



The

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VERY REV. HERMAN KONDRING, S.V.D.

(See page 4, Cover Story)

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USC's New Rector

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1955*

No. 1

Message

Having just completed a two-month stay in San Carlos, I cannot exactly class myself a stranger to the student body. I shall, however, welcome every opportunity to enter into closer relationship and personal contact with each and every student. Teacher as well as administrator realize, that they exert an abiding influence upon the students, only to the degree, that they enter personally into their lives, by winning their confidence and eventually gaining their love and admiration.

Whereas facts may be transmitted to the student's mind in an objective and impersonal manner, nevertheless, it is ultimately the personality of the teacher whose love for the studies will inspire the student's interest and love for study and knowledge. In fact, such personal communication ascends to an even higher degree when it is a matter of influencing another person's outlook on life, his mental attitudes and moral values. One cannot expect any inner transformation of spirit, or motive without personal contact with human beings be they teacher, student or anyone else. And doubtless, such personal meetings will yield the fullest blessing on the condition set by the words of Christ, "If two or three are gathered in my name", that is, as long as we act in His name, spirit and with His Blessing.

Consequently it shall be my endeavor, as it ought to be for any teacher or administrator, to be at the personal disposal of the students as far as it is reasonably possible. I have accepted my office in obedience to my own superiors, and in virtue of which, I am determined to dedicate my time, effort and prayers to help and serve the students to the best of my ability. May our students offer their mentors that filial trust and confidence which is the necessary counterpart to the devoted service offered by their teachers.

Herman Kondring, S.V.D.
Rector



Our New Father Rector

It is a two-fold pleasure to welcome Reverend Father Kondring, the new Rector of the University of San Carlos, because Father Kondring is an old friend, not a stranger to this institution, and also because he is a truly likeable man. He has impressed us with his genuine concern over the needs and desires of the faculty members; he has exhibited a clear-cut concept of the true educator and has urged us the faculty members, to strive to attain that ideal; he has shown us his very human quality of enjoying a good story and knowing how to tell one. In the two months that he has been with us, we have not yet found anything in him to carp about — not that we try to find a fault in him but that we hope to find in him the belief that a Rector is one who "rectifies or sets a right that which needs correction."

We therefore welcome our Reverend Fr. Rector with love and with hope. Would to God that he look on us with charity!

Auelina J. Gil
(Guest Editor)



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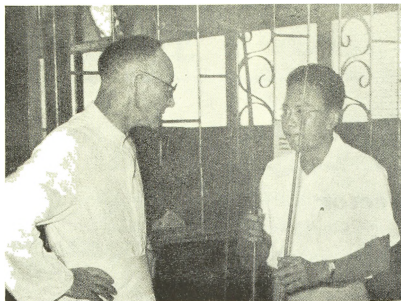
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Fr. Rudolf Rahmann, S.V.D., talks with Mr. Maceda (his student) about the bow and arrow obtained from northern Negros.

FIELD WORK Among

volume and the first part of the second volume have appeared to date.

IT IS DIFFICULT to state the exact number of Negritos in the Philippines. After a careful scrutiny of all available figures, Father Paul Schebesta, S.V.D., estimates that their total number is something like 20,000 individuals.

Of these about 18,500 are found in Luzon, which are approximately divided as follows: in the mountains of Zambales 6,000; in northern Luzon 2,000; in eastern Luzon 8,000; in Bicol 2,500. The rest, about 1,500, live in the central Philippines where they are scattered over the interior of Negros and Panay, and over northeastern Mindanao. There is the question, furthermore, about the percentage of the pure and mixed blood among the Philippine Negrito population.

Among the scholars deserving special merit regarding the study of the Aetas are Ferdinand Blumentritt, W. A. Reed, H. Otley Beyer, Father Morics Vanoverbergh, C.I.C.M., Robert F. Fox, and Father Paul Schebesta.

When during the last decades of the past century ethnological studies were given a special impetus, it was Blumentritt, the Austrian College Director and great friend of Rizal, who

spread the knowledge of the Philippine Negritos in scientific circles through the publication of data gathered from Spanish authors, especially missionaries (Blumentritt, who never visited the Philippines, published nearly two hundred and fifty papers on Philippine ethnography.) Reed studied mainly the Negritos of Zambales. To Beyer we owe the first complete statistics about the different Aeta groups, and he also went into the somewhat difficult problem of their racial characteristics. Father Vanoverbergh explored in a careful field work the Negritos of northern and eastern Luzon, and Fox those living on the western and northwestern lower slopes of Mt. Pinatubo in Zambales. Father Schebesta spent in 1938-39 about six months in the Philippines. He worked during this period among the Negritos of Zambales and Bicol, and he also made brief tours to groups of eastern Luzon, northern Negros, and Iloilo. However, Father Schebesta's special merit consists in the publication of his truly comprehensive three-volume work on the Negritos of Asia (*Die Negrito Osiens*), i.e., the Semang of the Malay peninsula, the Andamanese, and the Aetas of the Philippines. The first

It is but natural that an institution like the University of San Carlos takes a special interest in the small contingents of Negritos in its vicinity: the Mamanuas of Surigao-Agusan, the Aetas of Negros and Atis of Panay. It was gratifying that about nearly three years ago a spark was kindled in the mind of a student of the Graduate School of the University of San Carlos. Mr. Marcelino N. Maceda, who is now a Research Assistant of the Graduate School, proposed to write his Master's thesis on the Mamanuas of Northeastern Mindanao. Since his boyhood he had often seen these dark-skinned people and they had aroused his curiosity. Mr. Maceda's field work for the gathering of the material for his thesis was followed by other scientific tours to Surigao-Agusan, Negros, and Panay. These tours were partly made by the writer and Mr. Maceda in common, partly by the latter alone. Valuable ethnographic data about these small Aeta groups have been gathered and they are being prepared for publication. It is true, the culture of the Visaya-Aetas and the Mamanuas has, because of rather narrow contacts with their Christian and non-Christian neighbors, been more altered than that of their congeners in Luzon; but still, also these little remnants of the Negrito race in the cen-

DRK he AETAS

Father Paul Schebesta,
S.V.D. An indefatigable
field worker.



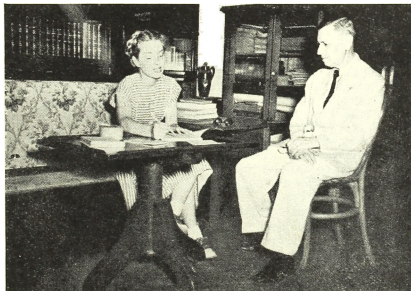
by Rev. Rudolf Rahmann, S.V.D.

tral Philippines are in many respects heralds and living documents of a remote antiquity. From their beliefs and customs we can read off, as from a historic source as it were, elements that must have been part of a very early human civilization. It was for this reason that the late Wilhelm Schmidt, S.V.D., the founder of the *Anthropos* (see *Carolinian* Vol. XVII, No. 5, May 1954) initiated, organized, and inspired

tous importance in retracing man's development. Take, *i.e.*, such facts as the existence of monotheism, monogamy, and private property among these oldest living representatives of human-kind.

Father Schebesta writes in the

er, because there investigations can be made in regions that are racially and culturally uniform, whereas in the Philippines the Negritos are scattered among other population groups, and are, consequently, largely influenced by them. Thus it has happened that whilst the existence of the *Aetas* has been known for centuries before that of the *Semang*, the latter have been much more thoroughly studied by now. Viewing the special situation of the Philippines Father Schebesta is of the opinion that the *Aetas* is of the opinion that the *Aetas* can be explored with full success only by persons who are thoroughly acquainted with land and people, and who speak *several* native idioms. These words of the experienced and indefatigable field worker, words of a priest-scholar who during the past three decades repeatedly carried out exemplary investigations among the *Pygmies* of central Africa and the *Semang* of the Malay peninsula, should be a challenge to a scholarly-minded young generation of the University of San Carlos. †



Professor H. Otley Beyer, the mentor of Philippine ethnology counseling Miss Grace Wood who did field work among the Tirurays in Mindanao.

an extensive field work among a good number of the different pygmy races of the world. These investigations, largely carried out by competent missionaries, brought to light facts that are of a momen-

publication mentioned that field work demands much severer physical hardships and privations in the Malay peninsula than in the Philippines. But, on the other hand, the rewards are greater in the form-

Refuse to be ill. Never tell people you are ill; never own it yourself. Illness is one of those things which man should resist on principle at the onset.

Bulwer-Lytton

• Cover Story •

THAT MAN with the penetrating granite eyes is gone now. That man to whose prudence and untiring energy USC owes much of its progress is not with us anymore. For, that man who had been our friend and Superior for so many years is now miles away from us. Funny how time can rob us so easily of our most cherished possessions; how it can ruthlessly take away from us the things we have learned to love so much, things which have almost become a part of us. What makes us mad about it all is that we cannot even lift so much as a feeble finger against it. What it wants, it takes away. And there's nothing we can do about it.

Yes. Time can be ruthless. But it can have a heart, too. While it saddens us one moment, it gladdens us the next. And while it cheated

smile told us we need not worry about short tempers, the nasty summer heat, or anything of that sort. It had been like that ever since

to himself than to us. "I don't intend to flatter you but I must say I'm impressed to find more than six thousand eager students all coming here to gain knowledge with the hope and expectation that the University of San Carlos would impart this knowledge which would serve as a guidance for a future life."

"And the faculty?" we pressed further.

"What strikes me as very impressive is the ready and pleasant cooperation shown by the faculty

USC's Newest Friend:

us of the Very Rev. Fr. Albert van Gansewinkel, it brought us a new friend in the person of the Very Rev. Fr. Herman Kondring.

He had just finished a class in religion when we went to see him. But hardly had he stepped out of the classroom when someone, presumably a visitor who had been waiting for him outside, approached him and talked to him at length on some matters. There were still many others waiting for him at his office. Were we lucky to get there first!

To be pestered every single second with work, work, and more work, leaving you scarcely a moment to catch your breath, is terrible enough. Enough, that is, to change a man into a twitching bundle of nerves. Add that to the oppressive heat of a July afternoon. And you can imagine the worst for yourselves.

At least this is what we thought when, half-hesitating, we pushed the door to his office. Yet, the next sixty minutes were to prove how wrong we were! There was Rev. Fr. Kondring — beaming with unfeigned pleasure and looking as if he didn't have care at all in the world. One look at his huge warm

he assumed his duties here. Always, there was some letter to attend to, some visitor to be received, some speech or message to be delivered. All sorts of things and sundry literally kept popping up every minute, matters directly connected with his office as Rector of USC. Still, Rev. Fr. Kondring manages to keep a smile through it all. In a way, this was how he expected it. Having been in Cebu so many times before, he knew, more or less, what a grinding task there was ahead of him.

"Of course," he says, "the very first days were strenuously trying. Things were happening so fast I was scarcely able to keep up with them. But," he adds happily, "I always have a few hours to myself in my room." This last phrase, however, must not be taken to mean dozing off or doing nothing; most likely, Fr. Kondring uses those "few hours" for philosophical meditations, his main interest being philosophy and Dogmatic Theology.

"What do you think of our students here, Father?" we somehow managed to blurt out, but not without feeling a little seedy inside.

"Well, now," he chuckled, more

members from the very start."

Coming from another man, these answers may sound so matter-of-factly phrased as to make one doubt their sincerity. Coming from Fr. Kondring, there could be no room for such a doubt. Such a doubt would even seem unfair. Listening to that rich, husky voice while he talked and looking at that huge warm smile which could only radiate from a vibrant personality, one cannot but conclude that he really meant every word he said.

What we have said so far is just a tiny portion of the picture that is Fr. Kondring. We shall have to go back to the very beginning of our story to have the entire picture of the man — if we hope to know him better and admire him as he really is.

Rev. Fr. Herman Kondring was born in 1899 in Western Germany. Immediately after his ordination as priest at St. Gabriel's in Vienna, Austria, he was sent to the Philippines. That was on October 17, 1926. He has stayed here for almost thirty years now. And in all that time he has gone abroad only on one occasion. That was when he attended the General Chapter of

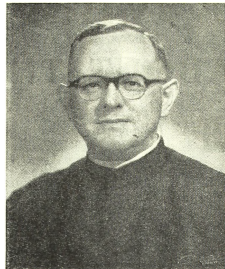
As interviewed by
LEDINILA AMIGABLE, Staff Member

the S.V.D. in Rome to represent the Philippine province in 1947-1948.

During all those twenty-nine years Fr. Kondring has served the Church and the Divine Word Society in the Philippines, most of the time in responsible and leading positions. He has been the Rector of the Major Seminary in Vigan, Ilocos Sur, and of the central house of the Philippines S.V.D., Christ the King Seminary, Quezon City. And not only that, he has also been the Provincial Superior of the Society of the Divine Word in the

goodness devotion to duty are excellent qualifications for his new office. As Rector of the University of San Carlos he succeeds the Very Rev. Fr. Albert van Gansewinkel who has been appointed Director of St. Paul College, Tacloban City.

When asked what his reaction was upon learning of his appointment here, he replied in a voice that was tinged with unpretended humility, "On the one hand, I felt a kind of apprehension whether I would be able to fulfill the hopes of my superiors and live up to their



Very Rev. M. Kondring, S.V.D.
... no string of degrees ...

Very Rev. Herman Kondring, S. V. D.

Philippines.

In all these jobs Fr. Kondring managed admirably well. However, this is not surprising. From a man who puts not only all of his energy, talents, resources, and the best of what he has into his work but also his heart and soul, you can not expect anything else. Such a man can never fail; he can only succeed. More especially so when this "best of what he has" is coupled with an unshakable faith in Him Who helps "those who help themselves."

In Fr. Kondring the devotion to duty is so deeply sincere and zealous that it prompted him to acquire the Philippine citizenship in 1940. To spend the rest of his life here in the Philippines is, in his own words, "in keeping with my priestly vocation. Besides, it is one more way of identifying myself with the people among whom I have been working and whom I have learned to love."

His twenty-nine-year stay in the Philippines has made Fr. Kondring quite well acquainted with the ecclesiastical and civil authorities of the country. This fact, his former positions, as well as his honest-to-

expectations. On the other hand, however," he emphasized, "I realized it was a real challenge to do my very best and use the talent I have gained from experience to the fullest advantage."

Barely three months have passed since Fr. Kondring assumed office. And already, he is bursting with ideas for our good ole' USC. He made it clear, though, that on the whole he is "very satisfied with the progress USC has already made." Nevertheless, there are a couple of plans which he intends to carry out as soon as he can, plans which had been under consideration of the school administration for the past years. Among others, the plans include the building of a new boys' high school somewhere near Lahug, with ample grounds for sports (wait 'till the boys hear this!) and possibly, for the accommodation of boarders; the extension of the graduate school, and finally, the opening of the college of medicine.

Earlier before we happened to ask Fr. Kondring about his academic attainments, to which he obligingly replied, "I don't have a string of degrees to boast of. All I

have to my name is only a Master's degree in Education which I got from the University of Santo Tomas. That is why," he humbly adds, "I sometimes protest against being made to handle big responsibilities."

But what's a string of degrees compared to a wealth of experience? What's a diploma compared with a will to do? It undoubtedly takes much more to accomplish an end, to bring plans from paper to reality. It takes much more than just know-how or know-what, but of things not found in a sheepskin, things like guts, or "stainless steel insides," an outstanding personality, and above all, that kind of faith which long ago was said to have "moved mountains" — and Fr. Kondring has all these. So, then, it would not be just pure optimism to say that this kindly, devoted servant of God will succeed in his plans. In God's own good time, he will. We have only to wait and see.

We asked him for his picture before we left. At this Fr. Kondring grinned. "You can have it," he said. "But I warn you — I'm not photogenic!"

Somehow, we thought we saw an impish gleam in his eyes. ♪

What Do You Think ABOUT THE GRADUATE SCHOOL?

WHAT YOU THINK of the Graduate School as an institution I do not know, and I should like to hear your ideas. But I know what great men of learning think about it. John Hopkins, talking on this topic: "Universities are refining. They are constantly, by labourious processes, by intricate systems of cooperation and by ingenious methods, engaged in eliminating human errors and in submitting all inherited possessions to those processes which remove the dross and bring out the gold." The author of the *Blueprint of a Catholic University* adds: "He was speaking of the university in the limited sense of the Graduate School." (op. cit. p. 13 Leo R. Dard CSC).

If you would have been in other systems of universities you would have come to know that universities require an entrance examination which is identical often with the matriculation of the Gymnasium.

This classical instruction requires in most countries at least the study of six years Latin and Greek, a few years of French, German, English, and sometimes even Hebrew. They teach six and in Germany even up to nine years History of the entire world, Geography and Mathematics, Chemistry, Biology and Botany, Zoology, Sociology, and the Principles of Economy. They require at least in all the years a thorough study of Religion. Only after the successful completion of these studies, under teachers that are all either Doctorandi or Doctors and after passing the final examinations before university professors in a written and oral examination, students at the age of eighteen years are admitted to the University.

Their formation and building up of their knowledge has reached by then the standard of our college at the level of AB or BSE and the like. The highly specialized studies like Law and Pharmacy do certainly differ herein. But do not forget that Law requires also a two year pre-law course and so does Medicine and some others.

Moreover, the professors of those colleges — gymnasia — are all, as I said before, doctors and doctorandi; and therefore are of a higher standard and formation.

by

CORNELIS van der LINDEN
SVD, MA, Ph.D.

Having completed these studies and examinations, the European student enters the University. He has learned how to work and work hard. He enters with the idea of becoming one of the best in science and in society. He knows he has to work for that, but he has been prepared by **days**, and **nights** of studies at home and by very strict tests wherein professors do not give any consideration. It is in their code of honor to pass only the best students.

After entering the University he has to study his course for three or more years before the student is able to take his examination for a Bachelor or its equivalent. The examinations are always administered orally but more often he is given a written test also. There is no idea of a diploma mill, as it is against the honour of the university. If such a thing would happen, the university-board would declare the examinations null and void and the professor would be discharged.

This is the beginning of his studies. The Bachelor's degree by European standards is not a finishing degree. It is just half way. After that he has to take some courses for at least two years more and after submitting a thesis and undergoing oral examinations, he is granted the degree of a Doctor. In Holland a student is required to do even more. After writing a thesis which is called a **doctoral script** in the minor and major subjects, he acquires only the title of doctorandus. After some years of independent research work and the editing

of a printed dissertation and a public defense of the same and some more (at least six) theses that have no connection with the dissertation but bridge the entire field of the doctorandus, the Doctor's degree is granted.

By now you can make the comparisons yourself. I think you will certainly agree that only the Graduate School is, to my idea, the stepping stone to the University. American authors write about their (and that is our) school system: "The children are not taught to work and discipline has long ago gone out of the window."

(Blueprint, p. 349) and elsewhere (p. 350) the same author states: "In a word our ills are mainly these: we are too activist, too narrowly and immediately practical, confused about the ends. We have done ourselves no great good by embracing a pragmatic infantilism."

So what should be our ideas of the Graduate School?

First of all I like to quote the same author again: "From the first the ideal of the Graduate School has been *productive scholarship*." The next page he states:

"The first product of Graduate School is the scholar, not merely or properly the person of liberal learning or the professional man, but the finished and consummate scholar, the man who is highly specialized and is thereby at or near the top in the field and is productive."

The precise task of the graduate student is to know, but in knowing must go beyond our present limits, at least in some degree and on some points.

I agree fully with this author, and here I want to express my own ideas: I do not think that any Graduate School (not even ours) really answers these ideals. Why not? I think that the prerequisites in the students have not been educated. I think a student of the Graduate School should be a hard-

Cathedra

★ ★ ★

Sidelights

working man or woman, of the type "do it yourself." They should have a great interest in the field of their studies, something like: "My job is my hobby." They should live for their study. Nothing should interest them more and deeper than their study. They should live for knowing and knowledge.

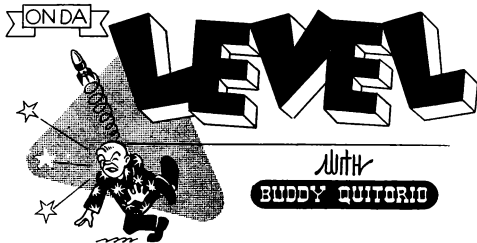
Moreover, they should have the longing for research and for finding out what nobody up to now has ever found and they should be encouraged by the idea that they could guide their fellowmen and even the church by their ideas. In them there should be the ideal of leadership, of cultural leadership, and bringing their own fellowmen nearer to Truth eternal.

Laurence Foster in the **Functions of a Graduate School in a Democratic Society** demands: "Only students who have fine ability, good undergraduate records and intellectual interest should be admitted. Students must have the capacity and the desire to do exacting work; the graduate school is not the place for mediocre students." Don't you think that it is only fair as the degrees we receive sound equal to the European degrees and the American one? Moreover, if you have a Master's degree you want to be treated and respected as a Master, don't you? But if they find out that we do not reach that standard, why should they take you up in their circles, where they only received a place after great pains and hard struggle? It would not be fair to them. The only way out is to reach their standards.

What about the professors? Bowman says, in the **Graduate School in American Democracy** that on Graduate School should exist and no advanced degree should be given except for work under men who are in some respects frontiersmen in their fields and who are provided with some opportunity to do research work."

I agree because only then the prerequisites of the Graduate School in furthering knowledge and also in conquering new fields will be realized. I think that it is our great pride that our Fathers in San Carlos, especially those who came from the Fu Jen University of Peking are the men cut from this sort of wood. They are men of great knowledge and I feel happy and humble to be in their company. They have conducted researches and have published the results.

(Continued on page 19)



● now that you have finally bungled into this column, allow me. . . scant moments back, i was consorting with the happy, but happy, feeling that everything would be well and kosher with me. the enrolment war against the registrar and his cavalcade of clerks (lock who's typing!) was declared over. there was nothing in the world for me to do except lie, kamlon-like, in wait for female invitation committees or curl up in my beat-up bunk with an overgrown and overaged lawbook for a spouse and, come recitation time, to blast away at my balding profs with a *literatim et ad verbum* talkathon on legal thingumbob (whatever that means). wrote my folks back home that i would not kindly take to the idea of solving crossword puzzles and cryptograms while an out-of-town dumbkopf was swindling the whole class and getting rewarded with a scholarship on the house. begolly, i wrote my folks, i would show to sundry, along with my sistren and brethren, that no power on earth could ever alienate me from the unblushing resolution to fashion a name for myself and my relatives. yesyesy, i was all-fired to become a genius, until. . . but enough of this introductory tripe. . .

● my predecessor, nestorius morelosky, the womaniac that got away, will not be around anymore to swivel his artillery versus usci's painted, coated and embalmed women. one reason for his out was probably the cold reception he suffered for persisting in his apostasy from the english language. there were a lot of haps that happened to nestor. when last i saw him, he was frantically making amorous overtures with the women he used to curve his dart at. the wimmin hereabout ought to be a jubilant horde this year. nestor's just a tame, friendly hellion!

● this department recommends:

1. the organization of the circa 360-years-overdue students' council in order that we may be able properly to underwrite the talents of our boopie campus reformers and loudmouths. our locals are pitifully wanting in the art and science of horse-trading, fly-voting, alien-baiting, junketing, bolting, huddling, fusing and enriching. what they need is training and plenty of it.

2. the promotion of the former miss restituta genson to the rank of usc librarian benemeritus in recognition of her devotion to library duties and her devotions to her other virtues. an extremely irate gentleman by the name of florentino felisarta, jr., told me of an encounter in which he and the erstwhile miss genson figured more than somewhat. according to him, the once-upon-a-time miss allowed him to enter the bowels of the usc library on the strength of his identification card which she, the woman in question, received allegedly without ceremonies and formalities. but. . . lo

(Continued on page 8)

and hark! . . . when mister felisarta, on leaving the territory, got back his card, he found the picture mutilated by a very imperious "x" smack dab on the face, together with the annotation that the picture be changed, and her manner, sez this felisarta chap, was superlatively rude, now, i am moved to ask: what seems to be the matter with this library monstress? does she want to be a hellcat dictator? is she the university's official photographer censor? the quondam miss genson believes, perhaps, that her size confers upon her the powers of a despot. as for photography, because i am destitute of any pretension to loquacity on the subject, the former genson will be in a hurry to deride me for my inexperience in darkrooms because she has probably gone to a lot of darkrooms before.

i'm confused why, if her only qualifications are her size and her darkroom visitations, she has to arrogate unto herself the might and attendant roughness of a dictator. about time somebody whittled her down to size.

3. the prohibition of ccea parolees from further involvement in intra-mural battles. . . .

4. the awarding of a medal of honor to delfin campos, jr., fa, esquire, to compensate the loss of his thumb during last year's tactical inspection; moreover, that the thumb under discussion be exhumed from its subterranean boardinghouse and be buried with full military honors under fitting and appropriate ceremonies; with the further proviso that the subject appendage be promoted posthumously to the rank of colonel or general, the determination to be left to the pleasure of the bereaved relative, herr delfin campos, jr.; the last proposed in re the heroic thumb being that upon it be conferred the position of usc rotc commandant *honoris causa, en absentia, ex-officio*.

● on the day the removal exams were wheezing full steam, the varsity team did not practice, which means that. . . .

● we are hard put to explain why the carolinian has always exhibited stubborn insouciance, not to say dislike, towards everything that the ceg (college editors' guild) elects to undertake, talk about ceg conferences and all that and where does that place the carolinian? it is always out looking in, if it looks at all. everytime the membership of this mag is brought about, somebody starts queering the discussion by throwing his tonnage around and stamping his foot. result: the discussion gets stashed.

i can't imagine anything wrong with our joining the ceg. the organization isn't subversive, it isn't anti-something we oppose. the ceg counts with the membership of the nation's better-known magazines and periodicals, many of its former officers are now occupying positions of honor in the government, will anybody be divine enough to tell us to our naive faces what's bad about joining the ceg?

● three of usc's most beautiful madonnas, in the view of three of usc's handsomest squires (boing!!) are: miss lourdes sequerra, who carries the ballot of flechi; fraulein annie ratcliffe, whose sponsor is vrranud and, tertius, signoretta perla goyeneche, whose patron extraord is. . . uh . . . me.

● classmate dario bacol recited a case in succession and hit upon this documented classic: "one-half of the estate went to the mother of the son while a portion went to another who was the father of the father of the cousin of the testator." [or words to that effect]. law is quite easy. harrumph!

● a very confidential source would have it appear that usc is mulling the plan of installing a radio station similar to those of usc and su. this source has it that the university administrative council, in a recent meeting, gave the plan more than a playful twirl, which is to say that the project is definitely high in priority among those in usc's crowded timetable.

whatever may have transpired at that "summit" meet, this much we can say apropos: for one thing, putting up a radio station would, i ques-

(Continued on page 19)

Sanity's

IT IS WELL that I am alone, alone with this pain, this pain, this painful pain in my head — crushing my senses, sending them reeling in an alley of fear. Alone with this pain, this painful pain, this painful pain, this painfully painful pain, this, painfully, painful, pain.

A heavy throbbing is in my head — pulsating with every changing pace, unequal staccatos — metal balls rolling down fast and furious, bouncing high and low, high and low, high and low — now weak, now strong, now fast, now loud. My head feels big and swollen — a ripe tomato, wormed and rotten — smelly and red and shiny and slimy. In me, I could feel my blood running thru, making life — making lifeless like live.

I now open my eyes, knowing . . . so carefully assured . . . with warning bells ringing around me — I am no longer me. I shall no longer be ruled and caged and bounded by fixed, stupid, unmovable laws and inhibitions. No definite rules for me . . . no world, where mistakes are outlaws and cheaters — bandits and trespassers. I shall be free and my mind shall know no limits: it shall have wings of freedom to fly with, the plight of thought to guide it . . . I shall be me, at last . . . I shall be me.

Me, always me. Not him who shouts at the sight of blasting shores, but me who stands and wait silently. Not him who hurts the night with his scandalous vigor, not him who seeks the doorsteps to a lighted room, not him who clogs the mercy from Heaven with sordid soul, not him who peers behind gold-rimmed eye sockets and eats with gold-plated jaws. Not him, not him; but me. Always Me. Me and Me and Me . . . never him, never you . . . but Me. Now and forever . . . here and hereafter . . . Me.

I wonder why a gray and brittle leaf should fall from a tree when it has as much right to stay up there as the green ones — why

LAST STAND

by VICENTE RANUDO, Jr.

does man crush the life of those under his undisputed strength, why does he have to push his bare feet down and mutilate his wriggling brothers, why does he have to master man to muster men? Run a hair of thought. Should we insist with pounded hands that humanity is brutality? That brotherhood is calamity? That the world is going 'round and 'round because we move it with our unconscious feet? That the hair of God is upon us because we were created in the image of Him?

... He who speaks with the speed and tremor of innumerable drums? He who loves with a love tenderer than the motions of a lawning smoke, He who is as humble as the pebbles on the shore and changeless as the rushing sea? He who is the truth of all truth, the King of all kings... who sits and talks with the beggars in the streets; who muddles in dirt all day long and arises from it, cleaner than the skies He made; whiter than the clouds



This wretched brain gave way, and I became a wreck at random driven without one glimpse of reason or heaven. — Moore

He breathed? Know your God, they say... they say, they say... you be the Judge. **Why don't we judge by our hearts. By this mass of emotions pumped out by massive, interwoven muscles. Warped and woofed — pumping out pieces of hate, or love or admiration or courage or... nothing.**

Life — a big word. I've had my share of it — but mostly bitterness. But life could be pleasant should we strive and try to conquer that something that makes slaves out of us. Life could be easy should we use sympathy and understanding as often as we use our hands — as frequently as we use our eyes or nose or the fingers of our hands. Life could be laughter, could be

joy, could be gaiety and starry or... could be a lonely corner, could be darkness, could be a river of tears... could be — should be and shall... if we choose that it should be... and not dream of could-be's in the moonlight.

I wonder... I wonder why I start and end up so nonsensically — pointlessly — drawn by illusions as maddening as my thoughts — compressed, so unreasonably belittled myself.

This seemingly second wall piercing thru my logic — a higher level of outlook upon life — no laws, no tendencies.

My life, your life, anybody's life isn't really a fight or a struggle for survival — your life before and

now had been planned. Each and every scheme, the bits of happiness that happened along your way, the insurmountable sorrows you came across had been there — to hurt or lift you up. Your destiny is there: established, known and unchangeable. No matter what you had accomplished before you reached that destiny — no matter which road you take — you are bound to wind up there at the end; as one must arrive at the end of the road he follows. That is what mainly composes the thrill of being alive — whatever your choice may be — in golden chariot or on foot you'll get there — for that is, ironically, the journey to destiny. You can't

(Continued on page 20)

If a young man is loose in his principles and habits; if he lives without plan and without object, spending his time in idleness and pleasure, there is more hope of a fool than of him.

—J. Hawes.

degradation has almost reached the point of barbarism. They seem to be lost in the forest of sins and crimes. To most of them, decency is a thing of the past, so that admirable traits and age-old traditions are utterly neglected; respect and reverence for the elders, women, and superiors are miserably thrown aside as if they were ugly garments of antiquity which hold no iota of significance.

Ubiquitously, newspapers scream in bold headlines about the sadistic and immoral crimes feloniously committed by the youth of the land, the majority of whom are students. Lamentably, despite the fact that

the table. And emboldened by the effects of the liquor, they began banging their fists on the table and kicking the chairs nearby, much to the annoyance of the rest of us. The proprietor tried to pacify them but a deft left hook caught him on the chin, sending him on all fours on the floor. The timely arrival of a plainclothesman saved the victim from further beating.

Low morality is equally true to girls nowadays. Time was when great respect and reverence were duly accorded them. Today, it is different.

Most women are wanting of propriety and decorum as manifested

Youth On Fire

by

FRED SISON

MORALITY when withdrawn from the vortex of man's life, creates a vicious untoward effect: it reduces his life into a meaningless animal existence. It is an eloquent manifestation of the flesh's triumph over the spirit, of position's success over reason. Nothing is more odious and lamentable than a civilized, educated being who willfully casts aside his noble ideals into the mire of immorality. A man who breaks away from moral standards can only find himself within the category of beasts.

Youth today is on fire. He seems to be groping about in the darkness and confusion of the future. Most of them do not know or refuse to know what morality is or seems to be. . . what it means to their future and their country's. To those who do not know, God might be more merciful. . . more merciful than those who refuse to know. The latter kind is most common among the students today. Their morals are simply awful. Perhaps, the conscience of every Filipino parent will be shocked to know that their children's morals have "gone to the dogs." It is pitifully painful to witness the "hopes of our fatherland" bask under the filthy beams of immorality. They are on the right road to damnation. Their moral

such bits of information are dissipated in almost all parts of the archipelago, no positive action has been undertaken to alleviate the worsening predicament. To many, these have become "ordinary incidents."

Everyday, crimes ranging from simple theft to murder or rape fill the police records. In Manila, for instance, sons of elite and respectable families have gone berserk by causing tremendous damage on the property of innocent taxpayers just for the joy and heck of it. Yet, these boys come from exclusive colleges and universities!

I was having lunch in one of the downtown restaurants when a bunch of unruly boys made a boisterous entrance, kicking the door wide open. Once inside, their voices, permeated with indecent remarks, rang loud and clear in the dining hall. In less than thirty minutes, empty bottles of gin filled

by their gaudy attires and slovenly manner. They prefer to spend most of their times uselessly. They easily soil their chastity. They consider morality a jigsaw puzzle the fragments of which can be put together after being shuffled. It is, therefore, not surprising to hear that a certain college girl is a mistress of a married man, or is engaged in clandestinely selling her flesh.

But should we point an accusing finger at the youth for being lax in morals? Must we let the ax fall on them? Must we remain cold and indifferent to their sad plight?

We must bear in mind that they were born in a most critical period of the history of the world so that they seem to be lost in the maze of conflicting ideologies. The government has remained passive and cold to their sad predicament. Government officials are too obsessed with the idea of enriching themselves, setting a bad example to the youth. Like Machiavelli, they believe that ordinary morals do not apply to state matters and the ends always justify the means.

There's something wrong here. Very wrong. But who is to blame? The youth? The parents? The state? The answer lies in every Filipino conscience. ‡

. . . A lady charmingly tells about her adventures with the writing bug . . .



...THE PEN and I

by ANNIE RATCLIFFE

FROM A LITTLE ALCOVE in my room, I gazed in rapture at the wonderful drama unfolding before me, so rare to human eyes. One could see that Mother Nature was in her best humor. The blue sky, with its spotless clouds lazily floating by, afforded wonderful backdrop to the objects below. The lawn was carpeted with the greenest and lushest bermuda grass while the roses, the dahlias, and the african daisies bordering it were displaying proudly their varicolored buds and full-bloom flowers. Gay butterflies, big and small, hovered here and there. In the middle of the lawn, my eyes fell on a fish pond populated by water-lilies shyly baring their beauties to the world. A ripple now and then would playfully disturb the mirror-like water in its tranquil rest. In a nearby guava tree, an oriole chirped melodiously. The cool, soft breeze, as it danced through the garden and off to far-off places, sang with the rippling river as they both joined the vast blue sea. There was music in the air and poetry everywhere. But I was not a composer and neither was I a poet. So I sat there, oblivious of the time and the wonderful book that lay unopened by my side. Here was the power that inspired most men to do deeds of valor. What a pity to see it wasted before me. As I pondered over this, an inspiration took hold of me. It sent my blood pulsating through my veins and brought a warm flush to my cheeks. I could feel my spine tingling with excitement in anticipation of what I was about to do.

Why not, I thought. I heard a friend once say that writers are not born. They're made. A little pluck, a little imagination, a little humor, was all that was needed to write a story. In my exhilarated state of mind, I thought writing a book was just a cinch. Visions of fame

as a great authoress floated through my mind that, in no time at all, I found myself shakily holding a piece of paper and a pen. With my face towards the inspiration, I began to assemble my wildly scattered thoughts. Now, what am I going to write, I asked myself. A novel, a fiction, an autobiography, a detective story perhaps or a romantic one? Then, wouldn't it be much more interesting to write about one's own life story; one's own faults or secret dreams? So I began to scribble what was fairly a story of my past. In the midst of my reminiscing, I stopped abruptly as if jolted to reality. I didn't want the whole world to know that I was once such a naughty, stupid little girl. It might cast a dark light on my person and thus shatter all my hopes of becoming an authoress. But on second thought, wouldn't it be quite an achievement for one to become a great author from such a very poor past? People simply adore those who grow from rags to riches although in my case it was from sheer stupidity to becoming a near genius. But I found writing my past a very uninteresting task so that, with the crumpling of papers on which I had written some paragraphs of my unflattering past, I abandoned the whole idea of writing my autobiography.

To write a novel woven around two romantic souls next caught my fancy. I started it with quite a flourish all my own. But when I came to the part where the lovers whispered sweet-nothings to one another, I found myself writing passages that seemed familiar to me. Didn't I read it somewhere in one of Loring's books or was it the fictional lovers of Oliver Curwood's

who said those words? I sat frozen in terror. Among writers, plagiarism is a grave offense not to be slightly thought of. Would I want to be branded a plagiarist? No—never. But every sweet phrase that came to my mind seemed to have already been uttered by some heroine in somebody's book. So, instead of taking the risk of being called a plagiarist, another bright plot came fluttering down to be silenced by the crumpling of a number of freshly written paper. I've always loved mystery stories and writing one charmed me thoroughly. So, I started on another fresh sheet of paper, a story, which I vainly thought, would surpass all the Sherlock Holmes and Erle Stanley Gardner stories put together. Writing it, I had the thrill of imagining myself in all sorts of predicaments. I once read a great author say that the more complicated the plot of a story is, the more the readers like it. So engrossed was I in entangling my hero in one scene after another that I did not know I had simply gone too far, weaving a web around him from which to my dismay, there was no salvation. (Neither was there a way out for him). The long hours I spent on writing was already telling on me. So what I did was to do the best thing; I sent it to its doom after a brisk crackle of crumpled paper. My poor hero? I wonder if he'd ever come out of it a whole piece.

I started to take another fresh sheet of paper to renew my attempts. By then, the sun was already a blazing disc in the sky. Although the soft breeze was still dancing in and out of my room, nevertheless I felt damp and warm;

(Continued on page 44)



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By
Felipe M. Verillo, Jr.

Antonio Ybanez, Felipe Labucay, Beatissimo Dinsay, Soathenes Codilla, Erasmo Diola, Francisco Literatus, Felipe M. Verillo, Jr.

The System

The secret weapon which made us click last tactical inspection was a workable system. It was a system of untiring leadership, hard-work, patience, loyalty and team work.

It was the same system that made Jacinto Mendez and Arnold Mollaneda cling to the first thirty bright boys in Fort McKinley. And Melly Ajero, Felipe Labucay and others rolled back the questions hurled by the tactical inspectors like it was nobody's business. All these were planned, coordinated and replanned by Maj A. S. Garcia and erstwhile Lt Saturnino Gutang, in close cooperation with his subordinates.

The Lie and the Pie

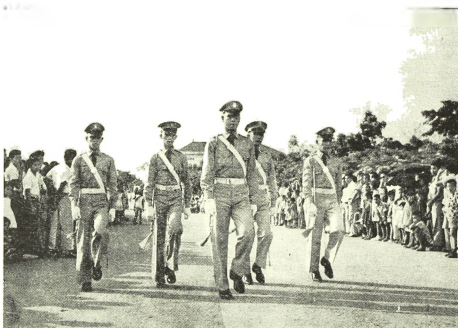
The rumors that the Major was transferred to some other assignment made most of the P del Rosario diehards feel lost and sad. The rumor, of course, was just a rumor. He is still with us, with renewed vim and vigor.

Whoever was the first person to

A MIDST THE FUN and flurry of a national holiday, twenty million hearts banded in prayer to pay their respects to the "blood, sweat and tears" of our heroes who, in the fields of Bataan and in the caves of Corregidor, did not know the meaning of defeat.

The members of the firing battery were: Maj. A. S. Garcia, Cadet officers: Arturo Ralota, Alejandro Luzon, Ulysses Bataclan, Jacinto Gador, Matias Juanjug, Francisco Miale, Mario Penafort, Eduardo Quintante, Alexander Acain, Felipe Tajada, Vicente Belarmino, Gregorio Alenton, Jose Ros, Rolando Leyson.

In the same province that planted the first kris of independence into the heart of a foreign invader, a group of resolute men contributed their share in the commemoration. The place: Cebu Normal Grounds. The Date: July 4 — 9:00 A.M. Across the field four 57 mm guns lay sprawled and manned by anxious cadets while a little way of an elderly officer, clad in fatique uniform and a helmet on, his eyes protected with sunglasses, a 45 dangerously dangling at his side, was commanding the members of the firing battery to relax, later, to prepare for action, then finally, fire! As the solemn refrain of the National Anthem was played, the Filipino flag raced in its undisturbed pace to the top of the pole that stood defiant to an overcast sky. Instantly, at 9:12 twenty-one roars of the guns at ten-second intervals filled the air. Those who heard the sound from afar never knew that the USC Field Artillery cadets fired them.



The debutants: The Corps Commander and his Staff.

think of a USC Model Company is not known, but this much is certain: there is going to be a Model company, the first of its kind in Cebu. **Paddy Deen**, able Company Commander, **Louie Batongmalague**, **Jose Ros**, **Manuel Lim**, and **Dominador Torno**, sidekicks. This company in all indications is comparable to the glamorous *West Pointers*. Complete with all the trimmings, it is composed of select cadets. Watch these cadets in parades and I will bet my neck to a nickel they will be the *wow!!* and *whew!!* of our delagats.

Dithyramb

This man shouts, sings, jumps, swims, somersaults and *whatnuts!* These are not Greeks dancing in honor of Dionysius—they are die-hards being hazed. What for? For the disarmingly simple reason that they want to be cadet officers and the ritual is part of it. To make them the best cadet officers this part of the globe. In Baguio, they call it *carino militar*, an order which can make you wish you were not born alive!

Them

Nobody can put it more aptly than the Commandant: "Wars are planned by generals in swivel chairs but they are won by soldiers in the foxhole." These are some of the men who will unite their talents to retain the Star.

Who is more important: the leader or the follower? Don't bother to answer that. The fact is the Corps Commander, Cdt Col **Molecio Ajero** is the best qualified leader because of his leadership, personality and intelligence. Being a brother of **Conrado** "1st place" **Ajero** there is no doubt that a carbon copy of success is bound to accrue.

The shadow of a person follows him all the time unless there is no light. The shadow of the Corps are the Corps stallers. They follow the Corps Commander and, being respectable men, they shine better among the ordinary cadets and inferior officers under the sparkle of their ranks. Cdt Lt Cols **Arturo Ralota**, **Antonio Aquino**, **Dominador Deocampo**, and **Sergio Pangandoyon**, belong to that species. (laugh)

Company Commanders are the very important people in the Corps. They are directly in touch with their men. Cdt Capt **Felipe Labucay** is one who proved his mettle last Tactical Inspection by solving all the platoon problems. A scholar.

(Continued on page 19)

1st Lt Edmundo V. Gandionko, INF



New Assistant Commandant

On June 1, 1955, a man, erect in stature, came to the Office of the Commandant, talked heartily with Lt Gutang, and from that time on a new personality sat behind the table of the Assistant Commandant. 1st Lt **EDMUNDO V. GANDIONKO, INF**. Later, news was received that 1st Lt **SATURNINO GUTANG** is already a Commandant in Kalibo, Capiz.

Born in Mejuyed, Negros Oriental, Lt Gandionko spent most of his childhood and mature years in Cebu. A Cebu School of Arts and Trade graduate, he is a senior AB student at the University of Southern Philippines. During his college days, the ROTC attracted him and right then and there worked his way through two decorations: Ex-Governor

Cuenoco's Medal of Honor and the Beard of Trustee's Trophy given by the President of the USP Association. At present, he is also a Junior Law student.

He was commissioned in 1949, assigned as Adjutant and SI of the 6th BCT in Pampanga, and was sitting it pretty there for sometime. Prior to his present post he was connected with the Department of National Defense.

Upon assuming his post here, he took unto himself the difficult job of linking the cadets with the administration, the preservation of the esprit de corps, and of helping devise the blueprints for retaining the STAR. It is without doubt that if the receptiveness of the cadets will not wane, the STAR will not fall to some other guy's shoulders.

THE AUTHOR



Shirley Mansor Evangelista

gether, so... "all the time". Inseparable isn't the word, either. They just stick together, that's all. And Lita Misa carries that drawing board of hers like a professional and a veteran. Some of these days she'll be designing one of your houses. WAIT... and see...

● Hi... [chatter]... nice to know you... [shiver]... Okay... I've got the jitters. Must you wonder? After all, I'm still a new character around here, just as much as you are maybe. I've still got to get that certain "ummm" feeling, then I wouldn't have to feel so scared and uncertain. Honest, I am. After all, [again?] those former mesdames who handled this celebrated leaf of the Carolinian were real and accepted denizens of Shaw's world... But heck! I'm here to fill their boots, and I might as well start the ball rollin'... [and hope Lady Guts doesn't desert me just this once...] Let's start off in real campus-crat jive...

They say friendship is stronger than fiction, and don't come around asking me why. Just take a look, a good one, at Nena Vallejo and Nera Bondoc when they go out together. Inseparable isn't the word, either. They just stick together, that's all. And Lita Misa carries that drawing board of hers like a professional and a veteran. Some of these days she'll be designing one of your houses. WAIT... and see...

★ ★ ★ Campuses

Now, who was it who said that names are the duplication and the mirror of personality? Andrew Young isn't just an ANDREW at all... At least, he's gay (?), companionable and nice. Mike Lirio here agrees with me on that, eh Mike?

[Confidentially], somebody told me that Puring Celdran simply makes him delirious with — guess what! I wouldn't blame him... she's worth all that. And take a gander at her sister, Gloria. Perfectly super, these two. And you should know Lourdes Quiamco, Tita Sanchez, Lorna Delator, Inday Cacafranca and Fe Villaluz. You just can't have a dull moment with these... "dames"... and I mean that too...

Here's a fine example of the happy-go-happy brood of "juvenile delinquents" we have around... Robert Bondoc, Bobby Solon, Cipring Rama, Romy Salgado and Joel Briones. Barely out of high school... now they can afford to laugh like real college men...

To Jo Manubag goes the distinction of being demure... cool, at the same time being the prey of Secretariatland, and a good one too. You know, the Sec's seems to have all the good lookin' numbers. Right? Look! BUDDY O... [you've seen him before] is winking... Jo is poetry in petticoat, he sez. This guy... he's positively...

"Bubbling with the splendid fires of youth"... [brother, what conglomerated hypo-dromes we use...]. But, that's how some eloquent señor titled Andy Misa says about our perfumed [usually] species of gender femina. I'm not sure whether Nasar Suzara, Vivo Songfo, and Nick Vasquez agree with Andy. But one thing is certain. These gentlemen of the crew-cut, tight jean, and loud shirt crowd wouldn't object. How's that boys, huh?

(Continued on page 20)

• opus in f •

by rmgrupo

● yesterday was a hollow. was a gnawing tota of nothingness. a nameless glomeration of darkness and time. it was a hunger. the hunger that set the heart to singing. and the hungering the needing was for beauty to breathing. to pulsing — alive.

—now there is tenderness here.

● and the heart. out of the once before. today, is born. to a glorious shower. of almost intolerable promise. for FLORA is beauty's search satisfied and satisfaction is rebirth. so to existence once more. to the man again.

NO MORE RETURNING TO THE PAST?
OF THE MUTED MEMORIES... NOW
CRY NO MORE TEARS...
NOR SLEEP DREAMLESS SLUMBERS?
yet:

this today will be tomorrow's yesterday. it flees — so, even now. and this is: have no hands to hold the waning. to stay time's ebbing tides. and soon, leaving. shall be the dying of another present.

● and i would weep again. as i have always wept. as the dying colors weep at the sun's resting. and the present shall have died into another hollow. another darkness that waits. silent. like it: for the coming of another dawn.

• Discovery •

by George Guy

To find myself
in peace
in tribulation
by the lake
with Li Pai
drinking to the moon
or pour with Omar Khayyam
sway to the chant to Osiris
(3rd mil. B.C.)
lost
in the theatre of Dionysus
listen to Kung-fu-tze
disagree with the Oracle
the Great Pyramid
smell the sweat of laboring slaves
crimson
the burning of Rome
the darkness of silence
Beethoven's Eroica
city of David
walk its eternal streets
silence
a new era
Judea
the world
this universe
rise and fall
of civilizations
the night
the day
the glory
the years
the moment (this moment)
of
all humanity
all ages
Within the
library.

AUGUST, 1955



Laugh . . . and the world . . .

compiled by addy b. sitoy

A doctor in a clinic was interviewing a new patient. "If I find an operation necessary," he asked, "would you have the money to pay for it?"

"Listen, Doc," replied the man, "if I didn't have the money, would you find the operation necessary?"

—Coronet

* * *

A correspondent called the Soviet Embassy in London to check a report. A woman answered the telephone. "He isn't here," she said.

"Who isn't there?" asked the correspondent.

"Whom did you want to talk to?" asked the woman.

—United Press

* * *

Wife to husband: "I'm going to do some shopping. I'll be back in about twenty dollars!"

—Publishers Syndicate

* * *

In Hartford, Conn., a public works laborer was filling out a job questionnaire. To the question, "Who is your immediate supervisor?" he jotted down, "My wife."

—United Press

* * *

The employment clerk, checking over the applicant's papers, was amazed to note the figures 107 and 111 in the spaces reserved for "Age of Father, if living" and "Age of Mother, if living." "Are your parents that old?" asked the surprised clerk.

"Nope," was the answer, "but they would be if living."

—Coronet

* * *

In the Bronx, Acting Capt. John Cronin, head of the Missing Persons Bureau, hunted for his two children, found them hiding in a cemetery. "We wanted to see how good you were," explained 11-year old Alice.

* * *

In a Manhattan park, a cop found Ahmed Hassen asleep in a tree. Hassen explained that he slept in trees because sleeping on benches was forbidden.

—Time

* * *

Moss Hart tells about the time he caught a little boy up an apple tree on his farm. The lad said: "One of your apples fell off and I was trying to put it back."

—Reader's Digest

* * *

PAGE 15

FALSTAFF Among Shakespeare's Characters

by C. FAIGAO

CAES. — *Let me have men about me
that are fat,
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep
o' nights.*

THE AGE OF ELIZABETH was an era of intellectual freedom, of growing intelligence, of material comfort among all classes, of unbounded enthusiasm. The English loved Elizabeth and Elizabeth loved England and the English. Under her reign the drama rose to its height of development and the drama spoke through the genius of one man.

It was a time of literary patronage and lucky, indeed, was the writer who could find a man of height and substance to hang on to for the publication of his works. But if a literary patron was invaluable, much more so was the imperial nod of approval. The Queen's approbation was worth half a dozen patrons for the young writer looking for his bearings.

Nicholas Rowe, who dared the first serious attempt at writing a life of Shakespeare, asserts that Queen Elizabeth was so well pleased with the admirable character of Falstaff in the two parts of *King Henry IV* that she commanded Shakespeare to continue it for one more play and to show Falstaff in love. With this, Shakespeare "officially arrived" and Sir John Falstaff started trekking on his way to immortality.

It must have been partly to oblige the Queen that Shakespeare commits himself in the Epilogue to the Second Part of *King Henry IV*. The dancer says:

One more word, I beseech you.
If you be not too much cloyed
with fat meat, our humble author
will continue the story, with Sir
John in it, and make you merry
with fair Katherine of France.

It is to the artistic integrity of Shakespeare that he held the demands of high art of greater import than a casual promise, and does not continue the story of Sir John. Or if he does so in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, he converts Sir

John into a regular buffoon in no way connected with the comic creation in the *Henry IV* plays. On the contrary, he kills two birds with one stone,—he satisfies the queen and leaves his artistic honesty intact.

When a Hollywood actress has reached a certain degree of popularity, it is often the practice of Hollywood producers to look for a picture to provide a proper vehicle for her special talents. It seems that it was the other way with Shakespeare when he created Falstaff. He had to create him to fit a role. Thus he is in some respects an artistic freak, an aborted brain-child of the poet's artistic convenience. Hardin Craig says:

Falstaff is from the point of view of literary history an accident, a very happy accident... (he) happened into the drama from a very varied body of antecedent circumstances...

This is only one of the many instances in which Shakespeare is pretty cavalier with the facts in order to suit the higher purposes of drama.

The characters in *Henry IV* fall naturally into two groups, with one man serving as the pivot for the action of each group. The historical plot revolves upon Hotspur; the Falstaffian comedy revolves upon Falstaff. In the contemplation and portrayal of Hall, who is to be developed into England's "darling king," Shakespeare needed a Bohemian background. That background painted, the dramatist next needed a fit figure to supply it with color and give it personality. Thus Falstaff was born.

And Falstaff did not spring full-grown like Aphrodite from the broad brow of Zeus. From one of the sources of the comic incidents of the play, an old anonymous chronicle called *Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, Shakespeare appropriated the name of Sir John

Oldcastle, -- the modern offense of plagiarism had not yet been invented—which name was transliterated to Falstaff. The actual Sir John Oldcastle was a Lollard martyr and, unlike Brutus, was an honorable man. The influential remnants of his family resented the sly digs on their favorite ancestor contained in the Prologue to Part I of *Henry IV*. For this, Shakespeare makes public apology in the Epilogue to Part II of *Henry IV*, when he makes the dancer say:

*... Falstaff shall die of a sweet,
unless already 'a be killed with your hard opinions (in our times, public opinion, or the complaints in the Public Pulse Columns) for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.*

All this by way of saying, in the language of Hollywood's script-writers, that the characters in the play are purely fictitious and any resemblance with any character, living or dead, is purely coincidental with the turns of the lucid Shakespearean genius.

Judging from this, we are tempted to suggest that Shakespeare's must have been a kind age, in which a public apology consisting of two lines in an epilogue could easily suffice as a balm for an enraged conscience. Ours is a more sensitive generation. We have less art now and more suits for civil damages. †

Faith is to believe what we do not see; and the reward of this faith is to see what we believe.

St. Augustine

Philosophy: A route of many roads leading from nowhere to nothing.

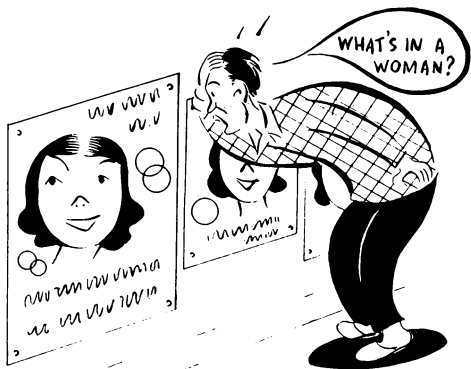
Bierce

We always love those who admire us, and we do not always love those whom we admire.

La Rochefoucauld

NATURE must have been in a capriciously generous mood when she created woman. Or else she would not have endowed this skirted, half-angelic biped in high-heels with such a prodigious amount of indefinable charms that make her the most talked-about creature this side of the flying saucers, the H-line, the H-bomb, or the recent solar eclipse.

Exaggerating, you say? By no means. In fact we haven't even said half of it. For not only has woman fascinated the world of man for numberless centuries but she has also exerted a profound influence in shaping the destinies of



What Is This Thing Called Woman?

men ever since this world began. And that's no mere gibberish, either. Big statements, no doubt. But they also happen to be true. The Holy Bible itself testifies to that effect. We know only too well the tragedy which befell old man Adam on account of Little Miss Mischief. Come to think of it. Suppose there had been no such creature called Eve? Life would have been simply grand, wouldn't it? Most certainly. But we doubt whether Adam would have agreed with you. Ever tried imagining a field sprawling upon miles and miles of cornstalks with not a single blossom in it to arrest your eye? Try it sometime.

The truth is further made manifest and illustrated in glaring clarity not only in the Holy Scriptures but also in our history, myths, and legends. Their very pages boast of women who, in more ways than one, held the fate of empires in their palms. There was Helen of Troy, for instance, famed in song and story as the girl with "the face that launched a thousand ships and burned the topless towers of Ilium." And there was Castile's Queen Isa-

In the beginning, said a Persian poet — Allah took a rose, a lily, a dove, a serpent, a little honey, a Dead Sea apple, and a handful of clay. When he looked at the amalgam — it was a woman.

— WILLIAM SHARP

bella, England's Elizabeth I, Catherine de Medicis of France, Empress Catherine II of Russia, Maria Theresa, Queen of Austria and centuries ago in Egypt a Cleopatra—one and all were women of such all-pervading influence as to lead one historian to exclaim of the latter, "Had Cleopatra's nose been an inch

longer, the face of the world would have been changed!"

Why, then, you ask, what is it about this thing that makes it so interesting? Just what is this thing called woman?

When a female infant, so the wise birds tell us, sheds off the last remnants of its baby clothes and has successfully graduated from pigtails to an Italian hair-do, it becomes a woman. A woman is a piece of skin stretched over a bundle of king-sized question-marks held together by exclamation points. She comes in varied combinations of shapes, sizes, colors, and trimmings. She may be a dark-haired lass with the veil and fan. She may be a cute little thing with long golden braids, white cap, and wooden shoes. Perhaps, she is a tall red-headed Venus in a business suit. Or perhaps, she is a shy brown goddess in a *soya* and *bakya*. But in whatever package she comes in, she always remains true to what she is: a creature destined to fascinate and inspire.

(Continued on page 34)

by

L. AMIGABLE

“INVITATION TO

YESTERDAY”

by REX Ma. GRUPO

Illustrated by DICK CABAILO

HE KICKED the door shut with an artless swing of his right foot, winning as the impact of the door, slamming violently, jarred the loose objects in the room. In habitual deference, he posed and waited for the raucous outburst of feminine temper which always accompanied those acts of slightly rude playfulness:

—Henrick, What do you want to do, bring the roofs down on our heads? You must think that door is made of marble. Some of these days. . .

It toned down to guttural mumbings when his spiked heels beat their accustomed tattoo of nonchalance and disregard as he shambled across the sparsely furnished room. By the time he tossed the books he carried with lazy abandon on the bed and sat down on its metal edge, it had stopped.

It was always like that everytime he came home. He would slam the door and she would flare up and unleash a stream of profane protest.

—I don't really like to slam that door, he soliloquized. I just like to tease her. She easily boils up a temper, and I say women are all and always, screaming creatures. Look at her, she's already falling apart at the seams with age and she still can manage to screech as if it was nobody's business. Heck! Who said they were frail creatures. . . ?

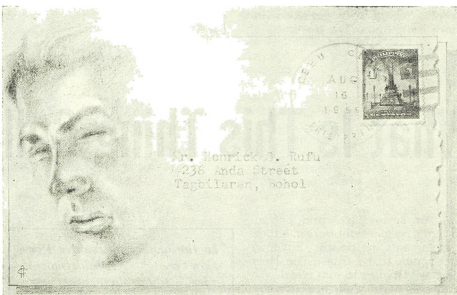
—Your supper's ready, you maniac. And just try slamming that door again. And you won't have anything left for you to eat in a month.—

He let that go. A few moments later, he had pulled back a chair and started to eat in mock silence. Out of the corner of his eyes, he saw her emerge from the kitchen with a steaming dish which she placed before him. He turned inwardly, after a glance at it: Kalamunggay! Again? Kalam. . .

—What was in that letter?, she interrupted.

—What letter?

—It's there on your table. It was quite thick and on expensive



paper, too. I should say it was from a girl. It was perfumed.

—Thanks, he said, and thought on: geezel somebody should hire her as a private eye. She certainly has eyes to notice those intimate details. But whose? not her, she's too feminine to write me. Frank? Lydia? No, not those people. They're too lazy to do that now. And who in heaven would be good enough to perfume. . . hey. . . perfume? not her! . . .

The chair fell to the floor with an ugly crash as he flung it in frenzied haste, bolting for the stairs and taking the steps three at a time:—Henrick! have you gone mad? how many times must I tell you that. . . She heard the door slam (again!), and she swore. But he did not, could not hear the rowdy chain of

profanity. He was too absorbed by the fine print of his name, the first faint threads of remembrance spreading a pale, whiten flush across his features. Half by instinct, half by will, he sat down slowly on the old arm-chair. He would know that penmanship anywhere, and his fingers trembled slightly as he tore off one edge, crushing the torn pieces with nerveless fingers. He spread the letter open before him gingerly, as if it would crumble and fall apart at his touch. Even without seeing the finely arched "Sol" at the last page, he had been certain it came from her. The perfume alone was enough to tell him that.

He gave himself to sudden day-dreams: it has been so long. How
(Continued on page 35)

tion never, inaugurate courses in technology, for another, it would give catholicism a tremendous boost in this bend of the mountains, and for still another, radio station all our own would make for improved english in the university, there are reasons abundant why we should favor the installation of a broadcasting outfit here. truth to reveal, some of the fathers are openly identified with the move. let's wait and see what happened next. . . .

● these communist just can't be trusted, matter of fact, they don't even trust themselves. i don't give any percentage to a conference where one of the parties is commie. a red goes to peace conferences with the right hand signing a covenant while the left holds a revolver under the table.

● up, up there in the third floor where we write and recite, flunk or pass in law, a sizzling discovery by lady classmates has the class in a collective gawk, the invention was, of course, sired by the necessity of staving off the mounting mortality in prof villanueva's classes. we all of us wised up early to the fact that atty villanueva does not disturb the sequence of the class cards. so . . . the ladies started writing mnemonics (representing our names) to insure hited marks in recitation. all we do is read the portion of the book where we think we will be hit and pffft! the recitation becomes one smooth, satin procedure. it's a cute racket. i tried it . . . and flunked.

● trouble with troublesome people is that whenever they come upon a slangy-twangy line, they proceed to protest in high C. slang, they cry long and loud, is verboten to their tastes. they don't buy slang, no sir.

i have frequently been accused of adulterating people's tastes by retailing too much slang. now, for once, i'd like to tone down tintured anti-slang feelings by offering literary asylum in this column to a typical filipino friendly letter minus slang. this one's pure aged-in-bamboo pinoy english, here she blows: dear friend. . . . i receive your most-awaited billet in good condition and i understood all the content of what you means to say. on the other hand before i proceed to the main point of this humble epistle of mind may i interrogate you how do you do? as for me desame as usual. . . your friend.

if anyone among you, my civil readers, wants to sick that kind of english on me, start looking the other way but fast! i'd very much rather not be desame as usual.

● the usc band, with [maizetro] selerio on the podium, has gained quite a metronome of notoriety for overdoing its "funebre" series, we folks keep on protesting that we have no yen for dirge even if it is the last wailing note in modern spooky music. . . . but the band simply goes on with its threnodic exercises as if the examinations are going on. last week, however, the band, in a moment of sheer heresy, played "stardust."

it's strange but the departure from funeral study transformed usc's denizens into a parliament of sighing, happy faces.

● we lift pertinent portions of a very interesting letter addressed to atty. catalino dornio, quote. . . . good news!!! we supply ideal love to lonely hearts, if you are searching for an ideal partner, we offer love directories. . . . compilations of names of negotiable young men and women with personal data . . . composed of name, address, age, civil status, body measurements, financial status, etc. . . . if you have the directories, your destiny is just in the palm of your hands similar to the weather bureau which forecasts the weather. . . . you overcome the barrier of distance, time, money and effort for it is safe and economical instead of spending much on personal acquaintance, you are sure of favorable results because the names stated are willing to be married or engaged at their discretion. close quote. atty dornio think it was addressed to the wrong guy, i don't think so.

● end item, folksies . . .

AUGUST, 1955

What I see as a great needs is that San Carlos University should start a means of scientific publication wherein our priestly-and-lay colleagues will be able to publish their works.

That we are on the right way appears from the fact that the Graduate School has appointed Mr. Marcelino N. Maceda, M.A., as its first research assistant. In the meeting of the Graduate School faculty, Father Rector readily consented that more research-assistants may be appointed and that he will give them the possibility to visit foreign universities on U.S.C. scholarships for further studies.

We are on the right track. The faculty and its dean will do everything and will be ready to receive suggestions.

But the response is up to you, students!

ROTC BRIEFS

(Continued from page 13)

handsome, tall guy he is. Cdt Capt **Amorito Cañete** is another dynamic leader with a slight twist of a politician. Humble, learned and aggressive. Cdt Capt **Winfredo Geonson** is an uncommon common fellow, friendly but firm with his cadets; intelligent but understanding; outspoken but sincere in his ideas.

Of late a Model Company has come to shape and everything of it is an example from the cadet officers to snappy actions of the men in the ranks. **Faddy Deen** is the groomer Co. Cdt 1st Lt **Jose Ros**, handsome boy, amiable and helpful; Cdt 1st Lt **Louie Batomalaque** (really big and rock) is also the Adjutant-General; a real friend he makes to anybody. Cdt 1st Lt **Manuel Lim, Jr.** and Cdt 1st Lt **Dominador Turno, Jr.** are tall, brisk and lovable cadet officers, too.

Before the other units develop hysteria I better sign off. Another chapter of names will be written in the next issue. But here is a P. S. Cdt cpl **Adelino Sitoy** a warm-hearted co-staffer is a cadet of "G" Platoon. Meet him any time.

really fight for that or this destination — but a better way and means to reach that inevitable destination.

The destiny of a destined destination. A destination to port unknown — port unknown — unknown port — port — phort — fourth — fourth of July. Colored pains rocketing in my head — ricocheting in my vibrating skull.

Can this be the process by which man, such as I, rational and intelligent — can this be the slow deliberate method by which a healthy, normal brain is slowly transferred into a state of complete derangement? Is this why I can't seem to grope for something to stabilize my thinking process? My feeling process . . .

You are man and because you are such don't think that you are all you think you are — remember that you are just a creation — a machine or something placed on earth by a Power infinitely greater. You are not as complete as you think you are and your power that goes about you. You eyes have not seen the most beautiful of things nor all the tremendously inspiring colors — your senses haven't experienced all the feeling — your heart not all the power to love.

Love — always love. Love here. Love there, love everywhere. Love above the clouds, love beneath a fallen leaf, love among the winds — love for a cigarette, love for music, love for books, pencils, ink, pens, schools — schools, always schools.

Love — a cane to a blind man — always ahead, always watching. But love is blind, though it has something better than the eyes to guide it. The faith that is born with it could cross a world and never tire — the inspiration that emanates is strength and determination.

Love — so big and surpassing — it has a thousand eyes and a thousand tongues. In everything, in any form of anything, it takes a hand. Nations and empires are not big enough to be its match; even its self leans on it. What the mind cannot defeat, the heart battles and conquers — nothing too great, nothing formidable. For when all that is here, all whose presence you feel and believe, when all comes to an end — when nothing, not even existence exit — love

(Continued on page 22)

[Hey Ed: one of your boys is an "almost convict". You know what? All the time that we were flying along, and I don't mean cruising, we had an unlicensed "pilot". No wonder we had so many near places, crashes, that is. And we got pinched too. I mean, he got pinched. You should tell REX G. not to prowl around in nobody-knows-whose car without a permit.]

Carman del Prado — there's a girl for you, Joe. Now — don't get me wrong. What I mean is that she's a wonderful friend, refined, cordial and fine. And **Pat Estorco** is just as swell, and just as made of the same fine threads. **Vicky Manguerra** and **Tita Cui** are quite some girls, don't you think? [I'm presuming that you know them, which you should . . . Ed: who doesn't?]

I never knew, but our own **Nene "last toy" Ranudo Jr.** is the grand ol' man of the "martinets". You know what? He's quite a guy, huh? (Does that entitle me to an invitation, Mr. President?) . . .

[Overheard] . . . "women nowadays are getting stranger and more complicated . . . Oh yeah? Say that to **Tita Mabugat** or **Mila Evangelista** . . . [I know her . . . she's my sister . . .] . . . Boy! I certainly dare you to . . .

Why is it that some "wimmin' . . . [is that right?] in spite of being cool, maybe indifferent and discreet, are so appealing, they scatter a man's composure and rattle whatever peace of mind he has. All **Lida Baring** has to do is . . . smile and — w.o.w. . . the results are superionic. Can you beat that? And **Nena Cespon** . . . she's just a wisp of a girl, [but with such disturbingly beautiful eyes] . . . she looks at you, like she does at these pronounced eccentrics and what happens . . . boinggg! Follow me? In fact, **Jun "I think you" beg your pardon Uytengsu** is all out with me on that. You can ask him. Say, I didn't know **Enrique Yap** writes such nice "balaks" . . . it's really strange, this world we live in.

Bobby Coligado . . . I've been persuading this guy to teach me the tap dance, but he's stingy. He won't give. Not even **Charito Beltran** can goad him into displaying his wares . . . [somebody's getting red in the face, and it isn't me at all . . .]

By the way, **Jun Borja**, who I must say, knows "too much" for his age, is "after" a certain education lass . . . I've done everything to make this **Clemente Rama** dig the whole works . . . I'm simply curious . . . [all women are . . .] and . . . Clem simply isn't cooperative . . . yeah, somebody should declare him an "evader" for lack of cooperation.

Balloon skirts, gypsy earrings and flat shoes make up a wonderful bundle of femininity called **Zenaida Capada**. So is **Gopi Gurbuxani**: neatly attired and looks chic. You know her sister, **Sawatri**, don't you? She might be a bit frillicsome, but she certainly is also worth any man's price . . . How's that J—?

Yep! Part'n cute and super these girls **Linda Arcilla**, **Julie Mercado** and **Lupe Campo**. You wouldn't regret meeting them folks! Gee! I really pity **Mario Beltran** and **Tommy Misa** . . . they've been going through these initiations for three days already . . . those masters are having their "ven detta" proceedings, they were last year's neophytes too.

Just can't help associating **Florentino Osorio Suico, Jr.** with that slap-happy frat called the Alpha Kappa Alpha. He looks so "aken" that aken almost imagine the wimminfolk's eagerness to have him re-initiated [is there such a thing?] Junior goes in a big way for such teenage things as ponytails and petticoats and . . . of course . . . teenagers!!!

Everytime **JPR** swishes into the "C" office, he is a-dither with tales and tales. Piece d' resistance of **Joe's** yarn-spinning is **Taling Espiritu**, that pert but shy education co-ed. **Taling's** favorite den is the library and we hazard the guess that she has read of **Lo-ve** from **A** to **Rrrrrr**. Tee hee.

Golly! Some speech I have made hey? I could make some more (notwithstanding the hoarseness. . .) . . . but I have no time . . . In fact . . . oops! there goes the gong . . . I gotta go folks . . . cheerio . . . see you next time . . . as Mr. Morelos used to say . . . "gom bye" . . .

**The Carolinian...
... Science Corner**

NICHOLAS COPERNICUS (1473-1543), the famous German ecclesiastic, became the founder of a new astronomy. In his pioneer work, "On the Revolutions of the Celestial Spheres" he succeeded in proving — contrary to the beliefs of

ersity of Cracow he studied mathematics. Afterwards he went to Bologna, Italy, where he changed his study of church law with studies of the stars. A few years later he studied medicine at the University of Padua. Then he went back to Poland, where he became a member of the cathedral Chapter at Frauenburg. His learning in canon law made him one of the foremost authorities of his land. He found

by Rev. Fr.
M. RICHARTZ, S. V. D.

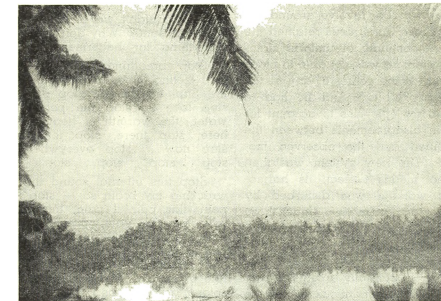
STAND, SUN...

a thousand years — that the earth is not the center of the universe, but the sun stands and does not move. On a monument erected to his memory in Saint Anne's church at Cracow, you find the inscription: "Stasol, ne moveare" (Stand, sun, do not move). This word, taken from the Bible (Josue 10, 12), expressed his ardent desire to prove that the sun does not move. And the more he studied "the godlike circular movements of the world, the course of the stars, their magnitudes, distances, risings and setting", the more he was convinced that "the sun stood still in the midst of heaven" (Josue 10, 13).

COPERNICUS' LIFE.

Copernicus, the scientific name for "Koppernigk", has been claimed by Poland, but it has been proved that he was of pure German origin. He was born in 1473 in the West Prussian town of Thorn, which then belonged to the Kingdom of Poland. The scientist's father is believed to have come from Upper Silesia or Cracow, both then predominantly German. His mother's family had lived in Thorn for several generations but is thought also to have come originally from Silesia.

While Copernicus was still a child, his father died and his uncle, a Catholic bishop, looked after the education of the boy. At the Univ-



This picture was taken by Rev. Fr. A. v. Gansawinkel, S.V.D. during his last days in the University of San Carlos just before he took over the rectorship of the St. Paul's College, Tacloban.—He tried to catch the sun in the landscape by using a special device for reducing its brightness.

DO NOT MOVE

ersity of Cracow he studied mathematics. Afterwards he went to Bologna, Italy, where he changed his study of church law with studies of the stars. A few years later he studied medicine at the University of Padua. Then he went back to Poland, where he became a member of the cathedral Chapter at Frauenburg. His learning in canon law made him one of the foremost authorities of his land. He found

voiced by Pope Leo X, asked for his opinion on the reform of the ecclesiastical calendar. His answer was, that the length of the year and of the months as well as the motions of the sun and moon were not yet sufficiently known to attempt a reform. The incident, however, spurred him on as he himself wrote to Pope Paul III, to make more accurate observations; and these actually served, seventy years later, as a basis for the working out of the Gregorian Calendar. Copernicus laid the groundwork for his he-

liocentric theory between 1506 and 1512, and brought it to completion in "De revolutionibus orbium coelestium" (1543).

THE COPERNICUS SYSTEM

Prior to the work of Copernicus, (Turn to next page)

it was universally held that our earth is diked and immovable body, situated at the center of the universe, about which all heavenly bodies are in revolution. To account for the apparently complicated motions of the planets among the fixed stars the so-called "epicycles" had been introduced. That is, each planet is moving about the circumference of a small circle the center of which pursues a larger circular path about the sun. This older system was devised as early as 140 A.D. by Claudius Ptolemy.

The new system was based on two fundamental principles: (1) The diurnal motion of the heavens is not real, but only apparent, being due to the rotation of the earth on its own axis. (2) The sun remains at rest, while the planets, including our own globe, revolve around the sun. Since Copernicus retained the ancient postulate of uniform circular motion, he was not able to place the sun at the center of any of the planetary orbits. And he had to add a few epicycles to account for certain disagreements between the computed and the observed motions. The new system was then by no means perfect; its harmonious working was disturbed by many grave anomalies. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the heliocentric theory won its way slowly to being accepted as a truth. It was fully a century after the death of Copernicus before the simplicity of the new theory finally overcame the older, very complicated system of Ptolemy. At the present time many direct observational proofs are available for the essential truth of the Copernicus theory.

THE FATE OF PUBLICATION

Copernicus, in 1530, had finished his great work, but hesitated a long time to publish it. His friends who had become interested in the new theory prevailed on him to write at least an abstract for them. Therein he stated his theory in the form of seven axioms, reserving the mathematical part for the principal

Sanity's Last...

(Continued from page 20)

will still be here. Not as an existence, not as matter, not as force, emotion or feeling... but love as love, as love is. Immaterial, insensible, incomprehensible... without life, without meaning, without purpose — it will be here in its rawest form — untouched and undeveloped by man.

Undeveloped by man's evil mind. What is a mind but a contraption to get a result that is already there. Just like fire. Always hot — never cold — never sweet — always hot — always hot, monotonously hot. Man is stupid to rely on such a foolish machine — man is insane and thoughtless. How could he bear to bear sons with nothing but stupid nothings inside his head to guide him, to teach him — so he could judge for his well-being.

Why couldn't we be more sensible and sane? Why don't we stop everything for betterment?

Stop breathing, stop thinking, stop feeling, stop time by stopping the Sun, stop night, stop dreams, stop love — stop the pelting of water, the warmth of heat. Stop here, stop there, stop tomorrow, stop now... stop everywhere... stop... stop... stop... stop.

Stop this infernal sound that is wracking my brain so — stop this pain, this painful pain, this painfully painful pain, painful pain, painful pain, painful pain, painful pain, painful pain, painful pain, Stop this mumble and jumble of words, this rigmorle of endless carousel. Stop this colors and prisms dancing and prancing and dancing and prancing and dancing. Stop this pain, this painful pain, this painfully painful pain, this painfully painful pain, this painfully painful pain.

work. This was in 1531; since then the doctrine of the heliocentric system began to spread. But all urging of friends to publish his discovery was in vain until, when feeling the weight of his sixty-eight years, he surrendered his manuscripts for publication. The first copy of the "Six Books on the Revolutions of the Celestial Orbits" was handed to him the very day he died, May 24, 1543.

Fortunately for him, he could not see what Oslander who took care of the publication had done. This reformer, knowing the attitude of Luther and Melancthon against the new system, introduced the word "hypothesis" on the title page, and replaced the preface of Copernicus by another in which Oslander made Copernicus propose the heliocentric theory as a mere hypothesis or mathematical fiction. In addition he omitted the references to Aristarchus which Copernicus had made; this omission brought upon Copernicus charges of dishonest plagiarism. The dedication to Pope Paul III was, however, retained, and the text of the work remained intact.

There can be little doubt that Copernicus was convinced of the truth of his theory. Opposition was first raised against the Copernican system by Protestant theologians for Biblical reasons. On the Catholic side a clear statement about the interpretation of Biblical texts was already made by Nicolas Oresme in the 14th century: The scriptures speak according to a common mode of speech. From the statement in the Bible that the sun was stopped in its course one is no more entitled to draw the scientific conclusion that the heaven moves and that the earth does not than one is entitled to draw from phrases like "God repented" the conclusion that God can actually change His mind like a human being. — For nearly three quarters of a century no difficulties were raised; neither Pope Paul III, nor any of the nine popes who followed him, nor the Roman Congregations raised any alarm. Trouble arose when Galilei proclaimed the truth of the Copernican doctrine with stubborn persistence. Although there were as yet no sufficient proof of the system, no objection was made to its being taught as a hypothesis which explained all phenomena in a simpler manner than the Ptolemaic, and might for all practical purposes be adopted by astronomers. What was objected to was the assertion that

(Continued on page 42)

EXCURSIONS: *The CAROLINIAN Way*



The trucks had to be left behind—the weather was simply made for a pleasant stroll.



When It's Chow Time, "Dig In" is the Motto



Down, down, down the stairs—
the fun began

School spirit isn't something that can be developed by hourly elbow-rubbing with the armchairs or by a daily huncamunca with the stiff-necked personages on the platform. A professor making a one-hour yataab about balance sheets, congruent and incongruent triangles, hydrated and de-hydrated eggs, *de facto* and *de iure* governments. . . . won't help much in making a real, hell-for-leather Carolinian out of a cynical Tom, a defeatist Dick, a horrified Harry or a heckling Juan de la Cruz. Relationships between professor and student must not be that of a Recto-Magsaysay type. "Cold wars" could be prevented . . . or eliminated. . . by shoulder-to-shoulder intimacies, that are inherent in and brought about in every excursion, outing or picnicking. . . .

Last summer, the BSEED students together with their professors, escaped from the usual do-re-mis of the classrooms and caromed to educational and/or (at least) cool spots in Cebu. And early in June, the Commerce seniors trooped to Buhisan Dam. . . This is a typical Carolinian gesture towards the promotion of better fellow-feeling. . . this is the school spirit. . . in action.



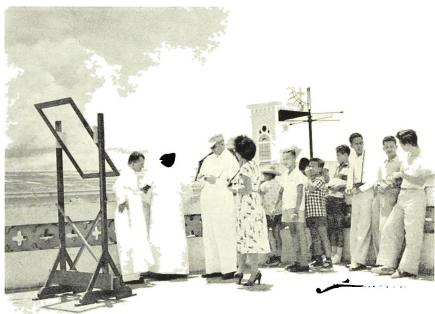
The food containers were getting heavier with every step.

The COR



Native solution

For miles and miles around, people looked through polaroid glasses, high-powered telescopes, exposed camera negatives, smoked glasses and anything darkly gossamer or transparent enough to afford them a better view of the great show Nature made.



The long wait



Looping frogs, kites and rubber balls couldn't take them away from this "watchamacallit?"

ONATION

moon and the sun met in a weird
solar drama on earth for the
times took a ringside view of the
times repeat performance in the
2068.



Benches don't get you any nearer...
but it helps



No... not callisthenics!

Carolínians, from the classrooms, took to the streets, to the open grounds... to the wide, spacious terraces of the University: they didn't want to miss a minute of the awesome romance going on above the skies between sun and moon. (The eclipse that was seen in Cebu City was only partial.) With the aid of man-made gadgets, the fathers and the students viewed together the God-made splendor of the crowning.



Last minute
check-up

The KAPPA LAMBDA SIGMA Initiation Rites



The mesdames of the KLS—when they get together, lenses click like mad.



Floored for the count. These neophytes are down but they don't look like they're out.



Women on the nose. A very untidy habit, indeed, and a tedious method of house-cleaning but the crawling duo doesn't seem to care.



Singer or grinner? Can't tell whether our subject has just sung or is about to sing but brother is the smiling?



If it's not the Mambo—then we're in for a puzzler.

They told me to push the coin on the floor with my nose... they told me to warble the *kundimans* with my mouth full of biscuits... they told me to deliver the Gettysburg address as if nobody had delivered it before... they asked me to dance the mambo with my shadow for a partner and my echo for a drumbeat... they painted my nose red, my cheeks blue... they wrote K-A-M-L-O-N on my forehead... they told me to quit if I can't organize myself to do the things they wanted done or undo the things I did... They are my masters... may their tribe increase!

I am a neophyte... may this grease-paint de-grease!



The pose that depresses

ALUMNI CHIMES!

by J. P. R.

Whenever a student steps out of the portals of his Alma Mater, he often finds it hard to resist the temptation to look back and reminisce the good or bad times associated with his student days. His years in school, however uneventful, makes him indulge in a lingering retrospection. Again, when the Alma Mater that molds him, gives him life and vigor, is out of his sight, a seemingly melancholic feeling haunts him as though the joy and comfort he used to know is still laid up in lavender. We deem it our duty therefore to recreate some familiar scenes in the campus or re-touch things familiar only to a one-time student but a full-time Carolinian. Not with the freshness and vividness of today but with the touch of a yesterday that seems so near . . . The Alumni Chimes, a regular column exclusively for alumni, welcomes contribution from bonafide USC alumni everywhere. Perhaps this would best remedy the nostalgic feeling every Carolinian alumnus feels. Read the chimes and keep up with the times . . .

FIRST ON the slate is Bienvenido Doña whose application for the Navy of Uncle Sam was okayed recently. He is now in San Diego, California, undergoing rigid training and looking at the Occidental sight of U.S.A. This fellow stayed with us for quite a long time and evidentiary support of this statement is his Bachelor of Arts sheepskin. He claims that this is one "gilt" from USC he cannot and will never forget. Ben left his family and friends on January 12, 1955. We aren't quite certain when he'll visit his hometown, Lugait, Misamis Oriental, but we are sure of one thing: We'll sure miss him!

A little birdie told us that a former scholar in the College of Law, class '54, is going to throw his hat into the mayoral ring in Duenas, Iloilo, come November. Aside from occupying top berth in class, this livewire actively participated in all extra-curricular activities during his stay here. The name? Atty. Heber Catalan. Hew to the line Habs, let the chips fall where they may!

In Cagayan de Oro City, two Carolinians are now displaying their technical wares in the DE Office. These two swains are graduates in Civil Engineering, class '53, and confided in a letter received

that their major asset was their Alma Mater. They are Adriano Gadrinab and Aniano Paraguya. Keep the Green Cross burning, boys! . . . Convivial Paz Generalao, BSE '53, is also giving out school-marm stuff at Lourdes College in Cagayan de Oro City. Pacing who seems to be forever on the go, is not yet satisfied with the suffix she has to her name. The latest news from her is that she is currently in happy pursuit of another degree. This time it's BSEED. Pointers, ohoy!

In our visit to the Leonard Wood Sanitarium, a charitable institution, this city, we found out that a blue-

blooded Carolinian is included in the roster of the social workers. From accountant to humanitarian, the transition seem to be rather a queer one but this is exactly what Eddie Bacus '50, did. He is known to the inhabitants of Mactan Island as the good Samaritan. Active and congenial Eddie is very popular with the Opon populace more particularly with the poverty-stricken people. News from the grapevine says that he'll resign from the Bachelor's club if he is successful in his amorous petition to a certain bewitching marm he's now eyeing. Good hunting Ed! Buddy Q says he'll not speak to you again unless you're married. So . . .

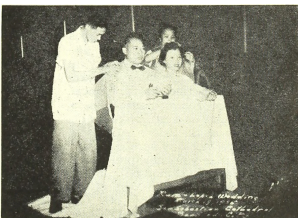
Woodrow Montecillo has this to say. "I wonder why . . . whenever I visit other places, I always met hospitable Carolinians happily employed." The faculty roster of St. Alphonsus alone down at Opon, Cebu, includes the name of Felicitas Taghoy. She's currently imparting and implanting the 3 R's to her pupils in that school. Since her student days, Fely already had a knack for teaching but we're at a loss to know whether or not she is a good housekeeper. How about it, Fely? Go on, dig! Basilides de la Serna, another personality who, 3 years back, finished the ETC with highest honors, is a con-

(Continued to next page)

★ ★ ★

Carolinians never die. . .
they just fade away or
get married.

Jose Ruiz, a BSE graduate ex-
changed marital vows with
Miss L. Lopez of Cagayan,
Negros Occidental



spicuous member of the St. Alphonsus faculty. With him in the same department is *Violeta Daclan*. Not to be outdone is *Atanasia Ouanu*, BSE '50, a dyed-in-the-wool Carolinian who also teaches the Shakespearean lines in the same school. Five years back, this girl used to write literary pieces for this mag. We are expecting more from her... that is, if she can find the time to write 'em.

Word got in that the maintenance engineer in one of the progressive silk factories in Manila is a Carolinian. Intelligent and dexterous, this hard-hitting engineer worked his way through college. We remember him as one of the working students of USC four years ago. He graduated from the College of Engineering in 1953 with honors and was the youngest among the graduates. Passed the board thereafter at the age of 21. He goes by the handle of *Teodoro Cadunog*, BSCE. Speaking of technicalities we also have a maestro turned mechanic. After undergoing training in our Normal Department, he landed a job as a classroom mentor but later jettisoned it for good. This time he is connected with a local office equipment dealer. In case your mimeo machine conks out, call fellow-Carolinian *Basilio Cabalier* who's ready to offer his services... for free?

A good number of Carolinians can also be located in the land of promise. Waving the Carolinian banner in Midsayap, Cotabato, is *Jaime Calungsud*, BSE, who is the Commandant of Notre Dame. An advanced course graduate in ROTC, *James* is tailored for the job. And whaddya-know! He also teaches English!!! In the Notre Dame of Pikit, *Diega S. Oboy* is a name that graces the faculty hall. She handles the Science of living beings in that school. In St. Francis Xavier Hi school somewhere in Occidental Misamis, we can call on *Antonio Machinay*, BSE '53, who keeps the school records. Although he gets lagged out in his work as Registrar, he still finds time imparting the science of quantity in said school. *Emerencia Siervo-Libares* is preparing the St. Francis' classes to be future housekeepers. Word reached us that *Delia Aparis*, BSE '54, is at St. Peter's Academy, Ormoc City, not anymore as a student but as a you-know-pretty-well-what. *Nenen Estañon*, BSE '53, is an English teacher in one of the high schools of Gingoog, Mis. Or.

(Continued on Col. 3)

ALUMNOTES

ALUMNI BRIDAL PARADE

IT HAS BEEN said with a ring of truth that a happy marriage does not spring from chance but comes because two people are in love. Marriage is a pledge of love and faith, for better or for worse. It is a solemn vow to cherish, love and honor... "until death". Getting stuffy? Well, let's get going...

First item in our middle-aisleage is *JOSE RUIZ*, BSE '52, who got hitched to the former Miss Lopez, of Cauayan, Negros Occidental last March 19, 1955. The rites took place at San Sebastian Cathedral, Bacolod City. Mr. Ruiz, it might be remembered, was a working student in the Registrar's Office. Now he's wielding a big stick at San Carlos Private High School as Principal.

Next to follow suit were Mr. & Mrs. *ORENCIO C. CORTEZ* (nee *GLORIA R. JAYME*) of Mandawe, Cebu. Mr. Cortez slipped the little ring on her bride's finger at the Catholic Church of Ormoc City. Sponsors this time were Mr. Santiago Leones, USC faculty member and Mrs. Valeriano Daffon. Mr. Cortez was until recently a faculty member of USC's boys' High School. The bride-elect is a BSE sheepskin holder who graduated cum laude and is currently enrolled in BSEED.

TONY GERONILLA chose December as the month for saying the final parting words to bachelorhood. And for a beautiful reason! The reason answers to the name of *AZUCENA MA. VELOSO*. The couple became man and wife at the Archbishop's Palace some time in December. Members of the wedding entourage were *Engr. Jose Gandiongco & Mrs. Fidele Palaez*, sponsors; *Carie Veloso & Engr. Boy Nacario*, bride's maid and best man respectively. *Engr. Arnaldo Derecho & Vicky Manguera*, veil sponsors; *Inday Almarie & Engr. Camilo Fernandez*, cord sponsors. A sumptuous breakfast at the Mural Room, Capitol Hotel, followed after the knot-tying. Tony is a product of our Engineering Dept., the youngest of class '53. He took the board thereafter and made it! Bride-elect is a holder of CSS title and was until recently taking up the teachers' courses.

Time and marriage finally caught up with *AGUSTIN B. JAMIRO* when he became one of the principals in a May wedding which had for its scene at the Alegria Catholic Church. The benedict is a BSC graduate and was until re-

(Continued on page 36)

while her favorite companion, cute and fascinating *Inday Trinidad*, BSE '53, is also connected with one of the schools of Guinhulnagan, Negros Or. She has one big library to herself. Stationed at Villaba Prov'l Hi is *Paz Esmas*. She is a product of USC's Home Economics department.

In San Fernando, Cebu, a happy couple, both Carolinians, find enjoyment in ministering to the needs of the students enrolled in the Notre Dame Hi of that town. They are *Mr. & Mrs. Marcelo Bacalso* (nee *Presentation Baculpo*). In their student days, both were working in our library. Mr. Bacalso is handling English and History while his better-half is concurrently librarian and also paraphrasing the Shakespearean sonnets. Not to be outdone is charming *Marcela Pepito*, ETCHE '51. Instead of teaching the 3 R's, she swerved and became a successful *commerciant*. Starting very humbly, *Mars* now owns a sari-sari store. Business must be that good.

It has been said that no matter how long the procession is, it must return to the Church from where it started. Well, we have a student here who, three years ago, made a long journey to the State U. After the stint, she returned to USC and now teaches Chemistry. During her stay with us she took a Pre-Med course and upon graduation, immediately proceeded to Manila, enrolled in the State U and Eureka!... now she owns a crisp BS Chem sheepskin. Her name: *Miss Aurora Labitan*. Someone must have persuaded her to take up the 4-year course, ehem...!

Conrado Albino who always beams with self-approval is connected with the Clavecilla Radio. His modus operandi: Radio Technician of that progressive establishment. *Dadong* as we fondly called him is one person who can smile when everything goes wrong. He confided to us that a poignancy of sweetness is rendered richer by the discipline of suffering. Mr. Albino finished his A.B. with flying colors.

Poverty is not a hindrance to success... these are the sweet words coming from the lips of *Pedro Coracho*, A.B. '54 whose insatiable thirst for knowledge is still very much in evidence. Considered as the fightingest orator in his class, *Pet*, we predict, will always come out in the limelight. To reach the acme of his ambition, he now scribes his notes at the College of Law, as a sophomore student. We

(Continued on page 44)



foe. Neither is there a Dionaldo who will dunk in his twinmarkers from quarter court, or sink it in under the basket. And is there another Morilla who will lord it over in the tapins and the tight pinches?

Optimistic? No—slightly skeptic

and frustrated games?

So we say, Coach Dodong Aquino has a very tremendous task on his shoulders... that of building a solid, lethal and tough, yet too smooth, sly and fast team. Height is something we don't have much,

for the sportsman...

THE FIGHT IS ON. The first salvoes of the 1955 battle for the CCAA championship in the senior division is on. It was a whooping start for us. We bowled the USP Black Panthers off and good. Super is the word for that brilliant start... Still, this is a hard year. It is a hard year because it is a complete start. The old USC stalwarts have retired, and these new hoopsters that we have—well, so much has to be done, so much have they to go through before we can really look at a well-drilled machine that could obly replace the ones we used to know. Maning Baring won't be around too, to plot any more plays or effective defensive stabs at the

perhaps. But even so, those men aren't gods. We can build other pillars and lances, for better than the ones who used to drive us thru thick mazes of championship fights. But again, these new crop of hard-court battlers (that we have) are borely out of their teens. Experience is something they have yet to learn, and feel. When they go out to battle, they aren't going to face erratic intramural stars, they'll be up against the best that our basketball world can offer. The elbows, the knees and the guts that they will face will be ones that have been wizened, hardened and sharpened by seasons of Eladio Villa fighting. They will be up against

we have to have speed. Speed and brains to fill in this liability. Coach Aquino can fill these deficiencies... and he must. And to do that, he has to nag, scold, grind and unleash a thousand pep-talks and pointers, and odd, pile hours upon hours of rigid practice yet, then we can go out no matter how overconfident, we'll break thru.

But that's just a lot of speculation. Here is your team, as it really is—and here are the men who make it up. Here is the hand that will fight to keep that trophy here where it belongs, and for keeps. Here — dissected, dismantled and stripped of all the glamour and color down to the bare elementals:

An intimate analysis of the newly organized basketball varsity team . . .

enemy basket. In his place as mentor of the varsity squad, is a young man—Coach Dodong Aquino.

We are not overlooking the fact that we trimmed, or shall we say mopped off the runner-up rivals to our crown. But that single accomplishment isn't enough for us to be as confident and stolid as we should be, in keeping that gonfalon. On the shoulders of a young man, your basketball coach, still rests the supreme and tremendous task of fashioning out of these yearlings, hands that will almost think for themselves, coordination and skill that will make the ball short of talk. Out of these tender saplings, these experienced, but untried and newly ordained Warriors, he has yet to fashion real soldiers and gentlemen fighters.

This year, there is no more Sagardui who will hook-shoot it out for us at center court, or a Martin Echivarre Jr., versatile that he is, who will confuse, lose himself with the

BY

REX MA. GRUPO

Sports Reporter

practically the same machines we used to get sometimes clobbered with, maybe mauled. We got thru them with the skin of our teeth, yes. But then, we were powered with the keenest wits, and the deadliest and the meanest shooting arms in the whole business. And now?

Nobody is trying to insinuate that what we have for hardcourt material falls short of the brand of basketweaving that we have since associated ourselves with. But the CCAA just got underway, and we've still got a long way to go. That was only the first battle. How about the others? Would we get over... or remain somewhere there behind the hooks, the fouls and the bungled plays? Where would we be after the CCAA is thru with it's collection of mad hours, minutes

On top of this year's reliables who shall retain the CCAA crown is Danny Deen, of foul-bait fame, a left-over of last year's dough who is now astride the skipper's saddle. Reynaldo de la Cruz, one of yesterday's trusted vanguards, dealt with his two hands, and who now holds Danny's second axe, he is co-skipper, *Peping Rogado*, who somehow hasn't forgotten or outgrown his love for basketball, and so is back at his old side-throwing, jump-flip tricks. These are the men who have instilled the spirit of loyalty in their hearts; never leaving the team, until it's on its feet again. And to *Jose Zamora*, whose foul area spot hits told their own story last year, a big, hearty handclasp. And the men to share the year's tournament spotlights are *Virgilio Caing*, fleet, dead-eyed skipper of the Leyte St. Paul's College quintet and tall dusky *Ernesto Michael*, who piloted the Sto. Niño Tortero's

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ROSS COVER'S...

Writer's madness . . .
Fans . . .
Coach . . .

The warped wits could be shut off, but in this racket there'd still be entertainment. Backbiting and back-slapping are as commonplace as littered butts in an ash tray. Personally, I am no oracle of the orthodox. I neither relish the humdrum existence of crabs. To me the world is a seething psychopathic ward and you are just another pore-sputtered husk concealing another story from me. We are a nation of laughing men. We are meant to be the delightful children of this earth. Some say I have no pride. True, I may not have that vertigo because I spent my youth laughing. In this town you will see people adapted to follow conservative routine. If you see them going to their work, you'd think the world will poof tomorrow.

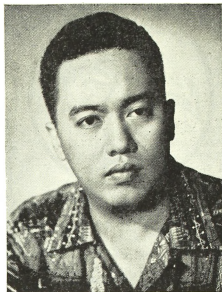
Ah! the coach. That wonderful forgotten man of the team. He is gay and occasionally spouts century-old wisecracks. Coaches laugh and cry with the team, sometimes pray, sometimes take to bottles. All coaches have their own domain apart from the team and fans Bless their loyal hearts! I asked Mr. Juan Aquino, "How do you feel?" Like a million bucks, he says. The guy may not have the moolah for a short beer but he knows how a million thrills.

Though it doesn't cost a cent to be a Warrior's fan the strain on the heart and soul is extremely high. That is because the lugs are never predictable. It is like falling in love. You don't savvy what will come next. You know what one regular bleacher said after Inting missed a shot? "Poor Inting." Amen, I say. "Isn't that Inting a clodhopper." I drowned my drink and echoed, "Who am I to judge?" The fans were miserable because he gooled. You'd think he'd done something bad.

You can always tell a Warrior's fan but you can't tell him much. No genius of sports spectator is more boisterous, more loyal, more bizarre. Rudy Fontanosa used to buy ringside tickets so he could let the big-wigs of the opposing team know what he thinks of their trained seals. Depend on him to have the tummies of the opposing team leave the gym before the first half. All the Warrior's fan are worriers at heart. Take Pruting Solutillo. He will tell you the green & gold is the best team one minute and start eating his heart out the next. You know what "fan" means, it is short for fanatic. After the day's practice, the fans are either mad with joy or mad with grief. Anyway they are always mad. These lusterless souls sometimes border upon hysteria.

Under my nose I can truthfully say that the current dogs lack last year's whiz and dazzle. But youth being ever on the go for new laurels, who can rightfully predict? Sapheads will be out to prognosticate impending doom but, come November, these idiots will have to eat their papers or resign from decent society and be content counting sands in their caves for the rest of their lives.

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JUAN AQUINO
Coach

Sportscope

by BUDDY QUITORIO

THE MAN (pictured above) who looks like a shrewdie is JUAN "Dodong" AQUINO, and his is the name that will refurbish the vocabulary of CCAA sportsfans around.

Old-timers will remember Dodong as a member of the high and mighty USC hoop team which captured the 1946 Inter-Collegiate title and not a few of the grizzled gate-crashers at Aladio's hardwood will call the fact to mind that he was one of USC's warhorses who annexed the 1947 and 1948 gonfalone of the collegiate division in the CCAA.

Don't get us all wrong, though. The recollection has nothing to do with his photo. Since we suspect that you have no idea why he's here, please help yourself to these facts:

Dodong Aquino takes a fling at coaching the Warriors who have sworn via dribbles and passes that they are dead-set on polishing off their opponents in their retention drive. Mentor Aquino designs the fate USC's campaign for this season and his job is to chalk up the third straight championship triumph for our boys. Some job.

Let's go back. When people heard that Dodong was to take over the mentorship of the Green and Gold, there was a plantation of elevated eyebrows, ours included. We felt that coaching a squad of score-happy hoop artists was an entirely different can of peanuts from teaching Commerce subjects in a classroom. We dissenters were in playful concert with the belief that his debut as a coach would be a resounding flop. His answer? He replied last Sunday, July 24, when the Green and Gold strangled the USP team to the tune of 79-65. By the end of the season, he says he will reply us with a plump, shiny trophy. We won't take less for an answer and it's about even money that, at the rate his charges are going, he won't give less.

A true-blue Carolinian, Dodong is married but is a bachelor of science in Business Administration.

A. SITOY and S. FABROZ
News Editors

ENROLLMENT HIKES ANEW

Enrollment this semester has gone beyond its usual reach. Consolidated lists show that students enrolled (college dept.) totalled up to 6,395. The total college enrollment of the first semester of last year was 4,141. The increase hiked up to 2,254. The College of Commerce ranks first in its number of students presently enrolled, College of Liberal Arts & Sciences second, and College of Education third.

USC TOPS IN M. E. BOARD EXAMS

Mr. Nicholas Lao Guico sports the rare distinction of copping the first place in Mechanical Engineering Board Examinations given last August, 1954. Mr. Lao Guico has made quite a history for himself and for his Alma Mater because, for the first time, a university outside Manila surpassed in mechanical board examinations. The engineer hails from Nuncia, Surigao. He is a bona fide alumnus of USC. The last mechanical board exams gave 100% for its USC examinees. The following names hurdled the board exams: Messrs. Mercado Delgado, Francisco Lacida, Nicholas Lao Guico and Samuel Longkait.

GRAD SCHOOL DEAN ASSUMES EDITORSHIP OF "ANTHROPOS"

Fr. Dr. Rudolf Rahmann, S.V.D., USC Dean of the Graduate School, left the university for Switzerland last July 17, to assume the editorship of the "Anthropos", an International Review of Ethnology and Linguistics published in several languages.

It may be recalled that Fr. Rahmann was Editor of that paper for a period of one year, twenty years ago. His assignment to Peking, China, as Rector of Fu Jen University made him leave his position. He was sent to San Carlos as Dean of the Graduate School. But he still maintained his connec-

tion with the paper by regularly sending contributions.

Last July, he left Cebu for Switzerland to assume the very position he occupied twenty years ago. He will edit the "Anthropos". "Anthropos" is a Greek word meaning "Man". The periodical was founded fifty years ago, in 1906, by Fr. Wilhelm Schmidt, S.V.D., a great scholar.

Before he bade goodbye, Fr. Rahmann announced that part of the data (materials) collected by him and Mr. Marcelino Maceda about the Negritos of northeastern Mindanao (the Mamanuas) and the Negritos of Negros (the Atas) and Pany (the Atis) will be published in the "Anthropos".

Consequently, reorganization in the Graduate School immediately followed Fr. Rahmann's departure. Fr. Cornelis van der Linden, S.V.D., Ph. D., was appointed acting Dean of the Graduate School with Mr. Marcelino Maceda, M.A. as his research assistant. Plans were made for the intensification of post graduate studies and extension of the number of Graduate Courses.

NEW "C" MODERATOR

Moderator of the Carolinian this year is Rev. Fr. William Cremers, S.V.D. He takes the place of Rev. Fr. Bernard Wrocklage, S.V.D. Fr. Cremers was once a Procurator and Regent of the College of Commerce in San Carlos for three years. At present he is teaching religion subjects.

9TH ANNUAL DECLAMATION CONTEST

The USC College of Education is announcing its 9th Annual Declamation Contest which will take place sometime in September. All college departments are invited to participate in the contest but with only one participant for each college or department. Medals will be awarded to prize-winners.

LIBRARY BOASTS OF NEW VOLUMES

Recently, the USC Library accumulated 28,822 new volumes of books. From such time up to July, it had an increase of 1,431. The following are some of the new exemplary volumes:



Auf Wiedersehen! Rev. R. Rahmann (center) poses with Father Rector (left) and members of the USC faculty at airport in Cebu. The former Graduate school dean left last July 16 for Switzerland.

The Human Wisdom of St. Thomas — Aquinas, St. Thomas: this is an expounded philosophy of Catholicism where the hidden truth of the Catholic religion is exposed in the vast fields of human reason.

The Selected Letters of Gustave Flaubert — Flaubert, Gustave: this book flashes a great deal of light on Flaubert's ideas on art and society, which he expresses directly in his letters.

The Church Speaks to the Modern World — Gilson, Etienne: a text of dogmatism and social teaching of Pope Leo XIII.

A Sketch of Medieval Philosophy — Hawkins, D.J.B.: this serves as the beautiful window of the past's brilliant philosophical life. It enables the readers of today to fathom its philosophical importance.

Art Treasures of the Louvre — Hughs, Otto: it is in this book where appreciation of beauty is deeply touched. It has reproductions in the full color of 100 paintings in the Louvre, including the portrayal of European art history.

Ethics and Facts — Messner, J.: discusses the fine roots of contradictions of human existence — the fine fundamental and powerful human impulses, the sex impulse, the impulses toward happiness and liberty, the social impulse, and the cognitive impulse.

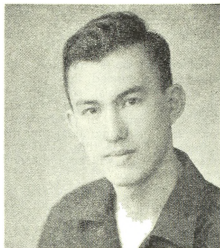
ELECTION RETURNS

It goes without saying that the early days of every school-year are always remarkably characterized by hectic campaigns on elections of officers representing the different organizations in San Carlos U. This year, too, we round the same cycle and as a consequence the following officers were elected to lead their respective organizations.

Lex Circle — Victor M. Espina, President; Adelaida Palomar, Vice-President; Natty Ilaos, Secretary; Catalina Borromeo, Treasurer; Macario Remolador and Pedro Caracho, Sgt-at-Arms; Cesario Mella, PRO, Lolito Gil Gozum, Auditor.

Portia Club — Adelaida Palomar, President; Esperanza Abellanosa, Vice President; Catalina Borromeo, Secretary; Anita Maabong, Pro. **College of Law: First Year** — Fred Zaragoza, President; Julieta Tabiolo, Vice President; Rosie Sanchez & Luisa Castañeda, Secretaries; Zenaida Ty and Nora Española, Treasurers; Samuel B. Fabroz & Erasmo Diola, Press Relations Officers; Alejandro Luzon & Florencio Villarín, Sgt-at-Arms.

Second Year — Victor Espina, President; Plaridel Estorco & German Palmares, Vice Presidents; Mercedes Gozo, Secretary; Inicio Sy,



Victor M. Espina
President, Lex Circle

Treasurer; Joe P. de la Riarie & Teresito de la Paz, Press Relations Officers; Al Libro, Pet Caracho & Andres Montejo, Sgt-at-Arms; Natty Ilaos, Auditor.

Third Year — Hernando Geolina, President; Godofredo Ramilo, Vice President; Catalina Borromeo, Secretary; Anita Maabong, Treasurer; Dick Alcuizar, Sgt-at-Arms.

Fourth Year — Francisco Chin, President; Adelaida Palomar, Vice President; Marina Legaspi, Secretary; Mardonia Camacho, Treasurer; Jacinto Mendez, Press Relations Officer; Virginio Oledan & Andres Torres, Sgt-at-Arms.

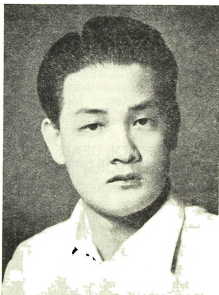
Kappa Lambda Sigma Sorority — Most Exalted Sister, Eva Estorco, Exalted Sister, Lolita Galvez, Keeper of the Records, Evangeline, Most Trusted Exchequer, Gupi Gubuxani; Trusted Exchequer, Tita Mabugat; Keeper of the Keys, Elsa Yap; Press Relations Sister, Victoria Maguerra. Selected Honorary Sister, Mrs. Consuelo C. Reyes; Past Honorary Sisters, Mrs. Gloria Es-

caño and Mrs. Lily Ferreras. Adviser — Mrs. Bernardita Valenzuela.

USC Juniors' Sword Fraternity — Commander, Bienvenido Gonzales; 1st Vice-Commander, Felipe Labucay; 2nd Vice-Commander, Ramon Roska; Secretary, Sostenes Codilla, Auditor, Jacinto Gador; PRO, Erasmo Diola; Advisory Body, Vicente Belarmino, Jose Dean, Wilfredo Geonzon, Amorito Canete, Reynaldo Leyson and Manuel Tombo.

USC Jaycee — President, Antonio Ybanez, Vice-President, Rafael Neri, Secretary, Carmen Borromeo; Treasurer, Arlene Go; Press Relations Officer, Winifredo Geonzon; Auditor, Noe Espenilla.

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Francisco Chin
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College of Law

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pez and Filemon Fernandez; Sgt-at-Arms, Venancio Rallos & Oscar Avalon. Atty. C. Doronio, Mrs. B. Valenzuela, and Miss L. Varela are the advisers.

SCA RELEASES MANUAL

In response to the insistent appeals by unit leaders in all schools, the Student Catholic Action newly released a manual covering SCA principles and procedures.

The manual covers the following topics: The Nature and Definition of SCA; Aim of Student Catholic Action; What Makes a Cell Leader; How to Start a Cell; The Cell in Action; Committee Functions; Organizational Structure; Rights, Duties, and Privileges of Officers and Members; and How to Conduct Cell Meetings.

Guides and suggestions for the preparation of the Five-Point program of the Catholic Action were also included.

USC HOLDS CATECHISTICAL INSTITUTE

Under the initiative of Rev. Fr. Enrique Schoenig, USC Dean of Religion, the University is holding a Catechistical Institute for students from various parishes and schools who like to become future certified teachers in Religion in the high school. Classes are held every Saturday for one and a half hours with Very Rev. Fr. Rector teaching for forty-five minutes and Rev. Fr. Schoenig also for forty-five minutes. A student must at least be a high school graduate to qualify him or her for this course. It will take two years for one to be considered and certified as a graduate.

LIB. ARTS SPONSORS LECTURE-SERIES FOR STUDENTS

To help students form correct notions of university life, the USC College of Liberal Arts is sponsoring this semester a series of lectures for USC students.

The first of these series of lectures was given by Rev. Fr. Cornelis van der Linden, SVD, Ph. D., Dean of the Graduate School, last July 8, inside the USC Projection Room. A crowd of teachers and students heard Fr. Linden's "Idea of the University." It began with an interesting history of the university and ended with his enumerations of the requirements that have to be fulfilled by a university.

Of special interest was the mention of the one-man universities

that once existed in Europe, to which students from all places flocked.

Rev. Fr. van der Linden stressed that the aim of a university is knowledge and truth in God. "It is this unifying aim which makes possible a university a living society of professors and students who seek truth and knowledge in an atmosphere of brotherly cooperation," he concluded.

At press time, Rev. Fr. Joseph Goertz, SVD, Liberal Arts & Sciences Dean, was gearing for another lecture entitled "Why a Catholic University?" to be delivered personally by him.

EXCURSION — COMMERCE SENIOR CLASS

The Senior Class of the College of Commerce, led by its officers, held an excursion to Buhisan Dam, Sunday, July 10. The occasion was marked by an exhaustive two-kilometer hike before the excursionists reached the destination. Observation tour and hiking pleasure were the objectives. (For photos, see pictorial section.)

SCA AIRS "CYRANO DE BERGERAC"

The famous balcony scene of Edmund Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* was aired by the SCA Theater Guild at 7:00 to 7:30 P.M. which had already begun last July 16 over station DYBU. The weekly production of this particular instalment is extraordinarily good and the SCA invites all who are free to tune in for a half hour of fun.

Radio play for *Cyrano de Bergerac* was written and directed by Jess Vestil, the former Ed of the "C". Among those who participated in the first instalment of the play were Jess Vestil (as *Cyrano de Bergerac*), Henry Holasan, Phil Ruiz, Alfredo Buenaventura, Rudy Gamboa, Wilfredo Filomeno, Charito Alo and Agnes Sian.



What is This Thing Called Woman ?

(Continued from page 17)

A casual look around us will more than prove our point. We find her in billboards, display windows, magazine ads, magazine covers. The same holds true in literature, music, painting, sculpture, and in practically every other field. Nowhere can we find a song or piece of music named after a man. Seldom do we read a stirring novel, drama, or poem without a woman in it. Rarely do we see a masterpiece of art that is complete without her in it. Was it not Mona Lisa who inspired Leonardo da Vinci to paint his well-known masterpiece? Was it not Anna Karenina who inspired Tolstoy to produce one of his greatest works? And was it not Portia, Rosalind, or Cymbeline (and innumerable others) who inspired Shakespeare to pen some of his immortal dramas? Indeed, it is woman who inspires man to scale the dizzyest heights, reach for the brightest stars, or bring into actualization the fullness of all that he can be, or hope to be. Abe Lincoln himself readily admits this in one of the most precious tributes paid to woman: All that I was, all that I am, and all that I ever hope to be, I owe to my mother."

And yet, for all that, the majority of men (ungrateful creatures!) can not find in woman anything worth admiring. As far as Adam's descendants are concerned, woman is one apple they can not swallow. They will tell you so in the most sizzling superlatives. And some of them can be very nasty about it. Listen to what Schopenhauer says: It is only the man whose intellect is clouded by his sexual impulses that could give the name of the fair sex to that under-sized, broad-hipped, and short-legged race. Instead of calling them beautiful there would be more warrant in describing them as "the unaesthetic sex." Others define woman as "big children, with no talent whatsoever, whose everyday out-door sport is shopping!" Even Rosseau adds, "Women have, in general, no love for any art; they have no proper knowledge of any; and they have no genius."

From the way they say it, one gets the idea that this thing called woman is a hopelessly stupid blockhead. Well, is she? A moment's reflection will reveal what an idiotic view this is. We have only to mention such women as the incom-

parable Helen Keller, Emilie Dickenson, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the "Bronte" sisters, et al.

Still, some jerk of a philosopher finds the nerve to remark, "You can not expect anything else of women if you consider that the most distinguished intellects among the whole sex have never managed to produce a single achievement in the fine arts that is really great, genuine, and original; or given to

denying this. For there are really women who can't seem to do anything else but prattle all day long. "If it is true, declares one philosopher, "that the Greeks excluded women from their theatres, they were quite right in what was said upon the stage."

But then, does man ever pause to reflect and wonder why women talk the way they do? That's just the trouble. He never does. Other-



The aiming circle circled.

the world any work of permanent value in any sphere." Sheer nonsense! What about Pearl Buck's *The Good Earth*? George Elliott's *Silas Marner*? or Margaret Mitchell's *Gone with the Wind*? And if we go over the list of Pulitzer and Nobel Prize Winners, we will find countless more like Selma Lagerloof, Edna Ferber, Sigrid Undset, Edith Wharton, and Edna St. Vincent Millay, to mention only a few. All these names glitter like bright stars in the firmament of intellectually famous women. If to be stupid means to be famous then, surely, stupidity must be a nice thing. Man, however, doesn't merely brand the female as an idiot; he denounces her as a chatterbox. One should hear him wax loud and long on woman's wasting her time in "silly idle chatter" as he calls it, (as if he doesn't indulge in it himself!) Of course, there's no

wise he would not howl so. We are well acquainted with the fact that a woman's place is in the home, although this notion is fast becoming passe. We know still another fact that a child learns largely by imitation. We see then the difficulty a child has to cope with where there is no such thing as a talkative mother. Lord Byron confirm this in his *Sardanapalus*:

"The very first of human life must spring from woman's breast; your first small words are taught 'you from her lips."

Now, don't think this is the end of it. For there seems to be no end to the ridicule and derision man's brains can cook up against the female of the species. Why, he doesn't seem to find anything in her except faults, faults, and nothing but faults! Nay, he even takes an almost devilish delight in pok-

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Invitation to Yesterday

(Continued from page 18)

long. . . ? two months? three? a year? . . . , he wasn't sure. He thought: funny, how she still found traces of remembering to write. Why? . . . after the bonds that were lost between us? Sol, I wonder where she is. When was that I last saw her? Oh yes! she was laughing when she saw me off at the gate. I really wanted her for that. She was laughing and I was being torn inside by a thousand

mental things. But, oh well, *let's get to that later.*

How are you these days? I'm sure you're fine. I'm still the same little, insignificant girl you met one night with ROY. . .

Outside, the proud blaze of color had quietened into subtle shades of deep purple and weeping grey. A stray breeze ruffled the curtains. He sat there motionless, his

Starlight". And so it went. All the beautiful songs he knew, he played them. Each time he did, the casual acquaintance gradually, wordlessly blossomed into a warm and deep friendship.

Then there came that one night when he found himself quite all alone with her in the sala. After the last notes of the song he was playing died down, he turned around, and found her knitting. He stifled the impulse to call her. Instead, he studied her closely: the fine lines of the forehead and chin, the short hair, the smooth cheeks. Unknowing that she was the subject of his direct and deep scrutiny, she glanced up and found him thus, their eyes meeting for a swift moment. Perhaps she saw on his face that which he could not understand with him, that which shook him to his depths when her eyes met his fleetingly, for she hastily went back to her knitting, and he turned back to the piano.

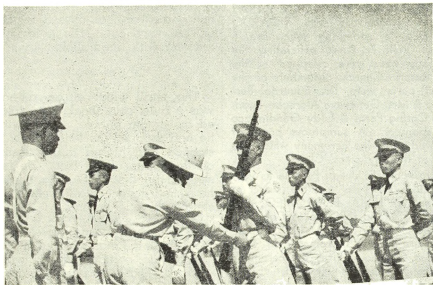
And the fingers hence that wandered over the keys were the tools of the heart. Out of a hazy somewhere, a man's voice picked up the words of the song he was playing. . . "when you're near me. . . I'm in the mood for love. . ." Only then did he realize how deeply the seemingly momentary flash of her dark eyes had bored into his thoughts. He stopped playing at once, feeling the sudden rush of blood to his cheeks. He went out to the patio to hide his uncontrollable discomposure.

Later that night, in bed, unable to sleep, he went over the happenings of the past few hours: I wonder if she noticed THAT! he mused. So what if she did. I don't think I care. But I do! heck! you'd think I. . . I must be. . . no, but. . . Lord! I'm in love with her! . . .

So, the next night, he told her, and the night after that, he told her, asked her again. That was a few days before Christmas.

She'd promised to give him her answer when the bells would toll the new year in. And, like Christmas, the night was drizzling. When it stopped for a while, they went out of the house to wait for Mar who would pick them up at the

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"It couldn't be any fighter, Sir!" Photo was taken during the last Tactical Inspection.

screaming, horned devils. And now. . .

Trembling hands raised the paper they held. He? He tried to understand the strange feeling of a new-born dread as he started to read. Incomprehending, he could only shake his head and go on:

Dear Icky,

It's been so long, Ike, so long since that March night. Too long maybe, isn't it? Yes, so long it has erased the scars of bitterness that was in me. I say bitter because I have to admit my blood would pound and I would seeth with rage and contempt at the mere thought of you. But time changes a lot of things Ike. Maybe people to. . . have you? If I have, it's all deep inside. You would say it's not being me at all to be saying all these senti-

thoughts drifting back, back to that. . .

Quite all at once the room wasn't the dingy closet, the unswept floor space that he had been living in for months. He was in a neat, classic salon, replete with all the modern home trimmings. A piano stood at the foot of the stairway, a radio-phonograph on the opposite wall. Her back to the window, a girl. . . she, was sitting on the maroon upholstered lounge. He caught her eyes when he stood up. Nodding toward the piano, he managed to ask:

—Okay if I tickle the keys some?
—Certainly, go ahead!

After the first faltering piece, his shyness disappeared. Now he was playing with genuine fervor. "Laura" was followed by "Tenderly"; there was "Loveletters", and "Body and Soul", and "Stella by the

"INVITATION TO YESTERDAY"

(Continued from page 35)

garden gate. They waited for half an hour. Impatient, she said:

—I don't think Mar's coming. It's taking her so long.

—Oh! She'll be along presently. —But it's very late!

—Your mama knows it's New Year, and everybody's out. She'll understand. Say, what about that... thing I was asking you for?

—It's still 10:00.

—But... oh well, I'll wait.

In Mar's car, he had to sit with one of her many admirers. He knew the guy, and that knowledge made him squirm with uneasiness all the time. That, and the fact that he was still a stranger to the rest of her crowd, shrank him smaller into his seat as they wove through the growing traffic. After a leisurely drive around the city, they stopped at Mar's place (she wanted to change her shoes), where the beautiful phonograph records lured them to stay, dance and eat the remaining hours away.

At the first solemn chime of the clock, somebody shouted —Happy New Year! Like a pre-arranged signal, everybody started throwing everything into the air. Somebody changed the record to a be-bop number, and the soft, suave atmosphere became a happy riot of exuberant greetings and flashing, jubilant faces.

—Well, it's 12:00. What now?

—I can't answer you in front of all these people. Please...

—But you promised me... He glowered at her in unspoken protest. She stared back at him, half-cold, half-pleading. Afraid to hurt her, he shrugged his shoulders resignedly, and sat down. Three seemingly endless records went by, each one deepening his moodiness and disappointment. But anger didn't have a chance, for then he heard her ask M... to escort her home. All the way to her house, he heard his heart drum inside his breast. He even looked at her whether she noticed or heard the bass tremors inside his chest. Later, inside the same wooden gate where a few hours before they had stood waiting for M... she startled him—then she turned and said hastily:

—Thanks for bringing me home, huh?

Alumnotes

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cently connected with the Bitaya Shipping. USTING, as we finally called him, was for some time the feature editor of this mag. He created and sired the fearless "On da Level" column which brought him flowers and roll pins in his USC days. Now, wait a minute! You haven't known the bride yet! The new Mrs. Jamiro is the former Miss DEMETRIA HOMECILLO and is a product of our teachers' course, class '51. Until recently she's marning the 3 R's in Alegria Central School, Alegria, Cebu.

Another "C" ex-staffer who joined the bridal parade is VICTORIA PARAS who got hitched to Atty. RICARDO PADILLA, a promising legal practitioner. With Fr. Bunzel officiating, the marriage vows were swapped at the Sto. Rosario Church. Members of the bridal party were Dr. Eduardo Bernardo & Mrs. Geneveva Alcocoba, sponsors; Coring Paras & Eddy Gandiango veil sponsors. A sumptuous breakfast followed after the ceremony which was held at the Physicians' Club.

Do you take Julian Parama as your husband? "Yes I do" was the answer of alumna VIRGINIA BORROMEO, BSE '54 who treaded the aisle at Cebu Pro Cathedral last April 17, 1955. Sponsors were Dr. V. Borromeo and Srta. Lourdes Cuenco. After the ceremony the couple entertained their visitors with a breakfast at the Cuenco Residence. The lucky benedict was until recently employed at the Manila Flood Control.

LAURA CASTILLO, CPA a faculty member of the Commerce department exchange marriage promises with Mr. Samuel Sagrado on June 26, 1955. An active member of the Legion of Mary the former Miss Castillo chose the Archbishop Palace as the memorable scene. The benedict is a deck officer of a certain inter-island vessel. To the happy couple goes our bouquet of roses.

—Hey! You aren't just going away like that? What about that... thing? It's half past 12:00 already!

—Aw! I don't believe you.

—Did I ask you to? I only said if it were possible for you to care. For me, that is. Do you?

She started to go and he reached and held her arms. She flinched at his touch, but didn't struggle. Suddenly, outbalancing him, she shook off his grip and raced wildley across the lawn. He ran after her, just as the headlights of a car

illuminated the gate. He caught her as she started up the steps:

—My sister's coming. Please, she might find out!

—I'm not going to let you go unless...

—Promise you'll go after that?

—Well...

—And you won't tell a soul?

—Of course!

—All right...

With the words barely out of her mouth, she ran up the concrete steps, leaving the door ajar. He saw the lights go on inside, and reluctantly, turned up the drive lane, oblivious of the stones which usually made him swear. He didn't even notice the car that passed by him on his way out. His heart was bursting with unparalleled joy.

The shrill bleat of an air-horn was a rude, cold shock that exploded his dream bubble. Unknowing, he had dropped the letter. Now he stooped and picked it up, dusting off the prints of his feet. He had stepped on them. Sighing deeply, he settled deeper into the chair and started to read again:

... I'm not a kid anymore. Maybe that's the reason why I'm quite nostalgic, perhaps slightly whimsical. That's all part of growing up I suppose?

Understand; I don't want to think that the old flames are rekindled. No! I only want to take off the dark spots in the steps that I have left behind. Even if I hardly regret, or have any regrets for the things that happened, I must say I was quite wild. Wasn't I? That's why I wrote you this... and if we ended that way... our ways are really different, now that I do think of it. I guess it always was. And if I was wrong in being stubborn... gosh! why talk about that? It's just tragic, to have met that way, and then to end up so...

He paused: how did it happen? where was the first breaking of the threads? Tragic? Yes, she's right. To think that such a beautiful friendship had to be severed, battered and left to rot on the rocks. And why? Because of that silly joke. Or was it? Yes, it was a joke... my pretending to break off with her. I wanted to see if she loved me enough... to stop me. But fate must be the vain, obstinate and

blind thing that she is. It made her mad... blinded her. Maybe she hated me for that. She couldn't trust me anymore after that. I guess that was where she began to lose her affections for me. She might've repeated a thousand times the words of forgiveness, but it would have been useless. What happened the last time we met, was proof enough. I even wonder if she ever loved me at all....

—It's all over I said, she retorted acidly.

—Why, because everything was just a game, and you were just waiting for a chance like this to throw me away? You lied then when you said you love me. What a fool....

—I'm phoning off. I have a lot of things to do.

—This is good-bye then? If it is, can't you even be half woman to do it decently? Must you have to sink behind....

He heard the phone click.

—oO—

The letter ended like the haunting after-echoes of a song:

... *Let's be friends, Ike. If not as good as we should be, at least enough of it to make us smile and greet each other. If not still, why, let's be good strangers then!*

I'd better close now. I'm afraid I've said too much. But before I do, my warmest regards to your loved ones. And to you, a special wish for continued health, happiness and luck.

As ever,
Sol.

P.S.—To hope for a word from you is tramping on my pride. But anyhow, could I hope for it? From you? I wonder if I still remember where I live. I'm still here, Ike, in case you want to write.

ditto

He felt hollow inside as he folded the linen and placed it on the table. He stood there motionless for a long time. He thought of calling her. And his heart thumped wildly at the thought of hearing her voice again. He could not understand the

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What is this Thing ...

(Continued from page 34)

ing fun at her feminine foibles. My! how he guffaws at the idea of women wearing slacks, jeans, or truncheon shirts, and sporting a manish bob. The fact is, there are women who look equally becoming in a man's get-up as they do in their own... proving how versatile women are when it comes to clothes. But man's ego would not let him admit this. Besides, he can not stand the thought of being so unglamorously one-sided. Thus we hear him ridiculing woman right and left... the way she fixes her hair, her manner of dress, her seemingly illogical ways, her fickleness, and heaven knows what else!

Yet, woman is only trying to be what she is: a woman. She has foibles, certainly. But then, do not these foibles add more to her charms?

Somewhat he has never occurred to man to ask himself why woman behaves the way she does. We can easily understand that. Man, whether he likes to admit it or not, is an animal with an infinite capacity for jumping to conclusions. And yet he claims to be the more intelligent of the species!

It's about time he quits kidding himself. No matter what he may think or say to the contrary, he can not do without woman. Behind his every success, there's a woman. Behind his every failure there, too, is a woman. *Dux femina facti*, as the Latins put it. Or, as the French would say *cherchez, la femme*.

Suppose there was no such thing called woman? Just think of what would happen to textile industries, cosmetic manufacturers, modeling agencies, etc. Think of what would happen to poets, writers, novelists, sculptors, or even gossip columnists. And where would Christian Dior be, or Max Factor, Jacques Fath, or Hollywood? In fact, where would the world be? And where would man be?

There is no use arguing about woman; she must be taken as *de facto* a necessary part of man. So man may deride and disparage her all he wants to, he still can't get along without her. "For what is man, after all, without woman? Man would be half-man, half-

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FOR THE SPORTSMAN...

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to their second consecutive championship of the junior league last year.

These, are the first line of offense, and the sharpest, and trickiest barriers of defense. The rest, make up our second margin of victory or loss: *Natalio Reynes*, member of the '53 varsity, back at his old ball-handling job, *Robert Bondoc*, who headed and captained our own junior five, *Centzo Modequillo*, star guard of the San Jose Jaguars, *Boy Barga*, from Iligan's St. Columban, *Edgardo Gaido*, of the Sta. Rita Academy team, *Balingagay*, Mis. Or., and two of the fightingest and best Baby Panthers to come out of the CCAA wars last year, *Patricio Palmares* and *Gerardo del Rosario*. Then in parental words, is us, the 1955 Warriors.

Individually, it is a collection of gifted and talented young men. And they'll make, if not one, the best team that we ever had. Our offense is splendid. It is there where we excel. The guards shoot, the center dunks 'em proper, and the forwards are just plain super. But the defense is as weak and shabby, flabby is the word, as the offense is good. The coordination is as pin-pointed and welded together as the figures in a joggle-word puzzle, and you know what that means. The weave, perhaps, the most potent weapon in our many conquests of the diadem, is still an awkward process with these new basketball army that we have. In fact, there doesn't seem to be any weave at all. Everything's New I said... including the most important of all elements—experience and seasoning. True, some have gone thru the paces of a CCAA tussle... But what about the rest? Have they gone thru something half as gory, twisted with strange and queer decisions and ridden with fouls?... in the teamwork and the responsibilities of a Warrior?

But, they'll be there when the bell rings for the battle... and they'll be sporting the Carolinian colors. How they conduct themselves... let it be as grand and as magnificent as they did the last time. But they will be there, and they will fight, that is sure.

The Seven Ages of Woman
Infant, child, girl, young woman,
young woman, young woman, poised
social leader.
—*Apollo-Journal*

My Cue

I looked behind, beneath and below . . .
for I do not believe in laughing faces,
hats and cravats, dots and dashes . . . they are
but fallen handkerchiefs made obvious by the devil's wind.

I scoured the beneath, the below and the behind . . .
for hats could be bought, cravats could be borrowed,
and laughing faces retouched, re-made or re-built . . . I will
have nothing of them . . . only pity, sorrow for them.

I looked upon a creature:

I weighed her smile,
distilled her tears,
tore her logic,

paraphrased her glances.
She was an absolute. Dimensions, definite.
Every little movement was a poem, every walk
was an expression.

But I had no expression; my foolish eyes, ears and
tendrils indulging all the time in exploration . . .
showing her a cravat, a hat, a sky-pure smile . . . though
I dropped no graceful linen.

Thick is the wedge between my exploration and
her emotion

• ECHIVARRE •

Premiere

I live in the world of dreamers,
visioners and demi-gods. I live
in an atmosphere of thought . . .
a floating society of ideas . . .
a place where thorns are defenses;
and roses, the reasons.

I must accelerate the movement of
my thoughts to keep my pace with the
retarded, slow-travelers of the covered paths.

. . . but I met a rose . . .

The quill was no longer fast.
The movement decelerates . . .
but the thoughts were still in
step with theirs' because:

I discovered that defensiveness
was attraction in the world of reasonable roses.

. . . TLE

Without

We are dehydrated gods, turning
the earth with our eager feet. We
are frantic because we are not
quite sane and our clawing brain
cannot reach where the fire is
mellow and the birds cannot fly

We smell the odor from the moon
coming from ancient fortresses falling
as debris from the years. We walk
thru the streets filled with rambling
cans and ugly cats where broken tenements
with broken irons, finger us from us
and we go home hungry because the walk
had been long but we never knew—yet,
there by slender cots, some lay with
phenobarbital in the belly and blood
dripping from their wrists as others
kissed and embraced shamefully inside
a moonless night

We go where we must be alone, because
the roads are more than the pores
in our skin and we no longer breath
the same dense air. For we are gods

Poline

BLOOM, flower, now. BLOOM and
flower inside the night. BLOOM
as colors BLOOM, BLOOM now. Now
BLOOM with bursting flavor. Now
BLOOM with ancient pleasure like
ravishing fire. BLOOM now, not
when, but now.

BEAT, heart, now, now BEAT and
BEAT and BEAT the love BEAT. BEAT
and love and BEAT and love now. BEAT
now, heart. CEAT now and now

Skies

... searching forever, not knowing
why we are

But we are pale gods, sick to the marrow
of our bones. Sun-less gods, crawling
beneath the bellies of dead heroes. And
where the churches stand, we stumble and
drip with fallen faces because there is
one who knows why He is such

So we are seeds, seeking for the
ova along the walls of the earth, dying
toward the golden cup or living down
the garden of useless thorns.

And He laughs,
because stones do not have to breath
to live:
plants do not have to kill to grow:
and trees do not have to move to die

So we are lines as rains
are . . . drawn across the heaving
horizon. We are rains as lines
are . . . falling beneath the above
and between of below

VICENTE RANUDO, JR.

8 e (?)

and now. Stop, not now. Now, now,
now is to beat, beat, beat and beat
. . . there beside every road of thunder
love waits.

Amusing things with the aptitude of
an ape happen like amusing apes with
amusing aptitudes. Toward the yawn of
evening the BLOOM of flowers BEAT the
love BEAT of Polinaise (?). . . Polinaise (?)
No, polination.

• RANUDO •

go, my enchantress

• BUDDY QUITORIO •

my tears now fall
where once a playful junetime
left footprints of delight
on summer sand . . .

my heart now dies
where once you cradled
riant roses and kissed them
in cerise bowls of love . . .



the magic . . . ? the music . . . ?
none of these . . .
in a world of dark nights
where death sleeps with madness
where you and love and laughter
are strangers at the door . . .
there will be no more junetime
the laughing roses are now dead
please, leave me to my sorrows
let me weep . . .
alone.

make mine madness

• BUDDY QUITORIO •

i toast this age of women . . .

when the shawl is holier
than the veil, because
going to church is an affair
minor to a premiere or a
shower. because
religion is worn
like a perfume, and the
pews are racks of classified
toes with sunday manicures.
for the
kneecaps touch nothing
but nylon and lingerie . . .

i tread the dark byways at night. . .

when man's society, religion,
politics, love, hatred, sorrow
and pain, churn in a farrago
of insanity, of half-realities
and madness. i find only the
substance of sin in the darkness.

i, even as man, the patron . . .
of glamour, of fawdriness,
of cheap artificiality,
feel a strangeness —
a fist of protest in my breast
i want to cry out or shout out
but. . . in my crying, my protest-
ing
i do not lose myself for what
i am . . . only a man . . .
weak, impotent, a sinner.



What do you Think

Conducted by

• E. M. DIOLA •

... About Chaperons?

Just as tresses tumble to the level of the hips one season and soar to the nape the next, so do the formalities and conventions of an age. We happen to live in an era of push-buttons and jet-propulsions, an age which refuses to recognize the stilted formalities of another age. Chaperons, for instances, are now virtual strangers eyed with indifference by our young people. But then there are those who still maintain that they are as necessary as jailhouses.

There has been a lot of bilge and bugwash about this seemingly simple question. Writers on modern etiquette and *Vogue* assert that chaperons are extra baggage in any social affair. It (*Vogue*, that is) holds the argument that we should look more to the temper of the times rather than to the echo of old traditions. Modern girls, they observed, are their own best chaperons. But again, these are in the books. We decided to find out how our own college students re-act on the question. So here



OLIVA CASTAÑARES.
College of Pharmacy, says:

A prudent girl needs a chaperon when going out on a date or to a party. And an intelligent man should not feel offended or even take the mistaken notion that his character and dependability are being questioned. He must give little concessions and sacrifices to his whims if he is to preserve the friendly tie. The necessity of a chaperon comes in handy when a girl is out on a date with her boy friend, because as Monsieur de la

Rocheleucauld says of lovers: "All their talk is of themselves." It must be added here that not only their talk but also their thoughts are of themselves. If this be so, then a chaperon can very well serve as a brakewater for sudden selfish impulses.

In a predominantly Catholic country like ours, it is a sad commentary that the chaperon chivalry is gradually vanishing. But I am sure that there will be a moral re-awakening and then we shall be able to cut loose from the fads and fashions of this highly emancipated age which knows no chaperon and recognizes no apron strings.

EDUVIGES ESQUELA.
College of Pharmacy, says:

There is a person whom progress and modernity should not discard. One such is the chaperon — that inconspicuous entity who, in one moment, is spoken of in terms of joy and, in the next, is scorned as belonging to an age long consigned to the history books. Whatever may be said about chaperons, pro and con, the fact persists that the chaperon is indispensable. A girl in her teens who has not been invested with enough respon-



E. Esquela

sibility but who has to fulfill some really important engagement, should consider the chaperon a "must" item. I must hasten to add, however, that even in full womanhood, a girl wouldn't be the less dignified if she had a chaperon with her when she attends some social function or some such thing. A chaperon, to my mind, is not a voodoo designed to scare people away and to stand in the way of real happiness. For actually, a chaperon's role is that of an anonymous heroine who discourages the "foolish little things" which, as it happens many times, develop into gross indiscretion.

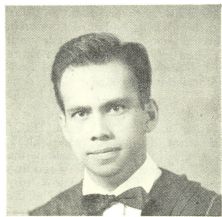


JOSEFINA MANUBAG.

Secretarial Department, says:

Going out with a chaperon is a good tradition which should not be "thrown to the dogs." Even in this era of precocious technology, we still find our morality wanting of safeguards simply because we refuse to profit by our traditions. While it is true that we have advanced in technical know-how, our standards of morality are at a standstill, if not on the down grade. Today, our comics-crazy teen-agers are so busy with jam sessions and so engrossed in terpsichorean acrobatics that their chemistry lessons and/or religious obligations are often neglected and relegated to the ash can.

Now, must we blame chaperons for playing mother-hens to these bunch of misguided missiles? —



MAURICIO FELICIO.

College of Law, says:

It depends who the chaperon is and to what a girl is going out for. If she goes out to formal parties

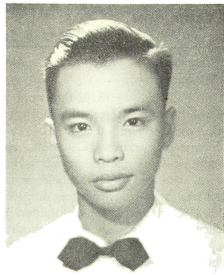
with her mother, that's perfectly okay. Or her father for that matter. But if Ma or Pa tags along like a live-centavo stamp to jam sessions or to a movie date, it's simply unbearable. Either will freeze the fun and it is not unlikely that the man would dismiss the girl as squeamish and antic, and therefore like an old furniture in a 1955-model bungalow, out-of-place-and-date. In our times of atomic fission she will not, nay she cannot lead a hale of a life.

Chaperons should be discarded and stashed away to rot with the past.

ROMULO BACOL.

College of Liberal Arts, says:

I suggest that chaperons, like the knee-long bathing suits, be con-



R. Bacol

signed to the dead files of history. A century ago the doctrine that a woman's place was in the house was in fashion. Consequently, women lived practically sequestered lives.

In today's world of hoity-toity people, are our women as blind and meek as they were during grandma's time? No, siree! Try Don Juan's tactics on a barbered, painted female specimen, where does it lead you? Nowhere. Or pilot a sixteen-year old schooner to a port of your desire and where do you land? On a port of her choosing. Yes, sir... these females are as shrewd as Wall Street bankers and as slippery as Russian diplomats. As Nestorios Morelos aptly puts it, "These gals can pack a wallop that can demolish a tartanilla." Does a girl need a chaperon?

One female is enough for a guy's nerves.

(Turn to next page)

Caroliniana

(Continued from page 48)

Reverend Rahmann's Field Work Among the Aetas seems to goad scholarly-minded Filipinos to do a "double-time" on researches made on the Aetas. He says that one who's familiar with their dialect should turn out a good thesis on these people — and this seems to be swiveled at our direction. But the question is: How many Filipinos are "scholarly-minded" (This is a boogie-woogie world, Father.) But anyhow, those who consider themselves capable may take their cue from the former Graduate School Dean.

Now comes Reverend van Linden's poser: **What do You Think About the Graduate School?** Think, fellas, think! — or would rather let Senator Recto handle the situation?

V. Ranudo, Jr. "comes crashing into an alley of fear" after he saw the nightmarish sights of his **Sanity's Last Stand**. The latter is a methodical, imaginative, personal description of the writer's own interpretation of the stages the sane mind undergoes until it completely conks into the realms of insanity. "Sanity's Last Stand" was written by Ranudo while he was yet in high school. Somehow the article found its way to the 1950 edition of the *Carolinian* as yet red-penciled by NGR. Giving it a new twist, Nene (yep, that's his handle) obliges us with "newer methods in his literary madness."

(Continued on page 52)

Plural

then you came
and pour nearness
faught me the distance
of the stars.
I bled:
and your touch
kindled fire
among the ashes
of my forgotten love!

—E. M. Diola

STAND, SUN . . .

(Continued from page 22)

Copernicanism "appears to contradict Scripture".

On March 5, 1616, the work of Copernicus was forbidden by the Congregation of the Index "until corrected", and in 1620 these corrections were made known. Nine sentences, by which the heliocentric system was represented as "certain", had to be either omitted or changed. This done, the reading of the book was allowed. In 1758 the book disappeared from the revised Index.

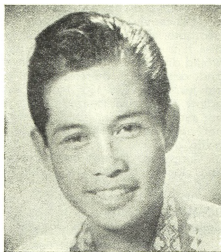
VALUE OF HIS WORK.

Copernicus was not the first to realize that the apparent movement of the sun from east to west is no conclusive proof that it does actually move in this way. In the 14th century, Oresme drew attention to the fact that Heraclides of Pontus had put forward the hypothesis of the earth's movement. And it seems that Oresme considered the hypothesis of the earth's daily rotation on its axis to meet all requirements better than the opposite hypothesis. In the 15th century, Nicolaus of Cusa, Cardinal, stated clearly that both the sun and the earth move, although he did not say explicitly that the earth rotates round the sun. But ordinary observation alone cannot convince anyone of the earth's rotation. As Roger Bacon, the 13th-century Franciscan, had insisted, astronomy requires the aid of mathematics.

(Continued on page 43)

ABOUT CHAPERONS . . .

(Continued from page 41)



ROLANDO LEYSON,
College of Engineering, says:

A chaperon is a dead hero — and a girl going out with a chaperon is something of a shy lass taken from out of an antique page of history. Which, I might say, is not wholesome at all. We must admit that the spirit of culture — or shall we say manners? — does not die with the age, but it must also be admitted that its expression changes with the mood and idiosyncracies of the times. In the "good old days" it was unthinkable for a woman to go out alone; it simply was against the moral temper of the day. But as often said, nothing is constant than change. Today, it is proper and fit for a woman to go out alone; after all, nobody can best serve as chaperon other than herself. I dare say, a chaperon spoils the fun and takes out the very purpose of engagement. His presence affords a man an opportunity to be what he is not.

(Continued on page 43)

CAROLINIANA . . .

(Continued from page 41)

Buddy Quitorio is back. Registrars, Cashiers, Clerks, Mail-clerks, Librarians, professors and especially you, girls, take heed of his column. **On Da Level.** Something about him: he doesn't pull his punches.

What Do You Think About Chaperons? A question difficult to answer but, at least, one finds fun in answering it. Erasmus Diola has seemed to have stirred a hornet's nest by this quizzing. We'd like to know how you answer this one without detriment to your allowances from Ma.

The way Shirley Evangelisto treats *em Campusrata* reminds us of Maria Delia Saquin's lackadaisical mood. Shirley seems to be a neophyte of this university but her qualities (literary and non-literary) simply convinced us (and adviser Faigoo too) that she's really fit for *campusratting*.

USC has a new basketball coach. Read *BO's Sportscope* and *RG's* highball for the sportman for further details. So far, he's doing all right. But how far this will go, we can't say. The team has everything (including jacks and Chuck Taylors) but **discipline**. Somebody seems to have a hard time hinting to **D. Dean** and recruit **E. Michael** that there's only one coach and playmaker in the business who goes by the initials of JA jr. Spare the rod, and spoil them children Maestro! Another thing: not all of the credit however, goes to JA jr. and the jacks. — Lauro Mumar (if that name means anything to you) also has to be given a lion's share on the job of whittling these ball-upstarts down to size.

Take the first "t" from **TRIOt** and what do you have? **RIOT**. Take the last "t" but retain the first. The word? **TRIO**. Try reading pages 38-39 and you'll know why the last letter "t" was added to the **triot**. Some cornball, huh!

Come October issue, the red pencil will have new fingers for its master. It was great knowing you, Carolinian.

ROSS COVER'S . . .

(Continued from page 30)

On this business the umpires, gatekeepers, oafs, louts and self-styled experts are your colleagues. They give you the dopes; know who's going to fade out this year, throw you out of the gym or cry upon your shoulders. Fans yell the loudest when that bonehead of a writer doesn't include their bean-poles in his make-up. From day to day you rub against strange people. You have to be on constant guard against mental infection and collapse of the brain cells. A wag once told me he rates the ref just one notch below his most hated human being. So if people like me aren't careful they'll find themselves one day carrying a cane and sporting dark-colored glasses. A series of disintegration would set in and six moons later you could kick him on the seat of the pants to the gutters.

STAND, SUN . . .*(Continued from page 42)*

Copernicus with his great mathematical ability made his lifework a success. Commencing his labor at a time when the belief in the immobility of the earth was universal, he conceived the idea of its motion, and pursued it with unwearied diligence, nor for a few years, but through the greater part of his life, constantly comparing it with the appearances in the heavens. All these observations he did a hundred years before the invention of telescopes, with imperfect wooden instruments. That is the scientific value of his work, to have opened the gate of the heavens by his precise and steadfast pursuit of the celestial phenomena, observationally and mathematically.

Kepler, the great countryman of Copernicus, has described his character in the following words: "Copernicus, vir maximo ingenio, et quod in hoc exercitio magni momenti est, animo liber". Vir maximo ingenio — his genius appears in the fact that he grasped the truth centuries before it could be proved. Animo liber — at the beginning of Book One Copernicus himself reveals to us: "A property of all good arts is to draw the mind of man away from vice and direct it to better things; these arts (i.e. astronomy and mathematics) can do that more plentifully on account of the unbelievable pleasure of mind which they furnish. For who, after applying himself to things which he sees established in the best order and directed by divine ruling would not through contemplation of them, and through a certain habituation be awakened to that which is best and would not admire the artificer of all things, in whom is all happiness and every good? — That was the intention of his labor that is the moral value of his work, the glory of God.

ALUMNI CHIMES . . .*(Continued from page 28)*

are not certain but someday we'll see him in the arena of politics. Last word from St. Joseph College, Maasin, Leyte has it that Miss Presentacion Garde is marrying the National tongue out there. This is something for one of the personnel on our Registrar to crow over. Well, good luck to you Sing. . . .

AUGUST, 1955**ABOUT CHAPERONS . . .***(Continued from page 42)***ESTRATONICA TAN.****College of Commerce, says:**

It is true that a chaperon sometimes spoils the fun, but it is also unimpeachable that more often than not he or she plays an important part in whipping our morals into line. As we see, even angels can be tempted.

Having a chaperon along has its merits and demerits. For instance, gossip is minimized, if not all done away with. Occasion to sin is eliminated and our parents who are usually left at home do not have to worry as regards our personal safety. Of course, chaperons are kill-joys no matter how you look at them. But one should also consider that joy is not always the solitary motive behind every date.

ANYTHING YOU SAY . . .*(Continued from page 45)***Dear Editor:**

I beg to disagree with Mr. Fabroz' "On Women's Hitch-Line" in the March 1955 issue of the Carolinian. I can't subscribe to his ideas. His contention that women nowadays are in a hand-to-mouth state of hooking a man (what a phrase) because they don't know their do's and don't's is unfair.

Why refer it to all women? Why not speak of those who have lowered considerably our social standards, instead? There are those whose faces are as saintly as Mona Lisa's but whose whereabouts reveal exactly the opposite of what their faces ought to reflect. This could have been the appropriate subject for him to break into print.

I believe Mr. Fabroz was only motivated by his desire to attack women for revenge. He must have been the victim of an unattained desire. Can't you be patient for a moment, Sammy? Remember: "the greater the conflict the more glorious the triumph."

It's your right to disagree. — ED.**GRADUATE SCHOOL FORMS CLUB**

In a meeting held by the Graduate School teachers and students last July 17, the first Post Graduate School Club was formed. Fr. Cornelis van der Linden, S.V.D., the Dean of the Graduate School; Fr. Joseph Baumgartner; Mr. Alfredo Ordoña; and Mr. Sesinando Buot were among those present. Fr. van der Linden gave a short talk followed by the election of officers. Officers elected are: George Sy-chuan Guy, Praeses; Lourdes R. Quisumbing, Scriba; Esperanza Manuel, Press Relations Officer.

*Man***He stands —**

tough and gentle . . .

A powerful being — yet, weak in itself . . .**He sits —**

an uncontented being . . .

a King all his own . . .

A Ruler — yet, Woman-ruled . . .**He walks —**

proud with every step . . .

humbler with each defeat . . .

A mass of Atom Clay — the Man!**By:****ELSIE JANE VELOSO****NATY ILAO, College of Law****PAGE 43**

THE PEN AND I

(Continued from page 11)

little beads of perspiration came trickling down my forehead. I was getting furious at myself for not being able to write a whole story yet. I had racked my brain for another new plot; but it seemed I was spent. I looked out to the spot where a while ago had moved my heart and hand hoping that its beauty might re-captivate me again. What I saw was the final straw. Nowhere was the bird that was chirping a soothing song a while ago. The flowers were now drooping under the stinging heat of the sun. A butterfly or two could now be seen flying lifelessly. The lilies had slowly and completely shied away from the sun. The lishes kept to the bottom of the pond. They too, were escaping the heat of the noon-day sun. The wonderful backdrop was no longer pale blue but a glaring blue which made me squint. Where was the music, the poetry and a hundred other little things which had fooled me into thinking that I could be a great authoress someday? Instead I felt warm; and in no time I lost my temper. I gathered the crumpled bits of paper strewn carelessly on my desk and burned them mercilessly. . . until the last flame flickered and died. With it, my visions of fame and fortune as an authoress died too. I hated myself for having been such a miserable failure and I hated my friend who said writing a story was just nothing at all. Maybe in a way he was right—it was nothing at all. Writers are made—not born. Indeed? Just wait till I meet her. I'll give her a piece of my mind.

—oO—

"My husband talks in his sleep—does yours?"

"No. He's terribly annoying—the just chuckles."

—oO—

"Of course I'm not married," said she. "I'm nobody's fool."

"Then," said he, hopefully, "will you be mine?"

—oO—

Girl (arriving late at game)—
"What's the score, Larry?"

Escort—"Nothing to nothing."

Girl—"Oh, goody!! Then we haven't missed a thing!"



wits & jokes

Dancing the rumba is a way of waving goodbye without moving your hand.

—Galen Drake (CBS)

Each time Frank Murphy drove his car over 80 miles an hour, the motor set up a terrific knocking. He finally took it to a garage for a check-up.

The mechanic looked the car over carefully, but couldn't find a thing wrong with it. "At what speed did you say the car knocks?" he asked.

"Eighty."

"Nothing wrong with the car," the mechanic stated flatly. "It must be the good Lord warning you."

As we packed for a vacation trip through Canada, I recalled what a friend who had visited there recently had told me.

"We'll have to take different clothes than usual," I remarked. "They say nobody there wears jeans."

My junior high daughter, looking incredulous, asked: "Not even the girls?"

—Mrs. B. de Boer in PEN

Relax. Don't worry about the job you don't like. Someone else will soon have it.

—Herald-Advocate

A handful of patience is worth more than a bushel of brains.

Dutch Proverb

Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow ye die.

William Gilmore Beyer

The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.

Shakespeare

Noise proves nothing. Often a hen who has merely laid an egg cackles as if she laid an asteroid.

Samuel L. Clemens

Everything comes if a man will only wait.

Disraeli

What is this Thing . . .

(Continued from page 37)

beast. . . a mere heap of shapeless, pulseless matter."

Just what have we accomplished by all these? We can't say we have done something monumental to make the world sit up. . . that's glaringly obvious. Neither can we say we didn't try our best. At any rate, this should make man look upon woman with a more tolerant eye and accept her as she is. Moreover, this proves beyond all doubt what we have said at the beginning: Woman is a most inextinguishably fascinating subject, just as she shall always be for millenniums to come. Hargrave clearly sums up the whole argument in these words: "Women are the poetry of the world just as the stars are the poetry of heaven. Clear, harmonious, and light-giving, they are the terrestrial planets that govern the destinies of men."

Come to think of it, why do they call it a *man's* world?

"Invitation to Yesterday"

(Continued from page 37)

strange mixture of dread and longing. But did he, when he first spoke his first tender word to her? Did he understand the weakness that numbed his frame then? Did he understand the breathless thrill when her fingers first accidentally touched his?

The old woman saw him close the door, gently. Wondering and surprised at the sudden soft ease of the same slam-happy hands, she whispered to herself: Now, I wonder why he didn't! She leaned out from a window. She saw him cross the street, and shoving aside the swinging doors, entered the drug store.

She could not hear him say to the operator: 998-R please? Nor heard his hesitant, guarded query of the crooning, girlish voice that answered, nor hear his voice in hallowed conversation tremble, for if she had, she wouldn't have asked herself; she would have understood the sudden mildness in him; and would have known the poignant tale behind those three numbers and the letter "R" that adorned his bedside wall.

ANYTHING

• You Say •

Dear Mr. Editor:

To exploit music, perhaps, dismantle it, is quite out of bounds. But I suppose this concerns all of us, proper or not, since we all love music.

We're copycats, and miserably poor ones too. I have no objections to imitating stateside standards. But heck! do we have to copy the theme from a foreign songwriter's brainchild then slaughter whatever beauty there was in it?

I wouldn't be surprised if some of these days, you'll hear "all the things you are" in rumba beat, or "dream of oliver" in the congo jive, and you'll know what that means . . . musically, we're sunk!!!

Rex Ma. Grupo
Liberal Arts

There are good ones, too — or have you heard them all? — ED

Dear Mr. Editor:

I believe that 99% of Journalism is service. But where does the remaining 1% go? Besides, service needs inspiration to be efficiently rendered. And where else is the nearest way to a man's heart except through his stomach?

It's a pity staff members are sweating it out but just can't reinforce themselves without mother's purse.

Adelino B. Sitoy
Pre-Law

The remaining one per cent is inspiration.—ED

Mr. Editor:

What is the regular requirement of the number of students in a section?

In some of our classes, particularly Religion I in the projection room, we are seating on the last top seats. We can hardly hear what the teacher is talking about. Shall we remain in this state until the end of the semester?

Ramon Pernia
Pre-Law I

Mr. Jose Arias, Registrar:

Different subjects have different requirements as to the number of students in a section. In the lecture classes, the accommodations and acoustics limit the capacity of the room.

(Continued on page 44)

BOOK REVIEW

FAIGAO'S

69 Minutes of America

To the reader who wants to feel the magic and the thousand-and-one thrills of travel by slouching in an easy-chair on some quiet rainy afternoon, the answer is found in Atty. Cornelio Faigao's **69 Minutes of America**. It is a delightful little book of colorful essays based on his experiences . . . amusing, pathetic, and otherwise . . . during his ninety-day tour of the United States as a Smith-Mundt travel grantee. Clothed in humor, pathos, and an appealing artistry of words, the essays are the author's reactions to the American environment. "Most of them," as he states in the preface, "burgeoned out of intermingled joy, triumph and despair. In them I have tried to capture the surprise, the thrill, the wonder and the excitement of a new experience."

This modest little volume is an invitation to a modern fairy-tale of adventure in "the land flowing with milk and money" that is America.

If it is clarity the reader is looking for he will find it in this book. Written in clipped, clear-cut, flowing sentences, his work is a refreshing departure from the somewhat stuffy and overdressed style of other writers. Every word in it is alive with color and emotion.

If the reader wants humor, Faigao is the answer. This literary brainchild of his glows with a wholesome subtle humor not so often found in Filipino writings.

And if the reader wants variety, Faigao's book is again the answer. To all that he (the reader) may have read or heard about America and Americans, Faigao adds something of his own personality which makes the mottled sights and sounds he writes of "vibrate in the memory" long after the reader puts the book aside.

As a tale of adventure laid amidst twentieth-century settings, **69 Minutes of America** makes interesting reading and is a welcome addition to any library.—L. A.

Noticias Universitarias

• por VALE •

"GRADUATE SCHOOL"

El Muy Rdo. Padre C. van der Linden S.V.D. que estaba en India es ahora el decano de esta escuela. El padre Rahmann que está para salir a Europa para tomar el cargo de Editor de una revista internacional llamada "Anthropos" está sustituido por el anterior. El padre C. van der Linden es el que ofrece la clase de Latin para los "Masters". Su estatura manifiesta la grandeza de la escuela que dicho Padre encabeza.

"ARTES LIBERALS Y CIENCIAS"

El colegio de Artes Liberales y Ciencias patroniza ahora una serie de conferencias en los diferentes departamentos que lo componen. El nuevo decano de la "Graduate School" el Rdo. Padre C. van der Linden, fué el primero que dió la conferencia hablando sobre la Idea de la Universidad. La sala de proyecciones estaba llena de alumnos que le escucharon con atención, con atención. Los maestros y instructores pertenecientes a este colegio también prestaron su atención a conferencia tan interesante.

Al empezar las clases, una vez organizadas éstas, el decano del Colegio de Artes Liberales el Muy Rdo. Padre Goertz convocó alternativamente a cada uno de los departamentos de su colegio de una conferencia de presentación, que él mismo abrió para presentar los consejeros a sus clases respectivas.

"CAMBIO DE PROGRAMA"

El rectorado de la universidad ha experimentado un cambio. El
(Continúa en la pág. 47)

folklore filipino

La Cueva de Bingag

Traducida al español por la Clase Español III, Comercio, del artículo inglés de la Srta. Nilda Pestaño.

LA CUEVA BINGAG está situada entre la calle Martires y la isla astillero del Sr. Ponce en la ciudad de Cebu. La existencia de hadas en esta cueva fué descubierta según se alega por un joven que estaba por cometer suicidio. Este mozo se volvió loco en su desesperación por su fracaso en producir el dote pedido a él por su suegro prospectivo. El resultado fué la cancelación de su matrimonio.

Para terminar todo, el joven romantico pensó morir en una fría oscura y solitaria cueva. Apenas hubo entrado en su boca musgosa, el joven oyó un sonido de pasos en el interior de la cueva.

"Debo de estar soñando," él se dijo a sí mismo. Desde luego el miedo se deslizó en su persona. Una puerta se abrió y el joven vió un cuarto ricamente amueblado y bien iluminado. Allí él vió a una chica de pie y extremadamente hermosa.

"Jóven, dijo la muchacha," parecen estar muy afligido. ¿Puedo ayudarte en algo? "Olvídate de ello, amigo mio. Cualquiera cosa sea la que te está patroniendo no puede ser tan mala como para hacerte acabar con tu vida. Tú eres jóven y el mundo es un lugar hermoso después de todo. Pasa y cuéntame todas tus penas. Después de esto él estaba ya dentro del cuarto contando a la hermosa joven sobre su fracasado matrimonio.

Cuando él terminó, la bella dijo: "Si todo lo que necesitas para un dote es una aganta de oro y dos carabaos, eso es fácil."

Con un ligero golpe élla blandió su varita de virtud y allí aparecieron ante él dos carabaos y una ganta de oro. Hubo conversación entre ellos hasta que el jóven estuvo ya listo para salir. Otra hada criada de la primera le acompañó en su camino de salida.

El jóven pudo casarse con la mujer a quien amó. Pero este descubrimiento causó un poco de agitación y casi todas a correr hacia la cueva de Bingag. Por varios meses todo el mundo en la comunidad gozó una vida de soltura, gracias a la generosidad del hada. Pero igual que el dueño de la gansa que ponía huevos de oro, un hombre concibió la idea de casarse con el hada a fin de que él pudiera tener cualquiera cosa que le gustase o quizás agarrar todas las riquezas para él.

Una noche él se fué a la cueva y le propuso al hada su amor. El hada cortés pero firmemente le dijo que él pedía lo imposible. El hombre cogió al hada en sus brazos y corrió tan de prisa como pudo. Cuando llegó al lugar equidistante entre su casa y la cueva, él se paró para descansar. Cuando trató de besar la doncella que cogió en sus brazos, él vió que todo se había cambiado de repente el hada se volvió un grande gato negro con un collimido desnudo. Inmediatamente él arrojó el animal al suelo maldiciendo y él se tiró al monte en su camino a casa.

Después de aquel incidente Bingag pasó a ser otra cueva: fría, oscura y solitaria. Adonquiera se fueron las hadas, nadie lo sabe.

La Leyenda de la flor llamada "Las Dos"

Traducida al español por la Clase Español III, Comercio, del artículo inglés de la Srta. Rosario Reyes en Carolinian

EN LO HONDO de la provincia de Surigao, hay grandes árboles silvestres que producen flores. Las flores son de campanas en formas y tienen color amarillo mientras el centro es de verde oscuro. Los Manobos, los nativos paganos de Surigao, cuentan sobre la origen de este árbol que da flores, el cual lo llaman "lisagdaw", que quiere decir "las dos".

Se dice que hace siglos, los Manobos fueron una de las mas poderosas y ricas tribus en Mindanaw. En las guerras entre las diferentes tribus ellos siempre salieron victoriosos y usualmente sacaron un rico botín. Estos saqueos fueron entonces presentados a su jefe como regalos y guardados en una cueva en que fueron muy bien vigilados. Había diez soldados Manobos destacados especialmente para vigilar en grupos de cinco que se alternaban a la entrada de la cueva. Su único trabajo era guardar los tesoros preciosos y sonar o tocar una campana como advertencia cuando un enemigo se aproximara.

Al principio ellos fueron muy diligentes en cumplir sus deberes.

La Sampaguita

LUCIONITO B. ALIÑO, Com. 11

Así como tenemos pájaro nacional, canción nacional y héroe nacional así también tenemos nuestra flor nacional. Esta es blanca y sencilla su nombre es sampaguita. Mucho se ha dicho de la sampaguita, de modo que hay poetas y cantos que están escritos y compuestos para describirla y ponderarla.

La planta sampaguita tiene flores que son blancas y hojas verdes semejantes a cualquier otra planta. Las flores de la sampaguita tienen dulcísima fragancia. Las hojas son como la forma de nuestro corazón. Como sampaguita es una enredadera, para tener una primorosa y delicada vista de la sampaguita muchas personas construyen cerca de la planta una escalera a donde la sampaguita asciende.

Nosotros colgamos el retrato de nuestro héroe, el Dr. Jose Rizal, en

pero pasó el tiempo y ellos empezaron a descuidarlo. Sin el conocimiento de su jefe ellos finalmente se dormían durante las tardes.

Una tarde, su más feroz enemigo invadió de repente su campo. Fueron completamente cogidos desprevenidos sin que hubiera ningún combate. Los saqueadores robaron casi todos los tesoros. Ninguno de los guardias confesó quién de ellos estaba de guardia aquella tarde.

Para determinar las personas culpables, el jefe ordenó que los guardias del tesoro se peleasen entre sí. Aquellos que fuesen derrotados serían juzgados los culpables.

Noticias . . .

(Continuación de la pagina 46)

Muy Rdo. Padre Gansewinkel ha sido relevado por el Muy Rdo. Padre Kondring que como se sabe fué por nueve años el Padre Provincial, de la Sociedad del Verbo Divino en Filipinas. El muy Rdo. Padre Gansewinkel fué nombrado por Roma Rector del Colegio de San Paul en Tacloban, Leyte. No es propio decir que hay cambio de administración en la universidad porque los dos pertenecen a la misma congregación y trabajan por lo tanto por los mismos ideales. En efecto, sea lo que fuere, todo será para el mejoramiento de la Universidad de San Carlos.

"ARTES LIBERALES Y CIENCIAS"

Uno de los instructores de este colegio, el Sr. Anastacio Montes, se separó recientemente para aceptar una posición como profesor en la Universidad de Filipinas donde goza de una tranquilidad de seguridad (social) mejorando físicamente con el aire fresco de Deliman Site.

las paredes de nuestros casas pero no sembramos la sampaguita en nuestros jardines. Sería muy propio sembrar la sampaguita en nues-

Los diez hombres recibieron las armas, la lanza y el escudo. Tuvo lugar el combate y los cinco hombres culpables fueron ejecutados.

Nueve días después del entierro, un árbol grande brotó de las tumbas de aquellos muertos en el combate. Sus flores formaban como una grande campana que se componía de cinco pétalos los cuales, dicen los Manobos, significan o simbolizan los cinco infortunados que cayeron en la batalla. El color rojo en el centro representa su sangre derramada en la pelea. Las hojas están formadas como sus escudos y si uno mira atentamente y con ojos microscópicos estas hojas, él ve que los dibujos hermosos grabados en las venas son semejantes a los dibujos primorosos o elaborados del escudo de Manobo.

Lo que más nos extraña en los flores de dicho árbol es que por las tardes ellas empiezan a cerrarse y luego se marchitan. Dicen que esto es porque los hombres simbolizados por ellas aún después de la muerte no vencieron su costumbre de dormirse por las tardes. Así los pétalos se cierran tempranito por la tarde y se como flores dormidas.

Las Plantas

MARIA BACORTA, Com. 11

Voy a hablar sobre las plantas en general y ninguna planta en particular. En el tercer día de la creación Dios creó estas cosas porque son esenciales para el hombre. Son importantes porque nos dan comida, vestido y resguardo. Fuera de éstos, las plantas dan también hermosura a nuestro ambiente y los árboles nos proveen una sombra bajo la cual podemos descansar especialmente en los días de calor. Ellos enriquecen la atmósfera de oxígeno que es esencial para la vida. Por los beneficios que se derivan de ellas, debemos dar gracias a Dios por su bondad en estas cosas para nuestro provecho y bienestar.

En nuestros jardines, pero hasta el presente solamente un poco número de nuestros paisanos han hecho y hacen esto.

CAROLINIANA

We thought we'd never hurdle that punishing dead-mark. We worked our fingers raw on the typewriter keys, ransacked our overworked brain cells for something we could use to lose ourselves in print with and, well, here we are. Whipping this rag into shape took us a lot of doing and going and if we've caused a little delay in rolling this off the press, don't give us the fish-eye — blame it all on our frayed nerves, our strained eyes and our usually empty pockets. Aside from this reportorial ordeal, we have to keep our noses high and clean to survive Prof. Mejia & Co.'s legal brainwashing (cruel word, isn't it?) And more: we have our moderators and advisers to sal- laam to. Take Father Cremers for example. He doesn't want this rag to become one sort of a "scandal sheet" like most of the tabloids now flooding our newsstands. We should avoid (he cautioned us) **gossiping**. In Macbeth's language, "foul whis- perings..." (Shirley: Ouch!) Moderate-er Pelaez sniped at us stal- fers during a convocation. . . . he wants us to throw iced water on this business so that we could "stick" to our Corpus Juris Secun- dum like Della Street to Perry Ma- son. So this is the thing that kept him from relegating part of the

Law Review scissors-work to some wise eggs in the C. L.! If this is not, then we're bound to take his snipings as mere claptraps. Is that clear? Then there's Adviser Faigao. We have to be careful not to split our infinitives or dangle them sen- tences. And we can't hide our know-nothings behind sham neo- realism, surrealism or even in nur- sery rhymes and limericks. . . . he can protrude his nostrils that far.

Here's one for the writer's road

The day before the deadline, this office was deluged with contribu- tions ranging from formal to infor- mal essays — plus of course, the poems. There were a lot of non- sense in the informal essays, sad were we to note. The formal ones (most of them) were couched heavily in high-flown, starchy double-talk. Reading them not only made our ulcers howl in protest but also dragged us to the uncomfort- able conclusion that there's some- thing awfully wrong with our meth- ods of teaching — or learning — good, honest English. And the love poems! They literally dripped with emotion — as if the authors had dipped their pens in a bowl of tears instead of letting them drink in the usual blu-black bottle. It isn't that



T. L. Echivarre

we loathe love songs — on the con- trary. But it's just that we want them right, rare and rosy.

Writers, struggling or otherwise, seem to toy with the notion that one can't write or turn out a palat- able piece of prose or poetry un- less he's "in the mood" of doing so. This is pure superstition. There's no such thing as "writing when one feels like it."

W. Somerset Maugham himself asserts that: **If he (the writer) waits till he is in the mood, till he has the inspiration as he says, he waits indefinitely and ends by producing little or nothing.** A good writer creates or builds up his own mood. He doesn't wait, hope or pray for a bolt of inspiration to tap him on the head or lead his pen with "li- terary gems." Experience teaches that one who wants to write well finds of invaluable help the habit of **planning** about his article or story before actually settling down on a typewriter. He must make a mental blueprint of the things he wants to write about — takes note of incidents he'd like to incorporate in his "brain child" and the moment he gets home. . . .

Dramatis Personae

Very Reverend Father Reclor is easily the most talked-about per- sonality in San Carlos U these days. Ledy Amigable, our Literary Ed, introduces us to **USC's Newest Friend** who promised to give good ole Charley the "best of what he has." From the **Faculty Jottings**, Mrs. Gil appraises him as a "truly likeable man." Well, take our word for it: **he's great.**

(Continued on page 41)

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Editorial

THE THINGS OF CAESAR

Recently, the religious minority found occasion to squeak their lungs out in protest to a department order issued by the Secretary of Education, Gregorio Hernandez. The directive was entitled: "More Effective Implementation of Optional Religious Instruction." This purported to give full effectivity of the optional religious instruction clause as embodied in our Constitution. (Section 5, Article XIV)

What made them raise hell was this: They feared that "while the directive did not favor any particular sect in principle, it would favor the Church in practice . . . anything that tends to bring state and church together, directly or indirectly, could work only to the advantage of the Catholic Church."

Fanning the flames of the protestants' outcry, a **Philippines Free Press** columnist took a side dig at the Roman Catholic Church through his personal "evaluations" on the directive. His main observations dovetailed in two points: (1) that the Church is "forever committed to oppose the democratic principle of separation of church and state; and (2) that She is "likewise eternally opposed to the democratic concept that the state has the prior right to control education of children."

It is an undisputed fact that Catholics compose the majority of this country's populace. As of 1948, they comprised eighty-one per cent of the over-all number of inhabitants. There are about eighty non-Catholic denominations scattered all over the islands. Most of these denominations belong to the Protestant group.

The drafters of the Philippine Constitution were, predominantly, Catholics. They could have easily made Catholicism the official religion of the state, as in Argentina. **But they did not.** They thought it best . . . or fair . . . for all concerned, to legislate the Church (though not completely) out from State affairs. They elected to "render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's." But this separation should not, however, be construed to indicate a complete indifference or a hostile attitude of one towards the other. It means **distinction**, and not disruption. There should be less of enmity and more of omity. In divorcing the State from the Church, the Catholic drafters, though personally opposed to such principle, nevertheless sanctioned the severance. They were just being democratic. Now, why should the religious minority protest to the directive — or, indirectly, to the constitutional provision by which the directive stemmed from? **What are they trying to prove?** Clearly, they are just trying to push their luck too far. The drafters of the Constitution were charitable to have given the religious minority an inch . . . now they clamor for a mile!

The state has no prior right to control the education of the children. Section 4 of the **Declaration of Principles** clearly states that: "The natural right and duty of **parents** (bold types ours) in the rearing of the youth for civic efficiency should receive the **aid and support of the Government.**" The meaning is clear. The education of the children is the primary concern of the parents and **not of the State.** What, then, is the duty and corresponding right of the State? It is merely secondary and negative. To encroach upon the parents' rights would dangerously open the eyes of the youth to atheism or nihilism.

The Hernandez directive is in good order. Equal opportunity is afforded to all religious groups desiring to teach their respective faiths and doctrines in the public schools. If any rumpus should be made about this order, it should be in praise of the Secretary . . . and not, in protest of him or his directive.

Tomas L.L. Schivarrre

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