



The Father Rector (third from left) as shown with visitors in USC a few days before his departure.

OCT. 17 — As early as 8 o'clock in the morning, the terminal building of Lahug Airport was jam-packed with people — USC's S.V.D. Fathers, faculty members, fraternity and organization members, Student Council officers and representatives, "Carolinian" staffers, representations from the city's civic and charitable organizations, old friends and colleagues, working students, and boy scouts. Quite a number was there. For to them the day was as memorable, or shall we say, eventful

clicked as Father Rector hastened from place to place to pose with the waiting well-wishers.

We heard the engines start and saw the propellers begin to revolve. At last the most unwelcome time—that of parting—came. There was a suppressed silence within us. Father Rector struggled to get out of the crowd which pressed towards him more than ever. If he could only stay a few more minutes, someone sighed. We followed him with our eyes as he moved slowly away.

hours and was not at all feeling well but in fifteen minutes or so managed to put a little something, into my stomach scrambled for a piece of paper and a pencil and was off, totally unprepared for the interview except for a few facts about him which I had gathered from sources close to him and from an article I had read a few days back.

Reaching his office at exactly four, I was dilly-dallying outside. I have had some experience in interviewing people; but I knew this time I didn't have to worry about short tempers... or anything of that sort but somehow I could not collect myself; neither could I control that miserable, animal something which pounded and seemed to leap in me. There's really nothing to be afraid of, boy! I assured myself. Get inside and talk, I thought; but as I was about to do so, Father Rector came out. There at once I was confronted with a radiant personality, the generosity of whom was reflected in his mild, gentle face, and the kindness in his eyes. I could not move, and an unexpected, overwhelming force blocked my power of speech. It was too late when I realized he had walked away. I followed him but a couple of lady faculty members approached to tell him how sorry they were for his departure and to thank him for so many acts of charity he had done to them. He patted them on the shoulder consolingly saying they should not feel that way at all for he would be back in Cebu some other day and to forget what he had done for them. In so

The SEEING OUT

• by *Nelson Larosa*

as that day when their old friend, Very Rev. Herman Kondring, S.V.D. first came to assume the rectorship of this university. As memorable, but not as joyful "Charlie's" old friend was scheduled to leave for his new assignment that day.

A profound sadness settled in our hearts and drops of tears misted our eyes. In forty-five minutes we would see no more of the man who had been so endlessly good, generous and kind to us. Of the man who had been for four long years our guide and constant source of inspiration. Our anxiety and great desire to shake hands with him, to tell him how sorry we were for his parting, and to wish him "Bon Voyage" created a gentle rumpus on the scene. But the unforgettable friend, already exhausted out jovial in answer for the warmth of the "farewell party", valiantly underwent the "ordeal". Cameras

At the ramp of the plane, he turned and waved at us. We waved back. We couldn't control the already uncontrollable. Tears rolled down our cheeks. As the plane turned in a wide curve and began to glide along the runway, we caught a last glimpse of the man we had learned to cherish and to love.

TEN MINUTES after the take-off, we were back at the office of the "C" wondering where the plane would be by that time. I settled on a chair and tried to recollect the five-minutes, heart-to-heart interview I had had with Father Rector late the other afternoon.

I was still hot with fever when I jumped off my bed as I happened to glance at the wall clock. It was thirty minutes past three and it made me remember that Father Rector was to leave the day after, that it was my last chance of meeting him for an interview. I had tossed in bed for almost twenty-four

short a lapse of time, a sterling quality of Father Rector was revealed. His iron will with which he could face one of the bitter things of life with a smile and optimism—parting from friends and associates who were like a big, closely-knit family to him.

Shortly after five he came back. There were others — students and all — waiting for him but I was lucky enough to be ushered in second. Positive that I could only have a little more than five minutes I introduced myself without much fanfare and buckled down to business.

"Do you have any parting message for the faculty and student body, Father?" I blurted out, confident he had some.

"Oh yes, yes!" I saw his lips twist into a warm, broad smile and his eyes gleamed as he paced the floor of his

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by DOMINADOR A. ALMIRANTE

Are We Bare Gift-Givers?

As the December wind blows with penetrating coldness, we are once again ushered into a world of joy and hilarity: Christmas. Now the spirit of the Yuletide season pervades the atmosphere. The air is filled with heavenly music of the carolers' choruses. One's life is at its brightest, gayest. Everybody is genial and kind-hearted. At no other season of the year is one's heart so light.

With the spirit of Christmas goes the joy of giving. One finds pleasure in the thought of having entered into the feelings of others. Without that, there is no giving; without that giving, there is no gift. For as one writer puts it: "A gift without a giver is bare."

In this age of materialism, let us examine ourselves, whether or not we are bare gift-givers. Do we give with a warm heart and with a genial face? Or do we give with the attitude of being annoyed and with a frowning look? Do we give without expecting anything in return? Do we give because we feel it our duty to give regardless of the station of life of the recipient?

God chose that Jesus Christ should enter the world through a lowly stable. He could have chosen a palace with all the grandeur, affluence and abundance. He was wrapped in swaddling clothes when he could have been garbed in costly garments. All this demonstrates the great love of God for the poor.

Today we celebrate Christmas with pomp and splendor. We spend lavishly for a sumptuous Christmas dinner. And whom do we welcome? Our rich 'compadres', our wealthy businessmen-friends, the powerful big shots in the government, and the politicians. Do we remember the poor? If they ever came to beg, we dismiss them by giving the left-overs and drive them away like some vexatious pests.

The birth of Jesus Christ in the Manger has taught us that Christianity is not just something to be outwardly displayed to the world. It means more than that: It must be something felt deep down inside one's heart.

Another Christmas is here. One of the searching questions is: Are we bare gift-givers? If we are, we are celebrating Christmas all our own way, not as Christ wanted it to be. †

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office thoughtfully. "There are two things I would like them to bear in mind." He took a deep breath, then continued. "First, and this applies to all, I would like them to strive hard at all times in order to continue to live by the Christian principles and ideals for which this university stands and to try to emulate the blessed life of Christ in every way possible by warding off temptation and receiving the sacraments. As for the students, I would like them to delve deeper into the vast ocean of knowledge through books and experiences they may encounter in this university and to complement their teachers' efforts to impart whatever knowledge they have. And lastly, for the faculty, I would like them to give full support and earnest cooperation to any undertaking the incoming Father Rector is going to carry out as part of his program, an attitude which they have so

laboriously and commendably shown to me." Obviously, to Father Herman Kondring what he asked us for was not wanting in the course of his rectorship of this university.

At this juncture, we would like to mention some of the many important achievements of the good Father, if only as a passing tribute.

Although "very satisfied with the progress USC had made" at the time of his assumption of office, nevertheless, he set himself to the gigantic task of "building a new boys' high school with ample grounds for sports and for the accommodation of boarders, extending the graduate school, and finally, opening a college of medicine."

Even if this last project is not yet realized, we can well see that the new building is anything but complete. In the meantime, we can only wait and see.

Judging from this angle, we assert here, with pride and confidence and without fear of contradiction, that the

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ERRATUM

When Brother Jess Alcorado was unanimously voted president, he vigorously demurred at the offer of the coveted presidential seat: "I am not worthy of it. . . ." He also disclaimed being a Chemical Engineering scholar as slated in last issue's "Corner". To do him "justice" I apologize for the campaign leaflets' mistake. I took the information from them.

SETBACK

The Radio-Dramatics cell was all set for "The Rosary Hour" presentation. But what made the whole thing a could-have-been, was a notice from the studios on the day before the presentation, that it would have to be postponed until after the elections. It was a real "wet-blanket" treatment, the frustrated members felt, but, anyway our kudos for your cooperation, boys; we still intend to call on you when the time comes.

ACTION

The most outstanding activity of the SCA was the sponsoring of the bingo games last September 6. The profits will be given to the missions. With gratitude, the SCA doffs its hat to Mr. Juan Aquino, Jr. and the Alpha Kappa Alpha Fraternity members for their selflessness which helped to make the affair a thundering success.

The SCA also sponsored a drive for the poor; the response was overwhelming.

Mostly through Fr. Pedro and Fr. Schoening's efforts, the SCA's were convinced that the Blue Army had a good cause; thus a series of membership campaigns typical for the spirit of Catholic Action was triggered and the SCA, together with the Legion of Mary and the Sodality, was able to add more men to the Blue Army in its drive for world peace. The drive is still going on.

The induction of the members last August was quite impressive with the Special Chinese Cell added to the SCA and with the presence of Fr. Rector and Fr. Pedro. The Cultural-Educational unit was adjudged the best unit.

PLANS

At this writing, the SCA is planning to go into a yearling if Brother Pete Montero will be available. The Cultural-Educational unit may sponsor a symposium, and Brother Jess Alcorado may see to the approval of P70 from the SSC, of which he is the vice-president. The money will be used for SCA expenses. †

★ *Reports* ★

JUST AS we had expected, our interview with the commandant (published in the last issue), drew some sharp retorts, from the cadet officers. From the gripes they aired, it seemed that somebody was trying to pass the buck to them. (We were also informed that some of them were getting not-too-wholesome ideas about the writer besides. It was just a good thing Sgt. Papellero made things clear.)

There is no intention here to take sides in whatever differences of opinion the commandant and his cadet officers may have, nor to locoment a rift between them. But, personally, we believe that the persuasive discipline policy of the commandant, noble as it is, is impractical, at least as far as the USC ROTC corps is concerned.

Persuasive discipline depends greatly for its effectivity on the willingness of each and every cadet to submit himself to military rules and regulations without being ordered to. Yet it is a fact that hardly one percent, if any at all, of our ROTC cadets relish the idea of military training. Unlike the PMA cadets, our ROTC boys are in the ROTC not because of love for soldiery, but because of love for camps. They do not intend to become soldiers. Precisely, they are in school pursuing some other line of study.

The first battalion under Cdt. Lt. Col. Broñola went on an excursion to Quarry, Danao last September 27. Objective: to develop esprit de corps.

"To bolster the morale of the various ROTC units and to inject more fun into ROTC life", the area

G-3 scheduled the first annual company close order drill competition for last October 3rd in the morning at Camp Lapulapu, Lahug. USC's representation consisted of a model company of model cadets picked from all over the entire corps under the command of Cdt. Lt. Col. Guido P. Escobar.

USC romped away with the first prize in platoon drill (the participating platoon was handled by Cdt. Capt. Romeo Mantua), but we copied only second place in company drill. Sgt. Papellero told us though that the public was for giving San Carlos the first place. We did not find this hard to believe because Guido really wowed the public and the inspectors as well with the apparent ease with which he tackled the company drill problems in the last tactical inspection.

Then a surprise inspection by Lt. Col. Villareal of the Philippine Army Headquarters yielded this not-too-surprising fact: the USC armory is the best and the cleanest in the whole third military area!

If these are any indications, the USC ROTC corps may yet redeem its lost prestige come the annual tactical inspection sometime in February or March.

Meanwhile, let's keep our fingers crossed.

The Commandant, Capt. Jose M. Aquino wishes to convey his thanks and congratulations to all those whose unselfish cooperation and devotion to duty made the October 3rd feat possible. "With the showing the boys made, I guess I won't be talking through my hat if I predict a successful comeback by our corps to the limelight," he declared.

But as I said, let's keep our fingers crossed! §

★ **COLLEGE OF COMMERCE . . .**

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beauty from the right lane. Moran charited on Barrister Creer's intrication after Elizondo flipped on Reyes feed to hand Accounting a four-point bubble, 37-33. But Veloso, Mediano and Salazar countered with their quartercourt sallies to regain the upperhand, 41-37. Barrister Alarre free-threw on Relampagos hold. College of Law roared to end the third quarter with a four points lead, 45-41.

The "Lawyers" maintained their fast break at the start of the fourth quarter to up their precarious lead. But timely interceptions by Reyes and Rosales proved the strategy futile. College of Law managed to score only 9 points against Accountants' 17 points during the last quarter. The Accountants, after gaining the upper hand, stalled the leather until guntime.

Highest point-maker for the Accountants was Bob Rosales with 21, followed by College of Law's Fred Veloso with 15. Stand-outs of the Accountants: Roberto Rosales, Jose Elizondo, Chito Trinidad and Cesar Moran. College of Law: Fred Veloso, Raul Mediano, Valentin Salazar and Alfonso Alarre. §

★ **SEEING OUT . . .**

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Diocean Seminary (Major Seminary) of Vigan, (Ilocos Sur), in general, and the faculty and student body in particular, will profit much from his rectorship there.

But what strikes us as most impressive is his benevolent charity. A fellow staff member of the "C" told me of an incident he witnessed which affords us a general view of the character that is Fr. Kondring.

One day, a man in tattered clothes, ashen from undernourishment, pushed in the door of the Rector's office and was immediately ushered to his presence.

"Father," he began, his voice trembling with emotion. "I need some help."

Fr. Kondring, touched by the imploring words and the pitiable sight, obligingly dipped his hand in his pocket and brought out some twenty pesos. "At least, this will solve your problem temporarily."

Then with other sympathetic words he led him to the door, but not without assuring the man of a permanent job in the university.

One example for many of that unfeeling kindness of Fr. Kondring. We who have been its beneficiaries for so many years will never forget him. By all standards, he has shown himself a kind, honest, and great man, true to his vows to God. §

★ **THE USC FOOTBALL . . .**

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Shell's highly-lavored Gasmen, 3-1. Shell with two Asian Game performers, Genen Marañon and Elinio Estrada and veteran Tony Merino on their side could not stop the educated boots of young Alcazar with the fine defensive performance of full-back Camilo Go.

I believe that with rich materials as these, expert coaching and excellent regular training may make the USC Green Soccers one of the hottest teams in the country. So it's up to Coach Genonimo Llanio and Team Moderator Rev. Fr. Robert Hoeppeper, SVD to infuse more punch and spirit into the team for the glory of sports and the university. §