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the CAROLINIAN

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS



Nationalism and the
Modern Filipino

•
Historical Spots in Cebu

•
The New Secretary-General

•
The Mountain

•
Ode On Assumption Day

•
Rural Christian Ethnological
Studies

Volume XXII
Number 1
JULY-AUGUST ISSUE

Caroliniana

SLI ABAO Jr.

ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER MAN

We know that a lot of our readers will be surprised at the names in the brand-new editorial panel assigned to give the "it" to the Carolinian this year.

Like a car which suddenly gets a flat tire, the Carolinian vehicle has to undergo some sort of overhauling if it is to run as smoothly as it should. So, the Father Moderator had to fill in the gaps caused by the retirement of three old reliables whom we hate to miss.

Editor Adelino B. Sitoy caught the staffers off-guard by announcing his decision to take off his editorial gloves only after tending what appeared to be a bang-up celebration at a swanky downtown restaurant. This man Sitoy knows his way around and had we only known it...

Two other reliables conspired with Mr. Sitoy to give the staff a hard time in choosing the men on whom the responsibilities should be pinned. "Spot Comments" Sammy Fabroz, now only a step away from the Bar exams, spurred by his ambition to become "what Clarence Darrow was to America, Samuel Fabroz is to Calatrava" has decided to sport long sleeves and no more polo skirts—and all, because the Bar exams are getting tougher and tougher every year. While Ross Escobar simply faded away like a vanishing shadow. And the last time we heard of him, he was playing "matches" with the Philippine Match Company. Well, good riddance, pillos!

This time, a little about Former Editor Adelino Sitoy. This man has left quite a colorful and enviable record in the Carolinian. He started as a mere Associate News Editor, then rose gradually to Editor. His diligence and perseverance, his tact and ability to convey his thoughts in a simple but effective way are the factors to which we can attribute his success as Editor of this publication.

Having known him for a long while and having worked with him in almost all the issues of this paper during his one-year stint as chief steward, we are, in our own honest opinion, in a position to say without

fear of contradiction that Mr. Sitoy has not taken the readers for granted and that he has given the best of his training and experience to measure up to the high traditions for which the Carolinian is so well-known. Despite the tremendous and well-stacked odds that he had to fight along the way, he was still able to come out with some issues. And that is characteristic of a man who is for something great in the future.

For particulars about the new editorial board, just turn to Father John's column inside the back cover.

THE STORY WE HATE TO TELL

The experience we had while trying to meet the deadline of this first issue was "awful," to say the least. We had to frisk the staffers for articles in order to shape this rag into what it is now. Contributions waltzed in slowly like nobles, but unlike most nobles they fell so easily to the "Tender-Trap" that Inday Jaramilla saw no way out but to drop them in the nearest ash can. At the same time she also tried to play heroic by applying the most effective surgical operations on some emergency cases, which she found to put it figuratively, still breathing with a little "life."

And so it came to pass that when we were going over the manuscripts, we chanced upon a sympathetic note of someone who pleaded for mercy. "*Oh, dear Mr. Doctor Editor: I entreat your most kind heart to cure whatever mistakes and/or errors in my article. This is the initial time that I venture to enter into the world of publication and a little print will sure make my friends magnify my enthusiasm of being a campus writer.*"

Indeed, that squint-eyed waster across the corner must have said a mouthful when he told us "it is easier to fry chickens than to resurrect phrases."

But while it is true that we have received **below par** articles, it is more than heartening to note that there were some who obliged us with more worthwhile and better reading material. Turn to the pages of this magazine and you will enjoy reading them. ☺

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The Carolinian

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EDITORIAL



• JULY-AUGUST ISSUE

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Short-cut to Patriotism

There is not much to say about patriotism. One straight look at that pouched politico, warbling patriotism in glowing terms and not meaning anything, will reveal our reason for choosing to take the risk of being branded unpatriotic.

We take the discretion of expressing our love of country in the simplest way we can, because we profess a certain kind of devotion that finds death in verbosity.

We believe that patriotism is better felt than said; after all, it has been written, and rightly so, that patriotism does not live on the tongue but dwells in the heart.

Giving glory without gloating, holding power without placing oneself over and above the law; being a law-abiding citizen in all respects, — this, to our mind, is the short-cut to patriotism.

"I ask for a nationalism
which seeks to
broaden our horizon,
rather than retreat into the
past. Let us be equally
fearless without obscuring
what is legitimately worthy
of pride."

President RAMON MAGSAYSAY

WHAT is the Filipino Soul? Or one could modify it to: What is the Filipino Dream? The promise of our historic past, the aspirations that the architects of our national destiny from the ancient rajahs, the framers of the Malolos Constitution to Pres. Magsaysay have dedicated their lives to an abstraction that is the Filipino nation and the Filipino people still echoes with renewed vigor on the Philippine scene now grappling with the crucial issue of defining our national character, our national soul.

"Self-discovery is perhaps one of the most difficult things for a people to achieve and yet self-discovery is necessary for only by knowing itself will a people know where it is going."

The beginnings of the basic Filipino values and institutions were planted 250,000 years ago with the first known appearance of man in the archipelago during the "ice ages" and determined long before Magellan's discovery of our islands. The presence of our aborigines, no less than the relics of crumbling forts and cathedrals, heir to a proud history merging with the new skyline and the westernized Filipino equated by the fast mobilization of a growing civilization presents us with an incongruous picture of the modern Philippines. Well-known as a nation of good if not practical imitators, the contemporary Filipino is a racial and cultural blend of Malayan, Spanish and American cultures, the amalgamation of which explains the ambivalence of his hybrid personality, often a great source of annoyance and embarrassment to us as a nationalistic people and bewildering to foreigners who cannot iden-

tify us with themselves. The modern Filipino seems an alien in his own country, without a lace or a name he can call his own. Carmen Nakpil sums up our confusion thus: "Our feelings and thoughts are the offspring of repeated and thoughtless meetings between cultures which are otherwise strangers to each other. We are Orientals about family, Spanish about love, Chinese about business and American about our ambitions."

Yet the criterion for the efforts, material and spiritual of "those who write our songs, design our habitations, conceive our ideas, interpret our landscape and represent our moral and spiritual best in the family of free nations" is the current mode. Is it Filipino? Nationalism as a keynote functions as a foundation of Filipino culture as well as the structure upon which our society lives.

What is nationalism? It may be the common bond that unites a people of different races, creeds and cultures or the force that binds

The concept of nationalism in Asia began with an active struggle for freedom, punctuated by experimental reforms and bloody revolutions against Western colonial rule and economic domination. It is to the credit of the Filipinos that they were the first Asians to fight for liberty on a national scale against a European power (Spain); signally also the first Asian colony granted political emancipation in the East in 1946, a legacy of America who initiated a new policy of colonial rule that guaranteed the eventual self-government of the subject country.

Today the surge of Asian nationalism is simply mouthed as "Asia for the Asians" without drawing the line where the slogan could apply or be a handicap where the progress of a nation is concerned. Certainly, Asians for Asian leadership but it is perilous to insist on the closed door policy of Asia-for-the-Asians exclusivism, no longer workable in the modern world where all nations must either help

NATIONALISM and the modern FILIPINO

them together despite lack of identity of color, faith and customs. According to the experts it is "an assertion of the right of a group of people inhabiting a given area to decide their destiny for themselves, free of outside interference." Nationalism has many laces like a chameleon whose coloration can change according to the political ideology. In the Far East, the mold and form of nationalism took the shape of a struggle to dislodge the white rulers. With the opening of the 20th century, the Asian likewise opened a new era for himself. He opened his eyes to the injustice and exploitation that the white conqueror had inflicted upon him. It didn't take genius for him to note the differences not only of skin but of the basic essentials of a standard of living and political castes between the foreigner who lived better, ate better and governed him as well, and himself reduced to a little more than just a man Friday,

each other or doom themselves to perish in their isolation. Nations, even as individuals must mutually cooperate. Beautiful Philippines, "Pearl of the Orient Seas", has a geographical position as an entrepot off the Asian mainland that necessarily entails active participation in the life-and-death struggles of her Asian neighbors for independence and the emergence of nationalism in its wake. The Philippines has openly supported the Indonesian campaign for freedom from the Dutch and opposed the unjust invasion of helpless little Korea by Red China who holds cheap the rights of the weak.

Nationalism out and out to the point of selfishness deteriorates to a national tragedy not so much as what it will suffer as what it will miss in terms of useful and important influences. The Philippines for one has been enriched by the cultural heritage of civilizations older and more experienced, like Spain

who "oppressed us politically but gave us our truest identity as a people" and America, the fabled land of the free who gave us broader concepts of freedom and equality, the twin lectures of democracy which we have since imported for our own. More important still, as an American observer, Charles Ransom said, "The Filipino by implicit choice has elected a Western view of man."

Awakened nationalism calls for a viable foreign policy, matured and broad enough to embrace three special features, the product of much thought and fruitful implementation: enlightened nationalism, constructive regionalism and positive internationalism. These three cardinal principles could well be the means of survival for a nation. It boils down to the simple matter of self-preservation to cultivate the science of global cooperation, knowing that the only kind of view is a global view. All the skill and know-how of statesmanship must be harnessed to insure its success. Lately our newspaper have been stirring public opinion in blistering editorials and write-ups on the Phil.-U.S. relations. We are made to understand that the hard core of the structure of our foreign policy is the U.S. military bases agreement and the trade network, the Bell Trade Act disadvantageous to Filipino business men. Ambassador Romulo cautions: "to keep within the margin of the possible and achieve a judicious balance bet-

by Lourdes V. Jaramilla

ween what we want and between what we can get, between what is desirable in theory and what is attainable in practice. The bare fact is, Asia, the Philippines included, needs America who alone is ready, willing and able to provide us with the weapons, wealth and manpower to win in a nuclear war against a superior Russia. From an economic viewpoint, we are also dependent on the American market whose loss would sharply lower our standard of living. But in the last analysis, only the Asians can really hold Asia. The prevailing wave of neutralism is a great risk in the light of the inexorable determination of Russia's unchanged ambition for world conquest. Neutralism is an escape from the burden of taking

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Dear Virginia,

I really do not know how to begin.

If by patriots you mean those who love their country, even at the cost of their most precious possessions in life, or life itself (just like you often read in your Philippine Readers), then I prefer to remain evasive.

Please do not get me wrong, Virginia. It is not that I dislike sharing with you a piece of my mind. On the contrary, I fear that if I have to be honest with my conscience, a child of tender years like you might not be prepared to meet the strong impact of a sudden disillusionment engendered by a truthful answer.

Of course, Virginia, we do have a past to be proud of. It is our only priceless heritage that grows more and more alive—in spite of time—in the memory of those who find beauty in things sublime. We also used to have great men—men who were really great every inch of the way. Everyone loves to recall the patriotic feats of those "giants" who figured prominently in those bloody fights for freedom just a little before the turn of the century. And everyone now realizes how deeply he is indebted to those who ably led the Filipino nation in a bloodless revolution that finally ended at the Luneta on July 4, 1946.

And now ...

Oh, yes, that is your question.

Well, Virginia, it would seem that there is presently an over-supply of patriots, not because more and more people have lately developed a mania for great deeds, but because more and more people have discovered that the shortest way to becoming a patriot is to call oneself a patriot. You often see their names in the papers, and their pictures occupying choice positions in the society pages. In the gathering of the Lions, Rotarians, Jaycees and many others of the sort, they always steal the show. Their favorite theme? As usual, love of country as only they can picture it.

In their effort to add more weight to their favorite topics, these patriots of the modern age have recently embarked on some nationalization moves calculated to add more color to the canvas they have painted about themselves. They no longer want your school to be headed by your good friend Father King. To them, in spite of his personal worth, he is not good for us Filipinos—because he is not a Filipino! They also would like to deny Mr. Richard Doe the right to cling on to his present teaching job. Not because he is not fit to teach the social sciences. He is, but still he is not good for us Filipinos—because he is not a Filipino! Their inclusion in the notorious "white paper" of Amang does not matter to them. Did they not tell us that such cannot dampen their love for the Philippines? Oh, yes, they too are very generous in giving to charitable drives, especially if the move is being initiated by a newspaper of a sizeable circulation. At times, however, they refrain from being charitable—and with a purpose. For instance, if you ask them to use the powers of their office to grant asylum to desirable over-staying aliens, they will tell you that it is contrary to their nationalistic scruples.

Yes, Virginia, are the proto-type of our present-day patriots.

Now, to get back to your question: Do we still have patriots at present?

Yes, Virginia, we do still have patriots around, but like the true patriots that they are, they do not find it necessary to parade their patriotism or shout it to the whole world. Your father, Virginia, is, to me, a patriot—for having raised a child as nice as you are.

Sincerely,

Vicente G. Balbuena



THE ROLL OF LIVING HEROES:
An unfillable void?

OF DEAD heroes, we have plenty. Innumerable. What we lack is living heroes—indeed, heroes who are living to salvage this Philippines from **malfilipinization** — for the living and the unborn.

Every year we set aside a day which we call National Heroes' Day. On this day we re-dedicate our love and affection for our heroes, mostly dead heroes. We extol their deeds and thank them for sacrificing for our sake. In short, we honor them. And this yearly commemoration has become a must.

Heading the annual celebrants are our top officials in the government. They constitute the speakers' group; the rest — the masses — constitute the audience. The speakers not only speak; they also lecture. They lecture their listeners on virtues and heroism; they call upon them to follow the footsteps of the heroes. For to remember our heroes is not to recite their heroism but to follow their deeds. This the speakers say in stentorian voices

and with expressive gestures which shake the stage.

The topic they talk about is all right; the challenge they give their audience is all right too. But the speakers on the subject are not all right. For if there are people who never qualify for the roll of heroes, these are the speakers themselves!

Of dead heroes, we have plenty. Beyond count. Of living heroes, we are short. And we need living heroes. Today!

The people are tired of politicians although politicians never get tired being such. They have tried and tasted almost all of their kind; and all of their kind have one thing in common: they are never heroes! Yet, this **homo sapiens** enjoys telling people to be heroes while doing acts purely unheroic.

Every year we remember our heroes. But we forget the fact that to remember them best is to search for men who can be living heroes. We have failed in our present crop

of public officials. The next step is ours to do. For to do away with unscrupulous officials is something heroic; choosing men who can be heroes is to be heroes ourselves.

GARCIA DARES AMANG
ON "WHITE PAPER"
UNEARTH TOBACCO
DEAL ANOMALY
EXPOSE CUSTOMS
IRREGULARITY
FIND SMUGGLING
RAMPANT IN SOUTH
UNCOVER REPARATIONS
SHADY DEAL
Etc., etc., etc., etc. . . .

An endless string of graft and corruption. Few are said to be uncovered. Investigations follow. But probes end in probes. The investigators and the investigated see eye to eye. And it comes to pass that they live happily ever after.

What a scene: real comedy!

However, ours is not a desperate cause. After all, not all people are crooks. We admit that the government is sick — with graft and corruption. That the cause of that

by

Adelino B. Sitoy

Carolinian Editor, 1957-58

illness is this **germ**: the grafters that infest it. But the whole thing is curable. As we commemorate National Heroes' Day, we start the search for these: living heroes. For they are the cure . . . the cure.

Wanted: living heroes! ‡

Random Notes On AMERICAN LITERATURE

by

Rev. JOHN VOGELGESANG, S.V.D.

EDGAR ALLAN POE was a conscious artist. He first elaborated a theory of his art and then began to write in accordance with its principles. Thus he formulated his own ideas of what the short story should be before he ventured to write in that medium. The present paper will attempt, first, to summarize the basic principles of Poe's theory of the short story and, second, to show how those principles have been exemplified in one particular story, namely, *The Masque of the Red Death*.

Poe did not write an independent treatise on the short story. The basic principles of his theory must be gathered together from various of his critical essays. Particularly valuable in this respect are his *Philosophy of Composition* and his review of Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales*. The pertinent passages are these.

In *The Philosophy of Composition* Poe wrote:

I prefer commencing with the consideration of an effect. Keeping originality always in view—for he is false to himself who ventures to dispense with so obvious and so easily attainable a source of interest—I say to myself, in the first place, 'of the innumerable effects, or impressions of which the heart, the intellect, or (more generally) the soul is susceptible, what one shall I, on the present occasion, select?' Having chosen a novel, first, and secondly, a vivid effect, I consider whether it can be best wrought by incident or tone—whether by ordinary incidents and peculiar tone, or the converse, or by peculiarity both of incident and tone—afterwards looking about me (or rather within) for such combinations of events or tone as shall best aid me in the construction of the effect.

In his review of Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales* occurs this passage which contains, at least implicitly, Poe's definition of the short story.

A skillful literary artist has constructed a tale. If wise, he has not fashioned his thoughts to ac-

commodate his incidents but having conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single effect to be wrought out, he then invents such incidents—he then combines such events as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written, of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one pre-established design. And by such means, with such care and skill, a picture is at length pointed which leaves in the mind of him who contemplates it with a kindred art, a sense of the fullest satisfaction. The idea of the tale has been presented unblemished, because undisturbed; and this is an end unattainable by the novel. Undue brevity is just as exceptionable here as in the poem: but undue length is yet more to be avoided.

From these and other passages the following principles emerge:

tion there should be nothing that does not, either directly or indirectly, tend towards the attainment of that effect. Finally Poe admits that, while the highest genius can best exercise its powers in the composition of a rhymed poem that does not exceed what might be perused in an hour, the prose tale, in at least one point, is superior even to such a poem. The reason for this is that while the rhythm of a poem contributes essentially to its beauty, that very rhythm acts at the same time as a bar to the communication of Truth. Truth, he says, is frequently the aim of the prose tale. By way of conclusion it may be added that for Poe the unity of impression that is the fundamental principle of the prose tale (as of almost all classes of composition) is not merely unity of plot but unity of atmosphere and point of view as well.

Let us now apply these principles to a consideration of Poe's short story *The Masque of the Red Death*.

I.

The MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH

AND

POE'S THEORY OF THE SHORT STORY

first, a short story is a prose tale or narrative, deliberately and carefully conceived to produce a certain unique or single effect by the combination of such events or incidents as will best establish that preconceived effect. Second, since unity of effect or impression is a point of the greatest importance in almost all classes of composition, the prose tale must be of such length that it can conveniently be read within the space of half an hour at the least, or one to two hours at the most. Third, the prose tale is superior to the novel as an art form because the novel, by reason of its length, makes this necessary unity of impression, if not impossible, at least more difficult to attain. Fourth, the very first sentence of the tale must contribute to the establishment of that preconceived and dominant impression. In the whole composi-

The single impression that Poe wishes to convey in this story is one of horror and precisely of such horror as is occasioned by the presence of a mysterious, plague-like disease that causes almost instantaneous death in a horrible and horrifying manner and against which there is no possible protection or means of defense. In accordance with Poe's theoretic principles, the very first sentence of the story must contribute to the 'out-bringing' of that effect. This is certainly the case in the story under consideration.

"The 'Red Death' had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so hideous." Each succeeding sentence of the opening paragraph adds another detail that heightens the intended effect. In only thirteen short lines

(Continued on next page)

the word red, or a synonymous term, is used six times. Still there is no impression of monotonous repetition or of redundancy because either synonymous terms or words that are explanatory of the adjective red are employed. Thus the plague is called the red death because blood is "its atavar and seal."

That this is not healthy and life-giving blood is evident from the appended phrase—"the redness and horror of blood." The disease causes profuse bleeding and leaves upon the body, and especially on the face, scarlet stains which ban the afflicted from the fellowship and sympathy of men. The initial paragraph of the story thus paints a horrible picture of the pestilence—a pestilence which brings swift, inevitable death to its victims by causing profuse bleeding and which deprives them, in their agony, of the company and solace of their fellow-beings.

The impression of horror is intensified in the second paragraph by a series of violent contrasts that terminates in the powerful, well-balanced sentence: "All these and security were within. Without was the Red Death." The Prince, ironically named Prospero, is "happy and dauntless and sagacious." He makes elaborate plans to escape the contagion "with a thousand of his hale and light-hearted friends." It is horrible merely to think that in the presence of so deadly a plague there could be men whose one concern was pleasure. "The Prince had provided all the appliances of pleasure." The contrast between the health, the happiness and the security of the prince and his favorites on the one hand, and the misery, the suffering and the fear of those on the outside on the other, is most powerful. But powerful, too, is the appalling irony of the second paragraph. It is the afflicted who are supposed to be cut off from human fellowship. Here it is the well who are thus seeding themselves off. They are placing themselves in the one situation that marks them as if they were already contaminated by the disease.

Poe continues this series of contrasts in the following paragraphs and thus continues to reinforce the initial impression of horror. Five or six months of seclusion are lightly skipped over with the remark that after that length of time, "while the pestilence raged most furiously abroad," Prince Prospero prepared a masked ball "of the most unusual magnificence," for the entertainment

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II.

The Winthrop Letters

THE charming letters of John and Margaret Winthrop are interesting for a variety of reasons. One of these Foerster mentions in the introductory note to his selection of letters in *American Prose and Poetry*. The correspondence of the Winthrops, he assures us, "charmingly reveals the Puritan heart." Perhaps that is the first characteristic of the letters that impresses the reader—they are, indeed, a revelation of the Puritan heart.

The Puritan heart was full of well-ordered affections. Order was basic to the Puritan concept of life. This notion of order extended also to the affections of man. First in a Puritan's affections came God. He was acknowledged to be the sole ruler of the universe and nothing, whether of good or of ill, occurred without the permission of God's benevolent providence. That is why Margaret Winthrop desires that "we may be guided by God in all our ways" and praises His mercy when she and all the members of the family enjoy good health. When she receives good news about Henry, her son, she hopes the Lord will make them all thankful for His mercies "to us and ours." That she is forced at times to be separated from her husband is indeed painful, but she finds courage and comfort in the thought that God "will bring us together again in his own good time." And with a delightful touch of humor, she adds "for which time I shall pray."

In thus giving the first place in her affections to God, Margaret Winthrop was but following the lead of her illustrious husband. His letters reveal, if possible, an even deeper faith than hers and a more vivid realization of the primacy of God. John Winthrop believed that "the favor and the blessing of God is better than all things besides" and that favor and blessing he strove to win both for himself and his family by his blameless way of life. He hoped to pass through the course of his pilgrimage in the peace of a good conscience and in the end to attain the haven of eternal happiness. To similar hopes and efforts he spurred his wife and their children. He enjoined Marga-

ret to "labor to draw him (their son John) yet nearer to God." In all the large and small affairs of his eventful life John Winthrop saw clearly the hand of God. It was the good pleasure of God that enabled him to write yet another letter to his wife before he sailed from Old England to establish a new home in the wilderness. It was God who would guide the Puritans on their perilous passage across the Atlantic. And when the hand of the Lord struck Henry, their son, John urged his wife to praise the mercies of God since he and the rest of the children were safe and in good health. The many privations the early colonists had to endure in the wilderness were but means "whereby God hath ordained to do us good by."

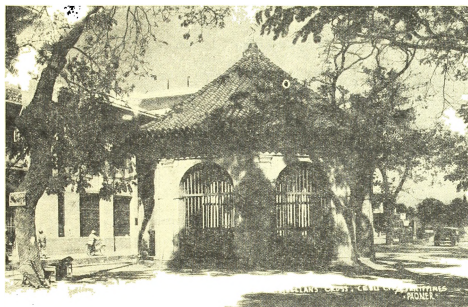
Yet for all his deep piety and faith, John Winthrop was not a beluddled mystic with his head in the clouds. Or, if his head was in the clouds, his feet still remained firmly rooted in solid ground. He had the good common sense of the average Puritan and always retained his practical sense of values. Both the list he prepared of the things needed in the colony and the advice he gave Margaret Winthrop about the goat and the garden amply attest that John Winthrop was a practical man. He was also something of a psychologist and knew well the feminine heart. For the feminine heart, whether Puritan or otherwise, is always susceptible to flattery and John Winthrop was adept at flattery. "Although I wrote to thee last week... I must needs write to thee again: for I do esteem one little, sweet, short letter of thine (such as the last) was to be well worthy two or three from me." Or was John Winthrop administering with all possible gentleness a rebuke to his absent wife for the brevity of her letters?

If the letters of the Winthrops "charmingly reveal the Puritan heart," they also afford us an intimate glimpse into a typical Puritan family and home. The basic idea of order is evident also here. The head of the family is the father to whom all must show reverence and respect. Margaret is ever his

(Continued on page 34)

Historical Spots In CEBU

by ben c. cabanatan



MAGELLAN'S CROSS

A Portuguese named Ferdinand planted the Lord's cross here. . .

CEBU occupies a prominent place in Philippine history.

It was in this province that Christianity was born in the Far East.

It was here also that invaders recognized the bravery and strength of the Filipino people when they pushed back the forces of a colonizing expedition.

The history of Cebu is replete with significant events. The historical places that can be found in Cebu are many and high interesting to students of history. These spots are visited by people from all points of the country and by tourists from abroad.

The most visited, and probably the most photographed spot is Magellan's Cross. This marks the hallowed ground where the baptism of the first Filipino Christians took place.

A rarely mentioned item about the setting up of the Cross is the

account of a writer who said that before it was actually planted on the soil some sort of miracles occurred. When Magellan's men stepped ashore, the writer tells us, they persuaded the natives to embrace Christianity. The Spaniards told them that Christianity was the true religion and as proof of that something phenomenal was promised to happen. As promised, and to the surprise and shock of the natives, lightning flashed across the skies and thunder rapped the heavens on that clear day.

messengers to Lapulapu. Humabon revealed Lapulapu's challenge to Magellan who ordered to attack the Mactan chieftain. Magellan lined up his men for battle and sailed for Mactan.

Fighting began as Magellan's men waded ashore, equipped with superior arms. But the superiority of their weapons did not carve for them another victory as they were greatly outnumbered and the natives concentrated their attack on Magellan himself. Magellan was slain, a victim of a sharp arrow. Quickly his men sailed away in retreat.

On the very spot where the Portuguese navigator fell a monument has been erected in his memory. It is believed that very near the spot where Magellan was slain his remains now lie but historians have not been able to ascertain the exact site up to this day. Streams of sightseers visit Mactan island to view the monument and the scene of the fighting.

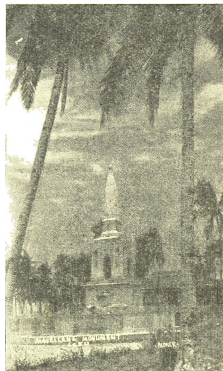
A resthouse has been constructed to give shelter to the visitors.

Another historical landmark in Cebu is found in Talisay town. During the Second World War, American forces made their first landing in Cebu there and fanned out to other places as the campaign

(Continued on page 16)

In April 1521, Magellan and his men, after having said the first Mass in Limasawa island proceeded to Cebu to find the island ruled by a chieftain, Rajah Humabon. Magellan and Rajah Humabon became fast friends. But like other native chieftains who exacted tribute from foreigners, Humabon required Magellan to pay him tribute but the latter refused, saying that it was not the custom in his country. Naturally Humabon was hurt and issued orders to prepare for battle. But he desisted when he learned of the fighting skill of the Spaniards.

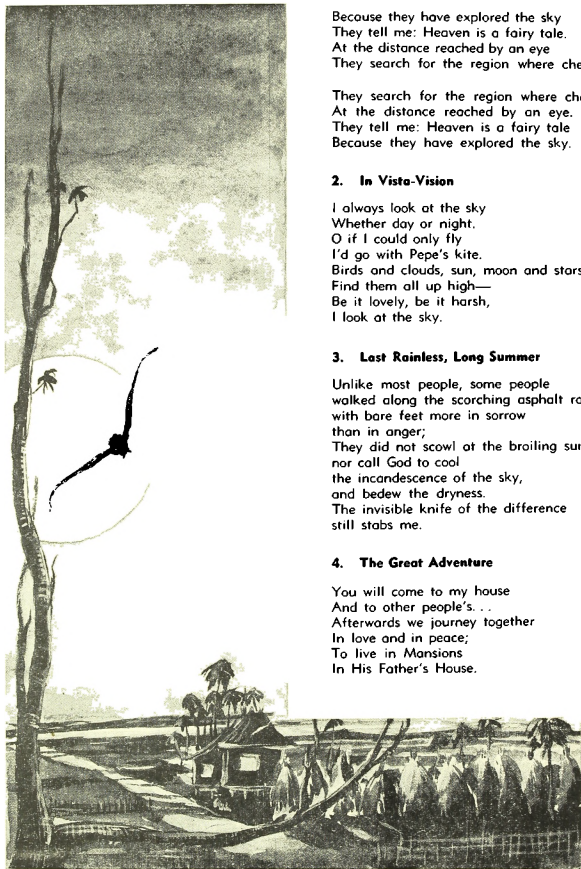
Magellan then persuaded Humabon to convince other ruling chieftains to accept Spanish rule. A number of native rulers were drawn to Magellan's side but the chief of Mactan — Lapulapu — refused. He sent word that he was even willing to engage in battle with Humabon's men for it was the latter who sent



MAGELLAN'S MONUMENT

. . . and his dead body here.

by *Junne Cañizates*



Beyond

1. Lines To A 200-inch Telescope

Because they have explored the sky
They tell me: Heaven is a fairy tale.
At the distance reached by an eye
They search for the region where cherubs dwell.

They search for the region where cherubs dwell
At the distance reached by an eye.
They tell me: Heaven is a fairy tale
Because they have explored the sky.

2. In Visto-Vision

I always look at the sky
Whether day or night.
O if I could only fly
I'd go with Pepe's kite.
Birds and clouds, sun, moon and stars
Find them all up high—
Be it lovely, be it harsh,
I look at the sky.

3. Last Rainless, Long Summer

Unlike most people, some people
walked along the scorching asphalt road
with bare feet more in sorrow
than in anger;
They did not scowl at the brailing sun,
nor call God to cool
the incandescence of the sky,
and bedew the dryness.
The invisible knife of the difference
still stabs me.

4. The Great Adventure

You will come to my house
And to other people's . . .
Afterwards we journey together
In love and in peace;
To live in Mansions
In His Father's House.

*Illustrated
by*
**AMORSOLO
MANLINGAS**

time flows like the wind and the days drag on scorched by the savage heat of the sun that rasps the tenderness of summer showers that never reach us. clouds, big with promise, heavy with mocking raindrops only float away without spilling their cradled hope, striking a sombre note of sadness, defined but nameless yet curiously soft despite its apathy to the waiting earth. a non-fulfillment that echoes a kinship in one world of interior loneliness waiting for the advent of something one is not even clear what. a loneliness lurks wayward in the eyes and the baffling silence, a proud challenge to all the tinkling froth and bubbles of vagrant laughter that crash around my citadel chills a welcome that pleads for the carelessness, the joyousness, excused as the birthright of youth.

one could be young and indestructible and ageless or grow old still unable to search, to face, to use the answers of questions only we ourselves can find. How does one free the "unsayables" or answer the whys wound round a riddle? or explain the inward wilderness that leaves one detached and dispassionate enough to smile and say the sweet little idiocies and polite little chatter that one couldn't care less, or the hundreds of conversations that mean nothing at all or the vacant smiles to people one longs to get away from. and yet, is one really untouched to comment convincingly at snapshots of a summer idyll and still wish one were dead? in a mood of full retreat, a reverence for life still embedded, stubbornly lives as long as dreamers still wonder if life is not big enough to hold them or they are not big enough to hold life.

know when and where to build bridges again. one can accomplish chaos in the mind pierced by the thorn of homelessness that is a wanderer's cause.

* * *

summer, green and effulgent, shimmering in verdant abandon pushes on its surging joy of existence, breathing the tumultuous growth of its verdure in a season of beautiful, elusive and fleeting miracles, so out of touch with the steel fingers of asphalt and neon brilliance, incredulous of a life that has so much to live in the bare silence of trees and sunlit fields. a life that kneels in a benediction and pounds the ears to leave one breathlessly still because it is so overwhelming in its surprises, soothed by a spell of timelessness, veiling the tearing grief of inevitable decay, how consoling it is to allay the feverish fear of vanish-



Loudes Jaramilla's reflections...

tightbarred and on guard against all that would hurt and even oneself... could sway, like the adaptable bamboo tossed hither and yon, or like the ballet dancer in a never never world of make-believe fantasy get lost in the insubstantiality of the footlights yet be disciplined to the regimented training of her art so must i live two worlds of the mind, wrapped in the soft shield of a desperate lie they call pretend. as wide as the gulf that yawns between the beauty i seek and the pain that i suffer is the wasteland that rents the threshold of a dream and the harsh impact of reality, too loud and too frighteningly close to be ignored, perhaps i seek for a meaning in the liberty that comes in the wake of dead illusions. and the wisdom to

ing loveliness to listen to its heartbeat that holds secret a world that cannot be touched, cannot be stilled, cannot be wrenched nor unroped of its magic, torn of its mystery or ripped of its enveloping radiance, suspended in the secret kingdom within, the echoes of life, free of debts and claims to the past, like one beginning to live again, begins anew to weave an enduring web, a rhythm of activity and a balancing science that holds all speed in ridicule.

in the heart is a far country, washed by time and space nesting an inner security, a returning strength that can be lost, won and learned anew. the passage

(Continued on page 15)

I don't expect you to fathom me now:
what my affections and innermost
thoughts are.

**B
O
R
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D
O
M**

MEMORY is too marvelous. You can pull anything from memory: the ruins of what once was glossy country club, or the brittle dried petals of a red rose which you had tacked between the pages of a prayer book, or which you gave to someone—someone whose voice is now a vanishing echo and whose presence is but the persistence of a lovely vision came true and gone by. Ask help from memory, and fly across eternity in a silver plane, or unite the past with the present, or visit places where you had not been.

I am playing all these. What else can an old man do? I want to read my law books which I had deserted on the shelves. But it is only up to that: the province of desire. Now objects fade and disappear hastily before my eyes, and my hands can no longer bear even the weight of a morning paper. Now, I like to be more friendly and helpful. Also, it is only up to that. Oh, how I long to visit old pals and greet them; how I wish I could pick up the fallen leaves in the garden. I can't even bend my body now. I am coupled to this chair, and perhaps this will be the last friend that I shall have until my hour comes.

Images rise and fall, come and go; rise and fall; come and go. They are numberless. They come from anywhere forcing their way into my consciousness. Others start up from my hands and my head. No, I'm not bothered. Old age is funny. Very funny.

* * *

SHE and I used to wrangle over matters important, and things I believed were not worth a moment's consideration. But what I believed to be insignificant were really not. For instance, she got angry every time I reached home from work and forgot to glance at Luisito in the crib. I would only ask as an excuse: that she would try to understand how fatigued I was. Then she'd tell me not

to worry much about my job and the morrow, for the Almighty would surely grant us what we needed. I would saunter to the door and slam it behind me.

Usually I walked straight to the country club; ordered one, or two, or three bottles of beer, and sat down pretending to be appreciative of the bouezy tunes which teenagers played in the jukebox. And at times I promenaded along the seashore, and there blamed myself for having married a woman three years older than myself, as if age really mattered.

When I returned, I'd find her asleep on the divan on the porch with a shaft of moonlight across her face. I would touch her cheek, and gently wake her up.

Mike, she would sweetly mumble, your supper is hot and ready. I would smile a hearty smile and help her stand up. The big truth was: my supper was very cold.

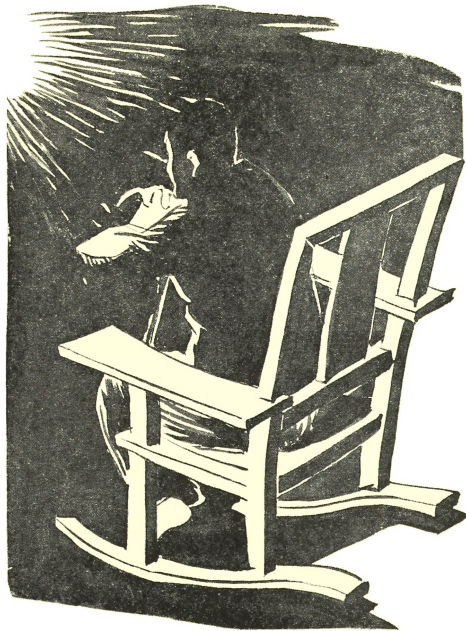
See, I cry again. For the sheer stupidity that was once mine. I can't understand why I easily shed tears whenever I think of things like this. I had a good control before, because it was my opinion that men should not weep. But now it is different. Maybe, it is true that I have really changed. Or maybe this is what old age did to me.

About those images I don't know what to say. Probably, I'm neurotic. But I hope I'm not. It's too late to get neurotic. Maybe, what really happens is this: things which are opposite or similar reciprocally reproduce each other; some images, shortly experienced before, rise again in consciousness due to a preservation tendency. That I am just crazy with remembering. Or perhaps, things do not die; they go with time, and live with me.

I don't expect you to fathom me now: what my affections and innermost thoughts are. No. It's very hard yet for you to understand me. Someday when you begin to lose your sight, and fail to

by

Junne Cañizares



hear; or when your hands are enervated, you shall understand me.

Oh, summer was over; Romie left yesterday for Manila to continue his studies. Romie is my grandson. Luisito's only son. He takes journalism. In look and action he is a duplicate of myself—me, before. He boasted to me that he is writing verses. He even showed me his school organ, wherein he had a poem. He fingered the pages for me; pointed to his name first, and then the title of the poem. I said a few words of admiration to inspire him, although I had not read it, because my vision is blurred already. A young writer needs encouragement. He ran upstairs and brought another magazine wherein, he said, he had also two short verses. He recited them aloud:

**Trees are testimonies
of seeds once embosomed
in the ground; they are
my demonstrators of resurrec-
tion.**

I signaled him to go on, and he read the other one:

**No, I shall not hurt
my moment with the pangs
of dreams unfinished; for
I can smile away
the pain of autumn leaves.**

I have to live and learn more, before I can string real verses together, he said after he finished re-reading the two to me. They are good enough, Romie, I said. How good is good enough? Yours are much better. Papa told me. I shook my head and laughed. Luisito was only kidding you, I said. I hadn't written any philo-

sophical poem. Yes, Papa told me that you only wrote love poems. Beautiful love poems. Beautiful love poems. Please, let me see them, he said. I laughed again. Romie, I said, you also can write deeper than I did.

ONE time before we were made one, she and I talked about my love letters and verses. The ones I gave her. She enjoyed memorizing this very brief letter: *I will not stop talking of love, for love makes this world a beautiful place to live in. I cannot stop thinking of you, because you are beautiful, and I love you. Only I don't know how to convince you. I was not born with the power of words, and lovely things are hard to describe. But there is One that hears my voice, and I beg Him to let you love me. Perhaps, He created you not for me, but for someone else. But why did He give me this love to love you? I forget that I cannot question Him. I can only love you, and ask you to love me, too.* She said that I wrote them as if I intended them for an audience. Of course, I was flattered. I told her that they were exclusively hers, and meant it.

I am just sentimental. Is that the way one who has truly loved should be? People hold precious many things, even moments, and also places. Some have souvenirs and take fancy in showing them to others, and proudly relate the tales behind those handkerchiefs, or ribbons, or letters, or pictures.

But I am already too old to indulge in those things. If Romie had asked earlier, I would have showed him my verses. Now, I can only pray to go closer to God, and remember things: those lovely things. That is what an old man can do.

I remember a good painter. But he was a big fool, like me. He said: When I can no longer hold the brush, tie it on my hand. That is what anyone would easily say at the height of his glory. Probably, when he uttered those words, he was not thinking of old age yet. It's normal, no? The youth does not think of the old; it's the old who thinks of the youth, and the old.

Painting was my hobby. My constant subjects were the different modes of the sky. The sky is a good source of beauty; in fact, it never runs out of beauty. It is never stolid or insipid. It moves

(Continued on page 15)



THE INFANTRY



THE ARMORED BATTERY

For skirtless majorettes

WITH CONJECTURES about the up-to-now-undisclosed results of last year's tactical inspection still popping up spontaneously in school canteens and halls, on streets and in stores, and, in fact, in every place where people can tell an ROTC cadet from a policeman, the USC ROTC, with its eyes particularly fixed on the coveted first place in the next annual competitions, started to wind up last June 22 for another stretch of rugged training and another season of crisp sunburns.

Over a thousand men strong, and two companies more than last year, the new Corps — run by a new commandant and a new set of officers, and manned by an almost entirely new composition of enlisted cadets — cut through the quiet and coolness of 6:45 a.m., Sunday, at the USC quadrangle with lusty cheers and roaring laughter. The officers, most of them still jittery and nervous from having yet to feel their way around, managed to whip the boys together and sent them to the chapel, three floors nearer to heaven. The boys traded their yells for religious songs, which they sang reverently, but on the whole, unenthusiastically, except when they came to their favorite

line (Oh, hidden God, we Thee adore . . .), which they shouted passionately enough to make the rafters ring. Reverend Father Arens, who officiated at the mass and delivered the sermon, and "Monsignor" Villorria, who led the prayers and singing, had scored triumphs, both personal and God's when the boys filed out of the chapel an hour later.

The boys picked up their assigned rifles at the armory and proceeded to the quadrangle for drills, manual of arms, and inevitable grumblings and wisecracks. The sun, which had risen on a cloudless sky in the meantime, shone scorchingly hot and loused up a number of boys who had to "sit on the air" when their officers noticed them. Until ten o'clock — "break" time —, the voices of officers dominated the atmosphere and rose above the sounds of passing vehicles on the streets outside, as they gave commands and instructions, or scolded in that colorful and patented English which ROTC officers have been perfecting through the years (classic example: Dommit you, ha! You are abuse; I tell you to behave, and you are not obey. But when the end of the semester come, and I give you five, you are cry and complain).

It was a corps of hungry cadets (the ten o'clock "break" was suspended) that listened to the orientation lecture given by the new commandant, who laid down his policies and expounded them thoroughly for an hour, but the points were driven home.

Dismissal came at twelve noon, and Round One had ended. The next Sundays of the first semester were going to be typically the same, but the cadets looked forward, most of them with resignation, to the whole-



ROTC COMMANDANTS IN PARADE

The Commandants had a Commander

day drills that the second semester would bring along.

* * *

THE PRESENT corps has eight companies (two more than last year's):

Alpha, Bravo, Charlie, Delta, and India, of the first battalion (infantry), which is composed of first-year-basic cadets, and

Goll (infantry), Echo and Foxtrot (field artillery), of the second battalion, which is composed of second-year-basic cadets.

Delta and India are newly formed companies.

* * *

THE DENSE holiday crowd that jostled and chattered at the fringes of the streets between Fuente Osmeña and Plaza Independencia to

THE CAROLINIAN

.....OF MEN IN ARMS

witness the military parade held in celebration of the "Glorious Fourth" stopped to put in their two-cents worth of praise for the USC ROTC, which, to make up for its lack of long-limbed and skirtless band majorettes, fielded, in addition to its regular battalion of footmen, the only motorized ROTC battery thereabouts (four army trucks, with a company of wax-stiff first-year-basics cadets riding, and four howitzers, which the trucks pulled along).

Meanwhile, marching with the ul-



ECHO BATTERY

The officers had a jargon

timate in precision and smartness was a line of commandants, and commanding the commandants was Capt. Salvador Asencio, USC ROTC's new "big boss."

* * *

LILUAN HILLS and volleys echoed with the staccato bursts of machine guns and the roaring of howitzers and the whizzing of garand bullets. Crouching low, advancing, retreating, firing, hundreds of fatigued figures spread out like ants on the "field of battle." The Third MA trainees were going through the last maneuvers — June 16 to 19 — before their graduation.

Scattered among the "combatants," and observing from vantage points were eight "umpires" from the USC Corps: Sian, A.; Rosello, E.; Mercado, L.; Mabugat, W.; Jacques, H.; Villarosa, M.; Villanueva, C.; and Zoza, H. ¶

CORPS RISE or sink with, and according to the mettle of the men who head them, upon whose bidding they drill or rest without question. A cadet once made this awkward but forcefully accurate parody: "Tell me who the big bosses are, and I'll tell you in what kind of corps you are."

● **SUAVE AND HE-MANLY** handsome in his early forties, the man who is wearing the shoes Major Garcia vacated last year, struck an imposing, almost awe-inspiring, figure as he strode forward to give his orientation lecture to the cadets.

Captain Salvador Asencio, USC's new commandant, is not new to his present kind of job: He has five years of experience behind him, which he crowned with a first place for UV in 1954 and a third place for USA in Iloilo in 1956. "My goot," he declared emphatically when asked what he wanted to achieve as commandant, "is to give my boys all the training they need for emergencies, and of course, to get them to the top of the heap."

He operates along the lines of the theories that 1) cadet officers are reliable and should be given great responsibilities to help them put their talents into play, and 2) good performances by cadets should be properly rewarded. It is too early to tell whether these would work effectively in San Carlos, but one can already find people willing to bet their last shirts that they will.

A career army man by profession, Captain Asencio (FA), who was born in Cabatuan, Iloilo on November 27, 1916, has already chalked up fifteen years of service in the Armed Forces. He was at-



CAPT. ASENCIO

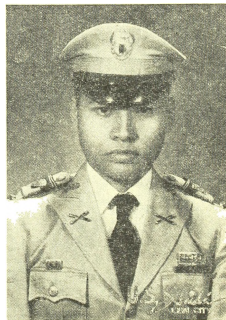
tending college when Juan de la Cruz called him for military training at Camp del Pilar in Pampanga. He has been in the Army since then, studying in several schools for officers, and rising from the ranks. At the outbreak of the war, he was serving with the 61st regiment in Panay; he was captured by the Japs and brought to Mindanao, and later, to Camp O'Donnell in Capas for concentration.

USC and all other schools with ROTC units are crossing their fingers for the new man at the commandant's desk.

● **QUIETLY** and unostentatiously making their rounds among the hundreds of milling cadets at organization time were two old reliables who have spent years putting in their share of chiselings to make USC Corps the formidable monument that it is today.

For seven years, S/Sgt. Pete Carabafia (FA), soldier, barrister, and degree holder (B.S.B.A.), has been steadily asserting his influence in the Corps in his own quiet, yet compelling, way. An army man for twenty years, he lived and suffered through the long, murderous march from Bataan to Capas, and later escaped to join the Tarlac guerrillas.

(Turn to next page)



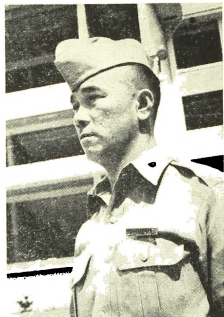
CDT. COL. SIAN

"Tell me who the big bosses are."



S/Sgt. CARABANA

Old reliables chiseled the monument



T/Sgt. HERRERA

With this background, Sgt. Carabana carries a loud voice of authority to his job. Cadets come and go, but Pete stays — fortunately for the Carolinian ROTC!

T/Sgt. Sofio Herrera (Inf), a veteran army man for twenty-one years, is conceded by all to be the moving spirit of the infantry, particularly Gold Company, the crack outfit of the corps. He topped the long list of service schools he has attended with the Fort Benning, Georgia, USA, school, where he took up an Advanced NCO Infantry

Course in 1951. Three years of resistance activities in the Cebu-Bohol area tempered his character to fit his present job to a T.

● THE BIG three in the cadet corps are, of course, the corps commander and his battalion sidekicks.

Fair-skinned and ruggedly built, Cdt. Col. Anthony Sian (fourth year, ME) heads the corps this year. The hub of all activities will revolve around him, and he will need all the talent, effort, and experience
(Continued on page 14)



Cdt. Lt. Col. MERCADO

"Q.E.D.'s" will mushroom along the way



Cdt. Lt. Col. ROSELLO

Two Poems

1. search

*up bleak heights where mountain
winds
sharply cry their defiance to
loneliness
down riverbanks where sheer cliffs
rise to match the tall walls
of indifference
the heart searches for summer suns
to thaw withal the frozen adverbs
and adjectives left unspoken
as memory rummages among
the archives of might-have-beens
and half-remembered yesterdays—
wisps of your favorite scents
still haunt my dreams!*

2. invitation

*i am love, alfredo,
the all-at-once-bitter-and-sweet
i have come because it has been
decreed that you shall one day
walk before me crying, seeking for
a balsam to ease the aches in your
heart
and i shall call you again and again
till you shall hear my voice
as one sweet incessant pain:
the time is come
be brave and bare your heart
in the moonlight sweetly pale —
my poniard awaits you there!*

by
ALFREDO B. AMORES

The Masque of the Red Death

(Continued from page 6)

of his friends. The scene of the masquerade is so described that emphasis is repeatedly placed on those details that will heighten the sense of horror.

The hall in which the masquerade is held is of most unusual construction. Each room is painted a different color and the only light that enters filters through a Gothic window outside of which a fire burns in a brazier on a tripod. The last room, hung with black draperies and illuminated by the light that passes through a scarlet pane, is the most unreal of all. On the wall of that room is the ebony clock that marks the passage of time. Its chime is so peculiar that each time the hour is struck, the musicians cease their playing, the dancers are frozen in whatever posture they happen to be. An air of expectancy seems to pervade the room. All the revelers await, as it were, a summons from where or from whom they do not know.

So skillfully has Poe created an atmosphere of expectancy and unreality that the reader's credulity is not strained when the mysterious, masked guest suddenly appears in the midst of the revelers after the hour of twelve has struck. And the progress of that phantom, from the

blue room through each succeeding chamber, is a mounting crescendo of horror that reaches its awful climax when Prince Prospero rushes forward to strike the apparition but falls, dagger in hand, to the floor in death. The concluding sentences of the second last paragraph are overwhelming in their forcefulness. The revelers summon "the courage of despair" as they rush into the black apartment to seize the mummer and find, "to their unutterable horror" that the mask is "untenanted by any tangible form."

The final paragraph of the story is a magnificent crescendo but still on the theme of horror.

And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night. And one by one dropped the revelers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall. And the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. And the flames of the tripod expired. And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all.

We are back where we began. The last paragraph is an echo of the first. And it illustrates a final principle of Poe's theory of the short story. It contains the Truth, the moral of the piece. For all and for each death will come, often like a thief in the night. There is none who can escape.

The objection might be raised that *The Masque of the Red Death* does not conform to Poe's principle regarding the proper length of a prose narrative. Certainly the tale can be read in less than half an hour. Obviously Poe did not intend that his statement should be taken in any rigidly restrictive sense. He would allow a little leeway on either side, a little more than half an hour or a little more than an hour or two at the most. Provided that unity of impression can be achieved within these approximate limits, he would be satisfied. Such unity of impression has been achieved in *The Masque of the Red Death*. It is therefore an excellent proof of Poe's theory. ‡

BOREDOM

(Continued from page 11)

from clear to dark, from red to white, from plain to cloudy, and from simplicity to multiplicity of colors. But it remains forever the same sky. Just like man. Now he is angry, then he laughs; now he hates, then he loves; now he is quiet, then he is talkative. But he remains the same man. These thoughts fired me to paint the different tempers of the sky. I captured them with delicate strokes and shy and loud colors. But I was young then. Now I cannot distinguish the graduation in the spectrum, nor can I draw a single straight line.

Yes, I am old. No, I do not lay a protest. As I said: I like old age. Old age is funny. Now, I have no more quarrel with the world. My heart is always quiet, and all my thoughts are pure. Even the most tarnished ones are now pure. And each touch of my fingers is gentle, and all who touch me are my beloved. No, no, you cannot understand me yet. Not unless your hands can no longer bear the weight of a morning paper.

Wait a minute. What is Romie trying to convey? I am moved by what he has written. *No, I shall not hurt my moment with the pangs of dreams unfinished; for I can smile away the pain of autumn leaves.* Maybe, Romie doesn't know it; but that way he has understood me. And he should have added this. *Tomorrow you shall cut me down and burn me into ashes. But century from now, perhaps, you will see my fossils, and they will tell you when I fall. And is not that a consolation?* Perhaps, Romie also had thought of this, and didn't like it. Or still perhaps, I have just misconstrued his poem. That I am selfish, because I twist the meaning of the poem for my own pleasure. But just for the same, I thank Romie, because he makes me happy. Happy to know that at least he has understood me, although without his knowledge.

LAST month, Romie, Luisito, Cora, and the maids gave me a party. It was my 90th birthday, they said. . . . Just imagine that. I'm not that old. You exaggerate, I said. And we all laughed. I laughed the most. Really, I don't remember now exactly when I was born. But I don't care. I have

(Continued on page 31)

Reflections

(Continued from page 9)

of time, inexorable but the only key to a merciful renewal can bevil the edge of a fear that, it seems, would never soften. The fluidity of time can rub down the hard threat of jagged rocks that dely uprootment, entrenched desultory mementoes, disturbing like sand in the eyes, successfully defending a bastion in a little corner of the heart—until despoiled of its contradiction.

in a zone of silence one desires to wait, to linger, if only to feel life, rather than conquer it, a world of light and shape and movement dwindles to a whisper of voices, muted and faraway. . . . the solace of a hope spawned by a conception of life that only looks forward to tomorrow with all its hope and promise, with all its advancing lessons to teach and love to grow, reclaimed by a hunger for the very substance of life. ‡

Of Men In Arms

(Continued from page 14)

that he could possibly call forth. It is still a long, long way to the finish line, but, if the beginning indicates the end, the USC ROTC shall one day look up to find that it had chosen the corps commander wisely.

Cdt. Lt. Col. Leopoldo Mercado (fifth year, CHE) was whisked away from the captaincy of Golf Company and installed one pedestal and two ranks higher as commander of the first battalion. A little man by prevailing standards for officers, Pol makes up for his disadvantage in size with plenty of hustle and brains. He is new to his battalion and will have a lot of proving to do in the weeks ahead.

Cdt. Lt. Col. Ed Rosello (Low II), handsome with his close-cropped hair and almost royal in his gestures, commands the second battalion. A strong-man type of officer by inclination, he has inspired respect among his men, although, occasionally, such respect graduates to fear and resentment among some. Eddie is straining hard to mold his battalion into a crack unit.

● **PROBATIONARY SECOND Lieutenants Batongmalaque, Creer, and Villarín**, refused to join the long list of have-been "old fogeys." With **Lt. Conrado Ajero**, they make up an impressive group of instructors lordling it over us on Sundays.

Historical Spots in Cebu

(Continued from page 7)

paign for the liberation progressed. A monument has been proposed to be built on that spot to depict Filipino and American soldiers fighting side by side.

Formidable Fort San Pedro is another historical center in Cebu. Located near the shore of the city, Fort San Pedro was the bastion of Spanish defense in Cebu. Built by Miguel Lopez de Legazpi, it is believed to be 500 years old.

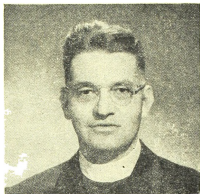
The fort has been used to house prisoners and rebels and as headquarters of American soldiers in 1900 and in 1941.

The fort recently hit the spotlight when its demolition became the subject of a bitter controversy among city officials. Some officials proposed to destroy it and erect a new city hall in its place. But strong public opinion forced them to look for another site, leaving the historic fort unmolested. †

The New

SECRETARY-GENERAL

by Alberto Rile



REV. FR. EDGAR T. OEHLE, S.V.D.

The result remains to be seen.

It is sad to say that people who are not well-acquainted with a person are wont to misunderstand him. Such is the case with our new Secretary-General, Reverend Father Edgar T. Oehler, S.V.D. Some, especially those who obtained "flat fives" in chemistry under him, say that he is a stern disciplinarian. But for those who really know and revere him, stern disciplinarian or not, his appointment as the new Secretary-General, while remaining the head of the Chemistry department, was wholeheartedly welcome.

Fr. Edgar T. Oehler was born on August 28, 1892 in Barnesburg, a place near Cincinnati, Ohio. He got his first rudimentary training, he now recalls with nostalgia, at the age of five years and four days in a "little red house on the hill." He next transferred to St. James Parochial School in White Oak, Ohio and at fourteen, started his secondary course at the Saint Xavier High School. At seventeen, holy orders beckoned to him and he began his studies for the priesthood at St. Mary's Mission Seminary in Techy, Illinois. Three years later he took his novitiate at the Holy Ghost Novitiate in East Troy, Wisconsin, and he was but twenty years old when he pronounced his first vows at the St. Mary's Mission Seminary. The most memorable day in life came to him on May 12, 1935 when he was ordained priest at St. Mary's Mission Seminary.

Four months after his ordination as priest, he was sent to Peking (Peiping) China where he became an assistant to Dr. Wilhelm Brull (incidentally now a chemistry professor in this University), in General Chemistry lecture. After two years in Peking, he returned to the United States, where he graduated from the University of Chicago with a B.S. Chemistry degree. World War II found him still working on his thesis in M.S. in Geology at the same University and after his graduation at forty-one, was sent back to Peking where he taught Physical Chemistry and General Geology for two years. Because of his knowledge as a geologist, the Rector of the Catholic University of Peking sent him to lead an expedition to Yunnan province on a geological collection and reconnaissance trip to search for Brenotheria (contemporaries of the dinosaurs). Political unrest, which was already brewing at that time, hampered his work so that he was forced to go to Hongkong where he aimed to get a reentry permit to northern China. In the meantime he was given a position on the Chinese Missionary Bulletin (now called the Missionary Bulletin). His reentry permit having been rejected, he was assigned to the Philippines.

On March 31, 1950, he first set foot on Philippine soil and on April 4, arrived in Cebu where he was appointed head of the USC Chemistry department—a place vacated by Fr. Hoepfener when the latter went abroad for advanced studies.

He was—and still is—holding that position when he got promoted to Secretary-General of the University. When a friend inquired how he gets along with his two rather tough assignments he wittily answered: "It remains to be seen." ‡

A PICTURE STORY

*THIS IS THE STORY OF A
GREAT INSTITUTION...*



... but it is a simple and unpretentious story because it strives to tell but of the simple and unpretentious day-to-day existence of the institution, an existence which is told in forms that the ordinary boy-at-the-drugstore can feel and comprehend so easily: of prayer and song, of joy and sadness, of toil and relaxation. It does not seek to be a chronicle of outstanding events.

THIS IS THE STORY OF AN INSTITUTION THAT IS ALMOST AS OLD AS...

... THIS CROSS...



... or THIS CATHEDRAL...



*... but it is one that gathers
new imports with each
passing day;
it is old,
yet ever new; like...*

... THIS SEASCAPE.



The story of an institution is the story of its people. And so it is that the story of San Carlos is the story of its students and its teachers—all of them without exception, the great or insignificant, the brilliant or the stupid, the humble or the haughty.

The story can begin in any one of the places represented on these pages, but it usually begins **IN THIS LIBRARY** where one studies or browses or talks in whispers with a friend...



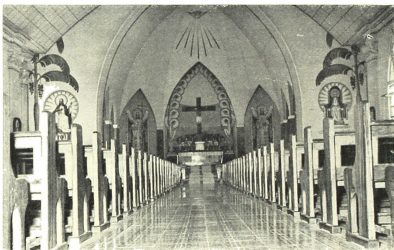
... or **ON THESE BENCHES** where one tries, or at least pretends to try, to study, and of course, never quite succeeds; but these are where new friendships are born and old ones nurtured...



... or the story may begin **IN THIS CANTEEN** where one talks, over a bottle of coke or something else, with an acquaintance, a casual friend, or a special someone...



... or to one who is a bit more saintly than the common run-of-the-mill drugstore cowboys and cowgirls, **IN THIS CHAPEL** where one can feel an almost complete communion with his God.



The rest of one's hours go by...

... **IN THIS CLASSROOM** where a medley of scenes and emotions and thoughts can spring up any time: drama and humdrum, laughter and tears, exaltation and disappointment, conviction and resentment, and indeed a host of others.



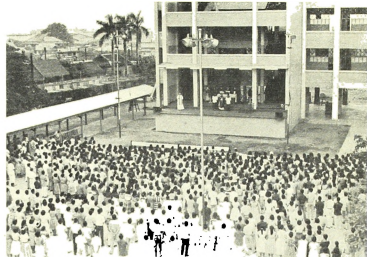
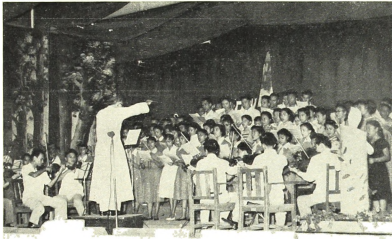
... or **IN THIS P.E. HALL**.



*After classes and the rush of heavy traffic in the corridors,
one occasionally finds himself—temporarily freed from the riot
of equations and tangents and conjugations and
microscopes and chemicals—among friends and chosen companions...*

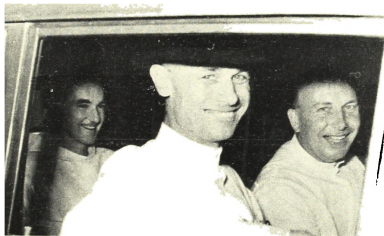
*... IN THE SOLEMNITY of a convocation
or an open-air mass...*

*... or IN THE FORMAL PLEASANTNESS
of a program...*



*... or perhaps even IN THE ALMOST UNBRIDLED
GAIETY and abandon of an excursion.*

*And, of course, it is the story of the Fathers, too.
Sometimes, one even thinks that it is **their** story,
or that, at least, it is mostly **their** story.*



*And they come, and they go—these Fathers.
They come and win places
in the hearts of students and teachers.
And then they go—all of a sudden—
and leave voids that can never be filled.*



*One can take
the case of
Rev. Fr. Bernard
Wrocklage.*

*He came some
seven years ago.
He conquered.
Then he left.*

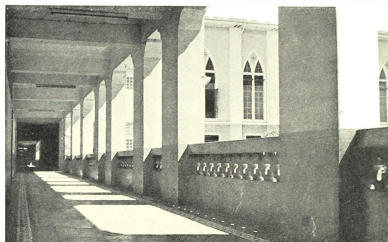
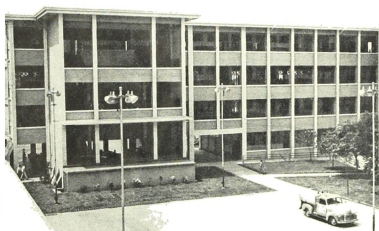


*But always, as long as they are still with San Carlos students and teachers,
the Fathers radiate an easily noticeable glow of influence as they go about their tasks,
opening new vistas and wider horizons to the mind. Vistas and horizons such as are opened by these:*

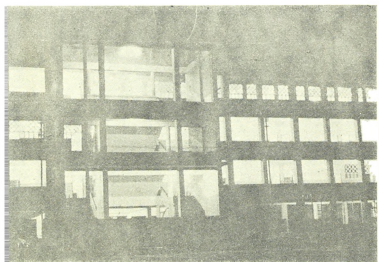


The story, we know, is a very familiar story, but we have told it nonetheless because we want to give it a more concrete existence—in pictures and print—than it can hope to have in the imagination; so that when the years shall have rolled by and one seeks to remember old familiar scenes and faces and feelings, he shall only have to see this story in pictures to easily recall all about his and other's moments in the enfolding arms of a great institution...

... BY DAY ...



... AND BY NIGHT ...



Fr. Richartz, who is shown looking through the equatorial telescope in the picture above, says of the instrument:
"This is a 4-inch refractor, mounted equatorially, so as to keep the same star (sun, moon, planet, or fixed star) always within the field of vision, notwithstanding the apparent diurnal rotation of the sky."

"We felt the need to fill a gap in the optical instrumentation, since the Department of Physics offers a specific subject, 'Optical Instruments,' in its BS Physics curriculum. Besides, star lovers and star gazers see in the purchase of this astronomical telescope the starting point of a big observatory."

BEYOND my NOSE

by ERASMUS M. DIOLA

● Father Bernard Wrocklage once said that San Carlos when viewed from the air looks like the letter L with ambitions of becoming an E. His words didn't prove prophetic, for it would seem that with the addition of the new building San Carlos has totally abandoned such ambition in favor of becoming a square. And speaking of the new building, a lot of USC fogeys who were not here last summer were surprised to see the imposing structure greeting their eyes during the enrolment. No, it did not just sprout overnight. While most of us were taking it easy, Father Hoerdemann, the man with a green thumb in building construction, was sweating it out—giving the magic touch to a pile of cement and a heap of rough-hewn logs to what we now see as a beautiful edifice. You should see it at night with the lights on.

* * *

● There has been a lot of changes-for-the-better going on in the library. The main library has been relieved of more than 3000 volumes, we have been told, to ease out the congestion, there. These volumes, consisting of textbooks, have been transferred to the Reserved Books Reading Room located in what we used to know as the Social Hall. This figure includes those that were transferred to the Science Library, just adjacent to the Reserved Books Reading Room. The main library is now exclusively devoted to general reading and references. The Girls' Reading Room and the Law Faculty Reading Room are new additions. An actual count at 9:00 a.m. last July 12th in the main library showed that there were 204 girls compared to only 35 of the opposite sex. Where are thou Romeos?... Mr. Asubar, our amiable assistant librarian, says that there has been a marked increase in the number of students that patronize the library. No less than 700 students go in there every day. Since we have 5,703 college students, where lurk the five thousand?

* * *

● Father Rector has warned all and sundry during his first convocation this semester not to make the campus a hunting ground for spouses. (Our Pal Joey calls 'em mouses.) Someone in the back (bakya?) crowd, a crackpot in all likelihood, crisply remarked: where would the Father want us to pick our partners? Here in USC, we can be assured of at least two qualifications: college education and similarity of religion, not to say identity of school loyalty... Well, without taking sides on the issue, here are interesting figures about our population. We give this in the hope that it may prove helpful to students who are interested in statistics. In the College of Commerce, there are 31 men more than women. In the College of Engineering and Architecture, 5 men to one lady; in the College of Law, 4 to 1. The ratio of women over men is quite high in the College of Pharmacy, Teachers' College and Secretarial Department. There are, for instance, 89 lady "pharmers" to a gentleman; 34 lady teachers-to-be to one; and 15, repeat, 15 secretaries to a husky one. In the College of Liberal Arts, the ratio is two to one, more girls than boys. There

(Continued on page 34)



Two Sonnets

by A. TUIBEO

*O Fair Malayan Maid, that weeping song
You call kundiman, like castilian wine,
Does slake my thirsting soul and makes me strong!
Yes, in your voice I find something divine
Which flows but lifts me mid' waltzing stars
And waning moon... beyond where I forget
This weary world of tears and ceaseless wars,
Which makes the mortals groan with hell's regret!
Yes, Maid, fair singer of this morning land
With you if always I could ever be
I'll leave for you my country's blissful strand
To hear your voice in time's eternity!*

*Now here's a heart; before I cross the main
I'll leave it all until we meet again.*

II

*My Faithful One, long have I sought to live
Beneath the radiance of your virgin love.
For you alone are kind, therefore can give
To me that peace that's in the heav'n's above.
Not long ago mid shades of nights forlorn
I sought for rest in worldly songs and arts:
But oh! too late for bleeding on a thorn
My shattered hopes I found deep in my heart.
So here I kneel... to find before your eyes
Sweet mery to assuage my dying pain,
For sure I know that there's no nobler prize
On earth than that to be your love again!*

*So this shall be my vow: that I shall never
Forget that I am yours... Now and Forever!*

On This Side Of SPORTSDOM

SPORTS FOR THE RECORDS

BASKETBALL aficionados in this part of hoopdom will be treated to high-powered basketball when the annual CCAA basketball series (collegiate division) gets underway Sunday, July 27, 1958. With a new team — the Cebu School of Arts and Trades quintet — supplying additional power, the slam-bang affair will witness eight teams mixing it up.

Group I	Group II
UV	USC
CIT	USP
SWC	CSJ
CNS	CSAT

With the series will inevitably arise a lot of questions from dyed-in-the-wool cage fans and sport prognosticators. Questions such as: Who will make it this year? Will last year's "ins" be this year's "outs" and vice-versa, or will it be the same old hackneyed history-repeats-itself routine?

This write-up will try to provide the answers by giving appraisals of the teams most likely to make the elite four in the finals: UV, CIT, USP or CSJ, and USC.

by

Rodolfo Justiniani

THE UV GREEN LANCERS (Defending Champion)

With the standouts who piloted it to victory in the CCAA and National Collegiate tourneys last year already gone from its list, the Green Lancers will have to fight an uphill battle with nothing more than a skeleton force to speak of this year. It has only four hold-overs from last year's star-studded and formidable quintet: Jorge Borres, Judy Violango, Joaquin Rojas and Liberato Lozano; the rest are fresh and inexperienced recruits from the intramurals.

But even in a crippled team of freshmen and recruits there are still men to watch. UV has Antonio Lawas, who, though only a wisp of a man, is lightning fast in the court and deadly accurate with the ball; Conrado Batoon, who stands an inch below six feet; and Oscar Abarquez, who is a gangling five-foot-eleven-incher. Their common need, however, is a lot of seasoning.

New Coach Ramon Seares Jr. has a big and thankless job in his hands.

THE CIT WILDCATS

The C. Padilla boys under Coach Jimmy Baz, whose forte is speed plus hustle, might give headaches to any of the contending teams. With the exception of Siegfriedo Fuentes, their star player who left to join the Seven-Up Bottlers in the MCAA, their line-up is still intact.

Guard Munding Abella, Sharp-shooter Tony Escario, Tall Owen Sanchez, Prized Recruits Victoriano Go (formerly of City Trucking) and Dead Shot Rodolfo Cao from CIT High School — all of them will combine to make things really "hot" for any adversary. (Cont'd on p. 34)



THE USC WARRIORS
Runner-up, 1957-1958 CCAA Basketball Series

● The USC Green Warriors are making the strongest bid for the crown this year. It is about the most intact team hereabouts, and it reserves plenty of firepower in such familiar names as Danny Deen, Peping Rogado, Bobby Reyes, Julian Macey, Boy de la Cruz, Nesto Michael, Ben Reyes, Esmer Abejo and Isiong Jakosalem II.

Rooters for this team will bring the UV Coliseum down with their cheers as the players display their wares and specialties. Peping Rogado, whose fingers were injured in last year's intercollegiate game, will rejoin the boys and go into the thick of the fight with his unflinching jump-shots from far court and terrific lay-up from left quarter court. Julian "101" Macey, unstoppable and accurate with his jump-shots will team up with Bellfudling Flint Artist Bobby Reyes to befuddle their opponents; they will be ably backed by Fireball Esmer Abejo's breaking-up drive through the keyhole area and ambidextrous Boy de la Cruz' ball handling. Towering Isiong "Pewee" Jakosalem II, a sure-fire hookshooter; Longtom-expert Nesto Michael; Shifty Forward Manuel Bas; Jump-shooter Ben Reyes and Hustler Edgar Galdo will add power to the team. Skipper Danny Deen will always be on hand to use his reliable and heady maneuvers to turn the tide whenever the going gets rough.

Of course, the Golden Warriors have lost three old relatives (Canizares went over to Crispa, and Max "Republican" Pizzaras and Toto Frias went out this year), but the acquisition of old and new stars has offset the loss. Nilo Verona, formerly of the Yellow Taxi, who has a long list of NCAA and MCAA cage competitions behind him; Six-looter Eugenio Canda from Holy Name College; Rebounding Artist Cesar Manalili; Prodigal Gerald "Mogambo" del Rosario and Eduardo Montalban will give the Warriors a line-up they can boast of.

The USC Warriors

Coach Dedong Aquino will have a big and reliable force to choose his first-stringers from.

With the USC team, the appraisals have been completed, and the reader must have made his guess of the teams most likely to succeed from them. Appraisals, however, are mere appraisals; only the event will tell in its hour. ‡

(See photo at left)

FIREPOWER IN FAMILIAR NAMES

Front Row (left to right): Manuel Bas; Esmeraldo Abejo; Edgardo Galdo; Benigno Reyes.

Second Row (left to right): Nilo Verona; Coach Juan "Dedong" Aquino, Father Eugenio Still, S.V.D., Athletic Moderator; Basilio Deen, Captain.

Third Row (left to right): Eduardo Montalban; Cesar Manalili; Dionisio Jakosalem II; Eugenio Canda; Agopito Rogado; Gerardo del Rosario; Julian Macey.

Not in the picture—Erasto Michael; Reynaldo de la Cruz



with RUDY

Your new sports ed echoes the voice of other sports editors in bewailing our utter neglect of all sports events save basketball.

It seems that many schools have the distorted idea that the beginning and end of athletics is basketball, and I hope this is not the case with USC. But I doubt if present-day Carolinians can point proudly to their school's achievement in fields other than basketball; I doubt if they can see the reenactment of the days when USC sports greats—Sambiao Basanung, Ricardo Bagano, Alfredo de Jesus, Julio Umadhay, the Aliño and the Colmenares brothers, remember them?—lorded it over in swimming, weightlifting and football. I cannot help but reminisce about the past when the mere mention of the name "USC" struck terror in the hearts of men, not only in basketball, but also in all other sports events. Ah, they're really the good old days! And what days. . . .

A question that carries both lament and apprehension among Carolinian sports fans is being asked today: What will happen to baseball now that Fr. Bernard Wrocklage is no longer in our midst?

Yes, what will happen? Remember him when he—minus his saintly robe—would sweat it out there at the Abellana High School grounds with the boys? I'm sure that his familiar tall figure will be missed by sports enthusiasts who habitually haunt the Abellana High School grounds.

And his boys—well—they'll just have to look for another like him; at least, another who can measure up to him.

Will the barristers under playing coach Inting Belarmino retain the basketball-intramurals crown this year?—With Star-Player Deary de Gracia staging a comeback, and with a new acquisition from Silliman U.—Frederico Diago, the answer tends more or less to the positive. But still, as ever, uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!

Whatever happened to that improvised tennis court at the USC quadrangle? I thought that it would be a harbinger of better and bigger things to come for USC athletics, but looks like it was just one of those things that pop up now and then only to really pop—disappear, I mean! ‡

THE mountain



THE BIG heavy-duty diesel truck jerked slightly as its engine stopped. The driver pulled out a dirty handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the sweat from his face and nape of his neck. He took two sticks of cigarettes from his breast pocket, handed one to the man who sat on the other end of the front seat and pressed the other one between his lips. The two men sat there for a while smoking and saying nothing. The driver moved close to the wind shield and looked at the bunk house which was built on the slope overlooking the flat Carmela valley. The house was facing the great Montalban mountain.

"Okay Pedring, let's have a break for an hour," said the driver.

"Right," the other man answered. "Say, what time is it now?"

"Quarter to six," the driver said, glancing at his wrist watch.

"Brother, no wonder I'm starving."

"Come on. We have several trips more to make," the driver said.

"The ship will shove off by daylight tomorrow?" Pedring asked.

"That's right, and it looks like we're going to sweat it out till midnight this evening."

The driver slapped the other man on the shoulder and went down from the truck. The other man followed him.

Dusk had gathered already and had shaded the valley with grey. The other bunk houses and small wooden shacks scattered in the flat land had their gas lamps lighted and were flickering like fireflies.

The two men trailed along the

slim track that went up to the bunk house on the slope.

"We sure had a tough day, huh?" the man behind the driver said.

"Yea," the driver said. "And we still have a hard day ahead."

"My God, for just four bucks we have to kill ourselves like this. You go up and you go down. Go up and go down. Up and down, what the hell!"

The driver laughed. "That's the game."

"Damn it. Were it not only for Rosing," Pedring said.

The smile on the driver's face waned. It was also for Marietta that he walked like a carabao. Because he would like her to have the beautiful things in life.

* * *

Evening shrouded the valley like a dark veil. The great Mon-

talban mountain towered against the clear deep-blue evening sky. The hills could hardly be distinguished anymore in the darkness except for the greyish shades where the land was bare. Carmela valley, when viewed from the slope where the bunk house stood, was reminiscent of the pioneering days in the early West, but there were no horses to complete the scene. In the bunk house, some men sat on the railings of the porch and were conversing in low voices. A man with half of his

she would be bad, she would be vicious as a pagan goddess.

A delightful idea suggested itself in his mind: What if one day he would hit a gold deposit somewhere in that mountain? That was too much of a dream, he knew, and he would check his mind every time he would think of it. But supposing that would happen? Supposing the gods in their strange humor would let that happen? He felt funny inside. Should that come true, he figured mentally, he would be rich, very rich.

**The mountain was a mother
when she was kind, but she was
a pagan goddess when she was vicious.**

body naked was strumming a guitar to the tune of a soft and plaintive native song.

After the driver finished his supper, he went out of the bunk house, went down and sat on a dead log that had whitened from long exposure to the sun and the rain. The wind was stirring the cogon grass and was making some rustling sound among the foliage, and he felt it cold on his face. A cigarette was dangling from his lips. He sat on the log with one leg up, his unbuttoned shirt revealing his bare chest, with nothing particular in mind. His wife was fixing the dishes in the bunk house.

For a while his mind deflected to the scene up in the mountain, the mining sight, probably because he saw the dark structure of the Montalban mountain before him. In the evening the mountain looked peaceful and quiet, but he knew that there was activity going on up there. During day time the mining site was a place of busy movements: trucks coming and going like big tireless beasts, cranes lowering and lifting logs, trailers loaded with black rocks running in and out of the tunnels and men with dirty faces and bodies dragging pikes and shovels.

Instantly a thought occurred to him as he sat there looking at the mountain. She is beautiful and good. She the mountain, he was thinking, but sometimes she is heartless and evil in herself. When she would be kind, she would be very kind as a mother, but when

Right away he would quit driving and engage in full time mining operation, buy several heavy trucks, bulldozers, and two cranes, recruit laborers from the towns, give positions to his buddies, especially Pedring. Yes, that hard working Pedring. And to crown this all he would have a modernly architected log cabin built on the top of a hill for his wife. If only that would come true...

Just as he was about to spit out invectives to the wind, his wife came and sat on the dead log. She considered him momentarily.

"You seem to be in deep thought," she said.

"No, I was just thinking of something silly," he said.

"What?"
"Just something silly, that's all."

"Are you not leaving yet?"

"I'm just waiting for Pedring. He'll be coming any time now."

"What time will you be back?"

"About two, I guess, so don't wait for me anymore. Go to sleep as soon as we leave."

"By the way," she said. "Are we going to the fiesta in San Jose this Sunday? Maring invited us when she came this afternoon?"

"Yes," he said.

From the bunk house, the driver's companion came down wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. He waddled down the slope onto where the two sat. This time he was wearing an old grey felt hat with holes which must have been eaten by moth and cocoroaches.

On the narrow footpath cut

across the grasses, some men came up walking in single file with pikes and shovels on their shoulders. Some had rubber and army combat shoes on, others were barefooted; they chatted in undertones as they trudged on.

"Is the second batch already there?" Pedring asked one of them.

"Yes," one answered.

"All right," the driver said and lifted himself up. He checked himself briefly.

"Please, be careful," the woman said.

The pregnant woman stood up there on the slope near the bunk house watching the two men as they went down the trail. The driver climbed up on the side where the steering wheel was and the other man went up on the other side. In the next instant, there was the sound of gears engaging and soon the big heavy-

• by francisco a. robes •

duty diesel truck began to move forward on the dirty road, stirring up clouds of dust as it picked up velocity.

Morning of a warm day came. The sky was clear save for smudges of white clouds here and there. The rays of the sun sprayed the top of Montalban mountain so that the great mountain cast its shadow.

An army jeep came down the dirty road and drew up on the open ground in the valley. Several men got off and they brought down two stretchers both with bodies wrapped up in grey blankets which were drenched with blood. Men and women and children began to form a noisy crowd.

The women would look at the bodies, turn away and walk out in grief; the children looked on with curiosity in their eyes; the men observed the bodies with a false attitude of courage toward the blood.

"What happened to them?" somebody asked.

"Fell off the cliff last night," someone answered.

"Poor men," a man remarked sullenly.

A husky man in khaki suit with

(Continued on page 34)

Ode on the Assumption Day

Twas at the wake of twilight's dimming hours,
When quiet all the breezes, all the trees,
There floated up through mists the scent of flow'rs,
Sweet fragrance, oh sweet harmonies!

The angels walked with soundless lightsome tread
And lifted soft the vaulted tomb,
With hushed whispers raised the seeming Dead
From Death's dim dungeon room!

Then silently through dawn-dyed glowing skies,
With fragrance trailing at their wake,
The winged cohort, white and wondrous, flies
O'er rolling plain and hill and lake,

Refulgent, borne on rays of gossamer,
Bathed with the beams of dancing fire,
She rose; the clouds she bade her bear
Midst echoing chant of heav'nly lyre!

Open, ye crimson skies!
Oh, shout celestial cries!
Midst hymns and songs and blaring din
The Queen of glory enters in!
Oh death, oh where thy sting malign?
Burn forever on thy Stygian fires,
Crash thy flaming teeth with vain desires,
Oh where is thy victorious sign?

THIS IS MY BELOVED DAUGHTER
IN WHOM
I
AM WELL PLEASED!

Time was not,
Eternity is,
Being is fraught,
With infinite bliss!
Hadst thou not oh might of heaven
From ages eternal
Midst rages infernal
Thy Son to the womb of a virgin given?
Hadst thou not oh God of earth and sky
Made her heart a heart of snow?
Hadst thou not extolled her radiant light
Through whom all godlike light shall flow?
Hadst thou not put an enmity
Between her and the snake
That captive men be free
For none but sole thy sake?
The human kind had fallen,
Sinned,
And died!
She never sinned, she never fell,
She crushed the flaming gates of hell!
Must she die?
But ah, did she?

From yonder marching angel throng,
Flaming squadrons bright,
I hear exultant triumph's song,
Piercing ethereal height!

"Through the rolling stars of the infinite sky
Bright as their blazing fires we fly,
In our midst through the tumult of psalters and lyres,
She is borne, the god of celestial desires!"

"In the height of her power and glory untold,
On her head shines a crown of glittering gold;
The Father is pleased and the Son is victorious,
The Spirit of Love hovers wondrously glorious!"

"We shout unceasing hosannahs and cry
To the echoing vaults of heaven on high:
Behold our Queen, the Queen of ages unending
Is crowned and lo! we fall on our knees humbly bending!"

Who bade the tall trees grow?
Who bade the flowers bloom?
Who bade the rivers flow?
Who did with green the meadows groom?
Who made her heart pure lily-white
And made her tread the angel path?
Who saved her from the night
Of God's primeval wrath?

THOU, OH GOD!

If Thou canst command the trees to grow,
If Thou canst command the rivers to flow,
Thou too canst make her heart as pure as snow!
Beyond the ebb and flow of earth and time,
Beyond the touch of death,
Before the dawning burst of morning prime,
She rose, suffused by godlike breath!

This I proclaim,
This I believe,
God had spoken,
God had willed,
Naught was broken,
He fulfilled!

I pray thee, woman, full of grace,
That sittest bright on yonder heav'nly throne,
As thou had ris'n, too, this world thou raise,
This death-ruled world that claims thee for its
own!

Raise, too, high my sinking voice
That dared and climbed yon angel height;
With spirits wish I to rejoice
To soar with them in endless flight!
You spirits that had sung to welcome thee,
On thy way to spanless eternity!

• • • by demetrio maglalang • • •

**Do you know the
difference between a
mechanic and a
mechanical engineer?
What is a machinist?**

The Machine Specialists

by GERARDO R. LIPARDO, Jr.

WE ARE living in a mechanical world. We push a button here, turn on a switch there, or pull a lever somewhere, and almost always something starts humming. People wonder about machines but seem to be ill-informed of the men who made them. A good number of men, including college students, have confused ideas about mechanical engineers, mechanics and machinists. A bit of explanation will make everything clear.

The mechanical engineer is the top expert in the mechanical world. Trained at college in the laws of mechanics and thermodynamics, he designs new machines with the help of his unlimited ingenuity and knowledge of mathematics. He takes charge of the installation, operation, and maintenance of the machinery in manufacturing and power plants and factories. In the secluded rooms of laboratories, the experienced mechanical engineer is a researcher, inventing and improving machines for the convenience of mankind; in the vast field of production, he is a competent supervisor, a technical executive, a reliable consultant on the technical as well as the human side of the manufacturing business.

An interesting example will make clear the duty of a mechanical engineer. Suppose, for example an industrialist decides to put up a mill that will turn the rugged ramie fibers into attractive yards of textile. Making big money in such an industry is the businessman's headache, but the great problem of establishing the textile mill logically falls to the mechanical engineer. With professional skill, he recommends the needed machinery, improves designs to suit the conditions, invents auxiliaries to facilitate production, and prepares the blue print of the whole plant. These problems cannot be solved with a click of the fingers. For months, the en-

gineer concentrates on his problems, studying, designing and calculating everything. His problems range from the calculation of the amount of fuel to be used in the engine that will run the plant to the correct computation of the sizes of gears, cams, axles, shafts, pulleys and flywheels. A single mistake in computation or arrangement will inevitably result in an accident like a broken shaft or ruptured plate which will on most occasions prove fatal to the plant or factory. Such problems seem difficult to solve, but in the actual field, the mechanical engineer is confronted with even harder problems. Complicated machines in cement plants, bottling plants, steel mills, oil refineries, and other minor industries call for his indispensable technical services. And more than that ships must be propelled, locomotives manufactured, airplanes repaired, and cars improved year after year; cities must be lighted, factories provided with power, theatres and offices air-conditioned for comfort; all these and a million innumerable problems keep the busy expert always on the run. Only a competent college graduate can tackle such problems — the modern mechanical engineer.

The task of constructing machines is too great a burden to be taken by a single man. Modern manufacturer favors division of labor. Hence, a machinist lends a helping hand to the busy engineer. He takes in the blue print of the proposed machine or mechanical parts, and following instructions, he shapes the machine elements as specified. He gets the correct dimensions as computed. The machinist is a skilled operator of the lathe and other machine tools to produce the machine parts set in paper by the engineer. He does not have to think as hard as the engineer. All he needs is an unlimited capacity of receiving technical

instructions and proficiency in the handling of his tools. His manual skill is usually acquired through experience rather than serious study of the job. The machinist is the mechanical engineer's right hand man.

Machines are assembled mechanical parts, not independent pieces. Somebody must put the countless elements together to make the machine ready for service. Again the mechanical engineer seeks the help of another skilled employee to do this job for him. This man is called a mechanic, a trained individual who can assemble machine elements with skill and accuracy. His knowledge in assembly usually qualifies him for another important job — that of repairing machines in case of breakdowns. His skill improves with practice but his field is limited to assembling and repairing definite type of machines. Often times, he gets acquainted with a particular machine more than an engineer after years of experience, but he is unable to design or improve the elements for lack of college education.

As a brief summary, the mechanical engineer may be considered to be the originator, the thinker, a part researcher and a part executive, the college graduate, the machinist is the maker, shaper of machines and the mechanic is the repairer, the man responsible in giving back to the private owners the convenient services of machines that are out of order.

These are the three most important machine specialists: the originator, the maker and the repairer. Everytime we switch on the light, or push the button to start the pump, or take a pleasant ride in a car, let us remember the men who gave these to us, humble men who lose themselves in the din of their inventions that we may live better and happier. ¶



Carolinian
REVIEWS

REV. DR. RICHARD ARENS, S.V.D.
*Studies neglected Christian
Filipino culture.*

YOU'VE probably heard of priests who devote a little from the course of their everyday duties to devote their time and effort to other fields.

For instance, some priests devote themselves to the running of hospitals or to agriculture besides their pulpit duties.

Rev. Dr. Richard Arens, S.V.D. is not engaged in farming nor is he doing medical mission work, but he certainly deserves recognition for his important work: broadening the knowledge about Filipinos through his ethnological studies.

Fr. Arens has been collecting and compiling the Filipino farmers' rituals in planting, harvesting and storing of crops, fishing and thanks-

REV. RICHARD ARENS'

RURAL CHRISTIAN ETHNOLOGICAL STUDIES

by Ben C. Cabanatan

giving ceremonies, the various forms of spiritism, the old customs, beliefs in witches and witchcraft, use of charms and talismans, folklores, etc.

This study-collection of the 46-year-old SVD Father adds to and enriches the little knowledge of the culture of the Filipinos. Materials for the study of the social, moral and religious life of the rural Christian Filipinos is made systematic and easily available.

Fr. Arens' articles on this rural culture study have been published in many periodicals, such as Tokyo's *Folklore Studies*, *Philippine Sociological Review*, *Mission Bulletin*, *Philippine Journal of Science*, *Panorama*, and the *Journal of East Asiatic Studies*. He also sends his collection to ethnological societies in three American universities. Recently he received a letter from Budapest, Hungary, asking him to send them stories of the planting ritual of camote.

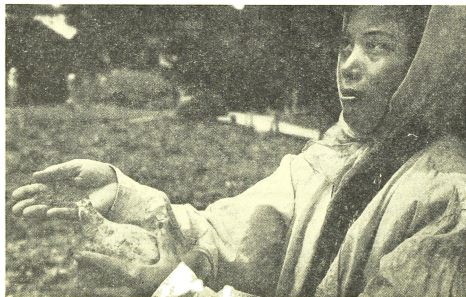
Few persons have studied superstitions, customs and rituals of Filipinos. Because of this, little aid can be found in the study of the people's culture. Said an American who had a chance to observe and study Filipino culture:

"Detailed study of Christian Filipino culture has been neglected by both Filipinos and Americans. Today there is proportionately more published material on the way of life of various Philippine pagan groups than on that of Christian Filipinos who compose more than 90 per cent of the population."

Interviewing people and gathering stories of how rituals are performed took Fr. Arens more than three years of work. He began it when he was the Dean of the Graduate School of the SVD-run St. Paul's College, in Tacloban City, Leyte. His fields of study were Leyte and Samar, where he visited practically all of the towns in these provinces.

Gathering stories, as Fr. Arens has experienced it, is enjoyable but not without difficulties. Traveling to various places, especially to the hinterlands and to isolated islands, took much of his energy and perseverance.

In most cases he had to lodge in the *convento* and stay there for several days. Enlisting the aid of the town officials and friends, he would then go to the field to interview the farmers. What aided him a lot was his knowledge and ability to speak the dialect. At times he would ask



A WOMAN GOING THROUGH THE CAMOTE PLANTING RITUAL
For a stone-heavy root and a paper-thin skin.

the dialect. At times he would ask the service of interpreters.

Besides the field trips and interviews he had to make researches in government archives, and, in one instance, he asked the cooperation of PC Chief Manuel F. Cabal and the American Embassy.

Fr. Arens told this writer he is going to gather stories in other Visayan provinces. In fact in his trips to Mindanao provinces he already began collecting a few stories but, he said, he is handicapped by the fact that he does not know the local dialect very well. In his rough investigations he found that in almost all places he visited there is a similar pattern of belief.

The common practice of farmers in these places is the offering of a spirit-meal before planting. Fr.



AN OLD WOMAN PERFORMS RICE RITUALS WITH PRAYERS AND SYMBOLIC OBJECTS

Planting rice is never fun.

Arens tells of how the offering is done by farmers in one of the barrios of Leyte:

"Before the planting season the owner prepares a big meal with rice, fish and other delicacies. The farm owner, with members of his family and friends, brings the food to the place where planting will take place. There they pray and sing and offer the delicacies to the spirits.

"The following day the owner goes to the field. If he finds out that there is still plenty of food left

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Dear Editor:

AN INDONESIAN SPEAKS

Before I came to this country, I was already acquainted with her geography and her people: with their history, life, and customs. But these were things I only learned from my school teachers; they seemed but a dream to me then, and I could not know for sure whether or not they were true.

Three months of stay in this country has erased all my doubts about what I learned. I have seen the Philippine landscape come to life before my very eyes; I have come face to face with Filipinos and talked with them about their history and customs and life. And I have noticed a few things that truly deserve remark.

The Philippines' and my country's physical and geographical features are similar.

The culture of Filipinos is much like ours too; they believe in most of the things that we do; they are accommodating and friendly as we are. This probably stems from the fact that Filipinos and Indonesians are of one racial stock. I am at home in the Philippines and with Filipinos.

Praying for God's blessings on your people and my people.

BERNARD DA SILVA

ED'S NOTE: *Mr. da Silva is one of the three Indonesian students presently taking Liberal Arts courses in the University of San Carlos. He comes from Flores, Indonesia. In a predominantly Mohammedan country, Mr. da Silva's place stands out because approximately ninety percent of its people are Catholics.*

Dear Editor:

ELECTION POST-MORTEM

When the Supreme Student Council was established, many expected changes. There would be activities, they thought, that would draw to the open the hidden talents of the Carolinian populace. But nothing of this sort ever happened.

Today, the attitude of the students towards the Council is lukewarm. Some have even lost interest in it.

The feeling of indifference is by no means confined to "private citizens." Officers have also got it. In fact, a friend of mine, who is an SSC senator, said he was at a loss to know what happened to the list of resolutions—many of them beneficial—which the Council was supposed to discuss at a meeting, which was never held.

May I know, please?

MARCIAL RUBIA

Dear Editor:

DO ATELIERS CRY?

Aтелиers do not "cry," but this time we should.

For a long time, we have been hoping that drinking faucets would be installed in any place in the Engineering building that is easily accessible by the students. But until now we have noted no change. A thirsty Atelier has still to cross Pelaez Street before he can get water in the Drug Store. And, mind you, in the Drug Store the temptation to buy is greater than the urge to save. But with drinking faucets installed in the Engineering building, the students from that other side of the Carolinian world will be spared the temptation to spend a dime because, after all, good and cold water tastes as sweet as, if not better than, Coca-Cola.

Will the Administration provide this little comfort to our future Engineers and Architects?

ATELIERS COUNCIL

MEET —

Father Eugene C. Stoll, S.V.D.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Fr. Stoll is one of the two newest additions to the SVD Family in San Carlos; the other is Fr. Verstraeten who is currently teaching Linguistics and Oriental Literature.)

FATHER STOLL is a three-way mestizo. He is an American because he was born in the United States, a Chinese because he comes from Canton, and a Filipino because he has spent almost one-half of his life here in the Philippines.

It is a surprise to meet Father Stoll. Having heard his story one would expect to see a man aged beyond his years with the lines of past experiences ridging his face. Far from it . . . he still has the features and the debonair spirit of a much younger man.

At an early age, he entered the Sisters' school in Canton (Ohio, not China) and in a short time, before he could say "Eureka" found himself in the high school seminary. He was the smallest in size and the youngest in years among all other boys. But I doubt if the boy Eugene was willing to stay the small kid that he was. He led his class in academics, he was valedictorian as well as in athletics. Strange as it is — his favorite subject was (and still is) Mathematics.

His dream to become a soldier of Christ found its reward on April 19, 1930 when he was ordained priest.

He arrived in the Philippines on November 22, 1930 and his first assignment was in Tayum, Abra, where he did two years of grinding parish work. A little later he was transferred to Vigan and helped found a high school there. After seven years of untiring efforts in the improvement of the place, the top brass of the SVD Order in the Philippines decided to move him to San Carlos where he taught English for two years. In other words, he is not new to USC. Then another new assignment came. This time he did not have to go far because Leyte is the province-next-door that was clamoring for a pair of industrious hands. He was the first American SVD Father to be assigned in Tacloban. That was in 1941. A little later saw the birth of "good old SPC." But after eight months the second World War broke out. Father Stoll found his



Rev. EUGENE L. STOLL, S.V.D.
The jester is a serious man.

way into Leyte's unknown places, not from choice, but because the chances of war forced him to it. The rugged hills of Joro and San Miguel were a haven for him, for a time, but it was safer, he found out to give one's self up. So he marched from the hills right up to the door of the Japanese commander! He stayed on in Leyte for seven months and then was sent to Manila and was interned first at U.S.T. and afterwards at Los Baños. He spent trying and nerve-racking years during the Occupation, but thanks to God, he came out all in one piece and all the better for the tremendous difficulties he had undergone.

In 1945 he saw a chance of returning to the States and took it. He returned to the Philippines in 1947. This time Christ the King Seminary claimed him for the directorship of its high school department. He held the reins only for two years because he was again transferred to Kalibo, Capiz, where he was besieged by manifold responsibilities, the school being a new one. His most recent job was in

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Nationalism and the Modern Filipino

(Continued from page 3)

sides and primarily concerned with individual safety that is left in the balance. Asia prefers neutrality in the hope of safety both from Russian encroachment and American dependence. As Sen. Recto observes: "The Asian by and large, feels no compelling necessity to die in defense of the Western way of life."

Enlightened nationalism moves in two directions, outward and inward, to serve its people. The first goal of nationalism is national welfare. Nationalism owes its existence to a popular opinion that the welfare of the individual is linked with the welfare of the State. Free Philippines has finished with the "outward" movement and is now logically following an "inward" trend of nation building and developing its distinctive personality. We need to foster appreciation for our country, a land of beauty with the verdure of perpetual summer and the effulgence of its panorama of green country, islets and lakes and crystal waters. The sampaguita, national flower, fragrant, paradoxical and chaste is characteristic of Eastern reserve, sensitive and mysterious, all its strength hidden in a shell of gentleness, a tribute to its Oriental wisdom.

Upon the Filipino individual beats the heart of nationalism. Corregidor and Balintawak gave the world a brand of heroism only a race of bayans with the noble blood of maharlikas can win. Nationalism as a creed and as a symbol must continue to be in the forefront of all efforts for world peace. Mr. Manglapus says "Nationalism is essentially an emotion of love." Can one say the foreign missionary who endangers his life to educate natives is less of a nationalist than a national hero? Love of country is not merely shouldering arms and making speeches but it is just as much one person's loyalty to the land he adopts and cherishes as it is the native's pride for all that he is, a Filipino in a land he is proud to walk on. ‡

BOREDOM

(Continued from page 15)

reached that season, where one no longer rings his mind for accuracy, nor is distressed to hear his age disclosed. Then, the birthday cake. They said that I have to blow out all the candles. Sure, sure, I said. And they doubted my confidence. I left them in suspense for a while. That moment I looked back upon my first birthday cake: how I climbed the table, and blew out all the candles. What a naughty kid I was. Lolo, go ahead, Romie urged me. Oh, you are just hungry, I said. I looked at my cake closely, as if it was an enemy, and with one gentle sway of Cora's fun which I took secretly from her side I also had all the candles put out. We all burst laughing. But inside I was not laughing, because it was not a joke anymore. And I had given my acceptance...

And that evening, while we gathered for the family rosary, something happened. It was the last straw on the camel's back. When I tried to kneel down, I fell on the floor. I felt great pain on my face; I gasped as if I had walked a long, long, long journey beneath a summer sun; I winced as if someone took my hands and drove nails through my palms.

Oh, Lolo, Lolo, Cora said sadly. She held me and Romie fetched my chair hurriedly. It's all right, it's all right, I kept on saying. Romie, Luisito and Cora didn't have to say: Now you don't have to kneel. You can pray while you sit.

I am already resigned. In my heart I know that God has seen me. And heard me. Now I think of Romie's poem again.

**Trees are testimonies
of seeds once embosomed
in the ground; they are
my demonstrators of resur-
rection.**

Only good seeds grow and become trees. I know. Who planted all those trees in the garden? They are healthy; they seem so jovial all the time. Before they became trees, first they were seeds. It was I who carefully selected them among many, many others. You see, I myself am now a good seed. #

Ramona Vivera:

The Topnotcher

by ALBERTO RILE

MISS Ramona B. Vivera recently represented the University of San Carlos in the roster of "Ten Topnotchers" in the latest release of the Chemistry Board Exams. She copped the sixth place with a rating of 88.1%. That, however, was the second time Miss Vivera appeared in the "top ten". The first was way back in 1954 when she scored 90.41%, putting her into the second place of the Pharmacy Board Exams. Asked to what factors her placing twice among the top ten in the Board could be accredited, she smiled and said, "To the usual factors... for instance, prayer is an effective one, another is conscientious study and of course, hard work."

Charming and sophisticated in her own way, Miss Vivera has been a member of the Faculty of the USC Pharmacy Department for the last two years. She is the youngest of the three children of Mr. and Mrs. Arsenio Vivera of this city.

Nena, as friends affectionately call her, has completed all her courses with flying colors. She graduated valedictorian from the elementary course at the Cebu Normal School and finished her secondary course as salutatorian at the USC Girls' High School.

Drugs caught her fancy even when she was yet in the grades. So, it did not take her much time to decide which course she would finally pursue after graduation from high school. She studied in USC for the first two years of the Pharmacy course and transferred to UST during her third year. At UST, she could have gained Magna Cum Laude for herself had she been a third-year resident of the University. A semester later, however, she came back to USC, whose Faculty she joined two years ago. At the same time, she started her B.S. Chemistry and went through with it in three years.

Now only 23, Miss Vivera is already a Registered Pharmacist, and by the time this issue comes out, she will have taken her oath as a full-fledged Chemist. When asked how she feels over her two degrees, she replied, "I'm indeed very happy and satisfied."

"...but if," she paused, "I won't get hitched (to a star?) this year, I will go abroad for further studies next year."

So there, the topnotcher's dilemma—career and love to choose between. So far, it is her greatest problem. Will she solve it the "genius way" again? Only Heaven knows! #



Topnotcher RAMONA VIVERA
Prayer and hard work.

PERSONALITY



JESS ESTANISLAO

Philosophy and scooter rides.

—His gaze is straight and his gait is confident and determined. This is not one of our modern young intellectuals who look back in anger. Because he is young, he looks to the future with apprehension. At the same time, however, he looks to it with the hope and conviction that is characteristic of the young man reared in Christian ideals. —

This is Jesus Estanislao, going on nineteen, Senior Ph.B student.

Certain individuals are invariably and instinctively marked out for leadership by their groups. Jess is one of these. Among many things, he is vice-president of the USC Student Catholic Action. Also he has been working for Fr. John on University Bulletin. Last year, he was president of the Ph.B-General Junior Class and an editor of the Lux Veritatis.

When he graduates in March he will have finished his course in only three years. Of course this includes summer classes and plenty of hard work, which in Jess' case has always been done on time.

He plays the piano—preferably classical music but has no set objections to jazz. As a matter of fact, he plays a little of it. He dances, preferably to the waltz or to sweet music; likes parties but can very well live without them. The magazines he prefers are Philosophical Review, Thomist, et al... He approves of modern poetry... likes the color blue... sleeps at a late (7) hour (11 PM)... He enjoys scooter rides with someone else driving (he can't)... He prefers philosophy to literature... thinks a well-rounded education is necessary for women but more necessary for men.

Jess argues that there can be no contradiction between religion and science; and he can offer a convincing philosophical explanation to the effect that: in fact science has been brought forth mainly because of religion which is the bond between God and Man. This is one of the truths impressed upon him last summer in Fr. Ernest Hoerdemann's class in Philosophy of Religion. "I will always be grateful for that course," Jess avows, "it opened a much more meaningful and beautiful world."

In a classmate's opinion, "Jess gets along very well with everyone. In class, he is lucid and concise in his arguments. His diction is clear and so is his voice." It is well to note here that Jess is also an orator. He was the gold medalist in the Ph.B-General oratorical contest in 1957.

Whether Jess admits it or not, he has been greatly influenced by his seminary background. In his readings, Bishop Sheen is a favorite and he has an appreciation for religious paintings. Most significant of all is the fact that he is a faithful daily communicant.

A mark of the true Catholic thinker is that he must be able to see life as a whole; placing values where they belong.

"Life", say Jess, "is a rosary of joys and a litany of sorrows."

Catholic Action FRONT

by Danilo Gonzales

WE HAVE again this column for the Students' Catholic Action which will serve as a means of disseminating information about the organization's doings. From this column you will gather all the facts about the SCA in its religious aspects.

Much has been said and written about the Students' Catholic Action. Yet many are still entirely ignorant about this organization and its accomplishments. The organization is still strange to some. It is imperative therefore that we do a little "dishing out" again of SCA information.

The SCA was organized with the aim of uniting the students for the betterment of the Catholic youth. This organization therefore, has for its main objective the teaching of our Catholic youth how to make their lives truly Catholic.

It also serves to strengthen the bonds that unite young Catholic students; it promotes further the closer relationship of the students.

The accomplishment of this aim was demonstrated in the success of the construction of the Patria de Cebu, one of the greatest achievements of the organization. Through the Students' Catholic Action better relationship and understanding among the young people were attained.

Many might not have noticed that with the existence of the Patria, juvenile delinquency in the City of Cebu was greatly diminished. The reason behind it is very simple: energies of the young people were put to wholesome activities in a Christian atmosphere.

Now the Patria de Cebu majestically stands as a symbol of the courage and the unyielding mettle of the SCA. It is a place where people from all walks of life can go to relax. It is one of the many things that a SCA can be proud of.

To be a SCAn therefore is an opportunity and honor.

The sacrifice that is expected of every SCAn is perhaps the cause why there are only a few who are members of this organization.

Those who joined the SCA can prove that with a little sacrifice and hard work they can make the Students' Catholic Action a pillar of young Catholic students. #

Rural Christian Ethnological Studies

(Continued from page 29)

from the previous day, he will not proceed with planting, because he believes that the spirits do not favor his intention to plant and would punish him for doing so. In case he finds most of the food consumed, he goes home, calls his helpers and planting starts. He believes that the spirits favor him and the harvest will be abundant."

Beliefs in witches and witchcraft is widespread almost everywhere. According to Fr. Arens, "The Visayas, in Philippine folk belief are the home of the witches. Whatever led to this 'distinction' the investigation shows that the belief in witches and witchcraft is common to all segments of the population in the barrios as well as in the towns.

Fr. Arens said that the "elements of belief in witchcraft are of Christian origin." One example is the use of holy oil as a charm against witches. He explained thus: "The fact that it is prepared on Holy Friday is definitely a Christian influence, but the use of oil for such occasions might have been in practice long before Christianity came."

Those who believe in witches group them into the flying witch and the walking witch. Informants told Fr. Arens that flying witches make a "wak-wak" noise but it is a bird that accompanies the witch that makes the noise. The witch stays under the house and brings harm to the household. This is the people's conception of the activities of witches, a belief common in most Philippine villages.

But this pattern of belief, Fr. Arens says is similar to that in most Oriental countries such as Malaya, India and Indonesia. He had an opportunity to compare his notes with the folklore studies of Indonesia by Fr. Donatus Diagam, SVD, an Indonesian priest who took up graduate studies in San Carlos.

"The strongholds of the folk belief in witchcraft are the barrios," Fr. Arens pointed out. "The wide belief in witchcraft gives civic-minded citizens and educators a new task. The irrational fears nurtured since early childhood in children have to be counteracted lest they do harm to their personality," he urged.

Fr. Arens holds M.A. and Ph.D. degrees from Chicago University. He is now assigned to USC and is the Director of the Boys' High School. †

PERSONALITY



TERESA ABESAMIS

A glance that could mean nothing or everything.

pectedly good. Friends call her "Tess" but she answers to "hey, you!" to a few. With a taste midway between bohemian and "I'm NOT a highbrow"—suffice to say an unknown i.q., she prefers informality, Ogden Nash jokes, Yul Brynner compatible with her passion for modern jazz, Jascha Heifetz, Grahame Greene, Merton, Chinese paintings and French writers.

Less than a year in Cebu or USC for that matter, she bows a kudo to her philosophy professors: "Philosophy in USC is excellent but the English department is less demanding." For the Record, she worked with four other student editors in a liberal arts-sponsored paper, "Lux Veritatis," last semester. The same group appreciated her efforts to train the Glee Club's choral speaking number for the St. Thomas Day program. On an impulse she wrote an oratorical piece, practiced at the eleventh hour and won second prize in the March oratorical contest. Now a senior A.B. student taking a liberal arts education, to her THE education, she concentrates on literature and philosophy. She reads the "Kenyon Review," and "The Atlantic Monthly" along with the comics. "Existence is good. The devil, insofar as he exists is good"—all for a Thomistic philosophy, she "compromises" also on the best of oriental and modern philosophy not necessarily Catholic. Venturing to offer her two cents worth of opinion (about all it's worth) she believes in an education not only of the mind but also of the heart, the emotions and the attitude to the world around us.

She has an immense curiosity about people and their eloquent faces—"Some faces are so crystal clear!" To read and conjecture between frowns, beneath a smile or a line or behind a face in a sensitive study of the human personality interests her as nothing else can. Rather than the baby-faced male, "pretty" like most of our Filipino actors or the type of Elvis Presley, she's more intrigued with the face that is furrowed and rugged, eyes steady with an expression of depth that could only be sculptured in trial—"You can see, he has been through a lot." A good background of stage stints, college newspaper work and resourcefulness to get into the thick of things all through a colorful student life has taught her that "It is most important to be human". Her formula to stay happy is one of adjustment to life and its graceful inhabitants.

A product of 14 years of a thorough Catholic education steeped in catechism and decorum, a combined contribution of Benedictine and Maryknoll colleges rounded off by an SVD university outlook from 3 spheres of influence, Tacloban, Manila and Cebu, she strikes the happy medium of a progressive and a conservative. She agrees that a woman's role is ultimately in the home and that she is a fool if she doesn't know where her real power lies. Off hand she says even if a woman can equal a man, brainwise, it takes intelligence not to show one is intelligent. Often startling in her radical ideas, she goes all oriental where family ties, personal loyalties and our cultural heritage are concerned. All "contempt" for any blind adherence to western superiority, phony yankie twang, jive beat or smartie ill-manners out of keeping with the eastern reserve of our asian temperament, she believes in reasonable adaptation without sacrificing national character."

On This Side Of . . .

(Continued from page 22)

THE USP PANTHERS

How the USP Panthers will "claw" this year will largely depend upon three grizzled veterans — Skipper Cardo Castañeda, who is a whiz at guarding, Ace-shooter Rodrigo Gurrea and Forward Rolando Reyes (a brother of Bobby Reyes of the USC Warriors). But the boys will need the help of Newcomers Jesus Berbesada, who played for the Seven-Up Bottlers in the MCAA last season, and Armando Boulford, the pride of Ateneo de Davao, to form the first-string quintet.

If "Doc" Alviola can whip his wards into a fighting team, he will have a real live package to present to CCAA fans.

THE CSJ JAGUARS

With the "look for greener pastures" bug getting the better of its standouts, the Jaguars has become a team that walks on crutches. Skipper Paulino Quiel and Center Cristobal Ramas (a gangling 6' 4") have left it to join the PAL Sky-masters and the Seven-Up Bottlers respectively. Husky Herbert Rocha (a member of the Letran Team before he joined CSJ) and Enrique Alvarez have enlisted in the USC roster. They cannot play this year, though.

The lone hope is Leoncio Espinosa, a veteran of many BPSIAA tournaments, who has just donned the Jaguar uniform. On him falls the heavy task of doing the yeoman job of trying to carry his companions through.

The Recoleta boys will find the sailing pretty rough this year. §

The Mountain

(Continued from page 25)

sun goggles on came over and squatted near the bodies. He looked up at the crowd, and after a while, said, "You, Maning, go tell the wife." The young man who was pointed out was hesitant. "Well, go ahead. Tell the wife," the husky man repeated.

"But Sir—" said the young man.

"What's the matter with you?" the husky man yelled.

The young man walked away scratching his head.

Now the sun had climbed up above the great Montalban mountain which was blue and clear in the distance. §

Beyond My Nose

(Continued from page 21)

most have been to many wars!

● On August 31, we shall again celebrate National Heroes' Day. We hope such celebration will not be as lukewarm as that of last July 4th. We are going to make a guess: Politicians will be crowing halallelujahs while a sinful of urgent bills lie buried on the shelves of Congress. What herons!

● MISCELLANY... Junior Abao and Inday Jaramilla make a good team of surgeons with equally competent assistants. For two solid weeks, they performed surgery on self-styled masterpieces suffering from acute leukemic. Junior made the rounds soliciting blood for transfusion into anemic Shelleys and Frosts... We wouldn't know why the lawyerites and the "pharmers" are such good neighbors... My good friend Israel won't tell me... Sonny Osmeña is throwing his hat in for the Presidency of the Student Council. Vic Belbuena is slowly trudging his way to lawfulness, so he is excusing himself from the race... Addy Sityo who told us of his ambition a year ago suddenly developed cramps... The Student Council Constitution is due for ratification this month... There are three good eating places in the vicinity frequented most by students. USC Drugstore, Jenny's and Espiritu's... See you there. §

Father Eugene . . .

(Continued from page 30)

Manila, acting as the Liaison Officer of the SVD-run schools in the Philippines with the Bureau of Private Schools in Manila.

Asked how he finds San Carlos, Father Stoll grinned and said that "it is more pleasant than I anticipated." With regard to the building he found that San Carlos is now "de luxe," compared to what he saw in 1939.

At present he is teaching Religion and Sociology. He is, too, the new Athletics Director. Aside from that he is also the Spiritual Director of the G.H.S. Sodality.

Father Stoll is a jester, but unlike most jesters, he is a very serious man. To keep his classes on their toes, he cracks some mental twisters, one reason why the stu-

The Winthrop Letters

(Continued from page 6)

"obedient wife" whose one wish is that she may always be pleasing to her husband. "I will do any service wherein I may please my good husband." And he is truly the master of the house, anxiously concerned about everything that pertains to his family—their health, their studies, the upkeep of the land, food and clothing for all. That is why his letters are so full of admonitions and instructions.

The letters are remarkable for their extremely affectionate tone. One can hardly imagine that today a husband and wife would be so effusive in their protestations of mutual love. Various explanations may be offered for this remarkably affectionate tone of the letters. Perhaps it was not customary at that time to express one's love in the more modern manner of affectionate embraces. Recourse had to be had to such written avowals. Then the frequent and lengthy absence of the husband from his wife made it necessary for the respective spouses to reassure one another of their continued and enduring love. Furthermore the Puritan home was supposed to be an earthly replica of the kingdom of God in which membership was attained by faith. But love was simply an expression of faith in the beloved and by remaining always faithful to one another husband and wife hoped to deepen their respective faith in God and thus prepare themselves for eternal union with Him.

The letters are truly charming. They make for interesting and even instructive reading if only because they reveal so completely the characteristics of those men and women who braved the perils of the wilderness to found a new nation in America. If from history we know that these men and women were not without their faults and failings, we are forced nevertheless to admire their utter sincerity and deep faith in God. In this they have bequeathed to posterity an example that is too frequently overlooked or ignored. §

dents call him good-humored and congenial.

That, in a nutshell, is Father Eugene L. Stoll, SVD, to you. May he find his stay in San Carlos very pleasant! §



Ang Araw Ng Kalayaan

IKA-4 ng Hulyo — araw na lubhang tangi sa puso ng mga Pilipino. Sa araw na iyan ay natupad ang isang dakilang pangarap—ang kalayaan. Mula sa dalampasigan ng Mactan hanggang sa mga burol ng Bataan ay dumana ang dugo at nakitil ang maraming buhay upang makamit ang marangal na mithiling yaon. Hindi nawalan ng saysay ang mga pagsusumikap na ito. Sumikat ang araw na pinakahihintay natin—araw na kailan ma'y hindi mawawaglit sa ating mga puso.

Tuwing darating ang ika-4 ng Hulyo, bilang mga makabayang Pilipino, ay nararapat tayong mag-ukol ng kahit kaunting sandali upang dilidilihin ang kadakilang ng ating mga bayani, ang kailalang walang kupas na pagnanasang lasapin natin ang kalayaang ngayo'y ating tinatamasa. Kalayaang itinanim sa pamamagitan ng dugo at dinilig ng luha upang mabuhay at mamuoga.

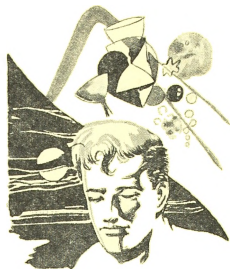
Tayo ngayo'y nag-aani na ng bunga. Malalayo na ang mga sigwang gumagambala sa ating pananahimik. Sa papawirum ay makikitang malayang wumawagayway ang ating bandila. Ang pinakamahalagang tungkulin natin ngayon ay ang pagpapaulnad ng ating bayan upang hindi na natin muling sapitin pa ang mga kahirapan at pagkadustang dinanas ng ating mga magulang at mga ninuno.

Yaong mga beterano ng digma na ngayo'y nangabubuhay pa ay tiyak na may pagmamalaking kimik sa kanilang mga puso, sapagka't hindi labat ng tao'y tulad nila, na nagkaroon ng pagkakatangon maghandog ng buhay alang-alang sa ikalalaya ng bayan. Datapwa't hindi tayo makatatang sa katapatanang mayroon din mga

beteranon hindi nangasiyahan sa kanilang pagkakapaglingkod sa bayan. Sila yaong mga may paghihinanakit na n a g s a s a b i n g : Ako'y lumaban ng buong tapang, di mabilang na kaaway ang nangalagas sa aking mga kamay, munti na akong mapatay sa paglaban, nguni't nasanan ang bakpey ko? Tingnan mo'yong si ganon at si ganito, o de pensyon na ngayon, alam mo e malalakas raw ang pol ng mga 'yon." Hindi mabubuting halimbawa ang kanilang mga sinasabi. Walang dandaming makabayan sa kanilang mga puso. Nagbuwis man sila ng buhay ay labag sa kanilang damdamin. Hindi sana sila dapat magsalita ng ganoon, sapagka't ang pagkakaatong maglingkod sa bayan ay bibihhirang matagpuan.

Ganap na labin-dalawang taon nang nakalalaya tayo. Sa mga taong iyan ay nagsumikap na tayong humakbang ng sariling bakbang. Gayon man, ay kinakailangan pa rin natin ang tulong ng ibang bansa, sapagka't ang iinakay man na bagong kalilipad ay hindi kaagad makalilipad ng malayo tulad ng kanyang mga magulang. Kailangan natin ang tulong upang tumibay ang ating paninindigan sa daigdig na ito. Pasalamat tayo sa Maykapal at sa mayang Estados Unidos na sa tuwi na'y nakalalang tugunin ang ating mga pangangailangan.

Daraan ang maraming mga taon, papanaw ang sa ngayo'y nangabubuhay, nguni't habang ang Pilipinas ay Pilipinas, habang ang bandilang Pilipino ay malayang wumawagayway sa papawirin ay hindi kailan man mapapawin sa gunita ng mga Pilipino ang kahalagahan ng ika-4 ng Hulyo, ang Araw ng Kalayaan. †



Bigong Pangarap

ni
Dalisy Salgado

Sa iyong pag-iisa, iyong naaalala
yaong araw ng iyong unang pagkikita
Pasin mo'y kanyang natewag at ika'y
sa kanyang kariktang tila may
gayuma.

Magmula nga noon, sa tuwi-tuwi na
ay inasam-agan mong siya'y makilala
Laman ng 'yong dibdib ay lagi nang siya
pagkat ika'y nabighan sa angkin
n'yong genda.

Sa kanyang pag-uwi galing sa paaralan
mogeanda rin ang kanyang mga
kasamehan

Nguni't sa patagay mo'y tila siya lamang
ang nakikita mo sa gitna ng daan.

Sa isang pagtitipang anong pagkasaya
doon siya sa lya ipinakilala
Galak sa puso mo'y naging kapuno-puno
pagkat sa wales, puso mo'y nalopit
sa kanya.

Naging pangarap mong sa kanya sabihin
ang malagal mo nang kinukayem na
damdamin

Nguni't di mo magawa, pagkat baka
kanyang okalang
ika'y lumalakad ng lubhang matatim.

Kaya ika'y naghintay-hintay ng koaling
panahon

at minabiti mo munang
magpatakinhan

Pinangarap mong darating din ang
panahon

na ika'y sa dusa, kanyang laheon.

Dumating ang sandaling iyong hinihintay
isang sulat sa kanya, iyong ipinabigay
Sa paghihintay ng sagot di ko mapalagay
pagkat kaligayuhan mo doo'y
nakasalalay.

Nguni't ang sagot niya, nang'iyong
mabattid

tila pinagtalokhan ka ng lupa at
langit

Ang may himatol mong mata'y hiniatig
sa mga katagang "Ako'y may iba
na nang iniibig".

Seccion **CASTELLANA**

AMABLE TUIBEO
Editor

Editoriales:

FIAT VOLUNTAS

En mi ultima articulo publicado en esta seccion me despedi ya de mis amigos lectores antes de salir para las vacaciones. La razon es que tanto la fatiga mental como corporal me ha debilitado mucho el año pasado de tal manera que no pensaba mis escribir para esta publicacion. Decidi pues, guardar mi pluma en la vaina del silencio con el objeto de

descansar en paz. Mas ahora ne obstante aquella despedida me veo obligado a editar por tercera vez esta seccion. Esta accion mia de volver al carolinian fue motivada por los ruegos y recomendaciones de amigos y amigas y tambien por algunos miembros de la facultad. Heme aqui pues para cumplir su voluntad... fiat!

UNA PETICION

En algunas instituciones los estudiantes (miembros del staff) que escriben y trabajan en la publicacion de la escuela suelen recibir paga de sus trabajos. En otras, sin embargo, en vez de esta compensacion en forma de dinero, se les concede a los estudiantes escritores la beca (scholarship). Estas compensaciones aunque pequeñas, sirven de inspiracion para los editores, reporteros y demas escritores. Pues estos estudiantes escritores, aunque muchas veces viven en el olim-

po de ideas, sin embargo, no pueden prescindir de su necesidad material o corporal. En una palabra, necesitan tambien algo tangible o material como gratificacion de sudor. Los del Carolinian, no queriendo ser materialistas ni pretendiendo ser idealistas, suplicamos a la administracion que nos conceda algun privilegio tocante nuestra pensión escolar. Para los que escriben regularmente para el Carolinian no habra mejor consuelo e inspiracion que la beca.

AD BONUM COMMUNE

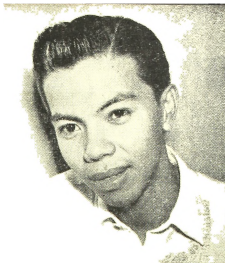
Al asumir el honor de editar por tercera vez esta seccion caroliniana asumo tambien la responsabilidad de publicar cualquier comentario que creo conveniente y digno de atencion. Esto quiere decir que voy a comentar pero siempre con imparcialidad sobre estudiantes y tambien sobre los miembros de la Facultad. Sin embargo, si mis comentarios de vez en cuando parecen pungentes o amargos, no

es que quiero herir o amargar a otros. Mi fin, como observador de las cosas dentro del campo de la Universidad, sera siempre el bien comun. Asi, por ejemplo, si un estudiante no se porta bien como debe ser, o si un maestro o maestra parece relajada ya en disciplina, ya en ensenanza, estos no escaparan ni critica. Porque solo así se corrijeran los defectos y los malos habitos.

ANTES DE VOTAR

Dentro de algunos dias se celebraran por segunda vez las elecciones en la Universidad. Muchos candidatos ya motivados por el celo de hacer algo, ya movidos por la ambicion de ser popular en el campo, saldran de los diferentes departamentos y se presentaran como dirigentes ante el pueblo caroliniano. Y como es natural, habra campañas y discursos publicos al son de la politica nacional. Habra tambien promesas aunque muchas veces sueñan fantasticas y dificiles de implementar en un año. Pero no obstante estos defectos de nuestra politica intramural, ya que sabemos la sociedad de

la politica, nos alegra este resurgimiento politico entre nuestros estudiantes. Porque esto quiere decir que ponemos en practica el gobierno democratico. Pero mientras esperamos las elecciones, conviene decir que tenemos que votar a los que pueden hacer algo. No quiero sin embargo decir que los primeros oficiales de Nuestro Consejo no hayan hecho nada, porque no hace falta contar mes lo que otros no ven y sienten por ti porque el amor me ha cegado y anhelo solo verte y sentirte en mi.



Tipicos Prosaicos:

por Sr. Amable Tuibeo

I
dulce amiga
con tu partida
volvieron tambien la musica y el perfume
de mi vida en abril
cual guitarra adormecida
en los polvos del silencio
ya esta muda
o cual rosa abandonado
en el vaso de la tristiza
marchitada.

pero ven amada mia ven
a la tumba de mi dolor
para que resusciten
al calor de tu sonrisa
los latidos de mi corazon
y las flores palidas de mi amor.

II

en tus dulces ojos
veo otro mar azul
donde navega y flota
mi espiritu al soplo de tu amor
tambien en tu sonrisa
se siente otro mundo mejor
donde todo se afivia y cura
por la brisa de tu amor
mas solo yo puedo ver y sentir
lo que otros no ven y sienten por ti
porque el amor me ha cegado y anhelo
solo verte y sentirte en mi.

III

te vi golondrina mia volar
por los jardines de mi ensueño
cantando entre las flores
de mi dormido amor
mas me dejaste... cautivo
y bajo celos de desesperacion
busco en vano el eco de tu canto
en los desiertos de la noche
ahora... loco y sin vida
destallezco en mi camino.
llevame... golondrina... a tu
olimpico
porque ya esta consumida
la gota de amor que dejaste
en la copa de mi corazon.

The Moderator Says —

- This is the first CAROLINIAN prepared by the new staff. Not all the members of the staff are new but some of them are and others now occupy positions they did not hold last year. In this restricted sense, then, we may speak of a new staff and may formally introduce the individual members to you.
- **MR. SIXTO LL. ABAO, JR.**, who served a long and hard apprenticeship on various former staffs, has now moved up to the responsible post of Editor-in-Chief. He will be ably assisted in his difficult task by
 - **MR. MANUEL GO** — the budding barrister who writes such a fluent and idiomatic English style; **MISS LOURDES** (lower-case) **JARAMILLA**; **MR. JUNNE CANIZARES** of short-story notoriety; and **MR. BEN CABANATAN** who writes for the FREE PRESS and other Manila publications when not occupied with CAROLINIAN chores. These four are our Senior Editors.
 - The section Editors will be, for SPANISH, **MR. AMABLE TUIBEO** whose last vacation was a most profitable one (he acquired a wife); for SPORTS, **MR. RUDY JUSTINIANI**, a new-comer to the staff; for SCIENCE, **MR. ALBERTO RILE** who last year co-edited and this year edits the RETORT for the Chemistry people; and **MR. TEODORO BAY** who will handle the WIKANG PILIPINO section.
 - **MR. AMORSOLO MANLIGAS** will supervise the art work with the willing assistance of various classmates from the College of Architecture.
 - **MR. P. T. UY** remains as staff photographer with **MR. ROSENDO SIERVO** supplying additional photos.
- The "stuffers" are all quite eager and they assure me they have "great plans" for THE CAROLINIAN this year. I hope this first issue is a satisfactory sample of what they are able to do. — Still the staff can do very little unless the student body of the University seconds their efforts by writing for THE CAROLINIAN. Officially THE CAROLINIAN is the students' publication. Make it truly representative of the student population by writing for it.
- It will interest you to know that the MARCH number of THE CAROLINIAN won high praise in the United States. Both Father Ralph, S.V.D., Director of the S.V.D. Catholic Universities, and his secretary, Mr. Murphy, had some rather complimentary things to say about it. While the praise is appreciated and compensates for some of the unpleasantnesses incidental to getting the magazine ready for publication, the staff is more interested in making every issue of THE CAROLINIAN equally worthy of commendation.
- The theme of this issue was suggested by three national holidays — the birthday of Jose Rizal on June 19, the twelfth anniversary of Philippine Independence on July 4, and National Heroes Day, August 31.
- We experiment in this issue with a new type of cover for THE CAROLINIAN. Your comments and criticisms are welcome.

Fr. John, S.V.D.

Pray the Mass . . .
Use the Official Prayerbook of the Church . . .

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