa nababada sa mukha ni Honesto ang gaanong pagkapagod nang bumungad sa kanyang puningin ang malawak na kapatagang kinatatayuan ng kanyang munting nayon. Kumikinang ang bubugan ng ilang magagarang tahanan sa gitna ng kapatagan. "May ipinagbago na pala" ang sambit niya sa sarili.

Lalong nagdulami siya sa kanyang paglakad. Ilang sandali pa'y sumapit siya ng maluwalhati sa pinanabikang nayon. Tumutugtog noon ang batingaw sa lumang simbahan. Bahagya siyang nati-

## PANAMBITAN

Tula ni T'Verle

*Isang paralaman ang aking nilangit  
Na tinayag ko waga sa pag-ibig  
Nguni't dumdama't n'ya nang aking mabatid  
Gandang pambihira'y nilimot kong pilit.*

*Ako ay lumayong tala isang baliw  
Luhang di mapigil sa sawing paglitaw  
Ang aking pag-asa ay di na darating  
Ang pananarica ng luksang panindim.*

*Nguni't isang araw ng masilayan ka  
Damdaming lugami ay dagling sumigla  
Puso kong nalibag sa hapis at dusa  
Ay muling nagbang'o ikaw ay sinamba.*

*Langit na Maulap muling naging buhaya  
Nagluksang puso'y nahango sa lumbay  
At ang aking sampung di na nagmamahal  
Ay muling binac'i't iniaeksing tunay.*

*Puso'y binihisan ng gintong pagliyag  
Ulirang pag-ibig ay pinapag-alab;  
Dalisay na layon at nasung busilak  
Sa dibdib mo mulya sana ay ilimbag.*

*O dinggin mo Neneng yaring panambitan  
Nitong pusong tapay sa pagmamahalan  
O mauicala kang sadang ikaw lamang  
Ang tangi sa dibdib hanggang sa libingan;  
Datapwa't kung ikaw ay muling papanaw  
Muling maghahari ang lagim ng buhay.*

lihan at nagbuntong-hinga. Bakit kaya? Mula sa kanyang kinatatayuan ay nakita niya ang maraming taong lumalabas sa simbahan. Isang puting atol ang di kawasa'y inilabas sa simbahan. "Isa palang nilalang ang pumanaw," ang katagang dumaloy sa kanyang mga labi. "Sumalagit nawa ang kanyang kaluluwa."

Patuloy ang pagtugtog ng basag na batingaw, habang papalayo ang pulutong ng mga taong naghahatid sa namatay sa kanyang huling hantungan. Napag-isip niya: "May hantungan ang lahat nang bagay sa daigdig. May waka ang ligaya at gayon din ang kalungkutan."

Hindi nagtagal at sinapit niya ang harapan ng simbahan. Pumasok siya, nagkurus, nanalanging sumandali at pagkatapos ay lumunga-linga sa loob. Iyon pa rin ang lumang simbahang tanglaw ng kanyang nayon sa habang panahon.

Pagkatapos manalangin ay tinatlunton niya ang daang patungo sa kanilang tahanan. Napatatda siya ng matanaw ang malungkot na katatayuan ng kanilang dati'y may kagaraan ding tahanan. Ang bakod ay giray-giray na at malalago ang damo sa paligid. Maging ang dinding at bubong ay butas-butas

na at waring nakaligtan sa loob ng mahabang panahon.

Nagbutong-hinga siya at bahagyang nawalan ng pag-asa. Malamang na wala roon ang kanyang ina. Sa gitna ng pagbabaka-sakali ay tumawag siya. "Inay, inay... naririto na ako... inay..." Makailan siyang tumawag nguni't ni kaputol na tinig ay wala siyang narinig.

Kaginsa-ginsa'y isang matandang lalaki ang tumapik sa kanyang balikat. "Anak, ikaw si Honesto hindi ba?"

"Ako nga po, at kayo po si Mang Pepe, hindi ko kayo nalilimutan."

"Anak, bakit wala ka rito nang namatay ang iyong..."

"S-sino po, ang aking ina?"

"Hindi ka nagkakamali anak."

Ang Tunay...

*(Kamagulang ng pahina 39)*  
bukasang iyon ang dapat maging sadyang maaliwalas, ang kinabukasang hantungan ng panahon, sapagka't pagsepit niyo'y wala nang bukas sa dakto pa roon. Ang hinu-loy ko'y ang kinabukasan sa piling ng Diyos, na siyang tunay na layon ng ating pag-aaral. Hindi bago tayo nag-aaral upang malaman at itagawa ang kabuthan, katarungan, at katotohanan ng lahat nong bagay sa ating pinag-aaralan? Tandoan niyo na ang Diyos ay Kabuthan, Katarungan, at Katotohanan, samakotwid, ay Siya ang tunay na layon ng ating pag-aaral. ♪

Pumanaw na ang iyong ina nang may dalawang taon nang nakalilipas."

"Diyos ko kay lupit po ng inyong parusa," ang malungkot na wikang nabigkas ng kanyang namumutlang mga labi. Napahagulgol siya ng iyak. Kailan ma'y di na magbabalik ang kanyang ina. Ang kanyang inang nilisan niya sa kabila ng pagtutol nito, inang tanglaw ng kanyang kamusuman, inang yumao sa gitna ng pighati, inang sa kabila ng kanyang kalapastangana'y lalong nag-ibayo ang pagmamahal sa kanya. Liban na sa sariwang luha at taimitim na dalangin ay wala na siyang malihandog sa kanya. Kinuha na ng Maykapal ang kanyang ina upang paglipas ng tisi'y gantimpalaan ng ligayang walang hanggan.

At pagkatapos ng malungkot na tagpong yaon ay naparoon si Honesto sa libingan. Luhanat at mistulang baliw siyang nakipag-usap sa puntod ng kanyang ina. Sa mga labi niyang ipinindig ng pighati'y nasambit ang mga katagang lipos ng pagsamo, nguni't mga pagsamang walang mahihitang bunga. "Inay, naririto na ako", ang malungkot niyang dalangin. "Inay, nagbalik ako upang ikaw'y di na muling lisanin pa, upang ipadama sa iyong minamahal kita, Inay... mangusap ka... i... n... a... y..."

Ang kahabag-habag na daing ni Honesto'y pumailangiang sa katahimikan. Bawa't nilalang na noo'y dumaraan at nangakarini niyo'y natilihan, at sa pagbubuntong-hinga'y nasambit sa kanilang puso: "Kawawang kaluluwa." Maraming puso ang nanghabag kay Honesto. Marami ang napaluha at naghandog ng dalangin. Sa mga sandaling yaon ay napagdami ni Honesto ang kahalagahan ng isang ina. Hindi nga pala mapapanatayan ng salapi at tagumpay ang labi ng isang inang sa daigdig ay mahirap matagpuan. Isang batis ng pagsintang minsan lamang matatama sa kung mawala na'y di na muling magbabalik.

Unti-unti na noong lumalaming ang mga silahig ng araw. Nagpapahiwatig ng kanyang paglipas sa araw na yaon. Papanaw ang kanyang liwanag, lamalunin ng karimlan, subali't darating ang umagang siya'y muling sisikat upang ang kanyang silahig ay muling maghari sa santinakpan. Tulad ng araw, ang ina niya'y isang tanglaw, naglaho ang kanyang liwanag, datapwa't naglaho upang di na muling sumikat pa magpakailan man. ♪

# THE MODERATOR

*Says:*

To have the last word, has of late become the privilege of the moderator. This may be meant to assuage the craving he must presumably experience when going over the many excellent contributions to the *Carolinian* to show that he is not an entire stranger to the trade himself. However, that may be, I must confess that my craving along these lines has up to now been remarkably tame and altogether so well behaved that it went almost unnoticed. However, now that it has drawn first blood, who knows whether it will not crave for more of the same. Still, the moderator's duties are mainly of another and not so conspicuous sort.

This first 1959-'60 issue of the *Carolinian* is specially dedicated to the memory of a man whom many of us had the pleasure to associate with for many years, the late Cornelio Faigao—attorney, newspaperman, professor and poet. He was all of these, but, leaving the practice of law to others, he devoted his exceptional gifts to newspaper work—times and men permitting—and the teaching and practice of English. I was chagrined when reading the obituaries in the Manila dailies to find no mention of the school at which he had taught. Cornelio Faigao was very much an integral part of the USC campus, and, we are equally sure, his work at our university was a major and important part of his world.

The pages of this issue are eloquent witness of his share in making San Carlos what it was yesterday and what it will be tomorrow. We are all in his debt. Let our prayers for the eternal repose of his soul be a lasting recognition of it.

A bibliography of Cornelio Faigao's writings had been planned for this issue. Since only an incomplete listing would have been possible at this time, it seemed preferable to postpone its publication for a later date.

You may have noticed that most of the pieces in memory of our late professor have been contributed by faculty members. The staff believed that because of their longer and more intimate acquaintance with Faigao they were best qualified to make him come alive again on these pages. I think they succeeded in doing that. I mention this to allay any fears you may feel that the faculty is about to take over the *Carolinian*. If there were any intention of this sort, it would be carried out only "over the dead body" of the staff (including my own). So, rest at peace!

No, I take this back and say instead: Get going! Send in worthwhile products of your pen. It can't be that amongst so many thousands of students there aren't a few dozen who want to write and know how to write.

The *Carolinian* is your opportunity to produce your brain-children before the public, and . . . it's all yours. ♪

*Fr. Baumgartner, S.V.D.*

# Brown Child

● by C. FAIGAO

He was a watcher of the forest fires;  
The hunger for the sea was in his eyes;  
He heard far voices calling in the night;  
He felt a hunger gnawing in the mind.  
He crossed the oceans through the mist and rains  
To where the beaches checked the flight  
Of vintas folding multi-colored sails.

His lore was of the jungles and the plains;  
He learned the language of the purling waves;  
For him there rose no suns beyond the gates;  
He was strengthened by his native faith,  
The brown child friendly to the tropic sun.  
There blew breezes from the mains  
To make strange mixture of the loam and sod.

He burned rare incense for his native gods  
Until a new world opened, and the drums  
Of Empire broke the silence, doves of doves  
Perched on crossed silhouettes against the suns,  
And new worlds burst within him, lit his life,  
Leavening unredeemed dust  
With inner glowings spiritually bright

Slowly the days dawned-died with certain flight,—  
A new star shone upon the sunburned child—  
Bared him new mansions where the soul may hide,  
Pointed the way where new horizons rise,  
Adorned the arbour where may hide the dream,  
Made the blade bloom to life,  
Made this the basis of the apothegm.

Made mankind the inspirer and the theme  
Of his brave dreams, to warble to the breeze,  
Making the need of others his own need,  
Making their hopes his hope, their dread his dread.  
The brown child has become a mature man,  
Heir to the composite deed.  
In him the blood which in his forebears ran.

The world grows smaller in his mental span,  
A world of rebelling atoms that dance.  
How keep his balance in a world grown mad,  
How keep his bearings when the taut string snaps?  
The Brown Man challenges, he will hold his throne.  
He will be faithful to his past.  
The Brown Man will not die—will hold his own!

• Awarded First Prize in the Literary Contests in connection with the Golden Jubilee of the Educational System in the Philippines, 1951.