

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 adviser to salaam 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 whisperings..." (Shirley: Ouch!) Moderate-er Pelaez sniped at us staffers during a convocation..... he wants us to throw iced water on this business so that we could "stick" to our Corpus Juris Secundum like Della Street to Perry Mason. 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 sentences. And we can't hide our know-nothings behind sham neo-realism, surrealism or even in nursery 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 contributions ranging from formal to informal essays — plus of course, the poems. There were a lot of nonsense 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 uncomfortable conclusion that there's something awfully wrong with our methods 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



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we loathe love songs — on the contrary. 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 palatable piece of prose or poetry unless 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 feed his pen with "literary 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 Rector is easily the most talked-about personality 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.**

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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:

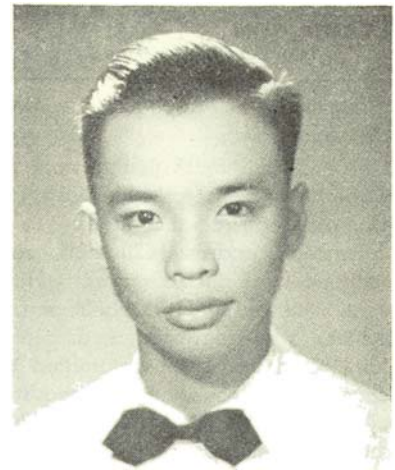
It depends who the chaperon is and to what a girl is going out for. If she goes out to formal parties

with her mother, that's perfectly okay. Or her father for that matter. But if Ma or Pa tags along like a five-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

Caroliniana

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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 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."

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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)

Plural

then you came
and pour nearness
taught 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 . . .

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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, Nicolas 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.

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ABOUT CHAPERONS . . .

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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.

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Buddy Qutorio 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 quizzer. We'd like to know how you answer this one without detriment to your allowances from Ma.

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

USC has a new basketball coach. Read BQ's **Sportscope** and RG's highball for the **sportsman** 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 jackets and Chuck Taylors) but **discipline**. Somebody seems to have a hard time hinting to **D. Deen** 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 jackets, — 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 **TRIO** 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 . . .

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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.