



The Carolinian

VOLUME XIX

1956

Summer
Issue

NUMBER 6

University of San Carlos

Cebu City

COURSES OFFERED

GRADUATE SCHOOL

Education: English; **Philosophy*** (M.A.)
Business Administration (M.S.B.A.)
Pharmacy*, **Physics*** (M.S.)
Master in Education* (M.E.)

LAW (LL.B.)

ARTS & SCIENCES

Pre-Medicine—Two and three years (A.A.)
General—two years (A.A.); 1 yr.
(Pre-Nursing)
Pre-Law—two years (A.A.)
Pre-Dentistry—two years (A.A.)

General four-year course (A.B.) with any of the following fields of specialization: English, Spanish, Math, History, Philosophy, or four-year science course (B.S.) with any of the following fields of specialization: Chemistry, Physics, and Zoology.

PHILOSOPHY*

Four years—Bachelor of Philosophy (Ph.B.)

CHEMISTRY

Four years—Bachelor of Science in Chemistry (B.S.Chem.)

NURSING*

Two years advanced course (B.S.N.)
For graduate nurses only

COMMERCE

Four-year course with any of the following major fields: Accounting, Banking & Finance, Business, Economics and Management

EDUCATION

Four-year course with any of the following major fields: English, Spanish, Filipino Language, Biology, General Science, Physics, Math, Economics, History, Library Science, Home Economics and Physical Education

HOME ECONOMICS

Four-year course with either teaching or cultural course (B.S.H.E.); two-year course (E.T.C.H.E.); three years combined H.E. and General (E.T.C.); Four years Normal Home Economics (B.S.E.E.-H.E.)

NORMAL COLLEGE

Four-year course (BSEED.)

ENGINEERING & ARCHITECTURE

Civil Engineering (B.S.C.E.)
Mechanical Engineering (B.S.M.E.)
Electrical Engineering (B.S.E.E.)
Chemical Engineering (B.S.Ch.E.)
Architecture (B.S.Arch.)

SPECIAL COURSE

One-year course — Home Economics

HIGH SCHOOL

For boys: Academic with Vocational, Classical (including Latin)

For girls: Academic with Vocational, Gen. and Home Economics

INTERMEDIATE, PRIMARY & KINDERGARTEN

The U.S.C. Calendar

1956—1957

FIRST SEMESTER

June 1	REGISTRATION BEGINS
June 11	CLASSES BEGIN
July 4	INDEPENDENCE DAY
July 13-14	REMOVAL EXAMINATIONS
August 15	ASSUMPTION, R.V.M.
August 8-11	MID-TERM EXAMINATIONS
October 10-13	FINAL EXAMINATIONS
October 14-Nov. 4	SEMESTRAL VACATION
November 4	ST. CHARLES DAY

N.B. Courses with asterisk (*) are new, to be opened in June, 1956.

Caroliniana

by BUDDY QUITORIO

THIS off-beat, off-color role of editing a paper is some job. The deadline, that unforgiving deadline, which ordinarily does not form a part of a dreamer's repertoire, has hounded us so often that, as a subject matter for nightmares, it is vastly more dreadful than anything Hollywood can offer in its horror files. To paraphrase a campus wit, woman is only woman but a deadline's a good scare.

THE SUMMER DEADLINE

This issue, like most of the previous issues, suffered from acute literary shortage. We had to frisk our acquaintances for contributions at penpoint, post two-toned announcements to line up a few customers, and we personally tidied-up the *Carolinian* mailbox to snare unsuspecting manuscripts into print. But except for a few articles which were fairly printable, our first call was greeted by nothing but a few oddities in the form of two bent twigs and a really forlorn-looking butterfly. Naturally, we were not prepared to edit these materials because they were quite a new twist to the writing business. More articles tipped later, but the authors did not try hard enough to make them glow, literariously. Well, we were able to save a couple of manuscripts from the editorial wreckage and that was some relief because we were able to go on from there.

* * * * *

THE March issue of this magazine, which capped off the eventful editorship of Tommy Echivarre, earned for us, and for Tom specially, several flattering praises. The letter to Tom from Hon. Solero B. Cabahug, who was featured in the March number, is about the most soothing and soul-lifting kind of praise to come in our direction. We are happy and proud to reproduce these lines:

"I have just read the March issue of the CAROLINIAN,

Thank you so much for the kind and charitable article you wrote about me. I enjoyed very much reading it, not because of egoistic sentiment but because of the fact that it was well-written and presented.

Permit me to compliment you on the way you have run the CAROLINIAN. Terry and Naring told me that it is now very much better than what

it used to be when they were still in San Carlos. And this March issue I have just received can certainly stand on its own compared to other school organs in Manila.

Please convey my sincere thanks to Mr. Verallo, who referred to me as "great" in his ROTC Briefs..."

Our jubilation stems not from the complimentary tone of the letter as from the fact that it came from Justice Cabahug, a man whose honesty made him great and whose penchant for straightforward, candid speech is known and admired in the high echelons of officialdom. Coming from a man of few words, the letter was, to be truthful, something of a windfall! Thank you, sir.

* * * * *

OUR credit line for this issue begins with the delineation on "Catholic Education" by USC's Most Distinguished Son, Ex-President Sergio Osmeña, Sr. The discourse is simplicity itself and reflects the homespun philosophy of an eminent man whose Faith in God and man has given him the grace and gift that few men ever achieve: Peace. Ex-President Osmeña explains the merits of Catholic education and we are sure that after reading him, you will be proud of the name *Carolinian*. Another "heavy" on Philosophy totes the byline of Mr. Antonio Siyangco, who gives the once-over to Man's starry-eyed search for peace and the possibility of One World. The scholarly treatment of the subject is, as the first few lines will suggest, addressed to the heart and to the conscience, which fact makes the article proper literary fare for people who "can't see eye to eye" or who think that "the world is not enough for all of us." The staff's own Ross Escobar, the guy with the crew cut whose *bon mots* ought to be anthologized and whose romantic frustrations ought to be set out in chronological order, comes up with his "expurgated, hysterical account" of the *Carolinian*, from the time of now Moderator Atty. Fulvio C. Pelaez to the reign of "Tummy" Echivarre. The feature is not designed to malign anyone but treats the whole *Carolinian* saga in light vein. It is guaranteed to make the reader's summer temperature go down the chart. The maiden issue of *El Estudiante*, the original monicker of the "C", could have been mistaken for the first printed trivia of Johann Gutenberg. But then, those were the days.

(Continued on page 32)



Our Cover

Our cover is Artist Dick Cabailo's conception of the Month of Mary. The petals strewn on a blue network of clear springs and even clearer skies spell one thing: funtime! The flowers blush in different colors — some are innocently white and bathe the world with a fragrance only nature can give, others are bold red, their every motion a challenge to brush and easel. All these soul-satisfying natural wonders are gifts given the world in May-time. But they indicate an even more important excuse for being. May is a special month for special reasons, the most significant being that it is the Month of Mary, our Heavenly Mother.—bbq.

Anything You Say

Dear Editor:

I have always been contemplating to write you about the unjustified and unreasonable attacks against college students by our so-called "elders," but the fear of being misunderstood barred my desire to communicate with you.

This, of course, might not be of any importance to you, Mr. Editor, but considering the effects that such criticism might produce upon the minds of college students, I waste no time in writing you, confident that you can shed light and help that the truth might prevail.

The issue at hand, Mr. Editor, is whether or not college students today are pitifully mediocre and irresponsible for which reasons our old folks, generally, and our instructors, partly, take delight in taking pot shots at us. It is a currency among the pre-war breed of scholars and their ilk to make light of our talents and to dismiss our little achievements as "a drop in the bucket."

I make vocal my denial of the alleged incompetence of college students. I need not go into a spiel about how youth groups play an important role in present-day society because this is a fact well-known and well-taken.

But if, really, our actions are open to question, we want our critics to give concrete proofs of the things they deride us for. And even though eventually it will be proved that we are sub-standard, why blame us? We are willing to learn and we step out of our way every once in a while to do a few things.

We cannot "stomach" this bitter and uncalled for criticism considering the many years of struggle we have gone through to attain our goal. We trust, Mr. Editor, that you will help us dispel the doubts of our elders and put an end to all these tormenting and exasperating exaggerations of our alleged incompetence.

Respectfully yours,
SIXTO ABAO JR.

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BETWEEN COVERS

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Nationalism is Not a Monopoly
inside back cover

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AFTER Ex-President Sergio Osmeña was conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws, *honoris causa*, by the University of San Carlos during its Commencement Exercises last March 23, 1956, he made some vital pronouncements on the importance of Catholic Education which greatly

preciation of the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word in whose hands the administration of this venerable institution had been entrusted and which gave him true Catholic education as a guide to good life. Thus the "Grand Old Man:"

with the great ideal of a truly Christian education. Since then, whatever accomplishments I was able to achieve in the service of our people have been largely due to the early teaching which the good "Padres" of San Carlos gave me. These teachings exerted a most pro-

Ex-President Sergio Osmeña, Sr. . . .

ON

CATHOLIC Education

by

S. B. FABROZ



Ex-President Sergio Osmeña, Sr.
The greatness of humility.

helped him as a guide in public service and in living with his people. He also made the bold significant statement that the distinguished honor conferred upon him did not belong to him but to the institution that prepared him for service to God, to the country, and to the people. He declared that time shall decide whether or not he had been prepared well and had served the people well.

Ex-President Osmeña expressed his gratitude to, and heartfelt ap-

"I have accepted this distinguished honor conferred upon me this evening with the thought that such an honor does not belong to me but to this great institution that prepared me for service to my God and to my country, and to the people in helping them to achieve their noble ambition for a better life consistent with the ideals of Christianity under the Divine guidance of God.

"It is more than half a century, sixty-two years to be exact, since I left this great institution, imbued

found influence in the formation of my character. There is no adequate word which can express my gratitude and my heartfelt appreciation for those things that these "Padres" have done for me, for they were my guide and are still my guide in serving and living with our people.

"In a democracy such as ours, Education, as we understand it, is a necessity for all people. It is education that gives the people an insight of their ambitions suitable
(Continued on page 11)

ONE WORLD: A Philosophy

The philosophy of One World is a philosophy of the future. A "world community" is not yet in existence. At present despite the formation of the United Nations Organization, one world is still a Utopia — nowhere — or, at least, nowhere except in thoughts and hopes and dreams of men, in novels, philosophies, poems, paintings, plays, and Scriptures. Philosophers, artists, and prophets see more than what now is. They decry the one world-to-be.

IT IS, indeed, mysterious that we can discourse intelligibly about what does not now exist. However, our whole life rests in the future. The common man plans for the coming day; everyone speaks about the future, and everyone knows what is meant—a something-not-yet that is coming-into-being. Since philosophy is saying what we mean and meaning what we say, there can be a philosophy of the non-existent future — a philosophy of One World that is to be.

Every stage of history is incomplete. Every present is pregnant with a future. Every present is a potential future, or rather is many potential futures. At Versailles and at Lake Success, many possible futures were envisaged. Successive decisions were made and out of these decisions came many hostile communities fighting each other for its own ideal of the future. The war was once non-being; in 1919, it was not yet — it was nothing then. It became real because of a series of human choices, carried out with

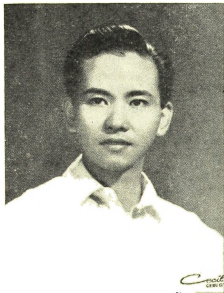
agony, passing into the realm of non-being. Just as surely as this is true, so surely will decisions be made in the coming months whether the philosophy of One World will become a reality, and to what degree and under what difficulties it will become real.

Paradoxical as it seems, therefore, there can be a philosophy of One World. Not only can we define what one world might be, but we can think of it as future reality based on present reality, although it be now wholly unreal.

Since we are concerned with One World, we must define what we mean by one and what we mean by world. By one, we mean a single unit or a number denoting unity, and by world, in this connection, we mean the entire human race. Here the word race is used in one of its few impeccable senses. The world is all human beings, however they may now be organized, socially or politically; whatever their cultures, their creeds, their economics, their

beliefs, their doubts, their traditions, or their policies. This is the world — all sorts and conditions of men, good, bad, indifferent. In the world, birth, life, and death go on in a continuous process, regardless of our philosophies. For some it is under conditions of luxury, and for others under conditions that would seem impossible and unendurable were it not for the fact that they exist and are endured. The human world lives in a natural world of plenty; yet the wealth of nature is unjustly distributed. Nature is not wholly friendly, it is true, but natural perils of earthquakes, typhoons, fires, and plague are less dangerous to man than man is to himself. *Homo homini lupus*; man is a wolf to man. No optimist can deny that Hobbes' bitter words convey at least a part truth about the human world, both in war and in peace — where exploitation, ruthless competition, and the law of the jungle still continue, and racial hatreds are baser than the jungle code.

The world is not wholly chaos.



THE AUTHOR

In spite of differences, conflicting cultures, and crimes, the world is better than Hobbes took it to be. Never has humanity been *bellum contra omnes*. Not every house is divided against itself. Not every friend betrays his friend. Not every believer wages an unholy Holy War against men of other creeds. War of any kind — civil, international, class, religious or criminal — is not itself possible if there is an absolutely universal war of all men against all men. War itself presupposes peace; that is, there must be a certain amount of orderly cooperation in an army if it is to function as an army at all. Otherwise the very fighting would become nothing but an aimless riot, and a literal war of all against all, ending in speedy extermination of the whole human race.

The human world, in sum, is a scene of mingled hostility and concord, competition and cooperation, enmity and community. Our problem is: How to subordinate the forces of hostility, competition, and enmity to the higher forces of con-

cord, cooperation, and community. This is our world and its task.

In dealing with the greatness of the task of building a one unified world, two alternatives confront humanity: One World or World Warfare. The situation up to the present has been that of conflict

tion of two spheres: a sphere of economic and political organization and a sphere of cultural action and development. The economic, has to do with the means of existence; the cultural, with the ends of existence. For effective economic action, a common plan and cooperative organiza-

by

ANTONIO V. SIAYNGCO, M.A.

between these two principles. The world has not yet been willing nor able to give up the principle of warfare; nor has it been willing or able to give up the principle of One World. At one extreme is the totalitarian view. There might be a totalitarian world community, but its tyranny contains the seeds of its own destruction from within. As we have seen the other extreme, that of provincial anarchism, is also self-destructive. Thought can move back and forth from the absolutistic thesis to the atomistic antithesis and see nothing but internal and external destruction of society. History has already developed the germ of synthesis, in the ideal and practice of democracy. The pure organicism of the thesis and the pure pluralism of the antithesis are both defective, yet neither is wholly wrong. Human nature needs both social organization and individual freedom, and the principle of democracy may well be called organic pluralism — the principle of society of free men who perceive their mutual interdependence and communal needs. Such free men also perceive that freedom for development, joy, and realization of the highest values is rendered possible only when the individual surrenders many of his private whims and preferences to the common good, while at the same time retaining his sacred right of free conscience, free speech, and free political action.

Democracy implies the recogni-

tion are more essential. For cultural development, freedom of thought and speech, personal initiative, and personal commitment are more necessary. In One World we shall need the proper balance of economic planning and cultural freedom. Yet it is undesirable that economic and political planning without cultural freedom would be in immediate danger of totalitarianism, and the plurality of the gigantic pluralism would be swallowed up in the maw of the great organism, Leviathan. Cultural freedom means the right and duty to choose and be loyal to one's own religion or irreligion, to speak and write freely, to express and enjoy art, to investigate truth and report the results of investigation, to criticize freely economic governmental measures: in short, to be an autonomous man.

The philosophy of One World organized on the principles of organic pluralism, providing economic and governmental schemes within the bounds of cultural freedom, would be a fulfillment of the dreams of poets, prophets, and philosophers. Once organized, it might prove to be more simple, practical, and permanent than our world rivalry, appeasement, and war. The future is not yet. But there will certainly be a future and it may be better than anything that yet has been. It is apparent that we move toward a free world — a One World, as we preach the dignity of man.

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For days and days Narciso cried
For days his mouth was opened wide
His object failure at the ball
Goaded him on to end it all.

He pressed his mind on things allied
He thought of ropes and cyanide
His miseries made him decide
That he would now commit suicide.

Oh, woe is me, oh pity me!
I'll kill myself **hara kiri!**
I'll jump off some high balcony
To end this hideous agony!

With Helynn, 'ciso didn't rate
And this made him quite desperate
Still, he didn't want to die
And leave Helynn, his cutie pie.

Why should I think of ugly things
Instead of precious wedding rings?
Why get involved in self-destruction
And miss Tiburcio's extreme unction?

Narciso Bacur Takes a Summer Course

My case is not a hopeless one
I can be yet a happy man
Though Helynn doesn't care for boogie
She'll swoon over my B. S. Degree!

Narciso entered summer class
But his thoughts were of sweet Helynn
Helynn, the pert tempestuous lass
His angel, princess and his queen.

He also thought much of Tibur
The grandson, he thought, of Mampur
Who was happy vacationing
In Helynn's hometown Malangin.

I'll show that boastful so-and-so
I'll let him know just who is who
That jerk will turn green with envy
When I'll be through with my degree.

Narciso stopped his boogie lessons
He shunned requests to all jam-sessions
I'll pass, he vowed, by hook, by crook
I'll bury my face in my book.

After two months of close study
Narciso knew that he was ready
Before the term's end was declared
His cap and gown were long prepared.

Though there were all kinds of summerians
From toddlers to septuagenarians
When graduation day then came
The big word was Narciso's name.

The stage was set for the occasion
Of Narciso's grand graduation
The Prexy of the summer school
Arose from his creaking stool:

LADIEEES AND GEENTLEMEEN!!!

By virtue of the authority
Vested in me by equity
Narciso B., our one and only
Now graduates **summa cum laude!**

It is therefore my greatest pleasure
To confer this distinctive honor
Upon this brilliant man of science
Who topped his classes in HAIR SCIENCE!!!

ENTER TIBUR...

Riot In Malingin.

Wake up! Wake up! Child, open thy eyes
'tis folly to sleep tonight; arise!
Did your mother not tell you
That tonight will come Cager Tiburcio?
'tis time for his Summer Serenade
You best get out of your bed.

"What jest is this, my father?
Why grow so pale, why tremble so?
Your mind and nerves please gather,
What of this Cager Tiburcio?
Let him sing, let him
 strum his guitar,
I can sleep even
 in a rumbling car."

Alas! My dear, dear Baby
Argue not, come with me
For when Tibur sings, you may not know
Last time it stopped the earthquake
 and the flu.

And it is not all there is to it
 my Baby
Recall the shining bronze statue by the tree?
When Tibur released his baritone
Heaven of Mercy, it turned to simple stone!
And it matters not, there is no
 truer lore
Though now he calls himself Rudolph
 Valentibur...

Cager Tibur, Valentibur
When he sings, the nails desert the floor.
They put him on the radio once
Prepared to be entranced
When Tibur let loose he broke
 all the cable
From here to Betty Grable.

* * * * *

So when Tibur comes trudging
 down that hill
Bouncing with a guitar,
 over the dale
Be wise, go with your mother
In that new and air-conditioned
 air-raid shelter.

My love, sweet Helynn,
Lend me your ears.
My dove, soft Helynn,
Please, summon your tears.

It is I, Tibur,
Your very bore
Before you hand me that grenade,
Please harken to this serenade.

Open your windows
Light up your room
Dedications with this song...
Come from your ex-future groom.

I will let you choose:
I can be Sinatra
Or fat Mario Lanza
Or Jerry Lewis, let loose.

If you want me to wait
Like a mad Jerry Vale,
Or lilt like a Clooney
Or be just Johnny Ray.
Just tell me oh quail
And my vocals will sail.

(No answer)

Okay, my dove
Since you want it my way
I'll sing you something that's here
to stay.
Hope it fits like a glove.

T'will not be Pogliacci
'Cause my throat is very itchy
T'will not be an aria
Jeepers! I might catch malaria.

Hearken now, my Helynn mine,
Oh lovely Helynn, dove of mine,
The next voice you'll hear, oh dear,
Shall certainly be, oh lucky me,
By Doris Day... from Station
 Double B

(The loudspeaker scratches,)
(a long silence follows.....)

Helynn, I'll run amuck
The needle got stuck!

(Exeunt)

SAN CARLOS would not have existed were it not for Magallanes. Probably, some Chinese educator would have established a school in Cebu (the name would not be Cebu, I hate to think of it) and in time would have made the school a university. But some daring European crossed the ocean smack right into this land, stomped his foot and planted his colors, crying some, "I hereby name this land *ladrones*" — thing to that effect. Anyway, Magallanes crossed Lapu-lapu's bolo and remained in Opon forever. San Carlos, after emerging from stages such as Colegio de San Ildefonso, Seminario de San Carlos, Seminario Real de San Carlos, Colegio de San Carlos, and finally Universidad de San Carlos, came to own a magazine. The magazine itself had to decoonize itself from **El Estudiante** (the ill student) to **Carolinian** (a name thought of by some editor with a hypersensitive brain). So the paper came to be. The first issue of the **El Estudiante** was in tabloid form, the size of which had to be measured through an electron microscope. The typesetter must have been cross-eyed (linotype being a madman's dream then) for the paper looked like an edition of a local song hit kit. San Carlos had no College of Law yet and, naturally, no barristers. So the editorship went to a Pre-Law prodigy who played football and dismantled syllogisms. He handled the organ until the school, tired of his tirade against everything, graduated him. But the Ed did some lipflop, somersaulted through the bar with a grade of 92.5% staged a comeback and landed as the Dean of the College of Law. Atty. Fulvio C. Pelaez still looks much alter the paper's welfare. A pretty serious guy he is now, guiding lawyers-not-yet and smartening up the neophytes of his profession. A law office, his name on the phone book (Pelaez, Pelaez & Pelaez, more coming) a nice house and family and the USC directory are some of the things that now carry his name. Luis Ladonga, who for years did a kibitzer's job with the **Carolinian**, waggled into the editorial chair and got himself entangled in a mess of writing about the current topics of the day. Like that day between July and August, 1940, when he wrote on the dignity of having arms (killing Japs was unknown then, Pearl Harbor not having been bombed). Perhaps, the Ed that time had funny ideas about ROTC and got himself a medal for lugging

The Expurgated of "The

around the city a seventy-five millimeter-piece. Anyway, **Carolinian** work, vintage '40, was pretty full of soldiers. The Commandant that time was "Loeey" Campos, a handsome guy with the sideview of the great sidewise. Looking back at the pictures of those soldiers, one would readily assume that something was terribly wrong with the sartorial makeup of those years. The waists of the **sondalos** were up to the bust, making them look like a bunch of tied potato sacks. But this is straying from the purpose of this article.

Julie Severino, a cute pert chick in Ladonga's time, had an excursion for "a day in Paradise," though the paradise she talked about was the contentment of the simple people. Jose Local, the Bennet Cerf of those days, had a fine time explaining to his comical chemical professor why he wrote Mr. Manganes instead of Managase. They had a fine time laughing the episode over a bottle of rice wine. The years up to forty-one were pretty much wrapped up in training soldiers, tying the knee breeches. Work on the **Carolinian** was confined to making the magazine look less repelling to ad-takers. The Barba Press did the tinkering with the paper and the glass-eyed editors did the proof reading.

The **Carolinian** is the only paper whose editors come and go with the regularity of a bill collector's visit. Recently, I contemplated on writing about the take-off of former editor Tom Echivarre, '56. He is a guy who thinks nothing of placing a comma here and there or changing the manuscript outright, making the neophytes' invention read like Robert Nathan's, and still keeps

mum on the downright incompetence of his staff. The **Carolinian** under his direction, however, often lost much of its murky deep literary sound by coming to the students' level. The school organ under him was subjected to a lot of literary confusion by the local talents of the English **langvich**, but though the furor they raised was like the recent Cebu fire, Tommy still keeps on writing much in the same old way. Nene Ramado, Tommy's contemporary in the school paper is one man who can write deep moving poetry. He never believes in the word inspiration; desperation is a word more likely to appeal to his senses. His "Christmas Tear", one of the best of his poems to come out in the paper, won acclaim even from his critics. Ramado's world is a poet's world, one of beatified suffering, where pain and sorrow have more depth and love soars heavenward to joyous dimensions.

After the Japanese made mincemeat of our national defense and after they, in turn, got keelhauled by the returning American liberators, the **Carolinian** went into business again. There was Virgilio Kintamar, the paper's ed of 1941, who thought nothing of the beauties that surrounded him, (those faces of Julie Severino, Trinidad Alvarez, to name two of them), but kept on doggedly digging his brain for thoughts that he hoped would affect the changing world of 1941. There were quiet epigrams of Bernardina Tabada: "meandering in the quiet spell of the moonlight.... dreams of wandering delight.... memories when evening falls.... too bad she wasn't born during Juliet's time. She would have been a great love

History "CAROLINIAN"

poetess. She is still great. Then there was a man who loved to sleep in his class and came up with a defense of the royal art of daydreaming. Most have been a regular siesta maniac. "Well... uh... perferer, I didn't get your question. Mind if we go over it again?" Nice guy, if he was still around. Should be teamed with our present Ed, who possess the two sleepest creepers this side of the hemisphere. Roberto Garcia used to sing in the KZRC "CSC Commerce Hour" but the years have changed things a bit. Now, he is singing for the whole caboodle of the Cebu Broadcasting Company.

Fortunato Borromeo, who used to handle the Spanish section of this magazine, featured Don Vicente Quibilan in one of his regular presentations of the CSC faculty "El Sr. Quibilan nos hace recordar aquello lo que dijo Napoleon de que la estatura baja no es ninguna remora a las actividades de uno."

"Whatever that means, it certainly sounds like a tribute. Mr. Quibilan, one of USC's truest pioneers, was a victim of Nipponese atrocities. The local Kempetai killed him when his guerrilla activities were detected. His death was mourned by many Carolinians who found in him a friend and a teacher. The war years brought a halt to the operation of the school magazine. The Colegio was used by the Japanese as a garrison and, therefore, was used by the American pilots and shipmen as a practice target sight. As a result, there wasn't much left of the old building. After the hostilities ceased and the school professors came out of their hiding places, the institution went into a flurry of re-

habilitation. After feverish activities on the part of the good fathers, a new institution, complete with a roof garden, arose from the dust and that started that.

Francis Militante was handed the responsibility of jerking the press of the school. As the headman of the mag, he came across such sentimental pieces as "goodby mother America, we are free but not yet" and things like those which brought good tears to the guerrilleros who were sorry to be separated from the US Army.

Ginnie Peralta got moony over her "Moonway," lamenting upon the loss of someone dear and understanding. When she thought she finally could unburden herself, the only word that shaped her mouth was "goodbye!" No more good-byes now. Not today. Not with a boy to take care of and a radio to wrestle with.

And then Nap Rama came with lit-tling lanlore, through the courtesy of typhoon "Jean" in 1949. Faigao, in his "Canto Voice" creaked: "who has seen the wind, neither I nor you; but when the science garden sheds its roof, the wind is passing through." Nap Rama is an old gentleman who is dark but not too much, slightly turned but not so, hugging the lines of the tape measure between five and six feet. NGR wielded his pen with the

stance of d'Artagnan at bay, could compose notes which could make Cyrano 'Long Nose' Bergerac squirm in envy. He was a mean man with his pen, soft in his heart with the ladies and generous with his cigarettes. The drugstore people missed him much and so suffered his loss that the solesdadies became quite hesitant to allow other editors to draw any account with them. Nap Rama, like any other editor of this magazine, went around the campus with ears cocked, nose tilted, and pencil in his ears. The ladies were no nuisance; yes, to him they were god-send. And his staff were just as talented as their faces. One made the front page of a national daily. The others were frequently seen among the bigshots of the campus, making faces at the cameramen. And the written pieces they dished out were just the right kind for that romantic period.

Emilio B. Aller, the man who prides himself with, of all things, a bone-breaking handshake, shook hands with Rama, tried the editorial hot-chair, found it fitted him like a camel with the straw and launched his campaign. To him belongs the distinction of having made four deadlines of the school paper before the manuscripts finally sailed in, in slow motion. With him were irrepresible Delia Saguin, her written campus oddities lively as her personality; gay and vivacious Rosita Ty, Leonie Lianza, with eyes that launched a thousand sighs, Rosario Teves and Annie Ratcliff of the snow teetle family. Finally there was Ben Cabailo whose hands were talented beings distinct from him-

by ROSS ESCOBER

sell. His battlecry "siopao!!!" is still well remembered.

Emilio stayed for a while in the editorial desk, tangled up with the editors of the local dailies for writing a controversial piece on politics (always a hot issue 'round here), got advised by Father Schonfeld to stay out of politics until he wore long pants (the never got to, he now is wearing bahama shorts), finally lit out for the United States on a

(Continued on page 20)

FOR EIGHT years I dreamt of becoming a gavel-banging jurist. I had my eyes set longingly on a swivel chair perched on a platform, with the national color behind me. I wanted to be a member of the Bench, a custodian of justice, a repository of legal shibboleths and all those highflating titles. So, after the eighth year, without the benefit of hemming and hewing, I chucked the Bench in favor of a CPA degree. I don't know why, but many of my friends were so obviously willing to condole with me that I suspected the change in ambition shocked them more than it did me.

"Commerce is so easy you're sure to pass the board without half-trying," they said. "Besides, it's one of the easiest and surest way

by

CLOMEN MARCELLA

M. VERALLO

was foreign-looking enough but his subject didn't attract me. It was so unintelligible it should have been called "frog language." Well, anyway, after an hour of boresome "el, ella, usted" and things of that

after I went the rounds of all my subjects, it occurred to me my teachers had more or less the same business: to fail their students. And they proved me right during the finals. Almost one half of the class joined the "innumerable caravans." I played it safe and managed to avoid the casualty list. But my Ma had something to say about my ratings. She wasn't exactly happy about things and she told me so.

"If you cannot make it, dear, why try so hard? Maybe you're not cut out for it. Your grades have to be better if you do not want to attend to the poultry house."

I had a ready answer, though. I told her our teacher never gave out high grades especially because I wasn't acquainted with her yet. I decided to mend my public rela-

Autobiography Of An Uncertified Public Accountant

to make a tidy pile of money." That's the reason I stuck to commerce ever since.

So, the day classes were declared open, I went to school only to find a weather-beaten creature who kept shuffling class cards on his table and a bespectacled boy who put too much powder on his neck. There were about five of us in the room... but the others were writing on autographs or memorizing the lines of a hit tune.

Nobody seemed anxious to get acquainted with anybody. So, I just sat there as quietly as you please, not saying anything. The cordsharp, by the way, was our professor.

The following week, we started the rough house. My first subject was a foreign language. The teacher

sort, we tackled the next subject: Accounting. More like it, I mused. This time we had a lady teacher who had quite a shrill voice. She seemed to be constantly singing and it was really stranger than the foreign language I had been through earlier. During our first meeting, she frightened a day's growth out of me. She was a last-talking coloratura but I found out later she just had what is called a sing-song voice. But what really scared me was the introductory speech she made which somehow didn't make Accounting a lazyman's project. Anyway, I told myself, one is entitled to one's own opinion. So, we sat there listening to her rather lengthy speech which ended as threateningly as this:

"I am here to fail each one of you whoever you may be. It is for you to prove otherwise." Later,

but when the second semester banged in, I was looking up at another teacher. The shrill-voiced terror disappeared.

My second year in the course taught me a lot about how to borrow people's money but it wasn't so hard because I know some people who never slapped a blackboard but who were real experts in credit transactions. A neighbor of ours own a small store, keep complaining about how most people abuse their knowledge in credit. Too much knowledge of it, I decided, would be dangerous and the professors thought the same thing because by the second semester we wrestled with more accounting subject. The "death" toll was heavy during that semester and some of my classmates were unaccounted for at the end of the term.

(Continued on next column)

Ex-President Osmeña On Catholic Education

(Continued from page 3)

to the progressive culture and to the developing concept of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God amongst all people and all nations of this world to bring about prosperity and eternal peace. With this education, especially in our country where, since the beginning of the Spanish regime, there has been imbued in the great majority of our people that Christian spirit, that yearning for union with this Creator, there is an assurance that our people shall live in prosperity, contentment, and peace, always looking to our God for His Divine guidance.

"It may be stated that we can develop in an individual all the possible things that will give him wealth in this material world, but it cannot be denied that without his

religion, without his belief in God, such virtues which are concomitants of life especially in a democratic country may be forgotten and may lead to the destruction of life itself. As a keen psychologist, Newman, said: 'Knowledge is one thing, virtue is another; good sense is not conscience, refinement is not humility, nor is largeness and justness of view faith... Quarry the granite rock with razor, or moor the vessel with a thread of silk; then, you may hope with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason to contend with those giants — the passion and pride of man.'

"These things have been accomplished by this great institution, our beloved Alma Mater, The Fathers of the Divine Word in whose hands the administration of this venerable institution has been entrusted, saw to it and are still seeing to it that Catholic education shall give every individual who comes to this institution the good life and the better life not only in this world but hereafter. The innumerable great men this great institution has molded from all walks of life are now, not only the proof of its true

mission, but also an assurance that this institution shall fulfill its mission to provide education of the youth consistent with our Christian ideals; to make our people ever conscious of their obligations and duties to themselves, to their country and to our God. Whenever I come back to these hallowed surroundings, memories of the glorious accomplishments of our beloved Alma Mater crowd into my mind and makes my heart beat with pride and exaltation, and it becomes my sincere wish that there be more institutions of this kind in our country. I wish to express here not only my admiration and respect for those whose leadership have made this institution serve our country and our people well but also my very best wishes that they continue with the noble work of inculcating in our people a truly Christian education.

"Reverend Father Rector, through you, I wish to thank the Administration, the Faculty and Alumni of this institution for this great distinction and honor which has been conferred upon me. To you, my friends, who have honored this occasion, I also express my gratitude."

I had more accounting subjects during the third year and this was the year I got introduced to a new joke: Auditing. This was it! My grades hit rock bottom. The prof was a mean one, to boot. He told the class to rub their noses on a certain part of the book because he said the exam would be taken from that territory. When he gave the exam, he culled the problem from out of this good, round earth so we just stared at the problem and made clucking noises, like that. And the prof felt pleased! He cleared his throat and told us, smiling the while:

"Duh, duh, class. Look here. Now, what's hard about this problem." He grabbed a piece of chalk and started his hieroglyphics on the blackboard. After that he drew himself up, straight and erect, saying: "See, it was very easy! Just use your common sense. It helps to use the common sense. Yeh, common sense tells us that..."

I did not hear the rest. But this summer I keep hearing the words again. "It helps to use common sense. Yeh, common sense tells us that..."

I think my common sense keeps telling me I should have been a judge. #

The Truth of the Matter

Douglas once thought to score off Lincoln by relating how, when he first knew him, Lincoln was a "grocery-keeper," selling among other things whisky and cigars. "Mr. L.," said Douglas, "was a very good bartender!" But the laugh was on the other side when Lincoln made the following reply:

"What Mr. Douglas has said, gentlemen, is true enough; I did keep a grocery, and I did sell cotton, candies and cigars, and sometimes whisky; but I remember in those days that Mr. Douglas was one of my best customers. Many a time have I stood on one side of the counter and sold whisky to Mr. Douglas on the other side, but the difference between us now is this: I have left my side of the counter, but Mr. Douglas still sticks to his as tenaciously as ever."

Woman

by VICENTE RANUDO, JR.

Mom Fran (shan't know her) curdled blood by cremating. She belted me. Ha! Ha! Clappity, clappity.
"Go back Mom Fran (this is the first time she ever talks). I am crying now. Take the heat of the Morning with you. Vicente and I will sleep again." Sob, sob. Snore. "Vicente." Mom Fran pulled the light. There is deep darkness — "let us wait till she comes from the market."

She was nineteen and slim and spare. Also passive and pallid as a plate of salad. . . . and she did not talk at all, I told you so. Not about quaint shops or exquisite Hongkong jewelries or smuggled 'Chanel' number so . . . so. But you could make out signatures in her eyes; Tentative, yet, ready and potential as money.

I saw her walk on water, scooping the waves with her bare feet like African Daisies; kicking them into the air like dead African Daisies; stumping on them like seditious African Daisies; wading ankle-deep on them like continental African Daisies. When I saw African Daisies, I could have sworn they were waves.

"Torquoise Green are simply horrid."

Mom Fran, why is the water in the sea, Green? And my tears, look

. . . . goodness, just plain wet. Gosh oh me! Mom Fran, look . . . it's raining Green rains. "Vicente; one night the moon was Green and I Greened with envy."

Henry saw her a year ago. Henry knew it was she because Henry did not know her. Not even if she stood over Henry's window pane, not even if she wore Henry's silly red shirt, not even if she stood on the bridge by Henry's window, not even she was around when they buried Henry in his wedding suit.

Henry's bride cried.

But I know her now. Even if she will stand on my window pane, even if she will wear my silly red shirt, even if I will see her a year from now . . . I wish we had bridges and things like those.

The most adequate is Spot. Turning the knob. Gnash, gnash.

Even ulcers have voices now, like loud vitamins inside vegetable lattices. . . . turning the knob. loathesome.

The most adequate is Spot. Turning the knob. Crunch, crunch. Don't move now.

"Here, Spot. Here Spotty, Spotty, Spotty."

Intermezzo

by CAROLINA QUIBILAN-SAN LUIS

The Queen breezed in,
Sailing along the nocturnal deep.
Flashing a steering light
For those who've gone to sleep.

**The hubbub, the din,
honking horns, speeding rigs,
rhythmic clatter of horses' feet,
full-blast radios, jubilant kids,
cha-cha hits of juke-boxes, ceased . . .**

The city life died out.

liebesträum, a serenade,
a dream of love, a song,
a violin, a guitar, an air,
such artful finger-work,
a reverie in weager slumber. . . .

A nightful wholesome quietude.

Fair Aurora peeping by
From the crimson eastern bed.
Hours fleet by, hour on five,
To Holy House pilgrims tread.

**well-lighted candelabra gleamed,
multi-colored flow'rs embellished
the altar, attractive nosegoys,
soft strains of organ hymns
sincere whispers of earnest prayer. . .**

Adorned the House of God.

**a half-hour devotion,
betwixt night and day,
a retrospection of deeds,
of sin or of honor,
contrition or gratitude . . .**

An interlude of living life.

The King now reigns supreme,
Over the vast azure space,
The disk with light of fame,
The light of life from aged face.

**cars, horses, men, women,
to, fro, here, there,
sing, fret, smile, cry,
walk, run, jump, sit,
music, laughter, grief, galore. . .**

A rhapsody of living life.

the dewdrop-moistened verdure,
half-ope'd buds, sweet aroma,
yawning kids, howling pets, chirping birds,
emblems of daytime life,
men to office, women to chores. . .

Greet the ennui of life.

A Carolinian Short Story

H EARTBEAT. I shall call her that. She is real, she exists. But I shall call her Heartbeat. Beautiful, distinct Heartbeat.

I saw her one afternoon with a group of laughing students huddled in one corner of the plush restaurant they were in. Beside their table was a jukebox. It was not out of order.

She left her table and fumbled for a coin on her way to the music box. She found one and bit her little finger while her eyes looked for her favorite crooner. He was there.

I heard the coin clink its way into the box and the half-turn she made enabled her to get a good look at me. I must have bothered her a lot.

I couldn't figure out her eyes. It could have been sky-blue, grass-green or dark brown or just plain eyes. At least there was color. In either case, those eyes could be coextensive and equally fatal to one's emotions ... I think.

(He was singing.)

She completed the turn and went back to her friends. She was welcomed. Of course. And the laughing started again. But I could tell that her eyes were cheating. It did not join the laughter. It joined something else. My eyes.

How do you do?

Fine, thank you.

Why did you look?

Why did you?

I like you.

Oh?

Uh -- huh.

But I shall call her Heartbeat. She might be nameless, but I shall always call her....

I can even feel her now: beautiful, distinct Heartbeat.

I saw her walk her way home one evening. She had that helpless look all about her... and though she must have been brisk and steady, I couldn't help making her

"Yes..." I answered, feeling completely silly.

"I didn't expect to see you again..."

"Why not?"

She gave me a quizzical look and sighed, "Oh, I don't know."

"Oh, but you should!" I persisted.

"I should?"

"Sure."

"Why?"

"Well...oh, you can't go on feeling about things and not knowing about them at all..."

HEART- BEAT

look weak and tired. Somehow, I can never define the tremendous power and influence her helplessness exerted on me... and I was drawn to her even before I had made up my mind.

She stared at me for a while, then a spark of recognition flashed across her eyes, "Oh... you're..."

She smiled and said, "I think you're right."

"That's better."

"From now on, I'm going to know exactly the name of the thing I feel..."

From somewhere, a jukebox wailed, "tenderly gaze evermore into mine..."

A T-V Creation

THE PHILIPPINE Islands are filled with multifarious legends and myths ranging from the most humorous to the most tragic.

Like many other islands in the Philippines, CAMIGUIN ISLAND, the home of the much-feared and dreadful Hibok-hibok volcano is replete with legends, folklores and myths which are fast becoming the favorite bedtime stories among the children.

named Alimyon. Through the entire length and breadth of the wonderful island the princess was known for her beauty. Her lips were compared to the sunset glow of a western sky. Her eyes were the blue of the ocean. Her hair, the cascading form of a waterfall, her figure rivaled that of de Milo's Venus. The notions of her father's kingdom had a great respect for her gentility and beauty. Her physical prowess was

Graduate SCHOOL

birds above to sing for her "melodious madrigals". On moonlight nights, she could be seen dipping her snow-white legs in the icy coolness of the water and playing with the foams which swelled above the bubbling waters.

THE LEGEND AT MT. TEMPOONG

One which currently became popular among the islanders is the legend at Mount Tempoong. Tempoong is the highest of all the mountain ranges in the island and is almost equidistant from all parts of Camiguin. It has been said that this mountain peak was an active volcano thousands of years ago. That explains, according to hunters who had gone as far as the peak, the presence of a lake, which once was the crater of the furious old volcano.

Those hunters who had gone to the cap of Mount Tempoong attested that the lake was a reservoir of multi-colored fishes of different shapes and sizes and a mysterious big white whale. The hunters considered it a mystery because of the belief that lakes, especially mountain lakes, are not places for real whales. They said real, because of the belief that the whale in the lake was not really a whale, but one which was beyond human comprehension.

The legend explains further how the mysterious white whale came to its legendary existence in the lake.

In the days of yore, there lived on the summit of Mt. Tempoong, a king who had a beautiful daughter

also one factor which helped her won the trust and confidence of the inhabitants. Alimyon excelled in swimming and hunting. She was a fast and fine swimmer so that a kick of her feet would throw her meters away from the start. Not one in the kingdom ever dared raise a finger in challenge. In hunting, she was also an example of a consummate hunter. She could shoot a running deer pointblank hundred meters away. This, according to the natives, was due to the unusual habit of the princess of shooting an

Lawin, a hale, husky and good-looking lad, dwelt with his parents in one of the coves of the island now known as Benoni. They were of Boholano descent and were among the early settlers who choose Benoni as the site of their new abode. Near the place where they resided was a lake, which was also believed to be a crater of another dreadful volcano hundred of years ago. The lake teemed with such different fishes that it became the favorite of the natives. Fishing became their principal means of occupation.

Lawin took to fishing when the moon was full. He found it to be so enjoyable that he wouldn't fail a night during full moons.

It was in one of these fishing trips, that all his attempts were fruitless, even to the extent of round-

by

SIXTO LI. ABAO, Jr.

orange suspended between two standing poles. In early dusk, the princess could be seen flexing the bow, then, unleashing the arrow, cutting the orange half-way. The princess uses to shoot as many as 100 oranges before going home to eat her breakfast.

The favorite haunt of the princess during moonlight nights was the seashore. She loved to stroll along the beautiful sands, especially when there were many chirping

ing the bay and casting his net here and there. Everytime he pulled his net, it was empty. Gathering all his fishing equipment, Lawin prodded homeward. He would have gone home already had he not been caught by a song drifting from somewhere. The melody of the song was one which could swing his heart as it would in a hammock. He stopped — waited to discover the source of the voice. He blinked

(Continued on page 21)

IN THE MONTH of June this year, Cebu will witness one big momentous event . . . an event which, for its significance, will be long remembered in the history of social welfare movements in this province, if not in the entire archipelago. For after years of planning and working

by *MARIETTA ALONZO*

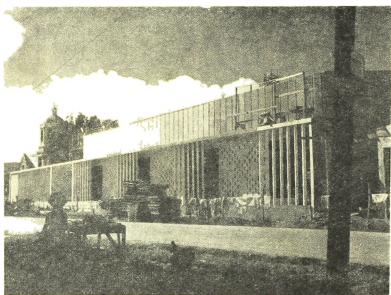
The PATRIA Story

on the part of the common mass, the Patria Community Service Center, undoubtedly the biggest and the most beautiful recreational center in the Visayas and Mindanao, will throw open its gates to commence its role of community building and spiritual crusading.

Positively the only one of its kind in these parts, the Center houses modern facilities for constructive and wholesome recreation, embracing almost all phases of indoor sports and games as well as such edifying and delectable arts as music, drama, creative writing and similar things.

This edifice, built almost entirely through charity, is a monument to the civic-mindedness of the people of Cebu; its success as a community project is a concrete indication of their altruistic nature and points out how great a faith they have in the Catholic youth upon whose dynamism and leadership they invested a part of their resources to help bring to realization this direly-needed structure for the common man.

But how did all this come about? How did it happen that the much maligned, much scorned members of the "lost generation" hitched upon such a noble undertaking as building a community center? The story of the exploits can now be told. The story of the Patria can now be disclosed. . . the real-life saga of courage and dynamism, of service and sacrifice, faith and devotion, as portrayed by the youthful band who were the advocates of the project. Well may those who look with derision upon today's youth read it, and well may other youths here and everywhere emulate what these silent workers have done.



A Section of the Patria Bowling Alley—Recreation Department.

The Germ of an Idea

IT ALL STARTED when a small group of eager students from the different colleges and universities in Cebu agreed to band themselves together and, with Christ as their light, to wage a vigilant war against the sagging morality of our young people. This group, bearing the standard of what is now the Cebu Student Catholic Action, found out in the course of their crusade that the misdirection and misguidance of young people or of any individual, for that matter, spring from the bad influences they encounter during leisure hours. Because of the absence of character-building recreational centers, the youth are compelled to frequent cabarets, if not gambling dens and other ill-reputed nooks where they

drink to the dreg the vapid influences of these places. The SCA members feared that as long as such places continue to attract the young elements of society, as long as facilities for wholesome pastimes are not provided them, their morality would sink, by gradual stages, into its lowest ebb. One big question, therefore, came to light: Could the organization provide such facilities? Among the student actionists, only the most determined and the most strong-willed did not consider the idea fanatically hopeless. The SCA did not have a cent in its coffers. How then could an organization as poor as the SCA undertake such a huge project? Impossible was the word that played on my lips.

But the actionists refused to
(Continued on page 22)



Noontime on Saturday, April 21, 1955, was like 364 other noon-times of the year. But a sudden blast of explosives of high noon gave it a peculiar mask of fear and tragedy that delated a city in its wake. The people's shouts of "Fire! Fire!" soon drowned in a wail of sirens and the hurried clang of firebells.



The fire, now full-grown with branching tongues, soon found new victims to lead upon. Fanned by strong winds and abetted by the rays of a scorching summer sun, it toyed with puny wooden houses and licked the entrails of nipa shacks.

Pictorial Story

T R A G E D Y . O F . A . C I T Y



Alerted to a common danger, people hurried about in all directions, bringing what worldly things they owned into the streets.



As the conflagration spreads, the terror-stricken inhabitants flee from the scene of destruction. Soon, their homes will join the little mounds of glowing debris.



While some are beside themselves with grief, others view the raging spectacle with awe, others with alarm and still others with resigned indifference. The vagaries of human emotions change and every heart registers its own reaction.



Finding itself without food, its head shrunken and its tongues cut, the fire starves to a smoldering death. In one spurt of anger, it sends balls of smoke to mark its dying moment. Its last act of fierceness fails to save it.



Two young victims return to prospect for odds and ends which the fire, for all its deadly abandon, may have failed to destroy. On the ash heaps, tears will fall. But in a moment the eyes will become dry to bid new hopes enter the heart — a chance to build upon the ruins.



This is my city. Ugly with the scars and sores inflicted by a horrible force that laughed at man an hour ago. The brute is dead now and so are many things that people used to love, to go home to, to play in. This is the face of sorrow.
(photos on this page by Cris's).

A Historical "First"

Last March 23, 1956, the University of San Carlos conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws, honoris causa, upon its Most Distinguished Son, Don Sergio Osmeña, Sr. The award was a tribute to the Grand Old Man and a recognition of his "many-splendored" achievements.

THE BIG FOUR. Ex-President Sergio Osmeña, Sr., honoree; Father Herman Kondring, SVD, USC Rector; Monsignor Julio Rosales, Archbishop of Cebu and Solicitor General Ambrosio Padilla, guest speaker.



The Grand Old Man receives his diploma of merit from Father Rector while Hon. Padilla and others look on approvingly.



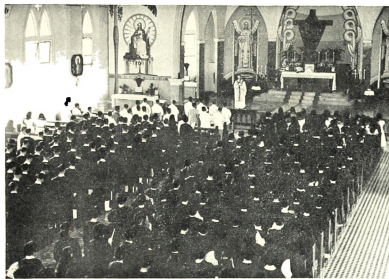
THE SAME FRIENDLY CSC CAMPUS AIR. At honoree's right are his wife Doña Esperanza Limjap Osmeña and Major Anacleto Garcia, USC Commandant. Our own Father Rector beams with pleasure.



THE INVINCIBLE LINEUP: From left to right, Prof. Antonio de Pio, Law Dean Fulvio C. Pelaez, Don Sergio, Prof. Jesus Garcia, Prof. Arsenio Villanueva, Prof. and CFI Judge Manuel Mejia.



THE GUESTS. The solemnity of the occasion is reflected in the faces of the guests who strained to catch every word said, every act done.



Divine guidance to buoy up the spirit when the world turns out to be too tough.



They, too, shall have a place in the scheme of things.



"Less politics, more public service..."



The faculty in a collective grin.



To a happy heart, a night to remember...

Graduation! The joys it brings are many and varied.

... happy is the father or the mother who sees the fulfillment of a dream and a wish

... happy is the school to find a son prepared for a truly Christian life

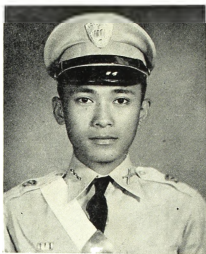
... but happiest of all is the graduate whose tomorrows have become today.

Moments to Remember...

The New Echelon...



Homage to the National Anthem...



Cdt. Col. FELIPE LADUCAY
The heir takes over...



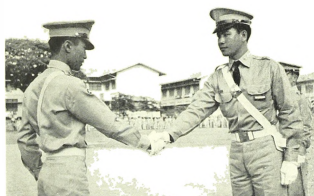
The parting shot...



Cdt. Col. MELECIO AJERO
For services rendered...



To carry on, from henceforth...



Good luck and goodbye...

When the year ends, many things end. Or change. The dog-faced rookie faces a new master — perhaps meaner, perhaps kinder, but it's a new master he faces who has been installed at the end of an old regime. There will be other masters. And who knows but that someday, the nervous neophyte might shout his own command?

... With an Old
Mission

What do you Think...

Explanatory Note:

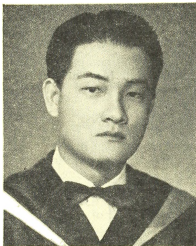
Subject of a chaotic debate before Congress today is the bill providing for the compulsory reading of Rizal's "Noli Me Tangere" and "El Filibusterismo." Merits of the bill are raised up on the issue of nationalism, patriotism and Filipinism. Proponents say that it would be treachery to the youth whom Rizal called the "Fair Hopes of the Fatherland" if his works, as brain-children of a national hero, are to be denied them.

On the other hand, it is being feared that once the bill is approved, religious controversy which would cause dissension among the people would militate against the peace of the country. This could be so because the compulsory nature of the bill itself violates the principle of academic freedom which is very essential in a democracy. The two books contain religious errors which Rizal himself later retracted, and that, if the youth be allowed to read them, they might make their own rush interpretations.

Here are a number of personal opinions from among the students who had their say about the controversial bill.—sbf

About the Bill providing for the compulsory reading of Rizal's "Noli Me Tangere" and "El Filibusterismo"?

conducted by: S.B. FABROZ



FRANCISCO CHIN

FRANCISCO CHIN
College of Law

Since the bill in question is still before the house of the Senate undergoing further deliberations, I think it is the right of every citizen to participate in the debate. As far as the constitutionality of the bill is concerned, it is respectfully submitted that the bill clearly violates the constitutional provisions of law on religious freedom. By reading the two novels, one will find that they contain passages which are against the teachings and laws of the Catholic church. To compel, therefore, the Catholic

youth to read these novels is equivalent to forcing them read doctrines attacking their own religion. Hence, the above constitutional guarantee is snatched from them.

The Supreme Court of the United States has gone far enough in expanding the above constitutional guaranty by upholding the rights of a certain group to refuse to salute the American flag because said act is offensive to their religious beliefs (West Virginia Board of Education, vs. Barnette, 319 U.S. 624). Since we don't have Philippine jurisprudence on this point, the case cited must be taken as authority to support my contention. It is recommended, therefore, that, in order to make the bill consistent with our constitutional provisions on religious freedom, the word "compulsory" be changed to "optional."

It is impractical to conceive that we appear more patriotic and nationalistic by simply reading the **Noli Me Tangere** and **El Filibusterismo**. If we ever want to inculcate in our minds the ideals of patriotism and nationalism, we should not only limit ourselves to the reading of these two novels which reveal only the life of one Filipino hero. Instead, Congress should pass a law compelling all students to read the different biographies of our heroes.

(Turn to next page)



NATIVIDAD ILAÓ

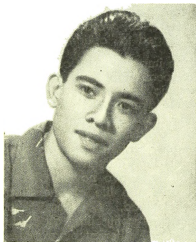
NATIVIDAD ILAÓ
College of Commerce

I am not in favor of the compulsory reading of the *Noli Me Tangere* and *El Filibusterismo* of Rizal in all public and private schools of the country.

Not all works of a hero are commendatory for study. Not all his thoughts reduced to writings are wholesome. There are portions of them which ought to be censored. Referring to the two books of Rizal, we see errors malignantly inconsistent with the dogmas of the church. There are passages which violate the teachings of the Catholic faith. Until we find the two books overhauled, making them consistent with Catholicism, they are simply of no use. They only light up religious controversy among the people.

JAIME E. LOZANO
College of Engineering

I am not in favor of the compulsory reading of Rizal's *Noli Me*



JAIME E. LOZANO

Tangere and *El Filibusterismo* in all public and private schools.

I do not mean to disregard the two novels of our national hero. In fact, I regard his works as the true and novel revelation of the actual events that happened during his time. He wrote them during the time when he was most critical of Spanish rule in the Philippines. His observations were, therefore, tinged by his own resentment against the alleged abuses of the Spaniards. It was natural that his writings, having been set down at a time when even his Faith was shaken, were biased and inaccurate.

It is shameful for us to claim that we are Catholics — that we are the only Christian country in the Far East and at the same time fold our arms when the very foundations of our religion are ridiculed. We can love Rizal without having to read all his works. As a matter of fact, it is possible that if we read the two controversial books, we might not regard our national hero in the same light that he is esteemed now.

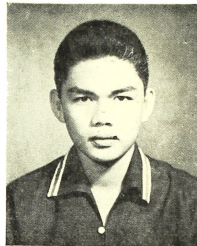
TITO ESCARIO
College of Commerce

I am for the compulsory reading of Rizal's *Noli Me Tangere* and *El Filibusterismo* in all public and private schools.

As our national hero, Rizal should be honored not merely by remembering him but by reading his works and emulating the example he set. The fate of all martyrs has always been in all times to suffer so that those unborn will live under a happy atmosphere. What is strange is the fact that all the noble works of Rizal calculated to shed enlightenment would now be shelved because those books are said to be misleading and controversial.

The church will not be embarrassed if these books will be read because there is only one truth. If these be read as part of the school curriculum, the teachers can guide and give the proper explanation. Time will tell us in due course its real results, but certainly nothing can be arrived at reasonably if these books will be shelved.

It would be very funny if the books written by our national hero are not prescribed as reading materials in school. It is an insult to the Filipinos if aliens can recite passages from Rizal's writings and the Filipinos cannot. It will be a shame not to learn our lesson from



TITO ESCARIO

the sparks of truth which Rizal unselfishly hammered in the anvils of his books so that men later on shall enjoy the blessings of freedom.

TERESITA REBECCA F. ALCARES
College of Education

Rizal wrote his novels while he was yet a Mason. He was, at that time, out of the fold of the Faith he embraced since boyhood. His resentment against what he believed as the excesses of the Spaniards and his differences that time so embittered him that he made light of the Catholic religion.

Adopting these books as part of our high school curriculum endangers the future of our students. A great majority of our high school students are still very young and immature in understanding. They have the tendency to make hasty judgments, thus, make conclusions of their own without making a careful scrutiny and broad understanding of what they have read. They

(Continued on page 22)



TERESITA REBECCA F. ALCARES

• JOSE P. DE LA RIA RTE



Summer school offers the chance for people to renew old ties. Those in the field who otherwise would not have the opportunity to matriculate during the regular year, find themselves of a sudden back to school, to familiar sights, to be awed later by the many new things which have risen in their absence. The people are strangers to them, at first. But the pervading atmosphere is still the same — the Carolinian spirit is still very much in evidence. Later, the strangeness melts and all things and people fit into a pattern. It is the pattern of friendly Christian neighborliness which the Alma Mater gives and prepares for her big growing family.

NOW, TO START our personalia, we take our caps off to ATTY. JOSE FANTONIAL, Law '54, whose easy manners and decorum are the sources of his client's admiration. From all standards, Atty. Fantonial is one of the successful legal luminaries in the City of Cebu. On the business side, we were able to track down an unassuming alumnus whose secret sacrifices and toils made him what he is. He is a Commerce graduate, class '53. Name: JOSE RAMIREZ, one of the big guns of the Ramirez Engraving. With the inspiration of his thoughtful wife, the former GENARA MELGAR, also an alumna, Joe has also a special knack for photography. By the by, he also has his own studio and if you need kaleidoscopic pictures we recommend him unreservedly.

Since our topic is gravitating to aesthetics and things of this kind, it would not be amiss to mention another alumnus whose paint and brush won him mention during his University days. He is one man endowed with the faculty to make the world a garden of enchantment in paint and brush, of course. But if you think his only forte is painting, you have another guess coming. He was tops in oratory. He is an A.B. degree holder and a third year Law student. He eked out a living by painting. If you need a signboard, he is the man for you. It's all free of charge... I think.

In our search for "greener pastures" we came across a store manager whose badge is distinctly Carolinian. The name will ring a

few mental bells because she is Miss LOURDES CORNEJO, BSC '54. She was graduated from our Commerce department two years ago. Now, she runs a progressive store.

Last talk about managerial doings comes from Colabato. News from the grapevine has it that MR. FLORENTINO MACALDO, also a Commerce grad, is buckling down to earthly business in the virgin lands of Colabato, as farm manager of a certain hacienda. As Management major, no doubt he has proved his mettle. Tino, we recall, was once upon a time a working student of USC. He worked as librarian and printer in the law library for six years. This fellow can say with pride that every dark cloud has its silver linings. ‡

GETTING AHEAD

• by VIC VILLAMOR
College of Engineering

ONE OF THE most encouraging circumstances in our lives is our capacity to improve, to excel ourselves during critical and decisive moments. We do not have to remain in a rut, unhappy and unsuccessful if we would but make use of the positive and optimistic forces of growth. Let us live constructive and creative lives; then, we will overcome our obstacles, master our difficulties, grow and develop with increased impulse.

Today we see the actual objective results of mechanical and

scientific advancement; in jet aircraft, in nuclear fission, and in almost every other phase of the physical sciences. If we are to keep in step with all this progress and not become lopsided and unbalanced, we must adjust our personal lives to the new order.

We all get discouraged at some time or other in our lives. Yet not all of us have the will power to win over our discouragement. The proof of a man's competence lies in his ability to finish the job he starts. Our success is only commensurate

with our efforts so that, in truth, quality work is the result of a genuine effort and a sustained desire to improve. It is not altogether unusual for people to expect difficulties, even failures, in the course of their work. But these obstacles, far from constituting any threat to our enthusiasm, should instead actuate us in a way that would make us give an eye single to accomplishment. We must not however, make the mistake of thinking that we can get somewhere because our wheels
(Continued on page 21).

ALUMNOTES



Newlyweds **PETRONILO CHAVEZ** and **JULIETA CORNIESTA**
 "... till death do us part."

THE LAST MILE . . .

Calm, reserved and thoughtful **GUILLERMO JUANICH** has finally delivered his valedictory address to bachelorhood. He committed matrimony!!! Or, in another way of describing the act, he threw his hat into the matrimonial arena. Perhaps the happiest men on earth last April 19th were Prince Rainer III of Monaco and **GUILLERMO JUANICH** of Bohol. If the Monacans witnessed a grand wedding that date, the people of Tubigon, Bohol, had their share, too, in the touching, simple and impressive rites which took place in the town's Ca-

tholic Church where Guillermo slipped the little golden band of his bride, the former Miss **NORBERTA LIBARIOS**. Members of the wedding entourage were: Mr. Apolinario Ceñer and Mrs. Florencia Abulac, as sponsors; **TERESITA ARANAS** and **FLORENTINO ZOZOBRADO**, chord sponsors; **ROSARIO TALADUA** and **GREGORIO YNCIERTO**, veil sponsors; **KATTY ESPIRITU** and **PAULINO BONGATO**, candle sponsors; **NENA ARABIA**, **ROSALIND VILLALUZ**, **DELIA GADOR**, and **ROSARIO HERMOSA**, bridesmaid; **SAMUEL**
(Continued on page 21)

Under him the "C" was harassed by slanghappy yokel Nestor Morales, and surrounded by the sweat boys. Through all these hazards, he managed to live.

After Aller unceremoniously left his hotseat, white, big-eyed, eloquent Vestil acted as the supremo. His posture, stern eyes and polished writings undoubtedly made him successor to Leo Bello which is Aller's *nome de plume*. The Editor that time had a lunny idea about reporters. He thought they were the most glamorous souls operating on earth. But about the time he got led up with the job of correcting all the manuscripts, he changed his mind in favor of script writing. Vestil is now an established name in local cinema. The editorial "office" that time was the community boarding house of the Dean of the Liberal Arts and the staff members. So, the scramble for seats during press days was a sight trying to the Dean, who finally exiled the "boys" to the basement floor. Anyway, here was Jess Vestil, smoking his cigars, handing out his favorite brand of cigarettes to the yokels who were now bending their backs rattling their brains and stretching their eyes to make the magazine more readable. There was VNL and his "Herbie" series, Buddy Quitaro, Agustin Jamiro, and the guys who thought they could do a neat fadeaway during d-lines. The act is always repeated every time there is a deadline to beat. There were hecklers, and an assortment of characters which could have driven a sociologist crazy.

Right now, I am wondering how I ever came across you. But that will be far some other fellow to write about. Anyway, this is the paper and its rip-snorting history. Those poor souls who will come behind the desk of this paper will have to thank the administration, those fa-

(Continued from page 9)

The Expurgated History of THE CAROLINIAN

Smith-Mundt travel grant. He has wonderful stories about big buildings, small people and tall thin men with pockets full of mazuma. Hear him talk but don't make the mistake of shaking hands with him.

He packs a mean, crippling grip. He says the US is a land where honey and money flow as sweat pours from your body. **The Carolinian** under his management bagged first prize in editorial writing.

thers who have a patience as long as the history of the Church.

For without them, this "hysterical narrative" would not have been possible. §

The Legend at Mt. Tempoong

(Continued from page 15)

and rubbed his ears, to be sure that it was not all a dream. It wasn't, he decided. There was the song, the beautiful song, in a whisper. He placed his equipment silently and directed his steps stealthily to the place where the song came from. He combed the whole shores and brushed the bushes so that in his curiosity, he tripped from the rock, where he was standing and fell down. For a time he was unconscious but the scream of a woman jolted him to a start. He tried to rise but his gaze was arrested by the sight of a beautiful girl walking towards him. The girl had an angelic face with tender lips. She was wearing a silken gown which revealed full womanhood and accentuated her beauty. Weak and almost stupefied, Lawin managed to ask:

Who are you? Why are you alone? What are you doing here at this time of the night?

The girl was stunned — and suddenly afraid. Before she knew what she was doing, she was already running frantically, away. But unfortunately, her silken gown caught a branch and she stumbled face down with a heavy thud.

Lawin, mustering up all his strength, rose and picked her up in his arms. Holding her gently, Lawin told her that she had nothing to be afraid of. She grunted and moaned with excruciating pain. After a few minutes, the woman came to from the shock. Lawin's friendliness and smiling countenance softened her heart, and trust and confidence took the place of fear. She sincerely thanked Lawin and told him her name. She was Almyon, the daughter of King Tempoong. It was her favorite pastime to take a stroll along the lake and to take in fresh air — a diversion from guards and flunkies and balding counsellors.

After knowing the princess' name, Lawin, with bowed head, introduced his name to the beautiful princess. Lawin told her who and what he was. A friendship began that night. Many nights later blossomed, like the first, into brighter dawns. The seed of friendship blossomed forth into the flower of love. There were the loolish little words — the language of

(Continued on page 22)

● the days of a coach are filled with all the imaginable doings of boys eager to simmer in the limelight, and the job of whistling these palookas into fighting trim is one work which gives the coach nightmarish hallucinations. take a peek at san carlos these days and all you see are dodong aquino and his congregation romping around the court with a spheroid.

● exactly today, nobody knows who the captain is. seems everybody pitches in his two cents worth of sweat. the coach has a hard time telling these fine bunch of cabbers that only one is to lead the game, for the most part, everybody seems to be taking orders from anyone. about the only guy who knows his place and stays in it is the "grease monkey." you know, the guy who shines the ball, pitches the towels and scrubs the floor.

● rene, you ought to see our boys handle that ball. like nobody's business. one thing is sure, though, they wouldn't handle it that way if they weren't nobodies because, after all, they have no business being in the court. watch them go round the diamond and you get a case of acute indigestion. see, rene? whether our boys are fledgeling smackeros or finely polished silver dollars we have to have a team. and the name usc warriors (green and gold) will be with them win or loss, upped or downed.

● yesterday, we had a baseball team. wonder what happened to it. some people just plain forgot what they were doing. and the baseball team

SHOOT AND SHOUT

with Ross

rightly ought to be shelved into the mires of forgetfulness, considering their victories lost.

● our hoopster will always be on the map. droopy or dying. it is one continuing passion of our school to maintain a bunch of half-sized shooters or gangling overgrown giants with no shooting eyes to speak off.

● spring training is a wonderful thing. that is, if you were with a basketball team like ours. you get up in the morning, feed yourself a couple of shots with the ball (not a highball, pal) light for home to be back in the afternoon to do more shooting. training is harder but more exciting than just tiresome. ask our boys (they ought to practice more) and they tell you they do it to keep in trim. trimming would be more appropriate word for it. cut and polish, sharpen and shine a rough stone.

● that extension of the ccaa players life into six years, with or without degrees, is something good. gives our playing friends a sporting chance to finish a two-year course in six years. some of our boys have more d's to speak off than an angry mother-in-law could ever think of. right smart idea. wonder who ever initiated it. ought to shake hands, pal.

● most of our local coaches have seen the way the buchan bakers played. the locals' court strategy was something effective or would have been effective if the bakers were cut down to our size. our local mainstays would have had a chinaman's chance bagging the victory because their defense (buchan's) is something to think about. about time our coaches realize that basketball is a growing game. we can't afford to stay behind the antiquated rules and strategy of the game.

● two old reliables are back. martin echivarre and vic dionaldo. the boys wish in just at the right time to supplement the needed punch we utterly lacked last year. greetings from an old admirer.

Anything You Say

(Continued from page 2)

Sir:

Why did you ever scrap the "campusrats?" It was such a nice column — newsy, colorful, light, and just wonderful for "the little women." We were so much in the habit of reading it that you can fairly imagine what a let-down it brought us when it came out only during the first issue of the Carolinian last year.

I've heard that the column was discontinued because only a special group kept being mentioned and that it contained nothing but gossip. Well, these are not such serious reasons because they can be helped! With respect to the first, all the columnist has to do is look for other faces, write the human side of campus activities. As for the next objection, I don't see how innocuous gossip, if this is the right word, can ever hurt anybody. I mean, small talk about somebody having something new or unusual would not sound so gossipy. Things like these are allowed even in big magazines. But we certainly hope you will revive the "Campusrats" minus the objectionable features, that is.

I guess everybody sort of knows what's wrong with the Carolinian. It lacks the real, honest-to-goodness feminine touch!

TITA CUI

What Do You Think

(Continued from page 18)

are prone to believe the ideas suggested in the context because they have no time to investigate.

These novels are proper only for researchers and graduate school students who want to compile the works of Rizal and make a comparison of the different phases of his literary masterpieces. It is proper for them because they, unlike our young high school students, are already equipped with high understanding.

LORETA CACHO College of Education

I am for the compulsory reading of Rizal's *Noli Me Tangere* and *El Filibusterismo*.

That the bill would violate the principle of academic freedom and natural right of parents to send their children to schools of their choice is absurd because the prohibition of the two novels for public reading is, by itself, a violation of academic freedom.

The proposal of some Senators to make some alterations of the said books or publish footnotes in the unexpurgated versions of the two books is thoughtless if we are to admit and say that Rizal is our national hero and that he was truthful in writing them because they were taken and based upon actual facts that happened during the critical period of the Spanish rule in the Philippines. As Senator Laurel said: "Expurgating the *Noli* and the *Fili* would be disfiguring Rizal."

The Legend at Mt. Tempoong

(Continued from page 21)

lovers. And the promise, too — oh, so sweet indeed is the tongue of love. Or so they thought.

But the king got wind of the whole affair and became mad as a tornado. He cursed Lawin for the encroachment the lad made on his royal household.

In his fit of anger he unleashed all the fury of his pagan birth. The sky darkened and rain fell in torrents, drowning all the inhabitants of the island, except Lawin who was transformed into a big white whale and was cast into the lake at the summit of the mountain. This was made as his watery jail to punish him for his unsolicited intrusion. Alimyon was turned into mountain ranges bordering Mt. Tempoong, gazing night and day at the sky but never on the lake where Lawin was transformed into a whale.

To this day, passengers aboard ship passing around Camiguin Island could see the outline of the buxom Alimyon in the silhouettes of the mountain ranges. This has been said to be the sleeping beauty of the Camiguin mountains.

Lawin who was turned into a white whale in a lake nearby, can be seen by hunters every full moon, appearing on the surface of the lake, hugging and kissing the shadow of Alimyon cast on the lake by the light of the full eastern moon.

‡

THE PATRIA STORY

(Continued from page 16)

shrink from the challenge. They chose, as their critics branded them, to be fanatical. But not hopeless. Inspired by the enlivening influence of their Adviser, the Rev. Fr. Bernard Wrocklage, SVD, of USC, and fired by the youthful spirit to dare and do big things, they resolved to push through their project at all cost.

The Initial Action

With the idea conceived, the organization started making arrangements. His Grace Archbishop Julio R. Rosales of Cebu was consulted for his approval of the project. With the approval secured a formal resolution was adopted for the construction of the Patria as the organization's 1955-1956 Archdiocesan project. This resolution was unanimously approved by the SCA Executive Board on February, 1954 in a meeting held at the University of the Visayas with then Rev. Fr. Epifanio Surban, who represented the Archbishop, attending.

The next move concerned the site of the building. The building had to be located in the very heart of the city and, because of its purpose, had to be accessible to transportation facilities. After several deliberations, the spacious lot of 6,800 square meters in front of the Cebu Cathedral Church was chosen as the project site. Through the good Offices of the Archbishop, the lot, owned by the Archdiocese of Cebu, was finally obtained on lease. Then, as the land was occupied by squatters, efforts were made to relocate them. In doing this, the SCA encountered difficulties as some of the settlers refused to vacate the place. Only after considerable effort notably on the part of Mr. Anastacio Fabiña, one of the SCA executive officers, were these people successfully ejected from the area.

The Fund Campaign

Even as the site was yet undecided, the Student Actionists, from the lowest members to the highest officers, started girding themselves for a head-and-heel effort to raise the enormous sum called for by the project. This hectic campaign was waged through such means as person-to-person approaches, holding of musical concerts, benefit shows and games, appeals to wealthy citizens, and appeals to various social and religious or-

(Continued on page 25)

GETTING AHEAD

(Continued from page 19).

are spinning. An aimless and pointless motion is worse, so it seems, than inaction. It is a waste of energy. But once directed, our momentum will carry us past most of the initial drawbacks.

Lack of formal training is no barrier to success and, therefore, it cannot be an excuse for bungling or for shirking responsibility. There are various difficulties, both real and imaginary, which stand in the way of success and performance. We could accomplish much more were we not so limited by set prejudices and ape-like indifference or held down by handicaps of one kind or another. The fact is that when we sincerely, actually, want to accomplish some end, we work willingly with whatever facilities are at our disposal.

"Obstacles," as someone has aptly said, "are those awful things we see when we take our eyes off the target."

Alumnotes

(Continued from page 20)

FABROZ, best man. After the wedding ceremony, catch-as-catch-can dinner was served in the groom's residence where everyone partook of the victuals and had an idea of the matrimonial bliss that comes from a good meal.

But topping everybody else are PETRONILO CHAVEZ and JULIETA CORNIESTA who promised "to love, cherish and honor" each other at their wedding last April 5th. With Bishop Lino Gonzaga officiating, the ritual took place at the Catholic Church of Jaro, Leyte. It was bruited about that the wedding was the "grandest of the grand" weddings ever held in said parish. Members of the wedding party were Dr. Arsenio Britania and Mrs. Alicia Ragrag, sponsors; Gil Ortiz, best man; Eustaquia Ras, bridesmaid. Fr. Epifanio Codilla, Jr. was personally sent by Msgr. Rosales to attend and assist the ceremony. A sumptuous dinner followed the nuptial. The benedict is a BSE grad and an employee of USC as Librarian-clerk. The bride-elect was until recently a school marm of Jaro, Leyte.

The



Monkey Wrench

A man entered a restaurant. Here's what went on.

Diner — Have you any wild duck?

Waiter — No, sir, but we can take a tame one and irritate it for you.

A sad-looking man had been waiting for his order a long time.

Waiter — Your fish will be coming in a minute or two, now.

The sad-faced man looked interested and said, "Tell me, what bait are you using?"

"Tell me, why did that man on table 7 leave so suddenly?" asked the manager. "Well, sir, he asked for sausage and I told him that we were out of sausage now but I could get some for him and when I tiptoed to the kitchen I stepped upon the dog's tail and it yelped. Suddenly the man got up!"

He claims to be related to you.

The man's a fool!

That, maybe, is a coincidence.

This certainly is an incubator chicken.

Why, sir?

No chicken with a mother could be so tough!

Did she inherit her beauty?

Yep, her father left her a drugstore!

That girl told me that there is a secret connected with her birth.

That's true, it's the date of birth.

I'll never ask any woman to marry me again!

What? refused again?

No, accepted.

The reason why women pay more attention to beauty than brain is that no matter how stupid a man is, he is never blind.

If a man steals, no matter what, he will live to regret it.

What about those kisses you used to steal before we got married?

You heard what I said!

Seems Moses was just as likely to succumbed to our present day indigestion as the Bible says "God gave Moses two tablets."

It was a sleepy sort of a day and the class was one fourth its usual size. The professor was calling the roll in a half interested manner and to all the names called there was an answer of "present!" until the name Smith came. There was silence and the prof said "My word, gentlemen, hasn't Smith any friend here?"

Is he married?

No, I don't think so. He never will because he is working for a bachelor's degree.

● compiled by ROSS ESCOBER ●

THE VILLAGE reached to the news like a house on fire: Aling Sisa's son was coming home!

Isidro was her only son and she was inordinately proud of him. She told her neighbors, friends and acquaintances of his coming and they,

• Short Story •

LURE OF THE CITY

by ADELINO B. SITOY

in turn, told their neighbors, friends and acquaintances. Isidro was her darling and she would rather have her husband, *Intong*, starve than deny her son anything that he demanded.

Ten years ago, when he left *Tangaran* for the city, her eyes were deep pools of tears, bleary and red. Her heart kept jangling in sobs and for weeks her face was colorless and pallid. Deep inside her was the furtive fear of city life. She was not deaf to the news brought by those who returned to the village after living for months in the city. Some of the stories were true, others were thoroughly exaggerated. Nevertheless, they were stories of the innumerable killings, robberies, hold-ups, kidnappings, flood, and fire that preyed on city residents. She was wont to ask returning villagers about her son but because they had dwelt only in the swampy districts of the city, far from any school, they could not answer her. Her anxiety could only be quieted down by the mailman who would hold out to her Isidro's fortnightly letters.

As soon as she received his first letter which a neighbor read for her, she commanded her henpecked husband to mend the fence, fix the roof and remodel their house and make a new bamboo bed to subdue the vacuous appearance of the house.

Many a friend of Isidro had asked her several questions. And they were varied questions concerning her son. Would he bring a wife beautiful enough to be the pride of the village? How would he look this time, after a lapse of ten years? How expensive would be his

clothes? How handsome was he nowadays? Would he snub his boyhood playmates now? And Aling Sisa would chide these fellows for talking nonsense. "My son will remain unchanged, silly! He will still be the same Isidro, handsome and debonaire and smart. He is still as young as a carefree teen-aged darling. But I am proud to tell you one thing: he is tops in philosophy and letters. His English is *summa cum laude*. So, be careful about your speech and manners when he comes; else, he will beat you down with his philosophical ideas and arguments and his English.

The girls who heard Aling Sisa's unending remarks would giggle half-consciously, fearing Isidro, the philosopher and master of the English tongue, and silently adoring Isidro, the handsome and the young.

● Aling Sisa's house almost came apart under the weight of the throng that flocked inside to greet Isidro. The young and the old of all sexes gathered around him, extending their hands to him for his kind condescension. The girls flushed at the suspicious glances of the village boys as they bustled up the house to see the newly-arrived. The small boys elbowed their way amidst the thick and eager crowd. Perhaps, Aling Sisa was right when she said Isidro was a philosopher and a master in English. But she was

wrong... rather, she was lying... when she told them her son was handsome and young. For they saw he was not. His bulging, large eyes were crossed; his nose was squat; his ears were rabbit-like; his lips were sullen. He did not look younger nor older. He looked thirty-five. For he was thirty-five. So, of those who thronged to welcome him, the small boys and the young ladies were the first to leave. They were disappointed by Isidro's appearance, although they still somehow believed he might truly be a learned man. After the last man left the house, Aling Sisa went into a tizzy over her idea of a *bienvenida* party. Her husband was assigned as the cook so he failed to greet his son. The roasted chicken, upon Aling Sisa's order, was cut into two. When they were about to eat, Isidro noticed that his father had no share of the chicken. "Why does *Tatay* have no share?" he pointed at the dissected fowl.

"Because he cut it into two only," she replied gruffly and pointed at *Intong*, passing the blame on him.

"But..." *Intong* would have presented his side had not Isidro interrupted.

"And because *Tatay* cut that chicken into two, we have only two slices produced? How elementary is your addition here!"

The mother and the father looked up in amazement. "What do

you mean?" Aling Sisa asked in surprise.

"Your one plus one here is always two, isn't it?"

"Sure. How else will it be?" answered Aling Sisa.

"That's wrong. To us, philosophers, one plus one can be three."

"Three???" the father stood up in astonishment and relief.

"Yes, three," the son replied assuringly.

"Then find the third, my son. These two slices will be Sisa's and mine," the father answered, at the same time nibbling hastily at the slice. He consumed it before the "bakya" of Aling Sisa took a swift landing on his bald head.

When he attended the dance held that night to mark the vespers of the fiesta, he was the object of the laughter of all. He was wear-

ing an old white coat, rumpled at every square inch, mottled with stain all over the back and the sleeves. His black tie was a PMT cravat which was loosened and dangled about his breast. His pants were also of white sharkskin cloth but riddled with moth holes, two on one leg and four on the other. His footwear consisted of a pair of rubber shoes, originally white but turned brownish by the dirt and mud that clung to it. The girls were ashamed to dance with him. Not only because of his comical attire, but also because of his ugly and age-worn figure and his unorthodox stroke in dancing. Almost always, he would step on the girls' innocent and naked toes (the girls were only wearing sandals).

He could not dance for long because he was snatched by an old bachelor friend who begged him to write a love letter to the lovely girl, Rosita, the belle of the evening. He could not disappoint the friend he just met.

So, for his friend's sake, he wrote:

"My everlasting dearest Rosita,

Of all the queer birds I ever did see, you, Rosita, are the queerest by part to me.

Yes, Rosita, deer, sweet. U R always N my heart. Even thought you are not awakad.

I was planning to dance over you but I felt ashamed very great. Besides, you are very dancing with pretty men.

Please visit to me, Rosita.

Thank you. You are welcome.

Your very own,

Ritss"

They could not give the letter to Rosita while she was yet at the dance. So they accompanied her up to her house. Even during the long walk to her house, Isidro and Rito could not muster the nerve to hand over the letter to her. So when Rosita was inside the house, they serenaded her, deciding to hand the letter the moment she looked out of the window. But she did not, even at the tenth repetition of the only song Isidro had learned in the city. Instead, her window was slammed in a final gesture of annoyance the minute Isidro aped Johnny Ray.

The prospect of giving the letter looked bleak and dim, so Isidro

decided to climb the window and whisper to Rosita about the letter. This he did. But before he could bring up his other foot, Rito, who was half-sprawled under the house mapping out the location of Rosita's bed, stepped on a sleeping pig which squealed in anger and in pain. Rosita's father, who was awakened by the noise, quickly looked out of the window and saw Isidro climbing up. He tapped Isidro's dome with a "garrote" which sent Isidro diving into familiar, solid *tierra firma*.

That brought him back to the city for hospitalization! #

The PATRIA Story

(Continued from page 22)

ganizations within and outside the country.

On the occasion of the celebration of the first Archdiocesan Marian Congress in Cebu, the SCA, realizing the splendid opportunity offered by the affair, obtained permission from the Archbishop to collect donations from the many persons who attended the celebration. The permission granted, a Patria Crusade was immediately organized under the leadership of Mr. Lindy Morrell who conducted the drive so competently that no less than two thousand pesos were collected.

The barangay Raffles, the Candle Guessing Contest, the Patria Collection Sunday, the Asian Festival, and other special events were some of the features sponsored in conjunction with this fund-raising effort.

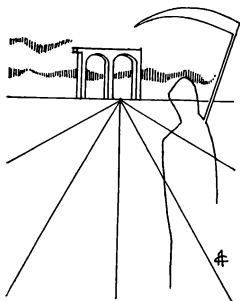
The various activities continued throughout the months during which the Center was in the process of construction. The drive attained its maximum success with the participation of several prominent city residents who were organized into the Patria Fund Drive Committee with no less than Mrs. Luna Brienes herself, the Governor's lady, as Chairman. Among those who took an active hand in the drive were Don Gil Garcia, Don Mariano Gonzales, Mr. Francis Lim, Doña Esperanza Osmeña, Mrs. Celerina del Rosario, Mrs. Luisa Pido, Mr. Ismael Lim Kakeng, Mr. Miguel de los Reyes, Mr. Felipe Pareja, Mrs. Loreto Victorino, and many others. The Rev. Fr. Wrocklage who used to go out soliciting for donations as early as seven o'clock in the morning and as late as nine o'clock in the evening, should be credited for being the most enthusiastic, the most zealous, and the most untiring of all fund solicitors.

The proceeds of these efforts, in addition to bank and private loans, satisfied to a certain extent what amount of money was demanded for the construction of the project.

The Construction

Approximately fifteen months after the drafting of the resolution to construct the Patria and after accumulating a saving of about ten thousand pesos, the SCA decided to start the construction. August 15, the Feast of the Assump-

(Please turn to next page)



To Wait Forever

night is a blackbird in a hollow mind
and the mind tiptoes in a penumbra . . .

it cannot use the sight for
groping is a habit of death —

a red ember that waits in the dark;
its darkness-light an end, a beginning.

there are no footprints
in the sand of time —
silly, there is no sand, no time . . .

only the waiting, the long, timeless
waiting and wishing
for the beginning to end

and for the end to begin.

EDITHA A. OCANTE

The PATRIA

tion of Our Lady, was the date on which the cornerstone was laid by Archbishop Rosales in a simple but solemn ceremony graced by the presence of prominent citizens and leaders of various community organizations. The venerable ex-President Sergio Osmeña, Sr., was among those present.

The actual construction work started on September 12, 1955, with Engr. H. del Rosario as the construction engineer and Jose Mercado and Teodoro Trinidad as architects. Employment of an average number of 80 laborers continued throughout the more than 35 weeks of construction, resulting in what is now the completed Main Unit of the structure. This finished portion sheltering the 10-alley bowling hall, the billiard rooms, the chess and pingpong rooms, the spacious lobby, and the different sections for offices. At the time of writing, the gross expense of the Patria amounts to no less than one-hundred thousand pesos.

Students' Participation in the Project

Probably no other student organization can boast of a stronger loyalty and a more unflinching devotion to a cause than the Student Catholic Action at the time when it undertook the building of a gigantic project. Catching the thrill of seeing the building gaining form, everybody rallied behind the cause and rendered every sort of service they could offer in behalf of the project. When the construction was threatened with lack of funds, the SCA members went out, individually or in groups, soliciting for aid from one house to another. The courage and enthusiasm with which they performed this tenuous job should be taken as a merit of the character of these young student actionists. The youthful and brave crusaders approached even people who did not sympathize with the aims behind the establishment of the Patria, explaining the urgency of having a community center. Undoubtedly, it was this spirit of certainty and enthusiasm which finally won for them the support of the people to the project. But what probably was

STORY

the most concrete portrayal of genuine sacrifice by the Student Actionists was their hollow-blocking-making activity. Sacrificing their classes, they buckled down and sweated hard in molding and shaping thousands of the much-needed hollow blocks. Each of these blocks, carrying the imprints of bruised young hands, gives shape to the Patria that you see today.

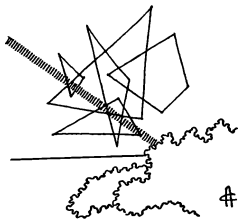
In this connection mention should be made of the Patria Committee, a special body composed of the top leaders of the Cebu SCA. Acting as the core of all student activities relating to the Patria, this committee served as the policy-making body of the organization and directed every deal which the body transacted in behalf of the project. It was the intelligence circle, the rudder, of the organization. Chaired by Mr. Bartolome de Castro, the Patria Committee had Francis Zosa, Johnny Mercado, Fe Mendoza, Felix Matuguina, Anastacio Fabiana, Jr., Lindy Morrell, and Jesus Solon as members.

Patria and the Community

It is hard to recount the innumerable benefits which the Patria has in store for the individual and for the community as a whole. Far from being merely a recreation center, it aspires to attain something big, something valuable for the community. To be sure, the Patria is an institution which radiates with ambitious plans for the man in the street. Although its ultimate aim is his spiritual uplift, it doesn't spare any effort towards the attainment of his material welfare, believing that "a certain modicum of material comfort is necessary for the practice of virtue."

These words of Mons. Julio Rosales strike the keynote to the real nature of the Patria as an institution:

"The Patria serves our people by providing recreational facilities, leadership training, intellectual and cultural development, social work and labor union services, Catholic publications, cooperatives for the poor, credit unions, and offices for Catholic organization." †



The Second Rainbow

Let me but explain
in adjectives and tears . . .
The feeling is a hurt
thing that chokes
and brings a sob
among the ruins of dreams,
and hopes and laughter.

Let me but behold the
color of red clouds
Because when the clouds
are red no more —

I shall look in the sand
for fragments of glass
and build me another rainbow.

VIOLETA P. DEJORAS

Padilla Advocates Elections for One Fixed Term

Invited for the first time by the University of San Carlos to be the guest speaker at its Commencement Exercises, Solicitor General Ambrosio Padilla expressed his views on the tenure of office of government officials. He favors a single fixed term without reelection for national, provincial and municipal elective officials.

"This is to minimize", he said, "the play of too much politics in the government and promote more public service."

According to him, it would be wise to consider an adjustment in the frequency of Philippine elections. Instead of having elections every two years, we should hold only one election every four years, consolidating therein the elections for the national, provincial, and municipal governments.

Padilla maintained that the aim of politicians should not be the grasp and acquisition of power but the maintenance of good government, not political patronage but public service.

He stressed that one fixed term without reelection would be proper for the betterment of our government because then every elective official will undertake to discharge his public duties during his first term without the temptation of fortifying his political fortress for a second term.

Padilla pointed out that our country needs public servants and not politicians, men who are less of politicians and more of statesmen.

In the struggle for political supremacy, he said, elections are often marred by passions which sometimes flare up to violence. These are the dangers, he declared, that make elections a mockery of the freedom of choice by our sovereign people.

He noted that the politician looks to the government not as the machinery for service but as the dispenser of jobs for employment.

He said that there is a tendency to disregard civil service rules in the appointment and promotion of public officials in the government service. Deserving employees are even forced to resign or are threatened with suspension and removal, simply because they are among the loyal pillars of the political party that has suffered at the polls.

He indignantly charged that even Congress today has been corrupted, making changes of names of offices in the government, inspired not by the urgent needs of public service but by the demands of politics.

U. S. C.

USC HONORS EX-PRES. OSMEÑA

Ex-President Sergio Osmeña was honored at the commencement exercises held at the USC quadrangle last March 23, 1956. He was conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws, *honoris causa*.

The honor that was given to Don Sergio by USC was the first of its kind in the entire history of the school.

Ex-President Osmeña spent the best years of his student life in the University of San Carlos, then Colegio Seminario de San Carlos. He was enrolled here at the age of eleven and finished his secondary course with excellent grades. In the old Colegio Seminario de San Carlos he showed good leadership, and distinguished himself as an energetic leader. He then took his Bachelor of Arts degree, after graduation from high school, at the Colegio de San Juan de Letran, Manila, and later, took up Philosophy and Letters at the University of Santo Tomas, graduating with excellent ratings.

The conferring of degree was attended by prominent men, and among them was Solicitor-General Ambrosio Padilla, the Guest Speaker.

USC GRADUATE SCHOOL OFFERS MORE COURSES

Four more additional courses under the Graduate School of the University of San Carlos will be offered beginning with the next school year 1956-1957.

The courses to be offered are the following: *Master of Arts in Philosophy, Master of Science in Pharmacy, Master of Science in Physics, and Bachelor of Science in Nursing.*

The Bachelor of Science in Nursing course is for those who have

News

by S. B. FABROZ

graduated from the three-year nursing curriculum with the diploma of a graduate nurse. Applicant may not necessarily be a registered nurse.

The University of San Carlos is the first university in Cebu to offer these new courses in the Graduate School.

FR. E. HOERDEMANN RETURNING TO USC

Rev. Fr. Ernest Hoerdemann, SVD, is scheduled to return to the University of San Carlos sometime this May. Well-loved by Carolinians and well-known throughout the Visayas, Fr. Hoerdemann's return will be news to Cebu where he devoted much of his exceptional talents and energy as former USC Secretary, Procurator, Dean, Administrator, and Instructor.

San Carlos rehabilitated itself rapidly from the destruction of the war through the untiring efforts of Fr. Hoerdemann. He directly participated in the planning and construction of the present building of USC. Under his personal direction, the Boys' High School, the Science Building and the Main Building of the University were erected in a short span of time. Fr. Hoerdemann assumed many posts at the same time in the University of San Carlos. He acted as the Secretary, Procurator, Dean of the College of Liberal Arts, and Graduate School.

In Japan, Fr. Hoerdemann taught in Nanzen University, Nagoya, which is also managed by SVD Fathers. He has been absent in San Carlos for six years since he left the school sometime last July, 1950.

Fr. Hoerdemann is a Licentiate in Sacred Theology from the Gregorian University in Rome. He is also a Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Santo Tomas. He speaks English, Spanish, Japanese, Latin, and Ce-



The spirited send-off (above) for Fr. Hoerdemann in 1950 will be duplicated by the uproarious welcome when he comes back "home" to USC.

buano, aside from his native German tongue.

LAW LIBRARY TO BE TRANSFERRED

The USC Law Library will be transferred somewhere to the 2nd floor of the USC main building because the space it now occupies will be made as Deans' Offices. This is to include the portion occupied at present by the Bookstore Department which is to be transferred also to the first floor of the Science Building.

NEW BHSD BUILDING ON THE AISLE

The three-story building for the High School Department of the University of San Carlos at Mango Avenue, Cebu City, is now completely finished and is ready for the opening of the school-year 1956-1957.

The newly finished building is composed of eighteen classrooms, one chapel, one library, four offices, two laboratories, one teachers' room, and two visiting rooms (one for students and one for priests).

A spacious school ground, purposely intended for field games, occupies, with the building, a lot of 2.6 hectares. The estimated cost of the building is no less than P250,000.00. Its length is 80 meters and is 50 meters from the main street.

NEW OFFICERS OF THE USC ROTC CORPS

At the opening of the school-year 1956-1957, the University of San Carlos ROTC Corps will be handled by a new set of cadet officers. This was made known after a turn over of command last March 18 highlighted by a parade and review at the Abellana Technical High School ground. Citations and medal decorations to deserving outgoing cadet officers gave color to the occasion.

Those awarded gold medals were: Cdt. Col. Melecio Aiero for leadership; Cdt. Lt. Col. Antonio Aquino for efficiency; Cdt. Lt. Col. Arturo Ralota for efficiency; Cdt. Lt. Col. Gumersinda Ybañez, for leadership; Cdt. 2nd Lt. Rafael Lugay, Jr. for efficiency; and Cdt. 2nd Lt. Sa-lustiano Pino for efficiency.

To head the new USC ROTC (Turn to next page)

Corps are the following officers:
 Corps Commander, Cdt. Col. Felipe Labucay, Corps Ex-O, Cdt. Lt. Col. Winifredo Geonzon; Corps Adj. and Sl. Cdt. Lt. Col. Jacinto Gador, Jr.; Corps S2, Cdt. Lt. Col. Francisco Literatus; Corps S3, Cdt. Lt. Col. Jose Deen; Corps S4, Cdt. Maj. Vicente Belarmino; Battalion Commander — 1st Bn, Cdt. Maj. Louwie Batongmalaque; Battalion Commander — 2nd Bn, Cdt. Maj. Cesar Ursal; CO "A" Company, Cdt. Capt. Ramon Roska; CO "B" Company, Cdt. Capt. Joel Trinidad; CO "C" Company, Cdt. Capt. Nilo Alazas; CO "E" Battery, Cdt. Capt. Antonio Bernardes; CO "F" Battery, Cdt. Capt. Teresito Escario; and Color Officer, Cdt. Lt. Antonio Sanchez.



MISS PERFECTA GUANGCO
Hobby: Winning first prizes

**USC'S MISS GUANGCO
 COPS FIRST PLACE —
 INTERNATIONAL OGA
 CONTEST**

The First Place for the Teachers Division of the International OGA Contest went to USC's Miss Perfecta Guangco, Stenography Instructor of the University of San Carlos. Information was made known through a radiogram personally sent to her from New York, U.S.A., by Today's Secretary magazine. The communication reads: CONGRATULATIONS YOUR ENTRY WON FIRST PLACE TEACHERS DIVISION RUSH PHOTOGRAPH.

The International OGA Contest was participated in by Gregg writers-students, teachers, reporters, and secretaries who welcomed the chance to improve and compare their shorthand notes. Miss Guangco, representing U.S.C. for the Teachers Contest Division submitted her entry (a photo of blackboard notes) sometime last March 1956. Her entry was adjudged first place. Her prize is a beautiful Silver Loving Cup which she is expecting to arrive this month.

In the Students Contest Division, the University of San Carlos students of the Secretarial Course got away with the place of Honorable Mention. In last year's contest, USC students of the same course also placed Honorable Mention. These students were all under Miss Guangco in Stenography subject.

entrance since there was no breakage or opening. They found it hard to classify whether it was robbery or theft. Subsequent investigations indicated that the felony was an inside job. Up to this time of writing no man has been pinpointed for the theft.

Fingerprint men went over parts of the rooms and tables which the thief could have possibly touched. They lifted no visible mark to identify the culprit.

CAROLINIAN FIRE VICTIMS

The savage fire that swept in all directions through seven thickly populated blocks of Junquera, R. R. Landon, Ramos, Jakasalem, and Imus streets razed the houses of many USC faculty members, employees and students.

Among the fire victims of USC faculty members and employees are Atty. Arsenio Villanueva, Mr. Jose Tecson, Mr. Jose Arias, Mr. Juanito Abao, Atty. Pablo P. Garcia, Mrs. Crispina Tan, Mrs. Rosalia Tolentino, Miss Evangeline Zosa, Mr. Samuel Fabroz and Mr. Rafael Mayol.

THIEF STRIKES AT USC

An undetermined amount in cash was taken from the drawers of the USC Library office tables last April 19, 1956, by an unknown man.

Police investigators went up a blank wall on how the thug gained

Republic of the Philippines
 Department of Public Works and Communications
BUREAU OF POSTS
 Manila

SWORN STATEMENT
 (Required by Act 2580)

The undersigned, **TOMAS L. L. ECHIVARRE**, editor/publisher, of **THE CAROLINIAN**, published Six (6) times a year in English and Spanish, at P. del Rosario St., Cebu City; after having been duly sworn in accordance with law, hereby submits the following statement of ownership, management, circulation, etc., which is required by Act 2580, as amended by Commonwealth Act No. 201:

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(Sgd.) **TOMAS L. L. ECHIVARRE**

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of May, 1956, at Cebu City, the affiant exhibiting his Residence Certificate No. A-1478656 issued at Mandawa, Cebu, on Jan. 18, 1955.

(Sgd.) **FULVIO C. FELAEZ**
 Notary Public
 Until December 31st, 1956

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

SPOT COMMENTS

by SAMUEL B. FABROZ

YOU TOO, CAN WRITE!

Some people believe that if you are not a born writer, it's useless to crash through the art of writing. You will just be exhibiting a delicate part of yourself, thereby exposing yourself to ridicule. This column believes otherwise. Successes in the literary field were marked by rejection slips and frustrations. Writing, just like painting, is usually preceded by early failures. Not all people are stars overnight. Thus, we say the first literary products of parvenus are thrown into the wastebasket. Even national figures of the fourth estate can tell you that they received more "returns" than "checks" during the younger days of their career.

In case you are one of those who are interested in the art, we have this to say: Lots of trials go into the making of a writer. If for the first time you don't succeed, make a second try. If at a third try you still fail, try again. If at a fourth try you are still unlucky, put a period — don't proceed. Stop it. You might turn crazy and be fooling yourself.

THE BOTTOM IS FILLED

Yes, going to school is, indeed, a very fascinating process. Whether something is stored in the head or elsewhere does not matter at all to some students. As long as the passing grade gets into the grade sheet, it's perfectly all right. The usual standby is, "What's in a grade, anyway? It's the year or attainment that counts and makes the difference. High ratings are nothing." They lose sight of one thing, and this is what we say to them: "There's always a place at the top; none at the bottom."

THE QUESTIONS

The two questions most frequently asked of students are these:

SUMMER, 1956

"Where do you study? In what school?" Never do we hear anyone who asks: "How much have you learned?"

THE GLAMOUR BOY OF THE CAMPUS

It is beyond question that the law student is the glamour boy of the school campus. He is showered with high regard and praise. He is worshipped by women who regard him as the most culturally developed and well-rounded individual on legal matters. In blunt language, he is the striking personality around the campus. This is underpillowed by the fact that the law profession itself is looked up to as the right ticket to social prominence. Thus, a law jerk often excels in society as a potential leader. He also melts many a woman's heart and easily becomes a well-known campus figure and ultimately rises as the most needed *homo* in the crowd of the *sapiens*.

NOT WANTED: THE G-STRING AND THE LOW WAIST

Last semester, our devoted Dean of Women took the stand to ban women's tenacious desire to look more modern by garbing themselves with undesirable types and styles of dresses. She meant to strike at the impropriety of attire with which some of our lady students are very much in love. The current styles are provocative and suggestive, positively inconsistent with Catholic decency. Some of these undesirable types of dresses are: the strapless, the sleeveless and the backless. These, of course, do not include the G-strings or the low-waist for men.

THE SCHOOL ORGAN

The veritable laboratory for embryo writers which raises the name and gives life to the hopes and aspirations of the school is the school organ. The organ is formed by student penpushers who assume delicate duties and responsibilities. If this be so, the members composing the staff should be given regular and satisfactory material remunerations. Are the staffers of the "C" getting enough of this?

THE WISH

Whenever I loiter around the corridor, I always freeze at the sight of beautiful young coeds, so very young and beautiful that I wish for the days of chivalry to come and transform me into another Sir Galahad. On the other hand, I wish no longer to see them so I shall stop being conscious of my humble unworthiness. I don't know how you would feel if you were in my galoshes, but I certainly feel like an old discarded kimono.

WHERE'S THE SENSE HERE?

Last late week, I was attracted to an official notice which announced to all concerned the availability of refund of the money paid into the cashier's office as laboratory deposits. Imagine my disappointment when the fellow in charge of the refund business told me pointblank: "You've no right to get your brother's deposit." He could somehow be excused if he had no knowledge that since the beginning, I was paying my brother's accounts. The fact that he is aware of it and that he also knows me personally, makes me wonder what sense there could possibly be in his actions.

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Buddy Quitorio

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CAROLINIANA

(Continued from page 1)

OUR CREDIT DEPARTMENT

THE "Triot" has worked big havoc on the student's funnybones. That probably explains why it has no many fans who keep asking for more of Narciso's and Tibur's escapades. Narciso adopted a new angle after he realized that his boogie blooper nullified his chances of impressing Helynn. He has revised his strategy so he entered summer school and got himself a degree. Tibur has his own style of paying court. In this issue, he goes rural and serenades his ladylove but Helynn remains as cool as a cucumber in a frigidaire embedded in an iceberg. Apparently, the fighting will go on until one of the suitors finally slips the ring on Helynn's finger. Still on the lighter side, we have *Clomen Verallo's* "Autobiography of an Uncertified Public Accountant," a tragi-comic wail over the rough and tumble of student life. The article tends to emphasize vocational counselling on a laughing scale. Our offering in prose-poetry starts with Mrs. *Carolina Quibilan-San Luis' "Intermezzo,"* a personified and, in sportswriters' alley, a play-by-play account of the cycle of night, dawn and day.

When dreams become shattered and we find only the shreds, ruins and fragments of what once a beautiful thing, we can always build ourselves, as *Violeta Dejaros* says, "A Second Rainbow." And when the blackbird calls at the threshold so that the forces that shape man may decide his fate as they sit in judgment upon him, there is, in the grim and forbidding lines of *Edith Ocante*, no alternative but "To Wait Forever."

"Lure of the City" (not to be confused with the pictorial *Tragedy of a City*), is the story of a farmhand who tendered his resignation to become some kind of a rebel without a plow. *Isidoro*, the main character, and we say *ch-a-r-a-c-t-e-r*, goes to the city and spies the ways of a Tondo slicker. He returns to his burg and . . . don't you think we ought to let *Sitoy* do the explaining? "Heartbeat" is another short story on what-else-but. Points out the fact that girls will be always girls.

The rest of the staff deserve the glad hand, too, but they are usually very shy about taking credit for what they do. Our artist, *Dick Caballo* is one guy who knows his way around and that is often way out of the Kleig lights. He just isn't cut out for the spotlight although he has won public acclaim. He is the true artist whose best companion in life is the color of sunset or the flush of dawn. *Sommy Fabroz* is a fellow we frankly cannot do without. He is in many places at once, being the newscribe, handling other feature stories, hoofing it every which way for

write-ups on students and visiting greats and near-greats. The credit line ends with thanks to *Tommy* and *Nene Ranudo* for teaching us a few tricks of the editorial trade. Oh, by the way, the T-V creation called "Heartbeat" is something to harrumph about it is another variation on a theme which started when *Adam* found out the apple was an edible thing.

A newspaperman's work is supposed to be a respectable one. We cannot advertise too loudly how the dissemination of truth is a unique public service, how the press can be, and indeed it is, powerful enough to wipe out popular diseases by rousing public opinion. Newspapers can make presidents as quickly and efficiently as it can depose tyrants. The press is an institution, which society has long since respected for the power it wields and the good it can do. But it can also become an instrument of evil and destruction when its minions become vengeful and are minded only to ventilate their private grudges no matter who gets hurt in the process.

The reported closure of the University of San Carlos, carried by a PNS report which appeared in metropolitan dailies, is a case in point. The alleged padlocking was reported to be an offshoot of the babel of "yeahs" and "nays" over the controversial Rizal Bill. How the report ever came to be written and from what source the prevarication was extracted are two things which pass our understanding.

ABOUT OTHER THINGS
The reporter was probably, as he usually is, after hot copy; or, maybe, he had an axe to grind. Whatever he was after, he showed only too clearly that he was not above lying and hurting other people to have his report printed.

The University of San Carlos has survived more trying hardships than twisted news accounts and irresponsible reporters. It is one of the oldest schools in the Philippines today and it shall outlive many other newshounds who have no right to stay a minute longer in the field of journalism.

We have a blue-blooded Carolinian to thank for calling our attention to the utter lack of respect we display by stepping on the institutional seal on the floor of the main lobby. We hope something can be done to avoid a repetition of the unfortunate act.

The latest developments in the august halls of Congress make us more and more alive to the imperative need of electing officials who are sympathetic to the cause of the Catholics. We need public officials who can stand up to defend our Faith from attacks directed against it . . . men who love their religion better than their reelection.

Ah, summer . . . this is the season for fainting spells, heatwaves, crimewaves and permanent waves . . . this is the time for tempers to ascend the ladder and for the sweat glands to work overtime . . . this is also the time for us to fAdEoU! . . .

Editorial

NATIONALISM IS NOT A MONOPOLY

DR. JOSE RIZAL is our national hero. He is not the private hero of any one cult or political party; nor is the act of reverencing him the monopoly of any one man or group of men. He belongs to all of us who want to perpetuate him in our memory and in our hearts — not only to those who are now loudest in their professions of patriotism and nationalism. All Filipinos rise, as a man, to pay him homage and to thank him for his selfless devotion to his country and for his incisive analyses of the social and political order of his time.

Just as the worship of God — the ideal worship — should be purged of compulsion, so must our way of honoring a hero be left to our choice. We would not be the less nationalistic if we did this than if we submitted to a forced prescription for worshipping him. Rizal, himself, had his ideals. He pursued them not because there was a shotgun at his back but because he appreciated their value in life. He embraced Catholicism, lapsed from it and later returned to the Fold of his free will. To believe otherwise would be to rob Rizal of the qualities that made him a hero.

Rizal was against force, that is to say, against compulsion. He would have considered an insult any and all attempts to have him revered because of force. We honor Rizal in our own way and for reasons which, if we may say so ourselves, are entirely commendable and valid. We desire, like any other true-blue nationalist, to be counted among those who celebrate his greatness. We recognize his brilliance and salute him for his keen insight of Philippine conditions during his time. We are not slow to adopt his teachings on the functions of government and the remedies to the social cancer which afflicted Philippine society under Spain. We are indebted to him for many other things he taught us but not for passages in his novels which, by his retraction, he repudiated.

We can honor Rizal and be patriotic without reading "El Filibusterismo" and "Noli Me Tangere." Even should we find it difficult to be nationalistic unless we read his novels, we do not see how reading his attacks against the Catholic religion, his religion and ours, would instill in us a nationalistic fervor. The novels' disparaging passages certainly do not promote nor lead to the promotion of high social ideals, patriotism and nationalism. We do not deny his novels the consequence they deserve. They are, it is not questioned, of high literary merit and they reflect, to a great degree, the truthful observations of the national hero on the social and political order. But the objectionable passages do not flush the novels with any literary brilliance. Neither do they accomplish what Rizal expected his works to achieve: independence and unity. The national controversy over the "Noli" and the "Fili" prove their divisive effect.

Nationalism, patriotism or, if you please, Filipinism, cannot dust itself out of grave intramural differences; they can thrive only in an atmosphere of unity and harmony.

Only under it can Filipinism bear the stamp of a truthful national character.

Buddy B. Quitorio

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✠ JOSE MA. CUENCO, D.D.,
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