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Carolinian

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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS

*Peace
and
Palms*



Vol. XVII

October
1953

No. 2

Announcement...

Free Elections!!

DURING THE MONTH of OCTOBER
the students of the
UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS
say the Rosary three times daily
in three groups, that the people
of the Philippines
under the guidance of God
may CHOOSE as President a man
who is able and worthy,
and that there may be peace,
and tranquility throughout!

Due to the Elections the second semester begins on November 12 (not on November 2); registration begins on November 3.

Please direct your requests and inquiries to the

Registrar or Secretary General



VOL. XVII No. 2

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October, 1953

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Out Cover:

A motif for peace is a wonderful scene of swaying palms and verdant undergrowth against a blue sky decorated by cottoned clouds. If we commune with the peace of Nature, we commune with God.

— Editor



Caroliniana

By LEO BELLO

ON FREE ELECTIONS

Here we go again. Although we are merely students, as many of us are qualified voters we're duty-bound to register on registration day. Those who have duly registered have the sacred obligation to vote on Election Day.

But the act of voting is not enough. If we must be true to our conscience, to democracy and to our God, we should vote right by voting for the most capable and worthy candidate for public office who we think can never afford to violate the sacred trust we shall repose on him.

We can only vote freely if we do not hold ourselves bound to mercenary considerations and prejudiced attitudes that do not stand to right reason. We can only vote freely if we are not goaded by fear when we get inside the electoral precincts to cast our ballot. We can only vote freely if we use all the means within our power to consult our conscience first before finally doing this sacred duty of choosing the persons for the respective positions they are aspiring for.

If we should think that we owe gratitude to some persons or politicians who would try to dictate to us to vote for this and that candidate, we must never forget that we owe first the greatest debts of gratitude to our country and our God. Without losing sight of these, may God bless us for whatever we can do to help make these coming elections free from the influences of evil.

THIS ISSUE

Yes, we must **Vote Right** if we must be true to our sacred duty to vote. But at the same time, in the midst of all the fuss, fanfare, turmoil and the hullabaloo which an election year brings, we shall not forget the more enjoyable things of life that we can see all around us if only not to forget that we are still living in a beautiful country as paradisiac as the Philippines. Thus, we mean to urge people to look around them to see samples of **An Ideal of Peace** for comfort. This pretty picture as we have on the cover of this issue can also be a very ample **Lesson in Contrast** to the noisy racket we have availing in public life this Election Year we know by the name of politics.

If Herbie goes out, we sure will miss him. But we are a bit consoled by another guy, equally interesting, coming in to drive our blues away in our missing Herbie boy. And Salgado, Jr. has got what it takes, too.

The **Thrills of Travel** article which had the University of San Carlos agog in the last issue is in for a sequel of an encore. And the Reverend Father Recor goes with it with a bow.

Filipinas by Jake Verle (really Jesse Vestil), which placed us into a lot of embarrassing situations last time is back again much too gentlemanly punchy than before just so that we may not be mistaken again this time. High level, my eye!

On da Level did not make it at a very much delayed deadline hour. And so with **Sink It In** by elongated Bart de Castro. There is no **Sizing 'Em Up** by Castellano this issue either. We really miss a lot of good fellows this time and their sharp pens. But anyway, we still can content ourselves equally well with the old die-hards and the many interesting articles and features we have this issue.

We have, for example, **The Nobility of the Teaching Profession** by a practical neophyte in the name of Mrs. Germina Q. Aurillo. She dishes us a lot of good common sense to support her subject-matter.

And yet we have also a new column, the youngest of them all, **Let's Philosophize**, Ben Carredo invites us. We wonder if we can really follow him with the way he twists through a lot of confuting lines.

That man is puny and useless without religion is the idea behind the **Man and Religion** article of Patrick Cavada, a newcomer to our pages. He wows us at places, especially with his logic. Religion deals with God. No wonder, man can't do anything without religion.

Footprints on the Sands of Time is written by a Graduate School student by the name of S. Seville. The short story runs with a language not so common to the ordinary student. It is poetic, yes, but it does not lose its narrative value by its being so.

It seems that the series on **Communism** can never run out. We thought at first that we could hold it back and take it for granted that the evils of that idealism have duly seeped into your consciousness and now we all are prepared to fight that agency of destruction in its grounds. But! . . . well, prudence is a rule of human nature and we can never tell how it will apply with us. So, there's some reading we recommend to you.

Our poets have become excited since last issue. They now come in with still two pages of colorful lines that can spell the difference between bored reading and otherwise. We especially recommend Pat Castellano's **Where Darkness Ends** which narrates in exciting tempo the soul's up-reaching for enlightenment.

Campuscrats and **The Roving Eye** are columns a lot of people won't like to miss. The former is so chatty you would think that Delia is in front of you dishing out her brand of gossip to your ear. While the latter furnishes a lot of intellectual gossip from the various exchange magazines we receive regularly from other institutions that are recipients of **The Carolinian**.

An Ideal of Peace

An ideal picture of peace can't easily be conceived. It may be conjured by the mind, but it takes a little effort to recollect some idyllic spot in memory's experience before the mind's eye can sate in the remembrance of a wonderful view one may have seen once, twice, thrice, but which could not be properly appreciated at first.

You can visualize the faint sigh of a breeze visibly fluttering the tender fronds, imperceptibly swaying slender coconut trees under a canopy of blue skies filled with cotton-white clouds blossoming on the horizon. And seemingly in mute adoration to the grandeur of the lofty skies while the ground floor carpets itself with the softness of green grass, benefactor of many on an early dew-drop.

That is the picture portrayed on the cover of this issue. Such an ideal of peace is Nature's bounty, one of the wonders which God adorns earth with for people who have eyes for beauty to appreciate and admire. One who sees the deep meaning in this idyllic view should feel the comforting spirit of peace in his heart, in his soul.

A Lesson in Contrast

A sharp contrast can be had by this scenic beauty of peace, quiet and contentment from the kind of picture availing to us in public life these days when the whole nation trembles in a herculean struggle of political ideas, warped principles, perverted opinions and selfish aspirations.

It seems that we have utterly forgotten the ideal of peace manifested by the beauties of Nature around us in some nick of the woods, greenish nook of a public plaza, cozy softness of a flower garden lawn, or overlooked bend of a beautiful landscape. And we seem to exchange the emotional joy and the spiritual bliss that we ought to feel in communing with God in Nature for the things that beget turmoil, trouble and tribulation.

But people can be people. We are prone to lose the value of things within our grasp in our hectic and mad desire for other things beyond our reach. For it seems that only the truly artistic can completely prostrate their souls before Nature's altars even if we blunder into these manifestations of God's greatness and providence everyday of our lives.

Vote Right

November 10, 1953 will be ushered into our lives with all the accompanying press and fanfare Election Day brings. Once more the voter is the king.

With the assumption that nearly all, if not all, qualified voters have already registered themselves according to law before election day, it should be the great concern of every Filipino to see to it that all qualified registered voters be given their unhampered chances to cast their ballots. The right to vote is not only a right but it is also an obligation which cannot be dispensed with. The Church considers it a sacred right and an equally sacred duty. No right-thinking citizen, duly qualified and registered as a voter can miss this chance to participate actively in the selection of persons who are to be elevated to public office.

But it is not enough that we merely vote. The act alone is not the most important thing. What is essential is to vote right. In a democracy, anybody can run for public office provided the law does not specifically disqualify him. That is why it is very necessary to vote right by casting our votes for the right persons to hold public trust. We surely deserve those whom we elect; and if we must vote right we should see to it that we vote for the most capable candidates who can rightfully deserve the trust and confidence we shall repose on them. This is the only way we can do justice to our country in the indispensable exercise of our sacred right of suffrage.

Emilio B. Aller

Here's a superbly written piece of erudition in the article written by Cresenciano Tajada in the name of **Public Opinion**. He ought to know whereof he should speak in that he is a Sophomore of law college. But it does not really take a law student in order that we should be able to know the import of public opinion.

There are a lot of pictures which reveal a lot of situations. There is no pictorial story this issue for lack of time and space.

And here comes Lilia Cinco in person again writing **On Allowance**. She must be writing this stuff as propaganda to impress his folks about her ingenuity to know the ins and outs of the matter, just so that she could be regarded as one matured enough for her teens.

That **Corpus Delicti** thing is in. A brain-child of that inevitable character known as Jake Verle, er Jesse Vesil, we could not help but give it an auspicious try in our pages.

For lack of space this issue, we had to forego a lot of things. We could not run another vernacular

folklore this time. Only a liberally short translation of the legend of the Holy Child of Cebu City can be printed beside a pronouncement of Rev. Fr. Ralmann, Dean of the Graduate School **About the Collecting of Folktales**. This instruction may well serve not only students of folklore in the Graduate School, but also any reader, student or non-student who might be interested in the ethnological and educational value of collecting folklores.

The Staff being what it is, minus Spaniards, we are sorry to miss a lot of good Spanish articles in the last few issues. We are of the mind to import Spaniards into our line-up next issue if what we have in good old USC won't be kind enough to join us up.

And so these are all there are to it in this issue. We have ran along a whole row of snags down the line in our putting up this number, we thought we won't be able to finally go about finishing the whole dummy and things preparatory to handing everything over to the printer. For all we know, this might be our last issue, so that it would not be funny if we kiss this issue goodbye. You know, parting is such sweet sorrow, omigosh!!

Sample Croon

Herbie Bows Out... Come in, Charlie

Hello, Alex:

I am awfully sorry but Herbie can't write to you now. I guess he is taking a little rest, but I am afraid it will amount to a long one. He has been your friend for a long time, I know you will miss him. Anyhow, let's start knowing each other a lot better, okay?

How did you like the first issue? It was sizzling hot, wasn't it? So hot you could almost smell the smoke, and consequently... it drew fire! The dish was a "political T-bone steak." The trouble with some people here is that they are too one-sided. If they could only put muzzles on us, they would! (no wonder, a dog doesn't feel so good with a muzzle clamped on him. He can't bark, and he can't bite either. Poor puppy... what with a leash tugging hard on his neck.) So, Alex, when you hear somebody telling you to "lay-off," better "sca-ram-mouche" to the nearest beach and paddle off to Borneo, or would you rather be a martyr. In that case, Alex, you can take my condolences.

And you know what? Some people have gone to the extent of calling us "potential terrorists." That's something for the "Thing," huh? Potential terrorist... hah! Why even a moustache wouldn't grow on us yet! (or are there false "bongots" for sale around town?!) Imagine!

Aw, heck... let's forget about the whole thing and let's go tread some other grounds, huh?

"Best Friend" was the best praised short story, coming mainly from the gals... they were, rather, emotional in extolling the "tragic" piece. Must be experience, huh, Alex?

About the "survivors," er... veterans of the McKinley parley? Oh, they're still around, although they had a harrowing experience re-living that "back at the front"—in print! It lacked the necessary punch, though... no more big-tough sergeant staring them in the eye. Anyway, they swore they would not go back there for another stretch even if they fire all the sergeants in the Army. Boy, wotta relief to be back in civvies!

Well, I guess that's about all for now, Alex. Don't stick your neck too far out during the elections because I still expect to see you next time.

Toodle-lo... .

Charlie



"To Smoke or Not to Smoke"

by MANUEL TRINIDAD, Jr.
College of Law

"I've quit smoking! Doctor's advice, you know." My friend pleasantly refused the cigarette I offered him.

"Hurts your throat or something?" I queried.

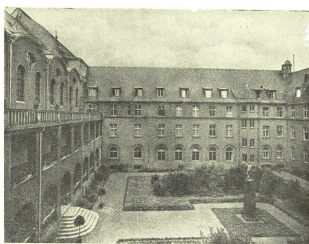
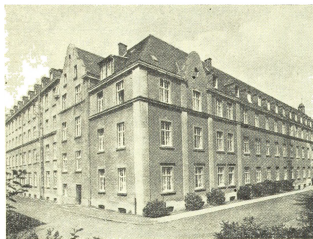
"Nope—hurts my pocket!" he laughed.

This conversation transpired about a week ago, but it has since set my mind to thinking. Why don't I (and my fellow-smokers) quit smoking?

Even disregarding the very practical reason of my mercenary friend, there are other far more vital reasons against smoking. Let us take the case of an average smoker who consumes 20 sticks a day. Let us find out how much time he spends in smoking.

He takes a cigarette from his pocket, hits one end at the matchbox two or three strokes to allow the tobacco particles to be more compact and evenly distributed, places it in his mouth, strikes a match, and lights the free end. This simple process will take him at least 30 seconds or 10 minutes a day. In one month he will have spent 300 minutes or 5 hours; in one year 60 hours. If his life expectancy is 60 years and he started smoking at 15, for his entire life, he has spent 2,700 hours for smoking!

(Continued on page 6)



Views of St. Augustine's Mission Seminary near Bonn, Germany.

Thrills of Travel

by Very Rev.

Albert van Gansewinkel

S.V.D.

ROME — Varona, 10 hours by train "Diretissimo". At first there were few passengers, and I had plenty of time to ponder on what seemed to be a greeting and everybody's comment "Fa freddo!" It was cold indeed, and we felt it. "Fa freddo"—that's all what is left of the Latin "Facit Frigidum", and that is not classical, either. But the Italians, all born actors and actresses, say it with grace, and with a melodious cadence, as if to compensate for the letters dropped.

After some time a young lady took her seat in our compartment. In a portfolio she carried a big book, from under her sleeves she pulled a few strips of paper full of scribbled notes. The big book and the small notes kept her busy for a while, till another young lady entered. My curiosity had been aroused already, but their conversation aroused it more; they talked excitedly about Rousseau, Pestalozzi, their filosofia di educazione—well, that's my field, I couldn't resist any longer, in spite of my badly battered Italian I joined their conversation. It became rather amusing, they spoke an immaculate language and tried to understand my italicized Spanish. They told me they were young teachers, candidates for employment in a Government school; they were going to Brescia for a competitive test. I wish them

good luck, indeed, but I was afraid they should have used more the big book and rely less in the little notes under their sleeves. . .

By five o'clock we reached the Italian Riviera. As in former years I admired the artful artlessness of Italian villages, cozy houses in a truly spectacular setting of the For-Alps. In the Casa Missionaria del Verbo Divino I was heartily welcomed by confreres who did their very best to make me feel warm in the winter-cold building. Till eleven o'clock we sat together and still they were not tired listening to what I had to tell them about the Philippines and Cebu. The following morning I showed my color slides of San Carlos to a hundred Italian missionaries-to-be. I had to make use of an interpreter, yet they were lost in admiration for more than an hour. In the afternoon I proceeded by bus to the famous lake of Garda; the truly fascinating panoramas belong to nature's most beautiful ones in the whole world. To meet, and stay with, Fr. Hetteger who had spent in the Philippines the best years of his life, was my intention—and my delight. Was

he glad! If he were not sick, he would come back to the Philippines. The following morning I started out again for a day's journey via Milan to Fribourg near Bern, the capital of Switzerland. Early in the morning it snowed. Not having seen snow for 25 years, I enjoyed the feel of the soft and cool flakes on face and hands, but later the bus came to a place where the hard-frozen snow was blocking the road, and soon I realized that I would miss the train in Milan. That spoilt much of the fun. Fortunately, a few hours later, another train left for Bern, and late at night I reached the day's goal, the Anthropos Institute of the SVD. A simple countryhouse, in a snow-covered plane of fields and meadows, that is the renowned center of anthropological and ethnological research. The Director, a close friend since student days, had sent me a special invitation to drop in; the Wiedersehen was heartlifting; he showed me around, opened doors and drawers, cabinets and files, and I was all eye and ear, admiration, inspiration, joy—over our confreres' great contribution to Faith and Science, and they in turn all the while kept on asking about the Philippines for their information and encouragement. I had the great honor to greet the Nestor of Ethnology, the Founder of the Anthropos—I met him at his desk in the library, a venerable man of 85, still

(Continued on page 8)

Jess Vestil's

FILIPINAS

ON CONTRASTS

One never gains anything by brooding over pains and hurts. Anxiety is a killer, you know. Take it from Nephrides who said: If you must survive, live with joy; Sorrow is only for those removed from the graces of life. (and Nephrides is not a Greek god, either, he's fictitious.)

So, laugh and the world laughs with you, cry and you make a million (if you're Johnny Ray), like some author quoted.

We here recall a reprint in a Manila newspaper of a Tokyo news item. It was about an elderly policeman who waived his retirement privilege because he was out for more pickpockets. He was an expert on pickpockets. One time, a pickpocket was picking pockets inside a crowded railroad terminal. This pickpocket was picking the pocket of another pickpocket who had picked the pocket of a bystander. So our policeman approached and just watched while this pickpocket picked the pocket of the pickpocket who had picked somebody's pocket. After the operation, our policeman picked the pocket of the pickpocket who had picked the pocket of the pickpocket who picked the pocket of the bystander, and returned to the latter the contents of the pocket picked.

So, now, we resume on our discussion of contrasts.

Where there's a contrast, there's a difference. Where there's a misconception, there's a shortage of thought capacity. Hence, ignorance. Correct?

Have you noticed a cochero on a rig who thinks he's entitled to traffic privileges just as much as the hump in the Buick sedan? Well, he's a person who is his own municipal council. Just try to walk under the rain in his rig for a ride and tell him you're going as far as

a hundred meters away and you'll find that his horse will walk out on you. It isn't even funny.

Or think of a legislator on his soap-box working up his blood pressure for reforms usually circumvented about the fact that now is the time to keep in step with the world; to give to the public servant his due comfort and decency of living—like, for instance, a five-thousand-peso bed or a hundred-peso mansion owned by a senator which shouldn't have been there if he weren't a senator in the first place.

This legislator has a reasonable way to go about those reforms. Increase the taxes! Grab a Chinaman by the neck and tell him that his immigration papers are all bunk but that it might be fixed up with a little amount of pesos thrown across the table. Remember the prisoner Co Pak? This stuffed-shirt certainly solved a political crisis in one camp.

Which brings us all the way back to the point that an ignoramus is a Filipino who thinks he knows his business and really does.

There's a catch in vote-buying. One candidate for representative complained that he spent his life-earnings for votes, five pesos per, and when the returns were announced he was unable to see how many votes he got. There weren't any.

That's politics. One moment, you're one the outside looking in. The next moment, you're in—being thrown out.

NOVEMBER 10, 1953

Election Day.

A lot depends upon you.

You, the individual. You, the citizen. You, the parent of the generations yet to come.

Vote wisely. Remember that your vote is sacred. Enshrine it in your conscience. Don't let the evil

To Smoke or Not To ...

(Continued from page 4)

If we consider the fact that we sleep about one-third of our lifetime, 2,700 hours or more than 3 months, is taken from our average smoker's 40 years of activity. What about the time he spent in the bathroom, in eating, in useless conversation, in walking to school, etc.? Do you think this drops out only 20 years which he could have spent for some really useful and constructive activity? And, by the way my dear readers, how old are you? 20? What have you done in 20 years?

There are more reasons on the scientific point of view. One writer very efficiently discussed the effects of nicotine on the human heart. Another says it hardens the blood vessels and that it may result to high blood pressure.

Here are some reasons advanced by some chain-smokers whom I had occasioned to discuss on the subject.

One says he cannot study without a cigarette stuck between his lips. The feel of the cigarette smoke running down his spine gives him concentration, he says. Another says it is a "life-saver." It saves him from the nervous strain and helps him forget the "ordel of waiting for a girl dressing up."

These reasons, undoubtedly, are not isolated. I am a heavy smoker myself and my colleagues will readily admit with me that these reasons are not far from true.

In the meantime, I am wondering whether to smoke or not to smoke, "whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows" of an outraged pocketbook, or to take the trouble of cutting a long acquired vice and in so doing end them. To resist, to quit, perchance to save myself from heart trouble or high blood pressure... Who is the doctor among you? Kindly step forward and identify yourself with the brand you smoke.

(Jeepers! This place is crawling with butts!)

and corruption around you blot out its meaning.

If a politician comes to offer you money for your vote, let him go to the devil. Tell him that you're still interested in the destiny of your nation and that the security and happiness of your family depends upon the choice you will make on November 10, 1953.

One of the essential elements in the lifeblood
of Democracy is . . .

Public Opinion

by CRESENCIANO TAJODA
College of Law

PUBLIC opinion is any expression on a controversial topic. It results from the reaction of persons on any public or political issue that concerns them as citizens.

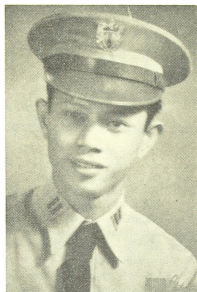
The kind of public opinion implied in the democratic ideal is tangible and dynamic. It springs from many sources deep in the day-to-day experience of individuals who constitute the political public, and who formulate these opinions as working guides for their political representatives. This public opinion listens to many propagandas, most of them contradictory to each other. It tries, in the clash and conflict of argument and debate, to separate the true from the false. It needs criticism for its very existence, and through criticism it is constantly being modified and molded. It acts and learns by action. It believes in the value of every individual's contribution to a voice in deciding the fate of the nation and in their individual fates.

What has been obvious these past few years is that the right to vote, to choose between this candidate or that, is by itself not done in a true democratic environment and in a truly democratic way. Alleged terrorism of the party in the administration in the '49 bloody poll operated without regard for the Bill of Rights to secure ends in the interests of a person or a small group under the dictates of only one person or source, talking into consideration that the devilish pattern was the same in so many provinces. The real terrorism in our polls did not come from the better knowledge of how majorities feel about the questions of the day which press for solution. Terrorism in our polls comes from utter disregard by the powers on the helm of our government for the rights of individuals. It thrives when the media of information are

gagged, not when they are free for everybody to use . . . free from the claws of the unscrupulous and vested party interests. These violate the precepts of true democracy. Democracy guarantees rights, privileges and liberties to individual citizens of a democratic country. It involves the citizens' participation in civic duties, information on public issues, and the capacity to make up one's own free mind. The people, it has been truly said, must understand, live and, if need be, die for the basic ideals of democracy if these ideals are to be safeguarded properly from the insidious forces that act like Trojan horses in our midst. They must learn that it is not a mere shibboleth but a vital truth that the state is their own, that they are free citizens with rights, privileges, duties, and responsibilities.

With a vast number of people in a community, these democratic privileges have not always been easy to emphasize. We are not living in an age like that of the Spanish regime when, participation in the choice of persons to run the government and in the running of that government was limited exclusively to the crown influenced by a few bureaucrats. There was no such thing as public opinion then. Today, we are supposed to be capable of formulating public opinion if only to put into action the rights, privileges, duties, and obligations as granted to us explicitly by the constitution and the laws of our land. Unless the ordinary citizen can find channels of self-expression, the common man may become the forgotten man. When such a situation develops, when public opinion cannot get itself expressed, democracy is lost. For public opinions can be satisfactorily guided only if we know about them.

How does public opinion express itself and what should be be-



The Author

lieved and how, since individual opinions often contradict one another? How can we discover and determine which of them speak most truly for the masses? The most reliable index of public opinion is the popular vote at local and national elections. After the campaigning the shouting, and torch-light parades . . . when the last ballot has been cast and the final announcement of defeat and victory has been declared to the populace . . . the will of the people is said to have been expressed. It is presumed that the national presidential elections reflect the main divisions of public sentiment, and the elected is regarded as the symbol of the desires and aspirations of the majority. But even elections do not provide completely infallible indices of public opinion.

For how can we tell whether the people are voting for principles and not for personalities? At all elections rival candidates are chiefly concerned in getting votes, and the heat of party battle does not always provide the best atmosphere for a clear discussion of issues. Immediately before elections, the spirit of party or class and the combative ardour which such a spirit inspires, becloud and confuse the minds of many voters, making them think of party triumph rather than a candidate's merits or his principles. A large percentage of the votes may be given with little reference to main issues involved. It is true, then, that some elections have failed completely to represent the will of the people. Democratic safeguards have not eliminated the oc-

(Continued on page 8)

Nail It Down

By Nestorius Moresko

Where's that hammer! I want to knock some soluble sense into your heads. Don't blame this hombre for being a too nossey-mosey sort of a gringo. But here's something interesting for the studs of this univ. Just stomp your decaying teeth into this column and we will keep things humming. Brace yourselves. . .

The Fr. Rector saunters into the Carolinian office (where's that place?) and solemnly says, "Boys, no political cackling. That's one. Don't use too many slangy phrases and statements. That's two. The studs have to scurry and scratch for the nearest dictionary whenever they manage to peep into your columns." That's on the level.

Yep, I really have a very poor estimation, if you pardon my English. I saw a curtain... no-no... certain cute piece of property. She was sportin' a plume... er-er... a pony's tail. My attention was caught by the way she wore her upp dress done in sequins and lace. Her batterin' skirt flew like the esteros in Manila and her shoes were a dreamy Open-Mandaw bridge creation. Her long dark tresses were fluttering like wings of a sparrow, hopefully trying to catch the dying golden rays of the colossal sunset, sinking solemnly to end the life of a glorious day. Atta Boy! She even look extra pains to punctuate her face with periods to make it look like a sanctuary of the eloquent moles. She really appeared to be rich, healthy, and well. Rouge, lipstick, chalk, eyebrow liner, sandpaper were very much in evidence. My ugly pass dropped to my boots when she entered a barong-barong. She was a s-q-u-a-r-t-e-r. Meow-meow. Barranco, baranco, barong-co!

Still crazy about the Barranco mamba, eh? Want to get acquainted with it? Here's the pitch: Get set. Hands like a boy scout doing semaphore signalling. Fundamentals. Take a 100-meter dash. Stop. Crawl 50 yards more. Take a high jump and jactate 5 times. How's your joints? Another fundamental. A skip-hep-jump routine. Snares, not swears, 14 times. Lie flat on your back. Roll to

(Continued on page 10)

Thrills of Travel

studying and writing the whole day long. In the evening he honored me with his presence at my slide-lecture, and I appreciated deeply his hearty applause. I should have liked to spend a few more days with these ascetics of scientific research, but a pre-arranged schedule urged me to proceed further North, where "those at home" were waiting impatiently. A journey of twelve hours brought me from Bern to Bonn, West Germany's Capital. When crossing the border I saluted my fatherland with a prayer for all those who had died, and for those who had done wrong to the world. When in 1934 I bade farewell to European shores, heavy clouds hung over them, and a co-passenger sighed, "Clouds over Europe!" Yes, these clouds had developed into a devastating thunderstorm, and now—how was Germany now? Heavy fog deprived me of the pleasure of seeing anything worthwhile, but as the train was rolling on, my thoughts travelled ahead, always pivoting around one question: my home, my folks, and friends, how would I find them? At times the train was crowded, but people disturbed me little in my reverie; they hardly spoke to one another, as if they were used to carry their worries alone and would not share their joys, either. One lady made an exception. My foreign-made suitcase and Philippine-Air-Line-travelling-bag caught her attention and stirred her curiosity.

Public Opinion

casional demagogue who claims to represent the popular will that he himself has created by using techniques ranging from simple deception to the more robust forms of vote-getting.

What about the expressions of sentiment which crystallize in public meeting, and in the claims of countless political, economic, religious, racial, and welfare associations? Such associations have great importance in the development of public opinion, for they arouse attention, excite discussion, formulate principles, submit plans, embolden and stimulate their members, and produce that impression of a spreading movement towards the upholding of right principles with a sympathetic and sensitive people.

(Continued from page 5)

The information I gave her netted me an apple as a token of "welcome and hospitality in a homeland that rose from the dead." Stopping a while at the big city of Manheim I was frightened by the sight of death and destruction; large districts lay still in ruins; war had been wild. At my arrival in Bonn, Fr. Jung, our Mission-Procuretor, was waiting for me. With searching eyes we took in one another's appearance and experience of the 20 years that lay between our last handshake and this thrilling moment. We had been friends and still were. It was already dark; of Bonn I could not see much. Soon the car stopped in front of the Mission-Seminary of St. Augustine, which had been my Alma Mater in 1925 and 1926. The gigantic 600-room building, which in part we students had built with unskilled, though diligent, hands had been greatly damaged in the war but had been fully repaired. As we entered the huge parlor, the old porter of former years greeted, remembering my name, a classmate grasped my hand in a cordial shake, the Father Provincial, and the Father Provincial, and many other friends of old, former professors or schoolmates,—all men matured in service and suffering—their eyes spoke and their mouths, asking more questions than I could answer; the emotions were strong, the joy deep; brothers, co-officers in the army of Christ.

(Continued from page 7)

Yet as we well know, this ability to produce the impression of a spreading movement, has its dangers, for there is such a thing as an artificial and illicit opinion. The art of propaganda has been much perfected in our times. And it has attained a development which enables its practitioners to skillfully and sedulously apply false or one-sided statements of facts to beguile and mislead those who have not the means or the time to ascertain the facts for themselves. The twentieth century is the age of the expert who knows how to build a private interest with public support and to the prejudice of the common good.

Our rights and liberties must be secured by eternal vigilance!

The Great Teacher is one supreme example of . . .

The Nobility of the Teaching Profession

SOMEONE once said: "If you can, go ahead; if you cannot, then teach."

The implication of that utterance was, of course, the attitude of not a few people towards the teaching profession. They liken it to a spacious camarilla where those who fail in other lines of human endeavor can easily retire and still be a success. They look upon teachers as frustrated or would-be lawyers, doctors, nurses or pharmacists—as the residue of what might have been career men and women with abbreviated titles prefixed to their names. To them, teachers are the lowest class of white-collared people who can easily be pushed around according to the whims of politicians.

Ladies and gentlemen, fortunately for us who believe otherwise, the teaching profession shall always be the noblest. It is the background of all careers of note and distinction, the gateway to numberless opportunities, the master key to a nation's peace and progress.

I recall a little anecdote of a priest, a lawyer, and a teacher. The three were engaged in an argument as to which of their callings was the noblest. The attorney claimed that law was "it" because after all, he said, ours is a world of cause and effect, of rights and obligations, of order and disorder, of natural, divine, and human laws. Therefore, he argued, a lawyer's counsel is necessary for the maintenance of peace, justice, harmony and equity. On the other hand, the priest said his vocation was the noblest, contending that ultimately man's world is not this but the next, and because man has only a bit of knowledge of the life that is to come, he has to be led, guided and shown the way to that after-life, by the priest—the shepherd whom God assigned to earth to look after His flock.

Lastly, the teacher said that it is his profession which in its own way is the maker of priests and lawyers, and all the professionals put together.

Ladies and gentlemen, the argument, if it was one, is worth the contemplation of those who look down upon the men and women who earn their daily bread inside the four walls of the classroom, who teach but who do not get rich, who teach just the same for the satisfaction of serving the world that often forgets the virtue of gratitude.

Until now, teaching has not been fully appreciated or adequately paid, yet teachers go on doing their noble work. A linotypist in a printing press, with comparatively less training, receives more per hour than the average university professor. The same is true with others who are commonly known as skilled laborers. They command better pay in wages than teachers can get in salaries. It would thus seem that it is better to be a skilled laborer, for while professorship requires skill, the recognition seemingly stops there. It has not gone far in the way of fully ameliorating the lot of the teacher and of raising the dignity of the teaching profession to a point where it shall cease to be a mere springboard to some other calling. Moreover, the teacher's working hours do not end in the classroom, because deep into the night at home he has to do things connected with his work the following day.

Yet without amelioration of his lot and with hours of drudgery, the teacher goes on. He does not descend to the level of the laborer to join strikes and pickets for want of salary increases and other benefits. He considers teaching too noble a calling for sit-down strikes. He stays in the classroom through the years, for to him teaching is less a labor for wealth than it is of love.

He is convinced that teaching is an investment, the returns of which are not measured in cash or in kind, but in personal satisfaction. It is work, service—not to one man alone but to humanity itself, and it lays aside gross materialism for the finer things in life.

By Germina Q. Aurillo

Jesus Christ, the Greatest Teacher, did not receive a single centavo to teach the human soul to be charitable and kind, to forgive those who trespassed against Him and against us. From Nazareth to Calvary, by precept and by example, He lived the life of a teacher.

Such is the teaching profession. Molding of the young mind is a tedious process which only the patient and self-sacrificing can long endure. It takes a strong heart to build a temple, not of stones and bricks and tiles, but of a child's immortal life.

In conclusion, let me quote a poet (anonymous) who wrote of the architect and the teacher:

"An architect builded a temple,
Pillars and groins and arches
He wrought with care and skill—
Were fashioned to suit his will
"Men said when they saw its beauty:

It shall never know decay,
Great is thy skill, oh builder,
Thy fame shall endure for aye.

"A teacher builded a temple
With loving and infinite care,
Planning each arch with patience,
Laying each stone with prayer.

"None praised her unceasing efforts;

None knew of the wondrous plan
For the temple the teacher
builded

Was unseen by the eyes of man.

"Gone was the builder's temple—

Crumbled into the dust,
Pillars and groins and arches—
Food for the consuming rust.

"But the temple the teacher
builded

Will last while the ages roll,
For that beautiful, unseen temple
Is a child's immortal soul."

"The Limited Unlimited"

GOD is an unlimited Being and His attributes identified with Himself are likewise Unlimited. Since our positive ideas are drawn from the finite—we can express His Being more adequately by the negative, as the Infinite, Immortal, Boundless, by which we describe His immensity. Yet even the term which our human

"Let's

Philosophize"

knowledge considers fitting and proper for Him, does not actually do justice to the genuine understanding of Him. Human beings surely may approximate but cannot exactly measure that which is above human with his merely human tools as common sense, experience and reason.

"The Wisest Ignorant"

The philosopher is the wisest man. His wisdom consists in knowing that he does not know many of the things he is supposed to know. Hence, he must be the humblest of all human beings in order to be a true lover of wisdom. Philosophy is human wisdom and its object is realized through the natural light of human reason. It goes astray when in its purely human confines it goes into that which is above human without the aid of the supernatural light of revelation to serve as its signpost.

"Common Common Sense"

Should you feel insulted if someone tell you that you have no common sense? Is the use of common sense a measure of one's ability to understand a problem? When you first came across something wet called water, your common sense told you it was liquid. But later you knew water can be solid as in ice, or gas as in steam. At the first stage of knowing, your common sense told you that truth can be attained only by direct observation and experience. But the Pythagorean theorem proved that truth can

be arrived at by a process proceeding from truth directly known. To be called having no common sense means you always use your reason because you cannot always rely on common sense. Except of course when you do not use either common sense or reason.

"The Argument"

An ancient philosopher asked this question:

If God is able but not willing
Why call Him benevolent?
If He is willing but not able
Why call Him Omnipotent?
If he is not willing and not able,
Why call him God?
If he is willing and able,
Whence come evil?

that we answer thus:

We call Him Benevolent because he is willing in his being able. We call Him Omnipotent because he is able in his willingness. We call Him God because He is willing and able. Evil cannot come from His unwillingness and ability. Because whoever is willing and able Cannot be unwilling and unable.

By Ben L. Carrido

It seems reason alone cannot refute this argument. But the philosopher belonged to the pre-Christian era who did not have the benefit of divine revelation. It is from divine revelation that our faith in God is fortified, and it is from faith

To those who claim that it is not necessary to philosophize, Aristotle answered thus: either you philosophize or not. If you reason out that you do not have to philosophize, then you philosophize. In either case, you philosophize.

Nail it Down

(Continued from page 8)

one side. Get up. Take as many push-ups as you can in time with the music until the record stops. Simple isn't it? Groan... groan... oh my aching back!

First it was pakwan-cracking business. Now it's bubble gum. You could see students chewing those gums, and try to outbubble each other. I saw a cute freshman stick the gum in the arm of his chair when he was called upon to recite. After reciting, he calmly pulled the gum from the seat and stuck it back to his mouth. Uuk! Just like that. Or a dame making such a monstrous bubble that when it burst it landed on her nose. These gummaniacs just stick a week-old gum anywhere. They paste this gum in a familiar place where they can find it later on for further usage.

Folks, what made Lincoln great? His padded clothes. What made Rizal famous? Matches, stupid.

Our playground is really a flexible, convertible chunk of ground. Look, we have a field a site of a bathroom and it has a football field, a basketball court, and volleyball court, a stage, a driveway, a shop, a softball

diamond, a shed, a garden, a... a... birp-burp... It makes me sick. If everybody is using the field it would look like this: If a pitcher of the softball team is still warming up, the fielders can scamper over to the volleyball court and deliver a smashing chinese kill. The tosser of a volleyball team can take his time out when the other side is serving, and fend the football goal at the same time. Just a matter of legging it back and forth. Timing, that's what. A basketball player can pass the ball to his teammates, hop over to the stage where the band is practicing, and beat a few notes on the bass drum. A musician can beat his horns and make a jumpshot at the same time. In fact a player can play four games without breaking the rules. Nobody would notice it with the courts so close. An all-around athlete, heh.

How about a jukebox in the coop, Peter. Okay-okay Ed, you don't have to step on my goat!! Au revoir, P.S.—You are cordially invited to a dinner-dance at the Club Filipino in honor of Mr. Julian Cuatro who successfully passed the Removal examinations. Bring your own provisions.

No wishful thinking,
this analysis
of the relationship
between . . .

Man and Religion

•

by

Patrick N. Cavada

•

AS ONE man said: . . . "A man who puts aside his religion because he is going into society, is like one putting off his shoes because he is about to walk upon thorns."

True religion, as many wise men have said, is the foundation of society, the basis on which true civil

government rests, and from which power derives its authority, laws their efficacy, and both their sanction. It is equally the basis of private virtue and public faith; of the happiness of the individual and the prosperity of the nation. Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political, social or financial prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. How vain would one claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can

prevail in exclusion of religious principles. Civilization, law, order, morality, the family, all that elevate woman, or blesses society, or gives peace to the nations, all these are the fruits of Christianity!

If we make our religion our business, I believe God will make it our blessedness. To love God is to make Him dwell with you and to obey God is to make Him reveal to you the truth of His deepest teachings. A pious man loves religion while the atheist fears it. We can have no trust in a man who has no religious principles as an atheist. Religion's home is in the conscience and its highest joy is in doing God's will. We need the assurance of being a good Catholic to be completely happy with God and to turn to Him for spiritual satisfaction, for none but God alone can satisfy the longings of the immortal soul; as the heart was made for Him, He only can fill it. The teachings of Christ reach and change the heart, which no other

religion does. Religion is the fear and love of God; its demonstration is good works; and faith is the root of both, for without faith we cannot please God; nor can we fear and love what we do not believe. Religion is the answer to that cry of reason which nothing can silence; that aspiration of the soul which no created things can meet; that want of the heart which all creation cannot supply. It is only religion, that great bond of love and duty to God, which makes any valuable or even tolerable. It was religion, which, by teaching men their near relation to God, awakened in them the consciousness of their importance as individuals. It was the struggle for religious rights, which opened their eyes to all their rights. It was resistance to religious usurpation which led men to withstand political oppression. It was religious discussion which roused the minds of all classes to free and vigorous thought. It steeled the great christian martyrs and patriots of old.

True religion teaches us to revere what is under us, to recognize humility, poverty, wretchedness, suffering and death, as things divine. Where true religion has prevented one crime, false religions have afforded a pretext for a thousand.

"The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant, when the Soul hath shaken off the cumbrous shackles of this mortal life, shall quickly receive from the Great Law of God, a just and everlasting compensation, according to their works.

"Then shall the wicked learn and make compensation in course of time; but the heart of the righteous shall rejoice in His rewards.

"Let us respect God, therefore, all the days of our life, and walk in the paths which He hath opened before us. Let prudence admonish us, let temperance restrain, let justice guide our hand, benevolence warn our hearts and gratitude to heaven aspire us with devotion. These shall give us happiness in our present state and future one and take us to the mansions of eternal felicity in the paradise of God."

Short Story

ROSITA'S stay in the island had not been very long yet. And to think of having completely left the past behind would be to rekindle the dying embers that, once when fiery, overwhelmed her with the wildest, savage conflagration in her life. The thought of it would once again consume her into the limbo of nothingness. And the hurt was not in having been snapped out of existence—it would be consoling were it forever—but in the resurgence of her senses, tremulously alive with the sweet and bitter memories that would wring her poor, innocent heart with such excruciating pain as would betfall a girl who bloomed with, and lay in rapture in, the glowing flame of love only to wake up a victim of a big cheat. Silagon could be her only world.

Silagon is a tiny heap of corals and sand, sprawling like a buxom, immaculate Nereid who must have lost the favors of Aphrodite despite the fervent supplications of a Pygmalion. Its pristine, evergreen plain, save for some brown patches of waist-high cogon grass scattered here and there, was a haven of tranquility and emancipation—a place away from loose tongues and big ears, away from the specter of an accusing world. Its white strip of sand indenting its smooth-flowing contours from the gentle, caressing, sometimes ferocious, blue sea

onslaught of temperamental waves and vile winds. Bulwarks as they were of the island, these rocks generously share the first streaks of dawn, the warmth of the morning sun when there is calm in the island.

Rosita could not ask for more. The city where she came from and the years with it were cruel to her. The dark of it had been deceptive; its lights illusive. That was after she lost Fred.

It was April when she first met this man, Fred, at the wharf—of all places! She was almost eighteen then and old enough to know the meaning of an evening chill, especially on an April night. Not that she was on the waiting line for the homecoming of someone special as there were a number of eager faces at the docking point of FS Visayas coming from the South. She had come because, for one thing, she loved to see the unsteady, sparkling plane of the sea and to feel the mild, cool breeze despite the pungent smell of burnt coal and oil coming from the big-chimneyed ships lumbering at the piers. It was, anyway, an escape from the crowded city—a relief to be alone in her own way.

Was it her dislike to be a part of the crowd or the unknowing desire for someone that brought her to the wharf—she was not sure. At seventeen it could hardly be the latter. She was like a young, docile actress who grew up back-stage, and, after having extensively rehearsed herself, was at a loss on what to do when the curtain was up.

By
S. Seville

in the tiny corner of her memory she saw him slim and tall and wearing the sad face of Gregory Peck with a second-male's cap on his head. He mentioned his name but once. She never saw him again.

She managed somehow to seek solitude—her only refuge, unkind perhaps, but surely quiet and accommodating than the noisy, uncompromising world where Fred was a part. She was too glad to accept the assignment offered her after graduation, passing a competitive test and using a very influential man. She even surprised her supervisor when the latter discouraged her about the place. In her mind, it did not matter if Silagon were a desolate grove or paradise. What she wanted was distance—a far-away nook where she could bury a past, where she could be born anew.

Her first day in the island convinced her she would stay—maybe for a lifetime. And the townfolk, hardly five hundred of them, were kind and hospitable. The children scampering to and from school every day were a delight. These children, the folks, the island, the sea and the breeze were helping her build the wall that might conceal her from the outside world. She might even forget that trust at the wharf with Fred.

But not this time when she was

In her mind, nothing could erase her . . .

FOOTPRINTS ON THE SAND

could be rounded at leisure paces in time for the tired molten sun at eye-level from the western horizon to hide its mellow light, giving way to a dreamy twilight and evening shadows. At the end of the afternoon stroll, the soft wind would be clammy as it glides through the trunks and palms of the coco trees that sway like chorus girls along the shoreline west side of the island. The east side is bare with protruding mass of rocks, high and wide, whose sharp and rugged surfaces are the frightening impress of the

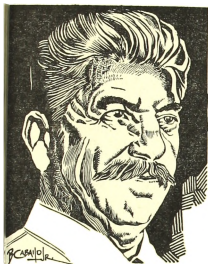
He came anyway, this man, Fred, and she was not prepared for his spontaneous grin. She did not even know his name. The first thing he said was "Hello! Do you mind the intrusion?" She didn't say a word; she just stared at him, condescending that stare to a hypnotic gaze. What he did and how she reacted to his advances, she could not recall. She later realized that it was three in the morning when she came home and he was no longer there; that she was alone again with burning tears in her eyes. Back

barely ten months in the island and it was April and the breeze was cool in the evening.

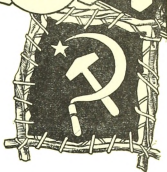
Within her was the struggle to forget, to think of nothing else but the school children, the plan for the next day, and what she could do for them at the end of the recitation as classes were to close for long vacation. Her eyes glided over the sawali walls of the room splattered with pictures, charts and teaching devices; over the empty desks which an hour ago were filled

(Continued on page 16)

What Is Russian



COMMUNISM



by REV. M. D. FORREST, M.S.C.

Twelfth Installment

THE STATE is now the supreme owner—and a far more tyrannical master than the private property owner.

"Under this outward resemblance," writes Eugene Lyons, "of course, there are profound differences. The most relevant of these is that factories, mines, offices, farms, newspapers, in fact, everything except purely personal belongings, are owned by the government.

"This is a tremendous fact. But in the routine of daily life it seems less important than one might suppose. Whether your factory is owned by a private corporation or a government concerns you less than the conditions of labor, the wage you draw and what you can buy with it.

"Whether the farm you work is owned by a private landlord or the government is an important distinction. But what really matters to the ordinary peasant is that he doesn't own the land himself; and what interests him from day to day is how much of what he raises he can keep and what kind of a living he can make out of it" (ibid., p. 6).

As for the Russian peasant, his condition under the Soviet system is practically that of a serf. A few farms of the old style are tolerated in the east and elsewhere, but their number is comparatively very small. Large "state farms" are run by the government with hired labor. But by far the greatest portion of farming is done by the *kolkhozes*, about which I have already written. Under this deplorable system of "col-

lective farms," the poor peasant is a mere serf; he cannot transfer even to another farm or move to the city without permission! Imagine Americans submitting to such indignity, as they would be compelled to do if U.S.A. Ruscomists had their way! The Soviet government is the only landowner, and the peasant has no say as to what is planted or how it is disposed of. Even the tools and machines are rented from the government. About half of what a *kolkhoz* produces must pay for fees, taxes, interest on seed credits, etc.; part of the remainder must be paid toward compulsory agricultural reserves; and what is left, generally about 40 per cent, is divided amongst the members of the *kolkhoz*, according to the *piece-work arrangement*. After his work as a serf on the collective farm, the average peasant is pleased to have enough to feed his family for the year. What a wonderful system of collective ownership! How Joe Stalin and his fellow gangsters must chuckle at the hapless plight of the poor peasant on the *kolkhoz* and at the line "rake-off" he and his associate criminals get! Why, Stalin lives like a lord, while millions and millions of his people toil like serfs on "collective farms" or, what is worse, die a lingering death in slave camps! Talk about no class distinctions in Russia! Only fools or liars or knaves talk such nonsense.

LABOR CONDITIONS IN THE U.S.S.R. INDESCRIBABLY PATHETIC

John Fischer, whom I quoted three pages back writes: "The really handsome emoluments fall almost entirely to the four privileged classes: (1) the upper-crust bureau-

crats, (2) army officers, (3) technicians—engineers, scientists, doctors, authors—and (4) the so-called Stakhanovites, or workers who make abnormally high production records." (Op. cit., p. 94) Incidentally, I ask how our American Ruscomists in labor unions would feel if they were given a dose of Soviet Stakhanovism? If they dared to strike as a protest or even to object, they would soon find themselves rushed off by the NKVD to a slave camp, where they would be treated worse than African negroes during the direst days of slavery!

Freda Utley, a writer who is admittedly an authority on conditions in the U.S.S.R., whom I quoted in the sixth chapter, gives a graphic, detailed description of the terrific condition of the ordinary working man in the Soviet Union. I gave her testimony in this matter when writing of the Terrorism exercised by the Soviet authorities. I shall not repeat here her account of the average workman's helpless state, though it could be quoted at length in the present chapter. (I summarized it in chapter VI.) What a cruel, tragic joke it is to state that Russian Communism has improved the condition of the worker! Not only has Ruscommunism not bettered his condition, but it has, on the contrary, reduced him to an absolutely helpless, intimidated automaton or slave, from whom it has squeezed the last vestige of freedom and whom it has put in far more deplorable condition than he ever was in under the Czars.

"The idea of the head of a family supporting it by his own labor"

(Continued on page 21)

Where

Darkness

Ends

by pat l. castellano

VERSE I

That is me . . .
swollen by shadows
against the whitened
bed of sand.
I, the man
cursing the exactitude
of derisive spells
of wave on rock.

Note the breeze
feeling the pain
in my eyes
soothing my blood
to searching calmness
while I stand
frustrate but unbent
by Darkness.

This is my arm,
my palm clutching,
veins cleaving,
reaching for Light:

Without fear . . .
against unchartered ages
with mossy lichens
feasting on my niche.

But it must die:
this Darkness, this foe!

And I must find
the venom's source . . .
by sailing waters
or scaling heights.

By waters and heights?
No.
Springs run downward;
heights may rise
to dizzying altitudes
choking my breath.

I maybe confused:
All is memory
sheathed in mud
of flowering plains
and still forests
edged by rugged peaks;
my past is incubated
in shell-chambers
hallowed in dunes
blessed by ocean kisses.

VERSE II

I fought
clashed
and
fought!

Plodding, wiggling,
this bundle of flesh,
I surge . . .
into a poignant dot;
my consternation dripping
into the gray cup
of pulsating tendons
loaded with dreams.

While gnawing despair
unlatched menacingly
dangling sharp blades
above groaning flesh,
from out of rays
distorted in shadows
scorching my lips
into muteness,
I suspend!

Slowly my soul was lettered,
stored hopes petrifly,
trembling into abstractness
into pulseless beats.

VERSE III

But I refuse:
For myself cannot be
my enemy;
for my foe cannot be
me.

Darkness should stop;
Light must come!

I, the captive
cannot be conquered;
my breath bears
eyes to my sight
for Truth.

Thus,
With my touch,
I felt my face,
lighted my brow
with gleams of hope
to behold Reality.

Avaunt, Darkness!
Come, Light!
No death can scare
the undying.

The Quill

Why Should I?

by a. p. arwain, jr.

why should i blame anyone
if i am lonely
when the world itself is
a void of loneliness,
a pool of tears?

why should i cursingly frown
if suffering afflicts me
when this lovely earth is
one place for this
one piece of mockery?

why should i desire unlimitedly
for tempting finite things
when i am one limited being
who on earth lives only
a wink of life everlasting?

Pride

by
g. sison

Though I am what I am,
You are what you are:
Bones and flesh and blood,
Begotten from the dust.

Though thy form is heavenly,
Remember, thou art once a
Part of me. A part can ne'er
be greater than the whole,
Nor the whole lesser
Than its parts.

why should i not be wowed
with my existence
when man is born destined
to enjoy eternal assimilation
with Eternal God?



To
*A Wayside
 Rose*

by *Ledinila Amigable*

*Has a dewdrop ever told you
 How lovely you are, dear?
 Do flirting breezes whisper
 Sweet nothings in your ear?*

*What makes you sigh when'er a bee
 Your moon-kissed petals touch?
 Is he murmuring soft love-words
 That make you blush so much?*

*Does night in your crimson softness,
 Hide wooing moonbeams there?
 To wear upon each coming moon,
 As dewdrops in your hair?*

Hate

by
g. sison

*i hate you because
 i love you: for making
 me an atom part of me,
 and you the whole, the
 whole, the very whole
 of me . . .*

*i hate you because you
 mean so much to me: i am
 but the lessee of my life,
 and you the lessor of the
 part and whole of me . . .*

*i hate you because you
 own the whole of me, and
 i never own a part of you:
 i was not what i am, and i
 am what i was not before.*

*i hate you because i
 love you: for making me
 an atom part of me, and you
 the whole, the very whole
 of me . . .*

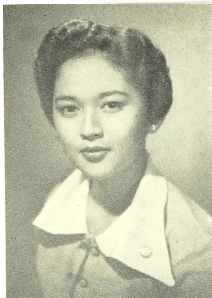
and The Man

The Lighted Candle

by *a. p. awitan, jr.*

*a child is born and gradually grows taller and taller
 but this candle before me is burning and slowly becoming shorter
 is it a candle that i see — its light eating up its slim wick?
 what can i expect — this long waxy body dissolved to nothingness?
 no, never do i want it consumed and let darkness absorb its light
 i will lose my appetite when i eat, the inspiration when i learn,
 the things it produces in my little shell of imaginations . . .
 the apparent visions of a sacred altar — the light of men's souls
 on their way to ever-waiting God.*





Campuscrats

By
DELIA SAGUIN

Deadline... that grim calamity! Why should there be, such a word as deadline? And for us laborers of the eleventh hour it's really a big scare! It haunts us everywhere... in our classes, in the bowling alleys, in the gym where we are watching a thrilling game and oht even in our dreams... there is always that inner voice nagging us wherever we go! "Remember dear!" it sez, "tomorrow is the DEADLINE." Oh well, I guess this is part of the suicide...er... compromise we had plunged ourselves into when we agreed to be staff members a long time ago. Anyhow, we still got away with it and so for our necks still hold our "cocos" high.

Now that the mid-term exams are over, activities flood the Campus like anything... September Affairs, we call them... acquaintance parties, picnics, induction dances, convocations, et al... plenty of materials for the gossip column... they're so plenty that we just don't know what to do about them. The news section will do the job—we hope. Anyhow, folks, Campuscrats will try to cover-up some of them. Like for instance...

The Induction dance of the Jaycees at the Club Filipino... It was fully attended... COMMERCIALES Y COMPRADORES alike were there to enjoy a pleasant dancing spree. Congrats should go to Mr. ALFREDO VEGA (PREX of the Junior Chamber of Commerce) and all the officers for a successful agenda. Eye-catchers of the evening:

FEY LOPEZ, sporting an organdy number complete with its multicolored flowerettes, looked extraordinarily fresh and enchanting. TITA PEREZ looked exceedingly girlish in her cute *jusi* ballerina. There were still many others who looked stunning that night, but I don't seem to remember them now. Isn't it quaint to see Daddy and Sonny dancing together? Well, ATTY. YUSON and his son (JUNIOR I believe) did so and they really looked wonderful dancing around the hall with their respective graceful partners, following the rhythmic beat of the "Paso Doble." Everybody applauded them of course. So so for the JCC Induction Ball. NESTOR MORELOS danced a mean mambo. He sure can dish it out.

As for the induction ceremonies and cocktail party of the KAPPA LAMBDA SIGMA SORORITY, ALMA VALENCIA (Exalted Sister) is going to give you the details on a special sorority page. Just read ALMA's writeup and I bet you'll enjoy it.

We have something new here in USC... guess what it is... you don't have to guess... you know it... it's a new basketball court located somewhere near the baseball grounds. Gee, isn't it great! Last Monday was the opening of the big INTRAMURAL GAMES. At exactly 4:00 P.M., the new court was just crowded with people... Campuscrats! At first there was the usual parade of the departmental teams around the court... then the ceremonies... then the BIG GAME! As usual, each team prided off with a especially charming girl for its sponsor. That's part of the show-off, I presume. For instance, the Colleges of Engineering and Architecture chose cute and energetic LOUELA LACSON for their Sweetheart. Louela wore a red-white blouse'n skirt combination complete with a cute co-ed's skull cap. Something about her attainment... a first year in the College of Architecture, Secretary of its class organization. Her friendliness accounts for her popularity among house-builders.

(Continued on page 32)

Footprints on ...

(Continued from page 12)

ed with mischievous brats. Outside was quiet. The children had gone home before she could say goodbye as she used to do every afternoon.

She heaved a deep sigh and looked at her watch. She jumped to her feet as if afraid she would fail an appointment.

She really had a date with the setting sun, the breeze, the wide placid sea, the wavelets upon the shore, and the white smooth sand. With her feet bare, she walked. She liked to feel the lukewarm sand and how the tiny particles grated under her feet.

As she trod bravely on, she held her head up as if to defy a subjugation while a stream of wind caressed her face, her dark hair tousled by that naughty swift of sea air. Now and then she would walk down to the brink where the worshipping wavelets would lap at her feet. With a queenly smile and a coaxing look in her eyes, she would ask: **Who of you here have come for me and be my faithful slave?** For they were like countless swimmers who raced to kiss her feet. Looking back, a subdued laughter would suddenly burst into a wild mirth as she gazed at the gentle surf clashing against each other to claim for her footprints on the sand. And when these tiny waves receded to the big sea, she would feel sick in her stomach. A feeling of consolation would surge within her only when she saw her footprints expunged smooth by the sea. But for those that remained alive and deep because the striving wavelets could not reach them, a feeling of shame would constrict her heart.

At the sight of a very deep one she abruptly turned her face away, afraid that her silly reflections might break through the line of forgetting. She was afraid she might start from the beginning again. It would be the unfair, illusive world and Fred...

"Good afternoon, ma'am," said a husky voice.

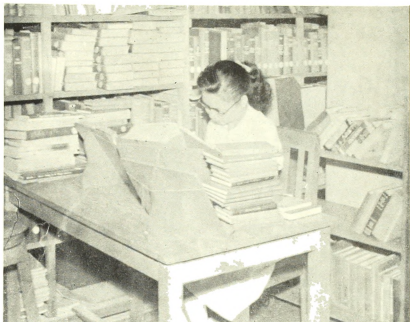
She reeled at knowing she was not alone. As if lightning had struck before her eyes, she was blinded for a moment. Then slowly with the setting sun, the man's face took shape. And like the sailboats coming home from the far-away sea now in silhouette, she saw the fig-

(Continued on page 26)

Oddities in PICTURES



500 new books for library received
from Fr. Ralph, Chicago



Classification of newly arrived books.



Things Not Wanted ...



Shoeshine at entrance of school

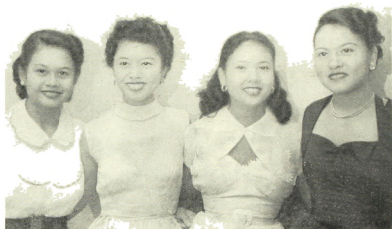


Ready for a Party



Mrs. P. Cabase

Miss F. Jakosal



Also Ready for a Party



Relaxation at Talisay



Hunting at Talisay





Miss L. Moran

Symposium of the College of Education



Miss Socorro Riveral, Main Singer



Mrs. Germina Q. Aurillo, Main Speaker



Sorority Kappa Lambda Sigma members receive pins.



Lambda Sigma Sorority members receive pins



Sorority Sigma Phi Rho Election of Officers



Even Teachers ...



Enjoy a hearty meal



The funconditional descent



Say: "Cheese!"



This naughty breeze!



Observe the palm fronds in the background

Basketball...

by ROSARIO TEVES

Pool!

WHAT, at four, just to see the games? Count me out! Basketball... pooh!

Every school-year, at this times, the basketball season starts. It draws quite a sizeable crowd of boys and girls even college students at that! Silly, isn't it? All they get in turn is a hoarse voice and fatigue, not to mention the peso-detached wallet. Suckers, huh?

I just don't see what they like in... in the Thing, er... I mean basketball, unless it is the monotonous dribbling of this brown spheroid. On second thought, girls, is it the players?

I wonder if the basketball fans don't get bored looking at those same old faces and funny queer outfits with loud colors familiarly known to them as the team's uniform. But what do they care about such things. After all there is the audience with several pretty faces to look at. In fact that is one of the boys' main reasons in going to the games.

I can't for the life of me understand the fun of watching that silly games, what with the players just going back and forth, occasionally tossing a ball in mid-air, and then assuming a pretended that-was-nothing-at-all look when they accidentally happen to make a one-hand shot although they for themselves consider it a rare feat, or give a defiant shocked expression when they miss as if it were for the first time. After that there is again the ridiculous running motion of going around in circles, or back and forth. One might just as well see a clock and watch the continuous motion of its

pendulum. There is not much difference anyway except that in a clock there is only a single object going back and forth, while in basketball there are several persons. But then in a clock you hear a pleasant melodious tune every quarter of an hour, while in basketball there is only the shrill, irritating whistle of the referee or the continual deafening cheers and challenging shouts. And if watching basketball has an advantage to watching a clock, so what, at least you see it for free.

I am sick of pivot-shots, set-shots and the rest of those basketball manipulations. Yet they would rather miss their classes than miss seeing the cagers play. Well, not me. I am still unaffected enough by that latest craze to bother with that game. I will rather stay at home. Imagine, such a waste of time and money! The money could be used for something better. The time could be utilized by spending it with things more worthwhile. The boys may perhaps repair that door-knob which have been put off for so long, clean the yard, whitewash the fence, etc., etc. That same goes for the girls, they can stay at home and make themselves useful, maybe darn their brothers' torn socks, instead of shouting, making their throats dry and their voices hoarse while their corns and leg-muscles ache for rest. It would really be much better that way, don't you think so? Just like me, I am staying home. Look, it is already four o'clock and yet... oh, is time that fast?

Hey Lil, Vicky, Nestorius, wait for me, I want to see the basketball game!

What is Russian...

(Continued from page 13)

bor," writes Eugene Lyons, "has been almost forgotten in the last twenty years. It's not any new 'sex equality' but a new economic necessity that obliges Russian women to work at the heaviest kind of men's tasks." (Op. cit., p. 8.) "Recently," continues this writer, "a study of living standards in 34 countries before the war was published in Washington by a group of leading economists. Soviet Russia stood 28th on the list, just above China, and India. Since the war, of course, conditions have become unavoidably worse. In some regions, such as the Ukraine and White Russia, virtual famine has been the lot of millions" (p. 9).

Writing of the much vaunted "economic democracy" publicized by Ruscomist propagandists (amongst whom we may place the infelicitous Henry Wallace, recent candidate for the Presidency of the U.S.A.), Victor Kravchenko says: "Having tied the workers to their machines and exacted more work for the same pay, we were ready for the next and most humiliating proof of the dignity of labor under the dictatorship of the proletariat. First came a loud and lusty propaganda storm on the theme of loafing and lateness... Then came the Draconian edict on 'strengthening socialist labor discipline.' Let foreign innocents who profess to see 'economic democracy' and a 'workers society' in Russia study this edict. Let them consider whether the oppressed workers in their benighted lands would tolerate such treatment.

"The new law provided that anyone late to work by more than twenty minutes must be automatically denounced to the local Prosecutor. He must then be tried and if found guilty, sentenced to prison or to forced labor. For fear that 'self officials' and 'rotten bourgeois liberals' in the local courts might be lenient, the decree made arrest and punishment mandatory for executives and others who failed to report or otherwise shielded the 'criminals' of lateness! Only serious illness, formally attested by the factory physician, or the death of some member of the family, was acceptable proof of innocence. Mere oversleeping or transport difficulties could not be offered as excuses.

"In my years as an industrial administrator I had seen many

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The ROVING



by
Ariston P. Awitan Jr.

WINKING the left or the right eye, dear readers, is an expression which conveys different meanings. It can even be a language between lovers, they say. But opening the right and closing the left eye for a period of time clearly suggests one meaning — that something is aimed at.

Aiming at some views is the hobby of our roving eye. It enjoys life by peering at almost anything. Its daily roaming around is incomplete when it can't least on the pages of the newspapers — schools mags especially. We don't know what becomes of it should it be completely devoid of the things it has learned to love.

We saw almost anything on the pages of many student publications, within and outside the Philippines, we chanced to scan. We noticed that some of the student official organs do not contain exchange sections. This is one of the splendid sights missed by our roving eye. We can't deny that we are more flattered when we learn that other schools also read us. At any rate, let's continue the account of our roving eye's adventure:

The TEMPER (College Editors' Guild of the South) reminded us of the headaches that a college editor undergoes before putting up a school newspaper. It's not really a picnic to be in an Ed's shoes. Mr. Salvador Layno, former CIT Editor, having realized the problems commented: "Maybe, you should just go home and apply your energies

to some less prodigious tasks like, say . . . hog-raising."

But we can build up the Ed's enthusiastic and enduring spirit by inspiring him. Writers need inspiration!

Here, we convey our congratulations to the Staff and to the people responsible for the publication of the CAMPUS LIFE (Students' Magazine). What part does it play? Let's see what the founders say:

"This publication shall stand an eloquent witness to our youth's attempt at interpreting and implementing the sweeping events in a world where, sooner or later, they have to play a major role in. Campus LIFE shall depict in its every page the minds of our enthusiastic students as they react to the varied forces at play."

This mag is a newly-opened orchid for our youth considering that its persistent need for a proper and dependable outlet of his thoughts is obviously intense.

From the CHANNEL (Tañon College) Mr. Isaac Yap lays stress on his editorial:

"We have waited long for an organ that will serve to broaden ten-fold of what we learned within the four walls of a classroom; an organ thru which we may develop our latent talents and creative abilities; one that will help us develop an intelligent and useful interest in life; one that will enlarge our vision and instill in our hearts the lofty spirit of service and sacrifice."

A lot of chin-and-eyebrow raising was caused by our August issue of the "Carolinian" because two of our columnists dished out some of their pent-up emotions about political issues of the day. Kicks and brickbats poured in like lava from a newly-erupted volcano and seemingly withered a lot of timely-given orchids. Some comments even went to the local newspapers and war with ideas followed. Well, that was only an outcome brought about by harping on this harp, called politics. Much can be said about it, but we better skip a lot or else another version of "potential terrorism" might come to a head and produce a USC-brand "Moises Padilla! Excuse me brother! Our elders can be narrow-minded sometimes.

Speaking of elders, here's something from the BUILDER (Mapua Institute of Technology):

"Many of our elders are strongly against the active participation of the youth in politics. Some of our public officials are displeased when the student-youth shows interest in the current political issues. . . . I believe that the student-youth may take part in the political discussions, for the chief reason that he is a part of the government, and whatever this government achieves or fails to accomplish greatly affects the life of everyone of the constituents of the government — the student-youth among them. Moreover, the youth of today, are the future public officials of tomorrow. Hence, it is imperative that the youth must have an early training in the complicated political affairs of the country."

Mr. Pastor T. Quinto, Jr., has surely written this with a student pulse as depicted by the BUILDER'S column itself.

Does participation of the student press in politics drag the school to it? One may answer this question without a moment's hesitation, yet others may lift their brows before any attempt. Any way, here's what Greg. G. Gabumpa says in the VI-SAYANIAN, (University of the Visayas).

"While it is true that the student press represents the school, its participation in politics does not in any way drag the school to it, for in expressing its views, it carries not the voice of the school but that of the student body. While we believe that its participation in politics would tend to divert its attention and role as an organ of the student body, it is

(Continued on page 33)



SPORTS

Round-up

Edited by
TOMMY ECHIVARRE

COMMERCE CREW NEARS TOP AS CAGE INTRAMS GAIN GROUND

Highlighting the year's top sport activity is the traditional college intramural games participated in by the different departments of the university. Pomp, color and campus spirit again envelop the student body as the four tough teams, Law, Liberal Arts, Engineering and Commerce cross paths in the basketball manner to vie for cage leadership in the various departments. It will be a long strenuous grind and by October the entire college will have known who survived the race and those who have fallen. To determine the champion, a double-robins series will be conducted to afford each team a heel-to-heel chance for the trophy.

Prefacing the competitions, Reverend Father Rector gave the blessings to the new basketball court and Athletic Director Reverend Father Lawrence Buzel administering the oath of sportsmanship. It was a simple yet impressive ritual and the Big Four slowly marched out of the court to commence the fiesta.

Up to press time, results of the last four encounters by the warring factions gave the Commerce team a good edge over its rivals. As the experts put it, the Commerce team is "so star-studded that the other outfits when compared, look like falling stars!" Former varsity skipper **Rudy Jakosalem** is the gimmick that is Commerce. Three other "Rudys", **Alcover**, **de la Cerna** and **Macasero** compose the spit and fire of the Comerciantes. **Baraquia Consorcio Canase**, **Jesus Yap**, **Paterno Gacayan** and **Santiago Uy** add zip and zing to the highly-touted Accountants. They have licked the Engineering and Law teams to spurt ahead of the others with the Liberal Arts, a team composed of young but speedy dribblers, following closely on their

heels and out for their scalp.

Let's take the Liberal Arts crew. They are manned by a group of recruits from high school. **Boy Echavez** and lanky **Bendijo** are the only rudders of the team armed with a pair of shooting arms that can stretch the score when everybody in his team cannot. The **Tajodas** are superb in their perfect combination as proven in their last encounters with the Law and Engineering crews. The LA's were third in the dopester's sheet but their spectacular bottom-blasting game with the Engineers broke the crystal ball that predicted them third. They are now rated second to the Comerciantes after disposing of the Law and Engineering units. Spindle-legged **Bendijo** chalked up a total of 25 points to establish a record in the individual scoring parade. Commerce's **Jakosalem** and **Macasero** follow as runners-up with 16 markers apiece.

An analysis of the Engineering team will show that they are the team to beat this year. But in spite of the good luck piece that they have in being able to acquire the services of yeomen **Paking Arriola** and **Tony Sagardui** who recently shifted from the Liberal Arts and Commerce departments, respectively, to the engineering course steward **Carlitos Alvarez** nearly broke his heart when his team suffered a crushing downfall at the hands of the formidable Comerciantes and the unpredictable LA's. Their initial tussle with the Commerce team rated them number two in the dopester's sheet after showing the bookkeepers that figures still count in basketballing. They were able to knot the score four times in the first quarter and, had **Macasero** and **Jakosalem** muffed a try or two in their attempts, they would have been able to even the chances of both teams. They came as close as one point in the closing minutes of the game when **Arriola** slipped

on his toes and gave the leather to a **Comerciante** by the name of **Tiburcio Omas-as**, an undertraining rookie in the varsity team, who flung the ball to the basket and secured the Greens' chances for victory. The scoring punch that the Engineers have is lodged in the hands of **Sammy Longakit** who proved his scoring savvy in the Engineering-Commerce tilt with thirteen points, but failed miserably in the LA-Engineering showdown. Final tab on the Engineering-Commerce game: 45-40, on the LA-Engineering tilt: 50-40.

The Law team lacks seasoning, practice and teamwork. They have the spirit to fight but it stops there: only the spirit. Skipper **Nene Ranudo** is confused as to whether he'll keep up with the fight or quit. But the result of the game between his team and that of the Comerciantes made him change his mind. They lost though, but not as it should have been. They did not expect to put up a good fight with the Greens. They lost the game with a five-point deficit. This game with the Comerciantes buoyed up their morale. The Lawyerites have **Buhia** and **Acarra** former LA stars for the rebounds and **Carrungoy** and **Tajoda**, **Crescenciano** as point-makers. **Orlando Bemilo** comes up with his twin-pointers at the right moments where it is badly needed. **Damian Arsuva** is terrific in the rebounds and **Payosalan** shoots accurately in the foul area.

All in all, the campus cognoscenti places the Commerce squad at the driver's seat and with the Law, Liberal Arts and Engineering machineries as shock absorbers.

But if we are to depend on **Fate**, **Arnold**, in writing the narrative poem **Sohrab** and **Rustum**, says:

"For we are all old swimmers
in the sea

Poised on the top of a huge
wave of fate,
(Continued on next page)

Which hangs uncertain to
which side to fall.
And whether it will heave us
up to land,
Or whether it will roll us back
to sea,
Back out to sea, to the deep
waves of death,
We know not, and no search
will make us know.
Only the event will teach us in
its hour."

USC, A de C, SHARE HONORS

Playing at an estimated crowd of three thousand at the Ateneo de Cagayan gymnasium last September 5 and 6, the Carolinian Warriors repeated last year's episode with the same one-win-one-loss ending. Last year's tale was: The Crusaders won in the first game with a lopsided score and dropped the second by a point. This year's: The Carolinians overwhelmed them in the first encounter but lost the last by a digit. It was like singing the same old tune but with different lyrics. In last year's tussles there were no heartbreaks as far as the Carolinians were concerned. They lost the first game and they had no alibis for it. They won the second game because they were dead sure they could. This year's lyrics run like this: The Carolinians won the first game because they expected to lose, and lost the second because they were too sure to win. **The inside story:**

On September five the Warriors took things for granted. They expected to lose and have their vengeance on the following day. But things turned out differently when warrior Donaldado started spotting the obelisk from the far corners of the plywood aided by Skip Morales dunking in two-pointers from here and there. Sagardui acted as leader but sunk in occasional markers once in a while. Doronila, spark-plug of the Crusaders, went to town with his overhead jump shots and chipped in thirteen points for the night followed closely by Abejo who thrived mostly on body contacts made by Morales garnering eleven markers. Skip Morales was sent to the showers in the closing minutes after chipping in eight points. High pointers for the Carolinians were: Fleet-fooled Donaldado, thirteen; Tony Young, who by the way drove in his points only at the last quarter, chalking up ten points and Sagardui, eight. Final Score: 56-47.

On September 6, the Warriors played a different game. On the previous night they ran like a pack of bloodhounds chasing a quarry

and spliced the cords as easy as if they were practicing on home grounds. In this game they acted like a bunch of topheavy mushrooming standing in the court doing nothing to stop Roa of the Crusaders from penetrating the man-to-man defense of the Green and Goldies. As a sign of cocksureness in the outcome of the game for the Warriors, Tactician Baring fielded in his second stringers to tangle with the Blue and Whites' determined five. Tony Young drew first blood to mark the first and last lead USC got for the whole route. The Carolinians were a scattered bunch from thereon, committing fouls lavishly and Roa, Doronila and de Leon making good their attempts in the charity throws. In the second and third frames, the Carolinians were practically handcuffed. One of the main observations made by Coach Fuentevilla was that the previous night, his boys were completely outlasted due to the man for man defense applied by his boys. Now he shifted his defense to that of a "floating zone." This defense proved to be highly effective. The Carolinians were not able to put up a good battle in the first three stanzas and all the while the Ateneans stretched their margin steadily to a ten-point lead. The real sob story happened in the fatal fourth. Signs of a Green and Gold rebellion showed when Echivarre and Sagardui found the range of the basket puncturing the hoop with six points apiece to chop down the ten-point lead of the Crusaders. With the score, 36-38 ten seconds before the finale, Sagardui, receiving a home-run pass from Martin Echivarre, sent home the equalizer with a difficult one-hand jumpshot. The stands were thrown to a pandemonium and a time-out was called by the now jittery Crusaders. Instructions were sent by both coaches to their respective contingents. It was Ateneo's ball when the frenetic moments resumed and Roa, who was playing aggressively that night, was fouled unnecessarily by Donaldado with barely three seconds more to go. Roa calmly tossed in the winning shot and in two more seconds, the game was over for Ateneo. Score: 38-39.

Score by quarters:—
(1st night) 6-11; 18-21; 32-33; 56-47
(2nd night) 6-8; 12-22; 26-33; 38-39

Point makers for the Ateneans were: Roa, ten; de Leon six.

For the Carolinians: T. Echivarre, 14; Sagardui, 11.



If you have been a frequent customer in the current CCAA cage fests I'll wager that you will have to agree to the fretful fact that the Carolinian spirit is nowhere to be found inside as far as the cheering goes. You will have to agree with me that USC students do not feel like cheering for the USC players. And this sad, sad fact is found not only in basketball games but also on the other sports participated in by the Green and Gold banner.

However, there is a sharp contrast to this "reluctant willingness" to cheer. If you have been observing how the varsity basketballers play, then perhaps you have noticed the way they stick to that ball like leeches as if their lives depend on it. In other words they have SPIRIT. A hard, driving will to fight even if defeat stares at them with certainty. This dynamic spirit has been shown when they were trailing far behind with a ten-point gap against the Ateneo de Cagayan dribblers, in the last two minutes of the game. They were able to chop down that margin until the last ten seconds when Sagardui sunk in the equalizer. After the game, the reverend fathers congratulated the boys for the unbroken spirit they had shown despite the sickening lead and the spectacular rally they had made in an inadequate period of two minutes.

There is, then, a ridiculous, inconsistent and deplorable antithesis of attitudes. The empty attitude of the cheerer and the esprit de corps of the cheered. The barren will of the cheerer to clap his hands, and the moving, hustling spirit of the cheered despite unfavorable circumstances. Why is this? I cannot answer this. Perhaps the reverend fathers can.

And the irony of it all is that these supposed-to-be rooters shout like the place is on fire when a different team is playing, especially Santo Niño!

And there is that cheering squad. A group of innocent brats who couldn't even tell the difference between the holler and the players. Sure they holler, and get themselves drowned by a din of boos. Well, then, laugh Carolinian!



LET us agree on the meaning of the "home economic" coordinator. He is the person directly in charge of our allowance at home. So that his popularity is controversial. He is either popular or otherwise among his dependents depending upon whether the month is just beginning or just ending. In which case he is the best and most thoughtful father if at the start of the month that familiar registered mail with the pink check is received.

The relationship existing between the "coordinator" and his dependents whom he fondly refers to as his "liabilities" or "pensionados" — though we insist on our status of being potential assets — is one delicately calling for as much astute psychology as that used at the "Peace Talks" in Korea. So that added to the intricacy of social living is the inevitability of student psychology on the breadwinner of the family.

Gosh, but whenever I touch on the subject of allowance, there always flashes across my mind a red danger signal. Beware, you're treading on dangerous grounds! One has to be on the alert in order to get around. Steady, sure and always in good grounds with psychology. Most of all, sympathetic! Or else... sorry we can't afford that now. Young as we are and inexperienced at that... so our old folks say and so let them have peace on their day... we already

know the meaning of money. The thing which like love makes the world go round. Atomic age and materialism! Among the student populace we can detect when it's fun time because it is fun time. The barometer of the gaudy and chivalry of the knights-on-the-dusty-armor and the chic-ness of the popular coed like any other youthful mood rises and falls depending upon the moon. Although in this case it is the result of approximately one travel of the moon than the romantic atom itself that we are concerned about. As the face of the calendar acquires more crosses, meaning that the month lastly wears away, so does the dormitory or boarding house acquire more cross faces of interns. No money gives no lun. Naturally, resolutions spring up like living up to the budget, less "halo-halo", and lesser movies more studying, etc. A wee-wee saying forces itself into print... repentance comes last. But who wants to talk about repentance? ... makes us feel old. Let bygones be...

But some of these are vicarious experience.

I had my first encounter with the psychology involved in asking money from, and of all sources, the

comics. Comic books are not entirely abominable from the standpoint of an intellectual aristocrat, maybe. Way back when the world was yet more rosy, I was terribly fond of comics and Patsy Walker appealed to me most. She really knows the psychological moment. Moreover she can make that moment on her Dad. Can she get results!

Unfortunately, I happen to be one of the later children. There are elders, I mean. They go off to other places to study. It comes financially that they write letters back home. Home, the sweet place where the pliable heart of the coordinator is naturally. What lovely letters! How very sweet and reassuring. Often they are sentimental, telling how much they cry their hearts away during a fit of homesickness. These sentiments are worded up in well-chosen, effective, academic expressions — surely, one thing true, they have not wasted

On Allowance

By Lilia Cinco

their time harkening for the dismissal bell during their grammar and composition classes. These letters come in a group pattern, done in three letters in an inactive period of a month. The first paragraph in the first letter usually expresses their deep appreciation and gratitude for sending the amount of a less than a hundred to a few hundred pesos. How lucky it is to have such understanding Papa and Mama. The second to the last paragraph of the same avoid any reference to money. Why should there be? There are several other things to say. He misses the home cooked fried chicken so much although perhaps the sub-conscious gets the better of him, he tells how he devoured oh-so-deliciously the very last bones of the chicken at Max's. But mind you, he did eat in such a way that he did not have to look like the real "provinciano." Well, anyway, he is allowed a few moments of extravagance, isn't he? Or he should stay home. That was

(Continued on page 31)

Your

Corpus Delicti

UPON strident telephone summons put through by Artemio Bemol, Lt. Haukee, member of the homicide squad of the local police, burned his tires to the home of the victim, Prof. Ramon Magno, and viewed the body. It had three bullet holes in the chest and was still clutching a gun which was probably the same that discharged the fatal shots.

"I had an appointment with him. The front door was open so I walked in," said Bemol. "I heard the shots just when I was crossing the hallway toward his study. I strode in and... that's exactly what I saw. I didn't touch anything."

He stated that this was his first visit to the Magno household and his business was simply to clarify his enrolment in a local school where the victim had been a dean.

The incident happened when everyone else in the house had retired for the night.

Pressing his inquiries to the members of the family, Lt. Haukee got a straightforward story from the daughter, Nida, from which he discounted the theory of suicide and became certain he could pinpoint the murderer.

"I always knew something like t-t-this would happen," exclaimed the tear-stricken young lady. "Pa and Ma couldn't get on being friends since Ma started getting hitched to the night lights. You know, the dazzles in parties and

that sort. She has become a great egg for society. I don't know why she suddenly got the germ for it. Papa didn't like it. Neither did I. After all that age she has and me—I don't even get a break m-m-myself!"

Curious by what she meant by a "break", Haukee learned that

by

Jake Verle

Nida's love-life, in spite of her youth, was riding on high passion of some sort with an emotional live-wire named Tony Guica. It seems that Tony and Nida, so deeply in love, had made plans for marriage which was sternly repressed and discouraged by Prof. Magno.

Standing on edge, Tony had once cried out, "Nobody can stop me from marrying you!" he was referring to Nida.

Investigating more in the scene of the crime, Haukee saw, still inserted in a typewriter, what appeared like a suicide note which bore the name "Ramon Magno" typewritten below. It read: "The indifference of my family has taken me to a sense of defeat within myself and I know that there could be nothing and no one else I could live for, now that I have lost the only dear ones in my life." There was no signature.

Was this suicide or murder? Lt. Haukee finds a murderer in his hands. Do you? **Answer on page 32.**

Footprints on...

(Continued from page 16)

ure of the man, tall and slim. She started at him long and dumb-founded.

"Have we by any chance met somewhere?" the man's voice was confident.

When the man's face was clear enough, she was swung back to a void, her heart must have stopped, her blood clotted, total darkness engulfed her. The warmth of his strong grip as the man helped her stand upright brought her back to her senses. She wanted to cry; a lump in her throat stifled her breath. She closed her eyes; opened them again. Yes, the man's face was familiar. That sadness in his eyes!... Within herself she whined: **No, my God, this could not be so! No, not Fred!...**

"No," she voiced out the last word that ran in her mind. And she lied, "No, I haven't been to any place. I'm sorry."

She was about to run home when the man spoke again, "My name is Ernesto... Ernesto del Rio, Miss Libre. I hope there's nothing the matter with you..."

She checked her almost hasty exist. Her face now away from the man managed to steal another look at him. She straightened up the back of her head and inhaled a stream of good air. She now could hear the pounding of her heart against her breast. It was quite a relief—a relief to know her heart was still there—a relief to know the man was not Fred. **Thanks God, she heard herself saying. But...**

"How did you know my name?" her voice was tinged with apprehensiveness.

"Don't tell me you have been keeping that a secret," smiled the man. "Since my arrival two days ago, Ma talked a lot about you; the things you did for the children and the barrio. When she told me your name, a Libre who made a visit to my roommate in the seminary came to my mind. She was my roommate's cousin. I have come to check myself up. You look like her."

"Seminary? Did you say seminary? You mean you are on your way to priesthood?"

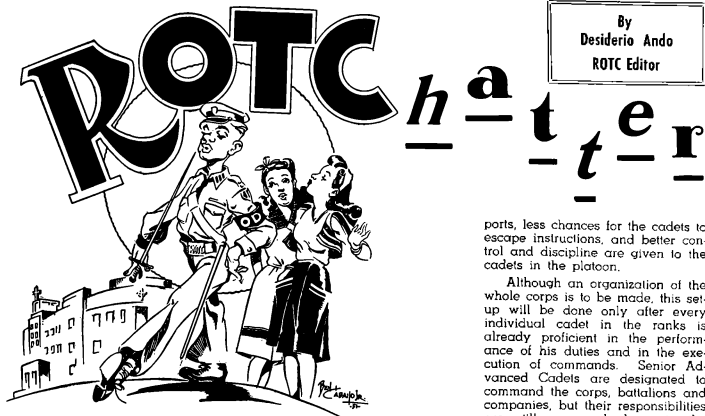
"Yes, why?"

"Are you from this island?"

"Yes. The greater part of my

(Continued on page 28)

By
Desiderio Ando
ROTC Editor



USC CORPS COMMANDER HEADS SUPREME FRATERNITY

With overwhelming majority over his opponents, USC's Cdt Col Demosthenes Gumalo was elected Commander of the Cebu ROTC SUPREME FRATERNITY.

The election was held at the USC Amphitheater last August 25, 1953, presided by UV's Cdt Col Jose R. Gullas.

RESULTS OF ELECTION:

Commander, Cdt Col Demosthenes Gumalo, FA, USC; Deputy Commander, Cdt Col Benedicto Mantos, Inf, USP; Adjutant General, Cdt Lt Col Remberto Ybanez, Inf, CSI; Finance Officer, Cdt Lt Col Guillermo R. Andres, Inf, CIT; Quartermaster General, Cdt Col Jose R. Gullas, Inf, UV; Provost Marshall, Cdt Lt Col Roldan Gonzales, Inf, CCC; Deputy Provost Marshall, Cdt Lt Col Marcelino Aguisanda, Inf, SWC; Liaison Officer, Cdt Lt Col Santiago Yap, Inf, USP; PRO, Cdt Lt Col Amando Orillaneda, Inf, UV. Adviser: Captain Manuel F. Segura, Inf, Commandant, CIT

The CEBU ROTC SUPREME FRATERNITY is an organization led by Top Brass of the different ROTC units in Cebu. This Fraternity holds affairs and coordinates its efforts

to promote closer relationships and better understanding among its members.

NEW SYSTEM

The Commandant of Cadets has this year changed his policy by adopting a platoon method of control. In the previous years, when the method of organizing the Corps was by companies, battalions, etc., the control of the whole company was undertaken by the company commander himself; hence, checking of attendance was very much inefficient. The old system was very defective. Collisions between First Sergeants and cadets in the ranks were found rampant. With company strength, the company commander could do nothing but presume everybody was present. That made the old system appear anomalous.

However, with the new system this year, every senior advanced cadet is assigned to a platoon of thirty eight men only and is assisted by junior advanced cadets and basic cadet officers. There are now four cadet officers responsible for the training of each individual cadet in only one platoon, as compared with the previous method of training as many men as there are in a company by only five cadet officers. By this method, more time is saved in the making of delinquency re-

ports, less chances for the cadets to escape instructions, and better control and discipline are given to the cadets in the platoon.

Although an organization of the whole corps is to be made, this set-up will be done only after every individual cadet in the ranks is already proficient in the performance of his duties and in the execution of commands. Senior Advanced Cadets are designated to command the corps, battalions and companies, but their responsibilities are still narrowed down to the platoon where they are assigned. This is their primary concern. The Corps Commander for instance, besides being designated as such, commands the whole corps during parades and other ceremonies, but behind all these responsibilities are his duties to his platoon, the welfare of which is always his own lookout. This renders the buck impassable. One could now very well see the snappy movements of our cadets with barely a semester of ROTC instruction. This is the effect of the new system.

THE YEAR'S CORPS COMMANDER

We have for this year a slim, matured hunk of a man with a weather-bitten face as our ROTC Corps Commander in the person of Cdt Col Demosthenes Gumalo, FA. Though he hails from Lazi, Negros Oriental he boasts of a Greek name and does think and speak like a Greek when he addresses his troops. Like the Greeks, he loves mathematics and we believe that is the reason why he is majoring on that subject while taking the Education course in this University. Like all previous Corps Commanders he has his own military background as a cadet which we consider quite impressive.

Looking from the military standpoint of view he was in 1948 until 1950 the Battalion Adjutant of the

PMT Unit of St. Vincent's High School, Bonifacio, Misamis Occidental. After Graduation he must have asked himself, "dear heart, what then? Are we going to stop just right here? Is that all we can do to please those who love and cherish us and what we are doing? No... No.... For goodness sakes and in the name of the sword... No! That's not enough!" It seemed that this young man's heart just refused to be contented with a mere high school education and so with dreams of high conquests beyond the seas young Gumalo left his town and set sail across the waves... Destination—U.S.C.

So in the early weeks of July, 1950, he found himself enrolled as a 1st year Basic FA Cadet in this university's Department of Military Science and Tactics and after quite a display of strategy and cunning he became the Assistant platoon Sergeant of the 2nd platoon of "Charlie" Battery. As such he showed a marked degree of ability in handling men so much so that in the next school year he was promoted to Cdt. 1st Lt, commanding the 1st platoon of "Baker" Battery. With the same enthusiasm and zeal he strove hard to maintain honor and integrity and with a stronger esprit fulfilled his duties faithfully and so impressed his superiors that in the school-year 1952-53, when he decided to take the Advanced Course, they did not hesitate to promote him to Cadet Captain, FA. He commanded the "Able" Battery of the FA Battalion ably during the first semester and when the Department found him capable of handling the duties of a personnel and administration officer, he was promoted to Cadet Major, FA and became the Corps S-1 in the semester. As a Staff Officer of the Corps he marched briskly and bravely with his unit during the Tactical inspection in which it won the much coveted and celebrated "STAR."

The then Cadet Major Gumalo should also be well remembered as one who did not hesitate to volunteer for duty when the call for summer camp training for ROTC Cadets was sounded. He went with the Boys to Fort William McKinley; and there, being the highest in rank among the Cadets, he became "Charlie" Battery's First Sergeant in the ATU.

And so ends the short military history of the highest ranking Cadet

Officer of this university's ROTC top brass. We hope that with stronger courage, faith, loyalty, enthusiasm and *esprit* our pledged leader for this coming Tactical Inspection will inspire the men under his command to another glorious victory.

THIS YEAR'S CORPS SPONSOR by: TLE

A godsend beauty with the simplicity of a typical Filipina lodged in the graceful person of STELLA PENALES was chosen ROTC corps sponsor of 1953-54. Easy to chat with and a good conversationalist when you come to know her, Stella was all smiles after being informed of the good news. Before official cognizance of her as corps sponsor she had already won the hearts of many Carolinians largely due to her ability in making friends especially in the folds of the ROTC department. Lavish in her smiles to every friend she meets, it bespeaks much of her pleasing personality and good breeding. Although a newcomer in USC, a good part of the student body have already known her as a student and a good friend. As it is natural for every well-bred woman to behave, Stella is a little bit bashful when you first talk to her but you will come to know later, in the course of your conversation, that she was just being modest and cautious.

She hails from the beautiful landscapes of Davao, Bohol — the land of the historical figure, Dagohoy. She completed her primary education in her native place and took a Catholic education in the Holy Name College where she finished her high school years. During her secondary days in the HMC in Tagbilaran, Stella successively garnered high honors in her last three years of study, proving that beauty and brains really mix and stick like butter in your bread. Born on the merry days of May, particularly on the twenty-third, her parents named her "Stella" taken from the Latin word of "star". Living to the expectations of her name, she founds sponsoring a corps an easy task and was "seasoned" in Holy Name College for two years in the sponsoring business. Now she has skyrocketed to stardom in USC's ROTC galaxy of sponsors.

Sweet-voiced Stella is one of those sweeter-than-honey teen-agers who finds excursions and outings

Footprints on...

(Continued from page 26)

life was spent on the green fields over there until my dying father willed that I should be a priest. I came home for an untimely vacation due to a bad heart. Doctor's advice, you know. I live on the east side of the island."

She laughed—she laughed her biggest laugh the way one would at seeing a clown perform antics.

"But why, Miss Libre!"

"Why?" she said between laughs. "Why, because... because I don't remember having a cousin whose idea of entering the seminary coincided with yours."

She lied. Only the sea perhaps could have said that she laughed it off: all the anxiety and the fear and the surprises and the coincidences that were happening within; the fact that the man was not Fred; and all the hurt that was within her—the nightmare of a buried past—the frustration at losing the second chance to live a life not with Fred but with this man who looked like Fred. She looked back again... at her footprints on the sand.

The End.

exciting and breathtaking. Dancing the latest craze of the month and singing the top hits of the day, Stella found these hobbies pleasurable and entertaining. She also tries her hand at dramatics of which she considers as "just one of her hobbies." Currently enrolled in the Pharmacy department as a neophyte, she hopes to complete her studies in the same university.

After the naming of Cadet Colonel Demosthenes Gumalo as corps commander, what created quite a ruckus and the object of many a speculation among campus cognoscenti was the grand quiz as to who he has picked among the several college beauties to act as corps sponsor. He replied without a moment's hesitation: "Stella Penales". And showed them her picture. A chorus of low whistles were their answers.

Administration

● Fr. Carda Homecomes Gives Impressions on Travel

Upon his arrival from a three-week vacation in Baguio, healthy-looking Fr. Francis Carda dusted off his office and began a determined effort to clear his desk of pending matters piled up during his absence.

Asked to tell the whole story of his travel, he prefaced his tale with the statement that his "much-needed vacation came rather late." This was so because the greater part of administrative work fell on his shoulders during the European sojourn of Fr. Rector, he explained.

When Fr. Rector returned, Fr. Carda got the green light to start off on an enjoyable vacation in the Pines city. His Baguio stay was quiet and restful for most of the

Library News

● Library Plan Biggest Expansion Program

If the present plans and policies bore by the administration comes to a reality, expectations run high that the time will be when USC would be operating the biggest and most equipped library in the islands. The records show that in the month of August alone, in spite of the high prices of books and the difficulty in importing them, the college library was able to secure a total of 406 volumes of books aside from the various volumes turned over to this university as donations from various civic-spirited friends here and abroad. This number excludes those books sent to the High School Library. Thus the college library is setting a new record of an arrival of fourteen volumes a day.

Liberal Arts

● College Day Fair Successful; Thousands Jam Booth

In what was considered a precedent-setting event of the year, Liberal Arts class organizations successfully worked hand in glove to put up a petit college day fair last September 20, Sunday.

During the big day, the gates of the university were thrown wide open to a big eager throng of people who jammed the booths and joined in the fun and frolic. At 7:00 A.M. the College of Liberal Arts crowd, together with the austere-looking bunch of faculty members and the sleep-fresh choir singers of Fr. Graysy, blew the lid off their scheduled series of activities with a mass at the USC chapel.

After the Mass, the crowd piped out the National Anthem during the Flag-raising ceremony. At exactly 8:30 A.M., Rev. Fr. Albert Van Ganswinkel, Rector, walked into the entrance of the fair and cut the traditional ribbon to signify the opening of the booths. Fifteen minutes later, athletic games, including

USC in the NEWS

time he was kept indoors due to bad weather. In the later part of his vacation, he visited several Manila schools and talked business with Bureau of Private Schools bigwigs.

When queried about his impressions on other schools, he beamed and said: "Each school has its own merits. But San Carlos U. has one distinctive feature. Here, "he pointed out, "a higher degree of camaraderie exists, everybody is a big brother to the other."

In this connection, he felt that every Carolinian has a reason to be proud. If only students make the most of the opportunities and facilities offered here, he pointed out, there would be no cause for anyone to be "sorry."

Turning back to his travel, he decried the existence of "commercialized sports" even among respectable institutions in Manila. At the close of the interview, he affectionately said the line which every dyed-in-the-wool Carolinian knows: "It was a great event when I got my vacation leave. But it was a far more great event to be back in San Carlos University."

In line with its plans of giving the students the best possible service, the USC librarian recently laid down his policy of accepting as assistant librarians only those students who have completed at least fifteen units in library courses. This, according to him, was adopted for purposes of convenience both on the part of the library personnel and on the students as well. He stressed the fact that it is practically hard for one to give a good service "if and when he knows nothing about the needs of others." Hence, he said, the need of well rounded assistant librarians.

Meanwhile, the librarian happily announced the acquisition of a complete set of bookbinding outfit. This project is one of a series of projects contained in a wide range program of expansion. One thing noteworthy about this outfit is the fact that with the exception of the glue and the cloth all the other materials are made locally by San Carlos. It was also announced that the administration is studying plans for the installation of a bigger project, the printing press. With the realization of all these plans, the USC students can look forward to a truly equipped library.

BARTOLOME C. DE CASTRO
News Editor

IGNACIO SALGADO VICTORIA PARAS
Assistants

basketball, bicycle race, and sack race, started drawing crowds. At lunch time, the Liberal Arts students opened their lunch boxes for an awaited bite.

The doors of the booths were again thrown wide open at one o'clock, bringing in a new crowd of spectators. The whole-day affair reeled to an impressive end with a "show-of-talents" program at 5:00 P.M. Under the direction of Miss Lourdes Varela, the "Boor," a one-act comedy, topped off the literary-musical show.

When asked if she considered the fair successful, Philosophy-instructor Mrs. Bernardita B. Valenzuela, pert over-all chairman, shot back and, in a voice which betrayed the sureness of a positive answer, asked: "Was it a success or a flop?"

Committees appointed for the booth were: Pre-Med — Dr. Protasio

Solon and Miss Evangelina Zosa, advisers, Mr. Francisco Japzon, member, Pre-Law — Atty. Catalino Doronio, adviser, Mr. Cristino Abasolo, member; Pre-Nursing and Pre-Dental — Mrs. Remedios Sordo, adviser, Miss Angela Villalor, member; General — Mr. Mariano Vale, Mrs. Ruperta Lumapas, advisers, Mr. Benjamin Carredo, member; Zoology and Chemistry — Mrs. Paulina Pares, Mr. Bienvenido Marapao, advisers, Mrs. Rebecca Galeas, Mr. Gervasio Riconillo, members. Other committees appointed were: Athletic contests — Mr. Anastacio Montes and all vice-presidents of all departments; Decoration and Accommodation — Mr. Higinio Libron; Literary-Musical Program — Mrs. Bernardita B. Valenzuela; Prizes — Miss Leonor Borromeo.

● **Pre-Law Petition Granted**

Campus events took on a happy twist recently when a sealed white envelope bearing the message of the Bureau of Private Schools reconsideration of the science subjects discredited in the new Pre-Law curriculum, was received. The second year Pre-Law students, being affected by the revoked order of the bureau to discredit them of the science subjects they took last year, were thrown into uproarious jubilation.

The big news reportedly ripped the alleged plan of some Pre-Law students to boycott the college day fair in protest for the allegedly passive attitude of the school towards their prayer for reconsideration. The letter of the Bureau of Private Schools containing the nod on the reconsideration plea came close in the wake of assurances given by Liberal Arts Dean, Rev. Fr. Enrique Schoenig. The dean assured that the administration will spare no efforts towards the successful grant of the Pre-Law petition. The recalcitrant Pre-Law reportedly toed the line after receiving Fr. Schoenig's assurance.

Pre-Law student leaders, headed by Prexy Cristino Abasolo, thanked the administration for its successful efforts for the granting of the much-prayed-for petition for reconsideration.

● **Liberal Arts Studies Off On Maribago Spree**

The A.B. class organization pulled the wraps off their biggest semestral affair with a very well-attended excursion to Maribago, Opon last

August 30, Sunday. Ben Carredo, A.B. Class President, temporarily left aside his newspaper beat to head the biggest excursion so far held.

From the time Liberal Arts Dean, Rev. Fr. Schoenig, shouted "hurrah, let's go," up to the time the last sandwich was eaten, the excursionists never had a dull moment all day long. The closely-packed set of activities for the excursionists got off into a noisy start with a hilarious ferry-boat ride to Opon. At 10:00 A.M., the excursionists paid their respects to Opon officials; fifteen minutes later, they took the bus for the white beaches of Maribago. Games and swimming commenced right upon their arrival until lunch time. From one o'clock till three in the afternoon, the excursionists got acquainted with each other. The program ended a few minutes past three o'clock when the tired and worn-out excursionists started on their homeward trek.

Education

● **College of Education Celebrates Fifteenth Anniversary**

Fifteen years ago, the San Carlos fathers had a dream. The dream envisaged a big College of Education. This dream is now concretely materialized. Last August 16, 1953, the college commemorated its fifteenth anniversary.

The one-day celebration started with a mass for faculty members, alumni, and students at the U.S.C. chapel. At 11:30 A.M. USC registered their names at the school lobby. This was followed by a banquet at the U.S.C. library hall. After dinner, Asst. Dean Alfredo Ordonia cited the most distinguished alumni of the College of Education.

In the afternoon of that same day, a literary-musical program was presented by Education students. Opening the program was an overture, "Call of Baghdad" played by the U. S. C. symphony orchestra under the baton of Rev. Fr. Joseph Crispy, head of the Music department. Main lecture of the affair was a symposium on Education in which five carefully-selected speakers talked on the different views in the field of education.

The success of the affair was accredited to the efficient supervision of Rev. Fr. Lawrence Bunzel, and



Mrs. PRISCILLA CABASE
Ed.—IV Prexy

Mr. Alfredo Ordonia, Dean and assistant dean of the College of Education, respectively.

● **Mrs. Cabase Romps Away with Education Senior Presidency**

The din of pneumatic drills and road reconstruction work in Peloez street was temporarily drowned out by the outburst of applause when Mrs. Priscilla Cabase was seated President of the Education senior class, last September 1, 1953. Other officers elected were Miss Concepcion Jakosalem, vice-president; Miss Victoria Paras, Mr. Mauricio Uy, treasurer; Miss Catalina Villanueva, secretary; and Miss Lydia Moran, PRO. Mr. Alfredo Ordonia advises the class on class matters.

Barely six days after organization, the educational seniors held a get-together party last Sept. 6. The affair was well attended by faculty members of the College of Education all members of the class organization.

The selection of the "simplest girl of the night" and the distribution of prizes to the lucky holders of the winning numbers of the admission tickets highlighted the affair. Miss Lydia Moran, cute Education lass, gave a vocal rendition of "Ang Maya."

The success of the affair was attributed to the well-coordinated efforts of the class officers.

Commerce

● **First USC Fraternity Formed; Rector Gives Nod**

From out of the conference tables of Dean Lolito Gozum of the College of Commerce, the first Greek-lettered fraternity in the U of San Carlos came to being last August 23. Immediately after completing the finishing touches of their organization, the seven charter members, headed by Dean Lolito Gozum and his staff, called on the Very Rev. Fr. Albert van Gansewinkel, Rector, to secure the final stamp of approval on the newly-organized fraternity. Significantly enough, Fr. Rector immediately gave the green light for the seven charter members to roar off into a big start.

The fraternity, after receiving the blessings of the Fr. Rector, was personally christened "Alpha Kappa Alpha" (Men and Leaders) by the University head. Dean Gozum expressed the hope that the fraternity will foster a close thread of brotherhood, and a high level of scholarship, among its select members. The dean underscored the need of well-organized student groups to promote leadership, and to harness the hidden talents of students. The college plans to organize similar student organizations among the lower classes.

The traditional stink of initiation was much evident in the campus last August 23 to 29. The seven charter members, namely, Alfredo Vega, Alfredo de Jesus, Benjamin Arriola, George Guy, Juan Ferrer, Jerome Lim, and Antonino D. Tancinco underwent a solid week series of initiation rites unswerving in point of recklessness and originality. Yet, beneath all the heedless hilarity and limitless madness, the four aims of the Alpha Kappa Alpha shine out in bold relief. The aims are: a) to develop goodwill and the spirit of brotherhood; b) to develop leadership; c) to mold character; e) to promote scholarship.

Following the final rites on August 29, 1953, a luncheon was partaken by the charter members together with Rev. William Cremers, SVD, Regent of the College of Commerce, and Dean Gozum. Meanwhile, it was learned that the fraternity will expand its membership with scholarship as a basis.

● **Jaycees Off on A Good Start, Report**

Disproving the age-old dictum that "pre-election promises are only made to be broken," the USC Junior Chamber of Commerce, spearheaded by action-minded Jaycee President Alfredo C. Vega, kicked off a good start with a highly-successful party in honor of the New C.P.A.'s who hurdled the last board examination, and an impressive induction ceremony for the Jaycee and class officers of 1953-54.

The affair set a 100% attendance record by all commerce and secretarial students, sources revealed. The party was easily the choice for the main social event of the first half of the semester, it was learned.

Between sandwiches and ice cream cups, commerce faculty members, in an spirit of camaraderie, laughed and dined with their students. The new C.P.A.'s, namely, Bienvenido Teves, Gabriel Balmori, Rosario T. Rodil, Laura Castillo, Vicente Cabanlit, Vicente Chiong, Luciano Atillo, and Baltazar Calumba, were the recipients of countless accolades from professors and students alike.

The executive committee charged with the over-all supervision of minor committees, was composed of the following: Mr. Alfredo C. Vega, Chairman; Mr. Antonino D. Tancinco, co-chairman; Lim Suy An; Antonio Alvarez, Juan Ferrer, and Isaac Villcas, members. The chairmen of the other minor committees were: Finance — Miss Febes Tan, Miss Lopez; Refreshments — Miss Felisa Lopez; Decorations — Mr. Lim Suy An, Mr. George Guy; Program and Invitation — Mr. George Guy, Miss Fe Hirang; Music and Transportation — Mr. Juan Ferrer, Mr. Alfredo de Jesus; ladies — Miss Mercedesita Borromeo, Miss Angelita Mausias.

● **List Jaycee Resolutions Recently Passed**

Jaycee officers, freshly inducted, buckled down to brassacks when three highly-important resolutions passed the ICC legislative mills. President Alfredo Vega of the Jaycees revealed.

In a gesture of loyalty to the Filipino flag, the Junior Chamber of Commerce formally requested the USC administration to take a hand in requesting the ROTC unit in charge of the flag ceremony to at least use a whistle to call the attention of everybody in the campus

On Allowance

(Continued from page 25)

part of college life for well rounded personality. He then writes about his visits with relatives to fulfill the duty of the ambassador of good-will from the province. Now the heart of the economic coordinator of course is touched over his son's thoughtfulness. The next paragraph narrates how a group of big names in the campus approached him for their fraternity. What a rare honor it should have been but he turned that down politely. Membership is very expensive, Papa... and I would not think of abusing your generosity. It is more than enough that I'm here. Is that not the noble gesture of his son's good intentions?

Thus the first letter ends... thus the weak heart of the coordinator is done for. Absence makes the heart grow fonder, and how! So the answer of the father to the son is a go signal for the membership in the frat. Boy-oh, boy! I could hear him sing in his bathroom.

Now, the second letter begins. No money-matter is mentioned, at least to avoid any cynic impression on the part of those left home that he only writes when he asks for money. Very wise indeed. He burned the midnight candle because that cruel professor of his who simply gives him the nervous break-down was going to give them a long quiz. However, he survived with only cross-eyes, and

(Continued on next page)

What is Russian...

(Continued from page 21)

blows descend on the hapless heads of the workers. But none of them had been as incredible, as stunning, as this one. At first most people assumed that it was too drastic an edict to be enforced. But we soon understood that Stalin was in earnest. Twenty minutes was the margin between the limited slavery of 'free' workers and the total slavery of forced-labor contingents." (I Chose Freedom, p. 313.)

while the Filipino flag goes up or down daily."

Another resolution of the Jaycees provided for the weekly publication of "The Commerce Newsheet," a two-page paper to report on the current happenings in the College of Commerce.

Campuscrats

(Continued from page 16)

OLIVA VALENCIA... the darling of the Lib' Arts Team... simple... I mean, she's not fond of cutting any kind of grease or war-paint on her delicate face. She rather prefers to stay just as she is, the Pandora (without the box of plagues, of course) of the Gods! The whole team was really proud to show her off. The GREEN-GOLDIES (Commerce team, that is) had Miss CARMEN LEAÑO for their sponsor. She is a real sample of the stock of beautiful girls stored at the COMMERCE DEPARTMENT Store. From the many pretty Portias, Diana Arang was chosen as the sponsor of the team of the College of Law. She proved that a white dress can also be very attractive even in a basketball game. Representing the H.E. team... eh! excuse me... this department is not represented in the Intramural games. Isn't it just too bad? Some think that the H.E. and the Pharmacy and the Secretarial Depts should really be represented at the games, don't you think so? After all, WOMEN are fast advancing for recognition now-a-days... oops! my mouth! As for the games... who cares about them? Tammy will take care of them. In this column, the people are more important. Drawing more cheers from the Lib' Arts roosters was E RARA... the cheerers didn't find any difficulty in cheering for him. All they had to was scream and yell "Rah, rah!" and that was it... he got all the rooting he needed. Truly, RARA played surprisingly well... he is far from being unattractive too! But wait, here's something you should know—he's an "Ex-Sem"—no, don't ask me what this word means... try to dig for its meaning yourself. And here's something else, he plans to enter... ooh! That does it!

The other night it was, I think, when our attention was caught by a bunch of dopes with painted faces performing some antics at the basketball court. They wore their shirts the wrong way.

"Now, what are those crazy people doing?" asked one girl.

"They are doing nothing but acting like real crazy individuals!" remarked another. Yes, they were really acting like crazy people... tracing their footsteps and doing all sorts of silly ordeals. You see, whether they like it or not they had to do so or they would have gotten a real beating from their bosses. This acting nitwits (pardon me for using this term) were neophytes of the new commerce fraternity introduced for the first time here in USC by Mr. GOZUM. What we have been seeing were their initiations. This Frat has a sister sorority, too.

(Continued on page 34)

Answer To

"Your Corpus Delicti"

Studying the scene of the crime, Lt. Hauke was interested in the usual articles he saw on the dead man's writing desk. Everything indicated that the Professor was a southpaw; the pen-holder being to the left of the inkwell; the ash-tray and typewriter placed on the left side of the desk. Incidentally, too, the desk must have been made-to-order to be convenient to nobody but a left-handed man. Lt. Hauke argued that the criminal must be one who must have failed to notice this one peculiarity of the victim and proceeded, after shooting him, to plant the gun on his victim's right hand. Otherwise, he must have believed that Magno was actually right-handed when he saw the framed photo of Magno on the wall. This photo showed Magno holding a pipe with his right hand. [Close investigation revealed that in printing the positive copy of the photograph, the negative was erroneously inverted.]

Further, if the murderer were a person known to Magno, Magno could have remained seated as he entered. But Mag-

no's chair had been pushed far back which could only mean that Magno was caught in surprise. Surely, Tony Guia could not have caused this impulsive reaction unless he had a gun drawn when he entered. But a ruthless, cold-blooded murderer would hardly show his weapon until he is that near to his victim that there could be no missing the target. And yet, Tony Guia knew he could not risk his neck in any such murder knowing just too well that he alone, other than Mrs. Magno, had a motive.

On the other hand, Mrs. Magno and Nida were both, of course, familiar with the victim and they couldn't have placed the gun on his right hand.

Lt. Hauke lost no time in placing Artemio Bemol under arrest for the murder of Prof. Magno. Bemol later confessed that he was a member of the local Communist Party and that he was sent to liquidate Magno after their having failed to induce the latter to join forces with them. One thousand volts of electricity stormed into Artemio Bemol's body a month later.

On Allowance

(Continued from page 31)

an aching back. Really, he is not wasting the opportunity. See, whereas your brothers are sacrificing in Manila to be real men you here are only good for barn dances, and jam sessions. What else could we do than imagine our "pensionados" to have wings at their back or halos over their heads?

But the most sincere and important of all these letters is the third and last one in the month. It embodies their secret hopes that their daily bread will not be delayed. If it is not too much, that is. This letter is short. Sometimes it is long with the last paragraph expressing the most important point. Usually this does not contain any note of optimism except in the general one saying that he hopes that someday he'll amount to something which all of us will be proud of. The letter is written with such urgency, it is not legible sometimes. So what heart of a loving Papa and Mama would not leap to the Post Office with such line as "Between me and starvation is only sixty centavos"? Poor, poor son. He must now be transparent with hunger!

What brain could study when the stomach is empty?

True maybe, but clever. One thing I believe in, "pensionados" are prolific letter writers.

However not all negotiations with the home economic coordinator are done typographically. A more difficult situation is that of one who stays in town and at home because there still is a highly commendable college for him. My sympathy pats his shoulder. Poor guy. He is the most taken-for-granted type. This is more so in houses where budgeting is not popular. Don't worry over him. He is at home. He'll not starve. Give him sixty centavos for transportation and coke. Of course protests come from him regarding the preservation of his ego thru only a meager centavo. But he is at home. Never worry. So hold on to Mitchum and Hayward. I'll be seeing you three months from now at the Center Theatre if and when the old cow, I mean, Papa, God bless him, finally declares an open-pocket policy unconditionally.

our considered view that it is as much the legitimate activity of the student press as it is of the public press to discuss and crystallize public issues if it would redound to the promotion of the public weal."

"So, what do you say brothers? Are you pro or con-Gregs? Or do you say we shall only harp on 'Campuscrats'? Our own Delia Saguin has much of them!

Our much loved English teacher, Miss LV, has taught us a thousand-and-one things about our early writers. She has made us dreamers of inheriting even just an ion of Spencer or Shakespeare's tact in describing things which are invisible to an ordinary eye. We also hope we can be Layabouts or Chaucers of this Atomic age so that we can create vivid descriptions of many things around us. For instance, we are asked: What is a lovely country? This time, Miss Erlinda Abueg has her edge over us. In the ORION (St. Theresa's College, Manila) she wrote:

"A blazing indigo sky, a sunset whose grandeur and beauty men have learned to capture on a canvas, a countryside cool, green and colorful . . . all these boil down to one thing . . . loveliness . . . the loveliness of a country. And yet do all these make a country lovely enough to love? Love . . . on what is it based? On beauty alone? No, not physical beauty but the beauty from within. To make us love our country, our country ought to be lovely. Yes, lovely enough to be loved when the people thriving in it live up to the standards of the All Beautiful, when hate and lust and greed are cast to the seas; when love and respect stand out; where the poor and the rich alike before the eyes of the Creator are equal before the eyes of men. Then and only then can we say, yes, but country is truly lovely—lovely enough to be loved!"

We can make our country lovely, but how? To beautify is either to add more beauty or cover the defective sights. We ought to look further than our noses. In our Philippines, according to Mr. Jose A. Samson, writing in the VARSITARIAN (UST) we have our Godless Politics. He says:

"The science of politics in our country is in a state of total moral confusion, yet sadly enough it is the politician who is last to realize the Pharisean state of affairs. Like a hysterical person in one of his temperamental fits some of our

The Rouing Eye

(Continued from page 22)

statesmen have a malignant spiritual affliction evident to all except themselves—and this is the ailment of employing conversion tactics regardless of decency and human values . . . It appears that certain men, either within the administration and hoping to stay there, or outside it desiring to get in, have subscribed to the Machiavellian precept of "power no matter at what cost." In an attempt to uphold this misguided principle they have undertaken the revision of the Decalogue by removing eight of the "nots" out of its context and introducing two negatives among the affirmative rules. In short, had the Positive Laws been written inversely to its requirements, they would have followed it to the letter."

More on persons who are riding high with "political blood", Judge M. J. Walsh of the New York Supreme Court dishes out in the MARQUETTE JOURNAL (an All University Literary Quarterly) the following:

"Too many unqualified persons seek public office; some of them are Catholics. Too few qualified persons are willing to accept public office; too many of them are Catholics. One of the greatest liabilities which our Church and Catholic citizens must write off is the Catholic in public office who does not know the fundamental teachings of his Church and does not live up to them in his public and private life. One of the greatest assets to our Church, our country, our fellow citizens and to the political parties is the Catholic in public office who knows what his Church teaches, lives up to those teachings and, by his daily life in contact with mankind, demonstrates convincingly the sublimity of his Christian Faith, and the soundness and reasonableness of Christian morality. It is the practice of political parties to try to balance a ticket or political slate by selecting as candidates persons of different religious affiliations. Without passing on the merits of this practice, Catholics can do a great deal to prevent the liability by insisting that the candidate who is a Catholic be

representative and well equipped. This is the suggestion that the wise political leader will accept. He knows that most Catholics prefer a qualified non-Catholic to an unqualified Catholic."

Politics is a puzzle as well as a promise according to Miss Zenaida Lansangan. She gives us a food for thought through the ACTION (Holy Ghosts College, Manila). Not only student but all citizens ought to know this before going to the polls come November:

"You, students, who are beginning to exercise the right of suffrage, wake up. Remember, you are going to the polls. Let it not be just the mere routine of having yourself registered and then entering the booth to cast your vote. This is serious business, demanding your deep interest and a lot of common sense, because your votes may decide whether your country will head for prosperity or "go to the dogs." And don't think this is a take-it-or-leave-it affair . . . that you can shrug your shoulders and say you wash your hands of voting. It would be foolish for you who are citizens enjoying the rights of democracy to shut your eyes to the responsibilities it lays on you. And this includes registering and voting intelligently. Think straight. Don't let the sugar-coated speeches of candidates and their campaign leaders get the better of you. Brush aside any prejudice or partiality for one or the other party, judge for yourself. Above all, don't be bought by gold or silver. Carefully examine the candidates and their policies. In elections, the men more than their platforms are the issue . . . choose the men of solid worth, of proved honesty and ability—good men, reliable men, moral men, men of conviction and men of God! If we keep this in mind, we shall have fulfilled our duties as good Catholics voters and can hope for a progressive and happy Philippines."

There's no doubt that students constantly crave for vacation days, and when vacation comes, we want it always extended. The editorial of the Letran News has this to say:

"The outcome of every undertaking depends upon the nature of its start. Ours is a most difficult undertaking; that of moulding and re-shaping. We come to school and subject ourselves to rigours. We come for physical and moral discipline. We likewise come for

mental uplift. Upon the opening of a new scholastic year we depart from the frivolity of the preceding summer vacation to hop instantly into the serious routines of school life. And this is far from being easy. For we are youthful and will not fully appreciate the values of discipline and mental uplift in exchange for the frolic of vacation time just in one turn of a moment. Even if we are completely conscious of how important it is to ourselves wholly to the routines of studentship, still at times, we cannot help tend to recoil back to ease and relaxation."

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy! So, er... our Moms... and er... Pops is filling only our heads and disregarding the cravings of our hearts not treading on Jack's footprints... hmm... skip ill

Western influence has much affected the lives of the Filipinos today. This is apparently manifested in the kinds of dances that make air hot in the ballroom. When you do ever want to go dancing next time chico be sure you know your Boogie, Mambo and other leg stretchers, or else you'll just be like a lonely mouse that sees a cat around! KOR Ocee and KON ED of the CORPS (PMA) have this to say: "It seems as if the dance craze is hitting a new high. New dances are cropping up with assembly line rapidity. No sooner has a would-be Terpsichore learned the phases of one dance than another comes out, automatically rendering the preceding one obsolete or downright obsolete. The poor fellow runs the risk of becoming the salon laughing stock if he persists in dancing his piece. Well, they say modern living is dynamic, and when it comes to dances, it sure is."

Well brother, blame the Latin-Americans!

What's wrong with college girls? Mr. Vicentio Mayoraldo, Jr. of the TORCH (P.N.C.) is unlimbering a right-cross if only to dish out his opinions on college girls:

"To be blunt without malice, our college girls are degraded in manners. They indulge in gossip and chit-chat. Sometimes, they behave boisterously in and out of classrooms. They violate school regulations. They forget to say such needful little expressions as 'excuse me', 'thank you', 'please', etc."

Don't grow red girls because Miss Andrelina Sarrol has this to

Campuscrats . . .

(Continued from page 32)

The girls had to go through the same ordeal. I should be telling you about it but I couldn't snoop through any key-hole. The initiations were done in tight doors.

Now I must start with my Litany of Campus Personalities. I know everybody is interested to know who's who in the Campus world.

"High on the List" is that scholar BERNARDO BAUTISTA... he isn't the type whom you will regard with awe and respect (just because he is highly intellectual)... no, he isn't. In fact, he is the gamest person I've ever met... full of wit and humour... easy to talk with and not a bit conceited. Keep it up, Bernie.

Passing thru the third floor corridor one day, I saw INTING 'HERBIE' LIM. Asked me if I hadn't finished my column yet. Told him how I was in great search for personalities.

"Well, here's one." Then, introduced me to the guy standing beside him. Now, I in turn introduce him to you. He's MANUEL AZCONA. It's good to have trustworthy friends, don't you think so? For that I'll recommend Mr. Azcona.

Have you met OPHELIA SANCHEZ already? I have not met her in the sense that we were introduced. I just saw her hurrying by... petite, fair cute... from what I have gathered she is an ex-sponsor of the UV ROTC.

GERMAN PALMARES, this time I'm not just kidding. I'm already putting you with the Campuscrats. So now you'll ready my column, no? Who does not know German?... inside the classroom he recites things which are not even covered by the lecture yet. He doesn't only study his present lesson but also his future lessons. That's diligence of the first degree.

STOP! It's time for me to blow to the office and hand this in or SOMEBODY'S gonna blow me down. You know who's that Somebody? Why it's the ED!!!

say about college boys too:

"Not to put it in any other way (a thousand apologies to those who are not concerned), some college boys are addicted to alcoholic drinks. They drown their worries and problems in gulps of burning liquor... They, too, are sometimes self-conceited. They go to school only as if it were a fashion. They

make the college a hunting ground for their better halves-to-be."

From the Philippine Collegian (U.P.) here's an inspiring news for graduating pre-meds. Dean Rotor spiked rumors that the U.P. College of Medicine is exclusively for U.P. pre-med graduates. "Our college", he said, "is open to everybody who meets with the requirements of the local Committee on Admission." The Dean disclosed that there are some pre-med students from Silliman University who are currently studying at the U.P. College of Medicine. At the same time, Dean Rotor asserted that it was U.P.'s idea to increase the present two-year pre-med course to three years "to better qualify students to tackle their work in the medicine proper." It was recalled that Dean Americo B.M. Sison, in his opening address before the student body of the U.P. College of Medicine last June 17, said: "The strong reason for increasing the preparatory medical course is that the state university's College of Medicine belongs to the Class 'A' Medical School — it is accredited by the Association of American Medical Colleges as an affiliate member." Dean Rotor, it was reported, pointed with pride to some sixty U.P. graduates now serving either as resident physicians or interns in various hospitals in the United States. He said twelve of them belonged to the class 1952."

So, how about it co-pre-meds? Are you ready to meet the requirements? Dean Rotor would be willing to accommodate you!

Our roving eye is tired and weary now. To our lessons shall we rive for a break and prepare for a quantitative analysis of our unknown tomorrow. This much we pray, that the stockmen in the Quant laboratory would be a little more kind to us, boys, and not only to girls. Or else, anyone of us would dream of becoming Christine Jorgensen just to take hold of a beaker of distilled water!

And before we forget, the members of the "C" Staff convey their congratulations to Mr. Alberto Morales, former Exchange and Alumni Ed of the "C", who just recently became a member of the Feati H.S. Faculty. We miss you very much Bert! How long? To Norms of the "Blue and Silver," we extend our best regards. And when the roving eye blinks and re-blinks, that's so long, not goodbye.

Post Graduate School Project:

Visayan Folklore

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

About the Collecting of Folktales

I wish to extend my gratitude to the students whose worthy efforts have initiated the collection of folktales. Folktales are, as Stith Thompson says (*The Folktale*, New York: The Dryden Press, 1951, p. 406), "an important part of human culture." This is eminently true of the Philippines which is so rich in myths, fairy tales, local legends, animal tales, riddles, etc. Some valuable collections of Filipino folktales exist already, but there is a great need for more systematic researches. The first condition for such a scientific study is, of course, an extensive collection of folktales. San Carlos with its several thousand students from all parts of the Central and Southern Philippines can contribute much in this respect. Students who take an interest in collecting tales are kindly requested to pay attention to the following points:

1. State exactly who related the tale (the teller of a folktale, of a folk custom, etc., is called an informant); sex, age, occupation, original home, occupation, etc. As to the original home, it is e.g. important to mention whether an informant who is now living in Mindanao, migrated there from some part of the Visayas and remembers the tale from the time when he or she still lived in the original home. Such a tale would therefore not be considered as a story of Mindanao but e.g. of Bohol, or Leyte, or as the case may be.
2. Thompson writes in the book mentioned (p. 408) that "elderly or at least middle-aged persons have nearly always yielded the best folktales."
3. If you know of any professional story-teller, obtain as many tales as you possibly can from him.
4. Write the tale down in the language or dialect in which it is told. If you yourself do not master that language or dialect sufficiently well, try to get somebody who will do the writing for you.
5. Often you may induce a reluctant story-teller to open his mouth, if you tell a story to him or her first.
6. It is hoped that hitherto unknown tales or new versions of known tales, collected by the students of San Carlos, will be published in due time. Each collector will be given proper credit.

RUD. RAHMANN, SVD

A FISHERMAN once lived with his wife and son in some secluded spot along the primitive palmy shores of Cebu.

Little did anyone foresee that on that desolate place, would appear the Holy Child. His image carved by a mysterious hand upon a chunk of wood.

This chunk of balite wood, blackened by the embers that kept it alive, was a thing of value in this native household. The fisherman's family obtained their much-needed fire from it.

One night, the couple went to sea to fish and their son, Gono stayed home because he was still too young for the hazards outside. Then it rained. It rained hard and pitilessly as if to test the courage of Gono. Indeed, overcome by worry and anxiety for the safety of his father and mother, Gono arouse

They searched for him throughout until their bare feet ached and their eyes reddened with the strain. But there was no sign of Gono.

The days passed. The bereaved couple had given up hope of ever seeing their son again.

Then, it came. The fisherman was making his eyes wander across the shore one afternoon when he caught sight of a very familiar chunk of wood. He hurried to pick it up. A shout of amazement leaped to his throat. It was the same chunk of wood that they possessed.

But how did it get there? And why has it now altered its form? Prominently the couple had made out the form of a tiny human face neatly carved on it. Whose was it? Surely, their son was the one who must have carried it with him to light his way. Can this be their son? But what a miracle is

A Legend of the Sto. Niño Image

from his place of rest and, arming himself with the burning chunk of wood, he prodded his way to the shore. There he stood and waited for the safe return of his parents.

The angry waves heaved and rushed headlong. Time passed. There was still no sign of the couple. Finally, Gono heard a call for help from the inky darkness that enveloped the sea in front of him. It was unmistakably that of his parents. Unable to bear the anxiety any longer, Gono strode out into the sea to go to the side of his parents. One powerful wave stood and stooped to pick him and haul him into the deadly core of the briny deep.

The following morning, the sun peeped out in all its grandeur announcing the rebirth of the calm. The nature was again rested in tranquility. But not the fisherman and his wife. They had lost their beloved son.

this? Who caused this mysterious and blessed happening?

The husband and the wife had only to fall on their knees to obtain the answer from the welcoming smile of the heavens above them.

They then believed that Gono was not their son. He was the son of an all too loving God who had been kind to them always. And now he had sent them this symbol of His grace.

That black image carved out of the chunk of wood became the guardian of the couple, their neighbors, the people from the other islands around them and also of the religious men from foreign lands who came and saw it and believed that it was a man that has descended to ease their sorrows, to cure their ailments, to nurture the crops in their fields that they may survive in gratitude to God and in humble servitude to Him for all the years to come.

What Do You Think

Conducted by
CESAR A. MELLA

An election day is just numbered, everybody asks this question: "Will there be frauds and terrorism in the next elections?"

We want peace, but we want the peace of justice, the peace of righteousness. We want it because we believe that it is right and just, not because we are afraid. For Justice in a nation as in an individual counts most when it is not shown by the weak and the oppressed, but by the strong and the powerful.

How can justice triumph if the force of 1949 is re-enacted?

Now that the call has been sounded, let us unite and, with inspired spirits, join the crusade for freedom. We must not leave a stone unturned, a darkened spot unbrightened, so that our young Republic may rightly be called the SHOW WINDOW OF DEMOCRACY IN THE EAST.

Everybody wants a clean and honest election. In this column you can read the opinions of a few of our youths in the best means to combat electoral frauds. Read them. You may agree with them.

truth and goodness will always triumph over evil, so the NAMFREL, which has been born out of that truism will always come out victor over those who are now planning to sell democracy down the river for the second time.

FELIPE VERALLO, JR. Pre-Law II says: We must combat electoral frauds from without and from within; by within I mean,

... Is The Best Means To Combat Electoral Frauds?

MAMERTO Y. COLIFLORES, Pre-Law II says: "With our combined efforts cemented with fervent prayers, let us strive together and make it our solemn obligation to hold our election free from terrorism, fraud and intimidations because these are the evils that gnaw the vital life-vein of Democracy.

Rizal once said, "The oppression of some depends upon the cowardice and indifference of others." For more than three centuries of Spanish domination, we had enough of this and we don't want them any more.

In this connection Jefferson also said, "The will of the people is the only legitimate foundation of any government, and to protect its free expression should be our first concern." Whoever wants his right respected but is not willing to protect it has no reason to enjoy the blessings of Democracy. The kind of government that the people produces depends upon the people who fashion that government. It is thru eternal vigilance on the part of the people that electoral frauds are checked."

PRIMITIVO V. LARA, Jr. Pre-Law II says: "The people's vigilance is the best means in combating any future electoral frauds. Since it is the people themselves who are victimized and whose

right of suffrage is trampled upon, it is the job, therefore, of every Filipino to beware. Presently, there are clandestine signs that seem to point to one direction and that is the very thing we are fighting against. We must not lose faith in the Filipino spirit. The spirit of Lapulapu is not yet frozen in the blood of the Filipinos. We must not fight only external forces but also the internal evils that threaten our young Republic."

"Eternal Vigilance is the price of Liberty."

SOCORRO G. BALBUENA, of the College of Commerce, says: "If past incidents are to be made barometers of the future, I sadly infer that the NAMFREL is the best entity for the prevention of electoral frauds.

It may be recalled that not long ago, in the course of its program of holding cleaned and honest elections, the NAMFREL extended invitations to the key men in each of the three political parties, but, sad to say, one failed to show up on the flimsy reason that the NAMFREL is none but a "publicity stunt." Observers were quick to react adversely, calling the refusal as an obstruction formulated by a certain political group to cripple the good mission of the NAMFREL.

However, as the saying goes,

man's will power—the will power to overcome the temptations of extorting money from the candidate because the more we drain the pocket of a candidate the more we let him down and make him corrupt because once he gets elected into office he will find nefarious ways and means to recover his losses during election campaigns. Sometimes terrorism is employed because it is less expensive to run the business and win an election.

Once we can do away with this business-like attitude everything will be on the highway for a prosperous and peaceful Philippines. Only there and then can this infant republic be made secure for our children's children.

DULCE KINTANAR, Pre-Med I says: "In my opinion, the best weapon to combat electoral frauds is an educational campaign among the electorate. This campaign must consist of indoctrinating the masses on the importance of the right of suffrage, the supreme right of an individual to choose the men who should be vested with authority.

I also believe in the high objectives of the NAMFREL which has been organized by men, who, conscious of their rights and privileges could not allow their rights and privileges be trampled upon."

Sección CASTELLANA

Nuestra Predestinación

por

BRAULIA F. GERMANO

Y A SABEMOS que el hombre, hecho a imagen y semejanza de Dios, está aquí en este mundo para merecer la felicidad eterna en la otra vida.

Ahora bien, ¿Saben todos lo que esto creen, cómo deben alcanzar esa felicidad?

Una buena instrucción religiosa nos da las reglas para ello, y nos lo enseña con los hermosos ejemplos que, el mismo Hijo de Dios, Jesucristo, nos enseñó, en las parabolas con las que instrúa a los multitudes que le seguían.

Hay día, hay una gran tendencia a separar a los niños de Dios, quitando la religión de las escuelas, y aun más, en los círculos sociales se vive a veces, como si no se tuviese que dar cuenta a Dios de nuestras acciones, después de la muerte.

Muchos son los que dicen que al morir, todo ha terminado y estos se comparan a sí mismos con los irracionales para los que todo termina con la muerte.

Por eso es necesario que el niño, el adolescente y el joven, sepan lo elevado del origen del hombre; sus deberes para con su Dios y para con sus prójimos, y de ese modo, ajustando las naciones sus leyes civiles, a la Ley de Dios... viviran los hombres en paz, esperando la felicidad para la cual han sidos predestinados.

Pero no hemos de olvidarnos de aquellas palabras del Divino Maestro, "Muchos son los llamados pero pocos los escogidos." Y si pensamos bien en esas palabras veremos que para ser escogidos necesitamos presentarnos ante Dios limpios de culpa mortal.

A Faculty is Covered

FEATURING MRS. CRISTINA R. CAUSING
OF THE COLLEGE OF COMMERCE

Whatever introduction I make for her wouldn't seem of utter importance anymore. Because, the person I have the privilege of doing this article for has evidently made her way straight to the hearts of those who came to know her as a person or as a teacher that she is, or merely just a casual acquaintance.

This charming lady is Mrs. Cristina Redoña Causing who hails from Tacloban, Leyte. To dig back to the early years of her life would bring to us her first school years. Reaching the proper schooling age, she was enrolled at the Holy Infant Academy under the Benedictine Sisters and a branch of the St. Scholastica of Manila. Succeeding years found her miles away from home—far, she decided to study at St. Paul's College. Soon she was ready to embark on a career she had set her heart on. Her last years of college life were spent at the then Philippine College of Commerce and Business Administration, which is the present University of the East. Seriously, she considered her career of utmost importance so that she diligently spent her College life in concentrated study. It wouldn't need so much imagination to picture her during those years. She was perhaps merely counted on as one of the rest of her fellow students nourishing the same hopes and dreams and ambitions.

Yes, she has the necessary amount of ambition to make good... and this she did. She will always remain a brilliant student in the memory of her teachers and classmates alike. She did not stop as being an ordinary College Student with just a pitiable minimum of ambition to merely go through college. In this sense, we could already recognize that which differentiated her from the rest. Graduation brought to her the fruit of her endeavors for she finished with honors. Neither her success made her sit snugly with an indifferent air, for she took her well-earned knowledge and practised it.

Summer of 1951 came and she started her teaching career here in San Carlos. Nobody could have failed to notice her during those times. Her quiet, dignified ways became so loved by both her students and companions that she lost no time in endearing herself to more. Her students adore her. She was never too busy on a particular subject to refuse them further explanation if deemed profitable. Always considerate and kind to them, she was most understanding and forgiving to each of their shortcomings. This, you and I know is very seldom found.

We learned to hold her close to our hearts so that we always have a



C. Redoña Causing

feeling of interest for her. Many a student had a prayer on her lips and a silent wish on her heart for her to find constant happiness with the new life she had embarked in when she changed her name to Mrs. Cristina R. Causing. She is married to Atty. Euillio F. Causing of Barili, Cebu, a product of San Carlos.

A smart dresser, she appears to be what a tailored suit is made for... for she renders the suit the fairest justice. When not busy correcting papers and preparing lesson plans she spends her free time justifiably divided between movies and swinging a badminton racket.

Gradually, our association with her would be short-lived... that is, until she returns if and when she decides to continue her teaching. Next semester will find us wishing her good luck and "til we meet again." For shortly, she will be kept busy by her preparations for her trip abroad when she will be on her way to join her better half who is at present in New York.

Ever with an insatiable thirst for knowledge, she intends to add more feathers to her cap when she takes up Post Graduate courses at the famous Columbia University, New York. They plan to establish temporary residence there until they start for Cebu which spells home for them.

So, while she is still in our midst... let us all join hands to make the rest of her days with us as memorable as we can. And when the sorrowful days of parting do come, let us each and everyone of us wish her Good luck and God speed "til we meet again."

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