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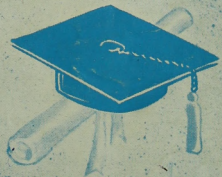
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SM '61

*Let's
get started*



Elizondo

... B.

Q's ...



★ This issue is supposed to be the last one for the present staff of the *Carolinian*. To all our readers, wise and otherwise, who have been following the course of the "C" we say "thank you and good-bye!"

It took us some sort of extra-ordinary speed and stamina to prepare for this "giant", 100-page graduation number, what with the College Day celebrations, the final examinations looming thick and approaching fast and the sudden "disappearance" of some of the members of the "C" staff.

Junne, FLF, Sixto, Jr. and Rudy were "lost" to their review for the coming bar exams. They're dead-set on passing the bar (above or under?) ... Paco was "lost" to his short story which according to him, took a long time to finish ... and BC and Nelson were "lost" to love. And some of the rest simply got "lost." But no wedding bells ... yet.

★ So much has been said and written about graduation that more often than not, people look upon as a trite and overemphasized subject to talk about. It is for this reason that we have to make some "deviations" from our yearly theme. This time we focus our theme on the Filipino student and academic freedom, politics, athletics, letters, religion, community work and some such stuff ...

★ A lot of people have been asking why is it that we come out only twice during the second semester contrary to what has been done in the past. Can it be

that the staff is too darn lazy to work? The answer, of course, is nope. We had decided to combine the February and March issues to achieve something "big." Two issues in three months is one too many.

★ Our credit line goes to the cute girls in the library for their help in our research ... to Nap Elizondo for obliging us with the cover ... to Rey Yap and P. T. Uy for furnishing us the pictures ... and to Charlio "Courier" Adlawan for his literary "dopes."

★ The USC Day celebrations have just ended. One striking feature of the lets which we can never forget was the graduation of the high school class of 1942.

The graduation of the boys high school class of that year which failed to hold commencement exercises because of the second global war, was in more ways than one, a fascinating scene to behold.

Some of the graduates who marched up the stage to get their high school diplomas were already professionals — priests, doctors, lawyers, CPA's, engineers, et cetera. The graduation ceremony was indeed a "colorful" one. Most of the "graduates" were already in their forties. In fact, some of them appeared to have more face to wash than hair to comb. But don't they say that life begins at forty?

★ It seems we have talked at lot now and we don't want to delay you, dear readers. You may now proceed to the other pages. §

● Very special thanks go to our printer, **The Catholic Trade School**. Much of what you actually see is their work: we have sent them nothing but rough layouts which need plenty of improvement. Our manuscripts are not too cleanly and clearly typewritten, and some of them are sent late: but the *Carolinian* has come out well despite this:

● Another load of gratitude goes to Mr. P. T. Uy who has been supplying the *Carolinian* with pictures, free of charge. The pictorials, except for *Perspectives*, are his. So are most of the other pictures.

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■ Editorial ■

TO THE GRADUATES

For those of you who will now leave the protective shadows of this institution, the years ahead will be difficult ones.

You will need plenty of perseverance to endure.

Listen then:

"Endurance is a power but little sought, and but slightly admired by the men and women of our day; they do not believe in it. Sorrow is shunned; grief is drowned; pain is dulled; to bear, these things, to rejoice in them, was pleasing to ancient saints; we moderns will have none of it. In the heat, enthusiasm and excitement of battle, we can fight; but cool, calm, peaceful endurance is too much for our spiritual weakness.

"We boast of our great men, of their intelligence, their inventive faculty, their genius, — these things were given them, — true greatness is acquired. A martyr in Roman amphitheatre, a Father of the Desert, a saint of Mediaeval times — he is great, for he has endured.

"Into every life there comes struggle, labor and warfare. The world withholds the thing we want, and we obtain it only through strife. Herein lies the necessity of the power of perseverance."

—Quoted from *Little Essays for Friendly Readers*

Table of Contents

CAROLINIANA	Inside front cover
EDITORIAL	3
THE FILIPINO STUDENT	6
SHORT STORIES	24
LITERARY FEATURE	28
POETRY	32
LAURELS	35
THOUGHTS	39
PICTORIALS	(Center spread) 47-54
MISCELLANEA	55
OPINIONS	70
SPORTS	72
ROTC	76
NEWS	81
SINUGBOANON	86
WIKANG PILIPINO	90
SECCION CASTELLANA	94
A FAREWELL	Inside back cover

At some undetermined moment, ancient man began to wonder. He wondered about the darkness and the light and the seasons, about the sky and the land and the waters, and the vegetation and the moving creatures in them. He wondered about these things and more, and about himself.

The search for knowledge was on. It has continued to this day, and will continue to the end of time.

Little by little, the accumulation of knowledge grew and kept on growing... until it came to pass that men believed that they had gathered the sum total of all knowledge and could fully answer Pilate's question, "What is truth?"

Here was absolute truth at last! And they jealously guarded it, lest the onslaughts of falsehood should sully its sheen. Thus were the voices of dissent to be silenced. And thus were such men as espoused such rank "errors" as that the earth revolved around the sun burned at stake together with the witches and evil sorcerers.

But time has proved them wrong who had believed that they possessed the truth.

There then had better be "a free trade in ideas," as Mr. Justice Holmes would put it. For "when we realize that time has upset many fighting faiths, we come to believe that... the ultimate good desired is best reached by a free trade in ideas... that the best test of truth is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market."

True, public opinion may reject the truth — for some time, at any rate. But "it is an experiment, as all life is..." And, in the long run, if truth is allowed an audience, it will out. "Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field," says Milton, "we do injuriously by licencing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falshood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?"

The university is, or ought to be, dedicated above all to the search of truth. It then is, or ought to be, a field where ideas may grapple in a free and open encounter. Thus the need for academic freedom.

*I think continually of those
who were truly great,
Who, from the womb,
remembered the soul's history
Through corridors of light
where the hours are ours,
Endless and singing,
Whose lovely ambition
Was that their lips,
still touched with fire,
Should tell of the spirit
clothed from head to foot in song.*

A C A



*What is precious is never to forget
The delight of the blood drawn from ageless springs
Breaking through rocks in worlds before the earth;
Never to allow gradually the traffic to smother
With noise and fog the flowering of the spirit.*

— spender

ACADEMIC FREEDOM

by MANUEL S. GO

Meaning and History

What is academic freedom?

Morison in his "Freedom in Contemporary Society" defines it as:

1) The right of a teacher or researcher in a university of other institution of higher learning to search for the truth in his chosen field, and interpret his findings and communicate his conclusions to students and public, without being penalized or molested by authorities within or without the university.

2) The right of a student in an institution of higher learning not only to be taught by unfettered instructors but to have access to all data pertinent to the subject of his study, and to be reasonably free from compulsive rules and regulations of a secondary-school nature.

3) The right of a teacher or researcher to exercise the freedom of speech, writing and association that all other citizens enjoy, without being molested or discharged from his academic position.

Academic freedom is not and cannot be absolute, but within

the framework of academic discipline, which includes good manners, good taste and a decent respect for the opinions of the non-academic world, scholars and researchers are free to seek out and teach the truth, so far as God gives them to see the truth, unhampered by social pressure, or political proscription.

Logically, academic freedom is a branch of the larger freedom of speech and of the press. It is therefore a natural right. But its definite form — and this may seem strange — was first given in Germany. *Lehrfreiheit* (freedom of teaching) and *lernfreiheit* (freedom of learning) were established in the German vocabulary long before the English-speaking peoples talked of academic freedom as such.

It finally gained currency throughout the rest of the civilized world, but not without struggle and great sacrifices. Academic freedom was not won by cowards, and it cannot be preserved by cowards. One typical example is in point.

Reports Morison:

(Turn to next page)



"Since 1650 the university (Harvard) had been ruled by two governing boards: the Corporation, consisting of the president, treasurer and five fellows, coopted according to English tradition; and the Board of Overseers, composed of ex-officio magistrates and clergymen. Subsequent to the American Revolution, this second board included the entire Massachusetts State Senate, and its consent was necessary to all professorial appointments. That worked out all right so long as the state was in Federalist or Whig hands. But in 1850 a radical coalition made a clean sweep of the state government; and the radical state senators, made up the majority of the Harvard Board of Overseers.

"At this juncture the editor of the *North American Review*, Francis Bowen by name, was appointed by the Corporation to the chair of ancient and modern history. His appointment unloosed a torrent of abuse by the radical press. Bowen had offended the radicals, first by defending Daniel Webster and the Compromise of 1850 (which all historians now admit to have been correct); and second, by attacking the "heroic Hungarians." At the very point when Louis Kosuth, the apostle of Hungarian independence, was about to make a triumphal tour of the United States, Bowen, who had a knowledge of southeastern Europe unusual for that time, published an article which pointed out that the independence of Hungary would mean giving the Magyar aristocracy a blank check to oppress some million Yugoslavs, Rumanians, and Slovaks. Bowen was attacked by one radical newspaper as a bigot 'of the fiercest and bitterest sort,' who 'would poison the ingenious minds of the youth'; the *New York Tribune* even declared that republican institutions would be in danger if

a man of Bowen's reactionary views were allowed to profess history in Harvard College. So when the unfortunate professor's name came before the Board of Overseers, the radical state senators voted in a body against it, and Bowen was denied the chair of history.

"The result of this sacrifice was to warn Harvard graduates that they had better rescue the Board of Overseers from political control. The Harvard Alumni Association, which had recently been formed, did not rest until in 1865 it obtained an act of the legislature making the second governing body elected by graduates of the university, with no representatives of church and state."

Academic Freedom in the Philippines

The Philippine Constitution provides that "universities established by the State shall enjoy academic freedom . . ."

The University of the Philippines and its branches undoubtedly put to good use the constitutional guarantee of academic freedom.

But how does academic freedom fare in private institutions of higher learning, which do not fall within the purview of the constitutional guarantee?

Not so well, we are afraid.

"The aim of education should be to convert the mind into a living fountain, and not a reservoir. That which is filled by merely pumping in, will be emptied by pumping out," says John M. Mason.

Robert M. Hutchins is of the same opinion. "Education is not (merely) to teach men facts, theories or laws, not to reform or amuse them or make them expert technicians. It is to unsettle their minds, widen their horizons, in-

flame their intellect, teach them to think straight, if possible, but to think nevertheless."

Unfortunately, in most Philippine schools today, "all that education does is develop the memory at the expense of imagination."

The Scourges of Academic Freedom

Holding positions of influence throughout the archipelago's educational network is a group of professional pedagogues who would prescribe not only what is to be taught, but also how it should be taught. They would, as it were, virtually dictate what the professor should say at each lecture, and what the students should learn.

And these pedagogues would further prescribe methods to keep the students straight and good. Frequent check ups of attendance, frequent impositions of regulations of secondary-school nature — these are standard fare. These are necessary, for a good number of students need constant watching they say.

Indeed. But the removal of these impositions and the adoption of *laissez faire* would work detriment only upon the weaklings and the irresponsibles — the very people who do not deserve to enter a university; whereas it would bring about a world of good to those who do deserve to go to college; Oxford and Cambridge are testimonials to this.

Quality has been sacrificed for quantity. Our education has been "too much geared for weaklings;" and in our efforts to give everybody an education, we have only succeeded in giving nobody an education. We do not realize that higher education is a privilege, and as such deserved by only a few.

(Continued on page 98)



The FILIPINO STUDENT and POLITICS

WHenever we speak of the Filipino student and politics, the consequent impression we will inevitably get from the readers is disappointment and disgust, and maybe a deep sigh. So much water has already passed under the bridge that the readers will undoubtedly feel a moratorium in this much-abused "human occupation" is in order, at least, as far as the young Filipino student is concerned.

The past decade of our independence is witness to the role that the Filipino student has played and is capable of playing in the shaping of our national destiny. Although much could be said about this invaluable participation in the serious task of nation-building, yet the general opinion still is he hasn't done well enough to help improve our country's sagging economy, to rid our government of racketeers, profiteers and all sorts of "teers".

Instead of performing his part according to the wish of his forebears, the Filipino student has shown apathy and indifference towards the "noble cause" envisioned by those who shed their blood willingly and unwillingly, that the Filipino community might live and "enjoy the blessings of independence under a regime of justice, liberty and democracy." That this is the most serious charge hurled against the Filipino student today is too trite to be said again.

While we do not say that the accusation is entirely unfounded, yet we do not subscribe to the contention that the Filipino student has ceased to be the instrument of good government. Not only is this contention clothed in general terms, it shows also what a reckless approach some people are making to the specimen of political history, which we may call the Filipino student.

It is quite true that there is a long list of misdeeds committed by the Filipino student in the matter of his association with the political movement of the country. But it is also well-established that there is a longer list of the worthy contributions that he has made to make the Philippines a little more progressive, a little more cultured than it was twenty or thirty years ago. The Filipino student may also be credited with the development of the healthiest democratic atmosphere in the whole of Asia. Thus, the Philippines is known throughout the world as the "show-window of democracy in the Far East".

The power of the Filipino student cannot be underrated and to prove this point, it is not necessary to go into a detailed discussion. A brief review of Philippine history will refresh the memories of those who deny the Filipino student the honor to claim the achievements that he has so far accumulated for the benefit

of his countrymen. The struggle for independence, we must remember, was started by young, dynamic and fearless Filipino students, like Rizal, del Pilar, Bonifacio, Mabini, Lopez-Jaena, and many others. The groundwork of our government was laid down by a group of young Filipinos; in fact, the architects of our present-day constitution were mostly young Filipino intellectuals. Much of our country's national progress is traceable to the initiative, imagination, and bold efforts of young Filipino men and women. The potentiality of the Filipino student is still great and powerful despite the innumerable and well-stacked odds that barricade his way.

The fact that politics is becoming dirtier business every day, and the fact that we find more and more young people immersed in the political adventures of our times should not lead us to think that the Filipino student has become wayward, a useless pillar of our civil society.¹ On the other hand, his participation in the conduct of our national affairs should be encouraged, for this is an indication, though slight it may be, that we are forging ahead towards political maturity.

For all that politics is worth today, it has still retained its essence: that of having the welfare of the people as the supreme goal. Even with all the evils attributed to it, fundamentally, it is still the

by SIXTO LI. ABAO, JR.



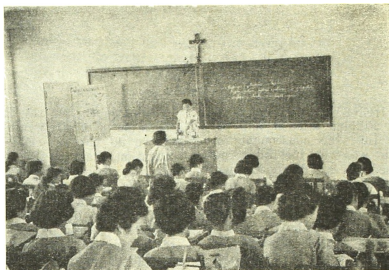
THE FILIPINO STUDENT

noblest of professions, and the misdemeanors of men cannot alter its basic substance. Therefore, it should not be taken with a sense of frustration that in a system that is more easily condemned than praised the Filipino student takes an active part. If there is anything wrong with the implementation of the system, the remedy is not to run away from it. The cure to this disease that is gnawing at the very core of our society lies in the hands of the Filipino student himself. For while an aging man looks at the sky with fear, a young visionary looks at it as a challenge to his youthful existence.

The evils that surround our political system are not the product of the imagination of the Filipino student. These are all the results of the opportunistic tendencies of those entrusted with the responsibility of running the government, of lack of national fervor and sympathy for the past and consideration for the dreams of the young. Hence, it cannot be said rightly that the participation of the Filipino student in our political activities has led to the hastening of the decay of the political system. If by his minor unscrupulous acts, he has contributed to the decay, that alone should not be enough reason to say that he inhibit himself from the political organization. For the more he sees of the evils, the greater also is his chance to find the cure.

There is no reason why we should be pessimistic of the future. The Filipino student is still the idealistic student that he has always been. Properly trained in the art of government, taught according to the principles of justice based on the teachings of Christ, the Filipino student will remain as the most effective instrument in the fulfillment of our national aspirations. He is still the pillar in our civil society, and the hope of a political "renaissance" is in the hollow of his hands.

WITHIN THE



IN THIS our age of keen competition, where the struggle for survival has become a high-tension rat race, and the need for cool, quick, calculating minds, more than ever greatly felt, it is indeed a wonder that the lamentation we often hear is to the effect that our young people today stubbornly refuse to think! The degree of passivity of students is simply staggering and exasperating.

Even the late President Ramon Magsaysay became cognizant of and bewailed this fact. In a speech delivered before the FEU Central Students Organization, he said:

"I feel that the students themselves have contributed instead to the much-lamented deterioration by their passivity, their unwillingness to work hard, and their dissipation of energy in extraneous matters. It is a fact that modern life offers many distractions in the form of social affairs, movies, radio and television, games, jukeboxes, the rock 'n roll and many others. Escape from them is often difficult. Yet, if the students are passive and indifferent in the classrooms, they fail not only themselves, but also in their part of stimulating their professors in to greater effort. Mutual student-professor apathy may well be one

of the most dangerous that afflict our organization."

This "apathy in the classroom" was the bone of discussion in Workshops I and II of the 4th annual conference of the National Union of Students of the Philippines held at Baguio City last December 26-30, 1960.

In the workshops above mentioned, an agreement was reached that the present-day average Filipino student is "too uncritical to the point of gullibility" and that many of them "readily accept the words of their professors or their books" as gospel truths, without exerting any effort to find out their validity or worth. All these ultimately led to the eternal question: WHY?

One answer advanced is that he simply hates to think. Thinking is not an easy thing to do, and man, being what he is — a man, always tends to follow the line of least resistance.

More often than not, however, classroom apathy is generated by a dire lack of interest in the subject matter. Majority of the students that populate our schools today are taking this or that particular course, not out of their own desire, but often because their parents or someone else ordered them to. Practically, they are square pegs in round holes.

Then too, most students take



SE 4 WALLS

By *f.l.f.*

study not as a serious business, but as either a favorite pastime for whiling their hours away or as a convenient subterfuge for staying away from home in quest for a life partner. To these groups of students, finishing a career is merely incidental and passing is not compulsory either. The main thing is to enjoy one's youth, and studies should not be allowed to hinder, impede or in any way obstruct one's personal happiness.

Interest in what one sets out to do can only obtain, where there is a sincere desire to learn. A student must set his heart on his studies — in the same way that he sets his heart on learning the various steps, twists and contortions of the latest tribal orgy introduced into civilization and called a "dance" — if he is expected to take interest — active interest — therein. To take one's studies as an indispensable monkey on one's back to get a degree and live up to the social vogue will most likely bring about passivity.

The blot of the blame for this attitude cannot, however, be entirely smeared on the students alone. Professors are as equally, if not more, guilty for bringing about this malady.

Dogmatic, autocratic and despotic professors are not uncommon in our classrooms. These types of professors attribute unto themselves the quality of infallibility as to their subject matter. As far as they're concerned, everything they say is right. An analysis of their ideas by juvenile minds like their students', would constitute blasphemy. To doubt their assertions would be as grievous a sin as doubting one's faith. These types of professor command blind loyalty and adherence to the point of the pen. "I am the professor," they are often heard to say. "Ergo, whatever I say is right. If you think you know

more than I do, we better change places." Say but a word of contradiction and your passing their course will surely be a wishful dream.

Not a few teachers do not seem to respect the right of their students to think their way out. A student who strives to be independent-minded is looked upon with contempt and disfavor. Everytime he tries to speak his mind out, the professor seeks every opportunity to rebuff him or ridicule him. This does not only stifle student incentive, it kills the spirit.

Some professors cannot stand being proved wrong or corrected by their wards. They are bound to regard the act as an assault on their prestige. Pride prevents them from opening their eyes to the fact that like any other man, they have been created with imperfections and that it takes a real man to swallow his own pride.

It is lamentable to note that there are many so-called mentors presently inhabiting our classrooms who have no business at all staying there. To them, teaching is but like any other means of earning a living: they observe working hours and get paid at the middle or end of the month. To them every class day is a day of boring, almost mechanical routine which has to be lived through for the corresponding remuneration that they get for it.

A true teacher is one who should consider teaching as a mission and who takes to teaching with the zeal of a missionary burning in his heart.

A teacher has the solemn responsibility of moulding the young minds under him to the end that they may grow to be better men and women and good citizens and leaders of the community. It is not a compliance with this respon-

sibility merely to stay for a full hour in the classroom as called for by the contract of employment. Neither is it enough merely to hand out everything one knows to the students. Teaching is not only extending a guiding hand, but also includes the seeing to it that the students are actually guided. A good teacher assures himself that what he knows and teaches is properly imbibed by the students and put to practical use. The test of a good teacher should not be how much he knows, but rather how much he can succeed in inspiring his students to strive to acquire more and higher knowledge. Otherwise, teachers and schools would outlive their usefulness. For no one teacher can validly claim to possess more knowledge than is contained in libraries. The need then would be not for schools and teachers, but for more libraries — and librarians.

The "apathy in the classroom" may well be brought about also by a misunderstanding of what the student and the teacher are respectively supposed to do.

The professor will insist that the students are in school primarily with the imposed duty to study; that the concern of the professor is merely to oversee that they comply with this duty.

On the other hand, students maintain that professors are paid to teach; that while they (the students) are in school to study and learn, they are to study, learn and imbibe principally what the professors hand out to them to be studied, learned and imbibed.

Neither of these theories are sound. The intent to justify the passivity or laziness of their respective proponents is very apparent.

If the primary duty of the student is to study and that of professors, merely to make them do so, then professors would be useless. What would students be

(Continued on page 23)



THE FILIPINO
STUDENT

STUDENT *Leadership*

OUR government officials, the so-called "leaders of the people" have at last succeeded in convincing us that they are irresponsible, that they cannot be trusted. To them goes the credit of having inspired us, the citizens of this republic; to be in politics is one sure way of becoming millionaires overnight. They have also made us immune to the once blood-curdling phrase, graft and corruption. We're even afraid that somehow they would also succeed in making the Filipino people eventually lose faith in democracy. Our leaders have miserably failed us!

In moments of exasperation if not of desperation, we invariably turn to the youth, whom Dr. Jose Rizal fondly referred to as the fair hopes of the fatherland. Upon the youth, most specially our student leaders, we pin our high hopes for salvation. Someday and very soon, those old scoundrels will ignominiously fade away (the sooner their species become extinct, the better it will be) leaving the helm of the government to a new generation of leaders. The pillars of the country shall have to be recruited from among the campus leaders. Equip-

ped with college education and backed by experience and training for leadership, these student leaders can be expected to do better and actually do more than their predecessors.

We cannot help dreaming of the era when these youths shall eventually steer the Ship of the Nation towards the port of security, progress and prosperity. However, we have apprehensions for bitter frustrations. This school journal, in one of its editorials, "Corrupt Youth Leaders", shares with us its disappointments:

"But will our youth leaders do this? Will they really revitalize the government? Will they really rid it of graft and corruption? The indications, as seen from the actions of our leaders today, point to the contrary. They will carry on the same kind of dirty politics, the same kind of heartlessness and opportunism, the same kind of public-banned attitude, that their "models" are displaying now, and which they are learning with surprising facility. The difference between them and the old "politicos" will only be that they will carry on the racket with the vigor and earnestness that the latter may have lost.

The problem posed by our corrupt youth leaders may not be so ostensible as that posed by juvenile delinquents who maul each other in the streets, but it is actually a thousand times greater. For these youth leaders will, in due time, steer the Ship of State and will be in a position to wreck the whole nation. . ."

Truly, there is still much to be desired from the brand of "leadership" which our student leaders are practicing. In their greed for popularity, they virtually monopolize almost all the important offices

of various campus organizations. No wonder, these student clubs and organizations begin their descent into oblivion after the lavish induction ceremonies. If we would chronicle the achievements

of these student organizations it would be like this:

Election

Induction

Nothing doing!

This is simply because these student leaders believing they have the monopoly of brains, oratory and influence, coupled with a passion for popularity run for those offices just for the sake of being elected. Then they shout to the four winds their undisputed political prowess. They are not concerned with service. The welfare of the club members is none of their business. They are only interested in being recognized by the politicians, and thereby be appointed as campaign leaders or coordinators of political chapters.

The mentality of the students who still persist in electing this brand of student leaders also deserve scrutiny. Surely, our students are not stupid! Or are they?

Manila Times columnist Alejandro Roces, observes: "Student leadership in the Philippines is a lucrative profession. This has been going on for the past two decades. . . Our student leaders have lost their standards of decency. . . There were instances when SCA student leaders were mauled by Guillermo de Veyra and Jaime Flores in one of the National Student Conferences."

It might be recalled that these two youth leaders were recently investigated by the Committee on Anti-Filipino Activities for having communistic leanings. They have also been seen to frequent the Malacañang Youth Affairs Office and the Garcia-for-President Movement Headquarters.

Roces comments: "In this country, we have trial by purse, not by law—a communist and bolshevik line."

Perhaps, this may be one of the many reasons that may be advanced why SCAF President De Veyra and CONDA President Flores could afford to take the law into their hands and get away with it.

In many student conferences abroad, the Philippines was represented or misrepresented by a



by
Cris G. Gabrillo



Very Rev. Kondring, S.V.D., former USC Rector, addresses Congress of the Student Leaders.

certain "student" for many years. This said "student" who is already in his forties claims he has the backing of student associations all over the archipelago. Although he is almost bald-headed and is fast approaching the age of senility, still our perpetual delegate insists on joining the boy scouts! Such is the glamour of student leadership.

The cases cited by this writer are typical rather than isolated. We have so many student leaders who "mislead." It is a painful truth that assumes tremendous proportions when we reflect on the words of wisdom from Bishop Fulton J. Sheen:

"One of the greatest tragedies that can happen to any civilization is for its leaders to become politicians."

For student leaders to become politicians, it would be doubly tragic. Student leaders who become victims of expediency, and slaves of opportunism are a *disgrace to the fatherland*. They have thrown Christian ethics overboard and embraced the pragmatism of Barrabas!

It cannot, of course, be denied that there are a handful of student leaders who are endowed with the admirable qualities and potentials of leadership. And who are these men? Plato in one of his treatises on political philosophies writes:

"... the few whose delight is meditation and understanding; who yearn not for goods, nor for victory, but for knowledge; they lose themselves in the quiet clarity of secluded thought;

whose will is light rather than fire, whose haven is not power but truth; these are the men of wisdom, who stand unused in the world..."

College students can play a vital role in improving the quality of student leadership in our country; they wield tremendous power to make or unmake our student leaders. The crusade for a clean and honest government properly begins right in the college campuses. They should be able to distinguish between ethical and dynamic leadership from the opportunistic and phony leadership.

College students should be on guard against the hypocrites who profess the high standards of leadership but do not practice them. Student leaders whose only qualifications are a flair for oratory and gift for painting rosy promises will prove to be irritating demagogues; most likely they cannot be good student leaders. Equally disgusting are those student leaders who have obsessions to make their popularity in the campus a springboard to the campaign headquarters of the *politicos*. They can complicate matters and lead the student organizations to trouble.

We hope the following qualities outlined by Ordway Tead will somehow help our students in choosing the right candidates in student elections or in our national elections:

1. Health
2. A sense of purpose and direction
3. Enthusiasm

4. Friendliness and determination
5. Integrity
6. Decisiveness
7. Technical mastery
8. Intelligence
9. Communicative skill
10. Faith

It will probably do us no harm if we add that the sincerity of motives rank high in the list. Another factor Ordway Tead may have overlooked is educational qualification and experience.

We regret that our crowds go for the fiery speaker, who can twist the truth to make it sound like a brazen lie and dress the hideous, shameless lie with robes of saintliness. For men and women of college education to go with the "bakya crowd" mentality applauding a fiery speaker who has nothing in his speech but nonsense, is utterly unthinkable and unpardonable.

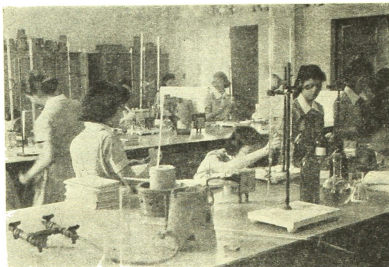
Let us therefore adopt certain standards for choosing our student leaders. Bishop Fulton Sheen says: "A man who has no standards is likened to a fool." And a fool according to Chesterton is: "A man who has lost everything except his reason."

We have already produced too many corrupt youth leaders. Please, let us stop producing more.

Before this writer can inflict further damage, to the model student leaders who are either too obscure and not worth exploiting, or are simply waiting for bigger game, we implore the elder leaders to set themselves as models and examples worthy of emulation. It has been well and rightfully said by the great medical missionary to Africa, Dr. Albert Schweitzer that: "Example is not the main thing; it is the only thing."



THE FILIPINO STUDENT



The FILIPINO STUDENT AND SCIENCE

WHEN Russia launched the world's first earth satellite into orbit in 1957, one of America's reactions was to question whether the American youth was receiving enough and adequate science instruction in school, so as to produce scientists and technological experts to make her the world's first power. When the *M.S. Aki-maru*, carrying Japan's Floating Fair to boast of her progress in science, technology and industry, dropped by Manila recently, local observers were so awestruck as to comment that we are perhaps a century behind Japan in these fields. On this point, "Column 8" of the *Manila Bulletin* rejoined "Whether the Philippines is actually a century behind or not will depend on its present crop of student physicists, engineers, mathematicians and technicians".

These two instances have one salient point in common. They both point out that the attitude of the students towards science, the quality of the science instruction in school, is an index of a nation's progress in the scientific, technological, as well as industrial and economic fields. Thus, perhaps, one reason for our rather painfully slow progress in these fields is the fact that for some years, the Filipino student and science, were, to all appearances, having a lover's quarrel and were not on speaking terms.

To remedy the situation, the government tried to play *Cupid* between the two and in 1958, Congress passed Republic Act 2067, otherwise known as "The Science Act of 1958" which was "an act to integrate, coordinate and intensify scientific research and invention xxx".

As provided for in the Act, the government shall:

- 1) stimulate and guide scientific and technological efforts
- 2) strengthen the educational system of the country so that it will provide a steady source of competent scientists and technological manpower
- 3) encourage studies in the pure and fundamental sciences.

To carry out the policy of science studies intensification, the Act created the National Science Development Board, which, among its other duties, is charged to develop a program for effective training of scientific and technological manpower; establish and provide incentives for the establishment of scientific and technological centers, and to grant scho-



larships in mathematics, science, technological and science teaching "to deserving citizens".

To encourage further the study of science, other government agencies, like the Philippine Atomic Energy Commission and the National Science Foundation, are also authorized to grant scholarships. The NSF conducts an annual National Science Talent Search on the elementary and high school level to pick out young future scientists and award them with scholarship grants for high school or college.

A special Science High School will open next June to cater to the needs of some talented and science-inclined youngsters of Greater Manila. A special curriculum and adequate facilities will prepare these students for future studies in science and engineering courses in the State university where the government showers almost all of the blessings of R. A. 2067.

All these measures and proposals seem to indicate that the government is providing a bed of roses for the Filipino of science. However, sad to say, these are often defeated and hindered by the usual government red-tape, too much politics and "lack of funds". How adequately, are we fostering science studies and science interest in our schools, especially in the pre-college level?

Inadequately.

However, this fault in our educational system is almost inevitable in the face of our stringent economic conditions. Our educators just can not make up their minds to teach the pre-college Filipino student. In a minimum of time and facilities, they want him to "learn a trade while earning a living." But again, this trend in secondary education cannot be helped, because its program of educational is based on the rather grim and sad statistics that only a few high school students will eventually pursue courses in college. Indeed, what is the use of giving them so many science subjects, pure or applied, in college when they cannot go there at all?

Let us take the interesting case of the Abellana National High School.

This school, supposed to be the only one of its kind in the Philippines, offers two types of secondary curricula—the "technical" and the "general" type.

The "technical" course lays special emphasis on science by offering introductory courses in chemistry, solid geometry, trigonometry, botany, zoology aside from the usual high school elementary science and physics. To do this, high school Spanish and Economics were deleted from the course. Pilipino Language was taught only in the fourth year. The "general" course offers the regular secondary curriculum.

It has been found out that the percentage of the "technical" graduates pursuing courses in pure and applied sciences in college, is greater than that of the "general" graduates. But this is the last

countered by the student in science reading. The teaching of science would be more successful if, therefore, the student has mastered the vocabulary of his subject material." How in the world can our poor student master the special vocabulary of science when, in the first place, he has only a smattering of English upon which this vocabulary is based?

So far, we have been discussing only the shortcomings of the Filipino student in science on the pre-college level. How is the condition on the college level?

First of all, it must be pointed out that a good number of the bigger colleges and universities have adequate facilities for science instruction and are exerting efforts to foster science interest in the student. But here, it is the

by ALFREDO B. AMORES

year of the technical curriculum. Next school-year, Abellana High becomes a trade school.

To compound the situation more, the student has also to cope with the language problem. Perhaps Ripley has not heard about it yet, but before the student can get to college, he has to be a quadrilingualist. At home he speaks the dialect, in school he is taught Spanish, English and the Pilipino Language. His quadrilingual character, however, goes only as far as his report card.

How does this language problem affect the effectiveness of science instruction?

On this point, the article "Vocabulary As A Basic Factor In Understanding Science", of the December 1960 issue of the US-published "The Science Teacher" provides the answer. "Many educators see vocabulary as one of the primary causes of difficulties en-

students' response that is inadequate. Without a previous and proper appreciation of and introduction to science studies, this subject becomes an alien field to him... one which he would rather have the least contact with. Encouraging, however, is the slow but definite rise of enrolment in the field of pure and applied sciences.

The first step in the progress of science is always slow, quiet and hardly noticeable. Then little by little, it gathers speed and momentum until it surges forward in great leaps. When this progress will acquire the much-awaited speed and momentum will depend mainly, upon the quality of science students that our schools are producing. Are our schools turning our science students into scientific and technological manpower of such quantity and quality as to meet the challenge of the much-dreamed about industrial Philippines? §



Student Participation in

by RENATO M. RANCES

THE ENHANCEMENT and betterment of the rural areas have long been dreamed of by the government even during the times of Rizal, Bonifacio, and Mabini when the "baranggays" were still the supposed existing communities of the country.

The dream came to reality when a man named Ramon Magsaysay, acclaimed the idol of the masses, became the President of the Republic, and showed unequivocally his deep concern for the well-being of the common man. It was the policy of his administration to place emphasis on efforts to help people in the rural areas, achieve a fuller and richer life. In line with this objective, the Presidential Assistant on Community Development (PACD) was created. And since his creation different groups of people — civic leaders, PTA, clubs, organizations, and mostly students have vigorously responded with burning zeal and enthusiasm to the upliftment of the rural conditions.

Foremost in lending support and assistance to the community are the Filipino students. Undeniably they are playing a major role in eradicating and weeding out illiteracy, superstition, want, hunger, disease, etc. Like some government agencies and other civic organizations, the student groups constitute a distinct "pioneer" group in the struggle for community betterment, welfare and prosperity.

The UP Scholars' Tour to the Barrios

This new wrinkle in education using people for textbooks and barrios for classrooms was introduced August 27, 1957, when a memorandum of understanding was signed between the University of the Philippines and the Office of the Presidential Assistant on Community Development, creating a special school whose chief function was to find out the strength and weakness of the Philippine Community Development Program, and to propose the corresponding measures for its betterment. In this project students assigned in the remote barrios where they can pursue their higher studies from the grass-roots.

The creation of this "special school",

is regarded as important and beneficial to the community at large in that students are required to (1) present a research problem, (2) submit a research design and a method of approach to the problem, (3) give a time estimate of the project's completion, (4) cite an itemized budget of expenditures and finally, (5) provide an explanation of the value of the research project to the Community Development Program. The subject-matter of each research study deals with a particular aspect of our nation's problems, touching on the economic, social, political, and even cultural complexities of our people.

The BPS-PACD Functional Literary Classes

While the problem of adult education still remains to be solved in this country, the prospect for the total eradication of illiteracy here is now in the offing. Our elders, coming to a ripe old age, commonly feel more urge for doing and knowing things. Attending the BPS-PACD functional literacy classes and continuing adult education classes are old barrio citizens who are respected and looked up to in their own right. It is indeed tiresome, especially to those who are already old but still they say "it's enjoyable."

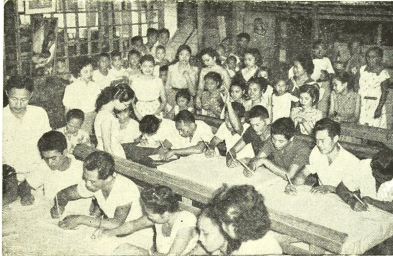
Each class is a veritable reunion among neighbors. And the teachers and resource persons who mostly are volunteer students, are only too glad to talk and discuss with them topics that are close to their hearts. These students and resource persons who teach the aged have this idea of Disraeli as a means to an end: Upon the education of the people of this country the fate of the country depends.

The Nutrition Foundation and Councils

Having realized the stumbling blocks in the fight against malnutrition, a group of leading nutrition conscious individuals from leading colleges and universities of the country got together and organized themselves into a body, now called the Nutrition Foundation of the Philippines.



Community Development



An Adult Education Class.

The purposes for which the Foundation was established are as follows:

1) To help minimize the effects of malnutrition, famine, starvation, hunger, want and distress of people and persons in any part of the Philippines, including those who are needy, or suffering from lack of sufficient food, or other necessities of life, or lack of adequate supply, or source thereof.

2) To conduct or aid research and education work to facilitate the application and public acceptance of information, training of personnel, etc.

3) To acquire and/or borrow funds and to own all kinds of equipment, food, foodstuffs, nutrients, educational materials, and supplies, by purchase, donation, production and in any and proper way dispose or distribute the same as gift or donation.

With the participation of the students in carrying out the objective of this Foundation, it is highly expected that the dawn of good health through proper nutrition can be reached, and that nutritional deficiencies which are a

public menace can therefore be fought on all fronts with correct information and adequate nutrition.

The Medical Internship Training

The medical students, in their attempts of acquiring "experiences" to serve humanity in the fields of their profession, have contributed much to the welfare and prosperity of the community. While in their internship training, they have opened wide their eyes to the task accorded to the community. With the assistance from the government, they take care of the sick, conduct the operation and provide medicines for the sick and the needy. They also attend to the children of the barrio who are ordinarily infested with parasites, starvation or bordering on malnutrition, whose sores are occasionally attended to by the overworked rural workers of the Department of Health.

They also help the community by teaming up with the health officers in looking after the health of the people by inspecting cafes,

restaurants, inns and other eateries.

Because of their valuable services, there is a glowing tribute to the improvement of the living conditions of the rural folks.

Participation in various Community Projects

There is an important role being displayed by students in the attainment of community projects, road construction, for instance. Students could easily team up in the effort of rendering aid to the townpeople where immediate assistance from the government is unavailable. In Batangas, Nueva Ecija, Albay and other provinces in the country, students are actively demonstrating the knowledge to be poultry raisers, farmers, etc. giving instruction and supervision for better crops, hog, and fruit improvements.

Students have also organized recreational clubs and socio-civic organizations to awaken one's attitude for social standing. Through their cooperation, students have provided entertainment, such as stage shows, singing contests, and any forms of pleasure. By their help, the barrio man, long bogged down in the morass of ignorance and indolence, is beginning to come into his own as he steadily progresses to the ultimate shaking off of the social and economic doldrums that greatly characterized the past era.

Through the participation of the students, the morale and outlook of the community have changed for the better. The people will be energetic and cooperative, as well as ambitious and progressive. They will be politically and socially conscious, sharing, through public opinion, the control of their government. This, after all, is the living essence of democracy! #



THE FILIPINO STUDENT

by Francisco A. Robles

THE WRITERS, poets, and journalists of tomorrow are (or should begin) writing today. We find them, most of them that is, in various student publications financed by school funds or by student organizations, while a few others have already broken through the "editorial resistance" of the local magazines. Now and then, in our leisure, we pick up and read them, either because we have been requested (expressedly or impliedly) to do so, out of human sympathy, or because we simply can ill-afford to buy ourselves the recent issue of the SATURDAY EVENING POST or the ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

What have we to say, then,

We think it logical to begin by defining, first of all, the word literature to give our assertions a ground where they may rise or fall. By literature, generally speaking, we mean the expression of truth and beauty through the methodic use of language. We do not exclude or deny the right of others to define it in some other way, but we believe that where there is neither truth nor beauty expressed or even suggested, there is no literature conceivable; and furthermore, that it always involves the use of certain methods or techniques by which order, organization, and effective communication are achieved.

Under this broad definition we

journalistic or literary writing?

Evidently, as far as journalistic writing is concerned, that is, news reporting, editorial writing, column writing, sports writing, and feature writing, our budding student journalists have very well established themselves on the fundamentals of their craft. They are more or less familiar with such things as the "streamer or banner," "the lead," "the head-line," and they are acquainted on the whole with newspaper "modus operandi." In fact, some of them often contribute news items to the various local newspapers and magazines, particularly on school activities. A few others have already introduced themselves into

The Filipino Student

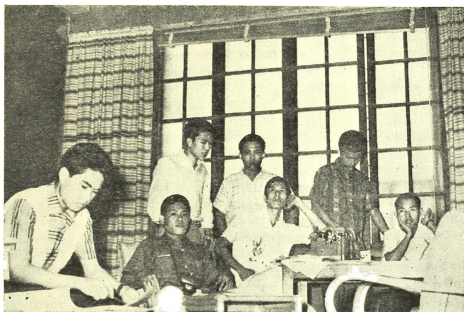
about their writings — in the loose sense of the word? one might ask. Are they worth the space and ink at least? This we would like to answer. But we should have it stated here that it is not with authority that we pass judgment on their works, with the intention of imposing on them our theoretical beliefs and dogmas: the history of literature is also the graveyard of "authorities," who "sleep Alexanders" and "wake up tomatoes." We merely would want to discuss what our young pen-pushers have written, what we see as well as what we do not see in their writings. No matter what, whether we praise them or clubber their heads is not really important. What, to our mind, is truly significant is, that our student writers are writing, devoting their time, effort, and dedication to the making of a living literature. What more should we expect from the young?

can divide all literature into two groups or classifications, namely: journalism or journalistic writing, and literary letters. They both share the common function of expressing truth and beauty, but each has its own methods and principles different from the other. To illustrate — Let a reporter and a writer go to a funeral and write about it; the former will write a news report and the latter a short story or a novel. One prominent author describes journalism as "everyday literature", and literary writing as "the long journalism." Journalistic writing is also sometimes called the "literature of knowledge", and literary writing is also denominated as "the literature of emotion." The difference between the two lies basically in emphasis.

Now, then, we shift back to the initial question: How well do our student writers write? Do they meet the requirements of good

the country's Fourth Estate (Some of our friends in the "C" have creditably broken into the national print — Mr. Ben Cabanatan has published several articles in the PHILIPPINES FREE PRESS and is still contributing to the said magazine. Mr. Manuel Co writes news for some of the local dailies in Cebu; Mr. Balt Quinain was formerly with the defunct DAILY NEWS). Having the knowledge, our student journalists can easily "beat the deadline" any time.

In the 30th Summer Press Workshop of the College Editors Guild of the Philippines held some time in May last year, we recall that some of the distinguished professional newspapermen in the country who were invited to lecture to the delegates in the said conference, such as the editors of the MANILA TIMES and the DAILY MIRROR, expressed their satisfaction over the ability of our future journalists. In the same



A group of campus writers

and Letters

press conference, the writing contests in reporting, editorial, column, sports, and feature revealed surprisingly good results, and proved to a certain extent that our budding journalists are well entrenched in the knowledge of their profession.

Yet, journalistic writing in the hands of neophytes can always stand a great deal of improvement. Our junior journalists, for instance, have yet to weed out the "cliches" and such grotesque word combinations as "two little babies in the crib" "stood still without moving" that often spoil their sentences, and should learn the secret of putting some "punch" in their writing. They will yet come to know not only how to write the lead, but also how to be arrestingly original and variable. They still have to out-grow their tendency to "editorialize" or "sensationalize" their reports, which is the best way of courting a libel

suit. And perhaps, both time and experience will make them understand more the true function of journalism in the world.

At present, we can safely conclude from the survey of student publications we made in writing this article that our student journalists are not having so much difficulty. Apparently, this is because there are enough competent men to teach them the craft. In most public schools, journalism I and II are offered as a vocational course to qualified students. Another reason is that journalism itself is not really a complicated matter as literary writing. A student who knows his grammar substantially can with the basic training in some of the techniques of journalism produce a tolerable news report. We know of a friend who is joined the *MANILA TIMES* as a sports writer right after his graduation from the high school and creditably succeeded.

What about our student writers and poets? What about literary writing?

Student literary writing is "still wobbly, groping for articulation, unsubstantial, overeffusive, threadbare, sentimental, hysterical, imitative, baroque, experimental, raspy," to use the words of one Professor Ophelia Alcantara-Dimalanta of the University of Santo Tomas in her article "Survey of Campus Poetry" published by the *Varsitarian*. Our writers and poets in the school are still in a quandary and strictly speaking, their writings are no writing at all.

Regrettably enough, we find their short stories like literary freaks that repulse our senses. Most of them should not even be called short stories; they are unclassifiable. Reading them is something like falling into some vertigo of words. They write without a definite idea of how their stories should be written first of all. Their narration just goes on as a drunkard not knowing whether his feet are going forward or backward, or where to look for his head. They just type out whatever gets into their heads at the spur of the moment, assemble words into sentences, string sentences into paragraphs, and mount one paragraph after another, so that any word, sentence, or paragraph is as detachable as a set of false teeth. Hence, we find their characterization very inconsistent, their plot implausible, the theme unrecognizable and no contact with the effect is made. No writing can be done this way. A certain preconceived pattern must be observed to produce even the simplest story. Order and organization are indispensable in good writing. Restraint, economy, and necessity are some of the well-established principles of the literary art which should be given the benefit of study. Our student writers, we would say, have yet to learn their language and develop their skill in handling the various narrative devices by which the expression of truth becomes understandable and beautiful.

The same may be said of the poems that we read in school publications. Our young poets are still unfamiliar with their own craft. The proper use of imagery, poetic symbols, metaphors; the

(Continued on page 22)



THE FILIPINO STUDENT

COLLEGE education is a preparation for life, and to the young but determined college student this life must have a meaning, a purpose, and an end. The meaningfulness of life for the student lies in his endeavor to uplift his acts to the noble and the sublime — beyond the ordinary and the common; his purpose in life is the attainment of his existential ends; his end is God.

The ideal presents the necessity of a collegiate course in religion so that the young college student will not only be convinced to believe in God, but also be persuaded to develop the deliberate relationship between him and God—Religion.

Only sectarian schools provide Religion courses on a collegiate level. But, since we speak here of the college student in a general sense, we might as well include in the scope of this article the attitude towards religion of the student who studies in the non-sectarian college or university.

Ever since his high school days, or even perhaps earlier, the student had already in mind his career in life. Now he comes to college with the ambition to become the man both he aims to be and he can be. Coming to the institution managed by some religious community he finds it hard to understand why he must take courses which are entirely impertinent to the career he is aiming at — and among these courses, Religion or Theology.

The Protestant and Catholic universities have their primary objectives published in the first pages of their prospectus: “. . . the formation of the whole man, the true and perfect Christian . . .” This is the answer to the college student who complains, “Why do I have to study Theology? I’m going to be an engineer anyway, and not a priest!” Religious instruction being given now in public elementary and secondary schools, the college student asks why he has to learn the same catechism, or join the Bible school again. The answer to this problem he finds

Even from the information given by the Theology teachers, we realize that the questions asked by the students in the Theology classroom are mainly expressive of their search for a sound philosophy of religion on which to establish a foundation of their faith, and end, thereby, the confusion in their minds as to what to be a Catholic really means.

The student then begins to realize that he can profess a faith which he can honestly accept and trust. After this, the young college student thinks he has a “mature” outlook on religion. So he does.

This peculiar disposition of the student being aggressive and assimilative poses the problem of teachers competent enough to catch the attention of the wandering and seeking mind, and to present an argument in religion in a way that would make the student recognize that the gift of faith can be sincere without learning philosophy.

That is the U.S.C. as an instance.

The Protestant college or university also tries to teach Theology on a collegiate level. The situation does not become very different from that which we observe in the Catholic schools. Only, their “*fides sola*” doctrine makes them shallow minded. They say: “We are also Christians.” But I still say that it is not enough to be “broadminded”; it pays more to be “deepminded.”

In the non-sectarian college, the student gets on easy with religion. He studies to find out why his parents believe in such and such a religion, or whether religion really means anything to him. Some broad-minded ones usually end up as free thinkers, the apathetic ones atheists and heretics, many as mediocre whose excuse for irreligion is the irreligiousness of the people around them.

Ironic as it is, irreligion has become a religion to the uninformed or misinformed student who projects his ignorance by acting the smart aleck who says: “Religion does not exist, faith is only forced or imposed on the mind of man; it is not scientific,

The Filipino Student and Religion

by PETE C. MONTERO

in the succeeding days of his college life.

Take for instance our own U.S.C. Our Theology courses consist not anymore of the same question-answer formulae which we had during our earlier lessons on catechism. We now study Dogmatics, Church History, Apologetics, and to study these means to meet a challenge. Surely, a challenge to the querulous and rebellious nature of youth. This is the time that the impulsiveness of youth calms down for a moment to assimilate the different ideas that are presented to him, and to absorb the proven facts, the essentials of a true and Catholic way of thinking and living.

it cannot be proved.” This is about the most uncouth and mean way of accepting one’s ignorance — to sour grape. Still, this attitude is not uncommon among college students.

The college student is the idealistic student — the kind of student who endeavors really “to strive, to seek, to find. . .” indeed, to find himself, his identity. He does his best in everything, but he does not fail to realize his own smallness. He is educated and cultured, but yet he does not cease to ask—to go up to the more sublime things, to rise up to perfection, to tend incessantly to his Master and Creator and develop the relationship which we call Religion. ‡



WHEN A COED of a local university made a sensational expose on how she allegedly learned the ABC's of communism among her fellow-students on the palm-shaded benches near the swimming pools of Talisay, she perhaps never expected that she would turn the shell of the "Orient Pearl" upside-down. In fact, not a few Filipinos, especially Cebuanos, have raised their quizzical eyebrows with bated apprehension on the shocking revelation of the confessed lady-communists sympathizer.

Since then, questions have been asked: How serious are communist activities in the Philippines? How safe are the Filipino students from turning Red? And how secure is this "Pearl of the Orient Seas" from falling into the Communist orbit?

Without batting an eyelash, we can say without being successfully contradicted that communist infiltration in the country especially in the campuses of different educational institutions has been far more serious than we realize it to be. Having been defeated in the overt form of aggression or armed struggle through the capture of Luis Taruc, William Pomeroy, Casto Alejandrino, Silvestre Liwanag, Linda Bie and other topkicks of the Communist Party of the Philippines by the armed forces of the government, the Reds have shifted to the covert form of aggression or subversion otherwise known as their legal or parliamentary struggle in the continuing effort to seize the reins of the government in the country.

That this kind of aggression or subversion is far more dangerous than that posed by armed rebellion was admitted by no less than the top brass of the Department of National Defense. The reason of course, is that in the latter, we can distinguish the Red enemies and therefore we can deal with them accordingly. We see them. But the former is different. The enemy is everywhere and anywhere. They can be found in barbershops, restaurants, coffee shops, in government offices, in market places, in recreational centers, in school campuses and everywhere. Anywhere.

And we cannot readily distinguish their motives because Communists, shrewd as they are, iden-

RED INFILTRATION IN PHILIPPINE CAMPUSES

by BALT V. QUINAIN

tify themselves with our just causes while working against us with methods not entirely illegitimate. The worst part of all, they have the capacity to lull us into a full sense of security, complacency and indifference because they operate with cautious and studied steps.

And like a thief in the night, they slowly and stealthily, with increasing impetus, crawl into the confines of our democratic society, using a name that embodies an idea or motive which is non-communist in nature. The party workers plant saboteurs in all our fields and institutions, employ both open and disguised propaganda.

We must remember that the Reds, scheming as they are, have

strange ways to win people to their side. In line with the new form of struggle that they have adopted, they don't fight openly and directly, but rather use the most subtle approach to the public mind by creating disorder, until the set-up of our democratic way of life is weakened to the very core and falls like a house of cards, shattered.

And true to form, they created chaos in the nation's two most powerful student organizations, the Student Councils Association of the Philippines (SCAP) and the Conference Delegates Association (CONDA). They created so bitter a rivalry among groups of students in these two student blocs that an investigation resulted to



THE FILIPINO STUDENT

the startling discovery that this legal and parliamentary struggle of the Communists had taken its course quite successfully into the very core of the life of the students in the campuses of colleges and universities in the country.

The squabbles among student groups sparked the House Committee on Anti-Filipino Activities to go into the deeper side of the controversy. Student leaders were summoned to testify before the CAFA. And the Committee which had been closely keeping track of suspected communist elements in the country found concrete evidences to substantially prove the existence of a Student Politburo here, hell-bent on infiltrating campuses and subverting students to toe the Communist line.

The irrepressible Mayor of Manila, Arsenio H. Lacson after comparing President Garcia to the Roman monster from outer moral space Nero and after accusing the Chief Executive from Bohol of encouraging "incursions of Communism to the Philippines," made the following summations of the salient points of the findings of the CAFA. Here is a breakdown of the summation made by His Honor.

First, the Communist efforts to indoctrinate the school population of the country in the doctrine, objectives and techniques of communism;

Second, the use of educational institutions as springboards for communist propaganda;

Third, the establishment of Communist cells in schools, colleges and universities;

Fourth, the number and identity of so-called student organizations that serve as fronts for the Communist conspiracy;

Fifth, the trips made by hand-picked Filipino students to Red China and Soviet Russia;

Sixth, the participation of hand-picked Filipino youths in Communist seminars and conferences abroad;

Seventh, the presence of Communist infiltrators in key and sensitive offices in the government; and

Eighth, the scope and sweep of the Communist conspiracy as it affects the youth."

That the Communist is gaining ground in the young intellectual segments in the country can be

gleaned from the findings of the CAFA after conducting closed-door hearings of student leaders here.

The CAFA report tells everything about the communist activities on the "fair hopes of the Fatherland."

It tells of the existence of an ardent, active Student Politburo, otherwise known as the National Preparatory Committee which is a counterpart of the International Preparatory Committee in Vienna. It has a tie-up or connections with the World Federation of Democratic Youth (WFDY) and the International Union of Students (IUS), two known communist front organizations in the world on youth affairs. The function of the NPC is to recruit student leaders here in the Philippines to attend communist-sponsored conference, seminars and festivals held in Red China, Russia and other Red-dominated countries. This Student Politburo has "skillfully inserted itself in the campuses and "gained influence" among the student population in the country.

It tells of Filipino student leaders who have made frequent travels abroad. They have gone as far as Soviet Russia and Red China where they get full dosage of communist training and brainwashing. They attended several communist-staged international conferences in Moscow, Peking, Stockholm and other countries behind the Iron Curtain;

It tells of Filipino student leaders who in their capacity as members of the Student Politburo here in the Philippines dedicated a sanitarium for the Filipino Youth in China and delivered blistering speeches denouncing the governments of Iyo Juan and Uncle Sam;

It tells of Filipino students who attended the youth conference in Red China, where in a such meeting, a furious debate on a resolution damning the United States and Great Britain's meddling in the Middle East crisis was taken up;

It tells of Filipino students who managed to get into the Communist-dominated countries without the knowledge of the Philippine government and without Central Bank dollars, because their fellow-travellers told them "to get the Visa for Red China in Rangoon, Burma, and that this "friend"

would contact somebody inside the Bamboo Curtain (Red China) regarding our entry."

It tells of the Filipino student leaders who argued that Nationalist China was not a regular government with legal standing and that Red China ought to be in its place. "There was a vote. India and Indonesia voted for the Philippines' proposal. The proposal had been tabled three times and three times the Philippines voted against Nationalist China;"

It tells of how the Filipino students knew the possibility of getting travel grants from the International Preparatory Committee of the Comrie through the receipt of publications from different informational organizations as well as the International Union of Students and the COSEC regularly;

It tells of a Filipino student leader connected with Malacanang who used to say that by "March, 1960, the Philippines will be ours. That's why, we are here in the Palace to know the ins and outs." This fellow used to show off things he brought from Red China and Moscow like the five-year economic plan of Russia. The same guy stressed that there should be a change of government. "Looked at Red China, it's progressive," the same fellow used to say.

It tells of a Filipino student leader who received threats and intimidations from the members of the Politburo. The latter wanted to prevent him from testifying before the CAFA. There was the thinly-veiled threat of harm against his sickly mother; there was an offer of P30,000 bribe by a Chinese named Mr. Young accompanied by the members of the Politburo; there was an offer of an automobile and an assurance that he would be "built up" by the press if he (the student-witness) desisted from testifying before the CAFA;

It tells of a Filipino student leader, a president of the Student Council, whose election was financed by the Red-tainted group. He even recounted how he was made to "dance" the Communist tune, how he was provided with women during his term of office, how he was blackmailed into joining their inner circles and "playing ball" with his new bosses.

It tells about the pattern or
(Continued on page 23)



The **FILIPINO** **STUDENT** *and* **ATHLETICS**

by **RODOLFO A. JUSTINIANI**



THE DAYS are past when the Filipino athlete ate coarse home-baked bread for breakfast. Now he is eating cakes and having them too. He never had it so good. He all but flexes his muscles and in a trice acquires a fat pocketbook. Fast work for one with an empty cranium. This may be a rash condemnation of today's Filipino athlete, but the air reeks with the somewhat foul air of "professionalism" that hangs thick over him. But this is definitely not a bristling indictment of the *Filipino Athlete*. His kind of bread is unknowingly spawned by the era in which he lives. Others in his position would not have done otherwise.

This "era of professionalism" has slowly started to creep stealthily into the schools. Some student athletes treat the oath of amateurism in the same way as a grade school tot takes care of his pencil and pad paper. But can we blame them? Surely not. A student athlete has to live and sometimes he has to do it the hard way, sacrificing the oath which he has sworn to uphold.

The "eating and the having the cake too" is, however, the practice in a particular segment of athletics. Basketball, more than any other form of sport, is sitting on the choicest seat where the sun never sets. The other forms of sports still have their course bread baked in worn-out, primitive ovens just like the Mexican heated slabs of stone. They never know that by the time their "tortillas" are baked, the sun has set for them, and they have to look for broader and brighter horizons.

Basketball has set so fast a pace, triggered by nearly all segments of our sports population, that the "sports lag" is as wide as the "missile lag" between the United States and the Philippines! There is a wide gaping hole and perhaps it will take years of "closing up" before the "sports lag" is remedied.

The pampering of this now national sport has practically stagnated all other forms of sports. This "sport monopoly" has stopped all the rest dead in their tracks and virtually placed them at a standstill.

Basketball is now every college boy's surest bet to land him somewhere on the other side of the globe. Even the farthest barrio boy from Batanes is dreaming of shooting one day "crap games" in Tokyo or Detroit with a "Commie Kid" from Mainland China. And yet all that we have gotten today as a return for pampering this "prize baby," now growing into an incorrigible "beat kid" is twelfth place in Rome! And yet in the good old days of "beisbol," "indoor," and boxing at Wallace Field, the Philippines got for herself the fifth place in the Berlin cage wars.

The Filipino student now looks forward to the Philippines becoming a world power in basketball. The results of the do-or-die cage battle between the Philippines and Uruguay in the last Rome Olympiad were

(Continued next page)



THE FILIPINO STUDENT

The Filipino Student And Athletics

(Continued from page 21)

awaited with anxiety by Filipino students as if they were waiting for their names to be placed on the graduation list.

The talk of decentralization of Philippine sports has begun to crop up. The pampering of basketball must come to an end for the good of athletics in this country.

Already a group of dedicated young men and women have banded themselves into a sports organization known as the Association for the Advancement of Amateur Athletics. The organization of the A.A.A.A. is a step towards the right direction. The purposes and aims of this particular organization are certainly laudable. It should be encouraged rather than regarded with jealousy by the premier sports organization of this country, the Philippine Amateur Athletic Federation. The AAAA's row with the PAAF is a sign that not all's well with the guardian of our sports. Their press release battles serve only to awaken the public mind to the rot that Philippine athletics has gotten into it. This writer does not wish to take sides in the now famous PAAF-AAAA imbroglio. The PAAF should stay as the guardian of our sports. The AAA should help guard it.

In the light of all this talk of amateurs turning pros, of pampering and the stagnation of our sports, of charges and counter-charges levelled at and by our sports federation, one thing is certain... the present sports set-up must change its stance. The Filipino student who may wish one day to carve for himself a name in the sports world must be given plenty of "wood" on which to carve his name. He must not be limited to only one piece of "wood"... basketball. The Filipino's capabilities for all kinds of sports must be given all possible outlets.

Our sports history has been replete with cases of Filipinos, "little brown dolls," they were called, trading grounds by the bigger and

sturdier Caucasians all over the sports arenas of the world. The immortal Pancho Villa wowed them in boxing. Sprightly Jacinto Ciria Cruz showed them basketball. Vicente Jacopillo, Sr., mowed them in baseball. Teofilo Yldemso outraced them in swimming. It was always "land of the morning" even in the land of the mid-night sun. The Philippine tri-color waved even when the swastika was trying to clamp down all competitors in the Berlin Olympics in 1936.

The postwar period saw the Philippines suffered reversal after reversal in the different sports competitions all over the world. The Philippines, always pinning hopes on basketball experienced bitter disappointment when only unheralded weightlifters saved our country from being pushed down the bottom in the London and Helsinki Olympic competitions. The Melbourne and Rome olympiads, however, brought the Philippines into the same league as backward countries from Africa and Asia, all charting "zero" in all events and hugging the lowest rung of the Olympic ladder.

The Philippine victory at Rio de Janeiro in the 1956 world basketball tourney was a "fly in the ointment." This is not to dispute the ability of the Philippine team sent to that world meet. It was the best Philippine quintet ever assembled, combining height and might. But had Russia and other European cage giants participated, the Philippines would never have placed fifth.

The outlook today is bright. Victories scored in other fields of sports have restored somewhat the dwindling prestige of what was once the powerful "brown dolls." Philippine sports is finally branching out. It is trying to get out from the trap it has set itself within the narrow confines of the "one-ring circus" called basketball. Now it is trying to enter into broader horizons in baseball, foot-

The Filipino Student And Letters

(Continued from page 17)

effective combination of sense and sensibility in words — these things should be studied by them seriously.

We do concede, of course, that literary writing is more difficult to deal with, and our student writers do not have enough time to write. Even professional writers like Erskine Caldwell often complain about lack of leisure time to do good writing. As William Blake said in a famous aphorism "the littlest flower is the labor of ages."

But the main reason for this seeming inability of our young writers to express themselves well is the poor literary education that they get in our classrooms. When our teachers of literature should do something more than to ask such questions as "Where is the setting of the story?" or "What is the moral?" by discussing, for instance, the techniques of narration, and awakening in their students a real appreciation of words, perhaps, our student writers might come to write with more comprehensiveness and power. On this matter, we suggest that our English teachers direct the reading experience of our student writers to give them a respectable understanding of literature.

We are still waiting to find a significant student writing which we know will come in a not too distant future if we give to our student writers our sincere sympathy, care, and patronage. §

ball, track and field, tennis and chess. The "washed-up" sports are no longer "has beens." They will come alive again.

The Filipino student can look forward to the future with bright optimism. The great days of sports in the '20s and '30s may yet be revived and banners wave. It may be in Tokyo in the coming XVIII World Olympics. Or it may be in a yet unnamed place.

The Filipino student wants it to happen. He has been starved so long for sports glory that he feels it is about time he fills himself up with the cake too. §



Red Infiltration In Philippine Campuses

(Continued from page 20)

tactics employed by NPC members which smacks of Communism when they staged a walk-out and filibustered to prevent the election of officers of a student bloc. This tactic or pattern was the same as those used by IUS members;

It tells of how the NPC members had already been taken by Communism. A student-witness cited an instance wherein the members of the NPC distributed books on Communism during conferences in Baguio. There was even a Politburo member who asked the former Secretary of National Defense Jesus Vargas, "Why don't we adopt the Red policy?"

Yes, it tells of how the "fair hopes" of Iyo Juan were fed with the Communist line and carried away by the assurance of Communist agents that the "Communists would be in control of the Philippines in ten years."

Is the CAFA report a good ground for every liberty-loving Filipino to be alarmed? Col. Nicamor Jimenez, a trained, competent and qualified head of the National Intelligence Coordinating Agency (NICA) admitted that the perils of Communism in the Philippines are far more serious than indicated by the CAFA report. He confirmed that the (WFDY and the IUS) are used as vehicles for the Communist to further political aims and objectives without direct participation by the Communist party or the governments of the Communist countries. The SEATO report on communist front organizations spotlighted the WFDY and the IUS as the principal international communist fronts for youth.

Dean Alejandro Roces of FEU, commenting on the trips of the student-leaders to Red countries, wrote in his *Roses and Thorns* column in the *Manila Times* that "to date, we have thoroughly failed to see what benefit the nation's students have received by sending so-called student leaders abroad. To begin with, he said, the first job of any student is to be a good student. And "we seriously doubt whether a serious student would give up a semester's study

to attend a conference abroad." This comment was in answer to a testimony of a Politburo member who said that "he didn't believe in enclosing the Filipino youth in a shell — in isolation..."

Hammering home the threat and dangers to the young flirting with communist propagandists at Red-sponsored international conferences, Dean Jose Maria Hernandez, one of the top officers of the Catholic groups in the country warned that the "young will never have a chance because sometime ago, the Pope allowed 20 priests to infiltrate and live with communist-dominated countries. Seventeen of the 20 priests were won over by the communists. If despite the ten years training in the seminary and many years of mission work, the priests were broken and won over by the Red experts, the young students would be much easier prey."

The Mayor of Manila, "Arsenic" Lacson, fuming with fire and fury cried that "the fact stands out that certain individuals identified with the conspiracy have found aid, comfort and even sanctuary within the periphery of the Garcia regime."

"When the Chief of State and his minions play footsie with those who espouse a cause inimical to our way of life and to our free institutions, they foreclose on the future of the youth and of the nation."

But is the report of the CAFA really a threat to our security?

President Carlos Polesio Garcia in an attitude of calmness answered the question thus: "There was no cause for alarm over a report of the House Committee on Anti-Filipino Activities (CAFA) that student leaders are turning Red."

The Chief Executive said that the "various intelligence agencies of the government are keeping an eye on communist activities here."

Even his presidential press secretary, Jose Nable minimized fears over the report by saying that the "CAFA report is old stuff. It has been published months ago..."

It is not our purpose here to let the logic of the arguments of the foregoing people quarrel with each other. We would like to know what's happened to the Filipino students whom Rizal had en-

Within These Four Walls

(Continued from page 9)

paying them for? One can always study and more effectively do so, without anybody hammering him to do so.

To limit, on the other hand, the students' field of study to what professors know and teach, would be a narrow concept of education. What the professors teach inside the classroom should only be utilized to provide an incentive to broaden one's intellectual horizons.

Neither of the above mentioned theories constitute a remedy to classroom apathy. Quite the contrary, either will promote passivity. A lazy professor begets lazy students and vice-versa. Either theory ultimately results in a "circulus inextrabilis" of student-professor apathy.

A happy medium must be struck out between the two theories. Mutual concessions should be made by both sides. A mutual understanding between students and professors should be reached.

There is nothing we can gain from apathy. On the contrary, it is fraught with dangers. Not to mention the dangers to one's individual future, apathy tends to make one self-centered — an island unto oneself — isolated, unconcerned and uncooperative. Apathetic students will ultimately turn into apathetic citizens. Apathetic citizens cannot hope to make a successful democracy where cooperation and eternal vigilance spell the life of men.

visioned to be the "fair hopes of the Fatherland" who will consecrate their golden hours, their illusions, and their ambitions to the welfare of the native land?

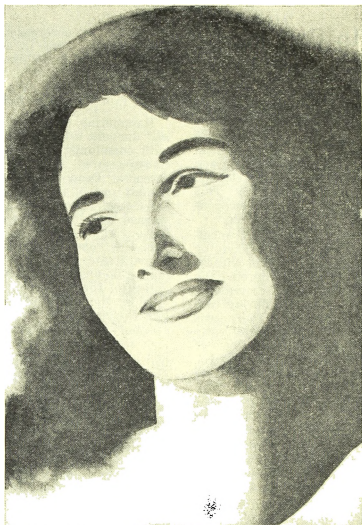
If the Great Malayan were alive today, he would have raised his hand in disgust to discover that the Filipino youths whom he thought would wash away so much shame, so much anguish and so much abomination sticking on the shell of the "Orient Pearl" have turned Red. Or are turning to be.

For the fact is, that the Filipino youths are not anymore the "hopes of the Fatherland" who would lift this country, whose

(Continued on page 45)

THE PRESENT STORY

was not done in the style we expect from a college student, but since my character-narrator was of low education, I deemed it fit to tell it in the simplest way possible, if only to create an illusion of reality. Nothing new can be found here; the plot used is even termed the eternal triangle. And in this case, a touch of sorrow cannot be avoided. But it is never my purpose to dwell on unpleasant things, even in tales like these. As I heard it charged against me that almost all of my works belong to the gloomy, I beg indulgence to say a thing or two in defense. Tragedy, as I look at it, is sad but not unpleasant. Old notions have died and gone; and if ever some of them are still here, they demand fresh meanings to adapt themselves to our modernness. (Only God is constant.) I think tragedy in our age is happy and healthy. While comedy can possibly make us selfish, tragedy will always bring us to the mirror of truth, that we may find humanity in ourselves. Have you experienced a time in your life when you laughed aloud and thought yourself perfectly free from the problems and worries of the world? Were you then conscious that somewhere people are starving, and that you have no cause to be "that free" till you can help them? Tragedy will always pick us up from the gutter of brutalities we have fallen into. It cannot be mean, for it appeals to our pity, our kindness. It is not right to say now that we have so much tragedy. Perhaps, we have too much already of the moody stories about sexual men and women who perish as heroes and heroines, according to the plan of the author whose novel has captured the essentials of tragic emotion, while diluting it and often cheapening it. But those are not tragedies in the strict sense of the word; they are plain erosions; tragedy cannot take effect in filth. What occurs in the darkness is total night. Tragedy happens when a light stands and proclaims itself, and is not heard, or seen, or understood; tragedy happens when a flower opens itself beautifully and asks you to kiss it, and yet you would not for your blindness; tragedy happens when the best is discarded for the better or good, because it is a victim of immaterial circumstances (as what befalls Erico, my poor singer). To me, tragedy is always a triumph, even when it is rectified in the meanwhile. I think it can save love that now teaches us to look more into one's pocket, rather than into her or his heart, as that great tragic drama staged in Calvary redeemed the world. I have more ideas about the topic, but I am not here to lecture



For a year I was alone. Then, one summer Therese came.

WHEN the sky becomes bluer. Bluer. And more star-studded every night, people feel that summer, the season of songs, blossoms and tourists, is near. Or here. They may be right. But I do not recognize summer the way they do. I identify summer by its rain. Slight, lazy, beautiful rain. And each time it drops I remember The Pearl.

The Pearl, I hear it still stands. The Pearl is just the right place. That is, for respectable night-clubbers. Mr. Robles, a religious Catholic, manages the club. I sang there before. For a year I was alone. Then one summer Therese came. Rich. Young. Pretty. Architect. Artistic. A next of kin of Mr. Robles. She was there to test her voice, for that vacation only.

Therese sang with perfect ease the first time we did a duet. And for always during our companionship. Singing. Singing with her was truly wonderful. She had rhythm. Timing. She was so very lively and emotional, that I had to be that too, myself. It was not my wish that that midnight should arrive. But then Mr. Robles ascended to the rostrum. And with the usual farewell full score, he muttered to the gentle customers his thank-you. So long. Good night.

I went to the bar and had a glass of milk and sandwich. Some of the Tritons—orchestra members as we called them—huddled around me, and shook my arms and shoulders. "Care-

The

by

SONGS of APRIL and MAY

were INNOCENT

JUNNE CAÑIZARES

ful. You're spilling my milk. Now what's up," I said. "Didn't you hear the hands?" Tonying said. "That was fine. So fine. Superb. You've brought yourself to light, Errico." "Sorry, mister, I don't intend to buy anybody a drink now," I said. We laughed. "Hey, is it because of her, ha?" I heard one tease me as they moved away. The warmth of the milk rose to my face.

I hastened to the door. She was saying good-night to Mr. Robles. I wanted to get near her, but her car had started gliding. Walking on my way home, I asked myself all the questions. All the questions under the moon. And answered none.

In the afternoon of the next day we met in the club to have rehearsal. Since she knew how to play the piano she permitted the pianist to go see a movie with his wife and kids. She capriciously ran her fingers on the keyboards. I opened the window and smoked. It was low tide. White birds were fishing at the reefs.

"What about this one, Errico?" she said, tuning up the refrain of a Jerome Kern favorite. She pronounced my name sweetly.

"That's okay with me," I said. I flipped the cigarette short of the tilapia pond below.

"Come here," she said. "Do I look horrible? You seem afraid of me."

"You're joking, Therese." I sat close to her.

"How do you call me?" She smiled at the wall.

"Therese. Your first name. Forgive me, if I—"

"The way you said it is flattering. You made me think I'm honey." She laughed softly.

I laughed too. "We ought to give that one a rest. We're abusing it." I mean the other piece she was playing on the piano.

"Really?" she asked, and continued playing it.

"Well," I said. "If you like, let's have it."

We had it. She sang the entire song first: *I'm in the mood for love, simply because you're near me, Funny but when . . .* I listened attentively and gazed at the wall which she was smiling at. There was something. Something in its whiteness that attracted me also.

We practiced and mastered eight other songs. *The Best Things In Life Are Free, Bring Your Smile Along, and April Dream* to name three. Afterwards she suggested that we should have to study poses. So we stood up before the mirror and looked at ourselves.

"Stay a little behind me. Now bring your face near to mine. Not

Not like last night. You kept distance. That's it. Now hold my hands. They are not dirty. No, no. Yes," she was saying.

"Okay. Okay. Is this right?" was all I could say.

That bartender came in with a tray of soft drinks and biscuits. Without waiting for invitation, we sat at the table. She was heaven-born. She smelt like apples or any of those dear foreign light wines.

Rehearsal hours, Oh Rehearsal hours were precious to me, because, perhaps, there was joy in the private sharing of a song with her. Or still perhaps, I wanted to be alone with her.

"Errico, is the seashore far from here?" she asked me casually one afternoon when we were already through with the songs for that night, and relaxed.

"Therese," I said. "Let's take a walk."

"How wise!" she exclaimed.

We strolled along the beach. The tide was high. With the noise made by the waves against the rocks, one had to shout in order to be heard.

"Errico!" I saw her beckon me. "Anything!" I hurriedly washed the conch that I had uncarthed, and walked towards her.

"I wonder why people here are slow," she uttered.

I stood before her, gazing at her. The strong wind disheveled her hair, but still she was divine. Her nylon dress waved like a flag behind her, accentuating the outline of her beautiful body.

"When they have such a savage sea!" she added.

Slow in what? I was petrified for a while. She was now looking at the horizon. And smiling. And smiling the way she smiled at the white wall one memorable afternoon.

"You don't mean it. No," I mumbled. How I wanted to touch her chin, and fought against the desire.

"What did you say?" she asked aloud.

"Nothing!" I shouted back and tried to laugh.

"Tell me." Her eyes were heartening me.

"Let's go now before we accustom ourselves to shouting at each other!"

That night after the show I went to the beach. To the place where we had stood. The sea was peaceful; the ripples flickering in the moonlight. Then I seemed to see her gradually appear before me. I love you, I love you, I love you, I crazily breathed to her.

It was on our second week's appearance that the manager discovered me. Really discovered me. Customers then were considerably increasing.

"Errico, you're great," Mr. Robles told me. "I have given you top billing."

I was exalted, I overflowed with gratitude. Therese who was beside Mr. Robles congratulated me. I dragged her towards the table near the swimming pool.

"I'd been waiting for him to say it," I confessed. And danced a few steps of the rumba.

"Errico, do you have a steady?" she asked. She cupped her face with the palms of her hands, her elbows on the table.

"No. None yet." I thought that that was the moment. The increase on my salary made me feel brave

(Continued on page 68)



THE HAIR OF MAGDALENA

• • • by FRANK A. ROBLES • • •

NOEL stood by the street corner in a fit of indecision. He was thinking of a place where he could sit down and think clearly for a short time, a place where he could be free from disturbances and distractions which were irritating his senses. He felt an outrageously odd feeling that, he would say, was like the oppressive, strangling odor of the gutter gathered up in a damp room. When he heard the distant sound of the bell, it occurred to him that he could use the cathedral for that purpose. The old cathedral was not very far from where he was, and he could sit down in one of the pews there and think till closing time. He would not have to pay for anything as he would have to, if he went to a coffee shop or to the theater, he thought. A cup of coffee or a seductive blonde on the silver screen would merely make matters more complicated and difficult for him. He walked across the street and drifted by the concrete sidewalk.

Almost the whole day, he had been drifting from place to place without any definite idea of where he was or where he was going to. All he wanted was to be away from the squalor where he and Magdalena lived, not to see the cheap wooden house he was renting, and not to be bothered by the filthy smell that filled the air and kept him awake and tossing in the night. He was afraid that if he would stay in that house, he might explode and get into trouble. There was a fellow in that place who had always an idiotic smile on his face and a set of yellow teeth, and when he, Noel, was in such mood as he was in now, he preferred not to see that creature, even in a dream.

Yet, there was something else, something more repulsive than the squalor, that he was trying to evade. He was suspicious about Magdalena. Somebody told him that she was unfaithful to him. He refused to believe it in anger, but he could not help being suspicious about her. Once he tried to ask Magdalena about it, but his courage so failed him that he could not even utter a word. He feared she might resent it terribly and leave him. His suspicion was like a slowly burning fire in his mind. Sometimes, in the night, he woke up in a sweating rage asking himself if he had really been betrayed by Magdalena.

In the last few days, he had been thinking about himself and her, about their living together without being husband and wife. He recoiled from giving it a thought, at first, as he had never done that before, but now he had to face it inevitably, irrevocably. How could he question the fidelity of Magdalena without questioning the affinity between them, and because of which he could ask her, even demand from her to be true? He discovered that as a matter of fact here was really nothing tangible, no matrimonial ring to tie them both. She could betray or leave him any time and have no reason to fear.

He thought he could be happy with Magdalena. She had long, dark, beautiful hair that his eyes endlessly marvelled at, and his hands always desired to touch. Desire, it seems, will always find its own beginning by something strongly beautiful and intoxicating such as the eyes, the lips, the hands, the voice—and with him it was by her crop of dark hair. He was passionately drawn to it, as the moth is irrevocably drawn toward the light.

But it seemed to him now that in reality he had never been happy with her. He remembered how it was with Edith, his wife, whom he left for Magdalena, and the children. As it was, he never had satisfaction with Magdalena. No matter how he tried to tie to himself that everything was all right with her, the

lie was not real enough to make himself believe it. It had been consistently a troubled, uncertain going with her, losing his jobs one after another, until finally he got jailed for estafa. Now he had joined the rank and file of squatters in a dark part of town. On the whole, life had been a night of laughter with Magdalena, of grim wild fun in a cabaret, and noises erupting everywhere, and corrupted odor, and abstracted conversation which meant nothing in the end. It was different with Edith. The house was always well-arranged and clean. No squalorish odor. No noises. The children were all disciplined and polite. The kitchen wares were always shining and the meals came on the dot.

In spite of everything, however, there was in Magdalena something which Edith did not have. That was her seductiveness. On certain nights, he was breathlessly in her arms and dying with extreme delight. When she kissed him, he never wished to wake up anymore. This was the reason he could not leave her. His heart was like a slave shackled to her hair forever. . . .

all that squalor, he felt he would like to fall dead and be gone. He started to pace the street. The electric lights were on.

She was brushing her long dark hair with a plastic comb before the mirror in a crummy-looking room lighted by an electric bulb that hung on a cord. She wore a blood red dress that seemed to stand out of whiteness and made her look shining. She was the picture of one leaving for a party, with powdered face, manicured fingernails, and gold bracelets.

Back of her, on the floor and leaning against the wall sat Noel. He had been quietly looking at Magdalena as she dressed in the room. What a strange thing you are, he thought. You really think I don't mind. But I do, Magdalena. The odor of the stums reeked in the air.

Noel knew now that he had been betrayed by Magdalena. When he came through the dark alley to the house that evening, he heard two voices talking over the window. He stood in the dark with a bated breath; his flesh trembled. He had a wild urge to run up-stairs and break into open violence, but

		The Cathedral was nearly deserted . . .		
		The silence that pervaded inside was		
		like the whisper of sleep		

The Cathedral was nearly deserted at five thirty in the afternoon. Noel saw a few devotees when he stopped in lightly. He went to one of the pews and sat down. The silence that pervaded inside was like the whisper of sleep. He felt a shivering in his blood. Facing him was the statue of the Mother of Christ on an ornamented altar by the warm illumination of burning candles. He saw an old woman in the middle aisle walking on her knees, with a rosary dangling from her hand. Having some trouble, too, I guess, he said to himself. He began to think.

How old was he now? Thirty—no, thirty-one. Not old yet. Why, then, did he feel as if he were already sixty? Worries, perhaps. He had always worried and thought a lot. He wasn't sure of many things now, lately. Maybe, he was because he had made a very big mistake in leaving Edith, and he was just paying off. But must he despair about it? No. There's a solution to every problem, sometimes you find it, sometimes you don't, and sometimes it just shows up. Would his children still recognize him after all these years? That would be funny. Could it be true that Magdalena was two-timing him and he didn't know it? Supposing it was true, what would he do then? Kill her? Killing doesn't make sense. It's a horrible thing! Leave her, should not force her to love him. You know the saying, you can't force a heart to love you, because it wouldn't be love at all. But where would he go? He couldn't go back to Edith and the children. Maybe, they would not even spit on him now. But the world is big, there is always some place where a man could begin again. . . .

It was already dark when he left the cathedral. When he thought of the house and going back to

he arrested himself with all the force of his manhood while something in him struggled desperately screaming, as a snake being choked. Then beads of cold sweat dripped from his face and down his hands, and he shook and wanted to cry but couldn't. He couldn't say or understand why he did what he had done. Was it cowardice? Was it because he did not want to commit another mistake? What difference would it make anyhow? There was a time when he swore he would kill Magdalena; when he left his home and family and all his moral responsibility all for her. But he realized now that she wasn't worth it. She was sweet all right, but she wasn't worth the sacrifice of love. It's all over, Magdalena, he said.

Strange, it seemed to him now, how Magdalena could maintain her poise and seeming casualness as a general in battle. Did she know he could have beaten the daylight out of her head full of lies a while ago? That she could have made a criminal out of him? Sweet as ever. No trace of nervousness or confusion. Deft-handed. What self-control she had.

She started to leave. She looked at herself in the mirror once more and certain of her bearing, she picked up her hand bag. She approached and kissed him lightly. Be back at two, dear, she said and left. Just like that. Be back at two and leave like a shadow. He smiled a sad smile and stood up.

He began gathering his clothes and placing them in a leather suit case, thinking: It's no use. You better get out of this house before it's too late. You don't have to lie to yourself till you die. You've had your time and now it's somebody else's and you shouldn't feel sorry at all, because that is what you

(Continued on page 84)

Notes on Philippine Poetry

PERHAPS no other young man has done more for the cause of Philippine poetry in English after the war than Manuel A. Viray. In his efforts to bring forth the flowering of Philippine poetry in English, he embarked into the most ambitious project of collecting poetry immediately after liberation and published his first anthology, *Heart of the Island*, in 1947. This was followed shortly by his *Philippine Poetry Annual*. These volumes brought into the attention of the nation such young poets as Ramon Echevarria, Amado Unite, Romero Ch. Veloso, Ruben Canoy, and Antonio Descallar.

This venture was not a success, financially, and a heart motivated by something else than love of truth and beauty would have given up the project. But his burning desire to make available in handy volumes the best fruits of Philippine poetry in English prodded him on, and he continued this lonely task up to 1953. Pressure of work, however, in the foreign office and his subsequent assignment abroad as the cultural attaché to our embassy in Washington silenced him for awhile.

As a literary critic, Viray is considered as the most "ambitious in Philippine letters." His criticisms and observations of the contemporary literary scene were published not only in local magazines but also in literary journals abroad, like the *Pacific Spectator* of Stanford University and the Swedish literary magazine *Vinduet*. His essay "Certain Influences in Filipino Writing" was published in all literary magazines in India. To have his criticisms published in foreign countries without leaving his native land was indeed a rare achievement.

As a poet, he follows the same vein as Demetillo, Tiempo, Quemada, and Angeles — poets who are more restrained and composed. He views his world with philosophic calmness, although his early liberation pieces sounded the undertones of despair and frustration, death and decay. These are the themes in his "Dawn," "O Naked World, Inheritor, Inc.," "Dooms of Ire," "Hourly Death Insists," "Night, Balance Upon These Eyelids," "Injunction in Time of Distress," "Private Speech," and "Imperfect Fear." In all these poems death, decay, and despair are the recurring themes. But when other post-liberation poets allow themselves to be carried by the strong current of self-pity and cloying sentimentality sometimes bordering to what Santos calls the lunatic fringe, Viray refused to lose his sanity and composure. Instead, he calls his countrymen to action as in this passage from "Injunction in Time of Darkness."

*Let us clutch every transient moment in this hour,
Let the clear invisibles in the heart pervade
Our hungry limbs that they may touch the flower
Ultimate; let the summer of my lips be softly laid
Upon yours, then after the police and transfiguration,
Let's plummet past this period to resurrection.*

Perhaps the reason why I. V. Mallari tagged him as the most "discerning of our young poets" is his genuine sensitiveness for the beauty and the power of words so that his poems found favor in the eyes of such jaded critics as Jose Garcia Villa and Salvador P. Lopez. His control and quiet pathos are best shown in his longer poems published under the name N. A. Borja.

Viray's poetry attempts to mirror the modern sensibility. In his poems are reflected the virtues

and evils of contemporary society with which he is so concerned. In lines full of delicacy and strength, of fervor and restraint, of elegance and earthliness, he tries to point out the weakening of our moral and spiritual fibers.

He bewails corruption in society in "Judgment." To him "Hypocrisy" has become the fashion of the times. "Forever we are posing, and poisoning/Poising with arched smiles, close, and contrapuntal." We do not need question the validity of this statement. He expresses in the melodious language of the Muses what another keen observer of our society, Renato Constantino, says in the following passage:

In our attitude towards the government, we exhibit a distorted sense of values. We regard law lightly and instinctively find ways and means of circumventing it. We envy those that got rich by ill-gotten wealth and wish we had their audacity. We elect our officials not because of their proven ability but because they were the highest bidder for our vote. The fact is that we are more moral in basketball games than in our elections.

To a poet so concerned with Man, it is only natural that his themes will be on the things most vital to mankind — the conduct of life in its immediate social environment; and such preponderance on matters which lead to moral and social decadence of both the individual and society. He builds his cosmos on his complete awareness of the world around him and intoned in a manner vaguely suggestive of McLeish, because like his American counterpart, his poems are expressive of the spiritual groping of the "lost generation" — the generation which looks into every door to find "there is no one there."

In "Search," Viray strives to see the "reality" of the relationship between man and man. Significantly, the growth of social awareness is accompanied by a simplification in style; the semi-metaphysical complexities of his earlier poems give way to a rhetoric of declaration and exposition.

*Only two clauses came out with waking
"The nightmare is a second life;"
"Our lust is but a second death,"
Somewhere I know these will fit the making
Of a poem, forgotten in this day of strife,
When the phlegm in the bad lung clogs the breath
And the cold blocks the nose, empties the head
Of all its dreams. All the other phrases
Never assume the insight into death and dread,
The transiency of loves and miseries.*

This seeming complexity is not calculated. It is a complexity that seems to be the unintended by-product of his two-fold talent: first, for sensing the multiple and infinitely various psychic tensions of post-war life and, second, for projecting these tensions. For example, in his "The Borne and the Unborne," he projects two pictures that could serve as symbols of man's personal darkness. In "The Borne," he tells the pathetic story of the suicide of a woman big with a child "without the benefit of the sacrament"; the "price of the exciting favors" she generously gave to her lover. The lines vibrate with the nervous realization of her predicament and are charged with spiritual meaning. The phrase "I who was weak" will forever ring for those who are caught in the

vortex of emotional storms. It is one phrase deeply connotative of both defiance and despair.

In "The Borne," he speaks of man's inhumanity to man. He traces the "howling forces" that cause the mighty disturbance of human values. Like all seers in this "lost generation," he has found for the embodiment of these values no satisfying form, no moving, faith-creating symbol which can evoke living belief from an "age whose metaphors have died."

*The fiery discipline distils in the constant
Wind, cars' sporadic roars, and fleeting shade.
I wander if desires for order is a madman's rant
That only merits jeers and a vulgar rage.
The constant sensibility which the night
Excites unrests in the heart, the brain
Now undisciplined, with its blinded light
Feels wilt in the glaring, illogical day.*

The POETRY OF MANUEL A. VIRAY

The same theme is expressed in "Feast." Here, the poet matter-of-factly accepts the causes of so much lust and decay. It is in this world; it is in us.

*Some secrets we hide; unformed, unsaid,
Past all passion, all heat, all books, all help,
Amid the rained world we ourselves have made.*

The scope and power of Viray are matched by an equal intensity of vision, the outgrowth of a rich sensory endowment that has found expression in an appropriately concrete and seductive style. As a social critic, striving to interpret his times, he does not spare in his poetry what he believes as the main cause of the decay of our sense of values and morality. In his "The Blind Woman Next Door," he tells this story. In this narrative poem, the dialogue is well handled and serves to intensify the message of the poet.

In this trade which is considered the oldest of the professions, Viray uses characters which have become symbolic of the business. The pimp is a "burly man with the smooth hair and slick mien"; the woman who acts as the "guardian" to the ladies is "withered, blind in one eye, with greedy lips." She is the mother of the burly man. The customers are fat and prosperous-looking men who come to the house in "low numbered cars"; and the three girls are exceedingly beautiful, and full of life.

*Fugitive sunset rays lighted their faces,
Etching past their fairness some ring of dissipation;
The first apologized for her plunging neckline:
"It's warm," she said, moving her arm with grace.
Studied, provocative, and the second with passion
Beated they would bring in effects of the best design
And would soon be having the mayor for a visit.
The twin moles beneath her eyes lending
Her a deceptive beauty as she looked at the third
Girl who declared with vivacious wife and wit
The Senator from Las Palmas was sending
Them a trusted moid, a watchdog, a pet bird.*

His "Balances" is a long narrative poem built around the theme of good and evil in constant struggle in man; of man's lost innocence, his refuge in dreams and memory from a world that seems harsh and unkind to him. Here is a poem that is packed with thought, characterization, and the elusive suggestions very re-

vealing of the inner conflict of the old man. Unlike some of his contemporaries that got their training in the poetry workshops abroad who, in spite of their efforts to make their works pliant and supple only succeed to give them the marks of "correct" stiffness, Viray's work has the beauty of "wildflowers and bird-songs." This poem is powerful and passionately intense in the depiction of the despairing and sin-laden old man who looks backward to the lost splendor; to the time when he was respected, when kindness and solicitude were his crowns and royal vestments. Those days were gone, never to return again. Now, with the alliterative undertones of Viray's lines, the world has changed.

*It is a violet July evening, throbbing
Tense with gray tearing wind lobbing,
Whipping splinters, bits of paper on the street:
Then a splutter of sudden rain from arching skies*

by GREGG G. VILLAR

*Moving with nimbus clouds, but in this retreat
In the neat, marriageed house, he sits, sighs,
Whereof the lack, the guilt, the lapses? Memory
Further rocks the helpless mind, thoughts betray
The scene, not sin? And drums his fingers on the sill
Reflexively while he feels his tired eye flicker
Rapidly as though it would efface the past,
The pity for himself.*

Like the great American poet on personality, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Viray aims at intellectual precision and employs simple diction. He achieves a natural order of words within the most rigorous metrical limits, and is sparing to the point of austerity in the use of ornaments. His pathos is consistently untouched by maudlin sentimentality, but is thoroughly contagious and moody:

*Lights in the living room. Aghast
Once again, he dares, hopes his brittle husk,
Fell bodily frame need not shake for Grace,
His oldest child, is heavy with child still nameless, for
It was a married man's. She moves a deceptive
Grace in her bulging shorts, he protests, as if enthusiasm
Were not his; his very first surprise weren't with horror
Tinged. She switches on the fluorescent; captive
In the light, he turns slightly, prayed upon, wordless.*

This is a completely realized poem, hard-cut gems where each facet is worked to its particular meaning and has its own flesh of understanding. Viray has looked at man's state of ungrace and found it not too bad, as long as man can hope, experience, and dream. "We undergo/Constant change, from sex and lapses mistakes Breed and grow like some unruly bastard in the womb."

Viray succeeds in impressing a form with such a vigor, so that his creations live with a life of their own. His delicate use of syntax orders his ideas towards emphasis with a rhythm that responds emotionally to the contents of his poems. There is no lack of melody in such passages as these: "Only hope can sustain loss, sobriety gain/But hope dies in the ravaged flesh; reason in pain." ‡

A Ballet in Two Acts

by JUNNE CAÑIZARES

I. Three Songs, Three Voices

*
*I know not what you are thinking
Now as by your happy manners I am again
Brought to poesy like a dream
Ushered into the festal stillness
Of the sub-conscious. I know not
The fortunate to whom your smile
Blooms now, whoever he is
I am wanting to take his place.
I am only certain that this flower
I am holding with both hands with care
Has its delicious essence from you.*

*
*Love is a tender hand of heaven
Ornamented with celestial bodies,
Just as a finger with a ring.
Now I have my hand across your heaven,
Beloved, carrying for you a gift:
But you give me silencio, and I die.*

*To where must I flee?
Paris cannot save me; the sands
Of Sahara cannot bury me.
Listen to my canto affligido, beloved,
As I stay beneath your window, hoping
To see your beautiful face,
Before I die.*

*
*I have no spell. A spell is something
That binds and releases, something untrue.
Each touch of my hand doesn't speak of
What I have; it reminds you of what you are.*

*My nearness, or your nearness, is somehow
A distance. But because there is a feeling
That knows so skyline, my nearness, or
Your nearness, when honestly longed for,
Is the smell of roses.
So here I am, wanting you.*

*Nothing tells me to understand. Before
The tender touches, even before
The smell of roses, everything is already
Understood. Any thing understood is well
Kept here in my heart, my heart which is
Yours, because yours is also mine.*

II. Acrostics:

*
*Moire-antique are your moods, my dear.
Eau de Cologne perfuming the
Night pacific of the heart
Crimson, is your romantically aristocratic manner.
Here I throw my crying poems as summer rain
Until you appear friendly like a geranium.*

*
*Let others be this instant the jealous.
I make bold now to say that I am not languageless
Nor blind to your singular charm.
Definitely the gentle angels of Poetry will
Accept you as member of their cheerful society.*

*
*Nearly lyric is your voice, and your
Eyes are wise enough to express the
Lustre of your inner self.
Lofty as a queen you are
Yet amiable as a dove.*

*
*The lilt of your songs
Is liberating me from all possible cares.
The mood and consistency you put in them
Are legible declarations of tenderness.*

*
*Early in the morning, always,
Lovely are the lilies,
Describing to me a poem, a song,
About you prettier than sun-rise.*

*
*Don't you know that
Every time we meet each other
Blessings are in the air for me?
But must I tell you this?
It's useless, I know. Have you
Ever cared to understand?*

*
*Last time we met, dear
I told you how much I
Love you.
I told you, dear!
And then you left me alone.*

*
*Time's fingers cannot
Erase your picture I have in my breast.
Soon I shall be in strange places meeting new faces.
Soon I depart without footsteps like a shade; but
I go, recollecting you in every leaf, in every petal,
Even as I am forgotten as an unfelt light laughter.*

EXPERIMENT ONE

PURPOSE

*you are a poem without a name
for you are nameless to me
tho' i can call you by a
thousand names and more.
undefined tho' defined again
and again and again;
unmeasured tho' measured with
every pulsebeat ...
i shall define you yet,
measure you yet,
to a fraction of a heartbeat,
to a tenth of a teardrop.*

PROCEDURE AND OBSERVATION

*do not be too much of a star
for i am too earth-bound,
do not be too much of a rainbow
for i am too much of a child,
nor even too lovely
for i am too much in love.
be less than what you are
thus making me more
than what i am
for indeed,
like a song without the lyric,
like an hour without the minutes,
like a poem without grace
am i without you.*

CONCLUSION

*thus with every beat, heart
consecrates a hallowed niche
within it to altar the fetish
of the still-undefined, still-unmeasured.
and when i hear your name pronounced
in this cathedral-heart
like choral hymns
surge and swell the many
memories and the dreams ...
henceforth you alone shall be
the morning, noon and twilight
of my day.*



• • • by ALFREDO B. AMORES • • •

Zamboanga

Were I a musician,
A song I'd compose
of thee, tranquil and languorous,
where troubled minds repose.
Had I a poet's pen
a poem I'd dare make
to tell of thy beauty
dear Zamboanga of my heart.
Were I a skillful artist
a picture I would paint
of thee, O, dreamland famed,
o place mystic and quaint.
But I am only thy simple village maid,
and all I can do is cross my hands
over my head and pray:
"May God preserve your charm."

by FE R. DUARTE
Architecture I

Take Me With You,

Mayumi

Take me with you Mayumi,
Though I'm but a speck of dust,
I need the sun — my light.
And Mayumi, you're my light
Your soft ray—your smile;

Then Mayumi, I shall be with you.
Everywhere. Anytime. Tagging along.
Worshiping even, the ground you walk on;
And I'll not be alone for when
Amihan takes you and with this Wind
You'll be gone.
So I will be

by LAMBERTO G. CEBALLOS

Poem

strange hands that pluck strings
shining in the light of truth to touch
the heart into endless hoping, we live by you:
music, mother of all souls
and from her alone can come the laughter
of our dawns, the language of flowers
when flowers speak of love in the sun —
bear our eyes further from the sore wounds
of our days that we may by forgetting recall
the many blessings of our birth.

by F. A. ROBLES

My Mother Dearest

For you my dear, dear mother.
A rose, a hymn and a prayer;
Masses, communion and rosaries . . .
So that my love for you be expressed.

For you my mother dearest . . .
A smile, an embrace, and a kiss
With all my heart, care and love
Given by Lord, God above.

by ERLINDA C. RIZADA

Supplications

when shall we tread upon that mystic lane
of togetherness again—
when shall we recapture the tenderness
of the balmy days—
when shall we glue the broken fragments
of our song—
when shall we feel what we once felt
for each other—
then these doubts, these fears
will reign no more.

by AGUSTIN P. MENDOZA
Philosophy III

Living Embers

I

Here in this cold and dreary room,
One day you said you were to leave.
You smiled and sang, you danced and laughed.
'Twas then I told you how I felt.

I gave you this: "Because I am . . .
I cannot find the courage to . . .
Your picture . . . so I shall keep it,
. . . love you . . . I shall love you always."

Then in my autograph you wrote:
"Knowledge . . . cleverness do not satisfy.
There is much more we do not know . . .
And there are things we cannot do . . ."

II

Dawn was breaking in the City.
The Mother came to take you 'way.
My heart was weeping you knew not.
Beyond compare my soul was sad.

The room is now more cold and dark.
The flowers wilt and beauties fade,
Nothing is left; life's meaning's lost.
'Cause flaming love with you has gone.

Now all are embers that remain,
Till my dying day they'll haunt me.
In heaven, if God so grant,
I shall love you more — remember!

by R. CORDERO

Of Moonlight and Far-away Thoughts

I sit lonely on the sand;
My loneliness with the strand's
Solitude and the sea's.

Suddenly I become the sea:
A carpet of moonlight rolls over my body;
I too become the pebbles of the shore
Reflecting moonlight forevermore.

On their glistening faces
Moist from the liquid kisses
Of tiny waves. From the trance awaking
I turn away,

My mind whirling
In a race of thought spurred
By the luminous colliding pebbles of my wishes.
And there you are beside me. Motionless.

A silhouette, just a night breeze setting
Gently my senses quivering.
Like grass on our lane. I seek solace
From the friendliness of your eyes.

But you are gone. As I write this I wonder
What you are doing at home so far from here:
If the water of your shore
Also churns wavelets of loneliness before.

Your eyes; if that moon you also chart its flight,
Its course now half-way done across this lonely night:
If also you watch that carpet of a while ago
Now turned into a receding islet of a golden glow. . . .

Could you be so happy there,
As I could be so lonely here,
On this — my shore?

by EDGAR SAMSON CANTON

Clouds You Make It

Tell me why each fallen leaf has
brought death to
a wish.

Tell me why heavenliness of
waiting brings no shower
to parched up mounds of
frustrations.

I need you right at this moment,
Yes, you must come to give me a
furling rose and a light

And shall I write to myself
in shapen letters of my
loneliness.

by GREGORIO P. TORREN

Reminiscence

How useless is life without a flower.
And a flower without a petal we can call our own.
For in the gloomy strife of man against any power
He must always need an inspiration.

Beneath the eastern skies is a soul that mourns,
And will never cease from morn till dawn,
For in your lifetime he has learned to smile,
In your absence he must forever cry.

by LOURDITO BORLASA

au revoir, my mabouzneen

i hate goodbyes . . . and the last time i
heard that from you, i was beside myself
with grief. i had wanted to cry out, to
tell you that this should not be and must
not happen and that . . . you must not
leave. i guess you must have known how i
felt because you did not say anything but
smiled.

and the forgetting is very hard
for

i cannot see another april without remem-
bering you; another seashore without see-
ing you. and the flowers that may brings
will again unfold their petals . . . their
fragrance filling the air. and the gardenias . . . how they shall shout out in
memoriam . . . your name.

why must they all recall you to mind . . .
why must they be YOU incarnate. why
must
they shout your name as if in pain. why
must you leave.

by O. ALDUCENTE

NOTE: *The Poem, Essay, and Short Story which appear in this section are first prize winners in the Annual Literary Contest sponsored by the Supreme Student Council.—Ed.*



Laurels

Poetry:

PHANTOM OF THE AGE

The harp of mankind and
buttons of stations,
tempest of Sundays and Valentines,
core and life of crowded corner,
buffets' frame that seems,
guise of politics and legislators,
newsmen's booty and pride
editors' part to write, expose and hide;
church's cargo and moral's ache
you are the lead this twentieth.

Breath in the dell you are now,
breezing beneath spreading frees,
rise and straddle yet see nothing,
crambler, aiming at the mountain peak;
then while ascending the generous slope,
breeze a time and grab the rest:
the fertile vale, brimming river,
fishy sea and ocean plain,
how! restive at you hazy, brown child
over your dawdling at their bounty source.

The veering wind now revealing
convoy of tragic you are and
cynosure of our age, shall I
call you a man and chosen
being the Divine beget;
or a wondering chattel

whose soul anybody's hold
whose childhood feed upon dreams
who hanker the Lancaster's skill
who parallel the screen chicanery
yet to end on empty space?

The phantom of the age?
is not the retort, never an echo,
'tis not the call, hope of the fatherland;
'tis disdain to wither the heroes mark,
to downtrod dear stamina.
'tis not to warble universal gratefulness,
to byword names, but to return
to anonymity, to prejudice and covered
by the cold mist and cloaked
by historical forgetfulness.

Modern beguile, modern betide
stiff-necked stubborn to hide,
turtle-necked stubborn to see reality,
'tis not belittling you and me:
nor gossip; nor intrigue your
heart which brims of overweening grin.
'tis but a hypothesis to theory to evince
the progressing twilight to pitch-dark
it be. 'tis scrimping my debt
to humanity which now brood serenely.

by S. GIL, LAW 1

Essay:

The Ways of Grace

by TERESITA L. CANOY

HAVE you ever marveled at the wonderful ways through which God reveals His designs for us? Indeed, His ways are so unique and beyond all expectation that no human mind can comprehend the warp and woof by which He weaves the pattern of our everyday lives. Every incident in life, no matter how minutely insignificant it may seem to us, is a fragment of heaven's great plan; for God indeed will never leave to chance the existence of this, the masterpiece of all His creations. For each one of the teeming millions of humanity, the Divine Architect has envisioned a definite pattern of life. Every creature to whom He has given His own image is a distinct creation, and each man or woman receives special attention in this creative act of God.

As we tread on the path of life, we discover that it is not all moonlight and roses, and oftentimes we find ourselves dealing on whys and wherefores at the griefs that cannot find comfort, the fond hopes that lie crumbled in the dust, the taunts and unkind words which have wounded our hearts; and more often than not, we end up just where we started. Then perchance, the kindness of time makes us forget the thorn-crowns that we once wore, and with a faint ray of His light, we blush in humiliation at having discovered His divine reasons for shaping the events in life the way He did. Alas, that which we once disdained was all the while the answer to our deepest need; but what of the bitter tears, the grievous murmurings and the faltering faith that were ours when He gave that blessed pain? God, in His bound-

less mercy, does not even remember them now, all that He wishes of us is the determined will to cooperate with the grace He bestows on us.

Divine inspiration may come to us in a fleeting second of this restless flood of earthly life, by a look at the beauty of things that surround us. A gaze at the marvelous artistry of a flower and the amazing arrangement of its delicate petals, this lowly creation that enlivens many a dreary nook and a laden heart, can't fail to remind us of its heavenly Maker. The intricate design of a leaf that no human hand can fashion, the magnificent splendor of a sun announcing the end of day; these and countless others, lift up our thoughts to the one God, who in His infinite wisdom and goodness created them that we might think of Him. To many perhaps, these are the only things that constitute real happiness in this world, and to imagine that these are but far-away eries of that dwelling place especially prepared for us—yes, this beautifying experience will be endless above!

There are still a few wonderful people who spread petals of happiness along the path of life. The uncreated Wisdom, knowing all too well, the finite intelligence of men must have sent one of their kind to dispel doubts, and to set them free from the bondage of their own follies. Holiness cannot be kept all to oneself. When one is filled with the sanctifying grace of God, it unconsciously overflows and edifies people around, for the goodness which is of God. A note of kindness and sympathetic understanding can awaken a slumbering soul to tread on the right

path of life, to refine a love and turn it into a leaping flame. The passing remark of a friend can set the echoes ringing in some lonely heart and keep it restless until it strips itself of the mundane things that bar a long-awaited friendship with his Creator. An edifying example of charity can touch a brazen sinner to change into a life of virtue, drowning all self-centeredness and worldly attachments into the abyss of humility and piety. The grace of God can also work its way through the pages of a book by one who is overwhelmed by the waters from the great fountain of Divine Knowledge. Such food for thought has been the starting point of many conversions into the practical Catholic way of life. These people are God's instruments of true peace, that peace which cannot be attained by the transitory pleasures of this world, but by the will to submerge one's personal desires to the greater plan of God.

But God who is Love itself, has given us the precious gift to choose. He has handed us the other key to our hearts so that He cannot enter the door without our willing consent. He wants a whole heart and not merely a portion of it. Every minute of the day, He waits at the gate of every heart and patiently knocks. If we would only pause for a while from our worldly preoccupations, perhaps we could hear the frequent knocks—undying, ever-constant. How strange that He should care when He does not need anyone to complete His existence, but isn't it stranger still that many a heart should turn away from His pressing invitation of love?

Short Story:



And THE TOWER Falls

by ROSARIO TEVES
Graduate School

IT WAS a sunny morning. Blue skies, calm sea, and all. The beach was at its best. Although we both had a cough, yet, wonder of wonders, Nita and I were allowed to play and splash in the sea. We wrote our names in the sand, combed the beach for shells, and built sand castles.

On the shore I could see Mrs. Madamba, Nita's mother, busily laying out the picnic stuffs, and my mother serenely putting the baby to sleep. Now and then Mama would brush back her already prematurely graying hair. Mrs. Madamba, in black toreador and gaily printed topper looked very pretty and girlish. Her wind-blown hair accentuated her youthful beauty. Contentedly smoking his pipe was Mr. Madamba. He was stretched fully in the low canvas chair. Mr. Madamba was dark, stout, and baby-faced—but not good looking at all. I could see Papa puttering around a piece of

fried chicken in his hand. He was in maroon swimming trunks, deeply tanned, muscular, attractive, and dripping wet.

"Such a lovely day, Beb," Nita mumbled, stuffing another bite of salami sandwich into her mouth while arranging a line of shells in her sand castles.

"Yes, and look at the shell I found! You can have this," I told her feeling generous and sentimental. We had been neighbors for as long as I could remember and were the closest of friends. We were also classmates at the public school. I placed the yellow cone shell on top of her sand tower.

"No, don't! Not one as heavy as that!" She protested and took the shell. "Such a weak tower will topple down if you add anything more. Can't you see? The base is so narrow, it can't support much. You mustn't ever place anything heavier than the

foundation, or the tower falls." Nita sounded very serious and authoritative, I did know what to say. She added more sand, patting the base with her fingers.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" I exclaimed, not really meaning only the sand castles but everything else around: the coconut trees, the green sea, the wisps of white and blue clouds... I stood exhilarated, breathing deep the smell of the salt and the sea.

"I wonder how it will be for us ten—twenty years now, Nits." I remarked musingly, watching her. "Do you think we'll be the best of friends?"

"Silly, why not? Unless—but no, you won't let that matter."

"Let what matter?"
"You're going to grow up into a very beautiful woman, like your mother, you know." I answered, pouring more sand onto our pile, suddenly conscious of my plainness. (Continued on page 68)

The DECISION

● From the short stories and the essays, we did not have much difficulty picking out the best. Good writing will always stand out. But with the poems, we reached a blank wall. There were some thirty manuscripts in the poetry division, but it was like wading through a hundred. I had to read some poems twice, even three times, wanting to catch that indefinable something which is generally present in all good poetry. But it seemed to elude me. Somehow it wasn't there; at least, I didn't feel it. If poetry is the language of the soul, then it can easily communicate with another soul through feeling, emotion. True, some poems had some flashes of something that would pass for beauty, but they were not sustained long enough for us to catch—and appreciate—this beauty.

Poetry is not only form; it is substance too. The two must be so fused, however, that we have something to remember time and time again. Love that was the subject of the poems mostly. What's wrong with love, anyway? Love is the most beautiful thing on earth, God Himself is Love, and yet, somehow, the love treated in these poems is the kind that is not ennobling and enduring. It is not eternal. It soon fades and dies.

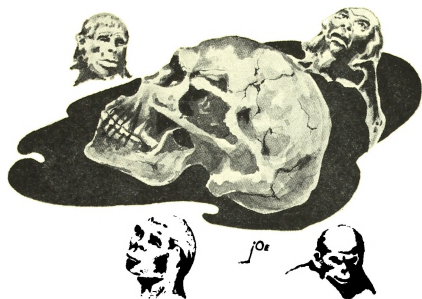
● On the other hand, there were some good essays. A few notable ones had to be struck out because of either an untimely subject or an overused one. The three best ones were judged on the basis of style, sincerity, and substance. **Canoy's** *The WAYS OF GRACE* was direct, smooth-flowing, and sincerely touching. It was like drinking from the clear waters of a spring. A colleague raised the doubt about the subject of God, His grace. If we give it the first prize, we would be accused of being biased, religion being the theme. So what? Is religion to be thus avoided? Probably that is what is wrong—we don't display enough of God in us. Are we ashamed or afraid? How selfish to have God simply to ourselves when we can show more of Him around! It is for this very reason that we should then read the second-winning essay, *MODERN CHRISTMAS OUTLOOK*, to know this changing us, this changing world. It is candid and vivid. Where the first one touches the heart, this one touches the senses. Where the first makes us look up to God, and His goodness, the second makes us look down at ourselves and our folly. It is indeed a changing world that makes us hesitate to give God a prize simply because He is God.

Montero's *WHO IS THE PERSONALITY*, the third-winning essay, was polished and dignified. That was its strength, as it was also its weakness. It was too polished and dignified that it read like a lecture, and like many a lecture, was rather dull. It can stand some down-to-earthness and human warmth.

● Why must some people say too much and everything? Why can they not be a little more mysterious, more puzzling, and thus, more challenging and interesting? Why must they take the fun out of guessing? The short stories were studies in overstatement—many of them. No detail was left out, even the thinking the reader could do. But a few stories were good. Style, singleness of effect, characterization were considered. **Bacof's** *RAIN* got only the third place because unity was somehow lacking. It sounded like fragments of a something that couldn't be pieced beautifully together. But it was vibrant and real like rain. **Fruite's** *FRUSTRATED* was a frustration in ending. It said too much when the reader was in no mood for talk, at least not after the stun of the blow rendered by the surprise twist in the story. The twist was good, but the reader should have been let alone, to recover from the blow. What was "frustrated" in the second prize story was skillfully handled by **Teves** in *AND THE TOWER FALLS*. The symbolism was subtle, the narrative was simple, straightforward, and it did not say much. But I've already said too much.

Marina D. Cesar

EVOLUTION . . . and HUMANI GENERIS



THE FULL import of the encyclical *Humani Generis* lies in the clear directives given by the late Pope Pius XII of happy memory to all scholars of the Catholic Church, lay as well as religious, in the discussion of the debatable problems of our Holy Faith, or of Holy Scriptures.

In the present survey we will deal mainly with the opinions which arise from the new papal decree regarding man's origin. In other words, we will discuss the present theological state of the issue in correlation with *Humani Generis*.

The acts of the Apostolic See⁽¹⁾ gives us the authoritative statement of Pope Pius XII: "The teaching authority of the Church doesn't prohibit that the doctrine of evolution, in so far as it inquires into the origin of the human body as coming from already existing and living matter—since Catholic Faith bids us to believe that the soul is directly created by God—he treated with investigations and disputations by learned scholars on both sides in the present advance of profane science and sacred theology; so that the reasons of both for or against, may be

A Research in Dogmatics

. . .

by P. J. DOLORES

weighed and judged with proper gravity, moderation and seriousness; as long as everyone is ready to obey the judgment of the Church. . ."

In the first decade of this century a goodly number of theologians branded the evolutionary hypothesis, if not heretical, at least as erroneous and intolerable⁽²⁾ (e.g. Van Noort, Herve, Pohle). Now the Encyclical for the first time officially gives permission to use the transformist theory (or mitigated evolution), indicating the precautionary measures necessary for such a use. Wherefore, the change from the conservative proposition that Adam and Eve "tum quoad animam, tum quoad corpus, nulla evolutione interveniente a Deo sunt conditi".⁽³⁾

Following the advice of the Encyclical (n. 36), representatives of both theology and science try to expose and conciliate the findings of the two fields. Thus Vandebroek and Renwart: The former, a professor of embryology and anthropology at the University of Louvain; the latter, a professor of dogmatic theology in the Jesuit theologate at Eegenhoven, in a combined article explain what the hypothesis means in scientific terminology and conform with the pontifical designation of transformism as a hypothesis.⁽⁴⁾

Now what is transformism or mitigated evolution?

Simply, it is the system which teaches "that the body of Adam was formed from pre-existing, living matter through gradual transformation, retaining however, the immediate creation of the soul by God."

Many theologians designate this proposition as a possible hypothesis and some even probable.

Thus, Reverend Francis Connell, C.S.S.R., writing in the *Ecclesiastical Review*⁽⁵⁾ on the "Theological Content of *Humani Generis*" says: "The Pope treats it (i.e. evolution) in the section of natural sciences, but states that it has a connection with Chris-

tian Faith. He makes it clear that he is concerned with the subject of the evolution of the human body only, since the soul of man cannot come into being save through a creative act of God. We may study the evolution of the human body, he says, provided the opinions both for and against this manner of human origin are weighed and judged with necessary seriousness, moderation and measure, and provided that we are prepared to submit to any decision that the Church may make, since the Church has received from Christ the mission of interpreting authentically the Sacred Scripture and defending the dogmas of Holy Faith." Then he (Rev. Connell) concludes: "Evidently, therefore, the Pope regards it as possible that at

some future time adequate proofs will be brought forth to prove that the body of man was evolved from lower living animal."

Rev. E. C. Messenger, in his work "Theology and Evolution" (*) devoted a chapter to the teaching of a Roman scholar, Rev. Charles Boyer, S.J., who was a noted conservative during the early part of this century. After a thorough examination and comparison of the four editions so far published of the treatise "God The Creator" by Pere Boyer, the Doctor from the University of the Louvain writes that there is, perhaps, no more instructive indication of the change in the Roman attitude (Pere Boyer is a Professor at the Gregorian University at Rome) towards evolutionary theories in recent years and concludes: "In other words, a place is now found for the possible action of secondary causes."

Passing on from the subject of evolution in general to the more delicate and difficult subject of the origin of man he noted that the thesis in the earlier editions had insisted that the body of the first man was formed "from organic matter". But in its later form the thesis said merely that "the body of Adam was formed from pre-existing matter." Furthermore, the thesis in the earlier editions had insisted that the body of the first man did not arise "through evolution from brutes". But in the third edition we are told that it did not arise "through generation by a brute." This does not exclude the possibility that the body of Adam might have been formed from an animal body, provided this took place in such a way that the animal in question did not generate a human being. One thing seems clear here, and that is that this is according to Pere Boyer, there must have been some special divine action in the formation of the first human body.

Worthy of note is the rejoinder to these observations on his works published by Pere Boyer in the Theological Studies, an American Jesuit Publication (*). Pere Boyer writes: "... with reservation made for any future intervention of the Magistrate, no theological note is formulated against the opinion which extends evolution to man, provided the creation of the soul and the intervention of God in the

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formation of the body be admitted." Thus admitting and clarifying the statements of Dr. Messenger.

This fact is all the more significant when we bear in mind that dogmatic thesis taught in institutions such as the Gregorian University at Rome must first be approved by proper Ecclesiastical authority.

In the Catholic Commentary on Holy Scriptures published in England in 1951 (*) Rev. F. Sutcliffe, S.J., Professor of Old Testament Exegesis and Hebrew in Heythrop College of Oxon, gives us the following opinion: "The theory of evolution or transformism which figures so largely in modern textbooks of biology was unknown to the Hebrews... What the books offer is a popular account suited to the mentality of the age, and directed to a purely religious purpose. This applies also to the theory—it is a theory lacking proof—that the human body has been evolved from lower forms. If it should ever be established, the religious teaching of Genesis remains the same, namely that the world was created for the sake of man, who is himself the work of God's hands no matter what path the Divine Wisdom chose to follow in the production of man's bodily frame."

From the foregoing expositions we gather that the theologians defending or agreeing with the mitigated evolutionistic theory are divided into two camps. There are two prevailing opinions nowadays. The first is what we might call "less mitigated evolution", which is less popular. And the "mitigated evolution" properly so-called. Less mitigated theory would be the one defended by Pere Boyer and some

others, namely, that "evolution may be extended to man... provided the creation of the soul and an intervention of God in the formation of the body be admitted." This simply means that God allowed the "possible action of secondary causes" to develop the pre-existing living matter, and in the end gave the final touch to it, in order to make it a proper habitation of the soul.

Mitigated evolution properly so-called would be the system we have mentioned, namely, "that the body was formed from a pre-existing living matter through gradual transformation, retaining, however, the fact of the immediate creation of the soul." Which means that God allowed the action of secondary causes in the gradual transformation of the pre-existing living matter, till it was ready for the transfusion of the soul, and then created the soul, without any special changes.

Now, we might go further and ask the question why contemporary theologians hold such a view.

Pere Ruiz in the article "Contenido dogmatico de la narracion de Genesis 2:7 sobre la formacion del hombre" (*) examines the problem and formulates the following question: "Does the verse force us to hold that the human body was produced, not by any form of exolution, but directly from pre-existing matter?"

Pere Ruiz wants to make it clear that the sacred author is not giving us a lesson in genetic biology, and consequently Genesis 2:7 does not tell us whether man's body came into being through a directed evolution involving an organic structure, or from pre-existing organic

(Continued on page 46)

A term-paper submitted
in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the Course in Canon Law
under Rev. Manuel S. Salvador.

The NEED for a CONCORDAT

by Sixto Ll. Abao, Jr.

THE Roman Catholic Church, like the State, is a perfect juridical society belonging to a supernatural order. As such, it also possesses jurisdictional powers, *ex jure divino*, as legislative, executive and judicial. To quote Pope Leo XIII:

"... It is a society chartered as of right divine, perfect in its nature and in its title, to possess in itself, through the will and loving kindness of its Founder, all needful provisions for its maintenance and action. And just as the end at which the Church aims is by far the noblest of ends, so is its authority the most exalted of all authority, nor can it be looked upon as inferior to the civil power, or in any manner dependent upon it."

"In very truth Jesus Christ gave to His apostles unrestrained authority in regard to things sacred, together with the genuine and the most true power of making laws, as also with the two-fold right of judging and of punishing, which flow from that power. All power is given Me in heaven and on earth; going therefore teach all nations... teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. And in another place, If he will not hear them, tell the Church. And again, In readiness to revenge all disobedience. And once more, That... I may not deal more severely according to the power which the Lord hath given me, unto edification and not unto destruction.

The Almighty has given the charge of the human race to two powers, the ecclesiastical and the civil, the former being set over divine, and the latter over human things. Each power is supreme in its sphere, each has fixed limits with-

in which it is contained, limits which are defined by the nature and special object of the province of each, so that there, we may say, an orbit traced out within which the action of each is brought into play by its own native right. "But inasmuch as each of these two powers has authority over the same subjects, and as it might come to pass that one and the same thing—related differently, but still remaining one and the same thing—might belong to the jurisdiction and determination of both, therefore God, Who loseses all things, and Who is the author of these two powers, has marked out the course of each in right correlation to the other."

But even with the awareness that there is no actual conflict between the Church and State, controversies arise as often as you think that each Society has been established for a destined purpose, for a definite goal: the Church looks after the spiritual welfare of the people, while the State, on the other hand, as a civil society ministers to the temporal needs of the people.

The Philippines is a predominantly Catholic country and because of this assumed position in the Christian world, it would be ridiculous to say that serious conflicts exist between these two entities. But the truth is they do actually exist. In order, therefore, to avoid the occurrence of any possible event that may tend to sever the relationship between the Church and the State, it is deemed wise that a Concordat be signed by and between the Catholic Hierarchy of the Philippines and the Government of the Philippines.

Very often the causes of the conflict are brought out off and on, and

sometimes they grow to proportions that would seem to be beyond control, especially on occasions when issues of paramount national interest are the subject of heated discussions in the legislative chambers. It is therefore necessary that on any of the matters which we shall enumerate below, if not all whenever this is possible, an understanding between the Church and the State must be made so that the explosive questions involved therein will be once and for all resolved in the spirit of true Christians.

Politics

Nothing can be more serious than it.

During elections, we will easily notice that the Church is often placed in hot water by candidates to whose political views the Church does not quite subscribe. More often than not, the Church is accused of unduly meddling in purely civic affairs, and is condemned for what these candidates call her unwarranted intrusion into the political realm to which the Church is a stranger, so they loudly claim.

In the Constitution of the Philippines, it is nowhere provided that the Church is forbidden to participate in national elections. But because of the time-honored doctrine of Separation between Church and State, some narrow-minded persons take upon themselves the task of drawing demarcation lines that will absolutely bar the Church from participation. Although it might not be wise for the Church to participate actively, yet it does not necessarily make her acts wrong in the legal sense. The truth is, by discussing national issues the Church does not violate the doctrine: She is merely expressing her views on certain

● THOUGHTS

matters which will vitally affect the interests of her faithful. Freedom of expression is guaranteed by the Constitution and it isn't just to deny this guarantee to the Church.

At present, there are two schools of thought dealing with Church participation in civil matters.

One, espoused by politicians, vehemently claims that the Church should not take part in purely civil affairs, because its office is confined only to the satisfaction and salvation of the souls of men. The other, advanced by the Hierarchy, asserts the right of the Church to guide the destinies of the Faithful, to apprise them of the serious consequences that may arise if they do this and if they don't do that.

The Church is entrusted with the responsibility to see that public good is properly administered and to this end, it is obligated to safeguard the interests of the people. In this regard, it is considered timely to quote from Leo XIII on Catholic Action in Political Life.

"It is in general fitting and salutary that Catholics should extend their efforts beyond their restricted sphere, and give their attention to national politics... However, it may in some places be true that, for most urgent and just reasons, it is by no means expedient for Catholics to engage in public affairs or to take an active part in politics. Nevertheless, to take no share in public matters would be equally as wrong... as not to have concern for, or not to bestow labor upon, the common good. And this all the more because Catholics are admonished, by the very doctrines which they profess, to be upright and faithful in the discharge of duty, while if they hold aloof, men whose principles offer but small guarantee for the welfare of the State will the more readily seize the reins of government. This would tend also to the injury of the Christian religion for as much as those would come into power who are badly disposed towards the Church, and those who are willing to befriend her would be deprived of all influence."

It follows therefore that Catholics as well as the Church have just reasons for taking part in the conduct of public affairs.

The Institution of Marriage

Another fertile source of conflict

between Church and State is the difference in the procedure followed by each entity in the celebration of marriage.

Philippine civil law sanctions civil marriages, while the Church frowns upon the same. To eliminate any friction in this regard, the Catholic Hierarchy offered a suggestion to ban all Catholics from contracting civil marriage, so that if they do so, the same shall be null and void **ab initio**.

This suggestion is considered sound because it does not only protect the interests of the parents of the contracting parties, but it also provides a more reliable guarantee for secure and harmonious marriages.

Religious Instruction

There has been so much discussion on the subject of whether to include the study of religion in the curricula of public schools. The objection to the proposition rests mainly on the argument that under the Constitution the State is not allowed to favor any form of religious worship. What is forbidden in the Constitution is not the inclusion of religion in the curricula, but the direct and active participation of the government in the development of any religious society. By including religion does not necessarily mean that the government is giving a partial treatment to certain religious segments, since under the proposal all religious sections irrespective of their political color or creed, will be given equal opportunities in imparting the tenets of their religion to their respective members. Religious freedom, instead, would be greatly enhanced thereby.

Holidays

The Church also further suggests that in order to give a chance to employees to meet their spiritual obligations, Church holy days should be declared public holiday. There are but a few Church holy days in a year, and it cannot be pretended that public and private business will be greatly impaired thereby.

Immunities and Privileges of Clerics

In the law of the Church, there is what they call the **Privilegium Fori**, a privilege signifying that clerics in civil as well as criminal cases should be judged by an ecclesiastical, and not by a lay tribunal. Thus, the higher clergy, such as

Cardinals, Apostolic Delegates and Bishops, must obtain permission of the Pope to appear licitly before a civil court. The clerics of inferior rank, such as pastors and religious, must obtain the previous permission of the Ordinary.

It is only in cases where clerics are summoned without the necessary permission, and when greater evils might follow if the clergy would not appear, that the higher as well as inferior clergy are allowed to obey the summons of a civil court.

Under the Rules of Court and our Penal Code, no such exemption is recognized. In fact in a criminal case, the priestly vocation is considered as a qualifying circumstance in the crime of seduction.

This law of the Church has put many a Catholic judge or fiscal between a bludgeon and a dagger. One has to choose between excommunication, a penalty to be imposed upon those who violate that law of the Church, and which is a virtual exclusion from heaven, and a possible criminal prosecution under the penal law for dereliction of duty. Which law must prevail over the other, on this the Church and State must make a public declaration.

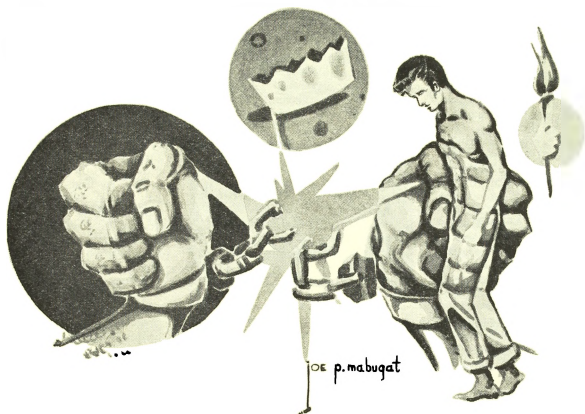
On the matter of immunity, the question of whether priests, who are Filipino citizens, should be exempted from rendering military service should also be settled.

Section 2 of Article II of the Philippine Constitution provides that the "Defense of the State is a prime duty of government, and in the fulfillment of this duty, all citizens may be required by law to render personal military or civil service." But the Church, by divine mandate, declares that the clergy—all those who have received the first tonsure, and religious as well—are free from military service.

Whether an exemption of this kind should be granted is a question on which the Church and State must reach an agreement.

There are other causes which might lead to hostilities between Church and State. But those mentioned above are considered to be the more serious ones. It is hoped that a Concordat be concluded by the Church and State, so that the possibility of another schism may be avoided. §

ON AUTHORITY . . . by ADRIANO C. REYNO, JR.



THROUGHOUT the Middle Ages and right down to the time of the French Revolution all political thought revolved around two ideas: the divine rights of the Kings and popular sovereignty. The task of these ideas was the same—to explain the origin of the actual political power's authority, that is, its power to bind legally and morally, and not only by physical might. The first idea traces authority back to divine sanction. The second, holds that all political authority ultimately is founded on the subject's own consent. It operates, therefore, on the assumption of a contract of certain content whereby the supreme power is set up, and presupposes a norm of natural law about the binding force of agreements. This second idea was formulated by Rousseau.

Rousseau's (doctrine of the absolute Rightness of Democracy) Social Contract

Democracy, conceived in the manner of Rousseau, suppresses authority and preserves power. It is this type of Democracy which for almost two centuries now has prevailed in the ideology of Western peoples. One may call it liberal or bourgeois

democracy, or masked anarchic democracy. Its root proper is in the following principle: since each individual as Rousseau tells, is "born free" (it is clear that each individual is born endowed with free will, but it is evidently not the latter which interests Rousseau; he is equivocal as to the second "free" and means a certain condition of existence, a freedom of independence)—since every individual is born free, his dignity demands that he should obey only himself. Naturally, as everything immediately gets out of order, and as one must live all the same, and as, moreover, the bourgeois class needs order so that it may prosper in business, the dialectic of this democracy leads to the formula of the Social Contract; to find a form of association . . . through which every man, united with all others, should nevertheless obey only himself and remain as free as before. This formula inevitably leads to the myth of the General Will, in which the will of each is mystically annihilated in order to arise transfigured: to the myth of Law as the expression of Number, and not of reason and justice; to the myth of authority considered,

not only as coming from the multitude, but as the proper and inalienable attribute of the multitude; and, finally, this formula leads to totalitarian dictatorship.

Rousseau considers every contract of submission to a prince or president or monarch as incompatible with human reason, since man would thereby make himself the slave of another. If society is to be shaped in such a way that a social power is to be created while the individual still retains his freedom, it can only be done by the individual submitting himself and all his rights without reserve to the whole since he gains as a member of the whole a fraction of the social power and thereby regains the equivalent of all that he lost. The content of the pact by which society is founded is, therefore, that everyone places himself, with his person and all his means under the supreme direction of the general will. For the practical carrying out of the commands of the general will, there can be instituted a legislator; but the act by which this is done is not a contract. "It is absolutely nothing other than a commission, an appointment, ac-

(Continued on page 44)

● THOUGHTS

ording to which the legislator, as the plain servant of the sovereign, exercises the power that is set up to be administered, and, as the sovereign, will can at any time limit, change and take back. The general will, or *la volonté générale* is formed only if the individual feels himself spontaneously and vividly allied with every other individual in the community. On the other hand, if the communal bond breaks in the hearts, or if there arise connections, such as parties or associations of interest, among some in contradiction to all, then the ominous particular interests gain prevalence and not true general will will emerge. Rousseau concludes, "Then all are led by private motives and do not vote as fellow citizens, as if the state never existed, and in the name of law unjust decrees are fraudulently issued, the end of which is merely certain private interests". He rejects therefore a legislative assembly composed of elected representatives of the people with the same delimitation with which he condemns political parties. The *Volunté générale* cannot be represented. Every law which the people have not personally ratified is worthless, it is not a law. The *Volunté générale* operates only during parliamentary elections but as soon as the members of parliament are elected, the people are once more enslaved. Therefore, Rousseau's society suppresses authority and preserves power, since authority means to govern, but for him to be governed is to be enslaved.

Authority An Outcome of Human Nature

Authority is not an enslavement of man as a free being, but rather an outcome of our need for a leader to direct our common efforts for the attainment of our common good. No man is an island; neither did God create an individual person as fully equipped with everything he needs in this corporal world. He needs somebody to direct his efforts. It is a necessity that springs from man's very nature. The political community demands a practical direction proceeding from minds invested with a judgment and a command of operations. Even if all individuals possessed perfect reason and perfect rectitude of will the unified conduct of social affairs would still require a political authority and hierarchy. That is why St. Thomas Aquinas teaches that even in the state of Adamic integrity political authority would have had to

exist in order to direct free men towards the good of social community. The leader himself exists as such only for this good, and finally, is the latter's victim as well as its ordinator. He is a subject because he is not exempted from the law; and an ordinator because through him the law is made practical. In his famous address delivered in 1863, Abraham Lincoln declared 'that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth'. Let us observe in this formula, that the words 'by the people' need comment in order to avoid all ambiguities and confusions with the Rousseauistic interpretations. Taken in their genuinely concrete sense, these words do not mean a government exercised by the people, whose elected representatives would then serve as a pure instrument, but rather a government exercised by the representatives of the people, or by the people in the person of its representatives; a government exercised in the virtue of the people's mission, in the virtue of the popular designation of authority, which passes authority over to its holders, according to the duration, the measure, and the degree of their attributions.

The ruin of authority and of the principle of authority—to the benefit of power without authority, without the foundations of justice and law and without the limit—is consummated in the totalitarian state. A great number of our contemporaries complain with reason of the crisis of authority. Let them not be deceived by the outward appearances of a tyrannical order; this crisis is at its maximum limit or rather it ends in complete dissolution, in the regimes of violence which call themselves 'authoritarian democracies'. Ask the Austrians of 1938; ask the countless men, despoiled, downtrodden, thrown into concentration camps, condemned to abject humiliation, to brainwashing, ask our Reverend Father Rector about his four years imprisonment under the so-called people's party of Communist China—ask them what they think of the community of the people, and of a power which carries to an absolute extreme its contempt for the human person. Such are the fruits of the *la Volonté générale*. Ask Rousseau, if he were permitted to rise up again from his tomb, whether he was made a Saint as God's reward for his fruitful theory, or a Judas covered with hungry leprosy as a punishment for his deleterious and diabolical theory?

I admit, of course the tendency to perversion and corruption of authority since man is born imperfect. In our beloved fatherland we often hear unpleasant practices as influence peddling, bribery, smuggling instigated by government officials. So far as human nature goes, there is always a risk that political power, under pressure of various kinds of desires, will be misused and applied in a way that conflicts with this expectation. Thus, power is exercised not in order to further the common good, but in order to feather individual nests or serve other narrower interests. The magnetic sound of a coin makes a man change his ideals and principles. King Philip of Macedonia boasted that he could conquer any town merely by first driving into it a donkey laden with gold. Corruption also exists when political favor is bought. Political influence can even be misused for this purpose. An example is favoritism or patronage, when politicians exert pressure upon the administration in order to obtain public posts for friends and party colleagues. This plays a great part in France. In the United States it is well-known how the party organization can be developed into a machine for mutual aid and support, in which the safeguard of private interests is ultimately linked up with the exercise of public functions. A professional politician ("Carpetbagger") who gradually loses every honest inner conviction and makes politics exclusively a means of livelihood also represents a degeneration that leads democracy away from its true goal. Let us, therefore, admit our weaknesses and endeavor to overcome them. Democracy taken in the true sense is not Heaven on Earth. But let us not be lured into believing that anything might be gained in that respect by giving up the publicity and free criticism which actually are the best weapons of good in the struggle against all forms of corruption. Change them when election comes.

An intelligent citizen should ask this question: "Shall Juan de la Cruz accept a bribe of twenty pesos to vote for 'his' candidate who he thinks and knows was a carpetbagger, and enjoy the money for a day without thinking that the country would be suffering from inflation for four years or more under 'his' candidate? A good citizen must think "independently" on his decision by means of his God-given intellect. §

Red Infiltration in Philippine Campuses

(Continued from page 25)

history has been written in blood and tears of our forebears, to greater height of progress, so that we as a people might occupy a rightful place in the family of nations in the free world. They have allowed themselves to be the willing tools of unscrupulous people whose purpose is to force the doctrine of Karl Marx down the people's throats. This might be too painful. Too blunt. And too pedestrian a comment for the sons of Iyo Juan. But that's the truth. It hurts. But sometimes, it shall make one free.

But why are they turning Red? The answer to this question might be worth our while to find out. We need not puzzle deeply and too seriously over the answers. Consider the situation confronting the youths in the Philippines. How can they be hopeful under the present circumstances? The choice is between the lousy and the terrible. "There is general poverty. Prices are up while income has remained low. Unemployment keeps increasing. The population is rising rapidly thus increasing pressure on the masses."

It is a fact that in our country "a few are rich, a few more comfortable, the rest are miserable." Democracy is becoming a farce. Hungry people and illiterate ones cannot be expected to choose leaders wisely. Democratic political processes are not functioning well because the citizens are pressed hard to the wall by hunger and disease.

And the government? There is widespread graft and corruption among two-legged rats in government bureaucracies and offices. Anomalies and irregularities. Probes and investigations. Charges and counter-charges. Neglect of the sad plight of the poverty-stricken masses. And there is wanton ignorance of the nature of communism.

And the schools, the diploma mills — these may turn terrific dividends for their operators, but what do they turn out? Under-



educated young people with over-expectations. Perfect recruits Communism. Indeed. Look. Students cannot even boldly stand up and question the inconsistency of their prof's corny lectures. And this is a big blow to our schools that profess to be democratic.

The Filipino youths are really confused. They hardly understand the present set-up of things. Nevertheless, while it is true that the Communist agitators find the chaos and confusion among the young a fertile ground on which to sow the seeds of an alien ideology, yet we can still meet the challenge of communist infiltration in our country by some other means. Like for instance, putting more teeth in our criminal laws.

Congress must legislate laws to regulate for example, the use of passports among student leaders to Red countries; the members of the National Preparatory Committee or the Student Politburo, the WFDY and the IUS should be prosecuted under R.A. 1700 of the anti-subversion law. And there must be a stepped-up campaign to enlighten the students on com-

munist tactics and propaganda, so that they would not be easy prey to Red elements.

It cannot be denied that the different intelligence agencies of the government are keeping track closely on the activities of the suspected communist elements among the student population in the country. But the irony of it all is that the anti-subversion law itself, which punishes subversive acts, is full of loopholes which ultimately defeat the purposes for which it was enacted.

The anti-subversion law which was enacted by Congress during the time of President Magsaysay has so many defects that its enforcement is more often than not, "knocked-out" by its technical provisions. For instance, to successfully prosecute subversion, the intelligence agency must have to prove membership in the Communist Party, and punishes only that.

The original draft of the law establishes certain presumptions that would make up the incriminating proof of subversion. But the presumptions were scrapped off by the Senate in its final draft. It has no penal provision that would even punish students attending communist-sponsored conferences abroad.

CAPA Chairman Rep. Leonardo Perez once recalled that he had referred to former Secretary of Justice Jesus Barrera about the case of some persons who displayed the Red flag during a national holiday parade. But the Secretary of Justice ruled that mere display or bearing of the flag was not punishable under the anti-subversion law for it specifically penalizes only membership in the Communist Party or its successor organization.

Rep. Perez promised since then to fight for the revision of our anti-subversion law to make it more realistic. We don't know, however, what has happened to that vow.

(Continued on page 46)

Evolution and Human Genesis

(Continued from page 40)

matter. Accepting the Thomistic distinction between the "res fidei parae" (things that must be believed absolutely) and the "res fidei per accidens" (things that are secondary) P re Ruiz holds that abandonment of the traditional and strict interpretation of the Fathers should cause neither scandal nor surprise. Their authority in this secondary matter, involving the literary forms of biblical writing is quite a different thing from their authority on doctrinal matters.

His concluding sentence, drawing together the stands of his argument, will undoubtedly evoke discussions: "Evolutionary theory and the Bible follow two parallel courses; they will never meet nor interfere with one another."

Thus, we are made to understand that this theory is not against: 1) Holy Scripture, since Holy Scripture, does not define the mode of creation, while stating its fact. 2) (not against) Tradition, since the Fathers did not pronounce any authoritative doctrine on this matter. This neutrality of revelation in many of the questions touching the modality of man's origin is a position taken by many theologians and Scripture scholars today (e.g. Colunga, O.P., Messenger, Considine, O.P.) and may be seen in Pope Pius XII's allocution to the Pontifical Academy of Science in 1941, as well as in the Encyclical under survey, **Humani Genes**.⁽¹⁸⁾

Secondly, such a view is tenable, for no philosophical argument can be formed against its intrinsic possibility. It is not metaphysically impossible, although as Sutcliffe puts it: "It is a theory lacking proof." Science must prove it by demonstration.

Thus, the theologian Alessandri concludes that "evolution is possible but not proved"⁽¹⁾. And Sutcliffe, that "the Church is ready to accept the verdict of science upon this theory."⁽¹²⁾ Even "Thomism," Sertillanges, says "is quite ready for Transformism, when this becomes, scientifically, something more than a hypothesis."^(12a)

Lastly, such a view is tenable on account of the very statement of the **Magisterium in Humani Genes**, which encourages the further investigation of this matter both by scientists and theologians. Sutcliffe remarks: "Pius XII reminds us that the question does not belong exclusively to the field of natural science and that the sources of revelation impose caution and moderation. It is one that may be freely discussed provided we are prepared to accept the decision of the Church."⁽¹³⁾

CONCLUSION:

In this survey we have exposed briefly the prevailing opinion of the theologians today regarding the theory of evolution, namely, the mitigated evolution theory. This opinion is divided into two camps, which defend it with slight variation. We have given the reasons for the rationability of such a view.

From these we can now draw conclusions. First, evolution is not against Holy Faith, since it does not contradict any of the two sources of revelation, namely, Holy Scripture and Tradition. Second, the Church is ready to accept it as a fact, if science will be able to give proofs by demonstration. Finally, science has not yet demonstrated evolution as a fact, hence it remains a mere possible hypothesis.

Think it over . . .

Do you want to be devilish? Return evil for good.

Human? Give good for good. Divine? Good for evil.

* * * *

To speak kindly of others, especially of the absent, is the greatest art in the world.

Red Infiltration In Philippine Campuses

(Continued from page 45)

Our Postal and Customs Bureau should likewise adopt a rigid policy in the examination of printed matter and magazines that find their way to the Philippines.

Due to the laxity of the Bureau of Customs in scrutinizing the personal effects of returning residents, Communist reading materials which were printed in Shanghai, Peking and Moscow found their way to our bookstores and ultimately to the classrooms of unsupervised schools. This blame came from CAFE Legal Counsel Romulo Lumawig who conducted a raid in a local bookstore and seized contraband books which were designed for intellectuals especially the students.

It cannot be denied that this communist book campaign is every bit as massive and urgent as their sputnik program. It happens however, to be much less visible and less dramatic. It has been so successful that as a matter of fact, today, Lenin is the most widely translated author throughout the world. The Holy Bible is in second place, and the third most widely travelled writer is Stalin, and he is followed in popularity by other communist writers.

The communists regard books not as an entertainment or a mere educational tool. They are proper bullets in a weird constantly shifting and fantastically complicated battle. There must be a restriction to the entrance of Communist reading materials. And it must be a strict one.

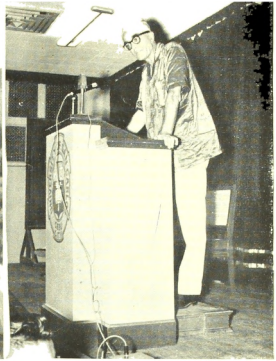
And lastly, our elders must set an example to the youth to emulate. They must not (with a great waste of saliva) preach for others to follow this and that age-old virtue and do just the opposite.

So much water has already passed under the bridge since the din and fury of that shocking findings of the CAFE died away from the national scene. In the recent past, we could hardly see a news item in the papers about the return of the Student Politburo activities in the country. The last state-of-the-nation address of the President did not even contain any word of warning against the threat of communism in the country. It seems that we are all smug

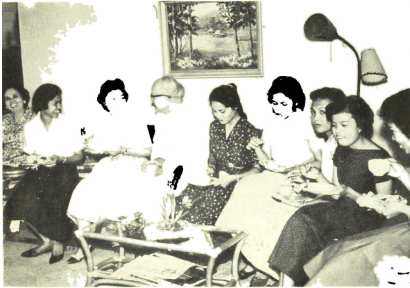
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... ACTIVITIES ...



Convocation, with Dr. Gideonse of Brooklyn College



H. E. Shower Party

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Pharmacy Prom

... ACTIVITIES ...

P-E-R-S-P-E-C-T-I-V-E-S





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PHOTOS
by
REY YAP

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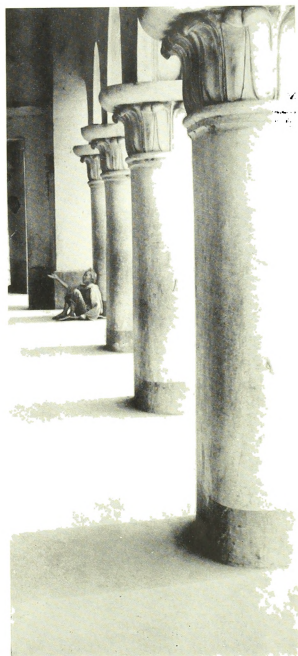
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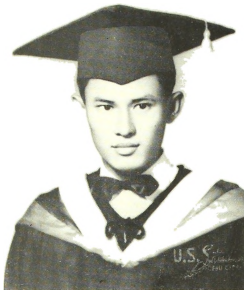
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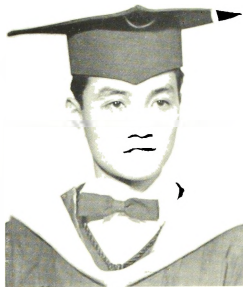
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CAROL NEWS



VALERIO SALAZAR
10th place, Bar



MANUEL VALENZUELA
13th place, Bar



SIXTO LL. ABAO, JR.
2nd Vice-President, NUS
SCAC Proxy



USC ROTC-Star Corps



DR. CONCEPCION RODIL
First Ph.D. in Education,
Majoring in Guidance, in Cebu

In their ear
reach the pi
they hit the h
they did,
made th

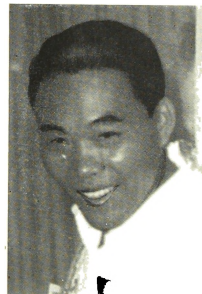
That's why we dub them



ATTY. MARIO D. ORTIZ
"Rizal" in the centennial play,
"The Love of Leonor Rivera".



DELIA ALIÑO
"Leonor" in the centennial play,
"The Love of Leonor Rivera".

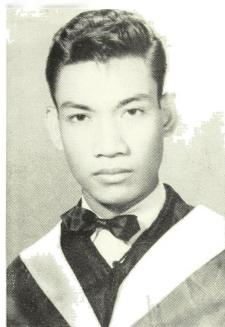


DR. BIENVENIDO MARAPAO
First Filipino Ph.D. in Zoology
in Cebu

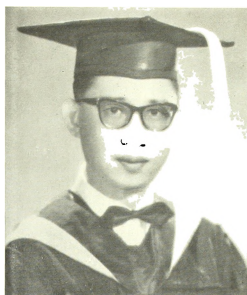
The BINIAN MAKERS



MANUEL S. GO
Workshop Director, 30th
National CEG Workshop;
Cebu CEG Prexy

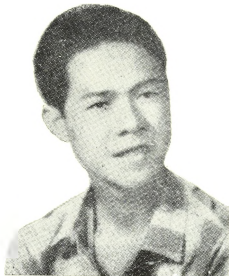


VICENTE BENDANILLO, JR.
1st place, Chem. Eng. Exam.



LOUIS BAGAMAN
8th place, CPA Exam.

...nest endeavors to
...innacle of success,
...adlines. And when
...San Carlos too
...re front pages.



JOVEN ECARMA
2nd prize, sports writing,
CEG Contest



JULIAN MACOY
made the National Collegiate basket-
ball selection: the only one outside
Manila

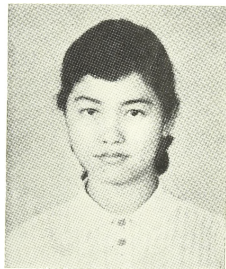
... "The Carolinian Newsmakers"



JUNNE CARIZARES
1st prize, feature writing,
CEG Contest



BALT V. QUINAIN
2nd prize, column writing,
CEG Contest



JULIET VILLALUZ
SEATO Scholar

SUPREME STUD



BALLOON



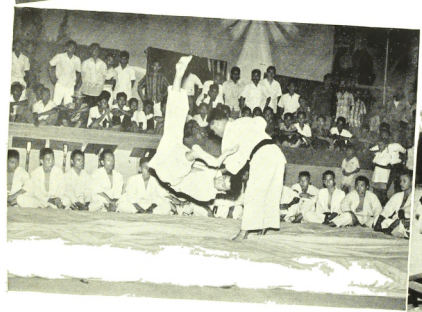
RALLY



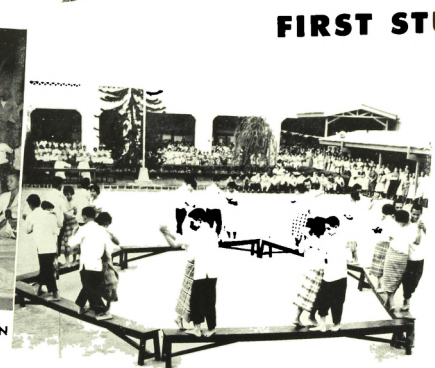
PROGRAM



LITERARY-MUSICAL



PLAYGROUND DEMONSTRATION



FIRST STU

STUDENT COUNCIL'S



TORCH



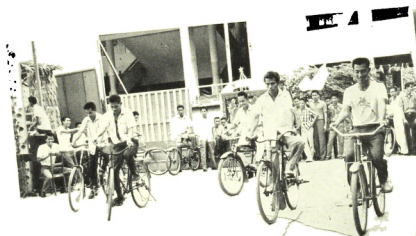
PARADE

STUDENTS



BALL

STUDENTS DAY



AND GAMES...

A GOOD American

by CONCEPCION F. RODIL

LAST SEPTEMBER I came back to the Philippines after three years stay in America and after a six-week tour of Europe. When I was in Germany, I received letters from my American "Mommie", and at the end of one of the letters, she wrote the following which struck me as one of full concern and understanding for the recipient: "... At least before sailing thru the Suez Canal, you have heard from us. We all love you very much, dear... Here is a better photograph of me for you to have. Love, Mommie."

The first thing I received when I set foot on American soil in July 1957 was a brisk, yet very friendly and candid letter from a Mrs. Harold J. Dunham in Granville, Ohio, introducing her family with whom I was supposed to stay for one month before graduate school started the following fall. Dazed in big, chilly San Francisco which was pulsating with a brow-beating traffic and a winning, milling crowd, and utterly unoriented with what the Experiment in International Living (the program under which I was sent to Ohio) stood for, I clung to the letter for support. The thought of having a family to live with consoled my ignorant yet daring soul wanting to know where I drifted next. I read Mrs. Dunham's letter again—... We are a family of four children—Tom, the oldest boy of 16 is a sophomore in senior high school; David, 14-years-old, will finish junior high next spring; Sally, 8-years-old goes to elementary school; and Martha June who is 3 years-old, stays home with me.

Mr. Harold Dunham (Hal for short) is in sales and goes to work everyday from Monday to Friday in a town called Hebron which is about eleven miles away from Granville. Granville is a small village, peaceful and quiet...

The movie picture "Oklahoma" which I saw in the Philippines rose to my mind and I immediately saw myself riding in a horsedrawn carriage with an American family in flowing hoop skirts and laced



Dr. RODIL's First Christmas in America with her American Family

shoes, drawing water from a deep stone well with a wooden bucket, pushing logs in a hearthen stove to help make porridge in a tin kettle, calling the ducks and chickens to feed early in the morning when the ground still smelled raw and fresh... I thought that for somebody from a city with modern conveniences, a different life would be an interesting change!

When our plane screeched to a jumpy halt in Columbus, the capital of Ohio, I waded out of the plane together with eight other Filipino boys and girls who, like me, were sent to study in America on the Fulbright Program, and who also had to stay in Granville for one month on the Experiment in International Living, an international organization which sponsors the program of exchange of youths from various lands for better international understand-

ing and friendship. Scarcely had I found my way to the exit gate when a friendly voice uttered my Spanish name the twangy American way. The tall lady introduced herself pleasantly as Mrs. Dunham and then, one by one, presented the rest of the family. In a moment, I was shut off from the new and strange world by the Dunhams whose breezy, snappy English left me almost speechless and stupid during the 27-mile ride from Columbus to Granville.

The modern street-length dresses of the girls and of Mrs. Dunham and the well-pressed coats of the boys and of Mr. Dunham, the family car we rode in, and the scintillating lights of the city we whizzed through were the first things in a continuous series that suggested to me I was not to live in an "Oklahoma"-type village!

Mrs. Dunham was always the first one to break the short yet uncomfortable silence here and there. After the family and I figured out how they should call me, Sally, the oldest girl, hastened to say innocently that sometimes she did not like their family name, Dunham, because her classmates in school sometimes made fun at her calling her "Dumb One." Her mother asked her instantly whether she thought they were right in their mischief, and if she didn't, then she should not be bothered about the joke. Very good attitude to take—I mused silently to myself in the dark corner of the car. From then on, I've gathered and learned numerous small yet sparkling good thoughts about life from Mrs. Dunham.

Although I was really old to be appropriately considered a child of the young Dunhams who were then only in their early forties, I felt that calling them "Daddy" and "Mommie" would help place one in the family circle. Moreover, coming



Dr. Rodii's American Mommie

from a big family of ten children with strong ties, I really wanted to belong. Being part of the family, I could participate in the family activities which, I learned later, is the essence of the program of the Experiment in International Living. Fortunately, I call my Filipino parents Papa and Mama and these have not been confused with my American Daddy and Mommie.

Each day with the Dunhams and contacts with the other families brought for me new and interesting discoveries and helped to gradually dispel my doubts and odd ideas about America which I gath-

ered from the American movies and magazines and from "the ugly American" sent abroad. But it was from Mommie more than anybody else in America with whom I had contact, that I learned countless fresh, interesting tidbits of life in general and of America in particular.

I accidentally woke up very early one morning and I came across Mommie in the kitchen pounding deftly the typewriter keys with sheets of typing and carbon paper between the roller. I thought she was writing a book or an essay. Noting my inquiring look, she explained she was writing her folks—parents, sisters, brothers, in-law scattered in America and in other countries. Through carbon letters where she recounts to everybody the same news with personal handwritten notes below the typed letter, she is able to communicate with everybody once a week. In this present age when a million other activities press us on all sides and at all times, I thought that Mommie's carbon letters were very practical and sensible. Very soon, I found myself sending to my folks scattered all over the Philippines carbon letters with personal notes in each of them. Since I've left Granville, Mommie and I have been exchanging breezy, chatty carbon letters.

One evening after a long shopping spree, Mommie and I were thrown into the confused throes of preparing dinner later than usual, vainly trying to race with time before Daddy would get back from work at six. A bright idea flashed into Mommie's mind and she immediately requested me to set the table saying, "If you should get married, Chita, and you think your husband is arriving home before dinner is ready, set the table first and that sets him to thinking dinner will be ready very soon even if you have not actually started the roast!" Very clever idea, I thought.

Wherever we were, whether alone or with company, whether in the crowded basement with Mommie showing me how to run the washing machine and dryer, or in Spring Valley Pool under the umbrellas waiting for little Martha June to get tired of the pool and shake the water off her frail, tiny figure, Mommie's scintillating sense of humor and what I call quick, penetrating intelligence pervaded the atmosphere. There was not a moment dull and interesting with her around. Although she is of German descent, (her father being a German and

once Director of the Conservatory of Music of Denison University, the only university in Granville) except for her brilliant mind and strong will, which, I suppose, she owes to her German lineage, there is hardly any other streak of German in her. Mommie's outgoingness and sparkling sense of humor are very "American" just like the handy American holdog. One time she remarked to me, "I almost married somebody whose bank rolls were as fat as his sense of humor was lean. After some good thinking over, I finally decided to settle down with a man whose pocket is just as adequate as his sense of humor is rich. I thought that life with the latter would be more fascinating and worth living." To Mommie and me, there is rarely a better combination in this world than a well-channelled intelligence and a delightful sense of humor.

The first few days I was in Granville, I was left exhausted looking at Mommie on the go from dawn till the last semblance of life died in the evening. As if the household chores and the taking care of a man and five children (the fifth was I) were not enough, she squeezed into her tight schedule a reasonable number of social, civic and cultural activities—attending music rehearsals (Mommie plays the cello for church and for the Music Club of Granville), teaching Sunday school when called upon as a substitute, deriving pleasure from a bridge game once a week with friends, cheering for her son in a ball game, and attending Granville concerts and theatre. Coming from a musically-talented family, Mommie's talents are not limited to the cello and the piano. She possesses a singing voice which she makes good use of in her church and in small social gatherings. During the farewell party which the American host families gave for the Filipino group of Fulbrighters in 1957, she performed an excellent vocal solo rendition of the Filipino native song, "Ay, Ay Kalisud," which did not take me much time to teach her. Except for her American pronunciation of some of the native words, which, we all thought, was fascinating and enjoyable, the performance caught the audience, American and Filipino alike. The expression, the pathos and the mood were what was needed for the song and for the occasion. Mommie was the only adult among the host families who did a Filipino number. She found a place in the hearts of the Filipinos.

I am not really the "fifth" child of the Dunhams; I'm the "sixth." Almost ten years ago, much against the protestations of relatives and friends, Mommie took custody with court approval of an American girl teenager, one of the unhappy children of a broken family. The apprehensions of letting one's children grow up with some wayward stranger did not, in the least, deter Mommie's strong conviction that nobody is so bad that you cannot change him. Mommie recounted to me with pride and satisfaction how Rose, the girl, slowly with awkward and sometimes embarrassing strides, and yet surely, adopted the better manners of society; how she found school to be an interesting place to go to; and how she finally settled maturely with a solicitous husband. The letters of Mommie, now are replete with joyful lines about Rose's child and about how wonderful their visits with each other have been. Mommie is a foster parent who believes that there is always "room for one more."

Mommie is one of the few Americans who are internationally literate. Very much aware of the role America plays in the present world crisis, she believes that prejudice, bigotry and intolerance can do no better thing than put America down in the international struggle for a free world. She subscribes to the idea that peoples of other lands, most especially those of smaller nations, be given due respect and recognition. She does not see race, color and creed as impediments to the attainment of beauty of the heart, strength of the mind and peace of the soul. She found for me a Catholic family to take me to church every Sunday, her own family being non-catholic. She loves my brown skin just as I love her fair complexion. She has never failed to give praise for my few merits or offer tactful subtle condemnation of my faults.

The subject of why other peoples act and do things the way they do has long fascinated Mommie and has aroused her insatiable thirst for new knowledge. Unlike many Americans who are unfortunately internationally illiterate (this fact being attested to and acknowledged by many American authorities on international relations), she believes that motivations, beliefs, hopes and aspirations which are mirrored in the things people do and the manner they do them; are best known and learned through personal contacts, supplemented by travel, read-

ing literature on other lands, movies, and through vicarious experience. Knowing these helps create better international understanding and friendship. The questions about the Philippines posed to me by the Dunhams revealed their knowledge of my country before I came. When one time I exclaimed abashedly, "Why, you know more of Philippine history and geography than I do!" Mommie gasped, "We read up on the Philippines before you came!" Upon exchanging notes later with co-Filipino Experimenters, I learned that a few of other host families were not as keen and avid enthusiasts about my country as the Dunhams were. I am almost sure that the latter have been as interested in the cultures of their three other summer guests as they have been in mine. I shall always remember Mommie's rapt expression when she finally discovered the secret of cooking rice the Filipino way after three dismal failures; when she enjoyed heartily the Filipino dishes I prepared — *adobo*, *estofado* and *chop suey* (Chinese!) — while the rest of the family were wondering what was good in them; when I explained to her what "Filipino time" means after our Filipino group in Granville appeared at 11:00 for a supposedly 9:00 dance rehearsal!

Mommie is very easy to please, very amenable to anything dished to her and to any situation into which she is thrown. Her ability to adjust is remarkable, a concomitant phenomenon of her high intelligence. By being "one" with the other person, Mommie learns more, and thus, understands more. I had the feeling that among the members of the Dunham family, she derived most pleasure and most advantage from the Experiment homestays not only because of this extraordinary characteristic she possesses, but also because Daddy was away the whole day at work and the children were still too young to really appreciate the good mission of the Experiment in International Living.

It has been said that intelligence is the capacity to take pain. Certainly, Mommie possesses this virtue to a large extent. The virtuosity with which she handles trying problems—from Tom's looking for a job to pay his way through college, to Dave's accidental breaking of a glass window pane in the house; and from a neighbor wanting in moral support and difficult to be refused help because of a pinching schedule, to the washer in the basement that goes on the blink at

Christmas time — is remarkable. Since I've known Mommie, I have developed better the virtues of patience and endurance, of waiting till problems got unwound and solved eventually. Now everytime a problem throws its merciless darts at me, Mommie's words keep ringing in my ears, "Remember, dear, there's never a problem so great!"



Dr. Concepcion Rodri

and there again, I launch at the challenging world with renewed hope and enthusiasm.

The first winter in Washington, D.C. found me weak with colds and low blood pressure. I realized that the food given me in the university dormitory where I stayed was insufficient for a heavy load of graduate work I was carrying. I needed more energy-building foods to fight off the cold which gnawed my bones and sapped the strength out of my tiny Oriental body. Upon knowing my physical frailty, Mommie came to the succour—sending me bottles of vitamin pills and lozenges of home-made cookies and biscuits. The first package contained the following notes: "This horse pills (the vitamin pills were so big, we called them in Granville "horse pills") are for your blood and the cookies are for you to remember my cooking. Love, Daddy and Mommie." This was one of the numerous little things which meant a lot to me that Mommie did for me.

When Mommie and Dave and Sally went to Washington, D.C. to visit me during my third summer in America, I took the opportunity of introducing them to a few close friends. To the lady housing director of the university I attended, I heard Mommie say, "I am afraid Mr. Dunham might not have the chance to see other lands. This is one of the reasons why I am interested in bringing the world to us by taking into our family in the

(Continued on page 69)

Aimed at helping victims of circumstance out of their misery and thus find meaning in their existence, that's . . .



Mrs. DOROTHEO and a Holy Ghost Sister distributing food items to a mother of five.

IN A BRIEF interview Father Harold W. Rigney, S.V.D., rector of the University of San Carlos, unfolded to this writer the plight of residents in the waterfront area who live in miserable conditions and he makes this appeal to civic-minded people to focus attention on these victims of circumstance.

Fr. Rigney is the man best qualified to know about the San Carlos Center. For Fr. Rigney himself is the founder of the Center whose aim, he says, is "to provide a religious center for the religious aspect of the lives of the poor people of the area—so poor they cannot attend to their religious needs"—not only that, their material necessities. Fr. Rigney has expressed deep concern for them.

He elaborated: "We have to help these people. They are victims of circumstance, waiting for social minded, good-hearted individuals to come to their aid. But there are people who level charges against them saying that they are lazy. No, these people are not lazy. The people who say such things should offer them jobs, and I know: if they

are given jobs, they will work. And they will help improve themselves."

With evident compassion in his eyes, Fr. Rigney went on to say that he has seen actual cases of victims of leprosy, malnutrition and tuberculosis of the bones, among those people living within the vicinity of the Murio-murio. He told me of a family of four who are living there miserably until now.

According to him, the father had two children who were undernourished and afflicted with diseases. He said he was present when the father cried in prayer as his elder son was dying, saying also that he would go back to the Church if God would save his son. They had to counsel him that whether his son would survive or not he has to go back to the Catholic. His elder son died, and after two weeks his younger son also died. This is a family hit by misfortune, which is miserable like most other people in the community, which could not even afford to buy a coffin for the dead son. A kind-hearted lady gave them a coffin for the son. This is only one instance where not only

spiritual needs are called for, but also material and financial assistance, he said.

This material assistance, in establishing the San Carlos Center, has not been overlooked by Fr. Rigney. In fact it is one of his aims that material goods in any form may be distributed whenever possible. Food, clothing and medicine are solicited by the Center for his purpose.

This Christmas season that passed the Center distributed rice, bread, used clothing and some quantities of medicine. He disclosed that in the campaign for used clothing some gave dresses that were new. Also the H. E. people made rag dolls worth P200 and children who received them were very much delighted, he said. He wanted, he disclosed, to instill in the residents the habits of cleanliness and dressing properly as much as possible. Now there are children who dress better than before.

Fr. Rigney's next plan is the introduction of home industries to help the residents use their time, and to augment what little income they can get.

This priest from Chicago credits much of the progress of the work to the mother of a prominent family. In this connection he made mention of the Dorotheos. He said that although Mr. Ricardo Dorotheo receives a good pay from the Madrigal firm in Cebu, he does not have a car for his family. And he says, he and Mrs. Amparo Dorotheo (a faculty member at USC) have helped him much in running the Center. Not only do they have contributed much material help, but they also have given their time to maintaining the Center. In fact it is Mrs. Dorotheo (they live at the Madrigal compound) who has been given the charge of running and maintaining the San Carlos Center.

This writer had the opportunity to watch and stay with the Dorotheos one whole Sunday.

Let's see a typical Sunday at the Center located at the south side of the Madrigal Cebu office.

Project: San Carlos Center

by: B. C. Cabanatan

The morning brought clouds over the city, some spots threatening the city folks with rain. But from different parts of the pier area, in the surroundings of the Madrigal compound and extending up to the Murio-murio district people carrying veils and prayerbooks started to converge on an open field mass. Every Sunday it has become their habit to hear mass at a place near their homes. The site of the mass is the San Carlos Center.

As the tarianilla made a turn we got off near the chapel. Music, that is, popular music, was being played, piped through two loudspeakers. The chapel, seemingly weak in construction, stood bare, except for a crucifix. People facing the chapel were seated on long wooden unpainted benches and on the ground were long wooden kneelers. The Sunday mass devotees included youngsters, who would be seen at the pier grounds scavenging for food during the days of the week, workhands and old women.

The popular music stopped. The priest donned the vestments and started to say mass. A woman stood near the altar and guided the faithful to say the prayers in Visayan. As communion time came she went around calling attention and counting those who were to

take communion. Youngsters raised their hands. As many as a score of the faithful received communion that Sunday.

The popular music, the mass in the open field, the leading of the faithful in the prayers, the communion by the faithful, have been repeated every Sunday since the San Carlos Center was established six months ago.

The Sunday we described above is just one holiday when we attended the field mass. And it was an experience for us to see people who had been indifferent towards things spiritual before, for most of them are ingressed in their struggle for a living. For many don't care to go to mass; they have to look for food somewhere to fill their empty stomachs.

That Sunday we stayed around to observe more. The lady who led the faithful in prayers during the mass, Mrs. Amparo C. Dorotheo, told us to join the priest, Fr. Margarito Alingasa, S.V.D., up to their house and promised to give us pictures of the San Carlos Center. Later Mr. Denising and I joined a party composed of Fr. Alingasa, Mrs. Dorotheo, Sister Bernadette and two helpers of Mrs. Dorotheo bringing a dress and a ganta of rice. These items were to be given to a sick woman on whom we made a call. Fr. Alingasa was to administer to her the last sacraments. When we reached the house we were told that the sick woman and her husband had gone somewhere to seek the help of a doctor. But Mrs. Dorotheo conjectured that because of superstition, perhaps they did not want a priest to administer the last sacraments to the sick woman.

We turned back. Fr. Alingasa proceeded to USC, while Mr. Denising and I stayed with the group of Mrs. Dorotheo and Sister Bernadette. A couple joined us; and we learned later that they were from the World Neighbors, Inc., who had the same mission as ours.

We went first to a house where a girl was the subject of our visit. Her mother was in, cuddling a

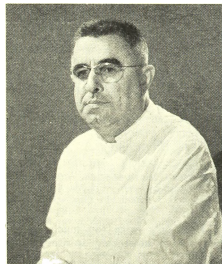
9-month-old son. But her daughter, about 8-years-old, was behind her trying to hide from us, for her body was covered with diseases. Her skin seemed to peel off all over. Mrs. Dorotheo told the mother to go to her house after two days so she could write a note to the Franciscan Sisters, who would give her medicine.

Our next stop was a house where a mother and her three children lived. Mrs. Dorotheo told us that the father was a tubercular. They took him to the Cebu TB pavilion one week before. Their children lived on the mother's earnings as a laundry-woman.

The last visit we made was to a very small lean-to where a mother and her five children lived. Her husband had abandoned her, and her children depended only on what the mother could get. Mrs. Dorotheo told us that she depends so much on the food, and sometimes cash, given by Fr. Rigney.

After the rounds of the district we went back to the Dorotheo residence and Mrs. Dorotheo and her niece gave us refreshments. We stayed for a few minutes to watch the distribution of yellow corn, bread and powdered milk to the indigents. The individuals given re-

(Continued on page 69)



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



Mrs. Amparo C. Dorotheo

by BALT V. QUINAIN

Let's TALK IT OVER

● Chesterton told us once that there are two ways of getting home; and one of them is to stay there. The other is to walk around the whole world till we come back to the same place.

Unfortunately for us, we cannot always cling to the solana of Uncle Charles and stay here in order to get "home." We must have to go outside and walk around the whole world, and endeavor this time to come back "home" not anymore as students who pay our tuition fees, but rather as professionals who receive salaries for service in our respective chosen careers.

Home, to us, has been in the library, where we read voluminous law books until, Morpheus gets into our tired and weary eyes. Home, to us, has been in the office of the Carolinian, where we found the typewriter for literary pieces which are blunt and pedestrian, biting and insulting, or sweet and gentle, sometimes dispassionate. More often, however, we are constrained to engage in writing the former because there are more things to lampoon than to praise in the campus. Yes, home to us, has been in this column, where we talk over and over again the ins and outs of this sanctum-sanctorum of Uncle Charles. These things and many more have been part of our chores at "home."

But as we prepare to take off our black attire, hang the sheepskins on the wall and walk around the whole world in order to get "home" not anymore as law students or amateur campus writers, we find out that graduation is not only an event of academic im-

portance nor an indelible trimming of our student lives, but rather an occasion that stirs with ceaseless regularity the youthful curiosity of our young minds.

We find it as a prosecuting time, trying our young souls and setting us on a process of self-evaluation with thought-provoking questions ringing ceaselessly in our ears: How far have we gone in our search for knowledge and our quest for truth after the trying years of spiritual guidance and tutelage of Iyo Carlos? How far have we grown spiritually, intellectually and morally. How prepared are we to face squarely the stark realities of life?

As we pause for a while, grope for affirmative answers to the questions, subsequent ones echo from nowhere: Will the proper religious educational background and the right perspective we have acquired from the school really help us pave our way to successful ventures in life? What are our chances of successful life in this modern community of keen competition in fashion as well as in business? Can we live on "lawyering" alone? There are so many lawyers already. Do the fresh graduates have an edge over those old legal luminaries? Will people not hire them instead, because of their experience in handling cases in our courts of justice? How about writing? Can we live on it? According to a seasoned editor, writing is only good as a sideline in the Philippines. The newspaper business is not a flourishing trade here. Filipino

journalists must have to scam somewhere to live and eat.

But where? In the government? But isn't it a fact that landing a job in the government nowadays is not based on one's civil service eligibility but rather on one's political affiliation? Don't we know that today, it is no longer a question of what but whom one knows, and not what one is, but what he owns, that matter more in our present society? Have we forgotten that today, the comrade system and friendship with those who have power and influence count more than one's own abilities and the true worth of a person?

Supposing we don't find any employment, what will we do in the light of the present conflict for power between angels and devils? In the dominating atmosphere of graft and corruption? Of political confusions and economic deprivations? Of raging religious controversies? Of hunger and revolutions? Of hatred and revenge? Of hypocritical love and understanding? Of thievery, robbery and of begging? Of amoks, suicides and parenglas? And to sum it up, the mad scramble for the survival of the fittest?

These are some of the many challenging questions beckoning us to ponder on as we roll our sleeves to cross that ocean or climb that mountain to earn a living. But at any rate, as we walk around the whole world, we are optimistic that we won't get "home" empty handed. For after all, didn't they say that faith can move mountains?

● *It has been our interesting experience in the past to listen to commencement speakers deliver their commencement speeches full of loopholes, inconsistencies and balonies.*

The themes of their so called masterpieces varied from the sublime to the ridiculous. Some were self-serving, high-falutin' political speeches, harping on the same old political theme song: the nation's chronic malady of graft and corruption prevailing in every government office (a disease, which in truth came about wholly or partly because of the speakers' connivance with the illegal activities of the four-legged rats now running loose on the shiny floors in the bureaucracies of our government.)

Other speeches were ostentatious display of hand-me-down-sweet-nothings or kilometric summaries of

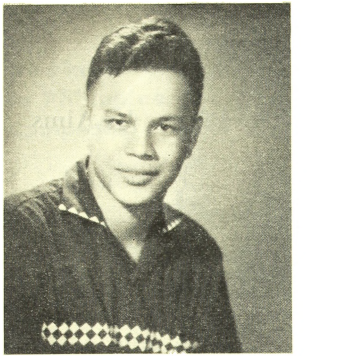
mamporian formulae for success gathered from encyclopedias, methods to produce results only under ideal conditions in countries like the United States.

Still others catered to blurred generalizations tending to influence the minds of the young to grasp only the big things and relegate to the background the small essential ones which are vital to the existence of the big things. They tried to teach the graduates to close their eyes to insignificant matters and wink at the big ones in order to get rich quick, hands down, at the spur of the moment.

This time, however, we expect that guest speakers will give us commencement speeches "cooked" in an entirely new dish. Speeches that suit the call of the immediate.

● They say that graduates, in the real sense of education, never graduate at all. They only learn too much or too little. They base this assertion on the premise that the essence of true education is not in advancing spiritually and morally through the years.

By this, we are reminded of graduates who get their sheepskins all right, but until now don't know how to commence at commencement. We are, of course, referring to those who still don't know how to pray the Our Father and the Hail Mary; to those who still don't know how to examine the help-wanted ads without the aid of their Tatays and Nanays; and to those who still act and talk like savages. §



Jose G. Pritchard

THIS ISSUE'S personality is a newcomer to San Carlos and although only fifteen years old, he has already gained a certain degree of popularity which other students of his age rarely achieve. Born Jose Gonzalez Pritchard in Danao, Cebu on May 13, 1944, he received his first education at the Danao Elementary School where he graduated valedictorian. Thus, he scored the first of his scholastic successes. Pursuing his secondary studies at the USC Boys' High School, he graduated salutatorian in March of last year. He then enrolled in the College of Liberal Arts. He hopes with God's help to become an excellent doctor in the future.

Pretty early, Joe, if we may call him that has developed a strong love for books. Westerns top his list. This love also extends to movies; ask him the latest Western in town and he will readily give the answer to you. Another favorite hobby of his is swimming and gymnastics. He is a member of the USC Gymnastics Team which performed, to the tremendous amusement of those present, during the First USC Students Day—an extra-curricular activity which he attends aside from the SCA.

Although quite young, he has "valuable" ideas about romance and going steady in college. Asked to give some, he said, "There's nothing wrong with dating only one girl however, the pair should not get serious, if it is a source of temptation, then, they should break off."

Joe finds USC a good institution where students are taught in a truly Catholic atmosphere. However, he confides that in spite of the good students, there are also snobs. "It's a good thing there are more good people than snobs," he mused.

Nothing stands in Joe's way to success because he always sticks to his life philosophy: "If you want a thing hard enough and you go after it long enough, you'll get it." In school his favorite subjects are English and Chemistry. As for movies, he likes comedies, fannies, and tragedies, too.

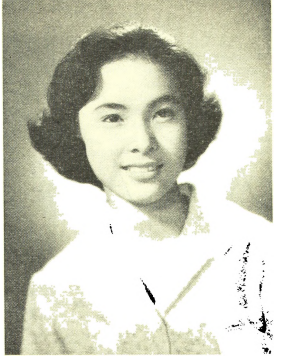
The first in a family of seven, Joe is an American mestizo, his father (Joseph Pritchard, now deceased) being an American, and his mother (Genevieve Gonzales) a Filipina. He's both introvert and extrovert. Among his friends he's an extrovert, but among other people he's an introvert.

Joe delights in telling his most unforgettable experience—a breath-taking one which almost cost his tender life. One sunny afternoon, when he was still a kid, he went swimming. He couldn't swim very far because the waves were rather big. But then the boyish urge to swim from the shore to a small boat anchored some fifty yards away was too great to overcome; midway, cramps caught him; he tried to swim on his back. Sensing he couldn't make it, he tried to swim ashore. He was so tired he couldn't move his legs anymore. He had only his arms and God above to help him. But after a long and arduous effort and a lucky stroke, he reached shore.

This is the experience which nearly cost the life of the king of the First USC Students Day.

N. Larosa

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Erlinda M. Talaid

BARELY NINETEEN years old, Erlinda del Mar Talaid, has risen from the little angel that she used to be to the beauty and scholar that she is now. Born in Clarin, Bohol on August 8, 1942, months after the second global war, Linda or Lynn as she is fondly called by her intimate friends, holds the topmost berth of her class, second year General A.B. Course, and intends to be a famous professor of psychology in the future.

For her to become a professor of psychology is not surprising; on the contrary, that is the least that can be expected of her. Her latent gifts of brilliance, tact, and diligence transcend the ordinary. From her kindergarten days until college she has been coping no mean scholastic honors. She graduated valedictorian from the elementary and salutatorian in the high school, University of Southern Philippines. She made a name for her beloved Alma Mater (said institution) by participating in the Second Philippine Junior Red Cross Biennial Conference, August, 1957 in Dilliman, Quezon City. For this Caroliniana whose ambition is "to be ambitious", no obstacle is too great to delay her soaring to greater heights. Her scholastic records show: consistent scholarship in college. As a secondary student she was Supreme Student Council secretary, associate editor of the "Junior Scholar", and 4-M Club delegate to its Regional and Provincial Meet. In college she has been Carolinian Chemistry treasurer, "Retort" editor, SCA member, top-ranking representative of the Liberal Arts College to the 4th Student Congress, "C" staff member. This of course shows an unusually brilliant mind. Not only does she have brains but also something to crow about—beauty that epitomizes the all-too-well known simplicity of a Filipina. She was Miss Freshman, Miss Senior, Sweetheart of the Senior Organization, Muse of the Sophomore, Junior, and Senior Varsity teams, PMT sponsor in high school; in college, Muse of the Science team, queen of the First USC Students Day, and "Daredevil" battalion sponsor.

About going steady in college, she has this to say to her admirers: "Love can wait; there may be exceptions, but they don't make the rule. Better no love affairs in college to there will never be heartaches and failing grades."

Lynn has outgrown her love for comics although she has never really developed a love for books. But, mind you, whenever she reads, she prefers books on poetry. Home journals and cookbooks too are her forte.

For Linda, an experience is above the rest? "All experiences are unforgettable," she said laughingly. Among them are high school graduation, her stay at the State university, the afternoon she was on the liberal arts float, the evening of her coronation as Queen of the USC Students Day, and especially the recent NUS conference in Baguio.

Linda finds USC nice and has some words for the faculty: "Carolinians should be deeply indebted to the administration and faculty for the religious instructions given them". She said at first the USC people were indifferent, but then she realized that people always are, until you know them. She

(Continued on page 84)

THE AKA FRATERNITY

Its Aims and Objectives



AKANS with former Secretary of Foreign Affairs Raul Manglapus (Marked x). The author is at extreme right.

SO MANY things have been said of the Alpha Kappa Alpha Fraternity of the College of Commerce — praises as well as antagonistic criticisms.

Organized almost a decade (of years) age, the AKA Fraternity has grown in name, membership, and achievements. Its members now count around 800. Its organization set-up has been the pattern of other fraternities, not only in the University of San Carlos, but also in other schools.

Since its existence, the fraternity has contributed much to the University and to the community of Cebu. The costly seal at the main lobby of USC was a project of the fraternity. The always-asked-for Bingo games during the past College Day celebrations were undertaken by the Akans in their Akan spirit of brotherhood and cooperation. The yearly canned

Akan when the newly accepted Akan pledges: "By the grace of God, my Creator, I was born into this world a free man. Wherefore, with all the honor and dignity born in all free men, I now subscribe that I am Akan in thought, in deed, and in spirit; and all the earthly possessions that I come with, I pledge to share with my brothers in the spirit of fellowship as one would do with his brothers, flesh with flesh, blood with blood, to live in all the glory of being a Christian; I strive towards all the lofty and honorable, that in the end I may meet my Creator. . . ."

Another manifestation of the fraternity's spiritual objective is the acceptance of a probationer for the fraternity: "We now set the flame of brotherhood to light, thy blood in the fire of the joys of companionship and the nectar of our spiritual fraternity and in this

Whatever they may say about the relative importance of the factors in the making of human beings, we know that every person is to a great extent what he wants to be. We extend that you can't do much about the matter of heredity, but you can do something about environment. It is important to make it work for you rather than against you. What people do you want to resemble? Ask yourself that question and answer it frankly. Study the habits of people whom you admire; attempt to acquire their virtues and avoid their faults. By associating with such people you can learn what you want to learn. Observe and emulate, but be sure yours isn't a slavish or counterfeit imitation. . . ."

Then at about the last phase of the initiation rites, the neophytes are reminded and instructed to walk along the road of vir-

by EPIMACO DENSING JR.

food drive of the fraternity is aimed to help and make happy some hundreds of poor families in the slums of Cebu City.

But above all these material undertakings, the fraternity aims at the development and training of its members morally and spiritually.

Under the guidance of a spiritual adviser, the fraternity has for its objective the attainment of the ultimate end of life — the destiny all men's hearts are restless for — the eternal happiness in the companionship of the Creator. This is manifested at the final step of the making of an

way we lift thy faith and thy vow to the heavens — one brotherhood of so much blood — and the fire that has been lit may soon die, but the spirit which gave it light remains forever entombed in the Glory of Our Lord Eternal. . . ."

The fraternity also in its intention to develop the moral and social nature of its members has made use of environments and undertakings favorable to its attainment. At the start of its initiation rites, the fraternity tells its neophytes: "The psychologists, biologists, and sociologists have much to tell about the effect of environment and heredity. . . ."

Put in practice your best manners. Tact, forbearance, and consideration for others are necessary for every condition-in-life. Be loyal to your family. . . . Strive for popularity in your own home and popularity elsewhere will not be hard to achieve.

"Let your appearance speak for you. Health and cleanliness are two essentials of a good appearance. And good grooming is as much a part of modern life as is streamlining. There is no denying that clothes do help to make a man. And they are just as likely to unmake you. Appropriate-

(Continued on page 84)

Red Infiltration In Philippine Campuses

(Continued from page 46)

about the threat of the Red sickle. It seems we are complacent.

Can we say that the image of communism has been fading out in the country? If so, what can the proper intelligence agency say about printed matter being received regularly by some College Editors and officers of the Student Councils of different educational institutions in this Queen City of the South?

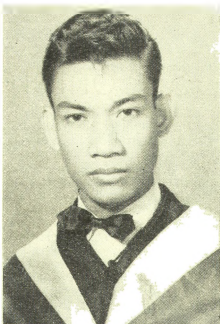
Printed matter received by the office of the *Carolinian* and even officers of the Student Council here in San Carlos includes magazines, pamphlets and letters from the *International Union of Students (IUS)* whose headquarters is in Prague, Czechoslovakia.

That the IUS is a communist propaganda machine is not a debatable topic. But that is not the question for the moment. What the college editors want to know is — How did the people in Prague get their names here in Cebu City?

Most student leaders here, especially the college editors and Council officers who are receiving such printed matter from such far away Red places did not ask for the printed reading materials sent them. They want to know who gave their names to the IUS in Prague? How did the printed matter pass through the mails? Or are the Postal and Customs Bureaus sleeping on their jobs.

Whether the Student Politburo which "trapped" the local coed into the Red orbit at Talisay is back to infiltrate and subvert students of this Queen City, is still everybody's guess, though the receipt of printed matter from those places gives everyone sufficient ground for suspicion.

The Filipino students are not safe from communist infiltration, after all. They are "threatened" by the Reds to "barter" the "Orient Pearl" for the "Red sickle." And that's dangerous. Remember, if there is anything hard to resist, it is temptation. ☿



VICENTE BENDANILLO, Jr.

•• Topnotcher ••

by RENE M. RANCES

• When the results of the Chemical Engineering Board exams held in Manila last August 1946 were released last December 22, many were not surprised to know of the 78-passing-percentage obtained by San Carlos. Many were not shocked anymore. Many were not puzzled considering the usual low percentage of passing in most government exams. The coming out of USC's successful candidates has been regarded not only among the students, but the Cebuans in general as an ordinary "event" of the school. The records in previous board exams will bear this out.

But when, a week after it was verified, Mr. Vicente Bendanillo, Jr. of USC romped off first place for the entire Philippines, there was not only surprise for the feather obtained, but it also caused incredulously lifted eyebrows in the student world. It was an honor not only San Carlos, but also for all schools outside Manila considering the frequent capturing of top places by schools in the metropolis.

To Bendanillo's classmates, instructors and all those who know well his intelligence and resourcefulness, there was a high expectation for his topping said exams. "He really proved true to form", some erstwhile instructors of his candidly remarked.

Inting, as he is fondly called, hails from Toledo City. Born December 2, 1938 (the third eldest son in the family) he started his elementary education at the Toledo Elementary School. Later on, he pursued his secondary course at the Boys' High School department of this University where he copped first honorable mention upon his graduation. An

active PMT officer and a News editor of the *Junior Carolinian*, Inting was popular on the school campus.

Because of financial difficulty in the family, he applied for a job as a working student in the University, and through the benevolence of the SVD Fathers who were satisfied with his scholastic ratings, he was assigned to the Chemistry laboratory. There his love for the chemicals became so strong that he enrolled in the Chemical Engineering course, attending his classes mostly at night. Not only did he love setting up apparatuses but he also took the ROTC course seriously. In the 1957 ROTC tactical inspection, he topped the theoretical examinations for First Year Advanced, FA. He was made Battalion commander of the 1957-58

ROTC corps which collected the "star" in the tactical inspection. And as a result of his outstanding leadership, he was awarded three medals after his graduation from the advanced ROTC course. Being cadet officer and a laboratory assistant of the University did not in any way create distraction from his desired course, on the contrary he maintained his reputation as a consistent scholar.

A consistent scholar he was active in the students affairs. Because of his love for the upliftment of the students progress, he launched his candidacy for senator of the Supreme Student Council and came out elected unanimously. He was one of the founders of the USC Chess, an active organization of the Chemical Engineering students, and was its first president.

Asked for his remarks about his topping the board exams, he merely reiterated: "It was plain luck, but I really prayed for it." Presently connected with the University as Ch.E. lab in-charge, and a future faculty member of the engineering department, Inting still hopes to gain further knowledge of his profession and wishes that someday he would find himself at Uncle Sam's grounds keeping abreast with the modern technological trends in the chemical engineering field.

"Then offer that, what will be your next move in life? Would you not care for marriage?" this writer teasingly asked him.

"Well, I admire it, and I am looking for one who will make a harmonious partner in the family," he said humbly.

Such is Vicente Bendanillo, Jr. — the USC topnotcher! ☿

NUS Conference Report . . .

TEN GENTLEMEN and a lady reached Baguio late in the evening of December 26th. Everyone complained about the piercing cold of the place. Being the lone lady delegate, I thought of how lonely and lost I would be during the conference. Yet, the moment I entered our room on the third floor of the Patria de Baguio annex, I knew I was mistaken. The Holy Ghost College and Maryknoll College delegates who were my roommates simply oozed with friendliness.

The conference formally opened the next morning with simple but fitting ceremony. The program was opened with an invocation by the Most Reverend William Brasseur, CICM, DD, Vicar Apostolic of Mountain Province. The Mayor of Baguio welcomed the delegates and Manila Councilor Herminio Astorga introduced the guest speaker, Vice President Diosdado Macapagal. The Vice President in his speech proposed that a National Youth Agency be established composed of representatives of the Department of Education, schools and universities and student organizations. Its aim is to meet the problems and demands of the youth of the land. Mr. Macapagal declared: "Our cardinal aim is to open up new areas where we can systematically utilize youthful man-power." He encouraged the delegates to participate more in public issues, and revealed that this proposed agen-

cy would apprise the youth of national education policy. In addition to this, it would investigate and propose projects for the youth, and if established should be "free from politics". He pointed out the seeming lack of interest on the part of government officials in the "student situation" of our country as illustrated by the lack of incentive for a strong, enlightened group of students.

General orientation and introductory appraisal of the problems to be discussed in the workshops were given to us in the afternoon of the same day. It ended with a social and acquaintance program wherein Junne Cañizares proved once more his poetic genius by reciting a poem beatnik style. The poet became more poetic than ever, what with the beautiful flowers around the romantic place, most especially the dahlia in the person of Diana Carlos of the famed Bayanihan. From that night on, he became known to everyone in the conference as the poet delegate.

Two speakers talked on the socio-economic problems of the Philippines which was the topic of the day, 28th of December. The first speaker, Mr. Edilberto de Jesus, registrar of the Mapua Institute of Technology, in his speech stressed that "the problem of the youth today is to locate their permanent places in a world where everything seems to change." He added that the worst result of the influence of the con-

The purple curtains of time have long shaded the fading light of last December. . . . Yet, everytime memory's gust of wind gently ripples through the curtains

THESE

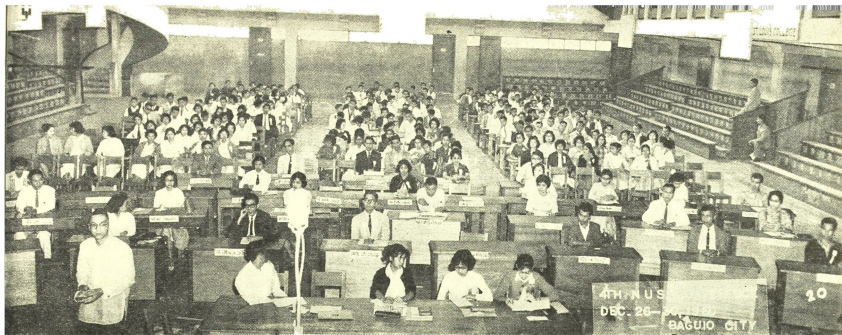


USC SSC Proxy Sixto Li. Aboe, Jr.
introducing his delegation.



Left to right: Delano Tecson, Camilo Cormenforta, E.C. Cobanetas, Pete Montero, Manuel S. Go, Sixto Li. Aboe, Jr. Fed Auto, Erlinda Talaid, Victor Damos, Plamen Fernandez, and Ramon San Agustin II. Inset: Escar Abella and Pompey Laberio. Posted: Junne Cañizares

tinuous changes in our patterns of living is the apparent decline of moral values among our youth. The young give themselves the only importance above all others. "The socio-economic problems of our students stem from lack of social consciousness, unawareness of the needs and problems of others." As solution, Mr. de Jesus pointed out the role of the schools of equipping the youth with the proper principles and ideal. Educating the adults may also help, he said.



A full view of the Plenary Session during the NUS Conference.

REMEMBER

Mr. Rodolfo Andal of the GSIS, on the other hand, cited the "tangible achievements of the administration in the various fields of public service." He frowned on the impression given by some of his countrymen's criticism on the graft and corruption without ever giving due credit for the good the government has done. He emphasized that public service is not only one-sided, but is a joint concern of both the government and the people.

The most interesting speaker who talked on the most interesting subject, was Mr. George I. Duca, Minister Plenipotentiary, Representative of the Assembly of Captive European Nations. Mr. Duca who is an American represented nine countries behind the Iron Curtains and has been conducting lectures on the necessity of a strong dam to stop the communist tide. In his talk, he laid out a plan and techniques of combating Red propaganda, such as organized groups to fight the hammer and sickle, and a conscientious elementary study of communism by the students. Aside from his talk, he made himself available for interviews, and in one of these interviews he commented on the intelligence of the Filipinos as reflected in their eyes. "You can see through the eyes that among Orientals, the Filipino is the most intelligent. Compar-

tively speaking, Filipinos are also the cleanest in the East." To borrow the word of a co-conferer — apparently, he has yet to see the dorms.

The life-blood of the conference was the workshops. There were six in all, two workshops discussed the same problem/Student Pro-

blem in Philippine Democracy. The theme of the conference was divided into three different aspects; educational, political, and socio-economic problems. Workshops I and II discussed the educational problems, workshops III and IV, political problems and the last two workshops, V and VI, dealt on socio-economic problems. The workshops never had a dull moment, what with everybody giving his ideas for the others to share. Rep. Filemon L. Fernandez lived up to our expectations; he was elected Chairman of Workshop II. Despite the many "objections" to the many "suggestions", the workshops did really work.

Senator Arturo M. Tolentino was the guest speaker at the closing ceremonies, Friday morning, December 30th at Cañao Room, Pines Hotel. In his speech he urged the conferees to continue

the noble task of the organization. "Your NUS, I must say, is a much better means of developing student leaders than what we had in our day. Keep on with the spirit of the conference and you will be most prepared to take over the reigns of the government in the future." After the Senator's address, the plenary session began. Resolutions from the different workshops were presented to the body for discussion and approval.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, immediately after lunch, the delegates went back to the Pines

by ERLINDA M. TALAID

Hotel, for the Student Congress. At this meet, our very own Sixto Abao, Jr. was elected 2nd Vice President of the NUS Executive Board. In the evening was a reception and ball at the Pines Hotel. Awards and certificates of merit were distributed and again, the President was honored with an award for active participation.

The next day, Saturday, gave the delegates mixed emotions: happiness for those who missed home so much, and sorrow for those who have learned to love Baguio. After best wishes and goodbyes were said, four Pantranco buses brought the delegates back to Manila after some brief stop-overs for the sightseeing tour of Baguio. Some eyes were misty; others appeared calm, though we could tell that their grief "was too deep for tears". Parting was really such sweet sorrow.

(Continued on page 85)



The Supreme Student Council

A Review of the S

AT THIS writing two heads of state have, before a joint session of lawmakers of their respective countries, delivered their reports on the prevailing conditions of their states. A report given usually at the opening of congressional sessions, this is called the "State of the Nation," here in this republic of banana and ubi, and "State of the Union," there in the United States where the missile industry is fast gaining profits of prestige.

But these Presidential reports cannot be equalled by this "Review" of the Supreme Student Council of the University of San Carlos. This review has a place of its own, a dignity humble as it may be, and an element of humor which "State of the Nation" messages are usually wanting. (But Pres. Garcia's latest "State" message was all humor: "Almost everybody took note of his wit by way of painting a rosy picture of a country in economic chaos; and a congressman, can you recall asked what country the President was describing any way?").

At this point, as this is titled a "Review" covering the Student Council, I wish to make it known that I am not taking the prerogatives of the President of the Council, Mr. Sixto Ll. Abao, Jr., and that I write this from the view-

point of an ex... as an experienced onlooker.

I had the opportunity of witnessing the first election of officers of the Council when Vicente Balbuena became its president. It was followed by Mr. John Osmeña, who distributed a package of SCAP four-year programs to Manila newspapers; then Mr. Adelino B. Sitoy, (who entered just now to tell us his plans now that he is an attorney), and the incumbent Chief Executive of the Supreme Council of the University of San Carlos, Mr. Sixto Ll. Abao, Jr.

I know Mr. Abao quite well and how untiring he is in trying to push his ideas through. And he has determination and spirit that he backs with follow-ups and sees to it that they are carried. And when he decides, he decides. Sometimes as irrevocable were his decisions as a haircut.

And others too. The victory of the controlling party, the Carolinian Youth Party brought into the Council a lady for its Vice-President, Miss Carmelita J. Rodriguez. A gift from the Architecture Department, she told, the students during the campaign that she could help in facilitating the installation of the telephone for students' use and also, after she was assured by Pres. Abao, that she could lend a student P20, or P40

a quite good figure coming from a lady vice-president. (By the way, where's that telephone now?)

And another Rodriguez, Lorna, the two-termer Secretary of the Supreme Council. She has acquitted herself well in the first term in her performance as house secretary and brought into the council a maturity one rarely finds in a young lady like her. As proof, she told her dean that she is capable of being Council Secretary. She is already a mature lady, she told him.

Treasurer Dalisay P. Salgado carries a beautiful handbag and we can only presume it contains money to be granted as loans to students. If you ask her how her work in the Council is, she will smile but tell you it's difficult to get back the money. She only wants to act as treasurer and not do collection work. She prepares the list of delinquent borrowers and submits them to us at the Bursar's Office with the request that they not be given their admission slips.

Fed A. Auto carries the physique of a basketball player and I saw him once side up to the President to tell him that they were to have a practice and so be excused from the session. For one thing he is all friendliness to everyone, a factor that swept him

into the Council hall, plus, of course, his back-patting.

During the campaign days a campaigner described the present PRO, Mr. Rodolfo Justiniani, thus: *Guapo, romantico, simpatico* ug "wala pa gayu'ytrato." But first Rudy, before I will unwrap the truth about the fourth adjective. Chesterfield usa diha, bi.

These are the top men and women. You'll find more below. But first may I ask this: What has the Council done, with all these men and the representatives behind it?

The first session of the Congress, which President Abao described as "marathon" was characterized by tumultuous verbal skirmishes, bitter exchange of barbs, (wire?), clashes of vehement protests, short sarcastic privilege

resolution for intercollegiate debates; resolution for a massive anti-communist rally; resolution for the drafting of rules to govern house proceedings.

In the after-victory message to the student body at the beginning of the semester, Mr. Abao pledged action to accomplish the Council's goals. His four-point program of administration:

1. To provide a dynamic and responsible student leadership in the campus.

2. To promote good fellowship in the campus according to the spirit of a true Carolinian through the various student activities.

3. To encourage active participation in student affairs;

4. To look after the social, moral, physical, spiritual, and also the economic well-being of the

its members big Manila schools. But what is more important to be done is the big campaign to put USC in the eyes of other students. For sad to say still many have not known much of what USC has done, has been doing and contributing to the national progress.

Another thing to be disclosed is that while in the past USC had been only a member of the Executive Board of the National Union of Students, this year USC has put itself higher when President Abao landed the post of 2nd National Vice-President. We believe this is the first time that such a big position has been held by a school outside Manila. While we have to express our thanks to the other big bosses of the NUS, we should also comment

UPREME STUDENT COUNCIL

by B. C. CABANATAN

speeches and fireworks of unruly debates among student-lawmakers.

During this session an appropriation act was passed to defray expenses for an additional water cooler for the Engineering-Architecture Department; an appropriation of P170 for the purchase of a sala set for the ROTC office; appropriation of P200 for religious organizations; appropriations of P250 for the council herald; another appropriation for P1,000 for a Student Loan Bank.

Passed were these resolutions: 1. Requesting the Student Council to make representations with the shipping companies for shipping discounts to USC students.

2. Asking the Student Council to support a drive against loitering on the corridors.

3. Requesting the Council to petition the local Postmaster to furnish application forms for the acquisition of Postal Identification Cards.

These were the other resolutions: for the construction of waiting sheds (where are these now?); resolution for a "Speak English Drive" (it is not one of the points taken into consideration by the PAASCU in their accrediting work); resolution for a special students' mass once every month;

students. These were his aims, and whether they have been accomplished or not is for the student population to find out.

As to appropriations this writer wants to point out that he does not agree on the whole with them. For there was little deliberation on the money measures and the wisdom of the amount appropriated for certain items. There was dispatch in the passage of appropriation acts which should have been discussed more thoroughly with respect to the amount allotted. There should always be safeguards for the disposal of funds. This does not question the end, but the bigness of the amount set aside. For the Council is not a philanthropic foundation.

But this is a different story when it comes to the appropriation for a certain item that we do not find fit to publish here for it would only reflect a condition uncomplimentary to its members. It is done in the spirit of self-sacrifice.

As to our representation in the National Union of Students, the Supreme Student Council, the officers have found that it pays to be a member of that big national organization which has also for

ourselves for this. It is to the credits of the officers' active participation and leadership, an honor for the school and its students.

For what will the present set of officers be remembered?

To the many perhaps the holding of the First Students' Day, their participation in the literary-musical program and the Students' Day Ball. It was, they said, a SUCCESS, a real SUCCESS.

The officers and representatives find so many things to remember. The discussions that enlightened their peers, the "hatchet" in the middle of the session, Nelson Larosa, who told his colleagues that he was speaking in behalf of the women, Oscar Abella, for his mature dissection of the points under discussion. And still to others perhaps the Students Loan Bank.

What I remember well is the announcement which came out in the *Council Herald* this way: "Student Loan Bank Starts Operations." This notice came out in the morning. The following day a Loan Bank member scribbled in chalk on the bulletin board in the lobby this notice: "Loan Bank closed indefinitely. Funds exhausted after 2 days of business." ¶

The Songs of April and May were Innocent

(Continued from page 25)

and secure. I was about to reveal what I had in my heart for her, when I saw David. I had to call him.

David, David approached us with a ready smile. He was very handsome. His white barong-tagalog turned red in the crimson light.

"Therese, David Morandarte. David, Therese Herrera," I introduced them to each other.

David was a bosom friend of mine. He was the one who recommended me to Mr. Robles. I asked him to see Therese.

"Take a seat, Dave," I said.

"Three is a crowd," he said.

"Don't be trite," she said. We laughed.

The next day David suddenly visited me at home. He honked the horn of his car very noisily as if it was New Year's Day. I met him. He greeted me very happily. I did not know. I did not know whether I should be happy or not when he told me, "Errico, I like her. Man, you're a real scout! If she is really that rich to belong to my social sphere, I'll marry her." I wanted to say, "Wait, David, where do you get the idea that I'm scouting for you?" But he was such a good friend to me. I encouraged him to go on his path,

without informing him that I was on mine. Let Luck alone choose between us.

Nights and days. Nights and days came and went like songs. Like songs of April and May. But love did not anymore behave in the manner I first felt it. Now it bit and bit. And bit, as though it was a weevil and my heart an ill-fated flower. I struggled to unlearn it. David's constant presence at the Pearl oppressed me. I had done three faults. Loving Therese was one. Asking David to see her was another. The third was, that I could never sing without her.

One night I shook hands with the waiters, and laughed aloud with them.

"What's so funny?" she said, walking towards us.

"Wish me a good voyage. I'm leaving for Davao tomorrow morning," I said. I hated it. It was crazy of me, but I had to pretend I was happy.

"Bon voyage!" She gave her hand. "Why the sudden?"

The waiters attended to their duty. We sat at the nearest empty table. "Therese, we've only one number left, no? One number. One is a good number. It is my friend," I said.

"Dave is here now." Her eyes twinkled as she spoke. I tried to smile.

"Therese, I'm only a singer. What else do I own and possess besides my voice? But, man is not a bird. He cannot just sing and sing and sing. I'll quit. I've got to find a job. A job on which two people can live," I said. "Now what chance have I? What h..."

She stayed silent like a statue.

"What hope, I tell you this," I said foolishly, "because I have to." This time it was Therese who pretended not to understand the easy labyrinth of dreamers.

"Hear that? It's for us," She said. I nodded. And we walked towards the stage.

The song was joyful. I put my heart, my soul in it. The song must not die. It must live somewhere, I said to myself. I held Therese's arms lovingly. A last attempt to communicate my feelings to her. David was down there before us. Sitting like a debonaire Genghis Khan. At the middle of the burden of the song, he winked at Therese. And she winked back. A film of cloud passed across my face. I set her arms free and offered the song a long, lingering ending. Outside, a slight, lazy, beautiful rain fell. †

And the Tower Falls

(Continued from page 37)

"Oh, but you'll be pretty, too. Beb! Your father is very handsome."

"But I have Mama's features except for Papa's height which I don't want at all. Wish I weren't so tall! But you, Nita, you have all your mother's beauty."

"Nevertheless, let's promise to be always the best of friends."

"Say, Nits, here's what we'll do. Just like the fairy tales, let's write our promise and seal it in a bottle."

"Oh yes, let's! Then we'll bury it and when we'll be grown up in ten years—dig it up again."

Spurred by the idea, we were very secretive about borrowing a pen from my mother, unwilling to tell her why we wanted the words "friendship" and "eternity" spelled. Mama also gave us an empty bottle. Fortunately, Mrs. Ma-

damba was not around or it would have been difficult to keep our secret. She was always asking questions. I was glad Papa was not there too. Now we could go anywhere and bury the bottle without fearing his anger on seeing we had gone far. We walked away giggling and whispering about our secret, proud of the unique idea.

"Only eight years old and already so secretive and mysterious!" I heard Mr. Madamba exclaim in mocked exasperation.

I did not realize how far we had walked until I looked back again and saw Mama and Mr. Madamba looking so small. In the distance, a dark cloud had formed. I felt uneasy. "Nits, aren't we far enough?"

"We'll bury the bottle over there." She pointed with her lips to a big tree. "Race me, Beb?"

She laughingly ran, hugging the green bottle. "Hurry!" She called excitedly over her shoulder, running against the wind. Suddenly Nita stopped short, not moving at all. She stood staring ahead of her, her mouth shaped into an O. I hastened to her side, curious. Following her gaze, I saw a man and a woman leaning against the tree. They were holding hands. Their backs were towards us, I could not see their faces, but the woman was in black toreador and the man was very tall.

I stood there gaping, breathless, stunned, until I heard a soft thud at my side. It was the bottle slipping from Nita's hold. "Let's go." I said quietly, not meeting her eyes. We both walked away. None of us bothered to pick up the sealed bottle. †

Project: San Carlos Center

(Continued from page 59)

lief items by Mrs. Dorotheo numbered more than one hundred that morning.

Mrs. Dorotheo told us of the living conditions of the people around her. She said most of them have really nothing . . . so poor that they cannot even buy medicine when a member of their family is sick. Some would run to her early in the morning to tell her that they have no money with which to buy medicine, so she would give whatever they have in their house; sometimes she would take the sick person to the hospital, and because of this she sometimes missed classes. "When I go to class I meet some people who would ask help because her husband or child is dying. Because it will trouble my conscience to remain indifferent to them I sometimes buy the medicine myself, or call the doctor, or take the sick to the hospital. Also some would wait for me outside and finding me going out, they would ask me for food, rice. You cannot drive these people away. That's why we have to maintain a supply of rice."

These are the people for whom



Mass baptism of children of residents in the area.

Mrs. Dorotheo and Father Rigney have expressed deep concern. Fr. Rector during the interview sounded an appeal for young people, especially students who can give their time and services to these needy. A few have, he told this writer. For instance, some are teaching cate-

chism to the young, and he also disclosed that a doctor had volunteered his services free. But he needs more. He needs material assistance for these victims of circumstance to help them out of their misery and thus find meaning in their existence. †

A Good American

(Continued from page 57)

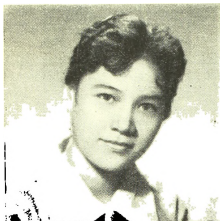
summer time a guest boy or girl from another land under the program sponsored by the Experiment in International Living. We learned so much about the Philippines from Chita and we consider our experience with her a rich and rewarding one." Last summer was the fourth in a row when Mommie played host to youths of different lands. After me, a boy from Finland who studied in Stamford University after his homestay, found a place too in the hearts of the Dunhams. The third and fourth summers were spent with French girls whose vivacity and enthusiasm equaled the sincerity and hospitality of the Dunhams.

The pride reflected in the eyes of Daddy and Mommie when they at-

tended the graduation of their "Filipino daughter" last June in Washington, D.C. reminded me of that of my Filipino parents. I consider their presence in the commencement exercises the best gift they have given to me. As if their coming to Washington, D.C. were not enough, in Granville after graduation, Mommie whipped up a very delightful and memorable evening party for their graduated daughter and was a charming host to friends, neighbors and to the host families of our 1957 Filipino Fulbright group. My last vacation in Granville just before I left America was a very satisfying and appropriate climax to the beautiful relationship between my American family and me.

Someday, somebody should write about "The Good American" to counteract the depressing and terse, yet true account of "The Ugly American." A chapter of that stirring book yet to be written should be an account of many good Americans like my American Mommie. An American who fills the hearts of those who come in contact with her, particularly those of other lands, pleasant and cherished memories of herself, of her family, of her people, and of her country, the young and beautiful American. Inside and outside America, indeed, Mrs. Harold J. Dunham of Granville, Ohio, I am proud to say, is a very good and potent advertisement against communism, the biggest threat America is facing today. †

... What Do You Thi



KELLY I. DOTILLOS
BSME—III

● Serenading is one dignified form of courtship whereby the "ulitawos" express their romantic feelings to their lady-loves. It is one avenue through which they can channel the sincerity of their love. But if we look at the real meaning and substance of this age-old pastime, we must say that the latter is taking a beating? It is not practiced the right way. In more ways than one, "ulitawos" today serenade the ladies in the dormitories only after having had a terrible "date" with rum and tuba. And more often than not, once they are there, they sing songs which reflect their stupidity and irresponsibility. In short, they become juvenile serenaders.



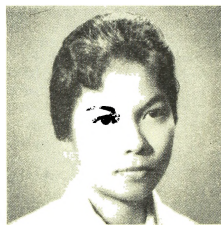
ANATALIA ALFEREZ
B.S. Zoology

● Is serenading really necessary? If so, in what way? If the man really wants to prove the sincerity of his honorable intention, is it indispensable for him to disturb the peace of mind of the object of his affection by serenading her in the middle of the night? I don't think it is. Sincerity of one's adoration must not be proved at the expense of his lady-love's deep slumber. And by this I mean those who make it a habit of serenading shortly after the clock strikes twelve midnight.



ESTRELLITA BATUCAN
BSHE

● I am not against serenading, much less am I allergic to songs. But I believe that serenading should at least be regulated. Serenading should be held earlier in the evening rather than at the most unholy hours of the night, when everybody is asleep. It is not only nauseating, but tremendously outrageous on the part of serenaders to disturb the peace of those who work the next day.



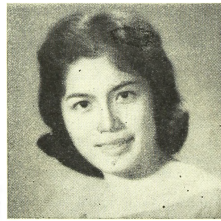
CONCEPCION D. CABATINGAN
B.S.Chem. III

● To break the monotonous silence of the night, I think there is nothing more relaxing than listening to the lilting melodies of dashing Romeos. Of course, I'm referring to those troubadours who make serenading a healthful pastime rather than a means to accomplish countless mischiefs. Really, if serenading is done the right way, it increases the affection of the lady towards his BF. I hope you get what I mean.



JULIETA RAMIREZ
Pre-Med

● I believe that serenading is undoubtedly a public nuisance considering that in more ways than one, it does not only disturb people who are sound asleep in the still of the night, but is also responsible for certain crimes like thievery. Most serenaders in this modern world of economic degradation don't really serenade at all, but rather made the deeply-rooted tradition a valuable front for criminal acts as stealing chickens and household things.



JASMIN MARIFOSQUE
Pre-Nursing

● Centuries ago, the Spaniards came to the Philippines. In the course of their stay here, they introduced many things, religious and other things. One of the romantic influence they gave us is the *cancion*, a modernized form of our *Harana* which was founded long before the metizos of our forefathers. This "*cancion*" proved to be an exhilarating pastime among the young so that even until now it is still much in vogue. Many of us come to understand and love each other through this medium. It is on this score that I believe it is advisable to preserve this tradition. It is a heritage.

Bank Of Serenading? . . .



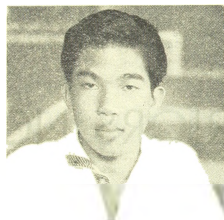
NINFA REYES
Pre-Nursing

• There is nothing wrong with serenading. It is good. As a matter of fact it has become an institution in itself. But it is lamentable that the practice has taken a new meaning today. Most of the young nowadays serenade only after they have liquor. And while others are warbling the most unethical "inamoratas" others are busy ransacking things in the household. Isn't serenading another form of thievery? The worst part of it is that our society accepts, and even tolerates the practice with tacit cowardice.



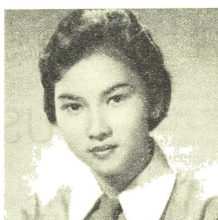
ADELINE G. ONG
Ph.B.

• One of the acceptable ways employed by our young men to express their intense feeling of love to their one and only is through serenading. Most, if not all women in the past came to like it. But I don't think women still like it now in the same degree as they did before, considering that this romantic tradition has taken a different twist now. Its real purpose to develop and mature the personalities of our young men has been relegated to the background. Instead, it is utilized as a training ground for the youth to become mischievous, ill-mannered, unprincipled lovers.



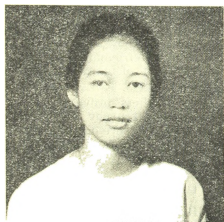
ROLANDO CABILI
Law III

• One of the priceless heritage left to us by our ancestors is *Harana*. Its ageless beauty has withstood the severe test of time. It first started with the planting of spear at the doorstep of the *dalaga* as a form of signal that an *alifanico* is going to serenade the former. Now it has changed into the simple tinkling of the *guitar* followed by a lilting interpretation of a famous love song. *Harana* really is here with us to stay. It is then imperative that we should preserve this tradition by observing to the letter its real intent and purpose rather than abuse it.



REDENCION ALCANTARA
Commerce II

• To be serenaded in undoubtedly a distinct honor for women. One can imagine the guts it takes a man to sing a song to his *inday* even if he is quite handicapped because he doesn't have the vocal chords of Frank Sinatra, Perry Como or Paul Anka. But I believe it is quite advisable that serenading be regulated to a certain extent. If possible, it should be done before ten o'clock in the evening to give time to the serenadee to sleep well, and feel fresh the following day.



RENEE DE LARA
Pre-Nursing

• Serenading is not bad at all. That is, if serenaders don't abuse it with blatant impunity. But whichever way we look at it, the present day troubadours are not really troubadours at all. Some of them have been completely marred by the complications of the modern world. They have deteriorated. Some of them serenade for no other purpose but to display their drunkenness. Others just masquerade as well-meaning song lovers to pave the way to illegal business of petty thievery. And still others simply turn *bastos* through it. Juvenile delinquency must have something to do with it.



EPIMACO M. MANGUBAT
Pre-Med.

• Serenading to a certain degree, is really important—in more ways than one, to a young man who is desperately clinging to the last thread of hope and happiness in his romantic despair. It gives him hope and light because this is the only way through which he can release the conflicting emotions intensely churning within the core of his being. If he is a spurned lover, at least, he can find refuge from the torments of his gnawing reproaches through the interpretation of sad songs.

(Continued on page 84)



USC WARRIORS Left to right, kneeling: Manuel Bas, Reynaldo de la Cruz (Captain), Roberto Reyes, Esmeraldo Abejo (Co-captain), Eduardo Galdo. — Standing: George Barcelona (C-Sportswriter), Narciso Masceda, Tomas Aguirre, Dionisio Jekosalem II, Carmelita Rodriguez (Muse of the Team), Rev. Fr. Lawrence Buzuel, SVD (Athletic Moderator), Juan Aquino, Jr. (Coach), Isidoro Galizares, Maximo Pizarros, Julian Macoy. Not in the picture were Patricio Palmares, Ben Reyes and Honore Rama.

THE BIGGER the stake the greater is the determination. The Warriors did just that. After suffering a heartbreaking setback in their CCAA campaign, Coach Aquino's charges ramped away with the Zone VII Championship to set the stage for the National Intercollegiate Basketball Championship. To set the record straight they came home with third honors adding another

golden year of achievements to dear "old Charlie".

Not much could be said of this year's lineup, but more has been done by them via a series of surprises. The metropolitan sports

USC WARRIORS NO

world saw nothing sensational in them as the Warriors hit Manila Bay, what with local champions in the UAAP, NCAA, UCAA, EC-AAP landing the roster of entries. The Warriors, undermanned with the absence of Skipper Bobby Reyes and CICA player of the year, Eduardo Galdo, would be lucky... to reach the Championship round, they surmised. On the other hand, sportscasters turned the spotlight on the CCAA tittist UV Green Lancers spearheaded by ball Cahabug and chief defenseman Guillermo Baz, a veteran of many cage wars.

These cage prophets proved to be "duds" as the tourney commenced and wrinkles were on their brows as the Warriors inched slowly to the top.

HERE is the over-all score card:

**USC CLOBBERS
GUZMAN TECH 94-73:**

The University of San Carlos Warriors erupted with 60 points



The League-leading Engineering "A" Quint



USC Football Team—Reigning CVAAP & Zone VII Champion

B P. I. COLLEGE TEAM

in the final half to rout Guzman Tech Thunderbirds 94-73, to hurdle the preliminary round. The underdog hotshot Max Pizarras, jump shooting ace Patricio (MVP) Palmares, Skipper "Shorty" Cañizares and "Century Kid" Macey scored double figures to lead the scoring parade.

Guzman Tech, a champion in their own league was the first victim to the thorny CCAA runner-up.

WARRIORS OVERPOWERS FEATI U — 91-76:

After tasting their first defeat to UAAP champion UE Warriors

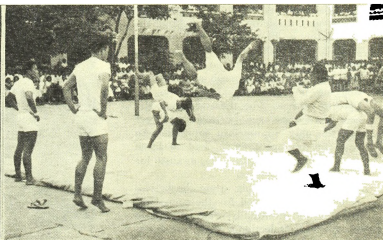
73-65, the Warriors came roaring as they whipped the Feati U Flyers 91-76, as Macey upped his individual point output with 35 points, the best for the night.

Cage followers should take note that the Feati U Flyers under Coach Lauro Mumar had been the reigning UCAA Champions for the past three years and they were the same boys who grabbed the PRISAA Basketball Trophy via a controversial "home rule". The victory to be a sweet revenge for the rampaging Warriors.

(Continued on page 35)

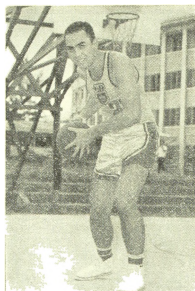


USC Golden Sharks



Judo and Gymnastics combine into one...a popular campus sport

USE STANDOUT



ISIDORO CARIZARES
"USC Athlete of the Year"

ISIDORO CARIZARES

● Height is might. This tower on the hardwood has lorded it over his opponents, snatching the Spalding spheroid from the mahogany board at the Eladio Villa gym and from the plastic goal at the UV gym. Not only that, this 6 ft. 3 in. cager for the last four years has made the electric scoreboard instinctively respond to his scintillating sniping from under the basket, scoring high above the noses of his Lilliputian Opponents. Inside the rectangular court CCAA's much talked about center has made himself famous by scoring. Rebounding. Feeding.

A life retrospect of this year's Athlete, of the Year" sent us back from his intramural discovery to his tortuous climb to Cebu's cage limelight. His stratospheric height was not his main asset. Thinking of the basket just a few inches from the tips of his fingers doesn't make basketball easy as most laymen think. To Doring "Shorty" Canizares, his height has been a life time challenge to perfect all the intricacies of Naismith's game.

Carrying his big frame around the court is one problem; so is stooping low for proper dribbling; so is picking the ball after a drop pass. The problem doesn't stop right there. What makes him suffer more are the dirty tricks inherent in the game such as elbowing, nudging, and blocking. Doring was the favorite target for these tricks. His cool headiness and perseverance were not the only appropriate solution. An "eye for an eye"; so he had to learn then to obtain a status quo, against his opponents.

His crash to big time basketball came when he played for the prep USC Quintet and eventually was selected to every local selection. The press recognized him as the "top center" so nobody could challenge his selection.

The slot was ready made for him. After graduation from High School and in spite of numerous offers from Manila cage teams, he remained loyal to USC.

At the summer league he played for the champion Bonita Trading, Co-manias and PAL. He became an out of town player when he had a one year stint with the Crispa-Floro team which captured third place in the National Open. He was twice a member of the CVAAP selection and also played once for the Visayan Stars. Scheduled to graduate this year, Doring has set aside the standing offer of Ysmael Steel and Crispa until after the CPA Board Exam. The incumbent proxy of the USC Judo Club has a bright prospect as an Olympic material, no doubt about that.

JULIAN "CENTURY KID" MACOY

● Talking of the basketball achievements of this cage hero, the writer finds it hard where to begin. Finding it safer to describe him where it counts most, we quote a column published by prominent sports writer Ernie T. Bilton of the Evening News:

Intercollegiate Caging

"The Cebuanos had a grand time Tuesday night as the Jose Rizal Heavy Bombers' hopes of retaining the intercollegiate crown tailspinned on the Rizal Coliseum hardwood. From the boxes and reserve seats they whooped it up as the University of San Carlos Green-shirts tormented the Goldies from Mandalayong. To keep the USC offensive going full blast, they shouted the names of the Carolinians on the floor.

"Easily the most popular Cebuanos

that night was Julian Macoy, the real McCoy to Rizal fans, who fouled out with 50 seconds to go in the game amid anguished and angry cries of "Yawa" from you know who. But before his exit, Macoy had seared the seines for 28 points: the Cebu "Century Kid" wowed the crowd with his long thrusts and all-around court excellence and steadiness. He got enough assistance in the scoring department from the deadly Pizarras-Palmare tandem.

"Jose Rizal's Big Threat, Elias Tuentine, was bottled up by Canizares and Jakosalem, of the Carolinians.

"After USC's 83-79 conquest of the Rizalians, the Cebuanos aren't sorry now that the Carolinians, and not the Univ-



JULIAN MACOY
Basketball Player of the Year

ersity of the Visayas dancers made it to the final round. They were before the Tuesday game."

In another press release entitled, Bulletin Sports Staff Selects Standout Cagers, this 5 ft. 9 1/2 inches cager was selected as a first string forward in their mythical All-Collegiate selection which read in part:

"Julian Macoy clinched one of the first team berths because of his brilliant showing in the recent National Intercollegiate cage championship".

Macoy also held the distinction of being featured in the Sports Personality pictorial of the Manila Times in recognition of his establishing the postwar Philippine record of 126 points in one game. With these honors the Warriors all around player could have easily qualified for the "Hall of Fame" in Philippine basketball, if there were any. In his four year stint with the War-



"NINI" PALMARES
CCAA Most Valuable Player of the Year

ATHLETES 1960-61

riors, he has been the sparkplug of the team. When Macey falters so do the Warriors in vivid memory of two heart-breaking upsets they suffered. But the same eager stands out instrumental in getting whatever honors USC has garnered, ranging from the 1958 CCAA title to fourth, third and second places in the National inter-collegiate basketball league.

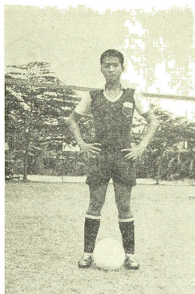
In recognition of his all around generalship on the hard court, he was named a member of the CCAA selection for many years, the Visayas Stars, and thrice to the CVAAD selection. This 21 year old kid from Dumangu, Cebu has played for Crispa-Flores, Cebu's PAL and Seven-up teams. In spite of his

off his erratic footwork. When Macey faltered, Nene picked up the cudgels by scoring on left-handed double deckers from quarter court slipping time, and again from the sides for under the baskets twinnies. He was a thorn in the Lanceros' quest for the CCAA title last year.

As a fitting reward for his basketball know-how he was named to the Cebu Selection for the PRISAA twice in a row this year. As a culmination to his sterling performance in the last CCAA series, he was adjudged the Most Valuable Player. However, he laments the fact that he was never a member of any Champion Team in the local cage war.

ANITO TRINIDAD

• Cebu's most prized football player, this strongly built athlete started kicking tin cans at the Cebu Normal School Ground. He never dreamed that years later he would don a uniform. Nito is a product of Public School athletics playing for the AVHS, his alma mater and he was selected member of the EVAA contingent way back in 1951-52. It was the highest honor he garnered during his high schools days. He hit 'big time football, emigrating from one champion team to another. This soft spoken guy was a member of the UV Green Booters who took runner up honors in the National Students Football Championship. He joined the Manila Yellow Taxi eleven, but mostly spent his years wearing the William Lines uniform under the able tutelage of Congressman William Chiongbian. In 1959 Nito sparkplugged the William



ANITO TRINIDAD
Football Player of the Year

Lines eleven in a Manila invasion where football coaches took notice of his playing ability. They invaded Taipei on the invitation of the Chinese Airforce which sponsored the tournament, in 1956. From there, this Golden Booters center forward was picked as a regular of the Phil. National team for the Asian Cup. His most memorable achievement in his short football career was when he tallied the first score for the Phil. against China, the first point a Filipino had scored against China in past war football. The 3rd child of Chief of Police Vidal Trinidad of Barili, Cebu he smilingly admits he is still single. For his future plans, Nito wishes to play football as long as his sturdy legs can carry him. Numerous offers from Manila's top football teams have been turned down by him until after graduation.

ANGELINO COJA

• Peeping through the iron grill of the Dean's office of the college of Law, you will see a handworking man scanning the records of the law students and tapping the keys of the typewriter once in a while. You can never tell at first glance that within the baseball diamond this devoted man is a celebrity as a slugger and an adept catcher as well.

Lino hails from Silay City where he learned the rudiments of the swatting and catching sport. He became a member of the WVAAC contingent to two inter-scholastic meets. It was here in Cebu where the then Athletic Moderator, Rev. Father B. Wrocklage saw his potentialities as a baseball player and ultimately lured him to the USC fold.

In the Cebu Baseball league he is a nemesis to the pitchers of opposing teams driving the ball for sure hits when at bat. His greatest asset is his powerful arms and his sharp reflexes.

(Continued from page 65)

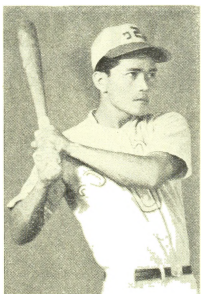


ANSELMO BRIONES

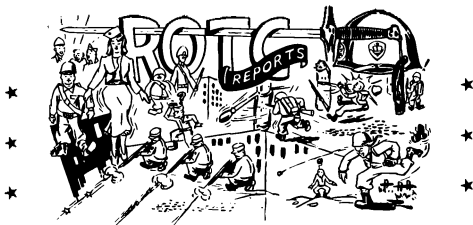
basketball career, he still finds time to see such great stars in the entertainment world ranging from Marlon Brando to Ingrid Bergman.

PATRICIO PALMARES

• As chief defense man for the Warriors, this 5 ft. 10 in. cager has distinguished himself as a heavy rebounder and as a scoring guard, averaging 15 points per game. Nene, as close associates fondly call him, started playing in the major league for the USP High and Collegiate teams. He humbly admits that he learned the fundamentals of basketball playing on the sandlots as most cagers do. It was during the CCAA summer league that this left-handed scorer made the press boys notice his playing ability and at the time he was donning the SMB and PAL uniforms. Under the watchful eyes of Coach Dodong Aquino he was developed into a first rate guard after polishing



ANGELINO COJA
Baseball Player of the Year



THE USC SWORD SORORITY

The ROTC Sponsor is not for glamour alone as most people believe. She does not end on the presentation of sponsors nor does she end anywhere. To be a sponsor, one must have all those basic requirements of not only having curves, but above all—the interest and cooperation in facing the worst or the best! A sponsor can polish her ways in socials and in lots of circumstances that will test her leadership and tact.

The following illoicord was once seen on the ROTC Sponsors' bulletin board: "You are a Sponsor, But are you a Sponsor? And if you are a Sponsor, Why are you a Sponsor?" Surely the words are self-explanatory and they explain why a sponsor is a sponsor.

The ROTC CORPS this year is proud to have sponsors whose leadership and cooperation surpass by far their stimulants to wail-whistles. Led by Cdite Col Carmelita Rodriguez the Corps of Sponsors has been an active wing in the diehards struggle for the supremacy that must never be lost. With the
(Continued on page 77)

With the schoolyear 1960-1961 ending last, the staccato of our victories still echoes through the hearts of hundreds of USC diehards whose *esprit de corps* has made this Unit a constant victor this year. Cadets and cadet officers alike teamed up to present a glaring high-moraled "cream of ROTC—the Carolinian diehards"! The Commandant, Major Jose "star" Aquino, and T/Sgt. Jesus Modequillo and Sgt. Pablo Papellero have established the highest standard of machinery that now makes the Corps of cadets click. The Cervantes-Raffinan-Mantua triumvirate, likewise, has stood out distinct in this traditionally star-collecting Unit.

Did you know these, then?...

(1) June, 1960—USC ROTC Unit got the high honors in presenting a Review in honor of the Papal Nuncio to the Philippines. The cheers of thousands of spectators in

trucks and howitzers harmonized with the gala-clad sponsors—most of whom are dynamic student leaders and personalities in the USC campus.

(4) Patricia Anniversary Celebration—this Unit participated in the parade and romped away with the Best Marching Unit commendation.

(5) September, 1960—Cdt Col Roque Cervantes obtained the supreme commandership of the Supreme Sword Fraternity in an election-meeting of all Cebu ROTC Corps Commanders. Elimination of sectional feelings and attitudes was urged.

(6) Cdite Col Carmelita Rodriguez, Corps Sponsor, obtained the commandership of the Supreme Sword Sorority.

(7) October, 1960—Joint Review of all Cebu ROTC Units—out of thousands of Cebu ROTC cadets, the diehards precision in execution added another streamer to USC's flying colors—the Best Carriage of Rifles streamer. Immediately after the military Review the officers of the Supreme Sword Fraternity and the Supreme Sword Sorority were inducted by Brigadier General Ricardo Papa, Commanding General of the third military area.

(8) Mass Blood Donation—hundreds of cadets bled and once more reflected the practical applications of the theological basic principles these diehards have.

ROTC Unit 1960-1961

... On the March! ...

by **Cdt. Maj. BILL MARTIN**
Corps Adj & S-1 & Ex-O

the stadium set the spark that now ignites this Unit to countless glory.

(2) July, 1960—USC ROTC Unit was adjudged the Best Marching Unit... the star patch on the Type B uniform—the fourth star—made a more-than-a-crazy love inspiration to the rifle-bearing star-collectors!

(3) August, 1960—Presentation of Sponsors and Sponsors' Ball — the

(9) February, 1961—The annual Tactical Inspections almost saw the realization of the battle cry that was utmost in the diehards' heart—the keeping of the star—the fifth star! The results prove the supremacy of CPU's ROTC Unit! USC's ROTC got only 2nd place. The question has been answered and the test is yet to be fulfilled! The battle cry is still: Steady on! ‡

ROTC

1960-61'n Summary

By: AL

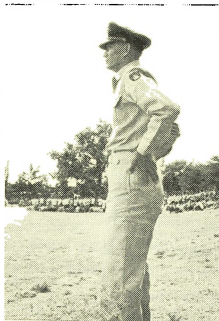
AT THE START of the USC-ROTC Training for the school year 1960-61, our die-hard boys showed determination to put up a fight for the retention of the Star, specially the first year basic cadets who wanted to prove to their seniors that they are worthy of the Star they were wearing. While the first year basic Cadets were busy grinding their boots on a round-the-clock training, the veteran second year basic cadets marched on garnering more laurels for a glorious San Carlos. They continued to display their undoubted might by participating in various Parade and Reviews and Street Parades.

Last June 20, 1960, the USC-ROTC Unit was greatly honored when they were chosen to render a Parade and Review in honor of the Papal Nuncio to the Philippines. Again on July 4, 1960, during the celebration of our Independence Day, our Unit was voted as the best Marching unit; and on August 12, 1960, again our boys participated in a Street Parade on the occasion of the Patria Anniversary. On the 28th of the same month, came the presentation of sponsors. The Corps of Sponsors was headed by **Cdtte. Col. Carmelita Rodriguez**, the unusual beauty, brains and breeding type, the pride of the College of Engineering and Architecture. Next on the line of ROTC activities was the Parade and Review in honor of the Very Reverend Father Rector and the faculty members of San Carlos. The affair was highlighted by the awarding of medals to the outstanding cadets of the

(Continued on page 80)



Part of the Regiment



Major Jose Aquino

Your Sniper...

(Continued from page 76)

A-1 guidance of Miss Leonor S Borromeo and Miss Juliet S Borromeo, adviser and assistant adviser respectively, the following sponsors have, in one way or another given meaning to the Sword-and-Star-triangle pin they wear:

Cdtte Col Carmelita Rodriguez, Cdttes Lt Col Erlinda Talaid, Elma Salvador, Betty Garcia, Delia Honrado, Cdttes Major Lorna Rodriguez, Melva Rodriguez, Teresita Lastrilla, Consuelo Pilapil, Beatriz Barredo, Lilian Tan, Nida Perez, Lourdes Escalante, Ma. Filipina Villamor, Eva Pascual, Cdttes Capt Luz Relampagos, Consuelo Unchuan, Mary Lou Pañares, Elnora Aquino, Encarnacion Roldan, Pacita Manzano, Norry Mamicpic, and Alicia Sacay.

USC COMMANDANT PROMOTED

After long years of hard work and perseverance and efficiency, Capt Jose M Aquino was promoted to the rank of Major, thereby winning more than ever the USC ROTC Unit's trust and confidence in

(Continued on page 80)

DIARY



Exercise S

by **CDT COL ROQUE A CERVANTES**
Corps Commander—1960-61

Have you prepared yourself to play a part in the inevitable struggle for the survival of the fittest and the fastest?... man, whether you like it or not, soldiery is a part of your life... someday, some way, you'll write down your own diary—not with ink but with sweat and blood, with bullets and guts!

March 31—

ALL ABOARD!

Still hot-eyed from the thunderous victory we reaped during the 1960 Tactical Inspections, we converged at the DMST office at 1730 hours (5:30 p.m.) — with packs and rifles all ready. When **Major Jose M Aquino**, Commandant, gave us the good-luck tempo, our blood treasured with hall questions for the unknown days ahead. We were then ROTC volunteers for the III MA, 5th Inf Division army maneuvers that were scheduled to take place in Bundo, Siaton, Negros Oriental!

At Pier 3, after our names were checked, we boarded the PN battleship, the RPS COTABATO — now **Cdt Lt Col E. Raffinan**, **Cdt Lt R Mantua**; **Cdt Maj B Marquez**, prob 2nd **Lts Bendanillo, Escano, Tonelete, Ysmael, Angulo, Bronola, Manlosa, Ludovica**, and the rest. From the deck, we looked at the scene below—hundreds of army personnel, AADTs and trainees, machine guns and howitzers and all those weapons, shuttle trucks, jeeps, etc., flowed steadily up the battleship. On the farther side of the road, amid the jazz music of the nearby cabarets, some men were dilly dallying

—bidding farewells and dishing out chit-chats with their loved ones; it pictured to us those dark days when scenes like these were re-enacted all throughout the world! The ship left port at 2057 hours (8:57 p.m.)

April 1—

BEACHHEAD

Early the following morning we beached at Tampi, Negros Oriental. An Hour later, scores of shuttle trucks rumbled on the dusty streets leading to Siaton! All the way, old town folks waved at us admirably. Little did they know that all of us were still innocent of the rugged and tough one-week scheduled training that was awaiting us on the slopes of Siaton!

Upon arrival, the mechanics of establishing a Bivouac Area for resting then went into effect. Individual tents popped up like mushrooms. All communication lines were established from headquarter to headquarter; the hub-hub of establishing camp filled the air. At the moment I was still unaware that the one-week first in a series of heavy drama had commenced! That evening, warning orders of enemy infiltration were rallied from one command post to another with regular Ranger troops as the enemy! The whole night was filled with suspense and adventure. Here and there, sporadic firing hummed with the sounds of the crickets and the countless notes of local wild birds! Amid pitch-darkness the night's activities went on!

April 2—

MARCH SOLDIER MARCH!

Early the next day, a series of surprising results came in—some units lost rifles and machine guns to the cunning Ranger infiltrators; two

were captured and kidnapped, one nearly killed a Ranger when he smashed the latter for real!

At 0900 H, Defense Operation Orders were issued to the whole 21st BCT; we were to move out to defend a key mountain peak! Officers made their usual reconnaissance while we packed up for the march. At 1120 to 1145, planes straled our assembly area. Lots were caught unaware. Soon the number of Killed-in-Action and Wounded-in-Action were reported to higher headquarters.

At 1520 the whole 21st BCT was on the move! At first, we passed over mild slopes; then through treacherous cliffs and ravines! The non-stop "death-march" (as we later termed it) had begun! Darkness descended on us, with only a pale dying moon giving us a misty light. Up the steep mountains and through dense growth of trees, we marched and marched! The usual tapping in my stomach reminded me that we had not yet taken our supper; a look at my watch revealed the 9:00 o'clock tick mark! The seemingly endless column was disorganized, but still all of us paced up and marched on. Countless were on the verge of crying, but nobody dared to stop for the place was totally unknown to us. As I came on a group filling their canteens with lake water, I remembered the water tanks left behind at the assembly area. And, as I drank my first taste of lake-water, I spat out hall and sweated with the thought that all was not happy-happy adventure after all!

It was nearly twelve o'clock when the seemingly eternal march ended on a mountain peak! Rest and sleep were utmost in our haggard minds; supper, we already had forgotten. Again, the long mechanics of establishing camp commenced. But I guess it didn't reach halfway through because minutes later, only

hri - Visaya

the eerie notes of wild birds could be heard.

April 3—

DEFENSE IN "HUNGRY HILLS"

Early at dawn I was one of those who were awakened by the nerve-chilling coldness of the mountain wind. Extra clothing didn't help at all so that we had to build a bonfire with dead twigs. Hours later, with the sun on our backs we established the complicated mechanics of defending an area. Barriers, bar-rages, communication lines, GOPL, COPL, and all those details were established. Breakfast didn't arrive until 1045 H (10:45 a.m.) Knowing that the kitchen supplying us all the mess was miles behind, we saved what little bread we could spare. Getting our dear precious lake water was so laborious that we could have volunteered for a climb up the Himalayas! That night, we slept with only the left-over bread in our stomach for lunch and supper.

April 4—

ENEMY ATTACKS!

Early on April 4, all of us were inspected for live ammo. The top brass decided to use only blank ammunition for the whole maneuvers because of the possible dangers it may inflict on the participant. However, many were able to hide clips of live bullets — either for souvenirs or just for kicks.

At 0600H, aggressors (Ranger troops) attacked the front lines of the 21st BCT after successfully blowing up the whole maneuvers dump! Rifles, machine guns, and all those weapons barked like hell! Umpires gave problems one by one to officers. Many were declared dead and sent back behind the lines for proper tagging. Forward observers of the 4.2 Mortar Section went into action. After requesting



THE SPECTATORS

ammo resupply, B Company Commander employed his final protective fire. Enemy was still penetrating hard on the front of A Company until it broke a gap in the 21st BCT's Forward Edge of the Battle Area (Main line of resistance). C Company was then employed to counterattack. Everybody was on the double; you could see their faces pale with excitement and hunger; mouths dry, and uniforms all soaked with sweat! Soon, higher headquarters ordered the 21st BCT to effect a retrograde movement while the 22nd and the 24th BCTs came in to take up the counterattack! We marched back again on the five-hour walk without breakfast and lunch; anything that could be eaten, we plucked off. It was a hell of a game to make!

April 5 — We had maximum rest at Pitogo Vicinity — met Cdt Lt Col Mantua, Cdt Major Marquez, T/Sgt Jesus Modequillo, Sgt Pablo Papeflero; I learned that the former two would take part in firing the Division Artillery's 105 mm Howitzers. We had our first taste of soft drinks and water when we sneaked out to the "star-gazer" first aid station — some three miles walk.

April 6—

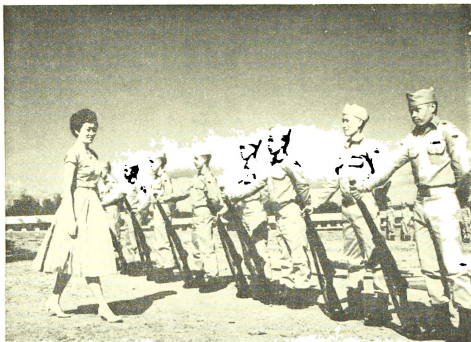
ALL OUT ATTACK!

Finally, at 0315H (3:15 a.m.) the following day, all of 21st BCT and the rest of the Division somewhere miles away got up for the final phase of the Shri-Visayan maneu-

vers, the phase that was to end up all the week-long heavy drama we had sweated out — the all-out attack! With packs left behind, we soon rumbled in a motor march on the treacherous dirt roads built by the Engineers battalion! While we held on to our rifles, we tried to imagine what was up now after all those nervecracking experiences we had for the past six days.

At 0500H we started the silent penetration on enemy territory! At H-15 I imagined the grim but excited faces of my comrades way down behind at Division headquarters as supporting artillery fire echoed and re-echoed with live ammunition fired-for-effect at objective. At 0600H all troops crossed the line of departure. Umpires observed the actions of every unit officer to every problem given. Up and down in every steep slope, through dense growth of trees and vines some thousands of troops crawled. Thousands of rifles, machine guns, mortars and all weapons barked and made it a hell of a place! On the way, some lost their footing and rolled back down the mountain sides. Onward came the soldiers of war — yelling, gasping for breath, sweating with excitement as they fired clips of blank ammunition. Overhead, planes zoomed and added more excitement to the commotion. Scores were declared dead and wounded by the white arm-banded umpires.

Then came the crucial moments. We noticed that live bullets were
(Continued on page 80)



Excellent Moral Support...

ROTC 1960-61'n SUMMARY (Continued from page 77)

year. Leading the awardees was Cdt. Col. Bendanillo, Corps Commander 1959-60. A month later our vaunted die-hards displayed again their superiority in a Joint Parade and Review in honor of the Commanding General. Again our unit earned more honors when they captured the most coveted prize of the day. They were voted as the Best carriage of rifles.

Just recently our die-hards participated in another Parade and Review in honor of the Secretary of National Defense. Although no awards were given, our boys were able to catch the attention of the secretary.

Topping the activities this year was the recent tactical inspection held last Tuesday, January 31, 1961. With our efficiency, skill and knowledge, we managed to achieve second place. CPU was first place.

All of these achievements were made possible by the brilliant guidance of our beloved commandant, Maj. Jose "star" Aquino and his staff, Sgt. Jesus Modequillo and Sgt. Pablo Papellero. The cadet officers behind the new glory of San Carlos are; Cdt. Col. Roque Cervantes, Corps Commander; Cdt. Maj. William Martin, Corps Adj & S-1 & Ex-O; Cdt. Lt. Col. Eufrocino Raffinan, 1st Bn Commander; Cdt. Lt. Col. Romeo Mantua, 2nd Bn Commander; Cdt. Maj. Jose Sitoy, 1st Bn Adj & S-1; Cdt. Maj. Baltazar Marquez, 2nd Bn Adj & S-1; Cdt. Maj. Armando Loresto, Delta Btry; Cdt. Capt. Arnulfo King, Alpha Co; Cdt. Capt. Vic Cajoles, Charlie Co; Cdt. Capt. Ampong, Echo Btry; Cdt. Capt. Roger Go; Foxtro Co, and Cdt. Lt. Estrera, Bravo Company.

YOUR SNIPER-SCOOPER

(Continued from page 77)

his leadership. With his guidance, this Unit soared high to high honors, and thus he kept aloft the morale of his cadet officers and cadets. Though he works with iron-hand discipline, Major Jose M. Aquino has won much the admiration of the cadet corps. Remarkable one cadet: "If Cubans fear Fidel Castro, Diehards love Major Aquino!"

(3) Applicants for Cadet Officership

All those who wish to apply for cadet officership for the school year 1961-62 are directed to report to the DMST for proper screening. Requirements: Must have the interest, knowledge of basic subjects both theoretical and practical, and other minor requirements.

(4) Extra Drill for Delinquents

The Department of Military Science and Tactics decided to give extra drill to cadets who incurred

DIARY-Exercise...

(Continued from page 79)

humming through the air like flies. Everybody kept as low as possible for dear young life! I held my breath for a moment as splinters of rock flew three feet above my head when a live bullet hit a big boulder beside me! Unit officers barked with anger and warned severe punishment for those caught firing live ammunition!

Minutes later, the attack went on! At last at 0939 Hours the main objective was captured after passing through stations of minor enemy resistances! After that the whole mechanics of reorganization and consolidation was taken up. After some rest, we walked back to Pitugo vicinity where our packs were left.

That night, at 2015 hours, we boarded that shuttle trucks for Tampi and arrived there at 2330H; we slept hard by the seashore.

April 7—

HOME SWEET HOME!

At 0900H, after loading up all equipments and the first batch of personnels, the RPS COTABATO left Tampi and headed back for Cebu. On the deck the men talked and exchanged stories about their being "Veterans of Operation Hunger". At 1730H of the same day the ship docked at Pier 3. Countless mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers, sweethearts and friends, and a band were on hand to greet and welcome back the yelling, waving, fatigue-clad men on the ship. Soon, scores went down in a steady flow on two planks. It was all excitement of welcome; a group of student nurses distributed soft drinks and sandwiches. I was segregated from the rest of my ROTC Comrades during the unloading. Below, with sling rifle and a pack behind, I looked back at the scene, and became sure that all of us had that sentimental feeling for the experiences and training we had in Exercise Shri-Visaya — a lot that we could someday use in the never-ending struggle for the ideals of democracy and peace!

six or more hours of absence to give "justice" to those who really sweated it out for the past two semesters. Theoretical and practical subjects that will benefit the cadet individual shall be introduced to these cadet delinquents. ‡



IN RETROSPECT

The Godly American Educator

Speaking before the Fathers, members of the faculty and the student body of this university, Dr. Harry David Gideonse, president of Brooklyn College in New York City and SEATO lecturer stressed the direction of change in American educational programmes.

The American educator pointed out the advantageous nature of American control of education. He said that the Federal government has no power of supervision and control over education, because the same is a state function of the 50 states that make up the federal states.

He declared that each state through the exercise of its right of local control, has the blanket authority to adopt measures beneficial to the interest and well-being of the educational institutions within its territory.

He declared that one of the most important factors in the betterment of the American educational programs was the creation of the *American Accrediting Service* which carefully examines the courses offered in schools, colleges and universities in America.

Dr. Gideonse pointed out that the Russian *sputnik* prodded Americans into more interest in improving education, especially in the sciences. It was believed that the US needed more engineers, but actually the need is for better engineers.

However, the Dr. said that he was of the opinion that improving the quality of engineers rests on giving them more courses in the humanities in addition to technical courses. Engineers should have an eye, not only for the functional and the technical, but for the aesthetic and the human.

The American educator suggested that an educational system should be adapted to the need of the country, not adopted from the curricula of other countries.

He illustrated the deep interest and eager participation of the American people in the country's educational problems by saying that 97% of the US population participate in school board elections compared to the 60% who participate in national presidential elections.

Asked to comment on the present day students' poor command of the English language, Dr. Gideonse said that "this is a problem also faced by almost all countries in the world." In fact, even Russian educators commented that their students are also "hopeless and abominable."

The SEATO lecturer explained that "this maybe due to the type of language we get from TV, movies, radio and popular magazines which aim at the masses—calculated to have the intelligence of *twelve-year-olds*." He said that the Philippines needs *more-setting* in its English, especially spoken English.

When asked what the Americans think of the Russians, the travelling SEATO lecturer replied that the "American public thinks the Russians are overrated by those who fear them. Americans are not afraid of the Russians, they are just complacent about them," he said.

Dr. Gideonse's lecture here was one of the series given in a world-wide lecture tour of the different countries comprising the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization. The American educator was introduced by Rev. Fr. Rector Harold Rigney, S.V.D.

BOARD AND BAR

The University of San Carlos caught the spotlight once again when it obtained the first and tenth places in the recent board and bar examinations respectively.

New Lawyers

Vicente Bendanillo, Jr. copped first place in the board examinations for chemical engineers, while Valerio Salazar got the tenth place in the bar with a rating of 88.25%. Manuel Valenzuela also passed the bar and landed on the 13th place with a rating of 87.75%.

Among the USC barristers who hurdled the last bar exams were the following: Adelino B. Sitoy, Benjamin Alonte, Estelito Alvia, Antonio Angel, Democrito Barceñas, Jesus Bertulfo, Geronimo Creer, Marcial Empleo, Vivencio Estrada, Arturo Gallardo, Fabian Gardones, Jesus Jajalla, Ramiro Magsayo, Alejo Montejo, Nicasio Nueva, Emilio Opinion, Miguel Paderanga, Jose Perez, Potenciano de los Reyes, Usualdo Tayonciano, Wilfredo Veloso, Marietta Egay, Samuel Fabroz, Alma Deiparine, Claro Cagigas, Gualberto Calope, Galileo Trocico, Heliodoro Fiel.

Of the 4,216 law graduates from different law schools all over the Philippines who took the last bar exams, only 1,667 successfully passed. The national percentage was 39%. USC percentage was 58.82%.

New Chemical Engineers

In the board examinations for chemical engineers, the following passed together with Bendanillo. They are Edwigio Bertulfo, Danilo Cabatingan, Lydia Canalita, Oscar Caniga, Raul Espina, Melchor Fuentes, Margarita Empuesto, Leticia Labro, Emperia Mendoza, Leopoldo Mercado, Fulgencio Raffinan,

Jesus Serato, and Myrna Vismanos. The passing percentage of USC was 78% while the national passing percentage was 57%.

New Architects

Six candidates for architects passed the recent board examinations for architectural engineering. They are Amoroso Manligas, Cecilia Ouan, Oscar Oppol, Julian Pura, Jr., Pedro Varela and Rodney Lopez. The national percentage was 30.4% while the passing percentage of USC 75%.

New Pharmacists

In the pharmaceutical board examinations, 27 candidates from the USC college of pharmacy passed. The new pharmacists are: Virginia Almase, Guida Banogon, Estrella Buytrago, Juanita Carvajal, Felices Casco, Estrella Ceniza, Venus Daraman, Dionisia Enriquez, Luz Hermoso, Gavinita Hortellano, Agnes Jao, Celsa Luna, Josephine Marbella, Fe Mascarinas, Susda Mata, Alberta Mendoza, Leticia Moran, Carmen Patalinghug, Norma Quinones, Corazon Rocha, Anacortia Rosales, Flora Semilla, Felicita Tan, Tomasita Tortuga, Carmencita Uy, Sixto Wong and Mary Yap. The national passing percentage was 77%. The passing percentage of USC was 97%.

USC STUDENTS' DAY

The celebration of the *USC Students' Day*, the first of its kind since the establishment of this University ended with a resounding success after arduous and frenzied preparations were undertaken by the Supreme Student Council and the various clubs and organizations in the campus.

The celebration which reeled off last December 17 and 18th featured forensics, athletics and gymnastics, parades and other activities that have become standard fare in college festivities.

Other highlights were playground demonstrations, judo exhibitions, literary-musical programs, lantern parade, balloon rally and a students' ball which was held at the III MA Social Hall.

During the lantern parade, every student brought along lanterns and torches. Prizes were awarded to the most original, most unique, most artistic, most "beatnik" lanterns. Prizes were also awarded to colleges with the biggest participations.

Another precedent-setting feature of the affair was the awarding of Council certificates to honor students in recognition of their scholarly achievements. The awards were made in line with an avowed aim of the Student Council to promote academic excellence.

A "king" and his "queen" reigned during the Students' Day. Chosen unanimously by a board of judges composed of Atty. Catalino M. Dornonio, Mrs. Rosario de Veyra and two members of the Students' Day Publicity Committee were Jose T. Pritchard as "king" and Erlinda Talaid as "queen". Both are from the College of Liberal Arts. Pritchard is a Pre-Med student while Talaid is taking A.B., majoring in Psychology.

Pritchard was a valedictorian in the elementary and high school, while Talaid was a valedictorian and salutatorian. Both are honor students.

The "king" is president of the Pre-Med organization. The "queen" is a staff member of the *Carolinian*, former editor of the *Retort* and a representative to the 4th Supreme Student Council.

The "sovereigns" were chosen on the basis of their personality, extra-curricular activities, character and leadership.

Council President Sixto Llacuna Abo, in his capacity as the chief executive of the highest ruling body of the students in this university, issued a statement thanking all those who in one way or another helped to make the celebration of the *Students' Day* an affair to remember.

BOOK FAIR

To enable the students to acquire books for their professional works and personal enjoyment at reasonable cost, the USC Book Lovers Club under the able management of the Father Librarian, Rev. Fr. Joseph Baumgartner, S.V.D. and two faculty members, Miss Delia Gador and Mr. Victor Asubar sponsored a Book Fair last November 25th at the Archbishop Reyes building.

The Book Fair was hailed by many, especially students as "truly a public service" to lovers of books. They were able to buy them at reasonable prices.

USC JUDO CLUB

The judo students of the university under Mr. Jose Maningo, Sr. convened at the USC judo room and organized a judo club called the *USC Green and Gold Kimonos*.

Elected officers were Isidoro Cañazares, president; Aundry Villanueva, 1st vice-president; Salvador Sala, 2nd vice-president; Rainero Bugarin, secretary; Mars Pastor, treasurer; Manuel Mercado, auditor; Julian Macey, PRO; Buddy Valenzona, asst. PRO.

The Board of Advisers which at the same time serve as the screening committee is composed of: Rev. Fr. Anthony Buchick, S.V.D. Mr. Juan Aquino, Jr., Mr. Geronimo Lianto, Mr. Jose Lino Maningo, Jr. and Mr. Geronimo Creer, Jr.

CATHOLIC ACTION CONFAB

The second Catholic Action convention of the Archdiocese of Cebu was held in this "Queen City" of southern Philippines last January. The confab was sponsored by different Catholic mandated organizations in this city.

The main theme of the convention was "*The Parish Council, Front Line of Catholic Action*."

The USC delegates who attended the meet were headed by Miss Guillerma Villoria and Miss Amosa Velez, USC SCA advisers. Among the members of the Carolinian delegation were Purificacion Aparte, Maria Barrameda, Lionel Chiong, Toriano Chua, Jesus Galdo, Jesus Ravanes, Antonio Sanchez and Teodula Tabelan.

FATHER RIGNEY REPORTS TO GSP

Rev. Father Rector, Harold Rigney, reported to the Geological Society of the Philippines in Manila on the primitive mammalian skull found by Fr. Edgar Oehler, Secretary-General of this University.

The skull which was found by Fr. Oehler in Lu Feng, Yunnan, China way back in 1948 is similar to the *Morsuoodon* and related *Doododon* and *Teraisopyodon* which form a link between the class Reptilia and the class Mammalia.

GRADUATE PROFS ON EXPEDITION

After having just returned from field work in northeastern Mindanao, Fr. Rahmann and Dr. Marcelino Maceda of the Graduate School left again for another anthropological expedition.

The two graduate professors went to Antique in Panay Island where they studied the life of the still existing, but nearly extinct Negritos (Ati).

PAASCU INSPECTION

The Philippine Accreditation Association of Schools and Colleges and Universities (PAASCU) of which the University of San Carlos is a bona fide member, conducted an inspection of the College of Liberal Arts, and Sciences, Teachers College, and College of Commerce last January 27th and 28th.

In preparation for the projected PAASCU inspection which had a bearing upon the standing of USC in the said organization, a self-survey team was made prior to the inspection. Committees were organized to handle the different aspects of the self-survey, which included purposes and objectives, faculty, instruction, administration, physical plant, laboratories, and student services.

The Secretary-General, Rev. Fr. Edgar T. Oehler, was the over-all chairman of the self-survey team. He was assisted by the Deans of the colleges, Fr. Hoepfner and other members of the faculty.

LAW CURRICULUM

The revised four-year law curriculum will be implemented gradually starting at the opening of classes this coming June, sources close to the Registrar's office revealed.

The implementation will be in line with the approval of the revamp of the law curriculum of private schools by Acting Education Secretary Jose Y. Tuazon.

It is said that under the revised curriculum, legal control of business is included as a new subject in the third year. Legal accounting is offered as an optional subject for those students who have already completed a collegiate course in accounting. Other subjects are also included. These will cover courses of study on many new laws promulgated since the curriculum's last revision.

Among the subjects carried on in the old curriculum that have been dropped is legal research.

Private Schools Director Jesus Perpiñan who made the disclosure of Tuazon's approval of the new curriculum, said that the new curriculum is a product of careful deliberation by a special committee of law deans which he created recently.

USIS HONORS CAROLINIANS

Five Fulbright and Smith-Mundt scholars of the University of San Car-

las who have successfully returned from their graduate studies abroad were honored by Mr. Irving Sablosky, manager of the United States Information Service (USIS) Cebu and four other Fulbrighters.

The five Carolinians who were awarded certificates of honor at a dinner party at the residence of Mr. Sablosky were: Mr. Patrick McGinnis, Mrs. Maria Gutierrez, Dr. Concepcion Rodil, Atty. Augusto Derecho and Miss Jane Kintanar.

USC PROFESSORS IN SEMINAR

Five USC professors spoke during the seminar on "Practical Guidance for the Schools" sponsored by the Philippine Mental Health Association, Cebu Chapter last January.

Rev. Fr. Lawrence Bunzel, Rev. Fr. Joseph Goertz, Rev. John King, Dr. Concepcion Rodil and Mrs. Tecla Espiritu lectured on various topics of guidance to public and private teachers of the City of Cebu at the social hall of the Cebu School of Arts and Trades.

NEW MASTER OF ARTS MAJOR

A new major subject of specialization has been added to the Master of Arts course, namely, Teaching English as a Second Language. This new major subject emphasizes teaching methods, phonetics and language structure. It has been offered this semester.

AKA INDUCTION

The Alpha Kappa Alpha Fraternity held its pinning-induction affair last February 12 at the Jaycee Clubhouse.

The officers inducted were Mr. Victor Dumon, grand akan; Gualberto Escario, deputy grand akan; Nacefero Alino, scroller; Epimaco Denising, Jr., exchequer; Quincey Lim, deputy exchequer; Roberto Daniel Jr., comptroller; Carlito Alo, business manager; Rene Geonzon and Tommy Matela, informers; Arturo Jimenez and Vicente Ocampo, chasers.

HRC CHARITY BAZAAR

The officers of the Human Relations Club, USC chapter are: Miss Teresita T. Vergara, president; Miss Rosario Teves, vice-president; Miss Fe Lozada, secretary; Miss Rita Palma, treasurer;

Manuel S. Go, PRO; Rev. Fr. Lawrence Bunzel, SVD, adviser. Miss Misericordia D. Perales, Chairwoman, Charity Bazaar.

The Human Relations Club of this university undertook a Charity Bazaar last University Day. Part of the proceeds were donated to the mental patients of Cebu.

The program came into reality through the help of some faculty members and students who gave valuable donations in various forms of articles which were sold to the visitors during the college day.

NATIONAL COUNCIL AWARD

Mr. Jose Matuhang, assistant scoutmaster of the USC Boy Scouts Association was recently awarded a certificate of honor and a medal by the National Council of the Boy Scouts of the Philippines.

The award was for the noteworthy service rendered to the scouting movement by the University of San Carlos during the Annual Court of Honor held at the Colegio de San Jose roof garden.

SSC FOR HS STUDE COUNCIL

President Sixto Llaouna Abao of the Supreme Student Council revealed that by next school year this coming June, there will be a student council in the high school department which will be separate and distinct from the college council.

President Abao disclosed that there is a pending bill which asks for the organization of a governing body in the high school department.

The bill points out among other things that "the organization of the HS Student Council will provide good training for high school students in the discharge of governmental matters."

It is said that upon approval of the bill, the same will be referred to the directors of the Boys and Girls High School departments for final consideration.

The Supreme Student Council, it is said, will work that the students in the two departments will have a so called "local autonomy" in the management and control of their activities without any intervention from the college council.

What Do You Think . . .

(Continued from page 71)



AL DORONIO
Commerce II

● Nothing is wrong with serenading if we take things as they are. Pre-serenading drinking is not a part of serenading, for the word serenading means singing in the open air with a guitar to entertain your loved ones. Singing a malicious song is not within the purview of serenading either.

On the contrary, serenading has valuable aspects in this age of advertisement. Through it, you will be known. And, popularity can be accomplished only if the serenaders would conduct serenading within the province of right conduct and good manners.



Wifreda Aurora
BSEED II

● What's wrong with serenading? I believe, there is nothing wrong with serenading if it is done the right way at the right time. I always consider it a pleasure to listen to serenaders who warble the sweet melodies about love in the stillness of the night. It soothes a woman in love. It helps a man to prove the sincerity of his love. Furthermore, it paves the way to the reconciliation of two broken hearts. Serenading is a custom left us as a heritage from our forebears. And by all means, we should preserve it for the present and forthcoming generation to cherish.

The Hair of Magdalena

(Continued from page 27)

were leaving a theater. He closed the lid of the leather suit case and locked it with finality. He looked around to see if he had forgotten anything and when he couldn't remember, he paced to the spring bed and sat down and lighted a cigarette. Where would he go from here? he asked himself. Who knows, he answered. He thought of the time, but he remembered he had pawned his wrist watch three months before when they had nothing to eat. He rose from the bed and lifted his leather suit case with one hand. It was heavy. He looked around the room and said to himself, goodbye Magdalena, I'll remember your hair, and left. ‡

Erlinda M. Talaid

(Continued from page 61)

is liked by those who are hard to please, but then who can boast of pleasing all?

If by philosophy of life we mean how we live it, then Linda lives each day as if it were her last. Taking things in her stride, she "meets with Triumph and Disaster and treats those two impostors just the same," to quote Kipling. She loves to quote, "If life were all sunshine without rain, what would life have been?" She can't seem to get these lines out of her mind.

She studies all her subjects; prefers the dramatic better than the comic movie. She admires Pres. Kennedy and most especially his wife Jacqueline. Frank Sinatra and Julie London are also favorites.

The third child in a family of five, she prides herself for being a Filipina. She's both introvert and extrovert, one or the other at times. She once worked with the Philippine Refining Company and as a student librarian for a while. She dreams of owning a lovely home in the future, of going abroad, of marrying a man her family likes and whom she loves, because she would be proud to be with him.

This is Linda.

N. Fegi Larasa

The AKA Fraternity

(Continued from page 62)

ness is the keynote. Consider your personality, your personal coloring, the occasion, the season, and your age. Learn to use the power of clothes to your advantage. If nature hasn't been too generous with her gifts, your clothes can help you. . . .

"Conversation is an art and not a 'line' that ropes in the victims. Be honest and sincere. . . . Be meek and humble. . . . Be like St. Francis of Sales who is called the gentleman saint because he practiced the virtue of meekness to an extraordinary degree; who converted more heretics by the influence of his sweet and amiable

disposition and his remarkable meekness than he did by the power of his singular eloquence and profound learning. . . . Be just and upright; give to every one his due: to God, worship; to the authorities, obedience; to subordinates, rewards and reprimands; to equals, fraternal charity. . . ."

Finally, with the fraternity's intention to make its members walk along the path of virtues, and thereby attain happiness not only in this life but also in eternity, it sums up its instructions to the neophytes by telling them to follow the Ten Commandments of God: "The Ten Commandments of

God shine on the highway of life; keep these commandments. If you keep them well, you will be happy not only in this life but also in the life eternal. . . ."

Thus from the above quotations from the rites of the making of an Akan, we discern the fraternity's aim of molding its members physically, morally, and spiritually through physical initiations; morally through favorable environments and undertakings and practice of Christian virtues; spiritually by following the commandments of God and the precepts of the Church. ‡



Central Visayas delegation to 7th PRISAA in Baguio February 5-10, 1961.

USC Standout . . .

(Continued from page 85)

to catch the ball. When at bat, the fielders of the opposing team adjust their position for Lino is well known for blasting the ball over the fence. In his stint last year he maintained his batting average at .500 points. At present he is the mainstay of the CVAAP contingent to the 7th PRISAA to be held in Baguio City. He is presently contemplating to hit the metropolitan baseball, having in mind accepting an offer from the UST Gold Sox.

However his close tie to "talent scout", Rev. Wrocklage, S.V.D. via correspondence may yet change his mind.

These, I Remember

(Continued from page 85)

The USC delegation hereby conveys its most sincere gratitude to Mr. Carlos Go of the Go Thong Lines for extending three round-trip passes to the delegates; to the family of Mr. Pete Montero for the warm and exceedingly bountiful reception extended to five delegates at Ilocos Sur; to the family of Mr. Victor Dumon for the accommodation of the five delegates in Manila; and to Mr. Regalado E. Maabong for his invaluable trouble-shooting for the delegation.

The conference was altogether a success in spite of our never starting any activity on the except the meals. The impact of conflicting personalities, all potentially great, trying to outshine

USC Warriors . . .

(Continued from page 73)

USC SHADES

USA EAGLES 77-76

The University of San Carlos Golden Warriors nipped San Agustin U'S Golden Eagles 77-76 and entered the final round of the National Intercollegiate Basketball Championship. A charity conversion by diminutive **Manoto Baz** in the last 57 seconds turned out to be the margin.

In the last four years for their search for glory, the Warriors have been consistent finalists in the Intercollegiate Tourney, a record for provincial teams. Local followers attributed it to "soft bracketing", a flimsy reason considering the fact that the CCAA runner-up were against champion teams from the UAAP, UCAA and the past Visayas. At this stage Cebuano followers were dismayed as the UV Lancers bowed out in bitter defeat against defending champion JRC Bombers and UAAP runner-up FEU Tamaraws. Spectators were on their feet in both encounters as the spirited

each other, yet bound together by one common purpose, left a deep impression on me. All in all, I wished each place were like Baguio and each day a conference day ♪

CCAA titlists pitted their raw courage and skill against Manila's best. The Lancers fought for every point and slugged it out from start to finish in a terrific display of power basketball. A deeper bench and plenty of reserve kick made the hairline difference between victory and defeat as the scores indicate: JRC 93—UV 92; FEU 105—UV 101.

USC UPSETS

JRC BOMBERS 83-79

The USC Golden Warriors doused out the title retention hopes of defending champions JRC Bombers with a 83-79 clearcut victory. Sparked by **Julian Macoy**, the Cebuano scored effectively with their outside shots against all sorts of defenses the Bombers threw at them. Gaining the initiative early, they held the uprhand most of the way, never allowing the Heavy Bombers to get closer than 3 points until gun-time. That was the victory they needed most and they played the role of spoilers with a magnificent display of heads-up basketball. After that they fell prey to their "nemesis" UE Warriors and the No. 1 Collegiate team of the country via a lopsided score. But the honors did not stop right there.

Ernie T. Bitong of the Evening News made cognizance of the shooting triumvirate from Cebu, the **Macoy-Pizarra-Palmares** combine. Century kid Macoy wowed hoopdom's cage addicts with his repertoire of shots and his consistent brilliant showing earned him an aggregate score of 180 points, the highest in the loop, a whooping average of 25.6 points per game topping the vaulted scoring twins of FEU Engracio Arazas and Romeo Diaz by a wide spread. **Ben Lara**, a noted sports columnist of the **Manila Daily Bulletin**, named the 5 "9" cager from Cebu to his All Filipino Collegiate Mythical selection as a first string forward, a rare honor for an out of town cage hero. The victory against JRC was the only stunned in the lackluster championship round as the FEU Tamaraws asserted without much opposition to crown themselves the No. 1 college team in the archipelago. ♪

Pangulong Tutling

Ang Mga Naligaw

TAON-TAON ay libo-libang mga mag-aaral ang nagaghetapos ng mga kursong kanilang pinalang-aralan. Sa mga ito ay marami ang manauusap sa mga gawing hindi nilo pinaghadanan. Sila yeang mga naligaw sa paglalantao sa kanilang mga gawi at ahika. Magsapansil, halimbawa, na sa mga tanggapan ay napakaraming mga obagadong naglingkod bilang karwal lamang. Makahikite keyo ng mga karaniwang magtutling tapos ng Komersiyal, Normal, o Permasiyatika. Mangyayari ito sa pagtatag ang kanilang mga aralan sa paaralan ay hindi sapat upang sila'y magpapaligalig sa mga gawing kanilang pinalang-aralan.

Ang ito sa mga dahilan ng mga pansyayaring ito ay ang maling pagpipili ng kurso ng isang mag-aaral. Sa pagtutalagang ito ay hindi lamang ang mag-aaral ang dapat sikilala hindi ang mga magulang rin. Sa isang klasa, halimbawa, sa kinabibilagan ng layong lingkod, ay tinanong ng maestro ang isang mag-aaral tungkol sila ng-aaral ng Abagasya. Ang sagot ay isang finasong: "Madali pang kumita ang salapi sa pagiging obagado". Ang sagot ng pangalawa: "Nais pa ng aking mga magulang na mag-obagado ako". Ang sagot ng pangatlo: "Nais ko pong maging politiko sa kinabuhay". Ang sagot ng pangapat: "Wala pa pong obagado sa aking pamilya". Ang sagot ng panglima: "Ito pa ang hiling ko at sa larangang ito nula lang managulang". Pinuri ng maestro ang ikalimang tinanong.

Sa pagpipili ng kurso ay kailangang suriling mabuti ang isang mag-aaral ang kanyang hiling. Ang mga magulang ay moaring tumulong sa pagpipili, ngani't hindi sila ang dapat magpasiya ay bagay na ito. Sapat sa ang payuhan sila ang kailang mga anak. May mga magulang na sa kapustahan magkaroon ng isang anak na di titulo ay Iginigiti ang kanilang mga gusto. Iti'y karaniwang pagtutalagang magpapaligalig mga magulang, ang magulang na ang pangapat ay maging malalaking tao sa lipunan. Gayon pa man, sa pagpipili ng kurso ay kailangang ring itatipid ng mag-aaral ang kakaibahan ng kanyang mga magulang.

Ang ito pa sa mga dahilan ng pagkubigo ay maraming mag-aaral ay ang pagkukulang ng paaralang kanilang pinagkalo. Napakarami ng nakatutapos na lamang sa kanilang kurso ng walang gaanong salalanan sa larangang kanilang pinalang-aralan baya hindi makapagbigay ng mabuting paglilingkod sa bayan. Iti'y nangyayari dahil sa kababahan ng uri ng pagtutero at kawalang-bahala ang mga samahala ng marami sa ating mga kolehiyo at pamantasan. Pera besang ang mahalaga sa mga ito ay ang matukalo at hindi ang adikang makapagtalagang sagot sa karunungan sa mga mag-aaral. Alaalas baya'y inari aling karawal negasiyo lamang ang pagtuturu sa bayan. Ang paglilingkod sila ay isang balat-kayo sa pagpapaligalig ng serili nilang kapakanan.

Malaking pagkukulang ng gobyerno ang hindi pagpapaligalig sa mga sistema ng pagtuturu na ngayon ay amiral sa mga maulalad na bansa ng Europa at Amerika. Sa Europa, halimbawa, ay hindi moaring mag-aaral ng Abagasya, Medicine, Pili-sopiya, at iba't ibang sangay ng siyensiya ang isang tao, kung wala tiyang sapat na talino upang maging dalubhasa sa mga larangang ito. Bito sa aha, kahit sila ay moaring mag-aaral ng kahit ang mga kurso ng maibigan. Ang kinabibilagan ay isang dagat sa sambuganang Pilipino. Kalunastunan ang nangyayari sa mga taong walang katutalan ngani't ang bilalagang dahil sa kamangmangan ng kanilang mga obagado, mga lumumba o nangamatay dahil sa kamangmangan ng kanilang mga manggagamot, mga taong natabing may pinagralan ngani't mang-mang pa rin dahil sa kamangmangan ng kanilang mga naging gero. Malaking tulog ang magagawa ng gobyerno upang malutas ang masasabap sa pansyayaring ito. Naeyon pa'y kailangang gawin na ang dapat gawin upang magbigay sagap ang kawalan ng ating bayan at masailit ang kapayapaan at katulawayan.

Ang mag-aaral na rin ang dapat bigyan ng ibayag sila sa kanyang pagkailigaw. Siya ang nakatatala ng kanyang hiling at gawi, siya ang nakatatala ng kanyang mga katulaw, baya siya ang makapagpapasiya kung anong larangang pa-pansyayaring ang dapat nilang pag-aralan. Kailangang maging magtutaling siya sa pagkabalang ang kanyang sarili sa gawing ipapatong sa kanyang balikat sa mga dariling na araw. Kung magkukulang siya sa pagkailigaw ay mawawalan ng sayay ang pagkailigaw ng kanyang magulang, ng paaralan, at ng pamahalaan na magbigyan siya ng malalwal sa kinabuhay.

Ang mga mag-aaral, habang tinatalatata sila ang lantad patungo sa kaganapan ng kanilang mga pangarap ay kailangang panatagan-minsa ay magtutalagang sa sarili nilang buhi: Saan ako patungo'y? Tinatalatata ko ba ang tunay na lantad? Sapat sa baya ang aking pagpapunyaw? Karapatapat ba ako sa pagpapawis ng aking mga magulang? Dapat nilang lantadong sila ang pag-asa ng bayan sa kinabuhayan at sa kanilang mga balikat ipapatong ang katugulang sa kasalukuyan ay ginagampanan ng kanilang mga magulang. Tatalag ng wika ni Dr. Jose Rizal ay "Ito ang iyong aking obiwales, maytong katutalan sa iyong pagkalo; ang bilyag ng Diyos ng taong liwanag, ay palitawin mo, Pag-asa ang Bukas". T.A.S.

SIMULA nang mabala si Elias ay naging babaya na siya sa kanyang sarili. Labis niyang dinam-dam ang kasawing sinapit niya sa buhay at nawalan siya nang pag-asa at paniniwala. Pati na ang kanyang anak na si David na sampung taong gulang pa lamang ay nakalimutan na niyang lingapin at tingnan, at lingid sa kanyang kaalaman ang lahat ng ito'y tulad sa isang titik ng pasakit sa koloban ng bata. Dahil sa kanyang pagiging babaya natiwalog siya sa kanyang pinapasukong opisina. Ngayon unti-unting nararamdaman na niya ang malamig na kamay ng gutom.

Minsa, dala ng matinding pagkakahag sa kanyang ama, kinauusap ni David ang huli upang alamin kung bakit ito nakakaganito. Marahil ay maari niyang mapasaya ang kanyang ama, ang bulong ni David sa kanyang sarili. Baka mayroong sakit ang tatay.

—Tatay, may sakit ka ba?—ang marahang tanong ng bata.

—Mayroon, David—sabi ni Elias na tuyot ang tinay.

—E, ano ho iyong?—ang may pangambang pag-uusap ni David.

—Sakit sa puso, anak—ang sagot ng ama—Nasusunog ang aking puso, David.

—Nasusunog?—ang ulit ang bata na bahaayang nanlaki ang maamala.

—E, di bumili tayo kaagad ng gamot. Sa Diyos kung anong mangyari sa iyo, itay—

—Hindi nagagamot ang sakit na ito, David—sabi ni Elias at malungkot na ngumiti sa kanyang sarili.—Isa pa'y wala tayong pera—

—Bakit ho wala tayong pera?

—Dahil wala tayong pera—

—E, di humingi tayong—

Ang Li

--Ha? Kamino?
—Sa Diyos. Sabi ho ng nanay noon e kung ang isang tao raw e walang suerte kailangang daw humingi siya ng awa sa Diyos—sabi ni David—Siguro, maori din humingi tayo ng pera. Mayaman daw ho ang Diyos at nakatira sa langit.
—Nakalimutan na tayo ng Diyos—ang pakutyang wika ni Elias.
Nawalang saysay ang lahat ng pagsumikap ni David na mapa-

Inihahandog ko ang maikling kuwentong ito sa aking kaibigang si Elena. — FRANCISCO A. ROBLES

numbalik sa dati ang kanyang ama. Kahit ano ang kanyang gawin mandi'y sa wala't wala rin nauwi. Naroon pa rin ang mahiwagang animo sa mga mata ng kanyang ama. Naroon pa rin ang mukha ng paghihinagpis. Gabi-gabi'y hinahanap ni David ang pinakamalaking bituin sa langit at hinihiling doon ang kaligayahan ng kanyang ama sa lalong madaling panahon.

Hindi nakalimutan ni David ang sinabi ng kanyang tatay tungkol sa sakit sa puso. Nasusunog daw ang puso ng kanyang ama. Wala daw silang pera upang bumili ng gamot na matulunas doon. Halos baw't sandali'y ito ang nasasipit ng bata, kaya't maging sa paaralan ay napansin ng kanyang guro na si Miss Soledad na lagay makulimlim ang kanyang mga mata at nakikita na siya'y natitigil.

—Bakit tila hindi ka nakikinig sa aking mga sinasabi, David?—ang naitanong tuloy ng guro na bahayang nabagabag sa nakikita niyong anyo ni David. —Mayroon ka bang suliramin?

—Wala ho, Mom — ang pagkakatila ng bata kay Miss Soledad.

Madalas ay dumadaan si David sa katedral sa bmdang hapon upang humingi ng pera sa Diyos. Buo ang kanyang pananalig na dinggin Niito ang kanyang mga pagmam.

Isang araw itinanong ni David sa

halang magtaya — ang paliwanag ng matandang ahente.

—Hindi ko ho alam ang mga pangalan ng mga kabayo—.

—Bibigyan kita ng listahan ng mga pangalan. Ikaw ang bahalagang pumili ng iyong kursunada. Marunong ka bang bumasa?

—Oho, Nasaan ho ang listahan—.

—Teka't kukunin ko sa loob. Pero, ikaw ba'y talagang tataya, ha?

—Tyak ho, Mang Teban—.

At tulad nga ng kanyang ipinangako, nang dumating na Sabado, ibinigay ni David ang halagang isang piso na kinuha niya sa kanyang alkansiya kay Mang Teban upang itaya sa karera. Ipusta raw iyon sa kabayong nagpangalang "Queen of Sheba." Kinabukasan ng hapon gayon nga ang ginawa ni Mang Teban.

Nang matapus ang karera, masayang ibinalita ni Mang Teban kay David na namalo ang kanilang kabayo at nagkamit ng unang ganitipala. Tumaya ka uli, ang payo ni Mang Teban sa bata. Sa sabado, ang sagot ni David.

Muling nagwagi ang kabayong pinustahan ni David nang dumating na linggo, si "Black Beauty." Talagang masuerte ka, ang bulalas ni Mang Teban at ubus galak na hinapulus-haplos ang ulo ng bata.

—Aba, e, kung laging ganito ang mangyayari'y bata maging milyonaryo tayo nang di oras, ha, David? nala si Mang Teban na marahil ay

may agimat o galing si Davi kung kaya't hindi nagmimintis ang kanyang pusta sa karera.

—Paano mo bang nalalaman ang mananalo sa karera, ha, David? ang hindi na makatilis na lanong ni Mang Teban.

—Hindi ko rin ho alam yan, Mang Teban. Basta, gabi-gabi'y nagdarasal ako sa Diyos at humilingi ako ng pera. Pagkatapos, umiikot ako nang mabilis na mabilis at pagbaksak ko sa bahig ang pangalan ng kabayong maalala ko, yon ang pinupustahan ko—.

Nagkamot nang ulo si Mang Teban sa kanyang narinig kay David.

—E, leka, nga pala, David. Marami-rami na yata ang perang na pananalunan mo sa karera. Ano ba ang inisip mo gawin diyay?

—Ibibili ko ho ng gamot ang tatay para sa kanyang puso.

—Gamot lang? Aba'y sa tantiya ko'y sapat na iyon upang makabili ka ng isang bahay!

—Kung maglabis ho, e, di ibibili ko ng kahay na bago ang tatay. Luma na yong amin tinutitiran.

—Alam mo kung ako magw, ilalagay ko sa banko iyan. Baka manakaw ang lahat ng iyon sa bahay ninyo.

—Paano ho yon, Mang Teban?

—Madali lang. Mabuti yata'y tulungan kita—.

Iitanong lahat ni David sa banko ang kanyang pera sa tulong ni tandang Teban. Nagpatuloy ang dalawa sa kanilang negosyo. Unti-unting umunlad ang kabuhatyan ni Mang Teban at unti-unti rin napamahal sa kanyang koloban ang batang si David. Higit sa lahat, si Mang Teban ang nakakabatid ng lihim ni David. Ngunit, talos din niyang may isang bagay sa puso ni David na kailan ma'y hindi niya o nino man maaruk.

Samatata si Elias ay patuloy pa rin sa kanyang paghihinagpis. Ni hindi man lamang niya napapansin ang unti-unting pagbabago sa kanilang tahanan: ang pagpipit ng mga bagong kagamitan, ang masasarap na pagkain. Laging itinatangis niya ang kanyang kasawian sa buhay na wari'y siya lamang ang may sugat sa balat ng lupa.

Hanggang sa isang araw ay natagpuan na lamang niyang si David ay tinawag na rin ng tinig ng langit. Nagkasakit sa utak ang bata at pagkaroon nang ilang araw'y binawian ito ng hininga.

Ipinagtapat ni Mang Teban kay Elias ang lahat ng pagpapakasakit na sinuonng ni David upang siya'y lumigaya lamang.

Hindi kita malimut mahal kong ang ipinagpalagay niyang suerte lamang iyon, pagkakatapon. Subali't nitong huli'y nagsimulang maghi-

HIM NI DAVID

kanilang kapit-bahay na si Mang Teban, nakilalang ahente sa hue-tong at karera, kung paano siya makakakita ng pera upang mabilis ng gamot ang kanyang ama. Tatatawagang sinabi sa kanya ni Mang Teban na tumaya raw siya sa karera.

—Ngunit hindi ho ako marunong tumayo — pagtatapat ni David.

—Madali yon, iba. Basta pumili ka ng kabayong gusto mong pustahan tuwing linggo at ako ang ba-

—Huwag ninyo lang ho sasabihin sa tatay, ho, Mang Teban?

—Aba, hindi! Bakit ko sasabihin. Loko ba ako—.

Ganon nang ganon ang nangyari. Lahat nang kabayong pustahan ni David ay laging panalo. Pag hindi una, pangalawa. Hindi maubos maisip ni Mang Teban kung ano ang ginagawa ni David. Sa una'y ipinagpalagay niyang suerte lamang iyon, pagkakatapon. Subali't nitong huli'y nagsimulang maghi-

Kalungkutan

*kulay ng dapit-hayon
habang papalubog
yaong gintong araw,
kulay ng karimlan
habang naitidlip
ang mga kinapal...*

*huni ng kulisap
sa damha't liblib
sa bukid at ilang,
huni ng inakay
na sabik sa subo
ng inang maa'am...*

*taghay ng pulubing
niminsang kumain
sa maghapong araw,
taghay ng sugatang
kawal na nabulid
sa isang digmaan...*

*bagting niyong bandyo
ng isang matanda
sa dukhang tahanan,
bagting ng batingaw
sa lumang simbahan
aking dalanginan...*

*daing ng maysakit
sa pagkakaratay
sa dustang hiyaan,
daing ng ulilang
walang mag-aruga
sa gabing maginaw...*

*arit ng amihan
at talbok ng alon
sa dalampasigan,
arit niyong inang
nasa'y mapaidlip
yaong bunsong mahal...*

*himig ng organong
kasalig ng arit
sa Poong Maykapal,
himig ng kudyapang
hatid ay kalatag
ng pananambitan...*

*palasong may lason
kusang tumitimo
sa maselang puso,
kaugnay ng dusa,
at bungang masaklap
ng mithing nabigo...*

*sa pangungulila
ikaw ay animong
laging kaulayaw,*

*kaaway ng tuwang
hinahanap-hanap
ng bawa't nilalang...*

ni teodoro a. bay



Kurdiman ng Ulilang Pipit

habang bumubukad ang mga bulaklak, sa luntiang hardin, (uwing takip-silim, hinihintay kita; hinahanap-hanap ang dati mong samyong tuwa ng buhay kong uhaw sa pagsinta. ang bawa't makitang animong gumagalaw, aking minamasdan sa pag-aakalang ikaw yaon, mahal. Sa lumpog ng mga lirio, rosas, gumamela, nagmamamnan ako, baka naroon ka. sa mahinang daloy ng isang batisan, inaaninaw ko ang iyong larawan; datapwa't wala ka, wala ka hirang, wala ang iyong ganda, wala ang iyong maalab na pagmamahal. at kung kumupas na, yaong takip-silim, at ang sandatgidig ay muling kandungin ng hariang karimlan, natiwan akong umaawit ng dating kundimang ating inaawit bago ka lumisan; lakip ang dalangin magbabalik ka rin sa muling pagdatal ng bukang-liwayway. pakinggan mo ako, mahal, pakinggan mo ako,

dito sa ating pugad ay unang sumupling ang pagmamahalan, at dito'y ang pag-big ay laging may alab at walang hantungan... magbalik ka, magbalik ka.

ni marisa san diego

Utusan

ni Patricio J. Dolores

Mga taong walang-hiya, bakit kaya nagtawanan?
 Sa anyo kong ito ngayon sino'ng dapat managutan?
 Sa ekala kaya ninyo, pagkat ako'y 'sang utusan,
 Maaari nang hamakin nlayong mga "mararanga!"?

Dahil kaya sa bera ko't galanti na kasuotan?
 O dahil sa wala akong nakatagong kayamanan?
 O marahil ay sapatkat ako'y isang pabrang mangmang,
 Walang dangal na mahirap, di-kilala sa lipunan!

Ang tanong ko'y bigyang sagot sino'ng dapat managutan?
 Sa anyo kong ito ngayon, kaya ang may kasalanan!
 Sa maghepang pagtutuli't pagbabantog ng katawan,
 Ako ba'y binibigyan ng sapat na kabayaran?

Dalawampung pisong sikhay ang sahod ko buwan-buwan!
 Panamahay at pagkain walang bayud kung turingan!
 Sobhila a'yo mayayaman kung may budhi kayong taglay,
 Mabubuhay kaya kaya sa ganitong katayuan?

Oo, ako ay utusan, nguni't may'ong pagkatao
 Na dapat ding kilalanang tulad ng 'sang maglano!
 At may imbing karapatang araw-araw ay maglamo
 Ng sapat na kabayaran na katumbas ng trabaho.

Iyan ba ay sinusunod ninyong madlang masalapi?
 Hindi kaya kailangang pakawin ang inyong budhi?
 Katarungan ay ibalik sa nabulong ninyong lahi,
 Upang huwag n'yong yurakan ang kulang-palad at sawi.

Ako'y nag-isa nguni't inyong pakatandaan,
 Ang lahi ko ay nagkalet sa buong sangkailaban.
 Ang kawani, manggagawa, magsesaka at utusan,
 Pawang layo'y ipagbaka pagkatao't karangalan.

Kaya'y magbulay-balay, mata-pobreng "mararanga!",
 At huwag lala-lalita yaring ding katauhan.
 Baka kaya ay magsisi, kung sumapit na ang araw —
 Panahingil ng mahirap sa inyong pagkatao-ufung!

"Ang supot daw ng mayaman ay palagi nang kulang-kulang,
 At sa eming mahihirap hihigitin ang kapapunan!"
 Kaya na ang bahala, magtutuos din balang araw
 Angkan naming mga pobra at palala ninyong angkan!

Jinig

ni francisco robes

hindi ko nga marahil natutuhang
 lumuha
 kuny di ako isinilang sa balat ng
 lupa,
 nilikhang may damdamin, may
 pusong umibig,
 may lamang nakadarama ng inil
 at lamig;
 hindi ko nga marahil nalasap ang
 masawi:
 ang sugat ng halik na matamis
 at mahapdi,
 ang hirap nang magmahal at
 hindi ka mahalin,
 ang managinip sa gab'i't sa
 umaga'y biguin —
 subalit aking puso dapat mong
 tantuin
 na ang buhay ay biyayang dapat
 pagyamanin:
 higit na mapalad ang isilang at
 umibig
 kaysa manatiling isang damo o
 isang tubig...

Sa kabila ng mga Ulap

ni mutya panaligan

humayo ka at tahakin
 ang dilim at kasukalan,
 huwag alintanahin
 ang darag sa darananan,
 kapaitan at hilahil
 tiim-bagang pagtiisan,
 at sasapitin mo
 ang paraiso
 ng iyong
 mithing tagumpay...

ang karimlang ngayon
 sa mundo'y lumatag
 kusang mahakawi
 daratal ang alicalas
 pagkat sa kabila
 niyong madilim na ulap
 araw na maningning
 na tanglaw
 ng mundo'y
 laging sumisikat...

ESCRIBIENDO A LA IMPROVISTA

por MARIETTA H. ALO

Al atardecer recibo un telefonema... un mandado que me pasma... de que mañana mismo precisase someter una contribucion mia a la seccion española de nuestro Carolinian. Qué dará una pluma joven y balbuciente...? Tal orden no es puñalada de picar... No soy articulista, ni soy poeta para que me sople la musa de Pindaro, de fray Luis de Leon, de Cervantes... Cuánto apuro... Por cortesía a la Universidad de San Carlos y por respeto a los lectores de mi satisfaccion, me es muy grato cumplir tal recado que acaban de darme por medio del telefono. Albergó la indulgencia de mis queridos lectores, pues en un dos por tres, dejaré correr la pluma, echaré un borron.

Poco tiempo ha tres mujeres de ademanes grotescos a nuestra puerta suplican un empleo, es decir, servir a sueldo diario. La condicion me da mala espina, porque en nuestro pais ya sea por un servicio domestico, ya sea por un cargo profesional, la remuneracion que se asigna es semanal, quincenal y mensual, según fuere el caso. Como base de seleccion se me ocurre esto... Telesora, Teodorica y Teótima, trabajareis separadamente en casa de tres familias amigas y vecinas... Luego tomare el consejo de ellas, y dependerá vuestra recomendacion o rechazamiento de la consecuente informacion, estais conformes? "Si, Señorita, con gratitud aceptámoslo con tanto que nos venga el jornal ó el pago por cada día de trabajo". Otra vez con la lata del salario diario... ¿Querran trabajar un día si y otro no?...

Transcurridos nueve días echanse las cuentas. La familia de Teopatricio dice: Telesora cargada de espaldas, ancha de caderas, roma de nariz, negra pero negrillita, alta de pecho, alegre como ella, sola, frisa en los cuarenta y se muere por un novio que por las noches le echa trovos amorosos al acompañamiento de la guitarra que divinamente toca. Juanico de setenta es la persona alartunada, muy metido en

carnes y crecedico un palmar mas bajito que Telesora. Ay! cuanto se adoran mutuamente. A mi parecer se uniran en matrimonio en su próxima chochez... Qué dulce...! Qué horror...!

La esposa de tío Basilio inloma: Teodorica de treinta, docil, sufrida, tímida, un costal de huesos, sale cada tres días para divertirse en su barrio cantando y bailando con unos mozalbetes. Novio no ostenta ella, pero un tal Pericon que anda a picos pardos, que nunca ver querra suegra... Suegra, ni aun de azucar es buena, muy entregado a haraganear y echar piropos a las muchachuelas, se encaramó en nuestra terraza en una noche de luna solo para darse un hartazgo de ver a Teodorica, la lavandera, luego salir a mata caballo perseguido por nuestro perro Bernard el cual le habia regalado una tarascada en su pescuezo flaco y largo. Qué romántico...? Qué doloroso es el amor...!

La hija mayor de tío Benedicto de sopeton y sin rodeos advierte: desengañémonos, es imperativo ponerle de patitas en la calle a Pulanca, digo de Teótima, arrogante, coquivana, coquilloso, no se manca ni coja, prepara la sopa en un periquete y rompe por todo al hacer los recados, a pesar de sus años, que son 65, se blanquea con media pulgada de crema espesa para ocultar sus mejillas sepultadas en arrugas, y corren cinco noches en que su cortejante vetele le canta la siguiente copla:

*Teótima de mi vida,
Prenda de mi corazón
Hermosa cocinera
Asómate al balcon.*

Después de la serenata Teótima se fascina y empuña el codo aprovechando del vino para la cocina. Tantos veces ha pillado una zorra y ha dormido la mona, cuantas duras represiones ha tenido que darle. Convencida de las cuentas claras y verdaderas que su comportamiento clama, recibe su justo salario, se va con el hato a cuestras,

Mi Mujer Ideal

por el

SR. MANUEL SATORRE, JR.
A. B. III

Cuando se me representa la tristesima imagen
De aquella noche triste...
pacifica
El ultimo tiempo de mi edad;
Cuando me acuerdo de lo querido,
Las lagrimas salen de mis ojos aun en este momento.

LLore... por la perdida de mi ideal
Ideal por haber poseida las calidades
Que Cupido busca... en ella como tal...
Las virtudes de las mujeres ejemplares.

Es una mujer ideal
Aquella que sepa sufrir;
Que es virtuosa... honrada
Que pueda consolarme
En los infortunios de mi vida.

La hermosura por lo tanto para mi no vale
Si solo lo exterior se cuente
Lo moral pasando por alto solamente
En eso se equivoque el amante.

La hermosura se marchita... se va con el viento,
La virtud prevalece... no per el tifon se destruye...

Lo inmaterial perdura... nunca se rumpe
Hasta el otro mundo... vale mucho.

como siempre ha andado, y uff!... al día siguiente al romper el día se marcha a la francesa en un carruaje de San Francisco.

El espacio dedicado para esta composicion es limitado. No quiero dejar la pluma sin dedicar mi sentimiento de gratitud al digno editor, Sr. Flores, por su invitacion. Acepten, mis queridos lectores mis buenas intenciones, y espero de su benevolencia que hagan buena acogida de mis borrones. #

Las Huellas Pasadas De Un Amante Fracasado

por el SR. MIGUEL FLORES — A. B. IV

Mi Querida Rosa,

Te dirijo esta carta no con el motivo excavar los huesos ya rotos de los días de ayer que nunca volverán sino con el fin de hacerte recordar de mi desgraciada suerte que solo los que tienen la perseverancia, paciencia constante y humildad podrían sufrir tal infidelidad, prueba e infortunio. Tan desgraciado estoy de tal manera que me sería difícil borrar lo pasado con todos sus acontecimientos amargos. Por eso, para aliviarme un poquito del dolor que me perturba en cada momento de mi existencia, estas palabras me sirven de remedio eficaz para radicar la raíz de la pena...

Rosa mía, me dijiste bajo la sombra de aquel árbol cuyas hojas ya marchitas sirvieron de testigos vivos de nuestras promesas. Me prometiste ser grata de tu amor y repetidas veces me has dicho con lágrimas que nunca me sepultarías en el limbo del olvido. Nos hicieron por testigo la arena y las piedras de la playa cerca de la cual se ve aún el árbol mencionado. Me declaraste con juicio absoluto de que más podrían alterarse el ocaso y la puerta del sol que tu infidelidad hacia mí. En fin, partiste con tus ojos constante repitiendo la sinceridad de tu vista del porvenir. Pero, ¿ay de mí! ... ¿como te cambiaste?

Un día, me escribiste diciendome que estuvieras fuera de mis ojos dentro de unos días. Al estar tu ausente, siempre soñaba con delirio por estar preocupado de tu vida. Me informaste sobre tu amo en la ciudad. De día y de noche mis pensamientos fueron a ti. Por las noches vigila por la ventana contemplando a la par la belleza de la naturaleza y preocupandome de tu portamiento lejos de mí. Transcurrieron los días hasta que me he enterado de tu ingratitud. Mi primo se lo reveló a mí por ser el vecino de tu amo. Ay!... mi vida esta en un estado por turbado!... como si fuera una balanza que ya no tiene el equilibrio; sin rumbo, como una nave que navega sobre las olas del mar furioso.

Tan vehementes eran mis sentimientos hasta llegar al punto de no sé que... mis padres se quejaron de mi actuación peculiar y siempre mentía del porqué de tal fatal desmayo. No pudiendo yo resistir las fugocidades de mi corazón emborachado por el vino de tu ingratitud, me dirijí a la ciudad en la que estas para solvar una porción del problema causado por la locura de amor. El día miércoles, me marché para que pudiera yo asistir la novena del Perpetuo Succuro. En tal instante, te vi por casualidad con tu querido. Ay... como sentí en aquel momento de prueba. Quería yo vengar... pero la voz interior de esta alma pecador me impidió. Lloré como un niño. Pensé de mi desgraciada suerte y volví a casa gemiendo por haber recibido la pena que penetró al mas hondo rincón de mi corazón.

Tres meses pasaron. Busqué un remedio de la enfermedad moral. Encontré a una mujer de mi barrio que me cautivó también. Me enamoré de ella y después de algunos días, contrae el matrimonio. Ya se curaron las llagas, pero aun se duelen un poco. He concluido que la vida es como un drama cuyo dramaturgo es Dios, cuyas artistas son los hombres... cuyos papeles que se deben desempeñar son las vidas de cada uno... el mundo, por fin, es el teatro. Pensando de esta verdad decretada por El desde tiempo eterno, mis dolores se evaporaron. Soy feliz otra vez y lo pasado fué sepultado con los muertos. Vivo una vida nueva con el plan del porvenir en mis manos. Siendo yo un pescador, pescaba un día. Cog muchas peces por estar tranquilo el mar. Los vendí en el mercado hasta que mi primo me informó que estás ya divorciada con tu esposo.

Las lágrimas se pagan. Los gemidos se convierten en sonrisas. De él supe que quisieras volver a la casa paterna de nuestro amor pasado... Pero ay!... aunque se pudiera hacer un océano de tus lágrimas causadas por tu arrepentimiento, la puerta de mi corazón rehusa tu entrada. Si, el arrepentimiento viene después como la paz—de la tempestad. Todo lo pasado nunca se repite... nunca se recupera... nunca se olvida aunque facil es el perdón. Ahora que estas sola, Rosa mustia de mi jardín, ruega por Dios que le conceda la luz que te facilite seguir el camino de tu salvación ya sacramental y moral. Olvidate de nuestras relaciones de ayer. Descansa en la paz de tu conciencia. Piensa bien antes de hacer una cosa para que no caigas otra vez en el borde del precipicio de la ruina.

Tu amigo fracasado y despreciado,
Ernesto

Condimentum Vitale

Maestro — Tu Pedro, hay que conjugar el verbo ser en el presente de indicativo.

Pedro — Yo soy, tu soy, el soy, nosotros soy, vosotros soy, ellos soy.

Maestro — Que calamidad! Te voy a dar "5". Maria, Contesta! Como se traduce al español la frase inglesa: *What is the matter with you?* Contestame... Maria!

Maria — Que es la materia...contigo?

Maestro — Muy bien. Aqui tengo un par de bobos. Vamos a ver... Tu Ernesto. Usa el termino o palabra "hasta" en la oración

Ernesto — Ah! que facil! Hasta...

Hasta!...Hasta la vista vision.

Maestro — Otra bobo. Oh, que clase de discipulos tengo? Una clase, de bobos, tontos, animales sin razón. Ahora... contestame Pedro!... Quien es el padre de los hijos de Juan?

Pedro — Oh! Que facil, maestro! ¡Mas facil que comer nada! Quien es el padre de los hijos de Juan? Ha! Ha! quien va a ser sino Pedro!

Maestro — ¡Por amor de Dios! Os enviaré a Mandaloyong para que os corrijais — Ultima pregunta. Tu, Maria. Cual es el color del caballo blanco de Ignacio?

Maria — El color del caballo blanco de Ignacio es... es negro.

Maestro — Señor, ¡Ten compasion de mí!

Pedro — A ti Nena, fiel permaneceré hasta la muerte.

Nena — Voy a probar tu fidelidad Dame una cosa que me gusta.

Pedro—Tu voy a dar la luna, las estrellas y todas las luces del cielo

Nena — Esas no valen. Ahora que tengo hambre... quiero pedir prestado cinco centavos porque voy a comprar pan.

Pedro — No tengo ni un centimo

Nena — Que fidelidad!

Pedro — Has visto mis manos? Seven claramente las llagas. Estas llagas recibí por tu causa. Peleaba contra rival Marcos. Uso una espada que causó esta hinda.

Nena — Que lastima— Pedro... estare contigo hasta el fin de mi existir.

Pedro — (soliloqueando) — Estas heridas fueron causados por el perro. Me mordió porque quería robar los huevos de mi vecino.

Nena — Nunca encuentro a uno, tan bondadoso como tu.

Pedro — Gracias, señorita de mis pensamientos!

Nena — Por eso, me diste cinco centavos eh?

Pedro — Que "cantalita", que ironía! Ahora no te quiero mas! Divorcio completo! †

HAY MUCHAS definiciones que se dan la palabra "educación," mas no todas son verdaderas definiciones. La verdad es una, de modo que no se puede haber dos o mas definiciones o conceptos esencialmente distintos y contradictorios entre sí. No Hay mas que una definición que comprende en si la totalidad de la cosa definida y conviene con la esencia de la realidad de la misma. Es preciso notar que cualquiera definición a la "educación o es falsa y insuficiente o verdadera y real según la filosofía o las conceptos que uno tiene acerca de la naturaleza, vida y fin último del hombre. El concepto pues que abraza cada definición refleja y se influye por la filosofía o por los conceptos últimos que uno tiene de la vida y naturaleza humana.

Se trata aquí de probar que solo el concepto cristiano y católico de la educación es verdadera y comprensiva definición. Los autores Redden y Ryan en su libro "A Catholic Philosophy of Education" nos da esta definición cristiana:

que las leyes naturales, descripciones de las operaciones del mundo físico, son suficientes para explicar la realidad. El naturalismo explica la conducta humana, fundándola en un base físico y considera el pensamiento humano como una manifestación de las operaciones físicas, y los valores morales se encuentran, según este sistema, dentro de la experiencia humana.

Según los naturalista que son al mismo tiempo los materialistas de primera clase, el hombre pertenece solamente a la naturaleza y participansolo en los procesos de la naturaleza. Niegan, pues, el elemento espiritual y sobrenatural del hombre y no dan cuenta de la naturaleza humana caída mas aún redimida. Negando la espiritualidad, necesariamente rechazan la existencia del pecado y sus electos sobre el alma, la Redención, la vida sobrenatural, la religión, la iglesia y su infalibilidad. El Sumo Pontífice, Papa Pio XI en la obra ya citada, condena severamente la filosofía del naturalismo pedagógico. El dice: "Toda forma del naturalismo pa-

matismo es la base del "modus operandi" de la educación progresiva. Es un sistema niño-centrico, es decir, da mucha libertad al joven. El niño debe tener libertad de escoger lo que piensa es bueno para él, y seguir sus intereses, satisfacer sus necesidades." Así los sistemas modernos, dice el Papa Pio XI, que proponen un gobierno, propio y libertad sin restricción para el niño, y que disminuye o aún suprime la autoridad y acción del maestro, atribuyendo al niño la exclusiva primacia de iniciativa y una actividad independiente de cualquiera ley superior, natural o divina, en la obra de su educación.

En nuestra definición de la educación se puede ver claramente cual es el fin último de la educación cristiana. El fin último de la educación cristiana es el que lo distingue esencialmente de otros fines propuestos por los otros sistemas filosóficos. El fin último de la educación tiene que conformar con la naturaleza del hombre. El hombre que es distinto esencialmente del animal, tiene un deseo infinitamente

La Educación Verdadera es la Educación Cristiana

por JOSE C. BARRAMEDA

"La educación es el influjo deliberado y sistemático que se ejerce por la persona madura sobre el joven por medio de la instrucción, la disciplina y el desarrollo armonioso de todos los poderes del ser humano, físico, social, intelectual, estético, y espiritual, según su jerarquía esencial, por y para los intereses individuales y sociales, y dirigidos hacia la unión del educando con su Creador como su fin último".

Como se puede ver en la definición la educación no solamente se interesa en desarrollar algunas partes o algunos poderes del ser humano, sino se concierne de la totalidad del hombre. "El sujeto de la educación es el todo y entero, alma unida al cuerpo en la unidad de la naturaleza, con todas sus facultades naturales y sobrenaturales tal como la razón y la revelación a enseña a ser". (Papa Pio XI Carta Encíclica, Christian Education of Youth).

Completamente opuesta a este concepto del sujeto de la educación es el que se halla en naturalismo. Es este un sistema filosófico que enseña que solamente hay un nivel de realidad, que el universo es encerrado y contenido en sí mismo,

dagógico que de cualquiera manera excluye o debilita la formación cristiana y sobrenatural en la enseñanza de la juventud, es falsa. Todo método de educación fundada en todo o en parte sobre la negativa o olvido del pecado original y de la gracia y confía solo en los poderes de naturaleza humana es insano e insensato".

En el sistema naturalístico la educación moral y el estudio de la religión no tiene lugar. El gran maestro es la naturaleza. Los padres y los maestros no tienen que entremeterse, sino cooperar con el procedimiento natural de la educación. La expresión y descubrimiento de sí mismo se enfatizan no hay necesidad de la represión y renuncia, el dominio de sí mismo; el sacrificio y la disciplina son extraños en el paraíso de los naturalistas.

Otro sistema filosófico que pretende explicar la naturaleza y objetivo de la educación es el pragmatismo. Esta doctrina considera el niño como una personalidad que siempre cambia y crece, y la enseñanza y el aprendizaje como procesos en la comunicación y participación que promueve la reconstrucción de la experiencia. El prag-

matismo es la base del "modus operandi" de la educación progresiva. Es un sistema niño-centrico, es decir, da mucha libertad al joven. El niño debe tener libertad de escoger lo que piensa es bueno para él, y seguir sus intereses, satisfacer sus necesidades." Así los sistemas modernos, dice el Papa Pio XI, que proponen un gobierno, propio y libertad sin restricción para el niño, y que disminuye o aún suprime la autoridad y acción del maestro, atribuyendo al niño la exclusiva primacia de iniciativa y una actividad independiente de cualquiera ley superior, natural o divina, en la obra de su educación.

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... ¡MUJER! ...

por el SR. MIGUEL FLORES, A.B. IV

¡Cuán dulce es pronunciar tu nombre.
"Mujer"... señora de mis pensamientos.
Por ti la vida está dedicada
Componiendo versos del sentimiento poético.

El sentimiento causado por tu belleza...
Belleza inefable, incomparable y única...
Porque aún los vientos gimen con murmullo,
La luna, el sol, y el cielo descienden a besarte solo.

Manancial eres de alegría... consuelo y fe...
Sin ti la vida sejuga invalida, nada valdría!
En ti pongo mi esperanza, al estar yo triste;
Porque eres vida de mi vida, gracia concedida.

El labrador arando en el campo diariamente,
Eternamente sería miserable y fatigoso el trabajo;
Si a nos estás presente... inspiradote siempre,
Sedaría un vano, no valdría la pena... castigo duro.

¡Que encantadora creatura!, una dicha del prisionero...
Prisionero del amor inapreciado; limbo de sueños pasados,
Pero mientras que viva este pobre adorador constante
No hay cosa que se teme ni una esperanza vana y triste.

Las rosas, al pasar tu persona, besan tus huellas
Y alegres cantan sin ceño, sin sentimientos de dolor,
Porque se contentan de verte delante de sus presencias...
Todas ellas se alegraron aún el ánimo de la flor.

Mujer... cuán grande privilegio tiene uno...
Cuando en sus sueños, puede recordar de sus amores
Amorlos que son sueños aunque los sueños son tales...
Tales son porque no tienen realidades ni verdades.

Pero todo lo dicho no vale nada si tu mujer
Ignora ser, infiel, y no cumplir a tus palabras,
Lo que importa mucho es la bondad del ser de su querer
Las demas valen menos, insignificantes como las hojas.

Tu integridad es la verdadera hermosura, tu virtud—laudable
Tu belleza física es pasajera—la conciencia limpia perdura...
Lo físico es exterior, lo moral es interior y eterno... esto
siempre.
Para siempre durará... por ser inmortal tu alma... alma limpia.

Guárdate de los vicios mundanos y vigílate cada hora;
Porque en todos los riscones te atarían las tentaciones.
Del poder divino pide auxilio... cuando luchas solo... que
pena...
Es parte de tu existencia combatir, sin cesar los ataques.

Si imperturbable estas en estos momentos tan críticos,
Genuina eres y mejor bella en el sentido real del término...
Si caes, no serías la señora de mis pensamientos
Mi esperanza se echaría en el valle del olvido eterno.

Mujer... es verdad que eres tu fragil, fácil de engañar
Pero así se manifiesta tu lealtad y tu infidelidad,
Por la razón de que nos cuesta lo que vale y vale
lo que cuesta con sangre, valor, dignidad y bondad.

El único consuelo de la mujer cristiana es
Levantarse pronto después de la caída inesperada.
Magdalenas hay, hoy día, entre las mujeres;
Por ser el mundo traidor... la vida engañadora.

El Remunerador de los justos se olvida nunca
De sancionar lo malo pero el corazón se usa;
Justo es, benigno, caritativo y manso como la paloma...
En él pondrías tu consuelo, fe, vida y esperanza.

Tu alma es preciosísima entre los seres de este hogar
Hogar de los desterrados hijos de la culpa feliz...
Por eso él te dió lugar, tiempo... y el nectar;
Del sabor celeste... más allá del supraterrano país.

Te dió tiempo para vivir de nuevo en un estado justo...
Santo... puro y limpio delante del Bienhechor
Por ser de valor grande tu alma... y mucho más tu cuerpo;
Son mansiones de los ojos de Nuestro Remunerador.

Mujer, las confianzas en Nuestra Madre Purísima,
Porque con ella tendrás luz, vida y dicha eterna.
Sin su protección, caminas por la vida tenebrosa
Vas a perder tu dignidad, tu prestigio y alma.

Si observas la voz de tu conciencia recta y dulce...
Si dices lo justo, lo aconsejable y lo verdadero,
Nunca serías indigna de tu nombre de tu belleza...
Mujer de mis sueños permanecerías y mi tesoro eterno. §

El Sumo Pontífice, Papa Pío XI dice: "Es, por lo tanto, tan importante no cometer faltas en la educación como también el no fallar en la consecución del fin último, con que el trabajo de la educación íntima y necesariamente se une. En verdad, puesto que la educación consiste esencialmente en preparar el hombre para lo que debe ser y para lo que debe hacer aquí en la tierra, a fin de que consiga el fin sublime para el cual fue creado, es claro que no hay educación verdadera que no es totalmente dirigida

al fin último del hombre, y que en el orden presente de la Providencia, dado que Dios ha revelado su propio a nosotros en la Persona de Su Hijo Unigénito, quien solo es "el camino, la verdad y la vida", no puede haber una educación idealmente perfecta que no es educación "Cristiana".

La excelencia, la sublimidad de la obra de la educación Cristiana se hace manifiesto y claro, porque después de todo aspira a la consecución del "Bien Supremo", que es Dios, para los almas de los que se

educan, y lo sumo de bienestar posible aquí debajo para la sociedad humana. El fin primario que es la salvación de las almas, es eterno. El fin secundario, que es el bienestar en esta vida, es temporal. Esto quiere decir que el hombre tiene que usar los creadas para facilitar la consecución del fin primario. Es la intención de Dios que el hombre debe usar su poder intelectual para el descubrimiento e ingenuidad para gozar la vida dada por Dios y dirigirla hacia su destino eterno. §



Academic Freedom

(Continued from page 6)

But the cause of academic freedom does not suffer so much from professional pedagogy as it does from incompetent mentors. And doubtless there are many — perhaps even far more than there are competent ones.

Academic freedom is freedom to think and to say what one thinks. It behooves the teacher to impress this upon the minds of his students. But how can one who does not himself think teach others to do so? How can one whose mind is nothing but a reservoir of facts and figures that do not glow with the fire of thought, ever hope to enkindle the minds of others?

Academic freedom is a right. But it is nothing unless there be people who know how to use it.

And then even if there were enough people who knew how to use the right to academic freedom, enough professors and students genuinely interested in the search for knowledge and truth, such alone is not a guarantee that academic freedom will come upon no unruffled seas.

For an unsympathetic administration can subvert academic freedom. Out of fear for the powers-that-be, out of the desire

to protect self-interest, out of mere bigotry, or out of a hundred and one other reasons, it may prohibit inquiry, or allowing the same, prohibit the publication of the results thereof, by suasion, or compulsion, or both.

These are the major scourges of academic freedom. The task of eliminating them will be a difficult one, but eliminate them we must.

Conclusion

Lest we forget the value of academic freedom, let us always bear in mind that:

"The success or failure of democratic living in the next fifty years will depend to a great extent on the willingness of... educators to stand up and be counted on the side of intellectual freedom... In 1938 Thomas Mann called the enemy fascism. Today most of the free world calls it communism. But whatever we call it, it is essential that we recognize the attitude that would restrict free scholarship and inquiry as the enemy of mankind... Those who are afraid of freedom and who attempt to control men's minds take as the first step towards a police state the suppression of ideas."

From the Graduates:

A FAREWELL

and

A PROMISE . . .



When the days of our years are many, whether in
darkness, in twilight, or in sunshine, our thoughts will
stray back to you in unlippped commemoration;

When Time like a gray hand is heavy upon us and
we remember nothing but a door that opens and a
door that closes, our thoughts will go back to you;

For you will be like a whiff of sweetness, a silence
between prayers, a strain of music, the wave of a hand,
and the voice of a friend, and our thoughts like a tired
child to his mother will hie to you again and sing our
gratitude to you.

From Fatima's Commemorative Obit

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66